NEW OFFICE SPACE READY IN JANUARY

The office expansion program, giving the present location over 3,000 more sq. ft. of space, got underway the first of this week. For sometime now, the need for additional space has been apparent and, ever since the Engineering office was opened at 509 Forest Ave., has been the objective of the company to bring all of the offices under one roof. This, of course, has been particularly desirable from the point of view of efficiency and convenience.

The back of the building at 535 Forest Avenue has been occupied for several years by the Grand Union Tea Company. They have now vacated this space which is to be taken over by the Portland Pipe Line. This new space has previously been used for storage facilities and consists of a very high ceiling.

(Continued on page 3)

PIPELINER HUNTING YARNS

One sport which is dearest to the pipeliner’s heart is hunting. Getting out in the crisp autumn air into the woods becomes an obsession with our good hunters at this time of year. Actually, we have never heard of a hunter returning empty handed after a day in the woods who was cranky, and cussing over his lack of good luck in bagging game. The woods does something to a fellow that brings him a feeling of satisfaction. Every experience of hunting in the woods and fields leaves a fellow tired but freshened in spirit and brings him the hope of another day in the woods when he may at last bring down his deer or bag of birds.

The hunting season, being one of the most important events in a pipeliner’s life, should not go unnoticed in

(Continued on page 4)

CONTRACTIONS LET ON NEW LINE

Considerable progress has been made in the past few weeks in shaping up the final plans for the new line construction project to start in the spring of 1950. Advice has been received from the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company that they plan to start fabrication of the 18” pipe order for the new main line the latter part of May, 1950. Once this process of fabrication has started, the modern methods in turning out pipe are so far advanced that the finished product is completed with remarkable rapidity and the pipe is loaded on the freight cars ready for shipment to the customer. For this reason, it is expected that the initial pipe will be received at rail points along the line not later than June 1, 1950.

Preliminary construction
PIPE LINES MAKE UP A BIG PART OF PORTLAND'S BUSINESS

Much has been written about the Port of Portland and considerable space in the local newspapers has been devoted to stirring the citizens in developing the port. In order to fully analyze Portland's advantages and disadvantages as a seaport, much space would have to be used here, and it is quite a controversial question. It has been stated that there are several outstanding factors which have contributed to Portland's diminishing importance as a seaport, a circumstance which has been quite apparent now for over a generation and, if it were not for the oil tonnage which flows through the port facilities, the harbor would have very little business to fall back on.

A recent article in the Press Herald gave some very interesting facts about the importance that petroleum plays in the city's economy. For the past three years, oil tonnage has represented more than 50% of all the shipping handled in the port and, with the building of a new pipe line on the Portland-Montreal system, this bids fair to increase the percentage considerably. It is interesting to note that, up to a very recent date, more than 139,800,000 barrels of crude oil has been pumped through the Portland-Montreal pipe line. What this business means to this port and the rest of the State can be illustrated by the fact that most of the tankers that have discharged all of this crude oil, leave from $2,000 to $10,000 in business in this port on each trip. Over 1,200 tankers have been docked at the Portland Pipe Line Terminal since November, 1941.

A little over a year ago the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company opened a 127 mile 6" pipe line from South Portland to Bangor. This is a finished products line and takes care of a supply of light oils and gasoline which are discharged at Socony's terminals at Auburn, Hallowell, Waterville and Bangor. It has been pumping on an average of 125,000 barrels of finished products per month.

Other major oil firms maintain large storage facilities in Portland and South Portland on the water front, and receive oil shipments from refineries located along the eastern seaboard at least once a month. Most of these stored products move out to bulk plant distributing centers throughout the western and central sections of the State by overland truck shipment. When we stop to observe that the population of Portland and vicinity is 150,000 and has a very limited number of so-called large industries, petroleum movements are a vital part of the community's life blood economy.

With the advent of the construction of the new Portland-Montreal pipe line, which is scheduled to take place in the spring of 1950, the subject of oil becomes more important to Portland citizens than ever before. It is interesting to note that when this line is completed and the throughput of crude goes over 100,000 barrels a day, Portland will become one of the largest oil ports on the eastern coast of North America. Of course, geographical location has a lot to do with this concentration of oil storage and disposal. This is due to the fact that the City of Portland is a focal point of distribution for most of the consumer products that come into the State of Maine. It is also a well-known fact that the Portland-Montreal Pipe Line is the result of a practical solution for getting crude oil to the Montreal refineries on a year-round basis.

We can see from the foregoing that the building of a new pipe line to Montreal will bring additional business to the Port of Portland. Thus, every employee of the Portland Pipe Line Corpor-
ation and the Montreal Pipe Line Company. Limited, should feel that he or she plays an increasingly important part in keeping Portland prosperous and in maintaining the life blood economy of the largest business center in the State....yes, even Northern New England as a whole.

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NEW OFFICE SPACE READY IN JANUARY
(continued from page 1)

with a floor below the level of the offices which the pipe line presently uses. In order to make this new space usable, it is necessary to build an entire floor over the 3,000 odd sq. ft. in order to bring it up to the level of the floor now being used. Mr. Gerald Cole, contractor and builder, is in charge of the construction on this project. It is expected that alterations will take approximately five or six weeks and this space will be available for use early in January.

