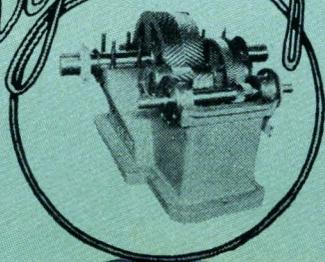


THE Foundry Roundup



October, 1949

Vol. 6 • No. 9

Wear It Proudly



LISTEN TO YOUR HEART . . . Give enough through your Community Chest to help all the Red Feather services. Everybody benefits . . . Everybody gives!

JIMMY was just an ordinary boy; he might have been your boy had his name been changed. He attended school almost every day, and he liked to go to the movies on Saturday afternoons. He had many friends for he was a happy, cheerful lad, Happy, that is, until one fateful day.

It was Thursday that he came down the street from the school house, whistling a gay little tune he had learned in music class. He kicked at the rocks along the side of the road and watched their haphazard path, as they sailed across the walk. Then he remembered that his Mom had promised to bake a chocolate cake for his supper, and his footsteps quickened.

He dashed across his front yard and went scampering into the house.

"Chocolate cake here I come!" he called out as his greeting to his mother.

There was no answer, and the house seemed awfully quiet. He opened the cupboard doors and looked in, but there was no cake. He went to the breadbox, and still no cake. His hopes

were beginning to dim. He even looked in the icebox.

He called out to his mother, but only his own voice resounded throughout the rooms. He felt an uneasy chill run down his back. His mother was always home when he got in from school.

Dejectedly, he walked back through the house, out onto the front porch. Then it was that the neighbor came to tell him about his parents.

His mother was very sick in the hospital, and his dad was somewhere trying to get enough money for the operation.

This was a big dose for a little fellow to swallow. Fear clutched at his throat, and he squeezed his eyes together tightly to keep back the tears. What was he going to do? Would he be left alone all night? Could his daddy get the money for the doctor? Would his mother get well? A million questions tore at his troubled frightened heart.

IF THIS Jimmy were living in Lufkin, he would have all the answers to his questions soon. For here, we are proud of our Community Chest in which there is a specific agency that would care for little Jimmy and see that his daddy had the money for the operation.

Yes, during October you'll be hearing more about Lufkin's Community Chest and of the agencies which are able to make our community a better place in which to live through your generous contributions during the annual campaign.

Family services is just one of the many services the Chest provides for those of our town who sometimes need assistance—and need it quickly and urgently. The following organizations have joined together in Lufkin's Community Chest: the Angelina County Child Welfare Council, the Angelina County Tuberculosis Association, Boy Scouts of America, Girl Scouts of America, Kurth Memorial Library, Salvation Army, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, United Service Organizations, Angelina Recreational Council, Angelina County Welfare.

BRINGING UP CHILDREN is a full-time job. The Angelina County Child Welfare agency is included in the Red Feather services of your Community Chest. Your gift is an investment in the future generation.



Emergency and Relief Fund, and a Visiting Public Health Nurse.

The Visiting Public Health Nurse is something new that has been added to the 1949-50 Chest program. The nurse will visit in sick homes where funds are insufficient to hire trained help, and will instruct the family how to care for the sick and how to prevent others in the family from contracting the disease. She will follow up tuberculosis case records and be of service for all types of health work.

Yes, the Red Feather campaign time is a good time to look beneath the surface of the community we tend to take for granted; to gain new insight into the human factors that hold a community together; to re-kindle the light of civic pride. It is a time to realize that charity is no longer something we bestow on others. It is a community service which comes back to each of us. We all benefit when family life is preserved, when children are given love and security, when youth is provided with wholesome opportunities for friendship and fun and growth, when the sick, the old and the handicapped are given healing and comfort.

It is a time to think of the real values in community life—the human

values. As one churchman recently said, "If we are able to translate our dreams of a great community so that it isn't a matter of dollars and cents, but a matter of neighbors, boys and girls, men and women, then we will see that community emerging before our eyes."

CONGRESSWOMAN Frances P. Bolton of Ohio has very aptly put into words that each of us feels about our town, our community, our America. She said, "We have a goal here in America—a vision which, though often dimmed perhaps, still lives in our minds and hearts. We see before us, ever beckoning, this land of our dreams, our desires, our hopes and our determined efforts; a land where children will be born with fine strong bodies, keen minds and understanding hearts into homes where love and kindness dwell; a land in which each may have the education and training best suited to his capacity and work adequate for his need; a land where there may be, in addition, a bit of laughter and time to enjoy the beauty of God's world . . . With the memories of our yesterdays fresh in our thoughts, with the grim facts of today challenging us

