



Merrie Christmas

IT'S HARD for me to believe another year has almost ended. It seems only a few short months ago that Miss Austin came in and said, "Time for your Christmas message." And now she's back again. I know what you are saying. "Sure sign he's getting old." That's right.

We have had an unusually difficult year—with plenty of ups and downs. We have seen a good deal of change in our business. Cloth is becoming more important. I believe that our products are better than ever before. That is one reason why we have kept busy. We have added many new customers. Our Company continues to grow—largely because of our hard work and close cooperation. We stand together and work together and go forward together.

I hope that each of my fellow employees is as proud of the Company as I am of you. We have wonderful support from our friends and fellow citizens in Elkin and Winston-Salem who are not working with us. We all appreciate this spirit of good will. We should try to show that we are always good neighbors and good citizens.

And now for next year. It's hard to look ahead with the world so disturbed. However, we have run pretty steadily this year when other textile mills have not been so fortunate. I hope and believe that our hard work and quality products will keep us steadily moving forward. We are members of one family and have one common interest—our Company. When it prospers, we prosper. As long as we keep this before us, stand together and give better merchandise to our customers, we cannot fail.

I wish for you, your families and friends, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THURMOND CHATHAM



ELKIN MILL

WEAVING

B Shift

My dear Santa Claus,

I want to write you a long letter regarding my friends and fellow employees. Please bring Hugh Nelson a small black mustache so he will quit painting his upper lip.

Brannon Day wants a doll and a stick of candy.

Lexa Cummings, 10 pounds of chocolate candy and a quart of reducing pills.

Red Darnell more Claude Doughton cigars.

Please bring Lois Couch a new pair of size 12 shoes. They are using her old ones for boats.

Hugh Harmon a teething ring, he is old enough now to cut his wisdom teeth.

Bessie Gilliam a pair of roller skates so she can cross the alley. A box of good manners and a few more chickens for Henry Boyd.

James Johnson a false face so people can tell him and George Snow apart.

A reducing machine for Nancy Grey and plenty of apples and oranges.

June Robinson another little black bow and a red wagon.

Carl Calloway a machine for putting on drop eyes, so he will have more time to talk to Lexa.

A bag of jelly beans and a little horn for Vena Darnell.

Raymond Dowell and Dallas Gilliam a little doll apiece.

And please, please, Santa, bring a new reporter to take my place, because you will need one after this.

Yours very truly,

THE REPORTER

CARD ROOM

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been a good boy this year and I surely want you to remember me. I want a water gun that will hold a pint. Bring me a doll that looks exactly like Newt Chappell. I want a little red wagon to ride Joe Dobson around his power dam. I think that's enough. Thank you, Santa.

A. R. HAYES

P. S. I want one gallon of good corn, that has been mashed, worked, distilled, run off and I will can it.

A. R. HAYES

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been a good boy this year especially for you. I want you to bring me a new water wheel for my power plant (the lights are getting dim down at Ral Hayes). Please, please, Santa, bring me a new wig. The last one you gave me is worn out and I can't part my hair.

P. S. Santa, if you have time

and think it will be all right and that I can fill the part, please bring me a nine pound boy.

THANK YOU SO MUCH,

JOE DOBSON

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been doing my best to keep people warm this winter. I have sold my bear furs as cheap as I could possibly get by. So please bring me one good bear gun and one box of shells loaded with buck shot, one box loaded with balls and four new traps. I almost forgot to tell you to bring me a new man to help me run finishers. THANK YOU,

JONES WAGONER

Dear Santa:

I can't boast very much about being a good boy this year so I'm not going to ask for much. Due to my short legs I wish very much for you to give Mr. H—— an elevator to put at the Golden Stairs, one more thing, Santa, please let me visit Ral Hayes and help him can that corn. Your Shorty,

GEO. CHATHAM

Dear Santa,

Please bring me two new race hogs. I also need a stop watch so I can get the accurate time on my hogs. One more thing, Santa, bring me one gallon of the "Armstrong Gray" special for my opossum dog. Love,

LUTHER HEMRIC

Dear Santa,

Please bring me one pair of lint-wipers to put on my spectacles. I would appreciate it very much if you would leave me an oil can and a broom. Your little friend,

VES OWENS

Dear Santa,

Please find me one set of sensible brains, one nose, that hasn't been mashed, and a set of tools to attach them with. Your little champ,

DEWEY MASON

Dear Santa,

Please bring my cow twin bull calves so I will have something to trade on. I guess that is all I can tell you in this letter. Your friend,

WILL ELRIDGE

SPOOLING

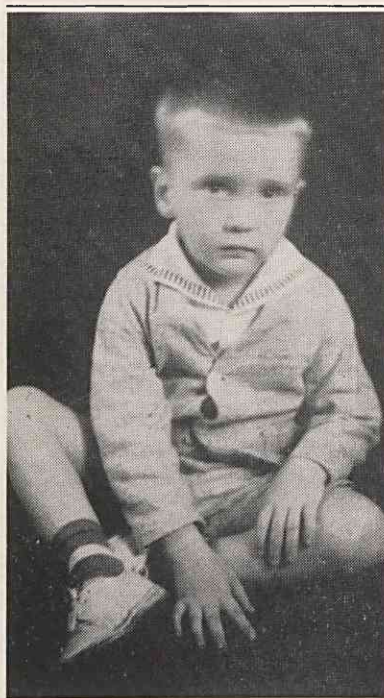
Miss Marjorie Long spent Saturday in Winston shopping. We hope she remembered us, Marjorie.

Miss Etta Mathis was the weekend guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mathis, near Ronda.

Clara Southard, together with her mother and daughter, and Miss Dixie Chappel spent Monday night in High Point the guests of relatives.

Mae Cockerham has been all

Junior Edition



C. F. Couch, Jr., 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Couch, of Elkin. Mr. Couch is employed in the Spinning Department.

smiles lately. She has a new niece.

