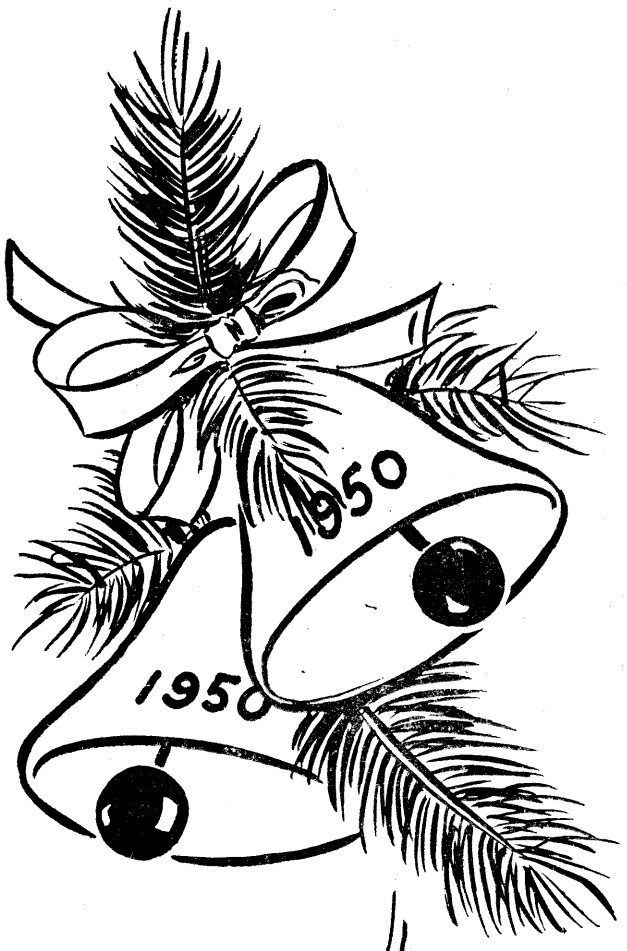
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The BUZZ SAW

VOLUME III | DIBOLL, TEXAS, DECEMBER 31, 1949 | NO. 6

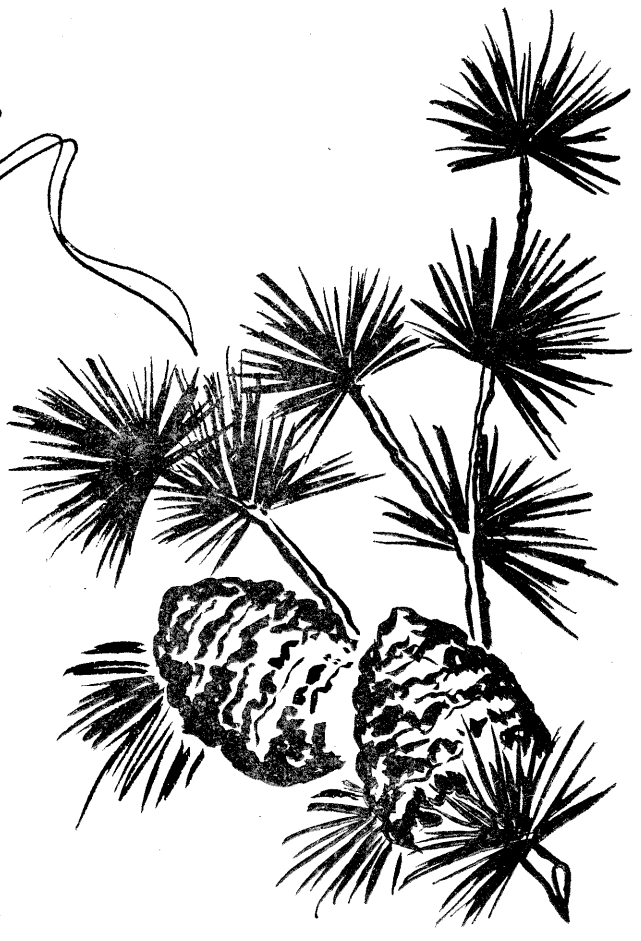
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY



HAPPY NEW YEAR

from

Southern Pine Lumber Co.



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What Happened In Diboll In 1949?

By "RAT" JOHNSON

Did you ever stop to think just what happened in Diboll during the year 1949?

The biggest job was and is Project No. 1 which includes the new kilns, transfer, lumber sorter, take down and what-have-you. That was a big job for everyone in town from the ditch digger to the President of Southern Pine Lumber Company. I have never seen so much material in my life. Every time I turn my head a truck comes up with a load of material. I have been out to the job several times and I can't understand where all the material was used.

The new ice plant was another good deal. Everyone can have ice cream when they want it now and cheaper ice.

Look at the new dwellings. All over town there are new homes popping up for both white and colored employes.

Did you ever see the new lake that was built above Pond No. 1? In a few years there will be plenty of fish for all.

What about the telephones? There can't be a thing happen that everyone in town doesn't know about five minutes after it happens. There should be more phones in the near future.

Did you ever think Diboll would have paved streets? And also asphalt streets! Boy, that is worth something!

There were a couple of fire jeeps bought in 1949; one for fighting forest fires and one for the town and plant. That was money well spent. It protects us all.

If you want to see a real depot you should visit the Texas South Eastern. It really is the latest in modern design.

The new supply house is one of the best in East Texas. There are a lot of wholesale companies who would like to have a supply house like the new one we have now.

There is the new truck shop that can't be beat. It is equipped with all modern equipment with everything new but the mechanics.

There is a truck yard to keep all the company vehicles in at night and over the week end. It also has a warm room provided for the men to gather in every morning before going to work.

There is also a new green yard which takes care of all the lumber hauled in from small mills. This is a great help to little mill haulers.

The company also bought a bunch of fork lift trucks and straddlers. This equipment saves a lot of sore backs.

One of the best things was the company's part in the new hospital—Memorial Hospital—at Lufkin. This gives us a good hospital at a reasonable price.

The new colored church is another 1949 project.

Also the remodeling of the Methodist church shows signs of progress.

What about sports?

Diboll installed one of the best baseball parks in East Texas. They have a better lighting system than some of the towns in the Leagues. Also a new football field that is well lighted. Next year we want to back our football team more.

And don't forget that new Rodeo Arena—one of the best yet.

The Boy Scouts were organized and are now very active.

Another project to be started soon is the new creosote plant. The contract has been let and building will begin immediately. The new manager, Johnnye Foster, is on the job and construction will begin soon.



Harold (Shorty) Turner was born in Alto, Texas, on September 13, 1912. As soon as he became old enough to travel, his father—a physician—moved him and the rest of the family to White City where Shorty first became associated (at the age of 10) with Southern Pine Lumber Company. From White City the family moved to Fastrill where Dr. Turner was the company physician until the camp was abandoned at which time they moved to Houston. From Houston to Goodrich, which was close enough to Diboll for young Harold to smell the irresistible resin—in the blood, in varying degrees, of every sawmiller regardless of age—so he packed up and moved here in February, 1931. His first job was driving a truck. Then he went into the business of contracting and delivering ice throughout the town. In addition, he worked as a brakeman and as a locomotive fireman on the Texas Southeastern Railroad, then as a pipefitter, market man, assistant to the shipping clerk, and now in N. B. none better) Hall's crew as an ace electrician. In other words, Shorty Turner is one of the most versatile employees on Southern Pine Lumber Company's payroll. And another thing: when he tackles a job—no matter whether it's firing, braking, pipefitting, wiring, or whatnot—he'll do that job right and when he gets through there is never any need for anybody to follow him up and put any "finishing touches" on it.

P. T. A. Members Sponsor Open House

The Diboll PTA sponsored an open house at the elementary school Tuesday evening December 20.

The decorations featured a color scheme of red, silver, and green for the evening. Rooms of the school were adorned with silvered pine needles intermingled with silver and red pine cones, and green holly. The Christmas theme was portrayed in the children's art exhibits.

The school work of each child was on display in his home room. Parents were encouraged to compare the work of their child with that of the other children of the group. In this way the parents were able to tell if their child was progressing at the rate expected of his grade level.

The guests were served refreshments in the hall of the main building. Highlighting the serving table was a miniature Christmas tree placed on a mirror reflector, all sprinkled with snow. Around this arrangement were sprigs of green holly with red berries.

A white lace table cloth covered the refreshment table, which held the tea service at one end and the trays of tea sandwiches and cookies at the other. Mrs. Willis Jordan, Mrs. Calvin Lawrence, and Mrs. Nolan Hall presided at the refreshment table.

Approximately one hundred guests called during the appointed hour, six until seven o'clock.

Good Old Joe Just Ain't Here No Mo'

Joe Doaks was an unusually good worker and vary careful about his own health.

He brushed his teeth twice a day.

The doctor examined him twice a year.

He wore rubbers when it rained.

He slept with the windows open.

He stuck to a diet with plenty of fresh vegetables.

He surrendered his tonsils and traded in several worn out glands.

He played golf, but never more than 18 holes a day.

He never smoked, drank, or lost his temper.

He did his daily dozen daily.

