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# THE Foundry Roundup

Volume 3 Number 2

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# The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly
for
Employees and their Families
of
Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co.
H. J. Trout, Editor.





## Comments . . . from the President's Desk

(NOTE: Statements or remarks in this column are rather the personal views of one employee to another and are not necessarily the policy of the company and must not be so considered.)

**Our Financial Picture for 1945, and Some Thoughts on the Confused Labor Situation**

You can easily see what became of our income for last year which the "pie" cut illustrates. You will see we did not begin to do as well as we did in 1944 due to losses on termination of our war contracts and cleaning up of four years of war work. All this is behind us and after all was wound up very satisfactorily.

Even with a small profit we are still subject to renegotiation. Your Uncle Samuel leaves no gravy.

This calls to mind the common cry of certain labor groups. They shout loudly of the high business profits which will absorb higher and higher wages. It is a play on an uninformed public.

**Present Confusion Over the Labor Situation**

Right or wrong, I am sure you are wondering how all this agitation is going to effect us here in Lufkin. I wonder and wish I knew. Regardless of the fact that we have increased many rates since VJ-Day, you must feel that this increase forced on the U. S. Steel Corporation and General Motors by the administration should also apply here, and no one will blame you.

While the details are not yet public, many believe the new contracts will contain guarantees and penalties that will stabilize labor and eliminate the slow-downs and quibbling. Regardless of the final outcome, both sides have lost millions that can never be reclaimed.

Certainly, there is nothing to brag about, in fact, knowing workmen as I do, I am sure in the long run, when they experience the results, they will see how badly both they and the publice have been gipped.

This unholy alliance between the so-called friends of labor and the politicians was not after all for more money so much as it was for labor-management control. As Victor Reuther stated, it was for "other greater advances in labor science," all of which has been an abortive failure.

The timing was bad, the strategy poorly planned and weak, and the supposed money gain only raises the cost of living higher and higher for everybody.

Unless the public wakes up and controls the power of these high-jackers, this same game will be repeated before the next elections. Control by the CIO-PAC faction, furnishing votes and campaign money, has disgracefully seduced the Democratic Party into complete submission to its increasing demands for power.

The last thing this CIO-PAC wants is industrial peace. Strikes, riots, anarchy are its technique—WHAT IT LIVES FOR AND WHAT IT LIVES ON. These are the only reasons for its existence, these and to force the collectivist planned economy system on America.

In the language of one of our senators, the CIO hasn't scratched yet when it comes to demands! President Truman hasn't seen anything yet! So the Washington situation is "confusion on top of confusion," as a member of Congress remarked. They say one thing and do another. Another congressman describes the situation very tersely this way:

"From the White House in Washington, President Truman, a simple man of hard common sense, must find himself confronted by an extraordinary foolish spectacle, perhaps the most foolish ever provided by any great nation in history.

He sees farms and factories, hotels and offices, restaurants and shops crying for help, begging men and women to take jobs. He sees huge factories shut down by strikes over fantastic demands for increased wages or jurisdictional brawls between unions, or petty grievances like the discharge of an obnoxious employee.

He sees thousands of people, blocks long, standing in line to draw employment insurance while millions of jobs go begging. He sees hotels, trains and night clubs crowded with people throwing away wildly whatever money they have because they cannot invest it soundly in cars, houses, or washing machines since organized labor will not permit them to do so. It is an appalling spectacle."

So, regardless of the consequences, whether we like it or not, over three million small employers throughout the land have another perplexing problem besides reconversion—providing higher wages with price ceilings set on their products, as ours is, and little prospect of being allowed to increase them within a year. This is the rule with government red tape—delay, confusion and indecision.

However, this increase was given supposedly to soften the blow from shortening the hours from 52 to 40, and in the compromise they are not as well off as they would have been had they retained the 48-hour week with 42 hours' pay which is 9 percent bonus for the week. Here is where labor's 40-hour week becomes a boomerang!

It is my belief, with the present high cost of living, the average man with a family cannot earn enough in forty hours; he needs the full week. Of course, it would be nice if we could, as a nation, be so prosperous to earn more leisure and only work five days.

Here in the South, my thought has always been that we should work six 9-hour days from October through March, and five 8-hour days during the summer. This would total 2256 straight hours a year against fifty-two 40-hour weeks which totals 2080 hours a year, but foolish restrictive laws prevent.

One thing sure, it is a mistake to try to make a uniform law of hours and wages in America. Business is too diversified and too seasonable, to say nothing about climatic and racial conditions which should be set up by the employee and the employer locally.

BUT WHAT WILL THIS INCREASE IN WAGES AND THE FIVE DOLLARS A TON ADDITIONAL FOR STEEL DO TO US? THIS ADDS 16% TO THE WAGES AND OVER 11% TO THE COST OF STEEL.

Of course, the steel companies and many other concerns have not been able to raise wages as have others, ourselves included. Many concerns have, since VJ-Day, raised wages materially, some as much as the steel boys have been given, and of course the average worker is not going to think about that. He is wondering where he comes in.

They do not realize this wage was made to soften the drop from 52 to 40 hours' pay.

While our wage scale generally compares favorably with the same class of shops, we are anxious to maintain the best possible rates of pay. There are some factors and local conditions that should and are taken into consideration. We already have made increases since VJ- Day to many who are producing, and should we reduce hours we will follow the trend and equalize our rates accordingly.

As you know, we are overstocked with both raw material and finished units, engines, etc., and what we will do will largely depend on how good our sales force is and our ability to get critical material. We hope to maintain the status quo—the 48-hour week as stated before, which makes for more take-home-pay.

Rest assured, we are watching conditions closely and have your welfare uppermost in our minds, but let me say that higher wages are the result of high production—not the cause.

No person or group can for long be paid a wage that exceeds the value of their production.

Increased wages paid to any group without a correspondent increase in

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production merely takes from others and destroys the balance that is essential to continued productivity. They lead to higher prices, eventual inflation, reduced demand and finally disaster.

Now as to the five dollars per ton basic increase in the cost of steel, this is only one-quarter of a cent a pound. In itself it does not mean much. But when it comes to the processing of steel, where the labor is probably three to ten times the cost of the steel, the 16% added to labor will really count. Everybody that handles steel, transporters, fabricators, and erectors, will all expect their share which will easily add 20% to the cost of steel buildings erected.

There is no telling what it will add to finished machinery, and it will not stop there because every dispenser of manufactured goods, and those who perform services will be challenged to increase wages.

