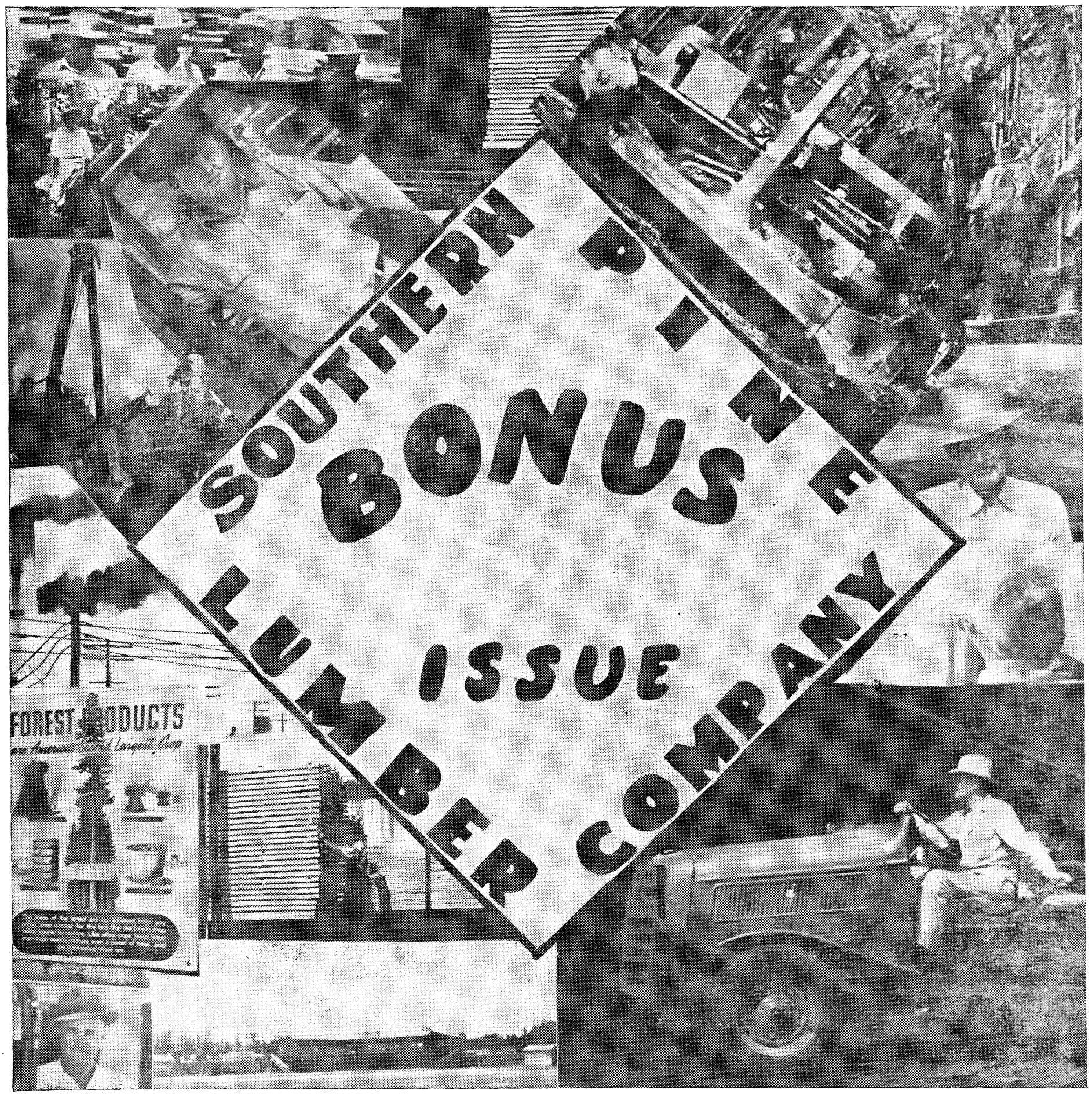
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The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME 1 | DIBOLL, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 30, 1947 | No. 6

Southern Pine Employees' Bonus Set for December 20



PICTURED ABOVE ARE A FEW OF THE INDIVIDUAL EMPLOYEES AND SOME OF THE MANY ACTIVITIES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY IN AND AROUND DIBOLL. WHEREVER WE WORK—IN THE WOODS, THE YARDS, THE MILLS, THE KILNS, THE OFFICE, OR IN THE SHOPS AND ON THE RAILROAD—WE'RE A PART OF THE SAME "SOUTHERN PINE FAMILY".

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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 . . .

In the July and August issues of the Buzz Saw we published a story entitled "The Saga of Professor Jackson". Among other things, Professor Jackson told about his early days in a circus where he taught Harry James, the world's greatest trumpeter, how to play the trumpet. He also told about his association with Mr. Everette James, Harry's father; about being bandmaster of the sideshow band while Mr. Everette James lead the main band, et cetera.

Some of our readers thought Professor Jackson was drawing a little on his imagination — especially about teaching Harry James music—and read the story with skeptical smiles. It seemed a shade too fantastic to be true.

Well, I cut the two installments out of the Buzz Saw and mailed them to Harry James with a letter in which I asked him to write me his comments, if any, on what Professor Jackson said. Here is the answer, from the manager of Harry James Orchestra, Hollywood, California:

Dear Sir:

Your letter was not sufficiently addressed and took quite some time reaching us. Sorry for the delay in answering, but that was the reason.

I showed Mr. Harry James the piece from your paper written by W. J. Jackson. Mr. James says he remembers him well and that what he wrote was entirely true. He and W. J. Jackson played together when they were in the circus (Mr. Everette James, Harry's father, was also a bandmaster in the same circus as Jackson brought out). Jackson, according to Mr. Harry James, was good—and QUITE A MAN in his day.

With kindest regards,
Frank Monte, Manager
Harry James Orchestra
Hollywood, California.

———o———

People often say that in Diboll you can hear more false rumors than you can anywhere; that gossip travels faster here than the wind; that you can't believe anything you hear, etc. Some of this may be true—but it's also true of EVERY small town regardless of where it is or who lives there. I suppose it all adds up to the bad side of "human nature" and that all of us, whether we live in Houston or Peavy Switch, have a little of this "bad side" in us. Most everybody manages to keep it dormant. But, unfortunately, a few just simply can't. They think up a wild rumor, spread it, and probably enjoy hearing it again from somebody who comes up to them confidently and says: "Keep this to yourself, but did you know that people around here are saying about so-and-so?"

That sort of thing has been going on, in all probability, since the days of the caveman. No doubt many a long haired maiden in those early times has said: "Did you hear what happened over on the other side of the lava strip yesterday? Why that big caveman who wears the bearskin loin cloth was flirting with the blonde who lives down the side of the mountain. At least they say he hit her over the head three times with a club so it must be love. And she's such a SKINNY thing. Bet she doesn't weigh 200 pounds."

Well, Diboll, like every other town in the world, gets its fair share of wild rumors. Take for example the rumor about the bonus the company is paying all of us in December. It wasn't much of a rumor—just a few people heard it—but it concerned WHY the bonus was being paid in the first place. One fellow said the company was paying the bonus because the government was forcing them to pay it. Somebody else said the company was paying it because it wasn't costing them anything—that the money, if it wasn't paid out in the form of a bonus, would have to be paid by Southern Pine in the form of income taxes.

You can rest assured that neither rumor is the truth. The company is paying its employees this bonus for one reason: To express to all of the members of the Southern Pine Lumber Company "family"—which means you and I and all of us—its gratitude and thanks, in the form of cash that we all can certainly use, for the contribution we have made throughout the year to a successful and profitable period of operation.

Anybody who tells you anything different doesn't know what he's talking about.

———o———

Incidentally, the bonus we are getting—10 per cent of our earnings for the eleventh month period beginning January First and ending November 30th—is the largest bonus being paid by any lumber company in East Texas (Or probably any other company, for that matter) that I have heard about to date. And as far as I am concerned, it is sure hitting here at the proper time—with Santa Claus breathing down my collar and all the Christmas shopping coming up. It's a pretty nice thing to be working for a company that thinks enough of the welfare and happiness of its employees to shell out such a bonus—in addition to our paid vacations—and say to its men: "We've had a good year together. Here's a present for you to enjoy and use as you may see fit. Thanks!"

Though the Buzz Saw is only seven months old, it has really gained recognition, not only locally but also in many states outside of Texas. For example, we have had letters from California, Missouri, New York, and Florida written by people who somehow got a Buzz Saw and who wanted to be put on the permanent mailing list (And all of them thought the paper would cost so much per month). Then, best of all, in the November 15th issue of the Gulf Coast Lumberman an editorial from the Buzz Saw was reprinted. The title of it was "Lumber as a Career for Young Men" which first appeared in our sheet the last day of October. That's hitting the "Big Time" as far as lumber publications are concerned and we were proud the Buzz Saw made it.

———o———

The Diboll Lumberjacks football team, in the first eleven man game ever played in Diboll, really went to town in upsetting the Lufkin "B" team on November 14th by a score of 13-0, then upsetting them again on November 19th with a 19-6 score. We've had a six man team here quite some time —and one of the best—but with only twenty men on the entire squad there were just not enough players to even practice eleven man ball. Coach Ramsey decided he'd try it anyway, so after only five days working on plays and scrimmaging (With only ten men on each side) they got Lufkin's "B" team down here and proceeded to wear them out in typical Diboll fashion. Thinking it was probably luck or an accident that the Lumberjacks won, and saying "They can't do that to us!" Lufkin came back to have another go at it. When they went back home that afternoon there was no doubt in anybody's mind on the question of who had the best ball club.

