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THE Foundry Roundup

June-July, 1950

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THE MILLIGANS SEE

A Dream Come True

THERE are many nice things that could be said about the C. M. Milligan family.

For instance, they are a happy, contented family, yet ambitious in many phases of every day life. The entire family which includes four generations that inhabit a section off the right-of-way of U. S. Highway 94 belong to the First Christian church and participate in its varied activities. The Milligan children have been and are being reared and educated to appreciate the finer things of life.

But best of all the fine characteristics of the Milligan's is their ability to dream and plan and wait and work until finally their dreams are realities.

And that's just what they have done!

Exactly 14 years ago the first day of July, the Milligan family, which consisted of the mother and father and a boy and girl, moved out on U. S. 94 into a six-room house which was just completed. It wasn't exactly what they wanted, but it would do until they were able to build their dream house.

While they were in this home, they added two more boys to the family. And they lived here for a little more than 10 years. Then they decided to build a four-room rent house next door, but when it was completed, Mrs. Milligan suggested that they move in the new one and rent the old one. Since their daughter, Clarkie Mae, had married and moved away, they decided they could make it in four rooms, so they moved in.

From that moment on they began to plan and work for their dream house. And now, three years later, their dream is a reality. Next door to the four-room house is a beautiful white home built just the way they mant it, meeting their own exact specifications.

Floor space in the house is 1584 feet, with six rooms, two halls and a bath.

"I dreamed and planned my kitchen for months before I got it just right. I would have never thought of spacing it just as it is if I hadn't had the help and advice of my home demonstration club," Mrs. Milligan states.

She takes an active part in the Union Home Demonstration club, is secretary and treasurer of her Sunday school class, a member of the Ladies Council of the First Christian church, and participates in the local Parent-Teacher association.

"It's just as much a part of our life to get up and get off to Sunday school and church as it is to get the men off to work each day," commented the congenial mother.

Milligan himself is active in church affairs, serving as deacon of the church and secretary of the men's Sunday school class. He has been employed at the Lufkin Foundry for the past six years. He is second shift foreman of the Erecting Department.

The entire male population of the Milligan family (that is, those of age) have been and are Lufkin employees. Clarkie Mae's husband, W. E. Brown, was an employee until the first lay off. Oscar Milligan, eldest son of Clarence, works on the second shift in the Trailer Division.

"I suppose the other two boys will grow up Lufkin men too," Milligan

THIS BEAUTIFUL SIX-ROOM HOME located on U. S. Highway 94 belongs to C. M. Milligan and family. It represents 14 years of constant effort in its direction. Truly it is a dream come true.

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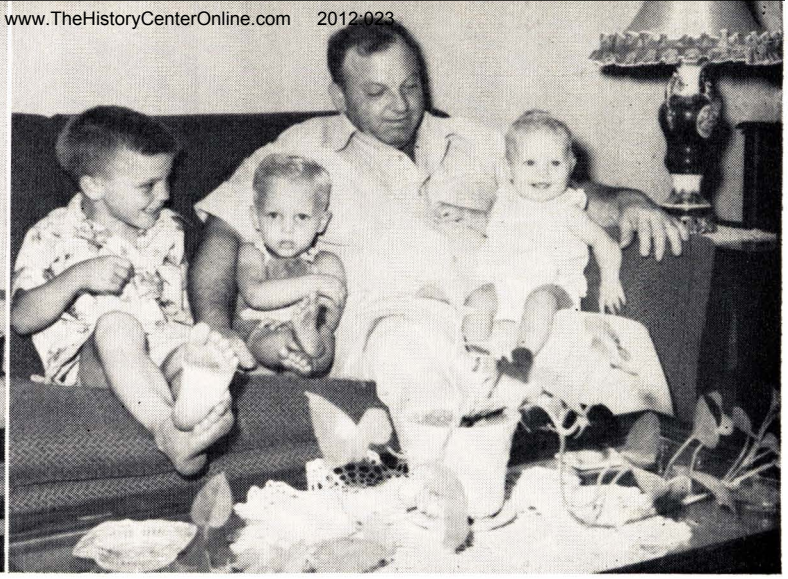
THE KITCHEN in Mrs. Milligan's home is compact, convenient and beautiful. White tile drain board trimmed in cardinal red sets the pace for a gleaming white kitchen.



THIS IS WHEN MILLIGAN is the happiest. On his knee sits granddaughter Barbara Ann, while her brother Danny Lee nestles against his side. On the left is Milligan's boy, William Roy, who thinks he's quite a man to be the uncle of the two younger ones.

said with a smile.

