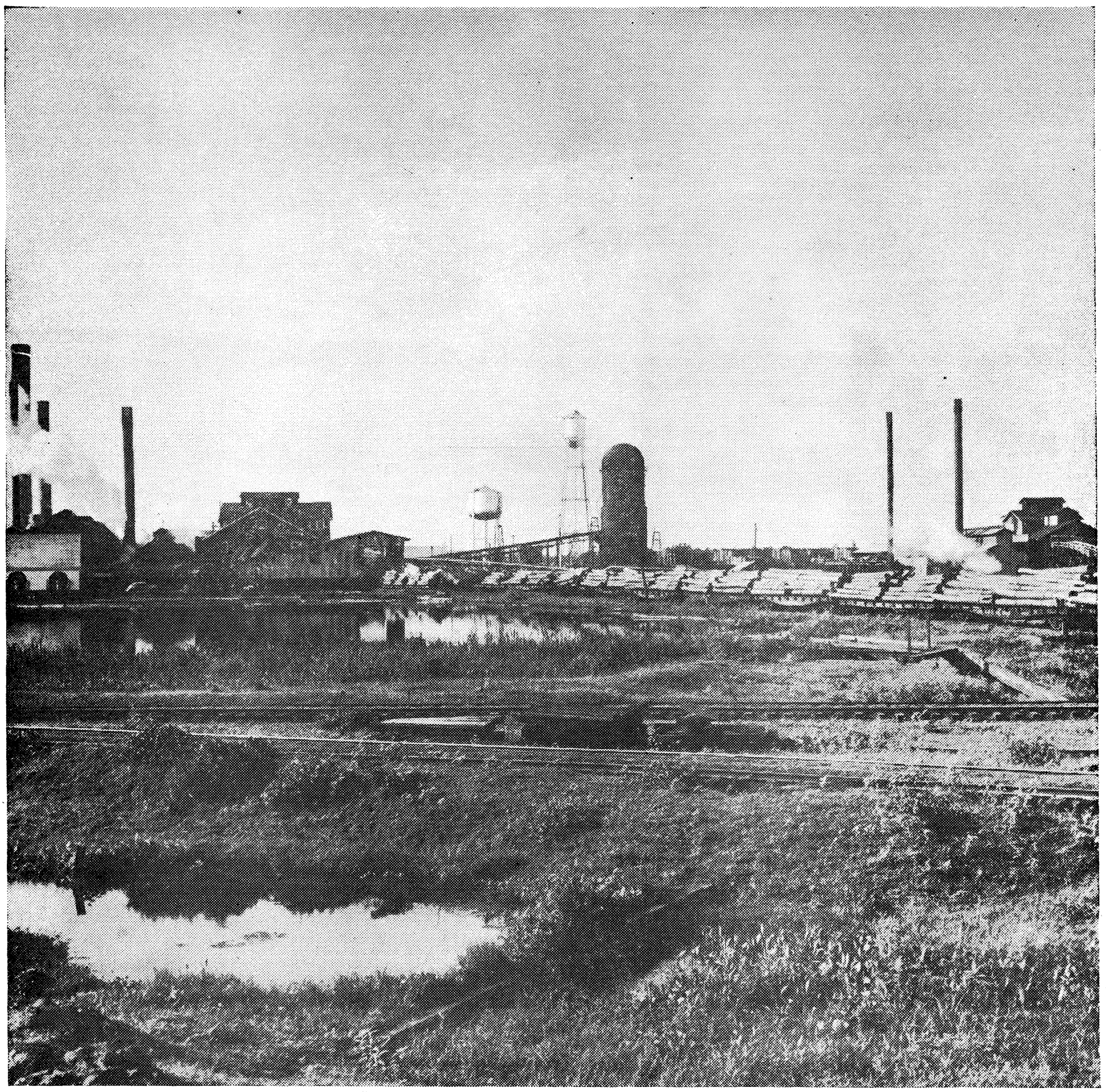
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The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

VOLUME 1 | DIBOLL, TEXAS, JANUARY 31, 1948 | No. 8

S-P AMONG LEADING SAWMILLS



In the above picture is shown a part of Southern Pine Lumber Company's huge plant at Diboll. Mill Two, at the extreme right, cuts hardwood while Mill One, at the left, operates a long and a short side on pine. The two mills combined rank among the largest lumber manufacturing concerns in the south.

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The Buzz Saw

Published Monthly by and for Employees of Southern Pine Lumber Co., Diboll

I Might Be Right . . .

A conroversy has been raging in Diboll for years on the question of the rights of the public, if any, to fish and-or hunt without permission on land owned or leased by an individual, a club, or a company. Quite a few dolly-run lawyers say that if a river runs through a given tract of land ,the public has a right to use the banks of that river for camping, fishing or hunting without permission and that if they do so use it they are not trespassing. Some say that land must be "Posted' 'before an uninvited hunter can succeessfully be prosecuted for trespassing, and so on.

Now I dont profess to be an authority on these, or any other, hunting and fishing questions. But after consulting a couple of the most reputable law firms in Lufkin, plus having before me an opinion of the Attorney General of Texas on the subject, I think I can give you a pretty good idea about what can, and what cannot be legally done, in general, on land belonging to somebody else when you don't have that somebody else's permission to be there

In the first place, if an individual, a club, or a company owns or has leased a tract of land that is enclosed by fence, or partly by fence and partly by water or stream, a member of the general public DOES NOT have any right to fish or hunt on the land without permission and if he does so hunt or fish he is in violation of the law. In other words, a river such as the Neches river CAN definitely be one of the boundaries of an enclosed piece of land, and contrary to what some people may tell you a fence along the bank of the river is not necessary to make the land an "enclosed" piece of land under Texas law.

Next, if land is enclosed as above, it DOES NOT have to have "posted" signs every so-many feet apart to make an unwanted hunter a tresspasser. In fact, it does not have to have any "posted" signs at all. It just has to be enclosed.

If a stream is a navigable stream, the public has a right under Texas law to fish FROM A BOAT in that stream. The stream does not have to be navigable in fact. If it is thirty feet wide from its mouth up to any given point it is navigable as a matter of law. This right to fish in the stream as defined above DOES NOT give the public any right to trespass upon the lands of another where such lands may extend to the river bank and therefore the landowner may enjoin an unwanted camper or hunter from parking his boat and using his land for either purpose without his permission.

If land owned by another is enclosed land (enclosed by fence, or partly by fence and partly by water or stream) and a person hunts or fishes on that land without permission, he commits a penal offense for which he may be fined. If land is not so enclosed, but is posted, the owner of the land may civilly enjoin an unwanted person from entering thereon. Notice the difference in the two. One is a penal offense, the other civil. In the first case—enclosed land—you may be FINED. In the second case—posted but NOT enclosed—the owner may get an injunction out against you to restrain you from entering on the land.

I wonder if all this clears up anything or merely adds to the confusion?

From time to time we have asked for suggestions from readers of the Buzz Saw on how we might improve our paper. We've gotten quite a few and we have put into effect most of them with good results. Now from a reader comes the suggestion that we have a column devoted to the exclusive interest of the womenfolks—such as recipes, dress patterns, hints on housework, et cetera.

We think that suggestion is a MUST and we want to start it with the next issue of the Buzz. But we need a volunteer to write it. Will some Diboll housewife take over the job as a columnist and give us a typewritten page, or three or four pages handwritten by the 20th of each month so we can have that section in our publication? How about getting together and electing somebody for the job? Of course the pay isn't much (Zero), but we guarantee to put the writer's name in large print—plus her picture —in every issue and sooner or later she may be drafted by, say, the New York Times. Or somebody. How about it?

The month of January is always a "thin" one for merchants' because everybody seems to be trying to recover from the holiday expenditures—and, too, a lot of people make New Year's resolutions to buy less and economize and they usually keeep the resolutions at least thirty days. News seems to be pretty thin during January, also, At least in Diboll this month it seemed that so little happened other than the usual routine of things that the Buzz Saw might come out and be a two or four-pager instead of the usual eight. We are going to always try to keep it at eight pages. (We had one issue of ten pages and have had none less than etght so far) but from time to time might have to go down to six depending upon the amount of news, current topics of interest, and the length of copy submitted from our various contributors.

There will probobly be come loud squawks heard around Diboll about closing the ponds to all fishing for one year. Some people just won't understand why it's being done. If they do understand, however, it will be very easy for them to see the wisdom of closing them.

It"s the same proposititn as acquiring a bunch of biddies that you intend to raise into grown chickens. Nobody with any sense would haul off and make a stew of twelve or fifteen six day old chicks when he could keep them a few months and have fryers, and by that same token when you stock a lake, or several ponds, with three or four thousand one-inch and two-inch bass, perch, and catfish you've got to feed them, let them grow, and protect them until they're big enough to nest and produce little ones themselves. Then you'll have REAL fishing where otherwise all you'll have is a lot of water with nothing in it but a stray minnow.

The mill ponds have been here all these years and have never, as far as I have been able to ascertain, been scientifically stocked with fish, yet at times people have been able to go over there and bring back some real catches. But good fishing has always been something that happened just occasionally even though, in the opinion of the fish hatchery experts, the water is perfect for fish growth. The reason for the poor fishing in such a likely looking spot has not necessarily been that we've fished the ponds out—that's a practical impossibility—but only becauss we have never PRO-

(Continued to page 7)

An Interview With Pop The Barber

(Alfred J. Popham, who operates the Southern Pine barber shop in Diboll, was recently approached for a story of his life by a Buzz Saw reporter during the process of a haircut. Here is a play-by-play account of the interview).

