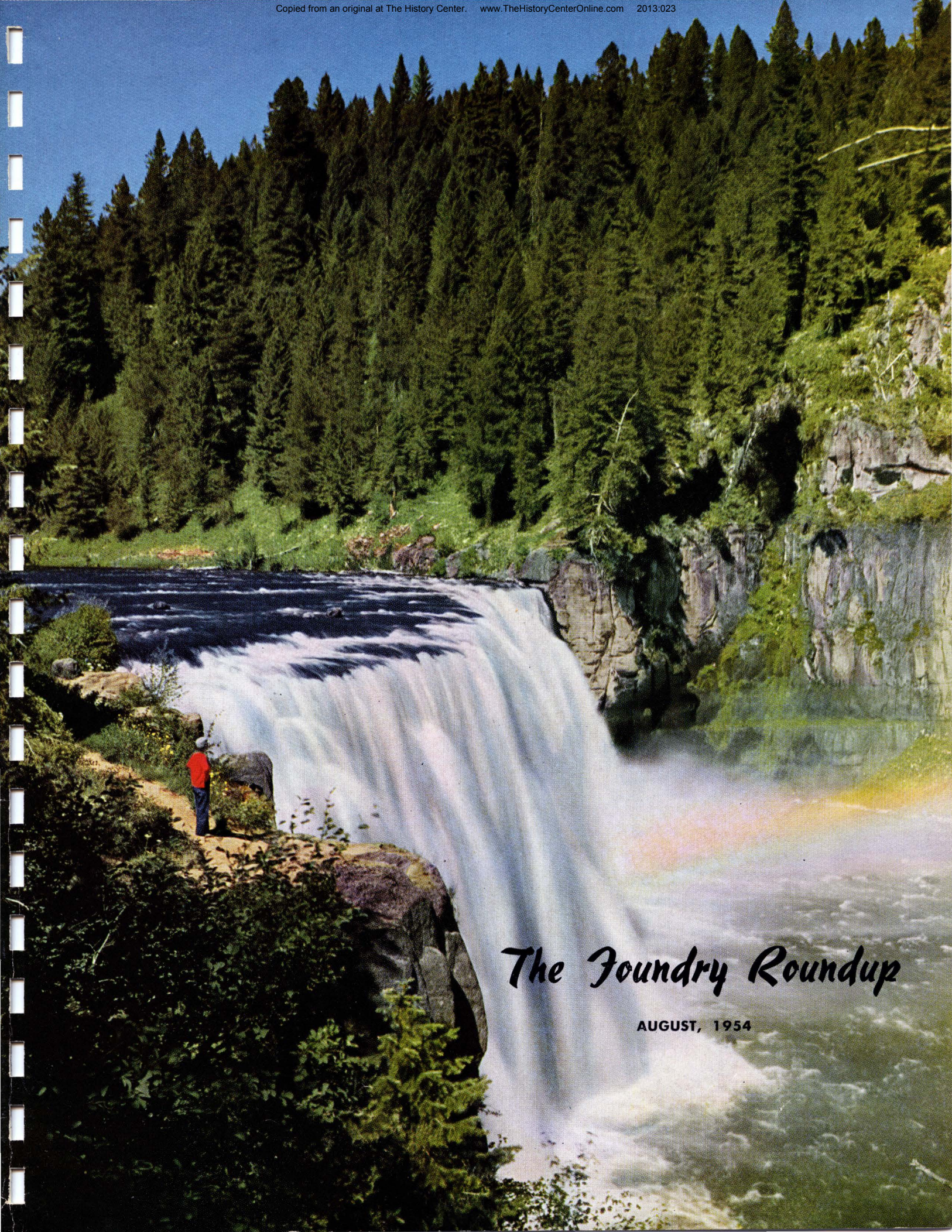




The Foundry Roundup

AUGUST, 1954

Our Farm Price Support Program Is Stupid

By THURMAN SENSING

A DISPATCH from England says they are pouring surplus milk into an old abandoned coal mine. The Government there has a high price support on milk, it has no way of getting the surplus into the market without lowering the price, it doesn't want to pour the milk into the streams where it might contaminate the fish—therefore, the coal mine depository.

Sounds stupid, doesn't it?

Most of our Government's milk holdings is in the form of dried milk—over 500 million pounds of it at last report—enough to supply the whole world's export market for two and one-half years. Nobody knows quite what to do with it.

The Agricultural Department recently hit on the idea of selling this dried milk for an ingredient in cattle feed. So—the Government pays a high price for the dried milk, it sells it back to the dairyman at a very cheap price to mix into the feed for his herd. This makes a very palatable and rich dairy cattle food—which causes the cows to give more milk—that the Government will continue to buy at high prices—and sell back again at cheap prices—and produce still more milk—and so *ad nauseum*. Maybe the coal mine idea is not so bad after all!

A high price support on potatoes cost our Government (the taxpayers) a half billion dollars over the period of a few years—and the surplus potatoes were burned, dyed, dumped, anything to keep them off the market.

This was so patently stupid, it was stopped—but it is starting up again!

Government figures now reveal that during the past year—just one year—Government investment in farm produce surplus has increased from \$3.5 billion to \$6.5 billion! The previous record, set just before the Korean War, was \$4.2 billion.

The limit the Government can expend in this manner under present law is eight and one-half billions of dollars. The Administration is asking that this be upped to ten billions of dollars.

Uncle Sam now holds 875 million bushels of wheat, more than 7 million bales of cotton, nearly 800 million bushels of corn, 450 million pounds of butter, 875 million pounds of cottonseed oil, more than 450 million pounds of cheese—and great quantities of other products as well.

The storage situation for these products is rapidly becoming a national scandal—wheat and corn piled on the ground, etc.—though Agriculture Department experts insist that they are being kept in good condition. They do admit that some of the butter has deteriorated “a little.” *To most of us, this would mean it has deteriorated—period.*

A few years ago the idea of giving a quart of milk a day to every Hottentot was ridiculed as the extreme to which the New Deal might lead. Today, in an effort to rid ourselves of some of this surplus, we are not only giving away milk, but also butter, cheese, wheat and many other products.

Where possible, we are “dumping” our farm surplus abroad—

making it possible for foreign housewives to buy our butter for less than it costs next door to the dairy that made it, to buy American fruits cheaper than they are in the United States because the Government pays part of the costs for exporters. *Linseed oil is going to foreign paint companies for about half what U. S. industry has to pay.* We have given \$69 million of wheat to Pakistan, Bolivia, Libya and Jordan. This practice does not set well with some friendly countries that have these same commodities for sale.

In spite of the sheer foolishness of this program—which was never intended to do more than take care of war-time emergencies—in spite of its enormous cost to the taxpayers—both in higher prices and taxes—all indications are that Congress will make little, if any, change in our present high support level. How stupid can we get in an election year?

The Administration realizes the stupidity of this program. The Secretary of Agriculture, with the backing of the President, has been fighting for a flexible rather than a rigid price support. The President has all but promised to veto a renewal of farm price supports at anything other than a very flexible level. Let's hope he has the courage of his convictions.

