

SHELLEGRAM

Volume 11

HOUSTON, REFINERY, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1946

Number 9

ERA Sports Frolic Draws Big Crowd Of Shell Dancers

All Departments Represented

Easily the most successful dance of the season, the big sports frolic at the End O' Main, Friday, June 28, just broken even for SRERA. Only 360 saw fit to put on their finery and gyrate to the really good music Freddie Gibbons led, with superb style, from his piano; but those good people had fun in large, uninhibited quantities.

Jack O'Neal sauntered about taking flash shots of various points of interest, and the long tables filled up quickly with parties. Control Lab, paced by Jimmy Lee and Johnny Dahl, managed to nab the first one and overflowed to adjoining smaller ones.

Research Lab finally acquired two long tables with Jerry and Mary Paige Hamilton presiding at one, Bill and Pat Davis at the other.

Next came the Instrument Shop who finally got their pitchers taken, after much waiting to get everybody back in his seat.

Perennial stag, Terry Lighthouse, was doing his dooty by the wimmen. So were Chet Fiecko and Arturo Doyle. Our friend, Taylor, from the Docks, passed a friendly greeting as we swung by with Sam Genussa.

Walkie-Talkie Caulfield, resplendent in bow tie, was looking for Cunningham; Helen Wills' niece (who's a lot bigger than auntie) was hunting for Helen. "Shorty" Schindler had his own camera there for choice sneak shots.

All the usual doubletons were present—Higgins-Murrell, included—Bill Neyland at the Higgins table. "Bucko" Austin, from Topping, brought the blonde missus along.

Homer Blaylock, Marine Inspector, and the little lady were almost strangers but caught on pretty quickly.

Hortense Barrell was an able representative from Stores. Phil Phillips, Instrument Shop, was swinging a mean hoof.

Scribe Oscar Breeding stagg'd it. So did Mahlon Hale, as far as was noticeable. Edith Larson, Gas Department, was around and about. Vic Karney cut a few capers, and Louis Harding and the missus were not far behind. And wasn't that Red Mathson over at that table? Research's Sam Lee dropped in with a few books under his arm. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Felscher were right in there pitching.

That was ex-Shellite, T. E. Luke, sailing in early, and you probably saw Vivian Tucker at a table for six.

It was fun, even though the cops were watching Bill Davis, Research, who insisted on turning off the overhead lights. Pat Mosher's brother was expecting polar air cooling, but even without that it was all right—or at least that is what 300 of 'em said.

Year	No. of Disabling Injuries				
	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May
1945	5	0	3	7	1
1946	1	4	0	0	2

Shell Refinery accident scoreboard for June, 1946 shows one disabling accident; this same month in 1945 was accident free.

Shell Oilers Drop Game By One Run To Conroe Cats

By L. N. Mancuso

The Shell Oilers dropped another close game Sunday, June 30, to the Conroe Wildcats—4 to 3. Some poor base running cost Shell the ball game. The Oilers got eleven hits, seven of them doubles, but could score only three runs.

Don Bailey was the hitting star for the Oilers with three doubles, followed by K. Kaiser and Dixon Kirk with two hits each.

In the eighth inning Shell blew a good chance to tie the score when Bailey doubled with nobody out; however, Godfrey, the Conroe pitcher, tightened up and struck out Cassidy and Harms. Hayes ended the inning by grounding out, second to first.

The Oilers scored in the first when Kirk opened with a single and scored on Thurman's long double, to left. The Wildcats came back in the second, scoring two when Pressley hit a long home run over the left center field fence, scoring Porter ahead of him.

Conroe scored one in the fifth to make it three to one; the Oilers came back to tie it up in the sixth with doubles by Storenski, Bailey, Cassidy and a single by Kaiser. The Wildcats, in their half of the sixth, scored the winning run on a walk, single and an error.

The Shell Oilers will go back to Conroe, Thursday night, July 11.

The Oilers have entered the Waco state Semi-Pro Tournament in Waco starting July 11, and will play their first games in the tournament (Continued on page 3)

Chemical Plant Gives Course In Principles

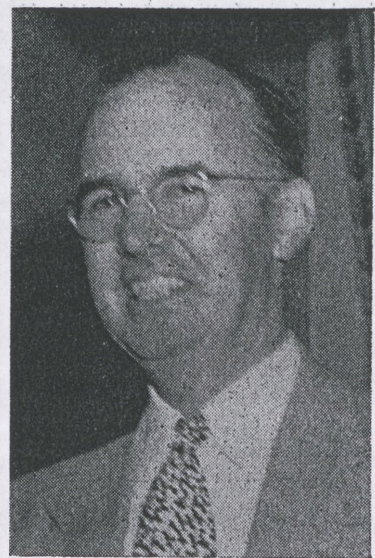
A training course designed to give shift foremen and operators some of the theoretical principles underlying their daily work has just been completed at the Chemical Plant. Each of the 52 men was given a one-week intensive course comprising 40 hours of study, lecture, and both oral and written quizzes.

The course started off with a few hour's work on basic chemistry and the principles of temperatures and pressure measurement, and then plunged into the difficult theory underlying distillation. This was followed by lectures on instruments and controls, pumps and compressors, and various unit processes (such as liquid-liquid extraction, pyrolysis, and acid concentration). A short time was also devoted each day to lectures and field demonstrations on fire extinguishing. Wherever possible the theoretical principles covered in the lectures were demonstrated in the laboratory.

The 150-page text used was written especially for this course by members of the staff. The Operating and Technological Departments supplied ten instructors; each man handled a particular subject with which he was well acquainted.

Near the end of the course a few hours were devoted to relating the theoretical principles to existing operations. The measurement of absolute pressure and the principles of automatic control (proportional, reset, and rate response) proved to be most difficult, and accordingly extra time was devoted to these subjects during a review period.

MANAGER DOWNEY



Introducing the new Plant Manager of the Shell Chemical Corporation, Bernard M. Downey, who joined that organization as of June 15, 1946.

B. M. Downey was born in Garrett, Indiana but at an early age migrated to California, in which state he joined the Shell organization. He has been with the Company for approximately twenty-one years, having been first employed by Shell Oil Company, Incorporated, in Martinez, California. He has made the rounds of Martinez and Emeryville and comes to the Houston plant from Dominguez.

He is married to a Butte, Montana girl and has two daughters, Sharon and Kathleen.

