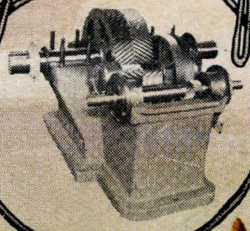
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THE Foundry Roundup

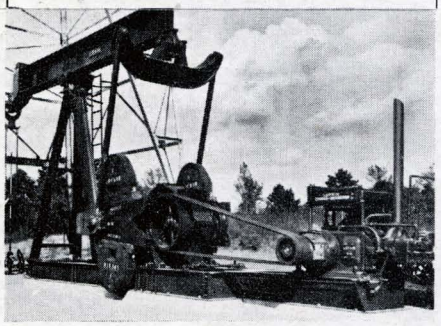


November, 1947
Vol. 4 • No. 11

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The Foundry Roundup

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



Comments . . .

THERE are many advantages in living and working in a relatively small community such as we have here in Lufkin. There is plenty of room and fresh air, good hunting and fishing available close by, good churches and schools, but probably the biggest advantage is the fact that people know each other and enjoy a fine neighborly spirit.

There is one big disadvantage however that is a lot greater than most people realize, and that is the handicap of operating any kind of a business, retail or manufacturing, in a town like Lufkin.

Nearly everyone has heard that freight rates are higher, not only for this part of the country, but particularly so for people living away from seaports; however, very few realize just what this really means. These rates affect the cost of food, clothing, gasoline, building materials, farm machinery, automobiles and almost everything we can think of.

Let us look at this matter in terms which most of us can understand; let us take the case of structural steel. A part of our steel comes from Chicago. The rate from Chicago to Houston is considerably lower than the rate from Chicago to Lufkin because of water competition in Houston. If a car of steel is shipped from Chicago to Houston right through Lufkin, the railroad charge is approximately $240.00 less than if the car is stopped and unloaded here in Lufkin.

The railroads charge more to ship a rough casting from Lufkin to Jacksonville, a distance of 57 miles, than they do to ship from Chicago to St. Louis, a distance of almost 300 miles.

Those of you who were here in 1938 and 1939 will remember slack times in spite of the fact that there was a great deal of oil activity in Illinois and Indiana. One of our competitors located at Oil City, Pennsylvania, was 713 miles from Centralia, Illinois, whereas Lufkin is 719 miles from the same point. Because of freight rate discrimination their rate was 48 cents a hundred and our rate was $1.08. In addition to this, our steel had to come half way across the country, while they got their raw materials at their own back door. In this particular instance, the additional freight that we had to pay, inbound and outbound *over and above* that paid by our competitor, amounted to 20 per cent of our selling, a price which made it almost prohibitive to do business in Illinois. This rate discrimination is true in spite of the fact that the actual cost of rail transportation in the Southwest is less than it is in the North and East.

You have no doubt read of the activities of the Southern Governors Conference, as well as other southern organizations, which is attempting to do something about this problem. Some headway has been made recently and there is some hope of further relief. When this discrimination is fully eliminated and we are placed on the same footing as the rest of the country, the wage structure in the South will definitely increase. New industries will certainly come to this part of the country in greater numbers and the general prosperity of all of us will improve.

W. W. TROUT

Let Us Give Thanks

THREE hundred and more years ago a pilgrim colony came out of a winter of suffering and privation. A tiny band of men and women and their children who braved a new world. And a governor named Bradford said to his people, "We have survived cold and hardship. Let us give thanks."

Nearly a century and a half later, a man named Washington turned to a nation born out of a crucible of pain and sacrifice to say: "Let us give thanks."

Eighty years later, a man named Abraham Lincoln came out of a long night in which a people and its destiny were caught in a valley of crisis. And when a final bugle sounded taps over buried dead, Lincoln said: "Let us give thanks." And he too chose a day in November for a day of Thanksgiving.

A great many November days have come and gone since a tiny band of Pilgrims planted a seed of American abundance. Good years and bad. Years of peace and war. Years of bountiful harvest and years of drought and famine. Fire and flood and devastation to challenge human fortitude and years of triumph and marching ahead. But always men and women found much for which to give thanks; and always unquenchable hope and faith became a promise redeemed. And each November in good harvest and lean, men and women and their children have been re-united; the wild turkey which Pilgrims carved became a symbol of a day of warmth and good cheer; and millions of Americans said fervently: "Let us give thanks."

And today we look out on our world and somewhere perhaps a voice which is labored and heavy and wearied by burdens whispers: "What have I for which to give thanks?" Voices of men and women who experienced years of self-denial to provide for a future only to see it gone with a sudden upheaval.

"What have I to be thankful for?" asks a soldier in a wheel chair as his fingers grope to read in place of eyes which were sacrificed on a battlefield. "What thanks shall I give?" asks a gray-haired man of seventy whose face and hands are lined by years of work but who is now called upon to face old age which should be a sunset of tranquillity and is still a night mare of want and privation.

For what shall a man give thanks? For life itself. Ernestine Schumann-Heink looked back on 75 years—years burdened by sorrows so immeasurable that all her joys were paled, and said: "To live is to be thankful; to know night and day, and changing seasons, to hear golden laughter and even to weep softly; to be alive is to be thankful."

For life, its rainfall and its winds of storm, and a heart beat which

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strikes a hope of a better tomorrow to come. For what shall a man give thanks? For simple everyday blessings by which we live. For man does not live by bread alone. The golden laughter of a child, a girl who walks beside you and in whose eyes a great light shines, a light which tells you of love and devotion and great confidence in her heart. For grass and trees and water and a sunrise, the whisper of pine needles and the friendly bark of a dog. For neighbors and friends and strangers too, who pause in a teeming, turbulent highway called life to remind us by acts of kindness: That man is Man.

