



START WORK ON BAPTIST CHURCH

Pleasant Hill Members Planning Fine Structure to Replace Present Building

Two miles west of Elkin, N. C., in a little community called Pleasant Hill is the Pleasant Hill Baptist church. The church was built in 1883. Services have been conducted in this church from time to time for fifty-five years. Rev. Paris was the first pastor. The church had only two deacons at that time, Mr. Eli Walls and Mr. Peter Darnell, both deceased. Mr. Eli Walls help to cut the timber for the first Chatham Manufacturing company. The church now has fourteen deacons, who are as follows: Mr. C. G. Couch, Mr. Edd Couch, Mr. C. H. Day, Rev. D. W. Day, Mr. Claud Ray, Mr. Eugene Couch, Mr. Arthur Collins, Mr. Evie Yarboro, Mr. Paul Wood, Mr. Oscar Gentry, Mr. Roe Collins, Mr. Charlie Burchette, Mr. Jessie Adams and Mr. Dallas Carter, all except two being employees of the Chatham Manufacturing company.

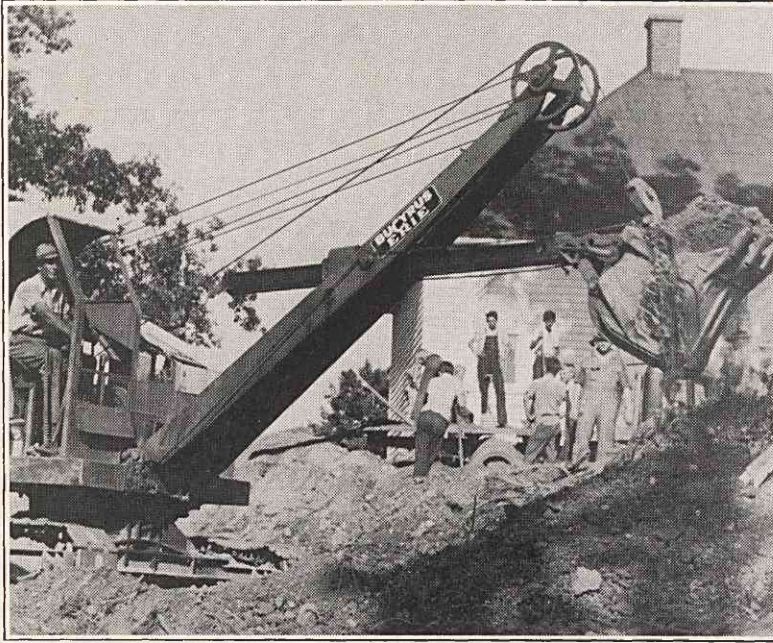
This church has grown from year to year. The membership now totals four hundred and twenty. It is now necessary to build a new church. The new building will cost \$14,000. The present membership is not trying to build a church above its means. They only hope to build one to take care of the needs in this community. The church is being built entirely by the people and the help of the Lord. Free will offerings and donations will be gladly accepted. The rock and sand for the building is being hauled by members of the church each morning and evening. The men working on the morning shift taking over the evening work and vice versa. Mr. Hilton

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L.H.C. CLUB NO. 2 OF ELKIN

Mrs. Kathryn Day, Mrs. Lorene Royall, Mrs. Tessie Stinson and Mrs. Clara Southard were joint hostesses to members of the Lucy Hanes Chatham club No. 2 Thursday at one o'clock, when they entertained at a social at the club house. During the games Mrs. Hallie Haynes and Mrs. Herman Royall received prizes for their skill. A delicious refreshment course was served by the hostesses.

New Church Started



Last week work was begun on a new church building for the Pleasant Hill community. Here is shown a power shovel grading out the space for a Sunday School room section to be incorporated in the basement of the church. In the background can be seen the members of the church hauling in sand that has been donated by another member of the same church.

These boys work at the Elkin Plant, and haul sand and other materials for the church in their spare time. Most of the membership of the church are employed at the Elkin Plant.

Safety Campaign Is Off To Good Start

Records Kept During Months of July and August on Accident Status of Employees Show Good Progress Is Being Made Along This Line; Accidents Show 25 Per Cent. Decrease

Along the way to a safer and better place to work, the records kept for the month of July and August on the accident status of our employees, show this campaign to be heading.

Since the inauguration of this contest the lost time accident rate has dropped from 8.3 lost time accidents per month to 6.7 lost time accidents per month. A reduction of about 25 per cent. This reduction means a lot to the employees in this plant. It means that one-fourth of the people being out of work due to accidents has been prevented. One-fourth of the injuries that can maim and cripple people have been

forestalled and avoided. It also means that some person has escaped the pain and discomfort that go along with serious injuries, the necessary disarrangement of working schedules in the plant and other losses due to the worker being away from the job while nursing injuries.

Serious accidents tend to work undue hardships on the person suffering them. They unerringly, whether true or not, brand the sufferer as a careless person. One that cannot be depended upon to think in terms of safety. It demotes the ability of the em-

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APPEARANCE OF HOUSES IS GOOD

Company-Owned Homes Show Pride in Upkeep; Are Attractive and Well Cared for

Another home of a Chatham employee appears herewith. Another home that we can well be proud of, in the way that its occupant keeps the appearance up to a high standard, in the way that the inside would be found, clean, orderly and well kept. Yes, this is another "Camp-n-y house," and it is on "Happy Hill" in Jonesville. The occupant of house is to be congratulated on the appearance that this photo faithfully shows. Regardless of the location of a home, it can be made attractive. No little amount of work goes along with this kind of upkeep, but it is worth it. An employee that keeps his home in tip top shape is bound to be a worker, he uses his available time and experience in making a delightful place for his family, and friends to live, and enjoy social relationship. A worker at home indicates a worker at his job. Genius in devising a way to keep a home in good shape and liveable is genius that can be used to help create healthier working conditions in the plant where the employee is working. The Company for whom he works will string along hand in hand with this type of man, and do their part to promote the better living conditions that this and dozens of other employees of this great plant are trying to achieve.

We would like to suggest that

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L.H.C. CLUB OF WINSTON

Members of the Lucy Hanes Chatham club and their boy friends of Winston-Salem were entertained at an oyster stew at Washington Park on Tuesday evening, September 20. Mrs. Mae Whitener, Mrs. Margaret Sprinkle and Mrs. Clara Finley were joint hostesses. Following the supper, square dancing was enjoyed in the pavilion. Music was furnished by the Dr. Pepper string band.

This outing concludes the outings for the summer months. The club will hold their first fall meeting in the new recreation building October 3. Any new members who might like to join are urged to be present at this meeting.

WINSTON MILL

NAPPING

Well, folks, here I go, thinking out loud again.

Girls, on getting rid of a husband, if at first you don't succeed, try a gun.

Jake Ketner has just discovered that he has been changing his shirt every thousand miles and the oil in his car once a week.

