

Now EACH WORKING HOUR COUNTS MORE than EVER



SHELLEGRAM

THE TIME FOR Safety is ALL THE TIME



Volume 8 HOUSTON REFINERY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1943 Number 9

M. O. Team No. 2 Leads Bowling In League No. 2

Main Office No. 2 continues to lead in the Thursday night Bowling League No. 2 competition at the Main Bowling Alley on Prairie with 12 wins against 3 losses. The Gas Department is running second after bypassing the Main Office No. 1 team November 18.

Following is the league standing as of November 18 play.

	W.	L.
M. O. No. 2	12	3
Gas	10	5
M. O. No. 1	9	6
Eng. Insp.	9	6
Electric Shop	9	6
Technological	7	8
Cracking	7	8
Ind. Eng.	5	10
Car Shop No. 1	4	11
Cont. Lab. No. 2	3	12

High game honor went to Don Wilkers of the Cracking team who bowled 195. Record high game for the league is 197 made by P. E. Foster on November 11.

High series went to D. B. Smith with 527 against the record high of 548 established by H. P. Reese on November 11.

Results of November 18 bowling were Gas over Car Shop No. 1, 3-0; Industrial Engineering over Control Lab No. 2, 3-0; Electric Shop over Main Office No. 1, 2-1; Technological over Cracking, 2-1; and Engineering Inspectors over Main Office No. 2, 2-1.

Winners of the Handicap Turkey Bowling were Joe Simoneaux, Jack Corkins and Jesse Collins.

First Half '43 Safety Record Retains Trophy

With only three disabling injuries recorded during the first six months of 1943, the Houston Refinery has gained the second leg on the Vice-president's Safety Trophy. Should the Houston plant again establish the best safety record during the last six months of this year, the trophy will remain here as a permanent possession.

Transportation Office Opened

An office for the Transportation Committee handling requests for supplemental gasoline and tires has been established in a section of the No. 1 Warehouse.

Employees who have transportation problems may be greatly assisted by contacting the ration clerk for under the new system all available car space is posted on a huge zoned map of the Houston vicinity, and complete information concerning riding space may be instantly obtained.

All requests for gasoline and tires should be taken to the office in order to obtain complete information regarding the completion of applications. These forms will then be passed upon by the committee.

As it is now compulsory for employees securing supplemental gas to have riders, these individuals are requested to notify the Ration Office of any loss of riders so that the available car space may be utilized.

Ed Dorsey Loses Life in South Pacific



Taps to Ed are being played in this official photograph of his funeral, one of three sent to Mrs. Dorsey by the government.



Thomas Ed Dorsey, 30, lost his life in the South Pacific War Theatre on October 6, 1943, according to word received through his wife.

Ed joined the C.B. branch of the Navy on May 4, 1942 and was sent overseas to the Solomons where he was stationed at the time of his death. He held a rating of Shipfitter, second class.

He was employed at the Houston Refinery on August 22, 1935, and was a member of the pipefitting craft when he left for service.

The Dorseys have one child, a daughter, age 6.

J. B. Dunlap Fills Burroughs Post

In a temporary move to replace L. C. Burrough during his illness, J. B. Dunlap, Head Stillman, Cracking, was moved into the assistant superintendent's post with A. S. Mitchell succeeding Dunlap and W. W. Coale advancing as an assistant head stillman in the Cracking Department to replace Mitchell.

Mr. Burroughs, who has been confined since stricken with polio early in September is reported to be progressing nicely.

CHESS RESPONSE GOOD

As a beginning, the Chess Tournament response was very good and C. C. Bateman, leader of the Chess committee, has high hopes that the big games will begin soon. More will come later.

Recreation Association Sponsors Dance At Houston Country Club November 27

You can pat your foot, can't you, and clap your hands, when the time comes, you can swing a wicked foot, surely. Then you'll be interested to know that Chairman Ray Hilliard of the Social Committee has left no stones unturned, nor any numbers undialed in making all final arrangements for the Recreation Association's first big social event of the season.

The same dance you've been talking about for weeks will be an informal affair on Saturday, November 27, at the Houston Country Club, 70th at Harrisburg.

Since the club will belong to Shell employees and guests that Saturday night it is suggested that dancers be there at 8:30 to get acquainted with all of these new people you have been working with and stay until 1 a.m., to be sure you don't

miss anything, especially the big surprise the committee has arranged for the occasion.

There will be a number of service men from Ellington Field as special guests of Shell, too, and to the many wives and sweethearts of men in the service, who are employed at Shell, goes the reminder that this dance will not be a twosome affair.

Tickets may be purchased from Mr. Hilliard and his committee which consists of the following members: Jack Englishby, T. L. "Footes" Wilson, Gertrude Walters, Vivian Tucker, W. G. Cannon, Sue McDowell, "Arkie" Burch, Pat Mosher, Thelma Ellis, G. H. Cansler, Luella Smith, Opal Hickman, Bob Board, Jack Corkins, Charlie Binning and T. E. Airhart.

A ten piece band composed of the "Music Smiths" will furnish music for the occasion.

In the meanwhile, get out your best bib and tucker and brush off your Sunday-go-to-meeting suit because you don't want to miss this big affair.

Scenes Of Thursday Night Bowlers



Holding the floor and bowling 'em over in this picture taken at a Thursday night bowling session, is Manager Phil Foster explaining the simplicity of bowling to Misses Lively and Garrison. Interested spectators are J. P. Dobson, seated, and Superintendent Paul Hurley, facing the camera. Mr. Foster holds high game record in League No. 2 with 197 on November 11.



Bowlers in this group belong to the Industrial Engineering and Main Office No. 1 teams. Left to right are W. S. Myers, F. D. Macey, and H. J. Nelson, (back to camera) Industrial Engineering; and H. C. Schneider, A. H. Garrison, and J. H. Simoneaux, Main Office. The small bull session in the background includes Mrs. and Mr. Paul Sanders, and Mrs. W. F. Wilson. Mrs. Sanders is the former Claudie Mae Ricks and Mrs. Wilson is the former Ella Burndrett, both former employees of the Main Office. In the extreme left background is the latter's husband, "Billy" Wilson who recently returned from service and is back at his old job of running the Tab Room. Behind Mr. Garrison is T. L. "Footes" Wilson, Control Laboratory.

Staff Transfers Announced

A recent staff transfer sends J. P. Malmson as head of the Gas Department at Norco.

M. P. L. Love left his many new friends in Houston to take over duties as Director of Research at Wood River, and was succeeded by L. L. Lovell.

Six Basketball Teams Formed

If response to bulletins means anything, the new Choral Club Committee, headed by Jack St. Clair of the Technological Department, is off to an encouraging start. Other members of the committee, which does not have any developments to report at this writing, are as follows:

Elsa Graham, Steno Section; Jack Parker, Technological Department; T. L. Hill, Instrument Shop; Frances Trowbridge, Yield Department; Frances Hendrix, Yield Department, and Doris Garner, Research Laboratory.

On the other hand, basketball committee "Red" Daniels, G. J. Reno, H. P. Reese, Sue McDowell and E. E. Wells is really stirring up some interest in a sport that will remain in the embryonic stage until the final softball play-off. Although the schedule will not be drawn up until this time, six teams have already been formed:

BOILERMAKERS

W. T. Caldwell, Ray Hatch, C. T. Burns, W. S. Peppers, L. B. McAdams, A. D. Kohler, S. P. Adams, C. N. Barker, captain.

CHEMICAL DIVISION

Andy Anderson, C. D. Fisher, H. B. Jarrett, J. R. Lacey, E. E. Wells, F. Smith, E. J. Rusk, G. Ramsey, S. N. Knox, A. G. Thurman, captain.

G. H. Bailey, H. R. Foster, M. Hambrick, C. V. Hand, J. H. Arrington, H. C. Crowder, W. B. Rhoden, A. E. Kachel, C. Thompson, J. W. Robinson, C. G. Hollingsworth, F. R. Curtiss.

RESEARCH LABORATORY

A. K. Oakley, J. T. Foulds, J. R. Morrison, J. Melrose, W. B. Bryant, E. Gordon, R. P. Trainer, B. L. Jones, R. A. Friedel, D. H. Roberts.

CRACKING DEPARTMENT

L. Q. Black, A. H. Baker, M. D. Burgin, C. C. Smith, Calhoun, T. W. Whitfield, C. M. Wolters, L. D. Wilkers, C. W. Hyde, E. L. Curtis, H. D. Smith, A. H. Carlisle, H. W. Warren, D. R. Julian, W. B. Mus-

(Continued on page 7)

SHELLEGRAM

Shell Oil Co., Houston Refinery
Published Monthly

Editor	Jesse Collins
Staff Adviser	P. E. Hurley
Shipping	A. W. Calhoun
Safety	L. J. Grossheim
Warehouse	A. M. Eaton
Research Laboratory	Lois Norton
Control Laboratory	L. M. Rhemann
Boilerhouse	M. P. Marrie
Cooling Water	L. R. Meyers
Cracking 1-8	C. C. Suggs
Cracking No. 9	J. McMahan
Cracking Cleanout	G. Y. Mason
Chemical Division	B. R. Barton, H. W. Fisher
Gas Department	H. D. Chapman, Jr. V. W. Garrett
Treaters	R. G. Funk



Softball League Competition Results of Play FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8

League No. 2—		
MACHINE SHOP	—VS—	CRACKING DEPARTMENT
Campo, Manager		Matthews, Manager
Score 12		Score 1

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11

League No. 1—		
GAS DEPARTMENT	—VS—	BOILERMAKERS
Watson, Manager		Jones, Manager
Score 10		Score 6

