SCAVENGER DRAIN LINES

January is the month of the year when the average man is attacked by the urge to make a few positive and negative resolutions for the coming year. He rather glumly reviews some of the mistakes of the past and then promises his "guardian angel" not to throw such a heavy load on those bent shoulders during the year ahead. That guiding spirit has always been pictured as gratefully receiving such resolutions, but at the same time, buckling his belt and bracing his feet in anticipation of the expected overload in February.

Were it not for the fact that so many of these resolutions bear good fruit, this Protector of the Human Race would have lost courage centuries ago and succumbed to a broken heart as well as a broken back.

With last evening's temperatures hitting five to fifteen degrees below zero and a heavy wind raking across the hills, a few resolutions concerning Scavenger Boxes and Scavenger Drain Lines are timely. There is an old saying, tried and true, "that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure". This rule fits our Scavenger Drain Line problems like a glove.

Although, we have Scavenger Drain Line systems equipped for direct flushing of smaller drain lines, and the Big Pipe in the cement pit, and for back-flushing of each Scavenger box, this does not mean that we can safely wait for an accumulation of sludge in drain lines and scavenger boxes to build up to dangerous proportions. Past experience has taught most of us the foolhardiness of such a course and the ensuing misery entailed. "Haste makes waste" is a saying proven time and again in such cases, and many is the time when that same haste to free an overloaded scavenger box has resulted in a shot of crude being blown into the lube oil.

(continued on page 2)
ICE FOLLIES PARTY (continued from page 1)

Since they will be late in returning to Portland (probably, two a.m., Oh, Horrors!), we won't expect too much of them Monday morning. What tired and worn out people they will be, but, oh, what a good time.

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SCAVENGER DRAIN LINES
(continued from page 1)

The so-called ounce of prevention, as it fits our job, is the systematic flushing of the Scavenger Drain system at times when we are pumping the lighter oils like Seeligson, Kerosene, etc. At such times, the operator can use proper care and do a complete and safe job of flushing all drain lines and back-flushing the Scavenger Boxes on each pump.

Under such a system, the operator is not rushed for time in performing the job. He can close off all six scavenger gate valves on the Goulds pump, then back-flush all three rear scavenger boxes and finish by doing the same to the three front ones (the most important ones of all).

In fact, two of the most "misery saving" resolutions can be summed up as follows:

Resolved, that during 1948, I will flush the front Scavenger Boxes last, by leaving all three front bleeders operating in unison, and then use a flashlight to observe the "gentle back-flushing" of each, and to avoid those "crude oil shots" out of a dark corner. Also, if the Scavenger Boxes are partially filled with thick crap and slub-gullion, I will wipe it out previous to the flushing with light crude oil.

So much for New Years Resolutions and the art of maintaining a Clean Scavenger Drain System.

RED PERHAM

A FRIEND IN SOUTH AMERICA

A letter from an old friend is always welcome, especially when many have been wondering where he is and what he has been doing. Ken Blanchard recently received a letter from "Tib" (Gauthier A. Thibodeau) which we reprint here.

Dabajuro, S.A.
January 23, 1948

Dear Ken:

Ever since my arrival in Venezuela, things have been moving at a very rapid pace - that I like! My first two months were spent in Maracaibo, learning Spanish, and getting oriented to the South American "way". Maracaibo was like living at a large summer resort.

From Maracaibo, I went to Ule and worked with Shorty Pifer, station chief, as an expediter of materials.

Two weeks ago, I came up to Dabajuro as chief engineer or Creole's General Superintendent at this station. You can well imagine that I am very happy about the whole thing. We are all working like H--- and enjoy it. At the present time, we have only 225 men working, but expect to have about four or five hundred in another month.

As you have probably heard, William Bros. is doing the contracting and many of our old acquaintances are down here, namely: Duddleston, Jim McCollum, MacPhenelson, and Humphreys.

Before closing, I'd like to tell you that I miss all you fellows up there and will be sure to call on you when I come up on my vacation. I am learning a lot every day and it is very interesting.

Kindly give my best to everyone, Ken,

Most Sincerely,

(signed) "Tib"
Creole Petroleum Corp.
Apartado 172
Ule - Amuay Pipeline
La Salina Camp
Maracaibo, Venezuela
TANK FARM

January Safety Poster.

The Bulletin Board at the Tank Farm Office has been graced for the last two weeks or more with the safety record for the month of January. We all should take a good look at same and resolve to strengthen our New Year’s resolutions of Safety.

You will notice the typewriter which typed this poster had only cipher across the keyboard.

We hope the boys will continue to be safety minded and keep up the good work.

***

Allen Kennedy and his good old brier have come to the parting of the ways for the next 40 days and nights. Oscar Flink must have been peeking when Allen laid the old reliable away. Believe it or not, the next morning Oscar appeared on the scene puffin away on a brier.

We miss the early morning daily visit of Mr. Hart. We understand Mr. and Mrs. Hart are paying a visit to their home town in Texas. Hope they find the weather a little warmer down that way.

