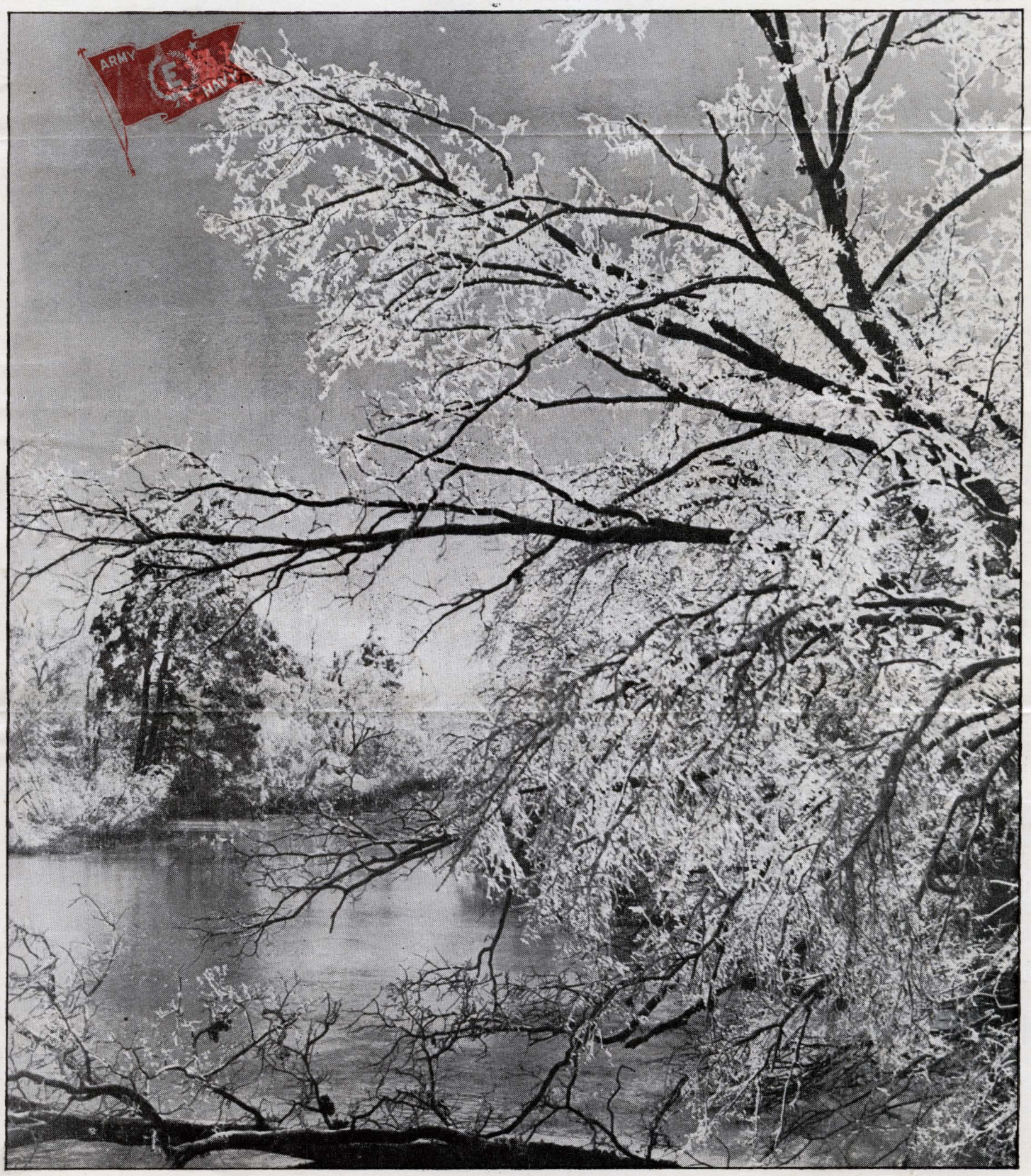
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THE Foundry Roundup

VOL. 1 LUFKIN, TEXAS, JULY, 1944 NO. 5



Remember how cool it was in January? This picture taken on Highway 94 on Neches River.

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Chatter

Congratulations to the following new fathers of fine baby girls—all born during the month of June: Phillip Lowery, Bob Thompson, and J. J. Hawk.

