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June Lanyon

Can America Go Socialist?

By GEORGE S. BENSON
President, Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas

THE United States of Socialist America! Do you think you'll ever see that name printed on a dollar bill? Probably not. Regardless of the name, America can become socialistic anyhow, losing the economic system that has for so long kept this nation prosperous and productive. Yes! The schemers and plotters have known for a long time that a sudden change of the American pattern would not be possible. Knowing this, they have counted on a change here and a change there, to finally replace the American way. Everything legal, of course.

There are those who do what they can to speed up this process. Others do not realize what is happening. One point of strong attack is always directed toward American business, with the ultimate goal complete control of all industry and business by the government. Policies and programs that today point in that direction are certainly a complete denial of the economic pattern that has made this nation the best place on earth in which to live.

Tax On Enterprise

Attacks that are leveled against industry, then, are many times really attacks against the very base of American prosperity and freedom. Without freedom to invest, to explore new ways, to strike out upon an enterprise, this nation could not have developed into the America we know. It is this freedom of enterprise, then, that has for all these years stood at the base of what we call the American Way of Life. Losing this freedom, we can never keep all the other freedoms that we cherish.

I have said that we are whittling down this precious freedom of enterprise. One of the most obvious ways we are doing it is through income taxes that tend more and more to deaden the spirit of enterprise. Men who are engaged in all kinds of businesses of all sizes tell me there is a growing reluctance of capital to invest in new ventures. Why? Mostly, they say that high taxes on business make any substantial return from investment very unlikely.

The best a person can hope for when he invests money in a new business, they say, is only a small return if successful. If unsuccessful, there is no return and all capital could be lost. Consequently, capital is not flowing into investments that make jobs plentiful and goods abundant. So, you see, there is much more to this matter than meets the eye. If there is no incentive to invest, the danger is closed factories and no jobs.

There is today almost no incentive to invest in new business ventures when an individual or the chief corporation stockholders are in the 50 per cent tax bracket or above. If a venture should succeed well, hardly ever more than 6 per cent profit on investment could be expected. Out of that amount must come funds for expansion and reserves, that would leave about 3 per cent as "profit" or dividends on the investment. But if a man is to be taxed 50 per cent, after he gets his 3 per cent, you see that his profit is reduced to 1½ per cent. Some people are taxed more than 80 per cent.

Under these conditions people are unwilling to invest their hard earned money in business ventures. Business is caught in a tax squeeze that makes it impossible to attract more investors by paying better dividends on shares. Companies are compelled to plowback more and more into the business, but never enough to meet real needs that exist today for more expansion, growth and jobs. What is the result?

More people are lending to the government (buying bonds), for they think their money is safer that way and they know it will earn as much or more. Then, business is more and more going to government for long-term loans through the RFC. Because of its taxing program, the government is actually "forcing" loans of increasing amounts upon all sorts of businesses. It is not the desire of these businesses to turn to the government for support. They know that every trip to Washington takes us closer to government ownership and outright socialism. Nothing illegal about it, but look where it takes us!



JUNE DIXON has been around Lufkin Foundry for eight years, which qualifies him for an old-timer and yet he's still a young man.

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FISHING and squirrel hunting are having to take a back seat for awhile now, while the famed Foundry hunters stalk the big game. Until the 16th, all a person could hear around the plant was how plentiful the deer were and how easy it was going to be to bag the limit.

Since the 16th, the talk has quieted down a little. The deer seem not to be so abundant and the killing certainly isn't as easy as falling off a log—once you get to rolling.

But our stories that come in concerning the big game hunters are not few and lacking. We have our choice of many varieties of tales. We'll pass some of them on for your pleasure. Believe them or not.

One of our first stories comes from our genial Jim Odom. By the time you read this, Jim will have killed a deer—no doubt; at least that's the way he's telling it as we go to press.