Not many people attended either game—some said they didn't know the games had been scheduled—but those who did come out really saw a scrapping football team representing the home town. Next year we should all get behind these boys and give them some support. They deserve it.

This month the Buzz Saw ran an essay contest at Diboll High with a $5.00 prize for the winner. Three essays were selected from all those written—one by Beulah Goins, one by Evelyn Walker, and a third by Lamar Lewis. The committee had a tough time trying to decide which of the three was the best because all were good. But Lamar Lewis' got the nod from the judges and the five bucks prize from the Buzz Saw. You will find the article in this issue entitled "Why I Like Diboll", and I think you'll agree that it's a good piece of writing.



Left to right, Front row: Reginald Havard, Annie Shepherd, Vadie Sanford, Buddy Tull, Buel Small, Lane Tull, Bruce George, Bill Saxon. Back row, Robert Clark, Garrison Wilkins, Marshall Grace, Junior Harris, and Oree Brazeale. This crew operates three machines—Side matcher, two end matchers in the manufacture of pine and hardwood flooring. Anna Lee Williams and Mary Jane Griffin, members of the crew, are not in the picture.

Southern Pine To Pay Bonus In December

The Board of Directors of Southern Pine Lumber Company recently voted to pay a bonus to all employees equal to ten per cent of the earnings of each employee for the eleven months period from January 1st, 1947, to November 30th, 1947—the bonus to be paid sometime between December 18th and December 23rd under the following conditions:

Employees whose work record for the eleven month period has been continuous will receive bonuses on the basis of the full amount earned during that period.

Employees with a break in employment record will receive a bonus ONLY on that part of their continuous employment that dates from the last time during the year they were employed and ending on November 30th, 1947.

Part time employees, seasonal, or occasional workers are not included.

An employee must remain on the payroll through the date of the bonus payment.

The only deductions will be the regular Government payroll taxes.

Here are some examples of who will be eligible and who will not be:

1. Suppose John Smith has worked all the time made available to him from January 1st, 1947 through November 30th, 1947, and is still on the payroll when the bonus is paid in December. Let's also suppose that he made $130 per month for the eleven months. His total earnings would, therefore, be $1430 for the entire period. His bonus would be ten per cent of $1430 or $143, less taxes.

2. Suppose John Jones was working for the company on January 1st, 1947, and worked until April 15th then quit and got a job elsewhere. Suppose John didn't like his job with the other company and came back to Diboll on September 1st and started working for Southern Pine Lumber Company again. Now if John is working here on the date of the bonus payment he will get NO BONUS on his January, February, March, and half of April earnings. He will get a bonus of ten per cent of his earnings from September 1st to November 30th. Suppose he was making $140 per month average for the three months of September, October, and November. John would get ten per cent of $420 or $42 less taxes.

The bonus is being paid Southern Pine employees as a reward for their loyalty and their dependability. 1947 has been a successful year and, in appreciation of what all of the company's employees contributed to that success—by staying on the job, by working as efficiently as we could, by putting out the lumber—this bonus is being paid. It might not be paid EVERY year from now on but it will be if economic conditions and the company's experience permits it. Of course a great deal will depend on the cooperation of all of us in the future. If by more efficient work we can produce more and better lumber and produce it cheaper we will be putting money in our own pockets in the long run because we will be doing something that will make future bonus payments possible. One thing is certain: If we do our part the company won't let us down, so resolve to make 1948 our very best year!

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A woman wrote to a daily paper from a very secluded rural spot as follows: "My sister and I are not exactly lonely out here. We got each other to speak to but we need another woman to talk about."

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GOD IS LOVE . . .

By The Rev. Ralph H. Cox

Text: "Beloved, let us love one another . . . . for God is love." (St. John 4:7-8)

This morning, let us turn our thoughts to the Epistle in which the Apostle states one of the more profound thoughts of New Testament wisdom when he says: "Beloved, let us love one another . . . . for God is love."

The love to which the Apostle refers is that which is sometimes called in the Bible "charity." This "charity" does not mean kindness, philanthropy, generosity or big-heartedness. It is that supernatural gift of God by which we are enabled to love Him above all things for His own sake alone, and in that love, to love all that He loves.

Outwardly, your neighbor may be very unlikeable; but inwardly he is one in whom the image of God can be recreated by the kiss of "charity—love." You can LIKE only those who like you, but you can LOVE those who dislike you. You can go through life LIKING those who like you without the LOVE of God. Humanism is sufficient for those of our set, or for those who like to go slumming from ivory towers, but it is not enough to make us love those who apparently are not worth loving. To will to be kind when the emotion is unkind requires a stronger dynamic than "love of humanity." To love them, we must recall that we who are worth loving are loved by Divine Love. "For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not e'en the publicans this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathen this? Be you therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect."

A second feature of "love" is that it is a HABIT, not a single act. There is a tremendous amount of sentimental nonsense and romanticism associated with much human kindness. Remember the glow you got from giving your overcoat to the beggar on the street, or for assisting a blind man up the stairs, or for escorting an old woman through traffic, or for contributing a ten dollar bill to relieve an indigent widow. The warmth of self-approval surged through your body, and though you never said it aloud, you did inwardly say: "My! I'm swell!" These good deeds are not to be reproved but commended!! But what I wish to emphasize is that nothing has done so much harm to healthy friendliness as the belief that we ought to do one good act a day. Why just ONE good act? What about all the other daily acts? Charity or love IS A HABIT, not an isolated act. A wife, driving with her husband sees another woman changing a tire. The husband gets out and helps to change the tire, and during the procedure, is all sweetness and light, excluding charm. When he gets back into his own car, his heart aglow with the GOOD DEED, his wife says: "I wish you would be as pleasant with me as you were with that woman. Yesterday when I asked you to bring in the milk you said: "Are you a cripple?"

Whether we know it or not, the actions of our daily lives are fixing our character for good or for evil. The things we do, the thoughts we think, the words we say, are turning us either into saints or devils, to be placed at either the right or the left side of God. If "love" of God and neighbor becomes a habit of our soul, we are developing heaven within us. But, if hatred and evil become the habit of our soul, then we are developing hell within us. In heaven, there will be no faith, for then we will see God; in heaven there will be NO HOPE, for then we will possess God; but in heaven there WILL BE LOVE because "love" endureth forever!!!

And finally, love is universal. We must LOVE our enemy as we love OURSELVES!! Not only must we love the German people, the Italian people, the Japanese and all the rest of our former enemies, but also the thief who stole our tires and the person who makes unkind remarks about us!! But how can we love that kind of an enemy as we love OURSELVES?

Well, how do we love ourselves? Do we like the way we look or do we try to improve our appearance out of a box? Do we ever wish we were someone else? Do we lie about our age and say we just turned thirty when we mean we returned thirty? Do we like ourselves when we develop a sense of RUMOUR, or when spreading gossip and running down our neighbor's reputation, or when we are irritable and moody?

We do not like ourselves in these moments. But at the same time, we do love ourselves. When we come into a room we invariably pick out the softest chair; we buy ourselves good clothes, treat ourselves to nice presents; when anyone says we are intelligent or beautiful we always feel that such a person is of very sound judgment. But when anyone says we are "catty" or "selfish," we feel they have not understood us.

Thus we love ourselves, and yet we do not love ourselves. What we love about ourselves is THE PERSON THAT GOD MADE; what we hate about ourselves is that GOD-MADE PERSON WHOM WE SPOILED!!! We like the sinner, but we hate the sin. That is why, when we do wrong, we ask to be given another chance, or we promise to do better, or we find excuses, or we say, "it was not my true self." But we never deny there is hope.

That is just the way our Lord intended that we should love our enemies; love them as we love ourselves, hating their sin, loving them as sinners; disliking that which blurs the divine image, loving the divine image BENEATH the blur; never arrogating to ourselves a greater right to God's love than they since deep in our own heart we know that no one could be less deserving of His love than we. And when we see them receiving the just due of their crimes, we must not gloat over them, but say: "There I go, except for the grace of God." In this spirit, we are to understand the words of Christ: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. Bless them that curse you and pray for them that persecute you. And to him that striketh

Continued to Page 6

Lumberjacks Swamp Lufkin "Bees" Twice

The first eleven man football game ever played in Diboll, on Friday November 14th, brought together the Lufkin "B" team and the Diboll High School Lumberjacks before a crowd of several hundred fans at the local Athletic Field. The score: Diboll 13, Lufkin 0.

The most remarkable thing about Diboll's defeat of the more experienced and higher rated Lufkin "B" team was the fact that the Lumberjacks had only five days to change over from six-man to eleven-man plays, tactics, and rules; only FIVE days to scrimmage (And with two men shy of having an entire team on both sides of the scrimmage line) before meeting the Lufkin aggregation. But when they got out on the playing field, somehow our boys forgot all the handicaps and just flew into the opposition and wore 'em out.

Diboll scored in the first quarter on a long pass from Billy Brown to Gordon Brashear in the end zone. Brown passed successfully for the extra point and the "Jacks" led 7-0.

In the second quarter Wallace Dean, running from his halfback position, took the ball, swept around left end behind good blocking and scored from the ten yard line. The try for extra point was no good and the score stood 13-0 in favor of the Lumberjacks—where it stayed until the end of the game.

The only scoring threat by the Lufkin team came in the third quarter when a pass was completed that put the ball on Diboll's fifteen yard line. On the next play Lufkin passed again. Blant Ferguson leaped in the air, caught the ball, eluded several tacklers and ran the ball back to the fifty yard line. From that point on the Lumberjacks were in no danger whatsoever.

