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THE Foundry Roundup



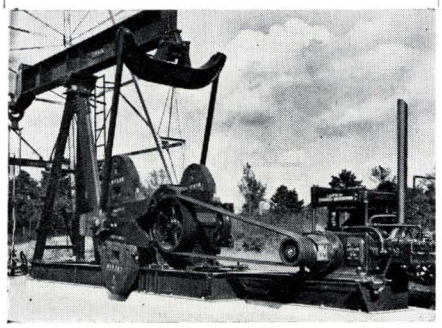
September

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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
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A Parable

One day as the Master walked with his disciples Peter and John, he observed that their pathway in one place was made rough by stones, and a little beyond passed downward through the mud of a swampy place. He remarked that, if each traveler who passed along the way would pick up one of the rocks and carry it to the mire, soon the entire pathway would be made smooth and dry.

Immediately the beloved John picked up a large stone and carried it in compliance with the Lord's suggestion. Peter did likewise but, feeling weak for lack of bread, carried a rock only large enough to fill the hollow of one hand.

As the three came to the mire, John turned to ask where they might drop the stones to best advantage. But Jesus answered, "Eat of the stones instead," and straightway transformed both of the rocks into bread. Thereupon John found himself with a large loaf to eat, whereas Peter frowned upon a small crust.

Another time, as the three walked this way again, the disciples once more picked up stones from the pathway and bore them toward the mire. However, Peter's hunger was great and he carried as large a stone as his strength would endure. When they reached the muddy place, John cast his burden down at once. But Peter turned wearily toward the Lord and inquired: "Shall I drop this loaf too, Master?"

The Master answered: "Yea, Peter, cast thy burden into the mire."

—As retold by Gibson A. Condie.

BEATING THE DEADLINE



What is an Alcoholic? There is no specific answer to that question. The fact that a fellow takes a drink doesn't make him an Alcoholic. But the fact that a fellow drinks and is not able to control his desire to the extent that he can't resist the temptation, then he is classed as an Alcoholic.

Alcoholism is a definite disease, as positive as T.B. or Cancer, and is now third in the list of killers in the United States, exceeded only by Cancer and Heart Disease. We once thought that a drunkard was a low creature. He was told by his wife that if he loved his family he would quit the stuff, straighten up and be the man he once was. Now we know this is a falacy. The Alcoholic can no more stop drinking of his own accord than you can quit breathing.

We are now in a cycle of human events when Alcoholism is at a very high rate, both among men and women. These people are not to be treated as social outcasts, but rather as sick people.

The disease itself works on a man's brain to the extent that he will not admit he is an Acoholic. He contends to the last that he can control himself; that he can quit of his own accord. The results are quite different; he never does quit without help.

There is an organization of Alcoholics banded together to help each other. They call themselves Alcoholics Anonymous. These people have come to the point where they realize they have a problem that they can not lick by themselves. Their sole purpose as an organization is to help each other and to get other Alcoholics to admit they have a problem in which they need help.

These people have done and are doing a great work. Christ said: "I come not to condemn the world, but to save it." So it is with Alcoholic Anonymous, and with any sane person. Their purpose is not to condemn the person sick of Alcoholism, but to save him.

We congratulate A. A. on their zeal and accomplishments.

From Our Reader
I. D. PARKER

DEAR EDITOR:

A recent item in the ROUNDUP concerning a rather nice channel catfish caught by me, contained two errors that have caused me no end of trouble. The item stated that the fish weighed 165 pounds; now all the real sportsmen are sore at me for keeping a mere "fingerling" that should have been released to grow.

Now the truth is that a zero was omitted, for the fish actually weighed 1650 pounds.

The second and more serious error was in the type of bait used. The item stated that a wiggler was used, and that small error may wreck my future happiness. My girl friend read the item and asked some one what a wiggler was and they answered that it probably meant a Hawaiian wiggler, for they are used often for fishing.

Now my "love life" (who doesn't fish) got the idea that a Hawaiian wiggler was a hula girl, and now she thinks I'm two-timing her with so many hula girls that I can even spare them for fish bait. She says I'm not only a two-timer but also a heartless brute who sticks fishhooks through human beings and feeds them to the fish.

So won't you please correct these errors and save me from any future grief? The bait used was not a wiggler but an ordinary little 12-pound goggle-eyed perch that I snitched from the minnow bucket of R. B. Smith of the Trailer division.

The ROUNDUP *sincerely apologies for the grave and serious injustice done to you, and hopes that your love-life has been soothed by now.*

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Strictly for the Ladies



The luxurious peach gelatine dessert pictured is velvety in texture and of delicate fruit flavor. In addition to its eye and taste appeal, it is easy to prepare and is economical . . . making ten portions at a cost of a few cents per serving.

Secret to the fluffiness of the peach gelatine dessert lies in thoroughly chilling the evaporated milk to ice crystal stage before whipping it. While the milk is chilling, the other preparation steps are completed for this festive, low cost dessert.

Peach Velvet Cream

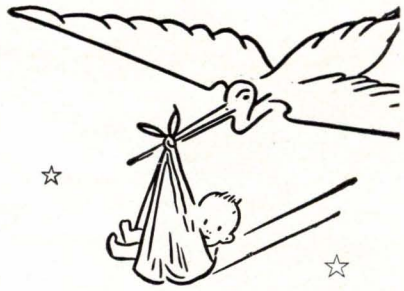
1 tall can evaporated milk
1 No. 2½ can cling peach halves
¾ cup syrup from peaches
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Chocolate wafers

Chill evaporated milk in refrigerator tray to ice-crystal stage. Drain peach halves; dice, reserving one peach half for garnish. Soften gelatine in ¾ cup syrup; place over low heat and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat; add sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Mix in lemon juice and rind; chill until mixture is the consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Crumble wafers. Whip chilled evaporated milk until stiff, beat in gelatine mixture; fold in diced peaches. Turn whipped mixture into 2 quart mold alternating with layers of wafers. Chill until firm. To serve, unmold and garnish with peach half.

Yield: 10 servings.

We are happy to hear that Howard Smith and Johnny Powell are improving from their illnesses. We will be glad to see them back on their jobs again soon.



NEW ARRIVALS

Our cradle roll is increasing, and we're all as proud as can be. Congratulations to the following parents:

To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dearing on the birth of Danny Carl on September 6. The boy weighed 9 pounds and 9 ounces. His daddy works in the Foundry.