Research In Lead Risinger Still Tops

By Art Doyle

With seven of fifteen sessions completed, Research maintains its two game lead over Control Lab. On Friday, July 5, Gordon Reno and Jack Morrison once more led their team to a pair of victories over a stubbornly fighting Chemical Division.

Since Okie, Murrell and Burroughs each had well over 500, it was a scrap all the way. The one man team, Risinger, fired a 638 to better the previous high series (629, also bowled by Risinger) and twice beat the Pod Lab into submission.

Stanberry still can not see how it could happen with four of his team over 500. But it did, Stan. I was there. That Risinger is a machine.

The other match was taken by Shell 100 Octane, two games to one, with G. Thorne supplying the big punch.

In games won and lost the picture is as follows:

	W	L
Research Lab	15	6
Control Lab	13	8
Pod Lab	11	10
Chem. Div.	11	10
Shell 100 Octane	8	13
Instrument Shop	5	16

Research has 928 for High Team Game and 2679 for High Team Series.

High Bowlers for Friday, July 5: Risinger 638; Reno 580; Morrison 577; Okie 546; Murrell 542; Burroughs 538; Thorn 537; Dobratz 509; Doyle 507; Lewis 502; Stanberry 502.

Worthy of note is the fact that starting Friday, July 12, the summer Scratch League will be in the form of four man teams. The combination of vacations and recent resignations cause this move to be made.

Two Hundred and Fifty Shellites Brave Rain and Mud at Dodson Lake

League Runs Up New High Single And Team Series

By Ray Kenard

Continuing their winning ways the Chemical team squeezed three victories out of Engineering Field, setting a new high team series of 2252 pins. The three games were won by difference of 38, 23 and 66 pins. Engineering Field, the losers, rolling a 2125 series. Jack Staton, Engineering Field rolled a new high individual series of 540 but it was not quite enough to help the losers salvage even one game.

Isomerization won their three games, whipping the Control Lab and staying tied with Chemical for first place with a record of eight wins and only one loss.

Alkylation and Analytical also were three game winners; Analytical winning one of their games with a roll-off of a tie game with Technological.

Steve Ford set a new high individual game of 216, while Gertie Walker's high game for women of 188 and Ann Windham's high series for women of 492 still stand.

The Rules Committee announced that, without exception, the Mixed League would not be open to Scratch League bowlers. If the Scratch League bowlers would prefer to bowl in the Mixed League they must resign from the Scratch League, as several bowlers, notably Ray Antrobus, Norman Thew and Jack Staton have done. This decision, a hard one for the Rules Committee to make, aims at increasing competitive spirit and providing the average bowler a greater opportunity and incentive to win a share of the prize money. The rules committee feels that the purpose (Continued on page 3)

SCC Adds Personnel To Safety Section

The fire and safety section established by the Shell Chemical Corporation on February 1, 1946, with Elmer Saxon in charge, has been enlarged with the addition of Richard Hefly, Fire and Safety Inspector, Marie Ferrero and Blondie Hamilton, Nurses.

Plans are underway for the construction of a much needed new hospital. In the interim period first aid duties are being carried on in a temporary structure.

In the year to date the Shell Chemical safety record shows only one disabling injury. The current goal is to complete the year without further disabling injuries; the future goal is a perfect year in 1947.

Elmer Saxon, head of the Fire and Safety Department points out that: "In planning future activities of our fire and safety group we must realize that plant conditions are not normal. We are in a period of extensive construction, which means that large numbers of new employees both on our payrolls and on those of the construction companies. Therefore, it is the duty of this department and other department supervisors to work in close cooperation in teaching the new men safety habits and observance of the rules and regulations set up from long years of experience."

Event Winners Get Nylons

It rained, but the two hundred and fifty Shellites who turned out for the picnic at Dodson Lake on the Fourth of July were undeterred in their amiable milling about the muddy picnic grounds, freely partaking of Leer, soda pop, and potato chips, as well as their own fixings in the way of picnic lunches, which ranged all the way from wiener roasting to hamper affairs with lots of dishes.

Swimming and sun-bathing were the order of the day, but plans for water races fell through because, by the time the people had begun to arrive, the pool was full of outsiders.

Bob Dicks had little trouble in gathering a capacity crowd at the bingo tables, where winners took in cash pots up to three dollars.

After lunch, and a shower, the clay track was more than ready for the potato race in which girls of all ages participated. The prize was a pair of nylons, won by Mrs. C. H. Robinson.

Spectacular spills and exhibitions of heretofore unsuspected agility marked the three-legged race which "Cowboy" Valenta and "Capon" Cunningham won; they, too, nabbed a pair of nylons for their efforts.

R. A. Pratt, Chemical Plant, thought up a beautiful number in the bean-guessing contest, missing the actual count by only 43, and winning five dollars.

Considerable skill was exhibited at the ping pong table, but no official contests were in progress. Those whizzes who expected to pitch a few horseshoes were doomed to disappointment by the mud.

Nobody drowned; nobody lost any children, and not a camera was broken in the rush. It must have been a good outing.

(Note: Pictures of the outing will appear in the next issue of the Shellegram.)

Seventy-Five Golfers Sign for Tournament

The recent canvass of golfers for the SRERA Golf Association met with enthusiastic response. Over seventy-five signed and a preliminary handicap tournament is being played at the Texaco Country Club on Sunday, July 14.

Indications are that about 15 foursomes will participate. Prizes will be given for both gross and net scores. Members of the golfing committee include Frank Colbum, Chemical Division, Jack Morrison and Art Doyle, of the Refinery.

