



Merry Christmas

This is the third Christmas with our country at war and as each day passes we know that through our efforts and those of the 865 Wood River employees in the armed forces we are coming closer to a day when there will again be "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men."

May I take this opportunity to wish you and every member of your family a Merry Christmas with Good Fortune and Good Cheer in the New Year.

Pe Robert

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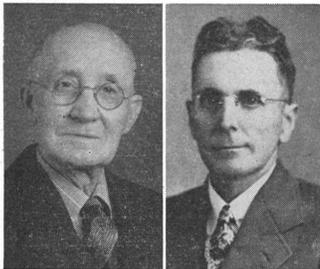
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25 YEAR SERVICE BIRTHDAY



E. J. Laatsch, Boiler and Power House, General Foreman, completes 25 years service, this month.

20 YEAR SERVICE ANNIVERSARIES



Major A. Cox, Lube Compounding and Shipping Dept., and Bert Followell, Automotive Truck Driver both have twenty years of service this month.

NOTICE

For the convenience of employees in making payments on War Chest Pledges, arrangements have been made to have a representative from the Alton Community Chest office in the Refinery Cafeteria on the first and second Monday of every month, for the next few months, from 3 to 5 p. m.

The Chemists' Caldron

By LUCILLE VALITES

Ha! Weeks attended the Hallow'e'en party dressed as a Scotch laddie—kilts and all. The following Monday he had a beaut of a cold. Skirts are kind of drafty, aren't they, Ivan?

Just as roll-your-owns and pipes are being used to combat the cigarette shortage, Schiermeier has found a way to beat the chewing gum shortage. Of course, asphalt's appearance isn't especially tempting, but it does exercise one's jaws.

Research's number of bridge addicts is increasing. Halter is another one of those who talk, eat, and breathe bridge.

The trials and tribulations of a Lab Asst.! What could be worse than to find yourself on a cold, shivery morning with a valve of an acetane drum that won't budge a fraction of an inch after once being turned on. A person can't keep his finger plugged in the spigot of a drum forever. If Don hadn't been attracted by her appeal for help, our little Redhead might still be out there.

"Pat" Merkel of the Distillation Room bade Research a hasty adieu to join her husband at Norfolk, Virginia. Carrie Morris, a southern Belle is taking her place. Carrie hails from Ridgeway, a town in southern Illinois. Her time is taken up with reading and letter-writing. She has no dislikes she can think of—except the odors in the Distillation Room.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep are in the meadow, the cows in the corn.

Where is the little boy that cares for his sheep? (This you should know—you really must.)

He's now in the Annex making war on rust.

Bee McDowell, who came to us from the Control Lab. and Fern Vedder are two welcome additions to the Stockroom.

Research is once more blessed with a glassblower. Jack Kilian is now our chief torch carrier. Jack has gobs of hobbies of which color photography, archery, and golfing are but a few. Mr. and Mrs. Kilian and son, former Michiganites, now reside in one of the recently built homes in Roxana.

CARD OF THANKS

Frank J. Schinagle wishes to express his sincere thanks to the blood donors and to those who so kindly offered their assistance during the illness and death of his wife.

DAVE CLARK, BARREL HOUSE LEADMAN RETIRES



On November 16, David E. Clark, Barrel House, Leadman, bid farewell to his buddies with whom he had worked for many years. After over 19 years of service, Dave decided to apply for his pension and from now on just take life easy.

In the picture above, Dave is shown receiving a handsome pen and pencil set as a going-away gift from his fellow workers "Uncle" Dave, as he was affectionately called by the boys in the Barrel House, was a hard, conscientious worker with a pleasing disposition, and was well liked by the boys who worked under him. In the picture at the left Dave is shown proudly displaying the farewell gift he received from the boys.

As evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by employees in the Lube Compound and Shipping Department, the following poem was written for "Uncle Dave" by Jerry L. Wooten, Compound House Yardman:



Uncle Dave Clark, he is retiring, that is, so they say;

He has worked for Shell many a year and seldom missed a day.

He took interest in his job, through hard work, sweat and toil;

To keep the barrels a rolling to be filled with Golden Oil.

As time rolled on day by day, looking forward when he'd retire;

And thinking about the winter days when he would be sitting around the fire.

He had his ups; he had his downs, but a good boss you all know;

We are going to miss that every morning saying "Come on boys, let's go."

There's a lot of truth in this poem, somehow it seems to rhyme;

From all the boys the best of luck through the rest of your lifetime.

Topping Rabble Chatter

By BRIG YOUNG.

Who would have thought that a mere political difference would break up a beautiful friendship between the best darn fireman, the best darn operator, and the best darn stillman in the whole darn plant?

Warner cleaned up his flashlight the other day. The thing wouldn't work right afterwards. "Must be wet," said John. So he took it apart and carefully dried it again and again. Still it wouldn't work. Finally the boys turned all of the batteries around and John caught on.

Hake, our Instrument Man, was out to a union meeting the other night. In the wee small hours he was telling someone where he lived (Elsah). They, however, thought he was talking about Borden's cow.

Dutch Hockmuth presented Ray Misegades with a large red handkerchief next day after election.

F. Robinson claims that scratch on his nose is where a dog bit him. The ungrateful thing! Haven't you ever told that dog about share the ride and such, Robbie?

Red Jenkins worked a double Sunday for Wesley Hinderhan. Wesley took the day off to attend his son's wedding.

Henry Lenhardt purchased a pound of honey this week.

The Operators at Topping 1-North complain that their coffee attracts flies in summer and Pipefitters in winter.

Aviation Unit went back in operation Sunday to the delight of the operators who were beginning to wonder just where their summer wages had gone.

Grover Almon and George Buckles are still undecided about some of the post-war problems.

"Ace" Elder came back to work Friday, and "Red" Worden is due back Monday. We are glad these fellows are with us again and feeling OK.

Where does Franke Weatherford acquire the name of "Rabbit"? Give the stool owl one star for the month.

"Wolf" Weber is shining his Pontiac again. After a recent telephone conversation he was heard to remark that he was getting Little a little closer. (The word "little" is spelled with a capital "L" and has no reference to "Wolf" Weber's waistline.)

The success of our bond drive depends upon a young saleslady. It seems Hamilton and Harrowood are responsible for her getting the job.

There was a fireman down topping way---

"I am really a hunter," he was heard to say.

But let me tell you a little tale About this fireman hunting quail: He started out, with his faithful dog Right at his heels he would always jog;

A rabbit jumped up and scared poor John---

He shot the dog, and the rabbit hopped on!

