

Recreation Shorts

The playoff for the softball championship has been postponed until the beginning of competition next season, according to officials of the Recreation Association. The Instrument Shop and Research Lab teams won in their respective leagues but were unable to schedule a playoff date because of inclement weather and wet diamonds.

BASEBALL

By taking back our baseball players who have been playing on other semi-pro teams around Houston for the past few years it is figured that the Houston Refinery can place a fast club in the semi-pro league here. Efforts are being made to crash into the Gulf Coast Semi-pro League.

SOFTBALL

Intra-mural softball teams and two teams for city competition will be formed if present plans of the Recreation Association work out.

BASKET BALL

The basketball season is over with Shell copping the championship in the San Jacinto League despite the fact that they started late, had no gym for practice, and the players on shift work couldn't always report. That they lost out in the city playoff does not mean that the team isn't one of the best. Watch 'em next season.

TENNIS

Girls tennis matches are going ahead although only a score of more indicated interest in a tournament. Interest will pick up when you can see your shadow on the ground.

BOWLING

The Engineering Inspectors have won the championship in League No. 2 and the Research Lab No. 1 team has a three-game lead in League No. 1. Plans were to end bowling until after summer but popular demand will continue another round of play for nine weeks through April 28.

DANCE

Another big dance comes off tomorrow night at the Arabia Temple, Prairie and Austin. For the price of a dollar and a dime per person you can join the gang for the fun.

CHESS

The Chess tourney enters the finals with Mulvey and Moyers pitted. Bets are about even.

DANCING

SATURDAY, MARCH 4

9 to 1

Arabia Temple

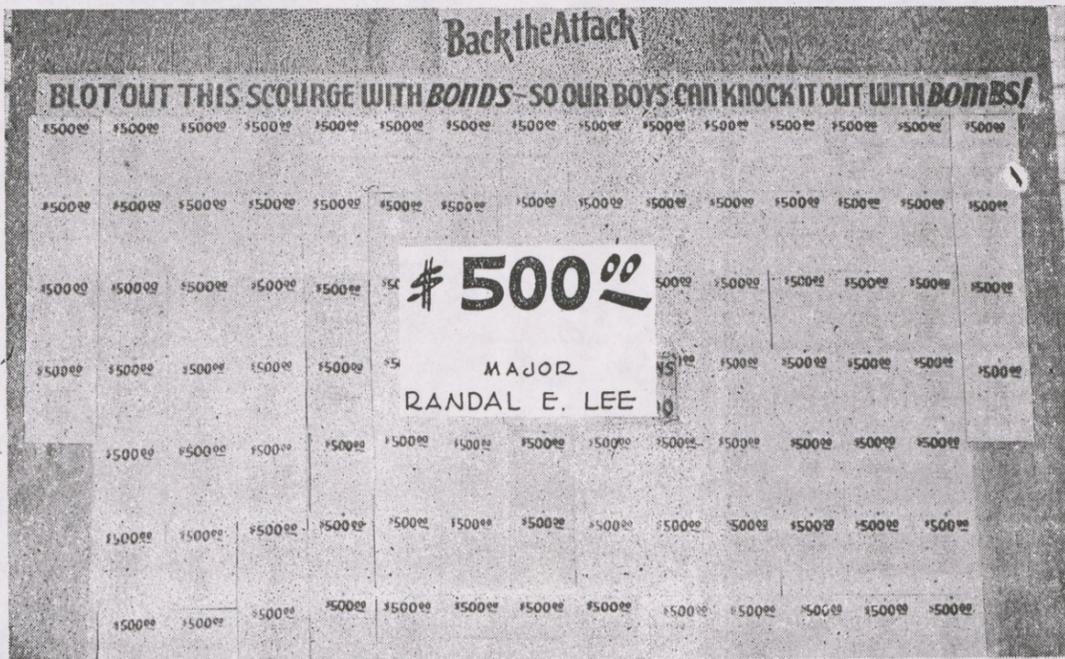
Austin at Prairie

MUSIC BY BILL ANTONE
and His Shell Orchestra

\$1.10 per Person
Sponsored by

REFINERY
RECREATION
ASSOCIATION

Employees Obliterate Nazi Rag With Bond Purchases



Employees of the Houston Refinery aided in putting over the Fourth War Loan in Harris County and the nation in February by purchasing a total of \$105,000 in War Bonds.

The purchases covered the captured banner, pictured at the left, as the drive opened and above, after the drive closed. The banner, which was sent from Naples by one of the refinery employees on military leave, was posted on a huge board in the Cafeteria and as \$500 in bonds was sold a placard with the purchasers names inscribed thereon was nailed over a portion of the flag.

The big card (inset) is an enlargement of the card indicating a purchase by Major Randal E. Lee, Chief Draftsman on military duty in the Pacific. Major Lee sent word to Mrs. Lee to make the purchase.

Credit for the successful drive goes to those employees who dug deep to help the Fourth War Loan; to the women employees who contacted employees in all departments to sell the bonds; and to the Refinery Federal Credit Union which issued the bonds so promptly.

BOND WINNERS

Six twenty-five dollar War Bonds were awarded to bowlers in the two league Bond Tourney held February 10-11.

Winners were W. D. Negrotto, Instrument Shop; H. W. Adams, Refinery Engineering Field; E. S. Robb, Main Office No. 2; Fritz McLellan, Engineering Inspectors; R. E. Elliott, Chemical Division; and R. P. Kenny, Chemical Division.

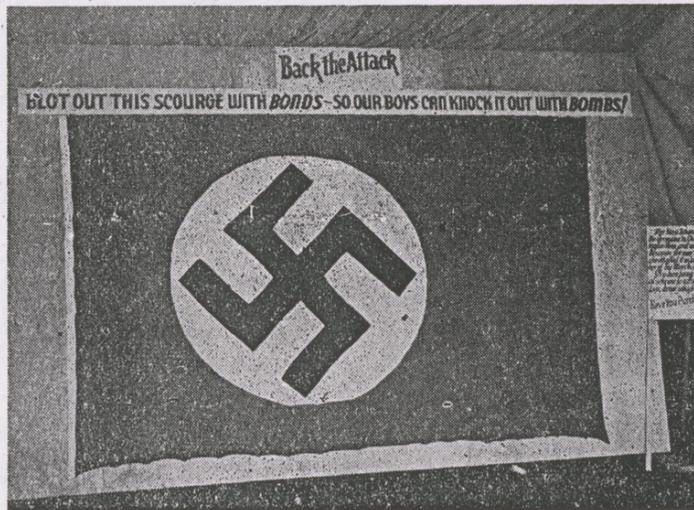
T. C. Huffman Missing In Flight Over Greece

S/Sgt. T. C. Huffman, 29, has been reported as missing in action according to word received from his wife, Mrs. Aline Huffman, 707 E. Ninth St., Houston.

Huffman was gunner on a flying fortress in a mission over Greece on January 11, the date the War Department declares him missing. He had been in the Mediterranean Area since October, 1943.

He left the Houston Refinery on November 1, 1942, from the Dispatching department where he had been employed since August 9, 1939.

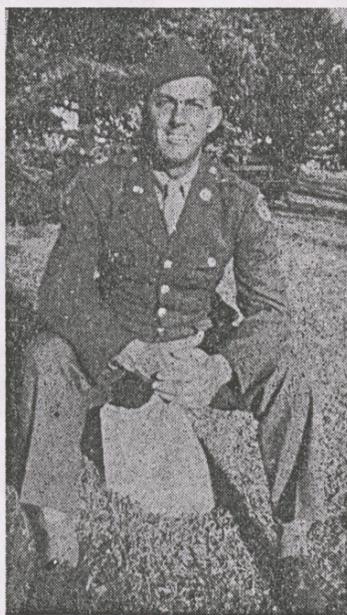
As It Was Before The Bond Drive



Mike Bady Pens Interesting Letter Covering Sights of Pacific Islands

Care P. M. San Francisco

Recently I read in one of the Shellegrams about a couple of the Shell men who are on the Hawaii Islands. I also noted the description of the things they saw there. It so happens that at the present time I am on the same island, but in my nine months here I have been stationed at five different islands.



T. C. HUFFMAN

I have crossed the Pali, which is a mountain pass road from which one can get a good view of the ocean and the surrounding country. There the upside down falls can be seen where the water comes rushing down the mountain and about half way down the wind blows the water back up.

I have also seen the Mormon Temple here. The ground covers several acres. A pool is built in front of the Temple similar to the one at the San Jacinto Battlegrounds. There are trees, flowers and shrubbery, characteristic of both Hawaii and the States, growing around the Temple. It surely is a wonderful place to see. The world's most perfect umbrella tree is located here also which Ripley had a picture of in the paper not long ago.

Among other things I have seen the water buffalo that the natives use for cultivation purposes. One of their chief products is poi which they make from the roots of the Taro plant. The lower class of people, I am told, use this poi instead of bread. They use the leaves of the plant for some other edible food.

I have seen some of the concrete barracks that still show the marks of December 7, and I have seen Honolulu and Waikiki Beach from the air several times.

You can talk about the sunset and

(Continued on page 6)

Inspectors Cop Championship In Bowling League

First place honors in League No. 2 which bowls each Thursday night at the Main Alleys on Prairie went to the Engineering Inspectors who finished the round eight games in front of their nearest opponents, the Technologists.

The first place prize money amounted to twenty dollars plus five cents for each game won. Fifteen dollars plus game money was the second place award.

Distribution of prize money for the coming round of nine weeks will be on the basis of fifty cents for each game won.

High team game for the season was set by Main Office No. 2 with 839; High team series was set by Main Office No. 1 with 2389.

Individual honors for high game and series went to D. B. Smith, Technologists, for his 239-613, set several weeks ago.

Final Standings for the teams are listed below.

Team—	W.	L.
Engineer Inspectors	39	15
Technologists	31	23
Main Office No. 2	30	24
Main Office No. 1	29	25
Cracking	29	25
Electric Shop	29	25
Industrial Engineering	26	28
Car Shop No. 1	15	29
Control Lab No. 2	13	31

Thorn Sets New High; Research No. 1 Team Leads

George Thorn, Refinery Engineering Field team, set a new high game and series of 233-601 at the Recreation Palace during February while the No. 1 Research Lab team increased their lead to three games over the second place Chemical Division No. 1 team.

High team game and series is still held by the leaders also with a 723-2079.

Annie Mae Lawrence remains high among the women bowlers with 179-457.

While the Main Alley league (No. 2) began a new round of play on March 2, the Recreation bowlers decided to continue their present round to April 28 which will mark the end of the League No. 2's next round.

