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THE Foundry Roundup



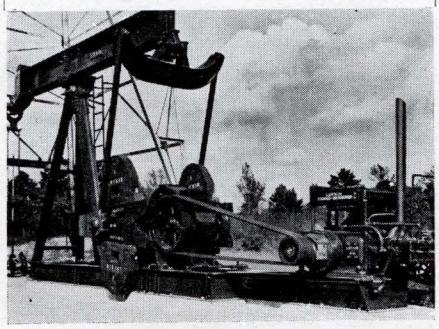
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The Foundry Roundup

Published Monthly for
Employees and Their Families
of
LUFKIN FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
VIRGINIA R. ALLEN, *Editor*
Affiliated with
Southwestern Association of Industrial Editors
International Council of Industrial Editors



SAFETY LAST



DUMBO

IF YOU have to lift objects, even fairly light ones, do it right. It takes no more time, it is easier, and it may keep you from being laid up for several days.

In "solo" lifting, face the object with feet far enough apart (the length of the shoe is a good guide) to give a good base of operation without placing undue strain on the abdominal muscles. Adopt a stance which is comfortable and which will permit you to lift the job as nearly straight up as possible.

Get down to the job by bending your knees, keeping your back erect. Raise the weight gradually (a sudden effort invites strain) by straightening your legs, taking the brunt of the strain upon your leg and shoulder muscles.

In "team" lifting, coordinate your efforts with the others, with directions being given by one, and only one, member of the team.

IF YOU have to carry objects, do it safely. This requires:

1. That the load be close to the body and as near the worker's center of balance as possible to prevent too-heavy strain in one portion of the body, and throwing the worker off balance.

2. That the worker have unblocked vision ahead.

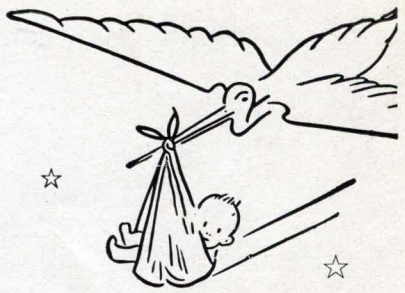
3. That the load interfere as little as possible with his normal walking gait.

—BUREAU OF LABOR STANDARDS

☆

George: "You know, Mary," he murmured, "I'm not much to look at."

"Aye," agreed Mary, "but you'll be at work most of the day."



NEW ARRIVALS

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes to the following families:

To Mr. and Mrs. Burtis B. Jackson, Trailer Plant worker, on the birth of a baby girl weighing 6 pounds and 9 ounces, born August 19. They have named her Linda Louise.

(Continued on Page 7)

ACCIDENT'LY

By Ralph Moses



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Preserve the Mainspring

By WILLIAM E. ROBINSON
Vice President, New York Herald Tribune

Tax legislation now on our books is destroying the incentive for future investment. If this continues, out goes one of our system's fundamentals

A MAN of my acquaintance happens to be a capitalist. This man is now 64 years old. He has accumulated a very large fortune, and has retired from active business operations. A poor boy from a poor family, he was well equipped with initiative, imagination, ambition, an appetite for responsibility, and an enormous capacity for work. He started with a meager education but he repaired that as he went along. He built a big business from nothing and, out of profits, he helped build other big businesses.

He recently asked me what I knew about the newsprint industry. He referred to the recent reports of government surveys made of the timber in Alaska in an effort to determine the possibilities of building newsprint mills in the new and undeveloped land. I told him that, for an investment of around $30,000,000, he and his associates could build a newsprint mill that would produce around 100,000 tons a year. At current prices, that would give him gross sales of roughly $9,000,000.

The Profit Picture

Some of my newsprint friends may deny the next figure, but it's close enough to serve for purposes of our example. On the $9,000,000 worth of sales, there would be a gross profit, before taxes, of around $2,500,000. After taxes, he would have available for dividends $1,500,000 net profit.

Out of his $1,500,000 in dividends, the government gets another $1,270,000 in income taxes—since my friend and his prospective partners would be in the 85 percent tax bracket. So, in that first year of operation, they have $230,000 net after taxes; and the government has, in taxes, $2,270,000—a million from corporate taxes, and $1,270,000 from income taxes.

Now, assuming there is no recession in business, and the market for newsprint stays up, the owners will take out in the first ten years, net after taxes, $2,300,000 net profit. The government, in corporate taxes and from personal taxes, will have taken $22,700,000 in those ten years.

The owners have taken all the responsibility and all the risks. The government has taken ten times the profit of the owners, with no risks, no responsibility—

But the government is not through yet. If, in ten years, one of several of the partners died, it may be necessary (since they are in the 70 percent inheritance tax bracket) to sell the mill to pay such taxes. The government at that time appraises the property at around $25,000,000; and on its sale collects another $17,500,000. So that now the total of the government's "take" in taxes of all kinds is over $40,000,000.

Here is how the tax legislation now on our books has been calculated to destroy all incentive for future investment in expanding American production. Here is a method of nationalizing future industrial developments by a system of confiscation. With this, out goes incentive—one of the main elements in the American character which produced the American system.

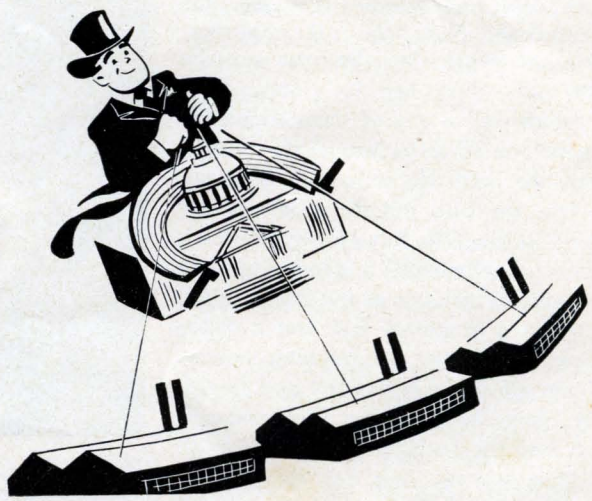
Now, I don't ask you to shed tears over my rich friend or his colleagues. He needs no sympathy from you or me. But we need him and his capital. He's still got his money, and we are out a new industry.

