

# SHELLEGRAM

Volume 11

HOUSTON, REFINERY, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1946

Number 5

## Control Lab Tied For First Place in Refinery Scratch League

### Moore's 258 Sets New High

By Art Doyle

Playing a "riches to rags" role, Instrument Shop, staggering under seven straight defeats, suddenly finds itself the underdog in the battle for first place in the Refinery Scratch Bowling League rolled each Friday nite at the Recreation Center Lanes.

While losses 5, 6, and 7 were being administered by Pod Lab, with Charlie Brockmeyer's charming wife, Norma, keeping score (when the going got really rough she offered to bowl for Charlie,) the ever dependable B. A. Risinger and "Canon Ball" Dahl sparked the Control Lab to three wins over Refinery Engineering Field and tie for first place.

Pod Lab remains the dark horse, only one game behind the co-leaders. With 17 victories in 21 games in the last seven weeks, Q. C. Stanberry's team has climbed from fifth to its present position.

Other results of Friday, April 12, saw Research come back to life and sweep three games from Main Office to tie for the fourth place berth with the Chemical Division who lost three to Shell 100 Octane. Stars for Research were Jeep Sartor and Jack (I've got his game figured out) Morrison. In defeating Chemical Division, Shell 100 Octane showed that they have probably the best one-two punch in the league with L. C. Moore and George Thorn. Moore hit 258 to annex high individual game by two pins. George had a 221 game and the duet contributed over 1100 points of their team's 2055 score.

The next four weeks will decide the winner. Control Lab meets Main Office, 100 Octane, Research and winds up the season paired with Instrument Shop in what may well be the deciding encounter. Instrument Shop faces Chemical Division, Research and 100 Octane before the big match. Pod Lab must get by the tough 100 Octane gang, Main Office, Chemical Division and Refinery Engineering Field.

The high series posted for April 12 were:

B. A. Risinger, 200, 570; L. C. Moore, 258, 559; Johnny Dahl, 213, 557; George Thorn, 221, 545; Jeep Sartor, 207, 537; Jack Morrison, 195, 528; Paul Murrell, 202, 525; Charlie Brockmeyer, 189, 523; Elmer Saxon, 184, 516; Platt Okie, 181, 515; Curtis Stanberry, 202, 512; Allen Lewis, 194, 504; J. T. Larkin, 183, 503.

High team game of 865 and high team series of 2190 is held by Pod Lab.

#### LEAGUE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost
Control Lab	52	41
Instrument Shop	52	41
Pod Lab	51	42
Research Lab	46	47
Chemical Div.	46	47
Shell 100 Octane	45	48
Main Office	42	51
Refinery Eng. Field	38	55

## Shell Girls To Practice Twice Weekly

Practicing three afternoons a week proved pretty strenuous to the Shell lassies who turned out for the refinery softball team, it was revealed, when a new schedule of practice sessions for the girls was posted this week.

Feeling that a little tapering off was necessary, Coach Joe J. Morris rescheduled the workouts for the girls for Mondays and Thursdays each week at 5:15 p.m. at Mason Park.

Nothing definite in regards to the organization of a women's city softball league has been forthcoming from the Recreation Department, and the Shell girls are getting in lots of practice before league play begins.

After a few more sessions with emphasis on batting and fielding, Coach Morris plans to select a crackerjack team from among the enthusiastic players.

Possibly the last week in April will find the Shell girls challenging nearby teams for practice games, which should certainly be a treat to behold. Already the men's baseball team has offered to play them a game, but the girls feel that they need a bit more competition.

## Refinery Team Holds League Lead

The Refinery women's bowling team dropped two games and the point for total pins to Make-Up last Friday nite in the Commercial League matches at the Recreation Center.

This slices two points from their original 13-point lead, but hardly affords any reason for worry to the league leaders since only five more weeks of play remain.

On Friday, April 5, the Shell girls won four points from Continental Box, the bottom place team.

The four teams in the women's league are lined up in this order: Shell, Make-Up, Houston Natural Gas, and Continental Box.

## Ranch Dance Voted Most Popular Shindig Sponsored By S. R. E. R. A.

### Members Clamor For More of Same

By Arky

Well, pardner, how did you like the dance? Seems if that's poison, the good people who were still on their feet at 1 a.m. last Friday night at the Old Main had developed a real immunity to it, and even enjoyed it. In fact, there was only one guy who didn't like it, and he was an outsider who wanted to wear his boots, too.

Over thirty cowpunchers and their gals out of 450 allowed as how the Recreation Association had really branded something big, and would do well to consider revising a few things so that "no tie" affairs could be held more often—preferably once a month during the summer.

Never has there been so much easy camaraderie, really friendly table-visiting, downright good dancing, impromptu song fests, and all

## New Committeemen Take Over



Four new SRERA Zone Representatives met with their predecessors Thursday to discuss future plans for the organization.

Representatives J. W. Morris, Zone 3, and Oscar Breeding, Zone 5, and E. R. Butler and Joe Daigle were not present when the picture was made.

Front Row, Helen Wills, Zone 6, Price Graves, Zone 4, Bill Negrotto and Doris Pohluda, Zone 7.

Back row, left to right, Claude Cassidy, M. L. Bartley, Paul Murrell, and B. A. Risinger.

Middle row, Pat Mosher, M. E. Lowe, Fay Hilliard and Jeep Sartor.

