FEBRUARY 1947

GEORGE MOONEY, JR.

WINS C.Y.I. AWARD

The Coin-Your-Ideas program bids fair to establish a record in 1947 for increased activity.

George J. Mooney, Jr., was the recipient of a $5.00 award in February for his idea on erecting signs indicating the numbers on the gate valves at the Terminal and Tank Farm thus minimizing the possibility of a man on duty opening or shutting the wrong valve at the wrong time.

At the present time, there are several Coin-Your-Ideas recently submitted that are pending the Committee's action at their next meeting which is expected to be held in a few days.

While on the subject of Coin-Your-Ideas, it may be interesting to note that the Committee consists of employees representing a cross-section of the company's operations.

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PAT RYAN

REPORTS FROM VENEZUELA

Without a doubt, we all appreciate Pat Ryan's faithfulness to his former fellow workers which has been manifested by his action in corresponding with us shortly after his arrival in Venezuela. Several of us have received letters from Pat already and these letters have been read with great interest. We believe that all of Pat's friends and acquaintances along the line would be interested in knowing how he is faring on his new job. Pat's letter to one of the editors goes to considerable length in describing the conditions under which he lives and works at the present time. We quote from his letter as follows:

Creole Petroleum Corp.
Las Piedras
Estado Falcon
Venezuela, S. A.

..."To begin at the beg-

(Please Turn to Page 2)

IMPERIAL'S PIPE LINE PICTURE MAKES A HIT

The technicolor and sound movie on the construction of the Portland Pipe Line, which was loaned to us by Imperial Oil, has made a big hit around Portland. It has been shown at various club meetings throughout the City with accompanying talks by Messrs. Schultz and Creed.

On January 30th, the picture was shown at a dinner meeting of the Propeller Club. Mr. Schultz was the guest speaker of the evening and his talk covered highlights on the pipe line construction as well as present day operations. The picture and talk by Mr. Schultz was enthusiastically received by the group and was given considerable publicity in the local papers.

On the following evening, Mr. Creed gave a talk using the same theme as Mr. Schultz' ari

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IDEAS

THAT WILL HELP
IN ANY WAY

To Increase Safety – Reduce Accidents
To Increase Efficiency in Operations
To Cut Costs

ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

SUBMIT YOUR IDEAS –

BIG OR SMALL

GOOD IDEAS WIN GOOD AWARDS!

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P A T R Y A N R E P O R T S F R O M V E N E Z U E L A
(Continued from Page 1)

beginning, I arrived in Caracas 6:30 P.M.
December 29th...had nine days there looking
over blue prints, plans, contracts,
etc.; then moved out to Amuay. When I
got here I found one Quonset hut, a small
mess hall and fourteen men – six Creole
and eight Williams Bros. Co. I was
assigned a room in the Quonset, had a look
around and put to work. Everyone from the
boss down does anything and everything.
I worked with the carpenters, engineers,
materials department and am now acting
Marine Superintendent. I was over to Mar-
caibo yesterday on a purchasing mission
so we never know from hour to hour what
we are going to do...makes it more inter-
esting. The territory here is very barrier
and the winds howl constantly. Average
temperature by day is around 90° and at
night it goes down to about 65° (above,
I mean). At present we have a lot of
dust blowing around but we are getting it
under control gradually...oil spread
around is the answer.

We have the best dining hall in
Venezuela; provisions, meats, etc. are
flown in from Maracaibo every day and we
get all we can eat and it’s the best
which can be obtained.

An old friend of mine from Aruba,
Jack Polk, is Project Manager. He is a
live wire and keeps everybody on the
jump at all times. He is pleasant as they make them and easy to get along with if a person makes an effort but if one is a slacker, look out, Jack will be on you like a ton of bricks. He won't stand for any nonsense.

I like it very much here, and so far, have felt good except for one day when my stomach was a little upset. Guess I ate too much...too many good things at one meal.