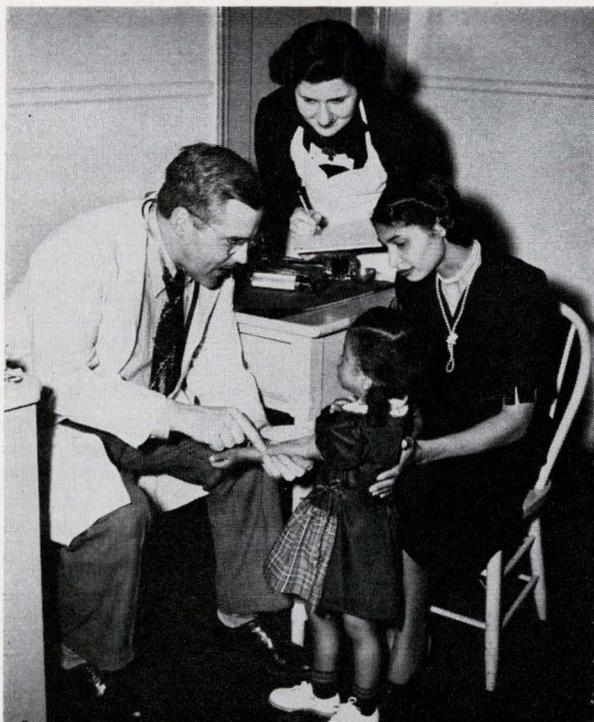


HURRY! HURRY! HURRY! Get in your Community Chest pledge today . . . So all the Red Feather services can go on making your community a better place in which to live!

at every turn and tomorrow beckoning, we can look forward confidently to a new day for health and welfare."

INDEED, we can wear the Red Feather proudly. For we know we have invested our share in a good, clean, wholesome community, in which each of us benefits. The Red Feather—a symbol of human kindness, one for the other. Wear it proudly!

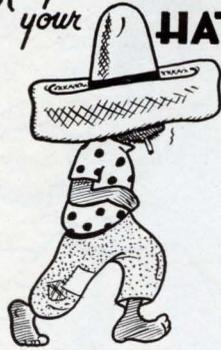
HEALTH IS A PRECIOUS GIFT! Disease knows no racial boundaries. Help to protect your health, your family's health, and your neighbor's health through Red Feather services in hospitals, clinics and convalescent homes.



USO IS BACK in the field serving youth in uniform on a full-time, peace-time basis in clubs, lounges, veterans' and service hospitals. The new USO is included as a Red Feather service in Lufkin's Community Chest campaign.



Keep this under
your **HAT**



GRADY RUSSELL has gone into the water well drilling business in a big way—but even he got in deeper than he expected.

Instead of drilling for private citizens now, he's busy drilling for the City of Lufkin. Seems he owes Mr. Powell a bit of cash which he's working off.

And had Preacher Weems been along, he might have been drilling in Angelina County instead of for those folks over at Crockett. Anyway, Preacher was in Crockett when he got in debt to the City. We still haven't heard how he paid off. If you get the dope on him, let us know.

We were all very sorry to hear of Bud Lovett's illness. We hope that his operation will be most successful and that it won't be too many days before he'll be back at his job.

It was a cool, dismal, cloudy morning when W. W. Lee came into the shop last week. Only the weather was practically nothing compared to the expression on Lee's face. But that



MANY FOUNDRY EMPLOYEES took part in the presentation of the "Days of Glory" pageant during the Forest Festival. The scene above includes Harold Weeks, second from left, of the Engine Department.

UNCLE BOB STOKES was afraid he'd break the camera when this shot was made. Instead, they say he breaks all records when it comes to making keys on his shaper. When he finishes a key, the floor man just slips it in with perfect ease.



wasn't all that was on his face. All across his cheeks were scratches.

The fellows wondered what happened to him and went around to inquire.

"Oh, an old sow pig scratched me. You know we have lots of pigs. My boy enters them in contests at the Forest Festival. He got a few ribbons, too. We were trying to get the pigs back home when this old sow clawed me," Lee explained.

Now we all know that Lee is an honest, upright citizen. But even Lee wouldn't expect married men to believe a story like that. Those scratches were made by feminine fingernails, the men believe. But if it will make Lee happy to think he's put a fast one over on the boys, why they have agreed to keep quiet and keep their opinions to themselves.

But Tony Athey's story is just too much to swallow. Even the men who work next to him refuse to believe the tale he spun the other day when he

came to the shop with black eyes and bruised cheeks.

Tony's story went like this. He was walking through a field and came across an old stump. He poked around in it to see what he could find, when suddenly a whole drove of yellow jackets came swarming out after him. They chased him all the way across the field and stung him several times. Even stung him on the eye lids which caused his eyes to be black. The big bump on his cheek was caused by three or four yellow jackets stinging him in the same place.

