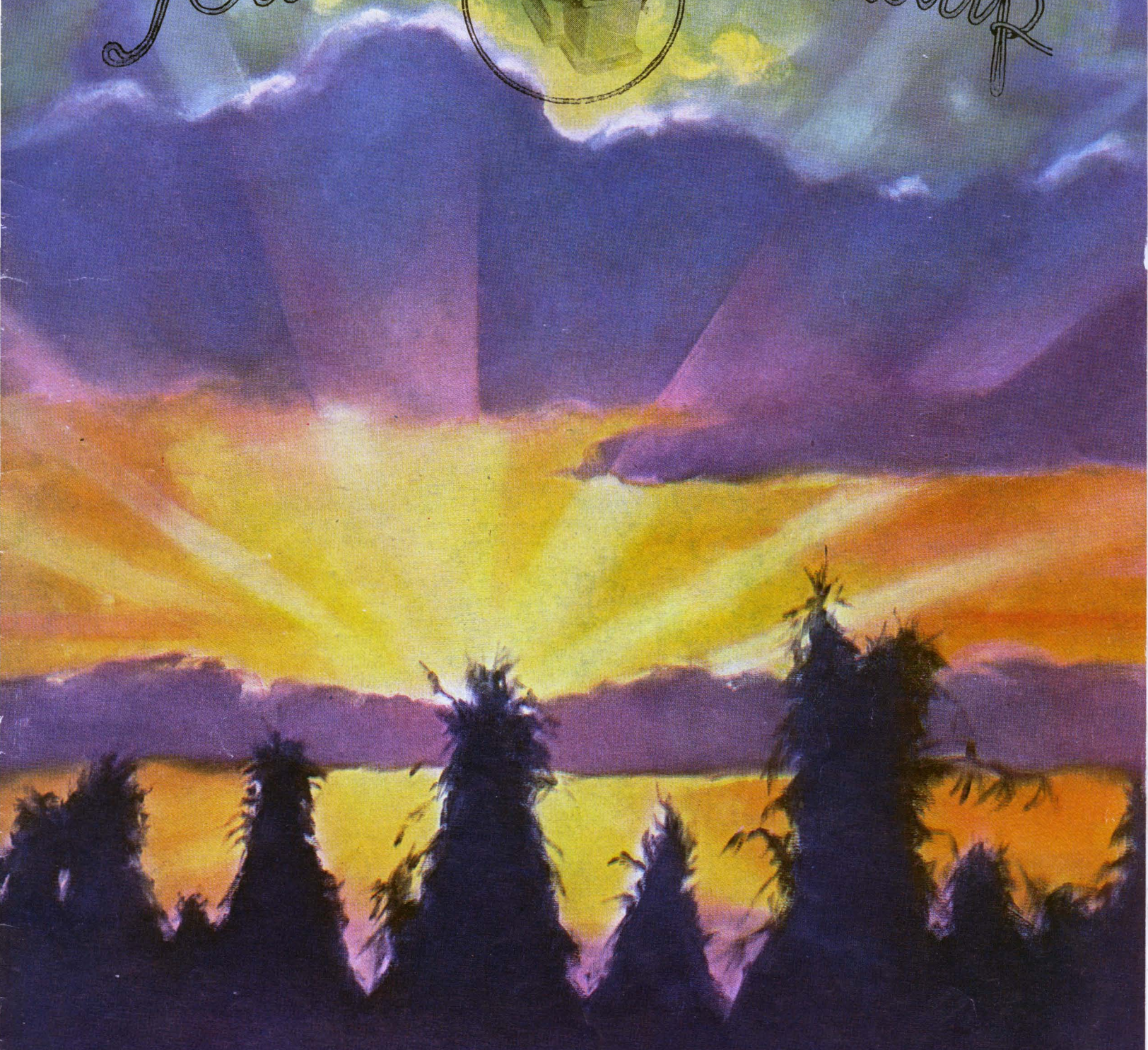
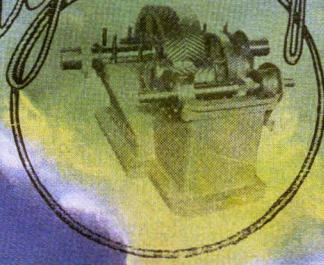


THE *Foundry Roundup*



November, 1946

Vol. 3 • No. 11

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The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly for
Employees and Their Families

of
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, Editor



Comments . . .

from the
PRESIDENT'S DESK

(NOTE: Statements or remarks in this column are the personal views of one employee to another and are not necessarily the policy of the company and must not be so considered.)



Most of you know my sentiments on labor relations and particularly on the union issue, collective bargaining, etc. Last week I offered a resolution at the meeting of the East Texas Chamber of Commerce, and you probably noticed it in some of the papers, especially the Lufkin Daily News editorial of Sunday, November 10.

On my return, one of our fellows asked, "Why are you against the Wagner Act; your employees have not been interested; it has not affected them or the company, and some of your employees may be wondering why you should be agitating the repeal of the act?"

That is a proper question, and I am thankful we have escaped the most senseless fight against industry; a fight that has created a condition of chaos, of bitterness and hate, that will take years to eradicate, if ever.

But this one-sided act has affected our employees and the company, indirectly of course, and before this is over, it will likely mean further financial loss, due to the lack of material shortages caused by this year's strikes.

We have saved ourselves so far by ordering "double," but that is playing out. We live on allocations only. We have a big order file; one we cannot possibly fill for lack of steel allocated by the crackpots in Washington to certain building industries exclu-

sively, which have more than they need. That is planned economy. Threatened strikes in coal and steel will likely close us down, and you and your families will feel it.

It is these strikes of a year ago that are causing most of the trouble today. The resolution that was submitted to the East Texas Chamber of Commerce is not at all new. It is being passed in many associations all over the country, and, further, even the workmen of this country, themselves, are fed up on strikes and poor leadership, because the Republican majority of November 5 could not have been made without labor's help. There has been much complaint about the Wagner Act, but no one has offered anything constructive in its place. The resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved that the East Texas Chamber of Commerce believes that the one-sided Wagner Act should be repealed, with all its subsequent decisions, bureaucratic rules, and regulations, in the interest of both labor and industry. Also, that in its place a more equitable law should be enacted defining management and making labor organizations subject to law, making them responsible morally and financially in the same manner that is required of industry. That the right to strike be withdrawn definitely on all government, state, and municipal works of every description and that the right to strike in private industry be operative only after every effort of conciliation has failed, and then only after every employee has been properly appraised of both sides of the issue and the strike vote taken in a true democratic manner, every employee participating regardless of union affiliation."

