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THE Foundry Roundup



June, 1947

Vol. 4 • No. 6

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Vacation Time

That rare month, June, stirs within us all an urge to go a'roaming . . .

IT WAS James Russell Lowell who asked it first: "What is so rare as a day in June?" And then someone countered with another and more cynical question: "What is so rare as a June day in June?" But, nevertheless, June is predominantly the holiday month, the month for plans long made and finally fulfilled. The country calls, and the unathletic city-dweller suddenly longs for open roads and hills to climb. It is, for some, the ideal month to travel, to explore, to hit the trail and hike across mountains; or to get out the car, put your foot on the pedal, and just go anywhere according to the mood and nowhere in particular. For others, June was made for loafing, for rest and relaxation.

But however June is utilized, it still remains one of the most treasured months of the year . . . providing it holds tender and happy memories. The way you spend your vacation will determine whether or not you will remember June with pleasure or with disdain. There are some perils to be avoided and a little common sense, moderation, and the matter of observing simple rules will assure you of taking a vacation—instead of a vacation taking you.

First off, advise your party to take the sun gradually. If some eager beaver doesn't heed you, then bathe his burned skin with a solution of one teaspoonful of boric acid powder to a pint of water. Or apply the various skin creams sold for sunburn.



Equally important is the matter of eating and drinking. Avoid wells and springs which are not approved by the local department of health; avoid streams and creeks completely. Steer clear of anything that "appears to be" a mushroom; and reject food that has been standing for any length of time in the heat; too often, it causes ptomaine poisoning.

In case you're interested, ptomaine poisoning is marked by headaches, muscle pains, intense stomach pains and severe nausea. These symptoms usually appear within a few hours after eating, and are your warning to call a doctor and go to bed. Meanwhile, if you haven't rid yourself of the trouble-making food, take a stiff emetic.

Common sense, to be sure, will keep your digestive system in trim. But it won't help you very much in connection with another vacation menace: insect bites and stings. Aside from making a stern practice of not swatting



hornets' nests off limbs, your only policy here is to sit back like a man and take it.

When the hornet, wasp, or bee has thrown the hooks into you and gone on his day's business, treat the sore spot with a few drops of household ammonia or common bicarbonate of soda. Boric acid solution also provides quick relief. Before treatment, however, it's a good idea to remove the stinger with a pair of tweezers. This can then be shipped home as trophy—or simply thrown away.

Of course, if you've been stung by a centipede, tarantula, or a scorpion additional treatment is required, including cauterization of the wound and application of ice compresses.

While you are recovering from insect bites, you may go around gathering flowers.

Avoid, however, a little ivy plant with three-pointed leaves—*poison ivy*. Don't confuse it with the five-pointed leaves of harmless Virginia creeper. Of course, if you insist on fondling this treacherous vine, we suggest that you follow the fondling with a strong soap solution rinse, which in turn, should be followed by compresses soaked with boric acid solution.

From all the mention given to boric acid solution, you'll conclude it's a good thing to take along this summer. Right! And so is a first-aid kit.

Tucked away in the glove compartment of your car, a first-aid kit will provide safe, sterilized bandages for all



manner of cuts and a bottle of iodine to paint them with. That's about all you need for minor wounds, assuming, of course, that you'll support the bandages and iodine with a preliminary soap-and-water wash.

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SAFETY

We all know that when accidents occur they often result in loss of time from work, medical expense, suffering and sometimes death. But when we think of accidents in this way, we usually picture so-called serious accidents such as a broken arm or leg or the loss of some member of the body. Many of us do not realize that a very large part of the time lost, doctor bills, suffering, and even fatalities in some cases, are the result of trivial accidents like scratches or small cuts which later become infected.

Although an injury caused by a dangerous machine may sometimes be due purely to carelessness, more often than not there is some excuse or reason which partly explains the unfortunate occurrence. however, when a person receives a small skin wound and afterward allows it to become infected, there are no excusing circumstances whatever. The fault lies entirely in neglect to obtain proper first-aid treatment.

First-aid treatment should be procured as soon as possible after every injury no matter how slight. There is no sense in taking chances in this respect because a possible infection is such a serious matter that the time and inconvenience necessary to get proper attention at once is fully warranted. It is far better to play safe as soon as a slight injury has occurred than to be sorry afterward for not getting first-aid treatment.

Trying to save time by bandaging a wound with a piece of waste or a dirty handkerchief is frequently the cause of a serious infection which in the end results in the loss of far more time than the few moments necessary for a trip to the first-aid room, to say nothing of the added pain and suffering. Permitting a fellow-worker who has no idea of sanitation to treat an injury in place of the qualified first-aid attendant is another common source of infection. Eyes have been lost due to infection resulting from attempts of unqualified workers to remove particles from the eyes of others. Treatment of this nature should be entrusted only to trained attendants.

Do everything you can to prevent injury. If you do get hurt, even if it is only a bruise, burn or cut, do not hesitate to get proper first-aid treatment as soon as you can. It may save you a lot of suffering.

ACCIDENT'LY

By Ralph Moses



IDEAS

By WILBUR LOVELADY

The personnel of the Trailer Division certainly deserve commendation for the many suggestions which they contributed during the past few months. This attitude is an indication that they are interested in making their Department a more efficient and a safer place in which to work—and incidentally, interested in winning some of this prize money which is given away every month.

The fellows in the Welding Shop must be taking a vacation for they haven't been filling up the Suggestion Bank. In the past, they have come through with many fine ideas. Come on, now, take your pencil and jot down that thought you had and walk off with some of this money we're trying to give you.