He got at least eight hours of sleep each night.

The funeral will be next Friday.

Joe is survived by 18 specialists, four health institutions, and fourteen manufacturers of health foods and antiseptics.

He had forgotten that 60 miles an hour is too fast to travel when his tires were worn to the fabric.

OUR BOY SCOUTS

By HARRY PHILLIPS, JR.

On Friday, December 16th the Boy Scouts reached the climax of their mobilization training. At 1:45 p.m. a notice was passed around Diboll High school that the Scouts were to be mobilized with full emergency equipment in front of the Southern Pine office at 2:30 p.m. where a log bus would be waiting for them with the driver having "sealed orders" as to the destination of the expedition. At the top of the hill just across the river in Polk county the driver was to open his orders and proceed as directed. The orders were to proceed to the public spring between Chester and Woodville in Tyler county.

The Scouts then met their Scoutmaster and his assistants and decided on a location for the camp. The camp site being selected, the entire group was divided into working patrols and in a couple of hours a camp was erected.

After the camp was erected the Scouts were ready for supper. They divided into cooking groups of two or three men and prepared everything from broiled steaks to crawfish tails for their supper. After supper the boys were ready to go again, so they played a few games until 9 p.m., then started "hitting the sack."

At 5:30 a.m. the next morning the whistle was blown and in one-half a minute every Scout was up and ready to go. They all had their breakfast and just as everything was about cleaned up it started raining. Things were speeded up a little and the camp was broken up about 8 a.m. The Scouts then drove to Woodville and had their pictures made by the Tyler County Booster, then proceeded on to the Indian Reservation near Livingston.

At the reservation they met and talked with the chief of the Alabama Indians, Chief B. C. Sylestine. The chief showed the boys how to use a bow and arrow and demonstrated his marksmanship. The chief also showed the Scouts his headdress and medallion signifying his position as chief of the Alabama Indians.

The Scouts departed for Diboll, arriving home at 11:50 a.m. If you don't beieve the Scouts had a good time just ask any of the following eighteen Scouts or the three Scoutmasters who went along:

Clifford Lee Smith, Larry Weber, Eugene Sims, Billy Frank Jones, Harold Burchfield, Donald Pinkerton, Billy Fred Carrier, Thomas Wells, Ray Davis, Hollis Bonner, Joe Anthony, Sam Minton, Arneth Torbert, Harold Dean, Jimmy McCall, Bobby Boman, Clem Porter, and Travis Flowers. The Scoutmasters were Howard Garrett, Maynard Schinke and Harry Phillips, Jr.

The Scouts and the Scoutmasters would like to thank the bus driver, H. C. Tobias, for his services. He may be good Scoutmaster material.

The Scouts are always glad to have new members. We are planning a lot of activities for the coming summer and would like for every eligible boy in Diboll to be a Scout. The entrance requirements are 11 years of age and 50c entrance fee.

HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM THE BOY SCOUTS OF DIBOLL.

—o—

No one is old enough to know better.

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

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The Amazing Mr. Anthony . . .

By E. C. DURHAM, Jr.

When Ben Anthony was born on January 28, 1879 in Bonham, Texas, he weighed nineteen pounds, thereby setting a record for a Fannin county and by his own admission has been making new records ever since.

Benjamin Anthony was named for Benjamin Franklin with the hope and expectation that the youngster would develop into a man along the lines of his great predecessor. This book will prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Ben Anthony has surpassed Ben Franklin in more ways than a freight can pass a tramp, and with as much speed.

The little log cabin where the more famous of the two Bens first saw the light of day has long since rotted away but the spot has been enshrined and perpetuated for posterity by a certain Mr. Carter, and incidentally, this happens to be **the** Mr. Carter who raised so many oats. Thousands of tourists visit the spot annually, some to see Ben's birthplace and some in the hope of seeing another hell of a crop of oats, but to date Mr. Carter has failed to produce a crop comparable to the one Ben loves to tell about.

Ironically enough (since he later became an expert rider Ben first gained fame as a boy by being thrown fifty-five times in one month by 'Hell Diver,' an outlaw from the wilds of Mexico, before he finally broke this horse and got him gentle enough for the mayor of Bonham to ride in a parade.

Ben entered the Spanish-American war at the tender age of nineteen but after breaking all records by being promoted to a Lieutenant Colonelcy in one month he was sent home when it leaked out that he was under twenty-one. Some military men now think that had he been allowed to stay with the armed forces Ben would have figured out a system that would have shortened the length of the war considerably.

After the war, Mr. Anthony became a shoe salesman in Houston, Texas and it was while thus employed that he conceived the idea of alligator sandals. After catching one of these twenty-foot monsters on a trot-line at the mouth of Buffalo Bayou, he enticed the alligator to follow him home where he killed him and made the first pair of shoes ever seen in America from this durable hide. These shoes are now in the Smithsonian institute in Washington, D. C., and could still be comfortably worn according to Mr. Anthony.

Editor In Hospital

Jake Durham, managing editor of The Buzz Saw since its inception, is in Memorial hospital, Houston, where he will be a patient for the next three weeks. It is the hope of those who are pinch-hitting for Jake that readers will bear with us in this issue—we realize that it is by no means up to par and it is our sincere wish that "The Buzz" will be back in his capable hands next month. Drop him a card at Memorial.

After this initial success in the shoe business, Buster Brown made him a present of his famous dog "Tige." After teaching "Tige" all sorts of tricks including how to say Ben, Mr. Anthony sold the dog to Ringling Bros. Circus for $25,000 cash. The dog died two months later from a broken heart caused by being separated from his master. His last word was "Ben"!

Mr. John Ringling did his best to locate Ben but this was impossible at the time because he was in the wilds of Oklahoma territory hunting quail for the market. And in this connection Mr. Anthony says, "I vividly remember one particular day when I bagged two hundred and fifty birds with a single barrel L. C. Smith gun using black powder. I transported this day's bag of game by buckboard and sold the entire lot for $25.00 cash."

Mr. Anthony used only one dog on this, as well as on all of his other hunts. This dog, "Old Arkansas," was a super bird dog, the like of which has never been heard of, or seen, since. No other dog was ever known to make a point while down with "Old Arkansas," and if "Old Arkansas" ever made a mistake Mr. Anthony has failed to mention it.

After a spectacular career Mr. Anthony retired the dog to stud at one hundred dollars a shot with absolutely no puppy propositions. "Old Arkansas" finally died due to the carelessness of Wells-Fargo Express Co. who had charge of transporting him to a love-fest with a famous dog named "Cleopatra." Just why Cleo wasn't shipped to "Old Arkansas" instead of vice versa nobody has figured out. At any rate the Express Co. was extremely lucky that Mr. Anthony didn't elect to sue, since Mr. Anthony had repeatedly refused a sum reputed to be somewhere between five dollars and five thousand dollars for "Arkansas" on numerous occasions.

After "Old Arkansas's" untimely passing, Mr. Anthony turned to duck hunting with a millionnaire crony Mr. Will Buchanan, Sr. and when questioned on this subject modestly admitted that the average kill of ducks, not counting geese, of course, was one thousand a day, hastening to add however that this was easily done since the ducks came in, in droves so big that the sky was a complete blackout. But says Mr. Anthony, "We picked out and shot only one duck at a time." Mr. Anthony's assistance on a typical duck hunt consisted of an ammunition carrier, ammunition feeder, gun charger, and cooler. The barge carrying both his own and Mr. Buchannan's ducks was pulled by two trained oxen.

About this time, Mr. Anthony got into the automobile business and delivered the first car ever seen in Texarkana, Arkansas about two years before the city of St. Louis, Missouri was able to procure one. Mr. Anthony sold Fords, Buicks, Packards, Rolls Royces, Dorts. In fact, according to Mr. Anthony himself he sold every damn make of car that was put on the market. One gentleman purchased three mammoth Rolls Royce motor cars at one time, whereupon Mr. Anthony's fame spread not only throughout the U.S.A. but to England as well. The president of the Rolls Company was so impressed with Mr. Anthony's selling ability that he sent over a special emissary to find out "How Ben done it." Mr. Anthony's commission on each sale was a neat four thousand and of course when a man makes twelve thousand cash in one day (and over the telephone at that) well—said gentleman ain't making hay.

Naturally the smart boys around Texarkana soon became aware of the King Midas touch as applied by Mr. Anthony and so they invited him over to give him what they **thought** was his first lesson in stud poker. Their dumb acting pupil learned fast—in fact he caught on so quickly that in a couple of weeks time he had rounded up all of the beed-up change that the boys could beg, borrow or steal.

Yet the beginner had one last obstacle to overcome before he was to be crowned king of Texarkana gamblers. The fly in this particular ointment happened to be a Jew. But finally after a two-day and night session the Jew succumbed to the superior wizardry of our hero when Mr. Anthony ran a sandy over his new found friend's two pair. But although Abie's ready cash was gone his gambling spirit and his magnificent twenty-five thousand dollar opera house weren't and so the game continued. The Jew played his opera house plenty close to his belly but ere the dawn of another day had come, Brother Anthony was sole owner of this famous amusement center. After letting his Jewish friend sweat for forty-eight hours, Mr. Anthony laughingly returned not only the opera house but all of the cash money as well, with this single admonition, "Boys let this be a lesson to you,"—and every single one of them did.