In the first place let me say that I do not advocate any punitive labor legislation that many are now asking for. The matter should be very carefully considered. Labor unions somehow must be fitted into the normal life of the American people, providing, of course, that coercion of the individual cannot and must not be tolerated and that no man and no group can live outside the law in a realm of power based on political blackmail. This end can be accomplished.

The new law should determine the right to strike and as Charles E. Wilson recently said, "the time has come when we must, not as business men but as citizens, examine and define that word 'strike.' It has been said for a

long time that nothing must deprive labor of the right to strike. But if today we mean by 'strike' such a situation as the Pittsburgh power strike, the maritime strikes, the New York tug-boat and truckmen's strikes, and the threatened strikes of transportation workers, then labor has no right, any more than any group has a right to starve, endanger, or destroy the society of which it is a part."

I made the statement to our foremen the other day in a meeting that it was my belief that 90 per cent of the workmen in America are quite sound in their ideas and want to do the right thing. They want to produce. The other 10 per cent are the radicals who are in control of the unions. Most of you know that only a few people attend the meetings. They are the ones that are keenly interested. Frequently, they are zealots. Unionism or socialism or communism, whatever it is, centers right in their brains, and that is why we have had such radical labor leadership. That is why the public changed the administration. They were tired of government maladministration.

The public does not know that ten years before the Wagner Act was passed, the years 1925 to 1935, we had 11,857 strikes involving five million people. Now the act was supposed to prevent strikes and bring happiness between employer and employee. Yet between 1935 and 1945, there were more than 38,900 strikes involving forty-nine million people, costing billions and billions of dollars to employees as well as to industry, to say nothing about the loss to the public.

I have always studied this union movement carefully. I would like to see some advantages in it, but, under the present system of leadership, I can only see trouble for all concerned.

If every employee of the plant could only see himself a businessman doing his part of the job efficiently, promoting ideas for better production. In some plants they are trying out this scheme; workers themselves prod the time wasters more effectively than foremen ever did. They tried to eliminate the non-producer, thereby increasing their own bonus.

One of the magazines recently gave a report on such a company, where a bonus of approximately \$200 for every three months was realized. Of course, the concern just made one item, but, nevertheless, the principle is sound and good.

■ Continued on page 10

Luncheon Menu:

Rattlesnake Steaks Served Well-Done

Rattlesnake steaks were the menu for a day, and were served by J. D. Edwards and Pat (Wild-eyed) Durham, according to the information passed out by the boys. That snake, so they say, was 5½ feet long and weighed 18½ pounds. Let's see, at 60 cents per pound, that gives those boys \$11.10 for the day's hunt. Not bad—not bad.

"Wild-eyed" Durham did a pretty smart thing when he brought the snake in to get Rosser to snap the picture before it was chopped into steaks. Durham has been telling mighty tall tales about the numerous "monsters" he has seen around town (not on the river!) and most of the fellows were just a bit leery of the truth of these stories. But this picture now offers proof positive; no other snake-catcher can make this statement; yes, proof positive!

Ah, well, anyway, the boys better not be so quick to doubt "Wild-eyed" when he says he has been seeing some pink elephants. He put out a warning that the first guy who disbelieves it, will be made a present of one from the next herd he runs into. Seeing as how this picture proves his point concerning the snake, I, for one, will take him at his word—since I don't have any storage space for an elephant!



TRAILER PLANT NAMES

The Trailer Division is not made up of desert land alone; we have *Ragland, Kirkland, Copeland, Neyland, and Moreland.*

If you are interested in horses, we would like to inform you that we do not have any trotters, but we have a *Walker* and can furnish a *Driver* for any occasion.

This plant is not made up of old folks, because we have a *Young Mann* and also a *Ladd.*

You can easily see that the Trailer Division is always prepared because we have an established *Garrison.*

You have probably noticed that the Division does not have a porch, but in it you will find a long *Hall.*

To you sportsmen who intend to *Hunt a Buck* in the *Woods* within the next few *Weeks,* come to see us for your gun repairs. We have plenty of *Smiths.*

I would like to inform you that we do not paint all trailers red; some of them are painted *Green, Brown, and White.*



THE SHORTAGE OF BEEF and bacon are no concern to J. D. Edwards and Pat "Wild-eyed" Durham. They'll settle for Rattlesnake steaks.

All of us cannot afford to build a *Castle* in the *Forrest,* beside the *Brooks* nor near *Burke.* But if you can afford it, fine. We will be glad to furnish a *Cook, a Baker, a Page, and a Roach.*

I hope this has been *Short* enough not to have been a *Burden* for you to *Read.*



Ten Lathe Shop Men Score Scrapless Month

Heartiest congratulations are in order to ten lathe shop men. Foreman Rhobie White reports that ten of his crew came through October with no scrap marked up against them, which is a record that merits praise. The men are H. H. Thompson, Pete Largent, Grady Campbell, George Haygood, H. S. Williamson, S. L. Denman, J. T. McDonald, Jack Chastain, L. D. Parrish, and C. L. Beck.

If there were any chicken, these men ought to be treated to a chicken dinner.



Firesiders Meeting Surprises Hostess

The Firesiders Club met with a surprised hostess, Irene Parker, November 12. The meeting had originally been scheduled at the home of Oneta Haygood. After a friendly get-together, the group visited Katy Harris; then trekked to Joe's Steak House for dinner.

Attending the meeting were Mildred Walton, Hazel Rhodes, Oneta Haygood, Irene Parker, Noma Jones, Estel Sturrock, Ruth Eddington, Wandell Card, Eula Mae Pickard, and Kathryn Harris.

Pat on the Back

Southwestern Department
HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
 Dallas 1, Texas
 October 22, 1946

Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company,
 Lufkin, Texas.

Gentlemen:

The report of our Safety Engineer, Mr. H. C. Roch, covering his recent service call in connection with your Auto Fleet Coverage reveals that conditions at your establishment are in such good order that he has no recommendations for safety improvement at this time.

It is a well known fact that the attitude of employees toward accident prevention activities is mostly a reflection of management's attitude toward such things. We commend you for your interest in safety because it is obvious that the prevention of accidents has been emphasized to your people.

Although we will make our calls at periodic intervals, we want you to let us know any time we can be of additional assistance in the control of accidents.

Yours very truly,
 (Signed) B. L. Downing,
 Safety Engineering Department.



An important official who was visiting an insane asylum made a telephone call but had difficulty in getting his number. Finally, in exasperation, he shouted to the operator: "Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"

"No," she replied calmly, "but I know where you are."

ABOUT THAT *Idea*

By FRED NELSON

It looks as if our harping on the fact that you fellows should be turning in more suggestions is reaping a pretty fair harvest. Since our drive started some three months ago, the number of suggestions coming in each month has nearly doubled. Before we get so optimistic, however, I would like to add that this number still is not sufficient. We know you guys can beat this. So how about throwing them in the boxes about the plant and collecting some of this easy money? And for the benefit of the boys in the Welding Shop, there is a box being prepared for your department, so you won't have so far to walk to submit yours.