To Mr. and Mrs. Olan E. Ray on the birth of Judy Louise on August 20. The girl weighed 8 pounds and 12 ounces and her daddy works in the Trailer Division.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Beck on the birth of Brenda Ann on August 11. She weighed 6 pounds and 9 ounces, and her daddy works in the Jig Department.

The occasion was an amateur musical. The kind-hearted hostess, spying a lonely-looking little man huddled in a corner of the room, paused to make conversation.

"Tell me," she asked, "do you play any musical instrument?"

"Not away from home," the little man replied.

"How peculiar," remarked the hostess. "What instrument do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle," the little man replied.

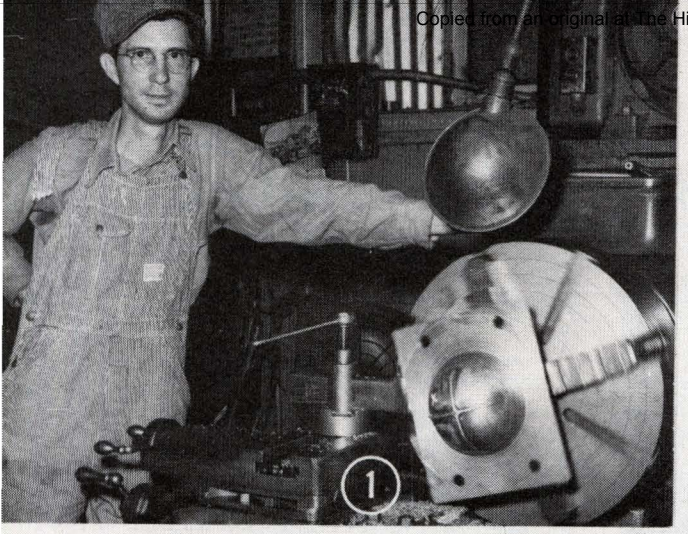
As a drunk stood before the judge to be sentenced, his belt broke and his pants dropped.

"Take this man out and get some rope," the judge ordered.

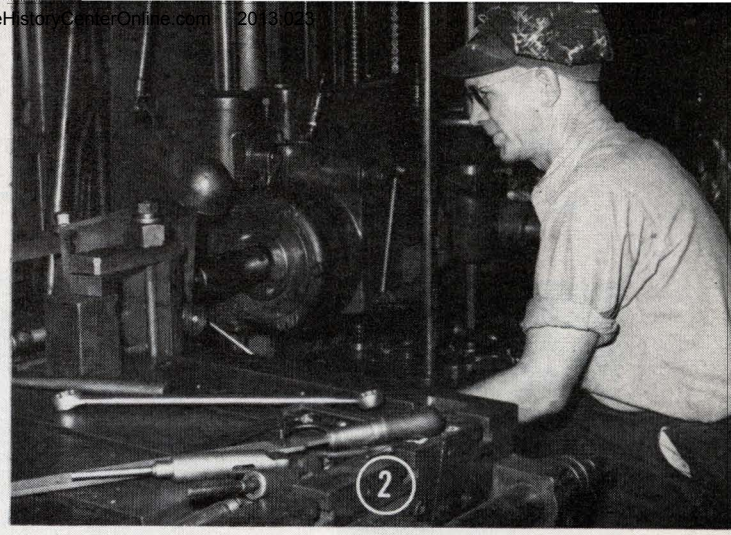
Another prisoner whispered to his lawyer: "Gosh, they can't hang a man for that, can they?"

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SNAPS IN THE JIG DEPARTMENT



(1) ROY WALKER, known around the shop as the "guitar boy," can strum that banjo with as much skill as he runs his machine.



BUSTER BELOTE: quiet, meek, and unassuming. Says he has to be because his Dad is so popular. Insists that his light is hid beneath a basket. (2)



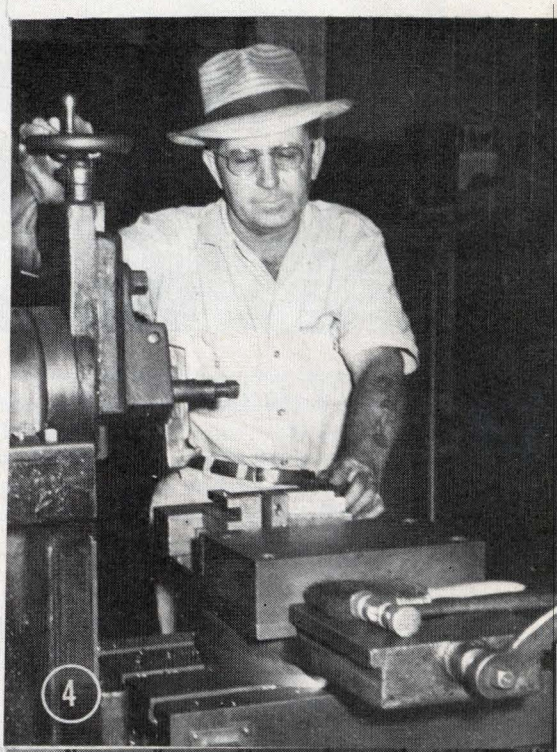
(3) J. A. LOVETT has been treated with greater respect since his daughter won a spelling match in Beaumont. The boys didn't realize his genius.

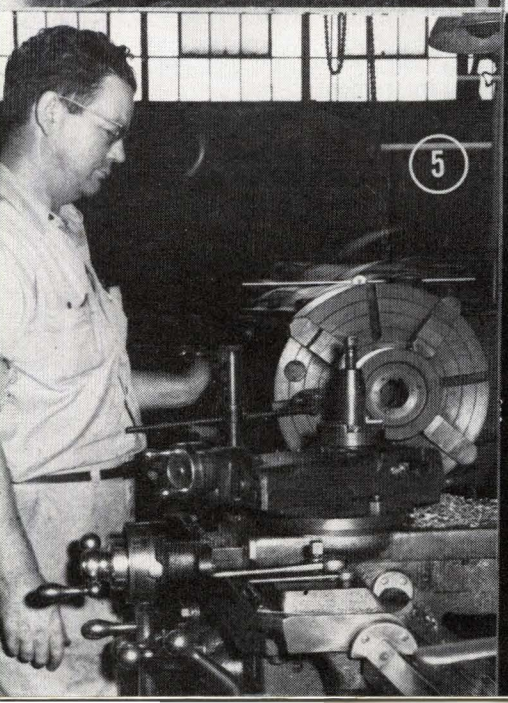
(4) G. A. POWELL is a fellow who tends strictly to business. He handles his machine like a veteran, and is willing to do a good deed.