Do you remember John Sampson (Footeye)? Well, one day a man came in and said: "There's a boy named John Sampson working here. I'm his grandfather. May I see him?" The doorkeeper said, "Sorry, you just missed him, he's gone to your funeral."

Joe Dows says marriage is an institution. Marriage is also a gamble. Gambling is against the law, therefore, marriage as an institution is unconstitutional and should be abolished. (The voice of experience talking, Joe.)

A good looking man is called a catch. A swell catch is called a big fish. A big fish is called a whopper. A whopper is one big lie. Therefore a good looking man is one big lie.

Anyone wishing to know how and when to clean up a Napping Machine, see the new boss, J. W. Williams.

Cecil: "Shay, ya seen my dog, Power?"

Ivory: "Naw, what's his name?"

Cecil: "Spot."

A girl who is the picture of health keeps a fellow in a nice frame of mind.

Babe Pool is out to get protection for herself. She has landed a high powered sheriff and he carries a moving picture of her. Bet ye can't guess who he is. (The scoop department.)

Goodbye.

FINISHING DEPT.

Don't you agree with the man who said, "A vacation is a short duration of recreation, preceded by a period of anticipation and followed by a period of recuperation?"

Katherine Whitener hasn't come down to earth yet, since her vacation of last week. She returned to Shelby with relatives who had been visiting her. It seems they saw quite a bit of Asheville and nearby points. One of the reasons she is so happy is that she gained four pounds while away. Good going, Katherine.

Mr. Lewis and family spent their vacation in Washington, D. C. Mr. Lewis says he didn't rest for he didn't have time.

I believe Skipper had quite a time fishing down in the eastern part of the state. At least looks

as if he had. He displays a very good tan which at first we thought would be blisters. By the way, he has bought a new car. Girls, that sounds good—you know basket ball is just around the corner.

Sorry, folks, about the news the last time. As you know I was cut sick and if you could have seen my hands you would have understood why I couldn't write. P. S. No, I didn't have the itch.

Hold on: Here comes one of our friends. But he has his head so far in the air, we hardly recognize him. You see it's "Bowly Jack". He is a proud "Papa" now. Congratulations, "Bowly Jack."

Some heads are like door knobs. Anybody can turn them.

Claudia and Bidly just had to go back to Patrick Springs the last week-end to close up the place. You know they were there for the opening. But according to the reports no one could have blamed them. What is it Virginia has, anyway?

We want to welcome Billy Minnish to our department. We hope he likes us as much as we like him.

We are sorry Bobby Harris is sick. Even though he isn't in this department we miss him. Hurry back, Bobby.

Mrs. Effie Boyles is a patient at the Baptist hospital. We wish for her a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Collie Church is also on our sick list. Hurry back, Collie. Glad to see Hattie Shugart back following a period of illness.

Two new machines have been installed. It certainly does feel fine to be working full time again.

Mr. and Mrs. Lefty Maguire spent last week-end in Washington, D. C. the guests of the former's parents. They report a pleasant trip.

CLOTH DEPT.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Norman spent Sunday with relatives in Reidsville, N. C.

We are glad to have both Paul and Hadley Badgett back with us again. They have been away all summer playing professional baseball.

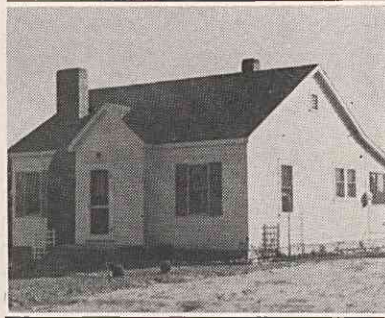
Robert Smitherman and Jack Crim attended the Robbins circus here September 9.

Buck Shore says since the work has been so bad he has heard "Buck" so much even Eugene sounds good to him.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Jones spent the past week-end at Carolina Beach.

Miss Lola Warner left September 18 for Nashville, Tenn., where

New Home



Attractive new home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Snow, located just off Polo Road, Winston-Salem, N. C. Mrs. Snow was formerly Miss Gladys Fishel and is employed in the Finishing Dept. of the Winston Mill.

she will enter the David Lipscomb college.

Miss Lucille Shermer attended the annual Markland Reunion Sunday.

Buck, beware! You have an opponent for your job. He thinks the title of "Inspector Teague" would put him near the top of the ladder of success.

There are two boys in this department who are planning to join the army. Those interested, their names and addresses will be Robert Smitherman and Jack Crim, in care of the Salvation Army, Lexington, N. C.

At this time Ogie wishes to announce that he is still single but might get married any day now, just as soon as he finds a "victim." He might have better luck since he has bought a model "A" Ford.

We are glad to have Jim Merrill back on day time again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Paris visited Mrs. Paris' parents last week-end in Walnut Cove, N. C.

Miss Iris Binkley and her boy friend spent Sunday at Blowing Rock, N. C.

NIGHT NAPPING

H. V. Stoneman spent a few days recently with his father and brother in Ivanhoe, Va.

Clyde Parks spent the past week-end in the country. While away he attended a picture show at North Wilkesboro where he said he caught a cold. But seriously, Clyde, wasn't the country moon lovely?

Polly Gentry has taken up carving for a past time.

Our Ambassador has been promoted, he now runs the big felter for us.

Dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Shoaf were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Prince.

Mr. C. F. Crafford who was injured in an accident near his home is slowly improving.

Hugh Ladd returned to work

last week following a few days' illness.

Miss Polly Gentry, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Smith and small daughter, Rose Marie, recently spent a few days visiting their uncle and brother in Norfolk, Va. Polly says the highlights of the trip were when she saw her brother, Rufus, Jr., again. And of course the big boat ride was tops too.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Butner gave a chicken stew at their love-country home honoring the night club girls and a few friends last Saturday night. May, we hope you will let us all come to see again real soon.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Reid Hensley, a son, Bobby Harrison.

Fred Hensley is usually busy.

Jack Boose has returned from a visit to Richmond, and Buck Roe Beach, Va.

It has been reported that Robert Green and a certain young lady are making gay plans for the Fair.

I wonder if a certain blonde isn't appealing very much to Lewis Jessup.

Russell Boose is the new boy in the kitchen. Now, girls, you all know his name.

Miss Naomi Wooten attended a reunion at her home church last Sunday and was very happy to meet one of the club girls from Elkin. (Do come again some time and go home with me for lunch.)

I have been asked by the Wash Room to thank those responsible for giving them the chicken stew the other night. It was greatly enjoyed.

Watch for the next issue of the Blanketeer. There may be a surprise in it for you.

Jimmy read in the Bible where Jacob worked 14 years for his wife. So he decided to work out one term. He puts in four hours a day in the kitchen helping cook for his.

3rd Shift

We welcome two new employees to this shift, sorry we haven't as yet found out their names.

Oscar Holder spent the week-end and Labor Day in Richmond, Va., with relatives.

Mickey Mouse failed to wake up again until 1:30 A. M.

Roger Preston reports that he has raised one 300-pound hog and it is still growing.

