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The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME 1 | DIBOLL, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER 30, 1947 | No. 4

Views of Diboll Through the Camera Lens



The above jigsaw view of some of the personalities and activities in Diboll includes "The Sweetheart of Southern Pine." Miss Lynn McClain—who, incidentally, is also "Miss Texas." Note Herb White in the lower right hand corner. Herb was caught entirely unawares by the camera indulging in his favorite indoor sport—telling a tall fish story. Others in the picture above include Miss Zettie Kelly, "Frog" Malone, Cruthurds, Wells, "Slim" Stephens, and others. See how many you can pick out.

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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...

The Buzz Saw, heretofore published on the 15th day of the month, will now come to you on the last day of each month for several reasons—the principal one being that we want to bring you the news of a complete month in each issue instead of having to break it into parts of two months as has been the case in the past. This change, and many other changes that will no doubt take place in the future, can simply be labelled "Growing Pains." We started off from scratch with the Buzz Saw—without importing any outside talent whatsoever. Everybody just sorta' pitched in, wrote articles, got pictures, submitted ideas, then we sacked it all up and took it to J. W. Cloud down at Huntington who publishes the Angelina County News, a couple of magazines, and all sorts of other things—and told him we wanted a monthly tabloid for Diboll. He and Clayte Binion, his Managing Editor, looked our "copy" over, arranged for an engraver in Beaumont to make "cuts" for our pictures, and told us they would run it for us every thirty days, and throw in a few hundred extra copies gratis simply because the Buzz Saw was being published for the employees of Southern Pine and written by the employees themselves. We made a pretty good start, we think, and there's every reason to believe the Buzz Saw will get better as we learn more about getting it together; more about what to put in it of interest, and as more and more people get accustomed to reading it. On that score, you might like to know that at first we published 650 copies—basing the figure on the 650 employees of the company in Diboll. There was such demand for issue number Two that we had 850 copies run, then 1000 copies of Number Three in August. This issue—for September —we are publishing 1200 copies, sending approximately 200 copies to such places as Pineland, the lumber yards all over the State, many industries and individuals who have written in requesting that they be put on our mailing list, and to other publications in Texas and elsewhere. In other words, the Buzz Saw is getting around—and we say "The More the Merrier." So if you know anybody you'd like to have a copy mailed to each month, especially former residents of Diboll, give us their names and we'll put them on the mailing list. The paper will be sent to them without any charge whatsoever.

A few months ago the practice of smoking around the plant, under the cars at the planer, and here and there where it constituted a fire hazard was pretty common. Nobody was deliberately trying to endanger the plant—they just simply didn't think about it. Well, we had a couple of articles in the Buzz Saw about how serious the consequences of a carelessly thrown match might be, especially while things were so dry, and asked everybody to stop smoking on or near the yards, the mills, the planer, and other places where there was even the **possibility** of a fire endangering our jobs and the plant.

The response to that request was amazingly good. In fact, we think the practice of smoking on or near the plant has virtually stopped and everybody deserves thanks for helping in the "No-Smoking" campaign. The thing for us **all** to do now is to keep up the good work—don't smoke anywhere **near** the sheds, the runs, or the mills and if you see anybody else carelessly lighting up a cigarette remind him that he's endangering not only his job but **yours.** Let's all pull together and **keep** this hazard knocked out for good. It's one of the most important precautions around a sawmill—so let's be sure it's observed by **everybody.**

—o—

Letters to the Editor

The Buzz Saw
Diboll, Texas
Dear Editor:

My husband says he certainly does enjoy the Buzz Saw and he wants you to send him a copy each month. How much does the paper cost and just what day does it go on sale?

Yours truly,
Mrs. M. M. B.

P. S. I don't understand how my husband could like your paper. He can't read.

Dear Mrs. M. M. B.: We'll send your old man a Buzz Saw every month free. What if he can't read? He can smell, can't he?

Editors
The Buzz Saw
Diboll, Texas
Dear Sirs:

Some time ago you had an article about a strange race of people that had been discovered east of here called the "Sabinese" who you challenged to play ball against Diboll. Have you ever heard from them accepting or rejecting the challenge?

B. R.

Dear B. R.:

No. Not yet. But we understand that a member of the tribe, one M. A. Sloan, is working on an answer which might be completed by the end of the year if his chisels hold out. He's writing on stone tablets.

Dere Edittor:

i and my wife got in a fite over somethin u all writ in the Buzz Saw it was about skeeters in Diball u said their was no skeeters and my wife beleeves ever thing she reeds and that nite somethin was buzzing in my house an bitting us both jus like skeeters and I kilt one and it looked jus like skeeters look and I said it wus skeeters and she said I wus crazy cauz the Buzz Saw says their aint no more skeeters and she whupped me with a stew pan fir disputin her word so jus what is the small insecks singing around my head at nite and chewin on me if they aint skeeters.

B. I. T.

Dear B. I. T.:

Hallucinations or maybe miniature flying saucers with teeth. But they definitely are NOT mosquitoes. We said there were no more mosquitoes in Diboll and we meant it. A 5 per cent solution of DDT spray in every room at night before you go to bed will prove us right, too.

Jesus The Friend Of Sinners

By REV. S. A. BONNER, Pastor Lanier Memorial Baptist Church

"And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying, This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them. Luke 15-2"

There is a type of goodness that tries to maintain its righteous standing by keeping aloof from "sinners" and all those who are not of good respectable standing. This type of goodness is very critical of anybody who does not measure up to its standards. Those who have this type of goodness are very intolerant toward the outcast classes and those who do not maintain high caste standing. People of this kind are not characterized by mercy and kindness. They rather represent justice as they conceive it. They fold their garments of righteousness around them, are very careful to guard against the contamination of their goodness.

The Pharisees of Jesus' day are the outstanding example of this type of goodness. One of the characteristics of such men is their inordinate passion to regulate everything and everybody. They not only consider themselves righteous above others but they somehow feel that they are ordained of the Almighty to see that everybody else measures up to the true standards which, of course, is their standard.

Jesus stood out in bold contrast to such men. One difference between His goodness and theirs is on the point just mentioned. They wanted to regulate everybody! He wanted to help somebody. The self-righteous type of goodness wants to dominate; the Jesus type of goodness wants to help and inspire. These Pharisees were not concerned about helping sinners. They stood aloof and condemned them. Jesus' main concern was not to condemn sinners but to help them.

These two types of goodness are still in the world, and sinners soon discern the difference. If a Pharisee then or now ever offers to help anyone, it is in a condescending and patronizing air. He offers it as a superior to an inferior, and he wants the recipient of his aid to recognize his superiority as the dispenser of bounty. Moreover, he wants full credit for all the good he does. As a matter of fact, in doing good he is more conscious of his own goodness than he is of any other factor in the situation. But Jesus did not so give. He gave out of pure brotherliness and in such a way as to bring the sinner to repentance, as well as to help the person to self-respect and honor.

It was because publicans and sinners sensed this attitude on the part of Jesus that they eagerly flocked after Him and listened intently to His words. They sensed in Him a new type of goodness and they were drawn by it. And when Jesus welcomed them, sometimes dined with them, manifested a real concern for them, the Pharisees were no doubt really shocked. They could not understand such unconventional goodness. Here was a man who claimed to teach in the name of God and religion and yet he disregarded the conventionalities of religion and let down the bars between the good and the bad. He dined with unpatriotic publicans and associated with disreputable religion outcasts. The Pharisees contemptuously criticized Him for such conduct.

We, today, perhaps can somewhat understand the attitudes of the Pharisees. We can if we study our own hearts and conduct. Do we not try to maintain our righteousness by condemning others? Are we not more concerned, at times, at least, in condemning sinners than we are in helping them to leave off their sins?

Perhaps we can also understand something of the spirit of Jesus, and with the hope of developing that spirit in us, let us look at His spirit and attitude.

1. Jesus regarded man as of supreme worth in the sight of God. He regarded man as of more value than the material world. He said: "What shall it profit man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Man, as a spiritual being, is worth more than gold and silver, stocks and bonds, banks and railroads—more than all the material universe. Jesus rebuked those who set their hearts on material things rather than on spiritual riches. He pointed out plainly the dangers of covetousness. It grieved Him to see men throwing away their own lives and oppressing others for the sake of material things. He put men above things. He pointed out that in much of what they did these self-righteous Pharisees were actuated by the love of money. They squeezed money out of helpless widows, gave their tithes, prayed long prayers, and counted that God endorsed them, since they prospered in material things.

Jesus put man above religious institutions. He said the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He was not concerned about a punctilious observance of the Sabbath or a meticulous following of their traditions. Contrary to their traditions, He healed the sick on the Sabbath.

So when Jesus saw men going astray, His chief concern was to see them recovered from sin and its destructive influences. The chief concern of Jesus was to help men, to save them from sin. These publicans and sinners preceived this, at least dimly, and so they crowded around Him. They were interested to hear what He had to say.

As men hear us preach today; as they observe us in our busy religious performances; as they see us maintaining our orthodoxies and preserving our traditions and customs—do they get the impression that we are more concerned about these things than we are in them and their welfare? Even as we try to win them to our Saviour and our church, do they come to feel that we are more interested in making a proselyte, or counting a convert, than we are in really helping them? Unless there prevades our activities a genuine love for men and a true estimate of their spiritual worth, we shall be only sounding brass or a clanging cymbal. We must always see beneath a sinners sin and degradation a man that is worth saving. Jesus was not a spineless compromiser with evil, but He saw in every man, irrespective of rank or station, a man made in God's image who needed redeeming from his sinful life.

