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

THE Foundry Roundup

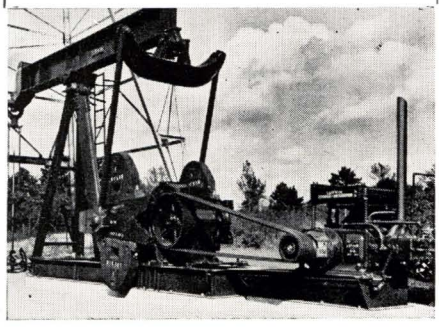


August, 1948
Vol. 5 · No. 8

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

The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly for
Employees and Their Families
of
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, *Editor*



W. D. WINSTON, JR.



William D. Winston, Jr., Secretary and member of the Board of Directors of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, Lufkin, Texas, died June 26, after a long illness. A native of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, he had been connected with the Lufkin Foundry for the past 35 years.

Throughout his life in Lufkin, Mr. Winston was active in civic and public affairs. He was a member of the City Commission for two terms and served as Mayor of Lufkin. Because of his service to the City of Lufkin and as a well-earned tribute to him as a community builder, the large new park in the Oak Grove area of Lufkin was named the "D. Winston Memorial Park."

Mr. Winston was a member of the First Baptist Church, the Lufkin Masonic Lodge, Lufkin Lions Club, of which he had been a director; American Controllers Institute of Houston, and the Salvation Army Advisory Board. He served a number of years as a director of the Angelina County Chamber of Commerce. He was a veteran of World War I.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Edna Price Winston of Lufkin; daughter, Miss Helen Marie Winston of Lufkin; mother, Mrs. W. D. Winston, Sr., of Houston; two brothers, John B. and Edmond P., Foundry employees; and six sisters.

New Record Set by Red Edwards

J. D. EDWARDS, of the Welding and Structural Shop, has made a new record for himself and for the Company; a record he can be justly proud of and one for which he should receive a well-earned "pat on the back."

On August 14, "Red" Edwards completed his seventh year working for Lufkin Foundry, keeping up the sampson post department. During that time he has cut more posts in the shortest length of time of anyone since the beginning of that job.

When asked his reason why he had been able to accomplish this, he replied, "Well, I like my job; I like to work; I like the men around whom I work, and my foreman is really a regular fellow. So with this combination, how could I fail?"

Red is the father of two children—Bobby Carroll, 8, and Marjorie Ann, 3. During his off hours he likes to take his kids places to have a good time. Recently, he took them swimming down at the old Spanish Bluff. In telling about the outing, J. D. said, "That little girl of mine isn't the least bit afraid of water. She kept wanting me to keep her out in the deep part. But not that boy! I could hardly get him near the water."

The Edwards spent their vacation in Galveston where they took the children to see the loading and unloading of ships. They saw four big freighters which gave the little ones a big thrill.

J. D., just like so many other employees, enjoys a good fishing trip and often he and H. R. Richardson try their luck together down on the river.

The Edwards live near Pollok. J. D. states that he is going to keep trying to beat his own record at cutting sampson posts.



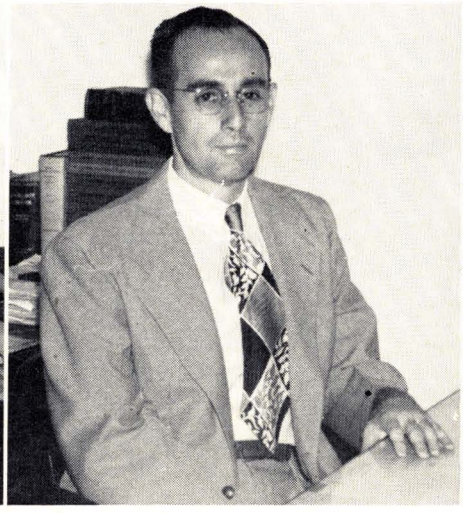
J. D. "RED" EDWARDS is a handy man with a cutting torch.

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

Promotions IN THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT



M. L. WILKINSON



H. L. DYER



W. A. KIRKLAND



Front row, left to right: COURTLAND WOOTEN, NOLAN WILSON, and CLIFFORD TREVATHAN. Back row, ROY WILLMON, TILLMAN MARTIN, MARY JANE MATTHEWS, WILLIE MAE HILL, and BEATRICE BERRY

M. L. Wilkinson was elected Secretary of the Company at a special meeting of the Board of Directors on July 19. Mr. Wilkinson, who succeeded the late W. D. Winston, Jr., has been connected with the Accounting Department of the Company for more than 31 years.

Hubert L. Dyer was appointed the Assistant Secretary, and W. A. Kirkland, Controller.

L. A. Little, Vice-President in Charge of Oil Field and Industrial Gear Sales, who for the past few years directed this part of the Company's activities from Dallas, will shortly move his headquarters to Lufkin. This move will bring the various departments of the plant into closer cooperation with the Sales Department.

Ed Caraway, District Manager of the Dallas Office for the past few years, will continue in that capacity.

Mr. Finicky: "Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the whites are cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a small pinch of salt on each. No pepper . . . Well, what are you waiting for?"

Waitress: "The hen's name is Sylvia. Is that all right, sir?"

When you knock at her door and her husband opens it, sell something, brother, sell something!

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

Are You Safety Conscious?

Not If You—

1. **Work on moving machinery.**
2. **Fail to inspect tools and equipment regularly.**
3. **Wear loose clothes around moving machinery.**
4. **Indulge in "horseplay."**
5. **Fail to report minor injuries and cuts to First Aid.**
6. **Fail to watch your step.**
7. **Lift with your back instead of your legs.**

Are You One of These?