## April 20-Year Man



E. R. MEEKS  
Cracking

## Softball Team Loses Out In Pre-Season Meet

By T. E. Luke

The Shell Refinery softball team was eliminated from the pre-season tournament last Thursday night as a result of their defeat at the hands of the powerful Buvinghausen club. The Oilers were the victims of faulty fielding which accounted for most of the Buvinghausen runs; however, the Shell team showed lots of power at the plate. Led by Jack Cade, who powerhoused two home runs and a single to lead the attack, the Oilers accounted for seven runs.

On April 8, Shell set down the Cameron Iron Works team, 3 to 3, playing heads-up ball to win the initial game. Tony Gibson limited the opposition to two blows as the Oilers out-hustled and out-scored the Cameron nine.

Although the Refinery team was eliminated from the tournament, they have shown signs of being a good ball club and should improve as the players gain additional practice under lights.

Play in the City League starts April 29. Keep your eye on the sports page and follow the games.

## Group Dancing Lessons Slated For Next Week

By Wilda Newman

The Recreation Association announces plans to start the first Arthur Murray dancing class on Thursday, April 25, from 8 to 10 p.m. The class will probably be held at the Arthur Murray Studio in town, but members are asked to watch for bulletins naming a definite location.

The two-hour classes on Thursday nights was the preferred time for the majority of those who signed up for the course. In the event a sufficient number of people on shift register for the lessons, a class will be organized for them.

The dancing lesson committee regrets that they cannot oblige the funny man who wanted the classes held on Saturdays at 2 a.m.; nor the girl who wanted a guarantee on the "before" and "after" pictures.

If you are interested in these lessons and have not contacted your Zone Representative in regard to them, do so at once. The price, again, is \$18.00 for members of the SRERA and their families, and \$20.00 for non-members. This includes 20 hours of instruction and is identical to the course you would pay \$125.00 for if taken privately at the studio.

## Election Brings New Officers To S.R.E.R.A. Helm

### Results Incomplete In Two Zones

The election of new SRERA Zone Representatives was completed last week with the exception of two zones—1 and 2, that area covered by the Engineering Field, and which positions E. R. Butler and Joe Daigle currently hold.

Because of shift work and the inability to contact all paid-up members in the field in the time required, the election for Representatives for Zones 1 and 2 will be extended another two weeks, it was decided by the Executive Committee.

In a close race between candidates from the Control Lab and Research Lab, Price Graves, recently returned from military leave, emerged as the new Representative for Zone 3 replacing Jeep Sartor. Price's territory includes the two laboratories, Stores and the Automotive department.

M. L. Bartley stepped aside in Zone 3 to allow J. W. Morris, Loading, to carry off the election against nominees from Topping, Treating and the Car shop.

The balloting in Zone 5 found Oscar Breeding, another ex-service-man, running against incumbent Fay Hilliard. Oscar carried the election in the Cracking, Gas and Utilities departments.

Closely contended by L. R. Myers, Engineering Office, Helen Wills won the race for Representative for Zone 6. Zone 6, formerly held by Pat Mosher, covers Industrial Relations, Main Office and the Engineering Office.

Recently awarded two representatives by an amendment to the Constitution, Zone 7 (the Chemical plant) voted W. D. Negrotto and Doris Pohluda to take over the position held by Paul "What-a-man" Murrell.

The new SRERA committeemen met Thursday, April 11, with the former Zone Representatives to discuss future plans for the Association. Another meeting is scheduled Tuesday as the paper goes to press for the purpose of outlining a tentative schedule of activities for the year as well as drawing up a budget for such activities.

A financial statement will be furnished all members within a few days, Joe Simoneaux, Finance Chairman, stated.

## New Car Loans Available At Low Interest Rate

W. A. Carpenter, president of the Shell Refinery Employees' Federal Credit Union, issued a statement this week that the Credit Union had re-opened its account with the Harrisburg National Bank for the purpose of facilitating new car loans to members.

The Credit Union is now in a position to take care of the financing of any and all new cars under any circumstances, Mr. Carpenter said. Having recently revised the interest rates on loans, the F.C.U. can finance for less money than any other finance company or bank in or around Houston.

Members who are planning on purchasing new cars are invited to visit the office and talk it over, and (Continued on page 2)



# SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Company, Inc., Houston Refinery  
Published bi-weekly

Editor .....	Helen Wills
DEPARTMENTAL	
Shipping .....	A. W. Calhoun
Stores .....	A. M. Eaton
Research Laboratory .....	Colleen Stockford
Control Laboratory .....	Fred Norris
Utility Log .....	F. A. Bly
Chemical Division .....	Vivian Tucker
	C. N. Baker
	D. W. Stewart
	R. G. Funk
	J. F. Farraghar
	H. J. McShane
	C. L. Dawson
	D. C. Bailey
	Frieda Jacob
	Henry Simon
	S. P. Davis
	J. R. Devereaux
	O. P. Breeding
	R. D. Ward



## --- Ranch Dance ---

(Continued from page 1)

Helen Kaup was in the Paul Jones mix-up.

Terry Lighthouse must've been supervising a construction job somewhere in the place. Mike Higgins, Research's pig-tailed carrot-top from Cactus, was there with Paul Murrell of Chemical engineering. "Big Boy" Cassidy squirmed Kathryn Green, and Doug Lawrence was at the same table.

Don Henson's great big brother was dragged in and liked it. Charlie Sinclair had a drink over at his table but the evening was too short.

"Slick Chick" Pedigo was there. Ann Wright was everywhere except when Helen Wills was hunting for her.

