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The BUZZ SAW



HENRY G. TEMPLE — 1885-1948

The Long Leaf Pine

Trim and graceful stands the tall marshal of the forest legion. A mien of majestic melancholy suggests his disdain for the superficial things of life. The rustle of his flowing plumage foretells the approaching storm and under its mighty onslaughts he sways and totters and springs back to the combat, joyously defiant, gloriously triumphant.

When the calm comes he draws under his protecting armor weary beast and bird and perhaps a luckless man and soothes their troubled spirits with his soft, soughing song.

In summer he conserves the moisture and keeps flowing crystal-clear streams which cool parched throats and start the mockingbird's interminable warble of his Schubert-Mozart-Titl serenade. In drab winter his rich green foliage delights the eye, whitens the spark of hope and gives promise of eternal life.

His gray cone spearheads make happy little children and his gnarled and twisted sinews bring heat and light and cheer to the hearthstones of many a lonely cabin.

He gives of his life's blood to soften the painter's brush and to relieve human suffering. His marrow adds beauty to man-made things and makes the violin vibrate under the impulse of the sweetest melodies.

His great strong heart goes out for the protection of mankind from the fury of the elements, to carry the crushing traffic of the busy world, to support myriad wires which take energy and communication to every corner of the land, to be cut and shaped to serve in countless ways.

In return for all he gives he takes meager toll from the bosom of the earth but gets his principal sustenance from the air. Even for this he pays by giving a rare perfume.

At last, his knotted joints and the stump of his splendid torso remain enduring markers of the spot where a beautiful and useful life was spent, monuments to unselfishness, pyramids of consolation to those who pass through this world giving more than they receive.

The lines above, written by E. C. Durham, were inspired by the life of Henry G. Temple.

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MR. TEMPLE SUCCUMBS

Beloved Vice-President and General Manager Succumbs At 5:15 P. M. Following Cerebral Hemorrhage Suffered At 8 o'Clock This A. M.

Diboll Services Slated For 9 A. M. Saturday; Final Rites to Be Held At Texarkana At 4 P. M.

The sudden death at 5:15 p. m. today of Mr. Henry G. Temple was a stunning blow, indeed, to the stout hearts of two of the largest sawmill towns in Texas.

The very warp and woof of the throbbing lives of Diboll and Pineland was woven inextricably around the sturdy stature of the man beloved by white and colored alike. From the lowliest hands in the mill to the highest executives in the industry, Henry Temple symbolized strength, patience and understanding.

Grief that comes only with the cruellest stings of Fate was reflected in saddened faces throughout the length and breadth of the combined operations of Southern Pine and Temple Lumber companies. As word of his passing sped from mill and woods to retail yards, sales offices and other branches of the organization, no one who knew him failed to bow his head in tribute to the memory of the beloved leader who devoted his life to a program of bettering the lot of his fellowman.

Always active in civic affairs, Mr. Temple was most generous in his full support of every worthy cause. Numerous community projects at Diboll and Pineland bear testimony to his generosity and his devotion to the people he loved and worked for.

As "Mr. Henry" would have wanted it, transportation has been arranged for colored employees who desire to attend the final rites in Texarkana. A section of the church will likewise be reserved for them.

Mr. Temple's death was preceded by a cerebral hemorrhage at 8 a. m. at his residence as he was preparing to go to his office.

He was born October 18, 1885, at Tappahannock, Virginia. Son of the late John Newton and Alice Temple, he spent his boyhood days at the family home on the banks of the Rappahannock river.

A graduate of Episcopal high school, Alexandria, Virginia, he attended Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia. He was active in athletics, particularly baseball and tennis, at both schools. He was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity.

Shortly after leaving the university he was married to Miss Lucy Anderton, daughter of a prominent Tappahannock family.

In 1906, when he was 21 years of age, they moved to Diboll where Mr. Temple went to work on the car line, pushing lumber dollies. He served as a clerk in the company commissary before returning to the plant where he worked on the timber docks. From the docks he was advanced to the shipping office where he remained until 1917, at which time he went to Pineland as plant manager.

In 1938, he returned to Diboll as vice president and general manager of both Southern Pine and Temple Lumber companies, a position he held until the time of his death.

Funeral services will be held at the Temple home, Diboll, at 9 a. m. Saturday, with the Rt. Rev. Clinton S. Quin, Bishop of the Diocese of the Texas Episcopal church, officiating. The funeral cortege will then proceed to Texarkana where rites will be held at 4 p. m. at St. James Episcopal church. The Rev. Morris Elliott, rector of St. Cyprians Episcopal church, Lufkin, of which Mr. Temple was a member, and Rev. T. H. Carson will be in charge.

Interment will be in the Rose Hill cemetery at Texarkana.

Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Lucy Anderton Temple of Diboll; one son, Henry Gresham Temple, Jr., Diboll; two daughters, Mrs. Malcolm Durham, Lufkin, and Mrs. Francis Streit, Naccgodoches; one brother, C. N. Temple of Texarkana, and four grandchildren, Henry Temple III, Mary Lou Durham, John Newton Temple and Temple Streit.

Active pallbearers will be J. E. Strickland, Lee Estes, G. E. Smith, B. F. Hines, E. G. Prud'homme, M. A. Sloan, Tom Hart and Clyde Thompson.

Honorary pallbearers are S. F. Styles, Bill Hinkle, D. G. McNair, G. M. Lee, George Beals, Josh Morris, Dr. J. R. Dale, Dr. J. C. Clement, Charles Poole, Allan Mann, Sherwood Burch, R. A. Damrel, Raymond Martin, Dell Scoggins, Calvin Lawrence, J. J. Pollard, Frank Smith, Dave Kenley, W. W. Jackson, E. A. Farley, Harry Walker, Kirk Drew, Aden Vaughn, D. D. Devereaux, E. C. Durham, Wilbur Fogg, Shirley Daniels, Jay Boren, Edwin Durham, Jr., C. A. Jordan, Herb White, Harlan White, Jake Durham, Al Cudlipp, C. M. Russell, Martin Dies, J. J. Collins, Paul Durham, Ernest Kurth, Dave Thompson, Will Steele, Stuart Wilson, Harry Seigel, R. E. Minton, and J. M. Barr.

The entire citizenries of Diboll and Pineland join a host of friends throughout the South in extending heartfelt sympathy to the Temple family in their hour of sorrow.

(Editor's Note: News of Mr. Temple's death came just at press time and we, like others, are stunned; we extend apologies for any errors and omissions in this isssue of The Buzz Saw).

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall die.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant have blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—WILLIAM KNOX

The above poem was one of Mr. Henry Temple's favorites, and hung on the walls of his office for many, many years.

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Around the Town With Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

The H. G. Temple Annual Invitational Basketball Tournament went over in a big way. Our visiting colleagues call our tournament "The Diboll State Tournament". There were twenty boys' teams present and twenty girls' teams.

The teams participating were Jasper, Newton, Pineland, Brookeland, Zavalla, Colmesneil, Woodville, Chester, Corrigan, Camden, Leggett, Livingston, Cold Spring, Cleveland, Groveton, Nigton, Alto, Forest and several others.

Diboll is centrally located, boasts of wholesome hospitality, a friendly democratic town with understanding and sympathetic officials and inhabitants. Therefore it is a pleasure to our neighboring schools to come and participate in our Tournament. Diboll, as a town, has gained publicity thru our basketball teams, contact with other schools, and people just enjoy coming to Diboll. They feel that they are welcome to our town at large.

Four beautiful trophies were given the winners and runner-ups. Camden boys were first place winners and Brookeland boys runner-ups. Brookeland girls were first place winners and Cold Spring girls were runner-ups.