—(Lee Pizinger)

WELDING AND AUTOMOTIVE DEPARTMENTS COMPLETE ONE MILLION MANHOURS WITHOUT DISABLING INJURY

CONGRATULATIONS! WELDING DEPARTMENT



NICE GOING! AUTOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT



By TANNER SMITH.

Shown above are pictures of the Automotive and Welding Departments who this year on November 13 and November 16, respectively, each completed **one million** continuous man-hours without a disabling injury. This represented a period of 5 years and one day for the Automotive Department, and 3 years and 286 days for the Welding Department.

On four occasions in the past, departments at this Refinery have passed the one million manhour non-disabling period, (namely, Car Department, Compounding and Shipping Department, Cracking (L.P.) Department, and the Dispatching Department), but this is the first time in the history of the Shell Wood River Refinery that an **individual** craft such as the Welders and their helpers have accomplished this goal. Earlier this year the Engineering Field Pipefitters just missed reaching this coveted goal, accumulating 987,000 hours before suffering a disabling injury.

The Welding Department's success is all the more remarkable when one considers the potential hazard of working with fire continually on all kinds of equipment in all parts of a refinery whose product is of such a volatile nature. True, the safety consciousness on the part of supervision and the detailed preparation to make

the job safe has played a part in this remarkable record, but the major contributing factor has been that the welders and their helpers are extremely safety conscious. They have complied strictly to the safety instruction given them and have been ever alert to any new hazard which might occur during the course of their work.

The employees of the Automotive Department have done a remarkable job, too. For five years they have been operating or working on trucks, cars, tractors, cranes, welding machines, dock pumps, scooters, etc.—a total of approximately 260 pieces of equipment—and have driven a combined total of approximately **four million miles** without disabling themselves, without hitting or injuring anyone else, and without suffering a major collision of any sort. And remember—that is driving in rain, sleet, snow, mud, fog, and steam—under all conditions. Yes, gentlemen! That is nice going!

But the thought that stands out above these record accomplishments themselves is the satisfaction derived from knowing that in the last one million manhours worked in their respective departments not a single employee of the Automotive or Welding Departments have suffered any pain or loss of salary because of a disabling injury.

Cracking Condensate

By JOHN MCCONNELL

The boys at the Recovery Unit hear that Dittes has devised a new method of "judging" boil tests. How about releasing the secret, Dittes?

Of all the strange happenings that occur, we believe that this one tops them all. Tommy Ellis removed his false teeth after eating his lunch and thought he put them in his own lunch bucket. At shift change Ellis (wishing to look like a human) opened his bucket to get his teeth and they were gone. Somehow or other Ellis had put them in some other operator's lunch bucket and was without teeth for 24 hours. Moral—Never take your teeth out while you're on the job.

According to H. (Kaltenborn) Johnson, there must have been about 15-

000 ducks flying over the East Cat Cracker on a recent graveyard shift. At least one would think so from all the duck calls that were heard.

Don Anderson comes up with the gem of the month. On Sunday, December 3, Andy arrived at work and opened his lunch box, and lo and behold, there was a Twinkie with six candles stuck in it. It was Andy's sixth wedding anniversary and all the boys got a kick out of it. That's what we call a real sense of humor. I think most of us know that the little woman rarely ever forgets those special occasions.

Lt. Vernus Roberts, better known as 2 for 1 Roberts, isn't letting the boys at the Cat Cracker forget that he killed two quail with one shot. Mighty lucky, I'd say.

**Refinery Safety Record Excelled for
FOURTH Time This Year, New Record:-
1,665,800 NON-DISABLING MANHOURS
DURING PERIOD FROM SEPTEMBER 25, 1944
TO DECEMBER 2, 1944**

« « « Pictures Taken At Shell Athletic Club Dance « « «



Over 300 Shell employees and their wives gathered at the Community Building in Roxana, Illinois, Thursday evening, November 22, and danced to the music of "Boots" Wilhauk and his orchestra. Everyone seemed to have had a good time at the dance which was sponsored by the Shell Athletic Club.

D & D Plant By L. B. BOOTH

We were recently favored by visits from K. D. Hull and Capt. K. L. Huez, former D & D employees, now serving Uncle Sam. Hull is permanently assigned to Fort Lewis, Washington, but states he is ready to resume shift work (or otherwise) for dear old Shell. Captain Huez has seen quite a bit of service, being attached to the 8th Fighter Group in New Guinea, and after his furlough was due to report to Miami Beach, Florida for re-assignment. I'm sure we all wish them the best of everything and a speed return.



Pfc. Kenneth D. Hull, Hq. Co., Engr. Tng., Section Ft. Lewis, Washington (Former Lube D & D)

Charles (Slugger) Brown has returned to work after several weeks nursing a fractured hand. Better just watch your step boys! Anyway, we are glad to have you back on the job, Charles.

Quite a commotion was created on the Bethalto bus Thanksgiving evening when Beck told the driver that yours truly was going home with him for supper. Why the doubting remarks, boys?

Nobody can accuse Newcomb of not putting in long hours. Anyone who can play nursemaid to a litter of small livestock all night and then work out here all day is doing OK. At-a-boy, Cliff! That old bacon and ham will be pretty good chewin' later on.

Who was the cause of our tester Freeman having to have surgical treatment? Maybe it's his lack of an appetite. Reckon?

Who was responsible for having our control room walls and ceiling cleaned? Was it so we or they could see the control board better? Just the same it's a great improvement, especially since the control room has been newly decorated.

MERRY XMAS TO ALL OF YOU—
FROM ALL OF US (D & D BOYS).

Central Shops Office By N. F. BAST.

Has anyone seen a little girl carrying a kitten back and forth from the Machine Shop to the Central Shops office lately?

We wish to welcome into our midst the new clerk at the Labor office. Hope you enjoy your stay, Mrs. Ann Eller.

All success and good fortune to Mary Meisner on her new duties in the Main Office Shipping Department.

Has anyone seen that article in the book entitled 'Design of Marine Terminals?' If not, be sure and contact Ronnie Ward without delay for full and complete information on the love life of the Marine Terminate.

Does your daily noon meal take you less than 30 minutes to consume daily? If it does be sure to see Mary Hamilton at the Electric Shop Office for full details on her newly discovered formula — "Complete and nourishing lunch in 35 minutes."

We have been informed the reason for anyone going through the clock house every morning is to ring their clock cards. Could this be justification why a certain little blonde whom some call Susie is seen going through the clock house every morning arm in arm with a certain young man, or is there some other reason?

