THOITS MADE SEC'Y- TREAS.

Stuart E. Thoits who has been a member of the Accounting Department since September, 1941 was appointed by the Board of Directors as Secretary-Treasurer of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation.

This appointment was made to replace C.L. Place who resigned from this position to take assignment with the Middle East Pipe Line Division of the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.).

Mr. Thoits was promoted to his new assignment from Senior Accounting Clerk - a position he held from the first of the year.

He is a graduate of Bowdoin College, Class of '25. Upon his graduation from college, he went to work for the U.S. Treasury Department as a clerk in the Portland, Maine office. He served in this position for one year and then was appointed Superintendent of Public Schools in Stockton Springs, Me.

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STENOGRAPHERS DILEMMA

"Life in These United States" — perhaps you've noticed that title given to one of the Readers' Digest articles. This isn't the Readers' Digest but life still goes on and Amelia and I with it - two girls working away from home, out in the world they call it; and at this particular time "OUT" was precisely what we were. Out in the wide open spaces - no place to live. We had become quite attached to our little "Home away from home" (the boarding house) and now ours was the case of "no home away from home!" It had been sold from under us and we were to "vacate," as they put it. After much tramping of streets and peeking into houses having no curtains on the windows (hoping it would be vacant but knowing deep down inside it was just another case of spring housecleaning) we did find a room in another boarding house. The room was not available immediately so temporarily (much to our relief) we found out

(Please turn to Page 2)

THIRD TRICK TROUBLES

(Written between 1 A.M. and 4 A.M. between checks, pumping Seeligon - Pressure 580 and suction 25 on each hour.)

The Third Trick is a period in the life of a 24-hour day that is but little known to the average citizen. To the men who work it, it is known as the "Graveyard Shift" or the "Hoot Owl Shift."

Surrounding it are the hours of darkness and bright moonlight, Deep, dreary fogs and balmy breezes. Whippoorwill calls, the owls hoot, the foxes bark, the treetops trill and sometimes the crazy laugh of the loon comes across the lake. Moths and myriad insects are around us, night crawlers come up for air, toads hop out of our way, and along the walk, the lowly porcupine has but little fear of our coming. Only the skunk seems to avoid our presence. To him, we are either intruders or just another breed.

(Please turn to Page 3)
In July 1938, he was re-employed by the U. S. Treasury Department in the Portland Office where he served on various accounting assignments up to the time that he came to the Portland Pipe Line Corporation in 1941.

We all join in wishing Stuart the best of success on his new assignment with the Portland Pipe Line Corporation.

Later on we were to move into a (and the following definitely are not our words but those of the landlord) "beautifully furnished, cozy apartment - one you girls will probably not want to give up." Being desperate we took his word for it - sight unseen. (Since then, I have become known as a "Doubting Thomas").

We were now on the way to our new home - hats in hand, other paraphernalia strewn all over the cab we had hired. "You're sure that's the correct address?" asked the cab driver. We looked at him in blank amazement. Of all the nerve - as if we didn't know where we wanted to go! We did have to admit that it was a case of the blind leading the blind but we thought ourselves intelligent enough to remember an address. "In case you girls are interested, that particular house has been condemned and will probably fall apart before the day. It's to be torn down... but, if that's where you want to go, it's okay with me," he grumbled - and off we sped, to what we didn't know.

Well, finally we arrived and the building didn't look too gruesome from outside appearances - but, of course, it was dark and anything would look good to us at this point. Upon going into the house, we became a bit leery and had to admit the cab driver might possibly be right after all. Upon going into our "apartment", we were certain of it. One lone room glared at us, "beautifully furnished" with brilliant red and green furniture. It looked like a horrible nightmare. The room might have been alright for sledding in the winter time because it was built on the downgrade (as Amelia found out after falling out of bed that night. Luckily, she slept on the low end and didn't have too far to fall). We decided the shock was too much for us and what we needed was a good, strong cup of coffee.

There was no kitchen in sight so we explored the room thinking it might be a new-fangled contraption that pulls out of the wall. Still no kitchen. Through one doorway a few hooks on a wall indicated a closet (so we thought) but, upon looking inside, one at a time (because it would not accommodate more), we discovered it was "the kitchen" - that is, a gas stove in what was formerly half a closet. It was so small that if you wanted to change your mind, you would have to go outside. And outside, we went. This was too much for us but we were stuck with it for a while at least.

