



THE Foundry Roundup

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COMMENTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

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

LOOKING AHEAD

I always enjoy talking to you men and women, especially at this time of the year, with the giving of the Christmas bonus. Our mutual problems come up more vividly at this season. There are always many questions as to the future, which is especially true this year, but it seems the crowd is too large for the school auditorium, and, then, many will leave early Saturday morning to visit, etc. So, all I can do this time is to give you some thoughts that I hope will be of interest, and that next year we may resume our old-time banquets and have a real party.

First of all, I want to congratulate you men or women for a fine year's service, staying on the job day in and day out without complaining. That takes something besides mere money. Your loyalty, your earnestness and perseverance to get the job done has been out-standing and is appreciated not only by the management of this company but by both the Army and the Navy where your achievements are known. We have made a reputation for the company that will be long remembered and be of benefit to us in the future in more ways than one. You cannot buy loyalty or patriotism. It comes from the heart. I am proud of you.

I have just returned from New York where I attended a convention and a meeting with General Summerville in charge of procurement, and General Wells and Colonel Weyher of the artillery division, in answer to a call—an urgent call—to speed up production, especially on shells tanks, trucks, tank wagons and artillery, which, to us, means gun mounts, all so badly needed on the Western Front.

Out of a clear sky, when the country had hoped to celebrate a great victory, it was suddenly discovered that we were short much war material, that the destruction on the Western Front of everything our Army uses had greatly exceeded the estimate.

It took 300,000 rounds of shells to reduce Aachen to rubble, and, an eyewitness who has visited the city since, tells me that only one building, a church was spared. It can be repaired. The rest of the city is rubble.

Incidentally, I talked with a gunner for a few moments who used our Howitzer before Aachen. He had just been honored with a Congressional Medal for special bravery. He said it was a wonderful gun but he could point to some improvements. I told him we had over 2500 changes on it before the first one was built, but he said it would stand

some more. I was sorry I could not visit with him longer.

So, the Army is again placing lots of orders, starting up ammunition plants that have been shut down, and, of course, industry is responding nobly.

Fortunately, we were one concern who was ahead on gun mount requirements, one of the few concerns represented there that could say that, I was proud of it.

We were told that we would finish our gun contract regardless of when Germany quit, but that more might be wanted. In any event, they wanted to arrange to store jigs, fixtures, patterns and tools as most likely we would be required to make these guns from time to time to keep our hand in and insure against another Pearl Harbor.

No one at this meeting dared ask any questions as to when the war would end. It happened that Germany has the men and what is needed, with the possible shortage of gasoline and planes. Even then she may be able to hold out until spring or longer. The army men, seemingly, were chagrined. After all the Army promises of Germany's capitulation this last fall, they were really touchy on the subject.

I know these questions are uppermost in your minds: When will Germany collapse? When will Japan? Then the next question in your minds is: What is the prospect for full employment after the war? What is the company's policy and program?

Of course, no one knows when the war will end, and I have already mentioned what I have been told about our particular war work, but, after all, that is only someone's opinion, although it looks reasonable that we will be making gun carriages for some time.

When it comes to any question regarding the government or the administration, I must confess I am like the Vermont farmer walking down the road with a rope. Some one asked him what he was doing. He said, "I do not know whether I found a rope or am looking for a horse."

However, I do know that we have a program, and, whenever restrictions are removed, we will "go to town," because we do have a fine order file of units, engines and trailers that should keep us going for many months to come if we did not get another order.

Other work, especially marine jobs, will likely continue, as we understand the government is anxious to have a big Merchant Marine, which means that freighters and tankers will be needed for some years to come.

Before the war, we had all "our eggs in one basket." Pumping units was our main product. We were just starting to build engines. Now, it is our guess we will do nearly as well in the engine business, as we have building units, in the future, which will take up our added plant capacity. Besides this, we have decided on other lines of manufacture that, due to the shortage of draftsmen and engineers, are in an embryonic stage but are definitely in the program.

The great hindrance is the price ceil-

ings set in 1942 on our products and the 1944 wages that may lead us into a "shirt-losing" period in our career unless something is done about it.

Naturally, that brings up the 64-dollar question: Will wages stay up? And can we absorb and use a thousand men and women, now employed, in peacetime work?

The company policy will be to maintain the present wage rates and perhaps go higher if the cost of living is allowed to rise, which may be unfortunate for us all; however, whatever happens, our company will be in line.