Back from the missing—E. F. Ea'ler and C. E. Karnes. We hope Mr. "Germ" forgets where you live.

We wish to offer our sincere sympathy to Mr. Frank Schinagle on the loss of his wife.

Main Office Pyrotechnics By E. F. NIEBRUEGGE.

'Tis just a few days before Christmas
When all through the office
Not a person is working—
No, not even the bosses.

Your letters to Santa have all been
handled with care,
And to those who have been good,
your gifts will be there.
But if your request you do not find,
It's merely because our letter opening
is behind.

Dear Santa: Please—
Little "Butch"—Anything scarce, rationed
or fattening.

June McKean—A man with a diamond.

Mary Lou—I want most of all three men.

Burian—Beer, and more beer.

Pres—A change in the Income Tax law so deductions can be made for contribution to anti-saloon league.

Mary Lee—A man to keep me warm.
Marion Teachout—A trip into the mountains with a man.

Evelyn—A rushing undertaking business.

Ray Hotto—To be able to bowl and sing the blues.

Mary Newman — A red-headed boy friend with a case of Scotch.

Eileen—A book on how not to blush so much.

Schwab—To get out of the dog-house.

Schubert—To be able to drink four beers without becoming intoxicated.

Bob MacDuff—A cane for my lumbago.

Nina—Bowl at least 100.

Dougherty — Be big and fat like Schwab.

Paul Craig—A wig.
Cecilia—A fur coat for fifty dollars.

Mary Guth—A pair of all purpose gloves.

"Skeet"—Be a rumba king.

Bill Volma—Not to have a headache on January 1.

Lola Mae—Impossible.
Georgia—A grass skirt and a south sea island moon.

Norma Caswell—A party every nite
Glenn—A basket of fruit to improve my bowling.

Schmittgens—Be a young man of 25.
Oh, boy!

Lois Whitten—Charlie to play for me all day.

Al Rose—A cushion and a broom.
MacKenzie—A beautiful Scotch girl.
Mae McCann — A handsome Scotchman.

Bud Meyer—A permanent wave.
Vince — To sleep until 9:30 every morning and a reduction in my handicap.

Flora Hardy—A soldier with big blue eyes.

Millie—A smooth Russian.
Carl—A good used car business.

Fay—To be a good jitterbug.
Lidia—A Slick Chick.

Jean Huggins—Little Frankie Boy.
Judy—A wolf.

Charlie Slavik—Prove to the boys that I can walk to Edwardsville in 25 minutes.

Henrietta—Be a super-wolfeess.
Betty Griffiths—A book of poetry.

Doris Graham—A soldier, sailor, and Marine.

Bill Taylor—Be locked in a car alone for two hours.

Jean Lampert—Nothing. I've got everything.

Wombles—Be a man some day.
Burns—More winners out of the pickle jar to cover up for my bowling losses.

Ahrens—Buy the beer more often for the boys.

Theen—To know what is in each and every storage tank.

Mary Snider—Men typists.

All Women—Most of all, a man with money.

Your Reporter — Scandal, and more scandal.

And now, to all: a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Scandalous New Year.



Letters From Our Boys In Service



Bernard E. Meyers, S2, Co. A-1, Gun Crew, 2678, Kks. G4, AGS, USNTIC, Gulfport, Miss (Former Driver Helper)



Pvt John P. Wilkinson, Co., 6th Bn, ARTC, Fort Knox, Ky. (Former Topping Dept. Fireman)

October 8, 1944
Somewhere in Belgium

Dear Pres.

Just finished reading the September 2nd issue of Shell Review which is coming through very regularly now thanks to you. I very seldom write letters of appreciation as I really should, but nevertheless I do appreciate everything Joe Shell is doing for me during my stay in the Army. For example, the 2 months pay, insurance installments, Reader's Digest, Shell News, Shell Review. But I think that I can speak for the other boys when I say the thing most appreciated was the letter we received recently letting us know that preparations are being made now for our return to work.

Have been around a bit since I was there on my furlough in January. Spent five months in England, then France, and now Belgium. Have seen many of the towns about which you've been reading in the war news. After you've seen them you can really say that God most certainly has blessed America by keeping the war from our country.

From my address I suppose that you have already gathered that I'm in Military Government. We haven't done any fighting but we're the guys who are going to sit on the Krauts after they've been stepped on. In this outfit we have officers who are specialists in about every field, especially government. Not men who think they know how but men commissioned directly from responsible positions in civilian life. Then among the enlisted men we have interpreters, either native-born Germans or graduates of the Army Specialist Training Program, clerks and others. My job is chief clerk of a small detachment and my job will be handling the paper work.

The people over here have been very nice to us as far as we can tell, but all the towns are off limits and fraternization with the Germans, Belgians, or French is strictly out. It nearly broke my heart to have to pass through Paris without stopping.

Hope it won't be too long until this mess is over and we can all settle down to living the life of a human being again.

Sincerely,

T/Sgt. Lloyd E. Stubblefield
36077258, APO 658, c/o Postmaster
New York, New York

Holland
Oct. 27, 1944

Dear Mr. Hord:

Your letter of July 22 in regards to the renewal of application form for family has just reached me along with one from Mr. Fraser. His was dated August 15 so that may give you an idea of the mail service we have over here. At present most of my equipment, except the things I actually have with me, is at company headquarters. In all my time overseas I haven't been with the company but three weeks. Have been on detached service the rest of the time.

Inasmuch as I'm in the letter writing mood and have more time than I thought I'd have, I'll try to give you an idea of where I've been so far. First of all I spent nine months in a training camp in Alabama. We thought it was pretty rugged at the time. We'd drill and march all day and wondered how in the devil all that stuff was helping to win the war. We were all anxious to go overseas for something new. Well, after nine long months we got our wish. But when the time came to leave, none of us were anxious to get on the boat. It only took us (censored) days to cross because we didn't go in a convoy. We had one of the fastest ships afloat and we had it pretty easy all the way over. However, we did go about 1500 miles out of our way due to some of the Jerry subs. We had a little action but not much.

Finally the day came when we left for France. From France we went to Belgium and then to Holland. The people of Belgium speak French but are a lot different from those in France. It's more of an industrial country too. Holland is an industrial country also. They speak the Netherland language here. It's

10-12-44

Dear Mr. Fraser:

Your last letter concerning the welcoming back of Shell employees who are in the armed forces was very much appreciated by myself, and I am sure the rest of the fellows feel the same as I do, it really relieves my mind to know that if I come through this war all right I will have a job waiting for me at Shell. To tell you the truth, I had some doubts.