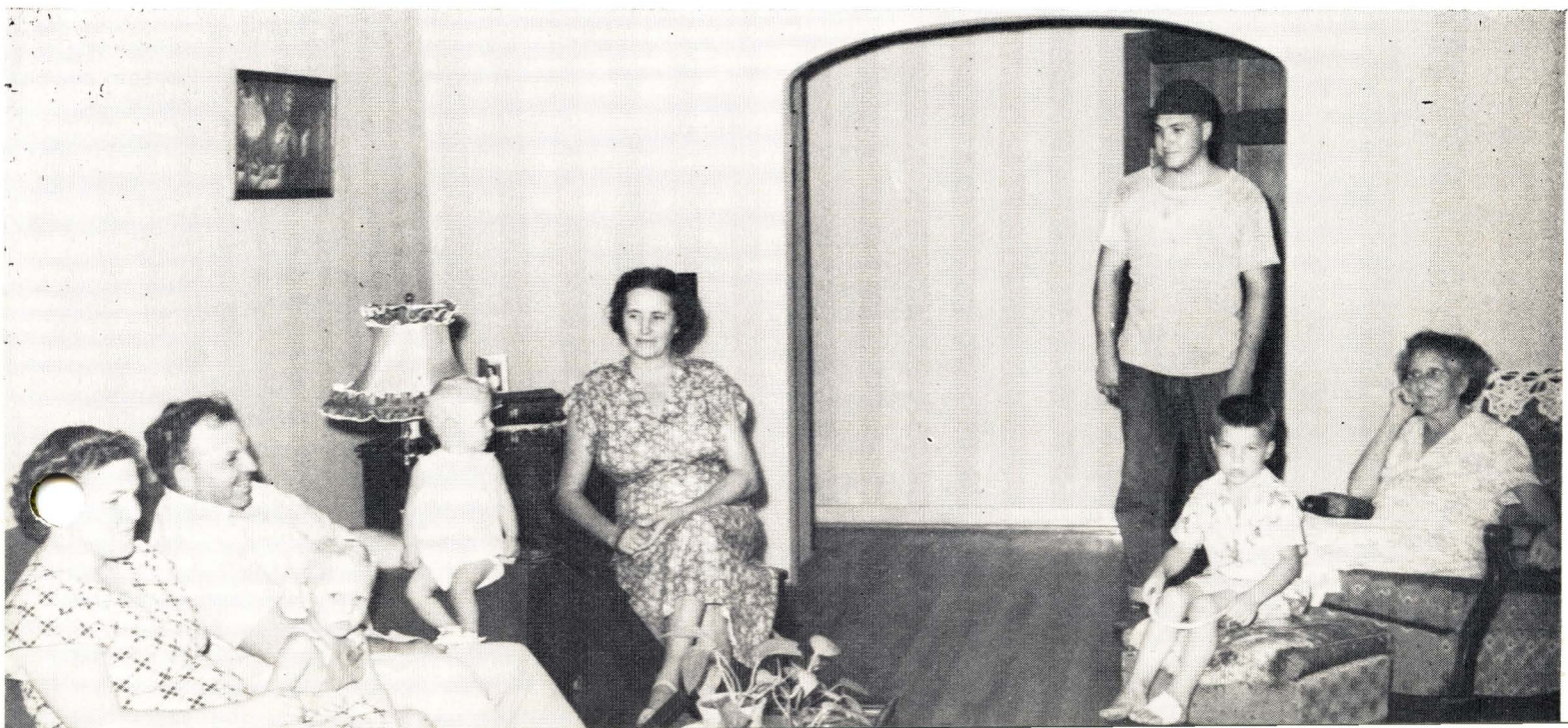
The youngest boy, William Ray, is seven years of age and is in the second grade at Kurth school, while Jerry Marshall, 12, goes to Junior High. At this writing, Jerry was in Athens attending a church camp. Earlier this summer, he went to a Boy Scout camp.

Some of Milligan's happiest moments are spent with his younger children and his two grandchildren. Barbara Ann, age 7 months, laughs at Milligan's antics while Danny Lee, 2½, keeps close observance to see that no harm befalls his baby sister.

And thus it is that the houses Milligan has built have been stepping stones to a reality of joy and pleasure. In one of the houses, his daughter and her family live. Nearby, is his mother-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Anderson, who refers to herself as the "chief cook and bottle washer."

It doesn't take too much to make a man happy and contented, Milligan believes. "A good job with a reliable company, a home, children and grandchildren and the pleasure they bring is enough to make a fellow glad he's an American—and a Lufkinite to boot!"

FOUR GENERATIONS ARE represented in this picture. Mrs. J. M. Anderson whose daughter is Mrs. C. M. Milligan whose daughter is Mrs. W. E. Brown whose daughter is little Barbara Ann. Oscar, standing in background, works in Trailer Division on second shift.



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From Where I Sit

By FRED NELSON

The weeping and wailing really took place in the Safety Department when the monthly injury figures were calculated for May. Even though we knew that the number of injuries were going to increase, we still didn't plan on the total reaching 21!

Too, we had hoped that we might stretch our luck and beat our average for last year at this time when the injury totals numbered 17 persons being referred to a doctor.

The eye injuries always increase each summer; it's never failed yet. This is because the fans are turned on, with the result that cast iron and other dust particles are whipped through the air with increased intensity. The next thing, of course, is some of the iron or dust is lodged in the eye of a machine operator.

The only certain way of reducing this high injury rate in the summer is to remove the fans from the shop. But we can just hear the howl that would arise if this were to happen, especially when the sweat would begin to trickle down the spinal column.

Of course, if all everybody was thinking about was a good safety record and protecting their eyes, trickling sweat wouldn't matter. A supply of salt tablets and cool water will prevent unpleasant effects from too much sweating, and some wise man has said that it's better to work in the heat than to try to work with only one eye.

But his saying probably doesn't mean much to us, because it's always the "other fellow" who loses his eye.

The next best way of reducing the accident rate on eye injuries is to adjust the fans in each department so that they will blow in a direction with the least possibility of spreading dust. Also, in all hazardous and semi-hazardous jobs, men should wear cup-type goggles or face shields. This lessens the possibility of getting anything in the eyes.

PLANT LOST TIME FREQUENCY RATE: 1950

January	**13%**
February	**8%**
March	**15%**
April	**17%**
May	**7%**
June	**7%**

Plant average for 1950 so far is 11%.

As a basis of comparing how we are doing thus far in 1950, the plant average for 1949 was 10.8%, for which we won an award. So, it looks as if we are getting along fairly well.

However, the 7% for May and June injuries represents only one lost time injury. No lost time injuries would have given us a frequency of 0%.

A man rushed into a drugstore and asked the pharmacist what to do to stop hiccups. His answer was a slap in the face.

Shocked and angry, the stranger demanded a reason for the action.

"Well, said the pharmacist, grinning, "you don't have any more hiccups, do you?"

"No," shouted the customer, "but my wife out in the car still does!"

The Big Difference

Burnet Hershey, author and war correspondent, tells the story of an American labor delegation that visited the Skoda works in Soviet-controlled Czechoslovakia. The Americans asked: "To whom does this factory belong?"

"We, the people, own it," said the guides.

"Who owns the machinery?" asked the Americans.

"We, the people, own it," the guides replied.

"Who gets the profits?" the visitors demanded.

"We, the people, get them," was the reply.

Then the Americans saw three large cars parked nearby, and asked who owned them.

"One is owned by the commissar for defense, the second belongs to the chairman of the workers' committee, and the third to the representative from Moscow, who is visiting here," the guides told the U. S. labor representatives.

Then a Skoda delegation arrived in America to tour its industrial plants. An American labor leader showed them the Ford factory.

"Who owns this factory?" the visitors asked.

"Mr. Ford does," said the American.

"Who owns the machinery?" they demanded, and were told that Mr. Ford owned it.

"Who gets the profits?" the Skoda man continued.

"Mr. Ford does," said the American.

Then the visitors saw 30,000 cars parked in a nearby lot, and asked, "Who owns all those cars?"

The American grinned. Then he said: "We, the people, own those cars."