Outstanding on both offense and dedense were the Ferguson brothers, Carl Webber and Blant, and the Brashear brothers, Tip and Snooky. Von Johnson, right guard, also played a bang up game for the Lumberjacks. Edward Bell, Carmen Bonner, and Van Davidson all three played fine defensive football. The Brown brothers were fine all the way 'round.

For Lufkin, Hendrix, Hearne, Strauss, and Johnson were in top form for the visitors and played exceptional ball both on offense and defense.

On Wednesday, November 19th, the Lufkin aggregation came back to Diboll to have another try at it. This time they went back on the short end of a 19-7 score after Diboll had scored in three of the four quarters.

On the opening kickoff, Billy Brown, the shifty right halfback of the Lumberjacks took the ball and weaved his way through the entire Lufkin team for a touchdown. The extra point was acquired by a pass from Brown to Breashear and Diboll led 7-0.

The second touchdown by the Jacks came on another pass from Brown to Brashear which originated on the fifty yard line. On this one the Diboll backfield uncorked a play that required the handling of the pigskin by three backfield men before the passer snatched it, stepped back and let fly. Brashear, standing thirty yards down the field in the clear just reached up, got it, and loped across for tally number two.

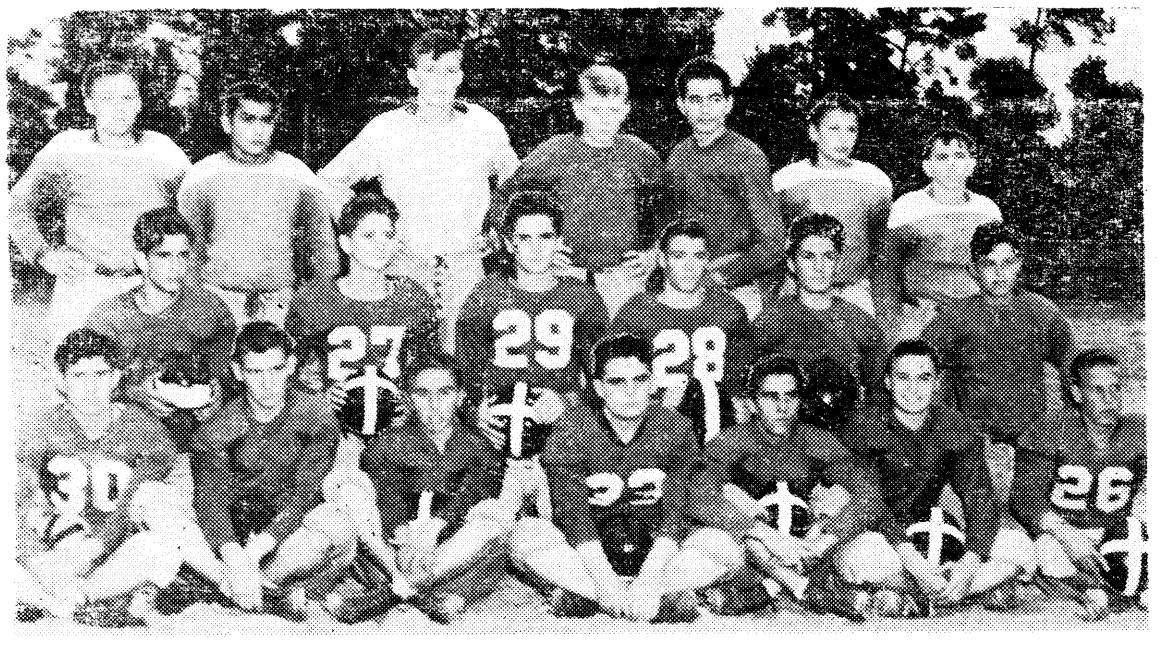
In the third quarter Diboll's ground game pushed the Lufkin team to their one foot line where Billy Brown crashed over for the third marker, the try for extra point was missed, and the score stood Diboll 19 Lufkin 0.

In the fourth quarter Pendergast of the Lufkin "Bees" went over for the lone marker for the visitors, kicked the extra point and the game ended 19-7.

The Diboll Lumberjacks line-up: Carl Ferguson, C and co-captain; Billy Brown, FB and Co-captain; Blant Ferguson, Q; Buddy Dean, RH; H. A. Brown, LH;; Carmen Bonner, RE; Edward Bell, RT; Von Johnson, RG; Snooky Brashear, LG; Frank Smith Jr., LT; Tip Brashear, LE; Isadore Miranda, Line; Johnnie Waller, L; Louis Stringer, B; Van Davidson, L; Lynwood Smith, L; Milford Ruby, L; Clinton Clark, L; and Alfred Landrum, B.

The Lumberjacks, in winning these two eleven-man games, demonstrated that Diboll can "graduate" from the six-man league next year and give the town some real football if the town will support them. Let's start early next season and help equip the squad, get behind them in every way possible. They're out there fighting to win and put Diboll on the football map. They have shown us in these two games against the Lufkin "Bees"—a team supposed to be several touchdowns better than Diboll—what they can do. Now let's get the town to show its appreciation with some real backing!

DIBOLL LUMBER JACKS



Front row, left to right: Carman Bonner, end, Edward Bell, tackle, Boyce Brashear, guard, Carl Ferguson, co-captain, center, Von Johnson, guard, Frank Smith, Jr., tackle, Gordon Brashear, end. Second row, left to right: Jack Goins, quarterback, Blant Ferguson, quarterback, Billy Brown, co-captain, fullback, Wallace Dean, halfback, H. A. Brown, halfback, Alfred Landrum, end. Third row, left to right: Johnny Waller, tackle, Isadore Miranda, guard, Melford Ruby, end, Van Davidson, center, Clinton Clark tackle, Lenwood Smith, guard, Lewis Stringer, halfback.

—Photo By Bill Hams

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Planer Palaver

By Rufus Taylor

Earnest Walker came to Diboll from Fostoria where he had been working on the machines in the planer. They say it finally reached a point where they needed these machines worse than they needed Earnest, so they asked him politely and quietly to leave. He showed up in Diboll with a bucket in one hand and a large box in the other. In the bucket he had honey, stolen from a hive that Earnest later discovered was one of his own. But the interesting thing about him—and the thing that impresed Lee Munson, the planer foreman—was the extra large box which, Munson supposed, contained tools. Now if there is anything that will make a planer foreman want to hire a new machinist helper right quick is to have him show up with a lot of tools, ready for work. Well, anyway, Munson put him on—that was somewhere between 15 and 50 years ago, we haven't determined exactly yet—and everybody stood around to watch him open up the tool box.

When Walker threw the lid of the box open nothing was to be seen but three smaller boxes inside. Some said: "Boy, that fellow is certainly careful with his tools. Look—he has them separated into smaller boxes!" Then Earnest opened the larger of the three boxes and revealed the contents, to wit: One large hammer. Then he opened the second box, another hammer, not quite as large, then the third in which was still another hammer but considerably smaller than the others. That's all he had.

Nowadays, after more than fifteen years in the planer at Diboll, Walker still has the three hammers—the largest one weighing about twenty pounds. He looks on them with a sort of reverence and keeps them in the tool room just like some famous hunter might keep lion's heads or elephant tusk on the walls of his favorite room.

If you want to locate Walker any time just come to the planer and shut one of the machines down. If he isn't there in a matter of seconds you can bet ten to one that he's sick in bed or out of town. The chances are he'll be there ready to get it going again in about three snaps of your fingers—and, along with his other tools, he'll be sure and have a hammer. He carries it along, I think, just as a matter of sentiment. Walker says he can make anything on his machines but a mistake.

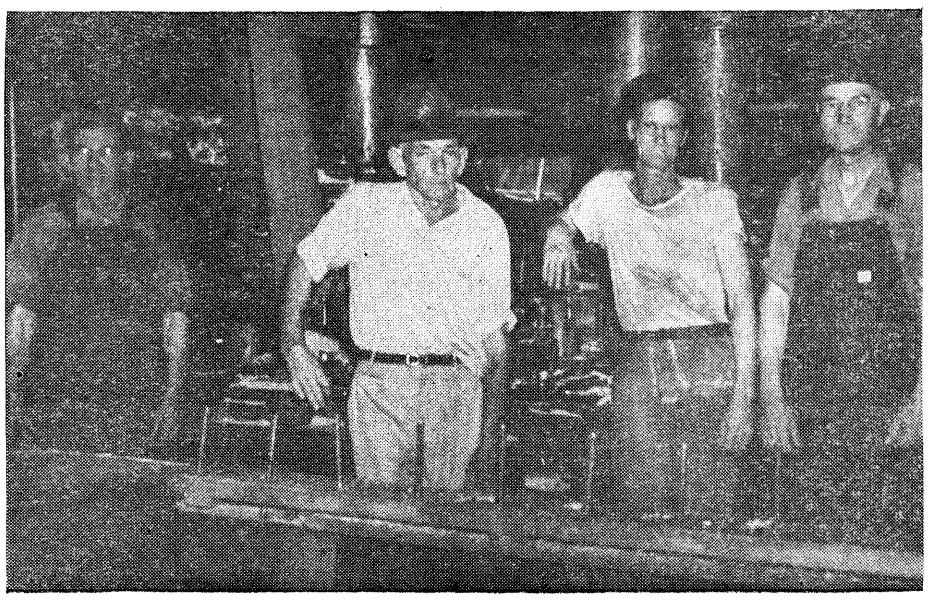
Recently the planer department lost one of its most colorful characters when "Bo-Diddle-de" Ridgely went to paper milling and quit the sawdust trail. We wish him all the luck in his new job and we'll miss him.