The month of February will be one to be remembered by all Pipeliners. ZERO! ZERO! ZERO! every morning. 10 o'clock hot coffee at the wonderful new Boiler House HOME MADE Cafeteria Cabinet has helped to take some of the sting out of old man ZERO.

About six or seven months ago, while working at the Terminal, we had a Tanker arrive named the "Ninety-Six", and many of us wondered and tried to find out where the ship got such an odd name.

I was reading one of my children’s school magazines and sure enough the following appeared.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
NINETEEN-SIX, SOUTH CAROLINA

Originally this was a trading post conducted by one John Francis. Back in the early 1700's an Indian Princess named Catechese loved the son of Francis, and learning that her tribe planned an attack on the post, she raced her horse there and warned her lover and the other white men of the intended massacre and so saved their lives. The distance she travelled was ninety-six miles, and these numeral were adopted by the settlement as its name.

Nature seemed determined, at the Tank Farm, through the latter part of January and the first of February, to make the boys keep extra busy. The fall of snow and the drifting of same throughout the days and nights, has compelled the Company to order a new supply of snow shovels. "The $6.00 question is", How many tons of snow shovel has it taken to wear out the old supply of shovels? Award offered, "SPRING IS COMING".

Due to the extreme cold wave that has hit the City of Portland during the last six weeks, you kind readers are going to find the news from this part of the State (If you can call Maine such a thing) rather small, so please excuse us for our feeble but noble attempt.

The U. S. Army will be all set for 3 years for home cooked food as Mess Sgt. Mooney has reenlisted in the Nat. Guard.

Sam "The Barbarol Man" Sinclair has returned to duty after a few days absence, "Bad Back", says Sam.

Riskolovac a 10 to 1 shot looks good in my book says Bokie Mooney.

No reports from Warren "the eye" Griffin this month. Must be all quiet
along the waterfront these days.

**QUESTION OF THE WEEK**

Who is Arthur "Jumbles" Cote campaigning for these days? Closely on the heels of Mr. Stassen's visit to Portland, Mr. Cote took off on a whirlwind tour. Maine, N. H. and Mass. have been contacted and Mr. Cote says if the roll holds out he will get to Conn. and Vermont. Better hold out $2.00 Art and put it on "Assault" he is going in at 7 to 5.

"TANK FARM STYLIST"
For The Girlies
FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING
White Blouses.
Pattern XL

Something special! This is a scene stealer, with startling FISHABOO eyelet lace that forms attractive shoulder bands. In batiste with lace cuffs and a bib collar of lace that swooshes into a ruffle, very suavely. For pattern of the above, address your mail to "STYLIST", Tank #7, Tank Farm.

Watch your PIPELINEER for next month's Pattern Tip

Frank Wagner

**TERMINAL**

To Mr. and Mrs. John Barber of South Portland goes the honor and distinction of being mama and daddy to the first baby born on the line this year. (Caroline Anne 8 lbs. 1¼ oz.) John passed out the cigars and from now on will be available for night call outs, both on the dock and at home.

Benny Morton has ordered himself a new chevrolet and will pay for same with the old long green. That's the way to do business Benny, circle the finance companies every time you are tempted.

Welcome back to the fold A.C. We common reporters are not a bit jealous of your status as a feature writer for the PIPELINEER. Just keep grinding it out, it's good copy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fennell are in Louisiana where Lawrence's sister passed away. The South Portland "Boys" wish to extend their sympathy to the Fennell Family.

Martin Jensen (the old fox) bought a slice of land in Cumberland last year. This week, a representative of a Power Company called on Martin asking for a right-of-way through his property, which Martin agreed to give the agent for a tidy financial transaction. We wonder if "The Old Fox" had some inside info. when he purchased said land.

"Warren (the eye) Griffin keeps making headlines regularly. February 12th he picked up a bill fold near the gate entrance to the dock which contained $300. Warren returned it to the owner, a crew member of the tanker Nordal Grieg and received a $5.00 reward.

In the last issue, I made the fatal mistake of hinting that I might possibly unload my grain. Little did I think that the eyes of the financial world were upon me. It's a matter of history and record what happened to the market since I hinted at unloading my grain, so from now on, my prospective transactions will be closely guarded.

The ice in the harbor let go on the 13th, it had shipping gummed up in good shape for the past two weeks. The Tankers berthing at our pier were held off eighteen to twenty feet by the ice jam. The temperature started up on the 12th and it appears that the bulk of the winter is in back of us now. She sure was a hum dinger.

This camouflage paint that was applied to our shore tanks during the war
was properly named. The sea gulls have been beating out their brains against the tanks ever since they were painted which proves that they either cannot see the tanks or are very stupid birds. Each week that passes seems to fool a few more gulls.

Adding to the fun between the New York and Portland offices on the subject of seafaring language, may I add one that happened while operating out of New London, Connecticut. The captain had on board for the trip his teen-aged son. As the sub cleared the harbor and headed into the sea, she started her routine jib and was bounding around in good shape. The Captain's boy took in the situation and said to his dad, "It's rocking pretty hard isn't it dad?" The Captain looked at his boy and shook his head in disgust. "Son", he said, "never forget this, chairs rock, but ships and boats roll".

