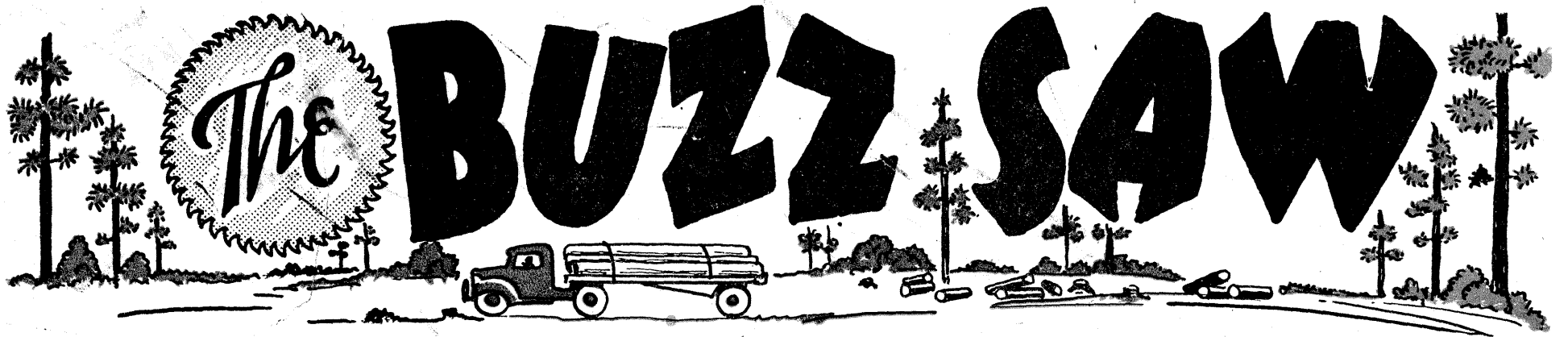




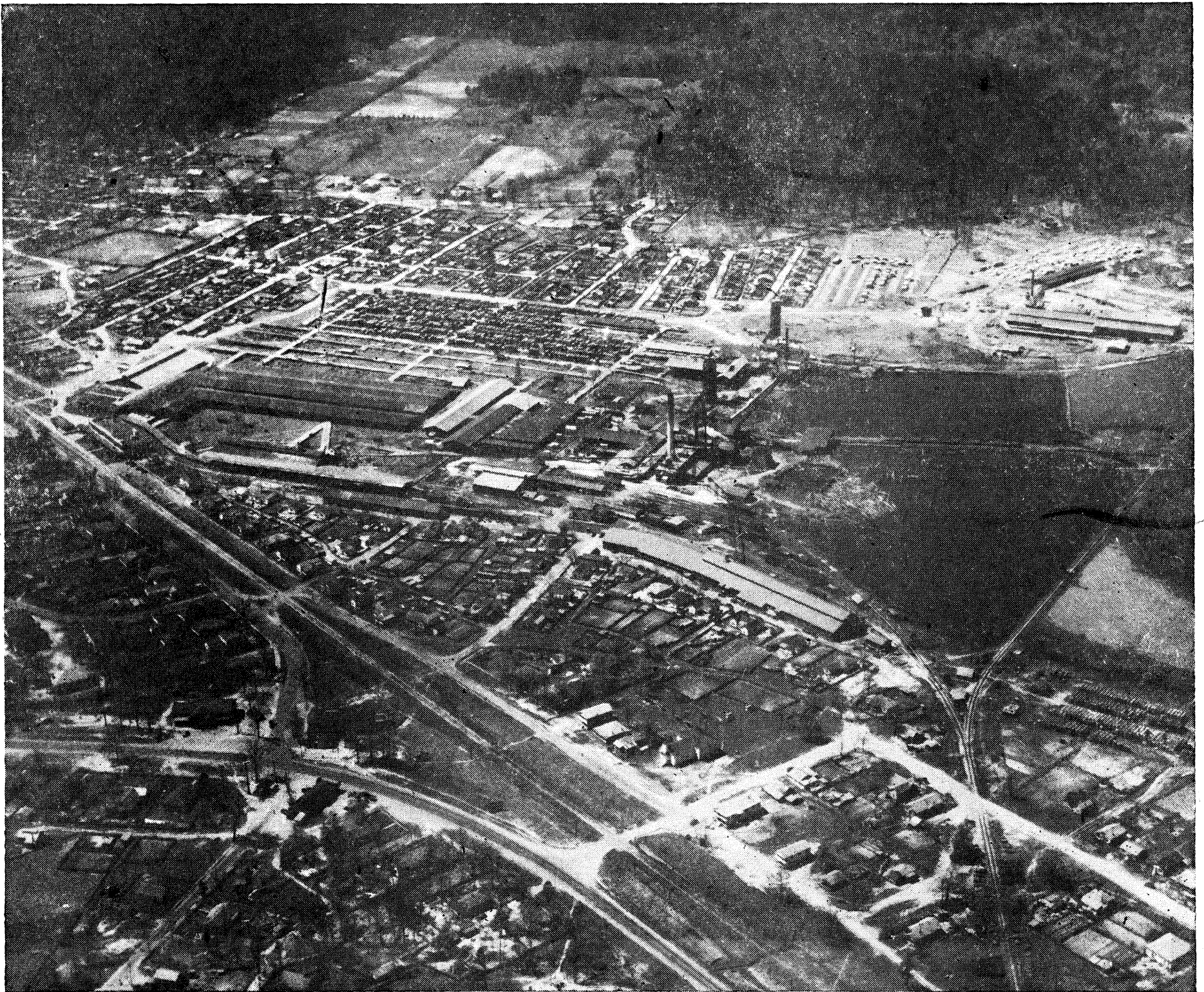
PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER CO.