### Missed the Beer

Jack O'Neal had his mustachio measured, too, but missed that case of beer by a mere quarter of an inch. Louise Ross was charming late-comer. J. Ballew in her "ride 'em" outfit topped by a sprightly yellow shirt.

We were so busy trying to decide which little foot to put during the folk dance that we didn't see anybody.

While we were sitting on the fence around the bandstand during an intermission, Ralph Miller, photog for the evening, came ambling up looking for his freckle job. Sammie Houston. Jeanette Carpenter was fur from being a wall flower. She was dancing with Automotive Junnell, once, when we looked.

And wasn't that "Cowboy" Parker in brand new levis and the whole works dancing with his own wife dressed in like manner? Sam Genusa executed a beautiful waltz with the missus.

Vivian Tucker was straight from the wide open, in poke-bonnet and print dress. Deppities Scotty Ross, Woody Myers and Helen Wills, tot-in' a 6-gun, guarded the door.

Janet Crane and her tall, blond and impulsive T. E. Luke, presided at one table. Girls softball coach Joe Morris was with June Crane. Shorty and Mrs. Schindler were duded of a tableful of dudes.

### Outstanding Costume

Nomination for strikin'est duds—Instrument shop's Walter Cannon's lady in red. Flashing figure and man about the floor—Marx Isaacs, whose shirt was definitely oops! my dear! For fancy pants—meet Gene Mistrot who brought along cute pig-tailed brunette Norma Gene.

Runner-up bracket for the nylon hose was occupied by Annie Alderman, right in the midst of some right purty harmony carried mostly by Bill and Pat Davis, Shaggy Richard Walton, and Annie's escort, Thain Leonard. "Beans" Polk was a little put out because Jack May, Bull Floyd, George Livings-

ton and their respective ladies insisted he resembled B. O. Plenty.

At the adjoining table were Bill and Amy Antone, the "Brigham" Youngs, and the Oliver Goodsons. Bill insists he wore the bow-tie just to show Woody. Everybody there saw Kelley in the yaller dress with yaller bows on her pigtails. And that was Arturo Doyle tripping a light one with "Sugar Puss" Mosh-er.

### Officers Attend

Especially noticed in the gala crowd were Zone Representatives E. R. Butler, and his party, and Joe Daigle, holding down a long full table. Of the newer officers, there were "Pokie" Pokluda really getting acquainted with SRERA members, ex-serviceman Price Graves brushing up on ranch tactics, and Bill Negrotto, happy that there was no canopy to knock down at this dance.

Pipefitter Laura and the lovely lady tried a "Paul Jones." Hortense Barrell and her tall brother, George, attracted lots of attention on the dance floor. Mr. and Mrs. Hank Nannen, boots and all, lent real atmosphere to the place.

Jack Cade went stag with his cute (sez Louise Ross) little brother. Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Foulds from Research were definitely there.

Wahoo Edgerton and his demure little wife in white ruffles played host and hostess to an unending stream of table visitors.

Noses counted from the Main Office included Roberta Simpson and her party, Louanne Roenigk, Eloise Rudeseal, who upon request sang a number or two with the orchestra, George Herren, the Walter Hens, Edna Earle Nesbitt, Martha Becker, Bernice Blythe, Lois Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Logan, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Reiley (their first Shell dance), Ollie Kaltwasser, A. H. Garrison, who came stag, Ella and Billy Wilson, and Gertrude Walters and her handsome brother.

Anita Gilstrap from over at Utilities was there, too.

We remember seeing Nadine Hill, also, but that was rather late in the evening, and you know how that is. Besides, she said she fell down, and we don't talk about that.

## --- New Car Loans ---

(Continued from page 1)

then go talk CASH ONLY with the dealer.

In addition, Mr. Carpenter's statement pointed out that the Credit Union can also make a savings to the buyer of 25 per cent on his automobile insurance, a feature well worth investigating.

Ah Sing—"Whattie that?"  
Boatman—"That's the fog bell."  
Ah Sing—"No goodee. Lighthouse shine, whistle blow, bell ling, fog comee allee samee!"

## PERSONNEL

### Personalities

By Tom Luke

as told to

Eddie Mathews



I am not one to gossip—but have you heard!:

About that poker session the gals held Thursday night. Says Edie, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5—a straight. That's enough," and she had things her way, scraping up over a dollar to aid the "back to Arkansas movement." Annie Mae Lawrence was heavy loser as she dropped 20c into the game. At any rate, I don't think Edie had to pass that "brand new razor amongst 'em."

"The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen!" A new successor has been found for the erstwhile beauty of the refinery, "Queenie" Mosher. Of course, we mean blue-eyed Dorothy Smith who wears daisies in her hair and makes them look like orchids. Know what we mean "Wolf" Wilson?? Keep your distance, Johnny Lacy!

Now is the time to throw out the welcome mat for two additions to the Industrial Relations department chain-gang; namely, Helen Fleming, annexed from the Main Office and Josephine Smith. Glad to have you, girls—hope you stay a spell.

Now I know why Jimmie Hallmark wears those loud sports shirts and ties. Seems that recently he and some "Darrell Zanuck" filmed a movie out here at the plant, and then, too, he has been hanging on the mike explaining the "Shell Soldier and Civilian" deal, so maybe he has aspirations of becoming some sort of actor or movie mogul. It's O.K., Jimmie, as long as you don't start wearing a beret.

Joe J. Morris must be putting the softball charges through a terrific pace as Ye Ed, a flashy infielder, turned up with a slight injury to her ring finger. Helen, those diamonds look awfully funny slipped over that splint board!