Since I got here, six more Quonsets and a club have been added and the number of expatriates has risen from 14 to 102. 31 of us are Creole employees, the balance are contractors' men. We have a swell bunch of men here. We have more than we can do and sometimes must work till 10:30 or 11:00 P.M., but so far I have never heard one of our men beefing.....

.....My best regards to all at the office and tell them 'hello' for me. Hope to see you all in the early summer of 1950.

Lots of Luck

PAT"

Thanks for your fine letter, Pat. We enjoyed it very much and we hope to hear from you soon again.

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IMPERIAL PIPE LINE PICTURE MAKES A HIT
(Continued from Page 1)

having the sound picture as a background for the discussion. On this occasion, Mr. Creed was guest speaker of the Kiwanis Club of Portland.

The next time that the picture was used was at a gathering of South Portland and Portland Office employees at the Hose House in South Portland. The employees who were present were guests of the South Portland Pipe Line Club. The gathering consisted of approximately 30 employees and their families. After the picture was shown, refreshments were served and singing and piano playing topped off a very pleasant evening.

The picture will again be shown and a talk delivered by Mr. Schultz at the Eskimo Club on February 26th.

The public has manifested considerable interest in the pipe line as the nature of its business is singular to this section of the country. Due to this

fact, the showing of this picture with accompanying addresses has been enthusiastically received.

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ANNUAL OUTING TO BE HELD IN JUNE

The 1947 Portland Pipe Line Employees' Outing is scheduled to be held in June. We have had several opinions expressed on this subject since publishing our editorial on "Outings" in the January issue and all those who voiced their opinions were favorable to the change.

With the advent of early spring, it is expected that plans will proceed with selecting the committees to organize the outing program.

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ANNUITY REPORTS

Several employees have inquired of the Personnel Office as to when the annual annuity statements will be distributed. Latest information from the Thrift Fund Accounting Office advises that they should be ready around April 1st. These statements will show annuities purchased through the Thrift Plan up to June 30, 1946.

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PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS NEARLY COMPLETE

The company's program of having employees reexamined every two years is nearly completed for 1947. It happens that this year is an off year on this medical program as only about twenty examinations were scheduled at this time. 1948 will again see a much larger group visiting the company physicians for their biannual check-ups.

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KATS

Kets and people are funny animals. Kats have four paws, but only one mother. People have forefathers but only one mother. When a kat smells a rat she gets excited; so do people. Kets carry tails and a lot of people carry tales also. All kats have fur coats. Some people have fur coats, and the ones that don't, say 'katty' things about the ones who do.
TERMINAL

John Barber is preparing for the matrimonial plunge. Best wishes from all, and, no doubt, all your troubles will be little ones.

Olay Brudevold, our smiling Norske, is teaching Chet Rowe to hum in Norwegian.

Our new dock is standing up well under the baptism of its first winter. Why don't you fellows in stations north come down and have a peek at it or are you all awaiting the spring thaw?

Allen Kennedy had his tonsils snipped recently and his voice changed from Alto to Soprano. Mrs. Kennedy states that his appetite and disposition have improved greatly since the operation.

No one ever balanced a budget without first balancing his wants.

Gil Cuskley is Hollywood bound for a screen test, on the strength of his stellar performance in the "Pipe Line Motion Picture." The scene and part Gil played was a trifle short for the scouts to make a decision on. Hollywood, here he comes!

Thanks to all concerned for the additional bonus. It was a lift financially and a fine morale booster.

Oscar Flink and Sonny Richardson have returned to the fold. Welcome back to the pipe line and community, fellows!

Earle "What-A-Man" Young is building himself a house single handed this spring; drew his house plans and excavated for foundation last fall. The only possibility of delay is that he may be forced to join five or six construction unions to work on the house and that may leave him minus funds for building material. Plenty aggressiveness and courage has this chap.

The harbor looks deserted with the absence of the fleet. Portland is approaching near normal again. Anyone notice how attentive the clerks are of late? Can there be any connection there or am I dreaming it all?

