

# SHELLEGRAM

Volume 8

HOUSTON, REFINERY, TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1943

Number 5

## HOUSTON REFINERY AMONG LEADERS IN MANUFACTURE OF WAR PRODUCTS

**Rubber—Aviation Gasoline—Explosives—Three of the most vitally needed products of this World War II came from the test tubes of Shell Research and were first produced on a commercial scale by Shell.**

Employees of Shell on the battle fronts and on the home fronts can bask in the personal satisfaction of being a part of the organization which is constantly looking to the present and future needs of the country.

Employees of the Houston Refinery can further boast that it was their plant which has been the proving ground for large scale production of these three products.

Butadiene to make synthetic rubber has been produced at the Houston Refinery since the Fall of 1941, months before the attack on Pearl Harbor cut off the natural rubber supply. It was the first plant in the nation.

Toluene to make T.N.T. was being produced in the Houston Refinery in the early part of 1941, the first such plant in the world.

100 Octane Aviation Gasoline; Shell manufactured and shipped more of this product during 1942 than any other company and certainly the Houston Refinery played a major part in establishing that record.

It is safe to say that were it not for the avid curiosity of America's petroleum chemists and their outstanding record in rearranging molecules to synthesize petroleum products, America's fighting power would have been handicapped from the start. Furthermore, it is not generally realized how many years of research are necessary before any original idea or product can be put into commercial large scale production.

Fortunately, years ahead of the war, the chemists were initiating research which has permitted us in a relatively short time to place in commercial production numerous synthetic substitutes for items essential to the war effort and the improvement of others.

Take the case of butadiene, one of the two principal ingredients of synthetic rubber. Were it not for research many years ago by the petroleum industry, it would certainly not be possible for commercial large scale plants to be operating now when they are so badly needed.

### Houston Plant Pioneers Butadiene

To the Houston Refinery goes the honor of seeing located within her borders the first plant in the country built for the express purpose of producing butadiene from petroleum in commercial quantities. This plant was completed before Pearl Harbor by Shell at its own expense. The process being used in this commercial plant was worked out by Shell scientists, whose years of research and development of butadiene in small scale pilot plants had already enabled them to produce sizeable quantities of butadiene for use in the rubber manufacturer's own plant opera-

tions. At the close of 1942 Shell was the country's largest producer of butadiene.

Toluene, the basic ingredient of TNT, is another direction in which immeasurable benefit has been de-

rived from the years of painstaking research by the petroleum industry. Before the war, toluene for TNT was obtained from coal. Now it is not only obtained from petroleum, but the quantity obtained from that

source exceeds by several times the total pre-war production from coal.

### Pioneers Toluene Also

The Houston Refinery was a pioneer also in the manufacture of this vital war product, when the first

plant in Texas, and for that matter the first plant in the world, to produce toluene from petroleum in commercial quantities was financed, built and in full scale operation in early 1941. As the fruit of Shell's early research, it is of interest that more than one-third of all nitration grade toluene to be produced in the United States by the end of 1943 will be recovered by that company's processes.

### Processes "Swapped"

A most important factor in the rapid development of large scale production of these and other products has been the praiseworthy readiness with which all companies in the oil industry have made their own processes available to others. This removed obstacles that might otherwise have prevented the use of the best suited processes in the program to increase production of vital war products.

### Production Soars

Turning to aviation fuel, once a freak from a test tube, 100 octane aviation fuel is now being produced in unbelievable amounts. It was as far back as 1934 that the work of the petroleum chemists materialized in the delivery of the initial batch of iso-octane to the U. S. Army Air Corps for test purposes. Shell, who made this discovery, has pioneered in production of aviation gasoline and its essential components and has thus contributed largely to laying the foundations for providing our planes with the kind of fuel that gives them extra climb, power and load-carrying capacity. Last year Shell produced more 100-octane aviation gasoline than any other company in the world.

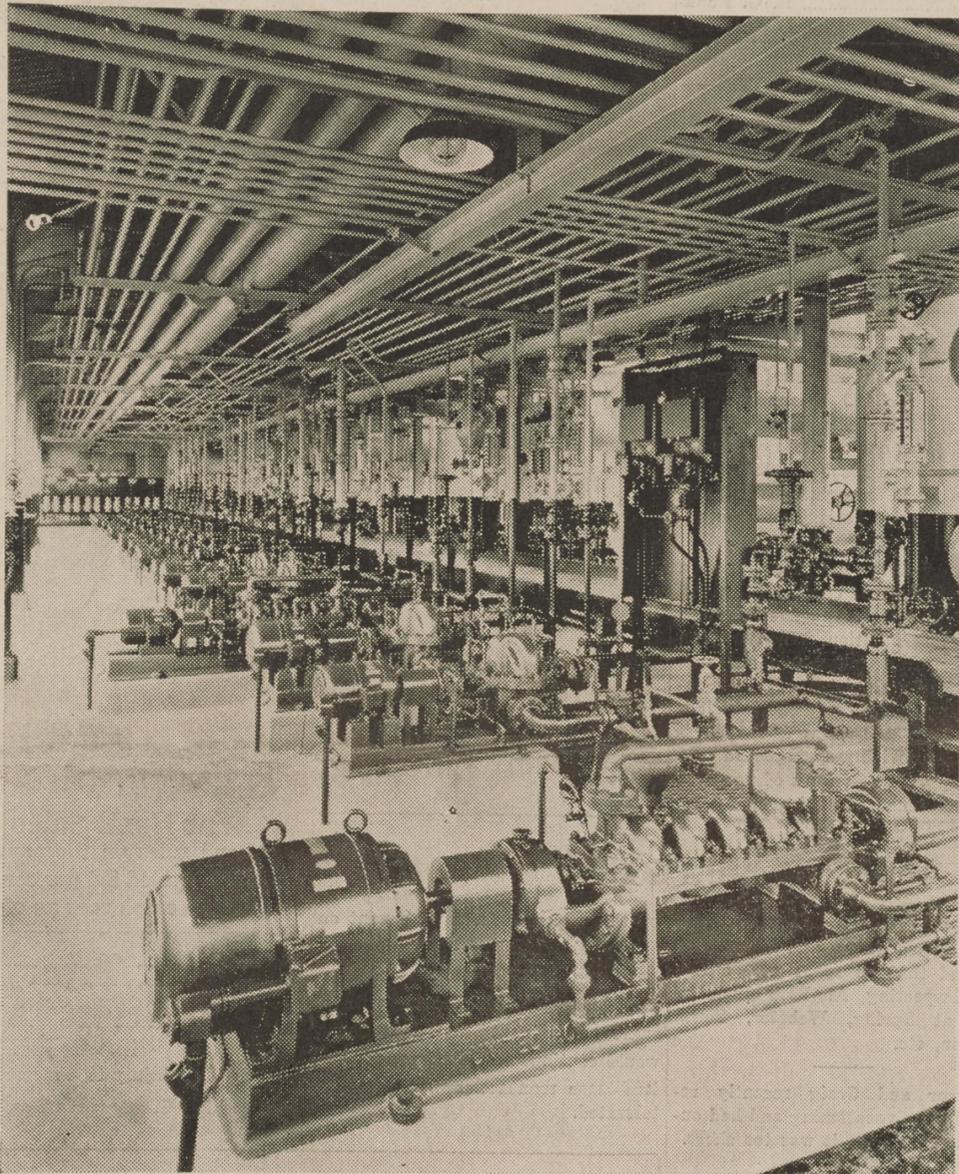
It was the vast new demand for more and better gasoline, brought about by the development of the automobile, that paved the way for the production of numerous chemicals from petroleum. Before gasoline became so greatly in demand, refining had been a relatively simple process, consisting mainly of separating various fractions of the crude by vaporation and subsequent condensation. With the increased use of gasoline as an automotive fuel, however, it became worthwhile to use other refining methods which increased the percentage of gasoline obtainable from the crude. Of these processes, the first of importance was "cracking," which broke down the hydrocarbon molecules of which crude oil is composed, and enlarged the yield of gasoline.

### A By-Product

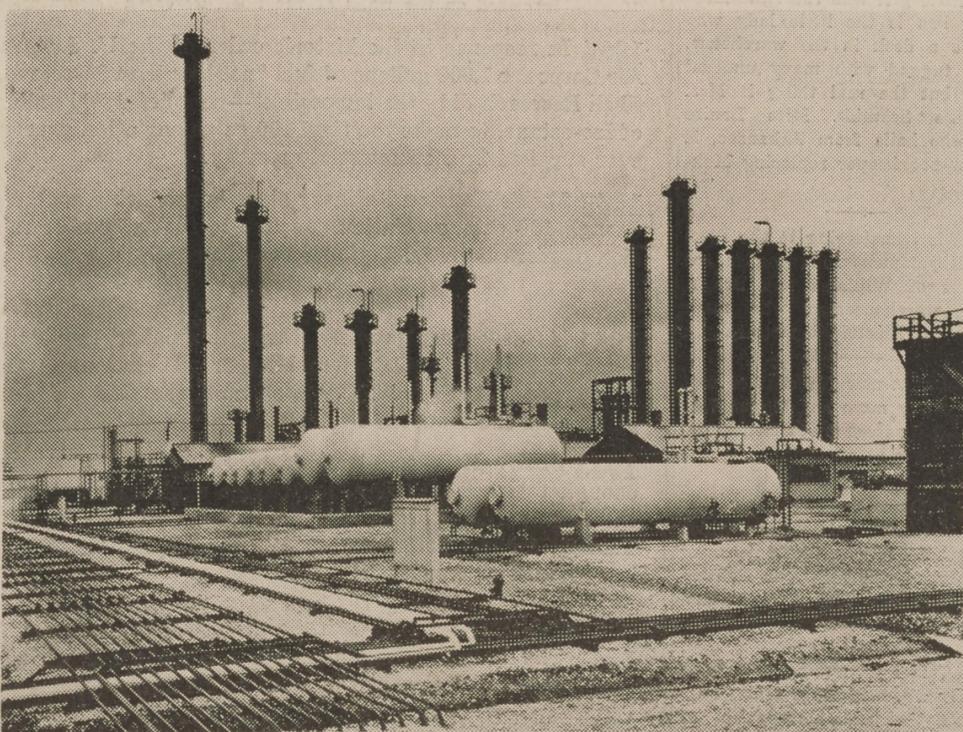
However, in the course of "cracking," considerable amounts of petroleum gases were also produced as a by-product. It was the search for methods to profitably utilize these waste refinery gases that presaged today's petroleum chemical industry.

Theoretically speaking, there is no man-made organic substance which cannot be made from petroleum! While the chemical products now being made from petroleum number perhaps only a few hundred, the surface of opportunity for development of additional products and new processes is only faintly scratched! The list of such products already in production by certain oil companies reveals an impressive array of items vital to the war.

