

## The Chatham Blanketeer

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## First Aid Department

The First Aid Room was established in the Elkin Mill on June 20, 1932. It is a decided improvement over the many departmental First Aid kits. Formerly first aid was rendered in each department by inexperienced people. This proved very unsatisfactory. The authorities of the company decided that a first aid room would be a benefit to the company.

The purpose of our first aid is not only to protect the physical well being of the employees but to teach and install the practice of cleanliness thruout the mill. The room is equipped with a hospital bed, operating table, standard medicine cabinet, instrument sterilizer, hot and cold water. The room is divided into three sections, waiting room, treatment room and bed room. Each room has sufficient air and light space, thus making it very comfortable for the patients.

Since this has been established it has rendered aid to 4,242 patients; out of this number only 70 were treated by the company physician. Due to this fact the insurance rate has been lowered considerably. Each summer a clinic is held for typhoid vaccine. The employees receive this vaccine free of charge.

The state health officer visited this department a short time ago and upon his departure remarked that our mill hospital ranked with the best in the state and stood out as conclusive evidence of the fine attitude our employers have toward their employees.

Dr. H. L. Johnson, well known surgeon of Hugh Chatham Memorial Hospital, is the company doctor, and is liked by all the employees. Miss Ohna Bates, graduate nurse of the City Hospital of Winston-Salem, is in charge of the First Aid Room, and is well known here, where

## TELLS OF FIRST VISIT TO MILL

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assigned, seemed tremendously large and spacious. Despite the number of spinning frames, humming away and the many workers, hauling bobbins, bringing in roping, etc., nothing seemed the least bit crowded. The cleanliness of the place struck me very forcibly. I had imagined it to be, as many factories are said to be, dusty, unkept, and somewhat dirty, but this was a different picture. It was as clean and fresh in appearance as many of our homes. Later I came to know just why this appearance can always be noted in the spinning room. It is not unusual to see "Dusky Bill" and his other kindred brothers of the "Night" pushing a mop and pail of water around on these floors. Everyone seemed to be working along at an easy, harmonious pace, not rushing, yet doing the job well. At that time and now, after some time with the Company, there appeared to me to be a feeling of cheerfulness and contentment in the air. The employees, each of them, are confident that Mr. Chatham, Mr. Neaves and all connected with the administration of the Mill have their interest first and foremost in their hearts. The understanding and tact that every foreman uses in their contact with the employees is evidence of the feeling handed down to them from the owner and those in charge. Somehow that very thing made a tremendous and I might say most favorable impression upon me at the very start. In my opinion, which of course accounts for little, this alone is an imminent factor in the success which Chatham Mfg. Co. has enjoyed even in these terrible depression days which we hope are on the tail end of their visit here.

Naturally each department of the Mill made its impression as I had the opportunity of moving and working in them but my space does not permit that all of these be told. Many individuals in the Mill made interesting, amusing, sad, pathetic impressions that I wish I might have been allowed the space to tell of some of these perhaps at a later issue—Yes—However, I can't forget my first impression of Fred Neaves, as he lumbered in and stared at me, and Brother Jess Powers as he hustled in with his springy gate, squinting at me through his specs—I shall not forget those two—as they said in unison—"Well, what the devil are you doing here?"

she nursed for several years before accepting this position and is well qualified for this work.

## COMPANY DOING PART, SAYS LEWIS

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any other industrial plant or business concern in these parts, with the employees receiving full benefit of the company's superb skill of management and quality of product. Even when the staunch organization did begin the strain of the economic crisis they pressed on, the public opinion being at times that they were operating at a loss in order that we, their employees, might be cared for to the fullest measures they could possibly provide in those distressing times.

But now we are all confident that the worst is over and we see better things ahead. We know that the company IS doing its part by providing shorter hours and higher wages for the people they employ. The first step has been taken without any delay and brought to us in the form of a gratifying wage increase. The second step, which is now in progress, is the joining of the emergency code, which affords even greater advantages. In addition to this I might add that our friend and social worker recently stated that after visiting several plants of this type she has arrived at the conclusion that there is none that has the interest of their employees as much at heart as does our own company.

In closing I would like to say that I feel sure the company WILL do its part. All that is necessary to confirm that fact is the words of our beloved president in a recent issue of The Blanketeer, in which he stated that with our cooperation and support the company would continue to help us and to serve us as we serve them. With reference once more to the words of the foreman may I say that although we have our trials and mishaps and things look dull sometimes, if we really do our part the company will stand by us and fulfill theirs. I only hope and trust, and the foreman with me, that we all feel and show our appreciation to the fullest extent to our gracious and helpful employers.

—HENRY LEWIS.

Margaret: "I hear your boy friend wants to settle down and build a home."

Bernice: "Well, he has a good start, I gave him the gate last night."

"Sheb Transou says he is glad to report that he has at last succeeded in getting Mr. Murray's and Mr. Banner's inspecting machines to run at the same rate of speed. He hopes there won't be any more hard feelings."

## BETTER TIMES

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all Chatham employees to practice thrift during the better times we hope and expect to have. In the lives of all of us during good or bad times, occasions will arise when a little ready cash which we may have prudently saved, will take care of an unfortunate circumstance or enable us to take advantage of an opportunity which may present itself. The importance of thriftiness is deserving of a separate article and if Miss Austin affords me the opportunity may have something to say about it in a later issue.

## Our Blanketeer

They say Walter Winchell's line  
 Is right up to snuff;  
 But I don't think so much  
 Of his broadcasting stuff.

I would rather read our  
 Blanketeer  
 And be right up to date;  
 Instead of listening to Winchell  
 And learning movie star's fate.

There's real things in our  
 Blanketeer  
 And some peppy nonsense too  
 You also get some good old laugh  
 And not just movie hokey-hokey.

Now don't you think our Blanketeer  
 Blanketeer book  
 Takes first place among the  
 all?  
 So let's turn the dial on Winchell  
 And grab our Blanketeer and  
 a cozy nook.

—LEWYER PENNELL  
 Rug Dept.

Pluma—"Sakes alive, I don't believe no woman could be so fat."

Ruth—"What are you reading now, Pluma?"

Pluma—"Why, this paper tells about an English woman who lost two thousand pounds."

George Hines took Gladys Scott for a buggy ride, out to the Ranch and four miles out in the country, the horse dropped dead.

"Oh, dear, sighed Gladys, and I'm so tired."

"Suppose I give you a nice kiss," said George, that will put new life in you."

"In that case, said Gladys, you had better kiss the horse."

Mae: "I'm so happy, dearest, just think what this engagement ring you gave me means."

Smith: "Yes, I'm thinking ten dollars a month for the next three years."

El: "How would you like to fill my shoes?"

Hall: "With some kind of odorant."