Andy, our even keeled dock foreman, is doing a grade "A" job at the waterfront. Ditto for "Honest George Flavin". May Their tour of duty be long and pleasant here.

Warren Griffin is hitting the comeback trail after being thrown for a physical loss. Stick with it, "Matey", we are all pulling for you.

What a man hears, is "news".
What a woman hears, is "gossip".

Been something missing here for the past few months and we've decided it's the aroma of Chanel #5 from the sardine factory that is closed for the season. Remember that low tide special?

Wonder what's happened to all our tobacco chawin' pipeliners that could so easily be tracked in the snow?

FRANK IVERS

TANK FARM

This is just a month or so late getting to the press, but better late than never at all, and this goes for one of our boys here at the Tank Farm who drives a Plymouth car. I won't mention his name. He came in town one day to do some shopping and he didn't want to use the new parking meters so he parked his car way down one of the side streets. When he got ready to go home, he forgot just where he parked his car and according to all reports, this gentlemen got quite excited at the time. Finally it came to him where he did park it. I presume, from now on, he will park his car up town so he won't forget it. We might now use the company's parking lot on Forest Ave- nue when he goes shopping.

We are very glad to have Oscar Flink and Ronald Richardson back with us again.

From all reports, Oscar Flink has bought a new home here handy to the Tank Farm in Stanwood Park.

Well, Monday evening, February 3rd, the Management was very kind to show us the pictures of the pipe line construction from start to finish, and it was
worth seeing not only for us but for our wives and families. About 76 were present and we topped it off with doughnuts, cookies, coffee and ice cream. Mr. Phillips played some on the piano and the vocal orchestra consisted of the boys here at the tank farm and the terminal.

SAM SINCLAIR

RAYMOND

The Month of February finds most of us lakesiders with some sort of cold. The local druggist has made a gash in most of our pocketbooks. But with our trials and tribulations, we'll still live to feel the gusty winds of March.

February seems to be a great month for birthdays and such. They read something like this: Edison, Washington, Lincoln and even John L. Lewis. To these you can add Venita Flavin, Bobby Corrigan and Rosemary Simmons, also the third "adversity" of the Corrigans.

The men folk seem to have a seasonal excuse when it comes to sneaking away from the house for a few hours. Right now, the legitimate excuse being ice fishing. Fishing has been poor this year; about all anybody caught was a cold.

Old Myron L. has always had a lot of affection for Mother Nature and her family but is fast acquiring a dislike for Mother Nature’s husband, Mr. Raw Element and his tribe of uncontrollable brats, namely "Slick", "Lee", "Freezing" Rain, "Drifting" Snow and "Below" Zero. Myron has a comfortable home on a hill overlooking Naples Bay. It’s a wonderful location in summer but during the winter months, Mr. Element's brats keep the hill in impossible conditions for driving. So Myron has to grub, grunt, groan and grovel up the hill and slip, slide, squirm and squeal on the descent. Myron, I suggest a headache pill before you attack the slippery hill to help avoid a serious spill! Poetry, begorry!

The Perham abode has resembled a small hospital during the latter part of January. Red stayed out of work a week with intestinal flu, six of the youngsters had the chickenpox and five had the whooping cough. Red says that Mrs. Perham remained hale and hearty through it all, thereby proving her unquestionable right of being known as the most important member of the family.

A family of thirteen youngsters, says Red, gives one little chance of getting in a rut. One night a daughter calls from Portland and you hear the voice say, "Speak right up and say 'Hello' to grampa." Then comes a letter from son and his wife over in Fryburg asking when you’re coming over and another son takes first prize in H.S. Speaking Contest, three are in drama, two boys on the basketball team and two more on the Boy Scout team. You have children participating in every public school activity and every Sunday school affair. Then you get home some night and bounce a curly headed blond on your knee, call her the last of the Mohicans and decide that the next twenty years are going to be extremely interesting.