It will provide a very convenient location for consolidating the Engineering offices and contractors personnel as well as any temporary Portland Pipe Line personnel that may be required in connection with the big construction project scheduled to start next spring. When the new room is completed, the Engineering office, which is under the supervision of Mr. Henry, will move up from the front of the building on the first floor (337 Forest Avenue) into this space. Much more room will be provided for the setting up of drafting tables, blueprinting machine, desks and other equipment which will be required. A door will be cut through from the conference room into the new area and a rear exit will be made to the back of the building, thereby, providing additional convenience in the use of this section for the new office space.

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CONTRACTS LET ON NEW LINE
(Continued from page 1)

on the main line is scheduled to start in May, 1950, and if everything goes along according to plans, the project should be completed in the first half of November of the same year.

The Management has announced that bids have been received from pipe line contractors on November 4, and the successful bidders for the main line are as follows:

Sec. 1 - From South Portland, Maine to the Gorham-Randolph Town Line, New Hampshire
   Oklahoma Contracting Company

Sec. 2 - From the Gorham-Randolph Town Line, in New Hampshire, to the International Border
   Associated Pipe Line Contractors, Inc.

Sec. 3 - From the International Border to Montreal East, exclusive of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu River crossings
   Fred Mannix and Company, Ltd.

The St. Lawrence and Richelieu River crossings and the delivery lines from our Montreal East manifold to the four refineries will be constructed by the Latex Construction Company of Georgia. The laying of the new 30" discharge line from our pier to the Tank Farm at South Portland, oil lines and two outside manifolds at the Tank Farm and the manifolds at South Portland, North Waterford and Lancaster Stations, and the dismantling of Goulds pumps at four stations and re-erection at the three stations mentioned above will also be handled by the Latex Construction Company of Georgia.

The winter season ahead will be an extremely busy one in the Engineering Department, formulating plans in connection with the installation of the new manifold systems, new pump stations and main line details. Although, much work has already been accomplished on these plans, there still remains considerable detail to be brought into final shape. After all of the delays that have been encountered, due to the steel shortage and the concern over possible delays due to strikes, it is extremely gratifying to the Portland Pipe Line as a whole that the biggest construction job since 1941 will probably start on schedule.

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print and many a humourous and savory tale comes from the hunters experiences.

Dave Emery expresses the hunter's role in preparing for the day's hunt in a very descriptive manner. We'll let Dave tell our readers, in his own words, how a hunter starts out in the early morning for his day in the woods. Here it is:

"From the wilds of Moosehead Lake to the far corners of the State of Maine, the Members of the Portland Pipe Line Tank Farm and Terminal have been scouting far and near for sight of the elusive deer. Did I say elusive? Brother! that's not the word for it! How many miles can a man travel in one day? How many mountains can he climb? How lame can one get? How cold? How wet? Just ask "us fellers" - WE KNOW!

Deer have been seen, have been fired upon and at, but as yet, no man has come forth from the wilderness with other than fatigue and sore feet. Please allow me to tell you of my experiences on a typical hunting trip, for one day.

Tomorrow is a hunting day. Time to go to bed, but don't feel sleepy. Check over hunting equipment again for the "umpteenth" time - heavy underwear, heavy hunting pants and heavy shirt, two pairs of heavy wool socks, heavy hunting boots, one belt of ammunition (60 rounds), hunting knife, compass, waterproof match box, hatchet, one large section of the little wife's clothesline, one hunting cap, one haversack filled to the brim with some 20 lbs. of un-assorted and needless to explain articles, but including some 10 sandwiches, cake, cookies, apples and such, in case I get hungry, and last but by far the most important, "Black Betsy" my old trustworthy rifle. To bed I go. Can't sleep, no time to sleep, alarm goes off. Dress and let's go. Still dark outside. A muttered greeting to the rest of your hunting companions goes somtin like this - "Morning Richie", "Morning Dave", "Cold out", "You bet", "Good day ter get one", "Yessir mister", "Nice country", "By Gingoey, it is". We arrive at our destination. We check watches, arrange a meeting time, and we're off!

I load Betsy carefully, check the safety and set out along an old chopping road. Walking quietly as possible, I watch both sides of the road I travel, and ahead as well as behind. I check the sights of my gun against the darker background around me as it is only early daylight. I pat ole Betsy, lovingly, cause before night she'll bring down meat enough to last the little wife and son all winter. (Personally, I like Spam.) Thinking of Spam, makes me hungry. I stop, reach in my pack for a sandwich. Instead of one, I eat two. Then, a cigarette, of course. Time to get going again. I start out. There is a sudden thunderous roar behind me. I jumped, for safety, and a partridge goes winging away. Narrow escape - for the partridge, by gosh! Betsy could have taken him on the wing if I hadn't been deer hunting.

