

A Merry  
Christmas

# SHELLEGRAM

A Happy  
New Year

Volume 8

HOUSTON REFINERY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1943

Number 10



Peace On Earth  
To Men of Good Will

SALEOMANNO

# SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Co., Houston Refinery  
Published Monthly

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Control Laboratory	C. S. Burch
Boilerhouse	M. P. Marrie
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Cracking 1-8	C. C. Suggs
Cracking No. 9	J. McMahan
Chemical Division	B. R. Barton, H. W. Fisher
Gas Department	H. D. Chapman, Jr. V. W. Garrett
Treaters	R. G. Funk



## A Merry Christmas to Each of You!

Your loyalty and untiring efforts have, I think, been reflected in the success of the Allies during 1943; and I feel confident you will also put forth your best efforts during the coming year.

To each of you and your families, I wish to extend best wishes for an enjoyable Christmas; and the hope that the year 1944 will be filled with good news from the war zones, which will bring joy to all of us.

Sincerely,

P. E. FOSTER  
Manager

## Chess Tourney In Second Round

The first round of the Refinery Chess Tournament has been completed and the contestants are well into the second round of play which is scheduled to be over by January 5, according to C. C. Bateman, chairman of the committee.

Winners of the first round were Malvey, McElroy, Kubricht, Trainer, Reno, Bryant, Gordon, Bateman, Brandies, Clerc, Schroeder, Schaeffer, Moyers, Morrison and Walters. Time and place for the matches are arranged by the players with the majority of games being played at one of the contestant's home and a few games being played during the lunch hour.

## Annual F.C.U. Meeting Set For January 17

Annual meeting of the Shell Refinery Employees Federal Credit Union will be held on Monday, January 17, 1943, in the Shell Cafeteria and will begin at 4:35 p.m.

Election of officers for 1944 will be the main topic of business and members of the Credit Union are urged to attend if they can possibly do so. Transportation will be available.

## BURROUGHS HOME CHRISTMAS

The many friends of L. C. Burroughs were happy to hear that the Assistant Superintendent has shown such improvement in his fight against poliomyelitis that he will be permitted to come home to Staff Row for the Christmas Holidays. Clair has been confined to the hospital since he was stricken with the disease several months ago.



## Treated Stuff

By R. G. Funk

Black Meat Woodward is back home again since he is back on No. 5 Treater; however, we believe staying on No. 1 Treater would have fixed him up. He did manage to shave twice a week, but it is too bad now.

What is the flash we got about R. R. Cooper and H. C. Briggs going out to buy a truck and winding up at the Pig and Chick; just how do things happen?

Thanksgiving day J. C. McGregor was seen with that Neal Polk hat on. What a man!

Ed Lierman is doing all the good nowadays since he doesn't let the cat on his back nor does he let the ladies on his lap!

"Buttermilk" Pinkston says he does not do any bird-dogging; he learns the girls' names from hearing other fellows call them.

H. H. Cox, who is our ace treater, is off from work due to an operation. Hammett is in St. Joseph hospital doing fine. We are all anxious for his return.

We understand a certain treater has gone into the dairy business in a big way. We are told his best customers are in the lab.

G. L. Stewart is now pinch-hitting for H. H. Cox on No. 3 shift. Every time some one mentions "Faust" his eyes light up. Could it be that nasty beer?

The boys on x shift say there is more room since Pat Rhymes is off. Pat is off due to sickness; we wish you a speedy return, Pat.

We at the Treating Department extend our most sincere sympathy to A. L. Williams over the death of his mother.

To all the boys in the armed forces goes a big Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from all the boys at the Treating Department.

## 'Turkey Bowl' Features Both Leagues' Play

Turkey Bowling occupies the spotlight at the bowling alleys during the Christmas Holidays with League No. 1 having announced the winners of three turkeys at the Friday night bowling at Recreation Palace on South Main and League No. 2 is scheduled to have its turkey bowl on Thursday, December 23, at the Main Alleys on Prairie.

Winners of the League No. 1 turkeys were H. G. "Dutch" Gilbert, Chemical Division, Engineering Field, team; Dixie Ketelson, Main Office Yield team; and P. J. Wynne, Machine Shop.

### Tie for League Lead

Results of competition on December 17 brought about a two-way tie between the Chemical Division No. 1 and Refinery Engineering Field teams, each having won 21 and lost 9. Close behind them in a tie for third place are the two leaders from the previous week, Research Lab teams No. 1 and 2.

### High Game Honors

High game honor is still retained by J. J. Davenport, Chemical Division No. 2, with his score of 225 rolled on opening night and high series is still held by George Thorn, Refinery Engineering Field team. His 598 for the three games was set early in the season.

### Inspectors Lead League No. 1

The Engineering Inspectors who have been fighting their way up for the past several weeks stepped into first place Thursday night, December 16, dethroning the Main Office No. 2 team and led with 16 wins against 8 losses. The Main Office No. 2 and the Gas Department are tied for second place with 15 games won and 9 lost.

### D. B. Smith New High Man

A new high game and high series was established by D. B. Smith, Tech team, the same night when he bowled 239-613, taking the high game honors from P. L. Tompkins of the Inspectors who had 224, and high series from H. P. Reese, Main Office No. 1, who had set up 549.

In addition to the three or four turkeys to be given away for high series, figured on the handicap basis, a turkey will go to the man rolling high game and one to the woman rolling high game. No handicap will be granted on these games and only one turkey will be awarded to a bowler, should the high game winners also be a handicap winner.

### BOWLING LEAGUE STANDINGS

LEAGUE NO. 1—	W. L.
Chem. Div. No. 1	21 9
Refinery Eng. Field	21 9
Res. Lab. No. 1	20 9
Res. Lab. No. 2	20 9
Control Lab.	18 11
Drafting	17 12
Inst. Shop	16 13
Res. Lab. No. 3	16 14
Field Auto	15 14
Chem. Div. No. 2	15 14
Car Shop No. 2	15 14
Chem. Div. No. 3	15 14
Chem. Div. E. F.	15 15
Machine Shop	12 17
Yield, M. O.	11 18
Ind. Relations	11 18
Chem. Div. No. 4	11 19
Car Shop No. 3	10 20
Automotive	7 22
Warehouse	7 22

LEAGUE NO. 2—	W. L.
Eng. Insp.	16 8
Main Office No. 2	15 9
Gas Department	14 10
Elect. Shop	13 11
Tech. Department	13 11
Cracking	12 12
Ind. Engineers	9 15
Car Shop No. 1	8 16
Control Lab. No. 2	5 19

## W. L. McKinnon to P. A. W.; Succeeded by R. L. Lucas

W. L. "Dutch" McKinnon has joined the bureaucrats.

The former Houston Refinery office manager was "drafted" into the Refining Division of the Petroleum

Administration for War and left the plant on November 29 for Washington. His successor is R. L. "Deac" Lucas transferred from Head Office, New York.

With the exception of two short sojourns in the H. O. Refinery Accounting "Dutch" has been in the Houston plant since he was employed as a clerk in the Topping Department on July 29, 1929. He has been office manager since October, 1936. He was presented a lounging robe and shaving kit by in a short farewell program on the day of his departure.

### They Call Him "Deac"

R. L. Lucas doesn't know why he got the nickname of "Deac" but he insists on people using it.

"Deac" comes to the Houston Refinery from the Personnel Department, New York, where he had been assistant division manager of the Service Division since July, 1942.

His return to the refinery life is quite pleasing to Deac who started his career with Shell on April 9, 1925, as a field timekeeper in the Ark City plant where he worked in various accounting jobs until 1933 when he was made chief accountant. In October, 1936, he was transferred to Head Office, then in St. Louis, as chief of the Refinery Accounting Section of the Production Accounting Department. In February, 1938, he was moved to Wood River as office manager which he remained until September 1, 1940, when he became a part of the mass transfer of Head Office to New York. There he was made scheduling assistant in the Operating Schedules Department of the Manufacturing Department, which position he held until his transfer to the Personnel Department in July, 1942.

Deac is proud of his family consisting of Mrs. Lucas, two sons, age 6 and 16, the latter attending Oklahoma A. & M., and one daughter, 13.

His chief hobby was ping pong—before coming to Houston. Now, in line with his policy of "When in Rome . . ." which he adopted many years ago, he has switched to bowling. In three games of league competition and incidentally, the first three of his bowling career, he averaged 142. "Just lucky," he says of his feat.

We bid a hearty welcome to the new office manager who has already fitted into the groove with, to quote him, "as fine a bunch of fellows as I ever worked with."



W. L. McKINNON

## Instrument Shop Soft Ball Winner In League No. 2

Although play has been intermittent due to bad weather the softball season is in the final stages of play with the Instrument Shop having won the championship in League No. 2 and League No. 1 needing but two games to finish the season.

Managed by W. G. Cannon, the instrument men will meet the winner of League No. 1 in a playoff to decide the refinery championship.

The Research Lab team, captained by J. R. Morrison, is leading in League No. 1 by two games over the nearest competition, the Chemical Division No. 1. With but two games remaining this team is certain to win a tie for first place.

### THREE YARDS OF DIMES

Approximately 160 dimes were dropped into the "Mile O'Dimes" bottles placed at strategic points in the Refinery, according to Charles Brockmeyer of the Engineering Office.