The George Flavins moved to their new home in South Portland, February 10th. We’re all sorry to lose such wonderful neighbors. We hope you’ll come to see us very often. A stag party was held at the Simmons’ home for George on February 9th. George was presented a Sheaffer Pen and Pencil set by his former co-workers. Refreshments were served early in the evening and the men adjourned to the living room where they all sang up on Lee Wescott in a game of hearts.

On Feb. 8, George took his first degree in the Order of Masons. Mr. Simmons and Mr. Wescott attended the ceremony.

Mrs. Flavin received a surprise gift of an Easy Washer as a gift for her new home. It was presented to her by her mother, Mrs. Gray.

The Walkers and the Corrigans are recent purchasers of this grand Easy Spindrier and rumor has it that other ladies are thinking about making a similar purchase.

Does your ceiling leak? Are you bothered by the pitter-patter of little drops dropping on clean waxed floors? Have you enough pans to take care of all these little drops? If you have these
troubles, see Mr. Fennel for he has combatted these troubles successfully. Everyone at Raymond got caught with their pens down in January. At the present time, the tide has receded. I've made preparations for the next high tide by buying pontoons and an anchor for the babies' beds and have sent to the air corps for two Mae Wests which I'll hang on the bed post just in case the tide rises while the household is engulfed in sleep. Nothing like being safety conscious!

**EMPTY COTTAGE**

I sit thinking tonight of the empty house across the way. It was a house full of love and life; a place one could enter and feel at home among the inhabitants, Lita, George, their two daughters, Vensita and Lauristeen. George, the friendly neighbor, ever ready to lend a helping hand; Lita, the kindhearted person so well liked by all; Baa and Doodle, too young to know how they'll be missed. That was the family we know who lived in that now empty house. It was just a few short days ago they moved but already the days seem longer and the nights darker. Across the yard, you can see the cold moon shining on the darkened windows. Its heart and soul have moved away. Gone are our friends; they shall be missed but not forgotten.

**HARRY CORRIGAN**

**LANCASTER**

Jean Baker has been spending a few days at home from her work in Whitefield.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittum and Mrs. George Brooks were in Berlin on a shopping tour last Saturday. (George was baby tender while the Mrs. looked around for bargains).

Paul Tierney is spending a few weeks with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hickey.

George Murphy has proven to us his ability on skis. He can stand up on them without falling down.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Smith spent a day

in St. Johnsbury recently. They reported a pleasant trip.

**GEORGE WHITTUM**

**PORTLAND OFFICE**

February...the month of Valentine, Birthdays and skating, this year is very unkind to us office folks. Washington's Birthday, our cherished winter holiday, fell on a Saturday, thus depriving us of an extra day's outing or what-not. The Gregorian Calendar is again unkind to us in April when Patriot's Day, April 19th, also falls on a Saturday. Have courage, however, dear office comrades, as this blight will not descend on us again until 1953 and maybe by that time, someone will do something about our calendar so that holidays will never fall on Saturdays! Incidentally, to make up in part for this forfeiture in holidays, the next four of this year comes as follows:

- Memorial Day.....Friday
- 4th of July .......Friday
- Labor Day ........Monday
- Armistice Day.....Monday

The office parking lot, which is very much appreciated by all of us, has proven to be a great blessing in the short time that it has been available. With the advent of our recent snow storm, the streets are again clogged with snow and getting the cars off the streets in this kind of condition has been very beneficial to us.

Judge Wilkins, our co-worker of many titles, has attended to the parking lot details in his usual efficient manner. As we all drove to the entrance on Monday morning, we found that it had been well plowed out during the weekend. Ed Cummings, the fellow who keeps us warm during the winter, is currently spreading cinders over the lot in order to smooth out some of the rough spots and give it a good surface for combatting the spring thaws.

The parking lot, aside from providing many advantages for our car drivers, has also provided one more topic on which to kid someone about (All those involved in this jocularity know what we mean).
As we have said before, February is the month of skiing and activities of this nature have picked up a bit since the last snow storm added a powder snow to the hills which have been so icy during January.

