NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING

To those of us who have been "brought up" among the New England hills and in the atmosphere of the small town life of Maine, the subject of the annual town meeting is as "every day to us" as the "catching of a string of big fish" is to Johnny Barber, "A.C." Cowne, Bill Smith and some of the other boys who hail from that land where real "cats" wear whiskers, have two eyes and one tail, but live under water.

This being the month of March and the month in which most of our annual town meetings take place, it seems appropriate that my topic be "The New England Town Meeting".

The New England town meeting I write of is strictly the small town affair. It must not be confused with Big Town government by Town Managers. Where the government of a giant city like

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ONE-EYE-OPEN DREAM OF DOCK PIPELINING

Month of early January; temperature 16 degrees below zero; just returned to shack after making rounds; plenty of red spotted gold diamonds in the coalbin; little incubator stove in corner doing a wonderful job; top managers tucked away in their beds, reliable gravediggers alert, listening to the music of the foghorns and wind as we wait for another shipload of that precious oil that gives us steady employment and helps keep the wolf away from the door of many of us.

Our thoughts now, are away down in South America, temperature around 90 degrees above zero; oil is flowing from large field storage tanks into a large tanker, capacity from 80,000 to 160,000 barrels. Loading completed, lines cast off and ship starts its long trek north. Nice warm sailing for about five days, then she hits into

(Please turn to Page 4)

BILL LUEBECK GETS FIRST P.P.L. 20-YR. BUTTON

The Gorham Supervisors’ Conference, held on March 6, was highlighted by a twenty-year service button presentation to William J. Luebeck.

Bill Luebeck has the honor of receiving the first service insignia of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation. The presentation was made by Mr. Hart after his informal talk on Bill's career in pipelining, which began over thirty years ago. Mr. Hart's remarks were flavored with his usual good humor and witticisms and the presentation, no doubt, will remain as a pleasant memory to Bill in the years to come.

This service button presentation initiates a program of awarding P.P.L. Corporation emblems patterned after the one used by Standard Oil Company (K.J.). It has the same gold background, letters of the company in gold embossed in blue en-
New York may be loaded with "politics" the Annual Town Meeting of Maine is as far "the other way". To a small-town man in Maine, his politics may be "Black Republican" from the election of County Officers, through to the Governor, the Congressman, the Senator and to the President of the United States, but when he heads for Annual Town Meeting he is "going down" to attend to the business of his town for the year ahead. He will help elect the Selectmen, the Road Commissioners, the School Board and then proceed to "vote 'em" certain appropriations to "run the school", "build the roads", "take care of the poor", "cut the bushes along the highways", "pay for snow removal and sanding of roads", "start a fund for a suitable War Memorial Athletic Field", and other miscellaneous items.

At such meetings stubborn old Democrats and Black Republicans mix together just as freely as do the odors of the barn, the wood-shop worker and the lumberjack mix with those "tony smells" that float from the "well-groomed head" and from the "skin you love to touch". Shoulders to shoulder these men may conspire together to "put the skids under a Road Commissioner" in the effort to get some better roads by electing a new man to office. Maybe others have reached an agreement that "petticoat government in town" has gone on long enough and that they need a new Selectman, whose wife can "tend the telephone respectfully", "tend to her family duties", and leave the running of the town to the men folks.

One group may be "hot on the trail" of new road money. Another group may be battling for improvement in school facilities. Yet another group may be chanting the old refrain - "cut the school appropriations and road money before we all have to call on the town". (It is pleasing to state that the latter group never have "called on the town for help" and outside of dire misfortune, - never will.)

Here at Town Meeting you have a clear-cut demonstration of pure Democracy in action - the townsfolk gathered together to transact their business for the ensuing year. Many a laugh and many a muffled curse word may be heard, but few tears are shed, and even then the defeated candidates' wives are so "darned mad" that they refuse to yell until they get home in the bedroom where no one can see or hear their misery. Human nature being what it is, nobody objects.

You ask "where did the New England Town Meeting originate"? There is a simple answer which stems from the life of those sturdy pioneers who originally settled along our old New England shores. They left the old country, seeking a new homeland and one in which they could worship in freedom, live with more freedom and "run their own business". They immediately began to do so and have been at it ever since with the help of the Irish and the Scotch. A personal visit to a few of these "small-town" town meetings will quickly assure you of the authenticity of the above remarks.