My belief is that this move is one that will start the inflation ball rolling where it cannot be stopped. We should immediately begin to question what our wages will buy for us, what dollars will be worth when our war bonds are cashed. Of course, they will be paid in full, but what will these dollars buy then? We are not only playing with fire but with dynamite.

We hope to have bsuiness enough to maintain the 48-hour week until things settle down and we can secure higher prices for our products, although we know that this will lose our export business. In fact present prices have already lost us at least one million dollars worth of export work. Just watch England and France. They are really going to work. We will wind up just serving ourselves, and what little prosperity there is in this will not last long. This country must have world-wide customers.

**Where Do Wagest Come From?**

This is the subject of an article in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post by Peter F. Drucker who is an authoritative writer on economics. In this article he clarifies some basic facts which must be considered if current labor disputes are to be settled realistically. It brings out what real wages are, what you can buy with the money you can get.

This reminds me of when I first went to work in a machine shop over fifty years ago. Machinists were getting 25c per hour, common labor 10c and working ten hours a day for 59 hours per week with sixty hours pay. That made machinists $15.00 per week, or approximately $60.00 per month, and that is the wage I married on and we lived very well. We could buy a fine suit of clothes for $12.00 to $15.00, shoes from $1.50 to $3.00 a pair and rent ran about $1.50 to $3.00 per room per month. The best meals in even the fancy hotels were usually 50c but never over 75c, in fact, I remember having a good room at the leading hotel (The Coates House in Kansas City) in 1900 with four meals, which included breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper after the show, for $4.00 a day. Those were the days, incidentally, when most traveling men were pot-bellied and fat. They ate too much as most hotels, like this one, were run on the American Plan.

I am reminded that eggs were 10c a dozen, butter about the same per pound, beef was ten to 15c a pound for the best (they threw in the liver,) and I remember my father used to buy a hindquarter of beef in the fall for about 6c a pound, which we hung up to freeze.

Of course, nobody wants to go back to these old days. While we do not have as much to eat, we do have a lot of other things that make demands on our income. Moving pictures, sports, automobiles, are things that I knew nothing about when I was a kid, but the point I am making is that if you multiply the cost of living and the wages fifty years ago by four you have just about the same cost in proportion as we had then. In other words, we have inflated our dollar. Higher wages, higher living costs.

So, one wonders why all the fuss when the labor cost is the large part of everything we use, and of course as the wages go up the selling price does also, only I believe living costs have kept a notch or two higher and that is what is happening now. Really, there is much to-do about nothing. These strikes will lose more money than they can get back in three or four years, and what they have gained will be taken away from them in the higher cost of living.

## WILL IT COME TO THIS?




Despite every handicap, American industry has set a fast pace since V-J Day in reconverting to peacetime production, and the output of civilian goods is increasing all along the line—even in those cases where profits are actually non-existent.

With a fair wage-price policy and full labor cooperation, production would be at much greater heights by this time, and the gap between production and flation would be far wider than it is now.

Unrealistic price ceilings on badly needed farm equipment, household goods, etc., together with makeshift controls which are highly unnecessary in peace, are damming up an inevitable flood-tide of purchasing power that is bound to break loose unless goods can be produced rapidly enough to absorb it.

The more that production is discouraged, the more people will have to pay for the things they want and need—and the less accumulated savings will be worth.

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# Safety...

**By H. J. TROUT**

The following pictures were taken this month by R. M. Rosser, showing actual hazards that exist around the plant. Please study the pictures and try to watch for these as well as other hazards that are always bobbing up.

1. Edmund Winston caught changing drills with gloves on while press is running at full speed. A hand or finger is worth more to you than the insurance company. Remove gloves when working with a machine in motion.

2. Never try, like F. S. Ritchie, to stop any machine with your hand. The machine will stop of its own accord in a few seconds. A serious injury can occur from this kind of practice.

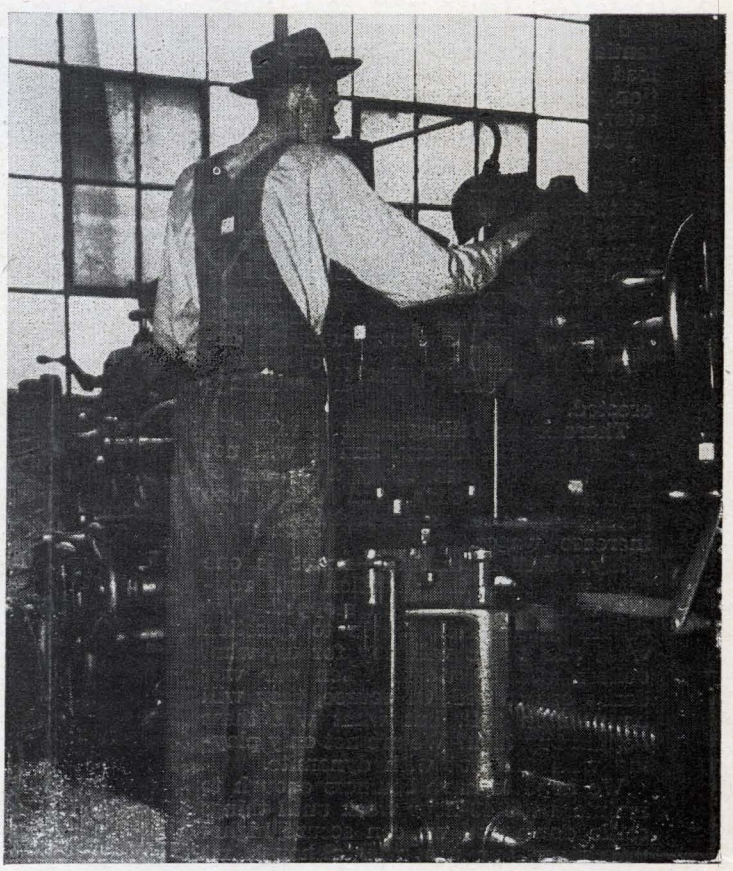
3. Johnnie Cook (posed) shows an every day practice in the shop. Note extra tool on top of grinder. Vibration can cause it to fall injuring either hand or foot. Lay your extra tool on bench or floor.