The climax came the following evening. We were taking our meals at the boarding house (and trying to acquire a taste for hominy grits - which, by the way, I dislike to this day) where Amelia and I agreed to meet after work each night. That night, when passing by the "apartment", I became suspicious on seeing a light in our "cubby hole". Brave soul that I was I went up to investigate and discovered our two next-door neighbors, as we learned later on, going through their suitcases, which were as yet unpacked, and making themselves quite at home. They evidently had partaken of quite a bit of "giggle water" and were not in a friendly frame of mind when I told them to leave. Later, Amelia and I heard them making plans to go for their boy friends to beat us up. We decided we definitely had had enough so went out and called the landlord, demanding we be moved to the boarding house that night. He agreed and back we went to wait for something to happen... not knowing what the "Gruesome twosome" had been up to in the meantime. I decided to press a dress for the following day and in the midst of this a knock came on the door with a man's voice in back of it. The boy friends! We decided right away. After parrying back and forth through the (Please turn to Page 3)
locked door, we decided it was not the B.F.'s, but just to be on the safe side, I grabbed the iron and followed Amelia to the door, opening it cautiously. It was a man and his wife who had agreed to the same "temporary" arrangements as we, so we welcomed them with open arms. At least, they were company and, we hoped, protection until we were moved out.

The landlord finally arrived to move us to the boarding house. Upon going up to our room, we caught our next-door neighbors there, switching furniture with us, taking the best pieces for themselves and leaving the drab, worn furniture for us. As far as we were concerned, they could have it all - we just wanted the peace and quiet of the room and if all they did was switch furniture, that was okay with us. So we locked the door, put a chair under the knob, set the bear trap, boarded up the windows and prayed we had found another "home away from home."

ANONYMOUS

THIRD TRICK TROUBLES
(Continued from Page 1)

of "stinkers."

Even our wives, with their God given instinct of intuition, seem to realize that we are, for a few days, men set apart from the ordinary life. They peer into our dull, heavy laden eyes at dawn, smile a bit sadly, and make the best of the bargain. They recognize us as the product of a night life in which women play no part.

In fact, we are the third trick operators, who keep the stream of oil going on its way to Montreal. Black oil coursing along the dark underground channel - black night overhead - a truly Hoot Owl job!

The routine of twice an hour check up of machinery, polishing brass, cleaning paint and sweeping floors, help pass away the hours. Yet, time often drags - enough so, that the slightest diversion out of the simple ordinary becomes of marked interest.

One night the "Playing of the Northern Lights" may be all that is needed. Another night, bright stars and the milky way may do it. Again, a beautiful moth flying around the station may do the job. The treetoads are constant summer visitors at the station, but, I believe, it is the lowly ground toad who has proved our best night pet.

At Gorham Station, one old fat toad seemed to take pleasure in escorting "piggy back fashion" over the grounds, a toad one-third its size.

North Waterford was the home of Forest Goodwin's trained toad. He would enter the station regularly, night after night, and wait for Goody to feed him flies.

But our old toad here at Raymond, takes the cake. "Thickest and dark complexion", he looks like a "grunt and grizzled artist." Gus Flummer and Harry Corrigan told me that the old boy liked to have his back scratched and that when the girls tickled his ribs, he would roll over on his back.

Not desiring to have the veracity of our news column questioned, I approached the old toad, myself, with the old "master touch" and "shades of Johnny Barber's old razor back hawgs," it sure worked!

I scratched his right shoulder and he rose up an inch and leaned toward the right. I scratched his left shoulder and he rose up an inch and leaned to the left. I scratched the top of his head and he actually "preened himself." Another scratch on his side and over he went, flat on his back.

Such things are concrete evidence that we are gradually being accepted into the fold of the night world. These are the reasons why the dispatchers think nothing of hearing guttural creaks over the phone in the night. Such noises do

(Please turn to Page 11)
After having the tankers "Ninety-Nine" and "Tonto" berthed at the pier, Warren Griffin is keeping his binoculars trained on the horizon for the approach of the Lone Ranger. Stranger things than that have happened, stranger.