J. T. McDonald is back at work after several weeks absence from an operation. Welcome back, Mac.

Seems as if Berniece Hughs and Fred Hopson have a "lead-pipe" cinch on catching fish. Wouldn't care to share your secret with some of the less fortunate fishermen, would you?

The girls of the Boogie Woogie shop have always been noted for their speed, but their record was broken when a certain girl scratched the seven-year itch off in one year.

Time changes everything, even the volume of castings produced in your foundry:

7-11-44 we poured 214 castings to produce 65,636 pounds of castings.

7-12-43 we poured 103 castings to produce 33,878 pounds of good castings.

7-11-42 we poured 215 pieces to produce 49,619 pounds of good castings.

7-11-41 we poured 165 pieces to produce 57,218 pounds of good castings.

July 11 was tops in the production of good bombs. The record stands at 1416.

Seymour Curtis is considering returning to Lufkin after living three months in Hudson. What's the trouble, partner—crop failure? Could be that's also the reason for Ralph Mitchell backing down on rural life.

Don't tell Maggie! Dutch Oberpiller recently filled in a questionnaire showing himself to be single!

A hearty welcome to Marvin Gordon Powell, Jr., who made his appearance on May 31. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Powell.

Pvt. Charles Dyer sends greetings to his friends at Lufkin Foundry from somewhere in New Guinea. Charles, a former inspector for the gun carriage, is now in the heavy artillery division of the U. S. Ordance Department.

Arlene Poston has left us to make her home in Houston. She will join her husband, Cpl. Wiley Poston, who is stationed at Ellington Field. Good luck, Arlene and Wiley.

A wedding of much interest was that of Miss Inez Hayes and Lt. W. B. Phillips on July 6 at the First Christian Church. Inez was a very popular employee and will be greatly missed in the office. They will make their home in San Francisco, where Lt. Phillips is stationed.

News comes from Dr. A. E. Percy from Naval Air Technical Training Center, Chicago, that he is very busy but likes his work. Dr. Percy will be remembered as the son of the late A. E. Percy, beloved foundry superintendent. Incidentally, Ed is responsible for a number of jokes in "Smile Awhile" column.

Mrs. Rita Mae Boozer left the first of July to make her home in Tucson, Ariz., with her husband who is stationed there in the air corps. Rita Mae has been a welder in the gun building for over a year and will be greatly missed by her fellow employees.

Arch Caraway complaining of Walter Ragland's hospitality on last Monday night.

Introducing two new office employees Miss Betty Paul Carter, assistant to Fred Childers and Miss Mary Kirby, secretary to Mr. R. E. Schuller.

No news from trailer division—not even a story on the VFW Board. However, we send Lowe our best wishes and good luck in his promotion to salesman.

WINS SCHOLARSHIP



Miss Joanne Askins, daughter of Mr. J. M. Askins, foreman of the Gear Shop, will leave Sunday to accept a scholarship at the Summer High School Music Clinic of the State University at Austin, Texas under the direction of Mr. Archie N. Jones, professor of music.

Miss Askins is fifteen years old and will be a senior in the Lufkin High School next year. She has studied piano under Mrs. Guy Croom and is a member of the High School Choral Club under the direction of Mr. W. H. Byrd and also a member of the Methodist Choir under the direction of Mr. Walter Parks.

Miss Askins and Miss Terry Friday, daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Friday of Lufkin, who was also accepted, will reside at Phi Mu House with twenty-four other talented young ladies selected from all over Texas, while attending this summer voice school.

Smile Awhile

At least one practice in Washington is being held to with reasonable consistency. This practice was epitomized by Andrew Jackson in these words: "Few die and none resign."

A new angle was injected into this situation recently by a midwestern mother. She wrote her daughter, a Federal employe, to know how she was helping win the war on the Washington front.

The daughter wrote back in part as follows:

"I work in the data-analysis group of the aptitude test sub-unit of the worker analysis section of the division of occupational analysis and manning tables of the Bureau of Labor utilization of the War Manpower Commission which is under the office of emergency management."

Mamma wired back: "Come home immediately."

How is the bride to know who was the best man at her wedding when only her husband goes on the honeymoon?

Dad to son: "It's none of your business how I first met your mother, but I can tell you one thing: It certainly cured me of whistling."