I am enclosing a negative of myself (it is impossible for me to have a print made here) if you care to you can send it on to the plant at Roxana; it will give the fellows some idea what I look like after being over here 34 months. Also, tell them I said 'Hello' and for them to keep up their good work.

Thanks a lot for writing.

Prvt. N. J. MERCER, 36078351
Postmaster, A.P.O. No. 706
San Francisco, Cal.
(Former Eng. Field Yardman).

a little different from the German language but not too much. I had two years of German in High School so I can get by pretty good. The people here have lots of money but nothing to spend it on. The Jerr'es took everything with them. As a result, we can buy most anything we want for candy and cigarettes. Black-out regulations were strict in England but nothing like it was in Belgium or like it is here. Have quite a bit of trouble with snipers so they don't take a chance. If we keep on moving the way we have been, the next letter I write will be labeled "Germany." You never know where this Army is going to put you next. Maybe it's a good thing we don't know. There's one move we're all waiting for though, and that's the one where we'll see the good old Statue of Liberty.

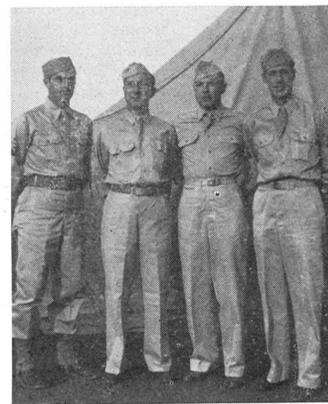
I want to answer Mr. Fraser's letter, then I think I'll turn in for the night.

Sincerely yours,

Cpl. Philip C. Ruff 36446675
APO 399, c/o Postmaster
New York, New York
(Formerly in Loading Racks)

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a snapshot that was taken when Been, Quackenbush, Futch and myself were together in Co. B., 1008th Eng. Ref. Bn., at Torrance, California.



Since the picture was taken our outfit has been deactivated and Been, Quackenbush and myself were sent to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and Futch to Camp Rucker, Alabama.

I am in a heavy construction equipment outfit. Been and Quackenbush are in pipe line outfits. Since I have been in the Army I have met a lot of Shell men and we are all hoping and working for the same thing, to get the war over soon and to get back to our jobs with good old Shell.

I received a check today for payment of premium on my insurance. Thanks again for everything and best regards to all at Shell.

Yours truly,

T/S George R. Myers
744th E. B. E. Co.
(Formerly in Toulene Plant)



Pfc. Gerald Howells, APO 251 New York, N. Y. care Postmaster (Formerly in Slop Recovery Dept.)



Tech. Sgt. Wesley (Red) McPherson U. S. Army Ground Forces Albion Hotel Miami Beach, Fla

October 20, 1944

Hello, Gang:

Will write you a few lines to let you know I'm OK and still thinking of you. I'm now in the little place of Luxembourg. I've kissed good old muddy France goodbye, and am now where it is really muddy. I can stand on one hill and see the heinies walking around in Germany. Don't you wish you were here? What's that, you don't think you would like it? Boys, you don't know what you're missing in a rough and rugged way. I was wounded in action about six weeks ago but since that I've recovered and have been on the lines again. There is nothing sweeter than revenge after you have once been hit in action.

I've been a machine gunner ever since I've been overseas. I'm putting everything I've got into this war, and trying darn hard to make a good soldier. If I should get put out of commission in this war, remember one thing, boys—I'm fighting to be a good civilian like you fellows. So when you go out on the job with your welding machines, run a small bead for me, and I'll try darn hard to put a notch on my gun for each and everyone of you. I'll close for now, so just keep them rolling over there and we will keep them running over here.

Pvt. Archie L. Lowe
APO 15772
c/o Postmaster
New York, New York
(Formerly in Welding Dept.)

October 20, 1944

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing another allowance blank as I have a new address and change in rate. I am in New Guinea at present. The scenery is wonderful and the climate isn't too bad. It is hot in the day time and cool at night. But believe me I sure would rather be back in good old Wood River and working at Shell. A person doesn't realize what he has until he doesn't have it anymore.

I sure do appreciate what Shell has done for my wife and myself. The Shell News and Shell Review look mighty good when you get them. I want to say hello to all the fellows and wish them luck. Thanks for everything.

"Russ" Allshouse
(R. R. Allshouse, F 1/c
R/B 167, c/c Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California
(Former Cracking Dept. Operator)

Warehouse and Material Yard

By EVELYN OWEN

Speaking of Absent Mindedness, this one really takes the cake. One certain fellow drove his car to work one morning a couple weeks ago and took the bus home from work that evening and never missed his car until he went out to his garage the next morning to come to work, discovering he had left it sitting by the Warehouse the night before. Oh, well, I guess it is a good way to save gasoline and tires, eh, Rastus!

I hear the fellows from stores can bowl much better when they have a group of Cheer Leaders, especially certain young ladies!

A certain little gal better be careful how she threatens the News Gatherer about issuing items for the readers. You know Baker, those kind of remarks can be arranged to become tasty morsels of gossip!

Another very interesting rumor is a certain Blond at the Warehouse was supposed to have Thanksgiving dinner with a certain Fellow from the Material Yard, but something broke up the little Tea Party. If anyone knows the particulars of this incident, both the Stores and the Material Yard would be very interested. Do you know anything about this, Hilda?

I've heard of many uses for a Stapler, but the best one yet is for what Harry Jet used one a couple weeks ago. Just ask Harry for the particulars. Better leave those pennies lay on the floor after this. But the bet of the whole deal was that he was all set to mend his trousers and the the stapler was empty, and what a predicament he was in then. But after another attempt he managed to mend them so he could at least get from the plant to his home without any further embarrassment.

A tip for the Stores Dept. Females. Better be careful about putting Paris Imported perfume on some of the fellows' coat lapel, 'cause it's awful being in the Dog House so I hear. What about that Rastus, isn't it kinda cold to have to live in Rover's quarters?

It has been whispered quite casually that a Brunet among us kept wondering if it was "True What They Say About Lincoln, Illinois." So, deciding to satisfy her curiosity she made a special trip there the week end of Dec. 2, and what-da-ya-know, I hear she met a tall, dark and handsome Sailor, and I guess they hit both the high and low spots of above named town. Wonder what that guy in Hawaii would say if he knew that. He might decide to give those Sarong Gals a date or two.

It wasn't told to me I only heard, but Suessen why don't you give us the low-down on this Sailor Boy? You might bring those gifts and souvenirs out so the rest of us can see them. We like to see articles of interest from other shores too.

