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IN THIS ISSUE YOU WILL ENJOY "HOW LUMBER IS MADE THE SOUTHERN PINE WAY"

The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME I DIBOLL, TEXAS, JULY 15, 1947, No. 2

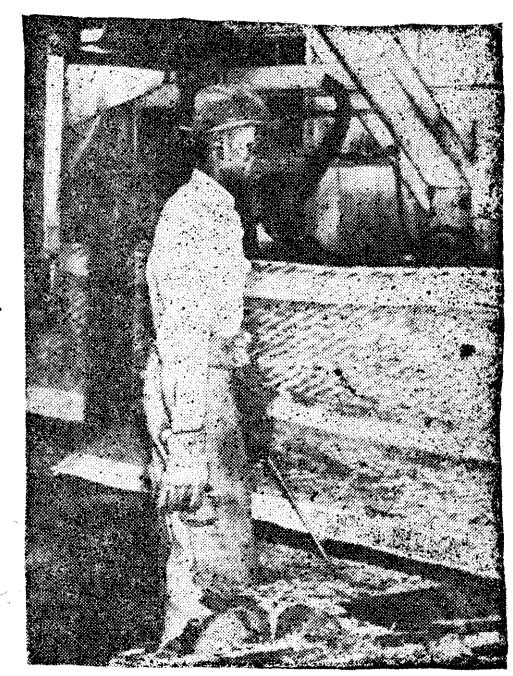
Photographer's Field Day at Southern Pine . . .













Above are a few scenes which will meet the eye of visitors any day and every day at Diboll—home of one of the nation's largest wood working centers. At left (top) is the thriving mill town's keeper of law and order, Constable Jay Boren; at right (top) is Jeff Williams, Handle Factory employee; center, Bascom Weeks, veteran planer employee; on either side of Mr. Weeks are snapshot views of interesting operations at the huge mill.. The handsome (?) gentleman on the left (bottom) is Junior Clifford in he woods crew. At the bottom is "Old No. 14," with Bob Cook at the throttle. Engines No. 10 and 11 may be seen in the background.

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SERMONETTE

By REV. T. S. HUFF, PASTOR THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

He must have been a kingly man who stood before Samuel that day. The prophet's reaction to his appearance was, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before Him." But God said "No! The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the Heart."

The age in which we live needs to look at this truth. It needs to face it. It is an age marked by emphasis on the external and physical Diet to strengthen our bodies; medical care for them when they are sick; Beauty parlors to make up outwardly, their deficiencies; fashion emporiums to clothe them in beautiful garments; so the list might continue almost indefinitely.

There is no harm in these. Man's body is a sacred machine. But, the meeting of man and God will not bring a test of externals of beauty or wit; knowledge or popularity, or even of achievement. God looks on the heart, Jeremiah vividly portrays this fact when he quotes God as saying, "I, the Lord, search the heart. I try the reins." Search means "bore down into." The piece of furniture may look genuine but the auger bores down into it and reveals the thin veneer over the cheap wood. "Try" means crucible test, where the very quality of the heart is examined.

So the statement of God precludes any superficial goodness or any counterfeit coin passing His Divine Testing.

Are we, as Christian workers, as much concerned over the heart condition of our people as we are over outward show and appearance? Outward show may be counterfeit, but God requires the real and genuine; and the real and genuine in heart will be real and genuine on the outside also.

Spiritual qualities more than striking numbers: inner graces more than outward goals, these must be our Christian aim. As long as Divorce flourishes among so-called Christians; as long as Cocktail Parties and dances are carried on under church control or direction or approval; as long as money flows freely for pleasure, but trickles grudgingly into the Lord's treasury; as long as our members vote for party and not for moral issues; Christians should hang their heads in shame of heart and not boast of our great numbers.

We have had many slogans and campaigns. Ought we not to have one that calls our people back in shame and sorrow for our failures to an attitude of heart that makes the will of our Lord the imperial principle that guides our thinking and action in all realms of life and service?

He knows the way, He holds the Key,
He guideth with unerring hand:
O'er every foe the Victor He,
Who leadeth to Immanuel's land.

—o—

The Story Of A Master Builder

By E. C. DURHAM

It happened at the foot of the long grade near Mile Post A-15, just south of Highway 94 crossing. Engineer Jack Montgomery left Diboll with a full tonnage train and the little "Cuter" (Engine 5) had the cars "up in the air" as she skipped along the straight track through the morning dew. Suddenly the air brake went on in emergency application and the crew looked out to see cars windowing to each side, some turned on their sides and others upside down. Conductor Frank Laing was not overstating the case when he phoned the dispatcher, the late W. G. Menefee: "We've got 'em in the ditch and this is the worst wreck in the history of the Texas South-Eastern Railroad."

The time was 3:30 A. M. of the third morning after the derailment occurred. Bonfires were burning down, hand torches, lanterns and hayburners moved about and the white beams of the foremen's flashlights played on the important spots. Old Cad King had driven the last spike in the shoofly and Tom Welch was aligning the track which was about ready for traffic. Lying on its side was a mammoth box car loaded with hardwood lumber. It had been loaded by the late Bear Rutland on instructions from Uncle George Cleveland who was then long on lumber and short of orders and when he got an order for a carload of lumber he shipped the customer a car loaded to the guards. Bear said it was loaded by and for bear. The "Old Man" had issued orders for the wrecking train and all hands to return to Diboll when up walked a not-too-robust man whose great dark eyes seemed to be trying to crawl down his cheeks and his head was bent from long fatigue. Noting the preparations for leaving he said, "Let's don't go away and leave that car afoul of the main line. Let's jack it up, whistle it right around and put it on the track as we have done all the others."

To whistle that car around and rerail it would have required ten or twelve hours of hard work from a crew already worn to complete exhaustion but the warhorse was still snorting fire and unwilling to leave because the job had not been finished. The man was D. D. Devereaux, better and affectionately known as Dred, and the experience was typical of the man. Born with the rare spark of leadership burning bright in his brain and heart and with an indomitable will and matchless energy he has adhered throughout all the years to the policy of never saying quit until the job was done right which means that his name is writ in indelible letters in the history of railroad construction and maintenance in East Texas.

At an early age Devereaux went to work for a railroad company and after hearing the tales told by the boomers, some of whom were real Marco Polos of the railroad world, he developed a hot foot. This caused him to travel west and when the sands of the Mohave desert got too hot, he cooled his feet in the Salton Sea and then went to the Great Salt Lake to determine which was the saltier of the two. His travels took him to many parts of the West and as he expressed it, "A rolling stone gathers no moss but it takes on a heap of polish" and after he had worked on construction jobs of many kinds he had acquired the experience and efficiency which was to stand him in good stead when he entered fields of wider responsibility and usefulness.

Becoming weary of romancin' around, Devereaux returned to Texas which was his first love and to East Texas which will probably be his last. After some time spent on main line railroads, he tired of the monotony and decided to try his hand on a short line where the work was more diversified and interesting. Entering the services of the Texas South-Eastern as bridge carpenter it was only a short while before his unusual ability was recognized and he was promoted to bridge foreman and later to general roadmaster. It was his duty to construct bridges on railroads and tramroads with occasional turns on the Lufkin-Hemphill and Gulf and the Pineland Pacific and to him fell the task of maintaining track and structures and meeting the emergencies created by fire, flood, wrecks and other unforeseen happenings which bobbed up suddenly and called for the limit of a man's ingenuity, energy and endurance.

Our Country Cousins, The Sabinese . . .

Near the muddy waters of the raging Sabine, deep in the backwoods of East Texas, there reposes a small village populated by Resinbellies. This hamlet boasts a sawmill—an overgrown peckerwood—and it is understood that lumber, after a fashion, is manufactured there. "Pineland," the place is called—a name given it back in the early days when they, like Diboll today, had timber. Post oak now is their principal crop, though an occasional sapling can be observed by the sharp-eyed motorist as he whizzes by the cute little mill operated there.

The game of baseball is not unknown to the natives of this quaint place, and it is understood that so much progress has been made along athletic lines (probably through the influence of missionaries) that the players now use regulation gloves, bats, and store-bought balls replacing the home-made pine clubs, folded towel mitts and sock balls used there until recently. Both the white and colored teams in Pineland sometimes can be persuaded to play away from their woodland clearing and on these occasions they wear regular uniforms. Some even wear shoes.

The Buzzsaw, being a democratic publication, believes that a series of at least four games should be matched with the white and colored teams of this rural retreat; two to be played in Diboll and two over there. It would give us an opportunity to study their unique habits and customs; it would give them an opportunity to see a BIG sawmill, and it would no doubt result in some real baseball. Raymond Martin is the business manager of the white club there, while C. P. Griffin leads the colored nine. We think that a runner should be dispatched by each of these club managers to contact, if possible, the leader, or chief, of the above mentioned Sabinese and the games matched forthwith.

Eck (Zuberant) Prudhomme is the head man of these acorn-busters, while M. A. (Big Train) Sloane, a retired authority on outdoor and indoor sports, is his athletic advisor. Atty Damrel, a native trader among these unusual, but honest, Sabinese people could also be contacted in the event Prudhomme and Sloane fled to the thickets upon the approach of our emissary. Sherwood Burch, a native fisherman and a dealer in such things as merchandise and card games; James Mitchell, an expert on the Prevailing Winds of their isolated country, and John Dainwood or Joe Gilchrist could take the challenge. In the event the natives all left the mill and ran to the woods, our messenger could relay it to them through J. B. Walker—now a resident of Hemphill—and he could get the word to them when they quieted down that their BIG MILL kinfolks didn't want to scare them—they simply wanted to play some ball.

So let's get this going and match up the games—what do you say??

When Southern Pine Lumber Company bought the big tract of hardwood timber west of Goodrich the problem was to log it across the Trinity river and Long King creek which were notoriously bad actors in times of high water. That difficulty induced the former owners to sell in the first place and the more the terrain was explored the more apparent it became that a man-sized job was ahead. To meet the requirements of the U. S. Army Engineers the bridge across the Trinity must be a span not less than 200 feet in length placed high enough to clear the smokestacks of steam-

(Continued to Page 9)

W. H. Agee

By LEFTY VAUGHN

Some men win fame by deeds; some inherit it, and some have it thrust upon them. But W. H. Agee acquired a name for himself by accident. And it wasn't in a drug store. It seems that some years ago he was one of many who daily watched the passing of the H. E. & W. T. passenger train, as many of us do now. An old hound dog was also among the spectators one day, and while Bill Agee, Bear Rutland, and others stood gazing into the windows of the coaches at the fair damsels, the old hound dog spied, underneath the train, a cat with arched back and eyes a-blazing.

Just as the train started up the hound made a run at the cat; the cat leaped out from under the train but the hound didn't quite make it—for lo' and behold, the wheels of the car cut off his tail. Back he came in the direction of the spectators howling in pain, gnashing his teeth, and showing all the signs of an animal about



W. H. (Will) AGEE

to wreck vengeance on the human race in its entirety and the first man he got to in particular. And it looked like that first man was destined to be none other than Bill Agee himself.

Now in all fairness to Bill, I will have to admit that he was patriotic where everybody else was thinging of nothing but their own safety. Bear Rutland, for example, ran up the steps of the store trying only to save his own hide. But not W. H. Agee. Because W. H. Agee was thinking of the flag flying in the air; he was thinking of his country. He was filled with patriotism, not fear. At least, according to eye witness accounts, he started up the flag pole when the hound made a run at him, and in a matter of seconds was up past the second pipe joint and still going when somebody hollered to him that the dog had departed the premises and was last seen going by Lee Estes' station headed North. With the aid of the fire department's hook ladders, Bill was brought safely down.

