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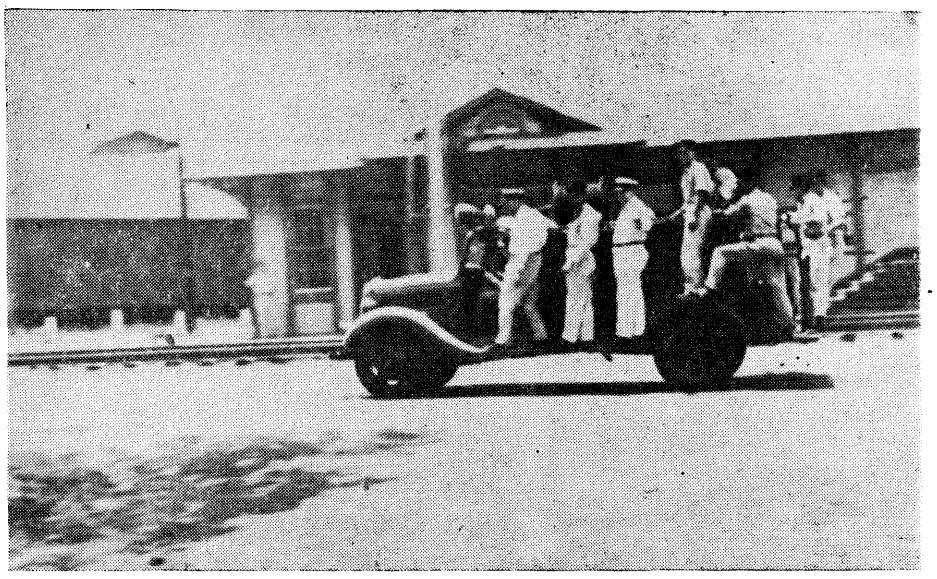
ANNUAL VACATION ISSUE

The BUZZ SAW

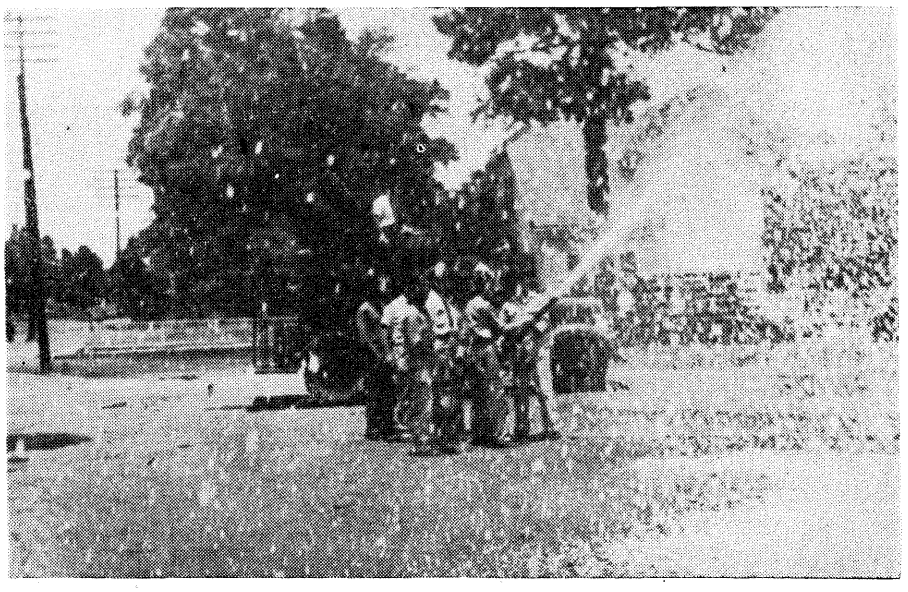
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME I | DIBOLL, TEXAS, AUGUST 15, 1947 | No. 3

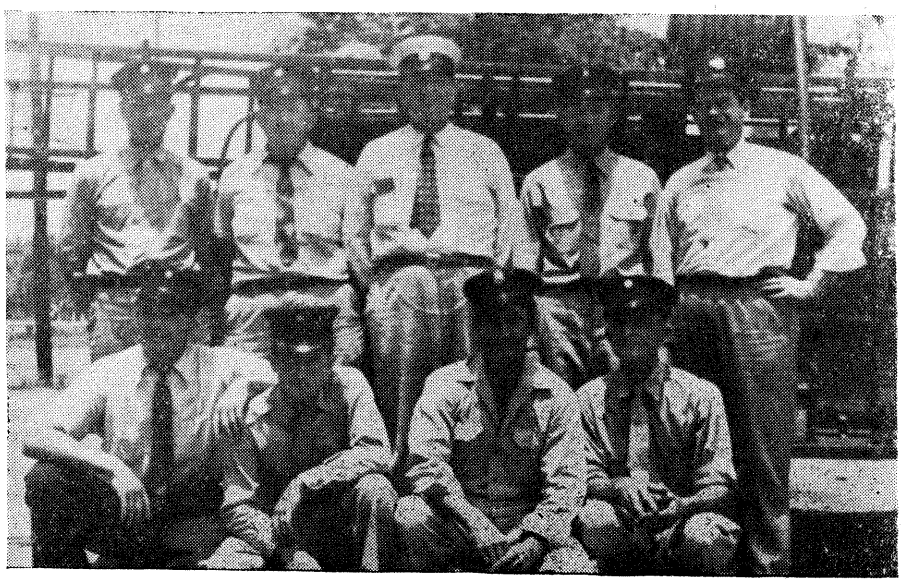
Diboll Fire Department Is Efficient



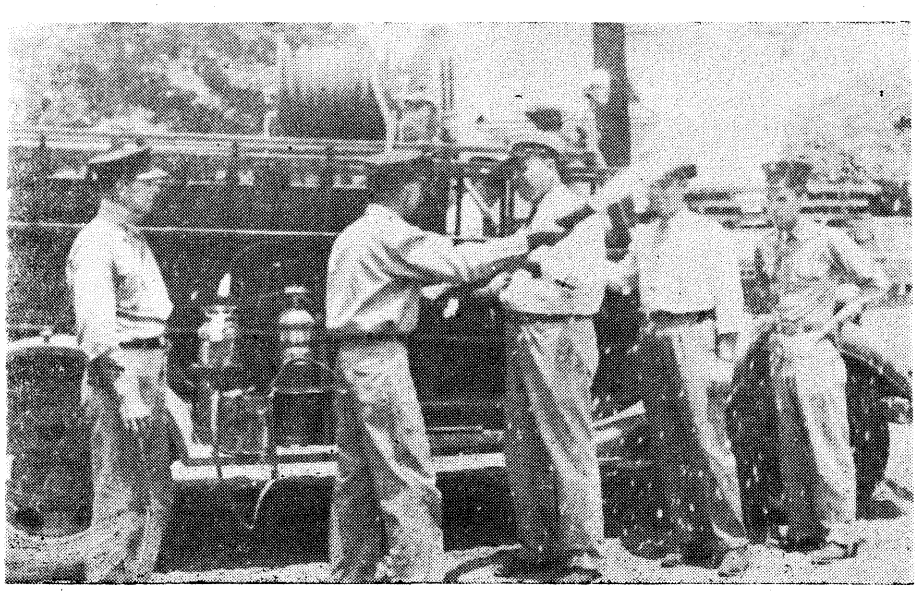
Here they are whizzing by at 35 miles an hour and stopped in a "freeze" by a fast camera. Note the pose struck by Fire Chief Ed Strickland standing on the running board to the left.



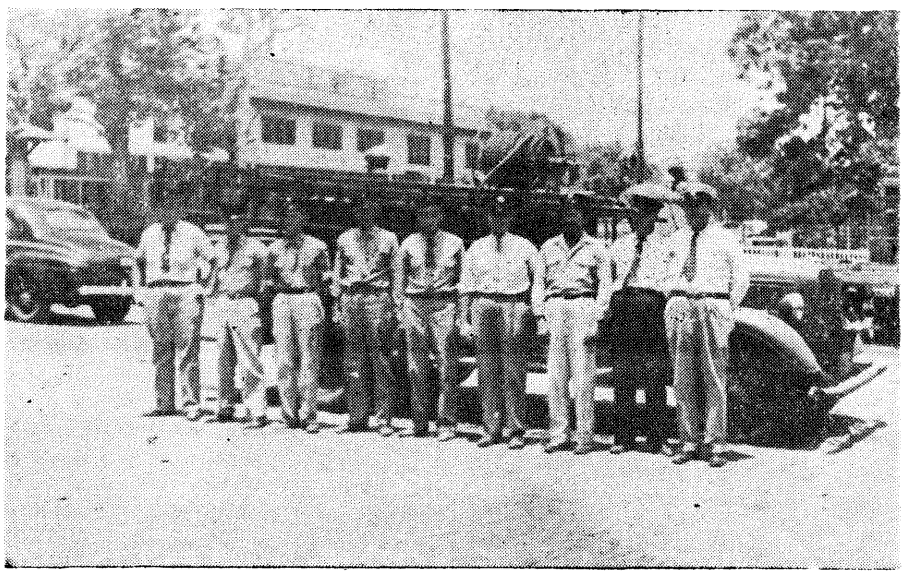
Diboll firemen demonstrate foamite spray—part of the modern fire fighting equipment ready for instant us.



A close-up of the fire fighters. Weisinger and Ramsey not in the picture



Chief Strickland instructs his men in the use of foam spray.



Here they all are—lined up beside the ladder truck.

14 VOLUNTEERS ACTIVE

The Diboll Fire Department consists of fourteen volunteers, twelve of whom are shown in the above pictures. Missing from the pictures are S. C. (Squinch) Weisinger and E. P. Ramsey, both of whom were attending the Fireman's School at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College at College Station when the picture was taken. The Fire Department was organized in 1937 as a compact unit and since that time has protected not only the plant but also the town against fire.

During this time no part of the plant has been destroyed by fire and only two houses have been lost out of the many fires which have from time to time started in Diboll. Only the box factory which burned in 1946 has been a total loss from fire since the Department was organized. The equipment of the Fire Department includes a Booster truck with all accessories, 800 to 1000 feet of hose, and various chemical fire fighting solutions designed to put out all types of fires.

But best of all, the men who make up the Diboll Fire Department are trained firemen, most of them having taken at least one fire fighting course at Texas A. & M. College, and all having had practical experience in fighting fires of all descriptions. Fire drills, under the direction of Chief Ed Strickland, are held at least twice each month; the equipment is inspected regularly and kept in tip-top condition at all times.