Reporter: "Pop, we'd like to get you in the next issue of the Buzz Saw—something about where you are from and—"

Pop: "Yeah, that's a nice little paper. But I don't know anything I could tell you about myself hardly except that I was born down here at Crackers Bend in Trinity County and stayed there 'til I was nine or ten years old. Rough place, Crackers Bend—and way back in the sticks, not near a railroad or anything else. Never will forget one time a rifle bullet came through our house—I was about eight, I guess—came right through the kitchen and just missed us all. There wasn't a word said about it; we just kept on eating. Finally Pappa looked up, pointed his fork at me and said: 'That's those Cooper boys, son. I don't want you to ever grow up and have such bad manners as they have —or such bad aim'. Then we finished supper and went to bed and didn't think any more about it because we werent in the feud and knew the bullet was just a wild shot."

Reporter: "Where did you go when you left—".

Pop: "Well, sir, that Crackers Bend was SOME place. One time a fellow passing through there—a stranger—got to talking to one of the nesters about the killings and fighting he'd heard about being so frequent in that neck of the woods. The nester told him: 'A man who lives 'til eleven or twelve around here is just plain lucky.' 'You mean', said the stranger, 'that they kill 'em off at that age?' 'That AGE nothing' the nester replied. 'I'm talking about the time of day!' The stranger looked at his watch, hit his team with a branch and lit out for parts unknown. And he never DID come back. Think maybe he was a drummer but nobody could find out. They used to do 'em all like that—didn't want 'em around, I guess".

Reporter: "Now, Pop, let's get to the part where you leave—".

Pop: "Well, son, I tell you. I moved to Coleman County when I was nine or ten. We had another farm there and I worked on it up to the time I was fourteen. I was just a big old yearling boy. Didn't know much about anything but following Old Beck. You want some off the top? O. K. Well, one day I was sitting in a little cross-roads store playing dominoes with another boy and we heard a fellow talking about needing some log cutters. Both of us wanted a change from the farm so we left and went to work for Lufkin Land Lumber Company in the woods. We met some fellows out there who had been to town a time or two and one of 'em agreed to take us in to see what brick buildings and paved streets looked like. Never had seen 'em before and this old boy and I really looked everything over. We saw a man standing in a doorway there in Lufkin wearing a white coat. Both of us were curious so we walked up to him and asked him what he did. He said: 'I'm a barber'. I said: 'Well, I'm a Popham—but what I want to know is what kind of work you do'. When he answered that he cut hair I figured he was kidding us because I thought everybody's hair was cut at home three or four times a year with a pair of shears like mine had always been. We looked in his shop, though, and sure enough there was another fellow in a white coat giving a customer a store bought haircut, so we went in and got one.



POPHAM

You want a tonic? This isn't bad tonic I got here and your hair's pretty dead. O. K., next time.

Let's see now. Oh yeah, I sat there in that barber chair that day at the age of 23 and I said to myself: "Cutting hair ought to be a lot easier than cutting logs. I'm going to be a barber!'

On December First, 1920 I had just finished a five-weeks course at the Molars Barber College in Houston and had my diploma. Had pretty good grades in college down there except on the final exam I flunked massages. Graduated anyway, though, and learned that later.

How about a shampoo? Your hair could sure stand a good washing. I washed it day before yesterday? Oh well, gets dirty around here pretty fast. We'll get it next trip. Where were we. 1920? That's right. I started barbering in Babe Gantt's shop in Groveton, lasted thirty days. Those Trinity county boys—some of 'em from Crackers Bend—were used to bucket-type haircuts and somehow didn't take to the new model jobs I learned in the college in Houston where you feather-edge it, so I packed up and went to West Columbia. I decided after I'd been there a while that I was ready for the big time so I went to Port Arthur, worked in a shop down there. Believe it or not, but I used to cut a man's hair in Port Arthur who lived in Kansas City, Missouri. Came down there every two weeks. Ever had your hair singed? Sure makes it grow; good for it, too. Puts life in it. Just skip the singe? O. K. About this fellow from Kansas City? Well, he was a conductor on the railroad and Port Arthur was the end of his run. But he COULD have been getting it cut in K. C. where I imagine they have several pretty fair sized shops. Anyway, I worked in Port Arthur for twenty-three years, finally came to Lufkin then down here to Diboll in 1946 on July 11th. Figuring on staying here, too, from now on out.

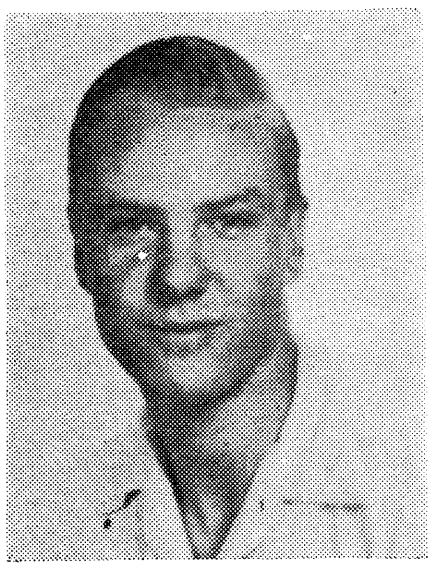
I'll tell you, you can't beat Southern Pine Lumber Company. Whether you are barbering, working in the sawmill or what, I think you're better off in Diboll than you'd be almost anywhere else. Things just cost you less here than they do in a big town or most of the small towns in East Texas when you get right down to figuring it in dollars and cents. Even haircuts. Did you know that haircuts cost you a dollar in most big cities. Sure do. And shaves six-bits. This one? Aw, gimme four bits and that ought to do it. And say, I wish I could tell you something about myself for the Buzz Saw but I can't think of a thing. I'll study up on it and when you come in again we'll try to figure up something that you can write up. Be pretty good free advertising. O. K. Yeah, that's not a bad haircut if I do say so myself. NEXT!"

———o———

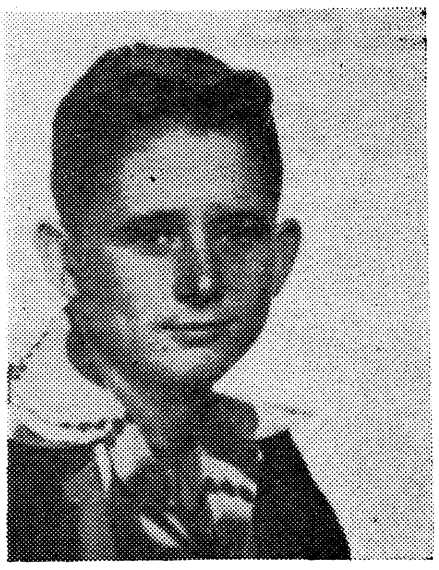
As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it.

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Diboll Boys Make All-Tournament Team



PITTS



FERGUSON

In the Centerville annual basketball tournament on January 10th Diboll was defeated in the finals by two points at the hands of the host to win runner-up honors among the eight participating teams. Playing in the tournament were the following: Leggett, Shepherd, Groveton, Grapeland, Pennington, Apple Springs, Centerville, and Diboll.

All coaches and officials present at the meet voted their selections for the all-star team and placed two Diboll players on he first five—Blant Ferguson and R. L. Pitts. Here is the mythical quintet:

Ray of Pennington
Wilson of Leggett
Lee of Centerville
Pitts of Diboll
Ferguson of Diboll

So far this season Diboll has won six and lost six for an average of 500%. Two games were lost to Pineland, one to Centerville, one to Penningon, one to Hudson and one to Apple Springs. In the win column Diboll defeated Apple Springs twice, Lufkin B Team once, Huntington once, Colmesneil once, and Pennington once.

Former Dibollians

HERBERT (HUB) STEGALL works for the Southern Pacific Railroad at Lufkin and lives in the Southland Addition on the paper mill road. He served in the army in World War II and saw plenty of excitement in North Africa.

ADEN JOHNSON is purchasing agent for Towers Pharmacy at Corpus Christi, Texas. Aden is the son of Judge George Johnson of Diboll, our versatile Justice of the Peace. Aden graduated from Diboll High in 1930, married Adene Blackstock of Canton (near Tyler). He was in the U. S. Navy from 1943 to 1945 and has been in his present position the past two years.

WALTER SWAIN worked for Southern Pine Lumber Company many many years in the boiler room. He now is with the Grand Prize Brewery in Houston. He and his wife Ethel, have one daughter, Ethel Mae. Swain will be remembered for, among other things, being the world's champion flashlight repair man. If he couldn't make 'em burn the light could safely be thrown away as absolutely beyond repair.

JACK JORDAN is the son of C. A. Jordan. Jack graduated from high school in 1928, went to work for the Texas Highway Department in 1932 after four years and a degree in electrical engineering at Texas A. & M. In 1941 he entered the service and was honorably discharged in 1945 with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. He is still with the Highway Department in Austin.

ATHAL (BALDY) JONES came to Diboll from Carmona when he was sixteen years of age which must have been while Indians were still here. He left in 1929, went to Houston and worked as a machinist for Reed Roller Bit Company until 1945 at which time he retired. A man never known to be without money in his life, Baldy has apparently saved enough for all future contingencies because he anticipates hitting not another lick, not even at a snake—and we don't blame him. He is in Diboll now, he says, "for the winter". (The working man's Miami).

CHESTER JONES, son of the late John Jones, graduated from Diboll High School in 1925. Immediately thereafter he went to work for Butler and Grimes Company at Wharton, Texas, as store manager. Chester is now residing at Conroe, Texas, with his wife and two children and holds the responsible position of Field Manager for the Butler and Grimes Company.