It must be pretty lonesome around the Material Yard now, without the Laborettes. How about that, Hermon?

Well, Well, so Pfau can sew too! Anyway she made a brave attempt at sewing a button on Lt. Barr's uniform the other day. Better stay clear of too many of those uniforms, or that soldier of yours over in England might get an earful one of these days.

GRAPEVINE

Talking about duck stories, did you hear about Dan Nack, Pipefitter, who spent all summer building blinds for duck hunting. Then when the season opened he bought nine tame Mallard ducks for his boy to keep as pets and every time Dan went hunting, two of the pet Mallards disappeared. His boy now has only one pet left. Is he human or is he a "Frankenstein"?

Lester (Bolivar) Kramer of Boiler House No. 1, has decided not to forget any Anniversaries or Birthdays. The boys in the Boiler House have already assisted him in selecting a Birthday gift. We are wondering if Kramer has been in the Dog house and the boys are trying to help get him out!

It has been reported that Horace (Necktie) Barnett, Carpenter, burned out the bearings in his bicycle going to and from the Cat Cracker.

During the hunting season we hear many duck stories. Here's one about an unusual duck hunter, Eddie Kessmann, Tinner, who awoke one morning recently, looked out of his window and saw a wild duck in the rose bush in his yard. Kessman, being the hunter he is, proceeded to catch the duck without firing a shot.

We have it on good authority that a certain Shift Foreman in the Boiler House recently reported for work wearing a black shoe on one foot and a tan one on the other. The story goes that after he had noticed his predicament he broke all records going from the parking lot to the locker room in order to get into his work shoes. It was noted that he wore his work shoes to his home after that shift and the next day he also came out wearing his work shoes. The boys are wondering if he took home one of the dress shoes in his lunch bucket one shift and brought out the mate to the other the next day, because that night after work he went home wearing the same color dress shoes.

Pipe Dope

By J. DAN NACK.

"Pudgy" Warford, the plumber, was stranded at his club house recently while duck hunting. To add to his troubles he ran out of gas, but being a persistent fellow he rigged up a sail on his flat-boat. Incidentally, he landed at the Shell Loading Dock two days later.



Randall A. Hammond, S2c NTS Compressed Gas, Camp Perry Va. (Former Eng. Pipefitter Helper)

Sam Hatcher, Charles Maguire, Vincent Connoyer and Hubert Taylor started on a coon hunt one Saturday evening a short time ago in the Macoupin country near Brighton, Illinois. The boys left their car at 8:00 p. m. Saturday and followed the baying of the hounds. After some success, our hunters decided it was time to go home. They wandered about in the darkness for quite some time before they realized that they were lost. Hours later (10:00 a. m., Sunday) our exhausted heroes found their car. Some of the fellows say their wives don't believe their story.

Ed Gross has shown his generous nature in many ways. In recent weeks he has been sharing his noon-day milk with the shop cat.

We have heard many stories about duck hunters. However, we are unable to understand how anyone could hunt ducks crawling about on all fours. Perhaps Chess Gowens or Ray Veek could tell us how.

Charley Wrest — better known as "Swivel Chair Charley", says that he is not quite accustomed to these swivel chairs. He promises that with a little more practice he will be able to sit in one without turning a flip-flop.

Some of the more prominent proteges of our pipe gang now at the

Cat. Cracker, may be disappointed to learn that Caesar Romero could not possibly have written as many autographs as have been seen circulating about the plant. How about yours, Richard?

We wish to report the following result of some recent hunting trips while on vacation:

Frank Frizzell—killed 106 quail—fired 260 shots;

Slick Moore—killed 65 quail—fired 110 shots;

Red Fair—killed 31 quail—fired 125 shots;

R. McManus—killed 30 quail—fired 175 shots.

Notes: In our analysis of this report we can plainly see that we have plenty of shells in the pipe gang, and we have some very good marksmen or some who count their birds as some of us demonstrate the size of that big fish we caught last summer. We understand that Frank Frizzell got in trouble with a member of the fair sex and was ordered off the place. After all the birds, on the first day back one of these boys had the gall to bring cheese in his dinner pail! How come?

Emil Kruger is looking for a new band for his watch. He says it's cheaper in the long run.

Dana Sloan painted his home some time ago. He spilled so much paint that the neighbors asked if he had planted a stand of white clover.

Did you ever hear the one about "Whitey" Smith eating the "banty" chickens?

CREDIT UNION MEMBERS TO HOLD TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

The tenth annual meeting of the Credit Union membership will be held on Thursday evening, January 18, 1945. Officers will be elected and the dividend rate on 1944 shareholdings will be authorized.

Each Credit Union member is urged to attend this important meeting. Place and time of meeting will be announced at a later date.

Gas Plant Gas

By H. E. RAGUS

An aggregation of hand-picked, All-Star bowlers, bowling under the Stabilizers banner, went down to defeat 3-0 to an inspired bunch of keglars from the Gas House. "I couldn't find the right ball," "The alleys were too fast" and "The approaches were too slick" are just a few of the many excuses heard.

Flash!—Dahlia Bulb runs second in a two horse race. Not bad considering the colt is just a 12 year old. There's lots of time for improvement. Would suggest a red coat and a pack of fox hounds for the owner if improvement is not shown soon.

"Al" Barnett, the Custodian of the field flare trap, is faced with a dismal and lonely year in 1945. His siege of the seven year itch should play out with the ending of 1944.

"Chris" Henson, Duncan, "Kitty Cat" Hawthorne and Ragus, along with "Delbert W," (that's the dog) went quail hunting the other day down Wayne county way. A reasonable story was brought back. "Ole Roebuck" was the best shot, when it came to shooting birds and Hawthorne was best at shooting the bull. Youth triumphs over age.

Class is hardly the word to use but for want of a better description that's what we'll call "Bingo" Wilson and his PINK watch bands.

"Boom Boom 93" is about all you can hear around the Gas House since Johnny Renner, our Zone Machinist, came back from his vacation with some VERY VERY tall stories. It is hard to believe there are that many quail around Peoria.

KILLED IN ACTION



Lieutenant Joseph B. Toth, former Lube Tester in our Control Laboratories, has been reported killed in action in France on November 24.

Lieutenant Toth was inducted in January, 1941, being one of the first employees

of this refinery to leave for military service. He received his basic training at Fort Ord, California, then was sent to Dutch Harbor, Alaska, where he was stationed for about a year. He was then sent back to the States to enter Officers' Training School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and later transferred to Camp Croft, South Carolina. He went overseas last June.