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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.



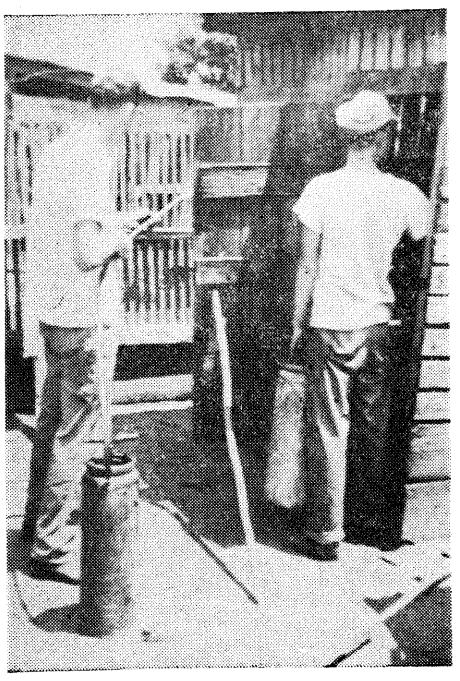
I Might Be Right...

Since Diboll was founded in 1894 the people here have been plagued with flies, mosquitoes, roaches, and all sorts of household insects. The malaria rate has always been high, and the general health record in our town none too good—due in large measure to the hordes of disease carrying insects. Now, though, the picture should change.

As most of you know, Captain A. L. Willard of the State Health Department was recently contacted by the company and asked to come to Diboll to see what could be done to improve the general health of the town. He suggested a house-to-house DDT spraying program and arranged to have the State furnish the machines and the concentrate if the company would supply the labor and transportation. The company agreed and the project was begun immediately. Now every house in Diboll, every garage, every chicken house, every outhouse has been thoroughly and scientifically sprayed inside and out with DDT and the results have been better than was expected. Several mosquito breeding places were found in and around Diboll where millions of mosquitoes were being hatched every day. These places were given a heavy dose of the chemical and were eliminated as breeding grounds for the pests. Now, according to many families interviewed, there are virtually NO mosquitoes in Diboll (Slap!) and especially in the quarters flies are to be seen no more, though formerly they swarmed everywhere. The DDT, incidntally, will be effective (Slap!) for a period of at least four months and in most towns where the program has been put on it was effective for as long as a year.



Don't tell ME you were slapping a mosquito! There AREN'T any mosquitoes in Diboll!



—o—

The other day the Safety Director and the Woods Superintendent were out in Trinity County riding around horseback watching Jess Parker's saw crews. The Safety Director had been cautioning some of the swampers about being careful with their axes, saying that accidents were caused—in ninety nine per cent of the cases—by sheer carelessness.. About five minutes later this same Safety Director jumped his horse over an unusually big hardwood log and when he hit the ground on the other side—the horse we mean—the Safety Director plopped down in the saddle with a bang and ALMOST broke his neck. Just what his ailment was after the jump you'll have to find out from him. He had one alright. Ask him.

As for the Woods Superintendent, well, he had another type mishap. It seems that a limb knocked his hat off. He dismounted—they were in a thicket—and when he did he stumbled, got tangled up in some vines and was lying flat of his back, all wrapped up in limbs, vines, etc., and COULDN'T GET UP. He finally did but only after a terrific struggle that lasted some four or five minutes. We will vouch for the fact that they were drinking nothing but branch water.

—o—

In the July issue of the Buzzsaw there was a story about Charlie Otis—Uncle Charlie to all of us. The facts about his life seemed to be in order; the dates when he worked at Diboll, when he was born, when he was married, etc., checked perfectly with what Uncle Charlie had told us. But there was something wrong — radically wrong. We had Cecil Walton's picture in it labeled "Charlie Otis" and practically everybody noticed that there wasn't even the slightest resemblance. And now we don't know who to apologize to. We don't know whether we did Cecil an injustice by insinuating that he looked like Uncle Charlie, or whether we did Uncle Charlie an injustice by mixing him up with Cecil. But neither seemed to be mad about it, so all is well.

—o—

We've had several people say to us since the first issue of the Buzzsaw—"Hey, when are you going to put our department in the paper?" Well, of course we can't get around to every department in the company the first two or three issues, nor can we write up every activity in Diboll in the first four or five. But we will. We'll get around to everybody, every department, every division sooner or later. It'll be later if we have to dig it out of each department by the sweat of our brows. And it will be sooner if you get it up for us. In other words, each department is supposed to have somebody write up the men in that department, the activities of that department, stories about it, etc., etc. If you don't have a man appointed to gather together the material, appoint one. He doesn't have to be a scholar. He doesn't have to be a sawmill Shakespeare. In fact, it isn't necessary that he even know how to read and write. All he has to do is ask a few questions, listen, then tell us what he heard that he thinks might be interesting reading to the men who work in that part of the plant. We'll write it if you'll just have somebody tell us about it. And we'll come by, take your pictures and if they don't break the camera we'll put those in, too. How about it?

—o—

Excerpt From "The Gulf Coast Lumberman"

In 1878 the dreadful scourge of Yellow Fever swept parts of the South. Two young doctors, partners in practice, heard the call of duty, closed their office, and went down to fight the dreaded fever. One of them, Dr. Manning, died. Doctor Swearingen survived. Returning home Dr. Swearingen was asked to speak at a memorial service for Manning, and the following part of his remarks, perfect samples of the entire speech, I offer for your scrapbook:

"Life for Manning was full of charms. Every ripple of the river was a melody. Success and prosperity, handmaidens of pleasure, came at his command. Fame had already claimed him as her favorite child, and showered honors on him. Friendship paid her richest tributes to him, hope whispered her sweetest stories, and love, almost divine in its purty, had thrilled his heart with ecstasy, garlanded his life with roses, and filled his world with music. Thus surrounded, with every wish gratified, with every day gemmed with a triumph and every hour sparkling with a joy, in the bloom of youth and the glory of manhood, he heard the wailing cry for help and went down to that beleaguered city.

"He died where the true soldier glories in dying, in the front rank and on the field of battle. We cannot all be great, but we can be useful. We cannot all have marble tablets, gilded mausoleums and muted columns, to mark our last rested place. But we can have, as he had, our image implanted in the hearts of loved companions, and our monument in the tears that fall around our graves. Let us cherish the memory and emulate the virtues of our dead hero, and live as he lived, and die as he died, at the post of duty."

"You Can't Hide Behind A Wall"

By Rev. Chas. J. S. Weimer
Pastor Pine Grove Methodist Church

In the Old Testament is found a group of writings known as the book of Ezekiel. Little is know of the man who wrote this book but one thing we do know: Ezekiel wrote a book rich in spiritual teachings. He wrote at a time when the spiritual life of the nation of Israel was low and he had an idea that God was spiritual, powerful and holy. He had the feeling that righteousness was obedience of the laws and statutes of God. In the eighth chapter of Ezekiel we find him facing the Temple and there he sees a strange sight.

At the side of the Temple is a wall to form an apartment for the priests and God directs him to the wall and even to a hole in the wall. Ezekiel went up to the hole and looked through it. On the other side of the wall he finds a group of seventy of the religious leaders of Israel worshipping a group of idols. Ezekiel says "and in the midst of them was Jaazaniah". The father of Jaazaniah was the man who interpreted the laws of Israel and he should know better han to worship the wrong God, but now he is caught in the act.

The lesson we need to take from this story is that God has ways of discovering us in our wrongdoing. So many times in life we build a wall about our sin and think we are well hidden and then someone finds a knothole in the wall and our sin is revealed to the outside world. David lived in sin with another man's wife and then had him placed on the front line of battle with orders for the army to retreat and let Uriah be killed thereby building a wall about his sin, but the servant of God came to him and put his finger on the sore spot and David found that there was a knothole in his wall of deceit.

Did you ever notice the man who squawks loudest about the preachers sermon is the one who got hit by something the preacher said? So many of us are like the old negro who was "amening" her preacher one day. He made a plea with his congregation to stop stealing chickens. "Amen, now you are preaching," she said. Then he remarked on the evil of drink and she repeated her statement. He pleaded with them to stop their immoral living and she still felt that he was preaching; then he said, "and you will not get in Heaven using tobacco." The old lady rolled her snuff brush over to one side of her mouth and said, "shut up preacher, you done quit preaching and started meddling". So often we get the idea that the preacher is meddling, just because something he said slipped through a knothole in the fence around our life.

The idea of doing something secret has led many to build a wall about their life so they can hide and then someone finds a knothole in their defensive wall and the secret of their life is laid bare. People living behind a wall are still in the sight of God and he sometimes directs a person to the knothole of the wall to lead us back to a closer walk with God.

—o—

Real Chef

Cal Sanders is establishing himself as chef of great ability. His latest creation is a recipe for chittlings and those who attended his chittling dinner tell us they were the best they had ever tasted. He claims he can make any dish delicious, even cold coon and collards. We stand ready to be invited.

—o—

It is a great kindness to trust people with a secret. They feel so important while telling it.

—o—

You'll live longer if you don't smoke, swear, gamble, drink or dance. Anyway it'll seem longer.

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Donkey Baseball Game August 25

The long awaited donkey baseball game will be played Monday August 25 starting promptly at 5:45 P. M. at the Diboll baseball park. Those of you who have seen a donkey ball game know that it is absolutely the funniest thing you ever witnessed, especially considering the fact that the players, mounted on the donkeys, will include such local people as Fearless Farley, Calvin (The Pot) Lawrence, School Superintendent Pate, and others riding donkeys trained to play ball—or, that is, trained to make his rider look as silly as possible while the rider tries to play ball. It's a scream and no fooling.

The rules of the game require that the players remain mounted at all times except when batting and when catching a batted ball. The pitcher, of course, pitches from the ground. But everybody else must ride. If the batter connects with the ball he must jump on his donkey, ride him to first base, second, and so on. The fielders, when they see the ball coming their way, jump off their donkey, field the ball, get back on the donkey, throw it to whichever base the runner, or, that is, rider is going to and try to put him out.