—o—

What Is A Foreman

If he is pleasant, he is too familiar;
If he is sober-faceed, he is a sourpuss.
If he is young, he doesn't know anything;
If he is old, he's an old stiff.
If he belongs to a lodge, the members expect favors.
If he goes to church, he's a hypocrite;
If he doesn't, he's a heathen.
If he drinks, he's an old souse;
If he doesn't, he's a tightwad.
If he talks to everybody, he's a gossip;
If he doesn't he's stuck up.
If he insists that the rules of the shop be kept, he's too particular;
If he doesn't, he's careless.
If he looks around, he's snooping.
If he doesn't, he's unobservant.
If he tries to settle all complaints, he must have the wisdom of Solomon;
If he worries about them, he'll soon be crazy.
He should have the patience of Job, the skin of a rhinoceros, the cunning of a fox, the courage of a lion, be blind as a bat, and silent as a sphinx.
What a man!
Are there any good foremen?
Yes, plenty of them, and they're not all in cemeteries.

—o—

A boss was furious because his new stenographer was late. Fuming, he said as she came in: "You should have been here at eight o'clock!" "Why?" she asked. "What happened?"

Temple White Topics

BY HERB WHITE, Jr.

The subject discussed in Diboll more than any other is probably the subject of hunting and fishing. There are more arguments per capita here on what can and can't be done under the laws of trespassing, game conservation and hunting and fishing in general than any place I have ever seen. And it's a good subject to talk about. Game—squirrels, quail and ducks, to name just three types—have to be hunted harder and harder. Quail, especially, just seem to be so scarce a lot of old time bird hunters have just quit trying to find them. And they used to be VERY plentiful all around us.

One possible reason for the terrific drain on our game may be that during World War II so many thousands of young men were taught to shoot who had never handled a gun before. When they got out of the service they became full fledged game hunters. But that can't account for the heavy depletion in our wild life. I think the principal cause of the game shortage has been the failure of so many people to observe the game laws of our state.

Most of us have broken game laws at one time or another and the chances are we thought nothing of it at the time. Of course some of the game laws appear to be unjust; some of the hunting seasons appear to be dated wrong. But all in all, these laws are designed to protect game and afford the people of Texas a more bountiful supply as time goes by. And we certainly should observe them.

As an example of what protecting game will do for a section of the country, I am told that when the Rayville pasture was first put under fence and stocked with a few deer by Southern Pine Lumber Company this part of the country was practically cleaned completely out of that specie of game.

Deer that once roamed the woods of this part of East Texas had been killed by the thousands in season and out of season until there just weren't any left. The Rayville pasture was protected by Southern Pine Lumber Company for a number of years—hunting was not allowed and the deer multiplied rapidly. They were fed and taken care of by the late J. J. Ray and the result of his efforts was that this whole section of the State was re-stocked with deer, according to game authorities. This is an example of what CAN be done to restore an almost extinct game animal to a point where it is found in greater abundance now than ever before—and do it on a comparatively small amount of protected land. In other words, the game laws were strictly enforced in the Rayville pasture for a period of years and the results were amazing. Wild deer became plentiful ALL OVER THIS PART OF EAST TEXAS through the efforts of Mr. Ray and Southern Pine Lumber Company. That is proof enough that if we all observe the game laws everywhere we hunt, we can make out of this section of the State one of the finest game lands anywhere. So let's encourage a strict observance of these laws—and observe them strictly ourselves!

Of special interest to fishermen in Diboll is the re-stocking and closing of the ponds for the next eleven months. According to fish hatchery men, you can grow a greater amount of meat in fish per acre of water than you can of cattle, or anything else ,per acre of land—assuming you take the proper care of your lake. We could have the best fishing places in these parts. There is plenty of water of various depths, plenty of vegetation, sunken logs, etc., for protection, and all it needs is to be nursed along just like anything else has to be to develop into a choice place to fish. By that I mean it has to be closed for a certain length of time to give the little fish time to grow up—especially the thousands of fingerlings put in recently by the Game, Fish and Oyster Commission at the request of Southern Pine Lumber Company. Proper fertilization of the shallows must be carried out in order to provide feed for the small fish. Then, if protected one season, the ponds should have enough fish in them of all sizes to provide continuous good fishing from now on out.

They say that a lake can be as easily over-stocked as under-stocked and for that reason the State Hatchery men recommend that a pond or lake be fished in plenty after it gets one season's start. If the pond or lake gets over-populated with fish they will either not bite or will become so poor they won't be worth catching simply because of lack of sufficient food to go around. So next year we can all get out our rods and reels or pole and line and really have some sport within our own town limits.

The demand for ANY type of lumber is so great that the mills are able to market even short lengths and sell them along with other lumber. This means that handle factories have to pay a much higher price for their raw materials simply because they're buying lumber instead of what was once considered waste—that is, short lengths unsuitable for the lumber trade.

The demand for broom, mop and various other handles is as great now as ever before. But because of the terrific increase in the price of short lengths of lumber we must all do everything possible to lower our production costs in order to meet the competition from others in our line of business. One of the best methods I know of to save and cut costs is to make the best possible uses of EVERY piece of raw material coming into our plant. A good square saved means a good handle produced; a square carelessly thrown away or ruined means one less handle. If everyone of us saved a few squares around the plant from time to time by being watchful—and by thinking—the total over a period of a year would really amount to a lot of handles. Think this over and let's team up and cut EVERY CORNER we can!

—o—

Just An Average Day

It was a tragic day for the nation. Firty-six people died of falls in their homes, 17 died of burns, 5 died of poison, 4 were asphyxiated, 3 or 4 were accidentally killed by firearms, 3 were suffocated, and 12 others died as a result of other types of home accidents.

But the dead did not constitute the complete toll. There were 1350 disabled by accidental injuries in the home that day.

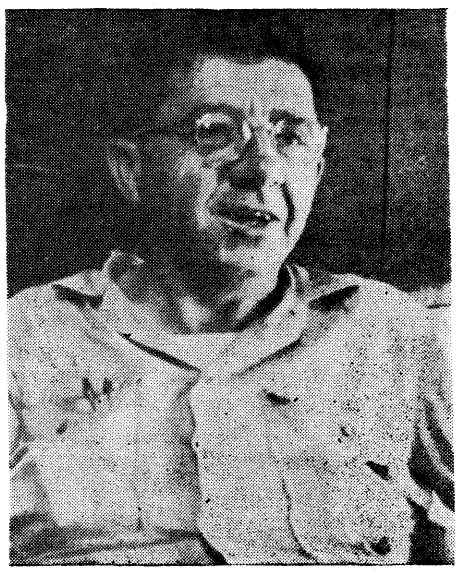
The tragedy was not reported in the newspapers, because it was only an average day in the home life of America. Besides, there was bigger news on the front pages of American newspapers that day; the freighter Grand Camp had blown up at the pier in Texas City, Texas, and the dead and injured were not yet counted.

The Texas City disaster was so spectacular, so appalling, that it was a week before authorities were able to give a probable estimate of 575 dead and 3,000 injured. . . and during that week, the ordinary business of living in American homes accumulated a total of 650 dead, and 9,600 injured by preventable accidents.

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Johnson's Rat Tales

DIBOLL THEN AND NOW: The town of Diboll was named after the J. C. Diboll family who pronounced their names "Dee-boll" with the accent on the "boll". Legend, however, has it that it was named by a stranger who passed through the present site of the town on a horse named old Ball. The horse was so old and feeble that the owner made a bet that he wouldn't live until sundown. They say that he put up considerable money—the horse was already down and barely breathing at the noon hour—and both men stood by waiting to see who would win. About five P. M. the owner began to get worried because the sun was sinking slowly through the pine trees, so he got down on his knees and started shouting and pleading "Die Ball!" "Die Ball!" Please "Die Ball!" He had taken several nips of firewater when another stranger walked



By GEORGE (RAT) JOHNSON

up, asked him the name of the place and he hollered again "Die Ball!" without even hearing the question. And that, they say, is how the town got its name. Anybody who wants to believe the story is welcome to it.

Emporia, a mile south of the present town of Diboll, had a thriving lumber company operating before Southern Pine was even organized. When Mr. T. L. L. Temple came here just before 1894 he put up a small "peckerwood" mill where the shops are now, then Emporia burned and Diboll began to expand until there were three big mills, all operating full blast. But the details of the physical plant can wait until a later time. What we are concerned with in this piece is the people who lived here—and the difference between the "then" and the "now" in our town from the standpoint of our citizens.

And there was a terrific difference. Of course back as far as 1894 we had many fine citizens just as we have always had. The good Christians of the old days were just as good Christians as the good Christians of this day. But then we had some bad hombres that—well, there just ain't no "badder" bunch anywhere in Texas now and there never will be. For example, when the Southern Pacific passenger trains used to approach Diboll the conductor would ACTUALLY go through the train and warn the people thereon to put their windows down, lock them and duck. Every time the opportunity presented itself the boys in Diboll would board the train—twelve or fifteen strong—and while one got the "Butch" in a conversation or argument about his wares, the others would fill their pockets with "Johnnie Crook" candy, cigars apples, and anything else handy, then jump off the train. Finally the "Butches" refused to sell anything here while the train was stopped; instead he locked his entire stock up in the men's room and stayed with it until they left the town.

There was so little entertainment in Diboll—no picture shows, no roads or means of travel except by rail, nothing to do—that the passing of the daily passenger trains from Houston and Shreveport constituted the main events of the day. Most of the womenfolks dressed up in their Sunday best every day, came down to the store to watch them go by. Then they took off for home because almost invariably there was a fight among the men immediately thereafter. On Sundays the people of Diboll, after watching to trains pass, would gather in small groups and walk to Burke, to the river, to Ryans Lake—going in every direction. There was simply nothing else to do.

Married couples oftentimes hired a buggy or a surrey and took their families for a ride on Sunday afternoon. Unmarried couples couldn't get out alone in the buggies—it just wasn't the thing to do (Some probably slipped out but that was before my time and I don't know). When a circus came to Lufkin everybody went, young and old. George Johnson had the towns only livery stable and on those occasions drove wagon loads of people over the so-called roads to the show—taking hours each way which nobody in those days seemed to mind at all simply because nobody was in a hurry.