E. R. Lee, a Prairie View graduate, and efficient teacher of agriculture was our "referee". He did the job well and though there were around three hundred visiting players and coaches here, none left dissatisfied.

The Diboll Tigers started off with plenty vigor and smart play defeated Zavalla, Wells and Alto but bowed in defeat to Brookeland. The Tigerettes were defeated by Camden. The Tigers still have a good record—having lost four games out of twenty-eight. We want some of the trophies that Camden is winning, boys!

Joe Mae Williams, Martha Cosey, Herbert (Diboll) Allen, T. J. Wortham and Henry C. Rollins were home for the Tournament. These are our College Students.

The faculty, student body and patrons of Temple High School wish to express sincere thanks to Southern Pine Lumber Company and all concerned for making it possible for our tournament to go on regardless of weather. Other negro schools are able to boast of being able to carry on regardless of weather. We are glad to be able to boast of same.

Our funds raised at the tournament were used to buy both boys and girls white tackle-twill basketball suits and award jackets for eleven deserving Tigers. We took in $677.00 and after all expenses were paid we were able to pay for our suits. Again, thanks to all who helped to make our tournament the biggest and most successful in Texas.

Ruby L. Simmons, a local teacher, was fortunate in raising her hundred dollar quota for the school. She invited the Touring Singing Convention here and raised her money in one afternoon. Hats off to her and to the Singing Convention! She wishes to express her gratitude to those people who made it possible for her to reach her quota.

L. M. Simmons, E. J. Rucker and A. C. Henderson sonsored a Musicale at Perry Chapel C. M. E. Church, Sunday, and raised $54.40. They, too, thank the friends who gave them their assistance.

Yours truly is lagging behind in the hundred dollar drive. Won't someone please come to my rescue? E. A. Gilbert is about to get her quota by selling "Cracker Jacks". Do we eat Cracker-Jacks? Everyday! Inez Sibley caters to her second and third graders for her finance and is doing alright for herself. They have run races (foot), as well as sponsored contests. Depend upon the small children—they always carry the banner.

Yours truly has a home room bunch (12th grade) who like the "Booby" prize. We are going to get a new start and try again.

Inez Sibley is sponsoring a Musicale at Perry Chapel on the second Sunday in March. Everyone is invited to attend.

Josie Willis has been seriously ill but has improved nicely. Walter Allen is also on the improving list. Malissa Randolph, Reverend Phipps and Lillie Mae Clark are all home from the hospital and doing nicely. Quite a few "flu" cases, none serious. Little Maurice Jones is better.

Dewey Phillips, a Southern Pine employee, died suddenly and was buried here. His sons, Finis and J. V., are ex-Temple students. Dewey Phillips seemed to have been of a quiet nature and well liked in the community. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge.

Jodie Rodgers is doing substitute teaching at Nigton and enjoying the role of classroom teacher.

Sgt. Hartie McBride moved his wife, Lessie, and daughter to Alabama, where he is stationed in the Army.

W. D. Smith and Ralph Greene, sons of Mattie Smith, were here for the funeral of Dewey Phillips.

Robert Lewis and family of Oakwood, Texas, visited his parents, Ben and Bertha Thomas, recently.

Richard Moody, teacher at Texas College, and wife, teacher at Tyler High School, visited in the home of C. O. Bradley and wife (yours truly). Several visiting teachers: John Ledbetter and wife, Euretta Bradley and the Moodies were visitors of the Bradleys during the tournament.

Levira Randolph, wife of Fred Randolph, Jr., is attending school in Prairie View.

Of all the fishermen in Diboll—Aldine Bivens is the worst. She fishes days without the consolation of a "nibble". She has patience, she goes and goes and goes.

The P. T. A. seems to be getting along nicely. We hope the day will soon come when the teachers and parents will be able to help delinquent children in our community.

Our teams go to the District Tournament to be held in the Chester Gymnasium for colored, Saturday. Our boys claim that they will put Camden in second place. We have our fingers crossed.

———o———

Life is change and change is progress. Forget the past. Profit by the experience and let today's success be a new step toward your goal.

———o———

A young man hopes for the best. When he gets a little older he just tries to avoid the worst.

———o———

There are two kinds of men who never amount to much: Those who cannot do what they are told, and those who can do nothing else.

GET READY FOR FREDDIE . . .

Diboll played as one of the guest basketball teams in a tournament at Camden, Texas, on February 7th and went into the finals before being eliminated. On February 14th, playing as host to FORTY teams in a big tournament in Diboll, Coach Bradley's club had the skids put under them again in the semi-finals. Some had already started calling them "The Semi-Final Five" as a result of so many "almost" wins. However, they forget that Diboll has already won two big tournaments this year—being the top team in both—so let's not be too hasty in saying anything about them losing out in the last round in the two tournaments this month. They have made a fine record and there is no doubt but what the team is one of the most outstanding teams in this entire section of Texas. Coach Bradley really deserves a big hand from us all—and so do the players who, against such odds, have come out either on top or very near the top in every instance.

The basketball tournament held here in Diboll on February 14th was one of the biggest events ever staged by our school. Forty teams were represented and we played at the white gym as it was too muddy to play on our ground court. The various teams started arriving in town around 9:00 A. M. There were teams from many counties of East Texas—Angelina, Jasper, Polk, Trinity, Liberty, Cherokee, Sabine, and Tyler—and they came with all their respective supporters in a big way.

There are just two routes into Diboll—from the North and from the South—and both were crowded the day of the tournament. When you did not see a bus load coming from one direction you could see two from the other and sometimes they were coming in from both directions at the same time. They came in droves; they came by car, by train, by truck, by bus, and a few rode in on horseback. Several walked. And some who came in one way went out the other because they found out that though there are just two ways INTO Diboll, there might be several ways OUT. And more than one got home a day late and $15.75 short. But all in all everybody enjoyed it immensely.

The referee jumped the first ball to start things off at One P. M. on Saturday the 14th. They played and played—and at 1:30 A. M. Sunday Morning, February 15th, they were still playing. Though the teams were playing IN, the spectators at 1:30 A. M. were playing OUT, so finally the last whistle blew, as did the crowd, and the tournament was through. Coach Bradley said that some of the teams arrived late and that accounted for games in the wee hours of the morning.

The Diboll boys put the bee on Alto, Zavalla, and Wells in succession. Then Brookland came in and Diboll skidded (Semi-finals) to a grinding stop. The girls had retired about four hours earlier. In fact, when yours truly got to the gym about six P. M. they had already had the old twilight lullaby sung to them and they were finished. The coach says that the girl's team had rough sledding this year simply because it was a "new" team; that is, most of them were playing their first year as regulars and lacked experience. In other words, like all the girls nowadays in the new look, they just didn't show much.

In the semi-final game with Brookland, the boys didn't show too much either. On one occasion a Brookland ball handler feinted a Diboll player dizzy, and while several members of both teams were up at one end of the court fighting for possession of the ball, this Diboll player (Guard) was standing all alone at the other end holding up his arms as if to say "Search me". It looked like he didn't know where the rest of the boys on the court had gone.

On several occasions some of the Diboll players seemed to be on the wrong side. They would throw the ball into the hands of a Brookland player and stand amazed at what almost invariably happened next—field goal for the opposition. I'm not saying our boys were asleep but several spectators asked them at the half if they wanted pillows.

But that's all water under the bridge now. They went a long way toward



FREDDIE

the top in the tournament and defeated three good teams before falling by the wayside. They just had a lapse of ability in the last game and that was that.

The Thursday night following the tournament Diboll worked Colmesneil over to a fare-thee-well 44 to 26 here at Diboll on our outside court. At this writing their overall average for the season is above .750 and that isn't anything to be ashamed of in anybody's league.

