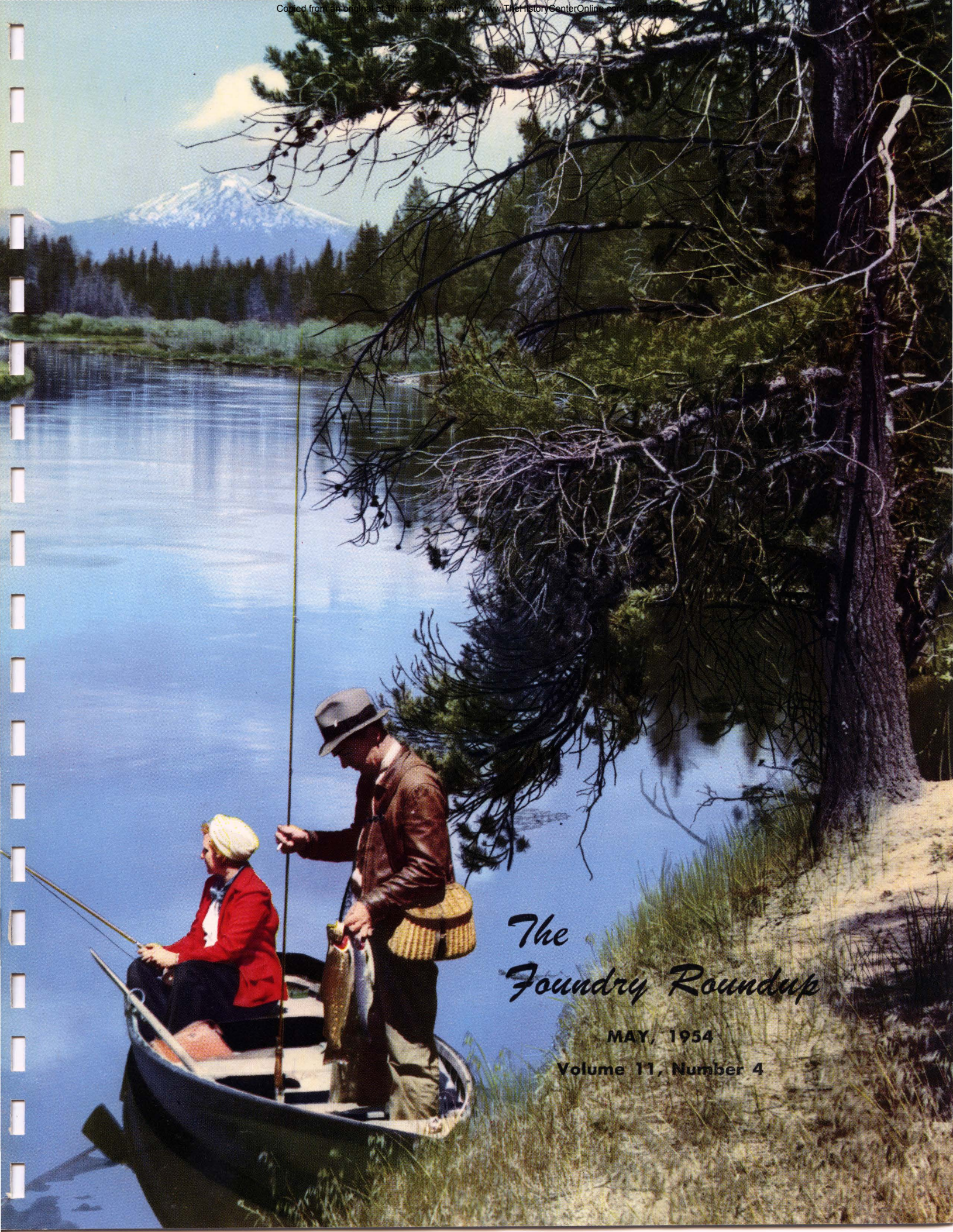
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The Foundry Roundup

MAY, 1954

Volume 11, Number 4

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The Circle of Success

LIFE is a great wheel, or circle, made up of many different segments. Money is one of those segments, and a comparatively small one. Other and larger segments include such elements as honor, respect, love, and position.

Many wealthy people have wakened to find that they are really failures. They have succeeded in accumulating money, but failed in other respects. They are often bankrupt in health, having prematurely aged, and are failures in their homes, in society, in self-improvement.

A man does not fulfill his mission in life by merely supplying the physical needs. The ability to make a fortune, to pile up luxuries for himself, does not constitute all of success. Emerson wrote, "The whole object of the universe to us is the formation of character." There can be no real success in life but the formation of a fine character.

It is by the quality of your manhood, Mr. Man of Today, that you will be judged. What sort of life have you lived? How much have you added to the well-being of your neighborhood? Every man has a rating in the estimation of those who know him, which is independent of his material assets. There are thousands of men whose greatest assets are invisible. They are not bank accounts, not property, not stocks and bonds, but character assets—their manhood.

Character is the first and the last segment in the success circle. With it you have riches no money can buy: without it, despite huge bank accounts, you are a pauper.

—Adapted from Orison Swett Marden. Reprinted from *Sunshine* Magazine.

What Is a Supervisor?

If he's pleasant, he is too familiar,
If he's sober-faced, he's a sour puss,
If he's young, he doesn't know anything,
If he's old, he's an old stiff.
If he belongs to a lodge, the members expect favors.
If he goes to church, he's a hypocrite,
If he doesn't he's a heathen.
If he drinks, he's an old souse,
If he doesn't, he's a tightwad.
If he talks to everybody, he's a gossip,
If he doesn't, he's stuckup.
If he insists that the rules of the shop be kept, he's too particular.
If he doesn't, he's careless.
If he looks around, he's snoopy,
If he doesn't, he's unobservant.
If he tries to settle all complaints, he must have the wisdom of Solomon,
If he worries about them, he will soon have ulcers.

To be a supervisor you must have the patience of Job, the skin of a rhinoceros, the cunning of a fox, the courage of a lion, be blind as a bat and silent as a Sphinx.

—Anonymous.

Just Boys

There are men our glorious country will be needing later on.

At the moment, they are youngsters and their names are known to none.

They possess the seeds of greatness; they're equipped for life complete,

But they'll miss the way to manhood if we leave them to the street.

They are full of fun and mischief; there are twinkles in their eyes.

From their numbers in the future some to fame will surely rise,

But they need our friendly coaching for the tasks they're going to meet,

And it isn't safe to leave them to the hazards of the street.

They'll be doctors, lawyers, preachers with a little friendly aid.

With encouragement and training they'll bring skill to every trade.

We can fit them for the future; on the right path set their feet,

But we'll throw away their talents if we leave them to the street.

—By Edgar A. Guest

I have never heard of a great teacher, scientist, writer, philanthropist, farmer, factory hand, or anyone else doing useful work becoming tired in the midst of a task that he loved. Wrestling with the weight of responsibility increases strength.—W. G. Montgomery.