During this period of his life, Mr. Anthony had also blossomed into a trapshooter who was gaining national prominence. If he so desired, he could appear today with a bedecked chest of medals that would have caused Goering's chest to resemble Mother Hubbard's cupboard in comparison. Ben Anthony broke the first thousand targets ever thrown at Dayton, Ohio and in commemoration of this feat the National Trapshooters Association erected a life-size statue in bronze of Mr. Anthony on that association's permanent grounds outside the city limits of Dayton. The base of the statue is inscribed with these simple words, "Ben Anthony—Arkansas." Mr. Anthony wouldn't allow the association to mention his all-time world's record of one thousand straight hits because of his extreme modesty. Ben Anthony has been known throughout his long and illustrious career to be as silent as the great Sphinx of Ancient Egypt when it came to blowing his own horn.

While living in Texarkana, Mr. Anthony acquired a large farm and remembers one hog (half Duroc and half Guinea) that dressed sixteen hundred pounds. This hog had been the runt in a litter of twenty-two pigs (still the world's record) raised on Anthony Acres but Mr. Anthony explained this phenomenal development with his usual simplicity. "I wasn't short with my corn and the hog wasn't short on the scales."

Mr. Anthony's interest in the breeding and raising of fine hogs was short-lived (his interest always wanes once perfection is attained) and he began to show interest in various and sundry kinds of fruit trees. Be became so thoroughly imbued with the teachings of Luther Burbank that he bought some land in the Rio Grande valley near McAllen, Texas. Overnight, Luther and the boys had competition and plenty of it because in the short space of twelve months The Anthony Interests Consolidated, Inc., had a grapefruit on the market with a big, red, luscious cherry in its center. This grapefruit-cherry combination weighed ten pounds and is, even now, a delicacy that adorn tables only in a few royal palaces in the British Isles. Although Mr. Anthony had millions within his grasp from royalties on this new fruit, he chopped all of his trees down, a la George Washington, except one which he sent to his Rolls Royce buddy in England and as far as is known this is the only tree of its kind in existence in the world today.

Mr. Anthony also developed a strawberry that measured—oh, pshaw! there isn't enough room here to tell about it, we'll have to conclude this next month, maybe!

Temple-White Topics

The annual Boggy Slough party was held the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of December, and everybody who attended had a lot of fun. There was one sandwich that Jeffie Anthony in particular did not like, however, the food otherwise was fit for kings.

Sarl Seefeld and McDowell put on a little act portraying Mr. White and his associates and it was really good. Mr. Sumners nearly broke a rib with a sudden outburst, and if there had been any aisles we would have all been in them.

The weather wan't too good at first, but it later cleared and a few of the boys killed several ducks. Duck hunting this year was not nearly as good as last year though and for the most part the ducks killed were small ones.

Mr. Weber pulled the best one of the party by sneaking up on Pat Scoggins tame ducks. He attempted to lure them within gun range by using his duck call, but a few sour notes caused the ducks to leave for other parts, but not before Mr. Weber fired a few times to try and scare them up. Pat's ducks were not having any though and that's the only thing that saved them.

AIR FREIGHT

Temple-White Company made their first shipment of handles via air freight recently. The order was a small one consisting of several thousand small handles for a customer in California. It's not often lumber or lumber products are shipped air freight and we are proud of the fact that our customer thought enough of our handles to pay the high rate of freight charged for air transportation.

P-TA Presents FFA Chapter With Tools For Use in Shop

The Parent-Teachers Association of Diboll presented tools to the local chapter of Future Farmers of America. The tools, to be used in the high school workshop under instructor guidance, consists of: hammers, saws, screwdrivers, chisels, wrenches, pliers, and other things to help the student toward a better vocational education.

The high school students, faculty, and vocational department wish to express a deep appreciation and a hearty thanks to the members of the PTA for this much needed equipment.

LET'S MAKE 1950 A YEAR WITHOUT A SINGLE MAJOR ACCIDENT AT DIBOLL!

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Cause and Treatment Of Malaria Fever

By DR. J. M. MONTGOMERY

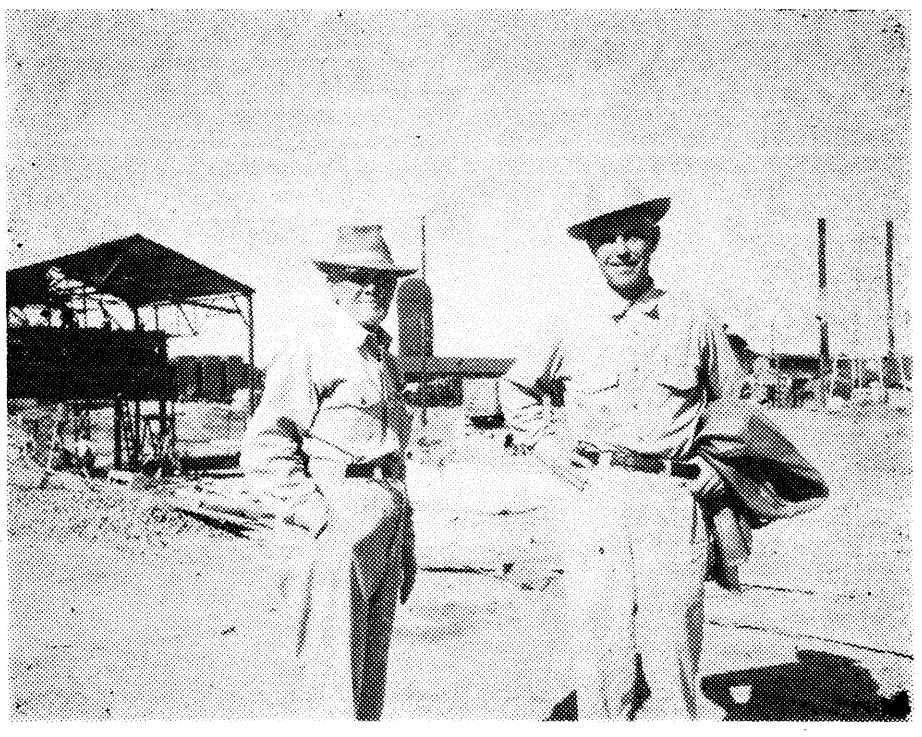
This area is what is called a malaria "endemic" area. That is, the disease exists in large numbers of the population in this vicinity constantly. This is so because of the warm, relatively damp climate and also because the disease is present in individuals.

The "how" of malaria is thus; a certain genus of mosquito called technically the Anopheles is at home in this particular climate. Understand that only the female of this genus can transmit the disease. Now we have the conditions before us to explain the how. The Female Anopheles mosquito must "bite" or puncture the skin of a person infected with malaria at a certain stage, and withdraw a quantity of blood containing certain developmental forms of the malarial parasite. This blood is swallowed for food, (The mosquito is entirely innocent in all this, you understand, not knowing that it is transmitting a disabling disease, but merely trying to make a living.) Be that as it may, the parasite forms now present in the mosquito's stomach imbed themselves in the mosquito's body wall and begin to form tiny, sliver-like bugs that then begin to work their way toward the mosquito's head. Reaching the mosquito's salivary glands they stop and rest a while. Meanwhile the mosquito, all unaware of this process flies about feeding upon you and I. In order that the blood that it draws may be properly digested, the mosquito mixes it with saliva and presto! It has given the now aroused human an injection of the insidious malarial parasite. The mosquito may now suffer a horribly violent death beneath a smacking palm but the dirty work has been done. The small parasites after entering the blood stream head straight for a red blood corpuscle, bore in and began to munch contentedly and to grow and multiply until its many progeny become too large for the small confines of one corpuscle and break out to find themselves each a separate corpuscle in which to eat and reproduce. Each time a reproductive cycle is completed and the newly matured parasites are released into the blood stream along with the waste products of their metabolism, the human host will suffer a chill followed by a terrific fever. The intention of the parasite is to continue the process until all blood cells are consumed, thus eating itself out of house and home, but the human host begins to resist these deprecations in most instances and will and can survive almost indefinitely, but will do so with a lowered red blood cell count and occasional chills and fever.

There are four different types of malaria that we are concerned with, each having its own characteristic timing for its chills and fever, one being every day, one being every other day, one occuring most often in the fall of the year with an atypical chill and fever pattern, and one which will do almost anything, but which fortunately is not very common in this country. That explains the what.

Preventive measures consist in destroying the places in which mosquitoes breed (oiling ponds, etc.) and in seeing that you are not bitten by a mosquito either by screening your home well and/or wearing properly protective clothing when you must be outdoors in mosquito season. It is also possible to prevent malaria by taking certain drugs constantly but I know of no one who wants to do that.

Treatment, as you know, consists in the taking of quinine, or more recently developed and more very effective drugs, notably atabrine.



