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THE Foundry Roundup



November - December, 1948

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Plaque Ceremony

HONORS LATE LEADER

A MEMORIAL PLAQUE in honor of Walter Charles Trout, late beloved President of Lufkin Foundry & Machine Co., was unveiled Wednesday afternoon, November 24. Soon after the 4 o'clock whistle had blown, men who had served the Company long and well began to assemble near the Main Office to witness the unveiling of a bronze plaque which they had dedicated to their past leader and friend.

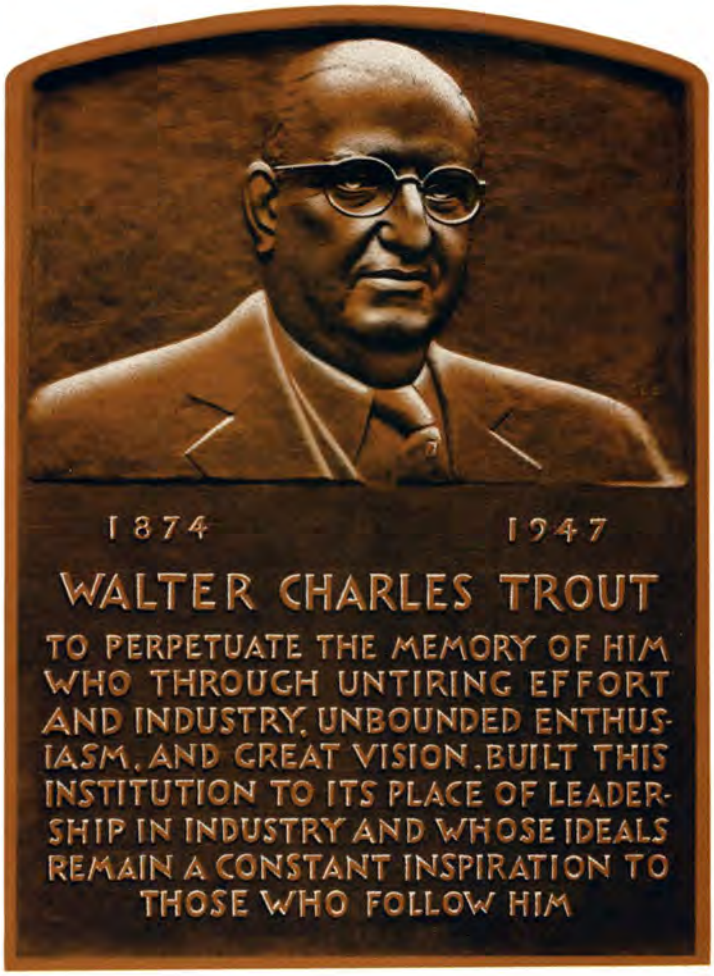
While the men and women, employees and friends, gathered near the speaker's platform, many minds were focused backward to a day when Mr. Trout had been among them—working with them, laughing with them, swapping stories, and being a kind friend to them. Back went their memories to the day some three years ago when, though the majority of the nation was torn with strife between employees and employers, the men employed by this Company wanted to express their love and appreciation for their President.

Some of the men got together and talked about it. They knew his birthday was near, so they asked everyone if a birthday party for Mr. Trout met with approval from all. It did—unanimously. So in April of 1946, the employees voluntarily made up a pot and gave the party, at which they presented Mr. Trout with an old hinge from the door of the first Shop. The hinge was mounted and beneath it was written a poem in story form of the "good ole days" and about some of the old timers employed in the initial days of the Company.

Mr. Trout considered the party, the gift, and the expressions from the men as a signal honor and he proudly told his business acquaintances throughout the United States about the occasion.

When 1947 rolled around, the employees again wanted to give him a birthday party, and a voluntary pot of money was made up for this purpose. However, the event was postponed because of his illness and subsequent death.

Later the men wondered what they should do with the money. No one seemed to think it should be refunded, but that it should be spent in some way to honor Mr. Trout. It was then that the idea of a memorial plaque was born.



The employees wanted to pay tribute to their beloved friend and to perpetuate his memory in such a way that his council and guidance might be preserved in the hearts of the present generation and that his work and noble life be an inspiration to the generations to follow.

Mr. Carl L. Schmitz, renowned sculpture artist of New York City who was born in France in 1900 but who has acquired fame and high recognition since coming to the United States in 1923, was commissioned to execute the plaque. From only a few scattered snapshots, Mr. Schmitz was able to mold into a beautiful bronze plaque a warm, life-like bust of Mr. Trout. Mr. William B. Wiener, architect of Shreveport, Louisiana, spent a great deal of time designing an appropriate wall for the plaque. With the inscription, the plaque measured 18 by 26 inches. It, the wall, and the landscaping was completed at a cost of about $2,000.

So it was with a deep feeling of pride and humility and with an abiding love for a great man that the employees of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company dedicated the bronze plaque to the memory of the late W. C. Trout.

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DEDICATORY REMARKS . . .

By A. E. CUDLIPP

WE ARE gathered together today to again give expression to our love and esteem for our late lamented friend and co-worker, Walter Charles Trout, and to unveil in his memory a beautiful bronze memorial plaque. We do this that, in spirit, he may always be with us, guiding and directing our destiny, offering his friendly council and advice—being ever a reminder of the happy days when we walked this earth together—when we worked together—yes, when we laughed together, for no man loved the companionship of friends more than W. C. Trout. This plaque shall be a source of constant inspiration to those of us he left behind and to those who will follow us, that we may carry on in the great tradition to which he gave his life, for when W. C. Trout answered that final call from a voice we could not hear, and from a beckoning hand we could not see, he left behind a priceless heritage —the example and inspiration of a brave and honest life. He had run a long and splendid course. He had plowed a straight furrow. He had kept the faith. He had achieved love, honor, and hosts of friends. Stalwart sons had grown up under his guidance to call him blessed. No man could do more. Nature had endowed him with high qualities of head and heart.

And we all know that not in this day, nor perhaps in any day, will any come who could take his place. Therefore, ours must continue to be the deprivation that comes from the loss of such a man.

Great and important men have paid sincere tribute to W. C. Trout—men of high intellect; men of great literary attainment. It is in keeping, therefore, that an expression of sincere and warm love come from those of us whose knowledge of his fine characteristics arose from intimate, everyday association; an expression of devotion from those whose good fortune it was to have walked and worked daily with him. We, who were associated with him through good days and bad, through good fortune, as well as misfortune, through successes and through failures, through the act of daily living together in shop, office, and in the friendly passing of the day, came to know the mettle of the man, his innermost thoughts and his ideals and aspirations.

We knew him as a man possessed of great courage, both physical and moral, and during the later years of his life, his ripened wisdom became more and more a guiding light to those whose lives he touched. He loved his fellowman. He spread good cheer and good will. He played fair. His word was his bond. He never forsook a friend. He never abused a confidence. The record he left behind is a record of high usefulness and sincere good deeds, well done.

Enthusiastic initiative, unbounded energy, intelligent aggressiveness and integrity of the highest order characterized his career—who, dying, left behind him the admiration, the esteem, and the affection of all of us. He left behind him "A name without a stain, a fame without a flaw."

He loved the business to which he devoted his long and untiring life. I doubt that he ever had a waking moment when his thoughts were not devoted to this business—its growth, its welfare, its future.

But his devotion to this business was not in relation to what he, personally, might profit by its advancement; but, rather, its value to the community for, witness his own thoughts as expressed in the speech he delivered at our annual employees banquet February 13, 1947, less than three months before his untimely death. I quote:

> *"The greatest pleasure I have gotten out of life is not in the modest amount of this world's goods I have accumulated. I am most proud of the small part I have had in the building of a growing concern, employing more men right along—and having this concern become a greater asset to this community."*

He was equally as interested in the welfare and happiness of his employees, for I quote again from that very same speech:

> *"Let me hope to always maintain your loyalty and confidence—to merit your friendship and good will. I can assure you that in what few years I have left I shall ever keep in mind your interest and welfare as a partner in a common enterprise."*



A. E. CUDLIPP delivered the dedicatory remarks while the Rev. Harley Patterson (seated, left) gave the invocation; the Rev. Ed. Mulliner (center, seated) the benediction; and Jesse Belote (right) unveiled the plaque.