The discouragement of capitalistic enterprise began in the 30's with the result that, from 1929 to 1938, less than 14 percent of the value of the production of all goods and services was re-invested in capital goods. This compares with 20 percent plowed back in the annual average from 1869 to 1928.

Absolute Necessity

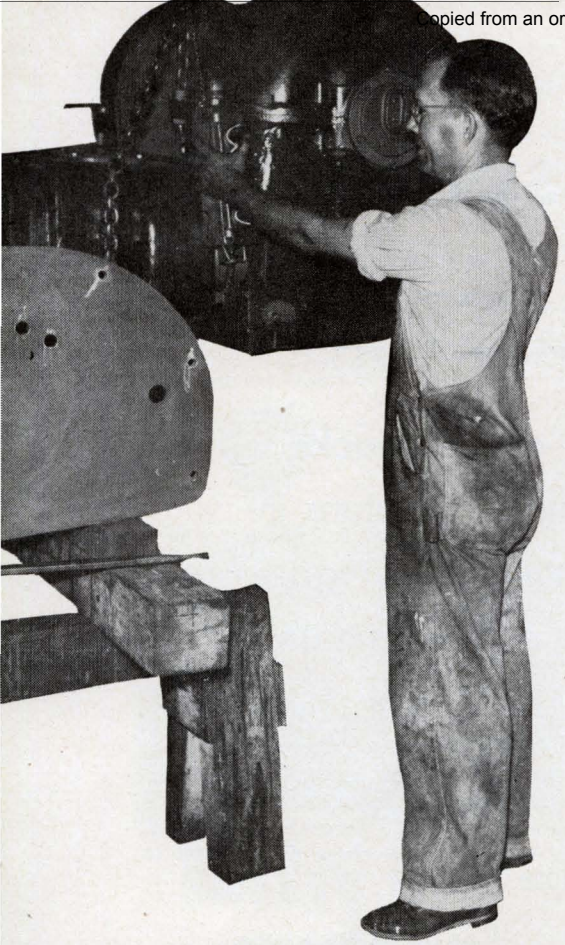
THE most conservative appraisals tell us that we must reinvest back in our plant and equipment and out of our production, approximately $42,000,000,000 a year. Currently, we are substantially below that figure. No amount of hard work, inventive genius, or resourcefulness can substitute for this absolute necessity. Unless there is an incentive for capital to in-

(Continued on Page 5)



REIN ON PROFITS—Although it takes no risks, the government may take 10 times the profit of the owners.

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CLAUDE ROBERTSON builds the transmission for heavy winches—and he does a good job.

Builder of Transmissions

ROBERTSON LIKES HUNTING SEASON

THE day was hot and sultry, but that was of little concern to the man and two young boys sitting in a boat on the river running their trot lines. The man was paddling along, letting the two 12-year-olds handle the hooks. The boys had been going with him for many seasons now, but only recently had they begun to claim certain hooks as their own. Finally, on this particular day, they had divided the number of lines between them and had selected the sets for themselves. Now, the all important time had come when the lines must be run.

Suddenly, as one of the lads pulled on the wet cord, he was nearly jerked from the boat. He yelled at his daddy to take the line, but the wise man refused, telling the boy to land his own catch. Excitement reigned supreme for several minutes as the battle raged between a desperate fish and a determined youngster. Hours later—or so it seemed to the exhausted and frightened boy—he hauled a 12-pound catfish into the boat.

That was the first fish ever caught by Claude Robertson, now an employee in the Gas Engine and Winch Department. And it was an experience never forgotten by him and has been cataloged in his mind as the most exciting and memorable time of his life.

Claude came to the Foundry in 1941; until then, he had never seen inside a machine shop. But he wanted to work and he was willing to learn. He was placed on the assembly floor to help in the assembling of pumping units. Soon his skill and enthusiasm was recognized and he was put on a milling machine. Some time later, his job was changed again and he began to assemble winches, which he has continued to do for many years. On the heavy winch, his job is to build the transmission.

He met his wife on a fish fry, even though it was somewhat incidental—or so he thought at the time. Claude and his buddy went early one morning to catch the fish for the social gathering that night. A sister of his friend carried them to the river. As she was about to leave to return home, Claude remembered that she had a sister whom he had seen a few times but had never met. So, as the girl started the car, he called out to her: "Don't you come back without Murville!"

He didn't really believe she would come, but indeed she did. There was an exchange of greetings, a few teasing remarks by others, and the stage was set for a happy romance. Four months later, they were married. They bought a two-room house at Pollok with the idea in mind of adding to it.

They have three children; Patsy, 10, Doyle, 5, and Kenneth, 8 months.

"Patsy is big enough now to act just like an old woman," Robertson commented. "Recently, my wife and two boys were down with the measles. Patsy took care of them and me just as if she were 20 instead of 10. She got my supper and then cleaned up the dishes. She's pretty smart in her books, too."

Doyle is following in his father's footsteps, going along each time



FAMILY GATHERINGS in the Robertson home is part of everyday living. After the day's household duties are finished and there is a few minutes to spare before Claude gets home each evening, Mrs. Robertson gets out her crocheting, while her mother, Mrs. Creel, reads the Black Beauty story to Patsy and little Kenneth. Doyle seems intrigued by his mother's fast-moving fingers.

