

THE Foundry Roundup

Be my

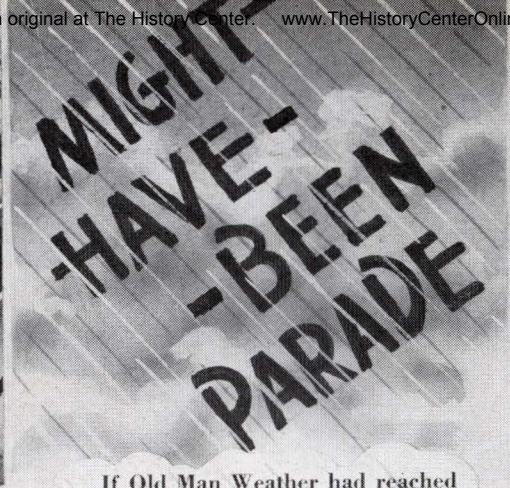


Valentine

January, 1950

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Lucas



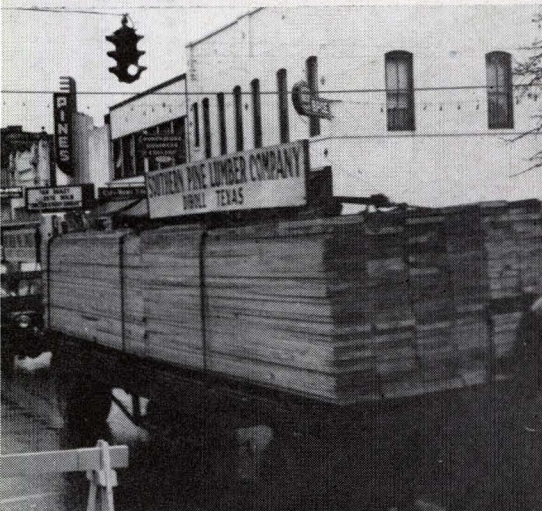
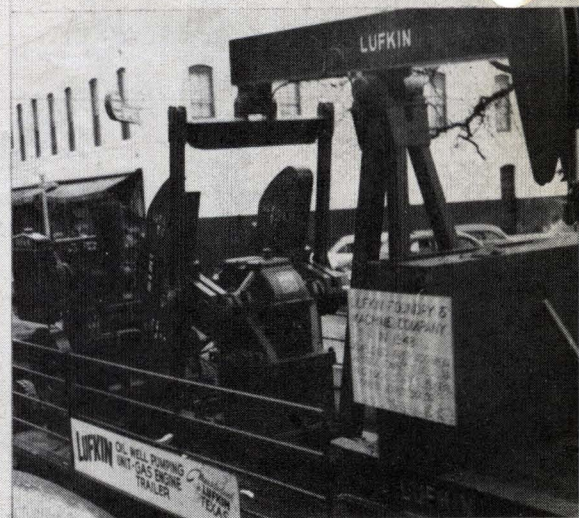
If Old Man Weather had reached in his bag and brought out anything else from his wares except that steady, chilling rain, you and thousands of others from all over the South would have seen one of the most spectacular parades Lufkin has ever had.

But the Old Man didn't do it. So, the parade was sent back home by way of the Main drag. A few who braved the elements stood beneath umbrellas and marvelled at the display as the heavily laden trucks rolled hurriedly along the rain-soaked streets.

The occasion was Kurth Appreciation Day in Lufkin and hundreds upon hundreds of visitors poured into our city. As we heard many of them say, "Everything was wonderful—but the weather!"

The Editor and Mr. Rosser stood on the wet, empty reviewing stands and tried to put on film some of the vehicles carrying the products manufactured here in Lufkin. The steady rain and cold wind didn't help the photographer, either, but this was about the best that could be done.

Anyway, it was a great event, and all Lufkin was proud of the significant celebration.



THE MILLION \$ DREAM . . .

GOSH, what a dream I had!" said Mike, resting a pajama-clad elbow on the breakfast table and spooning up overhot coffee.

"Nightmare?" Nancy asked, as she set out his oatmeal.

"Nightmare!" Mike groaned. "I'll say it was a nightmare! I dreamed we had a million dollars in tax-free cash!"

"That doesn't sound like a nightmare," Nancy objected, looking at him anxiously. "Don't you wish we had a million dollars?"



"Well, first I was tickled pink, of course," Mike agreed. "I dreamed the Secretary of Treasury came walking in here, and he says: 'Mike, because of the loyal way you've been working all these years—boy and man—war and peace—the Congress of the United States has voted you a million dollars, tax-free—so step right down to the Treasury and collect it now!' Was I tickled? And how!"

"What next?" asked Nancy.