DURING the month of July, there were 433 First Aid cases and 121 of the 433 injuries were to the hands and fingers.

Fingers and hands are exposed to more chances for injury than any other part of the body because they are involved in more work than any part of the body. Therefore it is essential that we guard our hands and fingers.

Toes can be protected by Safety Shoes but free movement of the fingers is necessary. Gloves offer some protection and should be worn when the job permits. However, never wear gloves around moving machinery. Certain jobs require certain types of gloves. Be sure you have the proper kind.

You have ten reasons for protecting your hands—WATCH THEM.

IDEAS

By MARSHALL J. DAILEY

SLOWER and slower, the suggestions come dribbling in. Maybe we've all had a heat stroke instead of just 90 per cent of us. Well, the money will lie a'molding if you don't use your brains to get it. Remember: It costs nothing to enter this deal, you know; so, turn in those ideas and try for some dough!

August Winners

H. R. LEWIS—$20—Jig for second operation for water pump empellers.

SEYMOUR CURTIS — $5 — Jib boom with a chain block attached over each arm of the Davenport molding machine to aid in adjusting the height of the arms.

PERRY D. GRISHAM—$5—Rack be erected in casting yard to hold paint gun hose when not in use.

W. E. LOVELADY—$5—Furnish in book form 8 x 10 photostats of all standard size gears and pinions to Sykes Gear Generator men.

LEE DEGGS—$5—Install a level on boring head of No. 461 Bullard for perfectly level boring.

H. C. BRODERICK—$5—All large jigs and fixtures be drilled and tapped for eyebolts to simplify handling in storage and setting up.

H. G. KORNEGAY—$5—Save all aluminum shavings from pattern making and use again.

J. H. BARRINGTON—$2—Bracket to hold brake hose on front of vans.

F. W. GNEISIG—$2—Change specifications on drawings for drilling and tapping gear housings and covers to American standard sizes.

T. J. BARNES—$2—An adjustable clamp on drill press in shipping department to hold lumber in place.

BOB BUTLER — $2 — Fixture for boring and facing the C-6435 clutch for No. 60 winch.

A. A. LEE—$2—Put hard tips on all tools used on beam seats on machine No. 95.

C. L. JOHNSON—$2—Put a coke machine at the end of the Lathe shop near the jig department.

WELDON LARGENT—$2—Revise prints of supports A-8257 and A-8910. Prints call for 7/16" bolt holes which are too small. Should call for 9/16" holes.

LUTHER FOSTER — $2 — Raise plate and beam seat ¼" or eliminate the weld where the bolt head fits against the plate. The weld is now being burned off around the bolt holes.

FLOYD McLANE — $5 — Die for bending C-6556 hinge boxes.

J. H. BARRINGTON —$1— Leave off reflectors on stock jobs while they are in storage on the yard. They rust and the masking paper gets wet and will not come off.

JOHN BURK—$1—Pipe water to No. 85 Ingersoll Milling machine.

NORMAN L. GREEN —$1— Place signs over water fountains in Trailer Division to designate "white" and "colored" fountains.

F. L. EDMONDSON —$1— Shield be installed on M1374 single tool bar turner head for Machine No. 100 to deflect shavings and water when in operation so that they will fall back in pan.



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

Campbell Corn Grows 15 FEET HIGH



UNCLE OSCAR CAMPBELL stands beside some of his prized corn to demonstrate the height it attained. MRS. SUDIE CAMPBELL feeds some of her chickens for the benefit of the cameraman. Behind her can be seen the fig trees.

IF THERE'S anyone who needs information on corn growing, Uncle Oscar Campbell, who works in the wood shop of Charlie Gault's department, is the man to see. Some of his corn grew 15 feet high and produced from two to six ears per stalk. He had seven rows approximately 45 feet long and about three feet apart.

"I planted pretty thick—about every 24 inches—and fertilized twice. I believe that's about the prettiest corn I've ever seen," Uncle Oscar commented proudly.

Besides corn, the Campbell's had everything else that makes a good garden—butterbeans, Kentucky wonders, peas, tomatoes, okra, and potatoes.

"For about six months, we lived on that garden; didn't have to buy a thing but a little flour every now and then," Mr. Campbell informed.

Mrs. Sudie Campbell is also pictured here with her figs and chickens. She has four trees, but only three are bearing good fruit. One tree has just begun to ripen now. They have about 70 chickens with more than half of them fryers. During the hot month of August, Mr. Campbell reported that they averaged about a dozen eggs a day.

Uncle Oscar has been a Lufkin Foundry employee for 16 years. He has two sons and one grandson employed here.

"We've sorta made it a family affair, I suppose," he said. "As soon as Melton was big enough, he wanted to work for the Foundry, and then Grady, too. Now Melton's boy, Charlie, has started to work here too." That makes three generations of Campbells making Lufkin Foundry good employees.

Since the drought has about put an end to his garden, Uncle Oscar spends his spare time filing hand saws, which he likes to do. "I'm one fellow who doesn't like to fish!" he laughingly said as he pulled his straw hat down over one eye and went back to work.



No, no! I said money or your life, not wife

Copied from an original at The History Center. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2013.023



PRESTON WEATHERLY, JOE STOREY, DAN MELTON, and J. E. PALMORE.



JOHN WINSTON, H. R. RICHARDSON, PAT DURHAM, and H. J. MOORE.

A FISHIN'



DAN MELTON, PRESTON WEATHERLY, and J. E. PALMORE.