Been reading in the papers where you folks at the North Watertown Station have been on a diet of icicles the past few weeks, due to a water shortage in that area. Now about Fred's cider barrel, wasn't that held in reserve for emergency use?

Roberto McNaig's pop-in-law has been visiting Bob and the Mrs. the past few weeks. Gil Cuskey is hoping he stays over for the spring opening of the "Hotel Gilbert".

Have been browsing through the "Book of Knowledge" and will share with you new comers in the oil business a few interesting facts about the product we handle. To you old timers this, no doubt, is not new, but here it is once again. Sixty odd years ago, gasoline was being thrown away. At that time, the discovery was made of extracting kerosene from crude oil, the kerosene was used in lamps for illumination purposes. The remainder of the oil was then run off into ditches as there seemed to be no use for it. Since that period, events and experiments developed fast. From each one hundred gallons of crude oil the following is now produced:

- Gasoline 37 Gals.
- Fuel Oil 39 "
- Coke, Asphalt, Wax, Road Oil, etc. 17 "
- Kerosene 4.5 "
- Lubricants 2.5 "
- 100 Gals.

By products now run into the hundreds and being added to regularly. A few of them follow: synthetic rubber, insecticide, laundry wax, alcohol, varnish, paint, naptha, medical oil, floor wax, cold cream, salve, petroleum jelly, explosives, toluol, liquified gas, wood preservative, paint base, fuel coke, asphalt, roof coating, naptha soap, hydrogen sulphide, egg packers' oil, textile oil, fly spray, cleansers naptha, insulating asphalt, sulphuric acid, etc. Of the few items listed above, cold cream stands out for this particular reason, not one girl in a hundred would suspect that their beauty applications were made possible by crude oil. To be sure, synthetic rubber and explosives are highly important products, but so is cold cream to the ladies.

What a grand world this would be if we all would try to live up to the following. I Expect To Pass Through This World But Once, Any Good, Therefore, That I Can Do, Or Any Kindness That I Can Show To Any Fellow Creature, Let Me Do It Now. Let Me Not Deliberate Or Neglect It, For I Shall Not Pass This Way Again.

The "Britannica" was towed into New York with engine trouble after her last departure from here also the "Northhal Grieg" put in at Jacksonville, Florida with a bad leak or split seam while headed South.

Hope you all have your noggin's above the snow drifts up north, won't be too long before we start chewing up the old soil and get down to the business of gardening. We can at least begin counting in weeks now, roughly about eight.

Bill Spear is talking up a clamming
expedition to Scarborough, sounds good to me.

Congrats to the Emerys of Lancaster for producing a beauty winner. I hope you have informed the folks in N. H. that our queen is formerly of South Portland and that her complexion can be traced directly to the produce raised at the Tank Farm garden by her dad Herman.

Chet Rowe has bought a camp some miles from North Waterford, right in the heart of the best deer country in N. H. That you will have to prove next fall Chet.

"Jim's Cafe" is just a memory, after a short fling of trying to peddle soft drinks and food, it folded. Seems like no one is interested in food and soft drinks along the waterfront.

So long for now, will be seeing you next month after the income tax man gets finished shaking you by the heels.

Frank Ivers.

**RAYMOND**

Corporation and cooperation; two words that sound enough alike to be twins. And reminding one that being like Siamese twins if one dies the other one soon follows. If cooperation is lacking in a corporation it would soon be on the rocks.

Walter Simmons joined Gusy Flummer as a member of the Happy Ford Family since becoming the proud pappy of a 1948 Barcelon Blue Fourdoor Sedan. Everyone at the station is driving a Ford except Lee - and he is driving a Company Ford which we hope has made him see the light! If you haven't, Lee, better not utter a word against a Ford in this neighborhood -- blood is such messy stuff.

Bill Luebeck dropped in for a look-see a short while ago. He had a few stories to tell about Santa Claus and the trouble he got into during the Yuletide season. Ask him about it. Bill says that he has stayed in Canada so long now that he's almost considering taking out naturalization papers.

We miss Merle Tenney around the station with his tall tales and good humor. You gotta beware of those city sharpies, Merle, especially the guy with the tie from Eagle Pass.

DO YOU KNOW --

That the most expensive part of a watch is the oil that's used in it. One barrel cost $44,000, or $380, a gallon. We couldn't afford any leaky plungers if we jumped that kind of stuff.

That the American Legion Magazine blames Kilroy for the atrocious "New Look". The story goes that Kilroy made love to a French dress designer's daughter and then went off and left her. To get even with all men from the U.S.A., the designer went to work and developed this "sad sack" look for American women. He got even all right. Now we males are suffering through the pocketbook and from "socket look".

That the Bowerman's received a crate of oranges from Florida.

That the children of rural America are getting an even poorer education than the city children.

That the Raymond station personnel all take a personal pride in every polished foot of our station. And we'll even risk being called egotistical if we boast about it now and then.

