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SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

LaRose Parrish made a phone call home recently which signified a diet for her father. This is the conversation that transpired:

"Mother, don't fix anything good for Daddy's dinner today 'cause I'm eating up town!"

The Boogie Woogie club met recently and everything was in perfect harmony.

Rhobie White got a little ruffled because his battered-up dishpan was scorned as a pot for mixing the cornbread.

Dock Boles complained because he did not know about the party a week in advance so that he could diet in preparation.

Johnny Palmore felt kindly toward the party because it gave him the opportunity to do his daily good deed by bringing along Howard Smith.

Mickey Colburn liked the party and food but got a little ruffled when *Elbert Butler* blew smoke in his eyes. *C. D. Boykin* couldn't find anything to gripe about so he went home early—about 1 a.m. Everyone expected *Walter Ragland* to get unruly and was disappointed when he didn't.

Hollis Trevathan threatened to withdraw his membership if they didn't have a party every Saturday night. *J. O. Burgess*, after much persuasion, admitted that he didn't like to walk on the bare concrete floor.

H. C. Kirkland had a race with time and was so out of breath he refused to eat anything. *R. P. Clinton* spent hours trying to persuade *Eddy Harrell* to go to the party, but Eddy kept insisting that he couldn't go. Finally, Clinton gave up and went on by himself, only to find upon arriving, that Harrell was there too. Seems Eddy doesn't trust Clinton's driving ability.

C. D. Creasy was unhappy because *Johnnie Palmore* sang the same song at the party that he sings every day all day long while working. C. D. had hoped for a little relief. *J. C. Boyd* wouldn't eat because catfish was served instead of buffalo.

Arch Caraway vociferously expressed his disgust at not being hungry after eating for an hour. *C. B. Morris* hurried away from the frolicking in order to get to Sunday School on time. *Bill Spitler* begged Slim to let him play Slim's fiddle, but since some of the fellows had slipped Slim a donation, he held his ground in refusal.



by TENNEY BRADEN

Never before in the history of fantasy here at the Foundry has a story such as this been told. H. E. Steele of the Welding department reported that one day he went out to gather his eggs when he found an egg that was hardly the size of a marble. Disgustedly, Steele gave the hen a rather wordy lecture. Next day, when he went to get his days' supply of eggs, he found one that was the size of an apple. It was in the same nest as the small one was in the day before. Certainly looked like the old hen was trying to make amends.

This huge egg weighed one-quarter of a pound and measured 8½ inches around. It had three yolks, but the whites were all mixed up and couldn't be counted. Mr. Steele decided to preserve this phenomenon for posterity, so he brought the eggs to our staff photographer to be captured on film forever. Steele asks that people stop making offers for the hen—at least until she recuperates.

Howard Smith offered to give *Mutt Barr* a thrashing for being late and holding up dinner for 3 minutes. *J. T. McDonald* might have attended had he known there would be no oysters. *George Freeman* lost the confidence of everyone when he couldn't duplicate the singing of Brother Jimmy.

Elmer Williams threatened never to attend another party unless *Charles Ragland* repapered the club house. *Charlie Gault* was forced to remove his hat which was enough to arouse *Dee Winston* even. *W. B. York* said it was all right to call him Dagwood but to mistake him for *Robie White* was going entirely too far.

Sylvester Donohoe was feeling fine until *C. E. Phillips* began to sing "Open the Door, Richard." *Alex Andrews* got a little ruffled when somebody emptied the glass in which he had stored his false teeth. *Sam Sellars* embarrassed his host when he appeared in a tuxedo.

F. A. Weaver, *A. M. Midgley* and *Pete Largent* were having the time of their lives until *Elbert Butler* wanted to take an offering to buy *Hop Burke* a wrist watch. *Roy Walker* did a fine job of furnishing the music in spite of the interference from *Jimmy Freeman* and *Lester Womack*.

The club took a vote who was the better cook. "*Mr.*" *Burke* got 1 vote, probably from *Homer Thrash*. *Mr. Box* got 41 and went into a tantrum because he didn't get 42, which resulted in his having to wash dishes alone.

Elbert Butler was of the opinion that the club should insist that *Mr. Tatum* leave his rifle at home because Tatum might mistake some of the boys for a Senator.

The Foundry Scooper was there:

When Boley Kerr used Grady Wasson as a caddy to take care of his fishing tackle.

When Jessie Garcia said, "Yes sir, I'll be a big man in this new foundry some day. I nearly weigh 200 pounds now."

When Oscar McKinney stopped to admire Bozeman's latest addition to the Whizzer. What pictures for a married man to exhibit!

When Jiggs Smith posed 30 minutes for a picture.

When R. E. Holcomb is about to get his feet wet in oil over in Trinity County. (All of us want to stay on your good side!)

Should anyone need advice on the dairy business, we refer you to two fine, young, experienced men in the machine shop. They are Blue John Burris and Watermelon Smithhart. These young men stepped out into life and attained their information about dairying through that time-honored teacher, "experience." They have kindly offered their services to those desiring same.

This is a puzzle that has had us guessing for a long time. We wonder why Melvin Simms walked and led a horse 7 miles when the horse was bridled and saddled. Wouldn't he ride, Slim?

