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The BUZZ SAW

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

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

Interior View of Southern Pine's Modernized Diboll Commissary



Southern Pine Lumber Company's New Store Is Ultra-Modern in Every Department. Above Is Shown an Interior View of the Store's Grocery, Market, and Part of the Men's Furnishings Department.

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The Buzz Saw

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

The Calico Corner

Let us remember the date of the old-fashioned "Clean Up Week"—April 4th to 11th. Our Governor has asked for your co-operation, as well as all the citizens of our state in this great work.

Dr. George W. Cox, the health officer, said such action would do a great deal to further good health in the state.

He asked towns and cities to cooperate in a Texas clean-up week from April 4th through April 11th.

This should include surface cleaning, drainage, the gradeline of streets and alleys, the cleaning of all parks and playgrounds and the clearing of weeds and rubbish from vacant lots.

Household Hints

Feed Ferns Castor oil when they begin to look sick. Pour it on their roots, and place them in a pail of water overnight. In a few days they will send up new shoots. Don't give the castor oil cure too frequently, however. Once every two months is plenty.

Cut flowers will stay fresh longer if each night you stand them in a cool dark place, using a tall vase so that the water reaches almost to the heads. Cut the stems a little every morning. A small quantity of salt or a five grain aspirin tablet keeps them fresh. Roses will absorb moisture from waxed paper if it is placed as a cap over the bouquet at night.

Before washing woodworks place a flat piece of tin over the adjoining wall to protect that wall surface from damage.

When using a new paint brush, stroke it back and forth over the palm of your hand several times before dipping it into any paint. That will dislodge any loose bristles, which might otherwise spoil a nice paint job later.

If you have starch left over (that's already mixed), put it in a glass jar in the refrigerator. Screw the top on LOOSELY, to prevent fermentation. It will keep for several weeks.

When you've been peeling and slicing onions and are liable to get a pay of smelly hands as your reward, take care to rub a little table salt on your hands before you wash them and your "mitts" are easily and happily deodorized.

A way to soften brown sugar—place it in a deep bowl and cover bowl with heavy wet towel. Let stand until sugar has softened to a workable stage.

A little ammonia in warm water keeps windows sparkling. Probably you knew that one already—but did you know it also works miracles in cleaning combs? You don't have to use any soap at all.

Boston Baked Beans

1 quart pea beans
2 teaspoons salt
1-4 cup molasses (or more)
Boiling water
½ pound fat salt pork
1½ tablespoons brown sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Wash and pick over beans; soak overnight in cold water. In the morning drain, cover with fresh water, and simmer until the skins break. Turn into bean pot. Score the pork and press into beans, leaving 1-4 inch above the beans. Add salt, sugar, molasses and mustard. Add boiling water to cover. Cover the pot, and bake in very slow oven (250 degrees F.) for 6 to 8 hours without stirring. Add water as needed to keep the beans covered. Uncover the pot during the last hour of baking.

Baked Lima Beans

2 cups dried lima beans
½ teaspoon salt
1-8 teaspoon pepper
½ cup carrots, diced small
1 small onion, sliced thin
2-inch cube fat salt pork, cut in small pieces
2 tablespoons butter or dripping

Soak beans overnight in cold water to cover. Drain, put in casserole. Add salt and pepper. Try out (or fry) the salt pork, strain. Cook onions and carrots in the fat, stirring constantly until brown. Add to beans. Dot over with butter or drippings. Add water to half the height of the beans. Cover and cook in slow oven (300 deg. F.) until the beans are soft.

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First Baptist Church Operating Two Buses

The First Baptist Curch of Diboll placed the second bus in service, Sunday, March 21, for the convenience of the people of the town who desire free transportation to church. This bus is the same capacity (27 passenger) as the first bus put in service several months ago. Both busses were bought from the Beaumont City Lines, the first costing $978 and the second $831—the difference in the price being the result of a drop in the market.

On March 21, the first day the second bus was put into service, both busses came in loaded—one in fact, with 37 passengers in it, which was ten over normal capacity of the bus. Attendance at church since the bus service was put into effect, has risen to a record high.

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YOUR JOB

Wherever you're working, in office or shop,
And however far you may be from the top,
And though you may think you're just treading the mill,
Don't ever belittle the job that you fill;
For however little your job may appear,
You're just as important as some little gear
That meshes with others in some big machine,
That helps keep it going, though never is seen.

They could do without you, we'll have to admit,
But business keeps on when the big fellows quit!
And always remember, my lad, if you can,
The job's more important—(oh yes)—than the man!
So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,
Think more of your job than you do of yourself.

Your job is important; don't think it is not,
So try hard to give it the best that you've got!
And don't ever think you're of little account,
Remember you're a part of the total amount.
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there.
So always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.
A digger of ditches, mechanic, or clerk—
Think well of Your Company, Yourself and Your Work!

THINGS EVERY PERSON SHOULD KNOW ABOUT OUR SCHOOL

That Paul Durham Jr. won a prize for the best theme written in Angelina County on the prevention and cure of Tuberculosis; that his theme was sent to Austin and judged to be one of the nine best themes submitted on this subject in the state of Texas, and that his theme along with the other eight best themes in Texas was sent to Washington to compete with other themes submitted by the other states of the United States; that Paul Durham is a Sophomore in Diboll High School?

DID YOU KNOW?

That Billy Brown, one of the graduating seniors this year (1948) took the Pepsi Cola Test, which was administered to seniors of every high school in the United States, and that his score for the Nation was 6, and for Texas was 5, and that the highest score possible on this test was 10?

DID YOU KNOW?

That Mrs. Blanche Prejean and Mrs. Dixie Cook directed an all high school play "Girl Shy", which was one of the best directed and acted plays ever to be given in the Diboll High School by local high school boys and girls, and that only a very few "DADS" and "MOMS" came out Monday Night, March 15, to see this super play?

DID YOU KNOW?

That the graduation class of 1947 was the largest class ever to graduate from Diboll High School, being 35 in number, and of that number, 4 boys are in Uncle Sam's service; 10 boys are in College; 8 boys are working at some gainful occupation, and that none of the boys are married, while 5 of the girls are married, 5 are in college, one has completed a business course and is now a stenographer, and that 2 are working as sales ladies?

DID YOU KNOW?

That of the 159 graduates of the Diboll High School since 1941, 23 have gone to state colleges, 32 have completed business school and now hold responsible positions. Did you know that of all the boys who dropped ut of school to enter the service of the United States, only one came back from the service and re-entered school and completed the work for a high school diploma, and that three boys completed the work for a high school diploma while in the service?

DID YOU KNOW?

That the Diboll School Cafeteria is rated as the best school cafeteria in Angelina County; that we have the best and most congenial group of workers, among themselves, the student body, and the teachers; that we are served the best prepared food, and all we can eat, for the small sum of 20 cents, and that we have the choice of milk, tomato juice, orange juice, or grape fruit juice, at no extra charge?

DID YOU KNOW?

That of the 22 teachers on the Diboll School Faculty 3 teachers have served on the Diboll School Faculty for 7 years; 3 have served here 6 years; 4 have been here 5 years; 3 have served here for 4 years; 3 have been here 3 years; 2 have been here 2 years; and 4 have been here one year. Did you know that three of the present faculty did all of their secondary schooling in Diboll High School, and that 2 of these teachers have done all of their schooling in the Diboll Public Schools?

DID YOU KNOW?

That the Diboll School Faculty boasts many accomplishments among its membership as: Pianists; Singers; Fiddlers; Artists; Athletes; Doctors; Dentists; Cooks; Seamstresses; Fishermen; and Hunters?

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RUFUS TAYLOR HEADS DIBOLL VFW

At the regular meeting of the Diboll Veterans of Foreign Wars on the night of March 18, Rufus Taylor was elected Commander of Local Post No. 8573.

Taylor, serving with the 5th Marine division, saw action on Iwo Jima, then after the war served ten months with



the army of occupation in Japan. As one of the Charter members, he has served as quartermaster of the Diboll post since 1946. He is 36 years old and has lived in Diboll practically all his life.

Other officers elected were: Howard Greer, Senior Vice Commander; Wallis Ray Placker, Jr., Vice Commander; Wallis Ford, Quartermaster; Alvin Fox, Post Judge Advocate; James Burchfield, Chaplain; Cecil Seekins, Surgeon; and Thomas Wells, Trustee.

The above new officers will be formally installed on April 1. All veterans with foreign service in any war, are urged to join and attend this special meeting of the VFW on this occasion. Our regular meetings are held on the first and third Thursday nights at the lodge hall and there is plenty of room for all service men in Diboll who went overseas.

The VFW would like to take this opportunity to request the relatives or friends of any person who served in the armed forces of this country in any war, who may be buried in the Ryan's Chapel cemetery to contact Mr. B. F. Hines in the drug store, or Rufus Taylor at the planer, in order that we might get the exact location of the veteran's grave before Memorial day. On that day, we plan to place an American Flag on the grave of each veteran.