He was employed at this refinery from August 22, 1933, to January 22, 1941, when he entered military service. He was prominent in athletics while in our employ, having been a member of the Shell Softball Team for several years. He was also a member of the Control Laboratory Bowling Team and one of the high average bowlers in the League. The Industrial Relations Department recently received a letter from Lieut. Toth, which was written in France and dated November 15.

FORMER MAIN OFFICE EMPLOYEE IN MANILA RAID

Ensign Harold F. Metzger, former clerk in the Main Office, was given a tough assignment for his first combat mission. Objective - Manila! Ens. Metzger entered the U. S. Navy in September, 1942. He was graduated in January, 1944, from the Naval Training Center at Corpus Christi and commissioned Ensign in U. S. Naval Reserve. He received his preliminary training at Glenview, Illinois. According to the Associated Press report via Navy Radio, this raid over Manila was carried out to a successful conclusion. Ens. Metzger had spent eight months in routine training for this moment, but his first mission wasn't what could be called a Sunday School picnic. The Japs threw the book at them.



Barrel House

By C. E. NEEDHAM

On the 16th of November the fellow employees of D. E. Clark presented Dave with a gift on his retirement. Most all of the boys had, at one time or another, worked under Dave who was foreman of the Barrel Yard. He had completed nearly 20 years of service. Dave said he had nothing definite in mind—just to take it easy for a while. Dave was well liked by everyone and it is with regret he will no longer be with us. We wish him a most enjoyable retirement in the years to come.

Blessed events—Menke is the proud father of a boy; and Sanders—a girl. "Goon Hays" can tell some very interesting tales of adventure. He was formerly an under-water inspector for a bridge company. One of the projects he worked on was the Alton dam. Hays also served a hitch with the marines.

What fellow lost his topcoat in one of the hot spots at Cottage Hill? No, it wasn't Hammond.

Imagine White and Sanders not arguing; Becker calm and collected; Stricklin on the straight and narrow; Martin timid like; and Clevenger not trying to get a double.

Attention girls! "Pretty Boy" has a super-charged convertible. All he lacks now is some one to help him push it down to 3rd street Saturday night.

"Money Bags" Woods and Wooten are running neck and neck at this writing. Woods wants to start a bank and Wooten wants to be a Land Owner.

Sanders is putting a steering wheel in the back seat. The poor fellow does have an awful time parking that big blue job.

Dunn being a member of the "Share the Ride Club" doesn't mind any one stopping to get a coke; buy groceries; pay the light bill, and go shopping, but getting a hair cut is too much!

It is so warm up at the front end of the Barrel House that some of the fellows can even work without over-shoes and ear muffs.

INJURED IN ACCIDENT IN FRANCE

Sgt. Leland J. Kennedy, formerly employed in the Light Oil Treating Department, was reported seriously injured in a jeep accident in France and is now in a hospital in England. Sgt. Kennedy is in the supply branch of the Engineers and a jeep in which he was riding overturned in the mud. He suffered a broken left arm, broken jaw, and a strained neck, according to word received by his mother from Sgt. Kennedy.

Sgt. Kennedy entered Military Service in October, 1943, and has been overseas since last April. He also served as a member of the City Council in Alton before entering the service.



Boiler House Fly Ash

By L. A. KRAMER

We still have a few men off sick. Crouch, Parton, and Howard have been off quite a while.

Our boy Wilhite broke his set of choppers and then had to eat soup and baby food. He used to carry one sack of lime. He now carries two. "There's vitamins in that stuff," he says.

If anybody knows where to get a side-car for a bicycle, see Snow at No. 2 Boiler House.

Plank has been getting his breakfast at the Cafeteria every morning. Davidson kids him about it, then comes out the next morning with a skinned nose. (No explanation). What we need is bigger and better dog-houses.

They ask me why I don't write something about myself. Well, all I have to say is that my doghouse is permanent. I'm in it most of the time.

OPPORTUNITIES

FOR RENT—One sleeping room. 223 Acton Ave., Wood River. Phone 4-5781.

FOR RENT—4 room furnished apartment. 1415 State Street, Alton.

FOR RENT—One sleeping room for man. Mrs. Frederick, 416 White-law Ave., Wood River. Phone 4-5639.

FOR RENT—1 four room house, furnished. 852 Lewis, Wood River. Phone 4-4813 or 4-5646.

FOR RENT—Two sleeping rooms (separate). 1506 Langdon, Alton. Phone 3-7987.

FOR SALE—One Axminster rug and pad, size 9x12. Harry Stover, 744 Ferguson Ave., Wood River. Phone 4-4205.

FOR SALE—White porcelain, table top oil stove. See L. J. (Whitie) Dishar, Labor Department.

FOR SALE—1 Stewart-Warner battery radio. Uses only storage batteries. Also 1 12-foot plywood car-top boat. See Kramer, Boiler House No. 1, or 311 Thomas St., Roxana.

FOR SALE or RENT—Four room house on Henderson Ave., in Alton. Phone 4-4976.

LOST—Ten Year Service ring. Finder please return to Harry New-nom, Boiler Shop.

Lite Oil By S. KENNEDY.

It was nearly Christmas time When out of the clouds came a B-29 And landed gently on the soil Close by, say Light Oil Out stepped a gent, old St. Nick Done a handspin and a couple of tricks He chuckled and laughed most off his feet

When he saw this guy we call Pete Some were missing he could see Like Grammer, Hitch, Priest and Lee And others, Smitty, Burley, Ashlock and Vance

Some in the Pacific, some in France They'll be back soon we know Before it's time for next Christmas' show

Then glancing up at the rest of the crew He saw some he knew he knew For instance there's Louisville Lou There's very few things he can't do

And Windy who sells nice, clean cars Although some of them don't go so far

Then the bowlers of the town Holligan, Jasper and Cousin John Not forgetting Mead who uses win-dows for doors

To show Foster and Chiste the gaug-er's chores Santa shook his head in disgust

But to make everyone happy he must He reached in his bag, pulled out a toy

For Abie or to you, Leroy. To Cuddy, who used to lead a gaug-er's life A nice new shiny gauging knife To Al he gave some sort of tool

I believe, said Magee, it's a new slide rule Where's Prather- suddenly said Chris Here's a watch to wear on the wrist

To tell time by day or night And won't break in any fight To Charley our fitter most alert A bag of something, but isn't dirt

And who is this out in the snow? Fraising Churchill as he goes He's the guy everyone knows Taint no one else but Willie Gorw

Here is a gun, a fifty cal. Give to Magee to shoot the Sol Hendricks kept a continuous chatter Till Santa asked him, What's the matter?