FOR two weekends during the hot month of August, men from the Welding Shop and Machine Shop got together on a fishing trip that will probably make history. Some of them caught fish; others caught mosquito bites; and we will fail to mention just what the others caught.

Leading the amateurs on the Neches River fishing expedition were Bud Bullock, Carter O'Quinn, Pete Largent, and T. J. Selman—all self-styled experts. However, they proved to be such good teachers that green-horns like Doyle Bowers and Ellis Johnson caught more fish than the professors. But Carter did show ability at paddling a boat even if he failed to catch a single fish on the entire trip. "English" Midgley won top honors easily by catching the most tonnage even if they were all drum.

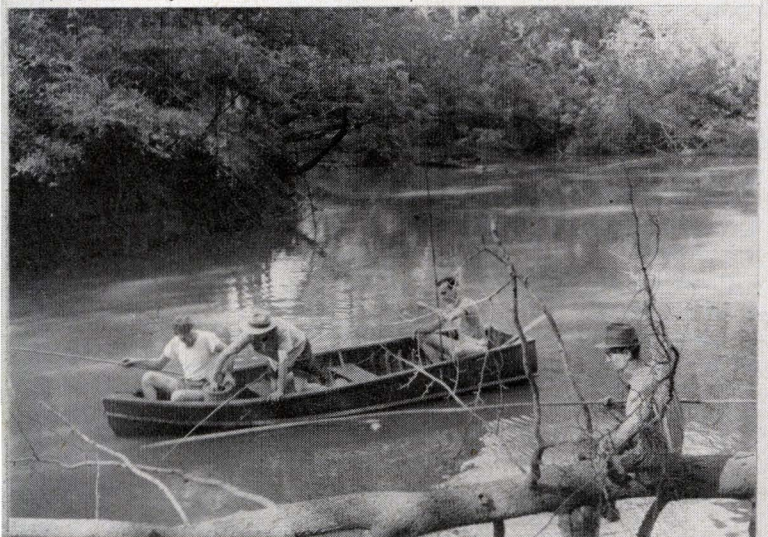
Charlie Harbuck used subterfuge to get Jake Ross an invitation by promising to make Jake leave his teeth at home, thereby eliminating a serious grocery problem on the trip. It was very fortunate that Jake did this, for after seeing him work over three big steaks, Red Courtney and Isaac Tucker observed that he was wasting his time working in a machine shop when he could do much better in one of Ripley's "Believe It or Not" shows.

Bud Lovett probably got in the doghouse over the trip inasmuch as he first announced his wife would not let him go. After going, he decided to come in early, and now there is some question as to whether he got home at all.



Above:

T. D. SELMAN, BUD BULLOCK, DOYLE BOWERS, and CARTER O'QUINN.

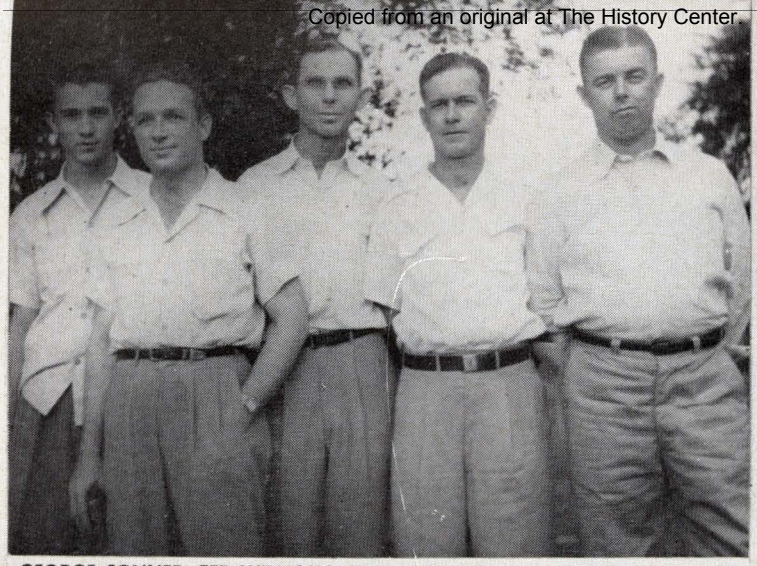




Left: E. W. (ENGLISH
JOHNSON, and CH

Right: DOYLE BOWE
T. D.

Copied from an original at The History Center. www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 2013.023



GEORGE CONNER, TED WILLIAMS, EDGAR BARNES, R. E. MAXEY, and H. L. WESTBROOK.



A. G. COLBURN, CLYDE BATES, THEDIS ALLEN, A. E. GREEN, and HENRY STEELE.

WEEK END

John Nixon, Buster Belote, Bryan York, and Raymond Beavers had charge of the club house and spent most of their time drinking soda pop. If a fish had come through the club house, no doubt they would have caught one too.

H. R. Richardson was the first one to arrive Saturday noon and the last to leave Sunday night. He didn't want to miss anything. Pat Durham couldn't seem to find a bed that suited him, and it was 3 o'clock before he finally turned in, making Henry Steele promise to wake him at 4 o'clock so they could fish early. Henry and the rest of the fellows got up and left to fish, and when they returned about 11:15, Pat was just getting up and washing his face.

John Winston left about 8 o'clock to go see about his fox hounds, but he'd rather his wife didn't know about it. M. I. Golden and Louis Storey fished hard and got 3 but there wasn't a keeper in the bunch.