The winner of the big February 14th tournament was Camden's boys team and the Brookland girls. Chester and Groveton brought fine teams that showed a lot of flash on the waxed boards as did Jasper and Cleveland. Zavalla and Wells looked like they just didn't want to stay up late—and they certainly didn't, getting bounced at the beginning. The only thing about those two teams that made a showing was their bright uniforms.

H. G. Temple High School came out of the tournament with a touch of the blues, but they didn't come out in the red by any means because the gym was packed solid. Every seat was taken and a lot of spectators had to stand around the sides of the court. So many were there, in fact, that when the ball went out of bounds and a player was about to throw it back in, he'd have to push and shove the onlookers back in order to have enough room to swing his arm. People were sitting, standing, hanging to anything they could hang on, and kneeling. There might have been room for one more but he would have had to be mighty thin or he'd never have made it and been able to breathe. The players from the various teams—forty teams in all—were all crowded around the sides of the court and the spectators were everywhere else, even up on the stage. The gym is a very fine and spacious building but with that crowd in it it didn't look any bigger than a 36 foot box car loaded with ten and twelve foot lumber.

At the big affair they had plenty of eats—everything from a pickle sandwich to sliced chicken. In addition, there was a wide variety of soft drinks inside and—or so I was told—an even

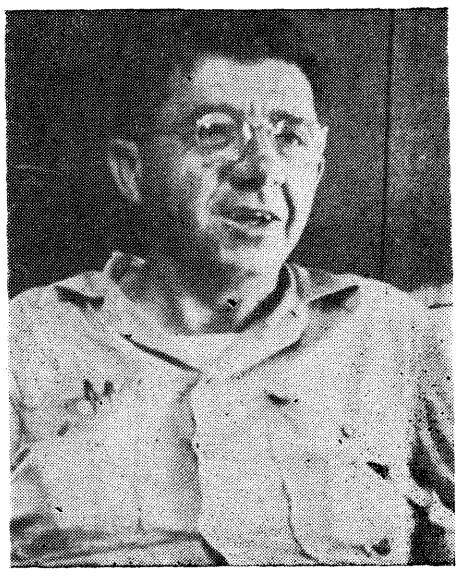
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Johnson's Rat Tales

Well, spring is just around the corner and as usual this time of year everybody is anxious to get their garden started. We all know that it takes a good deal of "know how" to raise a fine garden, and we also know that it takes plenty of plain old hard work. I won't go into detail on just how to do it, what to plant, and so forth, but I can give you some very expert advice on one point that may mean the difference between your having a first class garden or none—and it could save you being knocked out with a hoe handle.

The advice is simply this; Work



By GEORGE (RAT) JOHNSON

your garden ALONE if you can, and if your wife insists on helping, let her work it in the mornings and you work it after you get off at five o'clock. DON'T work it together. The reason for this gem of a tip is that if you work together you'll sooner or later end up in an argument about who is lagging behind, who isn't doing it right, or any one of a thousand arguments about something else—and the result will, or could easily be, disastrous not only to your garden but to yourself. So be a lone wolf.

After the gardening—which in itself is hard labor if you really take care of it as it should be taken care of—comes the canning and this is no cinch either. But, like anything else you put enough effort in, the results can save you plenty of money. In fact, in this time of high prices a garden is almost a necessity to everybody. And now is the time to plant it—as soon as the ground dries up. (Most people say plant on February 14th because on that date all the signs are just right. This past February 14th the signs were O. K. with one exception— you couldn't see them for the pouring rain).

Clyde Thompson has one of the most unique methods of gardening to be observed anywhere. He plants his, then forgets about it and lets nature take her course. And nature always does—with the results being the biggest weed and grass crop in town. But Clyde is not usually concerned about that at all. He simply hires somebody to get in the patch and try to locate something in way of vegetables and thereby salvages what he can.

There is another school of thought on the business of raising home crops —the flower school. Some people really beautify their yards; others simply plant every inch of available space in all sorts of bushes, flowers, etc., with the result being a young jungle where newspapers are thrown by the delivery boy and never found, passageways blocked, and with the whole thing getting completely out of hand. Properly done, however, flower planting is one of the finest of all things for many reasons. First, they make your home and surrounding grounds much more attractive—and this year, with a beautification program to be followed throughout Diboll, it will contribute toward the town-wide drive for more and prettier yards.

One citizen of Diboll who was once quite a hand at working in his yard has given it up for good. D. D. Devereaux, according to one of his neighbors, was mowing his lawn last year when a stranger came up to his fence and engaged him in a conversation about heart trouble. The stranger, or so the story goes, told Dred that more people kill themselves with a lawn mower than ANY OTHER WAY because it put such an unusual strain on the heart. Dred appeared not to be paying any attention to the fellow and went on around his house mowing grass. However, when he circled back and saw the stranger had departed he ran the mower in the shed and until this day has not touched it again. He says he has just been too busy to mow it, but we heard that the stranger—just before walking away—told Dred in a very pessimistic tone of voice that he hoped he'd see him again but he doubted it seriously if Dred, at his age, persisted in that type physical effort and that Dred decided the man MIGHT accidentally be right.

The main topic of conversation around Diboll at present writing is baseball. I understand that Paul Hogue will be the new manager and apparently several others have heard the same thing. At least I noticed that "Home Run" Poland of the planer worked for Paul all during the time Mr. Purdy had them shut down over there, and he may have been doing it free gratis. Anyway, Ray Rector told Poland that catering to Paul would be the only way he'd ever make the team. Ray himself must not be too sure because a day or so later I saw HIM working for Paul, too, and asked him if he, too, wasn't a little concerned over his chances for the first string. But be this as it may, Paul has been doing a whale of a business in his laundry lately—since the word spread that he would run the team—and the increase has been almost entirely MEN'S clothes.

Raymond Martin talks a very strong game of baseball and will again be business manager of the Diboll nine—or so I have been reliably informed.

One bunch in Diboll especially anxious for good spring weather to finally arrive consists of Harold Turner, N. B. Hall, Bill Jones, Ray Rector, Foster Davis, Ollie Johnson, Dopie Morgan, Hayden Weeks, Herb White, A. R. Weber, and Collis Ryan. These are about the most ardent outboard motor and fishermen in town. Big sportsmen. Of course Herb White is probably the MOST ardent of them all. One of his main lines of conversation concerns outboard motors and which make is the best. Year before last he said the best was an Evinrude—and it so happened that Herb sold that particular kind. Last year it was the Martin—and sure enough it developed that you could buy a Martin from Herb if you just had to have it. This year there's not a finer outboard motor in the world than the Mercury—and true to form Herb is selling the Mercury.

All the fishing experts here will tell you that the best "catfishing" bait of all is P. & G. soap. Dell Scoggins knew that and he thought everybody else did. But he found out that Walter Broker didn't know what to use so he decided to "rib" him up to try irish potatoes on his trot line. Walter, as we all know, is an honest man—and so honest that he thinks everybody else is, not only in ordinary dealings, but also in what they happen to say.

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Hot Off the Handle

Before writing this piece I suppose I should apologize because it'll be some horn-tooting for the paint department personnel—and I'm in the paint department. Anyway, the girls working in this part of the plant really deserve a lot of credit. They don't have the most comfortable place in the plant by any means, especially during the summer, because even with the temperature high outside, the steam is on inside— and then there is the odor of paint thinner hanging heavy in the air all the time to add one more bit of unpleasantness. But they stay on the job and do their work as efficiently, I believe, as any crew you could find anywhere in anybody's plant. In other words, this crew is really tops.

One member of our department—Edna Mangrum—is on the sick list. We wish her a speedy recovery because everybody misses her.

Dick Hendrick deserves lots of credit for the excellent way he handles the men who work under his supervision. They do a fine job and all of them—including Dick—set a mighty good example of staying right on the ball ALL the time.