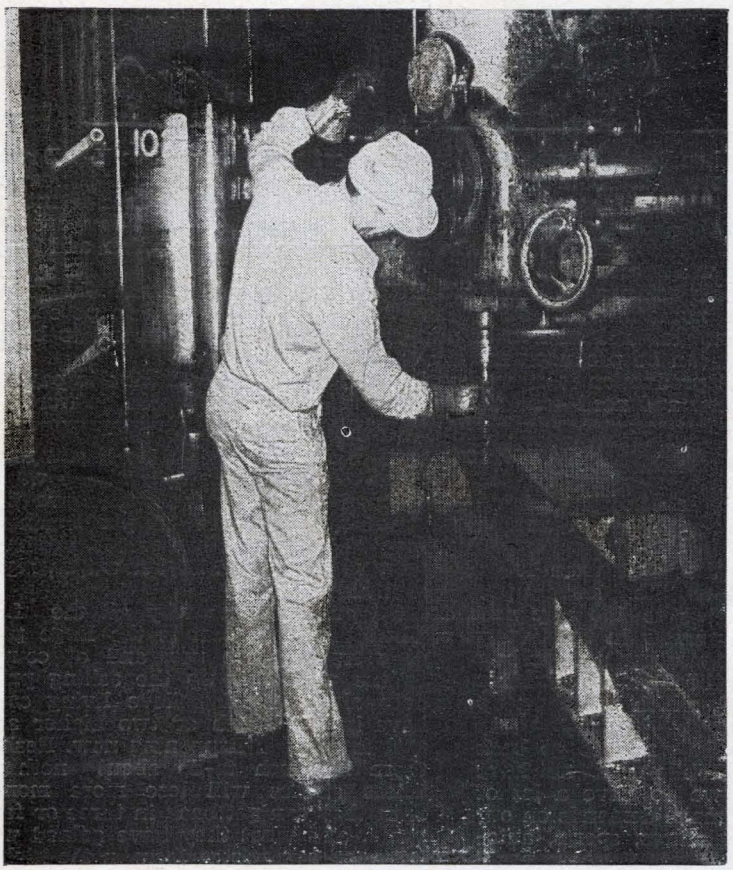
4. Material in aisle actually caused Doyle Bowers to fall. This picture reposed.

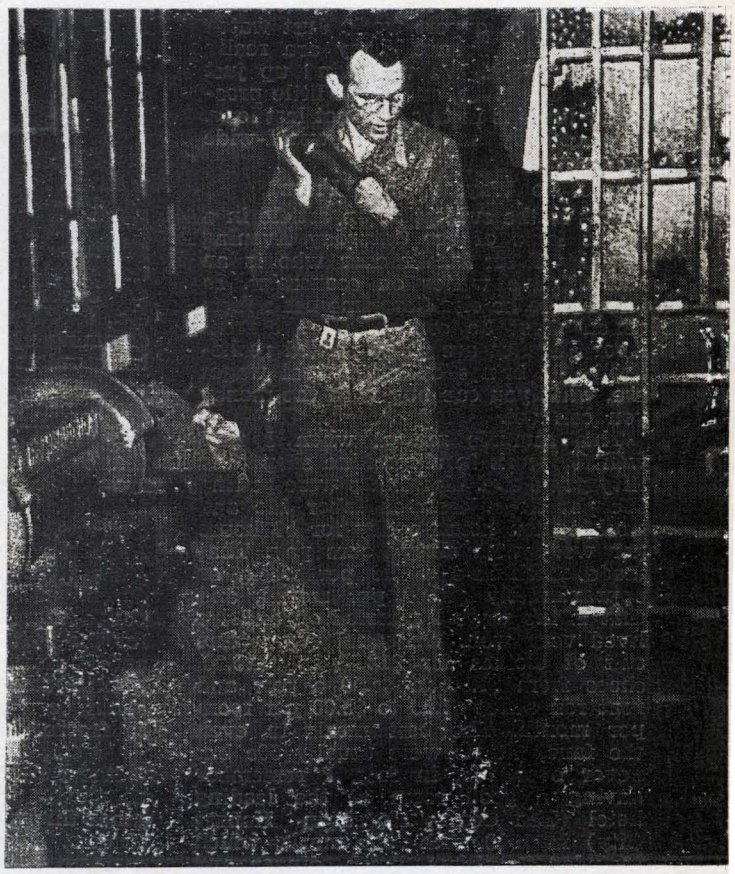
5. Bill Harris stooping low to enter the blacksmith shop. If you don't believe this door has a low ceiling, ask Guy Croom and others who have met with disaster. Ceiling should be raised or new door made.

6. Ask Buster Durham and Walter Ragland about the stacking and placing of structural steel. The other picture is of poorly stacked material with parts being also placed in aisles. We know that room is badly needed, but some arrangement should be made to at least stack material more solidly.