League No. 2—		
INSTRUMENT SHOP	—VS—	CONTROL LABORATORY
Cannon, Manager		Cassidy, Manager
Score 5		Score 2

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13

League No. 1—		
SHIPPING DEPARTMENT	—VS—	RESEARCH LABORATORY
Thompson, Manager		Morrison, Manager
Score 5		Score 9

League No. 2—		
MACHINE SHOP	—VS—	CHEMICAL NO. 2
Campo, Manager		Thurman, Manager
Score 14		Score 4

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

League No. 1—		
PIPE SHOP	—VS—	CHEMICAL DIV. NO. 1
O' Burke, Manager		Jarrett, Manager
Score 4		Score 10

League No. 2—		
TOPPING DEPARTMENT	—VS—	CRACKING DEPARTMENT
Crawford, Manager		Matthews, Manager
Score 7		Score 8

MONDAY, OCTOBER 18

League No. 1—		
BOILERMAKERS	—VS—	PIPE SHOP
Jones, Manager		O' Burke, Manager
Score 8		Score 10

INSTRUMENT SHOP	—VS—	CRACKING DEPARTMENT
Cannon, Manager		Matthews, Manager
Score 2		Score 4

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20

League No. 1—		
SHIPPING DEPARTMENT	—VS—	CHEMICAL NO. 1
Thompson, Manager		Jarrett, Manager
Score 8		Score 6

League No. 2—		
CONTROL LABORATORY	—VS—	CHEMICAL NO. 2
Cassidy, Manager		Thurman, Manager
Score 2		Score 1

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21

League No. 1—		
GAS DEPARTMENT	—VS—	RESEARCH LABORATORY
Watson, Manager		Morrison, Manager
Score 2		Score 18

League No. 2—		
MACHINE SHOP	—VS—	TOPPING DEPARTMENT
Campo, Manager		Crawford, Manager
Score 5		Score 2

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22

League No. 2—		
CRACKING DEPARTMENT	—VS—	CONTROL LABORATORY
Matthews, Manager		Cassidy, Manager
Score 3		Score 13

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25

League No. 2—		
CONTROL LABORATORY	—VS—	TOPPING DEPARTMENT
Cassidy, Manager		Crawford, Manager
Score 8		Score 6

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27

League No. 1—		
BOILERMAKERS	—VS—	SHIPPING DEPARTMENT
Jones, Manager		Thompson, Manager
Score 11		Score 7

League No. 2—		
INSTRUMENT SHOP	—VS—	CHEMICAL NO. 2
Cannon, Manager		Thurman, Manager
Score 7		Score 0

(Forfeit game)

More of Bowling Activity



Mary Bowden, Dubbs 9, inset, and Betty Jo McCambridge, Main Office, demonstrate the approved feminine bowling form during a Thursday night session.



Charley Binning and E. S. Robb (standing) congratulate each other in this scene. The scorekeeper wearing that lustrous black hair with the straight part is Elmer Saxon, who is running third among high bowlers. Awaiting their turn to bowl is D. A. Wagner, left, and J. A. Janak, right.



P. L. "Curley" Tompkins and C. F. "Doc" Williams are lending vocal support to their fellow engineering inspector while J. P. Yates is doing his best with the scoresheet. The patch of white shirt out of the range of the flash bulb belongs to W. P. Raarup, Technologist. Figure standing in the left background is O. E. Hutchinson, Car Shop.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28

League No. 1—		
RESEARCH LABORATORY	—VS—	CHEMICAL NO. 1
Morrison, Manager		Jarrett, Manager
Score 12		Score 11

League No. 2—		
MACHINE SHOP	—VS—	CRACKING DEPARTMENT
Campo, Manager		Matthews, Manager
Score 8		Score 2

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29

League No. 2—		
MACHINE SHOP	—VS—	INSTRUMENT SHOP
Campo, Manager		Cannon, Manager
Score 4		Score 18

PERSONNEL

Personalities

Back again—and we greet you with a triple of new-comers. Well, maybe we should say only a couple for the Mrs. Frances Cary, a former member, returned for a second feature. The feature is okay so far, if only the guy with the wings (what kind of wings?) doesn't start calling for her return. Do hope she "visits" until one big job is completed anyway—of course that is our only reason for wanting her presence.

We were told that Jack Corkins was the Dean of Women, but we hear tell that a certain flashing black-eyed Margaret Faust, better known as "Mrs. Anthony," is beating his time. The new member of the Industrial Relations is located in one of the pea-green offices (the ex-clock house).

The other new member is the nicely uniformed damsel, Muriel Berry (short for Dubarry and she is a lady) who is now "watch the birdie" flame after we posted a loss of Mary Eleanor Hartman to the Warehouse.

Gazing around we note, the Sleek Reese in a delicious new blue cover-all—nice, eh?! Well, for his bowling—his average is doing okay.

Do you count your calories? It's a very good idea, from all hearing from Mrs. Baker. 100 calories for this, 200 for that, and 50 for the other and all of a sudden it loops over—the clothes, not the meat. More power to you Mrs. B.

Oh, the excitement was fine that day. All was quiet and all of a sudden dribble, dribble—the top of the building begins to fall in over the desk of Johnnie Jones and Daisie Mae Wooten. Fortunately, neither were present under the blitz. It is a good thing, for we could see that little bitty Johnnie run for his life trying to escape the big, big pieces of plaster, but Daisie Mae called them cardboard (and we have no doubt that she will ever forget the name St. Pe).

We all know that Lila Wilsoa is hitched, but she is very definitely an old maid about some things, for instance, her typewriter—just try borrowing it.

Have you ever asked "Bonnie Walker about her experiences at the Gas Pump? Do. And it is mostly with the feminine patrons, too.

We were fortunate enough to have a visit from our chubby pal, Porky, who is very much on the slender side now. The rest cure division of the Navy that he has joined very definitely agrees with him. He was all a flutter, but not because of the sight of the whole bunch—just one reddish-blond member of our "facilities" better known as "Pinky." Gee, it was good seeing him once more—he brought life right out of nowhere—as usual.

That last shower that slightly flooded the city, was a bad blow to many. Mary Faye Sherman, on the day before had a hair wash and set, and so on the corner waiting for the bus, the little rain drops trickled down, whispering, "Just dream of how I can fix it for you" and she did with words that are not in the dictionary.

Harry Jones was in for a spell recently too. And did we see much of him? No, he visited the jolly fellow Keegan and now we know who is popular with Harry. Well, he still rates with us anyway even if we are treated like the adopted.

This is Mosher signing off until next time, saying that when the time comes only you can TELL.

CHEMICAL DIVISION NEWS

Office News

By Buzz Barton

Firstly—Would like to straighten out a couple of mistakes in this column in the last issue. Apologies to Lea Schleider who hasn't changed her name to Les even though she's doing a man-size job. Also to Paul Vockel who has 13, not 3 years service with Shell (someone owes me one for that "Buzzy" too, that's awful.)

However, everyone seemed to heartily enjoy the little picture of the supervisors (ogling the angels from the Wolves Express) and singing, "Lay that halo down, Mac, Lay that halo down."

As Viv Tucker said, "Carl MacHenry is the only one who can take that picture home and feel safe."

Our thanks to Freddie Taylor whose keen eye and steady hand and knowledge of his subject reproduced for us such remarkable likenesses.

By the way, Freddie has just received a nice promotion from the Engineering Department to Supervisor of the Furnaces. Grand going, Freddie.

Casey Casagrande too has had an important change. He left us a couple of weeks ago for a short stay in California. Upon his return, he will head for a permanent assignment at the Cactus Ordnance Works at Dumas.

Also transferred to Dumas permanently is our old friend Bob "Thumper" Jackson. Bob visited here at the plant a few weeks ago and sure looked fine.

Both of the boys are moving their families to the "Pan Handle Plant" and they will be missed a lot. The best wishes of everyone here goes with them.

We have also bidden farewell to Bud Willer. Bud has left us to work for Sinclair in their plant down the road. As Bud likes his bowling, we shall, no doubt, run into him now and then at the alleys and visit a bit.

We here are all enjoying the Friday nights at the alleys. Attendance is nearly 100 per cent, and everyone looks forward to the fun. It was a swell idea.

George Donaldson, our priorities man, when asked how he did said, "Fine, I had a 108 the first game, but the other two games were lousy."

Cunningham, our driver, also pulled a classic. His answer to a like query brought forth the following "gem," "I was doing OK until they started putting those Southern Select labels on the pins."

Yes, it's lots of fun and very educational. For instance Jim Penick and Charles Schultz got a rough idea of why ale (packed in the pretty green bottles) is called "green death."

Our Evelyn Lindgren also learned not to leave her bowling shoes in the back of a man's car where his wife can find them after he's told her he took some of the boys home.

Joe Davenport brought his new bride to the alleys where he proceeded to bowl a spanking 225 game; as Dorothy sat in the back singing, "Look at the old man go."

Edie Meier says she's looking for a roommate with a radio, clock and iron. Ellington Field Cadets need not apply.

Shift Comments

By H. W. Fisher

Greetings to all of our servicemen here and abroad. Best of luck to all of you and let us hear from you. We are thinking of you and hoping the day will be soon when you can come back and tell us of your experiences. We were mighty glad to see D. V. Cook, now a "First Looie," who paid us a visit recently. And to C. C. Horton, "Stay in there and pitch, Buddy. This ole 'B' Tank Farm will be waiting for you."

We welcome to the Chemical Plant's testing staff—Jesse D. Hyde, ex-soldier, ex-salesman de luxe, and now a man about town. He's single, too, girls.

J. J. White, product of Mart, Texas, who says he heard we were making tires down here and as the stock up there was running low, thought he'd come down and help make a few. "Well, stay with us, Bud, for that's what we've been doing for just about two years."

