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The BUZZ SAW

VOLUME III | DIBOLL, TEXAS, JULY 31, 1949 | No. 1

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY



Everyone in Diboll, as Shirley Daniel's candid camera shows above, had a thoroughly enjoyable time at the annual July Fourth employees' barbecue

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Cecil Walton - The Man Who Might Have Been

Some men have a natural talent for music who live a lifetime and never play a note. Some men have the potential ability to hit 400 in the big leagues who live a lifetime and never pick up a baseball bat. And occasionally a man appears on the public scene destined to become a great politician but who gets nipped in the bud, never to try again. Thus our great nation loses leaders who, were they recognized for their true worth early in their careers, might rise to the highest office in the land and change the destiny of the world.

Trinity County had just such a man back in the middle Twenties. His name was Cecil Walton. And he was in the race for Commissioner of Precinct Four.

Young Walton had come to East Texas from Alabama at the tender age of two. The year was 1887. Crossing the state line at Texarkana, Cecil's father—driving a one horse wagon loaded down with all the paraphanalia the family could carry to furnish their new home in Texas—turned to his wife. "We're safely by the inspectors, dear. Raise the tub and let Cecil have some air."

The youngster, propped up on one elbow and gnawing on a pork chop, thus saw the great empire of Texas for the first time. Little did he realize that, but for one unfortunate turn of fate, he might someday be its Governor—or at least Commissioner of Precinct Four in the County of Trinity.

From 1887 until 1906 the life of Cecil Walton was uneventful. True, he suffered the usual trials and tribulations of any normal Trinity County youth — a fist fight every Saturday night, a rattler bite now and then, and the nesters occasionally taking a shot at him with a 30-30—but otherwise nothing ever seemed to happen to Cecil.

In 1906 Southern Pine Lumber Company had established Old Camp Two near Apple Springs and young Walton—then 21—applied for a job. The woods foreman put him cutting right-of-way for the tram railroad and he began his career that today, after more than forty years with the same company, is a real tribute to the patience of sawmill managers, woods superintendents, and timber men who during all this time have had the responsibility of keeping the mill running regardless of anything.

Walton whacked away at the brush for five years clearing paths through the woods for the temporary trams then was elevated to the job of scaler and moved to Walkerton and later Bluff City. In 1922 he decided to return to his home near Apple Springs and feel the pulse of the voters. For sixteen years he had worked hard, saved his money, and dreamed of the day he would stand on a platform and spellbind the multitudes with his silver-tongued oratory. For sixteen years he had heard the distant call of the people as they shouted in unison, "We want Walton," "We want Walton!" And at long last he decided to answer the call.

Old timers in Precinct Four, Trinity County, remember the 1922 Commissioners race as one of the most hotly contested political battles in the history of the county. It wasn't the CLOSEST race they ever had. Not by a long shot. But it WAS the most hotly contested—after the votes were counted.

Walton got off to a flying start at the opening of the campaign by fearlessly coming out in favor of good roads, churches, the home, and everybody's mother. On the negative side, he told the crowds at each voting box that, if elected, he would take a firm stand against sin, poverty, and crime. Crop failures he especially opposed. Floods, he contended, were unnecessary to the public welfare as was his able opponent whose name he slyly ommitted when he referred to him in his speeches. He followed, in other words, a sure-fire formula for election to public office including a solemn promise that when he reached the Senate—everybody knew the commissioners job was a mere stepping stone to greater things—he would vote for a bill to retire everybody, at government expense, when they reached the age of six months.



CECIL WALTON

136 votes were cast in Precinct Four, Trinity County, in the year 1922. Cecil Walton received 2—his own and Mrs. Walton's. 134 other people simply failed to recognize potential greatness when they saw it and voted for his opponent. Cecil demanded a recount. Again he heard the distressing news—"One, two, and that is all". And it was.

Back to Southern Pine Lumber Company, Walton scaled logs at Fastrill under Paul Durham, woods foreman, and Richie Wells, assistant woods foreman, until 1940. Kenneth Nelson took him in his timber crew as a marker that year—and still has him.

In the meantime, Walton began acquiring land as far back as 1918—a little at a time—and finally ended up with 395 acres on which he built his own home near the same place he first landed in Trinity County prior to 1906. Several times he has made a pass at farming the acreage himself, temporarily leaving Southern Pine only to come back a few pounds thinner and convinced all over again that the best deal, after all, is to rent the land, let somebody else do the work and take chances with the weather, while he keeps on making a regular payday marking timber for Southern Pine Lumber Company.

He does, however, have one side business that he takes care of in his spare time—goat raising. At the recent Fourth of July barbecue for all employees and their families, eleven of the goats were from Cecil's herd. It seems that Ed Strickland made a deal with Cecil to buy said eleven head for $4.00 each. After the barbecue, Bobby Farley, Kenneth Nelson, Richie and Albert J. Wells, Roland Goodrich and several other told Cecil that to accept the $44.00 for the goats eaten at a free town barbecue would be poor sportsmanship—to say the least (And I am putting in here the very least they told him. We've got to keep this paper decent.) After several days argument, during which time Strickland made no move toward paying the $44.00, Cecil came to the conclusion that his chances for collecting said money were becoming slim indeed. He looked Strickland up. "Ed, now about those goats," he began. "According to the timber department bunch I ought to donate 'em to the barbecue but I need the forty-four at this particular time so I'll make you a deal. Pay me for these eleven head and next time you have a barbecue I'll donate TWICE that many, free of charge." Strickland, recognizing what appeared to be a very good deal, handed Walton the $44.00. "That's a bargain, Cecil", he said. "Next year you're going to donate us twenty-two goats. Is that right."

Walton put the money in his pocket, walked away. "That's right," he said looking back over his shoulder at Strickland. "PROVIDED somebody first donates the goats to ME!"

Cecil Walton works with the youngest bunch on Southern Pine Lumber Company's payroll—the timber boys. Everybody in the crew from Carl Webber Ferguson, at the advanced age of 18, to Old Man Nelson, at 35, take special delight in carrying on a running game of kidding with Cecil every time they happen to be in the same spot at the same time. He's been around the woods longer than any three of them put together and has made more trails than "The Kids" could match in fifty years. Yet he carries on with them and never misses a beat. They hurrah him and he hurrahs them back—and it's rare, indeed, when anybody manages to come out other than second best. They all like Cecil because he's a fine fellow, an expert timber man, and "one of the boys" wherever he is and whatever is going on. He is, unquestionably, one of the most lovable "characters" that have ever worked for Southern Pine Lumber Company.

But his defeat in the Commissioner's race in 1922 is something we still can't figure out. Cecil says that maybe it was because his opponent came out for everything he came out for, opposed everything he opposed, then outsmarted him on his promises. It seems that the other fellow guaranteed that if he ever got in a position to do so, he'd advocate retirement for everybody when they were born and eliminate the six months waiting period. That, according to Cecil, turned the trick.

THE GOOD EARTH

By PAUL DURHAM

A piece of Heaven fell one day
And on it sprouted fruits and men of all kinds
Harboring in its shroud a species of all minds
Forever battling wars in its bay.
To the tune of music things went fine
The good earth was efferscent and assisuous
The mission and aim of its work being prodigious
But good enough that fortune and luck hand in hand did dine.
The etching of the good earth was plain
And the object of its affection was granted
So the seeds of good hope were husked, dryed, and planted
And every start thereafter reaped a gain.
Even barring Mar's implanted spear
The champion world of worlds gretted the thorns of adversity
And, still, in its never ending battle, it wins over animosity
Even in the path of storms, the good earth can rear.
She can still reap the greatest of crops
And even pessismism can see a light in the faltering spirts
She can still administer to the farther-est—and the nearest
And Good Earth—if I'm the bottom, you're surely the tops!

Scoop . . .

By PAUL DURHAM

I say all you Alpsmen with the buck teeth, toadsacks, knapsacks and hobnail boots! Ever hear of B.R.R.—Betty Ruth Ritchie? You haven't Well, here is a tip on a pert young Miss who plans to invade them there Smokey Mountain Hills of your'n.

It's in August, I believe that Miss Richie plans to journey to the mountains of Tennessee for a skit at mountain climbing. How and what the transportation is to be I don't know, but it is a well based fact that Betty Ruth has the widest assortment of hiking, riding and climbing shoes in Angelina County.

Of course, Betty Ruth didn't realize that she was being so well cross-examined during our interview, and of course she doesn't know that she is being quoted (although I'm sure she doesn't mind) as saying:

Q. "Are you eager to experience some of the adventure of mountain climbing?"

A. "Absolutely."

Q. "Do you have a girl friend or any friend who is to accompany you on this venture?"

A. "Not yet."

Q. "What are you going to bring back?"

A. No answer.

Q. "You are going to bring something back?" I inquired impatiently.

This, of course, is where Miss Ritchie realized her mistake of confiding her future and still obscure plans to a reporter. She clammed up right there, and the only other syllables I could wrangle out of her were: "I deny everything I said." "Don't you dare say anything about my shoes" and "Get out!"