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Lowe on the birth of Paul Edwards June 8, 1950. Young Paul arrived at 2:23 a.m. weighing 7 pounds and 8 ounces. His daddy works in the Welding and Structural Shop.

One of our Mill Supplies lasses returned from her vacation with this provocative statement: "A vacation is just a succession of 2's. It consists of 2 weeks, which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return 2 work and 2 broke not 2."

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BEATING THE DEADLINE

YOU no doubt have heard many persons express their opinion on the subject of all work and no play. One of our friends in the Welding Shop passed along this little note about same subject.

"The constant routine of labor dulls both the perspective and the imagination. Perpetual repetition of doing a thing narrows the horizon. The purpose of all labor is, at bottom, to live. To live well there should be other interests than work, our means of livelihood. That's why there are moving picture palaces, theaters, concerts, ball clubs and so forth . . . to get us out of ourselves now and then. By slipping out of character at times, better things come when we return to our jobs.

"To concentrate on your work you must enjoy your work—and you must drop it at certain hours. He lasts longer and soars highest, who cultivates the habit of being just a boy for an hour a day.

"Take a vacation every day if you want to do good work.

"No finer nor saner advice has been given in a long time than to be a boy for an hour every day. It is the pathway that leads to being 70 years younger than 50 years old."

Now that you have relaxed a bit, let's think of something on the serious side. And serious it is, as I'm sure you'll agree after reading this excerpt by Harold K. Howe, representative of the La Salle Steel Company, in his report from the Capital.

Most of us know that the Government spends a lot of money but we have shrugged our shoulders, so to speak, as to how the money was spent, and from where it was derived. Just to show some of the ridiculous expenditures of yours and my tax dollars, we want to quote from Mr. Howe's news letter.

"Three weeks ago E. C. A. granted Great Britain $35 million to buy Canadian wheat under the Marshall Plan. This made a total of 175 million to be provided by E. C. A. for the purchase of Canadian wheat during the fiscal year 1950. That same week the Agricultural Minister of Canada reported that Canadian farmers were in excellent shape and there were no surpluses of wheat or rye. He encouraged Canadian farmers to plant wheat this year while in this country it has been proposed to reduce wheat acreage by 20 per cent. What in the world is the sense of allowing E. C. A. to provide money to foreign countries to purchase Canadian wheat when we have over a billion dollars tied up in some one billion, 128 million bushels of our own surplus wheat in storage?

"Our Federal Government is getting so big it doesn't know what it's doing most of the time. Take a few examples from hearings before the House Appropriations Committee.

"In the Bureau of Federal Supply inventory report, one agency has enough fluorescent light tubes to last it for 93 years—enough ruled paper to last 168 years and the same agency has enough loose-leaf binders to last it 247 years. How long would a purchasing agent last in private industry with his inventory in that shape?

"Then take the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine of the Department of Agriculture. They asked for funds for 63 new automobiles. Investigation revealed that the Bureau's Denver office, with 35 persons, had 207 automobiles. In the first four months of last year 194 of the Denver cars were not even used and the Denver office has 80 cars for which it has absolutely no use.

"But this is the one I like. This same Bureau, during a campaign last year to kill grasshoppers, rented one airplane at $100 per hour. This $100 an hour plane cost the owner $6,600, but the Bureau paid a rental of $27,000 in two weeks. A DC-3 plane was rented for $450 an hour. One of the larger airlines told the Committee investigators that they would rent the government a similar plane with pilot, co-pilot and stewardess at $150 an hour and make a 25 per cent profit. On top of that the Bureau had its own plane in a Macon, Georgia, hanger that in two years and three months had only flown a total of 30 hours.

"But the pay off came when testimony brought out the fact that the bureau miscalculated on the number of grasshoppers per square yard and did not use enough spray, so the job had to be done all over again.

"What this all means is—don't let anybody tell you that the budget can't be reduced! Frankly, I'm one taxpayer who can't afford all those fluorescent light tubes, and automobiles and chartered airplanes. I don't believe we can get much help on cutting Federal expenditures from this Congress. But you folks better be sure the ones you elect this November and send down here are committed to saving the taxpayers' money or your kids will wear diapers and little else the rest of their lives."

There is nothing so embarrassing as watching the boss do something you said couldn't be done.

THIS IS one fish story you will have to believe. James May and Art Tucker, both of the Pattern Shop, hold an alligator gar weighing 71 pounds and measuring 5 feet, 5 inches in length, which James caught in the Neches River above the bridge on U. S. Highway 103. The gar may not have been good eating, but the boys sure have had a whale of a time telling the story about catching him.

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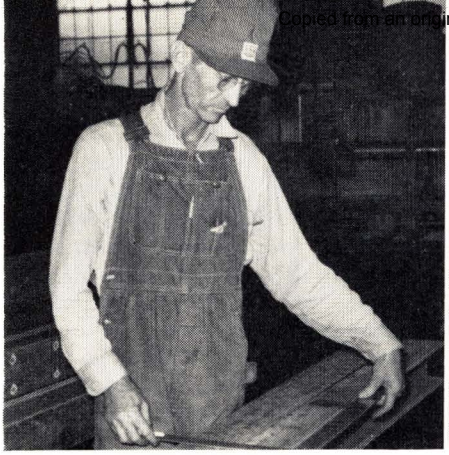
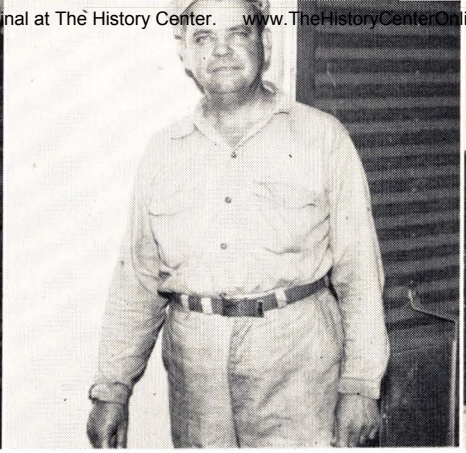


A. G. COLBURN



GORDON BARRETT

FRANK WHITTEN

O. B. McCARTY

Suggestion Winners

J. J. Gunter (Trailer Division)—$20—Fabricate drilling fixture to drill holes in aluminum sections of van trailers.

C. J. Wilson (Machine Shop)—$15—Fabricate fixture for machining No. 16D equalizer shafts.

Doyle Bowers (Tool Room)—$10—Use carbide spotfacing cutters for pitman boxes, thus eliminating expensive high speed steel cutters.