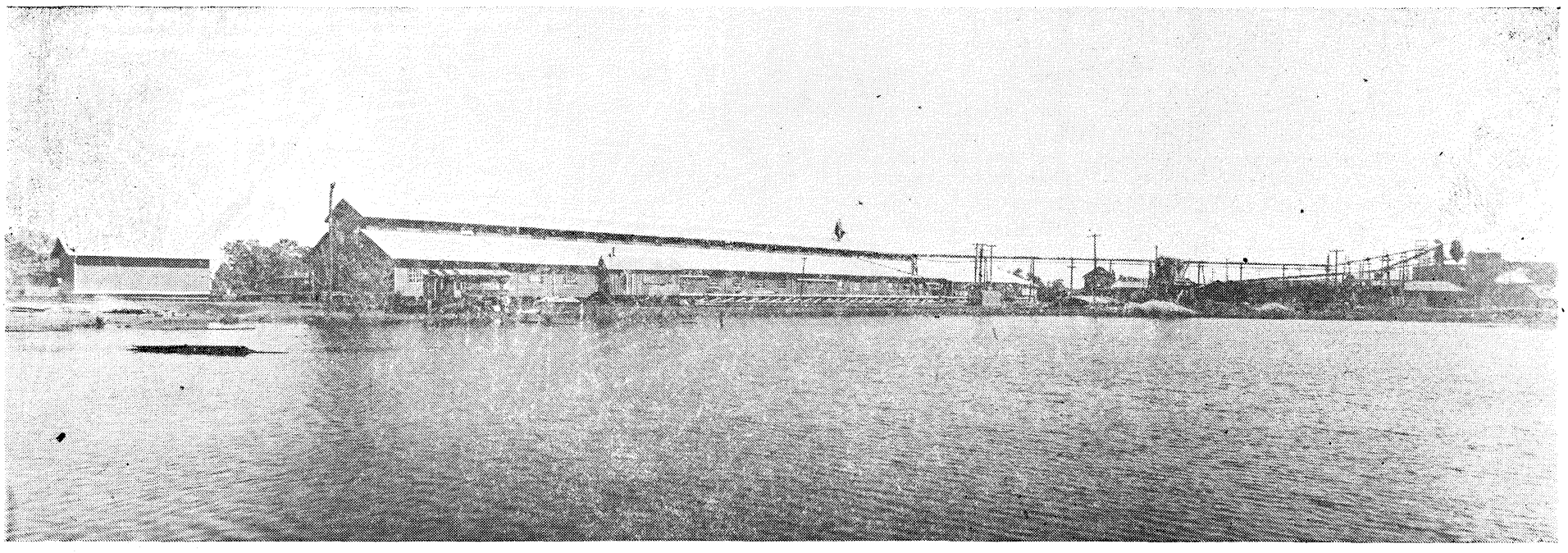
Bill Agee, came to Diboll in 1903 as company druggist, a position he held from then until 1945 when he retired. He spent his boyhood days in Old Homer, Angelina county, leaving there at the age of 17 to teach school at Ryan's Chapel and in various other one teacher schools throughout the county. His salary as a professor was $35.00 per month; his board, $6.00.

After seven years as a teacher Mr. Agee decided that he had dispensed enough learning—especially at no higher pay than the $35.00 per month—and began dispensing drugs for the Southern Pine Lumber Company. And he dispensed them for 42 years, in addition to running the entire drug store—which meant that he did everything from mixing cokes to taking

(Continued to Page 9)

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Looking Across the Water at Temple-White . . .



Rough Square Dept.

William Scott, better known as (Dollad Bill), was born Feb. 26, 1897 at Hampton, Texas. He was married in 1921 and has four children, two girls and two boys. His youngest boy served in the U. S. Army for four years during World War II in Africa and Italy. The oldest boy was killed in a log truck accident about four years ago near Chester, Texas.

William got his nickname (Dollar Bill), back in 1907 when he was work-



WILL SCOTT

ing for $1.15 per day. The boys he worked with said he never carried any silver in his pocket. He always got his silver exchanged for dollar bills and in this way he saved more money. Ever since that date he has carried the name of Dollar Bill.

Dollar Bill started working for Temple-White Co. Oct. 15, 1939 which was about ten months after the plant started operations in Diboll. He has worked in the Rough Square Dept., ever since except for one year he worked in California. He has been back with the Company now for about 1½ years. He used to be quite a dancer but he has put on so much weight his feet won't stand it any more. He likes to hunt and fish, also has a ten gauge double barrel shotgun that really gets the meat.

———o———

Turning Department

Marshall Jeffie Anthony, commonly known as "Jeffie" was born in Emporia, Texas. He came to Diboll when quite young and received his schooling here.

Watson Walker gave him his first job before he was 15 years old. Jeffie continued to work for Temple Lumber Company until he came to work for Temple-White Co., soon after the Company began operation. Jeffie used to catch for Lefty Vaughn until he took off his mask one day and Lefty fired one of his fast balls through Jeffie's glove and smashed him in the nose—That was all . . .

Jeffie has been married twelve years and he and Oveda have two children,



JEFFIE ANTHONY

Joe Clements, Ten, and Charles Kenneth, twelve. Jeffie also has one brother and two sisters, one of the sisters living in Houston.

Jeffie has had experience in most all of the jobs in the plant and at present is running number 1 Lath.

———o———

Shipping Department

Moody Smith was born and raised in Shelby county and at the age of 18 joined the reforestation service.

He started working with Temple-



MOODY SMITH

White Co., in 1940 as a shipping helper and two years later took over the operation of the shipping department.

Moody is quite a sportsman, being interested in hunting, fishing, baseball and nearly all other sports. He has managed baseball teams and currently is endeavoring to pilot his Temple-White Sluggers (Soft Ball Team).

The planer division of the lumber company usually give him the most trouble but lately they have been on the short end of the score.

Moody has two children, Shirley Ann, 6, and Moody, Jr., 20 days old.

———o———

Threading Room

Jeff Williams came to Diboll in 1919 from Trinity county where he had been farming for some 18 years. He worked at the Box Factory for three years and then moved to the hardwood mill for three years.

He tried his hand at farming for six years on a farm near Diboll, but came back to work for the lumber co., and remained with them until he started working for Temple-White Co., in 1945.



JEFF WILLIAMS

Jeff is married and has one son O. B. Williams, who lives in in Houston.

Jeff's hobby is raising hogs and chickens. He now has over 100 chickens.

Attention, Fishermen!

If you want to learn to catch fish see little Joe Clements Anthony. He makes a habit of dragging big bass out of the log pond. His latest catch was two 2½ pounders.

Foster Davis, the manager of the Knights of Pythias ball club started with a split double header, losing the first game to Homer 7-4 and winning the second game 4-1. Son Landers pitched a red hot 1 hit game in the 4-1 win. Homer has a sharp ball club

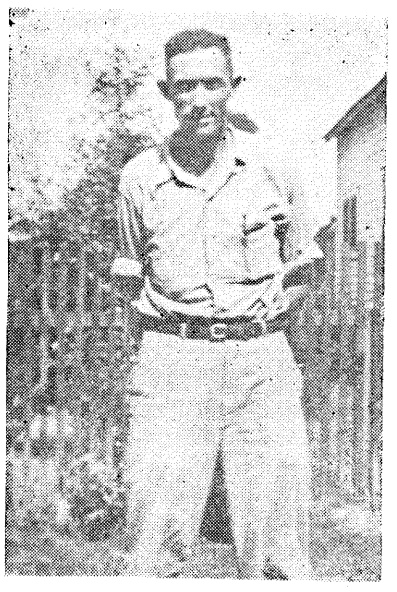
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Grading Department

T. J. Leggett was born in McClennon county, Oct. 27, 1911. He moved to Lee county when he was three years old and lived in that county until he was twenty-five years old. He was raised on a farm and ranch and spent most of his time raising stock.

At the age of 19 he met Miss Dovie



T. J. LEGGETT

Long and they were married. They have two children, Lena Juanita, 13, and Carroll Wayne, 8, and they are both in grammar school in Diboll.

At present T. J. is employed at Temple-White Co., as a handle grader.

Paint Shop Department

Mrs. Nichols is the oldest handle dipper in the Temple-White paint shop.

She has been with this company over five years and is a very capable and efficient worker.

Mrs. Nichols has two daughters,



SYBLE NICHOLS

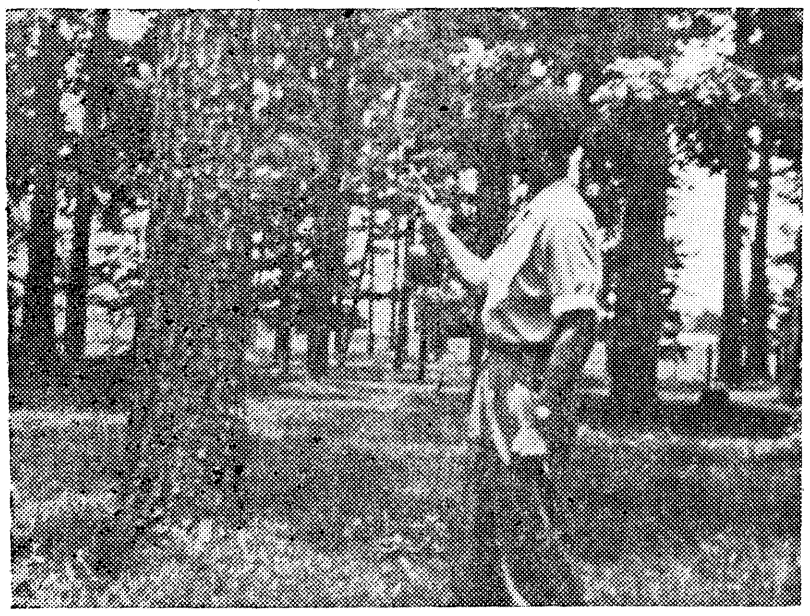
Mary Ellen, who is now attending Tyler Commercial College and Imogene, 13.

Mrs. Nichols is the daughter of an old pioneer settler, Mr. D. Scarborough. She has a hobby which is sewing, and she is very good at it.

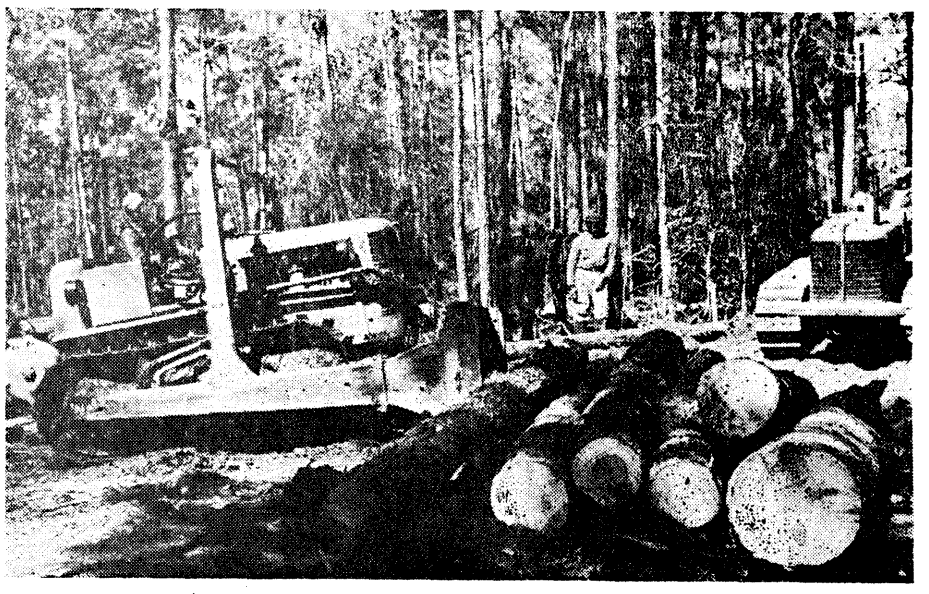
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Manufacturing the World's Best Lumber--the Southern Pine Way

In the Belief that Our Readers Will Find it Both Interesting and Educational, We Present In This Issue a "Picture Journey" of a Southern Pine from the Forest to the Raiload Car--Ready for Market . . . "Market," Believe it or Not, Means That Southern Pine Lumber Goes to Practically Every State in the Union as Well as Many Foreign Countries.