Anyhow, folks, if at any time in the month of August, you miss Betty Ruth from her social work, and you read of a new active volcano in the Great Smokies of Tennessee, it won't be burping mountain dew but just trying to dislodge B.R.R. and her high-heeled loader hobnails from its side.

JOIN THE ACCIDENT PREVENTION CAMPAIGN! SAVE A LIFE OR A LIMB . .

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Get Ready For Freddie TOWN TALK . . .

By FREDDIE LEWIS

The Diboll Eagles baseball team was idle from June 19th to July 17th and during this lapse of time they changed managers. Between those dates some of the boys teamed up with Lufkin to play three or four games and kept their batting eyes sharp while they waited to see what the Eagles would do. Manager Spikes stepped out of the head man spot and Roscoe Rodgers took over the team. Spikes came a long way with this club because if my memory doesn't fail me he was at one time bat boy. During the reign of Willie (Big Jim) Hall, Spikes advanced from bat boy to ticket seller and finally, under Woodfee Peters' managership, became secretary of the team.

Spikes resigned with a very fine record as manager, having this year won 10 games out of 13.

Upon the resignation of Spikes, the Eagles turned to Roscoe Rodgers, the most versatile man I have met in many a day—with the possible exception of Professor W. J. Jackson who has eighteen separate trades including the ability to play every musical instrument from a jew's harp to the pipe organ. Rodgers accepted, after several days of deliberation and immediately started putting his plans into effect.

Besides buying a new motor for his bus which he will use for transporting the ball club, he has already started working on club houses in the park for the home and visiting teams which will be equipped with shower baths. He is also doing some remodeling on the grandstand to make it more comfortable and shut out the sun which makes the South end of the stands very, very warm on the spectators late in the afternoon. He is also improving the playing field, getting rid of the crawfish holes in the outfield, and smoothing everything up that he can to make it a better playing field.

The first game scheduled for the month of August will be against Groveton on Sunday, August 7th. If you want to see some real baseball come out and watch these boys go. With O'Ree on the mound you will get your moneys worth no matter how it comes out because just to see him pitch is worth the price of admission any day of the week.

Roscoe Rodgers rearranged the team to some extent, promoting Amos Randolph from field captain to field manager and appointing Jessie White field captain. With such top-notch players as J. V. Randolph, Willie Trimble, Fred and Amos Randolph, O'Ree and Jessie, there is no reason why they should not win the next 10 out of 13 games they play.

Incidentally, the last game the Eagles played under the managership of Spikes was on July 17th against Camden. Herbert Allen was on the mound and gave up only 3 hits in taking Camden by a lopsided score.

Up until now the Eagles have played all their games except one here at Diboll. And, of course, the reason was lack of transportation. Now, though, with Rodgers' bus all rigged up with a brand new motor my guess is that they will cover lots of territory and be on the road about half of the time. So they might as well get their traveling shoes on and be ready to roll for the remainder of the season because Rodgers is really figuring on branching out and playing every good team in East Texas willing to contest them. They are planning to make a swing around the country by Conroe, over to Jasper, Fostoria, and even down into Louisiana and before they are through the Diboll Eagles will be well known all over this part of the state.

By FREDDIE LEWIS

A new Perry Chapel C.M.E. church will be completed within an estimated 90 days. Reverend R. B. Moody is the pastor of this church and under his leadership a new and finer structure will be in Diboll where the people may go and worship. The old church was torn down to the ground by the members during the last week in May and the first week in June. Quite a few non-members assisted in the work and the church expressed its gratefulness to those people so willing to lend their time and effort to help. The cornerstone of the old church bears the date 1909 which make it 40 years old. It was practically beyond repair so Reverend Moody rallied his flock, the building was torn down, and a new one is going up. This new church will be much bigger and better and will have a balcony, a pastor's study, two stewardess' rooms, two ushers' rooms and the front entrance will be on the west instead of the east. Some are already referring to it as the greater Perry's Chapel.

Summertime brings vacation time and visiting time and though Diboll may not be a New York or a Miami or a Los Angeles, there is something here that attracts people from far and wide. In fact, there has been a steady stream of visitors since early June coming here to spend a few days with their friends and loved ones. To enjoy the hospitality of our town.

Grant Nelson and his wife of 1940 Defiance Avenue, Los Angeles led the march of vacationers when they drove down in June and spent two weeks with Woodfee Peters and his wife. Grant Nelson is a former employee of Southern Pine Lumber Company, having worked here in the fuel house.

Paul Fred and his wife also drove down from California and spent two weeks. Paul used to deliver groceries for the Number One store and drove the delivery truck as if it was an ambulance answering a call to a big wreck.

Will Hardy and his wife of 623 Aimeda, Dr. Oxnard, California, were visiting relatives here and many of their friends. Etta Gipson had visits from her daughter Corene and son-in-law Will Hardy. Will—whose nickname is Red—came and was so amazed at the changes that had been made in Diboll that he asked several people if they were right sure it was the same town. Red is a very popular ex-citizen of Diboll and everybody enjoys having him around.

Ernestine Collins of Los Angeles arrived on the 28th of June and visited a month with her mother Savannah Griffin and sister Lilly Simmons of Diboll. While she was here, her brother Ninety Griffin and his wife of Houston came and together with Lilly Simmons went out home to Nigton where they had a semi-reunion consisting of a fishing party.

Creasy Hardy of Los Angeles came in on July 27th for a months visit with her sister Alma Hardy and daughter Mandy Henderson. Creasy has been visiting in Diboll each year or so and we are always glad to have her.

Rosette Mayes of Lamar, Texas, together with her daughter Arma Lee Mayes and her daughter's friend Irma Gene Williams are visiting Katherine Anderson here in Diboll now.

Marcellus Smith of Houston and Lue Davis of Galveston are the house guests of the R. E. Roaches.

Roosevelt Jones, the son of Johnny Jones, is home after spending 14 months in the Japanese Island group. Roosevelt is in the air force and returned to the United States July 2nd. When his leave is over here he will report to Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Cora Nash and Florence Hodge are vacationing now in California. Several of us have had cards from them already from Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland. They are meeting and sharing the wonderful climate of California with such former Dibollians as Lilly Belle Little, Lillian Garrett and N. T. Anderson, Jessie (Pet) Pierson, and a host of other former citizens of Diboll. It seems that when they leave here about 50 per cent of them end up in California. And I suppose that is why we have so many visitors in Diboll from that far away state.

In the hospital during July were Jack Ligon, Earl Kelly—both of whom were operated on—M. S. Smith, Hiram Tucker and Florence King. We wish for them all a speedy recovery.

The Thomas Sibleys are the proud parents of a 12 pound baby boy—Thomas Jefferson Sibley, Jr. That's right, TWELVE POUNDS.

Soon after this issue of the Buzz Saw comes out vacations will start for all employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company. It is my understanding that August 15th to the 22nd will be vacation time for employees on the plant while all the woods crews will get off from August 8th to August 15th. We should all remember that all plants do not give paid vacations and we therefore should thank Southern Pine Lumber Company for giving us ours. We are working for a great organization—an organization that is really interested in the welfare of every employee on the payroll—and we should all be thankful for the many favors we have received as employees of this company that we would not receive if we were employed somewhere else. It is a great outfit and I am proud to be a part of it.

SLAM-BANG FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION STAGED AT DIBOLL

Diboll staged the greatest Fourth of July celebration in its 54-year history this month. From early morning until almost midnight the citizenry watched parades, a mammoth barbecue, afternoon and night baseball games between Diboll and Port Arthur, and a home talent rodeo.

The parade began at 9:30 a.m. and consisted of some thirty horsemen and Clyde Thompson riding their favorite mounts through the town in a long procession to advertise Diboll's first rodeo, scheduled for the late afternoon.