2. Jesus believed in the possibility of winning sinful men to repentance.

Jesus regarded men as sinful—all men—but He did not believe that men were fixed in their sinful state. He knew the love of God toward men, and He believed in the possibility of winning men to a favorable response to God's grace.

It is to be kept in mind that grace and repentance imply each other. Repentance is man's change of mind in view of God's offer of grace. Grace wins a response of repentance from sinful man. Jesus did not believe that man could lift himself out of his sinful state in his own strength, but He did believe that men could respond to God's grace and let God lift them out of their sins.

Let us thank God for this picture of Jesus, the friend of sinners. In it the eternal love of God is made real and vivid to our minds. Let it encourage us, as sinful men, to draw near to this God of Holy Love in the full assurance that He will forgive and save.

—o—

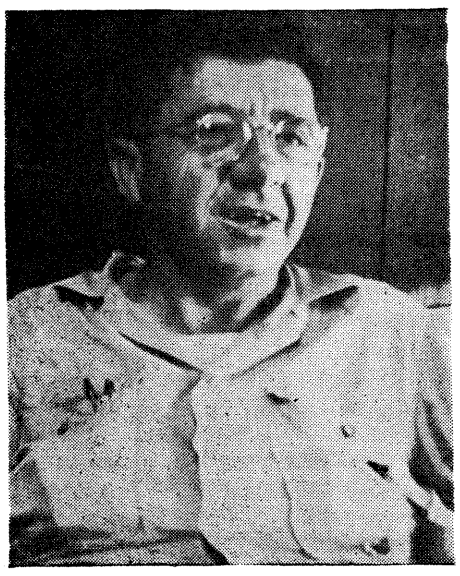
A minister and a safety man have a lot in common: Most people agree they are right, but so few follow their advice.

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The Big Windbag

The Far East has its typhoons; the Gulf of Mexico, its hurricanes; the Midwest its tornadoes. Take the worst blow in each, combine all three into one terrific wind and you'll have but a gentle summer breeze compared to Diboll's champion windbag — G. P. (Rat) Johnson, our supply house man.

This poor man's Westbrook Pegler has been blasting the shop crew in the Buzz Saw for the past three months through the medium of his column "Let's Talk Shop." He has been dispensing his distorted dissertations for the past several years through the medium of his foghorn voice—treating the truth with no respect whatsoever and his listeners with no regard for their time, their intelligence, or their kinfolks. To give the readers of this sheet a true picture



WINDBAG JOHNSON

of this car-house Claghorn we must delve first into his youth.

Johnson the boy: Thirty-nine years ago disaster struck the happy home of Judge and Mrs. Johnson. George Pedigo had arrived. The grief stricken parents looked into the crib, then silently at each other, and while the neighbors gathered in small hushed groups around the house and in the yard the doctor emerged with a stern expression on his face, his sachel in his hand. "You are **all** wrong," he said. "It **is** human and I'll stake my medical reputation on it!"

The years went by and Johnson began to adjust himself to the world in which he lived. He came down out of the trees, and his father forced him into the public school, where his teachers discovered that his fertile imagination, his fondness for the fantastic, and his absolute abhorrence of the truth made him quite a favorite with his playmates. At recess they would sit enraptured, listening to his stories of travels to far-away lands, his accomplishments as a fighter, his plans for changing the world and his schemes to abolish the school system. Then only twenty-one years of age, Johnson had advanced to the second grade. He had never been out of precinct four, had never whipped anything but pancake batter, and had his I. Q. been taken the report would in all probability been returned marked: "This pupil is in a state of severe shock. Get him medical attention **Quick!"**

The Southern Pacific trains came and went, lumber was stacked and unstacked, Franklin D. Roosevelt with his irrestible force put his immovable object in the chair of the Presidency and now we find **Johnson the man** in his office at the T. S. E. supply house. Listen:

"Yes, boys, looks to me like there'll be a war soon. There'll be fighting between this country and the Japs if I'm not badly mistaken and I seldom am. Yesterday they bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila and my prediction is that we'll have war. Mark my words."

How Johnson could possibly predict war only one day after Pearl Harbor remains until this minute a mystery. It is grim evidence of his keen perception, his vision, his intricate knowledge of foreign affairs. He turned out to be absolutely right on that occasion and he turned out to be absolutely right on his famous presidential prediction the day following the death of FDR. "In my opinion," said Johnson lighting up a long cigar and propping his feet on his desk. "the man who'll occupy the White House from now on will be Harry S. Truman." Later we all knew that we had heard the words of a genius without fully realizing his true abilities as a forecaster of national affairs. For all this we now give him his just dues. The credit is his and his alone. The sad part about it was that when he finished the second of these two assertions he never again said anything that had actually ever happened or anything that actually ever would. Which brings us to the true Johnson—the man with the big mouth, the big ears, the big Southern exposure. **Johnson the windbag.**

"Yes boys, when things got to popping I went down and offered my services to my country. I volunteered, put on a uniform, said 'Gimme a M-1 and let me show you how to exterminate a few hundred Nazis right quick! Over there I went and I showed 'em. A Major said to me one day: 'Johnson, you're the best man I got. I'm gonna send you on a special patrol through the lines tonight.' I says: 'Now listen Maje, you ain't sending me nowhere 'til I get ready to go. I'm not afraid to do anything but I think we ought to wait 'til tomorrow night for strategic reasons." He shut up. Never tried to order me around again—none of the rest of 'em did, either, after that. I was King Bee in that outfit and there was no doubt about it. Now when I got back I was tough—!"

We will cut the Windbag off at this point to give you the facts. He entered the army in June 1943 after having been chased through Polk, Trinity, Houston, and Rusk counties by the draft board and finally cornered by a deputy from Jacksonville. Stationed in California for awhile, he convinced his commanding officer that he could be done without and was transferred to New Jersey, thence to the state of New York, thence to Miami Beach, Florida. For the same reason that tomatoes were not shipped overseas, Johnson remained in the states for the duration. In January, 1946, he was given an honorable discharge—proof of the extreme leniency of the government in the jubilation of victory. We will say one thing, however, about the military career of this sterling character. He didn't remain static. Entering the army as a private, Johnson's rise was rapid. After only three years of service his unusual abilities had been so often recognized by his superiors that he advanced step by step from the lowly rank of private to the exalted status of Private First Class. Some in Diboll may say that such an accomplishment in so short a time was the result of "Pull." We think not. We think it was simply that the military authorities recognized in Johnson his true evaluation, promoted him to P.F.C. and said to themselves, "Well, that is that," and walked off.

Now back to the windbag: "—yes sir, I decided that I'd go down there and jump on this old boy just for fun. I spied him at the store, walked up and hit him a right cross to the chin, a left hook in the middle. Down he went. When he got up I shuffled my feet, hit him six or seven times and that was all there was to it. Felt right sorry for the fellow but I had a grudge against him and I had to whip him. He begged me to quit bopping

(Continued to page 6)

Diboll Enrolls 588 Students

The Diboll Public Schools opened its doors Monday morning, September 8th, at nine o'clock with the registration of all pupils and the issuing of all books completed by four o'clock the first day. The registration of the high school students was a few less than it was the first day of last school, but there were a few more registered in the Grammar School on the first day than there was on the same day last year. We registered in high school, the first day 123, and the grade school 432. There has been a few more registered since the first day and the total number on roll at the end of the second week of school is: grade school 456; high school 132, making nine less than we had enrolled at the close of the second week last year.

The following teachers, and their grades or subjects are: high school, Robert Ramsey, high school Principal and Coach; Claud A. McLeod, Vocational Agriculture; Mrs. Blanche Prejean, high school English, sponsor of senior class and sponsor of Annual; Mrs. Louis Conger Lee, Mathematics and co-sponsor senior class; Mrs. May Lewis Green, Home Making and sponsor of junior class; Mrs. Dixie Cook, Social Science and sponsor of sophomore class; Mrs. Ruth Whitaker Conner, librarian and sponsor of freshmen class; Miss Tina Jo Franklin, Commercial teacher, so-sponsor of junior class and supervisor of school paper—"The Pine Echo"; Mrs. Birdie Pate, Spanish in grades and high school; and, Miss Lillie Mae Mayes, physical education in high school and grades.

Grammar school, Mrs. Beatrice Burkhalter, Principal of grade school; Mrs. Lois Adams, first grade; Mrs. Katherine Rogers, first grade; Mrs. Claire W. Clifton, second grade; Mrs. Lela Wyatt, second grade; Mrs. Mary Jane Christian, third grade; Miss Erlene Donahoe, third grade; Miss Willie Ruth Cole, fourth grade; Mrs. Lottie Bell Collins, fifth grade; Miss Minnie Ruth Young, sixth grade and Mathematics in grade school; Miss Lillie May Mayes, seventh grade and Physical Education in grades; Miss Ann Weeks, eighth grade and Social Studies in grades; Mrs. Birdie Pate, Spanish in grades and high school and English in grades.

The Cafeteria opened for serving meals on Tuesday of the first week of school, and many children and teachers are enjoying the fine foods served. The following ladies are working in the Cafeteria: Mrs. Ben Donahoe, supervisor with assistants; Mrs. Ed Day, Mrs. A. B. Glass, Mrs. Virgie George and Mrs. Geraldine Kimmey.