The thing about this donkey ball game that makes it such a hilarious spectacle is that the donkeys are trained for their respective jobs and are famous throughout the country, having furnished entertainment to hundreds of thousands of people—at the expense of their unsuspecting riders. The Diboll Lions Club is sponsoring the game, the proceeds from which will go into the Lions Club fund to be used for the good of the community. Here's the lineup:

LIONS CLUB

Junior Cook	Catcher
Jack Sweeney	Third Base
Wilber Pate	Short Stop
Calvin Lawrence	Pitcher
Eddie Farley	First Base
Raymond Martin	Second Base
George S. Smith	Left Field
C. P. Carter	Center Field
C. A. McCloud	Right Field

MILLERS

Ray Rector	First Base
Guy Reed	Pitcher
Joe Jones	Catcher
Rufus Taylor	Second Base
L. D. Smith	Short Stop
H. Pouland	Third Base
J. Warner	Left Field
B. Farley	Center Field
B. Martin	Right Field
Nathan Edwards	Substitute

The admission will be 25 cents for children, 50 cents for adults. The park will open at 5:15 P. M. and the game will start promptly at 5:45 P. M. If you buy your tickets BEFORE game time, the Lions Club will get 50 per cent of the take, and if you buy them at the game 40 per cent—with Ralph Godfrey furnishing all the donkeys, transporting them here from Sam Houston State Teacher's College at Huntsville where they will play the day before the Diboll date.

COME OUT AND SEE THESE OLD BOYS RIDE—WE GUARANTEE IT WILL BE THE FUNNIEST SPECTACLE EVER STAGED IN DIBOLL!

—o—

THIS BUNCH WILL SHOCK YOU

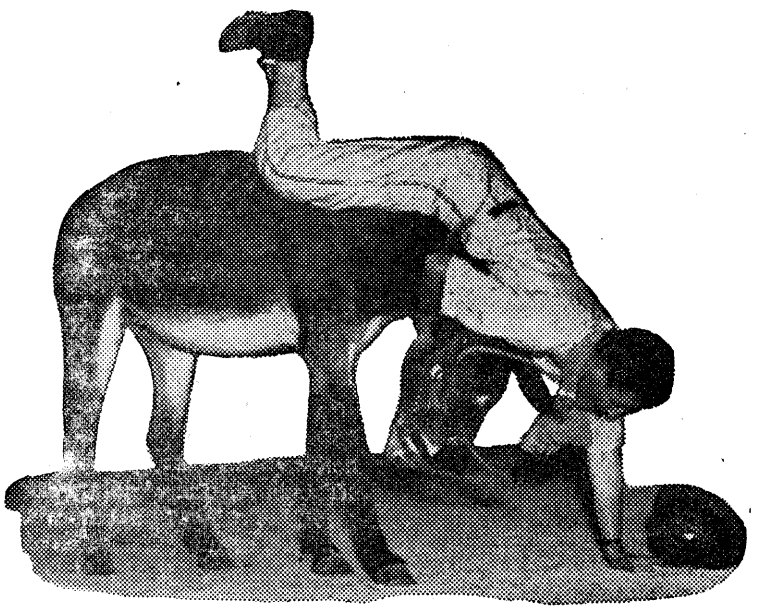
By GEORGE JOHNSON

Hall's Hotshots they call them—Ray Rector, Junior Cook, Carl Hassel and The Brains himself, N. B. Hall. They are polite, they are courteous, and they are sympathetic. They'll listen to your troubles, with nodding heads agreeing with every word, then promise you faithfully they'll fix your house within the next thirty minutes. You rush home to be there before they arrive so you can show them the difficulty, and then you wait. You keep waiting. If nobody shows up, you know you were talking to the right bunch—the electricians. If somebody does, he's probably a carpenter or a painter or a mechanic and he's lost.

But these boys have quite a responsibility. They must see to it that the plant and all the 650 houses in Diboll have water, heat, and electricity. And where we all work the usual nine or ten hour day, Hall's Hotshots are on call 24—and they get called, too, not only for emergency work at the mill —sometimes late at night—but also to keep up the hundreds of electricial installations throughout the town, in the homes, and here and there. They have their hands full and no doubt about it.

Funny thing about old Hall. He started out working at the box factory; got run off from there. Dred Devereaux got him and put him in a ditch with a long handled shovel. Next thing Dred knew he just had the shovel. Then D. M. Clark fell victim to him and Hall found himself in the plumbing gang. Chick Ellis was the Chief Electrician at the time and in a conversation with Clark one day remarked that the best electricians were plumbers that somebody had knocked in the head. Clark was curious, but he told Ellis that even if what he said was true he didn't think it would apply to Hall because Hall wasn't much of a plumber. But they decided to try it anyway—and they did, with Ellis holding and Clark weilding a four-foot section of pipe. When Hall came to, sure enough, he asked for a transfer to the electricians. Ellis mothered him along several months until he got enough confidence in him to trust him off with a pair of pliers, then later he graduated to the point where he would let him go off with a large wrench, and finally a truck, then when

(Continued on page 8)



Millers Win Fifth Straight

The Diboll Millers blasted the Houston Transit Company on Sunday August 10th at Miller's Park at Diboll by a score of 7-2 for the fifth straight win since July 26th—the other victims of the Miller's artillery being Jasper on that date by a score of 3-2, Homer on July 27th 6-5, Galena Park from Houston whitewashed 6-0, and San Augustine August 3rd by a score of 5-4.

Ivy started on the mound for Diboll against Houston Transit Company and got into trouble after the first man got on by the error route, the second on a walk, and the third scored both by slapping the first pitch for a two-bagger. At this point Ivy went for a cool shower and his house slippers.

Ray Rector took over the mound and allowed two scattered singles, yawned repeatedly, and was in complete control of the situation until everybody went home eight innings later.

The Millers opened their half of the first inning like they thought they had only one to play. Reed, the leadoff man, singled to left, Martin walked, Cook bunted to the pitcher who fumbled the ball and the bases were loaded. Pouland decided things were a little too crowded and singled over second, scoring Reed and Martin and putting Cook on second. Farley hit a ground ball to the shortstop who forced Cook at third but still left two men on base and only one out. Jones hit a pop fly to center, the center fielder dropped it, and Pouland and Farley came in for two more tallies. Taylor hit a ground ball to the pitcher, who by this time was dizzy from watching the parade, and his throw to first was wild, sending Jones to third and Taylor to second. To add insult to injury, Hughes came up and lashed a single to left, cleaning the bases again. Rector came up, singled—say, when are they going to pull the guy?—and Hughes scored run number 7. Reed then came to bat for the second time in the first inning, grounded out. Martin came up next, saw his chance to put a stop to the slaughter before darkness caught them, and struck out. That was the ball game because for the next eight innings they just ran in and out and in and out and nothing happened. 7-2, Diboll.

To date the Millers have played 25 games, winning 13 and losing 12. Rector and Warner have both won six each and both have lost five. Leading the Millers hitting is Manager Jack Sweeney with an average of 365. Jack hails from West Columbia, Texas, and plays both infield and outfield. Bobby Farley is hitting 272, is a very fast fielder, and is a fugitive from the Sabinese in Pineland from whom he made his escape several years ago and came to Diboll. Joe Homer Jones is fresh out of high chool, is currently batting 222, and has great prospects as a ball player at his present ripe old age of 17. Junior Cook is slapping the apple at a 330 average for the season and has played every position on the diamond except center field and third base—the two reasons why he hasn't been in those spots being Farley and Pouland. Guy Reed hails from Mississippi, plays right field, and is the leadoff man. His current average is 292. Reed is a left handed batter and plenty fast. Ray Rector is strictly a Diboll product. He has one of the best curve balls in this section of the country. He throws and bats right handed and to date is hitting 237. Besides his excellent pitching, Ray has the knack of hitting in the pinches when a base knock really counts, so his 237 average doesn't quite tell the story. Jack Warner is another fine baseball prospect playing his first year on the diamond, hitting 246, and with six wins and five losses to his credit from the hill.

Saturday, August 16th, the Millers play Galena Park from Houston a double header at Diboll, then on the 17th go to Cleveland for the "sugar" game with that club. We invite you all to come out and see the Saturday game here becuse the visitors promise to even the series—and we promise you faithfully they won't. Come watch the smoothest baseball you've seen played around here in a long time!

Diboll Lions Club

By C. A. McCLOUD

The Lions Club, like the Kiwanis, Rotary, and others, is a club whose principal purpose is serving the community and it's citizens.

The Diboll Lions Club was organized in October 1939 and since that time has found many opportunities to render service to the people of our town. Many worthwhile projects have been undertaken and completed. Many individuals and families have been assisted when they were unable to help themselves.

During the past eight years so many constructive things have been done by the Diboll Lions Club that to outline them all would require many pages. To mention but a few, we have helped finance Boy Scout activities, provided playground equipment, erected the servicemen's roster, worked actively on the rat eradication program, tin can salvage program, collection of clothing for needy in war torn Europe, sending food and cigarette packages to men in the service, purchasing the flag for the town of Diboll, financing equipment and uniforms for the baseball club, and many other things too numerout to mention.

At Christmas time the Lions Club spends more than five hundred dollars from its treasury to provide Christmas boxes for families who otherwise might not be able to afford them. We have also provided glasses for children—more than twenty pair—who needed them; financed medical aid of all kinds for children which otherwise would not have been provided, including hospitalization for tuberculosis patients. We have supplied direct aid to people in immediate need on many occasions. These things we do because we are dedicated to serving the citizens of our community.

The activities of the Lions Club are diversified. For example, we have supplied entertainment for the community on numerous occasions, including the moving picture of the World's Series baseball games shown at the local theatre. We have entertained returning servicemen, brought to Diboll many outstanding speakers, and arranged many programs of entertainment for the citizenry of our town to enjoy.

The Diboll Lion's Club meets twice each month, at which time new committees are appointed, work is outlined, ideas brought forth, and projects discussed. We meet to discuss how best we may serve the community; how best we can put into effect programs which will make Diboll a better place in which to live. In other words, we strive to make our Lion's Club an organization of action—action directed at the common good.

One of the finest aspects of the club is the fellowship existing between the members. We are working as a closely knitted group. We know each other better and better as time goes by; we can and do become more useful to each other. We keep alive the friendship with our fellow men.

We need more members in our club —more men who are willing to devote part of their time for the betterment of the community. Ours is not an exclusive club by any means. The requirement for membership is simply a desire on your part to do something for others. Come in with us—let's work together in behalf of our churches, our fellow citizens, our town. There's much to be done. Let's pitch in and do it!

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The Good Samaritan

By Rev. R. B. MOODY
Pastor of the Colored Methodist Church

The question of the Ages—"What must I do to inherit eternal life?"—is one in which we should be vitally interested. We should know what that good is which we should do in this life in order to attain eternal life.

