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THE Foundry Roundup

February, 1952

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EMPLOYEES HEAR *Annual Christmas Talk*

(EDITOR'S NOTE: For the benefit of any who might not have heard the speech made by E. P. Trout on Friday, December 21, and for those families of employees who might wish to read the speech, we are printing it in its entirety below).

FELLOW EMPLOYEES:

It has long been the policy of this company, at this season of the year, for a representative of management to speak to you, the employees. In other years, and at other times, we have reviewed with you the progress of the company. We have been able to point with pride to the year's accomplishments. Always we have felt that, considering business conditions, the national and international situation, we could still say that we had enjoyed a harmonious and a happy year. And we could renew our pledge to each other that we, each of us, would do our utmost to make the new year more successful and more happy than the one just ending.

I regret very much that I must say to you today, that the year 1951 has been for this company neither a pleasant nor a happy year. Our organization, once regarded as a model of congenial industrial relations, has been plagued this year with strife, bitterness, and, too often, hatred.

I do not need to tell you that during this year there occurred at this plant its first strike. I do not need to remind you that the strike was a long and costly one—costly to you, the employees, and likewise costly to management and to the stockholders of this company.

When this unfortunate strike was finally concluded and settled on August 12th, all of the employees included within the bargaining unit were welcomed back to their old jobs; and then it was the feeling—and the very sincere desire of management—that those once cordial relations could again be resumed.

We in management felt and hoped that a great majority of these returning employees would take up their tools, and would set about to renew their old friendships with representatives of management, and with their fellow employees alike. Certainly we knew that things had been said, and intimated, and done that had caused deep wounds to those old friendships. These things done, these charges hurled, these curses uttered, we felt had been just a part of the so-called "give and take" of industrial conflict; and we hoped and prayed that with the settlement of the conflict these things would be forgotten, and we and you, together, could get on with the job.

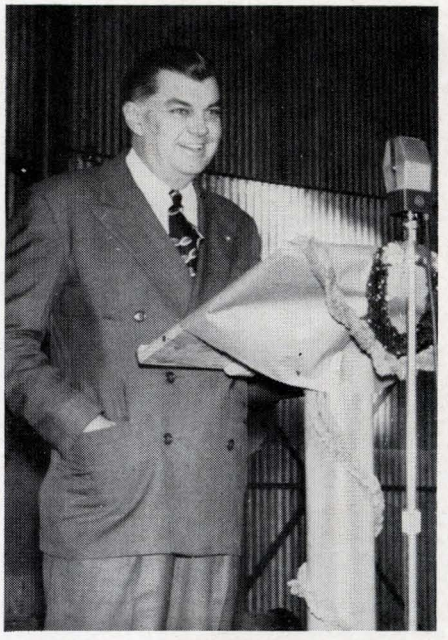
We of management certainly hoped and believed—as we had every right to hope and believe—that there would not be one who would deliberately reopen these old wounds—or would seek to keep alive and magnify the supposed differences that many of you had been lead to believe existed between you and management. Unfortunately for you and for us, this hope and this desire has not been fully realized.

There have been those who, with reckless disregard for the rights of labor and management alike—and with an apparent determination to indelibly draw the line between management on the one hand and labor on the other—have done everything in their power to fan the flame of hatred on both sides of that line.

Regardless of any accusations that have been made against management, we have not in the past, and will not in the future, discriminate in favor of or against any person because of his membership or non-membership in any union or labor organization whatever, or because of his activities in connection with such an organization.

There is a reason why we have felt compelled to build inventories far beyond the needs of practical plant operations. We propose to keep this company in operation at all times and in any eventuality. You have read the contract. You know that no strike can be called in the ordinary course of things unless the company has received notice of intention to strike sixty (60) days in advance. What you may not know is that since the contract was signed, this company has received eight (8) separate strike notices.

We feel that most of you understand the many problems that face management. We feel that most of you will do everything in your power to cooperate for the common good of this company, of you employees, and of our country itself. It ill-behooves those few people—none of them ever employed in this plant—to try to keep alive and to magnify in your minds the



E. P. Trout

supposed differences that exist between you, the employees on the one hand, and we of management on the other.

These few irresponsible people have tried to make you believe that all of your foremen are guilty of the vilest sort of conduct toward you; that they resort to the childish tactics of favoritism for a few and utter disregard for the many. These are the same old worn-out phrases, but they are what you might expect to come from those who know of no way to attain a position of prominence except to build up hatred between you and your supervisors—stark, unreasoning, uncompromising hatred. You must and you will recognize this approach for the vicious slander that it is.

It has always been the policy of this company to select its supervisory employees from among the rank and file of those who work here. It always will be the policy of this company to train and promote foremen and supervisors in this manner. There are those who would tell you to hate and to be constantly suspicious of anyone in a supervisory capacity. But, you must not forget that the job that you are told to hate today, may be the job that you will fill tomorrow.

No man can tell what the future holds for us, but we of management believe that, given an opportunity to

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work within an economy not strained by war, and not threatened by reckless inflation, this company and you, its employees, can look forward to a period of great prosperity in the year that lies ahead.