Dan Melton was very much alive at the party, telling yarns about the "good ole days" when he was a young man. H. J. Moore was the first one at the breakfast table and when the bunch came back from fishing just before noon, he was still there. He explained that he was eating enough to last the next week. R. E. Maxey, when he looked at his huge steak, said, "Brother, is that going to be good. And I can eat every bite of it." Half way through the delicious steak, cooked in the inimitable fashion of Henry Box, Maxey very meekly asked, "Can I wrap it up and take it home with me?"



R. F. GINN, JR.



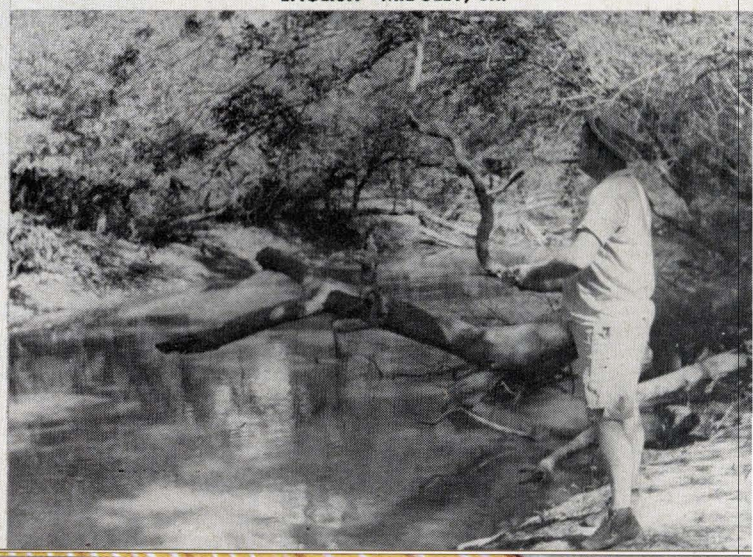
W. W. TROUT and DAN MELTON.

I) MIDGLEY, JR., ELLIS
HARLES DOUGLASS.

RS, BUD BULLOCK, and
SELMAN.



Our Favorite Fisherman—winner of many fishing awards—E. W. "ENGLISH" MIDGLEY, JR.



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

FISHING TRIP NETS *175 Pounds of Catfish*

IT WAS quite a party down on the Neches River at the old Spivey Ferry. Approximately 25 members of the Thompson family congregated there during the week of vacation—and they caught the fish, as you can plainly see.

H. D. (Diboll) Thompson of the Welding and Structural Shop and his family—Mrs. Thompson, Dorothy, 9, and Mollie Jo, 7—left for the river Friday, June 25. When they left the highway and started down the road leading to the fishing spot, a coon crossed in front of the car. Diboll jumped out and gave chase. Barehanded, he captured the coon which afforded them much pleasure during the vacation.

Saturday night others began coming in, including Mrs. Thompson's brothers and their families. Also Harvey Jackson of the Machine Shop and Mrs. Jackson and their three children joined the party.

W. H. Thompson of the Welding and Structural Shop night shift and brother of Diboll, took Mrs. Thompson and his three children, William David, 18, Myra Jeanne, 8, and Carolyn Sue, 3, and went to the river on the 27th. Another brother, S. H. Thompson from Houston and his family which included a married son and his family arrived at the camp very shortly. Finally, seven families had gathered and set up camp.

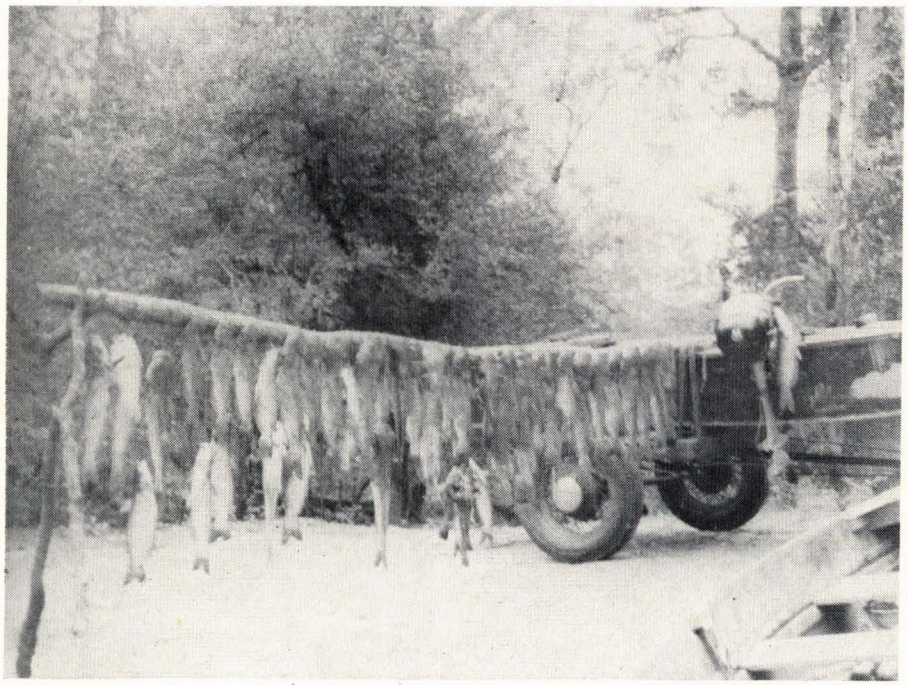
Then the work began. W. H. and S. H. headed down the river with their saws and other tools to cut their way through the logs and brush so they could put out their lines. Twice they fell in while trying to cut through. W. H. says he can certainly vouch for the hard work they did.