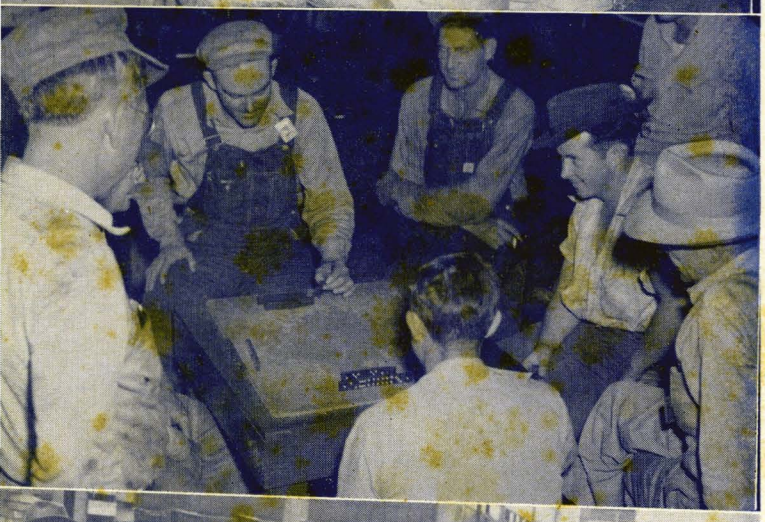
NOTICE

Anyone interested in attending a mathematics class once a week is asked to contact Rhobie White or the Personnel Office. These classes will be free.

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NOONTIME ACTIVITIES

Relaxation is the keynote of activities around the plant during the noon hour. Shown here are those who indulge in washer pitching, playing checkers and dominoes, tuning up the old fiddle and banjo, chewing the rag with buddies, or just plain sleeping. And, incidentally, a few of the fellows spend their time eating. Next month's ROUNDUP will carry other noontime pictures of the Trailer division and night shifts.





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The Foundry Roundup

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





The number of suggestions submitted this month did not reach that of April due to the fact that they were picked up on the 7th instead of the 15th for an early publication. Next month, however, we expect to reach an all-time high.

You fellows in the New Foundry should really be cashing in on some of this money. How about dropping an idea in the box?

MAY WINNERS

Milton Campbell: $20—Adjustable indicator gauge for centering cranks on Keyseater.

J. W. Chastain: $5—Quick-change collets for screw machine.

H. W. Castlow: $5—Extension for Allenhead wrench.

Ghent Smelley: $5—Boring bar and tools for boring C7527 Lubricator bracket.

V. V. Largent: $5—Tool holder for facing and boring Crankpin Nuts.

Batson Treadaway: $2—Install water hydrants at screw machines in Pipe House.

Walter Ragland: $2—Drill jig for Unit Bases.

Robert Butler: $2—Stamp holes to correct drilling size on D4491 Engine Base Jig.

J. B. Standley: $2—Rack for moving Gas Engine Pistons.

Johnnie Powell: $2—Positioner for Ladder Brackets.

H. D. Thompson: $1—Ventilator in Welding Shop Rest Room.

Karl Bozeman: $1—Use "Gripe Valves" on air hoses in Foundry.

A. G. Colburn: $1—Detachable rollers for torch cutting machine.

Orpha Norton: $1—Installation of loud bell on phone in Lathe Shop.

John Hensley: $1—Label Drill Templates behind Machine No. 35.

Pat on the Back

JESS BELOTE

The laurels are passed to the Pipe House this month for indeed, they are a cooperative bunch of regular fellows. If you have a job to be done in the pipe house, it will be finished quickly and cheerfully.

On the day shift is J. R. Ament, Roy Walker, Marlin Harris, H. G. Kornegay, Joe Hulsman, A. W. Hopson, Henry Havard, Herman Teer, and George Freeman, supervisor.

On the night shift is Batson Treadaway, Dorsey Walker, and J. T. Burris.



Chosen Miss Lufkin and Queen of Splash Day is Miss Lynn McClain, daughter of Edgar McClain of the molding department, who pins the first Buddy Poppy on Walter W. Trout. Miss McClain will represent Lufkin at the Corpus Christi bathing revue.



Smile Awhile

They stood by the garden gate bathed in moonlight. "Orpha," he whispered huskily, "we've been walking out together for six years now, you and I."

"That we have, Webby," was the subdued reply.

"And," Webster continued, "we've kind o' got to know one another, to trust each other, ain't we?"

"Of course we have, Webby," came the thrilled response.

"Well," he gulped, "Will you—will you lend me my bus fare home? I'm broke."

Louise: "I wonder if Linville loves me?"

Doris: "Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?"

The young man in green was plainly puzzled at one question in the application blank he had been given when he applied at a war housing center for an apartment for his wife and child.

He had listed his employer as the United States Marine Corps and now the questionnaire wanted to know what his boss' business was.

After careful consideration, he finally wrote on the blank: "Exterminator."

Pistol Pete: "Use your noodle, lady! Use your noodle!"

Mrs. Carter: "My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car!"

A dapper young man arrived late at a tennis match and was shown to a seat next to two old maids. After being seated he inquired, "Whose game?" Looking over at the young man, one old maid jumped up and with a sparkle in her good eye exclaimed, "Brother, I am!"