If you, the employees, and we, the management, can cooperate one with the other, there is no reason why I cannot stand before you a year from today and say, as we have said in the past, "this has been a happy and a successful year."

I want to assure you for myself—and I speak for all management when I say—that we will enter upon the new year with a firm determination on our part to do everything in our power to eliminate any inequity that might exist in this company. I assure you that we are aware of your problems, that we will listen to any just grievances, and we will take every step in our power to bring about a happy solution of any differences that might arise.

I beg each of you to adopt this same cooperative attitude, and at this Christmas Season, extend to each of you fellow employees, regardless of political or economic ideologies, the right hand of fellowship. I feel absolutely confident that if those who seek to build up hatred between you and us will honestly seek to do that thing which will be for the good of all, that the cordial relations that have existed in this company before, can and will be re-established, and this company can regain the reputation that it once had for fine feeling and friendship throughout all levels.

I wish for each of you a Merry Christmas. I hope that this year there will be real joy and happiness in your homes and among those you love. But more than everything else, I wish that you and I, and all of us, could pledge to ourselves and to each other, that we will live throughout the next year in that spirit of tolerance and understanding that was taught to the world by a Man whose birth, nearly two thousand years ago, was proclaimed by the Angels with: "Peace on earth; *good-will toward men.*"

In spite of what some of you may have been told, this company has no legal obligation to pay a Christmas bonus. However, the company, with an honest desire to show you its willingness to cooperate with you and to share with you the fruits of the joint efforts of our labors, has renewed its policy of distributing among you at this Christmas Season a portion of that which you and we have earned together.

Those of you who have been employed by this company for one year or longer will receive as a Christmas gift, pay for sixty hours. Those of you who have been employed more than six months and less than one year, will receive pay for thirty hours. Those of you who have been employed more than three months and less than six months, will receive pay for fifteen hours. And those of you who have been employed for less than three months will receive pay for one day at your regular rate of pay.

And now, I wish for you and yours the Merriest Christmas you have ever had, and hope that the year ahead will be the most successful and satisfying that you have ever known.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER

IT IS WITH happy heart that we begin again the publication of THE FOUNDRY ROUNDUP. We've missed these monthly visits in your home—and hope you have missed them too.

There will be a few changes in the looks of the magazine, which we hope will be for the better. There will be some new columns added for your pleasure and enjoyment and some for your information also.

Each month there will be some message from management—to inform you about the Company for which you work. We believe these messages will be of interest to both the employee and his family.

A column will appear regularly written by E. A. Stanfield, personnel director, which we hope you will find beneficial in many ways. His writings will answer questions you may have concerning the various benefits of employment with this company as well as other questions relative to the personnel field.

An article will be carried in each issue written by Fred Nelson on safety and its many phases so far as your job is concerned.

We truly hope that this magazine will serve two purposes during the coming year. First, to keep you informed about your job and the company for whom you work. And second, to entertain and to inform you about the other employees of this Company.

We will welcome at any time suggestions from any and all employees for the improvement of THE ROUNDUP. If you read it and like it, let us hear from you. If you don't like it, write us a letter and tell us why.

* * *

A FRIEND of ours dropped by the other day and gave us a clipping from another magazine which he thought was pretty good. We agreed, and are reprinting these words by Philip Reed, chairman of the board of General Electric.

"'Whatever happened to honor?' someone asked me the other day, just the way you might ask whatever had become of a neighbor or a childhood friend. It's a good question for Americans to ask.

"To that, I can give you a hard-boiled businessman's answer. If honor disappears, then our whole way of life disappears. When people stop trusting each other, when they can no longer rely on each other's promises, then we have stopped being civilized and have gone back to the jungle.

"Honor touches every part of our daily living.

"Marriages are successful only when husbands and wives trust each other. Happy homes are built on a similar relationship between parents and children.

"Good employee relations, healthy community relations and good relations between a business and the public all depend on people living up to their contracts and keeping their promises to each other.

"There have been a lot of definitions of civilization, but personally I think the subject is best covered when we say that civilization means the substitution of honor for brute force."

* * *

Definition of a tree: A solid thing that stands in one place for 50 years and then suddenly jumps in front of a woman driver.

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Your Personnel Department

IT AFFORDS me immeasurable pleasure to be permitted the opportunity of addressing the employees of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co. through this medium, with the objective of becoming more closely associated with each employee personally, and to endeavor to lay a groundwork of compatibility, brotherly love, and the things which weld us together as a smooth-working, efficient, and loyal group of employees.

In accomplishing the above, it is only reasonable that we, as employees, must have faith in the management of the Company for which we work. We, as employees, actually owe a debt of gratitude to management for having an opportunity to work for a progressive, highly regarded, and established concern such as Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co. We should be proud that we are integral parts of an institution which was originally founded by the beloved and wise Mr. W. C. Trout, who, by perseverence, sacrifice, hard work, thriftiness, ingenuity, fair-play and truthfulness, built Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co. to the heights which it has attained in the industrial world.