SWEEPING PROGRESS

A girl just back from a course at an ultramodern physical culture school was demonstrating for her father. "Watch this exercise", she exclaimed. "I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly back and forth to develop my arms."

"Well, well," observed father. "If that rod had straws at the other end of it, you'd be sweeping!"

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If we wish to be judges of all things, let us first persuade ourselves of this: that there is not one of us without fault; no man is found who can acquit himself; and he who calls himself innocent does so with reference to a witness, and not to his conscience.

———o———

A synonym is a word that you use in place of another word that you don't know how to spell.

———o———

A weed is a plant whose virtues have not been discovered.

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Temple White Topics

BY HERB WHITE, Jr.

Some of the gang at Temple-White are getting worked up about starting a skeet club for Diboll. We have had a few impromptu shoots already, using a hand trap, and everybody participating had a lot of fun. Skeet shooting is not only a source of entertainment, it is also one of the finest ways of all to improve your shooting and to keep you in trim for the hunting season. Nothing definite has been done yet in the formation of this club, but as soon as we hear from the gun companies on the question of operating expenses and cost of equipment we will know for sure whether we are going into it. Anybody in Diboll interested in his proposed skeet club please contact either Moody Smith, Ollie Johnson, or A. R. Weber as soon as possible. We need some support from all prospective members and if we do form the club it will give us some real enjoyment.

Through the courtesy of the Lufkin National Bank and radio station KTRE, personnel of Temple-White made a recording which was broadcast on Sunday February 15th from Lufkin between One P. M. and One-thirty. Herb White (Senior) opened the broadcast by summing up the activities of our company, discussing production of handles in general, then gave a short history of the company in the days before it moved to Texas. The radio station personnel then moved through the plant interviewing different employees on the various jobs. Those interviewed included Dick Hendrick, Frank Shirk, Ollie Johnson, Foster Davis, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Ruby Delma Scarboroughs, and A. R. Weber. Jake Durham managed to get in on the broadcast to put in a plug for the Buzz Saw. Everybody enjoyed the interviews by Lewin and Hensley of KTRE and ESPECIALLY enjoyed hearing their own voices on the air the following Sunday. The whole program was quite interesting and received lots of compliments from various sources.

In about two weeks there will be a big meeting of Diboll ladies to start the town beautification program off with a bang. Mrs. E. W. Leach of Lufkin will address the group on the subject of flowers and the beautification program. A friendly challenge by the town of Keltys has been issued to Diboll and I understand it will be accepted with enthusiasm—a challenge to see which town can have the prettiest yards, etc. All Diboll ladies are urged to attend he meeting, the exact date to be announced later, and put the program over in a big way. The beautification program will be one that will include improvements around buildings other than homes, too—in other words, all over town.

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Getting out The Buzz Saw is fun, ut it's no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we're silly. If we don't, they say we're too serious.

If we clip things from other magazines, they say we're too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't borrow stuff from other publications, they say we like our own writing too much.

If we don't print everything people send us, they say we don't recognize true genius.

If we do print it, others say we're filling the paper up with trash.

Now. likely as not, somebody will say we got this out of some other magazine.

We did!

———o———

Tolerance is the suspicion that the other fellow might be right.

THE NIGHT THE CORPSE WOKE UP

By Professor W. J. JACKSON
(Just as he wrote it)

Once a family of people lived at Old Emporia whose names were Phillips. They had been working at the sawmill before it cut out. They remained living there after the mill quit though nearly every family had moved away but them. Finally old Father Phillips taken ill. A little later one of his sons also taken ill. The good people of Diboll, hearing of their need for someone to sit up with the sick, went down there to sit. They sit up every night for about three weeks. The sick didn't seem to be recovering very fast and the Brothers had been sitting up long and regular. In fact they had become tired of sitting up, sick or no sick, and they needed rest for at least a night or two so they decided to take a little vacation for a few nights. The family then had to sit up and they decided to change the old man into another room and put the son in his room.

The next night Father Phillips died. The Brothers in Diboll were notified that he had passed and were asked to please come down and shroud and lay him out. A group of Brethren—Steve Watts, Harry Green, Reverend Warren Davis, Deacon Watson Johnson, and several more—went down to dress the corpse. Mother Phillips told them where they would find the clothes she wanted her departed husband buried in. The Brothers got his clothes out, got a tub of water, some towels, and everything else needed for the job. Reverend Warren Davis, acting as chairman, said: "Well, Brethren, I believe we have everything ready now so let's get it over". All the Brothers were moving around very quietly.

The younger Phillips boy was sleeping in the bed that Father Phillips usually slept in and the one he was in all the nights the Brothers had sit up with him. So this was the bed they went to with the clothes, thinking it was the dead man in it. The boy had his head almost covered up and when Reverend Davis caught hold of the sheet and threw it back it woke the boy up. The boy turned his head and said: "What's the trouble, Gentlemen?"

There was very little light in the room; just one small oil lamp on a table in the far corner so the Brothers naturally figured the dead man was talking. Nobody tried to give him any answer to his question. Instead all broke and run for the door. Steve Watts weighed about three hundred pounds and Harry Green two hundred and fifty and they hit the door at the same time and got stuck. The other Brothers was in a hurry to get out and they ran against Steve and Harry together and knocked them both through the door and out into the hall. Old Mother Phillips was in the same hall and the whole bunch ran over her and knocked her out. The Brothers got to the open air and ran through the fence and took off two sections of it because the gate was not quite in a bee line of their course of flight and they did not make any changes but kept straight ahead.

They cut across a field and got to the woods still running very fast and then they discovered that some of the Brothers had become separated. Steve Watts and Harry Green came up on the Neches river which was three miles from the Phillips house but in the wrong direction for Diboll so they slowed down to a walk and started back up the H. E. & W. T. Railroad track for home. The track came through Emporia near the Phillips house, so when they got in sight of the old mill site they taken to the woods again and made a wide circle to keep from having to pass too close to the place where the dead man was. They got in to Diboll between eight and nine o'clock that morning. Watson Johnson and Reverend Davis and some of the others found themselves at Ryans lake which was three and one half miles west of Emporia and about the same distance from Diboll so they did not get in until about ten A. M. Pa Hall was another one of the Brothers and the one who went the longest distance as he found his self in Burke and came back into Diboll at noon on the passenger train.

It was two days before they could get anybody to go down to Emporia and lay the corpse out. None of the Brothers in the first bunch went with the second because they said they had been once and it was not their time to go again.

What Your Social Security Means

We all know that each month there is a deduction from our pay envelopes for Social Security. We also know that the amount is 1 per cent of our total or gross earnings. But how many of us know just what benefits we are, or will be, entitled to for this money?

Let's take the case of a man we'll call John Doe. Suppose John makes an average of $140 per month in total earnings. One per cent of his $140 would be $1.40, so $1.40 is deducted from his pay for Social Security. Now the benefits due John under the Social Security Act in return for these monthly payments are of TWO different types. It depends on whether John lives past the age of 65 or whether he dies before he reaches the age of 65. Let's suppose he lives past 65 and let's also suppose that he has worked for ten years for a company that is covered by the act like Southern Pine Lumber Company. Here is the way John's benefits would be figured.

He has made an average wage of $140 per month for ten years during which time he paid in $1.40 per month in the form of deductions for Social Security. He would be entitled to receive about $31.90 per month for the rest of his life. Now here is how it is figured: They take 40 per cent of the first $50 of John's average wage and that amounts to $20.00. Onto that they add 10 per cent of the balance of his average wage which would be 10 per cent of $90.00 ($140 minus the $50) and that amounts to $9.00 more. That makes $29.00 in benefits. Then they take 1 per cent of $29.00 per year for 10 years which is $2.90 and add that on—and the total is $31.90. Forty per cent of the first $50 of your average wage, then TEN per cent of the balance, then ONE per cent of the total of the two all added together and that's the amount of Social Security benefits you will receive when you reach the age of 65—assuming you have worked at least TEN years when you attain that age.

Now suppose John Doe dies before he reaches the age of 65? The benefits his widow and or children will receive will depend upon HOW LONG he has worked for a covered industry and HOW MUCH he has made in wages during the time that he did work.

Let's suppose that John dies BEFORE he reaches the age of 65 and leaves a widow also under the age of

(Continued on Page 6)

SERMONETTE . . .

by The Rev. Lawrence B. Larsen

This is the first time I have used the word rut in anything but a derogatory sense. None of us wants to "get into a rut". It means refusing to learn any new habits, to adopt or even to consider, any new ideas. It means to vote the same ticket at every election, without considering the merits of the candidates. Yes, a rut has been named a "small-sized grave."

But on the other hand, ruts—or grooves, if you prefer the word, are among the gifts of God without which we couldn't live. There is that gift of habit, those ruts, or grooves in our brain-cells and nerve-centers, that make it easier for us to repeat an action every time we perform it. I suppose about 75 per cent of our physical action every day are reflex. We perform them without any thought. Except for that, we should have to learn every day to walk, to eat, to dress ourselves, and we could never grow up. We would be babies all our lives.