An idea of their far reaching scope is evident from a glance at some of the items now being turned out by Shell's four chemical plants, one of



THE PUMPS AND OPERATING AISLE at the nations first butadiene plant located at the Chemical Division in the Houston Refinery.



LOOKING IN THE BACK DOOR at the butadiene towers. The Chemical Division began operations in 1941 before the Pearl Harbor attack threw us into war with the Japanese.

See Houston Ref'y Leader page 2

# SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Co., Houston Refinery  
Published Monthly

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Staff Cartoonist .....	D. O. Henry



## — Houston Refinery Leader In War Effort —

(Continued from page 1)  
which is located in the Houston Refinery.

### Synthetic Ammonia

At one of the plants, synthetic liquid ammonia is being produced in increasing quantities. Carbon of high purity a by-product of the ammonia process, is being supplied to the rubber and steel industries, while benzol, another by-product, goes to the Army Air Corps. Other chemicals being produced at one or more of the Shell plants include isopropyl alcohol, secondary and tertiary butyl alcohols, acetone, methyl ethyl ketone isopropyl ether, hydrogen, all of which except for hydrogen, are solvents for gums, resins, and varnishes, used in the rayon, lacquer, paint, varnish, and plastics industries. All are fighting products used in the war.

Acetone is used in explosives manufacture, and in making transparent plastics for plane parts, for lacquers, paints, and other things. Isopropyl alcohol has helped provide an answer to the problem of de-icing plane wing surfaces and other parts,

and the Air Forces utilize practically all of the output of this valuable material.

### Helps Make Balloons

Methyl ethyl ketone helps to make barrage balloons, as well as lacquers and paints, while hydrogen is used to inflate the big barrage balloon bags, once they're made, keeping them protectively aloft. Part of the hydrogen goes into the manufacture of iso-octane for 100 octane aviation gasoline. Still other chemicals in production at one of these plants include diacetone alcohol, mesityl oxide (used in mosquito repellent), methyl isobutyl ketone, and secondary butyl acetate.

When victory has been won, a large share of the credit will belong to the chemists and chemical engineers of this nation. When we can again return to peacetime pursuits, the labors and vision of these re-research men and the gigantic strides being made today in petroleum science will provide a springboard to a new way of life—an era of progress and undreamed of achievement.

## Electric Shocks

Williams lament that it always rains on the wrong day. If it would wait until Saturday, he wouldn't have to take this week's bath.

When Too Hi Cole starts singing, having half a plug of Brown Mule and half a box of Rooster Snuff in his mouth at the same time, he releases some mighty peculiar noises—or maybe you have heard a rooster and a mule carry on a duet.

We are sorry to report that Christain has been ill for several days.

Wagner says he would stop working now and just sort of hang around and wait for the old age pension if he was sure O'Daniel would be governor again by then.

Bonham told Gunn that this gang is just like one big slap-happy family.

We heard in a round about way that archer has paid down a on a zoot-suit—of course we don't believe a word of it.

Fox will never catch on to city life—he says that it is not even stylish to chase fire wagons down here.

Davis reasons that Roosevelt and Churchill say, Stalin says, and Hitler said; which bring us up to the point where we would like to say how much we think of our boys are over there fighting for us. So we'll

Rally 'round the bench boys  
We'll rally 'round and stay  
We'll rally 'round the bench boys  
Rally 'round and pray.

Al Eaton has been vacationing for the past two weeks, and it has been rumored that he spent part of this time inspecting Air-Raid Installations at Spring, Webster, South Houston, etc.

Brewer and Craig recently returned from vacationing and had only one complaint—it was too short.

Maxine Laughlin has deserted Shell and returned to the city.

The little girl who rides the Harrisburg bus is the little lady who occupies a desk in the warehouse. She is tagged with many unusual names, but the real thing is Mrs. Genevieve Schmidt. Miss Louise Ross, who hails from Arkansas, is the new bookkeeper replacing Maxine.

Rascó is transferring to the Electrical Department following in the footsteps of Williams and Brown, former warehousemen who made good in the Electric department.

Forget that new fur coat or zoot suit, and buy more and bigger War Bonds—the safest investment anyone can make at anytime.

Many thanks to you Shell Employees for the contributions which were placed in the pickle jars for the purpose of buying our fighting men cigarettes. The total amount contributed was \$35.67.

Roy Carter is nursing two badly cut fingers as a result of a tough entanglement with the electric fan.

When Davis, latest major domo of No. 2 warehouse, was approached

## Storehouse

by this reporter for a statement on his appointment to this position of trust and confidence, he assured us that his motto is "Service with a smile" and that his department would continue to function and that lend-lease transaction would not be tolerated.

## 'Facts are Sacred-Comment is Free'

Inscribed on the walls of the Shell Research Laboratories

**1934** In response to the historic order of the U. S. Army Air Corps for 1,000 gallons of fuel "not less than 95-octane," Shell Research did "the impossible"—supplied 1,000 gallons of Iso-octane, to make the first 100 octane aviation gasoline ever supplied in a commercial quantity.

**1943** Shell's Houston Refinery alone is producing each day enough 100 octane aviation gasoline to fuel a bomber mission of more than 1,000 planes over Europe.

**1941** After earlier proving, through a laboratory "pilot plant," the practicability of making, from petroleum, nitration grade toluene for TNT, Shell built the first full-scale plant—at the Houston Refinery.

**1943** Shell's Houston plant alone is supplying more than enough toluene, each day, to produce explosives exceeding the average daily bomb load dropped on all targets in Tunisia, Sicily, Sardinia, and Italy during the "hot bombing" month of April.

**1941** The first full scale plant for the production of butadiene was in operation at the Houston Refinery.

**1943** Enough butadiene for rubber to "shoe" a thousand jeeps has been produced each day at the Houston plant.

## War Bond Award Received



THIS AWARD  
IS MADE TO THE EMPLOYEES OF

SHELL OIL REFINERY  
P. O. BOX 2527,  
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

OVER 90% OF WHOM  
ARE BUYING U. S. WAR BONDS THROUGH  
A SYSTEMATIC PURCHASE PLAN

*Henry Morgenthau Jr.*  
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

*Sam Miller*  
STATE CHAIRMAN

*James [unclear]*  
STATE ADMINISTRATOR

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1942 480253

**War Bond Sales 8.4 Per Cent of Payroll**  
Bond sales on the payroll deduction plan for the Houston Refinery totaled 8.4 per cent of the payroll purchased by 97 per cent of the employees as of June 17.

## Disabling Injury Ends Safety Effort At 915,102 Man Hours

A disabling injury to a member of the Cracking Cleanout crew on July 7 ended employees' efforts to reach a million man hour total.

915,102 man hours had been worked when Carl Sanders was caught in a flash from a circulating line at Dubbs 1-4 cooler box, causing first and second degree burns about the body. He was hospitalized and lost time will approximate seven days. Pressure on the line caused a sudden surge of hot oil on the line in which Sanders and Mike Robison were attempting to put a blind. Robison was not injured.

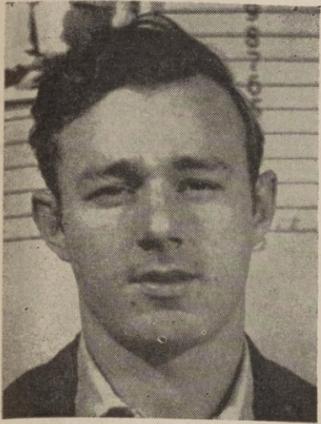
## Two Employees Miss Serious Acid Burns

A pair of ordinary eyeglasses averted serious eye injuries to W. A. Rowe, technologist.

Rowe was drawing a sample from the acid treater when the bleeder line twisted off allowing acid to spurt over his face and body. A. H. Haymes, Treater operator, quickly pulled Rowe from the acid and rushed him to a safety shower. Haymes also suffered burns from the acid in aiding Rowe but both men were back on the job after doctor's treatment.

Mother: "Mary, where have you been until 3 a.m.?"  
Mary: "Walking, Mother."  
Mother: "For goodness sake!"  
Mary: "Yes, Mother."

# June Military Leaves



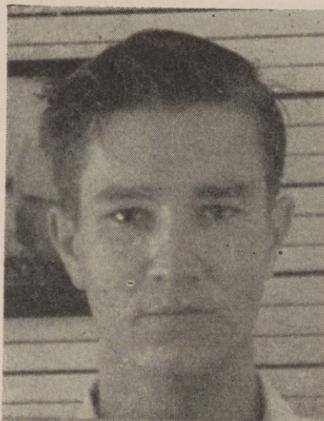
C. D. Young, Jr.  
Control Lab  
Pvt., Air Corp  
6-30-43



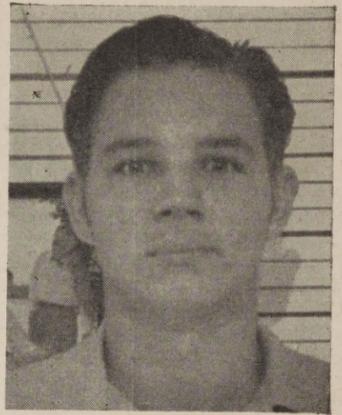
C. R. Gates  
Cracking  
Navy C.B. WT/1c  
6-6-43



H. Green  
M.O.-Shipping  
Naval Air Cadet  
6-4-43



M. W. Roberson  
Cracking  
Navy C.B. F/1c  
6-6-43



C. E. Henderson  
Dispatching  
Pvt., Marines  
6-5-43



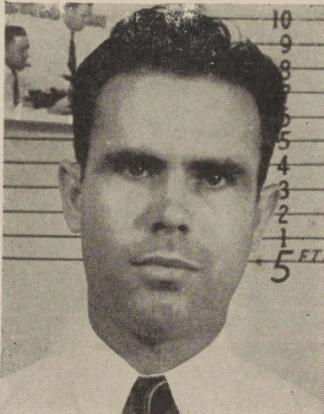
A. D. Mainard  
Control Lab  
Pvt., Air Corps  
6-15-43



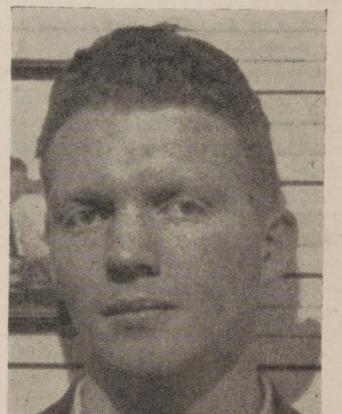
W. C. Felscher  
Cracking  
Navy C.B.WT/1c  
6-11-43