In my concentrating for the bigger game, I suddenly found myself no longer on the trail I had been following. But, being a woodsman of some confidence, I logically thought that I should come out somewhere, and I did - a swamp. I wonder why they ever called these hunting boots, which are my pride and joy, waterproof. The only place that those boots didn't leak was over the tops, cause the water wasn't that deep. But Mister, it was WET!

All at once I heard the "pattering of little feet". Ah, a fawn, no doubt. Mother must be around somewheres, and POPPA -- Just for a sight of that big huiling hunk-a-meat! But, the patter of little feet turned out to be an enormous Grey Squirrel. Now, that darned squirrel was, at first, just curious and a little while later, darn right nasty. He would scamper along ahead of me and then sit up in a tree and chatter. Did I say chatter? I mean screamed. I threw a rock at him, and the results were immediate. From every side, every darned squirrel in Maine let go with more abuse upon my poor little old head than has been heard for a long time.
I sat down for a rest and another light lunch, after which I had a cigarette. I leaned back against a stump, the sun was warm and then, Blotto — I musta gone to sleep. When I awoke, it was almost dark and standing directly in front of me were five big Bucks, all looking directly at me not over 100 feet away. I reached slowly for Trusty Betsy, took careful aim at the biggest of the lot, and fired. Nothing happend. I fired again. They still stood there. I got mad at Betsy and threw it with all my strength at the nearest deer — another miss. They looked at each other, nodded in assent, turned with heads down and charged. I tried to get out of the way but I slipped and bang, SLAM-BOOM! When the dust died down, there's my little boy sitting on top of me in bed saying, "Get up Dad, or you'll be late for work!"

David C. Emery

Then, we have another side to hunting which is told in the following anecdote. We have all heard of Paul Bunyan and his tall stories. Paul was a good hunter, as well as good at everything else. The story told here is not one of Paul Bunyan's, however, and we have no reason to doubt the authenticity of the story here, anymore than we would Paul Bunyan's, as we have found no one who can disprove it. So it goes with hunters. If they don't come back with game, they can always come back with a good story.

"The Hunt.

Now I don't aim to be an old sourpuss but I just don't like to have these here city folk come up around my homestead and ruin all my pets and stuff, so I ain't in no good spirits when I see then a comin'. But, on this particular morning, me and old "Musty", that's my pet buck, we is having our vittals when we hear a lot of rumpas, and we look purty careful, and we see some of those city folks with all their new fangled gizmos, and me and old Musty we really enjoyed ourselves very much on seeing this. You see old Musty is pretty smart. Yes, sir! Smart enough so that he ain't been shot at yet, for you see he is so big that he can pass for a Moose. Well, sir, I knew that Musty had sumpin' on his mind as soon as he spotted them guys. One of the group, a chunky chap, I heard one of the other guys call him "Rich", so I don't say a word when I sees old Musty take after him.

Well sir! Do you know that for six solid hours Musty followed that guy without him even knowing it. Musty even got kind of curious and pulled a little package out of the guy's pocket without him knowin' it. Well, by the time Rich wanted to eat, he reached for the package in his pocket but it's gone! Course I can't tell you what he was talking about, but old Musty really snorts with joy at this. Well, old Rich turns around and starts to cuss out old Musty, thinking that he must be a Moose, and old Musty snorts all the louder and heads for home.

Now, you folks can believe it or not, and I could tell you lots more of the strange happenings during hunting season, but this one tickled me more than any to date.

Anon"

Our third and final story on hunting experiences was told to us by a man who knows hunters and to what extremes they will go to in order to justify the expenditure of $2.25 for their hunting license.

It seems that this particular hunter, a Tank Farm man, stopped at a deer-tagging station in Waterboro for a cup of coffee with a hunter friend of his. An out-of-state car drove up and a red-faced man, quite excitedly, crawled out of his car and strode into the station. He asked for the warden or whoever was an authority on tagging deer, and said, proudly and quickly, that he had a spike horn deer out in the trunk of his car.

After elaborating on his story somewhat, to say he brought the beast down with a single shot and it was a beauty, the tagging official followed the proud hunter out to his car. While the hunter was preparing to lift up the lid of his
TERMINAL

Here we go into the month of storm windows, deer hunting, long underwear, fuel bills, anti-freeze, football, fur coats, frost boxes, rubbers, overshoes, and last, but not least comes Thanksgiving and we all have plenty to be thankful for. Good homes, happy families, good jobs, a car in every garage and if we think turkey meat is a trifle on the dry side, we don't have to eat it, chicken, capon, or steak, can be substituted as we so desire.

Benny "Golden Boy" Norton, Jr., who has been passing as single has been married since last June to the former Miss Adrienne Collins of South Portland. Bill Spear wrung the truth out of Benny when he spotted him working with the wedding ring on his finger. Apparently, Benny had been removing and pocketing the ring when he arrived at work but one miscue and Bill Spear pinned him down and extracted the truth. Ben is at present shopping for real estate in South Portland. Congratulations from us all to the Ben Norton, Jr. To Mrs. Norton, Jr. we can say that Ben is mighty easy to get along with and we who work with him consider him a rare catch for any girl. Slip a piece of strong cheese into his lunch box real often, keep his feet dry, and he will be happy. The honeymoon was planned to fit in with Benny's vacation last June and was spent in Montreal, Niagara, New York and Peaks Island.