First, he and his buddy pal, Gene Chastain, travel over 1500 miles to the barren waste lands of West Texas where they are sure they'll kill a black tail. After seeing nothing but cactus and wild burros, the disgruntled pair came limping back to the pineywoods. Jim muttered that there were more deer in 67 acres of Angelina county than there were in the whole of Brewster county, which is the largest in the state of Texas and is about the size of New York state.

But Jim was not completely discouraged when we last talked to him. He had just come from an all day stand on his farm without getting a buck, but he was certain that before this magazine reached its readers, he'd have one.

One of the first deer to be killed in Angelina county was by Mrs. Gordon Vickrey. According to the rules of the club they belong to, only one deer is allowed to a family. So the missus got to do the killing while poor Gordon will have to wait until next year to get another try.

Every year M. L. Wilkinson always gets his deer, but somehow at the last minute the deer ups and slips away. However, this year, Willkie startled his office workers by announcing on the eve of the 16th, "Now you all needn't look for me until I get a deer, for I'm not coming back until I do."

Well, that left all his loopholes closed tight. He couldn't come back and say the deer pretended to be dead until he laid down his gun, then it jumped up, laughed in his face, and ran off. Or that he shot a deer in three legs, but it hobbled off in the darkness shouting back that Wilkie would be sorry for that deed. Nope, he closed all loopholes and said he wouldn't be back without a deer.

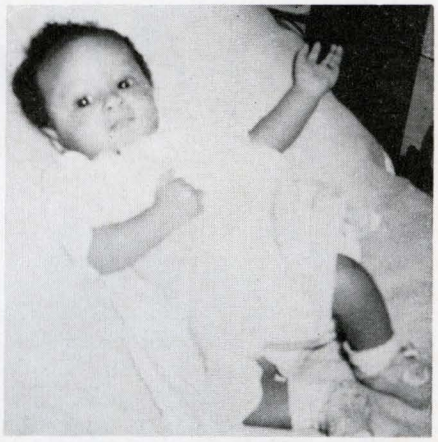
Consequently, the Accounting Office is without a boss, for Wilkie hasn't been heard from nor seen since the season opened. I suppose he's still perched up on a tree limb somewhere waiting for that deer to come give himself up.

We still have a few squirrel stories to mix with our venison. Pete Largent approached G. B. Westmoreland recently to tell him about a squirrel hunt he had been on a few days earlier.

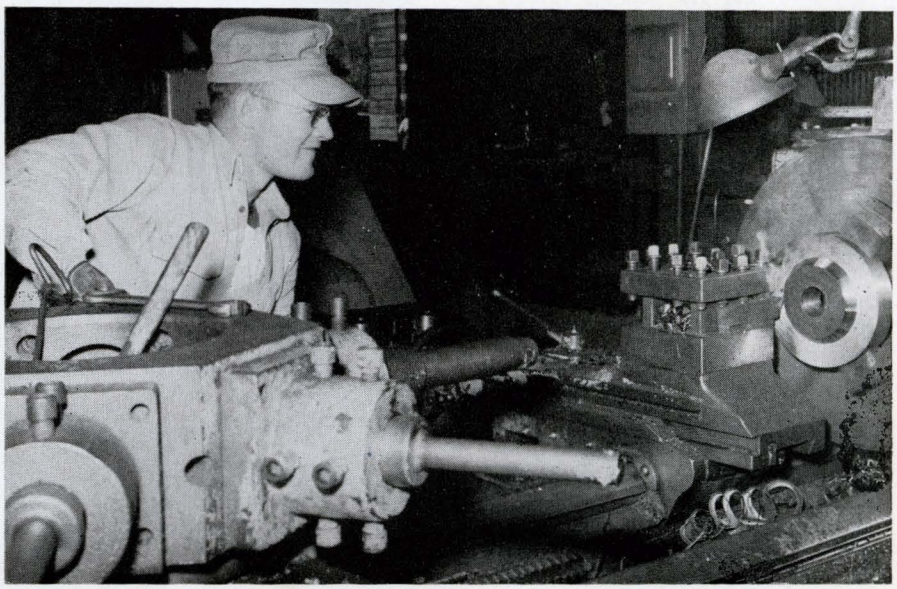
It seems Pete had a chance to kill a "coon" during his hunt but he was afraid to take it home to his wife because she would refuse to cook it.