The first night they had five lines out and when they were run the next morning, they took off 50 pounds of catfish. Next night they had out 8 lines, strung directly across the river baited with live perch, minnows, and jack fish. They were rewarded with 60 pounds. For the whole week, they really made a haul, coming out with 175 pounds of catfish. And what's more they have the pictures to prove it.

Some persons will go right on buying bread and meat and depositing money in a savings account when they don't have a fur coat in the house.



That is a coon DIBOLL THOMPSON is holding in his arms. He captured the animal barehanded on a recent fishing trip.



The pole on which these fish were strung is 16 feet long, and still all the catch could not be shown. Some of the 175 pounds of catfish caught by the Thompsons remain in the boat.



NEW ARRIVALS

OUR heartiest congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Mitchell on the birth of Sara Elizabeth who arrived July 12. She tipped the scales at exactly 8 pounds!

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Cluck, Jr., on the birth of James Myron who made his appearance July 13. He weighed 6 pounds and 9 ounces!

We hear that next year's bathing suits are barely big enough to keep a girl from being tanned where she ought to be!

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

Mitchells Take Leisure Trip Out West

RALPH MITCHELL, who works in the maintenance department of the Old Foundry and who has been an employee for the past 13 years, offers a new method of traveling and taking a leisurely and comfortable vacation. When he and his wife and two boys—Robert Grant, 10, and David Lee, 23 months—began to prepare for their extensive trip through West Texas and New Mexico, they had one thought in mind. Get the most for the least with comfort a main prerequisite.

So Ralph tailored up his pick-up truck. He put bed slats across the sideboards and divided the area in the back end into two parts. Above the slats he placed a mattress and made a good bed. Below, he had storage space for his luggage, table, chairs, ice box, fishing equipment, dishes, and food. Then the family headed West. They traveled 2,032 miles and were gone from Saturday, June 26, until 3 a. m. Sunday, July 4.

Mitchell admitted that they stayed in New Mexico just about 20 minutes. Asked why, he said, "We drove up unsuspectingly to the very edge of a mountain. Straight down in front of us was a 200- or 300-foot drop. I decided that if that was what New Mexico was, I didn't want any part of it. So we swung right back around, and headed across the border to Texas."

While they were visiting relatives in Odessa, they went on a jack rabbit hunt. Jumping the rabbits while riding the flat bed of an old truck was not the easiest ride in the world, Ralph assured. His oldest son, Robert, was with him shooting a 22 automatic, and he killed five. Together, they bagged 15 rabbits.

"My boy took several of those rabbits right out from under my fire. As we jogged and bumped along the fields chasing the rabbits, I'd aim and fire and miss. Then the boy would raise his rifle and down the rabbit would go. He got a big kick out of razzing me about being a poor shot."



THE Guys and Gals had a big fish fry August 13, out on the Nacogdoches highway. They had a big time, but they missed Uncle Dave Rowan who has been off from work for many weeks due to illness. They thought of him while eating all that catfish, and wished he could be there too.

The boys around in the various departments have finally solved a problem that has been the number one objective for many, many months. Since Jim Odom is supposed to be anywhere at anytime, it is natural that it would sometimes take a few minutes to locate him, but for a long time, it has been next to impossible to find him. One day, one fellow was combing the shops looking for him and decided to get up in one of the overhead cranes to see if he could locate Odom. Sure enough, way down in one corner of the machine shop was Jim chewing the rag vigorously with Jake Ross. Upon being questioned, Ross gave forth with the information that Odom spent all his time there in his self-styled lounge discussing various important topics of the day with Jake.

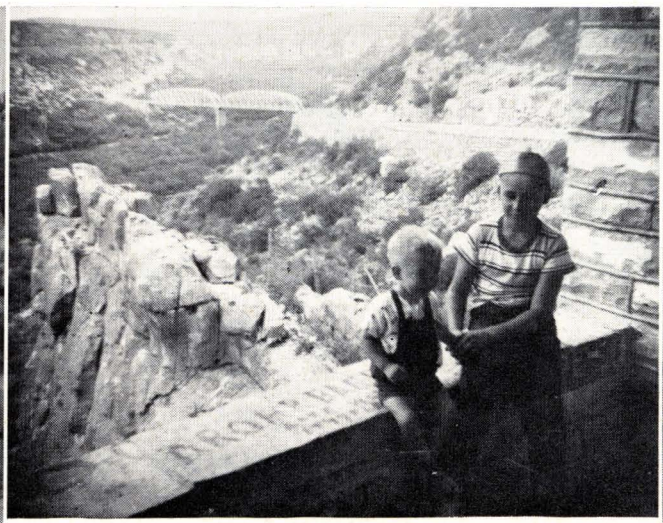
If you have never heard of galloping dominoes but you'd like to get more information concerning them, just contact Dutch Oberpriller of the New Foundry night shift.

Sheriff L. C. "Pistol" Jones has another case on hand that is really a corker. He is trying to find out who went to Shreveport recently and was put in jail for drunk and reckless walking. John Murray and Roger Hambrick went the fellow's bond. Homer Turner has admitted that it was a personal friend of his who hails from Keltys. Frank Davis refuses to tell who it was because he started to go with him.

A. D. Moore is having a hard time trying to find out why people call him "soreback." He decided to write his mother about it, and the following articles appeared in the Lynchburg, Virginia, newspaper, *The Daily Advance*.

"Down at Lufkin, Texas, A. D. Moore wonders why everybody he meets calls him a 'soreback.' He knows it's an allusion to his being a Virginian—but why 'soreback'? He has written his mother here to make inquiries. She asked us to find out. We've consulted local authorities on nicknames,







Left: Robert Grant Mitchell holds a sample of the 15 rabbits he and his daddy, Ralph Mitchell shot out at Odessa. On the bed of the pickup can be seen 30 jack rabbit ears. This truck was used to jump the rabbits.
Middle: Robert and David Lee sit on a roadside park rock wall. In the background can be seen the Pecos River bridge.
Right: The Mitchells have breakfast at White Sands.