June Winners

R. B. Hensarling—$10—Die for belt cover hangers.

M. L. Campbell—$10—Gauge for setting up No. 1A Center Irons.

L. L. Bullock—$10—Jig for grinding B5267 Gears.

H. W. Castlow—$5—Handle for King Pin Dye.

W. B. Ricks—$5—Jig for mounting bodies on trucks.

C. T. Garrison—$5—Rack for aluminum and stainless steel molding.

O. B. Barrington—$2—Change Drawing C-4565.

Doyle Bowers—$2—Round faced wheel for grinding chip breakers.

John Nixon—$2—Fixture for Keyway Cutters.

John Cluck—$2—Suggested change in sharpening of Center Drills.

R. B. Hensarling—$2—Rollers on dye racks.

C. M. Milligan—$2—Suggested change in A4753 and A4754 Patterns.

John Cluck—$2—Purchase of additional Surface Grinder.

H. R. Lewis—$2—Suggested change in Pattern No. 2644W.

Lee Deggs—$1—Conduit on No. 24 Drill Press.

NOTICE

Anyone wishing Firthite lawn mower blades, please contact Slim Askins. Shipments are becoming more regular and he can supply nearly everyone desiring them.

What can't be said is often whistled.

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Daughter of Molder

Lynn McClain Acclaimed 'Miss Texas'



"Miss Texas" is the daughter of Edgar McClain who has been an employee of Lufkin Foundry for 22 years. She was the representative of the Lufkin Jaycees in Corpus Christi as a contestant for the title of "Miss Texas."

JUNE 14 was a memoriable day in the life of Lynn McClain, daughter of Molder Edgar McClain, for she was awarded the coveted title of "Miss Texas" at tht bathing revue in Corpus Christi. Winner over contestants from all parts of the state, Lynn will now go to Atlantic City to enter the contest for the title of "Miss America."

This 20-year-old North Texas Teachers College Sophomore has been copping beauty honors since her early high school days. While in high school she was cheer leader of the student body for two years. She was Queen of Victory and was elected by the students as Queen of May to rule over the annual May Fete.

At NTSTC in Denton, she majored in Music and Art, singing in a quartet known as the Blue Notes. The four girls, featured with the college orchestra, were heard by the manager of Interstate Theaters who made a contract with them to appear on a Sunday afternoon broadcast over WFAA called "Show Time." It was then that Lynn's career as a professional singer began.

Frank Barrow, Road Manager for Sonny Dunham's orchestra, heard the "Blue Notes" and made arrangements for an audition. The Dunham orchestra was playing a stand in Fort Worth at the time. It was with eager hearts and a few nervous jitters that the quartet made their journey to Fort Worth to sing for Sonny Dunham.

When their song was finished, there was a moment's silence. Then Dunham grinned and said enthusiastically, "Let's go to work!"

"I think those were the sweetest words I had ever heard," Lynn said. "It seemed not in the least out-of-the-ordinary that he should say that first instead of mentioning a contract, or how much the salary would be, or any of the other usual first questions."

The girls were instructed to meet the band at a summer resort on Lake Okoboji, Iowa, on July 15, 1946. It was a mad rush then to get their costumes made, wind up their spring semester school work, and get to Iowa by the middle of July. But what might have been an ordeal to some people was nothing less than the realization of a fanciful dream for these girls.

At the last minute one of the girls had to drop out. Frantically, the other three wondered how that would affect their status with the band. There wasn't time to break in another girl. They didn't know what they were going to do.

Luck was with them again, however, and a boy who had played in the college orchestra and who knew their songs and their style agreed to go with them if Dunham would accept, which he did readily.

For six months, the "Sunnysiders," as they were called, toured 27 states and Canada singing in some of the most elaborate and elite night clubs of the country. After having sung only 5 weeks, their picture appeared in the musical magazine "Downbeat."

"All the glitter and glamour was certainly thrilling to a little girl from a little city," Lynn remarked smilingly.

Lynn, who is quite adept in sketching, designed and fashioned the evening dresses which the girls used while on tour. Mrs. Lila Rich of Lufkin did the sewing. The girls look back now and enjoy a few laughs about the times when the dresses would not arrive in time for a performance and a last minute substitute had to be made.

Mrs. McClain asserted that she never knew from one day to the next where her daughter would be.

"By the time I could hear from her, she'd be gone and wouldn't know where she was going in time to tell me. I would mail the dresses to one place and the very next day I'd get a wire saying their schedule had been changed and they would be somewhere else. Sometimes I wondered if the clothes would ever catch up with them," the mother ruefully reflected.

One of Lynn's most trying experiences but one from which she derives much pleasure now in reminiscing was the predicament she found herself in on her first pay day. She did not have her Social Security card and consequently could not receive her check.

She wired her mother immediately to forward her number to her.

"I'm not exaggerating when I say that I literally combed this house looking for that card. Finally, I went to the federal agency and asked them to issue her another one, or at least a temporary one. After all that, I found

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the card later, tucked away in her baby book," Mrs. McClain said.

The "Sunnysiders" were featured in several coast-to-coast broadcasts, but because they never knew far enough in advance, Mrs. McClain heard only one. Lynn told of how they were all on the stage when they were informed that in 20 minutes they would go on the air. She rushed to the telephone as soon as she could and placed the call to her mother. But since they were in Toledo and Mrs. McClain was in Lufkin there was quite a delay.

When the call finally came through, Lynn was singing and the announcer had to explain to Mrs. McClain why she was being called in the middle of the night. By the time everything was settled as to what was going on, the songster had finished and the mother had heard only a jumbled message from a telephone many, many miles away. Result: only a good portion of a week's pay gone for a futile telephone message.