"Well," said Mike, "we put on our best clothes—throwing all the rest in a heap to be heaved into the garbage later—and we high-tailed it up to the Astor-Bilt Hotel to get the best meal they had."

"Wasn't it good?"

"We never found out!" Mike groaned. "The Astorbilt was locked, and on the door was a sign sayin' that because of the good work done by the

manager and his help during the past years—men and boys—war and peace—Congress had voted each of 'em a million dollars, tax-free, just like the million it voted to me. They'd all gone to spend their millions—manager, cook, waiters, and bottle-washers!"

"All the other restaurants were closed too, with the same signs on the doors. So, we came home, changed back into our old clothes, and you cooked our regular chow."

"And was that the end of it?" Nancy asked disappointedly.

"No!" Mike burst out. "Next morning we went to buy a new car, but Congress had voted a million dollars to the dealer and each of his salesmen. They were out riding in the cars they'd been trying to sell."

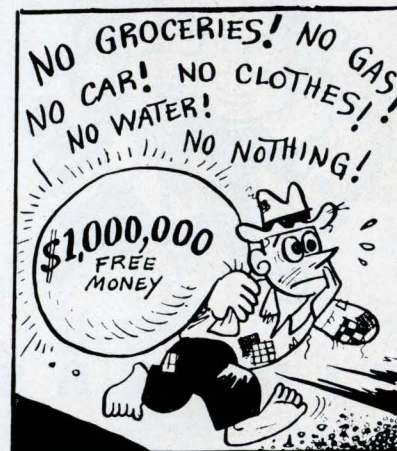
"We tried a show, but all the show people had millions and were out picnicking in the country. We drove the old jalopy to Brown's farm for dinner and vegetables, but Brown had gone to spend the million Congress gave him. Sign said Brown had quit farmin' because why should a millionaire hoe potatoes and corn!"

"Brown would do that!"

"Well, you said we'd better buy food and come home, but the grocery was



locked, with the grocer sittin' inside with a shotgun. He shouted through the window that he figured nobody'd raise any more food so he was keeping his



And besides, being a millionaire, he had no need to wait on customers.

"We tried to get gasoline for the car, but no millionaires were selling gas, and everybody had a million. The gas We had no food except what we had tank ran dry, so we walked home."

"The water had been turned off by a gang of millionaires who'd quit work, raised in the backyard garden."

"I was out there plantin' more seeds when in came a fellow who introduced himself as Barney Baruch, advisor to three or four Presidents. And he said: 'Mike, I hope you see now that money is no good unless you can buy things with it—and you can't find anything to buy unless people work to produce it. So get back to your job!'"

"And then I woke up!" Mike grinned sheepishly.

"And about time!" said Nancy.

The nurse beckoned to one of a group of expectant fathers at the hospital and announced: "You have a fine son."

Immediately another man rushed up and complained: "What's the idea? I was here before he was."

We are told that Greer Garson gets giggles displaying a newspaper clipping that reported an accident she suffered. It read: "The area in which Miss Garson was injured is spectacularly scenic."

SUGGESTION



WINNERS

DUE to the special issue of THE ROUNDUP in December, no suggestion winners were listed. In this issue, we are combining December and January winners.

W. E. Humphries (Trailer Division) — \$20 — Make two adjustable arms for each table used for welding belt covers. These will take the place of the spacers now used.

H. W. Costlow (Jig Department) — \$20 — Make standard ladders for the same jig of barstock only.

B. F. Holcolm (Trailer Division) — \$15 — Make tandem liner-leveler for lining up wheels and springs on Tandem jobs.

Johnnie McAdams (Foundry Maintenance) — \$15 — Weld $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 2" x 2" stop on release just above dog to prevent dog from jumping off catch when charge is dropped into hopper.

E. E. Tullos (Jig Department) — \$10 — Drill jig for plate P9 on D-9675 horsehead. This will save two operations.

Eddie Lowe (Structural Department) — \$10 — Drill jig for side plates on B-5517 and B-4790 side members. This eliminates layout and accomplishes more accuracy.

Charles Phillips (Structural Department) — \$10 — Fabricate punching jig for plate. This will eliminate layouts on several types of plates and speed up production.

Hoyt Richardson (Welding Shop) — \$5 — Weld stationary clamps on positioner for holding horseheads instead of welding each horsehead to positioner. This will save time and grinding.

Lee Deggs (Machine Shop) — \$5 — Fabricate a fixture for machining sec-

ond operation of No. 125 winch worm gears. This eliminates chucking time and results in greater accuracy.

H. W. Costlow (Jig Department) — \$5 — Fabricate welding fixture for horsehead hinge box No. 6425. This will save time.

Winston Richards (Trailer Division) — \$5 — Fabricate an adjustable arm over layout and shearing table for belt covers with leads for shears and gas cutting torch. This will take the leads off the floor and make them easier to use.