Here are the winners for the November judging:

G. L. Barrett—\$20—Assembly line technique for Trailer Division.

J. C. Boyd—\$20—Steel balls for Big Wheel Press.

C. L. Beck—\$20—Chamfer winch worm gears.

W. J. Buschman—\$20—Suggested casting improvement.

H. H. Thompson—\$15—End Pin Boxes casted solid.

Bob Butler—\$10—Fixture for facing 3B Groove Sheaves.

John M. Copeland—\$4—Move large shear in Trailer Plant.

J. B. Adams—\$4—Dry Kiln for welding rods.

H. P. Hellberg—\$4—Off set air brake pipe on trailers.

R. B. Smith—\$4—Brackets for brake lines on trailers.

C. J. Johnson—\$4—Chucking lugs for all brass.

W. C. Athey—\$4—Chamfer bores on Beam Balls and Center Irons.

Les Neyland—\$4—Positioner Cutting Jig for 1½" U bends.

C. J. Wilson—\$4—Signs for gas master valves.

Joe Hulsman—\$4—Surface grinder fixture.

J. R. Neal—\$4—Boards to lay over finished shafts to handle with hooks.

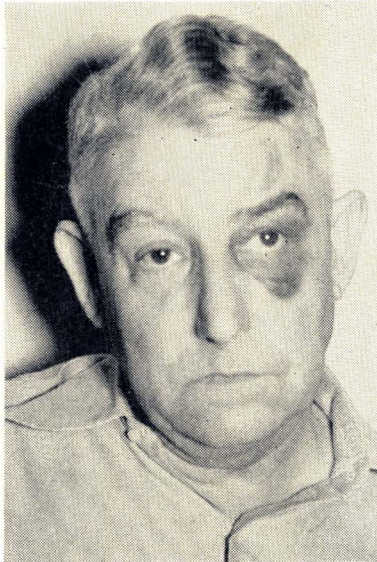
Jimmie Nash—\$4—Revised seat for blue birds.

R. E. Wilson—\$4—Rings to lay under cutters to even height.

R. F. Raspberry—\$4—Suggest planing core plates.

J. C. Boyd—\$3—Curtain around welding in Joe Storey's department.

V. V. Largent—\$2.50—Arbor for facing ends of sprocket.



SOME MEN GO HUNTING and some men go fishing, while others just go looking around. As to what Uncle Arch did on Thanksgiving 3 years ago, you might consult him—but don't let him hand you that line about revolving doors or stray footballs.



V. V. Largent—\$2.50—Change drawing A5815.

W. F. Watterson—\$1—Light at Trailer Paint House.

C. A. Thompson—\$1—Alarm at Trailer Supply Room.

W. M. Campbell—\$1—Heater at new foundry watchman shack.

W. M. Campbell—\$1—Wearing of buttons coming through gate and lights on trailer yard.

A. G. Colburn—\$1—Same size handle bars for push buggies in Welding Shop.

H. R. Lewis—\$1—Change pattern number on bearing carriers.

H. W. Ragland—\$1—Barrel hooks.

J. R. Ament—\$1—Move hacksaw in pipe house.

Claude Trevathan—\$1—New bolts for stop angles in Charlie Gault's department.

R. O. Palmore—\$1—Guard for grinder in blacksmith shop.

H. G. Kornegay—\$1—Safety rules for all bulletin boards.

H. G. Kornegay—\$1—New numbers for machine shop time clock.

H. W. Ragland—\$1—Singletree balancing device.

Jimmie Nash—\$1—Repair all aisle floors for blue birds.

H. C. Kirkland—\$1—Chamfer all milling cutter heads.

Chester Card—\$1—Attach indicator holder on surface grinder in tool room.

H. C. Broderick—\$1—Totebox for all scrap brass.

Wilbur Lovelady—\$1—Light for drill rack in tool room.

Otto Smith—\$1—Guard for coolant pan on lathes.

J. P. Cook—\$1—Indicator holder for grinder.

J. O. Berry—\$1—Cabinet for honing rocks on No. 93 machine.

John Nixon—\$1—Care of drills.

John D. Edwards—\$1—Electric motor for heat treating furnace buggies.

Pat Durham—\$1—Squaring up beams with hammer.

John Burks—\$1—Clean up machine on second shift.

R. O. Kendrick—\$1—Shed for bar rack by Welding Shop.

J. C. Squyres—\$1—Guards for cleaning room windows.

W. O. McKay—\$1—Slings for flasks.

W. O. McKay—\$1—Rust proof for castings on yard.

Woodie Wallace—\$1—Waterproofing wall on moulder's sand pile.

J. C. Squyres—\$1—Cover for time clock.

Woodie Wallace—\$1—Cover for controls on big moulding machine.

Jasper N. Hill—\$1—Guard on electric hoist track.

W. C. Weems—\$1—Conveyor belt for tool room.

T. J. Barnes—\$1—Sharpen used bits.

Some suggestions had to be carried over to December because of the shortage of cash. But we will see that no one goes without his due award.



NEW *items to buy*

A plastic mailbox—so you can see what's in it without having to open it!

A small kitchen incinerator which will reduce kitchen scraps and garbage to a fine ash—that needs to be emptied only once a month.

A "jet-propelled" dish washer!
A gasoline-fueled car heater that operates independently of the engine.

Fabrics used for clothes and other products may soon contain a wool-like fabrics made from soybeans.

Night-drivers will soon be aided by coin-operated gasoline pumps that make the right change while pouring gas into empty tanks.

A brushless auto paint that can be put on with cheesecloth.

A liquid which swells wood and thus tightens loose chairs, wobbly handles on tools, etc.

A manufacturer is bringing out a farm tractor with a "hillside" adjustment—the driver plowing on the side of a hill can always sit straight.

Safety

By H. J. TROUT

In my column this month, I have a number of reminders which I think might be appropriate at this time.

It will be to your benefit if you continue taking the cold tablets and vitamin pills. If you have not started this wise habit, it still is not too late. Cold, rainy days walk hand in hand with flu and bad colds, and sickness means lost time and money. For those of you who have been taking the cold tablets, you should continue to take two or three each week, thereby keeping up your resistance. Too, being properly clothed at all times is one of the best safeguards against illness.

Christmas is almost here. You nor the company want to see any of your co-workers laid up during the holidays because of an injury. Therefore, it would be wise to check all the working tools for defects. The ones that are unsafe should be repaired or destroyed. I might mention the following tools which can easily cause an accident: flared hammers and chisels, hammer handles, and wrenches which are spread or cracked.