+ + +



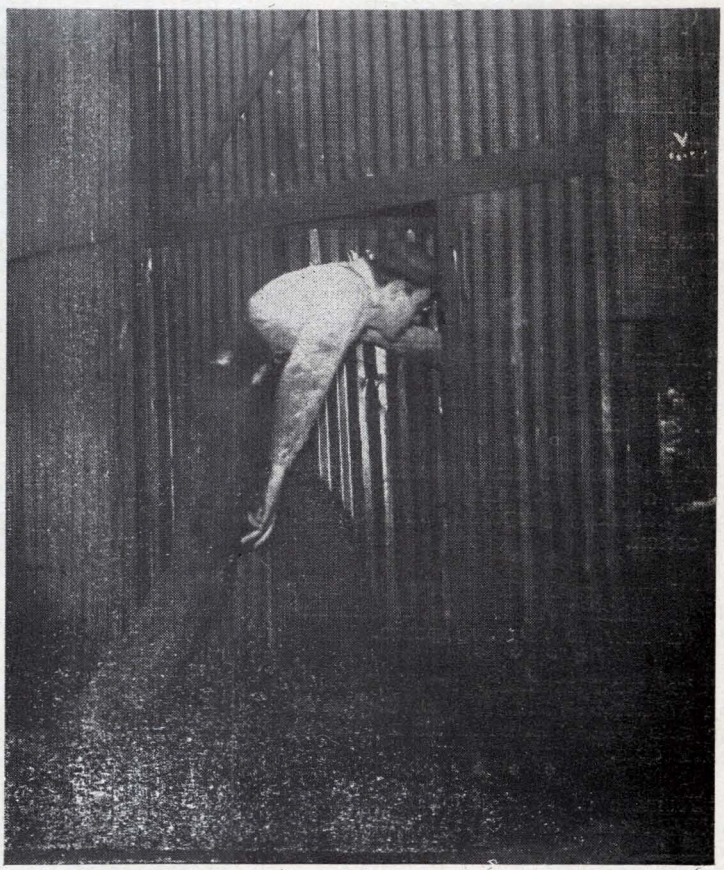


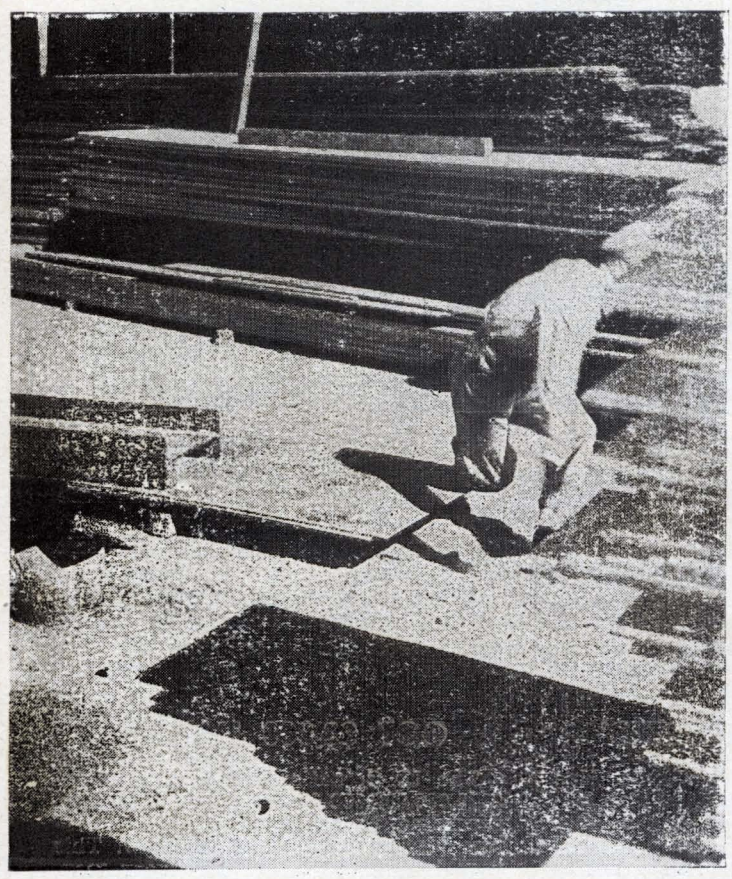


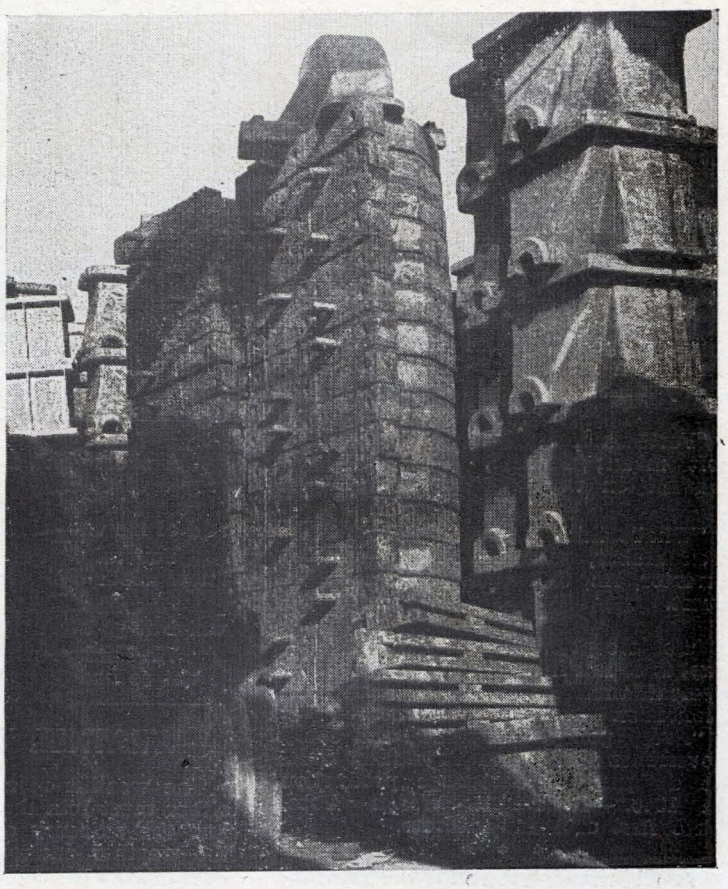
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## QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"Lincoln freed the slaves. Who will free us?"—GIs in Manila, demanding demobilization.

* * *

"We're friends—but not that friendly."—Col. "Pappy" Boyington denying intent to wed Reno woman.

* * *

"Their purpose is to destroy democracy, set up a godless, totalitarian state."—FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover, re-Communists in U. S.

* * *

"Unless we get production quickly, we're either going to have a bad deflation or a real, extreme inflation."—U. S. Senator Homer Capehart, Ind.

* * *

"There's not 30 cents' worth of cotton in a $3 shirt."—Rep. A. S. Camp, Ga., protesting proposed OPA ceiling on cotton.

* * *

"All women should marry and have lots of babies."—Mrs. Winston Churchill, on how to preserve peace.

* * *

"I'm wearing them myself!"—Clifton Watson, Washington, D. C. bachelor who won 6-pr. of ladies nylons on radio quiz.

* * *

"Farmers are sick of strikes. They need trucks, cars, machinery."—Edward A. O'Neal, Pres., American Farm Bureau Fed.

* * *

"Labor needs to carry on the fight more militantly."—Wm. Z. Foster, chairman, Communist Party of U. S.

* * *

"Only way to beat inflation is through full production. Only way to get that is thru policy permitting sale of products at least cost."—Sen. Hickenlooper, Iowa.

* * *

"Plenty of pheasant ($2.25 a lb.) Plenty of caviar ($24 a lb.)"—Sign in N. Y. market during meat strike.

* * *

"I pledge perpetual hate—To all which can intoxicate."—Toast suggested by Chicago's W. C. T. U.

* * *

"Fortissimo, loud music; pianissimo, soft music; Petrillo, no music."—Washington wag.

* * *

"What's this all about?"—Ex-GI Alfred Huber, who returned alive to Streator, Ill., to encounter his own inquest.