Hiram and Nancy were taking a spin along a country road. Nothing was said for the first ten miles. Suddenly Hiram stopped the car, turned to her and said: "I'm a man of few words. Do you neck, or don't you?"

"I'm a girl of few words," said Nancy. "I don't, but you've talked me into it."

Sailor: "Say, honey, what have you got on for tonight?"

Honey: "Nothing I couldn't get out of for you, handsome."

S 1/C: "How did you find the ladies at the dance?"

S 2/C: "I just opened the door marked 'ladies' and there they were."

Al Cudlipp was frowning over a letter. Calling Fred in, he said: "That typist—you certainly didnt engage her on account of her grammar!"

"Grammar?" said Fred, "when you were emphasizing the importance of grammar—well, I thought you said 'glamour.'"

The American way: Condemning a naughty movie; attending it to see if it is really as shocking as advertised; kicking because the naughty parts have been cut out.

—o—

June 27 a picnic was given at the "Nat" and swimming was enjoyed by all. Later everyone attended a watermelon feast at Jones Lake. Miss Juanita Parker was guest and a new member, Robbie Standley, was welcomed into the club.

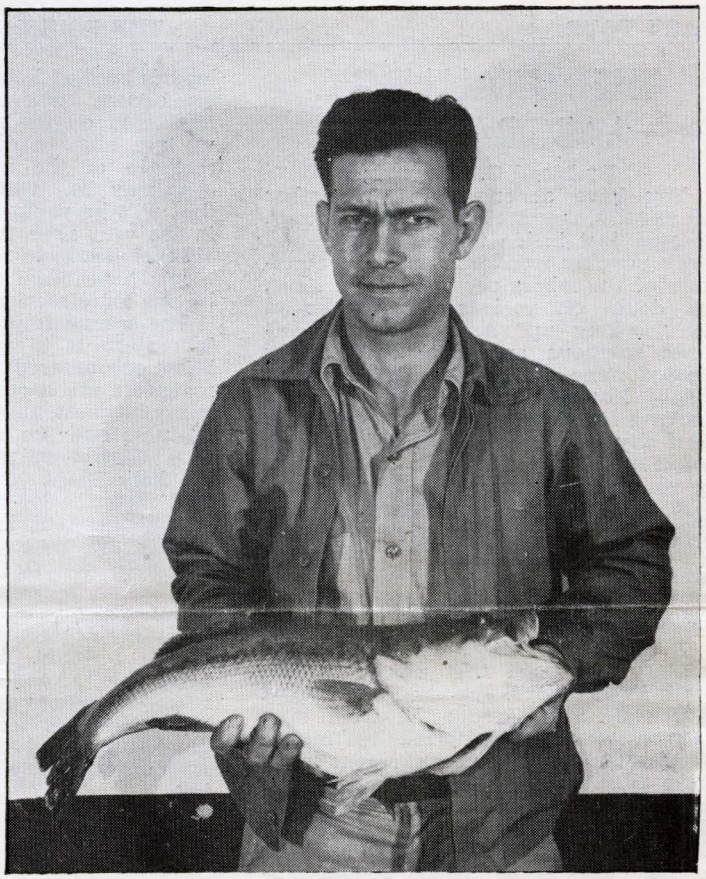
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On July 13 the members agreed to roll bandages for Red Cross from 7 to 9 p. m. before attending a watermelon feast at Jones Lake.