There are also the habits, the ruts, of character. Suppose that every day, in every situation you had to reason out afresh, "Shall I tell the truth or lie? Shall I keep my promise, or break it? When I am annoyed, shall I knock the man down, or act like a civilized human being?" Most of us have formed definite habits of moral action. If we have none of these "ruts" we have no character. There are some persons who call themselves free, because they are not restricted by all of our moral "inhibitions". But they are not actually free. They are the slaves of every wayward impulse, of every mood and passion. They have not created enough ruts, or tracks in their moral life.

A psychologist has said that happiness is "a state of going somewhere, one directionally, whole-heartedly, without regret or reservation." Which means getting into the right rut.

Do you not see that there is no such thing as moral character without limitations? No physical object has any existence without outlines, that is, limitations. Otherwise it is a cloud, a whiff of gas, or a mere shapeless mass.

Not only do we need ruts to give our lives character, to give us any real personalitiess, but we need them for the creation of character. Once some musicians heard that Rachmaninoff had hired a room for practice all day before a concert. They got permission to sneak into a room next door, and expected to hear a whole day of music from the master. But the first hour he practiced scales, and the second hour he practiced scales, and the third hour and all day long, and the musicians did not hear him play a real piece till the concert in the evening. He was free to play anything he pleased because he had spent hours in slavery to scales and exercises.

Every one of us with any ambition or imagination has often wished that he were not "tied down" to a dull job. Mothers have wished that they might be relieved of the everlasting burdens of house-keeping and raising a family of children. And all of us ought to have an occasional holiday, when we can escape from the rut in which we live; when the clergyman can forget for a time that he is a priest of the Church; when the lawyer or the judge or the physician or the house-keeper can be relieved of their problems and burdens. But the only real reason for going on a vacation is the fun of coming back home again, better fitted for your task. Without that—the pleasure of

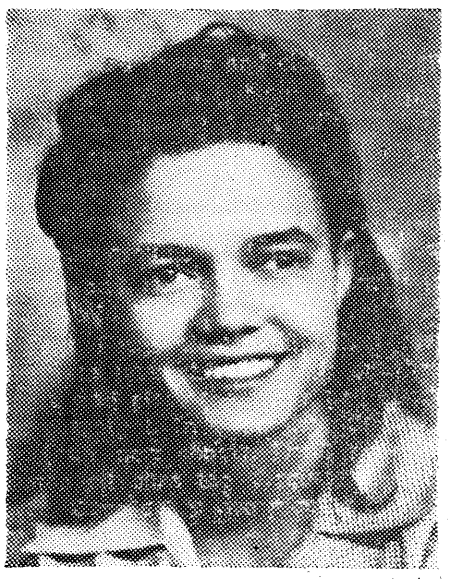
Continued to Page 6

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Around the Town With Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

Temple High School goes along smoothly with regular classes and extra curricular activities making up the daily routine. Most of the students made favorable grades in the first six weeks tests of the second semester.

Soon commencement programs will be the principal topic of talk around Temple High, and as usual, each department plans to entertain the public to the fullest extent. Our bacca-



EDDIE MAE BRADLEY

laureate services and graduation exercises are the highlights on all programs planned, and especially because of the fact that we will have the opportunity to hear some most eloquent speakers — the complete list to be announced later. At this writing only the minister has been chosen—Dr. L. C. Phillips, the College minister and professor at Prairie View A. & M. College, Prairie View, Texas.

Inez Sibley wishes to express her kindest appreciation to the public at large for their cooperation in the musical she sponsored at Perry C. M. E. Church. The program was enjoyed by all.

Since the last Buzz Saw was published, the H. G. Temple High School Tigers basketball team has continued its winning streak. This great team won the first place trophy in the Booker T. Washington High School Tournament at Alto, Texas, as a start. In this tournament they defeated Chester, Alto and Rusk. In the South East Texas District tournament at Chester, which was next on the agenda, the Tigers won first place again after defeating Leggett, Chester, and Camden. This made them eligible to go to the State tournament at Pineland.

In the meantime, the Tigers won another first place trophy at Colmesneil, defeating Woodville, Jacksonville, and Camden. Our girls attended all these tournaments but after the usual one game, reverted back to the status of spectators because their opponents always someway managed to win. In fact, our girls' team has won only three out of eighteen games, and tied two.

Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th of March, was the date of the South East Texas Basketball tournament in the spacious Temple gymnasium at Pineland. Only the winners and runner-ups from each district participated in this tournament which, incidentally, included teams in the AA, A, and B classes. Ten boys' teams and ten girls' teams battled for the title and the first place winners trophy.

At twelve noon Friday, March 19, Coach C. O. Bradley and the Tigers motored to Pineland, arriving there at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with enough time before the first whistle to relax and get accustomed to the goals and the playing floor. The Tigers went to Pineland on this occasion with a determination to win regardless of the odds and even before the first game they boasted they could and would bring home the cup. They did.

The Temple Tigers opened up the tournament at six p. m. playing and defeating Jamestown. Archie (Peaches) Mattox got Diboll off to a good start with two field goals in the first two minutess of the game. After this, our team went wild, shooting from every angle and sinking them for tallies. When the game ended, Diboll had swamped Jamestown with a score of 35-15. Pineland and Jamestown played an exhibition game and Pineland eked out a victory of 28 to 25.

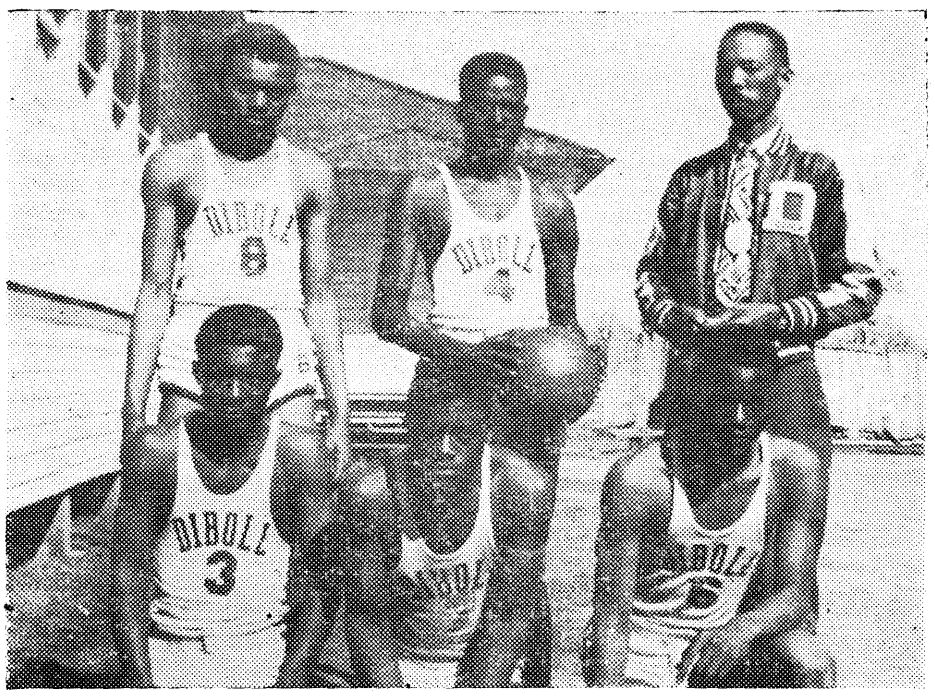
At ten Friday morning, the Temple Tigers of Diboll were matched against the strong Martin High Scchool of Beaumont (a Class AA school—Diboll is class B). In this game E. C. Williams scored for Diboll on the first play of the game then kept on scoring until the end of the contest, making more points than any man on either side. Every time a Tiger got the ball it seemed that a score was made. Ed and Franklin Allen controlled both boards and the boys scored from just about every possible angle, and crushed the Martin High team of Beaumont by the overwhelming score of 52 to 22.

At six p. m. on the afternoon of March 20, the H. G. Temple Tigers of Diboll met their greatest foe, the mighty Pineland five. Pineland was so sure of their ability that they had no fear whatever of Diboll before the game, but they were soon to be sadly disillusioned, because Ed Allen at the very first tip-off of the game tipped the ball on center to A. V. Lewis and A. V. scored with a beautiful throw. Pineland came back and scored, then the Tigers took the lead and E. C. Williams and Ed Allen each made beautiful Sunday shots that brought down the house. The gym rocked with the cry "Let's go Diboll, let's go", and Diboll really went— to town. When it was all over, the mighty Pineland aggregation had been humbled by a score of 42-34, and they were sad, sad, indeed.