Bill: "I call my girl "Checkers."
Joe: "Why?"

Bill: "Because she jumps every time I make a false move."

Reece sprained his ankle today and can't push the red wagon around. By the way, Reece, did you know that one of our girls thinks you are very handsome?

Lorene is begging Hubert to buy her a doll for Christmas. Hubert, what are you going to do about it?

We are all hoping Santa Claus will be very generous this year.

A certain fellow ordered his girl an expensive line of cosmetics. He didn't know whether she was a blonde or brunette. Don't worry, F——d. Beauty is only skin deep.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hayes spent Sunday in Winston-Salem visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dass.

Clyde and David wrote Santa Claus a letter but it came back. Santa couldn't seem to remember them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hayes. Mr. and Mrs. John Shore, Lue Dudley and Woodrow Lawrence motored to Ashboro last Sunday.

The other day we discovered Clyde Gentry with his head in a barrel hollering, Daddy. He has a new 8-pound girl at his house and he wanted to hear himself called "Daddy."

Although it's not spring, cupid seems to be very busy. Chief has a crush on one of our girls. He visits us very often.

The Margaret and Junior ro-

mance is on the go again.

Murline has a new beau and Marie has grown very fond of ice cream. Marie's heart interest is an ice cream man.

Mr. and Mrs. Odell Church and family spent Saturday in Winston-Salem shopping.

Bill Fletcher has bought himself an oil heater so he won't have to use the fireplace. He wants to watch Santa Claus come down the chimney.

Bertha says her work has been changed. She has decided to postpone her engagement.

We wonder what would happen if Irene Blackburn would arrive on time.

We hope Hazel Lowe will make a New Year's resolution to say "huh" instead of "what."

Reba Baugess spent Wednesday in Statesville shopping.

First Husband: "My wife is going to get a divorce as soon as she gets the Power."

Second Husband: "What Power?"

First Husband: "Tyrone Power."

Mrs. Pauline Masten Pardue was on our sick list Thursday.

BURLING

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Myers spent Sunday in Winston-Salem visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray Brown spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Swaim.

Russell Burcham, a student at N. C. State College, is the holiday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Burcham.

Miss Levassie Garris wishes to thank each one of her friends for the many kindnesses shown her during the sickness and death of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Wilkins had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wilkins, of Winston-Salem.

Anyone wishing to take a ride see Ruth Johnson, she has purchased new driving license.

Mrs. Daisy Vestal had as her guest Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Pil Vestal and small daughter, Norma Jean, of Pleasant Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Freeman and family spent Sunday in Mt. Airy visiting Mr. Will Mauldin.

Since going to the movies is a habit with Pearl Pardue, we wonder who the lucky man is.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Carter, of Ronda, visited Mrs. Bunnie Royall Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Dobbins spent Sunday with Miss Mozelle Freeman.

Mrs. W. D. Reavis and grandson, Robert Lee, of Courtney, are spending the week with Mrs. Fae Reavis.

We are glad to report that Miss Bernice Eidson is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Freeman had

(Continued on page three)

ELKIN MILL

(Continued from Page Two)

as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Jim Freeman, of Jonesville, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Judd and children, of Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Laffoon visited the latter's mother Sunday.

Mrs. Hazel Weaver, Mrs. James Burcham and Miss Emma Burcham shopped in Winston Saturday.

Since Red found that Gladys doesn't want anything for Christmas, but is anxiously hoping that Santa will bring her mother a new son-in-law, he goes to town every day and dons a sign which reads, "On Sale, at Special Christmas Prices."

Bunnie Royall is expecting Santa Claus, and just who isn't? Merry Christmas to everyone.

SPINNING

Mr. Maurice Bumgarner has the measles. Hope you will be well soon, Bum.

Sap Wiles says lots of things have happened to him but giving up his frames has hurt him the worst of anything yet.

Mr. Fred Neaves left Tuesday for New York and Connecticut on business.

Anyone wishing to donate toward the purchasing of an alarm clock for the purpose of waking up a few people, see Cassie Childress, Bertha Sloop, Ruth Recce and Roxie Tharpe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ott Key spent the past week-end in Danville, Va., and Burlington, N. C.

Paul Mathis, Glenn Myers and Flake Rumble made a Christmas shopping trip to Winston Saturday.

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. Childress is ill at this writing.

Someone tried to steal Paul Recce's car the other night. Paul says it was all right, since they didn't try to steal Ruth too.

Frieda says she wishes there were two of her, especially when hog killing comes right at Christmas.

Mrs. L. M. Hinshaw and daughter, Nettie, spent Sunday with Miss Frieda Brown.

Roxie Tharpe is going to get a loud speaker, so her doffer can hear her.

If you happen to have change for a dollar, please keep until Paul Wood comes around.

Mary Phillips had as her dinner guest Dec. 15th Mrs. Opal Hinson and little son, Harold.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hinson are the proud parents of an eight pound son, Dec. 5.

If you want to buy some fresh milk see Juanita Billings or Paul Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Whitaker spent Thursday in Winston-Sa-

Observe Golden Wedding Anniversary



Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Boles, of South Jonesville, commemorated their 50th wedding anniversary at their home on December 18, with a dinner which was attended by their children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and their families.

Married at the home of the bride's parents in Pinnacle, the couple have made their home in Jonesville practically all their married life, having recently moved into their present home which was built a short while ago.

Parents of Robert, Ott and Al Boles, all of whom are employed in various departments of the Elkin Plant, Mr. and Mrs. Boles are wished many more happy years of married life by The Blanketeer.

lem. "Bill" says she saw Santa Claus.

Mrs. J. L. Powers entered Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital this week for a two or three weeks rest.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Childress spent Sunday in Mt. Airy.

Leonard York is back to work after being out with tonsillitis.

Brady said that he didn't like to put tapes on for "Bill" anymore.

We guess Ella Pettyjohn is expecting Santa Claus to come to see her, 'cause she has taken down her curls.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Couch spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Caudle.

