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THE Foundry Roundup



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The Foundry Roundup

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

Comments . . .

By W. W. TROUT

FOR more than a year there has been considerable in the papers and on the radio, by the experts, about a possible recession or depression. With the whole world needing food, clothing, equipment and machinery, it has been difficult for us to foresee anything but reasonably full employment for a long time to come.

Yet, in some lines of business, the recession is already here. We were reliably informed a day or two ago that only one manufacturing plant in Houston was still extremely busy. Plants employing fewer men than we have here are reported to have laid off as many as three or four hundred people. The same thing is true in Beaumont.

The fact that the housing and general building construction over the country has slowed down is a broad example of what we are talking about.

Many reasons are offered for this recession. High costs of building materials are generally credited to be responsible for the slow-down of the housing construction program.

In the oil industry a shortage of pipe has slowed down drilling and many drilling rigs are stacked today. This shortage is said to be caused by a coal shortage in the steel mills which have not been able to operate full time because of the trouble in the coal mines. It has also been charged that the administration in Washington is shipping too much pipe to foreign countries.

Our own trailer plant is not too busy and we have been forced to go to the forty-hour week, which has been standard for a long time in most plants. We are getting more salesmen on the road and making every effort to get more business for this department. This should enable us to get back on the forty-five-hour week, which a great majority showed preference for in our recent questionnaire.

The outlook on pumping units is good and we anticipate continued good business. We have been holding our selling prices down in the face of increasing material and labor costs in an effort to keep our plant working full time.

Contrary to some rumors, we are not paying for our present plant expansion out of profits but are borrowing additional money right along in order to finance this program. No dividends have been paid to stockholders this year, and only three per cent was paid last year.

Contrary to any previous experience we have ever had, our conditions are such that the stockholders would be better off with less volume in the plant. Much raw material is being bought from warehouses at more than double the mill price. If we confined our operations strictly to the use of materials coming direct from manufacturers and eliminate all overtime in our plant, total profits would undoubtedly be higher although this would mean laying off some men.

The management and directors of this company have and will continue to place the interest of our employees as a matter of top consideration.

Undoubtedly, there will come slack times sooner or later. We hope that every employee is putting a little away each month as a safeguard against slow times. The regular purchase of government savings bonds by payroll deduction is certainly one way to get this job done.

Just In Case

You Might be Interested

THOSE eight and a half days we called vacation were eaten up like a kid eating chocolate candy, but we have fond remembrances. And the ROUNDUP is interested in seeing proof of the gay times, and feels that others would like to witness how you spent your holiday. So if you had your camera with you and you made a nuisance out of yourself snapping pictures here and there, clicking that shutter every time somebody got in a different position, the ROUNDUP would like to view them for possible publication.

Send your snapshots together with the negatives to the ROUNDUP office. They will be returned to you after use.

If you are a grandpa or if someday you intend to be a grandpa or if you are a daddy or have hopes of being one, or if you are just a husband or are counting on being one, then maybe you'll be interested in this next item. We have several hundred copies of an artist's drawing of the Lufkin Foundry which we believe you would like to have to show to your children or grandchildren or wives. There's no catch in it; it's free for the asking. Call for it either at the ROUNDUP office or at the watchman's shack at the main gate.

Have you ever wondered where the stuff comes from that you read in this magazine each month? We have, but then that's beside the point; we say that for protection reasons.

What we're getting at is this. We'd like to see some new contributors to the chatter columns. You know something on some of your friends around the plant which the rest of us would like to know. It won't take but a jiffy to jot it down on any piece of paper. Of if you can get to a phone, you can call the item in to the ROUNDUP office. Still better, you might make a personal call to the editorial office. We'd be glad to see you and talk with you. How about it?

And while we're asking for something, we might as well ask you what you think of the ROUNDUP. What are some of the things you would like to see in the mag? Let us hear from you. Suggestions for improvement are always welcome. This is your magazine; if it isn't what you want, then we'll change it. But we can't change it until we know what you like. Send us a note today.

Write down your house number.
Double it.
Add five.
Multiply by fifty.
Add your age. (Don't cheat!)
Add 365.
Subtract 615.

In the result, you will find that your house number is to the left and your age to the right.

There's a new aluminum pancake turner out that flips the flapjacks by merely pushing the trigger.

2 1/2 X 14 3/8

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IDEAS

By WILBUR LOVELADY

IT IS $70 worth of ideas that we have this month. Seventy dollars we're giving to some men who have taken the time and energy to jot down on a piece of paper the profitable ideas that pop into their heads at odd times.

You, too, can be a winner. It's easy and it's worthwhile. Not only do you get the money, but if your idea has something to do with bettering your working conditions, you win again in that your job is easier.

There is a convenient bank near you where you can drop your suggestions. Why not do it right now?

JULY WINNERS

F. L. Walker—$20—Jig for cattle racks.

M. L. Campbell—$5—Fixture for checking #125 Winch Housing.

Dennis Cummings—$5—Special Micrometers for measuring centerbore to Garlock on #N128 Speed Increaser.

H. G. Karnegay—$5—Suggested bar feed on #82 Screw Machine.

Joe Storey—$5—Oil Baffle for #125 Winch Transmission.

Doyle Bowers—$5—Jig rack for Moline Jigs.

H. G. Karnegay—$5—Suggested Grinding two or more of each size Chasers.

W. L. Hanson—$5—New method of greasing overhead cranes.

G. A. Graham—$2—Jig for GSC Radiator Assembly.

G. A. Graham—$2—Wrench for Magneto Gear Boxes on GSC and GSDH Engines.

Ted Williams—$2—Suggested roomy place for templates in Welding Shop.

H. R. Lewis—$2—Suggested change on Drawing A4592.

John Cluck—$2—Designation for class fit for all threads.