FLASH: I have heard of parking on lonely lanes, but I have never heard of finding one on Lake Austin until Whynell Aston let it slip. How do you find those spots on water? (Editor's Note: You wouldn't know, would you, Luke-warm? How about those bluebonnets??)

Miss Pederson, or may I call you Evelyn, has recently been sticking to the cobwebs of her office doing something or another. Why did she have the door to her office closed the other day? Huh?

The Safety department, headed by Louie "the Groosum" Grossheim, is having a time slowing down the hungry mob as they thunder out of the gates at noon. Watch it, boys, or you will be trampled in the mire. After all, we haven't eaten for four hours!

SCATTER LINES: Glenn Boatright really has a lot of visitors lately and luckily one of them isn't "Sweetie Face." If you want to know why, just look under the glass on the top of his desk. Man! Cheese Cake is really ripe, and just take a look at those shapely nylons on Betty, Annie Mae, and others who exhibit a wicked size 9½. Evidently Miss "Mac" is on the look-out for a pair of nylons—says she needs that added inducement since she ain't caught her man yet. Could be the lack of nylons all right. All you nylon loving gals should see Chief Bullard who dangles them as bait—woof!

How come Mary Faye Sherman couldn't find that third step the other night? Don't tell me the "Lost



Spring is really here and has claimed another victim. Harry Schneider "feels so gay, in a melancholy way," that he goes around singing it to anyone who will listen.

We, of the Main Office, extend a hearty "welcome" to Shirley Lee Keith and Dorothy Sue Kirk, the new and comely additions to the Steno dept. We're also glad that Uncle Sam finally found someone to take Pete Schaeff's place, so that we are again seeing his smiling face. Pete will be in the Yield dept.

Word has been received from St. Joseph's Infirmary that our "typing whiz," Jane Carson, is getting along very well after undergoing an operation, Wednesday, April 10. Hurry back, Jane, we miss you.

Hazel Williams just loves her new home in La Porte and reports that she has an orange tree just outside her bedroom window. She has promised us some blossoms, and since it is almost as traditional as that famous march from "Lohengrin," we wonder if it will give someone a bright idea. (June is just around the corner).

Just try to pass off a bad account number to the Tab room and see what happens when it gets around to Margaret Brazda. She can pick them out every time, and then out she comes as fast as passable, hunts down the guilty culprit, and then, I put down the right account, or else. (Rates: 50c a plug.)

If you ever need a dictionary, just visit the Yield dept. They are very obliging. Aubrey Frye and Joe Simoneaux will help you find a word even though you don't know how to spell or pronounce it correctly. All you have is a vague idea. I should know, as I try this stunt every time I start writing this stuff.

### TECH TOPICS

We welcome to the ranks of budding "technocrats" two recent Rice graduates, Jean Mistrot and Edward Nicar, who are now undergoing "basic training" around the refinery.

Ray Kenard (it's hard to keep him out of this column) has finally managed to get a home telephone. It'll be a while before another Houston telephone directory is published, so you girls will have to get the number directly from the boy himself, if you can't wait.

"Barney" Orfield turned up with the most sunburned "pan" of the new season, looking like a sorta blond Indian.

The Tech dept. is very proud of one of its most versatile members, Art Doyle, who shines in "tickling the ivories," ice-skating (falls and all), tennis, and bowling. His advice to all bowlers is "Turn the ball over"—anyway, it seems to work very well for him.

John Moyers and "Senator" Raarup don't have a corner on the "G.I." haircuts after all. Every week or so Earle Reiley sports a "Pasadena Special."

Marx Isaacs is counting weeks,

"Week-End" comes in the middle of the week.

Sure sign of spring, Mrs. Winnie Baker humming and singing every morning. Ditto for Juanita White, Violet Darrah and Janie Baker all decked out in their spring frocks. That's what any office needs to make smooth sailing.

Even Dick Young is wearing his bow-tie again, so this must mean the end.

days, hours, minutes and seconds when he will start on his three-weeks jaunt (vacation). First stop, Norco Plant Day; next, New York. There has been rumors, but there isn't a word of truth in them, Marx says. "Buck" Love watched with interest.

## Gas Dep't Notes

By D. W. Stewart

A. G. Baker says he would appreciate relieving C. L. Martin, if Charles would only keep that live steam pressure up . . . Several bulletins have been posted for jobs on the new plant across the road. It looks as if the gas department is moving across, if the signing of job posters means anything . . . A familiar saying is "How far is it to the Poly Plant? One-half mile? Make it in nine seconds flat!" If you know how, if you need further explanation, see or write R. L. Henderson.

Wanted 1946 model car—J. E. Miller. Keith Mathis says if you have an unusual supply, he'll take one or two. . . . An airplane ride—Yes, Sir, See Owens . . . Don't get excited. That wasn't the fire alarm, just G. O. Williams working A. G. Baker's vacation. Willie says, "The old rocking chair got me." . . . Do you know what hydrastatic, pneumatic, and hydraulics mean? Well, there's a little man with a big book who has all the answers. Genial Johnny is also a bruiser, we hear.

A certain fellow we know lost the end of one finger in an electric saw at home. Instead of being "Santa Fe," he will be known as "Short Finger" Ford—Contributed. Steve is doing fine and will soon be back to work.

## Car Shop News

By Henry Simon

What's this about "Pistol Pete" Falgout giving the car a drink of beer instead of water? Pete, can't you find other use for beer rather than filling a radiator with it!

