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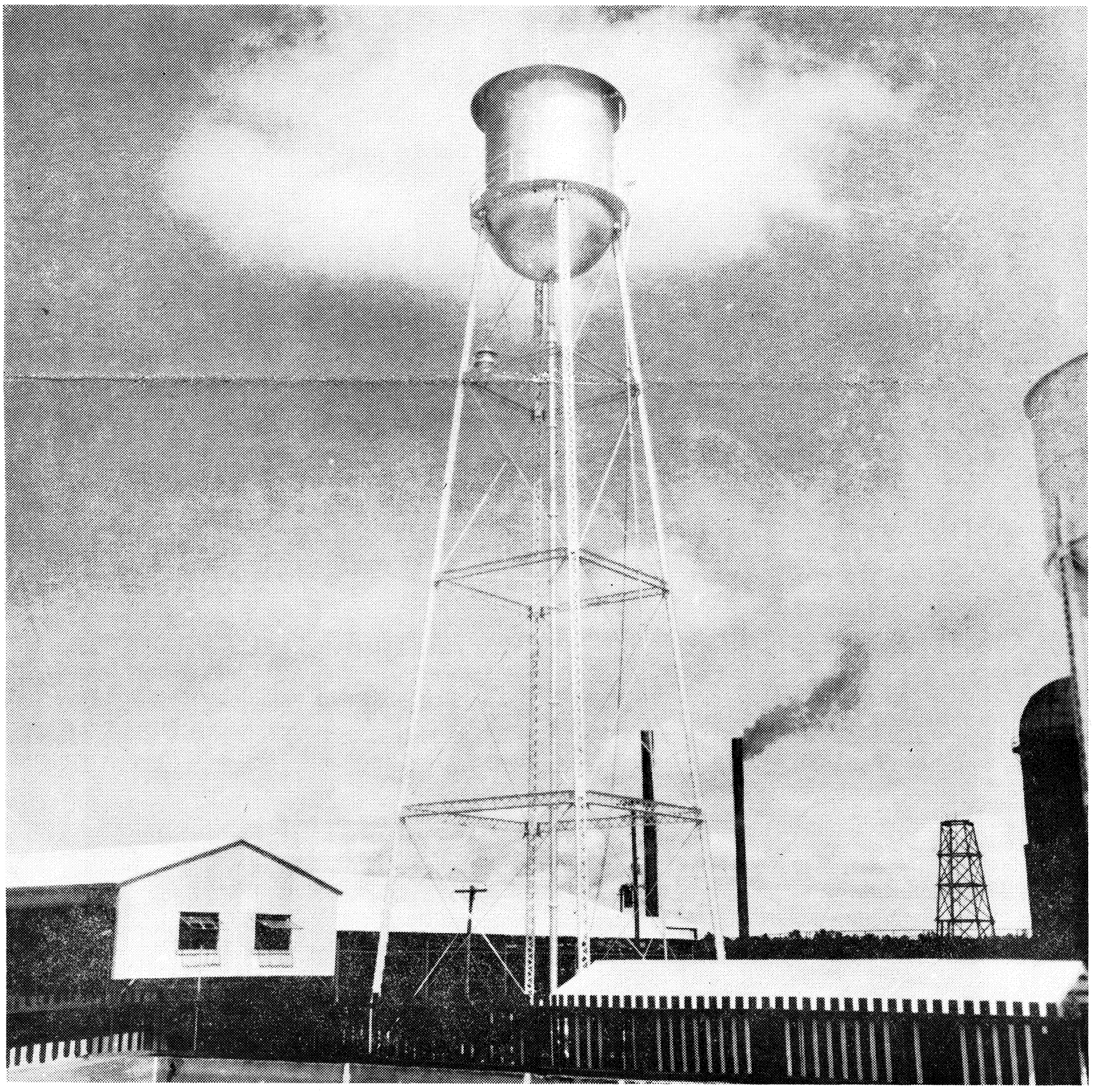
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The BUZZ SAW

VOLUME IV | DIBOLL, TEXAS, JULY 31, 1950 | NUMBER 1

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY



BUILD TEXAS WITH TEXAS YELLOW PINE

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RAT TALES . . . .

George "Rat" Johnson

Well, the other night we had another fire and lost another house in Diboll.

Southern Pine Lumber Company has gone to a lot of expense to have a first class fire department and to maintain it. The men who are in the fire department are all volunteers who are willing to risk their lives to save property or other lives endangered by fire. Fire department members are proud of their organization and of the equipment but for the fire department to be the success that it ought to be we need more than that.

Our very greatest need is more cooperation from the people here in Diboll. For example, if the people who come to fires would wait just ten minutes after the alarm before starting out for the scene of the blaze, it would give the fire department time to get their hoses and other equipment into action in an effort to stem the blaze. But several times it has been impossible for us to rig our equipment up because of the fact that there were so many spectators standing around, getting in the way, blocking traffic, running over hoses, and being generally unuseful that we were completely astounded and unable to properly fight the fire in time to do any good.

As a matter of fact, when you follow the fire truck in your car (and I'm talking about people now, who are not members of the fire department) or park your car within a block of where the fire apparatus stops you're actually violating Section 100 of Article 670ID of the Civil Statues of Texas as pointed out in the last Buzz Saw.

Also, when you drive your car over an unprotected hose of our fire department laid down alongside any street or road you are also violating the law—with Section 101.

If you follow the fire truck closer than 500 feet from it, park or drive your car within a block of the fire department apparatus, or run over the fire hose, you can be arrested without warrant and fined up to $200.

But it seems to me that the people of Diboll need not be warned that doing these things is a violation of the law; that should not be necessary. Just heed the request of your fire department and stay away from these fires at least until we can get set up to fight them. If it happened to be your house on fire you would be pretty irked if somebody blocked the road and kept the fire truck from saving your home and furnishings to say nothing of the possibility that some of your children might be endangered by the blaze.

B. R. Minton and I went to Texas A & M College week before last to study fire prevention and fire fighting methods. A demonstration was made of non-inflammable white paint which is on the market. They painted a building with the paint, then filled it with straw, then poured ten gallons of gasoline over the straw and set fire to it. In the meantime, this building was painted inside and out with a fire resistant paint and when the straw and gasoline had burned away they poured water on the walls, floor and ceiling of the room to wash the smoke stains off and, much to everybody's surprise, there was no damage to the building and the paint was as white as ever.

We also learned that there are two kinds of water to use in fighting fire. The regular water that we use every day, first, and then a solution that can be mixed with water which makes it much wetter and twice as effective. The "wet" water will smother a fire much quicker than foam.

We next saw a demonstration of how to fight a butane or natural gas fire. It was quite a show. There was a three-eighths inch pipe all around the tank with holes bored every eight inches which was set afire. Two men took fire nozzles and crossed their streams. The third man went between these two men and turned the valve off on the butane tank.

We were taught how to fight gasoline and oil fires. They now have a dry powder extinguisher that puts oil fire out as quickly as it can be applied to the fire. Certain types of nozzles were also very effective on these types of fire.

The nozzles were demonstrated in fighting house fires and they really did a bang-up job. These nozzles keep down water and smoke damage as well as providing for a great saving in water used.

(Continued to page 4)



We don't know who this cute little boy is or whether he lives in Diboll or elsewhere. However, we would like to know, because, in our opinion, he was one of the handsomest youngsters present at the Fourth of July Employees Barbecue. As a matter of fact, if the parents of this young man will bring him by the personnel office, or if someone will give us his address, in case he lives elsewhere, we have a $5.00 bill waiting for him to start his bank account in hopes that he will eventually run it up to at least a million.

LET'S THINK THIS OVER

Most of you have noticed the new railroad crossing on the Southern Pacific tracks directly in front of Dred Devereaux's house. This crossing will eliminate both the crossing directly north of it and the one at the north end of the store and will be a big step toward greater safety for our town.