H. G. Karnegay—$2—Install ventilation fan in Trailer Division wash room.

Bill Trout—$1—Turn lights off all machines when not in use.

Jimmie Nash—$1—Repair crane on Charlie Gault's floor.

J. W. May—$1—Suggested change on D-7801 Speed Reducer cover pattern.

ACCIDENT'LY

By Ralph Moses





SAFETY

If you were to go home tonight and find the breakfast dishes still in the sink, the floors unswept, the beds unmade, and the children's toys still lying on the floor, you would probably complain to your wife about her poor housekeeping.

What would happen if your wife were to reverse the procedure and pay a visit to the department in which you work? Would she find oil and grease on the floor; untidy lockers, cribs, and cupboards; and piles of debris on the floor? Would she find skids of material blocking the aisles; tools and equipment scattered everywhere; and bottles, papers, and lunch remains lying about?

If she did note such conditions existing in your place of employment, then I dare say she would remind you that the shoe was now on the other foot and thereafter your criticism at home would be of little or no value.

Good housekeeping is the keynote to safety. Without it, little can be accomplished toward making your job safe and enjoyable.

From *NSC Automotive & Machine Shop Safety.*

Mrs. Brown's colored cook went home every night the moment she had washed the dinner dishes, and often forgot to come back in time to prepare breakfast the next morning.

"Sara," said Mrs. Brown one day, "every time you fail to come and get breakfast, I shall take off a quarter from your wages."

Sarah silently consented, and the next few mornings she came in early, but one morning she did not appear until 10 o'clock.

"Look here, Sara," complained Mrs. Brown, "I had to fix breakfast again this morning."

"Well," returned Sara indignantly, "ain't ah payin' you all foh it?"

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Factories Burn From Lack of Safety Rules

WHY DO factories burn? There are, of course, reasons peculiar to each plant, special dangers either in the type of work or in the layout of the building. These are the hazards with which your plant management is concerned and the reason why you have fire safety rules. But here we are not speaking of these. We are talking about the conflagrations, too many of them, which you as an individual can prevent.

It is, after all, in the last analysis, to your own personal interest, to avert fire. Pure and simple, you will be protecting your own life. You will be doing more than that. You will be preserving the lives of your fellow workers, for any failing on your part will have unfortunate repercussions on them, too.

Though fire does not always result in injury or loss of life, it does almost always do damage to a plant. Equipment and materials are difficult to replace these days. Thus fire can put you and your fellow workers out of a job. This is happening all over America with the result that production is slowing up and there is unnecessary unemployment. Big conflagrations can and do raze factories. Remember that a plant burned to the ground is no place to work!

What can you do? High up in the causes for factory fires is carelessness with matches and smoking equipment. As you will see by looking at the box on this page, the figure is ten per cent and it ranks third! What does that mean? Specifically, these figures refer to the time somebody smoked under a "no smoking" sign; or in an area where he had been requested to refrain. It may be possible to get by with it once. But don't be misled. That is luck. It is highly unlikely that it can be repeated. The offender will not be alive to tell the tale! The tragic part is that the odds are not only against him, but against his fellow workers, too, for they also will suffer from fire. Watch out for this.

Watch out for matches. They are deceiving. You may think they are snuffed out and flip them away where they fall onto and ignite inflammable material or rubbish. A match tossed idly away may fall onto an iron grating. Everything will be all right if it does not go through the grill and land on combustible material below. Matches, carelessly discarded, may light anywhere. They do millions of dollars worth of property damage each year. Don't let this happen if you can help it.

Are you the always-prepared type? You are wrong if you are always prepared for a shortage of matches and have two packages in your pocket. By friction they can light up in your clothes either when you are wearing them or when you change them. Furthermore, somebody who doesn't know about that secret hoard may push your clothes aside—and your troubles will be over if you are caught in a burning building.

Spontaneous ignition accounts for another seven per cent of factory fires. You know how rubbish, trash, litter, old clothes and rags can ignite by themselves if left alone in a dark corner. Actually it only takes ten hours. Be a minute man and keep clean, neat and tidy your part of the plant. You will not only be observing the law of self-preservation but setting an example for others to follow from which you will benefit.

Still you may have a fire. Tomorrow. Do you know how to operate the fire fighting equipment? The first five minutes of a fire are more important than the next five hours! You may understand how to work the fire extinguishers and where they are located, but they will be useless unless they can be reached. Make it your responsibility to check this. If you think that it is someone else's duty, in time of disaster you may be dead before you discover who was supposed to do it.

Watch out in your own immediate department for possible fire hazards. If you see a source of trouble, immediately call it to the attention of your superior so that it can be corrected. If you do not and there is a fire, blame yourself for the trouble that started. You could have averted it.

Moreover, looking around once is not enough. Look around the next time and every time you walk in the plant for places where fire might start. Let it be a habit with you. You can't afford, quite literally, to miss anything, any time. If you are not sure what are the danger points, the box on this page will help you.

Fire is one of the most devastating wastes that strike America. It will take a total of 11,000 lives this year and reap a property damage of over half a billion dollars. Protect yourself from this ugly menace to life and livelihood. It is possible, for 90% of all fires from known causes are largely preventable.

WHY FACTORIES BURN

The following percentages give the reasons why factories burn:

Electrical	**25%**
Friction	**15%**
Matches & Smoking	**10%**
Sparks & Embers	**10%**
Spontaneous Ignition	**7%**
Cutting & Welding	**7%**
Open Flames & Torches	**7%**
Hot Stoves & Pipes	**7%**
Foreign Material in Stock	**6%**
Overheated Material	**3%**
Exposure	**2%**
Lightning	**Small**



Fire-fighting equipment is demonstrated to workers.