This is news. The Car shop has the owner of a Shell service station working in the regular old crew. The service station is located in Deer Park. Good Luck, "Cowboy."

We hope to have Ed Stanley back on the job soon. He has been off over a week with an eye operation.

J. H. Brocken is also off on sick leave. He had some bad tonsils and thought it would be best to get them removed before he gets too old.

J. H. Munson, car clerk, started to Louisiana on a pleasant journey. He got there all right; however, upon getting ready to start back to Texas his car developed a cracked block, so Jimmy is taking his vacation while waiting on said car to be repaired.

F. E. Isaminger, superintendent of car equipment, paid us a visit recently. According to Mr. Montz, car foreman, Mr. Isaminger found everything in good shape and gave us a nice compliment on good house-keeping.

Well, boys, if you see O. E. Hutchinson, shop foreman, strutting that glittering new fountain pen around, it's a gift from his daughter. It seems "Hutch" had a birthday recently.



By Jo Schwartz

"Cagey" Plaisance has returned to his native habits. Having moved to his private office, minus floor, door, and three walls, he can throw away his shoes and put on his hat. Wonder what he is always chewing? To top it all, "Buck" Love won't move back there with him . . . Bob Walters seemed restless for the past couple of weeks. That suitcase he has been carrying around is rather heavy. Can't you get any further than the refinery, Bob? . . . Sam Costa (ex-New York Giant), present manager of the Houston Amateur All Stars, is now sporting an over-blown chest. His team licked the Buffs 4-3!

Our C. R. Brockmeyer is looking for some free fencing for the baseball diamond. It is rumored that he has overrun his estimates. Try again, Charlie . . . Our Monday Morning Review: Randal Lee trying to revise his Saturday golf score in order to recoup his losses since Fay Hilliard finally broke 100 . . . When B. F. Heil came to see his old friends, there was a regular ring-around-the-roses, slap-backing in the office. Now on terminal leave after 4 1/2 years in the service, Boyce will start working in a few weeks.

Bill Rochelle got tangled up in his own legal technicality when his youngster caught some undersized fish. The little fellow denied his motion to dispose of the illegal catch. Wonder what Bill caught . . . What one says doesn't always ring true. Joe Meese says, "I want to be alone." But who rides to and from work with him? He must have moods.

C. L. Dawson must be wearing the wrong kind of shoes. It's taking a week for him to get over the calluses on his feet. Anyway, we hope he comes back before the next write-up is due.

### Control Lab News

Local boy John Temple says it's more fun outside on the sidewalk in front of the Uptown Tavern as it's not a very nice place inside anyhow . . . Johnny Dahl finally made the softball team. The girls say he is about third or fourth best player on their team now . . . Looks like the Saturday tennis game gets the better of Bill Enderson as he does all his blending by telephone. Bet that 'phone is along side of his bed, too.

We'll have it strictly understood, boys, that Rex Tucker plays poker scientifically. Not ever trusting to lady luck, says he, except on cashing checks for his friends . . . Bill Antone says he wishes the company would not hire these people with juvenile ideas—stealing lunches and things . . . "Beans" Polk's no sissy. He honorably donates 100cc. of good red blood to the worthy cause of Ella Kerr's well being and then builds it back by a week-end in Galveston with a suitcase full of blood tonic; sunshine and fresh air.

Then, I guess everybody's looking forward to another big dance this week-end, which, according to W. W. Myers, is going to be the best one of the season.

The good old springtime never fails to bring forth those little folders describing all the vacation places with pretty pictures . . . who the heck could work?

Here comes the parade, and your Aunt will miss it. Where is she? "She's upstairs waving her hair." "Mercy! Can't we afford a flag?"

### Ice Skaters De Luxe



Chemites outnumbered the refinery at the recent SRERA ice-skating party.



Top, left to right, Chemites W. G. Hall, A. T. Stewart, Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Stewart skate towards the

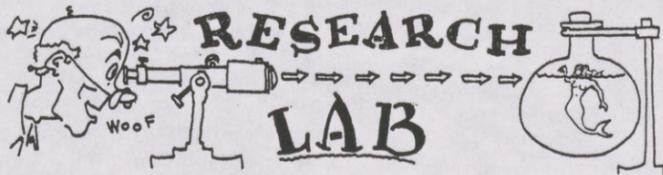


camera. In the right background Pat Mosher and Art Doyle can be seen cutting a fancy figure.

Middle, this shot catches Ben Cummings, Mrs. E. S. Templeton, E. S. Templeton, Mrs. A. T. Stewart and A. T. in the foreground. Skating immediately behind them are Mrs. W. F. Cummings and W. F. and Mrs. W. G. Hall.



Lower, Janet Crane and Sammy Lee whiz by; Margaret Brazda and Fran Toland attempt a two-some; Janet and Helen Wills show the others how easy it is.



By Arky

Just for Ben Post, who wants to columnize during our vacation (oh, happy day!), but who sez he's gonna have the whole colyum about one person (he can't do that, can he, E.?) We've sorta berled this bizniss down to a few pernts. Thoughts for this issue:

Your reading public (those who can read printin') will be made up of Jeeps, Wildas, Shaggy Richards, O'Neals, and Others.

With baited breath (try that, sometime—it beats Adams' Clove Gum), the Jeeps read the colyum, hoping to find some cherce item to latch onto.

The Wildas sniff at it and say, "You and your old colyum," or words to that effect.

Every punctuation mark will mean something to the S-R's (I never will forgive Ye Ed for one comma) who must be sure nobody gets hurt in the fracas.