Westmoreland told Pete he should lock his wife in a closet to teach her more discipline. Pete answered G. B. by saying that anyone who offered that advice should take a look at Red Courtney's face. Red's face was a living example of what a fellow can get into when he tries to lock his wife in a closet.

Bobo Hays and Charlie Douglass are real squirrel hunters, but they both like to kill the furry-tailed ani-

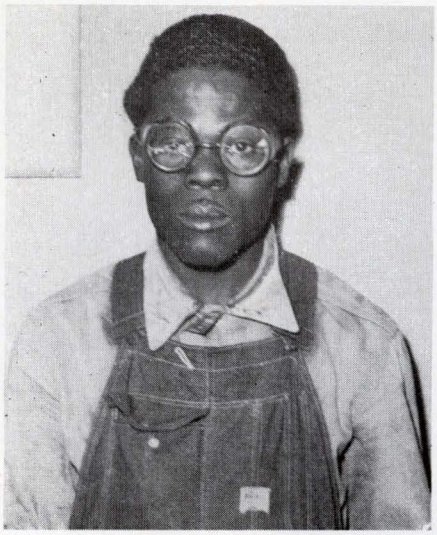


THIS LITTLE fellow isn't camera shy at all. They'll call him Junior. His daddy, Frank Davis, works in the Machine Shop. The baby is 3 months old.



PAT JOHNSON has been employed here for the past four years. He's interested in his work and he makes friends easily.

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WILLIE BIRDEN, who works in the Chipping Room in the Foundry, can tell any doubting Thomases about wearing safety goggles. As can be seen from the picture above, Willie would have been minus one eye when a piece of steel flew up and broke his goggles if he had not been wearing them. "I'm really glad I had those glasses on," he said a little nervous from the excitement.

mals. So they decided to get somebody to go along with them to shake the bushes and turn the squirrel so they could each take turn about killing the animal.

And who do you suppose they picked as their bush-beater? None other than G. C. Lafferty. He makes a good one, they report.

Three of the colored boys from the shop went hunting recently in Tyler county. They got their limit of five. When they got back home, L. C. Jones, better known as "Pistol," began to brag about his hunting ability.

His wife then began to question him because he only brought three and one-half squirrels home with him. He replied that the dog ate one and he shot the other one too badly. Just about that time, a little boy came running in and approached Pistol, and said:

"Mister Pistol, Mama said to thank you for the squirrel and one-half that you gave her."

When Mrs. Pistol got through with that husband of hers, they had to take him to the hospital and get his eye sewed up.

John Murray cautions all Lufkin Foundry hunters to be careful how they give their squirrels away for their wives might hear about it and then they too would end up the way Pistol did.

One of the best stories we've heard in a long time concerns Gene Chastain and Seymore Curtis and their attempt to butcher a yearling. It so happened that the yearling was a pet of Mrs. Chastain, and she didn't want Gene to kill it.

But Gene was hungry for some young veal so he asked Seymore to help him butcher the unlucky animal. Seymore readily agreed providing Gene would divide the meat with him.

So one afternoon after work, the two culprits slipped out to where the yearling was. Gene lifted his gun majestically, took careful aim, and pulled the trigger. The blast resounded throughout the neighborhood, but it was nothing compared to the bellowing of that calf.

With a wild bawl, the slightly wounded animal broke through the fence and headed down the road. The noise it made would have awakened the dead.

"Ohhhhhh, you've done it now!" Seymore mumbled as Mrs. Chastain came flying out of the house.

"You brute, you brute! What have you done to my darling?"

But Gene and Seymore were off—chasing that calf down the road.

There they went. First the bellowing calf, next Gene and Seymore running like madmen, and then Mrs. Chastain right behind them calling Gene all sorts of names.