Neil and Mrs. Starr enjoyed a very pleasant weekend in Franconia Notch, N.H. trying out the Cannon Trail.

Mona and Jeannette (skiing duet that enjoyed so much publicity in 1945) are at it again on their skiing escapades. They reported enjoying (past tense) an invigorating skiing spree on the powdered hills of North Gorham and Hurricane Slope. Aside from a little fatigue, Monday morning showed them up in good spirits with no broken bones.

Doc Cassidy has also been manipulating the Hickory boards a bit on the hills in Southern Maine over the past few weekends.

In turning to indoor sports, we find the bowling season rolling along with as much activity as skiing. Mary Curran, our monitor, reports that Frank Abbott's team is leading. For the last half of the year, Abbott's Agonies have a total of 20 points as against Beatty's Biddies 8. Total pinfall for Frank's team is 8810 and Tom's is 8718.

Conundrum: Has anyone heard why Cheverus High has been losing (so many?) games lately? Mary Curran is good at answering riddles.

Current visitors in our office are auditors from Price Waterhouse, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and British American Oil Company. Price Waterhouse is represented by Mr. J. W. Morgan; Mr. G. F. Rolf is on the Jersey auditing staff and Mr. E. J. Carter is associated with the British American Oil Company with Toronto as his headquarters. We have all been glad to make acquaintances with these genial gentlemen and we hope that their stay in Portland is a pleasant one.

We were sorry to hear about Edie Cassidy's recent confinement to the hospital but since she is home now, we hear that she is on the road to recovery.

Dispatcher's

Not being one of those fellows who bruise easily and heal quickly, we hadn't recovered from the holiday hangover and the shock of another one of those special checks for a week's pay just before the yule tide, sufficiently to get our nickel worth in the January issue. And then comes still another of those checks just about the time we are all set to stir up something for February. If we can keep the news from our butcher long enough we'll manage to buy a roast and a pound of bacon and have some change left for Doc Green.

Having missed the previous month's issue, we belatedly report a trip to Raymond Station by all the dispatchers, accompanied by Chief Seales and Mr. Batchelder, where we viewed the changes in the manifold set-up and the automatic by-pass control in operation. Prior to the trip a meeting was held in Mr. Batchelder's office, attended by Mr. Seales, Mr. Starr and the detainers, where many angles of automatic control in oil movement were discussed. While at Raymond, Walter Simmons very ably explained the functions of the various instruments with which the station operator must be familiar in order to properly handle the stream through his station and make adjustments to take care of changing pumping rates, different types of crude etc., all of which was both enjoyable and beneficial to all of us.

To "Pete" Edwards, a big bouquet of orchids from Ernie the Cook, at least a cigar from Harry and yours truly, and a big sharp cornered, case hardened brickbat from One Shot William Smith for the "age and description" guessing in December. After all, Bill is "the kid" of the bunch, although he is well past the rompers stage and quite housebroken, but still somewhat of a wolf. You were fairly close but slightly complimentary to some of us but, oh boy, Ernie tried so hard to straighten up and throw out his chest that he threw his back out of socket again and had to lay off several days.
So be careful, Pete, about judging looks and age by voice. We once knew a guy who was gaga about a telephone operator’s voice for months and finally made a date with her, but guess we’d better not go into that any further.

John, the Barber and Mrs. Barber, from West Burke, were visitors to Portland last weekend. They arrived during Friday’s storm and fought their way through foot-deep snow to right in front of our topee and stuck hard and fast in the drift. Thinking he had just left the place where all the snow in the world was located, he hadn’t figured on galoshes or chains, etc. We loaned him our only pair of galoshes and found him a shovel, and directed operations from an upstairs window while John dug. (After all there would have been no point in one man wearing galoshes and the other man using the shovel would there? And there was only one of each.) In the process, John lost his reading glasses from an outside breast pocket of his coat but didn’t miss them for several hours, so all hope for their recovery was abandoned. However, he drove up to the spot 24 hours later, after much traffic and snow plowing, and calmly walked over to a shoulder-high snow bank and picked up his glasses, which were lying in plain view. How can you beat a guy with luck like that? Personally, we could lose a football in a bathtub and never find it. (And no wise cracks, either for we do use the tub for other purposes other than storage, too!)