And the O'Neals, cynical souls, merely glance thru to see who got the needle this time.

"Others" includes those who are new and don't know anybody; those who aren't new and don't know anybody; those who knew and wouldn't tell anybody; and all of the people who read the whole paper (even the little items like "the largest fossilized skaboogie in existence is in New South Walla-Walla, etc.") just because it's free. And you, Lamb-chop.

While you ponder over that, Ben, I'll be telling these readers about

that chat Bill Davis and Dick Longman had in the refractometer room t'other day. It was surprisingly informative considering Bill just passed out the cigars and Dick's just about to.

Ed Gordon, New Yorkering with the bunch one Sattidy nite is ready to exchange that LCI for an LMD (large mahogany desk), but HRK already has the only one in the lab.

The same night, we had an opportunity to watch Wayne Elliott in action. Some convertible!

To Don and Clare Brake, who came with Wayne: Usually, there isn't a floorshow included in these lab parties, unless Jack O'Neal is up to his spot-feeling act. It's worth it, though, so come out, again.

CENSORED

That was some evening, with Coffey giving the drummer "boiler-makers," and the vocalist repeating Walton's pore little snake story and



By Della Freeman & Lisa Brandon

The regular scribe was too busy to compose this time so we did some pinch-hitting.

Muffling a yawn which we would like to blame on the spring fever rather than the late hours we kept last night, we begin this column of gossip. The new twice-a-month deadline keeps us on the look-out for "choice morsels."

We have heard of the rapidity with which certain contagious diseases can be spread. This fact was brought home to us this week when a few minutes after a quarantine sign appeared on the door of Witt Shannon's office, another sign was seen on Johnny Nixon's door. Could it be the measles? . . . It is common knowledge here that "Electro" Horridge is the most charming man in the office. This opinion was confirmed a short time ago when a vote was taken and Horridge came through with flying colors . . . The new telephone system has great possibilities. The other day we got in on a three-way conversation that proved very stimulating.

We were sorry to hear of the illness of Courtenay Bateman's wife. We hope that the operation was successful and she will be well again soon . . . We were glad to see our newest addition, Erma Martin, at her desk this week after a seven-day siege of strep throat . . .

"In the spring a young man's fancy turns, etc.," but to add to this familiar line we would like to say that the ladies remain the same—calculating, analytical. Last week we were filled with rapture to behold a lovely bouquet (a gift of the gallant John Janowski) adorning the office. As we stepped nearer to inhale the fragrance, we were unaware that we were being observed coldly and calculatingly, and our reactions being recorded for future comparison and classification. It seems that the ladies were making a test. Object: to determine whether or not we had appreciative souls. We hear that the result was most astounding. They did not know we were such a versatile lot.

P.S.: In case you are wondering about the meaning of the word "Electro"—it refers to a radiant personality as well as to the occupation of an electrical engineer.

(Editor's Note: Although last Tuesday wasn't a particularly sunny day, it was bright in the Construction office. Why should there be need of sunlight when they had as excellent a source of light as the diamond ring that Della Freeman received the night before. It seems that wedding bells are in the offing.)

gettin' it so-o-o mixed up.

You can tell which girls are out for the softball team—they creak and groan in the joints. Watch Nadine, Peggy, Wilda, Margaret, and Kelley. Right?

Read no further, Jeep. Here 'tis: there is a budding romance in the lab, and the data are available—for a nominal fee, o'course. A cancelled 13-cent stamp will be sufficient.

You might as well mark down 10-19-46 on one of those hubba-hubba calendars, too. That's the date Bernice Cochran's already using in her data book.

See what we mean, Ben? And there's lots more stuff that would be blue-penciled clear out of existence.

Some days you can't make a nickel.

Shall we take up "Sources of Information" next issue? Love these 4-12's!

## Instrument Hints

By Don C. Bailey

The Instrument men and electricians gave C. M. Wilson a party at San Jacinto Inn in honor of his promotion to Zone Supervisor. We wish to take this time to wish Curney all the luck in the world in his new job . . . Oscar Mendel is now the very top man in the Instrument shop . . . Bill Vance continues to act as Mendel's assistant . . . Ross Phillips has been promoted to assistant Instrument foreman. Ross is slated to go across the road on the new cat cracker. Congratulations.

G. G. Tabor has found one way to have his name appear in the Shellegram. His wife presented him with a fine boy. Congratulations.

"Dutch" Gilbert has returned from his vacation. As per expected he went to old Mexico. Too bad Dutch isn't a baseball player because the Mexico pro leagues are looking for Americans to play in their league. Dutch could move below the border and be right at home because of his many journeys there.

Will wonders never cease. Wilber "Midget" Hightower appeared at Wilson's party with a tie on. What a price for him to pay just because he is the boss at the rubber plant!

Jim Smith has returned from his two weeks vacations. Jim said he spent his time around La Porte . . . "Red" Sprouse continues to go coon hunting. From the looks of his arms he must have caught one or two because they are all scratched up . . . Turner Hill turned down his bowling team the other nite just to make a "double." How times have changed!

Ed Johnson is playing second base on the Shell baseball team and doing right well at it . . . R. E. Antrobis bought himself a new bowling ball. Ray said it took him a little time to get accustomed to it, but now he has it under control. Watch his average go up again . . . Aubrey Williams was a visitor in the Instrument Shop the other day. He is the last one of Uncle Sam's boys to return. He said was he ever happy to get out . . . S. E. Yandle is still on sick leave.