It wasn't long before the calf got into the woods, and night was coming quickly. When the yearling reached the wooded section, it stopped bawling and the two men didn't know where to find it. They soon lost Mrs. Chastain also. And now our heroes were stomping around in the woods looking for the wounded calf and muttering unhappy phrases. Hours passed and still no yearling. Finally, they gave it up and trudged back to the house.

What did they find? Mrs. Chastain was in the back yard with the yearling lying at her feet. She was putting cold and hot packs to his forehead where some of Gene's shot had brought a little blood, and she was saying soothing things to the poor, frightened creature. She looked up at the sound of Gene and Seymore's steps and said to them threateningly.

"If you so much as touch a hair on his head . . . ."

"Don't worry, honey, I wouldn't kill him if I were starving to death," Gene interrupted with gestures.

And so our story ends there. We may have omitted a few details; if you're interested, talk to Gene about it. He'll be glad to tell you anything you want to know.

This next story carries a warning to all men. Beware of bath tubs! One of our younger fellows, Hubert Breazeale, came down to the shop one

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L. C. JONES, better known to everybody as "Pistol" had a little trouble not too long ago, and his fellow workers wanted to record it for posterity. So they had this picture made of him—only he didn't realize what was going on until it was too late. Some of his co-workers can tell you a good story about what happened to that eye.

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W. C. ATHEY of the Machine Shop won $5 for his suggestion that a trap door be cut into the shop so that Hyster could bring large units from the yard into the building. This idea came easily, and Athey can easily use the $5.

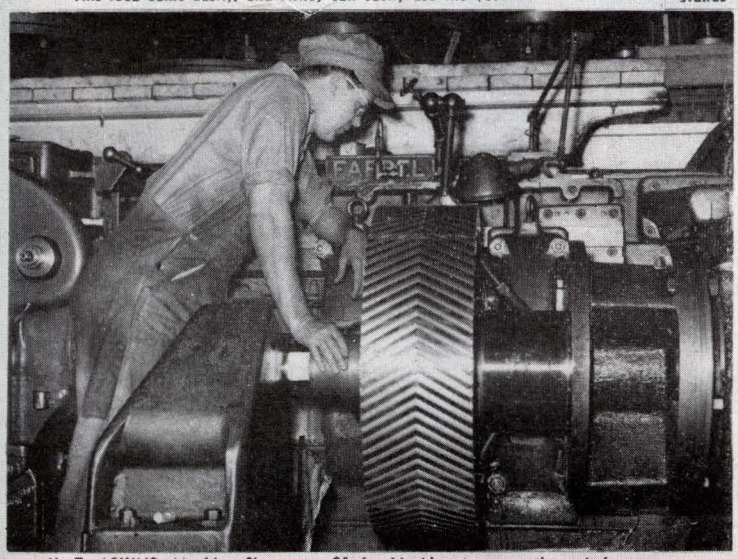


B. E. THORNTON won $1 and made his job easier by suggesting that leg extensions be welded to all fan stands so that shavings and trash could be blown out from under the stands with an air hose rather than lift and move them.



W. F. WATTERSON, Electrical Depa[illegible]rm
gested that all overhead lights in the [illegible]We
this fact, wrote his suggestion and helped