Been away behind the news scopes, due to vacation and may I say, we really had a dream vacation. Nightmares I've been having caused by events that took place the week spent at "Revere Beach." The dogs ran the wrong way for us at the track to begin with. The temperature it seemed never dropped below 100° night or day. The boys was a victim of heat prostration - ice capped for three days. Then the young fellow developed a sore throat and high fever. 38°, between giving medications and rushing for prescriptions, calling doctors, etc., it was a hectic time.° We arrived home, which there is no place like, to finish up our vacation and get the much needed rest and relaxation that we rushed away from to find elsewhere. It's fun planning these vacations anyhow, regardless of how they turn out, and no doubt, next year we shall do it wrong again after much planning.

Andy returned from vacation lately looking fit. Must have tucked away plenty of Rockland seafood.

We congratulate Frank Haffen and Horace Jose on their appointments as Chiefs of Police and Fire Departments - South Portland. It couldn't happen to two nicer guys.

The "Hotel Gilbert" has reopened, under the same management, for the fall season. Seafoods, a specialty! For reservations, see Manager Cuskey or "The Old Lamplighter" LaBounty.

Plenty of produce being canned from the Tank Farm gardens, this fall. The tomato crop was especially good, - last year's tomato crop was nearly a total loss, due to blight.

Who do you like in the World Series, fellows? Looks like the Yanks from here.

Oh, yes! I could be wrong, but so will millions of others.

The pier is being treated to a sand blasting and paint job by Snodgrass Co., as a rust preventive measure.

The Robert B. Kaig's plus Janesie are touring New England and points west on vacation.

"Wonder what Herman Emery's dog is doing for exercise now that he has no tanks to climb.

Going to miss these fellows who have been working with us this summer, when school opens. We wish them well in their studies and hope to see you next spring, or sooner if you happen this way, boys.

A friendly neighborhood is one where you don't know whether you are borrowing a neighbor's rake or borrowing back your own.

We agree! After a visit to the Norway-South Paris Fair, Carl Emery has come to the conclusion that the County Fairs are slipping badly. Too much emphasis on horse racing and not enough on the side shows, Tan dancers, etc.

Lawrence Fennell and his crew of wandering gypsies are back in South Portland Station working on pump installations.

Had the pleasure of visiting "Goodwin Heights" - the treating plant is the other name for this establishment. Carlton and his chief-mate, Oscar Flink explained the plant operations to me - a mighty interesting and capable handled addition to the line, is the treating plant.

Double Trouble! Art Cote reports the loss of his fountain pen that was a gift from the gang when he was inducted. No reflections here, as said pen was lost off our property.

It was our pleasure of a visit one evening, lately, by Mr. Chilcoat, Chief at the Gorham Station. He mentioned that throughout his employment with the line,
he had never witnessed the arrival or departure of a tanker.

We advised him that he couldn't have picked a better time. Departure time for the tanker at the dock was eight o'clock. Eight, nine o'clock, the tanker still here! Finally departed at ten o'clock. Mr. Chilcoat still with us.

By his waiting, he was witness to the duties of South Portland's finest, on orders from the ship's Chief Officer. One of the crew, who had used the spirits too freely, decided to take command of the ship's deck and occupants. Final score, Zero! He was rushed by the gendarmes to the South Portland "While House" for lodging and will spend a month or more on vacation without pay. Come again, Mr. Chilcoat, something doing all the time.

Arties Irish was awakened the other evening! He came rushing into the guardhouse, part of a cooked lobster in hand. "How much did you pay for your lobster, this morning?" "25¢ per lb," answered Frank Wagner, "fresh from the water." "I know I got taken for a ride," said Art. He was so mad on account of the jip, he refused to eat same, so Frank finished the lobster. By the way, Art paid 95¢ for two pounds. Come around often, Art.

One for the books! Am advised that one of our guards who has been on the job 2½ years, boarded a tanker one night last week for his first time. He did this on his day off.

Mr. Chilcoat's visit and remarks brought this item to light.

Business is still brisk at Yimmies.

FRANK IVERS

RAYMOND

Last month, the Pipeliner went to press without its usual scandal sheet from Raymond amongst its pages. At that time, yours truly, was concentrating too heavily on his coming vacation. But now the vacation is over for another year. Somehow or other, I don't feel the same as I did two weeks ago.

We went to Boston to see the Cards beat the Braves, 5-2. The temperature that day was a good 102⁰, so that I lost a little weight. Then we went to New Hampshire for a few days and contracted a case of some sort of flu, which laid us low for a few days. Just to make matters worse, I turned my ankle sliding into third for the victorious "Raymond Rockets!" Oh, well! It will take only a couple of weeks to recuperate.