Dear Santa,

All I want is a good big dairy barn. Walt Dula.

Dear Santa,

I have been a very good boy and I want you to bring me lots of things, but especially I want about a ton of blackberries so I can have a stomping good time.

Tom Golden

Dear Santa Claus,

Please bring me a bonus, 2 fried chickens, 3 jars of pickles, a choo-choo train so I can go to Martinsville, by way of Stuart, any old time. Please, Santa, I'd rather have the train than anything else.

Love and kisses,

Pauline Morrison

Jonesville Couple Celebrate Their 50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Boles, of Jonesville, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their home in Jonesville Sunday, December 18, when they held open house for their family, neighbors and friends. Mr. Boles and Mrs. Boles are both natives of Stokes county. Mrs. Boles before marriage was Miss Amelia Wall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wall, of Pinnacle. Mr. Boles is a farmer by trade. This couple have been residents of Jonesville for twenty-four years.

To this union there were born fourteen children and they are as follows:

Mrs. J. E. Snow, Siloam; C. A. Boles, Jonesville; S. J. Boles, Lexington, S. C.; O. E. Boles, Jonesville; Mrs. P. G. Wall, Pilot Mountain; Mrs. James Taylor, Snow Hill; R. G. Boles, Jonesville; Mrs. R. H. Sales, Lexington, S. C.; A. L. Boles, Jonesville; Mrs. Ode Travis, Elkin; Edd Wilson, Katherine and Roy, all of Jonesville. O. E., A. L., and R. G. Boles work for the Chatham Manufacturing Company in the Elkin plant.

L. H. C. Club of Winston

The Lucy Hanes Chatham Club of Winston has found 1938 to be its most successful year. Since our meetings reopened for the fall a score or more new members have joined and old members have been paying their back dues. The result shows our enrollment larger than ever before and the amount in our treasury likewise greater. Greater interest has been created by different contests, good programs, etc. We are very proud of this record and want to continue in this good work. There are still a great number of eligible employees who are not members. (Let us talk about our Club and let them know what they are missing.)

At the last meeting, plans were made for the Christmas party to be held at the Recreation building, Tuesday evening, Dec. 20. Every member is expected to attend and bring their husbands or boy friends. More details of this party will appear in the next issue of the Blanketeer.

The L. H. C. Club No. 2 likewise has had a successful year. The Napping Dept. boasts of every woman employee being a member. This is a good record and we hope the Cloth Dept. will follow. The most interesting part of the year's programs has been the visiting of outside interests, Office, Hanes Knitting Mill, and Selected Dairies, the Telephone a Tobacco Auction are among the places visited. The meetings at the Recreation building have been very interesting as well. The group is now studying the "Famous Women of the Bible," taught by Miss Austin. May 1939 bring us a number of new members.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for the kindnesses shown us during our stay in the Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital. Everything that was done for us by friends and neighbors was more than appreciated. We also wish to thank the Nurses, Doctors and Hospital Staff for their kindness to us.

MR. AND MRS. ROY CHIPMAN.

Reynolds-Gentry

Mr. R. G. Gentry, of Winston-Salem, announces the marriage of his daughter, Annie DeWitt, to Robert J. Reynolds on October 29, 1938, in Independence, Va. Rev. B. A. Poole officiated.

Mr. Reynolds is the son of Mrs. J. E. Reynolds and the late Mr. Reynolds, of Sparta, N. C. He is employed in the Wash Room of the Winston-Salem plant.

People laugh 400 times more often than they weep.

Chatham Blanketeer

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

BLANKETEER LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS DEPT.

This is strictly a non-profit organization, and the Blanketeer does not assume the responsibility for the safe delivery of all presents asked for or that might be delivered, if any.

Dear Santa:

Please take good care of the two big bucks that got away from me up in Pisgah Forest, I might want to go back again next year. As for Christmas, just skip it, ain't I got everything.

SAM ATKINSON

Dear Mr. Santa:

Please bring me a new bird dog, and a lot of shells, and bring me a front door knob — with house attached.

HOWARD HATCH

Dear Mr. Claus:

I wanna new car, with a radio on it anna extra tire, anna lot other gadgets. Also a load of firewood. And please have folks build a lotta new houses next year, I gotta reason.

CLYDE HALL

Dear Uncle Santa:

Just fetch it on, I ain't pertickler.

JAKE BROWN

Mr. Santa Claus:

Please bring me a little red wagon, anna cap buster, anna lotta caps. And don't forget please I want a whole lotta films for my Kodak, and some flash bulbs.

C. C. POINDEXTER

Dear Mr. J. W. L. Santa Claus:

Please bring me a new lathe, and a gear cutter, and a grinder, and a lotta other stuff for the shop, and please have a bell put on the lathe to ring when a cut runs out. And don't forget I want a box of snuff, and a new brush, black gum will do.

JIM LYONS

Dear Santa Claus:

I want a radio put on John Hampton, one he can't turn off, so I can tell just where he is all the time. I want a street car line built to Jonesville, also please bring me a painter and two carpenters.

LEE NEAVES

Dear Santa:

Please bring me a new tobacco barn, a cow shed, and a Chic

"Grandma and Her Knitting"



Here is a picture the theme of which is so old it is always new. Here Grandma Underwood, of Jonesville, is busy knitting, or embroidering or whatever it is. (Ed. note: She's crocheting), something for the children or grandchildren. While we bustle about trying to find something to give for Christmas, "Grandma" doesn't worry. She knows what she is going to give, and she has been working on it for many weeks—a present of her own hands. Mrs. P. H. Underwood is the mother of Miss Elizabeth Underwood, of the Warping Department of the Elkin Mill.

Sale parlor. Also I need a new crupper for my harness, and don't forget I want a box of axle grease.
 EVERETTE HOLBROOK

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I wanna new fishing pole, anna box of worms, anna two sinkers, anna some hooks. Some small ones and some big ones, mostly big ones, cause I found a new fishin hole, I did.