Suggestion

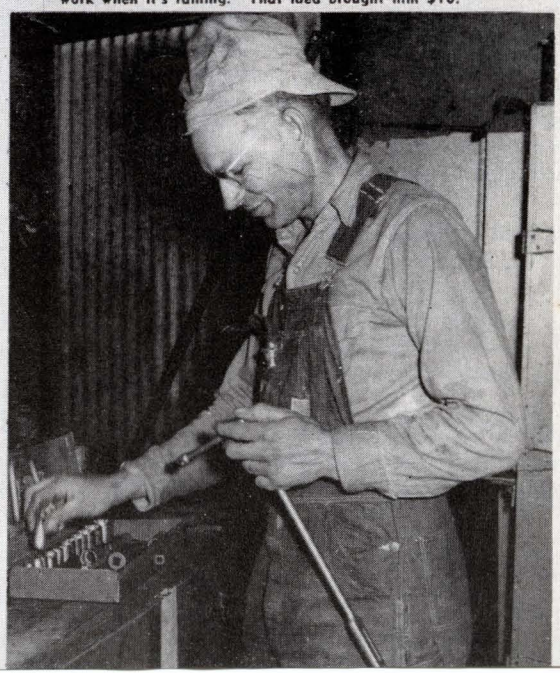


H. Z. ASKINS, Machine Shop, won $1 for his idea to move the switch on pump for pumping cutting oil for the gear machines from behind the jig rack so that it will be more accessible. Askins said that was easy money.

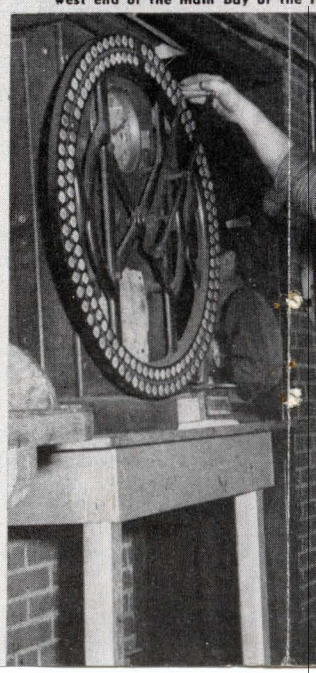
BOB BUTLER, Machine Shop, won $5 for his suggestion to make drill template to fit the eccentric clamping fixture. Also add slip bushing so job may be drilled and tapped at same set up on equalizer connections on five drawings.



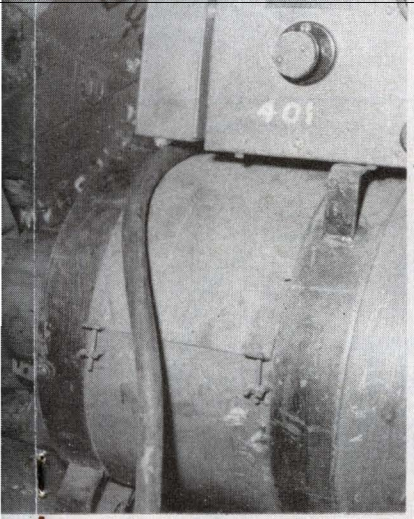
W. H. MURPHY, who works in the Structural Department, sugested that an extension awning be built over the outside work room of the shop so that men can continue to work when it's raining. That idea brought him $10.



PAUL JACKSON, Electrical Depart
in the Suggestion Awards for three
idea to put an up and down switch
west end of the main Bay of the F



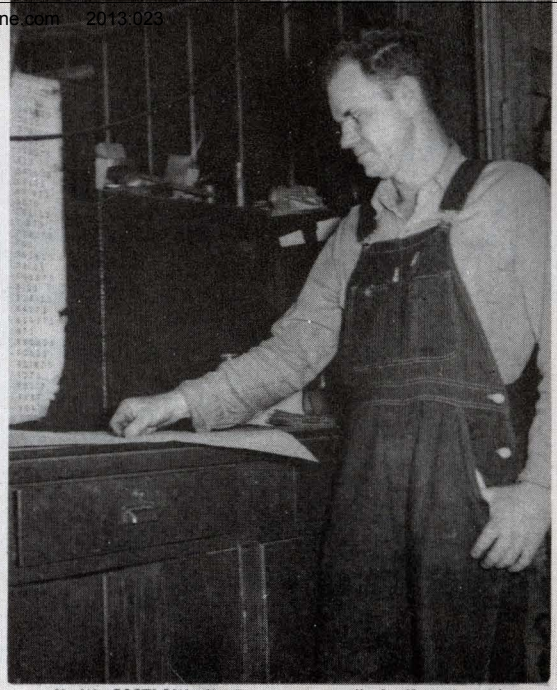
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Department, is $1 richer for having sug-
the Welding Shop be cleaned. He noticed
l helped himself and the night workers, too.