It was Mr. W. C. Trout, beyond any doubt, together with the help of efficient administrators and workers, who placed our Company "on the map" so to speak, and made it a "WE ORGANIZATION."

It was through such qualities of other great men—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln, Monroe, et al—that the principles were laid on which these great United States were founded. We should be proud, therefore, that we are working for a management that is earnestly endeavoring to the fullest extent to be fair, honest and truthful in its dealings with all.

On the other hand, we of management owe a debt of gratitude to the loyal and efficient workers, who, through the years, have worked diligently for our Company to make it the institution which it is today. These men and women, all loyal Americans, most of whom were reared in Greater East Texas, bear a heritage handed down through the years by forefathers who firmly believed in loving their neighbors and regarding their fellowmen as brothers. It behooves us, then, to endeavor to continue this spirit of companionship.

Therefore, fellow-workers, let us all resolve and pledge ourselves to a closer and more harmonious relationship, looking toward the building of a greater Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co.—a Company which we may all look with pride as being an industrial example other industries should follow. In the future, let's refer to our Company as a "WE ORGANIZATION."

My desire, as the new Personnel and Industrial Relations Director, is to express to those with whom it has been my pleasure to associate, my sincere appreciation for your courteous manners in our mutual dealings. I have a burning desire to make the Personnel Department of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Co. a "service department," and a department in which all the employees may place confidence. It is my desire to effectively administer the office for the benefit of the employees and management alike, and in the latter regard, I hope that each of you will always remember that I shall be courteous, fair, impartial, truthful and honest in my association and dealings. I shall be loyal to you.

With special reference to LOYALTY on the part of employees, I am constantly reminded of the famed words on LOYALTY by the late Mr. Elbert Hubbard, eminent philosopher, who wrote:

> "If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him, speak well of him, and stand by the institution he represents. Remember—an ounce of LOYALTY is worth a pound of CLEVERNESS. If you must growl, condemn and eternally find fault, why resign your position, and when you are on the outside, damn to your heart's content. But, as long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. If you do, the first high wind that comes along will blow you away, and probably you will never know why."

Sincerely, if I can ever be of service to each of you with regard to personnel or matters of mutual interest, please call me.

Sincerely yours,

E. A. STANFIELD.

BILL DANIEL . . . a close call that was too close for comfort. But he's happy.

CHARLES (Bill, as he is most often called) DANIEL, Inspector, third shift, certainly has reason to smile broadly. Only he didn't know it at the time the picture was made. Bill thought he was on his way to the Armed Services, and even came by to bid farewell to all his friends. The picture was taken for posterity.

Then, quicker than it takes to tell it, orders were changed, and he's still at his job each night. He's happy; we're happy; and we hope Uncle Sam is happy. We just wish this could happen in the case of all our employees or emloyees' boys who have had to go.

M. J. PARRISH, Machine Shop, sent us a little squib, which applies to everybody. He said, "Drive safely . . . Save a life. It might be your own . . . and sing this song while driving:

At 35 miles per hour, sing "Highways Are Happy Ways."

At 55 miles per hour, sing "I'm But a Stranger Here; Heaven Is My Home."

At 75 miles per hour, sing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There."

At 85 miles per hour, sing "Lord, I'm Coming Home!"

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Stanfield Named Personnel Director

EFTON A. STANFIELD has been named Director of Personnel, Security and Industrial Relations of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company.

Prior to his affiliation with this Company, he had been with the Federal Bureau of Investigation for more than 10 years. His last assignment with the FBI was as resident agent, stationed in Lufkin.

Friends and fellow officers of Mr. Stanfield are quick to relate that he served the FBI with credit to himself and to the forces of law and order. Because of his genial personality and his sympathetic understanding of human nature, he was considered the friend and helper of all law enforcement officers. Close associates say that he will be known among Foundry employees as their friend and helper also.

Stan's first assignment after joining the FBI on December 3, 1940, was as a special agent assigned to the Washington, D. C., headquarters office. Subsequently, he served at Louisville, Paducah, Harlan and Ashland, Kentucky; Huntington, Charleston and Clarksburg, West Virginia; Buffalo, New York; Dallas, Tyler and Lufkin.

He was scheduled to be transferred to the Field Headquarters at Indianapolis, Indiana, when he resigned to join the Foundry.

A native Texan, Stan was born on a farm near Timpson. He claims Nacogdoches as his "home town." He is a graduate of Stephen F. Austin College, and studied law at Columbus School of Law in Washington, D. C. He married Miss Alyne Spears of Carthage, and they have three children, Martha, Mary and Ruth.

Prior to joining the FBI, Mr. Stanfield served as principal of the Long Branch High School at Long Branch, Texas, and is a former teacher and football, basketball and track coach of the Carthage High School.

Stan is quite active in civic and community affairs. He recently was general chairman of the annual Chest X-Ray Survey. He is president of the Stephen F. Austin Ex-Students' Association of Angelina County, a member of the Elks Club and Lions International. He is also a member of the Sheriffs' Association of Texas, and the newly-organized East Texas Peace Officers' Association. He holds a Texas Rangers Commission.