TEAM STANDINGS

Team—	W.	L.
Research Lab No. 1	38	15
Chemical Division No. 1	35	19
Control Lab No. 1	33	20
Refinery Eng. Field	33	27
Research Lab No. 2	32	21
Chemical Division No. 2	32	21
Research Lab No. 3	31	23
Machine Shop	20	23
Drafting	30	23
Instrument Shop	30	23
Chem. Division, Eng. F.	28	26
Yield	25	28
Warehouse	21	32
Car Shop No. 2	21	32
Field Automotive	21	32
Industrial Relations	20	33
Research Lab No. 4	20	33
Chemical Division No. 4	20	34
Automotive	18	35
Car Shop No. 3	15	39

SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Co., Houston Refinery
Published Monthly

Editor Jesse Collins
Staff Adviser P. E. Hurley

DEPARTMENTAL

Shipping A. W. Calhoun
Stores A. M. Eaton
Research Laboratory Lois Norton
Control Laboratory C. S. Burch
Boilerhouse M. P. Marrie
Cooling Water L. R. Meyers
Cracking No. 1-8 C. C. Suggs
Cracking No. 9 J. T. McMahon
Chemical Division B. R. Barton
H. W. Fisher
Topping S. P. Davis
Treaters R. G. Funk
Car Shop H. J. McShane
Automotive-Garage G. W. Blanyer, E. S. Mahoney
Engineering Office M. W. Gable



Main Office News

By H. W. Beckman

Since Harry Taylor's transfer to the Texas-Gulf Area office (Shell Building to you) Iris Harmon has been "heckling" Billy Wilson instead. We recommend that all persons usually "eating out," bring lunches occasionally and listen to the three cornered arguments between Iris, Billy and Betty McCambridge. Such conversation!!!

What with withholding taxes, partial payments, long forms, short forms, separate returns, unforgiven portion, 1942 higher than 1943, medical expenses, interest, contributions, etc., etc., March 15 will bring welcome relief!!!

"Eddie" Logan has taken exception to our mentioning his son's bow tie, without giving space to a certain shirt of many colors (red predominant.) To keep "Eddie" happy, we mention said shirt and remind him that it is being worn on special occasions. That's more than he can say about his tie. No one has seen or heard of it for some weeks. We believe our Debonair Dagwood has been convinced!!!

Another complaint emanates from the Dispatching office, namely: Dudley Ellis demands a retraction of our statement as to requirements for obtaining a half pint of Seven Crown. We were wrong. A half case purchase of synthetic gin is the only requirement. (In addition to the post-ed (?) ceiling price, of course.)

Miss Virginia Eads (or Mrs. V. E. Ellis) has complained about the small space devoted to the Staff Payroll Section in this column. So, we give with the Staff news: The aforementioned Virginia must have a very large appetite!! We notice that she partakes a mid-morning and mid-afternoon snack almost daily. Our Broadmoor bus representative states that it is not at all unusual for her to eat an apple or two on the way home. "Figgy's" flat assertion that two cannot live as cheaply as one is therefore understandable.

Have you heard about:

Buster Dorrell's difficulty in pronouncing our new office manager's name?

"Figgy" Ellis' promotion to rank of Captain?

Eight Employees Finish Math Course

"Professor" Joe Yates announces graduation exercises in mathematics for petroleum industrial workers held February 14. The following completed the requirements of the course: Geo. Werner, A. W. Fields, G. L. Brannen of the Insulators; C. M. Wolters, R. H. Schultz, H. R. Byrne of the Cracking; J. H. Griffey of the Gas, and T. A. Barker of the Boilermakers.

Chief Engineer Robb winning a war bond in the recent bowling tournament?

The Texas University Course in Refinery Accounting?

Todd Briggs news title: "Pin-Up Boy?"

Not Main Office News

You've heard of Jeeps and Peeps (sons of jeeps) but you should see Otto Cuppy's creation. It looks like a cross between a Mack Truck, a jeep and an Austin. All the boys at the garage must have had a hand in its manufacture and judging by certain refinements, the girls probably also assisted. Otto calls it a "CREEP."

Dubbs 9 News

By J. T. McMahan

No. 9 had its first lost time accident since its inception. Miss Culbreth, while inspecting the lubricating system let her hair become entangled in the Light Oil engine. We regret it but mighty happy it was no worse.

B. F. Coffman is really putting on the weight around the midriff. Says he wants to give Uncle Sam something to work on when he reports.

"Red" Julian had a big night on the basket ball court recently when he tallied a dozen or so points in a hotly contested game. Red will gladly talk about it.

Homer Warren, an all around good man is also popular with the weaker sex. What's the secret here, Bud?

"Woo Woo" Carlisle isn't interested in doubling on certain shifts. Explanation please, dark and handsome.

"Curly" Clinton wants to know why everybody has to holler at him when he is down town with his wife.

What has happened to that pretty interviewing suit, Wally?

We have a new pressurette, Mrs. Noel Smith, who hails from California up to Frisco way. Mr. Smith is located at Ellington Field in the service. May your stay be long and pleasant.

Word from Herral Dial states he is doing O. K. in the South Pacific and hoping for a furlough.

A "V" letter from Dick Grasse somewhere in England says he had a nice crossing and is enjoying the scenery.

Hats off to J. D. Gore for his Bond buying in the Fourth drive. It would be a long time between drivers if everybody would dig as he did.

P. E. Keegan Transferred to New York; M. S. Hale Is New Industrial Relations Head



M. S. HALE

Mahlon S. Hale comes to the Houston Refinery as head of the Industrial Relations Department from the Head Office Industrial Relations Department.

Prior to joining Shell on January 1, 1943, he was Assistant Regional Director of the Wage Hour Division for the states of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia, where he took his LLB degree.

After a brief skirmish with the Houston housing problem, he obtained quarters for Mrs. Hale and their three year old son who joined him last week.

Chief among his hobbies are hunting and fishing but he says they are fast becoming a dream since the war started.

Field Office Notes

It seems to me there is a story circulating around about some alligator steaks. Have you heard all the details? For further information contact "Buddy" Felton. Was his face red?

We're glad to see "Sugar" back at her desk after her recent illness. Perhaps she forgot to let go when she slung that last rolling pin.

We all extend our most sincere sympathies to Helen on the loss of her father.

Florine is back from vacationing in Kansas, and is setting the fellows right about the Indians in Kansas. She says there aren't any. Can it be possible? Well, could be since there seem to be quite a few in our own Engineering Field.

Who took whose picture on a certain bus one afternoon?

Mr. Dobson was presented with a neat little shoe shine kit recently. And then there was a bet on a bowling game between Dobson and Elliott. Elliott's shoe sure had a shine the next day. Dobbie's shoe shine kit



P. E. KEEGAN

P. E. Keegan leaves the Houston Refinery after fourteen years to take over his new duties as Assistant Head of Personnel, in Head Office, New York. He will leave about April 1.

"Pete" began his career in the Refinery as safety man in 1930 and later was made employment manager in the days when the entire personnel numbered only a few hundred.

He watched his department grow through the years and the name was changed to Industrial Relations. His only regret over the growth of his position and responsibility was the fact that no longer was he in close touch with the new employees.

Adept at remembering faces and little things such as initials, dates, and other details, he is sometimes referred to by his office staff as the walking encyclopedia.

One of his little known monickers is the "human propeller" which he picked up back in prewar days when he indulged in his favorite hobby of fishing and always insisted on rowing the boat—which he did in tireless fashion. Nearly every Saturday morning when he wasn't on staff duty, Pete would awaken and listen for the rustling of pine trees on staff row. If it was too windy, he went back to sleep. If not, you could later find him somewhere on the bay trying his luck. Any of the old time fishermen in the refinery can attest to his enthusiasm for the sport for if one hasn't made several trips with him he and Pete have at least compared notes on where and how to get 'em.

His promotion has been well earned, and our best wishes for his continued success and happiness go with him.

had a slightly "used" look about it. Now who is shining whose shoes?

—Jackie

Car Dep't News

By H. J. McShane

Let's start this month's column off with a "growl" to the fellows who left us to enter the armed services, then apparently forgot us. We know this issue of the Shellegram will eventually catch up with you guys, so when it does why not drop us a line and let us know how you are getting along? There is not a day that passes that someone doesn't ask about one of you. We are all proud of you fellows and are looking forward to your safe return.

"Wrong Way" McEuen says it would simplify his job a lot and at the same time speed up production if someone would put a "this side up" sign on all the side frames. His helper, "Red" Brown thinks that Mack means well, but he seems to have his mind on that photograph contest he is so determined to win.

Our welder, Ben Martin, reports overhearing the following conversation:

He: Please.

She: No.

He: Just this once.

She: No.

He: Aw, hell Ma, all the other kids are going barefoot.

Irby is doing his part to keep down the threat of inflation. He quit buying chewing tobacco; the trouble is that he won't quit chewing.

We have all heard of the Nimrods using duck calls, also moose calls, but leave it to "Form 505" Hutchinson to dope out a fish call. He claims his gadget perfectly imitates the mating call of all the deep water denizens—The weird call of the "hoss" mackerel is giving him a little trouble at present, but says he is sure he can overcome this difficulty by raising the sound pitch about two octaves above High C.

Our personal nominee for the best pair of eyes in these parts is "Preacher" Montz. It is nothing at all for him to spot a missing lock—not at forty car lengths. He is certainly an easy man to get along with since his wife brought him a gallon of crawfish from Louisiana a few weeks ago.

Lucille Sudwischer will have a vacation coming up in a short while. She can't think of any place to go. Campbell thinks she should go where Coburn suggested.

Mills is practicing faithfully for the big dance, but has given up the idea of being a jitterbug. Seems as though he tried a fast Susie Q. routine and wound up with the crease gone from his pants and a pair of arches that crack and snap with every step he takes.

"Blinky" Hall and "Two Ton" Janak will gladly explain anything that anyone wants to know any day during the half hour lunch period. It is rumored that "Blinky" was vaccinated with a victrola needle—while Janak got that way listening to the quiz kids.

Hey, Collector of Internal Revenue, can I deduct the \$18 worth of potatoes that George Yeary's cow consumed out of my victory garden last fall?

We just discovered why Fred Lynch is in such a rush to be on his way home the last couple of months. If nothing detains him, he reaches home just in time to hear his favorite radio program "Terry and the Pirates."

He: "Whenever I stand up to make a speech I don't know what to do with my hands."

She: "Are you making a speech now?"

Inspectors Bowling Champs In League No. 1



The Engineering Inspectors bowled their way into the Bowling League No. 2 championship at the Main Alley, February 24, with an eight game lead over their closest opponents, the Technologists.

Left to right are, W. A. Elliott, captain; Fritz McLellan, Joe Yates, P. L. "Curley" Tompkins, Bert Mueller, and J. R. Herrmann. Hubbell, Schroeder, and Williams were not present for the picture.