Glenn C. Bridges (Foundry Core Room) — \$5 — Make some driers for D-4940 engine base. This will result in a better casting in less time.

Gordon L. Barrett (Trailer Division) — \$5 — Make new type door tie-back and bumper for vans and bodies.

Zeno Cox (Foundry Melting) — \$5 — Install a small hoist on north end of iron table to turn iron that extends above cans and will not pass under scales.

Dennis G. Cummins (Machine Shop) — \$5 — Put up a rack to hold boring adapters, boring bushings, universals and other boring fixtures for horizontal boring mills.

Ernest Slaughter, Jr. (Machine Shop) — \$5 — Use Kenmar Pressure Gun Model 45 for applying permatex to gear housings.

H. R. Lewis, Jr. (Electrical Department) — \$2 — Insulate portable spot welders clamping yoke to prevent shorting out when work is being welded.

Gordon L. Barrett (Trailer Division) — \$2 — Put spot light outside baking oven door so small parts can be seen for removing.

Gordon L. Barrett (Trailer Division) — \$2 — Reduce width of metal for name plates from six inches to four and one-half inches. This will eliminate the necessity of trimming the plates to make them fit.

Houston Davidson (Pattern Shop) — \$2 — Use old conveyer belts from Foundry as mud guards on trailers.

C. T. Heaton (Electrical Department) — \$2 — Change hoist over decreaser in Machine Shop from one-half ton to one ton.

L. S. Neyland (Structural Shop) — \$1 — Shear two notches into end of Brake Shoe B-4819 with die, then turn material over and cut opposite notched corner. Not only eliminates burning, but is done more quickly.

W. W. Wells (Lathe Shop) — \$1 — Make fixture to drill the six $\frac{9}{16}$ " holes

in No. 1 pitman box retainers No. 4042, pattern 1936-W.

H. R. Lewis, Jr. (Electrical Department) — \$1 — Install drain in tracks of spot welder in Trailer Division.

From Where I Sit

By FRED NELSON

WHEN I received an affirmative answer from our Editor to my question, "Will you print a column from my typewriter in the ROUNDUP?", I became very excited.

That is, until I came to the conclusion that I knew nothing whatsoever about writing a column, especially one that people will read. However, since I stuck my foot in my mouth, I decided that I would do or die. When the readers get through with me, I imagine Digger O'Dell will be around to claim me. Anyhow, my hard head pushes me on.

Unless a furious reader brings this to a grinding halt, I'll attempt to put forth a little reading material each month. Who knows, I may even put in something worthwhile each month.

My typewriter is equipped to take care of all the "dirt" (it's the vacuum cleaner type!). Your comments, constructive criticism and otherwise short-stories are invited. Personal interviews will be extended to those who have an original "true" story to tell through this medium. All others will be accepted when accompanied by four bits.

Now that the preliminaries have been ironed out, I wish to present 1949's Accident Safety Record of each department. The percentages found listed after each department were obtained by comparing the total number of accidents in each department with the total number of employees in each department.

These percentages have nothing to do with the total number of accidents of the entire plant, but strictly those which occurred in the individual departments.

Electrical Department	7.6%
Mill Supplies	10.7%
Sales and Service	12.7%
Shipping Department	23.0%
Foundry	23.0%
Trailer Division	24.2%
Welding and Structural	25.4%
Machine Shop	27.3%

We don't know what sort of bribe Gene Chastain offered his boys to accomplish this low average. Probably a fish supper at his club. But they are certainly to be congratulated. It's too

bad that we don't have Cadillacs to pass around to them but maybe they'll accept a pat on the back. Congratulations, fellows!

To make this column as interesting as possible, a move is on to try to obtain the reporting services of Jack Greene, ace reporter from the Lathe Shop. Also any others who get the scoops before they originate. (You may spank my hand, Jack!)

Seriously speaking, let's all lay our shoulders against the Safety Wheel and push together for a safer 1950. There are so many advantages that we cannot begin to mention them. But one thing's for sure, you won't be sorry in 1951 that you played safe in 1950!

See you next month!

Insurance Notes

A GREAT many workers have the idea that money is deducted from their checks or wages toward the Employment Insurance Program. Not so, says the Texas Employment Commission who administers the jobless benefits program.

The money to pay employment insurance to unemployed workers comes from a direct tax on an employer's payroll coming under the provisions of the Texas Unemployment Compensation Act. It is the purpose of this Act, and the Legislature has declared it to be the purpose of the State by this enactment, to provide an orderly system of contributions for the care of the justifiably unemployed during time of economic difficulty, thereby preserving and establishing self-respect, reliance and good citizenship to those persons who are unemployed through no fault of their own.

