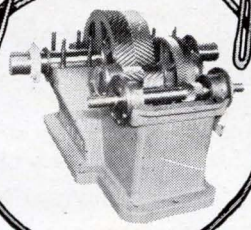
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THE Foundry Roundup



April, 1947

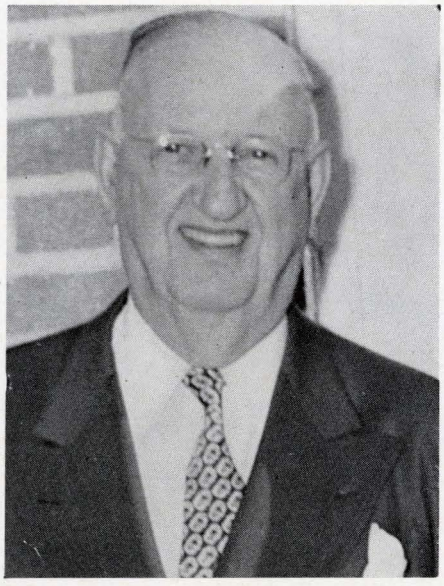
Vol. 4 • No. 4



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The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly for
Employees and Their Families
of
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, *Editor*



W. C. TROUT

The following quotations were favorites of Mr. Trout's:

"Do the right thing at the right time in the right way; do some things better than they were ever done before; eliminate errors; know both sides of the question, be courteous; be an example; work for the love of the work; anticipate requirements; develop resources; recognize no impediments; master circumstances; act from reason rather than from rule; be satisfied with nothing short of perfection."

—Theodore Roosevelt

"Laughter is life's cheapest luxury."

"Doing things by halves is worthless because it may be the other half that counts."

"The happiest men are those who are thankful for life's responsibilities, not for its prizes or possessions."

In Loving Tribute . . .

In the passing of our beloved president, universally conceded to be one of this nation's benefactors and humanitarians, we have lost a gentle, kindly man whose foremost aim in life was to see this city a great industrial center and a happy, thriving community.

His love and devotion to Lufkin and Angelina County could never be questioned. On numerous occasions he was requested to speak before various groups of men in the industrial world. In referring to Lufkin, he has said many times, "We are proud of our city and its many public institutions, its churches and schools, and its many industries. Its banks and business activities would all compare favorably with cities three times its size."

Although he did not live to see the complete fruition of his myriad plans and dreams for our postwar community, indeed his keen and agile mind had long ago cogitated the necessity for early planning. During the war years, he spoke challengingly.

"We would be short-sighted as well as unfair to our men in service if we did not at this time undertake some planning for the postwar America to which they will return. The least we can do is to try to lay a foundation of realistic thinking and basic planning that will support a sound structure of postwar social and economic life."

His humility and appreciation for his employees is best exemplified by his own words. "After all, the people who man our factories are the real producers of wealth. They are the backbone of any community and the rest of us are just here providing some service, perhaps leadership, to keep them going."

His success and influence is best illustrated by the conspicuous absence of labor troubles in the plant.

The responsible offices which he held in local, state, and national organizations reflect his guiding genius and consuming desire ever to be of service to his fellowmen. It was that burning inner urge that carried the man over the top to victory, while others dallied and faltered. His indomitable determination to make good in everything was the cornerstone of his success. Unto the very end, he was a veritable example of the truth of the adage that life is never dull for the man who starts each day with vim and enthusiasm determined to do his best.

Despite the many responsibilities that sapped at his time and energies, he always found moments for fun and joviality. Never was there one who enjoyed a genial prank more than Mr. Trout, and especially was he fond of the badger fight joke. His witty little stories were ever delightful to his associates; his ready smile and sunny disposition made him a most charming and acceptable companion at all times.

The greatest tribute to the worth of the man is the universal love in which he was held by his fellowmen. His greatness has been lauded by dignitaries throughout the land; his loving simplicity has been reverently whispered by the little men.

He was a splendid citizen, a Christian gentleman, a true and loyal friend. All who knew him revere his memory and the place he occupied in the esteem and affections of his host of friends will remain warm and constant forever.

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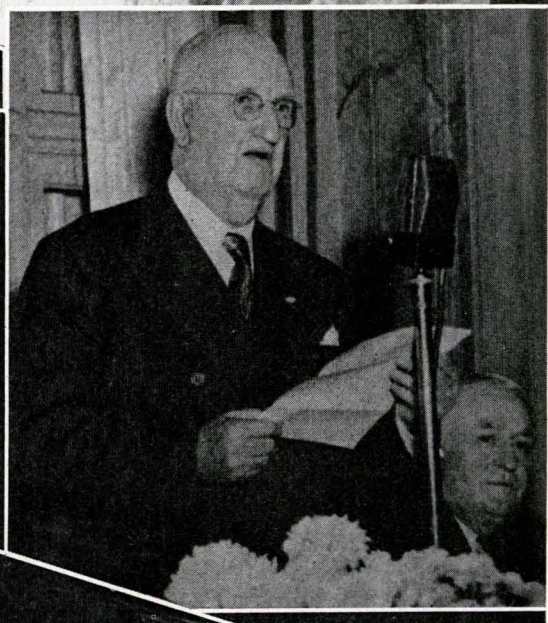