For the past 6 years, I have been privileged to read the journalistic masterpieces of one Mr. A. C. Cowne and have come to the conclusion that the guy has plenty on the ball. He writes the way Arthur Godfrey talks. (He even has a sponsor, Shakespeare Reels!) I do admire your talent, A.C. and you may notice once in a while my feeble attempt to copy your style. But today people seem to go "bingo bang, bungo in their jungle" at anything that's topsy-turvy or zany. Notice how
females follow the leader in styles just like sheep follow their leader and even how people fall for and imitate your column. They can't tell the front from the back or the top from the bottom. If this old world continues at the same dizzy pace, by the time I'm fat and forty and maybe receive a Shakespeare real from my dear wife, I'll gift the PIPELINER with the following item: Received Shakespeare while casting for Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady. Stradivuwhatsky caught a fish with his 1920 Bingo bargain while Gunga Din was proving he was a better man than whoever was by backtossing him all the way from Murphy's Mortuary to 1817 Rogers Road. Everything happens to Ozzie. Thanks Mom it was a small gift.

Yrrah Nagirroc
(You're a Nagirroc that's me spelled backwards)

Harry Corrigan

NO WATERFORD

A gentleman was walking slowly along a city street, muttering to himself, "It can't be done." He said this over several times not giving the slightest attention to anyone, finally my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that I had to ask, "What can't be done?" He pointed up and across the street to a sign that read "Drink Canada-Dry", it can't be done. Any news is better than none even if it happens to be old stuff.

Mr. Creed and Mr. Fennel were visitors January 22nd. We were glad to see them after such a long absence.

Doc Cassidy and Bill Willett were visitors January 23rd. You wouldn't have thought Bill to be a working man judging from the tags he was decked out in that day.

Lee Wescott was also a visitor January 23rd. Lee, Bob Lewis, Doc and Bill Willett swapped stories of some near fatalities while in automobiles en route to various places.

Bill Sawyer and assistant Bob Henderson left here early on the morning of January 25th, in about 15 inches of snow, to hunt trouble on our phone line. They located the break in College swamp and had to fight very deep drifts to make repairs. The line was clear 12:00 P.M.

Everyone at Waterford wishes to extend congratulations to grandmother and grandfather Barber on the birth of their grandchild to Mr. & Mrs. John Barber, Jr.

Bob Lewis spent February 6th, 7th and 8th attending the sportsmen show in Boston. He says two men rowing a canoe can sure pull a deep sea fisherman into the water as was clearly proved at the show. It was a terrible battle for some time, but the old boy of the deep finally was landed with a splash.

If a girl friend should sign her name and several x's after it, does that represent the unknown? Larry Wheeler is the only man here endowed with the necessary information to explain this irregular equation for us.

Bob Hicks has been quite busy for some time painting the floors in the new addition—nice.

Bob Lewis and Bob Hicks have been quite busy installing seats and the new ball valves in #3 pump. The job was completed February 15th and #3 is now ready to go on the line.

Mr. & Mrs. Stearns, Mr. & Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Hutchison attended young adults meeting the evening of February 10th to make their future plans. Everyone was well pleased with the work that has been accomplished regarding the new school.

Mr. & Mrs. Hutchison and boys George, Robert and Glen attended the Bible lycam at Legion Hall in Norway the evening of February 15th.
Fred Stearns and Bill Sawyer attended Young Orchardist meeting at the Dowitt Hotel in Lewiston, February 12th.

We hear over the grapevine that Larry Wheeler is wanting to take a plunge into matrimony, but due to the extreme difficulty in finding a girl who will take that final step with him, he elects Bill Smith for his best man so Larry summises when he does find her, Bill will be the drawing attraction and she will stay until the ceremony is complete.

Pete Fidgwell was back with us again February 19th on motor trouble. Long time no see, Pete.

Mrs. Hutchison received a telegram from the Army that the body of her brother, Corporal Russel Curtis, killed at Guadalcanal, was in the Port of San Francisco on February 11th, enroute home via rail. Plans are made to keep him in the Hutchison home until burial in the West Paris family lot.

We here at Waterford send congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Sawyer, via PIPE-LINER, for their sixth wedding anniversary on February 21st.

GORHAM

It seems that Gorham only gets into the PIPE-LINER bi-monthly, so this must be our issue as I didn't see anything in the January issue.

Its to far gone now to go back and pick up any of the New Years' activities, besides it might be well to forget some of those happenings so lets see what's going on more recently.

Mr. & Mrs. W. J. Lucbeck and daughter Marie are in Missouri at the present. Mrs. Lucbeck is in the St. Francis Hospital, Washington, Missouri, for a major operation. We understand this operation has been performed successfully and we wish Mrs. Lucbeck a speedy recovery.

Speaking of Washington, Missouri, that's where the famous "Missouri" Meerschaum Pipe is made. In case you are wondering what the "Missouri" Meerschaum is, it's just an old-fashioned corn cob pipe. They make them there by the carload.

Mr. & Mrs. "Tony" Fugliese spent a day in Norway, Maine last week, taking care of some business and visiting old friends. While they were away, Mary Jane Fugliese (age 3) spent the day with Mrs. Chilcoat and had a good time was had by all.