E. G. Wooley, who comes from the production end of this business says he always wondered what became of the oil after it left the fields. Holliman says when Wooley is around he can't get in a word edgewise.

A. G. "Slim" Hirsch, tester at "B" Distillation—"Slim" commutes daily from Dickinson and formerly worked at Texas City. A very likeable chap, and says "graveyards" are a lead pipe cinch.

Will wonders never cease. With three boys running up his grocery bill, Claude Fisher recently became the father of another boy. No, there's a mistake in this report. This time it was a girl. Is Papa Claude proud! Says she will be a pianist as all his boys are "French harp" players.

Pete Silber says he'd like to know why likeable George Ramsey is known as the "Timber Wolf."

Albert Edwin Kachel wonders if all "would-be prize fighters" get a broken hand when they take their first lesson.

Red-headed ex-school "marm," Frances Webb, Boilerhouse helper, thinks there is quite a contrast between an Oil Refinery and a classroom of primary children. We wonder, Frances.

E. W. "Casey" Casagrande was recently transferred to Shell's Plant at Dumas, in the Texas Panhandle. Casey was a "good guy." We will miss his "OK, huh?" He was presented with a camel skin lined coat from the "boys," and his acceptance speech was a "dilly."

Bartie Valls has been laid up for a spell with his "glass jaw." May be too much enthusiasm for soft ball was "no good" for that jaw, Bartie.

We wonder whether 15 or 20 years of shift work will "quiet down" Tommy Thompson. His "glory be" can be heard far and wide when doubling over onto the "graveyard" shift at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Our deepest sympathy to the R. H. Conner's in their recent loss of a baby boy.

Lots of new faces in the Maintenance Department—To all of you, "welcome!" We lost a mighty good fellow to the Refinery. Cecil Billing-slea transferred back and "Dutch" Gilbert (The Hamburger Man) is our new instrument mechanic.

Electric Shocks

Sergeant Bill Gambrel recently paid us a very pleasant visit. He is looking fine.

Private A. C. Nutt is also on our visitors' list. He is another fine example to prove our boys can take it.

Lt. Christian, husband of Shop Christian, has been transferred from Ellington Field to St. Louis.

Binning ran, stumbled and fell, and continued thus until glasses were wired to him by special messenger. Experts say he has perfected a real tripletreet.

Shifter Dean is purchasing a large tract of woodland—going into the furniture business—or something.

Watch and clock fixer, Wilson, has plenty of material to work on, but we can't say which runs after he gets them fixed—Wilson or the clocks.

We haven't heard from Hargrove since he entered the service. Hope this reaches him and he will take the hint.

Bob Hughes dropped by on his way from A. & M. to Kelley Field. He is the same pleasant Bob.

Wagner and Williams are doing a swell job on their temporary setup.

R. O. is Electrician-Cooling Water Kay now. That guy gets around.

Pin-up boy Townsend is doing a fine job as motor inspector, but we can't find out who he has in that buggy.

Gindratt and Pridgen break everything from the law to shift.

Hawkins is still with the line crew. Think he is enjoying the company more than the work. One thing about it, nobody in that crew has time to get bored.

SHIPPING NEWS

No recent direct news from Raleigh Bishop, but we have learned that he has gone across.—His address is available at C.H.P.H., so let's all do our bit toward cheering him up with letters from back in the states.

Phil Hager is just about setting a record for cross country travel—it's not unusual for him to take a three-day pass and spend the major portion of it back here with his little daughter, who is attending the schools in Pasadena. Phil is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., and he says he can make better time "hitting the highway" than bus or train schedule either. He has recently been made a Master Sergeant.

It sure was nice to have our old friend "Frenchy" Richards visiting around with the boys in the field. "Frenchy" has been way out in the Pacific most of the time he's been in the service.

G. W. Matthews, one of the best preparers of french fried potatoes, explains that his "Cuisine Art" is a natural family trait.

Wonder why a team hasn't been entered in one of the leagues from "Staff Row." There's some mighty good soft ball material at hand here that could be furnishing us some right choice entertainment.—Visualize a line up such as this: Keegan, Foster, Dunlap, Dorrell, Mitchell, Carpenter, Oakie, Hurley and Webb —Heck, the more I visualize it—the

Glad to have Diamond back on the job.—He can rejoin the fishing club.

We expect Maignaud back soon.

Do you notice the change of personality of "Curly" Griffin at the last few minutes of the shift?

For Sale—3 boxes shotgun shells—12 gauge. \$3 per box. Call W-64031 or see Ed Farris.

We have a new "Chief Ashworth" of Topping Department. Yes, Dock Tilton.

We wish Ed Farris would finish some of those old dry jokes so we could get a laugh too.

Since the Old Barn Arena has come under the supervision of some "cow minded" men it is rumored it may become a roping pen.

A tip to Ike Jones on straw hat: Look in trash barrel.

Cooling Water Fog

R. O. Kay was missing from our happy midst for several weeks due to a bout with pneumonia. However, he's back now and seems his old chipper self again.

Frank Pemberton still making his request for a helper and a raise. If he has his choice though he says he'll settle for just a helper—preferably a blond.

Like so many of the rest of us "Cowboy" Allen nearly missed getting to work during the heavy rain. Says that he thought the ferry from Channelview was going to head out to sea and try an ocean crossing.

H. L. Pollard feels a little more secure since a cover was put over the motors at No. 3 cooling water tower. Now he says let it rain and be doggoned if it can hurt him.

more I think they might furnish more than just choice entertainment.

W. H. Jackson, reminiscing over a graveyard cup of coffee, some of the finer points of unloading activities via the syphon system.

Maybe it was the recent run of pictures in the papers about Captain Gables return to the States, that inspired Bill Medlock, Gene Jones and Gordon Hightower to sprout the brush on their lips—It COULD have been something else though; I wouldn't know.

Hickey Napp and Dave Riffle in a huddle at the new aviation connections north of G-317 and from where I was standing it looked like about the only agreement they ever reached was that "head scratching" was in order.

You'll want to meet this new Shell Pipe Line foreman that's stationed here now, R. L. (Bob) Hanlin, he's nice people in my book—and a nicer bunch of boys than those under his supervision couldn't be found anywhere.

"Uncle Johnnie" Kandal doing a mighty jam up job on that X shift supervisor's job down on the docks—good luck to you "Old Salt."

That new wooden dog house down on the east end of the loading racks can't talk, so what.

Golden, McMillen and Nesbitt—what a trio of checkers. Absit Omen.

Topping Tales

And about hats; do you notice the cute brown one "Cyclone" Collins is sporting?

Red Howell burning up that "A" stamp looking for open cafes after 2 a.m.

Dr. Anthony Smith is now giving advice to the girls.

And was "Snow Shoe" Hutchings surprised when he received a 30-day deferment from the draft board.

Get "Moon" McMullins to inform you of the whereabouts of the new tidy didy case knife laundry.

Ask the "Blabber Mouth" boys on No. 3 Badger why the girls don't like No. 6 schedule.

Lou Dufford has finally fell by the wayside. He is now examining muscles.

Who is this mean old grouchy man we hear so much about? We recommend Carter's Little Liver Pills or "Old Forester."

Jack Taylor is now the "Tom Mix" of the department. Don't fall off or run under a limb, Jack.

"Cornbread" Hanna says he would like to be in LeFevre's shoes. No one would hvae to twist his arm. By the way Cy is about to divorce the Rice Owls.

Just heard that Bucko Austin had a tussle with a Model A and came out second best. Here's hoping your bruises get well soon Bucko.

Grapevine brings news of "Firpo" Adkins which sounds as if he is well and back with his outfit after some sort of stay in a hospital somewhere in the Far Pacific. Firpo was the first volunteer of our department to enter the armed forces and we hope someday to hear more from him from his own lips.

"Wahoo" Edgerton started to the Southwestern-SLI football game one Saturday night and couldn't get farther than Dokey's Hall.

Harley Duncan just had a vacation. We heard he went fishing most of the time. Catch any, Harley?

We now have six members of the fair sex in our department. Parker, Gattis, Hartman, Houston, Harrison and Kelley. Welcome, girls.

We have a good soft ball team—that is, good losers. We haven't won a game yet.

Did you hear Thompson's story about the grasshoppers eating up the hoe handle? But he wouldn't bet on it.

Harris and Miller

FIELD

Auto Exhausts

We sling out the welcome mat for Doughtie, Junell and Mahoney who have just joined our department.

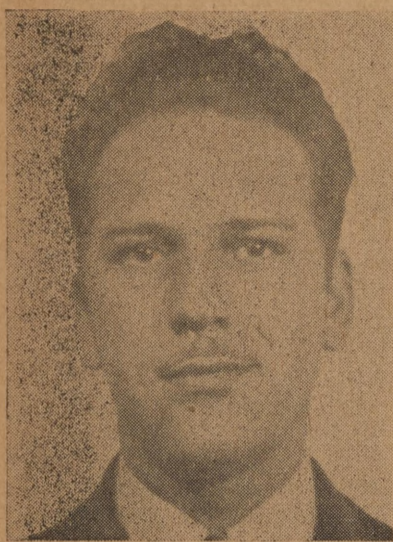
What well known cat driver plys the trade profession of nursemaid while the Mrs. bowls.

Our dispatch chief is now head of the sports program and we wish him all the luck.

MacFarland has returned from sick leave and we are glad to hear that he benefitted by the treatment.

This about winds up our news for this time. So with the old adage, when you need a truck, we wish you luck; we say adieu.