Think you're smart don't you Norton keeping us in the dark for five months, after promising me the first scoop on the big event.

Lance Corporal Cote was hit with congested chest, but was right up and at 'em after a few days' treatment.

Attention Sam Hart! The song "Deep In The Heart Of Texas" threatens to become our new National Anthem with a slight variation in the title. Yes! Sam "Deep In The Heart Of Texas" is sweeping the country, running a close second to "Mule Train".

Harry (Home Run) Corrigan of Raymond
fame dropped in for a short visit and spot check of the Terminal and waterfront installations. Years ago Harry was our one man pipe line gang here, and since transferring to Raymond Station pays us an occasional visit to check up on the marine end of the job.

How interesting, a wine bottling plant is under construction and will open shortly in the old New England Shipyard, adjacent to the Terminal property. I know that gasoline and alcohol don't mix, but how about crude oil and grape juice? a slug of that may be a cure all, who knows?

Frank, "Hot Rod", Hunt has added a touch of wildlife to his auto accessories Two suction cup canaries now adorn the car interior.

Have not been in a position to check Les (Hot Rod) Carter's car of late but feel certain he has some new do-dad attached.

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MICHAEL JOHNSON'S TRAGEDY

During the war Michael Johnson gave freely and cheerfully his time and devotion to the Norwegian Seaman's Club of Portland, after his work day was ended. At all hours of the night and early morning Michael would be seen around the Terminal picking up or delivering a load of sailors from the tankers. At 8 a.m. he could always be found on his job in Portland where he operated a small furniture repair shop. Being a Norwegian and also an ex-sailor himself he understood the problem of the sailor ashore in a foreign port and was indispensable to the arriving Norwegian tankers. Always, he carried on board an armful of Norwegian newspapers when a tanker arrived.

Recently Michael was the unfortunate victim of an elevator accident in the building that his shop was located in, in Portland suffering the loss of his right arm. A tragic loss to a fellow who used his hands to make a living. I know you fellows who worked here during the war will remember Michael Johnson the tall Norwegian gent who was a familiar figure on the dock at that time.

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The Last Rose of Summer; On November 15 Martin Jensen picked 2 rambler roses in good condition from the Terminal rose bushes. The pansies and other flowers are still blooming here and we are enjoying a bit of the unusual weather that Florida and California would be proud of. Am referring to the weather up to November 15th only!

Our Ace Pumper for the month was the tanker Imperial Alberta who arrived the 12th with slightly over 186,000 barrels of Arabian Crude. Her time from docking to departure was 16 hours, 10 minutes. Pumping time with three 10" hoses into one 24" line was 9 hours and 41 minutes, or approximately 19,260 barrels per hour.

E. Snodgrass Co., the contractor who built our new pier, had a crew repairing the fender system on #3 and #4 cribs November 15th.

Jasper Hunt is a great lover of classical and semi-classical music, Says Jasper, "no hill billy stuff for me".

"Doc" Pete Fennel of Cornell Medical M. Y. will be home to enjoy the Christmas Holiday with the folks.

Now that the word Christmas has been exposed are you counting your shopping days 'till then, and doing something about it? or maybe you prefer to let it sneak up on you. My athletic days are long past but somehow or other Christmas Eve finds me bucking the line in the downtown department stores trying to find something for the Mrs. From experience in the past I know definitely that whatever I buy will have to be exchanged and also in the January Sales the article will be on sale, slashed anywhere from 3 to 8 dollars. It's the spirit of the thing that gets us and I do love the Christmas Season, regardless of the Commercial angle.

Sympathy is never wasted except when you give it to yourself.
To all Horse Players, Owners and Trainers. Have you tried our new system lately? Why bet foolishly when you can be sure of a winner every time. Our system was proven recently at one major track. Write today for further instructions to "The Little Ajax Sponge Co." So, Portland, our slogan: "Why Muff 'em when you can stuff 'em."

Everett Morr of Tank Farm renown took over as pumper gauger the week of the 20th, relieving Ralph Roderick who headed for the Farmington area with the Mrs., in quest of deer meat on the hoof. Ralph bagged a beautiful buck last year near Farmington and has returned to the scene of his 1948 conquest.

Will the employees who occasionally arrive at work in taxi-cabs, please have drivers drop cargo off at rear gate of plant. By using the main gate you scare the help and startle the neighbors.

Stanley Flink, who worked with us last summer and is now attending Boston University and playing trumpet in the band, showed his Yankee courage when Maryland, after defeating R. U., by one point charged onto the field to rip down the goal posts. The band was assembled under one goal post and met the southern charge head on, many instruments were damaged in the scuffle, being used in self defense, and offense. Stan says that even the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by one group of the musicians failed to break up the free for all, that eventually ended in a draw.

"The cautious seldom err."

Victor Ward is seriously thinking about applying for a Maine Guide license. Quite a woodsman this fellow.

