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6. Clean your portable oil heater. Keep it clean. Place portable heaters where they can't be knocked over, and not near curtains or other combustible material. If kerosene must be kept for lamps or heaters, store it out-doors and refuel in daylight hours.

7. Always keep a wire mesh screen in front of the fire place to keep sparks from flying out, and to protect children.

8. See that ashtrays are distributed liberally about the house. Place matches in metal containers out of reach of young children. Matches and bad smoking habits cause 30 per cent of all fires. Never permit any member of the household to smoke in bed.

9. Refuse which has collected in vacant lots in the neighborhood may be a menace to health as well as a fire hazard. Get your neighbors interested in the community clean-up, and clean up those lots. Your neighborhood will be more attractive and your children will have a safer place to play.

(Editor's Note: All photos were furnished through the courtesy of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.)



WHEN A FUSE BLOWS, you should have a box of new ones on hand; a 15-ampere fuse is large enough for most household circuits. After changing the fuse, this housewife will call an electrician if the new fuse blows—because she realizes that's a sign the circuit is over-loaded, or something else is wrong.

☆

THE PLACE TO START your Spring Clean-Up campaign is at home—in the junk closet, attic, or catch-all room. No home is safe when closets or storage rooms are full of rubbish or junk. This housewife is gathering magazines and rags to be thrown out.



Irene Largent

Suggestion Winners

By TUBBY WELCH

WE'RE still paying off for good, sound suggestions. You fellows ought to cash in on this gravy train. All that's necessary is an idea to do something easier, quicker, less expensive.

We would like to caution you again about sending in your suggestions. They must be written on the mimeographed standard form that can be obtained from any foreman, at all time clocks, and from me. The reason for this is so they can be filed and kept. When they are written on various sizes of paper or cards, they can be lost or misplaced easily. Here are the winners for last month.

Maurice Malone (Structural Shop)—$20—A chart should be made for supervisors of the Structural and Welding shop to work from, showing correct items needed for stock and shipments.

H. W. Costlow (Jig Department)—$15—Fabricate a jig for welding rocker shaft arms on any degree. This is a time-saver, and eliminates much reworking.

W. J. Bushmann (Foundry Core Room)—$10—Change core box arrangement on two core boxes for the H-333 gas engine bases part No. 9589, and make core drivers for these two boxes. This saves one hour for each base in core time.

W. C. Athey (Machine Shop)—$10—Eliminate the long brake lever on No. 15A and No. 80D units, using the 21-inch sub base.

J. C. Boyd (Repair Department)—$5—Install a piston with brass rings on hydraulic lift on fork trucks to eliminate corrosion and rust, causing leather seals to be replaced often.

Ted Williams (Structural Shop)—$5—Fabricate a spacer jig to locate legs on all sub structure bases.

W. C. Athey (Machine Shop)—$2—Make all sheave hubs used on the No. 9" units to extend flush with end of pinion shaft.

W. C. Athey (Machine Shop)—$1—Install one-half ton crane over wireline storage rack to replace the block and tackle now being used.

Henry Finley (Material Control)—$1—Replace the double end bolt on the No. 80D unit with a standard 5/8" x 8½" bolt.

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How to Wallpaper a Room

PAPERING a room is *not* as "easy as falling off a log"—make no mistake about it! But if you will arm yourself with the right kind of equipment and follow instructions carefully, at least for the first time or two, you can do your own wallpapering and be proud of the results.

First of all it is vitally important that the walls of the room you are about to paper are in good condition. If you are papering over paper, be sure there are no loose edges, and if the paper is stained in any manner with grease or dirt, it is far better to remove it entirely. Use a large brush dipped in warm water and soak the paper thoroughly, then scrape it off with a putty knife, and sandpaper any stubborn edges or spots. All paint should be thoroughly washed with soap and water, and scaly paint must be removed. Calcimine should be washed off.

Be sure that all plaster is as smooth and even as possible, and that holes or cracks are thoroughly touched up with patching plaster. New plaster, because of active lime content must be washed with a weak acid solution to neutralize the lime. Two pounds of zinc sulphate to a gallon of water will do the trick. When the wall surface is thoroughly cleaned, scraped and ready, cover with a glue sizing which can be bought when you buy your wallpaper.

For equipment you will need a pair of good scissors, a straight-edge ruler, a sharp knife or razor blade, a putty knife, paste and a 6-inch brush. A roller and a soft brush or sponge to smooth out seams will make your job that much easier and more professional. If you plan to use ready-pasted wallpaper you can eliminate the paste and paste brush, and need only provide a tub of water(or use the kitchen sink) in which to wet the roll of paper, and a sponge to moisten and smooth the paper after it is applied. You will also need a large table for cutting and pasting, or you can arrange one made of two smooth boards rested on sawhorses.

Be sure you have a string with a weight on the end of it (a kitchen spoon will do) with which to draw your plumb line. This is very important when you hang the first strip of paper, since few walls are absolutely straight, and wallpaper must be.

As a rule your first strip should be started adjacent to a door frame, and it is just as well to choose the least conspicuous one in the room, since this will also be where the paper ends and will usually not match perfectly. If your paper is 18 inches wide, measure over on the wall about 17½ inches from the door frame, then fasten the unweighted end of your plumb line (string with spoon attached) to the top of the wall and let it drop to the floor. The plumb line will guide the right hand side of the paper and the half-inch allowance is to provide a working margin of paper on the side next to the door frame.

When you measure strips of paper, whether for wall or ceiling, be sure to make a generous allowance to make matching easier. Eight to ten inches is not too much unless repeats in the pattern are unusually large, in which case allow the full length of the repeat. Allow plenty of paper, too, to make it easy to center your pattern over doors, windows, fireplace and other architectural treatments.

If the paper is not semi-trimmed or perforated, trim the selvedges by placing a straightedge along the side of the pattern, hold firmly in place, score with scissors and then cut with a razor or sharp knife. Be sure to watch the selvedges of the paper for marks indicating where the pattern is to be matched.

When it comes to corners, there is a special technique required. Paper should be carried around the corner so that there is no open space showing, but since the walls will move and settle from time to time, it is best to overlap no more than one-half inch.

Whether you use plain or ready-pasted paper, be sure all edges are pressed smooth and firm and that there are no air pockets left under the paper. If you are using paste, be sure to remove all paste spots at once. Left on the surface they are regular dirt catchers, and within two or three months will show up as dark blotches. Be sure to remove any wall plates or wall light fixtures before papering. Paper over the opening, then remove extra paper with razor or sharp knife. For a hot-air register above the baseboard, first extend the paper over the entire register as though it were the wall, then trim off excess paper with razor or knife and press paper tightly into place.

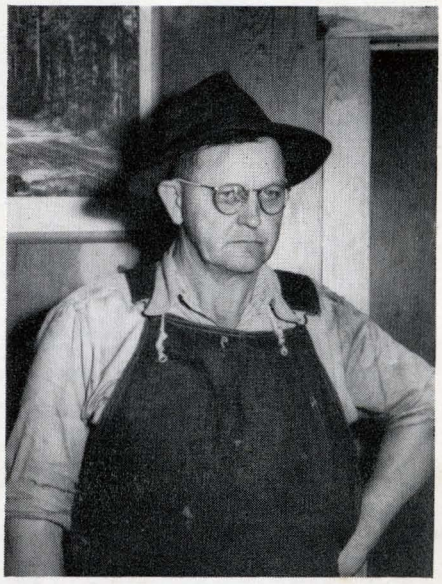
About Your Friend

Uncle Jess, who has been out of commission for awhile because his heart was acting up, really got a dose of his own medicine while he was in the hospital.

Some of his friends sent him a bouquet of flowers which contained a doll and a card reading, "Congratulations; another boy!"

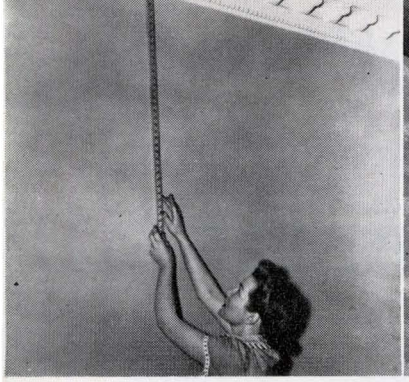
When the clean-up woman came in the next morning and saw the flowers, she walked over to Uncle Jess' bed and said, "Lawsy, sakes, we'se gwine to have to put a wave in that purty hair if youse gonna be the mother of a boy!"

The last report we had, the doctor told Uncle Jess he'd be up and around soon if he'd be a good boy and do what Mrs. Belote told him to without any argument.



JUST ANOTHER INSTANCE when a fellow said, "Thank goodness, I was wearing safety glasses!" Milton Sanders, who works in Lee Dyer's Department, was minding his own business when something flew from somewhere and hit him smack in the eye—or what would have been an eye if he hadn't been wearing safety goggles.

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Measure your wall from baseboard to ceiling to determine the length of the strips of wallpaper you will need. Then, add an extra 1 or 2 inches to the exact length to be sure you have sufficient.



Measure the lengths of wallpaper strips, mark and cut with a pair of scissors.



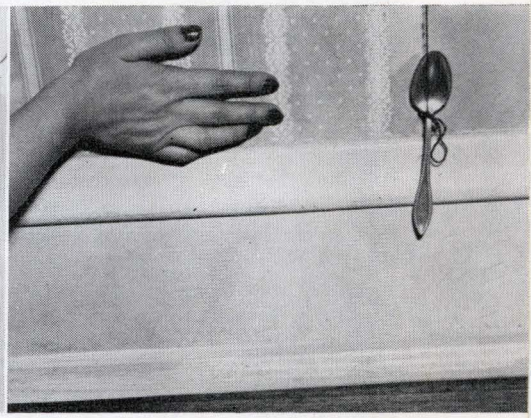
If you are using ready-pasted wallpaper, roll the strip with the pattern side out. Then take the strip to the sink, or to a tub filled with cool water. (Any container that is 18 inches wide.)



Then completely submerge the rolled strip in the cool water and re-roll under water. It is absolutely necessary that the paper be thoroughly saturated with water. After re-rolling, take the wet rolled strip out of the water holding it at an angle to permit the water to drain off.



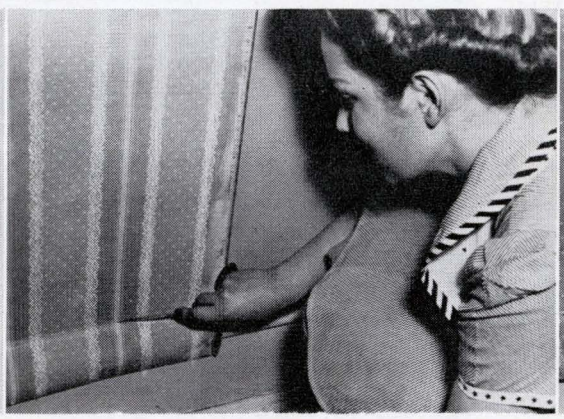
Firmly attach the strip of wallpaper at the top of the wall, holding the roll with one hand to give you perfect control of the strip, and leave the other hand free to smooth the paper out and hand straighten to meet the plumb line at the right.



A string with a spoon attached at the bottom is a simple plumb line to make certain that your pattern hangs straight.



Extra paper at doors and window frames is simply scored along the edge of the frame with a scissors or razor and then cut with a scissors.



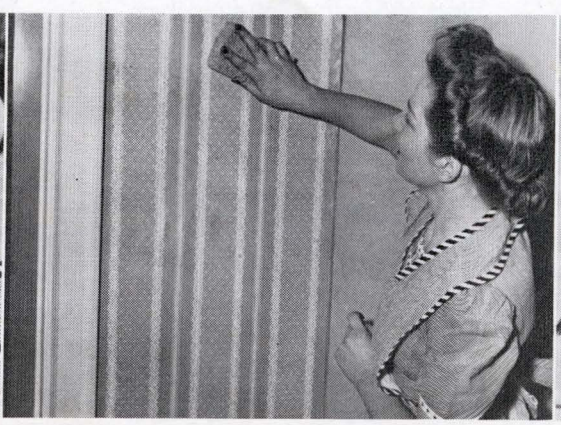
Extra length at the baseboard is scored in the same fashion.



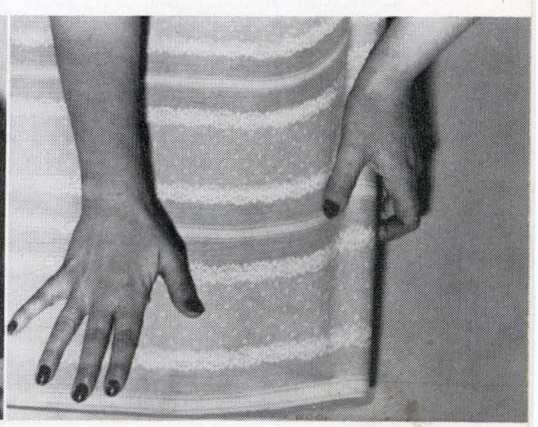
Then cut with scissors.



Light fixtures or other fixtures are treated identically. Remove the exterior plate, knob, etc., paper over the opening, then, with a sharp razor cut around the edges so that the fixture can be replaced. This gives you a neat professional job.



After each strip of wallpaper has been fixed to the wall, wipe off any paste spots or marks at once and smooth paper to remove air bubbles using a clean sponge or cloth. If you are hanging ready-pasted wallpaper, take a clean sponge or cloth and clean water and wipe from side to side and from top to bottom to remove air bubbles and paste.



The second strip of paper is hung exactly as the first. Make sure that the edges meet perfectly. Smooth out carefully as you press the strip in place.

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Know Your Foremen

INTRODUCING ALEX ANDREWS

WHEN you hear the expression, "Oh! He's been around!" you usually interpret this to mean that he understands most every subject. But that expression in this writing is meant literally. Our subject has really been around. Now hear this:

It was August 14, 1888, in Athens, Greece, that Alex Andrews first saw the light of day. Being from an humble home, he decided to seek his fortune at the age of 16, immediately after finishing high school. Since he had an uncle who owned a freighter—the S. S. Constantines—he went to work for him as an apprentice Marine Engineer, serving on board this vessel for two years. Then, we went aboard the S. S. Princess Sofia, employed in the same capacity and stayed here until a year later.

Confident that he had learned the marine engineering trade sufficiently, he took the examination for a license before the Board of Marine Examiners and passed with good marks. At this time, Alex was the youngest Marine Engineer in the entire Mediterranean Area.

His next assignment came aboard the S. S. Margarite Le Levorno, an oil tanker, the first ever assigned to the Italian fleet of merchant vessels. This ship took young Alex on his first trip to America, landing at Philadelphia.

After nine months aboard this ship, he received his pay in Genoa, Italy. With this money, he migrated to South America to visit an uncle who was a port pilot in the bay of Rozario de Santa Fe, Argentina. Alex took on the job as Marine Engineer on a government tug boat.

But Alex still had a roving spirit, so, 9½ months later, he embarked on a refrigeration ship to England, transporting Argentine beef, landing at Liverpool. He got off here and caught a train to Cardiff, England, where he went aboard a fruit boat transporting fruit from Seville, Spain, to English ports. Interest here soon wore off, and a year later, he began working South.

Working aboard an English steamer, he made a trip to Capetown, South Africa, on to Bombay, India, through the Suez Canal, and back to England. After this trip, Alex had some $300 saved up—enough to come to America.



TO GET AWAY from machinery, tools and mathematics, Alex Andrews spends his spare time painting landscape scenes—or any other picture for that matter. He's plenty good with oils, too.

In 1909, he landed at New York City and shortly thereafter, he took his first job in this country, as a machinist for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Then later, he accepted a job with Southern Pacific Lines in San Francisco, where he stayed 15 months. After a brief stay with Southern Pacific in Houston, he came to Lufkin. This was 1912. Among his many endeavors in Angelina County, Alex operated a bus line from Diboll to Garrison and owned an auto shop on the side.

After selling out, he began employment with Lufkin Foundry on July 10, 1923, where he still may be found. At present, Alex is Machine Foreman, First Shift, in the Machine Shop Department.

When asked what was the gem of his many travels, Alex was quick to answer. "During all my travels, I value nothing more than my associations with the many peoples of many nationalities, giving me a better understanding of them. Since I could speak Spanish, Greek, English, Italian, French and some Russian, I encountered little difficulty in becoming acquainted."

Freight agent at a small Texas town received a shipment of one donkey. The accompanying way bill described the shipment as "One burro." After checking his goods carefully, the baffled agent made the following report.

Short—one burro.

Long—one jackass.

Sailor: "How about some real old-fashioned lovin', baby?"

Gal: "Okay; I'll call grandma."

Bride (proudly): "My first turkey."

Husband: "Looks swell. What did you stuff it with?"

Bride: "Stuff it with? Why this one wasn't even hollow."

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James McDougald

GETTING AN EARLY START

JAMES McDOUGALD, son of J. J. McDougald, second shift employee of the Blacksmith Shop, has started early to make a niche for himself in this world.

A senior in Lufkin High school, James is planning to enter Texas A. & M. college next September to study Animal Husbandry. Going to college costs money, but James has an answer for that. He's going to have the money—money he has earned himself through diligent, hard work.

His success story began a good many years ago; in fact, he had just passed his sixth birthday. That was a momentous occasion for the little boy. During the years before that day, he had followed in his father's footsteps as he went to feed and tend to his cattle.

With eyes large with wonder and curiosity, the boy watched his dad care for each cow, and he would look up at him with the eagerness which belongs only to a child, and ask, "When can I have one of my own, daddy?"

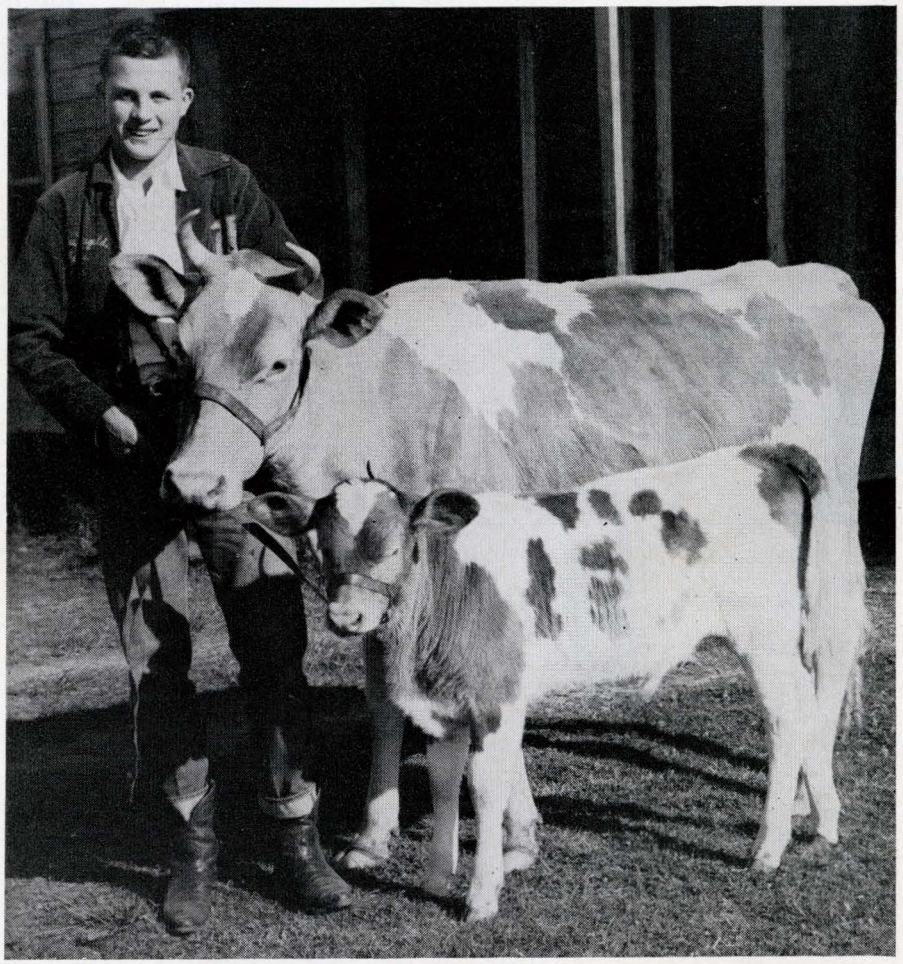
And his father would smile and answer, "When you get a little bigger, son."

When his sixth birthday came, James was told he was old enough now to start in the cattle business, and his daddy gave him one new-born calf.

With the pride of ownership stamped indelibly on his little forehead, James began the task of raising his calf. It certainly wasn't easy for a boy so young, for soon the calf was bigger than he was. But he never once wavered. And now, some 12 years later, James is the proud owner of 12 head of fine cattle.

His notoriety began in February, 1948, when he won first place in a milking race at the Houston Fat Stock Show. He took his prize—a fine Jersey—home and began to prepare for the 1949 Stock Show. In February of the following year, he took his Jersey back to Houston. Not only did he get his registration papers on her, but he won fifth place in a class of 46 entries.

Not satisfied with fifth place, James came back to Lufkin determined to ready his Jersey for the 1950 show.



JAMES McDOUGALD, a senior in Lufkin High School, stands beside his pride and joy —a Jersey heifer he won at the Houston Fat Stock Show in 1948, and her calf. James' father works in the Blacksmith Shop on second shift.

Last February, he again loaded his Jersey and pointed the truck south. When the judging was completed, James was presented with the first place ribbon for his Jersey which had been in competition with 350 other cows in the same class. His Jersey also was named eighth place winner in the entire dairy cattle show of the 1950 Houston Fat Stock Show.

James says that his Jersey has cost him about $200, and that he has been offered $400 for her. But he's not ready to sell yet; he believes she's worth more than that.

The young farmer explains that when September comes, he will sell a few head from his herd to get money enough to pay his expenses for one semester.

"That way, I'll be taking the chance on my money and not Dad's. They tell me Aggieland is really tough. If I can't make the grades, then it will be my money I'm wasting and not Dad's." That's the way James puts it.

Nobody seems worried about whether he will make the grades or not. Everybody who knows him says his determination, faithfulness to minor details and stickability to complete all jobs begun, will see him through Texas A. & M. with bright colors.

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From Where I Sit

By FRED NELSON

THE importance of having a record of blood types in our plant was well expressed when the majority of the men submitted to blood typing by the technicians of Memorial Hospital when they visited the plant recently. And the majority of the second shifts had theirs typed by Mrs. Walters at a later date.



It's gratifying to know that such a large majority of our employees stand ready to donate blood to a person who might be in need of it. And too, it will come in handy for the employee who might be in need of blood transfusions. In any event, it will certainly save time in finding a donor.

I thought it might be interesting to give you the number of employees in each blood-type classification so as you might get some idea of the percentage of employees in your category. There are 307 employees who have type "O"; 164 with type "A"; 63 with type "B" and 9 with type "AB." This is a total of 543 employees in the plant who have had their blood typed.

I received a letter the other day from my good friend Jake Durham, who is the Personnel Director, Public Relations Director, Editor of the Buss Saw (Southern Pine Lumber Company's house organ), Safety Director, and generally, the cosmopolitan of Diboll.

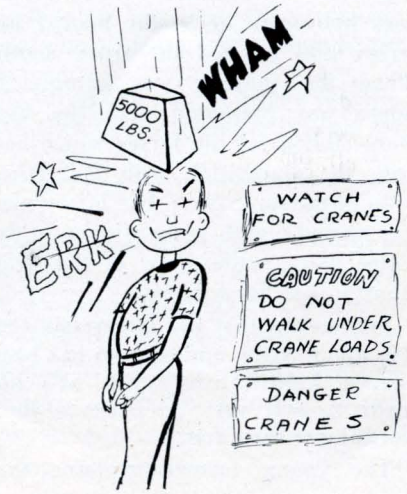
In this letter, Jake praised our accident records, which, incidentally, were casually mentioned in this column last month. However, he showed a tendency to excuse the accident rates set forth by the Buzz Saw in each issue. These rates are higher than ours, he explained, because the jobs at Diboll seem to be more hazardous than those in our plant. After giggling somewhat about this statement, I wrote Jake a letter giving my much-sought-after advice on how to reduce accidents in his plant.

Jake, to whom I affectionately refer to as Diboll's self-appointed Morris Frank, bosom-buddy of Hubert Mewhinney of the Houston Post, is doing a big job in Diboll. And I certainly do not wish to disparage his work. But I do take pride in exhibiting our accident rates to those of his Company.

Getting down to the sad part of our discussion, here's the breakdown of injuries for March, 1950, that had to be referred to a physician for treatment. Those marked with an asterisk are injuries resulting in loss of time exceeding the shift on which the injury occurred.

Supervisor

R. H. White	**1 eye**
John Copeland	**4 eyes**
R. V. Turner	**1 eye**
Lee Dyer	**1 foot***
Henry Mantooth	**1 eye**
Elmer Williams	**1 eye**
F. B. Thompson	**1 eye**
R. M. Rosser	**1 side**
L. T. Womack	**1 eye**
E. P. Trout	**1 eye**
W. M. Spitler	**1 foot***
L. R. Perry	**1 finger**
R. B. Smith	**1 eye**



BEATING THE DEADLINE



ALL of us will be with—or will be thinking about—our Mothers on May 14, which has been set aside as her day. In looking for something that would be appropriate for this occasion, we found a reprint of an essay written by a little English boy about his mother.

The small boys of a London slum were asked by the rector to write essays about their mothers.

One little shabby fellow of 11 licked his stubby pencil, set his small jaw and plunged in. He began, "My mother is a nice lady," and ended "when she dies I shall miss her terribly."

In between those two simple and eloquent phrases, he packed a heart-rending tribute to a wonderful woman. I wonder if she knows that the little candle he lighted that day is shining all around the world; that wherever English is spoken her little son's words will be repeated by other sons to other mothers?

This is the essay in its entirety, which was published many years ago in the *London Chronicle:*

"My mother is a nice lady. She is five feet tall and three feet wide. She has no false teeth, but her front teeth are broken. She is married. She married my father at St. James' when she was 18. She has eight more children beside me, and she says she would not be without one of us. We have two bedrooms and one kitchen.

"Every morning she goes office cleaning at five, stepping soft so as not to awaken us. She meets her mates at the tram. She leaves our lunch packets and milk pennies on the dresser. Dad gets our breakfast before he goes to look for work. She gets home before we start for school and sees we are tidy. Then she starts her housework. She sweeps the rooms, makes

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the beds, does the shopping, peels the potatoes, cooks 12 dinners, one for granny who lives ten doors away.

"Mondays and Thursdays she scrubs the rooms. Tuesday is washing day. This is the only day she grumbles. Wednesday and Friday she mends our clothes, which are always getting tore. Saturdays she goes to get our stores. She takes my sister to learn her the trade of bargaining with the butcher. At 4 she gets tea. At 5 she has to go office-cleaning again and gets home at nine and puts us to bed. She brings us cocoa in bed. She keeps on the go all day and never sits down. She looks after the sick baby upstairs while its mother is at work. When she dies I shall miss her terribly."

These are the lines that deserve to live forever. The picture they paint is of a household angel, grumbling a little on washday, but always on the go; ready in the squalor of three crowded rooms, to tell her boys and girls that she could not spare one of them, adding grace to cruel poverty and need, fighting dirt, bargaining pathetically in shabby markets for a penny or two, "meeting her mates at the tram," not forgetting lunch packets and milk pennies, and winding up the gruelling day that is one in an endless procession of exactly similar days with cups of cocoa—nine cups of cocoa—served to nine eager, nightgowned, restless, packed babes!

The weariness of her, the ache from head to feet, the disorders and wailing, the smells that make her world are beyond computing.

And they call admirals and generals heroes! They give flyers and writers and violin players fame and wealth, medals and honors!

The people who are anxious to help you sow your wild oats generally disappear when the harvest comes around.

Although the modern girl's hair may look like a mop, it doesn't bother her too much, because being a modern girl, she doesn't know what a mop looks like.

If you see a man who is getting along swell and making a success of himself, you can be sure he is married to a determined woman who knows what she wants.

In order not to show anything brutal on the screen, best movies end just as the couples are about to get married.

A LUNCHBOX INTERLUDE

THE two men had no more than opened their lunchboxes when Harry began.

"Fellow at the Legion meeting last night," he said, "made a remark that's been on my mind all morning."

"Spill it," said Joe, upwrapping his first sandwich.

"Well," said Harry, "it sounds damphoolish at first. But the more I think of it . . . "

"Go ahead," said Joe, "or you'll get indigestion."



"It was his idea," Harry went on, "that the Russians could lick us without firing a shot."

"That's crazy for sure. Who was this guy? A pinko, I'll bet."

"No, he was district commander of the Legion, as a matter of fact. Major in my old outfit—right guy, too."

Joe munched in silence as Harry began on his.

"I told you it sounded screwy at first," he said between bites. "But it was his idea that we all ought to snap out of being so doggoned sure of ourselves, and just taking things for granted."

"Like what, for instance?"

"Well, our freedom, for one thing—and our whole system, too. We don't seem to be doing anything about it . . . and the Reds keep on pounding away that Americanism is a lot of bunk, and what we need is a dictator . . . "

"Like they got in the Kremlin in Moscow, I suppose," Joe broke in.

"Yeah," said Harry. "You give up thinking and doing for yourself—they'll take care of you, and do all the thinkin' . . . "

"Nobody's going to tell *me* what to think, chum. I'll do my own."

"Me too, brother. But they keep hammerin' away that our system is all wrong and that we're being exploited—rooked—and that you should hate everybody but your own. Stir up trouble and keep it stirred up—the heck with the rest of the country. Keep us distrusting each other, fighting among ourselves, disorganized."

"Well, that begins to make sense," Joe admitted. "They think they could step right in then, and take over, huh?"

"They've done it before—in other countries that began by giving up a little freedom here and there, and then layin' back for the government to take care of them. Along comes a dictator after while, and then the real trouble begins."

"Like in Czechoslovakia, and Roumania," said Joe. "Guess the guy's remarks do make sense, the more you think about it."

"They sure do," said Harry. "It's up to all of us to make our system work better, make our democracy stronger every way we can. We don't want to change it—just make it stronger and better. And we ought to make those Russians understand how we feel—they wouldn't think we were such a pushover, maybe."

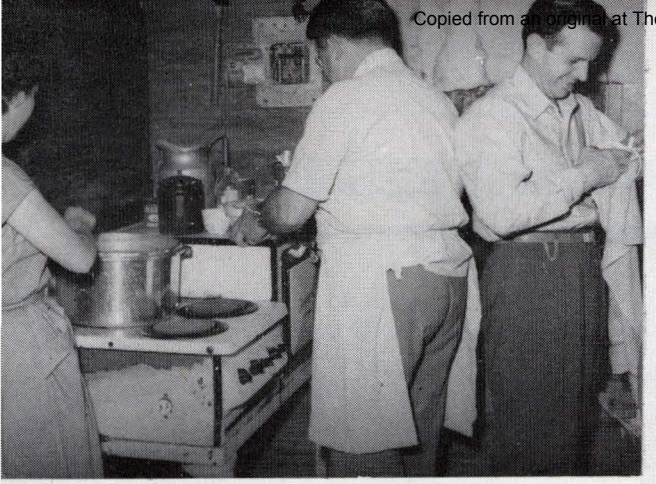


"We *wouldn't* be; that's the point," said Joe. "And as you say, it's up to all of us, I guess."

"You were never righter, pal," said Harry.

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FUN and EATS for the ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT



THE KITCHEN was a busy place as Bill Lewis stirred the kettle of food, PeeWee dried the dishes, and Gene baked the biscuits.



BEFORE AND AFTER eating their fill, the Electrical boys played forty-two and their wives joined in a domino game.

AT THIS DOMINO GAME are, reading clockwise, Mrs. "Casey" Jones, Mrs. Jim McBride, Mrs. Bub Watterson, and "Casey" Jones.



IT WAS A STRUT BID in this game. The boys taking part were, clockwise, Bub Watterson, Smokey Myers, Jim McBride and Wick Lewis.



THIS BUNCH consumed enough chicken and spaghetti to feed a regiment. Those making a dive for the food include, clockwise, Jack Chastain, Paul Jackson, C. T. Heaton, Andy Modisette, Smokey Myers, Jim McBride, Bub Watterson, Gene Chastain, Casey Jones, PeeWee Chastain, Wick Lewis, and Mutt Barr.



AROUND THE TABLE, clockwise, are the wives of the men who helped put away some of the chicken and spaghetti themselves: Mrs. Gene Chastain, Mrs. Wick Lewis, Mrs. Bub Watterson, Mrs. Casey Jones, Mrs. Robert Barr, Mrs. Jack Chastain, Mrs. PeeWee Chastain, Miss Durham and Mrs. Jim McBride.

