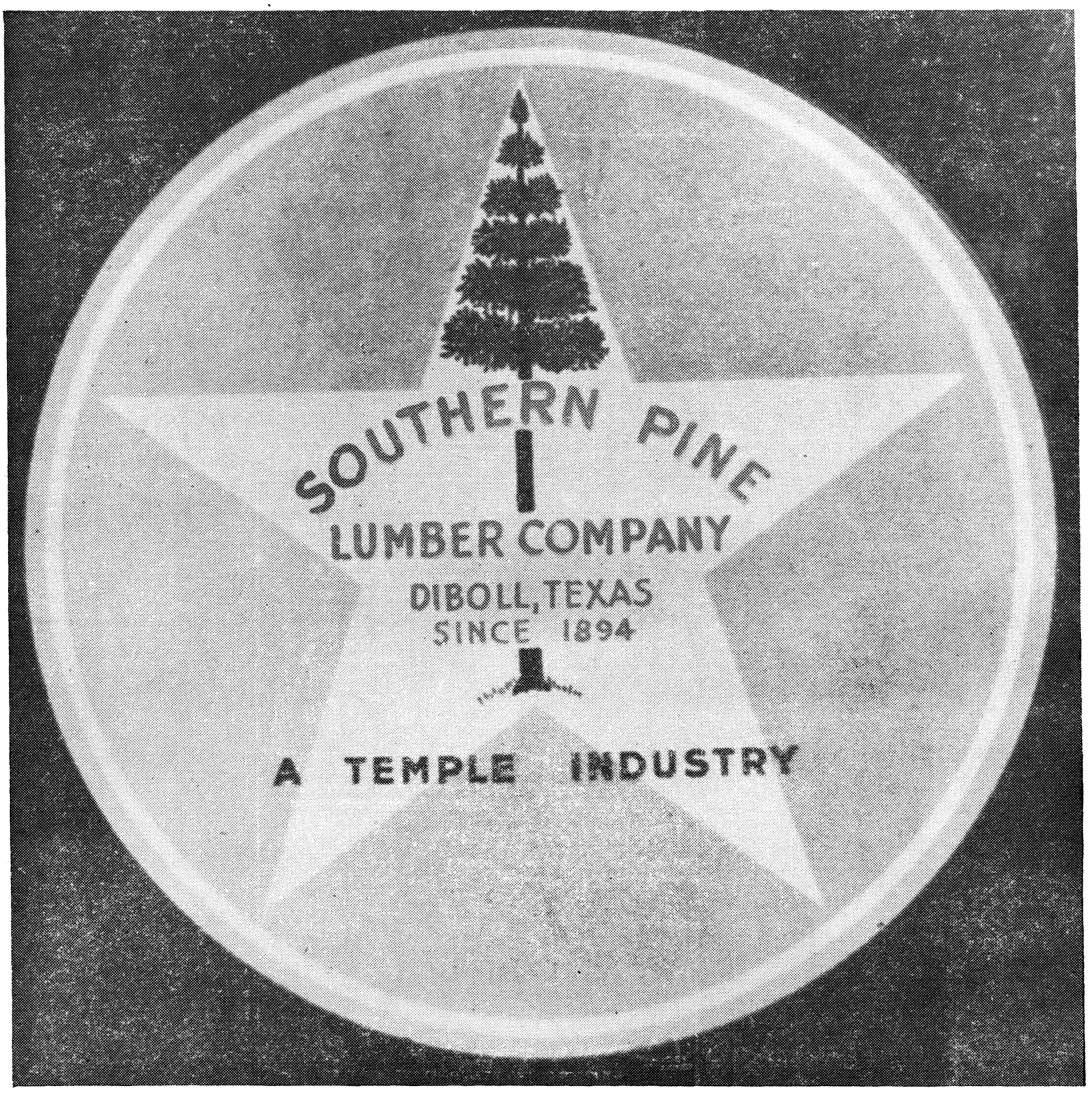
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The BUZZ SAW

VOLUME II | DIBOLL, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 30, 1948 | No. 5

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

Official Southern Pine Lumber Company Emblem



The official emblem of the Southern Pine Lumber Company, pictured above, was designed by employees of the Company. The star, of course, represents the Lone Star State, in which the Company operates exclusively. The pine is significant of the advanced reforestation practices carried out in all Southern Pine Lumber Company operations.

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Ruby Thompson Rides Again . . .

November 13th, 1899, was to Lufkin and Angelina County what July 4th, 1776, was to America in general. In fact, November 13th, 1899, was a double historical marker on the calendar of East Texas.

Because on that date the Lufkin Land and Lumber Company began operating.

And on the same day, at the same hour, Ruby Clyde Thompson was born.

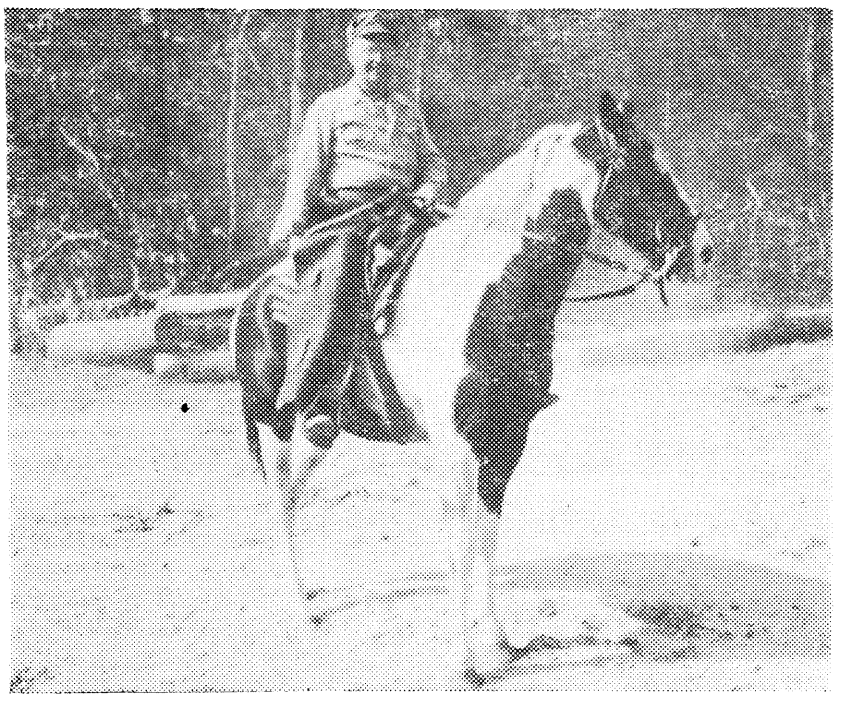
Old timers in Lufkin may well remember the occasion—of the lumber company's debut—because at exactly seven a.m. whistles and sirens were blown all over town; shotguns were shot, firecrackers were lit as were many of the citizens, and bedlam reigned supreme. The first log was thrown on the carriage at the mill, the saw whined and slab number one was sliced off to start a long and successful lumber operation.

At exactly the same moment, in a modest cottage on a (then) unnamed street nearby, a tiny yell pitched in High "C"—heard faintly by the neighbors between two mighty blasts of the main mill whistle—announced the arrival of a character who was destined to blaze many a trail through the East Texas timber belt; a man whose career is a legend frequently discussed in muffled whispers by youngsters hiding behind the woodpile puffing on cornsilk cigarettes; a gentleman of the old school who graduated with honors. And we mean graduated.

Ruby Clyde Thompson, our superintendant of logging operations.

It so happened that Ruby had a grandfather whose name was "Reuben" and long before our hero arrived his parents had decided to honor Gramp with a namesake to whom Gramp's extensive landholdings might someday, perchance, be bequeathed. But when the little fellow arrived his Mother looked at him and said (I'm quoting Clyde himself): "He is too beautiful to be named 'Rueben'. We'll have to call him 'Ruby' ". And that, believe it or not, is his legal name.

Had the parents been able to look into a crystal ball forty nine years ahead, "Reuben" would have been a generous moniker indeed.



CLYDE THOMPSON

"I take pleasure in presenting to Ruby Clyde Thompson, our ONLY graduate, this key to the door of success—his diploma". Thompson's family gave him a resounding roar of applause. Stepping briskly across the rostrum to receive the sheepskin and the Principal's handshake, Thompson tripped and fell, his gown flew up exposing his Asafetida while six pounds of Bumble Bee cotton rolled out in every direction across the floor.

Undaunted, Thompson raised up on his hands and knees, grabbed the diploma, raked in the cotton and strolled nonchalantly from the stage. "I'm going to college", he muttered," and when I graduate from There I'm going to dress up like a city boy in Tennis Shoes. No man can be graceful in these d----- rubber boots!"