For what shall a man give thanks? For rainfall and its abundance. For golden harvests. For warm firesides and shadows. For the cool of evening and a star-filled sky which lights the way. For a stranger's voice which has learned to laugh and reminds us to laugh again. For a doctor who races to a bedside, a scientist who plumbs into impenetrable mysteries for new knowledge to heal old wounds.

For all who mobilize for human needs, for men and women who dare to dream of new worlds to conquer in science, in education, in all avenues of life and living.

How shall a man measure his abundance and weigh his measure of Thanksgiving? Is it not enough to have a mother on earth and to be able to say: "I am thankful"? Is it not enough to see and walk and to look out on a world denied to so many who do not see and no longer walk, and say: "I am thankful"? Pity him who weighs his blessings by counting what he holds in his purse; pity him who cannot say and feel a real exultation and a deep humility as he says: "I am thankful because I am alive."

Alive to face each day a new world, a new challenge, whatever fate holds and to face it with courage and determination to meet all which life brings: its rainfall and its winds and its storms of upheaval, and to grow strong because wounds and hurt and bitter experience make a man strong and sink his roots deep as a tree made strong by knowing hail and snow and hurricane.

☆

Our sympathy is extended to J. D. Alexander whose mother died recently. He's a colored employee of the night shake out crew.





SAFETY

By Fred Nelson

THIS IS THE FIRST bulletin to be published on the standings of contestants in the 1947-1948 contests of the National Safety Council. It contains the cumulative experience for July and August. Monthly bulletins will be issued hereafter.

The rate of 8.72 for two months of the contest is 17 per cent below the rate for the same period of last year. This reduction is based on the experience of companies competing in both contests.

Seven hundred and fourteen contestants have started this new contest. This enrollment greatly exceeds any of previous years.

Of the seven hundred and fourteen companies, one hundred and fifty-five have started with perfect records.

Lufkin Foundry falls in Group A which is Foundries with Machine Shops. The average rate is 11.21 in the total group with an average of 10.45 in our own particular section.

Here's the way they stack up:

1. Haynes Stellite Co., Kokomo, Ind. ..... .00
1. The Ohio Brass Co., Mansfield, Ohio ..... .00
1. Wilkening Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. ..... .00
4. FM-25 ..... 2.92
5. FM-14 ..... 3.21
6. FM-3 ..... 3.26
7. FM-21 ..... 6.01
8. FM-16 ..... 7.12
9. FM-27 ..... 8.72
10. FM-20 ..... 9.48
11. FM-28 ..... 15.41
12. FM-100 (Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.) 15.87
13. FM-15 ..... 16.35
14. FM-46 ..... 25.26
15. FM-44 ..... 30.24
16. FM-11 ..... 49.31

The general opinion around the plant is that we can pull ourselves up into the .00 class. We are competing with some determined companies and we are going to have to buckle down if we expect to stay in the running. This is up to you. Let's try to bring this percentage down.



By Wilbur Lovelady

THE MEN in the Jig Department have begun to send in many suggestions, and from these come extra pocket change. You, too, can increase your earnings by simply writing down your ideas of changes or improvements about your job and dropping these suggestions in the Idea Banks placed throughout the plant. Why not write it down right now?

NOVEMBER WINNERS

BILLY BURNETTE — $20 — Suggested change in winch brake assembly.

L. G. RUSK — $10 — Lengthen trunnions ½" for C6936 — 34" sub base.

WOODIE WALLACE—$5—Additional slag hole in back of cupola.

WELDON LARGENT — $5 — Revise base plate on brace for D6971 Samson Post.

BUSTER BELOTE — $5 — Broach for cutting oil grooves on crank pin bushing.

R. L. BUTLER — $5 — Revision on demountable rim sheaves.

DOYLE BOWERS—$5—Tool holder for cutting keeper ring grooves in bearing carriers.

O. B. BARRINGTON — $5 — Die for baffle plate on speed reducers.

DENNIS CUMMINS — $2 — Cover on motor of #493 G&L.