Diboll at this point, entered the finals of the tournament and were matched against the Hebert High School of Beaumont, another class AA team. A. V. Lewis in this game scored

(Continued to page 7)

SOUTHEAST TEXAS CHAMPIONS
H. G. TEMPLE BASKETBALL SQUAD



E. C. Williams, A. V. Lewis, Archie Mattox, Ed Allen, Frank Allen with Coach C. O. Bradley.

Mr. Henry Temple

By EDDIE MAE BRADLEY

There is a structure which everybody, young and old, tries to build for himself. It is called character. Our every act of life is a stone in the foundation. If, day by day, one is careful to build his life with pure noble upright deeds, the fruits of his efforts will be a Temple honored by God and man. Such was the life of our friend, the late Henry G. Temple.

Words are so futile when one attempts to write on the passing of such a man. I can only say "A great person has been taken from Diboll."

He was good because of the unimpeachable character he exemplified. He was free from disguise; he wore his heart on his face and his soul in his eyes. He was great because of the Christian life he lived; because his life was one of service to his fellow man. His sweetest joy was attained by making some unfortunate individual a little happier. He had a smile on his face when everything went well, and a smile when things went wrong. Cheerfulness! How sweet in infancy, how lovely in youth, how saintly in age! He carried sunshine wherever he went—a sunshine that meant pity for the poor, sympathy for the sufferer, help for the unfortunate, and love for us all.

He was great because of a well chosen career and a job expertly done. He was molding and shaping the lives of the people with whom he lived by his generous support of every worthy enterprise in this and in our adjoining communities. Patience was the guardian of his faith. He was an adorer of truth, the keystone of sincere affection and the seal of true decipleship with the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Temple saw so many worthwhile things in the little acts of life. He realized early that it was the close observation of little things that was the secret of success in business, in art, in science, and in every pursuit of life.

The Lumber industry has lost a great character, Angelina County has lost a great citizen, and Diboll has lost its best friend.

"A Beautiful life has come to an end,
He died as he lived,
Everybody's friend."

GET READY FOR FREDDIE

Dave O'Neal, chairman of the Diboll Colored Brotherhood, is expecting a big celebration on the second anniversary of the organization. Chairman O'Neal states it will be bigger and better than the one of last year and will be held on the second Sunday in April, which will be on the eleventh of the month. The Brotherhood is growing each month, and is getting bigger and better as time goes by. New members are coming in, and by working together the oranization is accomplishing many worthwhile things for the community.

The principal item of conversation in Diboll at the moment is the record of the H. G. Temple High School Basketball team. Playing in the South East Texas Tournament at Pineland on the 19th day of March, Diboll surprised everybody, except those from Diboll, by sweeping through the tournament with flying colors and bringing home the trophy of the winner. Before the tournament, Diboll had



been scouted for two or three weeks by several of the teams who were scheduled to enter. One scout's report back to headquarters was as follows: "Beaumont and Camden are the two teams to watch, and with the exception of the formalities, Diboll won't be there long enough to show up on the register." Well, Diboll not only showed up on the register, they also showed up on the court and showed everybody that played up all the way around. What we are wondering about now is whether the scouts will show up on their respective payrolls from here on.

First, Diboll swamped Jamestown, then they punched Martin High of Beaumont silly for the second victory. This second game against a class AA school. The first stringers, Archie Mattox, Frank Allen, E. C. Williams, Edd Allen, and A. V. Lewis, proved themselves far too good for the opposition, so they were pulled out for a breezer and Diboll's B team took over. Martin High, however, hardly noticed the switch because the B Team ran them ragged also. At the end of the so-called contest, the class AA Martin High of the big city of Beaumont, found themselves on the little end of a 52-22 score. They could hardly believe their own eyes, especially considering the fact that they looked on Diboll—a class B High School—as a bunch of country boys who were several miles too far from home.

The Temple High School Tigers of Diboll came back from Pineland with everything but the gymnasium, and the only reason they didn't bring that back was that they had been assured by the Company that within the next few weeks the construction of their

(Continued on Page 7)

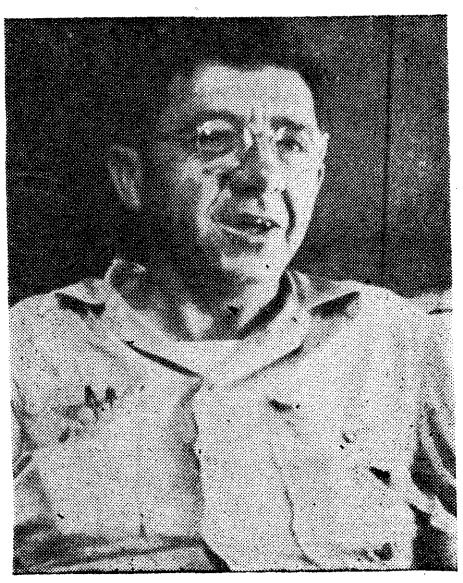
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Rat Tales

By GEORGE (RAT) JOHNSON

As most of you know, we now have installed one of the most up-to-date turbines for the plant, in this part of the country. The turbine is a 1000 h. p. General Electric. It makes 4944 revolutions per minute, which is 1544 more revolutions per minute than the old turbine at mill one. This new installation is a real fuel and steam saver. It furnishes hot water for the boiler room and is a beautiful piece of machinery. You can go through the engine room and all you can hear is a hiss of a little steam—it is just like a parlor.

The new turbine is operated by L. B. Ford, who has been working for Southern Pine Lumber Company since 1913. L. B. started out as a stick boy



for Mr. George Cleveland, then he went to work at the lathe mill, where he soon got to be boss. He worked for in the pipe gang, which had as one the late Clabe Bateman for 16 years of their responsibilities, keeping up the boiler room. Mr. V. L. Milner finally put Ford to work in the power department, when the new light plant was installed. Ford then moved over to the mill turbine when the night shift was put on, and has been there every since.

L. B. says he has been offered better jobs away from Diboll on several occasions but that he feels Southern Pine raised him from a pup and that he is better off here now, than he would be anywhere else—"so why quit?"

I think the reason he won't consider leaving under any circumstances is because long ago he went to work at Manning, Texas, and he almost starved to death. He had to walk back the long 18 miles over hill and dale without a penny in his purse or a biscuit in his stomach, and that experience cured him for all.

Ford has three children, two boys and one girl. L. B. Jr., is working here for the Company. Wallis, who spent four years in the Navy, now works in the payroll department of the Texas Foundry. Jeannette is in High School.

Time changes all things, and with the passing of each year I am met with new and greater surprises. One of the greatest was that Clyde Thompson would give up his insurance work and request being sent to the tall timber—a request that was granted. In other words, he has been made Woods Superintendent, and received his initiation on Thursday, March 18, when he went to Liberty County to look over one of the most beautiful stands of timber that Southern Pine has acquired in many a day. One of the purposes of the trip was to make an estimate of what they had bought. Lee Estes says the closest estimate he could make on anything was regarding the number of snakes per acre, and he set the figure at 30. Richie Wells estimated 40 to the acre, and various others in the party got up as high as 50. Mr. Clyde Thompson, however, could not be interrupted long enough for an opinion on the snake question because all he would talk about was how much he surprised the whole bunch—Lee Estes, Richie Wells, Willis Jurden, Shirley Daniels, Robert Farley, and Kenneth Nelson, with his stamina and his ability to get over the almost impassable roads simply by giving the proper advice and directions to the driver. Clyde says that when they all got back from the trip, which carried them through thickets, high weeds, mud and briars, he was the freshest one in the carload. In fact, he said he felt sorry for Richie Wells and Lee Estes because they could not take the hardships. I would not dispute his word, because he is my boss, but if you want to hear what his physical condition actually was when the group returned, I refer you to any member of the timber party, or to Jake Durham. Clyde, it seems, came to Jake's house after they had arrived back in Diboll, to tell him about the trip. Clyde sat down in a chair, started talking, and after about the third sentence, went to sleep and was waked up only after having ice cubes rubbed on his face. The next day he was walking with two limps at the same time.

I have been asked many times to review the history of one of the most colorful characters in Diboll—R. M. McVickers. I looked up a lot of information on Mac, but am sorry to state that about 99 per cent of it cannot be put in print and sent through the U. S. Mails. In this little account I will give you the remaining 1 per cent.

The first recorded history of McVickers locates him at Renvoa, Texas, which is at the Neches River south of Diboll. There his son was section foreman on the T&NO and Mac was boarding with him at, of course, no charge. It seem that Mac's son grew tired of feeding the old man gratis and one day slipped off and left him. Red Price found Mac some two weeks later, at White Oak Lake, sitting on a stump eating fish and walnuts—the latter substituting for bread. Price had to chase McVickers through the woods—Mac had become quite wild—but finally subdued him. Price, feeling sorry for the orphan, offered to let him work a few days in his place at Diboll, with the stipulation that Mac first acquire a pair of shoes. Mac found the shoes and reported for work. He worked a week. Then, as now, he spent no money, so at the end of the six days he drew his pay and sunk it. From then on he worked from time to time for Southern Pine, saving all but a few nickels, then got a job on the side selling raincoats and clothes. He was in business and ready for any kind of weather. After several years of calling on people from house to house, and pounding the sidewalks with his sample kit, he had sold no raincoats and "none" clothes, and he began to suffer from the pangs of discouragement. Then the war came and Mac got a job as a nightwatchman, and became a regular citizen of Diboll, which caused many people to repeat the famous words of General Sherman.