As to keeping up employment in peacetime work which, of course, we would like to do, depends largely on the government controls, whether they are relinquished in time to plan ahead. There is bound to be some slack and loss when the war ends.

Naturally, over-time will be eliminated. We have in mind to maintain a 48-hour week, if work justifies it, which would mean 52 hours' pay. Or, would you like to go to the 40-hour week, which we all love (or do we)? The war has shown us a true picture. Few want the 40-hour week, but, anyone who is ambitious and willing to work, knows that the 40-hour basic week is economically unsound, penalizes the worker and interferes with a man's individual rights to work as he pleases. I believe labor, itself, will correct this some of these days.

So, after all, the future is very uncertain. No one knows the answers. It will be a miracle if they turn out as I have outlined.

Be realistic. We should figure or plan our future and prepare to take a "rest period," which probably, after three years of strenuous work, will add many years to our lives if properly taken. I believe we should plan for it, financially, at least, but why worry. "Of all our troubles, great and small, the greatest are those that do not happen at all."

So, we are taking Saturday, Sunday and Monday for the reason that we are slightly ahead on our war work, and, for some reason or other, we have not had the usual notice from the War Department to keep working. I hope you will take these three days of rest and enjoyment. Some, I know, will go hunting and enjoy the woods. Some will visit the home folks and friends, but most of you, I hope, will stay with the wife and kiddies and see that they enjoy themselves, and you will probably have the most fun after all making them happy. But, whatever we do, let's not "over do" Christmas and fail to show up Tuesday morning.

Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

W. C. TROUT.

A father once said to his son:

"My boy treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one."

Safety By D. K. WOMACK

Forty years ago the accident problem seemed insoluble because accidents were generally thought to be the results of circumstances either beyond human control or else beyond the control of all but those immediately concerned, which usually meant the victim. The individual was held to be responsible for his own safety. It was up to him to avoid accidents if he could: If he barely escaped a serious injury people generally thought the hand of fate had intervened in "George's" behalf and snatched him away from harm. If he was hurt or killed then it was just intended that such should happen to poor old George. Bad luck had dogged him through all his life and it was in the cards that a chain should break just as a suspended load was directly over "George." That the twelve or fifteen tons of iron he got down his shirt collar was rightfully his. And, apart from such personal sentiment as may have been expressed by a few of poor old George's friends, his family was felt to be the only ones importantly concerned.

Thanks to safety education, people are coming to realize more and more that accidents are preventable and that they result not only from a wrong act of the victim, but more often involve the lack of interest and thoughtlessness of many other people, and not only the victims and their families feels the effect of such for the consequences of accidents reach far into the economic and social life of all, consequently the responsibility of all is to think and work together in the interest of safety.

Safety is as much a part of production, in an industrial plant, as is the sharp tools and fine machines. Accidents delay production schedules not only by the absence of the persons injured, but they have a demoralizing effect on the entire department in which they occur.

Progress has been made in the field of accident prevention during this year 1944. We have made some progress here in our own plant, although the detailed report which will appear in the January 1945 issue of the Roundup giving facts and figures on our 1944 safety record will be far from being perfect.

Let's go into 1945 with a firmer resolution to be more safety minded than we have ever been in the past, not for our personal interest alone, but the other fellows, as well. Remember a word of advice regarding the dangers involved in doing some job said to someone who perhaps is unaware of such danger may be worth more than any contribution you could make to him after the inquiry is sustained.

Now, may I express to each of you my sincere thanks for your co-operation, and your many suggestions made in the interest of our safety program during this closing year. I am fully aware that you can do your jobs without assistance from me, just as I am aware, that my job can't be done successfully without your help and co-

LT. BILL COOK DIES IN ACTION

Word has been received here that Lt. Alfred B. (Bill) Cook has been killed in action in the European theatre of war.

Lt. Cook, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cook, Sr., of Phoenix, Ariz., formerly of Lufkin has been in the Army Corps for the past 14 months. He received his wings at Luke Field, Phoenix, Ariz., and had completed 60 hours in the air.

He was the pilot of a P-51 tagged "Sailor-Girl Shirl" after his wife, the former Miss Shirley Lambert, who is a WAVE, stationed at Memphis, Tenn.

Lt. Cook was employed in the trailer division of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co., prior to entering the service.

He graduated from the Lufkin High School and was a member of the First Christian church here.