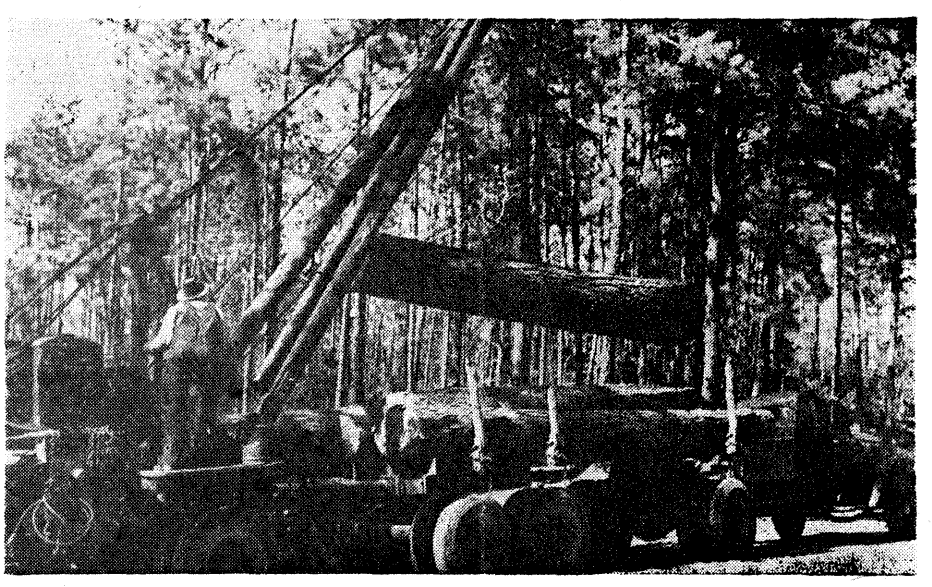
1. Bobbie Farley and Kenneth Nelson of the Land and Timber Department select every tree cut on Southern Pine Lumber Company land—scientifically thinning the timber to insure maximum growth. In the above picture Bobby Farley is shown shooting his paint gun at a selected pine. The yellow paint mark resulting tells the flatheads to "cut her down!"



4. Bulldozers and "Cats" pitch in and do everything from bunching the logs to swamping, making roads and sets, pulling trucks, and a wide variety of other work in the woods.



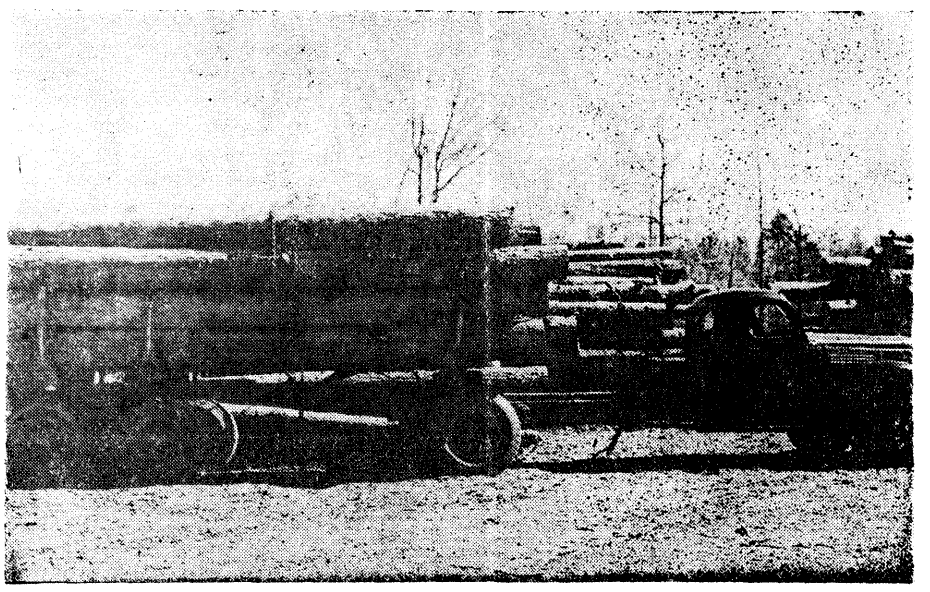
2. Emmitt Taylor and Dorsey Pope (in jumper) start the cross-cut saw and in a few minutes will have the tree on the ground.



5. The loader picks the logs up and puts them on trucks to be hauled to a concentration point in the woods for reloading, or

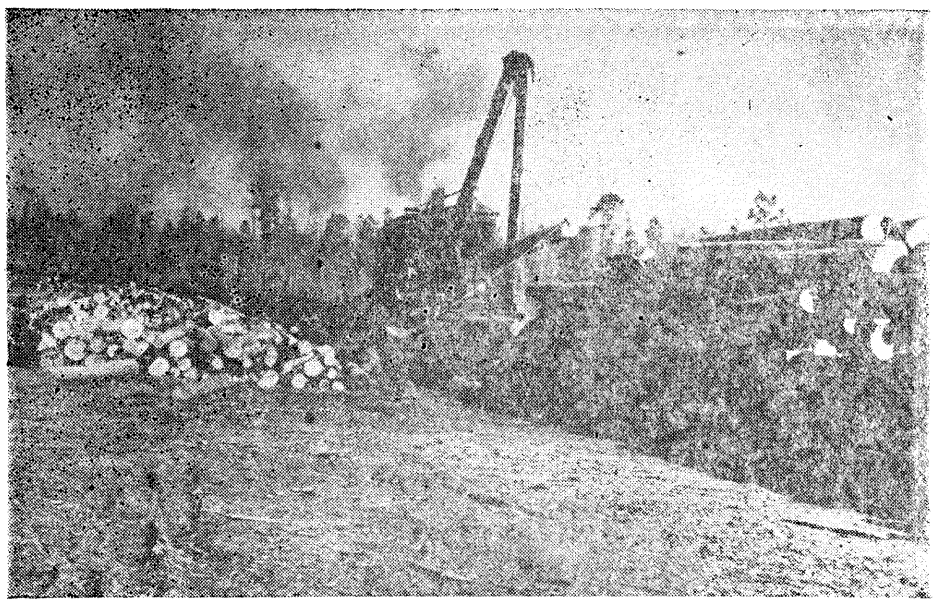


3. Willie Glenn, one of the best mule skinners in the business, skids the log to the loader.

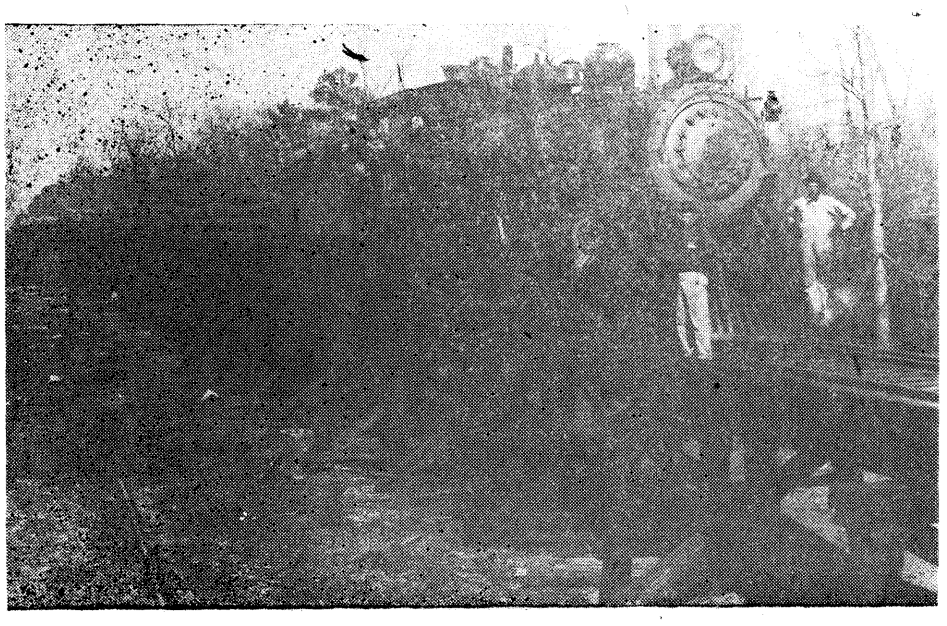


6. To the Southern Pine Lumber Company's own railroad where

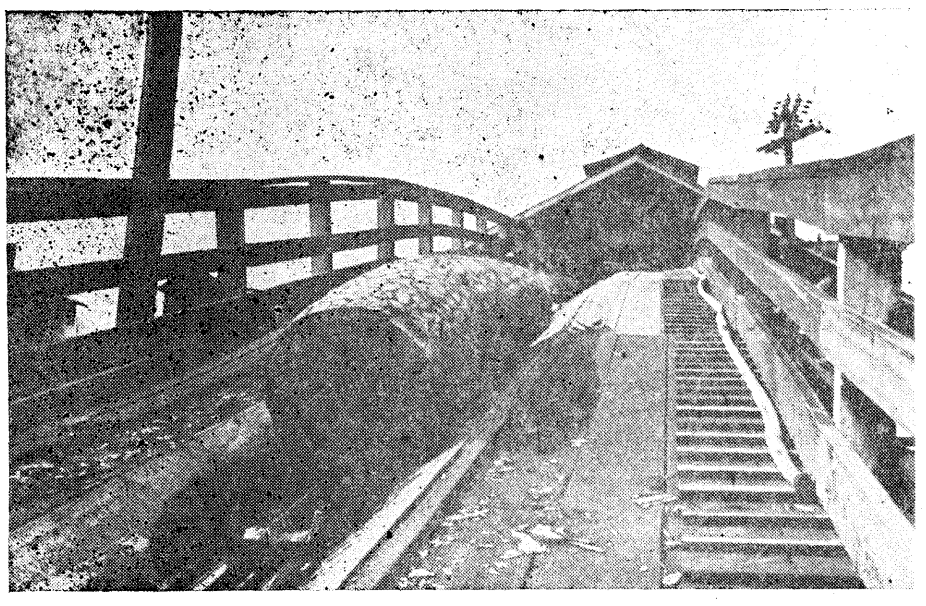
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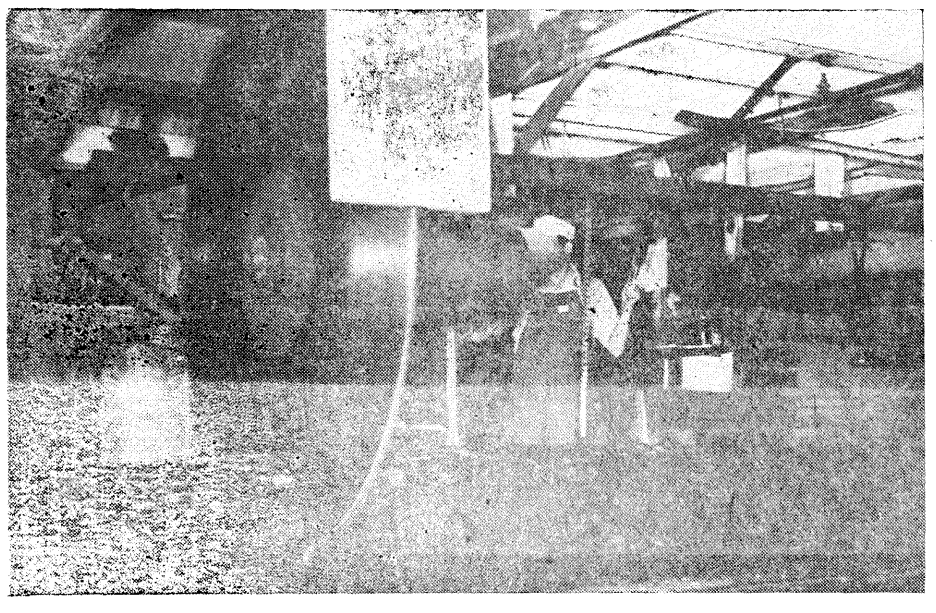
7. The big loader, sliding backward from car to car, swings them up on the train.



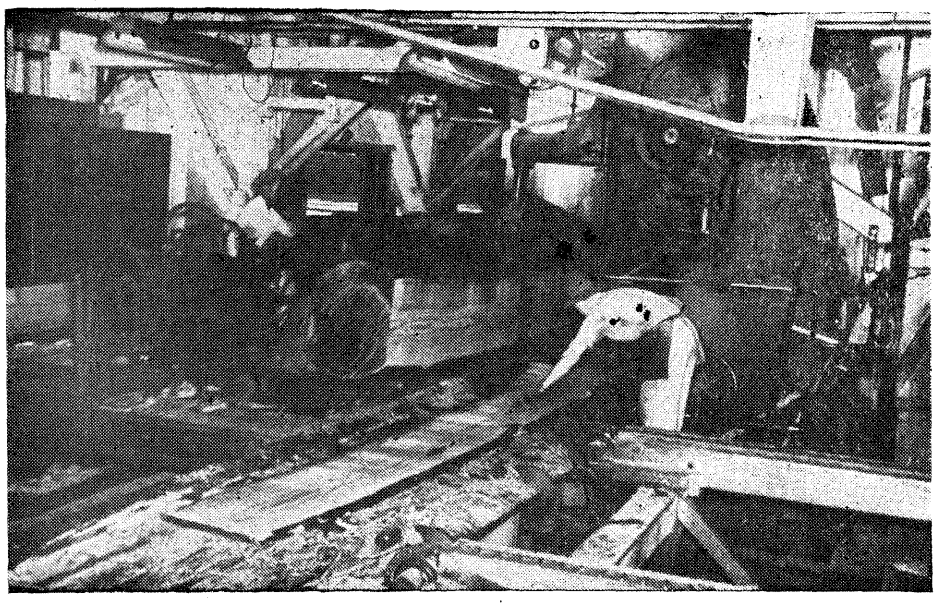
8. Tidas Mooney and his crew then bring them to the mill, a train load at a time.