Reprinted from
Southern States Industrial
Council Bulletin

Just a Few More Days

ONLY a few more days left. That's all; just a few more days. Our snapshot contest is just about to reach the deadline for entries.

You'll have to hurry if you want to enter your snapshot in the contest which offers \$15 as the first prize. Remember: this contest is open only to employees of this company. No professionals will be competing with amateurs.

This contest was designed to get more employee pictures for publication in *THE FOUNDRY ROUNDUP*. So dust off your camera, and get busy.

The picture or pictures (you're allowed to enter one picture in each class) must be taken between January 1 and August 31, 1954. September 1 is the deadline!

Maybe you think that since you didn't go any particular place during your vacation, that you don't have the right kind of subjects in your pictures that would make them prize-winners. But remember that interesting photographs can be made right here in Angelina County.

In fact, we've already had some good pictures entered. One picture showed an employee's child standing astride a horse. Another was taken of an employee standing in the now dry Rio Grande River which was a raging flood a few days before he went on his vacation.

A picture taken in your own backyard—of your children with their pets, of the wife hanging out the week's wash, of the husband tinkering in his workshop or working on his car—or a dozen other such scenes could be winners.

So, don't put it off another day. Get some film, and then get to work. It may mean \$15 if you win first prize, or \$10 if you win the



NEXT TIME your family goes to the beach, take the camera along.

second prize, or \$5 if you win the third.

For those who may have forgotten the rules, we'll repeat them here.

1. You can enter photographs in two classes:
 - a. Scenic pictures.
 - b. Pictures of people.
2. The picture must have been taken after January 1, 1954, and before September 1, 1954.
3. The picture must have been taken by an employee of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company or a member of his or her immediate family.
4. Only one picture in each class (a. and b. above) of any size, black and white glossy, may be entered by an employee.
5. The name of the employee submitting the picture and the name of the person who took the picture, together with other information as to

Take Care of Me

YOU HAD better take care of me. Perhaps you don't think much of me at times but if you were to wake up some morning and realize you didn't have me, you would start the day with an uneasy feeling.

From me you get food, clothing, shelter and such luxuries as you enjoy.

If you want me to—badly enough—I'll get you a twelve-cylinder automobile and a home on Park Lane.

But I am exacting. I am a jealous mistress. Sometimes you appear hardly to appreciate me at all. In fact, you make slighting remarks about me at times and neglect me.

Considering the fact that you need me not only for the material things of life, but spiritually as well, I wonder sometimes that you neglect me as you do.

What if I should get away from you? Your happiness would flee for a time at least, and your friends would worry and your bank account would dwindle. So, after all, I'm pretty important to you.

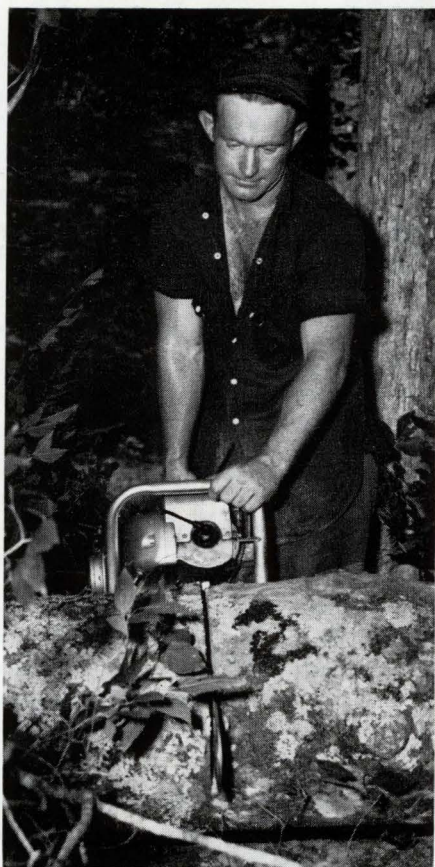
Cherish me. Take good care of me, and I'll take good care of you. I am your job.

From "*The Reporter*"

the time and place, date, etc., should be written on a separate sheet of paper and submitted with the picture being entered.

Remember that the picture must be made before September 1, 1954. **The deadline for entering the picture in the contest is 5 p.m. September 15.**

You can make a picture as good or better than the next guy. Let's get those shutters clicking!



RED puts the saw to the test.

Another LUFKIN A STAR IS BORN

LUFKIN FOUNDRY is known the world over for its oil-field pumping units and gas engines. It is known all over the United States for its industrial gear reducers and increasers, and it is known throughout the Southwest for its truck-trailers.

Soon, Lufkin Foundry will be known in the wooded areas of Texas for its chain saw. At least, that's the hope of Bob Boynton, manager of the Chain Saw Department of the Mill Supplies Division.

For many years now Bob has sold and worked with saws manufactured by other companies, and all the while, he was storing up ideas and improvements. Then one day, he was ready to begin on a saw of his own.

He estimates that it took three months to build the first model

Lufkin saw. The principal difference in the Lufkin saw from any other chain saw is that the Lufkin saw is gear driven with a wet clutch. This means that when a heavy load hits the saw, the clutch slips and results in less shock for the operator.

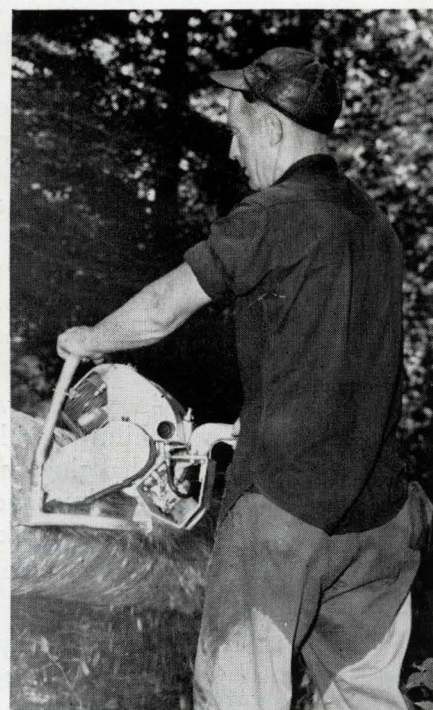
The Lufkin saw has a better balance, is lighter in weight, and it actually cuts itself, meaning the operator doesn't have to push the saw.

The first Lufkin saw built was Model 46. This 5 horsepower saw weighs 39 pounds. A total of 10 saws were built, and immediately after they were put on the market, our stock was depleted.

Orders have been received for seven more, and Bob believes the sales figure would go even higher if he could only get the parts for



BOB Boynton knows that the Lufkin saw will meet any owner's need.



THIS saw does its own pulling.

the saw quicker and get them assembled speedier.

Not satisfied with just one model, Bob has designed a second Lufkin saw. This one, Model 30, is a three horsepower job and weighs only 25 pounds. It was designed especially for lighter jobs to meet the needs of farmers and pulpwood cutters.