Some time ago we wrote Mr. H. L. Bell, superintendent of the Southern Pacific in Houston, and asked him to caution Southern Pacific engineers to slow down through Diboll and also to provide more protection at railroad crossings in our town, especially when a train was spotted on the siding and obstructing the view of the main line. His response was immediate. Trains coming through Diboll were slowed down to fifteen or twenty miles per hour and, if another train was on the siding, brakemen were at each crossing to halt traffic or pedestrians who might attempt to cross the tracks in the path of the oncoming train. We appreciated his prompt action and we feel that the hazard at the railroad crossings which existed before has been eliminated.

I suppose all of us have a little "railroading" in our hearts and proof of that statement is the fact that there is no such thing as a child who isn't fascinated by an electric train. I still am. Most of us in Diboll were raised on the Southern Pacific and we think the Southern Pacific is the best railroad in the world. A few people here, however, are refugees from Pineland, and though many of them won't admit the fact that they came from over in that desolate area, they can be easily spotted by two methods: (1) They all take the Beaumont Enterprise, and (2) They all swear by the Santa Fe.

For that matter, though, there are still a few people over in Trinity County who swear by the Waco, Beaumont, Trinity, and Sabine, nicknamed the "Wobble, Bobble, Turn over and Shudder," which, at one time, had the distinction of being the world's slowest railroad. Just how slow it actually was can be best illustrated by the fact that there was a very fine fishing hole by the side of the tracks at a certain point and almost daily the brakeman could be observed trotting up ahead of the locomotive a couple of hundred yards before the train reached the spot, then calmly sitting down and catching a mess of fish before the Limited caught up with him.

Which simply points out the fact that people in different localities have different opinions.

—o—

The other day Fred Nelson, personnel director of the Lufkin Foundry and a columnist in the Foundry Roundup, asked me to write his monthly piece for him and fill up a couple of columns. I don't know whether the boys up there were really interested in reading something about Diboll or whether they were just fed up with Freddie and wanted some new blood in his allotted space. But anyway we sent them the article and it will appear in their August issue together with a picture of your humble editor smoking a cigar, wearing a coonskin cap, and cleaning his fingernails with a double-bit axe. Why they wanted that pose I don't know. I guess that's the average conception in their little shop of how the editor of a lumber company's house organ ought to look like. So I posed.

There has been considerable talk going around about getting together a few young boys around here—or men if we need them—and challenging the Lufkin Foundry's first team in some softball games. They say they have a lighted softball field up there and that they will play us anytime and on any terms. I don't see why we don't get a team together around here and take them on. Of course, we don't want to swamp them in the first game to such an extent that they won't play us the balance of the games in the proposed series, so to offset that possibility we could use a few very small boys—or for that matter, girls—to sorta even things up between the two companies. So how about you softball players getting together right away, organizing a team, and accepting the Foundry's challenge? Might take in some real cash money on such a venture, too, because softball really draws the crowds up there, especially, and there's no doubt but that it would here, too, once it got underway. After wearing the Foundry bunch out we could then match a series of games with a team that might give us at least SOME competition. But let's play the Foundry first. They're nice boys. I don't think they can play much ball but—well, we ought to start out with a little team like theirs and then go on into our own class after we get warmed up good.

—o—

There is no point in my mentioning the fact that this has been one of the hottest summers we've had in a long time and that, the chances are, the month of August will be hotter still. But there is some point in reminding you all about taking salt tablets, or table salt, at regular intervals throughout the day to guard against heat prostration. We all have been told lots of times that the reason we "burn out" on the job is not so much the fact that we are that tired but because we have lost so much of the salt in our bodies through evaporation. Now if you don't believe salt tablets will keep you from getting overheated and make you feel a lot better throughout an extremely hot day, just try them for one shift. You will feel the difference within an hour or so and at the end of the day you will be much less tired from the day's work.

As a matter of fact, a man working out in the sun on one of these 98-degree days is taking a terrific chance if he DOESN'T take a salt tablet with each trip to the water barrel. The danger of heat exhaustion is greater, too, when he works without his shirt on. Some daredevil types will even attempt to work in the broiling sun without a hat. Don't be foolish enough to be in either category. In the first place, your foreman will require you to wear your shirt and hat under such conditions if he sees you without either—and in the second place, you are taking a chance with your health and maybe your life that your expected sun-tan just isn't worth. Wear proper clothing (loose, light) for hot weather and take a salt tablet each time you take a drink of water on the works—and be a safe worker. You have all to gain and nothing to lose if you do.

MINIATURE DECALS AVAILABLE

Lee Estes at the Diboll Motor Company has a limited supply of miniature decals—the Southern Pine Lumber Company star you see on all company equipment—and if you will drive by his place of business he will put one of them on the back window of your automobile. The little decals are three inches in diameter and are in three colors, exactly like the larger ones. Go by and get one for your car and let the folks know where you're from.

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491

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WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES FOR ADVANCEMENT?

How many times have you heard fellows around the plant and in the woods say: "I'll never get anywhere with this company. All the GOOD jobs are sewed up!"

I've heard that remark many times and every time I hear it I think to myself: "You're probably right as far as getting anywhere is concerned with this company or any other company because a fellow with your attitude is always going to be low man on the totem pole."

On the other hand, there are a lot of fellows who say: "I may not get a better job next week or next month, but I'm going to keep my eyes open, do a little MORE than I have to do, and I'm going to LEARN something about the department I work in so I'll be PREPARED to hold a better job when one comes open."

That's the follow who will get ahead. That's the fellow the management of this company—or any other company—will put in a better job when a better job comes open.

You don't think so?

Well, maybe sometimes a better job will come open in the department where you work, or in some other department, that you think you are entitled to. Maybe you won't get it for some reason and naturally you won't be too happy about the so-called "bad break." In that case you can either gripe and become discouraged about it and lose your ambition to better yourself—or you can take it in your stride and keep going. And if you do that—if you can take disappointments without letting them take you—then sooner or later your day will come and you'll reap your reward in the form of eventual success in whatever undertaking you have your mind set on.

Take the foremen and supervisors—and others in top jobs—right here at Southern Pine Lumber Company today. Did you ever stop to think how they got to be foremen? Did you ever ask these men what jobs they started out on WITH THIS COMPANY?

Let's look them over. Some, of course, started out at one of the little mills in Sabine County—either at Hemphill or Pineland—and we will count that because the Sabine operation is, a sister operation—baby sister, that is—which means that it's all in the same family. Here they are:

Ed Strickland is foreman of the kilns here. He started out as a laborer at the little mill over in Pineland.

Walter Purdy started out as foreman of the planer at Pineland, and is now foreman of the big mill planer at Diboll.

Willard Hickman is foreman of the lath mill. His first job with this company was as a laborer in that same department.

E. P. Ramsey came with this company as a lumber checker and he is now foreman of the carline.

Paul Durham began as a sniper on the railroad with this company and he is now foreman of the pond crew.

Bonnie Brown and Tom Welch both started out sniping on the section gang and now both are section foremen.

N. B. Hall hired in with this company as a laborer and he is now power foreman.

Willis Jordan's first job with this company was firing a loader. He is now in charge of the automotive shop.

I. T. Strickland started out with the Hemphill mill as a laborer. He is now foreman of the town crews here in Diboll.

Richie Wells' first job with this company was slip team driver. He is now woods foreman.

Jess Parker is a woods foreman who started out as a flathead.

Hugh Timms and George Thompson, two more woods foremen, both started out as truck drivers with this company.

Albert J. Wells was a teamster when he first started to work for this company and he is now a woods foreman.

Barty Breazeale was also a teamster when he first started with this company and now he is a woods foreman.

Dewey Ballinger started to work on the hardwood yard here in Diboll on the very lowest job they had—picking up sticks—and he is now in charge of the entire department.

D. D. Devereaux started out as a bridge gang laborer and he is now in charge of all heavy construction on the plant and on the T.S.E. Railroad.

W. W. Jackson started out with this company as a laborer in the carpenter gang. He is now foreman of all the crews that build and repair houses in our town.