McVickers is famous for his so-called wit, and such expressions as "A man does not know what real trouble is until he runs out of whisky". (Mac has not had a drink in the last 15 years.)

A lady one day asked McVickers if it were true he ate gunpowder. He said no, then asked her why she had such a thought. Her reply was that he was always shooting off at the mouth and she was simply wondering about his diet.

McVickers told me personally that

(Continued on Page 7)

Hot Off the Handle

By FOSTER DAVIS

"Lamar Bunch and His Crew"—We extend congratulations to Lamar Bunch and his crew for their stellar performance in handling the sanding machines. This job is tedious and requires a constant changing of belts and replacement of worn parts. We have yet to hear a gripe out of this crew. We say "Well done, keep up the good work".

"Jeffie Anthony"—Jeffie has lived in and around Diboll all of his life. He worked for Southern Pine Lumber Company until he went to work for Temple White Co. He has in the last nine years advanced from machine operator to assistant foreman and last year he was made foreman. He has a very good record and his many friends say he is as agreeable and as likeable a fellow as anyone would like to meet. More power to you, Jeffie.

"A plug for the Chief"—Mr. White has always been close to the employees of this company and I would like to take this opportunity to express the appreciation of the employees for his kindness, especially in



time of need. He has stood by all of us for which we are very grateful.

"Sport Section"—The Diboll Millers ball club seems to be rounding into shape. Weather has retarded practice somewhat, but there are 26 men out hustling for a berth on the regular team. Spirit is abundant and there is plenty of hustle all around. Jack Devereaux, veteran Diboll shortstop, is driving over from Groveton three times a week to practice with the club. Jack will be one of the mainstays in the infield. The Diboll Millers are expected to round into a very sharp ball club as soon as the younger members have had a little experience.

"Baseball Comment"—There is nothing like good clean baseball for the youngsters, and for that matter, the older fellows too. It teaches the younger men to hustle, something they will have to do to succeed in later life, and it keeeps the older fellows in good shape and alert. If your boy is going out for the team, encourage him and help buy his equipment. The money will be well spent and will prove worth many times its monetary value.

"The Dawning"—AT LAST IT IS KNOWN!!!!! Boots Jackson and Collis Ryan have been carrying "POTS" a long time, but is was only recently that one of Boots' close friends figured up the amount of coffee Boots and Collis drank. The figure will amaze you, but according to reports it is highly accurate. Local coffee dispensers at the hotel confirmed the report that these two consumed between one and two gallons each, per day, and the people of Diboll have concluded that the pots these two men carry around are. . . . "Coffee Pots".

Diboll Future Farmers

By Douglas Minton

The Diboll Future Farmers of America is an organization operating under a State granted charter, with a local constitution and by-laws. There are thirty-eight members in the Diboll Chapter.

The purpose of this organization, operating in connection with the vocational agriculture program in high school, is to train farm boys for rural leadership. There has always been, and always will be, need for leadership training for boys and young men in high school and out of school. Indeed, perhaps this is one of the weakest points of a high school curriculum. A functioning vocational agriculture program should train and have a strong chapter organization ready and capable of assuming leadership in any situation, be it a class meeting, civic club, school assembly program or any meeting wherein parliamentary proceedure is required—leaders in school make leaders in the Community, State and Nation. Training for leadership is training for capable citizenship.

The Diboll chapters of Future farmers in 1946-47 and in 1947-48 have been the most outstanding in leadership in Area VII, including fifty-four Departments of vocational agriculture. We know this because we have won first place in senior chapter conducting for two consecutive years. Diboll will represent the area at State this year. We must also mention that we have gone to the area in Junior Chapter conducting, FFA quiz and Public Speaking, but have not placed as well as in Senior Chapter Conducting.

This group of outstanding boys have, on several occasions, given programs before the local Lions Club, P. T. A., Assembly, etc. and as their reporter, I do not believe there is a more capable, better trained group of FFA members in Texas.

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Employee Coke Fund Started

Southern Pine Lumber Company has arranged with the Lufkin Coca-Cola Bottling Works for the purchase of two Coca-Cola vending machines to be paid for out of the profits from the sale of Coca-Colas. These machines will be installed at the planer and at the office and will be serviced by the Coca-Cola company in Lufkin. Profits will go into an employee fund and the money used for EMPLOYEE BENEFIT. A committee will be appointed at a later date to administer these funds, arrange for the purchase of more machines as they become available IF the program proves successful. Help make it a success by drinking the cokes AT THE MACHINE instead of taking the bottles off (We have to pay for missing bottles), and by being careful not to break them or leave them where, for instance, a jitney may run over them.

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REVIVAL

Reverend C. A. Weimer of the First Methodist Church of Hull, Texas, will be the Evangelist for the revival at the Pinegrove Methodist Church April 11, and continuing through April 18. Reverend Weimer is well known in this locality having served several churches throughout the district. He is an outstanding speaker and a great evangelist. Everybody is cordially invited to attend these services which will start in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.

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A mother of thirteen children was asked, "How in the world do you have time to care for thirteen?" "Well," she replied, "when I had one child it took all my time. What more can thirteen do?"

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AN EDITORIAL . . .

Government expenditures of the past and present don't interest many of us as individuals simply because the figures we read in the papers, being in billions, lose their meaning. When I read that the national debt—the money owed by all of us together in the United States—is almost 300 billions I usually say "So what?" and turn to the sports section or the comic page and think no more about it. Nobody is knocking at my door for the money, nobody is sending me any bills for it and I, therefore, usually don't consider it something that I, as an individual, owe any part of.

But if we divide the national debt of our country by the total population we'll arrive at a figure of more than $2000.00. That $2000.00 is the amount that IS owed by every man, woman, and child in the United States. Nobody is pressing us for it, nobody is giving us until payday to dig it up, but we owe it just the same. And someday we, or our descendants, will have to pay it—one way or the other.

Somebody has figured out that the interest on this money is costing the people of the United States THIRTEEN MILLION, SEVEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS—EVERY DAY! Divide that amount by the total population and you'll find that each of us are paying—in taxes or otherwise—about TEN CENTS PER DAY just on the interest! We don't think much about it when we pay a tax on cigarettes, on gasoline, on our picture show tickets, on our automobile. We sorta' expect that. But when we find out that we're also paying more money for overalls, groceries, meats, milk, shirts, dresses, gas bills, light bills and every other thing we buy or have to pay for, and that one reason we are paying so much more is because the government —national, state and local—is reaching in on EVERY transaction and grabbing up part of it in taxes which we, the final purchaser, must pay out of our wages—then it's time we sat down and did some thinking.

Look at it this way: Suppose your job is in the woods sawing logs. You'll saw many a log in the course of a month's time to pay your part of the burdensome cost of maintaining our national, state and local governments. If you're stacking lumber you'll stack many a two-by-four, the pay for which will never be yours because the government will take it in the form of deductions or an added nickle or a dollar on the price of something you buy. It's a problem we should all get concerned about.

We economize in our homes. We have to. We try to produce lumber as economically as we can produce it and still maintain Southern Pine quality. We have to do that, too, in order to meet the competition of the industry and keep our jobs secure and our company strong. Why should not we as VOTERS demand that same method of operating by our government officials in Washington, Austin, and Lufkin?

The cost of government in the United States is now so colossal that it's hitting you and me in the form of CASH MONEY out of our pay checks and our pockets every day—and it's hitting harder and harder. When we walk into the store to buy bread, or the drug store to buy medicine, or the market to buy meat, we should all keep in mind the fact that a part of the money we lay on the counter for our purchases—and a surprisingly large part of it—is NOT being paid for the bread, the medicine, or the meat at all. It's being paid for taxes and the cashier is doing nothing more than reaching out with one hand to receive the money, then turning around with the other hand and giving it to the tax collector.

Of course Diboll is just a small dot on a large map and we are all, therefore, prone to think: 'Oh well, there's nothing I can do about it. Maybe things will get better."

Things may get better without any effort on the part of the people in every city and every community and every rural district. But they won't get much better and they could get much worse. So let's do our little bit. Let's tell our local, state, and federal representatives that we believe in our form of government and we believe in the American way of life. We love our country and we love our homes and our families. We must have ADEQUATE national defense, we must have NECESSARY government projects, we must have SUFFICIENT government controls where government controls are indispensible to the public wlefare. But there's one more thing we must have. We must have some real economy put into effect and put into effect immediately.