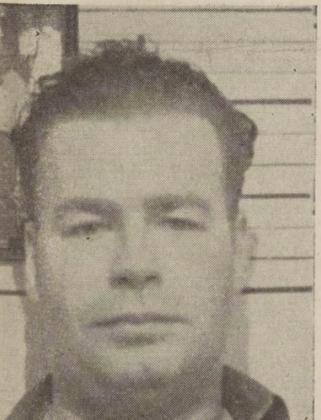
W. L. Colkin  
Car Shop  
Air Force  
6-19-43



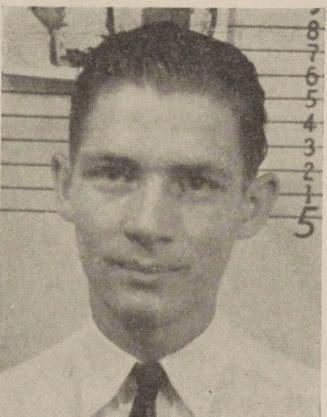
W. W. Keeling  
Eng. Field  
Pvt., Army  
6-5-43



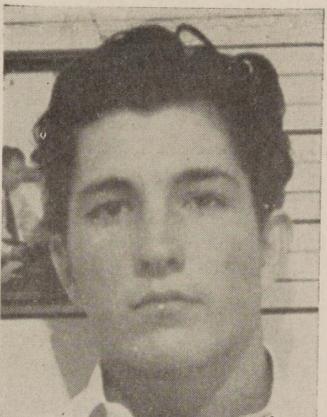
R. H. Hardie  
Cracking  
Navy Med. Corps  
6-15-43



T. C. Bourke  
Cracking  
Pvt., Army  
6-11-43



H. M. Miller  
Control Lab  
Aviation Cadet  
6-10-43



W. F. Gore  
Gas Dept.  
Navy Air Cadet  
6-6-43

## Military Mail

June 24, 1943

Your letter with checks enclosed was received by my husband, Tommie, on June 13, 1943. I am writing to express our appreciation for the help the Shell is giving the men in the service.

This money made it possible for me to visit Tommie in California. I am enjoying my stay here, but I am waiting for the day when we can all be back in dear old Texas.

Tommie certainly enjoys the Shellegram and sends it on to me.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
Mrs. Thomas H. Bosse  
821 3/4 W. 42nd Place  
Los Angeles, 37, Calif.

U.S. Army Air Forces  
Sheppard Field, Texas  
June 22, 1943

Boy, it is sure rough up here. There are only sixty-thousand men here and we have fifty-two mess halls. So you see I am only a drop in the bucket. I am going to a mechanic school and will finish in about

eighteen more days and where to from here, I don't know. I hope everything is O.K. there. Tell Mr. Keegan I sure miss fishing, but I am going after a Jap now. So be good and keep it flowing.

Your friend,  
Pvt. O. L. Dodd

June 1, 1943

Southwest Pacific

Just in case your duties are so heavy you cannot answer at length, I'll make this a little shorter than the last one that you didn't answer.

Everything is peaceful at present. The rumors are as thick as they usually were at the Refinery—and we believe them too. Have heard that we are to return soon—listened to that story so much that I've made myself believe it. Anyway it will be a relief to leave since there is nothing on the Island to fill all these empty grass skirts that I own.

Have received all the Shellegrams and have enjoyed everyone of them. Please continue to send them.

Yours truly,  
J. V. "Jawbone" Clay

South West Pacific  
June 21, 1943

Just a few lines to say I still remember you all.

Sure would like to walk through that refinery gate again soon and maybe I will.

I am receiving the Shellegram regularly now and am sure glad to get it.

However, I have never gotten the Readers Digest I was supposed to get—some mix-up in the correct address I suppose.

I would like to tell you fellows where I am but that is not possible at present, but I can say it is very tropical.

I would appreciate a line from any one that will drop me a line.

Perry P. Dowdy, MMIC, USNR

June 16, 1943

We left West Texas with a ten day furlough in route to our new assignment. This was a welcome surprise—had a great time with my folks in Chicago.

The organization of Northern Field is called a Combat Training

Unit. We will probably be here two and one-half or three months before shipping—yet they tell us we already have one foot on the boat.

Before leaving Texas, I received a Liason Pilot rating with the rank of Staff Sergeant—sounds good, but I'm in a barracks with forty-five more men just like myself.

Regards to you and the department.

Sincerely,  
Walter Fruland

North Africa  
May 9, 1943

Well, Sir: I received my copy of the Shellegram for which I am very grateful, and I sure felt very good when I looked at my picture in the Shellegram. Well, I showed the Shellegram to the boys over here with me and they said that it sure was a good plant in which I was working back home.

Well, sir, I am sure glad to be a Shell Oil Co. employe, because the Shell Oil Co. is well represented here in North Africa, and it sure makes me feel good when we go through small towns and large towns and I see a lot of Shell Signs. It makes me think a lot and it makes me homesick.

Well, sir, this time I took a little spare time and I thought I would write you a few lines and at the same time I am enclosing one copy of renewal of application for family allowance.

Well sir, this time I am sitting close to my fox hole, writing on top of a box of ammunition, but I am feeling good and always thinking of this war to end soon, so please keep the Shellegram flying over here.

Well, I think I will close now for it is getting late and we got a little job to do tonight.

Pvt. Charlie Lopez

Blumenthal Field  
Wilmington, N.C.

Just a few lines to notify you of my change of address.

I recently finished A.A.F.T.T.C.

## Field Office Notes

We're glad to welcome Faye Tipton, another newcomer to our gang. Faye has been transferred over from the lab, which now gives us a total of six beautiful girls. However, Faye is the only single one of the whole bunch now, since the marriage of Wilma Seawright, which by the way, came as rather a surprise to all of us. Her name now is Mrs. Bradbury. So just in case you've not heard, congratulations are in order.

Mr. Reed's wife is vacationing in Pennsylvania, and he's really getting some good lessons in domestic science. He's looking amazingly well, too, to be eating his own cooking, but I'm getting kinda worried about Denny Havens, who is staying with Reed. Denny says that tuna fish salad he's been getting every night is getting a little old. Maybe you'd live a little longer somewhere else, Mr. Havens. (Editor's Note: And better, Mr. Havens.)

So many people have commented on the close resemblance between Red Richardson and his handsome son, J. W. He was at the plant recently in uniform and no one had to be informed as to his identity. J. W. is a flight officer in the Army Air Corps, and has been stationed at Alamacora, N. Mexico, but is now slated for active duty. Best of luck to you, J. W.

Ruth is back now, after a recent tonsillectomy, and asked that a note be added to this column thanking everyone for the lovely flowers sent to her. Maybe she'll bring us that chocolate cake out here that she promised us so long ago.—Jaxie

school in Colorado, and was sent to the 25th Antisubmarine Wing in New York City. From there I was sent to the station control unit here on detached service from the wing headquarters. The work is very interesting, and I enjoy it very much.

In the future will you please send my Shellegram to the following address.

Pfc. Milam Matthews

June 21, 1943

Davisville, R. I.

Just a few lines while I have the time this evening. I am now stationed in Davisville, R. I., I am in the 97th Battalion, Co., "A," Platoon 6.

The petroleum school I wrote you about did not materialize as expected, so the five weeks we spent in waiting have been wasted. I am now with an awful good outfit and think it will be all right. They have assigned me to the water purifying school again so I guess I will just take up where we left off.

I met several of the old gang from Shell at Camp Peary just before we pulled out. Kelly, who was welder has been promoted to C.P.O. L. O. Tabor is also in the welding shop in Ship Company.

Our training schedule in this camp is a lot easier so far. They have just about everything here in camp that a person could want in the way of entertainment; so far I have found two beer gardens, several bowling alleys, pool tables, and picture shows. In the evening, your wife can visit you in camp and attend the shows with you or she can go to church with you on Sunday mornings. This place has Camp Peary beat a 100 to 1 in every way. The only thing we don't have enough of is gasoline. The shortage is so acute that they have cut our liberties 50 per cent. But it isn't so awfully bad when we have so much here in camp.

I was sorry to hear of the labor trouble at the plant last week, hope everything has been straightened out by this time.

Well, that is just about all the news I have for this time. I hope to get a 10 day leave at the end of my advance training, then I will have a chance to drink a few beers with the old gang. Give all the fellows my regards and tell them to write me.

Your friend,  
F. B. Wischhusen, SF 2 c

U.S.S. Edgar G. Chase  
c/o Fleet Post Office  
New York, N.Y.

I want to thank you for sending me the April issue of Shellegram. I really enjoyed reading it. The home office sent me the March issue of The Shell News, which I also enjoyed.

I received a letter from Eddie Madden about three months ago, at which time he was in North Africa. Haven't heard a word from him since. I was just wondering if any of the boys from the Dubbs has. Would really like to know as Ed was one of my best pals.

As I close this letter, again I thank you for every-thing and hope this mess will be over soon so we can all be together again. Please send the Shell News to my new address.

Fred P. Farris, SF 1c

c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, Calif.

Have been receiving my Shellegram quite regularly and really am glad to receive same as that is our only way of keeping up with all the gang. There are quite a few boys here who worked for Shell and I pass the paper around so you see we do make good use of it, as it is read from cover to cover.

I am now stationed in the South Pacific with P.T.'s and have had some pretty exciting times. Was advanced to Metalsmith 2nd Class on May 1, and am kept quite busy busy.

Am looking forward to returning to my old job soon. Tell all the Topping boys hello and tell Broadway Smith I have some swell prospects for him.

Yours truly,  
John H. Williams, M 2c

30 May, 1943  
Quantico, Va.

I would like to start by thanking Shell for the Shellegrams and the Readers Digest. I move so fast that when they catch me I get two or three of each.

I left you last November the 6, to join the Marine Corps as a private but I have been very lucky. After four months I was sent to Candidates Class and now I'm a Second Lieutenant. I have another eight weeks left here in Reserve Officers Class.

Say hello for me to Tony Svec and all the fellows in the Gas Department.

I remain,  
Robert G. Boydston  
2nd Lt., U.S.M.C.R.

c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

Have been getting the "Shellegram," and also the "Readers Digest." Thanks for it very much.

Have been getting along fine in this tropical climate, what with a couple of million mosquitoes, bugs, not to mention our "little yellow friends."

It has been about six months since I've seen a white woman. My memory is getting kind of hazy as to how they look.

I'm writing this so you would put the A.P.O. No. on the next Shellegram. It will get here a lot sooner.

Cpl. Joe Esterak

New York, N. Y.

I am in North Africa now. That is about all I can say except that there are many interesting sights here and that the first service station I saw was Shell. I will keep the Company informed of any further changes in my pay.

Tell the boys in the welding shop hello, and the rest of the boys, too. When I am able to write more I will drop you a line.

As ever,  
Stanley Croucher

San Francisco, Calif.