The "Mile O' Dimes" is put on annually at Christmas by the Elks Club and Salvation Army. Proceeds from the drive are used to bring Christmas spirit to homes of the poor.

## Receives Highest Award



The Highest Award plaque, issued by the National Victory Garden Institute, was presented to Alexander Fraser, president of the Shell Oil Company, Inc., for the company's contribution to the general war conservation effort this year through the Shell Victory Garden program conducted during the spring and summer months in all parts of the country.

## Laboratory News

By C. S. "Arky" Burch

So they had the dance, and mebbe you can name someone who had more fun than Louie Grossheim . . . we can't. Not offhand, anyhow. Except perhaps Jimmy Lee, who wandered from table to table, doing his dooty by the Milby gals present, at the request of his wife.

And then, there were those Holmes specials that slightly resembled pink lemonade, but boyoboy!

Lively, sweet as pie in inky black, with a sprinkling of red cherries, brought her brother.

And Garrison brought Watts, of Dubbs 9, who seemed to know something about those explosive matches Hunter was so generously passing around.

Brewer's wife was looking for him, during the floor show, never dreaming he was hidden away over at B. Allen's table. Junior brought John Bill's missus, who was heard to inquire of some Allen sometime during the PM if he intended to dance with her.

And he was looking at the gal in the dress at the next table. And while Johnny Dahl was introducing his boss around, Missus Dahl was having one swell time just havin' fun.

Koneman was no slouch, doing the 1-2-3 with a luscious little number in white gloves.

Nor was Mildred Cox letting any grass grow under her feet, as long as Badger's Kolb could lift a foot.

Theiss sat by, quietly watching the proceedings . . . and maintains she didn't see anything of interest. She just didn't notice Duke, who was quieter than usual, but still there, and in the thick of every brawl.

Standing by, to take over any unattached males, was Baldwin, who should know, by now, what a POST-ED sign means.

Varnar was there, too, by golly, and stayed till the last body was carried out into the driving rain. Then she came out to make the remains of a graveyard.

George and Bessie appeared here and there, but the former was still as a mouse, compared to some of those End O' Main deals we've had.

An all-too-brief letter from Pod lab's Miller states that he actually knows someone who makes worse coffee than Griffin ever did . . . perish forbid!

Green and Billingsley finally have acquired an apartment in Houston, but have as yet to release their new phone number for general use.

Lawrenc is back, after what seems like an awful long sick leave, but we can see the time wasn't spent in vain. Now we can have good cawfee.

Cassidy corrected our spelling of the sweet-smellum he dunks his hair in. And we lost it. So, there!

Notice Pearsey kibitzing on the excavation job behind the Motor Lab t'other day?

And how can you help admiring the complete nonchalance with which Norris stands about while the gals swoon? A word or two for the press, sir?

It tickles us everytime we think about Boykin's run-in with the muskrat the other AM. She was still yipping and looking wild-eyed, long after Hester had killed the THING and was exhibiting it out in the driveway.

Ever notice French glamorizing the various females on her shift? She does a right fair job of it, too.

Surprise of the month . . . Juanita's admission that she IS married to Driscoll Isaac, a swell guy, if we ever saw one.

Hartley's indisposed, and mighty missed these days. That desk looks downright silly without a body draped over it. Think you'll make it, kid?

Flash! Jug Carter, by far the handsomest devil dog in the service, dropped in and handed out pennies

to admirers, while B. Allen shook his head, muttering about what Polk would say about Jug's purty red stripe. Polk had to work a whole year for his Pfc. stripe, and then he didn't get a red one.

Speaking of Marines—Bronte's a sergeant now.

We keep telling you about these special testers' meetings, and you keep staying away in drovs. So you missed all of those delicious cheses, and those man-sized sandwiches with MEAT in 'em, and the liquid refreshments of which there was plenty. All this and some beautiful color film shown by Hugo, too, who threw in interesting little anecdotes and answered any and all questions. It was fun. Even the Donald Duck films Czichos lent for the occasion. Everyone was a little afraid for the film to be shown in mixed company, because nobody was rightly sure just what the subject would be.

Boatman finally decided to be a WIFE.

And what's Helen gonna do when she finds out hourly-paid employees are people, too?

McGrath cheated us out of a lar-rupin' scoop when he figgered he'd rather come clean about his home life than have our version (with pictures) smeared in this issue. So all we can say in a wee wee voice is that we didn't know you were married until Marcus told us, Bud.

Tommie Matthews made the earnest request that his publicity be favorable at least one issue out of the year. This is it, Tommie; we're savin' a good un for next issue.

Investigating the wherewithal of Jimmy Lee's hysterical laughs, the other night, we found Allen and Livingston fairly rolling in the floor, recalling some hair-raising incidents that occurred while Stafford and Moss were out here . . . gad!

At this writing, Kemp is the most recent visitor, but Slim was showing him a few secrets around the lab, so we didn't get a chance to bird-dog a bit.

And so, dear reader, until next time, remember the little moron who took hay to bed with him, to feed his nightmare? His roomie's charley horse got it.

Season's greetings—Arky.

## Store News

"Daisy June" Ross, warehouse bowler, such form, such grace, such bowling!

Miss Hartman, sporting a rock that dazzles the eye.

Mrs. Jerry Held resigned to keep house for hubby.

Seen doing the shops on the Main drag, Miss Edie Hennesy, and now all her Christmas shopping is done. Bill Rochelle was a visitor during the past week, bearing sweets for the sweet—he insists that he was doing an errand for Dinny.

Dinny Havens just passed through—wearing that "hi girls" smile of his.

Perlee Allen is the latest attraction at the warehouse counter—welcome!

Brewer seen hunting on the bay with 15-year-old shells contributed by Eaton.

Hortense has fully recovered from her cold—took Cox's advice and gargled with gin.

Seen at the recent country club dance, Genevieve Schmidt and her hubby—he's a regular guy, and can drink from any bottle any time.

Bob Board and Fay Hilliard and all the dance directors are to be congratulated on the very successful dance. As soon as the furniture and losses are repaired, let's have another.

J. B. Jones now in the real estate game.

Overstreet did not go to the dance—must be getting old—however, I

## Seabees Send Regards



These Refinery employees who are with the Seabees in the Southwest Pacific send regards to all their friends at the plant. Left to right: J. E. Johnson, Pipe Shop; T. B. Viser, Cracking Department, and F. G. Miller, Pipe Shop. O. H. Abbott also of the Pipe Shop, is with these boys but was not available when the picture was taken.

## Cracking News

By C. C. Suggs

Uncle Phil has switched from Beech-nut to Garrett Snuff. Just because gals work up there Uncle Phil, that's no reason you should change to gal t'baccer.

We welcome the new girls to the pressure department. Hope you will like it over here. Miss Mary Martha Bowden, the bowling queen, and Miss Bertha Mae Poland, the tell you next time.

Old Hoss ridin' R. Y. Cobb was home a couple of weeks ago; looks good, too. We enjoy hearing also.

Dagwood is beginning to be a first classer—drinking champagne and driving that Chrysler.

Hoss-trader Mitchell and Webb attended the negro rodeo? Sounds good?

Pee Wee Felscher and Gates are still finding that brew in California, but Walter writes he may shove off most any day.

When "Granny" McFall gets low on graveyards, just dig up a coke and he will make it okay.

Congratulations to Pumphouse Palmer; he is a Marine now.

The whole bunch offers congratulations to L. L. Chandler on his recent marriage. Nothing like home life, is there Chan?

Eddie Madden writes from the boat that he no spik wop and they no spik English. No beer and after he saw how they squeezed juice from the grapes with their feet he suddenly didn't like wine.

Who gets the lowest on graveyards, Bill Gay or his "little helper"?

The "Shining Light" of Hester May Jones has been ill a couple of

remember when he attended every-one of 'em.

A shortage of good whiskey kept a lot of the old folks away—like Carter, Cox, Brewer and Eaton.

Hawk, former No. 1 man at the warehouse back on a visit, looking swell, and giving "Beany" a little fatherly advice.

—Just a word from Al

weeks. Hurry up "Red" and come back to work.

Sam Salmon says he is allergic to perfume, but if fishing stays good and his "rod" holds out he will be able to retire soon.

Anyone wishing to have their car polished see Enos Meeks. I hear lots of complaints about it.

Last time we saw Shorty Johnson in the patched britches we thought he was modeling a new zoot suit.

Why does everybody call Archie Baker Cannon Ball? Is it because he is so speedy?

Boy these politicians sure do all right by their public and etc. Don't they, Burgin?

Sorry to hear of the illness of J. Phillips and wife. We hope they are both improved now.

Buck Keese writes he is still in Salt Lake City, Utah, but not trying to hold to the Brigham Young tradition.

Everybody is guessing what after December 9 will bring.

Congratulations to Walt Coale and S. Mitchell on their temporary assignments as Assistant and Department head. And, oh yes, John, too, as Assistant Superintendent. We wish you luck and you have our cooperation.

S. P. O'Neal has joined the Junior Stillmen or Operator No. 1 Group.

Ask Creel Anderson how long it takes to shoot the chute. Ha! Ha!

We have a poet in our midst, Old Tan My Hyde. Ask Baker.

Morris Roberson is in California and expecting to shove off for Shagra, Louisiana. Don't worry, Morris; everything is under control.