Humanity has always looked to and worshipped something. Most men have believed that behind everything that is made there stands a maker. They believe that there is a better place somewhere. But the question that has puzzled men is just what or how to do in order to reach this blessed place. This was a good question for the lawyer who asked: "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" But the lawyer was not sincere and the question lost it's goodness, which means that it is not enough just to speak of the things of God or of His goodness and to inquire about them; we must seek with all the power of our hearts if we are to find them.

Jesus answered this great question by asking the lawyer one—speaking as one lawyer to another as follows: "What is written in the law, how readest thou?" Having the Bible written it is your duty to read it, to search through it, and you will then find the answer to this great question. And as a Christian you will be able to tell others what THEY must do to inherit eternal life.

In the parable of the good Samaritan Christ said: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves who stripped him, wounded him, and left him half dead". Let us note the words "Went down from Jerusalem". Jerusalem was the center of religion. Here the Temple stood, here the records were kept; here the Priests and the Scribes worked. But this man went down FROM Jerusalem. Yes, when we leave the influence of the Christian religion we go down, and anything is liable to happen. This poor man was stripped of everything —his money, clothes, his beast of burden, and was then left in a dying condition. This man's enemies belonged to the "Beat-em-up gang".

And now we come to the "pass-em-up gang. The wounded man in the above parable was seen by those who should have been his friends; men of his own nation and religion—A priest and a Levite—whose offices oblidged them to stop and give him aid. But they passed him up.

Oh! How sad is the scripture where it says: "They saw him and passed by on the other side"!

How often do you hear the call of suffering humanity and hear the call of duty yet pass by on the other side?

And now we come to the "help-em-ups". You don't find folks in large numbers who are willing to help you. In the parable there was a gang which beat the man up; there were two who passed him by, but there was only one who helped him up—one that you would least expect because he was one the dying man hated. The Good Samaritan did not see an enemy or the man who hated him lying there on the ground. He saw a suffering human being, a helpless man who was bleeding and half dead. The Good Samaritan leaned down and saw that the man had nothing so he poured wine on his wound to clean it; he bound it up with his own linen, then poured oil on it to ease the pain and seal the cut. Then he lifted the man onto his own beast of burden and carried him to the Inn, walking along by his side.

What makes a Good Samaritan? What does it take to make a good Christian?

1. It takes a desire to be good.

2. It takes service—a desire to serve humanity. Christ said: "Do good unto them who hate you".

3. It takes sacrifice. We ought to be willing to sacrifice our lives for the cause of Christ Jesus who helped us when we were helpless.

4. It takes a willingness to pay the price whatever it may be. The Good Samaritan paid it that morning. Christ Jesus paid it in full with his blood on Calvary.

5. It takes the will to follow through to the finish of our tasks. We must complete the job of spreading the word of Christ Jesus. We must follow through with the word of God. To attain the eternal life we must Love the Lord, our God with all our hearts, with all our souls, with all our strength, and with all our minds.

And we must do as the Good Samaritan did.



Jodie Rodgers

Jodie Rodgers has organized one of the finest Choral Clubs in this part of the country and the fame and talent of the group is growing. And she has the "know-how" in organizational work of this kind, having sponsored choirs in eight different states, including Arkansas, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

Jodie has many talents. She plays the piano for the Perry Chapel colored Methodist Church, besides leading the choir composed of 20 men and women. This choir specializes in spirituals and anthems with every member trained to carry any part of the harmony and their renditions are perfection in blending. Theirs is such beautiful music that the Nacogdoches Radio Station made several recordings of their work and plays them regularly to their listeners on the air.

Jodie also operates a cafe in connection with her husband's Community Center which is a model in cleanliness and service. The cafe will soon be enlarged to accomodate their large list of customers and will include private dining rooms. Jodie Rodgers is noted for her delicious pastries and fine foods of all kinds.

The cafe is open from 7 AM to 10 PM. It is a meeting place for the colored people of Diboll and a place where people can come for a cold drink, a delicious well cooked meal, or to simply sit around and talk.

———o———



Williams and Sibley caught LOOKING AT THE BIRDIE

The Saga Of Professor Jackson

By W. J. Jackson

PART TWO

In the last issue of the Buzzsaw I told you all about my first trip to South America with three other little colored boys—the four of us furnishing entertainment for Dr. Tylon's Medicine show. It was quite an experience and the first trip any of us had ever made. But not the last.

When we returned from this particular journey we landed in New Orleans and were quarantined for 31 days because of a yellow fever epidemic, then were released and went to Milwaukee and home. It was the happiest day in the lives of the Four Wills as we were known—all our first names being the same by a coincidence. Anyway, we started out again very soon and travelled all over the United States with the medicine show selling Dr. Tylon's Herbs of Joy, Liniment of Leisure, and other products. Then he said he was out of herbs again and we set sail for Central America, stayed there for six weeks, then took another boat for South America. We were there this time nine months and left as a result of Mrs. Tylon becoming suddenly ill. She died about five weeks later in Milwaukee and the Doctor grieved so much we thought he would go too. One day he called the four of us together and said: "I've raised you four Wills up from little boys. Now, as a result of losing Mrs. Tylon, I am a wreck, but I want you to stay with me. We're going to travel all over the world so that I can forget my sorrow and I want you all to stick together and come with me". We left thirty days later for New York, then across the Atlantic to Liverpool England. We went all over Europe—France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, the Balkans, and Italy—but the Doctor was still unhappy and still had a travelling mind. So we went on down to Capetown in South Africa, then to Asia where we travelled from place to place for many months, and all of us thought the Doctor was searching for the Spring of Youth or the Tree of Life because it seemed that he would never stop. But we finally made it back to the U. S. A. and then the Doctor died. The Four Wills got separated and were never again got together.

I joined the Richard and Pringle Famous Georgia Minstrel with Billie Kersand and went to England for a six months stay. I left this show soon afterwards and joined the Black Patties' Troubadors and spent two seasons with them, later joining the Fourteen Black Garzas out of New York and returning to Europe for three months with them. Then came association with several small minstrel shows and finally carnivals and circuses. I was with Lee Brothers Circus in 1925 when I met Mr. Everett James, the bandmaster of the Main Show. At the time I was bandmaster of the sideshow band. Mr. James had a little boy by the name of Harry who loved to come over and talk to me and listen to the music. He especially liked to hear me play the trumpet, so I soon began teaching him how to play it. After his father found out he had been spending so much time with me trying to learn to play the trumpet, he bought one for him. Little Harry would come over and ask me if he could rehearse with us and I would always let him. He loved his trumpet more than anything else in the world and caught on faster than anybody I have ever seen with it. Sometimes in rehearsal I would have a trumpet part and would let him play it. He tried so hard that sometimes his face would turn bright red. but he never gave up. In fact, the more difficult the part the harder he would try and he never quit a single time until he had mastered it. After Harry James got a little older his father would let him out at night to go with us when we played for dances. He would always be there if he could, no matter where we went, and we let him play the trumpet all he wanted to because he was trying to get experience playing orchestra music. After five years with this show, Mr. Everett James, Harry, and I left and joined the Christy Brothers Circus where Mr. Everett was the bandmaster of the big show, and, like in the others, I was bandmaster of the sideshow. In this show Harry played second trumpet in his father's band and was very proud of the job. By this time he was getting to be really good on the trumpet—and better and better as he days went by because he practiced constantly and talked to me about improving his technique all the time. He also thanked me often for teaching him music and getting him started off on the right foot. He was a kind man—both he and his father—and did many many favors for me that I appreciated. They left Christy Brothers and I never saw Harry again, though I did meet his father in Beaumont while I was still with Christy Brothers in 1933. I wrote him for some music which I needed for my band and he came from Houston to Beaumont and brought music for the entire circus program and gave it to me free of charge. Harry James by this time had established quite a name for himself with his own orchestra. I know he didn't forget me because I had several letters from him in which he told me he hoped to see me again some day and in which he again thanked me for my music teachings. I am naturally proud to have been instrumental in the development of so fine a musician. The fact that he became one of the world's great trumpeters was no surprise to me—he loved to play the trumpet so much as a child, and throughout his young manhood, that he couldn't have been anything but the best. And incidentally, I can still recognize his playing after listening to only a few notes even when I don't know it is Harry James. I can still distinguish the technique—and I feel good inside when I hear it. Because I helped put it there.

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Frank Bell Retires

Frank Bell—one of the oldest of the old timers of Diboll—finally decided he had worked long enough. On June 24th he retired on a pension and is now enjoying a well earned rest at his home in Lufkin. Frank started to work for the Texas South-Eastern Railroad in 1908 in a section gang. In 1910 he was made extra brakeman on the road. Frank worked on for the T. S. E. for thirty years, then transferred to Walter Allen's pond gang where he stayed until he decided to call it a day. Frank was born in Timpson, Texas, in 1876 and came to Diboll when he was 32 years of age. Now at 69 Frank is still active but says he thinks he'll put his energies in his garden, around his yard, and with his family.

Frank Bell carries with him from Diboll the best wishes of all the people for a long and happy retirement. He will be missed by us all because he was a good citizen, a loyal employee, and a fine fellow in every respect. We all say: "Goodbye and Good Luck to one of the best—Frank Bell".

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The hardest thing about doing nothing is that you can't stop and rest.

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"Just think of it!" exclaimed the romantic young newlywed, "a few words mumbled over your head and you're married."

"Yes," agreed the old cynic, "and a few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced."

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Get Ready For Freddie

By FREDDIE LEWIS

What the Diboll Dragons needed was a shot in the arm. They had lost four straight games. Manager C. P. Griffin decided to give them one, so he called a club house meeting and let the boom down on the whole team. I mean he let 'em have it. He not only gave them a shot in the arm. He gave them a shot somewhere else—an antidote for lead—and it really worked because the boys ran out and won four straight before losing to the Lufkin Foundry by a score of 7 to 5.

In defense of the Dragons four losses before they took off on their winning streak, we must look at the scores and when we do we'll see that they were mighty close—every one of the four games being lost by a margin of one and two runs. But that didn't satisfy Manager Griffin. He said if a man got killed, what difference would it make whether he was shot with one bullet or a hundred? He's right, too.

These close margins that the Dragons lost these first four games by reminds me of the question the little girl asked her Mother. She said: "Mother, why is it that men never go to Heaven?" "Why they DO go to Heaven," she replied. "And what makes you think they don't?" Said the little girl: "Well, Mother, I don't remember ever seeing an Angel with a beard—do you?"