He and his family are active in the affairs of the First Baptist Church.

A Scotsman on a visit to Canada, noticed the mounted head of a bull moose hanging in the hall of the house where he was staying. He asked his host what sort of animal it was.

Host: "Oh, that's a moose."

Guest: "A moose! Eh, mon, what like are your rats over here?"

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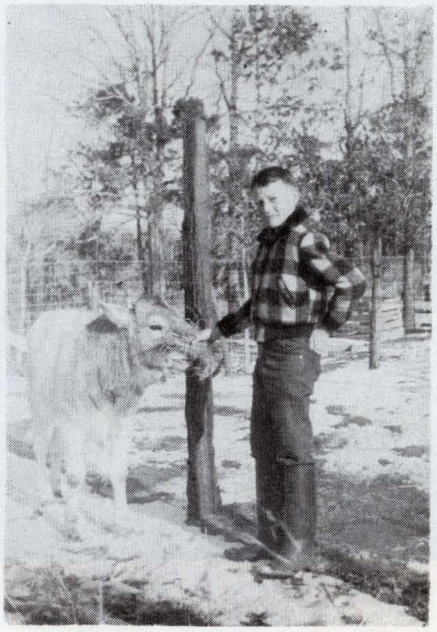
BILLY HUDIBURGH
. . . overseas.

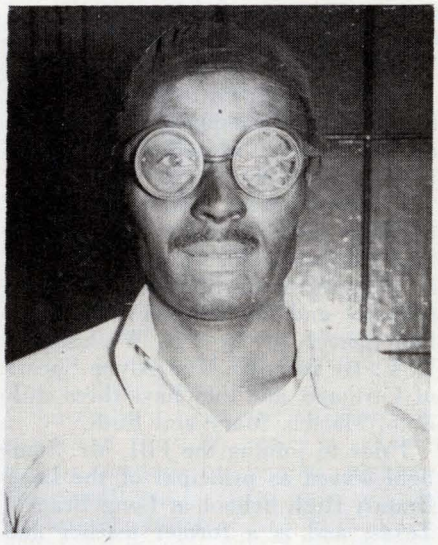
DAVID LEE WILLMON
. . . two months.

All ready for the Easter Parade.



BILLY McDONALD
. . . and his Brahma

FRANK JONES . . . an old story.



LEROY FORD . . . a cracked lense.

LUFKIN

BILLY HUDIBURGH, now with the U. S. Navy and formerly an employee in the Pattern Shop, dropped by for a brief visit while he was in Lufkin on leave between assignments. Billy had just finished his boot camp training when this picture was made. He returned to San Diego, and was soon shipped to parts unknown. Recently, it was reported that he was in Korean waters.

We've had a picture of JAKE ROSS, Machine Shop, on file for a long time, trying to get courage enough to print it. We suppose we'll get run out of town over it, but thought we might as well give you a little laugh beforehand.

The picture was taken last February in Houston. It seems Jake was having such a good time at the Fat Stock Show that he ran out of money. To get enough to return home on, he had to sell bouquets of flowers on a street corner.

They say Jake had plenty of customers, and made ample money to get back to East Texas.

Everybody has wondered for many years now just how and where LOUIS FINCHER, Engineering Department, catches such big fish. Now the riddle is solved. Recently, a neighbor borrowed Louis' scales to weigh her week old son. The boy tipped the scales at 36 pounds! Either that baby boy has set a new record—or Fincher's fish weren't such whoppers! What do you think?

Some folks brag about bagging a multi-pointed buck, or catching long strings of fish. But ROY WILLMON, Accounting Department, spends his time bragging about his fine son.

Shown here is the youngster at only two months. If David Lee is that strong and curious at two months, what will he be in another six months?

J. T. McDONALD, Machine Shop, second shift, has many reasons for being proud. But the main ones are seen on these pages. Although we've had the pictures for some time due to non-publication of THE ROUNDUP, we still want to publish them.

One picture is of his three children,

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FOUNDRY FOLK

Sue, Terry and Billy. They were just on their way to Sunday School last Easter morning. The other picture shows Billy with his Brahman calf, which was four months old at the time the snapshot was taken. Because of the February snow, Billy had to hand-feed the calf.

WILLIAM D. THOMPSON came by for a visit while on leave during Christmas. He's at Sheppard Air Force Base at Wichita Falls now, training as an airplane mechanic.

Before entering the service July 9, 1951, William was employed in the Welding Shop. He is the son of W. H. Thompson who was a former second shift employee in the Welding Shop.

He will be in the service for 4 years. His training at Sheppard is scheduled to be completed either in May or June. William says there are two other Lufkin boys whom he knows at Sheppard—Jimmy Askins and Don Hearne.

By the time you read this, HOSEA FORREST, former employee of the Trailer Division, will probably be overseas—but in which direction, we don't know at this writing.

He was in Lufkin just prior to Christmas on leave. He was scheduled to complete his electrician school training in two weeks after he returned to the San Diego Naval Training School.

