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LET'S MAKE NOVEMBER A BANNER MONTH IN ACCIDENT PREVENTION . . .

The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME 1 | DIBOLL, TEXAS, OCTOBER 31, 1947 | No. 5

Southern Pine Lumber Company Wins Festival Honors



Pictured above are the Southern Pine Lumber Company's truck entries in the Annual Texas Forest Festival Parade held in Lufkin, Texas, October 6 - 11. Floyd Franklin in the top picture and Bill Jones in the lower photo are the drivers of the two vehicles hauling, first, the biggest logs in the parade, and second, the finest finished lumber. Diboll's Gossett brothers won the cross-cut saw contest in record time, then S. L. Gossett won the "chopping" contest—proving himself the best axe man in East Texas. Southern Pine, like other companies in the area, is an ardent booster of the Forest Festival. For other honors won by employees of Southern Pine, turn the page.

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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.

AN EDITORIAL

"WHY SHOULD NOT HE BE A LUMBERMAN?"

The lumber business has, until recent years, been looked upon as a dying industry. Mills moved in, the trees were cut, then they moved away in search of greener pastures, leaving ghost towns to dot the landscapes of East Texas where once thriving communities had been. There was just so much timber, just so many years of profitable "cut"—then certain death.

Young men with ambition, growing up in sawmill towns, almost invariably left to seek jobs in other industries—industries with a future—because to stay with the mill was to ride a horse that was living on borrowed time. They studied engineering, law, construction, agriculture. They looked forward to successful business careers and successful business careers in the lumber industry were not to be had simply because the timber resources of the South were being depleted at a greated and greater rate and had but a few short years of productive life.

Now the picture has changed. The Southern Pine Lumber Company—once thought destined to the fate of all lumber concerns—is here to stay. Through selective cutting and the acquisition of additional timber resources, the company has a PERPETUAL cut. Not only that. From now on, the logs brought into the mill will get better and better as the years go by for the reason that the trees will have more "living space" as a result of scientific thinning and more growing time as a result of rotation cutting, and instead of depleting our timber reserves we will, in fact, be increasing them as time goes by—growing more than the mills can cut.

It's a comforting thought. It means life for our jobs. It means the replenishing of the forests of East Texas for future generations. It means homes, It means security. It means that one of our greatest industries will not only survive but grow larger and larger and provide more and better jobs, better working conditions, better living conditions, and instead of destroying the forests of East Texas, add to their value.

Of course not every lumber company can say to its men: "Your jobs here need NEVER play out." Because not every lumber company has it's capital tied up in the thousands and thousands of acres of land required for perpetual timber reserves. Not every company had the vision to begin accumulating these vast timber resources in time, and not every company had the foresight to put into effect the scientific forestry practices that have resulted in the Southern Pine Lumber Company's having an inexhaustible supply of raw materials.

Now, in Diboll, we've started doing things in concrete and creosote. The town and the mill will be here long past our time and our children's time. The company will expand, offer more opportunities. The industry as a whole will take its rightful place among the great and permanent industries of America—and it will keep that place.

To achieve these things, however, not only the Southern Pine Lumber Company but every other lumber company will need "New Blood". They will need younger men to take over not only existing jobs but new jobs which will be created by expansion and diversification within the industry. The manufacture of furniture, automobile body parts, plastics, boxes, and a thousand other products of wood will sooner or later be done at the source of the raw materials. The possibilities are endless.

Why, then, should not the lumber business be an attractive career for a young man? Some may say—"I know men who have worked at the same machine for twenty years. There is no chance for advancement." But by that same token you might say there is no chance for advancement in the oil business because you know a man who has worked on the very same job in a refinery for forty years, or the construction business because you know a man who has been a welder for thirty years for a consruction company.

W. M. Powell, Vice-President of Brown and Root, Inc., was asked one day by a young prospective employee, "What chance for advancement will I have with your company?" "Your chances for advancement," he said, "rest entirely within YOURSELF. YOU, not I, can answer the question because if you have the necessary ambition, the ability, the stamina, and the desire to go to the top there is no limit to what you can do. Now I will ask you the question you asked me. "What chance DO you have with our company?"

The lumber industry, 1947 model, is very different from the lumber industry of even ten years ago. Then it was thought to be slowly drying up. Each tree cut was one tree less in a fast-disappearing forest.

The industry as a whole was shrinking and real opportunity for a young man was simply not there. But today it is there. There's room at the bottom and there's room at the top and which place a young man of today will end up tomorrow rests entirely with HIM. If he has what it takes he may, in time, be a manager, a superintendent, an executive of the company. He will be in an industry with limitless possibilities for his talents; an industry on the upgrade instead of the down. Whatever may be his ambition—to be in sales, production, timber work, or whatnot—he can have as big a job as he can make it.

Should not our young men be encouraged to study forestry, for example, and make a career of it? Should not our young men be encouraged to examine the ever-expanding potentialities of a career in the lumber business, study it, work at it, and aspire to be one of the top men of tomorrow in it? There is a place waiting for the boy with ambition, a desire to learn, and the determination to make the most of his talents. Why should not he be a lumberman?

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Many a church member would be scared to death if he could only feel his own spiritual pulse and find out how near dead he is.

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Once upon a time a farmer went to town, got drunk, woke the next morning and observed two horses in his yard. "You know, honey," he said to his wife, "I realize that I did wrong last night, drinking that old squirrel whiskey, and I'll admit it. But what puzzles me is this: I don't know whether I've lost a wagon or stolen a team." Think that one over!

Wisdom Is Better Than Gold

By REV. ALLEN POE

TEXT: Proverbs 16:16.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold? And to get understanding rather than silver. We wish to draw your attention to this text. We believe this scripture is also for our day. These words wese spoken by one of the wisest men that ever lived upon this earth. He was also a very rich man, and reigned as King over Israel about the year one thousand B. C. His name was Solomon, and these words were given to him under the inspiration of the Spirit of God.

Surely God has something in this life and in the life to come that is better for a man than material things or silver and gold. Many men have tried in vain to satisfy themselves with the wealth of this world, through many hardships and much sorrow and trouble, and some have learned a lesson of experience after most of their life has been wasted. There is something in the life of all men that is crying out for a new nature, a change of heart and a joy from heaven that only the Eternal Spirit of God can give. This is Eternal life.

After King Solomon had turned aside from serving the true God and the affections of his heart had gone after many strange women, and the joy and blessings of God had departed from his life, he tried to find satisfaction in the material things. We have a portion of King Solomon's own words on this subject in the second chapter of Ecclesiastes, beginning at the seventh verse, we read: "I got me servants and maidens, and had servants borned in my house; Also I had great possessions of great and small cattle above all that were in Jerusalem before me. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of Kings and of the Provinces. I got me singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts. So I was great and increased more than all that were before me in Jerusalem. Also my wisdom remained with me. (verse fifteen) Then said I in my heart, "as it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me; And why was I then more wise?" Then I said in my heart "This also is vanity." So we must agree with King Solomon that material things cannot fill the vacancy in our hearts that God has reserved for himself.

I must bring you back to my text and remind you that wisdom is better than gold. From a scriptural standpoint there are two kinds of wisdom. The wisdom of the world and the wisdom of God, and in my text King Solomon is referring to the wisdom of God. Job lived about the year 1520 B. C. and the Bible tells us he was the richest man in all the East, yet he is still seeking wisdom. In the book of Job 28:12 we read, "But where shall wisdom be found? And where is the place of understanding?" Then we have in the writings of King David, the answer to Job's question in the book of Psalms 111:10. We read, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." We are sure of this statement for it is through the fear of the Lord that men depart from evil. To depart from evil and repent of our sins is one step that all men must take before they can be classed by the word of the Lord as a saved man or woman, but this step alone will not include us into the Kingdom of God.

In order to be saved we must have faith in God, then we must repent and turn away from the crooked walks of life and straighten up our past life in as much as it is possible. If you have refused to pay your debts you must make arrangements to pay them. Turn away from the filthy habits of life, and then ask God to forgive you. These things mentioned above come under the heading of repentance. And Jesus said, "Except we repent we shall all perish." I know that all these things mentioned are works of righteousness and men are not saved by works of righteousness alone, but works are a part of the plan of salvation. Many are taking the stand today that faith alone will save us without works, and while we are on this subject I want to call your attention to a verse of scripture on this subject found in the book of James in the second chapter and twentieth verse. We read, "But wilt thou know O vain man that faith without works is dead." So if we take works away from faith, we have nothing but dead faith. And it is dead faith that many people are trying to get to heaven on, but James tells us they are vain men, which means they are empty and void, or without God.

Dear fellow Ministers let's tell our people that they need works with their faith to be saved, for we know ourselves that just to shake the Ministers hand and have our name on the church membership roll will not save anyone. We must lift up our voice and cry out against the present evils of this world, for we are soon to stand before the flaming judgement bar of God and give an account of the way we have lived upon this earth.