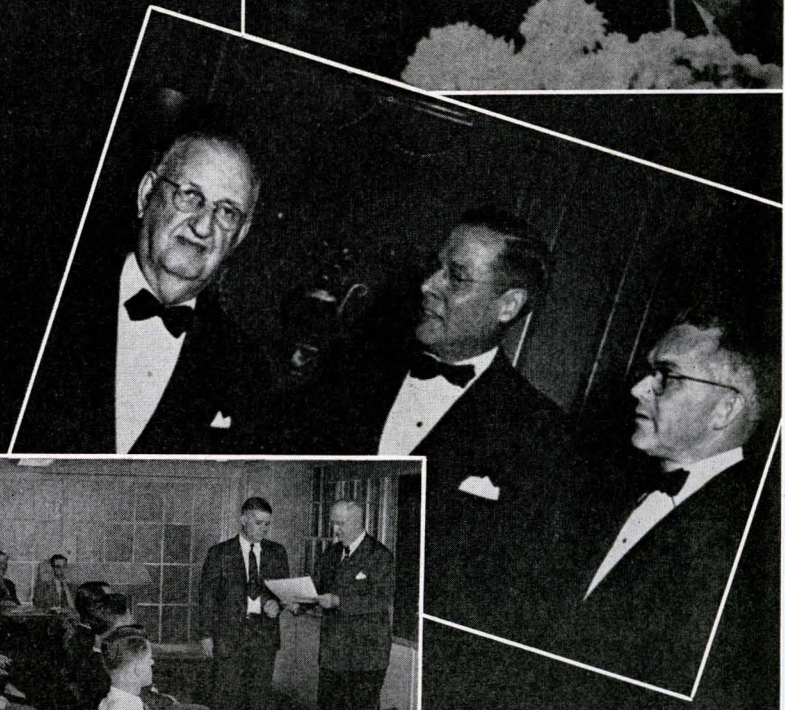


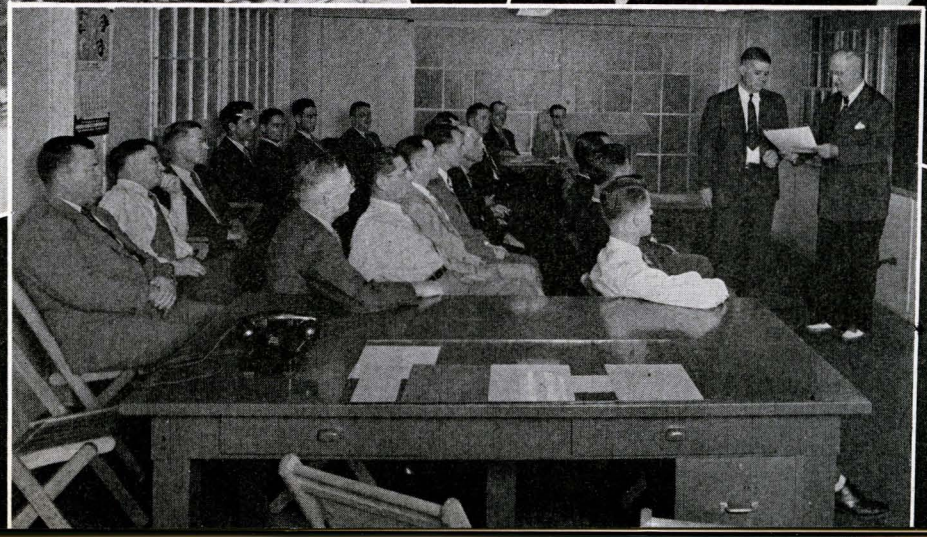


With limitless energies and indestructible enthusiasm, W. C. Trout, "grand old man", was ever the capable and dependable pilot of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company