Arthur Porter's first job with this company was in the shop as a machinist and he is now in charge of that entire department.

Thompson Broker started out with this company as a water boy and he is now foreman of the pine yard with approximately 75 men under his direct supervision.

Clyde Thompson, superintendent of logging operations, started to work for this company as a stenographer.

Raymond Willis, purchasing agent for Southern Pine Lumber Company, started out dogging on the long side at Mill One.

E. A. Farley, superintendent, started out as a lumber checker at Pineland.

If I have left out any foreman it was only because the list above should convince anybody that their opportunities here are unlimited without further innumeration of supervisory jobs as proof. The list above should also be convincing evidence that the foremen and supervisors at Southern Pine Lumber Company are men WHO CAME UP FROM THE RANKS.

How did they do it?

They did it by taking an interest in their work; by doing a little bit MORE than they were supposed to do instead of a little bit LESS. They did it by learning not only their own particular jobs, but also the general functions and problems of the department they worked in. They did it by being on the ball.

Out of all the foremen and supervisors in our entire operation you won't find but a few who put in time at a college. I say "put in time" because, in many cases, that's just what it amounts to. Sure, some people go to college and really get an education and, of course, their education is a great asset to them throughout life in more ways than one. Others go to college and get a degree—but they don't get an education.

On the other hand, I consider a lot of people educated who had very little actual schooling. They are educated because they educated THEMSELVES, either in a general way or in their specific lines of endeavor. Some fellow might go to college ten years studying construction but when he got out I would bet my last dollar he couldn't build a bridge like D. D. Dexereaux can build one; he might study Greek and Latin and know all about Plato and Aristotle, and still be lost out on the hardwood yard; he might know Shakespeare from "A" to "Z" and still not be able to run a crew like Ed Smith can run one. In other words, he might have a whole lot of schooling—but no knowledge whatsoever of a particular line of work. So therefore, when we think of "education" we must remember that the word means "to acquire knowledge." That knowledge can be about electricity, lumber grading, construction, railroading, or a thousand other things. It does not have to be about the classics.

So educate yourself. Educate yourself on your own particular job and the other jobs in the department in which you work. The fact that the only cap you ever wore was a baseball cap, and the only gown a nightgown, won't make any difference that you'll ever notice if you'll take an interest in your work, an interest in the department as a whole, and—most important of all—an interest in your own future with this company. Your opportunities are limited only by the limits you place upon yourself.

THE BISCUIT WHISTLE

(Re-printed by request)

Visitors in Diboll are often startled to hear a siren, located high up on the company's 100-odd feet water tower, begin its throaty growl promptly at 11:15 a.m. daily except Sunday. For some thirty seconds it screams in two separate performances, sending its excited voice reverberating throughout the countryside for miles around—just as it (and, in the old days, a whistle) has been doing for more than fifty years.

The signal doesn't mean fire. It doesn't mean that crews are being changed or that it's time for any mechanical switch-over in the plant.

It's simply the BISCUIT WHISTLE for the town.

It means that it's time for the womenfolks to start getting pots hot and the bread mixed and the kids corraled from the neighbor's premises. Because in forty-five minutes plus walking time, Pop will be in from the mill ready to eat—and no ifs, and, or buts about it.

Old timers in Diboll tell us that before 1900 the 11:15 whistle was blown every day as a signal for either the change of shifts or for some other reason in the plant. Then when the reason suddenly ceased to exist, so did the whistle. But not for long.

It so happened that on the first day the whistle was NOT blown, chaos reigned supreme. Husbands came in from work at noon to find their wives taking their morning naps or reading the Saturday Blade, with junior in the top branches of a pine tree half way to Ryan's Lake and the cook stove as cold as a well digger's shovel in Idaho. To the question about the possibility of some immediate grub throughout the hundred or so houses then in Diboll came the same reply of "Are you CRAZY? Why, the Eleven Fifteen ain't blowed yet!" And as a result nobody got anything to eat.

So the next day the management decided to resume the whistle to eliminate the noonday husband-and-wife arguments throughout the community and go back to the old routine of peace in the family during the week with fighting confined to Saturday nights.

And that's why today—after all these years—you hear the siren in Diboll screaming its head off every day at fifteen minutes after eleven. And furthermore, that's why you'll continue to hear it as long as the mill is running.

Because, no biscuit whistle, no biscuits.

Know Your Fire Signals

When the siren sounds off to give the alarm for fire, here are the various signals to indicate the location of the blaze:

2 longs	Boiler Room and Mill No. One
3 longs	Mill No. Two
4 longs	Planer
5 longs	Dry Sheds, Dry Kilns & Take Down
1 long, 2 shorts	Pine Lumber Yard
1 long, 3 shorts	Store Office, & Front Row Houses
1 long, 4 shorts	White Section, South of Store
1 long, 5 shorts	White Section, North of Store
2 longs, 3 shorts	Handle Factory, T.S.E. & Shops
2 longs, 4 shorts	Box Factory Houses
2 longs, 5 shorts	Colored Section, North Side
2 longs, 6 shorts	Colored Section, South Side
3 longs, 2 shorts	Copestown
3 longs, 4 shorts	Houses East of Hiway & Picture Show
3 longs, 5 shorts	School House

When reporting a fire, dial 2491 day or night. Always indicate the part of town the fire is in and the house number if possible. Give any other pertinent information as quickly as possible.

METHODIST REVIVAL BIG SUCCESS

The revival meeting just concluded at the Methodist Church has been declared by many the best the church has had in years.

Reverend Leon Mathis of Greggton was the evangelist and Reverend Gordon Gautreaux of Port Acres led the singing.

Reverend Gautreaux is not only a very fine singer but he knows how to get others to sing. He led the choir each night in special singing and the children's choir added much to the services.

Reverend Mathis is a great preacher. The messages he gave to us each night and morning will remain to influence the people of this church for a long time to come.

Reverend and Mrs. Mathis and Reverend Gautreaux have indeed found a place in the hearts of the people of this church and we hope they'll come our way again.

Reverend Snarr is at Lakeview Camp near Palestine this week. He is teaching in the Intermediate Camp for our young people of Texarkana, Tyler and Nacogdoches districts. Reverend Snarr attended the camp from July 24th through July 29th and on his return here reported a "fair" success in his teachings. Which means, we know, that he did an excellent job indeed.

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491

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DIBOLL SCOUTS RETURN FROM VALLEY FORGE

Our Jamboree Scouts, Clem Porter and Larry Weber, arrived in Longview at 3 a.m., Monday, July 10th, in the midst of a downpour of rain. After leaving Longview June 24th, their first stop was St. Louis and enroute to Wasnington they went around the Horseshoe Curve at Attsona Pa. There, two big coal burning engines were added to the two diesel engines to pull the string of cars over the mountainous terrain.

They arrived in Washington where they saw the Capitol building, the White House, Blair House, Lincoln Memorial, the Washington monument. Then they were off to Arlington, Virginia, where they saw the tomb of the unknown soldier.

Tuesday was spent sight-seeing around New York. They saw Radio City, the Empire State Building the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, the Statue of Liberty, the Stork Club, Broadway and finally China Town, where they saw "the street of forgotten men." Then they all took the subway to the Yankee Stadium, where they watched the New York Yankees play the Washington Senators. New York was the first chance they had for a bath after their dusty train ride. They all enjoyed getting clean at the Y.M.C.A.

Wednesday morning about sunrise they arrived at Valley Forge. Jackets and blankets felt good in the cool of the morning. A hike of over a mile brought them to their campsite.

The next few days were spent getting their camp set up and in order. Visits to the Trading Posts and to the other areas were scheduled in order that the boys could swap, buy and sight-see all they wanted to.

The tents covered 625 acres. Their campsite was on a hill overlooking the rest of the park. They were close to water, showers, and a Trading Post. Quite a bit of time was spent there as there were television sets to entertain the boys.