Tyler Commercial College, after a five to four decision, admitted Ruby Clyde in 1916 as a secretarial student. Three months later, his brain crowded with Byrne shorthand symbols superimposed on a typewriter keyboard, Thompson returned to Huntington. "I'm a stenographer," he told the crowd gathered to meet him at the railroad station, "but only as a STEP toward being a BARRISTER." The crowd, not knowing what a barrister was and thinking young Thompson had picked up a rather strange ambition, stepped back. One man in the crowd, however, came forward. "You have been gone a long time, son—three months—but you probably remember me. I'm Joshua Collins." Thompson's lower jaw dropped down to the second button on his corduroy vest. Collins continued: "I'm practicing law here, you know, and I need a secretary. I think you're the man for the job."

Thompson put his basket of laundry down, extended his hand. "Joshua, me and you together ought to make the best lawyer in Texas!"

After divorcing from Thompson, Collins—in the opinion of a great many people—did just that.

In the meantime, Ruby Clyde took on another job to supplement his income as a secretary. Only sixteen years of age, he was made assistant cashier of the Huntington bank!

After considerable research, however, we find that there were certain restrictions on the young banker's duties. His title was that of an executive but his activities were confined to going to the Post Office for the mail and sweeping out the establishment to the satisfaction of the HEAD cashier. He, Thompson, handled exactly no money except the fifty cents PER WEEK which represented his salary.

And to supplement BOTH salaries, the young Secretary-Executive went in business for himself as a salesman. His ware—peanuts and the grit. Meeting two trains daily, young Thompson sold goobers and papers to the yawning passengers — oftentime dashing madly down the street from the bank or from Joshua Collins' office (Throwing his pencil down in the middle of important dictation upon hearing the shrill whistle of the 3:16) with his shirt tail flapping in the breeze and letting the whole town know he was open for business. "PEA-nuts, goobers, ground peas and penders! Get 'em while they're hot!" "Read the Grit!"

Then back to the office or the bank depending upon whether the train he met was the A-Emer or the P-Emer.

Finally tiring of his multiple duties as executive, secretary, and salesman, young Thompson sought his fortune far afield, showing up in Diboll on October 1, 1916. George Cleveland was hardwood sales manager, Henry G. Temple, shipping clerk, and D. C. Kenley head of the land and timber department. P. H. Strauss was office manager and Thompson contacted him first. Confident of his ability as a salesman—"The most garrulous Goober Boy on the Shreveport, Houston, and Gulf"—he began his talk: "I'm a first class secretary, Mr. Strauss, and I want a job." Mr. Strauss replied with a question: "Why did you happen to come to Diboll to get one, son?" Thompson dropped his popsickle in the waste basket, stretched his left suspender with his thumb casually and said: "Well sir, down at Huntington I was working for three different people—the bank, Mr. Collins, and myself. I wanted to get to doing ONE thing so I can get ahead and maybe some day study to be a lawyer."

"O. K.," said Strauss, "I'll give you a job here as secretary to H. G. Temple, D. C. Kenley and George Cleveland. How much do you think you're worth?"

"I'll work for my board," answered Thompson. (Which, with his appetite, made him one of the highest paid men in Diboll).

At the end of the first month Strauss, apparently satisfied with the sixteen year old stengrapher's work and unaware of his board bill, handed him $25.00 extra. Until this day, Thompson says that he has never seen, possessed, or borrowed an amount of money that looked half as big as that particular twenty-five.

Henry Temple went to Pineland as manager in 1917, Eck Prud'homme came to Diboll as shipping clerk (January 1st, 1917), and Thompson again found himself a "Triple Threat" secretary—this time working for Prud'homme, Strauss and Kenley.

Prud'homme took one look at his new stenographer. "What are they paying you?" he asked. "Twenty-five dollars a month and board," replied Ruby. Prud'homme, also unaware of Thompson's appetite, raised his salary on the spot to $30.00 per month. "If you're not worth a dollar a day in cash you have no business being here," said Prud'homme. (Clyde says that next to the aforementioned $25.00 given him by Strauss, this first raise in salary was the biggest event in his life. He's had an especially warm spot in his heart for Eck ever since).

In 1929 when J. J. O'Hara and P. H. Strauss were made co-managers of Southern Pine Lumber Company after the death of Watson Walker, Thompson was promoted to the job of Strauss' assistant—with a secretary of his own (Harvey Rowin.) At the same time, he was made purchasing agent for the company and took over the additional job of handling all the compensation insurance for the various Temple Industries.

Which brings up now to the present-day-Thompson; the man who, in a red bathing suit, looks like an apple with legs; THOMPSON THE SUPERINTENDENT OF LOGGING OPERATIONS.

Arthur Temple, Jr., manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company, called Thompson into his office in March of this year for a consultation.

"Ruby, we've got to streamline and modernize our logging operations. Do you know anything about the woods?"

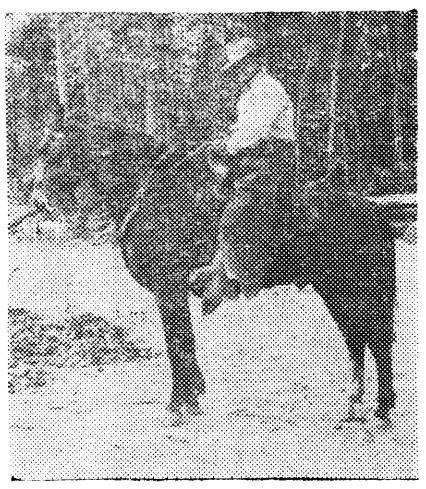
"They're mighty pretty in the spring of the year," replied Thompson gnawing on his new Sears and Roebuck necktie.

"I mean do you know anything about LOGS!" roared Temple—no amateur at roaring.

"Ain't them cut up trees?" asked the prospective superintendent.

"Yes, yes, them's cut up trees! Now get out there and see how many YOU can get cut up and hauled in here!"

Thompson rushed out of the office,



RICHIE WELLS
(Showed him the woods)

Moving to Huntington at an early age, Ruby began to map out his career. He would, he vowed, be a lawyer.

The first step was to earn, by the sweat of his brow, sufficient capital to go to school. He was thirteen, considered bright by at least some of the citizens of Huntington who unfortunately did not enjoy the same reputation, and had his head set on being a standout in the community, a member of the bar. So he started picking cotton.

Four years and 217 bales later we find young Thompson draped in cap and gown, wearing rubber boots and a necklace of Asafetida, at the Huntington High School Graduating Exercises. "And now", said the Principal,



ARTHUR TEMPLE, Jr.
(Appointed him Superintendent)

found Richie Wells. "Richie," he said excitedly. "Arthur just appointed me superintendent of logging operations out in the woods. I want to ask you a question. Where are the woods?"

Wells dropped his upper lip off the end of his nose, looked at Thompson. "Come on, I'll show you," he said.

They drove out across the river on highway 103, stopped the car. Wells began slowly. "See those things out there?" he said. "Well, now they're trees. T-R-E-E-S. Cut 'em up and you have logs. Saw them into boards and you have lumber. Let a long rainy spell hit you and you have H---! Any questions?"

(Continued to page 7)

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Around the Town with Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

By EDDIE MAE

Temple High School is moving along smoothly on it's regular schedule with the second six-weeks tests in the process of being completed now to break the monotony. Students and teachers alike are trying to complete the tests at the earliest possible moment.

C. O. Bradley, principal of H. G. Temple High School, has posted on the bulletin board Article 297 of the Statutes of Texas entitled School Attendance Requirements. Since these laws are going to be enforced for the first time in Diboll I shall quote a part of them in this column for the information and guidance of all parents.

ARTICLE 297: "Every child in the State of Texas who is seven years and not more than sixteen years of age shall be required to attend a public school in the district of its residence, or in some other district to which it may be transferred as provided by law, for a period of not less than one hundred and twenty days annually. The period of compulsory school attendance at each school shall begin at the opening of the school term unless otherwise authorized by the district school trustee and notice given by the trustee prior to the beginning of such school term; provided, that no child shall be required to attend school for a longer period than the maximum term of the public school in the district where such child resides."

In other words, school attendance by a child between the ages of seven and sixteen is not a matter of choice in the State of Texas. It is a matter of law. If your child does not attend at least one hundred and twenty days out of each school term, the parents are subject to a fine and under some circumstances a child may be put in a school of correction.

We all know that for a child to get an education—even though that education might stop at the end of his high school career—is of utmost importance to the child as an individual. Naturally, some of them do not realize how important it is to go to school. Many of them stay out of school simply because the parents do not demand that they attend. They roam the streets with nothing to do and sooner or later the parents will find the child in some sort of mischief which may result later in something very serious. School attendance by a child MUST be very important or the Legislators of our state would not have seen fit to make it a punishable offense under the law to fail to attend.

The above compulsory school attendance law is going to be enforced in Diboll at H. G. Temple High School and in the grade school. All parents are therefore urged to see Principal C. O. Bradley immediately and familiarize themselves with the entire copy of the compulsory school attendance law.

—o—

The Homemaking Girls, under the tutorship of their teacher, E. A. Gilbert, have served delectable lunches to the faculty every day lately. The faculty regrets that this "lunch serving" is now over.