He said he had a wooden whistle And Crockett wouldn't let him whistle He bought a lead whistle

And Leo wouldn't let him whistle Now he wants a tin whistle So he tin whistle

Now time was getting rather late And Santa had some other dates So he sailed off into the blue

Now some of this story may not be true But this is—We at Light Oil wish Everyone a very Merry Christmas.

Machine Shop News

Well, the Forty Thieves are back to work again.

Scopel says the boiler house is all right these days. I guess those red apples are paying off.

What's this about Freddie Richards giving dancing lessons?

M. Schwab is back to work again. Same job. Same hobby.

Does anyone know where Bretzmann could find a stone door remover?

Who says "I refuse to work Sunday, unless I am asked to."

A 7 lb., 10 oz. boy arrived at "Muscles" house recently. Here's hoping he grows up as big as you are, "Muscles." Congratulations.

AWARDED DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Staff Sgt. William F. (Spec) Wade, B-17 Flying Fortress tail gunner, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for outstanding achievement and courage in battle. Sgt. Wade, who is a former Operator in the Cracking Department, has flown close to 30,000 miles in hammering enemy targets. He also holds the Air Medal with four



Oak Leaf Clusters for his contribution in successful Allied bombings in which he participated, including three-way shuttle bombing operation from England to Russia, to Italy, and back to England.

In a recent letter received by his wife, Mrs. Juanita Wade, Sgt. Wade stated he had completed 35 missions and was hopeful he might receive a furlough which would permit him to visit at home. He has flown a number of missions over the heavily defended Ruhr Valley, pounding German industries and oil refineries deep in German territory. He is serving with the 390th Bomb Group, a unit of the Third Bombardment Division, which has been cited by the President for its achievement.

Alkylation Department

By L. R. WADDELOW

Don Best has four brothers in the service. Two have been injured in combat.

We have three new men at the B. I. Unit. Vukelich and Sutton were transferred from Toluene. Stark came from Dispatching.

Huffman is a famous duck hunter. All he needs is Burgiss for reinforcement.

We can understand why Burns should gain weight since his wife is with him, but Bay's gain in weight is puzzling—it must be antimony.

Dear Santa: Please bring Hamman—a scooter. Warren—a rabbit dog. Draper—a gold clock key. Borchers—some Shell Anti-Freeze. Ingram—an alarm clock. Levora—some overtime. Crippin—a corn picker. Leroy Waddelow is again on paper. Purdy has a baby girl to keep him up nights.

Vacuum Plant News

By E. GROPPAL

The Vacuum Plant now has 12 men serving in the Armed Forces, E. T. Madosh, H. Plank, L. R. Gibson, R. Laumbattue, L. McCormick, T. H. Jones, W. J. Huff, J. Nicossia, C. Giberson, L. Weir, E. Schneider, and L. Kaufman. We wish each and every one and anyone we have omitted a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Johnson took advantage of his last "long" change to try quail hunting in Southern Illinois, and reports fair shooting.

Smithson has ordered four turkeys for Christmas. Maybe the boys here have something to look forward to. Or have they Smitty?

ENGINE BACK-FIRES

By C. O. FARNSTROM.

A burnt child fears fire, a bitten tramp doesn't stop at the same house, but just to be the exception to any such rule, Wesley John Lascoe married Carrie Templeton on Thanksgiving morning, after a slight delay in locating a minister. The entire Lab. wishes John and his wife the best of luck and all that goes with a happy marriage. Of course, we give him our blessings even if we didn't get those usual smelly cigars, and just to prove there were no hard feelings, the Lab decorated John's corner in the shop one noon and even had a partial "charivari" with Puetz tolling out the "Funeral" March.

With a sigh of relief everyone is glad that the duck season is over and that we now can work or even argue a little bit without having to hear about the millions of ducks that got away or that never came down from Coon Lake. Konko just about lost his happy home, Watts' wife throws his biscuits to him instead of passing them, Mayfield's wife is about to come down with double pneumonia and Clarence says that the river sure is cold to be dunked in this time of the year. Now comes the big scene when the fellows that were promised ducks last year, or even two years ago, are starting to yell for their share of the kill. Of course, Konko takes care of the bosses, but giving Tompach a couple of old birds, which he had to throw out, isn't going to be so good one of these days when the washing machine gets broken.

Anyone wishing to purchase a few pounds of pork sausage should get in touch with Otto "Porky" Albrecht, and for any information as to the taste just ask Wes Lascoe. Of course you may find a couple of Nowaski's beer caps ground in with the meat, but then Otto just doesn't remember the present recipe. What happened to the bird dog you had at your house, Otto?

Baker, our speedy nail bender, will get his teeth in a couple of days, and when he does he won't be that old man with the glasses any more. It looks like "that aire Keels" will inherit the title.

The telephone rings, then the buzzer buzzes, at the special signal one of the Garage Executives awakens and staggers to the phone. He lifts the receiver all poised for action like a well-trained Commando—and is

ready for action. Only two words are spoken to him, yet he is off on a dead run to complete his mission and woe betide anyone who dares try to stop him. What are those magic words that transform a mere 4F into a raging tornado of action? They are: "Muskopf---Pencils."

Bryan Wilson DeLong, our latest refugee from the Chemist section, is sure a busy little bee these days and now he is trying to fill a great man's shoes even to the extent of clucking like him. Better watch out, "Dee," or you will get to work for the "Brain" yet.

What makes "Buck" Homann so jittery when you stand close to him? Is it some of his own medicine that he is afraid of? Then, too, when he and Crystal argue whose nose should be covered with silver dollars, it seems to the rest of us either one would be a good thing, but Buck still has the edge on the shoe size. Is it 14-C or 16 1/2-B?

Violet "Chubby" Cisler: "What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who just simply cannot bear children."

Twila "Unchubby" Land: "Well you mustn't expect too much of a husband."

It must be charm, sex-appeal or something, but why should all the women riders insist on sitting in the front seat with "Curly" Mayfield and leave the back seat empty? Hey, girls, that's Teter sitting there, too, so why ignore him; he owns the car even if Mayfield is always working on it.

When we were young, we read fairy tales; in our teens we laughed at them, and when we grew older we sort of wished we had lived them; but this is the first time we ever worked for bosses who believed in them. If you don't think so, just listen to the new plans that are being cooked up in the front offices. Go ahead, boys, but sort of keep a few Bromo-Seltzers handy for when some rude person puts a pin in your bubbles.