Tolerance is the first requisite of every friendship.—Emil Ludwig.

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VACATIONS Are A 'Coming



VACATION time is just around the corner, and this sunny weather has caused folks to get that itchy feeling to get away from it all and explore somewhere new or regain the pleasure of another visit to an old favorite place.

Perhaps you and your family are going to take a little trip down to the coast, splash in the surf, eat lots of seafood, and relax to the sound of the waves washing ashore. If that's your destination, then just be sure to take your camera along, for THE ROUNDUP is interested in printing your snapshots when you return home.

Or maybe this year, you're taking the family out of Texas, to see what other states have to brag about. Maybe it will be the mountains of Colorado or the hills of Virginia; the plains of Kansas or the desert of California. Wherever it is, just don't forget your camera. Take some shots of the kids in new and different surroundings, and then bring a negative or two to THE ROUNDUP office so we can print them in our vacation issue.

Still again, maybe you and the gang are going to the river for a week, or a nearby lake to get in some good fishing. That's the way to have real fun, for there's nothing to compare to the thrill of pulling in the big ones. Sometimes, even a little one seems mighty pretty after a day or two of no catches! Anyway, take your camera with you and bring us back proof of your big fish tales that you're bound to come home telling.

If the fish don't bite, then take a snapshot of the little woman cooking a meal over a campfire, and one of the kids pole fishing harder than anyone else. You'll be proud of the pictures, and THE ROUNDUP will be still prouder to use them in the vacation issue.

If none of these examples seem to fit your case, maybe you're going to spend your days working in the garden, building a garage or extra room to the house, puttering in your workshop or just plain loafing in the shade of your backyard.

Whatever you do—whether it be at home or far away—take your camera and make some snapshots. We're planning a big vacation issue in August, hoping to have photographs of a great many Lufkin employes doing something, seeing something, or being something.

We need your vacation pictures to make it a success. Please bring them to THE ROUNDUP office in the main building by August 1, 1954. We'll be counting on you to get yours in by that time.

Nature never seems thwarted or discouraged. If we place a rock or clod in the path of a tender, growing shoot, the shoot will push the rock aside or grow around it. Whatever happens to nature, it goes on building.—Louis E. Meyer.

Whatever may have happened in the past, don't let it defeat you. Do what you can to set it right, and then set your face bravely forward. Turn the page. You may not be able to forget it, but you do not need to cling to the memory.—Clarence E. Flynn.

The most important quality in an employee is not skill; it is character. A man of good character can acquire skill; a man without good character rarely becomes a desirable and profitable employee in a legitimate business.—Clinton E. Bernard.



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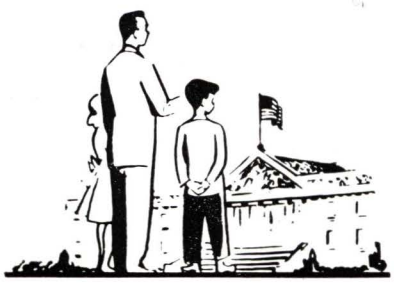
A FATHER'S CODE



YOUR EXAMPLE instills in your child a belief in the spiritual life of the family—the backbone of society.



YOUR COMPANIONSHIP creates a basis for mutual understanding. Makes a pal of him.



YOUR GUIDANCE prepares him for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship in a free society.



YOUR TEACHING imparts a burning desire to love, honor and obey his country's laws.



YOUR LEADERSHIP in community affairs teaches him the importance of local participation in government.



YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT helps him to apply himself to difficult tasks.



YOUR SELF-RELIANCE helps develop an independent spirit. Encourages do-it-yourself activities.



YOUR FAIRNESS teaches him good sportsmanship in work and at play.



YOUR FORESIGHT in preparing for future security develops responsibility in him.



YOUR TOLERANCE teaches him respect for his fellow man.

GOOD

JUNE 20th is Father's Day, and the National Father's Day Committee has selected the theme, "Good Citizenship Begins At Home" as a way of calling attention to the fact that Father has as his goal the building of his children's future. Indeed, fathers help to build a peaceful, democratic world through wholesome child up-bringing.

This theme was appropriately selected since the foundations of good citizenship are laid in the relationships that are developed between fathers and their children.

The Committee has designated May 20 to June 20 as Father-Child month, dedicated to building a permanently free democracy through wise parental influence of the young.

In connection with this theme and to support their claim that citizenship begins in the home, the Committee called attention to an article which appeared in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, November 23, 1953. The article is as follows:

"Survey Shows Teen-Age Crime Begins at Home." Several months ago, *The Inquirer* pointed out that the weight of evidence showed that most teen-age crime begins in the home. That view is now confirmed by a ten-year survey.

Two Harvard criminologists, the husband and wife team of Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, have given the results of their study to the Senate committee investigating juvenile delinquency. The most dramatic of their findings is that a "very large percentage" of juvenile delinquents show signs of going wrong when they are under ten years of age.

When parents are unwilling or unable to guide their children in formative years; when delinquent

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CITIZENSHIP *Begins at Home*

tendencies are not checked and corrected, the Gluecks found that youngsters tend to join a gang to "escape the social isolation" of unhappy homes.

The extent of that "social isolation" is startling. The Gluecks found that of 500 families of delinquents studied—

Fifty percent of the mothers had a criminal background; 62 percent of the fathers drank to excess; 60 percent of the parents did not love each other; 70 percent of the families never had any recreation as a group, and 90 percent of the parents did not care what their neighbors thought about them.

The study showed further that 60 percent of the delinquents came from broken homes, and in most cases the homes had been broken before the child was ten years old.

Probably the most significant factor revealed by this study is that firm discipline is the key to child guidance. The Gluecks studied not only the homes of delinquents, but the same number of homes of non-delinquents on the same economic and social level.

In only four percent of the cases involving delinquents were the mothers "firm and kindly." But among the non-delinquents, 70 percent of the mothers were kindly, and exercised firm discipline.

These facts speak more vigorously than any argument. They bear out our own views not only on the origin of most teen-age crime, but the need for more effective discipline in both our homes and schools. And, we might add, it indicates the need for firmer discipline of delinquent parents—through our courts and our social and welfare agencies.

With more than 1,000,000 children having run afoul of the law in 1952, the magnitude of the problem demands our deepest concern. We all should watch the Senate inquiry closely, so that we can lend our efforts to support vigorous measures to attack this spreading cancer of juvenile crime.