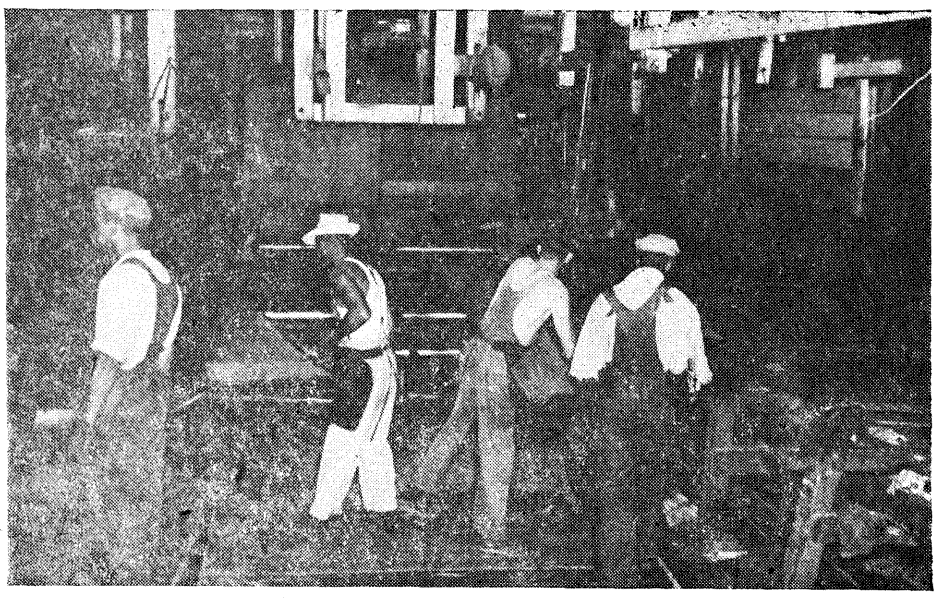
9. Walter Allen unloads the logs from the trains and trucks and sends a big one up on the log haul into Mill No. One.



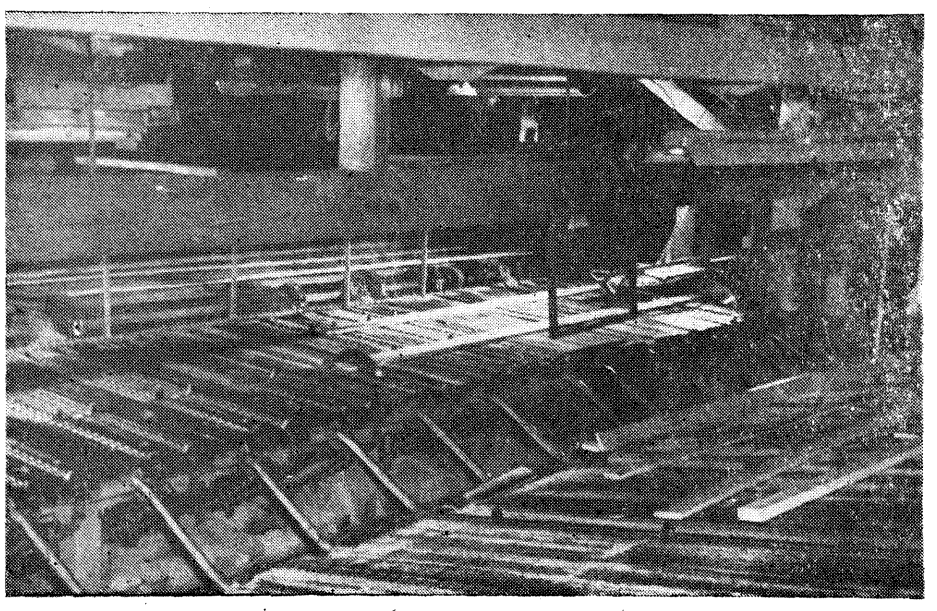
10. If the log is exceptionally long, scaler Ellis cuts it in two in about three seconds flat with this little number.



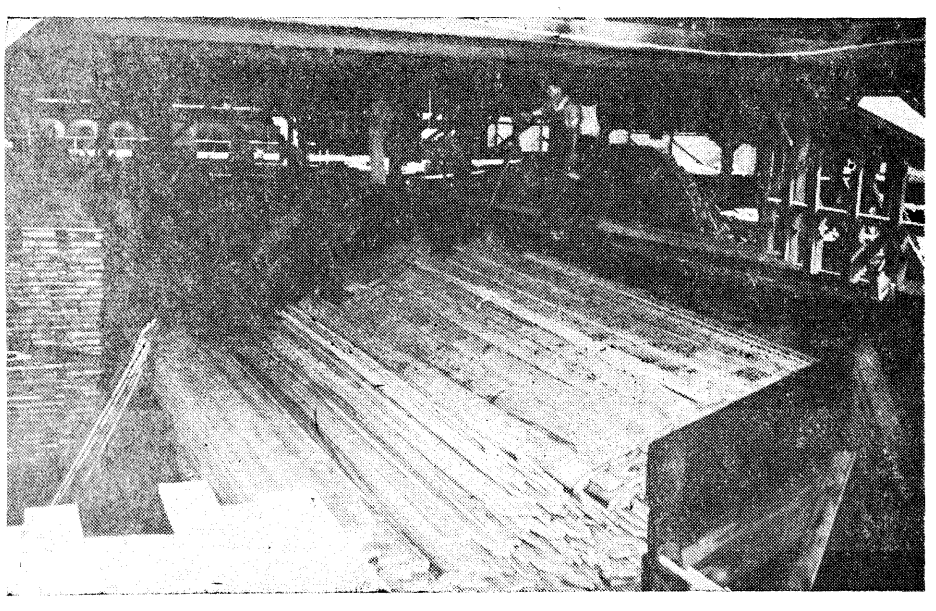
11. Then with Wilbur Fogg running the carriage, and Lee West tailing the saw and Morris Rhone setting blocks, the long rough lumber is sliced off.



12. Fresh off the log, the lumber is run through the edger by Jack Morris, Finis Simmons, J. D. Drake and C. P. Hodge.

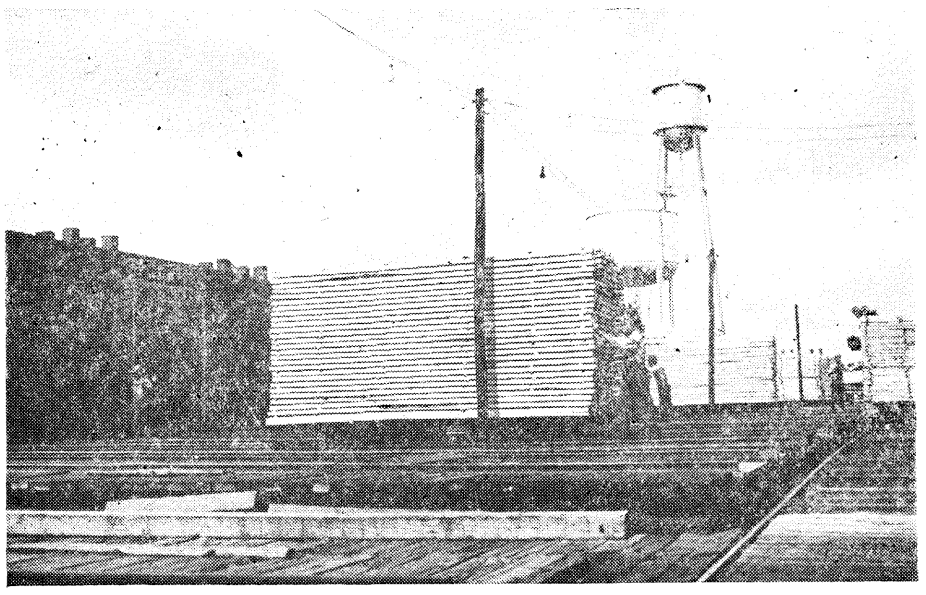


13. From the edger the lumber goes over the trimmers. Here the saws, placed two feet apart, are raised from their slots by the trimmer operator to get the pieces in standard lengths in the best possible grade.

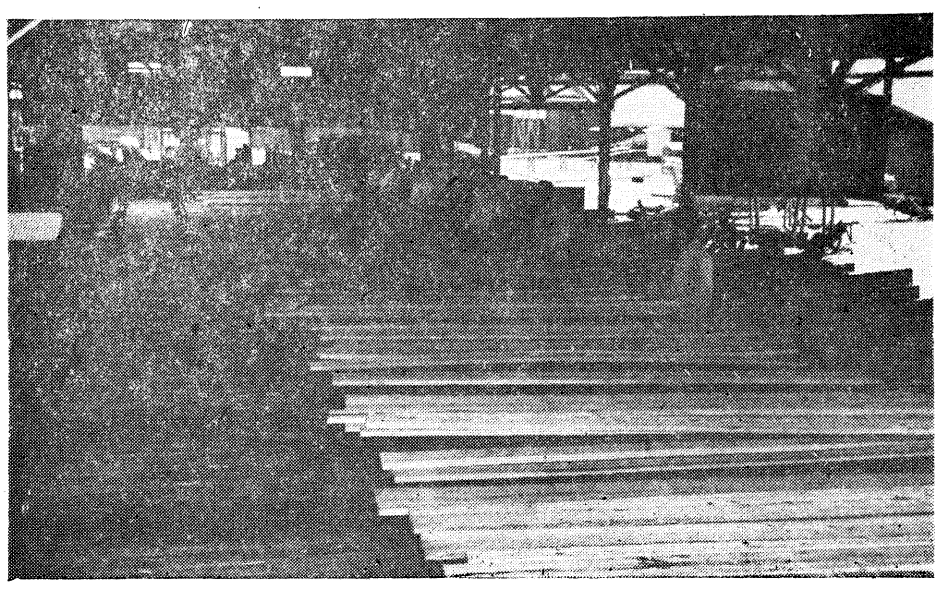


14. Joe Bailey and Jack Armstead take the lumber off the chain from the trimmer and run it through the separator where it falls off into stacks according to grade, length, size, etc.

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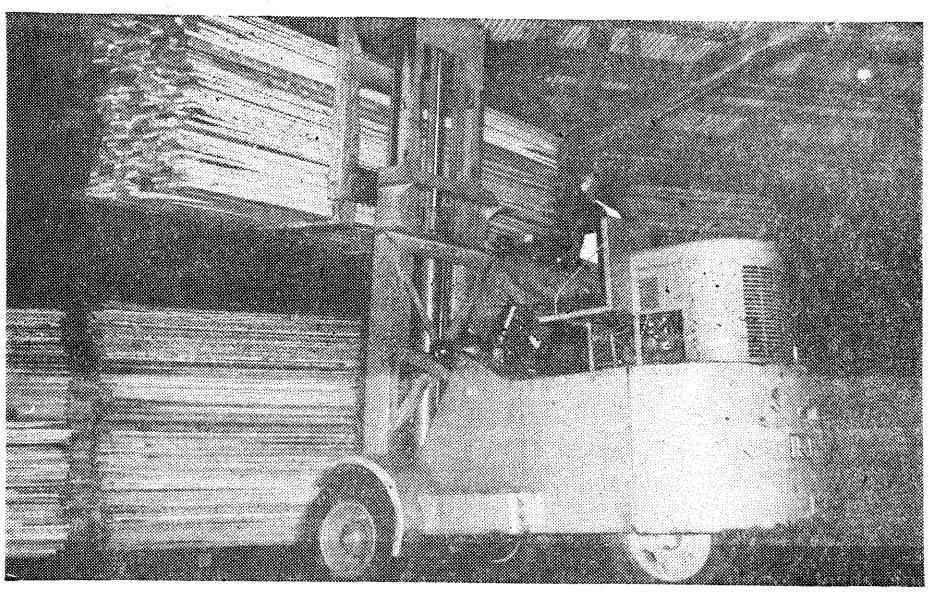
15. From the separator the lumber is taken to the dry kilns by Albert Jones, K. J. Spencer, Joe Smith and O. C. Scott. Pine lumber, subjected to 210 degrees of heat in the kilns, is dried there for an average of 84 hours; hardwood, at a temperature of 175 degrees, for an entire week. And when it comes out it is really DRY!