Besides his wife and parents, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Robert Tobias and Mrs. Leonard Botts, of Phoenix; one brother, Dick; grandmother, Mrs. George W. Largent; and grandfather, John A. Cook.

J. J. Bridges, employee in Gear Shop, received word Saturday afternoon that his son, Pfc. Bridges, was killed in action in Germany. Our deepest sympathy to the entire family.

TRUE LOVE

by

ARCH CARRAWAY

Last night I held a lovely hand,
A hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst with joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last night—
Four aces and a king kicking.

A naval aviator on solitary patrol
ran into thirty-four Jap planes. The last heard from him via radio were the words, "I've got four down already and thirty more cornered." The magnificent courage of men like this makes your heart glow and your pulse beat faster, but if you want to help more of them come home, call on your HANDS as well as your heart—TODAY—ON YOUR JOB.

Strangers are just friends you haven't met up with yet."

operation. I earnestly solicit that help from you. My best wishes to each of you for a safe, merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

The Christmas tree seems to have originated in Germany and can be traced back with certainty to the year 1604.

There is a pretty legend in connection with it, which makes St. Winfrid the inventor of the idea.

"In the midst of a crowd of converts he hewed down a giant oak which had formerly been the object of their Druidic worship. As it fell backward like a tower, groaning as it split asunder in four pieces, there stood just behind it, unharmed by the ruin, a young fir tree, pointing a green spire toward the stars.

"Winfrid let the axe drop, and turned to speak to the people 'this little tree, a young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of the fir. It is the sign of an endless life, for its leaves are ever green. See how it points upward to heaven! Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child; gather about it, not in the wild-wood but in your own homes; there it will shelter no deeds of blood, but loving gifts, and rites of kindness.'"

The Christmas tree was introduced into the Court of St. James about 1840 by Prince Consort Albert of Saxe-Coburg, and the custom spread rapidly among the aristocratic families of London, and was almost immediately adopted by all classes throughout England.

Every man and woman dreams of doing some great deed that will make others happy—leading a crusade, giving an address, writing a book. We dream of the big things and often fail to do the little things. We let slip by hundreds of little opportunities to spread happiness and cheer.

In an inspiring poem, Lois Snelling suggests some of the little things we can do each day to make this world a more joyous place to live in:

He stopped to pat a small dog's head—
A tiny thing to do;
And yet the dog, remembering,
Was glad the whole day through.

He gave a rose into the hand
Of one who loved it much;
'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
That lay in its soft touch!

He spoke a word to tenderly—
A word's a wee, smallthing;
And yet it stirred a weary heart
To hope again, and sing!

Comes the new year, 1945. What it holds in store, none may know. But what we do with it, we can determine. For each hour in it is to be our own, to invest in success if we will. Each can work for his higher self—no matter who pays his salary.

People who always find fault should find their own first.

Under the Mistletoe

Who doesn't like to be caught under the mistletoe at Christmas time? And yet, few people know the meaning of the custom of kissing under the mistletoe that has come to be part of our American tradition.

According to old folkers, however, the mistletoe had different meanings in various countries. One legend has it that this plant was not always the parasite that it is today, but at one time was a large and sturdy tree. It was said to have furnished the wood for the cross of Christ—afterwards it shrank away until it could not stand alone, but had to depend upon some other age for support. An old monk herbalist named it "Wood of the Sacred Cross."

The ancient Druids regarded the mistletoe with the utmost reverence. If found growing upon an oak tree. Much pomp and ceremony was used in the cutting of this sacred plant. At the close of the year the mistletoe was cut by a white-robed priest with a golden sickle. It was not permitted to touch the ground, but was caught on a white cloth. After it has been gathered, two white bulls were sacrificed beneath the tree where the plant has grown. Twigs and bits of the mistletoe were distributed among the people, who carefully kept them in the homes as protection against all evils.

Thus having been tainted with paganism before the time of Jesus Christ through its use and worship by the Druid priests, for many years the mistletoe was considered an unholy plant and was not used in the floral decorations of the churches at Christmas time.

The early Normans believed that the mistletoe if taken into a house was adequate protection against loss by fire; a preventative of sickness and a repellent of evil spirits. In Holstein, it was supposed to be a positive cure for all green wounds and insured success in the chase and imparted great strength to the wrestler who chewed its leaves.

While the Austrains peasants place sprigs of it on the threshold to prevent nightmares and also as protection against sorcery and witchcraft. And it is said that if a person in Germany carries a sprig of mistletoe to a house that is haunted, the ghosts will appear and answer any questions asked!