In other words, the Dragons have had some close shaves and I suppose the close shave is what threw the little girl off because I know all the good men DO go to Heaven—even ball players.

Incidentally, on July 4th Chalk really hurled a masterpiece of a game in Forester Park against the Dallas Green Monarchs, even though he did lose it 4-2. He gave up only five hits, walked one man, hit nobody, and struck out FOURTEEN of the opposing team. If that's not real pitching, and if that isn't a heartbreaker for a pitcher to lose, there's not a Boll Weevil south of Boston. Here's how it happened: In the seventh inning the score was tied, 2-2. Chalk looked at the first batter, the batter looked at Chalk. Then Chalk rared back, cut loose, and threw three strikes by him so fast the batter thought it was a trio of lost bees zipping through the dew, one at a time, and the next thing he knew the umpire waved him away. He was not only out—he was way out. The next so-called Dallas batsman strolled to the plate. Chalk looked him over, the batsman looked Chalk over, then two fast balls and one curve ball shot over the plate and everything was temporarily over for the second Monarch because the umpire told him quietly, as he did the first one: "You may go". Number three came to bat and Chalk walked him—the first and only man in the whole nine innings who got a free pass. Next man up for Dallas figured he would untie the ball game. He picked up some dirt, waved his bat around and dug in for a wallop. Chalk cut his eyes over at first base, kept the runner close, then with a smooth motion of his arm threw a fast breaking curve over the inside corner for strike one. The batter blinked. Chalk got set for the next pitch. Strike two. The catch signaled for that famous low-outside fast ball and Chalk cut it loose. I mean he put it in there so swift it had sparks flying off the seams—so fast that not only the batter didn't see it; neither did the catcher, and away it went. The runner on first went to second, the batter to first.

Then everything went wrong. The catch threw the ball wild to first—the runner originally on first passed second, went to third—the batter rounded first, headed for second. Then the right fielder recovered the ball threw into home, the ball went wild again and the man who had been on first when it all started scored, while the batter who had gotten on by the first wild pitch went to third. And it didn't stop there. After this fellow had scored the catch got his hands on the ball, threw to third to cut off the runner who was coming into that sack and the throw was AGAIN wild and in he came for score number two. It looked like the Diboll Catcher and a couple of others had forgotten what side they were on because a ball game couldn't possibly be thrown away like that was without some real effort. Anyway, the Dallas Green Monarchs knew when they left Lufkin that they had been in a game of ball and that they all must have had rabbits feet in both hip pockets to squeeze out a win over Chalk.

O'Ree—our other Ace hurler—was called to Kilgore August 4th to pitch a game against the New Orleans Creoles. It seems that P. B. Bennett of Kilgore, a former ball player and now a Blind Tom, decided to get together some all-stars and take on the Louisiana sluggers. He looked around for the best talent in East Texas and picked our own pitcher,O'Ree, to do mound duty if Manager C. P. Griffin would allow him to go. C. P. agreed, O'Ree went, he pitched, and he won by a score of 3-2, chunking a fine game and establishing himself as one of the best pitchers in this section of the country. In fact, O'Ree has had several nibbles lately from clubs in Houston, Waco, and even from Chicago, so we'll be losing O'Ree soon.

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Since the last issue of the Buzz Saw the Dragons have played eight games—winning three and losing five by close scores. Every man on the club, with one or two exceptions, boosted his batting average. Chalk is now swatting a heavy 362 and O'Ree 313. Williams is hitting 250, J. V. Randolph 267, Jeff 265, Fred Randolph 242, Bussey 236, Mahies 232, Roach 231, Allen 200 and Jellie 188.

The manager, C. P. Griffin, like all managers of concerns, companies, and ball clubs always gets to the bottom of things, and that's exactly where you will find him in the batting column—on the bottom with an average of 182. But this boy will surprise you with his ability to come out of a slump, so it wouldn't surprise me to see him start swatting the ball again and wind up the season in second or third place.

The three games won by the Dragons since the last Buzz Saw were as follows: a 15-4 victory over Lufkin, 3-1 over Jasper, and 11-3 over Conroe. Jellie, whose batting average was a flat zero up until the Conroe game (He hadn't been to bat but a few times, however) saw one coming to his liking and knocked it so far out of the park they had to send a man on the bus to get it. He said the reason he hadn't connected before that was simply because he was waiting for a pitch he liked. He sure liked that one as anybody there can tell you.

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Now from baseball to other subjects.

Charlie Billie celebrated another birthday last week—he wouldn't say which one it was—and threw the usual blowout. Charlie runs the South Side cafe and that's where the preliminaries began before the main event. These consisted of whist, bridge, and dominoes, it says here, then a picnic on Ryan's Lake. The night before the birthday on July 30th, Charlie and several others went down to the lake, set out hooks and caught fish enough to feed everybody the following morning in grand style. When Billie returned from the party that afternoon he was as beat out as a bunt; however, after a little rest he was able to get on his feet and receive his presents which were many. All this took place at his place of business, the South Side cafe.

Acting as hostess was Billie's aunt, Ola Vaughn of Houston. She prepared the special salads and all the other delicious dishes. Many of Billie's friends from Houston, Lufkin, and Diboll were present and everybody seemed to have a very wonderful time, plenty to eat, and no confusion.

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Then at Rodger's Community Center on August First there was thrown a barn dance attended by a large crowd and a big time was had by everybody. Rodgers has built himself a very attractive place in this Community Center, complete with skating rink, cafe, and dance pavilion. And he's still building on it. Plans now call for a reviewing stand where people can sit and watch the skaters, dancers, or whatever they happen to be, and hear the music, either of the juke box, or of a band. Rodgers always has something cooking at the Community Center as does his wife in the Rodgers Cafe—and it's good every time.

One of the things cooking is a big banquet to be held in September by and for employees of Southern Pine. The exact date will be announced later and Rodgers assures me it will be a real affair with plenty of good food, so start brushing up for the event now.

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I'll give you another tip-off about plans at the Community Center. Rodgers plans a function there a little later on in the year that will make all the other socializing of the past look like small affairs. Just what it will be I can't divulge now, but I guarantee it will be big doings. Will tell you about it just as soon as plans are complete and Rodgers gives me the "Go" signal.

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This column is reminded of the conversation between two fellows about the opposite sex. One asked: "Say, what's become of the Old Fashioned girl who used to say: 'You must ask Father'". The other replied: "She has a daughter who says: 'Give her the gas, George—the Old man's gaining on us!'"

In other words, time has gained on me—caught up with me, in fact—so I'll shut Her down and see you next month.

Country Will



Once upon a time—back in 1918—the night train rolled into the station at Diboll and came to a shuddering stop. It was July, the windows were open, and the passengers were sleeping in various positions of discomfort in the dust covered coaches. One had a ticket stub in his hat band marked "Shreveport" and he slept lightly. The town was quiet as the train stood in front of the depot with the engine getting it's breath and the baggageman unloading the mail—then, floating through the still air from the direction of the quarters came the sweet music of a string band. The Shreveport passenger stirred, opened his eyes, listened a moment, grabbed his suitcase and left the train. Shreveport, he thought, could wait.

Th tall, lanky stranger walked up the sandy road in the direction of the old Ratcliff Hall where the revelers were crowded together dancing to the hot music and with the essence of Hoyt's perfume permeating the atmosphere for a hundred yards around. He stopped at the front door, dropped his suitcase and sized up the situation. It looked inviting so he went in without further ado, shifted his Tinsley, grabbed a partner, then sailed confidently into the surging mob, his head high, his steps light, and his spirits in the clouds as he slapped the One-by-Sixes with his fifteen-Triple A's. He knew what he was doing but not where he was so when his newly acquired girl friend looked up at him with a smile and asked him his name he replied to the tune of the music:

"I got off the train by an act of chance,
Walked down here deep in a trance;
Now the music's got me—there's ants in my pants,
I'm Country Will—Come on, let's dance!!"

The next morning the Southern Pine Lumber Company had Will Griffin on the payroll and he's been on it ever since. He has worked on the ponds, on the T. S. E. Section gangs, in the sheds, the yards, and several other places around the plant, and now can be seen oozing around the shops under the watchful eye of Arthur Porter.

Will is an accomplished farmer, deer hunter (He has been known to kill deer around here even in season), and billiard player, though in recent years has not touched a cue. He says the reason is that when he played professionally he was considered the best shot in this part of Texas and the Western half of Louisiana until he lost a match to a thirteen year old colored boy in Mansfield with a One Hundred Dollar Side bet. According to Will, the boy's father agreed to a two hundred point pocket billiard game stipulating that his son have first shot. When 199 points had been run by the kid without a miss, Will conceded the last shot, hung up his cue stick, and quit—not for years, not for life, but Forever.

Will now has a 22 acre farm about three-quarters of a mile East of Diboll on which he raises two or three hundred chickens, a few hogs, fewer cattle, one mule and no crops. He says that one of the greatest pleasures a farmer can have, if he has an outside job, is to sit on the back porch, look out over his unplowed fields and think about how much work he's not having to do.

In the Griffin family were three boys—Will, Frank, and Monroe. Two girls—Minnie and Rena. All sooner or later came to Diboll from Trinity to live.

Country Will is a landmark around the T. S. E. Railroad shops. He has never had a serious accident in all his years with Southern Pine and says the reason is that he follows his own safety motto, to wit: "Don't get in a hurry and you won't get in the hospital". If that's the secret of safety, "Old Country" is by far the best insurance risk we know anything about because he moves at a pace that makes Stepinfetchit look like a nervous sprinter catching the last bus.

We don't thing he'll ever have an accident anyway. He couldn't get there in time for it to happen.

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How to tell good whiskey—Pass an electric current through a quart of the stuff. If the current causes a precipitation of lye, tin, arsenate, iron slag and alum, the whiskey is just fair. If however, the liquor chases the current back to the generator, you've got good whiskey.