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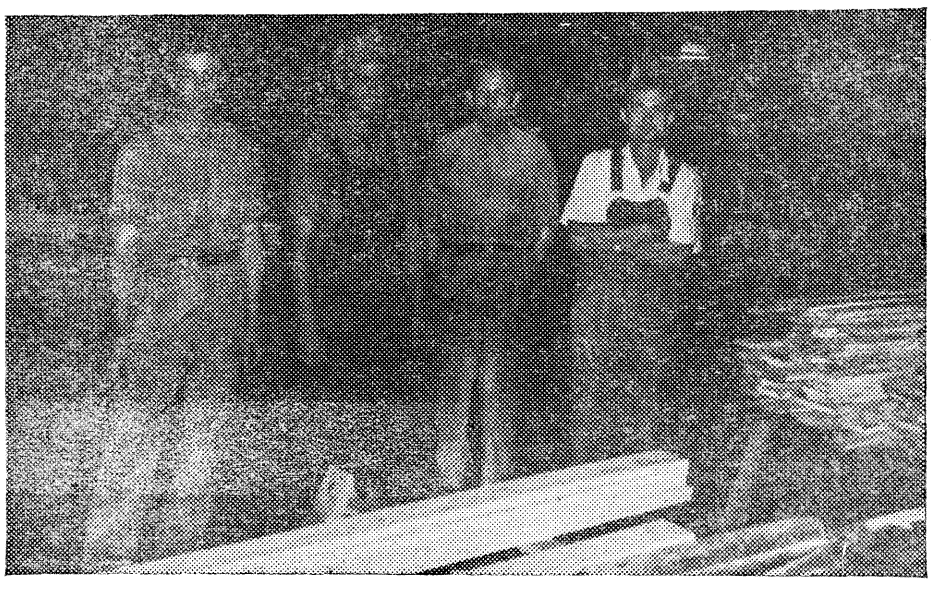
One great need of the world is more sober, profitable thinking. People go about their business in a headlong way, never pausing to think of results and possible contingencies that will seriously affect the matter. A great mathematician said that if he had but three minutes to work a problem on which his life depended, he would spend two of the three minutes in considering which was the best way to perform it.

———o———

The honeymoon is over when he takes her off a pedestal and puts her on a budget.



Left to Right: Gus Ballinger, Thrasher Cook, Craig Waller, and Vernon White. This crew operates Number Seven machine through which most of siding is run in addition to car lining, ceiling, etc., and any number of patterns.



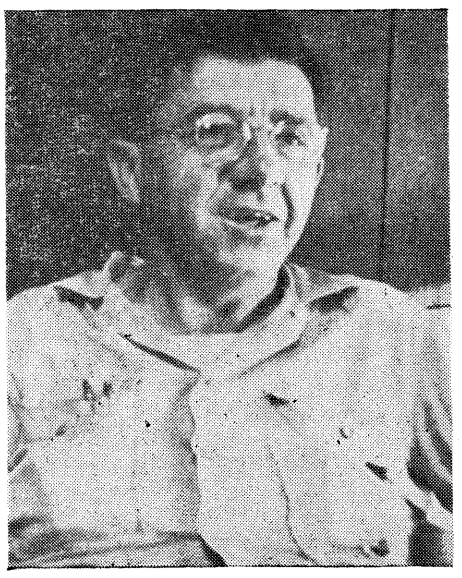
Left to right: John Whitehead, Rueben (Rosum) Gumm, Bascom Weeks, Burl Griffin and Coleman Helton. This crew operates electric moulder through which is run any kind of moulding or special patterns at the planer.

Rat Tales

By George (Rat) Johnson

Talk about the strange and wonderful characters in Diboll, suppose we size up a few—capsule style?

Take OSCAR PIERSON. Oscar is a business man. He has tried just about everything including farming, ranching, the chicken and turkey business, carpentry, and now photography. He has opened up his studio in Diboll and is advertising that he will develop any size kodak picture you might bring in. He will also enlarge the pictures, fix them up fancy. Oscar, you know, has worked for Southern Pine several



JOHNSON

times. Watson Walker ran him off first—because Oscar was just fifteen years old and had said he was sixteen—then took him back. Oscar took off in 1923 on his own accord, went to Hammock on the Neches River, then Carmona, and Hoshall. It was in Hoshall that he bought an automobile—a third hand T-Model—and took off for a return trip to Carmona to see a girl friend. It was on June 19th, 1925. Just before Oscar got to Carmona he was driving through the woods down a country road, tried to go through a close place and hit three pine trees, tearing the T-Model into approximately 29 separate pieces, none of which would fit back. He walked into Carmona, met Miss Mildred Terry, came back to Diboll, got him another second hand T-Model and decided to try to make it to Carmona again—this time to see Mildred. This time Oscar got through the trees, married the girl, moved to Diboll again.

In his early days Oscar played the guitar at weekly dances held all over this part of the country. They were rough in those days, Oscar says, and at EVERY dance there was ALWAYS a big fist fight. Being a member of the band—three pieces—Oscar managed to escape most of the battles; nevertheless he finally quit playing for the gatherings because he lost his two guitars. He says it came about this way: "A big fat woman weighing 300 pounds or more sat down on one of the guitars and flattened it out as thin as a bed sheet. I got hostile with her about it and when I did her boy friend stepped up and said something hostile to me so I reached down, got the other guitar and made him a collar out of it. Then I quit music."

Oscar owns 15 acres of land out East of Diboll on which he has about 100 chickens, two mules, and one cow. A member of W. W. Jackson's crew, his main job is fence repairing. But his heart is in his studio. So is about $100 of his money and we're hoping he gets plenty of business.

Talking to BOB YORK the other day. Bob says the main thing he needs is the care and affection of some lonely widow or old maid to cheer him up. I have been figuring on advising Bob to run an advertisement in some big newspaper in Houston or Dallas that will read like this: yonely man with good job, money in the bank, and lots of insurance, wants to find lonely widow, out of work, broke, and with weak eyesight. Contact Bob York, Diboll, Texas." But maybe we can find one right here at home through the Buzz Saw free gratis. Do any of you have anybody to recommend to Bob?

Ran into GEORGE WATTS, as I usually do every day, and George was telling me about how feeble and grouchy RICHIE WELLS is getting. George says all Richie can talk about is what a good Mulligan Stew he can make and what a good man he USED to be.

RAY RECTOR is a mighty hunter. He went out for ducks the other day, shot up FIFTY 12-guage shells and didn't hit a feather.

LEE ESTES is a fellow that takes his time, never gets in a hurry, and never loses a nickel on a transaction. If anybody here could figure out how to out trade Rusty he could quit and never hit another tap. But you can't do it and the result is that Lee has the sponduleks and he ain't going to get in any big hurry to spend 'em.

HAROLD TURNER is another great sportsman. He can stand around the store and kill more game than anybody in town but seldom brings in more than one cat squirrel.

N. B. (None Better) HALL, the head electrician, has probably more outdoor equipment than any man in town except Herb White. He has reels and rods for fishing, outboard motors, two or three shotguns, lights, hooks, gigs, and boats. But he, like some of the other hot outdoorsmen around here, has had no game in his ice box this season and has even been heard trying to talk Junior Cook into going out and killing a deer for him.

MAC HENRY KIMMEY, President of the Kimmey Motor Company, is a man of very few words. He says his money does his talking—and that means he's really a quiet fellow because I haven't caught him with anything bigger than a dime on his all this year.

HERB WHITE and A. R. WEBBER, the handle factory moguls, can give you all the advice you can use in a lifetime about most anything, though Webber is normally a very quiet fellow. Herb knows everything there is to know about guns, boats, motors, fishing tackle, fighting, wrestling, and cards, and a dollar will get you two that he'll start talking about one of the above subjects within thirty seconds of the time you meet him.

J. COX is a smart young man. He is single. If some of these sweet young things around here knew all the things about him—such as the fact that he never smokes, drinks, gambles, or curses—he might not be single long. But Cox is a little bashful so he doesn't get around much. It is my honest opinion, however, that if some good looking girl asked him for a date, he'd go out with her. I'm not going to guarantee that he will, but I wouldn't be at all surprised. He's really a nice young man and would be a good catch.

VERNON BURKHALTER is a proud father. He says all the nurses in the Hospital told him confidentially that his was absolutely the prettiest baby ever born in Angelina County. Vernon added: "And I believed every word they said. I know when people are telling the truth!"

ED STRICKLAND, President of the Brotherhood, is the man everybody comes to for wood. He'll guarantee delivery of a cord of firewood and it never takes him over eight months to actually arrive with it. By that time, of course, you are needing wood again because it's the following winter, so

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GET READY FOR FREDDIE . . .

By Freddie Lewis

Well, Thanksgiving has come and gone (As well as many a turkey) and we have 25 shopping days until Christmas. The atmosphere of Yuletide had already begun to be noticed and people are busily engaged figuring out who they think will send them a present so they'll be sure and have them on their list.

Speaking of Thanksgiving, you know there were many of us who couldn't have the traditional bird on the table. But we all had plenty to be thankful for, nevertheless. We were thankful for our health, our jobs, our homes. We were thankful for many



FREDDIE

other things—many things that came to us during the year that we put out no effort for whatsoever. I think that any of us who think we DON'T have anything to be thankful for should just look around elsewhere and see how much we DO have in comparison with a great many other people. Ours may not be the perfect lot but neither is anybody's else. We have all sorts of good things around us for which we should be thankful and we should open our eyes and see those things before we say: "Thanksgiving doesn't mean much to me."

One of the biggest and most important things about living in the good old U. S. A. is that we can kick even on fourth down while in most other countries you can't kick at all and if you even try it is usually the last time you'll ever be able to.