The teachers and pupils all seem to be delighted with the improvements made in all seven buildings on the campus, as all buildings have been repaired and repainted and a seven foot Cyclone Fence has been constructed around the buildings.

The past year has seen many improvements in our school plant, with the installation of the first-class Cafeterial, the installation of a ceiling in the gym-auditorium making it an "up-to-the-minute' 'auditorium, where any type of program can be enjoyed by any one from any point in the gym; the repair of all school buildings and the repaining of all seven buildings both on the outside and inside; and last—but by no means the least—the erection of one of the best fences in the State, which completely encompasses all seven school buildings making it safe for school children to play, without the fear of some one running over them in a car. All these many improvements seem to make every one happy and determined to do a better type of work this year than they have done in the past.

We are very thankful for all of these improvements and we wish to express our sincere **thanks** and deep **appreciation** to Mr. H. G. Temple and the Southern Pine Lumber Company, who made it possible for us to have these improvements. One other improvement which we are looking forward to, is the installation of electric water fountains in the different buildings. We could not have had all of the above improvements had it not been for Mr. Temple and the other Directors of the Southern Pine Lumber Company, who are always ready to provide the best for their employees and their families.

The teachers of the Diboll public schools with the colleges attended and the type of degree or degrees held are:

W. F. Pate, Superintendent, B. S. Degree in Mathematics and Education; M. A. Degree in Education and Geography, S.H.S.T.C., S.L.I.; Robert T. Ramsey, high school Principal, B. S. History and Physical Education, E.T.-B.C., S.F.A.; Claude A. McLeod, B. S. and M. A. Vocational Agriculture; M. S. Agronomy, S.H.S.T.C., S.F.A., A & M; Mrs. Blanche Prejean, B. S. English and Education, Texas University; Mrs. May Lewis Green, B. S. Home Economics and Education, S. F. A.; Mrs. Dixie Whitehead Cook, B. S. Commerce and Bio., S. F. A.; Miss Tina Jo Franklin, B. S. Commerce and Bio., S. F. A.; Mrs. Ruth Whitaker Conner, B. S. Education and Library Science, S. F. A.; Mrs. Louise Conger Lee, B. S. Mathematics and Dramatics, S. F. A.

Mrs. Beatrice Burkhalter, Principal grade school, B. S. Administrative Education and English, S. F. A.; Mrs. Birdie Pate, B. A., English and Spanish, S. F. A., S.H.S.T.C.; Miss Lillie May Mayes, B. S., Physical Education and Science, S. F. A.; Miss Minnie Ruth Young, B. S. Mathematics and Education, S. F. A.; Miss Ann Weeks, Majoring in Home Economics and Science, S. F. A.; Miss Erlene Donahoe, Majoring in Education and Public School Music, S. F. A.; Miss Willie Ruth Cole, B. S. Elementary Education and English, S. F. A.; Mrs. Lottie Bell Collins, Majoring in Music and Social Studies, S. F. A.; Mrs. Mary Jane Christian, B. S. Elementary Education and English, S. F. A.; Mrs. Lela Wyatt, B. S. Education and Home Economics, S. F. A.; Mrs. Claire Westmoreland Clifton, B. S. Elementary Education and Social Studies, S. F. A.. Katherine Rogers, B. S., Elementary Training and Social Studies, S. F. A.

We, as teachers and pupils of the Diboll public schools, are looking forward to the most progressive and successful year in the history of the Institution and we are asking the full and complete co-operation of all interested parties and patrons. With the co-operation of parents, teachers and pupils we have no doubt that we will have the best school Diboll has ever had.

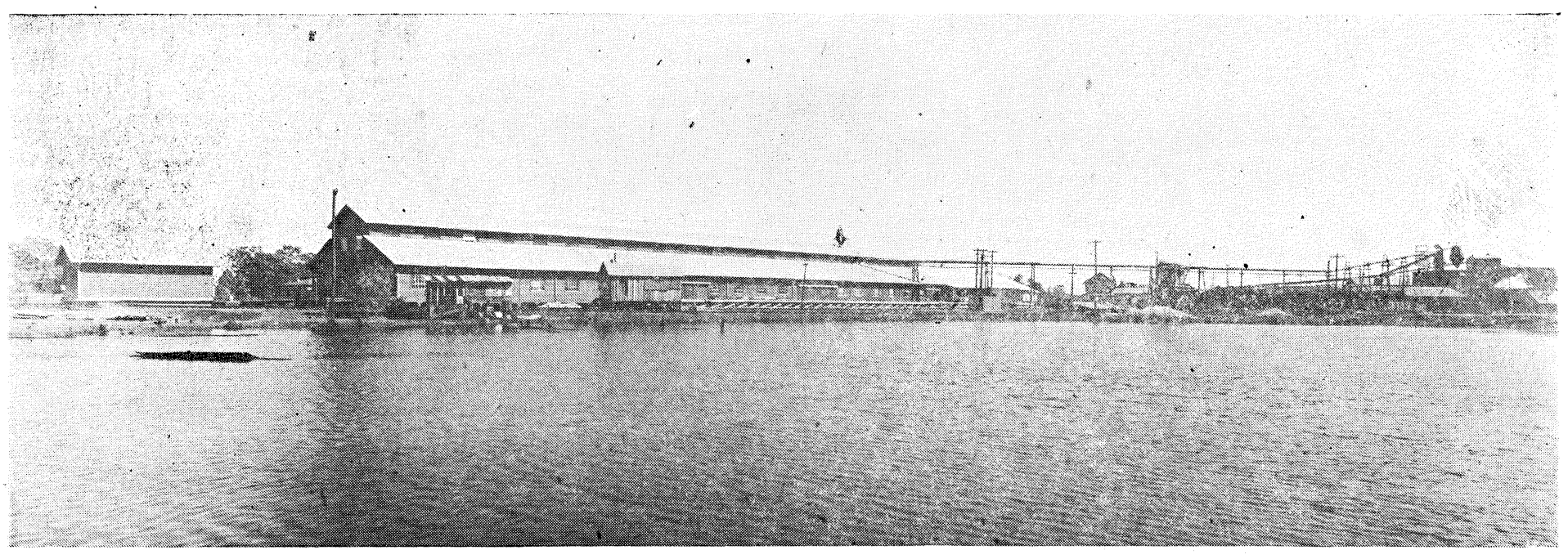
———o———

Quick Thinking

The Motor Pool sergeant picked up the ringing telephone. "What do **you** want?" he demanded in a loud voice. "A car to take me to town!" said the person on the other end of the line. "Listen, Bub," said the sergean. "I'm running this motor pool and I ain't letting no cars out to haul you or anybody else to town. Catch the d— bus and quit worrying me!" Calmly the voice on the other end of the conversation inquired: "Do you know who you are talking to, son?" "Naw, I don't know and don't care," replied the sergeant gruffly. "Well, I'll tell you. This is GENERAL THOMAS speaking!" The sergeant paused. "Allright" he said. "You're General Thomas. Now I'll ask YOU something. Do you know who THIS is talking to you?" "No!" shouted the General. "Thank God," said the sergeant, hanging up the receiver.

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Rambling Around at Temple-White Inc.



By HERB WHITE, JR.

Pictured at right are the Sanders which sand each handle until it is perfectly smooth. These are the old-time Nash single sanders revamped and placed in tandem to double sand the handles to insure smoothness. Many of our customers have told us that the handles manufactured by Temple-White at Diboll are the most expertly sanded and finished they have ever seen anywhere. Lamar Bunch is the foreman of the sanding department and has the responsibility of seeing to it that every handle that goes out of our plant is properly smoothed.

The automatic chuck and bore machines at Temple-White are the machines that put the runded end on your broom and mop handles. These machines also bore a hole in the broom or mop end of the handle. When the broom is made, a wire is started in the hole of the handle and wound around the broom corn until it is firmly attached to the handle.

Each of these automatic chuck and bore machines turn out approximately 20,000 handles per day and the three of them at Temple-White adequately take care of the output of the turning department.

HUNTING SEASON

It won't be long now before all of us can put our fishing tackle back in a dark closet and get out the old blunderbuss. Hunting season is just around the corner. Dove season, already open in the Northern Zone, will be open in the Southern Zone October 20th. Quail season opens December First and duck season is divided into two open dates from November 4th to November 16th, then again from December 16th until December 29th. Shooting on opening days, November 4th and December 16th starts at noon and closes one hour before sunset. ALL OTHER days, shooting shall begin at sunrise to one hour before sunset. Deer season opens November 16th and closes December 31st. Squirrel season from October 15th to January 15th in Angelina County. REMEMBER: There are different laws in the different counties with reference to open season on game. Be sure and check to find out whether or not the season is open in the county in which you intend to hunt.

ODDS AND ENDS

There is a youngster in the turning department of Temple-White by the name of Frank Shirk. Frank has been with White Wood Products Company and Temple-White for more than twenty years but his experience goes even further back than that because he also worked for a handle manufacturing concern in Michigan before joining us. If any man in the United States knows the handle business from



"A" to "Z" it is Frank Shirk because he grew up with the industry and has never worked at any other occupation or any other type business. He and his wife moved to Diboll from Bogalusa in 1938. They have two sons, Harvey and Carl, and one daughter, Helen. Harvey, the oldest of the two boys, with his wife and son, are visiting Frank in Diboll now. Harvey is on terminal leave from the army.