"After that, your guess is as good as mine," he said smiling.

Hosea entered the service June 19, 1951, and will spend the next four years in the Navy. Before the Service, he was working for Herman Hellberg, "helping Leo Elliott build doors," to put it in his words. He had been with the Company since February, 1950.

The sailor said he'd be happy to hear from any of his friends who had the time to write. His address is:

Hosea Forrest, EMFA,
Service School Command,
E M 7-52A,
U. S. Naval Training Center,
San Diego 33, California.

LEROY FORD, Foundry, came to get a replacement for his safety glasses, and we took a picture of why he had to come. He was working as a core-knocker when a piece of iron from a casting flew up and hit in the middle of one lense of his safety glasses.

"No need to say I was glad to be wearing these glasses," he drawled. "And you won't catch me without 'em again!"

FRANK JONES, Chipping Room of the Foundry, was getting samples of nodular iron for testing when a chip flew up and smashed his safety glasses. It was an old story to him, for it was the second time it had happened.

"There's no question about me wearing my safety glasses," he commented. "I like to see too well to take a chance on working without them."

JAKE ROSS . . . champion posey seller. He's a fat stock show enthusiast delux.

HOSEA FORREST . . . across the wide blue Pacific. He'd appreciate any mail.

WILLIAM D. THOMPSON . . . he'll be at Sheppard Air Force Base till May.

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'TWAS THE *Luck o' the Irish*

A Rip In Time

By Bill Kelley

IF ANYONE ever tells you that the "luck of the Irish" is an unfounded rumor, don't believe it. I know for sure that loads of truth is contained in that old saying. Here's why I believe it:

The time-clock in the Pipe House indicated 11:15 Thursday morning, January 3, 1952, as I started a cut on Screw Machine No. 82. I was working on an order for No. 35-A Studs, using 1¼" 4140 steel as stock. 'Til now, nothing of an extraordinary nature had ever happened to me since I came to work for Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company on August 7, 1950. Of course, nothing was unusual about this particular job, but the incident that I'm about to relate is, thank goodness, one that is not common.

As usual, while my machine was taking a cut, I walked to the end of the pipe holder which extends some 12 feet from the spindle-end of my machine, to pull out another length of 4140 to be used when I finished with the piece on my machine. It so happened that the rack holding the pipe was just at the end of the piece of pipe that I was working on. At this time, my machine was making 730 r.p.m.'s and it was vitally important to stay clear of the spinning pipe.

As I leaned down toward the pipe rack, I leaned too close to the moving pipe, and the rough end of the 4140 grabbed my right shirt sleeve, which was rolled up to the elbow. My first thought was to shut the machine off. But I was some 14 feet away from the machine controls. I knew there wasn't even time for one of my co-workers to reach the shut-off.

It is difficult to describe the thoughts that were running through my mind. I've been in automobile accidents which injured me severely, but never have I faced anything like I thought I was about to go through at that moment.

By this time, the pipe had pulled me up to it, even though I was pulling back as hard as I could. It grabbed like the teeth of a tigershark, twisting and turning, and drawing me closer and closer. All at once, I heard a much-welcomed rip, and my breath returned to my lungs as I saw my work shirt, together with my T-shirt underneath, torn from my body, winding up on the pipe. Nothing was left on the top portion of my body except the sleeve on my left arm. I came out with a slight bruise on my right arm and side.

Even though it's hard to explain the satisfaction of coming out of such a situation on the winning end, I feel that I can say that I'm the luckiest guy in Angelina County. I thought old 82 had me for sure.

Believe me, I'm going to take every precaution from now on in my work. Maybe the "luck of the Irish" won't hold up next time.

From Where I Sit

By Fred Nelson

THE BELL RINGS and we come out of our corner for another round . . . the round of 1952. As we look forward to the new year, we should do so with the thought in mind of "it's up to you in '52," including ourselves. With most of us, it's easy to look back into the past and determine the mistakes we made, but its difficult to list the ones that we will make in the future. We are all prone to make pledges on the first day of a new year but we have no assurance that we will keep the promise.

With more time for our safety program, I believe everyone will be interested to know what new plans we have for our safety program.

First, each department will be organized into a fire-brigade unit. A few interested men will be selected to receive proper training to fight different types of fires. An expert instructor in this field will be available. This should be of interest to everyone since we are all concerned about protecting our jobs.

Plans are in the making for employee safety meetings, with a different representative from each department every month. In this way, employees will be able to report hazards, make inspection reports and introduce them first-hand. We hope that during 1952, every employee will serve on the safety committee for his department.

New safety regulations will be put into effect which will reduce the risks involved in our daily work. However, these rules will be effective only when every employee resolves to cooperate in their enforcement. Any regulation put into effect will be the result of studies based on past experiences.

At times, we find an employee who thinks that safety rules and regulations are nonsense, made only for the moron or idiot. They compare them to a fence around a cemetery; "those inside can't get out and those on the outside don't want to get in." It's true that we cannot fence up all the hazards in the plant, but calling attention to them can help to lessen the possibility of receiving an injury.