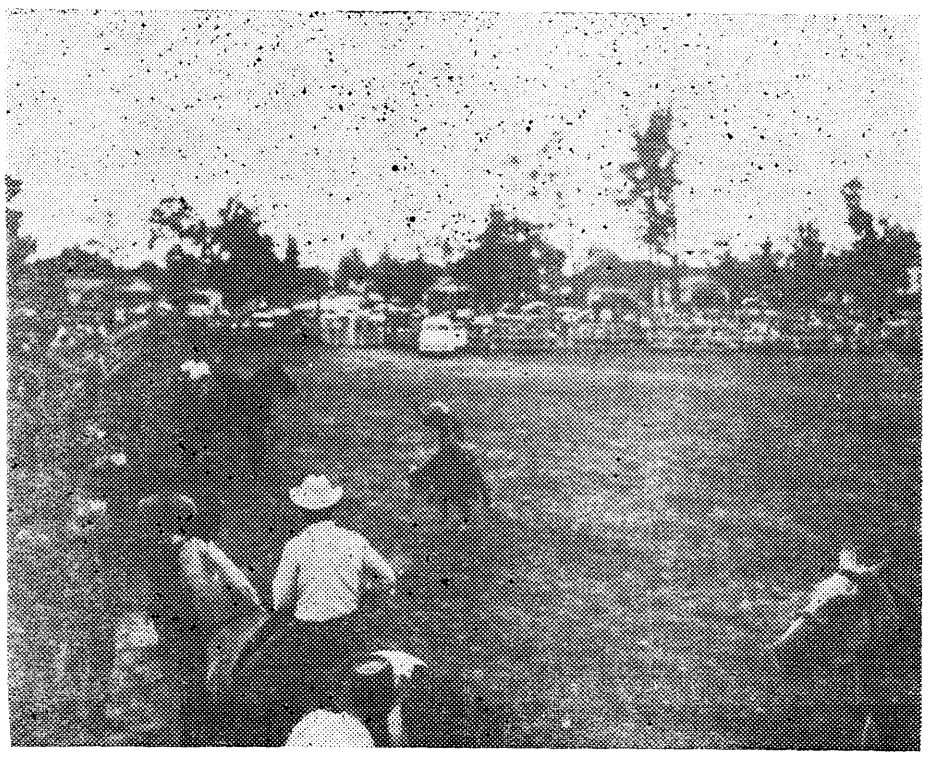
Bringing up the rear of the parade was Jack Adams on his familiar mare "Betty", and racing up and down the flanks of the line of riders was Bosco, an uninvited mule who, like Jack, simply wanted to get into the act.

At 11 a.m., some 2500 people gathered at the Boy Scout grounds across the highway east of Diboll for a free barbecue sponsored by Southern Pine Lumber Company and Temple-White for employees and their families. 1500 pounds of goat and beef had been cooked about 18 hours on a huge barbecue pit. This, together with approximately a truck load of potato salad, pickles, onions, bread, and all the trimmings was served to the crowd. When the dinner was over there was not enough left to interest the ants, and thousands were observed leaving the grounds looking for another picnic. But all the people had all they could eat.

Arthur Temple, Jr., vice president and general manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company, made a brief talk and thanked the citizens of Diboll for the splendid cooperation they had given him during his 16 months as head of the company. He then introduced the Honorable Martin Dies, principal speaker for the occasion. Dies pointed out to the crowd in his usual masterful style that we in the United States are virtually the only people in the entire world who enjoy the blessings of liberty and freedom. He added that this freedom, won by our forefathers more than 160 years ago, is something that must be preserved by honest effort on the part of every man and woman in the United States to be good citizens.

Dies told of the many instances in the recorded history of the world where people of various nations had won freedom only to lose it because succeeding generations were not of sound enough fibre to hold their liberty. Instead these generations became parasites of the government, which in turn became corrrupt and fell.

(Continued to page 6)

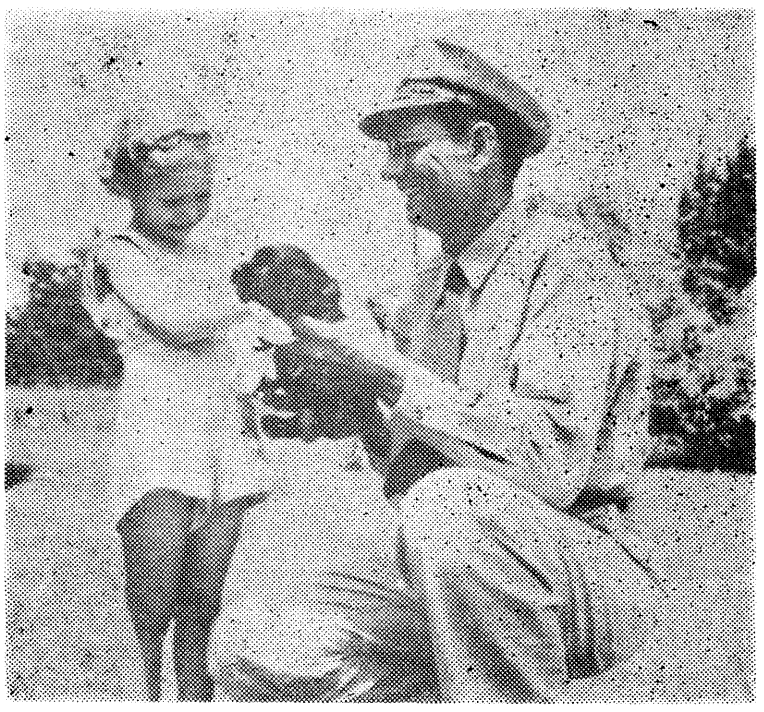


ROUGH RIDERS THRILL RODEO AUDIENCE

BE CAREFUL IN THE WOODS . . . IN THE MILL . . . AND IN THE HOME!

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LITTLE RUTH GADDY HAPPY -- PUPPY WAS REPLACED BY SOUTHERN PINE



Friday, July 1, is a day that five-year-old Ruth Gaddy will remember the rest of her life. Because on that day she experienced her greatest tragedy—and her greatest thrill.

A little dog was the cause of it all. His name was "Nig" and Ruth was devoted to him as only a child can be —especially to so cute a little black ball of fur as this pup that romped and played with her every day in the yard and in the fields around her home at Prairie Grove out east of Diboll.

Then it happened. A big lumber truck came down the road and Nig ran out through the gate. Ruth heard the screech of brakes, a tiny yelp—and Nig was dead.

The accident was unavoidable but nonetheless heartbreaking, especially when she realized that nothing could be done and that her beloved puppy was really gone. What she didn't know was that word had reached the management of Southern Pine Lumber Company at Diboll that one of their trucks had accidentally killed a little girl's dog and something was BEING done at that very moment.

Ordinarily an individual—to say nothing of a big corporation—would not be very much concerned, if concerned at all, about something so commonplace as a truck running over a dog on the highway, especially if the accident could not have been avoided. But this case was different. This accident hadn't just killed a dog. It had done more harm than that. It had broken the heart of a little girl and to the officials of Southern Pine Lumber company she was suddenly the most important person in the world. The lumber business could wait. But the little girl at Prairie Grove—well, she was going to get another puppy just like the one she lost if somebody had to go to Houston or Dallas to get him.

The search for the puppy ended shortly after noon when a Cocker Spaniel, four months old and jet black, was located and brought to the offices of the company at Diboll. The truck driver said it was an exact duplicate of the puppy that had been killed that morning.

When Ruth's daddy called her and told her that a man was outside in a big truck who wanted to see her, she wasn't very interested. Then she saw something in his hands that made her scream with joy. A puppy! And just exactly like HER little dog!

The truck driver gave her the pup and she held it close to her body with a big smile on her face and her eyes were sparkling. "He's a present from Southern Pine Lumber Company," he said. "And we sure hope you like him."

The driver got back in his truck and started the motor. Ruth ran out to the gate with the puppy in her arms. "What's his name?" she asked excitedly. The man in the big truck looked down at the little girl and smiled. "Why his name is Nig, of course!" he said.

She waved "Goodbye" and the truck lumbered down the road in the direction of Diboll.

Memo to All Southern Pine Lumber Co. Employees:

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of Memorial Hospital Monday, July 11, it was decided to adjust the rates for rooms so as to materially reduce the cost to our employees.

The hospital has been operating long enough now so that the Administrator has been able to adjust his fixed expenses and variable operating costs and since the hospital is, of course, operated to provide services at the lowest possible cost he recommended that some of the savings he had been able to effect be passed on in the way of reduced rates.

Hereafter the standard rate for patients in words will be $6.00 per day, instead of $6.50 per day. Employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and their dependents will receive a 10 per cent discount which makes the price to them $5.40 per day.

The rate for semi-private rooms, each containing two beds, will be reduced from $8.00 to $7.50 per day. The employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and their dependents will receive a 10 per cent discount which makes the price $6.75 per day.

Private rooms with only one bed will be reduced from $10.00 per day to $9.00 per day. Employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and their dependents will receive a 10 per cent discount which will make the price $8.10 per day.

The charge for the major operating room will be reduced from $20.00 to $17.50.

The charge for the delivery room will be reduced from $15.00 to $12.50.

The charge for the minor operating room will be reduced from $15.00 to $11.50.

The charge for babies in the Nursery will be reduced from $2.00 to $1.50 per day.