—o—

The State Teachers' Association will be held in Dallas Texas, and most of the teachers from H. G. Temple High School will attend. Principal C. O. Bradley will end Turkey Day at Anahuac duck hunting. E. J. Rucker's holidays will be spent in Dallas and Weatherford, her home.

—o—

Maurine Haynes returned to her home in Houston November 24th. The teachers and students have enjoyed her visit here very, very much.



EDDIE MAE BRADLEY

Addie Ben Bivens leaves for Chicago on December 16th. Her parents, Ben and Adeline Bivens, have a sad look already because they are really devoted to Addie Ben.

—o—

Ex-students of H. G. Temple High School who are now in college are doing very nicely for themselves, all making a creditable showing in academic work as well as in extra-curricular activities. Four of them are seniors, four juniors and one freshman.

—o—

The Temple Tigers football team got off to a slow start during the first of the season but have come out of their lair with a fury and are giving the opposition teams more competition than they can handle. Heretofore these neighboring high schools have been anxious to invite the Temple Tigers to play in their homecoming game simply due to the fact that the Tigers were light and the opposition always confident that they could bowl us over. This season, however, the Tigers decided to make these homecoming invitational games bad affairs for the opponent. A good example of that was in Jasper the night of November 20th when the Tigers Bowled over the Rowe High School at Jasper by a score of 14 to 13. The mighty Pineland footballers invaded Diboll territory on November 11th and were swamped here on our home grounds by a score of 24 to 6. This victory was particularly sweet because we always like to snow the Pineland boys under. Scott High School of Woodville selected the Tigers, a supposedly weak team, for a friendly scrimmage. The scrimmage was all Tiger and little Woodville because Diboll overpowered them from start to finish.

Dunbar High of Livingston (a school where my dad is principal by the way), has invited Diboll down for their homecoming game soon so we say "poor Dunbar—such a sad, sad homecoming it will be".

Quite a few members of Perry Chapel CME Church attended the annual conference in Galveston, Texas. We hear that the Pastor, Rev. R. B. Moody was sent back to Diboll. Congratulations to Rev. Moody and to the members of his congregation here who will certainly welcome him because he is such an excellent pastor.

—o—

The Brotherhood, of which Dave O'Neil is president, entertained its members and their wives Thanksgiving night with a short program and the regular holiday menu. It was a very colorful affair enjoyed by all.

—o—

Yours truly wishes for each inhabitant of Diboll a very pleasant holiday season. Let us exemplify the spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas by sharing our blessings with those less fortunate than we are. Let us spend the season remembering others. We have a great deal to be thankful for—all of us. We are thankful for the kind spirit of brotherly love that exists in Diboll to a degree that I think is not equaled anywhere. The people and Southern Pine Lumber Company walk hand in hand in the very closest comradeship toward better things and a finer way of life by everybody in our town. Let us count our blessings and when we do we will see that as citizens of Diboll and as members of the Southern Pine family we have many things to be thankful for that are not enjoyed by people in other communities and other towns. Let's all stick together and work together. Let us help others and carry on this spirit of brotherly love to greater heights!

So long and a happy holiday season to you all!

Willie Copeland . . .

By FREDDIE LEWIS

Willie Copeland started working for Southern Pine Lumber Company at Alceda, Texas, in 1922 as a steel gang hand under Mr. Jack Sanders, the foreman. There must be quite a few of us who remember back in the twenties when we wore bell bottom britches with silk shirts fanning in the breeze singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." Well, Copeland says that when he went along picking up and laying down steel every day at the end of ten hours he never had a dry thread on him and whether it rained or not made absolutely no difference.



WILLIE COPELAND

Copeland was then and is now a good worker and it has been said that he could wheel a spike maul so fast that from a distance it sounded like a woodpecker pecking on a hardwood tree—Copeland hitting a spike in the tie. Every day after work back in those times, Copeland would rush home, dress up in his silk shirt and be circulating within an hour. And that is why he was known as the "Jellybean" of the Alceda steel gang.

Copeland says that as he went along he learned more and more about the job of laying steel and one of the many things that he found to be an absolute fact was that they always had just as much steel as they had gang. When he was transferred from Alceda to Fastrill he worked under Mr. Richie Wells on the grade. Here he became acquainted with an instrument that a lot of us have a good deal of experience with—the shovel. When he became an expert with that, he went on to make one of the best finishers and dump builders in the crew.

In 1940 Copeland came to Diboll and started to work for Mr. D. D. Devereaux and has been working for him ever since. With Mr. Devereaux Copeland has gotten all sorts of experience—including a whole lot with a shovel—and has made of himself a valuable man on the crew. He says that when Mr. Devereaux builds something it will still be there when Gabriel is blowing his horn.

Copeland is married and is a Steward in Perry Chapel CME church and his wife, Lula Mae Copeland also belongs to Perry Chapel CME church. They both like fishing but Copeland also goes in for hunting. When asked what was the biggest deer in terms of points he had ever killed Willie replied: "I haven't even pointed at on yet." Well, we are sorry, Will, better luck next time.

Among Copeland's many other talents, he is a top notch impersonator. Let him be around somebody—some character—for a little while and he can put on the best impersonation of that character you ever heard. One of his best impersonations is an impersonation of himself; that is, an incident that happened to him sometime ago when Mr. Dexereaux tackled the job of fixing the cable on the flagpole which had broken. They built a ladder to the top of the flag pole around which a scaffold was constructed. Copeland, being extremely afraid of height, either had to go up or quit and he didn't want to do either one. So when Mr. Devereaux hollered at him again he found himself about half way up the flag pole going two rungs of the ladder at a time. He said it was a choice between the awful thought of being on top of the sixty foot pole or having Mr. Devereaux on top of him and he took to the pole.

Willie Copeland is another Suthern Pine Lumber Company employee who does his job and likes it, who likes the company he works for and a man we take our hats off to.

—o—

Taking the first footstep with a good thought, the second with a good word, and the third with a good deed, I entered Paradise.

—o—

Husbands are awkard things to deal with; even keeping them in hot water will not make them tender.

—o—

Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes.

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SOUTHERN PINE EMPLOYEES FORM OWN HUNTING AND FISHING CLUB

Arthur Temple, Jr., manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company, decided a few weeks ago that employees of the company should have an exclusive place to hunt and fish—a place that would be adequately protected, fenced, and containing sufficient acreage for building up a bountiful supply of game.

So he got the leading hunters and fishermen of Diboll together and they made a deal: Southern Pine Lumber Company agreed that if a hunting and fishing club for employees was organized the company would donate a free lease on aproximately seventeen thousand acres of land extending from the four mile board on the Texas Southeastern Railroad South to the Southern Pacific's Neches River Bridge—all under fence and potentially one of the finest hunting preserves in East Texas.

The members of the club got together on November 1st and elected officers as follows:

R. B. Willis, president; N. B. Hall, vice-president; Wilbur Pate, secretary and treasurer.

The officers of the club—officially known as the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club—appointed a committee of ten to draw up the rules, regulations, and by-laws for the hunting club. The committee was composed of the following: E. A. Stephens, W. A. Jones, Ray Rector, Paul Hogue, E. T. Ramsey, Foster Davis, E. E. McCarty, J. R. Hendricks, Willard Hickman and Ed Strickland.

The above committee adopted the following rules for the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club:

1. No club member shall take more than one deer from the premises during any one season. Where more than one member of a family is permitted to hunt, the family shall not take more than one deer during such period. No person shall shoot deer for another.
2. No person shall take more than five squirrels in one day nor more than ten in seven consecutive days from the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club.
3. Ducks and other fowls covered by federal regulations may be taken only in accordance with such regulations and only until twelve o'clock noon on artificial lakes.
4. Quail may be taken according to state regulations.
5. Hunting shall be limited to areas designated from time to time and when assigned an area the club member shall be restricted to such area.
6. Each member shall be responsible for the obedience of federal and state laws and shall immediately report any violation to the prosecutor or authorities. Failure to do so is just cause for suspending such members.
7. Any member violating federal or state laws or these regulations shall be stricken from the list of members belonging to the club.
8. All persons hunting shall provide themselves with proper licenses which licenses shall be exhibited to the authorized persons and the number and description thereof entered in the record of hunters.

The committee voted to assess each member one dollar per month dues. However, any employee, or former employee of Southern Pine Lumber Company living in Diboll, who is financially unable to pay dues but who still desires to hunt or fish, or both, will be exempted from the payment of said dues.

The money collected by the committee in the form of dues is being used to pay two riders—Claude Davenport and Leon Courtney—who, beginning November 1st, are protecting the premises of the hunting club against tresspassers, law violators, fire, and illegal hunting and fishing.

To date approximately four hundred and fifty Southern Pine employees and residents of Diboll have become paying members of the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club.