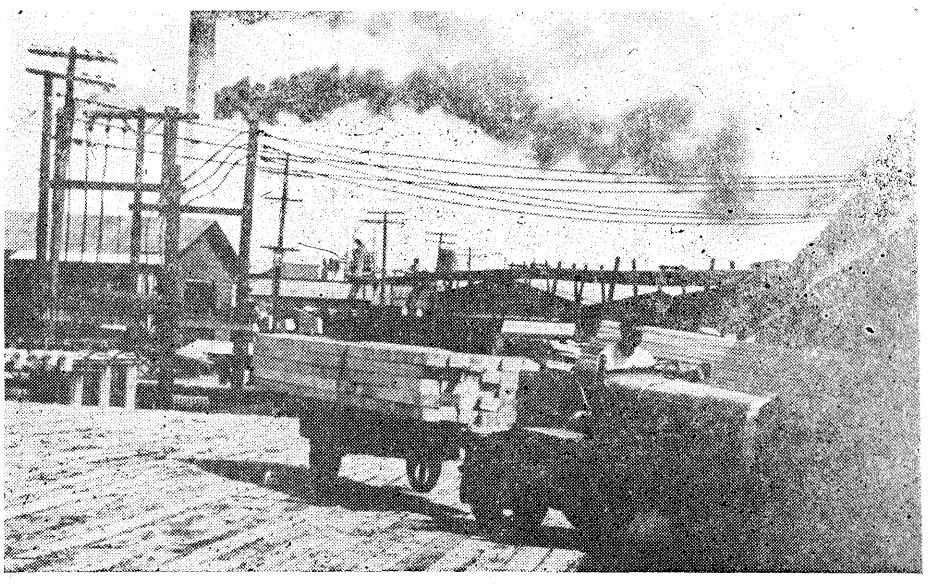
16. From the kilns, the lumber is carried down the dry chain and taken off according to length, size and grade by Thompson Broker's crew. In the picture, which shows only a small portion of the lumber on the chain, we find (left to right), Billy Storey, grader, Thompson Broker, Seaman Cristwell, Joe Rogers and Earnal Walker.



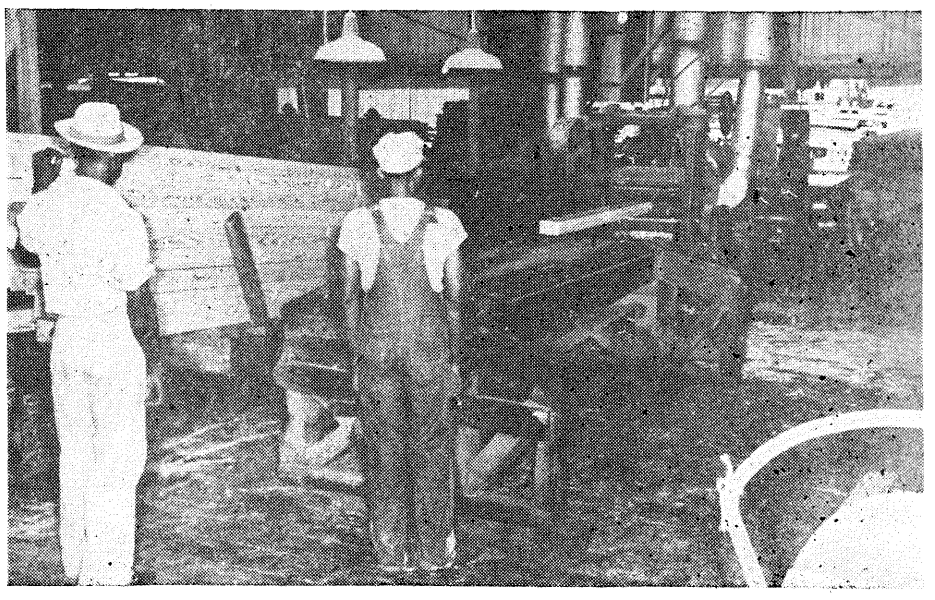
17. Then the jitneys whip it into the sheds—this one is driven by John Clark.



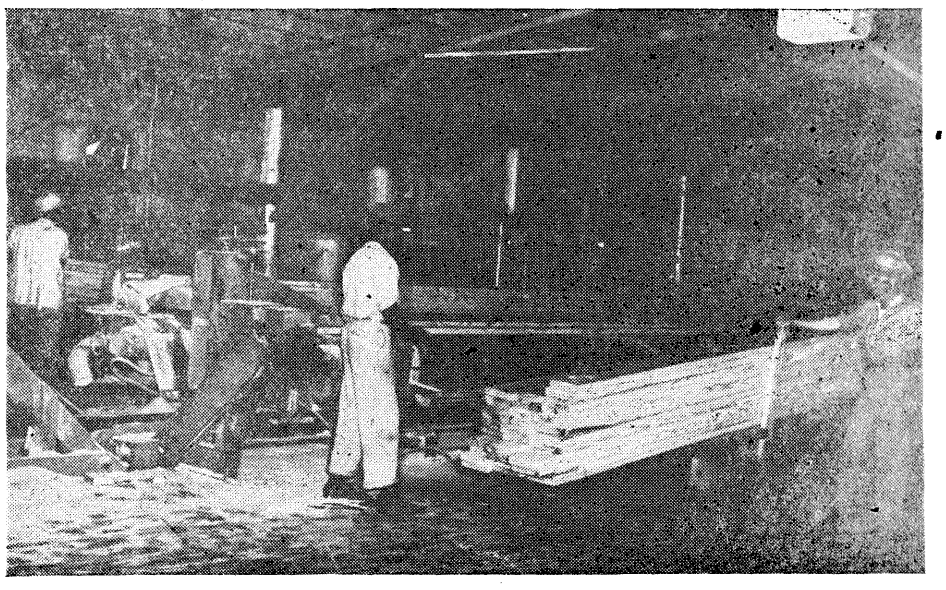
19. The lift machine with J. V. Randolph at the controls, stacks, loads and unloads the dry lumber.



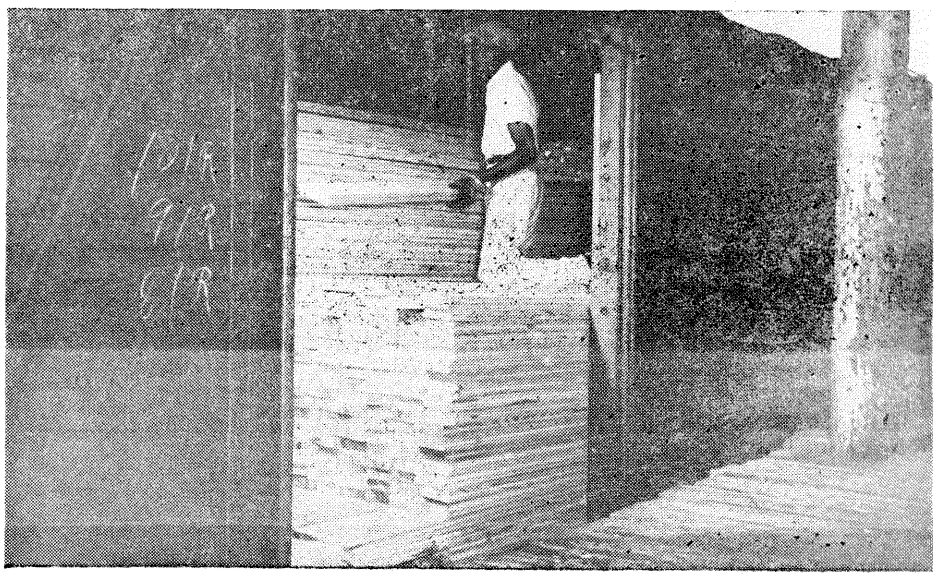
19. Fred Randolph takes it from the sheds to the planer for final processing.



20. It goes through one or more of the many machines in the planer where it is dressed and planed according to the customer's orders.



21. The double end trimmer, operated by Lee Weeks, Eddie Lee Henderson, Thad Leftwich and Jellie Samuels, puts the finishing touch on it by trimming the ends, grade marking it on one end and putting Southern Pine Lumber Company stamp on the other, then paraffin coating both ends. (Rufus Taylor put up such a plea to be included in the above picture we had to let him in!)



22. And in the picture above Freddie Lewis puts it in the car—the finished product!

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The Shop Has Mighty Fistman

By GEORGE JOHNSON

General McArthur is usually considered the top hero of the Pacific. Admirals Nimitz, Halsey, and Cain were recognized as outstanding fighting men. The incomparable General Doolittle, in his historic raid over Tokyo, established himself in the hearts of the American people as the symbolism of everything magnificent in an airman. But right here in Diboll we have a man the equal of them all.

This man, according to himself, was known from the foggy peaks of the



JOE BOB HENDRIX

bleak Aleutians to the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal; from the barren boulders of Iwo Jima to the tumbling surf at Waikaiki. His name—a legend in the Pacific—was cautiously whispered in the foxholes of Bataan; among the tangled vines of Borneo. He was the terror of them all.

And they called him "One Blow Joe".

J. B. Hendrix is the payroll name of this character and he works in the shop. A modest man, Hendrix, and to get any information from him with reference to his fame required great resourcefulness on the part of your humble reporter. I had to walk up to him and start listening. Here, condensed from a few thousand well chosen words, is his story:

"My name is Joe Bob Hendrix. I enlisted in the army as a private, spent 13 months in the Pacific in a Post Exchange handling such dangerous items as chewing gum, rock candy, and cigarettes. I feared no man. One day three fellows about my size (220 pounds) strolled in looking sorta belligerent. I says: 'What'll you have boys—rations or a ruckus?' They charged. I hit the first one with my left, the second with my right and the third with my elbow. That was all there was to it. Of course, the medics came in and after a little artificial respiration, cold water, and a couple of hypos they managed to bring all three of 'em around so nobody was permanently injured. When they got to their feet—several hours later—they all shook hands with me, cautiously, and left without saying a word. After that, everywhere I went in the Philippines and various other places I could hear them saying: 'There he is—That's One Blow Joe.

I got so famous that one day a professional fighter challenged me to a bare knuckle bout. He weighed 230 and was well known but I don't remember his name. Anyway, I accepted the challenge. This was in Manila and about 10,000 or so troops turned out to watch it. When the bell rang I shuffled out of my corner and hit him one blow. The medics came in and after a little artificial respiration, cold water, and a couple of hypos they managed to bring him around and nobody was permanently injured. When he got on his feet—sometime later—he shook hands with me—cautiously, that is—and left without saying a word. The troops all joined in a chant that went on through the night and it sounded like this: 'We want mo' of One Blow Joe.

"After that I took on all comers. In my eighty third fight I almost had to hit a man the second time. At least on the count of nine this fellow's lower jaw moved and he looked like he still had some life in him. Later, however, we found out that his upper bridgework had been knocked loose by my blow and simply fell down, causing his lip to drop. That was my closest shave. But it never happened again. When I hit 'em one time they were always knocked colder than a wedge."

So there you have the facts of how Hendrix acquired the name of "One Blow Joe".

Now we'll tell you something in a more serious vein about old "One Blow." He didn't have to go to war. He had a wife and two fine little girls. But he volunteered, went overseas for thirteen months to do his part in defeating the Japanese. He is a skilled shop man who knows his machines and his work. He practices safety and has never had an accident of any kind while employed by Southern Pine. Everybody likes old "One Blow". It ain't healthy not to.

That "One Blow Joe stuff might be the truth.

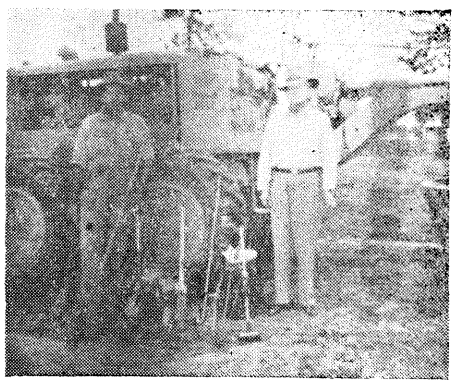
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Care of Tools Most Essential

By McHENRY KIMMEY

Bill Oaks has been employed in the logging operations constantly for the past 26 years. He started working for Richie Wells in September 1921, and is still trying to satisfy him. Bill started working on the grade, driving a slip team and since then has done a little of everything on the job except driving a log truck. Today he is the CHIEF MAINTAINER OPERATOR.