The castings for the saws are made here in the foundry. Currently, the gears and other parts are being made elsewhere. There are two employees who assemble the saws in the chain saw department. They are Bill Hicks and James Boynton. H. R. Richards is in the field as a salesman and demonstrator.

Bob has high hopes for the future of the Lufkin saw. He is dreaming of tomorrow when the Chain Saw Department will have its own shop in which the saws can be manufactured and assembled right here.



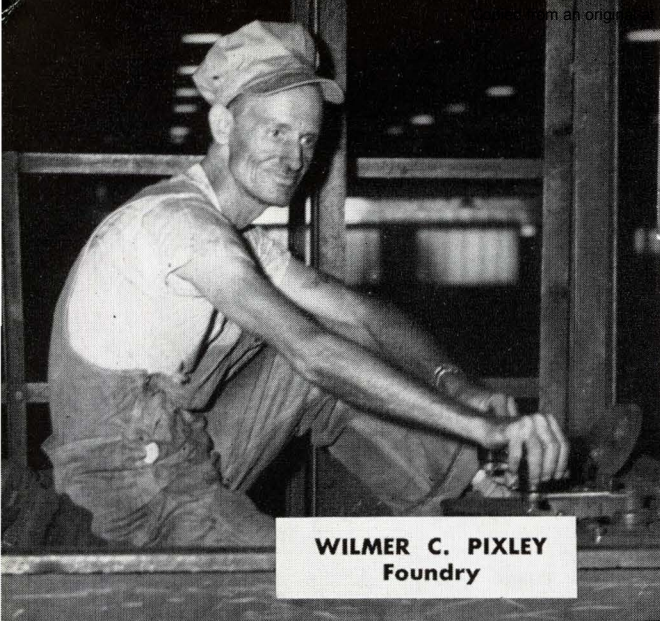
BIG Jack hammers in the wedge as Red Richards holds Lufkin saw.



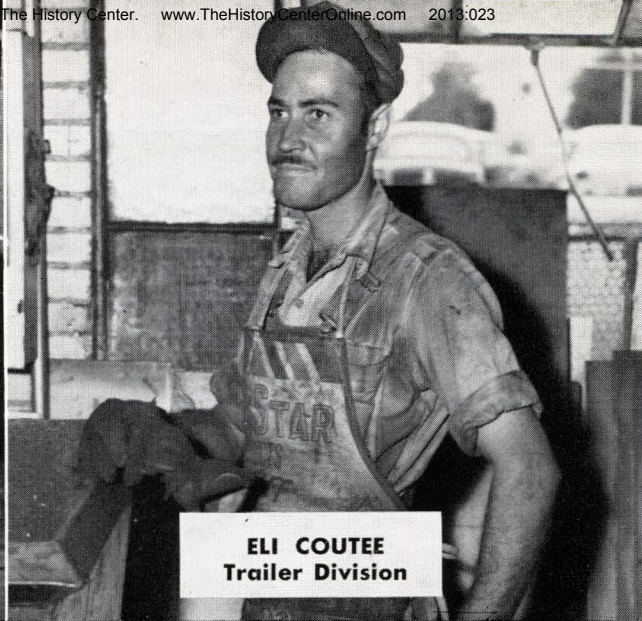
THE Mule Skinner has a tough time getting his mules to pull the big Lufkin-cut logs to "Utah's" truck.



THIS Truck Driver, known in East Texas as "Utah," looks over his load of big logs cut by a Lufkin saw.



WILMER C. PIXLEY
Foundry

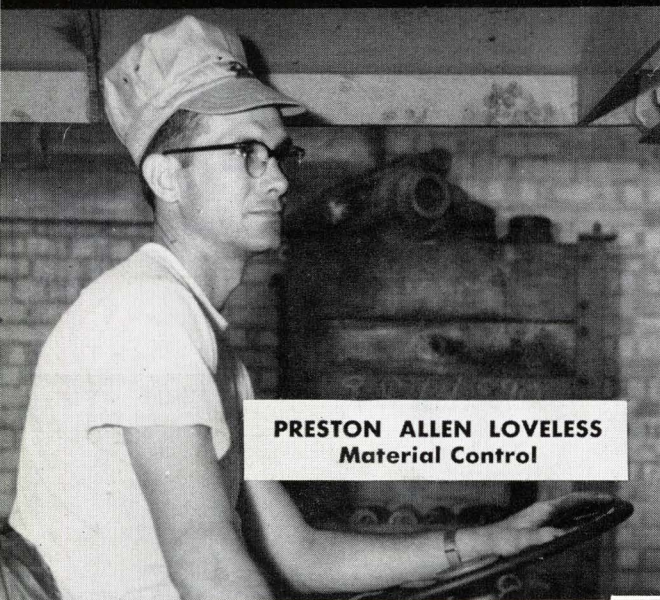


ELI COUTEE
Trailer Division

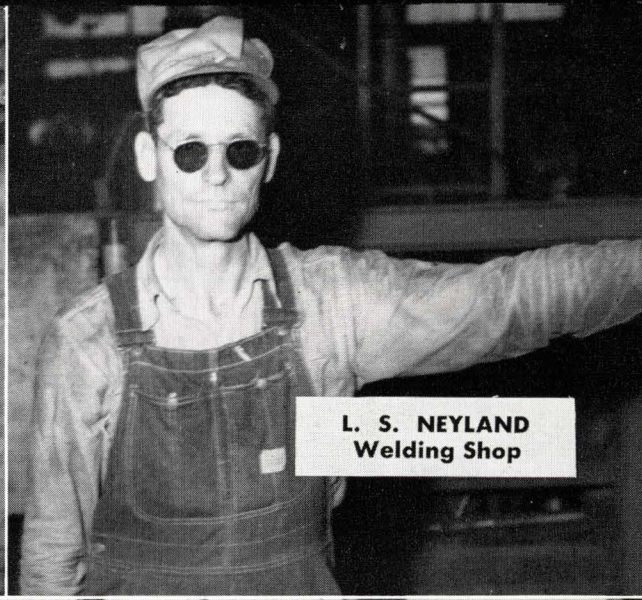


JAMES B.
Welding

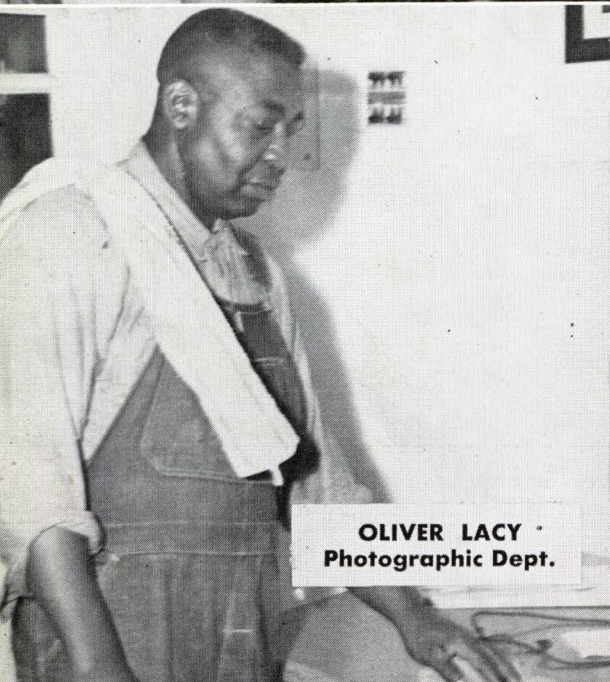
men at work...