The barber shop in the old days of Diboll was probably the busiest place in town because there the men gathered to talk, shoot dice, play poker,—and occasionally get a haircut—until twelve or one o'clock' at night.According to the old timers, very often there were as many as four separate fist fights in the barber shop in a single night. (And around all those razors, too. Wow!)

Of course in the old days there were several saloons in Diboll and they weren't places where a man could hang around too often and still be a safe insurance risk. But they still say the barber shop was worse—that is, for violence. Anyway, when they finally voted hard liquor out of Angelina County strange things began to occur. Express packages started coming into Diboll for various citizens—too many express packages. It was soon discovered, of course, that they contained liquid spirits. Then you'd see some fellow get on the train here with a ticket to Shreveport with SIX SUITCASES which he carried with ease. Next day he would come back and the six suitcases would require six men to handle. And the six men were always there to help him—in fact, six dozen, usually.

After twelve or ffifteen years, however, Diboll began to show signs of taming down. Candy pullings, singings and play parties were staged, the saloons were, of course, a thing of the past, and passengers on the S. P. trains were warned to put their windows down and lock them but getting under seats was no longer necessary while the train was stopped in Diboll. Large scale fighting was confined to Saturday nights and it seemed that things were looking up in general.

Then the era of home brew and bootleggers came and store sales of Blue Ribbon Malt jumped to unprecedented heights as many of our citizens began the manufacture of their own "suds". The Neches river bottoms had so many stills that a squirrel hunter on an ordinary day would stumble up on at least one or two invariably, and if he stopped at either, stumble home. Bootleggers in Diboll became so thick

(Continued on Page 7)

HOT OFF THE HANDLE . . .

It is about time that ROBERT RAINS started looking around tre house for his pickle jar, now that fishing season is just around the corner. It seems that Robert can go out in the woods on a three or four day camping trip and make out the whole time on nothing but pickle sandwiches. Shorty Turner says you can't make



FROSTY DAVIS

'em fast enough for Robert—and he wants nothing on them to ruin that good old dill flavor. Just bread and pickles.

BUSTER SEEKINGS was caught working on the thirteenth of January. Better watch your step, son, that's bad luck .

TROY WAGNONE observed painting automatic jack. He can slap it around like a real brush veteran, never spilling a drop.

BUCKSHOT SPIVEY is the Temple-White Ace authority on the new automatic chuck. Any information desired about it can be readily obtained from Buckshot by the simple process of displaying a slight curiosity and then listening while he tells you all about it.

JOE WILKERSON's pet subject of conversation is his new home, complete with lake and everything, out on the highway. If you don't believe he has a real spot out there, just ask him.

TOM LESTER has a three and one-half months old son and according to Tom he will no doubt grow up to be President of the United States, at least. Hope he isn't left handed.

LOUIS LANDERS has a pet coon and, according to him, the world's best squirrel dog. He's long on talk about both anytime he can get somebody to listen.

RAY SPARKS wears a hat that they say was purchased about 1920. Somehow he is attached to it and refuses to buy a new one, come heat or high water. Do you suppose there's any way we can make him give up and shell out for something more modern to replace it?

ETTA SCARBOROUGH buzzing around checking up on all the goings on.

M. L. ALLEN's spirits really went up when we got the new Jenkins turning machine. He took to it like a boy to an electric train on Christmas.

C. B. JOHNSON went off hog killing but somehow or another didn't see any backbones whatsoever. What kind of hogs do you have anyway, C. B.?

EDWIN NELSON—"Tator" king of Temple-White.

OLLIE JOHNSON has gotten to be one of the most modern Temple-White employees. Amon gother labor-saving devices he owns, he now has a brand new washing machine. In a few years all Ollie will have to do at the house to have it cleaned up, dinner cooked, clothes and dishes washed, etc., will be to sit in a big easy chair and push buttons. Nice life.

MOODY SMITH weighs about three pounds less than a bulldozer and is getting bigger and bigger every day. He must really get some powerful good vittles.

STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED THAN:

ONIL AND RUBY not talking to each other; EVIE SUMMERS going to a dance; IVEY GRIMES singing; EMMA PITTS not taking her rest powders; BUDDY PROVOST not discussing last Sunday's meeting and how much chow he ate; JEFF WILLIAMS not wearing his boots; DOROTHY WILLIE not walking fast and being in a terrific hurry; CLEO BOLIS WITHOUT HIS RED BOOTS; BUT WE DONT' KNOW WHEN!

We'll have to hand it to Dick Hendicks' crew of women who stack suares at Temple-White. Theirs is a never-ending job in good weather and bad, in hot summer and chilly winter. But it's a job that must be done. They deserve congratulations from everybody for being such an efficient conscientious bunch and we hand it to 'em!

Here are some safety suggestions we should ALL observe throughout 1948—things we should keep in mind EVERY DAY for our own protection and for the protection of those who work around us:

1. Pick up all unnecessary objects, whatever they might be, from the floor of the plant. They can cause fa-' tal falls—and it's bad housekeeping to have them there in the first place.

2. Keep Coke bottles out of the standards on trucks. A broken one could cause serious cuts. And they have no bussiness being there anyway.

3. REMOVE ALL SPILLED OIL AND GREASE from floors—and remove it as quickly as possible. Clean it off benches and machines immediately. Oil and grease can cause fires and they can cause somebody to slip and fall into an open saw. This is VERY IMPORTANT. Clean it up and clean it up NOW.

4, Watch your step on open runways during the cold weather we're having. It's a long way to the ground and if somebody failed to exercise simple care and fell off it'd probably break something besides their watch crystal.

5. DON'T ATTEMPT TO LIFT ANYTHING THAT YOU THINK MIGHT BE TOO HEAVY FOR YOU. Get somebody to help in case there is ANY doubt. It may be great sport to try to impress somebody with your Herculean strength by trying to pick up one end of a box car, but the hospitals of this country have had a lot of patients who have tried it and you can't win. When you do lift ANYTHING, lift with your legs and not your back.

7. Oily rags and open buckets of inflammable fluids constitute one of our most dangerous fire hazards. Don't leave them exposed—put them away in their proper places so we'll all have a place to work instead of a pile of ashes that used to be a handle factory.

8. DON'T SMOKE IN RESTRICTED AREAS!

Let's all keep up the old Temple-White spirit through 1948 and play ball for each other, the company, and ourselves. We've got a swell bunch of folks to work with and a swell bunch to work for. Let's all pitch in and do what we can to improve our work, maintain efficiency in producing handles, and making our own individual jobs more valuable to ourselves and

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SERMONETTE . . .

By REV. G. A. WIELAND

There is something very appealing in the story of the Wise Men, those mysterious strangers who came "from the East" to worship at the cradle of the Babe of Bethlehem. We don't know who they are, whence they came, or what became of them after they visited the Stable and presented their gifts. Art and literature and primitive tradition have supplied many interesting details, but actually all that we know about them is written in a few brief verses in the "good news" as recorded by St. Matthew.

In spite of the lack of convincing evidence, however, the Epiphany story deserves a permanent place in the literature of the Christian religion. It lifts the story of the Nativity out of its otherwise narrow and provincial background and gives it that universal, world-wide setting and prominence it so richly deserves. For this Child, whose birthplace they sought, and before whom they bowed down in reverence and awe, was not destined to be a national figure, but a world's Saviour and Sovereign Lord. His life was destined to make but little impact on His own people, even when it was shaking much of the known world to its very foundations.

It must be remembered that the Jews were not alone in their hope of a revelation from the skies. There was a restlessness throughout the world, a passionate longing for a larger measure of the truth. Existing religions were accepted but faileed to satisfy. Everywhere thinking men were seeking a more convincing explanation of life and of its meaning than had previously been granted them. Poets, philosophers, students, priests, men of every race and country and creed, were groping for a revelation, a vision, a message from the heavens, which would relieve their doubts and answer their questionings.

Of this persistent longing the Wise Men are a symbol and a sign. Always, and never more so than today, man has been seeking and aspiring, following stars of hope that beckoned him on. Sometimes his quest has been fruitless for a season and he has simply marked time. Sometimes progress has been tiring and slow as the sources of information were closed to him. Sometimes he has actually slipped backwards, losing much of the information and inspiration previously gained. Sometimes he has followed the wrong road or the wrong guide. But his passion for more knowledge of himself and of his universe has never completely deserted him.

The researches and discoveries of the scientist and explorer, the new ways of healing or preventing disease, the blessings brought to mankind from the laboratory or the inventor's workshop, all bear witness to man's struggle for a better world. The growth of colleges and universities testifies eloquently to man's passionate desire for more light and more truth. The growth of social agencies and othare the product of his growing sense of responsibility for his fellows.

In the sphere of religion, in man's desire to come into closer relationship with God and into a fuller comprehension of the workings of God's Providence, we see the same gradual climb from a lower level to a higher. The journey has not been an easy one, the "steep ascent of Heaven" must still be climbed, but when one compares the religious institutions of today with those of yesterday the growth is evident and clear. Religious truth must grow as other truth grows, or the instituions of religion will become relics of the past rather than beacon lights for the present.

No philosophy, no science, and no religion can afford to hamper or suppress the truth. The aim of human thought, whether it be secular or religious, is to ascertain facts. Every claim of science and every theory of religion must stand on its own feet and offer its own credentials. It must welcome investigation, invite criticism, and justify itself at the bar of truh.

The investigations of science and the increase of human knowledge have revealed facts that must be frankly faced and freely recognized. The claims of the Church, like any other claims, must stand in the light for an evaluation of their own worth. The demand today is for evidence, for credentials, for proof. Every movement that would speak to the mind of man today must speak with a clarity and a frankness that are convincing and sound.