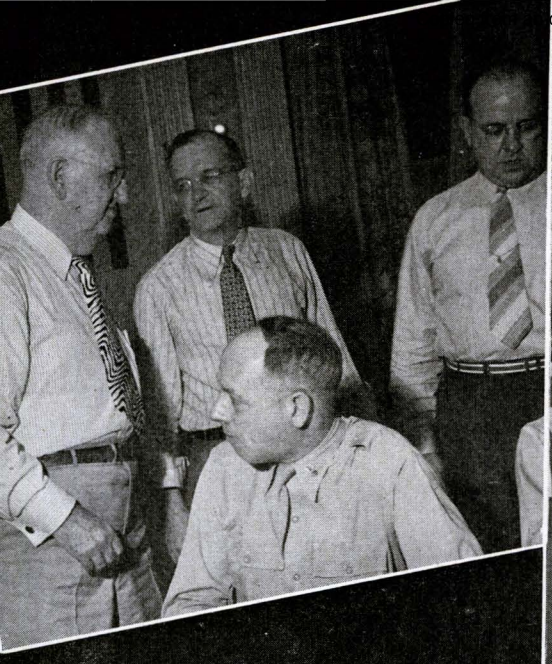




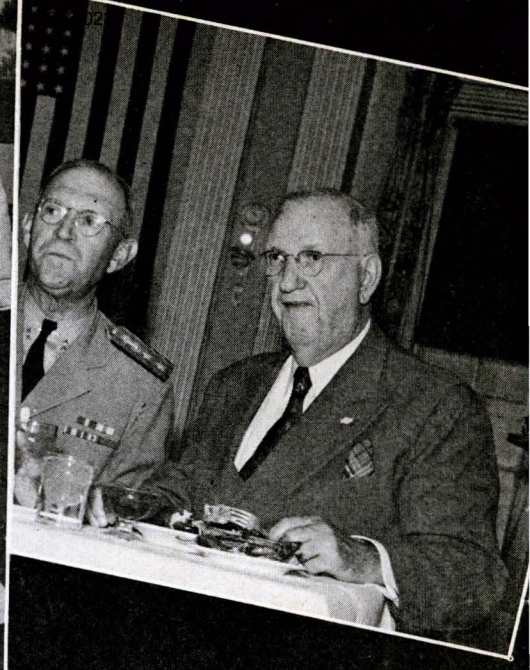




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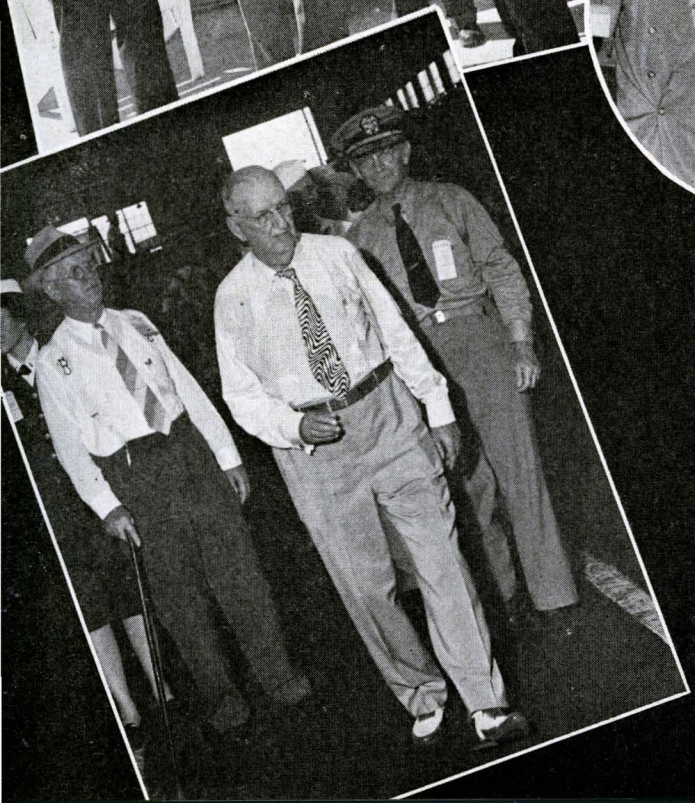






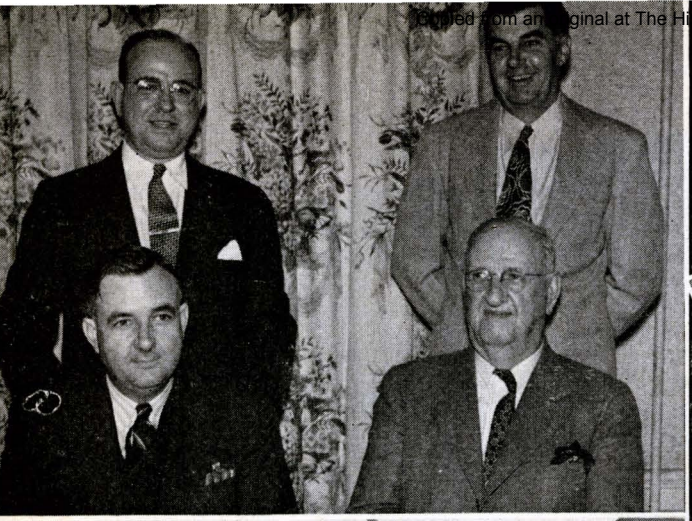








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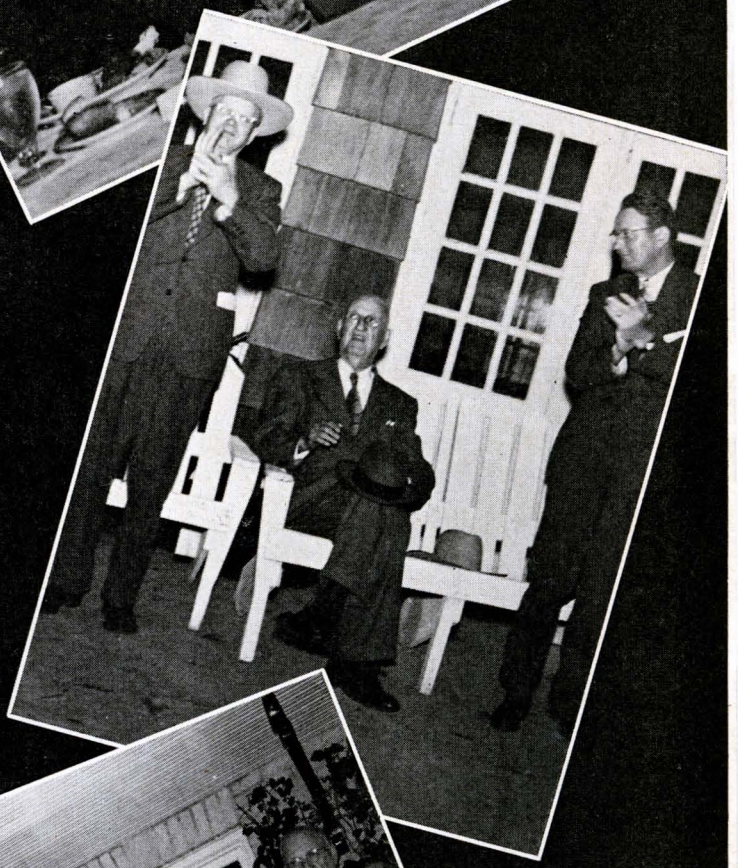














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New Foundry Christened April 11



March Is Record Month for Foundry

March was the biggest month in the history of the foundry. More than 2,500,000 pounds of good castings were produced against 35,879 pounds of scrap, giving 1.39% scrappage. Two days saw more than 150,000 pounds of iron poured and eight times the scrap was less than 500 pounds.

