JULY 1947
LANCASTER STATION IN BEAUTY SPOT

The following article, prepared by Red Perham, describes in detail the surroundings of Lancaster Station. Lancaster Station is in the heart of the White Mountains and is considered one of the most beautiful regions in the eastern United States. We feel that our readers, those particularly who have never been in this beautiful spot, will be very interested in this article.

"There is a strange fascination about the White Mountains and the neighboring ranges that stretch out to greet the rolling green hills of Vermont. The years bring them only added beauty and charm. It is peaceful and uplifting to stand with head bared and gaze at the majesty of the mountains themselves. We came to understand why the Indians revered them in fair weather and feared them at other times.

A few thousand feet up in the air, those same big mountains tell another story. The writer has cut a passage way in the ice to gain the Headwall-Tuckerman's Ravine in the month of June. He, and twenty-one others half froze to death in a mountain storm during the month of July. Ye old reporter even hiked his young bride on a honeymoon trip through those old mountains and on September 8th, during one of those mellow spells of weather, sat down in his shirt sleeves (shoes & trousers also) at 10:00 in the evening near the top of Mt. Washington and watched the lights of Conway twinkle in the distance. Two hours later, at midnight, a freezing storm struck and accompanied by a howling wintery gale. Those old mountains are a law unto themselves - they command respect.

From Lancaster Station, one gets a panoramic view of these mountains in a "never-to-be-forgotten

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LANCASTER STATION
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manner". Gazing to the Southwest, we see little Mt. Prospect (or the old Senator Weeks’ Home) and beyond the Franconia Notch Range. From there, we swing East to Mt. Washington, Mt. Adams and Mt. Jefferson of the Presidential Range. Then we continue along the many peaks of the Starr King Range, the Kilkenny Range, the Pikes Peak Range, and off in the distance across the river, we see the Green Mountains of neighboring Vermont. That great string of mountain peaks are a part of Lancaster, itself, and "down the road a bit" is Jefferson, N.H., the Waumbek Hotel and the home of Starr King, the Poet Laureate of the New Hampshire hills. The ride down from Lancaster Station through Jefferson, Randolph, Gorham, Shelburne and Bethel is something to retain in memory.

Some of the N.H. natives say that the pipe line engineers picked the worst old piece of swamp and rocks along the highway and located the Lancaster Pumping Station on it. Being a Maine man, myself, and neutral, I would only say that the statement is an exaggeration. There are many places worse than the original pumping station site and will probably remain so for many years to come. The pipe line engineers probably just shrugged their shoulders, pointed to the blue printed 236-mile pipe line chart and said, "That is the spot for Lancaster Station - you construction men handle the rest of it". And they sure meant just that. But they left the finishing up job to Johnny Baker, Chief Operator. So Johnny Baker took over. He worked, and everybody else worked, and soon it became common talk along the line about the swell job going on up at Lancaster Station.

Today, Lancaster Station is pumping oil and she has been at it steadily for over five and one-half years. Lancaster Station was one of the four horsemen who pumped oil all the time and performed their "cleaning and painting" while on the jump. Lancaster Station had not the advantage of long shut-down periods as an aid in beautification. Pumping oil came first; beautification, second. Yet Lancaster Station ranks high in our group of good looking pumping stations stretching from Portland, Me. to Montreal, Canada.

When the writer arrived on an unheralded visit, the latter part of June, Johnny Baker was out in Kansas City, Mo. on another Company assignment. Ed Hickey was serving as Acting Chief Operator and assisted by Operator George Whittum, Ken Parsons, Glen Smith, George Murphy and acting Yardman, Arno Bishop. The day was hot, the humidity high, and the old pumps were enjoying a "grand old spell of sweating". Even with that drawback, the old pump room looked good - the windows and window sills were clean, the floor well swept and a neat operating appearance was presented. The motor room looked even better and carried that brighter look characteristic of all motor rooms free from pump room oil vapors. The Boiler House and Store Room were in the best shape ever and the Manifold House clean and tidy. In fact, the overall picture indicated that Ed and the boys were doing a good job while the Chief was away.