The Old-age and Survivors' Insurance Program — social security — provides for a one and one-half per cent tax on the worker's salary or wages, which in turn is matched penny for penny by the employer if he comes under the provisions of the program. This is often confused with, but is not employment insurance.

Unemployment benefits are provided to help tide the qualified worker over between a period of unemployment and employment. Although the money he may receive will be below his former wages or salary when he was full-time employed, it will help him until he is able to find another job either through his own efforts or



COOPER RICHARDS, our oilfield salesman in Oklahoma City, and Mrs. Richards are mighty proud of the two youngsters seated at the piano. Mike, 8, has only recently begun his musical career but has accomplished much because of his natural talent. Marsha, 6, watches her brother in anticipation, waiting for the day when she, too, can finger the keyboard. Meanwhile, she hums a tune in accompaniment.

through the local offices of the Texas Employment Commission.

The Commission is interested in having all insured workers — usually workers who have worked for employers who employ 8 or more workers — fully informed on how the employment insurance program works, since many appeals are made on claims needlessly. For instance, the Commission points out some workers appeal negative claim decisions because, "I paid my money in and I want it," they say. As already pointed out, the claimant did not pay the money in, and the decisions are based on his own statement which appears on his first claim filed, together with any statements made by his former employers, and what the Law says.

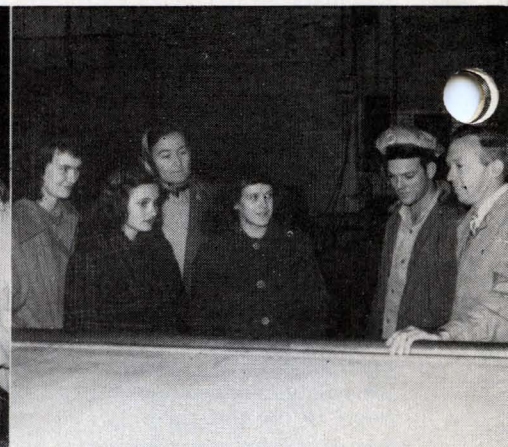
The Law also specifies certain provisions which the claimant for employment insurance must meet in order to qualify and receive benefits. Here are some of those provisions: If the claimant left his *last* employment voluntarily without good cause *connected* with the employment, then he can be disqualified from receiving either part or all of his employment insurance. If the claimant is discharged for misconduct *connected* with his last employment; or if he

refuses suitable work during his period of filing claims, he can lose part or all of his employment insurance. These disqualifications call for a money reduction as well as limiting the time to receive employment insurance.

Another disqualifying factor is provided if the claimant's unemployment is caused by a stoppage of work resulting from a labor dispute in which he is participating or financing. He cannot receive employment insurance for the period of time covered by the stoppage of work.

Claimants who are not *able* to work, or who are not *available* for suitable work cannot draw employment insurance so long as this condition exists. No money deductions are made, but benefits are withheld, according to the Commission.

Workers who become unemployed and file claims for employment insurance which are disapproved, penalized through disqualifications or ineligibilities, should seek full information on the provisions of the Law before appealing such decisions. This information is readily available through the local offices of the Texas Employment Commission. Or you may call at the Personnel office.



Kurth Day





Open House





ED TROUT was about to get started into his Christmas speech before all employees December 23, when a loud noise resounded throughout the shop. The bench upon which the women employees were seated, suddenly collapsed. When the excitement and noise were over, he suggested that the carpenters secure wider beams for the ladies at the next gathering.

"Liberty is the one thing you can't have unless you give it to others."—William Allen White.

"The first requisite of a good citizen in this republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his own weight."—Theodore Roosevelt.

DANGER---W. I. W.

By **JOHNNIE FINCHER**

(Editor's Note: This true story was written as a theme for an English class by Louis Fincher's [Engineering Department] son. We believe the plant's hunters will enjoy this boy's predicament).

I SNAPPED the safety off on my shotgun as the big buck came into range. I held the bead on his shoulder and pop! I awoke from my exciting dream to the rattle of pots and pans in the kitchen.

It was a cold November morning and two hours before daylight. I turned over to go back to sleep, but then I remembered. This was the big day—the opening day of deer season. Dad and I planned to be on our stands before sun-up, and it seemed to me that dawn might come any minute. I jumped out of my bed into my clothes and hurried to the kitchen where Dad almost had breakfast ready.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Ten after four," he replied.

We ate our breakfast, put our equipment in the car, and began the 20 mile drive to Cypress Lake club pasture.

Fifteen miles of the way was a hard surfaced road, but the last five miles was about the roughest stretch of road an automobile ever traveled.