Walter Simmons sailed into the office on July 28, after spending two weeks in leisureland. In his absence, Benny "Tink" Bowerman ruled as Chief.

Red Perham jumped into "Leaving Lena" on July 24, for his annual 14 playdays. Haven't heard much from old "carrot-top" but I presume he found enough to do around the Perham household.

You might have read in the "West Paris" news that their boys won the Pine Tree League Championship. One of Red's boys plays S.S. in the "West Paris" nine. And Red played an important part in the baseball scheme up there. He was head of a committee who fixed up the new ball field and he handled the business end of the team this summer. Hear tell, he was once a darn good ball player.

On Sept. 8th, the school bell rang once again for most of the kiddies in our colony. Tommy Bowerman and Albert Wescott are attending the first grade and Rosemary Simmons is in the sixth grade at the village school. Ramon Simmons is a junior and Albert Bowerman a sophomore at "Indham High", where Mrs. Simmons is school-morning.

Mrs. Bowerman is the proud owner of a new gas stove that heats the water that washes all those clothes that Mr. Bowerman brings home on a weekend after working with Bill Luebeck on the pump installation crew. "Why is it, that just as soon as a man leaves home he picks up expensive habits? He is now smoking cigars, right along with Sam Sin-clair. Oh, well!
I guess he could find a much worse sin than cigar-smoking, while he’s roaming green pastures, away from home and rolling pin!

Gus Flummer has been operating all summer, doing vacation work and the operating spot that belongs to Benny B. He thinks everything’s find with the world in general, except his lagging Red Sox and he’s plumb disgusted with them.

We’ve been short-handed most all summer around the yards at the station, so two new laborers were hired to help get things back on the ball. "Ken" Flummer and "Curly" Pitts are the new workers. Ken is some distant relative of Gussies. (It seems that Raymond is composed of 3/8 Flummers, 1/4 Browns, 1/4 Mortons and 1/8 of the population is made up of us "furriners.") Anyway it’s nice having Ken and Curly around and we hope they like it here on the P.P.I.

T’other day Ken’s lunch time came while he was painting Corrigan’s garage door. Ken set his pallon of green paint down, laid the brush on top of it and hurried off to find a cool place in which to "swaller his vitlles." That was 11:30. At approximately 11:40, I stepped out of the garage door and there sat 2¼ year old Bobby painting his trucks via the splash method. With a small shovel he’d dip the paint from the bucket and splash them onto the trucks. It must have looked pretty good to him cause he had tried to ear a shovelful of the blamed stuff, too, he had paint all over the backyard, his pants, arms, legs, face, teeth and even his tonsils. Well, I scrubbed his face, teeth and tonsils with Bab-O for twenty minutes, then scrubbed his arms, legs and feet with gasoline then his Mom popped him into the tub and scrubbed with soap and water for another twenty minutes. As much as that kiddo hates to be scrubbed I doubt very much that he’ll ever get into any more paint.

P.S. 3 days later the kiddo cut his finger. You guessed it - the blood was green. Either the Irish in him or who knows but that he is the Green Hornet of the next generation?

RAYMOND - SPECIAL ITEM

Bowl Cleaner

I have a story to tell and don’t just know how to put it on paper but will make a stab at it. This farce will show you that our men get the job done and do it well, while at the same time they have time to prove that they are regular people - and People Are Funny. But on with the story.

One evening after supper Walter Simmons came up to the station to chat with the operator and at the same time catch up on a little paper work. He wrote out a number of requisitions, among them Req. #16 for 6 cans of Bowl Cleaner. A week later the mail came with a bunch of letters, a couple of packages, Req. #46 and the company pay checks. Walter opened the pay envelope and by some mistake they belonged to the North Waterford Station. So he called Mr. Lewis and surely enough, they had Raymond’s pay envelope. So he two Chiefs agreed to meet at Bolster’s Mills to exchange envelopes. But before Walter departed, he decided to read the other letters and inspect the packages. To his surprise Req. #46 turned out to be 6 cans of EPSOM SALTS!! instead of the bowl cleaner he had ordered. Well, he figured there was another mistake in addresses, so he found another label and stuck it over the other label and marked it North Waterford. At the appointed place, he exchanged checks and included the package in the swap. When Mr. Lewis got back to the station, he opened that package and there was another dumfounded man, confronted with six unexpected cans of Epsom Salts. Mr. Lewis called the Portland Office and was told that the salts were certainly mailed to Mr. Simmons at the Raymond Station. So Mr. Lewis steamed off the top label and discovered the Raymond one. He made haste in contacting Mr. Simmons and they talked with a closed circuit at some length!