Your reporter and his wife visited for a bit with the Murphys and the Hickeys and George Whittum and spent a pleasant half hour at Mrs. Baker's. On leaving, we carried away the following mental picture of Lancaster Station.

Coming out of Lancaster and up over the rolling hilltop black road, we view a group of white cottages and green lawns and beyond the spacious grounds of the pumping station itself.

As we get closer, we notice green window boxes and flowers around the cottages and youngsters playing on the lawn. In fact giving the place a rather homey atmosphere.

The pumping station grounds are practically level and cover a 500-ft by 300-ft. space between road and firewall. The green lawn is studded with large pine trees and a border of small ones along the fence, making a rather distinctive setting for the group of buildings that comprise Lancaster Station. Along the entrance walk, we pass between rows of

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TERMINAL

Things have been moving at a rapid pace on the line in the past month. With new construction pump installations and personnel shake-ups, new faces on old jobs, and old faces on new jobs, schedule juggling and new problems cropping up daily, I'm glad to state that everyone involved in the step-ups still continue to wear the same size hats as they wore in the past. We wish them well on their new assignments and feel sure their jobs will be ably handled.

Sorry to see Herman Emery and Bob Sullivan shift their headquarters to the green pastures of West Burke, but they, no doubt have solved the housing problem for some time to come, lucky fellows.

Honest George Flavin is recuperating from a sinus operation. We wish him a speedy and successful recovery and know everyone on the line has the same thought. If we didn't know long ago that George was bothered with sinus trouble, we'd be inclined to think that he was suffering from a new disease called "Scheduleitis".

Our vote for the best athlete on the field while the company picnic was in progress went to Clarence Place. Top vote for the luckiest athlete went to Rapid Robert McKaig who bashed out his first base hit since being farmed out by the "Lancaster Lemons" of the old Democrat League.

Art Cote returned from his vacation July 16th after hitting the top spots in New England.

Jackie Iott, while demonstrating the "Skaters' Waltz" in Tank #2 took a nose dive and was pulled ashore by fellow skaters. Watch that thin ice, Jackie!!

The recent pay boost came at a very appropriate time with vacations in line. An extra slice of long green tucked in the hat band (or wherever you may carry your surplus) insured transportation home if you happened to be out-smarted at one of these New England summer re-

sorts. The South Portland employees wish to express thanks for the pay boost and also thank the ones who arranged it.

Eddie Dunn dropped in last week for a spot check at the Terminal and also to discuss the possible direction in which the deer may be running this fall. Who knows, Eddie, but what this may be your big year.

The new storeroom, is rapidly taking form; seems like a shortage of red brick held up progress for a month but since the brick arrived the masons have been throwing them fast.

Who is the pipeliner who keeps the glamor girl from the Sardine factory supplied with a fresh rose daily for her hair?

Frank "alert" Maguire of the "Customs" is without question the fastest man to grace our property. We know he was one of Maine's best track men in his youth and his youth is not far behind from the pace he can set.

Handy Andy has a flower circle that is eye catching, so don't wait 'til it's gone by folks to have a look at it.

Bob Thoits - the boy with the know-how-to-do-it-tempo - is now a career man, having graduated from the dockman of distinction job.

The finest short story teller to arrive at the Pipe Line is a youngster named Bickford. Yes, his tales are all clean.

Ole Brudvold is thinking of taking up the shoemaker trade as a side line.

Frank Wagner started his vacation under mysterious circumstances. We expect a card from wherever he drops anchor.

Bill Spear is back on the job after having his tonsils snipped.

The Centerboard Yacht Club orchestra under the baton of Charlie Flink dished out a program of boogie-woogie which was
enjoyed along the waterfront. Charlie and his boys will play a full engagement at the new music shell.

Tank cleaning is no picnic, but most of the boys have a keen sense of humor while working. Maybe it's laughing gas they inhale. "My Dad and I" caught a slug of coal gas once and the effects were similar on the senses.

FRANK IVERS

RAYMOND

This humid vacation month started off with a bang. Fireworks were in abundance for the asking, plus a chunk of cash at the local stores. Fire crackers boomed and banged around our colony many days previous to the fourth. On the evening of the 4th, the whole pipe line family gathered and enjoyed each others Roman Candles, sky rockets, pinwheels, etc.