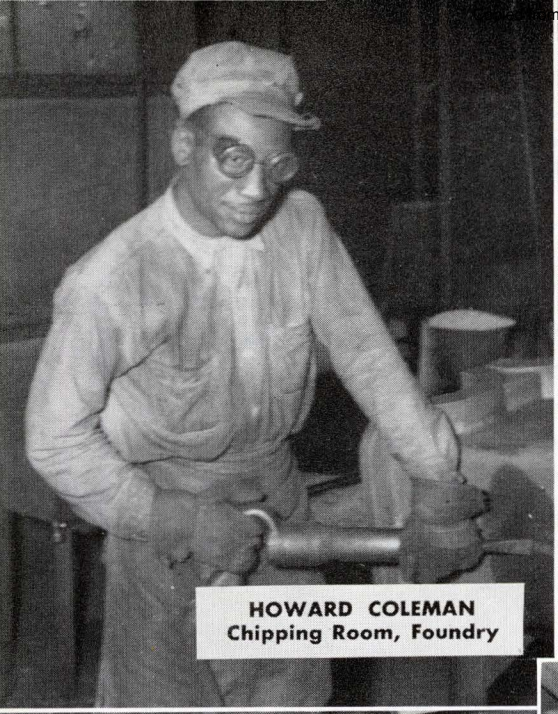
No man ever got lost on a straight road.—Abraham Lincoln.

What does any laborer or executive want more than happiness in his work? Any kind of work is ideal when you work with the ideals of joy, kindness, and service and incorporate a blessing with the product. That is what makes your work worthwhile.—Harold Schulz.

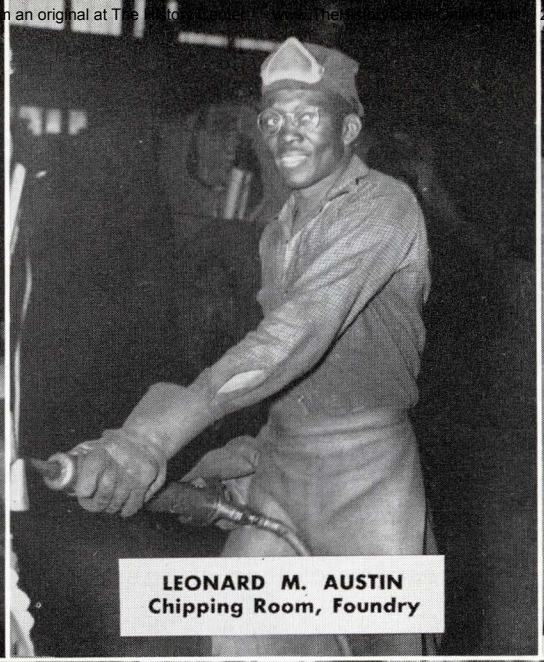
Try to keep an open hand. If you go through life with a clenched fist, nobody can ever put anything in it.—Rollin Williams.



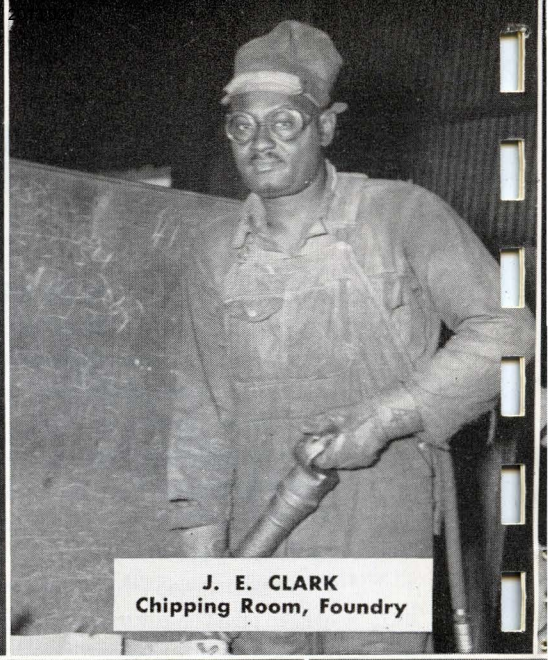
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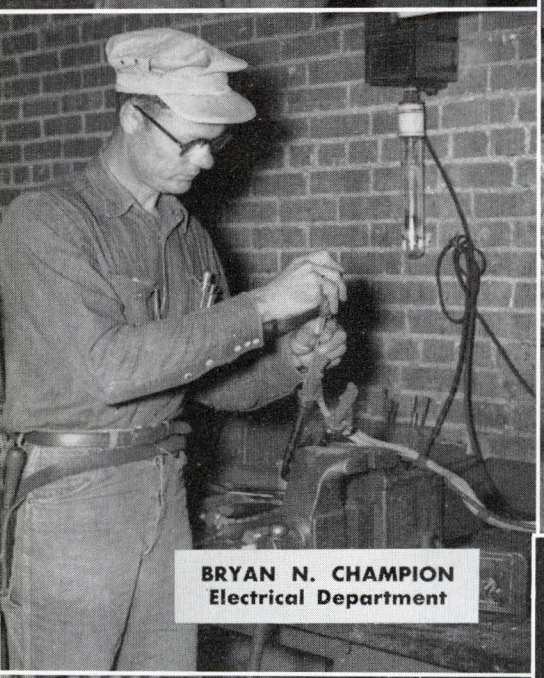
HOWARD COLEMAN
Chipping Room, Foundry



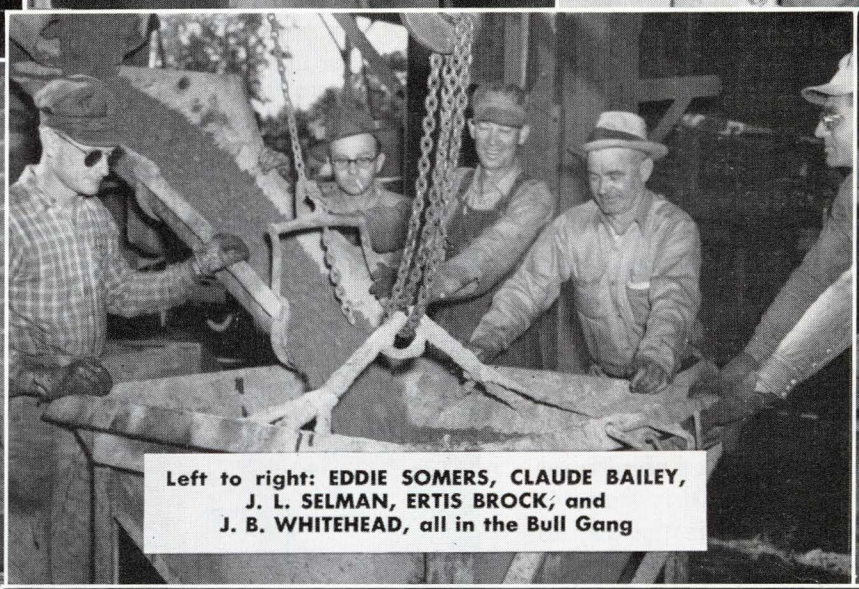
LEONARD M. AUSTIN
Chipping Room, Foundry