VOLUME I

JUNE 17, 1947, DIBOLL, TEXAS

No. 1

Diboll . . . Home of Southern Pine Lumber Co.



Faithfulness

By REV. C. G. CONDREY

IN THE city of Pompeii, two thousand years ago, there lived a certain rich boy who had a faithful dog. The boy and dog became inseparable friends. Once the house caught fire and the dog dashed in where no man dared go and was badly burned saving the child. On another occasion, the child playing on the rocks slipped and fell into deep water. The dog dashed in and saved him from a watery grave. Another time, kidnappers grabbed the child but the dog with a fierce fury drove them off.

The grateful mother had a collar made for the dog. After two thousand years this collar can be seen on the

dog's neck. On it are these words, "Three times this dog has saved his little master from death. Once from flames. Once from drowning. Once from robbers."

How do we know that this story is true? Some years ago the bodies of the boy and the dog were found close together, and can now be seen in a museum side by side. It was in the days when the eruption of Vesuvius buried Pompeii that the boy and the dog lost their lives.

There came a day when the dog was not able to save the life of his young master. The dog might have escaped with no trouble at all, for almost no bodies of animals were found in the

(Continued to back page)

The Buzz Saw Makes Debut; Written By And For Employees

Today we give you the first issue of THE BUZZ SAW which is written by employees of The Southern Pine and affiliated industries at Diboll.

The BUZZSAW is strictly an employees magazine — published by us, for our own enjoyment. It will be written each month by the men who work for Southern Pine, Temple-White, and the T. S. E.; by the men who saw down the trees, who run the machines,

who stack the lumber, and who drive the trucks. Nobody has told us what to put in it, and nobody has told us what to leave out of it. If we want to publish Joe Blow's picture, or if somebody sends in a story about Aunt Minnie and we think people in Diboll might enjoy seeing them in the BUZZSAW, we'll put them in and it'll be nobody's business but our own.

(Continued to back page)

The Buzz Saw

Published By and For Employees of The Southern Pine Lumber Co., Diboll, Texas
 Editors — George Johnson, Shops; Carl Kennedy, Power Plant; McHenry Kimmey, Woods; Kenneth Nelson, Land Department; Rufus Taylor, Planer; Herb White, Jr., Handle Factory; Lefty Vaughn, Store; Jake Durham, Safety; Dale Burchfield, Photographer.
 Colored — Professor W. Jackson, Dave O'Neil, Jack Mainor, C. P. Griffin, Freddie Lewis.