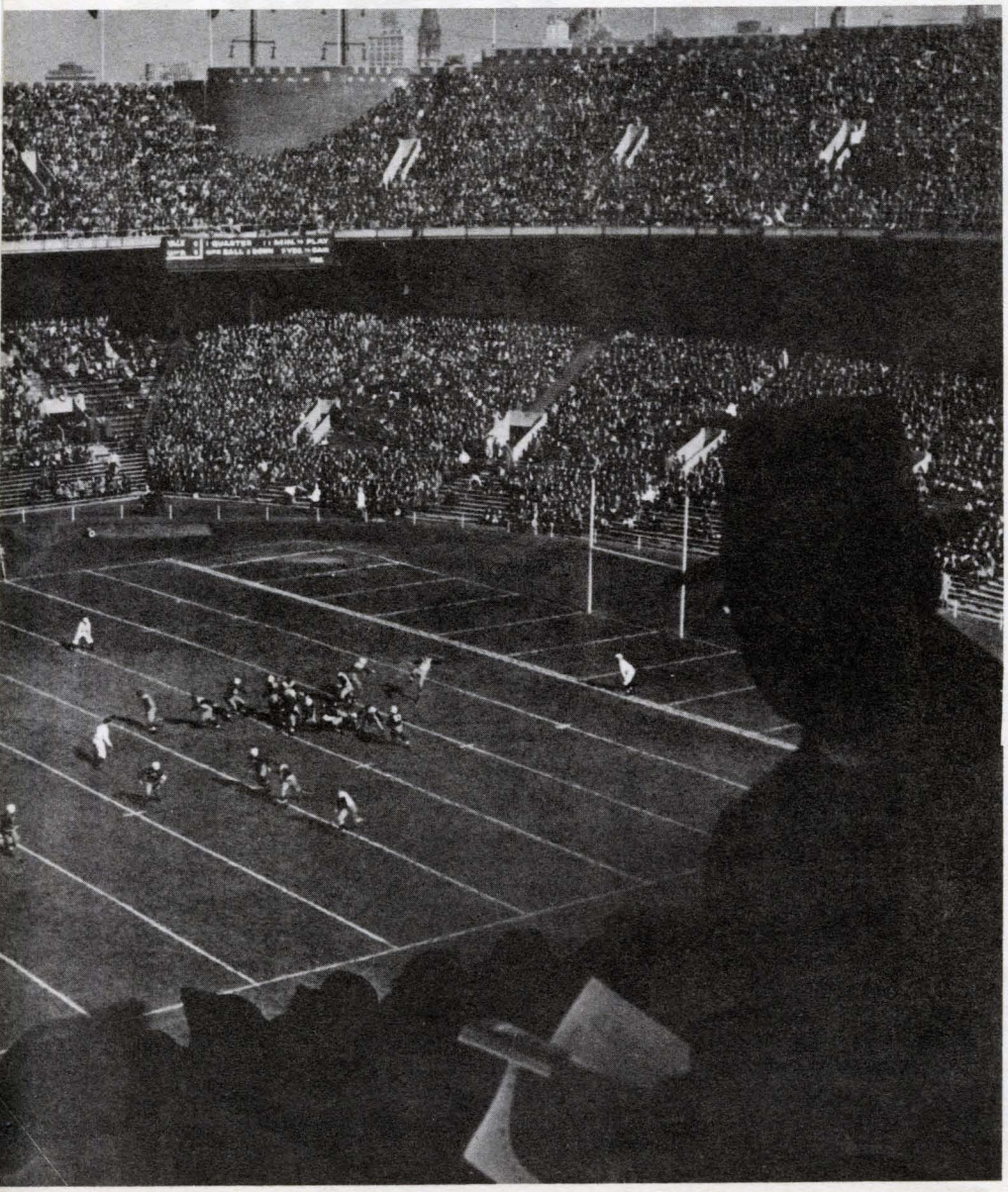
HENRY HAVARD—$2—Install water guard over chuck on #16 Lathe.

• *Continued on page 12*

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"PEEPING TOMS" OF THE PRESS BOX . . .



SHADOW OVER THE GRIDIRON. The football scout's importance is on the rise with today's complex systems of play.
H. A. ROBERTS

Football Scouts Don't Sneak In Anymore—They're Known And Are Respected Today

By LAWTON CARVER
SPORTS EDITOR, INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

A BIG PUDGY MAN sat in press box after press box last fall, scribbling a mess of hurried, seemingly unintelligible notes in a book. Invariably, when he peered down on the field Saturday after Saturday, one of the football teams in action was Army.

The pudgy man wasn't an Army fan. Not at all. He was there on business, working for Notre Dame, pointing for the big Army-Notre Dame game.

Army was still rolling over its opponents last fall when it came down to its game with the Irish. Here it stopped, settled for a scoreless tie.

HIS EYES DIAGNOSED THE ARMY PLAY. Notre Dame Grid Scout Jack Lavelle.
PRESS ASSOCIATION



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INSIDE THE PRESS BOX—lair of reporters, and scouts. Once scouts were regarded as spies. Today they're accepted readily, and treated courteously by rival coaches.
DETROIT NEWS

Much of Notre Dame's success that day—after drubbings by Army of 59-0 and 48-0 in 1944 and 1945—must be credited to the scribblings, notes and charts of the pudgy man. He was Jack Lavelle, a Notre Dame football scout. He'd done his work well. The Notre Dame team knew what to expect from Army—and when.

Without the meticulous report Lavelle had compiled from his scribblings, Notre Dame might have lost to Army, powered by Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard. Lavelle's work has since been pointed to as a masterpiece of scouting—pointing up the fact that press box spies can be the difference between a win and a loss—or even a tie.

There was a time when the football scout had to sneak into a game—or buy a ticket without revealing his identity.

Today, coaches trade courtesies for their scouting staffs. When the scout arrives at the game he is given quarters in the press box and every convenience he needs to study a future opponent. He gets everything, in fact, but the plays the opposing coach intends to use against the team he's scouting for.

But scouts must adhere to one rule—they must stay away from week-day practices. In these sessions the coach brews up the tricky, secret stuff he intends to put on public display later.

Lately no scout has been caught violating this rule. The last incident reaching public notice was when a scout rolled himself up in a field tarpaulin and ogled secret practice shenanigans until he was caught and shooed away, amid embarrassment.

The football scout today must know football intimately so he can really see what is going on, must be able to interpret what he sees, and from it map a general plan of battle.

His report will cover from two to five typewritten pages, will include notes on the system of play—T-formation, single wing, double wing, etc,—to be met; will outline "give-away" traits of individual players — such as a guard who leans before pulling out of the line; will tell why a team is slow or fast, big or small; name better players at various positions, and tell why they are.

The report, further, will outline what appears to be the best defensive and offensive tactics, and which of certain plays are likely to work best. In considerable detail, it will give intimate glimpses into the opponent's personnel, style, strategy and tactics. Davis and Blanchard, if they weren't so well known, might be handled in a scout's report something like this:

Davis—good on end sweeps, fast, hard to bring down; exceptionally good pass receiver, fair passer. When in tailback spot will run four out of five times.

Blanchard — weighs 215, runs mostly to the inside with power and speed, bucks. And if the scout had a sense of humor, he might add: Best thing to do when Blanchard runs with the ball is to duck.

