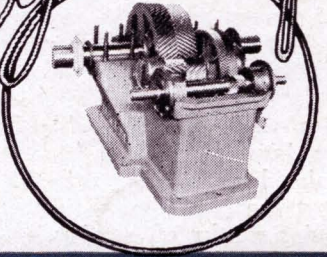


THE *Foundry Roundup*



January, 1947

Vol. 4 • No. 1

The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly for
Employees and Their Families
of

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



One Man's Musings

By GUY CROOM

FROM one man's corner, this is the way it looks to me. When you start stacking up the chips on the debit and credit sides, you have to take a lot of things into consideration.

Where else can you find a place to work the size of this plant where there isn't a set of rules and regulations, by-laws and restrictions that would take the proverbial Philadelphia Lawyer to explain their meaning? I'll tell you, boys, "there ain't none."

Where else can you find the boys during the noon hour playing checkers in one corner, dominoes in another, forty-two in still another, while others engage in half a dozen games of washer pitching to the razzing and teasing of their fellow workers? I'll tell you, boys, "there ain't none."

Where else can you walk out in a shop and invite the first 10 men you meet to your house for dinner without wondering if you're getting a sour apple for the party? I'll tell you, boys, "there ain't none."

Where else can you find a club like the "Boogie Woogie"; a place where the general manager and the water boy are looked upon with the same eye; where the boys make their own music, singing songs that your mother and my mother would enjoy; where the men cook their own grub and all chip in to do their part; where the spirits run high and free, but there are no drunks? I'll tell you, boys, "there ain't none."

Where else can you walk into the foremen's office, take a pack of cigarettes from his box, deposit your money, make your own change, borrow a match from the boss, strike it under one corner of his desk, and come out smoking and feeling you were a wel-

come visitor? I'll tell you, boys, "there ain't none."

How many plants can remember in their past an occasion like ours of last April 6? That was the date of our Birthday Party for Mr. Trout. The strings were off, no holds barred, everything free, paid for from our accumulated funds. And yet in that time of merry-making, there wasn't a misbehavior worthy of mention.

There comes a time when we all must do some serious thinking. We can't be hoodwinked by outsiders who know nothing of our heritage. We revere our heritage—one which has grown through our combined efforts to build an establishment to which we can point with pride and respect. I, for one, can never be persuaded that things past or present or future can offer us an acceptable substitute for a place in which we can work in peace and in harmony.

Commendable Record Scored for December

The Foundry has just completed one of the finest records ever compiled relative to gear housings and covers, weights, cranks and sub bases during the month of December.

Two hundred forty two housings cast with only 3 scrapped; 232 covers with only 4 scrapped; 628 weights with only 6 scrapped; 337 cranks with only 2 scrapped; and 58 sub bases with only 1 scrapped.

This is all the more remarkable since December was a short month, having three days off for Christmas holidays and loss of 1 day's production as result of the ice freeze.

Such a large quantity of covers and housings was made possible by the fact that 48 No. 3A housings and 44 covers were made on the side floor.

The low percentage of scrap is a fine reward to any man having a part in producing this record. It can only be accomplished by the cooperation of all concerned and is a direct result of better metal from the cupola, more efficient handling, and careful workmanship. Your company and management are very proud of this record.

* * *

Mr. Rhobie White reports that the following men had no scrap for the month of December: Poe Standley, Grady Campbell, Dan Finley, Leo Brown, Red Lewis, Otto Smith, Stob Thompson, Fate Johnson, Grady Kirkland, George Haygood, Pete Largent,

Sammie Denman, Henry Williamson, John Cluck, Charlie Beck, George Johnson, and Pat Parker.

Time to Live

We urge ourselves on to goals that too often become ashes in our hands. To get the most out of life we must take time to live;

Time to read good books; time to hobnob with thinkers, poets, explorers, adventurers, seers and prophets;

Time to hear the greatest and most inspiring speakers;

Time to play with the children and to discover again the fountain of youth;

Time for friendship, for quiet talks by the fire, for walks beneath the stars;

Time for laughter; time for letting go and filling the heart with mirth;

Time for nature; time for flower gardens, trees, birds, and sunsets;

Time to love and be loved, for love is the greatest thing in the world;

Time to loaf and dream, and grow a great soul;

Time for service; time to be a good neighbor, and to help to make our community a better place in which to live;

Time for music that washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life;

Time for worship, for the spiritual stimulus of being in tune with the Infinite.

Yes, let us take time to live. Let us pray as did Matthew Arnold, "Calm, calm me more nor let me die before I have begun to live."—*American Wheelabrator Digest*.

That's Some Dog

Uncle Dave Ryan was supposed to go hunting the other day. At least, that's the way we heard it. But it seems he went across the river in search of spirits.

He took three spirits home and hid them behind the sill in his garage where his wife couldn't find them. About an hour later, he went to sample one of the spirits, but there was nothing there.

He rushed into the house and began to gab at his wife for taking his liquor, but she assured him that she had nothing to do with the disappearance.

Hearing his old hound dog a'whining, he went back to investigate. The pup led him to an old hollow tree in which he (the dog) had stored the precious spirits. Yes, sir, that's some dog!

IDEAS

By FRED NELSON

You fellows are continuing on your suggestions pretty well, but you haven't increased the number in the last two months. It looks as if a lot of you are laying down on the job and just aren't taking the trouble to jot down your ideas.

No matter how silly your idea may sound, turn it in. It may have some merit. If it doesn't win a prize, you haven't lost anything. And if it is funny enough to give the committee a laugh, you have the pleasure of creating laughter. So, anyway you look at it, you haven't lost a thing but actually have in your bid for a cash prize.

JANUARY WINNERS

F. W. Gneisig—\$20—Die for jigs.
John Cluck—\$20—Improved method for chamfering female clutches.

H. S. Williamson—\$15—Suggested use of 2 small cranes instead of one in Lathe Shop.

M. D. Rogers—\$10—New die rack for Trailer Division.

Lee Deggs—\$10—Use of angle plate for boring and facing Harvey Hog bearing boxes.

Ghent Smelley—\$10—Hub center mounted on face plate to turn H. S. Gears between centers.

John Cluck—\$5—Close ceiling openings in Lathe Shop.

Marlin Harris—\$5—Guide for No. 51 Screw Machine.

A. P. Kirk—\$5—Packing on doors to prevent spread of paint in booth of Trailer Division.

Craft Fenley—\$5—Skim off slag in one place.

Craft Fenley—\$5—Removal of hand hold prints on 2323 Center Iron Base pattern.

J. R. Ament—\$5—Rollers for feeding pipe house hacksaw.

Howard Smith—\$5—Table to increase travel of G & L in Jig Dept.