Ike Disher has been practicing how to be a soldier all week, so in case of war he will be ready to go.

Now that baseball season is about over, what will Mont Pitts talk about?

Curt Ketner and companions report a nice week-end at Virginia Beach.

Evander Fishel went squirrel hunting and got 110 red bug bites but no game.



APTITUDES pitfalls

A large share of the personal unhappiness in the world comes from misplaced ambitions. Young people try to make their way in the world at occupations for which they have no natural talent. They can never make a real success in such fields, whereas they might have been very successful in other occupations.

Educators and psychologists have developed highly accurate methods of testing the aptitudes of boys and girls, and when their advice is followed those who accept it are likely to find their life-work not only satisfying but remunerative. Those who do not receive or accept such guidance often find themselves in the position of square pegs trying to fill round holes, which can't be done.

Much of the blame for the world's unhappy square pegs can be laid to the doors of parents, whose ambitions for their children take no account of the child's capabilities, or lack of them. Many a first-rate artisan or engineer has been spoiled to make a second-rate doctor or lawyer.

GIRLS careers

In recent tests of high school pupils in several cities, to determine their aptitudes, the girls were found to be much more realistic than the boys in picking the lines of endeavor which they were ambitious to pursue. They were far more clearly aware of their particular personal aptitudes.

Half of the boys who had ambitions to take up law and medicine were found to have little or no aptitude for those professions. Nearly all of them showed more aptitude for mechanical trades or occupations. More than half of the high school pupils who expressed the desire to go to college were found to lack the qualities which a college education is supposed to develop. That accounts, the examiners said, for the fact that from a third to one-half of the boys who do enter college fail to complete the courses.

The girls seem to be less "high-hat" than the boys in scorning occupations which call for physical labor. They do not insist on "white-collar" careers as so many of the boys do.

AMBITION reactions

I know a young man whose

parents were bent upon his entering one of the "learned professions." He had no aptitude for them, or for any kind of office work or other "white collar" occupation. He became a drifter, trying one job after another and failing in all, because he had been brought up by fond but foolish parents to feel that there was something demeaning in working with his hands.

Meantime his sister, of whom her parents had tried to make an artist, had discovered that her particular aptitude lay in the designing and making of hats. She set herself up as a milliner and is prosperous and happy. A few years ago she raked her brother over the coals and made him see that there was nothing disgraceful in using his hand and his aptitude in the use of tools.

Now the young man has found himself and is happy, repairing fine furniture and building model locomotives. He no longer objects to getting his hands dirty and he is at peace with the world.

TOOLS success

A boy just finishing high school paid me the compliment last spring of asking me what equipment he needed to make a success of his life. I sat down with him and we drew up a list of the "tools of success" which everybody can acquire.

First are words. A good vocabulary, free from slang, will carry a young person a long way. Next comes a pleasant voice, a good-natured smile, a not too boisterous sense of humor, a courteous manner, good taste in clothes, which does not necessarily mean dressing in the height of fashion, personal neatness, attentiveness, a good memory, an even temper, and a lively but not impertinent curiosity about everything. Combine those tools with willingness to give the best you have to whatever job you have, and the desire to do your work better each day than the day before, and one is bound to go a long way.

Those are the tools of success that every boy and girl can have for the asking. They will open unexpected doors to those who carry them.

MUSIC Negro sources

The greatest contribution which the Negro race has made to modern culture is in music. A very high proportion of modern music was either composed by Negro musicians or derived from Negro sources. Anton Dvorak, the great European composer, based his "New World Symphony" on American Negroes' folk songs and "spirituals."

It is not surprising to me that the music composition which has been adopted as the "theme song" for the great New York

Interested



Nancy Lee, one-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Fletcher, of Boonville. These photographers have a habit of giving us youngsters the darndest things to monkey with while they are fussing around with their old boxes, and "Pop" and "Mom" running around like I have never seen them do before: "Now look pretty, dear," "Don't do this, and please do that." Why I can't be left alone is more than I can understand, thinks little Miss Fletcher. And say, what is this thing anyway? Incidentally, Mr. Fletcher is foreman of the Pickering Dept. at the Elkin Plant.

World's Fair of 1939 is the work of a Negro composer. Every American musician of importance was invited to take part in the contest. Each offering submitted was recorded on a phonograph record by an orchestra. Then the records were played before a jury of composers and critics who did not know the identities of the contestants.

A six-minute symphony by William Grant Still, a Negro, was practically the unanimous choice. It is described as a "tone poem" and it will be played more than 50,000 times in the course of the World's Fair. If the Negro race has no other representation than that in the presentation of the "World of Tomorrow," it will have contributed a large share indeed to the entertainment of the visitors from all the world.

Long-Winded Lawyer

A long-winded lawyer defended a client unsuccessfully, and during the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in the sentence."

MAN'S MEASUREMENT

A man's no bigger than the way He treats his fellow man;

This standard has his measure been Since time itself began!

He's measured, not by tithes or creeds, High-sounding though they be;

Nor by the gold that's put aside, Nor by his sanctity!

He's measured not by social rank, When character's the test;

Nor by his earthly pomp or show, Displaying wealth possessed!

He's measured by his justice, right, His fairness at his play,

His squareness in all dealings made, His honest, upright way.

These are his measures, ever near To serve him when they can;

For man's no bigger than the way He treats his fellow man!

—Anonymous.

True Cooperation

At a recent meeting of business men, a speaker was trying to impress his hearers with the value of real cooperation between all business men. A man in the audience asked him for his idea of what really genuine cooperation would be like, and could he cite a real case of cooperation that would prove to be genuine and not sham.

The speaker thought for a minute or two, and then said:

"This, to me, would be real cooperation. When you see a Methodist bishop umpiring a Sunday baseball game between the Knights of Columbus and the Ku Klux Klan for the benefit of the Jewish Charities, that is true cooperation."

Foreign Menu Card

One evening, tired after a difficult day, the American statesman handed the menu back to the negro and said: "Just bring me a good meal." He put a generous tip on his plate.

A good meal, a very good meal was served. This happened several times.

When he was waited upon for the last time by the negro, the statesman trebled the tip as a goodbye gesture. Just before he was ready to leave the table, his now devoted waiter leaned over his chair confidentially.

"Thank you, sah," he said, "an' if you done got any other frien's what can't read, you jes send 'em to me, sah."

Chatham Blanketeer

Claudia Austin.....Editor-in-Chief
 Walter Burgiss.....Assistant Editor
 Charlie Hanes.....} Circulation
 Bill Dixon.....} Managers

THIS AND THAT

By Lawrence Walls

Might as well start off with a little ditty I found the other day: "The honeymoon is simply grand, But ceases when you undertake, To rise and get your breakfast and

She kicks about the noise you make."

Will someone interview Cleo Laster and Curt Hall for me? I would like to know when they are going on their next "Thumbing Hike." They say it is a long walk from Winston-Salem.

If you want to know about bears ask Clyde Day.