Friday night President Truman officially opened the jamboree. Sunday morning church was held in the arena. This was a space of 12 acres in size, roped off and patrolled by officers on horses to see that only scouts got in this reserved space. At all of these special ceremonies there were 50,000 to 80,000 visitors.

Sunday night there was special candle lighting service for the "Strengthen the Arm of Liberty Crusade. Tuesday, July 4th, General Ike Eisenhower was the speaker and he ended with his famous words of "Let er Rip" which started the largest fireworks display our boys had ever seen. The Scout Emblem, our flag, two Scouts riding bicycles, a Scout riding a burro, two battleships in action --these were all pictures made during the dazzling exhibition.

The Regional Council fires were something to see. Region nine had some that will be long remembered. Camp was broken Friday and our boys slept under the stars that night. Saturday they traveled to Philadephia where they saw Independence Hall, the Liberty Bell, the Home of Betsy Ross and the church which she attended.

Saturday our group was delighted when they saw the train they were to return on—air conditioned Pullmans—which was quite an improvement over the train they left on.

All were grateful for the chance to rest and to be cool and comfortable on the return trip.

—o—



Pictured above, left to right: Joyce Ford, Mary Jones, Mrs. A. S. Ballinger, Mrs. Henry Evans, Mary Jane Broker, and Thompson Broker at the Employees Barbecue.

SAFETY GOGGLES

During recent months the number of disabling eye injuries on the plant and in the woods has risen at an alarming rate. One employee was struck in the eye by a piece of metal that, according to the doctors, cannot ever be removed. Another—in July—was struck in the eye and the eye had to be removed by surgery.

In both these cases, and in all other eye injury cases we have had so far, the injury could have been prevented by the simple process of wearing safety goggles.

We have a supply of plastic safety goggles at the personnel office. These goggles are light, they are ventilated, and they are not hot like heavier goggles, nor irritating as in the case of leather or rubber-bound goggles. And they will give you actually more eye protection than safety glasses. Tests have proven that even fast flying metal objects do not penetrate them and it would take a very, very hard lick, indeed, to cause injury to the eye while wearing them.

Some employees around the plant are not wearing either safety glasses or safety goggles EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE WORKING ON JOBS WHERE THERE IS A DEFINITE HAZARD TO THEIR EYES.

From now on, any employee who is working on a job where a definite eye hazard exists will be REQUIRED to wear safety gogles. If he does not want to wear them, or if he cannot for some reason wear them (because of an allergy, for instance) he will either be transferred off that job onto another where an eye hazard does not exist or else he will have to be replaced on his job by someone who can wear them.

The company does not want any of their employees hurt. The company also does not want any employee exposed to a hazard on his job if that hazard can be eliminated. An employee tailing a saw, for example, who is not wearing safety goggles is exposing himself to an eye hazard that CAN be eliminated by the simple process of wearing his goggles. If he is not allergic to plastic then it is his duty to himself, to his family, and to the company to wear them. If he IS allergic to them—and about one person out of a thousand are—then it is the duty of the COMPANY to take that man off that job before he hurts himself.

Safety goggles are not uncomfortable to wear but even if they were, slight discomfort is certainly worth putting up with when your eye sight is at stake. If you don't think it is, ask one of these men who have lost one of their eyes how uncomfortable it is not to have two!



Three very attractive Diboll matrons at the Fourth of July outing. Left to right: Joyce Nichols, Flava Vaughn, and Lottie Wimp. Though the scenery around the Scout House was beautiful by reason of the fact that some of the prettiest pine trees in this section of East Texas are growing there, the presence of these three young ladies made it even more attractive. Naturally.

Cub Scout News

Sixteen Cubs from Diboll Pack 128 attended the three-day camp at the old City Park in Lufkon on the 19th, 20th and 21st of July. Camp opened at 9:00 a.m. the first day and 9:30 the other two. It closed at 4:00 p.m. the first two days and at 9:00 the other two. It closed at 4:00 p.m. the first two days and 9:00 the third. The boys learned to make Indian craft whcih was the theme of the camp. Also Buddy burners, guns, flying saucers and neckerchief slides. They played baseball, and other games.

On Thursday four boys from our pack were in charge of the flag ceremony. They were J. R. Telford and Jimmie Snarr from Den 1 and Travis Ray Parker and Calvin Lawrence of Den 2. On this day the boys cooked their dinner on the Buddy burners.

Those who attended from Den 1 were Benny Carroll Brashear Jr., R. Telford, Jimmie Snarr, and Don Hendricks. From Den 2 were: Paul Fairchild, Carrell Black, J. T. Weimer, John Estes, Travis Ray Parker, Billy Frank Pate, Calvin Lawrence, James Johnson, Claude Welch, and Kelly Welch. The Den Chief was Larry Weber. Den three chief was Billy Frank Minton.

On Friday night an Indian ceremony was held with parents attending—awards were presented Rodney Jones receiving the Webelo Badge. Pack 128 received a placque for the cleanest composite.

The Den Mother's wish to thank the mothers who helped in the camp and also those who furnished transportation.

Den 4 of Pack 128 was organized July 25 with 7 boys being the first applicants. Mrs. Odule Fairchild is Den Mother. Boys of Burke between the ages of eight and eleven are invited to join. We welcome you to join our pack.

—o—

RAT TALES (Con't from page 2)

We were then shown the many dangers connected with electrical appliances around the home. We found out that there just isn't anything kind of appliance that isn't to some extent dangerous when there is also gas in the house. They showed us how a key socket wall switch, a telephone and door bell could set a house on fire with a spark caused by a short or by some other method. One of the greatest dangers in the home, where gas is piped, results from the gas cap on the outlet being left uncovered when gas units are taken down. Pipe caps can be bought for 5c a piece for these outlets and might save you several thousand dollars, which could be lost by your home being destroyed.

Again we firemen want to ask you to help us so that we can more effectively fight fires in Diboll, lower our insurance rates, and give you the protection you need to have. The main thing is this: Give us a ten minute period start before you take off to watch a fire. If we can have just ten minutes to rig up without interference from cars rushing up and people crowding around we will then invite the whole town out to see the excitement. This isn't too much to ask of you, considering the fact that we are giving our time and efforts to provide you fire protection, so please cooperate with us.

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491

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MILL NO. ONE TO GET COMPLETE OVERHAUL

Southern Pine Lumber Company's Mill No. One was shut down Saturday, July 29th, for the purpose of being completely overhauled. Mill No. Two will run two shifts until the repair job is completed some six weeks hence.

Running time for Mill No. Two will be from 7:00 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. at which time the crews will change shifts. The mill will continue to run until 2:30 a.m. with 30 minutes for lunch at whatever time is designated by your foreman. The cut will be pine on both shifts.

The Mill No. One crew will work the night shift at Mill No. Two.

The repair schedule for Mill No. One calls for a new log slip inside the mill, new log deck and carriage track timbers, all new timbers under the band mill, new carriage track rails, new carriage trucks, new rings and a boring job on the air compressor, and other repair work throughout the mill to put it in tip-top shape.

Marvin Hamner, A. D. Dean, Sage Ward, and others will do the overhauling job on Mill No. One which means that when they get through we will have a mill that will be in the best possible shape because they really know their stuff and always come through with a first-class job, whatever it happens to be.

Mill No. One was last overhauled in 1936. It is believed that the repair job now underway, however, will be a much better one as a result of a greatly improved creosote treatment on the timbers to be used and this time the mill should need no further major repairs for at least 20 years.

The management of Southern Pine Lumber Company regrets the inconvenience that will result to the men and their families affected by the night shift at Mill Two. However, it is felt that greater hardship would result if Mill Two was not run both shifts and thus mean work stoppage for the Mill One crew for so long a period of time.

FORMER DIBOLLIANS

In Diboll recently was one R. C. (Crack) Locke, whose father, W. D. Locke, operated the market at Southern Pine Lumber Company's store for many years. Crack, nicknamed by Pete Hendricks (short either for "Crackshot" or "Crackpot," we don't know which) is best remembered by old Diboll heads for his abiilty with a baseball bat. In one game against Nacogdoches in 1930, Crack hit two homeruns over the left field wall into the very same tree-top.