Ernest Lord (Pattern Shop)—$5—Have engineering department send Pattern Shop assembly prints of all items so that correct position may be determined to locate pattern number.

Allen B. Repp (Trailer Division)—$5—Reduce the size of stake pockets on trailers from 3 inches to 2¾ inches.

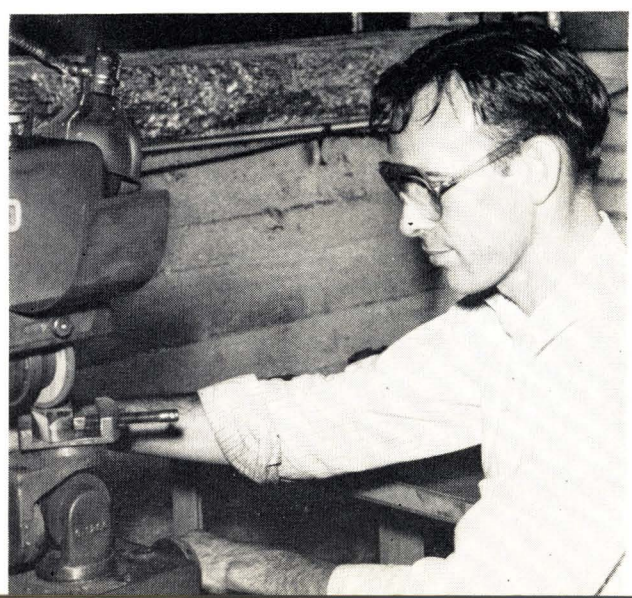
Gordon Barrett (Trailer Division)—$5—Use small slip on disc to cover the reflectors when painting trailers, eliminating use of masking tape.

Claude Trevathan (Parts Department)—$5—Show all watchmen the location of fire extinguishers and instruct them in their use.

Edmond P. Winston (Welding Department)—$5—Install a simple brake on buggy at drill press No. 35

CHARLES PHILLIPS

DOYLE BOWERS



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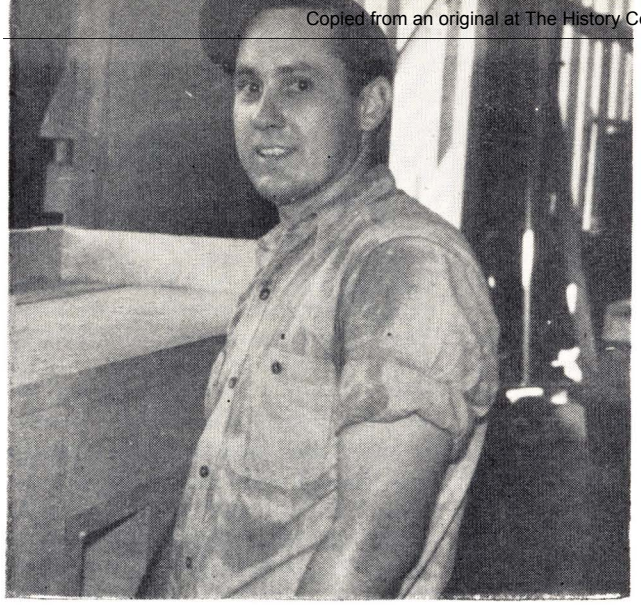
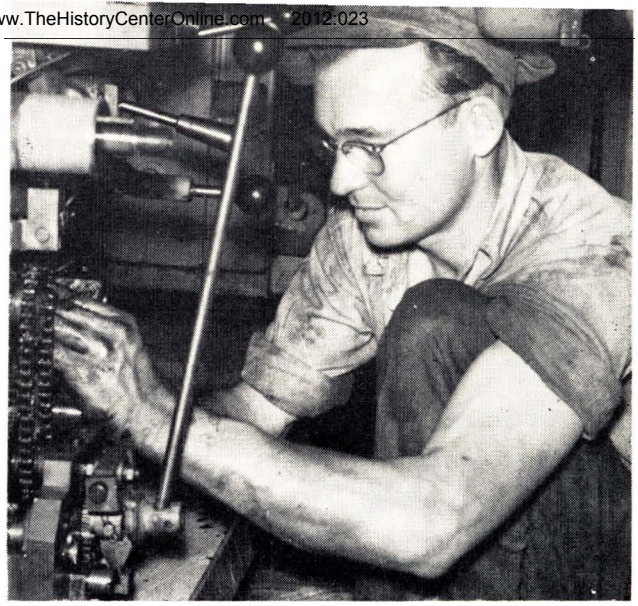


ERNEST LORD



DENNIS CUMMINS

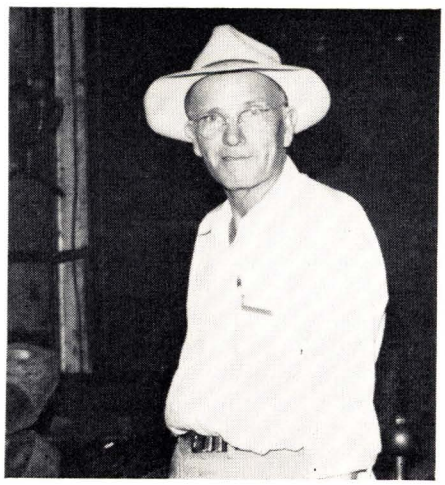
to hold items steady while being drilled.

Dennis Cummins (Lathe Shop)—$5—Change the large cored hole in the main bore of C9494 crank from 3½ inches to 4-inch core.

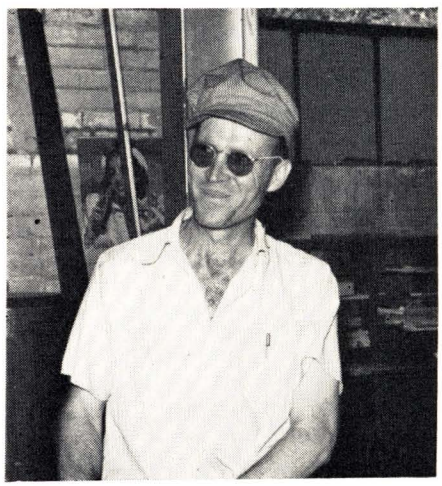
Frank Whitten (Pattern Storage)—$5—Place a trade mark on all castings made for outside customers to identify defective castings when sent back for credit.