As we all know, Mr. Trout was the motivating spirit behind the building of Lufkin's Memorial Hospital—the greatest boon to the welfare and health of our people in the history of the county. And the Memorial Hospital was only one of many worthwhile contributions to which he gave leadership. He participated actively in worthwhile national, state and local efforts, and gave most generously of his time, intellect, means, and spirit to educational, religious, charitable, and civic causes. His great talents were also given most enthusiastically to the development of industry, which contributed, beyond measure, to the industrial betterment of the society he served.

Beginning his career in a very humble, but highly honest fashion as an apprentice machinist and, with limited education, he worked his way through life, step by step, to a final position of influence in society and to the head of one of our leading industrial establishments.

He attained a position of prominence in society, and of leadership in industry truly the hard way.

It was, therefore, only natural that he should be vitally interested in the preservation of the great American traditions which enable any other man,

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through sincere application of his own ability, ingenuity, and hard work, to build a successful, happy and prosperous life. It is little wonder, therefore, that he fought long and hard for the maintenance of the American way of life, through the salvation of what he chose to call the American Competitive Enterprise System, which, in simple terms, simply stated, means that men might have the freedom to enjoy the fruits of their own labor and of their own initiative and enterprise. He opposed, with all his strength, every type and form of an "ism" that would attempt the destruction of the American freedoms. He was, throughout his life, a man saturated with devotion to his country and with a burning love for human liberty.



"I CONSIDERED him one of the best friends I ever had," said Uncle Jess as he removed the veiling.

Yes, Walter Charles Trout lived a long and useful and energetic life, devoted to his family, his church, his friends, and to the business he loved so well.

He was such a vital living force in so many avenues of life to the very day of his death that, even beyond the grave, his soul and spirit and inspirational leadership shall remain with us to guide and direct our pathway in the years that lie ahead. His name will always remain written, in terms of affection and respect, imperishable in the hearts of those he met along the rugged highway of life, many of whom are gathered here today.

May we, therefore, my dear friends, who remain, as we unveil and dedicate this lifelike memorial plaque to the perpetuation of his memory, dedicate our lives and our whole strength to the great principles to which he devoted his life—highest honesty, unimpeachable integrity, a love of one's fellowman, and the many other ideals which characterized his life.

May the memory of the life of this great man, who was our friend and benefactor, be always an inspiration, a guiding light, and a joy to us all as long as we shall live!

Almost Too Close

FRANK JONES was working one day in the Chipping Room. His job was not particularly dangerous, and his mind was not dwelling upon any hazards that he might be subjected to. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, a piece of slag flew toward him and hit his goggles right in the middle. You



WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED to the left eye of Frank Jones, employee in the Chipping Room of the New Foundry, if he had not been wearing his goggles when the above piece of slag flew off the grinder of a fellow working next to him?

can see for yourself what happened to the glass.

It was not Frank's work that hit him; but the fellow working next to him. Had he not been wearing his goggles, imagine what would have happened to his eye. But the safety glass was the difference between the continuation of a normal, happy life and a life of dread, fear, pain, and misery.

It could happen to you. Accidents happen not only by your own mistakes but by uncontrollable incidents at the work bench beside you. WEAR YOUR GOGGLES! WEAR YOUR SAFETY GLASSES! You'll win in the long run just as Frank Jones did.



EMPLOYEES CAME to listen and to remember as the beautiful bronze plaque which they had given in memory of their late lamented friend was unveiled.

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BEATING THE DEADLINE



BY THE time you read this, you'll be sniffing those fragrant, savory smells that come from the kitchen. The women will be basting the turkeys and hens, mixing a pumpkin pie, and putting the finishing touches to the dressing and candied yams. And though most of you will have thoughts only concerning food, let me interrupt them just for a moment.

Christmas comes but once a year. Not a brilliant statement, I'll admit, but just a prefix to asking a favor of you. Many of the employees have some kind of camera. Won't you get the family together on a happy Christmas day and take a few snapshots? You'll enjoy it and the ROUNDUP Editor will be most pleased to print them in your magazine. Take some pictures of your children and of your wife. The magazine is published for them, too; so we'd like to have their faces appear on the pages every now and then.

When you have had the films developed, bring the negatives around to the Editor's office in the Personnel Building. She'd like to talk to you about them, get the names and other necessary information about the people in the pictures. Then enlarged prints can be made from your small negatives and your pictures will be ready for printing in the ROUNDUP.

It's a family magazine, published to please you, the employee. If you don't see your name or any pictures of you or the family in the ROUNDUP, you lose interest in it. But it's a big job for the Editor to get around to 1200 people; so she asks your help. When you have something personal happen which you believe would interest your fellow workers, won't you drop by the ROUNDUP office and tell it? Or drop a note in the ROUNDUP News Boxes which are placed throughout the plant? You'll be doing yourself a favor as well as the Editor.

IT HAS COME to the Editor's attention that some employees have asked how they could have their family's picture and a personal write-up appear in the ROUNDUP. As you know, we started several issues ago to include two or three family stories in each copy of the magazine, because we believed you would enjoy such articles. And also you know that there are some 1200 men employed here now. That means that it will take many months to get around to everyone, but we can assure you that if we live long enough and if paper and ink hold out long enough, everybody will eventually get in the magazine. Men are chosen at random for inclusion in the ROUNDUP, unless some outstanding event occurs concerning a certain fellow.

If something timely happens in your family so that waiting until your name comes up for an interview and pictures would spoil the effectiveness of the event, then please contact the Editor. She'll be happy to include you in the next issue.

SUGGESTION WINNERS



WITH Christmas just around the corner, the following men are certainly going to enjoy spending their winnings on a big turkey with all the trimmings. Would you like to have a little extra to spend on the kiddies or your sweetheart? It's easy. Write those ideas down on a slip of paper and drop them in the Suggestion Banks throughout the plant. Then sit back and wait for your check to be delivered. It's almost as easy as that.

NOVEMBER WINNERS

BENNIE LATHAM — $20 — New type wheel dresser for gear cutter grinder which will cut out chatter, give more accurate angles, and give a uniform grind on cutters.

L. B. SMITH—$15—Cut from flasks all bar that interfere with patterns.

G. T. YOUNGBLOOD—$10—Automatic Fuel Control to allow easier starting of Diesel by giving more fuel to start.

R. B. SMITH—$10—Drill mounting holes in winch base angles on drill press before assembling on winch.

O. B. BARRINGTON—$5—Side posts on vans and bodies be increased one-half inch in width overall to insure spot welder tips making contact the full area of tip.

M. L. CAMPBELL—$5—For stopping pinion in proper place when being pressed into gear, a 7/8" "T" gauge.

H. C. BRODERICK—$5—Add three drilled holes through webs of high speed gears on all drawings. Holes are used to fasten gear to jig when cutting.

EMORY ATKINS—$5—Build tank to keep blower boxes in for core room, and fill with kerosene so that boxes can soak while not in use.

BATSON TREADAWAY—$2—Use a backside tool post with double champher tools on cross feed to champher brake trunions. This saves one operation.

H. R. LEWIS, JR.—$2—Put vibrator on sand bucket in core room.

ROY HALL—$2—Install air tank and air horn on Bluebird No. 11.

BILLY MATHIS—$2—Put spring on small floor crane to hold slack in electric wire to prevent it from hanging down and being pulled out when samson posts are being put up.