All this rigmarole got Mr. Simmons to thinking, so he looked up his carbon copies, found Req. #46 and there in startling letters he found his mistake.

HARRY CORRIGAN
He had, indeed, ordered 6 cans of Bow(E)l cleaner. Inadvertently, he had hit that "E" on the typewriter. The likely explanation was that a few amateurs have been using the office typewriter and in so doing jammed the E key. Anyway, Mr. Simons is waiting for the return of the Epsom Salts, now that he is sure they belong at the Raymond Station.

Any visitors to the Raymond Station shouldn't be alarmed to see an operator rushing to and fro. It will just be another modern advancement in operations at Raymond, namely, the "Simmons Epsom 46 Jet-Propelled Operator."

HARRY CORRIGAN

WEST BURKE

Summer is slowly passing over the hill and Fall is sneaking up the other side. The days are very warm and the nights very chilly. Foliage has just started to turn crimson and in two more weeks it should be very pretty here in the mountains.

Work at this station is progressing day after day. The third pump unit is all in place. We are now awaiting the arrival of the new Diesel Engine. The Quonset hut is in the making.

One of our casual employees, Walter Newell, from Lyndonville, is in the hospital in St. Johnsbury, suffering a broken pelvis bone and possible internal injuries received in an automobile accident enroute from Lancaster. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will be out and going again soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brydon and son, Richard, left this week on a motor trip to Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Brydon's aunt, Mrs. Carrie Parley from Portland, Maine, is staying at the cottage while the Brydons are away. Welcome to our fairy city, Mrs. Parley. We hope you will like it here and will come again.

Our roving cowboy, Stubby Noyes reports that during this last weekend while at Gorham, he did his horseback riding on a nag weighing approximately 1800 lbs. "We are afraid that Stubby will be stricken with an attack of middle age spread earlier than most people of his age. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lamb are leaving Monday, Sept. 8, for Portland where Mr. Lamb will help install the new pumps at South Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barber are returning to West Burke. John will relieve Fred during his absence.

Labor Day guests at the Lambs were Mr. and Mrs. Gagnon from Holyoke, Mass.

Sully and Sis are all settled here with Eneey, Leeny, and Tinky. We understand that Joe is to arrive at a later date. Cigars will be on Sully.

The Sullivans entertained as weekend guests, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Dauphney and daughter, Lynn, of Gorham, N.H. Also recent guests of the Sullivans were Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lary and three sons of Berlin, Mass., and Mrs. George Lary of Gorham, N.H.

The Fishline Colony is well represented in Barton Academy this year. There are seven attending from here.

Overnight guests of the Massey's were Raymond's brother Theodore and wife from San Jose, California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Randle entertained as weekend guests, Mrs. Randle's sister and husband, Mr., and Mrs., William Mason, their son and wife from Kansas.

Mrs. Clara Emery's brother, John Ross from Portland, Maine is spending two weeks vacation with her.

Mrs. Alice Massey's truck got away from her one day this week. We don't know how far she had to chase it before catching the spry old Lizzie. "We think she overtook it about a mile this side of St. Johnsbury. (Mighty fast steppin' Alice.) This is only a sample of how fast some of these short legged mountain gals can travel.

LAST MINUTE REPORT !!!!!!!

We just heard that Stubby The Cowboy
lassoed the truck. "Ray! Stubbie!"

**Attention All Golf Fans**

From all reports, Joe Randle is still swinging a mean golf club at the Barton Country Club. How about it Lee?

Mr. and Mrs. John Barber just arrived yesterday. John says he never saw a woman accumulate so many extra things to bring home in such a short time. He thought he would have to hire a truck to bring it all. Welcome back to Burke Gulch, folks!

**Attention All Residents of Burke Gulch**

Get your red flannels out of moth balls. Old Man Winter is on his way.