Say we did miss a dish or two of our favorite holiday eating. Cheer up because we still have another shot at it (Xmas) and a lot can happen between now and then. As for myself, I would have had turkey and cranberries Thanksgiving if I'd just had a turkey. But I'm not sad about that because I've got twenty-five days to latch onto one before Christmas—and I'm betting I bring one in.

Let's look over the football picture for November at the H. G. Temple High School.

Professor Bradley took his boys from the oil fields of East Texas to the bright lights of Houston—all around the circuit—and when they got back they were dizzy because the opposition took them 'round and 'round a little too swiftly. Losing six games, tying one would take the sap right out of almost any bunch. But not Diboll. Diboll came right back, invited Call, Texas, to play here on the home grounds and knocked them for a loop to the tune of a 12-0 score. Now remember: All the games Professor Bradley's boys have played in were against High Schools with four times to twenty times the number of pupils as ours. So when you stop to think about it, Diboll is to be given a pat on the back for having nerve enough to play them at all.

In the game against Call the team operated very smoothly and looked good. This corner witnessed the game and thought the boys gave the spectators a real football show. The two touchdowns by Diboll in this game were made on passes from Eugene Hodges to A. V. Lewis—with Hodges at the quarterback spot and A. V. playing right end. On one other occasion Hodges threw a long pass that hit A. V. right in the breadbasket and that would surely have resulted in another touchdown—but he let it trickle out of his hands and hit the dirt. It may be that with his father in the stands watching him (That's me) A. V. was a little nervous and therefore missed the pigskin. If he was as nervous as father he would not only have missed that one but also the other two, so I can't criticize him. On the other hand I'll say that, son or no son, A. V. played a fine game of ball; in fact, he is the highest scorer on the team with James Odom, another fine player, second. Eugene Hodges, too, is a mighty nice backfield man and should be even better in the years to come. John Henry Odom, James Odom's brother, plays right tackle and when James gets hold of the ball and starts through John Henry really opens up the holes for him to come breezing through with all his drive and speed.

Archie (Peaches) Mattox plays fullback and when there is a yard or so needed and they just have to have it, they slip the ball to him and he crashes through. You can almost always call the play—"Peaches off tackle" when you see they are two or three yards short of a first down. And usually Peaches makes it.

In the game against Call, Benodis Smith, the right half, and Frank Allen, left half, ran back some nifty runs and showed their stuff in the broken field. Both these boys are good. They get in there and hit with everything they've got. E. C. Williams is the tall lanky center on the Diboll team and a boy with plenty of football in his bones.

In the game against Call there was quite a bit of roughness throughout the contest. Lots of elbow work, gouging, and finally a fight between Peaches Mattox and one of the Call players who, according to Peaches, had been roughing him up from the first play. After the fight Peaches was put out of the game by the referee and everything settled down to football again, the Call boys apparently impressed with the way Peaches threw his dukes and deciding to take it easy.

Coach Bradley is due a lot of credit for having this football team at Temple High here in Diboll. It takes a lot of "promoting" to get uniforms and equipment in the first place; it takes plenty of hard work, after hours, to get interest up. Then the job of coaching, of teaching the boys the game and how it should be played, takes some "Know How". We are proud of Professor Bradley for his accomplishments, not only with the football team (Regardless of the fact that they didn't win all their games), but also with other sports—and most important of all, with the school as a whole. He has brought our school up to the point where it is a real credit to the town. It is my guess that he will show us all a football team within the next few years that will knock over any high school in East Texas anywhere near the size of ours—because Professor Bradley just isn't the type that gives up. No sir, he'll stay right in there and work and train his boys and the first thing we all know they'll be out there running wild over the opposition. Just watch him.

We had a game scheduled with Pineland which we were all very anxious to see played because they're sorta'

Continued to Page 6

Around the Town With Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

H. G. Temple High School is moving along smoothly with the students arranging to be present each morning in order that they might attend all their classles—and, incidentally, not miss dinner during the noon hour.

Everyone is keyed to the highest point thinking in terms of the coming holidays. A. C. Henderson, primary teacher, will be one among many attending the State Teacher's Association at the Alamo City (San Antonio). E. J. Rucker, another teacher, will visit with her family at Weatherford, Texas. The rest of the teachers will be around with nothing to break the routine other than the Texas-Wiley football game to be played at Marshall, Texas. With most of our faculty members being alumnae of Texas College there is little wonder who is pulling for who.

Six-weeks tests on November 25th took most of the holiday spirit out of our students—especially those who have not made the most of their time. Most of the teachers are now busily engaged in grading papers in order that the task will be completed before the holidays, allowing them to enjoy them without worry.

A pre-holiday program is being sponsored by E. J. Rucker and A. C. Henderson. One attraction will be a "Womanless Wedding" with C. P. Hunt as the bride and Leroy Jones the groom —and it should be the most hilarious affair ever staged in Diboll.

If the chances on the radio being given away by E. M. Bradley—yours truly—aren't sold before long I am afraid the tubes, wires, and other essential parts will have rotted away, so get yours now and let's have somebody win it.

A pre-Thanksgiving party was sponsored by Inez Sibley and R. L. Simmons. Everybody had the "Turkey Day" spirit and enjoyed themselves immensely. A. J. Gilbert is the school's best saleslady especially with five cent muffins and popcorn. She really gets rid of them in a hurry.

Queen Ester Taylor and Jim Ligon took the Pepsi-Cola Scholarship examination. Professor Bradley, after seeing the questions, says that anybody who can pass it need not go to college—he's already smart enough. But anyway, the faculty and student body wish the participants all the luck in the world.

Armener Simmons, daughter of Amos and L. M. Simmons, was married in Los Angeles, California, on November First and L. M. Simmons went out there for the wedding. I have the information that it was a really big wedding and that L. M. enjoyed his trip immensely.

On November 27th L. M. Simmons' parents will have been married FIFTY YEARS! Their children from California, Washington, and various cities in Texas will celebrate the Golden Anniversary with an "open house" held at the home of L. M. Simmons. It is expected to be one of the loveliest affairs ever held there.

Corrine Deberry is on the sick list. We wish her a speedy recovery.

The Diboll Church of God held an appreciation service for their pastor Elder R. L. Shields. It was a very successful service both financially and spiritually.

The Church of God in Christ honored her pastor Elder Cluff with Installation Services. The churches of the community cooperated to the fullest extent.

Shiloh Baptist Church was host to the Shiloh Missionary Sunday School Board recently. The visitors reported having enjoyed the Diboll hospitality to the fullest extent.

The carpenter crew—Will Canada, Jack Ligon, Clarence Lowe, and Dick Duncan certainly work better with good hot coffee! This is just a tip to you all! So long!

———o———

A GOOD CODE

By Jack Mainor

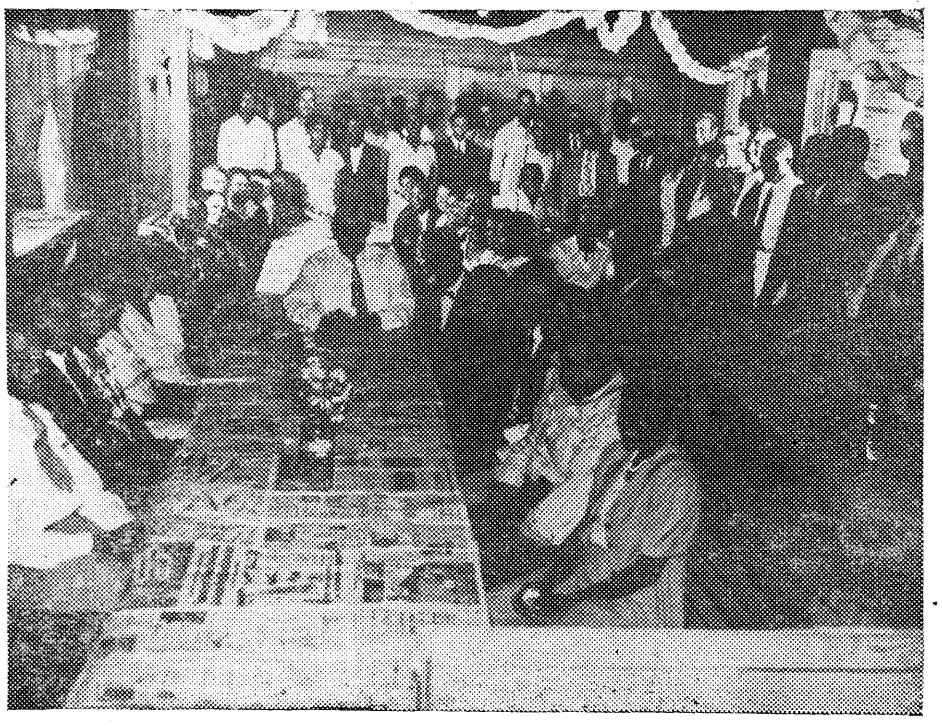
Today is ours ..... Let's live it.
Love is strong ..... Let's give it.
A song can help ..... Let's sing it.
And peace is dear ..... Let's keep it.
Our work is here ..... Let's do it.
The road is rough ..... Let's clear it.
The world is wrong ..... Let's right it.
If faith is asleep ..... Let's awaken it.
The past is gone ..... Let's forget it.
If evil comes ..... Let's not fear it.
Today is ours ..... Let's live it.

———o———

An elderly man was applying for a job. "But this is a young man's work", said the Personnel Manager. "You don't mean to tell me you can do as much work as these younger men, do you?" "Maybe I cannot," replied the old fellow. "But I can do as much work as they WILL do".