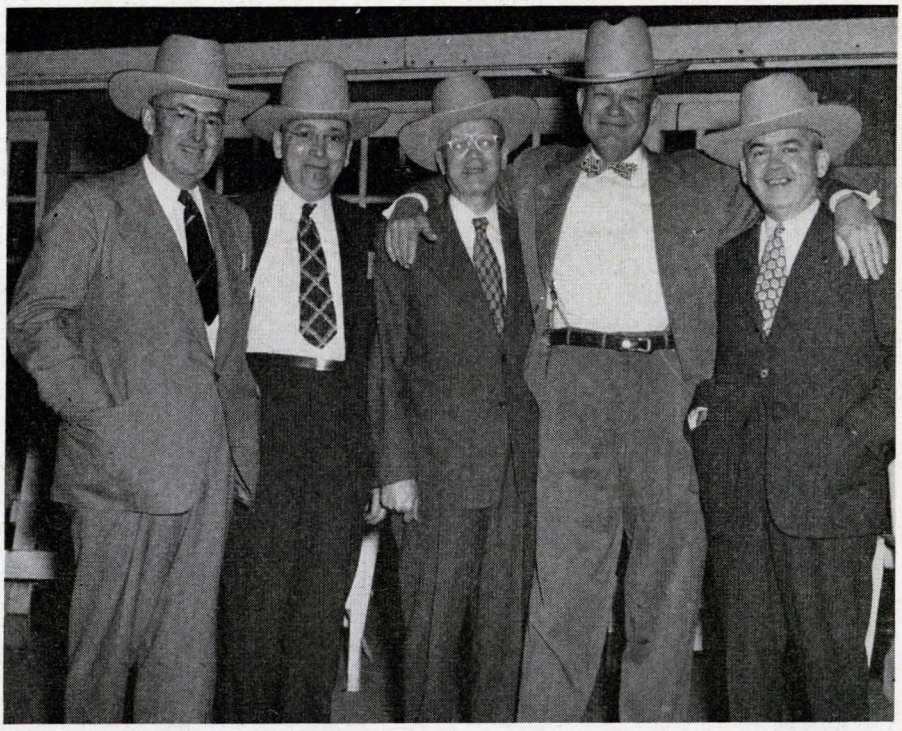
Gratton Merriman produced 53,000 pounds of good castings with no scrap charged against him.

Pete Stokmans had an excellent month on the small jolt-squeezer machine, producing 34,911 pounds of good castings with only 200 pounds of scrap.

The production of 252 gear housings, 235 housing covers, 826 counterweights, 490 cranks, and 110 sub-bases make March a record month for the foundry.

Ten minutes of good luck will make you forget all the bad luck you ever had.

The official opening of the new gray iron foundry took place April 11. The new foundry has a melting capacity of 160 tons per 8 hours. The main bay, with four 10-ton cranes, is 60 feet wide and 780 feet long. There are two 70 feet cupolas capable of handling 20 tons per hour each.



The Texas Chapter of American Foundrymen's Association met in Lufkin April 11 in connection with the official opening of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Company's new gray iron foundry. The two-fold occasion attracted foundrymen from Texas and Louisiana to the extent of some 200 registered visitors. Presented with Stetson hats by Martin Dies were, left to right, Sheldon V. Wood of Minneapolis, Minn., president of the Association; Frank G. Steinebach of Cleveland, Ohio, editor of FOUNDRY magazine; David G. Anderson of Chicago, Ill., National Founders Association; Martin Dies of Lufkin, and William W. Maloney of Chicago, secretary of the Association.

We would like to know this: if ants are the busy little rascals that entomologists tell us, how come they have so much time to spend at picnics?

It is interesting to reflect that cows come in droves, sheep come in flocks, goats come in herds, and camels come in cartons.

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IDEAS

By WILBUR LOVELADY

"Three things come not back," says an old Spanish proverb, "the spent arrow, the spoken word and neglected opportunity." Some ideas are like that. They're pretty hard to recapture if they are not written down promptly. Why not jot down your idea right now? It may be worth $$$ to you and make your job easier.

A new suggestion bank is being installed in the welding shop soon to make it convenient for you fellows in that department. Remember: we have money that can be yours.

APRIL WINNERS

Emma L. Douglass: $5—Cylinder for blue print machine.

M. L. Campbell: $5—Attachment for involute checking machine for checking of cutters.

James O. Berry: $5—Construction f repair parts room in repair department.

Ernest Lord: $5—Alteration of cope lask bars for all counter-weights.

F. L. Walker: $5—Gage for checkng trailer axles.

L. R. Perry: $2—Air impact wrench for screws on Equalizer Jig.

C. C. Ruby: $2—Fixture for holding bolts for assembly of beam seats.

Mimmie Nash: $2—Enlarge all brake release bracket jigs to hold more than one bracket for drilling.

L. J. Mott: $2—Cut refrigerator van insulation on band saw.

L. J. Mott: $2—Puller for spacers.

C. T. Garrison: $2—Cut to length the flooring for 12 or more 12′ van bodies at one time.

John Burks: $2—Installation of runway at entrance of Chip Crusher for wheel barrow.

H. P. Hellberg: $2—Extension of rear bumper on vans.

A. A. Foster: $2—Shift some work from big press brake to small brake.

O. B. Barrington: $2—Attachment for storage of boomers and chains on floats.

R. E. Myers: $1—Alox machined portion of side members for No. 3, No. 7 and No. 9 equalizers.

L. K. Harris: $1—Labeling of material racks in Trailer Plant storage room.

A. E. Lewis: $1—Use only Landing Gear with corresponding serial number, with that of trailer, on all trailers.

H. G. Kornegay: $1—Change drawing A5016.

W. C. Athey: $1—Hooks for handling beam balls to protect Garlocks.

Harold Wright: $1—Radius Grinding Machine for tool room.