It is believed that strict adherence to the rules of the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club will result in employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company having for their pleasure and enjoyment one of the best hunting and fishing clubs in this part of the state. We all know from experience that game becomes plentiful only when properly protected and in our club we are really going to protect it.

This employees' hunting and fishing club is another example of the friendship and cooperation that exists between Southern Pine Lumber Company and the people who live in Diboll whether employees of the company or not.

Diboll College Student Honored

Freddye Faye Thompson, a senior at Daniel Baker College at Brownwood, Texas, was recently elected to "Who's Who in American Colleges and universities. In order to attain this honor the student must have maintained throughout his or her college career an average of ninety or better; must be unusually active in campus work, and must also be rated unusually high on personality, general ability and character.

..Each college in the United States is allowed one student out of each hundred enrolled as candidates for Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities.

Freddye Faye is the daughter of Wilbur Fogg, Assistant Superintendent of Southern Pine Lumber Company, Diboll.

—o—

However far a man goes, he must start from his own door.

—o—

Lots of times you have to pretend to join a parade in which you're not interested, in order to get where you are going.



Boggy Slough hunters with an early season haul of ducks. Left to right, standinig: Arthur Temple, Jr., Kester Denman, Jr., Barney Franklin, Carroll Allen and Ben (The Amazing Mister) Anthony. Sitting left to right: Dr. J. C. Clement, Henry Spencer, Arch (Short Man) Hollingsworth and Leon Spencer.

RAT TALES . . .

Alvin Fox of the shop crew is a very proud, but somewhat disappointed father. It seems that he was expecting—and really counting on—a boy but sure enough the new arrival was a girl. In the meantime, Ray Rector became the father of a boy and Alvin is very jealous. Ray is so proud of his son that he went out and bought two boxes of cigars to hand out.

Fox is working very hard trying to find something to take the place of sleep. He claims that his girl is going to be a wonderful opera singer because she starts practicing every night just about mid-night and sings until daylight then goes peacefully to sleep while Alvin goes sleepily to work.

Herb White—one of the most truthful hunters in Diboll—has been telling us all about going into the woods with a twenty-two calibre pistol with which he shot a big buck and killed him. After checking up on this story, I find that another honest hunter had shot the buck and wounded him. This hunter number one put his dog on the trail and the dog finally brought said buck down. Herb White walked up, shoos the dog away, and cut the deer's throat. That is all there was to it.

Two years ago Dopey Morgan, our village blacksmith, says that he went down to the bay fishing. While there he lost his keys, looked everywhere for them but to no avail and as a result had to buy new locks for everything he owned. A week or so ago he went back to the same bay fishing. He says he was twenty miles further up the bay, however, and believe it or not found those same keys. He swears that the salt didn't even turn them yellow—they were in perfect condition.

What he forgot to say was that he found these keys in his pants pockets—the same pants he had had on when he went down theree two years ago. During all this time the pants had been hanging in his garage and somehow or another he had forgotten to look there for the lost keys.

Another wild story recently heard was told by Herb White, Jr. He says he was out in the woods sighting his gun. He had a target upon a tree. He fired, missed the target, and at that very instant an eight point buck walked into the path of the bullet, 217 steps away and Herb got him. Anybody who wants to believe that one is welcome to it.

Paul Bunyan Hogue killed an eight point buck several days ago—his first. He put the buck on the hood of his car, carried it all over town blowing his horn and showing it to people. From here he took him to Nacogdoches, Lufkin, Alto, Rusk and three or four other places. Later he came back to Diboll, parked his car by the post office and had several pictures taken by his kill. In the meantime, three or four days had elapsed and when the buzzards begin to circle around over Bunyan's car he realized that he had waited a little bit too long to dress his buck. As a result, he has still not enjoyed any venison.



RAT JOHNSON

Bill Sheffield killed a buck and I am positive about this one because he brought me about a six pound roast.

Glenn Hines, son of Bernice Hines in our drug store, got his first buck last week and a good face washing in fresh blood.

Some other hunters who have brought in bucks in the last few days are Carey Anthony, Weldon Warner, Jack Weeks, Buster Sheffield, the Goins boys, and quite a few others.

Carrie Perkins killed two bucks—one with eleven points and the other eight. He swears that both were gotten with one shot. That is, one bullet—two deer.

The riders tell us there are quite a few deer in the Southern Pine Lumber Company employees' hunting reserve—the Ryan's Lake Club. Incidentally, this club is running as smoothly as silk and in another year or two we will have a wonderful place to hunt if everybody cooperates in taking care of the club. This was a mighty fine thing for Southern Pine Lumber Company to do and all employees appreciate it. Seventeen thousand acres of land is no small patch so there will be plenty of room for everybody and plenty of territory on which game of all kinds will multiply. Let's all follow the rules of this club to the letter and look on the seventeen thousand acres as our own.

Everybody in town is waiting breathlessly for Richie Wells to kill his first buck. He has been going hunting for the past fifty years and hasn't gotten a shot yet. The closest he has gotten to killing a buck was three years ago when he borrowed a new automatic rifle and got on a deer stand, to wit, a hog pen. He hadn't been there long when a twelve point buck walked right up to the pen, looked over the fence at him and walked slowly away. Richie says that he just couldn't make the new gun shoot. He was not used to an automatic.

We should all remember to exercise the very greatest care while deer hunting. Be absolutely positive that the deer you see has horns before you shoot. And also be absolutely positive that you are not shooting at a human being when you let loose a blast at something moving in a thicket.

We should also be extremely careful about fire. Besides being the worst hazard of all, from a timber standpoint, fire will run all the game out of that area. Watch your step! Be careful with your rifle and matches. Both can be equally dangerous!

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Hot Off the Handle . . .

By FROSTY DAVIS

It seems that we have quite a few hunters employed at Temple-White but as yet the writer has had only one taste of venison. However, maybe we will do better as the season progresses.

We are all happy over getting into the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club—a seventeen thousand acre fenced in tract of land set aside by Southern Pine Lumber Company for employees and ex-employees of the two industries here in our town. We know that within the next few years we will have as good a hunting club as exists anywhere in this country. Naturally, there will be a few minor infractions of the rules and other things to be ironed out as there always is in any new project, yet we have every confidence that this will be successfully done and that the hunting and fishing club will go over big.

—o—

A young man of our company, H. C. White, Jr., has just launched his ship into the sea of matrimony. We wish him and his beautiful bride smooth sailing.

—o—

If anybody is interested in knowing all about baskets which are used to catch parts from outboard motors as they fly out please have him contact Moody Smith of Temple-White.

—o—

Production at Temple-White is rolling along in high gear which speaks well for a smoothly oiled organization. The office force must be expecting a Christmas present as they are in an unusually good humor lately. We just want to let them know that we have something really terrific ordered from New York. We hope that they have placed a few orders also.

—o—

One of the big projects that we are all looking forward to in the future is the lighting of the Diboll athletic field. If we can get this done it will mean that the working people of our own will be able to see high school sports as well as the town games which will mean that the various teams will get the backing they need so badly. The two companies of Diboll—Southern Pine Lumber Company and Temple-White, Inc.— have always been called upon to either furnish all the money for such projects or a major portion of it. What we are trying to do now, though, is to help ourselves by raising money for this lighting work and get it put up just as soon as possible. The cooperation of everybody on this will certainly be appreciated because it is something that we have needed for many, many years.

—o—

We must hand Mr. Frank Shirk a bouquet for his long and excellent service with Temple-White, Inc. You know, we have all enjoyed working for this company and although we have had our ups and downs we have stuck together as one big family. The cooking has been good and the work has been done. May we all in the future, no matter where we are or what task must be accomplished do it with the same spirit that has been so prevalent here in this plant—the spirit of friendly cooperation and good will.

I often think that the difference between a good day or a bad day with us might be nothing more than a friendly smile by a fellow employee. It would take us all just a few seconds a day to put out a kind work to somebody, a helping hand to the new man (remember you were an apprentice once yourself, in all probability). Helpful suggestions on how to do a certain job more quickly or more efficiently, or more easily, might be worth a great deal and it costs us absolutely nothing to give it. It is a good idea for us all to make a habit of readily admitting mistakes, of being honest in everything we do and in building up in others faith in our own integrity. Let us not take credit nor praise for somehing we did not do. Let us seek ways and means of bettering our individual jobs —try to figure out some way to make the work more efficient, more productive, and safe. All of this would take only a moment of thought each day. Lets all try it.

Incidentally, we are rounding out the year 1948 with a perfect safety record at Temple-White. Let's keep up the good work and be safety conscious at all times. It will really pay a big dividend.

Most of you have already heard about this but anyway Herb White, Sr., and Rayford Perry of Lufkin came in with a sixteen point buck a few days ago that weighed one hundred and sixty eight pounds. The strange part of it is that Herb White killed this deer with a revolver and you can believe that or not. The facts are that the big buck had been chased by a dog—apparently for many hours and when seen by Herb White and Rayford Perry was trying to fight the dog in the water. Herb White says that Perry grabbed the deer by the tail and that he, Herb White, shot him in the head with the pistol. Rayford Perry tells the story a little differently. He said that Herb had the buck by the tail while he, Perry, did the shooting. But which ever way it was we do know that they brought him in and he was probably the biggest deer killed this season, at least around here. We would all like to know just who is going to get the beautiful sixteen point head—it would look pretty good here in the Temple-White offices if it can be arranged.