Military Leaves Ise



R. E. SCHROEDER
Shipping Dept.
Army, Pvt.
10-10-43



E. M. LEWIS
Engineering Field
Navy, A/S
9-28-43



O. WICKER
Engineering Field
Navy, A/S
9-30-43



C. HARGROVE
Engineering Field
Army, Pvt.
10-5-43



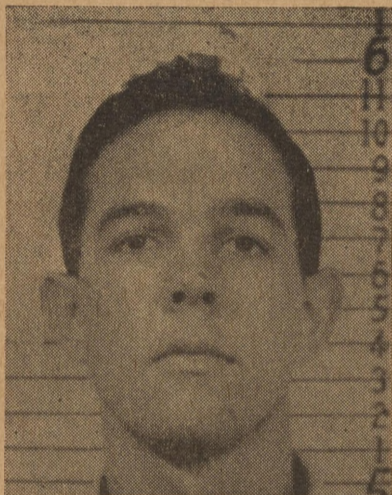
M. A. BARRILLEAUX
Engineering Field
Army, Pvt.
10-9-43



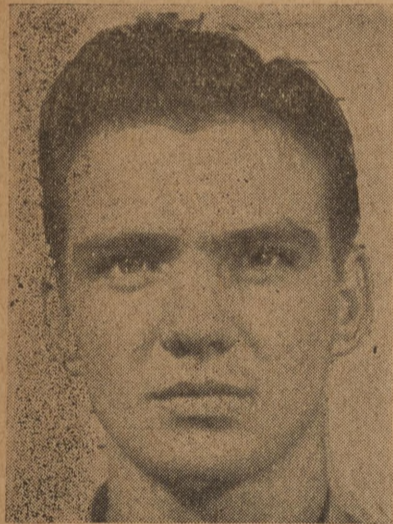
J. B. FLOYD
Control Laboratory
Army, Pvt.
10-14-43



E. L. FORD
Treating Dept.
Army, Pvt.
10-26-43



R. J. YOUNG
Control Laboratory
Army, Pvt.
9-7-43



H. H. TOWNSEND
Shipping
Navy, A/S
9-28-43



H. J. HURTA
Engineering Field
Marines, Pvt.
9-23-43



F. J. LINK
Docks
Navy
9-11-43

"My wife doesn't understand me. Does yours?"
"Dunno. Never heard her mention your name."

R. O. Williams and I have just finished our first year with Uncle Sam. We wish to thank the Shell Oil Co. for all it has done to make it as pleasant as possible, such as the Shellegram, the Shell News and the Readers Digest, which are all greatly appreciated. I also wish to thank you again for the family allotment which my wife and I are really grateful for. R. O. Williams and I are still on the same boat, and have been since we entered the service. We have been doing about everything, local convoy and such. Inclosed is a small picture taken of us recently. We both hope that before we spend another year here we will be back punching the clock with all the old gang we used to punch it with. Tell all of the boys in case they would care to write our address is U.S.C.G. Tuckahoe, c/o F.P.O., New Orleans, La.

We would surely like to hear from some of them.
Thanking you sincerely,
George P. Lively, Jr., S-1-c
R. O. Williams, S-1-c

Hawaiian Islands
I haven't written for quite a while so here I come with a few lines. I am still in the Hawaiian Islands and in a way, I feel pretty lucky. When I do leave here I hope it's back to good old Houston, Texas, although, this is supposed to be the paradise of the Pacific. Well, you can guess my paradise.

I want to thank you a lot for the Shellegrams that I receive each month. I find lots of good news in them and really enjoy reading them. Some of the other boys here also read them. I see in there where quite a few of the boys from there are over here in the Islands. Sure would like to run into some of them.

In the July issue I see where the Houston Refinery is among the leaders in war products. Boy that makes any Shell employee feel pretty darn good. As long as the Houston Refinery and all the others are putting out the materials and the amount that they are, all I can say is the Japs and Germans are in a Hell of a fix.

Well, I must close for now, but I am hoping to be back home soon. Tell the boys in the pipe shop, Aloha.
Sincerely yours,
Cpl. B. E. Bailey, 38092042

Dale Mabry Field, Fla.
September 24, 1943

I have just returned from a bivouac for a period of ten days. I found a letter in regard to my withholding tax, when I returned. I am enclosing the form W-4 which you enclosed in your letter to me.

Sorry for the delay in returning this form, but could not be avoided. I sure am proud of my old Company and it will be so good to have this war over and to return to the Shell Refinery to again be one of their workers.

Sincerely,
Richard F. Hefley, AAF

I have just received a notice that the family allowance the Company has given us fellows in the service is on its way to my wife. I have written to Mr. T. J. Reed asking him to relay my thanks to the management but will do so myself now, as I am very grateful. Harry, you fellows have no idea what a load it takes off us fellows to really know that everything at home is taken care of. The boys in this battalion have worked for lots of different companies but Elmer and I are the only two who get the benefit of an allowance like the Shell Company has. What more can I say?

I would like to write to Bernard Cole but do not know his exact address, so if you will be so kind, send me his address. I would also give my front seat in H--- to be able to work just one day on that old T.B.&W. railroad. The fellows should see me now. You all know how skinny I was several months ago. Boy, that's all changed. I now weigh the whole sum of 124½ pounds. Say fellow, how's that for putting on the heavy stuff. I gained one-half pound in four months.

I have to go now and get my pack on. I have got to the point where my saddle sores don't bother me any more. That's all for now so bye till next time.

Still the same,
Jimmie
S. J. Laird

September 15, 1943

Just to take a few minutes of your time to let you know I am still well and that we are waiting for another order to leave out.

Since we have been back off our leave we have more or less just taken things easy, but it is getting so cold here you can't do much of that.

I hope that they still know I am here, Jessie, I have not received an issue of the Shellegram for the last two months and I do like to receive them to see what goes on at the refinery.

About a month ago I received some papers from the Insurance Company to fill out and send back to the Industrial Relations Department and I have no answer back and I would like to know what seems to be the trouble, why I have not had an answer.

Well, I'll close now and not take up any more of your time, and I hope this letter finds you in the best of health and everything is going well at the Refinery.

Tell everybody hello and I hope we get going again because I want to find out what's on the other side again.

Your pal,
Roy Zapp

c/o Fleet Postoffice
San Francisco, Calif.
September 12, 1943

Today I find time to stop and write you a few lines from this Aleutian Outpost. I am getting along in fine style now and have been fortunate enough to be able to do something in my line of work for Uncle Sam. The hours have been long (no time and one-half for overtime) and the weather has been rough but up here the weather doesn't make any difference, the job must go on and it does.

Sometimes when I read where some of the boys back in the States are creating labor trouble, strikes and walkouts I can't help but feel like they are letting down their friends and relatives in the service. That's what we are going to use plenty of. You make it and we will use it where it will do the most good.

I recently received a letter from my old friends, Frank Bates and Jim Miller. They are both somewhere in the South Pacific and seem to be doing all right. If you fellows find time, drop them a letter. I also had the pleasure to have a short visit with my buddy, Sam Martin. Sam was anticipating a leave and I guess by the time you receive this he will have paid you a visit. I certainly will be thrilled when the time comes for my leave. We all certainly look forward to it. Like a kid waiting for Santa Claus on Christmas Eve Night. This may sound a little silly to some of you but all you have to do is spend a few months away from civilization and you will know what I am talking about.

I now wish to again thank the Shell Oil Company for their generous wage policy to the boys in the service. Without it we would have one hell of a long row to plow. Well, fellows, there isn't much that I can tell that might interest you so the best of luck to all of you and drop me a line now and then.

Wm. J. Snow, C.M.M.

Hawaiian Islands
September 5, 1943

I received your letter written August 26 and enjoyed and appreciated it very much. It is a pleasure for me to hear that business is running smoothly at the refinery. After employment there for nearly three years, I naturally became attached to my position at the refinery.

I received the August 11 edition of Shellegram and read it with much interest. I was sorry to learn of the death of Earl van Gilder. I always considered him a good fellow and a courteous gentleman.

My regards to the boys and write me when you have time.
Sincerely yours,
W. P. Zuber

September-October



H. H. PALMER
Cracking Dept.
Marines, Pvt.
10-9-43



E. R. NICHOLS
Gas Dept.
Army, Pvt.
9-8-43



D. L. THOMAS
Control Lab.
Army, Pvt.
9-14-43



R. W. LARAMORE
Engineering Field
Army, Pvt.
9-17-43



C. W. SEYER
Chemical Division
Coast Guard, A/S
9-24-43

Boys In Service

September 3, 1943

Just a few lines to let you know that I am back in the States. Just got in, made the trip back o.k. It looks like they will let us out in a few weeks. I have been in only 221 bombings. For seven months I was on the front lines all the time. Things were looking good when I left over there. I was on New Georgia Island. It was Billy Hell for a few days. One bomb fell 27 steps from me. When I heard it coming, I hit the deck, didn't have time to get in a fox hole. Well, I hope to see you soon.

I will close. Let me hear from you soon.

Give all the boys my regards.

Yours truly,

A. J. Cummings, SF-1/c

U. S. Naval Hospital, Ward 62-A
Oakland, Zone 14, California

England

August 10, 1943

Here I am in England and am working hard. My mother forwarded the check that you sent me and I am sure grateful, but I received it a month later than it was dated for and I was told that it was no good. I am sending it back and, if possible to get it redated and made out to my mother because she will put it in the bank for me. I haven't any use for money over here because there isn't anything to spend it on besides beer; the beer is hot. They don't have any ice over here.

My mother told me about the storm. How did you all make out? I hope it didn't damage the company. England is just as you read about in books, but I would settle to be back in Houston. When I get back into civilian life I will be a regular house maid. I washed more underwear and socks than I have worn or thought I could wear. Well, I will close for now, but I will write again later; please answer my letter.