Crack Locke is now owner of Locke's Supermarket at 7705 Homestead Street in Houston. He is also in the wholesale chicken business at the same place and from all accounts is quite an operator. For example, when this reporter saw him at Lee Estes garage on July 19th he had a truck loaded with 4,000 dressed chickens he had gotten in Center, Texas, all iced up and ready to be hauled to Houston. When asked how long it would take him to sell that many friers he replied: "Well, I'll get to Houston at about noon and I'll be out of chickens by two-thirty." The secret is that he sells 'em wholesale.

He must be doing pretty good. When playing baseball here his top weight was around 145 pounds. He now tips the scale at 235. But a man with that much fried chicken available could hardly be expected to weigh less.

—o—

Mention of Pete Hendricks brings to mind the time a carnival magician walked into his restaurant here in Diboll years ago and asked for a glass of water. Pete had to walk the length of the counter to get it—and came back with a large old timey tumbler full. Unbeknowinst to Pete, the magician had a rubber bag concealed under his coat and, though it could not be detected, the glass of water ended up in the bag though the twelve or fifteen consumers and sweaters sitting around the cafe couldn't tell it. The magician then asked for another glass full. Pete walked back, returned with number two. He then requested a third glass and Pete, giving him a rather irked look, brought it to him. When the stranger asked for a fourth glass, Peter—who at this point was busy waiting on a couple of legitimate customers—gave him a hard look, went back and got number four. The man gulped down the fourth glass and said: "Would you bring me another glass of that water, please?" Pete, completely out of patience, walked quickly back to the water spout, filled up the fifth glass of water, set it in front of the magician, then put on his hat and pulled it down on his head in disgust. Clayton Kelley, sitting next to the stranger, asked the irate restauranteur where he was going. "I'm going to get me a rope," exclaimed Pete hotly. "And if that guy sitting next to you asks me for another glass of water I'm going to drag the so-in-so to the mill pond and fill him up like he's never been filled up before."

It was only then that the magician exposed his trick, passed out circulars advertising the carnival, and departed.

—o—

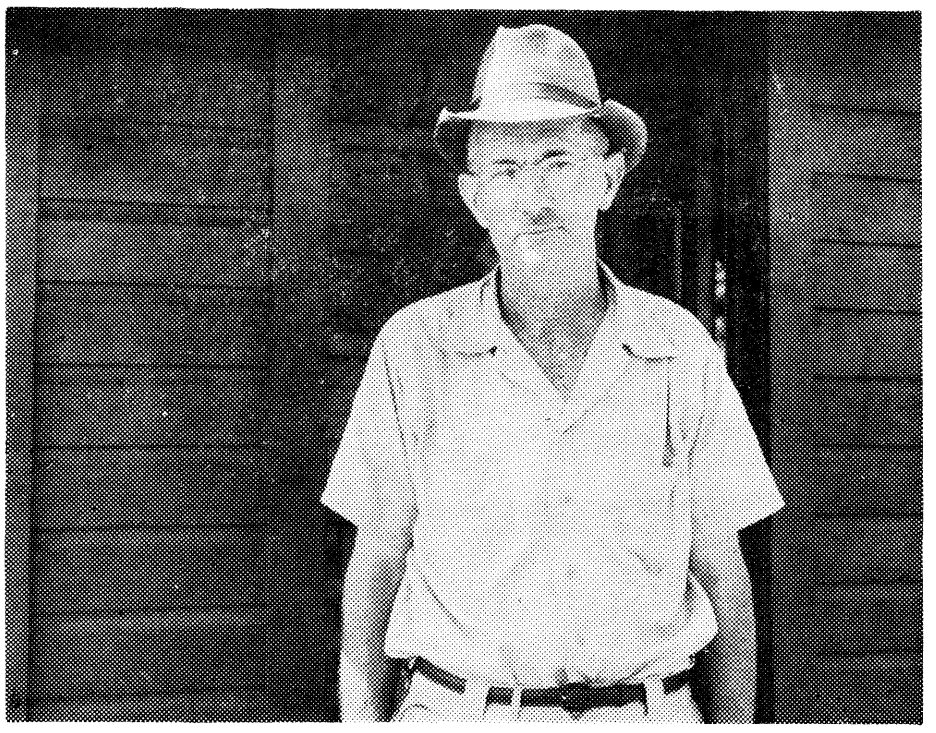
We are growing serious, and let me tell you that's the very next step to being dull. —Joseph Addison

—o—

If you try to scrap what is permanent, it may scrap you. —George Saintsbury



Pictured above is Mr. and Mrs. Jim Chapman with part of their family, together with A. K. Johnson and his little girl. Notice the little boy in the foreground. He is saying "Come on and let's get some barbecue, I'm hungry!" or words to that effect.



SAM WILKERSON

One cold day back in 1917, Sam Donahue Wilkerson was grading at Carter Lumber Company's plant at Camden. Wally Stringer (John's brother) walked up and said he'd just been over in Diboll. "If you want to see a sure-enough sawmill," Stringer began, "you ought to see Southern Pine's plant over there." "I'd like to see it," said Wilkerson, "but I'm fresh out of chips. You let me have the necessary funds to make the trip and I'll take off." Sam says that Stringer advanced him six-bits on the spot and when the whistle blew, so did he.

He arrived in Diboll after first selling a large collard patch he had in Camden for $5.75 in order that his wife would have expense money until he sent for her. The first man he talked to here was Bob Weeks and Bob gave him a job grading at the planer. "It was so cold that first day I worked that Bob Weeks came over and made me go to the store with him to see Mr. Bud Rutland. I didn't know Mr. Rutland or what he was taking me to him for, but anyway I went along because Bob Weeks was my boss and I wanted to do whatever he said. When we got in the store he walked up to Mr. Rutland and said: 'I wonder if you'll let this young fellow have some clothes on credit until he makes a payday. I'm afraid he's going to freeze to death out there in those soda-water britches and I'm short of graders.' Mr. Rutland fixed me up and I went back to work. I've been with Southern Pine Lumber Company ever since—32 years—and I've run that original six-bits I left Camden with into enough money to pay $4000 down on my new home in the Farley addition with a little left over in case of emergency. And I have accumulated it right here on Southern Pine Lumber Company's payroll, nowhere else."