—o—

BULLETIN . . .

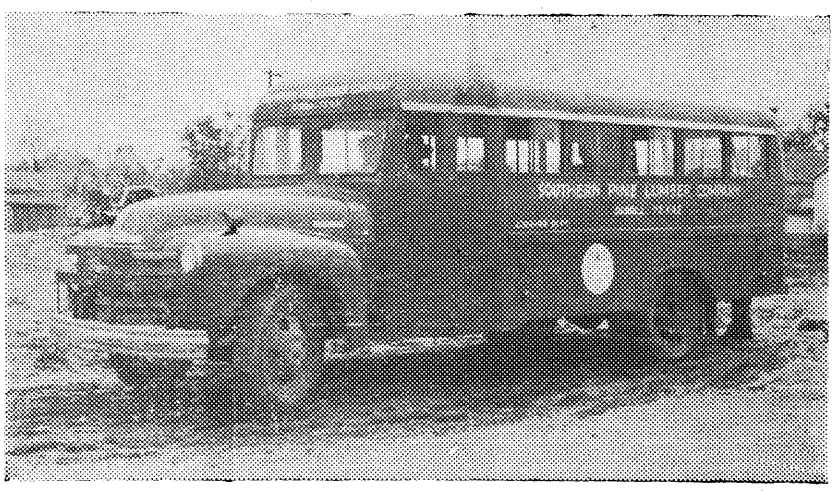
Herb White, Jr., set a local record here on November 17th when he bagged an eight-point buck at the Cypress Lake Club.

Of course, the fact that he killed a buck was nothing unusual at all. The fact that the deer had eight points was also mediocre. What WAS unusual and completely out of the ordinary was the fact that Herb, Jr., left his office at Temple-White in Diboll at 2 p.m. drove clear to the Cypress Club, killed his deer, and was back at his office at 3 p.m.

Here is how it all happened: Herb, you know, was on November 17th, and is now, in love. In fact, on Novemeber 20th—only three days after he had killed this deer—he was married to the beautiful Lois Clement in Lufkin at the Episcopal church. But back to November 17th. According to the office force at Temple-White, Herb, Jr. telephoned Lois every hour of the day on the hour and whispered sweet nothings in her ear. Now Herb, even though he was in love, also had in his heart—in the small space left therein for other things—a deep desire to kill a deer during the hunting season. He knew that after November 20th he would be on his honeymoon until after the deer season was over so if he was going to get said buck he had to get him without losing any time. Remember, though, he still had to telephone Lois every sixty minutes. So promptly at 2 p.m. on this balmy seventeenth he hung up the phone, jumped into his car, rushed out to the Cypress Club, got out of the car, adjusted his telescopic sight and just as he got it adjusted and looked into it, low and behold, there stood a buck deer zeroed in. All Herb had to do was pull the trigger, run and pick up the deer, throw him on the car, and speed back to Diboll. He got here at 3 o'clock exactly—with only one hour elapsed—at which time he called Lois on schedule then settled down to get his breath.

A. R. Webber, in the meantime, when told by Herb, Jr., that he had killed a deer and had him in his car, didn't believe the story. In fact he was so sure that Herb was kidding that he offered to help skin the deer and clean it. Now Weber had not attempted to clean a deer during the past seven years for the simple reason that in 1941 he assisted Herb White, Sr. in a similar operation, got sick, and spent two days in bed recuperating. But so sure was Webber on the November 11th occasion that Herb had no deer, he walked out of the office with Herb to the car laughing and joking and riding Jr. about coming in with such a wild story—until he looked up and spied said buck on the running board. Weber, being strictly a man of his word, proceeded though flabergasted and nauseated and zipped open the deer. A man of very strong mind but very weak stomach, he made no further progress in undressing the buck; in fact, he swooned and fell and remembered nothing more. Dr. Dale thinks that after a few more days rest he will be okay.

Well, Herb got his deer on the 17th and his dear on the 20th and left happily for an extended honey-moon—a honey-moon sales trip actually—which will include Bogalusa, La., Memphis, Paducah, Kentucky, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Little Rock, Dallas, Fort Worth and then back home, if able. We wish the newlyweds all he luck in the world!



Pictured above is one of a fleet of five Southern Pine Lumber Company woods crew buses being used as transportation for woodsmen to the various timber operations on Southern Pine Lumber Company lands. These buses have a capacity of twenty passengers (one of them, however, can accommodate thirty-two). The steel bus body, built by The Jacksonville Industrial Iron Works, is mounted on a two-speed, two-ton Chevrolet heavy duty chassis and built under Texas School Bus Safety Specifications.

Inside the bus a saw rack is mounted on the floor to hold the saws, axes, and tools of the crew. Also inside the bus is a large steel water barrel with a spigot that extends outside the bus. This drinking water barrel is complete with ice container to afford woods crews cold fresh drinking water at all times.

Southern Pine Lumber Company bought these all-steel labor buses to provide woods crews with comfortable and safe transportation to and from their jobs. According to Lee Estes, they represent the very finest transportation for logging crews found anywhere in East Texas. This is another example of how Southern Pine Lumber Company is working to provide the best equipment for its employees—equipment that is modern, comfortable, and the last word in safe transportation.

Customers Aren't Mind Readers

The telephone rang every few minutes.

The clerk in the local freight office who was catching most of the calls finally started answering the telephone in an impatient and slightly irritated tone of voice.

The agent noticed this and in a friendly way beckoned the clerk to come over to his desk.

"Did you know," the agent asked, "that you've answered the telephone several times in a curt, irritating tone of voice?"

"I didn't intend to," the clerk replied.

"I'm sure you didn't," the agent remarked," but unfortunately the people on the other end of the telephone didn't know that. The only way they have of judging your reaction to their call is the manner in which you answer it. They have no way of knowing that you are busy with your paper work and that you didn't intend to be discourteous."

What this agent had to say to his clerk was good, friendly advice—and it applies to all of us, no matter what our job may be, just as it did to the clerk.

Very few people intentionally offend those with whom they come in contact. All of us know, as this clerk did, that we are judged by our deeds, not by our intentions. But when we are busy we sometimes forget this. And when we do, whether intentionally or not, we place ourselves in a very bad light. The conductor, for instance, who answers the inquiry of a passenger in a curt manner doesn't intend to be discourteous. But the passenger doesn't know that.

The customer on the other end of the telephone doesn't know the clerk in the yard office or the freight station didn't intend to be discourteous when he gets a sharp answer to his question about the shipment he's been expecting for several days.

Nor does the prospective passenger know that the ticket seller has a line of people at the counter in front of him when he gets an impatient reply to his inquiry.

Our customers, our fellow-workers and our neighbors judge us by our deeds, not by our intentions.

It is deeds—good deeds—that count, not good intentions.

Each of us, no matter what our job, are judged by what we do from day to day, not by what we profess, not by what we intend.

The road to success and happiness is paved with good deeds; the road to unhappiness and failure, with good intentions. Whether we choose deeds or intentions to pave life's pathway rests entirely in the hands of each of us.

—o—

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us, and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.

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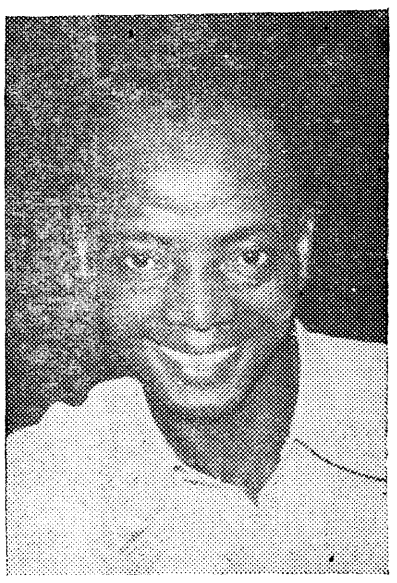
The Buzz Saw

Published monthly by and for employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company

GET READY FOR FREDDIE . . .

By FREDDIE LEWIS

With the Ryan's Lake Hunting and Fishing Club organized—Southern Pine Lumber Company's employees' hunting preserve—it sounds like a young war west of Diboll. Some of the boys go out and camp overnight in order to wake up with the squirrels. Some, who haven't had much opportunity or a place to hunt in a long time, go out and wake up the squirrels. Some go out shooting rifles, some shot guns, some pop guns, and quite a few fellows just go out in the woods and shoot the breeze. But of all the hunters in this club, or for that matter in his part of the state, Brown Franklin holds the championship as the Squirrel King. The season was not even ten days old when I saw so many squirrel hides around Brown's house that it looked like a cannery or something. Brown can locate a squirrel by the sound of his bark and once he locates one the squirrel might as well kiss his grandma bye.