Mrs. R. H. Kier entertained a group of friends one night last week in honor of "Dick's" birthday. An excellent lunch was served by Mrs. Kier and a lively conversation was carried on to the enjoyment of every one. One of "Dick's" Army buddies was present and the two made some service connected confessions that was of great interest. Gosh, how those guys carried-on away from home.

Mrs. C. L. Chilcoat entertained her bridge club one night last week and Mr. C. L. Chilcoat spent the evening out in the cold wandering around until all the guests left. This wandering around on the loose "ain't" what it use to be though.

And speaking of bridge, Mrs. Kloberg also entertained the same group on another evening recently, however "Buster" had the good fortune of being on 2nd trick. That was all very well until he got home and found all those dirty dishes.

And speaking of more bridge, the Miles, Publieses and "Bill" Whites are doing a lot of duplicating bridge these days in Berlin. Some of these couples quite frequently come home with top honors too.

The Corrigans, I don't know or hear much about. I did get a peek at Mary Rose Corrigan for the first time the
other day. A beautiful baby she is too, she has her mother to thank for that but don’t all beautiful babies?

And from the maintenance department we have Mr. William Willette sporting a new (used) car. Its a Pontiac Sedan, probably an idea Sam Sinclair sold him.

Lawrence McKee and Bruno LaBounty recently spent a week or ten days in Buffalo with that now infamous reducing gear from Highwater.

"Doc" LaBounty is still working on his automobile. I am waiting to see if he tries to put the engine in the rear.

Don’t look now, but the bell valves that were lost so long are now in our possession. Mr. Wilkins had called just about everyone in the railroad business East of the Great Lakes regarding these valves. I don’t know what he had been saying to them but when they arrived in White River Junction, Vermont, the agent there called me long distance and said "Those #3%2/3's valves are here and if you want the #3%2/3 things you better come and get them," and we did.

The following is a clipping from a recent issue of The Berlin Reporter:

**MR. CHILCOAT ADDRESSES MEN’S CLUB**

Gorham — At the regular monthly meeting of the Congregational Church Men’s Club, last Wednesday evening, the president, Ralph Peabody, presided. The attendance was large, with several guests present, including ten employees of the Portland Pipe Line Company.

The speaker of the evening was Oscar Chilcoat, who gave an interesting talk on the construction of the Pipe Line. He also showed moving pictures, in technicolor, of this work.

Mr. Chilcoat received the close attention of all present and at the close of his remarks was given a rising vote of thanks.

Coffee and doughnuts were served by Joseph Piper and J. Ray Evans.

Richard Keir

**WEST BURKE**

Yes, it’s been cold! Unofficial reports from nearby towns range from -40°F to -60°F. Can you top that? The station thermometer doesn’t go below -30°F so we couldn’t report too closely. Old man Winter will soon be blown away. Spring is just around the corner. (Which corner?)

Mr. & Mrs. Clifford Dauphney and daughter, Lynn, of Gorham were weekend guests of the Sullivan’s.

On January 23rd nine members of the Ladies Bridge Club of Gorham motored to West Burke for a Luncheon Bridge at "Sis" Sullivan’s. Prizes were won by Ruby Chilcoat, Frances Morse and Ruth Kier.

Congratulations to the proud parents and grandparents of Carolyn Anne Barber, born January 26th in Portland, Maine. Anna Lee who has returned after spending three weeks there, reports all are doing nicely.

On January 31, friends and relatives of the LaBounty’s enjoyed a birthday party in honor of Mrs. Frank LaBounty and Richard LaBounty. Twenty-seven were present and refreshments, sandwiches, birthday cake, ice cream and coffee were served.

Robert LaBounty spent a week in Portland with his brother Richard.

On January 30, Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Sullivan were guests of the Sullivan’s.

Our sympathy to Frank LaBounty in the loss of his sister Katherine LaBounty Ainsworth, late of Hartford, Conn.

Binkie Benedict was at home the last week of January recovering from a fall which occurred on the ski tow at Lyndonville.

Mr. & Mrs. Frank LaBounty announce
the marriage of their daughter Dorothy to T/Sgt. Allen Morgan, U.S.N.C., on February 11th at Norfolk, Virginia. Our congratulations.

Mr. Creed was at the West Burke Station February 11th.

On February 8th, Stubby Moyes attended a funeral in Gorham.

Mr. Lamb is taking Mr. Luebeck's place while he is away. John Barber is Acting Chief and Raymond Massey is yardman.

Mrs. George Lary and Tony Paullino of Gorham were at Sullivans' the weekend of the 11th.

LaBountys have acquired a new pet. "Lady" is a 6 months Toy Pomeranian, until recently a resident of Portland.

The Company pickup was here the latter part of January collecting clothes for Europe. From the amount collected everyone responded very well.

On February 15th, Robert Sullivan was in Gorham.

On the sick list this month we have had Billy Randle, Raymond, Rachel and Pauline La Bounty.

Sunday dinner guests at the Masseys' included Mr. & Mrs. Preston Rollins and Billy and Bobby Rollins of Barton, Vt.

Robert and Kenneth LaBounty were business visitors in Burlington recently.