My understanding of the scripture is that we are facing world war number three. I will be glad to talk personally with anyone on the subjects mentioned above. If you desire to be saved please go to the second chapter of Acts and read all the chapter for there we have a record of where the New testament was established. The same experience they received in the early church is for us today; In the thirty eighth verse we find Apostle Peter telling them what they must do to be saved. We read, "And Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptised every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." This is that wisdom that is better than gold.

LOGGING ROUNDUP

By McHENRY KIMMEY

I'll give you this time the dope on the logging department's Man of the Month—Edgar McAdams. This erstwhile citizen will have you believe that a road built without his expert advice is but a pig trail with ruts. His instructions to Shine Burchfield, G. L. Bounds, W. A. Oaks, and Jimmie White on how to build them means the difference, says Edgar, between these gentlemen holding onto their respective jobs or being cast aside to seek less skilled employment. Daily he tells them not only how to build our logging roads, but how they should be maintained for long life and continuous operation. "A road built the McAdams way," says Edgar, "is a road usable in any kind of weather, by any type of equipment, and for any purpose. If they would listen to me instead of trying to build them the way THEY think they should be built we'd have logging roads that a Cadillac could get over and never drag the ground."

Edgar's present job is operating a bulldozer. According to Richie Wells, he is one of the most versatile men he has ever had in the woods department. Though Edgar isn't a mechanic by trade, there is no piece of equipment he can't repair and get back in action and all the tools he ever seems to require is a little haywire and a pair of pliers. He's a valuable man any way you take him.

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Negro boy, walking through a cemetery, read this inscription on a tombstone: "NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING." The lad scratched his head awhile and remarked, "He sho' ain't fooling nobody but hisself!"

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S. L. and I. B. Gossett receiving first prize check in saw contest at the Texas Forest Festival.

Gossett Brothers Are East Texas Champs

On Saturday, October Eleventh, the fastest saw and axe men in East Texas met at the Texas Forest Festival Grounds to determine who was the best—individually and as a team. When the day ended there was no doubt whatsoever.

What we mean is that the Gossett Brothers of Southern Pine—I. B. and S. L.—not only won; They won by such a wide margin that their nearest competitors looked like they were just fooling around. And remember that they were up against the very best men in the entire state of Texas.

For instance, in the saw contest S. L. and L. B. cut a 16 inch pine log in two in exactly 20½ SECONDS. The next best time, by the Ford brothers of Angelina County Lumber Company, was 24 3-4 seconds. Bob and Ned Johnson, also of Angelina County Llmber Company, were timed at 32½ seconds, C. T. Phipps and Wiley Simmons of Southern Pine at 28½ seconds, the Marks Brothers of the Corrigan Lumber Company at 31 seconds, Albert Mitchell and William Taylor of Southern Pine at 34 seconds.

When that was settled, S. L. Gossett decided he would get into the axe or "Chopping" contest. He says that he tried to get his brother I. B. to get in it, too, but I. B. declined, saying he was "out of practice". We think I. B. just didn't want to be shown up so badly by his BIG BROTHER.

In this contest a pine log 11 inches in diameter had to be cut in two with an axe. Wiley Johnson of the Angelina County Lumber Company tackled his log, cut it in two in 59 1-4 seconds. Albert Mitchell of the same company required 64 seconds, Preston Tatum of the Corrigan Lumber Company finished his in 57 1-4 seconds. Bob Whitfield of Corrigan took 68 3-4 seconds to finish, then A. V. Cranfill went in the lead with a time of 57 seconds flat. At this point S. L. Gossett of the Southern Pine Lumber Company stepped up, was given the "Go" signal, and—with his 195 pounds behind his axe—started the chips flying. At the half way point in the log Gossett jumped over to the other side WITHOUT MISSING A STROKE and in exactly 45 1-4 seconds had the log cut through!

And incidentally, this is the second straight year S. L. Gossett has been crowned the champion axe man of East Texas, having won the title last year at the Forest Festival from a large roster of participants.

In prizes, the Gossett Brothers received two cross-cut saws and a check for $25.00 presented to them by Byron McKnight of Corrigan, the official master of ceremonies at the special events.

S. L. Gossett has been working for the Southern Pine Lumber Company since 1940. He says he has worked continuously "Except for ten months of resting"—a term he applies to farming his 42 acres of land two miles East of Diboll.

S. L. and his brother I. B. both live on the same place and together built the houses in which they live. These houses they built last summer after working hours and on week-ends without any outside help whatsoever. S. L. has a six room house while I. B.'s five rooms—and both are complete in every detail.

S. L. Gossett and his wife, Lamore, have two children—Travis, age 7 and Deloris Ann, age 3. S. L. says he was born in Anderson County in 1913 on a piece of land that since then has been acquired by the Southern Pine Lumber Company. He went to school at Watts and finished the tenth grade. In 1927 he started working in the woods sawing logs—at the age of 14—and since that time has sawed for seven different lumber companies. "When I finally got with the Southern Pine Lumber Company", he says, "I decided I'd stay with them, so I bought my place East of town, built a home and I figure on being there from now on out. As for working for any other company besides Southern Pine—I just don't think I'd do it. It's the best company to work for in East Texas."

In last year's axe contest at the Texas Forest Festival S. L. says the rules were a little different. "We had to cut a 11½ inch log in two THREE times which meant you had to save up a little steam for the other two cuts. I got through with mine in 2 minutes and 9 seconds—three cuts. The closest man to me took 2 minutes and 37 seconds". That one was his first contest with an axe, by the way. Jess Parker got him to enter the contest figuring that if any other lumber company had a man any better with an axe or a saw he'd like to know him. The results proved without a doubht that Jess knew what he was doing and that, in the Gossett Brothers, he had the best.

I. B. Gossett and his wife Brunette have three children—Patsy, age 10, Susie, age 3, and Eddie, age 2. When asked if it was true that he would not enter the chopping contest because he was out of practice, I. B. said, "Well, I wasn't exactly out of practice. I didn't enter because I wanted S. L. to win it again this year so it would be twice in a row and I was afraid if I got in it I'd show him up!"

The Gossett Brothers last year led all other saw teams on the Southern Pine Lumber Company payroll in total log scale. This year they are leading again.

These boys usually get in from the woods around 4 p. m. They then go out to their place and finish the day building, improving, making changes. Seven or eight hours sawing logs at the rate they go at it would burn out most men of any age. But the Gossets think nothing of it. They "rest" the balance of the day doing carpenter work, farming taking care of their stock and attending to the dozens of chores on their 42 acres of land.

Next year at the Forest Festival we hope to see the Gossett Brothers again. One thing is an almost cinch bet: If they enter they'll win—that is, unless some lumber company in East Texas doesn't import some new axe and saw talent in from somewhere else. And even of they do, the men they import will have to be real woodsmen to even come close to the Gossets.

We'll be at the contest next year to watch them. And we're hoping I. B. gets enough "practice" between now and then so he'll be in shape to enter, too. Does anybody want to bet on him against his brother?

Not me.

I Might Be Right . . .

We all know that the cost of living has reached unprecedented heights everywhere. Bacon is 85 cents a pound, milk 22 cents per quart, eggs 75 cents a dozen, and a small loaf of bread sets you back 14 cents. It's terrific! Of course, wages have gone up to a level higher than ever before, too, but it's still a difficult matter to make both ends meet.

Yet. did you ever stop to think what our expenses would be if we lived, for example, in Lufkin or Nacogdoches or Jasper or practically ANY OTHER town in East Texas?

In Lufkin, if you're lucky enough to find one, a five-room house, unfurnished, would rent for probably $50 UP! A small apartment—if you could find one—wold cost you from $40 per month UP! And that would just be the BEGINNING of your house expense. For instance, you would have to pay for water, garbage collection, gas and electricity with a minimum charge tacked on whether you used that much gas or electricity or not, and many other things.

In Diboll we get all the water we want—and it's FREE! We get FREE garbage collection. Our gas system, installed by the Southern Pine Lumber Company at a cost of more than twelve thousand dollars, comes to us at a cheaper rate than it would cost in ANY OTHER town in East Texas! Even our electricity costs us less because the company gives us the first $1.50 worth FREE each month, whereas in practically every other town in the state you pay at least $1 per month whether you use it OR NOT!

But the biggest saving of all to the families of Diboll is in HOUSE RENT. Company-owned houses rent for $2.50 per month UP TO $25. That's PER MONTH, NOT PER WEEK. We pay approximately one-fifth as much rent for our houses as the same houses would cost us to rent in Lufkin—if we could find a place at all.

The Southern Pine Lumber Company simply refused to raise rents in Diboll regardles of the fact that they were being raised everywhere else. We may not think much about it, but the saving we get in low house rent, free water, free garbage collection, low gas and electricity rates in Diboll really amounts to something. We don't think about it much because it has always been that way in Diboll. But ask the man who has lived in other East Texas towns during the past few years! My guess is that he'll tell you we should all be pretty thankful for what we have here. I'll venture, too, that he'll tell you that though the cost of living is high everywhere, it's still not as high in Diboll as it is in any other East Texas town.