I asked Bill one day why he did not learn to drive a log truck and to quote



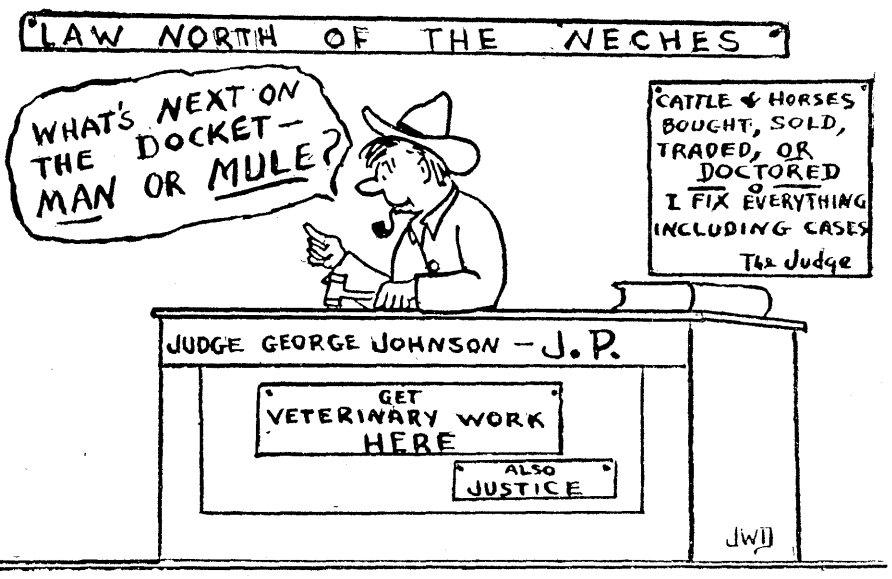
ALL SET FOR DAY'S WORK

him: "I tried several times to learn how to drive a log truck but ever time I would get on a truck along would come Richie Wells trying to tell me how to do this and how to do that, and telling me I never would make a truck driver, so finally I decided he did not want me to learn to drive a truck, so I just quit trying." Richie and Bill are still having their little ups and downs, but seem to get them ironed out in due time.

Bill says "that in order to work for Richie 26 years you must first be ready to do what he tells you to do, and in order to do this, you must be ready at one minute's notice to do anything on the job, namely build a corral, build a bridge, work the roads, swamp, snipe, help get his car out of a mud-hole, shoe mules, build harness or anything that might cross his mind, and be sure to ask him twice because he might change his mind. Keep your tools in good condition and know where they are at all times."

In order to be prepared for instructions from Richie, it is necessary that you have a shovel, nails, bucket, lunch, hammer, foot edge, cross-cut saw and a willing understandable one-way mind. "No arguments." And if you don't believe that Bill stays prepared for the worse, watch him going to and from work each day or try to borrow some of his tools, and if you are lucky enough to borrow some of them he is expecting them back and in the same condition they were when you borrowed them.

I know Bill keeps his tools good and sharp from the amount of files he uses, and it might be necessary for Bill to have a written order signed by Richie Wells in the future before I can let him have any additional supplies, Richie has informed me to not let Bill have supplies unless he brings the old one in so he can be sure they need replacing.



Versatile Jurist

Judge George Johnson—the Law North of the Neches — was elected Justice of the Peace, Precinct 4 in 1941, defeating Judge Mickey Sullivan and Constable Ike Green. Since then he has been re-elected three times which speaks well for his ability as a jurist and even better for his good fortune in having had no opposition. His Honor is also an accomplished veterinerian, carpenter, and a dealer in cattle, horses and stock of all kinds. This means that when a couple rides up to his court in a wagon, the judge never knows whether they'll want him to marry them, doctor the mules, repair the wagon, or buy the team.

Judge Johnson says that he was the very first man to settle in Diboll, arriving here in 1890. In 1894 he started working for the company digging the mill ponds with a slip, receiving $2.50 per day for himself, his mules, and equipment. From that time onward he worked at the planer, the sheds, the woods, and all over the plant, finally going into the livery stable business. Henry Ford came along and ended that career, so the Judge settled down to veterinary work exclusively until his ascention to the bench in '41. Now, though, he does a little of everything, as indicated above.

His Honor was born in Timpson, Texas, in 1880 (just in time to get to Diboll in 1890 under his own power). He has three sons—George Pedigo, Aden and Richard Dale. He holds one scheduled session of court each month, plus as many unscheduled sessions as may be neccesary to try those brought before him charged with misdemeanors. He opens his office when called upon, either day or night, to perform marriage ceremonies. For these the Judge is always prepared to furnish flowers for the bride upon request; a coat, necktie or transportation for the groom if needed; shotgun shells—and almost anything else necessary for a successful wedding. Judge Johnson at 67 is as young as most men at 45; he has many friends in Diboll and throughout Precinct No. 4 and we think he has rendered a fine service to our people.

CHARLIE OTIS

Charlie Otis is running neck and neck with two or three other real old timers for the title of "First Man on the Payroll of Southern Pine". Judge Johnson says that he (Judge Johnson) came to Diboll in 1890 and that he was first. Charlie Otis says that he (Charlie Otis) was sitting under a pine tree whittling with an Indian when the Judge drove up. We don't know. We do know that Charlie started building what was known as the "Mill Dam" with a slip team in 1894 when he was seventeen years of age; so early in the history of Diboll that he says they didn't even know where the sawmill would be built.

Charlie says that long before that his father was "Agent" for Dr. Copes who owned large tracts of timber in this area which was later transferred to J. C. Diboll family. (And they pronounced it "Dee-boll"). John Massingill, Charlie's brother-in-law, later became agent for this timber and through him Charlie got a job for himself and his team—at $2.00 per day for the entire rig. (Judge Johnson, it will be noted, states that they paid him $2.50 for himself and for his team. Charlie says the Judge is correct. By the time he—The Judge—had arrived in Diboll, much later, wages had gone up). After that Charlie Otis worked in the woods cutting logs, was corral man for ten years, cut cross ties for the old narrow gauge railroads way back in the early days,



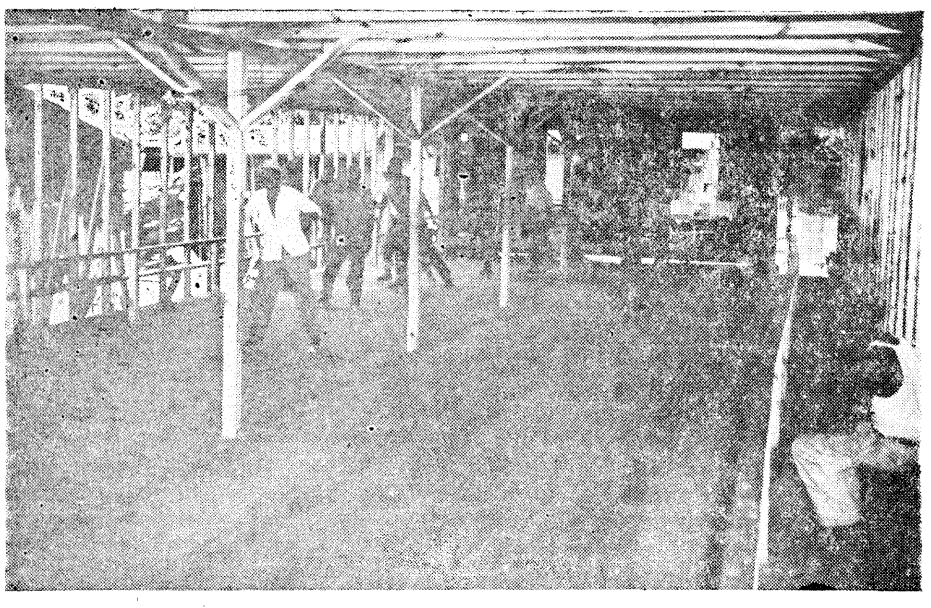
CHARLIE OTIS

then, finally, in 1919 transferred to the carpenter gang where he has been ever since.

Charlie says that when he was working on the mill dam in 1894, Uncle

(Continued to Page 10)

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RODGERS RINK — DIBOLL COMMUNITY CENTER

Missionary Sisters Roll

The missionary sisters of the various churches of this community are working out mornings and afternoons at the skating rink which is operated by Roscoe D. Rogers of Diboll and it is reported that their progress is good with the exception of a few bounces and bumps. Seen rolling recently were Fannie Washington, T. L. Purpose, Melissa Garrett, Velma Young, Melissa Randolph, Alma Randolph, Flossie Lee Warren, Alberta Garrett, and Mary Lee Weathers. The most determined of the skaters listed was Mary Lee whose weight enabled her to jar three planks off the ball park fence, (located directly across the street) with each fall.

Roscoe operates a cafe in connection with the skating rink and he plans to add a playground in the future which will include a tennis court, croquet court, and a library. Roscoe says that his chief aim in life is to provide clean recreation for the colored people of Diboll and he believes that when he has completed this project that no other town of this size will be able to boast of such a community center. He has been with the Southern Pine Lumber Company for the past ten years and is working at the present time as nightwatchman. His wife works with him in the operation of the Rogers Community Center and they have one son, R. D., Jr., who lives in Silsbee, Texas. Roscoe hails from Louisiana where he was connected with the Y. M. C. A.

Plans are being made for the enlargement of the skating rink, the completion of which will enable Mary Lee to roll with more abandon, and Roscoe reports that an official observation platform will add distinction to the place. The cafe will be enlarged also and one end will be closed off for use as a private dining room.

A juke box adds atmosphere to the rink, pouring forth the latest classics, and any skater who is uninspired will quickly change his pace when the boogie woogie starts.

A worthy enterpries, this, and Roscoe is to be commended for the service he is rendering the town of Diboll.

In order to meet the convenience of all early risers and "late comerinners" the hours of the rink have been set from 5 AM to 10 PM. This should just about cover all possibilities, his fellow night watchmen included.

The Saga Of Professor Jackson

By W. J. Jackson

My musical career began when I was six years of age. A Dr. J. L. Tylon took me in his care with three other little colored boys and taught us to sing, dance, and play all kinds of musical instruments from a Jews Harp to a Pipe Organ. He ran a medicine show and we furnished the entertainment for his audiences. During the winter months the Doctor had us all in school, then in the summer on the road. He manufactured his own medicines such as Herbs of Joy Tonic; Friends of Foot Ease Corn Salve; Oil of Gladness, Liniment of Leisure, and many others.

The first time I was on the stage I broke the "E" string on my mandolin in the middle of my first number. The audience laughed. I cried and trembled, and then the Doctor fixed the Mandolin and I went back on filied with confidence and was never scared again on a stage anywhere in the world. One time the Doctor's medicine stock was getting low so he told us we were all going to South America to gather herbs. We were all very happy until we told our families and then we wanted to back out because the prospects of so long a journey mede them very sad. But Doctor Tylon took us on to New Orleans where we boarded a ship for Rio de Janerio in South America. Every where I looked there was nothing to be seen but water and it made my heart pump fast and tears come in my eyes. The first night out I didn't sleep a wink and I had no appetite. The second day out the other boys were up on the deck looking for fish or something in the water. I was looking for land. The Doctor came up and got us to dancing and singing and we drew a crowd of everybody on the ship which made us forget our worries and on we went toward South America happy again. But I wasn't happy for long because the next day I got sea sick. When you are sea sick you are sick from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head with it all concentrating in your stomach and you think you are bound to die soon. But again the Doctor came to my rescue because he gave me some medicine and I felt much better. I don't remember just what the name of the tonic was but it did the job.

One morning we all were thrilled to see something in the distance that looked like land. It was, and a sailor told us it was Brazil. When we reached the shore and landed, a great crowd of people met us there. They were jabbering something but we couldn't understand just what it was. The Doctor said they were speaking Portugese. He could understand it but it sounded like just a lot of nonsense to me. After two weeks in Brazil we went to a place called Para in Brazil, also known as Belem. There we moved about from place to place and into the jungles to gather herbs for the Doctor's medicine. There also we went to the banks of the Amazon River and deeper into the jungles where monkeys were numerous as were Boa Constrictors and other snakes; beautiful birds—many very rare—and other animals and thousands of varieties of flowers and plants, of every description. All this was unusual sightseeing for four little colored boys who had never even dreamed of such a wonderful opportunity to see so much. But all this, plus the sight of trees they took sap from to make rubber; big coffee fields, and "Milk Trees" was nothing compared to what I was destined to see and encounter in Asia, Central America, Africa, and many other parts of the world, about which I will tell in next month's issue of the Buzzsaw. I will also tell you about teaching a young white boy to play the trumpet who later became well known as a musician. His name was Harry James.