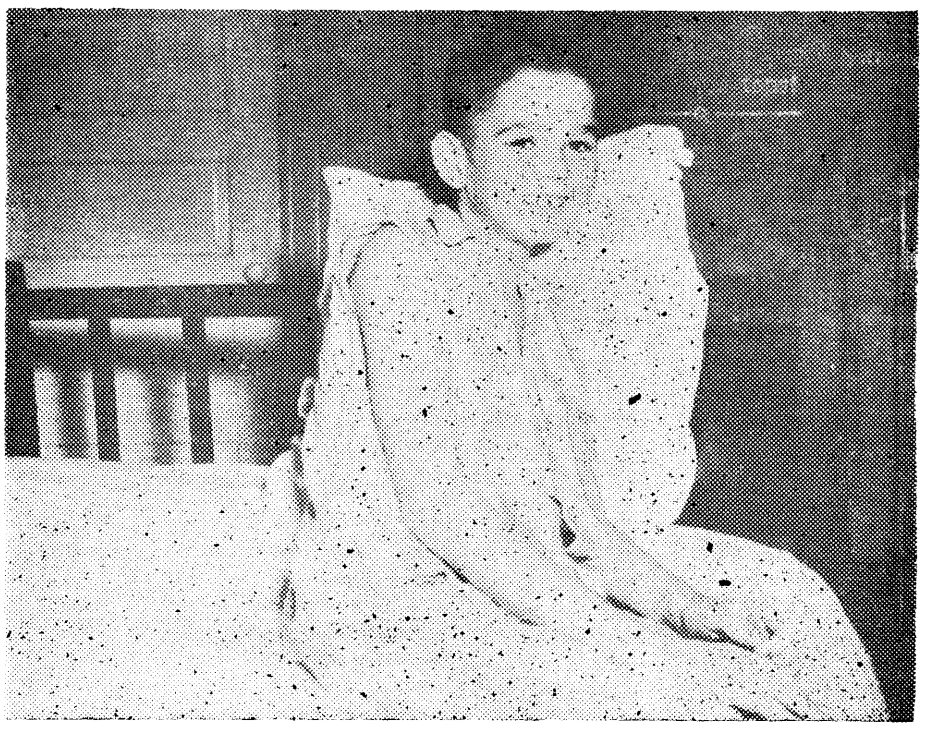
Some rumors still persist that the prices charged at the Memorial Hospital are much higher than they really are. It will be appreciated if all of our employees will help to quiet these rumors by giving interested persons true facts about the above rates.

Yours very truly,
Southern Pine Lumber Co.
Arthur Temple, Jr.

Second Quarterly Bonus Paid

On July 14th, employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company at Diboll were paid a 10% bonus on total earnings during the months of April, May and June. This is the second quarterly bonus to be paid this year, the first one being in April for the ninety day period from January 1st to March 31st.

. . . AND DOC GOT THE FIFTY CENTS!



RAY DAVIS

The Municipal swimming pool in Lufkin requires two things of a guy who wants to plunge in for an afternoon dip: a quarter admission fee, and a law abiding bathing suit.

Ray Davis had both when he went to the city June 30. In fact, he had an extra quarter—which, as it turned out, was unfortunately all in the same piece of change, to wit, a fifty cent piece.

Ray went to his uncles house—Herman (Snooks) Estes—and donned his bathing suit. He had the half dollar in his hand, looked around for some convenient place to put it. No pocket in his trunks. He was barefooted—couldn't put it in his shoe. So he simply put it in his mouth and took off for his swim.

Trotting along the road toward the pool, Ray stumped his toe—then kaplunk! he swallowed the fifty cents!

The man at the swimming pool just wouldn't listen when Ray told him that he had the price of admission but couldn't get to it for the reason that it was in his stomach. Several proposed deals by Ray—such as "I'll pay you after my operation"—still got him nowhere so he came back home and told his Mother and Dad, Sis and Foster Davis, what had happened. Doctor J. C. Clement was contacted, Ray was put on a strict diet of sweet milk, and a July 7 date was set for Dr. Clement to recover the swallowed coin at Memorial Hospital in Lufkin.

Ray buzzed around Diboll, played baseball, climbed a tree or two and did just about everything he wanted to do—except eat. Then on the 7th Dr. Clement operated, found the fifty cent piece in Ray's stomach, sewed him up, and after a few days sent him home.

Then the controversy over who should have the half dollar arose. Ray said it was his money and he wanted it back. Snooks said he had loaned it to Ray and that he was, therefore, entitled to get it repaid. Then Dr. Clement told him that he would settle the argument once and for all by keeping the half buck himself on the theory—which couldn't be contradicted very logically—that HE found it and, besides, he considered it a part payment of his fee. And that was that.

As far as we know, this was the first operation in medical history where the patient paid the doctor while still on the operating table. However, in this particular case it worked out just fine because (1) Ray was so glad to get rid of the money in the first place, and (2) Doctor Clement wanted to have it as a keepsake in memory of one of his very best patients—and of a swell all-around boy.

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RAT TALES . . .

By GEORGE (RAT) JOHNSON

The electrical crew was a well lighted bunch this past week. Joe Donald Smith, especially. He is the proud father of an almost grown boy born a few days ago at Memorial hospital in Lufkin. Joe swears that the son smiled at him when they carried him from the delivery room.

Weldon Bowman came in from Houston a couple of days ago. He said he made the trip in two hours and fifteen minutes, stopping at Cleveland for gas and oil, in Livingston for breakfast, and a couple of other times for Coca-Colas. That means that he drove 120 miles in 75 minutes. Knowing what a truthful character Bowman is, we believe his every word.

Rufus Fears is back from Hull for a few days. The only thing Rufus can't understand is how the boys operate down there while he is gone.

The next time Judge Johnson and Ed Strickland throw a Rodeo—which should be next week end—Dell Scoggins is booked to ride the wild and wooly horse named Widow Maker. If he will actually consent to get on the back of just any horse the stadium should be full. Whether he will attempt to ride Widow Maker remains to be seen.

The Diboll fire department sent a couple of their members to Texas A & M College for one week at the famous Firemen's school over there. When they came back they had their chests stuck out a foot further than normal because they considered themselves possessed of all the information a man could have on fighting fires. Somebody said one time that the smartest man in the world was a country boy who had been in town about three weeks studying law. I think that next to him the smartest man in the world is a Diboll fire department member who comes back here after spending a week in College Station.

The Diboll Millers are trying to make a comeback after their defeat in the finals by Livingston when they had the big baseball tournament here in Diboll recently. These boys have a real top flight baseball team for Diboll and their showing in the tournament should be ample proof that if the fans will support the team it can be second to none in this section of the state. Gresham Temple is the Manager and we think he has already done a mighty fine job handling the team.

Julius Cox would make a fine umpire—that is, theoretically. Every year he buys a new rule book, studies it just like a school boy preparing for an examination, and can tell you everything there is to know about baseball, basketball, or football. He attends every game he can get to and we don't understand why he hasn't been drafted as a Blind Tom.

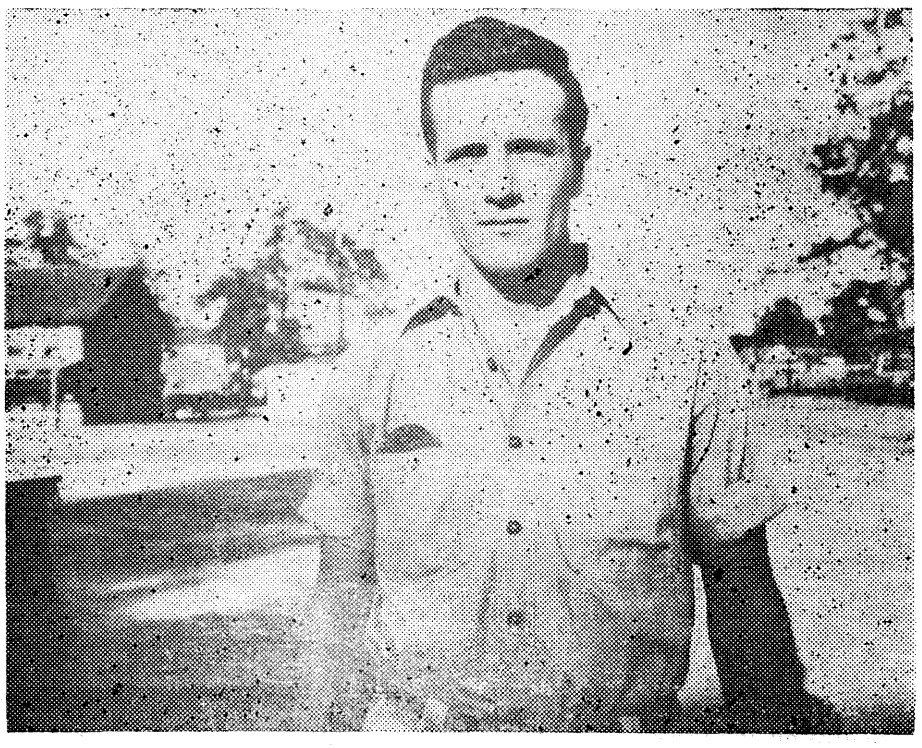
Southern Pine Lumber Company has announced that vacations this year for the men who work around on the plant and in town will start August 15 for a full week. In looking over the vacation poll forms for the shop crew I notice that not any two of them wanted a vacation at the same time. However, the vast majority of people on the payroll wanted it the week beginning August 15 and that is when it will be. It's amusing to hear some of the fellows around the shop and the plant tell what they are planning to do vacation week. These plans include everything from painting their automobiles and their houses to building boats, hunting shacks, trailers, et cetera. Of course, most of the men will take off for a fishing trip and I supposed the Ryans Lake Hunting and Fishing Club—which, as you all know, is on a tract of several thousand acres given by Southern Pine Lumber Company for the use of employees—will probably be crowded so tight that there won't be room to drop a hook in the river until after vacation time is over.