MONTGEMERY CASTEVENS

Dear Mr. Santa:

Please bring me a new assistant editor, and a lot of good department reporters, and a picture taker, and make Carl Poindexter stop calling me "Skinny." And don't forget I want a compact, and a new car, and a box of reducing lotion, triple XXX quality.

CLAUDIA AUSTIN

L. H. C. Clubs of Elkin

Members of the Lucy Hanes Chatham Club No. 1 of Elkin and their husbands and boy friends gathered at the Club House Tuesday night and decorated the building for the holiday season. The house has been put in order for Club parties, dances and private parties which will be held in the building during the season. One large Christmas tree was trimmed, lights placed in the windows and the house put in

general order for the coming events. The evening closed with dancing and the serving of refreshments. The annual Christmas party will be held at the building, Thursday evening, December 22.

L. H. C. Club No. 2

Officers of the L. H. C. Club No. 2 were hostesses to members of the club Thursday afternoon at their annual Christmas party. This was the regular monthly social. The games were in charge of Mrs. Hallie Hanes, and during the contests, prizes were won by Misses Claudia Austin and Lexa Cummings, and Mesdames Vena Darnell and Gertrude Day.

The tables were attractively arranged and decorated in keeping with the holiday season. Tiny Christmas trees, to which cards were attached aiding the members to find their places. A delicious refreshment course was served to the thirty-two members present.

Hostesses were Mesdames Katherine Day, Hallie Hanes, Clara Southard, Lorene Royall, and Fannie Layell and Misses Beulah Lawrence and Juanita Billings.

The Southeastern states contain more diversified mineral resources than any like area in the world.

Arkansas has the only diamond mine in North America.

THE DOCTOR

Superstitions

The two seasons which I spent in the Far North with the Esquimaux, studying this race and the diseases to which they were subject, were most interesting and forced me to the belief that no matter where one goes—in the frozen lands or in the tropics—superstition abounds.

The little tots of the Arctic have few toys and once I tried to interest some boys in playing with a string. The women of the tribe promptly took the string from the chubby fingers of my small friends. When I asked why they did this, one of the old men of the tribe explained that if boys played games with strings on their fingers, they might later in life have their bodies become entangled in the line attached to their harpoons, when hunting whales, seals or walrus, and thereby lose their lives.

Years afterward, I experienced practically the same thing while teaching games to naked babies of a semi-wild tribe of blacks. The strings this time were jerked roughly from the hands of the nude young ones who were scolded. And the man who confiscated them took them to the fire and burned them, after uttering dreadful curses designed to offset the harm I might have caused the children.

The old chief told me through the interpreter that what I had done might, later in life, result in the deaths of these little boys, when they went to hunt game and used either nets or lines to tie them up.

Among some of the semi-nomadic tribes of Northern India and in Afghanistan, where I spent some time, wives of men hunting for game for food are strictly prohibited from weaving or spinning on their primitive looms and wheels during the absence of their husbands because the game will be sure to turn and twist and wind about the ravines and gullies of the mountains, like the thread in the hands of the woman. As a result the hunter is sure to miss the beast when he shoots his long barreled gun at it.

In some of the Balkan States and in Southern Russia, during the sessions of the village council, women must stop spinning, otherwise the thoughts of the lawmakers will be twisted about in a circle, and appropriate laws cannot be passed.

All of which forces one to the conclusion that the world is not such a big place after all, because these customs must have originally begun with one tribe and been passed on to others during the intervening centuries.

WINSTON MILL

CLOTH DEPT.

Miss Doris Roush visited friends in Charloete Sunday, December 18.

We are very glad to have several old members of this department back along with a few new ones.

Several from this department went to the basketball game Monday night. That's the spirit. We always say may the best team win. They won.

We hear the tinkle of wedding bells or is it Christmas bells. What about it, Polly?

Joe Dows announces that he will spend Christmas at his home in Lowell, Mass.

We are very sorry to report that Mr. Roy Kane has been out sick for the past two weeks. He is improving nicely and will be back to work soon.

Lorene Dunlap continues to spend her week-end at her hometown of Walnut Cove. Lorene, doesn't it get pretty cold up on the Dan River these mornings?

Eunice Pilcher spent a very pleasant week-end in Cana. We hear she took her boy friend along this time. We believe you've got something there, Eunice.

We are very glad to have the following girls in the Cloth department: Etta Brown and Lucille Gregory.

We usually think of people taking aspirin for headaches but Martha and Versie say that when you are tired and weary one tablet will make you cheery. When work is bad Versie says six tablets is a nice dose.

If you would peep in at the skating rink sometime you would probably see Maurice, Lorene and Azalee. Maurice is the expert and Lorene would be a wonder if she could keep her feet on the floor.

Eva Paris spent some time with friends and relatives in Walnut Cove recently.

Several boys in this department are all smiles because school will soon be out for Christmas and their girls will be coming home for the holidays. We aren't calling any names, but we know one little boy who is mighty happy.

NIGHT NAPPING

Yates is going Christmas in a big way, he is buying one of those diamond stones.

Dot Norman is going to hunt Santa Claus, so she says. Dot, haven't you been a good little girl this year? We think he will come to see you.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary Floy will

spend the holidays with relatives in Mullins, S. C.

Charlie Ferguson has a new girl friend.

The hunting trio will get together for a big Christmas rabbit hunt. They are Page Brannon, Jimmy Middleton and Preacher Butner. Page, you know, is married and the rabbit will come in handy.

Clyde Parks will spend his time in the country, of course. You know his girl friend lives there.

E. F. Crafford says he will play with his new baby boy. Be careful you will spoil him.

Ernest Angel, don't worry, the love bug has already bitten you. So watch out.

The ladies on the night force hope to have a marry Christmas and we hope they won't be disappointed.

Kitchen News: Anyone wishing any building done see Bullard & Ellis Co.