Pat on the Back

JESS BELOTE

As long as we are putting credit where it is due in our different departments, there is one that certainly should rate at the top—that is Charlie Gault and his gang. His boys do everything from painting to driving nails and do a good job of that, too.

Known for working long hours to get out units in a rush, Charlie's boys do their work without gripe and do it well. If so many units have to be shipped this week, Charlie and his boys have to get 'em out, regardless of how long they must work to do so.

The old saying goes, "if you work for Charlie Gault, you soon know everything." Well, maybe you don't know everything, but you do get to know how to assemble a pump unit, grind and paint them, crate them and load them on trains and trucks for shipment. These boys have to be all around workmen to get along.

In order to credit each man, we list them: Dave Rowin, Weldon Largent, Conner Bell, R. E. Myers, Enoch Weaver, L. G. Rusk, B. L. Cater, G. C. Vinson, O. B. McCarty, Luther Foster, Leamon Bullock, J. L. McCarty, Dee Teer, Fayette Havard, Virgil Swor, T. L. Murphy, Dee Russell, L. J. Courtney, James C. Lofton, James H. Hales, Billy Mathis, J. H. Moore, C. H. Smith, L. O. Campbell, Lewis Denman, A. McAdams, Asa Read, Cletus Russell, Orange Reynolds, W. B. Douglass, Byron D. Robbins, William Kinner, Harvey Nerren, Elbert Ferguson, Vernis Busselle, Corbett Gilbert, Tom Treadwell, and Charlie Gault.

May we suggest at this time that Charlie not go to anymore rodeos without wearing a hat?

My wife is my boss, I shall not deny it. She maketh me lie down under the car to see why it rattleth and leadeth me to every antique sale she hears about. She restoreth my pocketbook after she hath spent all its contents. She leadeth me up the main aisle of church for her new hat's sake. She anointeth my head with a rolling pin.

Surely her dressmaker's and her millinery bills shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house with my wife forever.

SAFETY

In this day of high costs—even unreasonable prices—we are apt to lose sight of the priceless things which come to us free of charge. Although the American dollar is valued at about 60 cents in purchasing power today, we can still find bargains that are free gratis. The old saying is that the best things in life cost nothing. Let's think about a few.

In thinking, we pause at one item: Safety. Safety is always on sale at the bargain counter and it's just as easy to grab off some as it is to disregard it.

A little foresight on the part of every employee will prevent more suffering than all the penicillin that is made. A day of pleasure is not worth a minute of pain. Most of those who get injured will make the statement afterward that if they had only done thus and such, it wouldn't have happened. But then it's too late to think about that. If you would stop to think just a moment before you act, then the chances are 100 to 1 that you will not have an accident.

So if you are one of us who spend a lot of time griping about high prices, forget your woes by remembering that the best things in life *are* free—and safety is one of those things.

Once upon a time a beautiful girl was walking through the woods when she came upon a poor little frog who spoke as follows:

"Lady, once upon a time I was a handsome prince but a big black witch turned me into a frog."

"Oh, that's too bad," said the beautiful girl. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the frog. "If you will take me home with you and put me on your pillow I will be saved."

So the beautiful girl took the poor little frog home with her, and the next morning when she awoke, there beside her was a handsome young prince. And, do you know, to this day her mother still doesn't believe that story.

The new minister from Kentucky lost his job after attending dinner at the home of one of the church elders. Asked if he'd like some corn, the minister passed his glass.

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Fitting Climax for Any Meal . . .

COCONUT CHEESE TARTS

If you're planning a Middle American menu, and want a luscious and different dessert, try these Coconut Cheese Tarts, dreamed up by United Fruit Company's Middle American Test Kitchen. They're a fitting climax for any meal.

Coconut recipes are definitely a Middle American specialty. Fresh, delicious coconut is featured in every kind of dish, from the main course to dessert. Middle America's famous palm trees have justly been called the tree of life, for the hundreds of varieties of palms supply almost everything needed to sustain life in the tropics—food, shelter, and clothing. The wood is marvelous for building; the fronds make mats, roofing, baskets, mattresses; the fruits provide the finest kinds of edible oils.

This recipe for Coconut Cheese Tarts is very quick and easy to prepare. You can use the packaged pie crust mixes for the crust and the filling is ready in a jiffy.

Coconut Cheese Tarts

4 eggs slightly beaten
½ cup light cream
1 cup cottage cheese
1 cup shredded coconut
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ cup dry cake crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
1 recipe flaky pastry

Mix together eggs, cream, cottage cheese, coconut, sugar, lemon rind, cake crumbs and salt. Roll pastry to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into circles and fit into large muffin pans or tart pans. Fill 2/3 full with cheese mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) about 30 minutes, or until filling is set and nicely browned. Makes 12 (2½ inch) tarts.

FURNITURE FASHIONS *by* Frances Ainsworth



GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A beautiful dining room just makes living! For the small home, the generous cupboard and drawer space of the credenza and china cabinet are practical features of thoughtful designing appreciated equally as much as the charm of fine traditional styling and quality of craftsmanship.