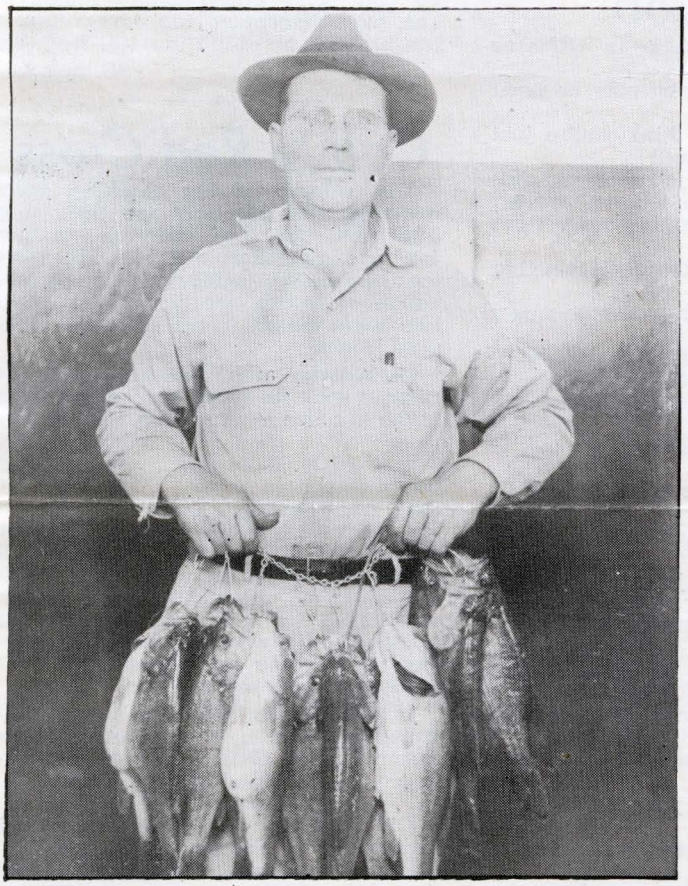
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Howard Smith comes back with the evidence and not a "fish story."



R. E. Maxey, welder, has his ideas about fishing also—shown above with a 7½-pound bass.



A 35-minute job, including traveling time, from Lufkin to scene and back, where this catch was made, says Howard Smith.

* * * *

Maurice Malone shows no pictures of his July 4th fishing trip, but can furnish witnesses to a 30-pound catch.



Miss Oneta Haygood, who works on Grinder No. 50 in the Machine Shop, says "man's work is not bad —neither is man's sports," is shown with a 4-pound, 10-ounce bass, her first catch, which she succeeded in dragging from the waters of the Veteran's Lake.

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THE METALLURGY LABORATORY

By Lloyd G. Berryman

You have at one time or another passed by the Metallurgy Laboratory, located just inside the main gate, and have possibly wondered what the function of the laboratory was. You have, no doubt on various occasions, seen us "cooking up" some beautiful colored solutions and have most likely sensed some of the most hideous dors being liberated from those innocent looking solutions. In a few cases your curiosity has been stimulated to such an extent that I have had the pleasure of gaining your acquaintance and showing you around our laboratory. In addition, you might have even wondered who the personnel of the laboratory was, since we are all relatively new comers to the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company.

I would like to introduce the laboratory personnel first before dealing with its functions. Teddy Heers joined our staff after graduating from high school, replacing our former technician, Charlotte Heers. A more recent addition to our staff is that in the person of Mrs. Gill H. DeWitt, a Lufkinite who is aiding in the war effort while her husband is overseas. As for your writer, who is in charge of the laboratory, I am one of those broken down college professors you often see hailing from Texas A. and M.

Now as to the purpose of the laboratory and the part it plays in the production of our company, it first enables us to test for the chemical and physical requirements agreed upon with our customers. The chemical analysis for which we perform on an average of five samples of cast iron daily consists of tests for the following components: carbon, silicon, sulphur, manganese, and phosphorous. The size of the sample usually employed to make a test on one of the above mentioned components weighs 0.002205 pounds and may be a cause for the rejection of several tons of castings. Realizing this fact, we take great care in the selection of a representative sample and in the performance of our tests. We have two balancing instruments used in conjunction with these tests that are capable of accurately measuring to 0.0000002205 of a pound. You don't believe it. Good! Come in and see us some time during one of your spare moments.

We are equipped with a standard tensile testing machine which enables us to test for the physical requirements of our products. Two tests are made on cast iron specimens, the transverse bend test and tensile strength test. The first test consist of applying a load until failure occurs at the midpoint of a bar 1.2 inches in diameter and 18 inches long supported horizontally at each end. The load required to break the bar is called the transverse load or strength. Half of the fractured bar is then machined to a standard tensile testing specimen having a diameter of 0.800 inches. The specimen is mounted in suitable fixtures and this time the load is applied longitudinally until failure occurs. The load is automatically registered on the machine from which we are able to determine the tensile strength of the iron or steel as the case may be. There is one more test that will be performed on this machine in the very near future and that is the Brinnel Hardness test. Suitable attachments have been ordered and this will be one more service that we can render.