Hubert Breazeale—\$5—Converting grinders to chase grinders for tool room use.

W. C. Athey—\$5—Hook for handling No. 3 Units.

John Hensley—\$5—Change 13/16" dowels to 3/4" on thrust collar for 60 roller bearing hog.

E. W. Brock—\$1—Installation of blinker signal on railroad by shaving crusher.

This gentleman (you can tell that from his attire!) might be building his own dog house to meet his own fanciful requirements



...or he might be a blushing June bride, proudly displaying his bouquet of lovely, sweet-smelling flowers. But at least we all agree upon his handsome physique!



T. E. Brewer—\$1—Extension swing ladder for shaving hopper.

Batson Treadaway—\$1—Bulletin board for pipe house.

Jimmie Thompson—\$2—Safety hook for handling brass barrels.

F. K. Roach—\$1—Scrap rack for large shears at Trailer plant.

H. P. Hellberg—\$2—Additional stools for climbing in and out of vans.

F. K. Roach—\$1—New die for press brake.

H. W. Ragland—\$1—Spring lift for lathes and grinders.

H. C. Broderick—\$1—Chamfering of hubs.

H. W. Breazeale—\$1—Wrapping of taps in gum paper to prevent breakage.

J. E. Smithhart—\$1—Bell button for window in Mike Room.

J. H. Nixon—\$1—Rack for tool room.

John Cluck—\$1—Counter-balancing at gang drill spindles.

L. H. Turner—\$1—Revise dumpage place for shavings.

O. J. Blaylock—\$1—Placing of safety instruction on rolling machines.

H. P. Collins—\$1—Suggested placement of identifying sign in front of main gate.

H. R. Lewis—\$1—Hoist to handle shafts.

Pat on the Back

By JESS BELOTE

This month's bouquet of Roses goes to the Electrical and Plumbing crew.

These boys may look like they are running around in circles sometimes, but they are really taking care of repairs, trouble-shooting and anything that may get out of order around the plant.

Led by the able Gene Chastain, who, despite rumors, is a good fellow, the electricians are subject to call 24 hours a day. Most of these boys, who not so long ago didn't know the difference between an ampere and a peanut, have really applied themselves and caught on to the tricks of the trade.

These boys can't afford to lag or loaf because the work will pile up and snow them under. Maybe an Ingersoll in the shop is broken down, a crane in the Trailer Division is out of order, the Personnel Office needs a new light globe or the Main Office needs some work done on their heating unit. These boys have to get these jobs done as soon and as efficiently as possible.

Located in this Department, under the supervision of Gene Chastain, are Calvin Copeland, Charles Conrad, "Pee Wee" Chastain, Doyle Fenley, Douglas Havard, Paul Jackson, Garland Jones, H. R. Lewis, Jr., J. T. McBride, Cecil Porter, Wyman Parker and William F. Watterson.

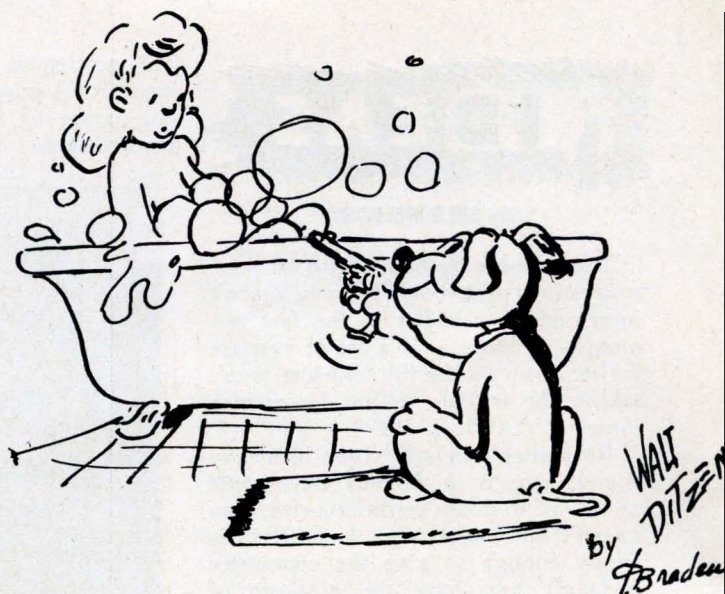
Gladly we take our has off to these boys. They are doing a good job!

If you were to take, as an example, 33 men from the Shop that lost the most time during 1946 by laying off, you would find that they lost a total of 750 days, \$5,823.60 or an average of \$176.44 each.

NOTICE

Any employee receiving a visit from the stork between Jan. 1 and Dec. 31, 1947, please report the vital statistics to the Personnel Office.

Silly— But So!



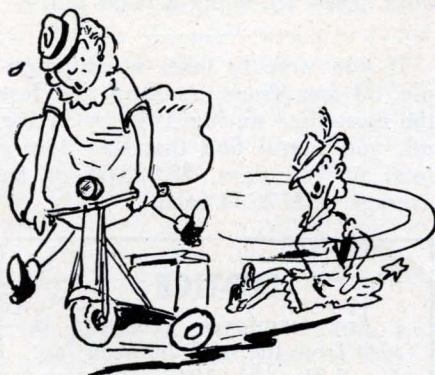
IT USED to be news when a man bit a dog. But in 1946 a dog shot a woman.

And that's not all. A kangaroo shot a man. So did a rabbit. A deer took a gun away from a hunter. A fish chased a fisherman off the road by sneezing in his face. A bee, a goose, a grasshopper, a mouse and a turtle got into the act, each in its own quaint way. And an ice cube knocked a woman cold.

All this, and more, was turned up by the National Safety Council in its annual roundup of odd accidents. And if you haven't already begun to suspect that things were a little wacky in the year just past, read on!

Miss Jeanette Esslinger was standing on the sidewalk in St. Louis when an ice cube fell out of a hotel window. It hit her squarely on the head and knocked her colder than the ice cube. At the hospital they treated her with—an ice pack!

Alice Martin, 52, and Emily Hauser, 66, were zipping along the streets of



Des Moines, Iowa, on a motor scooter one day, having a very fine time indeed, when what should loom up ahead

but a corner. As they scooted adventurously around it, the scooter uncereemoniously upset, depositing both ladies on the pavement with considerable force and little dignity. Sympathetic friends suggested the scooters trade in their vehicle for an automobile—or, if youth must have its fling, a kiddie car.

As Margaret Standring was walking along the street in downtown Philadelphia, she was understandably bewildered when two women and a man suddenly began beating her on the head. She was burned up a little at this. But not as much as if they hadn't. For the no-so-cold fact was that Miss Standring was on fire. A cigarette, tossed from a near-by building, had landed in her hair. No other cigarette can make this statement!