H. G. KORNEGAY — $2 — Install two bench lights for metal pattern makers.

H. G. KORNEGAY—$2—Purchase an electric hand planer for Pattern Shop which will cut time in half.

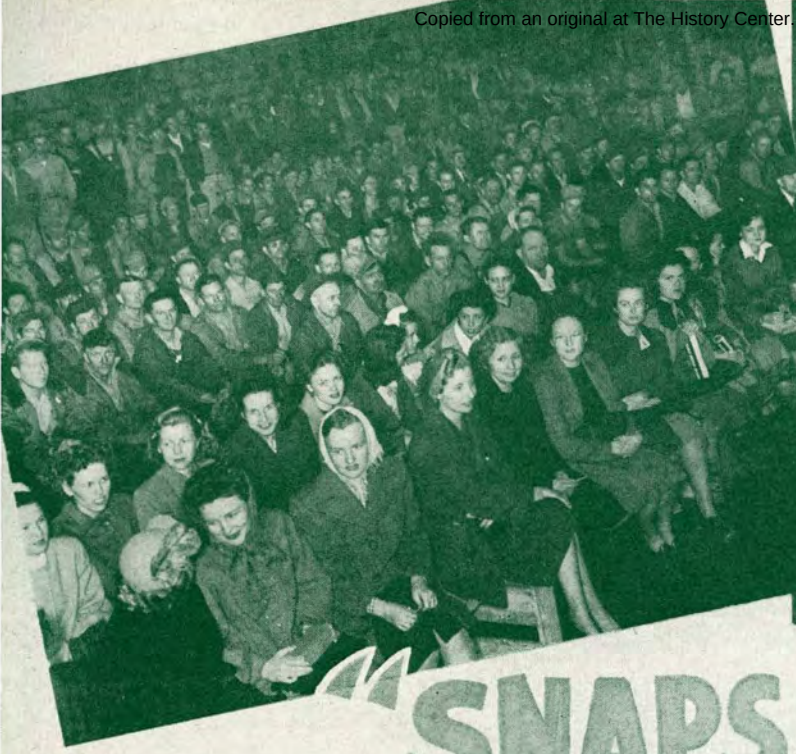
H. H. SMITH—$2—For Welding Shop, a small turntable to place small items on when they are being welded.

C. BROOKS — $1 — Put floodlight over spot welder in Trailer Plant so that welds can be seen.

J. A. HAWTHORN—$2—Put signal light in the Electrical Department and a switch at the backgate on the Main Plant side so when electrician is in Trailer Plant, no one will have to wait for him at back gate.

Mutual helpfulness is a bond of friendship. It means making ourself necessary to someone. Those who haven't time for helpfulness soon find that others don't have much time for them.—*A. H. Glasow.*

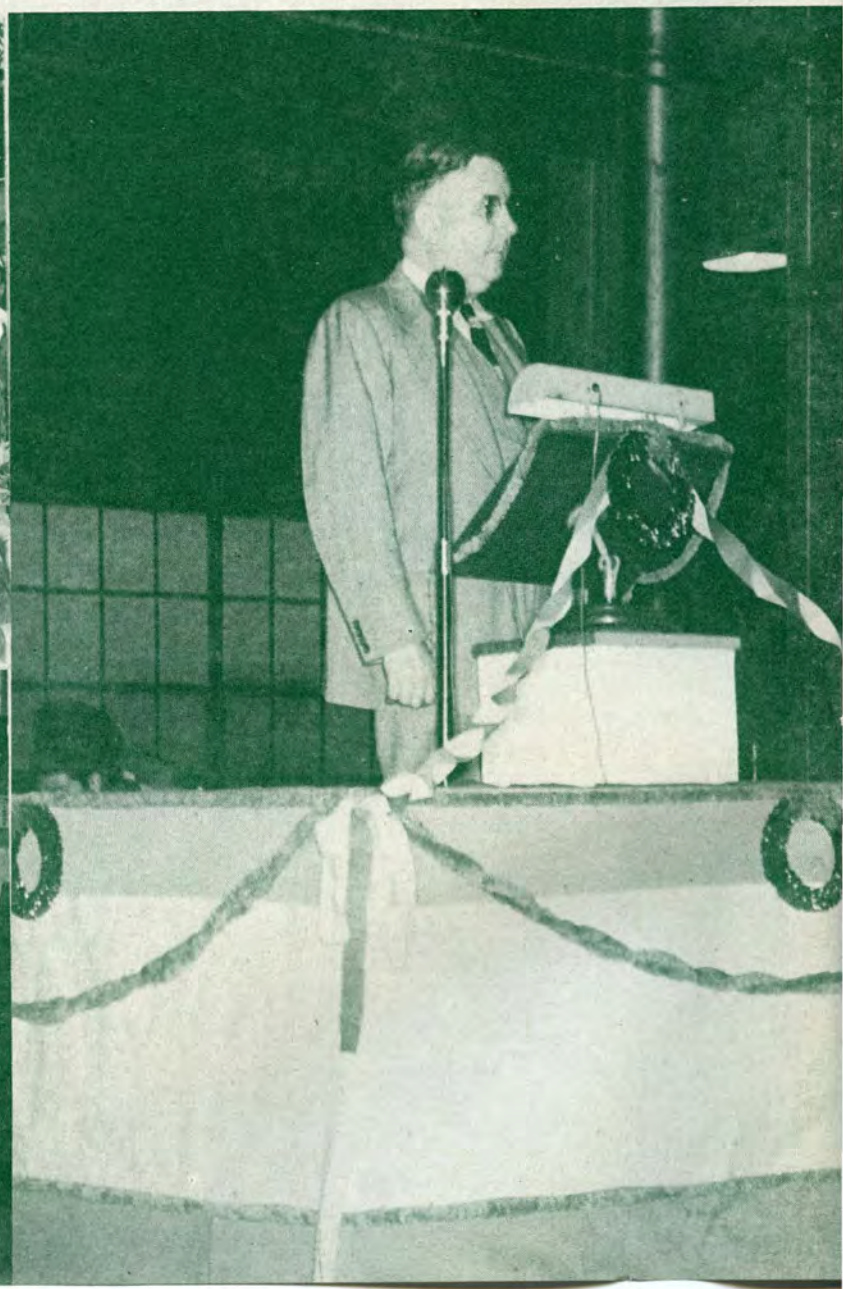
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"SNAPS FROM OUR 19







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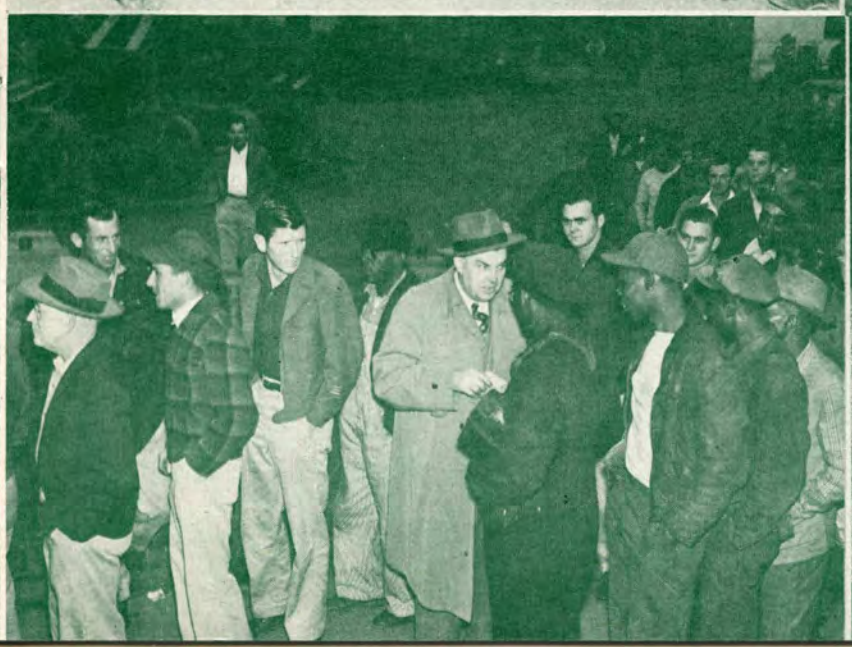




47 CHRISTMAS PARTY









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INEZ TIMS MARKS *18 Years of Service*

INEZ TIMS, colored employee in the Machine Shop, was born in 1910 to a family in which there were 14 children. As soon as he began to grow from a small child to an adolescent boy, he began to day-dream about what he wanted to be when he grew up. His hopes and ambitions were centered upon being an agriculture teacher, but it seemed the cards were stacked the other way.

As he approached manhood, his father's health began to fail and soon he died, leaving Inez, the eldest child, at home. So it was up to him to get work enough to care for his mother and two brothers and sister that were living at home. He worked at two different jobs around town for more than a year; then in 1930, he was employed by Lufkin Foundry.

He continued the education of his brothers until they both completed high school; he sent his sister to college for 3 years.

His first job at the Foundry was in the Bull Gang; then he advanced to Machinist's Helper; worked for a while on the Drop in the Foundry; and now he works with the routing of materials for the Machine Shop.