Men are conscious of a deep crying need for religion, for something solid to build on, for strong convictions concerning life and death and hope of immortality, but they don't know where to find the answers. Men of mature bodies and well disciplined minds are still in their immature infancy in the things of the spirit, illiterate in the science and art of religion. The Church has the answers to life's problems, but cannot give its answers to an absentee congregation. Only those who seek can hope to find.

Intelligent people do not expect to become proficient in music on a golf course or chemistry at a baseball game. They expect to devote a great deal of time and energy in these pursuits. But when it comes to the nurture of the spiritual life and the growth of spiritual vision, they seem to expect this gift to come to them without effort, and are disappointed at their lack of information on this vital subject.

Because the Wise Men of the Epiphany story were wise, they sought their information in the logical place. The Star led them to the City of Jerusalem, to a strange city and an alien environment. They sought out there the religious organization of that time and place, gained a working knowledge of its literature and of the glorious hopes of Israeel's prophets. And it was with the aid of these two, the Church and the Book, that they arrived in Bethlehem and found the King they sought.

They didn't confer with their friends, who knew less about the subject than they did themselves. They didn't worship God in "the open air"', as so many of his ignorant children are prone to do. They went out to the recognized channels of religious information and religious instruction. They found what they sought because they were intelligent seekers, who knew where to look for their facts and used them when found, in planning their future actions. They were honest seekers and persistent against all obstacles.

Church and Book may offer but little incentive to those who have no desire for spiritual progress and spiritual peace. The presence of a Church in a community, or of a Book in a closet, will not of themselves reveal the secrets of the religious life, nor create a Christian world. But they are valuable helps for the seeker of the truth, if he will consistently use them, for the Church is the School of Religion and the Bible is its textbook.

It is from the Church and from its membership, clerical and lay, that the power must come to interpret and leaven modern life. For the Church is the Living Body of those, who, feeling the need, have sought for more knowledge and closer union with God. It isn't a Lodge of Perfection, a company of pious perfectionists who know all of the answers and have solved all of the problems of human life. It is rather a sincere company of sinners, of spiritual weaklings, conscious of their lacks, but seeking to be made robust and strong, a student body, who expects to study together, and pray together, and learn together that they may become more worthy servants of the Lord they serve.

To b a wise man is to grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God.

First Baptist Church Calendar For 1948

FEBRUARY 9th to 13th: Y. W. A. Focus Week. February 17th: Workers Conference. Music revival February 8th to 13th. Mr. Edd Gibbs, teacher.

MARCH 1st to 5th: Annie Armstrong Week of Prayer. March 2nd: T. U. Program Planning Meeting. March 15th-19th: T. U. Study Course, State Worker. March 23rd: Workers Conference. March 28th: Home Mission Day. March 29th: Sunday School Officers and Teachers Meeting. March 30th: T. U. Program Planning Meeting.

APRIL 4th-11th: Youth Revival, Youth team leading. April 6th, 7th, and 8th: Sunday School Convention. April 19th-23rd: Sunday School Study Course. April 20th: Workers Conference. April 25th: Intermediate Day. April 26th: Sunday School Officers and Teachers Meeting, April 27: T. U. Program Planning Meeting.

MAY 9th: Hospital Day, Mother's Day. May 10th-14th: Sunbeam Focus Day. May 17th-23rd: Southern Baptist Convention. May 18th: Workers Conference.

JUNE 1st: T. U. Program Planning Meeting. June 7th-17th: Vacation Bible School. June 13th: Fathers Day. June 22nd: Workers Conference. June 29th: T. U. Program Planning Meeting.

JULY 13th-23rd: Palacios Encampment. July 20th: Workers Conference. July 26th: Sunday School Officers and Teachers Meeting. July 27th: T. U. Program Planning Meeting.

AUGUST 10th-18th: Pineywoods Encampment. August 21st and 22nd: Revival, Visiting Evangelist. August 30th: Sunday School Officers and Teachers Meeting. August 31st: T. U. Program Planning Meeting.

SEPTEMBER 6th-10th: T. U. Study Course. September 20th-24th: Mary Hill Davis Offering. September 21st: Workers Conference. September 26th: Promotion Day.

OCTOBER 4th-8th: Sunday School Training Course. October 21st: Association, Zavalla. October 24th: State Mission Day in Sunday School.

WEEKLY VISITATION THURSDAY 3:00 P. M. and 6:45 P. M.

WEEKLY CHOIR PRACTICE WEDNESDAY 8:00 P. M.

BROTHERHOOD FIRST AND THIRD THURSDAY NIGHTS.

WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING WEDNESDAY 7:15 P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, SUNDAYS 9:45 A. M.

PREACHINGS: SUNDAY 10:50 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

TRAINING UNION SUNDAY 6:30 P. M.

WOMENS MISSIONARY SOCIETY EVERY MONDAY AT 3:00 P. M.

REMEMBER: THE SCHOOL OF CHURCH MUSIC WILL BE AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF DIBOLL FEBRUARY 8th-13th. MR. EDD GIBBS OF DALLAS, TEACHER. CLASSES WILL BE HELD TWICE DAILY: 4 to 5:30 P. M. and 7 to 9:30 P. M.. THIS SCHOOL IS FREE TO THE PUBLIC AND EVERYONE IS WELCOME REGARDLESS OF CHURCH AFFILIATION.

Woods Roundup

ARTHUR WHITE, who drives log truck number 86, recently committed matrimony. Since then, every time he stops his truck, or gets stuck — or has to wait for his logs—he goes to sleep. They're telling around the garage that A. J. Wells had such a hard time waking him the other day he ALMOST kicked the door of Arthur's truck off and still Arthur slept peacefully on.

We suggest that LEE NEWLAND always take with him a change of clothes —complete with shirt, shoes, trousers, and all the accessories. It seems that not long ago he had to come all the way home to put on a complete new garb.

Another newcomer to Diboll during the month of January was JAMES FARLEY, son of Bobby and Dorothy Farley—and Eddie's second grandson. CONGRATULATIONS!

GEORGE WATTS is spending most of his time these days just waiting—but not for logs. They say he either has a new truck coming for himself or will get McHenry Kimmey's old one in case McHenry beats him to the draw—so he keeps one eye looking out across the highway in the direction of Lee Estes garage just in case said truck comes in. He wants to get there first and take possession.

FINIS ASHWORTH can now start back eating at home since he's moved from ou on Highway 103. He's been a boarding house customer, he says, long enough.

And speaking of boarding houses, we have some inside information on HUGH TIMS and his plans for the future. Some say they have seen him studying blueprints, plans, and all kinds of menus and they think that he's figuring on opening up an eating place at Hull, Texas, near the new Southern Pine timber holdings up there. He hasn't said anything about it to anybody but we're all anxious for him to get the business started because he looks like he's been fed pretty well and it's our guess that the vittals will be o. k. Don't count on this, though, until you contact Hugh.

Ask EDGAR McADAMS just what kind of dirt digger the little boy called him the other day when he was running the dragline in Diboll.

BARTY BREAZEALE can't understand why they want to push JESS PARKERS labor truck off on him and let Jess have a new one. He figures that if the old one isn't good enough for Jess they ought to junk it—because it sure wouldn't be good enough for him.

ALVIN (FATTY) LANDRUM left Diboll some months ago, came back all banged up. Saw him at the "Kimmey Motor Company" garage where the boys were kidding him about leaving in the first place. They said when he left Southern Pine Lumber Company it was just like a biddy leaving a hen—in other words, he got off to a town where they had paved streets and did'n't know exactly what to do. Some of them added that if he ever left again he might get killed, so we're going to try to talk him into staying just for his own protection.

Anybody seeking information of any description about logging operations of Southern Pine Lumber Company can find out ALL about it down at the store practically any time of day from N. M. (BO) PITTS. Bo's favoritt place to lecture is by the steam radiator near the front entrance and we guarantee that if you go there he will tell you EVERYTHING there is to know about the woods, the wood crews, where they are, what they're doing—and what they're doing wrong. If you go in there,

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Around the Town With Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

The second semester has begun at Temple High School in Diboll and the entire student body seems to be working harder than ever before—and acting better. We hope this situation will last through the montth of May and that the improvement in the students generally will become greater and greater. The faculty appreciates the enthusiasm of the students of Temple High and it is our sincere wish that every boy and girl in our school will continue their studies until graduation. So many fall by the wayside and drop out of school before they have finished; some, of course, because circumstances force them to do so to help care for their families. But unless the need is extremely urgent and the help absolutely necessary the boy or girl should get every day of education available to them. It will mean so much more to them in later years and be their most valuable asset.

Our basketball teams are making a real name for our school, especially the boys. They have played nine games and won them all but one. Saturday, January 24, the boys team of Temple High, in an invitation tournament in Livingston in which sixteen teams particpated from that number of towns in the East Texas area, came off with FIRST HONORS, winning the tournameent and another handsome trophy. The boys say they are going to win so many trophies we'll have to build them a "Tiger Trophy" room just to hold them.

We should ALL give our support to these basketball teams because they are really outstanding and a credit to our town. Games are playeed every Tuesday Night at the school. (Next season we will be playing in our new gymnasium and that means regardless of the weather. And our teams will be a real credit to the new gymn, too, if they continue to play like they are playing this season.)

On February 14th Temple High School will hold its annual invitational basketball tournament. Drawings will be held at 10 A. M. and play will begin at 10:30 A. M. There will be FORTY basketball teams here—twenty teams of boys and twenty of girls from all over East Texas. We ask everybody to come to this tournament because it is expected to be one of the best we have ever held and we guarantee to show you som real basketball.

The faculty of H. G. Temple High School is working hard to attain their goal of $100. We have plenty of attractions in the community and at the school and we earnestly solicit your support. Come by and see these things and help us go over the top in our drive!

We are happy to have some new students in our school—the Blade children from Louisiana. Welcome!