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Dime Story

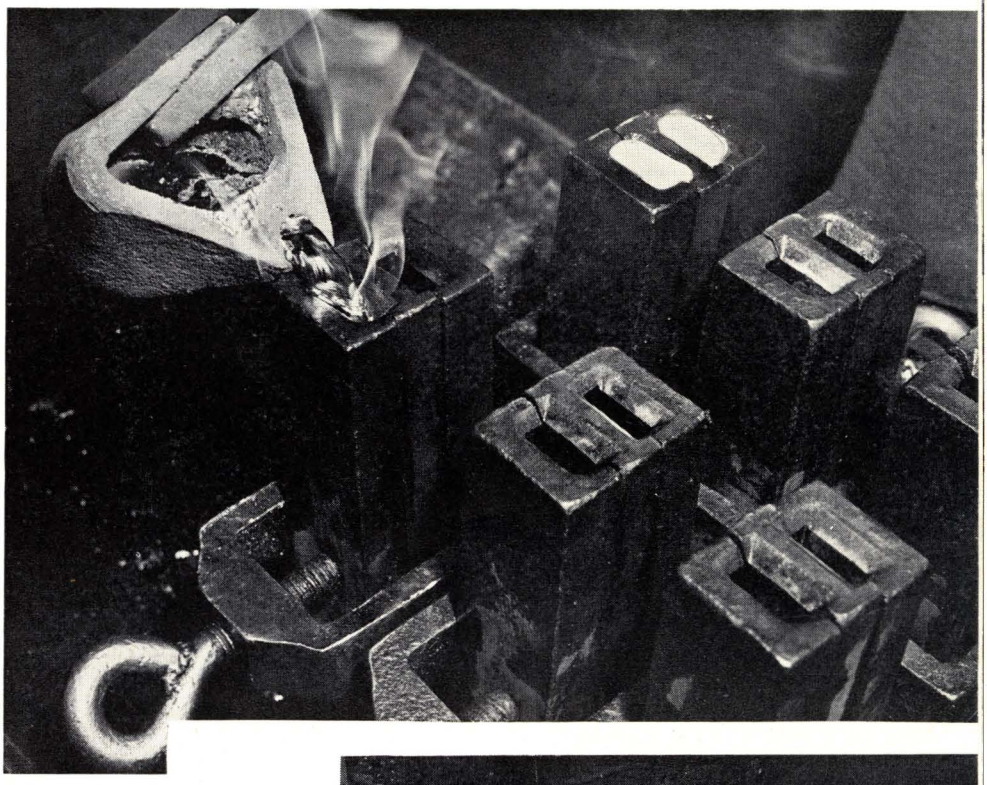
LAST year the U. S. Treasury Department released a new dime, bearing a likeness of the head of the late President Roosevelt. Putting a new coin in circulation is a large scale assignment. The pictures on this page show just a few of the important steps undertaken at the U. S. Mint in Philadelphia, Pa., in making coins for America's millions.

—Courtesy Picture News
Sinclair Refining Company





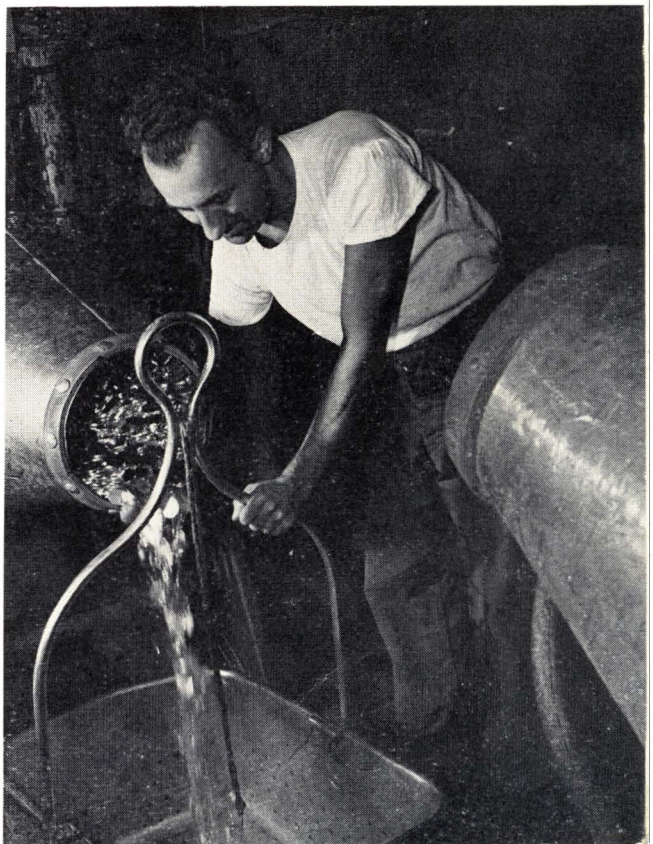
MASTER PATTERN of the new Roosevelt dime, before it was reduced to the required size.



(Above) **HOT MONEY.** Melted silver is dipped up in ladles and poured into prepared molds. Note heat waves rising from metal being poured.



(Left) **COIN COUNTERS.** Finished dimes are processed through fast, accurate counting machines, more dependable than human hands. Women "feed" the machines.



(Right) **TEN-CENT BATH.** Discs cut from molded blocks are washed in an acid solution. Metal basket is perforated to permit fluid to drain off.

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Our Order Department

Main Cog in Foundry Wheel

THE Order Department of the Oil Field Machinery Division is one of the main cogs in the wheel that makes the Lufkin Foundry go around. As Tom Bowers, a trainee, has put it: "The Order Department does what nobody else will."

When an order comes to the Department, it is placed in the Production Department. From there it must be carefully followed. Each type of pumping unit requires one of many types of prime movers to drive it. This means that a constant check must be kept to see that correct equipment is frnished to work satisfactorily with the engine or motor specified by the customer. This checking falls to the Order Department.