Inez and his wife, Doshie, have been married 13 years. Three years ago they adopted a little girl named Joyce Nash. She was one of five children whose parents were willing to let Tims adopt the child in order to give her a better living.

"We're sure crazy about that little kid," Tims said with a broad grin. "She comes to meet me every evening when I'm coming in from work. It sure means a lot to have a child around the house. Gives you something to work and live for and to feel a responsibility to."

Twelve years ago, Tims decided he wanted to sink his roots into this community for keeps, so he bought a half acre of land, a little northeast of the Crystal Ice Company. He built his home with plenty of garden space behind and a chicken yard on the right side. To the left, he had a small house to rent. Everything was going along smoothly until about 3 years ago. His home belonged to him; he had acquired a new daughter; and everybody seemed to be making more money. Then one heart-rending day, Tims saw his home burned to the ground and everything he had went up in smoke.

"Things were pretty black for me right then. It was hard to begin all over again with prices of lumber and furniture so high. I guess if it hadn't been for my wife and the girl I wouldn't have had the courage to start over again." Tims voice was sincere.

But he did build again and planted his garden. When vacation time rolled around in 1947, he went to visit his brother in Philadelphia and his nephew in New York. He said he had a fine time, but he doesn't believe he would like to live up there.

"People are in too big a hurry—rushing here and running there. Everybody does it; I couldn't take it," Inez shook his head.

While in New York, Tims attended the world's championship title bout



TIMS LIKES TO WORK in his garden. When a boy, he hoped to be an Agriculture teacher when he grew up. After weeding the garden each afternoon, he may do some work on a ring he's making or join the New Zion Gospel Chorus for a concert at some nearby town.



THE TIMS FAMILY spend quiet evenings at home after the daily shores are finished. Little Joyce, age 5, likes to play with her dishes best of all. Mrs. Doshie Tims has been employed by a prominent Lufkin family for the past 21 years.

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between Joe Louis and Billy Conn. He also took in Coney Island in a big way.

When Inez is not working or hunting or fishing or weeding his garden, he spends the leisure hours at his hobby—ring making. About 8 years ago, Lee Deggs in the Machine Shop showed him the basic fundamentals of ring making. Since that time, Tims has made countless hundreds for his friends and fellow workers here in the plant and over town. In the last year, he states that he has fashioned more than one hundred metal rings. They are hand-tooled from Monel Metal and the designs are filed into the metal.

Time has always taken a great interest in Church activities, especially gospel singing. He is one of the seven members who comprise the New Zion Gospel Chorus. His brother, Sam, employee in the New Foundry, and Willie Lockhard, Trailer Plant worker, are also members of the group. Each Sunday morning at 9:30, they have a singing program broadcast over a local station. Throughout the year, the Chorus gives many concerts in Lufkin and surrounding towns.

This Machine Shop employee did his share in the building of the New Zion Church on Highway 69.

"All the members worked, one way or another. And in 4 months, we had it completed," Tims proudly said. The more than 300 members of the Church are very proud of their accomplishment.

Tims is rounding off 18 years of faithful and conscientious service to this Company. He said of his time working here:

"I like to work here because it's easy to get along with folks. I always get along o. k. with my bosses and the men I work around."

JOYCE SEEMS HAPPY over what her mother has cooked for the evening meal. And, in passing, the Editor and Photographer commented on the appetizing aromas that filled the house while the pictures were being made.



Safety

THIS is the season when sportsmen are permitted by law to go afield with dog and gun. And every year, in spite of warnings with respect to the safe handling and use of firearms, hundreds of accidents occur, many resulting in fatalities.

Usually the contributing causes can be summed up in the single word—carelessness. Sporting arms are made to be as safe as possible. Manufacturers of shotshells and rifle cartridges take infinite pains to make these accessories wholly dependable, but their efforts are of no avail unless the gunner uses them with reasonable care.

Seasoned sportsmen seldom violate the safety code; the inexperienced gunner may, and too often does, through ignorance. Chiefly for his benefit the following "Don'ts" are offered. They are not original, but perhaps they will be helpful, which is the reason for giving them space here:

Don't enter a train, boat, streetcar, bus or automobile with a loaded gun.

Don't point a gun at any person even in jest. It might be loaded and go off.

Don't hunt with anyone you know to be careless.

Don't load your gun until you are actually ready for business. At other times the barrel should be empty.

Don't consider every rustle of a bush to be a sure indication of game. Some human being may be passing that way.

Don't shoot too hastily. Many an over-anxious gunner has done so and killed his dog instead of the rabbit.

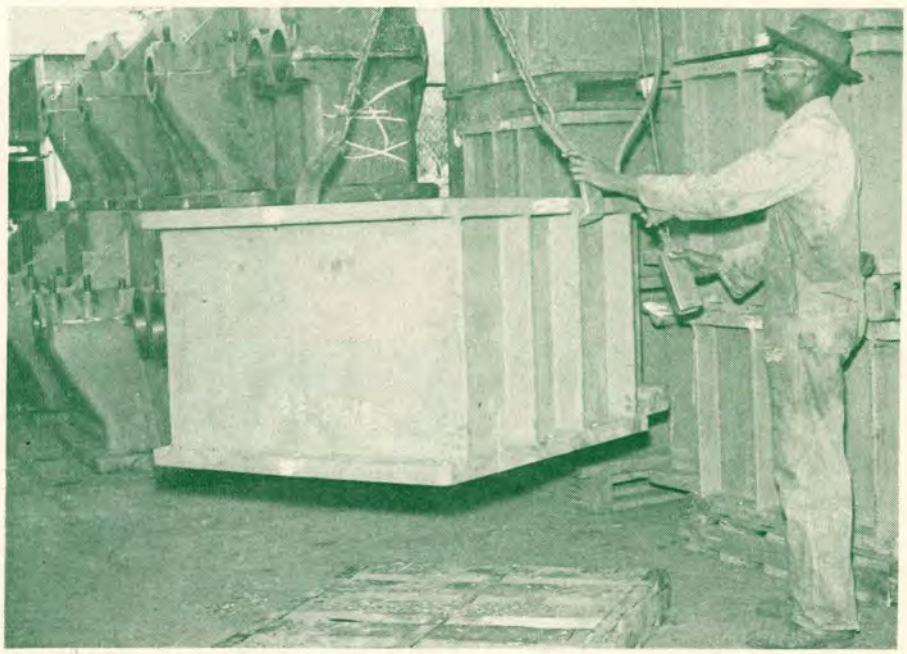
Don't drag a gun under a fence with the muzzle pointed toward you. Put it through the fence, muzzle end first, and lay it flat on the ground, before you climb through or over the barrier.

Don't rest on the muzzle of your gun.

Don't let the muzzle touch the ground; dirt or mud in the end of the barrel makes a firearm unsafe to use; you may need a new barrel.

Don't violate the game laws.

INEZ TIMS started to work for the Foundry 18 years ago, and he still thinks he's in the right place. He works in the Routing Department of the Machine Shop.



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A. J. STUBBLEFIELD came to the Foundry in 1942; works in Parts Department in the Engine Building.



HANDLING SHIPPING DEPT. of the Mill Supplies Division are Howard Parker, Curtis Carswell, and Herbert Cummins.



J. T. MOORE, machinist, began work here in 1937.



INSPECTOR in th
ment of the Mach
Meyer

Here And There

STRUCTURAL LAY-OUT man, Ted Williams, has been employed with the Company since 1936.



MATERIAL CONTROL men are (left to right) L. C. Gilbert, 1943, Henry Finley, 1943, and A. F. Nesmith, 1947.