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Since the BUZZ SAW began (June, 1947) we have received many letters complimenting the paper in general and certain stories in particular. We've had people tell us they enjoy reading the stuff we publish and we've had people suggest changes in the paper which we put into effect because we felt that the changes would improve it. Finally, we got a few criticisms about this and that—which is inevitable when you put out a newspaper—and we took it in our stride. It all adds up to READER INTEREST and we welcome all of it. We do want to say something, however, about one particular article which appeared in the BUZZ SAW last month entitled "The Big Windbag." This article—about George P. Johnson, our Supply House man—drew considerable interest, we think, and it also drew several comments to the effect that it was a shade rough on Brother Johnson. Well, the best judge of that, I'd suppose would be Johnson himself.

For the information of all concerned, Johnson knew in advance that an article was being written about him entitled "The Big Windbag" in which he was to be blasted with both barrels. He suggested that we "pour it on" him because he knew everybody in these parts would get a laugh out of it, and we think everybody did. Because he IS a windbag. Ask anybody at the shop if you don't already know first hand.

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In this edition of the BUZZ SAW you will find an article about the Gossett brothers who won both the saw and the "chopping" contests at the Texas Forest Festival in Lufkin. These boys really went to town in both events, beating their nearest competitors by WIDE margins. We all take our hats off to East Texas' champion saw and axe men—the Gossett brothers!

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There has been a great deal of speculation up and down the street, running from Mrs. Farrington's house north to the hotel, with reference to a strange phenonemon — a tornado-like "something" that rushes by the houses usually around eleven o'clock at night. Clyde Thompson particularly noticed it several times because his windows rattled, the trees in his yard were seen to bend almost to the ground, and a "zip" noise was heard as this "something" came by at a speed estimated to be very close to the speed of sound. Now we know what it was. It seems that Miss Tommie Jo Richey, the Texas Southeastern Railroad agent, has, among her many admirers, one certain suitor who believes in staying to the

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"Uncle Joe" Young

Some men decide at an early age to go in business for themselves. Some try it and are successful. Some try it and fail. Uncle Joe Young decided he, too, would be independent, own his own business, and make his fortune. But he was cautious and in no hurry. In fact, he waited seventy-five years.

The business he selected as the most lucrative—the one best suited to his time and talents—was owning and operating a boarding house. The idea struck him two or three weeks ago he says, when he met a stranger at the Southern Pine store in Diboll.

"This fellow", Uncle Joe said, "asked me if I knew a good place where he could get room and board. He was going to work the next day for the company in the office pushing a pencil —or at least that's what he told me —and was supposed to be an architect. I decided I'd take him to the house and board him, so I made a deal right there for my first customer in what I figured could grow into a pretty good business. He spent the night and the next morning got up to eat breakfast. He ate six eggs, eight biscuits, and three slices of ham on the git-off then wanted to know if we had any hot cakes. My wife cooked him three or four stacks and he ate them and drank about a half a gallon of hot coffee and left to come to work at the office. At noon he came in and ate a frier, twelve biscuits, and all the vegetables we had and that night five pork chops plus all the trimmings.

Figuring he was going to be a good paying regular boarder I stocked up on a lot of fancy groceries and got set for more customers. Well, that second night the architect fellow didn't come in and he didn't come in the next day and then I asked about him at the office and nobody had heard anything about him. I haven't heard anything about him either. From now on if anybody asks me where they can get food I'll send him to Jim Hogue. Especially if he says he's an architect."

Uncle Joe Young—a six-foot one inch 220 pounder who stands as straight as an Indian and who's as frisky as a colt—has been on the Southern Pine Lumber Company payroll forty-three years. He was born in Robertson County, Texas, in 1872 and has lived in Texas ever since with the exception of twelve years in Arcadia Parish, Louisiana, where he worked on a farm from the time he was nine until he was twenty-one.

One of the things he remembers most vividly about life in the "Cajun" country was the fact that nobody wore shoes except at weddings—and the wedding had to be your own. "I had a pair of shoes myself", says Uncle Joe, "and the first dance I went to I wore 'em, not knowing. Everybody looked at me like they thought I was trying to be a smart-aleck and a city-slicker. After that I never wore 'em again. Felt over-dressed."

A courtroom scene in Arcadia Parish, recalled by Uncle Joe, concerned a man testifying in a civil suit. The dignity of the court required that participants in lawsuits wear shoes and the plaintiff, testifying, had on the pair he had marreid in and never worn again, After fifteen or twenty minutes of direct examination by his own attorney the plaintiff had gone from bad to worse in his testimony—not being able to remember anything but the barest facts on which he based his suit. Uncle Joe says that his attorney asked the court: "Your Honor, my client is under a difficulty I respectfully request the Court to permit him to remove. The difficulty is his shoes —he can't think except barefooted." The Court, according to Joe, told him to take them off, and from that point on the witness was alert, remembered everything, and won his case hands down.

Uncle Joe Young came to Diboll in 1904 and started working for the Southern Pine Lumber Company rolling down logs on the skidway with a chain loading crew East of town. Dod Warner was in charge of the crew and John Massingill was woods superintendent. The company later got steam loaders and Uncle Joe pulled line for them—and says nobody could beat him, either—then cut logs, drove a team of mules and did everything else there was to do in the woods.

Just as he waited a long time to go into business for himself—seventy-five years to be exact—Uncle Joe waited a considerable length of time to entangle himself in the bonds of matrimony. He was forty-seven when he walked the "last mile" of single blessedness, marrying Myrtie Lee Sterling of Burke in 1919.

Uncle Joe admits that he could have been married sooner but says "I talked so much I never did give anybody a chance to say 'yes' until I ran down at the age of 47, paused in the middle of my ilttle speech and the next thing I knew I was engaged. She caught me unawares, said 'yes', and we've been married ever since."

Uncle Joe worked ten years at the kilns—from 1924 to 1934 while he lived at Prairie Grove, six miles from Diboll. For transportation he rode a sway-back horse and seldom ever missed a day, regardless of how he or the horse felt about it. Moving to Diboll in 1924 he began his career as a night watchman, finally retiring on a company pension in 1939. We'll let him tell you the rest of his story:

"In 1939 Mr. Temple told me I could retire if I wanted to. I did and I didn't. What I mean is that I quit night watching and started drawing my company pension, but I wanted to do something so I asked for the job of watching the plant on Sunday and now I do that and draw my pension too. I've been here forty-three years with the Southern Pine Lumber Company and I'm figuring on being here from now on out because there's not a better company to work for in the South. Some of you fellows might think you can go somewhere else and do better and maybe you can, but when you consider everything—house rent, wages, and all the Southern Pine Lumber Company does for its older employees, especially—you better sit down and think before you jump. I'm seventy-five year old and I can thank the company for the fact that I've got security, a pension, a job, and a house to live in. A lot of men my age can't say that."

We'll add this to what Uncle Joe has to say: He is one of the most friendly and best liked men Diboll ever had. He greets everybody with a good word and a big smile. He has been a valuable employee of the Southern Pine Lumber Company—and a careful one, having never had a serious accident in forty-three years—and stands "Four-Square" with all the people of Diboll.

When asked what his hobbies had been he told us that he had none; that he never hunted, fished, played ball, or had a fight in his entire life. We think, though, that he's had several without knowing it—the hobby of getting along with people, of being a worthwhile citizen, a loyal employee, and an all-around good fellow.

As for never having had a fight in his entire life in a town where a small amount of pistol shooting on Saturday nights has always been considered nothing more than bad manners—in the old days at least—and fist fighting mere moonlight exercise, we think Uncle Joe has set some sort of a record.

Or it may be that with his 220 pounds on his six-foot one-inch frame nobody ever wanted to get mad.

CRUTHURDS AND NICAR OPERATE COMPANY MARKET AT DIBOLL

H. A. Cruthurds and Tommie Nicar operate the Company meat market in the soon-to-be remodeled store building at Diboll. Cruthurds came here in 1932 from Doucette after working for Texas Long Leaf in their market for twelve years. He has four children—Raymond, who works at the Lufkin Foundry in Lufkin; Leslie, a Captain in the Army Air Forces Search and Rescue Wing and Commanding Officer of his unit at Westover Field, Mass.; Dorothy (Mrs. Bobbie Farley), and Gayle.

In the market Cruthurds sells each week an average of seven whole beef cattle; several hogs, 200 cases of Coca Cola, and a wide variety of other products from catfish to potato salad.



CRUTHURDS



NICAR

His assistant in the market, Tommie Nicar, came to Diboll in 1942 from Brookshire Brothers in Lufkin. Born in Alto, Texas, Tommie began his career following Old Beck on a farm, later made cross ties, then went back to the farm in 1932 "for a rest." After two more years as a man of the soil he decided to put on shoes and go to Lufkin to seek his fortune. Brookshire Brothers signed him up and he has been cutting meat ever since.