## Store News

By R. G. Wall

Another Grandmother was sacrificed to the "Baseball Cause" when Troy Overstreet took off the other afternoon to see the Yankees play the Buffs. Any time Troy takes off from work it is for a good reason . . . In order to gather news . . . scandal, that is — you need eyes in the back of your head. Anyway, Jack Cade sits back of me in the office but we notice Edie Hennessy has been sharing her coffee lately. Pays to stay single — Me — I have to walk over to the cafeteria for mine . . . Roy Carter sported a red-red rose the other morning but it soon started to wither away in spite of the "snow on the roof"—gray hair to you youngsters.

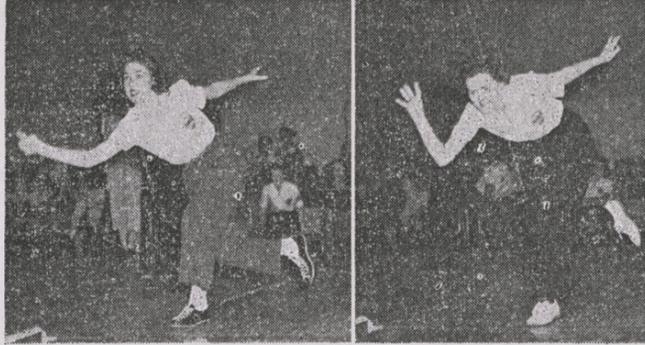
Sometimes when the Diesel locomotives come down the siding along side the warehouse it sounds as if they are coming right in the door. So it's no wonder we jumped when we heard a rumbling and stream-liner whistle blast. We "Stopped—Looked—and Laughed" when Lib Edwards pushed a warehouse truck up the aisle . . . Seems we were lucky to have Don Wilson and Earl Craig at work Monday. The boys went fishing in San Louis Pass at Galveston this last week-end and set up a gasoline lamp on shore as a steering point, but after a while a few more lights came on and Navigator Craig mistook the Freeport light for theirs. Welcome home, sailors.

Spring is here—the boys are talking gardening and fishing. Even Marion Sifford has asked his wife for twenty-five cents to send off for a catalog on spinner reels. (Maybe this item will help loosen the budget a little—always glad to help out) . . .

## Five Ways to Make a "Strike"



(Due to Faye Connolly and Ann Wright rolling "gutter" balls, their pictures were not printed this time).



Bowling for the Shell team in the Commercial league, these girls lead the field in individual averages. Upper, left to right, Pat Mosher, Ann Windham, Hortense Barrrell. Lower, Jo Schwartz and Louise Ross.

## UTILITY LOG

By F. A. Bly

The firehouses aren't the only things in this plant that are red. I hear tell R. C. Grothe's face was a nice cherry red when he spilled L. H. McDonald's cuspidor all over the office floor . . . H. F. Laake redecorated his home while on vacation . . . J. F. Bishop has a new crew and has taught all of them how to cook, and incidentally here is "Ace" Hearn with a handful of fried frog legs.

I see Willie Gray asks quite a few questions. He also records the questions and answers as well as a lot of diagrams in quite a sizeable note book. He must have something on his mind when he smiles at "Buttermilk" Derrington and shakes his head, and then casts a longing glance toward the Generator Room. Gray knows what he is talking about when he says by pass, too . . . Enis Bickley seems to be quite worried about something, judging from the way he paces the floor and has a big conference with "Buttermilk" and Bishop . . . W. N. Landrum really enjoys working straight days working thus. He says little Ferdinand never misses a meal. Although his wife is getting a little tired of Ferdinand being in the house every night.

Anita Gilstrap is still having trouble straightening out the water tender's mistakes on the log sheet . . . J. F. Stowers still on sick leave . . . Now as to Fay Hilliard, I just don't know about that fellow as to whether he is on vacation or what's wrong. The last couple of weeks he has sure made himself conspicuous by his absence . . . Gates is looking for an automobile preferably one with a good pickup . . . Saw W. M. "Mack" Griffin doing the dance of the seven veils in front of the Rice Hotel.

For sale—One Dog House. See Al Keeney.

I saw a new desk in the office and since Frank Pemberton doesn't have time to sit at it, I guess it will be turned over to White . . . Elmer Simon—very industrious, almost as busy as Roy Pugh.

Believe it or not, Frank Pemberton actually stayed home this week-end. Could the last week-end possibly have anything to do with it? Huh, Frank?

REWARD: A dozen fresh yard eggs to anybody who will make known the culprit who has a phobia of breaking chairs in the Utilities Office. Mr. Grothe is rather heavy on his feet, and, after standing during the usual 30-minute meeting, the

corn on his little toe hurts something awful.

\* \* \*

By Frank L. Pemberton

With no one on a vacation and even up to R. O. Kay, who has just finished a case of flu, all seem to be enjoying good health. . . Know from experience it is not best for Hopper and Ruff at the B.H. to get their heads together . . . Allen, Kay and Hooper claim to have the coolest water in Texas, although same does not keep milk cold. Does anyone have an extra ice box they will loan, rent, or give away?

Shaffer in the Utility Office is going in for turtle soup. In case you have one, just drop it in Shaffer's desk drawer . . . We now have a new laborer at cooling water pumphouse—one Leo Mickle—believe he is going to be O.K. to have around. Welcome! . . . Wanted! One range finder for McDonald's cuspidor (spittoon)—maybe a larger issue. Still don't believe that boy could hit a barn . . . Do you suppose Fay Hilliard accumulated that new sun tan to go with that new paint job in his office?