Any of you girls want to learn to swim? If you do see Glenn Pardue, swimming instructor par excellence.

For gardening and truck farming hints see Jesse Adams. He will give special attention to beans. Jesse says his corn grew so fast it pulled his beans up.

"Rat" Darnell says he expects the F. B. I. down any day now to investigate the activities of Garn West, Jesse Adams and Gene Couch. Garn claims he's going to make vinegar with his cider mill, but there seems to be some doubt. Jesse and Gene are furnishing barrels for the "brew." Don't tell anybody we told you.

If our staff photographer, Mr. Burgiss, wants some advance instructions on camera work he might look up Cleo Laster and Bill Pardue. If practice means anything they should be able to tell Mr. Burgiss something. They have a nice pocket album too.

Have you stopped to think that Christmas is just around the corner? Merry Christmas: Christmas gift: Now don't say we didn't beat you to it this year.

Are you trying to economize? If so, take a tip from the Scotchman who told his children ghost stories instead of giving them castor oil.

I would appreciate it if you boys on the "C" shift would turn in some news. It costs you nothing—so why not?

You should report Lost and Found articles and anything you want to sell or trade. Someone might need what you have and you might need something they have. Why not let's get together?

See you next month, maybe.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McBride an eight and three-quarter-pound girl, Betty Jane, August 11 at Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital.

Visitors from Norfolk



This group made a tour of the Elkin Plant a few days ago, and were very much impressed with the size and workings of the big mill. Especially Mrs. Marion Day, second from left in picture, since she is employed by Rices, Inc., of Norfolk, who handle Chatham Blankets. Mrs. Day is very enthusiastic about Chatham Blankets, because she not only sells them, but uses them in her own home. She made much ado about the new pair she had just bought for her home before her visit here, a pair from the newer line now being made. This group were guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Reeves, of Elkin, and were accompanied by them on their trip through the mill. Left to right, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Day, Mr. John B. Lancaster, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Reeves, and Mrs. John B. Lancaster.



There are tricks to every trade. And even the lowly beggar with outstretched hand and plaintive plea has a few tricks up his sleeve.

New York, perhaps more than any other city, has its quota of rich beggars. There's the gentleman who is driven in his limousine by his chauffeur to work every afternoon at five and called for at midnight. He is minus a leg, but owns three big apartment houses in the heart of Manhattan. Begging is supposed to have made him a fortune of close to a quarter of a million.

In the new crop of beggars is the nice-looking young chap with carefully-brushed hair and neat but well-mended clothes who will stop you on Broadway, just below Times Square, with a tale something like this, "Pardon me, sir,

he is taken across the street, the but I'm not a bum. I've just had a run of hard luck that might happen to anyone. I've got a chance of a job in Philadelphia and I'm shy 32c to get there. I don't want a penny more but that 32c will mean a new life to me. If you'll give me your address I'll mail it back to you out of my first week's wages."

All this has been delivered in a well-modulated voice and with an act that is bent on convincing you that but for the grace of God you might be in this unfortunate's shoes. The "unfortunate" is believed to average a half dollar from two out of every four people who will listen to his tale. One out of every ten who listen will give him 32c or less.

More give him a half dollar because they want to see the lad eat also or because they are too bashful to ask for or get change. People are pretty swell after all.

But the petty grafter working this minor racket isn't so swell.

He makes on the average of \$40 to \$50 a week, has a little car and a girl friend whom he takes places at night.

Then there's the blind beggar who is evidently a keen student of the workings of people's minds. He is perpetually standing on street corners, waiting for some kind soul to take him across. Three times out of every ten that

person with the good heart also makes a donation to the blind beggar's daughter and her college education. The beggar is operating on the system that every other person in New York is lonely and feels that the world is against him. When a person of that sort takes him across the street they feel that they're a pretty good person after all, kind to beggars and dogs and all that sort of thing. A feeling of good fellowship pervades them, hence the tip.

Beggars are employing showmanship in their business these days. The two blind boys tooting sax and picking banjo on Broadway have their counterpart in cities and villages from coast-to-coast. For the wise beggar has found out that to get ahead of his competitor around the corner he must use Big Business methods in his occupation.

But don't get me wrong, pardner, every beggar in Manhattan isn't wealthy or a petty racketeer. Many are in dire need and some are pretty fine people. Like "Legless Mike" who never fails to drop a dime in the cup of the blind beggar woman on Eighth avenue.

Show people, especially, are exceedingly generous to those who beg. It is said of William Fox that he never visited Atlantic City without giving the legless beggar near the Ritz a \$50 note. I wonder how he would feel if he found out that that particular mendicant owned a mortgage on a house not far from there?

Those in need, I believe, receive more from show folks in ratio to their earnings than any other profession. Many on the stage will not pass any upturned hat without dropping a coin.

A school teacher wrote to the mother of a pupil: "William was absent this morning. Will you please tell me what kept him out?"

"Dear ma'am," was the reply; "William is keeping time for his father. Last nite he caum home with an example about how long would it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and one-half times around a field four miles square. And as Willie ain't no man, we had to send his pap. They left early this morning but I don't know when they will git back. Please make the next problem about something else, as my husband hasn't the time for such things."

Oliver was careless about his personal effects. When his mother saw clothing scattered about on the chair and floor, she inquired: "Who didn't hang up his clothes when he went to bed?"

A muffled voice from under the covers murmured, "Adam."

ELKIN MILL

WEAVING

Mr. and Mrs. Brady Settle announce the birth of a son, Farrell Brady, August 14.

We welcome Mesdames Connie Darnell and Nannie Lane back to this department.

Jones Darnell is all smiles these days since he and Ransom Ray have gone into the hog raising business.

Brannon Day says the only fault he can find with sweeping is that the broom handle is too short. Try bending your back, Brannon.

The Millicent and Sunshine quartettes and their families were the supper guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Settle, of Ronda, on Sunday.

Mrs. Vena Darnell is on our sick list this week. Hurry back, Vena, we miss your smiling face.

Lightning certainly has the "big head" since he went on his vacation. He can't even see a Lot lying in the floor.

Oh, yes, we have a caution light in the Weave Room now. Oh, it's nothing but Lloyd Pardue's bright yellow shirt.

David, why do you go to Mt. Airy every Saturday? We think there must be some "cute" girl involved.

Lexa says she is very sorry but she can't get five miles an hour on her new Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. Orvil Darnell announce the birth of a daughter, Joan.

Raymond Dowell goes around smiling all the time. We wonder if it is the extra time, or his new upholstering warp.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Atkins and children and Mrs. Lou Atkins spent the past week-end in Spray visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Francis.

Now, Lexa, you know eleven o'clock is quitting time.

DYE HOUSE

Mrs. Howard Hatch and young son, Eddie, arrived home from an extended visit in Massachusetts in plenty of time to miss the terrible havoc wrought by the tropical hurricane that has just last week wrecked a greater part of the New England States. Mrs. Hatch has relatives in Lawrence, Mass.