"Oh, well, it was all a lot of fun and excitement anyway," Lynn remarked.

She sang her first professional solo on Broadway at the Manhattan Center. And she had her first taste of daring and then repenting on Fifth Avenue in New York. Having heard of Fifth Avenue all her life, she had always wanted to shop in as many stores on the Avenue as she could get in. So one day with her just-received paycheck she began a jaunt down the fashion street—all alone. She went from one store to another thinking to herself. "Here I am; a girl from a little town 'way back in Texas walking down Fifth Avenue alone. Well, I've wanted to shop and now I'm going to do it . . . ."

At last, wearied beyond words, she had to admit that she couldn't make the length of the street—nor did her money hold out half long enough. So, loaded with packages of all sizes and shapes, very tired, and a little homesick, the vagabond Texan returned to her hotel room.

Last December Lynn decided to come home to finish her education before she became too entrenched with her work. In January she enrolled in Stephen F. Austin college in Nacogdoches, majoring in Art and Voice. This Fall she will return to Denton to her alma mater.

While she was a student at NTSTC last year she was President of the Riding Club, Social Chairman of her dormitory, runner-up in the contest for School Favorite, and a member of the Women's Choir.

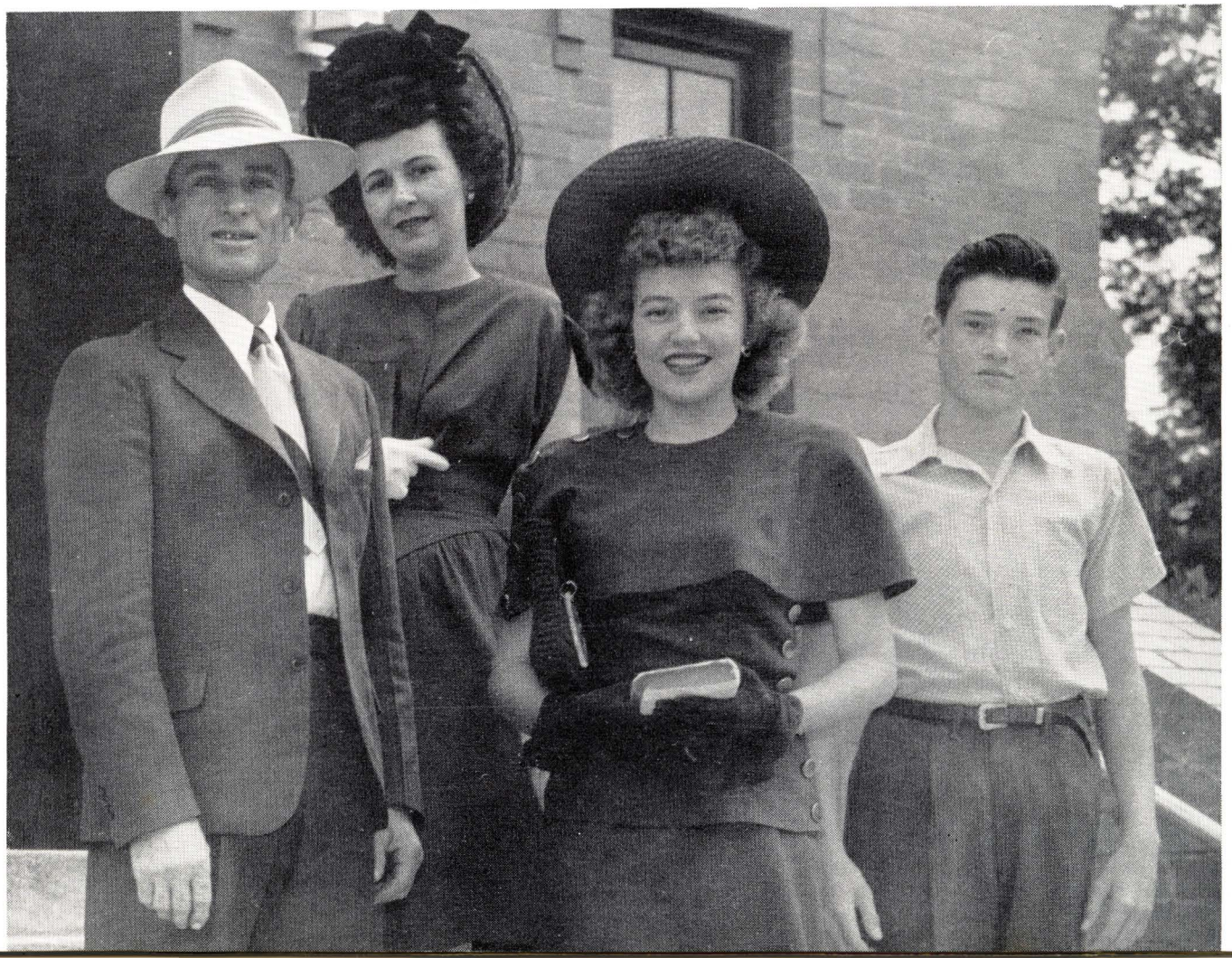
This East Texas beauty spends her leisure hours piddling in a kitchen, stirring up various concoctions. She also is a sports enthusiast, lacking only one hour having her student pilot's license.

Lynn was remembering when she first came back to Texas and she wanted to have some of her friends to her home for dinner. Since it wasn't exactly desirable to have her friends of the opposite sex there at the same time, she decided to fix each of them a meal—only she prepared the same menu every night for four nights. Porkchops!