Next week is school vacation! Joy Benedict plans to spend part of it in Gorham visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Lary.

Brownie Benedict is a member of the cheer leading team at Barton Academy.

Richard LaBounty of Portland visited his parents a few days the first of February.

Our congratulations to Dede Emery as Queen of the Winter Carnival.

Raymond Massey, a member of the "Thins" in a "Fat" vs. "Thins" game played in Barton February 19th as a benefit for the March of Dimes.

The Masseys

PORTLAND OFFICE

We are all sorry to hear that Ken Blanchard has been confined to his home with a cold infection in his face, since February 13th and isn't expected to return before next week.

Sam Hart left on February 3rd to join Mrs. Hart in San Antonio, Texas. Mrs. Hart was in the hospital for a few days but has recovered and is again enjoying her vacation.

Lawrence and Mrs. Fennel were called to New Orleans, Louisiana due to the illness of his sister who has since passed away. The Office Personnel wish to extend their sympathy to the Fennel's in their bereavement.

Bill and Mrs. Luebeck left early this month for Missouri where Mrs. Luebeck underwent an operation. Bill, also, was ill during his stay there, but both have recovered and will soon return to New England.

We are very glad to report that Mr. Schultz is again among us. He is well on his way to recovery but can only spend part of the day at the office. He moves around with great agility on crutches and is being chauffeured by Doc Cassidy.

ANNOUNCEMENT: Jeannette Orr and Harvey Johnson, Jr. (of New York) engaged. A very excited Jeannette displayed a ring on "her" finger of her left hand which is the result of her many trips to New York City.
Another Feast: Credit goes to
the Purchasing Department for sponsoring
an Oyster Stew Luncheon for the
office personnel. The time: Wednesday,
February 15th. Place: Portland Office.
Menu: Oyster Stew (the old saying "that
too many cooks spoil the broth" wasn't
true in this case. It was very delicious.)
crackers, pickles (sour ones
to make your hair curl and also sweet
for those who already have curly hair),
homemade pies (rhubarb and mince con-
tributed by Mrs. Johnson (Mail's Mother)
Barbara Spiller's Mother, Barbara Par-
sen's Mother and Helen Small and coffee.
A sleepy, satisfied expression was noted
on most of the office force that after-
noon. It is rumored that the next lun-
cheon will be "Fish chowder" (the fish
to be caught by Lee Wescott.)

That's this? Another law breaker
in our midst. One morning when K.I.S.
was driving to work, she must have been
in a hurry. After passing a car and
crossing the "white line" at an accele-
rated speed, she was confronted by a
policeman at the brow of the hill, who
motioned for her to pull over. She lec-
tured him about the speed limit, crossing
white lines, and passing cars and
sent her on her way without a ticket.
She must have talked her way out of this
one, but she couldn't talk her way out
of the ticket she received for parking
in front of the ambulance entrance at
the Maine General Hospital one night
shortly before this.

The second half of the bowling
season commenced on January 22nd and
five weeks have elapsed. Two members
have been lost (Tonia Folk and Neil
Starr) and Judge Wilkins has been added
plus Fred Sealea, temporarily. At
present writing, the records are:

TOTAL PINFALL:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Pinfall</th>
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<tr>
<td>#2 Scrap Heaps</td>
<td>6329</td>
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<tr>
<td>#4 Alley Cats</td>
<td>6235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#3 Cut Ups</td>
<td>6186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>#1 Buzzards</td>
<td>6042</td>
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<th>TOTAL POINTS</th>
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<td>#3 Cut Ups</td>
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<td>#2 Scrap Heaps</td>
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<td>#4 Alley Cats</td>
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<td>#1 Buzzards</td>
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CHATTER BOX

The other day, I heard a cry for
"help" coming from the Engineer Depart-
ment so, not knowing what to expect,
grabbed my trusty blackjack and rushed
in to do my daily good deed. Much to my
surprise the office gave an appearance of
being deserted until I heard another faint
cry. Lo! and behold! there was Barbara
Parsons buried under the Bermuda travel
folders she has been perusing with the
very serious thought of taking a trip for
herself. How are plans coming along,
Barbara?

We have heard of alcohol rubs and
understand they are very refreshing ---
but --- there are extremes. We have it
from a very good source that a certain
young lady in our midst decided to rub
alcohol on her scalp and being out of the
"drug store" variety used a perfectly
good bottle of Scotch. We admit it prob-
ably does go to some peoples' heads but
not through the scalp.

Has Benny Norton's new car been
added to his list of qualifications? We
understand a couple of our young ladies
were interested enough to call the Termi-
inal for this information.

Our very best wishes to Jeannette
Orr of the Accounting Department on the
recent announcement of her engagement.
We think "Bud" is a very lucky fellow in-
deed. We congratulate him. Have you set
a date yet, Jeannette?

Jeannette was bowling the night be-
fore she announced her engagement and it
just occurred to us that perhaps the rea-
son she fell and slid half way down the
alley on her hands and knees was the ex-
citement which probably swept her off her feet. Did he, too, Jeannette?