The Flavin family enjoyed themselves at the matinee performance of the Elks Charity Circus at Portland November 20th.

The common cold has temporarily retarded the education of David Ivers, age 5, one of South Portland's star sub-primary pupils. The germ kept him from class for a full week lately. Perhaps when he is out of school he can fall back on the famous Book of Knowledge which daddy bought him last year.

The hunting toll in Maine this year is really something to be ashamed of. From November 1st to the 21st thirteen humans have been slain by trigger happy hunters, and the season is not yet ended.

Oscar Flink relieved Commando Cote as pumper gauger while Arthur shifts to relief operator at the Tank Farm.

Looks like our long delayed winter is finally catching up with us here. On November 23rd the temperature was down to $18^\circ$ above zero.

"Bye now, and happy holidays to you all.

Frank Ivers.

Tank Farm

There is a new combination in the hunting field Emery to Dunn. Their holidays netted them the first deer of the season. Who shot it? Who cares, Mister, it's meat ain't it?

On Vic Ward's last hunting trip all he managed to get was about a bushel of nice fresh herring. No one will accept a ride with him now. Too ripe!

Plans are underway to have a gala Christmas Party at South Portland by the members of the Pipeline Club.

Construction of the foundations for the new pumps at the Tank Farm is now in high gear. Over two hundred yards of cement have already gone into the ground with more to be poured.

Everybody is a little wary of that BUZ-BOMB for the Terminal, that infernal machine with all the valves and levers, Too many valves to push down and there is no music. I finally found out it is the container for the Proportionate Sampler.

This week brings Thanksgiving to us at the Portland Pipe Line. It will
be a plentiful one. I know that everyone of us wish everyone of you wherever you may be a very happy Thanksgiving this, and every year.

D. C. Emery

RAYMOND

To the delight of the snowball throwing generation, the first snow of the young winter season fell here on November 7th. Their young arms are in mighty fine shape this year, as they have spent a good part of the autumn season throwing acorns at most moving targets.

Chet Rowe spent a healthy week-end hunting up Lovell way around the old home place. He had along as guests his brother who is an army sergeant, a Tech. Sergeant and a Captain from a Medical Detachment in Boston. Quite a few deer were seen, but no one had the luck of bringing home the bacon.

Ramon Simmons had the cast removed from his fractured foot at Murphy General Hospital on October 31st. He has since returned to active duty.

Tommy Bowserman has recently joined the Cub Scout Den in Raymond Village. The best of luck to you, Tommy, in your scouting activities, there will certainly be many thrills for you in scouting adventures, soon to follow.

I will be the first to admit that these long New England evenings can get rather boring. It seems that there are times when one might even become slightly stir crazy. The following is a brilliant conversation between a radio announcer and a certain young lady. (You can thank me any time for calling you young.)

Radio Announcer: "Put Peter Pan Peanut Butter on your shopping list, tonight."
Young Lady: "I wonder if it tastes better than on bread."
Radio Announcer: "Put Johnson's Wax on your shopping list, today."
Young Lady: "And now we have the new modern polished shopping list."

And after each of these quips she laughs and laughs and wonders why I too don't thing her quaint remarks funny. Listen kiddo, that contract calls for me to do, and not to do a lot of things but I haven't read yet where it said that I had to laugh at such outright corn. Oh well, I still may find it amusing before spring sets in.

Kenneth Plummer our very well liked summer employee, has left us for the winter months. We'll miss you, Ken, and hope to see you back with us by lawn cutting time.

Miss Rosemary Simmons and Master Cliff Rowe attended a party for the local Girl and Boy Scout Troops, which was held in the Raymond Fire Barn on Halloween Night. From all indications, they had a mighty fine time.

In last month's PIPELINER, it was mentioned that plans were being made to have Mr. Billy Goodman, of the Boston Red Sox, come to Maine for a week's deer hunting with Gus Plummer this Fall. In a recent letter, Mr. Goodman stated that he would be unable to make it this Fall because of hand and foot ailments. He had previously planned to come on for the hunt, but as he has to have treatments by a local doctor every 3rd day it would be impossible to accept Gus' Maine Hospitality. He, very graciously, asked for a rain check on the hunt for next season.

Mrs. Hanna Rowe has added her voice to the fast growing Raymond Community Church choir. Hanna and Mrs. C., along with other members of the choir attended a concert by the famous Westminster Choir which was held in Portland recently.

I have been doing a lot of deep thinking lately as to why the stork has been making deliveries at my house so often in recent years. (Three times in six years) I figure he might have made a mistake in deliveries the last trip, so I have painted this little sign that I shall post on the roof top before he makes his annual rounds again.

Dear Mr. Stork:
If you have a bundle;  
Go give it to Peanut you have never  
left one at his hut,  
Better still, give it to Myron, no  
reason that you shouldn't give him one.  
Or go next door to Benny, you have—  
not given him too many.  
You might give it to Chet, he might  
think he's too old, heck he is still wet  
behind the ears yet.  
No don't give it to Gus he has done  
his share and a little more for us.  
But whatever you do, take your bun-  
dle elsewhere, for there is no more room  
in this house here.