"Really, I think our groceryman wondered what had happened to our family. It was porkchops every day—but I knew I could cook them all right, and there was no use risking any mishaps. I sorta got burned out on them, and my family just decided to eat out. However, the boys seemed to enjoy them."

When her schooling is finished, Lynn hopes to return to professional singing.

This picture was snapped one Sunday morning just before the McClain family entered the Church of Christ. Left to right are Mr. and Mrs. Edgar McClain, Lynn, and Edgar Allen, Jr.



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Using the watchman's shack during their lunch period as place of gathering are, left to right, Bennie Wallace, Lewis Perry, two visitors, and Watchman Foster Selman.



Eating with relish are J. M. Sims, Ickey Baird, and Bennie Wallace.



Above is our new trailer salesman Frank D. Henderson with Harold B. Weeks of the Engine Department.



Trying to make their lunch hour profitable are R. B. Smith, Edward Smith, Thomas J. Barnes, Lee Lowery, William Burden, and Leon Walker, of the Trailer Division.



Taking life easy are Paul Mackey, L. D. Fenley, G. N. Jones, and Ed Johnson of the Electrical Department.



It's time out for cooling, refreshing water. His friend awaits his turn.

Heckling from the sidelines is strictly in style when the boys start a washer game; but from the grin on the face of one of the players, he isn't really serious, as he rolls up his sleeve to take care of that loud guffaw from the on-lookers.



A little fiddling and some strumming can certainly sing away a lunch hour. It sends 'em all back a-humming.



There's nothing quite so enticing as the other fellow's lunch box—especially if there is a chance that he might share a special item or two.



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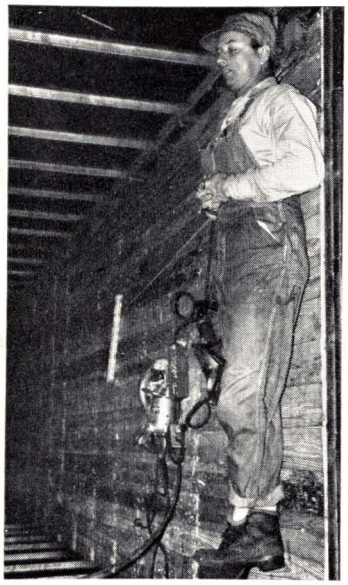
These fellows were kind enough to take time out from eating to help the cameraman. From the looks of the food, it might have been a good idea to tarry awhile and help them dispose of it.



Some people can sleep anywhere! Witness James Stephens and J. F. Bourrous as they give their digestive systems full sway while relaxing atop a soft, inner-spring table!



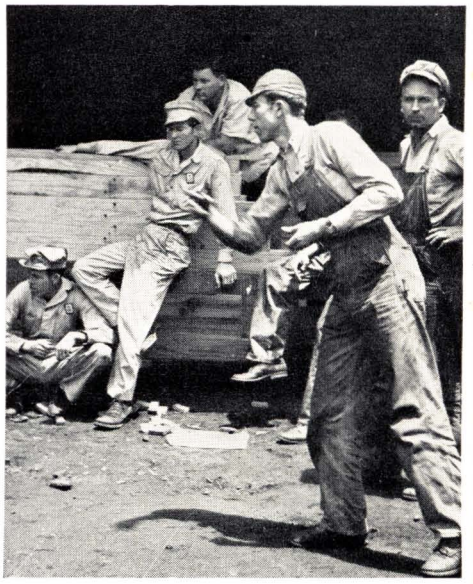
The cameraman didn't bother these men; they were so busy devouring those sandwiches and milk until they didn't even remember to offer the photographer a cookie. Some fun!



Lunch Time

FOR NIGHT SHIFTS AND TRAILER DIVISION

They are so crowded for space in the Trailer Division that when a man wants to catch his 40 winks, they just hang him up on a peg somewhere so that he won't be disturbed.



Very intent on this washer game is the pitcher, Johnny Slaten. No photographer could cramp his style.

We will never have to worry about the Lufkin employees getting hungry after seeing scenes like this.



That domino game seems to have captured the attention of quite a few boys.



From that smug little grin, we'd say Batson Treadaway had his opponent just exactly where he wanted him. Everything was strictly under control.



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Setting an Enviable Record . . .

Our Engine Men



Eunice Lane

PERHAPS one of the least publicized departments of the Lufkin Foundry is the Engine Department and yet it merits our pride and admiration. Although it is the newest addition to Lufkin products, it has already made for itself a remarkable record of superiority in the engine field.

In 1943, the Foundry obtained the exclusive rights to manufacture the Cooper-Bessemer gas engine. Since that time, many developments and changes have been made on the original engine.

Spearheaded by Taylor Hood, who was a Lufkin representative in the East Texas field until the Foundry decided to go into the engine business, the Engine Department has built a total of 450 engines since 1943. Planned production has set a goal of 300 sales for this year. For the period January 1 to June 1, 109 engines have been sold.

One of the most unusual features of this business lies in the fact that the Foundry builds almost all the parts which make up the engine. In fact, more parts are manufactured here than in any other internal combustion engine shop in the country. This is certainly an expense-saver.

The Manager of the Engine Department pointed out that every department throughout the plant had a part and shared in the responsibility of building the engines.

Parts for the engines which are bought on the outside have been reduced to a minimum. When outside sources couldn't be found to make and deliver radiators, Lufkin men made them and made them at a reduced cost.

The parts are made here, machined in the shops, sent to the assembly floor where they are assembled and the engine run on the test block for 8 hours. This guarantees the customer that the engine has been properly broken in and adjusted; it is ready for duty when it is delivered to a field.