Mrs. Farrington

Mrs. Fannie Farrington is among the prominent "milestones" of Diboll and the Southern Pine Lumber Co. Coming to this locality 43 years ago, she has been a guiding star to many in the social and religious circles as well as a mainstay in the business world.

Mrs. Farrington was born in Chantilly, Missouri, in 1876 and spent her early days in and near St. Louis. She became the bride of Franklin Farrington, manager of one of the larger retail shoe stores in St. Louis.

The Diboll saga began in St. Louis when Tom Temple made the acquaintance of Mrs. Farrington at a reception. He was completely charmed with the young lady and offered her a position which she accepted.

It was in February of 1903 that Mrs. Farrington arrived, bag and baggage, from the East to make her home here. Not only did she prove her ability as a business woman, but became a leader in the social and spiritual life of Diboll. In the early days, she was nurse when doctors sent out the cry for help.

Her religious life began at the age of 13 when she became a member of the Asbury Chapel Methodist church. Now a member of the Pine Grove Methodist church, she has been superintendent of church schools for 25 years and has been instrumental in the building and growth of her church.



Ed Day

By LEFTY VAUGHN

W. E. (Ed) Day began working for the company when he was just about knee high to a tall grasshopper—some say at the age of ten—and retired in 1939 on a pension. He has had a wide variety of jobs with Southern Pine

such as hauling logs, driving a team, plumbing, pulling off the dry chain, carpenter work, delivery man for the store, then finally behind the counter selling groceries for twenty-two years.

Ed was born at Burke, Texas, in 1885 and has been a wheel horse ever since. It has been estimated that during all the years Ed worked in the store he walked approximately 100,000 miles from one end of the counter to the other, wearing out 50 pairs of shoes and two different sets of flooring. Ed's nickname is "Parson" but just where he got it nobody has ever figured out. Anyway, his wide smile and a heart as big as all outdoors puts Ed high up on the list of those most loved by everybody and we say "More power to him".



B. F. Hines

By LEFTY VAUGHN

B. F. (Pappa) Hines is the oldest man in years of service now working in any department in the Diboll store, having put in 30 years in the Drug Department.

B. F. was born at Garrison, Texas, 51 years ago on a farm where he lived until he was twenty years old. He says he was plowing in the field one day in 1918 and had a red mule hitched to the plow. After about twenty or thirty rows Hines awoke to the realization that he was following the mule instead of the mule being guided by him, so he dropped the reins and walked off, saying to himself: "I'm twenty years old and have just discovered that all this time that mule has thought he was smarter than I am. I'll show him different."

Several times since then Hines has gone back to Garrison to look up this mule and tell him how wrong he (Hines) was but he never found him.

But back now to the serious story: B. F. came to Diboll shortly after the First World War, worked awhile, then enlisted in the U. S. Navy where he served eighteen months on active duty. In the meantime, in 1918, he married Gloyce Bateman, daughter of Mr. C. H. Bateman, and they now have three children: Billy, Betty Jo, and Glenn.

Bernice has really rendered Diboll a great service in the Drug Department of the store—being on call 24 hours a day and always willing to do anything to help those who need him. He is a member of the First Baptist Church, and teaches the men's Bible Class. He is also Commander of the Diboll Veterans of Foreign Wars Chapter and one of our most active citizens in civic work of all kinds. He is loved and respected by all his fellow citizens and we salute him as a real friend to the people of Diboll.



Ed Smith

Ed Smith's name first appeared on the payroll of the Southern Pine Lumber Company in 1908 when Ed had reached the ripe old age of 10. His job: hauling pine knots to fire the old shay locomotives. His weight: 65 pounds, soaking wet. And he has been with the Southern Pine Lumber Company ever since, never having worked a day for another company anywhere, and he says he never will.

Ed says that when he was hauling pine knots back in 1908, Homer Rogers, now owner of the Cash Drug in Lufkin, was also hauling them in a wagon right along with him and had Billy Rogers helping. One day, according to Ed, somebody hollered at Homer as he came by in his wagon: "What you hauling, Homer?" Homer answered: "A load of pine knots and my brother".