We're all wondering when Neil Starr is going to have a house-warming? We just recently found out, via the grapevine, that Neil has purchased a new home in Cape Cottage Woods. Neil recently became the proud father of a son, his second, Dana William. Our congratulations. Is this the reason for the new home Neil?

What tremendous appetites some of our girls have. We know Elsie and Anna eat breakfast at home but we understand they did quite a job at tackling the scrambled eggs and toast at the Columbia Market the other day. Anna is probably in training for the basketball tournament which is coming up in two weeks. She sits in the bleachers but in spirit is running along side the playing floor with the referees, then back to the bench with the C.H.S. coach. What is your reason Elsie?

Don't ever mention leading a dog's life around Kay Sullivan. It is rumored her latest escapade with her car concerns hitting a dog. From now on if you happen to see what looks like a zoo scurrying in all directions, you'll know that the animal kingdom has sent out the alarm that Kay is again on the road behind the wheel of her car.

EMMONS IN SUMATRA

Recently, Mr. Creed received a letter from another of our friends, namely, Bill Emmons who is in the East Indies. We note, here, a few paragraphs from his letter which should be of interest to many of our readers:

"We finally entered the field on July 24th last year and we have certainly been busy ever since. Much to our delight we were able to start pumping oil to the refinery eleven weeks after arrival in the field. This was accomplished only by the co-operation of the pre-war Indonesian employees.

"My family has at last joined me and we are very happy and like it fine. We have a lovely house. One of the best here. We also have a total of 5 servants, a chauffeur, cook, washerwoman, house boy and a gardener, which makes it very nice for my wife.

"We are very fond of the natives here. They are intelligent, however, it takes about 5 of them to do the work of one American. One can readily see that when I tell you that we have 8 men on each tour. Another thing that will surprise you is that the Chief Operators, Chief Dispatcher, Dispatcher and Chief Coager are all Indonesians and I can safely say that they handle the job even better than some of our own people in the States.

"We look forward to the PIPELINER which we receive each month. We are always interested in what is going on back there as well as news from our old friends.

"Mrs. Emmons and I take this opportunity to extend our best regards to you and the rest of our good friends there.

Sincerely,

Bill Emmons"
Seongai Gerong
Palembang, Sumatra
NEI

* * * * * * * *

The real gentleman is one who is gentle in everything, at least in everything that depends on himself—in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He is mild, calm, quiet, even temperate—not hasty in judgment, not exorbitant in ambition, not overbearing, not proud, not rapacious, not oppressive.

---Here.

* * * * * * * *
HIGHWATER

After an absence of some three months from these pages, we at Highwater would like to state that we have not been merely hibernating, as might have been supposed — but instead, have been as busy as the little old beaver himself, what with working at all hours on "Operation 3rd Unit" (quiet, please!) and trying to keep sufficiently shawed out to get the aforementioned work done. With temperatures several times dropping to 40 below, it was no easy trick.

However, with the February sun making all things look bright and pleasant above — and the roads a solid mass of ice below — we are taking heart in the thought that Spring cannot be far behind, and think it's high time to give at least a quick review of these past months.

In December, we regret to announce, John Murphy's father passed away at Valcour, and at that time we of the Station extended to him our sincere sympathy in his loss.

We must add here that in December Mr. Murphy acquired a brand-new jeep, and since then has managed to get to work faithfully, right on time, in spite of wind and weather — of which we have plenty, at this location.

The holiday season came and went, with its usual round of visits and parties, and was greatly enjoyed by all. Several of our families entertained visitors from out-of-town, and later went off visiting in return.

And while on the subject of new cars, it must be put on the record that the Sirdevan family returned from their late-in-the-year vacation to Toronto, in November, with a splendid new Ford, which, needless to say, receives the loving care such a valuable possession deserves.

But new cars aren't the only things in the news — no indeed. For in January Mr. & Mrs. John Irwin welcomed a second daughter into their family — little Patricia Marjorie — who, we are pleased to report, is doing splendidly.

And we must mention here that John Irwin was re-elected, in December last, as delegate to the Industrial Council for 1943. Yes, the Irwins are definitely in the news.

By way of a report on the recently-formed Mansonville Athletic Association, we think this is an excellent opportunity to express appreciation to Phil Kavanagh for his efforts in planning a card-party, held in the Mansonville Town Hall in January, in aid of the Association. This event, thanks largely to Phil's hard work, was a great success; also helping him out in many ways were Frank Sirdevan and John Murphy. It looks as though the Baseball team for 1943 will be off to a good start.

A very pleasant event in the Leon Eldridge's household recently was the arrival from England of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. B. Montague. Since "Monty" was a member of the R.A.F., he took Genevieve off to England with him at the war's end — but they both felt that their future lay in Canada. So we are very pleased to welcome them back, and wish them every success in the future.

And now — just one more item in the new car department. Our own Ernie Boucher looking at his trusty but tired old Ford, decided he ought to do something about it. So he quietly sold the poor old bus, departed for Montreal, and returned proudly a couple days later with a dandy-looking 1941 Plymouth club coupe — maroon in color. Since then, almost everyone in Highwater has had a ride in Ernie's car, and we've all decided that he did just the right thing.