Mrs. Walter Simmons and Rosemary returned from Oklahoma July 9th. Mrs. Simmons says that Rosemary kept her informed all during the trip concerning changes and track numbers and such. She has quite a knack of getting acquainted with her fellow passengers and there was never a dull moment during the trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corrigan had as guest for the holiday week Miss Eleanor Conant of Westbrook.

Ramon Simmons took a job at Camp Timanous but recently changed for a job at Barker for one of the shows that the Indian Princess across the road is giving in New Bedford, Mass.

Ramon's dad helped him buy a Model A and after that got it tuned up and painted. I bet it is a better car today than most of the new ones.

By the way, since the last Pipeliner went to press, I had the good fortune to dump my car onto a used car dealer. The dealer gave me $175 for the biggest wreck that ever tried to stay on the road. But he sold me a '39 Buick Club Coupe that both the neighbors and the Corrigans agree is quite an improvement in the landscape!

Lee Wescott and I played 12 holes of golf at Naples recently. He managed to beat me but with a lot of tutelage from Mr. Parks, my game is showing improvement and my day of victory is shortly forthcoming, I hope. Anybody who is keeping track of our cribbage match might be interested to know that it stands even up. We now have played a good 500 games since we commenced in December 1945.

Benny Bowerman returned from Missouri and is chiefing for Walter Simmons who is now on vacation. Son, Albert Bowerman is K.P. at Camp Hawthorne for the summer.

Albert Bowerman is learning to type and has started a mystery story that concerns a detective who sounds very much like Mr. B. Her. . . . . and a shapely blonde!

HARRY CORRIGAN

NORTH WATERFORD

Your reporter has been very busy for the last two or three months, looking at, debating over and finally acquiring a home of his own on Plummer Hill in Waterford and has sadly neglected his reporting duties. He is now located at his new home and will try to get the news in each month on time.

In June, Bob Lewis went to Oklahoma on his vacation. While he was gone the Barbers from Burke Gulch occupied his home. We all enjoyed having them with us again for those few weeks. Bob says we wouldn't know his boys, Robert and John, especially Robert, as he has grown so tall.

Fred Stearns took his vacation starting three weeks ago today.

Bob Hicks is having his vacation this week and with Mrs. Hicks and youngest son made a very enjoyable call on the Sawyers Thursday afternoon.
Master Timothy Sawyer has been ill with the measles but is fine now.

Rachel Hutchison's children, Sarah and Judy Stearns and Sylvia Sawyer are attending vacation school at Waterford this week.

Things are certainly humming at North Waterford Station. The electric pumping system for the fire hydrants has been connected by electrician from Gorham. Materials, pumps and contractors have arrived for the installation of the third unit and work has started on it.

Bill Sawyer and crew start their annual clearance of the telephene right-of-way between North Waterford and Raymond Stations Monday.

B. A. SAWYER

WEST BURKE

Today is July 23rd and on this date I received a letter from Ken Blanchard, one of our editors, informing me that I was elected to do a little writing for this station.

Although it may be a little dry and uninteresting at times, we will try and give a little something to the paper each month.

We have only been here two weeks, but like it very much. The cottages are all filled now though the Barbers are in Portland for the summer.

Bob Sullivan is keeping bachelors' hall until August 25th when we all hope that his family will be here to keep him company.

The lawns have just had a G.I. hair-cut and are looking pretty nice.

It has rained some part of every day for the past two weeks, with some thunder and lightening. They sure give you plenty of variety in weather here in Burke Gulch.

Stubby Noyes has gone to Portland on his two days off to get a car which he says is used, but new to him.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. LaBounty were recent callers at the station, arriving in what used to be called "The Silver Comet" but no more, as the schooner has recently been given a new coat of paint.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brydon are entertaining Roy's brother, Lloyd, and family from Detroit, Michigan this week.

Uncle Joe Randle has a very tasty looking garden this year. Better get your shot gun ready, Joe, just in case they forget to put the street lights on some night. Someone might raid your onion patch.