———o———

They can't call you an old dog as long as you're still learning new tricks.



TYPICAL BROTHERHOOD BANQUET SCENE

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Taters

By Jack Mainor

Brethren, let's all keep in mind the fact that there are lots of "Taters" besides Irish and Sweet "Taters". And let's don't let anybody be fooled by them. Here they are:

1. Imi.....tater.
2. Hesi.....tater.
3. Spec.....tater.
4. Dic.....tater.
5. Agi.....tater.

(1) "Imi.....tater" tries to be what he ain't
And do the things he knows he can't;
He quotes from you just as you said it
And tries to give himself the credit".
(2) 'Hesi.....tater" spends his life in fear and doubt
Can't make up his mind; can't do without;
When others go on and get things done
He dreams relaxed in the morning sun.
(3) "Spec.....tater", is an idle man
Doing nothing while others plan;
He'll let you win or let you fail
And he'll never help you drive a nail.
(4) "Dic.....tator", is a ruthless killer
Grinding lives like a wholesale miller;
He wades in the blood of innocent men
And in himself can see no sin.
(5) "Agi.....tater", tells you to join with him
And he'll never leave you out on a limb;
Then he'll take your money, wreck your job
And he wouldn't give an old corn cob!

—o—

Get Ready For FREDDIE . . .

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"cousins". Well, the date came around and everything was all set except the weather. It rained so hard the field was a lake—and Pineland apparently decided they couldn'a make it over here in the storm so we had to postpone the contest. We are still 'raring to play 'em anytime, anywhere.

The basketball season is about to get under way and in this sport Diboll really shines. Professor Bradley says that he thinks we will have the BEST team we've ever had, and if that is true we're in for some real ball because Diboll has made a record in this sport that I doubt if any other high school of comparable size in East Texas can match or come close to matching. In fact, in the H. G. Temple High School building you can see so many trophies you'd think it was the display room of some big college team-and most of the trophies are from basketball victories. Of course, basketball is a game played also by the girls—and they have won many of the cups you see in the school office.

The girls, incidentally, have been in training two weeks while the boys—most of them already in good shape from their football play—have just started but are ready to go. Let's all get out and support these teams and I believe they'll "bring home the bacon".

From football and basket ball let's turn to the sport of hunting. You know, hunting has become a VERY important pursuit nowadays because a man with a hunk of venison in his ice box or six or eight squirrels can rear back and forget the high cost of living and eat on the free products of the woods. But somehow it seems that this particular season the squirrel hunting has been none too good. A friend of mine told me he had the best squirrel dog in Angelina County but that he hunted three successive days and didn't find a squirrel. Then finally he went out between here and Ryans Lake and killed one. He couldn't figure it out. I told him that I knew the answer. I said that the squirrels had heard about the high price of meat and were just now beginning to realize how valuable they really were—so they are more careful and can't be found. In other words, I said, they've gone high hat on us. And, you know, I don't blame them a bit.

For instance, if I was a millionaire I'd sure be careful to live just as long as possible and enjoy my millions. And maybe the squirrels have the same idea.

Corrine Deberry and her husband, Dan Deberry, came to Diboll 40 years ago and have lived all that time in the same house with the exception of a period of three months. The Deberrys had eight children and they have six grandchildren. Corrine has served the community faithfully during her forty years with us. She has been active in religious and fraternal work and has given her time and efforts to many other worthwhile endeavors in Diboll. Her hobby is gardening and taking care of her flowers, and though ill health has caused her to be less active in general affairs than she used to be, still she does everything within her power to help any cause she is called upon to help. She and her husband have been good citizens. We wish them happiness, good health, and good cheer during the coming holidays!

—o—

One advantage of telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you say.

Let's Make It Safe for the Other Fellow, Too

A lot of people think of accidents as unforeseen events causing injuries of a SERIOUS nature—lost time cases or cases where the injured man "goes on compensation". But there are other types, much more frequent, and in a sense much more important, for example: Suppose Jim Brown was walking along the dolley run and ALMOST stepped into a hole caused by a rotten piece of decking. That would be a near-accident, but because Jim didn't hurt himself he might not say anything about it to anybody—just let it go with the thought "I was pretty lucky not to have gotten into that one". The next fellow comes along—Jack White—and steps into the open place, falls, but also isn't hurt. Now Jack has had an accident—but an accident without an injury. Let us suppose he also fails to report the hazard. The next man along, George Black, falls in the hole and skins his leg—but not seriously. George has had an accident and he has suffered an injury. He should, of course, do TWO things immediately. He should first report to his foreman and be sent to the doctor or be given first aid treatment; second, he should report the hazard to his foreman or to the safety engineer or BOTH. If he does this, the chances are the place will be repaired immediately and the hazard eliminated. If he doesn't, the next man who comes along may break his leg. If he does, who is to blame, actually, for his broken leg? Those two or three who saw the hazard AND FAILED TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

How easy it is to walk by a place on the plant or in the woods where a piece of equipment, a wire, or a broken plank constitutes a "trap" to one who might not know it! On the other hand, how easy it is—how MUCH easier it is—to report the hazard, do what we can to get it eliminated, and go home from work knowing we have done something that cost us nothing at all but what probably saved some fellow empoyee a serious inljury or his life!

Let's keep our eyes open not only in the interest of our own safety, but in the interest of the safety of others. That is the true spirit. That is the spirit of :"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you"—The Golden Rule. And no man has ever yet gone wrong folowing it. It works to your advantage every time.

The Quick Thinker Saved the Situation

In a baseball game between the Diboll Colored team and Haslam years ago Robert Williams was umpiring. A 210-pound batter for the Haslem club came up, the Diboll pitcher threw a fast ball over the center of the plate. "At's ONE!" shouted the umpire, holding up one finger of his right hand to indicate a strike. The next pitch was a curve ball that either just barely cut a corner or just barely missed it. "At's TWO!" said Williams holding up two fingers of his right hand. The Haslem batter turned around, drew back his bat menacingly, looked down on the five-foot-six inch ump. "That's TWO WHAT?!", he demanded.

Williams had to think and think fast. He looked up at the six-foot-two-inch Haslam player with the bat in his hand. "That was TOO LOW—BALL ONE!," he replied, and the ball game continued.

Rat Tales

Continued From Page 4

it works out just fine except that newcomers to Diboll, who don't know this have a pretty cool time of it. But old Ed is a good fellow and the man that everybody goes to not only for firewood but also for anything else that they have to have, or have to have done. It has been said that if an elephant was found roaming around town the first man who saw him would holler: "Go get Ed Strickland to corral him!"

J. H. "HILLBILLY" BYERLY is a man who will bet you any amount of money on anything just so long as he has an absolute cinch. If you want to listen to something good you should hear him and Herb White trying to get their money down on the line on a football game. Herb has never been known as a man who would throw much money out the window just to see it flutter, and when he and Hillybilly Byerly finish a three or four hour session trying to "take" each other you can rest assured neither man has overlooked a single angle. And I never heard of them actually arriving at an arrangement—or a wager.

BARTY BREZEALE is a man always in a hurry but never getting anywhere. But one thing you can say about him is that he can really handle a saddle horse—or a tractor.

W. E. (Dopie) MORGAN is a man with a hat full of tricks and pranks and about the best disposition you ever saw. It may be that the reason he's so easy to get along with is that he's got all his hammers in such easy reach that nobody wants to NOT get along with him.

WES ASHWORTH is the main singer at the First Baptist Church and one of the best you'll hear. If he'd keep his big mouth closed all the time EXCEPT when he's singing things would be a lot quieter around here, especially at the shop.

BENNY RECTOR works at Lee Estes' station and keeps the driveway cleaner than almost any other filling station in Texas without ever having to touch it. Spills a gallon of gas every time he sells ten—that does it.

Now I'll tell you something about all these guys in general—they're just regular Diboll citizens. All of us here are in about the same boat. We're all working for a living and we're all working for the same company. We might not think Diboll has many advantages, but if we'll look around at some of the neighboring places we'll be able to count a dozen reasons why we're better off living where we are than we might be living somewhere else. Diboll is a friendly town full of friendly people. As far as that is concerned, almost EVERY man you meet, no matter where you meet him, would be your friend if you would give him a real 50-50 chance to be. When we get to pointing out somebody else's faults we're going off the beam because we're admitting one of our own—and one of the worst: the fault of criticizing.

I'll bet there's not another town in Texas where the women folks rally to help those in need, or in an emergency, any faster or with any more genuine concern than they do here. Let the word get out that somebody is sick with no one to cook the meals for four or five children, or that the family is in any sort of difficulty. There'll be so many offers of assistance—to cook, do the laundry, take care of the children, furnish groceries, or anything else—that the family will have to turn most of them down. This is a fact we all know and it's the real Diboll spirit. The way it looks to me, when somebody is in need of help in this town everybody sems to say all at once: "Why let's go see what we can do". And the important point is that they GO and help and they'll do it every time.

—o—

God Is Love

Continued From Page 3

you on the cheek offer also the other. And him that taketh away from you thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also." It is Christian to hate the evil of anti-Christians but not without praying for them that they may be saved—for God loved us when as yet we were sinners.

So then, if we bear a hatred toward anyone, let us overcome it by doing that person a favor. We can begin to like classical music only by listening to it, and we can make friends out of our enemies only by practicing charity. The reason we love someone else is because that person supplies our lack or fills up our void. We find in the other something we do not have; kindliness, beauty, virtues, etc.

But God does not love us because we supply HIS lack. He finds us lovable not because of or by ourselves we are lovable! But becaupse He puts some OF HIS LOVE IN US!! As a mother loves her child because her nature is in the child, as the artist loves the picture he has painted on the canvas because his idea and his colored pattern are in it, so God loves us because His Power and His Nature and His Love are in some way IN US!!