The men, after listening to that yarn, voted to petition Congress to pass a law making it illegal for yellow jackets to go around boxing people without wearing boxing gloves. We're sure that the representatives will take up that important law just as soon as other pressing matters are disposed of.

We have a colored boy working in the Machine Shop by the name of Cecil Berry. Now it seems that Cecil was quite a football player in his day, and has been known to pull his team out of a sure loss many times. There was no doubt as to which player was Berry when he was out on a field, for

he always took his shoes off to do any kicking or running.

One game in particular has come to our attention. Berry, who played for the Trinity Eagles, had been told that he must keep his shoes on during the entire game. That was nearly an impossibility, but he said he would try.

At the end of the first half, the Eagles were nothing while the other team had piled up a score of 40. When the third quarter began, Berry jerked his shoes off, and the ball game really began. He kicked and ran that pigskin all over that field. When the final gun sounded, the score was 45 for the Eagles while the other team still had 40.

Now, football is just a memory to Berry. However, instead of singing the words as "Don't Fence Me In"—Berry hums "Don't Shoe Me In."

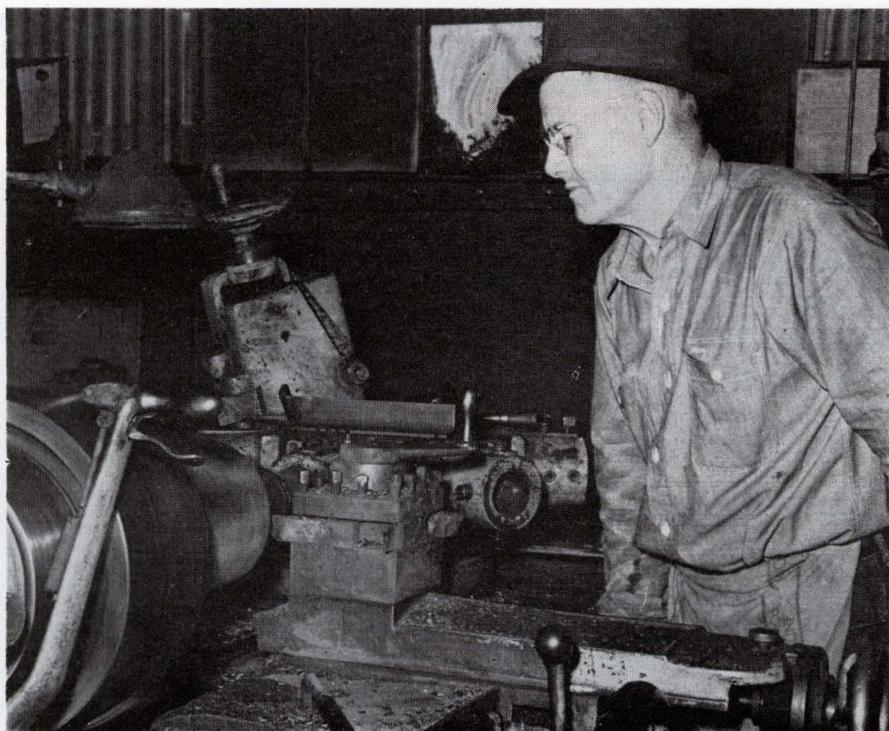
It was a great day for the Belote's not long ago. Buster became the father of a beautiful little girl. They named her Linda Kay. She weighed 7 pounds when she arrived September 22.

Buster went down to a local furniture store to buy a baby bed for the newcomer. He explained the type of bed he wanted to the clerk, and she



THE BOYS MIGHT tease Dave Hayes for wearing a tie to have his picture made, but they'll tell anybody anywhere that when Uncle Dave fits a key into a pumping unit or speed reducer, it's a perfect job 99 times out of 100.

H. R. LEWIS, better known as "Red," works in the Lathe Shop. He has never been known to be late or punch out early. He's a particular fellow that gives a full day of hard work every day.



looked at him and smiled, "I always think it's so nice for the grandpa to buy the bed for his first grandchild. Is this your first?"

"I sure got the shock of my life last night. I went to see my girl friend and her old man met me at the door and right away asked me my intentions."

"I guess that was pretty embarrassing."

"Yeah, but that's not the worst of it. My girl friend called from upstairs and said, 'That's not the one, dad.'"

"So Sue broke up with Oswald. Is she keeping those swell love letters he wrote her?"

"Well, yes and no. To be exact, they're keeping her."



PAUL JACKSON hit the jackpot again. He won \$5 for his suggestion to build a platform by the charge crane in the Foundry so that the man who checks this crane can get up and down much quicker.