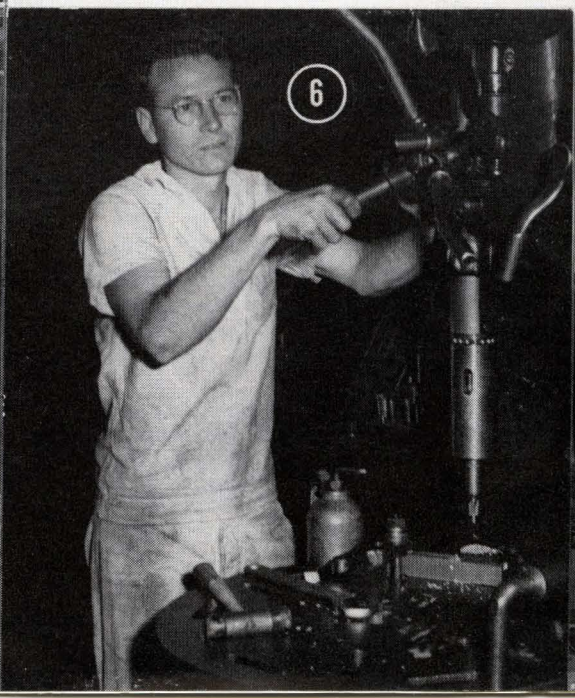
(5) S. C. DONAHOE has been with the company for 23 years, and has been doing a good job for just the same number of years. He's a friendly guy.

(6) C. L. BECK is a proud, new father. A new daughter came to join his household last month, and what a blessing she is. They named her Brenda Ann.

(7) CLYDE HERRINGTON was very obliging to the cameraman. He even consented to look at Uncle Jess while the shutter was clicking. That's a concession!









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Sir Galahad AND THE SNAKE

THERE is hardly anyone in this plant who will question Mutt Barr's excellence on the golf course. But the story we are about to relate will certainly deflate the various opinions of people concerning his shooting ability.

It was a hot, sultry night in early September. Bodine, Mutt's better half, went to wash her hands in the lavatory. When she opened the bathroom door, she saw a long snake lying right in the middle of the floor.

She screamed at Mutt, who came bounding through the hall with all the agility of a famed athlete. Without words, Bodine pointed to the monster, who lay there looking at them curiously.

"To your rescue, my darling," Mutt shouted as he bounded back to the bedroom for his trusty shotgun. With a cry of vengence, he rushed back to the scene of distress. Taking careful aim, he blasted away at the helpless critter. When the smoke and fumes cleared, Mutt saw his victim lying precisely in the same position without even so much as a misplaced hair to indicate that he had been fired upon.

Gritting his teeth, Mutt fired again and again—and then again. The smoke filled the small bathroom and threatened to suffocate the hero who stood some six feet away from the snake. When all had cleared away and things began to settle down, Mutt saw the snake still looking at him with a puzzled expression.

"I'll get that varmint if it's the last thing I do!" he shouted at his trembling wife.

He raced out into the yard, grabbed a garden hoe and came crashing back into the hall beside the bathroom.

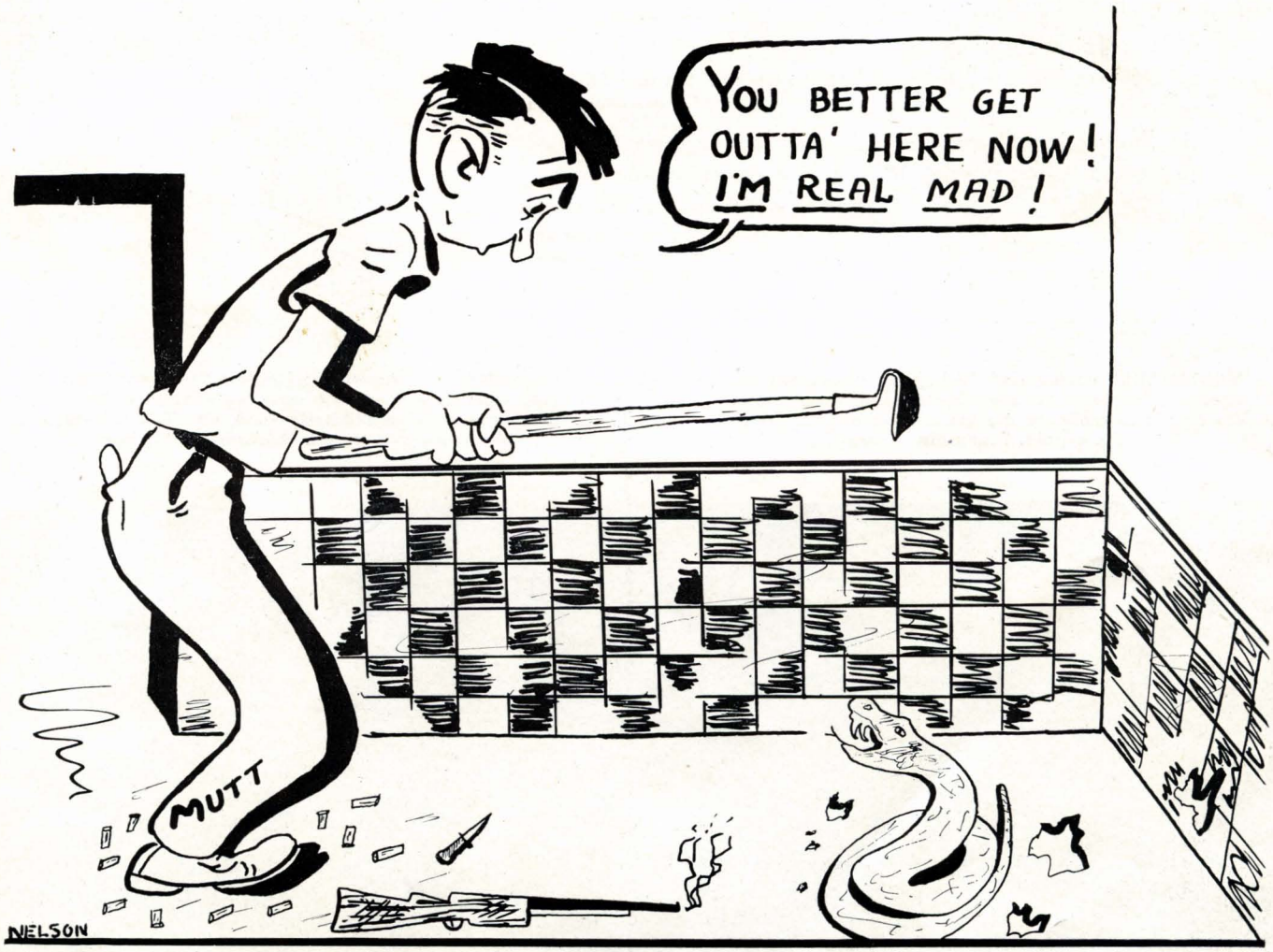
"Now, you better look out, honey, 'cause this is gonna be tough. I'm going to chop that snake into a zillion pieces. I'll teach him to come into our bathroom without an invitation."