Sept. 10 - West Burke Station

Received by mail, under Req. #46, six small boxes of Bowl Cleaner. Would like to be advised as to how and when this rare material should be used. We send our appreciations to the sender but wish to have him know that we mountain boys use All-Bran up here.

**HERMAN EVERY**

**HIGHWATER**

With Fall definitely in the air, it's time for a brief review of goings-on up here from August 1st up the time of writing, before the summer season is only a memory.

To commence with, the Liots returned from their New York trip on August 2nd, tired but happy, together with Mrs. John Irwin, of Highwater, and Mrs. Harry Clapston, of Montreal, who had joined up to make a foursome of the Big City visit. They really "did the town," too, and brought back considerable evidence to prove it, in the shape of ticket stubs from some of the best shows on Broadway - some fascinating loot from the Fallsades Park, New Jersey - and (for the record) a very splendid chrome-plated cocktail set won by Harold, as a result of his coming up with the correct answer at a radioquiz show he attended somewhere in Manhattan. Now they are all settled down again, and waiting for next July to roll around.

Mr. and Mrs. Provost, with little Francine, next reported a very pleasant vacation, spent between Montreal and Valleyfield, coming back home with an even deeper tan, than their original ones.

Next to depart were the Irwins, heading towards Montreal. John managed to find time to fit in a hasty visit to Quebec City with his cousin, Mr. Raymond Campbell, also a trip up to the Laurentians in search of fish. However, no trout, sad to say. But after a three-weeks absence, all three of the Irwins returned home to report a very satisfactory holiday. And now that the hunting season has opened, we feel sure that John, equipped as he is with a nice new rifle, will strain his efforts to make up with a good bag of game for any lack of trout there may have been in the past couple of months.

Which brings us to mention of the Kavanaghs. Phil is also the proud possessor of a new rifle, and intends making good use of it in the next few weeks. Incidentally, while exploring the near-by woods on the first day of the hunting season during the past week, Phil took good aim and brought home the first partridge of this year. And on the entertaining side, the Kavanaghs have been very busy this summer, playing host to a number of friends and relatives all through the season.

The Hodgsons also had two weeks away during the height of the heat-wave period, which they spent visiting friends at Ste. Boustache, a summer resort a little way north of Montreal. They had intended travelling as far as Ottawa and vicinity, but the intense heat proved a bit too much for such a plan.

"We were very pleased to have a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McLean, of Montreal, one Saturday afternoon in August - they were rounding off a week's holiday by visiting Brome Lake, some thirty miles away, and we appreciated their making such a detour so that we could have a very pleasant visit."
One Sunday in August, we had the pleasure of playing host to a group of five young ladies making a bicycle trip in this section of the Eastern Townships: the girls were all from Montreal, members of the Canadian Youth Hostel Association, and were very interested in making a tour of our Station. To start with, the girls had a quick dip in the pool, then lunched by the side of it and sun-bathed at the same time – after which they looked over the entire Station, and heartily approved of everything. We have their word for it that next summer will bring quite a series of Hostelers to visit.

And, just as it happens, and to prove what a small world it is, one of the girls turned out to be Miss Jacqueline McGrillis, whose father, Mr. Duncan McGrillis, is a well-known personality at the Imperial Oil Refinery office, Montreal East. And, we are pleased to report, within ten days of all this coming to light, Mr. & Mrs. McGrillis found their way down here, accompanied by Mr. & Mrs. Lord, of Montreal, on a much- overdue but very welcome visit.

However, visiting and entertaining haven't been the only activities around Highwater, this summer. In the line of sports, we have to report that at the beginning of August a baseball team was formed in Mansonville for the first time since the war years. Highwater contributed three members to the team – Frank Sirdavan, who had previously played for Knowlton – Phil Kavanagh (both Fly- liners) and Emery Marcoux (a non-flyliner). We are also proud to report that the Mansonville team has, up to now, won six games out of seven, and with only three more games to play before the season winds up, the prospects seem very hopeful.

And with the close of the baseball season, we are also glad to report that activities in the sports line will not cease, if present plans work out satisfactorily. All efforts are now being bent to form the Mansonville Athletic Club, from which it is hoped that a hockey team will result, this coming winter – with other forms of sport to follow next spring and summer, funds permitting. The chief objective at present, apart from the sports angle, is to raise sufficient funds to provide for the building of a children's playground on the village common in Mansonville. More will be reported on this subject as plans develop.