Lots of luck,

George Blystone

September 4, 1943

Southwest Pacific

Am glad that you accepted my suggestion concerning Air Mail. Your last letter came in eleven days which is a great improvement over the past.

We are all hoping to leave these parts soon. Of course, this story has made the rounds in the past but we still believe it. Anyway, a homecoming would be a great booster for we are all pretty weary—that homecoming part is wishful thinking.

That's about all I can tell you that will pass censorship rules but when I see you again I have a fairly good stock of lies to unload on the boys. Tell everybody hello for me.

J. V. Clay, GM-2/c

Southwest Pacific Isle
September 14, 1943

I have met several of the Shell employees on different occasions. It is a grand feeling to meet up with someone you know.

I guess the boys and gals in the instrument shop are wondering why I do not write anymore. I have written to Wilson and Kerley on several occasions and to the instrument shop about fifteen times. Have I heard from any of them since I have been here? Hell no. Maybe the stationery is rationed, if it is, tell them I will send them some. I have received letters from Mr. Wilson and Kerley, but none from all those guys where were going to write so faithfully.

I am working in the Electric Shop. I am rewinding motors, both the armatures and field coils. I like it very much. Sure some swell experience for me.

Say, would it be possible to get a picture of the girl helpers in the Instrument Shop? I would like to know if Wilson can really pick them.

I was diesel generator operator for a while and had the occasion to use good ole Shell Diesel Oil in drums. Sure made me think thoughts as the ole boy would say. Looks like ole Betsy would take a new lease on life when I'd pour in the Shell Diesel. She'd just plug along on the other brands, barely putting out the required voltage, lights so dim. Boy when I'd pour in Shell Diesel, you should see all the lights brighten up. Just like I would look after I had a couple of cool beers in the Shell Cafeteria.

Well, that is about all for this time, but tell all the fellows hello for me, and to write soon.

With best of luck to all,

Sincerely,

S. E. Yandle

"Porky"

P. S.—I have received my Shellegram regularly and sure do appreciate it. Thanks very much, again,

"Porky"

Sicily

August 30, 1943

Enclosed is the insurance statement that has been signed by myself and certified by my Company Commander as per instructions.

I am very grateful to the Company for such generosity and I can assure you that it is a great service.

I have been in Sicily for some time now and can smell the spaghetti cooking in Italy, so maybe we'll be polishing the old goot soon.

Give Mr. Keegan and all the rest my best regards.

Your friend,

Cpl. Edward Madden



RALPH YOUNG
Research Laboratory
Navy, Ensign
9-25-43

Pacific Area

This is really a wonderful country. The jungles are full of beautiful flowers and birds. The views from the mountains are breathtaking. Had to sleep under two blankets last night.

Of course, I can't discuss my work, but I think I can safely say that I'm the most forward element of the American ground forces in this area at this time, for about the third time in as many months.

One of the last letters to reach me mentioned some labor troubles there. I know the war must be terrific there, the biscuits hard and bully beef bad, but anyone who would spend one night with me would work twice as hard tomorrow.

Yours,
E. E. "Tex" Frazier

South Pacific
September 2, 1943

I received my insurance form from you yesterday. Have had it signed, so here it comes right back. Thanks to you and to Shell. It seems Shell is one of the very few that doesn't forget their employees. I received my August issue of "Readers Digest" yesterday, also. Thanks to Shell again. A short time back I received the Shellegram and also the Shell News. I really do appreciate all consideration of Shell.

I read in the plant paper, Vance had been wounded, but haven't heard any details. I hope he is O.K. now. He was on Guadalcanal when we left there. In fact, Shell was well represented there. I knew of eight men from the Refinery itself. We are now in a rest camp, but can't say much about the place nor anything else that might be considered news.

Thanks again for the form. Send me a copy of the Shellegram whenever you can. All my tentmates read it and we all scramble for the Readers Digest.

Yours truly,
T. O. Main, SF/1c



J. L. BEAUREGARD
Chemical Division
Army, Pvt.
9-11-43



M. A. WOODALLEN
Engineering Field
Marines, Pvt.
9-22-43

Kingsville, Texas

September 10, 1943

Enclosed is a statement of increase of dependents allowance.

We have a baby girl. She was born July 24, but this is the first month that the government sent the extra \$12.00 for her and I couldn't get the renewal application signed until this morning as our commanding officer has been gone most of the time this month.

It looks as though I'm going to be here for quite some time yet. A few of the boys that have been here two and a half and three years are getting shipped out, but that is all.

I hope everything is all right there and hope to be back sometime but don't know when.

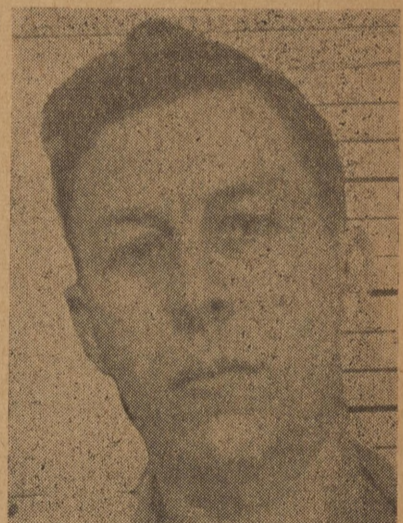
I was sorry to hear of the death of Claude DeWeese. He was the best friend I have ever had.

I will close now and hope to see all of you soon.

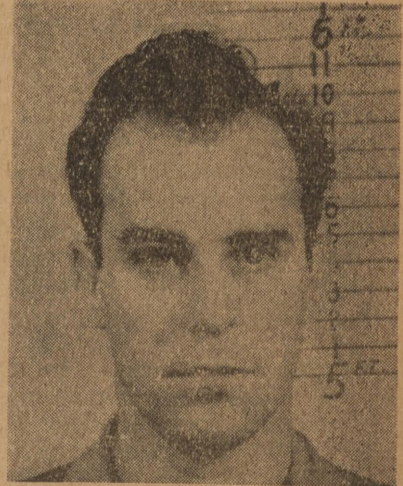
Respectfully,
George E. Roberts



J. R. WACEY
Engineering Field
Army, Pvt.
10-12-43



A. C. PRIESS
Loading Rack
Army, Pvt.
10-20-43



B. W. AUSTIN
Topping Department
Merchant Marines
9-1-43

A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon worn to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Laboratory News

Apology to Griffin, who contends that the terms 'wolf' and 'bird-dog' are not synonymous. In the days when we were young (and we hasten to assure you we are not bringing the Civil War into this), we didn't bother to discriminate; we just got out and walked home. However, be that as it may, etc., just about everybody knows that a wolf is usually the suave, oily-tongued, treacherous type of animal-matter completely lacking in scruples, morals, and religion; in fact, he'd just as soon wolf another guy's pigeon. In fact, he'd rather. On the other hand, you'll never see a bird-dog flush another b-d's covey; nor will you see one with drooling jaws and a gleam in his eye, following some slick chick. He'll just be wagging his tail and grinning from ear to ear, hoping to be patted on the head.

Comes time from Brewer's off-the-record nomination for super b-d material . . . Siegel. Do we hear a second?

And the presentation of a zinc medal of the Rising Boot, first class, to the one who inspired the current nursery rhyme making the rounds: Reading, writing, and podbielniak. Taught by a lame-brained maniac . . . Guess who . . .

With a rousing cheer for McNeill, who never fails to show his interest in anything by drawling, "Son-of-a-gun!" And to one of his colleagues who imitates that drawl so perfectly.

Friend Moeller confides that he can understand truck mishaps on Mondays or graveyards, but he can't quite get Pawlak's running the truck into the broad side of the lab in the middle of the day on Thursday.

He didn't have much to say about the time Bonin exercised a woman's privilege, thereby nullifying Bunny's whole day of work.

Glancing at the bulletin board on the way to the water-fountain, we spied Hester's name on the bulletin asking for choristers. After it was written 'monotone.' And all the time, we thought . . . well, we did.

He told Garbs, the other day, that he made a 65-yard dropkick right between the crossbars, when he was in high school. That's not all, either.

But it's more fun thinking about why D. O. Henry keeps the faucet running in the canhouse sink. He sez the sink burps, no foolin'. He also ventured a wistful desire to know what happens when glass-blower Matthews burps on Mondays.

He must have plenty of time to ponder such things. Bill Paul, unimpressed by seniority, allows as how he'll bump Henry, becuz it's so comfortable sitting around the canhouse.

Bill also told us McGrath took off a whole day to get Texas license plates, an A book, a tire inspection slip, and a vehicle use stamp. If and after he recovers from this spree, it'll be time to start saving up for a car.

Woody's new headgear was designed for living with his son who has an electric train that makes the curves a lot better since Woody does look like an engineer, er sumpin'.

Mebbe we're not glad to have Coley Holmes back with us. And that female situation in the lab doesn't bother him in the least. Well, that's what he said.

Boatman has an awful time deciding whether to be a WAC, WAVE,

WIFE, or plain unemployed. Wish we had a cherce.

Then there's the time Miz Cassidy told us that the scion of the household has been teased so roundly, by his playmates, for having sissy curly hair, that he has been trying to get hair like his daddy's, even unto using Claude's new super hair tonic, name o' La Conga.

Pat Patterson please note. Altho this sweet smellum is imported, you may be able to find a reasonable domestic substitute for same; don't expect Claude to share such good stuff, when a matter of professional ethics is involved.

For little evenings of sheer entertainment, take a gander at the copy of the Tale Spinner E. D. Janes sent us, with appropriate comments scribbled in the margins.

Reminder . . . before the deadline, better get the name of the blonde sampler girl Jiggs Smith has been bird-dogging on graveyards. Might get a statement from her, too. With Blakeley's help, she gets along all right on her own, but it's still Jiggs.