Conrad Holder will give lessons in rabbit hunting. He is well qualified, he shot at a rabbit and hit the dog.

Jack Boose is sure Santa Claus is going to be good to him.

There seems to be some doubt about Woodrow Sprinkle getting married for Christmas.

Robert Green has invented a new walk called the "bounce."

There are two men who are ardent basketball fans, and I've heard they especially like to see the twins play.

Third Shift News: Tom Correll, we hope you will have a big Christmas and everything will come your way.

Warren Giles seems very happy along now. We guess he has promised to accept the ring.

Elmer Boose is expected to get a wife sometime during Christmas. The reporter is seriously thinking about asking Santa Claus to bring her a husband. I'll let you know if he brings me one.

Francis Jarvis will be good all during Christmas. Curly Tate will spend his time filling dates. He is very popular, so is Ike Disher.

NAPPING DEPT.

Dear Santa,
There's nothing I can do or say,
To help these people along their way,

So I'm calling for help from you,
To tell them exactly what to do.
There's Clyde Long who stews
and frets,

O'er every little problem that
can't be met,

He worries all day and lies awake
nights

In deadly fear that he might not
solve it right.

Presenting—



Joe Frank Key, 3, son of Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Key, of Elkin. Both Mr. and Mrs. Key are employed in the Spinning Department.

And Santa remind Joe Dows
That a brittle thing is speech
And to take precaution how he
bends it,

For everyone can make a break,
But mighty few can mend it.
And remember Grannie.
She hopes for, she longs for,
She wishes for, and sighs,
But it seems the things she wants
to come won't come,

No matter how she tries.
And then we have Cecil, Ivory,
Esther, and oh, just oodles more
Who laugh, grin and giggle
And twinkle the eye.
If work is a joke sure
They'd give it a try.
And of course we have those
Who scold, jaw and cry
They're endless on the talk
But short on try.

But don't forget those
Who strike from the shoulder,
They never die.
They're winners in life
For they know how to try.
And Santa, please tell the
Napping Room in general,
That this old saying is good to
remember,

"It is better to say something
good about a bad man,
Than to say something bad about
a good man."

And in closing, Santa, dear,
There is something I want them
all to hear.

Dame Fortune as they say is ever
fickle,

But worry never made a man a
nickle.

If you would climb to real success,
Just labor more and worry less.

FINISHING DEPT.

You had better be good these next few days, 'cause Santa Claus is coming to town. You know even if it is getting a little late in the year I bet a few extra smiles and words of cheer will help a lot—don't you think?

Gather 'round me, my kind friends, for I'm about to tell a true experience of one whom we all thought a truly fine man. I mean Fred Swartzel. Recently he went visiting his family in Virginia. He, his brother and a friend were breezing along in Fred's green Plymouth when one of the occupants saw the law trailing them. They drove into the yard of Fred's brother's home and lo and behold the cops were right behind them—and with all their weapons and shot guns pointed toward Fred. "Stick 'em up, Kelley. We got you this time," they cried in determined voices. Of course Fred immediately clawed for the skies. He tried to explain to them who he was, but the cops were sure they had "their man." After much stammering and explaining Fred finally convinced them he wasn't Rou Kelley, escaped convict, and it turned out that the Cop was one of Fred's old school mates. This is an exciting story, but we are glad Fred is still the guy we think he.

We are very glad to have Mrs. Boyles back with us after a long period of illness.

Congratulations, team, for defeating the Drayton girls, and also for winning first half of the city league, by defeating Hanes Hosiery Monday night.

We thought this very cute. One of our girls (A. L. L.) when trying to explain what "seed biscuits" were, said, "Seed Biscuits, you know like the great horse, Sea Biscuits."

Well, folks, this will be the last issue of the Blanketeer. We have enjoyed being your reporter and even if it has been a little silly, a little boring, we wish the new reporter all the success in the world. I'm sure 1939 will find the Blanketeer even more interesting and popular. So with a parting wish that Santa will be very liberal with his gifts for all, I bid you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

WASH ROOM

I once saw a sign in a public place which read, "If you spit on the floor at home you may spit on the floor here." There is the point I am trying to make. We have been given a splendid place for recreation and rest by the Company for whom we work. It is the old office building which is located just beside our plant. There has been many a happy hour spent there with the pool

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WINSTON MILL

(Continued from Page Five)

table, ping pong, magazines, easy chairs, piano and many things for us to enjoy. It is open to everyone of us. It is open for us all to spend leisure hours but nobody seems to spit on the floor at home, because of the way some of the furniture has been abused. Some of the pool cue sticks are gone and those that are still there have been reworked. I can't see why anyone would be so thoughtless. The place has been reworked completely with nice floors, baths, chairs, and nice furniture, everything for comfort and pleasure. I do not believe any of us who appreciate the building would hesitate to report anyone we saw abusing the property. So let's think twice before abusing such nice property that has been placed at our disposal.

Since the last time the Wash Room was heard from in the paper a number of new fellows have joined our group. We are glad to have you with us. I have noticed that they all have the famous Wash Room walk. If you will notice everyone in the Wash Room has a distinct stride. It reminds you of a hen-pecked husband coming home too late at night.

By the way, Reddy of the Shipping Dept. wants to know when you plan to run all that cotton?

Clyde and Joe A.—just be patient a while and maybe after the first of the year we can get you a few strips.

I hear that Mr. Boose, our foreman, is determined to clean the woods of opossum and rabbits. Just the other day he purchased a new pair of shoes for that purpose.

Ask A. O. Conrad and Jack Smith how they like to unroll down at the Warehouse.

Since Carnie Shugart has become a father he doesn't say "yes, sir," to anyone.