"We have engines scattered from Pennsylvania to California," stated Mr. Hood. "You can actually say that we have national distribution, and a number have been shipped to South America. They are used primarily to pump oil, but a number have been installed as auxiliaries for power plants to drive generators and pumps."

These engines are natural gas engines and do not run on gasoline. The gas is taken from the producing oil well. Some of the developments for the future include the conversion of the engine from natural gas to diesel. Also the elimination of water pumps for cooling.

The original Cooper-Bessemer engine was designed primarily for a long life, and some of them have been in service for 10 years and still have the original pistons and blocks on them.

"This is an outstanding miracle. This type of engine is the only one which has made a record for itself in the sour gases regions. Out in West Texas, the gases are very corrosive. The life of most engines is somewhere around two years. Cooper-Bessemer engines have been there between eight and nine years and are still giving excellent service."

Many basic improvements have been made over the Cooper-Bessemer engine since Lufkin took over the manufacture of them. The horizontal engine is Lufkin's development. Taking the original engine which was not adaptable to pumping units, Lufkin made a twin-cylinder, horizontal type engine. By laying the radiator down, they made a low, compact installation which has been very acceptable. The earliest engines of this type were put into service approximately two years ago. To date, no maintenance or repairs have been required.

"This is quite remarkable for there are always 'bugs' in any new engine," commented Mr. Hood.

The men shown in the picture have been in the department for more than a year with various years of experience behind them in similar work. G. T. Youngblood is the foreman, and is considered one of the most efficient and outstanding foremen of the plant. Men under his charge have high respect for his ability and judgment. His experience with the highway department and experience here in the plant before he was made foreman of the engine department make him highly capable of supervising the assembling of the engines.

Lloyd Athey has been constructing engines since 1943. He also has a number of years experience behind him which renders him capable of doing a good job.

Elbert Butler, who is shop expediter, was for several years Machine Shop Foreman. His excellent capabilities proved that he would be of inestimable value to the infant engine business. His job is to see that parts are manufactured in the shop, that they are correctly done and done in the most economical and best way. His long experience as a machinist certainly qualifies him for this job.

The other fellows, Jack Stubblefield, Tobe Pinner, Charlie Graham, Robert Clinton, B. F. Carter, W. H. Weeks, and Eddie Harrell, have all been with the department more than a year. They are vitally interested in their work, and without this personal interest and careful craftsmanship, the engines could never have attained the

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reputation which they have. The men have all had experience as garage mechanics or in heavy duty tractor work and they know their job.

Tom Bowers is a trainee on the job but shows promise of a capable and dependable employee.

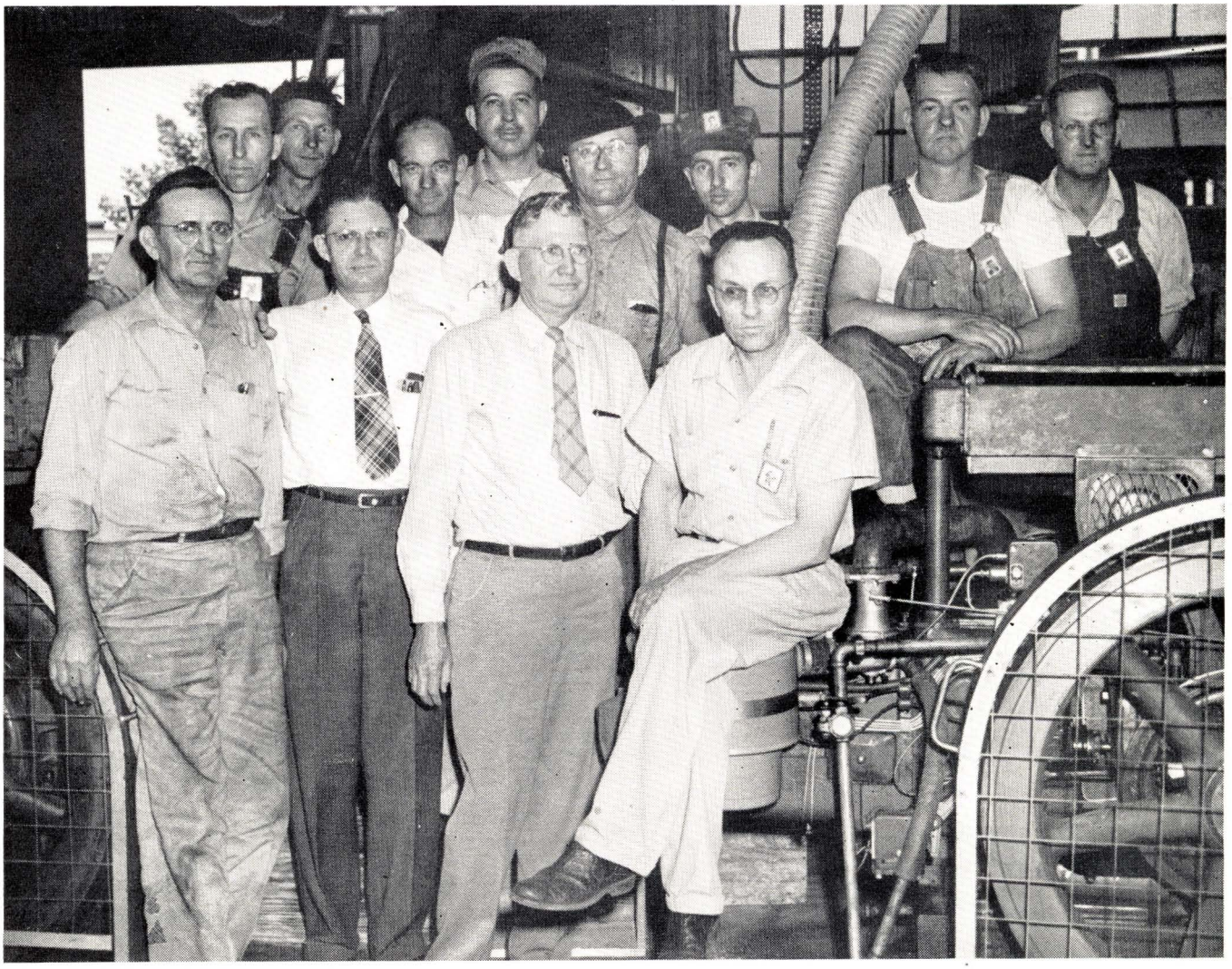
Taylor Hood, before coming to the Lufkin Foundry, was employed with the National Supply Company. His background and training prepared him for working with engines, but somehow he got detoured into the sales department. When he came to the Foundry he was again made a member of the sales force. Just as he had decided he wouldn't be getting into engine work any time soon, the Foundry made the agreement with the Cooper-Bessemer people to build their engines during the war. Mr. Hood was brought in to manage the job.