Mr. Fennel dropped in on us one day this week on his way to Portland. He was quite surprised to see everything so nice and green as everything is burned up with the heat and no rain in Portland.

Mrs. Raymond Massey is bookkeeping at The Green Mountain Power Company office in Barton this summer.

We understand that the construction here for the setting of the new units will be started very soon.

Mr. Blanchard spent a few hours with us last week showing slides and explaining group insurance and annuities.

Our Chief, Fred, is looking for snow now most any day....if it stops raining long enough.

The Brydons and Emerys visited Pagent Park at Crystal Lake for bathing last Sunday.

I would like to inquire if Mrs. Kennedy of South Portland is still nursing her black eye.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Emery entertained over the weekend Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haynes of East Lynn, Conn. and John Ross, Marceau & Robert Richards of Portland.

HERMAN EMERY

Planning is the process of figuring out how to do the impossible in less time.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kloberg and two children went to New York July 11th. Mrs. Kloberg has entered a hospital there where she underwent a major operation on July 21st. We are pleased to report that the operation was a success and that Estelle is coming along just fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Corrigan are receiving congratulations on the birth of a baby girl, born July 10th at the Saint Louis Hospital, Berlin, N.H.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Arey of Melrose, Mass. are spending two weeks visiting their daughter, Mrs. R. H. Keir, and family.

Mr. Warren "Tommy" Hayes has concluded his work here at Gorham and has been assigned to help Bill Luebeck.

Frank Hunt returned from a two-week vacation and reports that most of it was spent around home. He did venture away from home a few days and went to Saugus, Mass. and paid a visit with his daughter and family. Frank's trip to Saugus this year was uneventful as he made the trip without getting his fenders dented!

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**IMPORTANT CHANGES IN WEST BURKE STATION PERSONNEL**

Gauthier A. Thibodeau left to go on his vacation on July 14th and will not return to West Burke as he is being transferred to the Creole Petroleum Corporation in Venezuela. He is due to embark for Maracaibo around August 1st. We all wish Tibby good luck on his new assignment.

We were sorry to learn of the resignations of Dick Wilson who has been Diesel Operator at Burke Gulch for over a year and a half. Dick has taken a job with the Sinclair Refining Company in Texas.

Messrs. Chicoine and Brydon have been promoted from oilers to replace Thibodeau and Wilson as operators. Herman Emery has been transferred from South Portland and will work as oiler at West Burke, as a result of these changes. Bob Sullivan
As usual, the Liots have been hosts to a considerable number of friends and relatives; one week-end group of about eight visitors was especially welcome to them, as Harold's mother came along too; these days, she is a very rare visitor, but very welcome. In addition to large parties of week-ends, the Liots entertained Miss Murier Stapley for one week recently, also Mr. Ernest Thompson a week earlier; both are from Montreal. At present, the Liots are very busy getting ready for their trip to New York City - so we'll be able to give you some big city news next month.

The Irwins have also been busy in the entertaining line; recently they were hosts to the Misses Muriel and Daisy Irwin, the Misses Doreen and Irene Simpson, all of Montreal; and Mrs. Irwin's brother with his wife & daughter, drove over from their vacation spot at North Hatley to visit for a day. In the junior department, young Margaret entertained two of her friends from Mansonville, Margaret and Argyle Galbraith, for a couple of days.

Mrs. Sirdevan also played hostess lately, when her father and sister Mary visited from Toronto one week-end. Frank is a very busy man, being a member of the Knowlton Baseball Team, and frequently has to cover considerable distances to fit in with the team's playing schedules.

Mrs. Cruden's parents, Capt. & Mrs. Jas. Colvin, were visitors at Highwater for three weeks during June, and were able to attend the Company picnic held on June 24th. Mr. Wilson S. Cruden of Toronto, was a visitor from July 5th to July 14th, and, as might be surmised, is related to old J.P. - his nephew, to be exact. It was the young man's first visit, and he promises it won't be the last.