Members of the Ryans Lake Hunting and Fishing Club chipped in and built our rider out there a good house and barn, together with all that was required to make it livable. It isn't quite finished yet but when it is it will really be a nice place.

If everybody cooperates Southern Pine Lumber Company employees' hunting club should be one of the best in the State of Texas. Very little of the acreage in the club will be on an outside line because we are practically surrounded by other protected hunting clubs. There is a new club that extends from the Neches River bridge to Alabama Creek and a club from Alabama Creek up past the line of our acreage. There is a big club on the North that joins us; in fact we are practically in the middle of all the clubs in that area which means that if we take care of it, we should have an abundance of all sorts of East Texas game. As a matter of fact, it is estimated that within two years the Ryans Lake Club will be as well stocked as any other hunting club in Texas.

I have recently received a new shipment of safety shoes and would like to remind everybody again that when you buy them you not only get the best shoe bargain you ever got, you also are investing in insurance against a foot injury. Quite a few men around here wear nothing but safety shoes all the time. They find them comfortable, long wearing, and as nice looking as any other shoe on the market. They even wear them for Sunday. Incidentally, safety shoes are cheaper

(Continued to page 6)



Pictured above is Billy Nichols, a recent addition to Kenneth Nelson's forestry crew. Billy is a graduate of Stephen F. Austin College in Nacogdoches where he majored in forestry and received a B. S. Degree. He and his wife, Joyce, have one child, Beverly Ann, age 1 year.

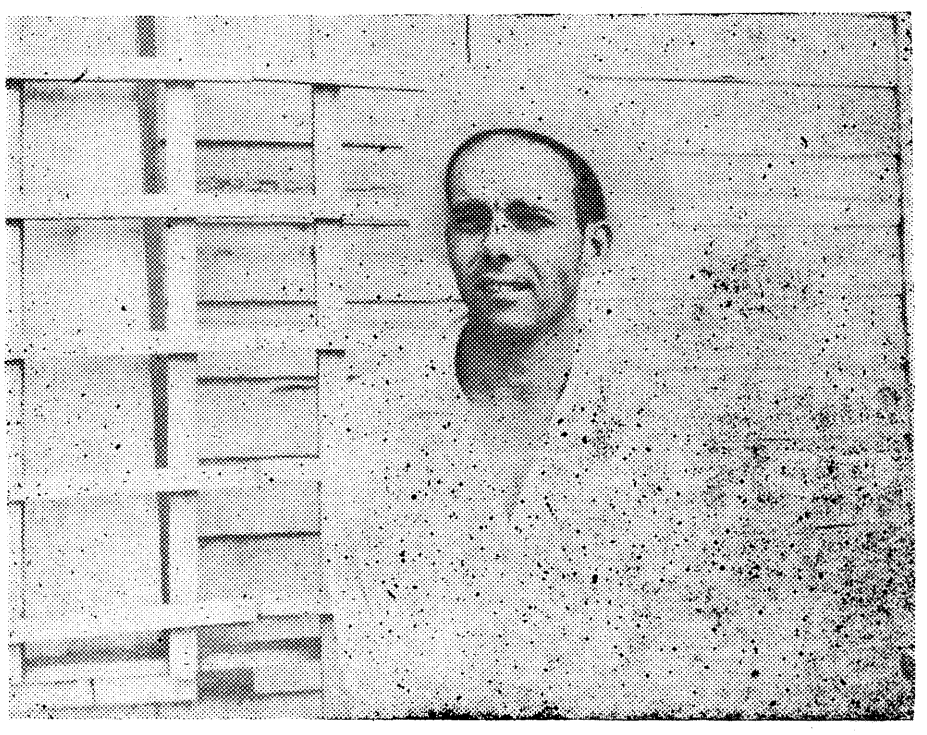
Boy Scout Highlights

By PAUL DURHAM

After being dead and all but forgotten for quite a while, the smouldering spirit of Boy Scout Troop 128 was revived by the insistent efforts of its followers and has instantly burst into action.

Billy Jordan has been named to the post of assistant Scoutmaster. Bill was selected for his fine standing with the company, his academic standing in previous years, and his interest in such affairs. But we'll give you a better outlook on Bill in a later paragraph.

As most organizations usually are when first reorganized, the Scouts of Diboll are deeply embedded with problems. Financial disbursements are the chief factors, but too, there are other decisions that muse be coped with.



SCOUTMASTER H. N. GARRETT

Paramount of these is the ingredient of interest. It is nothing but natural that a boy's interest can stray after such a long period of inactivity. Therefore, Bill Jordan and the Junior Assistant Scoutmaster, Joe Ed Curry, have a full job of developing and uncovering that rain soaked interest that has been ash covered for a year and a half.

That is also only one more of the problems. There is the problem of leadership and training that has trinkled through the hands of the previous ones in changes, or has become obsolete in their rapidly moving lives. New and younger boys must be qualified, trained and enlisted into that rearing and ready mien for leadership.

Realizing this to be a problem that must be mastered, Bill Jordan embarked for the Boggy Slough acreage on the 23rd of July with eleven boys, consisting of patrol leaders, assistant patrol leaders, scribes, etc. for two days in the art of leadership and training in the Boy Scouts of America program.

The group arrived at the clubhouse about 2:00 o'clock after going by Mr. Pate's house in town and being taught some of the Scout's songs. A program of leadership qualities followed:

A Patrol Leaders' conference stressing the importance of scouting to the boys and Parliamentary Procedure. A first-aid demonstration followed with a Morse Code practice instructed by Joe Ed Curry.

After supper a five mile hike ended with a relay race with Curry as the captain.

After breakfast and formation practice, the group departed from the clubhouse at 8:45 for the churches of Diboll.

Southern Pine Lumber Company started the whole bandwagon, and they have agreed, in fact, have asked to be the ones to supply any transportation and any other reasonable needs that must be secured inorder to see the start of such another extensive program take place.

That is half the fight right there, thanks to Southern Pine Lumber Company.

But it cannot be overlooked that the leader of the Scouts must almost be a full time man on the job. In this case though he is not, and it will take a lot of cooperation from you people to get your boys started in the world's best business—The Scouts. The leaders have an extensive and interesting program on hand for the boys that have the will to enter into such a bone building, man developing sketch of work.

And I can readily vouch for the assistant Scoutmaster, Bill Jordan, who we are going to say, in place of the Scoutmaster, is carrying the top burden of this organization, being one of the best suited boys in the community for the job. I've worked with him for a long time and never once have I unearthed a degrading stump in Bill's personality. And if one man's opinion counts in this world anymore, I can say in the sombre and sincere tones—that Bill will do a record job of his task.

By the time this sees print, probably all the registered boys will have had a hand in manufacturing boxes or jars of some design to distribute throughout the town for the purpose of collecting any funds or allocations that any of the good citizens wuld care to submit.

I, Bill Jordan, Joe Curry and Mr. Garrett will need all your wholehearted support in this program. So help us do something about it!

You're hard working, all of you. I've seen you, brick layers, sawyers, truck drivers—all of you. Remember most of you by first names and I remember one name as well as the other. And I know too, that you're all honest and sincere enough to help out in this, a man building campaign.

Invest in your boy's future—your country's future!!!

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July 4th Celebration—

(Continued from page 3)

He said that the people as individuals must demand good government and that if their government became dictatorial and dishonest the fault was traceable back to the individual citizens.

At the conclusion of the address, Arthur Temple, Jr., expressed the appreciation of everybody for Mr. Dies' willingness to come to Diboll again this year to speak. He termed Mr. Dies "the first citizen of East Texas" and the only man in this part of the state known throughout the entire world.

After the speech the crowd attended a baseball game between Diboll and Port Arthur at Miller stadium. Diboll won by a score of 11 to 5.

A benefit rodeo in the recently completed roping and riding arena south of the baseball park was held. The rodeo was sponsored by Ed Strickland and Judge George Johnson for the benefit of Ed Strickland and Judge George Johnson. It was attended by approximately 250 people who paid to get in and by some 500 others who just got in.

I. T. Strickland won the first Brahman bull riding contest. T. J. Leggett took first honors in the flag race. Jesse Taylor and Walter Freejay won the bronc riding laurels. The winners in the calf roping event were—the calves. They were roped at but not roped.