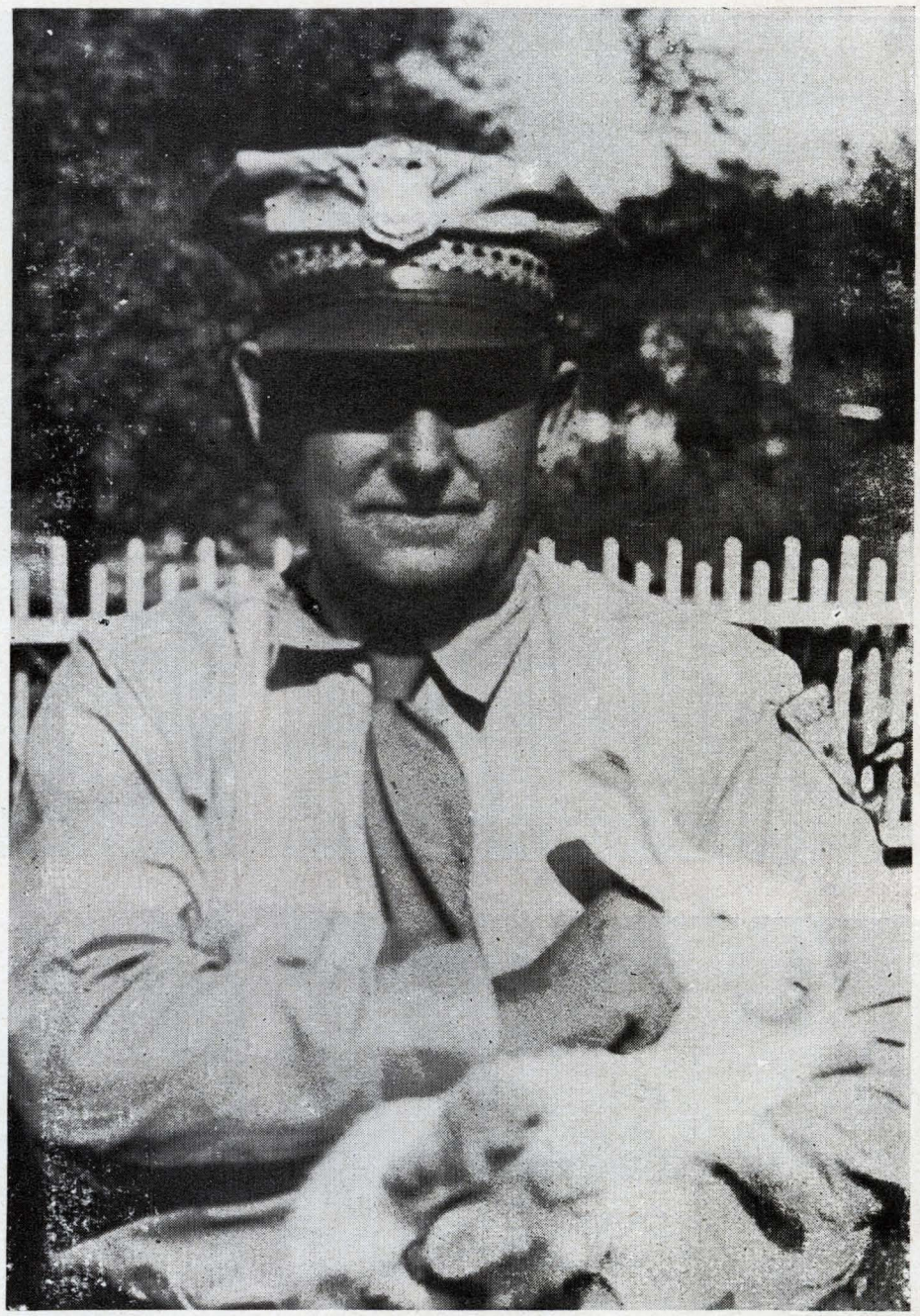
* * *

"To accept the 'fact-finding' concept is to fall into a booby trap laid by radical theorists."—M. S. Ruseyser, economist.

"Every policy, every law, and every government rule and regulation must be designed to encourage production in 1946."—Robert R. Wason Pres. Natl. Ass. of Manufacturers.

* * *

You'll never get rich being completely honest."—Sec'y Harold Ickes.



A short time ago our friend and co-worker, smiling Arch Caraway took a couple of days off to visit his grandchildren up north. Evidently he did not reach his son's home, as he turned this picture over to the reporter and at the same time told of his visit elsewhere, but never admitted just where he spent his time.

You might notice the pleased and contented look in both their eyes. I don't know about the young buck, but from Arch—and I quote:

"It was a pleasure, I assure you, to play with something that had life in it and to watch it go through it's bag of tricks as I used to do several years ago."

We hardly agree with Arch, but according to Uncle Charlie and Jess Belote, it is not so bad after all. They say where there's life, there are prospects.

## WEATHER 'UNIONIZED'

The weather-man in St. Louis, Mo., either must join the union, or stop telling the citizenry over the radio what the weather outlook, is, the American Federation of Radio Artists (AFL) has notified radio station KSD.

## GOT $2,000 HANDY

The U. S. national debt will total $275,000,000,000 by July 1 of this year, according to Secretary of the Treasury Vinson, who ought to know. This would be about $2,000 for every man, woman and child in the nation.

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# CHATTER



Sam: "I saw some rats running around upstairs. Why don't you get some rat biscuit for them?"

Guy: "Get rat biscuit for them? If they don't like what they get to eat they can starve."

* * *

Thrash: "I hear you've been speculating in Wall Street, were you a bull or a bear?"

Mutt: "No. I was an ass."

* * *

Les Bullock: (Ringside) "Brace up there, Pat. Stop some of his gloves."

Pat Johnson: "Yer don't see any of them getting by me do yez?"

* * *

Bill Bryant: "The time is approaching when a woman shall receive a man's pay."

Carrell: "Yes. Saturday is pay-day and my wife is waiting."

* * *

Jim Odom, examining Jake Ross.

Jim: "Did you ever hear voices and not know where they came from?"

Jake: "Yes, Sir."

Jim: "You have? When?"

Jake: "Every time I answer the phone."

* * *

Fred: "I should like to see any women try to kiss me!"

Kenneth: "No doubt, but you shouldn't admit it."

* * *

Bill Burnett: "They say kissing is dangerous."

Roy Myers: "Yes, I once kissed a married woman and had two ribs broken."

* * *

Joan: "Isn't having your ears pierced for earrings painful?"

Katy: "Not half so much as having them bored for an engagement ring."

* * *

Jack Green: "She doesn't have to worry about holding her shape."

Wilbur Lovelady: "How come?"

Jack: "I'll hold it for her."

* * *

Juanita: "Haven't I seen your face some place else?"

Sailor: "Nope it's always been where it is now."

* * *

Nutt: "You're wasting your time around here. I've sworn to say no to everything you ask."

Kay: "Is that a promise?"

Nutt: "Definitely."

Kay. O. K. Do you mind if I kiss you?"

* * *

Mack: "Don't you believe in the here after? I want you to marry me."

Elaine: "What's the here after got to do with our marriage?"

Mack: "That's what I'm here after."

* * *

Seymore Curtis: "If you had your choice, would you choose a girl or a new car?"

Franklin: "Not so fast! If I had a new car, the girls would be easy."