Tommie is one of the most ardent fishermen in Diboll. He says he is just as good as a hunter, having the unusual faculty of being able to smell deer several hundred yards away even in the thickest underbrush. He therefore hunts not by ear, not with dogs, not by eye sight, but with his nose—hound style. (His hunting buddies say he developed this unusual method last year but that what he smelled was a herd of goats, not deer. He's been sniffing around in the woods ever since and has brought in NO vension to date).

Tommie Nicar is a man wtih considerable nerve, but one thing really excites him—lightning. And there's a reason, When he was sixteen years of age—a big yearling boy—he and several cronies "borrowed" a pair of mules to ride to a lake several miles from Alto. A storm came up, the mules were tied—one to a sweetgum tree, the other to an oak—then a streak of lightning shot through the air, hit one of the mules and killed him outright or so they thought. It was indeed a bad omen. In fact, it was so bad that both Tommie and his partner took off throught the woods barefooted and at full speed in an effort to put as much space between themselves and the dead mule as possible before the irate owner found there was a deceased animal where they had left him and which would answer to the description of one of the two he had missing at the time.

Flying headlong through the forest, Nicar was about to lose his straw hat —a hard brim "sailor". He reached up, he says, and pulled it back on his head. But he pulled down on it so hard it came down further than he had anticipated, the top came out, and Tommie was racing through the woods with the brim around his neck. Too scared to stop, he fled on until he was exhausted—as much from the choking effect of the "collar" as from the exertion—and fell flat on the ground praying for forgiveness and, if at all possible, the resurrection of the abandoned mule.

Later in the day the two boys, after a full confession to the owner of the mules, retracted their steps to the fishing place to find the stricken animal. Upon arrival there—three miles from town on foot, incidentally—there were BOTH mules nonchalantly nibbling grass, the storm had abated, and all was peaceful and serene.

But not with the old man who walked to three miles to see about his mule. He started cussing them both for playing a joke on him, then they heard a rumble of thunder—and expecting another bolt from the blue—took off again through the woodland at full speed. Tommie says he kept going past Alto and, except for visits, has never been back.

Tommie and His wife Verline have two daughters and one boy, Billie Ann, age 10, Carolyn, age 8, and Neil, age 5.

Go in the market any time of day and you can hear some of the wildest hunting and fishing stories from Nicar you ever listened to except possibly at Herb White's office. But open up the vault and you seldom find any game and just where he keeps all the squirrels, deer, duck, and fish he brings in we haven't been able to determine. Maybe he just cooks them in the woods so he won't have to fool with them, we don't know.

But anyway, he SAYS he doesn't miss.

———o———

The following story was swiped flat-footed from the "Lufkin Line":

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words which especially angered her, were always "Good Night, Mother of three."

But one night she could stand it no longer and when he took his hat and said, "Good Night Mother of three" as he walked out the door she answered cheerily: "Good Night, father of one."

Now he stays at home.

———o———

"Marilyn, were you a good girl in church today?"

"Yes Mother. A man offered me a big plate of money and I said 'No, thank you'."

———o———

When some people discharge an obligation you can hear the report for miles around.

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Former Dibollians--Where Are They?

FRED JONES graduated from Diboll High in 1925 and started working at the Temple Manufacturing Company, as an apprentice cost accountant. In 1935 Fred left Diboll and started working for the Arkmore Lumber Company as bookkeeper, then to the Ohio Oil Company, then back to Diboll where he again worked for the Temple Manufacturing Company as Assistant Manager. In 1946 when the plant burned, Fred went with the Mancuso Box and Barrel Company at Kenner, Louisiana, as Assistant Manager of the plant there. Fred married Nora Barnum of Diboll. They have three children—Richard, Rodney, and Gayle.

JACK O'HARA, the son of the lats J. J. O'Hara of Diboll, is a colonel in the Regular Army Air Corps and stationed in Washington. A graduate of Allen Academy and the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, Jack made a career of military life. During the recent war he served overseas in the Ninth Air Force Service Command in England. He and his family live at Arlington, Virginia.

HERMAN (Snooks) ESTES married Dorothy Wright of Diboll. They now have two children and live in Lufkin where Snooks is Agent for the Humble Oil and Refining Company. Snooks is the younger brother of Lee Estes of Diboll.

PATE WARNER lives in Lufkin and works for the Holland Sales Company. He graduated from Diboll High School in 1926 and married Vivian Smith, the daughter of Lon Smith of Diboll. Pate played outfield on the High School baseball teams of 1925 and 1926—teams considered by many people as good or better than Diboll has ever had. He was one of the fastest runners ever seen in East Texas and a real ball "hawk". Pate is the son of the late Fred Warner of Diboll.

MILTON BROKER, the son of Walter Broker of Diboll, now works for the Temple Manufacturing Company in Dallas. He married Moselle Welch of Minden, Texas, and they now have one son, Milton Charles. Milton is a graduate of Diboll High.

CLARENCE PICKEL is the son of Jim and Ruth Piskel. He now works for the Angelina Chevrolet Company in Lufkin.

LYNDALL CARROLL HORN now lives in Houston where she is employed by the Texas Company in the bookkeeping department. She is the daughter of the late Claude Carroll of Diboll.

LEWIS ASHFORD, the son of Mrs. W. M. Ashford of Diboll, lives in Houston where he is employed by the Temple Lumber Company Retail Yards. Lewis is a graduate of Texas A. & M. College and one of the most "rabid" Aggies in the United States, bar none. About the year 1926 Lewis, playing left field for Diboll against Lufkin with Ed Durham pitching, ran under a pop fly ball and missed it after the first eight and two thirds innings had gone by without Lufkin getting a single base hit—and with the count three-two on the batter. "Little Eddie", who at other times couldn't get a man out throwing bee-bee's at him, is still mourning the missed ball. Lewis—better known as "Rags"—has been with the Temple Lumber Company in Houston twenty years, never having worked for any other concern.

J. D. GREEN attended Diboll High, then in 1922 went to work for the Texas Power and Light Company in Houstan as a linesman. In 1930 he came back to Diboll and worked for the company until 1942 at which time he went to Orange for eight months, then to Houston where he now works for the Fisk Electric Company. J. D. married Florence Woods of Diboll.

Rat Tales

By GEORGE (Rat) JOHNSON

In the old days when we had no rules against horseplay on the job, and when safety was nothing but a word printed on a sign, the shop crew really went in for practical jokes on everybody who happened in the department—and when nobody happened in, they played them on each other.

For instance. we had a member of the crew one time whose wife was insanely jealous. She would suspicion the old boy on the slightest provocation—and sure enough he was just as



JOHNSON

innocent as he could be. One day some of the boys framed up a letter, got it written by a girl and signed "Mabel", then enclosed a picture of a good looking blonde. The letter was put in the pocket of his dress coat hanging in the locker and when he went home his wife found it. We don't know exactly what happened there but we do know that he came back to the shop about an hour after quitting time and slept that night in one of the locomotive cabs. The next day several of the boys had to go to his house, explain to his wife that it was all a joke and smooth things out. It wasn't easy, but they finally convinced her that "Mabel" was ficticious and that her husband was true blue. After that they made up and had eight children.

T. L. L. Temple, who founded Diboll, came to the shop one time escorting some ladies. The blacksmith decided to have some fun at the expense of the visitors—which was the customary thing to do along about that time—so he took a piece of iron out of the fire white-hot, slipped it under the steam hammer and at the same time poured water on it just before the hammer came down with a heavy thud. As anybody who has ever worked around a blacksmith shop can tell you, the noise was deafening—like an explosion. Anyway, at the same time, a couple of the boys threw loose coal into the air and the party of visitors took off in a hurry thinking the place had blown up.

One day a salesman came by the shop, put his handbag down and went with the foreman to look at some machinery he was trying to replace. When he returned, he picked up the bag, but low and behold the bottom of it stayed on the floor. The shop crew had filled it with scrap iron. He got a new one—on his expense account.

Around the blacksmith shop there are several tubs placed in the ground—with the rims level with the shop floor. Coal dust thrown on the water gives it the same appearance as the rest of the blacksmith department. Many a luckless fellow has "accidentally" stepped into one of them—usually with the blacksmith calling him over to show him something and having the "something" directly across the tub from his victim.

It has always been a habit among shop workers to carry oily waste in their pockets. It has also been a habit of his fellow-workers to touch the waste with a red hot wire. The result—a very hot pocket. Of course we know that the hospitals of this country have had a lot of people in them as a result of these very pranks and we're not advocating them.

One time a fellow by the name of Frierson went to work in the car gang with Jim McCall. The boys slipped around, told McCall that Frierson had severe fits at times and got pretty violent. Then they told Frierson the same thing about McCall. For several weeks the two men dodged each other. McCall would start around a car where Frierson was working on the other side and Frierson would ease underneath to get away from him. Finally one day McCall could stand it no longer. He walked up to Frierson and said: "Pardon me, Mr. Frierson, but how long has it been since you had one of those fits?"