Now, about the dog that shot the woman. It happened in Baltimore as Mrs. Ruth Patterson was enjoying a bath. Her police pup, Toby, spied a gun on the washstand, put paw to pistol and let Mrs. Patterson have it right in the bathtub—or more precisely, right in the hand.

More understandable was the strange case of the kangaroo that shot the man. This happened in Australia when Arthur Crosbie reloaded the rifle and put the butt on the kangaroo's neck to pin it down. The kangaroo reached up, twined a forepaw around the trigger and shot Crosbie through the arm.

Prompted by the same motive of self preservation, a rabbit that lived just outside Louisville, Ky., resented the activities of William Humphrey, a 16-year-old hunter. He stuck out a paw from Humphrey's game bag, pulled the trigger of Humphrey's gun and shot him through the foot. Humphrey

now carries a rabbit's foot for luck when he goes hunting. Guess what rabbit!

Back in the meatless days Del Halstead licked his chops as he drew a sight on a big buck deer near Buckhorn Station, Calif. Just as he released



the safety catch on his rifle, he was hit from behind and sent sprawling. Another buck had bounded out of a thicket and landed, a la the Marines, in the nick of time. Halstead not only lost his gun—he lost two bucks!

Edward M. Brown, of Beverly Hills, Calif., saw active service in both the European and Asiatic theaters without a scratch. He decided to relax by going hunting. A companion shot a goose. It plummeted down, struck Brown smack in the chest, knocked him flat, and inflicted injuries that kept him in the hospital 45 days.

Many a bee has caused a traffic accident, but a super-busy one in Hammond, Ind., cracked up three autos by merely stinging the driver of one of the cars. The driver, Walter Sohl,

drove into another car, which then crashed into a third machine.

Put a mouse and a woman in the same car and something has to give. So when Mrs. Orson Rheingold, of Albany, N. Y., found she was sharing her car with a traveling field mouse, she just did what came naturally. The car smacked into a pole and the field mouse returned to the field.

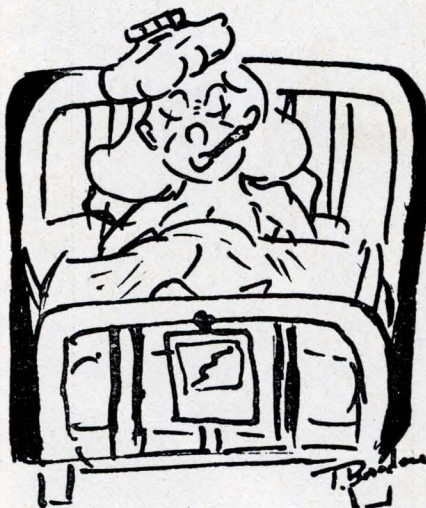
Gustav Riebow, of Milwaukee, is a kindly man. So when he and his wife found a turtle in their back yard, they put it in a box on the front seat of their car and started to take it to a nice homey place in the country. The turtle, confused or just plain ungrateful, slipped out of the box, crawled up Mr. Riebow's leg and bit him good and hard. Mr. Riebow turned turtle and so did the car—via a tree.

Most fantastic of all, perhaps, is the celebrated case of the sneezing salmon. James Mantakes, of La Grande, Ore., caught the salmon, tossed it in the rear of his car and started home to show it to the folks. Chugging along, desert dust blew into the salmon's gills, and it sneezed. Yes, it did.

This startled Mr. Mantakes. He glanced back, saw nothing but a fish

sneezed spitefully once or twice more—and succumbed.

After that, anything must seem dull. But the case of Pete Bird, of Shelbyville, Ky., may be worth recording.



When a mere boy, Mr. Bird was chopping a log on a farm when a chip flew up and struck him in the eye, bringing a cataract and blindness. In 1946—just 42 years later—Mr. Bird again was chopping wood. Again a chip flew up and hit him in the eye, tearing the cataract loose and restoring sight.

In Fresno, Calif., Leonard Guraro, 21, was completing what he hoped had been a satisfactory test for a driver's license. As he nervously parked the car he stepped on the accelerator instead of the brake. The car leaped the curb and zoomed through the plate glass window of an office—the office of the examiner who was giving Guraro the driving test. License denied.

When the alarm rang in a Houston fire station this summer, Fireman J. H. Skeeters threw on his clothes and leaped for the quick-exit pole. He missed and landed kerplunk on the first floor 20 feet below—all 200 pounds of him. Sure, it was a false alarm.

In Fairmont City, Mo., fire started in an auto from a short circuit, but thoughtfully set off the horn and sounded its own alarm.

Equally as obliging was a blaze that started in a tavern at Hugo, Okla., burned off the cap of a hydrant, released a stream of water and drowned itself.

Then there was the case of the sultry pocketbook. It belonged to Miss Janice Peterson, of New York City, who traced smoke to a drawer in her office desk and found a cigarette lighter in her purse had flicked on. "And it

hardly ever works when you want it to," she moaned.

A \$50,000 boom that hit the rural community of Plymouth, Wis., when 16-year-old Robert Marth shot at a sparrow perched on a farm wagon, missed the sparrow, hit the wagon and set off its 1,300-pound load of dynamite. Casualties—650 windows, one wagon and one sparrow.

Stanley Szot, of East Chicago, Ind., entered the dentist's office with a toothache and left with a headache. As the dentist reached for the forceps, lightning struck the office building and a hunk of plaster from the ceiling conked Szot on the head, where the novocain hadn't reached.

Three-year-old Ernest Liedemann, of Chicago, tumbled into the Chicago river from a bridge high above. As he hit the water, his clothing caught on a nail that protruded from the piling and held his head above water until he was rescued.

Close runner-up for fall fashions was Abraham Wilson, of New York. As Mr. Wilson was lowering a couch from a four-story shaftway in the warehouse of the Twilight Sleep Products Co., he tripped in the rigging, and he and the couch plunged downward. He caught up with the couch as they passed the third floor. The force of the impact wedged the couch against the shaft wall, where surprised workers found Mr. Wilson curled up cozily.

When most people were desperately trying to find auto tires, Stanley Yanick of Chicago just stood still on the sidewalk and one came rolling right up to him. Unfortunately, it had a wheel attached, and it flattened him. The tire was the wrong size anyway.