Am now in the place to be of the most service in the Army. Can take advantage of all my training, particularly that which I got solving problems there.

Hope to get to go South soon. Will get to look up Maj. Miller. I believe I told you that he was by to see me.

Got a big break when I was transferred to this H. Q. from the Colored Engineer Bn. They really go to town here.

Best wishes,  
2nd Lt. Edell Frazier

6-13-43

Well, how are you and all the rest of the fellows on 1-8? Gee, how I'd like to be there, even on the graveyard. We hope it won't be long.

Here I am on an island in the South Pacific; that's about all I can say about the place. The food is good and plentiful and the living conditions could be a hell of a lot worse. The work is steady (12-18 hours a day—no overtime) but not too hard. I haven't seen any of the Japs yet—I'm not bragging. I have lost about thirty-five pounds since I left Houston.

I get a 20 per cent increase of my base pay, beginning 5-13-43, for duty outside the States. Would you please see that this information reaches the right person in the office? It would be appreciated.

We see a lot of Shell out here, and boy, do those red and yellow signs look good? Give my regards to all the boys, and ask them all to write. How I look forward to that day when I can go back to work for Uncle Joe.

Sincerely,  
E. E. Lumpkin

Has the "Admiral's boy" joined up yet?



June 19, 1943  
Camp McCoy, Wis.

Hi, Fellows:

Guess everyone thinks I have forgotten how to write, but a yardbird doesn't seem to have much time for any writing in this man't army.

Have sure enjoyed the plant paper every month, as it keeps you pretty well posted on the other boys in the service; and the boys in my department have been very nice to drop me a line now and then. Was sorry to hear my Frenchman friend, Mr. Vi-guerie, is leaving, as I won't get him to argue fish stories with when I get back.

Also, very sorry about my friend Claude DeWeese passing away.

Well, this Wisconsin country has finally gotten to be a pretty good looking place. Began to think for a while it stayed winter twelve months out of the year up here, as we didn't put our Khaki uniforms on until two weeks ago. So far, we have to sleep under a blanket every night and sometimes two.

My wife has received her allotment checks from Shell all O.K., and we really do appreciate it, as it is really a great help.

The little woman has been up here with me for about four weeks, and it sure has helped my morale as I was getting pretty homesick.

Am sending a snapshot she took last Sunday so you fellows can feel well protected from the enemy when you see who is going to be on the battle line. The spotted one is not me, in case you have trouble figuring which is which, as the spotted one kind of looks like a Texan, also.

Hoping to get a furlough soon and will see all you fellows then.

Always your friend,  
R. E. "Yardbird" Bishop

A.P.O. 923 c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

June 7, 1943

Thought I would drop you all a few lines at this time. I just received some Shell news. They just caught up with me. Some dated back in early '42, but anyway I sure appreciated them. I guess there have been lots of changes since I left. I guess I have been in foreign service longer than any employee, 17 months the 22nd of this month (June).

I would like very much to tell you where I am but under conditions, I cannot. I will have lots to tell you if I get back for I have been there. I guess you can tell from my address where I am now.

I would like very much to hear from some of the gang so give them my address. I imagine there are several of the men in service by now. Well, that is what will get the job done.

Well space is scarce, so will have to sign off. I want to again thank the company for sending me all the news, and hoping you all the best of luck in the world. Give my regards to Bill Carpenter and Harry Webb.

Ben F. (Firpo) Adkins

June 7, 1943

I am now on the U.S.S. New Jersey. You will find my address on the outside of the envelope.

I would like to thank you and the employees of Shell again for the Readers Digest and also for the Shellegram. It is interesting to know where your buddies are.

On my trips I noticed a good many of our products in foreign ports. We also handle some aboard ship here. It sure is nice to see the sign of Golden Shell on the side of the cans. It really brings back memories.

Well, here's wishing you and all my fellow employees all the luck in the world, in our fight to win this war and be back together again as one big family.

Thanks for being so kind toward my wife.

A. J. Badeaux

Ships Co. Adv. Tech Training  
U.S.N.C.T.C. Peary  
Williamsburg, Va.,

June 22, 1943

Enclosed you will find a "Re-application for Family Allowance" form showing my new rating. My family as well as myself appreciate what Shell is doing for its service men very much.

Gremlin 3 c Felscher and "Pearly" Gates are up here in the "boot" area. Last night I paid them a visit and stayed until "taps." The Virginia sun has ripened their faces and the G. I. barbers have done an excellent job of camouflaging it so no one would know where the face ends and the hair begins. Felscher is taking to the Seabee way of life very quick—already he is a past master at bitching. Walter is bothered quite a bit by the fact that Gates and himself are the only two rebels in their barracks and his chief complaint is that Tugboat is already talking like a yankee. On the whole they are doing o.k. so far but are a little homesick. Both Gates and Felscher have been selected to go to primary school in Evaporators and Purifiers so they will be in my class when they get to advanced school.

My wife and children are up here now. They live in Richmond and have enjoyed themselves visiting the many places of historical interest in and around Richmond, Williamsburg and Yorktown. We have quite a collection of photos already.

Well, Jess, I guess I had better shove off with regards to all the boys—and girls.

Your friend,  
J. R. Devereaux



Another one of our treaters who visited us for a few days and has given us a snapshot of himself is none other than J. A. Sullivan who is a Second Class Fitter. Jimmy is doing a big job for his Uncle, so we understand.



Cheyenne, Wyoming  
June 20, 1943

I wish to take this means to express my thanks to the Company for the two checks which I received last week, covering two month's pay and insurance. I am deeply grateful for them.

I also want to tell you how much I appreciate and enjoyed getting the Shellegram. I certainly got a kick out of reading everything about the old gang and sure wish I were back there with them.

I have just finished my basic training and will start to Motor I'll have eight weeks of that, and Maintenance School the twenty-third from there on, I don't know.

Here's wishing the best of luck to all of you fellows and hoping I'll be back with you soon.

Sincerely yours,

Pvt. Dick Wood

P.S. Enclosing a little snapshot to give all you fellows a laugh.

Hawaiian Islands

June the first received forty letters. Among them were two Shellegrams. My mail finally caught up with me. Have been here going on four months. It was two months before I finally received my first letter, so I sure know how a service man feels when he doesn't get any mail. These were the first Shellegrams that I have received since here. Sure made me feel good to see the various pictures of the men back at Shell.

So far, I have not received a single copy of the Readers Digest. I have five different A.P.O. addresses. Have been stationed at six different camps and two different islands in the almost four months I have been in the Hawaiian Islands. There was just a few of us made a trip by Army transport plane from the other island to this island. We saw Honolulu from the air. Also flew over two other islands on the way. Sure saw some beautiful scenery. Only to be here a month. Where my permanent camp is I don't know. Am on detached service. The last time I was paid in full was in December at Florida. Since then, all I have received in partial pay. Haven't had any pay for two months now.

Sgt. M. J. Bady.

June 12, 1943

U.S.C.G.

New Orleans, La.

I received your letter and check in regard to your Military Leave of Absence policy you have. I am very grateful to you for it, and I cannot begin to put into words how much I appreciate it.

I am stationed here in New Orleans, for a few weeks, but expect to be shipped some place along the Gulf Coast in a few days for duty.

I was formerly with the Cracking Department. I will appreciate hearing from all my friends at the Refinery.

I remain,  
Ralph Y. Cobb Sp. 3 c, D  
U.S.C.G., 420 Esplanade Ave.

# Boys In Service

27 May, 1943  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I received your letter of May 12, wanting to know whether or not I was receiving foreign service allowance or 20 per cent of my base pay in addition to my regular pay. I am not receiving either now although I did receive the 20 per cent of my base pay for the months of December and January. I was on active sea duty for three months but since then I have been attending an advance training school here at Manhattan Beach, New York.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you and the Shell Oil Co. again for their generous family allotment plan and the promptness in which my wife has received her payments. Thanks also for the copies of the Shellegram that I have received as I really enjoy reading about all the boys I formerly worked with.

I will only be at this address for about three more weeks and then I will be moved again. I am hoping to get a leave upon the completion of my course, if so, I will surely come out to the refinery. I will send you my new address as soon as I get one.

Very truly yours,  
L. R. Grounds, Jr.

A.P.O. No. 505  
26 May 1943

I was not aware of this last act of benevolence and friendship on the part of our company (payment of insurance for another year). We surely have, and are part, of the finest organization in the world. I would like, through you, to thank the Company for this fine gesture and favor. It was not necessary but it is certainly appreciated.

I am still building along—and take it from me—we are doing a good, fast job of our various assignments. Please note that I am in a different Company (E), but in the same Regiment.

Thanking you again, I remain,  
Respectfully yours  
Charles V. White

May 30, 1943

A few lines to let you know my present location so that I can get my copy of Shellegram.

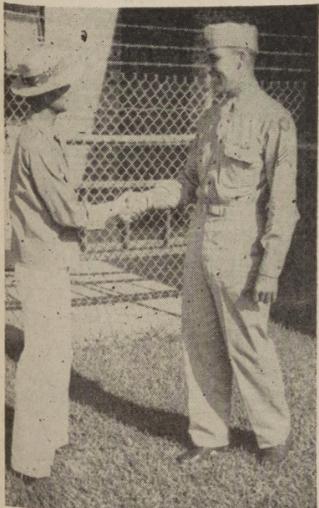
I have started my pre-flight training as an aviation cadet and have a long rugged hill to climb. They either make a man of you here or make you leave. I think I can take anything they hand out.

How are things at the Refinery? I would like to work one day and smell the odor of gasoline again.

Tell all the fellows in the gas department hello for me.

Your friend

C. W. Sparks, A/C  
A.A.F. Preflight School-S.A.A.C.C.  
San Antonio, Texas.



Ray Arnold, pipeline foreman, greets Al Keeney, former Boilerhouse employee on the latter's recent visit to the refinery.

Hawaiian Islands  
June 16, 1943

Lots of water has rolled over the dam since I saw a great many of the fellows at the refinery in April.

After having to chase my unit across the entire United States, going to Paine Field, which is 30 miles north of Seattle, Washington, and finding them gone, I proceeded to Camp Stoneman, California, where I was able to report and found them in the midst of packing, drawing and issuing material and equipment in preparation for duty somewhere else.

I can't say when we sailed and how long we were on the water, but can say that none of the officers were sick and very few of the men really seasick.

After landing and going through various phases, we are now in our permanent quarters of wood buildings, electric lights, wood buildings containing wood floors with cracks in them. All officers and men except myself and executive officer are sleeping on canvas cots with a mattress and have sheets and blankets, also pillows. I have an iron bed and springs and mattress. Rank has its advantage.