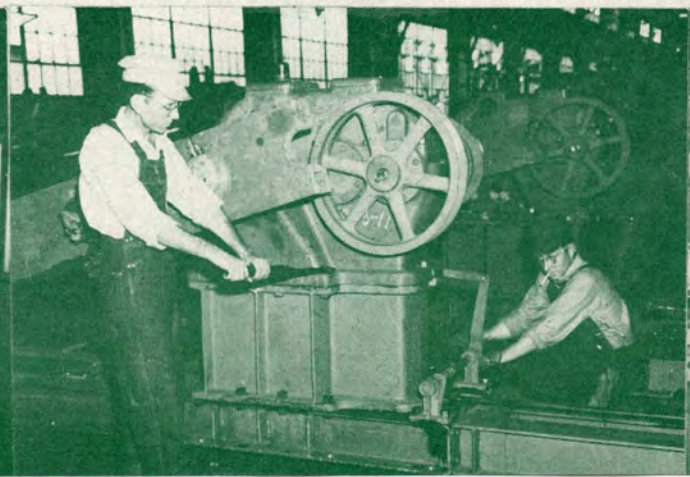
IN THE TRAILER DIVISIO
(left to right) Dock Rec
1946, and Wallace Th
Granville W



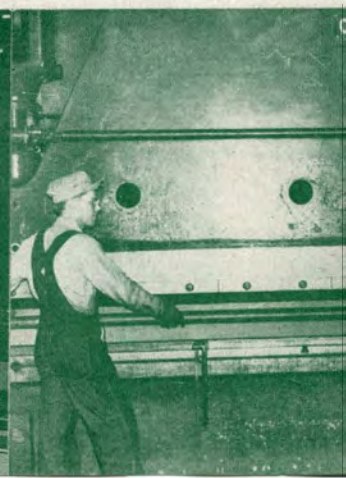
TURRET LATHE OPERATOR Calvin Crain, 1943, is turning brass while set-up man, T. J. Selman, 1929, looks on.



BILL CATER, 1944, and TOM TREADWELL, 1947, are assembly men in the Machine Shop.



R. B. HENSARLING, 194
Operator, M. D. Rodger
Divis



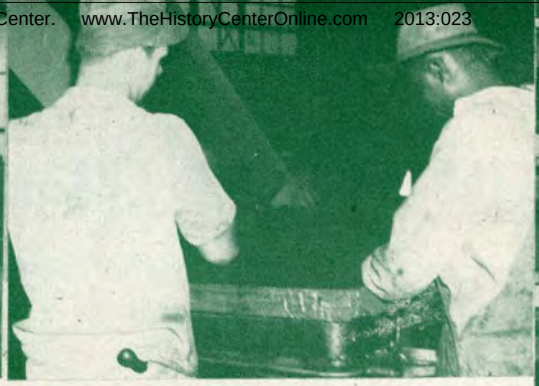
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recting Depart-
e Shop is Roy E.
1942.



MURPH HIGHTOWER, delivery man and general handy-andy fellow, started here in 1941.



W. J. HARBUCK, molder, 1944, has as his helper, Percy Read, 1948.



CORE ROOM FOREMAN, E. L. Copeland, has been with the Foundry since 1941.

Around The Plant

these fellows are
1941, Allen Gann,
pen, 1942. Inside is
ht, 1947.

CHARLIE GAULT'S Shipping Department men keep busy. In this photo are Elbert Ferguson (hat hiding face), Billy Luce (foreground), Chester Jones, and Ed Hudgins.

OTHER SHIPPING DEPARTMENT men are Richard McClendon, J. Lee McCarty, foreman, and Slim McAdams.







helps Press Brake
1943, in the Trailer
n.

W. H. MOORE and O. L. MONROE are core makers in the New Foundry.

FAYETTE HAVARD, painter, became employed with the Company in 1943.







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Employees' Insurance Plan

By FRED NELSON

A GREAT many of the employees are familiar with the group insurance plan that we have here in the plant. That is, most of them know that such a plan is in effect but haven't been availed of all the points.

The Aetna Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., is the underwriter of this plan. Our Company pays a substantial part of the premiums and the employee receives all-round protection "dirt cheap."

THOSE ELIGIBLE

All present full-time employees who are actively working are eligible for insurance. However, new employees must be in the employ of this company three months before becoming eligible but may make application at any time prior to the end of 90 days.

LIFE INSURANCE

The Life Insurance is payable in event of your death from any cause at any time or place while you are insured. Payment will be made in a lump sum or in installments to the beneficiary designated by you. The beneficiary may be changed whenever you wish.

If you become totally and permanently disabled while insured and before age sixty, your Life Insurance will remain in force as long as you remain so disabled, provided proofs of disability are furnished as required. Your contributions toward this insurance cease upon submission of the first proof, which should be filed with the insurance company within three months after total disability has lasted nine months. Subsequent proofs of disability must be furnished each year thereafter.

The life insurance will remain in force for thirty-one days following termination of employment. Within this thirty-one day period, by making application to the Aetna Life Insurance Company, you may convert your Group Life Insurance to an individual Life Insurance policy on any regular Whole Life or Endowment Plan. This individual policy will be issued without medical examination at the Insurance Company's regular rates.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH AND DISMEMBERMENT BENEFITS

THE Accidental Death and Dismemberment Benefits Insurance provides benefits for the accidental loss of life, limbs, and sight, including losses resulting from occupation accidents. The full Principal sum to which you are entitled will be paid for the accidental loss of life, both hands, both feet, one hand and one foot, one hand and sight of one eye, one foot and sight of one eye, and sight of both eyes.

One-half the Principal Sum will be paid for the accidental loss of one hand, one foot, or the sight of one eye. Payments will be made directly to you, if living; otherwise to your beneficiary.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT BENEFITS

The plan pays you a weekly benefit while you are disabled and prevented from working as a result of a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under a Workmen's Compensation Law.

The weekly benefit to which you are entitled will commence on the first day of disability resulting from accident or on the fourth day of disability resulting from disease. Benefits are payable for a maximum period of thirteen weeks for any one disability. Payment will be made for as many separate and distinct periods of disability as may occur, except that if you are age sixty or over, not more than thirteen weeks' benefits will be paid during any twelve consecutive months.

It is not necessary to be confined to your home to collect benefits but a doctor's certificate is required. These forms are available at the Personnel Department.

When benefits have been paid for the maximum period, this Sickness and Accident Insurance will terminate, but you will again be eligible for coverage as you return to active work.

SCHEDULE OF EMPLOYEE'S INSURANCE

Class — Weekly Earnings	Life Insurance	Death and Dismemberment Insurance	Accident Health Weekly Indemnity	Hospital Daily Benefit	Maximum Hospital Incidentals	Maximum Surgical Fees	Employee Pays Monthly
1. Less than $20.00	$ 500	$ 500	$ 10.00	$ 4.00	$ 40.00	$ 150.00	$ 1.54
2. $20.00 but less than $27.00	1,000	1,000	15.00	4.00	40.00	150.00	2.14
3. $27.00 but less than $34.00	1,500	1,500	20.00	5.00	50.00	150.00	2.85
4. $34.00 but less than $40.00	1,500	1,500	25.00	5.00	50.00	150.00	3.15
5. $40.00 but less than $48.00	2,000	2,000	30.00	5.00	50.00	150.00	3.75
6. $48.00 but less than $54.00	3,000	3,000	35.00	6.00	60.00	150.00	4.76
7. $54.00 and over	5,000	5,000	40.00	6.00	60.00	150.00	6.26
8. Executives and Dept. Heads	10,000	10,000	40.00	6.00	60.00	150.00	9.26

HOSPITAL BENEFITS

The plan pays you a daily benefit while you are confined in a hospital as a result of a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under the Workmen's Compensation Law.

These benefits are payable for a maximum period of thirty-one days for any one disability.

The plan also pays for the actual charges incurred while confined in the hospital, for operating room, anaesthetics, laboratory service, and x-rays, up to the total shown on your policy under the heading "Maximum Hospital Incidentals." In order to collect these benefits you must be confined for at least eighteen consecutive hours in a legally constituted hospital and be under the care of a doctor. In Lufkin, the Taylor Clinic and the Burch Clinic are authorized to render such hospitalization.

These benefits are payable in addition to any Sickness and Accident Benefits to which you may be entitled.

SURGICAL BENEFITS

THE plan pays you a surgical benefit for any operation resulting from a non-occupational accident or a disease for which benefits are not payable under the Workmen's Compensation Law. The amount of payment for a particular operation is shown in the "Schedule of Operations" available at the Personnel Office, but if the actual charges by the surgeon are less than that, the payment will equal the actual charges.

In the event that several operations are required, payment will be made for each, but not more than $150.00 will be paid for all operations during any one disability. These benefits are payable in addition to any Hospital Benefits to which you may be entitled.