Wife: "Jess! There's someone creeping up the stairs."

Uncle Jess: "What time is it, dear?"

Wife: "Half past three."

Uncle Jess: "Good. It's not me then. Turn over and go back to sleep."

* * *

Womack: "How many children do you have now, Ghent?"

Ghent: "Well, I can't rightly say, cause they're not home while I'm there."

* * *

Shorty Minton: "Anything false is no good."

Alex Andrews: "You said it, brother."

* * *

Calling All Cowboys and Rodeo Fans: A new roping club has been opened up out at Harmony Hill. There is a performance each Sunday evening. Come and enjoy yourself. Turnip Greens and pigeon eggs will be served at the end of each evening's performance. Owned and operated by "Windy."

* * *

Wanted to buy: A horse and saddle to ride from Little Flock to the shop and back each night. Get in touch with Carl (Pig) Williams.

* * *

We wonder just why Curley Runnells took a 30 day leave of absence. Was it really to go deer hunting Curley?

* * *

We hear that Les Bullock got some new ideas in his head the other day while running No. 91 drill press. What about it, Les ?

* * *

The new fad on the night shift is having all of your teeth pulled. For further information see I. D. (Quill) Berry.

* * *

We wonder if it was those pictures that Howard Roberts was looking at the other night that caused him to punch out and go home.

* * *

Can you imagine Jake Ross being unable to sell his Model A Ford because he couldn't find the O. P. A. ceiling price on it? P. S. He was offered $5.00 for it.

* * *

There has been a new game perfected. This new game is called "sixty nine." To learn all the details of this new game, get in touch with George (Cow-Boy) Starrett.

* * *

We wonder who that certain little man, who works on the night shift was hiding from the other day uptown when he got down on the floorboard of a car and covered up with a blanket?

* * *

We wonder why Maurice (Smokey) Malone didn't finish his hunting trip Thanksgiving Day? Was it because he fell in the river? (We had a big frost that morning.) Or was it because his car was stuck? How about that, Smokey?

* * *

Jim Odom seen hunting something over in Trinity County and he didn't have a gun.

Wanted: A five gallon can to carry extra gasoline in to keep from running out while out on the highway. See Harvey Jackson.

* * *

Gene Chastain: "Why don't you wear earmuffs?

Chas. Ragland: "I haven't worn 'em since the accident.

Gene Chastain: "What accident?"

Chas. Ragland: "Someone asked me if I wanted a drink and I didn't hear them."

* * *

Kat has returned to work after a short honeymoon trip. Congratulations, Kat. Glad to have you back.

* * *

All the draftsmen have their heads in the air these days. Of course, we know the reason, but there may be some who don't understand. Well, just take a look around the drafting room and see the nice looking new drawing tables.

* * *

A new comer wished to find his way to the postoffice and seeing Jim Odom standing on the street, walked up to him and inquired the direction to the postoffice. Mr. Odom replied: "Go to your right two blocks then turn left three blocks—no—go left three blocks and turn right four blocks. No that's not right either. Mr., you just can't get to the postoffice from this side of town.

* * *

Then there is the one about Mutt Barr installing a soda fountain to go with his tobacco business in his office! He's going to name it "Barr-Maid" ice cream!

* * *

Notice: Mr. Woodall of Southern Pacific, please furnish Mr. Tatum with an active list of big shots in your Houston office. Those that have passed on cannot answer his phone calls. Tatum, you might also check the Cotton-Belt and Missouri Railroads at the same time.

* * *

Folks, do not ring Mr. M. S. Spitler's home phone before nine o'clock in the mornings, as it disturbs his morning nap. Thanks.

* * *

T. J. Selman was inquiring as to the cause of Les Bullock limping around the shop and Les claimed that he was trying to get a young heifer in the cow lot and that he lost his coon temper and kicked the animal in the rear, unjointing his hip nearly. Boys, that is Les' story and so far, he is sticking to it.

* * *

Karl D. Bozeman sends greetings to his friends from Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

All friends are happy to hear that Sam Kerr is resting nicely, following serious illness which occurred on February 4.

* * *

Joe O. Harbuck and Eloise Barrett were married recently. Best of luck to you.

* * *

Glad to have H. G. Sharp back on the job again following the automobile accident on January 27.

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## ABOUT THAT IDEA

Contrary to recent reports from various people about the machine shop, foundry and trailer plant, the gray boxes, situated conveniently about the shop are not collectors for wrappings off lunches. But rather, they are Idea Banks, located conveniently about the plant for you to drop in your suggestions that you think will improve production, expedite handling of materials, making this a safer and better place in which to work or anything that you think would be useful to your department or the plant as a whole.

Every time some people around here spy a dollar mark, they think a bill collector is hiding behind it, ready to grab him and squeeze out 50 or 75 cents for that pocket knife he ordered from the mail order catalog. Others realize the value of the green-back emblem and investigate. These are the people who end up with a little extra cash about pay day.

When you see one of these Idea Banks in the plant, review that idea you have in the back of your head, write it down, draw a diagram, if necessary, and drop it in the Idea Bank. Who knows, you may hit first prize of $20.00, or even $10,00, $5.00 or $1.00 prizes.

So the next time an idea comes to your mind, write it down and drop it in the Idea Bank. Increase your pay the easy way.

The following are the January winners:

1. R. H. White, $20.00
2. W. M. Spitler, $20.00
3. F. H. Langford, $15.00
4. Pierce Allbritton, $10.00
5. M. G. Powell, $5.00

**One Dollar Prizes**

1 Billy Burnett
3 R. H. White
3 Fred Nelson
1 Danny Fenley
1 A. Lewis
1 L. R. Perry
1 J. M. Hutson
1 J. W. Chastain
1 A. O. Clark
1 J. A. Lovett
1 Doyle Bowers

## DON HERALD SAYS:

There is a story about Pvt. Jones who seemed bored with the war. Suddenly he changed, and acted as if he alone could whip the whole Jap army. When his Captain asked his Sergeant what had happened, the reply was: "I don't know, except that one day I said to him, 'Jones, here's a machine gun and out there are the Japs. You're in business for yourself.'" It electrifies most men to "be in business for themselves." This largely explains the success of America. It is a land where every man knows he has a chance to go in business for himself someday, where millions can dream of rising, where no man is nailed for life to the level on which he is born.

Let's imagine ten men applying for one job. They're in competition with each other. The employer who wants to hire one of the men asks each of the ten how much he wants, and he sizes each one up for ability. Then he hires the best man he can get for the least money. The employer's ability to pay has nothing to do with the matter. It's the competition of the men with each other and their comparative ability which gets the job. Even if there are 20 jobs and only 10 applicants, ability to pay has nothing to do with the case. The men may ask so much that the employer can afford to hire none of them.