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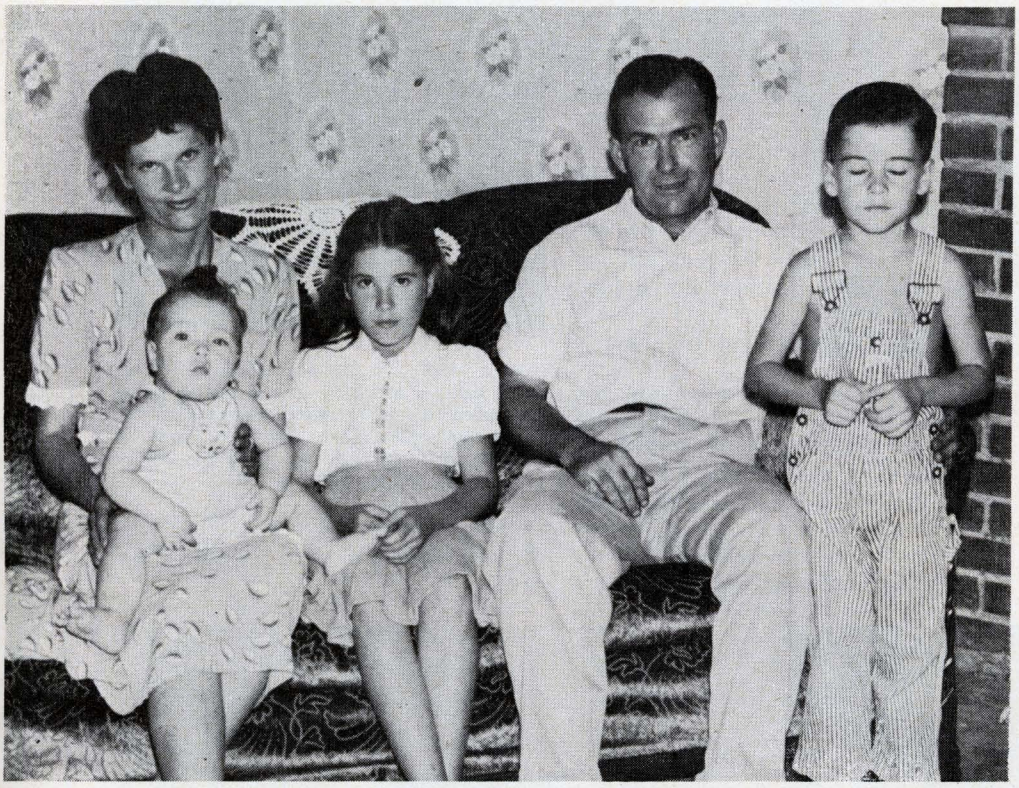
Claude goes fishing or hunting. One day he heard some men talking about net fishing, so he fixed up a little sack with a hoop in the end of it and set out in the culvert across the road. Next morning, he joyfully came running back to the house to display his catch: two crayfish!

The Robertsons have added two more rooms to their house, with Claude doing the carpentry and painting, and Murville and her mother doing the papering. They are still adding personal touches here and there.

Claude's hopes for the future are many, among which is the desire to take his family for a vacation to Yellowstone National Park and Carlsbad Caverns.



ONE OF THEIR MOST prized possessions is this pack of hounds. Claude and Doyle hunt and fish together like old buddies—Doyle's age doesn't hamper things at all.



PORTRAIT OF A FOUNDRY FAMILY. Mrs. Robertson holds Kenneth, 8 months, Patsy is 10 years old, Claude, and Doyle, 5.

PRESERVE THE MAINSPRING

(Continued from Page 3)

vest in constant modernization and improvement and new enterprise, our production machine will begin to slow down and eventually go into reverse. This is not a new concept. The failure of Great Britain to continue its capital investments in plant and equipment in the years prior to World War II stands out now as the basic reason for her production failures in the present crises.

I know that we must carry a heavy tax burden to pay for the war. We must even add to that to help Europe and the cause of peace, or pay a larger price for another war. But the dilemma is that there is no hope of paying such a tax burden without full production. These taxes cannot be collected if anything interferes with the constant progress of the American industrial machine.

Whooping Increase

AND I know something else—from 1913 to 1941 (before the war) the per capita cost of Government, Federal, State, and Local, increased over 650 percent. The total cost increased 900 percent. In the four years from June, 1943, to June, 1947, the Bureau of Internal Revenue collected more taxes from the American public than were collected since the beginning of national taxation in the United States up to that time. There is no reasonable justification for such tremendous acceleration in the cost of government.

It is a pity, at this juncture in the history of the world, when we could do so much in the future years to help others get the benefits we have had from our system, that we must—through lack of awareness—allow the mainsprings and the fundamentals of our system to die by default. I think it was Wendell Willkie who said, "Only the strong can be free." While that is true, I think it is equally true that "only the free can be strong."

I ask you to stand ready, when the occasion presents itself, to help in every way you can to reeducate the American people on the value of their freedom and their preservation of incentives. We must fight for the kind of political leadership that will have a selfless understanding of the things that made America great—the kind of leadership that will renounce political chicanery, to recreate a revived sense of individual responsibility, of ambition, of incentive, and a clear understanding of the things that make for freedom.

Reprinted from *Texas Industry*

He had rather liked the look of her, and suggested a ride in his car. When they had gone a few miles, the girl said:

"Now, before we drive any farther, I want you to understand that I don't flirt, so don't try to hold my hand or kiss me. Is that quite clear?"

"Now," said the girl, "since that is settled, where shall we go?"

"Home," he murmured.

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JOHNSON... *Electrician by Birth*

EDWIN DRUE JOHNSON was born into a family of electricians; thus, quite naturally, he follows the trade. When he joined the Navy, he stayed with electrical work during the two years he served in the Pacific. When he was discharged, he did electrical work for himself until he heard of an opening in the Foundry. In February, 1946, he joined the staff electricians under the guidance of Gene Chastain.