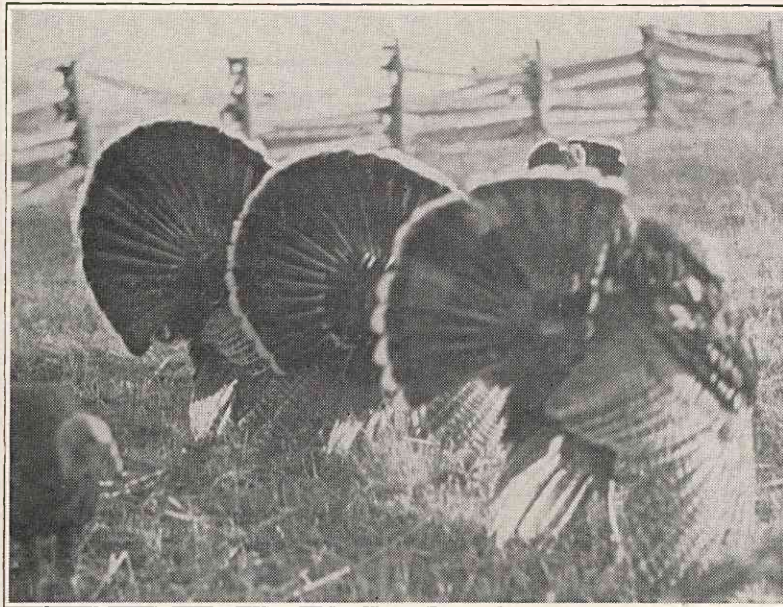
Now that Christmas is here and a New Year is just around the corner, don't you think we should resolve to do our work just a little better. After all the reputation of the Company depends largely on how we do our tasks each day. Think it over. A Merry Christmas to all.

WINSTON OFFICE

Mr. Santa Claus, Dear Sir: Did it ever to you occur That we grown-ups might like some toys? Because, after all we are just girls and boys.

Last year we asked for grown-ups' things, And not one thing did you bring. So this year we're going to change around.

Christmas Turkeys



Perhaps knowing that they will soon be objects of a flank attack which may land them on Christmas dinner tables, these turkeys are seen in a seldom, if ever, photographed military attack formation. The riled up birds were photographed on the farm of W. F. Joines, of Sparta, one of our wool producers.

And we do hope that when you are in town,

You'll drop down the chimney at Mr. Butler's dwelling And leave a "Tin-Soldier" who can do a lot of selling.

And Mr. Chatham who lives on Stratford Street Wants a "Pop-Gun" so he can shoot some skeet.

And leave a "Penny-Bank" for John D. Eller, Because we hear he is a very saving feller.

And Dear ole Santa, don't forget "Pop" Poor, He wants some "ABC Blocks" from a Va. Store.

And Nat Blackwood who lives on the hill, Says "The-little-brown-jug" will fill his bill.

And Mr. Graham, up the Elkin way, Will take just anything you say.

Bob Hartness wants a toy dog, that is made out of clay, And maybe he (the dog) won't always be running away.

Bill Harris wants a "Kiddy-Kar," So he can travel very far. Well as far as Elkin anyway, So he can see HER every day.

Bob Ogburn wants a "Little Baby Bunting," That he can chase, when he can't go rabbit hunting.

Earl Conrad wants a gun that will go Bang! Bang! We're sure you have just the very thing.

Charlie Dixon says he has a toy, Nancy, who is his pride and joy.

Stauber Flynt wants a "choochoo train," Just like his son Minard's, they live on Spring.

Charlie Weaver wants a "Jumping-Rope," So he can keep in shape, we hope! We hope!

Mr. Harris over on Lynwood, Says he has been very, very good. And just bring him what you think you should.

And now for the female species Who they say are by far the hardest to please But I really don't agree. All right, all right, just wait and see.

Eleanor says a "roller-coaster" will do. And if you'll drop around on Summit hill She will take you for a ride too.

Bring a little "Pitcher" for Helen Wall She collects them short or tall.

Addie says she is very satisfied She has a new Pontiac in which to ride.

Mamye is our skating champeen, And at dancing she's very keen.

So bring her a pair of skates, will you, Toss in a fan for the dancing too.

Lucile wants a nice new "Beau," That will stay in her hair, when the ill wind doth blow.

Roxie has moved I don't know where, Eut I'm sure you do so just leave IT there.

Ola wants a "Hobby-Horse" that will fasten to the floor. And then when she gallops fast maybe it won't throw her.

Bring a "Mouth-Organ" For Lola Horgan, She can play, or I hear she can, Maybe she wants to join a Hill-Billy Band.

Dorothy wants a little toy cat That won't scratch her, or tear up her hat.

Inez wants some nuts and candy, And if you toss in a toy, that will be just dandy.

I can't get Vera to tell me a thing, But I'm sure you know just what to bring.

As you've already realized this doesn't make sense And if I am ever discovered I'll be over the fence.

But after all, it's all in fun And I DO HOPE there's no harm done.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL"

Watch Your Umbrella

Patrons of a restaurant noticed tacked on the wall a sheet of paper which was printed in bold characters:

"The umbrella in the stand below belongs to the champion heavy-weight fighter of the world. He is coming right back."

Five minutes later umbrella and paper had disappeared. In their place was another notice:

"Umbrella is now in possession of the champion marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back."

Patience Exhausted

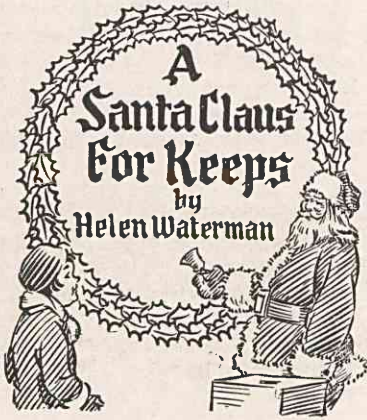
A farmer was losing his patience and temper trying to drive two mules into a field when the local parson came by and said: "You shouldn't speak like that to dumb animals."

Farmer: "You are just the man I want to see."

Parson: "And why?" Farmer "Tell me, how did Noah get these into the ark?"

