

The Chatham Blanketeer

Editor-in-Chief.....Claudia Austin

Assistant Editors } Charlie Calhoun
Bob Lankford

Business Mgr.....Robert Hartness

Club Editors..... } Linda Fishel
Juanita Billings

REPORTERS

Weaving.....Tessie Stinson
Spinning & Carding

Dorothy Penfield

Wool Dept.....Ola Teal

Shop, Dye House.....Mary Brown

Spooling & Burling

Orabelle Wagoner

Napping & Washing

Esther Norman

Finishing Dept.

Gypsy Smitherman

Spinning Dept.....Vera Briggs

Old Mill.....Sherman Newman

Winston Office.....Roxie Bowen

Elkin Office.....Marjorie Greenwood

Night Force.....Dawson Cozart

A Good Word For A Mother-In-Law

Did you hear "Amos" the other night when he made that fine plea for the mother-in-law? He said it would be so much better if we could just forget that word "in-law" and think of her as "mother", for it was the in-law element that caused the trouble. She was somebody's mother and she might be doing her best to be a mother in the trying situation. It would be fine if all the mothers-in-law could be looked upon as mothers and not in-laws.

Among the features of the radio that grow more distasteful to many people is the disposition of the minstrel element to restrict their joking to two things, liquor and mothers-in-law. There seldom is a time when they try to get funny with their would-be jokes that they do not take a coarse, stale fling at the mother-in-law. It is so crude and so painfully overdone that it is not funny to multitudes. If they cannot find another subject about which to joke they ought to just give us a rest.

It is time for somebody to rise up and speak a good word for a mother-in-law. She needs more sympathy than she often gets. She has lost a son or a daughter, and in too many cases she is no longer "MOTHER" but "MOTHER-IN-LAW", and it must pain the heart of many a mother to change in the consideration of people from a mother to a mother-in-law. It is hard for many mothers to adjust themselves to that change. It breaks up the very foundation of their lives. Of course many times she is to blame and may not be willing to do her part in the adjustment and in

taking the place the inevitable change thrust upon her.

But what a fine thing it would be if the idea of our good friend "Amos" would work and instead of getting a mother-in-law in a family it would be just getting another mother. For there is a vast difference between a MOTHER AND A MOTHER-IN-LAW. In the meantime let's change our joking. If we can't get something else to make fun of just leave off a while and look silly and say nothing. We are worn thread-bare with MOTHER-IN-LAW jokes, that are not jokes, and not even funny.

Death Claims Mrs. Griffith

On Thursday, May 31st, the death angel visited the local hospital and claimed for his own Mrs. S. A. Foster's good mother, Mrs. Griffith. She had been in declining health for several months, her condition growing worse the past two weeks.

Mrs. Griffith was born May 15, 1864, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hile Money, of Yadkin. She was married 48 years ago to Mr. John Griffith. To this union was born seven children. She is also survived by 26 grandchildren and 25 great-grand children. Mrs. Griffith was a member of the Saddle Mountain Baptist church. She was a devoted Christian woman and her presence will be greatly missed in the community in which she lived. The funeral services were held Friday from the Saddle Mountain Baptist church, at two-thirty, with Rev. George Johnson and Rev. Early Jordon in charge.

A precious one from us is gone,
The one we loved so well.
A place is vacant in our home,
Which never can be filled.

Five Ages of Man

Someone has very aptly defined the five ages of man, and here they are:

"Daddy, I know how to do everything," said the little boy of five.

"What I don't know isn't worth knowing," said the young man of twenty.

"Well, anyway, I do know my trade from A to Z." said the man of thirty-five.

"There are very few matters, I am sorry to say, that I am really quite sure about," said the man of fifty.

"I have learned a bit, but not much, since I was born; but knowledge is so vast that one cannot become wise in a short lifetime," said the man of sixty-five.
—Selected.

PROGRESS

I have known the Chatham Blanket Mill, since just a lad,
When I used to come to Elkin with my dad.

Back in those days they didn't make blankets in such a big way,

Uncle Bill Masten did the hauling on a little red dray.

I have watched it grow all these years in the past,
Now they have a plant that among the best is classed.

They make blankets more extensively in these modern days,
And show more interest in their employees in many ways.

If we get hurt or sick, while working in the mill,
The First Aid will dress our wounds or give us a pill.

If we need further attention after the examination is made,
We are sent to the Chatham hospital by the Mutual Aid.

There we are cared for in every way,
And if we are members in good standing, our bills they will pay.

If we decide there they cannot handle our case,
They will help pay our expenses at another place.

If we want to pitch horseshoes, play tennis or volley ball,
We have a nice play ground fixed for the benefit of all.
Of all the games that we play,
Volley is taking the day.

I have been informed that J. L. Powers is in the lead,
He fights that ball hard, and he has got speed.
When he clamps his right hand around the wrist,
He is sure to slap it or hit it with his fist.

Mr. Dortch plays exceedingly well,
But to come up with Powers, he must practice a spell.

If you want to see or play a game of ball while away from the mill,
We have a good ball park at the foot of the hill.

The girls have an L. H. C. Club that is very fine,
As it encourages progressiveness and trains the mind.

We, the employees should appreciate the interest they take,
And do our very best a good hand to make.

—T. Verne Cockerham.

THESE COOKS

Annie Gray: "Cal, will you watch these pancakes and not let them burn?"

Cal: "Sure."

Annie Gray: (A few seconds later) "Cal, what on earth are you doing?"

Cal: "I'm stirring these pancakes to keep them from burning."



Mrs. Storey Honored At Dinner

Complimenting Mrs. Robert Storey, of Knoxville, Tenn., formerly Miss Naomi Gilliam, of Jonesville, Mrs. Hugh Brannon and Miss Elizabeth Brannon entertained at a delightful dinner party at their home Saturday evening.

The lovely table was centered with a bowl of pink roses and tall green candlesticks held pink tapers, carrying out in detail a color scheme of pink and green. Covers were placed for six, all of whom were members of the honoree's graduating class. They were as follows: Mrs. Storey, honoree; Mrs. John Mayberry, Jr., Mrs. Odell Church, Miss Elizabeth Underwood, Miss Elizabeth Brannon and Mrs. Hugh Brannon.

Mrs. Rema Day and Lloyd Pardue Share Honors On Their Birthdays

Sunday, June 10th, a delightful surprise birthday dinner was given in honor of Mrs. Rema Day and Lloyd Pardue, whose birthdays happen to come on the same day. The dinner was given at the home of Loyd Pardue in East Elkin, and was prepared by Mrs. Pardue and Clyde Day.

The table was one long affair and the dinner was served buffet style. The center of the table was decorated with two huge two-tier birthday cakes, one with 27 candles and the other with 37 candles. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Free Pardue, Mr. and Mrs. Noah Darnell, Mr. and G. E. Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Bauguss, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Osborne, and most all the members of the L. H. C. Club No. 2.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT (Grand Dad Is Young Again)

Mrs. Curtis Couch, of the Elkin Mill has reasons to be proud of her grandfather, Mr. W. A. Adams of Pineville, W. Va., who was 91 years of age his last birthday. He gave the younger generation a sample of his youth by walking 32 miles to purchase a cow on his 91st birthday. Mrs. Couch remembers the family reunion on his seventy-fifth birthday when he was feeble enough to walk with a cane and wear glasses. These he has since discarded. He didn't realize that he would be living in such high spirits when the Blue Eagle became boss.

Wife (angrily to her drunken husband): "I suppose you expect me to believe you came straight home from the office."

He: "Sure I did (hic); I came home just like the crow flies."

She: "So I see. Stopping frequently for a little corn."