Here are a few briefs (we usually  
put them away come winter but due to  
the unusual hot weather we find the  
longies rather uncomfortable). Bill  
Smith shot a 10 point buck in Raymond  
recently. Benny took his holidays va-  
cation the first week in November. Gus  
is on same. Chet has bought a wood lot  
in Lovell, Mrs. Mary Leavitt has loaned  
Mrs. C, a piano. Raman Simmons spent  
Armistice Day at home, Mike Corrigan  
is quite worried because he sometimes  
hears his hinder crack. We will end on  
that sour note.

H. E. Corrigan

NO. WATERFORD

Dee Hutchison was off sick five  
weeks during September and Octobor, due  
to dislocation of the wrist. We are  
glad to have Dee back again.

Fred Stearns enjoyed a two weeks'  
vacation the first part of October.

"Peanuts" LaFountain, of Raymond  
filled in as Operator during Stearns  
vacation.

Bob Hicks filled in as Operator  
for five weeks while Hutchison recup-  
erated from his injury.

Bob Henderson was our paint sling-  
ing Yardman from August 29th until the  
middle of October.

The Hutchison family visited in  
Connecticut, Virginia and Oklahoma for  
two weeks, the first part of October.

Lucia Lewis bagged the first deer  
of the season here at Waterford Station  
A nice fawn weighing in the vicinity of  
80 pounds. Pretty good shooting Lucia.

Fred Stearns and Dee Hutchison en-  
joyed fried coon meat, in fact, a whole  
coon each was fried over a period of a  
week, much to the resentment of the two  
wives. Gentlemen - coon is tasty and  
Fred seems to get around these pumps  
much faster and easier too, since his  
diet of good old coon.

Ben Bowerman was our chief operator  
for the week ending October 29th. Ben,  
we think you did a nice job, but boy,  
don't get so busy and forget to eat your  
lunch.

Bob Hicks finally got his new china  
clippers and they seem to be a little  
loose. When he is in conversation, it  
sounds like an imitation of two horses  
fast trotting on concrete. We recommend  
for Bob's impression some of this scrap-  
er wax.

Boys, if you wanted to see some big  
muskmelons, you should have visited the  
Sawyer farm. Of course, you will have to  
content yourselves with pictures, now.  
Bill surely would be glad to show you  
them anytime.

John O. and John E. Barber, Bill  
Smith, Ben Bowerman and Fred Stearns,  
hunted in Albany all day November 5th.  
John E. Barber came in with a deer weigh-  
ing 70 lbs.

Bill Sawyer and Bob Henderson were  
out 6 hours on wire trouble November 6th.  
They found a hunter had tried his marksmanship on two insulators and a wire.

Bob Lewis bagged his deer, an 80 lb.  
buck late November 10th but was unable  
to find it due to darkness until next  
morning.

Fred Stearns killed a nice 100 lb.
spikehorn buck in Albany November 14th.

The new school at Waterford was dedicated November 6th. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Stearns and Mrs. Hutchinson attended the dedication services.

Carl Emery and Eddie Dunn appeared in at Waterford Station with a small doe November 9th.

The honorable Mr. Hicks killed for himself a 100 lb. doe November 9th while going home from work.

We boys around Waterford are getting trigger happy since someone placed a paper deer about 100 yards off the road in a field nearby.

Doc Cassidy, Jess Miles, Carlton Goodwin and crew, were visitors November 8th.

"Peanuts" LaPountaine is holding down our yardman job while Bob Hicks is resting up on a week's vacation. Bob will be back to work November 29th.

The Perham family is doing fine now. Red was off sick for 3 days but is back on the job again. Red says that on the 1st day of illness he felt like the "vanishing American" on the 2nd day, he became firmly convinced of it.

S/Sgt. Roscoe Perham is home on furlough from Fort Warren, Wyoming. He purchased a hunting license Friday night November 16th and on Saturday, November 19th, in the a.m., shot for himself a dandy 218 lb. buck (7 points) and on that day gained membership in the "Biggest Buck In Maine Club".

Alfred Perham who worked at South Portland in 1948 was home recently from Northeastern University, Boston. He is taking an Engineering Course and says it sure is tough.

Everyone at Waterford is getting ready for Thanksgiving and by the time this news is out the turkey will all be gone.

Sidney Perham, who won the local Wilner Scholarship to Colby College is doing splendid work in his studies. A Freshman at Colby, he has been doing a great job in cross country running and rates as one of Colby's "top two" cross-country runners at 21/2 miles, 31/2 miles or 6 miles. (Sid says he's made plenty of mistakes in his first year in cross country, but hopes that good training will help make him a good runner in time)

(Note: Red tells us here at the Station that even though Sid is a growing boy at 6'12", that he could WALK 11 miles in 2 hours before he went to Colby so that by the process of wiggling his rear end a trifle faster than usual ---- he shifted gears and became a runner.)

Mrs. Mary Perham, the boss of the Perham ranch, is preparing for a Thanksgiving dinner for 20 or more. She is expecting Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perham, Jr. and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rice, Jr. and 2 boys, (all of Portland), up home on the farm for Thanksgiving.