Above (right) Wilbur Fogg and D. D. (Dred) Devereaux stand in foreground of a partial view of Project No. 1—a major Southern Pine Lumber Company development during 1949.

COLLEGIANS HOME FOR HOLIDAYS

Many Dibollians have been wondering who in the world these brilliant looking characters are they have been seeing around Diboll. They have forgotten it was Christmas and the professors are returning from college. They look different because they have given up hope of teaching their professors anything.

They talk differently because they associate more with the people from different parts of Texas and the small United States just over the border. They act different because in the past they were told to be and to look dignified. Some have given up all hope of college because they know it all—I wish I did.

Some of the faces you have never seen before because many of these students went to Lufkin and a few, not mentioning any names, went to Diboll high in the early 20's and 30's.

We hope you meet each of these before they return to college, if you don't know them, because you are missing the time of your life if you haven't met these brilliant people, to-wit:

R. L. Pitts—Draughn's Business College in Dallas.

Charles Edward Smith—Texas Western of El Paso.

Blant Ferguson—North Texas State College in Denton.

Joe Homer Jones—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Billy Royal McKinney—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

John Smith—University of Texas, Austin.

Dickie Dale—University of Texas, Austin.

Dorothy Lawrence—Baylor in Waco.

Mary Lou Durham—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Alvin Morgan—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Morris McCall from S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Edward Trevathan — University of Houston in Houston.

Carl Ferguson — Daniel Baker in Brownwood.

Donald Saxton—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Robert Finley Farley—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Buddy Bush—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Bob Wimp—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

Mrs. Frank Smith—S. F. A. in Nacogdoches.

FHA NEWS ITEMS

The Angelina County Homemaking teachers met at the home of Mrs. Davis McKinzie Monday night, December 19th for their regular meeting. A Christmas tree and gifts for all followed the business meeting. Most of the business meeting was concerning the Spring Area meeting of FHA which will be held in Lufkin on March 18th, 1950. Various duties were assigned the several chapters with Diboll being asked to design and mimeograph the program booklets; Lufkin Junior High to plan the program; Lufkin Senior High to have charge of the banquet for the area officers; officer candidates and their sponsors; Hudson school in charge of registration; Redland to sponsor a coke party; Huntington to make arrangements for the noon meal; Zavalla to decorate the auditorium and Central Consolidated to be in charge of invitations and correspondence. A publicity committee will be chosen later.

Fruit cake and coffee were served by Mrs. McKinzie. The meeting was attended by Miss Mildred Buckner, Miss Gladney McCarty, Mrs. L. C. Billingsley, Mrs. Alice Coleman, Miss Fay Wilson, Miss Mickey Bradford, Mrs. George S. Green and Mrs. McKinzie.

GIFTS SENT OVERSEAS BY FHA GIRLS OF DIBOLL

The Diboll Chapter Future Homemakers of America sent Christmas gifts to foreign countries last October 30th and the girls are hoping to hear from the school children who received them soon. No expensive gifts were sent, only useful things which the girls were sure would be appreciated.

The gifts were wrapped with Christmas paper, packaged and sent to New York to be sent wherever needed overseas.

Diboll High Faculty Plans For Holidays

The faculty of Diboll high school is planning a merry holiday. Here are some of the answers given to the inquiry, "What will you do the Christmas and New Year holidays?

Mr. Pate—Will be hunting somewhere around Jasper, Texas.

Mrs. Pate—I'll cook for my hunter.

Mrs. Jennings—stay at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews—we are going to visit our daughter in Port Arthur, Texas.

Mr. Cady—I'm just going to rest.

Miss Cole—I'll visit my sister in Arkansas and spend the rest of the holidays at home.

Miss Young—I am going to Houston.

Mrs. Christian—going to sleep.

Mrs. Wyatt—visit with her daughter.

Mrs. Clifton—I'll clean house.

Mrs. Rogers—just stay at home and relax.

Miss Franklin—will be honeymooning and when she comes back next year her name will be Mrs. Johnny Griswold.

CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD . . .

I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.—Saint John's Gospel, IX, 4, 5.

As our Saviour was passing about from place to place in the City of Jerusalem, he found a man who had been born blind. In accordance with the prevalent theory of those times, that every misfortune was the result of some particular sin, his disciples asked him, saying, "Master who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" While Christ did not deny that all ills of the flesh were the result of man's fall and subsequent sins, he did correct their notion that each misfortune was caused by some peculiar sin committed by the individual sufferer or those immediately responsible for him. Christ's answer was, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. That is, it was not the individual sin of parent or child that caused the blindness, but the providence of God had something to do in thus bringing together the sightless and the Great Restorer of sight, to the end that God in Christ might be manifest to men.

Before going on to open the blind man's eyes he makes the observation in the text. "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work. As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." His last assertion in regard to being the light of the world. He then went on to prove by letting light into the sealed eyes of the unfortunate man before Him.

There is, however, a far deeper and fuller sense in which Christ is the

(Continued to page 5)

Matrimony Corner

Miss Tina Jo Franklin and J. H. Griswold of Nacogdoches were married in Nacogdoches Thursday, December 15th. Mrs. Griswold is commercial teacher of Diboll High school. She has been teaching here since 1944 and will be back after the Christmas holidays.

The high school faculty and students wish her happiness and will be glad to have her return. Mrs. Franks has been a most enjoyable substitute in Mrs. Griswold's place during her absence.

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

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Ring In The New Year

The sun is just rising on the morning of another day, the first day of a new year. What can I wish that this day, this year, may bring to me? Nothing that shall make the world or others poorer, nothing at the expense of other men; but just those few things which in their coming do not stop with me, but touch me rather, as they pass and gather strength;

A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends.

A work to do which has real value without which the world would feel poorer.

A return for such work small enough not to tax unduly anyone who pays.

A mind unafraid to travel, even though the trail be not blazed.

An understanding heart.

A sight of the eternal hills and unresting sea, and of something beautiful the hand of man has made.

A sense of humor and the power to laugh.

A little leisure with nothing to do.

A few moments of quiet, silent meditation.

A sense of the presence of God.

And the patience to wait for the coming of these things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.

"A Morning Wish,"

By W. R. HUNT

Light of World—

(Continued from page 4)

light of the world. He is the Sun of Righteousness. As around the great sun of our solar system revolve all the planets, kept in hand by the power of his attraction, so around Christ revolve the mighty interests of mankind and the great events of history. As goes forth from the sun that heat which warms into life the revolving planets, clothing them with verdure and vitality; so goes forth from Christ that personal warmth which gives a significance to the dull ploddings of humanity, and clothes with a living vitality the dreams and abstractions of philosophy. As comes from the sun that light which guides our feet through the paths of this world and directs our hands in earthly labors; so comes from Christ that effulgence which opens up to our inner vision the narrow path of duty,—enables us to avoid the stumbling blocks in the way, and makes clear to our understanding a thousand things about us which were otherwise incomprehensible. Darting his rays far before us he lights up the valley of the shadow of death and discloses the delectable mountains beyond where we shall rest in peace from our weary journeyings.

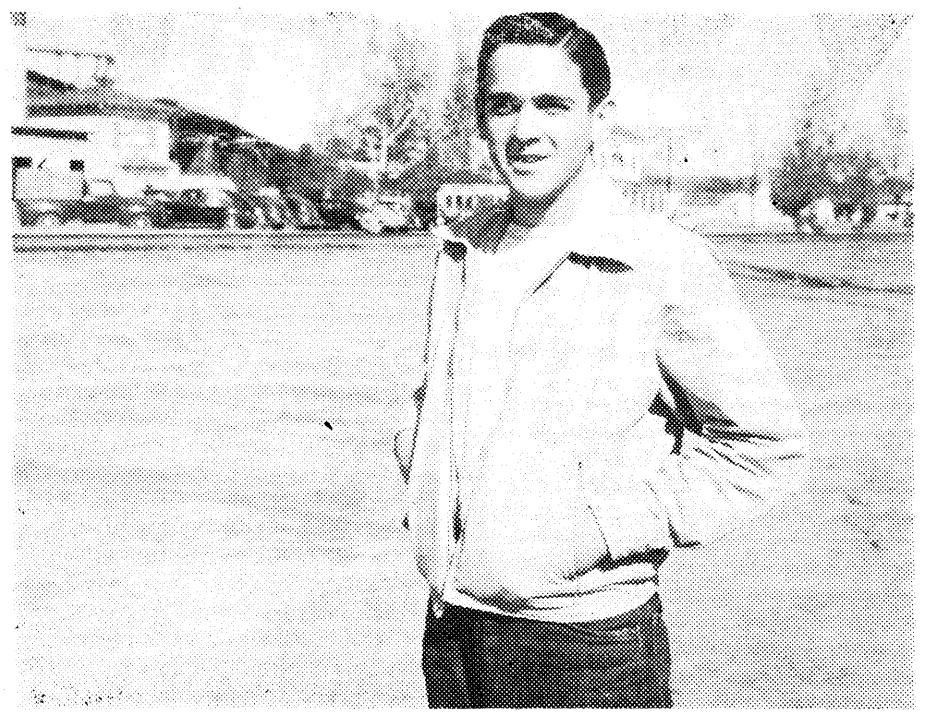
This light compared with the shadows which compass those who sit in darkness, "having no hope and without God in the world," is as the glory of midday compared with the gloom of midnight. Yet even to the eyes of the trusting Christian not all things are clear and discernible. There are mysteries of life and godliness which he cannot penetrate. But is this because his light faileth, because the Sun of Righteousness goes down in his soul? It may come from that cause, but it will also happen while He is shining in his midday brightness.