If you are an average married man you give part of each dollar you earn to your wife to pay household expenses. If, at the end of the month, you discover that groceries have been bought that were thrown away or that the family didn't need you are naturally concerned about it. If you take part of the dollar and buy gasoline with it and discover that you got only half the gas you paid for you'll be PLENTY concerned about that. But when you read in the papers about some dern fool government appropriation of a few hundred million—and a part of the same dollar of your's goes into that —you yawn, just like I do, and say: "That's GOVERNMENT money. What do I care?"

The tragedy of it is that the money isn't government money. It's your money and my money and the money of the rich and the money of the poor. It's those few cents added to the price of Joe Blow's bread; it's the tax on the rich and the tax on the poor and the tax on the man in-between; it's the hidden tax on practically everything we use or buy or sell or trade. The only mystery about it is the difficulty of a plain ordinary citizen understanding it—and he doesn't understand it only because practically nobody can visualize the magnitude of 500 million or a billion or a hundred billion. So we just let 'er roll and go back to Little Abner.

When it gets right down to taw, the reason for our having to slot off so much of our pay every month in "deducks", and in the thousand and one tax drains on every dollar we earn, is simply because we have been dozing on the front porch, lulled to sleep by the music of a string band, while the politicians robbed the pantry. It's high time we woke up and sounded off.

There are about 140 million men, women and children in the United States. Two million people are on the Federal payroll—one out of every 70. Add to that all the State employees, then all those on the payroll of our local government and you will get an idea about what a top-heavy, what a vast and intricate and unwieldy thing our government has gotten to be. And you and I—through taxes on bread, shoes, income, and hundreds of other things—are feeding this overgrown giant with the unsatiable appetite for money, OUR hard earned dollars. We've got to see to it that he goes on a diet.

This is a little paper in a little town. And we're all little people. But the little people of this country outnumber everybody else by such a wide margin that we ought to start throwing our weight around. We can do it with correspondence to our representatives in the government and we can do it at the ballot box—if we really put some thought into our vote and not cast it on the basis of which man was best on "Turkey in the Straw". We can do it by GETTING CONCERNED about the shameful waste of money by the government and by realizing that when millions or billions are borrowed to "ease" the pressure of immediate taxes they're giving us nothing but a transfusion—with our own blood.

So let's start thinking NOW about the coming elections. Let's put some real thought into our choices for public office and vote not for the best fellow, or the best talker, or the best showman, but for the man who, in our careful judgment, will be a better servant of the people—the man who we think will do the most toward ending the hilarious spending spree of the billion-bettin' Bureaucrats and who will do most toward returning the government into the hands of John Q. Citizen where it rightfully belongs.

SERMONETTE

Continued From Page 3

coming home—it wouldn't be a vacation; it would be moving.

In the Parable of the Prodigal Son there are portrayed three sorts of ruts. The younger son was in a rut from which he was anxious to escape. He induced his father to give him the inheritance that was to come to him, and kicked loose from all restraints. He had a grand time, doing just what he pleased for the first time in his life. But before long he found himself in another rut, not nearly so tolerable as working on his father's farm. His money all spent, the only job he could get was a swine-herd and he got less to eat than the pigs.

The older brother was also in a rut. He never broke loose from his father, but he had never learned to enjoy his task. He was good enough to do right, but not good enough to enjoy it. He was one of those pharisaically righteous souls whose goodness is so stiff and starched that they are unable to lean over to understand and help those whom they regard not so good as themselves.

There has always been argument as to whether we have free wills, to make any choice we choose, or whether all our acts are mechanically determined. The argument has continued because there is a truth on each side. Of course our wills are free, or life would have no meaning. We can make some choices. But life is also determined. Once we make a choice there is a long train of consequences which we must accept. The best explanation of the scope of free-will is a story which is told of a dirt road far up in Canada. It has this sign for the benefit of motorists: "Choose your rut now. You'll be in it for the next twenty-five miles."

Isn't this true of all life? And one road to contentment is to learn loyalty to our choices. But many of us waste hours wondering whether we could not have been more successful if we had chosen a different profession, or gone to a different college, or married a different wife or husband. We must learn to accept ourselves. Not to be satisfied with ourselves. That is damnation. The only people for whom Jesus had no use were those who were satisfied with themselves. But we should be loyal to those choices we have made, which cannot now be altered. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his Breakfast Table Books divides the whole human race into two classes—the Ifs and the Ases. The Ifs say: if I had more money, if I were born in a different family, if I had chosen a different profession—what a success I could have been. The Ases say: As I am, with the money I own, with the profession I have chosen, as things are, I am going to make a success of my life."

Someone has offered this fine prayer: "Lord, give me courage to change everything that ought to be changed; fortitdue to endure the things that can't be changed; and wisdom to know the difference between the two."

Since we must live in ruts, or like a railway train, travel on tracks, let us ask God to help us choose the right ones. Let us be quite sure that what we call our convictions are not really prejudices, and that what in our opponent we ridicule as prejudices are not truly honest and righteous convictions.

The Christian has learned how to transfigure the dull routine of life's ruts by seeing them as God sees them. In the eyes of God your little struggle to overcome evil habits, the routine of your business or household life, is the arena of a glorious battle with eternal consequences. The angels in heaven are standing on tiptoe to see whether you win or lose. The Christian has learned to sing of the routine of his hum-drum life to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Mixing paste in the name of the Most Holy Trinity! That sounds almost humorous to us, but only because we have separated the religious from the secular, because we have forgotten that all life ought to be conducted as under the eye of Almighty God. Mrs. Browning has put this into her "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

"Earth's crammed with heaven; and every common bush is afire with God. But only those who see take off their shoes. The rest stand around and pick blackberries!"

The task of every one of us is to ask God to help us find the rut where we belong. "For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and few there be that find it."

The kite will never fly till it is firmly tied down. Tie down the kite of your life where God would have it, and it will soar to the very heavens.

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Social Security

(Continued from Page 3)

65 and two children under the age of 18. Let's also suppose that John has worked only FIVE years for a covered company and paid his Social Security for that length of time. What benefits would his widow and two children receive under the Social Security Act? The total accumulated that John would have been entitled to had he reached the age of 65 instead of dying would be $30.45 figured just as we figured the first case above—that is, 40 per cent of the first $50 of his total wages of $140 per month, then 10 per cent of the remaining $90, plus 1 per cent per year of the two added together, or $20 plus $9.00 plus $1.45 or a total of $30.45. Now when John kicks the bucket before reaching 65 his widow will get THREE-FOURTHS of the $30.45 or about $22.83 each month until the children reach 18. The children —no matter how many they have— will get HALF the total or about $15.23 per month EACH every month in addition to what the widow receives.

In the above case, the Social Security benefits to the children automatically stop when they reach the age of 18 (If they are in school—16 if they are not). The benefits to the widow will automatically stop if she decides that another husband is worth more than the monthly check she's getting and remarries. Remember, too, that if the widow is under the age of 65 and the youngest child reaches the age of 18, the benefits to her will cease UNTIL she does reach the age of 65 at which time she will receive her benefits again each month as long as she lives.

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Freddy

Continued From Page 4

own gym would be under way and they had no place to put two of them.

Coach Bradley was so elated over his victories in this tournament, which incidentally brought together the very best high school teams in this section of the State, all of whom were tournament winners—that when the whistle sounded the end, he jumped over three desks, off the stage, and down to the court to congratulate the boys. They really deserve a lot of credit and so does Coach C. O. Bradley.

The pay-off game was played between Diboll and Hebert High of Beaumont—another class AA school. This was the game that Coach Bradley just had to win, and the one he had his heart set on. Hebert really had a classy ball club and were all ready to take Diboll down the Melviney. In fact, once or twice it looked like they were doing to do it, because they led Diboll once and they were the only team that ever did during the tournament; however, A. V. Lewis started some sharp shooting and was so hot that the Coach for the opposition put two men to guard him. This left Ed Allen for Diboll open and he started going to town like a "900" locomotive down Emporia hill. The Hebert coach then didn't know what to do. Diboll was sinking goals from four or five different angles and passing the ball so fast and so cleverly that many times two or three of the Hebert players had no idea at all where it was. The Diboll Tigers finally overcame the lead and in the last few seconds defeated Hebert 35 to 32.

The H. G. Temple basketball team this year, with 40 games played and only four lost, has by far the most outstanding record of any colored high school team in East Texas. All of these victories were won despite the fact that we have very few boys available for basketball and despite the fact that the games were played against Class AA and Class A teams from schools sometimes fifty times as big as ours. We did this with the minimum of equipment and with an outside court to practice on. In other words, our boys overcame the difficulties which faced them, forgot all about the relative size of schools, and simply knocked over every team they were matched against, with the exception of four, and came out with the outstanding quintette in the eastern section of the State of Texas. We are all extremely proud of them and of their coach, and offer them not only our sincere appreciation for what they have done to publicize our school and our town in athletics, but also our heartiest congratulations for their victory.