Sam Atkinson went squirrel hunting the other day and came back with a hawk and two crows. No squirrels. Still Sam hasn't gone to catching chickens, roosting on a limb or caw-cawing at the boys in the dye house, so he must not have eaten the birds.

If you want to see something shine, just watch Guy Hinson's

face when they tell him they are not going to work on "Saddays" any more.

A new concrete platform at the rear of the dye house is being built to allow for storage of raw stock waiting to be dyed. This is a much needed improvement and will be appreciated very much.

POWER PLANT

Jake Brown is "Poppa" again, being the proud father of another girl. Mrs. Brown and young daughter are at home, going there a few days ago from the Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Jake is the one that has to do the worrying now, there is one more in the family. At the present, a name has not been chosen for this youngster, so far as we have learned.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hall will be gratified to learn that their one-year-old son, Clyde Allen, Jr., is well on the road to recovery, following a major operation at the Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital.

Yours truly, accompanied by Everette Holbrook, sallied forth last week, armed with our trusty old rifles and pretty shiny badge looking for the long bushy tailed gentlemen that frequent the tops of tall trees. Ten o'clock rolls around and finds two weary hunters with four very dead squirrels. Not so bad considering a fellow that we know about up in the dye house.

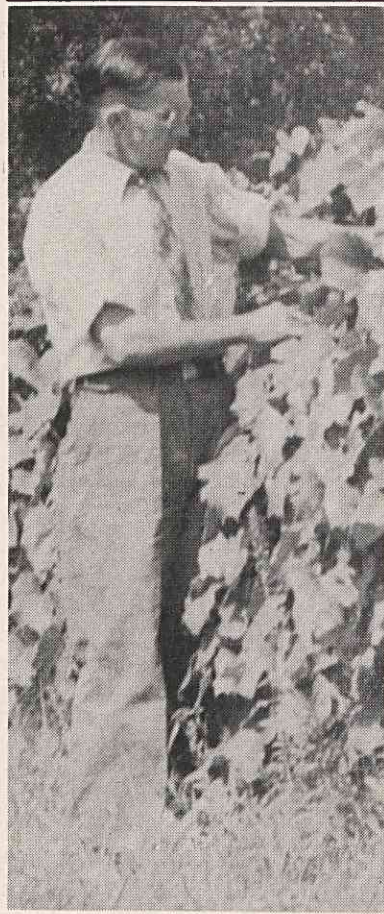
Anyone wanting to buy about ten, or nine, or eight dogs had better see Albert Castevens, down in the boiler room. "Ab" has plenty of dogs, and is our official adviser on the dog raising business. Judging from the number, if that means anything, he hasn't done so badly at that. Putting fun where fun should be, and being serious now and then, a dog will stick to you after your last friend has left you, and will show you the way back home, to boot.

SHOP

All the shop boys are glad to hear that Mrs. Jim Lyons has recovered from a serious operation, at the Baptist hospital at Winston-Salem, sufficiently to allow her to be removed to her home in West Elkin. Mrs. Lyons is well on the road to complete recovery, we are glad to report.

Up in the big woods near the hospital, where the gentle breezes blow, and the tall trees sway gently to and fro, there is a constant clatter of hammers, saws, falling boards, mingled with the cling-clanging of the brick layer's

Gathers Grapes



Charles Sparks of the Wool Warping department of the Elkin Mill spends a lot of his spare time as a horticulturist of no little degree. On a trip out to Charlie's place in South Jonesville, your Blanketeer photographer found Charlie all entwined in about 50 grape vines. Charlie has also a fine lot of fruit trees and other fruit bearing vines and shrubs, which goes to prove that there is something you can do with your spare time that will bring results, and something to eat.

trowel as he whacks off a little mortar here and there, as one brick after another takes its place in solid walls, and little pieces of board take on the pattern of a building. In other words, Mr. Benson is building a home. After all the noise and commotion has died away, the trees will still gently sway in the breeze, and the birds and squirrels will take up their daily songs and playing in these trees—around a home.

You might not have guessed who the inventor in the shop, mentioned in the last Blanketeer, could have been, but we will tell you this much. Turner Pardue has an educated cow, he is proud to report.

Lee Neaves and family have taken up their abode in the city of Jonesville. Mrs. Neaves has accepted a position on the faculty at the Jonesville high school.

They have an apartment in the home of Mrs. and "Uncle" Dee Holcomb. Lee reports that "Uncle" Dee's politics, and Mrs. Holcomb's cooking makes a delightful combination, mostly the cooking, we will wager.

SCOURING AND CARBONIZING

Russell Burcham, a student of N. C. State College, has returned to school, after working in this department during the vacation months. Last year, Russell had many honors bestowed upon him. He will be a senior this year and we feel he will win many more honors.

Mrs. Betty Cockerham came to work this week, in this department. She will assist Mrs. Gross with the making of Batts.

Montgomery Lyons is the proud owner of a car. This great car was purchased from the master Mont Jones.

Welcome home, Ples Hanes. So glad to have you back with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hilton, of Asheville, N. C., are the proud parents of a daughter. Emma, we are glad to say, is very happy and likes her home in Asheville very much.

Mont Jones has returned from a business trip to Washington, D. C.

SPOOLING

Mesdames Ina Mae Martin and Oma Reece visited relatives in Winston-Salem Sunday.

A certain bachelor of Winston-Salem was visiting in Jonesville the past week-end. Which grass widow is he after, do you suppose?

Mrs. Vernice Ingram and family spent their vacation recently in Virginia Beach, Norfolk, Virginia, and Washington, D. C.

Miss Ethel Macy visited friends and relatives in Fieldale, Va., recently.

Mary, why all the curls and make-up these days?

Miss Cooper McBride shopped in Winston-Salem recently.

Mrs. Helmstella of Salisbury was a recent visitor to Mrs. Mamie Chappel.

Hey, Pauline, where were you Saturday night?

Notice to Spooling Dept. Only: "If the fountain is not kept more sanitary in the future, you will have to drink hot water, as the fountain will be removed to a department where it will be more appreciated.

We heard that Ila's mama called bed time on her Saturday night.

Mrs. Webster Darnell is back to work after being sick for some time.

Hortense's boy friend had a birthday the other day and he

(Continued on Page 6)



A Real Adventurer

It is always the adventurer who accomplishes things that are unbelievable, and most adventurers start by running away from home. Undoubtedly the man, who in my opinion, has established a new high for adventure is Captain Charles J. McGuinness. He ran away to sea when ten years of age, and after many cruises to the out of the way places of the world, was twice shipwrecked. Later he joined the British Navy during the World War, was ordered to Africa, deserted his ship because patrol duty was lacking in interest, "signed on" the South African Engineers for service in German East Africa, enlisted in the Irish Revolutionary Army, ran guns from Germany to his compatriots, was caught, sentenced to death by a British court martial, escaped, went to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd as first officer, and returned to become a rum runner from Canadian ports to the United States.