Charles Phillips (Structural Department)—$5—Fabricate a die to form part B10881 lift on the H-333 Lufkin engine.

O. B. McCarty (Charles Gault's Department)—$5—Correct shape cutter pattern for cutting slot for latch bolt in all of larger horseheads to 1⅛ inch slot to accommodate a 1 x 3½ inch bolt.



CLAUDE TREVATHAN

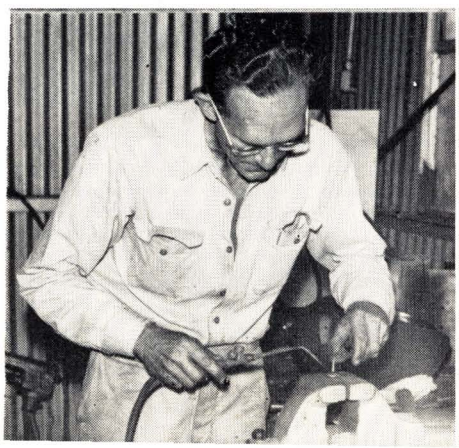


EDMUND WINSTON

A. G. Colburn (Structural Department)—$3—Make a jig to fabricate bracket for mounting electric motor on samson post.

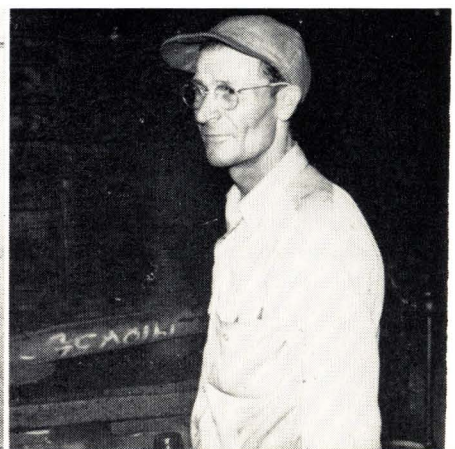
Henry Finley (Material Control)—$3—Use oil wiper pin A5603 on the wiper on No. 3A Unit.

J. J. GUNTER



ALLEN REPP

HENRY FINLEY



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Let's Remember the Sea Gulls

WE WONDER if there isn't something of a moral for the American people in the story of what is happening to the sea gulls up in St. Augustine now that the shrimp fleet has left that area for Key West.

It seems the sea gulls up that way have forgotten how to catch fish for themselves. For many years they have been depending for their food on the scraps and waste thrown overboard from the shrimping fleet. It was a sort of super welfare state for the birds, and the free dinners made it unnecessary for the gulls to depend on their own talents to secure food.

But suddenly the shrimp fleet went away. New and more productive fishing grounds were located off Key West and the shrimp boats deserted St. Augustine.

The sea gulls haven't been able to adjust themselves to the new situation. According to an INS report, the reefs and the shores around St. Augustine are lined with long silent rows of gulls with their dark eyes turned prayerfully out to sea—waiting for the shrimp fleet and the free meals that won't return.

Nature has played the sea gulls a dirty trick. As generation after generation of gulls learned to depend on the shrimp fleet instead of their own resources to obtain food, parent gulls apparently forgot to teach their little ones their age-old methods of catching fish. So today the gulls are starving. They are no different in physical makeup than the sea gulls of Ft. Lauderdale. But whereas our gulls can exist through their own efforts, the gulls of St. Augustine are starving by the hundreds because their welfare state suddenly disappeared and with it went their ability to fend for themselves.

The people of St. Augustine are trying desperately to save the gulls that are left. A city-wide effort is being made to round up table scraps and movie popcorn to tide the birds over until they can once more learn to feed themselves.

But naturalists aren't too sure what will happen. They are puzzled over the apparent complete loss of the sea gulls' natural fishing instincts. Some believe the cycle will be completed without the gulls ever recovering their natural fishing ability.

It's a strange paradox that Nature thus gives us. Here we have some of the most independent creatures of the Universe, who were given marvelous talents to take care of themselves, victimized because they succumbed to the "something for nothing," lure. They became dependent on unnatural conditions to such an extent that parents apparently forgot to teach their offspring how to get along otherwise. Now with the free food gone, the offspring of these indolent parents are paying the penalty.

We wonder if people aren't a great deal like the sea gulls of St. Augustine. We wonder how many Americans have swallowed the idea of the welfare state to the point where they think it is no longer necessary to teach their offspring that the day of government handouts and security for all may sometime draw to a close. And we wonder then how many Americans may be left like the gulls—puzzled and bewildered because their sustenance has disappeared and they have no resources of their own to fall back on.

Americans don't have to look far to see the sea gull story translated over into human behavior. We have in England a living example of a "something for nothing" theory gobbled up by the people. Like the sea gulls of St. Augustine, the people of Great Britain have accepted unnatural conditions as a substitute for depending upon themselves. The English government is the "shrimp fleet" which provides the people of Britain with food, clothing and shelter. As long as this government is firm and strong and as long as there are shrimp (meaning taxes) enough to keep it in business, the people will be safe.

But let the shrimp be exhausted, as is now happening, then the government must seek new beds. It must of necessity, move on and leave in its wake a mass of miserable people totally unaccustomed to using their own God-given talents and resources to exist.

There is the moral in this story of the sea gulls of St. Augustine. It's a pungent moral and one that every voting American should well consider. Nature has a way of exacting a heavy toll from those who look upon her gifts as unnecessary. As a nation, we here in America have been singularly blessed with a tremendous capacity for using our skills and our ingenuities to ever improve our way of living. But we have earned our keep by wresting it out of the ground, the sea and the air, through the exercise of our own talents.

We will keep those talents only by continuing to use them. The minute we cast them aside as no longer necessary we will forfeit them as surely as the sea gulls of St. Augustine forfeited their talents to provide themselves with food.

Let's not be that foolish. Lt's remember what happened to the sea gulls whenever we are tempted by the Washington "shrimpers" to leave our own board and dine at the government scrap table of false security.

Old Dame Nature is a wise though sometimes cruel teacher. She might have used the sea gulls of St. Augustine as a red flag of warning to the American people. Let's heed it while we still have time.

From the *Lauderdale Daily News*.