The mosquitoes are very bad. They are so bad that at the worst time I have ever spent in Galveston, trying to sleep on the beach was absolutely clear of these night dive bombers, compared to these here. Everyone is sleeping under a mosquito bar, inside and outside of buildings.

There are several places for fine swimming over here and the accommodations for both officers and enlisted men are very good in that respect. I have visited a very well known swimming resort and watch them do a lot of surf board riding. They sure do travel over the waves when they get on one of these rollers and come in with it. I have not tried it as yet but will if I can rent a board sometime.

Our laundry is a problem and my weeks wash ran me \$6.40 and it seems as though this will be about the average price I'll have to pay, so you folks who are crabbing about the high prices of Houston laundries, just remember what can and is being done. Our laundry for officers is being done by private natives here and they don't work for nothing. Incidentally, they do an excellent job so the quality meets their price.

The climate here resembles Galveston more than anything I can think of except it is not near as hot as Galveston. The water to swim in, is not quite as warm but warm enough to enjoy very much. Also the sand is of a coral base and the sharpness is apparent as along the gulf. The water is clear and one can see quite a distance down thru it.

We get quite a bit of rain, called liquid sunshine over here per Chamber of Commerce, and the climate is very even thru out the entire year. In fact, the houses are built without chimneys and any heating that is required during the winter months is done by oil stoves and heaters.

Both the southern cross and the north star are visible at night, and all of the stars seem to literally hang out at night, they are so plain.

There is 4 1/2 hours difference in time between here and Houston and I have received mail via air, in five days. Also air mail outside of the U.S. is 6c per 1/2 ounce. Most of the men and officers use the standard air mail rather than V-Mail for it is much faster than the V-Mail.

Personally, I am commanding officer of this Battalion and reported in as such at Camp Stoneman, California. I have a well trained outfit and hope to increase their efficiency as time goes on. Have instigated several ideas that seem to be bearing fruit and gaining results.

Speaking of fruit, there are fields of pineapple and sugar cane over

## In North Africa



Sgt. Henry L. Moss, former Control Lab. employee, was with the Signal Corps somewhere in North Africa according to word received from him last month. He may be somewhere in Sicily, now.

here that actually run for miles. It takes 18 months to completely grow a cane crop or a pineapple crop. There is a saying over here that a new comer picks out his cane field at the start and then can go home when the particular cane field has been harvested. This is due to men contracting to work over here 18 months and then return to the states. Yes, I have mine picked out.

Would appreciate any news that anyone wants to write for letters are looked forward to with lots of interest and all of us are very much disappointed when no mail comes.

The natives are, according to my standards, high yellows with slant eyes, which shows the result of Chinese and Japanese intermarriages. Maybe after a year the color will be lots lighter to me, one can never tell.

Give my regards to all.  
Yours truly,  
Major Randal E. Lee

Ellington Field, Texas  
May 30, 1943

This is to notify you that my address has been changed.

My present address is: Pvt. Robley R. Lambert, Headquarters and Headquarters A.P.S. (B-N) No. 18187546 A.A.F. Ellington Field, Texas.

Assuring you that my wife and I appreciate your special consideration.

I received Readers Digest every month and try to digest every thing it reveals.

I feel sure that all of the boys enjoy the Shellegram. I look forward to reading it every month. I save them and read them over and over from time to time.

Very truly yours,  
Pvt. R. R. Lambert.  
5-30-43

I want to thank you for the regular issues of the Shell News and Shellegram.

Also want to thank you for the Readers Digest.

Please change my address to N. A. T.T.C. Barracks 7, Ward Island, Corpus Christi, Texas.

Thanks for everything.  
Thomas O. Chapman  
R.T. 3rd Cl.

New London, Conn.  
June 25, 1943

This is to acknowledge the receipt of the two checks; one covering the retroactive wage increase, and one covering the service allotment. They came at a very good time, and were greatly appreciated.

I hear very little news from Texas now and would greatly appreciate a Shellegram. It really will be a treat when I can return to the plant. The changing of the eight hour day for a sixteen (16) hour day is rather rough. Everything is planned from 6 a.m., to 10:30 p.m., and during this time, we sometime have a chance to breathe. However, we all seem to get along o.k. on it.

Again I want to express my appreciation for the checks and would also like to hear some news from the plant.

Very truly yours,  
Harmon Watts, Cadet Class  
4-43-Div. 8 Reserve Training  
School U.S.C.G. Academy



Here is a picture of A. J. Badaux who just returned from the battlefield. Buster made a tour of the plant to visit his friends and believe all were glad to see him. In the above picture Buster has a Californian cornered. A. J., left, hails from the treaters.

U.S. Naval Armed Guard  
South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Will drop you a few lines to let you know am once again back in the good old U.S.A. I have only made one trip across and it wasn't much of a trip to some people, but it was quite a thrill and trip to me. It was to North Africa. I can say that I am glad to be back, after looking over the situation in Africa. It is bad; as far as the ship and cargo and other things it is not permissible for me to mention. We are now in Boston. We only get three days off and you know how far I could get toward Texas in three days. However, after this trip, I expect to get a 10 or 15 day leave and hope to see some or many of the boys in the plant.

One thing I noticed while in Africa reminded me of things at the Shell Plant. It was the good old Shell products in North Africa. There aren't many cars to use them except army and navy trucks. For civilian use, there are very few cars. Of the oil products the gun crew uses aboard ship, some are Shell Products and they keep the guns in top shape.

I received one Shellegram when we first hit port and was very glad to get it. You know, when a fellow is away at sea and at a foreign port and gets back to the U.S.A. he feels at home, and the Shellegram made me feel more at home.

Hoping to see you all soon and best of luck to the other boys in service and at the plant,

Sincerely yours,  
H. L. Bay

P.S. Please say Hello to the boys in the welding shop.

Springfield, Missouri  
June 23, 1943

I received your letter of June 18, 1943, Saturday, but haven't had time to answer until now. Thanks immensely for your co-operation in the matter mentioned. I appreciate it doubly because upon receipt of the check my wife and baby are coming up here to stay while I'm here.

Harry, they're working the hell out of us up here, but it's for a good cause. They're throwing these studies at us fast and furious, and we don't get much time off, but if that means that I'll get my wings sooner—Then that's O.K., too.

We have inspection and review every Saturday. Our squadron arrived here on a Thursday, and of the three reviews that have been held since that time, we have won the last two. The Lt. in charge of us said that had set a record, since none of the other squadrons had ever won it twice in a row. If we win again next Saturday we will receive a banner to keep until we leave.

Well, I guess I've shot the bull about enough, and since it's about time for taps, I'll close now.

Thanking you again, I remain,  
Sincerely,  
E. D. Janes, A/S

P.S. I enjoyed the paper. Keep 'em flowing.

Hawaiian Islands

I received the May 10 issue of Shellegram here on May 25, and enjoyed reading it very much. It is almost like a visit to the Refinery. Then, too, it gives one some idea of where Refinery men now in the service are located.

I was very sorry to learn of the passing of Claude Dewese. He was my idea of a gent and a regular fellow.

I noticed in Shellegram that everyone had the opportunity to meet Penny's husband. Just who is Penny? As you know, that is also my "nic-name." My curiosity is aroused.

Please tell the boys if the Police Department I am O.K. Thanks a million for the Shellegram.

Sincerely yours,  
W. P. Zuber

## CHEMICAL DIVISION

### OFFICE

By B. R. Barton

Who was responsible, in last month's column, for knocking the "L" out of Hiller and substituting a "T;" thus labeling a good man with a monicker exactly the same as that of the world's greatest stinker. "Sincere apologies Gus, for such a low blow. By the way tho, it could happen to anyone. Noticed a copy of a telegram go thru here from one of the local telegraph companies, bearing the notation, "Called to Mrs. Pucker."

Yes, dreams do come true! This was proven last week when Al Horsely left to become Assistant Superintendent of Shell Chemical Company's plant at Martinez, California. We will all miss Al, a great favorite of every one here, and wish him the best of luck in his new job.

To Morgan Williams, Casey Casagrande, Jim Penick and their wives, God bless 'em, we all offer 'heartiest congratulations to all yo' all! These three far sighted fellows, all in the same week, received the requisites for additional ration books which will be registered in the names of Susan Dee Williams, Elspeth Jane Casagrande, and James E. Penick, III. The second "bambino" for each of them.

So it has finally happened — the supervisors office, next to the last male sanctuary in the office building has been invaded. Katie Junker, Rice graduate and yield clerkette to be, is the latest addition to our staff. To Bud Willer has fallen the pleasant job of giving her the lowdown on inventories, transfers etc., with many a helpful and well found hint from "the boys." That's how it goes, Bud gets Katie to teach, Jim Penick had Lea, Jim Beauregard had Ruth, Bob Jackson had Evelyn and who do I get —? Jackson! Ah well!

Somebody wrong—Casey says he had a fine vacation, fixing his house, working in the yard, heating milk, cooling beer and mastering all over again the 'triple fold.' The dictionary asys a vacationist is 'one traveling for pleasure or stying at a summer resort.' Old Webster was evidently a single man in a peacetime world.

Mary Catherine Austin, the lab Madame Currie and Viv Tucker are now on their vacations (Webster's version—not Caseys we hope). Mary has gone to Alabama via Beaumont where she stopped off to straighten out the recent dispute, and Viv has gone to Kansas for a good old family reunion etc.

If Ralph McKay doesn't stop joining his three sons in those after supper basketball games, he's going to be a wreck. They are slowly but surely cutting him down to size and it won't be long before "Pops" will be getting tossed thru the hoop instead of the ball.

As predicted, Dr. Humphreys and Tommie were swamped with questions upon their return from the coast. How does it look? Did you see so and so? How's the weather? being the most frequent. A highlight of their trip was being at Torrance for its inspection by Mr. Bill Jeffers and party and while there, visiting some of the old gang from Houston. Helen Hanson, Harry Kurtz, Charlie Dougherty to mention a few. Their report, all seemed happy in their new jobs and old surroundings. From all reports, they encountered some difficulty in getting train reservations back and it looked for a while as if they might have to stay. What a terrible fate!

### Miscellaneous

The deep friendship which has sprung up between Bob Jackson and the newsboy on the corner of Har-

risburg Blvd. and La Porte road.

Mary Middagh with her badge on a string around her neck so she won't forget it when she leaves the plant.

The eternal cry from the girls in the office—"Boy am I hungry."

### Remarks and their Reason

"What looks good in the 5th race Bud?"—Caused by Willer's checkered pants.

"Where you preachin' today reverend?"—Jim Penick's white suit and panama.

"Was it dark when you got up this morning girl?"—Cleo Bowers one red sock, one white sock attire.

"Aren't you in the army yet Barton?"—Present unsettled conditions.

"What's cookin'!"—The lab—nuff said!