SUPERVISORS' PARTY

The Temple-White yearly Supervisors party went off smoothly the week end of September twentieth and twenty-first at Cypress Clubhouse located on the banks of the Neches river near Old Spivey Ferry.

Herb White himself was the only near-casualty. A "Grinnel' 'of unknown size—but apparently a real whopper —was hooked by the boss while he was nonchallantly casting for bass and the next thing we knew said fish almost pulled him in the water, reel, rod, and all. The net results, however, was simply that the line and bait were lost—along with the Grinnel—and everything turned out O.K.

Ollie Johnson, a novice at games of chance with cards, such as poker, learned quickly. Too quickly, in fact, because the first thing anybody knew he had just about cleaned up the game. Weber finally stopped his run of luck and recovered a part of the loot himself. C. B. Johnson had a mighty good time—so good, in fact, that he had to be briefed the next morning on just what all had happened that he had missed. Joe Wilkerson took off through the woods after a deer, ran until his tongue was hanging down to his belt buckle, then suddenly discovered that his prey was not, after all, a buck but instead was a piney woods razorback hog. Everybody got a terrific laugh out of the wild run, including, we think, the hog. Frosty Davis had a lot of fun fishing but also had a near accident. It seems that he almost cut his hand on one of the cans of liquid refreshments served Maybe he was in too big of a hurry, I don't know.

Guy Spivey and Gene Scarborough did alright by themselves—didn't miss a thing and had, they said, a terrific time. Buster Seeking picked up a slick penny or so when the boys got off the established betting odds for a point. Little Jeffie Anthony really got hot with his rod and reel but missed the big one of the day when a bass that must have been almost as big as Herb Senior's Grinnel struck his lure—then, as the big ones so often do, got off. Dick Hendricks did most of his fishing at the big round table —fishing for the right card to fill out his two pair or whatnot—and, according to him, didn't do bad at all. Lamar Bunch put the finishing touches on the party by preparing a delicious supper of roast beef, corn, beans, potatoes, hot gravy and some of the best cornbread ever eaten. All this with the cold canned refreshments made the meal super-duper and everybody enjoyed it immensely. It was a swell party.

At long last Edwin Nelson has decided to become an expert fisherman with rod and reel. Recently he bought an outfit and now fishes at every opportunity. Ed is employed by Temple-White as a square hustler. Between hustles he takes off for the woods in search of a lake or just any old stream and he says he'll catch 'em if they're there. The past Friday we had an opportunity to watch the Great Nelson fish. After several hours frantic casting he managed to land three bass—one of them big enough to keep. But just barely. It seems that Ed's trouble is staying on his feet. During this one trip he was observed slipping and falling some fifteen times and he had been doing NO drinking of any description.

Around Temple-White you will find lots of outdoorsmen—hunters and fisherman galore. Most of the bait casters learned to cast left handed in that such a practice is the logical way to operate a reel and rod. But Herman, another Temple-Whiter, sticks to the right hand method and at the same time operates the outboard motor. He not only fishes and operates the motor at the same time—he also operates it while facing the rear of the boat and says he hasn't hit anything of importance yet. We're holding our breath, however.

———o———

Did you ever meet a youngster who
had been an stubbed his toe,
An' was settin' by the roadside, just
a-cryin' soft and low,
A-holdin' of his dusty foot, so hard
and brown and bare,
Tryin' to keep from his eyes the tears
a-gatherin' there?
You stop an' pat him on the head an'
try to ease his woes;
You treat him sorta kind like, an'
the first thing that you know,
He's up and off a-smilin'—clean forgot
he'd stubbed his toe.

Now, 'long the road of life you'll find
a fellow goin' slow,
An' like as not he's some poor cuss
who's been an' stubbed his toe;
He was makin' swimmin' headway till
he bumped into a stone,
An' his friends kept hurryin' onward,
and left him there alone;
He's not sobbin', he's not snifflin',
he's just too old fer cries,
But he's grievin' just as earnest, if it
only comes in sighs.
An' it does a lot o' good sometimes
to go a little slow
An' speak a word o'comfort to the guy
who's stubbed his toe.

You know, you're not so sure yourself, an' there ain't no way to know
Just when it's comin' YOUR time to
slip an' stub your toe;
Today, you're bright an' happy in
the world's sunlight and glow
An' tomorrow you're a-freezin' and
trudgin' through the snow.
The time you think you've got the
world tightest in your grip
Is the very time you'll find that you
are the likeliest to slip.
So it does a lot o' good sometimes to
go a little slow
An' speak a word o' comfort to the
guy who's stubbed his toe.

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George Watts Loves His Food

Some men have travelled just because they had itchy feet and wanted to go places and see things; some wander around from place to place to find higher wages or better jobs. But George Watts—who has "sawmilled" in every county in East Texas—moved from town to town, from operation to operation, in search of a good boarding house. When he found one he stayed and when it got bad he moved and nothing else mattered. He came to Diboll in 1939—having worked here many times before—and, so long as Mrs. Jim Hogue maintains the fine food she has been serving since she first had Uncle George as a boarder, he will be with us from here on out.



GEORGE WATTS

George Watts is in charge of the contractors who haul logs into Diboll at the average rate of about 150,000 feet per month. He tells them where to cut the timber, how to cut it, and when to cut it. His supervisory work includes blazing trees to establish strip lines, inspecting truck loads, going over the timber after each operation to see that it was properly cut and scientifically thinned under the selec tive cutting program, and a wide variety of other work from the woods to the mill.

For twenty-two years George Watts owned his own teams and contracted with practicaly every lumber company in East Texas. But before that he got wide experience in every phase of sawmilling, working as a log cutter, mule skinner, loader man, scaler, axe man, then in sawmills on practically every job they had. His very first work, though, was on a newspaper. His brother, John Watts, started one of the earliest East Texas Weeklies—The East Texas Progress—in San Augustine about the year 1881 when George was ten years of age. The paper had a circulation of approximately 400 and was printed on a hand press entirely by manpower furnished by George. Newsprint for this four-page weekly was odered from the North and came with one side of the paper already printed with news of National and world events—several weeks or maybe months old but still news to the people of East Texas in general and those around San Augustine in particular because they were really back in the bushes. The advertisements for the East Texas Progress were sold to the three saloons, one drug store, and two or three dry goods stores then in San Augustine which constituted the entire clientele of the paper at that time. About 1890 John and George decided that they were making no progress with the East Texas Progress so they put out a final edition, folded the last paper and the business and took off for greener pastures. Passing through Garrison at the age of eighteen George spotted a likely looking boarding house, got a job in a peckerwood sawmill, and began his career in the lumber business.

Among his many recollections George Watts says that he hauled the biggest pine log ever cut by the Southern Pine Lumber Company. It was in the year 1908 when he brought the mammoth first cut of the tree to the mill. It was a fourteen foot log that scaled 2800 feet! The entire tree contained 11,000 board feet of virgin pine lumber and was cut in what is known as Coyle Pasture out of Burke.

But Uncle George says the things he remembers most vividly in his 74 years were the boarding houses. At one—near Zavalla—the boarders ate no meat except what the proprietor's son managed to catch in his traps. And he seldom caught anything except coon. Every day they would have fried, baked, or broiled coon, with cornbread and collards on the side. The chickens the man had were sold in town, along with the eggs, and never served to the 50 cents per day boarders during the many months they worked near the place. But there was another even worse. George says that near Nacogdoches he boarded at a farm house for several months while working as a mule skinner. The farmer owned several hundred goats which roamed the woods and came in at night to sleep in the pinestraw. For breakfast every day they got goat. For lunch they had goat, and at night they had goat for supper. According to George, this farmer would kill a goat about every three or four days—not because they could eat one that often, but only because he served them nothing else, had no refrigeration, and could keep the meat no longer and still live in the house. The only variety at this particular place was that the goat was served sometimes hot and sometimes cold. But is was inevitably goat—and three times a day.

George Watts was born in San Augustine, Texas, in 1873. He has five children—Ossie and Floy, daughters, and Jim, Earl, and Robert, his sons. Recently he went to Corpus Christi to visit Earl and says that his four days there convinced him that anybody who lives anywhere but in East Texas must have something loose between the ears. He explained that in Corpus if the wind was blowing it almost cut you to pieces, and if it wasn't it was so hot you couldnt breathe, so why linger there when you can live in East Texas, drink in the sweet essence of the pines, enjoy the gentle breezes, and not have to hold on to a sapling every time a cloud comes over?

The people of Diboll love George Watts—and we don't believe it's a one sided affair because he says he's seen every sawmill town in East Texas and that Diboll has them all beat. George also says he has worked for every lumber outfit in this section of the country at one time or another during the past 74 years and that the Southern Pine Lumber Company is the best company he has ever been connected with, either as an employee or as a contractor. "Southern Pine has a real interest in the welfare of the men who work for them," says George Watts. "There's not another company anywhere that does any more for it's employees and I just don't think I'd work for anybody else."

We sure hope he doesnt. We want to keep him in Diboll because we like him, bcause he's a fine citizen, and because he's a valuable man to the company. We really don't think he'll ever leave—but just to be sure, let's keep reminding Mrs. Hogue to never let up on her fine cooking. If she'll do that we have nothing to fear. George won't ever leave a table like that.

———o———

Diboll is the largest lumber manufacturing plant in the state of Texas and has a population of approximately thirty-five hundred people.

Colored School—

(Continued from page 4)

ideas and advanced methods of teaching after a successful summer spent in school.