The second important purpose of the laboratory is to investigate the problems encountered in the plant where materials are cncerned. I try to make it my business to stick my nose in your business and see what difficulties you may be having when machining that blankety blank gear or heat treating that material for a pinion. I have no malicious intent in doing as I do, but merely am trying to learn from you and help you if I possibly can.

After I become thoroughly established and familiarized with your processes and procedures, there is one other service I would like for the laboratory to be able to render. Carefully planned research on new post war developments should be a service of our laboratory or possibly a new laboratory closely allied with ours in the old Mill Supply building.

Our laboratory is strictly a service department and its value to you will depend upon you.

—o—

Your Job

Wherever you're working—in office or shop,
And however far you may be from the top—
And though you may think you're just treading the mill
Don't belittle the job that you fill;
For, however little your job may appear,
You're just as important as some little gear
That meshes with others in some big machine,
That helps keep it going—though never is seen.
They could do without you—we'll have to admit—
But business keeps on, when the big fellows quit!
And always remember, my lad, if you can
The job's more important—(oh yes)—than the man!
So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,
Think more of your job than you do of yourself.
Your job is important—don't think it is not—
So try thard to give it the best that you've got!
And don't think ever you're of little account—
Remember, you're part of the total amount.
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—
So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.
A digger of ditches, mechanic or clerk—

Think well of your company
Yourself and your work!

—Author Unknown.

"The Monkey's Viewpont"

Three monkeys sat in a cocoanut tree
Discussing things as they're supposed to be.
Said one to the other, "Now listen you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true—
That man descended from our noble race,
Why the very idea, it's a shameful disgrace.

No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her body and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave her babies with others to bunk
Or pass them on from one to another
Till they scarcely know who is their mother.

Another thing you'll never see—
A monk build a fence around a cocoanut tree
And let the cocoanuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks to taste.
Why if I put a fence around this tree,
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do—
Go out at night and get on a stew,
Os use a gun, or club, or knife,
To take some other monkey's life,
Yes, man descended, the onery cuss,
But brother, he didn't descend from us.

—Clipping.

—o—

Call to Red Cross

The women of the machine shop, realizing that not only are their jobs important but that there is another job as important and as necessary toward freedom, safeguard, and preservation of health, are spending at least two hours weekly in the Red Cross Surgical rooms.

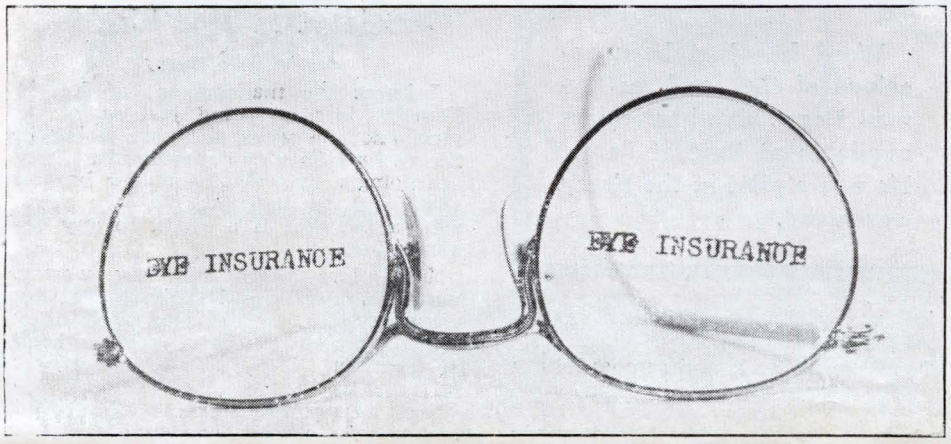
On Monday and Thursday nights the room is open for those who cannot work in the morning or afternoon. Those who have worked there have enjoyed it and they realize that they have spent a worthwhile two hours. This work can only be done by hand as there are no machines which make bandages. Human hands—our hands—must do this work. Women in the office, gear building, machine shop—let's have perfect attendance for the next two Monday nights, and if you cannot attend on Monday, then come on Thursdays. Let's work and pull together for victory.

(These women who are already engaged in defense work should be an inspiration to civilian women not engaged in any kind of war work.)

—o—

On June 20 the "Firesiders" Club (composed of the girls from the Machine and Welding Shop) had a fish fry at the roadside park on the 'Doches highway. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Odom and Mrs. Alton Quine were guests of the club. Motorboat riding was the highlight of the evening.