Worst Experience

"Mac," I asked him, "which of all your experiences was the worst?"

Without a moment's hesitation, he said: "A German general named von Lettow Vorbeck, in the German East African campaign against the British, gave me my worst and most outstanding experience. An enormous convoy of mules and wagons laden with food and war materials was making slow progress through the dense bush between Tanga and Korogwe and I was in command. The German had gotten wind of our coming and lined the trail with thousands of nests of bees, wasps and hornets, all connected with electric wires running to headquarters. When the German scouts reported us, a switch was thrown which agitated the pests and the enraged millions of stinging insects attacked man and beast, absolutely stampeding the cavalcade. In one-half hour that German general had won a major victory without firing a single shot, or exposing any soldier to danger. I was one of the men who suffered from bee-stings and got these details from the Germans after being captured by them," concluded Mack.

Glad All Around

Father: "Aren't you glad now that you prayed for a baby sister?"

Son (after viewing his twin sisters): "Yes; and aren't you glad I quit when I did?"

ELKIN MILL

(Continued from Page 5)

presented her with a diamond ring. Whata man.

Hubert Hayes is all smiles since Lorene came back to work.

We can't seem to find out what Clyde did over the week-end.

Swannie was very disappointed Sunday. She had planned to go on a picnic and she had to work. We wonder who else was going along.

Harvie Cook started back to school Monday. He wants to learn how to write and spell his name.

Junior is very worried over Margaret. He says it isn't good for her to work on the third shift. We don't think it is good for him, either.

David has started taking voice. We hope he will learn to sing as well as Lawrence Tibbett.

Will someone please find out why Jettie Transou walks so straight?

SPINNING

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Francis and children, of Schoolfield, Va., spent the week-end here with the former's brother, Mr. Johnnie Francis and family.

Miss Mary Ruth Thomas, of East Bend, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reece.

Misses Beulah Gregory and Ada Freeman visited Luray Caverns, Va., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Transou, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Holloway, and Miss Betty Lyons visited Norris Dam in Knoxville, Tenn., last week-end.

If anyone knows the difference in celluloid starch and corn starch, please tell Glenn Hamby.

Mr. Sap Wiles says he has the worst cold he ever had in his life.

Misses Freida Brown, Juanita Billings, Worth Billings and Harvey Osborne report a nice week-end trip to Washington, D. C., and Endless Caverns, Va., recently.

Ella Vestal says she doesn't guess Frieda Brown will be seeing us now since she has a new Plymouth.

If anyone needs a nurse to care for their twins, just see Gill Carter and his girl friend.

We will miss "Weinie" Powers since he suddenly decided to go back to high school. We are hoping he is going to be one of the stars on the football team.

Worth Folger left recently to enter the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Charles Neaves has gone to Woodberry Forest School, Woodberry Forest, Va., after being employed in this department during the vacation months.

A revival is underway at the East Elkin Baptist church. Rev.

Candid Cameraman



Here is a man that everybody knows around the Elkin and Winston Plants. And what is more everybody has begun watching him very closely since he has the candid angle to this photography business. Nobody knows where he will dive in next to come out with a prize photograph of one of the force around Mr. Neaves' Office "working," or something. When Mr. Carl, as we know him, is not busy with Mr. Neaves, he is always on the alert looking for something to amuse someone, or a brand new trick to play on Uncle Dave Mastin, congenial "Boss" of the Office force. So that's that for Mr. C. C. Poin-dexter.

J. L. Powers and Rev. Lloyd Pardue are doing the preaching. The public is cordially invited to attend.

BURLING DEPT.

We welcome to this department the following: Mrs. James Burcham, Mrs. Bessie Laffoon, Miss Huzie Myers and Stacy Hicks.

Dessie says she attended the Elkin Fair Thursday night. We know she had a good time.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Hope Brown can stand at the Perch and smile. She has just moved into a new home in Jonesville.

Mrs. Lizzie Sparks and Mrs. Bill Freeman are on our sick list this week.

Mrs. Alice Vestal had as her guests for the week-end her daughter, Miss Georgie Vestal, of Mitchell College, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reeves, of Statesville.

Among those attending the Fair at North Wilkesboro from this department were the following: Mrs. Reba Newman, Mrs. Ruth Johnson, Mrs. Myrtle Haynes, Gladys Cheeks and Mary Welborn.

Mrs. Marguerite Lowry and son, Bobby, spent the past week-

end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lowry, of Mocksville. Bobbie remained for a short stay with his grandparents.

Mrs. Smith, mother of Miss Sallie Smith, remains ill at her home in Jonesville. Her many friends wish for her a speedy recovery.

SOCIETY

Mrs. Amanda Burcham Honored

Thursday evening, September 8, Mrs. Amanda Burcham was honored on her 69th birthday by her son, Arthur, at a delicious family dinner. The table had as its centerpiece, a beautifully decorated cake, topped with 69 white candles.

Members of the immediate family of Mrs. Burcham were present.

Hayes-Cockerham

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hayes announce the marriage of their daughter, Mae, to Blan Doughan Cockerham, on Sunday, September 11, at Independence, Va., with the Rev. L. D. Mayberry officating.

The bride wore for the ceremony a navy blue suit with matching accessories. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Cockerham and is employed with Carolina Ice and Fuel company.

The couple were accompanied to Virginia by the groom's brother and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Cockerham are at home to their friends at the groom's parents in North Elkin.

Mrs. Charles Wall Feted by L.H.C. Club No. 1

The Lucy Hanes Chatham club No. 1 entertained at a miscellaneous shower at the club house Thursday evening, September 15 honoring Mrs. Charles Wall, a recent bride and former president of the club.

Mixed autumn flowers were used to decorate the living room, where tables were arranged for "Fiddlesticks." Upon the arrival of the guests they were directed to their places by Miss Beatrice Burcham, president of the club, and Mrs. Pauline Masten Pardue, vice president. The honoree's place was designated by a beautiful corsage.

At the conclusion of the games prizes were awarded for high score, which were in turn presented to the honoree. Mrs. Katherine Brannon, Pauline Morrison and Pauline Pardue received the prizes.

After delicious refreshments were served, Mrs. Wall was presented a shower of gifts from the members.

Dale Carnegie

5-Minute Biographies

Author of "How to Win Friends
and Influence People."



F. W. WOOLWORTH

Woolworth's Boss Paid Him No Salary Because He Was So Dumb

Frank W. Woolworth was a poor boy. He lived on a farm up near Watertown, New York, and he was so hard up that he had to go barefooted six months out of the year. He didn't have enough money to buy even an overcoat to keep himself warm during the bitter cold winters.

That poverty did big things for him. It aroused his ambition and filled him with a flaming desire to get ahead. He hated the farm and determined to be a storekeeper; so when he was twenty-one years of age, he hitched the old mare to a sleigh, drove into Carthage, New York, and applied for a job in every store in town. But nobody would hire him. He was too green, too gawky and hay-seedy. He didn't know enough even to get a haircut and to wear a white collar and tie.