Boilerhouse Steam

By F. A. Bly

A welcome is extended to Bedel and Hendley, who are our two new helpers.

According to the latest reports Oscar Derrington must be quite a man. He is now supposed to have taken Hutchins' and Moody's place in the boilerhouse.

Bishop's recent Sunday dinner was a great success. Just one casualty, R. C. Grothe broke three stays in his corset.

Watertender Ruff announces that he now checks all boilerwater on the half hour and on the hour.

W. N. Landrum after a short sick leave took off on vacation.

Bishop now carries two pieces of pie in his lunch. I wonder why? He never eats but one piece.

Much to Neal's chagrin H. J. Kennedy recently enjoyed a very good chicken and spaghetti dinner with all the trimmings at the M. P. Marrie home.

Observed: R. C. Grothe showing "Little Eva" how to take the readings in the generator room, but why was he down on the floor on his hands and knees? Maybe she was going to ride piggy's back.

Laake is now beginning to share his wisdom with others.

One day shift a real live honest to goodness four legged bird dog walked into the boilerhouse. I took him to the generator room for Herbert to see. Herbert was highly insulted, even Harry almost had an apopleptic fit.

Wanted: One cat; contact Bickley at the boilerhouse.

Tony Ferrard is looking more serious than ever.

Neal has been going around with a very pleased look on his face lately. One of those "cat that swallowed the canary" looks.

The owner of the following letter may have the original by properly identifying himself:

Dearest Silent Night: So sorry to keep you waiting for coffee every day. Due to all the department personnel except the fireman under our feet all day, it is almost impossible to keep up our work, besides making an occasional pot of coffee.

Henceforth we are going to try to do better. Please enjoy this cup of Java with our compliments for it may be the last one today. We are now being approached by nine Dalmatians and one Pekingese puppy. Poor little puppy is dragging a 22 rifle and an outboard motor.

So long curly haired boy. See you later.

Signed
Love and Kisses

Bly: "Okay, Red, choose your weapons."

Massey: "Ten foot swabs and a bucket of settlings and hurry up because I am on my way to Puerto Rico."

Griffin has definitely decided against any more doublings over on graveyard on Saturday night, schedule or no schedule. He says that kind of a double is just too hard to explain.

Bedel is running Ace a close second on dipping Copenhagen. Drew is now out of the race.

Transportation: H. J. Kennedy Taxicab and Drive Ur'self Motor Company. Good Cars; free oil and drinks to La Porte Road and Broad-

Recreation Bowlers



In the layout above are scenes at the Friday night bowling league at the Recreation Palace on South Main. Pictures are by Ralph Miller.

way. Contact Harry Kennedy at the boilerhouse 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. for fur-

Wouldn't it be awful if the company really did do away with the bicycles. Walking around this plant wouldn't be one bit funny. Pedaling is much easier and faster. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

Pipefitter White, the boilerhouse technician, stated that he had cut a piece of pipe three times and after each cutting it was still too short.

If Mrs. Pugh could have had some of the lemon pie that Ray baked for our recent Sunday dinner she would have been proud of him. We all agreed that it was tops, but we were very much surprised to learn that Ray could bake so well.

All the shift foremen should be happy now that Grothe gives the treated water his personal attention.

By M. P. M.

E. Bickley can arouse undue attention from the firing floor when signaling load changes from the generator room without much effort. He gives O. J. Ruff the creeps with his ghost like warble, which sounds like a Jellogaloo bird singing in a coco cola tree or foot steps approaching on horseback coming down stairs in a boat.

Speaking of load change callers Sgt. C. V. White, who is stationed in England was a past master at this art. He couldn't whistle so he devel-

oped a yell that could be heard above the noise of 9 boilers with all super heater drains opened at the same time. He sounded like an Indian squaw being attacked by a cross between a pack of West Texas coyotes and a bull fiddle being played above the bridge.

If time allowed, I would tell you more, but I must buy that health and accident insurance.

Sweet Gal (near the haystack in the meadow): "But Tommy, you said we were coming out here to look for the needle!"

Shine, Shine Shoe Shine Boy



Some anonymous person or persons presented J. P. Dobson with a shoe shine box at the Main Bowling Alley before a recent match between the Inspectors and Main Office No. 2 teams. Realizing that the opponents were trying to sabotage his team's chances for victory with the gag Dobbie fired a counter thrust by challenging W. A. "Susie" Elliott to a personal bet, winner take all—of the shoe shine. Result was a thorough victory for the Inspectors and here "Susie" (seated) is getting his free shoe shine by Dobbie (hat on). Dobbie, however, looks like he came out all right, getting his shoes shined by Harry Kennedy. (The latter is the one with the hair parted.)

Laboratory News

So here we sit—no love, no nothing—on Valentine's day, right beneath a sign B. Allen brang in, saying, "No loafing, unless you're by yourself or with somebody." But we don't want to loaf anyhow. All we want to do is sit here and dream about McBride.

If Hartley knew what we're dreaming about, she'd be hornin' in, wantin' to dream, too. The boys just didn't tell us about Mac. Except that he teased Woody all the time. He looked a little embarrassed when Kat dragged him into the office. He couldn't be bashful, yet, after being stationed in Arkansas, no?

Speaking of the fellas, Crump and Jones showed up the same day, Crump raising our opinion of the Navy six degrees in his fancy monkey-suit. Of course, Tommy just dropped in to let us look at him—didn't you?

Reedy came by, too, all chuckles and smiles, and looking mighty good in what the men are wearing this season. He told us von Reichardt cultivated a bushy black handlebar mustachio, which disappeared when the missus saw it.

And Dickens, of the hysterical laugh informed us he was married in October. Can you tie that?

Terry, the sample gal with the 21-carat walk, isn't wearing a ring, or wings, but she said something about the Mediterranean recently.

Robinson, leaving for the Army, a few days ago, suddenly remembered to return some of the chem tester's club money.

He might do well to get in the same camp Bull Floyd's in, since Bull's a pill-roller, now, working graveyard plus five hours without overtime or a dollar for lunch. He even does minor surgery. Egad.

We're laughing, Martin. Your housecleaning really covered Texas, during that vacation, didn't it?

Helen and Kat are feuding over the cherce spot of vocalist with Bill Antone's Shell Band.

We've been out to two rehearsals, and you'd be surprised how good the jive is—and wait'll you hear their sweet arrangement of "My Ideal."

Speaking of sweet arrangements, Koneman can't figure out who discovered his engagement to the gal we told you about sometime ago. We tried to get Coley Holmes to tell him about the bees and the flowers, but Coley flat backs down.

On the other hand, Brewer has made a statement for the press. The gist of the statement was that he'd be plenty glad when all of these women go home to their firesides, husbands, knitting, or whatever women go home to, so he can get a coke out of the blasted machine. He claims they don't even wait till the cokes are cold.

Reminds us you should have seen Reat, who claims he tips the scales at 212 in his little pinkies, and who allows as how he's had a corporal's rating a year now, almost catching up with Polk, who's been a private first class an awful long time, come 'tater diggin'.

George Dix just thinks we don't want to know about his conquest of Tennessee. We know he's doing okay, though, because his grandpappy fit the yankees all over Kentucky.

Sights you can see when you ain't got a gun:

Theiss and Holmes headin' for the gate during the fire.

Brewer bringing a whole sack of Coast Guard fried chicken to work with him.

Hester sampling fuel oil for the Navy.

Ann Varner having her silhouette made at the rodeo.

Kerr waiting at the gate (of same) for some lagging friend making the 4-bits grade.

Fiecko and Larkin chinning about the bowling tournament, with the aid of Beer.

Allen kibitzing while Lee blitzed Risinger in an early A.M. gin rummy session.

Mr. Foster giving a handshake for every strike and spare at the bowling alley.

Bonin buying a dollar's worth of cafeteria food, after running over a man on a bike.

Latest tale making the rounds is the one hinged on office discussion of laborers washing bottles and cans.

Helen piped up, "Why, I haven't seen them!"

Czichos: "Now, Helen, you can bird-dog, and you can bird-dog, but leave those poor boys alone."

Mr. Moeller promised to tell us something about Miss Willie, in connection with a mud puddle but he never came through with it.

Bradley was welcomed to the motor lab with open arms, with all that peanut butter and all those cracker and cookies, but what does Risinger have to offer? Well, he can beat Allen at gin rummy.

I'm a stranger in these parts, my self. —ARKY

"Now is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, please stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him.

"Do you mean you would let your wife be slandered and do nothing about it?"

"Pardon me, sir—I thought you said slaughtered."

"Little Jack Horner Sat in a Corner." (B.O.)

Military News From Boys

c/o Fleet Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for you mailing me the September 15 issue of the Shellegram. Though to my regret my stay at Shell was a short one, I can assure you it was a pleasant one and I made some very nice acquaintances. Receiving this little paper affords me an opportunity of keeping up with a few of them and also allows a general idea of what is happening at home. Here is hoping that you will be so kind as to continue sending me these monthly issues.

Have been overseas eight months now. Though it is unpleasant being away from your family and loved ones, the life isn't a bad one. Since I'm overseas I've seen a lot I had never hoped to see. Here, though, I can't say where, is a picture in itself. We have large coconuts and palm groves; the ocean is close and the evening a pretty sight. Not forty yards from my tent is a mountain stream; it is about waist deep and has a steady swift current. This affords us a good bathing place and also a means of doing our laundry, which we've learned to do very easily. The thing that interests me most are the natives. They are all Fuzzy Wuzzys, which I'm sure you have heard of. If you could but see these people, I'm sure you could readily understand the origin of their name. As a whole they are small, but very strong and hard workers. They are learning fast and a few can speak a little English.

Would like to wish all my friends at Shell a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. From all indications you people at home are doing a fine job. Congratulations and continue the fine work. This war, though I hate to say such, is a long way from being won. So don't let up. I've done a very little myself, but being in the Marine Corps I feel I'll get my chance sooner or later.

Thanking you again, and looking forward to the next issue of the Shellegram, I am,

A "Joe Shell" Friend,
Frank V. Robinson, Jr.

Somewhere in the South Pacific
Enclosed please find "Family Allowance Blank No. 3." I have been advanced to the rate of shipfitter first class which raises my pay approximately \$22. The \$28.50 on the enclosed blank indicates 5 per cent for longevity (previous service), and 20 per cent for foreign service. I hope this will answer any question that might come up.

I'm still over here in the South Pacific and am getting along okay.

Give my best regards to the fellows in the machine shop. So long. Tell all the gang to write me.