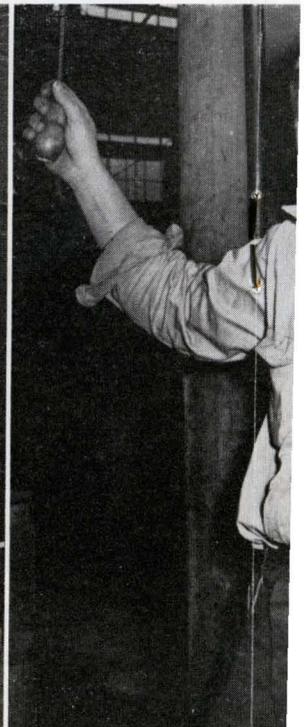
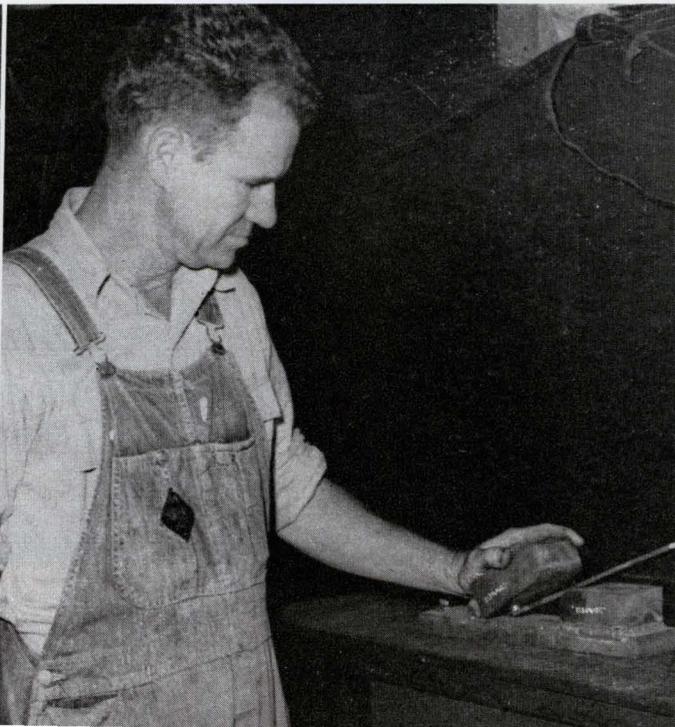
ALLEN REPP of the Trailer Division won \$5 for his suggestion for a new assembly. This will get them much cleaner and

Suggestion

FRED LEE PICKENS got tired of trying to read numbers on jigs in the dark corner where they are kept. He suggested that a base plug be installed and a drop light with an extension cord be furnished. He won \$5.

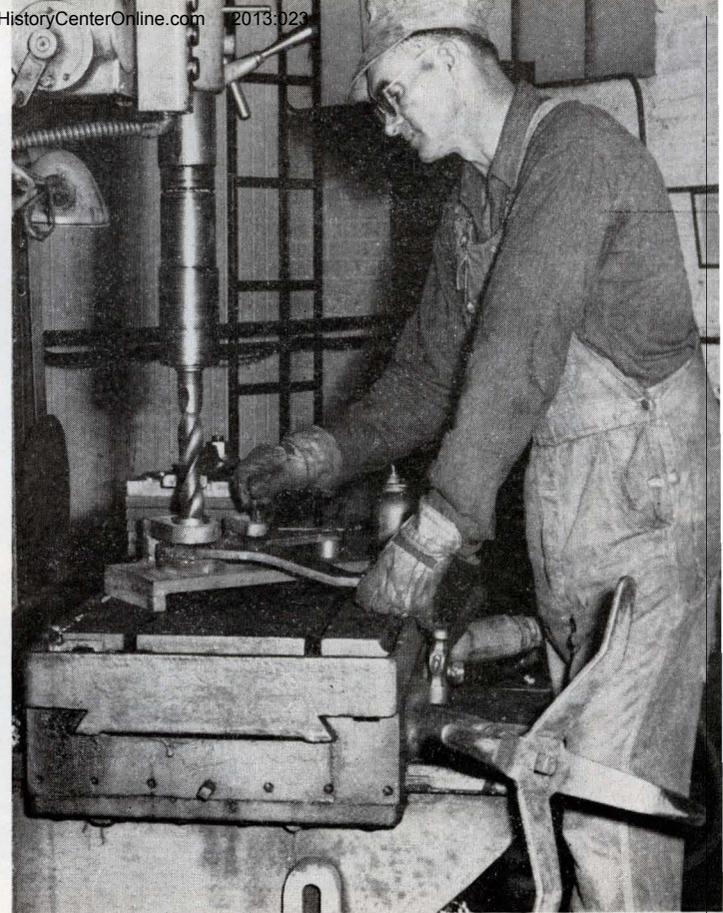
H. W. COSTLOW of the Jig Department turned in his suggestion for a jig for bending arm on brake shoe for 16D Unit. His idea netted him exactly \$15, which isn't hay in anybody's language. You can win too!