Temple High School has had thirteen graduates all having entered College and, today, nine are still in College. Their records in college are on such level that not only parents, but teachers and the community, are proud of their success. It is hoped that in the future the classes will be larger in the upper grades of the school.

Our school does not practice "All work and no play" for that would, indeed, make our boys and girls dull. For amusements and activities we cater to all types of athletics, with occasional "Get-to-Gethers" where the students can show their social qualities.

Our school has some of the best playground equipment (swings and slides) and materials for other games—well dressed basketball teams and football eleven. The players always exhibit fighting spirit in athletics and never fail to be stiff competition for even the larger schools. (Orange, Houston, Beaumont, Jasper, Nacogdoches and Lufkin).

Speaking of sports, we believe our boys record for basketball is a good one. They started the last season with this record: Won 189 games—Lost 63, for the first six years of competition. Last year they won 32 and lost 10, giving them a seven year total of 221 games won and 73 lost; giving them an average of better than 75 per cent. The girls started last season with an average of 56 per cent and had the following record for the past season: 20 won and 12 lost, giving them an average for the season of 62 per cent and, thereby increasing their seven year average to some extent. In fact, our basketball teams have won so many tournaments and tournament trophies that we are running out of places to keep them. For sometime we have been thinking of asking for a special room to be used as a show place for our trophies.

Our record in football isn't so good. We have won 4 games and lost 4 but are planning to better this record during the coming season. For the first time we have an adequate supply of good material and the candidates for the team this year are gradually rounding into playing condition. We are therefore serving notice on our supporters that we plan to offer a good brand of football this season and will be a push-over for no team.

———o———

Freddie—

(Continued from page 4)

carried a bus load of young folks down there—all members of the Future Citizens Club. When they got down to Galveston and saw the waves rolling in they flew out of the bus like birds out of a big cage, ran through the sand and hit the salt water—ca-chunk with arms waving and the whole gang having a big time. Then something in the water began to nip at them and one boy came back with several places on his legs caused by the strange attack. Other than that the party was a huge success. Upon leving Galveston somebody counted up and one of the party was missing—a girl. Later it turned out that she had come back to Diboll with her brother so that, too turned out alright. Then in Houston three boys missed the bus and when it arrived in Diboll it was shy four passengers. The boys, in the meantime, caught another bunch coming to Diboll and got in with them and made it home only forty or forty-five minutes later than the Rogers party.

———o———

The name "Diboll," from the family by that name, was originally pronounced "Dee-boll." Through the years it changed by usage to "Die-ball," the present universal pronounciation.

Windbag—

(Continued from page 5)

him and I finally figured he'd had enough, so I left and that ended it."

The facts of that fight, as all of us well remember are as follows: Johnson, in the year 1941, **did** jump on a certain Diboll citizen on the store porch. After being mauled from one end of the building to the other, and from one end of his anatomy to the other, the Windbag took the count, feigned injury. "You just wait 'til I'm able to get around again—I'll meet you and whip you like you ain't never been whipped before," he shouted at his opponent, according to witnesses. "Just anytime, Buddy,' his victor answered. "Let me know when you're ready and I'll send my little brother and make it an even fight." The Windbag, weighing six pounds more than a Greyhound bus, was not amused. Nor was he interested in a return bout either with his conqueror or the little brother, because until this day he has neglected to dispatch the necessary challenge.

Again, the Windbag speaks: "Yes boys, before I got married I was really getting around with the women. One night I went out here to a big dance—had the most gorgeous blonde you ever saw. Old McHenry Kimmey was there—he saw me. Soon as I walked in I see McHenry's gal get him by the arm and take him out of the place. She was 'fraid old Mac would go for my date, I reckon, and away they went. Boy, that gal of mine was really a honey. We—."

We interrupt the Windbag at this point after interviewing McHenry Kimmey to get the true story. Yes, he was at that particular dance, and yes, Johnson came in with a date. "I saw him when he first walked in," says Kimmey, whose reputation for veracity is the antithesis of the Windbag's. "I remember it very vividly because my date, who was about twenty-five years old, grabbed me by the arm and whispered: 'Let's get out of here quick! There's **mother!"**

For twenty-one of the big Windbag's thirty-nine years the Southern Pine Lumber Company has had him on their payroll, and on their hands. During this time he has worked, he says, and we quote: "Yes sir, I've worked everywhere on the plant—I liked keeping track of the supplies better so I accepts this job. Ain't a nut or a bolt in here I can go right to—and I got fifty or sixty thousand items in stock and I can come in here in the dark and find any of 'em on the first grab. Since I been here we ain't lost a nail, even. I know my stuff and there's no man living can beat me keeping supplies or doing pretty near anything else!"

In our opinion, Johnson is tops in just one field—the field of chin flapping. A member of the "Liar's Club, National" by popular acclimation, he says he was released in Florida upon the occasion of catching a record 55 pound sailfish. A picture in his pocket, often mistaken for a blotter as a result of having been flashed on his listeners so many times, shows Johnson standing triumphantly beside, of all things, a 55 pound sailfish. "Yes, sir, I had a terrific struggle with him. I hooked him off Miami and—." Just a minute, Windbag. I, too, was stationed in Florida during the war. I know that sailfish well. Approximately 10,000 soldiers had their pictures taken standing by the side of your prize catch. It cost two-bits a shot. Anybody going down there this winter can still find him hanging at J. R. Muckleroy's Pier 24 Fishing and Boating Club, Miami, Florida. Then they can claim that **they** caught him, too. All it costs is two-bits.

Yes, we'll put Johnson up against anybody in a liar's contest. Not only that, we'll spot his opponent two lies and still bet on him. Any takers?

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Get Ready For Freddie

By FREDDIE LEWIS

Well, here we are back from our vacations—or that is, SOME of us are back from vacations. I'm just back. You see, during the week's shutdown I volunteered to work for Mr. Ed Smith redecking the carline, and though I got my forty hours extra pay in addition to pay for working, I wouldn't exactly call what we did anything like a fishing trip. It was more like an ocean voyage working for Mr. Smith—that is, he got all out of us that was in us, but we really ended up with a smooth job done and I don't think it hurt any of us a bit. Now we're back with Mr. Ramsey and glad to have things rolling along as before.

The Diboll Dragons baseball team has played five games since the last issue of the Buzz Saw—and won three of them. The two lost were to Fostoria 5-4 and to Jasper 9-8. The three won were against Crockett 14-5, Cleveland 9-8, and Center 11-1. The schedule now, though, is about like four or five of the Dragon players—fast running out. Our last game will be played about the time this issue of the paper goes to press and we're hoping to wind up the season with a bang by walloping the opposition and putting a few points on the sagging batting averages of a few Dragon players.

Fred (Reggy) Randolph, our catcher and general utility man performed a very unusual feat in a ball game on September 7th at Diboll. On September 6th—the day before—he got married and much to everybody's surprise showed up in uniform the next afternoon ready to play. Manager C. P. (Crank) Griffin hesitated to let him in the line-up but finally consented. Early in the game C. P. managed to get on first base through an error by the opposing first baseman (That's about the only way C. P. can ever get on) and Fred Randolph came to bat. C. P. figured the very best Randolph could do, all things considered, was bunt, so he signalled for him to lay one down. Randolph, however, failed to see the signal and when the pitcher wound up and threw the ball he took a mighty swing at it, connected, and contrary to all expectations knocked it over the fence for a home run. But this wasn't the end of the story by any means. A few innings later C. P. came to bat again and AGAIN hit a ground ball to the first baseman and the first baseman AGAIN muffed it putting C. P. on the initial sack for the second time. Randolph the newlywed strolled up to the plate, hit the first pitched ball a country mile over the left field wall for another home run! I say "Hat's off to a Mighty Man".

Another member of the club, O'Ree the pitcher, also hit two home runs in a game recently. Crockett was the opposing nine and O'Ree lost two over the wall that haven't been found 'til yet. O'Ree isn't married but they say he's two-thirds married in that he and the minister are ready. Maybe he'll win the girl like he's winning ball games for the Dragons—and I believe he will if he'll just keep pitching.

One more item of matrimonial news concerns our shortstop Jeff. Just before the game with Jasper Jeff ups and got hitched. But Jeff wasn't any Superman. He was just a plain ordinary fellow like all of us. Normal man in every respect. And when we played Jasper the next day after the wedding Jeff was not there to participate in the contest. Had he been HE might have hit two home runs, too. Anyway, I want to congratulate the two fresh married Dragons and wish them luck under their new managers. They'll find out a lot of things now that they never knew before—one of the main ones being that every time they come in home, especially if they're not right on the ball, they're liable to be OUT. And they won't have any umpire around to argue with, either.

Well, as the Dragon's hearts get filled with song the ball gets more and more oblong; the caps get replaced with leather helmets and from now on it'll be football and more football at the Diboll High School under the supervision of Professor Bradley. According to all reports Diboll will have an excellent Eleven this year and everybody should come out and give them support. Yours truly used to play end and alternating halfback in High School and I can tell you that the game is the finest sport of them all for the development of our youth toward being good citizens. Professor Bradley's boys are working hard polishing up this year's squad and should make a real name for themselves during the coming season. Come out and let them know we're behind them!