### OPERATING

By H. W. Fisher

Being as how most of the "Stretchers" have vacationed, the tiny bits of gossip that just happen to infiltrate through this corner, has somewhat abated. We will browse around a bit, tho, and see what the Saturday afternoon sewing club has to offer.

Of course just about everyone knows about "Ike" Shores' new assistant. You are right! George "Wolf" Ramsey. He says he doesn't mind the "cut" for the straight days, more than make up for the loss in money.

Al Horsely, the "Alcohol Man" is taking the advice of Mr. Greely and is going "back" west, this time to the Assistant Supt. position at Shell's Martinez (Calif.) plant. We will all miss his cheery "Hi Fellow" and his trips to the gate-house to smoke a cigarette in three puffs. "Handsome Mac" McHenry will take over Al's chores.

Joe "Graybeard" Ward says everything is strictly business with him these days. And is he howling for his vacation, which is being postponed until your reporter of the gossip can be broken in to replace him. And speaking of that, we have found an old man's praradise. Yes, that's right. The Chemical Plant's Boiler House.

Gavey says the shores of the great state of California are becoming "summer" as time goes on. That surely must be a wonderful place.

Wonder if "anyone" has noticed Miss Junker (Kay) on her morning jaunts around the plant gathering up the reports? In case you haven't you have missed an eye full. And she even likes our coffee, which IS something.

Here are some recent changes, a few of which were not welcome: Freeman to "B" Dist., Foster to the Reactor Plant, Stark to the Furnaces, Waggoner to the Compressor House, Hermann to the furnaces, Gloger to the Acid Concentrator and Carter to the Reactor Plant. Stark and Gloger say it just ain't right.

Big John Thurmond recently up to his Draft Board for his first "Screen Test." Says he isn't sure but he kinda thinks he made a passing grade.

We have heard that "Technician" Ross Holloway wants to inhale a few acid fumes at the furnaces, as assistant to Ben Cummings.

And that Floyd Wright, will continue to chase carbons around at the Reactors and Concentrators.

Overheard: Cecil Hand explaining Molecules and Atoms to Joe Ward.

Has anyone ever seen Tommy

## Instrument Hints

We welcome McManus, Herrin, and Ware into the Instrument Shop. They are the new helpers and we hope their stay is a long and happy one.

Andy Cruse was absent a few days because his brother was home on leave from the navy after taking part in several major naval battles.

Gladys Shillings and Don Jewell are the new helpers on shift work.

Dutch "Muscles" Gilbert has returned from his Mexico travels and has been sentenced to two weeks at the rubber plant. He is replacing Roy Fator who is on vacation.

Willie Childs and family spent a happy week at their former home town on their vacation.

Ray Antrobus has been set up to a second class Instrument man. Congratulations.

Wilbur "Midget" Hightower is the new Instrument construction foreman. It is too bad he doesn't have some of his men at home to help paint his house. It looks like a chance for some of the boys to do good.

Tolbert "Pearl Harbor" Ladd lost a small wager to "Crook" Cole on how fast he could build his new log house. It couldn't be built in two weeks.

Ross Phillips has come off of shift work. He has been Jay Cunningham's right hand man since coming on days.

Oscar Mendel has taken over "Einstein" Baker's old job as meter man. I don't know where you could find a better man to fill the job.

Don Bailey has taken over the Topping Zone.

We received letters from Cecil Rainey, "Porky" Yandle, and Bill "Pappy" Vance. All would like to hear from any of the boys in the armed services or at the plant.

"Pappy" Vance has been wounded in action and is in the hospital at Oakland, California. The boys and girls in the shop sent him two boxes of cigars.

Thompson when he wasn't "talking?" And an almost endless part of his conversation deals with his old home town "Bead-Eye."

Freeman was initiated into the ranks of "Shot of Chlorine getters" recently. Says it makes him sick now to get close to a bottle of chlorox. Ask Gavey how this can be avoided, Cecil.

M. R. Russell, "B" Plant Tester never tires of telling about the activities of the three feminine members of his family who are serving in the U.S. Air Corps. One, a Captain; one a 1st lieutenant and the other a staff sergeant are stationed at San Antonio and Russell paid them a visit on his vacation. We can't help but envy you, Russell, because that is something for which to be proud.

May we take this means of expressing our thanks for the much needed "smoker" at the gate-house.

As a colored doorman ran down to the limousine door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the club manager. "They'll think you're one of our members."

Mountaineer's wife: "Quit bein' so nervous and figidety, Paw, you're pullin' yore shoes up over your knees."

## Boilerhouse Steam

By F. A. Bly

Kennedy is still trying to figure out how to make nine boilers do the work of ten.

Rinehart is going to be unhappy when he can't look out the generator room windows.

"Red" Moody is still trying to find some one to help him build a fence around his farm.

A welcome to the new helpers in the Boilerhouse, Drew and Allen.

LeSueur is now back on shift work making 50 bounce coffee.

Marrie is still working on the treated water. Rumor has it that he has found the trouble; now, if he will get the fuel gas lined out everything will be fine—we hope.

Landrum reports he has 100 chicks five weeks old and receives 98 eggs a day.

Hutchins is having more trouble with his cow: he says she kicked him.

How can Jim Stowers afford to give away coffee ration stamps.

Laake says if you set the dice, you'll lose everytime. He knows. We hear that when the water glass blew out on No. 4 boiler W. S. White's disappearing act would make Houdini look like an amateur.

Oscar Derrington is happy since he found out how Landrum works the log sheet in 15 minutes.

Ruff is vacationing at his daughter's home in Tulsa.

Fay Hilliard and family are vacationing in parts of Texas; we hope Fay will bring back a condensate cow but one with all the valves in order.

The Boilerhouse gang is getting set to throw another famous blow off steam party. The date and place have not been set as yet. Frank Bishop and M. G. Hutchins are masters of ceremony. Let's get pd. after our name so we can get the date set. We will hear more about it later.

### By Landrum

W. M. Griffin says that after being thrown out of the same beer joint three times in the same night he has about decided they didn't want him in there.

Grothe on vacation and the crops laid by; looks like those yellow leg chickens and beer are going to catch up.

Ace Hearn's vacation was spent under his old jalopy, a wrench in one hand and his favorite in the other; after he got through it would only run in reverse.

How many of you guys saw Uncle Joe's ad in the Chronicle of June 28. I guess that gave the public some facts as to who started this rubber show; Pour it on 'em Uncle Joe!

An old retired lumberman had taken a room in a hotel and was preparing for bed. Just as he slipped under the covers and was reaching to turn out the light, the door opened unexpectedly and a radiant young blond bounced into the room.

"Oh, excuse me," she cried. "I must have gotten into the wrong room."

The old man looked at her sadly. "Not only the wrong room, young lady, but you got here about forty years too late."

## OCTANE FUMES

### From the Loading Racks

The loading rack personnel has changed quiet a bit since the last issue of the Shellegram. We have in our midst three of the fairer sex, Mrs. Edith McMillen, Miss Edna Earl Nesbitt and Kathleen Williams.

Our loss is Uncle Sam's gain, Mr. R. E. Schroeder or "Schroenski" as some know him. He says he is supposed to depart most any time in the near future.

Miss Francis Hanisch left us recently. We believe she has the "Navy Blues." Also Miss Marie Lamb has departed. We will miss all the poetry lying around on the desk.

Mr. L. L. St. Pe, our foreman, seems to have a new glint in his eye lately. Wonder if the reason might be vacation time or duck season coming up.

Ed Overshultz, a shift foreman vacationing. Guess he is giving those fish a fit and telling them East Texans just how to ship the most tank cars in eight hours.

We sure do miss our friend Duke from the lab. but what a pleasant miss.

Armstrong is vacationing in Oklahoma. I would just like to hear "Old Blanket" telling them Okies what big boss he is out at Shell Refinery.

We are all wondering just why a certain pencil sharpener has been moved to a new location.

Mr. St. Pe has solved one problem of late. Since the girls from the laboratory started sampling tank cars, I don't believe a man has left the department.

We extended our deepest sympathy to F. L. Armstrong whose father passed away recently at Marlow, Oklahoma.

Wonder who started the propaganda about Elliott being the answer to a maiden's prayer. How about it Elliott?

Mr. J. E. Melton, M. O. Thomas and the writer got the anglers blues Sunday and gave the speckled trout a try and landed eight. The bay has been in fair shape for the last five days.

We have for sale at the racks one mother and three children. On account of the meat shortage. 2 blacks and 2 brindles—take your choice of the cats.

Mr. E. R. Elliott's wife recently had an appendicitis operation at the St. Joseph Hospital. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

—P.S. Wells.

## STAY SAFE OFF-THE-JOB, TOO



LABORATORY NEWS



Everything was proceeding according to schedule in the Motor Lab, until Dix returned from Bandera, one weekend, speaking very nonchalantly of quarter-inch steaks and beautiful women.

If he hadn't mentioned horses, too, we never would have known where Allen got those bowlegs and that rangy drawl on his vacation.

Boykin wears mighty purty flow-ers just for the girls on her shift, unless one can believe the rumor that the Dubbs 9 boys like posies, too.

But what happened to the gleam in Hazel Bonin's eyes when G. A. Smith left?

Johnny Dahl continues to brighten his corner with those peppermint plaid shirts that are the envy of all the girls.

And Marcus Smith swears that if he can ever get his hands on that hymnal, there will be no more soulful renditions of hymn No. 53, first, second, and fourth verses by Lively, Lee, Whitmore, and any stray sopranos filtering in from various corners of the lab.

Arthur Murray has nothing on Green and Lawrence, who are tripping the light fantastic to the accompaniment of the latter's new radio-phonograph.

Speaking of dancing . . . Brigham Young is still definitely uncommuni-cative as to his whereabouts after the curfew at the last lab dance.

And "Tank-car" King claims she suffered more from lack of sleep than anything else as a result of this celebration.

Everybody remembers Polk, who hasn't missed a party, yet, but who knows how many of the girls he pro-posed to, before he decided on Katherine Green?

Two old familiar faces at the party were those of "little Red" Simp-son and Pete Knapp, just back from the East, and bragging about South-ern girls.

Leon Shepard, friendly cuss, has a new address, now, somewhere in Californ-i-a, and nothing would be more welcome than news from the lab, he says.

'Tis rumored that the heavy smoke screen surrounding the lab emanates from a bevy of slow-burning "trainees."

And that minor Johnstown flood the other morning was a pure acci-dent, claims Lee, who swears the bell jar slipped.

Tucker still blushes every time she sees the fellow who told her that little moron joke.

By the way, have you heard the one about . . . but we know you have . . .

We are almost ashamed of you guys and gals for not writing to James, who's in the old "show me"

Boilershop Chatter

The Boiler Shop wishes to express their sympathy to Jack Cook who at-tended funeral services for his uncle in Waco Texas.