"It's been a rugged and long up-hill fight," he said, as he chewed his cigar, "and if I hadn't loved working with engines, if I hadn't felt that this was the job for me, I probably would have thrown my hands up in despair many times. But I love engines; they're just like human beings in many respects. I love to watch them operate. Why, a pumping unit would be helpless without an engine to drive it."

When running a test on one of the engines, they leave the engine going all night without anyone to watch it. When this practice was first begun, some of the fellows felt that somebody should be there to see that everything went all right. Mr. Hood answered their misgivings with this statement.

"When this engine is put out in the field, it is started and left alone. Perhaps the pumper comes by once and maybe twice in 24 hours; then he stays there about 2 minutes. If we can't leave this engine alone here in our plant for 8 hours, then it won't be much use to the customer out in the field."

Helping the men with the engine business is Miss Eunice Lane who has been with the Company for 3 years. Other than her secretarial duties, she handles repair orders for parts for approximately 900 engines. This is a responsible duty which she fulfills quite capably.



These are the men of the Engine Department. Front row, left to right: G. T. Youngblood, foreman, Taylor Hood, manager, Elbert Butler, shop expediter, and Jack Stubblefield. Second row, left to right: Tobe Pinner, Lloyd Athey, Charlie Graham, and Robert Clinton. Back row, left to right: B. F. Carter, Tom Bowers, W. H. Weeks, and Eddie Harrell.

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SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

FOUND: One comb belonging to a lady. This was found on the runningboard of Sam Wallace's car. Friends are interested in determining how the comb got there. Anyone who can enlighten these friends is earnestly requested to do so.

The Engineering Department has three new members: *Jack Murphy*, *Fred Griffin*, and *Joe Fontenot*. Joe isn't really new; just back from school for the summer. Also *Homer Thrash* has moved upstairs.

One day not so long ago, some of the fellows got to exchanging tales about big winds out in West Texas. A moulder in the foundry said, "Why, I saw a wind so strong down in Arkansas one time that it blew a full grown hen into a gallon cider jug without disturbing a single feather."

Lee Deggs piped up about that time with, "My brother-in-law was plowing a field one day when one of those cyclone affairs came up. Before he could get back to the house with the mule and plow, the wind had taken all the twist out of the plow."

"That's nothing," said *E. O. Standley*, "The reason I had to leave West Texas years ago was the fact that the wind blew 18 inches of top soil off my land leaving the post holes on top of the ground."

But *Rhobie White* added his bit and broke up the party. He said, "When still a young man—just a few years ago—I saw the wind play heck with my Daddy's farm. A tornado actually blew so hard that it turned our wash pot wrong-side-out, leaving the legs on the inside. That's the time we had to take our clothes to the laundry."

This was all a lot of wind blowing around the foundry!

Fred Nelson said the dark red color on his shirt collar was strawberry shortcake, but *Fred Childers* said, "You could never make my wife believe that!"

The story got around that the shiners in *A. W. Midgely's* pond were eating up the Bass. Midgely denies that he put out that information, but does say that he has seen his shiners fight the Bass and something has happened to make some of his Bass disappear. He says that his shiners measure 20 inches and weigh a pound and a half.

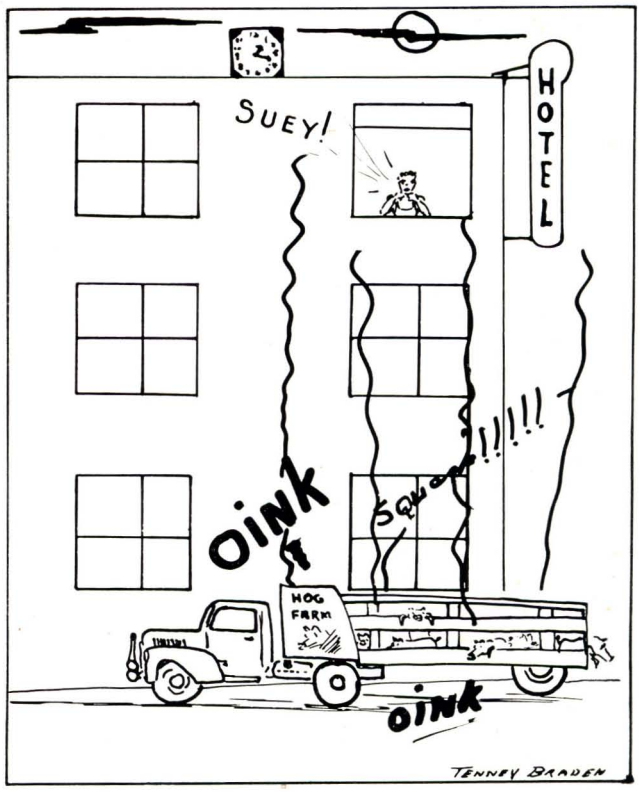
If anybody has been wondering if the American Tobacco Co. is giving away Buicks to those who find a lucky number under the stamp tax on a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes, you can set your mind at ease. The curiosity of *Mack Frazier* and *Dan Martin* got the best of them, so they wrote the Company asking if they were actually doing such a thing. A few days ago they received an answer, which put to rest the apparently unfounded rumor. The letter said in part, 'We have not offered and are not offering any prizes with our cigarettes . . . If someone has told you that this Company did give such a prize, you have been misled and misinformed.