During vacation week Ryan's Lake was crowded with fishing and camping parties, picnics, catfish suppers, and whatnot, and everybody seemed to have a big time. Some of the parties ran out of ice and at the same time another would run out of snuff or corn meal or drinking water—then they'd pool their change, send into town and come back with all the needed provisions. One thing they didn't run out of was Mosquitoes. Mosquitoes out there, they said, were choicy after a while and wouldn't bite you until they found out whether or not you had had your penicillin. Finally, though, somebody came into town and brought out some D. D. T. spray and shot it all around the camp site. After that the mosquitoes still came in by the millions but went away groggy—just like a lot of the campers.

On Labor Day everybody came out of the bottoms and those who had the necessary spondulecks took off for Galveston to help close the beach season. At least one bus load and three or four carloads left Diboll packed and jammed for the Island City. Roccoe Rogers, assisted by Thelma Davis,

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Sermonette

"SAFE WITHOUT WANT"

Text—"And Jesus saith unto them, I am the bread of life; and he that believeth on me shall never perish." (John 6:35)

While at a first glance this may seem to be a rather strong statement, it is absolutely true. Man has but one real need in life: bread. But it must be the spiritual kind that Christ is symbolic of, because having that, we shall not want for the material types.

The living bread that is the reward for belief in our Savior is good for the healing of nations as well as men. Without it they crumble and fall and we have war, disaster and famine—famine of the soul as well as the body.

Remember, that in the Garden of Eden the Lord told Adam that if he ate of the bread which stood in the midst of Paradise, he would surely die. And Adam's disobedience of God's command was the beginning of sorrow and death. This was because the bread of which he ate was earthly and for material needs, and not heavenly and for his spiritual needs.

Christ sums up the whole matter when he said, "If you come to me no fire can devour you or danger ensnare you. If you dependeth on earthly things to fill your soul and satisfy your longing appetite, empty will be your labor, for all earthly things will perish. I am food for the hungry and water for the thirsty."

Yes my friends, all of future life depends on our faith in the bread of life.

Rev. C. Smith
P. C. Mayo Baptist Church
Nigton, Texas

H. G. Temple High School News

By EDNA MAE BRADLEY

In September, 1940, a new Principal —C. O. Bradley came to work in the Diboll school for Colored, with two assistant teachers: E. M. Bradley and A. C. Henderson. A fairly successful school term followed. The next year, two other teachers were added to the faculty: Inez Smith McGough and Lena Atchison.



Professor C. O. BRADLEY

In 1942, Principal Bradley, with the assistance of the Superintendent and School Board, made plans to make the Diboll Colored School an accredited High School instead of a Standardized Elementary School. The first step in this direction was the addition of a Home Making Department in the school. The colored citizens of Diboll donated $500.00 for this purpose and Southern Pine Lumber Company, through its Vice-President & General Manager, Mr. H. G. Temple, matched this money dollar for dollar. This money was used to properly equip the Home-making Department. A. J. Gilbert was elected as Home-making teacher and, today, the school boasts of having one among the best Home-making departments in any small High School in East Texas.

In attempting to find a name for our newly created High School, none stood out so much as that of our chief benefactor, a name that reflected ethical character, a liberal and co-operative spirt, a giver for and a believer in education. Our school was named for that man—Mr. H. G. Temple.

In 1943, L. M. Simmons was elected in place of Lena Atchison, who had moved to California; and R. L. Simmons was elected as a new member of the faculty. In 1945 another teacher, E. J. Rucker, was added to the teaching staff. Today there are eight teachers, all holding Bachelor Degrees from the leading colleges of the State and all have done advanced study toward their Masters Degree. Teachers, Degree held, College and University attended are, as follows: C. O. Bradley, B. S. Prairie View, Advanced Study, Prairie View; E. M. Bradley, B. S. Prairie View, Advanced Study, Texas College Workshop, Tyler, Texas; A. J. Gilbert, B. S. , Prairie View, Advanced Study, Prairie View; A. C. Henderson, A. B., Texas College, Advanced Study, Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee; I. S. McGough, A. B., Texas College, Advanced Study, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.; E. J. Rucker, A. B., Texas College, Advanced Study, Columbia University, New York, New York; L. M. Simmons, A. B., Texas College, Advanced Study, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.; R. L. Simmons, A. B., Texas College, Advanced Study, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo.

The teachers are all filled with new

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Botherhood News

Every Thursday night the Brotherhood, under the able leadership of President Dave O'Neil, has its regular meeting to discuss the business of the organization, formulate plans, and figure out ways and means to improve and widen the activities of the group.

There are three standing committees in the Brotherhood, namely the sick committee, the investigating committee, and the program committee. The business of these three committees is indicated by their names. The first—the sick committee—calls on those who are ill to offer assistance, to give comfort, and to find out what might be needed to help. The investigating committee has as its duty the business of finding out where real need exists among colored citizens reported to be in any form of distress in an effort to figure out just what should be done, when it should be done, and how it should be done. The program committee works up the schedule for entertainment, the order of business, and special features to be presented at future meetings.

As an example of the good done by the Brotherhood and the colored Emergency Fund in Diboll, I will cite you the case of Jesse J. Rodgers. Jesse's house burned to the ground on the last day of August—a flash fire that destroyed everything the family owned in the way of furniture, clothes, kitchenware, and even some cash money. Nothing whatsoever was saved except what the family happened to be wearing (they were gone), or what they happened to have with them on the day of the fire. The Brotherhood saw the existence of real need —and the necessity of quick action on our part. We thereupon gave Jesse one hundred dollars out of the Brotherhood fund, then the Emergency fund donated an additional seventy-five dollars. This amount, of course, did not even come close to covering the loss of Jesse and his family, but it did give him a start, it solved his immediate problem — that of getting clothes and supplies—and knowing Jesse as we all do we feel sure he will come out of it in record time because he is a hard worker who is always on the job and who can take adversities in his stride. It's a good man who can look trouble in the face, turn him around and kick him in the pants—and walk off unafraid. That's Jesse Rodgers way of doing things, so we know he'll come out of it in grand style.

On Friday night, September 19th a big feed was held at the Brotherhood Lodge Hall with a large crowd attending, including almost the entire membership of the organization. Plenty of fresh fish was served, along with gallons of good coffee and everybody enjoyed themselves. Group pictures were taken by Mr. Rosser of the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company who set up many lights around the hall beforehand and scared everybody about half out of their wits when they went off. These pictures, when developed, were mailed out to all the brothers who requested them and will be fine keepsakes.

President Dave O'Neil announced that extra pictures of both the entire group attending the supper and also pictures of the Brotherhood officers could be obtained by contacting secretary Finis Henderson and paying the one dollar per print.

———o———

A drunk walked into a bar, ordered a Dry Martini, drank it, then proceeded to eat the glass down to the stem. "Gimme another one," he ordered the bartender. The bartender looked at him, amazed, served him the second Martini. The drunk again drank the contents, ate the glass. "You think I'm crazy, don't you?," he asked. "I know you are," said the bartender. "'Cause you're leaving the stem and that's the best part!"

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Five Generations in Taylor Family



Left to Right—Floyd Byrd, Granny Taylor, Mrs. W. A. Prewitt, Archie Byrd, and, seated, Douglass Byrd.

The Story Of Granny Taylor

Granny Taylor's 91 years represent a calendar account of the length of TIME which has elapsed since she first saw the light of day in Monroe County, Missouri, December 25th, 1855. But it doesn't represent her AGE because she's not old at all. In fact, she's just as spry and alert as a lady in her fifties and don't tell her she's not because you'll get an argument. And you won't win it, either.

She has two children, thirteen grand children, twenty-six great-grand children, and five great-great-grandchildren. And long before Granny goes to her reward she'll be a great-great-great grandmother and maybe add still another "great" to that. In other words, we think Granny is just now backing up for a new start and it's our guess she'll be with us a long, long time in the future. She's got to. We just can't get along here in Diboll without her.

Granny's husband, the late J. W. Taylor, came to Diboll in 1894 and was fireman in the original mill located where the T. S. E. Shops are located now. Then they built Mills No. 1, 2, and 3. Mr. Taylor fired the first boilers in Mill No. 1, blew the first whistle, and got up the steam for the first trip the carriages ever made in that mill. In the meantime, Granny was at Old Michella on the Angelina River where she operated a hotel, and as soon as Mr. Taylor sent for her she packed up her three boys and one girl, bought a ticket on the H. E. & W. T. for "Southern Pine", and took off for the wild and wooley timber town. Approaching Diboll the conductor informed Granny that the train stopped only at Emporia and that Diboll was not big enough to warrant even a pause. After a heated discussion he agreed to stop the train here if Granny would agree to have her children and their baggage at the door of the coach ready to get off without losing any time. She agreed, the train came to a trembling halt and they all leaped off during the fifteen second interval before the engineer started up again to make a fast run for Emporia to make up the unscheduled loss of time. That was in the year 1895. Granny says that Diboll wasn't much of a town then. A few scattered shacks, about six houses on the East side of the S. P. tracks, no schools and no churches. She didn't particularly mind the shortage of living space. She didn't object to the fact that there was just one water supply in town—a well where the planer now is located and where you got what you needed by going after it. The lack of school facilities she figured she could overcome by teaching the children herself. But when she found out there was no church in Diboll she told her husband they were taking off and no two ways about it.

Pretty soon there was a church. Her husband and several others got some lumber, took over a little shack located about where the hardwood yard is located now. and built it themselves. The company then built a school (1896 or 1897), then more churches sprang up, people began to drift into town, and Diboll spread it's wings and got ready to haul off and be the biggest sawmill town in Texas which it soon did—and still is.