Mistletoe was once regarded as sacred in Scandinavia, and if two enemies met under the plant they laid down their arms and declared a truce until the next day.

The Swedes are of the opinion that a spray of mistletoe hung in a horse's stall will prevent evil spirits from riding or injuring the beast. It is also their belief that bunches of the plant when hung in the house will serve as a protection against harm in general and especially loss by fire. The people of Northern England, wishing their dairy to thrive, presents a large bunch of mistletoe to the first cow that has a calf after the New Year.

Rural Welshmen foretell their crops by the mistletoe. "No mistletoe, no

LEST YE FORGET



St. Luke 2: 1-14

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

2. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria)

3. And all went to be taxed, every one unto his own city.

4. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David which is also called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David)

5. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6. And so it was that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn.

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

14. Glory to God in the highest, and ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

luck," but if there is an abundant crop of this plant and it is well fruited, a fine corn crop is expected for that year.

In France many people wear amulets made of mistletoe wood to prevent sickness. In several other countries pieces of the mistletoe is worn about the neck to ward off contagious diseases.

Although no one seems to know just exactly how the traditional English custom of kissing underneath the mistletoe began, since early Colonial times in the Old South the custom has been a

merry one and observed in almost all homes. A large bunch of once sacred plant is hung in a conspicuous place, and a berry pulled each time a kiss is given. The maiden who is not kissed at least once during the Christmas season is supposed to have no chance of becoming a bride during the coming year.

—o—

The hardest time to put the baby to sleep is when she is 17.

Doctors are the only men whose mistakes are commemorated by monuments.

Chatter

FOREMAN'S MEETING

The first in a planned series of foreman's meetings was held in the Angelina Hotel, Monday night, December 11.

Those attending were: Guy Croom, Mutt Barr, Jake Parrish, Bobo Hays, M. Fontenot, Alex Andrews, Jim Odom, Chas. Gault, Gene Chastain, Dude Schuller, Chas. Ragland, Slim Askins, Carl Kaemmerling, Les Tatum, Elbert Butler, and D. K. Womack.

Mr. Croom made a brief talk on organization and cost control. Several interesting topics pertinent to production were discussed. A lot of interest was shown by all attending and it was voted that this group would meet the second Monday evening in each month.

CHATTER

Those Ft. Worth winds, oh how I hate 'em.

Look at what they did to Leslie Tatum. A trucker's convention lured him away, Up to Ft. Worth for a night and day, There one of his eyes took a lot of abuse

Now he gives the wind as his only excuse.

Will some one please suggest to Bill Martin that by changing the furniture around a little bit in his house, such as turning the bed at a right angle to the window instead of parallel with it, he will then be able to get up in the darkness without falling feet first out the window.

Youth and age with a common interest.

"Tubby Welch and Kenneth Mott looking at their "Varga Girl" calenders.

Jack Spurgeon—trying to knock freight train out of his way. Suggest Dr. Womack outfit him with glasses.

On November 23, the "Firesiders" club (Foundry girls) entertained with a moonlight picnic at Crawford Creek. Everyone had a very nice time, including the ones who were left behind for someone to make a return trip for them (and were scared to stay by the fire and scared to leave it) and those who were ill from over-eating. Visitors for the evening were Misses Rena Fae and Rabbie Haygood, Hazel West and "Dot" Gaston.

December 14—Katherine Mullins entertained the "Firesiders" with a candy making at her home in Keltys. Those present were Hazel Rhodes, Margie Terry, Maudelle Weaver, Oneta Haygood, Mae Gaston, Irene Parker, Mildred Walton and the hostess. Club visitors were Mrs. Mullins, Miss Katherine McCarty and Bill Mullins. Hope no one ate too much this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Sammie Lee Denman announce the arrival of a daughter, Verona Frances, born December 2, 1944.

One of our former employees, Mil-

dred Walton, invites everyone to "come up and see her sometime" at the City Food Market, where she is now employed as Assistant manager.

Bonnie Scott one of the oldest sweethearts of the Foundry has an eight pound boy. That's fine Bonnie of course you don't want to raise an army but it takes eleven for a football team and nine constitutes a base ball team.

We understood Lorin Kerr is leaving us on the first, sorry, Lorin, we will miss you.

Major James Hinson visited friends at the Foundry before returning to camp.