SERVICE BIRTHDAYS

JULY	
15 Years	
Frank Dungen	Eng. Field
10 Years	
E. Bickley	Boiler & Powerhse
A. Connert	Loading & Unldg
S. E. Croucher	Eng. Field
R. H. Diamond	Topping
J. C. Dorsey	Automotive
E. L. Green	Eng. Office
J. P. Haddox, Pr.	Cracking
V. V. Karney	Automotive
L. H. McDonald	Utilities
M. McGhee	Eng. Field
J. A. Nelson	Topping
W. B. Read, Jr.	Chem. Plant
J. H. Smith	Eng. Field

SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Company, Inc., Houston Refinery
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Editor R. H. Dromgoole
Staff Adviser P. E. Keegan

DEPARTMENTAL

Shipping	A. W. Calhoun
Stores	A. M. Eaton
Research Laboratory	Colleen Stockford
Control Laboratory	Fred Norris
Utility Log	F. A. Bly
	Frank Pemberton
	Patricia Mosher
	Marie Seburn
	D. W. Stewart
	R. G. Funk
	Bill Telschow
	L. C. Feray
	C. L. Dawson
	D. C. Bailey
	Frieda Jacob
	Henry Simon
	S. P. Davis
	E. E. Smith
	O. P. Breeding
	Ed Hander
	J. R. Wacey
	W. H. Jones
	Mary Faye Sherman
	H. F. Ireton



Chemical Plant
Gas
Treaters
Field Automotive
Garage
Engineering Office
Instrument Shop
Main Office
Car Shop
Topping
Cracking
Dubbs 9
Construction Office
Welding Shop
Boilermaker Shop
Industrial Relations
Pipe Shop

TOPPING TALES

By S. P. Davis

New gaugers galore. We have R. L. Sutton, R. V. Brasher, W. T. Ervin, L. L. King, W. D. Simpson, and F. R. Gibbs now included in our Gauging staff. Welcome to the department, boys.

If ya don't already know it we have lost our faithful and hard-working editor, Mrs. Helen Wills is stepping out in favor of Mr. R. H. Dromgoole. Welcome, Mr. Dromgoole, to your new position. (Poor boy! huh, Arky?) Tsk, tsk!

Talk about nerve (I don't know if you could call it nerve or the lack of brain cell one) . . . but Joe Jeter sure has something on these 4-12s. He has been coming into Nos. 1 and 2 house and fanning his hat at "Tiny" Moss and the big chief, then shaking his fist in their face. I saw him going out the west door of No. 1 house like his shirt was on fire. Keep it up, Joe, and you will be able to comb your hair with a towel.

The old chief sure is feeling his oats since that vacation. He is still able to jump up in the air and click his heels together. That is more than I can do, Chief.

If these clubfoot Gaugers don't stop breaking the pedals off the bi-

cycles I will get them some donkeys to ride. Joe Jeter, Tiny Moss and Chief Wahoo are three good candidates.

Ralph "Schrauncho" Miller says that the Gaugers are getting too big for him. One of the new gaugers was drinking coffee in No. 3 while Ralph was standing in the door. The gauger remembered he was charging the slop tank. Ralph stands in the back now. Ha, Ha!

"Schrouncho" has a new club at the Topping place now, called RHNPT (that is: Rainey, Holcomb, Neal Polk, Albert Thomas). Take it easy Ralph, they can hear you over, at the main oil.

R. J. Griffin is back from his vacation. Said he did not get to Washington. He spent too much time in L.A. What's the matter Griff, did the fast traffic in LA get you? Couldn't you find an outlet in that slow 40 mile traffic?

Ask "Bubbles" Williams how he likes that fireman job on a rough bring up like we had on No. 2.

We are very sorry to hear that C. F. Cone is off sick with a bad leg. Take care of yourself and hurry back.

"Where is my 'Ralphie'?" I want a ride home. Ain't that tender?

Say, fellers, take it easy on poor Fred Driskell's back. He is trying to get his sun tan all at once. I can feel for him but can't quite reach him.

Thanks for the ice cream, Archie, it tasted mighty good.

Boy, this 41 cent coffee and this 12 cent milk is sure rough.

Ya know the expression "plant ya now; dig ya later" reminds me of Arky. Why does the ambulance follow Arky all over town? Not that? Oh no! It couldn't be that!

For good service at Stuart's Drive Inn ask for No. 17. Ain't that right, Allen?

A former employee of the department, L. T. "Bo" Bennett was in town last week with another Topping-ex, Morris LaFevre.

Better look out youse Pasadena lads, as Ray Diamond is reading up on atomic warfare.

Any similarity between Harry Maignaud and crab bait is purely coincidental.

"Doing What Comes Naturally" is a bit of all reet, huh, people?

At the department I received a letter from Arky. After soaking it in water for three hours I sprinkled it with sulfa drugs, put on my goggles and rubber gloves and opened it. As I suspected, it contained feuding talk. O.K. The OPA is gone; so is our tobacco for the peace pipe. This will be thirty for now, gal; gotta go to press.

Gas Dep't Notes

By D. W. Stewart

W. W. Donehoo was very happy about his three weeks vacation. He said that he was going places and do things.

Ask W. T. Riggs if he's ever got C. L. Stewart lined out yet? He will know what you mean.

We welcome a number of new men to the department. Hope they like us. We also welcome Havard and Curd back from military leave of absence. W. D. Murtishaw is on his vacation now. He said that he knew he was going to La., but did not know whether he would make it to Ark. or not. The shift foreman told a certain operator to bring up his unit. He asked "How High?"

Have you seen all of those medals that Annie Lou has been winning for bowling etc.? Wow!

Speaking of bowling, Steve Ford stretched out last week when he came through in his league with a 218.

Uncle Tom was enjoying his straight day shift when all of a sudden he had to start working vacation relief as shift-foreman, all good things have to come to an end.

Chris said that he wished someone besides him would start buying coffee, tea, sugar, etc. He thinks that he has furnished it long enough.

Evers reports a fine vacation spent at his summer home at Medina Lake, said he could use a six months vacation twice a year.

They came back from his vacation all tan and crippled. He sprained his shoulder plug casting for three weeks. (Caught 3 one-pound reds).

Congratulations are in order for B. E. Norwood who has been made manager of the Effluent Control Department and D. M. Bergin who leaves the Gas Department to be assistant to Norwood.

A newcomer to the Gas Department office is Zone Supervisor R. L. "Bub" Pemberton who is now sharing the back office with Jim Griffey.

CRACKING CRAX

By E. E. Smith

We have the bulldozer out of hock and digging up numerous bits of choice gossip. Of course, all of it can't be printed due to this scribe's safety precautions. We have unearthed the fish story of the year and defy any fisherman in the Refinery to top it. Our good friend and neighbor, Ike Daniel, went fishing recently and brought in some nice bass, only to have them escape with the stringer. Ike even had the bass weighed and said there were two five pounders and one eight pounder among the escaped. The fish were congenial enough to leave Ike the top half of the stringer. That, my friends, is a new angle on fish stories, since most of the big ones get away prior to entering the boat. Wonder if Bill Carpenter can top that one?