In 1940, he married a charming girl named Leathel, and on November 20, 1946, little Judy Sharon came along to add the final perfection.

As in the case of most young people when they get married, this couple decided to build only a two-room house, while building materials were so expensive and scarce. Then they would add to the home later.

Johnson did all the building himself before and after work hours. Now, his five-room home stands as a testimonial of his skill and determination. He says the house is a dream come true, for when he was only a boy, he always said he would own his own home if he never had anything else.

This electrician doesn't have the opportunity for much outside activity because two months out of three he works nights. "There's hardly time for anything but eating, sleeping, and working when you catch the shifts," Johnson added.

However, when he has the opportunity he gets in some fishing and hunting, and he and Leathel enjoy a good movie occasionally.

Of his childhood days, Johnson says he remembers most the time a gang of fellows and he decided to fill an old man's well full of sticks and planks and any other trash that was handy. "He was a mean guy always getting in my crowd's hair. So we figured we'd fix him good. About half way through the job, he came home and caught us. Mad? That man was so mad he trembled and shook. We were scared stiff. Then, he began picking up the rest of the junk we had dragged up to put in the well, and he threw it in on top of what we had already done. That did scare us. Next, he said he was going to the police and indict us. That about put the finishing touches on us 'cause we didn't exactly know what 'indict' meant, but if it had to do with the cops that was more than enough for us," Johnson laughed easily as he remembered the incident.

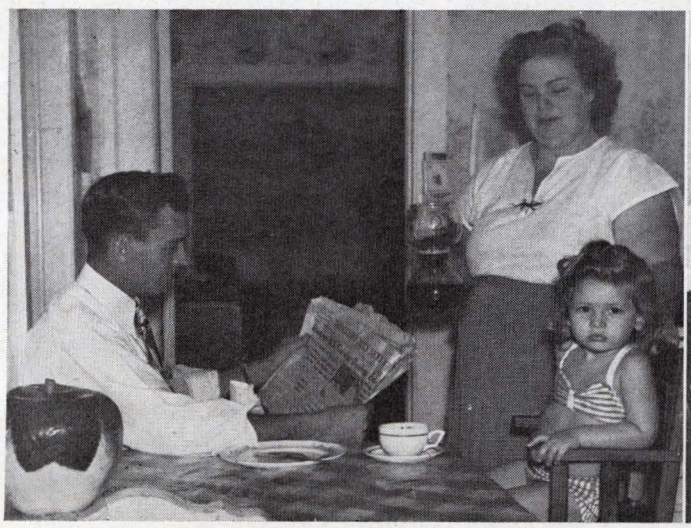
The old man never did go to the police with the matter but he kept the incident as a good weapon to defend himself at all future times from any pranks the boys might have wanted to play on him.

Johnson is a happy, congenial fellow, and his co-workers like him. He has a ready smile and a friendly manner. When asked where he would choose to go if he had an all-expense paid vacation offered to him, he replied that he believed Hawaii was the most beautiful place in the Pacific.



WHILE MOST OF US are sleeping, Edwin Drue Johnson is taking care of the electrical breakdowns that occur throughout the plant during the night. Here he loads his pockets with the necessary tools to be ready when called.

"Someday, I'd like to take my family and go back to the island for a real holiday."



BREAKFAST AT THE JOHNSON HOME is a family affair. Working nights means late breakfast for all. While Mrs. Johnson prepares the eggs and bacon, Johnson reads the paper.

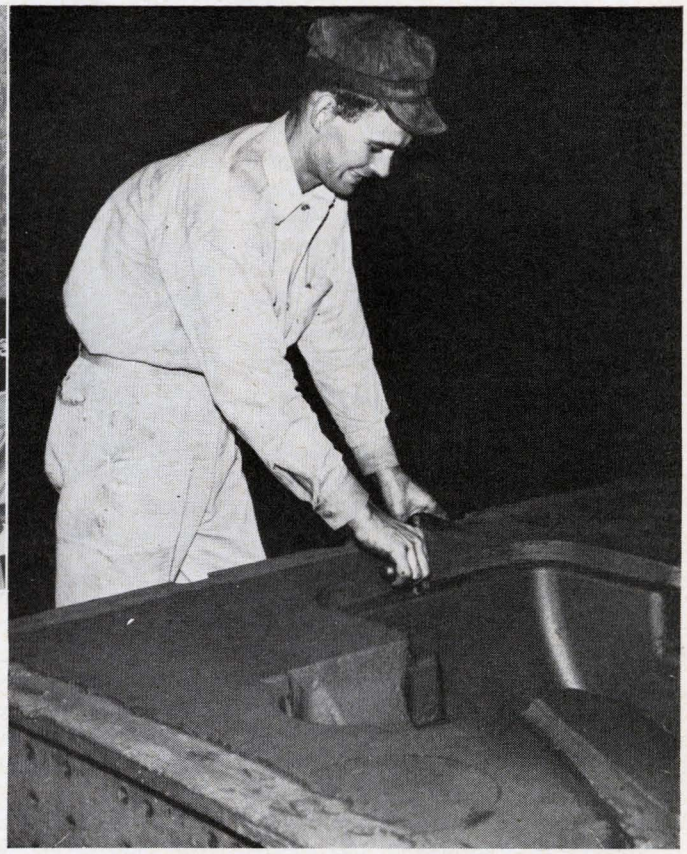


WHEN JOHNSON is on the day shift, they have time to spend some leisure hours. They like movies, and just staying around their new home, reading stories to Judy Sharon.

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Foundryman Doesn't Mind Night Shift





MR. AND MRS. BATTLES sit in their recently finished home as the ROUNDUP Photographer snaps the camera. Right: Battles puts the finishing touches on a mold. Before he came to the Foundry, he worked with a sawmill.