FREDDIE LEWIS

Anyway, everybody seems to be having a wonderful time now that we have our own employees' hunting club and while this writer has not yet had the opportunity to go out into the woods in search of game, I have enjoyed listening to the many hunting stories brought in by the successful and the unsuccessful nimrods.

Principal and Coach C. O. Bradley of H. G. Temple high school has made a dream come true. No, I am sorry, this dream is not in the form of a victory on the football field but rather a victory in the form of a brand new 1949 Ford automobile. And it is really a honey. We don't know whether the new car had anything to do with it or not but Bradley's football team seemed to be inspired a day or two after he got it and went to Jasper and came back wih a 13-14 victory. Bradley put more than 900 miles on his car during the first eight days. By the time this issue of the Buzz Saw is read his mileage no doubt reads a couple of thousand. He had simply been without any transportation for so many years that when he finally got this slick looking vehicle he wanted to run it day and night and was taking time out only to teach school and catch a little sleep occasionally.

Out of the last four football games, Coach Bradley and his boys have won three and lost only one. The one defeat came at the hand of Jacksonville and the score was 32-0. This same Jacksonville team beat Dunbar high school of Lufkin 26 to 19 on the night of Novembeer 23rd in Lufkin. They were simply so much bigger as a high school, with so many reserves, and so forth, that Diboll was behind the eight ball.

The fans, the football team, and the coach all got one of their biggest thrills over the outcome of the Pineland-Diboll game here played November 11th when Diboll rolled over Pineland like a bull dozer over a peanut and swamped them 24-6. Ordinarily passing is Diboll's speciality but in this particular game they took to the ground and it was their ground game that did the trick. Out of the four touchdowns made three came from running plays while the other came as a result of an intercepted pass by Allen in the last few minutes of the game. When Allen took this pass intended for Pineland's left end he scooted over the line for his second touchdown of the game.

After about four plays, Diboll went from about mid-field to Pineland's two yard line where Archie "Peaches" Maddox went over for the first touchdown. After the kick-off Pineland started to march and before Diboll could stop them they were within the Shadow of Diboll's goal. The drive bogged down, however, and fourth down caught them. After running two plays Maddox kicked down to Pineland's eight yard line and Pineland immediately kicked back and in the exchange of boots Diboll gained about twenty yards.

This set the stage for Franklin "Tut" Allen's end run and another touchdown. Everytime Diboll missed the extra point. Diboll 12 and Pineland 0. That was the score at the half.

Ben Odis Smith scored the third touchdown and thrilled the crowd with some of the most beautiful broken field running you ever want to see. Ben Odis is the swiveled hipped and side-stepping running mate of Franklin "Tut" Allen and these two boys can really carry that mail once they get past the line of scrimmage. After Diboll had intercepted the Pineland pass and returned it for their fourth touchdown, Pineland scored. This was in the final minutes of the game. They made this talley after marching down the field following the Diboll kick-off after their final score and went over with a pass from the quarterback to the right end. Pineland missed the extra point. The score was Diboll 24, Pineland 6. As they lined up for the kick-off after this touchdown time was running out fast. Pineland kicked and Ben Odis fumbled the ball and while he was attempting to recover the gun sounded and the game was over.

Following the Pineland game, Diboll beat Woodville 19-0 here in Diboll the next week. Then they went over to Jasper and kocked them cold as a wedge but with a close score—14-13.

Archie "Peaches" Maddox displayed very fine punting in the Pineland game of November 11th. He kept the Sabinese in the hole throughout the game with his long boots. Hunt also stood out in his position of left end. Others who showed up good in the games were Lemon Ligon at center and Herman Jones also on the line. In other words, the whole team went all out in giving its best against Pineland and one might very well say that the line as well as the backfield turned in a wonderful performance.

In all, Coach Bradley, has won five games and lost four this season. That is a little better han five hundred and anytime we can come out at the end of the season with a fifty-fifty average over the teams we play we feel that we have had a pretty good year simply because Diboll is such a small high school compared to our opponents and also because of the fact that we have such a small pool of reserves to draw from. We have only one more game of this season scheduled to date and that will be with Livingston on the 3rd day of December—to be played at Livingston. Bradley promises that this game will be a slap bang affair and that the fans will be treated to some rugged football.



I. M. (Ike) Green, one of Southern Pine Lumber Company's team of nightwatchmen, came to Diboll in 1898 and began his career with Southern Pine Lumber Company as an engineer and fireman in the mill. Mr. Green is the father of four children—Ossie Thompson, Ruth Brooks of Baytown, Nora Emerson of Shreveport and J. D. (Bull) Green of Houstson. Among Ike Green's many other pursuits during the past fifty years in Diboll, he was a team contractor and from 1924 until 1940 constable. Mr. Green says that he came to Diboll at the ripe old age of twenty-one and that he plans to stay here until he's at least ninety-nine simply because he just wouldn't live anywhere else.

Roscoe Rogers & Wife Sponsor Hallowe'en Party October 30

Roscoe Rogers and his wife sponsored a Hallowe'en street party on the night of October 30th with Leslie McBride and others on the arrangement committee. This was a very colorful affair with the teen-agers dominating. There were quite a few Hallowe'en costumes and everybody seemed to have lots of fun. Incidentally, Rogers is coming along nicely with his combination cafe and living quarters considering the time that he has had available to spend on it. If he can devote more time to his building project he might be ready for the grand opening Christmas — however, there are so many unknown quantities and unforseen possible handicaps that we can't be sure. But let us hope that in the near future he will again have something extra special to offer in the way of amusement and entertainment. Rogers' place, you know, is the center of activity in our part of town and we think he has done a wonderful job to provide the place that he has for the enjoyment and entertainment of the people.

—o—

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what they ought to be.

—o—

Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get.

—o—

In difficulty you understand your friends.



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Amateur Religion

There are three passages in God's Holy Word expressed in the strongest language—language that is almost vehement. They are addressed to three classes of persons in the Church of God; to those who are lukewarm, to those who are half-hearted, and to those who would be zealous. They are as follows. To the indifferent, God says, "I know thy works that thou art neither hot nor cold. So because thou are lukewarm and neither hot nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth."—Revelation, III, 15.

The second is the half-hearted and formal. "When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me. Your appointed feats my soul hateth; I am weary to bear them."—Isiah, I, 12.

The third text is to those who would be genuine and zealous. "Gird up the loins of your mind. Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, walketh about seeking whom he may devour."—I Peter, V, 8.

There is a natural tendency in religious people to drift into indifference, or a mere perfunctory performance of religious acts. Most of the temptations which beset us lie in that direction. The devil cannot expect often to lure the Christian into the committal of some heinous sin or flagrant crime. His policy therefore is rather to dull our spiritual insight and deaden our spiritual energies by indolent habits of mind and body. A heinous sin, like David's, excites great scandal and is more likely to alarm the sinner, and the reaction may lead to repentance and humility. The other method of undermining the Christian is a slower process to ruin, but is likely to be more permanent and fatal. We who are respectable people, restrained largely by public opinion and civil law, are much more open to the subtle and silent approaches of Satan.

There are three descriptive words applied to the way and spirit of doing things, a definition of which will greatly help us to get clear ideas of what God requires of us, and to what extent we answer those requirements. These three words are professional, amateur and dilettante.

A professional is one who gives, perhaps not his entire attention, time and labor to a particular art, occupation or calling, but who certainly gives that calling his supreme interest and his highest ability, and lets nothiing else stand in the way of his accomplishing the best results in that direction.

An amateur is one versed in, or a lover of any particular pursuit, art, or science, but not engaged in it professionally. He may devote to it the odds and ends of his time, his leisure hours, his vacations, but it does not get the most or the best of his energies.

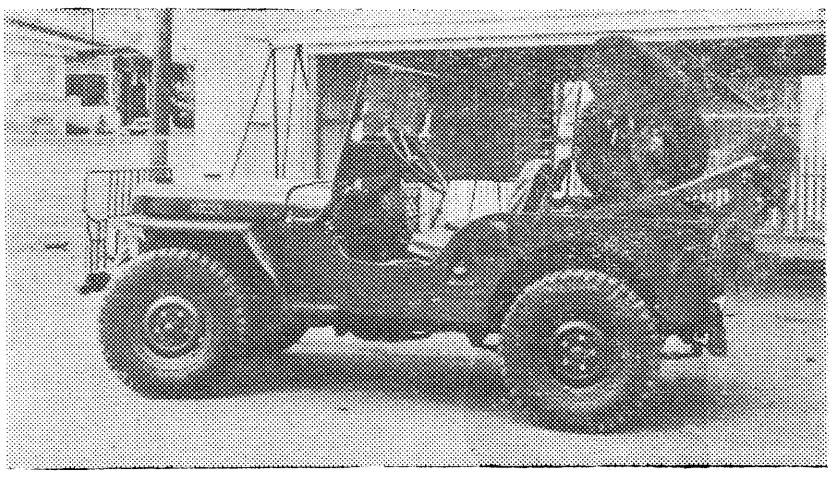
Now these descriptive terms and definitions apply excellently well to Christians. There are first of all dilettante Christians; those who from the mere force of early training and habit, or from a refined moral sense, or from a sympathetic delicacy of their nature, take an occasional or passing interest in religion. They enjoy the prettier, external features of the church's festivals. They can sometimes discourse with much taste and satisfaction to themselves on the more sentimental features of the Christian religion. But to take a cross and follow the lowly, suffering Jesus appeals to nothing in their character—does not approve itself to their liking. They skip all that is unsuited to their talents. They are dabblers in religion—they do not profess it. Of such triflers, such dilettante Christians the Spirit of God speaks in our first text. "Because thou are lukewarm and neither hot or nor cold, I will spew thee out of my mouth." Loathing and disgust at such characterless sentiment express a yearning to be rid of such as worse than useless in the Christian church.