Mr. Frierson replied: "Why I'm not the fellow that has the fits—that's YOU. How long has it been since YOU had one?" This ended the joke and everything from that time on was more congenial between Frierson and McCall.

One time a fellow came to the shop looking for work. The boys told him to go to the pond where he would **find** Oscar Buffalo and that Oscar needed a man to fill a good job. They also told him that Oscar would not hire anybody unless the applicant showed a lot of spunk and that the best way to do it was to cuss Oscar out at the beginning. The fellow went to Oscar, called him a name that was very uncomplimentary to his family, and said he wanted to hire in—and that if Oscar didn't give him the job he was a so-in-so and several other things. Oscar promptly knocked the fellow into the pond, jumped in on top of him and BOTH were almost drowned when the log crew finally fished them out. The fellow then told Oscar why he had cussed him out and Oscar came to the shop looking for the guilty parties. When he walked into the shop, he was all alone. The boys had gone.

It was possible—in the old days—for members of the shop crew to grab an occasional nap without being missed. One day a fellow caught up with his work, crawled into an open boiler and went to sleep. Somebody noticed him so the boys got together and built a fire at each end with gasoline soaked rags, then the blacksmith hit the boiler a mighty blow with a heavy sledge hammer and everybody together shouted "FIRE!" They say the old boy came out of the boiler faster than any jackrabbit ever came out of a hollow log.

They played jokes of every description on everybody. Dopey Morgan had an imitation spider tied on a string and suspended from the end of a pole. Dropping it down at the end of an unsuspecting visitor's nose, he never failed to make him jump at least four feet. Air hoses placed around the shop would mysteriously start spouting and wriggling around the legs of anybody who happened to step over them. Small pellets of iron would hit people in the seat of the pants as they walked through the gang of innocent looking shop men, and steam jets "accidentally go off" when anybody got close.

They spared nobody. Visiting parties being shown around the plant, though, got the extra-special treatment. And then for some reason, when the out-of-towners came to Diboll they left never knowing we had a shop because the tours were routed in such a way that they didn't come through our department any more. We sure missed them.

Maybe it's a good thing everybody finally "grew up" and quit playing on the job. If they hadn't, somebody would have ended up with something missing—such as an arm, a leg, or maybe a nice size seven and one-eighths head. That nobody did is still a mystery.

Diboll Church Has Free Bus Service

The First Baptist church of Diboll decided a few weeks ago that the best way to get people to church was to have the church come to them. On the fifteenth of August, Rev. T. S. Huff, George Smith and McHenry Kimmey went to Beaumont, selected a bus from several put up for sale by the Beaumont City Lines, and bought it. Later Rev. Huff and Mr. Kimmey returned to Beaumont and drove the bus back to Diboll and started it on its weekly rounds picking up churchgoers on a regular schedule.

The bus, a twenty-seven passenger job, has arrived several times at the First Baptist church with as many as forty people inside — standing room only—which attests to the fact that a great many folks miss attending Sunday school and church because they do not have transportation and are unable to walk the distance from where they live to church. It's a novel thing for Diboll—bus service to church—and probably for East Texas. And it works.

The bus was paid for by the church, with the assistance of outside contributions, and cost approximately $900. It is maintained entirely with church funds—with mechanic service being provided gratis by members of the congregation whose daily work is in that line. The drivers of the bus—McHenry Kimmey and Harvey Wilson—alternate each Sunday.

Every Sunday morning at 9:15 the bus leaves church, goes to the "box factory" section, then to the south part of Diboll, through the center of town, then to the north section, and back to the church. In the evening it leaves at 6 o'clock, makes the same rounds and gets back to the church at 6:30.

In addition to the regular Sunday schedule the First Baptist church bus is used for all other church activities such as picnics, outings of all kinds, and special church functions.

According to Rev. Huff, attendance at the church has increased 25 per cent since the bus was put into service only a few weeks ago. He believes that the percentage will rise as more and more people become accustomed to the service.

Already the bus has "gone over" so successfully that it is carrying capacity loads every Sunday and Rev. Huff says they may soon put on a second one in order to handle the job of transportation to the church. After that, if necessary, they'll put on a third or a fourth or whatever number is required to efficiently handle the job. In other words, if transportation is the answer to increased churcd attendance, Brother Huff has it available. And it is proving to be the answer.

From a psychological standpoint, suppose you were sitting on your front porch in Diboll on Sunday morning reading the paper. You hadn't thought much about going to church on this particular day. The church bus comes by at 9:20 filled to capacity with folks who ARE going. Who WOULDN'T rush in the house, put on those Sunday shoes and that Sunday suit, crank up the old jallopy and join the crowd? Then next Sunday be ready on time—and from then on!

———o———

Johnnie came rushing in one day and told his father he had just seen two lions and a tiger fighting in the street. After several futile attempts to get Johnnie to change his story his father finally said: "Johnnie, you know you are fibbing. I want you to kneel down, tell God your story, and ask him to forgive you."

When the boy had finished, his father asked him what God had said.

"He said, 'That's all right Johnnne' " the youngster replied, "Those big dogs had me fooled at first, too'."

———o———

Marriage is like poker. You start with a pair and may wind up with a full house.

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Around The Town--

WITH EDDIE MAE BRADLEY . . .

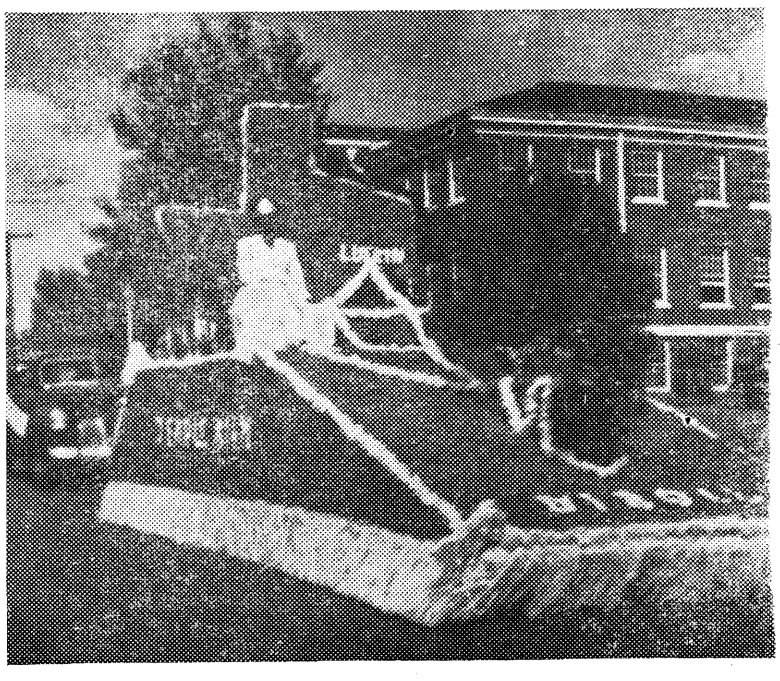
Ten days before the opening of the Texas Forest Festival at Lufkin, the H. G. Temple High School of Diboll sponsored its annual Queen's contest in order to select a girl to represent our school at the big parade.

The contestants in the finals were Billie Jean Hardin and Queen Esther Taylor, sponsored by A. C. Henderson, L. M. Simmons, E. J. Rucker, I. S. Sibley, R. L. Simmons, A. J. Gilbert and E. M. Bradley.

Numerous activities were held and social courtesies shown the contestants. Among the highlights was a tea given at the home of L. M. Simmons—a very colorful affair which was enjoyed by all. Then a gala party was given at the home of Principal Bradley and wife, yours truly.

Other enjoyable affairs were school socials, hay rides, and "Hobo" parties. Everybody enjoyed themselves to the utmost.

The winner of the contest was Queen Esther Taylor. At the big parade she rode in splendor on the beautifully decorated float entered by Diboll's Temple High. This float was decorated in purple and white—our school colors. A huge map of Texas formed the background and a small array of pine trees formed the frontage. Its beauty and the Queen's elegeance and poise captivated the vast crowd assembled on both sides of the main street in Lufkin. Their approval and enthusiasm was clearly shown by roars of applause and it was clear, long before the judges made any statement, that our float had won first prize and won it by a wide margin.



Temple High School prize winning float at Forest Festival Parade.

We are all very proud of the Queen—Queen Esther Taylor—and of all those who, working together, created a float so beautiful that it captivated the immense crowd at the Forest Festival parade and took the prize for being the best in the show.

—o—

The teachers at Temple High are all very busy grading six-weeks test papers and hoping that the scholastic rating has improved. Amidst this work, time has been taken out to be pleased over the new "Magic Chef" gas cooking range recently purchased for the Home-Making Department of our school—in addition to new playground equipment consisting of a slide. This brings our playground up to a point where it is becoming a real recreation center for Diboll and a place where the school children may get exercise, enjoy themselves, and compete in various games for their mutual benefit.