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DEPENDENTS HOSPITAL BENEFITS

For male employees, dependents include only the wife and unmarried children between the ages of 14 days and nineteen years. For female employees, dependents include only the unmarried children between the age of 14 days and nineteen years.

The plan pays you for the amount charged by the hospital for board and room up to the maximum provided in the "Schedule of Insurance" for each day that your dependent is confined in the hospital. The maximum amount so payable during any one continuous period of disability is thirty-one times the rate of daily benefit.

In order to collect these benefits, your dependent must be confined for at least eighteen consecutive hours in a legally constituted hospital and be under the care of a doctor. Hospital confinement must commence while the dependent's insurance is in force. No benefits are payable for hospital confinement resulting from accidents or illness covered under the Workmen's Compensation Law. This plan DOES NOT cover hospitalization as a result of pregnancy, childbirth, or miscarriage.

DEPENDENTS SURGICAL BENEFITS

THE plan pays a surgical benefit for operations on any of your dependents (as previously defined). The amount of payment for a particular operation will be amount shown in the "Schedule of Operations," but if the actual charges by the surgeon are less than that, the payment will equal the actual charges. The benefits are payable whether the operation is performed in the hospital, in the doctor's office, or elsewhere.

In the event that several operations are required, payment will be made for each, but not more than $150.00 will be paid for all operations on a dependent during any one continuous period of disability.

No benefits are payable for operations resulting from accidents or illnesses covered under the Workmen's Compensation Law. This does NOT pay benefits for surgical procedure in connection with pregnancy, childbirth, or miscarriage.

For further information, contact the Personnel Department.

SCHEDULE OF DEPENDENTS' HOSPITALIZATION

Classification	Daily Hospital Benefit	Maximum Hospital Incidentals	Surgical Fee Benefits	EMPLOYEE'S MONTHLY CONTRIBUTION	
				One Dependent	Two or More Dependents
1	$ 4.00	$40.00	$150.00	$ .98	$1.98
2	4.00	40.00	150.00	.98	1.98
3	5.00	50.00	150.00	1.09	2.21
4	5.00	50.00	150.00	1.09	2.21
5	5.00	50.00	150.00	1.09	2.21
6	6.00	60.00	150.00	1.20	2.45
7	6.00	60.00	150.00	1.20	2.45
8	6.00	60.00	150.00	1.20	2.45

Notes About

Workman's Compensation Insurance

IN ORDER that each employee be covered by Insurance off the job, we all know that the Company has provided the Group Insurance to you on a voluntary basis. The Company pays part of the premium and you pay the rest. It costs you much less this way than you could possibly buy it on the open market. We think the protection it affords furnishes you with a feeling of security we want every employee to enjoy.

Workman's Compensation Insurance covers you for any accident happening on the job. The Company pays for this entirely and it is administered according to a State Law and subject to approval of the Industrial Accident Board in Austin. This board is made up of three members. One represents the employee; one represents the employer and the third one represents the legal profession in order that all proceedings be properly carried out. These Board members are appointed by the governor of Texas and their appointment approved by the State Senate. They are connected in no way with your Compensation Insurance Carrier, except that the Insurance Companies actions are subject to approval of the Board.

The limitations, such as seven (7) days waiting period, $25.00 maximum compensation and others, are set out in the law and must be complied with, both by the Insurance Company and by you, the employee.

It is the obligation of the Personnel Department to see that any insurance due you is paid and that it be handled as promptly as you report claims to us. At any time a question arises over your Insurance, please do not hesitate to come to us and we will see to it that you receive what you are due and any questions you may have will be fully discussed.

When you receive any injury on the job, no matter how slight it may be, report it immediately to your foreman and to the Personnel Department and you will have no occasion for delay or misunderstanding.

One of the major obligations we have to you as an employee is to see that these things are handled properly and to avoid all possible misunderstandings. This Department will feel proud if, through this invitation to you to come to us with any question that might arise, any misunderstanding and consequent disagreement can be avoided.

'Local Boy Makes Good'

IT WAS a case of a "local boy makes good" recently when Rhobie White's invention hit the jack pot of the American Machinist's "Practical Ideas" section. American Machinist is a magazine published bi-weekly for machinists and the trade. In this publication is a section entitled "Practical Ideas" which contains new, improved methods of doing things sent in by readers. If the material sent in by readers is considered worthy, it is published and paid for by the editors.

Rhobie received extra recognition for his invention of Chuck-Jaw Inserts in that he was given an entire page in the magazine to describe what he has done as well as display several pictures showing how the Inserts are used as well as why they have cut down the scrap pile. Other ideas in this same issue were given only a few paragraphs, but Rhobie's covered one complete page.

"The money I got wasn't much, but the recognition that comes with publication in that magazine means a lot to me," Mr. White stated.

The magazine is a national publication. The issue in which Rhobie's idea was publicized contained 282 pages.

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TIME OUT FOR SMILES. Posing for the cameralady are (reading clockwise beginning at extreme left) Fred Griffin, Barbara Kitchens, Ted Davis, T. D. Lashley, Bayo Hopper, Billy Douglass, Emma Laura Douglass, Tommie Garrison, Berniece Blakeway, Rudy Fuller, and H. A. McKerral.



THIS 42 GAME intrigued many. Around the table, beginning at the left, are Martha Ann Powell, Robert Poland, Mrs. Fred Griffin, Fred Griffin, A. D. Moore, and Billy Douglass.

Engineers Entertain with CATFISH SUPPER

THE WEATHER WAS HORRIBLE; drizzling rain, soupy fog, and a chilling wind. But the good time was not diminished in the least. That's the way it was a few weeks ago when the Engineering Department had a party. Everybody came in jubilant spirits and went away happy, full of good food, and bent on getting together more often for socials.

The food was without comparison, Henry Box in his own inimitable fashion, served the hungry engineers, their wives, and friends all the fried catfish, turnip greens, black-eyed peas, fried potatoes, slaw, and hot water cornbread they could eat. Many ate too much, but complained only for a short while—and they blamed Henry for their gluttony!

The guests included the wives, friends, and one husband of the engineers. They all expounded the wish that they might be invited to all the meetings.

Entertainment consisted of 42 games, rummy, and other card games. Some tested their luck at other means of enjoyment, but found it didn't stretch too far. For further information on this, talk with Berniece Blakeway.

Attending the get-together were Mr. and Mrs. Dan Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McKerral, Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Poland, Mr. and Mrs. Bayo Hopper, Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Fuller, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fincher. Misses Martha Ann Powell, Barbara Kitchens, Berniece Blakeway, and Virginia Allen; Mrs. Emma Laura Douglass, T. D. Lashley, Billy Douglass, Ted Davis and A. D. Moore.



A RUMMY GAME is fun anytime, according to these happy ladies. Around the table, beginning left, are Mrs. H. A. McKerral, Mrs. Tommie Garrison, Mrs. Emma Laura Douglass, Berniece Blakeway, and Mrs. Cletis Fuller. Standing are Mrs. Bayo Hopper and Mrs. Louis Fincher.

NOBODY COMPLAINED about the food Henry Box served. His wife, Erie, kept the coffee pot boiling, while Nephew Robert Simons delivered plate after plate of hot water cornbread to the hungry engineers.



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YOU CAN USE YOUR own judgment as to what is occuring in this scene. It may be that the eyes were shut to keep out visions of empty plates. Or perhaps they were saying their prayers.



THIS WAS NO TIME to pose before a camera, so this group continued to feed their faces. Or maybe they were occupied with that tale Tommie Garrison seems to be spinning.



"WE'LL STOP ONLY for a moment! Take the picture and let us eat!"



BERNIECE IS EYEING MOORE'S plate with relish. But it was to no avail. Moore kept downing his turnip greens and fried catfish.

TOMMIE TRIED TO WARN Louis Fincher that there would be enough food for everybody, but Finch was intent to getting fish from the other fellow's plate. Shortly after this picture was snapped, Cletis whacked the extended wrist with a fork and told Finch to eat his own tomatoes.



WHILE WAITING FOR the food to be served, the gang swapped stories. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Griffin are looking doubtful, while the Dan Martins openly disbelieve the tale.



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AS EACH season of the year changes, so change our tall tales about employees and their miraculous hunting experiences. This column will be devoted almost entirely to squirrel and deer hunting.