Odis Spikes is the manager of the baseball team this year, and has ordered suits, bats, and balls, getting ready for training. The first Sunday in April, Diboll will cross timbers with Lufkin, April 4. On April 11, we are tackling Henderson, and on the 18th, our arch enemy, Pineland. Hughes Tool Company's colored team of Houston is booked for the 25th—in other words, we have several things booked already for our club, and everything points to an interesting season of baseball. Work is going on now to repair the fence at the Diboll Colored Baseball Park, and by the time you read this issue of the Buzz Saw, it may be in shape for the first ball to be thrown out. Although it is hard to tell this early just what kind of a team we will have, my guess is that it will be a good one and if we give it our active support, there is no doubt about it. Come out and see what they look like—then keep coming out and we will show you some real ball.

Around the Town

Continued From Page 4

twice in the first minute of play, then Diboll and Hebert ran neck and neck until the last few seconds of the game when Diboll nosed them out 35 to 32 and became the champions of the tournament of all towns in this section. Our boys deserve congratulations for such brilliant playing, because of the size of the school, the small number of boys here that Coach Bradley has to choose from and the stiff competition he meets from other high schools in much larger towns and in higher classification.

Each team we met came from larger schools than our town and we are most happy to have won over the big city schools such as Hebert High of Beaumont, and others.

Hebert High of Beaumont won over Phyllis Wheatley High of Houston, the recognized class AA interscholastic league champs of Texas (then the game was given to Wheatley on a technicality because of an ineligible Hebert player). Then Diboll defeated Hebert, which we think, is something that we can still be proud of.

There was no single outstanding player in the final game—it was one for all and all for one. Ed Allen was the high point man of the game. When Diboll was leading by only one point and with just seven seconds to play, E. C. Williams made his brilliant pass to A. V. Lewis and A. V. tossed in a final goal for Diboll that won the game.

The Temple Tigers of Diboll were sad indeed over not being able to enroll in the National tournament to be held March 25 thru 27th in Nashville, Tenn, but Coach Bradley telephoned to Nashville and learned that the small schools, less than class AA, could not be entered regardless of whether the small school had the best team in the state or not—which we have. The only schools allowed in the National tournament is the class AA schools which are sent by Prairie View, and Prairie View only sponsors the AA schools. Wheatley of Houston will represent the State of of Texas, even though Wheatley won through a technicality against a team that Diboll whipped with ease. In other words, though there is nothing that can be done about it, Diboll, we think should be playing for the State of Texas in Nashville simply because it is conceded by everyone that we have the best high school basketball team in the state.

Before Coach Bradley learned that he could not enter the National tournament and even before we played in the South East Texas Tournament in Pineland, our school had been assured by Southern Pine Lumber Company that the Company would sponsor our trip to Nashville if they did win, and if they could enter. We want to express our sincere appreciation to the Company for offering to send the team to Nashville, because not many companies would have shown such generosity.

So I say, hats off to Coach C. O. Bradley, Franklin (Tut) Allen, James (Ed) Allen, E. C. Williams, A. V. Lewis, and Archie (Peaches) Mattox for their wonderful season. They gave our school and our town a great name throughout the basketball circuit of East Texas. We are proud of them all.

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Will Austin Dies After Long Illness

Will Austin, retired employee of Southern Pine Lumber Company and deacon of the Shilo Baptist Church, died recently after a prolonged illness. He was well liked by the entire community. He is survived by his widow and other relatives. He was a member of the Masons lodge. Rev. Broxton, pastor, had charge of the funeral services.

Priceless Eyesight

It takes but an instant to lose an eye. But the loss stays with us for the rest of our lives. None of us should need to be told how important eyesight is to us and how foolish we are if we take any chances on losing it or damaging it. People who have lost their eyesight can only make the best of a bad condition.

Nature has set the eyes in a cavity in the skull and has provided them with fast acting eyelids and eyelashes for protection. The protection is good as far as it goes, but lots of times we meet conditions where it doesn't go far enough.

As a first effort to overcome such conditions we can look around to see what hazards we might get rid of. Often it is possible to make changes in the work and the workplace which will decrease danger to eyes. When we first look around the eye hazards may seem hard to overcome, but as we inspect a department we may see an object which could fall down and strike someone in the eye, or we may see a machine throwing chips or sparks which could cause eye injury. Perhaps we could find some eye hazard which an engineering change might eliminate or enclose. Perhaps some kind of work which is dangerous to eyes in spite of our efforts at protection and revision, can be done in a location off by itself or at a time when few people are near it.

A second protection is from goggles and similar devices. I have known of shops where everyone, no matter who he was, wore goggles all the time and where the eye injuries stopped overnight, never to start again. I have also heard a great many complaints about goggles at various times. I can agree they feel strange to someone not used to them, or to someone who lets them get dirty or who fails to fit them properly. But I have noticed that when the goggle lens is ground to the eye prescription of a worker with defective eyes so his sight becomes normal when he wears goggles, the objections are forgotten. The advantages of seeing clearly overcome all the complaints. I have also found it is best for goggles to be used by one person only and that they should fit him and be kept clean.

I know of one instance where a worker was given a spectacle type goggle which offered him no protection from liquids which might splash in from the sides. When a liquid did splash into his eye even though he was wearing goggles, the goggles were blamed rather than the way they were selected. All he needed was the correct type of goggles.

Many people don't wear goggles because they think the hazards of their jobs are too small. Often time proves them to be wrong because the records are full of eye injuries which were considered very unlikely to occur.

Serious eye injuries, like other serious injuries, can be very slow to occur. But there are a number of kinds of work where you know you have to have eye protection. For example, on any job where there are large or small flying particles shooting through the air at any time, you have to have goggles with a hardened lens to take the impact. A face shield which would give protection from dust and very small flying particles couldn't be expected to protect against larger particles which shoot across a workroom at high speed.

Splashing metal, like flying sawdust, is a hazard which nobody can afford to risk without expertly fitted goggles which will be sure to keep dangerous substances out at every point around the eyes and yet allow for ventilation. Eye protection is equally important against injurious light rays such as those found in welding, and where the light is excessively bright. Protect your eyes. They cannot be replaced!

Suggestion Boxes Installed at Plant

Suggestion boxes are being put up in ten different places all over Southern Pine Lumber Company plant at Diboll, complete with pencil and plenty of paper, for the purpose of encouraging suggestions from employees on Safety, Efficiency, Production ideas, and any other constructive suggestions that will tend to benefit the company and its employes.

Everybody is encouraged to place their suggestions in the various boxes, either sealed or unsealed, signed or unsigned. A cash prize of $5.00 for the best suggestion each month will be awarded, and a second prize of $2.50 for the runner up. A committee will be appointed to take the suggestions from the various boxes, study them, then decide which in their opinion is the best and which is next best on any constructive idea.

These boxes are being put up for our benefit; to get the thoughts of the employees themselves; our ideas on safety, production, efficiency and anything else that will benefit our plant and benefit us who work in it. Gripes, gossip, etc., will not win the prize, so please confine your suggestions to ideas which will be of benefit to the plant and Southern Pine employeees.

Winners of the suggestion prizes each month will be announced by the tenth of the following month and their names, their suggestions, and their pictures (if they have one on hand, or if they will let us take one) will be published in the Buzz Saw.

RAT TALES

Continued From Page 5

he had his old friend "Sugarfoot" Johnson returned to Jim Hogue's boarding house by the simple process of paying one month's bill for "Sugarfoot" in advance, for his return. Mac claims that Johnson enjoyed his wit so much that when he (Johnson) left Mrs. Hogue's temporarily, he had no fun, no laughs, and nothing but a miserable time simply because McVickers was not there to entertain him, so he arranged for his return and says that the entertainment he furnishes Mr. Johnson and which he wilil continue to furnish him will no doubt prolong his life many years, which is as much as many man could do for a friend.

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Cigarette Cases to Be Given Out April 15th

The company has arranged with the Old Gold Cigarette Company to have a representative in Diboll April 15th to give to each employee who smokes cigarettes a FREE package, together with a metal cigarette package holder. Whether you smoke Old Golds or not these metal cases—which hold a full package of cigarettes—will come in handy during the summer to keep your smoking and your matches dry. When you get your payday the afternoon of April 15th, the Old Gold man will be there to give out the free cigarettes and metal cases. Get yours! (But in case you miss it for any reason, see the personnel department and they'll try to get one for you).

Notice Skeet Club Enthusiasts

There will be a meeting of all people in Diboll who are interested in forming a skeet club for our town, on Tuesday, April 6, at 7 p. m. The place: At the Temple White Company office. Everybody is cordially invited.