WICK LEWIS watched slag work back of the cupola for a long time. He suggested that a screen be put behind the cupola to prevent the slag from blowing back. He won \$5.





For his idea to buff rust from all side frames before painting as well as get the job done more quickly.



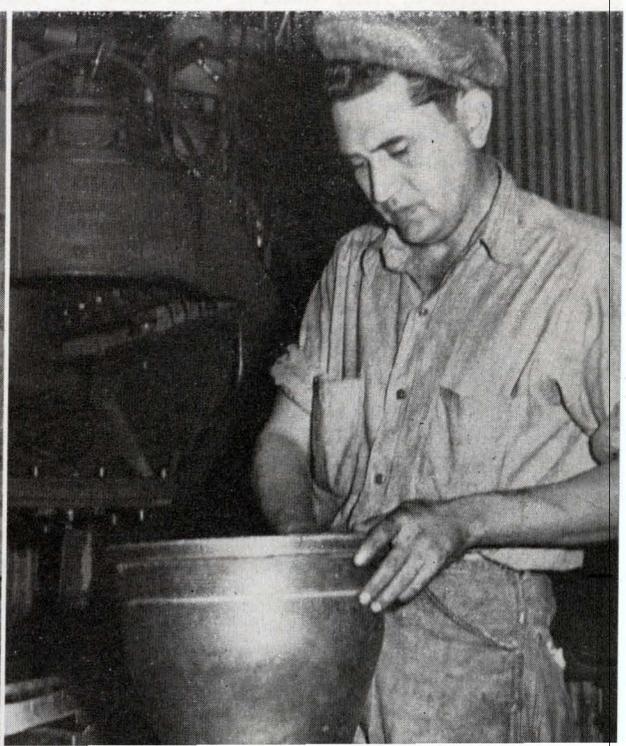
EDDIE LOW of the Structural Shop will pocket \$10 for his idea to make a drilling jig for Bell Crank. The jig has been made and has proved itself by eliminating layout time and by being more accurate.

Winners

When wool fly about in the air for a long time. Then he suggested a rack be built in the Structural Shop to store brake rocker shafts and arms.

CHARLES PHILLIPS of the Structural Department turned in another winner for which he collected \$1 in cash. He suggested that a rack be built in the Structural Shop to store brake rocker shafts and arms.

J. R. SANCHES of the Core Room in the Foundry won top money this month with his suggestion to build another Larry to carry sand to the coremakers. The prize? Twenty dollars and the chance to compete for the jackpot.





GIVE ME A LAND where a man can make a beginning in some humble abode as this, but where his destination remains solely upon his talents and the use he makes of them

Make Mine Freedom

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

AS A BOY, born and reared on the plains of western Oklahoma, I cultivated an early love for personal freedom. After walking three miles to a small one-room country school for eight years, I went away from home to work my way through high school and college. While entirely happy with my lot, not having been told that I was under-privileged or that anybody owed me anything, I was quite unconscious of being surrounded by unusual opportunities. After a few years of school teaching, I went to China as a missionary.

In China I was prepared to find poverty, assumed that the natural resources were exhausted, and that the people were doomed to hardships throughout the remainder of this age. After discovering on the contrary that China is relatively rich in natural resources which have scarcely been touched, I began searching for the real cause of her poverty.

Why should these resources remain undeveloped while China, with unlimited and willing labor, remained in distress for want of the very products her own resources might be supplying.

The answer is available when intelligently sought. During recent decades, anyone getting out of the old established grooves immediately attracted the attention of local bandits, or the larger bandit, the war lord wearing the title of governor. Should any enterprising merchant have organized a company to open a coal mine, a silver mine, a gold mine, or an oil well, the investment would likely have been taken away by force as soon as it offered hope of profit. Consequently, men learned to bury their money in the ground, while the resources remained undeveloped.

RUSSIA is a very large country with just as great a variety of re-

sources as America, and with two times the quantity that we ever did have. Russia has an abundance of labor and fertile fields for producing food, yet the Russian people experience a very low standard of living. The best information I am able to gather indicates that a workman there can buy with his wages about one-fifth as much food, clothing, housing, transportation, entertainment, and education for his children as a workman at a similar job can buy with his wages in our country. The reason for the low standard of living in Russia is exactly the same as in China—no freedom of individual opportunity.

America has experienced the most phenomenal growth any nation ever knew. Within 150 years after the inauguration of her first president, America not only had become the most powerful and influential nation in the world, but she had developed the highest standard of living for the vast

majority of her people that any nation ever experienced.