GROWING up around a little sawmill, Thomas A. Battles, night shift employee in the New Foundry, went to work there when he was approximately 10 years old. He stayed in mill work until 4 years ago last June when he was added to the Lufkin Foundry staff. The molding trade was what he wanted to learn, so he was placed in that department and has remained there. His job is somewhat varied, but to catalog it in some phase of molding, he does the coring up duties.

On Christmas Day in 1945, he married Mrs. Battles. They own a neat, comfortable home on Chambers Street. The house sits back among tall shade trees, which Battles says are a lifesaver for day sleepers in the summer time.

Mrs. Battles sometimes sits beneath one of the sprawling oaks in the early morning as Mr. Battles sleeps, doing her patching and mending while a neighbor joins her to discuss some subject of mutual interest.

The Battles go to a movie occassionally, and they attend the Baptist Church. Someday Thomas hopes they'll get to go to Europe.

"They wouldn't let me go during the war, but maybe I'll make it yet."

NEW ARRIVALS

(Continued from Page 2)

To Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Trailer Plant worker, on the birth of Virginia Ann, born August 17, weighing 6 pounds and 6 ounces.

These brothers were fathers only two days apart and their youngsters differed only 3 ounces in weight.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chastain on the birth of a boy weighing 6 pounds and 9 ounces born August 21. He was named John Wesley, Junior.

To Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gandy on the birth of Cherie, a girl weighing 7 pounds, 10 ounces.

☆

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 would not tell you she had told me you told her."



This is Michael, 8 months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Woodie Wallace, New Foundry employee.

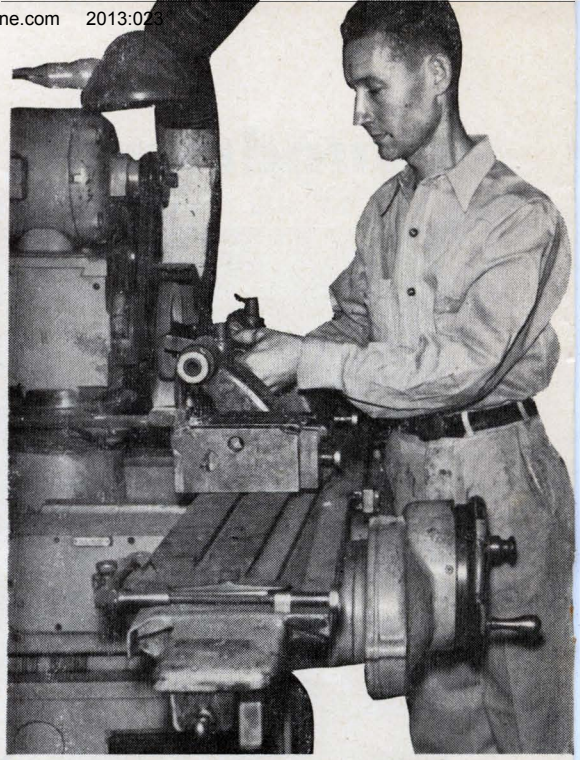
Teacher: "Ichabod, for what was Louis 14 responsible?"

Ichie: "I dunno—unless it was Louis 15."

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Amateur Radio Enthusiast

BREAZEALE HAS MANY HOBBIES



IN THE TOOL ROOM at night, Hubert does his work. He is serious and conscientious, but easily sees the necessity for a joke now and then to break long hours.

WHEN I was just a kid, I used to think I would be a radio operator when I grew up. Well, I didn't quite make it, but I compromised. I'm tinkering around with amateur short-wave radio." That remark came from a night shift Tool Room employee—Hubert Breazeale.

Hubert spent one year in a Port Arthur radio school, and since that time he has tried to keep a working knowledge of the trade. He is planning to obtain some war surplus equipment and construct his own transmitter. But, as he says, he has a long way to go yet before he can actually operate an amateur short-wave set.

"It's been some time ago since I finished that radio course, and many requirements of the government have changed. I'm studying my code and other things with the help of one of my wife's relatives who is an operator for a local broadcasting station," Hubert commented.

When he passes all the necessary requirements and exams to receive his operator's license, and he gets his set built, he'll be in the amateur short-wave class, enjoying a partial fulfillment of a childhood dream.

Hubert began work in the Jig Department in 1937, where he remained until 1942, when he was transferred to the Tool Room. He has always been acquainted with machines since he worked under his father for Southern Pine Lumber Company during the summers when he was a boy. He liked working with machines; liked what he and a machine could produce together.

When romance came his way, he was lucky. Eloise Ellis, pretty daughter of Jeff Ellis, returned his love and they were married. She respected and was proud of his desire to have a small workshop behind their home in which he could give release to his creative talents. She encouraged him to buy a piece of equipment now and then for his shop, even though money was scarce in those earlier days. Now, Hubert has a most complete workshop, including wood-working and metal-working machines.

HE SPENDS most of his off hours out in his den fashioning some useful object for the house, or a fascinating toy for his little girl, Brenda Jeanne who is 8 years old. Some of his wood craftsmanship includes an ash tray, foot stools, and other items constructed from maple. He has a prized supply of black walnut which he bought many years ago. Someday, he will make a four-poster, canopy style bed.

"I hope I'll get it finished before we build our home—which is still in the future," he mentioned.

While the man of the house is skillfully and happily spending his leisure hours in his own way, the two feminine members of his family also have interesting hobbies. Mrs. Breazeale is a collector of exquisite after-dinner cups and saucers. Her collection is varied and excitingly colorful. The dainty, fragile objects are arranged on a highly polished surface emphasizing their minute size and artistic design.