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

Mitchells Take Leisure Trip Out West

RALPH MITCHELL, who works in the maintenance department of the Old Foundry and who has been an employee for the past 13 years, offers a new method of traveling and taking a leisurely and comfortable vacation. When he and his wife and two boys—Robert Grant, 10, and David Lee, 23 months—began to prepare for their extensive trip through West Texas and New Mexico, they had one thought in mind. Get the most for the least with comfort a main prerequisite.

So Ralph tailored up his pick-up truck. He put bed slats across the sideboards and divided the area in the back end into two parts. Above the slats he placed a mattress and made a good bed. Below, he had storage space for his luggage, table, chairs, ice box, fishing equipment, dishes, and food. Then the family headed West. They traveled 2.032 miles and were gone from Saturday, June 26, until 3 a. m. Sunday, July 4.

Mitchell admitted that they stayed in New Mexico just about 20 minutes. Asked why, he said, "We drove up unsuspectingly to the very edge of a mountain. Straight down in front of us was a 200- or 300-foot drop. I decided that if that was what New Mexico was, I didn't want any part of it. So we swung right back around, and headed across the border to Texas."

While they were visiting relatives in Odessa, they went on a jack rabbit hunt. Jumping the rabbits while riding the flat bed of an old truck was not the easiest ride in the world, Ralph assured. His oldest son, Robert, was with him shooting a 22 automatic, and he killed five. Together, they bagged 15 rabbits.

"My boy took several of those rabbits right out from under my fire. As we jogged and bumped along the fields chasing the rabbits, I'd aim and fire and miss. Then the boy would raise his rifle and down the rabbit would go. He got a big kick out of razzing me about being a poor shot."



THE Guys and Gals had a big fish fry August 13, out on the Nacogdoches highway. They had a big time, but they missed Uncle Dave Rowan who has been off from work for many weeks due to illness. They thought of him while eating all that catfish, and wished he could be there too.

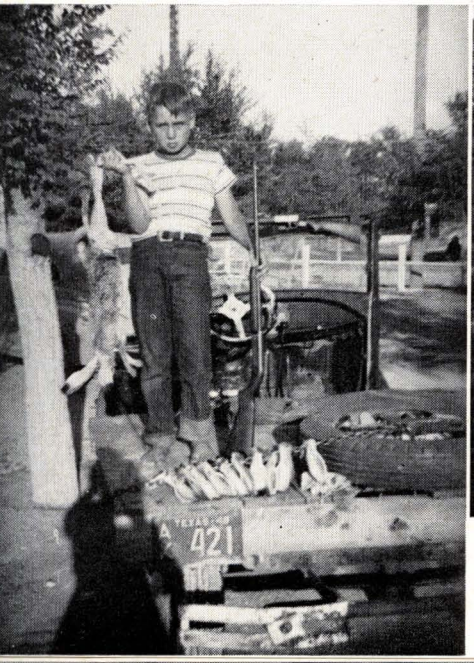
The boys around in the various departments have finally solved a problem that has been the number one objective for many, many months. Since Jim Odom is supposed to be anywhere at anytime, it is natural that it would sometimes take a few minutes to locate him, but for a long time, it has been next to impossible to find him. One day, one fellow was combing the shops looking for him and decided to get up in one of the overhead cranes to see if he could locate Odom. Sure enough, way down in one corner of the machine shop was Jim chewing the rag vigorously with Jake Ross. Upon being questioned, Ross gave forth with the information that Odom spent all his time there in his self-styled lounge discussing various important topics of the day with Jake.

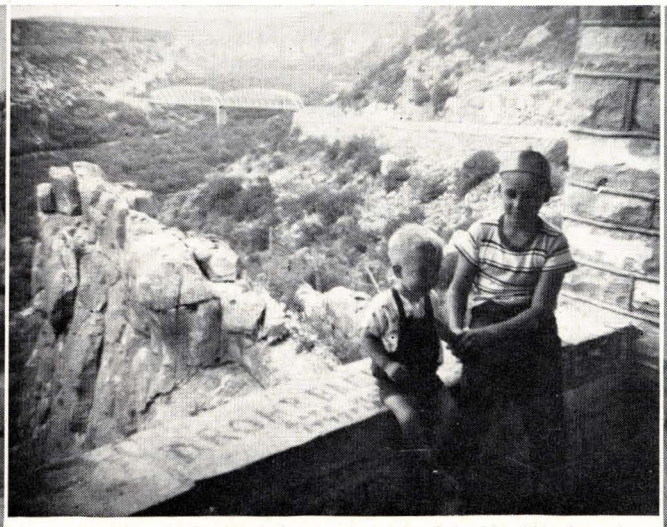
If you have never heard of galloping dominoes but you'd like to get more information concerning them, just contact Dutch Oberpriller of the New Foundry night shift.

Sheriff L. C. "Pistol" Jones has another case on hand that is really a corker. He is trying to find out who went to Shreveport recently and was put in jail for drunk and reckless walking. John Murray and Roger Hambrick went the fellow's bond. Homer Turner has admitted that it was a personal friend of his who hails from Keltys. Frank Davis refuses to tell who it was because he started to go with him.

A. D. Moore is having a hard time trying to find out why people call him "soreback." He decided to write his mother about it, and the following articles appeared in the Lynchburg, Virginia, newspaper, *The Daily Advance*.