Over a period of time a virtual library is built up on opposing coaches, their methods of play, fine points of their systems. Old friends are questioned — even newspaper clippings are scanned for a revealing line or two.

It isn't unusual to see scouting put on a wholesale basis. An entire team or squad will, on occasion, visit an opponent in action for a close-up look. A coach will be present, and will interpret the bare facts for his men.

But for the most part the coach depends on the report of that trusty old standby, his scout—the "Peeping Tom" of the press box, who is accepted where he once was shunned, at the ringside of an opponent's battle arena.

Reprinted from DODGE NEWS

PAYOFF OF LAVELLE'S REPORT—the 1946 Notre Dame-Army game. The Irish stopped Army, settled for a scoreless tie. Here ND Quarterback John Lujack hands ball to Fullback Sitko.
ACME



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Mr. and Mrs. Has Lenderman have just finished feeding their Rhode Island Reds and gathered the eggs. Has says the fryers make mighty good eating for Sunday dinner.



Walter Locke makes his prized horse do a fan

THESE EMPLOYEES LIVE OUT ON THE FARMS away from the city's bustle. They live out where "a fellow can have a little stretching room and can breathe that clean, fresh country air," as one of them put it.

Raising chickens, hogs, cows, and horses is not only a pleasant way of spending off hours but also a very profitable venture, according to these employees.

Walter Locke, a new worker of the Foundry, not only is a welder on the day shift but also is a raiser of cattle. He began when a boy of 14 with eight head. Reared on a farm below Zavalla, Locke says that raising cows isn't such hard work. Beginning with a few head, he set aside a little money from each payday while he was working in the shipyards during the war and later when he was hauling logs in San Augustine. When he had a hundred dollars, he bought a cow and calf. It wasn't long before he had quite a herd.

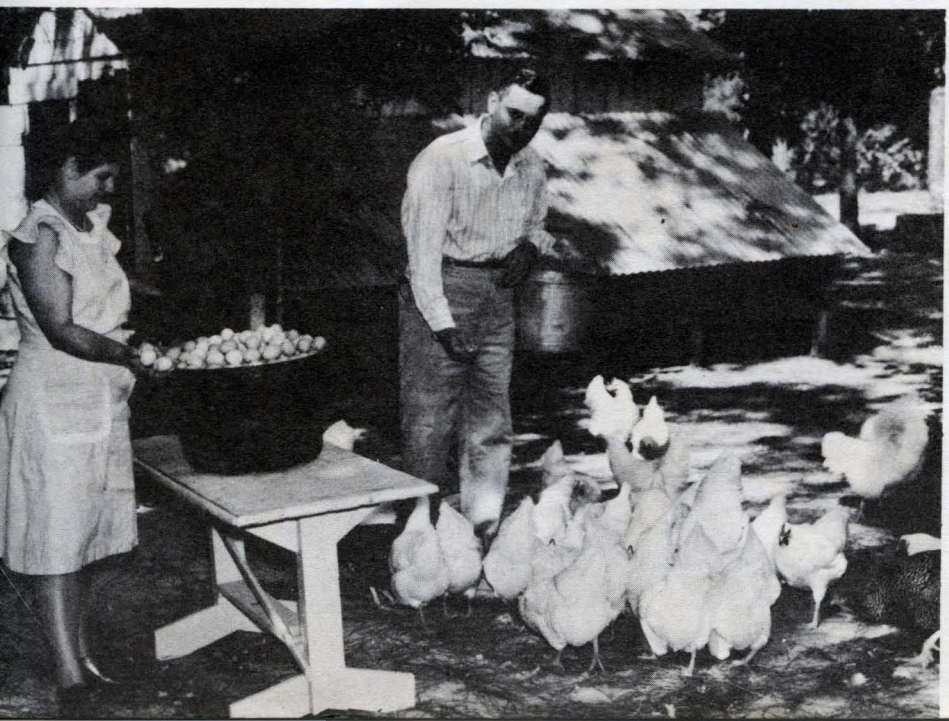
"But they weren't much trouble. I had 'em pastured out, and that's about all there was to it," the welder said.

All his cattle have been sold except five head in San Augustine. Locke also raises hogs, and at one time had 50 head. He and his family live on the Ewing Road where he has 60 acres of pasture land. He's the father of two girls, Carolyn Gale, 22 months, and Barabara Jo, 5 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Gratt Thompson concentrate on raising chickens. They



Reading clockwise: Mrs. Walter Locke, Caroly



Mr. and Mrs. Gratt Thompson are shown here with some of their chickens and a bushel basket of eggs. You might try guessing how many dozens there are in the basket.

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do a fancy pose for the ROUNDUP cameraman.



Showing off his two dogs is little Lonnie Martin Wallace. On their horse is his brother Gaylenda Foy. Standing is Wayne Wallace holding his fox hounds. In the background can be seen three of his hogs.

always have plenty of eggs for themselves besides selling a goodly number. Mr. Thompson, a welder on the night shift of the Trailer Division, takes a great pride in his yard. He has it surrounded by a neat, ornamental iron fence which he made. Gratt and Mrs. Thompson also keep a good garden and well-worked flower beds.

Wayne Wallace, a night shift employee of the Machine Shop, raises cattle and horses on his farm on Route 2. The horse shown with his family on this page was brought by Wallace from Jacksonville when it was only six weeks old. He has 12 head of cattle, three O. I. C.'s, and one Poland China.