Guam January 8, 1946

Mr. Howard Trout.
Dear Sir:

I am writing you at this time in regard to my old job at the Lufkin Foundry. I only worked there for a short time, and then was called to duty in the service of my country. I would appreciate it very much if you would reemploy me when I return home, which I don't think will be very long. I was very proud of my home town and also of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company when we would see those 155MM long toms rolling off the ships bearing the place in which they were manufactured. I am also sending you a snapshot of me after 23 months overseas.

Yours truly,
PFC. BOOKER THOMAS DAVIS, SR.

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## Looking Ahead

GEORGE S. BENSON
President Harding College
Searcy, Arkansas.

### MUD-DAUBERS

A tribe of insects artistocratically named Scheliphron (common mud-daubers) got busy one summer and built a fort inside the vent pipe on top of a big steel tank of heating oil. The tank had been filled in the Spring for Fall marketing and stood quiet for months. Finally came an order for a barge load of heating oil and the plant owner started pumping it out of storage. Suddenly the big tank collapsed.

The oil man's motor-powered pump silently pulled out the liquid and built up vacuum inside the tank. Being in a position to plug up a vent line and call down the forces of nature to destroy property and waste merchandise is too much authority for a mud-dauber. To be perfectly frank, the more I observe the workings of the OPA, the surer I am that such authority is too much for anybody.

**Severe Strain**

Right now our governmental price fixers have the vent line closed on some exceptionally tight structures and the pump has already started. "People who buy machines shall not pay more for them,' 'says government ,although people who manufacture machines must pay more, much more, for every hour of effective labor, and for every pound of processed material.

I am in favor of workers getting high wages. The more take-home pay America's factory workers earn and get, the more food and feed stuff our farmers will sell. It means prosperity. Just the same, nature's laws are inexhorable. If wages keep going up somebody'd better uncork that price-line, or business is sure to collapse. Some firms have crumpled already and more are in jeopardy.

**Vital Thrift**

America's big manufacturing concerns have some strength; of course they have. They need financial strength to navigate economic storms, race with competition and meet payrolls on schedule. The more strength they have the more useful they are. That oil man's tank had a great deal of strength too; was useful because it was strong, but it buckled because a mud-dauber asked it to hold a vacuum.

Big corporations have to be efficient. If they grow extravagant, a lot of small concerns with lower overhead stand ready to under-sell them and take their trade. Accordingly, big firms must operate on thin margins of profit. Figuratively, they are tight. They can be "pumped down" by holding their prices and boosting their costs. Ford declares a $27 net loss on every new car sold at prices fixed by government.

Nearly everybody knows that America's advantage over foreign lands is based on mass production and volume sales things we have that they don't have. We have nothing to gain and much to lose by wrecking big industries. Theodore Roosevelt said, "It either is, or ought to be evident to everybody that business has to prosper before anybody can get any benefit from it."

## HERE'S THE WAY IT WAS

By FRED NELSON

I don't say that I regret my hitch in the Navy but I do contend that in a lot of instances, I felt like committing mutiny. And I think that you will agree with me when I relate some of the hardships that I endured while doing my stretch.

From the first day that I set foot on the deck of the U. S. S. Seafood (that was a converted garbage scow), I was very unpopular with the Chief Boatswain Mate. Now to you who don't know what a Chief Boatswain Mate is, I shall explain. He is a fellow who warps what few brains that he has, trying to make life miserable for fellows like me. Anyway, he was a loyal subject to the Navy if they wanted him to ride me like he did.

Well, the Chief got plenty sore at me the first day I came aboard. I think it must of been because my seabag was so heavy. You see, I had just stepped off the gang plank onto the deck with my seabag on my shoulder (it must have weighed 500 pounds) when I ran right smack into the back of the Chief's head. And too, he was banging ears with the Old Man at the time and this really embarrassed him. Apologies didn't seem to do any good because he followed me down to the crew's quarters. After he asked me what my name and rate was and I told him that I was an apprentice seaman (the lowest rate in the Navy) he became furious that he couldn't reduce me to a lower rate.

In my boot camp training, I had been told that I was an important member of the United States Navy and that the winning of the war was on the shoulders of men just like me. And I told the Chief this. He only laughed and said that my shoulders were too sloped.

This is when he put me on mess cooking. That job is just about what the title suggests. If you have ever seen some of the mess that the cooks make up, you shouldn't wonder why so much of it went overboard after each meal and thrown into G. I. cans by the mess cooks.

However, I dumped garbage overboard, peeled spuds and onions and cleaned up the galley for a year before I finally got the Chief to put me up for seaman second class. With this promotion would go assignment to the crew's quarters cleaning detail. They had begun to think that the Chief really liked me until he broke me back to apprentice seaman a week later for throwing garbage windward from the bow of the ship and it slapped him in the face.

I guess I just wasn't meant to be a sailor.

## CHATTER

(Continued from page 7)

Honor Roll for January:

Johnson Gratton Merriman produced 50,576 lbs. of good castings with no scrap being produced. Keep up the good work Gratton.

* * *

Good to see Bill Buschmann back around the plant after undergoing a major operation in late December.

* * *

Bob Burns: "My wife had a dream last night and thought she had married a millionaire."

Felton Purvis: "You're lucky. Mine thinks that in the daytime."

* * *

Stokman after moving to Lufkin: "Is this a healthful town?"

Weems: "Yes, when I came here I hadn't the strength to utter a word! I had scarcely a hair on my head, I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."

Stokeman: "You give me hope. How long have you lived here?"

Weems: "I was born here."

* * *

Mantooth: "Now, my son, tell me why I punished you.

Junior: "That's it! First you pound the life out of me, and now you don't know why you did it."

* * *

DRINKARD: "For six weeks you were shipwrecked on a desert island with a beautiful blonde? What did you do for food?"

Robert Gillikin, Jr: "Darned if I remember."

* * *

They were really feeling good:

Proctor: "Betcha you can't climb up that beam of light that's shining in the window."

June Baldwin: "Do you thinks I'se crazy? I'd get half way up and you'd turn it off."

* * *

Did you know that there is still a big curve in the highway at Diboll. For details see Grady Wasson and Jimmy Sharp.

* * *

Mr. Tucker has been looking for Sycamore Curtis. (He heard a salesman call him Slim.)

* * *

Oscar McKinney and Elmer Ashley call Gratton Merriman "Old Folks." Who are you talking about Gratton when you refer to "Grumpy?"