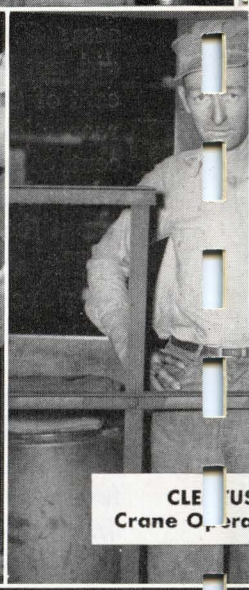
J. E. CLARK
Chipping Room, Foundry



BRYAN N. CHAMPION
Electrical Department

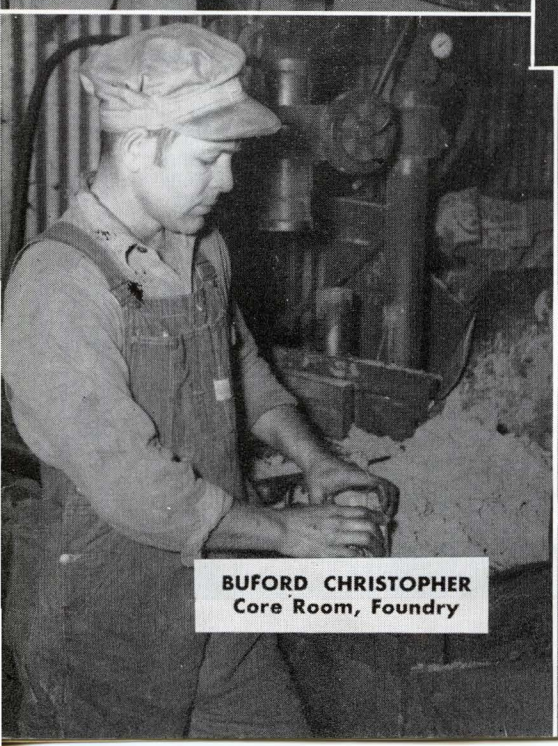


Left to right: EDDIE SOMERS, CLAUDE BAILEY, J. L. SELMAN, ERTIS BROCK, and J. B. WHITEHEAD, all in the Bull Gang

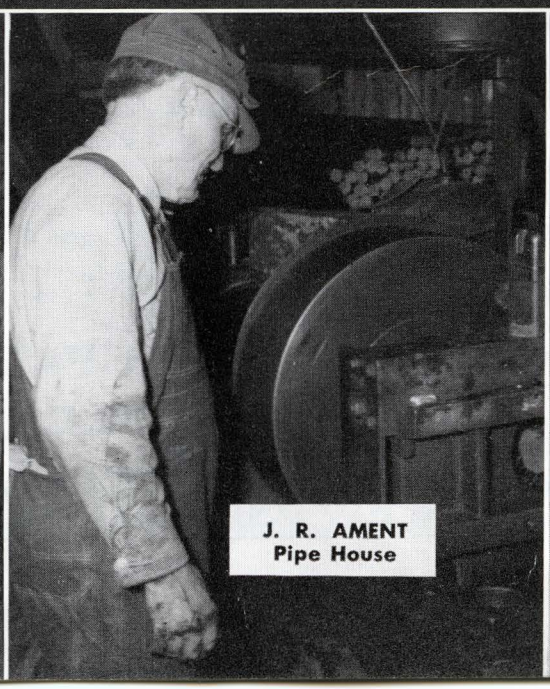


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Crane O[illegible]