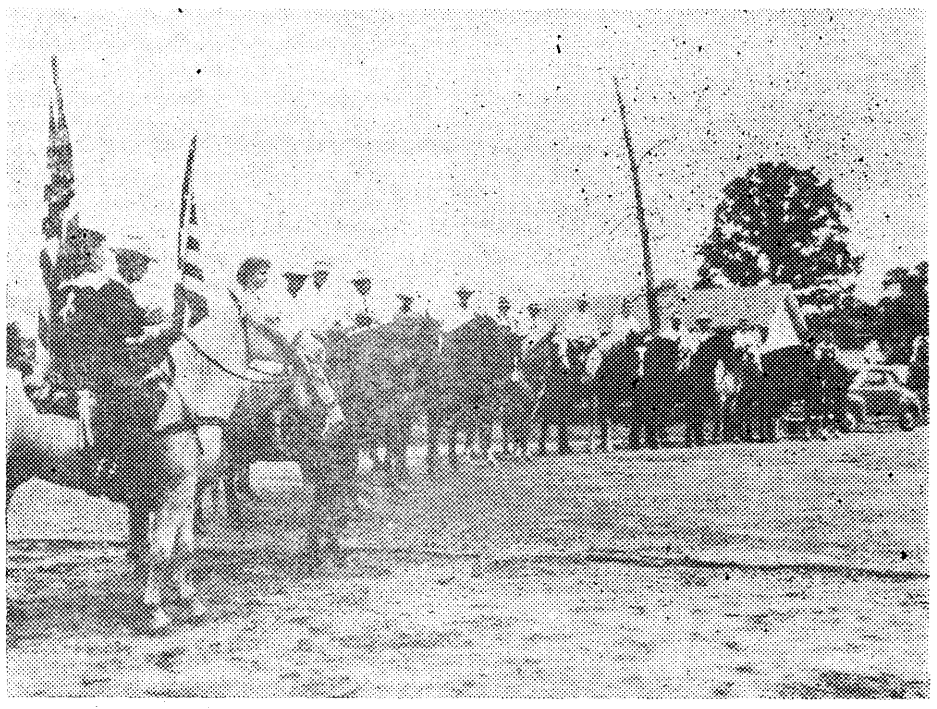
The rodeo ended about 7 p.m. and the crowd filed out of the grandstand—which incidentally was decorated in black and blue, the official colors of the roping and riding club. Then they rushed home for a quick bite and returned at 8 p.m. for the night game between Diboll and the same Port Arthur team. This was played under recently installed lights of Miller park. This time Port Arthur took the home team by a score of 8-4.

Finally everybody dragged home and went to bed after enjoying the biggest Fourth of July Diboll ever witnessed. It was the most orderly holiday, too. Nobody seriously hurt, no confusion—nothing but good clean fun. In fact, until one minute before midnight there was not a single violation of the law reported in the whole town.

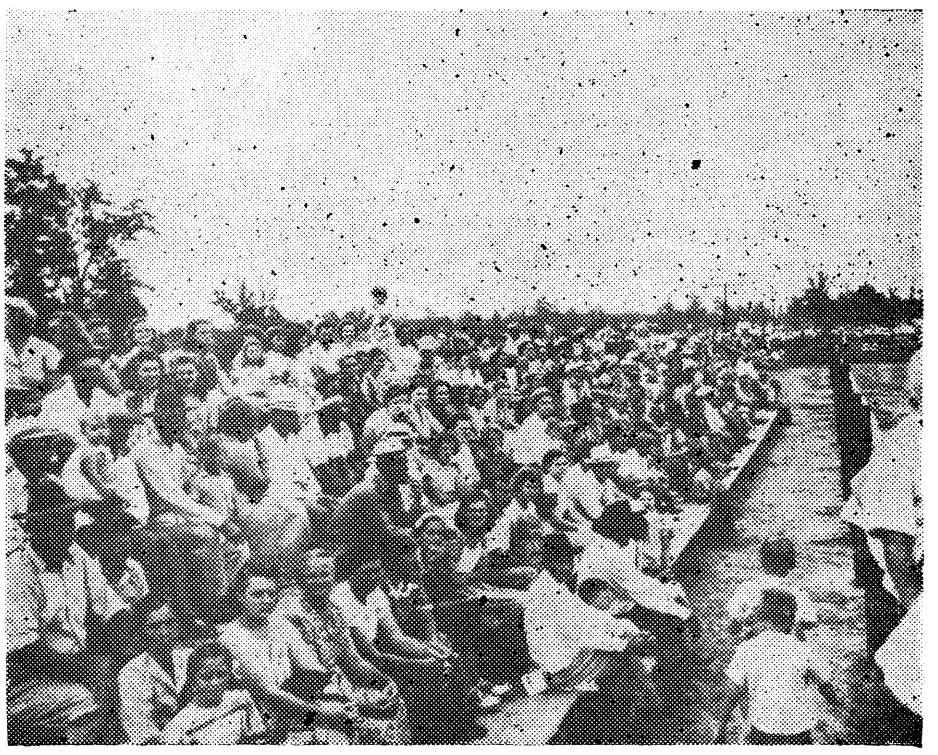
Then, as if to shut the door on a perfect day, some brave soul set off a firecracker in the middle of the main street. Even the constable was too tired to do anything about it.



CROWD LINES UP FOR BARBECUE DINNER



DIBOLL HORSEMEN AT START OF PARADE



JULY 4th CELEBRANTS ENJOY RODEO

NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

As you know, we have polled all of the men and women who work for the Company and it is the desire of the vast majority to have a vacation with pay. Therefore, vacations will be granted for all mill and personnel on the works beginning the week of the 15th of August. The mill will resume operations beginning Monday the 22nd.

The logging department will take their vacation beginning Monday the 8th of August and will resume operations Monday the 15th.

Although we could not work out dates that would exactly suit everybody, we have tried to select dates that were requested by the most men.

We hope that the way we have handled this matter meets with your approval and we hope that you will realize that it was done with the sincere desire to please as many as possible.

Yours very truly,
Southern Pine Lumber Company
Arthur Temple, Jr.

Rat Tales—

(Continued from Page 5)

this year than they were last year. There is no profit involved whatsoever for the company and the shoes come to you at the very lowest possible price which is much less than other shoes of comparable quality. Anybody who has not purchased a pair of these safety shoes missed a bet, I'll guarantee.

At this point I want to put in a word or two about our peace officers. These fellows have one of the hardest jobs in the world, believe it or not. They are up all hours of the night chasing hoodlums, stopping fights, arresting drunks and speeders, and doing all sorts of other things to maintain law and order for the protection of the people who live in our town. Yet some folks, when stopped by an officer, think the thing to do is get smart with said officer. The usual results of this is either that you will be jugged or else have your head peeled—or both—because a constable or his deputies can't afford to have people ignore their authority. The thing to do if stopped by an officer, whether you have violated the law or not, is to be just as courteous as you possibly can be. This will pay a big dividend every time. Because if you have violated the law the chances are the officer will do his best to make things as light as possible for you and if you haven't violated the law he will let you go your way without further interference.

If you don't think a constable or any other officer of the law has a trying job, just go with him beginning some Saturday night about six o'clock and you stay with him until about six o'clock the following morning. If it is an average Saturday night you will be thoroughly convinced that he earns every penny that he is paid and then some.

It looks like the McAdams boys will be on foot for a few doys after Buddy stalled his truck on the crossing just below the depot here in Diboll with one of the big Southern Pacific 900's coming through town about sixty miles an hour with a long freight train behind it. The result was that the locomotive hit the truck (Buddy, however, had jumped out in time) and now there is no truck. Edgar McAdams, on the other, hand lost his car a couple of Saturdays ago when his turned it a flip on the highway during the hard rain.

On the eve of our vacation, lets all remember to be careful wherever we may go—on the highways, in the woods, on the river, or wherever it is. Let us all come back here and be ready and able to go back to work on August 22—hail and hearty and all in one piece.

SAFETY FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS! HELP PREVENT ACCIDENTAL INJURY !

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The Buzz Saw

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

Let's Think This Over . . .

Suppose you were a locomotive engineer and you saw an advertisement that read as follows: "Job open for locomotive engineer on the T. S. E. Railroad. We will furnish the tracks. You bring your own locomotive".

How many engineers would be able to take a job like that?

Suppose you were a machinist and in order to get a job you had to furnish your own lathes? Or a bookkeeper who, as a prerequisite to employment, had to furnish his own office, books, typewriter, adding machine, et cetera?

It just isn't done that way. SOMEBODY has to have capital to put up —money, and lots of it—that they are willing to invest in a business; money that they are willing to RISK LOSING in order to build a sawmill or a paper mill or a railroad, with the thousands of items of necessary equipment that must go with it—in order that WE who work in that type of plant or that type of business will have JOBS.