When Maine was a part of the old Mother State of Massachusetts, soldiers of the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 were given large land grants (consisting of entire townships) up in the great wilderness now called Maine. The seacoast towns flourished first and then the settlers trekked inland into the wilderness and settled on highland slopes to stay. The word "neighborhood" assumed a deep significance and the annual trips by ox-team to the seacoast towns are the saga of a day past.

The Mother State of Massachusetts knew that the colonization, so to speak, of the great uncharted wilderness could only take place in the hands of rugged men. She recognized that rugged men had pronounced tendencies to run their own business - so why not let them do it! She recognized that good-looking women would follow those rugged men to the end of that wilderness and that big families would undoubtedly follow in the wake of such adventure. With the birth of children would come the birth of civic responsibility toward those children on the part of both parents, and soon the Church, the school and Town Government would ensue.

In anticipation of these correlated events the Mother State let it be known that wherever communities of citizens de
sired to band themselves together to better their conditions through cooperative actions, that the Mother State of Massachusetts, on proper petition signed by the residents, would incorporate the Township—and that Township immediately became a unit of self-government. When Maine became a State these units of government still carried on up to the present day. Due to the original large land grants and the smaller ones later on it seemed proverbial that the rich landowners were against “incorporating a Township” because it meant more taxes. But, just as proverbially, the middle class of smaller landowners and family men were ready to battle for incorporation for the cause of “better roads, schools for their children and better living conditions within the town”. The Mother State fighting to colonize the wilderness “lent a sympathetic ear” to their plea and incorporation followed.

From this crude beginning in colonization of a wilderness comes our Maine Town Meeting—probably the simplest and truest form of democracy in action today. This cradle of self-government has given birth to a Civic-mindedness on the part of many of our great men in national life. But, its greatest value lies in its continual challenge to the average citizen to face his local civic responsibilities and not delegate them to others. I realize that it is brazenly called “running your own business” and it takes time away from hunting and fishing. However, civic-mindedness, nation-wide, has paid off the greatest dividends in Liberty and Happiness known to date amongst the nations of the world.

RED FERHAM

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ANNUAL RED CROSS DRIVE

The annual American Red Cross Drive has been wholeheartedly supported by the South Portland and Portland Office employees. The success of this drive has been manifested by the fact that employee donations amounted to two and one-half times the donations made last year, the totals being $55.00 for South Portland and $135.50 for Portland.

BILL LUEBECK GETS FIRST P.P.L.

TWENTY-YEAR BUTTON

(Continued from Page 1)

ameld and the years of service in gold embossed in a red bar across the face of the button.

Service button presentations are nothing new to Bill Luebeck. He stated, however, that he was more pleased than ever to receive his Portland Pipe Line Corporation button as all the buttons he had received in the past added to the one just presented summed up to 50 years. Who can beat that one?

Bill, without any stretch, can be rightfully classified as a veteran pipeliner. He started in pipelining in 1916 with the Tuscarora Oil Company as a fireman. With this company, he held various jobs in pipelining all the way from Staten Island, N.Y. to the west end of the line in western Pennsylvania. On July 1, 1924, he transferred to the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company and started as a diesel engineer. It was with the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company that Bill received his first service button (10 years) In November 1930, he transferred to the Ajax Pipe Line Company and worked with that company as a diesel engineer until 1936 when he was promoted to a chief engineer. He continued in that capacity with the Ajax until September 1, 1941 when he was transferred to the Portland Pipe Line Company as mechanical foreman. While at Ajax, Bill received his twenty-year button based on his accumulated service with Oklahoma and Ajax. Aside from his duties as chief engineer on the Ajax line, he served on special assignments under the direct supervision of J. R. Doles. In March, 1940, he acted as inspector on lowering two ten-inch lines crossing the Missouri River.

Upon the presentation of Bill’s second twenty-year button on March 6th, it may be said that he is a man of many buttons, much experience, and a lot of pleasant memories to look back upon in pipelining, and we hope a lot of pleasant years to look forward to on the Portland Pipe Line.
cold weather for the balance of the trip. Some ships are fast and make the trip to South Portland, Maine, in about seven days.

Word goes around at the terminal that so and so ship is expected at the light around eight o'clock; that means she will dock around nine-thirty P.M. Temperature still hovers around 16 degrees below.