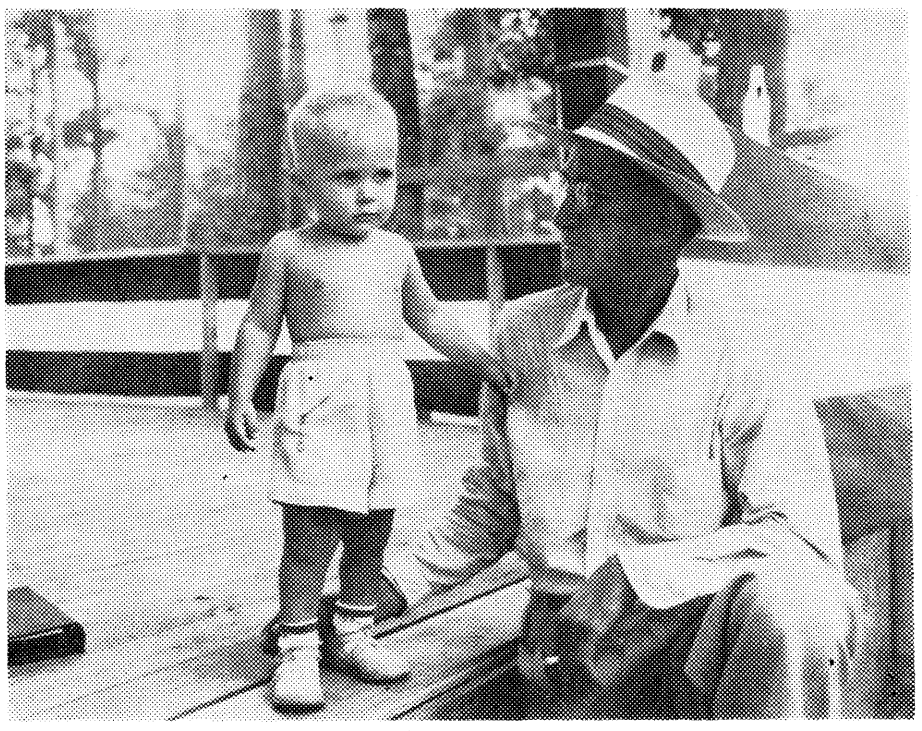
In his very early days Sam was destined to be a farmer. At least he was born on a farm on October 11, 1891, near Leggett in Polk County and then worked on another one we'll tell you about later. But the family moved to Camden when he was still an infant and Sam stayed there—off and on—until he borrowed the six-bits blow money from Stringer in 1917. In the meantime, however, he worked a while in between for several lumber concerns—Miller and Beater at Timber, Texas; Kirby Lumber Company at Silsbee, among others—always returning to Camden for a "breather" and also, probably, for some home-cooked food. Only once did he stay away for as much as a year and that was the time he hired out to one Walter Parker as a farm hand on some very hard diggings two miles east of Leggett. That was in 1910 and Sam was 19 years of age. "I worked on that farm for $15.00 per month for something over a year. I plowed, picked cotton, tended the stock, chopped wood, and did everything else in the way of hard work that could be found around there. The more I smelled the sweet aroma of the pine trees around the place, the less cotton I wanted to pick, and finally I decided to pluck my last boll. I pulled up stakes and went back to Camden where I could hear that sawmill running and I've been listening to one run from that day to this. And I intend to hear this one here in Diboll run from now on."

Now Sam Wilkerson has the responsibility of seeing to it that nobody enters the plant at the north gate unless they have a pass, or unless they are on the payroll.

Sam says that he has worked here from the days of Watson Walker to the present days of management by Arthur Temple Jr. "One of the main things I have always liked about this company has been the fact that the various managers, during the past 32 years since I've been here, have been men who really did their best to help the men who worked for them. A plant without a good manager—a man interested in the welfare of his employees as well as the progress of the company—is usually a pretty rough place in which to work. Southern Pine Lumber Company here has always, since I've been here, been blessed with fine men at the top as well as the best bunch of employees, taking them all togtther, that I ever worked with anywhere. That's one of the reasons why I say I am not ever going to leave Diboll. I know what it means to live in a good town—and I consider this one of the best in the lumber industry."

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491

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Pictured above is George Thompson and his 15-months-old grandson, Ira Thompson. The little fellow lives at Baytown, Texas, where his father, Ira Thompson Jr., works for Humble Oil and Refining Company doing research work at the refinery there.

Larry Scarborough Attends State Forestry School

By Paul Durham

Larry Scarborough spent the week of 19-23 of July at a forestry camp at Kirbyville, Texas, where he distinguished his own name and fully advertised the town of Diboll to the fullest extent of his "diplomatic" powers.

Larry was chosen by the executive committee of the F.F.A. to attend and participate in the event. Eighty-eight other boys, other than Larry, were on hand to give "the fireball from Diboll' some competition but they had little success.

This annual event is sponsored by the Texas Forest Service in connection with Southland Paper Mills and Texas A. & —M. College. The boys are brought to the experiment station for the purpose of teaching them some of the fundamental facts about forestry. And learn facts they did, according to Larry. Classes were held in the morning and afternoons — including field trips and various study activities by the students themselves.

Late evening found the boys enjoying themselves in swimming pools, ball courts and diamonds, and tennis sets. Movies were also a favorite pastime at night in addition to being used to educate the boys during their courses of study. Movies of many lumber companies were exhibited and among them, one of the best looking and most well equipped, accordingto Larry, was Southern Pine Lumber Company's complete layout that was glued to the screen several times while Larry was in the audience.

And, true to camp fashion, a night was set aside for stunt night. But I hardly think we will get much information from Larry about that night. It seems (as was gathererd fom an outside source) that seven boys disappeared from camp on stunt night and returned later than was permissible. Strangely enough, the next morning a local citizen was minus seven watermelons from his prize patch.

However, the most important thing that happened to Larry while he was at the camp was the presentation of an automatic spray gun to him for being among the top ten scholars during the final examination. The exam was given on Friday before the boys left and prizes were awarded to the top ten boys from among the eighty-nine attending students.

A SERMON . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ACCIDENT SCOREBOARD

SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

JANUARY --- 11 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

FEBRUARY --- 11 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

MARCH --- 4 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

APRIL --- 1 LOST-TIME ACCIDENT

MAY --- 5 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

JUNE --- 4 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

JULY --- 4 LOST-TIME ACCIDENTS

THINK SAFETY --- TALK SAFETY --- PRACTICE SAFETY

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491

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Get Ready For Freddie - - -

By FREDDIE LEWIS

After June 20th the Diboll Eagles ceased to operate as a unit because some of the players were teaming up with Lufkin against DeRidder, Lake Charles, Leesville, and several other Louisiana teams, in addition to the fact that another nine was organized here under the name of the Timberland Trojans to carry the ball from the point where the Eagles left off. The Eagles' leading pitcher, Oree, who had not lost a game this season, was keeping the Houston Greyhounds going in a tournament at Waco.

In spite of the excellent playing record of the Eagles, which up to June 20th amounted to nine wins and four losses, they began to wander here and there and hither and thither, sometimes playing with this team and sometimes with another. The ones left here oft times went out on the field without even a manager and yours truly, being the official scorer for the team, would sometime be at a loss for a line-up.

Sometimes I would get the line-up for the first game of a double-header, then when I would go back to get the line-up for the next game the first man would tell me that he wasn't having anything to do with the second. Then he would add "Everybody wants to hit in the same spot and I can't figure out how to line them up like that." He said "You can't put every man down side by side because the rule book says that they will have to come up one after another and they want to bat in the clean-up position at the same time. Finally, however, we would get the matter straightened out and after a good deal of squabbling the team would assemble and the game would start.

Yours truly only travels with the team when they play as a unit and after they sort of scattered around I quit travelling. In order to keep the record of the Eagles, however, I went around every Monday morning to find out how the game came out and how many hits —if any—each Eagles got in the game. Every player I would ask about that would always answer "I got three for four." I don't know who was the most careless—the players who were telling me about what they did to the ball or the pitcher (if they were telling the truth) who served them up to the plate. Anyway, batting averages went up like a weather balloon and faster and faster with each game.

Finally, after much wandering, the Eagles came back to their own nest as a unit and tangled with the Haslem Travelers. The Travelers beat the Eagles eleven to three.

Jessie White, the Eagles' star catcher and present manager, hits a home run every time they play in the Angel park with the Lufkin Foundry team. He played two games with them in the Angel park and one in DeRidder. He hit a home run down there with the bases loaded.

So far this season Oree has won eight games and has sixty-four strike-outs to his credit. He is also the leading hitter of the team and following Oree is White, English, Trimble, J. V. Randolph, and Fred Randolph.

The Timberland Trojans — the other team here in Diboll, which is managed by Archie (Peaches) Maddox, with Herman Jones as captain—are scheduled through August 13th. On July 4th this team beat the Lufkin Foundry Blue Jays by a score of thirteen to three. Robertson and Maddox were the battery for the Trojans and kept the situation well in hand. With Maddox calling the signals and Robertson serving them up they sent fourteen victims back to the water cooler via the strike-out route.

This Robertson is a strike-out artist. In every game he pitches he registers at least one strike-out per inning and can also hit the ball. The hitting stars of the July 4th game were Henry Lee (Sonny Boy) Jones, with three out of five and Eugene Hodge with four for four. Maddox helped his battery mate out with two for four. On July 23rd the Trojans went to Groveton and with their little south-paw Genie Bussey, they beat the hometowners by a score of seven to six. The hitting stars of this game were Ennis Canada and C. T. Hunt, each getting three out of five. Ennis is stationed at first base and Hunt at third, so it looks like the corner men took over the ball game.