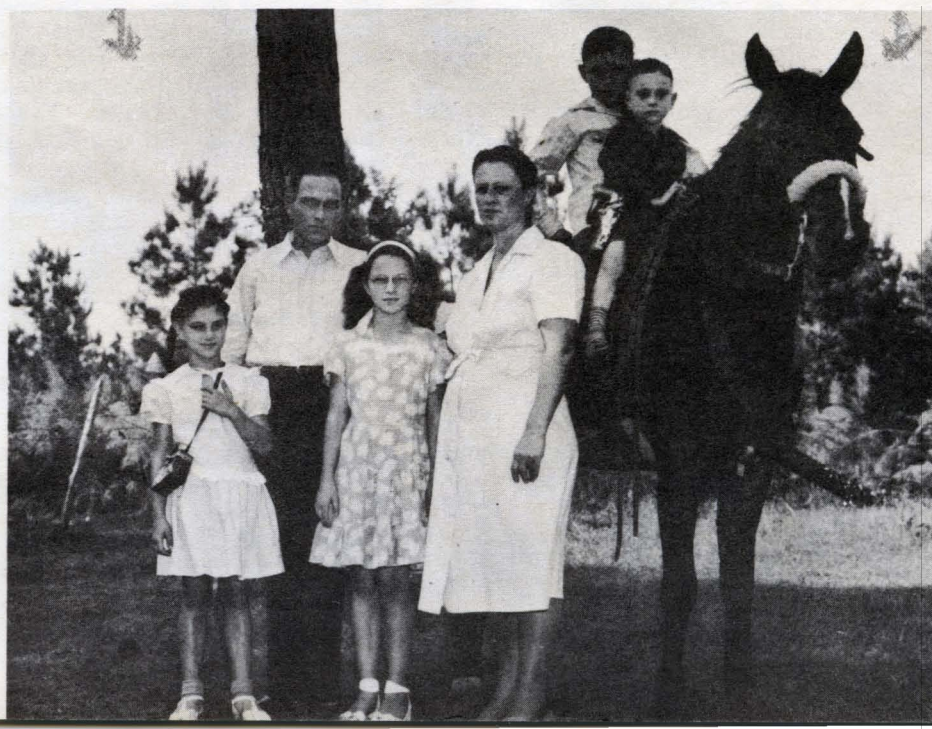
Wallace derives much pleasure from his six fox hounds. He says there are plenty of foxes out where he lives, and the thrill of a fox chase can't be beat. Many times they tree a fox, but seldom do they kill one, he reports.

He is the father of four children, two boys and two girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Has Lenderman also raise chickens and they get all the eggs they need and more. Mr. Lenderman, Trailer Division employee, spends many of his off hours working in his garden. By keeping it watered throughout the summer, he now has a garden of beautiful collards, beans, tomatoes, and other edible plants. His garden and yard are kept clean and well-worked out.



e, Carolyn Gale, Barbara Jo, and Walter Locke.



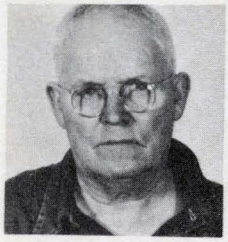
The Wayne Wallace family pose for the photographer. Left to right: Eweldean, 8; Glenda Kay, 10; Mrs. Wallace; Gaylenda Foy, 12; and Lonnie, 4.

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OLD TIMERS of the Trailer Plant

By J. M. Copeland

From the time when it was known as the Martin Wagon Company until today, the Trailer Division of Lufkin Foundry has grown steadily. And with its growth have come many faithful employees.



Dan Melton

D. W. (Dan) Melton spent a number of his earlier years with the Martin Wagon Company beginning in 1910. After many years with this company, he was borrowed by the Lufkin Foundry, and worked on this basis for both companies for some time. Later he became a full time employee of the Foundry.

At the present time, Mr. Melton is a welder but we salute him as an old timer of the Trailer Division.



F. B. Thompson

F. B. Thompson began his work with the Martin Wagon Company in 1918, and has been in the wagon and trailer manufacturing business ever since. Now a supervisor in the Trailer Division, he has had experience in building almost every type of trailer that rolls. This experience renders him capable of helping to construct some of the best and most modern equipment used in road transportation.



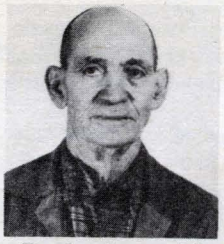
E. A. Holcombe

E. A. Holcombe is another of the present employees of the Trailer Division who has grown with the trailer business. Beginning with the Martin Wagon Company in 1920, today he can operate the drill press, hydraulic press, threading machine and hack saw all at the same time, and do a good job of making many of the vital parts which are necessary in the making of our trailers.

Dock Boles



Dock Boles, who began with the Martin Company in 1923, is now in charge of the wood working department of the Trailer Division. One of the wood working machines stole some of Dock's fingers, but nevertheless he gets the job done.



A. L. Wallace

Beginning with the wagon company in 1936, A. L. Wallace states that he would have started sooner but he had to get the locomotive business under way first. Better known as "Old Folks," Mr. Wallace is considered the champion washer pitcher of the Trailer Division. "Old Folks" is also our drill press operator.

H. D. Harvey



Henry Harvey also came from the Martin Wagon Company where he began work in 1926. He is a welder in the Trailer Division, and reports that although he has already spent a lifetime in the trailer manufacturing business, he is just getting started.

Burnis Temple, night supervisor and welder in the Trailer Division, came to us from the wagon company where he was employed in 1935. Mr. Temple believes he is helping to manufacture the best trailers on the market.

Burnis Temple



Beginning in 1917 with the wagon company, A. C. Hughes worked for some time in the Trailer Division. However, he is now working as blacksmith for the Company, and if the item needed can be made in a blacksmith shop, then Mr. Hughes can make it.