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Strickland Urging Fire Precautions

This is the time of year when the danger of fire is the greatest, not only to our plant, but also to the timber in the woods and to our homes. We MUST ALL BE EXTREMELY CAREFUL especially in the dry months of summer about smoking near the plant and in the woods. We MUST ALL BE EXTREMELY WATCHFUL in order that fires, once started, can be spotted and put out before they spread. Even when you smoke at home, break the match before throwing it away to be sure it's out. If you smoke in the woods or near the plant, do the same. And in all cases, make doubly sure that when you throw your cigarette down you have put it out and put it out for good. Cigarettes cause a great many fires—and it's usually from the match thrown carelessly down while still burning that starts them. So do yourself, your fellow workers, and the company a favor by treating your cigarette as a dangerous instrumentality! Don't smoke on or near the plant, on or near lumber, paper, or under the box cars at the planer. Get in a safe place if you must smoke, then be sure your match and cigarette are both out before you leave. Do this and you may save Diboll. Don't do it and you may destroy the entire plant—which would mean the end of the town.

Dry lumber is one of the most inflammable of all materials. A fire, starting in either mill or on the yards, could, with proper wind conditions, sweep the plant in a few hours and leave nothing but ashes. Most of you remember the box factory fire that destroyed that plant so quickly. Well, that same thing could happen to the handle factory, to Mill One, Mill Two, the Yards, or all of them put together if somebody was careless in fire prevention work. The Fire Department might be helpless in the event of a sudden flash fire in extremely dry weather—it might be out of control before anybody could reach it with sufficient equipment to fight with. So WATCH OUT! BE CAREFUL! HELP US PREVENT FIRES!

Most fires in the home are caused either by faulty wiring or by careless use of oil stoves. Check the wiring in your house, if possible, and report exposed wire to the electrical department. Use caution when lighting oil stoves, then watch them for faulty connections—it may mean saving your house, your furniture, and maybe the life of some member of your family. Other suggestions in household fire prevention are as follows:

(1). Do NOT use gasoline to start your kitchen fire or for cleaning clothes in the house. If you must use it for cleaning, go outside.

(2). Pennies should NOT be used in light fuses when the fuse burns out. Wait until you can get the fuse replaced.

(3). When burning trash around the place ALWAYS get a safe distance from the house before starting your fire.

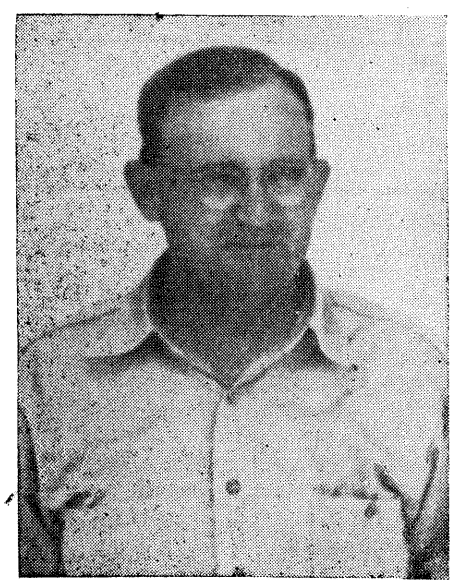
(4). DON'T smoke cigarettes in bed. Throughout the United States, more than fifty people are killed each year by being burned to death smoking in bed.

(5). Use safety matches in the home at all times.

(6). NEVER leave oil soaked rags in closets. They can break into flames WITHOUT a match being thrown on them.

(7). Keep your place CLEAN inside and out.

REMEMBER that this is the dry season of the year when a small fire in one home, or in one spot on the plant, might easily get out of control and spread from house to house, or all over the entire plant, and destroy not only our jobs but our homes. TALK THIS OVER WITH YOUR NEIGHBOR—LET'S GET TOGETHER AND PREVENT FIRES!



Dewey Patrick Ballinger

The very rock bottom in wages way back in the early days of Diboll was ten cents per hour—a dollar a day from "Can" to "Can't". The very rock bottom in jobs was that of picking up sticks.

If we could take ourselves back to the year 1912 and stroll out on the hardwood yard we would see a young fellow, age 14, earning a living at that pay and on that job. He wouldn't be quite as heavy as he is now, and he'd have quite a bit more hair on his head—but it would be the same man who is now foreman over 28 men; the same who today is in charge of all the hardwood lumber from the time it leaves the trimmer saws until it is loaded in the cars for shipment. Dewey Patrick Ballinger was the young fellow's name and he's come a long way by knowing his job, attending to his work, and keeping his mind on his own business and not somebody else's.

Dewey succeeded the late Bear Rutland twice in his career with Southern Pine—the first time as lumber grader, then as hardwood foreman. When Mill No. 3 was running, Bear was grading. Then in 1914 Mill No. 3 burned to the ground and hardwood was cut by Mill No. 2 running at night. Bear didn't figure he could stay away all night every night, so he transferred to the yards and Dewey took over where he left off and stayed on the night work for three years. Then George Cleveland talked Dewey into going to Kountze to work in a peckerwood mill as an inspector. The mill cut out, Dewey went on to Haslam and was cut off again after two months. He farmed off and on for several months then came back to the Southern Pine Lumber Company fold and says now that leaving was his biggest mistake. But it taught him that sawmilling was a better deal than farming and he hasn't had any desire to follow Old Beck since.

Dewey and his brothers, Joe and Gus, have together put in more time with Southern Pine than any other three men in Diboll who are all in the same family—or so we believe.

There are five children in Dora and Dewey Ballinger's family. Four girls—Violet, Mary Louise, Doris, and Joyce, and one boy—Dewey Patrick Junior.

Dewey was born in 1898 between Ryan's Chapel and Burke. We think he saw the smoke from the mill which had started here four years before and was destined, at even that young age, to make it his life's work. He's had a hard row to hoe, coming up from the lowest job on the hardwood yards to the highest—but he's hoed it and hoed it well. At times he has had the responsibility of as much six million feet of hardwood lumber drying on the yards at one time. Every kind of hardwood grown in this part of the country is on his inventory and is shipped all over the United States and to foreign lands from his carline.

Dewey has never been injured on the job throughout all his years with the company. He practices safety and he instills in his men the importance of being safety conscious. He believes that a man should give a days work for a day's pay—that he should be true to his family, to his church, to his community, and to the company he works for. If he is, he's a good man. And we think Dewey is just that kind of a fellow himself.

———o———

Deal with the faults of others as gently as with your own.

Cecil Walton

(By KENNETH NELSON)

Cecil Walton, sometimes referred to as Cecilstein Waltonburg, due to his economy, was born (we presume) in Greenville, Alabama, sometime in the 19th century. Being as he had about 8 brothers and sisters (he being the ugliest) he was named Cecil and nothing else. His family had been doing O. K. in Alabama until Cecil was born, but that was too much, so they moved to Texas and settled in Trinity county near Centralia, thinking there might be other kids there that could "out-favor" Cecil, but they were wrong.

As time tramped by, Cecil finally grew up to where he could find his way to the corn field, and much to his father's delight, discovered they didn't need a scarecrow while Cecil was around.

Cecil attended school close to Iris Trinity County, Texas, (please note we used the word "attended") and after about 15 years, was elected to the Board of Trustees, due to his age.

He claims he was given a job with the Company because the woods foreman saw him dressed up in a blue serge suit and panama hat one day. That was back about 1908 and Cecil says that was the last suit he has owned. Since then, he has worked at about everything in the woods, from hauling pineknots to scaling logs. Some of the oldtimers claim they have seen Cecil scale logs for an hour at a time without stopping and then sit down write all of them down on his book from memory. Back in those days, Cecil scaled all the logs put out on the track, by himself.

Cecil's family consists of his wife, Mattie, who has to look at him every day, and one daughter, Mildred, who runs a grocery store in Lufkin, and has to buy prunes and oranges by the barrel to keep Cecil supplied.

We won't say that Cecil is tight, but we saw him take a nickel out of his purse the other day and it was "mossed over."

And speaking of driving automobiles, Cecil is in the same class as George Watts and Richie Wells, if you know what we mean. They are the only drivers that will run their cars off into the worst mudhole in the country and then wonder why they get stuck.

If you like variety in stories, ask Cecil how he knocked 3 of his ribs loose last year, and then ask someone who knows how it really happened.

Incidentally, Cecil now has a new water keg, thanks to the Timber & Land Department for its humane act, in case any of you fellows happen to be passing his car and want a drink of water. We understand his old keg was carried to drydock and all the mushrooms and barnacles scraped out for the first time in 8 years.

All joking aside, Cecil has been one of the most faithful and conscientious employees in company service and gets along swell with his fellow workers. Our hats are off to a jolly fellow and here's hoping Cecil will be with us for a long time to come.

Forestry Course

(By BOBBIE FARLEY)

As most of you connected with the woods know Kenneth Nelson, McHenry Kimmey and I made a trip to Crosset, Arkansas, in March, to go through the National Forest Experiment Station trere and to look over some of Crossett Lumber Company's holdings. And in those two days, I believe I learned more about forestry practices and their results than in the few months preceding that I had been connected with it.

The first day there we spent going through the Experiment Station with Mr. Clark, the Assistant Government Forester. Mr. Clark showed us several studies of different nature such as clearing of underbrush in pine timber, the effects of burning and grazing, and breaking up of unproductive land. I knew before that scrubby hardwood held down young pine growth, but it is surprising what a hindrance it really is. In one of their 4 acre plots, they cleared and girdled the scrubby hardwood and brush off two acres and left it on two acres and the young pines on the cleared plot were clean and healthy, and two to six times the height of the young stuff on the uncleared half. The seedlings on the uncleared half were sickly looking and quite a few were dying.

The last thing we were shown was what they call the Farm Forty. It is a forty acre block that they cut some saw logs and pulpwood off every year and there is more volume of timber standing now than there was when they took it over. They use it just to show people the effect of selective cutting and other good forestry practices.

The Experimental Forest was started in 1937 when Crossett Lumber Company donated the Federal Government 1600 acres of land for the project. The station has already paid back the original estimate in hardwood timber and over 50 per cent of the pine volume and now has more volume standing than they started with.

The following day was spent on Crossett Lumber Company holdings of which they have 500,000 acres of fee lands. This company started leaving seed trees in 1926 and went in for extensive forestry program in 1935. They now have one of the finest stands of timber I have ever seen. They have a road system through all their holdings with the roads being approximately a mile apart and good wide hard packed graveled roads which are much better than the average county and some state roads. In wet weather they never put a truck in the woods. They use rubber tired wagons and some small "cats" to yard the logs out to a road. The "cats" are used only to skid out of creek bottoms and such places and they use the same "cat roads" for every trip.

One thing that makes their timber **look** so good is that they are clearing out all the scrubby hardwood, but it **is** good timber because they had a 98 foot log average for last year. The mill cuts 30 million feet of pine and 15 million feet of hardwood per year and they are growing approximately 80 million feet, so they are growing nearly twice as much as they are cutting.