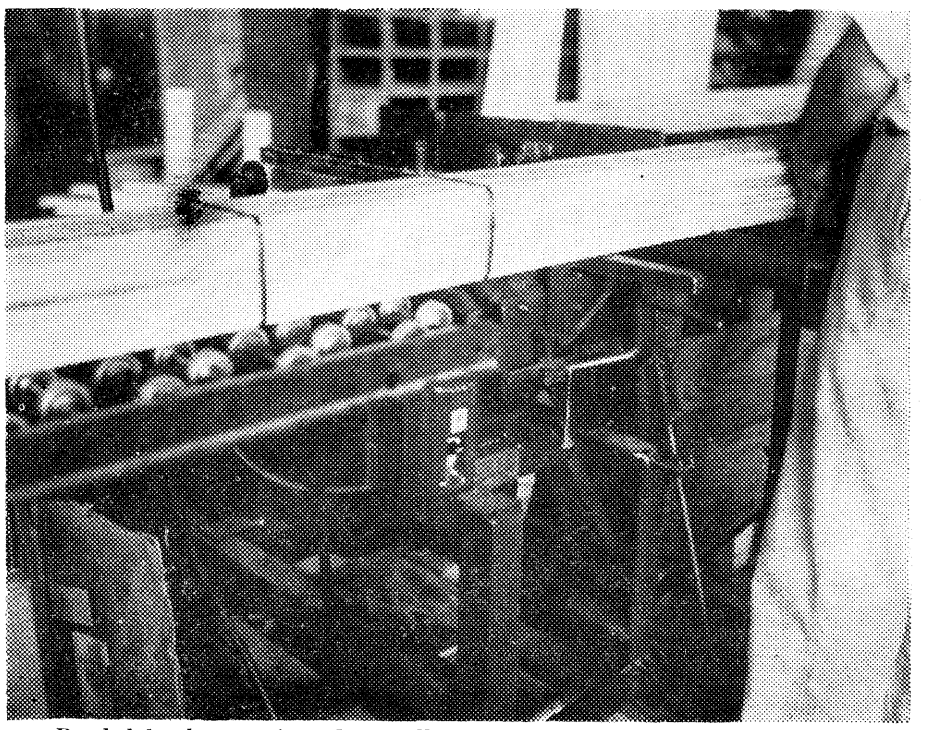
On August 6th, the Trojans will tangle with New Willard at New Willard. On the following Sunday, August 13th, they will mix it with Trinity.

In one of the games in which the Diboll Eagles teamed up with Lufkin against the Louisiana club, DeRidder, the opposition liked the way Herman Jones performed so well that they carried him back to Louisiana with them. However, DeRidder had a couple of Lake Charles players with them when they played Lufkin and Herman went on from DeRidder to Lake Charles with these fellows. He was due to come back to DeRidder for a game but somehow missed the bus and remained to play three games with Lake Charles. He pitched two games and played first base in the third. In a double-header, against the Houston Cotton club, he pitched and won one game eight to seven and played first base in another game which they also won. In a single game against Leesville he pitched Lake Charles to a six to five victory. Herman connected for two hits in the Leesville game and one in the Houston game.

Willie Ross, son of the late Callie Jackson and a local product of Diboll, returned to his home town after spending more than twenty years in professional baseball. Ross left this part of the country in 1918 after pitching at Mayo, Texas, and playing with the Houston Black Buffs of Houston. He also played in Louisiana before going up to the big time. When he reached the top professional baseball clubs he started with St. Louis, then played with Birmingham, the Chicago Giants, the Homestead Greys, and the Philadelphia Stars. After Ross stopped pitching ball he managed various clubs for a long time. He discontinued his mound work in 1935. Incidentally, Willie Ross is the fellow who taught Tet Pearson how to pitch and if any of you ever saw him work you know what a fine job of teaching Ross did in that particular instance.

Willie Ross met and played professional baseball with our high school principal, Prof. H. C. Kenyon of H. G. Temple High School during his professional baseball career. Ross has been making his home in California these last few years and he met Tet while out in San Francisco. Ross returned to Diboll about three weeks ago and has gone to work at the creosote plant.

Prof. H. C. Kenyon has been putting his football squad through the pre-season workouts during the last weeks of July, which will continue through the first week of August. We all remember the hustling football team which Kenyon and his assistant coach Greer put on the field last fall, well they have already started giving the boys their pre-season training now and from all accounts we will see a real team on the gridiron this fall.



Banded lumber moving along rollers from the banding machine at Southern Pine Lumber Company's planer mill at Diboll.

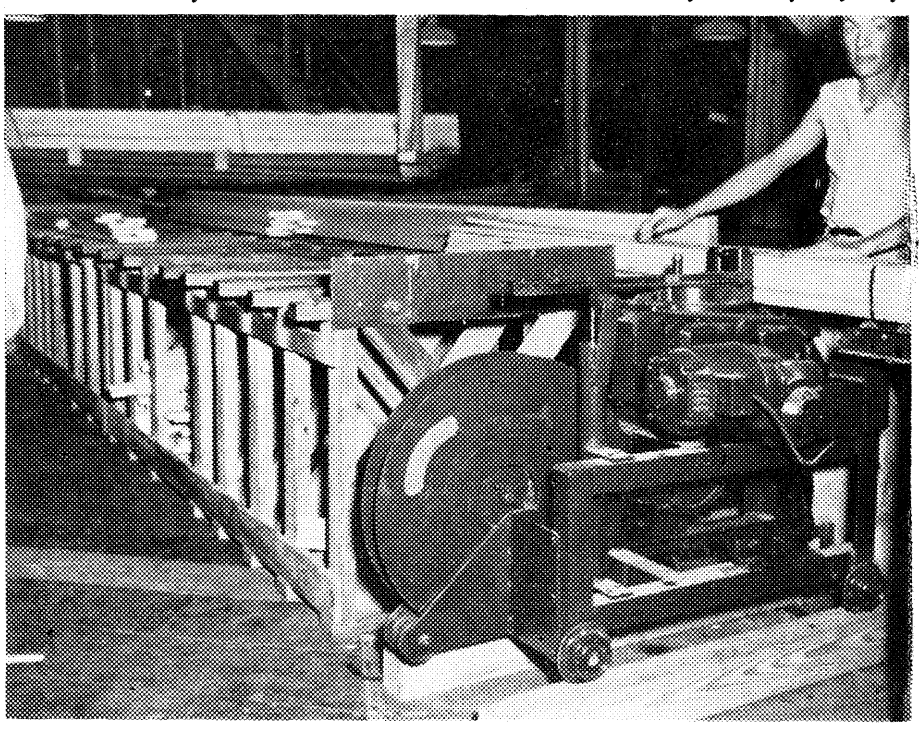
Lumber Banding Machine Installed at Planer

Recently installed in Southern Pine Lumber Company's planing mill at Diboll was the banding machine pictured above, manufactured by the Signode Strapping Machine Company of Dallas and Chicago. This machine is used extensively throughout the lumber industry where flooring and other bundle stock needs to be strapped into one bundle for shipment.

Here at Diboll we formerly tied bundle stock by hand, tying the wire with pliers. This method was not satisfactory for the reason that the wire cut into the finished stock and defaced it, which was, of course, objectionable to the trade, and the method was also unsatisfactory for the reason that the wire was not very durable resulting in bundled lumber arriving at its destination loose and broken.

Bundles of lumber held together by wire constituted a safety hazard, too, for the reason that many minor cuts and scratches were reported from lumber yards and other points when people handling the stock got their hands nicked by the sharp wire ends.

With the present banding equipment in our planer, one man can tie up as much lumber as two men formerly could under the old wire and pliers method. Even at that, though, the savings in dollars and cents amounts to very little. But the improved product reaching the customers intact and unmarred is a great improvement and another step in Southern Pine Lumber Company's program to turn out the very best lumber that can be manufactured anywhere by anybody.