In the past we used to give away rubber gaskets to boys in the "slingshot" age brackets. Then we had to discontinue the practice because we were afraid some of them would get hurt while walking around in the plant. Some still come by to ask for these gaskets and now we want to call on all parents to warn them NOT to do so for two good reasons: One, their presence around the machines is definitely dangerous to them, and two, their visit will be a "water haul" simply because there are no rubber gaskets available for them. So please tell them not to come over here any more in the interest of their OWN safety.

In our grading department we have a stockman who some day might develop his cattle business into something equalling the King Ranch. T. J. Leggett is the part-time rancher we are referring to—and he really has had some fine cattle during the past few years from which he has made good cash returns. Every Sunday afternoon T. J. holds an impromptu rodeo in his own private arena and it is my understanding that he is the champion bull rider on these occasions. The arena is in back of his home and is the place where T. J. spends lots of his time when he isn't working. In some other issue of the BUZZ SAW we may be able to have some action pictures of the old cowhand in the saddle—or riding one of his prize bulls.

The Hot Stove League will be going strong from now on and this column will try to have the baseball news complete—schedules, box scores of games, etc. The boys are all oiling up their ball gloves and shoes in preparation for spring training. Lots of enthusiasm is already being shown and everything points to a Diboll Baseball club with plenty of pep. From all accounts we should have a first class amateur nine this year. Rumor has it that Paul (Bunny) Hogue will be the manager and if he is we can boast of having the MOST manager of any club in Texas, and no doubt a good one. Anybody who aspires to play on the club should start warming up the old arm and getting into shape. We should have plenty of talent out this time and we want to get to work as soon as possible. Give Bunny your support and we'll have an A-1 ball club.

We extend our sincere congratula-



By FROSTY DAVIS

tions to Mary James who recently committed matrimony. She has been one of our mainstays at Temple-White for quite a long time and we hope we'll still have her with us from now on if she can possibly stay.

Lillie Roach is another member of the Buffing Department who deserves honorable mention. She has been on the job several years and has performed her duties in a most capable manner all the time. She is one of the most pleasant and agreeable people you'll meet anywhere, too, and everybody likes her, quite naturally. More power to you, Lillie—you are Ace High with us all!

—o—

The Secret Of Long Life . . .

Ask the nearest dietitian what he thinks about a steady diet of cheese and onions, coarse bread, milk and mild ale. That was the diet of Thomas Parr who lived to be 152 years of age. Parr lived a very gay bachelor life until 80 years of age but was finally subdued and captured by a persistent red-haired husband-hunter. Thomas was married to this strawberry blonde for 32 years and she bore him two children. However, Mr. Parr did not settle down completely. When he was 105 years old his wife caught him stepping out with a lively brunette named Catherine Milton. When his first wife died the old boy was in circulation for eight years but married again at the age of 120. When over 130 years and Parr was still doing a hard day's work in the fields. When the perennial Parr was 152 years of age his remarkable longevity aroused the interest of the king, who invited the old fellow to visit London. In London Parr was shown a very good time. But he went off his diet of cheese and onions, etc. The rich food he consumed was apparently too much for his digestive system, as he died shortly after. He is buried in Westminster Abbey. Don't forget to ask a dietitian what he thinks of Parr's diet. Or don't you want to live to be 152?

—By E. V. Durling

—o—

The great pleasure of owning a dog is that you may make a fool of yourself with him and not only will he not scold you, but he will make a fool of himself too.

—o—

The best way out of a difficulty is through it.

—o—

Many a rural romance started off with a gallon of corn and ended up with a full crib.

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Diboll Cub And Senior Scouts Plan Active Year

On January 1st, 1948, the Diboll Boy Scouts were reorganized under the leadership of Rev. C. J. S. Weimer, pastor of the Pine Grove Methodist Church. Rev. Weimer has had wide experience in scouting, having been scoutmaster at Geneva, Buna, and Onalaska for a total of sixteen years. Upon being appointed scoutmaster of the Diboll troup he immediately set about to clean up and repair the scouthouse, to put on a membership drive, to make plans for an active scouting program for Diboll—and his efforts are already showing results.

At the first meeting after the reorganization, twelve boys were present. Today the membership has risen to twenty-seven and is expected to reach at least forty within the next few weeks. The grounds around the scout house have been improved and the scout house itself—one of the best in this section, incidentally—has gotten some much needed repairs. By April 1st the scouts plan to have it in top shape in every respect.

Also included in the plans for the next sixty days is the building of a commando course in the woods near the scout house. This course will consist of scaling walls, narrow passageways, a stalking course, suspsended ladders, rope climb, Indian tracking course, and many others.

The scout house itself, built in 1945, is approximately 100 feet long and 40 feet wide and is a blockhouse type building ideally suited for the purpose. Located across the highway on the southeast side of Diboll, this scout house is an attraction within itself. It contains a museum in which various types of rock, stuffed animals, arrowheads, and many items of interest to the boy scout; a large assembly room with a petrified rock fireplace, walls finished in knotty pine and ten patrol rooms including one upstairs.

The new scoutmaster, Rev. Weimer, came to Diboll in 1947 from Timpson. He served there as District Commissioner of Scout work and became a member of the Order of the Arrow. In his Diboll Troup (No. 128) he now has the following roster of scouts:

Jack Walker, Assistant Scoutmaster.

Frank Smith, Jr., Junior Assistant Scoutmaster.

Douglas Minton, Senior Patrol Leader.

PANTHER PATROL: Carl Halsell, Patrol Leader; Bobby Hutson, James Patton, H. K. Quarles, James Holt, A. Tarbert, Charles Anthony.

EAGLE PATROL: Artis Clark, Patrol Leader; Bill Ferguson, Clinton Clark, Woodie Vaughn, Eugene Simms, Billy Ivey.

WOLF PATROL: Milford Ruby, Patrol Leader; Harold Small, Robert Landrum, Champ McAllister, Stoval White, Jesse Halsell, Troup Scribe; Henry Temple III, Troup Treasurer.

The Diboll Boy Scouts meet every Thursday night at 6:30 p. m. at the scout house. Everyone is urged to help in the membership drive and encourage boys between the ages of 12 and 15 to join in with Rev. Weimer and Troup 128. Scouting is not only beneficial to any boy, it is also something that is great fun, and under the able leadership of the new scoutmaster Troup 128 should be one of the best. In June the troup will go to Camp Tonkawa near Garrison for one week and between now and then on several overnight camping trips from Diboll.

The active support of every citizen of Diboll is needed to help us put over this great work and to make the Diboll Boy. Scout Troup go over the top in every way. If you know any Diboll boy between the ages of 12 and 15 who is not now in scouting, send Rev. Weimer his name, encourage him to join. The scouts need him—and he needs scouting! Let's get EVERY boy interested in this fine work. It will make Diboll a better community—and the boys who live here better citizens. And they'll have a swell time every minute of it!

———o———

A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None of us is so rich or mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor but that he can be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and it is nature's best antidote for trouble. It cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile so much as he who has no more to give.

Lefty Vaughn Cub Scout Leader

The Diboll Cub Scouts were reorganized on December 20, 1947, and now have a total membership of 29 under the leadership of Lefty Vaughn.

The cubs meet every Thursday afternoon at 4:00. Divided into two dens, they meet as follows: Den One at the home of Mrs. Frank Smith, den mother; Den Two at the home of Mrs. A. R. Weber, den mother of den two. In den one, Carmen Bonner is den chief with Clifford Lee Smith, denner. In den two, Frank Smith Junior is den chief and Fenley Vaughn, denner.

Cub Scouts study woodcraft, knots, animal and plant life, handcraft, and many other interesting subjects. They also have plays to demonstrate "good manners"—with a cub acting out the proper method of behavior under different situations. And they have lots of fun with it all.