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

Will Johnson Former Telegrapher

Almost fifty years ago at Hawkins, Texas, on the Texas and Pacific Railway, a brand new telegraph operator is rared back in his chair with his feet propped up on the table completely satisfied with the world. Just thirty days out of the Dallas Telegraph College and with twenty-eight days service on the T. & P., the youth of nineteen reaches down on his vest, wraps his hand around a chain weighing



Will Johnson

approximately a pound and a half and brings forth a railroad special twenty-one jewel watch the size of a boarding house biscuit. "Five o'clock—time to knock off", he mutters, tilting his derby hat up out of his eyes and putting away his Police Gazette. "Let's see now. Got to get everything in order —lock my key, close up the desk, shut the door of the safe. Everything is O. K. Time to go". And he went. He overlooked only one little detail.

At three A. M. the following morning the fast T. P. Passenger train rolled into Hawkins, stopped as usual. It usually started up again immediately thereafter but not this morning—no, because low and behold the red arm of the signal tower was up. Why it was up nobody knew, but nothing could move through Hawkins until the depot agent changed it and gave them the "All Clear." The depot agent was nowhere to be seen. And a sixteen coach passenger train was on the spot until he could be found.

The engineer, the fireman, the brakeman and the conductor all fanned out in Hawkins to find him. And finally—after two hours and fifteen minutess—met with success. Stretched out in a large feather bed in a bob-tailed night shirt and wearing a stocking cap lay the hero of our story—Will Parks Johnson, the depot agent himself.

"What the H— you got the red board out for?", inquired the conductor in a voice that could be heard several blocks down the street.

"How's that?" asked the bug-eyed telegraph operator.

"We been sitting on the spot for two hours with a sixteen coach passenger train full of mad people 'cause you got us flagged down and all that time you have been here snoring into the cool night air. Get up and get that dispatcher on the wire—and QUICK!"

Johnson, the conductor, the engineer, and the fireman walked hurriedly back to the depot. Johnson called the dispatcher, confessed that he had accidentally left the red flag out—the signal for all trains to stop and stay stopped until they received further orders. "O. K.", the dispatcher said. "You both can clear out of Hawkins."

"Both? What do you mean both? There ain't but one train here", Johnson inquired quizzically.

"I mean the train can leave and so can you! In other words, get out! You are fired, canned, thrown out, finished, no longer on the payroll! Understand?"

Johnson answered meekly, "You mean I'm through?"

The dispatcher hung up the receiver with a bang, Johnson packed his belongings in the office—his pen and ink, Brown's Mule tobacco, his sling shot—then checked out of the boarding house and took off for Louisiana.

First at Vivian Johnson worked in a sawmill commissary. The mill cut out, left him high and dry. Then to a lumber town out of Jefferson, Texas, where he again worked in the commissary and where—in 1913—THEY cut out. High and dry again. To Blanchard, Louisiana, another sawmill which ran true to form and cut out also. Johnson made up his mind that he'd be cut out no more and went to work for a grocery store in Marshall, then with the East Texas Wholesale Grocery Company for whom he travelled 12 years. Finally tiring of the road, he took a job in Port Arthur, then Pineland, and finally on December 12, 1942, stepped off the train at Diboll.

The career of Johnson in Diboll began with his taking over the management of Store Number Two. Then something came into his life that was destined to change his entire future; something that was to afford old "Shotbag" (As he was known in Atlanta in the early days) his recreation, his transportation, and some of the easiest money he'd ever earned in his life. It was a Model "T" Ford 18 years of age with an estimated 300,000 miles in its background. Shotbag bought her for $100 cash.

On the first trial run of the Model "T", Johnson and Jim Hogue drove down in the river bottoms on a squirrel hunt. Progress was slow as the car refused to make more than about ten miles per hour regardless of the efforts of the driver to get up speed. Returning in the afternoon with no game, the hunters drove into a filling station to fill the gasping "T" with water.

"I can't understand why she's so hot", Johnson remarked. "And I also think Ben Wiley gypped me on the sale because it won't make but ten miles per hour and he guaranteed forty."

A small boy, age 8, walked up, looked in the dilapidated alleged vehicle.

"Mister", he said. "With that brake up you can't get in high gear—you been running all the time in low!" He and Jim got back in the car, drove away without saying a word, put down the brake, threw her in high and sailed down the road toward home. It wasn't a bad trade after all, thought Johnson, Not bad A-TALL.

Time proved him right. After driving the "T" Model six months Johnson sold it to E. H. Bush for $100—just what he had originally paid for it. A few more months passed and he bought her back from Bush for $50, drove it a few thousand well chosen miles and sold her to Frog Malone for $85 cash. Then he bought it back again from Frog for $80, drove another two or three months and re-sold it to Frog for $85.

In the meantime Johnson had resigned his position as manager of Store Number Two to devote his entire time to trading the Model "T". As a sideline he took a job night watching on the plant. He could figure up his deals in the hours of darkness, he reasoned, and talk business most of the day.

Then an unforeseen tragedy occurred and Johnson's plans for a future of ease and wealth went up in smoke. Frog sold the "T" Model to a rank outsider for $87.50! Johnson took a week's leave of absence from his night watching job to search for the car but with no luck. He still hasn't found it —but he hasn't given up hope. He says he knows she'll come back home some day, some way. And such faith is usually rewarded.

Will Johnson was born in Atlanta, Texas, in Cass County January 10, 1881. His father owned a hardware and furniture store and had, among other items, a counter filled with nothing but shells and various kinds of shot. The boys in the neighborhood needed the shot for their slings so Johnson made them a trade whereby they would furnish him rubber bands and he would furnish the shot. His father was not in on the deal so Johnson would fill his pockets with the ammunition on the Q. T. while sweeping out —and around the shot counter was the cleanest place in the store from then on. Leaving the store, Johnson would put the shot in a bag he carried and deal them out a few at a time to his buddies. The nickname "Shotbag" Johnson came naturally—and stuck with him.

In Pineland they gave him the name of "Gator" Johnson after he came into town one day hauling 26 alligators he had somehow managed to catch in the Sabine River. Whether he used a net, a rope, a hook, or simply happened up on them all in a bunch and shot them with his Winchester was never ascertained. He simply drove up in his truck one day, stopped in front of the Temple Lumber Company store there and inquired: "Anybody alligator hungry?" Then he unloaded his cargo, drove away, and never mentioned the matter again. It is still an unsolved mystery in the land of the Sabinese.

Johnson says that in 1950 he plans to retire and devote his entire time to hunting and fishing. After ten years of that he says he'll settle down and take it easy. Wonder what could be easier than that?

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In the next issue of "Buzz Saw" we hope to give you a complete outline of the County Beautification Program. We know the citizens of Diboll are eager to have a part in making our County as beautiful, as it is great.

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The test of your personality is which you had first—friends or money.

Honorary Fire Chief Diboll Fire Department



G. M. LEE

Pictured above is Chief G. M. Lee of Houston, formerly with Southern Pine Lumber Company, and a frequent visitor to Diboll. Mr. Lee was elected unanimously to his honorary position with the Diboll Fire Department and attends every fireman's supper held at the Community Center(When he can't attend, the suppers are postponed until he can).

THE ART OF GETTING ALONG

By WILFERD PETERSON

Sooner or later, a man, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be a too sensitive soul; that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that he who loses his temper usually loses out. He learns that all men have burnt toast for breakfast now and then, and that he should not take the other fellow's grouch too seriously.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight. He learns that the quickest way to become unpopular is to carry tales and gossip about others. He learns that buck-passing always turns out to be a boomerang, and that it never pays.

He comes to realize that the business could run perfectly well without him. He learns that it doesn't matter so much who gets the credit so long as the business benefits.

He learns that even the janitor is human and that it does no harm to smile and say "Good Morning," even if it's raining.

He learns that most of the other fellows are as ambitious as he is, that they have brains as good or better, and that hard work, not cleverness, is the secret of success. He learns to sympathize with the youngster coming into the business, because he remembers how bewildered he was when he first started out.

He learns not to worry when he loses an order, because experience has shown that if he always gives his best, his average will break pretty well. He learns that no man ever got to first base alone, and that it is only through cooperative effort that we move on to better things.

He learns that bosses are no monsters, trying to get the last ounce of work out of him for the least amount of pay, but that they are usually pretty good fellows who have succeeded through hard work and who want to do the right thing.

He learns that folks are not any harder to get along with in one place than another, and that the "getting along" depends about ninety-eight per cent on his own behavior.

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Pass It On

If something good you've learned
today
Might help a friend on life's highway,
Pass it on.
If some good recipe you have tried
Might help some anxious bride,
Pass it on.
If your purse gets so full
That its sides begin to bulge,
Pass it on.
If an opportunity comes your way
For a neighborly deed today,
Pass it on.
If other's burdens you may share
Don't neglect, let them know you care.
Pass it on.
If your heart is happy through love
From your Heavenly Father above,
Just remember a friendly smile
Helps to make short, a long weary
mile.
And pass it on.

—o—

The greatest blunders in the lives of men and the future of nations have been the worship of the past and the painful looking back.

—o—

Only those with the patience to do simple things perfectly will acquire the skill to do difficult things easily.