The only way to avoid criticism is to say nothing; do nothing; be nothing.

YEP, THE LIVING is easy in the summertime. Nobody doubts this when they look upon such a relaxed, unposed snapshot as this. Do you recognize Jimmy Boyd as he dreams about a fish fry or cold watermelon — or perhaps a tall, cool one?

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Summertime - - -

And the Living Is Easy

SUMMERTIME has one universal call—to the out-of-doors and days of picnicking. Is there anything more appealing than fish fried over an open fire, hamburgers broiled over the coals, wieners roasted over the campfire or a picnic basket loaded with potato salad and sandwiches? The magic appeal of eating outdoors makes appetites mount and the food taste better than ever.

A goodly number of Lufkin Foundry employees chose to stay on the job rather than take a vacation traveling here and yon over the country. But they need not cast aside the vacation spirit and discount the advantages of outdoor life right here in Lufkin and vicinity. Everything from a picnic party in one's own backyard to an old-fashioned fish fry on the banks of the river can be the means of relaxation and fun for the whole family.

The Foundry Roundup is suggesting here two types of outdoor parties together with a menu, planning trips and recipes. To make picnicking more fun and easier on everyone, do some advance planning. Jot down a list of all the equipment you will need for cooking and serving. You might tack the equipment list right in the top of the picnic basket—then there's no danger of forgetting the salt or matches!

Plan easy-to-cook and easy-to-carry foods. There's no need for fancy dishes or complicated menus. These suggestions include only the traditional kind of food, but each menu has one or more tricks that makes it a special treat with little extra effort.

So, move your kitchen to the great outdoors and see how wonderful it is to make your dining room under the open sky.

First, let's start with an old-fashioned fish fry. If the fishermen in your crowd are more amateur than expert, you can buy some fresh fish in town and take it out near the river or lake and cook it over the open fire.

Food for a fish fry is always the simplest kind and should be eaten "finger style." Here is a menu that will make a fish fry one of your favorite picnics:

Fish over the Campfire
Hush Puppies
Chilled Tomatoes
Fresh Green Onions
Radishes
Watermelon
Coffee

Hush Puppies have long been a favorite food for a fish fry. They are little corn pones that are dropped into the hot fat to brown after the fish has been fried. Legend has it that these pones got their name at early Southern fish fries. The puppies, whining for their supper, were quieted when the cooks tossed them a fried pone and murmured, "Hush, puppies!"

Have the dry ingredients for the Hush Puppies all ready and take along an egg and fresh or canned milk. Then it's no trick to stir them together at supper time. For frying the fish in deep fat, it's a good idea to melt the fat in a heavy Dutch oven at home, then let it cool and solidify for easy carrying to the picnic spot. About three pounds of fat is sufficient for frying the fish and Hush Puppies.

The breading mixture for the fish may be prepared at home. Sift together ½ cup corn meal, ½ cup flour and a little salt and pepper; put this mixture in a clean paper bag. When you are ready to bread the fish, just shake it lightly in the bag.

Start heating the fat for the fish fry well in advance for this takes quite a while over the campfire. The fat is the right temperature when it browns a cube of bread in half a minute. After the golden brown fish comes from the frying pan, drop in the Hush Puppies and in just a few minutes the fish fry is ready for the final proof—the wonderful eating!

A big juicy chilled watermelon is the perfect dessert. Cut it into long wedges and don't furnish forks!

HUSH PUPPIES

½ cup sifted enriched flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups enriched corn meal
1 egg
¾ cup milk

MRS. JOHNNY POWELL and two children stand in their garden, proudly displaying the fine tomato vines loaded with ripe tomatoes. Husband Johnny works in the Welding and Structural Shop.

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Sift together dry ingredients. Add egg and milk to dry ingredients, stirring lightly. Drop a teaspoon of batter for each hush puppy into hot deep fat (360° F.), frying only a few at a time. Fry until a golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Makes two dozen hush puppies.

On a warm evening it's a back yard supper that puts the family in a happy spirit. "Cook it in the kitchen, but eat it in the yard" is a good formula for summer meals. A picnic table or several card tables makes serving easy and gives the picnic spirit to the simplest supper. Use paper plates and serve either buffet style or right on the plates. Here's a fine menu for a Back Yard Supper:

Fried Chicken Chicken Bread
Corn-on-the-Cob
Tossed Summer Salad
Fruit in Melon Cups
Hawaiian Coconut Cookies
Iced Tea Milk

For the very best in home-fried chicken here are a few suggestions. Choose young chickens for frying and cut them into serving pieces for picnic-style eating. Roll pieces lightly in a mixture of flour or pancake ready-mix, salt and pepper. Heat fat in a heavy frying pan having the fat about ½-inch deep. Brown each piece carefully until golden brown, then reduce the heat, cover the frying pan and cook chicken slowly until tender. Uncover for the last five minutes to re-crisp the skin.

Fried Chicken and Chicken Bread go together just like Apple Pie and Cheese. Chicken Bread is a corn meal biscuit dough which is rolled, cut into diamond-shaped pieces and fried to a golden brown in the chicken fryer as soon as the chicken is removed. The biscuits rise and bake in the frying pan just as they do in the oven, and take up all the good chicken flavor of the fat in the frying pan.

A perfect accompaniment to an outdoor chicken feast is corn-on-the-cob. Serve it piping hot with plenty of butter. For a green salad use any combination of fresh garden greens tossed together with a light French dressing.

Melon cups and cookies are a cooling and refreshing dessert that looks very glamorous. For the melon cups cut cantaloupe in half, remove the seeds and scoop out the melon to make melon balls. Mix the melon balls with other fresh fruit or berries. Refill the melon shells and chill. Just before serving pour a bit of gingerale over the fruit and garnish with a sprig of fresh mint. You may want to top each serving with a spoonful of lime sherbet. This fruit combination is perfect with the delicate flavor of crisp Hawaiian Coconut Cookies.

CHICKEN BREAD

1½ cups sifted enriched flour
½ cup enriched corn meal
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
2/3 to ¾ cup milk

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add milk, mixing lightly only until mixture is dampened. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead gently a few seconds. Roll out to ⅜-inch thickness; cut into diamond shapes or rounds or squares.

Place in a frying pan in which the chicken has been fried (leave only a small amount of fat in the frying pan). Cook over medium heat until delicately browned on under side. Turn and cook on other side. Cooking time about 8 minutes. Serve immediately with fried chicken. Makes 12 to 18 pieces.