Hoisting chains which are not in good condition should be scrapped or repaired. Although you might know about the faulty chain and refrain from using it, your fellow worker may come along, pick it up for use, and have an accident. It is essential, also, to use proper goggles at all times. Gloves and torn clothing should be kept away from moving parts of machinery; one catch is all that is necessary to lay you up for weeks.

We have had an excess of small accidents during the past two months, with a few lost time cases. It's difficult to determine the cycle of accidents. For several months, we seem to have a minimum number of accidents. Then, for apparently no justifiable reason, our accident rate doubles any of the previous months. Perhaps we relax in our precautions, take unnecessary chances, or forget to be alert. But it should be remembered that you are working with steel and iron—which aren't soft! A careless move will result in you or your co-workers getting a jolt; then the accident has occurred; it's too late to back-track.

Watchfulness and cooperation can bring us all through the month of December without any lost time accidents.



UNCLE IKE has just predicted that the 1948 Administration will be Republican, but it seems Uncle Jess doesn't quite agree. He's trying to prove his point to this gathering of learned men of our times. We don't know how successful Jess will be, but from the label on the tree, we can be certain that his disagreement with Ike will be handled in a most intelligent manner.

Prewar Xmas Seen With Metal Toys

A "real old-fashioned prewar Christmas" is forecast by manufacturers, despite shortages and strikes, with the biggest selection of metal toys the nation's youngsters have seen in a long time.

Velocipedes, automobiles, steel runner sleds, deluxe jeeps with welded steel bodies and plenty of electric trains that will puff smoke and run on a 2-rail instead of the usual 3-rail track are listed.



Ex-Tank, Jeep GIs Make Good Cabbies

Former jeep and tank drivers are rolling to business success in a fleet of snow-white taxis in Washington, D. C.

The Veterans Cab Association now has 120 vehicles—a Detroit manufacturer supplied 46 new ones and has more coming. More than 60 per cent of the GI cabbies are war injured; several are amputees.

Practically every member owns his own cab, most through GI loans. Cabs bear the "ruptured duck" discharge emblem.



Injuries for October were: Eyes, 10; hands, 5; legs, 3; feet, 2; thumb, 1; arm, 2; fingers, 11; knee, 2; body, 1; head, 1; face, 1; teeth, 1; and wrist 1. Total: 41.



By CARL HELM

New York.—Sentimental sucker that I am, nothing quite so symbolizes the city's tragedy to me as a lost, homeless dog.

Saw one the other day, a thin and bewildered little brown mutt, dodging through the thundering traffic—seeking among all the millions just the one person he loved.

Hundreds of unfamiliar legs churned past him; lucky dogs on their leashes snarled at his timid approach—tail dragging, the wanderer darted on in his hopeless quest. His end? Likely the pound.

The city's homeless cats fare better—cats always do, they'll snuggle up to anyone who'll feed and shelter them. But where in this tony city is there a friendly back door where a lost dog can stop for a bone or a drink of water to sustain him in his search, a back yard where he can rest? . . .

And nothing quite so like the 600 newspaper correspondents now quartered here from all corners of the globe to report the United Nations General Assembly meetings better symbolizes this town as the Capital of the World.

SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

MACHINE SHOP
JESS BELOTE, Reporter

It is the little kindnesses that make life worthwhile; that's why we want to give the deserving a pat on the back that comes none too often.

Have you ever wondered who solves the little problems that creep into this business of production? If you have, then you'll be glad to find out that most of these problems are rushed to Joe Storey or Fritz Gneisig. These two men and the boys who work with them cooperate among themselves to untangle the small kinks that hamper production.

Fritz can build every kind of jig possible; he's never been stopped on one yet. Joe can handle a welding torch with as much ease and grace as a trapeze artist.

But this recognition does not go only to Fritz and Joe. Helping Joe to turn out the work are Ramond Cruthers, H. W. Castlow, and George Conner. The men who work with Fritz are Clyde Herrington, Buster Belote, S. C. Donohoe, Bud Lovette, G. C. Wilkerson, Guy Powell, and Howard Smith.

Again we say, boys, you are an asset to this company.

J. R. Ament: What's the best thing for a bachelor to do?

Joe Burnett: First, tell your friends how you got rid of your wife.

Stupendous announcement: Let's have a pie-baking contest! Uncle Jess will be the judge. They don't necessarily have to be sweet pies, since sugar is scarce; I like chicken pie mighty good. The winner will get to wear my picture for a week. In case of a tie, they can both wear my picture. By the way, my favorite is fried apricot pies—uhummm!

WELDING AND STRUCTURAL STEEL

MAURICE MALONE, Reporter

About four months ago, Hoyt Richardson, known as Red, broke his arm while cranking a tractor. The boys with whom he works are missing him and wishing for him a speedy recovery.

Red is known for his tall tales. (He can even outdo R. F. Ginn—and that's saying a lot!) Now, Red, is an honest fisherman; that is, as honest as fisher-

men go. He's so honest that, rather than tell a lie about his fishing escapades, he just reports that if he happens to catch one that weighs less than 10 pounds, he throws it back. Therefore, when he returns from a trek to the river, all his catch will tip the scales at more than 10 pounds—at least, that's the way he tells it!

M. M. Fontenot thought the 16th of November would never come, but at last it did. And why was he so eager? Would you have been had you held tickets to the Rice and Texas A. & M. football game? And besides that, he had a good visit with his son, Joe.

ASSEMBLY-MACHINE SHOP

JAKE ROSS, Reporter

The boys at the shop are glad to welcome back Lee Dyers who has been out three weeks because of illness. We're happy to see proof of the old statement that you can't keep a good man down.

"Something new has been added" to M. M. Fontenot which causes him to say little these days. You see, he's sporting his new teeth. He did say, however, that other than the unnecessary work he was having to do because of the shortage of materials, the welding shop is doing nicely. Now that Fontenot has his new teeth, we'll all be glad when "Smooth-mouth" Ross cuts his third set.

October's shipping outlet of pumping units pleased Charles Gault very much. As you all know, Charlie is a new member of the National Rodeo Association. He likes to see the livestock roll and "get along" as well as the pumping units.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Womack are the proud parents of a baby girl, Sally.

Congratulations and best wishes to Milton Campbell and Faye Bashears who were recently married. Milton is an employee of the machine shop and Mrs. Campbell is employed by the East Texas Laundry. The boys of the shop are still expecting cigars, Milton, so don't forget them.

And then there's the one about the fellow who borrowed a fine dog to go squirrel hunting. What, ho, the quarry,

huntsman? Alas, the dejected hunter returned home minus the squirrels—and minus \$75 worth of dog!