Wish we had some news for you fellows, but there just ain’t nobody doin’ nothin’ nohow. We’ve been trying to get one of our cohorts to take over this job for a long time, then we could be a “feature” writer. By the time Red Perham and ourselves “featured” in a few issues at the same time... Well you can fill in the rest of it!

MONTREAL EAST

It was a general surprise when Miss Henderson brought in a chocolate cake. Congratulations, Greta, we certainly appreciate home baking, but we are doubtful about you baking it yourself.

Gordon Maclean was surprised to have sardine sandwiches only for lunch one day and nothing else, but at the same time Eddy Irwin enjoyed delicious baking. They noticed afterwards they had their lunches changed.

Mrs. R. Lizotte just returned home from the hospital following a serious operation. We all wish her a prompt recovery.

Our bowling guests last week were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Harvison from St. Cesaire. They did not do too badly against "Our Champions".

Mrs. Pinfold and Miss Henderson left for Plattsburg, N.Y., on Saturday, February 9th. Is the blizzard the only reason why you had to sleep at a farm house in St. Johns? Of course we don’t know half the story yet, but we hope to get it soon.

The First Joint Industrial Council Meeting was held at Montreal East on Friday, February 7th; All delegates were very satisfied with their day.

We had our yearly snow storm on February 9th and 10th. It lasted for 30 hours only — not bad for a mid-season storm!

ALBAN BOUCHER

HIGHWATER

Since our January report, Old Man Winter has continued to dominate the scene around Highwater, just as he has everywhere else on this continent of ours. It has been a case of alternately plowing through snow drifts, or gingerly slipping (and we do mean "slipping") over solid ice.

On January 20th, we were very pleased to have a visit from Messers. Schultz, Batchelder and Creed, and in spite of the afore mentioned ice, they managed to negotiate the hill, both ways, with great success.

The following day, with trouble on the phone, Ernie Boucher set out, with
his usual perseverance, to track it down. His first attempt to cover the line from the Station to the Customs House, at the border, met with little success, the snow being waist-deep. Happily, though, Leon Eldridge immediately came to the rescue with a pair of trusty snow-shoes; - after buckling these on, Ernie really got going, and soon located the trouble - three trees had fallen, with the weight of ice formations, right across the wires. These were soon removed, and communications established again.

But on January 24th, the situation wasn't quite so happy. Once more the hill is covered with ice. However, following the good neighbor policy, J. E. Hodgson, J. P. Provost and Garth Eldridge all drove down that evening in quest of the mail, and any passengers who might need a lift from the railroad station up here. All three made it down the hill all right - but nary a one returned, except on foot, that night. It was a very sad plight; Garth Eldridge made two valiant attempts then realized it was better to leave well enough alone. Mr. Hodgson made similar attempts, then likewise decided to leave his car "down below" overnight. That left Johnny Provost with the task of getting his neighbors and himself up the hill plus Harold Liot, who had gone down to meet some weekend visitors from Montreal, namely, two adults and two children, not forgetting three suitcases. With all this in mind, Johnny tried bravely to succeed where others had failed; he did manage to carve about four big hollows in the side of the hill at intervals, but the car finally came to rest one-third of the way up. And so the tired little party arrived up at the top long, long after midnight - yes, the three suitcases too. (Note: Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hale, and family, have decided to wait until summer before visiting Highwater again.)

The Big City really proved attractive during the past few weeks; a check-up on the comings and goings of our Pipe Line family reveals that the Provosts, Irwins, Crudens, Hodgesons and Liots all managed to make brief visits to Montreal lately, and Mrs. Liot went one better by getting as far as Three Rivers. In return, Montreal visitors to Highwater in-cluded the Misses Muriel & Daisy Irwin, on February 1st, and Miss Irene Simpson, on February 15th, as guests of the Irwin family here.