We are also sorry that Lynch is off ill, we miss you and wish you a speedy recovery.

C. A. Hansen is "pinch-hitting" for Touchtone, while he is on vacation. Be careful, C. A., and don't take up Touchtone's ways, it might make him mad.

The four great fishermen Simpson, Barker, Pepper, and Kolher says fish are biting "purty good" these days.

We would like to say a big hello to several of the gang that have been on vacation, so to you, McManners, Cothran, and Butler, we are glad to see you back.

The Boiler Shops loss is the Safety Department's gain. Gladys Orrell has mounted a bike and left us, we miss you Gladys but good luck to you.

In case anyone needs chickens, telephone, call, or write, C. N. Barker, Jr. He bought a hundred little chickens and they are doing fine these days, but he loses ten every night. The latest report shows that he has thirty left.

Mr. Hansen has just received a letter from E. F. Thurston, who is now serving in the Pacific, and is doing fine. The entire Boiler Shop was extremely glad to hear from him and is wishing him the best of luck.

state, now, and a little lonesome for the crowd.

That pink glow over Galveston is all that's left of the vacation Reichardt spent painting the Island red.

What happened to "Apple" Garbs' Frank Buck hat?

It's common knowledge that Foots runs his fliver on kerosene, but it seems he even has trouble keeping as much as a quart of that in his tank at a time.

That bewildered look in Christian-son's face is probably the result of chasing infra-red bubbles over at the Research lab every night.

Random glances: Hester obligingly carting Tucker and Billingsly around in the bike baskets.

Griffin stirring up 1 a.m. coffee. Cockroaches dragging off Thomp-son's lunch.

Gullible Nelson betting his last penny on a sure thing.

Woody with his inevitable lists.

Duke looking worried.

Boykin at the telephone.

Chris imploring everyone not to get excited.

Carter entertaining Navy guests.

Bramlett taking things easy.

Gregurek earning the title, "yard-bird."

Hogan heckling dozers.

Griggsby entertaining one and all, unknowingly.

We're really proud of Bob Bronte, who is devoting wholehearted atten-tion to his new job as a Marine, somewhere in Utah.

And we must mention Chris Tay-lor's original presentations of such old favorites that everyone can join in on the chorus with little effort, and even less talent.

But the quilted snuff box goes to the fellow who sent us the picture post-card saying, "Having a wonder-ful time. Wish I could afford it."

Main Office News

For Men Only — By Dab!

Since the girls have practically taken over everything we held as masculine property (including a few libraries) we feel there is a crying need for this column. Any female observed reading this restricted in-formation will be relegated to the ranks of "Handers' Standers'!"

The first four whole-hearted sup-porters of the South End Bus "Take-A-Chance-There's-A-Winner-Every-Time-Club" are "Buzz" Barton, "Dutch" McKinnon, "Gussie" Mc-Cants and "Butch" Love. Each is the proud possessor of a spanking new \$25.00 War Bond, for the insignif-icant sum of one frogskin!

Shades of '42: On the same day, two former "pluggers" visited their old buddies in the Yield Section. Former Skipper "Society" McCel-lan regaled the boys with wondrous tales of meat and beer-filled Kansas City and Ensign Tom Pulley became all worked up about the Damn Yan-kee Coldsnap in Chicago. Tom stated that "Even the weather is worse than the South's!" (Opinions quoted are not necessarily the views of this column's sponsor).

Word has been received from Bill Brunner, former pencil pusher. Bill says the weather aboard his "float-ing powder keg" is occasionally a little on the chilly side. "Even the Scotch freezes!" quotes our Mer-chant Mariner. He neglected to spec-ify in the bottle or down the hatch. We trust he meant the former.

Jack, "ten-twenty-thirty," Morris-son recently visited a local tonsorial expert (?) and told him to "cut it short." The clipper and scissors wiede-r took Jack literally and gave him a real going over. The next day friend Von-Morrison looked like one of Hitler's children. All that was missing was the proper accent. Mrs. Morrison put him in the dog house for three weeks, letting him out only for occasions when she could be present to supervise his actions.

It is queer, but "Eddie" Logan seems quite touchy lately. Especial-ly if anyone inquires as to why he has moved to the "perfume deck" on the bus. What gives? Surely it can't be that "Eddie" enjoys the more sophisticated companionship of the females and his conscience bothers him?

Rumor has it that Ensign "Jim-

mie" Kirk saluted an assistant fire chief in the lobby of the Rice Hotel some Saturdays back. "Jimmie" now holds the rule book in one hand and "Jane's Fighting Ships" in the other. The California coast is suf-fering from a "Kirk-Going Over" due to Jimmie's job of scouring the junk yards and thickets in search of "pri-ority stuff." It must remind him of searching Joe's records for blackout data.

Ask Jack Parker and "Beck" Beck-man why they have moved "Ferry Command" Hander three feet above the top of their respective lists. It has something to do with calcula-tion, we think. "Chicken" had better watch his step.

A letter has been received from Billy Reed. He is now on maneuvers somewhere in Tennessee and states that everything you hear about the hills is true. In fact, he claims that he has personally observed a couple of "Kaintucks" fall out of their fields. We believe it.

GAS DEPARTMENT

By H. D. Chapman, Jr.

I am going to start this column off with what I consider the best news of all. We, in the Gas Depart-ment, have worked more than 1,000,000 man hours without a disabling injury. In fact thehe has never been one since the Department was cre-ated.

Another new unit has just been put in operation in the Gas Depart-ment—to help keep the Octane high.

After having made an appeal to our employes on M.L.A. for letters, I've received a letter from Lt. Col. Terry S. Lighthouse. Terry says to keep the Octane high and they will continue doing a good job over there.

Thanks for the letter, Terry and I'll be answering soon. Will be glad to furnish anyone his address upon request.

E. L. Thomas is now singing the Sweeny theme song. Give Ott our regards, Tommy.

R. C. Dickinson, who used to be a supervisor, wrote to the gang from medical school at University of Ar-kansas. Bet he makes a good Doctor. J. E. Garrison gone army—trying for tail gunner—watch out Clark Gable.

E. D. Burr slated to go back to go back to army air corps on July 3.

The grapevine has it that Lonnie Grounds, Jr., is due in soon on fur-lough from coast guard.

R. G. Boydston now 2nd Lt. in Marines. Congratulations on your achievement.

J. P. Okie, our Department Head, in a conversation with Gieblestein, allowed as how just because a man is an extra good operator is no ex-cuse to sit down and allow a unit to go haywire.

Mr. Okie is peeling off his outer layer of epiderms in large pieces—he has recently acquired a 25 foot sail boat and from the severe case of sun burn he has, you can tell that he has been "going to sea."

The 20 per cent withholding tax is now law. Clerical work by the em-ployes is picking up, they have had to fill out forms for a new "A" gas-oline book, a tax questionnaire, and a war manpower questionnaire.

J. E. Watts, one of our supervis-ors, has been taking J. H. Naschke's

Treating News

By R. G. Funk

One Long Low Repee has gone in-to the laundry business. They say Reese is doing a good job on the clothes. What about it Reese?

The boys are wondering why Dar-zen Sweeney made a flying trip off 4-12 to the shipyard. Ha, Ha, Jones has the answer?

R. R. Cooper and family enjoyed a good vacation down New Orleans way.

J. C. McGregor has been on a vaca-tion. A cruise to South America with Old No. 1 was in view, but due to the world on fire, Mc substituted Galveston.

We understand L. W. Smith and Al Handrick are traveling first class now days. Each one chipping in 10c for a pint of ice cream for a certain female?

We understand our great and noble Joachimi has got out of the chicken business and gone into the rabbit business, another pot of gold for Bro. Joachimi.

place, as Gas Plants Foreman while Johnny is on vacation.

C. W. Posern has been absent ac-count his father's illness—here's hoping a speedy recovery.

We, of the C. P. Stabilizers, are being crowded out of our "Dog house" by the installation of new lockers.

The refinery grapevine says there is to be a lot of new construction soon in the refinery. I have been un-able to confirm at this time.

Things are calm again in the Gas Department office after Ever's re-tur and Frances Trowbridge return-ed to Yield Department. Sure miss that perfume, Frances.

The management has agreed with the boys on the Isomerization unit and made it a No. 1 operator.

N. W. Christensen returned to the refinery and found his work clothes smeared with lip stick and tied with bailing wire. Tells me that it wasn't as hard to explain as the perfume item—Strongly suspects one W. W. Donehoo — wonder where he would get lipstick—Flash! I've just found out that Donehoo admitted the above.

L. E. Anderson says he is going to add "sky" to his name and get into jewelry, motion picture, or the cloth-ing business—I recently had an op-portunity to watch Andy use his selling tactics along the clothing line and I'd suggest clothes, by all means.

W. M. Frech has been working nite and day on the Poly Plant shutdown and bring up—says it is the first time he's heard of a shutdown where there was complete agreement and accord between the Engineering De-partment and Operating Department.

O. B. Beard has transferred to the Poly Division.

Harry Evers says he farmed on his vacation, also canned 250 cans of vegetables—ought to come in handy later on.

Christensen has been looking over my shoulder as I write this—he just called Lee Havard and was kidding him about what I was going to put in here about him—seems to have Havard plenty worried—What's the trouble Havard? Guilty conscience?

Ask "Pop" O'Neal why he says he will walk next time he goes to Dal-las.

# Topping Tales

By B. W. Austin

I hope that before this goes to press, person or persons who haven't as yet seen Mr. Webb in regard to purchasing more bonds will do so. We of the Topping only need two per cent to top the mark. Good fellows, that is just a mere pittance compared to what the boys at the battle-stations are giving. They are giving their everything. Let's get started before Mr. Remorse spansks us.

Burt Mueller has given up his big spacious locker so some lady may have a place to hang her frock while she works. To some girl that will seem like a great sacrifice, but to Mr. Mueller it is nothing, as he has the largest heart in all the world, or at least he won the last throb contest.

Ralph Smith, better known as Broadway, who before coming to Shell, owned the Glitter Bright Jewelry Store on 42nd and Broadway and at present is operating the Old Barn Arena, was glad to pay a large income debt.

Sammy Davis has now become a qualified Flusher after a four months course at the "School of Better Bird Dog Training." Before his training I saw him wind all day without getting a point. Good for you Sammy, now you are tops.

Flounder Foot Hutchins is paying for his own coffee and copenhagen these days after dipping and drinking off the other boys for eight years. You see it's like this—he lives out in River Oaks with the high-brows. He drives a big limousine out to East End, pulls off his tie and hat and ruffles up his hair, comes out to the Refinery and says, "Say, old pal and buddy, give me a dip of coke please."