Jimmy C. Miller, SF 1/c

Australia

I received the September and October Shellegrams the other day. Sure was glad to receive them both as it has been some time since I had last received a copy. Say they really got that cooling water tower back up in record time.

There is not much here to write about. The same thing day in and day out, but to me a constant reminder of my days at the plant as I am still doing shift work and still find the graveyard the hardest.

About time for me to be on the move, so guess I'll sign off for this time. Keep-em-rolling.

Yours truly,
Alfred H. Parker

c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Just a short letter to let you know I am still well and getting along fine. I think of the boys at the refinery quite often and send to them



F. P. Bates is Chief Machinist Mate on foreign duty with a San Francisco A.P.O. Bates left the Houston Refinery Machine Shop on May 14, 1942.

my best wishes at Christmas time. Things are coming along in fine style and I hope to be able to pay the refinery a visit in the near future. Please be advised that beginning with the month of December my pay will be increased to \$138.00 and of course plus 20 per cent for foreign service.

I am getting the Shellegram and Reader's Digest regularly and enjoy them very much. I have been on an outpost practically my entire stay in this sector and don't get much entertainment or news. Would like to hear from some of the boys some time.

Wm. Jo Snow

Somewhere in New Guinea
Sending in a new address and this time it's a bit foreign. Had quite a trip.

It isn't hard to see that entertainment is scarce in this country, so we have to rely greatly on letters from the folks back home. Hope some of the old mates in the refinery will be kind enough to write. I hope, too, Jesse, that you will send me the Shellegram. Last one I received was October issue.

Received a card from Mr. Fraser and notice that I was being given a subscription to the Reader's Digest again this year. I am truly grateful. Best regards to Shell Refinery employees and Management.

Jeanne M. Pridgeon



M. A. Woodallen is a private first class in the Marine Corps and is stationed at Quantico, Virginia, where he is going to combat photography school. Formerly employed in the Pipe Shop he left for service on September 22, 1943. On January 1, 1944, he received word that his son, also a Marine, was killed in action in the Pacific.

c/o Fleet P.O.
San Francisco

I am enclosing in this letter two copies of my family allowance statement. One for my fireman first class rating which expired November 1, and one for my new rate, machinist's mate second class which began November 1. Again I want to thank the Company for our allotment plan. It has helped we boys in the service solve a lot of problems which would otherwise have gone unsolved.

Since I have been on leave, I am happy to say my wife is employed by the good ole Shell. I guess that is keeping the job in the family.

There isn't any news I can write about, where I am or what I am doing. When we all get back home again we will have a lot of good war tales to tell. Some of them will be pretty interesting.

Give my best regards to all the boys in the Topping department.

Yours sincerely,
Malcolm D. Rucker, 2/c
U.S.N.R.

England

Have just been reading my January Reader's Digest. One article in it "Pipe Line Paragon" by Forbes made me feel mighty proud of my organization. Another one "The Looming Nightmare of March 15" set me to worrying. Mrs. White is trying to make out a joint report (or will) of our income. Would it be asking too much to ask you to send her a statement of what I have made and of how much you have paid her. Thanking you in advance for this and for your past favors, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
S/Sgt. C. V. White

San Francisco

I moved here from San Diego yesterday. I will be here about two months. It will be about that long before they have the U.S.S. ready for sea duty.

They made a second class seaman with a four dollar month raise out of me when I finished boot camp.

I have been receiving the Shellegram regularly and hope to keep on getting it. That is the best way I have of keeping in touch with the boys. I will be moving around quite a bit pretty soon, and I may run into some of the boys.

The navy has treated me swell and I have received some training that will help me when this mess is over.

The U. S. S. is a sub tender, and our job will be to keep the subs in fighting shape and with plenty of supplies.

I never have but a few minutes at a time to write letters so will have to sign off.

As ever,
W. O. Wicker, S 2/C

Fleet P. O.
San Francisco, Cal.

Here I am at last making an attempt to get the second allotment form mailed to you on time, and also sending the signed form for insurance coverage. Please check up on the dependent allowance amount, which I have placed on the form, as it may be more, or perhaps less. The Yeoman helped me as best he could.

Let me say that I certainly appreciate all that Shell has done for me, and in all sincerity, look upon Shell as one of the most thoughtful and considerate companies towards its employees of any and all. I receive great enjoyment reading the SHELLEGRAM and more than anything else the letters from Shell boys in Service, express my direct feeling.

Yes, I'll be glad when it's all over and I can be relieved of this monotonous routine. If you or anyone else think civilian life is hard, then put on a suit of blue or khaki for awhile. That will make you open your eyes to the beauty of civilian life.



Staff Sergeant T. E. Luke, former Industrial Relations clerk, is assigned to the personnel office at Randolph Field. He has been in service since October 9, 1942.

Of course, this is a job which must be completed, and I like the rest of the Shell boys do not regret their efforts and sacrifices. And speaking of sacrifices, what could be greater than the life which Ed Dorsey gave. That was certainly a great shock when I read about Ed. He was one of the best friends I had, and was liked by everyone. I played baseball and basketball with and against Ed many times. That's the toll of war, Jess, so if you hear anyone complaining remind them of Ed Dorsey.

Certainly be glad when I get a leave and can visit my friends at good old shell. Be just like a resurrection to see Houston, Shell and all your friends.

Would like to tell you where I've been and where I am now but cannot.

Must close and prepare myself for one of these watches, which is not new to me by any means.

Would like very much to hear from any Shellite, and hope the guys at the Gas Department take notice. (Atkinson, Thomas, Benson, Kerbow, Havard, Chris, Donahue, etc.)

Here's wishing Shell and all its employees continued success and good luck and may everyone meet again in the not the so distant future.

I remain as ever,
Your friend,
Mike J. Woody, EM-3/c

New York, N. Y.

I have changed ships and also addresses so I had better let it be known. We are attached to the train-



Sgt. Sam Costa was in Houston on a recent visit which was cut short by notice to return to camp. Formerly a clerk in the Engineering Field Office, he is now stationed at Camp Stewart, Georgia, being recently transferred from Virginia.

ing of officers at the Prairie State. I have more equipment to look after and more work to do on this ship than before.

I have met two former Shell employees here in N. Y. city that are in the Service. The first I met was Lt. (jg) Moody. He will be remembered around the field office where he worked for sometime. Another that I met is Tommy Thompson. He is a seaman 1/c in the Coast Guard. Thompson has received a citation for bravery for dangerous duty that happened to occur here. Lt. (jg) Moody has returned from service in Africa.

I went up to the Main Office at 50 W 50th St. yesterday. I met a number of our mutual friends there.

I will sign off hoping to receive the SHELLEGRAM here at N. Y. in the future.

Sincerely,
Sam Blackwell, Ens.

Aleutian Isles

I have received notification of renewal of my subscription to the Readers Digest. I receive the Shellegram regular each month and I want to say that I certainly appreciate all of the things that Shell is doing for me and my wife.

I was raised in rating from ship fitter first class to chief ship fitter. I have reason to be proud of this advancement as it makes the second one I have had since leaving the states one year ago this month.

They call this the Northern route to Victory. If that proves to be so, I won't be sorry for the time I have spent up here.

Of course we all think it is plenty rough up here but when I read the letters from some of the other fellows (in the Shellegram) I realize that bullets are much worse than snow balls.

I certainly was sorry to hear about Ed Dorsey losing his life down there. My sympathy goes to his wife and friends. You see I was working with him when he left for the service and I had learned to like him very much.

I will say, I think that Frenchy was lucky to get stationed at Corpus. I wonder if he has seen enough of the world yet.

I haven't heard from any of the fellows at the plant there, except through the Shellegram, for over six months. From what I read about the goings on there, producing vital war products, it seems to be tops during working hours. Keep up the good work and we will win.

Sincerely yours,
Wesley R. Lindsey

I am enjoying my stay here at Fort Sam very much. It is a wonderful Army Post. I have six more weeks here. I've been receiving the Shellegram regularly and really look forward to the next ones. Everything is about the same day in and day out so don't have anything to say.

Thanks again for everything the Company has done for me. Keep those Shellegrams coming.

Yours truly,
Pfc. John E. Garrison
Fort Sam Houston, Texas

It will be four months the 28th that I went into the Service, and I still think the Navy is O. K. I'm going to school and studying electricity and communications. It is quite interesting work and I like it fine. I was wondering if I had filled out the papers I was supposed to for the family allowance as my wife hasn't heard from you to date.

I received my bonus check in September and really appreciate it. I'm hoping to hear from you soon, and thanks again.

Yours truly,
Forest L. Armstrong, S-2/c
San Pedro, California

In Camps and Overseas

U. S. Coast Guard
Galveston, Texas
Nov. 27, 1943

I feel that I have neglected the Company by not writing sooner, but after enlisting I was sent to Harrah, La., for my basic training and after finishing I was transferred to Galveston. I have not as yet received my higher rating than the one I received when I enlisted but assure you I am working hard towards that goal.

I want to thank the Company for your kindness and promptness in sending my wife her check every month, as I assure you it is highly appreciated by one in the Service and knowing that he worked for a good company like the Shell. I also want to thank you for the invitation and ticket to the Fifteen Year Club Dinner but due to military duties I was unable to attend but my thoughts were with you all.

I receive my Shell News regularly and enjoy reading all the boys' letters. Give my best wishes to all the gang and tell them to keep up the good work they are doing.

I am very truly yours,
Tinnie Dowdy, S-2/c
C.O.P.

Texas City, Texas

Chicago, Illinois

Received your letter and book of renewals of applications for family allowances today and am sending one now as requested showing my promotion to Seaman 2/c.

Again, I want to thank you for this and your policy for servicemen far surpasses any that I have heard of from any of the boys I have met in the service.

About all else there is to say is that we are studying Diesels and boy I sure like it. I think I have torn down and re-assembled nearly every kind of engine there is or tried to at least. We have about another month here and then I know not what or where.

Hoping everything is smooth sailing at good old Shell, I am,
Yours truly,
Carl W. Lyons, S-2/c
Navy Pier

Just lying here in the old sack trying to read the Shellegram that I got the 22nd. I have been pretty sick but I am afraid now that I am going to live, in spite of all that can be done.

I was glad to learn of Harry's promotion, but I know that you fellows hated to see him leave the plant for he is a friend and a scholar. Best of luck to him.

I see where old Billy Vance was home and that he was also here at this base on his way home one hour after they lost one motor. And say, if you know of any of the boys that are here please let me have their address and I will try to see them as I have not seen any of the Shell boys since I left Adolph Lindstrom at Port Hueneme.

And say, I am reminded again and again to give my thanks and my wife's and baby's thanks to good old Shell for the family allotment, which the wife said was coming in regularly. Without it, it would be a close figure to get them by with me in here.