Continued Next Month

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Ben Bivens

Ben Bivens was a brakeman on the H. E. & W. T. (hell either way you take it) Railway in 1890 when he was 19 years of age and we think HE was probably the first man in Diboll who is still living here. At least Ben says that the trains on which he worked along about that time came through what is now Diboll and that there was nothing here but a virgin pine forest.

In 1900 Ben quit railroading and started to work for the Emporia Lumber Company at Emporia, one mile South of Diboll, where he worked until the plant burned in 1906. He came to Diboll that year and started working for Mr. Sam Lingard at the planer transferring to the store in 1907, and he has worked in the market, ice house, and in his present location at Store Number 2 ever since.

Ben was not the first employee who started to work for the company in Diboll. But he was on the train that hauled the first materials for the construction of the mills and he had passed through what was later selected as the mill site several hundred times before anybody ever thought to build a town.

Ben was born in Huntsville, Walker county, April 6, 1871. He stated with particular emphasis that upon his arrival in what is now Diboll he saw nothing of Mr. Johnson or Mr. Otis. When Ben started working here in 1906, the late Watson Walker was the manager of the mills, and when he was employed at the store, the late



W. P. Rutland was store manager. During his many years of service he has never been injured.

Now at the age of 76 Ben is carrying on with his same dependability and loyalty. Whether he wins the honor of having been here before Judge Johnson and Mr. Charlie Otis or not, he is certainly a valuable member of the great family.

Diboll Methodist Choir

One of the outstanding choral groups in Diboll is the choir of the Methodist church which is headed by the president, Freeland Goldman. Other officers include Janey Brenham, treasurer; Salena Hodge, secretary; Jodie Rogers, pianist. The pastor of the church is Rev. R. B. Moody. Music for the church is also rendered by a male chorus.

Some of the better selections which are offered by the choir are "Lord, I Tried," "Mercy, Lord," "I'll Let Nothing Separate Me From His Love," "I'll Never Turn Back." The male chorus favors "The Pine Log Cabin" and "I Bow Down On My Knees.'

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The Sports Picture

By FREDDIE LEWIS

In spite of the fact that the Diboll Dragons have been hampered by injuries they have managed to play better than 500 per cent ball. The team, at this writing, has won eight and lost seven. Massie Lee Williams is proving himself a capable chunker on the mound and has pitched winning ball even on the occasions when he has been defeated. In addition to that his batting everage is a neat 316 which is better than just plain good for a pitcher. O'Ree Brazel, the ace of the Dragons pitching staff, is hitting 304 and has begun to find his stride as a hurler. O'Ree has a high hard one and when he cuts it loose the batters just swing, walk away, and charge it to luck. And we have "Daddy" Chalk who has been around quite a while and who was at one time a member of the Philadelphia Stars. Chalk is leading the club with the stick with an average of 379 and hits in the cleanup position. Manager C. P. Griffin has been giv-

(Continued to Page 10)

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CORA LEWIS

A frail figure with her face etched in tiny lines, Cora Lewis is still a match today for the best cook in Diboll. She has lived here 44 years and can boast of the affection of a host of friends.

She is the daughter of the late Lou Williams who lived in Diboll for so many years that Cora is unable to estimate the number. Cora is the mother of two sons, Jessie (Tet) Pearson and Fred Lewis. Her grandson, A. V. Lewis is 16 years old and is establishing himself as a fine athlete.

Cora worked at the Starr Hotel for fourteen years and has served any number of families in Diboll through-

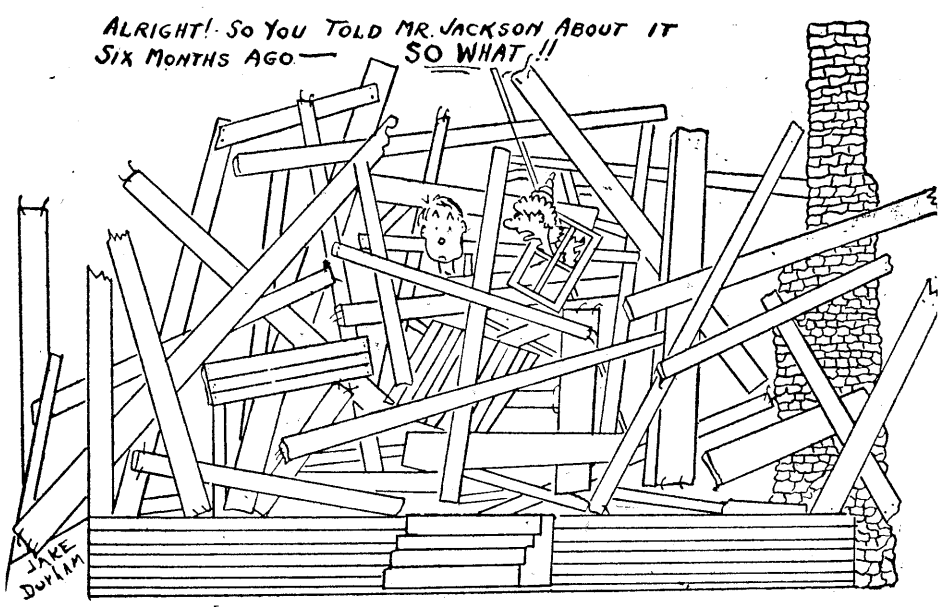


out the years. She is now retired from her labors and is content with raising flowers which fill her yard in a profusion of colors.

Cora reports that she visited in Overton last week and enjoyed her trip very much. She says that the best friend she has in this world is H. G. Temple, who never fails to remind her that she can still cook better than anyone else in the world.

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How About MY House?



Diboll Has County's Biggest Laundry (Man)

The P. and V. Laundry, located near the Diboll Motor Company, was officially opened on January 1st, 1947. The P & V stands for Paul and Velma, the owners. It also stands for "Put it down and Vacate" because their space is limited and business so rushing that Paul (Bunyan) Hogue says he can't stand around and talk to the customers, visitors, reporters, or whatnot and still get the laundry done. The plant turns out approximately 60 complete family laundries per week, plus 70 more with rental washing



PAUL (BUNYAN) HOGUE

machines. It employs five people, operates five days per week. It's proprietor, "Bunny" Hogue has been in Diboll for the past 38 years and during that time worked for Southern Pine as a jitney driver on the hardwoodyard for Bear Rutland; at the planer, then for 12 years at the Temple Manufacturing plant. He trucked lumber to the East Texas Oil Field for five years during the boom, and has worked at various places on the plant in between times.

Bunny claims to be an expert reel and rod fisherman. He is also, supposedly, a great huntsman, cat fisherman, and outdoor man. This reporter has been with him on a number of outings and once saw Bunny land a fish—just once. Bunny weighed 300. The fish weighed 1 pound. After a terrific struggle with the monster, Bunny finally hollered for help and, with my assistance, we got him. That was some seven or eight years ago. Now, according to Bunny, the fish was not one fish but eight and they averaged four pounds each. Just how that one minnow multiplied, after being caught, into eight fish, and just how they all grew from one pound to 32 pounds total I have never been able to figure out.

I will say this: If my laundry bundle would increase in proportion every time I send it to Bunny's plant I'd be the best dressed man in the United States in thirty days.

—o—

W. H. Agee—

(Continued from Page 2)

care of the sick; filling prescriptions, repairing flashlights, and selling the wide variety of items in stock in that department.

He's still active—and can put most of the young men in Diboll to the floor in a hand grappling contest, even today. (If you don't think he can, just try him.)

W. H. Agee, as far as we know, has never had an enemy in the world. Diboll loves him—and Diboll should, because he has done so much for the people of our town throughout his long career with the company. There are none better than Bill Agee. I mean **anywhere.**

—o—

BIG SIX DAVIS LOVES HIS FOOD

Big Six Davis, with the Gulf Tractor and Equipment Company of Houston, was telling Jim Hogue about a dinner he bought for some Southern Pine visitors to the big city. "It cost me $42.95," said Big Six mournfully. Jim, who runs a boarding house in Diboll where Big Six eats, was not impressed. When Big Six left, Jim remarked: "As much as that guy can eat, I think $42.95 was a bargain — even if he'd been alone!"

—o—

Devereaux—

(Continued from Page 2)

boats which once plied the stream and some day might do so again. The piers required piles 80 to 90 feet long and these were located by the late Will Hill after long search over many thousands of acres. The trestle approaches were no serious problem but the steel span would require men experienced in building steel bridges, so it was thought. When the plans had been hashed and re-hashed many times Devereaux boldly stated that it was unnecessary to import one man, that he and his regular crew could do the job within the time required and at less expense than if it were done by someone else. It was a big order but having the confidence of all those in authority, Devereaux was given the green light.

During the construction period the Trinity and Long King went on several rampages. Huge islands of driftwood floated into the false work and when these were worked through, cottonwood trees a hundred feet long would crash into the temporary supports and threaten to take all of them out. There were many ticklish moments but so skillfully was this job planned and executed that none of the temporary work was lost, not a man was injured, the bridge was completed within half the allotted time for three-fourths of the estimated cost. The structure stood for several years after the timber was logged and was sold to a dealer who salvaged the metal and removed the obstruction to navigation. This bridge crossed the river directly over the ford at Swarthwout crossing which was used by pioneers during the time and after Texas was colonized.

The fertile brain of Dred Dexereaux has devised many appliances and practices which have been used to advantage by railroads, lumber companies, the highway department and others. He designed and built a cattle guard which was considered a model by highway engineers who sent men from many parts of Texas to inspect it and make blue prints of the plan. Railroad bridge men said anchors could not be used on wood trestles but Devereaux worked up a scheme for anchoring the rail on the Neches river bridge, 1870 feet long, that effectively stopped the creeping of the rail which was excessive on account of the heavy log traffic moving in one direction. Representatives of the big railroads and anchor manufacturers inspected the innovation and soon the Devereaux idea was in general use on railroads all over the country. There are many other Devereaux creations, so many they must await for description until a book is written about that unique and interesting character.

Nothing looks more helpless than a locomotive lying upon its side and nothing looks more hopeless than the task of re-railing it without a wrecking crane and with only jacks, cables and blocks with which to work. Every railroad derailment presents a different problem. There is no stereotype method which can be used in every instance and for such work Devereaux's remarkable resourcefulness was drawn on heavily and always paid fine dividends. Of the many wrecking jobs he was called upon to direct perhaps the smoothest of his long and notable career was the feat of rerailing Engine 10, which ran into a sunkink and overturned when Tom Steed was making a highdiddy for the mill hill with a train of logs.

The "tenspot" had recently come from the back shop where Arch Ferguson, Luke Quarles, Monkey Burkett and other stalwarts had given her a complete overhauling and the old girl was wearing a shiny black dress all trimmed in silvery white enamel. Power was short, Engine 9 was badly in need of heavy repairs, and Titus Mooney, possessed of one of the keenest of all the eagle eyes and her regular "hoghead" remarked, "Ain't it a pity it was not my old scrap pile instead of that pretty gal lying here in the ditch."

The main line had been shifted to keep trains moving and Devereaux had plenty of time and planned the work carefully. The blocks, cables et cetera were figured to a nicety and the blocking with temporary rails set so the engine would land just right when she straightened up. An engine was coupled into the steel cable, Devereaux took a big chew of tobacco and squared himself to give the signal to the engineer to get ahead. When that was done the engine moved slowly, cables groaned and snatch blocks whined as they received the strain. It was a tense moment. If any rigging should fail within the next few seconds the situation would be worse than ever. Steadily the live engine continued to move until Devereaux gave the stop quick signal and then "Big Dick" was standing upright, a proud and powerful machine once more. As was customary at such moments the men cheered but this time the cheer widened into a mighty roar as all realized they had just witnessed the polished performance of a master. The main line was then cut and tied into the temporary track from which Engine 10 was pulled back onto the hardware. The only damage to the engine during the rerailing was a cable mark on the jacket of the steam dome, she went back on her run the next day and Devereaux had picked her up in little less than six hours.

All the jobs Devereaux fell heir to were not big ones. Once he designed and built a dog kennel with safety features and all canine conveniences. When he turned over this key job he laughingly remarked, "I have built bridges and structures of many kinds all over the country but this is the first time I have ever built a dog mansion."