Stand on a mountain top at midnight when thick darkness has veiled the face of the earth. Where are the green hills and pleasant fields, the roads and rivers, the villages and the monuments of men which a few hours since were crimsoned with the setting sun? They are all there the same as ever, but you look down on the impenetrable pall beneath which they lie buried. The eyes are there to see, the objects are there to be seen, but there is no light to give them outline and form and order. Presently the great sun appears recalling from the black abysses below you the living earth, and you discern, not merely a mass of chaotic objects, but you perceive in the panorama arrangement and purpose, intelligence and beauty. But even at noonday when the light is almost dazzling, if you turn your gaze toward the distant horizon there will be things dim and uncertain and indiscernible. And this from no lack of light which is flooding those distant objects as well as others, but because your own vision is not powerful enough to compass the distance.

Why do we review this mountain scene at noonday and at midnight? Because like it is this world, this life, with and without Christ who is the light of the world. Before Christ came into the world or into the heart, the same great scenes were about us. Humanity was here with its struggles, its longings and its failures. The labyrinth of life was here with its devious pathway, its mazes and its mysteries. All was dark and gloomy, no purpose, no order, no beauty. In vain did the greatest minds of earth attempt to unravel its mysteries and find a clue which opened its recesses. In vain did the dim lantern of science, with power sufficient only to dazzle the eyes of the bearer, flicker its feeble light upon it. A few objects close at hand appeared, but not enough to disclose the plan or reveal the future. The best practical rule of life which these could evolve was, "Let us eat and drink for tomorrow we die."

When the great Sun of Righteousness arose and sent his bright beams into the darksome ways of humanity, then outline grew upon a myriad shapeless objects, and one great plan appeared running through the ages of the world and the races of mankind. It was then seen that all the great events of history bore relation to one central fact; that the toils and tears of humanity were blind gropings after a common ideal; and that the instincts and yearnings of mankind pointed to a common center in Christ Jesus. From this center was seen also to radiate that energizing warmth which was the life and the light of men. Thus we were able to understand and explain a thousand things which before were dark and bewildering. By its light we can read the lessons of failure, the value of poverty and the blessings of sorrow. By its kindly introduction we can call death our friend and the grave our victory.

Still, with all the effulgence which the gospel sheds upon the ways of God and man, there remain yet some things which are dim and mysterious. It was so to the noonday gazer on the mountain's height. It is so to the Christian and for the same reason. Not because there is any lack of light or power in the Sun of our spiritual system, but because of the dimness and weakness of our spiritual vision. But believe me, these very mysteries, as well as things more obvious, are bathed all the same in the light of God, and there are spiritual eyes beyond the twinkling stars that can see them as they are. And believe me, too, these dim eyes of ours can be quickened and strengthened by efforts of our own. There is no one here but who can come in this world to see more clearly into the ways of God than he does today. And then if we improve our opportunities, there shall come a time when we shall be unclothed of that which binds us to earth and clogs with carnal things our spiritual sight, when we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face. "Then shall we know even as also we are known."



Glenn Hines, above, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hines, is assistant ambulance driver. Glenn also attends high school and is recognized as quite a nimrod.

The Sports Picture

By PAUL DURHAM

With two seasons of discouraging and unsuccessful basketball in the records, this year's Lumberjacks look as though they might be bound for a District Championship. It could be that we are sticking our necks out but the rolling motion of the Jacks has been satisfying thus far as they have chalked up five victories against three defeats. That's a near 800 percentage and good for basketball.

Now we fully understand that the prestige of the Lumberjacks compared with that of teams in the past, is not so highly valued; but if the Jacks can beat teams like Hudson, Central Heights, and Zavalla, they will be valued pretty highly in our book. They have the heighth to beat any team in the zone and District and probably will do so if they keep a good pace in hustle and improve on their passing.

Thus far the Jacks have competed in two tournaments and they were runners-up in the Pennington Tourney and winning the open house here against Pineland.

Sanford Terraces Farm

Luther Sanford and son Henry, along with the local agriculture teacher have recently drawn up soil conservation plans for the Sanford farm located approximately 3½ miles north west of Diboll. Terrace lines have been run and plans are under way to construct terraces as soon as possible.

Sanford, a quiet, hard working man who ties bundles at Temple-White, does not stop when the whistle blows at 5 p.m., but instead hustles out to the farm to manage their livestock and chickens. Recently Sanford has added a bath room and bedroom to his home making a town home in the country.

Charles Blake is the high scorer for the Axemen with 66 points in 8 games and he is closely followed by Tip Brashear.

Bill Ferguson has showed evidence of accurate one-handed shots, and Art Clark looks good on them too; but both boys still lack that knack of passing that could make them top-notch ball players. Brashear is a fine hustler and when he is on, one can expect some pretty baskets from him.

Charles Placker is sort of a phantom as a guard. He is rough under the basket, and although he shoots very little, he makes good 95% of his shots. Linwood Smith is in the same bracket and could show up yet if his guarding improves some. The Jack pivot man, Van Scarborough, is a fair boy, and would have been much better if he had more experience. He is somewhat maltreated on shots though and the Jacks are very, very sluggish about fast-breaking and about feeding Van the ball.

That's about as complete a synopsis of the Jacks as we can give. There isn't much to tell; except that the Lumberjacks may keep their winning ways, or they may become a mediocre team. One thing is sure: it will be difficult for the blame to ever fall on the shoulders of Coach Franks. He is one of the best, and most important of all, he is the kind of guy that the boys will hustle to win for.

It'll also take the cooperation of the people of Diboll—at the games—to spur the Lumberjacks to the heights they should have attained years ago.

TIMBERLAND ENTERTAINMENT

A most lugubrious and laconic period of movie news at the Timberland Theater is rapidly disappearing and in it's place, in this scintillating and blissful season, advances a bill of top-notch, highly advertised, vastly run movies. Entertainment in Diboll is limited and we want to pass these hints on the good movies along to you.

Mr. Daniel is presenting a bill of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures in December and January that consists of THE STRATTON STORY, ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY and more of the newest releases. THE YOUNGER BROTHERS, SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON, THAT FORSYTE WOMAN, SET-UP and still more varied and high flying productions from the best producers in Hollywood.

The Timberland is on an up-grade. With the other advances taking place in Diboll, it has to be. With that in mind it is an easy matter to enjoy the movies exhibited there. Hollywood is on an up-grade too, rocking the nation with dozens of smash movies made from the pens of smash writers. Hollywood knows—and it has responded—therefore you'll get the kind of pictures you like. Varied and entertaining, serene and sincerely as original as it can be, the Timberland is beginning a new year and a new era in movie entertainment and satisfaction.

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

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Get Ready For Freddie

By FREDDIE LEWIS

In the event you don't start a fire with your paper before you get around to reading this corner it will probably be in the year 1950. The five men and four women school teachers to whom I went to school taught me that fifty was one-half of a hundred.

So just let us say that we have reached half-time (turning of the century) in this game of life. Just like in football, preceding the beginning of the last half there is a lull in the action of the game and a ceremonious display of formalities takes place upon the field. Well, just before starting the year 1950 we had our lull and the cessation of the wheel of progress at Christmastime. And everyone seemed to be in a ceremonious mood, displaying goodwill and kindness to all.

In other words, it is just like going hunting. There is the huntsman who when he goes into the woods, fires upon every bit of game that creeps, crawls, runs, flies or just stands still. He returns home that night satisfied with his efforts in the woods and retires after a good bath and rests fine.

Then there is the average sportsman, and it is the "hunting" and not the "shooting" which attracts him into the woods. He does not expect to come home with a limit bag every time. If he can spend a day in the woods and fields with some companion and get an occasional shot at game, he comes home and crawls into bed after a shower and looks with real anticipation to the next trip.

So it is in this lull at Christmastime. After watching and observing the ceremonious activities displayed on the field you could very easily see that all were going about it in their own way and getting plenty of kick out of the way the band was playing. Yes, you could see that guy who shoots every piece of game right in there banging away until his last shot was gone. However, if this fellow had not been in there with his loud fire crackers, torpedoes and what have you, there would have no doubt been a certain something missing about the whole procession. And no doubt someone not getting what he thought was his share of the goodwill and friendship which is displayed at half-time.

As we were watching and trying to not let anything escape our observation we noticed the average sportsman going about his method of getting the benefit of this great demonstration. As you know it is more of the "occasion" which attracts him. Just like when he goes hunting he likes to watch the creeks, how they curve through the woods, and how the upper branches of the tree hang and swing. And he really appeared to be thrilled at the curves which were formed out on the field and almost lost his head as the lower branches swung past.