JIMMIE FREEMAN, Machine Shop, sent in his idea for locating pins for setting gear boxes on table of No. 501 machine. His suggestion netted him $5 and will save much time and prevent holding crane while operator is locating box.



H. W. COSTLOW, Jig Department, walked off again with good money. He's been a winner for two successive months. He collected $10 for his idea to build a welding fixture to set up pitman arm.

Winners

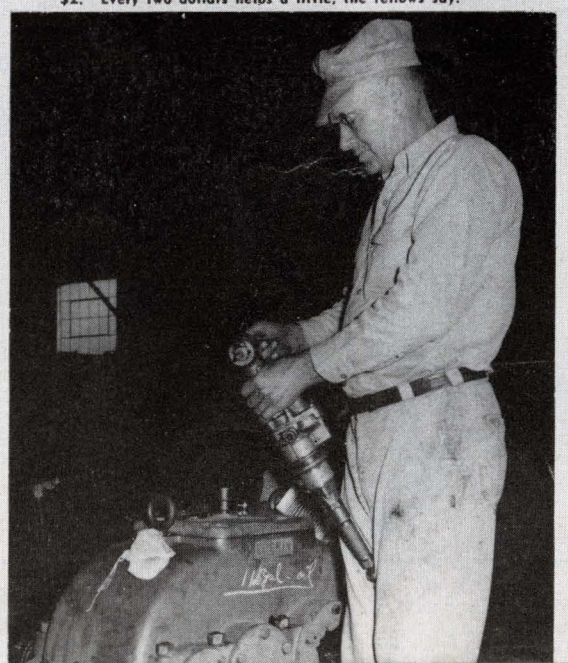


LEE DEGGS, Machine Shop, increased his folding money by $5 when he suggested that a steel plate be made for No. 485 and No. 441 Bullards with a receptacle turned to fit small universal Lathe chucks.

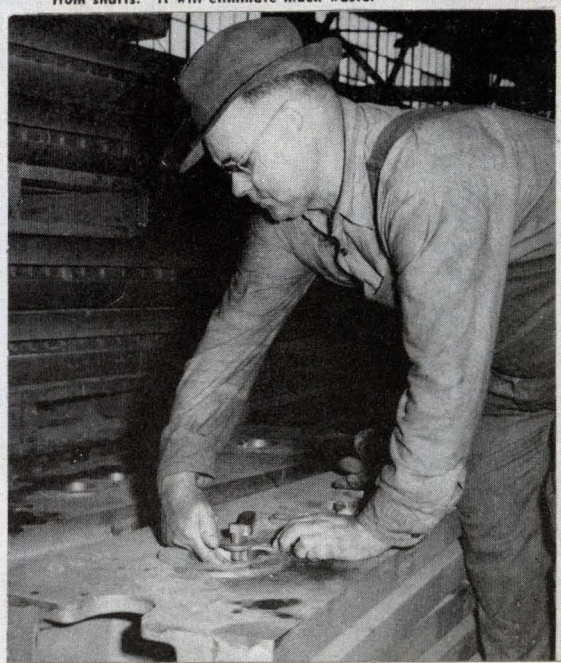
l Department, has been a winner
for three successive months. His
wn switch on the big door at the
of the Foundry won him $2.



T. H. STONE, Assembly Floor, was named one of the November winners with his idea to build a fixture for machining hog discs where the knife fits. This suggestion netted him $2. Every two dollars helps a little, the fellows say.



C. E. HARBUCK, Machine Shop, was top winner in the this month's awards. He won $20 for his discovery of a method to prevent the breaking of cranks when they are removed from shafts. It will eliminate much waste.