C. A. (Beany Weeney) Hargis is the only returned Vet that still has nerve enough to eat beans. R. L. Webb likes to push the lawn mower so well that he drives 55 miles to do so. V. M. (Duke) Calhoun is on his way back to the wagon since his feet are killing him. D. G. (Pretty Boy) Stephenson, the Dubbs newlywed, is getting gray hair trying to balance his bank account.

A. L. (Meat Ball) Tilley was seen running a tri-cornered laundry in his back yard recently. H. Francis McFall, a good cat cracking prospect, was seen in a certain area rather late. Where were you, Mac? A. J. King was seen touring South Houston last week.

It is rumored that a certain young lady from the Refinery moved to Pasadena so as to be nearer E. L. (Roly Poly) Steck—must be another romance on the way. J. L. (Sheriff)

Shell Chemical Corporation

OFFICE NEWS

By Pat Mosher

So Ernie Stringfellow says I'm just a beginner, but he bowls a 193 for a high game without even gettin' excited—and Paul Sanders returns from vacation and strikes 'em over with a 520 series (must have been that 'Oklahoma air)—also Gene Rash gets hot—a 479 series. But our Lab boy, Bill Cummings is hitting with top average for Chem.

Amazing fact that Doris Winner, a newcomer to Stenographic, is unspoiled—one of 15 children—never a dull moment. Gee, these stenographers are sumpin'—love that place so well, they even sit on waste paper baskets to eat lunch—and Dolly Brennen is a small racer—getting the operating report out in one day—just think, eight hours.

It's a sad day for Edith Meier Rodgers and Roy Elliot have left us for other occupations. Eddie to one so different—good ole dishes and broom—and Roy to one so similar—top Engineer at Martinez, California—you know sunshine and all that stuff. To Eddie some eating utensils and an alarm clock so she'd have no excuse for getting Leroy off to work late. And to Roy a Parker pen and pencil set—unless an arm is broken we should hear the news from the long almost three weeks trip the fellow is taking. Here's luck to 'em both; we'll miss you.

Congrats to "Lucky" Lowe—it's a girl (ain't that awful) 7½ pounds born on the 30th of June with long curls and black eye lashes—and a bea-u-tiful set of teeth—that's what he said—I heard him.

Glad to have y'all guys who joined our happy home of late. In Tech there's Leslie Wareham—a native Houstonian—Milby and Rice Graduate; Aaron Krus and Eduardo Hererias who came from Wood River Refinery and they add "I'm single too." Also Herman Boucher from Wood River way who in a short while became a first class guide of the Houston district—good ole Texaco map. Glancing about, we see "Pinkie" Martin, a brand new add to Operations from Wilmington, California—Shell Oil—he likes to dance and picnic too.

We welcome back Jane Woodrome McNeill who had a lovely honeymoon out in Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Carlsbad Caverns and on and on—she says now she is ready to settle down—but the time away from hubby certainly is long—a whole 8 hours.

These women are indeed in need of nylons—gee, that was the inspiration for the relays held at the clay filled race track at the picnic. Mrs. "Robbie" Robinson did her bit too—she's a potato picker from way back—while the two offsprings and papa look on and give forth with routing as others in that section—uh-huh she won! There were many present, the B. L. Stanley's, Bill Cummings', Bill Halls, Doug Flints, Carl MacHenry's, Dick Pratts', Nick Gianakos, Pinkie Martin, Paul Murrell, Willie Neyland, Marcy Lowe and son and gosh, just a gob of chem folks.

Gee, it was a super picnic we-all had—and a hand shape goes out to Pat Patterson of the "Boating" Department—the Co-Chairman. He did

Burch is rather greedy since he wants a diamond studded badge along with the Dick Tracy detective outfit the boys in the Department are going to buy him when he is elected. We're all for you, Sheriff, and hope the good citizens of La Porte elect you.

T. B. Viser visited Abilene on his vacation and returned with a nice sun tan. H. Francis McFall travelled all over Texas on his vacation. Mac says the fish weren't biting. An honest fisherman if one exists.

We'll pump the bilger for the next issue provided this Scribe survives. See you later, folks.

his bit with help from Lucky Lowe—and some of the Refiners. Dick Pratt wins five bucks bean guss—that. The water was cold and water-melons and beer too—saying nothing of the occasional showers—a typical Shell picnic.

Dot's Dashes

As Wallace put it, "We'll soon have chemists two deep!" They just continue to arrive. We've been craning—golly, any Houstonian can do our collective necks for a long time wondering about each of the strangers, and finally, the new Chief Chemist arrived. He is pleasant, red-haired George Johnson, to Houston from Shell Chemical's Halls of learning in California after a military stay, stationed when down here at Baytown Ordnance Works. Our hearty Howdy! to him. Also among the latest arrivals from Shell Oil at Wood River, Pennsylvania, John Mital and Mark McClintock, who has been initiated into the wonders of AC Distillation.

On the Sick List: Eugene Adlef told Mary Catherine Austin on Thursday that he was "the tiredest human alive"; Monday's chief "Did you know—" (and this was not twig from the grapevine) was "Did you know Adlof had an emergency appendectomy Friday?" Surely do miss him around; have a good rest, and hurry back, Eugene.

After Hours: Alice Cunningham and her dog at the Houston Symphony's open-air concert: "Well, he's been 'most everywhere else; I thought his education wouldn't be complete without a concert or two." Gerry McKinley, looking over the P-80 at the Army Air Show at Ellington Field; Jim Long, being really constructive—building a house.

"Tired cars started—over-anxious accelerators toned down—just give us a little time to argue about what the trouble is, take your motor apart and then fix it with a piece of wood picked up from the parking lot." Nick Gianakos, Paul Leyhe, Mark McClintock, Robert W. Abright, and John Davies swarmed over our car like a post-war service station attendants and pretty soon we were able to drive home—a little gingerly, but we made it, with Mary Catherine Austin, Mildred Pitts, Anna Greenwood, and Elaine Fly Secord along to help us worry about whether we'd take off and fly low—or stop dead still. Thanks, fellows!

OPERATING

By Marie Seburn

Welcome to the Chemical plant J. V. McAnally, R. L. Denson, C. V. Shelton.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. C. W. Holliman is improving. She has been ill for the past week with polio.

H. H. Brown says she cleans house on her vacation. Imagine anyone spending a vacation like that! Wonder why J. D. Washburn doesn't hang out around 67th and Harrisburg anymore?

Congratulations, Price Melton, on that five pound girl, a recent addition to the family.