The people who furnish the capital for any business to run on are the STOCKHOLDERS. In some companies thousands of people own a few shares of stock each. They bought this stock with money they had earned and saved and they are entitled to a dividend—interest on their investment—IF THE COMPANY MAKES SUFFICIENT PROFIT TO PAY IT. Other companies are owned by just a few people who have most of the stock in the company. If the company prospers and makes sufficient profit to justify paying a dividend in any one year, these stockholders receive a small percentage of the value of the stock as a return on the money they put up that made it possible not only for the company to operate, but money that made possible the very existence of the company in the first place.

It all narrows down to the plain common sense proposition that in order for jobs to exist, somebody must have money to invest in business concerns of all descriptions that create those jobs. In Russia private capital is outlawed. The government owns everything and people over there work where the government orders them to work OR ELSE, and "Or Else" in Russian means a firing squad.

In the United States, at least to date, a man can invest his money in a business enterprise and, if he is successful, get a return on his investment in the form of stock dividends —at the same time providing jobs for hundreds or thousands of men and women, depending upon the size and financial condition of his business. Yet many of us have heard agitators say that "the company is making money and THAT ISN'T RIGHT."

Which company would you rather work for—one that was sound financially with sufficient capital in reserve for expansion and improvement—or a company that was on the skids, with no backlog of money whatsoever with which to expand and improve and survive future hard times if, as and when they come?

It seems to me that a man working for a company should be glad to see the company prosper. He should be vitally interested ALL THE TIME in performing his job as economically as possible, in trying to think up methods of carrying out his daily duties that will mean lower production costs, better finished products, and a higher margin of profit, simply because the stronger the company he works for, the more secure is his job, his future, and his family.

How secure would they be if the company he worked for was broke? Think it over.

—o—

FFA News

By PAUL DURHAM

The eighth and ninth of this month five boys and the F.F.A. advisor, Mr. Garrett, attended the Agricultural Encampment at Boykin Springs. The boys, Joe Curry, Carl Halsell, Jimmy Bell, Charles, and Herman Crawford, enjoyed baseball, washers and swimming the first day in the Camp, and that night witnessed some of the best boxing seen by the boys in some time.

That all happened on Friday. On Saturday, the swimming contests that had been organized were completed. Jimmy Bell entered this pageant and managed a fifth place. Mr. Garrett was free-will testament that the swimming card carried everything from the mud crawl to the breast stroke.

Saturday night saw San Augustine win the finals in boxing. These bouts, of course, were even much better than the quarter finals and semifinals.

Ten schools were represented in the Camp, each school bringing from three to fifteen boys. Lufkin brought the same number as Diboll and so the Chapter was well represented.

Although the Camp cannot be painted as an elaborate one and being of distinctive taste in satisfying ALL personal comforts, it may certainly be credited with a meritable atmosphere and leisurely comfort that is the old fashioned relaxation the boys enjoy so well.

—o—

Uncle Sam's Old Sock

A surprising number of people still believe that Uncle Sam has an old sock and a magic tin can from which he gets billions of dollars to give away and provide for the people's good. I was shocked recently to find this myth still prevailing.

In my town there is a Public Forum where the Congressman from the district makes an annual report by answering questions put to him by his neighbors and constituents.

This year many people asked questions about more gifts and appropriations. They wanted Uncle Sam to dig deeper, and hurry up about it. They said that in spite of his present generosity they felt more dependent and helpless than ever.

However, there were some people in the audience who showed signs of utter disillusionment. They had suffered personally enough pain to have found out the truth. They found that every dime of every billion dollars given or appropriated had been taken from all the people. They no longer reacted to manipulation and government morphine that hid the taxes and killed the pain.

When the government proposed another billion dollars for this and for that they no longer nonchalantly visualized the size of a billion dollars by putting dollar bills end to end around the world. Nor did they remind each other that a billion is a thousand millions, just to get some idea of how much the other fellow was being soaked.

They figured that since there are about 140 million people or 35 million families in the United States, counting 4 members to the family, who must pay all of Uncle Sam's gifts and appropriations, that, when another billion dollar government appropriation is announced, all that any breadwinner needs do is to close his eyes and say: "That means 7 bucks for me, 7 for my wife and 7 for each of my 2 children, or 28 smackers for the family. That is a month's rent!" And so, when the government says 5.6 billions for foreign aid, that means $156.80 for the family or 5.6 month's rent.

It is as simple as that, and sure as death for everybody.

If the government takes your rent money from you every time it takes a billion from all the people, of course you can't pay your rent. Millions of people can't pay their rent. So the government hides the fact that it took your rent money, by robbing the little rental property owner, to give it back to you.

Since World War I, it has taken from all of us, to be given or loaned abroad, 92.2 billions of dollars or 7½ years' rent. So every time the government says one billion for this and that, instead of looking into the moon, or supposing that somebody else paid the bill, you can appraise its real proportions by saying:

"28 bucks from the family!"

In that way you can figure what's happening to you every month by the withholding tax and by the prices for rent, and food, and education, and health, and automobiles and gasoline. All of which contains the hidden taxes. If you are having trouble with your wife the cause may be hidden taxes.

Many Congressmen are advising their constituents to take a good look. They see no end to the hiding of taxes until the people get wise to the deceptions, to the out and out fraud by which money is extracted from them. There will probably be no relief until there is a taxpayers' rebellion of a widespread character. The myth of Uncle Sam's billions coming from his old sock must end. The people must know the truth. The politicians are spending and giving away your money.

—John T. Beasley

BAD GUESSES

A worker looked at a rope being used to lift some heavy material. The rope was frayed but he guessed it would be strong enough because it always had been. But this time he guessed wrong. Another worker guessed he could push a barrel up an incline. He guessed wrong about the weight of the barrel and the extent of his strength. The barrel rolled back down the incline and struck a man nearby, making him the victim of the poor guess. Another worker guessed gasoline vapors wouldn't travel to a recessed light switch, so he turned the light on and created a spark in the wall. He didn't know anything about how far gasoline vapors can travel, which made his guess worthless, as the resulting explosion showed. Another worker guessed some material was cool enough to grasp with his bare hands. He had merely looked at the material, which was not a reliable basis for an opinion, as shown by the fact his hands were burned. Another worker wasn't sure which control was the correct one. He guessed the one on the left was correct but that was wrong.

A man wasn't authorized to operate a machine but he guessed he could handle it. After he got it started he found he didn't know how to run it, and having guessed his way in he would now have to guess his way out. He guessed about what one level controlled and found he had made a bad guess. That got him excited and he tried one guess after another until he was injured. A worker made no preparation for emergency escape in case of fire. He never gave a thought to such things because he had the feeling nothing would ever happen to him. When a fire started near him he had to guess which was the best way to get out in a hurry. He found that correcting wrong guesses took time when there wasn't any time to waste. One worker wore old overalls with torn pockets. He carried the key to a padlock in his pocket, and this key was used by him to lock off the power of electrical equipment when he made repairs. He lost the key through a hole in his pocket and guessed he would be able to get along without it. He didn't lock off the power and the equipment was started at the wrong time! Moral: Don't guess about safety. THINK!

Poison Ivy

Most of the people who have grown up in America have seen poison ivy growing. It is an ordinary looking little plant with leaves divided into groups of three. Sometimes it displays white berries. From early spring until late fall you are likely to find poison ivy not only in the woods but also in yards, gardens and parks. In the fall the leaves turn brown and have on some sad occasions been taken home by uninformed people who wanted to decorate their living rooms.

The leaves themselves don't inflame the skin. That is done by a sap or oil which is found in the leaves, stems, roots, and fruit of the plant. If any part of the skin touches the plant some oil is rubbed off. Or. oil can be rubbed on clothing and later transferred to the skin. Or someone may pet a dog with the oil on its fur or he may walk through smoke from burning poison ivy.

People who say they are never affected by poison ivy should instead say they haven't as yet been affected. A case of poison ivy depends on how sensitive the skin is to the oil, how much oil has been put on the skin, and how well it has been rubbed into the skin. It is reliably said that by being exposed to the oil on repeated occasions, the skin often loses its ability, to be unaffected by the oil. The time comes when the next exposure to poison ivy will bring on a severe case. It is said the skin finally becomes sensitized to the oil. But some people seem to be unaffected by repeated exposure.

Those who are to get poison ivy show the signs from four to ten days later. The oil is slow to get into the skin and the defense mechanism of the body takes time to start to overcome the ailment. Anyone who has had previous cases of poison ivy is likely to show symptoms sooner and to have a more severe attack. The more cases he has had, the worst the next one usually is.

Poison ivy can be recognized by a red skin and barely visible swelling at the spots where exposure to the oil from the leaves has taken place. Within a day these spots will have blisters and a hot and itchy feeling will develop. Scratching helps to make matters worse. The ailment spreads over the skin, perhaps from broken blisters or perhaps from some other cause. A bad case makes the patient see the need for knowing what poison ivy looks like and of keeping away from it as well as covering the parts of the body which could be affected. Those who get poison ivy can also understand why it is a good idea to take a warm bath with plenty of soap after the possible exposure.