And what made the half-time ceremony so merry like, there were those of the retiring nature who seemed to cheer the pep squad as they went through their maneuvers and at one time or another kept time with the music.

Such spirit as that backs up the sincerity of the many greetings which we all sent out and received. And it really does lift a fellow's spirit and courage to receive greetings from a fellowman. And there are those greetings which seem to ring a bell and fascinate you more than others. That in itself is a great link in promoting goodwill and fellowship.

We all know the story which makes December 25 our greatest holiday. A great Biblical character prophesied that "there shall come One greater than I"—and the One whom this prophet referred to was born on December 25.

When this One came which was greater than the old prophet, there were two births at the same time; Jesus Christ was born and a day was born. That day was Christmas, the day we all recognize as the birthday of the One so much greater than the old prophet that he gave His life so that all men might have a right to an everlasting life, peace on earth and goodwill towards all.

After man broke God's covenant he was cut off without any hope of an everlasting life. However, the One which came who was greater than the prophet restored the hope of the human race by giving up His own life and winning a victory over the grave.

As a token of His divine act there are trees of hope displayed in the churches and homes all over the world and unlike the half-time version of the ceremonious activities described in previous paragraphs, the programs and services rendered at the churches and homes carry a divine and spiritual significance which influences the appreciation of the coming of the One greater than the man who foretold His coming.

This is the beautiful, gracious, inspiring and merciful ceremony showing our gratefulness of the divine favor which Jesus Christ gave the human race. All the little children take part in this version of the half-time activities and that adds happiness, color and nobleness to the occasion.

You know folks, little as you may think about it, in spite of the public demonstration of fireworks, shooting, shouting and what have you the spiritual and divine ceremonies find their way into some heart and thus awaken the conscience of the debt it owes to the One who would come greater than the old prophet. Yes, there is always someone whose eyes are opened by this great merry-making display at Christmastime and they see the light and glorify the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. After all, when a man repents and is sorry for his sinful deeds and accepts Jesus and follows Him, trusting all to Him, he has accepted the most gracious, benevolent, and worthy Christmas gift of all.

Team Returns to Field

Now the half-time is over, folks, and Coach "Southern Pine" is leading his team back on the field in preparation of setting back in motion this great team which has played such a good and wonderful game for the first half of the century. The team has withstood every scoring threat of the opposition by operating in conjunction with coach "Southern Pine." Therefore, our goal has not yet been crossed and the team's chances of advancing the ball is greater at this period of the game than it has ever been.

However, there were times in the first half century when it appeared that the team would not hold but Coach "Southern Pine" would go into a huddle with his faculty and always come out with a defense which would stand the charge of the opposition. We all remember the periods of the late twenties and early thirties when it was a problem to field a good team and keep the opposition from taking command. There were coaches over the country who refused to play and ceased to operate altogether. There were also the ones that had trouble keeping the score down, and as a result the score was so overwhelming the team was discouraged and fell apart.

But not so with Coach "Southern Pine" who, when he came to the tough periods of the late twenties and early thirties, displayed some strategy and tenactiy which only Coach "Southern Pine" can, and with the courage and will power shown by the team he continued to play the game and win victories as well as advance the ball at all times. In the victories which Coach "Southern Pine" failed to win, the score was always held low enough to make it a good contest.

Everybody likes to watch a good smooth team perform out on the field and since Coach "Southern Pine" and his faculty has produced such a team for the first half of the century, let us string along with them in this last half and don't change horses in the middle of the stream.

We don't have to have anybody tell us but we can just look around over the big field of Diboll and see the many improvements made and great strides taken to improve this great field of play, Diboll. As we all know Coach "Southern Pine" has always been fatherly to the players of his team at all times, but more especially at Christmas. And he sees to it that his men enjoy the time off for Christmas.

This past Christmas Coach "Southern Pine" took the boys out on the field and stood on one goal line and let the boys take their turn in running the ball up the field. Some of the fellows reeled off forty yards, others fifty yards, some sixty-five yards and even seventy-five yards. In other words, the limit was the length of the field, one hundred yards, but I don't think anybody's wind held out long enough to take the hundred yards. Yours truly went over to get into the little game of exercise but the coach was crowded out with contestants and my time was so limited that I couldn't wait and decided to come down the next day to take part but was late in getting out of bed and when I arrived the coach had dismissed school and started his Christmas. So I missed the exercise but I am proud to be on the team of Coach "Southern Pine" and his faculty and hope we all work together so as to keep this great team intact.

Brotherhood Has Banner Year in 1949

The Brotherhood, with Dave O'Neil as chairman had one of the best years in 1949 it has had since it was organized. Chairman O'Neil has as his secretaries Finis Henderson and Freeman Goldman who keep an account of all the cash receipts and warrants drawn.

The brotherhood has a sick committee, investigating committee and a chaplain. Mr. Elkin Armsted is the chaplain and when the members as a whole have a knotty problem and seem to be stumped the chairman usually offers a solution, and nine times out of ten it works.

The organization has greatly increased its membership during 1949 and has put on several feasts as well as helped a great deal of people both in and out of the organization. The brotherhood gained recognition and fame by coming to the rescue of victims who were unfortunate enough to have their homes destroyed by fire.

Even after helping the fire victims and coming to the rescue of those who were incapacitated by illness and accidents, the organization closed the year financially successful. The brotherhood is a fine organization to belong to and if everyone in town was a member it would make it still better.

Chairman Dave O'Neil is asking all members and non-members as well to line up and make 1950 an even more successful year than 1949.

SAFETY MEETING HELD DEC. 15th

Regular monthly safety meeting was held Thursday night, Dec. 15, with Mr. George Hailey, district safety engineer of Beaumont, as principal speaker and producer of the safety picture. Mr. Daniel was along with Mr. Hailey and put on an amusement picture which is always welcomed by the audience.

Mr. Hailey showed a safety picture titled "Saw Mill Safety" and pointed out the right and wrong ways to do things from the log pond to the planing mill. The log pond was shown to be place of work for a sure-footed and expert man. It also showed the advantage of wearing cork boots to help make the footing sure.

The scaler's job has one hazard and that is getting the logs crossed on the deck and maybe letting them get away thus endangering the fellow on the rig. When logs get crossed a chain should be used to straighten them up and be sure they are chocked to hold them in place.

The sawyer is the key man and works in conjunction with the man on the rig and the saw tailer. The saw tailer should wear guards over his eyes so as to protect them from saw dust and be careful to not let a slab hang in the saw as the rig is going back after completing a line.

The picture demonstrated that the log deck and the carriage track is no man's land, and one should always keep free from danger spots.

The edgerman should beware and place his boards in the saw on a straight and level line to prevent them from coming in contact with another saw, which is the cause of boards being shot back out of the edger.

The picture also pointed out the hazards of the bear fighter, slacker saws, green chain, yard and planing mill. All guards which cover sprocket wheels, saws and any moving thing should always be placed on before starting up.

Mr. Hailey will be back on the third Thursday night in Jan., 1950, and will bring a logging picture as well as an amusement show.

———o———

Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact.

———o———

Happiness is a kind of energy; and an energy is evidently produced, and not like property merely possessed.

———o———

Man is born to act. To act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to affirm the worth of an end is to create an ideal.

So long as man likes the splashing of a fish, he is a poet; but when he knows that the splash is nothing but the chase of the weak by the strong, he is a thinker; when he does not understand what sense there is in the chase, or what use in the equilibrium which results from destruction, he has become as silly and dull as he was when a child. And the more he knows and thinks, the sillier he becomes.

LET'S MAKE 1950 A YEAR WITHOUT A SINGLE MAJOR ACCIDENT AT DIBOLL!

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RAT TALES . . .

By "RAT" JOHNSON

During recent weeks more than thirty dogs have been found dead in Diboll as the result of deliberate poisoning by somebody who—I suppose—just doesn't like dogs.

I think that a man who would deliberately poison a dog, or throw out poisoned meat intended for just ANY dog that happened to come along should not only be put in jail, but also forced to take a few bites of the stuff himself. For one thing, a child might conceivably pick up a piece of bread or meat or whatever the poison was put in, eat it and die. In that case it would be murder. But if a dog comes along and eats the bait and drops dead—well, some people shrug their shoulders and say: "Aw, well, it's just a dog."

But to many a little boy or girl, their dog isn't "just another dog" at all. To them THEIR dog is something they love and play with and take care of, feed, and put to bed in a nice warm place at night. To THEM their dog is "Skippy" or "Tag" or "Spot" who, in many ways, is one of the family. And when they find him lying dead in the yard or under the house or in the street, it is a personal tragedy the depths of which few grown-ups understand.

Some people hate dogs. Some people hate cats. That's O.K. with me. But take that hatred out in the form of maliciously killing a dog or a cat just for the sadistic satisfaction of killing either is, in my opinion, about the lowest form of human behavior.