To all the ex-employees in service, we send you a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year, our prayers and thoughts of our fellowship and good times when you return. God be with you all and bring you through your troubles safely. To the ones at the plant "think" when you want to take that extra day off. They don't get to.

## Boilerhouse Steam

By M. P. Marrie

To the boys in the armed forces, we, the Boilerhouse Gang, wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year full of hope. It goes without saying that this Christmas may not be too merry for some of you, but there is one thing sure—it's a real Christmas whether it comes in peace or in war, and we hope you find some real happiness, because where there's Christmases there's hope.

Time marches on toward a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the Boilerhouse gang while boiler operation improves with more power and horse, with Harry Kennedy at the throttle guiding her course, while Grothe checks the log, the time and



supplies; Ace, Stowers, Bishop, and I check her for nose dives. Then there's Landrum, Ruff, Derrington and Massey who give her the gun, while Moody, Bickley and Laake keep her on the run. There's Perrard, Rinehart and Hutchins, who pour on the gas while Bly, Griffin and Allen swing a mighty sure flask. Also there's White, Pugh and Le-Suer who fit all her pipe, while Simon, the janitor keeps her shining and bright.

Congratulations are in order for our newly wedded water tender, O. J. Ruff. It was December 4 when O. J. proved he was not kidding and to him and Mrs. Ruff we extend our best wishes. Long life and happiness to you both.

It looks like a few of the boys from this department may be Pan-handlers soon. If so, to them, we envy you because who wouldn't want to go to Dumas where the air is clean; the coyotes yell, and the wind hits you in the seat like a bat out of hell and I don't mean hurricanes!

A short time ago a certain man decided to see just how strong a woman's curiosity was. He cut a small "personal" item from the newspaper and left the paper where his wife would be sure to find it. When he returned home the next evening, he was surprised to find the domestic atmosphere hanging heavy with thunder clouds. Investigation revealed that his wife had borrowed a neighbor's paper to see what he had clipped. He fumbled in his vest pocket for the clipping and was electrified to find on the opposite side from the "personal" item, this headline: "Prominent Citizens Figure in Wild Party at Roadhouse."

Hiram walked four miles over the hills to call on the girl of his dreams. For a long time they sat silent on a bench by the side of her log-cabin home; but after a while the moon had its effect, and Hiram sidled closer to her and picked up her hand.

"Mary," he began, "I've got a good clearin' over thar an' a team an' wag-on an' some haws an' cows an' I cal'late on building a house an' . . . Here he was interrupted by Mary's mother, who had awakened. "Mary!" she called in a loud voice. "Is that young man thar yet?" Back came the answer: "No, Ma, but he's gettin' thar."

## Military News From Bo In

Alaska

I am returning the form received from you covering the check for my premium signed in accordance with your instructions. Although this is marked second reminder, the first letter must have gone astray as I did not receive same.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your interest and kind effort in this matter.

Sincerely yours,  
Pvt. Leopold P. Falgout-38174141

c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

Thought I would drop you a few lines as it has been some time since I have written you. I hope this finds you all doing well, and the Company doing lots of business. Talk about Shell products, you see lots of it in these parts.

I would like very much to tell you where I am, but impossible. I am getting along fair, I guess. I sure will be glad when this is all over and I can see you all again.

I enjoy getting the Shell News. It helps out so much when you are so far from home. I met an official of Shell of Australia last year. He surely was a swell character. I was on a leave and he took me out to his house. Sure had a nice time. It sure makes you proud you are a member of the Shell family.

Well, Pete, I have taken out some more insurance so I am sending you a copy of my policy. We were urged to carry the limit. It's a good thing I suppose, but I only had \$3,000.00. I had some outside insurance that is why I was only carrying a small amount.

Well, fellow, excuse the bungled up letter as I am writing on duty.

Tell all the fellows hello, and I will write and let you hear from me as often as possible.

Here's hoping you and family all the luck in the world.

I remain,

Ben F. (Firpo) Adkins

Give my regards to Harry Jones, Bill Carpenter and Harry Webb.

Just a few lines to let you know how I am doing and that I received my check and thanks a lot for it. Believe me, those yellow slips still look good. I also received the Shellegram and Shell News. I get a lot of enjoyment out of reading them both.

From the News and pictures, you sure had some storm out at the Refinery. It was sure grand to see everyone pitch in and help rebuild the water tower.

Well, at the present, I am in the hospital. I have been in here ten days with an arm injury I got going over an eight foot wall on the obstacle course. I don't think it will be but just a few more days until I will be back on duty.

I had just finished my six weeks basic training and was starting on 11 weeks of technical training when I got hurt. Now I have got so far behind with my outfit that I may have to start all over again. Our Company got to fire more on the rifle range than anyone that has gone through this camp. I shot "Sharp Shooter." Only missed expert a few points.

Well, I wonder how my old gang is doing at the Pipe Shop. Just wonder if Uncle has got any more of you boys. I would be glad for you to drop me a few lines and let me know how everything is going down your way.

As news is scarce here, and almost time for the lights to go out, I will sign off.

Thanking you once more for the check and keep the Shellegram and Shell News coming.

Yours truly,  
Pvt. James K. Bryant  
Station Hospital  
Ward B-9  
Camp Wolters, Texas

Beeville, Texas

Thanks a million for all those copies of the Shellegram I have received, and please notice my change of address and also of rate.

Present address: : : :  
J. D. Harness, AMM-2/c  
T.S.-13C Chase Field  
Beeville, Texas

Very truly yours,  
J. D. Harness

Australia

A few lines to let you know where I am and that I like it here much better than I did up north. Sorry I haven't written sooner but you know how that goes. I see plenty of Shell gas and oil here. They have some kind of a Shell house here and I am going to see what it is. I will let you know about it one of these days. Tell all of the boys in the pipe shop hello for me.

I am wondering about the rubber plant. Haven't heard anything from there lately. Been on the move so much here lately my mail hasn't been getting to me so well.

Tell the boys hello for me. I am sorry I have no picture to send as it is hard to get one here. Well, I have to go to work, so I will sign off.

As ever,  
R. D. Phillips, SF-3/c

North Africa

Well it is time once again to write you and let you know that all is well with me here in North Africa. I received the Shellegram yesterday, and it had that big picture of me in it. I had to let you know that as yet I have not been in Sicily, but I could be there any time the Army made up its mind to send me there. I am about ready to go somewhere now as I have been in Africa this long. I am ready to see some new country for a change. But I don't think I will ever be able to see Sicily because we will move to some place that we are needed more than Sicily.

There is not much news from here except that it is hotter than all (Well you name it, I can't). The nights are very cool and we have to sleep under one or two blankets, and when we get up in the morning it is cold enough to wear a coat. We have to take a mile hike every morning before we go to work and that is good exercise. You know, the early morning air does us good when we get up at 5:30 each morning. Sometimes I get so mad at the Bugler that I would like to kill him. He always blows the bugle at the time I am having a good dream about home or something. When I get out of this army I am going to hire a bugler and have him blow the bugle every morning at six a.m. then I am going to get up and beat him up and then go back to bed. But you know how it is. This is the Army and we have to get up when they tell us to, and there is not much we can do about it but do as they say.

Well, I guess I had better sign off for this time and go do some work for if I don't they will be after me in a few minutes. I am hoping that this finds everyone well and in the best of health.

Yours truly,  
Pvt. Henry L. Moss, 18060756

My address is now: 21st Base Headquarters and Air Base Sqdn., Daniel Field, Augusta, Ga. In the future will you please address my copy of the Shellegram to this address.

I have been receiving the Shellegram regularly and enjoy it very much. Thanks for sending it to me.

I guess Georgia is all right, but it isn't like good old Texas.

Will close, with best wishes to you and the Shell Oil Company.

Respectfully,  
Pvt. Clarence H. Eulenfeld



R. D. Phillips, SF 3/c, is in a Navy Construction Battalion on duty in the Pacific. Phillips was a member of the pipefitting craft and enlisted in service on July 27, 1942.

Sicily

Dear Sir:

I received your letter of July 17 and I also received my copy of Shellegram of July and believe me I sure enjoy reading it and I also received the Readers Digest of July too, and I sure appreciate it a lot, sir, so please keep sending them to me. And I would also like to take this opportunity to thank you and the Shell Oil Company again for their generous family allotment plan payments that my wife has been receiving with such promptness. Well, sir, I wish I could tell you a lot about this invasion we made here in Sicily. Well, I am glad that I am still in one piece just as I was when I left the States. And another thing, I am not afraid of whatever the Jerries or the Italians throw at us Yanks. Because they are not so hot and they can't take it when us Yanks let 'em have it burning red hot. Oh boy, well they asked for it. They got it and how. Well sir, I think I will close now, and keep the Shellegram coming, please.

Sincerely yours,  
Pvt. Charlie Lopez, 18115413  
c/o Postmaster, A.P.O. 252  
New York, N. Y.

To: Editor Shellegram  
Houston, Texas

HENDRICKS FIELD, Sebring, Fla.—Alphabetically speaking, William A. Davidson, who used to work in the laboratory of the Shell Oil Co. at Houston, Texas, has gone from TT to FF since he left the company's employ in May, 1942, and donned one of Uncle Sam's uniforms. Because:

The former laboratory technician is now a second lieutenant in the Army Air Forces and instead of handling TT (test tubes) he's piloting FF (Flying Fortresses). He became a full-fledged pilot of the four-engine bombers at this station Sept. 26, when he completed training with the 17th class to be turned out here. Following a 10-day leave (spent in Texas) he reported to another station for further training.