This just about brings us up-to-date in a nutshell, but with the coming of finer weather soon, we should have plenty of social doings to report on.

J. P. Cruden
WIT & WHIMSEY

THE CHEERFUL MAN

The world loves the cheerful man. He is almost always the fellow whose house is in such good order he can "take it" in the way competitors, customers, creditors and debtors dish it out to him.

The truly successful man is unusually the one who does something to correct conditions not to his liking, who starts his program of correction at his own place of business, and thereby sets a pattern for others to emulate.

In every walk of life, no matter what the objective, others in the same line of endeavor, conscientiously or unconsitently, try to "copy cat" the fellow who is successful. And he is nearly always the chap with a cheerful outlook. The big reason is that he has the feeling of a job well done; no skeletons to hide in the closet, no practices to hold secret from his competitors or his public, no duties to his trade or profession that have been shirked. The cheerful man finds success easier; the successful man finds cheerfulness natural.

Every busy man should have a wife, so he won't have to waste so much time making up his mind about things.

A patient in the hospital awoke after an operation and found the blinds of the room drawn. "Why are these blinds down, doctor?" he asked. "Well," said the doctor, "there's a fire burning across the alley and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had been a failure."

A pump salesman was the father of a small family which he was rarely able to see because he was away from home so much.

One night, however, he was to stay home and take care of several of his offspring while his wife was absent. The next morning his wife asked him if he met with any difficulty. "Oh," he said, "I got them all to bed okay except that little redheaded one. I had to spank her before she'd go."

"Why Glenn," his wife exclaimed, "that isn't our child---she lives across the street."

George Ade had finished his after-dinner speech at a gathering of notables, and when he had seated himself a well-known lawyer who was also an amateur wit, rose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laugh had subsided, Ade crawled out:

"Doesn't it strike the company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

A male nurse in a mental hospital noticed a patient with his ear close to the wall, listening intently. The patient held up a finger as a warning for him to be very quiet; then beckoned him over and said: "You listen here."

The nurse put his ear to the wall and listened for some time, then turned to the patient, and said: "I can't hear anything."

"No," said the patient, "and that's the way it's been all day."

"There's a salesman outside, sir -- with a mustache."

"Tell him I've got a mustache."

They lived happily ever after in a little apartment overlooking the rent.
ACTION SHOTS

You have to pace these shots, your eye catches the city in all.

It's not the city itself, but the way you look at it.

A moment in the city is a moment in time.

Oh! Raspberries
How about two years since, two men were travelling by automobile through the Southern part of the Province of Quebec and the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. One was the top official of a subsidiary of one of the great oil companies of the world.

As the automobile was driven along through the pleasant country side, they discussed many things and the official, from his rich experience, told of many, most interesting, anecdotes. Several of these anecdotes were very impressive in their meaning. It appears that one of these anecdotes should assist everyone in forming a more proper prospective of their work. We pass this story along to you as it was told, from memory, to us:

"A number of years ago, while a young man, I had the privilege of acting as companion-secretary to one of the top executives of our company while he was on an extended tour around the world. This trip covered a period of approximately two years. Towards the end of our journey, we visited Australia. While there, we visited quite a number of their cities and villages and were instrumental in selling large quantities of asphalt for the avowed purpose of surfacing roads.

On the second day of our departure, from Australia, as we reclined in our deck chairs enjoying the soft breeze and the warm sun, conversing in a desultory way on many matters of our voyage, I mentioned to the truly great man, "We sold a great deal of asphalt in Australia." He musingly looked far out to sea and waited long to reply, then he said, "No, we were not selling asphalt, we were building roads. The selling of asphalt is a more or less humdrum thing, but the building of good roads is a distinct service to humanity. Remember the little village where the old gentleman and the old lady said they were denied, for a number of months out of the year, the privilege of going into the city because the roads were impassable? Remember we met with the political authorities and they purchased asphalt to surface the road? Now, when the road is surfaced, the old couple may journey to the city at will. Were we not instrumental in the building of this road? Of course! We sold them the asphalt. Should we not look at our job in its broader scope? Should we not think of the good that we are able to accomplish? Certainly it seems the answer is yes. We have in the past two years journeyed a long way. Let us hope that wherever we went that life at that place will be a little better because we came along this way."

Should we not think of our job with the Portland-Montreal Pipe Line System as such that by our little part in the work, be that what it may, as not merely the pumping of oil but a job in assisting in moving raw materials from Portland to Montreal from which material the products are made that supply the countless furnaces and automobiles of the Dominion of Canada and also lubricates their machinery.

Much depends on the point of view in all the things we do. Work is glorious or monotonous depending largely on how we take it. Certainly, we can have no more noble purpose than, "Let us hope that wherever we went, that life at that place will be a little better because we came along this way."

J. L. Creed

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"Great men suffer hours of depression thru introspection and self-doubt. That is why they are great. That is why you will find modesty and humility the characteristics of such men."

Bruce Barton

"When dealing with people, remember you are not dealing with creatures of logic, but with creatures of emotion, creatures bristling with prejudice and motivated by pride and vanity."

Dale Carnegie.