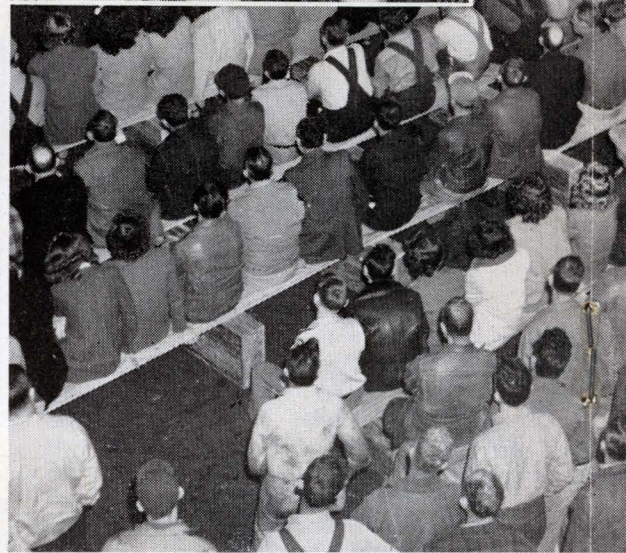
When Mrs. Ralph Gilmore of Philadelphia heard a certain program coming in on her radio, she hurried across the room to turn up the volume, tripped on a rug and fell, suffering minor injuries. The program Mrs. Gilmore fell for? A broadcast on home hazards by the National Safety Council!—Reprinted from *Public Safety*.



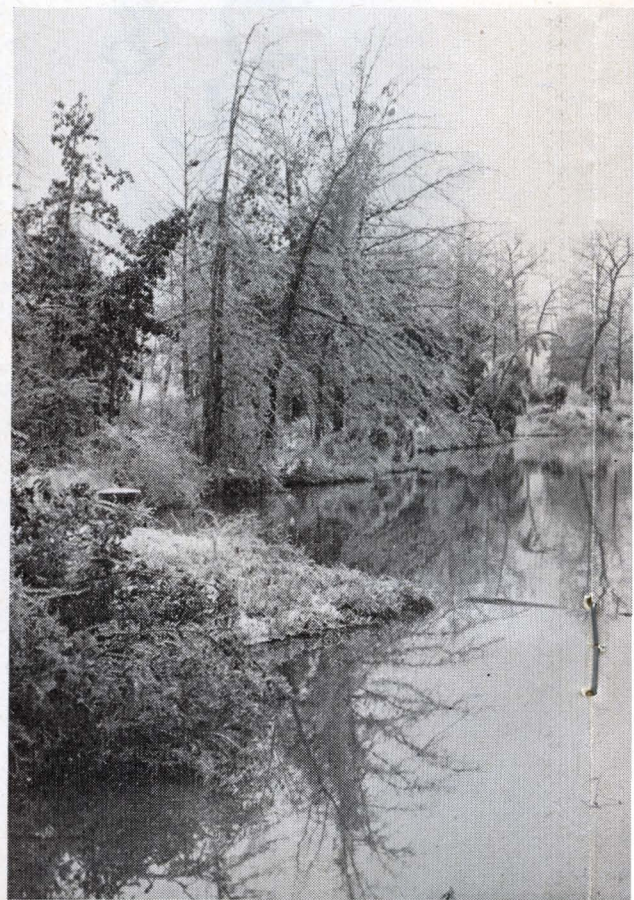
and shrugged off the sound. Another sneeze. Mr. Mantakes whirled around, this time to see an angry salmon on the back of the seat, glaring balefully at him with bloodshot eyes. As if that weren't enough, a grasshopper chose that moment to come flying in through the window. The salmon abandoned Mr. Mantakes, lunged at the grasshopper, missed and fell back in the lap of the now thoroughly disorganized driver.

Mr. Mantakes gave himself over entirely to subduing the salmon. The car went crashing off the road. The salmon



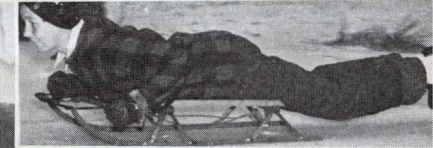
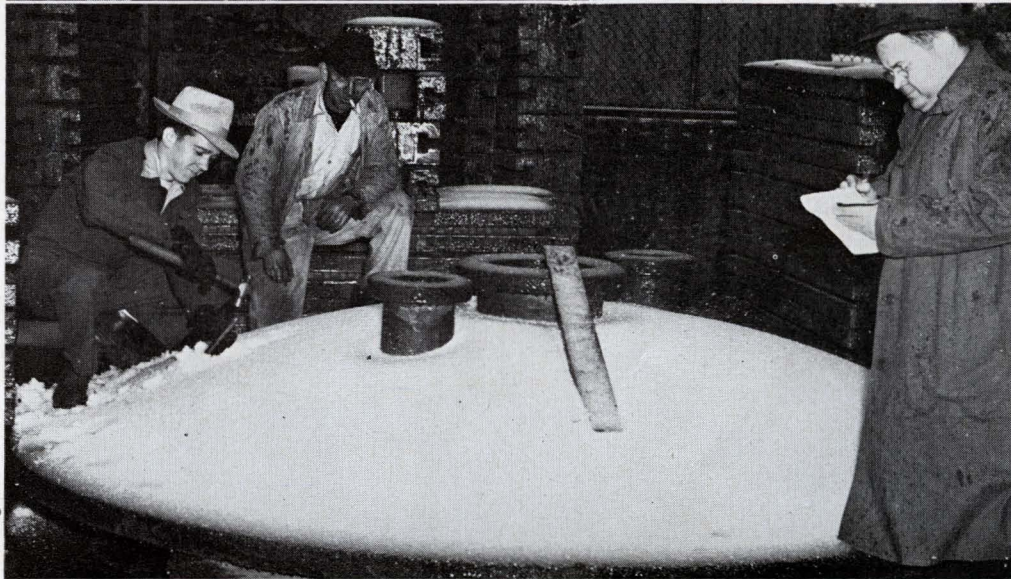


Not that these unusual snaps need an exp
will be said that anytime anyone thinks Lu
snow—they've got another think coming. A
who is chipping the snow off a number du
thinks there can be Christmas without a bo
attended the party in th





an explanation, but just for the record it
inks Lufkin goes through a winter without
ning. Ask Franklin Weeks and the fellow
ber during inventory time. And if anyone
a bonus check, ask any of the ones who
in the Machine Shop.



By W. C. TROUT

DURING September and October, we enjoyed a trip to New England, New York, and Wisconsin. We drove to New Haven and straight north up Highway 5 through the Connecticut River valley, which forms the boundary between Vermont and New Hampshire, and on up through the Dartmouth Lake Region to the White Mountains—this for a vacation and incidentally to attend the annual N.A.M. Conference.

Leaving New York on the New Hendrik Hudson Highway, the last red light we encountered was at the Washington Bridge. Then we drove 80 miles to New Haven on a double, three, and four lane highway without a crossroad or red light to stop us—only three 10 cent toll gates. This is the Merritt Highway, privately built which will eventually reach Boston. There are no stores, honky tonks, or even residences on this highway; just virgin country, with a standardized filling station about every 5 miles

where the service is unusual. Speed limit is 50 miles per hour, no trucks allowed.