To say which of the many admirable traits possessed by this many-sided man has contributed most to his success would require the perception of a master student of human nature but one which must be placed high on the list is his ability to inspire men to follow his sound and intrepid leadership. The old rallying cry, "Come on, souls; every devil," always brought that last supreme effort necessary to attain the desired objective. During World War I the skilled bridge men went to the ship yards and experienced replacements were simply not to be had. It was vitally necessary to the war effort for the logs and lumber to be kept moving and this emergency was met by Devereaux in a manner which reflects much credit on him. He recruited men from farms and elsewhere—pea pickers, he called them—and by judicious patching and directing his attacks toward the weakest points he kept the traffic moving even though some of the workmanship was a bit rough. Devereaux never ordered a man to do a thing which he would not or could not do himself. His example of unfailing loyalty, efficiency, and fairness plus a boundless enthusiasm was infectious and many of the raw, awkward youths who came under the magic spell developed into craftsmen proud of their skill and useful to the world. To all those who are willing to try, Devereaux is a wise counsellor and a helpful perceptor but to the men who think only of five o'clock and pay day he is a dictator and a tyrant. That sort has every reason to dread Dred Devereaux.

Dred Devereaux is the fulfillment of the dream of the executives and engineers. When the plans for vast construction projects are worked out and handed to him he does not ask "How will we do this and where will we get that" or "Maybe it can be done but probably it can't." Without humming or hawing, backing or filling he pushes the job to final completion, he carries the "Message to Garcia". It has been said, "Blessed is he who finds his work and does it". Dred Devereaux found his work early in life and has continued to do it joyously because his heart has always been in it. He loves it.

On that great day when Gabriel pulls the cord which will sound the last whistle the restless spirit of a gallant figure will approach the keeper of the pearly gates and say, "Sir, I am D. D. Devereaux, I am going to jack up the golden stairs, widen and make them safe. I have said come on to a host of souls, they will follow me here as they have followed me there and we must all continue to go up together." Then when all the faithful have foregathered the old master, being a leader and a builder still, will give his final order: "Souls, we have come to the last river. This is the dark one and it's called the Styx. Let's throw a bridge across it, then we'll all go over to the other side and rest under the trees."

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The Buzz Saw

Published By and For Employees of The Southern Pine Lumber Co., Diboll, Texas.

Editors — George Johnson, Shops; Carl Kennedy, Power Plant; McHenry Kimmey, Woods; Kenneth Nelson, Land Department; Rufus Taylor, Planer; Herb White, Jr., Handle Factory; Lefty Vaughn, Store; Jake Durham, Safety; Dale Burchfield, Photographer.

Colored — Professor W. Jackson, Dave O'Neil, Jack Mainor, C. P. Griffin and Freddie Lewis.

LET'S TALK SHOP

By GEORGE JOHNSON

In the welding shop you'll find as snappy a bunch of men as work anywhere. You can go through there practically anytime of day and not hear a sound. Clifford Breazeale loves his old stomping ground (Pine Valley) so much he'll fight you if you say anything bad about it. Ben Wells—Old Chatterbox—was apparently well trained by his wife because he's the quietest man I ever saw and I believe it hurts him to even say one word a day.

In the machine shop we started the week off short handed due to the illness of Elmer Morgan. It seems that Elmer had a date with the doctor to get his appendix snipped. "Country Will" Griffin is back from his hospital trip and carrying on in his usual speedy way. Dopie Morgan came in the other day with a wild story about how much fever HE had Saturday, saying he could stand near the wall and draw resin out of the woodwork. Later he claims he had a chill, shook shingles off his roof. He called it malaria. I call it something else. Henry Evans was a scared man the other day as a result of some of his neighbors passing the shop and seeing him unloading coal with a shovel. It seems that all this time he's had his wife believing he's a machinist and a welder and he was afraid she'd hear different. Wes Ashworth vows he has quit lying and hollering in that foghorn voice and if he sticks to his word it'll be a great thing for all concerned. We doubt if he will, however, because both come so naturally to him. Jim Pickel and Preacher Gardner claim that if they keep working for the "Kimmey Motor Company" much longer they'll develop into long distance walkers that nobody can beat.

The car gang is very happy now that Ingram and Hancock finally buried the hatchet, so says Jim Vance, and Jim ought to know.

Jim Vance, like Wes Ashworth, sticks strictly to the truth. But I hear him telling some pretty curious tales every morning and I'm not altogether sure about his veracity. Jim, incidentally, told Raymond Willis something the other day that must have been the funniest thing ever heard by anybody because it actually made Raymond smile—for the first time, we think, in his life. I understand that later Raymond came back looking for Vance to jump him for making him break his long spell of looking sour at all times. Arthur Sturrock, as many of you know, is strictly a fair weather man. Lightning and thunder scare him so badly he never sleeps except on clear nights. Lee Vaughn started out in the shop as a blacksmith helper in 1915, then later became a machinist. In all his 32 years here he has never had a serious accident. That record isn't half bad when you consider the hazards of some of the work he's done, and we'll hand it to him!

Here let me put in a suggestion that I think we would all profit from if we put it in practice. That suggestion is "Plan your day's work". Before going on in the morning, stop and think. It would take only a minute or two to organize in your mind just what was ahead of you for the next ten hours. Make a plan. Plan how to do your job that day in the safest possible manner, in the most efficient possible manner—then follow through and do it! Try it—it works.

Sports—

(Continued from Page 8)

ing the Dragons plenty of work lately and getting them in tip-top shape for the games to come.

After taking care of all the manager's duties, C. P. has to outguess the opposition and outwit him in the check-up, so you won't wonder why he isn't hitting. He plays in the infield and will risk his life or limb to get a score across the plate (Instead of just risking the limb lately, C. P. has been crawling out on it. But a good manager just has to take his chances). In spite of the fact that C. P. is noted for hitting the jackpot, hitting the right note and all, he has not as yet hit his stride, nor the ball. His average at this point is right at 200. But when the right moment comes in the game he's liable to park one, and that, coupled with the fact that he's manager of the club, makes his place in the lineup about as secure as they make them.

J. V. Randolph opened the season like a house afire, then burned out. He's hitting 228. But J. V. is a smooth operator around that initial sack and covers his part of the infield like a tarpaulin.

As most of you know, an official scorer and an umpire have a lot in common. Most ball players look on an umpire as a fellow to give them something and the official scorer as a fellow who takes it away from them. Next to picking up a thin silver dime with boxing gloves on, the hardest thing in the world is convincing a batter that he should not have a hit on the one that the third baseman fumbled. However, as official scorer of the Dragons, I write them down like I see them, and here are the averages (Which do not include the Fourth of July Series):

Player	AB	H	Pct
Chalk	29	11	379
Chalk	29	6	316
O'Ree	46	14	304
Jeff	37	10	270
A. Randolph	32	8	250
F. Randolph	37	9	243
J. V. Randolph	57	13	228
E. Mathies	28	6	214
J. Mathies	33	7	212
C. P. Griffin	41	8	195
Bussey	23	4	178
Roach	19	3	159
Allen	19	3	159
Jellie	11	0	000

Now let's leave the baseball park and drop in on Rodgers Skating Rink which is now the center of attraction for the colored people of Diboll. Rodgers opened up on June 18th and since that date they've been rolling day and night. In spite of all the heavy falls taken by everybody learning to skate, the place is still standing upright and Rodgers says business is getting better and better. Watching them sail around the arena is worth the price of admission because some stay on the floor more than they do on their skates. They keep three fellows buckling on skates and making adjustments. These fellows will get you all hitched up, give you a few words of instructions, then give you a shove and tell you: "You are on your own". And in a few seconds, sure enough you are.

Next to the skating rink Rodgers has a cafe where you can get cold drinks, ice cream, and whatnot.

Both young and old flock to the skating rink either for exercise or entertainment and there's plenty of both. Some of the old ones just can't resist trying to skate so they buckle them on, sail out on the floor and, nine times out of ten, hit it promptly, which gives everybody another good laugh and adds to the fun. This skating rink is a real contribution to the community. It furnishes the people with good, clean, wholesome fun. It gives the children a place to release their abundant energy in a healthy pastime and keeps them out of trouble. It gives all the people a place to go where they can laugh, hear music (Rodgers has a big nickelodian with lots of good records), get plenty of skating. The fact that we have this rink is proof again that the company is thinking of the welfare of the people of Diboll and proof again that the management is for betterment, improvement, and for giving recreation to the town that can be enjoyed by young and old.

PLANER PALAVER

By RUFUS TAYLOR

Bascom Weeks, whose picture made the first page of this issue, went to work for the Southern Pine Lumber Company June 2, 1907. For 40 years he has worked under the planer shed, and during those 40 years has held at one time or another EVERY single job we have here. In 1916 Bascom went to work at the moulders and filing room where you can still find him performing his duties with the skill of a master craftsman which he most certainly is. His knowledge of lumber manufacture is broad since he has made every known pattern in the book and many that were not in it. Bascom says that he started to school at the turn of the century when schooling was still considered nothing more than a nuisance. Nevertheless his parents, sometimes smarter than their children (and some parents are), insisted that he attend from the time it was too cold to go barefooted until it became too hot to wear shoes. He finished but somehow never learned to spell, being defeated in his senior year in a bee on the world "Bed." He spelled it "Bedd" and said he thought it was spelled that way on account of a somewhat similar word, to wit: "Bedder," that is, improved.

Bascom, in all his forty years with Southern Pine, has never had a single accident of any kind, even though much of his work has been of a hazardous nature. But he isn't impressed with this, he says, since reading about a man who worked 80 years for a company and never suffered an injury. (Aw, cheer up Bascom. Who in the Hell wants to work 80 years?)

Attention Fishermen—

(Continued from Page 3)

as many Diboll fans will remember they defeated the Millers 7-5 a few weeks ago.

An interesting operation in finishing broom and brush handle into a small paint filled vat through a rubber gasket. As the handle is removed from the vat the gasket scrapes off all excess paint and the handle is placed in a rack where it dries in about five minutes. The operation of the paint shop is very tedious since several things enter into the successful painting of the handles. The color and quality of the paint have to be exactly right, and the temperature and humidity also have to be within certain limits or the handles will fade or blush, as it is known to paint men. All dipping vats are operated by women and they average 3,200 short handles or 3,000 long handles per day. This is one of the hottest jobs in the plant since it is nearly always hotter inside the paint shop than it is outside.

What EX cow hand in the handle plant had so much trouble recently trying to rope a goat.

Charlie Otis—

(Continued from Page 7)

Mickey Sullivan had the contract for the excavation. Tobe Smith and Billy Kanne were working with him. As for His Honor, Judge Johnson, Charlie says that maybe the little fellow was hiding under a piece of pine bark and that they, therefore, just failed to notice him. Anyway, Charlie Otis has been here 51 years; he was one of the few who began with the beginning and who has seen Diboll grow from nothing to the largest lumber manufacturing plant in Texas. He is one of our best loved citizens. He is an asset to the company and to Diboll. We take our hats off to him!

(Editor's Note: The following story, in verse, in the absolute truth. Raymond Martin, who lived next door at the time, was an eye witness. Eddie himself will not deny it. Here it is:)

FEARLESS FARLEY RIDES AGAIN

(By OLD SKEETER)

In Hemphill, Texas, one hot summer day,
A wandering Jackass lost his way;
He strolled nonchalantly through a backyard gate,
Stood in the flowers and ate and ate.

E. A. Farley lived at the place
And he met the Jackass face to face;
A horseman was Eddie in days of yore
And the urge to ride came back once more.

He got all set as the Jack stood there
Then made a leap right through the air.
The Jackass sidestepped in the grass
And the Superintendent landed on his managerial left hip pocket.

Arising, undaunted, he tried again
Determined anew he was bound to win;
He jumped once more and hit the Jack
And landed squarely on his back.

He was there very briefly after he lit
'Cause the placid Jackass threw a fit;
He tossed his rider on the second kick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick.

He lay there quietly in sweet repose
With outstretched arms and upturned toes.
The battle was over, the "Soup" was out
The Jack had won without a doubt.

But he wasn't content to let him lay
He had to come back for the coup de etat;
So he put his feet on Eddie's chest
And brayed and brayed in joyful zest.

The scene now shifts from the "Soup's" sad plight
To his wife at his bedside late that night.
"Your bruises," said she, "I most regret;
My flowers, too, I must reset."

"The fence is down where the Jack ran through
Kicking and jumping and braying at you.
That I don't mind. What DOES make me blue
Is just that a jackass made a JACKASS out of you!"