It is freedom of individual opportunity which is the secret of American achievement, of American wealth, and of America's high standard of living.

Throughout the whole world freedom of individual opportunity and prosperity are found together.

In spite of the blazing testimony that the history of the world bears to the value of individual freedom, yet the trend of the whole world is now toward regimentation. It was the highly regimented countries of Germany, Italy, and Japan that produced Second World War, and caused the poverty and suffering that still prevails in so many places. It is the highly regimented country of Russia that has for the last three years blocked the way of peace and recovery, and that now threatens a Third World War.

In spite of all this, England has chosen government management of her major industries and is moving toward complete government control, even of her people.

IT IS MY conviction that we in America have already developed a psychology that will throw us into a government-managed economy in event of another national crisis unless present thinking is altered in the meantime. Should another war come upon us, or a serious national wave of unemployment, with our present psychology, I believe men could run for our highest offices on a promise of nationalizing our industries, and providing full employment at high wages, and be elected just as such a government was elected in England in 1945.

In my further opinion this would be a most unfortunate experience for this nation. I believe that the deadening hand of Bureaucracy would stagnate American production and drive it within a few years to fifty per cent of the present level. This would mean a fifty per cent lower national income, fifty per cent lower wages, and fifty per cent lower standard of living for the whole of the American people.

Fully am I sure that our private enterprise system has its weaknesses. We still have many unsolved problems such as: the housing problem, the racial problem, industrial relations, better educational opportunities, better medical service, etc. These very problems, however, are being better handled in this country than in any other. We still can best handle them under

the framework of the U. S. Constitution and its Bill of Rights.

Many of the glaring weaknesses of a generation ago have already been tremendously improved. Other problems are now receiving attention, and with each passing year there is improvement. In fact, it is doubtful that another period of unemployment like that of the '30's could befall us.

ENGLAND has demonstrated the consequences of even limited regimentation. The British love individual freedom and above all other European countries have long championed individual freedom. Yet it must be remembered that exactly two years after England had chosen to nationalize her major industries, England passed the so-called "Crisis Bill," which gave the government the power to tell any man from 18 to 50 years of age, and any woman from 18 to 40 years of age—(with certain exceptions) where to work and what to do, with penalties for disobedience or absenteeism. This meant power to uproot a man from his community, move him to another, make him take an assigned job and pursue it without absenteeism. Such drastic legislation was passed only because England was faced by the necessity of admitting failure of her government-managed economy or of asking for power over the very lives of the people. She chose the latter.

What has happened in Britain should

be an object lesson to the American public that we don't want the same experiences. We should also realize that what the Communists are doing today in Italy, France, and Korea, they expect to be doing here tomorrow.

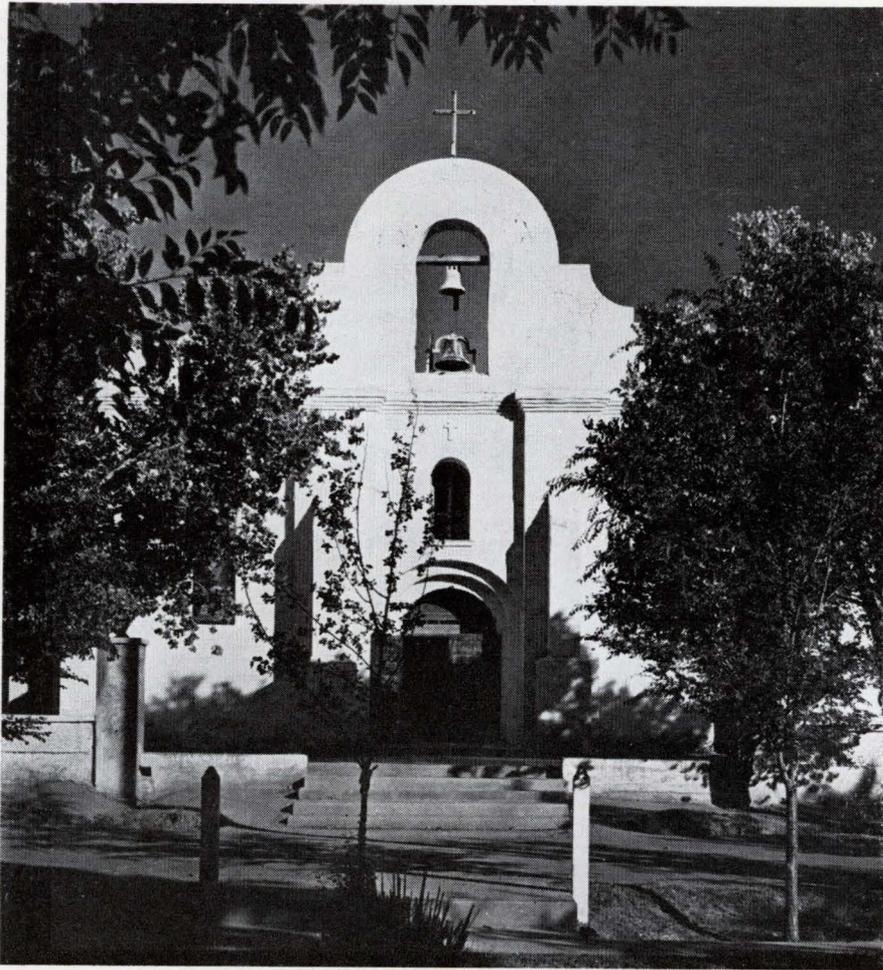
The skilled propagandists who have invaded our country and who are working to destroy private capitalism, deserve much more serious attention. Perhaps no one in the nation is better acquainted with this fact than J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F. B. I., who declared in a public address last year that "one of America's two major problems is the subversive agitation aimed at the destruction of our American way of life."