Driving through New Haven and Hartford to Greenfield, Massachusetts, we passed through country which looked very old; in fact, it is 200 years older than Texas. There were graveyards everywhere (in our country you seldom see one) but 200 years hence we, too, will have them.

We stopped a day in Greenfield and visited friends in Turners Falls and Old Deerfield, which are nearby towns, and learned a lot about New England conditions and their problems. They are much the same as ours, only worse. We spent a very interesting day in factories and etc., hoping to arrange contracts next year for Lufkin Foundry. We visited our friend's home in South Deerfield, one of the oldest towns in Massachusetts; in fact, it was an Indian village before the white man came. This is a one-street, one-store town with a small college. Everything about it is very old. The home of our

friend was the last house built in this little town and that was fifteen years ago. It is a copy of an older one constructed 100 years ago in another part of the state. When they were digging the basement, they found the remains of an Indian who was buried in a sitting position facing east with a pipe in his mouth. This was given to some museum or historical society.

Believe it or not, this state has about 600 industries, mostly small manufacturing plants, turning out thousands of different products, and I

Exploring

learned right away that not only the citizens are sports-minded, but the employers encourage it, believing it pays big dividends.

Without warning, I called on a friend at Keene, New Hampshire, who has a factory making machines for printing on glass and metal, like the letters "Mazda" on our light globes and RCA tubes. I found he was out on the golf course with his shipping clerk and shop sweeper. He encouraged all his 100 employees to belong to the country club, and they have one that is very active. The town has about 12,000 inhabitants.

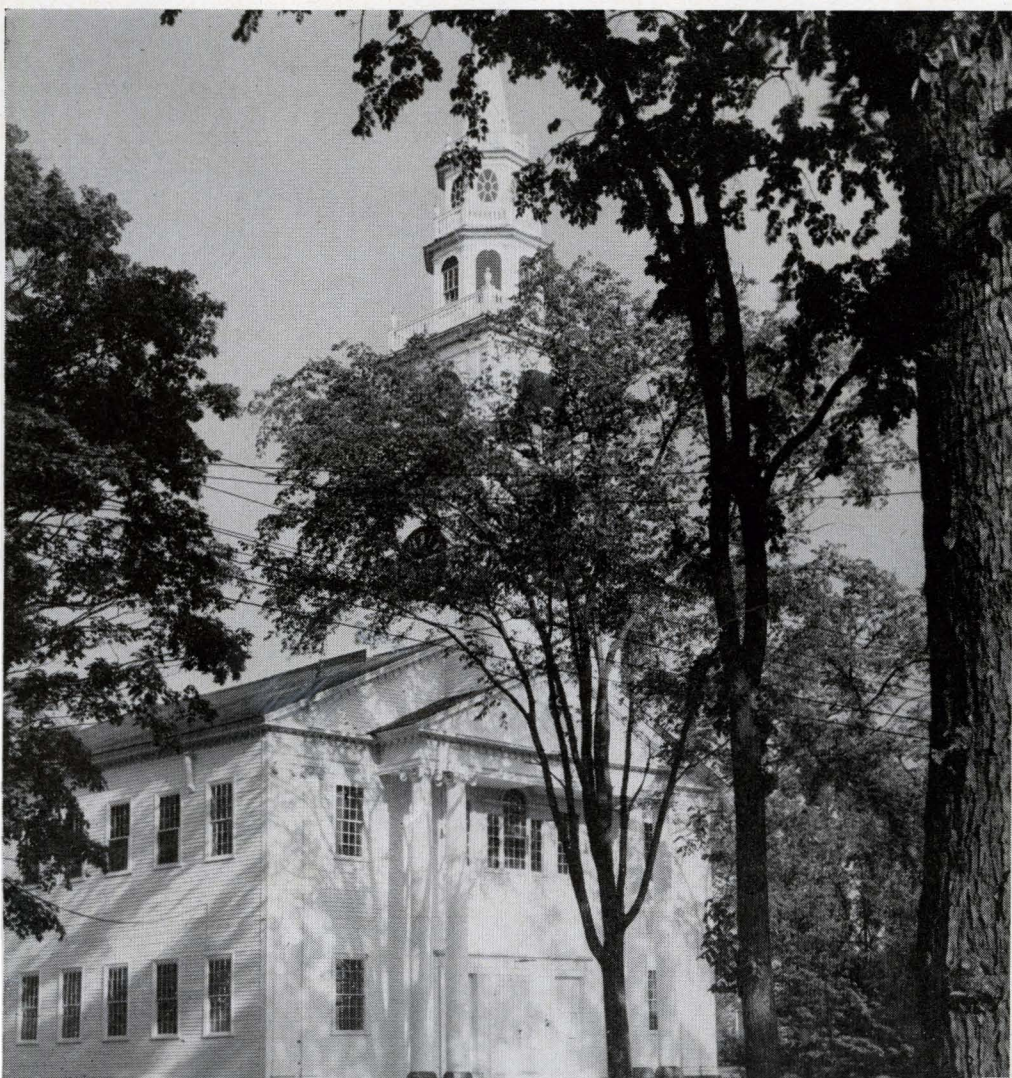
We, in Lufkin, are slowly working to this end—recreation parks, swimming pool, baseball, and Jones Lake. Such things as the Town Hall idea will and should mean a happier community. We too have fishing and hunting near by for those who enjoy it. New England hasn't much on us after all.

However, I noticed in the Boston paper where a fishing sloop arrived in Boston with 212 sword fish averaging 200 pounds each, which sold for 65 cents per pound, or over \$29,000.

That meant each of the crew received \$2200 for twenty-one days' work. That's getting paid for real sport.

They seem to have a profusion of good school houses and colleges. Dartmouth at Hanover is a most beautiful spot. Classic buildings, dormitories, football, baseball, tennis and golf grounds are well kept. They also have winter sports, especially skiing. Dartmouth has a steel slide, possibly 150 feet high, that gives the skiers a start, and they wind up two or three

THE TOWN HOUSE at Fitzwilliam; erected in 1817. The bell, originally cast by Paul Revere, was later recast with the addition of 300 silver dollars. (Sawyer Photo.)



miles away. This is not the largest steel slide. There is one at Berlin, New Hampshire (where I built a mill years ago) that has the widest and highest steel slide. I do not remember the dimensions, but on all these mountain slides they have an aerial tramway where the skiers sit in a soft seat or chair and are towed up the hill to the starting point. When I was a kid in Canada, we never thought of such things. We enjoyed tobogganing and never gave a thought to climbing the hills.

Highways

Seeing the pictures of New Hampshire winter sports brought back many pleasant memories of an ice boat I once built and the ice skating period of my life in Canada and Wisconsin. Wherever there was good ice, there were plenty of young folks. It's the finest exercise there is.