Well, keep the good old Shell gasoline pouring out in a steady stream as we are using lots of it and all the drivers say there is none better than Shell products. I hope by the time you get this letter that I will be moved on up where it is much hotter and not just the weather.

Say, those pictures at the Rally the 13th really did look good to me. I could make out some of the faces in them. It really makes one long to be back on the old soil in which he is fighting to save.

Well, I will close and try and get some rest. Thanks for the paper.



Pictured above are eleven of the Houston Refinery's fighting men, eight of whom (top and bottom rows) visited the plant last month while on furlough.

TOP ROW, left to right they are:

Sgt. L. W. Witt, Cracking department, has been in the Army since January 20, 1942. His present address is an A.P.O., Los Angeles.

Flight Officer Tommy Jones, Control Lab, enlisted in January 27, 1943 and at present is stationed at the Laredo, Texas, Gunnery School.

Pvt. C. E. Reedy left the Control Lab November 1, 1943 and is now at Sheppard Field, Texas.

Sgt. L. C. Dickey is at Dodge City Kansas assigned to a medium bomber. Formerly in the Engineering Field he enlisted on Oct. 23, 1942.

MIDDLE ROW:

Jimmie C. Miller, formerly in the Machine Shop, is a SF 1/c and has been in the Pacific since May of last year. He joined the Sea Bees on October 21, 1942.

Aviation Student E. D. Burr is stationed at

Santa Ana, Calif. Before joining the air forces on July 21, 1943, he was employed in the Gas Department.

BOTTOM ROW:

G. L. "Red" Matson SF 1/c returned from overseas duty with the Sea Bees in November and is in the U. S. Naval Hospital at Corpus Christi, Texas. He left the refinery while a pipefitter to join the Sea Bees on May 14, '42.

G. E. Roberts, AMM 2/c, is in the Naval Aviation School at Kingsville, Texas. A former Control Lab employee, he entered the Service on September 4, 1942.

L. B. Crump, Jr., formerly Control Lab, is an Aviation Machinist Mate, third class, at the Naval Station, Seattle, Washington. He has been away from the Refinery since January 26, 1943.

F. J. Link, former Dock foreman, was recently transferred from Camp Peary, Virginia to California. Link joined the Navy on September 11, 1943.

Will appreciate all letters if any one cares to write.

I remain your friend,
J. E. Mantooth, M-1/c
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

I received my latest copy of the Shellegram some two weeks ago, but have been rather busy and haven't had a chance to write until now. I get a big bang out of reading about my friends in the Shellegram, so keep them coming.

I'm here at A.A.F.P.S. taking my pilot pre-flight training. It's not very rough but they keep us busy about 25 hours of the 24. The physical training is a little rough but it's doing a wonderful job of getting us in condition. I'm taking some abbreviated commando training here that is offered to those who want it. It isn't compulsory; it's just a short period of commando training designed to help us back in case we have to bail out over not-too-friendly territory. Our final test comes at the end of our training when we have to make our way across a special obstacle course—with machine guns firing live ammunition over us. That will be one time when I'm going to come "down to earth" literally.

I went out on the firing range a couple of weeks ago and qualified as a marksman with the .45 automatic pistol. If they would let me shoot from the hip, maybe I could do better, but the Army frowns on that type of shooting. All joking aside, though, there are some very good in-

structors here; in fact, they have to be good in order to teach me enough for me to qualify.

Enclosed is a "Renewal of Application" form. Mrs. Janes and I certainly appreciate what the Company is doing for us, because those checks from Shell enable her and the baby to be with me during my training. Of course, they're not with me now, because I don't get out very often, but they come out to S. A. every-time I get open post and when I move on to primary they will rejoin me.

Well, I must close now. Tell the gang to drop me a line or two once in awhile. Thanks again for everything and keep the Shellegrams coming.

My address is:

A/S E. D. Janes
Gr. K, Sqn. 97, Class 44-F
A.A.F.P.S., SAACC
San Antonio, Texas

Dutch Harbor, Alaska

I am very glad to know the refinery is operating at a maximum production and I hope it continues, as you know we need all of these materials and Shell makes the best of them all. I miss not being there in the plant and will be glad to get back with the many friends I have there in the plant.

Thanking you and the company for all you have done and what you are doing for me and for all of your employees who are in the Services, I am,

Chester R. Dukess, SF-2/c

I want to tell you how much I appreciate you sending me the Reader's Digest, and the Shell News each month.

I am still at the Naval Training Station, training recruits the fundamentals of firing a rifle. I like my work very much but will be glad when there are no more recruits to train and we can all go home and forget there was ever a war.

Tell the gang at home hello for me and to keep up the good work and that I hope to see them real soon.

Remaining a Texas Sailor,
David W. Wilson, S-1/c
Small Bore Range, N.T.S.
San Diego 33, California

Fleet P. O.
San Francisco

I guess you think I don't intend to write any more. But here I am to try once more. I guess you have heard of an expression of being "snowed under." Well that is the way I have been for some time. I've been here six months now and I still can't figure this weather out. There is only one thing I can say and that is to my best opinion this must be a boosting station for all the north wind going south. I think there is enough wind going through here to refrigerate all of the south. And along with the wind there is snow and sleet and some rain, but mostly snow and sleet.

I received my copy of the Shellegram a few days ago. I'm always glad and it makes me feel good to receive it. It is like getting so many letters from the boys I know who

are in the service. I was sorry to hear of Ed Dorsey's death, but I saw it a few days before in the Post. It was a surprise and a shock.

I see you have quite a sport program there in the plant. That is something new there and I hope it is a success. I'm sure it will be from the number participating.

B. R. Cole and I are still in the same outfit and I see him most every day.

My wife wrote me that the company had corrected my allowance since my change of rate went into effect. I want to thank the company again for their generosity. It helps a lot.

Will go for now.

My best regards to the men of the Topping Department.

Sincerely,

Chester R. Dukess

January 1, 1944

Camp Haan, Calif.

Just a line to let you know that I am still kicking. I am still here in California, don't know when I will go back over seas. I have already finished the job that I came back to do, so there is no telling when I will go someplace. I hope this New Year finds us peace some where along its line, for I know everyone is tired of the rationing and the war in general, although, the boys over there are the ones that will really be glad when it is all over for they live today and die tomorrow while some of us sit idly by. I have lost a number of good buddies to those yellow b----, so let's all pull together so that they and thousands of others did not die in vain.

My wife and I appreciate all the Shell has done for us in the last two years and I hope another year finds us victorious over our enemies and back home with our families.

Sincerely,

J. M. Thompson

Somewhere in Hawaii

Just to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am again overseas and feeling fine.

I wish that you would keep on sending me the Shellegram at my new address, for I do enjoy reading them and keeping up with the news at the Refinery. I have also been re-rated since I last wrote. I now have the rate of M.M.2/c. We have a nicer place to stay over here and plenty to see, but not much time of our own for we have plenty of work to do, but that is why we were sent I expect.

I wish that you would tell all the fellows in the Machine Shop hello for me and I am looking forward to being back with them some day and I would like to hear from them.

Well, I will close for now and hope to get a paper soon.

Sincerely yours,

Roy H. Zapp, M.M.2/c

I am very sorry about the delay in sending in my Renewal for Family Allowance slip. My wife and I are both very grateful to the Company for being so generous to us. I also realize that I could at least show my appreciation by sending in my renewal slip more promptly.

Commencing November 1, I have been promoted to Boatswain Mate Second Class.

I am stationed here as an Instructor and like it very much. However, I sure will be glad to be able to come back to my old job with Shell.

Please give my regards to everyone at the plant.

Yours truly,

M. S. Callaway, BM-2/c

U. S. Navy Mine Welfare School
Box 1304

Yorktown, Virginia.

---Mike Bady's Letter---

(Continued from page 1)

the big mellow moon, but we have them here and they are something worth seeing. Wish I could tell you what goes through my mind when I look at these things. I have made ten trips by air and two by water in my travels to the other islands here.

On one island I saw the leper colony and the Sacred Forest, which is about three hundred feet in diameter and all fenced in. The natives claim the Seme Hawaiian Priest is buried there and if anyone touches the trees or enters inside of this fence they will soon die.

I saw a large cattle ranch from which one can look down straight in a valley about a hundred feet. Also, sitting there one can see the deep blue sea and two of the other islands. At sunset and on moonlight nights one can sure see them there.

From here I went to another island by boat where I saw the largest pineapple plantation in the world. Going out to work by truck, we drove through the pineapple fields. We used to throw rocks at the many wild pheasants, but never hit any. From here I went to still another island, where I was stationed on three different occasions on detached service. I saw the Silver Sword plant. The only other place it grows is in Japan.

Three of us visited the National Park there and we took a hike down into the crater which is in the mountains. That surely was a rugged hike; it took us eight hours. We saw burned rocks of all kinds. There we saw many Silver Sword plants, which were growing out of a high pile of burned rocks. It surely is a beautiful plant.

From there we also saw the island that has the two snowcapped mountains on it. Also in this crater valley, but further on where the trees and grass grow, we saw wild mountain goats. The ranger said there were also wild horses, but we didn't see any. From that island, I went to still another where I saw the world's largest cattle ranch. We saw the old and new lava flows and the active crater. On both sides of the road you can see the steam coming up through the earth. Where the active crater is located you can look down about two hundred feet and see the ground boiling and see steam spurting up here and there. There are also beautiful flowers, ferns and shrubbery of all colors and descriptions. There I saw the Black Sands Beach. I went in swimming in the ocean and just a few feet away there was a clear spring water pool. The water was really cold! I had to take a good drink of it to make sure it wasn't part of the ocean.

Now about the steaks! Sure did have my share and some places I got by as cheap as seventy-five cents for a T-bone with sliced tomatoes and butter with plenty of coffee.

We visited the King and Queen's Palace where we saw some beautiful hand made furniture. There was a round table made from the Koa tree—one solid piece (the round part) six and a half feet in diameter. The bedspreads and window curtains were made from the bark of a tree, but we were told that the tree from which they made no longer grew there.

I also saw the stone that was used to behead the criminals. This stone is about three feet high and has a place hollowed out for the victim's head. The person would have to kneel and have his hands tied behind his back. On the other side of the stone was a hole where the person's hair would be pulled through and a stick passed through the hair and tied, then his or her head would be cut off.

We visited the first Hawaiian Church which is a hundred and seven years old. It has a balcony on three sides. The huge supporting timbers

were all hand hewed and tongue and groove fit with wooden pegs through the joints. There were no bolts or nails. The pews and pulpit were made of solid mahogany.