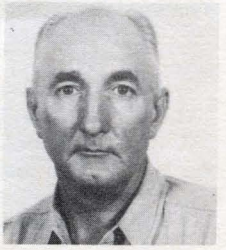


A. C. Hughes

H. G. Stubblefield is another well known employee who worked for a number of years with the Martin Wagon Company where he began work in 1919. He worked as a welder in the Trailer Division for a number of years. Now he is one of the Foundry watchmen, and doing a good job.

There are others who have worked in the old days for the Martin Wagon Company and who are now employees in the Trailer Division. However, these men who have been singled out are among the oldest employees.

H. Stubblefield



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THIS GROUP of smiling, fine looking men comprise the sales force of the Trailer Division. In March of last year there were only six salesmen. By September the force had been increased to eight, and one year later, there were 14 representatives of our trailer business.

These men attended the sales meeting held in Lufkin October 31 and November 1. They are left to right, front row: Floyd Rogers, East Texas representative, Lou Coates, Oklahoma; Dude Schuller, production manager; Jimmie Ramage, Houston.

Second row: Lefty Alexander, Lufkin and vicinity; W. W. Trout, vice president and general manager; Bobby Neal, Waco; Sid Dean, sales manager.

Third row: Wiley K. Poston, Houston; Bill Dowling, Corpus Christi; Carl Wilkinson, Fort Worth; Hutch Hutchison, Dallas.

Fourth row: Sam Jones, West Texas; J. C. Lowe, Houston; Ray (Fuzzy) Boyles, San Antonio; and Frank Henderson, Louisiana.

The fellows who work in the plant aren't the only ones who enter in the fun-making around the foundry. These salesmen like to razz each other. Sam Jones says that Frank Henderson is the world's greatest lover of modern times. When Frank comes to a town, all the mothers lock up their pretty daughters, forbidding them to leave the house after dark.

But while Sam was in Lufkin getting his training, he stayed at the Angelina Hotel for thirty days, and they spoke of him as "Safe date" Jones.

J. C. Lowe is known as "The Wheel" because of all the "big orders" he gets.

If you were acquainted with Floyd Rogers you'd know why he is called "Bubba."

The only thing that keeps Wiley Poston from going to the top is the fact that he spends a lot of time in Austin trying to get our representative to introduce a bill authorizing the raising of all underpasses and bridges between Houston and Lufkin so that he can get more tall objects hauled for Ed Trout.

These men are doing a good job and we're proud that they are a part of our big family.

☆

Biggest Lie of the Month:

Pete Largent: I caught a 50 pound bass on a pin hook.

Pat Parrish: Shucks, that's nothing. When I was fishing, my hook snagged a lantern which had the date 1896 on the back and it was still burning.

Pete: Now see here, Pat, you've started lying. If you'll blow out your lantern, I'll take 49 pounds off my bass.

☆

Little Pudgie, a screw-tail bull dog, is missing. He belonged to Sam Kerr. If you've seen Pudgie, Mr. Kerr would appreciate your telling him about it.

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THE OLD EPIDEMIC "Squirrelitis" almost reached an unheard of stage around the plant last month. Some of the most common symptoms were sore throat, bad colds, aching muscles, and abcessed teeth. A few even got the worst symptoms —"the little wife suffered a severe chill and fever;" a "flat tire on the left front wheel." It was terrible, and some of the fellows were after the furry bearers of this disease with loaded guns early on the morning of October 15.

Some of the luck was good; others hit it only fair. A carload of hard-working foundry boys went to the Big Thicket. After a full day of hunting, Woodie Wallace bagged five and Elmer Ashley got one. Bobby Ferguson made a field day of it by going astray and walking 17 miles to another road. He hired a driver to bring him back to the car but they went one road too far, and he had to hire a second driver to return him to the hunting crew.

John McDonald May also got lost, but he didn't hire a taxi. He came across three little colored children and asked them for directions. The little fellows obliged, but May wanted personal guidance; he paid them 75 cents each to walk back with him.

The only person in the party that failed to get lost was William Clampit; he stayed in the car all day with the windows rolled up.

☆

Henry Box says that when he breaks his instep, he goes home for his extra leg. Maybe his idea will work for some of the fellows who are always getting hurt; carry spare parts.

☆

Sam Stewart bought a second-hand bicycle and he's been having a time ever since. The bicycle had no brakes, so Sam had to take his feet off the pedals and drag them on the ground to get stopped. Recently, he was seen going down a hill and he had to drag his feet all the way down. And he had figured he'd save shoe leather by having the bicycle. For the first two weeks after he became the owner of the two-wheeled vehicle, he had to get up an hour earlier to get to work on time because it took him so long to learn to operate it. We believe that if Karl Bozeman is going to sell these bicycles to the boys, he'd better write a handbook of instructions.

☆

Big Boy Stevens: Allie, what's a "yet"?

Mrs. Stevens: Never heard of it.

Big Boy: Well, it says here in the paper that a man shot his wife and the bullet is in her yet.

☆

The Trailer Division's washer pitching rules are hereby printed for all those whose hands hanker for the feel of the washers. "Effective 12:30 noon and from henceforward, the Washer Pitchers have hereby agreed that each one who pitches must be at the game on or before the above time set to participate in the games.

"Every man must have a regular partner before coming into the game. In the event his regular partner is absent, the majority out of five prominent pitchers must vote and designate a substitute to pitch with the absent regular partner's partner throughout the remainder of the said absentee's absence.

"The defeaters must stay out of the game entirely until his time after all have played." Written by T. F. Ladd; enforced by A. L. Wallace.

