

The Chatham Blanketeer

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Christmas Eve

I have heard this strange old story,
 That now on Christmas Eve,
 The Christ child seeks the children,
 Sweet tale I would believe.

Although they do not see him,
 Their hearts are full of peace,
 Where'er the Christ child lingers,
 All wrong and anger cease.

Glad is the heart He enters,
 But sad where He is not,
 And where He loves to linger
 Must be a favored spot.

The Angel's Song

'Tis not of Santa Claus I think
 When Christmas Day draws nigh,
 But of the Babe in manger low
 And Angels in the sky.

And of that song so sweet and dear,
 To which we say "amen,"
 "Peace on earth, on earth sweet peace,
 Good will unto all men.

And though I am so young and small,
 I'll try with glad good will
 To spread the song the angels sang,
 When all the world was still.

Then let us now, this day, begin
 To tell the world again,
 "Peace, peace on earth forevermore,
 And sweet good will to men.

The Pursuit of Happiness

Why it is that many people find happiness while a much greater number under the same conditions fail to secure it—none of us can accurately explain. Perhaps, the fact that happi-

Oh-h-h, Here Comes Santa Again!!



ness comes mostly from the state of mind is a good answer. Individual desires vary to such extremes that it is impossible for ones mind to keep the same viewpoint. What we think will bring happiness today—we find that tomorrow upon gaining it—that it does not fulfil expectations. There is always something else we need before becoming happy.

Therefore, the greatest degree of actual happiness seems to come from the pursuit of happiness itself. The many desires of man, such as the acquiring of money, seeking to triumph, living for others, gratifying of one's vanity, and many well known desires of man are more or less "rainbows." It is the seeking of these desires, the work and toil of it, the trouble and sorrow of it, the joy and excitement of it, that makes life interesting. Those of us that know what we want and know when we attain it may be termed truly happy.

Character

Someone has very truthfully said that Character is what you really are and that Reputation is what people think about you. I am sure that we are all concerned about what people think about Chatham Manufacturing Company, as well as what Chatham Manufacturing Company really is. It is true that a corporation does not have all the

attributes of a natural person, its character will be more limited than that of a natural person, but inevitably it will acquire a character, just as an individual does. The people who visit our plants go away with some idea of what the character of the Company is. We make the character as well as the reputation, our visitors and friends go away and tell just what it is, whether good or bad, and whether it be the character of the Company or an individual, it is not an accident—it is not something that happens—it is something that must be earned. Its nature is such that it must grow slowly and gradually. The character of any Company must be the outgrowth of the enormous aggregate of its individual transactions covering a period of measured years.

In the same way a public utility will be found out; the public will without question find it out. If it is in fact courteous, if it is in fact fair, if it is in fact honest, it is absolutely impossible to prevent the public from knowing this.

DOING HER CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Coy: "What is the price of this embroidered skirt!"

Clerk: "Madam, you'll find the skirts on the next table—that which you have is a new crepe collar."

Strive To Do Efficient Work

We are proud of the record, the Chatham Blanket Mill has made, By making blankets of a very high grade. Chatham Blankets are very popular, both far and near, Because they are made with the best of care. They have had a policy and have it still, That they must be done right before they leave the mill.

All the employees are made to understand, That this requires efficient work of each hand, That whatever place we are to fill, Must be done right or we leave the Mill.

We dare not do bad work and hope to get by, As good work is what keeps our standard high. We have foremen that work day and night, To see that the work is all done right. So, we, the employees must keep in mind That efficient work is the only kind.

Our task may seem worthless and very small, But it must be done right or the standard will fall. We must not think only of pay day and our check, But doing good work and the Company's respect.

So try to make the very best blankets we possibly can, So they will always be in good demand. Strive to hold the high standard they have held in the past, And this will help our jobs to last.

If we want the good work to go on as heretofore, We must make good blankets and help make it go. But if we don't want to work and want to stop, Just do bad work and it will soon go flop.

We want to make it go, without a doubt, When we think of the people the Mill helps out. So let's work together in an efficient way, And keep it running both night and day.

—T. Verne Cockerham.

Life is something like a laundry. You get out of it what you put in, but somewhat the worse for wear.