We visited the old Catholic Church which is about 90 years old. I went up in the belfry and the bell was cast in Paris, France, 90 years ago. The timbers in the belfry were also hand hewed, tongue and groove fit, with wooden pegs through the joints. At one of the old lava flows I saw the steeple of a Catholic Church. That is all that was left of the town and this steeple is all that is sticking up through the lava.

Since being down here, I have traveled by air, boat, truck, jeep and side door pullman (boxcar). There was one other way that I traveled but don't think it would pass. Anyway, I just went up and came down, but never again.

Will close for this time with best wishes and hello to all the Shell employees.

From
Sgt. M. J. Bady

Treated Stuff

By R. G. Funk

L. B. White, after having fifteen years with old Joe Shell, has left the service of the company. He is now with the City Service located in Lake Charles, Louisiana. Good luck from the gang, Beryl.

After all the years as a big shot horse player, A. A. Handrick has gone into the barber business. White sold him Pat Rhymes' razor for 75 cents before he left. Pat got his razor back; White is gone and poor Al was out 75 cents.

With all the rabbits Joachimi is selling nowadays if he could just get "Charlie Hung Low Young" to blow the lid, the job would be easy.

Won't someone give a dance when the No. 3 Shift is off?

Back again after an operation and sickness is none other than our running mate, H. H. Cox. Glad to see you back, Hammett.

We are all wondering who will win out on the Solutizer race, whether it will be Ulmer or Burleson. We understand H. C. Briggs is a candidate too.

They say Bud Wilson has come back to life again. One time you see him he is smiling and the next time he is joking with someone. I believe it is these Dr. units that makes young rookies happy.

We are all glad to see Pat Rhymes back on the job again after a spell of illness. He seems to be in good shape too.

What is this dope we get about a certain female telling C. D. Dailey to buy himself a pair of cowboy boots so he can grow up and she won't have to stoop over to hear what he has to say.

We understand tomatoes will make you sick according to our old Buddy, Bill Watts. Bill took down with tomatoes but says his tummy is okay now! Flash—Bill, stay on Lierman special and keep the cat off your back.

Sorry we could not get a write up last month. The writer was off sick and did not get back to work in time to write one.

"Did that sailor get fresh with you last night?"

"Now, mother, you don't think he came all the way over from that battleship to listen to the radio, do you?"

Refinery-Uptown Bowlers In Draw Match

Pictures of the Refinery vs. Houston Office Bowling Match held at the Recreation Bowling Palace Sunday, February 6 which ended in a draw. Each side entered two womens' teams and two mens' teams and had a winning team in each category.



Topping Tales

By S. P. Davis

Well, boys, here it is Shellegram time again and your scribe nearly let the deadline catch him asleep. As I dust off my crystal ball, I see some news that should make fair reading material, and so for the news of the month.

The department welcomed B. W. (Sailor) Austin back with outstretched hands saying, "Pay us that five bucks ya owe us." Bucko has been in the Merchant Marine for the past five months. His experiences while on a tanker in the Atlantic are very interesting. A trip to the coast of Italy was included in his travels. Glad to have you back Buck.

The newest additions to our gauging staff are D. D. Childers, W. O. Packard, N. S. Nash and of course our "lil Virginia George." Welcome to the department gals. Glad to have ya.

Starting February 14 Wilma Parker, Jo Ann Gattis, and Betty Harrison were made operator helper trainees on the Toluene units. Gee, the women are getting up in the world, aren't they?

Sickness has hit our bunch pretty hard. Johnny Mustin off; Ralph "Broadway" Smith, C. L. Ivy, K. S. Keeley and Frances Barton also off sick. Frances was off several days due to an automobile accident. She tried to bash the door in on the glove compartment and the results were a broken nose and boy what a pair of shiners.

The feud between "Wahoo" Edgerton and "Corn Row" Williams is progressing nicely. Keep it up boys, we love it.

Lots of us boys have Ralph Miller to thank because of his being a "whiz" on the income tax data. He has kept many a gray hair from our heads.

How the "Ridge Runner" can spend so much time with the rerun

unit and still tell his relief "unit unsteady due to climatic conditions" is beyond me.

Katherine Bohmfalk is back after a trip to the West Coast to see her hubby. Katherine says, "California is simply grand, but glad to get back to Texas."

We received a card from Pvt. Theopal Hortman of the U. S. Marines. Theopal, a Badger product sez, "It's really swell and I am already a Private. She is stationed up in North Carolina at Camp Lejeune.

Virginia, "I never slept a wink last night." George is sure having a time trying to make her schedules come out right with her rides.

Dora Childers doesn't seem to have the schedule trouble other gaugers I know are having. Must be that Oklahoma way I reckon.

Jack "Rembrandt" Taylor has turned out to be a painter and not the house type. His paintings show real talent. You could have knocked me over with a window weight when I saw his paintings. Really solid stuff. I know we have some more of you people that can paint and have paintings at home. We have dances, bowling, motion pictures and basketball so why not an art exhibit? Only paintings by employees to be on exhibit.

Ralph Miller has been moved from the Toluene Units up to the Badgers. He sez, quote, "My, isn't residue black." Unquote, but Sammie Houston sez with some of her "glamor gleam" soap he can still keep that Toluene complexion.

Harry "The Lone Corpuscle" Maignaud got a letter from T. O. Chapman, Radio Man 2/C in Uncle Sam's Navy; "Pappy" Joe Nelson received a letter from J. E. Harris, who is now a Staff Sgt. James is stationed at Key Field in Mississippi. He is

(Continued on page 8)

PERSONNEL

Personalities

By Pat Mosher

"Off we go into a wild blue yonder"—blue because we have missed being with you for the past two months, but we are sure you are the winner in the case—but just let us tell:

First, we welcome a new member to our department—our only light blond at the present time. Miss Helen Cates, who came over to our side (the right side) from the Main Office Steno Department—and she is really welcome. Of course, it couldn't be that we were snowed under with work. Really, she is an addition.

Our congratulations and regret also goes to Mr. Pete who is Yankee bound and of course, we are plenty proud of him, but gee, we hate to see him go. Well, we guess you know, who helped him along the way to this new position of Assistant Head of Personnel—aren't we wonderful inspirations?!?! A very warm and rainy farewell—may' luck always be with you and yours.

We salute our new head, Mr. Mahlon Hale—who is tickled pink to be here from New York. Really, we wish to give you a very warm welcome and the rainy weather which greeted you won't be for long.

It seems we have an even deal. We have gained two and lost two. The little gas caretaker, Connie Weber, is well on her way and that is tough. Connie is a well liked person with her sweet ways and courtesies for a "Good Morning" and "Adios." Good luck to you, Connie—we will miss you and so will Johnny Jones, I betcha, huh, won't you, huh, won't ya?

PLEASE NOTE:

The new hair-do of our auburn-headed Lila Wilson—glamour and she has a husband and knows it is leap year—what a pal to these single handed.

The piece of silver pinned on the lapel of "Red" King—that stroll and head high of our champ bowler—Annie Mae (a very good reason)—the smile of Mrs. Baker since the homecoming of her daughter—the gallop Mrs. Anthony has developed since the visit from the (saw) horse—that flashy Collins with the new flesh bulk, pardon, we mean flash bulb—how the business in the hospital has increased since the addition of a one certain nurse—the bruise on knees of Edie Mathews—not proposing, but bowling—the hurry of Mary Faye—you would think she was trying to get rid of Mr. Keegan—well?—new job title: Kiddies Comedy Motion Picture Repairman No. 1—the owner is Boatright and his first class helper—the Val McCoy.

The name High Power Reese has been changed to Hi Pokey—the fire alarm rings—Keegan's gone—Hale's gone—Fire Department's gone—even the turtle is there—where is Reese? He jumps up—runs to the door—back to get his hat—to the door—back to get his coat—and finally out the door. Did someone say fire?

Did you know two of our office are now classified in 1-A? Jimmie Hall mark says ugh! and is sweating and Louie Gruesome is plenty proud—he's in that "too young" section. Ask him who won the dinner at the Rice?

Telephone rings:
Mr. Boatie: Hello.
Phone: Mr. Boatright?
Mr. Boatie: Well, this isn't Miss King.

This is really a leap year column—Porky Lamb's visit brings about a dinner invite from Mildred Fagg—oh pot luck. Now who is to foot the bill—they ask Daisie Mae to go along—why? Cheap skates!

Electric Shocks

The Electric Shop's number one hot-shot bowler failed to win in the war bond tourney. You wouldn't be slipping would you, Binning? (Editor's note: Charley stopped slipping years ago. He's falling now!)

A. C. Nutt fresh from the A.A.C. is back with us again. He says the old place looks a bit more streamlined than it did when he left.

Gaither is absent on account of illness. Hope this report finds him mended right along.

Bridwell is working with Spear now in Davis' place. We wonder how Davis and straight days are going to mix.

Bigham of the Chemical Plant off ill for a week. Glad he is back on the job.

"Kinky" Townsend is going to have to quit rolling his hair up at night on account of the other guys waste too much time admiring it every morning. (Ain't it a shame he doesn't bowl like he curls hair.)

Archer, Hawkins, and Williams were hopelessly tangled in a wire puzzle at the C. P. Stabilizer until a blueprint was drawn up to free them.

Nobody is complaining about the Research Lab's electrician, Dillon—not even him.

The electric shop got a portable power-saw Monday. We had to flip a coin to see if Wilson or Binning could play with it first. Wonder what would happen if we got an electric train.

The bowling teams are all going to get shirts alike. If that doesn't improve their skill, we will try organizing a pep squad.

Maybe this gang in here are only dreamers, but we still have hopes of getting a car someday that will hit on anything over two cylinders. Even red paint didn't help.