Herbert (Diboll) Allen is a former Temple High student who really has retained his school spirit. He was home on January 24th from Texas College and went to Livingston to see our boys win the big tournament there. His father, Walter Allen, is improving nicely after quite a long illness during which time he was hospitalized. Another Allen boy, Franklin, is one of the best basketball players Diboll has ever had. He and E. C. Williams were the standout players in the Livingston Tournament.

You might be interested in knowing the scores in Temple High's Tournament victory. Here they are:

Diboll 25—Corrigan 10
Diboll 17—Alto 16
Diboll 36—Colmesneil 12
Diboll 9—Moscow 2

Since the last issue of the Buzz Saw two homes have been destroyed by fire in our community. Everyone is urged to be extremely careful, especially with gasoline heaters and stoves, and not take any chancees on a fire in your own house. Luckily we have had no one inured in Diboll as a result of a fire but the children of one family narrowly escaped being trapped and that should be reminder enough to EVERYBODY to take EXTRA precautions against this terrible thing called fire in the home. We cannot be too careful, too watchful, in this fire prevention at home.

Another thing about the value of being careful in this regard is the fact that ONE burning house might, with high wind conditions prevailing, set most if not all of our houses on fire and burn not only your own home out but also the homes of your neighbors and friends. Such a disaster as that in Diboll MUST be prevented, so let me urge you all to TAKE NO CHANCES WITH FIRE. Most fires start in the kitchen. Inspect yours. Leave no matches lying around or oil or gasoline soaked rags. Keep gasoline or kerosene in a safe place AWAY from your stoves. Take the time to make your homes as safe as you can make it. You may save somebody's life!

Josie Willis and Willie M. Gordon were recent visitors in Houston. Josie visted her children Robert and Chester Willis Junior. Robert works for Crystal-White Company while Chester works at a furniture company. Their address in Houston is 3220 Odin Avenue.

Yours truly, along with Professor C. O. Bradley and A. C. Henderson, went to Tyler to the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority meeting held there recently. We had a very successful meeting and an enjoyable trip.

W. E. Smith and wife are the parents of a brand new baby boy born recently. Both of them are ex-students of Temple High School. Our heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the young fellow!

The churches in Diboll are doing really great work. Among other programs for the near future will be the Touring Singing Convention at Shiloh Baptist Church on February 15th for one of Temple's teachers—Ruby Simmons. She invites everyone to attend.

REMEMBER OUR TOURNAMENT ON FEBRUARY 14TH. COME OUT AND GIVE THESE TEAMS YOUR WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT AND SHOW THE VISITORS THAT DIBOLL IS A REAL BASKETBALL HOST!

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Former Dibollians . . .

ELIZABETH FERGUSON, daughter of the late Arch Ferguson, who was Master Mechanic for many years at the T. S. E. shops, graduated from Diboll High School in 1926 and was valedictorian of the class. She now lives in Houston and teaches school—an occupation she has followed since 1928. Elizabeth is married to J. R. Brinson who is with the Texas Company in Houston. Their address is 7401 Magnolia Street, Mason Park, Houston.

ALVIN MILES is a professor in Robert E. Lee Junior College at Goose Creek, Texas. He and his wife Esther have one child, Norman, age 10. Alvin is the son of the late John Miles who was a Southern Pine employee in Diboll many years.

FAUSTINE ALLDAY works for Southland Paper Mills in Lufkin where he is yard foreman. Faustine lives in Redland—a few miles north of Lufkin—with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Allday. Address: Route 3, Lufkin.

GET READY FOR FREDDIE . . .

On January 17th Rodgers Cafe was the scene of a real attraction which featured Jerry Jackson and his Beauregard Minstrels of DeRidder, Louisiana. Jerry Jackson, who is well known around these parts, brought with him a cast of twelve and all played their parts in wonderful style. Jackson was one of the leading actors and doubled on the piano doing a mighty fine job at both. The whole show was built around Annie Marie Pierce who brought down the house with her dancing, acting, and singing. The weather on the night of the show was bad and as a result the crowd was not quite as large as had been expected; nevertheless, those who did turn out really got their moneys worth and then some.



FREDDIE

Listening to Annie Marie sing "Stormy Monday" was worth the price of admission all by itself.

The next time Jerry is booked for Diboll he'll draw a capacity crowd and even if the weather is rough I think everybody will be there to see and hear his fine troupe. I mean he really had a show.

When the Rodgers Skating rink was opened a few weeks ago, Joe Reynaud and his band came over from Lake Charles, Louisiana, to furnish the music for the big occasion. A big dance was held, of course, and it was a whing-dilly from the first note to the last. Reynaud played the trumpet while he featured a trap drummer and vocalist, both of whom went over big with the crowd Joe's pianist was Emma Dell Graham and she stole the show, lock, stock, and barrel. She also sang, and did a fine job of that. But on the piano! How she could pick that ivory! Believe me, that slick chick could really pick a hot lick and it Joe comes back here with her still in his band they'll have to put a floor in the ball park to hold the crowd because they'll come from miles around to hear that Graham gal going to town.

Incidentally, you hear and read so much about Rodgers, cafe and skating rink in Diboll simply because it is the hub of most all the activity around here. And Rodgers and Jodie, his wife, really keep things humming so the people will enjoy themselves and have a nice place to congregate. Their cafe is one of the cleanest business establishments you ever saw anywhere and the food they serve is as good as it can be cooked by anybody. I haven't gotten any free meals from Rodgers for all this free publicity (Not yet, at least. I'm still hanging around there regularly, though, hoping) and it's probably because he's doing such a big business he needs just the opposite of advertising. At least nowadays you find it sometimes hard to even get in the place there are so many customers. The reason for such success in his place is not at all hard to understand, though, because when you go there you are served good food along with a lot of real courtesy and hospitality by the force working behind the counter.

Rodgers and his wife really have worked hard and long to get their place fixed nice where they could serve the public, furnish entertainment, and give to the people a respectable place to meet, enjoy good food, and visit with each ther. Their place is a real credit to Diboll and we hope he carries out his plans for improving and enlarging the Center as soon as possible.

The Brotherhood holds its regular meeting every Thursday Night in the Brotherhood Hall with Dave O'Neil Presiding. The brotherhood is continuing in their fine work of assistance to the needy and the distressed and in their various other programs designed to help the people of this community in a variety of ways. We have had several victims of burn-outs recently; families who lost practically everything they owned in the world by fire. The Brotherhood came to their assistance in many ways and their assistance was highly appreciated. I'll say here, too, that the people whose home and possessions have been destroped by fire in Dibll—and there have been three cases here recently—are very very fortunate, after all. They are fortunate to be living in Diboll where Southern Pine Lumber Company is always the FIRST to give aid to any employee and his family whose house, furniture, and other things are swept away by fire, or who happens to be in any kind of unfortunate circumstance. We are all fortunate to be working for a company who looks on every employee as a member of the Southern Pine 'family"—a member of one of the finest teams in the lumber industry anywhere—and not just a name on a payroll that they have no interest in. If you don't think our company is the best lumber company in East Texas to work for, just ask the man who has worked for some of the others—he will tell you that this company in Diboll is one company that has something a lot of others don't have. The word is spelled with five letters. It's H-e-a-r-t. You'll find a lot of companies with a big plant, a big payroll, a big timber holding, and a big long name. But when you get to looking for that five letter word—that word that means that the company thinks FIRST of the welfare of its employees—you won't find many companies, whether they're in the lumber business or whatever it is, that have it. Heart. It means all the difference in the world whether it's in a tree, an individual, or a company. It's the main thing.

Coach Bradley really deserves a lot of credit for the fine basketball teams he has built up at Temple High School here in Diboll. The boys have already made a great record with such flashes as Mattox, Williams, Rhone, Franklin, and Ed Allen. The girls have a good club, too, but got off to a slow start and haven't won as regularly as the boys. In the Livingston Invitational tournament on January 24th our boys made a clean sweep of everything and brought back home another beautiful trophy to add to the school's collection. One of the brightest stars on the boys team is Franklin Allen whose long shots—sometimes from the middle of the court—are really something to see. This boy is also a star on the football team and should develop into one of the best athletes Diboll has ever produced.

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An intoxicated G. I. was brought before his superior officer, offered this excuse: "I got into bad company. I had a quart of whiskey and my three buddies didn't drink."

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YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY . . .

Walter Allen tells the story of a Preacher who owned a mule. One Sunday the parson went to church with his little boy and the boy rode the mule. Some of his congregation remarked "Look at that Preacher spoiling that little boy. It's not right!" So the next Sunday he let the boy walk and rode the mule himself. This time they said: "That lazy Parson; look at him riding that mule and letting that little boy walk!" The next Sunday he was determined to please his flock so he and the boy BOTH rode the mule. Some said: "That Preacher is cruel. Look at him overloading that poor old mule". The following Sunday he thought surely he could please them —so he and the boy both walked and they led the mule. The people said: "That Preacher must be crazy—bringing a mule to church with nobody riding him". Next Sunday he left the mule at home and the congregation said: "That preacher has no sense at ALL. There he is feeding a mule and not using him." So, to stop all the criticism, he sold the mule. And some then said: "The preacher has sacrificed his transportation for a few pieces of silver. He shouldn't love money like that". And they put him out of the church. The moral of this story is simply this: YOU CAN'T PLEASE EVERYBODY.

—o—

RAT TALES

(Continued from Page 4)

they had to wear badges to keep from trying to sell to each other. You could buy it "aged" for as long as six months, "good" that was thirty days from the still, or "just shinney" that was sometimes still warm. They called it a "Character Builder" drink, saying: "It'll make a jackrabbit spit in a bulldog's eye and if that don't take character I don't know what does". It was really bad—they say.