"Amendment: Anyone having pitched a game of washers on or before 12:30 shall not be allowed to pitch another game during the remainder of the noon hours. Signed, L. A. Richard."

☆

The big wind that hit Lufkin November 5 left the usual number of freak accidents in its wake. Lee Deggs, mayor of Harmony Hill, reports that when he looked out the window at 3 a.m., he saw several underground cisterns, trees and outhouses blowing around. Guy Powell's barn blew over and the wind lifted his horse and let him down on top of his house. Guy says the horse doesn't seem to be hurt but he's wondering how he is going to get him off the house. Carter O'Quinn said the paper was pulled off the wall at his house and wound up in neat little rolls. Louis Minton allowed the wind didn't blow so much out his way, but the hail was waist deep.

☆

In October, 4,343,338 pounds of iron were poured. On November 4, the new foundry poured 185,294 pounds of iron, and the old and new foundry together poured more than 300,000 pounds.

☆

Oscar McKinney witnessed a royal reception extended to Josh Duncan and Gratton Merriman on October 25, the day after the Lufkin-Conroe football game.

☆

Newest member to the smooth mouth club of which Wade Gillikin and Bill Moore are exclusive members, is Earl Mixon.

☆

There's a certain married man who borrowed 25 cents from his wife to buy cokes so he could keep his five dollars to bet on the Lufkin-Bryan game. What do you know about this Henry Mantooth?

☆

Recently Robie Smith went fishing and was bitten by a snake. He was rushed to the doctor for treatment, and then the party returned to the fishing site to find the snake dead. What a man! Where did you get that scoop, Elmer?

☆

J. C. Squyres requests that the boys please keep those dead rattlesnakes out of the wash room. (Would you rather have live ones?)

☆

W. W. Ragland attended the Dallas Fair, and enjoyed the Ice Capades and his visit with his daughter and her husband, the Robert Russells, and two little girls. He also visited the disappointed mother—Elsie, the Borden Cow and her baby. Elsie was disappointed because her baby was a little boy and not a little girl.

☆

T. J. Pate, new employee in the Welding Shop, is noted for his singing. He's an excellent teacher; maybe some of the boys might be interested in a quartette.

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

Winds Reaching High As 90 MPH Sweep Houston

Planes Tossed Around Like Peanuts, Plate Glass Windows Broken; No Serious Injuries Reported

Houston, Aug. 10 (AP).—A severe thunderstorm and duststorm, with winds reaching as high as 90 miles per hour at the Municipal airport, struck Houston at 4:30 p.m. today.

It is said the storm started from a family fight at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Poston at 4824 S. Main, Apt. B. Neighbors reported that about 4:30 Mrs. Poston burst forth in a fit of temper causing winds to reach a velocity of 90 miles per hour. The neighbors also reported that Mr. Poston slapped his wife down so many times and so fast that it caused a dust storm, and her crying, the tears being caught up by the wind caused a considerable downpour of rain.

Mrs. Poston formerly resided at Wild Cat, W. Va., in a sparsely settled community, where her fits were not so noticeable. But in a thickly populated city they are considered dangerous. However, city officials agree that after the thrashing by Mr. Poston she will be more calm in the future.

Scientists, physcobiologists, sociologists and the War Department are making a study of the explosion of her temper. It may be the A-bomb will be fire-cracker, yet!

We were digging through some old newspapers recently when we saw this article in the Houston Post which concerned our trailer representative in Houston. We cut the article out and are picturing it here for your reading pleasure.

☆

We're sorry to hear that M. I. Golden's house was badly damaged during the wind storm recently.

☆

Back with us after a two-years' absence is Rodger Gann. Glad to have you back.

☆

Pop Johnson, age about 70, has been very busy over in the Pattern Shop making a baby bed. The other employees have been gathering in corners whispering about it, so we thought we'd better ask Pop about it.

☆

The meanest man in the world was the ventriloquist who threw his voice under the old maid's bed.

CONGRATULATIONS! To Burt Humbert and Mildred Halbrooks who were married October 22! They honeymooned in Texarkana and attended the Louisiana State Fair. To Jim Day and Delma Mae Wilcox who were married October 25! To Jessie F. Belote and Lorraine Kellebrew who were married October 22!

To the Jessie Garcia's on the birth of Jessie, Jr., October 10; To the M. E. Parrish's on the birth of Morris Benton, Oct. 14; To the E. C. Harris' on the birth of Richard Eugene, Oct. 23; To the R. B. Taylor's on the birth of Coy Lee, Oct. 16; To the Marshall Dailey's on the birth of Marsha Lea, Oct. 8; to the W. F. Crager's on the birth of a boy Sept. 29; To the C. B. Haffert's on the birth of a boy, Oct. 4.

☆

OUR GET-WELL-WISHES! To Edgar McClain, L. C. Higginbotham, Buster Durham, Uncle Dave Hayes, and Robert Clinton. To Webb Overshine and Cleophas Robertson. We're glad to see Ralph Mitchell and Earl Thompson back.

☆

Our congratulations go to the fellows who do the machine work under the leadership of L. T. Womack, Alex Andrews, and R. H. White. Last month, their production record included 388 pumping units, 7 gas engines, 1 speed reducer, 2 speed increasers, 5 winches, and 3 Harvey Hog shafts and discs. This was in addition to other sawmill machine work which they turned out. This is really a record of which to be proud!

☆

This space was to have been filled with a picture of Mutt Barr, Lovett Womack, and Bobo Hayes at the Chicago Tool Show, but since all these men are married and since the ROUNDUP is noted for trying to keep peace in all families, we refrained. We would like to mention though, that the tool show was the first one we had ever heard of that was held in a night club.