We'd like to know if anyone leaving work in the middle of the shift was ever known to get home on time.

Miss Dicy E. Dement is back on the job looking very rested.

If you feel blue and need a good laugh, ask Don Jewell to tell you about "The Peeping Toms."

Fellows in Maintenance, ask V. J. Kristinek if he ever found his flashlight.

I hear Jerry Walker has Glenn Wooley pretty well lined out. Maybe I was wrong about she and our interpretation of Robert Taylor, J. D. Washburn. By the way, Jerry says she's going to Niagara Falls on her vacation, and isn't that the place of honeymoons?

We want to wish Joe Arrington good luck and many pennies on his newest investment.

Sports Frolicers Pause for Pictures



Top left, back row: Charlie Clements, Mrs. and Mr. Wheeler, Mrs. and Mr. Red Norton; front row: Emil Karstadt, Mrs. Clements, Mrs. Karstadt, Mrs. Frank Schindler, and Mrs. Charlie Lindsay. Top right: R. Caulfield, C. M. Cunningham, Mary Vick, W. A. Northam, Margie Cable, Rosanna Reid, Jack Carter, and F. A. Northam. Lower left: Pat Mosher and Jimmy Rutland. Center left couple: Charlie Rochelle and Dick Walton; right couple: Clark Jackson and Lelia Caldwell. Lower right, Woody Myers and Jeanette Carpenter.

—Photos By Jack O'Neal

Research Lab News

By Arky

Note to Ye Ed: Is this Dawson person still writing for the rag? After his infamous attack on poor, unsuspecting Mr. Wall and little old defenseless us? Did he show you our two-word reply? If he thinks that fumes, he should hear the "cherce" selection we warm up for lamp sulphurs, on occasion.

But it's an ill wind—not only did Mr. Wall devote a beeyootiful paragraph to "Dauntless" Dawson's ignominious doings, in doing so, he upped our estimation of him at least a coke's worth, which is collectible and that's sumpin'.

While we're trying to think of a nasty crack to make, we can jot down a few items from notes made on 4-12's last week.

We got scooped about Mike Higgins' diamond . . . but August 25 looks like a good date for Eddie Castling . . . wonder if Mary Vick's really married? . . . You'll find Connie Millar's under the A's now—Allan, that is . . . and this fellow, Lawhon, new to the Hind's 57 Varieties, has been married only a week or so, so that takes care of that.

Except for Doug Wilson, the only Shellite to run for governor of Texas during the war years . . . It was his fiancée who discovered Killooy's usual message on the wall of the pink room at our last party, while we were telling about Doug's proposal and his plans to budget his wife rather closely. She didn't say she was engaged to him, too.

So we wore one of our cast-off genuine simulated diamonds out to work, just to impress Buford (who has a Denver-vacation-look, by the way), already goggle-eyed from the things that happened while his back was turned.

He didn't even get one of Dick Longman's cigars for that heir nobody'd better call Junior. Love the candy, Dick.

First thing we know, Ray Coffey will turn up married er sumpin. He's usually gunning around town in that Buick with Shell's ace pitcher, Nolan Scoggins . . . that is, was, until Nolan got banged up in that car wreck.

Seen leaving after the second act of the Sattid nite performance of "Chocolate Soldier"—Harriet Leff and Peggy Rester—graveyards, no doubt.

And at the dance, Friday nite,

Jeep Sartor was escorting the chic brown one-shoulder affair. (Ed. Note: Here copy is not clear. We cannot decide whether Jeep had an affair with "the chic brown" or whether he escorted a person named Wacile to the affair. At any rate we have in our desk drawer a picture of Sartor and a lovely lady which we intend to put in the safe against a law suit.) At the next table Charlie (Sutton) Rochelle was bewitching everybody in that bare flowered thing. Can't remember what Bill Davis was wearing, but the cop and the bouncer watched him closely for an hour or so. Clark Jackson had on a beautiful buzz. Did anyone there see Kelley?

Haven't thought of a nasty enough crack yet. How do you like our tan, Dawson?

That fella, Hogge, sez he really enjoyed that "Business" trip to the west coast with Eduardo Gelus. At least, we agree on who'd be fun on such a trip.

And if you smell Old Spice on our bus these groggy a.m.s, it's Wally Hay.

Old Spice or no, Ralph Young's stashed away in a corner of Distillation.

Some days, you can't make a nickel.

LEAGUE RUNS

(Continued from page 1)

of the Mixed League is to provide the most chance for the largest number of people to bowl.

The standing of the teams after the third week of the league:

	Won	Lost
Chemical	8	1
Isomerization	8	1
Chloride	7	2
Acetone	6	3
Analytical	6	3
Alkylation	5	4
Utilities	5	4
Butadiene	4	5
Engineering	4	5
Engineering Field	4	5
Isopropyl	4	5
Gas	4	5
Main Office	4	5
Technological	4	5
Distillation	4	5
Control Lab	3	6
Allyl	3	6
Instrument	3	6
Industrial Relations	3	6
Drafting	1	8

SHELL QUIZ

Question: Why were the average earnings of the last five years of service used as a basis to determine the amount of pension an employee is to receive upon retirement?

Answer: Use of a shorter period, 1 year for instance, would increase the risk that possible temporary reductions in the employee's earnings because of lay-offs, economic changes and the like, would unduly reduce the amount of the pension. On the other hand use of a longer period, for example 10 years, would tend to reduce the amount of pension, as longer periods frequently include service prior to the employee's final promotion or before wage increases for other reasons.

The last five years seem to insure the highest possible pension for the majority of cases because at that stage most employees are at the peak of their earning power.

Question: Since the amount of pension an employee will receive is reduced by a percentage of the Company's part of the Provident Fund, will he be able to get any help from the Company in the form of advice on how to invest this money?

Answer: The Company cannot attempt to advise individuals regarding investment of their personal funds, including Provident Fund settlements. In addition to the legal complexities involved and the sizeable expenditures required to provide such service, this would require that the Company assume responsibilities completely outside the sphere of employee-employer relations.

SHELL OILERS

(Continued from page 1)
Saturday night, July 13 and Sunday, July 14.