THE skilled leaders of this campaign to destroy the world's one great remaining capitalistic nation are shrewdly planning every move. They definitely have attempted to convince the youth and the workers that competition and the profit motive are both evil forces destined to oppress the weak; and that they should be outlawed in favor of government ownership and operation of industry. Many leaders in education, religion, and labor have been affected.

It is imperative that profits be properly understood. For instance, when the impression is given that American industry made \$28 billion last year in profit, which ought to have gone to the payroll workers, it naturally creates a

GIVE ME A LAND where every road leads to new opportunities, new adventures, new goals to attain.





GIVE ME A LAND where a man can labor each day at the job of his choice; come home at night to the privacy of a free home; and worship his God with a free soul.

very unhappy state of mind on the part of multitudes. Actually profits last year were approximately \$28.7 billion, but \$11.3 billion went in taxes, leaving \$17.4 billion. Of that amount \$10.6 billion was invested in better plant and better tools, where it chiefly benefited the workers and the public. Only \$6.8 billion was actually paid out to the stockholders in dividends as their share of the income for the use of the tools—which tools actually did about 90 per cent of the work, greatly increasing the workman's wages.

THE railroads and the steel industry have been accused of profiteering as much as any industries in the nation. I am not a stockholder in either, but I have looked into the fact with regard to these two industries and I want to give you the results of my findings:

During the past 18 years the profits of the American railroads have actually been less than three per cent on

investment. Moreover the railroads as a whole have spent more on expansion and new equipment than their total net profit during those same 18 years.

The steel industry from 1930 to 1947 has earned an average of 3.8 per cent annually on investment and only 1.9 per cent on sales. While 1947 was considered a year of high profits, yet the steel industry that year earned on investment 3.5 per cent and earned on sales 2.75 per cent. Investment for expansion and better equipment in the steel industry from 1935 to 1947 equalled 26 per cent more than the total net income.

According to government statistics the net income for all corporations in 1946 and 1947 averaged less than six per cent, more than half of which was placed right back into the industries, while less than three per cent was paid as dividends to stockholders. Accordingly American Industry on the whole has not been profiteering, but on the contrary has been providing for the

American workers the highest wages ever known, and providing for the American Public the greatest volume of manufactured goods and the most convenient standard of living ever experienced by any segment of the human race.

CAPITAL is not the enemy of the working man, but his best friend. Able industrial leaders are not a burden on labor, but its great benefactors. The presidents of large corporations, earning \$100,000 a year or more, whose great genius is devoted to production and distribution, cost the average worker only one or two cents a day, while that same genius probably increases the average worker's wages by one or two dollars a day.

While there are occasional profiteers, yet it is the average that counts. We do not burn down a good barn to kill a few rats. We don't want to destroy a great system because of a few bad spots.

That wholesale propaganda calculated to convince the public that competition and the profit system are evil forces, and that even making any profit is fundamentally immoral should be recognized as part of a definite attempt to destroy our capitalistic system, which has achieved more for the "common man" than ever before experienced by any segment of the human race.

Those who have been deceived by presentation of half truths, and skillful distortion of facts should make a careful investigation, and discover the truth, for their own sake and that of their posterity.

IN THIS crucial period, more dangerous than many yet realize, it is the duty of every informed American citizen to do his part to instruct the present generation in the comparative achievements of our competitive private enterprise system; and in what the only alternative a government-managed economy would mean to the workers and the general public.

As an educator, interested in the welfare of all mankind, in the welfare of this great nation, and in every segment of its population, I say, and I hope you will say with me, for generations to come, "MAKE MINE FREEDOM."