Ed says he thinks Homer considered Bill nothing much more than dead weight but we wouldn't know about that. Ed Smith took his first job on the plant when he was 13, working in old Mill No. 3 as a helper. Working with him were several other youngsters: Dewey Ballinger, Claude Temple, Bill Rogers (Who had graduated from the pine knot league about the same time Ed did), and one or two more. In 1919 Ed became foreman of the repair crew and has been running it every since. Among many other recollections of former days Ed says he worked one day for Dred Devereaux—the only day he ever remembers that had more than 24 hours in it.

In Ed Smith's crew are 10 men: John B. Barber, J. A. Carnley, J. S. Hankins, Bill and J. C. Havard, H. Henderson, Archie Morris, Jim Nash, M. S. Standland, T. B. Wells. These men do all the repair work on the yards,

the mills, sheds, kilns—everywhere they're needed. Theirs is a continuous task, never ending, putting roofing here, a new board in the dolly run there, rebuilding, reworking, making repairs. But they get the job done and get it done safely and efficiently.

Ed Smith is the father of ten children, six girls and four boys. All four of his boys have served in the U. S. Navy. Do any of you know of another man who, at the age of 49 has had 39 years continuous years of service with Southern Pine?

Cooperation

By McHENRY KIMMEY

Cooperation is the backbone of every organization's success. It is the cooperative spirit that produces safety, success or failure. Every organization which has expanded during the past years has had some close cooperation in their pioneer days and if they are to continue to expand they must have even closer cooperation in the future. If you as an individual are to be a success, and certainly all of us have that desire, you must cooperate with your fellow man, with your employer, with your family, with your neighbor and with the community as a whole. Religious cooperation is also a vital factor to success.

It is impossible for the management or so called boss to keep his eyes on every working man all the time in order to see that he works safely and produces the required amount of work, therefore, it is up to us, the employees, to work safely and, at the same time keep our employers interest in our mind. Help your fellow man, but do it in such a way that he won't think you are trying to get his job or trying to show him up. The boss can't see every good thing you do, but don't quit trying because the boss didn't compliment you or didn't see what you did, just remember that anything you do that will benefit your fellow man or the company you are working for will benefit you in the long run.

Certainly all of us want to see the company we are working for expand and prosper and the only way it is possible is for all of us to work together, not as individuals but as a unit, remembering we are all working for the same company and the same company is paying every one of us. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Let's all of us give our whole-hearted cooperation to our management and also to our safety director and make Diboll a safer, better place to work and live.

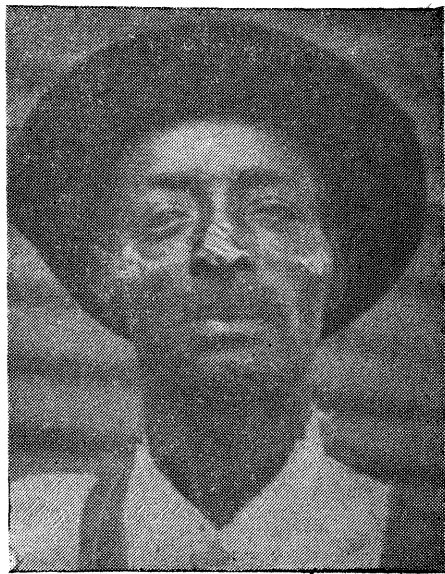


Pictured above is the Southern Pine Lumber Co. store, which includes the postoffice, drug store, ice house, commissary, meat market, barber shop, and doctor's office. It is here that one meets most of their friends. Here are employed Mrs. Franklin Farrington, B. F. Hines, and where Ed Day, clerk, served for many long and faithful years behind the counter. Day is now retired. (Chester Willis is occasionally seen around the above store also.)