Their company has the timber and with selective cutting, a good road building program, and by getting rid of the undesirable hardwoods and not increasing production to an extent where they are overcutting the growth, they will have a continual operation; a job for them, their children, and their children's children.

If any of you ever get the chance to go to Crossett, it will be well worth your time to spend a day or two looking over their work.

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CARPENTER CREW



Left to right in picture above: P. V. Celland, E. C. Weeks, Jake Weisinger, Charlie Otis, Tommie Lewis, E. A. Stephens, Foreman. Sitting, left to right: William Reeves, B. O. Parkins, Archie Morris, E. E. Williams.

The carpenter crew, consisting of eleven men, has the responsibility of all the residential construction and repair work in the entire town. In addition to this load, the crew builds, repairs, and remodels structures such as stores, warehouses, the hotel, and various other non-residential buildings owned by the Southern Pine Lumber Company. With the help of the four-man colored carpenter crew, this bunch has built approximately 60 new houses of five or more rooms and approximately 150 smaller houses during the past eight years in Diboll. 620 company owned houses must be constantly repaired—many of them fifty years old—which means that the above group usually has more snakes dug up than it can kill. In other words, if they haven't gotten around to your house yet, remember that they have quite a burden on their shoulders with 619 other people hanging out of windows waving skillets at them and yelling their heads off about the leaky roof over Junior's room.

The foreman of the above crew, E. A. Stephens, is a baseball pitcher from way back yonder—in fact, so far back that he was chunking the horsehide THIRTY years ago and is still chunking it, having pitched four games this year at the ripe old age (For a ball player) of 42, and having twirled his first game at the age of 12. Now, though, it looks like he has hung up his glove for good, regardless of the fact that he won two of his four games this year. He says he can still pitch but like Old Clyde "Rip" Hinson of Lufkin—who didn't quit the mound until he had passed his 53rd birthday last year—it's just too much of an embarrassment to his grandchildren.

Of the eleven men in the carpenter crew, eight have been working together for almost nine years. Uncle Charlie Otis is the oldest man in the outfit both in age and years of service. He is also by far the best marksman among them with a rifle, having on numerous occasions demonstrated his skill, according to Stephens, by shooting the heads off of matches so far away that he had to sight with a powerful telescope. As for hitting gnats eyes, Uncle Charlie is in the class who, before shooting, wants you to specify which eye.

Reeves, Loving, and Lewis are the musicians of the carpenter crew, all three being handy with a guitar, Reeves and Lewis also being hot fiddle players and Lewis a piano slapper. This talent comes in very handy when Stephens is explaining to some irate householder to the tune of, Mother Machree, why he can't repair the hole in the floor where grandpa fell through and hasn't come out after all these weeks, though still tapping under the kitchen for help. He gets the householder crying, not about Grandpa's predicament, but about what a cad he, the householder, was in the first place to try to put more work on the poor, poor, downtrodden carpenters.

One very outstanding job done by the above crew this year was the construction of the Diboll Athletic Field. 14,000 feet of oak lumber went into the building of the fence which, in center field is 335 feet from home plate and 295 feet at the two foul lines. Approximately 7000 feet of lumber went into the construction of the grandstand which seats 600 people. This Athletic Field, incidentally, was planned in such a way that it is suitable for baseball, football, and track, and was built complete by the company for the recreation and enjoyment of the people of Diboll.

Five men in the carpenter crew have been together more than eight years—Stephens, Otis, Weisinger, Morris, and Williams. They all have a fine safety record, even though much of their work is tearing down old construction to be replaced by new—and that is considered by insurance companies the most hazardous of all occupations, believe it or not. They maintain this good safety record by working together as a team, discussing safety with new men on the job, and by being alert, not only to dangers to themselves but to the man working with them.

Theirs is a bunch of good fellows with a hard job on their hands who pitch together and tackle it every day to build and repair our homes, to construct recreational facilities for our children, to build our churches, our schools, and our many other buildings in Diboll. They deserve everybody's thanks.

But they still ought to go get Grandpa out from under that kitchen floor.

—o—

The Better Way

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.
I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done,
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run;
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true,
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.
For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

—Anonymous

Let's Talk Shop

By GEORGE JOHNSON

The past week I've attempted to figure out just who and just who didn't qualify for a paid vacation this year. All they had to do was show up for work 95 per cent of the time they were supposed to be here, for a period of a year—actually eleven months. Veterans were exceptions to the rule because they are to get their vacations regardless. But anyway, here I've been writing figures all over the walls, my desk, scribbles around the building, and on anything else that happened to be handy and I finally came up with the list.

Everybody in the department seems to be happy and contented because they're all on it and they're packing up to take off Saturday afternoon, August 16, for points North, South, East and West. Arthur Sturrock is going to Houston, Dopey Morgan to Goose Creek, Joe Bob Hendrix to Alto, and so on down the line. Most everybody, though, will spend the days fishing on the Neches and Angelina rivers, propped up in the shade of a tree, sipping a cold can of—or that is, a cold glass of water, and wondering what in the world all the working people are doing while they relax with a cork bobbing in the stream and with their pay going right along just like they were back here picking up anvils and carrying them around in this 102 degree heat.

It'll be pretty nice.

In the last issue of the "Buzz Saw" you probably read how Joe Bob Hendrix got the name "One Blow Joe". If you didn't, I can give you the story in five words: He cleaned up the Pacific. Almost singlehanded, too, according to him. Well, quite a few people in North Diboll—the place is shown on the map as "Lufkin"—read about him, too, and the result was that they immediately sent for him to come up, join the police force, and rid the town of lawlessness. We thought old One Blow was gone for good—but no; he was back after just one week. All the fellows in the shops asked him what was wrong—why he didn't stay longer. He replied: "Well, Joe Louis doesn't hang around the ring after he knocks somebody out does he? I'm back here for the same reason. I cleaned theplace up in seven days, ran all the thugs out of town, whipped everybody who wanted to fight, solved all unsolved cases, then hung up my badge. Why stay longer?"

—o—

Next on the agenda is one James H. Pickel. Versatile Jim. Brother, here's a man. Here's a man who can do everything—He is a skilled carpenter, a first class mechanic, an expert cabinet maker, a talented sign painter, and seven or eight other things both good and bad.

Jim came to Diboll many years ago in strange company. The way we get the story, somebody here ordered a car load of mules for the company. The mules arrived, and when they opened the car door, there, sleeping peacefully in the hay, was Jim. It so happened that they were short of men at that particular time, so Jim was unloaded right along with the mules, and all were shoed—the mules at the shop and Jim at the store—and put to work. He's been with us ever since.

The first payday Jim made, he bought a pistol and he's been packing it off and on many years, not only as a private citizen having no business lugging a Betsy, but also as a deputy constable which he has been on various occasions in the past—an appointment he held with no little pride and a whole lot of ammunition, just in case. I don't think he ever shot anybody but to hear him tell it there's many a man walking around to this day on borrowed time because he ALMOST let some 40 or 50 individuals have it right between the eyes on more occasions than he can remember. He is strictly no man to molest.

As some of you might remember, Jim's first job with the company was on the carpenter gang. You might also remember that he lived at the Old Star hotel which was run by Mrs. Estes and which was famous for it's good food, served in great abundance.

Jim says that's why he lived there, but we think he had another reason. That reason was that Mrs. Estes had two of the best looking daughters you ever saw and one of them—Ruth—was democratic enough to speak to him and from that point on Jim was carpentering on the side and wooing Ruth as a principal occupation. A few months later, after telling her several tremendous lies about his plantations in Mississippi, et cetera, he led her to the altar and they were married. As for the plantations, Jim later explained that the river had changed it's course suddenly and his fine acreage was approximately 30 feet under water and 200 yards from the shore and not worth fooling with. So they stayed in Diboll and now, after 30 years of continuous service, you can find him still in the shops doing a wide variety of things and doing them with the skill of a real craftsman.

During all his long career with Southern Pine, Jim has never had a serious accident. Well, he did break his big toe one time—but he considered that such a minor matter he didn't even slow his work down. Just kept wheeling, went to the doctor after the whistle blew, got it wrapped up and came on back the next morning raring to go.

Jim Pickel is a man who keeps his mind on his work and who does his job and does it well. He is liked by everybody because he's a good fellow any way you take him.

But you'd better watch him when he's got a bulge in that right hip pocket. He's liable to out with his shooting iron and start blazing away. It says here.

—o—

All you knuckleheads running around here in tennis shoes, especially carpenters, repair men, and the like, had better come on by here and get your safety shoes. I'll guarantee they're more comfortable than crutches. And something else—safety shoes are sold to you at wholesale price with no profit whatsoever, and that means that they're the best shoe bargains you can possibly find anywhere.

I have in stock now plenty of both boots and shoes and have a sale on certain sizes—namely, sizes 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, and 12. If you wear ANY size, come get them; you won't have to pay for them until the next half and you'll get a real bargain. If you wear the sizes I have on sale you will get a STEAL. Protect your feet and at the same time get yourself a pair of comfortable, long wearing shoes at a price you couldn't beat if you looked all over the State of Texas the rest of the year. How anybody could turn down a deal like this beats me.

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We have a new man in the shop and we welcome him into the fold. His name is Alvin Fox—better known as "Little Foxie". He's a welder and was transferred to us from Temple-White. He's a soft ball player and is so good that Herb White let us have him ONLY on the condition that we let him continue to play with THEM. Glad to have you Foxie.

—o—

Thanks!

The pictures in this issue of the Buzz Saw, and many you will see in future issues, were taken and developed by Johnsa Phares of the Humble Oil & Refining Company and given the editors of the Buzz Saw free gratis.

We want to use this space to thank Phares for so graciously giving us the benefit of his equipment, his time, and his photographic talents for the paper and in supplying us with some 80 other pictures now in the files to be used later in the Buzz Saw.

Copied from an original at The History Center, Diboll, TX www.TheHistoryCenterOnline.com 1993:001

Annual Vacations Set August 18—24

Vacation time has rolled around again and every employee who has worked continuously 95 per cent of the time available to him between September 1 1946 and August 1 1947—veterans being given theirs regardless—will get a full week off with pay.

The Southern Pine Lumber Company is shutting down the entire plant, with the exception of certain repair and maintenance crews who will receive pay for the week PLUS their vacation pay, and will resume operation on Monday August 25. This is just another of the many fine things the Southern Pine Lumber Company is doing for it's employees and everybody is looking forward to the time off to rest, go fishing, or take a trip—while our time goes right on.