M. E. Parrish, youngest son of Jake Parrish, was home on furlough last week and visited friends. He recently received his wings.

Sgt. Wiley Poston, formerly with the trailer division, visited friends in the plant before returning to Ellington Field from his furlough.

Bill Minor, was escorting friends from Houston around the plant last week.

Si Simmons from New York was a welcome visitor to the plant this month. Did you get any sweet potatoes, Si.

Grady Wasson reports the Foundry has a growing organization. The newest addition to the "Apron Society" is J. M. Sims. That makes the crowd—B. B. Nerren and R. E. Holcomb were members in good standing.

The foundry has recently installed a new roll-over molding machine on the side floor. This makes the second one of these machines added during the year. The operating crew consists of J. D. Miles, Bobby Beasley, Cecil Green, and Wiley Smith. These fellows were off to a fine start in November when they produced 560 good castings weighing 33,324 lbs., and 1 scrap casting weighing 35 pounds.

It is good to see R. W. Gillikin able to visit in the foundry again. Gillikin received a major injury in August.

Too small to see! That's the story told by two employees who were recently injured in the foundry. They failed to get immediate first aid. Results—nearly 20 lost working days.

Oscar McKinney had the banner month in the foundry when he produced 66,015 lbs. of good castings and no scrap.

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam a river three times before breakfast. "You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?" "No, Ma'am, but I wonder why he didn't make it four times and get back where his clothes were.

Mistress Santa Claus

Of all the busy people round, this busy Christmastide,

None works like Mistress Santa Claus for days and nights besides;

The good old man, her sturdy spouse, has so much now to do,

If Madame Clause did not take hold we never would get through.

The North Star brightly shining down gives all the light they need,

For "How to Climb a Chimney" is the only book they read,

But Mistress Claus is working hard on dresses, bonnets, sacks.

And there are lots of clothes to make for all the jumping Jacks.

They've dolls in every corner there, they've dolls on all the chairs;

Piled high on every cupboard shelf, and all the way upstairs;

But not a stitch of clothing would on any doll be seen,

Unless his wife were there, for he can't sew on a machine.

The reindeer now are harnessed fast, the toys packed in the sleigh;

And Santa Claus wrapped up in furs, soon dashes on his way,

But, as he goes, cries, smiling back, "I never in my life

Could do so much for boys and girls without so good a wife!"

Oa....?t

—ANON.

AUSTIN JOHNSON

On June 20, 1905 a young colored man called Aus started working for the Lufkin Foundry. He was 19 years of age, and started his career as a molder's helper.

Aus has a most interesting story to tell about the boys coming to work for the company. We think of Claud Green and Dutch Oberpriller as having been around many years, but Aus remember their beginning.

Aus started working around the cupola some 37 years ago. It was rather humorous some years ago to overhear his deep concern about the failure to get the carbons up to the desired point.

Few men employed with our company have a better working record than Aus. All employees have the deepest respect and appreciation for him. yopml

Since we are on the verge of a new year it might be rather appropriate to quote from Calvin Coolidge:

"Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not; nothing is more common than unsuccessful men with talent. Genius will not; unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not; the world is full of education derelicts. Persistence and determination alone are omnipotent!"

A Letter to Santa

Dear Santa:

I hope you will remember me, though it has been a number of years since I wrote you last. I was rather disappointed in the results I got from the last letter I wrote you, but as I grew older I realized that I had been rather selfish in my requests that year. I wished for so many things, particularly those insignificant things with little or no value.

This year I am being different as you will note, my requests are not for material things.

I don't know why I should be making these requests of you unless it is that I feel that inasmuch as you have been getting around at this time of the year for close on to two thousand years bringing gifts to people, you certainly have something on "the ball" and to be sure nothing on your conscience.

Yep, I know you are only a myth, and it may appear that I am a little "off" so to speak, for writing you a Christmas letter. After all, I have just finished cutting my wisdom tooth number four, and with this authentic information, which indicates my true age, some wag will say the cutting was done with a file on my upper plate. But, whatever is said I believe there is and always will be a "Santa."