I now understand why so many New Yorkers patronize special excursions to winter spots, especially skiing. They leave on Saturday night sleepers and arrive in the mountain country in the early morning. There they slide down the mountain side, then work back up again against the winds—if there is no aerial tramway. After a day like this, there is no difficulty in sleeping on a train that brings them back for their daily grind in the big city.

Two or three times while driving along on the Connecticut River highway, we noted high watermarks several feet above our car. On inquiry, we found that this beautiful stream had flooded the country twice during the past twenty years. It rose fifteen feet higher than anyone living now has ever known or heard of, which means that the water level was over fifty feet above normal. This, of course, inundated many towns and villages, destroying millions in property values. This occurred in 1927 and 1937, washing out dams and playing general havoc in its path.

At Lincoln, we stopped at a trading post where they had a large souvenir store-restaurant and a bear and dog zoo. These were Eskimo dogs, a breed we seldom see. Although they resembled wolves, they were beautiful to look at—so bright and alert, keen-eyed, strong, and muscular. They were in the

northern woods for winter. Here they have two seasons: July and winter.

The bears were most amusing. They would climb the high pole in their den and sit on a platform while running a trolley line down to the crowd about 100 feet away. When the can was filled with food, the bear would haul it in. Sometimes he would empty the can and run it back while he ate the food. Strange as it seems, the crowd bought the food from the owner of the animals and fed them.

Our next spot was Bretton Woods, right in sight of Mount Washington and the cog-wheel railway, Franconia Notch, with its aerial tramway to Echo Lake and other interesting points.

The Mount Washington Hotel, strictly a summer resort, handles about 600 guests and is open from June 1 to October 1.

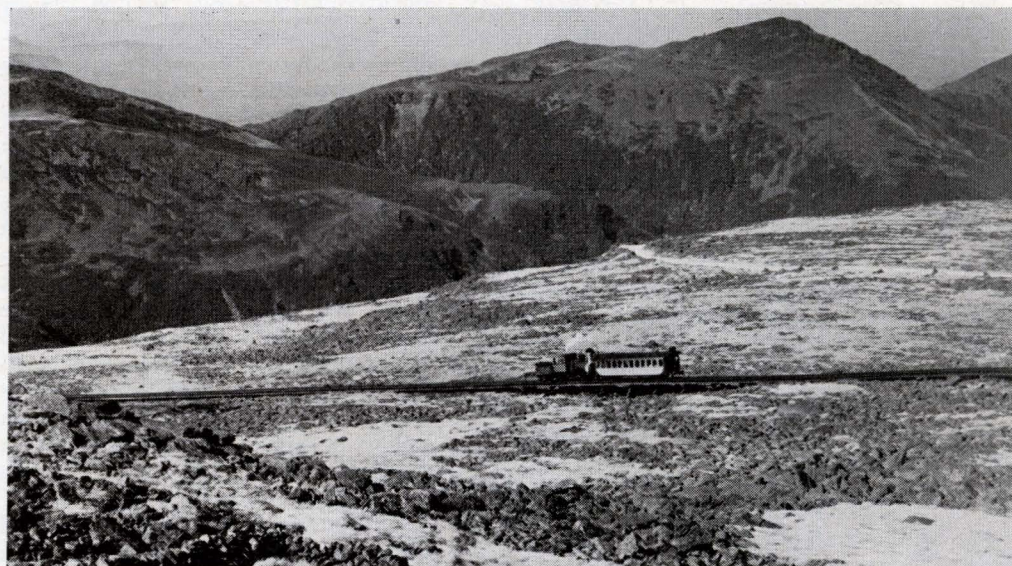
For the first three weeks in June and the last three weeks in September, many big conventions are held there. Between times, when the prices almost double, there is the real summer season. This place has a very fine 18-hole

golf course; the par is 71. It is 6189 yards long. The longest distance between goals is 525 yards. The shortest is 132 yards. I did not even walk the course, but, from what I saw of it, it looked like a golfer's paradise—very few real hard hills to climb. The tee-off was about 40 feet above the average level of the course. They also have a wonderful putting green right at the hotel.

They have everything else in the way of sports—a baseball field, many tennis courts, swimming pools and even pitching horseshoes.

Living in the southwest, we too often think of Colorado, California and the wonderful western country for vacations. We forget that the eastern part of the United States holds three centuries of tradition and development, good roads, with clean and neat countryside. This New Hampshire country, with less than five million people, has the scenic charm of lake, forest, mountains and 40,000 miles of streams to play in.

WENDING ITS WAY through scenic paradise is the cog railway on Mount Washington. And below this picture is a glimpse at skimming the waters of Alton Bay, a popular Lake Winnepesaukee resort, where swimming, fishing, and other vacation pleasures are enjoyed. (Photos by Harold Arne, Melrose, Mass.)



SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

IT WAS standing room only the morning of December 4 when *Carl Liese* (Trailer Division) had his new Hudson on display. Since he promised any and every one a free ride, the line will form to the left—just to be different.

Sidney J. Dean (Trailer Division) was in high spirits the week of December 1-7 with a cheery word and wide smile for all. Also during this week a Miss Jo Wassen from San Benito was visiting in Lufkin. We're wondering when that one and one will make two.

As long as we're lining up, here's another one that forms to the right. Only it's a paying formation with the highest bidder getting the odds. *Winnie Berry*, seated in a chair one day, offered to let *Howard Daniel* sit in her lap for 25 cents. At that moment, *Tubby Welch* passed by, heard the bargain and reached in his pocket. Pulling out 50 cents, he pushed Howard aside. "That's how inflation gets started," Howard mumbled as he walked dejectedly away.

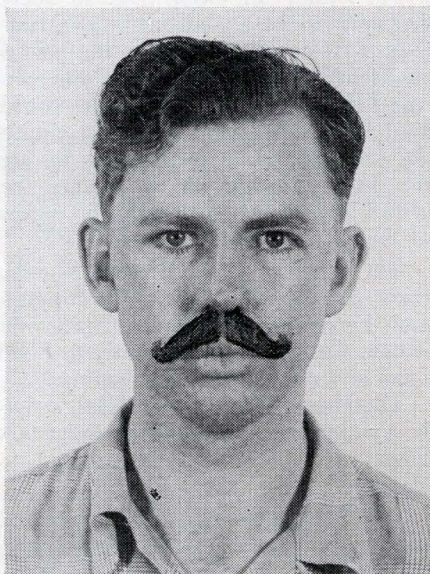
There follows an announcement of the birth of *Uncle Jess'* granddaughter—the first girl for their family. "Announcing the new 1947 Herrick DeLuxe. M. T. Herrick, business manager, and Marie Belote, manager in charge of production, announce the arrival on Dec. 7, at 3 a. m. the showing of the new 1947 Herrick—the Marsha Louise now on display in the company show room.