Action starts around terminal, station and guardshack; telephones start ringing. Questions as follows: "Have you seen the pilot boat going out?" "Have the tugs started down yet?" "Has the doctor arrived?" (By the way, all tankers clearing from foreign ports, on arrival, must have their crews examined, from the captain down, before anybody can board or leave the ship).

For the next two hours, bedlam breaks loose around the dock and the quiet little guardshack. Dock-rail and boom lights flicker on. Then, the parade of operations starts. Terminal boss and several husky gaugers and strong, rough and ready pipeliners come through the gate. "Hi, there, pretty lucky. How will you swap jobs?" Thermometer still hovers at 16 degrees below.

As a rule, next in line comes the company and referee gaugers, ship's agent, doctor, customs, immigration, policemen, ship chandlers, clothing salesmen, union officials, port pumpmen, coastguard and marine inspectors and commissioner, paymaster, radio repairmen, officers and crew wives and sweethearts. All must register in our entry book and hold signed passes from our company or the agents of the different steamship companies, before entering the dock.

By this time, the little six by eight guardshack is reeking with chatter by the influx of the above, absorbing the warmth of the little stove in the corner; poor us, we are out in the cold, getting our exercise, opening and closing the new gates, entrance to the yard, leading to the new dock.

About this time, somebody in the shack spots a high mast light to the east. "Here she comes"; then, the ribbing starts. "You're crazy; that light was there last week!", "you need glasses" etc, etc. In about five minutes her bow shows, coming around the shipyard point. The crowd is convinced and slowly two by two, coat collars turned up, the boys start toward the dock, and for a while everything is quiet around the shack. Slowly, under her own power and the aid of two powerful harbor tugs, she is warped into the dock, and the pipeliners go to work.

On the tanker bridge, tugboat pilot and ship officers start bellowing orders; large heavy double hawser lines appear through the ships bow chocks, small throw lines are attached to same and thrown to freezing husky pipeliners on the dock who in turn attach same to a small electric winch which pulls in wet cold lines to be thrown over a large steel dock pit. This same operation is taking place at the stern of the ship at about the same time.

This tying up duty completed, the pipeliners next start connecting the ten inch dock hose to the ships outlet. When possible, two ten-inch hoses are hooked up to speed up unloading. Everything is checked and rechecked, waiting word from the company and referee gaugers to go ahead. The ships pumps are started and the oil starts flowing through either the sixteen or twenty-four inch dock lines to designated field storage tanks at the terminal storage or the tank-farm storage, about three miles underground from the wharf terminal, later to be pumped through to Montreal, approximately two-hundred and forty miles, under city streets and country roads, through farms, over and around mountains to its final destination.

When it so happens that two ships arrive about the same time, one cargo is pumped direct into the storage tanks at the water terminal, and the other cargo is pumped to the tank farm storage.

About this time the different operation men start trekking back up through the yard; for the most of them, their jobs are completed, and they are on their way, until notified later that another
tanker is to arrive, and the same operation starts all over again.

Outside the gate several taxies are waiting. This seems mostly the mode of travel for crew members; very seldom do they ask for cheaper transportation. Everybody seems to have plenty of money.

Ship is cleared by doctor, yellow quarantine flag comes down; then crew members who are off duty come hustling up the dock and through the yard, by the guardshack. Several ships' crews have been coming to this terminal for four or five years and know their way around quite well. Other ships' crews who are making their first trip to this terminal, naturally have many questions to ask. "What is the name of this burg?" "Is there a good ice cream parlor handy?" "Sure, right up around the corner", "How far is the post office from here?" Is there a barber shop handy?" Etc, etc.

We pay little attention to outgoing crews, but as they start coming back to the ship, some under the influence of too much ice cream. All crew members must present ship passes or in some cases check their name against ship's crew list, which we receive from the captain of the ship on arrival.

Back again to the operation of unloading the ship. After all this commotion, which lasts about two hours, things quiet down again as far as humans are concerned. But there is plenty of activity through the pipeline, which in some cases lasts from twelve to thirty hours, according to the pumping capacity of the ship. Ship pumps and a company pipeline dockman are on continuous duty until the ship is pumped out dry.