Doe C. Hutchinson

LANCASTER

The Pipe Line's mighty hunters have been on the prowl for partridge this fall the only ones to bring back the bacon to any extent were John Baker and Murray Vashaw. They will take to the woods again next Tuesday in quest of deer. We hope all will have good results.

Ed Hickey has been at Gorham as chief operator relieving John Barber.

Eleanor Emery was home for a few days in October from her duties as telephone operator in Littleton.

Lee Emery has recently purchased a Ford pick-up truck and is doing light trucking in his spare time besides his regular job at the Firestone Store in town.

Clara Emery visited a day and night with her daughter Eleanor in Littleton
PORTLAND OFFICE

The Office Bowling Teams are now in full swing and every Thursday Night finds them letting off plenty of steam at the Elm Street Bowling Alleys. The enthusiastic team spirit has been carried over from the 1948 season and when the contest between teams gets to waxing hot the noise is enough to raise the roof.

Beatty's Bruisers have bruised their way to top place in the 4 team rivalry and Higgins' Hotshots are shooting their way right along behind the Bruisers Wescott's Weasels are on the see-saw, teetering back and forth having won as many games as they have lost. Spiller's Spitballs have been spitting in the dust and have almost been completely smothered by the rival teams. Unfortunately, they have won only 2 contests out of 20 since the season began. Following is a schedule of the team standings up to November 17th:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Won</th>
<th>Lost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beatty's Bruisers</td>
<td>15</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higgins' Hotshots</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wescott's Weasels</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spiller's Spitballs</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Tom Beatty wears the laurels for having the high single score of 120. He also carries an additional medal of honor on the 3 string total of 316. In the next few contests, the Hotshots bid fair to give the Bruisers plenty of worry since they are only 2 games behind the top notch crew. They hold first place for team single score of 465 and team total score of 1293. In the next contest when Ray Higgins draws a bead on the alley and his hot shooters striving hard for the bull's eye Beatty's Bruisers may have to run for cover and secure some reserve ammunition in order to maintain their flimsy lead.

Jim Barbee of the Rumble Pipe Line Company departed for Texas with his family about a month ago. His departure was too late to make last month's news, but better late than never. We expect that

Mr. and Mrs. John Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Warren (Stubby) Noyes, and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Emery attended an Eastern Star Banquet held at the Glen House, followed by a degree worked as it was 50 years ago in their hall at Gorham. John Baker would have looked very dignified in a long droopy mustache, if he had been able to keep it on. Every time he opened his mouth, it would bank like an aeroplane and finally make a crash landing to the floor. (No casualties.)

Mrs. George Murphy motored to Hanover for a checkup recently.

The Emerys were in West Burke several days ago and had supper with the Noyes family. They also called on the Randles, Labountys and Brydons. Nice seeing you all again. Hope Frank (Doc) Labounty continues to gain and soon be on the job again.

Eleanor Emery spent the week end of October 30th at Norwich University in Northfield, Vermont, visiting Thomas Malloy.

Would like to inquire of Ed Hickey if he has closed the Hilltop Inn for the Winter, making repairs, or changing help. Is the Hilltop Inn to become a rival of the Hotel Gilbert? We'll see.

Cathy Emery and Jerry Baker attended a Halloween Party on Friday evening, October 28th, given by the PTA of Lancaster.

Jackie Baker and Bill Hickey attended a football game at Dartmouth a few weeks ago.

The Glen Smiths have made several trips to Boston in their new Ford.

George Whittum has returned from his vacation. He spent a few days at the Springfield Fair.

This just about completes the news around our little mountain settlement. Best Wishes and Happy Hunting to you mighty men of the forest.

Herman L. Emery
by now Jim is enjoying the balmy sunshine of Texas and happy to be home for the Thanksgiving and Christmas Holidays. Jim made many friends while up here at the Portland Pipe Line and he was well liked by all of those whom he worked with. It was a pleasure to have Jim working with us on the electrical phases of new construction and we are looking forward to his return sometime next year.

With the transfer of Barbara Spiller to the Engineering Department, in Mr. Henry's office, Anne Scanlon has been assigned to assist Mr. Chilcoat in the Purchasing Department in addition to retaining her work as secretary to Mr. Creed.

Eddie Dunn has calmly announced that he will take no more kidding about his deer hunting. We hope that all the jibes over the past several years has not made this good-natured fellow ill-tempered, but, naturally, we wouldn't blame him if it had. We don't believe that this is the case, however. The actual fact is, that while on vacation Eddie did shoot a deer. This event, no doubt, made Eddie a very happy boy and we are happy for him too. Of course, there are a lot of stories of how Eddie did get the deer, but we prefer to think that Eddie shot his 85 pound doe in the usual manner of all good hunters. We can't resist the temptation, however, to state we heard by hearsay that Eddie sneaked up behind the doe, threw some salt on her tail and hit her over the head with an axe.