The Kavanaghs have done their share of entertaining too. Phil had two of his young nephews down visiting from Montreal, and they appeared to enjoy every minute of it. At present, Phil's sister from New York, Miss Angie Kavanagh and Miss Adrie Abbott, of Rumford, Maine, a friend of Mrs. Phil's, are enjoying the Kavanagh hospitality.
As our closing personal item, we are very glad to report that Mrs. Ernest Hodgson was able to get a return passage from England recently, and sailed home on the "Aquitania," via Southampton and Halifax, N.S., arriving back home in Highwater on July 1st. Needless to say, Ernest is once again a happy man, after four months of "bathing" it up here alone. Mrs. Hodgson reports that she had a most pleasant holiday, visiting mostly with her daughter and son-in-law, but managing to do quite a bit of visiting around southern England at the same time. Shortly after returning home, the Hodgsions entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood Jones, of Kent, England, for a few days, prior to the Jones' leaving for a holiday in the U.S.A.

Mrs. Milton Boyce spent some time in the Newport Hospital recently, and for a time was very seriously ill. However, we are glad to state that she is now at home and progressing favorably, and we all wish her a speedy return to good health again.

J. P. CHUDEN

Montreal Pipe Line Company Picnic

St. Jean Baptiste Day, June 24th — a time-honoured holiday in Quebec Province — was the day chosen for the first picnic of our "North of the Border" pipeliners. A grand total of 74 members of the Montreal Pipe Line, of all ages, including families and friends, and representing Montreal East, Ste. Cosaire and Highwater, met at Carter's Camps. This well-known summer resort is situated on Brome Lake, some 70 miles south of Montreal; around 11 a.m., we were off to a good start by having a dip in the cool waters of the lake. The Montreal group, which had to cover the greatest distance between two points, was only too glad to get cooled off, as the day was hot and humid. But everything seemed perfect after a swim — and meantime the lunch table had been set out with all manner of good food and drink. Everyone did ample justice to the sandwiches, cakes, cookies, fruit, etc., etc. and then we all had to relax for a while.

Some were content to just "visit" with members from the various stations; others managed to be active enough to have a game of darts; but eventually, everyone gathered together to watch and take part in the games.

The menfolk had a ball game, as a work-out, and next the children held the spotlight with their races, which were started off by little Ralph Edwards and Jimmy Sirdovan, in the "under 4" group. Following right on their heels were the "5-6", "7-8", "9-10", "11-12" & "13-14" groups and last, but by no means least, came the "girls of 15 and up". All willingly admitted to being "over 15", and raced with much enthusiasm, Miss Gisele Boucher coming in first.

By then, it was time for the "boys of 15 and up" to line up — which they did, a solid dozen of them. There is no need to specify names, as all the aforementioned "boys" are heard up and down the line on the Company phone regularly at 15 minutes past every hour. At the end of the frantic dash, one B. Pipe hit the tape first, closely followed by Jimmy Copeland coming in second. Yes, the "over 15's" were surely on the beam.

A scrambled-shoe race was next held for the ladies, with Miss Greta Henderson and Mrs. Pinfold taking first and second prizes, respectively; while for the gents, in a similar race, Johnny Irwin romped home in first place, with Pete Edwards a close second. Many later claimed that Johnny's victory was foul, though, as it appears John didn't bother about "unscrambling" his shoe laces — he simply broke them!

A skipping-rope somehow appeared next, and all the married ladies took turns at it, with Mrs. Dunning far outshining everyone by skipping 46 consecutive times — although Mrs. Harrison with 36 and Mrs. Woollard with 34, were close runners-up.

The finale of the games was the tug-of-war, which featured Montreal East and Ste. Cosaire on the one side, versus Highwater on the other — this being
necessary to even up numbers. It was a Herculean effort, with Highwater winning the first bout. Then, on account of a sloping ground, each side changed position, and Ste. Cesaire and Montreal East won the second round. But just to be sure, there was a third bout, with Highwater winning again, so it was agreed - Highwater team the champions for 1947. And something was suggested about a silver cup to be presented to the winning team, to be competed for every year. Highwater team confidently asserted that, if such a trophy should be received, it would never leave Highwater. And Montreal East and Ste. Cesaire were equally confident about winning next year - so only time can settle this friendly battle, it seems evident.