I know you don't exist as a real flesh and blood character with a big red nose and a couple of truck tires around your midriff, but your spiritual existence is real enough. What else would inspire people to travel countless miles to engage in a few hours of warm friendship with one another. No doubt some will use up all their "A" book for this occasion. You also make friends, and families forget their little petty differences. Little faces light up, as they eagerly await your coming. Scouts are replaced with smiles, real charity is expressed as those that are poor and unfortunate are remembered and made happy by others whose hearts have been warmed by the thought of you, Santa. People manifest signs of great joy and happiness, just as they did at the birth of the One who came to the world from above and died that there might be peace on earth and good will toward all mankind. All these things convince me that I am thinking right about you and your influence.

Well, I see it is getting late, and on account of we have daylight saving time, which causes me to get up shortly after midnight, I had better list the things I want, and get in bed.

Santa, you do remember when as a little boy I always started my letters by telling you what a good boy I had been? Of course, you knew all the time that I fudged a little, but somehow you always forgave me for fudging, and incidentally this gift you have for forgiving people is going to be included in my requests.

Now, Santa, if I may, I want to begin this letter by telling you something about myself, but no fudging this time

See LETTER TO SANTA Page 7



A typical scene on Christmas morning throughout the land. Woodie and Lynn Trout enjoying gift left by Santa.

THIS CHRISTMAS -AND ALWAYS

Let us not fail to recall this holiday season with such symbols as the rainbow in the sky, and the shining Star of Bethlehem typify. They both are promises that give us Hope and Faith. In this world of confusion it is difficult for us to think and to act logically, but it is only the asinine pessimist who ironically says and makes blasphemy of that melting phrase, "Peace on Earth, —Good Will toward men." The thought and the mood of Christmas belong to this year more, because they are needed more.

To observe Christmas day by stopping work and making merry together is a good thing—a wholesome custom. It helps us to feel the harmony of warm fellowship that is the good of life. It helps us to forget ourselves, to be conscious of others and to know that the real joy of living comes not from living alone and complaining against management of the universe but, from giving of ourselves to others,—sowing a few seeds of happiness, here and there. If, for a day, we will trim our lamp to give more light and less smoke, so that the shadows will fall behind, we might be able to catch something of a glimpse of the shining star, and, ultimately, we would have the lighted way, not only for Christmas, but for always.

Then, can we not, by our light, show the way out of a shadowed sky and inculcate the new generation with the idea of a crucial need of their faith

in the world of tomorrow? Plans for constructive action await them, and nothing is more certain than that the world moves on toward good. War has its night, but Peace will have its day, and man, coming from the depths, conquering his foes, will march to greater victories.

"And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

God bless us all—and Merry Christmas!

—By Luda Bell Walker.

WHY I LIKE STORIES:

Humor, like variety, is the spice of life; while fear takes the job out of living. Fear is a beast of destruction. Fear strangles ambition, destroys initiative, cripples industry and discourages armies of workers. If we would save our businesses, our organizations, our accumulated savings of years, we should fight our fears and conquer them.

But a sense of humor is a cushion of life. Without it a man is like a wagon without springs, getting a disagreeable jolt from every bump he runs over.

Life is a serious business all right but, without a funny side, a few jokes now and then, it would hardly be worth living. Laugh off your troubles. Ten to one, they do not amount to anything anyway.

Smile Awhile

Have you heard the one about the two Waves who got lost and wandered into the Sailor barracks. One got scared and left, the other one stayed calm and collected.

Catty woman to authoress of a successful book: "Charming, my dear, but tell me, who really wrote it?"

Authoress: "Darling, I'm so glad you liked it. Who read it to you?"

Gal: "What wartime occupation are you following?"

Sal: "Well, right now it's a lieutenant in the Medical Corps."

A fool argues about whether a woman has brains or not—a wise man busies himself with the things they have.

A boy who wants to make the news, Aspires to fill his father's shoes. His sister aims for something better. She hopes to fill her mother's sweater.

Sadie: That husband of mine is a worm, if there ever was one."

Daisy: "Yes, I just saw a chicken pick him up."

Mabel, who broke that chair in the parlor last night?"

"It just collapsed all of a sudden, Dad, but neither of us was hurt."

Sue: "I refused Harry two months ago, and he has been drinking hard ever since."

Kate: "Well, I say that's carrying a celebration a little too far."

It happened during the rush for gasoline ration coupons, and the scene was an American high school. The white-haired teacher at the table looked up and grinned at the man standing before her, application in hand.

"Well," she said, "after all these years, I'm finally able to give you an 'A.'"

"Waiter," asked the patron in a restaurant, "is it necessary to have that wretched cat prowling among our tables?"