With that he made several swings at the snake, who by this time was getting enough of the nonsense. He began to fight back, much to the displeasure of our gallant hero.

Finally, in desperation, Mutt looked the creature straight in the eyes and said through tightly-held lips, "You better get outta here now! I'm real mad!"

At which the snake straightened himself up and replied, "Well, why didn't you say so, bub. Couldn't understand all the commotion. G'bye now; I'll be seeing you."

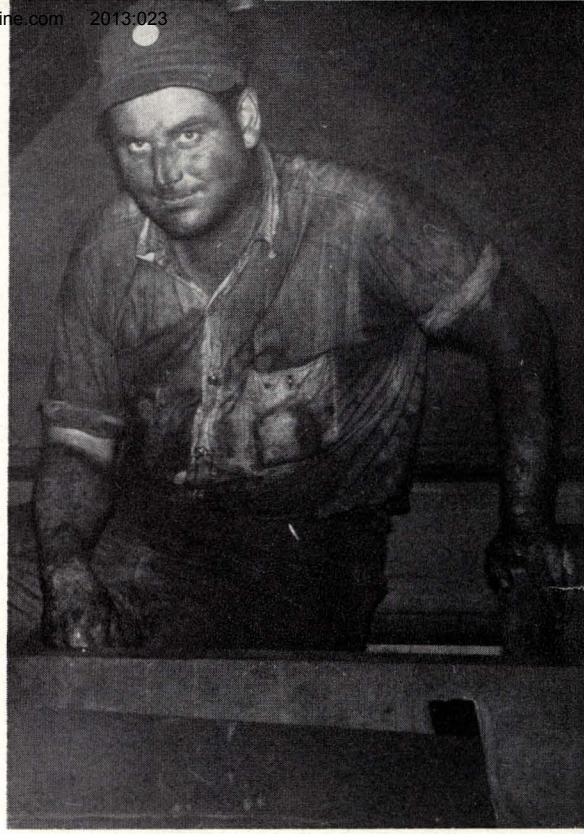
And that ends our tale of the modern Sir Galahad.



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Suggestion Winners For September

You, Too, Can Be Pictured Here With Prize-Winning Checks



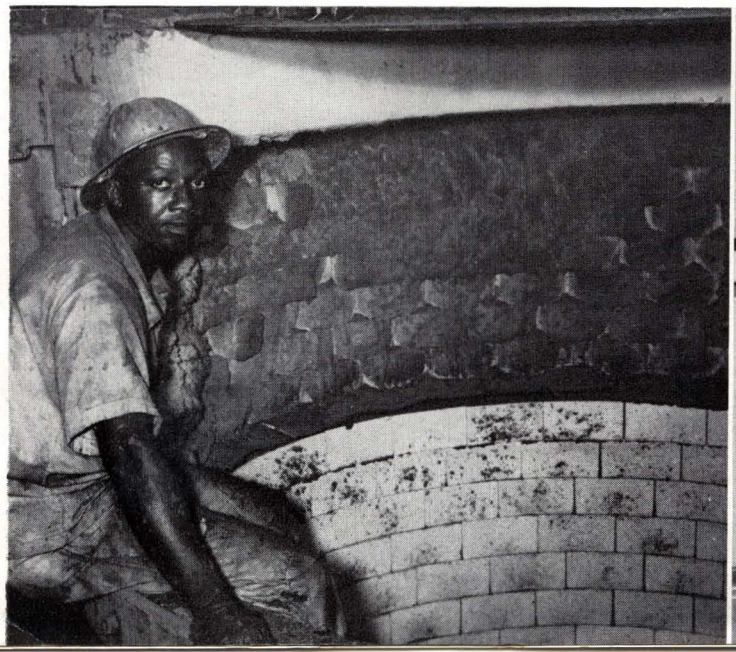
SINCE school has started, there are many, many items that a father must buy to see that his youngsters are properly prepared for the coming nine months.

Here's an easy way to add extra cash to your income. Think about your job for a moment. Can it be done better by the addition or subtraction of some minor operation? Is there an entirely new way to get the job done? Do you know of some safety rule that should be enforced?

The Suggestion Committee will pay you money for writing and sending in your ideas about improvement in the plant.

M. L. THOMPSON, Foundry Main Crew, copped $10 for his idea to plug off the air line which lowers the plows on the top main bay sand belt. This setup allows the plow to ride over the belt under its own weight.

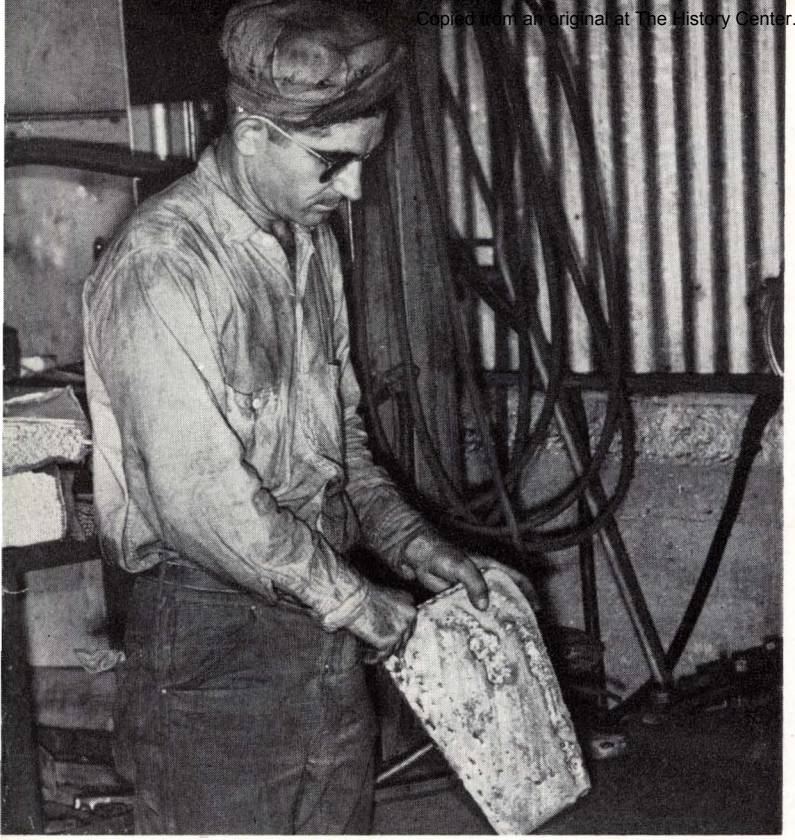
JOHN ELIJAH, Foundry, took $5 in prize money this month with his idea to install steel brackets on the firewall of the cupola to facilitate the installation of iron bricks in the cupola. That's easy money.