"We handle a lot of detail in this office," stated G. L. Vickrey, manager of the Department. "All manufacturing orders for new equipment originate here. In addition to pumping units and repair parts, we enter orders for sawmill equipment. This latter is limited largely to repairs on Lufkin equipment built many years ago."

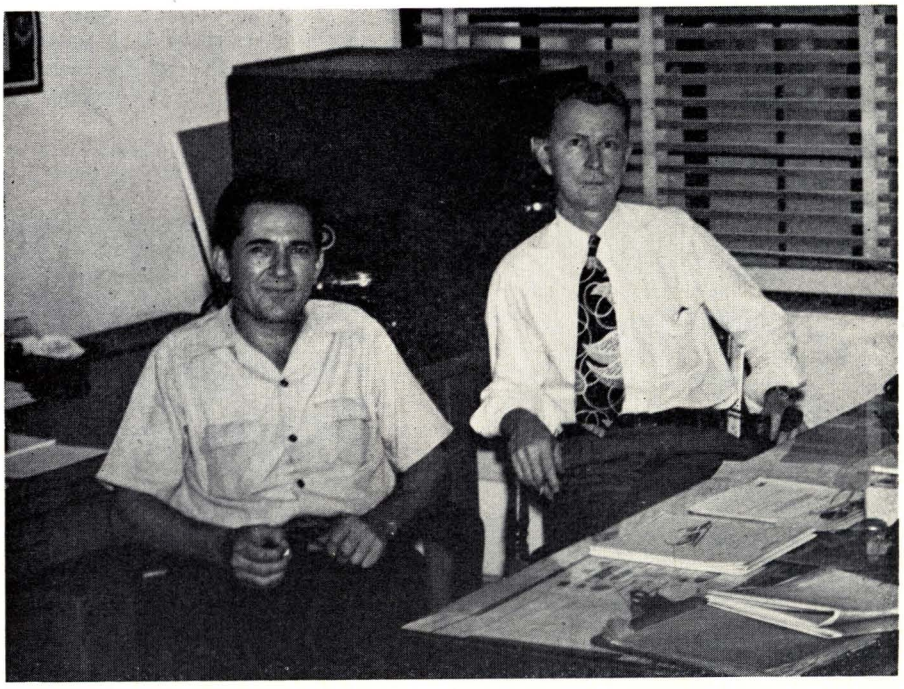
Mr. Vickrey said that the last large sawmill was built by Lufkin Foundry in 1925 or 1926. Our equipment is still being used all over the timbered areas of the United States.

The Order Department handles all correspondence in connection with orders placed with the Foundry with the exception of those concerning the Trailer, the Mill Supply, and Gas Engines Divisions. This includes pumping units, repair parts, castings, and sawmill equipment. This office is a clearing house for the oil field sales and service force.

Tom Peevy, who has been with the Company for 10 years, enters most of the unit shipping orders. He's a kindly fellow who puts a personal interest into his work.

Paul Welch, known to everybody as "Tubby," although with the Company for 4 years, has been an employee of this department only 1½ years. He takes care of the repair orders, and although always busy, he can usually stop to tell one of his funny stories to any who will listen.

Frank Bieroth, who has been here 11 years, types the orders and keeps a record of the units shipped. He makes a monthly and yearly report which includes the number of units shipped, the customer, destination, and date of shipment. He also handles the local retail trade. His dry wit is a source of entertainment to his fellow workers.



HOMER THRASH G. L. VICKREY

Helen Barnes, who came to work in February, 1946, is the stenographer in the Order Department, handling correspondence, indexing shipping orders, and filing all manufacturing and shipping orders. She also does relief work on the switch board. Many have been the jokes played at her expense because of her trusting nature and naive manner. She's the cause of many laughs, but she takes all good-naturedly, which makes her well liked.

Homer Thrash is the most recent acquisition to this Department, having begun work there in July 12. His responsibility lies in expediting speed increasers and reducers, and eventually, he will handle the manufacturing and shipping orders for these items. He did an excellent job while in the shop, and his promotion will utilize his ability to a greater extent.

G. L. Vickrey, manager of the Department, will have been with the Company 25 years next December. This is his second job; his first was in Groveton where he was ticket and express agent for the M.K.T. and G.L.N. railroads. When he first came to the Foundry, he served as stenographer in the Order Department which was managed then by E. H. Bounds.

Mr. Vickrey handles the scheduling of equipment which means that he must constantly be in touch with the production department. He sets up a production schedule which is usually three months in advance.

"We usually carry a very heavy back-log of orders, shipping, in our opinion, at a monthly rate of several times that of all our competitors. We've been shipping at this rate for a long, long time," Mr. Vickrey said.

"Vic" is a quiet, easy-going fellow and his capabilities are exemplified every day.

His hours of work are all hours. Frequently, salesmen call at all hours of the night to say that a customer requires immediate delivery on a pumping unit. That means the end of a quiet, peaceful night for Mr. Vickrey. In order to give that customer the service that he requires, "Vic" has to come to the office and get the orders

(Continued on page 12)

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Picadillos . . . MEXICAN HASH TO YOU . . .

Provide New Use For Leftover Meats

IN HOUSEHOLDS all over the world, frowns appear on homemakers' foreheads as they try to invent new ways of serving leftovers. Mexican ingenuity, however, has created one answer to this universal problem by originating *picadillos*, dishes of finely chopped meats combined with vegetables and seasoning. *Picadillos* are what we know more simply as hash—but this is hash with a difference.

Where chopped beef is called for in this recipe from the United Fruit Company's Middle America Test Kitchen, any left-over cooked meat may be used. The addition of raisins adds surprise, augmented by the chili powder, garlic, onions and vinegar.

The serving of hash at dinner is usually accompanied by faint sighs and a slight lifting of eyebrows around the family board. But when the entree is Mexican hash, the eyebrow-lifting gives way to smiles of approbation.