And here's a thought we might bear in mind. Next year vacation time will roll around again. If we have simply walked off our jobs, failed to show up for work, or otherwise missed one working day out of every twenty WITHOUT GOOD CAUSE we won't be eligible for this free week in 1948.

So be a "regular". Stay on your jobs 100 per cent of the days you're supposed to be working, instead of 95 per cent, and be safe. A full week's pay every year just handed to us free gratis isn't hay. So let's all resolve to stay on the job and get it EVERY year from now on! Cooperate with the company and the company will express it's appreciation not only with paid vacations every twelve months but in a lot of other ways.

Ours is a big family that's been together a long time, and we'll be together a long time to come.

Let's all go enjoy our week off then come back and get the old ball rolling again—and keep it rolling! HAVE A BIG TIME AND WE HOPE YOU CATCH THAT BIG ONE EVERY DAY!

Shock—

(Continued from page 7)

Ellis left Diboll for Orange and there were absolutely no extra men here due to the war, and especially nobody with a knowledge of electricity, the company decided—after searching all over the country for a man without being able to find one—that the job should go to the best man available. Hall was not only the best man available. He was the ONLY man available.

So they put him on as foreman of that department and it looks like he's there to stay because — all kidding aside—he's a top man. He knows his stuff, keeps going all the time, and has in his department the best equipment and a real team of men who get the work done and keep the ball rolling. Their task is an endless one—erecting new equipment, repairing the old, trouble-shooting in emergencies, etc. But their know their stuff, they're about the youngest group on the plant which means they have plenty of zip —which they very often need—and we all like to have them around.

Especially when the lights go out.

Incidentally, these boys say that one of the principal causes of fires in the home, as well as injuries, is what we could call the amateur electrician, plumber, or gas man. That's the fellow who tries to fix the wiring in his house, or the gas pipes, without knowing anything about what he's doing. The usual result is that he gets the H—shocked out of himself, or gets his house on fire, or makes a big job of repairing out of something that—had he left it alone—would have been simple. What Hall's bunch would like for you to do is (1) Don't call them, especially at night, when you have a mere squeak in your fan, for example, and (2) If there is something really wrong with the wiring, notify them, then leave it strictly alone until they can get there to fix it.

Hall's crew is one of the most safety-conscious groups in all the Southern Pine Lumber Company. They HAVE to be to stick around with us because they are constantly working with high voltage wire, on poles, and in places around the mill that a fox squirrel would shudder to thing about. But their accident record is one of the best. Of course Ray Rector has fallen off three or four places thirty and forty feet high, and has fallen WITH two or three light poles that hit the ground, but somehow he lands right side up every time like a cat and hasn't been hurt to date. He says he not only thinks safety; he dreams about it, and he ain't falling no more.

I sure hope he doesn't. He's promised to come by my house to fix my light switches that now make the lights go off when I turn them on and vice versa and I don't want to wait two or three more years on some new man.

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Diboll Firemen Attend Course

S. E. (Squinch) Weisinger and E. P. Ramsey returned July 26th from the 18th Annual Firemen's School at Texas A. & M. College at College Station where they studied the latest methods of fighting all types of oil, gas, butane, and ordinary fires. The course lasted five days and was attended by 539 firemen from all parts of the State of Texas.

Students attending the school were given expert instruction on the use of all types of new fire fighting equipment; instructions on the handling of chemicals in fighting fires, and new tactics developed in disaster areas such as Texas City which will be extremely useful in the event of similar castrophes in the future.

The Southern Pine Lumber Company paid the expenses of these men to College Station, the cost of the course, plus straight time on their jobs while they were gone—as an investment in the security of our town against the ravages of fire. It's a great thing for our Fire Department and for our town to have representatives from their group afforded the opportunity to attend this course at Texas A. & M. at company expense each year, as they have done the past several years, because it gives them the "Know-How" in fire fighting that might mean the difference between the plant at Diboll being a place where we all will be able to work for years to come, or a heap of ashes, useful to nobody.

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Miss Kelley

Diboll has produced many fine citizens and can boast of a host of the faithful and the pure in heart. One that would surely be included in this group is Miss Zettie Kelley who has worked at the post office since the date of September 1, 1918. She will observe her thirtieth anniversary as post mistress next year.

Miss Zettie served under the late Frank Farrington as assistant for seven years and took over the job as post mistress following Mr. Farrington's death. She has served the public patiently and courteously and is highly regarded by her many friends here in Diboll.

Miss Zettie was born in Carmona, Texas, and now lives with her brother, Alley Kelley. Her favorite hobby, though she has little time to spend out side of the post office, is raising chickens. She recently made the fine record of raising 99 out of 100. She likes to work in the yard with her flowers.

Old Thee

In the early Twenties a strange rumor swept the quarters in Diboll. A spirit—and one that talked—was in Conn's pasture. Nobody knew much about it and nobody seemed at all anxious to find out anything about it—but it was there because Henry Jones (the person is real—the name ficticious) had been down there talking to it. In fact, Henry was the only man who could talk to it and understand what the spirit said back because it spoke an unknown tongue which, miraculously enough, Henry had happened to master.

The spirit, as all the old timers in the quarters will verify, was known as "Old Thee".

Now it so happened that after considerable talk about Old Thee, Henry began going to selected houses and telling the occupants therein that the spirit wanted them to appear at a certain shack in Conn's field at 10 o'clock the following Saturday night to receive a personal message. None dared to ignore the summons, though the trek down to meet, or at least to hear, Old Thee was, to say the least, a terrifying thing to look forward to.

The first official utterance of Old Thee was on Saturday Night after a two weeks' publicity build-up by Henry Jones, the mystic interpreter. Sixteen had been summoned and six teen were present, huddled together in the one-room house at the appointed hour waiting in goose-bumps to hear the voice of the spirit and to receive their respective messages, then to be released for the foot race back to town.

According to one member of the group present on the occasion—and who still lives in Diboll—there was dead silence for some fifteen minutes. Then Henry perked up his ears, listened very intently with his face shining in the glow of a lamp placed in one corner of the room while 32 eyes, wide open and moving slowly this way and that, searched the darkness of the windows for a sign of a hand or an arm or whatever might be the manner of Old Thee's appearance.

Then they heard it: "Buddle-de-bo, Biddle-de-be, Boop-de-deedle-de-, Bleep-blee-be". The unknown tongue—and eminating from the darkness.

Henry addressed the shivvering sixteen: "Is Sister Martha Jane Hooper in de crowd?" She was, indeed. "Old Thee say you got a brother in Silsbee. He is sick, but tonight he is better and Old Thee will have him up and about by Thursday week". Sister Martha Jane whispered to the others: "That's right, I have got a brother in Silsbee in the hospital. How you reckon Old Thee know that?" Henry reassured her that Old Thee knew everything. The others perked up. Then again came the "Buddle-de-bo, Biddle-de-be" from outside the window next to Henry, a message for Sidney Dean about his insurance premium being due, about his Uncle in Houston. All true. Then other messages, predictions of things to come, mystic signs, and a parting admonition to do as Old Thee said do or suffer the grave consequences.

Every night for about two weeks the faithful gathered to hear the Mumbo-Jumbo and Henry's translations. Some were strong for it, some not at all convinced. But after some twelve or fourteen meetings the congregation had grown to approximately 40 who were definitely sold, and from then on none but these forty were summoned to appear. One of the strangest aspects of Old Thee's activities was the fact that collections were never taken. Even the unbelievers had a hard time trying to figure that one out or how Henry —who, unlike Old Thee, had to eat— was managing to get by. But they didn't have long to wait. Because a few nights later even stranger things began to occur.

The faithful followers of Old Thee were observed slipping out of their houses about midnight carrying shovels, picks, boxes, sacks,—and lanterns. About daybreak they would all come back, put up their tools, and get ready to go out on the plant for a sleepy day's work. Everything was very secretive—nobody knew anything but the favored forty. But the word spread rapidly that they were digging for buried money south of town. Some said they had found part of it already and were getting close to the big haul. Others said they were just digging.

Old Thee was saying he would show them where it was the first night there was no doubt in any of his followers minds about his power. And each night after the unsuccessful try of the night before, Old Thee would tell them, through Henry, that a foot had slipped —that somebody had faltered in their thoughts the day before and that he, therefore, did not give them the correct spot in which to dig but might tonight, depending on the extent of the confidence they had in him. Then all would again testify to their undying devotion, Henry would get the message from Old Thee with reference to where to begin the night's digging, and dirt would fly 'til almost dawn with nothing uncovered save an occasional rock.

It was just before daylight after the fourth night when Henry informed the faltering forty that he had just been in contact with Old Thee and had some inside information on how they could find the buried treasure the next night for sure and no doubt about it. He said that Old Thee had intentionally shown them the wrong spot four times straight as a test of their willingness to endure hardship. They all passed the test and Old Thee was pleased. In fact, he was so pleased that he had given his word that the next night he would lead them to the right spot, positively, where—buried only a few feet underground—they would find two trunks filled with cash. There were just two conditions that must be fulfilled: One, All must agree to share the money equally without argument. Two, Old Thee must be shown that all believed in him without any doubt whatsoever. To accomplish the latter condition, the worldly goods of each of the prospective participants in the buried money must be turned over to his disciple, Henry, before the digging started—that is all the worldly goods easily carried, such as money and jewelry.

The final night came around and for the first time a few of the faithful were missing. But only a few. All the rest assembled in the shack, handed over the money, rings, bracelets, and various other items, heard Old Thee from the outside, got the translation, and took off for the spot for the final digging—about a mile and a half away. Henry led them to a thicket, circled around awhile, then pointed to a stump. "There", he pointed, "you will find two trunks about six feet under the ground, one on each side of the stump. I'm going back now and talk to Old Thee and when you get them out, bring them to the house and divide the money between you".

Daylight found the group still digging. But the group had found nothing. In fact, until this very day they have still found nothing—not even Henry. Somehow or another when they went back to the shack for further directions from Old Thee, it was deserted. Their money was gone, their jewelry, their interpreter, and their hopes. Old Thee —the voice from the darkness—was to be heard no more.

—o—

Do unto others as though you were the others.

—o—

Folks who never do any more than they get paid for, Never get paid for any more than they do!

—o—

Headline in New York Newspaper: "Father of ten shot—mistaken for rabbit."