Did Jiggs tell you about the lady that had acute appendicitis?

Baldwin, naive to say the least, took a look around one sunny A.M., and said in a petulant voice, "I'm gonna start wearin' slacks and bein' late like everybody else that amounts to anything."—P. S. She has.

Does the paternal instinct arouse a primitive urge to raise a mustache, too? English tried it; Lane suddenly began cultivating one; and now Dahl is likely material, bein' as how he has a son to bring up. Congratulations, Johnny. The lab can use him on the softball team.

Thanks to the powers that be, the girls do try to brighten up the joint by original touches in wearing apparel. Witness Gregurek's black-and-white checked coveralls, with bow to match; Pawlak's yellow feathers in her hair, which reminds us of Pugh; those snazzy snoods that Hunter, Garrison, and several others have been wearing; Blakeley's cowgirl outfits; and any number of flower arrangements for the hair that crop up at the most unexpected moments.

Remember the day somebody mixed Nescafe with Slim's sweet stuff? Slim didn't notice it until he started to expectorate. Allen claims to know nothing about it till he saw Slim freeze in mid-air, so to speak.

And did you ever wonder what that is Allen sez every time HE expectorates? (That sounds like a good word; remind us to look up the spelling of it, sometime.)

Who posted the motto, hair today, gone tomorrow, and how can we know just who gets the honor?

Award of the gold-plated toothbrush goes to Hartley, who can chalk up one for successful bird-dogging.

And don't forget Theiss, who, at the earnest request of co-workers, appeared one AM minus heavy makeup, and everybody but Baldwin was effusive with praise.

Little Willie claims his Sunday-go-meetin' suit still smells of the bird-dog lotion Woody generously applied at one of the Tester's meetings.

Dr. Brinkley Myers is the one who put a goodly batch of roaches to sleep with ether, revived 'em with

Field Office Notes

Time marches on and here we are back on the air. Seems as though the Field Office Force have been behaving themselves so perfectly lately that this scribe is finding it rough going to dig up enough gossip for even a small column. Of course there are the well known "Wolves" who keep things from becoming too monotonous—and speaking of wolves we hope that no one missed the exceptionally good picture of the pack posted on the bulletin board last week.

At a tree cutting party held recently in Lonnie Toffier's yard, Cowboy Reed turned to a Lumber Jack. His performance in cutting trees that day would have made the Lumber Jacks of the big woods in the far north look like cream puffs. Reed walked up to a large pine tree, spit in both hands, shouted loudly, and swung his mighty axe. The high heels on his cow-boy boots must have put him a little off balance. With the first powerful swing, the axe passed through the trunk of a tree three feet in diameter, then on through his boot and on through his big toe. The moral of this story—Lumber Jacks should not wear cow-boy boots.

T. E. Airhart, General Chairman of the Recreation Association, has recently been voted the smallest and best looking wolf around the Field Office. We hope this doesn't go to his head and cause him to schedule a softball game at the bowling alley.

Buddy Felton has returned from his vacation with the usual fish stories and no fish.

air, and then shot pure oxygen to 'em to watch their invigorated behavior.

But who enjoys Jug Carter's letters any more than Brother Moeller, unless it's the whole lab?

Who's bird-dogging whom, Cox or Robinson?

Then there's the letter circulated for the sole purpose of collecting enough pennies to purchase a box or two of Copenhagen for B. Allen, whom nobody loves, especially Garbs, the rat. He simply refused to supply any more of that commodity for said Allen. The campaign was a success; Allen was dip-happy for a whole week.

Did you see Pfc. Whitmore the Sunday he showed up in his Texas Defense Guard outfit? Seems he'd been on maneuvers, er sumpin'.

Imagine our surprise when our favorite man-in-the-service, Tucson Ash, dropped in to look over the situation, giving the girls something extra to think about . . . not that we haven't been thinking about it all along, Vic. The Wash Board's having a picnic on the Coffee Grounds come 'tater diggin', fella; how about that?

And nobody tells us "Red" Florow's visiting around, until the next day. How can we get in a word edge-wise, though, with bird-dog material like that walkin' around loose?

One of Boykin's cohorts asked us to take this opportunity to warn F that there's no future in picking up chickens. Will somebody please enlighten us?

And so, dear hearts, we leave you with this admonition: 'Tis better to have loved a short man, than never to have loved a tall one.

Approximately yours,
Arky.

GAS DEPARTMENT

By H. D. Chapman

J. M. Pidgeon paid us a visit—looks swell—says he saw J. F. Alford, Richard Gates, and Felcher in the Sea Bees.

J. J. Ford was a recent visitor at the refinery. Johnny is now a Captain in the Chemical Division of the Army and really fills out his uniform—gained about 30 pounds since he left Shell. One thing I particularly noticed about Johnny was that he had lost all of his former timidity.

Treated Stuff

E. L. Ford, our ace chemical helper has been called to the colors. We know Elmer will make a good soldier and we know the wife and boy will be proud of him. Good luck from the boys. Drop us a line soon.

Bill Brian, our Jr. Technologist is the proud father of a fine baby girl. Congratulations, Bill to you and the Mrs. from the gang.

F. R. Radney, mayor* of Channelview, is off from work due to stomach trouble. We are sure he will be in shape when his Uncle calls him.

The race is on in bird-dogging; Ray Cooper says Barfield is the best, but we know both Barfield and Cooper are pointing at the same bird. We will give you the returns in the next issue.

We are wondering why a certain lady has changed Bill Massey's name from Hog Jaw to Toots?

We are not doing any advertising for business and not calling any names, but if anyone needs his Washie repaired or goat skinned, we fixie.

We wish this selective service would make up their minds. We have a fellow who is living off soup and Williard tablets one day and Hot Tamales, onions and steaks the next week. Guess who?

Some of the boys think our Department Head, T. T. McClean looks different nowadays with that large eye brow under his nose. We are looking any day now for Mc to come out with a zoot suit on.

Mr. Gibbons, it looks like you did get cross-ed up on the inventory this month, as we noticed Mr. McClellan taking Mrs. Cross around the units, or could it be that Polly is breaking in on an operator's job. If so, Polly, don't forget No. 3 shift.

CAR SHOP NOTES

We are very proud to say our department has made a grand start in the bowling league. The Car Shop is composed of three teams, of which team captains are W. E. Womble, L. J. Vessier, and Lucille Sudwischer. Several on our teams are bowling for the first time and are showing improvement. E. M. (Preacher) Montz and J. A. Janak are two of our beginners; however, they were so hot on our practice night the bowling alley caught fire.

"Hardboiled" Sue McDowell seems to keep busy lately tending to her duties on the social, basketball and baseball committees, of which she is a representative.

We were very happy to have Ed Stanley, Shipfitter third class of the U. S. Navy visit us while home on a furlough.

We have several new faces in the Car Shop, including Aline Peacher in the Office.

H. J. McShane was elected by the shop employees as Shellegram reporter.

Tony Svec allowed, when asked by Harry "Dutch" Evers, that if what he had heard was true he might take in a "Donkey Barbecue."

N. W. Christensen received a letter from E. R. Nichols, who is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. Ernie says it is plenty rough and that he would like to be back with the boys. Instructed Chris to show letter to Taylor Harris as he didn't have time to write two.

J. H. Naschke wanted a locker that E. D. "Toar" Runnels had cabbaged on to. Runnels was very reluctant about giving it up; so Johnny, who is not any way as large as Runnels said, "You're big enough to get any of the other lockers you want." I then told "Toar" that if that was the case, he was large enough to keep the one Johnny was after. Johnny changed his tactics and I moved in with Runnels.

A point of general interest and curiosity in the Gas Department Office—Who is watching Griffey; who is watching Thew; who is watching Svec; who is watching the mail???

J. P. Okie, our Department Head, has been on vacation in St. Louis. W. P. "Tony" Svec did an admirable job holding down the fort during Okie's absence.

Why does Jim Vawter go haywire when Chris sings "The Love Bug Will Bite You If You Don't Watch Out?"

WANTED—3 bowlers—beer capacity no object. For Gas Department team. J.H.N. Advt.

Bonnie Sefton was positive that the Cracking Department could beat the Instrument Shop at softball. I got a \$2 diploma proving I know better than to believe him next time.

Attention Girls! J. E. Watts and H. G. Gieblestein are now single—look 'em over.

Gieblestein has left the Frank M. McClain domicile—must have been the "grub" or the rationing board. Which was it Gieb?

E. E. Kerbow and I. T. "Pop" O'Neal are big buddies now. This is according to "Dead Eye" Kerbow.

Joe H. "Sugar" Wheat says Pop O'Neal was a great help during recent secondary combustion (furnace) incident—ask Joe about it.

S. F. Ford was commenting on bus club management recently. After having aired his views, he was asked if that was a political speech—he is one of the candidates in election coming up soon.

Pot being raised as prize for winner in whistling contest between C. H. Stewart and D. M. Bergen—both are sans teeth.

K. C. Alexander, who has plenty of stick candy, asked me to share it with him. I really enjoyed it and thanks. Alex. (He blames Joe Miller).

A. W. Patterson—why is it that you are afraid to carry this issue of Shellegram home?

In a recent ball game between the Gas Department and the Research Lab in which E. D. "Grand Prize" Runnels was pitching for our side, the score was 17 to 1 in favor of the Research Lab. C. L. "Southern Select" Martin was catcher and Joe "Drink Anything" Thomason was umpire. Gas Department says that if they buy the Lab scotch and soda they should win next time.

Engineering Office

In our opinion birth announcements deserve first mention in any news column. This month Mr. and Mrs. Roy Plaisance announce the birth of a boy, David Wallace II. The proud parents have another son four years old.