If stuffed peppers are a favorite article of the family diet, this meat-and-spice mixture may be used as a filling instead of as an entree. But almost everyone will agree that our Mexican neighbors know a trick or two when it comes to making an accustomed dish interesting.

MEXICAN HASH

3 tablespoons melted fat or oil
¾ cup finely chopped onion
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
2¼ cups (1 No. 2 can) tomatoes
1 bouillon cube
3 cups chopped cooked beef
1/3 cup seedless raisins
1½ teaspoons vinegar
¼ teaspoon cloves
¾ teaspoon chili powder
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Heat fat in heavy kettle. Add onion and garlic and fry about 5 minutes or until lightly browned. Add tomatoes, bouillon cube and meat and mix well. Add raisins, vinegar, cloves, chili powder, salt and pepper. Cover and cook over low heat about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 servings.

Pat on the Back

By
JESS BELOTE and FRED NELSON

THIS month's toast goes to the timekeepers and the good work they are doing.

A little new on the job is Wilbur "Skeet" Lovelady in the Machine Shop office. Although he stays busy, he's never too occupied to answer questions or give you a jovial remark. You can see him scratching his head while trying to decipher some of the handwriting on the timecards, but if you stop to pass a word with him, he'll greet you with a friendly grin.

Maurice Malone is the mainstay of the Welding and Structural Shop. He's the fellow who keeps time for the boys, changes your halves and quarters for cokes and keeps the office going. He always has a kind word, and his disposition, in spite of the many kinks he must encounter, is without reproach.

And now we come to Wild Bill Roberts, Trailer Division clock and tape gangster. Bill can tie up a cut finger as quickly as he can run the clock tapes—and he does both thoroughly. Another of his duties is minding the cold drink concession. The men in the plant say he's an "all 'round good fellow."

Here's to the mayor of Burke: Franklin Weeks, the fellow who can fill any order for chickens and eggs in the foundry. Taking care of production, timecards and tapes, Weeks manages to keep his department running full blast. He's a regular contributor to the ROUNDUP, and he has an album of jokes. If you haven't heard the latest, his library is at your disposal. (Note to Weeks: the part about the chickens and eggs was contributed by Bozeman.)

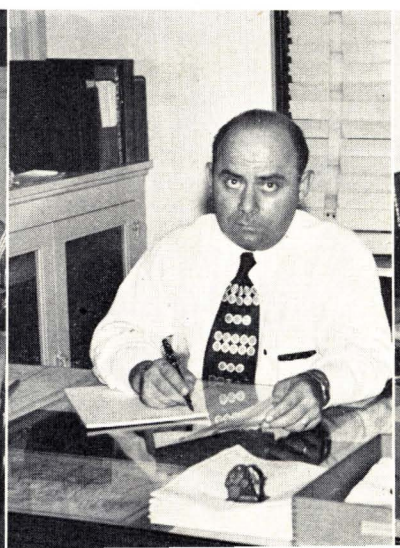
Most of the time we like to give credit where it is due, but in this next instance, it's hard for us to give in. We're supposed to pat Tillman Martin on the back, and we'd rather give him something a little stronger than a pat. You see, he's always spinning the wildest yarns about fishing and watermelons. But Martin, fisherman extraordinary as he is, is the fellow who receives all the time totals and sees to it that your pay checks are issued minus mistakes. In this one respect, he is very conscientious and does a fine piece of work. So we'll pat old Tillie and then hope he'll forget the one about his uncle who raises something-er-other up in Arkansas.

Just a word about the former shop timekeeper, Homer Thrash. He's the fellow with the winning smile and a hearty "hello, old fly." The boys in the shop miss Homer but he is doing an equally fine job in his new position. Here's hoping the best for our old friend!

"What a good thing Adam had. When he said a good thing he knew nobody had said it before."—Mark Twain.

FRANK BIEROTH HELEN BARNES PAUL WELCH TOM PEEVY






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Too Much Tackle



By DICK FORTNEY

MR. MODERN Angler is becoming so cluttered up with scientific gadgets, and his head is so jammed with kinks and tricks, that he has forgotten about how he caught trout and bass when he was a boy. And he isn't catching as many fish, either!

Just take a look at him.

He's all set to go fishing today. The barometer is rising. The temperature is mild. It's the dark of the moon. And the little booklet he holds in his hand shows the day is right, for the little symbol of a fish under this date is all jet black.

So he gathers together his parabolic rod, his left-handed reel, his double-tapered line, and a couple of 20-foot leaders.

He gives his fishing jacket the once over—to make sure he has plenty of bronze blue dun Whoosit flies, along with his leader clippers, line grease, leader sink, magnifying glass, and stream thermometer.

At the creek his thermometer tells him the water is just the right temperature to make the fish bite. So he puts on his polaroid glasses and begins casting his fly, careful to avoid drag by throwing a left-hand curve across a bit of fast water.

Two hours later, a childish voice inquires:

"Any luck, mister?"

And there on the bank stands a bare-footed lad with a string of half a dozen fine trout in one hand and a cane pole in the other. Mr. Modern Angler doesn't answer. He's ashamed to uncover the two seven-inch trout which lie in his creel. He mumbles something under his breath and moves on up the stream. Now, of course, Mr. Modern Angler didn't have a bad afternoon astream just because of his rod or the barometer or any other of the gadgets he studies and uses. Nor was the little boy able to catch trout simply because he fished with worm and cane pole.

But the little boy did prove that he could catch trout without all the modern appurtenances of angling.

And the moral is that the fine sport of fishing is being made so complicated by the so-called experts that one of these days there is going to be rebellion on the creeks!



History records the fact that at the turn of the century, fishermen (as they were then called) thought nothing of taking three-pound brook trout from a certain stream in central Pennsylvania with an ensemble that consisted of a cane pole, a length of stout line, and a steel hook on which a minnow was rigged. The old-timers jerked the minnow through the water to make it spin, and the trout smashed into it like fury.