There is one very serious infraction of Company safety rules which occurs at times. That is the practice of using fire hose for other uses. This is a very serious thing to do and everyone should be informed that this practice cannot be tolerated and still maintain a safe place in which to work.

If you're called on to serve on a safety committee or a fire brigade, or in any capacity which will be in the betterment of a safer working place, put forth your efforts to do the best job possible. Remember, a good job and a careless man are soon parted. Protect yourself and your fellow worker by working safely and by helping your fellow man to work in accordance with good, safe practices.

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Mozelle Roberts Wins Blue Ribbon

FOR SOMEONE who is relatively untrained and a novice at the art, Mrs. Howard Roberts has set somewhat of a record for herself in the field of oil painting.

This mother of two pretty daughters started her sojourn with oils almost by accident. With daughters Janet, 15, and Sandra, 17, Mrs. Roberts was visiting in the home of her husband's aunt, Mrs. John Cade of Tyler, one afternoon in 1947. Mrs. Cade, a noted artist for many years, was at work on a painting.

Admiringly, Mrs. Roberts said, "I wish I could do that."

Whereupon, Mrs. Cade rose from her chair, handed Mrs. Roberts the brush, put a new piece of canvas on the easel, and replied, "You can; I will teach you."

Mozelle Roberts' first painting was a water scene with a boat and a landscape of trees and flowers. She laughingly remarks that today, four years later, she still is painting water scenes. And she's turned out some fine ones. She was awarded the first prize blue ribbon at the Art Show of the 1950 Texas Forest Festival.

"I have always wanted to try my hand at painting ever since I was a small child, but until that afternoon in Tyler, I never had the opportunity," Mozelle relates.

This busy woman's time for her art is limited, for her two daughters and husband require much attention. Both daughters are active in school affairs and Howard is employed on the Second Shift in the Lathe Shop. He has been with the Company for almost 10 years.

In her spare time, Mozelle has completed approximately 25 oil paintings during the past four years. With this average of one every two months, it is easy to see how devoted she is to her newly discovered talent.

Her first lesson from a professional came this past summer in night classes held in Lufkin by an art professor from Stephen F. Austin College in nearby Nacogdoches. She is intensely interested now in learning to paint portraits.

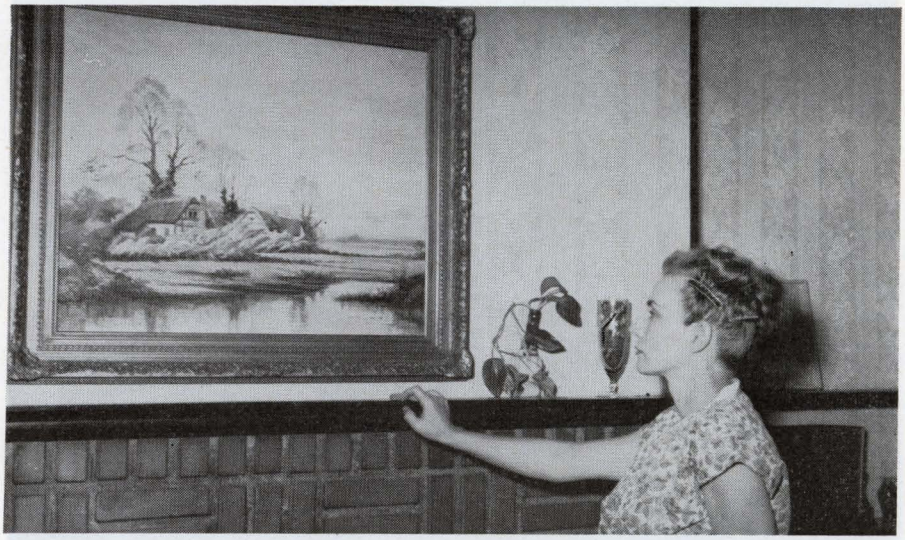
She has just completed her first painting from still life. It was a bowl of magnolia blossoms.

"Of course, I chose one of the most delicate blossoms—quite by accident. About the time I would get them arranged and get back to the easel, they would fade and turn dark," the smiling artist gestured hopelessly.

She will be devoting almost all her painting time to portraiture for awhile. However, she qualifies that statement with, "But first, I must do what all artists do who live in Angelina County —paint these tall, splendid pine trees."

Then she added somewhat ruefully, "but I'll probably put a pool of water right in the middle of them!"

Her first attempt at still-life art was this painting of Magnolia blossoms.



This landscape scene was one of the early paintings of Mrs. Roberts.