Lt. Davidson, son of Mrs. Robert Davidson, Teague, Texas, won his silver wings and gold bars at Pampa, Texas, July 28. He underwent primary training at Pine Bluff, Ark., and basic at Coffeyville, Kans.

I am writing to inform you of my new address and also to thank you for the Shellegram.

I met one of my fellow workers yesterday, James Sewell. He lives about three barracks from me. We had quite a talk about our past days at Shell.

Sincerely,  
Pfc. George A. Smith, 38538935  
316th T.S.S.  
Sheppard Field, Texas

Miami Beach, Florida

I received your letter of the 27th stating that my checks would be forthcoming as soon as possible. The thing I am most interested in right now is my first military allowance check, containing two months pay—as I'm still "sho' nuff" broke—No foolin'!!

As you can see, I'm in the Air Corps, but I'm in the Chemical Warfare division of it. I wanted to be a Liaison Pilot, but due to my experience in the Treating Department Uncle Sam decided I knew more about chemicals than air planes. And one of the first things they teach us, is not to argue with Uncle Sam!

Tell that bunch of "4-Fs" in the Treating Department hello for me, and I can speak with authority when I say that the graveyard shift in the Treating Department is a hell of a lot easier than the straight day shift in the army.

I understand our plant has a new manager—Congratulations!!

Pvt. L. D. Marsac  
Naval Auxiliary Air Sta.

I've waited a month to write you and the gang to tell you what a nice time that I had on my leave. I sure enjoyed myself while I was out at the plant. Everything looked real natural. I was glad to see everyone in such good spirit. The Shell is doing their part to end this war, and it makes us boys in service proud of our Company.

I'm awfully sorry I didn't get to spend much time at the plant with the fellows, but my time was limited and I spent most of my time at home with mother and dad. You never know really how grand they are till you have been through a little trouble.

I had a very nice time at Bill Williams one night with the gang. I sure wished you could have come out. We shot the bull for quite a while.

I guess you are still getting in a lot of new employees. I guess they are keeping all of you fellows pretty busy.

I received a copy of the Shellegram today, it was a May issue but I enjoyed it. I always enjoy reading them. I noticed the garage news had been left out—or none had been written up for the Garage. You tell Cuppy I said get busy and get some good garage news in that paper. As I noticed when I was there, working on bicycles, driving cars and working in the office, he can't say he hasn't got any material to work on. Boy, that Cuppy is a good scout. Tell him hello for me.

I put in for overseas duty but the doctors limited my duty for six months at least. Nothing wrong with me. I weigh 185 and in perfect health, but they wait for a few months—so you know I'll wait.

I guess I will be at the base for quite a spell—so drop me a line when you can—and if you have an extra Shellegram I'll enjoy reading it. I would like to see that picture you made of me, just curious I guess.

Take care of everything, Jesse, and be careful. Tell everyone hello for me. Tell Buddy Felton I see where he has been branded the wolf. Boy, what war will do to some people. Ha! Ha!

Good luck to you and the Gang.  
Pfc. G. S. Higgins, Marines  
Hdq. Co. Gd. Bn.  
Marine Base  
San Diego, Calif.

I am happy to send you all another blank of the military leave.

I have made another stripe, by hard work in the shop. I'm still doing mechanic work. I enjoy the work.

I am sending the blank for my insurance hoping it is filled out O.K.

Sgt. Arthur R. Hughes  
992nd Q.M.C.  
Kelly Field, Texas

c/o Fleet Postoffice  
New York, N. Y.

Just a few lines to inform you of my change of rate. Hoping you receive this before the end of the month, so it won't cost you too much trouble. I am now a Machinist Mate Second Class, which went into effect on the first of August.

Well, Pal, how is everything running on the home front. Are you fellows still running wide open? I have visited a few foreign ports since I have been in the service and was quite surprised to find so many of Shell's products in these ports. Boy, it certainly does bring back fond memories to see the yellow disc.

I guess I had better close for now. Thanking the Company for the kindness toward my wife.

A faithful employee,  
A. J. Badeaux

Geiger Field, Wash.

I have received two checks which were greatly appreciated but somewhat out of date. I have been to a number of different air bases in the last three months and the checks have just caught up with me. It was a very pleasant surprise to get them, however.

You might tell some of the fellows hello for me and that I am burning the hi octane gasoline now. I am an aerial engineer on a B-17 and they are keeping us in the air most of the time. It takes a lot of gasoline to keep a bomber flying, too.

Yours truly,  
Sgt. Samuel W. Walker

Tucson, Arizona

Received your letter asking information as to the time of promotion to Private First Class. It seems you failed to receive a letter that I wrote while at Keesler Field, Miss., but I am glad to repeat. I was promoted to Pfc. on March 15, 1943. I wrote to Harry Jones at his request.

Hope dear ole Shell is still progressing as it has in the past and also hope before long to visit my friends in the Topping Department and the whole refinery. Noticed in the Shellegram I received today that some of the boys in the Topping Department have gone to work at Sweeney.

Tell Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Webb I hope to see them before long and please give them my best regards.

Hoping this clears the records for requested information.

Very truly yours,  
Pfc. A. L. Burgess

c/o Fleet Postoffice  
Boston, Massachusetts

I just received my copy of the Shellegram. I certainly enjoyed it. It is the first news I have received from the old gang in sometime. My address has changed so often that I did not feel it worthwhile to let anyone know my address. The Shellegram took a long, round-about trip to finally get here.

I am at last at sea. I have never learned to swim as yet and hope that the knowledge will not be needed for sometime.

I sure would be willing to trade the weather we are sure to receive here in this section for a good old Texas winter.

I am now aboard a ship and we have one of the best crews that ever went to sea. I do not need to know anything as my Mo. MM's know enough to run any motor almost. I am certainly getting a lot of good experience.

I was certainly pleased when I saw how well the employees at Shell were subscribing for bonds.

I am looking forward to all future Shellegrams and I would like to hear from any of my friends.

Sincerely yours,  
Ens. S. M. Blackwell

# Boys In Camps and Overseas

Camp Parks, Calif.

Just a few lines to let you know that I am doing fine. I am out here in "Sunny California" as they call it. In my estimation, so far, that is just like calling E. D. Runnels "Tiny." Because it is always cool until about 10 a.m. or possibly noon when the sun finally comes out. But I like it fine though. I don't know how long I will be here nor where I will go from here but I will keep the boys at the plant notified. The letters I have been receiving are enjoyed to the utmost.

At the present time, Shell is well represented up here as C. R. Gates, M. W. Roberson, Jimmy Sullivan of the Treaters and 2 ex-Shell men, C. A. McKinney and "Dizzie" Jones, are here. The last two mentioned are just here for recuperation. I have talked to McKinney and he has seen a little action in the S. W. Pacific group.

How are the rest of the boys in service getting along? I am sure they are accounted for, and I guess the labor problem gets larger every day, does it not? I see women doing almost everything out here in Frisco and Oakland. I am not very far from Shell's Martinez plant and would like to visit there but I don't guess I will be able to as liberty and transportation won't permit.

I received the letter and forms in regard to the monthly allowance to my family, and my wife received her first monthly check this week. We both have the deepest appreciation for the military allowance plan and so far it is better than any I have heard of and men in my outfit come from almost every industry known.

I visited the plant on my short leave at home but you were busy at the time so I did not get to say hello. Tell Jimmy Hallmark hello and my regards to all the rest at the plant. Until I get back, good luck to you all.

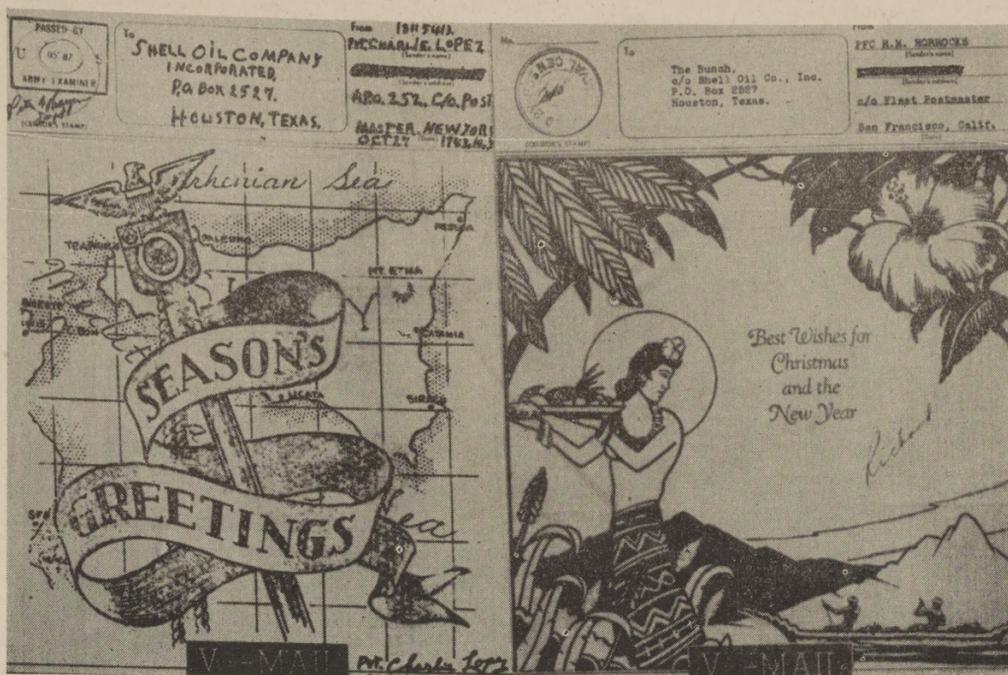
Walter C. Felscher, WT-1/c

England

Never have written except on business. Must say now that I get our paper and magazine regularly and they mean a lot to me, though there does seem to be a lot of new men in the plant. Also get the Readers Digest regularly.