They didn't consult a barometer, and they didn't load themselves down with tackle. They went fishing when they had time to spare from their chores—or just when the spirit moved them.

Another thing: These gadgets don't always work.

The biggest pickerel I ever caught took a casting rod spoon while a violent thunder storm was brewing, and the barometer must have been dropping. Another time, a certain "fish biting" formula called for the bass to be feeding at 10 p.m. They did—but two hours earlier. They quit cold along about 10 o'clock.

Bass and trout will strike flies or take bait in the bright moonlight, especially if there are shadows made by shore vegetation on shallow water in which they like to feed.

As for flies which exactly match live insects—and this is one of the favorite fetishes of Mr. Modern Angler if he is a fly fisherman—the bivisible Royal Coachman is one of the most popular trout flies known. Yet who ever saw a live insect (or anything else living) that had a bright red body with a band of green at each end, a yellow tail with black bars, and dark brown and pure white legs?

As a matter of cold fact, this business of catching fish boils down to three things: Hunger, curiosity, and bad temper. A fish takes a bait or fly for one of these reasons. And this fact makes the matter of timetable feeding just another gadget.

If a fish is hungry, it is no trouble at all to catch it, provided the angler has sense enough to offer it some kind of bait, either live or artificial, on which it is accustomed to feeding. And if a fish is not hungry, its curiosity or its bad temper can be relied upon to prod it into action. Fish have been known to strike with stomachs packed with insects—obviously out of sheer curiosity.

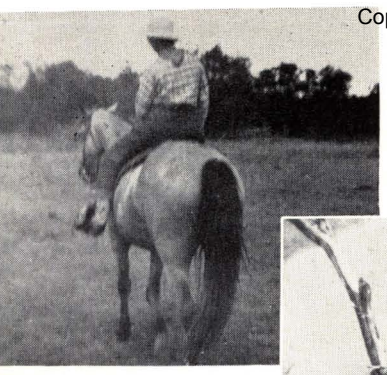
The killer instinct of members of the bass and pike families is too well known to need explanation. Almost every fisherman has caught one of these fish and found it gorged with food.

These are simple, fundamental facts about fish that prove more valuable in a fisherman's head than are the gadgets he can pack into his pockets. And if you're looking for the easiest rule of all to govern your fishing, here it is:

Go fishing every time you have a chance.

Reprinted from **ALLSPORTS**

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Luda Belle Walker and Betty Carter atop Mt. Bonnell in Austin.



The riders take a few minutes rest at Hilltop Lodge on Mt. Rugh before returning to Mayan Ranch.





Just like a veteran cowhand.



On the steps of the Main Bldg., The University of Texas.



This is where the gals bunked during their stay at the ranch.

Vacation Snapshots



These two lads are proud of their catch. They are Gene Hays, son of Ocie Hays, and J. B. Odom, of Lee Dyer's Dept.







Helen Barnes of the Order Dept. spent her vacation in Kansas and Oklahoma. The scenic view is of Turner Falls, Okla.





(Above, left) Jim Odom, Foreman, Maintenance Dept., and Ocie Hays, Trucking Dept., seem quite happy over the prospects of a fish dinner. (Center, left) Peggy and Butch, daughter of Pat Parrish and son of J. C. Boyd. (Bottom, left) J. C. Boyd, Maintenance Dept., appears gleeful about something. (Below, center) While waiting for the men to catch supper these wives had fun at the Roadside Park. Left to right, Mmes. E. B. Parrish, Ocie Hays, J. C. Boyd, and Jim Odom. (Below, left) Joe Odom, Shipping Dept., and Jack Hays, [illegible] Dept., are furnishing their share of the supper. (Below, right) Charlie Gault said he had fun spending his vacation with this lovely armful of granddaughter.







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SNOOPING AROUND FOR CHATTER

"COUGAR" Bounds reports the following facts concerning one of the more eatable fish. He says that catfish have transmission systems in their fins, which are controlled by their whiskers. Once a whisker is removed from the fish, the transmission system is thrown out of gear and the fish can't fin the catcher.

This tale was told to the boys in the Gas Engine building and Charlie Graham added to the story by saying that he didn't know definitely about the transmission but he knew that the fins of a catfish do have a combination lock on them and that the fellow who knows the combination can prevent them from using their fins. When the fish is laid out and dry, the locks become visible.

It's Fishing Story time in ye olde ROUNDUP. The editor henceforth absolves the editorial offices of the responsibility of proving the veracity of any and all tales. Believe all that your credulity will allow, and just grin about the rest.

Red Richardson caught a red polka-dot catfish the other day and we're wondering if the fish had been eating Mayhaws to cause this peculiarity, or if Red had been drinking something that causes spots to appear before the eyes.

Leslie Bullock was offering advice to anyone who would listen. He was standing out in the water fishing, and he felt something hit his leg but figured it was a fish, so he kept fishing. Suddenly he felt something very cold and slimy begin to wrap around his leg. That changed his mind about staying.

"That's the time when you should come out, fellows," Slim said convincingly, "that's the time to quit fishing, when a snake decides to snuggle up close to you!"

Pete Moore tells this one on his relative. "My Uncle went fishing in the Neches River on Highway 94 one day and finding a likely looking spot, he threw his line into the water. His little dog romped up and down the bank; suddenly he began howling and barking. By the time my Uncle looked around, a 64-pound catfish had the dog cornered near some blackberry bushes. He's still wondering if the dog dragged the fish out of the water or if the fish came out after the dog. This is bound to be a true story 'cause my Uncle is a Baptist."