The person who has taken upon himself the dog killing campaign in Diboll of late will no doubt read these lines in the Buzz Saw. When he does I hope he understands how many hearts he has broken among the children—and grownups as well—in our town by his vicious slinking dirty work. And I hope he also gets what's coming to him. More than one person in this town has told me personally that if they catch anybody poisoning THEIR dog just for the sake of poisoning him, there will positively be no more dogs in Diboll poisoned by that particular party any more. And they mean exactly what they say. In fact, there is a little detective work being done right now in this regard, plus more than one person maintaining a pretty good watch on certain dogs and places.

—o—

One of our dear friends has passed away. Jim Pickel was a man that was a friend to everybody. He would go away out of his way to help anyone. You could ask him to build something or fix something and he didn't have time but he would fix it for you.

Jim had to be very sick to keep him from working. The weather was never too cold or hot. He was one of the company's best men.

Several years ago he could turn out more work than two men. He was very fast and accurate with his work.

He could do anything that was to be done around a shop. He was a carpenter, painter, sign painter, machinist and car builder.

The only enemy he had was himself. He was for everybody but himself, Jim came last. He was very easy to get along with and I never heard of him having an argument.

One thing we all know, the company can never replace Jim Pickel. They may find a man who can do almost as good but he will never be able to do like Jim. We will miss him around here. The whole shop crew joins me in sympathy to the family.

—o—

Deer hunting is still going on and so are the deer. Shorty Turner tells of his hunting trip with Sherrel Fears. Shorty says Sherrel's gun went off and killed a buck. He said Sherrel ran up to him and wanted him to help catch the 8 point buck. Shorty said Sherrel said he had run until he was tired out. They found the deer within 8 feet of where Sherrel had shot him. Sherrel had cut his throat in three places and shot him twice more for good measure.

Harold said he looked at Sherrel and that he had a squirrel around the neck. He had squeezed the squirrel until both eye balls were out of his head. He told Sherrel that he was ruining the squirrel. Sherrel threw the squirrel down and said he had plenty of meat without the squirrel.

If you really want to hear about this deal get Harold Turner to tell you about it.

By the time this reaches you there will be several wrecks and a lot of people hurt. Please lets be careful and try not to be in the number. I know everyone likes for people to come to see them but the hospital is no place to visit.

Christmas is gone now. How many people did you make happy. Did you help someone who needed help? Did you make some child happy? Maybe you only thought of yourself. This is hoping that everyone had a nice Christmas without any accidents. Lets plan our next year to help someone all the time. There isn't a thing that will give you more joy than helping someone else. Watch your neighbors and friends. Visit them if they are sick, help them if possible if they need help. Make a resolution not to defame a good name.

—o—

SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER CO. DONATES EQUIPMENT TO DIBOLL BOY SCOUTS

Arthur Temple, Jr., recently made available $250.00 for Scout Equipment. Mr. Temple stated in effect that he was happy that Southern Pine Lumber Company could sponsor this worthy organization here in Diboll. He was recently elected Area Leader of the Boy Scouts of America.

Equipment received for the Diboll troop includes compasses, electric lanterns, archery set, cooking equipment, first aid equipment, signal flags and many other items.

Have An Accident? No, Thank You, I Just Had One!

Crash-blam-bang-bumpty-bump. Poor ole Joe, I warned him about that missing step!

Do you know any Joes like that who go through life—at work or play—just ignoring safety hazards? Or worse than that, are you one of them? If you are one of those characters or know anyone like that, then this article is for you.

Everytime you pick up a paper or turn on a radio, you learn about so many people getting killed in accidents; in cars, airplanes, trains; on their jobs, etc.

Even with all this evidence in view of us all the time, we still persist in taking those reckless chances that sooner or later are going to lead to an accident. And we are not speaking of the same kind of accident as the time your best girl friend slapped your face. We're talking about accidents that consume time and money, not to mention being painful or fatal.

Did you know that each of us have just so many chances of getting involved in an accident, and every time we learn of someone else having one, that increases our own chances? If we persist in taking needless risks the law of averages is sooner or later going to catch up with us.

Being reckless can become a habit just like smoking or eating three meals a day, or brushing your teeth a certain way. Once a habit like that is started it is extremely hard to break.

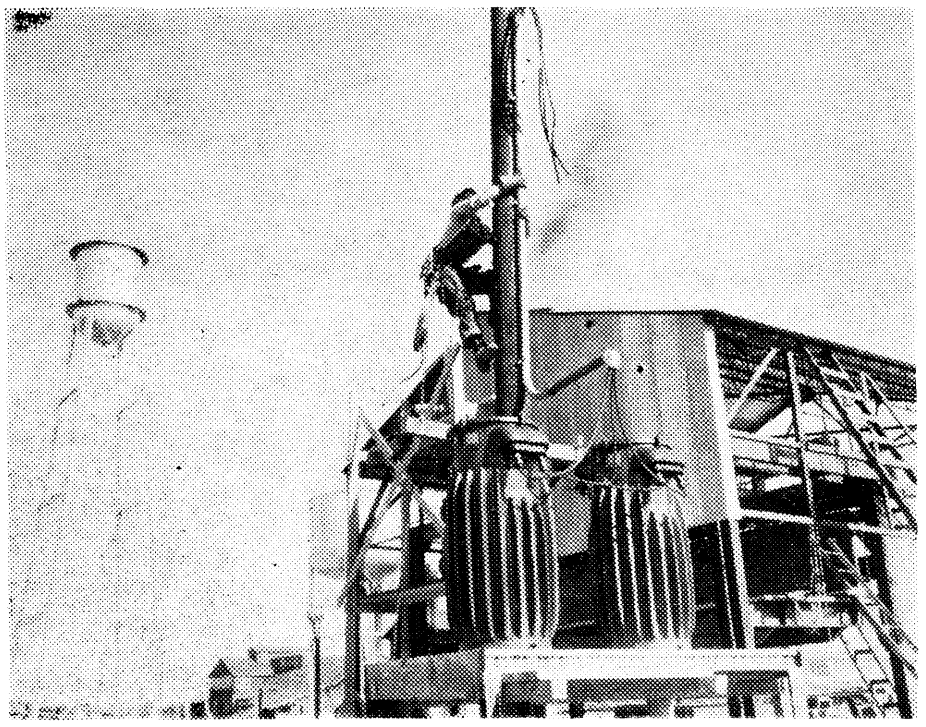
Let's each of us try to make 1950 the most accident-free year we have ever had. We can do that by avoiding and removing safety hazards whenever possible, and by considering the other fellow's wefare as well as our own.

—o—

I care not if God is on my side. My constant hope and prayer is that I may be found upon God's side.

—o—

The difference between landscape and landscape is small, but there is a great difference between beholders.



Above is the picture of Joe Donald Smith who is representing an electrician and also acting like one. If you have any trouble with your lights, see Joe. He is the town's Top "Hot shot."

F.F.A. Shows Film To Pine Valley Group

The Diboll FFA Chapter has recently shown three agricultural films to an interested group of farmers and their wives. Motion pictures shown include "More Milk", "Repainting a Frame Building", and "Controlling Poultry Diseases."

This group is very interested in these films because they get new ideas on how to improve their homes and farms. Through these films they are raising their standards of farming, not that it is on a low standard, but there is always room for improvements.

This group has met in the homes of Mr. and Mrs. John Kead and Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Breazeale.

The chapter would like to use this column to say that it is a pleasure to visit in the homes of these people.

—o—

Cub Scout News

The November Pack meeting for Pack 128 was held Thursday night, December 1 at the Community Center with 22 Cubs and 20 parents attending.

The theme for the month of November was "Keeping Strong". Health charts of each Cub were displayed.

Each den took part in the meeting. Den I gave a very good demonstration on forming a stretcher, using two poles and coats and jackets. They also showed how a head bandage could be made by using the neckerchief, an important part of the Scout uniform. This was done by Hal Wayne Greer and Joe Hassell.

Den II also gave a very good demonstration on how to give artificial respiration. This was done by Rodney Jones and Travis Ray Parker.

Den III gave the forming of the tourniquet by Carroll Leggett and George Trigg.

The grand champ was chosen from a duel called "the rooster fight". The champion, Royce Grimes, came from Den III.

Awards were presented to Carroll Leggett, John Ike Estess, Calvin Lawrence, Jr., Hal Wayne Greer and Travis Ray Parker.

The meeting was climaxed by the presentation of the Webelos Badge to Larry Weber. The Webelos rank is the highest rank of Cub Scouting.

The Cub Scouts and Pack 128 regret losing Larry to the Boy Scouts, but hope he makes as good a Scout as he has a Cub.