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Keep This Under

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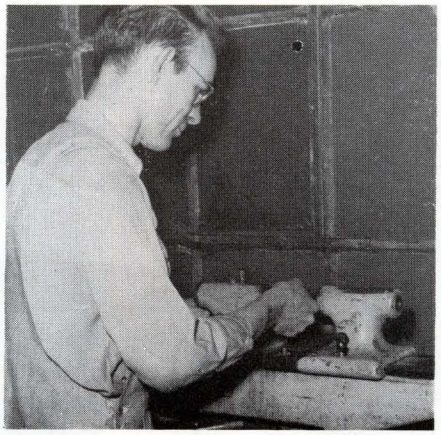
morning with a pretty shiner. Of course, everybody wanted to know how he got it, and he replied that he fell in his bath tub. Bennie Latham didn't believe a word of it. Fred Hopson said he thought Hubert tried to lock his wife in the closet but turned her out too quick. Fred Pickens said he was not sure Hubert ever got her shut up. Milton Campbell said they didn't call them bath tubs in Diboll.

To straighten this thing out, why not go talk to Hubert yourself.

We all miss Marvin Bridges of the Trailer Division. He's in Dallas in the hospital, and we hope he'll be back with us soon. We were sorry to hear that James Nail and Toney Athey underwent surgery and hope they'll recover soon.

"You're divorcing your husband for absent-mindedness?"

"Yes. The other night while he was reading I kissed him on the bald spot and he said: 'Quit playing, honey, and get those letters typed.' "



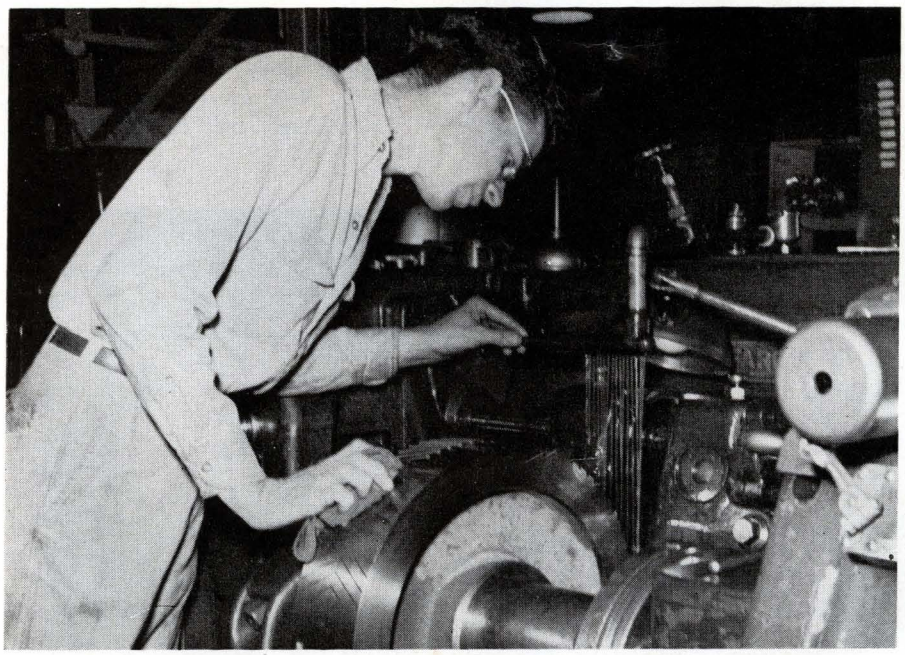
DOYLE BOWERS, an employee for eight years, has an important job to do as a tool checker. His accuracy, patience and diligence is necessary to do the work properly.

Today a mother telling her son the facts of life, says "There are the birds and bees, there are the flowers and pollen, there are your father and his secretary . . ."

Local Lady: "Doctor, is there anything wrong with me?"

Doctor: "Yes, but it's trifling."

Lady: "Oh, I don't think that's so very wrong, is it?"



JACK CHASTAIN, an employee for 7 years, looks after his machine and keep its in good working order. He's one of the younger fellows who has been around for a long time.



NEW ARRIVALS

Congratulations to proud parents who are beginning their task of rearing a new generation!