RESULTS	AB	R	H	E
Shell	4	1	2	1
Kirk, cf	4	1	2	1
Storenski, ss	4	1	1	0
Thurman, rf	5	0	1	0
Bailey, lf	4	1	3	0
Cassidy, 3b	4	0	1	0
Kaiser, 1b	3	0	2	1
Alston, 2b	3	0	0	1
Johnson, 2b	0	0	0	0
Hayes, c	4	0	1	0
Telschow, p	3	0	0	0
Harms*	1	0	0	0
TOTALS	35	3	11	3

CONROE	AB	R	H	E
Matthews, cf	4	0	2	0
Mitchell, 1b	4	0	0	0
Vass, rf	3	0	0	0
Zomlefer, ss	3	0	0	0
T. Phillips, lf	4	0	2	0
Porter, 2b	3	1	0	0
B. Phillips, c	3	1	2	0
Pressley, 3b	3	2	1	0
Beesley, p	2	0	1	0
Godfrey	2	0	0	0
TOTALS	35	4	8	0

*Harms batted for Alston in the 8th
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 R H E
SHELL 1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 3 11 3
CONROE 2 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 4 8 0

Runs batted in: Pressley 2, Matthews, Thurman, Cassidy, Bailey.

Two base hits: Bailey 3, Thurman, Kaiser, Cassidy, Storenski.

Home runs: Pressley. Stolen base: Pressley. Strike outs, by Telschow: 7; by Godfrey: 6. Base on balls, by Telschow: 3; by Godfrey: 3.

(Ed note: Last minute flashes . . . Mancuso reports that Nolan Scoggins, Oiler pitcher, was badly lacerated in an automobile wreck while returning from the Conroe game June 30 . . . Chuck Franks has just been added to the Oiler's pitching staff as a permanent hurler.)

TECH TOPICS

Vacationist W. R. Moeller turned all of us green with envy by sending a postcard picturing and describing the glories of Yellowstone Park. He happened to mention the 30-degree weather, which caused Moss Armistead to shiver slightly and immediately decide to get his "long handles" out of the mothballs before visiting the same locale in a few weeks on his own vacation.

Barney Orfield, John "Haircut" Moyers and "Senator" Raarup have all been in the market for 1946 model tents since the OPA ceilings on rents were removed.

Art "Casanova" Doyle says he enjoyed the ranch dance in April better than the recent sport dance. Seems as though he had a date for the earlier dance but went "stag" to the latter party.

Our neighbor, Cleve O'Toole, must have been strictly on a fish diet during his vacation, if he's telling the truth about the number he caught.

We've been trying for weeks to get Hans Swyter's name into this column, but he's so quiet about his activities off the job and such a model employee at work that we just can't get anything on him.

Yes, folks, it is "Uncle Marx" now, and is he proud . . . he needs some advice on just what to send to his little niece; ladies write him a note, c/o Tech. Dept., and help him out.

Bill Brandes, beware, your time has come.

Glad to have G. F. deRidder back with us. We are sure he is glad to be back after a sojourn in Sunny California.

Congratulashellegram to Bennie S. Christ and wife, Adela, on the birth of their first child—a boy, by name, Thomas Stephen—on June 27.

SHELL REFINERY EMPLOYEES FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

(Supervised and Examined by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.)
Condensed statement of condition as of June 29, 1946

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
*Loans	\$37,747.12	Shares	70,761.24
Cash in Bank	7,541.92	Loan Reserve	1,916.29
U. S. Bonds	13,000.00	Undivided Profits	603.33
Change Fund	90.00	Profit and Loss	215.22
Petty Cash Fund	10.00		
B. and L. Shares	5,000.00		
Furniture, etc.	107.04		
Total	\$73,496.08	Total	\$73,496.08
*169 Loans Outstanding			

GROWTH IN SHARE HOLDINGS

June 30, 1937	\$3,111.50
June 30, 1938	4,661.08
June 30, 1939	8,793.59
June 30, 1940	17,279.59
June 30, 1941	27,627.57
June 30, 1942	27,013.11
June 30, 1943	41,356.72
June 30, 1944	52,009.51
June 30, 1945	61,972.67
June 29, 1946	70,761.24

DIVIDENDS PAID

4% on 1937 Shares
5% on 1938 Shares
5½% on 1939 Shares
6% on 1941 Shares
5½% on 1942 Shares
1% on 1943 Shares
1% on 1944 Shares
2% on 1945 Shares

OFFICERS

Board of Directors	
W. A. Carpenter, President	
A. M. Eaton, Vice President	
Vivian S. Tucker, Secretary	
J. P. Murray, Treasurer	
D. L. Barfoot	
A. J. Englishby	
J. F. Farragher	
E. Graham	
A. A. Handrick	
CREDIT COMMITTEE	
K. J. Kitzmiller, Chairman	
P. L. Bryan, Clerk	
C. E. Cassidy	
G. J. Delaney	
C. D. Lee	
SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE	
W. S. Myers, Chairman	
D. B. Smith, Clerk	
B. H. Broughton	

602 active members



This column will be primarily for the purpose of feeling our new Ed out. I have some odds and ends to throw down Arky's way that our sweet former Ed. absolutely forbid. Seriously, the Shellegram suffered a terrific loss when Helen quit, as that hustling little gal sure put the paper on its feet in a big way, but we feel sure that that loss will be compensated by the gain of friend Dromgoole, our new Edin-Chief. Good luck, Helen, and we'll think of you often.

My friend, Arky, threw a smile the other day that made me realize why boys leave home. That isn't fair, Arky—all I can do is write!

We congratulate Randall Lee on his recent promotion to Office Engineer and welcome E. J. Newton as our chief draftsman. "Newt" is already complaining of headaches.

We have another new member, C. R. Colbert. Welcome to our happy home.

Randall Lee is writing his congressman concerning ditches in the middle of fairways. Also he is gathering donations for the purchase of a grass cutter to be given to certain golf courses.

Gregory just returned from two weeks of leisure, bragging on his '46 Ford. Also Billy Jean Gordy is back with all smiles.

Mr. Wall, I have no idea what member of our organization is a "stooge," but for your information, and to bring about peace at home (yes, my better half reads the Shellegram), there are some very interesting and intriguing things to be learned in our dark room. Reproduction is definitely educational, whether developments occur or not. Anyway, how did you develop the most powerful whistle in the warehouse? (Rasco is a close second, I'll have to admit.)

Helen Wills informed me (after the last issue was in print, mind you) that Oscar Breeding of Dubbs 9 is quite a sizeable fellow. I enjoy your column very much, Mr. Breeding, and if there was anything in my last column that didn't quite suit your liking, someone slipped it in on me.