First on the agenda of extra tall tales is one related by our friend, Henry Mantooth. Now Henry is a great squirrel hunter and it is a most unusual occurrence for him to return home empty handed, but that is just what he did on two occasions. But, according to Mr. Mantooth, his old tom cat came to his defense. Although Henry couldn't get the squirrels, his cat came home with two alive! Yep, it was "bring-'em-in-alive Tom" and Mantooth says he wouldn't part with that cat for any amount of money offered. But don't test his promise too far!

Gene Olds of the Personnel Department was talking to an applicant seeking a job. The applicant was crippled and his back drawn up terribly.

"Are you married?" Gene asked the fellow.

"Nope, it's me rheumatism that makes me look like this."

One of the noisiest stories we've heard in many a day came from E. A. Mixon who tells the following incident in dead earnest. He said he was skinning a squirrel after a hunt one Saturday afternoon. He noticed his small cat standing around watching eagerly for anything Mixon might cast aside, but he also noted that his old hound dog was lying lazily in the sun apparently unconcerned about what was taking place.

Eventually, Mixon skinned the animal and threw the furry remains toward the cat, who greedily began chewing at the skin. Suddenly the hound dog jumped up and grabbed at the squirrel skin. When he did, he gobbled up skin, cat, and all.

"Of all the dancing, and running, and crawling on his stomach, that dog did it," Mixon tells. "That cat was raising old billy in that dog's belly and I don't mean maybe. Betcha he'll look twice before he gobbles anything else in a coupla bites."

Mixon never did get around to telling how the story ended; whether the dog coughed up the cat, or just kept barking and running in circles until the cat died of suffocation. In case you have an even bigger and more daring escapade to tell us, we are waiting with abated breath!

JAKE ROSS has done it again. Poor boy, he can't keep out of trouble. Charlie Harbuck has a friend bring him in fresh country eggs ever so often; one day when a fresh dozen was handed to him, he set them beside his lunch and went on about his work. About the middle of the morning, Jake came up to Harbuck and asked him if he'd like to have a boiled egg.

Harbuck readily agreed, and then bragged about how fresh and good they were. Jake smacked his lips and nodded in assent. He went around to a few other fellows and offered them a boiled egg, which of course, they didn't turn down.

About ten minutes later, Harbuck suddenly dashed over to Jake.

"Where'd you get those eggs?" he demanded breathlessly.

"Why, I got them over there by your lunch, and boiled them in my syrup bucket," Jake answered nonchalantly.

"Don't you know that's stealing? Those were my eggs!" Harbuck's face got red as the anger flared.

"Gee whiz, pal; don't get so upset. Clarence Day told me you said it would be o. k. if we wanted to boil a few; so I just dumped in the whole dozen. You don't have to get so sore, though, just over a dozen little eggs!" Ross wiped his mouth and licked his lips appreciatively.

The ROUNDUP can't print what next Harbuck said, but you can bet your last dollar it wasn't in agreement with what Jake had just told him.

Grady Russell overheard Slim Askins telling Preacher Weems that he, Slim, used to bring his foreman turnip greens in order to stay on the good side of him. Preacher told Slim he didn't have any greens but he could sure bring him a nice fryer.



LITTLE JUDY PICKENS proudly displays her father's catch for the day. Judy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Pickens and lives at 608 Conn Ave. Fred is employed in the Tool Room.

Askins said he supposed that would do just as good as greens and for Preacher to bring it on. So Weems showed up the next morning with a little red rooster. Which all added up that anybody in the Tool Room who wants to make a success, just walk up to Slim and sing out in your most chicken-like voice "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Shorty Minton has been complaining for several days about the quality of the "cough syrup" he's been getting across the river.

"I only had 28 bottles of the stuff, but it didn't help my cough a bit. Guess I'll have to try something a little stronger!"

Many of you have seen cowboys and would-be cowboys proving their skill at riding bucking broncs and wild cattle. But have you ever seen a wild deer rider? Then take a look at I. D. Parker, who was once just a country boy who used to ride yearlings occasionally just for the fun of it. But he has a new experience to add to his life's book of activities.

Recently, he went out of the county to do some deer hunting. After shooting one, he jumped a'straddle the ani-

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TWO FISHERMEN DELUXE! And they have this photo to prove it. Big Boy Stephens went along just to do the cooking, but he couldn't resist posing with the catch. C. M. Jones, Machine Shop employee, gets a thrill out of seeing the camera record this great event. It all happened down at Weaver Bend and the others who were along included Arnold Tomkins, L. G. Gibbs, Leonard Wallace, Joe Lowe, and Sam Wallace. It was a big fish eating time for all!

mal to cut its throat. When he did, the buck jumped up and took off through the woods with Parker holding on for dear life. As they went crashing through the brush and briars, Parker had his clothes torn from his body. He estimates that the deer carried him half a mile before he finally collapsed.

Anyone who disbelieves this story is asked to see G. B. Westmoreland who will be glad to swear to the truth of Parker's statements.

HERE'S a deer story that's almost as exciting as the above-mentioned incident. J. P. May shot a deer and the bullet went completely through the animal, but it started to run and continued leaping through the woods for about two miles before it came to a stop, leaning against a tree—just 25 feet from where May had parked his car. Tsch! tsch!

Judge Hutson came to work Election day with scratches on his face and a place on his arm that looked like something had taken a bite at him. When asked what happened, he replied that a cow damaged him up like that. His friend and brother-in-law, Enoch Weaver, said he couldn't understand Judge telling something like that. Weaver said Hutson was well-read in the Bible and a real Christian man, and Enoch said he was sure that Judge knew and everybody knows that a cow doesn't have any upper teeth and couldn't bite his arm.

"I just imagine it was my sister-in-law getting Judge straight on how to vote!" Enoch commented.

Uncle Ike Hays and his shack have been moved to the New Foundry gate. Hays says he will certainly appreciate anybody stopping by to talk to him and keep him informed about what's going on so he won't get green and dumb.

They are accusing Uncle Jess Belote of being the guilty one behind all this limberger cheese that's passing around the shop. He was seen talking to Cooger Bounds telling him how he could get the stunt going among the citizens of Burke, but we don't think Cooger will fall for another bonanza. You will remember that it was Cooger who did such a good job of fighting the "badger" which Uncle Jess brought to the plant. If the limberger cheese fad goes to Burke it will be personally escorted by Uncle Jess himself; Bounds will have no part in it—and he wants the whole citizenship to know about it!

All the boys in the Foundry really enjoyed the display of the new Oldsmobile by Josh Duncan, and they rejoiced that the molder could be so prosperous.

Something new for the hunter's handbook. Wilom Menefee reported that he went squirrel hunting, but killed four rattlesnakes. Good riddance, Wilom, but all hunters beware!

If you are troubled with a poor memory, read this and rejoice. You aren't in a class all by yourself. Not long ago, Gratton Merriman had to call information to find out what his telephone number is. Maybe it wasn't his memory after all; perhaps his wife put him in the dog house, and refused to tell him what his number was.

Over cokes recently, Karl Bozeman was discussing squirrel hunting with Grady Wasson. Grady was saying that he had gone after a few of the furry creatures, but his luck hadn't been so good. The first one he saw, he tried to take aim, but the shot missed its mark. The second squirrel was shot at, but hit in the same place that the first one was.

"Ah, it was just too cold to do any good," Wasson alibied. "My teeth were chattering so, I couldn't get my aim."

"Well," replied Bozeman, "why



SOME FOLKS MIGHT THINK the fishing season is over, but not the May family. Here James and his father, Jim May, display a string of fish caught above Highway 21 on the Neches River on October 31. There were 20 pounds of good eating hanging from that string. Jim May is employed in the Tool Room while James works in the Pattern Shop.

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didn't you take your teeth out and put them in your pocket?"

Logical, wasn't it?

A football game had some bad effects on L. C. "Pistol" Jones. He made a bet with one of his white friends, and he won. So his friend said he would pay off after they went hunting. When Pistol got the money, he decided to buy some "hadacol." While he was gone, John Murray dropped by to see him. When Jones returned he and John visited for a while, but soon Pistol began to feel the ill effects of the "hadacol." He bent over and held his head; when he did the bottle of "hadacol" fell out and John noticed that it was put up by a California wine company. When Mrs. Jones took Pistol to the doctor and was told that he had a good case of wine, she didn't know what that was, but John pulled the bottle out of Pistol's pocket and showed it to her.