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Insurance that protects you from injury is the best insurance.



Who bids for the worth of my eyes? "Chance" takes them without considering their worth.

Safety By D. K. WOMACK

Insure Your Eyesight

While you can still see, you will be interested in the following figures pertinent to eye injuries.

Last year in the United States, five thousand persons permanently lost the sight of one or both eyes through industrial accidents. There were seventy thousands disabling, but not permanent eye injuries. About twenty-five per cent of these eye injuries resulted with the use of inferior hand tools. For example, chisels with mushroomed heads, hammers with split faces, loose on handles ,etc. Another twenty-five per cent resulted from the use of harmful substances such as hot metal and acids. The remainder were from other causes, lathes, emery wheels, drill presses and saws. These figures will give you some idea of the seriousness of the matter, and should impress all with the importance of wearing safety glasses, as they are the best known insurance against any condition hazardous to the eye.

You say goggles are uncomfortable; well! yes, to a certain extent they are, but compare the discomfort of wearing goggles with the pain and discomfort and inconvenience of getting particles in your eyes and the subsequent treatment, even though the injury doesn't leave any permanent disability.

Goggles are designed in various types to provide the most wearing comfort, and protection actually it is a matter of getting use to wearing them. Our ancestors must have thought shoes were awfully uncomfortable when they first put them on and very likely griped a lot about the matter, but they got use to them because they protected their feet.

Of course, there may be some employees here who find it difficult, because of some eye deficiency, to wear the regular ground lense but a prescription ground lense is obtainable in the safety glass which assures comfort and protection.

A workman will often neglect the use of safety goggles, because they are only going to be exposed for a short time, just to touch up a tool or some other job requiring only a moment's time, but time enough, indeed, for an exposed eye to have the sight destroyed. To neglect wearing goggles is not a time saver, as it would take less than a minute for a person to get them out of the tool box, which, incidentally, is where many of them are kept.

Women sometime object to wearing goggles because it spoils their looks, so they say, but goggles surely can't be as unattractive as a sightless eye.

There are many workmen who will tell you they have worked years without eye protection and never have rereived a scratch, quite true, but it is not to be forgotten there are many others who have lost their eyesight within the first half minute of exposure. Be it for a short or long period of time, if the job being done creates an eye hazard goggles should be worn. For the law of average can catch up with you just as well on one as the other, and saving an eye is worth a lot of time.

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"Sellers Market"

A one-time salesman, promoted now to Third Assistant Vice President in Charge of "Customer Service," "Post-war Planning" or what have you, introduces a new item and a new theory in expense accounts — "Redecorating two bedrooms and bath, $210."

The item appeared between a $6.84 dinner (including tax) and a $5.00 bribe to a porter for trying to steal a lower berth.

The explanation was—"I had to make the trip for the Company. The wife ordered the decorating while I was away on Company business. It would not have happened had I stayed at home. Therefore, it is the Company's fault and the Company's expense. And besides, the Government pays 80% of it anyway—the income tax, you know. So what?"

It is not of record that he got away with it, nor is his technique recommended for general use. We are simply suggesting it as typical of an attitude of mind, the liquidation of which will comprise one of the most troublesome of postwar problems. It is a natural fruitage we are told, of the present "seller's market." Fruitage it may be, but there is evidence here and there that it is badly tainted at the core.

Sub-cuticle similarities between Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady seem to find their parallel these days in similarities between the thinking of the man at the bench wearing the union button and the white collar boys and girls comprising the overhead. In unison they sing, "Get it while the getting is good—the Government is paying for most of it anyway."

Some day, in some way, someone must do the job of teaching the primer class lesson that the "Government is US"—that whatever the Government is "paying for anyway, WE are paying for anyway." Our purpose, however, is only to point out the trouble which the present unwholesome thinking is piling up.

For example: Here is a product normally retailing for $.50. If priced higher than this it runs into the price field of another product with which it cannot compete. At present the entire output of the product from the company's greatly expanded facilities goes to the Army. Wages and labor costs have risen to heretofore undreamed heights. Other costs have risen in proportion. The price obtained from the Government, however, takes care of this, partly because the Government will pay whatever is necessary and competition is not a factor, but more particularly because of the lowered unit costs resulting from the quantity of units produced.