Charley Sinclair transferred to the Chemical Division the first of this month. We are sorry to lose Charley but are glad that he has decided to continue bowling with us.

Mr. Robb recently visited the Norco Refinery on business.

J. G. Kerly, who is on a temporary assignment at Cactus Ordnance Works, paid us a short visit recently. He was just home for a couple of days and very busy hunting a house most of the time. Before returning, he contracted for a new home to be completed some time in the near future. He has a few weeks more work at Cactus. R. S. Douglass is also still at the Ordnance Works.

George Kelman has been transferred to Norco temporarily. His work there is supposed to last only a few weeks which will not be nearly long enough to exhaust his supply of interesting stories.

We have some good news regarding Pete Green. We hear that Pete has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Congratulations, Pete.

Bob Walters has just completed a two weeks' vacation, a part of which was spent repairing storm damage. During Bob's absence, Mr. List carried on as chief draftsman and kept things running smoothly.

We are glad to welcome Ed Cox back to work. Ed, who was ill for a few weeks is now looking much better.

For years we have heard about the River Shannon and that Gulf of Gabes. Only recently have we had Brockmeyer's Lake. We came to work one damp day to find ducks all over the softball diamonds and from that time on we have had Brockmeyer's Lake.

Illumination of the drafting room continues to be a problem. We moved the lights this month a wee bit to the side. Some day when Shannon is inventing things we suggest that he work out some strong source of light that will not cast a shadow.

Two former employees, Joe Powell and Paul Harper, dropped in to see us recently. We are always glad to see any of the old gang.

-- Basketball --

(Continued from page 1)

grove, Talver, W. D. Clark, H. Hankley.

TOPPING DEPARTMENT

W. A. Phillips, Hoot Crawford, L. W. Austin, F. C. Driskell, P. Cherry, S. A. Smith, W. H. Steill, B. Kingsberry, Cook, L. B. Jones, H. Hall, A. G. Woodland,

J. Vollers, J. W. Williams, M. L. Shipper, J. A. Nelson, T. L. Shackelford, W. M. Lefevere, C. W. Reid, Rhames, W. B. Harris, J. R. Jeter, Robb, C. L. Ivy, T. H. Cochran, M. K. Kopp, captain.

The girls teams, handled by Sue McDowell, is well underway and practice games are beginning.

Grossheim: "What would you do if a patient were pale, sweating profusely, unconscious, bleeding from the mouth and had a broken arm?" Hallmark: "I'd bury him."

Home On Visit



Back to the Houston Refinery from camps over the nation came these fighting members of the Shell Family for a few hours' visit with fellow workers before returning to their posts.

TOP ROW (left to right):

Louis Richard, shipfitter 1c, has just returned from service in the Pacific. "Frenchy," as he is known to his friends, entered the C.B.s on June 16, 1942. He will be stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas.

Seaman 2/c W. H. Maddux has been stationed at Corpus Christi since leaving the Loading Racks on March 18, 1943.

C. W. Sparks left the Gas Department on August 28, 1942, and his present phase of training as Aviation Cadet has taken him to Independence, Kansas.

Pfc. O. L. Dodd, Control Laboratory, is a member of the the Army Air Force stationed at San Antonio, Texas. He entered service on October 21, 1942.

BOTTOM ROW (left to right):

Captain J. J. Ford is Chemical Officer at Kelly Field, Texas, a post which he has held since leaving the Gas Department on November 27, 1941.

R. E. Walling is Seaman 2c at Corpus. Formerly employed in the Boilerhouse, Walling joined the Navy on March 31, 1943.

Lt. D. V. Cook has been stationed at Camp Swift, Texas, for several months but was expecting a transfer to Camp Lee, Va., when he was home on leave in October. Lt. Cook was employed in the Chemical Division before entering service on September 2, 1942.

E. D. Stanley, shipfitter 3c in the C.B.s has been assigned to overseas duty. He left the Car Shop on September 11, 1942. Pfc. A. L. Burgess, former Topping employee, has been in the Army Air Forces since October 9, 1942. He is stationed at Westover Field, Mass.

Main Office News

Our vote for the "Whistlingest Fool" goes to Francis Hendricks. Her rendition of "St. Louis Blues" is something worth listening to. Recently with one of her numbers she stopped the whole office from "Dutch" McKinnon on down. Harry James please note.

Did you gals and guys notice that new sport coat Paul Sanders showed off the other day? That's what I'd call a peach!

Can anyone of our readers suggest a new numbers game for the sharks of South End No. 1 Bus to play? They've been playing the same one for a week now, which I believe is a record. However, I've heard it said H. W. Beckman, our expert numerologist, is working up six new variations of the license numbers, which should be out soon.

Lucky fellow, this Buzz Barton! He ups and gets most of the Chemical Division and Main Office to give him a Christmas present in the form of a football pool he, the aforementioned Barton, helped get up. Did you get your half of the fifty dollars, Mrs. Barton?

Welcome to our midst Mrs. H. R. Williams. Hope your stay is long and pleasant.

D. T. Briggs is back from his vacation and is Joe Simoneaux glad!! When pinned down for an explanation of the smile he was wearing, Joe said he didn't mind the work but said he never got any grapevine news for two whole weeks.

That grudge bowling match is not far off now between those two Main Office teams. Should be a pipin! Harry Schneider and H. P. Reese are just simply having a hard time holding down their averages until that day. Nobody seems to know much about Reese's last season's average but some of the boys sing high praises about Schneider's.

Say, did you know that Doc Coombs could speak more than one language? Ask him about his French!

I suppose we might just as well give up trying to convert Leon Raymond into a synthetic Texan. The guy's been here a year and a half and do you know that on a recent trip to Louisiana he hauled back all

the black coffee with chicory he could find. What some people won't drink!!

Some of the things I'd like to know:

Why doesn't "Dutch" McKinnon bowl?

Why is Anna Greenwood so man-shy?

Why can't Eddie Logan bowl without beer?

Why did all those Main Office girls get married at this particular time?

Why is Morris Wilson so popular with the girls?

"Jack" (Dean of Women) Corkins had better look to his laurels. He was temporarily diverted of his duties when "Patsy" Russell, the scooterette, was presented with a few "cute" wedding gifts. Patsy blushed prettily and dashed for the security of the mail room. Oh yes. We almost forgot, our former mail carrier is now a Mrs.

"Hander's Folly" retains a perfect record. The last breakdown again occurred on the way home. By coaxing and pushing, the male passengers helped this "fugitive from a

CHIPS FROM THE

Wood Butchers

We hear that Bud Lee is chewing spark plug again. They say it came about when Bud gave a dip of Copenhagen to a snake, and the snake departed to a happier hunting ground.

At last the good old shop is getting its face lifted according to the Herbert Hoover style! "A locker for every box."

And due to this administration Tye Thomas says he will have to take his tool box (warehouse No. 6) home because they just aren't making lockers big enough any more.

By a round about way I hear that J. J. Brown is looking for a swivel chair with an overstuffed cushion.

At 4 o'clock the other day, we noticed Fibber McGhee coming in from the east side of the new clock house. What's the matter, Fibber, did they leave off the christening?

And some of you guys were wondering why Wasek chased the Armadilla. Could it have been because he used all his ration points? Anyway, he was hollering "fresh meat."

I wonder if "Wormie" makes as good a shadow for Wasek as Walker does for Fibber McGhee.

George Marquette and Ralph Dunderdale are back after a brief illness.

Who is that guy that's already counting the remaining shopping days till Christmas?

Maybe some of these days those buddies Stokely and "Butcher" Van Ness will decide which one of them gets his way about the right height for scaffolding up to ceiling work.

Speaking of the Recreation Program, we have a couple of 10-year men who are challenging anyone to a domino game. Oh, yes! Brownie says that if Ike would try to count instead of dominoe they might even consider making a little side bet.

They say Less is going out for the high jump because they saw him jumping on top of the work bench. By the way, that was a big rat, wasn't it?

Charlie Evans' ear is beginning to look as if it grew there.

scrap pile" to Wayside and Telephone. Here a few brews and much conversation occupied "the boys" until a transfer was affected. The law of averages should insure at least one delay on the way home from work. (Mr. Cuppy: Can you arrange?)

That stellar bowling team composed of Foster, Robb, Logan, Beckman, Kennedy, Dobson and Corkins is carrying the banner for the Main Office. Traitors Schneider, Hurley, Garrison and Simoneaux let Reese and Saxon talk them into the title of "Industrial Relations." It's sabotage!!! P. S.—Now it's been changed.

"Billy" Wilson is back from the wars, honorably discharged by the Army, and at his old stand in the "Tab" room. Billy looks and acts like the Army didn't slow him down. Married life hasn't dimmed his enthusiasm either. Greetings, Buddy! We're glad to have you with us again.

The second chapter of Leon Raymond's forthcoming treatise on the care and handling of female clerks is titled: "How to Get Them Out of

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Garage Blowouts

By Tony

Talk about Christmas and your gifts, how about all of us pooling a good Safety Record and winning that Vice-president Trophy for Houston. That would be easy as we have it twice and a good safety record ending Dec. 31 would bring it home to stay.

Vacation season is about over. Most of the gang is together again planning the next—no gas, no go, no place, no how.

Cuppy got lost last week. Someone found him at the Ration Board looking for his check, I guess. You see, he doesn't work here anymore. Oh yes, he pays us a visit now and then.

That "blessed event" race and bet is over between Dorsey and Cunningham, drivers. This past month Dorsey won with a big boy and Cunningham a close second with a girl.

Some departments may boast about expert bowlers but there are no fancy, tricky pin busters to equal Walkie-Talkie Cawfield for position and "new Papa" Cunningham for fancy capers.