Later—and in comparative recent years—the stills were put out of business, churches in Diboll became very active, charitable organizations began to really function, and civic clubs were formed as the town squared away to work together and make better citizens of our boys and girls and a better Diboll all the way around. Southern Pine Lumber Company gave its wholehearted support to the program of better schools, better churches, better homes, and better working conditions. Together the people and the company tackled the job of making this, our town, the best. We have a higher standard of living in Diboll at a lower cost than any other town in this part of the state. We have more churches per capita than any town I ever heard of and more people attending those churches every month and every year. We have some high priced items—food, for example—that cost us just as much as they cost people anywhere else. But we have lots of items of necessary expense that come to us for MUCH LESS money than they come to people in practically every other town in East Texas. We can thank Southern Pine Lumber Company for these—lower rent, free water, lower cost of utilities, and any number of others.

Any way you take it, though, Diboll has come a long way from the brash backwoods town it was forty or fifty years ago. We not only "caught up" with other smaller towns in East Texas —we passed them. And we're getting further ahead every year.

Let's remember that there is no such thing as "standing still", either for an individual or a community. A man—or a town—is either progressing or he's losing ground. Let's all remember that and get behind our churches, our Brotherhood and our various civic organizations and take a more active part in the future of Diboll. Southern Pine Lumber Company is here to stay. The plant is a permanent operation now and each year the construction and repair work in Diboll will be done, not to last ten years or fifteen, but to last as long as concrete and steel will last. In other words, where we used to merely "patch up" the mills or the runs or something in the town on the theory that the company would cut out in a few years anyway, now we're rebuilding—and doing it with creosoted timbers and railroad iron. This town is going places—and don't forget it. Let's all support the company and our various town organizations and take a real interest in making Diboll a model community that'll be the very best town anywhere.

In other words, though we've come a long way from the Diboll of 1910 or 1920, and even though we have here the best sawmill town in Texas by a wide margin, there is still an opportunity for us to constantly improve, grow, and become more "community conscious". Let's work with one another, for one another, and be better members of the Diboll "family". How about it?

—o—

Hot Off The Handle

(Continued from Page 4)

to the company. Let's hit the ball—and I'll guarantee we'll win the game!

COLLIS RYAN longing for an outboard motor so powerful itll swamp the boats of everybody within a hundred yards radius on the river.

DICK HENLRICKS almost had a stroke the other morning during the cold spell when he saw water underneath his brand new Kyser. When he found out it wasn't ruined he was the happiest man, for the moment, in the United States.

CHARLES SMITH almost got out of the motorcycle business the other day when his machine turned the tables on him, turned over, and rode HIM for an estimated thirty yards. He came out fo it OK, however, and now I think he's forgiven everything.

BOOTS JACKSON is probably Diboll's champion coffee drinker. At least to see him anywhere except going for a cup or coming back from one is really an unusual sight. We guess he manages to down at least ten or twelve cups per day in between visits from travelling freight agents ,and in between keeping the TSE traffic properly managed.

And C. A. JORDAN, the other member of the TSE team would be just as lost without his cigar as Boots would be without his coffee. When C .A. gets his hat pulled down over his eyes and the old stogie lighted up, the figures really fly.

I'll see you next month with another blast, hot off the handle.

—o—

I Might Be Right

(Continued from page 2)

TECTED AND FED the fish put in the ponds from the hatchery at Jasper from time to time. Now we're sprinkling cotton seed meal around the edges of the water every 21 days just as the fish hatchery people say do for best results, and if everybody will cooperate and keep anybody from fishing over there until next year we'll really have something in the way of fish ponds. The State furnishes the fish to us free of charge and Southern Pine Lumber Company is paying the bill for the feed—to provide for all of us employed by the company a scientifically stocked place to fish and enjoy ourselves.

In the February Buzz Saw we will give you the story, with pictures before and after, of the new ultra-modern Southern Pine store which should be completed by the middle of the month. It's the classiest and most up-to-date store in any sawmill town in the south and should be a real eye-opener especially to people on our mailing list (Several hundred who live all over the country) who would never dream that such a store exists outside towns ten times the size of Diboll.

In this issue of the Buzz we are publishing the 1948 calendar for the First Baptist Church of Diboll outlining activties planned for each of the remaining eleven months. If any other churches have made up similar programs for the entire year, or if month-by-month calendars are prepared, we will be more than glad to publish them regularly in order that members of all the churches in Diboll will have a double reminder to attend the scheduled programs and meetings.

In this issue of the Buzz Saw we start a new column entitled "Hot Off The Handle" by Frosty Davis of Temple-White. Frosty is one of the most popular men in Diboll and we welcome his observations via this sheet. As most of you know, Frosty was, in his heyday, one of the best baseball players East Texas ever produced, being the leading hitter in the Texas league one year with a batting average of 377! His column's title reflects both a touch of baseball and the product of the company he works for as foreman of the paint division. Frosty may also be remembered by some of our Buzz Saw readers who reside someplace other than Diboll as the culprit who got mixed up with the law some weeks ago on the Neches river. He was charged with fishing with artificial bait without a license and he was tried, too, in His Honor Judge George Johnson's court in Diboll. The jury was composed of six citizens who were strictly impartial but who—had they been umpiring a baseball game—were apparently not adverse to giving the home town a small percentage. And derned if they didn't turn him loose. But he had a close shave because one tf the jurors said later that if he ever had to sit on another jury in a similar case he"d recommend that Davis—or whoever they had before them under similar circumstances—be publicly whipped. With a long blade of grass.

Another topic of current discussion in Diboll is the poisoning of dogs. Now quite a few dogs have been killed, or sa I am told, by reason of the fact that they have caught poisoned rats. And there is no question but what the rat eradication program is a VERY important program that we MUST carry on until those disease carrying and grain destroying pests are completely eliminated from Diboll. But many think a lot of dogs have been DELIBERATELY poisoned simply because quite a few have died, apparently from poison, where no rat poison had been put anywhere near —and where the dogs were kept inside fenced in yards. Inasmuch as nobody is censoring this particular piece, I can't help but put in my two cents worth on this subject as follows: Anybody who would deliberately poison a dog just for the H— of it (Especially a dog that maybe some little boy loves more than he loves any possession he has—and a lot of them certainly do and quite naturally) should have something pretty rough happen to him. And I am a firm believer in the fact that in the hereafter the man who would do such a thing WILL have something pretty rough happen to him. And if he poisons some people's dogs around here and gets caught at it he may have something pretty rough happen to him a whole lot sooner than the hereafter.

—o—

Occupation is one great source of enjoyment. No man properly occupied was ever miserable.

Woods Roundup

(Continued from Page 5)

even though you're NOT seeking information, he'll tell you about it anyway —just as long as you will listen!

BONNIE BROWN is laying heavier steel on the T. S. E. between Peavy Switch and Lufkin and we heard it was because BOB COOK, the Travelling Engineer, says the Fourteen is a little too much engine for the 56 pound rail. Bob, incidentally, just recently got his engine out of the shop for the 28th time. He had her in for the installation of new wheels under the tender and everybody is wondering just what will be wrong next. You can bet there'll be something because everything on it has been replaced at least once—even Bob. (He came back just like a bogus check as most of you will recall).

For the first time in his entire career, RICHIE WELLS has enough logs on hand and as a result George Watts says he's gotten smart aleck and refuses to talk to anybody. If it gets any worse we'll have to get an appointment if we have business to transact with him—or else just forget the business.

—o—

Former Dibollians

CLAYTON MERCHAL KELLY is the son of the late Hobbs Kelly who was a sawyer for many years with Southern Pine Lumber Company. Clayton is in the merchant marine and has been since 1940. An able bodied seaman during the war years, he sailed all over the world on ships carrying everything from ammunition to food. Among other places, he went to Italy, England, France, North Africa, The Netherlands East Indies, Japan, Australia, Alaska, and many countries in South America. Clayt graduated from Diboll High School in 1925 and was one of the greatest infielders (Second Base) ever seen on a Diboll diamond, plus being a 360 hitter two consecutive years. He was in Diboll recently between trips to sea.

—o—

THIS and THAT . . .

We get out of life what we put into it. If we want happiness, we must first learn to make others happy; if we want love and kindness, we must first give our devotion and affection.

—o—

Nothing can hurt us save only as we let it. Each failure brings us nearer to success if we but profit by our mistakes.

—o—

One man to another: "Is it true that you were brought up in a tough neighborhood?"

"Tough? Why a cat in our neighborhood with a tail was a tourist!"

—o—

You can trust a man who is considerate of older folks, who is kind to dumb animals, and whom children are eager to meet.

—o—

I lived more than half my life before I learned the value of silence under every attack, no matter how unfair. Retaliation gets nowhere. If one has been unjustly maligned, time will do more to rectify the error than issuing denials and far more effectively and convincing. One has only to wait.

—o—

Keep your heart free from hate, your mind free from worry. Live simply; expect little, give much; fill your life with love; scatter sunshine. Forget yourself. Think of others and do as you would be done by.

—o—

As soon as it is definitely established that the thing is impossible, watch some fellow come along and do it.

—o—

Before flaring up at the faults of others, pause and count ten—OF YOUR OWN.

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

Strickland Is President Of Diboll Brotherhood

The Diboll Brotherhood, organized in 1938, is a nonsectarian organization designed to bring together the people of Diboll each month for a combined religious service, dinner, and general good fellowship get-together. The largest organization in the town, the Brotherhood has had attendance as high as 400 for a single meeting and has made great strides in promoting good will, friendship, and unity among the people.

The Brotherhood meets the second Thursday of each month at the community hall. A large dinner is always prepared, there is a devotional, plenty of good singing led by Wes Ashworth —who is also chief coffee maker—and programs of various kinds including guest speakers.

The purpose of the Brotherhood is to bring the people of Diboll closer together; to bring the membership of the various churches in closer contact with each other, and to create a general good neighborly feeling among our citizens who migh otherwise not have an opportunity to mix with each other regularly at such a wholesale gathering. It's regular attendance of from 200 to 400 men and women each month speaks for its success.