In 1876 bananas were such a novelty that they were wrapped in tinfoil and sold at a dime each at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

Elkin Streets Dressed Up for Christmas Season



Babs was such a little girl to be disappointed at Christmas, but there seemed no other way.

Her mother called her to the bedside. "Babs, darling," she began softly, "Christmas will soon be here."

The little girl's eyes shone. "It won't be the same this year, darling. There won't be any presents, or well—anything."

"No Santa Claus?"

"No Santa Claus."

"But why?"

"You're going on five, Babs. Try to understand. What we call Santa Claus is really just the love people have for each other at Christmas." Her voice trailed off in a fit of coughing. "That pillow—there—now I can breathe. It isn't I don't love you, darling. I just can't do things this Christmas. That lovely tree last year—you remember it, don't you, Babs?"

"Oh, yes, Mummy."

"We'll try to have one like it next year, if—" She choked a moment. "If I get well."

"Why, Mummy, you're crying!"

"No, no I'm not. See? Why don't you run out and play a bit? Get your coat and rubbers."

Babs went out into the snow very thoughtful. A group of children were playing down the block, but she didn't want company.

Of course there was a Santa Claus. Hadn't he come last year? And all her playmates—he came to see them, too. How could Mummy be so mistaken?

She hadn't intended to come so far. But it was fun walking on the crisp, crunchy snow. And there, ahead, were men stringing lovely colored lights and loops of greenery on lamp posts.

"What's she want, Bill?"

"I can't just get it. Something about Santa Claus."

"Why, sure, kid. Just down the block. He's ringing a little bell."

The men laughed, and Babs laughed, too. Santa Claus! She would find Santa Claus. The street was alarmingly crowded, but she could hear the thin tinkle of a bell.

Then she saw him, all dressed in red and with a long white beard. He was sitting by a big



Elkin's Main street is all decked out in colorful Christmas lights and laurel roping in celebration of the Christmas season. This photograph, taken at night, gives some idea of the attractiveness of the town when the Christmas lights are burning.

red box, and every now and then someone would drop money into it. Babs stood for a long while watching, fascinated, afraid to speak.

The tinkling stopped, and the Santa Claus came over. "What's the matter?" he asked gently. She let him lead her back to the big red box. He took her up on his lap, and gave her the little bell to ring. Slowly she told her story. Mummy, who was so sick, had said there wasn't any Santa Claus this year. Babs took care of Mummy. She didn't know how to get home.

"I think I had better see if we can't find your Mummy," Santa Claus declared. "She's probably worried about you. You aren't afraid to come with me, are you?"

"Oh, no," Babs answered trustingly, and carried the bell while he put away the big red box.

They found the right neighborhood with no great difficulty. Babs insisted that Santa Claus come in, "to show Mummy there really is a Santa Claus," and he agreed. Then things began happening. There was a doctor, and a nurse, and Babs must be quiet, and mustn't see Mummy—not for days. Through it all Santa Claus kept coming back, only without the beard or red suit.

Until Christmas, that is, and then he came dressed as she had

seen him first, even to the little bell, and with a big red box full of toys for her. And as an even grander present, he said that Mummy was well enough to sit up.

He was very tender to Mummy, and carried her gently to the big chair that was ready for her. Babs was sure that Mummy looked prettier than she had ever seen her. Oh, it was such a Merry Christmas! If it could only last!

"My," said Babs, "I wish you could stay here forever."

And the Santa Claus man answered very gravely, "Thank you, Babs. There's nothing I should like better."

But he wasn't looking at Babs. It was more as though he were talking to Mummy.

Modern Gabriel

"Mah bredren," said a negro preacher, "when yo' hears Gabriel sound his horn, yo' wants to be ready to jump."

"Mah goodness!" excitedly exclaimed one of the congregation, "am he comin' in an automobile?"

More than 43,000,000 Americans have NOT lost their regular jobs; they have NOT stopped buying food, clothing, cars, movie seats and radios.

About 44,000 thunderstorms occur daily throughout the world.

Keeping Your Eyes Open

How can you contribute more to your job than the next fellow?

There are, of course, many ways, but there is one which some men never consider. And it can best be summed up in the form of a question:

Are you, when you are working, constantly alert to look for ways of making your job easier and more efficient?

No matter how efficient any operation is, the chances are that some improvement is possible. The history of industry's progress in making better products and more of them is to a large extent the history of such improvements—most of them small in themselves, but the sum total of their contribution staggering the imagination.

A man can display interest in his work no more evidently than by showing he has studied it closely enough to see what is wrong with it. Interest in your work can be your passport to a better job. So don't forget—

Look for ways to make your job easier and more efficient. Everyone concerned will profit from your interest—you most of all!

Sixty-eight adjustments are made on a torpedo before firing.

HINTS ON MAKING BETTER PICTURES

Blanketeer Editor Compelled to Refuse Many Photographs Because of Defects

In the past year we have been compelled to refuse to use any number of pictures submitted by the readers of the Blanketeer that we would have liked very much to have used. The reason for this is the fact that many of them were not suitable for reproduction on print, due to the fact that they were out of focus and fuzzy looking, or too small and would not stand pulling up to the proper size for a cut. Others were so filled up with unnecessary material that the main subject was lost in a maze of background entanglements.