HAWAIIAN COCONUT COOKIES

1 cup sifted enriched flour
½ cup baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening, soft
½ cup granulated sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups Quaker Oats uncooked
1 cup coconut
½ cup brown sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt into bowl. Add shortening, sugar, egg, water and vanilla. Beat until smooth, about 2 minutes. Fold in rolled oats and coconut. Shape dough into small balls and place on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3½ dozen cookies.

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

Little Mary had been listening to some conversation between her father and a school teacher, and they were talking about black fleas.

Mary interrupted the conversation with the question, "Daddy, what about the white fleas?"

"White fleas!" replied her daddy, laughing. "Why, Mary, I don't think there are any white fleas."

"Oh, yes, there are!" insisted the child. "Don't you remember, 'Mary had a little lamb; its fleas were white as snow'?"

Johnny Bull: "We have some very large birds in England. Why once, while I was standing in a zoological garden, I saw a man who came in on an eagle."

Yankee Tourist: "Brother, that's nothing. Once, while standing in a ball park, I saw a player go out on a fly!"

Wife: "I saw the sweetest, cleverest hat downtown today."

Husband: "Put it on; let's see how you look in it."

She was taking a swim in a secluded lake when she spotted a boy tying knots in her clothes. Swimming to the bank, she snatched up an old tub and, holding it in front of her, she advanced angrily.

"Hey you" she said "do you know what I'm thinking?"

"Yup—you think there's a bottom in that old tub."

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Copied from an original at The History Center. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2012:023

Young Boy With a Horse

FOR two years now, they've been an inseparable pair—this young boy and his pony. Young Lonnie Martin Wallace, age 6, son of Wayne Wallace who works in the Machine Shop on the second shift, has been the proud owner of Starlight who also is 6 years old, for two wonderful years.

Wayne says it's hard to say which one cares the most for the other. From the crack of dawn until the last ray of sunlight permits, Lonnie is astride Starlight darting hither and yon, exploring this terrain and that field, living in a dream land that is peculiar only to young boys six years old.

Lonnie's daddy says the boy is nearly as good at rounding up cattle on the pony as a full-grown man.

"Just let a stray begin to wonder off from the herd, and Lonnie and that pony go after it like greased lightning—and they bring it back too," Wayne said with a grin.

Starlight is no ordinary horse, Lonnie is quick to tell you. He was named winner of one division of the Nacogdoches horse show two years ago just before he and Lonnie got together.

And if Starlight could talk, there is no doubt but that he would tell you Lonnie is no ordinary boy either. He takes excellent care of the pony—and doesn't require the usual persuasion from his parents.

Not so many weeks ago, Lonnie became ill. After his illness was diagnosed as diphtheria, he was taken to the hospital.

Starlight didn't understand this at all. It just wasn't right for someone else to feed and curry him and for his master not to ride him every day.

When Lonnie was well enough to be brought home and placed in his own bed, Starlight acted more like a pet dog than a pony. When he was led to the porch to look in on Lonnie, he promptly went up the steps, into the house and nuzzled his nose against the boy's cheek. That was inspiration enough. The boy recuperated in double quick time, and now he's out in the fields and hollows astride his Starlight loving every minute of wakeful hours.

Just how things are going to work out come next September is anybody's guess. For then, Lonnie starts to school. But neither Starlight nor Lonnie care to think about that just now.

Have You Heard?

(Continued from Page 10)

One of the greatest marksmen of the FBI was passing through a small town, and everywhere he saw evidence of the most amazing shooting. On trees, on walls, and on fences there were numberless bull's eyes with a bullet hole in the absolute center. He asked to meet the person responsible for this great marksmanship.

The man turned out to be the village moron.

"This is the most wonderful marksmanship I have ever seen," said the FBI man. "How in the world do you do it?"

"Easy as pie," said the moron. "I shoot first and draw the circles afterward."

Bill Jones, a good Baptist, rode his mule to town one Saturday afternoon, and while visiting with other farmers had an opportunity to sell the mule, provided he would sell on credit. Not knowing the would-be purchaser, Bill demurred, but was reassured by the buyer: "You needn't be afraid to trust me; I couldn't get by with beating a debt if I wanted to, because I am a steward in the Methodist church."

This sounded reasonable enough to Bill, so he parted with his mule and rode home with a neighbor. After retiring that evening, Bill got to reflecting on the deal, and asked his wife: "Hon, what is a steward in a Methodist church?"

She replied: "Why, I would say about the same thing as a deacon in the Baptist church."

Bill suddenly sat upright in bed and exclaimed: "Ye Gods! I've done lost a good mule!"