As you know, I cannot tell you what we Engineers are doing in detail but can assure you that we are building and that we see the things we build go into use before we are finished. While none of us are satisfied to stay in England, we do know that our time is not being wasted. Also, we are pretty sure that we will (censored).

I just got back from Edinburgh, Scotland, where I spent my second furlough. Sixteen days in 16 months is not a whole lot of time. Was in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and took a boat ride up Loch Lohman, a nice trip but much over-rated. Believe me, fellows, there is nothing in England or Scotland in the way of scenery that we can't beat in both size and beauty. Also, I have yet to see a building as nice or as large as the Jones Building. London covers a great area. It has to be as I do not know of a building over eight stories and most are less. The English point with pride to buildings, churches, castles, etc., that were built several hundred years ago, while we are proud of our up-to-date, modern structures. Saloons are pubs, sidewalks are pavements, auto fenders are wings, hoods are bonnets, and a dollar is five shillings. A pound is \$4.04. A pound buys about as much as a dollar at home if one has coupons, which we do not have. The pound is said to be the fastest thing in England. Fords are quite common here but they are smaller than anything Ford ever sold in the States, more like an Austin. Enough about England.



In closing, I want to say that if you could see the thousands of trucks, motorcycles, motor guns, tanks, and planes that (censored) every day, you would realize just how big a part you are playing in this war. Oil, gas and rubber are the most essential things in this war. Had I realized how essential I would not be here, as I would figure I could do as much or more for our country there than I can here. So carry on, boys, you are doing your bit if you are doing your best.

Yours,  
S/Sgt. Charles V. White

c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

I received your letter referring to insurance. This letter finally reached me after going to one of the other islands where I was recently stationed, then to two of the camps on this island.

I am returning this insurance form; also, the family allowance form, which is about time for me to send. I want to thank the Company for the insurance check I am about to receive.

I have been on detached service for the past six months in the Hawaiian Islands, that meant being stationed at different islands (3) and different camps. Have been here a month. Sure is a fine camp, the Post exchange, theater, cafeteria, post office, gym, church, service club and beer garden all within about four blocks. From this camp we are sent to different parts of the island and also different islands. I do the kind of work that I did back at the plant.

Yours truly,  
Sgt. M. J. Bady-6493730

San Diego, California  
U.S.M.C.B. Sea School

Just a few lines of greetings to all and loads of apologies for not writing sooner. I received your check for back pay. It was really appreciated. Also, I have received the Shellegram and enjoy reading it very much.

After boot camp training, I was placed in Sea School, made assistant Judo instructor and also P.F.C. I have finished my training here at the base and am waiting for transfer.

I would like all the gang to know that I am a proud father, I have a big baby girl, weighed 8 pounds 4 ounces when arrived. She is now two months old, and weighs 14 pounds. My wife, baby and mother are visiting me. All are enjoying California sunshine.

Give all the gang my regards and best wishes to all.

Respectfully yours,  
Pfc. L. A. Shepard

Island X

I received the checks for the wage increase from August 16, 1942, today. It was a pleasant surprise and I wish to thank you very much.

Everything here is going along nicely. We're working day and night to get things finished out here and looking forward to the day it's done.

Sincerely yours,  
Frank J. Alexander, F-1/c



Major J. L. Miller, former superintendent, is on duty in the Pacific war zone. In the picture above he is seen walking on a street in Sydney, Australia. Below he is partaking of a bit of refreshment in New Guinea.



Chicago, Ill.

Am very sorry I haven't written before, but, boy, this boot training as they call it is sure rough on a fellow. The past six weeks has really been full of drills and lectures and such, even some night work. I think I'd never complain working graveyards again and I surely wish I was back at good old Shell doing just that.

I am now at the Navy Pier in Chicago, Illinois, taking schooling in a motor machinist school. I have been here for three days now and am proud of the chance I have been offered.

I want to thank you for the Shellegram I received the last of the month and hope to get all the rest. I was sorry to hear and see the damage from the storm, but I know everyone did their best and brought "her" through in good shape. From my wife's letters, it was really rough and my place there suffered quite a shaking up, too.

Last but not least, to a serviceman, I want to thank you for the service check. I received it today and you will never know just how I appreciate it. It will enable my wife and me to be together once more before I have to leave for real duty. For my wife and myself I want to thank you again and we greatly appreciate it. All my shipmates here think it is such a swell policy, and I do too. Thanks again.

I will be here for about 8 weeks and from here I know not who knows where to, but will try to write again before long. I see I am going to have to study again now, just like attending school again, but for a lot more serious reason.

Here's wishing that everything is sailing smoothly and I hope we can finish this affair soon. I know I am doing my best. And finally, I thank you again for the swell check and Shellegram, thanks.

Carl W. Lyons, S-2/c

Fairfield, Ohio

My promotion came through from second to first a few days ago and I am enclosing a copy of the order and the No. 2 certificate from the Renewal of Application, etc. for your record.

It is beginning to get cold here now and it makes me more certain than ever that I prefer Texas, hurricanes included. I received a copy of the plant paper showing the damage done in the last hurricane and it certainly looked as if some rough weather had passed that way. I hope the damage was not so severe as to require a great length of time for repairs.

Please give the boys my regards.  
A. L. Burrow, Jr.

c/o Fleet Postoffice  
San Francisco, Calif.

Just received your letter of August 11 and must say I was more than glad to hear from a friend again and that all was well with you and the company. Sure wish I could see all the old gang again. Well, Harry, I got the shop all set up this week and have been pounding hell out of hot iron, meaning I am doing blacksmith work at the same time. Keeping my eyes peeled for other things that might occur although this isn't such a hot spot but we are going on further in a short time. Harry, I wish I could tell you where I am but can't. You will have to wait until I can send you a card that will only help you guess unless you get that smart country boy, Jessie Collins, to tell you all about it.

Well, boy, I am looking for that Shell news for there isn't anything here to read except mail; no female, either.

I must close for this time, hoping to hear from you again soon, I remain,

Your friend,  
J. E. Manooth, M-1/c

Keyport, Washington

Enclosed you will find the form that the Company sent me to fill out. I have lost my social security number and I don't remember it. I guess though it doesn't make much difference since you have the number any way.

I have been at Keyport one year today. I don't know how long I will be here but am ready anytime they want to send me out.

I want to thank the Shell Oil Company for the nice checks that my wife has received since I came in the Navy.

So far, I haven't met any employees from the Houston Refinery. I tell all the boys here about the Shell allotment. They all say Shell is doing a fine thing toward their working men that are in the service.

Tell all the men hello, and I will see everyone before long.

Yours truly,  
C. S. Coker, S-2/c

Enclosed is the company letter concerning my National Service Life Insurance, which I hope you will find filled out o.k.

It is mighty easy to say "thanks" but I find it indeed difficult to express my gratitude to the company for their generous policy toward the men in service. Feel sure, however, this will pay big future dividends in loyal Shell employees.

Hope things are running smoothly at the plant these days. We are expecting to be in the states before too long now, and I am looking forward to visiting the plant and seeing the fellows who have been carrying on so efficiently in spite of the numerous changes.

Sincerely,  
L. N. Harling

I am sending my renewal for family allowance. Please notice the change in my rating and the date it took effect.

I haven't much time for writing but will say once more, thanks for what the company is doing for their employees in the service.

Otice H. Abbott, S. F. 2/c

College Station, Texas

This letter is to notify you of my change in address. My new address is

A/S James H. Sewell-38411855  
308 C.T.D., Sq. 2, Flight C  
College Station, Texas

I am beginning my Aviation Cadet training and liking it very much.

Yours truly,  
James H. Sewell  
Formerly Control Lab.

## CHIPS FROM THE

## Wood Butchers

By The Oklahoma Kid

Dave Vermillion says that he can hardly wait for that White Christmas and number nine to come down at the same time.

Another Cowart came into the shop the other day wearing dude pants. We thought he was some relation to Harvey Cowart, but he says "Naw" that he is from farther north than Frog Holler.

For several weeks a little rigger has been drifting into our shop around 12 o'clock. We haven't found out yet whether it was for coffee or the dominoe game.

I overheard Fibber and Mrs. Embry discussing edible meats of the small four-footed type and the discussion changed from rabbits to dogs. What have you got Fibber? A Pot hound!

Some still wonder at what nickle and dime store George Marquette purchased that big piece of glass he was flashing here a few weeks ago.

Since Wayne Thames has been so intrigued by the State Guard he wants to do everything by the count. You know; 7:30, 12 and 4.

There will be a new man assigned to our shop, and he will be taking a good man's place. So I wish him good luck with this rough bunch of wood-butchers. Maybe he can learn to dip cope with the rest. "Who knows?"