STRICTLY VEGETARIAN



THIS BLACK CAT is a freak of nature—or just a freak. He belongs to R. O. Palmore who says that the cat thrives entirely on vegetables. When offered meats, the kitty merely turns up his nose and goes to the corner to pout. Even the best of fish won't tempt him.

Old Tom is especially fond of carrots, radishes, lettuce, and onions. And occasionally for health's sake, he'll eat a bit of Popeye's spinach.

Those honest fishermen John Hensley and Joe Lowe report that they set out some trot lines one night on the Neches River near Diboll and came back to run the lines about midnight. One particular line was tied up pretty high in a small pine sapling. From all accounts, the line must have had a fish on every hook because the sapling's top was touching the water. A large fish must have broken away becauses suddenly the sappling came up with a "swish," flinging the trot line and all the fish around the tree. The sapling, standing there with fish draped all over it, appeared to be a fish-bearing tree.

While Charlie Douglass was living out at Harmony Hill, the hawks were catching most of his neighbor's chickens. In fact, it was futile to buy chickens because they wouldn't last a week.

But after Charlie moved, his neighbors didn't lose any more chickens. They think the hawks left too.

When Dutch Oberpriller had the first repair job done on his 1936 Ford he hollered "dirty murder" when presented a repair bill on his starter for $4.98.

If there is anyone who would like to hock their car for liquid refreshments across the river, contact Preacher Weems for further details.

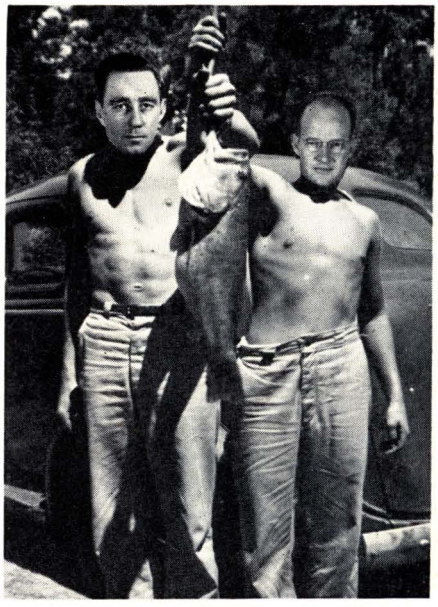
Precocious children usually deal their parents enough misery, and there is one who comes forth with his share. One day, Uncle Jess's grandson was sitting on the floor of his home being extremely good for a change. So his mother thought this would be a good time to get a point over to him.

"Good little boys go to Heaven and bad little boys go to the bad man. Where do you want to go?" she asked.

"Neither place," he replied, "I wanta go to Grandma's house."

As everyone knows, there has been quite a lot of disk-cussion recently on the flying saucers. Pete Largent says they're nothing new to him; he's been seeing them ever since he married, only they haven't been just saucers. A few plates and knives and forks were added too—just for emphasis!

Vacation Spirit Wins



SEEING IS BELIEVING, so they say, but it's mighty hard to believe that the two handsome fishermen pictured above actually went on a fishing trip together—vacation or no vacation.

It's a known fact that Bob Butler and Pat Johnson have been feuding for a long time—even using pretty strong language when speaking of the other. However, looks like the vacation spirit did convert them, for here is proof that they nabbed a large bass. Now they can talk about the big 'un they caught instead of cussin' each other.

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Shop Foreman Cops Cup



R. E. MUTT "Par-Shooter" Barr, golfer extraordinaire, and beloved shop foreman, actually won the cup which he is so proudly holding in the above picture. A few were inclined to doubt that he got the cup in a golf tournament since it could have easily been a prize off a punch board or maybe a toothpick holder, so he had this picture made with one of the fellows who won just a little bit larger cup in order that his many fans could see from whence came his trophy.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mutt!

Every now and then a little news seeps to Lufkin from our branch offices. This tidbit concerns the ever-efficient, ever-competent Gulf Coast Division Manager, Bill Miner.

It all happened thus. Miss Mary Lamonte, who is secretary of the office in Houston, is also like a right-hand man. She knows as much about pumping units, trailers, and our other lines as most of the salesmen do. But even secretaries get weary now and then, and so she took her vacation. This incident occurred while she was away.

One day, Bill came to the office, went to his desk, and dictated a letter into the sound scriber. When he had finished, he got up from his desk, removed his coat, unbuttoned his collar, took the record over to Miss Lamonte's desk and placed it on the play-back machine, sat down at her typewriter and proceeded to transcribe the letter.

When he finished, he carried the letter back to his desk, placed it exactly where Miss Lamonte always puts his letters, put back on his coat, buttoned his collar, straightened his tie, and came to his desk to sign the letter.

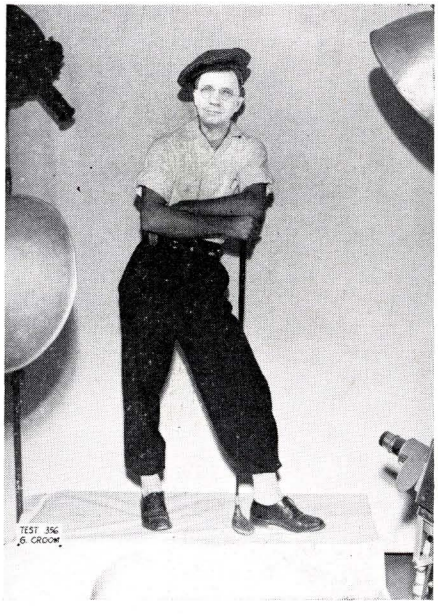
He has never fully explained why he went through all this procedure, so we have just chalked it off to his getting too much sunshine while on a recent trip down to South Texas.

Members of the Order Department were slightly intrigued about the report Helen Barnes made concerning her vacation in Wichita, Kansas. Seems her cousin did an awful lot of escorting her around. She's been raving about how handsome he is, and what a good dancer he is. Reported that they stayed out nights until 3 and 4 o'clock.