Pistol's white friend later remarked that his only regret was that he didn't get a little of the medicine, too, because that was good cure for any man.

Congratulations to Charles Weeks and Edythe McKeen who were married last month. Charles is employed in the Foundry.

We extend our sympathy to E. E. Wells, Trailer Division employee, whose wife died last month; and to E. O. Standley, watchman, whose brother died recently.

Fritz Gneisig was back in the plant after a long siege of illness, and it was good to see him again. Also Howard Trout dropped by the office for a few minutes one afternoon not long ago and everybody was glad to see him up and about again. Oscar McKinney left the employ of the Company because of ill health. All his friends miss him, and hope he'll come around to see them occasionally.

Don't believe everything you hear—or you'll be in the same class as these suckers we're about to tell you of. Not so long ago Jack Greene was lighting a cigarette with a small souvenir lighter bearing a certain soft drink concern's advertising. Pete Moore rushed up to Jack and inquired where he got the lighter.

"Oh, they're giving them away around here — I think Rhobie has some."

So Pete rushed to find Rhobie before he gave them all away. On his way to find Rhobie, he told several of his friends about it and they joined him. The crowd included George Haygood, Pat Parrish, and Pete Largent.

When they approached Rhobie, he told them he didn't have any more left, but he thought Mutt Barr still had some. So they took off for Mutt's office. Mutt looked at them kinda funny when they asked him for the toy cigarette lighters, but he was accustomed to this sort of thing, so he told them that he had just given his last one away, but that there was a big supply in Walter Trout's office.

For the rest of the story, consult any of the boys mentioned above, but if you are wondering how they light their cigarettes, they still use the good old kitchen variety of matches!



THESE TWO PRETTY GIRLS are the grand-daughters of Mr. W. W. Ragland, Welding Shop. They are Ronnie Leigh (left) and Rogene Russell, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Russell of Dallas. Mrs. Russell is the former Mary Louise Lockhart of Lufkin.

Hubert Towns, machinist, has been ill—from legitimate causes, but now he's really sick for other reasons. One night while he was sick, his friend, S. C. Hughes, thought he would call and ask how he was getting along. Mrs. Towns answered the phone, so Hughes decided quickly to have a little fun. In a high, feminine voice, he inquired:

"Is Hubert there?"

Mrs. Towns answered a little dubiously, "Yes, but who is this?"

"This is Gertrude."

The good lady called Hubert to the phone, but stood beside him as he spoke into the phone. Then she heard Hubert ask who was calling. Next she heard him say, "But I don't know any Gertrude."

About that time, Mrs. Towns took over the telephone again. She said rather abruptly, "Now maybe you better tell me who you are and what you want?"

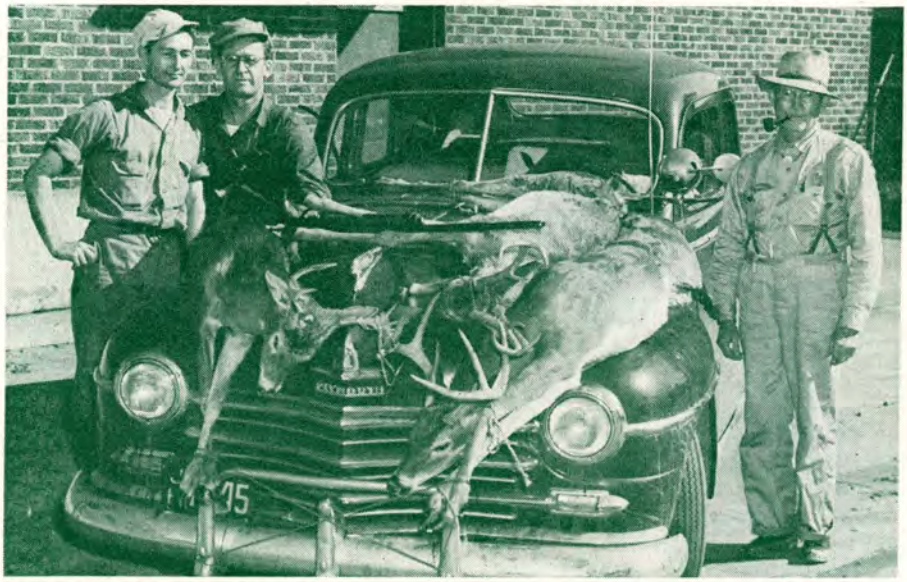
"But I'm Gertrude and I want to talk to Hubert. But I guess I better hang up—or are you his sister?" Hughes was having a big time. He hung up the receiver and waited awhile before he called back.

When the phone rang again, Mrs. Towns answered it none too pleasantly.

"This is Gertrude again. Can I speak with Hubert?"

"You certainly cannot. Where are you?"

Hughes decided it was time to call



IT WAS BINGO all the way for these three. Each got his buck and a pretty lot they were. The pleased expressions you are looking upon belong to PeeWee Hambrick, Ralph Mitchell, and PeeWee's father, Mr. Hambrick.

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it off. So he laughed and told her who it was. At first, she still didn't believe him, but when he finally convinced her of his true identity, she laughed and told him Hubert wasn't able to come to the phone right then. He had fainted dead away.

At the present time, Hughes and Towns aren't on such friendly terms!

After hunting for 30 years, V. T. "Barnum" Bailey finally killed his buck. It was the first one he had ever shot and he's been hunting each year since he was big enough to carry a gun. Besides his buck, he bagged 10 squirrels all the same day. He's been demonstrating to all his co-workers ever since, showing them just how he held his gun and where he hit the deer. His instructions are free—not for the asking, but just for the listening.

CONGRATULATIONS to the following proud parents of new arrivals in the home:

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Cummins on the birth of Donna Louise, born October 8, and weighing 7 pounds, 6 ounces. Dennis works in the Machine Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Matchett on the birth of Katy Dell, born October 28, and weighing 7 pounds. D. H. works in the Machine Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lee on the birth of Linda Kaye born on September 22. Jack, who lives in Apple Springs, works in the Structural Shop.

Congratulations to Will Goolsby who is the proud new father of a girl named Lucile, who was born October 23, and she weighed 9 pounds. Will works in the Cleaning Department.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewel Blankenship on the birth of Mertyce Geraldine, born November 11, weighing 7 pounds and 6 ounces. Jewel is employed in Lee Dyer's department.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Green on the birth of Audrey Elaine who was born November 12, weighing 7½ pounds. Norman works in the Trailer Division.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Bowers on the birth of David Maurice, born November 13, weighing 7 pounds and 11 ounces. Doyle works in the Tool Room.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Love on the birth of Daphne Carol, born November 18, weighing 7 pounds and 12 ounces. "Punk" works in the Machine Shop.

Smile Awhile

"GIMME a dime, daddy," the little boy tugged at the sleeve of the man reading his evening newspaper.

"Haven't got a dime; go 'way now and let daddy read his paper," the father replied, absently, as he continued scanning the news.

"If you'll gimme a dime, I'll tell you what the ice man said to mommy this morning," the boy bargained hopefully.

"Huh? Here, take this quarter; what *did* the ice man say to your mother?" the father suddenly lost interest in the paper.

"Well," he said, 'Do you want any ice today, lady?' "

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to Saint Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith."

"Lady, we have lots of them here. You'll have to be more specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lotsa those, too. You'll have to have more identification."

"Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him he'd turn over in his grave."

"Oh, you mean 'Pinwheel Smith'."

The Foundry Roundup

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"Papa, what is a low-brow?"

"A low-brow, my son, is a person who likes the funny papers, snappy stories, girl shows and the like and doesn't mind saying so."

"And, what's a high-brow, papa?"

"A high-brow, my son, is a low-brow who won't admit it."



JIM BOB "Good Eye" Odom got his 6 point buck Thanksgiving morning, while his father, Jim, managed to capture a tough fox squirrel. Jim was not to be outdone; when Jim Bob tied his pretty buck onto his car, Jim proceeded to tie his squirrel to the hood. You should hear Jim tell how hard that squirrel was to kill—with his rifle!

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Lewis Morrow Perry, son of Lewis Perry,
Welding Shop Employee