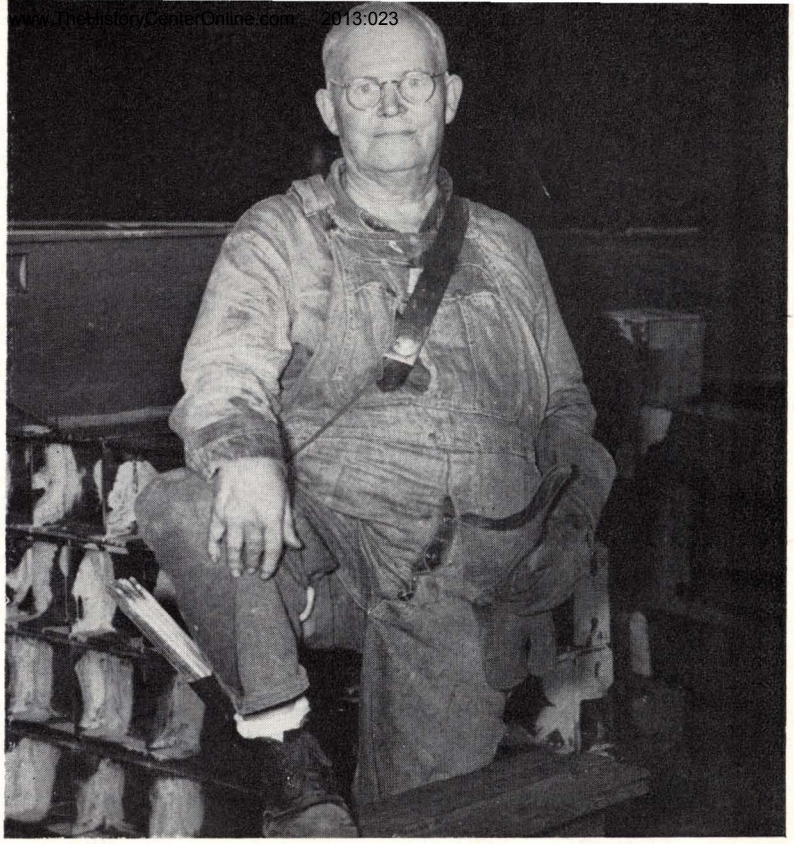
WILLIE MAE HILL, Accounting Department, won $15 for her suggestion that a notice be put in the vault to the effect that smoking is prohibited where valuable papers and blueprints are stored. This was a fire hazard.



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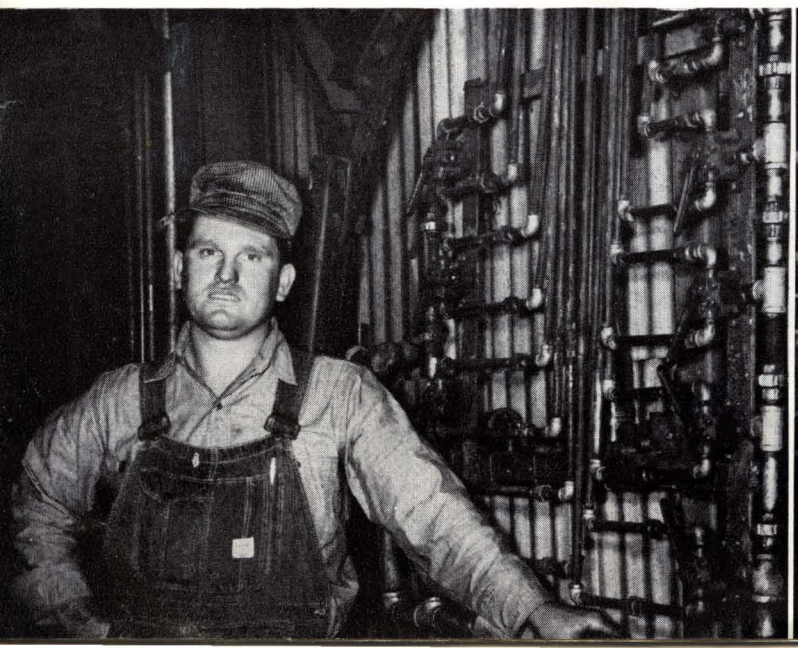
PRESTON WEATHERLY, Jig and Repair Department, suggested that worm muller plows be saved and reworked. It was agreed that idea was worthwhile, and this is being done now. For this suggestion, Weatherly collected $5.



DAN MELTON, Welding Shop, saw the need for some extra horses. He suggested that special ones be built for large beds to sit on while they were being welded. The bigger beds hold things steadier, and he won $5 for the idea.

PAUL JACKSON, Electrical Department, suggested that a Bin-Dicator be put on sand bins in small casting building in order to tell when the bin gets full. Jackson walked off with a $10 check for sending in this idea.

R. H. WHITE, Lathe Shop, won $20 for his idea of a box tool holder for roughing cut, and an overhead tool holder for finishing cut, and a facing tool holder for facing end. His idea cuts machining time in half.





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Phillip Lowery tells this story for the truth. He says he has a friend who caught a huge rattlesnake near his home. The snake, Lowery states, is more than six inches in diameter; is 12 feet long; and has 22 rattlers.

"The head of that snake looks like a bull dog," Lowery told his friends.

Now his friends are telling Lowery to take Hadacol, since it will cure anything. Maybe it will cure his hallucinations!

Stob Thompson is having his troubles. Nobody believes his explanation for his black eye. He claims to have received the discolored eye when a bull hooked him in the eye.

But Pete Moore rubbed his chin thoughtfully and said,

"You know, that eye looks just like the one I got when my wife hit me with the rolling pin."

Next Pat Parrish examined Thompson's eye and found some scratches on his cheeks.