Every two months there is a pack meeting of all the cubs in both dens where mutual problems are worked out. A constant drive is under way by Cubmaster Vaughn to increase the membership of the organization to at least 40 cubs and he urges everyone to give their assistance in encouraging boys 9 through 11 to join.

The month of March has been set aside for the study of handcraft. A kite building contest will be one of the main attractions and will be sponsored by the Diboll Lions Club who will offer prizes for the biggest kite, the prettiest, the highest flying, the most unusual, the smallest. This tournament will be held March 20th and most of the cubs are already busy constructing or planning their entries.

Parents are urged to attend the pack meetings so they may see first hand the fine work that is being done by the cub scouts. They are also urged to help us in our membership drive in order that everybody in Diboll between the ages of 9 and 12 will come into this great work.

———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———

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

———o———

Even the turtle can't do a thing until he sticks his neck out.

Diboll Church News

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

A Training Union Study Course will be held at First Baptist Church, March 14-19, under the leadership of two State Training Union workers, Misses Griffith and Miller. There will be a class for every age group from Beginners to Adults and everyone is cordially invited and urged to attend. The Church bus will run each night so let's all plan to attend and make this school the largest in the history of the First Baptist Church. Time of beginning each night will be announced later.

Watch the Church Bulletin for names of teachers of each class and book to be taught. Miss Miller will have charge of Elementary Department and we are hoping to keep the Rhythm Band, which she will organize while with us, active after our school has closed. Either the Pastor or Training Union Director will be happy to have some volunteers from our Church Membership for work in this Department.

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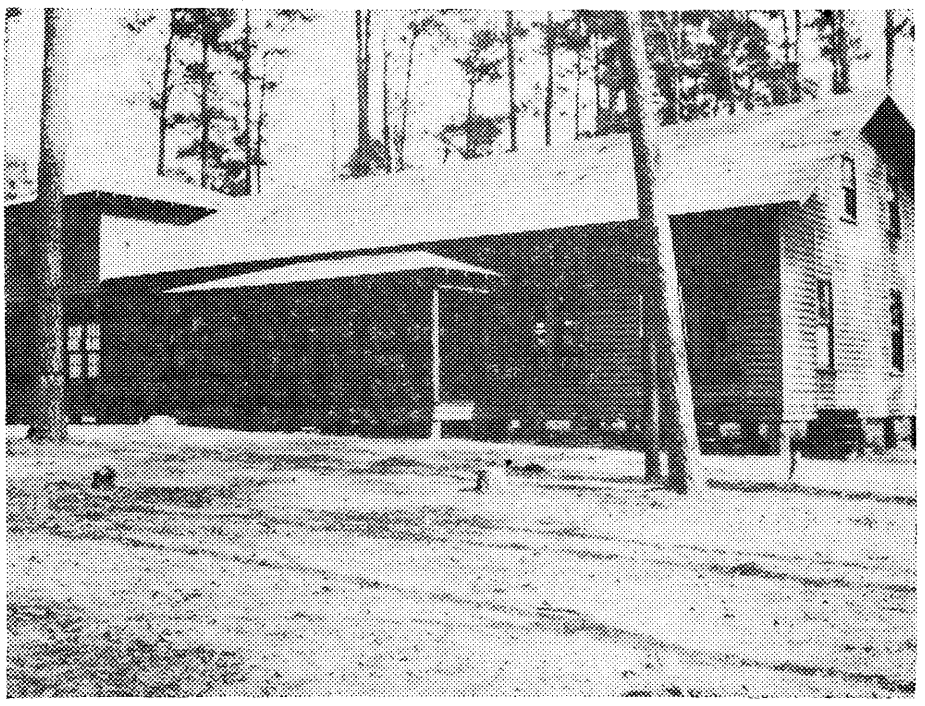
Youth Week will be observed in First Baptist Church by a Youth Revival, April 4-10, under the leadership of three students from the Seminary at Fort Worth—Warren Hultgreen, will be the speaker; Hollis Davis (who, by the way, is the son of one of our former Diboll girls, Ola Mae Berry Davis, sister of Mrs. Dick McKinney) will be in charge of music and his wife will be pianist. Rev. Davis is pastor at Davisville and is majoring in Bible and his wife in Music in their Seminary work.

The youth of our Church will serve in all offices of the Church during Youth Week and, while all offices have not yet been filled, the following have been elected: Pastor, Billie Brown; Church Treasurer, Lamar Lewis; Church Clerk, Evelyn Walker; Sunday School Superintendent, Robert Walters, and Training Union Director, Blant Ferguson.

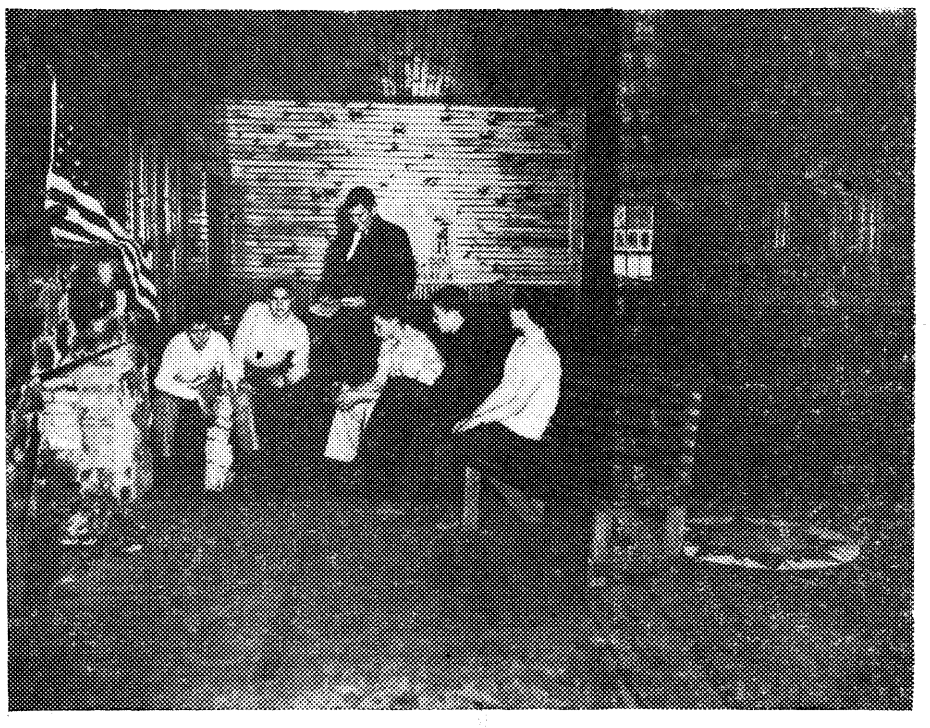
Let's back our Youth up in this week dedicated to all the youth of our Southern Baptist Convention for they will be the leaders of tomorrow in our churces, as well as civic affairs.

METHODIST CHURCH

Revival will begin March 7-14 at Methodist Church with Rev. G. R. (Bob) Thomas, Jr., of Garden Villas Methodist Church, Houston, Texas, as speaker. Schedule of services are: Sunday Morning, Church School at 9:45 a. m.; Worship Service at 11:00 a. m. Week Services, Morning at 9:30; Group Meetings at 7:10 p. m.; Worship Services at 7:30 p. m.



DIBOLL SCOUT HOUSE



SENIOR SCOUTS PATROL LEADERS MEETING

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Southern Pine Store Gets New Look

Ask practically any old "Sawdust Hand" to describe a typical commissary and the chances are he'll say it's a badly arranged, poorly lighted, out-of-date combination grocery, hardware, drug, and dry goods store—and a few other things—where they still have a buggy whip rack simply because nobody during the past thirty or forty years has ever thought to take it down.