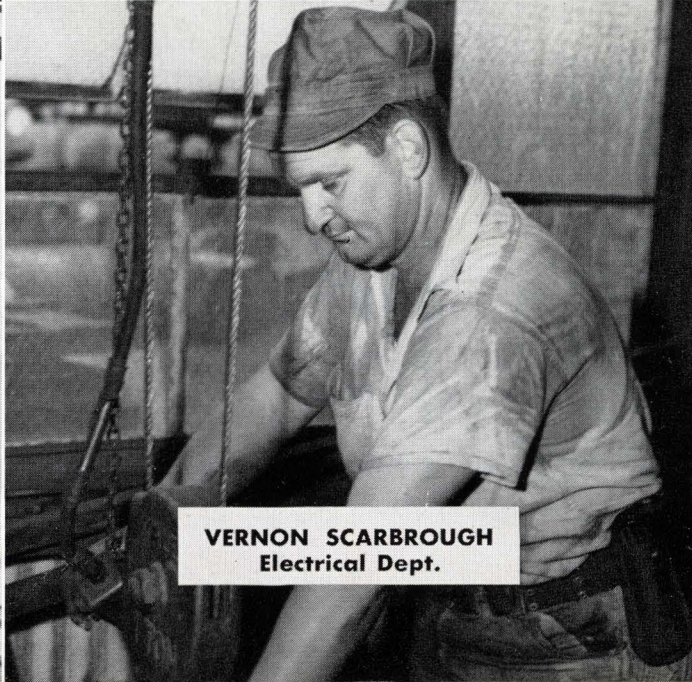
PRESTON ALLEN LOVELESS
Material Control



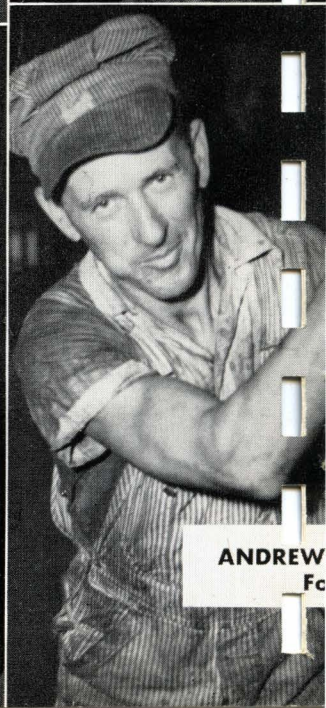
L. S. NEYLAND
Welding Shop



OLIVER LACY
Photographic Dept.



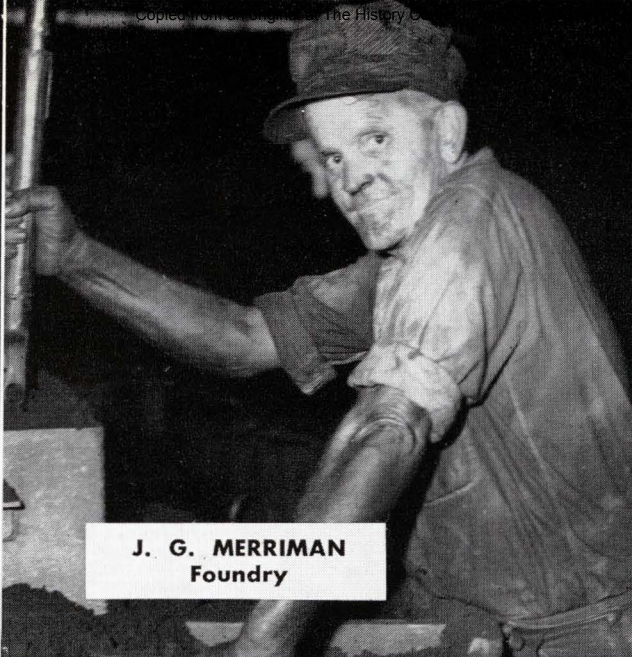
VERNON SCARBROUGH
Electrical Dept.