"Ah, if he just weren't my cousin . ." she sighs.

The boys in the Department think Steve oughta be warned about these vacations.

Hopes for Lead Role



EVERYONE IS eagerly awaiting the outcome of the screen test which was made when Guy "Hollywood Boy" Croom went to California to attend a Rotary Convention last month. The studio's publicity department sent us this picture with the news release that if the screen test proved successful, Mr. Croom may be given the leading role in the new picture entitled "The Golfer's Dream."

LAST MINUTE BULLETIN. Just as the ROUNDUP was going to Press, Tillman Martin gave the following report to the Editor:

"My uncle up in Arkansas raises some of the biggest watermelons in the country. This is the uncle that lives in Soap, Arkansas. Some of his melons weigh anywhere from 225 to 250 pounds each.

This is a dangerous profession. It is dangerous to raise these giant melons on a hillside. Why, one day one of them broke loose from the vine, rolled down the hill, and hit one of my uncle's fine Jersey cows and broke her leg.

"Naturally, I don't expect everyone to believe this, but if you will see me personally, I will endeavor to persuade you."

Some of the fellows around plant want to get this in. If the men around here don't quit lying, they're going to be forced to wear golf britches and buy $5 worth of ice cream to serve all those who have to listen to their fancy tales.

NOTICE: To Bill "Sure Foot" Trout . . . This is to notify you that Bill Martin in the Shop Office has found the "pipe stretcher" that you have been looking for. He says you can have same if you will call for it. But to console you, don't let your dad kid you too much about this. He is still looking for the "cupola key" which he was sent after in 1918!

The Timothy Hall family, colored employee of the foundry, found Friday the 13th quite an eventful day in their lives. A boy weighing 6¾ pounds was born June 13th at 8:30 a. m. He was named Timothy Joe.

Congratulations to the Avery Lee's and to the Garth A. Gandy's. William Russell Lee was born June 18, and Steven "Red" Morgan Gandy was born June 22.

Any time you feel indispensable take a walk through a cemetery and read the headstones. Those guys were pretty hot stuff, too.

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

Of all the surprises, there's nothing to compare with treading in the darkness on a step that isn't there.

The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby, he's dancing.

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Smile Awhile

GIRLS, the best way to keep your youth is not to introduce him to all of your girl friends.

"Say, waiter, this steak isn't very tender."
"If it's affection you want, sir, you'll have to speak to the cashier."

"I don't think I look thirty, do you, dear?"
"No, darling, not now. You used to."

Bartender: That whiskey, sir, is twenty years old.
Customer: Rather small for its age, isn't it?

Travelogue announcer (about kangaroos hopping about on the screen): And here, folks, you see the natives of Australia.
Elderly lady: Tch! Tch! And to think my niece married one!

Steno: May I have my next week's salary in advance?
Boss. No. My wife made me promise not to make any advances to you.

"Is there anything worse than having an earache and a toothache at the same time?"
"Yeah-rheumatism and St. Vitus dance."

She: Now what are you stopping for?
He: I've lost my bearings.
She: Well, at least you're original. Most fellows run out of gas.

"Living too hard, tobacco, liquor, etc. kills lots of people. Or so we are led to believe."
"What I want to know, is what kills these birds who live right?"

"The older generation thought nothing of getting up at six in the morning," said Mrs. Carter.
"The younger generation doesn't think much of it, either," replied Betty.

Pompous city visitor: I suppose there are many peculiar characters in an old village like this?
Native: A few. But most of them are here in the summer.

He: You know, baseball is the greatest American pastime.
She: I can see you've never strolled through the park in the evening.

Mike: Did Pat get up nice and early, today?
Tim: No—just early.

YOUR LITTLE WIFE

Who plans to make your future bright?
Who cooks to tempt your appetite?
Who tells her women friends that you
Are one grand husband through and through?
Who's the best girl you ever knew?
Your little wife.
Who pats your cheeks when you get home?
Who smooths the thin hair on your dome?
Who looks at you, her brown eyes clear,
And snuggling to you, extra near,
Says, "This is pay-day, ain't it dear?"
Your little wife.

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.
"Have you lost half a dollar?" he asked.
"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger feeling in his pocket. "Have you found one?"
"Oh, no," replied the boy. "I just wanted to find out how many have been lost today. You make 55."

Any woman can keep a secret . . . but she needs at least one other woman to help her.

He: Do you know the reason why I love you?
Louise Reynolds: My goodness!
He: Don't be ridiculous!

How to tell good whiskey—Pass an electric current through a quart of the stuff. If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenate, iron slag and alum, the whiskey is just fair. If, however, the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.

Fisherman 'Big Bass' Belote



UNCLE JESS "Big Bass" Belote, your friend and mine, is the most truthful man in the plant. We say he is the most truthful man because some time ago when Uncle Jess was telling us the size of the fish he was catching out of his tank, we didn't believe him. It was just too preposterous!

Well, he became slightly aggravated with our Doubting Thomas attitude, so he decided to bring us proof of his statements. He was just a little hesitant about having his picture made in his playsuit, but we assured him that everybody was doing it these days—it being summer and so hot. He's sorta cute in it, anyway, don't you think so?

Uncle Jess invites all fishermen to come out to his pond and throw in a hook. He promises they'll bite anything—even a bare hook. And when everybody gets hot and tired, he'll serve either plenty of ice cream or cold watermelon . . . or maybe both.

Waitress: "I refused to marry Bob three months ago and he's been drinking ever since."
Cashier: "That's what I call carrying a celebration too far."

Our Order Department

(Continued from page 6)

typed so they will be in the hands of the production department first thing the next morning. Incidentally, the units are shipped as requested.

That's the way it usually goes in the Order Department. It's "ask and you shall receive," "Vic" hopes.