Walter Allen

Walter Allen is one of the oldest men in years of service now working for the Southern Pine Lumber Company. He was born in Marshall, Texas, November 25th, 1885, and came to Diboll July 22nd, 1906. He started working on the ponds that year for Mr. Watson Walker who was manager of the Diboll operations, and was made pond foreman in 1910. Walter sent the very first pine log into Mill No. 2 on May 1st, 1907, then later, in 1911 sent the first hardwood log into Mill No. 3 which burned three years later. Today he sends around 1000 logs into Mill One every day. Figuring on 300 working days per year, for 41 years, Walter estimates that he has fed into the saws more than Ten Million logs, the lumber from which would put a roof, a floor, and sides on a house as big as the State of Texas with enough left over to build a dolly run to the Pearly Gates.



And Frank Bell

Even though the unloading of logs is considered one of the most hazardous of all jobs around a sawmill, Walter has had but one accident in all his 41 years service and lost comparatively little time as a result of that one. He has maintained a fine safety record with his entire crew, having had no accident marked against the ponds since the year 1943. Walter knows the value of safety; he talks safety, he practices safety, and he sees to it that his men think safety at all times. He says: "When I see a man standing close to a rattlesnake I warn him of the danger just like anybody else would. When I see a man doing his job in a careless way, not thinking about safety, he's in just as much danger as the man with the snake about to bite him, so I warn him to watch his step, too. A man that lets a log fall on him and kill him won't be any deadlier than a man that a snake bites but he'll be just as dead, so it's the same thing. If you don't think about safety on the ponds it won't be long before you won't be thinking about

anything else".

Walter's crew consists of Frank Bell, with 38 years service with Southern Pine, Clinton Criswell, with 24 years service, Amos Randolph, Thomas Cossey, 33 years with the company, and Andrew Crockett. Walter is a member of the Diboll Brotherhood and the Masonic lodge. Though he is 62 years of age, he is just about as spry as a man of 25 and says he will continue to work until he is 99 at which time he plans to retire, get him a place in the country where he can relax and forget all his worries and live to be 150. And on this place there'll be no ponds.



Jack Mainor

Jack Mainor has been working for the Southern Pine Lumber Company for the past 35 years. He is a trimmer man at Mill No. 2 and still going strong in spite of his sixty years. He is very active in all colored organizations working for the betterment of the community, being Chairman of the colored Safety Organization, vice-chairman of the Brotherhood.

Among Jack's many other talents, he is an accomplished speaker and takes the lead at many of the meetings held from time to time on safety, being always ready to give the audience the benefit of his ideas. Some say that the two hardest things to get away from Jack is his money and the speakers platform, once he gets strung out on a good speech. But he's a good enough orator that nobody seems to mind.

Mainor Says—

Business makes a mammoth enterprise and gives to the organization its social happiness. It is the right spirit that we work in harmony with other men if we wish to be successful. We must both push and pull together. When men work harmoniously and happily together, something always occurs in their favor for good. A splendid motto is "All for one and one for all."

No matter where you work, if you can't get in line and give the best that is in you, you should resign and go where you can. When you weaken an organized body, think seriously, for you have weakened yourself.

As the saying goes on from fifty to one hundred and fifty, from that to five hundred colored employees see it now as it is. Men, let's merge our forces into this Manufacturing Plant owned by our life preserver known as The Southern Pine Lumber Company. How can we do it? Only by pushing and pulling together for strength and the good of the Company.

Cooperation is derived from two words meaning "Together" and "Work," therefore, you see cooperation means work together. The lagging, the shirker or rather without helping others never gets anywhere. Organized, united powers are strength, smooth-

ness, achievement and accomplishment, for all together they pull or push for the object you have in view.

Never worry about getting your share of personal credit when working out a problem with others, or while being out on the "public job". If you give all that is within you in cooperating with your associates there will be untold blessings for us all at the time when you think not. Think it over. The race is not given to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but to the one who endures to the end.

No matter where it is applied you feel that you have more power when others are pulling or pushing with you. The strongest leader can do nothing in the midst of a group of quarrelers and agitators.

Dave O'Neil Says

1. Vigilance, watchfulness, carefulness and obedience to promote safety. To avoid danger always adopt a safe course. You should never trust to the care exercised by another man when your own safety is involved.