"These look like fingernail scratches to me. Never did see horn scratches like these."

But we all know that the eye could have come from a swinging door!

Everybody that works anywhere close to Preacher Weems has been trying to break him of the habit of always borrowing tobacco from the other fellow. He never brings his own, but comes to various individuals wanting just enough tobacco to fill his pipe.

Well, the fellows got together and decided to cure Preacher once and for all. They took a tongue from an old shoe and cut it up finely and mixed it with a can of tobacco. Then they placed the can where Preacher would be sure to see it.

And he did. Furtively looking around to see if anybody was watching him, he slipped over to the can, hurriedly filled his pipe, and quickly returned to his work. He struck a match and inhaled a big mouthful of smoke.

Suddenly he began to sniff. At first it was a quiet sniff but as time went on, he began to sniff and snort in every direction. He tapped the man who works at the machine next to him.

"Say, bud, do you smell something burning?"

"Nope, just your pipe tobacco," was the reply.

Well, Preacher smoked that pipeful; then he kept slipping back to the can and refilling and smoking that until finally he had emptied the can.

It tasted so good that he was afraid he wouldn't find any more just like that so he went to a tobacco store and asked for a can which would taste like shoe leather. The clerk in the store fainted!

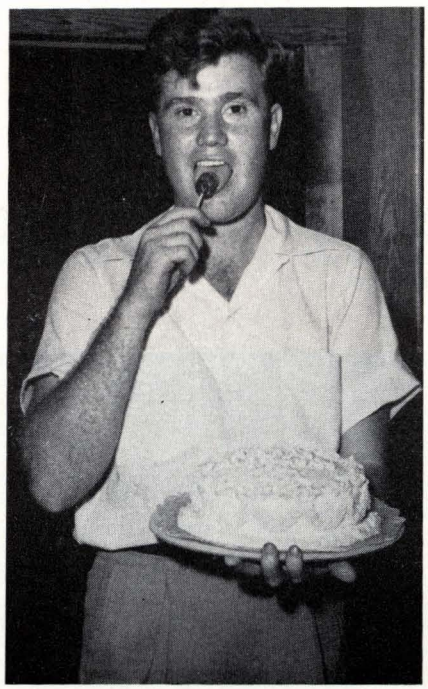
Slow talking but quick thinking! That describes the hero of our next tale—Slim Askins. Slim's always been noted for his keenness and sharpness. You never can pull the wool over Slim's eyes 'cause he's too smart. He's always one jump ahead of you. That's why they made him treasurer of the Safety committee.

The Safety committee fines its members who come to the meeting late, or who fail to show up at all. It's up to Slim to collect the fines.

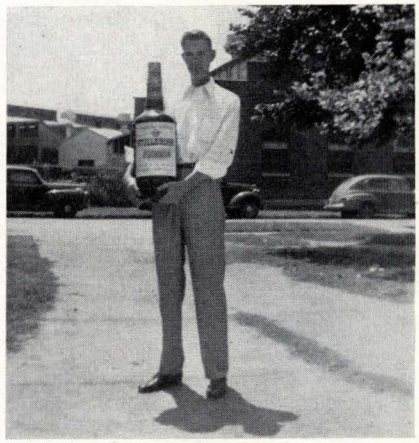
He was checking his books one day last week, and found that a certain fellow was very far behind on paying his fines. Why he hadn't attended a meeting in almost two months! So our hero decides to go call on this fellow and collect the handsome fine.

When he reached the Mill Supply, he asked to see Sam Sellars. They looked at him sorta blankly, then quietly told him that Sam had resigned almost two months ago, and was not employed by Lufkin Foundry now.

With his feathers thoroughly wetted down, our bright hero marched back to his office and scratched the name off the roster. That's our quick-thinking, up-to-date man of the year.



RED OLDS celebrated his birthday in real style. With birthday cake and red lollypops, too, who could ask for more? He's bashful about his age, so don't ask him, girls!



LEWIS PERRY, second shift foreman in the Welding Shop, had this picture snapped just prior to the beginning of a party. He asked that we refrain from printing the picture of his return from the party.

With tonque in cheek, we relate the following fishing experience. Hoyt (Red) Richardson of the Welding Shop, recently went casting in the Angelina river. With a throw into the brush, he snagged a nice bass. He reeled him in, getting him about mid-way across the river when he saw a log just barely under the water. He gave a yank, and the bass jumped out of the water and over the log. Hoyt saw that he had about a 2½-pound bass.

Suddenly, the fish started pulling with renewed energy up the river. Hoyt got busy then and reeled him in, only to find when he hauled the catch into the boat that he had a 5½-pound bass on the same bait with the 2½-pounder. His explanation is that the larger fish struck at the bait when the smaller fish jumped the log. Ummmm!

Have you been wondering where Henry Box got his peculiar nickname?

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Well, we have it on authority just how he received it.

While playing baseball in Louisiana in 1900, Henry hit 100 home runs. Every since then, he's been called the Louisiana Clipper.

June Dixon believes Uncle Jess is a jinx to him. One day recently, June was minding his own business, interested in his work. Uncle Jess walked up, and June's cutter broke.

Thinking nothing about it, June replaced it and Uncle Jess walked on by. Later the same day, Jess walked up to June again. And again June's cutter broke.

"There's something funny going on around here," June exclaimed disgustedly. "I guess you've been eating too many old tom cats recently. Go on and jinx somebody else and leave me be!"

All the gang in the Erecting Department are wondering and worrying about H. R. Hughes. They can't understand why he doesn't come down each morning at 6 a.m. and play forty-two with the gang. Anyone having the answer to that serious question, please see the Erecting crew, for they are really worried about the situation.

Two of Lufkin's most promising young men (promising to have a good time) left town recently, presumably bound for a human relations conference sponsored by Southern Methodist University at Dallas.