We were sorry to hear that Mel's well laid plans for a hunting trip while on vacation were cancelled, due to the illness of Mrs. Hamblet. We were glad to hear, however, that Mel's wife was feeling much better by the time that Mel returned to work. Mel did manage to get into the woods for a short time, but, like most of us hunters, he did not see anything to shoot at.

The prize story on hunting expeditions goes to Ernie Wilkins, who was one of the trio which included Lee Wescott and Ken Blanchard. Lee had performed the well-known art of stirring up two does and had driven them towards Ernie. When they had come into plain sight in a swamp that Ernie was guarding, he raised his trusty musket to fire - and fire he did! He swore up and down that he fired two well placed shots, but the little does kept running into the woods. When Lee and Ken combed the edge of the swamp where the forest began, to see if Ernie had brought down a deer, they were surprised, upon casually looking upward, to find that Ernie had blasted away the treetops near where the proud little does had once gambled. As the 3 downhearted hunters plodded their lonely way home, they could have sworn they heard those little does laughing in the woods.

We welcome George A. Parsons, Jr. to our Accounting Department to start in as a Junior Accountant on November 22nd. George comes into the department due to a vacancy created by the transfer of John Pero to Lakehead Pipe Line Company in Superior, Wisconsin.

George served in the U. S. Army Air Force for 2 years, 7 months, starting in as a Private and being discharged as a Technical Sergeant. He completed 35 missions with a total of 265 combat hours over Europe. For his outstanding record with the Air Force he received the EAME Medal with 5 bronze stars and the Air Medal with 5 Oak Leaf Clusters.

George graduated from Bowdoin College, cum laude, class of 1944. While there, he was active in his Fraternity Kappa Sigma, was a member of the Dramatic Association, was on the fencing team and Campus Committees. Two years ago, George worked for the summer at the Tank Farm under the supervision of Messrs. Fennel and Phillips. He is married and lives with Mrs. Parsons at 1435 Forest Avenue. We are glad to have George join our office group and we wish him well.

Mary Curran returned from a week's vacation recently which was spent in Washington, D.C. While visiting Washington, Mary spent a good deal of her time visiting with friends and staying at Arlington, Va. Mary says there is nothing like a trip to Washington and vicinity
to give one the desired PEP for the winter work ahead.

We have nothing to report on Kay Sullivan, so Clancy must be behaving itself.

We are glad to welcome Mr. R. K. Clark, of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) and Mr. L. J. MacKenzie. Mr. MacKenzie is Chief Auditor of the Shell Oil Company of Canada, and his head office is in Toronto. Mr. Clark is a member of the auditing staff of the Jersey Company, working out of New York. We hope that their stay in Portland will prove to be a most pleasant one.

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PIPELINER HUNTING YARNS
(continued from page 5)

trunk, he was still chattering away wildly about his wonderful luck and what his friends would say when he got home to the city.

On opening the trunk - alas, and behold, the tagging official was nearly bowled over at the sight. The hunter had shot and killed a billy goat. The hunter was told that he had better quickly find the owner and settle up and the poor fellow's reply was only a grunt, followed by a meek, "What do you mean?" The official went on to explain that what he had shot was a goat and not a deer. The hunter looked terribly disappointed, and remarked that he thought the animal had an awful lot of shaggy hair on him, but never having seen a deer he didn't know.

Now, this story is authentic - we have our pipeliner friend's word for it. This certainly is a good way to end the hunting season - with a story like this. Better luck, next year, Mr. Unknown Hunter. Maybe you'll get a sheep.

* * * * *

"It's good to have dreams,
As most of us do,
But we shouldn't feel bad
If they don't all come true."

W.C. EMMONS TAKES POSITION WITH LAKEHEAD

W. C. "Bill" Emmons, whom we all well remember as our Chief Gauger prior to 1946, has been assigned to the position of superintendent of the Lakehead Pipe Line Company with headquarters in Superior, Wisconsin.

Bill has held a position of pipe line superintendent with a Dutch subsidiary of the Standard Vacuum Oil Company in Sumatra, for the past two years. He has had long experience in pipe line operations, having started in with the Oklahoma Pipe Line Company when he was 16 years old. Bill came to the Portland Pipe Line Company in October 1941, and worked in various capacities as Electric Station Operator, Diesel Station Operator, Dispatcher and, eventually, worked up to Chief Gauger and he served for a while as Deck Foreman. With his experience in the Far East, he no doubt is well fitted to take over his new assignment of superintendent of the new line running from Superior to the Canadian border in Manitoba.

A recent communication was received from Bill, and we were pleased to learn that he and Mrs. Emmons expect to come to Portland in January for a few days to visit with their old friends before going on to this new assignment in Superior. We certainly are all looking forward to seeing Bill and Mrs. Emmons when they visit with us, and we will do our utmost to make their stay an enjoyable one.

* * * * *

Hindsight isn't foresight...by a darning.
Never lend a bore an ear. He'll bend it.
The new feather hats don't tickle the husbands who pay for them.
No matter how white the Christmas, Dad will wind up in the red.
A meteorological fashion note:
"Since dames' dresses are longer, breezes have to be stronger."