Ship pumps are stopped, company and referee gaugers are on the job again. This time, to examine all ship tanks to make sure no cargo is left. Husky pipeliners on the job again, this time to disconnect heavy ten-inch dock hose and to swing heavy gang plank onto the company dock.

As a rule, at sailing time, two or three crew members are among the missing, holding the ship up from sailing. You hear several loud blasts from the ship's whistle, calling the boys from the nearby ice cream parlor or "what-have-you".

Next, you see the pilot boat sailing around just off the end of the dock, anxious for the ship to get going. About the same time, two harbor tugs ease their way into the dock. Lines are attached to the ship. Harbor Pilot on the bridge bellowing orders, tough husky pipeliners at their posts, fore and aft, waiting for slack hawser lines. Up they are lifted from the steel dock bit. You hear a splash when lines hit the water. Ship's propeller goes into reverse, tugs take a strain on their attached lines, slowly she starts to make progress, and once again, she is on her way, sometimes to a coastwise port, most generally to a foreign port for another cargo of that precious oil.

About this time in the warmth of the shack, all is quiet again. A reminder, outside, sixteen below is still with us, and getting colder all the time. The other eye starts to open, you look at the old clock and to your surprise your one-eyed pipeline dream has shortened your next round of duty by about fifteen minutes. Pleasant Voyage.

FRANK WAGNER

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PIPELINE PICTURE STILL IN DEMAND

The technicolor sound movie which has given many Portlanders a picturesque description of the construction of the line in 1941, is still very much in demand. During the month of March, the picture supplemented an interesting talk delivered by Mr. Creed on the building of the line at the Portland Club. This meeting, at which approximately 200 members were present, was held on March 10th.

Mr. Schultz spoke at a Rotary Club Luncheon on March 21st, on the construction and operation of the pipe line. The movie was shown as an added feature.

Several showings are scheduled for April.
Andy's evening prayer:
Please deliver me from false weather prophets so abundant in this area.

"Say Ahhh", said Doc Tibbetts.
"My throat's o.k.", answered Lawrence Fennel, "Just dropped in to pay my bill".

"Ahhh", said Doc Tibbetts.

We couldn't have a round of strikes if everyone was on the square!

The dock mystery:
Where did our genial Custom inspector, one Frank McGuire (nee Midnight) the Bean Brumwell of the Waterfront, obtain his white shirts during the years of scarcity? Could it be possible that he was tangled up in the black market in white shirts.

Have you noticed that those who jump to conclusions invariably jump too far?

Things we miss at the terminal:
(1) Eddie Dunn's hearty laugh -
(2) Bob "Kaltenborn" McKaig's political high lights
(3) Fred Stearn's 20-foot tobacco chewing shots.
(4) Bob Thoith's contagious smile.
(5) George Murphy and his box of baking soda
(6) Bob Hicks' tales of the deep woods
(7) Bill VonZinti's sincerity
(8) Jack Mutes armored vest
(9) The trapeze performances of George Mooney
(10) And the general confusion and noise from our next door neighbor, the shipyard.

Explanation of a lost weekend by a tanker sailor..."It's the shortest distance between two pints".

The "Green Hornet"...that's the terminal's row boat... will be launched shortly. We are trying to get Miss Jonnie McKaig as sponsor but she won't talk.

The lobstermen are stirring out of hibernation and are overhauling their gear, so it shouldn't be too long before we can plan on a mess.

The person who wakes up and finds himself famous, hasn't been asleep!
The big blow of March 2nd almost caught the Bladensburg off base. She had completed discharge and the tugs eased her away from the docks west side; the power of the tugs diminished to zero in the teeth of the gale so our tanker missed the Yacht Club breakwater by a narrow margin. The destination was anchorage but the elements thought differently. She zipped across the harbor and secured to Boyces dock assisted by her own power, tug power and wind power which overpowered them all.

The "Polycastle" who christened our old dock is returning to Europe for major engine overhauling shortly to return in the fall. She plugged long and faithfully in the past five years and is due for a rest. The mental strain and tension which her officers and crew worked under is indescribable. We wish them the best.

Looks like we are catching quite a number of fast pumping tankers. The crew must try to be as fast as the ship by the activity and experiences they can generate in a few hours' time.