Asked how their costs per unit will run at present labor rates but with production limited to the equal of their best prewar year, this startling answer is forthcoming: "That's what's worrying us. We've just figured it. We get a cost of $6.82. No chance whatever of our staying in business at that or anything like that figure; $4.50 is the top price any ordinary consumer in his right mind will pay."

Countless products and companies are confronted with this or similar problems created directly or indirectly by the screwball philosophy, "Get it while the getting is good—the Government is paying for most of it anyway."

A kindred but opposite result and one equally deadening to the spirit and effort needed for both the present and post-war job is exemplified in the professional man or woman or other worker in the higher income brackets who says, "What's the use of giving my best effort, of taking on any job I don't want, of working too hard or at all? I do all the work and the Government gets my salary. What's the use?"

We find the abilities of salesmen now largely employed in selling folks on the advantage of letting their bosses have goods; we encounter clerks whose delight is in telling us we can't have something. We find a situation where the only thing that stands between your employees and immediate wealth is not you or your checkbook but the War Labor Board. Raises on demand and unlimited would be all right with you—"the Government would pay most of it anyway."

New and ingenious extravagances are rampant. All sense of values, of the eternal fitness of things and of the certainty of a day of reckoning seemingly have been lost or forgotten. The standard excuse is, "This is a seller's market."

Possibly this seeming chaos and the distorted philisophies that abound could have been avoided had the restraining arm of Government been stronger and less partial in its wielding in the beginning. Possibly not. Certain it is that our biggest postwar problem as we pass from a seller's to a buyer's market will be not one of developing new products, new customers, new employment. Rather, the really big job will be one of correcting false standards of values, or removing the mud from the thinking of many of us who have to work for a living but have acquired an exaggerated idea of our value to the war or any other effort.

Possibly the answer may be found in the return of men from the fighting fronts where straight thinking is spelling the difference between life and death, where bodies may be soiled but souls are uncontaminated by contact with the numerous unhealthy spawn of our "seller's market."

Experience in cleaning up the mess abroad may be highly useful in cleaning up the several we seem to be cooking up on the home front.

Word has just been received of the death of Lyman Drew. No particulars available at time of death. He was a pilot in the Ferry Command.

Lufkin's Girls

By Winnie Berry

I know the management of Lufkin Foundry is proud, and just so, of its girls and the work they are doing in the various foundry departments. They are doing a marvelous job—far beyond what was thought possible two years ago—a job that is a credit to any organization.

Until two years ago few women worked in factories in this part of the country. "It's not a woman's job" they said, and management shook its head at the idea. They didn't have a part in industry—they were not thought capable, but Lufkin's girls have proved this point down far beyond a doubt.

When the bugle called our nation to arms the women marched in and took their places at the machines—places left vacant by the boys and men who went to the fighting fronts. They realized all too well that the old familiar typing phrase "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country" was indeed a fact and a challenge to women, as well as men. Equipment had to be supplied—had to be turned out quickly and efficiently. Instructions had to be dealt out fast—quick results became not only necessary, but essential. Training periods had to be cut short—to the very minimum, but Lufkin's girls attained the peak of efficiency, in many cases, in less time than men had theretofore done.

The humming of machinery set the tempo for women in production in the Lufkin Foundry—they have made a record unexcelled and have played a large part in keeping up the high standards for which "Lufkin" is known over the country. They have shown evidence of pride and a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that they are doing a first-class job, not only for Lufkin Foundry, but for the nation. I know they are proud of their part—that of providing the equipment our boys MUST have if they are to win this war and they WILL win.

They have worked continuously seven days a week with very little absenteeism and that is not an easy job. I know their loyalty will not be forgotten.

We saluate you, girls, for a big job, well done.

—o—

HELP WANTED—MALE AND FEMALE

The company needs the help of several hundred employees in carrying out a program which will reduce eye injuries ot a minimum! The success of such a program will require the help and co-operation of all. Your part in the campaign will be to wear safety glasses for the protection of your eyes.

To those of you who will aid in this program, but have found it difficult to wear glasses with ordinary ground lense, please contact the Safety Men for information concerning special safety glasses.

—o—

Saturday, July 22, is another day for us as Americans to exercise our right to vote. So as citizens let's all go and vote—Don't forget.