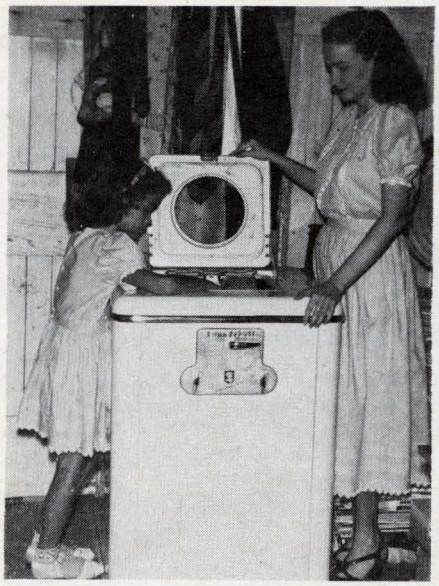
Brenda Jeanne proudly boasts of her collection of foreign-made dolls, the clothes for which she makes herself. She is very happy with a cabinet affair her daddy built for the dolls which includes a separate compartment for each.

Hubert is a member of the Arabia Temple and the Lufkin Shrine Club. He hunts a little, fishes a little, but "mostly, I just tinker in my shop," he explains.



IN THEIR LIVING ROOM, Hubert Breazeale, Brenda Jeanne, and Eloise Breazeale sit for the *Roundup* Photographer.

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THE NEWEST ACQUISITION of the Breazeale's is the automatic washing machine which Brenda Jeanne immediately began to explore. Mrs. Breazeale was so proud of the machine that she gladly answered all the child's questions over and over again.



HUBERT'S WORKSHOP at home is complete in every detail. With his wood-working and metal-working machines, he fashions many practical items for use in his home.

THE Breazeales are living on Humason Avenue, but they own a lot in the Foundry addition on which they hope to build soon. The family attends the Methodist Church. Hubert laughed genially and added, "Of course, when Saturday nights come, I have to take that little girl of mine to the picture show."

If the Breazeales realize one of their many hopes and dreams of the future, they will find themselves taking an extensive tour of Canada and perhaps Alaska.

"America's last frontier holds a fascination for me, so I'm hoping to see Alaska one of these days. Of all the resorts and vacationlands of the world, I choose the great Northwest."

SUGGESTION



WINNERS

By MARSHALL J. DAILEY

EXTRA money came easy for the fellows whose names are printed below. It could be the same for you, if you would just take time enough to brush away the cobwebs from your brain and write on a slip of paper some idea of yours which would make your job easier. Try it just once; see if it pays off.

September Winners

JOHN CLUCK — $20 — Change in location of web plates on 5 sizes of fabricated Equalizers.

JOHNNY SLATEN—$15—A dye to cope out B-2495 Round Front Rubrail for vans.

R. B. SMITH—$10—Safety rack for airing truck tires.

B. F. HOLCOMB — $5 — A hub puller for forcing hubs off when they stick.

H. C. BRODERICK—$5—A wash vat in the jig storage department for washing excess oil and shavings off jigs before storing them.

WILLIAM WATERSON — $5 — A location board set up in the pipe house to tell where the night electrician is working.

HERMAN H. PARRISH — $5 — A set of hooks to use when handling round steel.

M. G. POWELL—$5—Jigs for holding cross members in place on main stringers of bases.

WELDON LARGENT— $2 —Revision of drawing C-5462 changing construction of base.

JOE HULSMAN — $2 — Change in A-5247 adj. screw boxes to eliminate excess grinding.

ROLAND WEEKS—$2—A collar to fit the No. 35 High Speed Gear for Machine No. 30.

JOHN SHORT — $2 — Give supply room an order of every job other than repair work so that parts may be laid out in advance and ready for assembly.

ALLEN REPP—$2—Dip all small parts in primer paint before storing on yard to prevent rusting.

HERSHELL H. HALL—$2—Guard on back of No. 11 electric blue bird to protect big batteries.

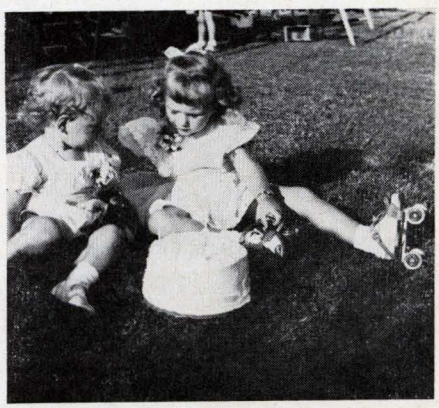
RAYMOND W. WEEKS — $2 — A light at the gas pump for night shift.

CLAUDE TREVATHAN — $2 — A small waiting house with a telephone built over on the old field for truck drivers and their trucks.

VERNON ALLRED—$2—A backing board for putting gear cutters on when not in use.

Z. R. CUMMINS—$1—A light in alley where oil barrels and pinion and gear racks are kept.

E. P. WINSTON—$1—A rack for storing ribs and tie plates on welding side.



PRIDE AND JOY of B. F. Tucker, Messenger, are his two grandchildren, Sue (left) aged 2, and Cherry, 4, who live in Haynesville, Louisiana. The Tucker family spent their Labor Day weekend with these two lovely lassies.

"Mechanically, we are moving at the speed of a jet plane. Socially, we are driving an ox cart."—*Eric Johnston, President Motion Picture Producers Ass'n.*

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

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Feeding the Fish by Rail

WITH OUR SAILORS OF THE BLUE

THERE'S something new in the line of fishing tales. Now our heroes have attempted deep sea fishing—but mind you, we said "attempted." Labor Day weekend, twelve of our most hail and hearty men headed for Sabine Pass and the wild blue yonder. The dozen he-men included Gene "Sooey" Chastain, Mutt Barr, Dude Schuller, Robert Lang, Calvin Kimmey, Jim Odom, Bryan York, Carter O'Quinn, T. J. O'Quinn (Carter's brother of Beaumont), Wick Lewis, Fred Nelson, and Rhobie White.