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Uncle Dan Puts Away His Torch

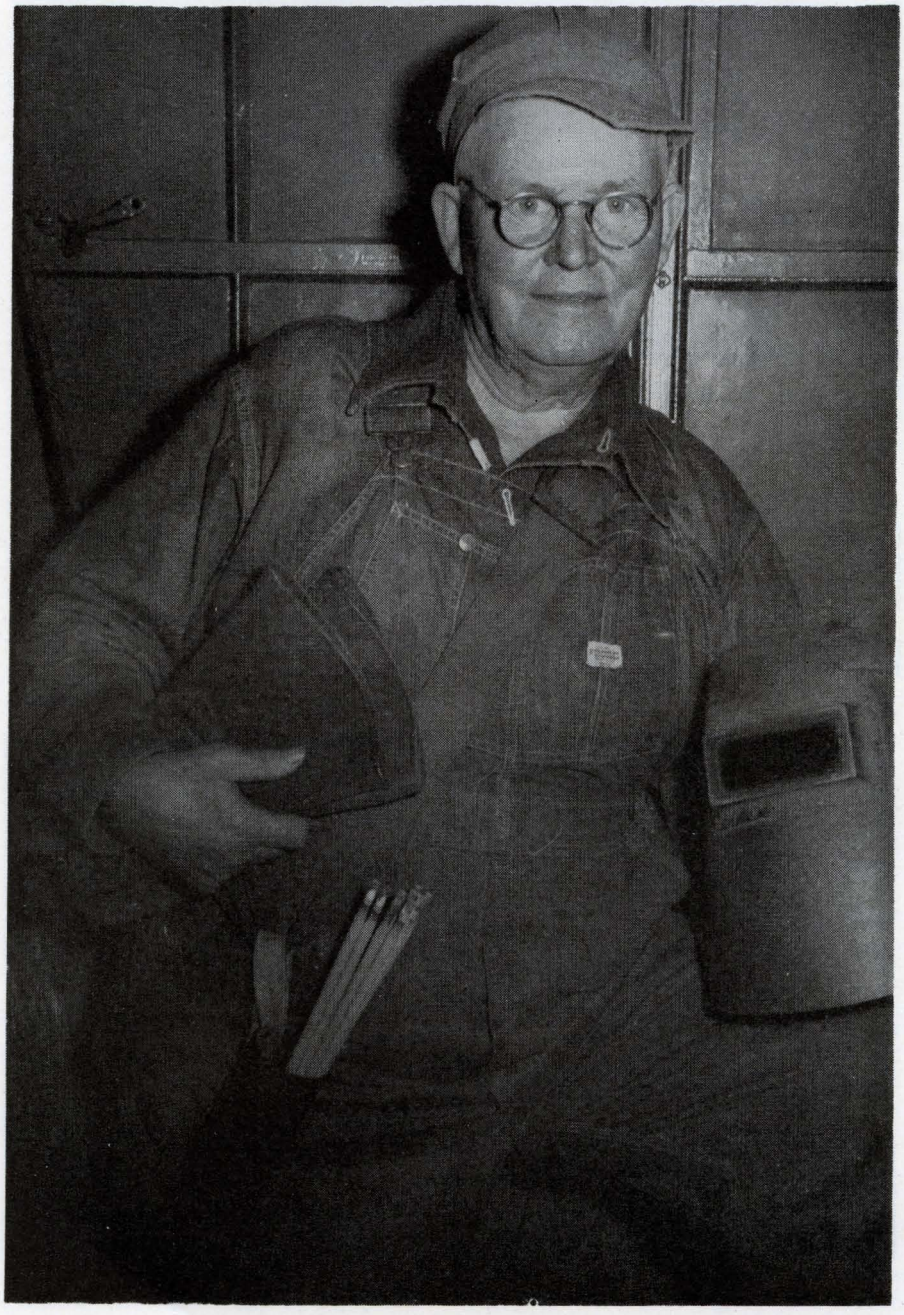
WHEN UNCLE DAN MELTON came to work for the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, he was promised only 15 days work. He stayed 18 years!

Uncle Dan's familiar smile has been missed for the past few months, for on October 12, 1951, he put away his rods and torch and retired from active duty as a welder.

"I spent 18 years and five months with a torch in my hand, and I don't regret one minute of it," Uncle Dan proudly asserts.

He's taking life easy now, but he's far from inactive. Last summer, he took a long vacation out in Oceanside, California, visiting a son. He spent Christmas up in the Texas Panhandle with some relatives. There's no telling where he'll be traveling next Spring.

But as he puts it: "You're not going to catch me sitting down letting my bones get stiff and my brain get rusty —just because I have retired!"



Uncle Dan is a native of LaRue, Texas, in Henderson County. He came to Lufkin in 1909, and was a welder for the old Martin Wagon Company. The Lufkin Foundry borrowed him from the Wagon Company for only 15 days. Instead, they kept him more than 18 years!

Reminiscing, Uncle Dan says, "We didn't have a Welding Shop when I came to work here. I had to work next to the big steam hammer, and many's the time I've nearly been jarred off my stool when that old thing would crank up."

Uncle Dan says the fellows who are welders now have it much easier than when he began. He was using 5/32nds and 1/8-inch bare rods. Now they use 1/4-inch coated rods.

"It used to take 22 hours to weld one base," he recalls. "Now, with two or three men welding on one, it can be finished in about two and a half hours."