"Down at Lufkin, Texas, A. D. Moore wonders why everybody he meets calls him a 'soreback.' He knows it's an allusion to his being a Virginian—but why 'soreback'? He has written his mother here to make inquiries. She asked us to find out. We've consulted local authorities on nicknames,







Left: Robert Grant Mitchell holds a sample of the 15 rabbits he and his daddy, Ralph Mitchell shot out at Odessa. On the bed of the pickup can be seen 30 jack rabbit ears. This truck was used to jump the rabbits.
Middle: Robert and David Lee sit on a roadside park rock wall. In the background can be seen the Pecos River bridge.
Right: The Mitchells have breakfast at White Sands.

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

and we haven't found the answer. Maybe you can supply it.

"Meanwhile Moore may have hit upon it himself. He said that when somebody in Fort Wayne, Indiana, wanted to know why Virginians were called 'sorebacks,' he cracked: 'They got that way in the War Between the States, toting wounded Yankees off the battlefield'."

Several days later another article appeared in the Virginia paper. A North Carolinan offered a "strictly Tar Heel" explanation. *"North Carolina's troops in the War Between the States applied the name to Virginians because, she avers, 'they had to run right over the backs of the Virginians to get to the Yankees'."*

A. D. has also got an answer from The Haskin Service which is a Virginia Information bureau. They said that, according to tradition Virginians are called sorebacks because they are such a hospitable people that they slap each other on the backs until they become sore. Also the bureau gave another traditional version which stated that because the people of Virginia raised so much cotton that it made their backs sore to pick it.

However, according to A. D. he has been in Texas for three years now which means that in another two years, he'll be a full-fledged Texan and won't have to worry about being called a "soreback" any more. Hurrah for Texans!

If you are troubled with greying hair, you can get relief from your worry by consulting Arch Caraway and Dan Melton. They can tell you of their wonderful success. Someone told them that if they would eat baby food, it would restore the color to their hair, so for days Arch brought a bottle and nipple to work with him from which to drink his milk. Uncle Dan even went so far as to buy up a lot of this strained baby food put up in cans. One day M. S. Spitler walked by and saw them. They advised him to try it. He replied disgustedly, "I might be coaxed to drink milk from a bottle but I'd never be fool enough to eat strained spinach and carrots!"

S. B. Hunt, sand blaster, had been going quite regularly to church. In fact, he had really been a good boy. But he kept getting the fishing fever. He would resist and resist and never miss a Sunday at church. Finally, he weakened and gave in. Just as he perched himself on a log in the shade and dropped his hook in the water one bright, sunny Sunday morning, who should appear but his whole church. Then he realized they had come to baptise somebody, so he hurriedly slipped back on his shirt, slicked back his hair, and joined the group—singing as loud as anyone else, hoping they hadn't seen his pole.

Congratulations to James Thompson, Welding Shop, and Mildred Lloyd who were married August 5. Many of James' fellow workers have advised him from long experience as to what to do to keep his married life running smoothly. One fellow told him that right now James was thinking Mildred was sweet enough to eat, but that in six months, he would be wishing he had eaten her. Another bright suggestion was for James to buy up all the latest and most expensive fishing equipment and then to tell his wife that he would be spending every weekend on the river. At least that would always be the place she would think he was going.

Jimmy's mother was arranging her hair. His father sat in the living room reading the evening paper.

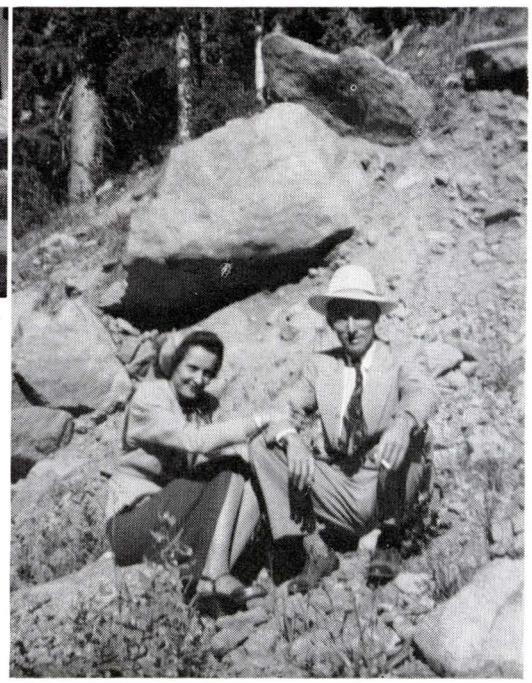
"Are those curls?" Jimmy asked his mother.

"No, dear," she replied, "they're waves."

Looking at his father's bald head, Jimmy sighed: "Poor Daddy! His head is all beach!

Bullocks Visit New Mexico and Colorado





Mr. and Mrs. Bud Bullock on a Colorado mountainside. They reported that one tree fell just before they climbed up to make the picture, and the rocks were slipping and sliding from under them all the time they were there. Mrs. Bullock was not too enthusiastic about being photographed here. The picture on the left shows N. D. Kidd and the Bullocks relaxing at one of the tourist courts along the way.

A SCENIC trip through New Mexico and Colorado was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Bud Bullock and Mrs. Bullock's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Kidd of Tyler, during the week of July 21 through July 29.

As they were driving through the Uncompahgre Pass (14,301 feet) Mrs. Bullock commented that they had a slightly uncomfortable feeling because they couldn't see the bottom of some of the gorges and the road had too many hairpin curves. They enjoyed the cool mountain air most of all. At Grand Lake, Colorado, they slept under wool blankets, had to use the car heater, and scraped frost off the windshield.