"The DeLuxe model features free squealing, scream-line body, 20 inches wheelbase, easy to handle, easy to park, 6 pounds, 14 ounces net weight, bright blue lamps, with automatic dimmers, high frequency vibrator type horn (loudest when fuel tank is low) two lung power, easy feeding, 4-ounce tank, more smiles per gallon, no draft ventilation and changeable seat covers.

"Come in and see this new model at your earliest convenience. The management assures the public that no later models will be issued during the remainder of the year."

When better babies are built, the Herricks will be building them.

Bobo Hays has been talking about the size of the bananas he's been eat-



PICTURED ABOVE is one of the more prominent members of the Machine Shop Second Shift, G. C. "Cowboy" Starrett is one of the few machinists that had a scrapless month for December, and quite naturally, he should be heralded for his skill. We understand that "Cowboy" is most fond of mustaches, so we submit herewith his photo with one of the famous handlebars.

ing lately. Just 12 to 15 inches long and 3 inches in diameter. When buying by the dozen, be prepared to carry 26 pounds. Wonder if he meant cushaws instead of bananas?

Football season is behind us, but this is a story that can't escape mentioning. *Harvey Jackson* was really in a sweat over the quarter-finals tilt because he thought that if Lufkin beat Waco then the Panthers would have to play the Rice Institute Owls—and he was just a tiny bit worried as to the outcome. He made several bets with his co-workers who took Lufkin and gave Jackson 18 to 25 points—in dead seriousness.

Uncles *Lee Dyer*, *C. C. Ruby* and *Dave Rowin* assembled at Dave's house for Christmas Day. They decided to go to the woods and make eggnog. Uncle Dave gathered up a quart of milk, about 2 tablespoons of chili pepper, 12 eggs, some tomato catsup, tablespoon of black pepper, tablespoon of red pepper, a pinch of cloves spice, and a dash of salt—and of course, the nog part, too.

Although civilized people have eggnog at home on Christmas Day, these old cronies took to the tall timber—reverting to their ancestors. That urge to climb the trees was just too strong.

C. D. (George Washington) Boykin, Number One Goose-Hunter, made the following statement—under oath, of course:

"While hunting near Beaumont, I saw what I thought was a rain cloud approaching. Upon closer observation, I discovered it was a flock of geese. They were so thick, the sun couldn't be seen for 3 hours."

That's a pretty good one, but wait. A goose, with wings spread, covers approximately one square foot of space, with your naked eye, you can see it 10 miles on a clear day. Those geese must have been four deep to block out the sun. If a goose flies 60 miles per hour, there were 8,028,979,200,453 "geoses" in the flock. However, Boykin admits that he bagged only 397!

Then there's the one Emma Laura Douglass relates about the hunters who jaunted to Lake Charles for goose-killing. Allegedly, they killed 700 vinegar barrels full of these birds. Could have shot more, but the gun barrels melted from such rapid fire. Any disbelievers, contact Emma Laura or C. D.

E. E. Hess (Engineering) states that he believes the above story because he was hunting near Beaumont where trillions and trillions of geese hang out. A large flock came over his stand and he used his 30.30 to sheet one duck which was flying above the rest. As this duck fell, it hit 7 others, bringing them down with dead-eye accuracy. Eight ducks with every shot!

Moral: (There's always got to be a moral.) We know that these fellows will be able to look Saint Peter squarely in the eye and repeat the tales word for word!

When *R. F. Ginn* was coming to work one morning (any morning you want to name) he had to slam on his brakes and come to a grinding halt. Just in front of him was a ditch in the middle of the Huntington Highway 4 feet deep and 30 feet wide. Plodding along the ditch was a line of armadillos—29 abreast. Yes sir, those little fellows were migrating and had been passing this spot since midnight and had worn through the 6 inches of asphalt and 3½ feet of dirt. After the line was gone, Ginn called the highway department to come build a bridge so he could pass.



POOR HONEST JOHN HENSLEY! No one seems to appreciate his affection. Not even the deer looks impressed. This buck awoke our hunter from a sound sleep by kissing him gently on the cheek, but when John tried to play hands with the animal, it got disgusted and walked away. Poor Honest John!

W. J. Harbuck is back operating a small roll-over molding machine after serving in the U. S. Army. He got his discharge in late December and the boys are happy to welcome his return.

Congratulations to all our proud parents! The stork has been working overtime for Foundry employees. It was a boy for the *Virgil A. Swors*, January 8; a girl for the *Jim Marks*, *H. J. Learrous*, *Dorsey O. Walkers*, and the *Louis A. Millers*; and a boy for the *G. C. Wilkersons*.

Also our hearty good wishes go to *Howard Dwain Walker* and *Billie Myrl Harbuck* who were married Dec. 15, and to *Helen Clinton* and *Pvt. Steve Barnes* who were married Dec. 21.

L. J. Menejee, colored employee of the cleaning department, is a married man of almost 3 months, but reports that he "likes it swell!"

Jessie Dodd, who fractured a bone in his foot in December, is recovering rapidly. The men in the cleaning department are wishing for his speedy return to the job.

We extend our sympathies to *Woodrow Parker*, colored employee in the Foundry, whose brother died last

month, and to *Will Thorn*, colored employee in the cleaning department, whose mother died Dec. 14.

A fine record has been written by the employees for 1946. On 289 working days, 29.3 millions pounds of iron were poured to produce 20.4 million pounds of good castings. The average heat for the year 101,564 pounds iron charged, 70,705 pounds good castings produced, and 3,094 pounds of scrap.

Foundry employees that have not been on the absentee list for 1946 are: "Dutch" *F. C. Oberpriller*, *Oliver McKay*, *Frank Whitten*, *T. H. Battles*, *L. C. Watts*, *W. J. Hanson*, *L. Boins*, *Craft Fenley*, *Elmer Ashley*, *A. A. Loden*, *R. E. Holcomb*, *Bennie Goodwin*, *Elbert Shipp*, *E. A. Mixon*, and *Roy Lilley*.

This is the second consecutive year that *Craft Fenley* and *Dutch Oberpriller* have appeared on this list.

Some of the fellows have been wondering what a hunting season costs the hunter, so for the record we take as a sample case that of *Howard Trout*.

His car, getting stuck in the mud four different times, cost him \$10 each trip, three boxes of shotgun shells at \$1.50 per box, and that stuff we'll call "incidentals" hit the pocketbook

at the tune of 7 times \$4.50. This totals \$76.

He bagged five squirrels, about which he is quite happy. Each squirrel, using the above bona fide figures, cost the hunter \$15.20.