Upon arrival at the Pass, the strong men partook of sustenance and drink. Not content with normal proportions, Chastain and Kimmey devoured two red snapper steaks and one flounder each, before the party sailed at midnight.

For the first few hours out to sea, everybody was having a wonderful time. Laughs, fun, jokes, and pranks were engaged in by all. Then at the crack of dawn, Kimmey took the lead. With a mad dash, he hit the rail and gave back a portion of the red snapper steaks. Then in quick succession followed Nelson, Chastain, Barr, the two O'Quinn's, and Rhobie. What a beautiful picture that was! Nelson kept blubbering at Gene to get out of his place at the rail. Finally, Gene collapsed and could only reach the side of the boat by crawling on his hands and knees. Then our illustrious Admiral Nelson gave up the fight and fell flat of his back on the deck, issuing forth his nautical orders which sounded strangely kin to groans of agony.

Wise Odom, who refused to eat anything sweet and consumed only a light supper the night they sailed, was feeling fine and merry when the sun broke through the clouds. He kept offering the men who had a faint greenish tint to their faces a little "drink" to help them fair better.

"Want a beer, Mutt?" he very courteously inquired. Barr only clamped his mouth shut tightly and shook his head emphatically no!

Rhobie reported later that he merely had a headache and was not actually seasick, but he removed his glasses and extra set of teeth just to be prepared. Robert Lang fell asleep and awoke with dried shrimp dangling from his mouth which had been put there by his innocent-appearing friends. When Mutt mercifully fell asleep, he awoke with a wriggling, slimy eel writhing in his hands which he immediately gave back to the ocean, and then reached for the rail to feed the fish again. The O'Quinn's remained silent except for a smothered moan occasionally.

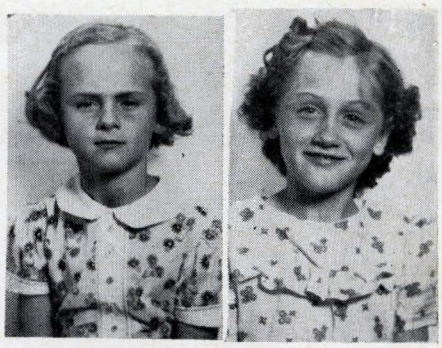
Although our sea-faring men caught only two baby snappers, a few salt-water catfish, and the eel, the fish themselves did not go hungry for the would-be sailors saw to that.

In spite of all the greenness of the excursion, almost everyone agreed that they would be ready to go back again. If and when they venture out upon the blue again, it has been unanimously voted that Admiral Nelson will be the skipper and "Sooey" Chastain will take over as First Mate.



COLOSSAL Hunter and Fisherman, C. D. Boykin of the Material Control started the hunting season off with a loud report—that is, the hunting season in Cherokee County. After driving miles and miles through slush and wooded areas, the first day of September, he did not get to fire one shell. Not just one place did he try to reach but several. Yet, he came back to Lufkin with the same number of shells that he left here with. His friends have hailed him as "Great Hunter!" and "Big Catcher!" We all rejoice in his proved ability.

Oscar D. Brett was mumbling a bit



JUSTLY PROUD of his two youngsters is Johnny Powell, welding Shop. That's Annie Marie, 7, on the left, and Helen Katherine, 10, on the right.

of philosophy the other day, so the roving reporter listened in and this is what he heard: "Home is the place a man can say anything he pleases because nobody pays any attention to him."

B. F. Latham has been raising cane lately because some of his bantam chickens disappeared. His wife keeps very silent on the subject, and especially does she take great pains to keep her brother-in-law's name out of any conversation she makes. This certain brother-in-law is well known in the assembly line in the Machine Shop, but since the chickens disappeared when he went to look at some other of B.F.'s products, he is feeling relatively safe. Our main concern lies in the question of why, if he had to take something of Latham's, did he choose bantam chickens? Sometime when you are down his way, ask him how a "Smooth Mouth" eats bantam chickens.

There have been many fishing trips this season and many tales have resulted. Of course, the majority of the stories relate the poundage always caught. But one pair of disappointed fishermen have gladly and willingly admitted the truth. When Weldon Costlow and Calvin Crain came home with empty hands, they completely swore off fishing or even getting near the river again. It's a shame that such ill-fated luck would make them so drastic in their exclamations, but maybe they will have softened by next spring.

Congratulations to Buddy Creel who was married August 28.

(Continued on Page 11)

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Adventuresome Threesome



THIS IS A TRUE STORY! Some people have a peculiar notion that everything printed in this magazine is not entirely true. But the above cartoon depicts an actual occurrence, substantiated by sworn statements as to its authenticity.

Three fellows, Ertis Brock, G. C. Lafferty, and Guy English wanted to go fishing very badly but had no bait for hooks. In desperation, Lafferty approached Brock and the conversation went like this:

"Say, as a last resort, I know where we can get the bait." Brock looked around to see if anyone near was listening, then he whispered to Lafferty.

"Where?"

"There's a Catholic School just out of town a bit and there's a pond running through the grounds. Now, if we could just get over that fence and drop our seine in that pond for a coupla drags, I believe we could get enough bait for five or six lines. You know nobody else would seine it."

Brock's eyebrows stood straight up. Horror shot from his eyes. His voice cracked when he answered Lafferty.

"You mean rob a Church! Seine a Catholic pond? Man, are ya crazy?"

"Aw, good gosh! Are ya a sissy? We gotta have bait, don't we? We wanta go fishing, don't we? Then whatcha trying to be chicken for?" Lafferty was plain disgusted.

"Well, the dickens, boy! What if we get caught?" The plan didn't sound so good to Brock.