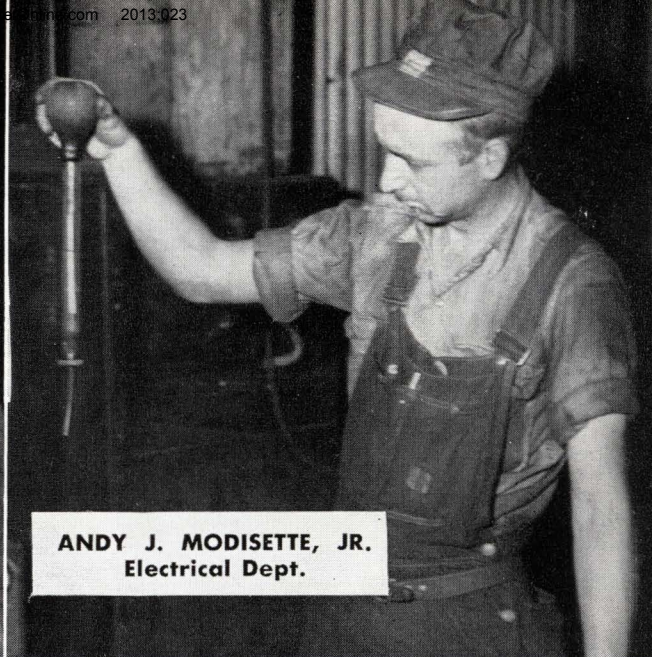
ANDREW
F



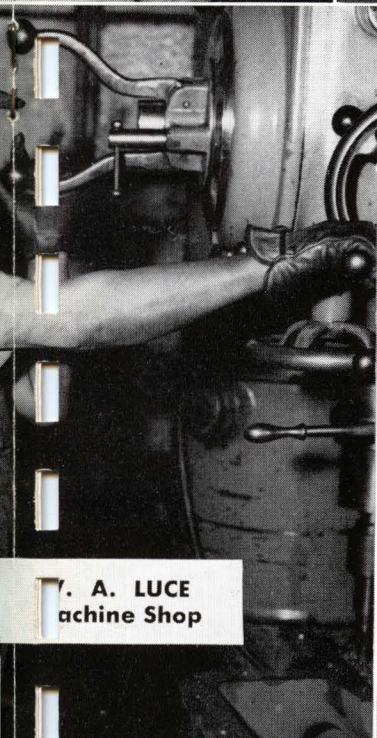
W. PARNELL
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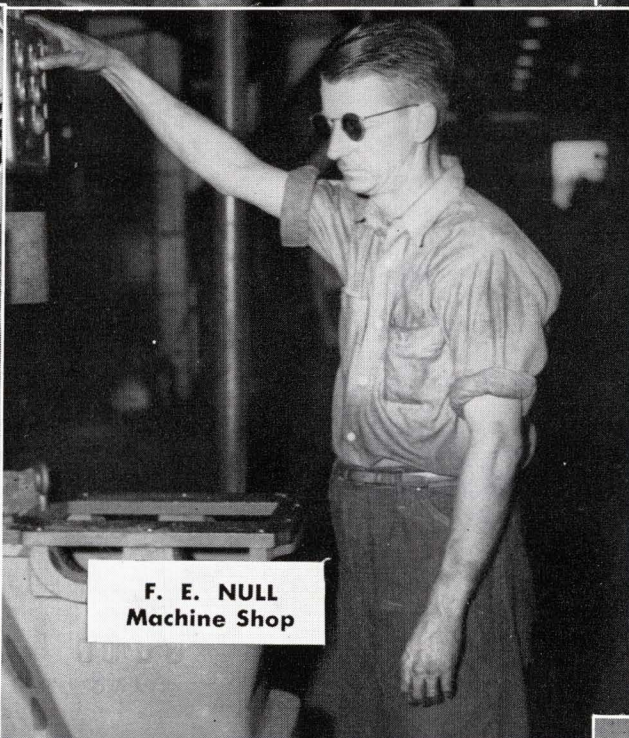
J. G. MERRIMAN
Foundry



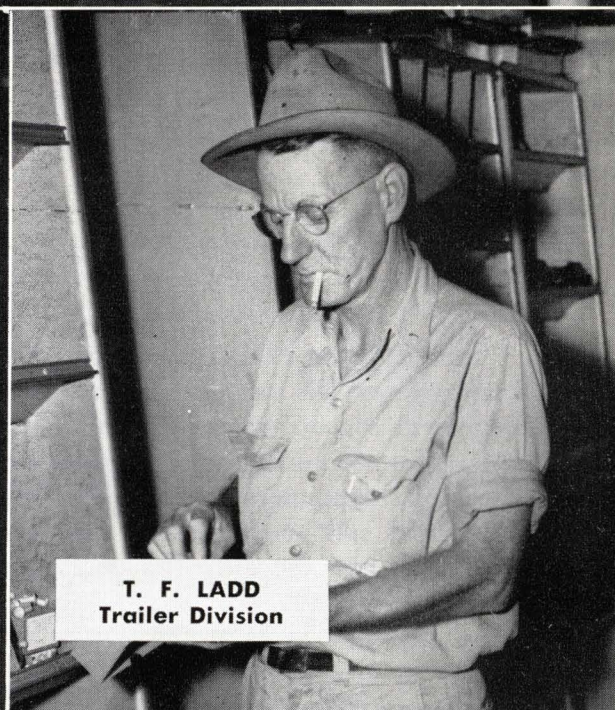
ANDY J. MODISETTE, JR.
Electrical Dept.