This month, the honorable title of "gentleman" goes to F. A. "Casanova" Bly in the boilerhouse. It seems he helped a lady in distress one afternoon after getting off the bus.

## Dubbs 9

By Oscar Breeding

Well, it looks as if we are losing "Hoss" Matthews to the new cat cracker. All of us hate to see J. W. leave, but we know it will be to his advantage.

Clinton is on vacation, and from reports I hear he is spending it house hunting. Clint, they tell me it's easier to build your own these days. And while we are on the subject of building, Phillips, who is also on vacation has his building rock scattered from one end of Milby School right down to the bayou. Do the pieces fall in together better that way, Phil?

Lawrence Gruber is attempting to form a quartet from members on No. 9. I happened to overhear Scott, Bramlett, and Edwards joining Larry in "out of this world" strains from "You Are My Sunshine," and believe me they were really airing their tonsils.

Joe Crews is rapidly becoming the most sought after boy on No. 9 among the girls. Joe has the looks and personality, and I don't blame the fair sex in the least. How about a few lessons, Joe?

## Shell Chemical Corporation

### OFFICE NEWS

By Vivian S. Tucker

An S.R.E.R.A. sponsored softball team for entry into the fast Pasadena City League was organized Monday afternoon, April 8, at the Pasadena City Park.

Twenty-two stalwarts reported to the first practice session of the Shell entry. All prospective players looked promising, and as the workout progressed, it was evident that Shell would field a powerful team on opening day.

The Shell Pasadena team will play its first practice game Friday nite, April 19, at Pasadena City Park. Game time is 8 o'clock. Admission is free and the public is invited.

Bill Hall, S.R.E.R.A. softball chairman at Shell Chemical, presided over a post-practice meeting held for the purpose of electing a manager. Jesse Posey and "Lucky" Lowe were elected co-managers.

Dolly Brennen, first vacationer of the season, returned to the office this week, beaming and grinning

like a chessy cat over a bowl of clabber. Friend husband David arrived home from foreign service to highlight the event. Asked if she had any trips or special events to report, Dolly, in her typical enthusiastic and naive manner, replied, "Sure, we went to Bill Williams' Chicken House, and had a wonderful time."

Honors go to Frank McGregor for this week's clever true story, which should appeal to all you hard slaving individuals who sometimes feel you have been grossly abused, chewed up, spit out, and stomped on. Mc relates the following conservation between a certain Shell supervisor and employee:

Says the boss, "Now, Bill, all I have heard out of you for the past several weeks is habitual griping about the work we assign you. What's the trouble? You admit, don't you, that you were looking for work the day you came here?"

"Sure," retorted Bill with indignation, "I admit all of that, but if I stepped into a drug store and asked



We regret to announce the loss of our friend and co-worker, D. R. Goodson who passed away on April 4. His many friends extend their sympathy to his family.

Another promotion in our department. Joe Daigle is now wearing freshly polished shoes and stepping high. Congratulations and good luck, Joe . . . "Rosie" Charpentier was getting some technical experiment while assisting "Lefty" Bishop on Dubbs No. 9 shutdown . . . "Crooner" Mayberry is back on the job after a short illness. It is rumored that he had the mumps.

"Rabbit" Vana was seen at the H. P. Absorber working with his pal "Swede" Christerson . . . Red Matson is still trying to figure out how "Teck" Ireton uses a level and plumb bob to get all those sags and bends in a line . . . Ed "Coon Hunter" Clark is now sporting a slightly used Buick. Some class, Ed.

For advice on mixing concrete see "Willard the Wizard" or "Hot Shot" Weatherly.

## GARAGE NOTES

By H. J. McShane

J. C. Rivers did himself a lot of good on his latest fishing trip. Says he caught 30 big ones. Stories like that gives me the fishing fever, but I never have any luck unless I borrow Vick Karney's "Fish Call" that he invented this spring. With just a little practice Vic says anyone can give an exact imitation of a red fish calling its mate. He takes orders for the various kinds of fish his customers' want—plays the correct notes on the fish call, and always returns with a boat load . . . G. N. Moore, our demon white collar worker, advises us that his job would be a cinch for that Hindoo god that has six hands, but his troubles all vanish when the little gal from the Chemical plant shows up and makes talk with him.

Another of our deep water men, Rex Bowler, purchased a boat a short time ago. He planned to rename the scow, and decided that "The Storm King" would be a swell name for his proud craft. He planned to give it a real shipyard christening, so off he goes to the "Little Buckaroo" to purchase a bottle of refreshments to do the job with, but alas, he was too late, as "Lost Week-End" O'Neill had just left the place, and, as usual, he left it bone dry. Good old George, he always celebrate St. Patrick's Day for at least six weeks . . . We have a short ugly word that perfectly describes the person who dials the Emergency Ambulance phone and then requests a list of the foods we have on the menu today!

Hortense Hines of the First Aid will not tell us the true nature of Charles Vetter's trouble, but from the number of times he visits there, and returns without any bandages on his muscular body, we have decided that he is running true to the old saying "in the spring a young man's fancy, etc.—etc."

For a glass of water, I wouldn't expect them to turn the hose on me, would I?

A letter from Pauline Crosby, Biloxi, Miss., sends her good wishes to the Shell family. Says Pauline, "I surely miss the old gang."

Favorite topic of discussion between buxom Chem feds at the Cafeteria (while gorging on rich pastry pyramided with triple dips of ice cream)—"How to diet for slenderizing."