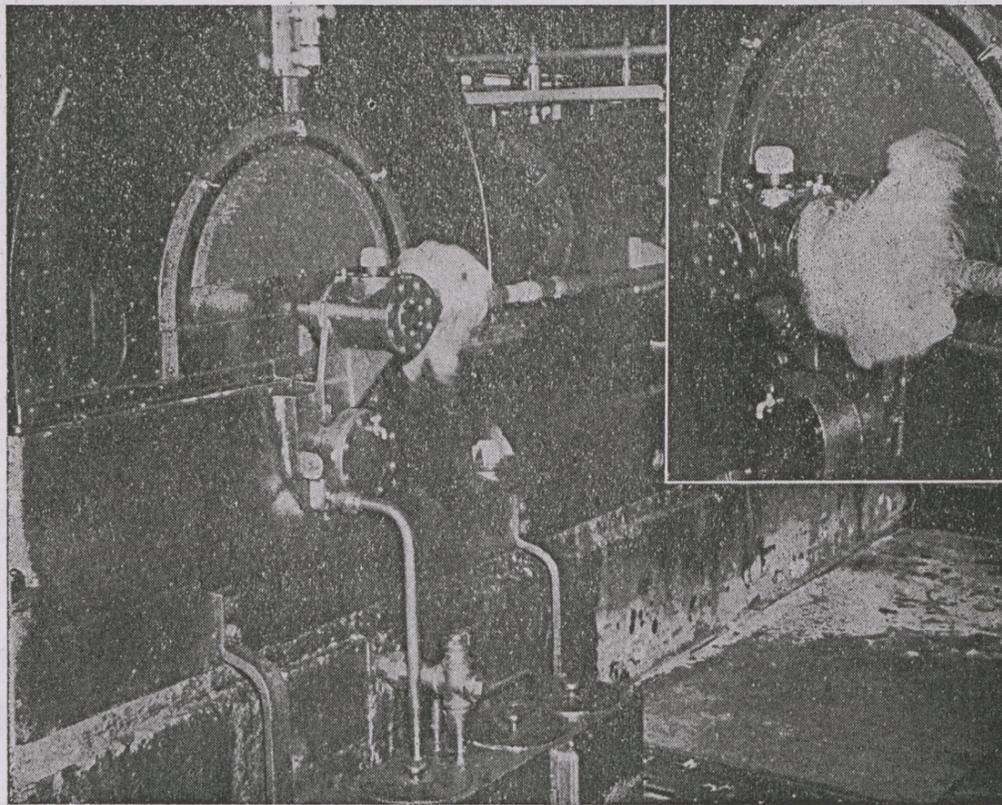
20 Girls Register For Tennis Tourney

Last call for the Don Budes of Shell's feminine element. Surely there are more than 20 racket-swingers in the Refinery. Ruth Bramlett offers this reminder that the deadline for membership in the "Tennis Club" is March 1st, for she plans to draw up brackets for tournament play which will begin immediately after the 1st.

This tournament will be both singles and doubles, and it's up to you girls to start practicing on your neighborhood courts, smoothing up those backhands, polishing off those serves, spotting those returns and weeding out these gremlins. Later on, there will be opportunities for tournament play with outsiders.

You'll like that, won't you?

Failure to Wear Hair Cover Causes Injury



Twenty-five per cent of a young woman employe's hair was left on this pump shaft at Dubbs No. 9 when her hair became entangled while she was bending over to check the oil reservoir. Inset is a close-up of the hair.

Failure to wear a hair net and hat caused the accident. Luckily no injury other than the temporary loss of hair resulted.

The accident ended the safety record in the Cracking Department of 1,157,945 man hours representing 1,805 days since the last disabling injury. It was also the first disabling injury on Dubbs No. 9 since the unit began operation on June 18, 1937.

GAS DEPARTMENT

By "Perley" Gates

Blackie Atkinson received a letter from Mike Woody the other day. Mike, who is in the Navy says he sure does miss those swell graveyards. He said, "If any of the boys do not believe me, I will trade places with them for a while to prove it."

Ivey Ham, in the Sea Bees, has been writing to some of the boys also.

C. G. Scott played basketball with the Shell team one night. He has been spending his hard earned money on doctor bills ever since. "I just didn't realize I was getting so old," he says.

Our new department head, Mr. Malson, who started off so good with us in the bowling league, bowled a flat 67 the other night. What's the matter, boss?

L. O. Lord is studying the pipefitting business. You ought to see him handle a wrench.

And boys if you don't quit riding the shift foreman's bicycle up to the clock house and leaving it there, Bergin is going to take the matter up with the Supreme Court.

That Hot Acid Plant helper, Mr. Ira Land, Jr., got married on us Sunday, January 30. We hear he got a pretty little thing from Nacogdoches.

And Brother Giebelstein also had the noose tied around his neck. How do you do it boys?

Overheard "Curley" Landes asking Watts what made his hair grow so thick.

Since Brown has been prompted to a job where he has to use a slide rule, he has gone crazy. He tried to figure up his income tax on one of them. Even at that he probably did a lot better job than I did with mine. When Joe Miller walks into the

doghouse, you had better grab a wrench and get ready to go to work.

Why is "Gabby" Harris so wide awake these days?

Boys, the nice people in the Gas Office are leaving the door unlocked on the night shifts now. Just think, you don't have to go over to Dubbs No. 9 any more.

And the Clark Gable of the department, Mr. A. M. Gore, has left us to take a job in Lake Charles, Louisiana. Drop us a line sometimes fella.

One of our old co-workers, Charles "Red" Sparks is taking his cadet training at Ellington Field now. He says he likes it all right, but when the war is won he won't mind coming back and working straight graveyards. Incidentally, one of the pretty lab girls saw him the other day and wants me to get her a date with him.

John Alden received a letter from "Levi" Garrett up Dumas way. Levi seems to think that John would like the wonderful atmosphere up there. At that time, it was only fifteen degrees above zero.

And Berkley, there with Levi, says that it is so cold that the smoke freezes in the smokestacks. Not worried about tire rationing though. Just pour water on the rims and you have four beautiful tires of ice.

Why don't some of you come out on Thursday night and root for our bowling team? At the rate we are going, we could use some. Have to quit now and go to work.

Farmer's Wife: "Is this the druggist?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Well, be sure and write plain on them labels which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before spring plowin'."

Engineering Office

By M. W. Gable

The past month in the Engineering Office has been rather uneventful. No one resigned; no one hired in; there were no vacations and no changes in organization. We all enjoyed normal health and the cat cracker job did not break. The Engineers would help this column a lot if they would occasionally do something spectacular like win a bronc riding contest, stick up a liquor store, run for office or come to work with a black eye.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Grazier are the happy parents of a baby girl named Susan.

Two former Chief Engineers, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Douglass visited us during the month. New York seems to agree with all the folks who transfer there. Mr. Kendall looked in the pink of condition and Mr. Douglass has gained several pounds since he left here.

Captain B. F. Heil, who has been stationed at Baton Rouge, paid us a visit.

One of the boys received a letter from Lt. Colonel "Pete Green." Pete is located in India.

The housing shortage has become so acute that Plaisance can't even rent a storage space for his garden tools.

Transportation is also a problem for many of the folks on the home front. Nell, alias, "Nubby" Tullus has found hitch hiking very difficult ever since she cut off the end of her thumb while trimming blue prints.

We must admit that the Havens diet for bowlers mentioned in this column last month didn't prove to be a success. Your scribe, after trying the diet personally, still imitated the antics of a cow on crutches when trying to deliver the ball. In a desperate effort to remain on the team, we have decided to try the Joe Yates method. This technique, as used by Jo is as follows: Get a good six-cent cigar, grasp it firmly between the center incisors, orient the body until the cigar is lined up with the head pin, take three steps forward, turn the ball loose and trust to luck.

Wonder how Kelman and Wynne are getting along over at Norco.

Buck says the thing he likes best about modern girls is this arm.

Cracking 1-8

By C. C. Suggs

Harry Price returned to work after a short spell of "hand-itis." Glad to see Red again.

Jug-haig Cansler and Butler "Gar" on a four month leave of absence. Good luck fellows.

Hester May Jones was called to New York by her brother, who is in the hospital. She sent a card back saying everything is okay.

Glad to get the letter from Tommy Viser, who by the way is Chief Carpenter's Mate. Now he is ready to come home.

Witt visited the plant the other day. He sure looks good.

T. O. Main writes he is okay but working hard.

Some pictures were received of McElmury with his Far East friends—?

New faces are beginning to appear now that vacations and etc. are about to begin. So far Mr. Tidwell from the racks and Miss Fulton from the lab are our new hands.

Mrs. Mayes is still on the sick list. Hurry up "Maysey" and get well.

I wonder why a certain guy explains to all the girls that come to 1-4 they need a parachute—? Does anyone know?

We had quite a bit of excitement the other day when No. 6 cut loose. They found some of them coming back from all directions—the fence stopped some and ship channel stopped the others.

Suter notified us he was going to work for Uncle Sam—in the mailing division uptown.

"Red" May is off again ill with everything from "adhesions to gas tritis." We hope this finds him returned or feeling better.

We finally found out who the fruit salad twins were. But I haven't seen any mixtures yet. How about bringing out a bowl, boy?

How about some "rooters" at the bowling games for the Cracking Department. We start at 7:30 every Thursday on Prairie Avenue.

In closing this column several of the operators and members of fire crews commented on the "sight seers" at the fire on No. 6. Of course everyone knows the rules regarding fires. Only the fire crews and personnel attached to fires are supposed to attend and if every employee goes just to see what happens there is a chance of he or she getting hurt besides losing several man hours of work. We appeal to all of those that have no business at a fire to stay away unless called upon. Thanks.

DON'T BE AN ACCIDENTEE!



DON'T BE AN ACCIDENTEE!



Research Lab News

By Lois Norton

Members of Research extend a hearty welcome to Dr. Carl S. Carlson, our new Chief Research Chemist, whose recent arrival has long been anticipated. He comes from the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. We look forward to a long, profitable and friendly association. In the early morning of Feb. 11, when Old Man Winter sent us shivering in the teeth of a freak norther, Dr. Carlson asked Luella Smith how long the "cool" weather would last. (A fine attitude toward our icy blasts!) Luella couldn't answer for laughing, so Jack Morrison gently explained to him that "only fools and strangers attempt to predict Texas weather."

Saying goodbye to LaVern Allison is one of the toughest assignments we've had in many months. She plans to join her soldier husband who is stationed in Georgia. We've had good times with LaVern, all of us. Her grand personality and infectious good humor will be with us always, and we're glad she has "folks" in Texas. That means we'll see her again some fine day.

Equally as much will we miss Billy Gerow who has joined the staff of the Houston University Biology Department. We predict big things for her, and firmly believe that some day we'll be able to say we "knew her when . . ."

Never let it be said that Research won't live on! On the Chemistry Roster of Fame, 1964, will appear the following names: J. M. Morrison, Jr., son of Jack Morrison; David Appleby, son of Walter Appleby; John Robert Foulds, son of J. T. Foulds. These promising fledglings have made their appearance since the first of the year.

Just when we had begun to wonder whether we would ever see him again, who should show up at the Lab on Feb. 8 but Dr. Metcalfe, known affectionately as "J.D." who for many years was a member of Houston Research. J. D. left for New York in the spring of '43 to take a position in the Research Department of Shell Manufacturing and Development. He told us news of Dr. Cliff and Dr. Bollman, and we, in turn, were kept busy acquainting him with the many changes and new faces since he left.

Mary Lou Bohannon has returned to the fold after a leave of absence. Everyone was glad to see "Bo," and it's like old times having her around.