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster.



Visiting in the Repair Department

- 1. JOE LOWE, an old-timer.
- 2. J. C. BOYD, full of fun.
- 3. ARTHUR STEVENS, likes to tinker with miniatures.
- 4. JIM ODOM, always full of tall tales.
- 5. LEONNARD WALLACE, does a good piece of work.
- 6. J. W. LOUT, likes to repair Bluebirds.
- 7. W. L. HANSON, traded native Norway for Texas.



HAVE *You* HEARD.. This one!



A drunk staggered home one night and made his way subconsciously through the house, winding up in the stall shower of his bathroom. As he groped about, he turned on the water, soaking himself and causing a racket which brought the Little Woman to the scene.

Taking in the details, she called him all kinds of a so-and-so, winding up with a none too flattering estimate of his past, present, and future.

"That's right, honey," he admitted, "I'm everything you said—and worse. But let me in, won't you? It's raining something awful out here!"

"Do you always take the other girls for such long rides?"

"Nope, it isn't always necessary."

"Hey, Pop! Whatcha doin' kissin' the maid?"

"Bring me my glasses, son. I thought it was your mother."

Visitor: "And how old are you, Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "I'm just at the awkward age."

Visitor: "What do you call the awkward age?"

Bobbie: "I'm too old to cry and too young to swear."

"Is your husband tight?" asked Mary.

"Is he?" responded Rae. "Say, every time he takes a penny out of his pocket the Indian blinks at the light."

Married life isn't bad after you get used to eating what your wife likes.

Love is blind, which is why men must depend on their sense of feeling.

A Scotsman leaned against a bar holding his stomach and moaning pitifully.

"Sick," asked a sympathetic stranger.

"Vurra sick. I'm afraid I've got yooors."

"What's yooors?"

The Scot immediately brightened.

"Make it scotch and soda."

The strong man at the fair had squeezed the juice out of a lemon. Holding it up before the crowd he shouted, "I'll give \$5 to anyone who can squeeze another drop of juice out of this lemon!"

Up stepped a little man. He gripped the lemon, and to the surprise of the crowd, squeezed out several drops.

"It's easy," he murmured. "I'm a tax collector."

On a recent vacation, a tourist wandered into the maple syrup district of Vermont. Taking a stroll in the woods one day, he noticed a lot of buckets hanging from the trees.

"Gee whiz," he exclaimed in astonishment. "They sure have an awful sanitary bunch of dogs around here!"

The prosperous and time-honored partnership of Jones and Johnson threatened to go on the rocks when Johnson fell madly in love with Jones' wife. Jones was very understanding about the whole thing, but finally told his partner:

"This thing can't go on any longer. The situation must be resolved one way or another."

"We've always been sporting men," Johnson replied. "What do you think of the idea of playing one game of gin rummy to see who gets the girl?"

The husband thought this proposition over for a few moments and then agreed.

"Let's play for a quarter point on the side," he said, just to make it interesting."

On the way to the Great Smokies, two tourists stopped to look at a colorful display of hooked rugs at a roadside cabin. One man walked over to the bare-footed old woman in a faded cotton dress who sat rocking on the porch, corncob pipe in mouth.

"What kind of tobacco do you use,

Granny?" he asked.

The old woman took the pipe from her mouth and smiled. "Truth is, son, I don't ever smoke. I'm just providing local color."

The little girl next door gazed wonderingly at the new family of kittens practically devouring their mother.

A passing neighbor, feeling a bit embarrassed at her evident curiosity, said, "Is that the way your mother feeds your new baby brother?"

"No," was the reply. "No—we don't have a cat."

Two men worked side by side in a large office. They never spoke, but each watched the other. One man quit work daily at 4 o'clock. The other toiled until 6 or later.

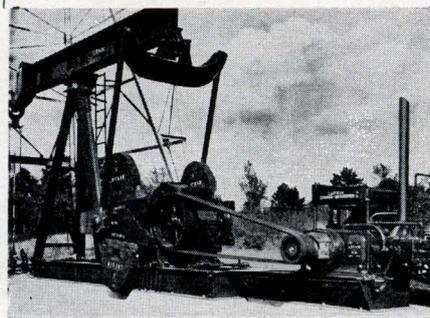
Some weeks passed. Then the harder working of the two approached the other, "I beg your pardon," he said, "but do you mind telling me how you can clean up your work every day at 4 o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come to a tough piece of detail, I mark it, 'Refer to Smith.' I figure that in an outfit as large as this, there is sure to be a man named Smith. And I must be right; none of those papers comes back to me."

The harder worker started to remove his coat. "Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Smith."

The Foundry Roundup

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Lufkin Foundry ROUNDUP