Well, Diboll is a sawmill town. We, too, have always had a commissary. The first one was built soon after the plant was built—sometime after 1895—and a new one erected in 1922. The building—210 feet long and 60 feet deep—housed not only the commissary but several other places of business. For example, you could walk into the north end, get your mail at the Post Office, in the next room get your hair cut and a shave, step upstairs and be treated by the Doctor for whatever ailed you, come downstairs, and go next into the drug store where the usual things sold in a drug store were displayed—heavy equipment, watches, automobiles tires, and even medicine. Next to the drug store was the shop for ladies, then the men's department, the grocery store, then upstairs the hardware and furniture department. Then finally, at the other end of the place you came across the ice house and meat market. It was a small scale Sears and Roebuck without the catalogue.

Recall a few years and go into practically any of them though, and the picture was the same. There was a counter—we're in the grocery department now—and behind the counter, displayed on shelves, were the groceries, the canned goods, and the stubs of three or four abandoned cigars. To get any particular brand of anything you might want required (1) Exceptional eyesight, (2) extreme height (to lean over for a closer view), and (3) a deep faith in long shots because it was strictly a take-it-or-drive-twenty or thirty-miles-to-get-the-other-kind proposition. Then, too, every time you went in the place you passed those buggy whips. And the lighting—well, it was so bad that children were known to be lost for days and found only after a thorough search by flashlight bearers rattling paper sacks filled with lemon drops.

Southern Pine Lumber Company—in line with its program of permanance, perpetual operation, and a desire to afford its employees everything a little better than they could find in any other sawmill town—decided it was high time Diboll had a store that was up-to-date, attractive, convenient, and the equal in every respect of any to be found in East Texas, regardless of the size of the town.

And brother, we really got one that did all that and then some.

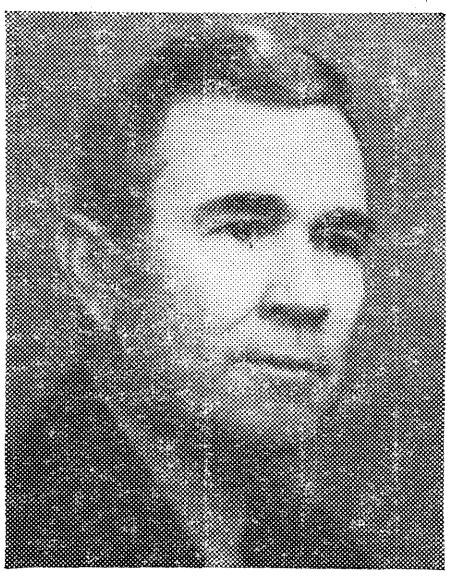
In the 90' x 60' super market, dry goods, and ladies furnishings department, for example, the walls are panelled with fir plywood, with the supporting posts finished in white oak of the finest grade selected from Southern Pine lands and especially manufactured at the mill for this purpose. Ceilings are of celetox, and throughout the various departments of the store fluorescent lighting gives the place an abundance of brightness. All fixtures in the various departments—market, grocery, men's furnishings, ladies department, drug store, hardware department, etc.—are new and of the latest designs. Everything in it is the very best.

To be sure that the new store combined as many ultra-modern features as possible, Kirk Drew and W. W. Jackson—store manager and town construction head respectively—inspected food markets, drug, hardware, and dry goods stores as far as Dallas. From their observations of the new look in arrangement and construction they formulated plans for Southern Pine's store in Diboll and work was started immediately. The meat market—beforehand in a separate part of the building—was combined with the grocery department, a mirrored vegetable counter thirty feet in length was installed as well as a large frozen foods department and modern gondola-type shelving to make the entire grocery section completely self-serving. New fixtures were installed in the dry goods department, the drug store was remodeled complete with new fountain, plywood paneling and with all show cases finished in golden oak. Upstairs over the super-market an extra-spacious furniture department was built and attractively finished. Everything from one end to the other, upstairs and down, was re-done, refurnished, and rearranged until it was the last word. Then Drew stocked the various departments with everything from Bouillion cubes to bedroom suites and we had our store. Personnel of the new Southern Pine Lumber Company store are as follows: Kirk Drew, Manager; Mrs. Fannie Farrington in charge of the dry goods department; H. A. Cruthurds, and Tom Nicar, market; W. P. Anderson, J. D. Burchfield, Lee Waltman, Nathan Edwards, and Homer Weisinger, grocery department; B. F. Hines, Van Davidson, Geneva Rector, and Vina Ola Talbert, Drug store; C. P. Willis, general supervisor of grocery and feed deliveries.

E. A. (Slim) Stephens was carpenter foreman throughout the entire construction project. In his crew were Jake Weisinger, P. V. McClelland, T. E. Lewis, E. E. Williams, and Charlie Otis. Painter foreman was Beater Glass who had in his crew H. H. Glass and G. A. Reed. Electrical foreman N. B. (None Better) Hall had Junior Cook and Ray Rector (The Gold Dust Twins), while Doyle Glass and Otis Thompson installed all plumbing fixtures. W. H. Greer and C. T. Hassell had the responsibility of the sprinkler system.

The above group of men did the entire store rebuilding and renovating job without a SINGLE ACCIDENT, though much of their work was extremely hazardous — removing the walls, ceilings, etc., and working on scaffolding. Our congratulations to them not only for a job WELL done, but a job SAFELY done!

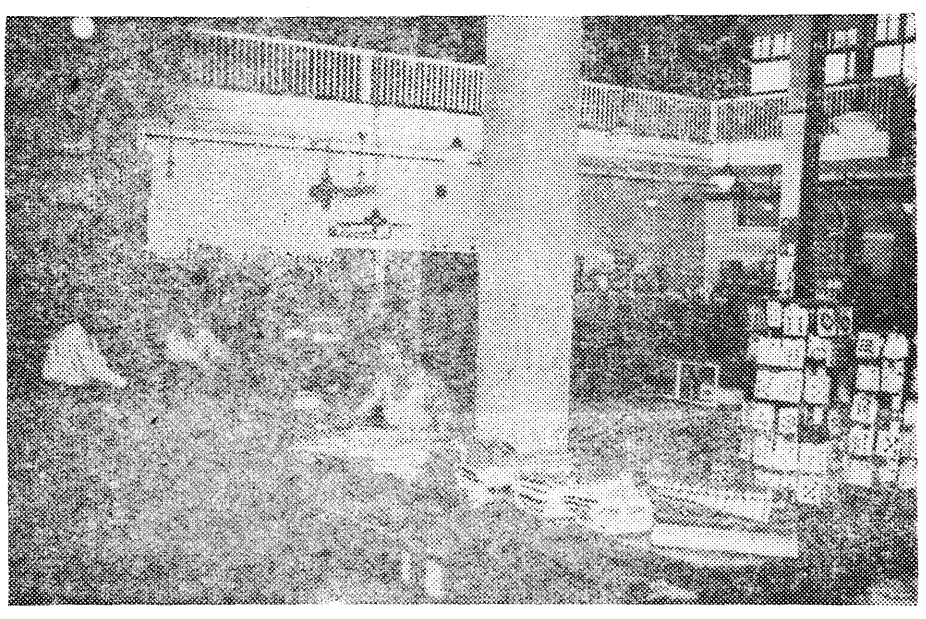
This new Southern Pine store is but another example of what a progressive and permanent lumber company can do as a step toward improving and moderninzing a community once considered living on borrowed time simply because it was a "sawmill town". It shows us that in Diboll we have many of the advantages, the conveniences of "big town" innovations not enjoyed by the people of many East Texas towns twice the size of ours—and as time goes by we'll have more and more.