Seems Mack and Dan will have to get their Buick by other means than tearing off the revenue stamps on cigarette packages.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Hughes* on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Ann, May 16.

We extend our sympathy to *Wilom Menefee* whose brother died recently.

Everything isn't always a bed of roses or a fat expense check for our traveling men. For proof, see Elmer Turner, who travels for the Mill Supply Division. After a hard day's work, Elmer got a room on the third floor of a little hotel. Just as he began to doze, a farmer parked a truckload of swine under his window. The aroma and caressing noises kept him from being lonely all the rest of the night!



Congratulations to the *Mack Fraziers* on the birth of a boy, Mack Laird, born May 24.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Parrish, Jr.* on the birth of a boy, Donald Earl, born May 15.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Dorsett* on the birth of a boy May 16.

Best wishes to *Ernest P. Smith* and *Doris Helen Little* who were married May 10. Ernest is an employee of the Trailer Division.

Fritz Gneisig, who has been recuperating from an ailment, is wished by all a complete and speedy recovery.

Calvin Crain was mumbling about the new washing machine he bought recently. When it was delivered, it didn't have a rub board nor any washing powders or soap with it. He thinks he got cheated.

FLASH! Scoop! Latest filing system developed by the girls in the Mill Supply Division reveals that Pickles are filed behind the P's, Cookies are placed behind the C's, Bread behind the B's, Mustard filed behind the M's, and Wieners behind the W's. So if you're looking for Credit Memos or Photographs or any business information in the files of the Mill Supply, just keep looking far enough and you might be able to alleviate any hunger pangs you might have.

As a method for robbing the innocent victims who happen around at a convenient time, the Mill Supply females have instituted what they call a "Swear Box." Anytime anyone forgets himself and uses a forceful slang word or

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emphatic proclamations, he must drop a coin in the box—the value of the coin designated by a chart which tabulates the price of the various "swear" words in the English language.

A word of caution and preparation. During any future visits to the store room, it would be wise to wear a mask tied firmly and securely about your mouth—if you're inclined to be forgetful . . .

Cowboy Starrett had as his dinner guest not so long ago none other than Bull of the Woods *L. T. Womack.*

Having only 30 minutes in which to eat and get back to the shop, they were quite rushed, but from all accounts, L. T. enjoyed his lunch very much.

There seems to be a race on though, for only a few nights after Cowboy treated L. T., he was taken out for a goose and dressing supper by *R. E. Epps.* Just how is it that L. T. can manage to get his meals free-for-nothing?

Some of the fellows are wondering if *Pee Wee Martin* could quote us the exact cost of out-running a 1946 Oldsmobile on a certain Saturday night with *Red Conditt* behind the wheel? Here's to faster Fords!

Once upon a time news was spread via the telegraph, or telephone, or newspaper, or radio, or just by telling women. Now the way to get news around is to tell *George Haygood.*

Tilman Martin contributes the following to our list of favorite fish tales. He says that he has caught numerous Red Horses up in Arkansas in past summers simply by tossing in his line with 5 or 6 bare hooks. The Red Horses—weighing from 20 to 60 pounds each—grab the hooks and then Tilman pulls them in by tying the line to the back of his car and driving them ashore.

The record, he reports, is a 93½ pounder caught by his Uncle last July 4. There's no telling what it will be this coming Independence Day!

Editor's Note: If you have some of your own fish stories which will put these which have been told strictly in the shade, then let us hear from you. Any adherence to the truth will be greatly appreciated, but it is not a prerequisite to publication.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. Wilbourn W. Wells* on the birth of a girl born June 6, weighing 7 pounds and 4 ounces. Wilbourn is employed in the Machine Shop.

Josh Duncan claims his wife is buying him a new "zoot" suit and a pair of white shoes to wear on his vacation, but the boys around the foundry are saying he needs a pair of boxing gloves first. Now, why do you want boxing gloves, Josh?

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Dubose* on the birth of Coye Lynn June 10.

Grady Wasson's friends are wishing for him a speedy recovery. He had been confined to his home since late May with illness.

Congratulations to *Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Ballenger, Jr.,* on the birth of a baby girl weighing 5 pounds on June 10. D. P. is employed in the Electrical Department.

Chief Inspector *Bobo Hayes* decided to run a test on *Jake Ross*—just for the fun of it. So he ran a unit through the test block without a Hyatt bearing in the high speed pinion bearing housing just to see if Jake would catch the error. As it happened, Jake got slipped up on and didn't catch the planted "bug." Now the fellows are wondering if Jake would see the error if they ran a unit through with both bearings and the housing missing.