Arky, I want to thank you for the wonderful change in your style. I have had innumerable readers tell me that for the first time they were able to really understand what marvelous journalistic powers you possess. Keep it up, gal, and don't worry about my tribe increasing; as I worry too much about that myself!

In the future, if Charley Carnes offers the old three finger cocktail be sure its' his left hand that he uses. Seems Charley had an argument with a fan belt and the belt won, with Charley minus a portion of his middle finger.

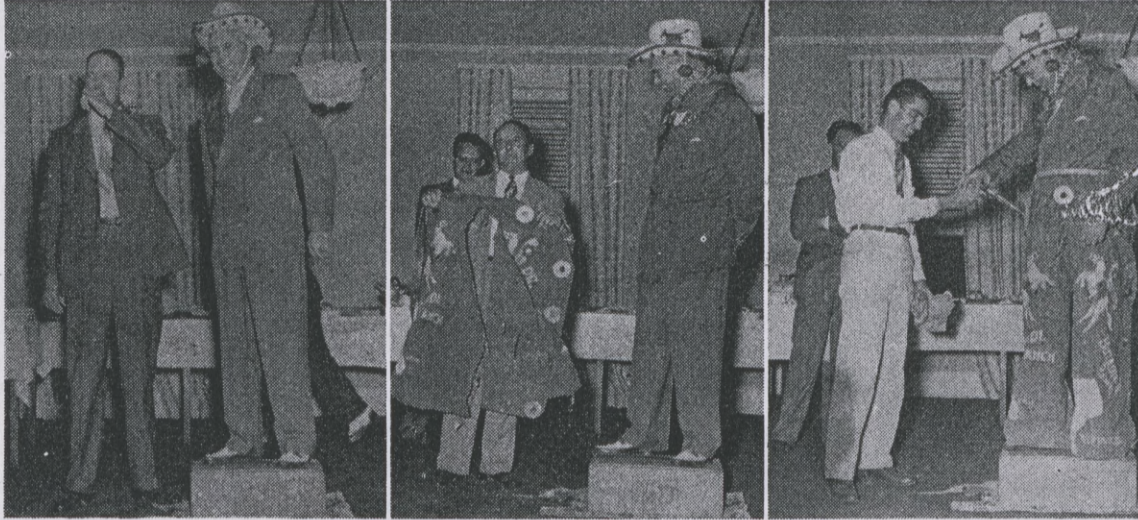
Bert Mueller is on vacation at this writing, and Emmett Curtis will be in New York at publishing time.

Seems John Curtis did an extra job of nose counting at home not long ago when it was reported that two kids were found straying on Galveston Beach. John claims he counted his brood before leaving the beach but had to double check to be sure.

'Bout out of scribbling now, so we better close. I wish I had Arky's ability (to write, that is).

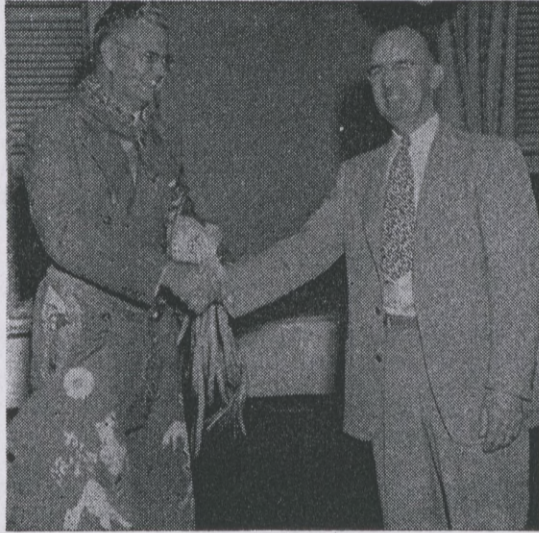
Thought I was through but I ain't. Can't figure these gals out, all talkin' marryin' talk. Venita Rue is lost (the 20th I'm told), Billie Gordy, still is hoping, and Jo Schwartz and Lee Dyer have their hooks out. Shucks, some of these gals have to stay unattached to keep the married boys happy.

Sombrero, Leggin's, Gun and "Good Luck"



(Photographs by George Harlan)

Bottom row, C. W. Humphreys gets a handshake and "Good Luck" from B. M. Downey.



Top row, Jim Carroll dresses "Doc" Humphreys in "The Hat"; Ivan Shore presents Leggin's; Carl McHenry slips a six-gun. (At lower right, "Doc" has full regalia, including Ropin' Rope and Kerchief.)

Humphreys' Party Features Tophands

By Ben H. Cummings

We will all remember Monday night, June 17, at Kessell's as the occasion for a bang-up party for Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Humphreys who are leaving the Chemical Plant to return to a state that shall remain nameless. There were "refreshments" of sufficient quality and quantity, and plenty of good fellowship to go around.

Jim Sherrill discovered "Doc" has a flair for wearing cowboy clothes! Of course, that 10-gallon hat with the cute little red balls and tassels was a wee bit too tight, but it will be all right for those high winds in San Francisco. The chaps were just right, with the brand names of the

"Butadiene Alcohol Rancho" in stenciling ink on the skirts. And that "shootin' iron" with the holster was the pay-off—shot real caps, too! Finally, to complete the outfit, came the rope, a fine piece of hemp—just the thing to tow a car out of the many mud holes that no doubt dot the highways of THAT STATE.

They don't allow horses at Kessell's or maybe "Doc" would have received one. As it was he got a big cowhide suitcase and a little bag called a briefcase (which is a good name, because it shore was brief). Dunno how a man could use one of those, he couldn't get any clothes into it, much less a bedroll and groceries.

Sherrill explained to everybody what a good top hand the Chemical Plant was losing and there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We don't

feel too bad because everybody knows we're getting a mighty good man to take his place; Downey can ride right up there in front with the best of them.

Watson, who sees that we get paid on payday, stood up and told us we were a good financial risk; although he isn't a Texan he too is a top hand. Finally, P. E. Foster who runs the ranch on our north boundary got up and kicked it around for a while, ably upholding the state's reputation for impromptu speaking; and, incidentally, reminding us to keep our stray calves out of his west 40 alfalfa patch. Don't worry, Mr. Foster, we've got up one strand of wire now and we are stringing the rest.

After that, the chief took over and from then on everybody was too full to speak.