New Year's Day *Fred Childers* saw *Luda Belle Walker* standing in front of the new parking meters. She was shivering and shaking. "Why are you standing out here in the cold?" Fred asked. "Well, you see," she replied through chattering teeth, "I put a nickel in this thing awhile ago, but it only took me 20 minutes to finish my business. Now I've got to wait 40 more minutes for my time to run out so I can move my car."

This is a little story on some of our colored employees. *Felton Purvis* and *Homer Turner* are trying to find out why *Rev. Gus Stevenson* has more neices than anybody. He gets two letters per day from Houston and Beaumont. Turner says that's "not nothing" though. *Rev. Bailey* went to Huntsville to preach when there are 30 churches in Lufkin. Purvis says though that there isn't any Grand Prize here. It is a surprise that he left there for those chickens of *Bro. Boyd's* he gets at night.

"Heavy" *Stevens* proved his ability as a waiter at the V.F.W. meeting not so long ago—only he was a little past due getting home.

J. W. Smelley certainly has the luck when he goes hunting. It's a bit of strange luck that fell his way last week while he was out looking for birds. A skunk pointed the dog—and the dog had to walk home!

Truck drivers around these parts have really made a reputation for themselves—even among the children. Little *Jerry Boatman*, who travels up and down the sidewalks via his tricycle, was riding with his dog in his arms the other day. Some of the girls asked him why he didn't let the dog play around on the ground. "Cause," said *Jerry*, "Olen Morris will get 'im."

Birmingham: Man, am I frightened! I just got a latter from a husband who says he will shoot me if I don't leave his wife alone.

Katherine: Well, all you have to do is stay away from his wife.

Birmingham: Fine, fine, but he didn't sign the letter!

Smile Awhile

Mama Skunk was worried because she could never keep track of her two children. They were named In and Out, and whenever In was in, Out was out, and if Out was in, then In was out. One day she called Out in and told him to go out and bring In in. So Out went out and in no time at all he brought In in.

"Wonderful!" said Mama Skunk. "How, in all this great forest, could you find In in so short a time?"

"It was easy," said Out. "In stinct."

Project yourself for a moment into the year 1965. The atomic bomb has come actively into our world and laid it to waste. Man has vanished from the face of the earth. And with him have gone the creatures great and small. Throughout the entire universe there is no stirring life. No sign save one.

From a deep, dark cavern in a remote corner of the continent of Africa, two small animals emerge to stare in blinking awe at the wreck and ruin. Scratching his head, the little boy monkey turns presently to his mate. "Well," he says in a tone of deep resignation, "let's get busy and start over again!"

And did you hear about the two ghosts who were caught doing "what comes super-naturally?"

"Your wife used to be terribly nervous. Now she's as cool as a cucumber. What cured her?"

The doctor did. He told her that her kind of nervousness was the result of advancing age."

Consoler: Terribly sorry you buried your wife yesterday.

Bereaved: Had to, old man—dead, you know.

Repairs were being carried out on the roof of an asylum by a local builder who had asked for an inmate to assist him. All went well until lunchtime, when the builder's assistant clutched him around the neck and said: "Come on, let's jump down."

The builder was frightened almost out of his wits, but suddenly he had an inspiration that saved his life.

"Oh, rats," he replied, "anybody

could do that. Come on down and let's jump up."

"I need a holiday" said the cashier. "I'm not looking my best."

"Nonsense," said the boss.

"No, it isn't nonsense; the men are beginning to count their change."

Billy: I asked you for a kiss.

LaRose: Well, what are you waiting for—an application blank?

The following notice appeared in a rural paper:

"On Wednesday evening the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church will hold a rummage sale. This will be a good chance to get rid of anything not worth keeping but too good to throw away. Bring your husband."

"Lost your job as a caddy?" asked Fred Childers.

"Yep," replied the boy, "I could do the work all right, but I couldn't learn not to laugh."

Irate Traffic Cop: Don't you know you can't turn around in the middle of a block?

Betty Carter: Oh, I think I can make it, thank you.

Sexton: How did the wedding come off?

Preacher: Fine, until I asked if the bride would "obey" and she said: "Do you think I'm crazy?" and the groom, who was in sort of a daze,umbled "I do." Then things began to happen.

Louis Perry: Do men like talkative women or the other kind?

Ghent Smelley: What other kind?

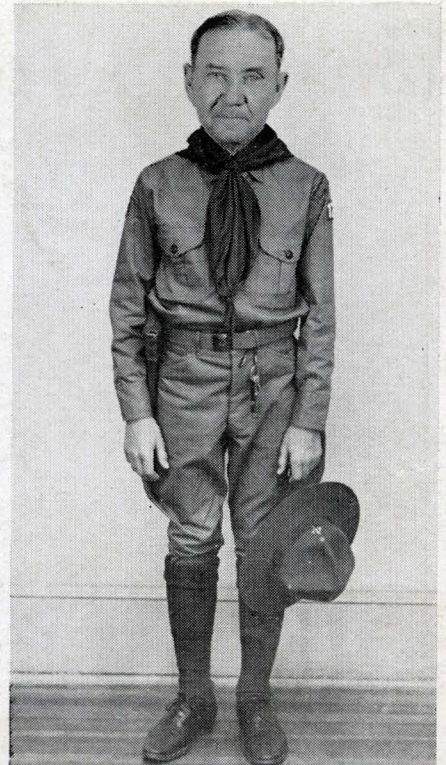
John Winston: Believe me, if my wife says anything about the time I come home, I'm going to tell her a thing or two.

Maurice Malone: Don't do that—tell her one thing and stick to it.

T. B. Winston: Waiter, what is this?

Waiter: That's bean soup, sir.

Winston: Never mind what it's been, what it is now?



Returning the Pat

FRED NELSON

You have noticed several articles in the *Roundup* by Uncle Jess Belote giving some of the boys a boost. Now it's time the tables were turned.

Uncle Jess is a fellow who doesn't look for any praise. He believes a man should work hard, yet enjoy his work. He thinks a man should have a smile and a cheery word for his fellow worker; give the Company an honest day's work.

Uncle Jess has been an employee of the Foundry for some 32 years. Faithfulness and loyalty are the milestones of these years. He has been associated with the Machine Shop since 1915, running any and all the machines.

Although he is about the greatest hand for dishing out the pranks, he can gracefully accept when they repay him. The ever-popular Badger Fight, held every 15 years, was developed through the Belote family. It will continue for years to come since Uncle Jess' son, Buster, will carry on the tradition.

We believe that Uncle Jess is a living example of the right way to work, the right way to play, and the right way to live. We salute you, Uncle Jess, an old-timer of all times!

Wanted: A 6-room house within city limits, approximately 6 years old. Purchaser: E. T. Arnold.