"Of all things to worry about! 'Course we won't get caught. We'll take English along to stand guard while we drag the pond. Now, do you wanta go or don'tcha?"

"I never thought I'd come to stealing from a Church, but fishing is fishing, so I'll go with you. Better tell English about it, and we'll go tonight."

AND go they did. English tried hard to sit steady on that fence while he craned his neck to see in every direction at the same time. Brock and Lafferty did the seining and English kept whispering hoarsely, "Hurry, hurry. Somebody is gonna see us. Come on, let's go."

"Yeah, let's get outta this place. I didn't wanta come nohow," Brock kept urging Lafferty.

"Of all the sissies, you two take the cake. Look at me; I'm not afraid. Now give me a hand with this net." Lafferty was a brave man.

Finally, English gave way to his nerves and told them he was leaving; they could come too, or stay; it made no difference to him. Brock's courage was fast failing. They made drag after drag, but the bait wasn't to be caught. In utter failure and disgust, the three men slipped back over the wall, and came back to town.

Lafferty was a brave man; his voice never belied his courage. He ridiculed Brock and English up one side and down the other. But another day was to dawn on the morrow.

If you are interested in how Lafferty's bold front withstood the fate that awaited him the next day, drop around and let him tell you how he felt and how he acted when he received a telephone call the next morning from the Sheriff's department asking him to come answer a charge of trespassing, violation of the private property code, and the damaging and destroying of a fence around personal property, plus a few other charges which are too embarrassing to mention here. We are certain that Lafferty will be happy to tell you just how well his courage and valor and adventurous heart withstood the tribulations that met him face to face.

(The Editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the splendid work of Mrs. Elizabeth Friday, sister of Tommie Garrison, Engineering Department, who drew the cartoon in the absence of our staff cartoonist.)

KEEP THIS UNDER YOUR HAT

(Continued from Page 10)

We express heartfelt sympathy to the family of Dave N. Rowin, who passed away last month. Uncle Dave was loved by many and his congenial ways and friendly smile will be sorely missed.

Congratulations to R. B. Hensarling who recently married. We're sorry to hear that he had to visit the First Aid Department on his first morning back to work. For the name of the tablets prescribed for his injured knee, contact the First Aid nurse.

Fate makes your relatives; choice your friends.

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

Little boy in woodshed: "Father, did grandpa spank you when you were a little boy?"

Father with paddle: "Yes, son."

Little boy: "And did great-grandpa spank grandpa when he was a little boy?"

Father: "Yes, son."

Little boy: "And did great-great-grandpa spank great-grandpa when he was a little boy?"

Father: "Yes, son."

Little boy: "Well, don't you think with my help you could overcome this inherited rowdyism?"

An American film actress was applying for a passport.

"Unmarried?" said the clerk.

Replied the actress: "Occasionally."

A man, filling out a job application blank, came to the question: "Have you ever been arrested?" His answer was, "No." The next question asking, "Why" was meant for those who answered the first part in the affirmative. Nevertheless, he answered it with, "Never got caught."

Do you know what the two idiots did on their honeymoon? Nothing—the idiots!

My Uncle Ralph in Texas was digging an oil well. He had sunk a hole 3,000 feet deep in a sand hill when a windstorm came along and blew all the sand away, leaving him with 3,000 feet of hole sticking straight up in the air. But this didn't bother him. He cut the hole into 4-foot lengths and sold them to farmers as ready-made post holes. Made a fortune on the deal!

Trying to rest after an exceedingly hard day, a molder was being bedeviled by a stream of unanswerable questions from little Willie.

"Whata you do down at the plant?" the youngster finally asked.

"Nothing!" shouted the father.

After a thoughtful pause, Willie inquired: "Pop, how do you know when you're through?"

In the dark of night two safebreakers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks, and started to turn the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed his pal. "Let's open this thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer this way, and we'll drive them fingerprint experts nuts!"

"What's the difference between a lion and a panther?"

"A lion roars; panther what I got on."

Jep Simpson, a towering mountaineer, was hailed into court on an assault charge. The State produced the weapons that the defendant had allegedly used in the attack—a two-by-four, a pair of sheep shears, a pitchfork, and a cross-cut saw. But the defense countered by displaying the implements Jep's adversary was said to have used in reprisal—an axe, a shovel, a hoe and a pair of tongs. The jury retired to ponder its verdict and returned shortly with the following remarkable statement:

"Judge, we all can't agree on no

I slept in an Editor's bed
When no Editor was nigh;
And I said to myself
As I pillowed my head,
How easy these Editors lie!"

He's the sort of man who hits the nail squarely on his thumb.

☆

We were happy to hear that Mrs. Bob Stokes is much better. She has been very ill for many weeks. Uncle Bob says she is well enough now to cook his meals, and that means "very well," as he puts it. We hope she continues to improve.

To Whom It May Concern: This is to notify all interested parties that a misconception of facts has been presented recently in so far as statements by Mr. E. E. "Cougar" Bounds are concerned. It has been stated that Mr. Bounds has discovered a nest of alligators with 765 baby alligators in it. The truth of the matter is, Mr. Bounds has discovered a nest of 565 alligator *eggs* and not real live alligators. He states further that each egg weighs 10 pounds.

The above correction of this misrepresentation was made by Mr. Bounds since it is *always* his custom to relate nothing but *true, proved facts!*

IT TAKES a lot of ambition and determination to attend a night school for 22 consecutive months without missing a lesson. That's what Sylvester Donohoe has done on his own time. Melton Campbell has missed only one lesson, while his brother, Grady, was absent only 5 times. These are records of which anyone could be justly proud. Such records are made only by men who see something in life beyond the present.



GRADY CAMPBELL, SYLVESTER DONOHOE, and MELTON CAMPBELL.