Before leaving the sport angle, altogether, though, we must mention that Leon and Earl Eldridge seem to have been the most fortunate of the fishermen for the season, having made several trips up to Fullerton Pond, andreporting some very good catches. And since your reporter shared in at least two of those catches – we know whereof we speak! Those eight to ten-inch trout were really something.

About the last item we have to add, is that John Irwin has just departed for Ste. Cesaire Station to relieve Mr. Hornby for the next three weeks.

Work on construction for the new unit is proceeding very well, and every week sees a series of visitors from Portland and Montreal in this connection. All we need is the continuance of good weather to keep things going according to schedule.

J. P. CRUDEN

OFFICE

We were sorry to learn that Mrs. Hart was confined to a hospital in Boston for several days, where she had a minor operation. She has since returned home and is now on the road to recovery. We hope that she will be up and out in a few days.

Oscar L. Childs's family, who had been enjoying a temporary stay in Portland while he is working in the Purchasing Department, has returned to their home at Gorham, so that Shirley Jo can enter school there. Chilly has been making weekend trips home to Gorham.

"Patch" is spending a few days of his vacation in Providence, visiting with his father.

We miss Bert Dyer's cheery greeting around the office as he is enjoying his
two weeks vacation at the present time. Bert is a great fellow for travelling and we hear that he has taken several motor trips to distant points.

Bill Noel is substituting for Bert and has been doing a nice job of keeping the office up in "Dyer fashion", while Bert is away. Bill works with the Portland Burial Case Company and has been our faithful substitute on this work for several years.

With Mona Iott's leaving for Boston on September 5, Lear Holmes took over the stenographic and clerical duties in the Personnel Department. Mrs. Holmes has been named assistant editor of the PIPELINER and we look forward to her association on the paper, as well as in the Personnel Department. Best of luck on her new assignment.

Miss Helen F. Small was employed on September 8, to work in the Accounting Department, replacing Lear Holmes. Miss Small comes from Ellsworth, Maine and previously worked with the State Department of Health and Welfare for a year and a half. Prior to that, she was with the U. S. Government Navy Supply Division in Portland, during the war. We welcome Helen to our office group and we hope that she likes working with us.

SPECIAL ITEM

We all remember the cartoons that Mona Iott drew for us on the back pages of last month's PIPELINER which were in the form of a parting tribute on her behalf. The whole thing originated with her and she promised us that she would list the answers for us in this issue.

1. Tom Beatty - when it comes to bowling, he's a wow! With a certain knack, he knows just how.

2. Lee Jescott - Fishing, he says, is lots of fun! We didn't hear about this one!

3. Eddie Dunn - With the girls of our Corporation, he seems to have this reputation!

4. Jeannette Orr - She gets her dates with the greatest ease. The trouble is, she's hard to please!

5. Johnny Creed - There it was right in his hat, and he forgot where it was "at"!

6. John Pero - No matter if it's early or late, he's always ready for a good debate!

7. Ernest Wilkins - An iron or toaster; a scooter or doll; just ask him and he'll get them all!

8. Sam Hart - When the rest of us begin to drool. How does he keep so darned cool?

9. Clarence Place - No, no! he's not a "lumber"! This is just his new attire!

10. Barbara Parsons - Who would you find if you should look behind the covers of this mystery book?

11. Stuart Tohirs - With bridge or tennis for his game. He should win all kinds of fame!

12. George Mooney - In the boiler room, he worked so hard. For he was a Sarge in the National Guard.

13. Ken Blanchard - Even before you can count to one! He has an idea and gets it done.

14. Ernie Cook - He's got a car, a plane and a boat. All he needs, now, is a Billy Goat!

15. Kay Sullivan - I am sad - Oh, can't you see! Everybody picks on me!
16. Lear Holmes - Army service - she does not lack. She used to be a full-fledged "AC!"

17. Elsie Carter - Humor and wit; a good disposition. She handles our calls and does our addition!

OFFICE FLOWER FUND

Many have been wondering lately, why the fund collector hasn't been around knocking at the door for the usual 25c donation. The truth of the matter is that our office flower fund has been entirely supported by special donations, for well over a year. The last general collection we made, was on July 15, 1916. Since that time, $18.34 has been received from special sources. The present balance in the fund, is $12.94. Cheer up folks; we'll be around one of these fine days - so keep your quarter shining up.