Bob Stokes has some good advice to offer: lately he's been finding it no trouble at all to swallow those "big ole cold tablets and vitamin pills." Better listen; it's sound philosophy.

Open letter to the Editor: "We want to take this opportunity to introduce to the readers of the Foundry Round-up one of the fine reporters who is diligently boosting this magazine. He is Billy Burnett. However, the boys have been asking him why he is so enthusiastic about his work. Is it the work—or the new editor? Anyway, we want the editor to know that we are happy that she is with us, and that we will stand behind her one hundred per cent. Don't hesitate to call on any of us when we can be of assistance. But a word from the wise: beware of Burnett!"

Best wishes go to Garth "Red" Gandy and Miss Valyn Lewis who were married October 12, at the home of her parents in Center, Texas. Fair sailing!

SHIPPING DEPARTMENT

KENNETH MOTT, Reporter

It's a known fact that among our colored employees, the Reverend Bailey and Lacey were shooting craps. Seems Bro. Bailey won all the money, so he took his winnings and bought a jug of fire water. He offered Lacey a drink which was accepted—only it didn't agree with Lacey. A fight ensued; the Rev. Bailey broke Lacey's artificial eye, and Raymond says Lacey can't see any more. That right, Raymond?

TRAILER DIVISION

W. F. ROBERTS, Reporter

We are mighty glad to see J. L. Jinkins back on the job. He has been off several months with a broken arm.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hicks welcomed the arrival of little Shirilyn Koy Hicks, who was born November 6. Mr. Hicks works in the office at the Trailer plant. Congratulations!

FOUNDRY

FRANKLIN WEEKS, Reporter

Final rites were held for H. G. (Jimmie) Sharp at Gipson Funeral Home Thursday morning, October 31, at 10 o'clock.

Jimmie had been employed with the Foundry since 1935. He was in the Navy from 1941 until October, 1945, and since that time, he has been a molding machine operator.

Seymour Curtis, Ralph Mitchell, Henry Mantooth, Joe Drinkard, of the Foundry, and Marshall Holcomb and T. C. Armstrong were pallbearers.

We are glad to see Johnnie Stewart and Frank Jones back on the job. These boys underwent major operations in October, but both have fully recovered.

Edgar McClain, Gratton Merriman, R. E. Holcomb, and Frank Alderman teamed together to have a perfect month in October, producing the 9' Dia rings for Mathieson Alkali Works. These men produced 10 rings weighing 91.120 pounds.

If these rings were assembled into a single tower, they would extend 50 feet in the air.

Clara Ann, daughter of Charlie Allen, is much improved. She has been ill for some time.

Bird dog wanted by Dutch Oberpriller—one that barks on the trail instead of in the back of the car. Must be worth \$100. Willing to pay \$4.98.

Josh Duncan has found a new formula for feeding hogs. The present gain on his hog is 6 pounds daily. This discovery may break an all-time world record!

Slim Davis: Mr. Mantooth, I wants off to go to Nacogdoches to see the doctor.

Henry Mantooth: That's all right, Slim. We're all going over tonight to see that football game.

Wilom Menefee fainted and R. C. Proctor administered first aid after Wilom tried in vain to kill one squirrel with five shots from that new gun Purvis bought last month.

On October 24, Austin Johnson (colored employee in the melting department of the Foundry) celebrated his 61st birthday. As a young man, Aus

started working with the company in June, 1905.

The boys in the Foundry welcome back Spurgeon Purvis and E. E. Edwards, who have been out because of fishing injuries.

Claude Green celebrated his birthday October 30. At the age of 18, he started working for the Foundry as a molder's helper in 1909. Best wishes for many more successful years!

JUST CHATTER

Reporter—GUESS WHO

John Winston reports, knowingly, that the kitchen broom is more powerful than the atom bomb. For proof of this scientific statement, consult the originator.

For victims of influenza: J. W. Smelley can cure your illness in about 30 minutes. No telephone orders, please.

Armistice Day found Louis Fincher somewhere out on Highway No. 93—supposedly fishing. The day after the holiday found him bragging to fellow workers of his catch—a five pound, 21-inch bass. Now, let's figure this one out, Highway No. 93 and a bass that big? Does that combination add up to fishing? Hmmm . . .

We don't want to be the ones responsible for letting the cat out of the bag, so we'll dub this one a rumor. Seems Jess Belote is doing his Christmas shopping early. He's looking for walking canes to give to the "old folks—such as Ike Hayes."

Why is it the inspectors always get the breaks? Milton Campbell has a new wife; Charles Douglass, a new job; Bobo Hays, a new car; and Jake Ross, a new tire on his T-Model.

The Big Three had their monthly meeting November 13. To date, we haven't found out what transpired at this get-together, but we know it wasn't anything that would make them "fat" 'cause they're still bragging about losing weight. Maybe Luda Belle could enlighten us. We know Cletis could tell us more about this weight losing.

Helen Clinton: When Steve was home he asked me to marry him and make him happy.

Mr. Bieroth: Which did you decide to do?

Of all the fishes in the sea,
My favorite is the bass,
He climbs up into sea-weed
And slides down on his hands and
knees—Court Wooten.

Tubby Welch, a self-appointed expert on beverages, was expounding about his talents. Mr. Vickery pulled out a flask and challenged him to tell what it was.

Tubby took a long pull and promptly spat it out.

"That's gasoline!" he spluttered.

"Sure," replied Vickery, "but what brand?"

Rosie Parrish seems to know that Billy Burnett can build only five winches at any one time. Could it be that he is trying to build only one—down Material Control way?

The Smooth Mouth Club had its yearly meeting early this month at which they elected officers. They are as follows: K. Mott, president; Jake Ross, vice president; Slim Phillips, secretary; M. M. Fontenot, treasurer; and Alix Andrews, social director.

Bobo Hays came out on top over his worthy opponent, Leslie Tatum, in the recent Republican-Democrat election. Perhaps Tatum couldn't see to shoot that new 12-gauge shotgun he just purchased, but we wouldn't advise Bobo to rest too easily. There are still men who sell glasses.

Not so long ago there were some peculiar calisthenics going on down lab way. John Clark was down on his knees looking up to Bill Newborn. Was he begging for forgiveness, or just proposing? Somebody enlighten us.

We are slightly puzzled about Q. Boykin's duck hunting trip—or was it fishing? Anyway, he was out on the lake with both kinds of equipment. Do you suppose Boykin could iron out the wrinkles?

"There oughta be a law agin it," and it seems "Moo" Graham is taking the situation in his own hands. All through the football season, he missed hitting a cow on only one trip. The farmers are looking out for him as they do beetles and bugs, and they're trying to keep their cows off the highways. If you should see a cow grazing along the right-of-way, just stop and

■ Continued on next page

CHATTER—Continued

whisper gently in her ear that “Moo” Graham is coming. Then, brother, you’ll see her hoist her tail and take off like a P 38!