Granny Taylor was six years old when the war between the states began in 1861. She remembers a great deal about it—dates, names, regiments, and the destruction by fire of all the houses for miles around their place in Henry County, Missouri, on the Kansas-Missouri border. Her father, a member of General Price's army, fought the Yankees until he was wounded in his right arm—the wound ultimately causing his death — then was a scout until the end of hostilities in 1865. Some of the fighting took place in front of the house in which Granny was crouched with several other children and their mothers. On one occasion her father had returned home on furlough when a rider came up and said that a bunch of "Feds" were approaching the place. Her father faced them alone—fifty of them on horseback. After a few well placed shots from his rifle there were only forty-three riding. Seven had hit the dirt and three were later that day covered over with six feet of it. Her father got a ball in his arm, was captured and taken to Clinton, Missouri, then later to Alton, Illinois, as a prisoner of war behind the walls of the penitentiary. Five months and three days later he, along with 450 other confederate prisoners, escaped through a tunnel 50 feet long and seven feet underground which they had dug with case knives, bones, and various crude instruments over a period of many weeks. His family, in the meantime, had managed to escape also—by ox team into Arkansas, later meeting him in Bentonville and finally coming to Lamar County, Texas. From Lamar County the family moved back to Missouri but left again in 1885 and returned to Texas, going first to Marion County, then to Upshur, and finally Angelina.

When J. W. Taylor died in 1903 Granny found herself with a family of youngsters and the responsibility of raising them. She could make a living, she was sure, with a boarding house because she was an excellent cook, knew everybody, and had had experience running a hotel in Old Michella. But she was in a company house and with the mill expanding she didn't know whether the company would have to have it or not. So she went to Watson Walker, told him what she wanted to do. Granny says Watson Walker, then manager of the mills and the town, said: "Mrs. Taylor, you just stay right there in that house as long as you want to. The rent will be four dollars a month if you make enough money to pay it and if you don't make enough the rent will be free. Open up your boarding house and good luck to you." Granny says she will never forget Watson Walker for his kindness nor the company for it's many favors to her throughout all the fifty-two years she has been in Diboll. I've been here in this world a long, long time and I've been lots of places". Granny said. "You can't beat the Southern Pine Lumber Company. It's the best company you'll ever find."

Granny's formula for a long and happy life is to trust in the Lord; "Serve Him as He wants you to serve Him and you have nothing to worry about". And Granny does as Granny says. On Sunday she goes to Sunday School, then church, then church again. During the week she always attends WMU, Prayer Meetings, and everything else scheduled at the Lanier Memorial Baptist Church. She serves the Lord and lives as He would have her live.

Granny not only goes to church every time they open the doors—she goes around visiting her friends, to see people who need her, then to the store shopping, or maybe pust plain "gallavanting" around. And she goes without any cane—walking just as briskly as anybody. In the drug store she'll stop and "kid" B. F. Hines about something he doesn't happen to have in stock at the moment then he'll tell her she's getting better looking every day and somebody else will come in, tell Granny they heard she'd been flirting with some handsome fellow around town and Granny will laugh, slap them on the back and "kid" right back at them, then go in another part of the building, start up a big conversation there with lots of laughing and dashing around, then finally go home with a twinkle in her eye and a chuckle about something somebody said, and get ready for Brother Bonner to come by for her to take her to a church function or just to go visit.

She's a great girl.

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How Many of You Remember?

Back in the early history of our town when Old Man Chaney operated the first theatre in Diboll just North of what is now Wyatt's Store, a near-panic took place during the showing of a Pearl White epic "The Perils of Pauline." Mr. Chaney had employed Bassett Copes to run the projector and on this particular night the picture stirred up such emotion, such suspense, that even the operator failed to notice the thin wisp of smoke curling up from the machine he was operating with a hand crank at a faster and faster pace as Pearl White narrowly escaped the tenacles of the villain time and time again. Mr. Chaney, sitting in the middle of the spellbound audience, turned his head to see if the machine was nearing the end of the roll, saw the smoke, jumped up in his chair and shouted his now classic instructions to his operator: "SHUT 'ER DOWN BASSETT, SHE'S A-FAR!"

Pandemonium broke loose but nobody was hurt—and after a couple of buckets of water on the sizzling machine everybody came back in and the show went on.

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A man was playing checkers with a hound dog in a rural grocery store when a salesman from the city came in. "That's a pretty smart dog you got there," he said.

"Aw he ain't so smart," replied the native. "I done beat him two straight games.

STOP BEING CARELESS

Safety is, in a manner of speaking, a matter of personal integrity. It is impossible for a group to maintain an active safety campaign if any one person neglects to do his part. This is especially true in the lumber business where the efficient operation of the mill depends on a strict adherence to the rules of safety.

There is no time on the plant or in the woods when we can afford to become lax in the diligent pursuit of these rules. A conscientious effort on the part of every man and woman will insure the safety and security of the entire group.

What are the rules of safety? They are those sensible regulations governing the procedure for doing any job in which there is danger to either personnel or property. The safe operation of a motor, for example, means that it is maintained according to the instructions of the manufacturer; that we do not abuse it by overloading or by neglecting to keep it in perfect working order.

Personal safety means that every man and woman while working, whether it be in the planer, the handle factory, in the mill or in the woods does the job according to the procedure known to be safe and sane. We cannot always be sure that a short cut which might save time or energy will not in the long run prove a hazard to ourselves and our fellow workers. In abiding by the rules of safe operation we insure that the work is being accomplished according to a well laid plan.

Regardless of published rules of safety, it is a well known fact that real security against accidents depends on the common sense action of the individual. If, during the course of a days work we eliminate one hazard to safety we have made certain that a fellow worker will not suffer from our neglect. There is no place in modern industry for negligence.

Safety is the best insurance against injury. Group safety, like group insurance, is protection for the whole as well as the individual.

REMEMBER: THE JOB WELL DONE IS THE JOB **SAFELY** DONE!

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A committee of State Representatives, in a visit to the insane asylum in Austin a few weeks ago, engaged an inmate in conversation about the new swimming pool just completed at government expense on the grounds. "It's the finest thing wou representatives ever did for us", the inmate said. "We have more fun—we run and push each other off the sides of the pool; get up on the diving board and dive in and really enjoy it". He paused. "But you all ought to come out here next Sunday. Next Sunday we're REALLY going to have a time". One of the representatives inquired: "Why that's nice. Are you going to put on some sort of special program next Sunday?" "Naw', replied the nut. It's just that next Sunday they're going to put some water in it!"

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"Is your husband very handy around the house?"

"Well, once our antique clock was out of order and John took it all apart, found the trouble, then put it back together again without having any parts left over."

"Isn't that wonderful!'

-'Only now the cuckoo comes out every fifteen minutes and says: "What time is it?"

"Will this suit hold its shape?", the customer asked.

"It's 100 per cent virgin wool, sir."

"Listen Bub; I'm not interested in the morals of the sheep—I asked you if the suit would hold its shape!"

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

Rat Tales

By GEORGE (RAT) JOHNSON

In the shop crew we have a man who makes Daniel Boone look like a Park Avenue sissy. Henry Evans. Henry says that in his younger days he was known as the Terror of two counties—Houston and Trinity—and that the mere mention of his name made men flee to the safety of their homes, the sheriff included. A mighty man was Evans, both as a fistman and as a pistol fanner, but he was greater still as a woodsman. He says that he could track a deer down a concrete highway—with the spoor a week old and regardless of the traffic—and not only tell you his weight within a few pounds, but also his age, general disposition, and exact destination. As for cattle tracks—they are so easily read, and I still quote Henry, that he can tell even more about them including who owns the particular animal being tracked. In his youth Evans was, quite naturally, a cowboy. He says that the horse didn't live that could throw him, Midnight and Five-Minutes-to-Midnight included.

In fact, Henry says that as far as those two renowned broncs were concerned they meant no more to him than an old nag a neighbor owned named Ten-After-Two that couldn't pitch hard enough to spill water out of a gallon bucket tied on the saddle.

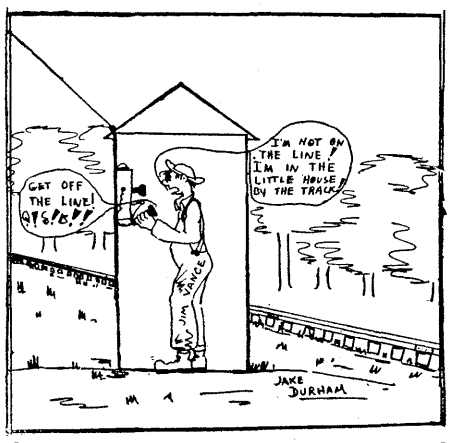
The only horse that ever gave him any trouble whatsoever—and remember, I'm still quoting Henry—was a wild stallion owned by a man near Groveton. This four-footed demon had never been roped, much less ridden, and simply roamed the woods making out for himself. About twice a week he—the stallion—went on a mad rampage, knocking down pine saplings as big as your arm, destroying fences, kicking down the sides of barns that happened to be in his path, and causing great crop damage to the farmers throughout Trinity county. He occasionally backed up to a telephone pole and flattened it out with one kick of his mighty hind legs disrupting communications and causing various electrical companies to move their high lines to steel towers—that is, those which happened to pass through that particular section. The stallion was known as "Old Juggernaut" and Henry, after a petition had been gotten up by the citizens urging him to action, decided to go after the critter. Finding a trail frequented by Old Jiggernaut, Henry decided to wait in an overhanging tree and leap on his back as he passed under. Three days later, just at the break of day, the forest echoed with a mighty roar as the stallion came down the trail, snorting, kicking, and running with the power of a steam locomotive on a down hill grade. Henry says he saw just a flash as Old Juggernaut came underneath him—then he leaped, landed on his back, and the fight was on. Without saddle, bridle, or rope and with one spur on his left foot, Henry knew he had quite a job on his hands, especially after the stallion had carried him under limb after limb trying to brush him off; after he had gone through the dense thickets at full speed, through the waters of the Neches river time after time, and always pitching at intervals of three or four minutes in an effort to dislodge his rider.