Niederhofer has learned what "tear it up" means. When Tye says "Tear it up," Niederhofer follows through with no questions answered.

And Jim, if Less weakens, you still have a chance to draw the right dominoe from that little Rigger.

Speaking of the wiles and virtues of Bird Doggings, Fibber McGhee is slipping. After promising Lydia that he would meet her at the big dance he doesn't show up. Thus leaving poor little Lydia to dance with strangers.

Moral—one plus one equals two; two equals "Bigamy."

## Machine Shop

By "Fuzzy" Huff

Our good friend, Koy, has another honor, winning the Purple Heart, as he captured his own company commander twice on maneuvers!

The machine shop has missed the presence of their foreman "Shine," who has been on a two-weeks' vacation.

It has been rumored about that Johnny Campo and Tommy Haggard are joining the Marines. Is it that they are tired of the machine shop or do they really want to fight?

Jack Englishby has done a very good job as "acting foreman" while "Shine was away."

The boys are wondering what the draft board will finally do with Hurta. I'll bet he does, too.

A mighty fine man is being missed in the Sports Parade as Race has been changed to the 4-12 shift.

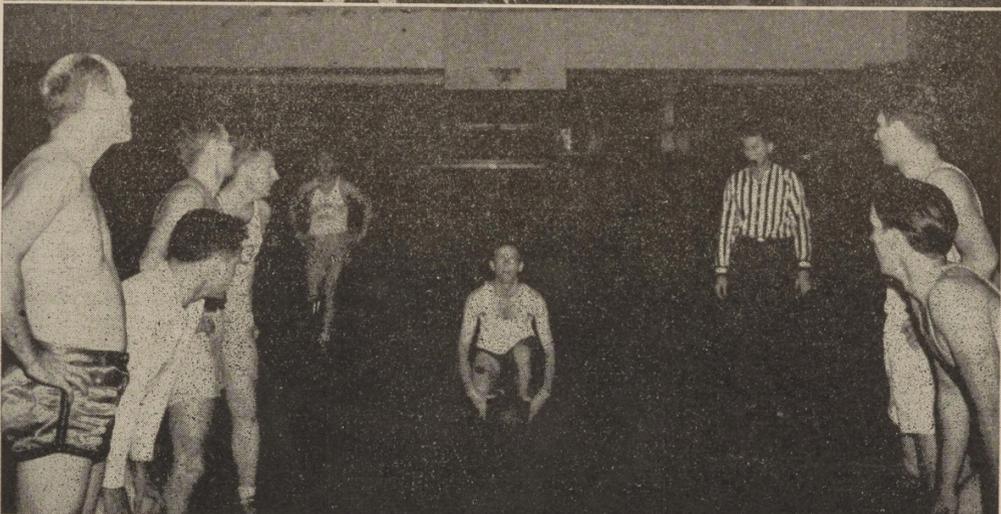
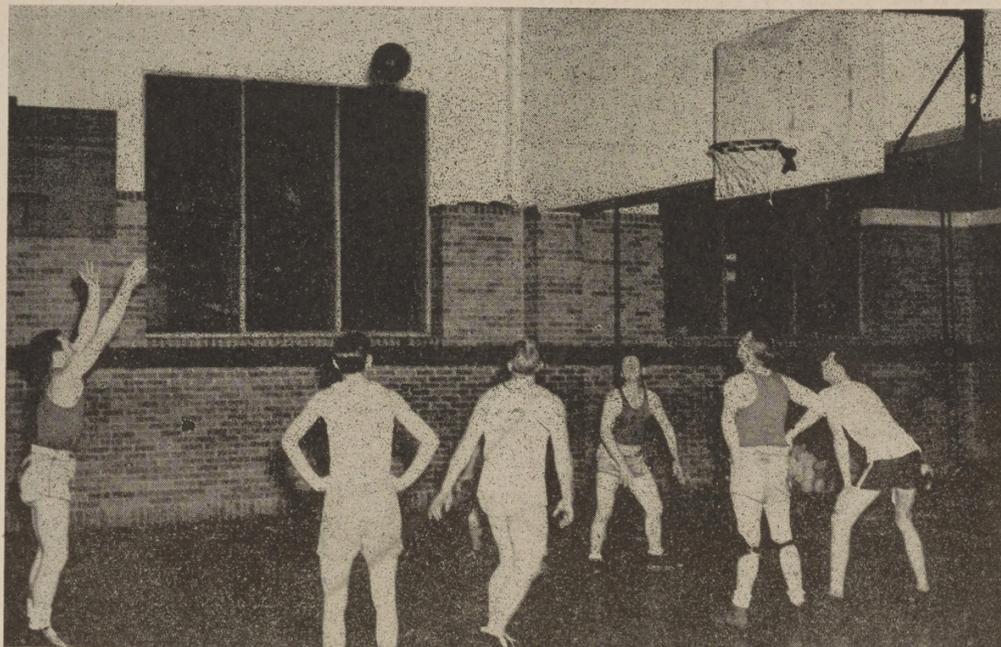
Mr. Lacy, who is always willing to do his bit for the sports program, is now in the machine shop. He comes from the rubber plant.

Congratulations to E. A. Thomas who has just been set up to a first class helper.

The machine shop missed their janitor, Butler, as he was off a week with poisoning.

(Continued on page 8)

## Refinery Basketeers in Action



The Refinery Basketball Committee headed by "Red" Wells has mustered a fast bunch of cagers to form a team which is entered in the San Jacinto League and has proven itself in the three games played thus far. Captained by "Red" Daniels the Shell Basketeers have downed the M & M Society and Dickson Gun Plant and were shaded by the capable Root Park team in their only defeat. Top photograph was taken during the Root Park game and the bottom picture depicts action in the Dickson tilt. Games are played at the Jackson Jr. High School gymnasium.



When this photograph was made a few weeks ago the control Lab team pictured here held the lead in the Bowling League No. 1 competition at the Recreation Palace but recent games in the closely contested race have thrown them back to fifth place three games behind the first place team. Tabulating the score for the group is B. A. Risinger while standing behind him, l to r are Q. C. Stanberry, J. C. Brewer, and J. B. Dahl.

## Research Lab News

Now that the Spirit of Christmas invades the Lab, may our best wishes wend their way to the following Research personnel, now members of our armed forces:

Homer Blankenship, Ralph Young, Dick Walton, Ben Post, Jack Wells, Joe Murphy, John Sabine, John Marshall, Dick Henderson, Pete Davidson, Clark Jackson, Jack Ballew, Jack Dillon, Delmar Bartay, Larry Bruner, Charlie Templeton, and C. J. Carsten. We have recently learned

that John Sabine has become a Lieutenant Colonel at Santa Monica, Cal. Incidentally, let all those unbelievers who thought that the Lab boys were a bunch of "long hairs" cap a gander at the standings in the Shell Research Leagues. They'll find that the Researchers stand and 344 in the bowling league and lead the soft ball league. Looks like all their muscles aren't in their heads.

Congratulations to the two new "ppas" in our midst—B. L. Jones,

Shell Cagers  
Win 2, Lose 1

Shell's basketball team, managed by "Red" Daniels has chalked up two wins out of three, having downed the M&M Society 38-27, and Dixon Gun Plant 35-9. The only defeat was at the hands of Root Park by the close score of 39-36.

High scorers in these games have been Huff and Martin. Cited for good all-around playing are Julian, Daniels, Martin and Warren, with excellent teamwork offered by Williams, Crawford, and Cannon, all of whom have been out regularly for practice as well as for the big games.

With such a good showing for three games, it's easy to see that Manager Daniels is not kidding when he says Shell is out to win the San Jacinto League championship.

and R. P. Trainer—both have baby girls.

Doug Wilson and Nelse Alexander are both home with broken legs. We'll miss them at the big Christmas Lab dinner party. Here's hoping they'll have plenty of bedside cheer, and start out the New Year with both feet on the ground!

## A WAR TIME FORMULA

In recent months, we hear that the demand for secretaries in Washington has become so great that applications ore given one test: They are put in a room with a sewing machine, a washing machine and a typewriter. If they can pick out the typewriter—they're hired!

## Car Dep't News

## holiday greetings



Our fellow worker, Jack Dawson, received a painful injury to his leg, had to be hospitalized and an operation performed. We are all happy to know that he is well on his way recovery.

Pfc. Redding paid us a welcome visit. He says he expects to be sent over seas at once. Best of luck to you, pal; you are one of our favorite people.

Fellows, I suppose we were wrong in suspecting Aline Peacher had something to do with Mr. Hutch's sudden Beau Brummel Complex. He says the one and only reason he wears a necktie is because his doctor demanded that he do so.—I believe you, Hutch, but I know 30 more of the fellows that don't.

Does anyone know why Grady Moats raised the fierce looking mustache just before going to Cisco on his vacation—then clipping it off on his return? Some say it was grown to make him look older to the Cisco Draft Board officials. Others believe it was used to outwit the Cisco sheriff.

"Pee Wee" Irby is one of the easiest going fellows in the Car Shop. He is a quiet, hard-working man that takes everything in his stride without complaint. So you can imagine our amazement when he "blew his top" the other day. He accused Hall of being a flaw in society's plan, a biological freak, etc. After regaining his composure somewhat he told us just what was wrong. He says he had to pay \$12.50 for enough liquor to make him feel like Hall does when Hall is cold sober.