One of the most beautiful places they visited was the Seven Falls in Colorado Springs. Seven sparkling cascades of spraying water plunge down a 300-foot curve and into a crystal clear pool in which hundreds of rainbow trout swim about. At night, 28 alternating white and colored floodlights play across the Falls.

They traveled 3,000 miles from Tyler back to Tyler. They saw more Chevrolets and Fords on the road during the trip than all other makes put together. Their DeSoto was receiving their praises because it used no oil and "perked" right on up those Colorado "hills."

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

Smile Awhile

Mr. Bones: "Do you know why women pay more attention to their looks than to their brains?"

Mr. Wise: "Because no matter how stupid a man may be, he's seldom blind!"

An Irishman, inviting a friend to his wedding anniversary party, explained how to find his apartment. "Come to the seventh floor," he said, "and where you see the letter 'D' on the door, push the button with your elbow, and when the door opens put your foot against it."

"Why do I have to use my elbow and my foot?" inquired his friend.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the Irishman, "you're not coming empty-handed, are you?"

"Papa, there's a woman peddler at the door."

"Tell him to beat it; I've got one too many already."

Girl: "What would you do if you had had five dates with a man, and he never attempted to kiss you?"

Girl Friend: "I'd lie about it."

Prosecutor: "Now tell the jury the truth, madam. Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?"

Defendant: "I didn't want to wake the children."

Patient's wife: "Is there any hope, doctor?"

Doctor: "Depends on what you are hoping for."



I could raise a lot of . . . right now—if I were an old stinker!

"I've invited Joe Stalin, Tom Dewey, Lana Turner, and Earl Warren for dinner this evening," a wife said to her newspaper-reading husband.

"Yes, dear."

"Yesterday Junior invented a repellant for the Atomic bomb."

"Yes, dear."

"I have a date with Clark Gable in 10 minutes."

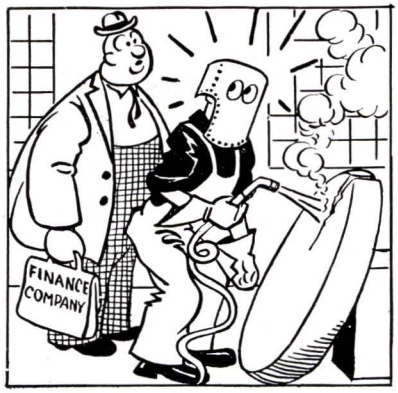
"Yes, dear."

"Lookit me. I'm standing on my head."

"Yes, dear."

"Give me $10 for a new hat."

"You don't need a new hat."



No! There is no Bill Jones works here!

A small boy sobbing on the curb was approached by a sympathetic gentleman who inquired about the boy's troubles. The boy replied that his dad was fighting around the corner and he was afraid he would get hurt.

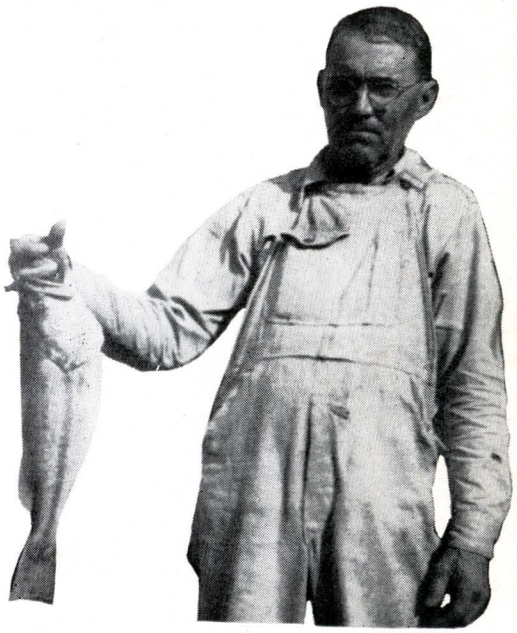
The stranger took the boy's hand, went around the corner and saw two men furiously fighting. The gentleman took off his coat and asked the boy, "Which one is your father?"

Replied the boy, "That's what they are fighting about."

Bill: "A friend of mine received a letter today and it said: 'I understand you have been running around with my wife. Please call at my office and we'll discuss this matter'."

Bob: "Pretty serious . . . What did your friend do?"

Bill: "He answered it promtly—he said: 'I received your circular letter, and will be tickled to death to attend the meeting'."



EARL HOLCOMB of the Trailer Division proudly displays his catch. The fishing trip which produced this fine specimen was his first in 25 years.

Boss (shouting to his secretary): "Say! Who told you that you could neglect your office duties just because I kiss you now and then?"

Very pretty stenographer: "My lawyer."

Doctor (shifting stethoscope on nifty cutie's chest): "Say ah!"

Nifty Cutie: "Whassa matter, Doc, doncha like thu program on thu other side?"

Young millionaire in a night club: "I'm having a triple Scotch and soda. What will you have, Blondie?"

Blondie: "A husband, if it affects you the way I think it will."

She: "Let's talk about you for awhile."

He: "Yes, dear."

She: "Well, then, what does a young man like you see in me?"

Mrs. Gabley: "This morning Mrs. Grabbie told me the very gossip I asked you not to repeat to anyone because I promised Mrs. Bone I wouldn't tell."

Mrs. Jabber: "Why, the mean thing! I'll certainly tell her a thing or two!"

Mrs. Gabley: "Oh, no, don't do that! I told her I wouldn't tell you she had told me you told her."

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so.