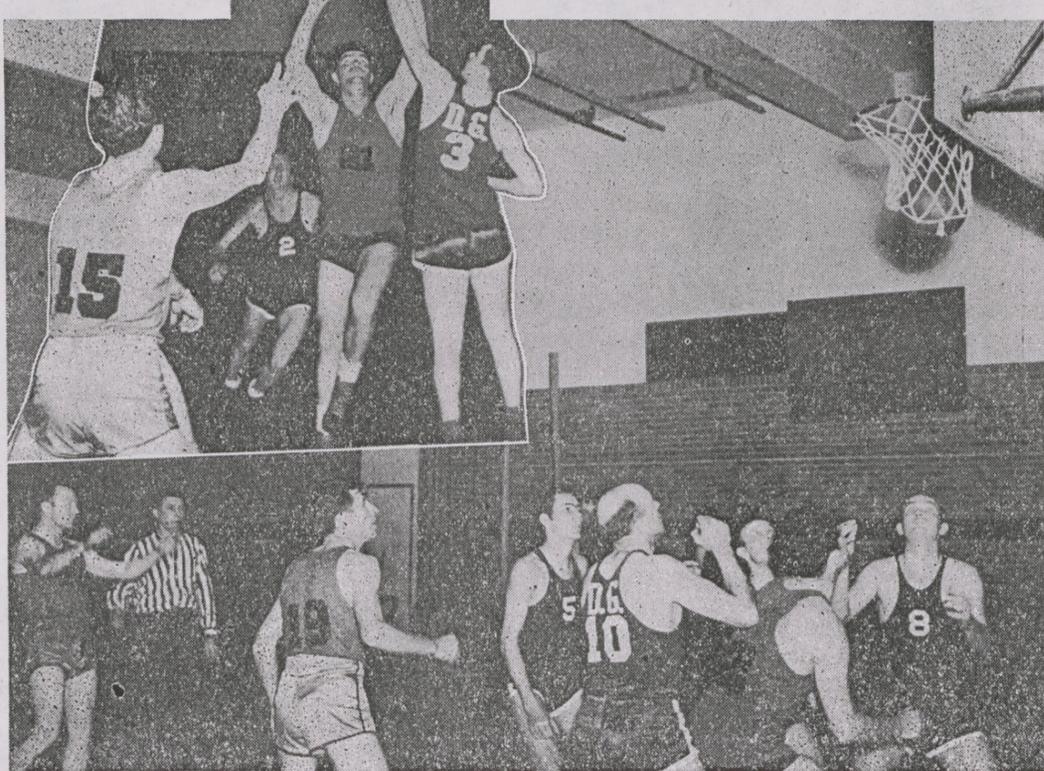
Ralph Young, who left about four months ago for the Navy, paid us a visit recently, dressed in the regalia of a full-fledged Ensign. He was still the same old breezy Ralph, however. One of the fellows, somewhat speechless at the natty broad-shouldered version of our once slouchy, rangy Ralph, gulped at him, and said, "I say, fellow, where have you been?" "Oh, out for a short beer," answers Ralph. Wherever you are now, Ralph, and for many months to come, we'll be thinking of you.

Ann and Alice have lately jumped the broomstick on us. Ann with Charlie Schaeffer and Alice to a lad named Claud Townsend. Many happy returns, fellas.

New people all over the place, and comely lassies at that! Ora Mae Gulley, Lillian DeFee, Ann Bondy, Anita Morris, Geraldine Willis, Dorothy Brashier, and Wilda Newman. After Dubbs 5 and 6 went down (or up, or something), the other day, Wilda said she didn't see how they could ever tell when the Refinery was on fire or not.

Refinery Cagers Win League Championship

Pictures: As Shell beat Dickson 40-36. (Inset, right) Fletcher Smith (21) goes high to tip the ball to J. F. Martin (15). (Bottom Picture) D. R. Julian scores a free toss during a crucial moment. Other Shell men are W. G. Cannon (19) and Smith (21).



The Refinery Cagers finished the basketball season by copping the championship in the San Jacinto League with 9 wins and 2 losses, but were eliminated early in the playoff for the City Amateur Championship by the 668th Bomber Squadron of Ellington Field.

Handicapped by the absence of several players the Shell men played the whole game with only six men, one of whom went out in the first half on personal fouls. Score was 46-29.

Instrument Hints

By Don C. Bailey

We are sorry to hear W. E. "Einstein" Baker's newest arrival is very ill. The baby is in the St. Joseph Hospital. Baker is taking his vacation now and spending all of it at the hospital. We hope the baby soon recovers from its illness and Baker returns to work.

Oscar Mendel is the acting foreman of the Instrument Shop. It couldn't happen to a better fellow. He is getting the work done in good style. Congratulations.

Melvin "Swede" Chanuteson is off from work because of illness. He is to undergo an operation before he returns to work. Here is wishing him a speedy recovery from his ills.

W. S. Wilson is taking "Swede's" place on the Dubbs Zone.

G. M. "Crook" Cole has gone back on shift work at his own request. He said if "Midget" Hightower wouldn't trade jobs with Mr. Foster, it must be pretty good.

Ed Johnson came off shift work and took "Crooks'" place as the pop valve man. He even got the same tool drawer.

Andy Cruse returned from his two weeks' vacation in good shape. He spent part of it at New Willard visiting his parents. He said the country air was very good and that he thought he would be good for another year at least in the big city.

Bill "Nubbin" Negrotto is also on his vacation. His wife presented him with a new baby girl. "Nubbin" is staying home to see that she gets the right start in this life. Congratulations.

Ray Antrobus is taking "Nubbin's" place on Zone 1 and 3.

We received a letter from S. E. "Porky" Yandle. He is in the hospital at Oakland, California. He hopes to get a furlough so that he can see his folks and visit the boys at this plant. We will be glad to see "Porky" although we didn't write him while he was on the islands.

We also received a letter from "Bosco" Ladd at Dumas, Texas. He said they had plenty of snow and work.

Some of the boys overheard one of the girls in the cafeteria calling one of the men in our department "Romeo." I wonder who it could be and why.

Topping Tales

(Continued from page 6)

with the Medical Corps attached to the Air Corps. We really enjoy hearing from our boys in the service, so boys how about a little more correspondence?

Who is that who sez, "Pearl's a good girl; give us three more bottles bud?"

The exhibit in the cafeteria known as "The Rag" was blotted out. Those bond buyers really obliterated it.

Harley Duncan is now stillman down on the Toluene Units. He took Miller's place. Harley sez it's the place after his own heart.

Don't forget the Shelf Dance on March 4. Really ought to be something to tell the grand kids about.

"Mandy" Scherer has returned after spending a week in Tuscon, Arizona. She took four rolls of pictures, so ask her how about a look. I understand they are really good.

CHEMICAL DIVISION

By Buzz Barton

As it was an impossibility to meet the deadline for the last Shellegram, will go back a little way and include a few items which should have been in the last issue.

First of all, would like to thank our girls who chipped in those very valuable red points, fixed and served the eats and supplied the requisites to make a fine time of our little get together the day before Christmas. Thanks again, girls!

Just after Christmas Ross Holloway, one of the Chemical Division's most eligible bachelors, left us for a new assignment with Shell Chemical in San Francisco. A recent letter from him says he is very happy in his new job and has found "The City by the Golden Gate" to be all and more than we said it was.

A card from "Dutch" McKinnon, who's new job with P.A.W. took him to California a few months ago, gives a little different reaction. Dutch evidently hit the coast during one of those rare rainy spells. Too bad! He'll never be convinced now.

Believe one of the best gags on the rain situation in California and Texas is that one about the two Texans watching the approach of some big, black, foreboding rain clouds. Said one, "It sure does look like rain," and the other answered, "Naw, it ain't agoin' to rain—their's just empties coming back from California."

We welcome back to the fold Mary O'Rourke, who left us for the Refinery Shipping Department over a year and a half ago. Mary is at present working on the payroll and shipping. Glad to have you back Mary!

A recent visitor was our old co-worker Pvt. Jim Beaugerard of the Medical Corps. Jim stopped by on his way to the Atlantic Coast, and looks and feels fine, having put on some

25 pounds since leaving us last September.

Our Yield Clerkette Katie Junker, had all plans for her marriage to Sgt. William Davies of Fort Preble, Maine, set for Wednesday, February 16; however, three days before the ceremony she received the heart-breaking news that his leave had been canceled. Chin up Katie, we are all holding "the good thought" that even though your plans were so badly upset, everything will work out even better than planned regardless of this unforeseen and upsetting delay.

Tommie Thomas, our Head Chemist, recently received prompt action to a request: Tommie put out a dittoed memorandum to all the supervisors explaining a new lab technique he had developed and ended his memo with the statement, "Your comments on this proposed system are invited." The next day he received his memo back bearing the following comments from the supervisors:

"More work of this type is what we like to see"—F. G. Reitz.

"Paul de Kruif has approached me about this for March Issue of Reader's Digest"—O. Morgan Williams.

"A monumental piece of work"—B. H. Cummings.

"Probably the greatest advance in laboratory analysis in the past 20 years"—C. MacHenry.

Viv Tucker's second daughter, Maurine, has just graduated from high school, and for a graduation present Viv sent her to California for a visit with her other daughter, Pennie. Careful, Sophie—"What the eye hasn't seen, the mind doesn't grieve over."

We are pleased to note that two of the six bonds, given as prizes in the war bond tournament, were taken home by Chemical Division keepers.—Roy Elliott and R. P. Kenny. Grand goin' fellas.

Congratulations to Ben Cummings who recently passed out the cigars and announced the arrival of a fine new son.

Don't know if those high stools in the Engineering Department are causing dizziness and unsteadiness, but recently Ruthie Rodd fell flat off a big wide chair, and Charlie Sinclair fell the other way, flat on his face, at the alleys the other night. We know Ruthie didn't have any beer.

You, too, may enjoy the success story of Kirby Walker's little Cocker Spaniel, Smokey Sentinal. Understand that when Kirby got married, his mother, who raises some fine Cocker Spaniels, gave Kirby and his bride their pick of a new litter. As the little fellow grew to doghood, it was noticed he had certain fine qualities not usually seen in the average dog and they were coaxed into entering him in a dog show. He won this and subsequent shows to become a "Champion" in the amazingly short time of 5 weeks. Kirby has refused offers of up to \$1000 dollars for him and Smokey Sentinal is now touring the South, adding to his glory at every show.

To Maury Henshaw and his family, we all extend our deepest sympathy over the recent passing of his father at Jackson, Michigan.

Teacher: "What's the Order of the Bath, Willie?"

Willie: "Well, Jimmy comes first, then me, Johnny and the baby."

Coed: "We girls must be getting home—we're out after hours."

Freshman: "We're out after ours, too."

"In time of trial," began the orator of the evening, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquital," echoed a voice in the rear.