Lester Vessier cannot understand how McShane can consume a box of Copenhagen a day—and yet make scornful remarks about a man who will eat crawfish.

Has anyone noticed the far away look that suddenly comes to Mills' eyes when someone mentions the Piney Woods or the Pea Fields of East Texas?

It would be a most gratifying sight for the late Admiral Dewey if it were possible for him to see his namesake, George Yeary, pilot his Chevrolet through some of those unchartered mudholes at Deer Park.

Lucille Sudwischer says she realizes now what blind flying really means. She says she drove her coupe through those last three fogs from South Houston to Shell with nothing to guide her but the instrument panel on her car. Come to think of it, she was in a fog all by herself the morning after the Country Club Dance.

Don't be surprised if "Whitey" Womble stops carrying on long conversations with himself while operating the crane. He may even go so far as to stop grinning at that photo he carries in his billfold. The reason is he married the girl while on vacation.

"Dipseey Doodle" McGinty is living proof that a Louisiana wolf can be domesticated.

Bessie Mae Ellison is our new tool room girl. She is single; she is pretty; she owns a Lincoln Zephyr with perfect tires and ever dog gone one of us are married.

# And They All Had A Big Time



Scenes at the Houston Country Club which Shell employees packed to the doors at their recent Refinery dance. It was a hilarious occasion for everyone despite the downpour of rain which hindered arrivals and departures.

Top and bottom row pictures are general crowd scenes. In the center row, left, is Miss Frances Trowbridge whose singing was a tremendous hit. Man at the "mike" is Claude Fisher who

offered his services on the harmonica for the entertainment of the crowd. The "Pistol Packin' Mama" is Vivian Tucker whose parody of that song climaxed the floor show.

Couple in the inset are the Gayle Hawks who made the function a "must" on their list during their short visit to Houston. Gayle was storekeeper in the Houston Refinery until his transfer to Wood River in the same capacity.

## Highlights at the Dance

On Saturday night, November 25, Shell employees swarmed all over the Houston Country Club despite drizzling rain and danced to the smooth arrangements of the Music Smiths. The affair was a huge success, the result of the hard and faithful work of the Recreation Association social committee headed by Fay Hilliard.

Statistics showed 336 paid admissions and no casualties, but one eye witness reports that there were at least 500 people there, counting Republicans, staff members, and innocent bystanders.

### Notes on Those We Knew

In spite of the pleadings and warnings of the social committee, several young ladies showed up in their best dress, leading an air of pre-war festivity to the occasion.

W. G. Cannon was very much present, squiring his vivacious brunette missus here and there and seeing to introductions.

A. B. Cruse was hunting high and low for his cute little blonde wife's jacket.

Not so innocent, but infinitely more interesting, was Jesse Collins, who hovered about with a camera and a little bag full of tricks. His usual line was, "Clear the table and look at the birdie folks!" No one has seen the proofs yet.

Two or three soldiers were invited to some of the men's homes for dinner. Some of them wrote letters of appreciation for the swell time they had at the dance. There was not enough G. I. there for the number of girls that showed up with wishful gleams in their eyes.

B. B. "Red" Howell, topping plant stillman, was very much present, making everyone feel at home.

Vivian Tucker, vivacious in formal red, suddenly turned up in cowboy regalia to render "Pistol Packin' Mama."

T. E. Airhart, chief potentate of transportation, had a little trouble getting the five soldiers there, burying his Buick down by the railroad tracks.

Ballew was squiring J. B. Floyd's wife around to see that she didn't miss the bunch.

Johnny Dahl stripped tables of flowers, wearing them in his lapel.

"Bird-dog" Jones tried to teach Jimmy Lee how to negro shuffle.

J. E. Watts, of Dubbs 9, took Garrison from Control Lab.

S. P. Wells strutting his stuff with Lorene from the Loading Racks.

L. J. Duke, the equilibrium chemist, reached a perfect solution, directing traffic and claiming that two cars couldn't go in opposite directions down a one-lane drive.

"Buster" Dorrell and E. B. Ayers

stuck their hind wheel in a No. 18 hole, scoring hole-in-one with no trouble.

Louie Grossheim executed a hybrid dance that slightly resembled "Here we go gathering nuts in May," during the flower show.

Claude Fisher performed admirably on the harmonica, passing out completely from exertion immediately thereafter.

Cecil Brewer's missus was unbelievably hunting for a needle in a haystack.

Harry Kennedy, boilerhouse foreman, was at the dance only in body. The grand "ole" man from the topping department, Bill Carpenter, was forcefully parting dancing partners in a friendly way, but leaning definitely toward the women.

Townsend and Dubbs' Burleson made a cute couple.

Always in the lobby, never on the dance floor, Mr. Foster aroused some comment as to why he never tried to negotiate those steps to the dance floor.

John Dunlap was no slouch when it came to having a good time.

Parker, of the garage, to say the least, was democratic, sharing his sparkling personality with everyone.

Fay Hilliard was a veritable walking bank and had no end of trouble with the mike during intermission.

Sam Gennusa was fine living ex-

## SHIPPING NEWS

By A. W. Calhoun

Some of the recent deer stories in "Looking 'em Over," brings to mind some of the exploits of our Gate Watchman at the west gate, Bob Myers. Bob, however, was taught not to waste shells on such and it seems that he and his brother would go out on a hunt, get their buck spotted, then one of them would go circle around him and trot him back past where the other one was stationed, and as the buck came abreast of him, he'd just step out, and "just like that," he'd cut his throat.—So, I don't know, I'm not a deer hunter.

Eugene Jones, Gordon Hightower, and Sam Gennusa got a great kick out of listening to several others shooting ducks recently and watching the birds fly in over the blinds. I believe they tell it that Sam failed to make the reservations for a boat; Sam killed one lark.

Frank (Texaco) L... in giving farmer Burkhalter some assistance and advice on keeping the curl properly set in his hair.

And speaking of hair reminds me that a few days ago, a bunch of the boys at Main Oil were figuring on circulating a petition to raise funds to get W. H. Cook (Pride of Crockett, Texas) a "metropolitan hair cut."

Don McCants and Dave Riffle ironing out a few kinks in the B.P.L. and W.E.P.L. manifolds.

Bob Kingsbury still has a few more chances left on his board on some lots of land near South Houston. Bob has really displayed lots of patience with this project. Maybe someone will realize a Christmas present out of it—next year.

Tom Osborn, reporting exceptionally good luck on a quail hunt over in Montgomery County—also that a "new arrival" is due at his house in mid-December.

Ed Overhultz has been hauling in lots of fish from the Bay since this cool weather blew in and got conditions good.

G. W. Matthews passing around some fresh sausage from up Nacogdoches way, and Boy Oh Boy, were they good—and point free, too!

Our zone machinist decided that he'd like a warm lunch so he brings himself out some bacon and eggs and, novice like as he picked 'em up off the hot plate to put 'em over in his dinner plate he let some of the hot grease drip on his hand and when we took a look to see what was causing all the commotion, there he stood with his hand in his mouth, and his egg, bacon and plate in about so many pieces all over the floor.

Oscar Rape should be getting back into town any day now, and then all hands are going to enjoy a venison roast.

Otis Joines getting poultry minded these days, has just about decided not to try and cull any more of his hens—he got more eggs from his culls than he did from all the others put together.

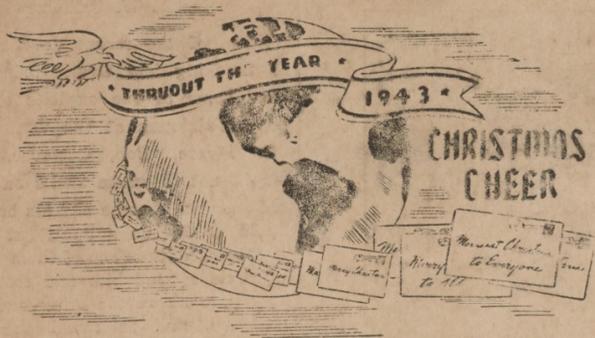
Less Williams and a bunch of the boys planning an oyster grappling trip. This should be right on the beam for those that like oysters, cause Les really knows his stuff.

Jack (Pappy) Brashear in much better spirits lately.

The season's greetings to you all. Absit Omen.



## CHEMICAL DIVISION NEWS



By Buzz Barton

Here we are again, as usual, short on news but long on wind. This old scribe has just finished putting up the Christmas tree and leans back with a Rye highball to appraise the handiwork and to mull over a few events of the past and future. (Wonder where the wife managed to find this stuff—Oh well.)

Seeing that tree sitting there just asparklin', s' brings Christmas close a'gain. Recall we had a good time last year. Sang carols on the bus, and a bunch of us headed for Kelley's after work. There were songs and witty stories, man toasts and lots of laughs and then, in a group, we headed for the stores to finish up that last little bit of shopping. Something for the "little woman!"