—o—

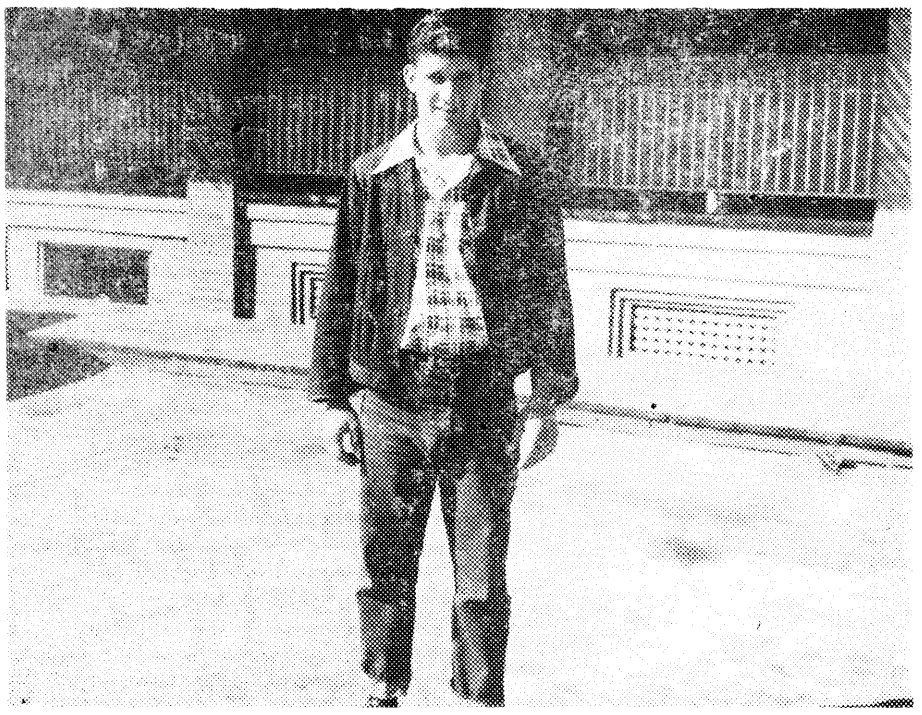
PARLIAMENT OF DIBOLL HIGH SCHOOL

Did you know there is a Parliament in Diboll high school? You did not, did you? No! It isn't the famed Parliament of England where the House of Commons, House of Lords, with the Prime Minister and King meet to carry on the business of England but it is one of equal importance. It is the meeting room of the Diboll chapter of Future Farmers of America. Here the boys meet to learn to carry on business in an orderly and parliamentary way. These boys realize that many adult leaders today are unable to serve in their capacity as presiding officers and with this in mind they strive to better themselves so that they may serve if ever called upon to do so. You may feel assured that your community will be safe and secure as long as organizations like these are present to teach Democracy.

DIBOLL IS ON THE MARCH -- LET'S GET IN STEP AND PUT OUR TOWN ON TOP!

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Ex-Jack Blazes Own Trail To Recognition In Sports



CARMAN BONNER

By PAUL DURHAM

The first athlete from Diboll high school ever to make good in another school is now blasting his way to District laurels and recognition from Texas sports writers throughout the state. Carman Bonner, playing for his first letter at Lufkin high school, has paved his own racetrack to recognition for one of the most sensational success stories ever to emerge from Diboll and the Lumberjacks football squad.

Carman enrolled at Lufkin in the spring of 1948 and played on the "B" squad his first year to insure his eligibility. He finished with the "B" squad and a perfect season that was nearly marred by his former teammates. The B'ers, playing with Bill Hudiburgh and Bob McCall, sneaked past the Lumberjacks 7-0, as Bonner starred on defense.

This year he was transferred to the "A" squad and lived up to expectations as a dependable offensive guard and a powerhouse of energy on defense.

Bonner now tips the scales at 178 pounds and he stands squarely at 6 feet.

Starting with Lufkin's opener with Longview, Carman started to rip and tear his way through every team he played, even when the Panthers were behind. His play really sparkled when conference play started and Bonner was touted as a District man. The predictions came true as the Pantherite climbed higher and higher in the sport writer's eyes. Carman is a Junior this year and next season will be his last chance to further his magnitude as the most surprising and most welcomed lineman in the Panther roster.

Many of the Diboll Lumberjacks of this year's squad and last's will remember Bonner's play with the six-man Lumberjacks of old—and those Jacks believe that Carman will make All-State next year.

Good luck, Hoss!

Trees For The Future

The local FFA chapter recently made a check on a two acre plot of slash pine seedlings planted on Southern Pine Lumber Company lands last January. Results indicated that 95% of the trees planted lived and are growing fast.

The agriculture students worked during class periods following the latest recommendations by the Forestry Department of Southern Pine Lumber Company. It is believed that slash pine will produce a tree more quickly than some of the other varieties of pines growing in this area. The growth, drouth durability, and ability to resist diseases and insects will be studied by the agriculture department.

Future Farmers Enjoy Christmas Party

The FFA chapter of Diboll met Wednesday night, December 21, at the Scout House at 8 o'clock for their Christmas party which turned out to be very successful.

There was a business meeting first. Elton Robbins was elected to enter the "Calf Scramble" held in Houston on February 11, 1950. If he catches the calf, it will be used for a project.

It was voted to begin an FFA basketball team and the project was referred to a committee.

After the business session there was a two hour movie "Sweetheart of the Navy" shown.

After the movie a barbeque dinner, prepared by Will Griffin, was enjoyed by the boys and their dates.

The following were present:

Jessie Halsell, Haywood Quarels, Charles White, John Bowman, Gilbert Frankins, Gail Torbert, James Carr, James Patton, Carl Halsell, Earl Burchfield, Elton Robins, Nelson Robins, Billy Kessinger, Henry Sanford, Van Scarborough, Jimmy Bell, Curtis Clark, Larry Scarborough, Kenneth Flowers, Charlie Horton, Henry Fox, Herman Crawford, Bobby Breazeale, Charlie Anthony and Linwood Smith.

Halsell Brothers Enter Business !

The two Halsell brothers, Carl and Jessie, are in business! Last year they both got 100 chickens each for their project in Future Farmers. This year their project is showing profit. They are now selling the eggs. With the money received from these eggs the boys intend to increase their poultry business and maybe show a bigger profit next year.

Are You Grateful ?

By LAMAR LEWIS

Gratefulness, or thankfulness, whichever you prefer, is almost a forgotten trait. People, as a whole, have come to the state that they seem to think that everything that's done for them is done because they are a superior type of person and deserve all the favors they can get. Other people seem to think that they can degrade themselves just by saying "Thank you".

If someone walked up to you and just handed you a hundred dollar bill and said I am giving you this because I like you, you would stumble all over yourself trying to find words to thank him enough, would you not? But how about the man who got up and gave you his seat, or opened the door and let you pass, or how about the clerk who was so polite and nice when you jumped all over him about some unsatisfactory purchase you made? Shouldn't you be grateful for that? Maybe the clerk was getting paid to be nice to people, but so would you if you would try it. Maybe you wouldn't get paid in dollars and cents, but just think of the friends you would make and the people you would make happy; just by telling them how grateful you are for some little thing they have done for you!

Have you ever done something for somebody or given someone something and they didn't even thank you for it? It made a rather bad impression on you didn't it? Maybe it didn't cost you anything but a little time or effort, still it was yours to give, be it a favor or a gift, and if the other party didn't care enough about it to even say "thank you", well, you just don't care about doing anything else for them.

I read a story that Billy Rose told in one of his articles. The story deals with two men who had a lot to be thankful for—their lives!

It seems that during the time that Napoleon Bonaparte and the French Army was invading Russia, a company of Russsian Calvary broke through the French lines and was doing so much damage that even little Napoleon had to run for it. He ran into a little Jewish tailor's home and begged the tailor to hide him. The tailor didn't know Napoleon from Adam's ox, but he slipped him between two mattresses. When the Russian troops came by looking for the little emperor, one of them rammed his bayonet into the mattress where Napoleon was hiding. Luckily the bayonet just ripped through the back of Napoleon's coat without even touching the skin. After the troops had gone, Napoleon was so thankful to the tailor for saving his life that he offered to grant him three wishes. The first two of the tailor's wishes were heard and granted, and Napoleon asked him for his third wish. "I've always wondered if kings and emperors were human and felt as other people. For my third wish, I wish that you would tell me how you felt when the soldier jabbed his bayonet into the mattress", said the tailor.

The next morning the little tailor was placed against a wall facing the riflemen. An officer stepped forward and began to count. "One", the men raised the guns. "Two", the rifles were cocked. Just before the officer could say "Three", a general came riding up and yelled for the execution to stop. The general rode up to the petrified little tailor and extended to him the emperor's sympathies along with a letter from Napoleon himself. Inside the letter the tailor found these few words from the man he had saved; "Now you know how I felt while I was inside the mattress".

Napoleon was grateful enough to the tailor for saving his life to grant him three wishes. Why can't we be as grateful to people who help us?

Man tends to take the credit for his being alive upon himself. He doesn't stop to think that only through the grace of God is he what he is today. We forget that God has the power to take away or let us retain our lives, our health, our families and our homes.

I think that all of us, as individuals, should get down on our knees and thank God for all the good things he has given us. Then we will see how many more blessings He will bestow upon us if we just let Him know that we are grateful for all that He has already done for us.

Let us remember what Christ Himself said. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Let's sow the things we would like to reap in this coming year.



Mr. C. A. Jordan of the Texas Southeastern Railroad is pictured above. He has been with the company for 35 years and hasn't lost much time during that period. He is a hard worker and has the interest of the company at heart. There is a reward if you catch Mr. Jordan without his pipe. He has it in his mouth or hand all the time.

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