But Henry held on. He held on all day, in fact, then all that night, all the next day and all the next night and Old Jiggernaut was still snoring, still pitching, still knocking saplings right and left, still going strong. I'll let Henry tell you in his own words the rest of the story:

"On the morning of the fourth day I rode Old Juggernaut down the main street of Groveton. There must have been five thousand people lined up on both sides to see us come in: They cheered and hollered. I had him under perfect control and he was just as meek as a lamb. In fact, when I dismounted to receive the official thanks from the Mayor Old Juggernaut rolled over on his side and cried like a baby. Yes, Sir, he actually CRIED, with big tears running down his face. I though he was bemoaning the fact that he had been conquered. But when the Mayor held out some cubes of sugar in his hand for Old Juggernaut and he looked up at me with his tear-filled eyes and waited until I said 'O. K.' before he took them, I knew I was simply his master and he didn't want me to leave him". From that day 'til this, Henry Evans has been known in Trinity County as "Jug" Evans—short for "Juggernaut". Henry says.

Ed Smith was in the other day telling me about his new deer dogs. He claims they are the equal of any pair of hounds in East Texas and to prove it he took Lee Vaughn and Thomas Wells out to watch them perform. Understand now: This was in early September and the deer season wasn't open. They were just training the dogs. Oh sure, they took their rifles, plenty of ammunition, and both Wells and Vaughn got on a stand. But this was only part of the training for the dogs—to get them accustomed to seeing people on a stand with a rifle. O. K. Ed turned loose the dogs, the dogs jumped a buck, and here they went. Down through the cuttin' they came, into a thicket, then past the stands occupied by Vaughn and Wells. Not a gun fired—You see, even though it was out of season Ed wanted one of them to shoot just to train the dogs, he said—then buck and dogs were gone. When Ed arrived at the stands he found Vaughn and Wells b o t h ASLEEP. They hadn't fainted, they hadn't passed out on fire water. They simply took naps. Fine training for dogs, says Ed. And besides that, no venison.

Jim Vance, in his day, was probably the countriest country boy that ever put barefoot tracks down a cotton row. He says that one experience he remembers most vividly was on the occasion of his first contact with a telephone. He had never seen one before, never knew such a thing existed except in the old worn magazine he'd read so many times up in Pa's attic. Then one day he was walking down the railroad between Lufkin and Ratcliff and he spied what looked like one of two things—with one of them being a telephone booth. He opened the door and sure enough there was a crank-type 'phone on the wall. He says he had a sudden urge to crank it up to see what would happen, so he lifted the receiver, rang one long ring. A woman said "Hello", he answered "Hello". She said: "Where are you?" He replied, "Why I'm right here —where are you?" He relates that



the woman became angry and shouted at him to "Get off the line!" He says he looked all around, under his feet, lifted them up one at a time and shouted back: "I'm not on your old line. I'm in the little house by the side of the track!" Then, according to Jim, the woman began to cuss. It scared him so badly he dropped the receiver, broke for the bushes and ran until he reached his home about eight miles away. When he found out that the woman he'd been talking to was in far-away Lufkin all the time he realized his dash through the briars had been in vain. For sixteen years after that Jim never used the telephone. And he doesn't like to 'til this good day.

Before the first of September we received word that the price of shoes would advance so we laid in a supply and now have on hand, at the pre-September quotation, plenty of both work and dress shoes. You can't possibly beat these shoes—or the safety boots—for quality, comfort, protection, or price ANYWHERE, so come in and get yours now. Save money—and save your feet. You'll always need BOTH.

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Did You Know?

That the one percent of your wages deducted each month for Social Security Benefits is matched by an equal amount paid by the company in your behalf? And did you also know that this amount in premiums applies ONLY to your old age assistance and NOT your unemployment compensation?

It works like this: One percent of your wages is deducted each month for Social Security. The company then pays in an equal amount for you. When you reach the age of sixty-five you draw old age assistance benefits FROM THIS FUND. Nothing else. Your UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE is an entirely different matter. It costs you nothing. No money is deducted from your pay for unemployment insurance at all. The premiums for your unemployment insurance are paid IN FULL BY THE COMPANY. Did you know that? A lot of people don't, but it's a fact.

That the group insurance carried by Southern Pine Lumber Company employees with the Minnesota Mutual and The Provident Life and Accident Insurance Companies costs you only about 50 per cent of what ANY OTHER insurance with a like coverage would cost you otherwise? And here is something else a lot of us probably didn't know: The deductions from our pay for insurance covers us in the event of death, sickness, or accidents which happen OFF the job (Compensation insurance covers death and accident ON the job).

But there is one item of possible expense NOT covered by the premiums we pay in the form of deductions. That expense is SURGEONS EXPENSE. The Southern Pine Lumber Company pays that expense for us. It works like this: Suppose you were in an automobile accident while driving to Lufkin on Sunday. Suppose you were badly hurt and had to be operated on. The insurance for which we pay ourselves under the group plan would pay the hospital bills, ambulance fees, nurses fees, and so on. The surgeons bill would be paid by the insurance coverage given us by the Southern Pine Lumber Company.

In other words, we pay certain premiums for certain protection—hospital bills, etc.—then the company pays the premiums for the one item of protection, namely, surgeon's expense, which we get in ADDITION to all the others. And this is for accidents which happen OFF THE JOB ENTIRELY. If we are hurt ON the job it is a different set-up because then it comes under the Workmen's Compensation Law—commonly known as "Polly." How many of you knew this? I certainly didn't until I got to digging around, asking questions, examing my "de-ducks," and looking at the figures. But it's a fact and it's something we all ought to know.

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A Thought

How wise we are,
When the chance is gone,
And a backward glance we cast
We see just the thing we should have done
When the time to do it has passed.

Whatever Happened To . . . ?

FRANK AUSTIN? Frank left Diboll in 1940 after living here 30 years. He first went to Pineland, worked there a year, then joined the U. S. Navy. During the war he served in the South Pacific on an LST as a Motor Machinists Mate, First Class. After he got out of the Navy Frank bought a combination grocery store and confectionary in Jacksonville, Texas, and sold it last month at what we are told was some real money. He is now in Lufkin with his wife Elsie and their six months old baby girl, Fran Elsie.

O'HARA CHANDLER? O'Hara graduated from Diboll High School in 1926, went to Baylor University, Sam Houston State Teacher's College, and finally the University of Houston—ending up with two degrees, his Batchelor of Arts and Master of Arts. His first job out of school was teaching at Corrigan. From there he went to Moscow, Texas; Chester, Katy and finally to Orange and taught in the public schools of each place. He is now Superintendent of the entire school system of the city of Orange. He and his wife Alma have one child—eight year old George Chandler.

PETE HENDRICKS? Pete is a well known ex-Diboll citizen who, years ago, operated "Pete's" Cafe which was the meeting place for everybody in town. At Pete's you could get all the news fresh off the press; you could get the wittiest conversation from Pete himself you ever heard—because he was a real humorist—and the highest priced item on his menu was sausage and eggs with all the trimmings for 40c. Pete left Diboll about 1929 and went to Houston. There he worked as an apprentice bus driver for the Houston Transit Company, then as an extra man, then as regular bus driver. He is now Safety Director for the entire bus system and one of their top men. Pete married Edna Mae Laing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Laing of Diboll. They have one daughter, Edna Ray who recently married in Houston in a sure-enough BIG church wedding that made all the newspapers.

GEORGE WILMOTH? George graduated from Diboll High in 1925. He went to Texas A & M College two years, then went to work for the Humble Oil & Refining Company in Lufkin as Agent. From Lufkin George went to Longview and took over one of Humble's biggest Sales Agencies. After several years as Agent there he was promoted to District Salesman, the job he now holds. He is stationed in Longview and works throughout the district supervising Salesmen, Sales Agencies, and various other Humble Company activities. He is the son of Mrs. Willie Wilmoth of Diboll.

FRANKLIN FARRINGTON? Franklin, the son of Mrs. Fannie Farrington of Diboll, is a dentist in Beaumont and one of the best. He graduated from Diboll High in 1922, went to Baylor Medical School in Dallas, then started practicing in Jasper. After two years in Jasper, Franklin went to Beaumont, opened up a dental office, and has been there ever since. He married Edith Mann, the daughter of Dr. Mann who formerly was the company doctor in Diboll. They have one daughter, Alma Francis.

MARY JANE AGEE? Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Agee of Diboll, married C. H. (Bear) Miller when he was superintendent of the Diboll schools. They are now in Houston with their two children, John and Judy.

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Old Lady to Boozer: "My good man, don't you know that people who don't drink live longer?"

Boozer to Old Lady: "No, madam, it just SEEMS longer."