We entered the pasture cattle-gap at 5:15. There I left the others for my deer stand was a crossing about 200 yards down the fence.

The sharp cold penetrated my hunting coat, my wool coat, my wool shirt and my long handles. It was not yet daylight when I reached my stand. I sat down on the ground, resting my back against the trunk of a big white oak as I waited for the dawn.

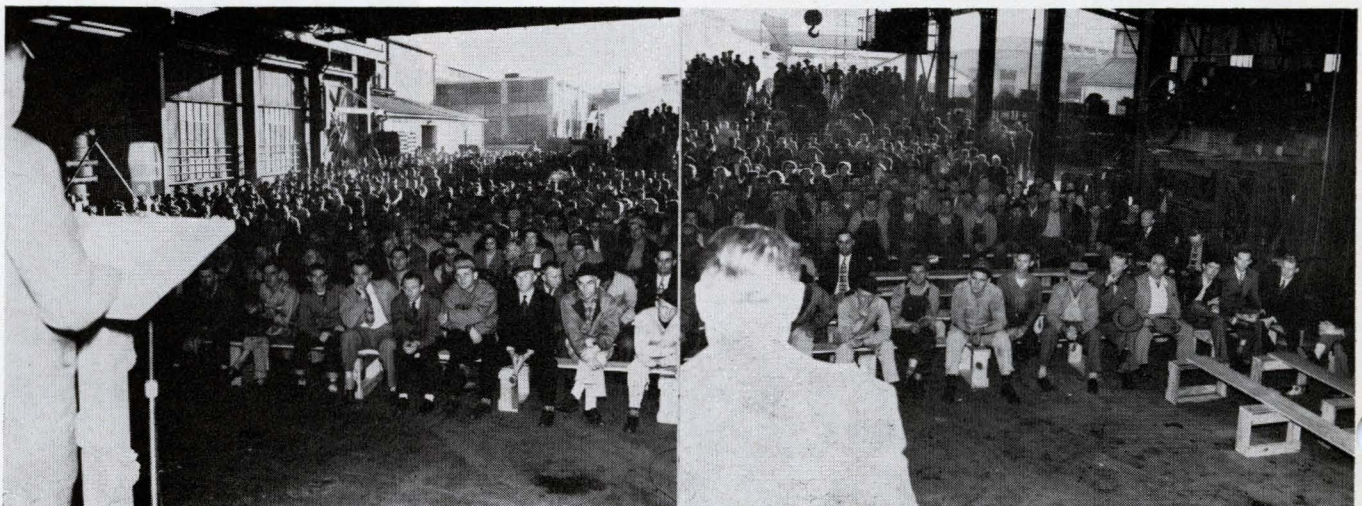
I knew that the morning would be still and clear, because not the slightest breeze stirred the branches, and the stars shone bright. There was already a faint glow along the eastern horizon, and thrushes began to call from tree to tree.

The Cypress Lake pasture covers an area of approximately ten square miles, and is about fifty per cent river bottom and about fifty per cent hill country. The whole pasture is covered with some of the most beautiful timber in East Texas. There are huge long leaf pines, with trunks as big around as wagon wheels, and many white oaks equally as large.

I was suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. I fingered my gun. Was this a deer coming? No, deer don't giggle. What does giggle? Only one thing came into my mind. Women! The most dangerous thing on earth is a female deer hunter. Just give a woman a gun and put her on a deer stand, and she will shoot at anything that moves in the bushes.

Then they came into sight. There

HAS YOU DERE, CHAHLIE? If so, you can probably find your self in one of these pictures. They were taken at the gathering of the employees on December 23, when Ed Trout announced that a Christmas Bonus would be distributed among all employees.





"I DON'T KNOW if that is a deer or not, but I'm going to shoot and find out,"
one of them said.

were three of them, each carrying a big lever action rifle. To my dismay they took a stand directly across the fence from me, not twenty yards away.

Soon they began to complain to each other because no deer had shown up. Naturally no deer would show up as long as they made so much noise, because deer are exceptionally cautious animals.

To hunt deer and not break the law, one must take a stand and wait until one comes along. In order to have any luck, the hunter must remain absolutely motionless and as quiet as possible. I knew this and I knew that it would be impossible to kill a deer with all the noise going on.

Since it was not yet sun-up and I knew of another stand to retreat to, I decided to move my headquarters. As I leaned forward to rise to a standing position, one of the women caught

sight of me. Apparently, she could see only a part of my brown hunting coat.

"Lucy, is that a deer over yonder?" she asked, pointing in my direction.

"I don't know, but I'm gonna shoot it and see," said the one called Lucy, as she jerked a shell into her gun.