New Paper Draperies



Even experts have been fooled by the fabric-like appearance of the inexpensive paper draperies shown above. Two years of research and tests produced the soft, flexible Trimz draperies that look and feel like cloth. The new draperies combine beauty and economy, are completely hemmed and headed, ready to be hung on an ordinary curtain rod. They are adaptable for pleats and can be hung with hooks or sewed-on rings. Dusting with a soft cloth takes care of the cleaning problem and no ironing is necessary. The young housewife, above, is shortening her draperies, cutting off an inch longer than the desired length. This takes care of the bottom hem, which can be sewn by machine or by hand. Matching tie backs are furnished with the draperies, which come two and a half yards long and fifty-eight and a half inches wide.

BENEFIT OF NEIGHBORS

"Mandy, just why do you take the trouble to cart those empty grapefruit hulls home with you every evening?" The housewife asked her colored maid.

"Well, Ma'am, Ah admits they ain't much use to me—but dey sure does make my garbage look stylish," replied Mandy.

It is because of an oily substance covering his feathers that water runs off a duck's back like water off a duck's back.

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SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

The Foundry Scooper was there when:

Claud Green came riding home on his new "whizzer" motor bike, and had to ride around the block three times before he could get it stopped.

Robert Turner fell in the lake and got so wet that he missed work the next day.

Karl Bozeman went to the animal show and had a tussle with the monkey. Only one serious blow—a cut on Karl's hand. The monkey's o. k.

June Baldwin is back at work after recovering from a recent injury. Friends are wishing Ardie Tucker an immediate recovery from his illness. Bob Stokes is back on the job after a short illness.

Calvin Kimmey has suddenly had an attack of generosity, for which we greatly commend him. Recently he presented his wife with a new 3 pound, double-bit ax, two No. 3 wash tubs and a rub board. And big-hearted Calvin says he is going to give Mrs. Kimmey half what she makes!

Congratulations go to the C. L. Beck's on the birth of a boy, Michael Dwain, on April 11. There seems to have been a slight misunderstanding about the naming of the child. Uncle Jess was under the impression that they would call the boy "Jesse Sylvester."

Anyone needing tomato plants or baby chicks are requested to see Charlie Harbuck and Jake Ross.

Some of the fellows are wondering if Bill Martin ever finished his stellite ring. They say he ruined 3 hacksaws in the attempt.

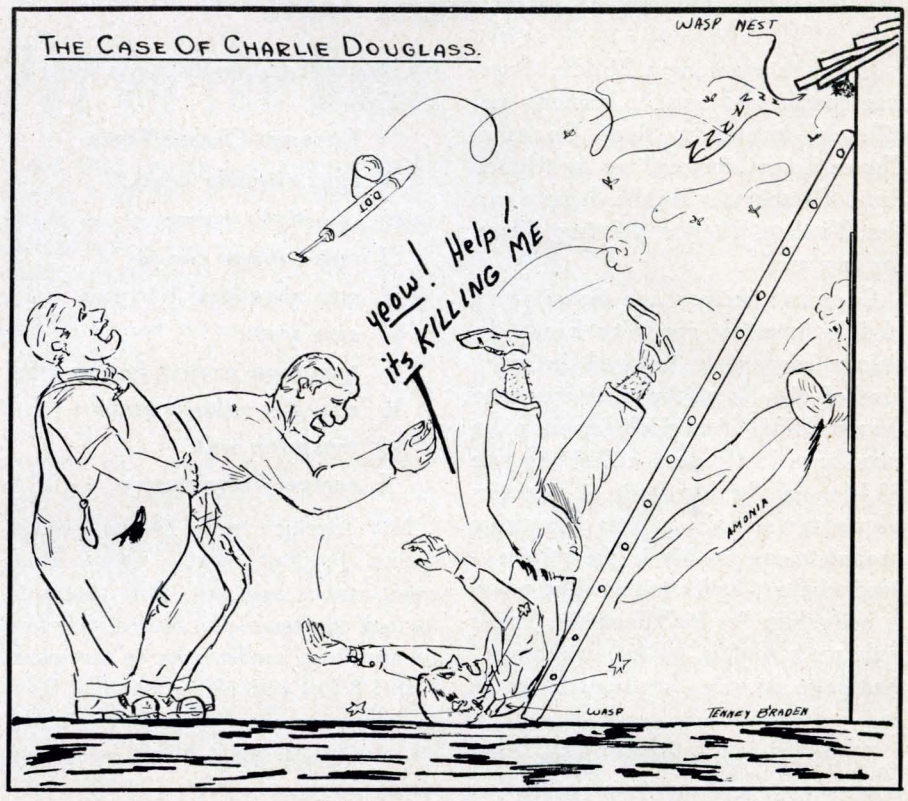
Recent newly weds are George Johnson and Miss Rena Haygood. Best wishes!

If you've never tasted any chewing tobacco with merthiolate added, ask Bob Butler how he liked it.

Pat Parrish has been dogging the heels of Charlie Beck, and we're wondering what sort of information Pat's seeking. Charlie is the new father of a baby boy.

Our sympathy is extended to Claud Robertson whose father died recently.

Perhaps George Haygood and J. T. McDonald would trade their '46 Ford for a '36, huh, George? Did Pat find any tin cans when he was under the new Ford?



This is a reproduction of a scene that occurred at the home of Charlie Douglass. With the advent of Spring, one must do a little cleaning. So Charlie decided to rid his place of some wasp nests. Climbing up the ladder, he began spraying with DDT, and out came the wasps. You can see what happened. Eye witnesses were Ellis Johnson and Heavy Stevens. They say Charlie fell to the ground crying like a baby and yelling for help. Mrs. Douglass rushed out and doused him with ammonia. There's nothing like a little excitement to relieve the monotony of Spring cleaning!