Our most appreciative thanks to Mr. Schultz for his special donations of last year and this year.

THIRD TRICK TROUBLES
(Continued from Page 3)

not resemble the human whatever. Yet Harry Hiller and A. C. Cowne understand, when they are on the third trick, they just "croak back" in the same night language.

RED PERHAM

OFFICE BOWLING TEAM'S GET OFF TO A START

The 1917-1928 bowling season for the office group gets off to an enthusiastic start on October 2, at the Congress Square Alleys at 5:30 P.M. Twenty persons have signed up for regular berths and the group will consist of four teams with five members each. This is the biggest bowling crowd that the office has ever gotten together and this fact alone makes it look like a good year ahead.

The first session, on October 2, will be devoted entirely to building up averages for each individual, followed by a selection of the team members on the basis of their averages, so that each team will be as evenly matched as possible.

Two rules have been invoked this year which will serve to give each team a fair break on absentees. These rules are as follows:

1. Those absent will be given the alley average of 75.

2. If the bowler arrives after at least a half string has been rolled, she or he will be given alley average for that string.

Any other suggested rules will be appreciated by General Chairman of the bowling activities, Thomas A. Beatty.

The following is a list of those who have signed up for regular berths on the bowling teams.

Carter          Beatty          Sullivan
Parsons         Starr          Blanchard
Spiller         Dunn           Chillcoat
Small           Johnson        Thoits
Curran          Henry          Higgins
Scanlon         McCarthy
WHAT'S THE STORY BEHIND THE 1947 COMMUNITY FUND DRIVE

LET’S LOOK AT THE RECORD

Portland Community Chest Drives in past years have been successful in only a few cases. Since 1930 the quota has been met only five times! This record of failures has led Community Fund officials to investigate the causes. These failures have not been the fault of previous campaign managements, but due more to the lack of complete understanding on the part of the general public of their responsibilities to their local charities. The Portland quota is no higher than the national average and those who have studied campaign trends, throughout the country, claim there is no reason why the quota cannot be met.

HISTORY OF PORTLAND'S GIVING

Portland started its Community Chest in 1930 on a very high plane and maintained that standard through 1936. 34% to 40% of its total individual income was contributed during those years. Since 1936, giving has been on the down grade, until it reached a low point of .17% in 1946. With respect to this condition, Portland ranks fourteen, out of a total of twenty cities in the New England area which conduct Community Chest campaigns. Reviving the Chest to the Community is our important job for 1947, and many cities have succeeded in tackling the job in that manner.

THE MONEY IS HERE. WHY NOT RAISE IT!

Contrary to the belief of some, greater Portland is a very prosperous area. Out of the 200 largest cities in the U.S., Portland ranked fourteen by per capita income! She stands next to Pasadena, California which, no doubt, is considered a very prosperous community, so if the money is there, it is here, too, and there is no reason why the Community Chest cannot be made a success, when the individuals understand why they give.

WHY WE SHOULD SUPPORT THE COMMUNITY CHEST

1. The agencies are here to stay because the need is continuous and they are doing a necessary job, well, at a cost increase of only 16% per unit of service.

2. The Chest is the most efficient and economical method of supporting the agencies - 24 campaigns in 1, costing only 7.3¢ of each dollar raised for administration and campaign.

3. The Goal is not burdensome or excessive in terms of Portland’s income - “The Money Is Here.”

So long as one believes in voluntary, private health and welfare service - as opposed to tax-supported, public charity - the principle of federated financing as expressed through the Chest, offers:

- Broadened base of support
- Economy of administration and fund raising
- Higher standard of service
- Higher efficiency through common study and planning
- Maximum benefit from each dollar through budgeting

CONCLUSION

We, as employees of the Portland Pipe Line Corporation in the greater Portland area, will be contacted by one of our group who will be appointed to assist in raising our share of the Community Fund. The campaign will start October 27, and a few days prior to that time, we shall be asked to indicate what amount we desire to give. Since the Community fund is a function which operates twelve months of the year and twenty-four hours a day, so to speak, our contributions will be gladly received on a payroll deduction basis, spread over a period of several months, if we care to choose this way of giving.

SUPPORT THE COMMUNITY CHEST

PORTLAND CAFE ELIZABETH
SOUTH PORTLAND FALMOUTH