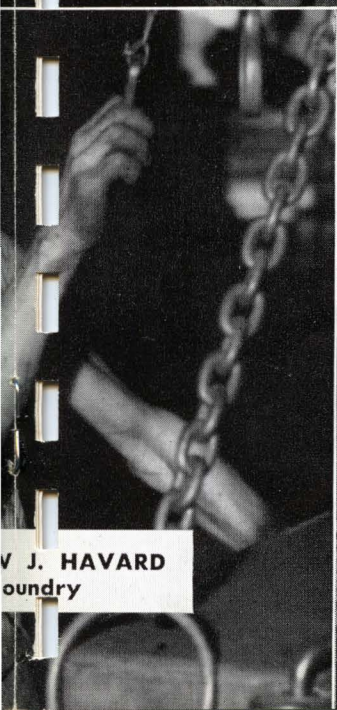
W. A. LUCE
achine Shop



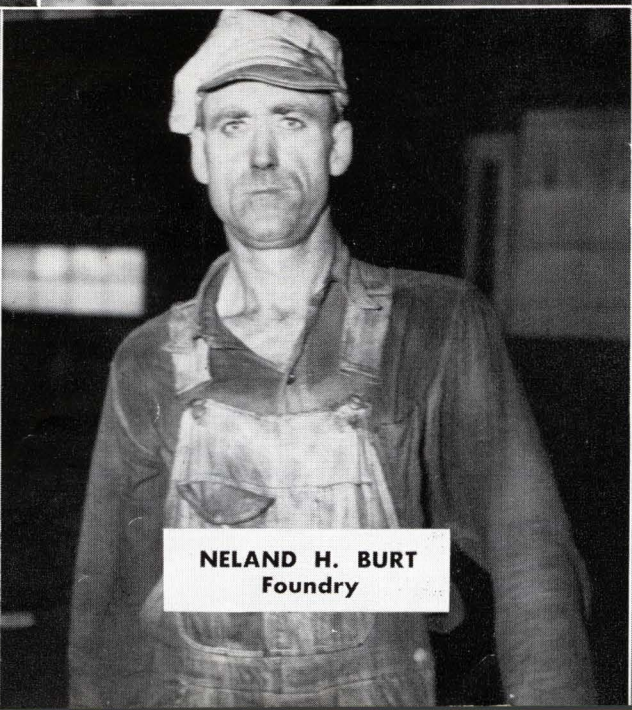
F. E. NULL
Machine Shop



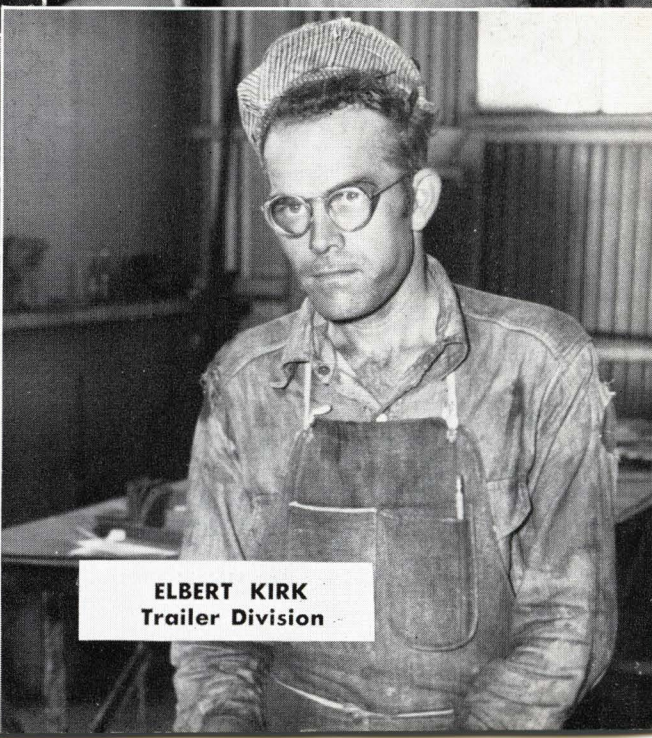
T. F. LADD
Trailer Division



W. J. HAVARD
foundry



NELAND H. BURT
Foundry



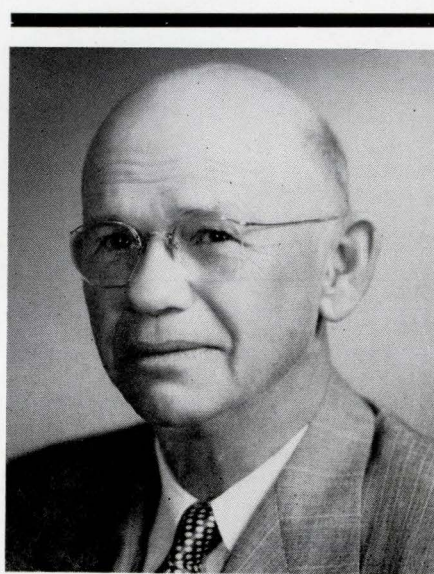
ELBERT KIRK
Trailer Division

His Was the Gift of Happy Laughter

LUFKIN Foundry employees were saddened this month at the passing of a dear friend, E. H. Bounds. Mr. Bounds died early on the morning of August 1, 1954, following a long illness.

An employee of this Company for 35 years, Mr. Bounds was known throughout the plant, the town and the state as a loyal, efficient, and hard-working member of the Lufkin Foundry family. But as efficient and conscientious as he was, as seriously and as wholeheartedly as he performed his duties, he was quick with his smile, and ready to lend his help to whomever asked. His fellow employees loved his geniality, and would carry a new bit of humor to him quickly, just to listen to his infectious laugh.

Mr. Bounds was head of the Material Control Department for many years. His memory of stock numbers and orders was the subject of many discussions, for it seemed almost miraculous the way he could call numbers from his mind without the aid of papers



E. H. BOUNDS—35 years of service.

from his files. For the past several years, he served as Treasurer of the Company.

The quiet, little man with the hearty laugh will be missed indeed. But we are glad to have had the opportunity to know and be associated with him for these few years.

TRAILER DIVISION

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
Thomas C. Largent	Aug. 18, 1943	11
Gus Lynch	Aug. 2, 1944	10
Nash Teal	Aug. 13, 1946	8
E. M. Willhite	Aug. 14, 1950	4
Bennie J. Mayo	Aug. 17, 1950	4
Charles E. Modisette	Aug. 22, 1950	4
Burl Russell	Aug. 23, 1950	4
Charles Frank Austin	Aug. 24, 1950	4
Connellee Bishop	Aug. 28, 1950	4
Tom K. Shoemaker	Aug. 29, 1950	4
Floyd E. Rogers	Aug. 3, 1951	3
Edwin Tenny Braden	Aug. 6, 1952	2

MACHINE SHOP

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
Charlie Gault	Aug. 12, 1918	36
Ertis W. Brock	Aug. 23, 1929	25
J. R. Nutt, Jr.	Aug. 30, 1935	19
L. E. Chastain	Aug. 2, 1937	17
Carl L. Williams	Aug. 6, 1941	13
Harvey Jackson	Aug. 8, 1941	13
Doyle L. Bowers	Aug. 18, 1941	13
Horace Z. Askins	Aug. 25, 1941	13
G. C. Lafferty, Jr.	Aug. 29, 1941	13
Johnnie Diggles	Aug. 3, 1942	12
William C. Weems	Aug. 17, 1942	12
A. W. Hopson	Aug. 11, 1943	11
E. G. Fuller	Aug. 16, 1943	11
W. V. Petty	Aug. 16, 1943	11
Fayette Havard	Aug. 27, 1943	11
Charles Daniel	Aug. 23, 1944	10
Henry C. Finley	Aug. 24, 1945	9
A. M. Burris	Aug. 14, 1947	7
Charles Leon Campbell	Aug. 2, 1950	4
John H. Hopkins	Aug. 2, 1950	4
D. L. Scarbrough	Aug. 2, 1950	4
James E. Davis	Aug. 3, 1950	4
E. W. Chapman	Aug. 5, 1950	4
R. B. Allred	Aug. 7, 1950	4
B. D. Kelley	Aug. 7, 1950	4
W. H. Love	Aug. 7, 1950	4
R. E. Eppes	Aug. 8, 1950	4
Smithie Reeves	Aug. 8, 1950	4
Reid Gaddy	Aug. 9, 1950	4
W. D. McWilliams	Aug. 11, 1950	4
Clarence Gay	Aug. 14, 1950	4
J. D. Pitts	Aug. 15, 1950	4
L. H. Midgley	Aug. 16, 1950	4
George R. Gilliland, Jr.	Aug. 22, 1950	4
E. R. Midgley	Aug. 29, 1950	4
Eddie B. Joiner	Aug. 12, 1952	2

MILL SUPPLIES

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
Curtis B. Mills	Aug. 11, 1948	6
Charles D. Forrest	Aug. 1, 1951	3

TRAILER SALES

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
O. K. McCauley	Aug. 1, 1949	5
Bill Pat Richards	Aug. 24, 1953	1
Gay Worden	Aug. 31, 1953	1

PUMPING UNIT SALES

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
D. A. Reid	Aug. 1, 1933	21
W. H. Miner	Aug. 27, 1937	17
Lewis W. Breeden	Aug. 1, 1949	5

OFFICE PERSONNEL

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
M. L. Wilkinson	Aug. 13, 1917	37
Hubert Dyer	Aug. 16, 1933	21
Emma Laura Douglass	Aug. 8, 1938	16
T. V. Martin	Aug. 28, 1941	13
Karl D. Bozeman	Aug. 19, 1943	11
J. Nolan Wilson	Aug. 8, 1945	9
Edith B. Carlton	Aug. 28, 1941	7

A man could retire nicely in his old age if he could dispose of his experience for what it cost him.

No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave—Coolidge.