We cannot reduce life to its simplest forms without including in its make-up the force of love. We cannot discuss the relationship between God and man without making the essence of that discussion "love"!! Its power, its reality, its abilities, are not gainsaid, or discarded by contemptuous sallies. We do not measure the aspects of love—it simply comes flowing into our lives like a great tide that sweeps all before the might of its reality!! We do not encompass it in mathematical figures, nor with chemical formulae. We merely know it, feel it and our lives are stronger because of its certainty. As this thought lays hold upon us, the transcendent splendor of God Himself is revealed, for "God is Love" and those who have discovered the fact for themselves need no further answer to life. The only reaction is one of immediate and honest simplicity in responding to the heartbeat of the Infinite. Love is the power that will yet transform the earth!!!

"Beloved, let us love one another . . . for God is love."

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Lamar Lewis' Story "Why I Like Diboll" Is Buzz Saw Prize-Winning Essay

By Lamar Lewis

Diboll, my town and your town, is an energetic and enterprising community founded by the Southern Pine Lumber Company about fifty years ago in southeast Angelina County. Begun as a small lumber camp, it is now one of the largest sawmill towns in the State. The company, having expanded through good management and the efficient work of its many employees since its founding, is one of the largest companies of its kind in the South.

I have lived in or around sawmill towns all my life and I have yet to find one that can come anywhere near the standards of Diboll. In most company-owned communities the people have to struggle for every favor, every improvement, every added convenience. They are, to some extent, more or less at the mercy of the company—and a lot of companies think of profits and profits alone.

The Southern Pine Lumber Company is different. Here we have a company with a genuine interest in the men and women who work and live in Diboll. For example, Southern Pine is the ONLY lumber company I have ever known that had an entire carpenter crew with the sole duty of keeping the homes of company employees in repair, and though some may think the crew is sometimes slow in getting around to some defect in their house, we still should be thankful that we have them because if we lived elsewhere we would simply NEVER get repairs done.

The Southern Pine Lumber Company, because it has a perpetual supply of saw timber, offers a real career to the young men of Diboll who possess ambition and a desire to get ahead. A wide variety of jobs in timber work, railroading, handle manufacture, the mills themselves, the yards scattered all over the State, in sales work, and dozens of other related pursuits means opportunity for people who really want to get ahead. And we can start these careers right here at home with Southern Pine.

Our company pays higher wages than any other lumber company that I have ever known. Sixty-five cents per hour is the minimum wage in Diboll and in some companies it is the maximum. Here, if a man stays on the job and does his work well—as he should do—he is usually given a raise in pay. Besides that, he gets a paid vacation every year and a large bonus. Few, if any, companies share prosperity with their employees like Southern Pine. Few, if any, companies stick by their men when times are not good like Southern Pine sticks to theirs. For example, during the last terrible depression when literally THOUSANDS of business concerns were going broke and closing down, with many more thousands of business concerns shutting down for periods of as much as a year and throwing people out of work, the Southern Pine Lumber Company kept going, giving its employees as much work as was possible even though the company was losing money every day. That was a true test of company loyalty to its men and proof of the fact that Southern Pine always has, and always will, look after its employees through thick or thin.

In Diboll the people are comparable to one big family. If you have never lived in a town where everybody knows everybody else, where people always speak to each other regardless of whether they've just met a few minutes before and spoken, then come to Diboll and see real friendliness. No matter how depressed and gloomy a man might feel when he starts down the street here, by the time he gets to where he's going he will have been smiled at, spoken to, and shaken hands with, and the chances are that he'll be happy in the thought that so many people like him and are his friends.

People in Diboll are just naturally friendly to each other. It's a custom here of long standing to be just that way.

Diboll is a town of many activities. We have the Community Brotherhood, the Lions Club, the V. F. W., the Woodmen of the World, at least eight churches for both white and colored, and many other things designed to make the community a better place in which to live and it's citizens better Christians.

Our school system, under the leadership of Mr. Wilbur F. Pate and his faculty of fine teachers, is one of the best schools for its size in the State. The company, through Mr. H. G. Temple, has done much to provide both the white and colored schools with modern equipment for education and recreation, and to make our schools places where the young people of Diboll can get an education and to qualify themselves to go higher if they so desire.

Our Parent Teacher's Association is an organization designed to bring parents of pupils into contact with other, and with the school and its personnel, so that they might understand their mutual problems and undertakings and make our educational system better and better as the years go by.

Most of us take for granted the good qualities of our town—free water, low rent, low utility rates, good wages, bonus, vacations, and all the other things—simply because we do not get around to the other places where such advantages are NOT enjoyed. Some of us probably try to pick out the things about Diboll we do not like instead of opening our eyes to all the good aspects of our town. But if we stop and think about it a moment I believe we will reach the same conclusion: We are fortunate to live in Diboll because it is a friendly town, a progressive town, and one in which everybody is surrounded by good neighbors. I like it.

The Hunters' Corner

By Herb White, Jr.

Mr. Herb White the first Temple White man to get his deer, shot his six point buck on the afternoon of Nov. 21. Although the shot was a near miss the deer was mortally wounded and Herb finally found the deer after trailing for about three hours. Lantern light was used after dark to follow the trail. Mr. White stated that the next chance he had he was going to make sure that he placed his shot better. Here is a tip to you deer hunters which most of you probably know, but I will tell you just in case there might be a stray hunter around that may not have heard it. If your deer is wounded you will have a better chance of getting him if you set down and relax for about 30 minutes before starting the trail. If a wounded deer is not pressed he will lie down to rest and will be unable to get up after 30 minutes. If however they are pressed they will keep going under unbelievable conditions. Some deer have been known to run for a considerable distance after being hit in the heart, so sit down for a minute or two before you start the chase.

The Temple White supervisors party is definitely on now and it will be in the form of a duck hunt sometime between Dec. 16 and 29 (The last part of the duck season). Just want to remind all you supervisors to get your hunting license and the required duck stamp. The duck stamp has to be pasted on the license and your name signed across it before it is good.

I have been asked to go over the hunting seasons again and here are the more pertinent ones that interest Texas residents:

Deer, opened Nov. 16 and closes Dec. 31, with a limit of 2 per season. Dove, opened Oct. 20 and closes Dec. 3. Open only in South zone with a limit of 10. Quail, opens Dec. 1 and closes Jan. 16, with a limit of 12. Squirrel in Angelina County opened Oct. 15 and closes Jan. 15 with a limit of 10. Ducks, opens again Dec. 16 and closes Dec. 29 with a limit of 4. Geese, opens Dec. 16 and closes Dec. 29 with a limit of 4.

It's too bad something cannot be done about the pollution that flows into the Neches river from Lufkin. According to the latest reports dead fish are once again being seen up and down the river. It appears that it's going to be the same tale with the Neches that it has with a lot of other rivers that have become polluted with resulting loss of all game fish in the river. Let's hope not.

I have a little tale to relate here about these two famous hunters C. B. and Ollie Johnson. It seems that these two famous hunters gathered their trusty muskets and took off for a com-



OLLIE JOHNSON

bined deer and squirrel hunt. As luck would have it, Ollie saw a deer while hunting squirrels and promptly fired his shotgun at the deer and knocked it down. During the ensuing excitement the gun jammed and the deer left for different parts. A few moments later Ollie jumped another deer, but this time his gun was not loaded. The next day Ollie took his rifle and headed for the same spot. As he walked up to the creek another big deer jumped across the creek and Ollie promptly fired again with no apparent effect. I wish I was lucky enough to see that many bucks on one hunt. I am sure they were all bucks. Aren't you, Ollie?

Son Landers missed his chance at a deer this past turkey day. He had a shot so close that he could almost reach out and touch the deer, but that brand new 16 gauge Higgins did not do the trick.

Christmas seals are out now, so let's all get behind the program and support it as much as we can. We cannot spend our money for a more worthy cause.

———o———

DON'T SAY IT

If you think that you are better
Than your neighbor 'cross the way,
Or that nature has endowed you
With a more perfect form of clay,
Don't say it!

If you know that you have talent,
And your neighbor naught but gold,
Or that all his goods are mortgaged
If the truth were only told,
Don't say it.

If you know some dreadful scandal,
Such as gossip always court,
And could add a few words to it
When they call for your support,
Don't say it.

Let your life be true and earnest,
Court discretion for your friends,
And though often you are tempted
A word to say that would offend,
Don't say it.

———o———

A lawyer was questioning a farmer about the truthfulness of a neighbor "Wal," said the farmer, "I wouldn't exactly say he was a liar, but I tell you when it comes time to feed his hogs he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."



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Bonnie Brown Is Bridge Gang Boss

Bonnie Brown says he was first called up and fed on Jack creek—so far back in the bushes that his diet consisted of nothing but woodpecker eggs, pork salad, borrowed meal, and clabber.

Emerging from the thickets, after having peeped through the branches for years at the T. S. E. track and wondering what it was, he asked his brother Roy Brown for a job on the section, was hired, and has been a track and bridge man ever since. His first duty on the first day was to stand at a railroad crossing on the Keltys Highway out of Lufkin and flag down the T. S. E. local while Roy and the crew repaired a break in the track which was unknown to the train crew coming out of Lufkin in a matter of thirty or forty minutes headed for Diboll. Roy's instructions were: "Stand there and don't let anything come by you 'til we fix these rails". Bonnie took his instructions literally, flagged down not only the train but also the automobiles and wagons on the highway, and when Roy returned to give the "Go" signal, traffic was backed up for eight blocks on one side and a half mile on the other, with Bonnie, holding a red flag in his hand, defying everybody.