Again there are those who enter upon the Christian life with some real interest if not enthusiasm; who have some appreciation of its merits; who admire the Christian's ideal; who in argument would take sides for Christianity; who give something toward church support; who will attend service once on Sunday, if they are not too tired, or the services does not come too early, or the weather is not unpropitious, or callers do not come in, and there is no pressing correspondence to be cleared away. As to whether they will attend to their Christian duty at any specified time is always a debatable question with them and one to be settled according to interest and pressure of other things. They are well disposed to the church—are friendly, and bestow their patronage upon it. But to give to church and charity to the extent of real self-sacrifice; to actually deny themselves any comforts of life for Christ's sake; to really keep a fast or a vigil; to beat their breasts and cry, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner"—none of these things enter into their programme. They will give to Christ and His church the odds and ends of their time, some of their leisure hours, some of their spare change. In short they will be and are amateur Christians. They are not professionals.

And this, my friends, is just what the most of us are. To such, yea to most of us, the Spirit of God in Isaiah plainly says, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me. When ye come to appear before me, who heath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; insense is an abomination unto me. The new moons and sabbaths, the calliig assemblies I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn metting. They are a trouble unto me, I am weary to bear them."

What now is a professional Christian? Is he one who neglects his business and his family and spends his time and energies crying to the Lord? Does he bury himself in a hermit's cell, or within the walls of a monastry or convent? No. Much if not most of his time is spent in his ordinary vocation, doing his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him. He is in the world. He is conscious of its living issues; he weighs them in his balance; he gives them their real but not their fancied value. He is not carried away by their glittering promises, nor absorbed in their pursuit. With him is a settled conviction that life has a higher goal and that he is only a pilgrim here. He has therefore a heart, a hand, a purse for every Christian enterprise, and he lets nothing stand between him and the great purposes of living. He knows there are allurements and dangers lurking on every side, therefore he is sober, he is vigilant. He knows there are difficulties and possibly hardships, therefore he girds up the loins of his mind. He is a professional Christian.

FIRE JEEP



Pictured above is a 1948 model Jeep with hydraulic hoist, Koenig wench, 200 feet of flexible steel cable with tripout hooks on the end to get through bad places, a plow that plows a furrow three feet wide and six inches deep, plus many other innovations used in combating forest fires.

During the past dry season this Jeep successfully fought eighteen forest fires on Southern Pine Lumber Company land. Our eequipment was supplemented by the Teexas Forest Service equipment and worked hand in hand with that organization in holding timber losses at a minimum.

Southern Pine Lumber Company's fire fighting Jeep will soon be equipped with a two-way radio in order that it may communicate with planes, Texas Forest Service radio equipped fire fighting units, forest fire towers, and other fire fighting units.

With the above fire fighing Jeep, Southern Pine Lumber Company's various forest fire fighting teams in Diboll have been able to extinguish and stop the spread of forest fires which might have otherwise destroyed millions of dollars worth of East Texas' finest timber, not only owned by our company, but timber owned by individuals and other concerns.

—o—

NOTICE HUNTERS!

All of us have read in the papers lately about the alarming number of people who have been killed already this year in hunting accidents. The tragic thing about it is that before the season is over this figure will have been tripled, according to statistics.

YOU MIGHT BE THE NEXT ONE!

Quite a number of hunters have been killed sitting in duck blinds with a companion. The usual accidents happen like this: one man is stooped down while the other is shooting ducks over his head. He raises up to get a shot himself, or his companion takes a crack at a low flying duck, and the shotgun blast goes into a perfectly good head—which unfortunately was being used at the moment only as a knob to hang a cap on.

A great many deer hunters have been killed this year already by the simple process of being mistaken for a deer. Just how a man—assuming he has no antlers on top of his head—can be mistaken for a four legged buck might seem impossible. Yet EVERY DAY, and probably several times a day, somebody is wounded or killed in the woods because a trigger happy hunter "thought he was a buck."

I suppose the best rule to follow is (1) to be sure you are on a stand that is not within range of a companion hunter. (2) wear a colored cap and jacket, red being preferred. (3) don't go into the woods with a darn fool. (4) be sure your companion isn't with one.

As far as we know, no employee or guests of Southern Pine Lumber Company has ever been killed or injured in a hunting accident. We want to keep this record perfect. **So be careful!**

—o—

Many go out for wool, and come home shorn.

—o—

Conceit, God's gift to little men.

—o—

Kissing don't last. Cookery do.

—o—

A fault denied is twice committed.

Thompson Rides—

(Continued from page 2)

Thompson's eyes bulged. "Well I'll be dad-blamed. So THAT'S the way it works!"

Time marched on and Thompson developed into a real outdoorsman, complete with chaps, a horse, and seed ticks.

Then the company bought the Hull timber—which Clyde says was O. K. except for the fact that he thinks they misspelled Hull.

Let Richie tell you the rest: "Just two ways to get around on the Hull timber. Horseback and airplane. We had no airplane so Clyde and I ride over it all the time on horseback. Clyde has developed into a darn good woodsman but I can't say too much for him as a horseman. Can't get on unless the horse stretches out or unless four or five of us push him up in the saddle. Once he mounts, though, nobody has any trouble—that is, except the horse. First time we rode together I let him have Old Rip because he had been trained to stretch out. When Clyde finally got on, Rip looked around at me and the expression in his eyes was saying as plainly as if he had been talking: "The glue factory someday, yes! But not THIS, PLEASE!"

November 30th — today — we find Thompson in one of his brief visits to the office, his boots propped up on the desk (complete with spurs) and in his usual good humor. "Yes sir," he begins. "I'll admit I was a little green when I first took over as superintendent of logging operations but believe me things are different now. Down at Hull I'm known as the Earl Sande of Southern Pine—feel just as much at home on a horse as I do sitting in a big over-stuffed chair in my living room. It's a great life and if you don't think we're getting the logs in here just ask Eddie Farley and Wilbur Fogg. And boy what a relief it is to get rid of that compensation insurance!"

Well, actually, we'll have to admit that Ruby has proven himself a whiz as superintendent of logging operations. He has streamlined his operations, introduced new methods and techniques, and gotten the job done wih flying colors. We'll also have to hand it to him for being unquestionably one of the most likeable people you'll find anywhere. He's been with Southern Pine Lumber Company in various capacities THIRTY-THREE YEARS out of a grand total of only forty-nine and has grown with the organization from secretary to supeerintendent. He and Ossie have two fine boys—Donald, age 22, who will graduate from the United States Military Academy at West Point in June, 1949, and who now has the rank of cadet sergeant (and you have to be plenty sharp to get a cadet rating in West Point); R. C., age 18, who is a pre-law student at the University of Texas at Austin. Yes, Ruby has come a long way from the peanut and grit salesman of 1916 to the 1948 Thompson with a fine family, a top-flight job with the largest lumber manufacturing concern in Texas, 44 dollars in the bank and two tailor-made suits. That's progress.

But this stuff about his being just as much at home in the saddle as he is in a big easy chair in his living room—well, what that is I leave to the individual reader.

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SPORTS ROUNDUP

By PAUL DURHAM

Well, the football season is over and the Lumberjacks find that they have had a pretty good year for their first try.

This is, of course, Diboll's first year in eleven man football and they have tried hard for a District Championship, but found it a long hard task to achieve.

The Lumberjacks have won only one game this season, but they have played a fine brand of defensive ball—except for their meeting with Groveton. Incidentally, Groveton won District 26-B by a landslide, conquering Corrigan in their last game 40-0.

The Lumberjacks had seven lettermen from last year's six man team; They have more this coming year since only five of the present squad will be lost: Frank Smith, Jr., Blant Ferguson, Isadora Miranda, Lewis Stringer, Johnny Waller and Milford Ruby.

Returning for next year will be starters: Jack Goins, Wallace Dean, Gordon Brashear, Charles Placker, H. T. Sanford, Van Davison, Artis Lee Clark, Paul Durham, and H. A. Brown.