I attempted to call out to distinguish myself, but I suddenly discovered that I had a very bad case of laryngitis and I could hardly croak. For a period that seemed like days, I crouched with my teeth chattering, unable to think of any way to save myself.

"It it all right to shoot across the fen. . .," Lucy began saying.

I didn't wait to hear the rest. I jumped up, and as the ladies watched with their mouths popped open, I made my way through the timber like a jack-rabbit.

I ran until I was well out of gun range and also well out of breath. Then I made my way to the club house, deciding to resume my deer hunt another day.

Since that day, I have confined my deer hunting to stands that are extremely hard to reach. By doing this I can avoid running into any more women hunters, because most women are not "men" enough to travel very far through thick woods.

I learned the hard way that W. I. W. means danger. W. I. W. means Women In Woods!

Out Fishin'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin';

His thoughts are mostly good an' clean,
Out fishin'.

He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin';

All brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin';

The urchin with the pin an' string
Can chum with millionaire an' king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing.
Out fishin'.

A feller gits a chance to dream,
Out fishin'.

He learns the beauties of a stream,
Out fishin';

An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care,
An' relish plain and simple fare,
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes,
Out fishin';

He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin'.

His livery is a coat of tan.
His creed—to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

—Edgar A. Guest

"If a nation values anything more than freedom it will lose its freedom; and if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."—W. Somerset Maugham.



Grady Russell and Fred Lee Pickens were engaged in a bit of friendly argument recently. Fred was hitting Grady pretty rough about his lack of intelligence.

There followed a few moments of silence, then Grady replied slowly: "I may be dumb all right, but I'm still smarter than you. I'm told that you were 14 years old before you ever learned to wave 'bye-bye'."

The colored boys in the plant are kidding Gus Stevens pretty loud and long. The stories go something like this: Gus and Henry Box were riding along in a car just before Christmas. When Henry drove up to a corner and stopped, Gus told him he would see him later; he was going to attend to some business. Just about that time, Gus got knocked down by Henry's car.

Of course, L. C. "Pistol" Jones was called to investigate the trouble. He found out that Gus had seen John Murray with Gus' girl friend and had started out to have a few words with him.

Now all the boys in the plant are asking Henry what John gave him to try to get rid of Gus.

There are some mighty tall tales that get to circulating around in the plant. But Slim Ritchie has about topped them all with his latest. He said that while he was eating lunch the other day, a big rat climbed up and ran across a flat car that was parked in the plant yard. The rat was so big that the whole car shook. (Slim declares this is the truth. Poor Slim!)

Anybody needing saddles for turkeys should see Charlie Douglass in the Machine Shop. He's the new agent for turkey saddles in Angelina county.

As most of you know, Slim Askin is the father of two fine boys. Both boys are just about as big as their

daddy; in fact, they all three wear the same size shirts.

Well, one morning Mrs. Askins was picking up Slim's clothes when she found a shirt with lipstick on the collar.

Do you know what that Slim did? He made his boy say that he was wearing that shirt the night before!

Children are always the source of much joy and pleasure. And sometimes, they can create very embarrassing situations. Such is the case in the home of Bill Spitler.

Recently Bill was serving on the jury of a capital case and had to spend the night locked in the jury room. When Bill's little 8-year-old daughter asked her mother where her Daddy was when bedtime came, Mrs. Spitler tried to explain why Bill had to spend the night away from home.

The next morning, the child rushed off to school, where, Mrs. Spitler and Bill learned later, she told every boy and girl she knew, as well as most of the teachers, that her "Daddy spent the night locked up in jail!"

Among some of our later deer stories is one about G. T. Youngblood of the Engine Department. Instead of

bringing the deer's horns down to the shop to show that he had killed a buck, G. T. showed up one morning with only a tail.

Now the fellows are wondering if the deer was a buck or a doe. G. T. explains the situation by warning all would-be hunters to remember to stick a fallen deer before you try to carry him to a car!