The Company very kindly donated free ice cream and soft drinks, which everyone appreciated after such active sports, and refreshed again, many of the party visited "Danceland" nearby, had a turn around the excellent floor, and afterwards an impromptu sing-song.

Then there was only time for a quick swim, a last attack on the food supplies, and away home for everybody.

It was a splendid day all around, and its success was very largely due to the efforts of Pete Edwards, of Montreal East, for his careful planning and attention to all the small details which mean so much. We all owe him a vote of thanks and we hope he will continue to do his good work at each future outing. For it's certain that, one and all, we agree heartily with the idea of making our Montreal Pipe Line picnic an annual institution, after such an enjoyable and well-remembered day.

J. P. CRUDEN

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CONSTRUCTION DAYS
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blueprints, giant machinery and what-not. So it was quite a let-down for us when Fletch pointed to a six-foot ditch containing five feet of water and kindly asked us to retrieve the rocks from the bottom. With chagrin we learned at least the bottom part of his education. Then, everytime we came up for air we would strike our heads on that 12" line that is now our bread and butter.

After lunch, Fletch came by with a few more men who spoke an entirely foreign language - West Texas. We were told to observe these men grade the ditch and then do likewise. We tried ably hard to "do likewise" but it seemed that whereas the Texas boys always managed to find a dry ditch to grade, we inevitably drew a ditch submerged in icy N.H. waters. We didn't mind a bit but after a week of this, it was pretty hard to sit down without bending our fins out of shape. Eventually, we came to dry land and Tom and I found much easier grading. We were so tickled to be on dry land that we were working like mad.

Then, Mr. Fletcher pulled us from the ditch job and promoted Tom to a skid truck swamper and me to a boom cat swamper. You can just bet that being a swamper was quite an advantage over being IN a swamp.

As a swamper, I found myself working for the cat driver "Boger" Shelton. It took us quite some time to get our lingo straightened out! The first day he was busy as ---- and wanted me to fetch him the "war plume". I figured he was worried about the then approaching war so fetched him the newspaper from the cab. Well, he thought I was plumb loco and began to ride me as if I were an old bronc. We got out of that one by having him spell out what he wanted; turned out to be a pair of wire pliers. From that day until we learned each other's accents we spelled words instead of pronouncing them. The dictionary became an essential tool around the cat. We had loads of trouble when we lost that dictionary. The biggest calamity being the day he sent me to town after a wrench instead of wrench. I couldn't get the wrench to come out on the job so I delivered her at the door of "Boger's" apartment. Of course, being so young and innocent I didn't visualize what would happen when Mrs. Boger came to the door!
Roger, the cat and I, with the help of six skid-pulling personnel lowered the pipe from Gorham to South Portland. And that was the beginning of our learning pipelining from the bottom up!

I feel that all men who help to build new things have something in common; they have the feeling of improving our great industrial nation.

So, on to work, you new construction men. Here is another job on the P.P.L. ready for you to tackle. Good luck, and here's hoping that the gods of weather, demand and supply are on your side.

HARRY CORRIGAN

LANCASTER STATION
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 compagnies. To the right, a newly set bed of calendulas grace the base of the flag pole. To the left, a circular bed of marigolds fits in well between the Boiler House and the Office. To the right of the Pump Room and at the base of a large pine tree, beautiful Iris, two feet tall, are surrounded by Nasturtiums. Along the walkway front of the Motor Room and Office stand the Sentinel Spruces and in the flower beds are Dahlias, Lillies, Monks' Hood, Giant Bachelor Buttons, Lupins, Yellow Mallow, Begonias, Geraniums, Glads and other native plants. The cement walkway out to the Manifold House needs nothing more than the green lawn on either side and the big pine trees for a natural background. The two Sentinel Spruces at either entrance seem all that is required to adorn a Manifold House surrounded to the East, South, North and West by green grassy lawn.

This, folks, is Johnny Baker's stations.

RED PERHAM

Auto Driver: Hello, little girl, want a ride?
Little Girl: No, thanks, I'm walking back from one now.