Close-up view of new banding machine.

NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Company policy requires that you must wear safety goggles or safety glasses on all jobs where an eye hazard is present. Anyone who refuses to wear these safety goggles or safety glasses on this type of work where the foreman or the safety department deem them necessary will automatically discharge himself. If for any reason anyone is unable to wear safety goggles and who prefer safety glasses, see Jake Durham and he will see to it that you are fitted with safety glasses with either plain safety lenses or corrected ones as the case may require. Your cooperation in this important safety precaution will be very much appreciated by the company.

Yours very truly,
E. A. FARLEY
Southern Pine Lumber Company

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The BUZZ - SAW

Published Monthly By and For the Employees of Southern Pine Lumber Co.

EMPLOYEES BARBECUE BIGGEST AND BEST YET

Southern Pine Lumber Company's annual Fourth of July employees' barbecue was the biggest and best yet. Some 2500 people—employees and their families, friends, visitors, and a few strangers who happened along the highway and veered off to the scout grounds when they smelled the aroma of the hot beef—began gathering at 10:30 a.m. Marcus Gipson rigged up his loud speaker system at 10:45 and started the program off to the tune of some of the wildest square dance music heard anywhere, putting the crowd in a festive mood and letting the countryside for a mile around know that the shindig was under way.

Senator Jimmie Phillips of Angleton arrived at 11:00 a.m. wearing a blue suit, a West Texas hat and a big smile and was greeted by several old friends in the crowd who took him around and introduced him to as many people as time would allow. Arthur Temple Jr., vice-president and general manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company got the folks assembled in front of the speakers stand and, after extending his thanks to the different groups who participated in decorating the premises and arranging the barbecue, introduced Senator Phillips. Temple said that the Senator had a distinguished record in the legislature of Texas, that he resigned his office and enlisted in the army as a private when World War II began, then won his seat in the Senate after serving honorably in the service until his discharge as a sergeant in 1945. He told the crowd that though the Senator had not mentioned the subject, he, Temple, was of the opinion that someday in the foreseeable future we might find him, the Senator, a candidate for some higher office and he wanted the folks of this section—who are sure enough real East Texans—to get acquainted with him.

Senator Phillips began his address by thanking the people of Diboll for the opportunity and the invitation to come here for the occasion in the role of principal speaker (as a matter of fact, we chased him via telephone all over the country—including Washington, D. C.—trying to get him to come before we finally located him in Houston). He then discussed the importance of America's freedom and why we should fight to preserve it. He pointed out that our freedom is something that we must constantly protect and not a state of affairs to be enjoyed and taken for granted. He cited the various wars from the Revolutionary War on through World War II as periods in our history when we had to take up arms in defense of our American way of life and said that in the future if it took more wars to protect the heritage handed down through the years from one generation of Americans to another, then war it must be.

Senator Phillips told the crowd that in his opinion war could be prevented but only by the use of an international police force held in constant readiness to fight aggression in any part of the world, started by any nation or combination of nations.

He said that the ideals, the priciples, and the freedoms fought for by the relatively small band of Americans 174 years ago must be preserved by us, by our children, and by our children's children by whatever action the situation required, be it war or not.

The crowd gave Senator Phillips a terrific hand at the conclusion of his speech—which was a red-hot jam-up piece of oratory and not too short and not too long—then got set to latch onto a plate of hot barbecue. In the meantime Arthur Temple Jr., had announced to the assembled group that if there were any people in Diboll or the immediate surrounding countryside who were unable for any reason to get to the scout grounds for the occasion, it would be perfectly alright for relatives or friends to take them a plate of barbecue or that he would send it to them himself if their names were turned in to him.

Ed Strickland and members of the fire department handling the serving announced ready and everybody lined up for chow.

The barbecue was served from three lines of tables and was hot and delicious. With it came potato salad, pickles, onions, ketchup, and bread.

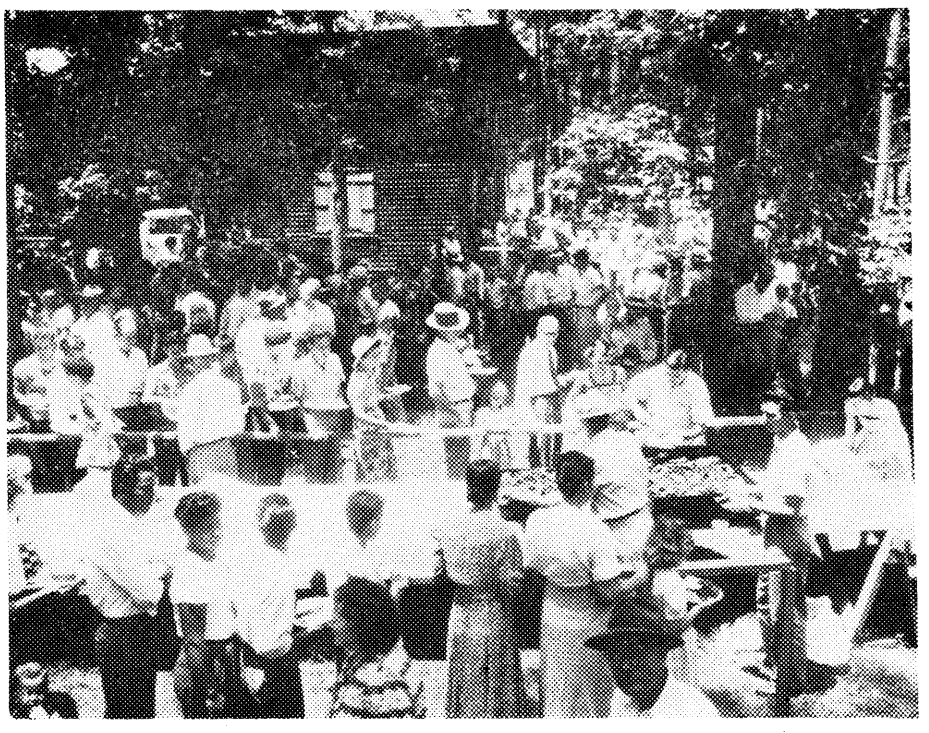
The only hitch in the dinner was the fact that the barbecue and three firemen played out just before the last few people were served—but by a bit of borrowing here and there from other more fortunate citizens who had more barbecue on their plates than they could possibly eat or haul off, practically nobody missed getting some. And from the number of people who left the grounds with plates stacked high with vittles for relatives and friends who couldn't attend, it is believed that all the folks who had to stay at home were taken care of. Plus a few who didn't.

The Diboll Millers baseball club had the cold drinks concession, supervised by E. P. Ramsey, and sold them as fast as those behind the counters could get them open. The drinks were 5c per bottle instead of the usually holiday price of 10c practically anywhere else.

The scout grounds where the barbecue was held had been thoroughly cleaned, the weeds cut, the roads leading into the place graded and watered to keep down the dust, and plenty of chairs and benches put all over the place in the shade of some of the most beautiful pine trees in East Texas for the comfort of those attending the affair. The speakers platform was decorated with American flags and red, white and blue cloth and looked like a speakers platform is supposed to look on the Fourth of July—which was, of course, the general idea. After the crowd dispersed the Diboll Millers crossed bats with the Empire Broom team of Houston in Millers park at Diboll. The game was not quite as good as the barbecue because the Broom manufacturers made a clean sweep of the game to the tune of a 11-4 score.



Members of Troop 128 of the Diboll Boy Scouts in action at the Fourth of July Barbecue, directing traffic. These boys also made themselves generally useful by scurrying here and there all over the place, bringing cokes, ice water, and what have you, at the request of all those who asked for service. Everybody appreciated the work of the Boy Scouts. As usual, they were really on the ball.



Part of approximately three acres of folks assembled at the Boy Scout House at Diboll for the annual Fourth of July Employees Barbecue.



Senator Jimmie Phillips of Angleton

IN CASE OF FIRE . . . . . DAY OR NIGHT . . . . . DIAL 2491