These inconveniences that we have to tolerate! Armistice weekend Cowboy Starrett and his girl friend motored up to Arlington. We understand there were no vacancies in the hotels. What about it, Cowboy?

For sale: One slightly used milling machine. Needs a few repairs. See Buster Brannen.

We wonder how Alton Clark came out on his football bets of the weekend of November 8 and 9. . .

This little incident happened a long time ago, and most everybody knows about it, but it’s worth a laugh to read it again. There was a gang of the fellows eating at Slaughter’s cafe one night, and amid the laughing and talking, no one could hear the ring of the telephone. However, Mr. Ashley answered it, frowned slightly and shook his head; then he grinned a little, and mumbled “just a minute.”

He came over to the table where the boys were gathered. Standing there, he let his eyes wander over the men. Suddenly he jerked his finger in the direction of Carl Williams. “Hey, you! You’re wanted on the phone.”

Later the men asked Mr. Ashley how he knew Williams.

“Oh, it was easy. The man calling said he was a little feller, with big ears, and sorta mule-faced. When I looked around, I saw him.”

We have all heard that the call was pretty important. Why don’t you let us in on it, Carl?

Will somebody please tell Marvin Powell where he can *swipe* a dog?

People are wondering what has happened to the play periods of Sam Wallace and Pat Johnson? For further information, contact Les Bullock.

Here’s one for Ripley. After stalking the little fur creatures for some two or three hours, “Shoot-’em-dead” Vickery approached an old hickory tree where he spotted a fox squirrel. Before he could take aim with his muzzle-loader, the squirrel began raining hickory nuts down on him so fast and furious that he had to take refuge 50 yards away.

But Vic didn’t give up. An hour later he was back under that tree with a steel helmet on his head, safety shoes on his feet, and goggles over his eyes. Yep, that squirrel might as well have said his prayers. The old 12 gauge went off like a bomb—hickory nuts plummeted down like hail stones. When the smoke lifted, Vic looked up in the tree. There was his squirrel—pieces splattered on every limb.

How is it that Rhobie White gets a promotion when he doesn’t play checkers?

June Baldwin: An’ how’s my friend a’doin’, Doc?

Medico: Poor fellow. He’s lying at death’s door.

June: That caves me in! At death’s door and still a’lyin’!

Minister: Dick, what does your father say before you partake of your meals?

Dick McKay: Go easy on the butter, kids.

Mrs. Douglass: How do you like your boss, Cletis?

Cletis: Oh, he’s just fine, only he’s kinda bigoted.

Mrs. Douglass: How do you mean?

Cletis: Well, he thinks words can only be spelled one way.

The phone jangles noisily; a voice pleads frantically: “I’m in jail; please

send \$40.” Maybe we can find out about it through Fred Childers. Fred, would you please check to locate what the trouble is a certain young lady who works for you has been having? Her name may be Betty Carter.

The Round-up Snooper was there when . . . Lyle Peden said, “Give a woman an inch and she gets the idea she’s a ruler.” . . . when Oscar Bennett brought a newspaper clipping to Boley Kerr to show the scarcity of men’s clothing which read “Railway President to Testify in Union Suit” . . . when Tommy Battles joined the Snuff Dipping Society of Curtis and Green . . . when Pete Stokman was walking home late at night with poetry on his mind, saying “Starkle, starkle, little twink; who the heck I are you think; I’m not under the affluence of incohol, although some thinkle peep I am; I fool so feelish I don’t know who is me.”

SHOP
WILBUR LOVELADY, Reporter

Congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harris, Jr. They are the proud parents of a girl, Terry Lynn, born November 8 at the Angelina County Hospital weighing 7 pounds and 14 ounces. Mrs. Harris (Kathryn) was formerly an employee of the company.

The atmosphere was tense; an air of expectation hung heavily over the shop; the men were waiting for November 16—the opening of deer season. But just a word to the wise; before firing, be sure you see a set of horns. And remember, Homer and Mutt, only two.

If Howard, Dude, C. D., Les and others would get up as early, stay up as late, and work as hard inside the shop as they do outside to get a buck, then the company would pay big dividends this year as well as years to come.

MATERIAL CONTROL
LaROSE PARRISH and IRENE PARKER
Reporters

While the editor of the Roundup was on a get-acquainted tour, she visited the Material Control department. As she was leaving, Ramsey remarked, “I started to tell her I was the main cog around here, but I guess she’ll find it out sooner or later.”

There Is Time

Take time to work—it is the price of success.

Take time to think—it is the source of power.

Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read—it is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to worship—it is the highway to reverence.

Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.

New Fall Slacks



NEW YORK — Simple yet impressive tailoring, combined with precise finish and accurate fit are featured in the masterfully man-tailored slacks presented by the King of Slacks, with design by Lou Schaeffer. French pleats on front of the slacks, full seat, tapered legs, extension waistband, all readily suitable for alterations — all these are offered in the new colorful fall and winter fabrics. Slacks shown on model above have the preshrunk canvas waist band. All seams are merged, with full basted belt loops and side plaquettes. They're proportioned for small, medium and large figures — in flannels, tweeds, checks, glen plaids, clan plaids and pencil stripes.

Potato Chip Snack Bar



Parties are always fun — and with Thanksgiving and the Christmas Holidays ahead, it's a wise hostess that knows what to serve her guests that is different and delicious. From tomato juice for the children to an old-fashioned for Dad, we've developed canapés that will please even the most finicky. Smart hostesses are also discovering the time-saving advantage of serving these snacks on delicious potato chips.

PARTY CANAPÉS

Cream Cheese Rosettes

Add enough thick cream to the cream cheese to make the right spreading consistency. Season with paprika and add chopped chives and lemon juice. Using a pastry tube, make a small rosette of cheese on crisp potato chips.

Broiled Shrimp Canapé

Marinate shrimps in French dressing for 1 hour. Place shrimps under broiler and cook until shrimps are heated through. Place one shrimp in the center of a curled, crisp potato chip and serve immediately.

Egg and Anchovy Canapé

Chop 2 hard cooked eggs fine, add 6 to 8 anchovy filets (also chopped fine) to the egg and mix in 2 tbs. pickle relish. Spread on potato chips.

Cucumber and Bacon Canapés

Mix equal parts of diced, broiled bacon and minced cucumber with mayonnaise. Spread on potato chips and garnish with diced green peppers and pearl onions.

Avocado Whip

Mash pulp of 1 avocado and beat with a rotary egg beater until light and fluffy. Add 1 tbs. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. onion juice. Place on table or bar with accompanying bowl of chips or crackers, to be used as scoops.