With Walt Myers we dickered long over the sizes, colors, and other merits of various negligees. Tried to get some modeled but no soap. Helped Jack Corkins on his way with a mirror for Phoebe. Recall Caroline Morrison received some perfume; as we all lined up at the counter, and each got sprayed with a different brand, then Jack walked down the line sniffing 'til he found the one he liked. Forget now just who was "it." (Bet it wasn't Beckman, because if it was, Mrs. M. got a bottle of Bourbon.) Carl MacHenry and I being sportsmen, cast a line at the five and dime, where we caught two spanking goldfish for Mrs. B. We were quite proud of our prowess as fishermen, but it couldn't compare to the skill and dexterity required to bring them home in the bowl without spilling any water, well hardly any. (To be honest, one fish had to walk the last two blocks.)

Well, enough of the past, what's cookin' more recently. (Say that's not bad Rye—oh hon, how about warming up this ice—I'm plumb tucked out from decorating that tree. Atta girl!)

Freddie Taylor sure mislabeled "Old Mac" in his cartoon. That boy advanced about five steps in rank and on Christmas Eve, takes as his bride, Miss Bessie Box. Bess, who worked both at the Refinery office and here, is well known to us all. Everyone joins me in wishing them a very long and very happy married life together.

While on the subject of matrimony Viv Tucker tells us her eldest daughter, Penny, who hied to S. F. a couple of months ago to check for herself on the claims of the California Chamber of Commerce, has wired home the news of her recent marriage to her Texas beau of three years standing. He is a member of the Merchant Marine and is now shipping out of the Coast City. Smart boy, he didn't sell that California moonlight short. Viv is tickled to death and says she has not only gained a son, but someone to cut the lawn. (Post war planning.)

A hearty welcome to the two new members of "Our Gang." Bob Burton, as chemist, and Bonnie Mebane who replaces Jean Franks in the of-

fice. Jean will don the mufti of the plant protection corps as an escort. The Chemical Division's contribution to "The pistol packin' mamas." Good luck, Jean; keep your powder dry.

Doesn't Morg Williams look good after his vacation? And that shiny new hat with the red insignia on the front. Now if we can only get him a motor scooter. "Look out Louie!"

Cleo Bowers is back from two weeks' vacation spent at the home of her brother, a captain in the Air Corps at Marfa, Texas. If I recall correctly, our Cleo had a nasty skin ailment just before her vacation, diagnosed by the doctors in the lab as Pineywoods poison ivy, Lufkin variety. Let's hope there's no recurrence of this misery, or how she got it. (That is really good Rye, but I know my darlin'—the only way I can get another one is to pull a faint, and that's out, have to finish up here.)

The bowling on Friday nights continues to be an eagerly awaited pleasure by all of us here. Shell Chemical No. 1 was sabotaged by our girls' team who softened them up with sweet talk before the game, then strolled onto the alleys and won 3 out of 3. That was more than enough to keep the boys out of first place in the league at the South Main lanes. "Girls—from now on, save those nights for our friends from down below, if you know what I mean. Especially you, Ede, with those 153 games."

Tommie Thomas, our head chemist, came down to the alleys the other night. Visited at each scoreboard and gave everyone a few very valuable pointers on the proper stance and just the correct twist of the right wrist. Silly people—not for bowling—for drinking beer.

Well, fellas and gals, time for bed and this is the last of the chatter for 1943. To each and everyone of you, and all those who have left us to insure a Christmas tree and Santa for us next year, a grand festive season and a victorious '44!

## Life Is a Funny Proposition

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraires and misunderstandings by the balance of our species. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties he is a damn fool; if he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small check, he is a thief; and then the law raises the devil with him; if he is a poor man he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart; if he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics you can't place him as he is an undesirable citizen; if he goes to church he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church he is a sinner; if he donates to war relief he does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and tightwad. When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him. Before

## Service Veterans



A. S. MITCHELL

Twenty years of working for Shell has gone by without a bit of regret for A. S. Mitchell, Acting Head Stillman, Cracking.

"Mitch"—as he is known by all of his men except the greenest of pressurement—was one of fifteen men employed in the Wood River Refinery to operate the new Dubbs Stills in 1923. Of that number he recalls only Jim Ellison of Wood River is still working for "Uncle Joe." A temporary shutdown put him to painting and "bullganging" but he was soon back on the units and in December, 1929, he was transferred to Houston to help start the Cracking units.

"After the units were started and the fog cleared away they discovered they had one more stillman than they needed," he relates, "so to keep from disrupting the operation



O. R. FELTON

O. R. "Buddy" Felten, Zone Supervisor, finished his twenty-fifth year of service with Shell this month.

"Buddy" worked his way up through the Pipe Department at the Wood River Refinery from helper in 1918 to foreman in 1927. He was promoted later to Zone Supervisor and in 1937 he was transferred to Houston in the same capacity. His stock of tall tales and high good humor is recognized throughout the plant.

on the units they put me in the office as Assistant Head Stillman and I have been here ever since."

Mitch was recently moved up as Head Stillman to replace John Dunlap, who took over the Assistant Superintendent's post during the illness of L. C. Burroughs.

## GAS DEPARTMENT

By H. D. Chapman, Jr.

J. P. Okie, our department head, has been transferred to Dumas, Texas. Mr. Okie was presented with a very nice desk set by the employees of the Gas Department. Good luck, fellow—we really hated to see you go.

R. E. Tucker, who has been absent for some time, should be about ready to return to work.

Who was locking who out of the locker that E. D. Runnels and J. H. Naschke share? Noticed there were two locks on it recently.

N. W. Christensen offering to wager \$10 that the Gas Department would defeat the Research Lab—Chris pitched; they did not; bet you're glad you didn't get it called.

By the time this goes to press, we are liable to be minus the services of E. D. Runnels, J. R. Vawter, L. Havard and N. E. Cowan. Army looking 'em over.

F. M. McClain is the most worried man in the Gas Department. Mac, who hates to lose any time, misread his schedule and missed his first 4-12 shift. This, coupled with the fact that he had just got over the water hose conking him on the head and Okie locking him in the rest room (he escaped by the window) caused him to have heart trouble. Mack took off sick but later found out that it was just a torn ligament in

he goes out they all want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way.

Yes, life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it, just the same.

his chest. No sooner is he recovered from the chest ailment than the date for a blessed event is staring him in the face. It was a boy. Mother and son are doing well.

Bergin has returned to work after preparing himself for some "China Clippers."

We read a letter from Lt. Col. T. S. Lighthouse in which he wrote, "We have a grand outfit of number one guys. It makes me proud to know that so many different types of men can be assembled and spot welded into one big moving outfit—and we are doing that in no small manner.

We have been on shift work for the past year or so. Twenty-four hours a day finds us slugging away, always business at the old home-stand—and we have tried it all. Constantly being busy makes the time fly and sort of cuts out the gripes—all of which is a good thing. We've battled everything from man to father time and have yet to bow our head. It can be truly said that each soldier in this outfit has contributed to our fine record. You just can't beat the American soldier; he's a great guy."

I don't think we need worry about our men as long as we have officers that feel this way.

In the recent Bus Club election there was a lot of "Politickin" which was really hot and campaigning was at a terrific pace.

We've had a procession of department heads since Okie left. Frech took over while Svec was on vacation; Svec took over but was transferred to Norco as head of the gas department and our new department head is due in any time now.

Joe H. "Sugar" Wheat's nickname has been changed to "Reflux." Ac-

## Machine Shop News

(Continued from page 6)

It has been rumored that "Rusty" Chalmers is going to raffle off twenty-one jewel Bulova watch. How about first chance, Rusty?

The helpers would rather work with Tommy Billingsley because they say he has more patience and tries to teach them more.

We are awful glad Hardy came out all right on his operation and is back with us.

L. Akin has been acting second class machinist and doing a fine job. More power to you, Akin.

Reed is back to work after a brief lay-off with his eyes. Glad to see you back, Reed.

Does anyone know what has happened to Lula Belle? What, no noise any more?

Has anyone heard from John? He must be having a good time in Chicago.

Our new foreman, Fraser, is a mighty fine man and has been doing a good job as a leader.

Take it easy, Bergfeld. Black has been elected as Bus President. Your fees aren't going up.

Wonder when Richmond is going to buy some Copenhagen? He likes to dip, but never has anything to dip.

The machine shop is missing Frank Olexa, while he is enjoying a two weeks' vacation.

Wouldn't this be a swell world to work in if all the men were as jolly to work with as "Tool Room Jimmy?"

I have been trying to find out what "Red" Wells likes best, to play basketball or ride a horse. How about it, Red?

According to Hinton, who was competing against Joe for the coffee trade in Poly Division, after discovering that Hinton was dispensing coffee free, took his pot over and refluxed it about one-half full and went "home." Hinton wonders if "Reflux" is going to include receipts from his coffee trade in his gross income tax report.

Good! Naschke and Thew are now assistant department heads.

Several men in this department are seriously considering going to Cactus-Dumas job. Seriously doubt that exodus will be any greater than was Sweeney.

Joe Wheat has been doing technical work lately—fast becoming expert on temperature control and thermometer discrepancies.

We received a Christmas card from E. R. Nichols, who is still stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

I. L. Ham—write to Claude Stewart; he wants your address. Looks like he wants to get in your outfit. He's hot at the draft board.

M. J. Woody—why don't you write us?

A. M. Gore has gone to the Marines.

L. E. Anderson, who had a lot of success selling Christmas cards, is going all out for the Robert E. Lee Ganders after their 52-13 defeat of Thomas Jefferson—better go easy on the bankroll, Andy, Lufkin has 11 men on their team that have played quite a bit of football.