The Dan Melton's reared seven children; five of them are living today. Three boys and one girl live in Lufkin, and one son lives in California.

Among his prized possessions are his six grandchildren. And he'll talk about them anytime you will let him.

All the folks at the Foundry want Uncle Dan to know that he is missed, but that they are wishing for him many years of healthy, happy living.

George and a lovely blond sat in the hammock. The stillness of the moonlight night was unbroken for half an hour. Finally the blond asked. "If you had money, what would you do?"

George answered, "Travel is what I would do."

He felt her small warm hand slip into his—and then she was gone. In his hand was a dime.

The battleship was in port and visitors were being shown around. The guide paused before a bronze plaque on the deck and with bowed head said: "That's where our gallant Captain fell."

Old Lady: "Well, no wonder. I nearly tripped over the darn thing myself!"

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Saved by the Shoes

By William Thorn

WHEN I GOT a pair of safety shoes not long ago, I did so because of the quality of the shoes. I didn't pay much attention to the safety features of them. I bought them strictly for economical reasons. I certainly didn't suspect that the safety built into them would be used by me.

I was at my job one morning knocking gates from cranks with a sledge hammer in the Foundry Department. Using the overhead crane, I placed a crank on top of another one that I had finished, and proceeded to knock the gate from it with the hammer. As I struck the gate, it fell out, hitting on my right foot. Luckily, I had on safety shoes, and the steel cap on my shoe caught the biggest weight of the gate. I got only a minor injury to my right foot.

I know if I had not had on safety shoes, I would have suffered a serious injury to my foot. I can't claim credit for buying the safety shoes to protect my feet, but from now on I'll always wear safety shoes.

SIMPLE

It isn't easy, that I know
But still you ought to try it:
If you can't say *good*
Of some poor Joe
Perhaps you *could*
KEEP QUIET!

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

Finkelstein was a good customer of Abe and Mawruss, manufacturers of ladies' dresses. He was, however, getting lax about his payment of invoices and Abe suggested that Mawruss write him a strong but diplomatic letter calling his attention to the laxity.

Mawruss worked for several hours over the letter, then showed it to Abe for his approval. After reading it over carefully, Abe said: "By golly, dot's a wonderful letter. Strong and to der point, not personal or insulting. But say, you got a couple mistakes in it, Mawruss. 'Dirty' you should spell mit only von 'r' and 'cockroach' begins mit a 'c'."

Edith: "Helen has been married six times!"

Janet: "Yes, the only way she could get a thrill out of Niagara Falls would be to go over it in a barrel."

"Before you married you had six theories about bringing up children?"

"Yep, and now I have six children and no theories."

"This meat tastes funny, dear."

"I don't see why. I know I burned it a little, but I put sunburn oil on it."

There isn't another state like Texas, and so when the visitor from Texas was being shown the sights of Kansas City by his friends, he was asked what he thought about their stockyards.

"Wal, they're all right, but we have branding corrals in Texas that are much bigger."

Desiring revenge, his friends put some snapping turtles in his bed. When he turned back the covers, he asked what they were.

"Missouri bed bugs!" he was told.

The Texan peered at them a moment, then drawled, "So they are, but they are younguns, aren't they?"

Junior: "Daddy, what is a sweater girl?"

Daddy: "Er-ah-er-why it's a girl who works in a sweater factory. Say, where did you get that question?"

Junior: "Where did you get that answer?"

IF YOU HAVE

Been on a trip
entertained guests
celebrated a birthday
caught a big fish
killed a legal deer
moved
eloped
had a baby
won in a poker game
sold your hogs
cut a new tooth
sold out
had an operation
bought a car
painted your house
had a party
been married
lost your hair
gone in the chicken business
been frisked by your best friend,

OR DONE ANYTHING AT ALL, write the details to Editor, THE FOUNDRY ROUNDUP, P. O. Box 58, Lufkin.

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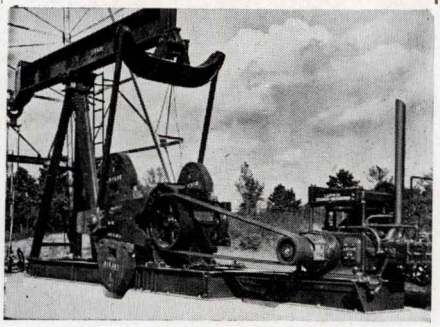

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ARE YOU one of STALIN'S PUPPETS?

Marionettes and puppets are fun for kids but when grown people begin to *act* like puppets, it's dangerous.

Puppets don't think for themselves. They do and say just as their master instructs.

Many of us today are being puppets for Mr. Stalin and not even knowing it.

If you spread rumors about other people's religion, race, or culture—you're a puppet. If you refuse to accept people on their individual value and insist on classifying everybody into groups—you're a puppet.

Communism and Uncle Joe thrive on dissension—Management against Labor—Christian against Jew and White against Negro. Don't be one of Uncle Joe's puppets. Think your *own* thoughts, and say what *you* think and make sure to judge each person individually and not as a group!

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