Blue Cheese Canapé

Put ½ cup Blue Cheese (domestic Roquefort) through a sieve; add ½ pkg. cream cheese, 1 tsp. onion juice, 2 drops tabasco sauce, 1 tbs. sherry wine and 2 tsp. mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly and spread on potato chips. Garnish with paprika, parsley or strips of green pepper.

The proportions of these recipes give a generous yield. It is also possible for all of these canapés to be prepared beforehand and stored in the refrigerator. When guests arrive, you are all set to serve the mixes without that last minute, tiring, party rush!

Prefab Metal Homes Made for Veterans

Construction of prefabricated aluminum homes for sale to war veterans at costs ranging from \$5,000 to \$6,500 is under way by two Ohio manufacturers.

One firm alone expects to produce 15,000 aluminum or steel houses next year—one-story buildings containing a kitchen, two bedrooms, living room-dinette and bathroom.

Meatier Chicken Breasts Promised

Industrial researchers find that the breast of chicken beats all other muscle meat in niacin—ranks with pork and beef livers as a rich source of pellagra preventer.

Already sponsored is a contest for meatier birds, with hopes for a chicken with at least 10 per cent more meat by 1950.

Frankie Sends 'Em



CHICAGO, ILL. — That loud commotion you heard was just Frank Sinatra trying to beat the radio set shortage on a personal appearance tour here. Office girls of Stewart - Warner Corporation were really "sent" when Frankie phoned to find out where he could buy a self-charging portable set, after being unable to locate one on his shopping tour.

Leo Pamburn, radio advertising manager, hustled one of the new three-way AC-DC battery sets to Sinatra's hotel. Frankie got it without obligation—and expects to use it for traveling, on movie sets and at home.



COMMENTS—Continued

Continued from page 2

Lufkin Foundry has always tried to pay a bonus, either large or small, depending on its ability at Christmas time. It has always been my idea to work to such an idea, that, when the business was prosperous, larger bonuses could be paid, and, to my notion, the union of the future will be one that will bend every effort to that end.

It is my thought that, when unions are made responsible, which the public is demanding, where they cannot pull illegitimate strikes, where they will not be allowed to pay campaign funds and distribute money generally, which an industry cannot do (they must account to the government for every dollar they take in) when equal responsibility is arrived at, it is my thought that the racketeering element in labor unions will not be so interested in the welfare of the working man, and that the conservative man, who thinks and takes the lead, will make a great step towards happiness and prosperity.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"I just got tired of them!"—Mildred G. Underwood, Chattanooga, Tenn., after 16th divorce from eight different husbands.

"I just want an English war bride."—Ralph Douglas, Downs, Ill., explaining enlistment in the Army.

"Now that we do see America first, we hope to see America last."—Dallas Morning News.

"I think now I'd better give up golf."—Nathaniel Vickers, New York, on his 100th birthday.

"It's a case of Hollywood career plus a family tiff."—Hollywood agent's explanation of the separation of the Frank Sinatras.

"Postwar college football has no more relation to education than bull-fighting to agriculture."—Pres. Paul F. Douglass, American Univ.

"For a buck a throw we'll let it grow!"—Purdue University students "striking" against union barbers' \$1 haircuts.

"The average American is not a collectivist but an individualist who wants to stand on his own feet."—Vice-Pres. Ray Livingstone, Thompson Products Co.

"There can be no actual wage increases for labor which are not based in the final analysis upon increased unit production."—The Labor Union, Dayton, Ohio.

THANKSGIVING AT GRANDMA'S

By COLLIER



It ISN'T Too Late

By CLARK LEE

War Correspondent International News Service

Our office boy in the Associated Press Bureau in Shanghai was a bright-healthy-looking, handsome lad of some 24 years. He came to me one day in the summer of 1941, a few months before the Pearl Harbor attack, and said,

"I am quitting my job. I do not make enough money to live with the price of rice the way it is."

I offered to give him more money and to provide him with a sack of rice each month.

"Thank you," he said, "but it is of no use. I have tuberculosis and I am dying."

"We will send you to the hospital."

"No, it is too late. I will be dead in a month."

Three weeks later his funeral was held, and afterward his sister came around to the office to express her gratitude for some rice we had sent the rest of the family. We tried to console with her over Wong's death.

"Oh," she shrugged, "that couldn't be helped. He had tuberculosis and there is nothing to be done about that in China."

The resignation of Wong and his sister to early death by tuberculosis was typical of that of many people in war-ravaged countries I visited between 1936 and 1946. Living outside of the United States, I came almost to accept their fatalistic view that tuberculosis was inevitable among peoples without proper food or medical facilities, and that the disease inevitably meant death.

Therefore, it was with a deep sense of shock that I received, while in the Philippines, a letter from the United States telling me that an intimate friend, the mother of three children, had contracted tuberculosis. What would become of the three youngsters, the soon-to-be widowed husband? To say nothing of the victim herself.

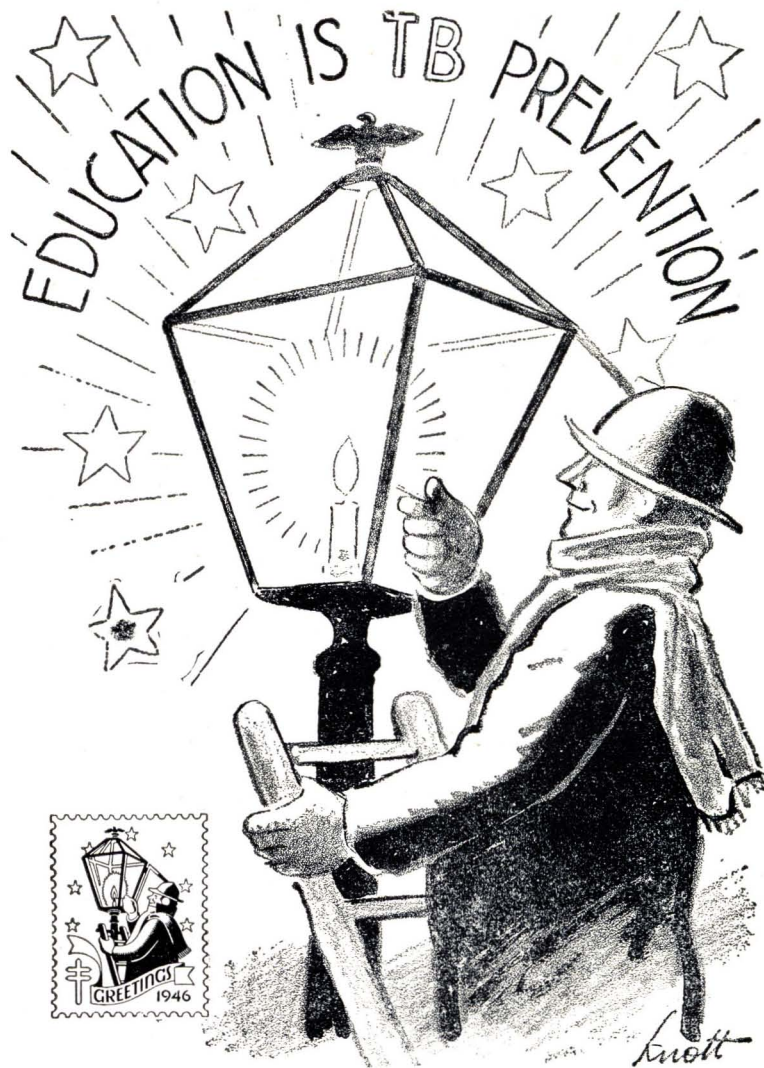
Recently I returned to the United States and visited these friends. The mother was at home, caring for her children's health and education. She had been discharged as completely cured from a hospital, not an expensive private sanatorium which would have been beyond her means, but a publicly-supported institution with modern equipment and methods, and first-class doctors and nurses.