"Well, it's like this sir," replies the waiter. "When there's rabbit stew on the menu, the manager thinks it adds to the enjoyment of the meal if our cat is well in evidence, so to speak sir."

If every GI could read a girl's mind, gasoline consumption would drop 30 percent.

Lieutenant to soldier: Young man, you ought to take a lesson from the busy bee."

Soldier: I did, sir. I was out with my honey last night.

Gather your kisses while you may
For time brings only sorrow.
The girls who are so free today
Are chaperones tomorrow.

Widow next door: "Little boy, I

need a dozen eggs from the store. Could you go for me?"

Little Boy: "No, but I heard pa say he could."

Two veteran Marines were bragging about their respective outfits.

"When we presented arms," said one, "all you could hear was slap, slap, click."

"With us, it was slap, slap, jingle," said the other.

"Jingle? What was that?"

"Our medals."

Satan: "What are you laughing at?"

Imp: "Oh, I just had a woman locked in a room with a thousand hats and no mirrors."

"Why do you call your boy friend 'Pilgrim'?"

"Because every time he calls, he makes a little progress."

"Lady, there's no red light on your car."

"No, officer, it's not that kind of a car."

"It has been rumored you are receiving money for playing football here. Is that true?"

"Yes sir. But I have to make money—I'm putting my mother through welding school."

A man put up at a hotel, and the clerk warned him that the man in the next room was very nervous. When the man went to his room he thoughtlessly threw his shoe down very hard. Then he happened to think of the poor nervous cuss, so he laid the other shoe down very gently. He went to bed and about two hours later he heard a rap at the door. He asked who it was, and the nervous man said; "For heaven's sake, throw that other shoe down will you?"

"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"—"Yes son—just one more and that'll be all for tonight—what is it?"

"If a doctor is doctoring a doctor does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doctoring the doctor, doctor the doctor the way he wants to doctor the doctor?"

Women used to be on the alert to put men in their places. Now they are putting themselves in men's places.

It's hard to date women war workers. They aren't satisfied with a good time—they want time and a half.

It's our war. Let's fight it now. Buy more War Bonds and send your dollars into the fight.

Don't wait for something to turn up. Get a spade and dig for it.

A man is that irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around home.

LETTER TO SANTA

(Continued From Page 6)

I promise. I haven't been good, but I want to be better. You remember earlier I told you that my requests this time wouldn't be for material things?

Well, its a fact. I am only asking for spiritual gifts. I am mindful of the fact that such requests makes it necessary for you to communicate with the Creator of all mankind, but being the type of fellow you are and as good, this won't be any trick at all for you.

First, I am lacking in wisdom and I seek a gift of knowledge. Please bring a gift of higher endowments to my mind, but please let me keep my sense of humor. Bring me this gift of more imagination, and more ambition so that I may get a broader view of wider horizons. I don't mean the wanderlust. I refer to the mountains I stand below right here in my every day life. Give me the gift of climbing up to where I may see with understanding into the minds and hearts of all people I come in contact with. Yes, I want to see in them both the good and the bad. For in this way by comparison, I will be able to see my own faults and do something toward correcting them.

Give me the gift of knowledge to distinguish right from wrong, for all too often I get about this, possibly the workings of my own imagination, but I want the gift of being able to think straight and clearly at all times.

Give me the gift of courage not choose or accept that which is no rightfully mine, but for those things which are mine, if they be good. Give me the capacity to accept and enjoy them in their fullest measure. If they be bad, give me the gift to accept them without prejudice or grumble.

Give me the gift to understand and to forgive. Give me the faith to go the second mile with my fellowman, even though on the surface it would appear that I am taking a beating so to speak.

Well, Santa, I'd better end this letter or else you will think I am getting selfish again. In closing Santa, may I say that I hope that you are able to gladden every heart throughout the entire world this Christmas.

Sincerely yours,
D. W. WOMACK.

A small boy with a penny tightly clutched in his hot little hand entered a toyshop and drove the proprietor to distraction asking to see this and that and never making up his mind.

"Look here, my boy," said the storekeeper finally, "What do you want to buy for a panny—the world with a fence around it?"

The boy thought a moment and then replied, "Let's see it."

"I'm tired—very tired—let me sleep." These were the words of a dying Navy gunner as he lay mortally wounded on the deck of his ship. All of us, you and I both, are tired of war. But we haven't any right to LIE DOWN on our war jobs as long as men like that are LYING DEAD on theirs.



Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year