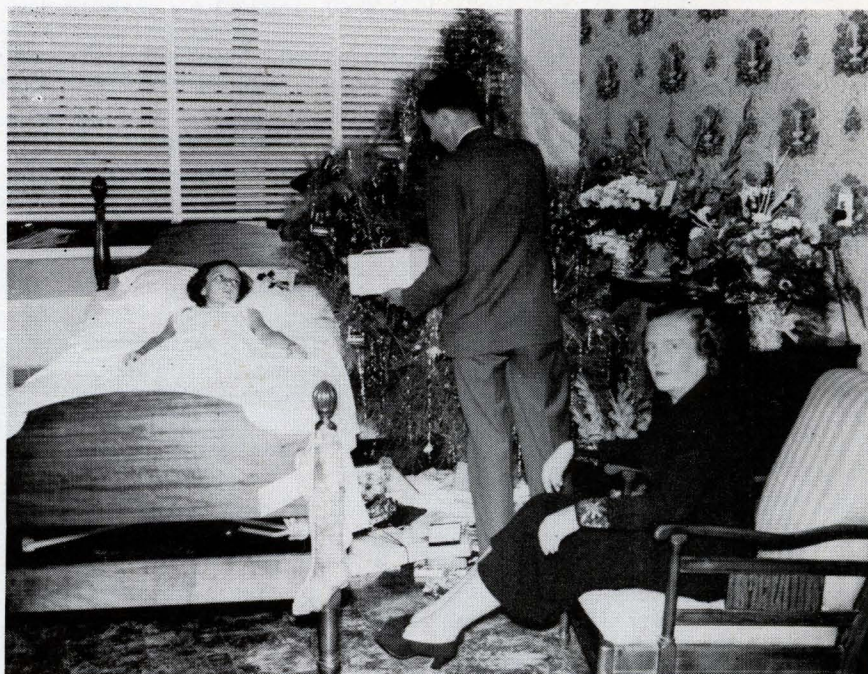
Elmer Ashley who works in the Foundry as a molder, had waited impatiently until the day when he could get on a deer stand and bag a buck. He talked nothing but deer hunting for days and even weeks before his time finally came.

He was up early and had everything in readiness. He placed himself as comfortably as possible to wait for the buck. He checked everything twice to make sure nothing was amiss. Then he settled down and waited.

He says it wasn't 30 minutes before he heard something. He peered out ahead of him and there, close enough to be killed with squirrel shot, was a big 8-pointer staring him right in the face.

Elmer wasn't going to take any chances. He let go with both barrels at once. Nothing happened — except

IT LOOKED as if Christmas were going to be a bleak day for little Janice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee C. Oliver, Welding Shop, when she had to be taken to Memorial Hospital for an emergency appendectomy. But her parents and the employees of the hospital gave her a royal Christmas tree as can be seen from the picture. Her hospital room was more like a holiday bedecked palace than a sick room.





OILFIELD SALESMAN Newell Lynch and Mrs. Lynch of Seminole, Oklahoma, are equally proud of their two children. Tommie, 8, has excellent school records and works equally hard on his football. His sister, Linda, 6, gets her football instructions from her brother, and gives him a tough tussle each afternoon after school.

the deer went bounding off. Elmer's trouble? His gun wasn't loaded!

While we're talking deer, we might mention that two other men got their bucks; they were Les Bullock and Bob Butler. Maybe Elmer should take lessons from them.

Or maybe he should consult Wick Lewis. Wick's story goes like this. He and Spout Fowler were walking through the woods on the way to a stand when Wick suddenly stopped and whispered excitedly to Spout: "Look, look, there's a buck; see over there; look, look!"

"Why the blankety, blankety, blank didn't you shoot him?" Fowler inquired disgustedly.

"Oh . . . I forgot!" Wick mumbled back as they started walking once again.

Incidentally, Wick never did see another buck.

The boys in the Trailer Division are kidding Charlie Ragland about making his safety inspection—without his safety glasses on. Better watch out, Charlie; they'll be singing "Practice What You Preach" to you before long.

T. J. Selman and Pat Parrish were discussing the beautiful dream of liv-

ing where wishes would come true. Pat asked T. J. what he would wish for if it would come true.

T. J. answered, "Oh, I'd wish for a new home and a Cadillac automobile. What would you wish for?"

Pat replied: "I'd wish for some 'possum and 'tators!"

"Ah, Shucks, T. J., that's heavenly things; I was talking about earthly things!" Pat said disgustedly.

We hate to impose on our readers and have them read such tales, but this next one is printed here just to show you what type of fellow J. J. McDougald really is.

He reports that during deer season, he was walking through the woods when he heard a deer off in a thicket. He said he tried to look into the briar thicket to see if it was a doe or a buck, but couldn't see because it was so bushy.

So, he just crawled through the briars to get to it. When he got in there and found it was a doe, he was so mad for having got so scratched up by the briars, that he caught the doe by the tail and drug her out in the clearing, sat down on her and milked her!

We'll sign off on that one.

**HAVE A
CIGAR ON-**



Congratulations to the proud parents of the new babies who arrived before the close of 1949. That will certainly help when income-tax figuring time comes along!

To Mr. and Mrs. Johnny McAdams on the birth of Shirley Ann. She made her grand appearance at the Angelina County Hospital December 29, weighing exactly 7 pounds! Her daddy works in the New Foundry.

To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Jumper on the birth of Pamela who was born



LEWIS PERRY was taken by surprise when his night crew men presented him with this turkey as a Christmas present. He gives the old hen an affectionate pat as he contemplates the many good eating hours that are in store for him and his family.