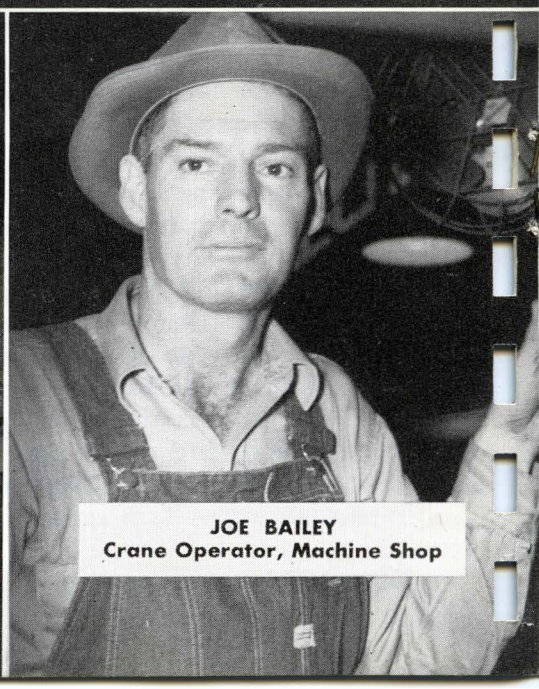
MEN AT



BUFORD CHRISTOPHER
Core Room, Foundry

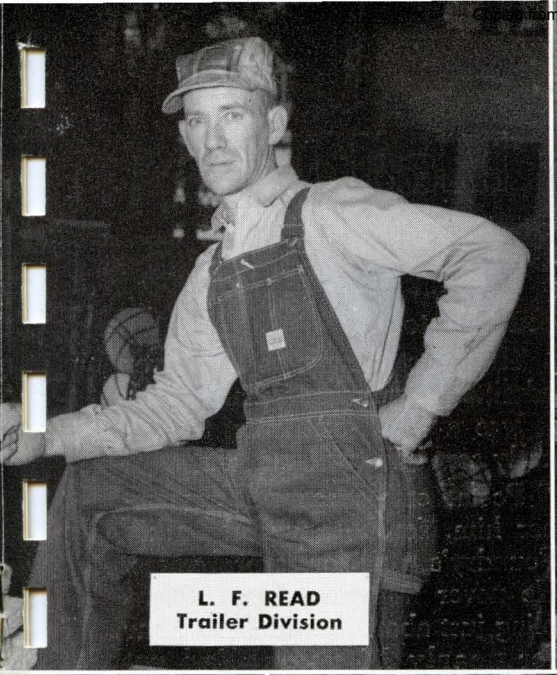


J. R. AMENT
Pipe House

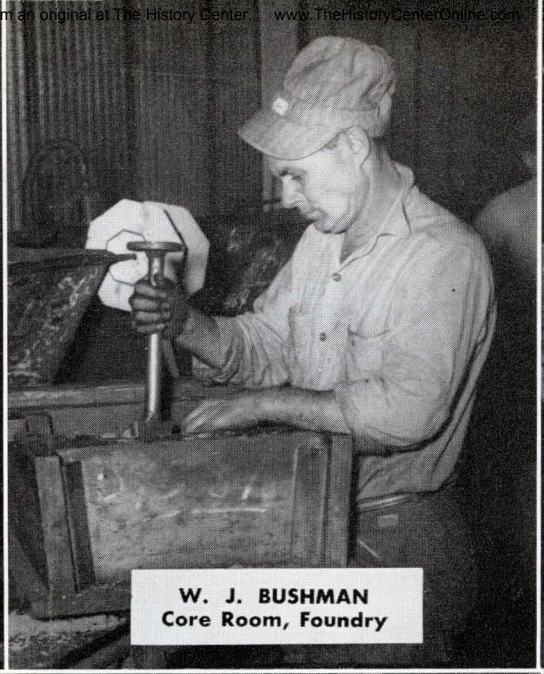


JOE BAILEY
Crane Operator, Machine Shop

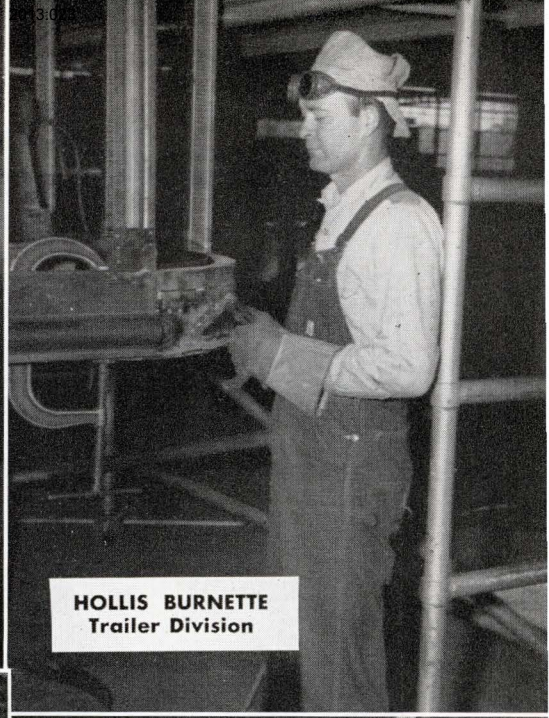
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L. F. READ
Trailer Division



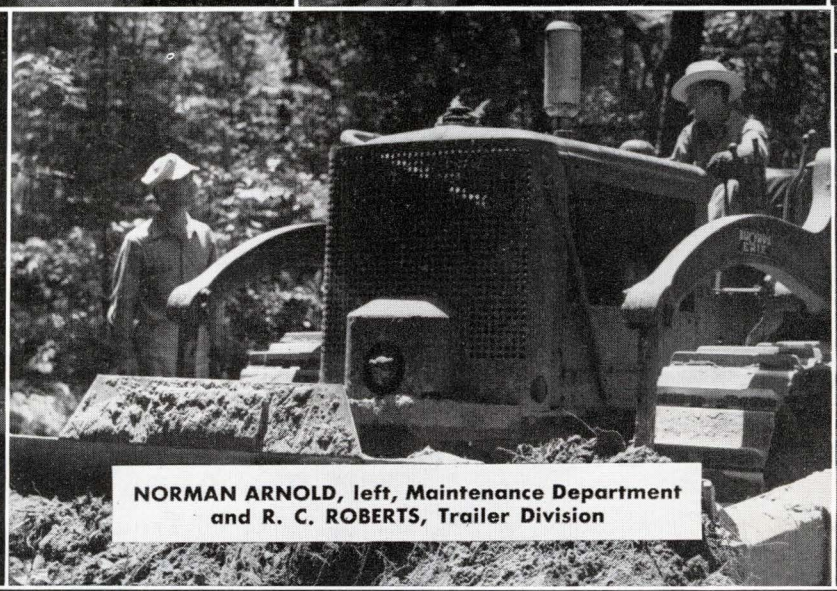
W. J. BUSHMAN
Core Room, Foundry



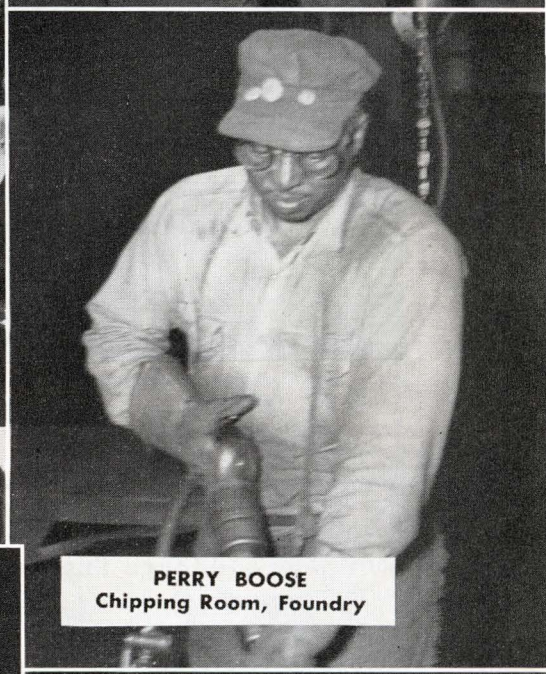
HOLLIS BURNETTE
Trailer Division



S LEN
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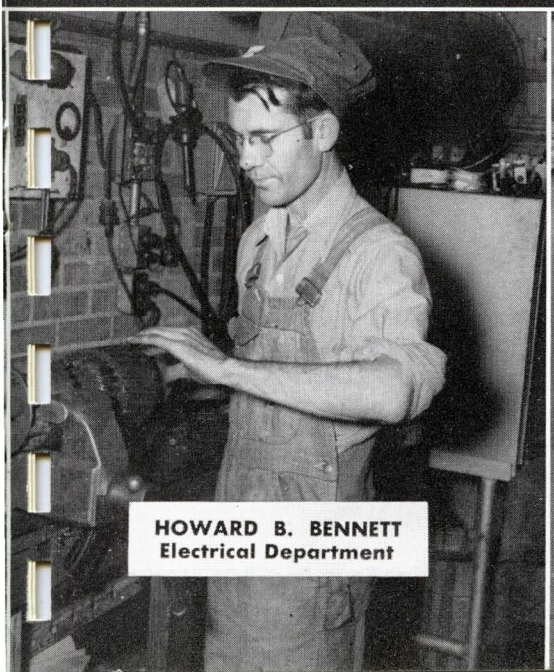