What Would Happen:

If Charlie Gault changed the size bolt he is always looking for from a 1" x 3" to 1" x 4"?

If Ray were a Robin instead of a Martin?

If Bill were an Oldburn instead of a Newburn?

If Charlie Beck were to write a book?

If Henry Finley could not think of an excuse?

If Marshall J. were Nightly instead of Dailey?

Anyone who has visited the Material Control has seen the Moon Glow calendar. Seems Ramsey Roach moved his desk three different times so that the light would enhance his vision of said calendar. Then Marshall decided to censor the calendar so all could work without distraction. But Ramsey, with a red lead pencil, marked across the censorship, "Open the Door, Richard."

Not so long ago, a group of A & M students were visiting through the plant. As they paused in the Material Control, Thurman Winston began explaining the work of this department. He told them about the card system of perpetual inventory. When he finished, one inquisitive lad asked, "But does it always work? Don't you ever have to send someone out to count it?"

Thurman smiled understandingly and replied, "Yes, son, we're not infallible. Why if we didn't ever make any mistakes, we'd apply for the job of President of A&M."

That just about wound up that session.

If Franklin Weeks is ever able to live down the making of those miniature pumping units for the meeting of the American Foundrymen's Association, it will be a surprise to him.

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LaRose Parrish typed the order for the little units, and when she finished, she added a postscript asking Franklin to save six of the souvenirs for the Material Control.

Mr. Weeks did not send the units but personally delivered them. It was quite a display of partiality, so some of the folks think, because Rosie's pumping unit was aluminum-sprayed while the rest were just rough castings.

But that isn't all. Luda Belle heard about the miniatures and immediately went over to see Franklin. She came back with three aluminum-sprayed units. When asked how she rated them, she answered, "You don't think I'm going to tell you what I said to Frankie, do you?"

And the next story comes from the engineering department. Emma Laura called and asked Franklin if she could have one of the units—"one of the sprayed units," she added.

"Well," replied Franklin, "we aren't doing that, but I suppose we could make a special case of your request."

But the funny thing about it is that when Laura went to pick up her unit, it was just a rough casting. Franklin didn't know to whom he was talking on the phone; he just supposed it was Rosie.

Some of the men think it must be pretty nice to have all the women running after you, Franklin, and they're wondering if you have your formula patented?

Billy Burnette was walking through the woods one day when he heard an owl saying, "Hoo Hoo." Billy didn't know it was an owl and he ran about a hundred yards scared almost stiff. Then he stopped and turned around.

"Who? Why, I'm M. J. Parrish's son-in-law. Who are you?"

Helen Barnes and Tom Peevy were discussing the merits of the different gadgets that are appearing on the new automobiles. Tom mentioned the flicker light at the rear of the car which blinks to indicate which direction the driver is intending to turn.

"What I don't understand, though," Helen remarked, "is how can you tell whether they're going to turn right or left just because a light flickers!"

Well, it might be according to which hand the driver is using to steer the car . . .

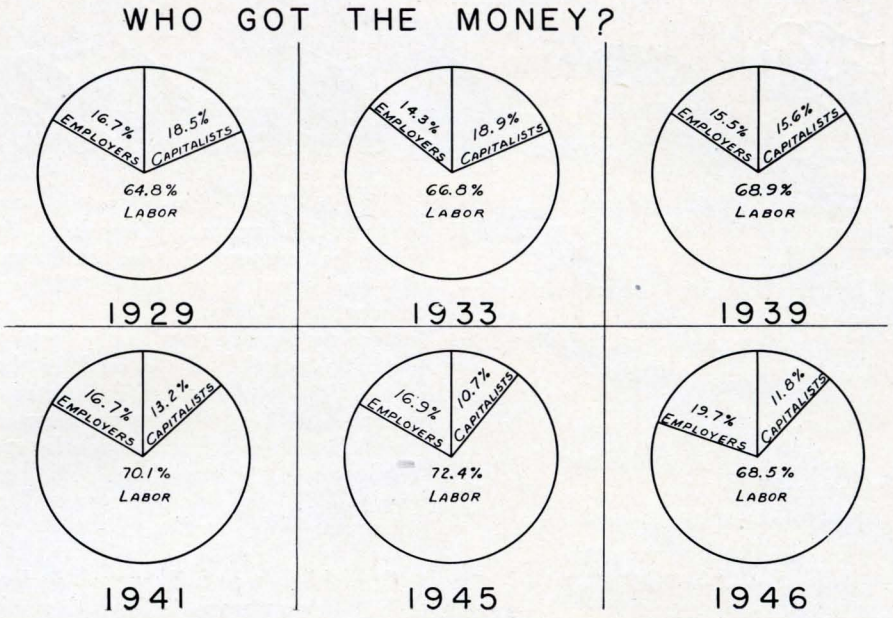
Mr. Vickrey has had a little trouble trying to distinguish between the telephone and the new inter-office communication system. He says hello into the wrong instrument at the right time. Maybe we should attach different colored ribbons that would beckon to the correct receiver.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harris C. Brokerick on the birth of little Olwen Ann, April 19!

It was picnic time April 15 for the Engineering department and their families. Gathering at the City Park for a good old-fashioned feast, the families had plenty to eat and drink—and it's rumored that the children of the Engineers, from the ages 3 months to 13 years, can win the blue ribbon prize in any contest.

Members of the Engineering and Order Departments also had a get-together at the Rendezvous April 4, for dancing and having a good time in general. You won't find this department sitting around waiting for things to happen; they see to it that the activity never ceases.

We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to J. P. Cook who must go to Mayo Brothers because of mastoid trouble.