FRANK IVERS

Signs of Spring Around The Terminal

Robbins haven't arrived as yet, but little gauge Artie's driftwood piles have started to appear. No matter who helps gather this driftwood, it belongs to Artie. Hands off! But every so often, somebody pulls a fast one ... no names mentioned. Artie, sometime back, must have worked for the F.B.I. or the Canadian Mounties; he always seems to get his man.

FRANK WAGNER

TANK FARM

Starting Sunday, March 2nd, and continuing through the night was the worst storm that Portland and neighboring vicinities have had in many years. Electric light wires and telephone communications were out of order for several hours in many parts of Portland, South Portland and suburbs. The station here had power failure at 1:15 a.m. Monday morning and did not resume operations until mid forenoon of that day.

Tuesday, March 11th, the two new Mason-Neelan automatic by-passes were attached to the pumps. The air line connecting them with the panel board control have not yet been hooked up.

Sam Sinclair was called to his parents home in New Brunswick, Canada, due to severe illness of his mother. We all hope he finds her much better than expected.

For the past several days, we have been receiving truckloads of steel shipped here to make our new 55,000 bbl. tank to be erected in the area of the treating plant.

George Mooney has recently won the pot of gold in the Coin-Your-Ideas program by proposing signals to be erected at each set of tank lateral valves. The arrow points to the 24" incoming from the dock or terminal and the opposite arrow points to the 16" suction line to the Manifold House. I think we will all agree that this is a good safety precaution not only because of the words at the bottom reading "work safely" but because it eliminates a possibility of opening or closing the wrong valve, especially if we were to have a comparatively new man on the job.

Bob McKaig has been out sick with a bad cold for a few days but is up and at "um" again, good as new.

Last week, the day we had the bad storm, Carl Emery got left high and dry up in his home town of West Paris due to the train being derailed at Groveton, N.H.

Mrs. Billie Sawyer from North Waterford station paid a most welcomed visit on Mrs. Clara Emery one day last week.

On last Saturday evening, March 8th, the "Old Gray Beaver" from North Waterford was in and helped lap up a few home baked beans at the Herman Emery's. Just in case you might be in doubt as to whom this is, I am talking about none other than Bob Lewis.
Spring is surely getting here slowly but we already have several patches of green grass on our lawn at the station, and it won't be long before the old garden sheet will be posted for a choice in lots. It seems to be everyone's thought to plant as much as possible this year but by the looks of the price of seeds, it will cost a small fortune to get started.

The summer vacation list has been posted and already several of the boys have listed their specified vacation time when the ambitious can garden and paint and build, the playboys can golf and twirl their tennis rackets, and last but not least we old fogeys can hang around the beach and watch the bathing beauties splash in the water and burrow in the sand. So, as they say, every man to his own choice or maybe the Mrs. will choose for him.

Harry Phillips, Jr. had a few of the teenagers in for an evening last week. Games were played and music was furnished by Harry, Sr. Lunch was served at the close of the event and a most enjoyable time was had by all.

Frank LaBounty was seen cleaning the windows in the observation dome in the Old Model A this afternoon. We understand that for the past few weeks, he has been navigating by compass only.

Most of the boys here have viewed the wreck of the Oakey Alexander which ran aground on the rocks off Two Lights, Cape Elizabeth the night of the big storm. Speaking for myself, I would prefer to be a dry land sailor.

One of the recent tankers was the Esso Knoxville which took part in an experimental test on shortening the discharging time. The terminal units were cut in to serve as a booster in helping the stream through to the Tank Farm. Those attending this test from out of town were Mr. Perkins from Standard Oil Development Company, Mr. Kirk and Capt. Shaw of the Marine Department.

Recent visitors at the farm were Mr. Shultz, accompanied by Bill (Pooch) Esmons and three directors from Standard Vacuum.

Mr. and Mrs. Fennel pay a visit every Sunday to their son, Pete, who is attending Bowdoin College in Brunswick.

Repairs and construction will be started this year here about the latter part of April, I understand. The roofs are to be cleaned and repaired on Tanks 8 and 9 and after this is completed, the building of the 55,000 bbl. tank will be started.

HERMAN EMBRY

RAYMOND

Here it is, the 10th of March and I don't see much news to write about so I'll have to manufacture most of this. It seems that everyone has tried to avoid the wrath of my gossip column. If only somebody would instigate a scandal, then this cub reporter could more easily satisfy his demanding editors.