NORMAN ARNOLD, left, Maintenance Department
and R. C. ROBERTS, Trailer Division

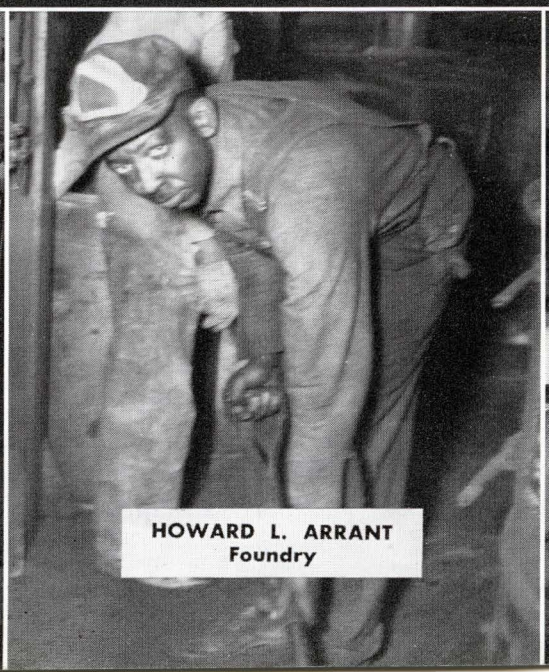


PERRY BOOSE
Chipping Room, Foundry

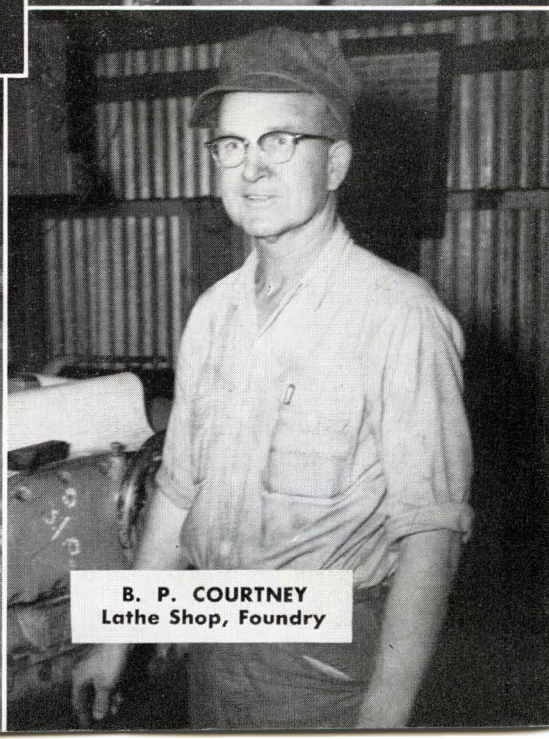
WORK...



HOWARD B. BENNETT
Electrical Department



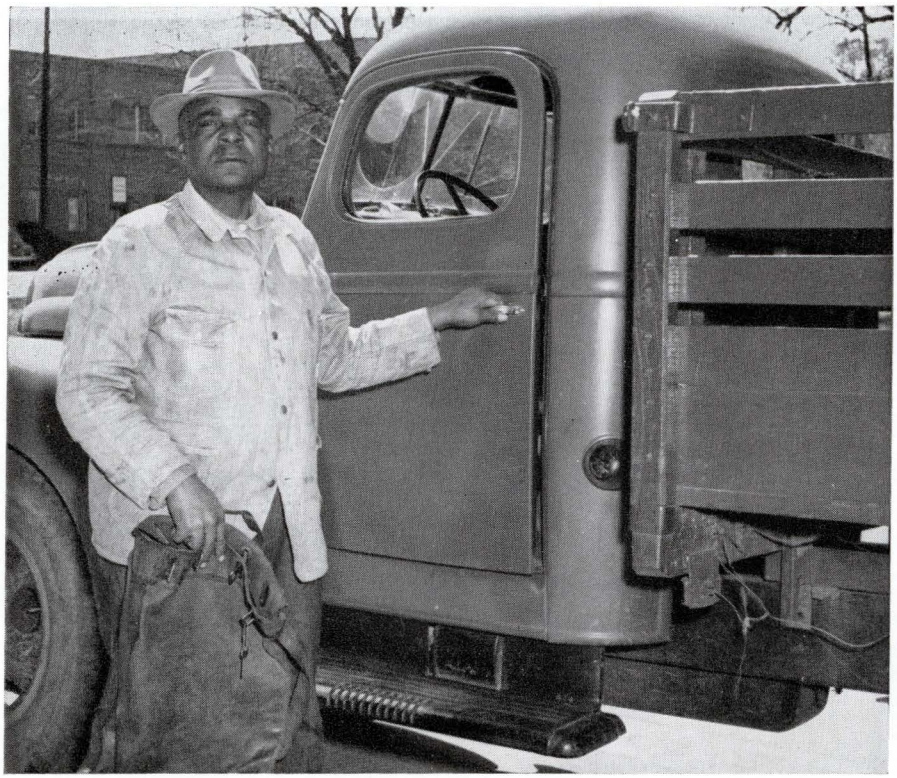
HOWARD L. ARRANT
Foundry



B. P. COURTNEY
Lathe Shop, Foundry

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'Cousin' Earl Puts Away Mail Bag



EARL TANNER . . . and the familiar mail bag and old red truck.

EMPLOYEES of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company were saddened this month at the passing of an old friend, and a long-time employee of this Company—Earl Tanner.

Earl, who was 70 years old at his passing, was affectionately known by most of us as "Cousin" Earl.

Known by almost every driver in Angelina County, Earl meandered through the streets of Lufkin in his big red truck that he has driven for the Lufkin Foundry for many, many years—about 33 years. And even before the time of trucks, Earl drove a team of mules hitched to a red wagon, for he went to work for this Company May 10, 1919.

He was a large, strapping young boy then—one who didn't know his own strength. Whenever there was something heavy to be moved—in the days before cranes were installed—Earl was always called to the scene. What three or four men couldn't budge, "Cousin" Earl could lift with what seemed no strain at all.

For many years, at least as long as the present Editor has been with this Company, Earl would bring THE ROUNDUP from the bus station, and then after the magazines had been put in addressed envelopes, he would carry them back to the Post Office. He was asked one day not too many months ago, if the job wasn't getting a bit too heavy for him, but he only shrugged and answered, "No, ma'am, I'se still got lots of strength left—but you can get your sweep-up boy to help me if you want to."

That was as near as Earl ever admitted to growing old and tired. It was a worn-out heart that finally sent him to eternal rest.

Postal employees will remember him, for he carried Lufkin Foundry's mail for several years. He never was in a hurry. Traveling just about 10 miles per hour for nearly 14 years, Earl put more than 90,000 miles on his first truck right here in the city limits of Lufkin. He carried material from department to department, made three round-trips to the Post Office each day, and made side trips to the Railway Express office and bus station to pick up freight.