* * *

Jiggs Smith has canvassed the foundry to find that all employees will support "Tipsy" Trevathan except one—Henry Mantooth—who is thinking seriously of running for the same position. Mantooth wants a campaign manager. Would you divide your time Jiggs? You might be known as the big wheel.

James Brannen has been treating Eddie McClain extra nice for the past week. What did you tell him, Oliver?

* * *

Shorty Jackson wondering where Josephine Treadway is tonight.

Copied from an original at The History Center. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2013:023



## SMILE AWHILE

"Have you ever awakened with a jerk?"

"Heavens no! Why, I'm not even married."

* * *

"I see you're naval," said the dowager with the low cut evening dress to the young man in uniform sitting next to her at the banquet.

"That's all right, Madame," he replied. "I see your's too."

* * *

Farmer's Wife (to little visitor from the city): "See that mother pig over there—she's a big one, isn't she?"

Little Doris: "She ought to be. I saw her yesterday and she had ten little ones blowing her up."

* * *

Mazie: "I was getting fond of Ed.... until he got fresh and spoiled it."

Daisie: "Isn't it terrible how fast a man can undo everything?"

* * *

The GI offered his girl a scotch and soda. She reclined.

* * *

Teacher: "If a number of cattle is called a herd and a number of sheep a flock, what would a number of camels be called?"

Little Johnnie: "A carton."

* * *

Irate Wife: "I want an explanation and I want the truth."

Husband: "Which do you want first?"

* * *

Mary and her boy friend had had a lot of cocktails before he took her home. He told her good night and left and Mary went to bed. After a while, she looked up and saw that the ceiling was going round and round. But she just laughed, because she knew that the ceiling was pastered.

* * *

Mother: "Quiet, dear. The sandman is coming."

Junior: "O. K. Mom. I won't tell Pop."

* * *

"Could I have a day off, sir, to help with the spring cleaning?"

"No, I'm afraid not—"

"Thank you, sir, I knew I could rely on you."

* * *

Housewife: "And are you really content to spend your life walking about the country, begging?"

Hobo: "No, lady, not at all. Many's the time I wished I had a car."

* * *

Hiram went to the big city, got a job in a girl's dormitory and was entrusted with the usual pass-key. The following week the dean ran across him and asked: "Why didn't you come around Tuesday for your pay, Hiram?"

"Good gosh! Do I get paid wages too?"

* * *

One upon a time there was a big spinster, a middle-sized spinster and a little spinster. They came home one night and the big spinster looked in her room and said, "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed!"

The middle-sized spinster looked and said: "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed!"

The little spinster looked in her bed and yelled, "Oh, boy!"

* * *

Little Johnny brought home his report card, and with it was a note from the teacher.

"Dear Mrs. Jones," said the note, "Johnny is a bright boy but he spends all his time with the girls. I'm trying to think up a way to cure him."

Mrs. Jones studied the note, then wrote the teacher as follows:

"Dear Miss Smith: If you find a way to cure him, please let me know. I'm having the same trouble with his old man."

———o———

## THE BLACK CAT HONKEY TONK BLUES

**(Preacher Weems' Theme Song)**

Listen boys; I want to tell you what is true,
If you want to go honkey tonking,
Let me tell you what to do.
You had better stay away from the Black Cat
Or you will get the Black Cat Honkey tonk Blues.

Now boys I went to the Black Cat one night
Its true I might have got a little tight
And Gee! I thought I was having fun
But before I left, those Black Cat women had all my mon.
They drank all my booze
And all they left me was those Black Cat Honkey Tonk blues.

Those Black Cat Honkey Tonk women will get the best of you
They will keep you out all night soaking you with booze,
When you wake up in the morning with a headache
All you have got left to your name
Is those Black Cat Honkey Tonk Blues.

Those Black Cat women will dance you out of your shoes
Drink all your whiskey and booze,
Then all you have left is those Black Cat Honkey Tonk Blues.
Oh! Lord, I mean those mean old Black Cat Honkey Tonk Blues.
(For more information on the Black Cat Blues, contact Preacher Weems).

———o———

## NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!

WASHINGTON—The OPA has just removed price control from:

Manholes and manhole covers, beeswax comb foundations, horse-show buggies, horse-race sulkies, racing motorcycles, pneumatic life rafts, advertising streamers made of coated fabrics, and domestically grown bamboo poles.

## "THE SWEEPER SQUAWKS"

Gosh! I ain't ever went to school
I'm just a common jerk;
And I've been here nigh twenty year
Ain't lost no day o' work.
I've saw the wise guys come and go;
An' seen some carried out
But I am jest the sweeper here
Don' know why I should spout.

I 'member ole Bill Jacob's boy
What cum here straight from school,
An' tho he was a college gink
He seemed the derndest fool.
One day to change a 'lectric bulb
He clumb up on the "rad"
When we gits round to where he fell
I see—by Cripes—he's dead.

An' then that "first class grinder hand,"
I couldn't figure why
He'd always leave his goggles off
He's still here—with one eye.
An' jest last week they operate
On our big stock-man, 'Red."
He always bragged what he could lift—
Jest now he's home in bed.

Oh yeah! I've saw them come and go,
Some right smart clever gents
I don't see why they work so dumb
T'me it don' make sense.
But, hell—I'm jest the sweeper here,
I'm jest a commen Jerk—
But I bin' here night twenty year
Ain't lost no day o' work.

—By W. E. Stuebing.
(Courtesy National Safety Council)

———o———

## "JUMP"

A highly sensitive meter, devised by General Electric engineers to record the vibration of industrial machinery, has been used to study what happens to floors when the samba, tango, rhumba, fox trot, waltz, jitterbug and polka are danced. It turned out that when it comes to "jump" (the engineers synonym for tested vibration) the jitterbug is not nearly so impressive as the old-fachioned polka, which holds the record. The Park Avenue jitterbug is a particularly tame affair. The "knock me down and beat me" Harlem version has three times more jump to it, but still falls short of the polka. Even a pneumatic jack drill of the kind used to break up asphalt pavements is not much better than the Park Avenue jitterbug.

———o———

## YOUR NEEDS

This space reserved for the benefit of our employee's only. If you have anything to buy, sell, trade or rent, you may place it in this column.

Have a 14" middle buster in good condition. Will sell for $10.00. See Jesse Belote.

28" boy's biclcle for sale. $20.00. Kenneth Mott.

* * *

WANTED: A three or four room rent house, in or near town. Pee-Wee Wright, Tool Room.

* * *

JERSEY COW for sale. Will be fresh spring or early summer. Price $75.00. H. J. Trout.