GARAGE NOTES

For the information of all concerned, if you're looking for trouble come on over to the Garage. We have a couple of first rate battlers in "Glenny Boy" Moore and "One-Punch" Dowdy. Moore takes on all comers at 150 pounds or less and Dowdy handles all the heavy brawling. Of course, our gladiators are showing signs of wear and tear, especially around the eyes. But whadda we care! We challenge anybody, Bub!

Our Mike Bady was chosen the other day to repair the lock on the "Little Girl's Room" at the Research Lab. He had to enter the sanctum sanctorum, natch, and work from the inside. He came back with some tall tales about the beautifully painted walls, shining chrome gadgets, etc.

Superman has nothing on our Maxie (Crash) Parker when it comes to having X-ray eyes! Maxie, Crash to you, looked right through a city bus the other day and hare-lipped the heck out of one of the old Shell bobtails. "I just didn't see him at all," says "Crash," with a dazed expression in his baby blue eyes! Maxie, my boy, you can get a good pair of cheaters for about six pesos at the Uptown Optical Co. (See adv.) After all, a bus is a big hunk of stuff!

If you have troubles see McShane.

He's a Steward now and has a full supply of T.S. Tickets and a punch to go with them. He's ready for business—and handles anything the Chaplain won't. (Notice J. K. Lane).

"Cunning" Cunningham was off for four days last week due to sun burn. It seems he was at the bay dressed in his eye-catching ensemble of shorts and hairy epidermis parading around a bunch of San Quentin Quail but he paraded too long! Cunningham's scrawny, pardon, we meant brawny, shanks cooked to a medium rare blister. Tut, tut, me boy! Those gals'll make you kill yourself yet!

"Lucky" Luckermeyer, has a new hobby this summer. One of our snoopers caught him on the merry-go-round at Playland Park!! Of course, Lucky says he was taking his kid for a ride but he hasn't been able to explain to anyone's satisfaction just why he was going "Bang! Bang!" all the time he was on his fiery steed.

FLASH! Willie B. Parker, the driver instructor, has hare-lipped another bus! No further information at present. More next issue!! Why, Willie B., how could you?!

Notice: Safety shoes can be purchased at the rear of Number 1 Warehouse. An unusually large selection of sizes, models and prices are available.

Welding

Arcs and Sparks

The welding shop was well represented at the SRERA dance, Friday nite, June 28. Among those present were: "Turkey" Wheeler, "Shorty" Schindler, "Red" Norton, "Mr." Lindsay, "Trouble-Shooter" Hallmark, R. L. Cline, F. J. Crouch, and of course your reporter.

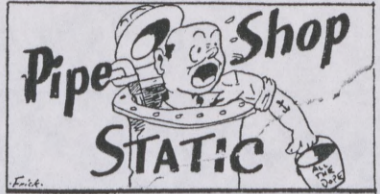
The "Bud" and "Papst" was plentiful and everyone seemed to be having a big time.

We have a new and unique service in our shop now. If any of you boys get hold of a print or a sketch that you will have trouble understanding, take it to "Doc" Bay or Jimmie Dykes and they will draw you an isometric.

"Red" Richardson has a hard time explainin' the blisters on his hands to the nurse the other day. She wouldn't believe he really got them working.

"Brother" Rucker proved to us he could make a speech at the Monday morning safety meetings—without the aid of soapstone. However, he nearly wore the end of his finger off trying to mark the table with it.

Notice: 25 cents reward to anyone furnishing this reporter with a nice piece of dirt (printable) on our field 4-man, "Mr. C.L."



Ed "Coon Hunter" Clark is back on the job. He reports a nice vacation and everything about normal back in ole R. Can Saw.

P. M. "Fisherman" Sharpe had the honors of the grave yard shift on the last topping plant shut-down.

Lefty Bishop is pinch-hitting for Fred Walker at the Control Lab while Fred is on a vacation. Harold Everetts is also on vacation.

Teck Ireton is now teaching the pipe fitters' class some of the fine points of pipe fitting and blue print reading while the regular teachers are on vacation.

Bohana brought his pet coon with him the other day and we all agreed that he has a very nice pet.

Store News

By R. G. Wall

We may have been a little rough on "Dauntless" Dawson last issue, since he had to stay away from the plant after the edition came out. But now we are sorry! Did you hear him pleading (and in the best "calling" voice we have heard since we left the patch) in the Cafeteria the other noon, "Boys, bring your own wimmin to the Shell picnic"? Guess he is losing his grip at home and competition being what it is . . .

And say Scribes, the ex-Editor is now working in the warehouse office—we have an in with the wielders of the whip—your pleasure, anything at all—just anything. Of course after the hiding we took in the final blast we get first blood. Why, she even blue-penciled some of my real "earthy" humor.

There is a story making the rounds of Warehouse No. 3. Seems some rat poison has been spread around in little sacks down there and a warehouse rat was seen carrying one to the Control Lab. He was met by a Control Lab. rat (note omission of names here) who soon returned with a report that the bags contained poison and for all rats to beware. And so the saying goes—what's one man's pleasure is another's poison.

Say, now! Have you seen the "Dye-a-mound" Doris Mennike, the rootin'-tootin' switchboard plug puncher, is sporting? With somewhat raised pulse we held the fair damsel's hand and thru glazed eyes appraised the cool piece of ice. Congratulations, Doris. Bring us a piece of cake.

The Warehouse lost a member due to "quittis." Jack Cade succumbed to promises of glittering fortune and terminated his association with us as of July 1st. Best of luck, Jack boy.

The sounds of raised voices and desk pounding drew our fleet feet to the back of the warehouse recently, but we were too late to witness Roy (Where's my quarter) Carter getting a refund (a short word for "hand-it-over-or-else") from John (Here's my quarter) Bowley. The boys were playing in-again-out-again with a membership in our coke fund. Now all thirty of us have one more coke to split each week.

We welcome back our vacationers—Troy (Underpass) Overstreet, from a jaunt thru New Mexico, and Harry (So I Told the Little Woman) Gilmore from a trip near St. Louis. Both enjoyed three week stints and heartily recommend more of the same.

We challenge the new editor, "Drum Boogie," to a game of "where is that big black pencil." We will write 'em; you fix it up so we don't all get fixed.

How are we doing, Arky? Care for an arm or a leg of fricasse ala Dawson? And so back to my jacket, no matter how straight.