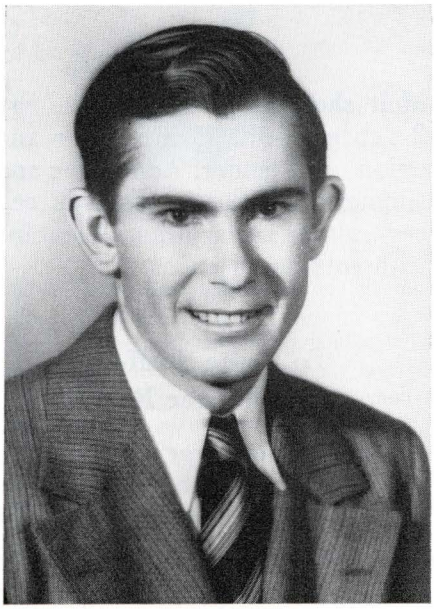
As long as he was a well man, "Cousin" Earl was faithful to his job and the Company. He was held in high esteem by his fellow employees and especially by the Trout family.

E. P. Trout said, "Earl was mighty good to my Dad while he was living. When Dad got sick and before we had an elevator put in the house, Earl was right there to help Dad up and down the stairs. He could do it easier and more gently than any of us, and Dad always preferred that Earl be the one to help him. He was a good friend to us all, and we will miss him."

Failures are few among people who have found a work they like enough to do it well. You invest money in your work; invest love in it too. Like your work. Like the materials and the tools with which you work. Like the people with whom you work. Like the place where you work. It pays well.—Clarence E. Flynn.

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'MO' GRAHAM DIES



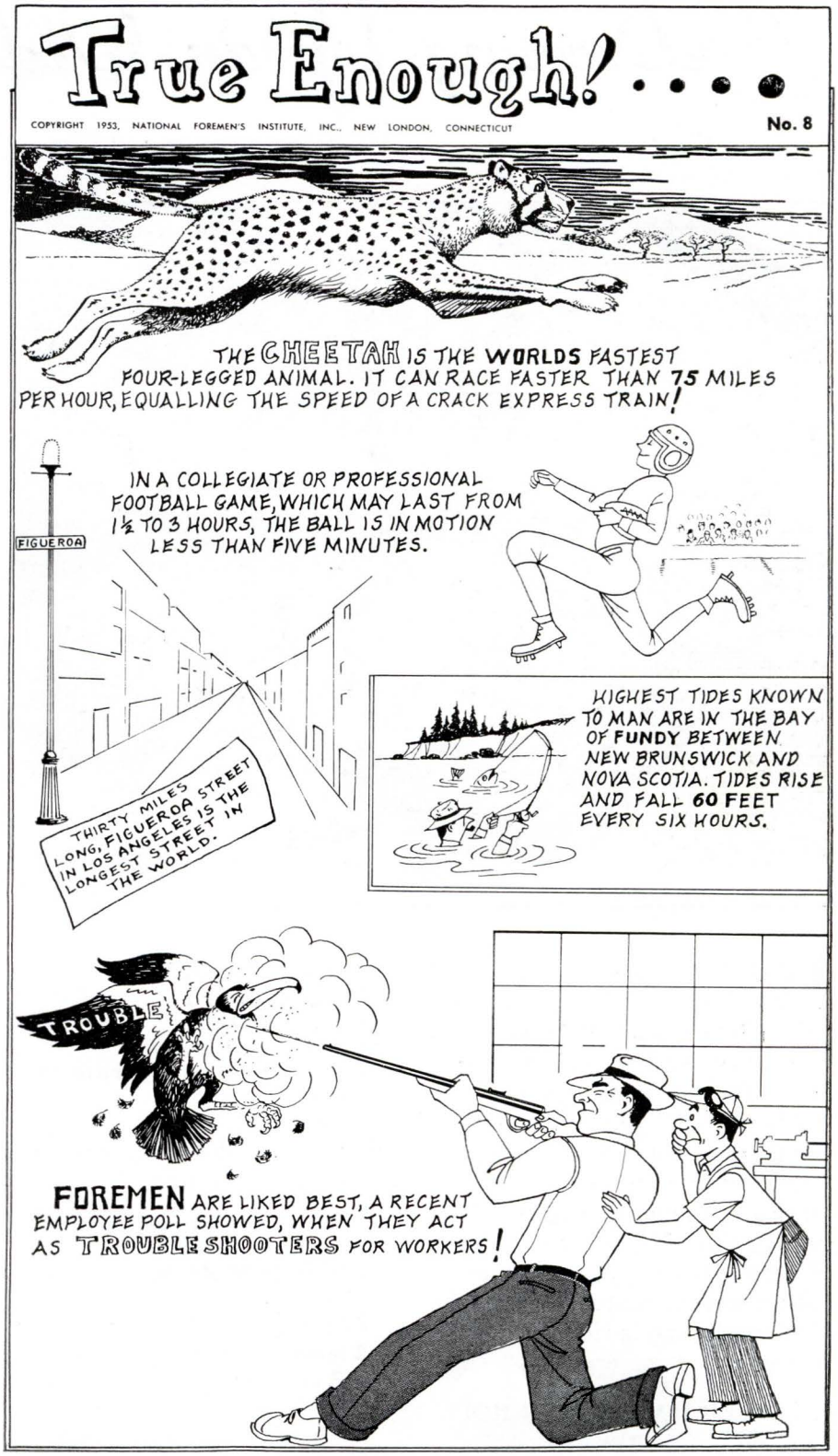
MELVIN G. GRAHAM, 30, an employee of Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company, died April 7, 1954, at 2:30 a.m. after a brief illness.

"Mo" as he was known by all, worked in the Shipping Department, having been employed in September, 1946.

Although he was quiet and unassuming, "Mo" had many friends, for to know him at all was to like him. He had a sweet, boyish grin that won him a place in many hearts. And he was always willing to lend a helping hand whenever it was needed.

We all miss Melvin and extend to his wife and relatives our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Graham asked that she be permitted to use this means of expressing her appreciation for the floral offerings, the kindness and sympathy extended by the employees during Melvin's illness, and especially to the men who so willingly answered the calls for blood transfusions. The entire Graham family join with Mrs. Graham and her young daughter in this expression of gratitude.



Lawyer: "You say you were about 35 feet away from the scene. Just how far can you see clearly?"

Old Farmer: "Wal, when I wake up I see the sun and they tell me that's about 93 million miles away."

The amount of sleep required by the average person is about five minutes more.

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Dressing Up an Old Favorite



HERE is a new treatment of an old favorite—hamburger rolled into a loaf. It is good eating, hearty eating, and is a thrift item. The bread stuffing not only holds the succulent juices of the hamburger, but it also extends the food values of the meat. It is not difficult to prepare, but care must be exercised in rolling it, to keep it compact and eye appealing. It makes a real contribution to the day's menu and is rich in proteins, vitamins and minerals.

STUFFED HAMBURGER ROLL

2 cups (1 pound) hamburger (reserve 2 tablespoons for stuffing)
1 egg, unbeaten
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/8 teaspoon marjoram or sage

Combine hamburger, egg, salt, pepper and marjoram.

STUFFING

1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 tablespoons hamburger
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1/3 cup water
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
Dash of marjoram or sage
3 cups soft 1/2" bread cubes

Melt shortening in a skillet. Fry 2 tablespoons hamburger and onion until tender. Add water and simmer for five minutes. Add celery salt and marjoram. Combine with soft bread cubes.