Since the last issue, our pipeline grounds have been blanketed with an additional 12 inches of snow. We certainly aren't enjoying this delayed season.

Red Perham has been busier than Kilroy preparing for the Paris town meeting. He tells us that his campaigning has brought good results. Red's hard work before the town meeting was one of the main reasons why West Paris will have an additional teacher and a more satisfactory school program this year.

Myron Walker finally caught a cold that won't respond to his favorite cough drops. He's sweating this one out via the hot toddy and more blankets methods. He caught this cold after returning from a stag party of a cold night. It seems that "Richard" wouldn't open his cottage door soon enough and while he was waiting, "Nora Prentiss" spoke to him so he just stood there on the steps straightening things out in his mind while the cold germs invaded his very amazed person.

Walter Simmons and Gussy, the Flummer, have just completed laying a network of drain lines in our manifold. This drain system consists of a main 3" line running the length of the manifold
house and it's hooked up to the incoming and outgoing scraper traps and empties into the sump. One-half inch drain lines run from all the gate valve bonnets into the main 3" line. The boys have much praise to offer for this time-saving system. Now we can receive and send cut a scraper faster, safer and - best of all, without carrying a bit of oil from the traps and bonnets to the sump.

Benny Bowerman and family plan to move into cottage #3 around the first of the month.

Mr. & Mrs. Tom Corrigan descended from the mountains the other day. They were guests of the Harry Corrigans.

Mr. & Mrs. Lee Wescott planned to attend the ice follies and then swing down to Connecticut for a short visit. However, their plans fell through when snow made travelling impossible.

Red Perham's Ford has really been giving him a hectic time lately. He steamed in to work the other day with a "busted" block. A few days later he didn't come into work at all because of a "busted" axle. The next day he came to work just plain "busted" period. Speaking of cars, I'll never forget the day I bought my old jalopy. I took stock after I got it home from the dealers. The good Lord alone knows how it got that far because there was no carb in the carburetor; the generator wouldn't gen, the distributor disintegrated and finally the ignition ignited the whole blooming works! Now I've had the old thing for a year and, I'm happy to say, she will take me to town and back if I pour a quart of alkyl into her radiator, she'll radiate from stem to stern and commence her pixilated wobble down the road.

HARRY CORRIGAN

NO. WATERFORD

As long as we didn't get any news in for the February Pipe line we hope these news items will cover two months.

The last of January Mr. & Mrs. Fred Stearns and little son, Mark, were weekend guests of Mr. & Mrs. John Barber at West Burke. They reported a very enjoyable visit.

In the middle of February Bob Lewis spent a couple of days at the Sportsman's Show in Boston. He says it was quite a sight.

Eleanor Emery spent the week-end of February 21, 22 and 23 at the Stearns' cottage. She attended the formal dance at Bridgton Academy. Polly Arris, niece of Mrs. Stearns, also attended.

The following week-end Polly Arris was an attendant to the Harrison Carnival Queen, having been a candidate for queen herself.

On Friday, February 21st, the seventh and eighth grades of South Paris Junior High School held their annual speaking contest. First prize for boys went to John Hicks, son of Bob Hicks.

Mrs. Chester Rowe and daughter Nancy spent the day recently with Mrs. Fred Stearns while Chet was having his car made over at a local garage.

Mr. & Mrs. Fred Stearns were in Portland on business March 6th.

Mrs. Margaret Sawyer was in Portland March 7th for the day and made a short call at the Emery's in South Portland. We're all so glad to find Clara looking and feeling better.

Mr. Robert Lewis attended a supervisors' meeting at the Glen House, Gorham, N. H. on March 6th.

The two automatic by-passes have arrived and it will be a red-letter day when they are working.

Mr. William J. Luebeck has been a recent visitor.

Tony Pugliese made a short call at the station on February 25th.

Lee Wescott has been taking the station inventory for the last two weeks.

The boys in the last three houses
have tapped a few maple trees and hope to get a few quarts of syrup.

BILL SAWYER

GORHAM

Mrs. Ruby Chilcoat is confined to her home with pneumonia. She is under the care of two nurses. We are pleased to report at this time that Mrs. Chilcoat is rapidly gaining back her strength. We hope, Ruby, to see you up and around again soon.

Mrs. Edward Kloberg and her son Buddy have been visiting relatives and friends in New York City. They returned home March 19th.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Corrigan spent a few days recently with his brother Harry in Raymond.