Anniversaries This Month

FOUNDRY

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
J. N. Hill	Aug. 14, 1922	32
B. B. Franklin	Aug. 2, 1929	25
Willom Menefee	Aug. 27, 1941	13
Earl E. Thompson	Aug. 9, 1943	11
Joe W. Bailey	Aug. 7, 1945	9
William Thorn, Jr.	Aug. 13, 1945	9
Earl A. Mixon	Aug. 13, 1945	9
Frank Jones	Aug. 17, 1945	9
Izere Murphy	Aug. 17, 1945	9
Arthur J. Modisette	Aug. 7, 1947	7
Puria F. Starling	Aug. 27, 1947	7
James C. Evans	Aug. 30, 1947	7
Walker B. Clifton	Aug. 11, 1948	6
Jeff Fenley	Aug. 1, 1950	4
Hulen E. Harrell	Aug. 5, 1950	4
Harvey H. Chappell	Aug. 5, 1950	4
Tony E. Adkins	Aug. 8, 1950	4
Arthur Lee Harrison	Aug. 14, 1950	4
Elvin C. Allen	Aug. 15, 1950	4
Raymond Hullett	Aug. 15, 1950	4
L. Z. Redden	Aug. 16, 1950	4
James Merle Deal, Sr.	Aug. 17, 1950	4
J. R. Ridgeway	Aug. 19, 1950	4
Elbert Davis	Aug. 22, 1950	4
A. J. Fisher	Aug. 25, 1950	4
I. F. Sims, Jr.	Aug. 7, 1952	2
Samuel A. Wall	Aug. 8, 1952	2
Theodore Gilder	Aug. 21, 1952	2

STRUCTURAL & WELDING

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
Hubert B. Moore	Aug. 28, 1929	25
Lewis R. Perry	Aug. 28, 1934	20
P. P. Stringer	Aug. 11, 1941	13
John D. Edwards	Aug. 14, 1941	13
R. O. Kendrick	Aug. 21, 1941	13
Horace W. Costlow	Aug. 25, 1941	13
Marvin G. Powell	Aug. 28, 1941	13
Maurice Malone	Aug. 21, 1941	13
A. D. Casey	Aug. 11, 1943	11
Robert C. DuBose	Aug. 13, 1945	9
James B. Parnell	Aug. 23, 1948	6
William M. Williams	Aug. 1, 1950	4
Edward Brock	Aug. 1, 1950	4
R. G. Walker	Aug. 1, 1950	4
Carl L. Thompson	Aug. 3, 1950	4
Silous S. Russell	Aug. 7, 1950	4
Roy S. Parker	Aug. 14, 1950	4
James E. Oates	Aug. 17, 1950	4
Fred Huggins	Aug. 22, 1950	4
Leonard E. Modisette	Aug. 23, 1950	4

PATTERN SHOP

	Employment Date	Years With Co.
James W. May	Aug. 15, 1944	10
James T. Modisette	Aug. 1, 1950	4

The Case of the STEEL CAP

IT WAS a case of almost nearly—but not quite hardly!

It was nearly a bad accident . . . but there was hardly any damage. Yet it could have resulted in much pain, much lost time from the job—and perhaps loss of a portion of his foot.

It was this way. Bill Kelley, who operates the new Match & Merryweather cutoff machine in the Lathe Shop, had a mighty narrow escape. Perhaps you remember seeing Bill's picture in the last **ROUNDUP**, showing the brand new machine he was operating. If you'll look back at this picture, you'll see a shaft that was just like

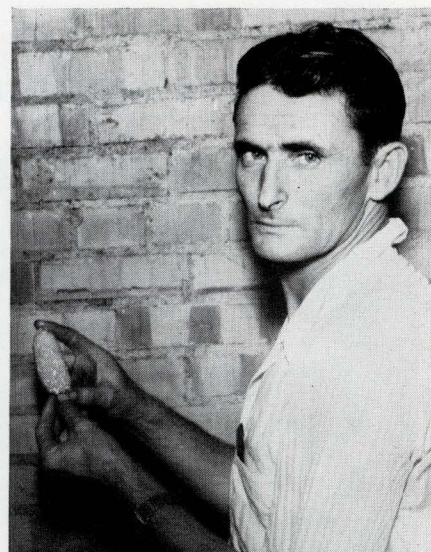
the one which fell off the carriage and struck Bill on the left foot.

It was one end of a 53-inch gear shaft—and that's a lot of weight.

You can imagine the look of relief on Bill's face when he glanced down and realized that he was wearing safety shoes. The steel cap of the safety shoe had deflected the sharp edge of the shaft.

When telling about it later, Bill said, "I know that if I hadn't been wearing safety shoes, I would have lost at least some toes—perhaps my foot."

Are your toes protected with safety shoes? If not—this story might be different next time!



L. D. TURNER — he has proof.

Whew! It Was Hot

L. D. Turner, who works in the Paint Department of the Foundry, was wondering recently whether it was the weather or the election campaigning that was so hot.

Regardless of what the reason might be, he found some of his popcorn popped on the ear in the field on his farm three miles out on State Highway 94.

It just so happened that the day he found the popped corn was July 24—election day. The temperature, according to his thermometer, stood at 114 degrees in his field.

He's not sure just which it was—the temperature of the weather, or the temperature of the campaigning. But it was sure hot!

Motorist: A person who, after seeing a wreck, drives carefully for several blocks.

It's too bad that the only men who can solve the world's problems are too busy sitting on the front porch whittling.

Joy of Being an Editor

Getting out this magazine is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we stick close to the office all day, we ought to be around hustling material.

If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office.

If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius.

And if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk!

If we edit the other fellow's write-up, we're too critical.

If we don't, we're asleep.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other magazine.*

* We did!

Cafe sign: If you want to put your ashes and cigarette butts in your cup and saucer, let the waitress know and she'll serve the coffee in the ash tray.

Brilliant conversationalist: One who talks about you.

There's no greater comfort than children—after you've got them off to bed.

Men are peculiar. A fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years, shot a fellow who did.

No man ever stood so straight as when he bent over to lift up a little child.

If you worry about what other people think of you, it means you have more confidence in their opinions than in your own.

It takes more than a title to make one a leader.

One man with courage makes a majority.

Hot Weather Means SANDWICH TIME



soup, milk, onion and salt, mixing until blended. Spread toast with butter or margarine. Arrange toast slices on baking sheet for open-face sandwiches. Spread chicken mixture over toast slices. Top with pineapple ring. Sprinkle cheese over all. Sprinkle with paprika. Place under broiler until cheese melts and is lightly browned. Makes six sandwiches.

Wanted

Men and more men
Who are not for sale;
With consciences as steady as
the needle to the pole;
Men who tell the truth and look
the world straight in the eye;
Men who know their message
and tell it,
Who know their place and fill it,
Who know their business and
attend to it;
Men who are not too lazy to
work,
Nor too proud to be poor;
Men who are willing to eat
what they have paid for;
Men who have a conviction to
do right because it is right.
These are the men who can give
us assurance that tomorrow will
be better than today.—S. R. Sun.

HOT WEATHER time is sandwich time! And certainly no one will disagree about the weather being hot!

There are many varieties of sandwiches—from the old stand-by hot dog to the elegant tea sandwich. Chicken Tropicale, pictured above, goes on the menu when you want a special star for company supper. This open-face sandwich is in the “elegant” class. But we think you and your family—or guests—will agree that this is sandwich deluxe.

Tender chunks of chicken and a subtle tang of minced onion combine with cream of celery for the “filling” of this sandwich. Heap this mixture on buttered slices of enriched toast and top with circles of golden pineapple and grated cheese. Brown to a turn under the broiler while everybody is gathering to the table.