K. A. DREW

K. A. Drew came to Diboll in 1923 from St. Louis where he travelled for the Elder Manufacturing Company. Back in 1910, however, he started working for Temple Lumber Company at Pineland in the store, left there, joined the U. S. Army Air Force in 1917 and was honorably discharged in 1918 while training as a flying cadet. At the age of thirty Drew took over the job as manager of the Kirby Lumber Company store at Bessmay, Texas, worked there for two years before going on the road for Elder Manufacturing Company.

Having become acquainted with W. P. Rutland—then the manager of both Diboll's and Pineland's stores—Drew decided he would like to get off the travelling job and settled down under his wing in one of the two places, Diboll preferred (Of course). So he wrote Mr. Rutland, asked for a job, and was hired to be assistant manager of the store here. In 1938 Mr. Rutland died and Drew took over the job as manager of the "main" store and also store Number Two.



THE STORE — BEFORE

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A group of G. I's were taking an entrance examination at a college where they intended enrolling. One question was: "Name two ancient sports". An ex-sergeant thought for a few minutes then wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra".

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

Former Dibollians

LES CHESTER worked for Southern Pine Lumber Company many years in the woods. He now lives at Texas City, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burris (She was the former Vera Williams of Diboll) also live at Texas City where J. C. works for the Monsanto Chemical Company.

JULIA AGEE CURRY lives in Galveston where she and her husband are in the novelty business. Julia is the daughter of W. H. Agee of Diboll.

JOSEPHINE RUTLAND FREDERICK lives at 441 Jefferson Avenue in Lufkin with her son Charles and her mother, Mrs. W. P. Rutland. Josephine teaches school.

Master Sgt. Maxey Arnold, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Arnold, is now stationed at Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico, where he has served for 5 years. Maxey graduated from Pineland High School in 1933 and enlisted in U. S. Army in 1937 and rose to the rank of Master Sgt. by 1940. His wife, former Miss Villa Mayfield of San Antonio, and daughter, Shirley Jeanette, age seven years, have been in Puerto Rica with him for the past two years.

Maxey, Jr. is due back in the States this Spring for discharge.

LESLIE CRUTHURDS, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Cruthurds, is a Captain in the U. S. Army Air Force and Commanding Officer of Flight "D", Fifth Rescue Squadron at Westover Field, Mass. His flight has participated in some of the most hazardous rescue work of any flying outfit in the Air Force and has operated in the arctic, the jungles, and at sea. Flying many types of aircraft including helicopters, Flight "D" has been cited officially for affecting many daring rescues from the ice fields of Greenland, from heavy seas in the Atlantic, and in many other places where airplanes and ships have called for help. Leslie married Mildred Barge of Lufkin. They have one child, Cynthia Ann, age one year.

FRED NELSON, JR., son of the late F. N. Nelson who was timekeeper for Southern Pine Lumber Company for 27 years, is Assistant Personnel Manager for the Lufkin Foundry and Machine Company at Lufkin. Fred graduated from Diboll High in 1941, started working immediately for the Lufkin Foundry then entered the service in 1942 (Navy), was overseas 22 months as a radio operator. In the January issue of the FOUNDRY ROUNDUP, a slick magazine published by his company, Fred had an excellent article entitled "The Man Who Wasn't There". In other words, in addition to his other talents, he's a scribe—and a sharp one at that.

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EXPERIENCE PROVES THAT

1. You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.
2. You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.
3. You cannot help small men by tearing down big men.
4. You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.
5. You cannot lift the wage earner by pulling the wage payer down.
6. You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.
7. You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.
8. You cannot establish sound security on borrowed money.
9. You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence.
10. You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.

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Everything comes to the man who hustles while he waits.

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The Buzz Saw

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

Know Your Teachers

By BEULAH GOINS

Mrs. May Lewis Green

She has been head of the Homemaking Department for four years. Great progress has been achieved under her leadership. At the present time there are fifty-three girls in the homemaking classes. Every semester at least one hundred garments are made, besides all the other phases of homemaking that are studied. Many of the girls do room improvements, food preservation and child care projects. Each girl may receive one-half credit for her summer work. Plans are going forward for a play school under the supervision of the Homemaking Department.

Physical conditions in the laboratory have been greatly improved by the addition of a bath room, water heater, new equipment in the laboratory, one new set of silver, service for eight, but we are in desperate need of dishes.

Before coming to Diboll, Mrs. Green worked in the Civil Service Commission and United States Employment Service in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Green attended Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College in Nacogdoches, where she received a B. S. degree.

Mrs. Ruth Conner

Mrs. Conner, High School librarian and study hall supervisor, attended both Sam Houston State Teachers College in Huntsville and Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College in Nacogdoches. She received a B. S. degree with Stephen F. Austin in 1947.

Since she began her duties as Librarian in 1944 about five hundred books have been added, besides one Webster's New International Dictionary, one set of the New Century Dictionary in three volumes and four sets of Encyclopedia. The 1947 edition of The World Book, The Encyclopedia Americana, Nelson's Encyclopedia and Campton's Pictured Encyclopedia. The library receives monthly periodicals including Life Magazine, Time Magazine, National Geographic, Look and Popular Mechanics. The library also receives two daily papers—Beaumont Enterprise and Lufkin Daily News. Attractive portraits of historical characters have also been purchased which added to the appearance of the room.

Before coming to Diboll Mrs. Conner taught in the rural school of Nacogdoches County and was Assistant Librarian in Nacogdoches High School for four years.

Miss Lilly Mae Mayes

Miss Mayes attended college at Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College in Nacogdoches where in 1940 she received a B. S. degree in Physical Education.

She is director of Physical Education in high school and grammar school and has been for three years.

Before coming to Diboll to teach, Miss Mayes taught history and science in Central Consolidated.

Mrs. Lois Adams

Mrs. Adams, head of the Primary Department, has taught in Diboll Public School for six years. Under her leadership the first grade has acquired a room library stocked with books selected for her age group. Busy work in vocabulary words that are placed in puzzle form are also selected for the children.

Mrs. Adams attended Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College in Nacogdoches. She will complete her work there next spring to receive a B. S. degree.

Mrs. Adams' husband manages the Market at the M. and M. store in Lufkin.

FREDDIE ---

Continued From Page 3

wider variety of other things to drink on the outside. Added to all the food was a final touch of ice cream. Feeding that gang of people was like feeding the five thousand except that I don't think anything was left over at the tournament.

Everybody is to be congratulated for he fine support given Coach Bradley on the occasion of this tournament. It was a big success and the turnout showed what a fine spirit we all CAN demonstrate in the support of our teams if we'll just do it. Let's keep this spirit up from now on!

Our regular safety meeting was held as usual on the first Thursday Night of the month at the Brotherhood hall. The meeting was a combined brotherhood and safety meeting and was well attended. Mr. Jake Durham was the principal speaker of the evening. A musical program was rendered by the C. M. E. male chorus and the crowd enjoyed their beautiful songs very much.

Mr. Durham spoke first on the progress of the brotherhood and the many good things the organization had done and were doing. He pointed out the value of an organization of this type to the community and to its citizens. Then he got warmed up on the subject of safety, pointing out the importance of every man on the job being "safety conscious" ALL the time, both on his job and in the home and practicing the "A. B. C's" of accident prevention —the A. B. C's standing for "Always Be Careful". The speaker set the housewives to thinking when he brought out the facts about how many thousands of people are injured and killed every day in home accidents—by falls, burns, and in various other ways. Then he hit the keynote when he told the crowd that Southern Pine Lumber Company has 650 safety experts—each man working being an expert on the safety of his own individual job. He then asked that we all give him the benefit of our daily observations on how each job can be made safer—either by mechanical devices or by different methods of carrying on our daily tasks to insure against the possibility of an injury. But the main thing, he said, was that we must all—for our own protection—THINK SAFETY. We must PRACTICE SAFETY. We must PROMOTE SAFETY in others. If we do those things we may save a life—and the life we save may be our own! Let's all get behind this safety program as never before and put it over!

