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NATURAL GASOLOGY

In ancient times the Chinese used bamboo as pipes for natural gas, and later hollow logs were used to transport natural gas to customers. But bamboo and hollow logs aren't practical for long pipelines. So iron and steel pipes were developed to move natural gas over great distances.

Today, a million miles of underground steel pipe lines deliver natural gas to 160 million customers. These pipelines go from the gas fields of Texas and Canada all the way to California, and from wells in Louisiana to points as far away as New England.



NATURAL GAS SAFETY TIP

Natural gas is colorless and odorless. A distinctive pungent odor is added to the gas so that you can smell a leak. When you smell gas open doors and windows and call the Gas Company from a neighbor's house.



A MESSAGE FROM

NORTHWEST NATURAL GAS

THE ENVIRONMENTAL ENERGY

TEACHERS — AUDIO-VISUAL CATALOG AVAILABLE ON REQUEST

I was curious...



BY ALEX POWELL, 8

One day my parents went to town, but I wanted to stay at the farm and fish. I packed my gear and walked down to the catfish tank. I sat down on a big stone, unpacked my gear, baited a hook, and leaned back against a big rock, looking forward to a restful afternoon and all the catfish I could eat.

All of a sudden, the wind began to pick up. Leaves smacked me in the face and rain poured on my head. I grabbed my gear and ran back to the farmhouse. To my surprise, the door was locked! Off in the distance, I heard the roaring sound of a train. My dad had told me that tornadoes often sound like trains. When I realized that there were no railroad tracks nearby, I was afraid that there might be a tornado.

I grabbed my gear and ran to the storm cellar. All of a sudden, the fishing pole slipped out of my hand. I tripped over it and fell head over heels to the bottom of the stairs! Everything went black. When I awoke, I heard a noise behind the shelves in the cellar.

I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. There, behind the shelves was a secret door. The lock was rusty. I rammed my shoulder against the wall. There in front of me was a short, dark tunnel.

I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. When I reached the end of the tunnel, I saw a mysterious field. I felt as though ants were crawling up my spine. The grass was red, the trees were blue, and the sky was purple with green clouds. ASTOUNDING!

I thought I heard some horses in the distance. I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. When I found them, they were not like any horses I had ever seen before. They had bushy tails like foxes, curly horns like goats, spots like giraffes, and shaggy hair like sheep dogs. INCREDIBLE!

As I backed away from this strange sight, I heard the trickling sound of water. I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. I

struggled up a rocky cliff. There in front of me was a beautiful cool stream. I knelt down to get a drink. Tiny fish with teddy bear heads stared up at me. This waterfall was very queer. Instead of the water flowing down the waterfall, this water flowed UP the waterfall! I dipped my hand in for a drink. To my surprise, the water tasted like root beer! FANTASTIC!

I heard something rustling through the brush behind me. I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. When I caught up to the rustling sound, I peered through the brush. There I saw an armadillo ... except for its horns ... and its hooves ... and the rattle at the end of its tail! OUTRAGEOUS!

A whooshing sound in the sky brought me away from the armadillo. I was curious, so I HAD to investigate. What I saw made my head swim. I lost my balance and stumbled backward. Two-headed snakes were slithering through the sky. UNBELIEVABLE!

Flying snakes, weird longhorn armadillos, root beer flavored water with teddy bear fish and foxy giraffe-goat horses were too much for me. I ran back through the field. There was my storm cellar in the middle of the red field! I ran halfway down the cellar stairs and tripped again. I saw stars before my eyes.

I heard my mom's voice calling, "Alex, get out of that filthy storm cellar!"

I got up slowly, being extremely careful not to fall. I crawled up the stairs. Everything was normal again. I tried to tell my family about my astounding, incredible, fantastic, outrageous, unbelievable experiences. My mom laughed and said, "Oh, Alex, you have such a wonderful imagination."

As we walked back to the house, I heard a noise under the farmhouse. There was a crack. There was a crunch. There was a snort, a hiss, and even a gooble-gooble! I was curious, so I HAD to investigate.

HERE I GO AGAIN!