—o—

Temple High School teachers recently pledged individually to raise one hundred dollars during the school year to improve academic and atheletic facilities so everybody can start getting ready now for lots of "Popcorn Poppings," "Candy Pullings," and other events because we are all determined to meet our quotas and make Temple High School one of the best in the State.

—o—

Even though our football team is on the losing end of the percentage column, our basketball team is expected to be really "Tops" and capable of holding their own with schools twice the size of ours. Teachers, students, and patrons are all holding their fingers crossed eagerly waiting the good news that our team will be able to play indoors soon. It is awfully cold on the players and the spectators outside on these cold winter days to come and we will all have real cause to celebrate when we get indoor facilities.

—o—

Inez Smith McGough, a local teacher, was quietly married to Jeff Sibley in an impressive ceremony a few days ago with Reverend Moody, Pastor of the Perry Chapel Methodist Church officiating. The marriage was a double ring ceremony and was held at the home of the bride's parents with only close friends and relatives present. We wish them the very best of luck and a lifetime of happiness together!

—o—

Rogers Cafe was the beautiful setting for a banquet recently given by Reverend Moody complimenting the church choir and official staff. A delectable menu was served and enjoyed by all.

A bouquet to the Shiloh Baptist Church for their choice of Reverend W. T. Broxton for pastor. Keen interest was displayed in the recent installation services by the members of community churches. The Reverend Allen, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of Lufkin had charge of the impressive services. We are hoping that Reverend Broxton will find us cooperative and congenial people and that his work with us will be pleasant at all times.

—o—

Yours truly was wondering why Chester Willis had to yell so loudly to call his newly purchased fox hound. It seems that Chester bought the hound "sight unseen" and paid—we heard—a big price for him. On the way to get him in his pickup he had a flat, ruined a tire, tube, and rim that all together cost him $27.00. When he arrived in Diboll with the hound he noticed that the dog paid no attention to him when he called and he figured he was simply not trained or else was the stubbornest dog he had ever seen. It finally developed that the dog could not hear even thunder, so Chester has on his hands now a deaf fox hound, worth,, I'd say, about $1.25 in inflated money. Do you know of anybody in the market for the dog who would buy him like Chester did—sight unseen?

—o—

The big hay ride held the other night in Diboll was sponsored by L. M. Simmons and offered much amusement. The participants were the Drivers and A. C. Henderson (Primary Teacher). A big crowd went and had lots of laughs and good fun.

—o—

Our school bus is in the Motor Vehicle Hospital for repairs as a result of an accident on the highway near Diboll. It seems that a large cow ran across the road just in time to get hit by the bus and the result was—One dead cow, One broken bus. We'll have it back soon, The bus, that is.

—o—

Principal Bradley has been ill lately and we've all tried to figure out just what is wrong with him. We don't know whether it's because his football team has hit a streak of bad luck or whether it's because the bus is out of order—or on account of Pineland having a gymnasium for their school like we want so badly. Or maybe all three are contributing causes. Maybe everything will turn out OK in all three respects—so let us hope for the best!

Get Ready For Freddy

By FREDDIE LEWIS

Every time I think of football I think of character, courage, determination, and tenacity, because if a boy plays the game as it should be played—and with his heart in it—he will develop within himself the four qualities listed above. Playing football trains a boy to think fast and think straight. It builds his body, it builds character, and it builds a better man all the way round. It's a great game.

Take Professor Bradley, coach of the Temple High School eleven. Bradley has demonstrated that HE has plenty of tenacity to stick his neck out again and again even though his team has failed to come through with a win in four tries. He's got the determination to go after the next opponent just as if his boys had won all their games—and my guess is that before the season is out he will win some victories.

The record shows that five games have been played this season with four lost and one tied. In the first game against Orange High School, Diboll went down by a score of 34-0. In other words, the Orange peeled us instead of vice versa. The next game was with Livingston where we lost 34-19. On that occasion Diboll was expecting a passing attack by Livingston and Livingston stuck to the ground and toppled us over. Next stop was Houston where we again came out at the little end of the horn by a score of 18-0; however, Diboll showed plenty of class in this one and looked a lot better than the score might indicate. Over to Conroe from there we did even better—holding the game to a score of 7-7. The fifth game played was against Arp where Diboll was sacked up 25-6.

All of these games were played, we must remember, against high schools several times larger than Temple High so let's don't discredit our team just because they didn't win. Lots of games are left on the schedule and my prediction is that we won't lose to ANY team from a high school comparable in size to ours.

—o—

Quite a few people have asked me to give them a resume of the 1947 Dragon baseball team, so here it is: We played 28 games, won 15 and lost 13. The pitchers records were as follows: Williams won five, lost one; O'Ree won five and lost two; John won two and lost four, and Chalk won three and lost six. I'll say this about Chalk's record: He pitched a lot better ball than 3-6 looks because had the team given him good support de would have won several that he lost. He was a "hard luck" hurler if I ever saw one and had several games on his hip if the team had come through with just any kind of base knocks to put over a run. When the boys were hitting they were also giving the opposing team unearned runs by booting the ball, throwing wild, and doing everything wrong that could be done wrong on that particular day. And Chalk, standing out on that lonely pile of dirt in the middle of the infield, got credit for the losses.



FREDDIE

O'Ree was great all season—almost too great to hold in Diboll. All season he got telegrams and letters offering him good propositions to come here and there to pitch. A Chicago bunch came in and took him, along with Fred Randolph his catcher, for several days playing the strongest teams they could find. He's good and we hope he stays in Diboll at least another year before moving on up.

Manager C. P. (Old Crank) Griffin managed to hang up another season of baseball regardless of his advanced years. He did a good job as an infielder and, though he got off to a mighty slow start, ended up the season with a batting average of 249 which isn't bad considering that for awhile he was not hitting the weight of his cap.

Chalk and O'Ree both wound up the season with better than 300 averages in the batting column—Chalk hitting 304 and O'Ree 301. Fred Randolph hit 269, Williams 263, Jeff 258, and Bussey 254.

Until next year then, We'll say "Good Bye" to the Diboll Dragons—and congratulations on a good season of baseball!

—o—

Now let's look around the plant. How many of you see EVERY DAY some hazard that might cause an accident? Most of us go about our work, walking around something dangerous, without thinking that maybe some new man will come on the job, not know about it, and get himself hurt. So why don't we start a campaign NOW—a campaign of reporting to the Safety First Department of the company all the things we notice that constitute danger out on the works. We may save somebody's life and I know we'll make our jobs safer, so how about cooperating?

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Diboll Student To Try For Scholarship

One Senior from Temple High school was elected by classmates to try for four-year college scholarships in national competition.

Chosen as students "Likely to Make Important Contributions to Human Progress," they will take Scholastic Aptitude Test. Winners to Receive College Tuition, $25 a month, and Traveling Expenses for Four Years!

One Senior from Temple High School has been elected by their classmates to compete with students from other high schools throughout the United States and territories for the 119 Pepsi-Cola Four-Year College Scholarships and more than 550 fifty-dollar College Entrance Awards being offered again this year by the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Board.

The contestant chosen was Queen Ester Taylor.

According to C. O. Bradley, principal of Temple High, it is both a scholastic and a personal honor to be selected as a contestant for one of these scholarships, since the student so elected must be one who is in the opinion of his classmates "most likely to make an important contribution to human progress." The election, which was held at a senior class meeting on Sept. 26, was in itself an exercise in practical American democracy, C. O. Bradley said.

If one of the students from Temple High wins a Pepsi-Cola Scholarship, he or she will have full tuition and certain incidental fees paid for four years at any accredited academic college he wishes to attend in the United States, its territories, or Canada. In addition, he will receive an allowance of $25 a month during the four academic years plus traveling expenses at the rate of three cents a mile for one round trip between home and college each school year. There will be five runners-up for every Scholarship to be given, and each will receive a College Entrance award which carries a grant of $50 payable if the winner enters college by the fall of 1948.

These scholarship awards are financed by the Pepsi-Cola Company as a part of its public service program.

At 9:00 a. m. on Friday, November 21, these seniors who have been elected will take a two-hour specially prepared scholastic aptitude test in the high school. Immediately following the examination, the test papers will be collected, placed in an envelope provided for that purpose, and sent at once for scoring to the College Entrance Examination Board, which is an independent testing board composed of representatives of America's most distinguished colleges and universities.

The students in each state who receive the highest scores on this preliminary test will then take a second examination on January 24. This test will be the regular supervised Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Entrance Examination Board. The contestants in each state who receive the highest scores on this final test and who have financial need will win the Pepsi-Cola Four-Year College Scholarships set aside specifically for that state, and the five highest runners-up for each Scholarship will receive the College Entrance Awards.

The winners will be announced early in March.

Two scholarships will be awarded in each of the forty-eight states and in the District of Columbia, and one each in Alaska, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico. One additional scholarship will be granted to a Negro student in each of the eighteen southern states having separate school systems for Negroes.