To Make Stuffed Hamburger Roll

Spread hamburger mixture on waxed paper and shape into a rectangular sheet. Top the layer of hamburger with a layer of bread stuffing, then roll as a jelly roll by lifting waxed paper and gently rolling meat away from it. Bake in a shallow pan in a moderate oven (375° F.) for forty minutes. Serves six.

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him.—Abraham Lincoln.

If you think you're going to be happy and prosperous by sitting back and letting your government take care of you—take a look at the American Indians!

Lufkin Folks

Our sympathy is extended this month to Ghent Smelley and children in the loss of his wife and their mother; to the George Lewis Minton family in the loss of Mrs. Minton, and to Bob Beddenfield in the loss of his twin son.

At the same time, we congratulate Bob on the birth of the twins. The boys were born at 10:10 a.m. April 26. Andy Clyde was born first, weighing 4 pounds, 14 ounces. Kenneth Wayne was born second, weighing 4 pounds, 13½ ounces. However, Kenneth Wayne died two days later. Bob and Peggy have one other child, a girl, Debra Carol.

Bob, who works in the Electrical Department, calls attention to the initials of each of his children. One wouldn't have to wonder what business their dad was in!

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HAVE You HEARD.. This one!

For a practice air raid, the Boy Scouts drew assignments as its victims. One youngster drew the role of a critically wounded victim, with instructions to wait for the rescue squad, which would give first aid and remove the victim to safety.

Somehow the squad fell hours behind schedule, with the result that the youngster finally gave up. When the squad arrived, it found this note:

"Have bled to death, and gone home."

Again the young wife called her parents to report that her husband had left home after a quarrel.

"What of it," the father answered, "he's done it before and he's always come back."

"But this time he took his golf clubs," the daughter cried.

Two ducks and a cow: "Quackers and milk."

The Russian school teacher asked a pupil, "Who were the first human beings?"

"Adam and Eve," the kid replied.

"And what nationality were they?"

"Russian, of course!"

"Fine, fine," the teacher smiled. "And how did you know they were Russians?"

"Easy," the kid replied. "They had no roof over their heads, no clothes to wear, and only one apple for the two of them—and they called it Paradise!"

Two old maids were discussing men. "Which would you desire most in a husband," asked one, "brains, wealth, or appearance?"

"Appearance," snapped the other. "and the sooner, the better."

Then there was the rookie who took the sergeant's advice and put on a clean pair of socks every day. A week passed by. "Where are your shoes?" snarled the sergeant.

"I can't get them on over seven pairs of socks," was the calm reply.

"Are caterpillars good to eat, Pop?" asked little Billy at the dinner table.

"Of course not!" the father exclaimed. "Why do you have to ask silly questions like that while we're eating?"

"Just wondering," Billy answered, "because there was just one on your lettuce, but he's gone now."

"Every time I look at you," said the young man to his girl, "I think of all those gorgeous glamour girls you see in the movies."

"Do you really?" she asked, obviously highly pleased.

"Yeah, I do," he replied, "But what's the use? A fellow like me has to be satisfied with what he can get."

The reason that women live longer than men is that paint is a great preservative.

Voice: "Hello, how do you feel this morning?"

Second voice: "Fine."

Voice: "I guess I have the wrong number."

A man was in jail doing time for a holdup. When spring came, he received a sad letter from his wife saying that she guessed she'd have to dig the garden and plant the tomatoes.

The husband wrote back, "Don't do it. The money and guns are hid there."

A week later the wife wrote, "Someone is reading your mail. Some cops came and dug all over the garden. What shall I do?"

The husband answered: "Plant the tomatoes."

The doctor said: "You've just become the father of a fine baby boy."

The absent-minded professor said: "Don't tell anybody. I want to surprise my wife."

Whatever impedes a man but doesn't stop him, aids his progress.

Teacher (to class after nature lesson): "Isn't it wonderful how the baby chicks get out of the egg shells?"

Little Girl: "What beats me is how they get in."

Wife: "How many fish was it you caught Saturday, Harry?"

Husband: "Six, darling—all beauties."

Wife: "I thought so. That fish shop made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."

In the Alps, the traditional Scotchman hired a taxi at the station to get to his hotel. On the way the taxi skidded downhill and the driver yelled: "My brakes are gone. I can't stop the car!"

The Scot, terribly excited, replied: "At any rate, mon, stop the meter!"

"Where did you meet your wife?"

"At a travel bureau. I was looking for a vacation spot and she was the last resort."

"Mother, I just knocked over the ladder in the garden."

"Well, you better tell your father."

"He knows. He's hanging from the bedroom window."

She: "I guess I'm just a babe in the woods."

He: "Babe, meet an old forest ranger."

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10 SECONDS TO LIVE

He pushed his sleeve back, held his wrist close to the lighted speedometer, squinted to read the time. A little after nine. Five, ten minutes after. Ought to be home in half an hour. If he'd known he had only ten seconds to live, he might have checked the time more closely. He might have done several things differently. **10 SECONDS TO LIVE.** He massaged his eyes with thumb and middle finger, trying to rub out some of the sand. **9 SECONDS TO LIVE.** He'd driven almost eight hours since lunch, and was beginning to feel it. **8 SECONDS TO LIVE.** Lousy driving in the rain. Light from your headlights just seems to soak in along with the water. **7 SECONDS TO LIVE.** Probably need a new windshield wiper blade. Old one just spreads the water around instead of wiping clean. Get one tomorrow, or next time it rains. **6 SECONDS TO LIVE.** Somebody threw a cigarette out of an oncoming car. The red glow dissolved almost before it hit the pavement. **5 SECONDS TO LIVE.** He planted his feet on the floorboard, squirmed back in the seat, trying for comfort. **4 SECONDS TO LIVE.** At 60 miles an hour, a car covers 88 feet of pavement every second. Four seconds, 352 feet. **3 SECONDS TO LIVE.** Something looked wrong, through the blurry windshield. A tentative dab at the brake stiffened into desperate pressure as he made out an old, unlighted, slow-moving truck ahead. **2 SECONDS TO LIVE.** Panic moved in. Turn to the left. No! Car coming. Headlights too close. Can't make it. Turn to the right. **1 SECOND TO LIVE.** Horror numbed everything into slow motion. He was floating right into the rear corner of the truck bed. He opened his mouth to scream. **0 SECONDS TO LIVE.**

It's happened to lots of people; maybe not just that way, but similarly. Drive too long, eyes get tired, reactions slow down. Rain, darkness, a windshield that's hard to see through. Driving too fast. A car or truck ahead that you can't see.

It's happened to lots of folks.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

—Raymond M. Eastman, Des Moines *Tribune*

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