On February 7th, the Highwater representatives of the Joint Industrial Council of Imperial Oil Limited - J. P. Cru- den and J. H. Irwin - travelled by train to Montreal. It also happened that Mr. J. L. Cread was a fellow passenger on the trip to town, and the occasion turned out very pleasantly for all concerned, with many anecdotes of life in the oil industry, and in particular the pipe line end of it, being exchanged all around.

From all reports, a very successful meeting took place at Montreal East on Friday, February 8th, under the guidance of Mr. J. N. Copeland.

During the height of the recent storm (of Feb. 8 - 9) a tragedy was narrowly averted in the home of Mr. John Provost. Johnny was on duty, leaving Mrs. Provost and five-months old Francine at home. Investigating strange noises in the vicinity of the kitchen, Mrs. Provost found the kitchen stove pipe red hot and the wood burning around the stove pipe outlet to the main chimney. Mrs. Provost rushed for assistance to their nearest neighbor, Leon Eldridge. Garth Eldridge dashed over, and in a matter of seconds had everything under control. Damage was negligible, except for the strain on Mrs. Provost. Most credit is due both to Mrs. Provost and Garth Eldridge for their calmness and speedy handling of the situation.

After reading the late news flash from Raymond in the January issue of "The Pipeliner" about George Flavin con-vening with Nature, it occurred to us that a certain incident which happened over the border in North Troy a few months back might be worth relating.

Now, as North Troy is by far the nearest town to us, and is also the spot where most members of the U. S. Customs reside, one certain gent, by name of J. P. Cruden, frequently has business taking him over there. It is also important to note that, over by the rail-road tracks in North Troy, many large, fat pigeons also reside, feeding on the
grain stored nearby. One fine Saturday morning found J.P. having a pleasant social chat with none other than Homer P. Corliss, Head of the U.S. Customs at North Troy, outside of the barber's shop. The conversation turned to oil burners and Homer announced he was in the market for one—any kind would do. This horrified J.P., who immediately began a campaign to convince Homer that only a Gilbert and Barker burner, of the good old Imperial Oil family, was worth installing. J.P. was really getting going in fine fettle, when, just at the height of his argument, one of the nice fat pigeons flew over and saluted him in a most undignified manner. The conversation ceased in a very unbusinesslike way—and we still don't know what kind of oil burner Homer finally got. All that J.P. is interested in now is having the pigeons fly upside down when he visits over there in the future. J. P. CRUDEN

"I'm afraid you picked a bad day."

Apologies to our Purchasing Agent, but we took this picture from his magazine.

AN EDITORIAL

A little item passed across the editor's desk a few days ago that kind of made us sit up and take notice. It was an excerpt from one of Kipling's poems which, as we all know, are world wide famous. We wouldn't have thought too much about this stanza had it not been for the fact that President Powell of the Seaboard Airline (one of the big railways serving the South) had it published in their Seaboard's employee magazine. The stanza runs like this:

"It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But it's the everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul."

We read it over several times and thought that after all, Seaboard has no monopoly on this "teamwork" idea. It applies to every organization that is run smoothly and successfully.

In stopping to look at our own organization for a moment, we see all around us this "everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul".

We recall to mind Johnny Creed's review of 1946 operations which was a topic at the last Supervisors' Gorham Conference and which was referred to in the January issue of THE PIPELINER. Johnny stated that it was the contributory efforts on the part of every employee in the company which helped make possible the successful operating picture for 1946. In other words, it was the "everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul". The whole operation of our pipeline has been maintained by this teamwork way back from the beginning when 236 miles of pipe were laid in three months in 1941. This teamwork has existed ever since and bids fair to carry through 1947.

No, Seaboard has no monopoly on this happy characteristic of the human race as a whole but thanks to Seaboard and also to that great poet, Kipling, we pause to pay tribute to that "everlasting teamwork of every blooming soul".