Anyone knowing of a house for rent in or close to Houston please notify sharp nose Davis of LaPorte, Texas. He does not have a car and it is difficult for him to get into Houston for weekly trip of bird-hunting on Friday night at the wrestling matches. You may never have heard of quails in a wrestling stable, but Davis has been known to find them.

When better cars are built, Buick will build them  
When better brushes are made, Fuller will make them.  
When better Pyramids are built, Egyptains will build them.  
When better oils are made, Shell will make them.  
When bigger muscles are built, Clevis Jones will build them.

Somebody told somebody that somebody had been driving somebody's Buick, but the way I heard it was that a cute little gauger was just walking along and a very tired stillman asked her to drive because he was tired and that is perfectly O.K. the way I see it.

Johnny Mustin says if you run an aerial from Houston to New York, you can get New York on a \$6.50 set, while Montgomery & Ward says it is cheaper to buy a thirteen tube airway.

Nick Bailes came back off vacation with a small circus including some owls.

Humphreys of Sugarland now in the U.S. Army paid us a visit the other day and he sure looks good in his uniform. He is working in the Supply Department.

You may now have Mr. Hannah's book in Bird-dogging for the small sum of one dollar. This book contains

all the fine points on winding, setting, pointing, and flushing. Never before has there been a book on the market covering this field so completely.

It looks as if the Draft Board is a bit slow in pulling cards this month, as no one has gone from the Topping Department since last issue of Shellegram. The Swoose, Mr. Stockwell, was our last to leave, and by that maybe the scrap will soon be over.

Chief Wahoo has the sharpest eye of any man yet. He can see anyone anywhere, at any and all times. Just ask Snoodle Smith.

Burt Mueller has finished a book on the finer points of toluene production. He is keeping it locked up until he obtains a patent.

### Told In Berlin

Herman—Wots you say, Adolf, ve stop killing off all der yiddishers.

Adolf—For vot ve don't kill all der yiddishers?

Herman — Mien Fuhrer der yiddishers is der best business man and if ve kill them all ve vill have no one to do der business and der bank will go boom.

Adolf — No! No! Herman, ten bucks say der pure German is der best businessman and ve vill go down to Hans Smidts hardware store to prove it.

As they entered Hans' Hardware Store, Hans appeared with the usual Nazi salute. "Goot morning, mien Fuhrer! Vot could I do for you?"

Herman—Ve vant to buy some left handed tea cups.

Hans—Ach! Mien Fuhrer! I have no left-handed tea-cups. You see all pure Germans are right handed.

So they go down to Ike Rothstein's Hardware Store. Ike meets them at the door in a fit of bowing and saluting. "Ah! Goot morning mein Fuhrer, vot could I do for you?"

Herman—Ve vant to buy some lefthanded teacups.

Ike—Ah! Sure, mein goot man, you have come to the only place in Berlin vot keeps left-handed teacups. I assure you Mien Fuhrer I have just one dozen left and I save them for you. Ike goes down in the cellar and comes up with a dozen teacups, placing one in Hitler's left hand. Hitler pays for the tea-cups and they walk out.

Herman—You see, Adolf, der Yiddisher had der cups, he is the best businessman and you owe me ten bucks.

Adolf — Ach! No, Herman, that Yiddisher was just lucky enough to have a dozen left-handed tea-cups.

It was down on Milby Street  
In the year of forty-two  
That a boxing stable was started  
And a damn good one too.

It was called the Old Barn Arena  
Cornbread Hanna run the cantenna  
Sheephead run the betting  
While Paul Cherry done the fretting.

The seats are narrow and hard  
It costs six-bits for a two-bit card  
There is plenty of air condition  
But no refund under any condition.

On Tuesday nights when you are feeling rare  
And have six-bits that you can spare  
Come down to the Old Barn Arena  
There may be something you haven't senna.

Mr. Griffin, that is Curly Griffin, is really looking bad after hustling residue four months. His hair is getting straight and one can't smell the usual hummingbird fluid that was once a familiar odor when he was around. Maybe it's that old work

# Research Lab News

Busiest person around the Lab these days is Dorothy Rainey, better known as "B." We're afraid to go out in the Utility Building—the junk pile accumulating from her clean-up program is getting so high we might get carried off in a winch truck by mistake. "B" is the recently appointed head of our new stock room in the Utility Building. The gal really knows her chemicals. Judging from the loving care she gives a bottle of Sulphuric Acid, you'd think it was her favorite blend of Eau de Cologne. "B" is handling her job with skill and dispatch. It's going to be nice having someone around who really knows where things are!

It isn't necessary to take a cross-country tour to do your vacation up in style. Proof? Just as Eddie Gelus, Birdie Fogelman, and Nelse Alexander. They stayed home this year. Alex spent his leisure devising some unique methods of washing diapers for his new baby daughter. (We suspect that he hangs them on the line and rinses them with the family hose.) "Not a diaper rash in a tubful!"—that's Alex' motto.

Eddie Gelus found some luscious mustang grapes in the woods near his Garden Villas home, and forthwith the Gelus mouth began to water for some good home-made jelly. After a pleasant time of leaping innocently about among the branches, our Mr. Gelus and his wife, Margaret, only tapped the source of supply, and could hardly wait to tell their friends of this paradise just beyond their backyard. No sooner has Mrs. Gelus relinquished her prized sugar points and set the jelly to cool, than both of them broke out with poison ivy in its most virulent form. Now it so happens that Birdie Fogleman was one of the lucky ones to be told about the Mustang grape vine. Birdie has a sweet tooth, also, but demurred when he learned about the poison ivy. However, Mrs. Fogleman hadn't much patience with this timorous attitude of Birdie's; and so, giving him one of those "Are you a man, or are you a mouse" looks, she let him know right away that as excuses go, poison ivy just didn't add up. The Fogleman's now have some grape jelly cooling on their pantry shelf. Birdie doesn't have the poison ivy—yet.

Kenneth Train had a patriotic vacation idea. He spent it near Linsborg, Kansas on his brother's wheat farm, running a combine. LaVerne says he has more hayseed than ever in his hair since he returned.

Bob Johnson went back home to Baltimore for his vacation. It was nice seeing the folks, he says, but Texas seems wonderful to come back to. At least you have the wide open spaces, even if you don't drive your car for pleasure. He reports that his first Sunday in Baltimore, 781 people were summoned before the gas ration board for questioning. One state official drove to see his son graduate from a naval academy. His gas ration privilege was cancelled for a year.

More about vacations next time.

We have more new people. Ila Ruth Ruth Lucas, Edward Gordon, and Miriam Bley in the Catalytic Plant; Geraldine Sandel in the Pilot Plant, and Jim Melrose in the Analytical.

All Alice Bizzell needed the other day was a nice Kentucky mountain-side, a trusty shotgun, and a full moon. She was only re-running some aviation base stock, but it looked for all the world like a whiskey still.

shirt that's so stiff in the front that it won't let out the good odors.

Ed Farris got smeared with a can of grease that caused him to slide five doors. Sometimes I think he has a mania for grease.

# Cracking Quips

Vacations are about over and are we glad. Doubling men constantly is a hardship on everyone.

Following is a list of the boys in service of which we are justly proud. Lawther, Battestin, Long, Wade, Orr, Breeding, Grasse, Harling, Dial and Gruber. Word received from all, is that they are swell and doing O.K.

What's happened to Ferol Wakefield from Douglas, Kansas? The boy with the pretty teeth and black hair. Witnesses on the job report he squandered seventy cents on beer in one evening. He is back in the saddle again and using the second loop, so look out folks.

A party was held to celebrate the anniversary of Dubbs No. 9. Barbecued goat and chicken, with beer and usual side dishes was on the Menu. All reported a good time and ready for next year.

J. W. (Hoss) Matthews returned from his vacation in Little Rock where he was watching Jr. play ball. Jr. had the old man smiling when he poled a 390 ft. home run, but Hoss stayed a day too long for the next day Jr. muffed a pop fly with bases loaded. Hoss came home with his eye brows hanging low.

Ed Hart came back from his vacation with a sun tan and full of country grub. Ed spent his time shooting fox squirrels (What's wrong with that?)

M. R. Lehmann resigned the 1st of June and is giving his property needed attention. We all will miss the contractor plenty.

Words from the wise: Coale says don't put too much on that stillmen report, you might have to prove it.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Coffman . . . a seven pound, ten ounce baby girl, all doing o.k.

What politician in the Dubbs would be a city slicker but he politics in a country town? Ask G. B., but he bird dogs at the plant.

The girls in the Dubbs will never be true Dubbities for none of us can chew, dip or spit.

A hearty welcome to the new girls from the old ones. We wish them good luck. Of course, the boys are awfully willing to help.

There's a young gentleman who is known as Goldie from Rice Hotel. Who can it be, I wonder.

Bird dog Galloway gauging a tank after giving false points. Why not try and be a retriever, Dagwood?

We are getting quite a bit of fan mail from the men in service from our department, still requesting letters. Why not make an effort to correspond a bit more, fellows.

Woody Elliott is off on an extended sick leave with infected hands. Hurry and get well, we all miss you.

Tom Viser writes about all the tropical climate and moonlite nights, but the fox-holes look better at times than either the moon or weather.

Since Gates, Felscher, Roberson have gone to the Sea Bees they will soon remedy that problem.

Why is Shorty Johnson playing the lone wolf at 1-4 these days?

D. C. Lisle is attending gunnery school at Laredo, Texas for the next five weeks.

At last we received a letter from Ed Madden explaining all the details of his whereabouts—and not a thing was censored.

Scott Calloway was home on a 30 day leave and will be stationed in California while going to school.

Second Lieutenant Tiny Estlinbaum is about finished with school and writes he is ready to go and request the "sew-ing" club to keep him informed of the latest.

When that pipefitter "stutters," what pressurette moons and mutters?

# THE POCKETBOOK of KNOWLEDGE BY TOPPS

THROUGH A RECORDING DEVICE, TEST-FLIGHT DATA CAN NOW BE RECORDED ON THE GROUND

THE WATERS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL ARE SALTIER IN WINTER THAN IN SUMMER. (DUE TO CHANGES THAT OCCUR FAR OUT IN THE ATLANTIC)

MOLE' POBLANO, POPULAR DISH IN MEXICO IS MADE UP OF A COMBINATION OF CHICKEN AND CHOCOLATE

A BASIC UNIT OF 100 ARMY VEHICLES SHIPPED OVERSEAS REQUIRES A SPARE-PARTS SHIPMENT OF 35,000 PIECES WEIGHING 20 TONS.

WEST COAST AIRCRAFT WORKERS GOT A TASTE OF "HIGHBROW" ENTERTAINMENT WHEN A BALLET COMPANY AND A SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CAME TO THE NIGHT SHIFT