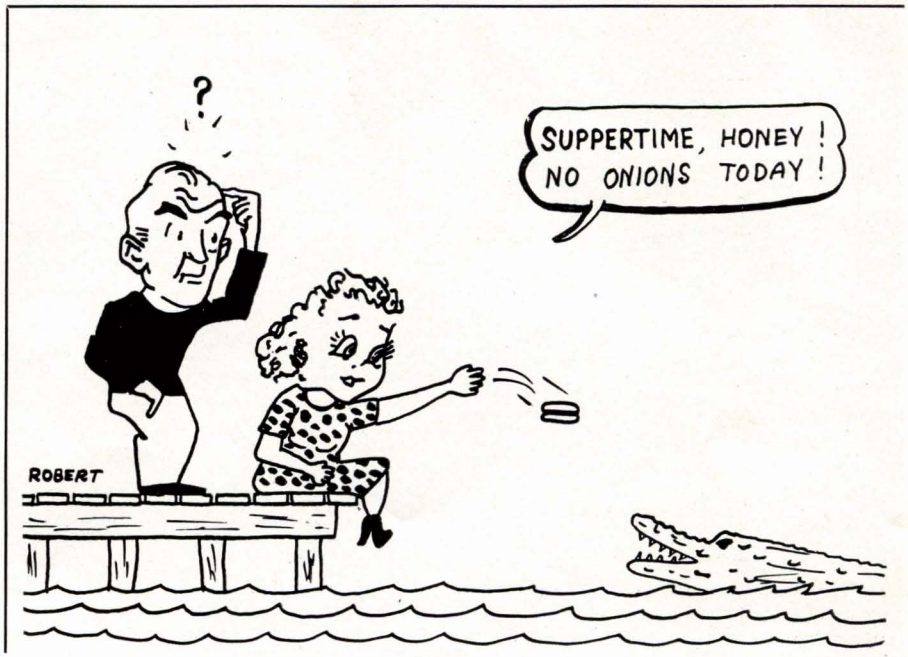
Going by the names of Joe Storey and Seymore Curtis, your reporter interviewed these two personages before their departure to yankee country, and learned that Seymore wired the Mayor of Dallas not to meet them with an escort at the city limits due to their rushing schedule while there.

Joe stated that Mrs. Curtis requested that he chaperone Seymore. Of course, no mention was made conerning the law that was laid down to Joe upon leaving home.

An inspection of the car disclosed it was piled high with suitcases, fishing tackle, lunch buckets filled with turnip greens and other assorted paraphernalia. Inside the trunk, were three used tires and tubes (for emergencies), a sledge hammer, a pair of hip boots, a minnow sein and a double-barreled shotgun.

After reviewing the above, we sincerely believe these boys will accomplish a lot, and will put in a lot of hard, night studying.

No Onions ON THE HAMBURGERS



The scene depicted in this cartoon is a genuine fact, as substantiated by Bob Butler. Bob says that he went fishing near Palestine not long ago, and was busy at his hooks when he saw this lovely young woman appear near the water's edge with a basket on her arm about the size of a number two wash tub.

Being somewhat of an expert on the beauty of young women, Bob began to watch the girl. She took out several hamburgers that were very muchly oversized. Then she cupped her hands to her mouth and let out a loud cry. "Come on, Junior, here's your lunch!"

Wide-eyed Bob looked out across the lake, and there he saw something breaking the water as hurriedly as possible. When it got near enough, Bob could make it out to be an alligator.

Swallowing somewhat with difficulty, Bob quickly rowed his boat to shore, and went to where the woman was standing on the pier. She was throwing the 'burgers to the 'gator, who was making perfect catches.

"Uh, pardon me, but uh . . . could you explain just what you're doing?" Bob hesitatingly asked.

"Why I'm feeding my pet alligator. Junior, here, is very fond of hamburgers. But he prefers onions on them, and I was out today. Look, you can see old Julius coming from over there near where you were fishing. He's the biggest one in the lake," she answered him easily.

Bob watched a wide break in the water, and then he saw a 25-foot alligator rise up and snap at the hamburger intended for Junior, who was but a mere 18 feet in length.

"Go away, you naughty boy," the girl chided Julius. "It's not time for your steaks yet. You leave Junior alone!"

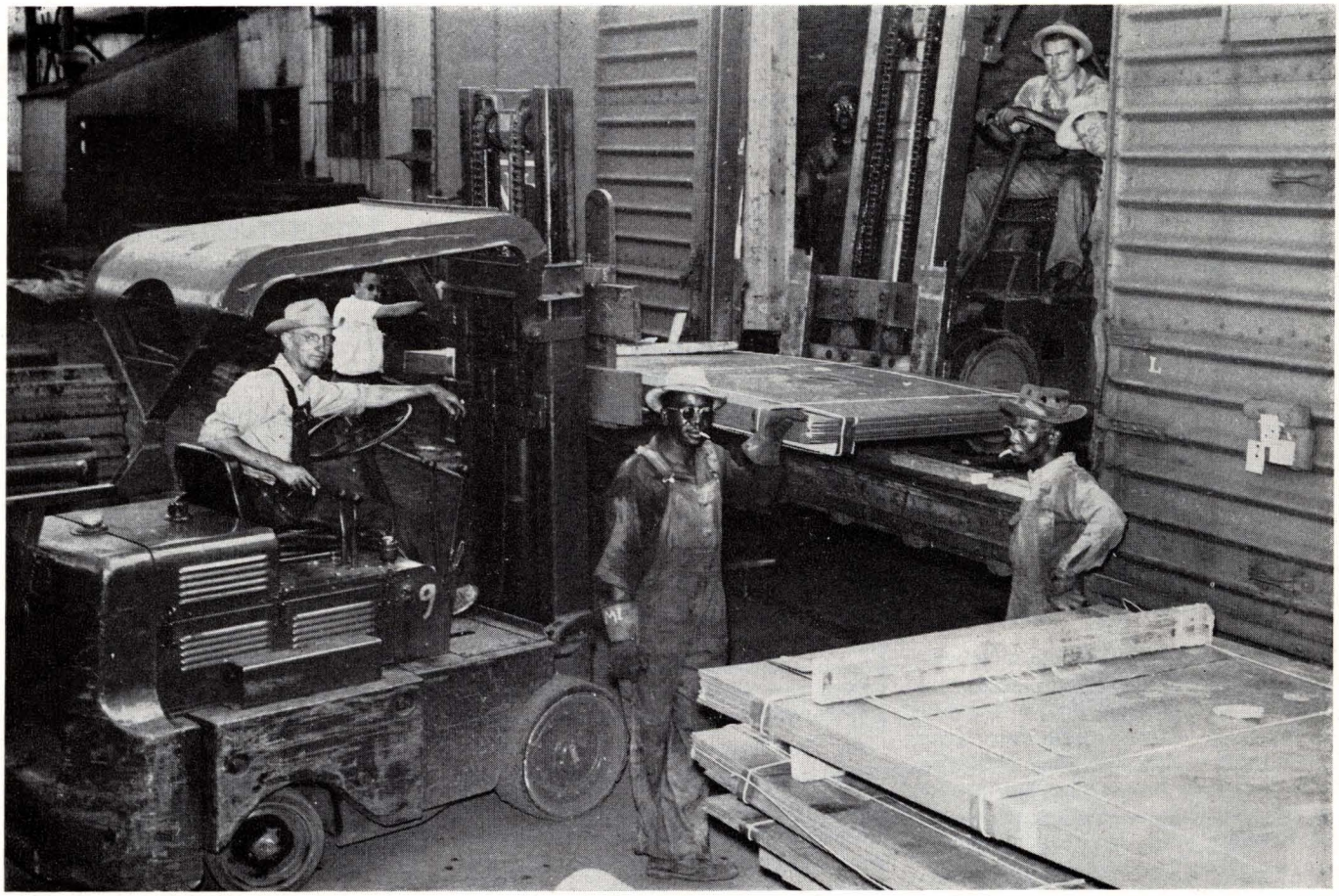
At that, the grissly, rusty looking 'gator looked up at Bob wistfully and swam away, leaving Junior to devour his hamburgers—minus the onions.