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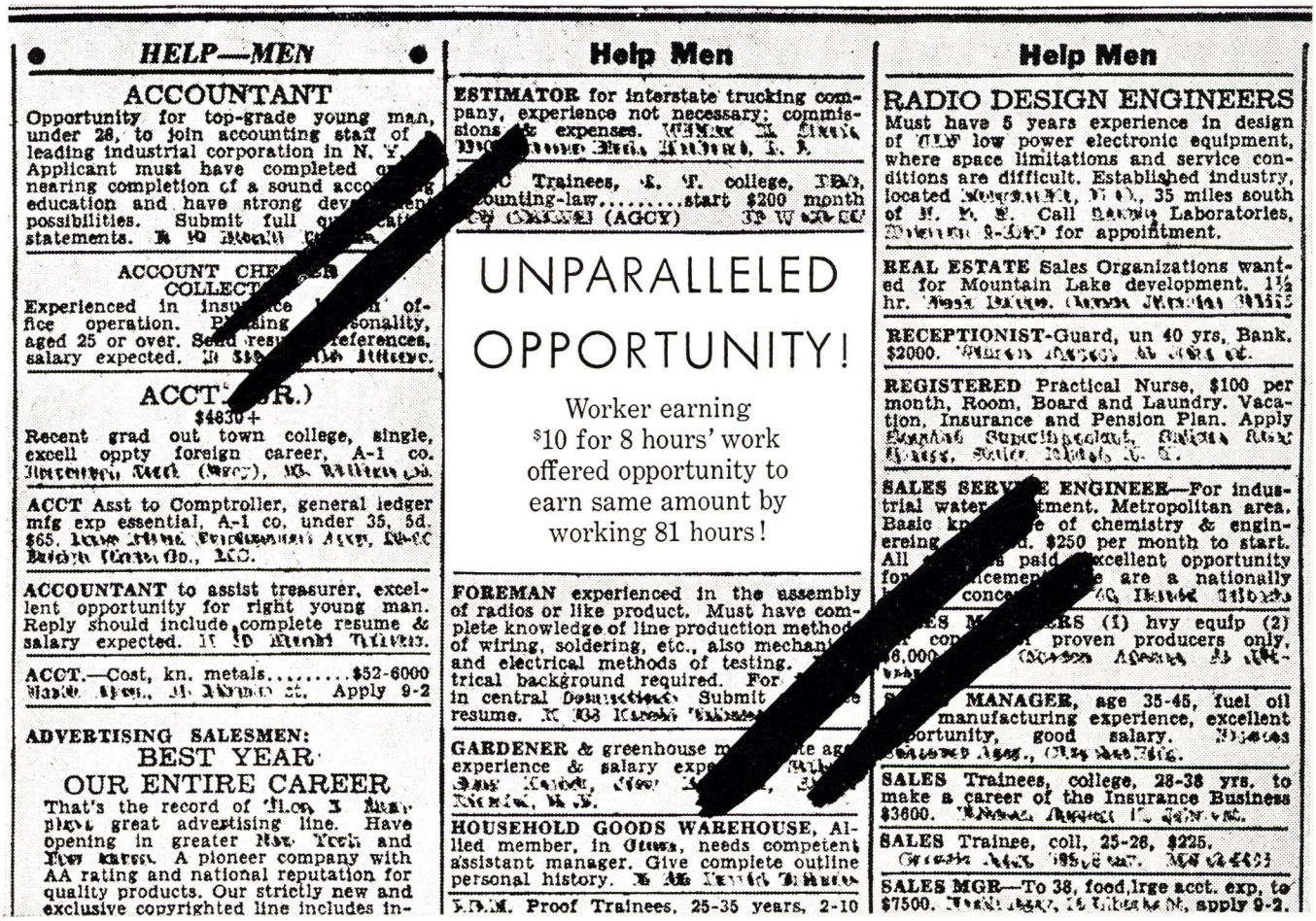

HELP—MEN

ACCOUNTANT
Opportunity for top-grade young man, under 28, to join accounting staff of leading industrial corporation in N. Y. Applicant must have completed nearing completion of a sound acco education and have strong dev possibilities. Submit full statements.

ACCOUNT CHE COLLECT
Experienced in insu office operation. P sonality, aged 25 or over. Se references, salary expected.

ACCT. R.)
$4830+
Recent grad out town college, single, excell oppty foreign career, A-1 co.

ACCT Asst to Comptroller, general ledger mfg exp essential, A-1 co, under 35, 5d. $65.

ACCOUNTANT to assist treasurer, excellent opportunity for right young man. Reply should include complete resume & salary expected.

ACCT.—Cost, kn. metals.....$52-6000 Apply 9-2

ADVERTISING SALESMEN:
BEST YEAR
OUR ENTIRE CAREER
That's the record of great advertising line. Have opening in greater and A pioneer company with AA rating and national reputation for quality products. Our strictly new and exclusive copyrighted line includes in-

Help Men

ESTIMATOR for interstate trucking company, experience not necessary; commissions & expenses.

Trainees, college, ounting-law.....start $200 month (AGCY)

UNPARALLELED OPPORTUNITY!

Worker earning $10 for 8 hours' work offered opportunity to earn same amount by working 81 hours!

FOREMAN experienced in the assembly of radios or like product. Must have complete knowledge of line production method of wiring, soldering, etc., also mechan and electrical methods of testing. trical background required. For in central Submit resume.

GARDENER & greenhouse m te ag experience & salary exp

HOUSEHOLD GOODS WAREHOUSE, Allied member, in , needs competent assistant manager. Give complete outline personal history.

Proof Trainees, 25-35 years, 2-10

Help Men

RADIO DESIGN ENGINEERS
Must have 5 years experience in design of low power electronic equipment, where space limitations and service conditions are difficult. Established industry, located , 35 miles south of . Call Laboratories, for appointment.

REAL ESTATE Sales Organizations wanted for Mountain Lake development. 1½ hr.

RECEPTIONIST-Guard, un 40 yrs, Bank. $2000.

REGISTERED Practical Nurse, $100 per month, Room, Board and Laundry. Vacation, Insurance and Pension Plan. Apply

SALES SERV E ENGINEER—For industrial water tment. Metropolitan area. Basic kn e of chemistry & engineering . $250 per month to start. All s paid xcellent opportunity for icemen e are a nationally conc

ES M RS (1) hvy equip (2) co proven producers only, 6,000

MANAGER, age 35-45, fuel oil manufacturing experience, excellent portunity, good salary.

SALES Trainees, college, 28-38 yrs. to make a career of the Insurance Business $3600.

SALES Trainee, coll, 25-26, $225.

SALES MGR—To 38, food,lrge acct. exp, to $7500. apply 9-2.

Would you bother answering this ad?

If you did, it would be with a laugh.

But wait a minute . . .

You *are* being offered just this opportunity—by those who say that the communistic system of government provides more for the "average" man than our own American system. And that, therefore, you should think about switching systems.

In Russia, leading exponent of communism, the average worker has to work 81 hours (two 40-hour weeks) to earn the same $10 worth of goods that the average American worker earns in one 8-hour day.

Why the big difference? Because we are free to produce so much better. With the use of better machines—more power—we turn out more and better goods each hour we work than any other country in history.

During the last 40 years alone we increased our use of machine power 4½ times—doubled our production—and our wages were almost doubled, yet we cut about 18 hours from our work week.

Nobody, of course, denies that the system has its faults today. Prices fluctuate. Depression is not an impossibility. There is some unemployment. Management-labor relations are not without friction.

But the *over-all* truth is that the average American makes more, has more, and enjoys more than any other citizen under any other system anywhere else in the world. And—above all this—he has freedom of choice throughout his life, that is granted *only* under the American system.

Doesn't it make sense, then, to *correct the faults* rather than talk about changing the system?

And we *can* correct them. If we share the same fundamental faith in America, we can make our system work more productively, more smoothly, more fairly than it has ever worked before.

All it takes is common determination . . . and common effort.

The better we produce . . . the better we live