This diagram shows how the income of the people was split as reported by the United States Department of Commerce.

NOTICE

If you are not receiving your ROUNDUP each month, please check with the Personnel Office to determine if your correct mailing address is listed there.

SPECIAL PREVIEW

By SLIM ASKINS

One of the strangest creatures we have had occasion to view in a long time is the half-duck and half-fish that I have at home. This creature has a body similar to a black bass and a head like a Muskogee duck. It swims with its body submerged and its head above the water. I caught it in the Toiac River.

Some of the fellows to whom I have related this tale seem doubtful of the veracity of my statements. So to prove my point, I extend an invitation to all who care to see this peculiar animal—or whatever it is—to visit my home anytime after 4 p.m.

One of the most intelligent denizens of the feathered world is the woodpecker. Despite his odd expression, here is one bird that really uses his head.

There is nothing at all irrational in nature. The fact that parrots live much longer than most other birds is simply because they are not good to eat.

"Never does a man know the force that is in him till some mighty affection or grief has humanized the soul."—F. W. Robertson.

"If you wish to lower yourself in a person's favor, tell his story over again—the way you heard it."—Mark Twain.

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Fodder: "What's the idea of standing on the front porch with your boy friend?"

Dotter: "But, Dad, I only stayed for a second."

Fodder: "Really? I distinctly heard the third, fourth and fifth."

Overheard at the swimming pool:

Small boy: "Mummy, may I go in the water?"

"No, darling, it's far too deep."

"But Daddy is swimming."

"Yes, dear, but Daddy's insured."

In the final analysis, a man is probably something between the donkey he makes of himself and the monkey other people make of him.

Sweet old lady (to golfer who had been searching for his ball for some time without success): "Would it be cheating if I told you where it was?"

There isn't much to see in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.

Wife: "How helpless you men are! What would you do if there were no women to sew on your buttons for you?"

Husband: "Has it occurred to you, my dear, that if there were no women we men would need no buttons?"

An enthusiastic distributor decided to show his salesmen up by selling the first new vacuum cleaner. He drove out to a rural district and knocked on a door. The lady of the house, upon opening the door, was met by a basket of dirt thrown onto her living room floor. Of course she expostulated all over the place.

"Take it easy, lady," the distributor said; "if this vacuum cleaner doesn't take up every bit of that, I'll eat it."

The lady of the house calmly walked into the kitchen and brought back the salt shaker. Handing it to the distributor she said: "Start eating, son; I'm not wired for electricity!"

The drunk raised his glass and asked his pal, "What shall we drink to?"

Replied the other, with anticipation, "To excess!"

A Texan heard that a factory was interested in buying bullfrog skins. He wired the company that he could supply any quantity up to 100,000 on demand.

Needing the skins badly, the factory promptly wired back to send in the whole 100,000. About ten days later a single dried frog skin came through the mail with a rather pathetic letter:

"Gents: I'm sorry about this, but here's all the frog skins there were. The noise sure fooled me."

One thing men will never understand about women is how they always manage to get into the garage on the last drop of gasoline.

A hillbilly member of the A.E.F. got into a poker game with some British soldiers.

They drew.

"I'll bet one pound," said a Briton.

The American studied his four aces.

"I dunno how yuh count your money," he declared, "but I'll jest raise yuh to one ton."

It's the little things in life that worry us most. One can sit on a mountain, but not on a tack.

Let the other fellow talk occasionally. You can't learn much listening to yourself.

Grandma (looking at her granddaughter's new play suit): "If I could have dressed like that when I was a girl, you'd be six years older today, Missy."

"Why are all the shades down, doctor?"

"There's a big fire across the street. I didn't want you to come out of the anesthesia and think the operation had been a failure."

"Are you a clock watcher?"

"No. I don't like inside work. I'm a whistle listener."

Bus Driver: "Madam, I'll have to have full fare for that child. He's over five years of age."

Woman: "But he can't be; I have only been married four years."

Bus Driver: "Never mind the confessions, Madam. Let's have the money."

COCA-COLA FUND

By MUTT BARR

As practically everyone knows, the Coca-Cola fund is owned and operated by the employees of the plant and not by any one individual. Most of you know that the money in the Fund is used to buy flowers in case any employee has a death in his or her family. It is also used to make donations to several worthy causes and probably most important of all, it is used to help employees who have had sickness or any kind of hard luck that puts them in a financial strain. Due to this fact, I am of the opinion that every employee should do his bit to help the Fund every way possible.

At the present time, we are going through a Coca-Cola shortage that has cut this income down considerably. This shortage also means that quite a number of employees who are not at the machine when it is opened do not get a chance to drink a coke. Also we have some boys who will draw out from two to twelve bottles and carry them off un-opened to their benches, machines, or even, in some cases, to their homes and store them for their own use. You can easily see that this is very unfair and should be stopped at once.

Another problem we have here is handling empty bottles. Do you know that the Fund pays out between $25 and $30 per month for broken and lost bottles? This will total approximately $350 per year or close to $3,000 since the Fund was organized. So, in the future, stop and think before you throw a bottle down and break it or stick it in a corner where it can't be found.

Catty Cora: "Well, how did your parlor date with that new welder turn out last night?"

Safety Sadie: "Oh, everything went along hunny-bunny until about 11 p.m. then grandma took over."

Cora: "Howja ring grandma in on the deal?"

Sadie: "It was like this. The guy scooted over to within about 10 feet of me and timidly whispered, 'How about a little old-fashioned loving?' So I called grandma down for him."

"If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything."—Mark Twain.

"Man was made at the end of the week's work, when God was tired."—Mark Twain.