BONNIE BROWN

That was in 1916. Three years later Bonnie found himself in the bridge gang under D. D. ("Old Blue") Devereaux. Ninety days later and fifteen pounds lighter Bonnie left D. D., rested up a few months, then came back in 1920 and has been with us ever since.

Bonnie Brown was born in 1901. He's 46 and he's a grandfather. But he looks only about thirty-five, a fact that was explained in this way by some of the shop crew: "Bonnie is the most economical man in the State of Texas. He's got 98 cents of every dollar he ever made. He looks so young because he refused to spend anything—even his YOUTH. Why, just this year he built a 56 foot railroad bridge without coming to the supply house for a single nut, bolt, or piece of iron. He had dug around in the scrap pile for months, accumulated enough to do the job". (This is an actual fact—we check on it).

Another story circulating around Southern Pine's railroad gang concerns a deer hunt Bonnie went on on November 18th. A ten point buck, exactly thirty steps away from Bonnie, offered a perfect target—and Bonnie had a bead on him with a double barrel twelve-gauge. He fired and missed. The bucked jumped, ran off about thirty more steps, stopped, turned around and looked back at his would-be executioner, flipped his tail in the air and WALKED away. The deer, some think, must have known Bonnie and his economical habits. He must have known Bonnie wouldn't risk more than two shells in one day—as high as shells are.

Bonnie Brown, working under Devereaux, the roadmaster, has the responsibility of maintaining some 35 bridges on the Texas South-Eastern and the Southern Pine Lumber Company railroads—with main lines totalling approximately thirty-four miles. He and his crew also do any other type of work required on the railroad—laying track, trouble shooting, building new bridges, and a hundred other things necessary to keep the trains on the two lines rolling and rolling on steel. With five men—J. A. Pate, Williard Conner, W. F. Brock, and W. M. Sides—Brown has a crew that gets the job done whatever it might be. Although they work in any kind of weather—in ice, in blistering heat, night or day—Brown says it never rains when they're building a bridge. He tells every man that, too. Then when they're up to their shoulders in water, with more falling on them by the barrel from above, and the new man asks just what in the H— he calls THAT, Bonnie and the rest of the crew look puzzled and say: -'You know, we've been wondering for a long time about that ourselves. All we know is, it AIN'T RAIN." Then they get back to work and the new man is in the gang.

The accident record of his crew is one of the best—though very often they are engaged in the most hazardous work.

Bonnie Brown and his wife have one daughter, Ethelred—named after D. D.'s daughter—who is married and lives with her husband in New Orleans where he is stationed in the U. S. Navy as a Chief Radioman. They have one son, Terry.

Bonnie Brown is one of the most likeable, most sincere, and most consciencious men you'll meet anywhere. He knows his job and he works on that job to give it everything he has. He has the respect of everybody—his crew, the company he works for, and the community in which he lives.

He's just a darn good man any way you take him.

—o—

Henry Had A Full For The Pot . . .

The Southern Pine Lumber Company bridge gang was working at Rayville. The Year was 1920. The boss of the crew was D. D. Devereaux. A gentle breeze sprang up, then a real wind, and with it torrential rain. Dred got the crew into a little house by the side of the track to wait for the weather to clear up. Thirty minutes went by and still the storm raged and everybody settled down to an afternoon with nothing to do. At this point somebody produced a deck of cards and a game of chance, to wit, draw poker, sprang up.

According to Devereaux the men had been playing about fifteen minutes when it hit. A building came through the air, the roof of another shack was ripped off, and confusion reigned supreme. Then the shanty containing the poker players got it, flew to pieces, and the men were scattered up and down the railroad track for a distance of approximately fifty or sixty yards. Henry Placker—with his jumper standing straight out behind him as he struggled into the wind—was shouting at the top of his voice. But his words fell unheard against the fury of the storm.

Struggling down the track—taking a step, losing two, falling to his knees—Henry finally reached several of the men, including Dred. In his right hand, according to Devereaux, he held five cards which he waved frantically. "Men!" he shouted. "Men, I had a full house for the money' Who got the money? I had a full for that last pot!"

We don't know whether he ever found it or not.

G. M. Lee Guest At Diboll Firemen Annual Banquet

On the first Saturday Night in November the Southern Pine Lumber Company entertained the Diboll fire department with an appreciation dinner in the community hall.

G. M. Lee of Houston, formerly with the Southern Pine Lumber Company at Diboll, was elected, by unanimous acclaim, Honorary Fire Chief.

The dinner was attended by twenty-three firemen and their guests as follows: G. M. Lee, H. G. Temple, Tom Hart, Ed Strickland, D. D. Devereaux, B. F. Hines, Squinch Weisinger, Ed Watson, Dell Scoggins, Preacher Ashworth, Sidney Parker, T. L. Parner, Hack Wilson, Joe Bob Hendrix, Jake Durham, Doyle Glass, N. B. Hall, George Watts, Finis Ashworth, Vernon Burkhalter, E. P. Ramsey, and J. B. Cox.

A. C. Phillips and Percy Garrett prepared the dinner—consisting of Oysters ordered for the event from Baltimore, plus potato salad, hard boiled eggs, and several other delectable items—and did it in their usual masterful style. Professor Jackson furnished the music with his cornet and piano—no, he didn't play them simultaneously—and thereby drowned out the sound of several of the diners who preferred their oysters raw and who went after them as if they thought any minute the supply would be exhausted.

Dred Devereaux took first honors in the knife and fork league, defeating his nearest rival by some three dozen raw and two dozen fried, then—as if to say "That was nothing"—polished off a setting of hardboiled eggs and approximately two pounds of potatoes plus an estimated fifth of hot coffee.

Arising from the table—which was quite a job considering what he had consumed (In the way of food, that is)—Dred delivered an oration that brought forth several rounds of applause, the last round by far the heaviest, during which he discussed the history of the fire department, the operations around the plant, the prevention of fires, safety suggestions concerning use of fire equipment, and several other points, some appropos to the occasion, some not.

After the dinner the group gathered around the piano with Professor Jackson at the keyboard and sang approximately twenty religious songs. After the twelfth number, Tom (The Hat) Hart of Jasper—who had been four notes and three words behind throughout the songfest—finally caught up and in a deep baritone voice bore down on "When the Roll is Called up Yonder" with such tremendous volume that several citizens living in that part of town—either through inspiration or desperation—seriously considered slipping upstairs and calling it.

The appreciation dinner given the fire department by the company is an annual affair the purpose of which is to express the gratitude of the people of Diboll for the unselfish devotion to duty displayed by the men who give their time, day or night, to protect the plant and the town from the ravages of fire. Theirs is a heavy responsibility, and throughout the eleven years of the existence of the department they have borne the responsibility well. Southern Pine and the people of Diboll join together in thanks to these men who, twenty-four hours a day, stand ready to fight against the greatest property destroyer of all—fire.

—o—

Home is where part of the family waits until the rest of them bring back the car.

OPPORTUNITY

Every opportunity you find to help a fellow worker is an opportunity to help yourself. The man who says, "That's not my job, let Joe do it himself", whether he realizes it or not, is hurting himself more than he is Joe. The man who builds a little wall around himself and his own little job, who is continually afraid of doing more than his share, is his own worst enemy. No man can be happy thinking only of himself. No man who thinks only of himself will ever be a success. A man grows, both intellectually and spiritually, in proportion to his willingness and ability to be of service to others and to assume greater responsibilities. The man who avoids or refuses to give or do one bit more than exactly what his job actually demands of him has stopped growing and will never rise any higher.

No man who ever lived was powerful and clever enough to succeed alone. And any man who thinks he can achieve lasting success without helping his fellow men at the same time is running contrary to the immutable and abiding law of compensation.

Some men hold back and refuse to extend themselves beyond the strict limits of their job because they fear someone might "take advantage" of them—because they might do more than their "share". As long as they have done their "part" they are satisfied. And often a job fails or desn't get done because the helping hand they could have extended was never offered. Morally they are the ones who must shoulder the blame for the job that failed or didn't get done.

Every man spends a third of his life in the place he works. Every man desires to be happy in his work and achieve success in it. But if he is to gain either, he must first of all make himself worthy of them. And when he begins to think in terms of We instead of I and feel that his fellow man's problems are his problems, and seek out opportunities to express to the fullest of his God-given capabilities for doing good . . . he will be worthy of both. And when he is worthy, all that is his and all that he has earned, will come to him. That is the law, and it is as unfailing and abiding as He who set it in opertion when time first began.

—o—

The Soused Mouse Was Not Amused

A man walked into a saloon wearing a heavy overcoat, ordered two drinks of whiskey. The bartender put the two small glasses of bourbon on the bar and observed the customer drinking one, pouring the other in his pocket. "Give me two more", the customer demanded. The bartender again put the drinks on the bar, saw the man pour one in his overcoat pocket, drink the other. "Two more drinks!" the man sid loudly. At this point the bartender looked at him sternly. "Now look, Buddy. I'll serve you two more drinks if you want to drink them, but if I see you pouring any more of this stuff in your overcoat pocket I'll come around from behind this bar and whip you like you ain't EVER been whippel before!" With this admonition the bartender poured out two more drinks, put them on the counter. The customer, for the third time, drank one, poured the other in his pocket. "I warned you what I'd do", began the bartender wiping his hands on his towel and putting it aside. "Now I'm coming around there and knock your block off!" A little mouse stuck his head out of the man's overcoat pocket. "And bring your cat with you, you so-and-so!", he squeaked.

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Life is ten per cent what you make it and ninety per cent how you take it.