November 25, weighing 7 pounds and 2 ounces. Pamela's daddy works in the Machine Shop, and says he will certainly keep his little income tax deduction!

A sweet little old lady, partly deaf, went to live near a naval port. Shortly afterwards, a battleship fired a 10-gun salute. The old lady, living alone, got out of her chair, smoothed down her dress, patted her hair and said sweetly: "Come in!"

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help the wage earner by pulling down the wage payer.

You cannot further brotherhood of man by encouraging class hatred.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.

You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than you earn.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away man's initiative and independence.

You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

—Abraham Lincoln

HAVE *You* HEARD.. *This one!*



Mistress: "This food tastes terrible. Did you salt it?"

New Maid: "Yes'm, but I never used that brand before. It was called Epsom Salts."

There was a man who called a spade a spade until he stumbled over one in the dark.

Jane: "Have you ever waked up with a jerk?"

Gladys: "Not since I was a kid and slept with cousin Mortimer."

Cowboy: "What kind of a saddle do you want, one with a horn or without?"

Dude: "Without, I guess. There does not seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

Mother (showing triplets to little daughter on her return from visit to grandmother): "Three of them, dear. What do you think of them?"

Little girl: "How silly of you, Mummy. You should've done the ordering—you know how Daddy stutters."

"What's a hug?"
"Energy gone to waist."

"Did you say you have been promoted?"

"Yep. Used to be a drop engineer and now I'm a sandwich engineer. The boss used to come around and say 'Drop whatever you're doin' and do this.' Now he says, 'Sandwich this in between whatever you're doin'.'"

Young man: "Can you help me select a gift for a wealthy old aunt who is awfully weak and can hardly walk?"
Clerk: "How about some floor wax?"

Actor: "I hear you and the leading lady are on the outs."

Electrician: "Yeah, it was one of those quick-change scenes with the stage all dark. She asked for 'tights' and I thought she said 'lights'."

Bellhop (making lady and gentle-

man comfortable): "anything else, sir?"

Guest: "No, thank you."

Bellhop: "Anything for your wife?"

Guest (absent-mindedly): "Why, yes, bring me a post card."

"Mandy, what's the secret of your long and placid life?"

"Well, when ah walks, ah walks slow; when ah sets, ah sets loose; and when ah worries, ah sleeps."

African Hunter: "While wandering around a native village, I spotted a leopard."

Sweet Girl: "Oh, don't be silly. They grow that way!"

Timid Husband: "I would like to get a corset for my wife."

Clerk: "What bust?"

Husband: "Nothing—it just wore out."

Lonely Hearts column: "Man with future wants to meet woman with kitchen."

At the conclusion of a nature lesson the teacher said, "Now, don't you think it's wonderful how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

Whereupon a little girl piped up with, "What beats me, teacher, is how they get in."

Tommy came home proudly from his first day at school.

"What did you learn in school?" his mother asked.

"Nothing," said Tommy, then, seeing the look of disappointment on her face, he added, "But I learned a lot during recess!"

Lady on the phone: "Yes, dear . . . that's all right . . . don't hurry . . . enjoy yourself . . . goodbye."

"Who was that?" asked her gentleman visitor.

"My husband. He called to tell me he'd be late getting home tonight. He's

downtown playing poker with you and a bunch of the boys."

A naughty little girl was put in a clothes closet for punishment. For fifteen long minutes there wasn't a sound. Finally the stern, but anxious, mother opened the door and peered inside.

"What are you doing in there?" she asked.

From the darkness came the emphatic answer.

"I'm thpittin' on your new hat, I'm thpittin' on your new dreth, I'm thpittin' on your new thatin thlipppers and— and . . ." There was a breathless pause.

"And what?" cried the mother.

Came the voice of vengeance, "And now I'm waitin' for more thpit!"

"Did you ever give daughter that copy of 'What Every Girl Should Know'?"

"Yes, and she's writing a letter to the author suggesting a couple of dozen corrections and the addition of two new chapters!"

"She treats her husband like a Grecian god."

"How do you mean?"

"She places a burnt offering before him at every meal."

Little old lady: "How many jumps have you made?"

Furloughed Paratrooper: "None, but I've been pushed 17 times."

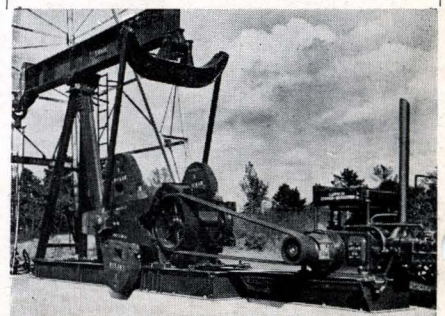
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