Finally, he found a railway station agent who was running a sort of a store on the side. This station agent kept a stock of groceries in a freight shed and Frank Woolworth worked for him for nothing—just in order to get experience.

Later on, he got a job working for a drygoods store. Although he was twenty-one years of age, his employers didn't feel he had enough sense to wait on customers, so they made him come down early of a morning, start a fire, sweep out the store, wash windows and deliver packages.

Finally, he got a job in another store at ten dollars a week; and he slept in the basement with a revolver under his pillow to protect the store from thieves. This place proved to be a nightmare. His employer hounded him and scolded him and told him he was no good and cut his salary and threatened to fire him. Frank Woolworth was a whipped man. Realizing he could never make good, he went back to the farm, suffered a nervous breakdown, and for a whole year, he couldn't do a stroke of work.

Think of it! This man who was destined to become the greatest retail merchant on earth was so discouraged now that he abandoned all thought of trying

to get ahead in business, and started raising chickens.

Then, one day, to his great surprise, one of his former employers sent for him and offered him a job. It was a bitter cold day in March, over sixty years ago. The ground was covered with three feet of snow. Woolworth's father was taking some potatoes to market that day and so Frank crowded up on the sled and sat on a sack of potatoes and rode into Watertown, New York, to start a career that was to bring him wealth and power for beyond his most fantastic expectations.

What was the secret of his success? Just this: he got an idea a unique idea. He borrowed three hundred dollars and started a store where nothing cost more than a nickel. That first store was in Utica, N. Y., and it was a total failure. Some days he didn't take in more than \$2.50. Out of the first four stores that Woolworth opened, three of them failed.

Refusing to go into debt, he expanded very slowly at first, opening only twelve stores during the first ten years that he was in business.

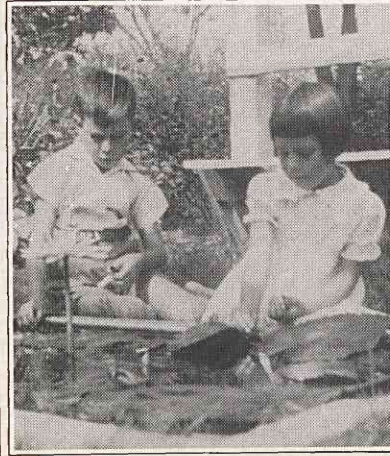
Finally, he became one of the wealthiest men in America, built himself what was then the highest office building in the world; paid for it with fourteen million dollars in cash; installed a hundred thousand dollar pipe organ in his home, and began collecting relics of Napoleon.

Years before, when he was a poor young man and had met with defeat so often that he had lost faith in himself, his mother would come and put her arms around her boy and say: "Don't be discouraged, my son; some day you'll be a rich man . . ."

Buries His Mistakes

A doctor returned a coat to his tailor because it did not fit him. The tailor, seeing the doctor at the funeral of one of his patients, said: "Ah, Doctor, you are a happy man!" "Why?" "Because," replied the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands."

Mary and Bill



Mary, 5, and Bill, 7, attractive children of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Madison, of Arlington, N. C., enjoy watching the fish in their mother's fish pond. Mrs. Madison is employed in the Weaving Dept. of the Elkin Plant.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

by GARDNER BOTSFORD

Universal Touchiness

Sing Ho! For the life of the Dutch!

Last week Queen Wilhelmina of Holland celebrated the fortieth year of her reign, and the fortieth year of peace in her land. This strikes me as being a particularly handsome feat. All along the border of France and Germany there are angry men thumbing their noses at each other over a long line of fortifications. In Spain half the population finds the other half highly unattractive. The Japanese frown upon the Chinese and the Russians eye Japan with a jaundiced eye.

But the Dutch go right on being very pacific, eating Edam cheese and rumbling around in their wooden shoes, contemplating their windmills with a serene if whirling eye. They diddle around with their tulips, skate on their canals in winter and live in places like Rotterdam.

This makes me feel a lot better about the whole world situation. It seems to me that everybody these days is becoming only too proficient in getting into a fight, with not nearly enough thought being given to staying out of one. But the Dutch have mastered the art, and I don't see

how they do it. In my own case I find it difficult enough to stay out of an argument for more than a week.

The answer must be that the Dutch are a lot leveler-headed than I am. As I look back on some of the more vitriolic of my arguments, I find that the most serious one was whether or not President Roosevelt's middle name was Daniel or Delano. If my memory serves, I was siding with Daniel and only the fact that I was wearing track shoes at the time saved me from a good bust in the breeches. At other times I have been known to grow highly indignant over somebody's maudlin conception of how to shear a sheep and the rise of gumbolls.

And yet I don't think I'm particularly exceptional in this matter. Nobody ever argues over anything that really makes any difference one way or the other. Even national governments quibble over the advisability of the wig at state functions rather than the naked noggin. The Revolution started because somebody threw tea into Boston harbor while playing Indian. Abrogate a protocol and everybody starts putting their glasses in a pocket and taking off their coats.

I think this universal touchiness is not part of the Dutch character because they indulge in such peaceful activities. Nobody can eat cheese and be belligerent. Nor can you go on a very effective warpath in wooden shoes, and the tulip isn't so hot as an inspiring standard. It's too bad that other people aren't subject to these docile influences. Maybe if a couple of dictators I could name ate more cheese or had stuck their fingers in holes in dikes, they might be better men right now.

Mixed

The cinema manager tapped the billposter on the shoulder. "You'll have to be more careful about these bills, Jim," he exclaimed.

"Why, what's the matter?" Jim inquired.

"Well, next week's film is called 'The Silent Woman' and you've stuck it above a small bill which says, 'The World's Greatest Mystery'."

Why Bring That Up?

A candidate for office came home in the wee small hours and gave his wife the glorious news: "Darling, I've been elected!"

She was delighted. "Honestly," she said.

He blushed and did not answer.

Train Casualty

Mrs. Glanaghan: "Was your old man in comfortable circumstances when he died?"

Mrs. MacPherson: "No, 'e was 'alf-way under a train."

APPEARANCE OF HOUSES IS GOOD

(Continued from Page 1)

the employees living in Company Houses organize their own Garden Clubs, and work together and with the Company in promoting better gardens and home surroundings, more attractive grounds, flowers, shrubbery and a close alliance with each other's individual problems in a campaign for better homes and gardens among the employees of the Chatham plants, both in Elkin and Winston-Salem. We do not, as editors of this paper, have any suggestions to make as to the organization of this program, but will work together hand in hand with anyone that gets this program under way. Due reward can be expected for all efforts in this direction, both in the better living conditions for yourself, and for the esteem of your fellow employee and the officials of this Company.

Pictures of these homes will continue to be run in this paper, and nobody knows whose will be next.

START WORK ON BAPTIST CHURCH

(Continued from Page 1)

Settle, of Wilkesboro, is foreman of the building and Mr. J. W. L. Benson of the Chatham Manufacturing company is the engineer.