Bob doesn't go fishing in that lake any more.



E. O. COLLINS, who works in the Foundry, happened to look up just as the cameraman passed by and clicked the shutter. Collins has been employed with Lufkin Foundry for two years.

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THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES teamwork and brainwork. The material you see being unloaded could only be taken from the boxcar by a bluebird, for it had been loaded that way at its point of origin. But there was no ramp to get the bluebird into the boxcar.

The men got together and began to swap ideas about how it should be done. Suddenly they hit upon the right one. Collmorgan and Milligan, with their machines, lifted Arthur Burris and his bluebird right into the boxcar. The rest of the job was simple after that. But through their exchange of ideas, these men saved many valuable hours that would have been used unloading the car by hand.

Beginning at lower left hand corner and reading clockwise: Julius Collmorgan, Mutt Barr, Oscar Howard, Arthur Burris, C. M. Milligan, Ed Garrett and James Moses.

"Well, what excuse have you got for coming home at this hour of the night?"

"Well, my dear, I was playing golf with some friends, and . . . "

"What? At 2 a.m.?"

"Sure. We were using night clubs."

Vacation is that glorious gypsy period when you are free to go anywhere your wife chooses.

The salesmanager's wife walked into her husband's private office unannounced. She discovered her busy husband eating his lunch at the desk—while his beautiful secretary was parked on his lap.

"Charley!" stormed his wife. "What is that girl doing on your lap?"

The guilty husband almost choked on a piece of pie. He pointed to the food.

"I had to do something, darling," he alibied. "The waiter forgot to send up a napkin!"

First golfer: "I suppose you heard that poor old Jim killed his wife?"

Second golfer: "No! How?"

First golfer: "With a golf club."

Second golfer: "How many strokes?"

He who laughs last has found the double meaning the censor missed.

Machinist: "If I start at a given point on a given figure and travel the entire distance around, what will I get?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Slapped, sir!"

Wife: "Henry."

Hubby: "Yes, dear."

Wife: "There's a corner torn off your pay check."

Hubby: "Yes, dear."

Wife: "Well, what did you spend it for?"

"I sell underthings to a nudist colony."

"What underthings?"

"Cushions."

The room was quiet; the lamp was low. The boy spoke:

"What are you thinking about, darling?"

She answers softly: "The same thing you are, sweetheart."

The boy: "Hot dawg; I'll race you to the ice box!"

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

Some kids were having a party and they decided to play post office. The first little boy and girl went into a closet and didn't come out for awhile. The other kids called to them and told them to come on out. "We can't, replied the boy, "we've got our braces hooked."

A district attorney was having trouble with one of the witnesses, a rather pugnacious old man.

"Are you acquainted with any of the jurymen?" the lawyer questioned.

"More than half," grunted the witness.

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" the District Attorney further asked.

The old man flicked a glance over the jury box, "If it comes to that," he drawled, "I'm willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together!"

Worried Clubwoman: "I just can't decide whether to go to a palmist or a mind reader."

Feline Friend: "By all means go to the palmist, my dear. It's obvious that you have a palm!"

He: "Tell me, beautiful, do you shrink from kissing?"

She: "Heavens, no! If I did, I'd be nothing but skin and bones."

A hillbilly, seeing a motorcycle with its rider roaring along the road below the house, grabbed his gun and blazed away at it.

His wife called out: "Did you kill the varmint, Zeke?"

"Nope," he said, "I didn't kill it; I can still hear it growling, but I sure made it turn that man loose!"

Some folks think that everything is for the best, and that they're the best.

"Is he careful?" inquired the prospective employer.

"Why, he's as careful as a nudist going through a barbed wire fence," answered his informant.

A diplomat is a fellow who always remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age.

Annoyed Moviegoer: "Excuse me, but we can't hear a word!"

Patron: "And is it any business of yours what I'm telling my wife?"

Wife: "Wasn't it awful the way those men were staring at that girl getting on the train?"

Husband: "What train?"

"Would you marry a man for his money?"

"Tell me first, Mister, is this a Gallup poll or a proposal?"

Doctor: "You don't go out with young girls. Why?"

Patient: "My wife won't let me."

George Jessel once said: "The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you are born, and never stops until you stand up to speak in public."

A moulder was sitting at his window one evening and casually called to his wife: "There goes that woman Charley Jones is so terribly in love with."

His wife, in the kitchen, dropped the plate she was drying, busted through the door, knocked over a lamp, and craned her neck to look out the window.

"Where, where?" she panted.

"There," he pointed, "that woman in the gabardine suit on the corner."

"You idot," she hissed, "that's his wife."

"Yes, of course," he replied.

"Is your boy friend progressive or conservative?"

"Well, it's hard to say. He wears last year's clothes, drives this year's car, and lives on next year's income."

ACCIDENT'LY

By Ralph Moses



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REWARD



WANTED FOR MURDER

I AM WANTED FOR MURDER . . . for mayhem . . . for assault and battery . . . and for robbing workers of their income.

But they haven't caught up with me yet. I guess it's because I look so innocent. Few people suspect me. Yet, I can truthfully say, without bragging, that I've done my share of actual killing.

Of course murder is one of my lesser known accomplishments. I'm better known for the hundreds of eardrums I've burst . . . and the thousands of eyes I've put out of commission.

I'm one of those guns that nobody believes is loaded. I'm just an ordinary air-hose.

You've seen me before. The shop comedians get a great kick out of using me. They put me up against the seat of someone's pants . . . and then I let go with a blast. Everyone howls, because it's awful funny. Over the last few years I've killed three people that way, right in one plant.