The Pepsi-Cola scholarship program is the largest scholarship program outside of government subsidy and it is planned and administered by a group of distinguished educators known as the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship Board. This Board is incorporated separately from the Pepsi-Cola Company and has as its president Floyd W. Reeves, professor of administration at the University of Chicago. The director of the scholarship program is John M. Stalnaker, professor of psychology at Stanford University, who has worked extensively in the field of testing and selection procedures.

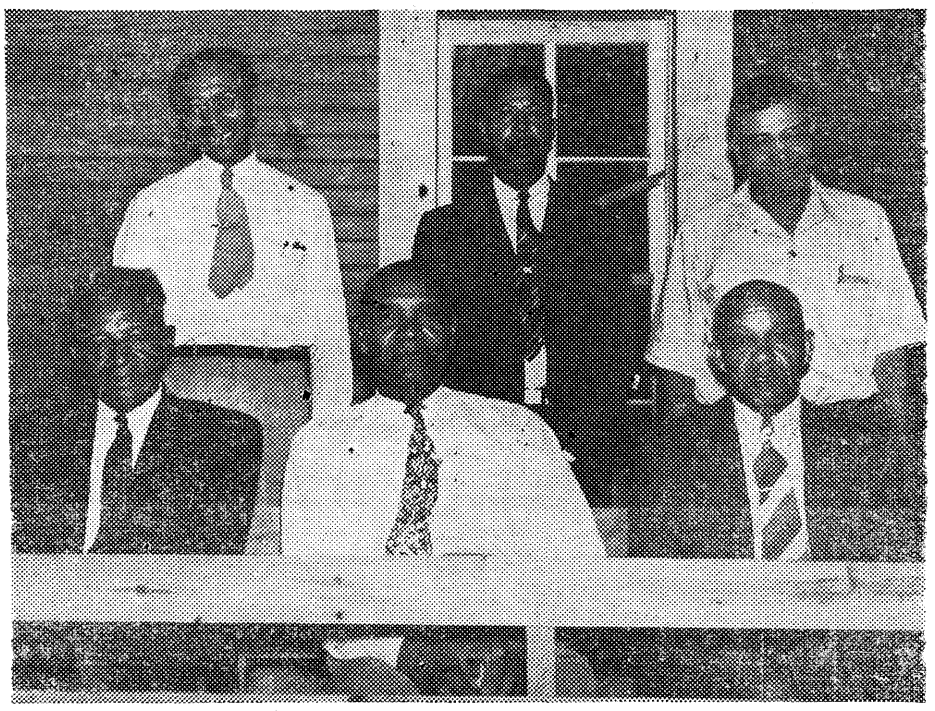
Although it is just now going into its fourth year, this scholarship program is already sending 367 boys and girls to more than 140 of the nation's colleges and universities for four years of undergraduate work, and 1,800 other students have been encouraged to continue their education through the winning of College Entrance Awards. Once a winner is in college, the only scholastic requirement for the continuance of his scholarship throughout the four-year period is that he remain in good standing and progress normally from year to year. He has no obligation to the Pepsi-Cola Company either during the four years in which the scholarship is in effect or after he has graduated.

In announcing this fourth annual Pepsi-Cola scholarship competition to educators throughout the United States, Mr. Stalnaker, director of the program, said, "All over the country, boys and girls of exceptional promise are denied the opportunity of college training because they cannot afford it. We have set ourselves the task of discovering and promoting the growth of some of these students who can add materially to the enrichment of the American way of life. Thus we are investing in human resources—an investment which, according to the president of one of our colleges, is probably the most permanent and abiding contribution which can be made to society today."

I Might Be Right

(Continued from Page 2)

very last minute. At exactly 10:56 every night there is a bus leaving Diboll for Lufkin and points north. At exactly 10:55½ P. M., Tommie Jo and this particular fellow may be observed on the front porch at Mrs. Farrington's saying "Good Night." When the bus driver starts off at the hotel in low gear, Tommie Jo's boy friend starts off from her house in high. Residents along the route say that they hear nothing but a "swish!" see a blurred object passing by, and then, near Lee Estes' garage, see a young man overtake the bus, Dagwood style, and get in. He hasn't missed it yet! We don't blame this fellow a bit for staying to the very last second because Tommie Jo is really a fine girl—and also, incidentally, beautiful.



BROTHERHOOD OFFICERS: (Left to right standing) Freeland Goldman, Assistant Secretary; Finis Henderson, Secretary; Robert Nash, Treasurer. Seated; E. A. Armstead, Chaplain; Dave O'Neil, President; Jack Mainor, Vice President.

TWELVE TEMPLE HIGH EX-STUDENTS IN COLLEGE

Addie Ben Bivens, daughter of Ben and Aldine Bivens, left our School when it was an elementary school. She completed her high school work at Jack Yates High in Houston, Texas. During her senior year at Yates she entered an oratorical contest sponsored by the Elks and won a thousand dollar scholarship to the college of her choice! She spent her first two years at Wiley College at Marshall, Texas, and the last two years at Wilberforce University at Wilberforce, Ohio—graduating last June. She is now taking a special course in physical education at Wilberforce. Her scholastic record has been excellent and we are proud to use the words: "Local Girl Makes Good!"

Evander Cade should be one of the proudest fathers in Diboll, being able to boast of having THREE children in college and ALL THREE HONOR STUDENTS. Their son, Harold Cade, has the highest scholastic average of any student ever to finish Temple High School. He now attends Prairie View Agricultural and Mechanical College at Prairie View, Texas. Their daughters, Louise and Jewell, are at Jarvis Christian College at Hawkins, Texas. We think all three of them deserve a lot of credit for their attainments and our hat's off to them. Their parents, for their sacrifices to afford the education of three children in college , are also to be congratulated.

Reverend G. W. Odum's daughter, Isabelle, attended Jarvis for two years and plans to return there in January. She, too, is an honor student and has made a very fine record for herself.

Walter Allen's son, Herbert, has popularized the name of "Diboll" at Texas College, Tyler, Texas, being an all-around athlete and making everybody call him "Diboll,"—just so the name would stick and so they wouldn't overlook us on the map. This year Herbert is a sophomore and doing a good job in school both in athletics and scholastically.

Thomas Casey's daughter, Matha, is a junior at Jarvis College majoring in Biology and is another honor student who originated at Temple High School in Diboll. She is very ambitious and is working toward the goal of going to graduate school after she finishes Jarvis. We are all proud of her.

Charlie King's daughter, Vera, and Chester Willis' son C. P. were also students at Jarvis College and plan to return in January. They both did fine work academically and C. P. also made a name for himself as an athlete.

H. C. Rollins, Jr., was an honor student at Temple High and went on to Prairie View where he is majoring in mathematics. His sister Juanita went to Texas College at Tyler and also majored in mathematics—which indicates that working with figures runs in the family. Both are fine young people and a credit to our school as well as to the ones they went on to seek higher education in.

T. J. Wortham, son of Alberta Coleman, is at Jarvis College and plays left end on the Jarvis Bulldog eleven. We hear he is a "mighty man" and that when the opposition attempts to come around his side of the line they are invariably sorry they tried.

All of us are VERY proud of Joy Mae Williams who is a senior at Jarvis College this year. She has proven that where there's a will there's a way because she has managed to stay in college almost four years even though to do so required great sacrifices, determination, and burning ambition to get an education. Joe Mae is the daughter of Estella Carter. Her example—in overcoming odds to go to school and learn—is one that many other young people would do well to follow and it shows that there is really no such thing as the word "Can't". She is a credit to our town and to Temple High and we have for her the very highest admiration.

Armener Simmons, daughter of Amos Simmons, is attending school in Los Angeles, California. She, too, is an honor student and plans to take a "Cottage Course" beginning November First, along with her "College Course." We wish for her the best of luck and all the happiness we can in BOTH courses!

The above fourteen young people who attended school at Diboll then went on to study in college deserve a great deal of credit, as do their parents. They should be a real inspiration to those in Temple High now—and to those who follow in their footsteps in the years to come. They had the necessary ambition, the stamina, and the determination to make of themselves more useful citizens through the medium of education. They had a desire to learn, to improve their minds, and to mold of themselves people who could be of real service to communities in which they might live as grown-ups.

It is the wish of the faculty at Temple High School that more students continue their studies until graduation, then go to college, as these young people have done, and improve themselves. It may take sacrfices to do it in many cases, but the results will certainly justify them because we need our young people to go further in school —to learn more, to be better citizens, to be leaders who can improve our communities and pass on to others the benefits of higher education. So let's encourage our children to stay in school and go as far as possible!