The president of the Brotherhood is Ed Strickland, H. A. Cruthurds is Vice President, Calvin Lawrence is Secretary and Treasurer, and W. W. Jackson is chairman of the hospitality committee. Wilbur Pate, our school superintendent, and Mrs. Pate play the piano at the songfests and during the dinner, while Wes Ashworth leads the singing.

President Strickland was elected to his office in the Brotherhood in 1939 and has been re-elected every year since. Ed came to Diboll from Pineland in July 1937 after having worked for Temple Lumber Company there and at Hemphill since 1924.

The career of Strickland began in 1907 on a farm in Sabine County where, for fourteen years, he turned over the good earth with his plow and a new leaf every Sunday morning. Hearing wild tales of fabulous sums of money being made by workers at a nearby sawmill—as much as $2.00 per day—Ed unhitched his mule, hung up the harness, put on his shoes and appeared at the Watson-Jeans mill in search of employment. He was hired at $1.00 per day. That was in the year 1921.

After one year the Watson-Jeans mill shut down and Ed started to work for Temple Lumber Company at Hemphill. In 1926 he says he was making $2.50 per day and thought he was about the most well fixed man in Sabine County with money in every pocket, a little hid out here and there in tin cans, and thirty or forty dollars in the bank.

In Orange, Texas, one day—wearing a white hat so big that it would make a Tom Hart special look like a beanie —Ed met Janie Elizabeth Humble, his future wife. She lived in Jena, Louisiana, and was in Orange on a visit. Strickland knew that for the first and last time he was deeply in love, so he rushed back to Hemphill, dug up all his money, withdrew his bank deposits, promoted a little credit, then returned to Orange in a T-Model Ford with his hat pulled down over his ears, a look of determination on his face, and romance in his heart. He found her and they set the date.

Word reached Ed, however, that her father was not at all impressed with the handsome lad in the ten-gallon Stetson and the Tin-Lizzie Ford. In fact, the folks simply said "No" and



ED STRICKLAND

that was that.

Strickland, being no man to be defeated without a struggle, decided on a drastic course of action. He'd go to Jena and kidnap her!

Jena, Louisiana, is 200 miles from Hemphill as the crow flies and 300 as the T-Model, in those days, had to wind around on strictly unpredictable roads. But Strickland set sail. Arriving at Jena before daylight on the 29th day of January, 1929, he rattled up to an all-night cafe shivering with cold, fright, and the effects of the long ride in his steaming automobile that so miraculously had made the trip with only six flats and one broken spring.

Ed was a total stranger in Jena except at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Humble. And there he was unexpected, uninvited, unwanted, and underestimated—that is, by all save one.

Never having kidnapped anybody before, Strickland had to think fast and think straight. First he hired one of the local youngsters—a paper delivery boy—to go to the Humble residence, tap gently on a certain window, and inform his fiancee that Romeo had arrived, was waiting downtown with the Justice of the Peace. Sure enough she managed to slip out of the house undetected. Two witnesses were "employed" according to Ed, the clerk of the Parrish was sent for and arrived, the license was issued and the marriage performed. Hurriedly paying everybody a fee for services performed, the newlyweds took off through the early morning mists with a wide-open cut-out, five gallons of gas, and high hopes for the future. The kidnapping was a success—and life ever after has been a happy one for them both.

Ed Strickland is now dry kiln foreman for Southern Pine Lumber Company with some twenty-five men under his supervision. He has, in addition to that responsible job, a wide variety of other duties including the maintenance of roads in Diboll, the sale and delivery of firewood, care and operation of wagons and trucks used in the town, the stacking of all little mill lumber brought into the dock, and many others. A saying of long standing in Diboll is: "If you can't think who to call to do a certain job—if you can't decide just what department is supposed to handle it—quit worrying about it and get Ed Strickland". And that's exactly the way it is, too.

Ed and Janie Strickland have four children—Dorothy Jane, 20; Eddie Mae, 18, who is married to Vernon Burkhalter; Mary Lou, 15, and James Edward, 13. Ed is a member of the Lions Club, President of the Brotherhood, Chief of the Diboll Fire Department, and one of our most active citizens in all kinds of church and charity work. In fact, Ed is always right on hand for anything that comes under the head of community betterment. He's a valuable employee to the company, he's a valuable citizen to our town. And he's one of the best all-around good fellows you'll ever meet anywhere.

In fact, Ed Strickland is just hard to beat anyway you take him.

—o—

YOUR JOB . . .

Ask any successful man the reason for his making good and nineteen out of twenty times the answer will be: "Because I like my work."

Every man SHOULD like his work. clothes and feeds his wife and children, pays the rent, and provides them with the wherewithal to enjoy the better things of life. A man's job is like a garden. Properly attended to, properly loved, it will someday flower into more worthwhile things for him to provide for his family and enjoy for himself.. A man who hates his work will neglect it, will shun it, will pospone doing the little daily things he must do to maintain efficiency.

Of course many of us may be working at a job that seems to us not the easiest in the world, or not one under the most perfect working conditions by reason of weather or dust or whatnot. But whatever we are doing, if we do it better than the next fellow; if we put everything we've got into it—however humble the work may be—it is inevitable that our efforts will be recognized and rewarded in one way or another. And an yman recognized as the best—whether it's the truck driver, the best lumber stacker, the best salesman, or the best sawyer—will necessarily be a man who likes his job; a man with rightful pride in being the best in his line.

A man should look upon his job as something possessed—something that is his own. And he should treat it with the same attention, the same care, the same love that he bestows upon other valued and cherished things that are his and his alone. That is the way any man worth his salt ought to do if he wants to make his work what it should be and make of himself what he wants to be.

—o—

The 1947 Lost- Time Accident Scoreboard

Devereaux, Construction	1
Jackson, Dwellings	3
Hall, Electrical	NONE
Estes, Motor Equipment	NONE
Ballinger, Hardwood Yd.	NONE
Strickland, Peckerwood Lumber etc,,	3
Hickman, Lath Mill	3
Wells, Woods Crews (all crews)	29
Ramsey, Lumber Loading	3
Porter, Shops	1
Hamner, Mills one and two	11
Broker, Pine Yard	4
Purdy, Planer	3
Allen, Ponds	NONE
Quarles, Power Plant	NONE
Ed Smith, Repair Crew	NONE
Goins, Send-In	NONE
Drew, Store	NONE
Nelson, Timber and Land	NONE
Lawrence, Watchmen	NONE
T. S. E. Railroad	NONE
Temple-White	1
TOTAL	62 Lost-Time Accidents.

Defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it.

"Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and cannot be persuaded to to say it."

Remember any second spent today looking at yesterday is wasted energy. From Lot's wife on we have had pillars of salt unable to move because of the backward glance. Life is progress. Ever on! Today has a goal. Achieve the best and move forward.

Know Your Teachers

WILBUR PATE, Superintendent of the Diboll Schools, came here in 1941 from San Augustine county where he was superintendent of the Consolidated Schools at Massey. He attended high school at Bronson in Sabine County, then attended Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville. From there he went to The Southern Louisiana Institute at Layfatte and completed his college work at Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College at Nacogdoches. He has a Bachelor of Science and a Master of Arts degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Pate have one child—Billy Frank, age 6. Superintendent Pate demonstrated his ability as a hunter on Thanksgiving day by bringing in a buck which he killed in Jasper county—a four pointer. He is also an alleged fisherman.

ROBERT T. RAMSEY is principal of Diboll High School. He came here this year from Shelby County after having attended East Texas Baptist College and Stephen F. Austin—where, in both colleges, he was a star athlete in both basketball and football. He organized Diboll's first eleven-man football team this year, played two games, won them both. Now he is working on the organization of a conference of East Texas High School teams in this area who never before had eleven-man teams. Among other teams expected to be represented will be Corrigan, Groveton, Chester, Lovelady and probably one or two more.

Ramsey is a noted singer, having appeared on KSFA with three brothers in a quartet specializing in old convention songs with our Ramsey singing tenor. He has a Bachelor of Science degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey have two children—Bobbie and Nita.

MRS. BEATRICE BURKHALTER is principal of the Diboll grade school. Beatrice is a native of Diboll, the daughter of the late W. A. Coan who was an employee of Southern Pine Lumber Company many years. She attended Stephen F. Austin College, has a Bachelor of Arts degree and is now working on her Masters.

Beatrice graduated from Diboll High School in 1922 in the FIRST graduating class at Diboll High and the first year the eleventh grade was included. In the class with her were Cleo Agee, Marcelle Stegall, Myrtle Copeland, Beatrice Jones, Franklin Farrington, Ed Burris, and Herbert Stegall, or a total of eight students. 1922, incidentally, was the year Diboll High became a first class affiliated school.

CLAUDE A. McCLOUD teaches vocational agriculture, chemistry, and biology. He came to Diboll from Wills Point, Texas, in 1946, and was originally from Grapeland in Houston County. McCloud is a duck hunter of great renown and a fisherman of no consequence, being unable, he says, to catch them, try as he may. He has a Bachelor of Science and a Master of Arts degree, having attended Sam Houston State Teachers College at Huntsville and Texas A. & M. College at College Station. He and his wife, Valera, have three chidlren—Norman, age 7, Margaret, age 5, and Janis, 3.

MRS. MARY JANE CHRISTIAN, teacher in our third grade, attended Stephen F. Austin College in Nacogdoches and has a Bachelor of Science degree. The daughter of Thompson Broker of Diboll, Mary Jane is married to Frank Christian who is a master sergeant in the U. S. Army and stationed in Hawaii (She's expecting him home any day now, incidentally).

—o—

A man applying for a job at a factory had to fill out an application form. When he came to the question "Who is to be notified in case of an accident", he answered: "Anybody in sight".