Mrs. Eleanor Pugliese has been on the sick list with tonsillitis since our last report.

R. H. Keir was out a few days from his work with the grippe.

O. L. Chilcoat, Jesse Miles and William Luebeck attended the Supervisors' meeting at the Glenn House, Gorham, on March 6th. William Luebeck, it is reported, gave a splendid report at the morning session.

Mrs. Fred Lamb of West Burke spent the day with Mrs. Jesse Miles while her husband attended the Supervisors' meeting on March 6th.

Jack Barnes is proud as a Peacock these days as he is sporting around in a new Mercury Club Coupe.

DICK KEIR

MONTREAL

March not only brought its usual sunshine and high winds, but thoughts of warmer weather and holidays. In fact one of our members, Paul LaFreniere, is vacationing already and we hope he thoroughly enjoys his two weeks.

Mrs. Woolard is back from an enforced vacation and not a very pleasant one either. We are glad to see her fully recovered from that quinzy attack.

Bowling is still going strong and although Mrs. Penfold complains of every ailment known to man on Thursdays, she still continues to have her name on the weekly sheet under "Ladies' High Single" or "Ladies' High Three".

Eddie Irwin is in a very bad spot these days. The bowling crowd is very annoyed when he makes other dates for Thursday nights and I suppose this situation works the other way too, if he does bowl on a Thursday night. You can't please everyone!

Eddie stays away completely from bowling, but Bob Pigeon does manage to arrive in time for two strings!

March brought St. Patrick's Day too and we know one fellow who is being true to both sides. Who wore an orange and green tie on March 17th?

Teddy is gaining weight under his new diet and dietician, Mrs. Pinfold.

It hardly seems possible that a year has slipped by since our last X-ray for TB, but it has and along with the Imperial Oil, Montreal East employees we have been X-Rayed again. Now we just have to hope that the results will be as good as last year's. We might mention here that three members had to return for a second X-Ray - maybe they didn't hold their breath, but this isn't as bad as the two employees who broke the machine and had to wait until it was fixed.

Mr. Copeland and Mr. Maclean spent a day in Toronto this month attending a Directors' Meeting and Eddie Irwin attended the Operating Supervisors' Conference at Gorham, N. H. on March 6th. All reported having pleasant trips.

IVAN HAMILTON
In view of the recent discussion on Public Relations at a Gorham Conference, the public showing of this picture is very timely.

We are all very proud of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation, its management, employees and its physical appearance as shown by the beautiful stations along the line. A pipe line to our northern New England states is a strange business and many of our neighbors still wonder what it is all about. We all appreciate the fact that during the war our operations had to be carried on in as confidential a manner as possible. Due to this fact, our company became an object of curiosity and in some cases one of skepticism. These unfair opinions have a tendency to grow with the years and become greatly magnified unless something is done about them. Our loyal employees have spread the good word of the company wherever they go, but that is not enough as their voices do not reach the majority of ears. The showing of this picture has provided a form of mass education for the public which unfortunately has not had the opportunity to become better acquainted with this type of industry in the past.

The Portland Pipe Line Corporation does not have any product to sell direct to the public so the public has to be approached from a difficult angle in order to learn what we are doing and why. Our speakers, who have been invited to appear before their numerous audiences lately in conjunction with the showing of the picture, are to be commended on the splendid job they are doing. Considerable newspaper publicity has been devoted to these meetings.

To us, it seems like a step in the right direction and through it the company will quickly earn its rightful place in the community.

PORTLAND OFFICE

What!!! No news from the office this month? Well, things are very quiet right now during this transition period between winter and spring. Anyway, all office news is over-shadowed by the picture on the back page for that is really news... period!!!!
So many new cars are appearing among the office employees that someone has suggested the use of the additional equipment shown on this picture, especially when those shiny black, red, gray and tan jobs crowd the office parking space. Equipment may be obtained thru the GUARANTEE PROTECTIVE AGENCY.

#1 - Umbrella to keep off sun, dirt and rain.

#2 - Extra large rubber bumper to keep off approaching vehicles.

#3 - Spurs to keep others from coming too close.

#4 - Electric fence wired around doors and windows to keep sticky fingers off.

#5 - Large Mirror (with light for night vision) so driver can see himself driving new car.