Oh yes! Just ask Airhart about our bowlers. Our pair of blonde truck drivers spare and strike a few.

Ration business has expanded to a separate business now. Miss Evelyn Pugh has moved to the warehouse ration office with Martha Brewer as assistant and Miss June Crane has taken over in the Garage office.

General Manager Foster will be lucky if Tony doesn't sell him a pair of Checkered Giants (rabbits to most of us). He's been looking those swell pens over.

Man, you talk about class but that Pfc. Barfoot, our Uncle Sam's boy now looks like the real IT. Sure glad to see him looking so good and he even says he likes it too.

Mr. Nelson Gilliam, alias "Piccalo Pete," of La Porte, pinch hit for

-- Main Office --

(Continued from page 1)

the Reading Room"—or "Guarding Against Excessive Leaves of Absence." Leon has all the answers.

Gertrude ("Captain" to you) Walters recently handled "Cliff" Hyatt's chores as Meter Supervisor, while Cliff vacationed in Pecan Park. The male member of this section had better not allow this to happen often—what with drafting of pre-Pearl Harbor fathers and shifting to "essential" industry.

Harry Schneider and "Jack" Corkins recently made a clean sweep of the South End Bus Clubs Bond Rallies. Both are beaming and have their names on a \$25.00 "Uncle Sam Special."

"Dutch" McKinnon, our "Supervisor of Supervisors, recently turned white, blue, red and purple when informed that the Ditto machine needed \$185 worth of overhauling. This is war, Dutch!!

"Denny" Havens, Main Office parimutual expert, is requesting a ten per cent cut on all extra-curricular activities. He will henceforth be known as "Skylark."

The Cost Section's gift to the fair sex, "Eddie" Logan, established something like a record the other night with a certain girl team. Eddie rolled a record shattering 98-105 and when questioned could give no explanation!

Blue Dick Reed the past week (when Reed chopped the back of his own foot) and likes the sound of Foreman Pete, according to Field Reports. Coming in he spent quite a time shouting it through a 14-inch pipe.

Poor Victor Karney is about sunk now. Uncle Sam has one eye peeled for him and Cupid has the other side labeled. No kidding, V. K., you're slipping. Just as well give up to one or the other.

A. Michelman didn't realize just how long our trailer bus was. He backed it for an hour and only got one half of it out of the garage.

Anyone want to trade watches? Just contact Lueckmeyer. Anything will do but just be sure it doesn't gain over five minutes by Saturday.

Chubby Rains raring to pull out for a Shell vacation. "Can't wait. Going someplace even if I have to walk back."

Happiest man in the Automotive Department is P. G. Proctor, especially when Ragan and Morrison get together—the Beauty Twins—what happened to Crowe's brother-in-law—Song Bird Firth made a date with Uncle Sam.

Johnnie Campo—man of many professions, machinist, professional ball player and a fighter.

People are wondering why Frank Olexa was all smiles recently. His son was home on furlough.

The Machine Shop has another Clark Gable. Oh! that's Burls Jacks.

In the Army you take your troubles to the Chaplain; in the Shop you go to Jack Englishby.

The Machine Shop has found a couple of good men out of the Bull Gang in "Rusty" Chalmers and Thomas.

A note of thanks to Pat Wynn for the way he has been helping in the Sports Parade, keeping score and taking some of the ball players home.

Why is it everyone likes Francis Goolsby. Could it be those eyes?

They tell me "Red" Race is getting along fine with his bowling team. Stay with it "Red."

The Machine Shop has a new basketball chairman. None other than the modest "Red" Wells.

Machine Shop News

Lula Belle, Ruby and Corrine deserve credit for their fine sportsmanship and their bowling team.

The Machine Shop has three new machinists; namely, Wynne, Huber, and Scott.

Who is the man in the Machine Shop who talks all those different languages? Could it be "Red" Dungen?

He doesn't carry a stove, but he can sure make you hot, the "Ribber Mitchell."

Congratulations, Hancock, on your setup.

We offer our sympathy to our friend Koy, who was on maneuvers during a recent weekend with the Home Guard.

Bye,
Fuzzy Huff

Boilerhouse Steam

First Lieutenant Buenger of the Army and Seaman 1st Class Walling, former employees of the Boilerhouse, paid us a visit. Both boys are looking fine and report they feel better than that. Buenger reports he has come in contact with Pilot Al Keeney of the Air Force and has been up with him several times. We are glad to hear these boys are all doing good and wish for more visits from the rest of the gang.

As for the old standbys who are still here, we can only say that we are operating with the throttle wide open and the generator's indicator's about to hit the peg. This department has none of the fair sex which accounts for no bird-dogging here and who wants to bird-dog when such tales as this gang can tell is about all you can crowd into 8 hours?

Harry Kennedy has gone in for bowling in a big way—not only the way he bowls but the way he tells it. Now you take his famous drag ball he throws, the one where he finger catches in the ball and drags him down the alley head first; he just naturally hits the pins like a fullback going through center, only Harry uses the ball for interference and kicks the end pin over with his toe, this is his extra point. Of course he sets up his own pins while down in the pit which fills in for the lack of pin boys which are rationed along with other things.

Le Suer knows when Roy Pugh opens the super heater before draining a boiler but he wished he wouldn't do it just as he is blowing the mud drum on Boiler 6. It's a little too crowded back there and the exits are few.

Billy Vance is around and about the Boilerhouse again after serving with the Sea Bees. Billy hasn't lost any of his roar or vim but we sort of wish he would get some preacher's hair tonic for that snow on his roof, because if he is as young as Harry Kennedy claims he is I don't know which to believe because Harry has neither snow nor grass on his roof.

Ruff, Laake, and this scribe have taken on some practice at the bowling recreation. We found our hooks and screw balls a little out of the groove, that is the alley, since our last game. Laake and Ruff played the gutters a great deal of the time and yours truly almost sent one down the return, however, we are ready to try it again anytime we can get some competitors.

—M. P. Marrie

Boilershop Chatter

Congratulations are really in order this month to all that are involved in the "shake up" in supervisors. The entire Boiler Shop, Tinners, and Riggers, welcome W. R. Carter as assistant foreman, but C. A. Hansen is greatly missed and will be for years to come.

On leaving the Boiler Shop, Hansen was presented with a watch, as a parting gift, from the entire gang. Poor "Swede" was speechless, if you have heard a baby trying to learn how to talk you have the general idea of how "Swede" sounded.

Jack Cook, we are wishing you a speedy recovery and looking forward to your coming back.

The Boiler Shop ball team has won a game, so look out competitors; competition is really in the air.

We have been sitting on the edge of our seats for weeks, waiting for an invitation to some kind of celebration at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Kohler, who has recently purchased them a new home located at 1931 Esperanto. How about it, Allie?

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Slott, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boswell and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Nelson as they all have baby girls. It is hard to tell which one of the three is the proudest father, they all smile from ear to ear, when their daughter is mentioned.

Seems as if Doc Lilley is going to have to have his "sweet tooth" extracted since so many girls are working in the plant that he is being neglected. Say, Doc, are you losing any weight from the candy shortage.

L. P. Parker (lemon pie) is doing her Christmas shopping early, to avoid the rush nearer Christmas time. Are you finding the kind of gifts you want L. P.?

Instrument Hints

I wish to correct a statement made in the last issue of the Shellegram. Walter Cannon is the manager of the softball team for the Electric Instrument Shop.

Our softball team is doing all right for themselves. After losing the first game of the season, they have come back and won five straight games.

Walter Cannon is the leading hitter for the softball league. He has made 11 hits out of 16 times up. Four of these hits have been home runs.

Don (Fat Stuff) Bailey is the leading pitcher—five wins and no losses.

Our bowling team isn't doing so well. They have won two and lost four games. Captain Hill promises to have his boys do better in the future.

"Midget" Hightower has gone back on shift work at his own request. Most men spend a life time trying to get off shift work. "High" goes on it because he doesn't like to get up early in the morning.

The operators at Dubbs No. 7 couldn't believe their own eyes when they saw Jay Cunningham working on a shut down. It was dirty work too.

Miss Gladys Shillings has broken many hearts because she was married to Lt. Paul Lewis of Ellington Field recently. Congratulations to both of them.

CRACKS

From Dubbs No. 9

By J. T. McMahan

Lou Harling visited the plant recently and is looking swell. Lou is in the CBs stationed in Bermuda for the past several months. His only regret is that he can't do more to bring the war to a hasty conclusion. How can we lose with men like that?

Lt. Oscar Breeding broke into the headlines of the Fort Leonard Wood news recently when he hit the longest home run of the season to win the first game of their series for the championship.

First Lt. Charlie Battestin, tank corps, writes from somewhere in England: "Feeling fine and working hard." He would enjoy hearing from some of his friends. What a little to ask for. Could some of us be laying down on the job?

Nice letters were also received from Lts. Jennings, Haddox, and W. W. Lawther stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Cpl. Sammy Orr was a plant visitor recently on his way to Camp Hood. He has gained 18 pounds and likes his work fine.

The soft ball season is about over and the Crackers were one of the also rans. Hoss says we'll get them next year.

Ace Baines is confused in his bird-dogging. His lead dog, Ferol Wakefield, has changed shifts.

V. R. Julian, good natured red head from East Texas, is having much fun these days debating on any subject with B. W. Todd.

The new pressure man on No. 9 is Mr. Fail, originally from East Texas but lately from Tennessee where he worked for the state in prevention of forest fires. He tells interesting stories of the whiskey makers and the Tennessee mountain families.

Mr. Lamb Comes to Town



Seaman 2c J. R. Lamb is traveling first class in this picture with Patricia Mosher, left, and Frances Cary, right. "Porky," former Industrial Relations employee is stationed at Corpus Christi.