To Mr. and Mrs. Bob Taylor on the birth of Terry Bob who made his appearance November 13. He tipped the scales at 7 pounds and 9 ounces. His daddy works at the Mill Supplies.

To Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Chastain on the birth of Ronald Ray. He arrived October 21 at 2:10 p.m. and weighed 5 pounds and 14 ounces. His daddy works in the Machine Shop.

To Mr. and Mrs. Floyd R. Vann on the birth of F. R., Jr. He joined the Vann household November 8 and he weighed 7 pounds and 8 ounces. His daddy works in the Machine Shop.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nolan Wilson on the birth of Grace Ann. She made the Wilson family total three on October 21 at 4:04 a.m. She weighed 9 pounds and 8 ounces. Her daddy works in the Accounting Department.

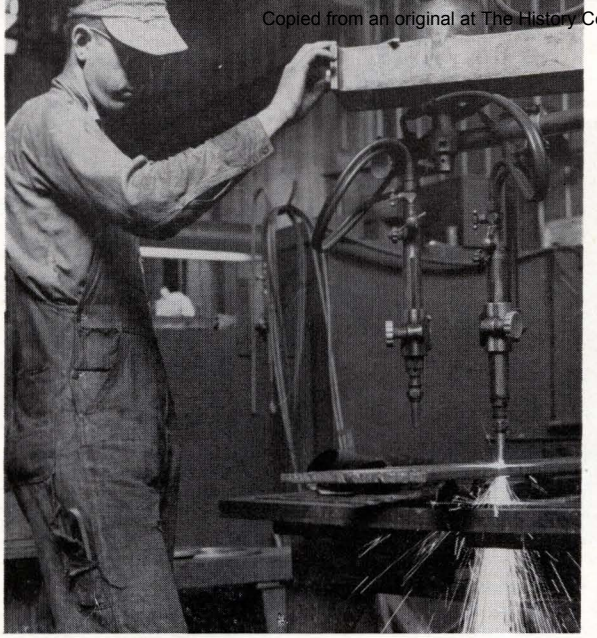
"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?"

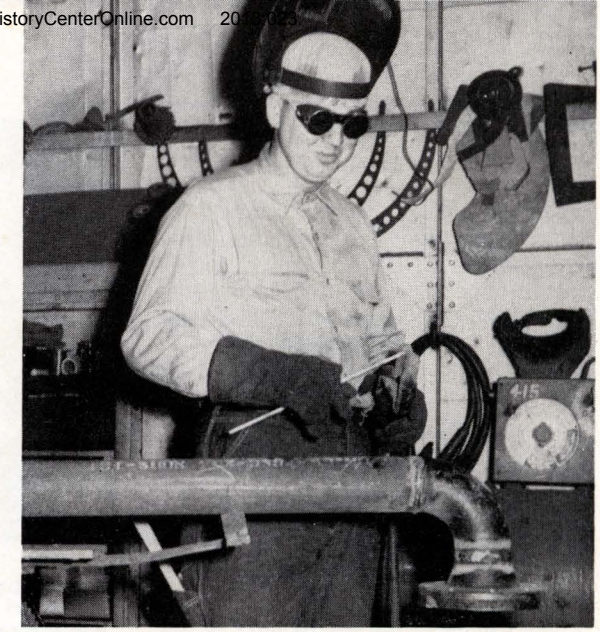
"Boatbuilding."

"Democracy means not, 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'you're as good as I am.' "—Theodore Parker.

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VISTING



THE STRUCTURAL JIG DEPARTMENT



TOP LEFT, Earl Tullos—a quiet, likeable fellow who knows his job well.

TOP RIGHT, Louis Storey—folks wouldn't recognize him without his chewing tobacco and friendly smile.

LEFT, Preston Weatherly—a young fellow, but one of the old timers. Been employed here for 20 years.

BOTTOM, A few of the boys discuss a piece of work. Left to right, Bud Lovett, C. A. Beck, John Cluck, and H. W. Costlow.