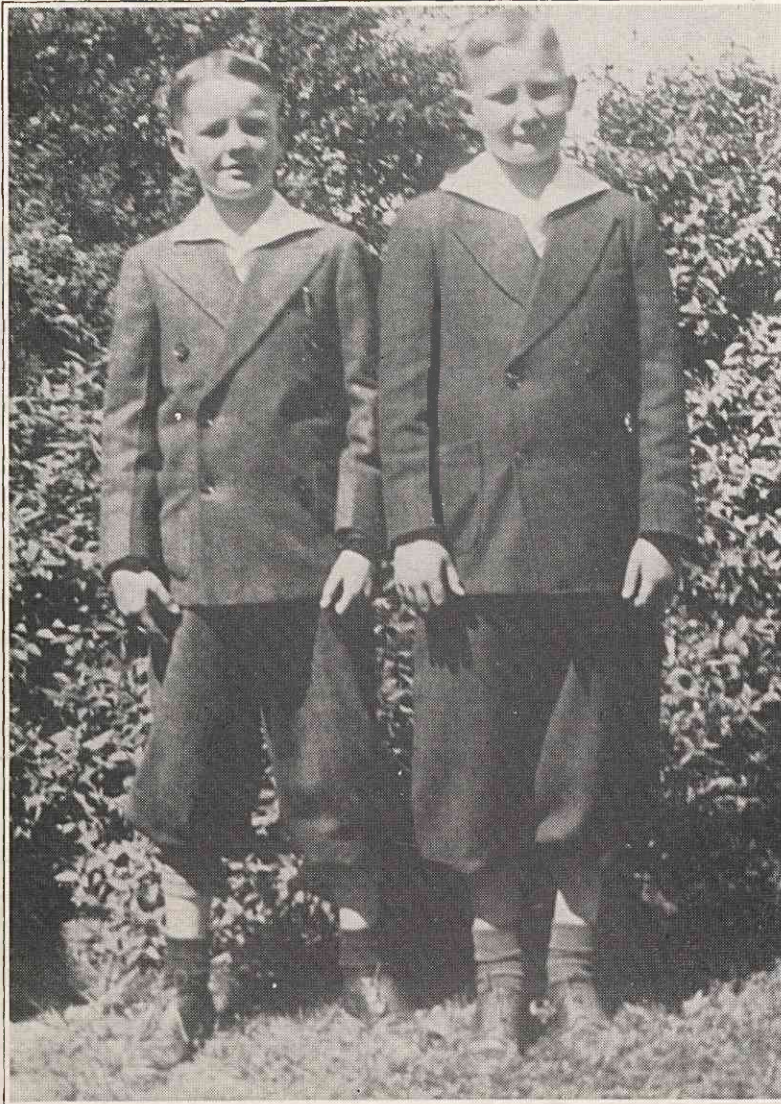
With this in view for better pictures for our paper for the next year, let us pass on to you a few suggestions that will help the editor very much in getting the material that she wants, and of course material that she needs very much to make the paper of greater service to all of the readers.

First of all the success of a picture, whether it be great or small, depends upon a little planning, before it is snapped. If you are planning to send in a picture, and we sincerely hope that you send in many of them, then plan the type of picture that you would like to have printed of your family, or the children, or whatever the subject may be. Do not include in the picture anything except the subject itself and the smallest amount of background, in other words, don't try to get a picture of your baby and 300 yards of picket fence in the same picture, save the fence for some other time, and let us have a picture of the baby, against a plain background, one of our CHATHAM BLANKETS can't be beat for this. If it is a small child you are photographing, then fold down part of the blanket and let the child sit on it and hang the balance up behind, for the background. Try to get as close as the minimum focusing distance will allow, for the type of camera you are using. With the box, or fixed focus camera, about six or seven feet is O. K.

Another important aid to better pictures, is just this, DO NOT TRY TO POSE your subjects, especially children. Give them something to play with, or to divert their attention from the photographer, and then watch for the expression that you want, then shoot, and not until then.

Always be sure that you have plenty of light, let it fall on the subjects from above and to one

Jonesville Youngsters



Oscar (Ott), 11, and Billy, 10, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar (Ott) Boles, of Jonesville. Mr. Boles is employed in the Picker Room of the Elkin plant.

side, so that faces will not be chalky white in the final print.

If you are working with pets, or other animals, picture them in their natural tricks or habits. They do not know any more about posing than you do, so forget about the posing, take them as they are in their every day habits or play.

In dressing a subject for a picture, leave off all the finery and wraps that is possible, dress them simply and with plain costumes. Watch for personal expression, rather than dolled up stiffness, and let our readers see your subjects in real life as they really are, with all the childish enchantment that you are accustomed to seeing, and chances are we will share that enchantment with you.

A great man in photography once said, "Strive to see how much you can leave OUT of a picture, rather than to see how much you can get INTO a picture," and we think there is the

secret of a lot of our picture trouble.

The staff photographer for the Blanketeer is ready and willing to assist or advise you as far as is in his power to do so to help you with planning your pictures, or any other information or advice that you may desire in relation to pictures for the Blanketeer.

RICHARD LOVERING, JR. IS HURT IN ACCIDENT

Richard Lovering, Jr., who has been employed in our office for the past two years, was seriously injured at Pinehurst December 11 when his automobile left the road, crashed into a tree and turned over.

Mr. Lovering sustained a fractured skull and fractured ribs and was unconscious when found and carried to the Moore County hospital.

Latest advices from Pinehurst are to the effect that Mr. Lovering is much improved and is making satisfactory recovery.

BE THE BEST

If you can't be a pine on the top of a hill,
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a bush, be a bit of the grass,
Some highway some happier make.
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—
But the liveliest bass in the lake!
We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew;
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the near.
If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

WHAT WAS THE SON?

A man and his son were courting a woman and her daughter. The father was courting the daughter and the son was courting the mother. The father married the daughter and the son married the mother. Therefore the father practically became the son-in-law of his son, he being married to the woman's daughter, who also became the daughter of her husband's son. The mother became the daughter of her daughter, simply because she married the man's son. The daughter became the mother of her mother because she married the boy's father. The son being the father of his father of course became his own grandfather.

Mark Twain's Doubles

Mark Twain often received photographs from men whose friends had made them believe that they looked like him. Discovering that his house was beginning to run over with pictures of these aspirants to fame, Mark determined to relieve himself of the burden of answering the heavy correspondence, and so had his printer strike off a few hundred copies of the following form letter:

"My Dear Sir: I thank you very much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are certainly more like me than any other of my numerous doubles. I may even say that you resemble me even more closely than I do myself. In fact, I intend to use your picture to shave by."