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FOREST FIRE EXTINGUISHED

On the afternoon of September 18th a forest fire was reported West of Diboll on Southern Pine Lumber Company land. A stiff wind was blowing and the fire spread rapidly, threatening to sweep on toward Ryan's lake and destroy some of our most valuable timber. Prompt action by Ed Strickland's crew and the Diboll fire department prevented the fire from getting out of control and they really deserve a big hand. Approximately ten acres of timber had been destroyed or badly damaged when the fire department arrived. Going to the west side of the conflagration, foamite spray was pumped into the blaze and stopped it cold. They circled the entire area applying the chemical to the edge of the flames, then left it with the Texas Forestry Service tractor plow which put a furrow around the burned area to stop any possible further spread. It was a fast job efficiently done.

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Pay - Day In My Home Town

By MARIE GLASS

The sun was slowly going behind the tall pine trees toward the west, casting shadows which intermingled with the smoke lazily drifting skyward from the smokestacks. In the distance could be heard snatches of song amid the sharp claps of lumber as it was being stacked in rows beneath the sheds. There was a pause of expectancy as the machines began to slow down in their movements, for the whistle would soon blow which would mean the end of a day—a special day. This was pay-day in my home town, which is the manufacturing plant for one of the largest lumber companies in the South.

As the whistle blew, everything came to a standstill and with tired footsteps but happy faces, men covered with sawdust turned toward the main office, where expert hands had summed up their total earnings and placed them in envelopes. As they neared the office, their footsteps quickened in eager expectation of the yellow envelopes which would be handed to them.

Five minutes after the sound of the whistle, a throng of men has gathered around the pay-roll window. The men ase laughing, talking, and joking as they await their turn. Among this throng are the able employees, their bosses, and men too old to work who have been pensioned by the company. Having come to this sawmill town when they were very young, they have watched it grow (helping ever with steadfast hands to fill their jobs well) from a small plant and little brown cottages to now a vast industry and a little city with modern homes, good churches, and fine schools.

On the faces of some of these men as they are handed their pay are expressions of happiness, because through their earnings they have been able to keep their expenses paid and have been able to save some money for a rainy day. The less fortunate employees show expressions of hope since their earnings have been depleted by sickness and loss of work.

To most men, however, the fear of illness and misfortune does not exist, because there is a spirit of cooperation among the leaders and men alike that builds confidence in foul weather as well as fair. Their needs will be carefully studied and assistance given as needed. No one, black or white, is ever denied medical or material aid in time of need. Of course, this is not considered a donation, but it is a system carried out by the company to help men, honest men, to carry on in the face of adversities.

After the men have received their pay, many of them are met on the outside of the fence by their families. The children have their hands eagerly outstretched in anticipation of that promised nickel with which to buy an ice cream cone or a candy bar. Then together the families go through the company store to pay their bills and to get another week's supply of groceries.

On the long porch of the store men gather to discuss their work, families, and their pay. Some of them are talking to farmers who have come to sell green vegetables and other produce. And in another gathering is the preacher laughing and talking with the men, while the children dart in and around playing tag.

As the night draws nearer, one by one the families leave to go to their homes, all tired after a full day of work, play and friendly visits, to prepare for another day's work and be benefited by another pay-day. As they leave, a friendly shout can be heard from a farmer. "Bye, Bill, I'll see you next pay-day."

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Teacher: "What is meant by I love, you love, he loves?"

Little Boy: "That's one of them triangles where somebody gets shot!"

Law Finally Catches Fisherman F. Davis

Foster Davis, the Temple-White paint shop foreman, is a man who believes in playing it safe. When he was in the Texas League he seldom overran a base. He was never caught napping by a pitcher.

Out of organized baseball into the handle manufacturing business, Davis settled down to the life of a solid citizen. He bought a marriage license, married Sis Pickel, and now they have a son Ray for whom a birth certificate was duly recorded with the county clerk. Davis believed in following the letter of the law.

He got a drivers license, a hunting license, a dog license for his hound. He bought medicine only from a licensed pharmacist, groceries only after he was convinced that the store had prominently displayed the various permits necessary to do legitimate business. He talked to no lawyer except after first examining his license to practice, and when he got sick the first question he asked the doctor was, "Doc, before you start taking my temperature and feeling my pulse, let me see your license."

Davis was a man who took no chances. Still, with all his caution, there were two licenses Davis didn't buy. One was a pilot's license—because he never intended to fly an airplane—and the other was a license to fish with artificial bait—because he never intended to use a reel and rod when trot line cat fishing was so much more to his liking and so much less work.

So here in Diboll we find Davis going about his daily tasks whistling, happy, without a care. With his taxes paid, his various Federal and State certificates, licenses, permits, and forms all filed in good order, he faced the world with a clear conscience. He was a man who could walk down the street and look his fellow citizens in the eye without a quiver, without the slightest tinge of embarrassment.

Now he is in the clutches of the law. Now the bright future of this honest, trustworthy citizen is clouded with the definite prospects of—to be perfectly frank, STRIPES.

The story is a sad one—an unfortunate narrative of a man who, for no understandable reason, suddenly broke the laws he had so carefully adhered to throughout the years; a story of a man facing the judgment



DAVIS

of a court which will convene to decide if society would or would not be better off—whether or not the county and the State and the Nation—would be a safer place in which to live with him securely behind bars.

It happened on October 5th, 1947. Davis, up early, went about the house gathering up his trot lines, his hooks, his boat paddle. His wife prepared sandwiches, filled the thermos bottle with steaming hot coffee. The Neches river, low and crystal clear, was only four miles away and Davis hurried to reach camp while the mists of early morning were still lingering over the water. He had not a care in the world, He was happy. He was going fishing.

Getting into his car, Davis carefully checked his drivers license—it was in its proper place. He examined his social security card. O. K. The varous government permits, certificates, papers—all in order.

Waving "Good Bye" to his wife and youngster standing on the front porch of the house, Davis drove away in high anticipation of a successful day's outing on the river.

When he returned that afternoon he held in his hand NOT a string of fish, but a summons to appear in court and fight for his freedom. He was caught in the tenacles of the law!

Davis and Arnold, his fishing partner, were floating down the river in their boat, with the stillness of the morning unbroken save by an occasional splat of tobacco juice aimed at squadrons of water bugs venturing within range while the trot line sway-



ed with the weight of sinkers attached beneath it, and the willows on either side of the stream to which it was tied bent low to take the strain of the long line. The fishermen, easing back to the boat landing to wait beneath the shade of the trees an hour or so before running the line, said little.

Davis finally spoke up: "Arnold, I see you have a reel and rod in the bottom of the boat."

,"Yeah, I thought I'd bring it along just in case the bass were striking", Arnold replied.

"Have you got a license to use it?", inquired Davis with his usual concern for law and order.

"Sure I've got a license", said Arnold. "Wouldn't do nothing nowadays WITHOUT one".

"Boy, I wouldn't either," answered Davis. "Too many game laws."

The boat drifted up to the landing with a few last minute strokes of the paddle by Arnold who was sitting in the back of the boat.

"Bring the reel and rod and the thermos", he reminded Davis.

Davis picked up the reel and rod. "How you work this thing?"

"Just throw it and start untangling your line because if you've never handled one before it's darn sure to backlash".

"It ain't all THAT difficult is it?" said Davis.

"Try it, then"! answered Arnold.

Davis, standing in the front of the boat, swung his arm in a half-circle and out went the lure—about ten feet. The line tangled as predicted and he sat down to try to straighten it out.

ENTER THE GAME WARDEN.

"What you doing, young feller?" a husky voice inquired from the boat landing.

"Trying to get this line untangled", replied Davis looking up unconcerned.

"Got a license to use a reel and rod?" said the man on the landing.

"License? Naw, I haven't got any license. I'm not a reel and rod man—I fish with a trot line—or a pole."

"Don't look like no trot line to me, Bub. Come out of that boat, you're under arrest!"

Davis meekly emerged from the boat, still holding the reel and rod. The Game Warden took him to the Judge, the Judge booked him, the County Attorney went over the case, the papers were served, and Davis got ready for trial.

It was as sudden and as simple as that. Of course the case hasn't come up yet on the court docket and we don't know for sure whether it ever will or not. But just the same, here we have a man—Davis—over whom will forever hang this mark of ignominy; a man who, for years to come, will probably be pointed out to small children by their parents with a warning whisper: "THERE'S that horrid man who—oh, it was terrible—He was caught RED HANDED throwing an artificial bait in the river without a license! Don't YOU ever grow up and be like him."

Anyway, I sure hope they get me on that jury.

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In Pineland several years ago, Wallace Pate was working in the meat market. A colored boy, age 10, asked for a nickel's worth of cheese. Wallace very busy, walked over to the meat block on which rested a half circle of cheese, picked up his knife and whacked off the very thinnest slice anybody had ever seen, and handed it to the customer. The boy gave him the nickel, looked mournfully at his purchase. "What's the matter?" inquired Pate as he observed the boy had not picked it up. "I was just thinking, Mr. Pate, how close you come to MISSING that cheese!" From that day on, Wallace had one customer he gave the "extras" to every time.

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Happiness is what you have when trouble lets up.