The absence of the graduating seniors will be sorely missed, but the Lumberjacks will be left in a fairly strong and experienced condition. They will still be, however, at a loss for a second string and for substitutes. This was a principal handicap this season and Coaches Ramsey and Franks must be given a lot of credit for turning out a fair team without anything to work from.

The following is a record of the Lumberjack's games this season:

Lumberjacks	6 vs	Lufkin B.	34
Lumberjacks	6 vs	'Doches B.	7
Lumberjacks	6 vs	Lovelady	2
Lumberjacks	19 vs	Corrigan	12
Lumberjacks	0 vs	Groveton	32
Lumberjacks	0 vs	Shelbyville	12
Lumberjacks	0 vs	Lufkin B.	7
Lumberjacks	0 vs	Garrison	7
Lumberjacks	vs	Chester	

—o—

A resume of the Jacks' last three games:

The Lumberjacks went to Shelbyville Thursday, October 21, 1948 only to come back to defeat, 12-0.

The Tigers weren't particularly strong but took advantage of six Jack fumbles and corrected two of them with touchdowns.

The Tigers used line plays that really should have been stopped by the Lumberjacks forward wall, but the team could not kick on that particular night.

Taking the ball after kickoff, the locals moved on a 40 yard drive before a fumbled pass catch by end Charles Placker gave the Tigers possession.

GARRISON—The Indians received the kickoff and marched down the field for their touchdown and added the winning point. On the ensuing kickoff the Lumberjacks took the ball after a 60 yard return by Tip Brashear, and ground down to the 10 yard line, where H. A. Brown circled end for score. Placing the ball down for the extra point kick, Artis Lee Clark was swarmed by the Indian line before Wallace Dean could convert.

The Lumberjacks were downhearted, of course, feeling that the rain was a big cause for their defeat, and still wish that they could have kicked that extra point.

Lufkin edges Diboll 7-0—On November the 2nd, the Lumberjacks met the Lufkin B squad on the Diboll field, and were able to hold the high flying Curry boys to a touchdown and an extra point.

This is the first time this season that this has been accomplished, and the Lumberjacks were credited with their best defensive works of the season.

Both teams were riding on line plays and were at a stand-still until the middle of the third quarter, when McCall passed to an end, who lateraled to Hudiburg, and the fleet tailback scampered the remaining 15 yards for the touchdown. It was a beautifully executed play, and some nice running by Hudiburg who sidestepped two Lumberjack tacklers to cross the double strip.

The Lumberjacks were able to cross midfield but twice, but were unable to even penetrate the 20 yard line. They almost clicked, however, when Paul Durham threw a long aerial to Wallace Dean but the ball was a little short and fell incomplete. If the pass had been complete, it no doubt would have gone for a touchdown and given the Jacks six points behind Lufkin's seven.

The Lumberjacks felt very good about the outcome, however, and fairly good reason for their defensive play.

It was a surprise to the B'ers also, for they defeated the locals in their first game of the season 34-6.

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The starting lineup for this year's Lumberjacks and their substitutes were as follows:

"A" String	Position	"B" String
Tip Brashear	LE	J. D. Russel
Artis Lee Clark	LT	Carl Hasell
Johnny Waller	LG	Jesse Hasell
Van Davison	C	Joe Ed Curry
H. T. Sanford	RG	Glenn Hines
Frank Smith, Jr.	RT	Milford Ruby
Charles Placker	RE	Bill Ferguson
Blant Ferguson	Back	Lewis Stringer
H. A. Brown	Back	Jack Goins
Paul Durham	Back	Isadore Miranda
Wallace Dean	Back	Kenneth Vaughn

—o—

BOY SCOUTS ENJOY ANNUAL BANQUET

The annual boy scout banquet was held in Diboll, Tuesday, Nov. 16th.

Four of our cubs entertained with a skit and with dancing puppets. Cub pack 128 was presented with "Supreme Achievement" Award for 1948 being the only Cub Pack in the district to receive this honor.

We expect to have our pack meeting on Friday, December 3rd and everybody is urged to be present.

Each Cub will have on display something which he and his father have worked on during the month of November. At the last meeting the Cubs brought canned goods and fixed a Thanksgiving box which was taken to a needy family in Diboll.

December is "Good Will Month" and each Cub is supposed to adopt someone and do them good turns. All parents are urged to help their boys in this fine work and remind them of their Cub meeting at 4 p. m. Friday. Parents are also urged to attend these meetings with their sons.

LUMBERJACKS DAY

The Seniors of 1948-49 sponsored a Lumberjack Day Tuesday, October 26. This event was the first of its kind in Diboll high school's history.

On this day everyone—this included the teachers—wore blue jeans, plaid shirts, boots, toboggans, etc.

An assembly was held and the seniors pantomined Paul Bunyan. Milford Ruby played the roll of Paul, a large, fiery lumberjack; Frank Smith, Jr. and Johnny Waller played "Babe," Paul's big, blue ox; Douglas Minton played the cook and Ralph Weisinger, Blant Ferguson and Isadore Mirando typified lumberjacks. Paul Durham was the narrator.

Lumberjack Day ended with a Lumberjack Jamboree given Tuesday night in the gym.

Ostensibly everyone enjoyed themselves because they are looking forward to Lumberjack Day next year.

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THE YEAR BOOK OF 1948-1949

By MARION EDWARDS

A few days ago the Annual Staff was honored to have with them, Mr. Alexander, a representative of the Steck Company from Austin.

He supplied us with all kinds of information concerning our yearbook and answered all the questions which the staff freely asked.

Among the selections made by the staff were the annual covering; including design and color, and linen finished paper to be used inside the book.

We shall have sixteen colored pages this year. This is the first time in the history of Diboll annuals that we have had a colored page.

The Staff is now completing their advertising campaign.

The approximate cost of these annuals is to be $700.00 for 100 annuals. The Staff plans to sell the annuals, which other schools ordinarily sell for $5.00 for $2.00. This will leave a deficit of $500 to be raised by the Staff and the senior class, mostly through advertising. All pupils and ousiders are urged to buy their annuals as soon as possible, since any payments made to the Steck Company before January 10 nets the Staff a three per cent discount or credit.

The Staff needs the discount to help pay for the annuals.

We promise you an even better annual than last year—so please buy your annual **now!**

Brownwood Sports Writer Likes Our Elmer Thompson

(From the Brownwood Bulletin, Brownwood, Texas.)

There's a big likeable gridder out at Daniel Baker College, who despite being on the losing side Saturday night when Ouachita Baptists trounced the Billies, 27-0, was the kingpin defensive man on the field.

He's Elmer Thompson, 190-pounder from Diboll, who is playing his second season with the Blue and White. In case some Central and West Texas fans don't know just where Diboll is located on the map, it'll be found about 10 miles south of Lufkin, the home of good football talent.

Elmer's hustle Saturday night definitely played a major part in holding the score down against the hard-running Tiger back. Playing center and backing the line in top fashion, the hefty Hill Billy turned in his best game this season.

This football business isn't exactly new to him. Thompson played three years at Rusk high school then topped that training off with a four-year hitch in Uncle Sam's Navy, playing one season at NAS Rodd Field in Texas.

After being discharged from the service, Elmer spent one year at Sam Houston State before coming to Brownwood in 1947. He's married and has one daughter, 17-month-old Freddye Murel.

Last season under Coach Chester Weidman, Thompson was first used in the backfield, then switched to a tackle spot where he did fine work until injuries at the center slot shoved him to that imporant position. It was at center that Elmer really began hitting his stride and since that time he's been a sparkplug on the Billies' squad.

Thompson, in addition to his football career, is also a good student. He's a senior and this may be his last year of football, although he has two more years of eligibility if he cares to take them.

Should Thompson decide against returning to Daniel Baker next year, then Saturday night's homecoming game at Lion Stadium will be his final appearance before home fans. The Billies have two more games on their fall schedule but both will be played on the road.

Win, lose or draw Saturday night, Thompson may again be the outstanding player on the field. He's at his best when the chips are down—by keeping his chin up.

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Three things are known only in the following day—a hero in the war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

—o—

Judging others in a dangerous thing; not so much because you may make mistakes about them, but because you may be telling the truth about yourself.

—o—

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

—o—

And truly then it is that sense shines with the greatest beauty, when it is set in humility.

SOUTHERN PINE TO PAY QUARTERLY TEN PER CENT BONUS IN DECEMBER

Sometime between December 15th and December 20th Southern Pine Lumber Company and Temple-White, Inc., will pay a bonus equal to ten per cent of the total earnings of each employee for the months of October, November and December. Actually, this bonus is being paid a month ahead of time in order that all employees will have the cash for Christmas. In order to estimate the December earnings, the accounting department has simply used the month of September and calculated the earnings of each employee during the month of December on the basis of his September earnings.

This ten per cent bonus will be paid to every employee whose employment has not terminated on the date of the bonus payment.