DO ACCIDENTS PAY? ASK THE MAN WHO HAS HAD ONE! BE CAREFUL ALWAYS!

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TIMBERLAND ENTERTAINMENT . . .

By PAUL DURHAM

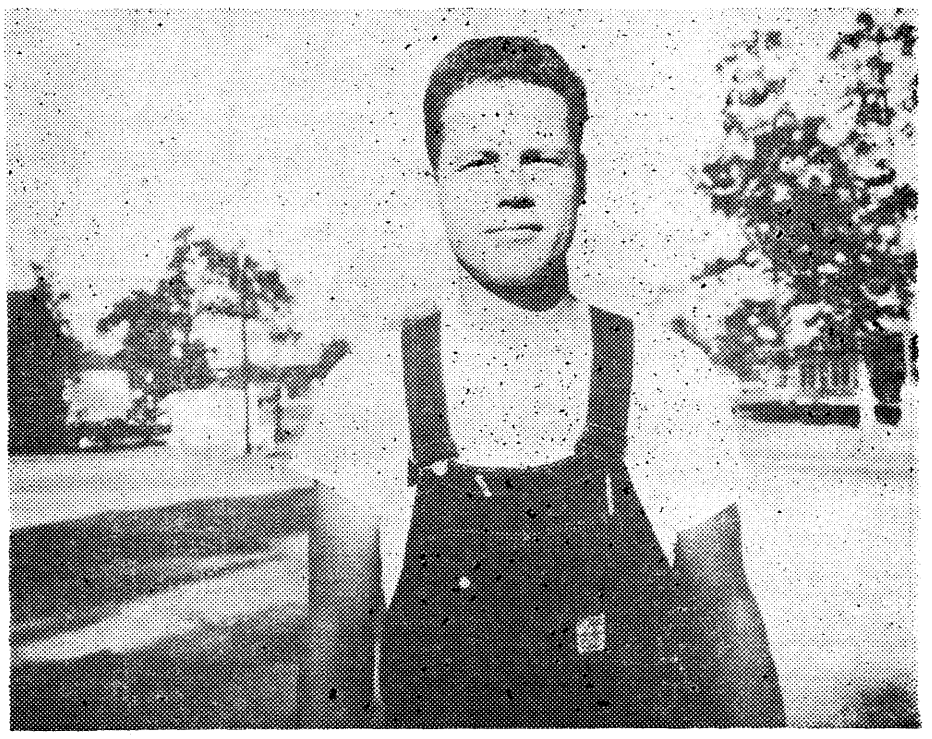
Since August 21, 1937, the management of the Timberland Theater has endeavored to give you the best in motion picture entertainment. From the Jane Withers picture "Wild and Wooly" to the technicolor productions that now envelope the Timberland screen, every effort has been made to please the public of Diboll and the surrounding movie conscious communities.

It is true that not every picture put on view at the local cinema is a hot release nor a world preview, but it has been the hope of the management that you would be pleased with the seasonal showings of all the Timberland previews. That is, we try to show in season those movies which are best suited to that particular part of the year. And though we may have been oblivious to the fact, we have shown pictures in the past few years that had not even been booked in either Houston or Lufkin. "Red River", No Minor Vices", Words and Music", and "It's a Wonderful Life" are some examples of this statement.

In the month of August, which will mark the Timberland's thirteenth year in production activity and entertainment, fourteen good movies will see from one to three night stands. "The Kissing Bandit", "Command Decision", "Caught", "Whiplash", "Take Me Out to the Ball Game", "The Bribe", "Act of Violence", and "A Connecticut Yankee" are some of the superb M.G.M. feats of motion picture art that will be played for your entertainment.

These movies run from musicals to murders and from dramas to westerns and fight pictures. They are from the most expensive and most successful picture companies now producing.

But you must understand that even with good bookings on good pictures several of our reviews may be some that you may not enjoy as much as others. And so if we take the trouble and pains to do some special advertising, it isn't because the picture we are advertising is inferior to that of some other which has not been given that attention, but because we want you to be sure and see the best of the motion pictures that are previewed by the Timberland.



Mitchell Lum started to work in Kenneth Nelson's forestry crew July 16th shortly after graduating from Stephen F. Austin in the school of forestry and receiving a B. F. Degree—the second degree in forestry granted at S. F. A. Lum also attended Louisiana State University and McNeese Junior College before enrolling at Stephen F. He and his wife have two children, ages five years and five weeks respectively.

NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

At the present time our payroll and timekeeping office is terrifically overloaded with work. Approximately 165 of our employees make a practice of drawing their pay daily and, although we would like to continue to make this service available to them, we find it quite impossible to do so.

Therefore, beginning September 1, 1949, we will have weekly pay days instead of semimonthly. Also, the draw window at the office will be closed between pay days, except in case of absolute need or sickness. In case of emergency it will still be possible to get cash advances where the need is sufficient. We are making this change because of the situation in the pay office and because we feel that in the long run it will be better for the employees. This method of payment will also be a timesaver to your foreman, inasmuch as he will not have to make out a daily time sheet, leaving that much time for other duties.

Our new week begins on Thursday morning and ends with Wednesday night. Your earnings during the week will be paid in full on Saturday of the week after deducting Social Security, etc. Other deduction will be made as follows:

First week—Rent for one half month.
Second week—Insurance.
Third Week—Rent for one half month.
Fourth week—Lights

We have tried to spread these out so that they will not come as a load on any particular week.

The reason we will wait until Saturday to pay off for any week is that it takes quite a while to figure up the time in the office here and we hope that this will not work any undue hardship on anyone.

Yours very truly,
ARTHUR TEMPLE, Jr.
Southern Pine Lumber Company

Alpha -- Safety Omega

A is for Accident; always beware; perform all your duties with the greatest of care.

B is Business in which we are working; in the practice of safety there can be no shirking.

C is for Careful; now here's a good rule: A guy who is careful is never called a "fool".

D is for Danger that will always prevail; use common sense, it seldom will fail.

E for Example: be careful what kind; be sure yours is one that the others will mind.

F is the letter that designates Fate; don't be the one with "too little, too late."

G is for Guess that lurks unaware; be careful with matches that might cause a flare.

H is for Hazard that misdeed may cause; govern your actions, obey all the laws.

I is for Inspection, a step that's worthwhile; an inch of prevention will save you a mile.

J is for Justice, give each man his due; treat him with fairness, he'll do it by you.

K is for Kindness to the fellow employee; make his life easier in this land of the free.

L is for Lightning, and when it's around, stop operations and stay on the ground.

M is for Mischief, with which we'll dispense; it's a poor weapon to use as defense.

N is for Neglect; neglect to take care; neglect of a tool is the cause of it's wear.

O is the "Other Guy", see that he knows; don't leave it to chance, don't make him "suppose".

P is for Perfect, for which we all strive; a perfect safety record will keep you alive.

Q is for Questions beginners should ask, when they're in trouble or not sure of their task.

R is for Rules that were written for you, follow them well; they will carry you through.

S is for Storage; now right at the start; housekeeping plays a most important part.

T is for Teamwork, a thing that's worthwhile; it erases the scowl and replaces the smile.

U is for Use of the safety you sell; if you know you're right, then everything's well.

V is for Vigilance; be up on your toes: an ounce of prevention eradicates woes.

W is for Warning; please give it a thought; stick to the rules and you'll never get caught.

X marks the spot where they laid him to rest; he might have lived longer if he hadn't guessed.

Y is for YOU, whom we're talking about; a careful man puts all mishaps to rout.

Z is for Zeal, which if brought into play, will usher in safety and carry the day.

Petroleum Safety News

—o—

These Five Spots Mean A Spotless Place to Work— As Well As A Safe One!

* Store materials so they can't break, fall, spill, or catch fire.
* Keep floors, stairs, and aisles free of slipping, tripping hazards.
* Fire equipment should be all set "ready, aim, fire!"
* If material isn't moving, it doesn't belong in the aisle.
* Keep work places orderly and clean.

—o—

Just Horse Sense

I can live for two months on a good compliment.

The discovery of a new dish does more for human happiness than the discovery of a new star.

The woman who drives from the back seat is no worse than the man who cooks from the dining-room table.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

Originality is simply a pair of fresh eyes.

Happiness is not a horse: it does not run along a straight road.

The truth never hurts — unless it ought to.

When something stylish quits looking queer, they change it.

The years that a woman subtracts from her age are not lost. They are added to the ages of other women.

We wear many complaints about the growing immortality of our times, but I see no reason why anybody who wants to be moral should not be so all the more and with all the more credit.

Joy, temperance and repose slam the door on the doctor's nose.

To hear complaints is wearisome alike to the wretched and the happy.

LET'S ALL PULL TOGETHER AND MAKE DIBOLL THE BEST OF SAWMILL TOWNS!