The happy outcome of my friend's illness, in contrast to the sad death of

young Wong in Shanghai, was convincing personal proof that tuberculosis need not be fatal. The important thing is to discover it in time, and then to have adequate facilities for its cure.

With the shooting war ended, national and international health authorities in China and other countries of the world are beginning to clean up the conditions that encouraged the spread of tuberculosis. Here at home we still have much to do, because the TB germs keep on killing even though the bullets are no longer flying. The mental strain and privations of the war may lead to an increase in TB fatalities.

The figures are shocking. Our war deaths totalled 252,885 men in all services. In the same period, 206,000 persons are estimated to have died of tuberculosis in the United States.



Let There Be Light

The National Tuberculosis Association puts the number of people with active tuberculosis in this country at 500,000. Half of them do not know they are ill. Mass X-ray examinations would disclose the unknown cases, and prevent the disease from being transmitted to still healthy persons.

Such X-ray surveys are part of the program financed by the National Tuberculosis Association through the sale of Christmas Seals. By buying Seals you protect yourself and your community, and help to save the lives of sufferers from this dread but not necessarily fatal disease.

☆

"If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the difference between a man and a dog."—Mark Twain.

☺ SMILE AWHILE ☺

Sweet young thing: Have a cigarette?

Innocent: What? Smoke a cigarette? Why I'd rather kiss the first man who walked in that door.

Sweet thing: So would I, but let's have a cigarette while we're waiting.

☆

The husband had just given his wife a beautiful skunk coat as a gift.

"I can't see," she mused, "how such a nice coat comes from such a foul smelling beast."

Wearily the husband replied: "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I do demand some respect."

☆

Girl: I thought you said this auto ride was to be a platonic trip.

Boy: That's right. Play for me and tonic for you.

☆

Son: Father, how do wars begin?

Father: Well, suppose America quarreled with England, and . . .

Mother: But England and America must not quarrel.

Father: I know—but I'm taking a hypothetical instance.

Mother: You are misleading the child.

Father: No, I'm not . . .

Mother: Yes, you are . . .

Father: I tell you I am not! It's outrageous . . .

Son: All right, Dad. Don't get excited. I think I know how wars begin.

☆

"This is one of the best trained parrots we have, Madame" said the pet shop dealer proudly. "You pull the string attached to his right leg and he repeats the Ten Commandments. You pull the string attached to his left leg and he sings Rock of Ages."

"What would he do," asked the customer innocently, "if you pulled both strings at the same time?"

"Why you old fool," interrupted the parrot, "I'd fall flat on my d—face."

☆

"You'd better jump out of the window," said the lady to her visitor, as she heard her husband approaching.

"Oh, yeah!" was the reply, "you know that this is the thirteenth floor, don't you?"

"Well," spluttered the lady, "this is certainly no time to be superstitious."

"Oh, John, you're just awful. You sit there all the time reading your newspaper and don't pay any attention to me. You don't treat me the way you used to. You don't love me any more."

"Nonsense, Mary. You know I love you more than ever. You know I worship the ground you walk on. Your every wish is my command. Now please shut up and let me read my newspaper."

☆

"Fishing, Stranger?"

"No, just drowning worms."

☆

A college boy boarded the train, entered a sleeper, and tipped the six-foot porter liberally to put him off at Podunk.

"I'm a very hard sleeper," said the young man, "and you must take no notice of my protests. Seize me and put me out on the platform."

The next morning, he woke up to find himself still on the train, steaming into New York. Raging with fury, he found the porter and began to bawl him out in strong language.

"I say, sir," replied the porter calmly, "you've got a bit of temper, but it ain't nothin' compared with the young fellow I put out of the train at Podunk."

☆

For 40 years she was married to him and for 40 years he did not a lick of work. Then he died. The widow had him cremated, took his ashes home, and carefully placed them in an hourglass. "Now, you worthless bum, you're going to work!"

☆

A crowded bus stopped and a man descended with a small girl. Depositing her on the curb, he climbed back and brought down a little boy. Again and still again, he made the journey, each time returning with a smaller child.

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed a woman waiting to get on the bus. "What's he got up there? A nest?"

☆

"Have you really shown me everything you have in the shop?"

"Not quite, Madame. We have an overdue account of yours on our books if you care to see it."

Throughout the evening meal, neither had spoken. But as soon as the dishes had been cleared away and they were seated before the fire, the husband's face lost some of its hardness.

"You know, dear," he said, breaking the long silence. "I've been thinking over our argument."

"Well!" she snapped, without looking up from her sewing.

"Yes, dear, I've decided to agree with you after all," he said meekly.

"That won't do any good," she sniffed. "I've changed my mind."

☆

There was a little lawyer man Who gently smiled as he began Her dear, dead husband's will to scan.

And thinking of his coming fee He said to her quite tenderly, "You have a nice fat legacy."

Next morning as he lay in bed With plasters on his broken head, He wondered what in hell he'd said.

☆

Wisecracking Customer: How much are your four dollar shoes?

Wisecracking Salesman: Two dollars a foot.

☆

A dean of women at a large coeducational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows: "The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus." Met by a gale of laughter, the good woman continued somewhat flustered: "Further, all the kissing that has been going on under my nose must be stopped."

☆

A young widow commissioned a monument cutter to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My Sorrow Is More Than I Can Bear."

Before the work was finished, the widow married again, and the cutter asked her if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she said, "but just add the word 'Alone'."—*The Ragland Reporter*.

☆

First wrestler: How come you called off your match with me last week?

Second wrestler: I had a terrible sore throat and couldn't groan above a whisper.