At the last minute, whisk this bit of epicurean fantasy to the table along with a summer-fresh fruit salad and cups of coffee. “August is Sandwich Time” so serve sandwiches often to your family and guests. To surprise and please all, create this Chicken Tropicale sandwich meal.

CHICKEN TROPICALE

2 cups chopped cooked chicken
1 ¼ cups condensed cream of
celery soup (10½-ounce can)
1/3 cup milk
¼ cup chopped onion
¼ teaspoon salt
12 slices enriched toast

Butter or margarine
6 pineapple rings
1 ½ cups-shredded American
cheese
½ teaspoon paprika

Combine chicken, cream of celery

When people start trying to get out of this country, instead of forming lines waiting to get in—then we’ll start worrying about the capitalistic system.

If the door of opportunity does not open to polite knocks, kick it in.



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

Waitress (slapping a customer):
"I'm not the tomato that comes with
the 40-cent lunch!"

A drunkard got on a bus and sat
down beside an elderly, white-haired
woman. "Young man," she said
angrily, "you are going straight to
hell!"

The drunk jumped to his feet and
yelled, "Let me off! Let me off! I'm
on the wrong bus."

In a Western cowtown an old man
was walking by a saloon when, with-
out warning, a young cowhand dashed
out, took a flying leap from the side-
walk and landed on the seat of his
pants in the gutter.

The man hurried over to him. "Are
you hurt?" he asked.

"Nope," was the angry reply, "but
I'd shore like to meet the so-and-so
who moved my horse!"

When a girl starts calling you by
your first name, it's really your last
name that she's after.

Some people are always in good
shape because they have no moving
parts to get out of order.

A four-year-old had gotten a ter-
rible sunburn and was beginning to
peel. One day his mother heard him
mutter as he washed his face: "Only
four years old and wearing out al-
ready."

A particular diner was ordering his
meal. "And when you get the pork
chop," he told the waitress, "make it
lean."

"Yes, sir," she answered, "which
way?"

During a severe electrical storm, the
mother of young Jimmy, age 5, think-
ing he might be awake and frightened,
looked into his room.

Young Jimmy opened his eyes, and
mumbled, "What's Daddy doing with
the television set now?"

A man rushed into a barber shop.
"How many ahead of me?"

"Two," responded the barber. The
man rushed out but didn't return. The
same thing happened the following
Saturday. The third Saturday the fel-
low dashed in with his inquiry. "Three
ahead of you!" replied the barber,
"Say . . ." But the man was gone.

"Follow that fellow and find out
who he is," the barber told his shine
boy. "This is the third time he's asked
how many ahead of him and then run
out and not come back."

A few minutes later the shine boy
returned, "Boss, Ah don't know who
that feller is, but ah sho know where
he went."

"Where?" asked the barber.
"To youah house, suh!"

Customer: "Have you a book called,
'Man, the Master of Women?'"

Salesgirl: "Fiction counter to your
left, sir."

It is reported that a Communist
Party worker, having a particularly
tough time finding recruits in America,
submitted the following report to his
superior:

"It is becoming increasingly diffi-
cult to reach the downtrodden masses
in America. In the spring, they're for-
ever polishing their cars; in the sum-
mer, they take vacations; in the fall,
they go to the World Series and foot-
ball games. And in the winter, you
can't get them away from their tele-
vision sets. Please give me suggestions
on how to let them know how op-
pressed they are."

Mother had taken over the driving
of the family car. Suddenly young Bill
announced: "Isn't it queer that when
Mom is driving we never see any
blithering idiots, but when Dad is
driving we see a lot of them?"

A lady, somewhat embarrassed by
the unexpected gift of an alligator,
placed it in the bathtub temporarily
before rushing out to keep an engage-
ment. When she returned she found

this note from her maid: "Sorry, Ise
quit you-all. I doan want to work in
a house where they's a alligator. I'd
a-tole you but I didn't think the ques-
tion would ever come up."

"We have some very large birds
in Texas. Why, once while I was stand-
ing in a zoological garden, I saw a
man who came in on an eagle."

"That's nothing. Once, while stand-
ing in a ball park, I saw a player go
out on a fly."

During the holiday season a friend
had some dental work done. When it
was all over the dentist picked up a
different syringe from the one he had
been using, and gave his patient's
mouth a good squirt with it.

"That tastes very good," observed
the patient, "what is it?"

"Oh," said the dentist casually,
"that's rye whiskey. I just use it at
Christmas time."

A catalog sent out by a large mail-
order firm found its way to an isolated
farmhouse. In a few days the mail
order people received a laboriously
written letter asking about a farm
implement.

A typewritten answer was promptly
dispatched, to which came this ag-
grieved reply: "You don't need to
print your letters to me. I can read
writin'."

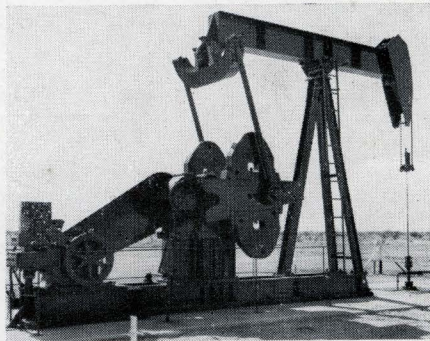
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True Enough!

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NO. 11



THE POPULATION OF THE **U.S.** IS 161,331,000, AN INCREASE OF 6.7% SINCE APRIL 1950, WHEN THE LAST CENSUS WAS TAKEN.

FOREMEN ARE GETTING YOUNGER. AVERAGE AGE USED TO BE ABOUT 50. IT'S NOW ABOUT 38.

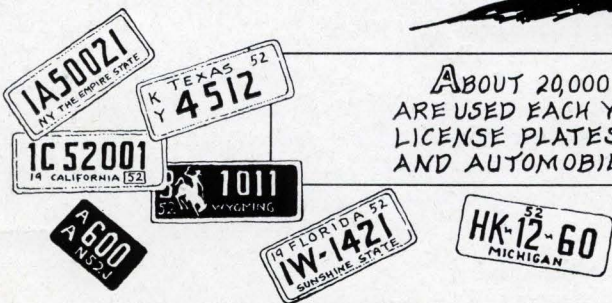


DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER! HITTING THE CEILING IS NO WAY TO GET UP IN THE WORLD.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TELESCOPE ON MT. PAL OMAR, CALIFORNIA, WEIGHS 1,000,000 POUNDS; IS AS BIG AS A 5-STORY BUILDING; AND ITS MIRROR, WHICH MEASURES 200 INCHES, TOOK 11 YEARS OF POLISHING TO GET IT TO ITS RIGHT THICKNESS.



ABOUT 20,000 TONS OF STEEL ARE USED EACH YEAR IN MAKING LICENSE PLATES FOR TRUCKS AND AUTOMOBILES.



Never expect a reward for doing your duty.

Take your choice: Be an old maid and look for a husband every day or marry and look for him every night.

About the time you learn to make the most of life, the most of it is gone.

The average man's ambition nowadays is to be able to afford what he is spending.

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