☆

There was hardly room on the birthday cake of Uncle Bob Stokes for the 70 candles which he needed October 8. Uncle Bob carries these years gracefully; he enjoys a good story; is a fisherman that knows when they are biting. Many is the morning when the younger men are getting a few extra winks, he is out at the city lake getting his mess of perch before coming to work. He's a hunter that kills his share of game. The squirrel he shoots out of a high hickory tree is usually hit in the head; he seldom wastes a second shot.

The young men will long remember his kindly advice, the use of his tools, and his encouragement while they were learning the trade. We all hope Uncle Bob had a happy birthday, and that he'll have many more to come.

☆

We were talking to a fellow the other day who was taking inventory, and he asked us to put a few words in the ROUNDUP about handling material, so the men could see the importance of handling it with care so as not to dent, break, or mutilate it in any manner. All parts are machined to the highest degree of accuracy so that our units will be the best. Yet if they are thrown about carelessly this accuracy is violated. We saw Mr. Ruby taking the burrs off some brass. He showed us brass with dents on the ends but said they were small compared to some he received.

It's just as easy to place the parts in a tote-box as it is to throw them in. We wouldn't throw a plate in the sink and expect to use it the next meal. If the material is in shape so that it can be stacked in tote-boxes in an orderly manner, it will be appreciated by the next man handling it and the men that will inventory it. Let's make that old saying "handle with care" go a long way.

☆

A. V. Simonson, our export representative, was in Lufkin recently to report on foreign conditions. Si congratulated everyone in the shop on the excellent job they are doing on the manufacture and shipment of pumping units.

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

Smile Awhile

You've probably heard about the relief client who was accustomed after years of unemployment to having everything done for him that he went out and married a widow with three children.

*

Wife: "Did you have the car out last night, dear?"

Hubby: "Yes, I took Bill for a ride."

Wife: "Well, tell him I found his little lace handkerchief."

*

Rastus was worried about a floating kidney his doctor had just told him he possessed. He therefore called on his pastor.

"Pahson," said he, "Ah done got a floatin' kidney and ah want you to pray for me nex' Sunday."

"How come prayers for a floatin' kidney?" inquired Parson Jones. "De congregation would bust out laughin'!"

"Ah don' see why," insisted Rastus. "Last Sunday you done prayed foh all de loose livers!"

*

They were having just one more at the bar when an old friend, previously quite normal, came through the door, walked up to the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall, and disappeared through the back door.

There was a moment's stunned silence, then: "What in the world's got into that guy?"

"Yeah, he didn't even speak to us!"



Honey, are you gaining weight, or is your pre-war girdle giving out?

Two buzzards were lazily soaring over the desert when a jet-propelled plane zipped by them, its exhaust throwing flame and smoke. As it whizzed out of sight, one of the buzzards remarked: "That bird was really in a hurry."

"You'd be in a hurry too," said the other, "if your tail was on fire."

*

Mother: Now before you get serious with him, be sure he is always kind.

Daughter: Oh, I'm sure he is. I heard him say he put his shirt on a horse that was scratched.

*

"Aha," said the head clerk. "I'm glad to notice that you're arriving punctually now, Mr. Slocombe."

"Yes, sir. I've bought a parrot."

"A parrot? What on earth for? I told you to get an alarm clock."

"Yes, I know, and I did. But after a day or two I got used to it and it didn't wake me. So I got the parrot. And now when I go to bed I set the alarm clock and put the parrot's cage on top of it. What that bird says when the alarm goes off would wake up anybody."

*

While driving along a lonely road, the motor pounded and wheezed to a stop.

"I wonder what that knock is," said the young man.

"It ain't opportunity," said his blonde companion without hesitation.

*

No clergyman being present at a recent luncheon, the host singled out a pious, solemn-looking man in black coat and tie, with a religious appearance, and asked him to pronounce a blessing.

The gentleman after being addressed put his hand to his ear and craned forward intently.

"I can tell you're talking to me sir," he said loudly, "but I'm so damn deaf I can't tell what in hell you're saying."

*

Wife: "I didn't like that new secretary of yours, so I discharged her this morning."

Husband: "Before giving her a chance?"

Wife: "No, before giving you a chance."



Never mind, sir—You'll get your order in first tomorrow.

Teacher: "What is your name, dearie?"

Little Boy: "Jule."

Teacher: "Don't say 'Jule'; you should say 'Julius'."

Then to the next boy: "And what is your name?"

Second Little Boy: "Billious, teacher."

IDEAS

• *Continued from page 3*

DUTCH OBERPRILLAR—$2—Lengthen core prints 3/16" on #15 housing.

GRADY RUSSELL — $2 — Tool for grooving Lacy Sheaves.

V. A. LUCE—$2—Change bushing in parting line jig #9.

E. P. WINSTON — $2 — Cut 2" off crane over Equalizer drill press in welding shop.

C. J. WILSON — $2 — Install flood light between Lathe and Machine Shops.

BILL MARTIN—$2—Post each department's safety report on bulletin board.

FREDERICK MILLER—$2—Drill and tap holes in shoulder of jig for third operation of pitman boxes.

BILL MARTIN — $2 — Put covers over gas valves in Machine Shop.

MARLIN HARRIS—$2—Enforce safety regulations for all yard material handling equipment.

WALTER SUMRALL — $3 — Jigs for drilling pins and drilled head cap screws.

HENRY BOX — $1 — Adjust sprays more slowly in toilets in Machine Shop.

HERMAN PARRISH — $1 — Cover for fan in pipe house.

W. C. ATHEY — $2 — Crank wrench and tap for cleaning out tapped holes in rim sheaves.

ROLAND WEEKS—$1—Install bracket light on #37 Milling Machine.