The boy scout movement was started this past December with yours truly elected scoutmaster and Woodfree Peters assistant scoutmaster. At present writing we have fifteen boys in our troop in the 12 to 14 age group. Our aim is to get every boy in our community between the ages of 12 and 15 into our Boy Scout organization and really put it over. A Cub Scout organization will also be organized for boys under the age of twelve who want to learn scouting and later become a full fledged senior scout.

I read one time that there has never been a single instance of a boy scout ending up in a penitentiary in this country. In other words, it is probably the finest of all insurances against juvenile delinquency and, besides that, it's great fun for the boy himself. We plan to have regular weekly meetings, hikes, camps, and many types of Boy Scout activities. We need members—and we need cooperation. Urge your boy to come in with us and become a part of one of the finest of all the organizations in our country. He will get a lot out of it. If we put it over—and we will—it will mean a great deal to our community, to the parents in our community, and, most important of all, to the youth of our community. Let's work together with our boys and make better citizens out of them through Scouting—and at the same time afford them plenty of recreation, sound teachings, and real FUN! They'll have a big time in Scout work—and they'll profit by every minute of it! Can we count on your support?

Household Hints

When hanging freshly laundered curtains, wrap end of rod with wax paper and it slips through hem easily.

Rag rugs will stay flat if starched heavily. Also, it helps to wash in hot water, then again in cold water. Iron when dry.

Refrigerators can be defrosted in five minutes or less by holding an infra-red lamp near the freezing unit.

Eliminate odor when cooking cabbage by placing the heel of a loaf of white bread on top of cabbage.

Wax paper underneath centerpieces on your fine tables and chiffoniers will proteect them from water and keep doilies from sticking in hot weather.

Vinegar or lemon juice added to vegetables while cooking helps to conserve vitamins.

To make milk sour simply place 4 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar in a standard measuring cup, then fill to the 1 cup mark with sweet milk or diulted evaporated milk. This liquid will be equal to natural sour milk or buttermilk when it's best for baking. White vinegar makes a whiter liquid than brown.

MOME-MADE CORNBREAD MIX

4 cups sifted flour
2 tbsp. baking powder
½ cup sugar (optional)
½ cup lard or drippings
2 ts. salt
3 cups cornmeal

Sift flour with baking powder, salt and sugar. (Omit sugar if unsweetened cornbread is preferred.) Add corn meal. Cut in the fat until the mixture is fine grained. Store in refrigerator in covered container. Under these conditions, the mixture will keep at least a month.

CHOP SUEY OR CHOW MEIN

1½ lbs. raw pork, cut in small cubes
½ cup finely cut onions
3 tbsp. cornstarch
½ cup water or liquid from bean sprouts
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ cups diced celery
1 can bean sprouts
2 tbsp .brown sauce
2 tbsp. soy sauce

Cook meat slowly in lard for 30 minutes, without browning. Add onions, celery and liquid. Cover and cook slowly until vegetables are done. Drain bean sprouts and add to meat mixture. Heat thoroughly. Mix cornstarch with brown sauce, add pepper and soy sauce. Add to hot mixture, stirring until thick. Serve very hot over boiled rice, for chop suey. For chow mein, serve with crisp Chinese noodles. Serves 6. Note: if desired, bean sprouts may be omitted and amounts of onion and celery increased.

"He who has a thousand friends,
Has never one to spare,
And he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere."

Do right and fear no man. Don't write and fear no woman.

RAT TALES

Continued From Page 4

So he tried it. Somehow or another Scoggins heard a rumor to the effect that Walter had had wonderful luck, so Dell went down to the river, set out twelve trot lines and baited them all the same way. A few of the boys caught some fish up the stream with soap, slipped down to Scoggins' lines and put the fish on his hooks. Next day Scoggins came in bragging about his luck and immediately invested in a 100 pound sack of irish potatoes for some sure enough big scale catfishing. Then back to the river, more trot lines, more patient waiting—and then he ran his lines to discover that he had plenty of potatoes but not one minnow to show for his efforts and his investment. Anybody in the market for 100 pounds of slightly used potatoes see Scoggins and get a real bargain.

This being leap year Dan Cupid no doubt will be busier than usual. Already there's a lot of romance in the air—everywhere. So many people, though, miss out on it simply because they're timid or don't know who's interested in them, if anybody, and the result is that they remain single and spend the rest of their lives old bachelors or old maids. To do something about this alarming state of affairs, I have decided to open up a matrimonial bureau—in fact, several people have asked me to do so from time to time and I have answered the call. One reason I have been solicited for this great work is because I campaigned for somebody to propose to Julius Cox and got immediate results. True, he had only one actual proposal, but there were several other girls who looked everywhere for him but came back and reported that he had hidden out and could ot be located. The only time Julius had a girl sitting in his lap was at the ladies' wresting matches at Lufkin when one of the members of the weaker sex threw her opponent over the ropes and she landed on Julius. After that he attended every bout so we all were reassured that he had a keen interest in the women. At any rate, from now on any man or woman seeking a life mate should get in touch with me in person or by mail, tell me what kind of person you're looking for, give age, weight, and dimensions of yourself and I will do my best to make a match. Address all correspondence to the Johnson Matrimonial Bureau, Southern Pine Shops, Diboll.

As my first customer, Buell (Muley) Small, just came by and said he was in the market for a wife. He says he would like to have a good looking girl who could cook, put up with his bad habits, and live on a minimum of money. He will agree to give her the difference in cash on what he would have been forced to pay in income taxes UNMARRIED and MARRIED and let her spend it on herself anyway she so desires. He would be a fine husband, with my personal recommendation, so step up girls and grab him before somebody beats you to him.

Last Saturday the company arranged for Dr. Childers of Jasper to come over and vaccinate all the dogs in town against rabies (Mad Dog). About 238 dogs were vaccinated, being rounded up by truck, brought in by individuals, and caught here and there in an effort to get every dog in Diboll. A record of the vaccinated dogs and their owners was kept and is on file at the office for future reference. Any dog owner whose dog was NOT vaccinated on this occasion should get their dog innoculated against rabies as soon as possible.

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A Friend of Man . . .

A lofty pine has fallen . . . and a solemn hush lingers in the evenglow . . . A heart, big and brave and proud is stilled.

Mr. Henry Temple is dead.

As the death knell tolls his parting a stunned and bewildered legion of piney-woodsmen pauses to bow their heads in reverence and respect to the memory of a staunch and steadfast friend . . . All who knew him, the high and the lowly, the weak and the strong, the white and the black, are saddened.

A Southerner of the old school has laid down his task in fashion befitting a man of his gentle breeding—who loved his work as he loved his fellowmen.

Yesterday he filled the chair behind his work-strewn desk. His eyes twinkled in the old familiar way as they wandered around the picture-burdened walls of his office. If he was weary, 'twas a secret he did not share.

Today the long peaceful sleep is his . . . He knows the answer to questions that still perplex those of us who tarry in paths he has transcended . . . His is the knowledge of the full import of the words of another Man who traveled the way of life two centuries agone: "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold I am alive for evermore . . . " (Rev. 1:18)

Deference, euphemism, forebearance, magnanimity, honor and vision were among the noble attributes of the departed loved one. Still, he was divinely human. His was the cross of yours and mine . . . His was the happiness of ages long departed as well as eons yet to come . . .

His poets, Khayyam, Shakespeare, Knox, sang songs that made his being swell with the same depth of feeling that belongs to you and to me . . .

A fitting tribute to Mr. Henry Temple, if such is possible, may be found in these simple, humble words: "He lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to man."