The charter members of this church are Mrs. J. S. Darnell Mrs. G. F. Couch, Mrs. R. E. Burcham and Mrs. Fred Day. All these people are directly connected with the company.

The people are working hard to build this church and are determined to raise the money in some way to pay for their building. They realize that a part of their salaries belong to the Lord's work and through prayer and cooperation they are going to build their church.

Rev. David W. Day is chairman of the Finance committee and any donations you wish to give will be gladly accepted by him. The address is Rev. David W. Day, Elkin, N. C.

Two elderly members met at the club after many years. One remarked to the other, who was rather deaf:

"I'm sorry to hear of the death of your wife."

"Eh? What's that?"

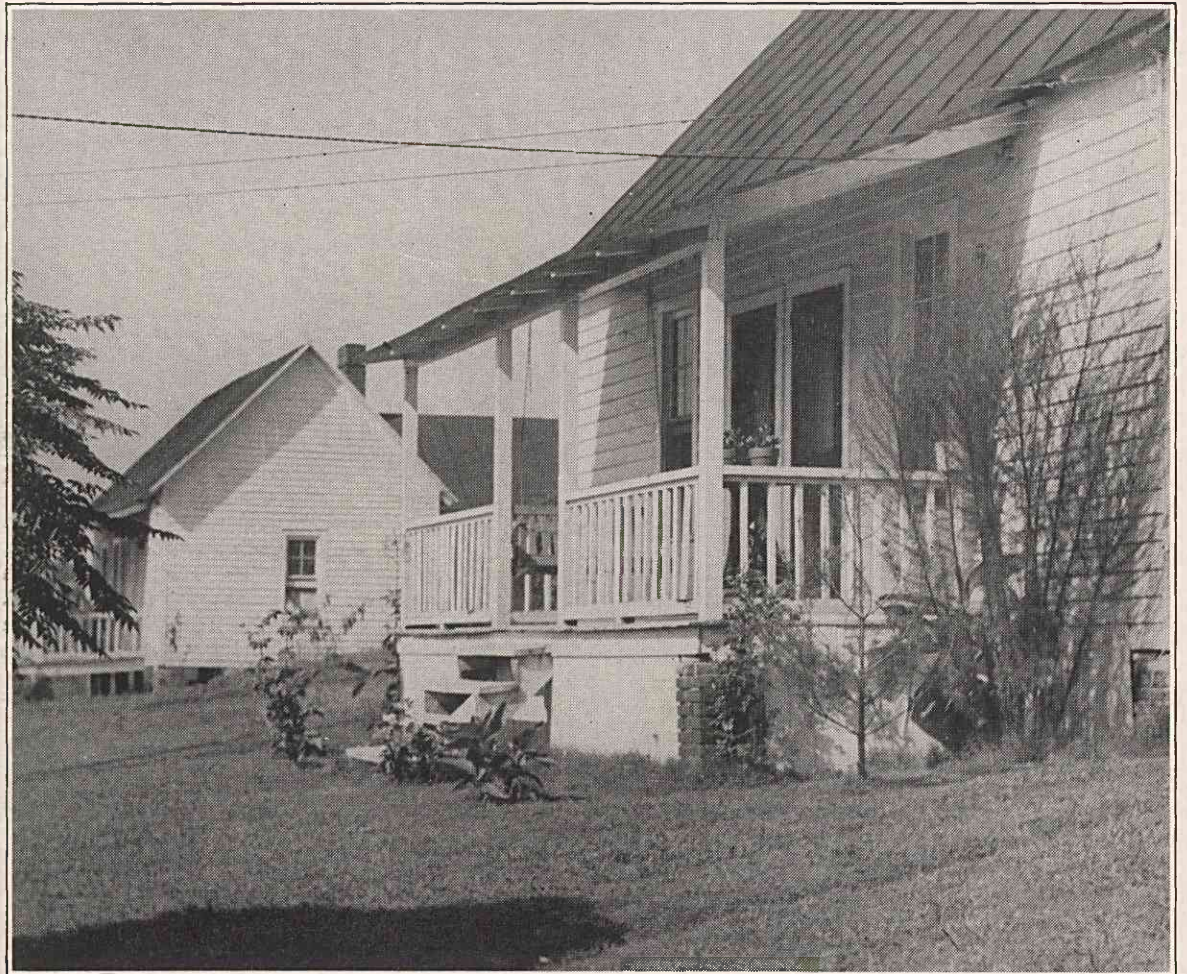
"I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead!"

"Speak up, man. I can't hear you!"

"I'm sorry you've buried your wife!"

"Yep, I had to. She died."

Happy Homes on "Happy Hill"



This is the home of Claude Mason, on "Happy Hill". Claude is employed in the spinning department. In the background can be seen another of our well kept homes, but more about that later.

Safety Campaign Is Off to a Good Start

(Continued from Page 1)

employee, in the eyes of his employer, as a person that cannot be kept in line for promotion to more responsible jobs, and better pay. There is no cure or remedy for this part of the consequences that go along with the "occurrence" of accidents. We can be more careful. Let's.

A report of the standing of the different departments compiled by our nurse, Mrs. Holcomb, and a few words about the workings of the contest and her own comments on the accident problem follow:

The safety contest has decreased the number of accidents considerably, although we are still having accidents that require the doctor's attention, that could be prevented if everyone would be a little more careful. At the end of July we had no lost time, but in the latter part of August and the first of September we have had lost time accidents in three departments. In your everyday

work remember what Lincoln said: "It is the duty of every man to protect himself and those associated with him from accidents which may result in injury or death."

The departments stand as follows:

Old Mill	99.9%
Wool and Picker	99.9%
Dye	97.18%
Card	99.9%
Spinning	99.9%
Warp	99.05%
Weave	99.84%
Burling	99.66%
Shop and Power Plant	98.00%

A great deal of the joy in life consists in doing perfectly, or at least to the best of one's ability, everything which one attempts to do. There is a sense of satisfaction, a pride in surveying such a work—a work which is rounded, full, exact, complete in all its parts—which the superficial man, who leaves his work in a slovenly, slipshod, half-finished condition, can never know. It is this conscientious completeness which turns work into an art. The smallest thing, well done, becomes artistic.—William Mathews.

HERE IS HOW TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE

If you drink only one cup of coffee a day, and can make forty cups from one pound of coffee, you have anywhere from one to sixteen coffee trees working for you.

After the coffee is in your kitchen, remember three points:

(1) Do not mix new with old coffee—the flavor of old, stale coffee will permeate the new.

(2) Keep the coffee-making device scrupulously clean—no mere rinsing will suffice. Wash with good, hot suds and scald with fresh water. An oil from the coffee may adhere to the pot and give the coffee a rancid flavor.

(3) Measure the coffee; measure the water. These measurements have been given you so frequently there is no need to repeat them. The important thing is—do it!

First Families

Boy: "But, officer, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in Tennessee."

Cop: "That's all right, buddy. I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes."