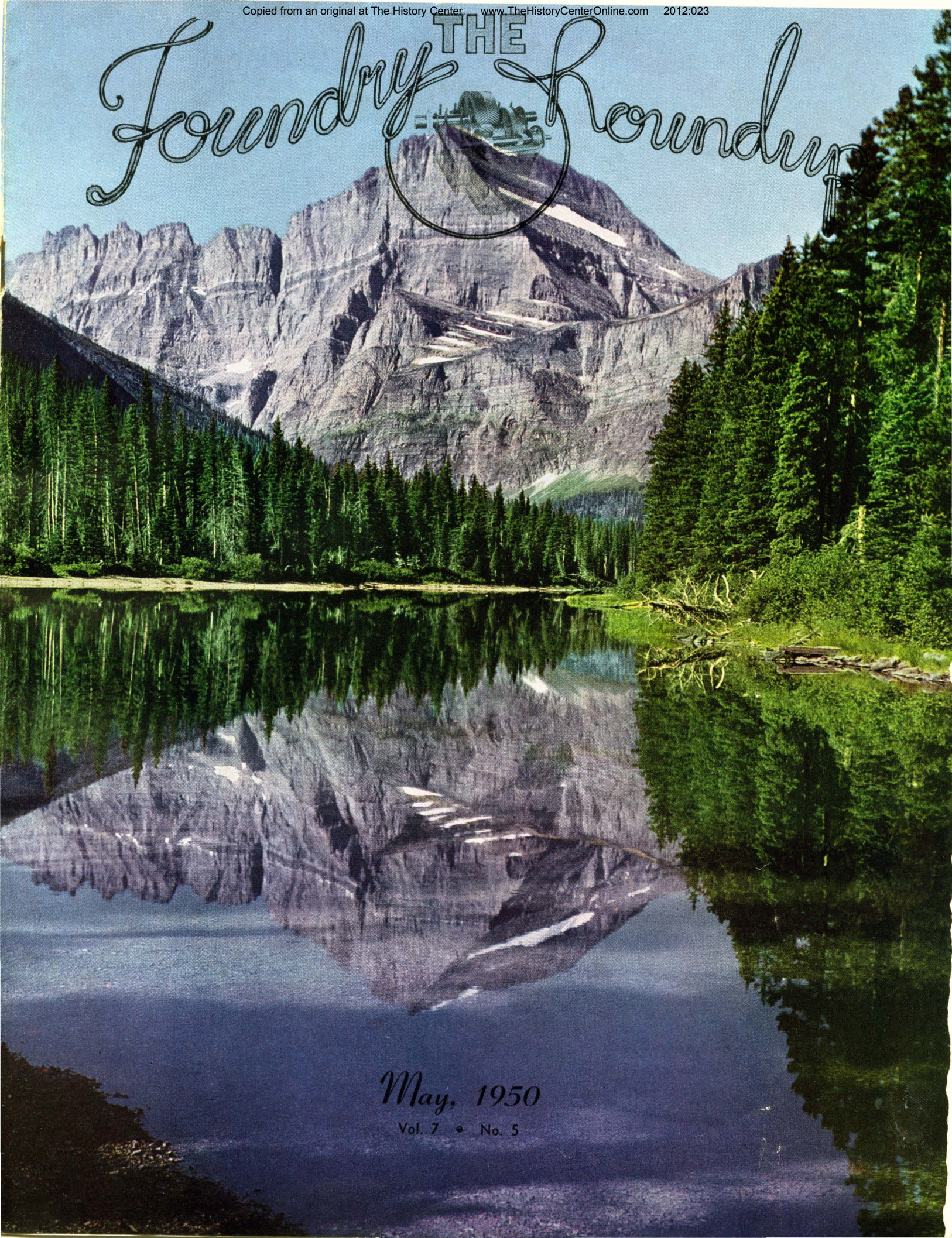
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THE Foundry Roundup



May, 1950

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UNCLE JESS HAD TO WATCH

His School-Boy Figure

EVERYBODY was worried and anxious—just as always when a loved one is seriously ill and doesn't seem to be getting any better. The time was a sunny day in May and the place was Memorial hospital.

The family and friends of Uncle Jess Belote were waiting eagerly for somebody to do something. Uncle Jess' heart had acted up again and this time, he wasn't breathing so good. In fact, he wasn't getting nearly enough oxygen and the situation was serious.

Then, a kindly looking woman entered the room dressed neatly in a stiffly starched white dress. In her hand she had a needle and she smiled at the good-looking (Editor's note: this was put in at his request!) man lying in the bed. She took his arm and began to clean off a spot with a piece of alcohol-saturated cotton.

"What's in that needle," Uncle Jess asked her, "Penicillin?"

"Nope," she replied, "it's barbecue sauce. Gonna try to make you breathe easier."

That bit of humor came right at the most opportune moment. It made everybody a little happier. And that's the way it was during all the days Uncle Jess spent in the hospital.

"I couldn't ask anybody anywhere to be any nicer to me than those nurses and everybody else were out at that hospital," Uncle Jess said one day after he was back home, feeling much perkier and more like his former self.

He named all the nurses and said they were really kind and attentive to him. But he didn't compliment just the pretty women, as one might expect him to. He said the orderlies and clean-up personnel always had a pleasant greeting to pass on and did ther work as if they really enjoyed it.

"Never saw such a clean place," Uncle Jess remarked. "Those floors were scrubbed so clean I could use them for a mirror to see how to comb my wavy hair."

Then he grinned in his own inimitable way and said, "Why if those folks keep trying, they'll be nearly as good people as those who work for Lufkin Foundry!"

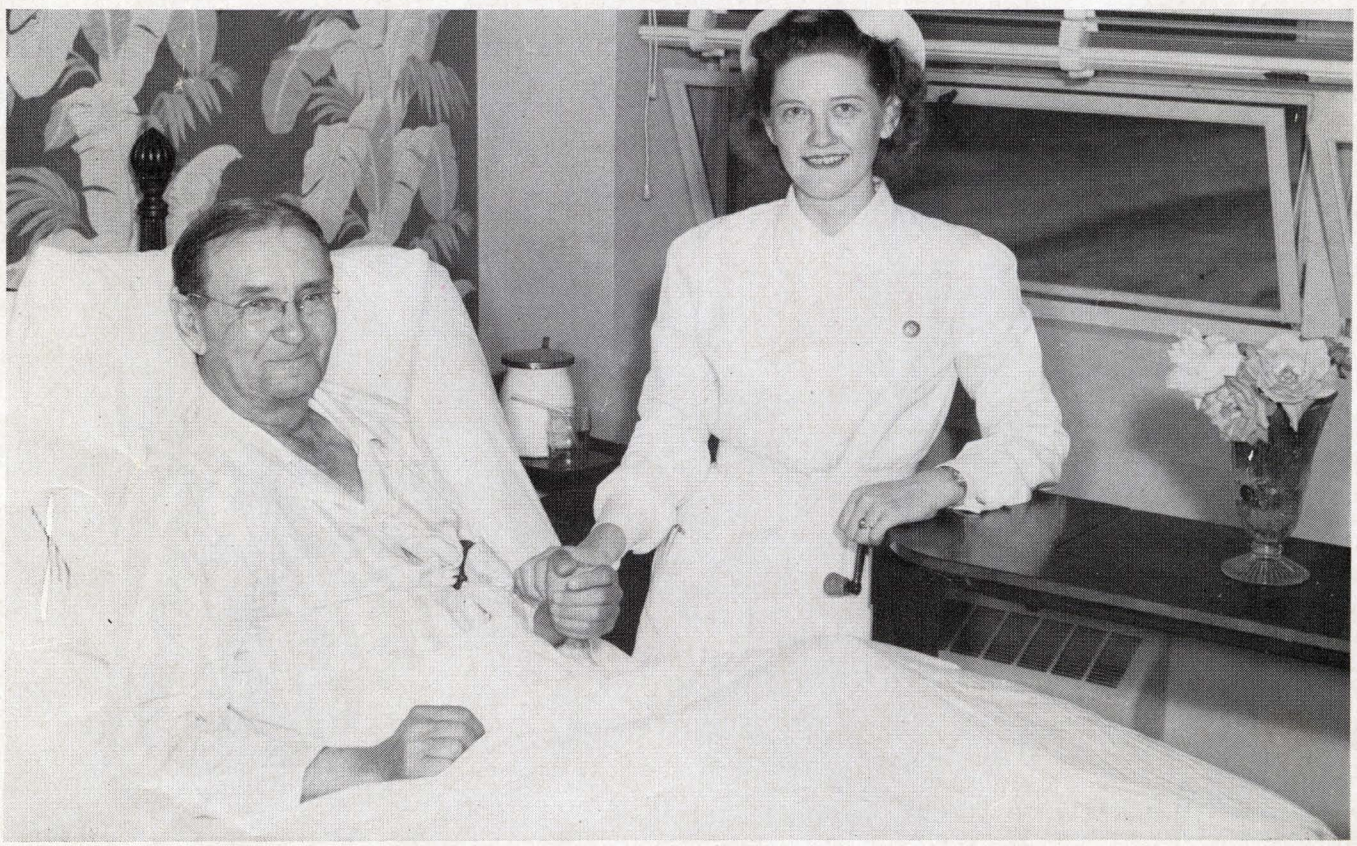
When the subject was turned to food, he began to brag about the cooking.

"It seemed like they were trying to ruin my young man's figure with all that good food. They ran my wife's cooking a close second."

There was only one thing wrong with the entire set-up, Uncle Jess said, as he lit his cigarette.

"They made me drink sweet milk—

UNCLE JESS certainly does not look like he is suffering from a "broken heart" in this picture. In fact, if we depended only upon this picture, we would know that the only reason he went to Memorial Hospital was to get a pretty nurse, such as Miss Winnie Hazelwood, to hold his hand.



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and I know that was a shock to my system 'cause I wasn't used to that stuff."

However, along this time, Mrs. Belote had something to say. She said Uncle Jess had the nurses so bewitched that they would use their hours off to take a little trip west on U. S. Highway 94 for his benefit.

"Why, I had to guard him like a hawk," Mrs. Belote chimed in.

When Uncle Jess began talking about the pretty furnishings of the room he was in, he began to smile as if he remembered something pleasant.

"You know what pretty wallpaper was in my room. Well, when Walter Ragland came to see me, he looked at that paper, then he looked at the way my back was to it and asked: 'Why don't you get them to turn your bed around so you can see that beautiful paper?'

"Well, I looked at him and replied: 'That pretty paper is for you to look at. I look at the pretty nurses!' "

Uncle Jess said he certainly did appreciate all the flowers and cards folks sent him, and especially did he appreciate the visits people managed to get in, even if the doctor did post a "No Visitors" sign on his door.

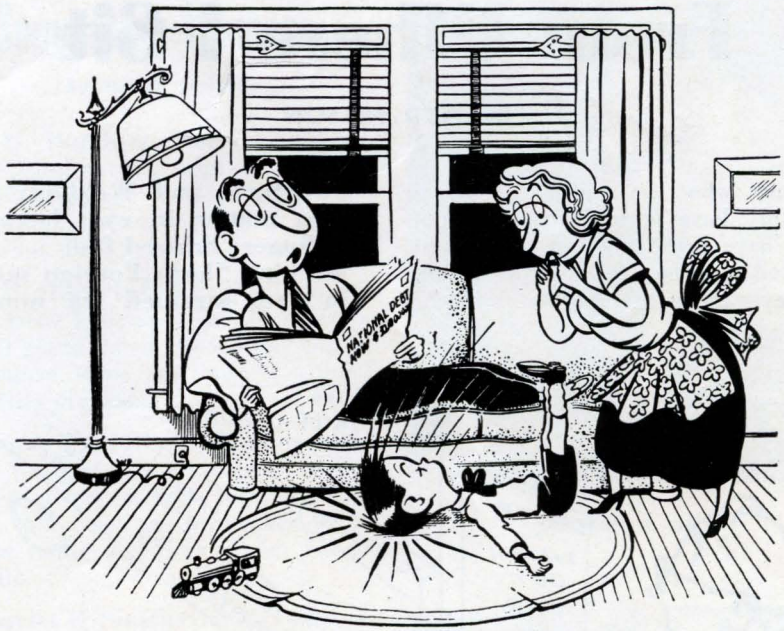
Then, the patient began to talk slowly.

"You know, I don't understand why anybody would hesitate to go out to Memorial hospital. It's the finest thing that ever happened to Lufkin. I didn't hear a cross word or see a grouchy look the whole time I was there.

"And I felt confident that they knew what they were doing and that nothing was left undone that would make me feel better. It was worth every cent it cost me. I'm proud that the company I work for had a big part in building that hospital for Angelina county."

Editor's Note: There have been many other reports from employees concerning the Memorial Hospital and the excellent service they render. Bob Butler of the Machine Shop said he received the best treatment he had ever had while he was out at Memorial for his operation. Bob said he couldn't ask anybody to be any nicer to him or to be more concerned about his feelings.

These are just a few of the many compliments our employees have paid the staff of Memorial Hospital.



"HE HAS TO LEARN the facts of life some time! All I did was show him the size of the National Debt, and tell him what his share was." . . .

(The size of the National Debt, by the way, was $256,777,727,579.56—as of October 31, 1949—and the per capita share of each man, woman and child is $1,712).

A woman sought the advice of her minister because her husband came home intoxicated every evening and they always had an argument. The minister reminded her that her husband had his problems, too. Deciding the "understanding" approach was at least worth a try, she rushed to the door that evening when she heard her husband fumbling as usual, trying to get the key in the keyhole. She opened the door and stood with a broad smile on her face.

The bread-winner glanced at her briefly, then growled: "Ye Gods, what a day! I tear my pants on the street car; my stenographer quits her job, and now I come home and YOU'VE got LOCK-jaw!"

Si and Hank, the two midwestern farmers, were discussing things in general. Si was complaining about the drought, his sick hogs and the cow that had gone dry. He was moaning about his mule that had gone lame, and how his wife had run off with a lightning-rod salesman and left him with the two children.

Hank listened to all his complaints and then remarked: "Si, I ain't got no patience whatever with you. Didn't I beg you with tears in my eyes not to vote for them durn Democrats!"

And then there was the cowboy who just bought one spur. He figured that if one side of the horse went, the other would too.

A well known old maid excitedly called upon the fire department for aid, exclaiming breathlessly that a man was climbing up the side of the house. The fire chief suggested that she probably wanted the Police instead of the Fire Department.

"Oh, no," she cried anxiously. "He'll never make it without a ladder!"

A certain successful Arkansas farmer, possessed of all modern equipment with which to till the soil of his spacious acres, nevertheless hitches a blue-ribbon Jersey bull to the plow and works the animal from sun-up to sun-down one day each month. When asked for an explanation, the farmer replied:

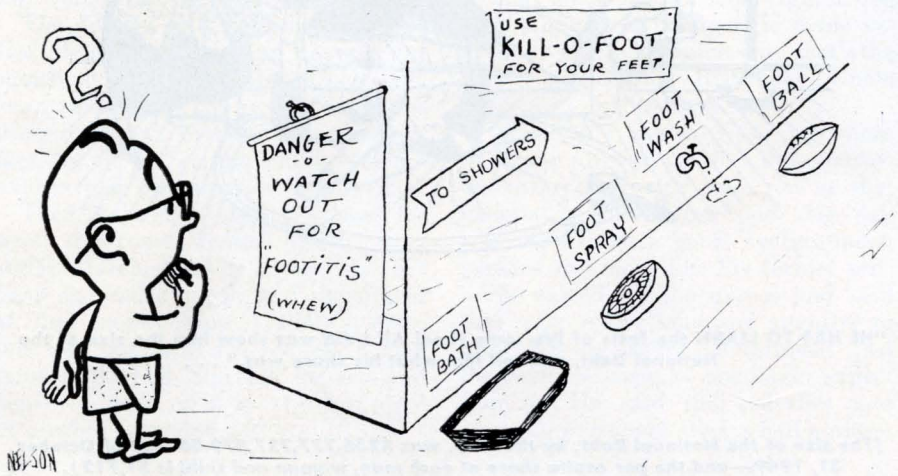
"Just to show him that there's something in this life besides romance!"

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From Where I Sit

By FRED NELSON

Those who use the bath houses probably have noticed that the foot baths have been removed. Your first question may be, "what's the matter, do they want us to get athlete's feet?"



"Well, a couple of weeks ago, I would have asked the same thing. However, while attending the National Safety Council's safety training school in Chicago, I found that there are several things that we practice for safety's sake that we could just as well discontinue. The experts at the Council report that nothing in the way of foot baths, sprays or solutions will prevent athlete's feet. Rather, they say, a good scrubbing of the bath house floor with soap and hot water, open all windows for ventilation and admit as much sunshine as possible, will do more for the prevention of athlete's feet than anything else.

So, the attendants of the bath houses have been instructed to follow all the recommendations set forth by the National Safety Council.

As a postscript, I might add that those who wear wooden cloppers when taking a shower never have to worry about catching athlete's feet.

The following list of injuries required a physician's care during April:

Trailer Division: Forearm cut; foreign matter in eye

Structural and Welding: Foreign matter in eye; lacerated finger; bruised foot

Machine Shop: Foreign matter in eye; strained leg muscle; lacerated finger

Foundry: Hot metal in ear

We are listing here for your information the frequency rate of lost time injuries for 1950. January: 13%. February: 8%. March: 15%. April: 17%. This makes our yearly average so far 13%.

Since a frequency rate of 10.8% was registered during 1949 (for which we won an award), the average rate so far this year certainly is not encouraging. However, this rate can be improved if everyone works together on our safety program. Let's keep our gates closed to the accident demon; after all, he has no home!

A teacher received a letter from the mother of one of her pupils.

"Dear teacher. Please don't give Tommy any more homework. That sum about how long would it take a man to walk 50 times around Times Square caused his father to lose a day's work. And after he had walked it, you marked the sum wrong."

BEATING THE DEADLINE



ONCE again, it's vacation time. And once again, we're asking you for those vacation snapshots you always take—but forget to turn in to the ROUNDUP.

You'll be taking all sorts of pictures—showing your big fish, the kids in swimming, the family around the picnic table, or some scenic view which you saw on your travels.

We'll be glad to publish them in the ROUNDUP if you'll just turn them in to us. All you have to do is turn in your negative—either to your foreman who will mail it to the ROUNDUP office for you, or just drop it in an envelope and mark it for the ROUNDUP office.

But be sure—doubly sure—that you send along your name, the department in which you work, and tell what the picture is about or who is in the picture. We'll do the rest. Your friends are interested in where you go or what you do, and seeing a picture you took will fill the bill.

Some of you may not be going anywhere in particular, but you'll be doing something. Perhaps you're building onto your house, or maybe your wife will have you out mowing the lawn or cleaning out a flower bed. Just any kind of picture to show how you spent your days off will be acceptable.

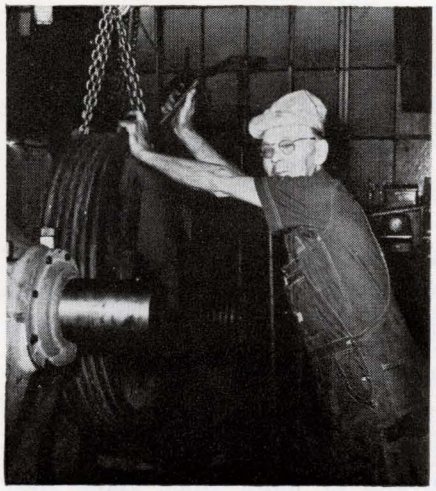
We'll be looking for them.

Here's an item you might be interested in. The Federal Government is now spending in one year more than twice as much money as it spent in the entire 51 years between the end of the War Between the States and the start of World War II. Between 1866 and 1917, the total cost of the Federal Government was less than $20-billion. The budget for the next fiscal year is more than $40-billion.

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Suggestion Winners

By TUBBY WELCH



M. J. PARRISH

D. H. Matchett (Machine Shop)—$15—Grind out two small slots on the No. 156 multiple drill to enable the two end holes to be drilled at one operation.

E. M. Harrel (Gas Engine Dept.)—$10—Drill and tap two 3/8" holes in the oil gland on the H-333 gas engine to remove same or replace without removing crankshaft.

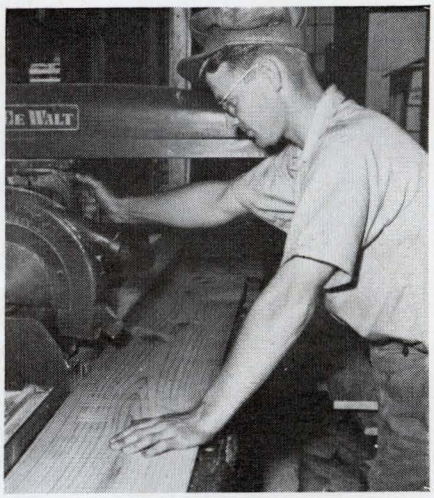
Claude Trevathan (Parts Dept.)—$10—Weld an eye or loop on top of all belt covers on units from No. 15A up so that hoist can be hooked on to enable easier handling which checking fits.

Charles H. Smith (Gault's Dept.)—$5—Build storage racks for each size of lumber stored on yard for crating purposes. Also build shed over same.

M. J. Parrish (Dyer's Dept.)—$5—Use hooks for handling all sizes of center iron shafts at degreaser and for removing and replacing into tote boxes.

Lee Deggs (Machine Shop)—$5—Change drilling base and cover plate on model 60 Winch to eliminate one operation; also space all bolt holes on 90 degrees.

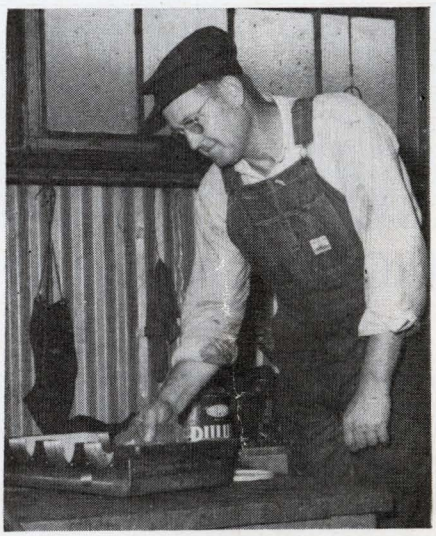
Ted S. Williams (Welding Shop)—$5—Add tie plates on T8-16D Unit bases for faster fabrication. This could be used on all types of channel bases.



CHARLES H. SMITH



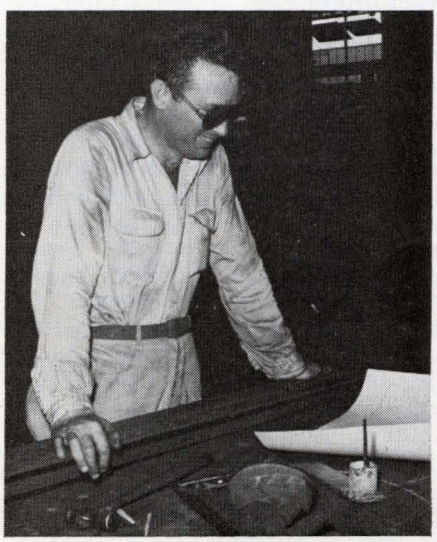
LEE DEGGS

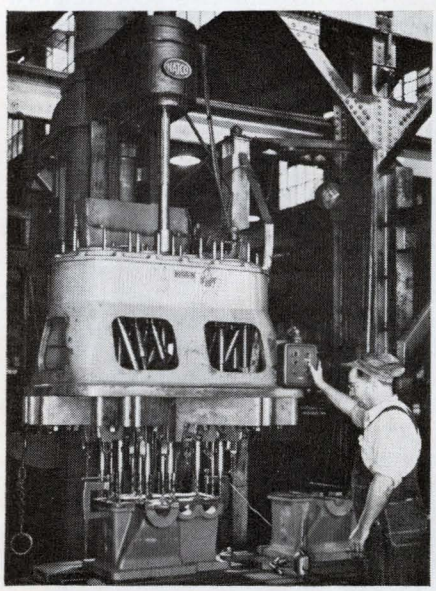


E. M. HARREL

D. H. MATCHETT

TED S. WILLIAMS





CLAUDE TREVATHAN



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IT TAKES THE ENTIRE Mitchell family to get this seven-room brick home built. Here, Ralph tries to do a little sawing while Grant wants to do it for him. Agnes is depending upon David to keep her supplied with nails. They hope to move in by early summer, after which they will put the bricks up.

have 77½ acres to use for additions!"

The Mitchell's began work on their new home soon after the first of the year. They plan to move is an soon as the inside is finished.

"It will be a while before we can get the brick put up," Ralph stated.

If he had decided to contract for the house, it would have cost him around $10,000. By doing the work himself with the assistance of his neighbors, Ralph will pay only about $4,000 for his seven-room brick home.

The Mitchell's take time out from their labors to join in the school activities in which Grant takes great pride.

Only recently the school held a Play Day in which several rural schools joined together for a big time. There were all sorts of competitive sports that day, especially softball and volley ball games.

FROM RAGS TO RICHES

The Mitchell's Build A Home

"FROM RAGS TO RICHES" could almost be used as the description of the Ralph Mitchell family. For, in just a matter of weeks, the Mitchell's will be moving into a seven-room brick home which has been constructed entirely by themselves and their friends.

Situated on a high rolling hill in the Ball Hill community, the house is surrounded by fine pastures and crop lands—77½ acres of it.

"Some folks might wonder why we'd build a brick house way out in the country," Ralph said in his Southern drawl. "But that's easy to answer. We wanted a good home—large enough for all of us—and we wanted it in the country. So, we put those two desires together, and we're building it."

Every hour that Ralph isn't at work in the Maintenance Department of the Foundry, he's building that home. And his wife, Agnes, is right beside him, doing as good a carpenter job as he is. Also Grant Mitchell, age 12, does his share, when school is finished for the day. He's very handy at running errands, keeping the workers supplied with nails and tools that get out of reach.

Even little David, age 4, tries to offer assistance, but they keep telling him he can help best by staying out of the way and keeping out of trouble.

Ralph and Agnes have a beautiful farm, and they are justly proud of it. They have 21 head of cattle, a goat, a number of head of swine, and plenty of chickens.

"It's everything to make a man happy," Ralph commented with nails between his teeth as he hammered between words.

"And I believe it's going to be big enough," Mrs. Mitchell added. "We've always had to live in a small house with about half enough space."

"Yeah." Ralph chimed in, "and I told her if this wasn't big enough, we

Ralph looked at the size of the boys on a softball team that was to play against his son's team, and then he said to him.

"If you boys beat 'em, I'll buy the cold drinks."

Of course, he felt reasonably sure his boy's team would be defeated, because the other team's members outweighed Grant's team two to one.

At the end of the game, Ralph shelled out enough money to purchase 16 cold soda pops. He says he'll be even more cautious with his next bet.

When the mothers formed a team to play a girl's team, everybody knew it was going to be a good game. But Agnes reports that they called the game off at the end of the first inning because the students already had piled up a score of 54 to 0.

"I'm just not as young as I used to be," she remarked.

To which statement, we all can say "Amen."

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THE PICTURES at the right depict what Ralph Mitchell, Maintenance Department of the Foundry, is most proud of—his new home, his fine bull, his 21-head of white-faced cattle, and his sow and her litter. All of these things require a lot of work, but Ralph says each one of them help to make his life happy and complete.









And here's something worth thinking about. The old argument in sports is whether a star coach builds a championship team—or whether championship material automatically elevates a coach to national prominence. But in sports, as in business and industry, a combination of brains, morale, teamplay and equipment is necessary to make any winning team.

My lady, beware of cupid
And list to the lines of this verse;
To let a fool kiss you is stupid,
To let a kiss fool you is worse.

A draftee left for duty in Iceland with two aims—to kiss an Icelandic girl and to shoot a polar bear.

Recuperating in an Icelandic hospital, he confided to his buddy, "I guess it would have been better if I'd tried to shoot the girl and kiss the bear."

"A wolf call is like a train whistle to me," mused the beautiful blonde. "I love to hear it, even though I'm not going any place."

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Strictly for the Ladies



CAPTIVATING DESSERT for springtime is this fluffy cake-strawberry-and-whipped cream combination called a "trifle."

WHEN you want something superlative for dessert, strawberry shortcake, or variations on that theme, are the answer. Shortcakes are a nutritious dessert, too, since enriched flour is used in the shortcake base and provides essential food values.

Fluffy cake is often used for shortcakes, and individual ones are made by baking batter in muffin pans. Use either a conventionally mixed two-egg or quick-mix cake, or sponge cake recipe. If you do not have time to make them, buy plain cup or sponge cakes from your baker's to make this excellent springtime dessert.

When ready to serve, cut tops off cupcakes and spread with whipped cream and berries. Put top back on, and then cover with more berries and whipped cream. The result is delectable.

STRAWBERRY TRIFLES

2 cups sifted enriched floor
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream together shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, beating well. Add vanilla extract. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill greased three-inch muffin pans one-half full. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) about 25 minutes. Cut off tops of cup cakes, and spread with whipped cream and halves of strawberries. Replace tops of cup cakes, garnish with more strawberry halves, and top with whipped cream and one whole strawberry. Makes about 14 three-inch cakes.

History Lecturer: "Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Plumper-than-usual Woman: "I don't know, or I'd take some myself."

An excited housewife demanded a personal interview with the postmaster of a large Western city.

"Your department is completely inefficient," she told him. "A week ago my husband left here to complete a big business deal in New York. This morning I received a letter from him, and some idiot in your department postmarked it 'Atlantic City.'"

One way to get your troubles off your mind is to be horseback riding—especially if you aren't used to it.

My old maid aunt summers in Atlantic City, autumns in California, winters in Miami, and springs at every man she meets.

Husband: "Gosh, I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

Wife: "You missed it before; that's why it's gone!"

A doctor asked his woman patient her age.

"I never tell any one my age," she answered coyly, "but as a matter of fact, I've just reached 21."

"Really," replied the doctor, "and what detained you?"

Customer: "Could I try on that suit in the window?"

Clerk: "We'd rather you'd use the dressing room."

"I've got a pretty distasteful job before me," remarked the genealogist.

"What's that," inquired his friend.

"Well, Mrs. Newrich employed me to look up her family tree, and I've got to inform her that one of her relatives was electrocuted."

"Why worry about that?" his friend asked. "Just write that the man in question occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our public institutions."

First Mother: "Are you bothered much by your children telling fibs?"

Second Mother: "Not so much as by their telling the truth at the most embarrassing moments."

Love is like hash—you must have confidence to enjoy it.

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TOP WINNERS FOR 1949

THE Suggestion Committee has named H. W. Costlow, Westmoreland (Boley) Kerr, and Henry Mantooth as the top award winners in 1949 for their suggestions.

Each man gets a check for $60, which, according to all concerned, isn't hay. It will spend well on any vacation, the three agree.

Henry won his place among the top three for his suggestion to build a hopper over the incline belt in the Foundry where the belt comes up to the floor level. This was built as a feeding hopper for new sand to be put into old sand. It has worked most satisfactorily.

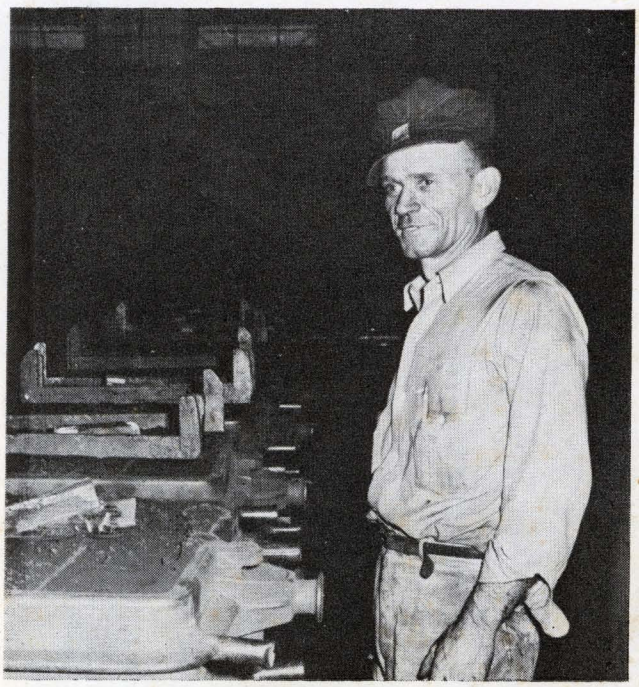
Boley received his check for his suggestion that a tilting spout be used on the cupola so that iron can be transferred to the side bay faster in order for it to remain at pouring temperature. This suggestion certainly improved the operation of the Foundry.

Costlow, who turned in many suggestions throughout the year, won his dividend check for his suggestion that all safety ladders be made standard for the same jig and that they be made from bar stock only.



H. W. COSTLOW, center, gets expert advice from W. H. MURPHY, left, and BILL HARRIS, right.

HENRY MANTOOTH, a happy guy.



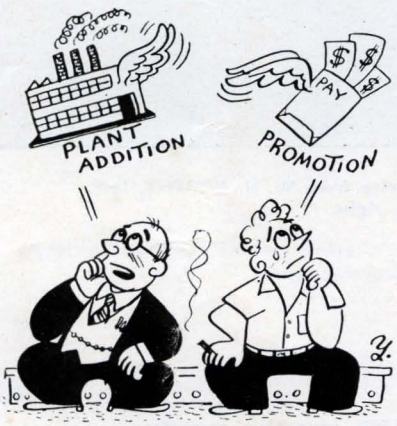
BOLEY KERR, munching peanuts.



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Nancy and Mike And the Foreman Who Wasn't

WHEN Nancy saw Mike toss his hat on the table and then slump down with a sigh into his easy chair on the sunporch, she knew that something was heavy on his mind. With a smile of greeting she handed him the evening paper, and then left him with his thoughts while she went on getting supper.



But Mike merely glanced at the headlines, and went out into the kitchen to join her.

"You know that new wing Mr. Archibald was going to build to his factory?" he began.

"Mr. Archibald? Oh yes—your friend who wanted you for his new foreman."

"Yeah. Well, there isn't going to be any new foreman—or any addition to the plant, either."

"That's too bad, Mike," Nancy sympathized, looking up from her steaming kettles. "I'm sorry."

"Thanks, honey." Mike slipped his arm around her. "But that doesn't make me a foreman . . . and it doesn't get that new settee I was going to surprise you with."

"Well, we'll get along with the old one, then. But what made Mr. Archibald change his mind?"

"The government changed it for him, I guess." Mike pulled up a kitchen chair and sat down while Nancy began taking up the meal.

"It was the heavy Federal income tax," Mike went on to explain. "He said when he saw how little there was going to be left over in the way of profit from the plant as it now stands, he decided he just couldn't afford to expand.

"You see, when your income gets up to a certain point these days, Uncle Sam takes just about all of anything you add to it. There's little enough left to put back into the business just to keep it running—repair the machinery and all that—without even thinking of expanding."

"But Mike, couldn't he go to a bank and get the money? His credit certainly ought to be good."

"He mentioned that. He said that if the government would start doing something about reducing the public debt, he would arrange to borrow the money and go ahead with the new building. But with the national debt getting bigger and bigger and nobody doing anything to stop it—he's just afraid to, that's all."

"I see his point," said Nancy, "and I don't suppose you can blame him. But that doesn't make you feel any better, I know, about losing out on a bigger job and more money, does it?"

"No," Mike agreed. "But, by golly, I know something that will! I'm going to talk up this thing about the government spending too darn much . . . the big debt hanging over us and taxes eating everything up—and I'm going to keep on talking until somebody does something about it!"

"That's the stuff, sweetheart!" Nancy took off her apron and kissed the top of Mike's head. "Now, let's have some supper."



He: "Is this ice cream pure?"
Salesgirl: "As pure as the girl of your dreams."
He: "Give me a chicken sandwich."

Sailor: "Hi there, cutie. I'm going your way."
Cutie: "Oh, yeah? Then you better bring your powder puff along."

Doctor: "Do you smile at your troubles as I advised you?"
Patient: "Yes, and the boss warned me three times to wipe that silly grin off my face and get to work."

Junior: "Mom, is it true that we came from dust and we'll return to dust?"
Mother: "Yes, dear. That's what the Bible says. Why?"
Junior: "Well, I just looked under my bed and there's somebody there, either coming or going."

The doctor had been called to look over Grandma, who had been complaining of aches and pains. He gave her a thorough going over.

After he left, Grandma seemed to perk up a bit. "What did you say was the name of that new minister?" she asked.

"That wasn't the minister; that was the doctor," she was told.

"Hmmmm, I did think he was a bit familiar for a minister," was Grandma's comment.