We understand that Lou Holtman is trying to change his telephone number at home, due to an uncomfortable similarity in number between his and a young lady who already has put several of our boys in the proverbial dog-house. Better go ahead, Lou, before you get on the outs, even if it does happen before Christmas.

an argument; McNeilly achieved the No. 1 bowling position; Keshner vowed not to tell Schneider's dog any more stories; Jenkins survived the World Series; Fraley outshone all of us with the fairer sex, and Ringering did NOT transfer nor resign.

SAFETY SAM SAYS

Looking at our safety record yesterday—13 men hurt there—about 17

weeks of suffering for those men. No reason for it either—in most cases all because someone wasn't thinking or caring. A guy wouldn't put his finger in a rattle snake's mouth and ask it to strike, of course they wouldn't; but then they will get in compressors, work on pumps and motors without locking switches; they will break unions and flanges on chemical lines without wearing acid hoods, and do all sorts of things no different—unless they're worse. People have recovered

REFINERY REACHES 85% OF QUOTA IN SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

As we go to press, the total amount of subscriptions, including regular payroll deductions, extra bonds purchased by payroll deductions and bonds purchased for cash, in our Sixth War Loan Campaign, amounts to \$235,669.64, or 85% of our quota of \$277,500.00.

The Warehouse employees have the honor of being the first department to meet their quota. The Warehouse went over the top early in the campaign, which started on November 20, and are now 126.03%. Other departments who have reached the 100% class are the Shop Machinists, Main Office and Superintendence. The Main office did not stop when they reached their quota. They kept on going until now they are over 200%. Congratulations!

Our quota of \$277,500.00 represents an average purchase of \$75.00 in bonds per employee (purchase price). In arriving at the quota set for each department, the expected regular payroll deductions for Bonds during November and December was estimated at \$148,500.00. This amount deducted from our quota of \$277,500.00, leaves a balance of \$129,000.00 to be raised by the purchase of extra bonds during the drive. This amount (\$129,000) has been prorated to the various departments on the basis of the total payrolls for each department for the month of October.

The total amount subscribed over and above the regular payroll deductions amounts to \$85,438.39 or 66.2% of goal. There are only a few days remaining in the campaign, which ends on December 27, so let's all redouble our efforts, put your department over the top and speed the day of Victory. If you have not bought your share do so NOW. You are not only loaning your money to Uncle Sam but you are investing in your future.

See the chart below showing the standing by departments in the drive.

STANDING BY DEPARTMENTS SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE.

Department	Quota	Amount Sold	Per Cent
Main Office	\$ 3,640.00	\$ 7,367.70	202.41
Stores Department	1,725.00	2,173.99	126.03
Superintendence	631.00	675.00	106.97
Industrial Relations	1,597.00	1,657.76	103.80
Shop Machinists	1,941.00	1,990.30	102.54
Gas Dept. (Incl. Toluene)	3,300.00	3,230.26	97.89
Cranemen	620.00	600.00	96.77
Painters	963.00	872.12	90.57
Research Lab.	3,582.00	3,196.95	89.25
Safety Department	323.00	281.48	87.15
Lube Operating	4,477.00	3,656.49	81.67
Topping	3,067.00	2,482.92	80.96
Cracking	7,088.00	5,250.07	74.07
L. O. Treating	1,457.00	1,079.18	74.07
C. C. Pilot Plant	270.00	194.04	71.87
Field Machinists	5,957.00	4,216.63	70.78
Asbestos Workers	1,610.00	1,127.44	70.03
Alkylation Department	3,405.00	2,358.73	69.27
Riggers	2,506.00	1,731.58	69.10
Control Lab.	7,064.00	4,555.52	64.49
Boilermakers	4,251.00	2,681.67	63.08
Utilities	3,657.00	2,260.57	61.81
Valve Repair	2,015.00	1,238.89	61.48
Automotive (Garage)	979.00	599.00	60.88
Dispatching	4,380.00	2,639.59	60.26
Experimental Lab.	907.00	527.83	58.20
Products Application	241.00	136.90	56.80
Brickmasons	1,033.00	551.91	53.43
Carpenters	2,513.00	1,312.28	52.22
Pipefitters	13,077.00	6,742.71	51.56
Engineering Office	4,063.00	2,076.36	51.10
Timners	692.00	339.58	49.07
Technological	2,157.00	1,027.58	47.64
Electricians	3,694.00	1,738.64	47.07
Car Department	2,534.00	1,160.07	45.78
Labor Department	8,908.00	4,026.65	45.20
Cracking Cleanout	6,783.00	3,024.45	44.59
Compounding House	5,629.00	2,456.05	43.63
Welders	3,520.00	1,343.77	38.18
Truck Drivers	2,490.00	853.77	34.29
Tool Room	305.00	4.64	15.21
TOTAL	\$129,051.00	\$85,438.39	66.20

"The Anti-Knocker"

By D. W. McLEAN

The latest instructions concerning oil changes are as follows: Insert plug in drain. Insert oil in oil insert. Insert cap in oil insert pipe. In case you forget to insert plug in oil insert drain and oil runs from oil insert, please repeat above instruction. Signed. I. M. INSERT.

As we look back through the past year many things have taken place in the Anti-Knock Laboratory. Collins left us for the farm; Dauer opened his super-market; Watson and Gubser started their paper route; Snajdr received his day job; Gregor, Mallory, Ruedin, and McLean achieved their political ambitions by being elected committeemen; Bolds flew his plane during the June flood; Andrews made his trip to Chicago; Welch closed out his chickens; Richmond kept his mystery a mystery; Eckman at last won

from a rattler's bite, but if a man gets his fingers in a pump and it starts and cuts a finger off, it won't grow back on. Rattlers do strike, but you haven't heard of a pump taking a switch off and start up to hurt a man. No, sir, in that case it's a man's fault every time. While I'm thinking of it, I wish you a safe Christmas and a safer New Year. I know an accident-free holiday will be a Merry One.

SHELL ENTERS TEAM IN GIRLS BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The Shell Athletic Club has entered a team in the Alton-Wood River In-

dustrial Girls Basketball League. The games will be played at the Alton Y. W. C. A. every Monday evening, starting at 6:30 p. m. The league is scheduled to start on Monday, January 8. Three games will be played each Monday.

The team has been holding practice sessions in the Community Building in Roxana, Illinois, every Thursday at 7 p. m. Al Bott and Ed Maguire of the Control Lab are co-managers of the team. All Shell girls interested in playing basketball are invited to come out and participate in the practice sessions. Every Thursday night is Shell Girls Night at the Roxana Community Building.