Our very best wishes go to *LaRose Parrish* and *Billy Burnette* who will be married June 28; to *Orpha Norton* and *Webster McCall* who were married June 15.

Vacation Time

Continued from page 2

If the cut is dangerously deep, and bleeding shows no sign of cessation, send for a doctor immediately. Meanwhile, you can probably halt hemorrhage by pressing the main artery with your fingers, or, better yet, by applying a tourniquet—made, if necessary, from any piece of clothing and a stick.

In between minor and serious cuts is the annoyance, painful enough, of snagging yourself on a fishhook. If that



ever happens to you, don't try to pull the hook out; instead, press the hook so that its point comes to the surface close to the spot where it entered. You can then clip off the end with a wire cutter, or file it away, and remove the shank with ease.

While fishing, incidentally, don't decide to slide out of the boat for a swim—unless someone else remains in the boat to keep it nearby. For that matter, don't go swimming in deep water at all without a boat along. And, when you go swimming (not for an hour after eating), get yourself accustomed to the water temperature by splashing your wrists and chest; don't submerge yourself suddenly and completely. Above all, don't dive into unfamiliar places.

There—we've taken you through a day of vacation pitfalls and you're still hale and hearty! Keep it up. It's easy to play safe wherever you go—just a matter of common sense.



Our Department of Weather Preparation stands ready to order any type of weather you might require for your vacation. So line up and put in your requests early. The Department will go so far as to guarantee that it will not rain for thirty days following your vacation. (In case you haven't heard that gag . . . if it *does* rain for the next thirty days, it will be the biggest news since Noah's Ark.)

HAVE FUN!

Copied from an original at The History Center. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2013:023



Smile Awhile

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

Friend: "Let me congratulate you, old man. I'm sure you'll always look on this day as the happiest of your life."

Bridegroom: "But it's tomorrow I'm being married."

Friend: "Yes, I know."

"So you deceived your husband," said the Judge gravely.

"On the contrary, your honor, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town, and he didn't go."

Salesman: "I have something here that will make you popular, make your life happier, and bring you a host of friends."

Contractor: "I'll take a quart."

"Have any of your childhood wishes been fulfilled?"

Mr. Bounds: "Yep. When Mom used to jerk me around by the hair, I wished I didn't have any."

Teacher: "Johnny, how many days are there in each month?"

Johnny:

"Thirty days hath September,
All the rest I can't remember.
The calendar hangs on the wall.
Why bother me with this at all?"

A man and his wife were boating on the Mississippi River and the man was drowned. After searching three days for his body, his wife returned home, instructing the searching crew to notify her if they found any trace of him.

A week after her return, a telegram came saying:

"Body found with thousand dollars worth of pearls. Waiting further instructions."

She telegraphed back: "Send pearls and reset bait."

Love is like an onion
You taste it with delight
And when it's gone you wonder,
Whatever made you bite.

"Who are you shoving?"

"I don't know. What's your name?"

Man Motorist (barely avoiding a broadside crash): "Why on earth didn't you signal that you were turning in?"

Girl (who had just crossed into her home driveway): "I always turn in here, stupid."

Mother (fondly watching her two-year-old): "He's been walking like that for almost a year."

Bored Visitor: "Amazing! Can't you make him sit down?"

Parson: "Hell is full of cocktails, highballs, short skirts, and two-piece bathing suits.

Voice from Gallery: "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

When the teacher asked Jimmy to spell the word "straight," he spelled it "S-t-r-a-i-g-h-t."

"Fine!" she said. "What does it mean?"

"Without ginger ale," he told her.

Helen Jones: "Please, sir, I think you are wanted on the phone."

Bayo Hopper: "Think? What do you mean? Aren't you sure?"

Helen: "Well, the voice said: 'Hello, is that you, you old idiot?' "

"Sell your house yet?"

"We've decided not to after reading the agent's description. It seemed to be just the place we were looking for."

He had been to a stag dinner, and his wife wanted to hear all about it when he got home.

"Well," he said, "one rather odd thing occurred, Mr. Staidenwool got up and left the table because some fellow told a risque story he did not approve of."

"How noble of Mr. Staidenwool!" exclaimed his wife. "And what was the story, John?"

It's tough to find,
For love or money
Jokes that are clean
And likewise funny!

THE lunatic, after a very exemplary record of sanity, was discharged from the asylum and returned home. Deciding the next morning to shave, he nailed the mirror to the wall, stood before it, lathered his face, then selecting an old-fashioned razor, proceeded to shave.

At this moment, the nail slipped; the mirror fell to the floor. He stood gazing at the blank wall before him, then remarked bitterly:

"Just my luck, second day out and I've cut my blooming head off!"

He was sitting on the curbstone leaning against a lamp post, holding his head to keep it from spinning. To the imaginary Blue Coat he explained, "I didn't come here, and ain't a-goin' away. I might as well be here as where I am. So I'm going to sit right here and wait 'til I come back."

"Do you love your enemies?"

"Yep—all three of them—tobacco, women and liquor."

"What is the shortest, perceptible unit of time?"

'The period between the moment a traffic light changes and the time the boob behind you blows his horn."

The irate prosecutor whirled on the defendant: "Madam," he shouted, trying to prove a vital point, "while you were taking your dog for a walk, did you stop any place?"

The spectators waited tensely for her answer.

"Sir," she said quietly, "did you ever take a dog for a walk?"

It's just an idea—but if your neighbor keeps his radio going full blast until 2 a.m., give him a ring at 4 a.m. and tell him how much you enjoyed it.

The Foundry Roundup

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