2. If being in a hurry interferes with safety, cut out the hurry until the danger is passed. Bear this in mind, "The chance taker is the accident maker."

3. Adopt this rule each day: Think of safety for yourself and your family. Say to the men as you go, "Boys, be careful". Why Johnnie? Simply because a moment's carelessness may result in a lifetime of suffering or an early grave. Be careful.

4. The prevention of accidents is of first importance in this matter. Adopt this method: Don't allow yourself to see conditions that are dangerous to limb or life to exist without fixing them or calling it to the attention of the foreman.

5. See it your duty as well as your protection to report unsafe conditions to your foreman if you know of some part of the plant or machinery not properly guarded. Don't wait for someone to get hurt and say, "I told you so", tell the man that is in charge of that department before an accident happens and he will make it safe with the proper guards it should have.

6. Listen men! Do you know that the most competent men are those that act cautiously and don't take chances? Report anything defective. Don't wait until it is broken down causing delay or possibly an accident. Learn this: While on the job have another time to socialize. It means long life to you. It is safety.

7. I think this is safety, don't you? This is it; Men who are not employed in the power house should not be allowed there unless escorted by someone or sent on business. They should not handle or touch any machinery or valves without orders from the engineers in charge.

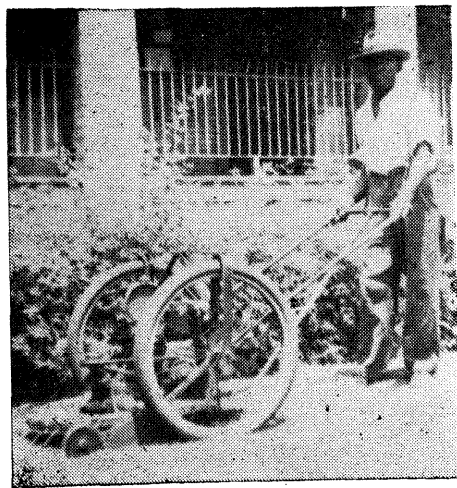
8. Would you expect an employee holding a minor position to be as efficient as you are? No, if he was he would be holding your position. Be thoughtful. The only danger in this matter is being over confident. It only breeds carelessness and accidents are always the result.

9. Always remember there could be danger all around you. Adopt some safety rules and put them in practice so as to avoid getting hurt. Do all you can to keep the plant clean and in order. Put everything in it's place. Be honest and just and upright with the company. The prevention of accidents is your most important duty. Play safe.

10. Remember, cutting off half of your hand cuts off two thirds of your pay. Remember, it is better to cause a delay than an accident. Small neglects cause serious accidents. Let each employee make himself a committee of one to prevent someone's accident.

I am confident that there is not an item that will interfere with safety.

R. E. Williams Is Fire Chief



Robert E. Williams, Chief of the Diboll Colored Fire Department, was born in Moscow, Texas, February 8, 1892. He moved to Diboll in 1906 at the age of 14 and started to work for the old Chambers Hotel located next to the present office building of the Southern Pine Lumber Company. At the age of 20 Robert started working at the plant and from that time until the present has had various jobs such as loading buggies, working on the off-grade yard, planer work, and his present job of being Superintendent of the St. Augustine at the office and store.

In 1917 Robert joined the 367th Infantry Regiment and served overseas in World War I, returning from France in 1918, still a brave man and proving the fact by getting married shortly thereafter. Since that date he has come close to tying the all-time Diboll record by being the father of ten children.

Even with such a strenuous career behind him, "The Reverend" manages to take an active part in the Brotherhood, being chairman of the entertainment committee; in the church, safety organizations, the fire department, and various other local organizations working toward the betterment of the community.

In past years Robert was the head umpire at all the baseball games, finally retiring upon advice of several fans in Lufkin who were doctors and eye specialists, and upon the insistence of several hundred in Diboll who were neither.

Brother Williams is one of our most popular citizens because he knows how to smile and because he is a friend to all his fellow men. Our hat's off to him!

Members of the colored volunteer fire department are: R. E. Williams, Chief; Eddie Harris, Driver; David Moore, Cart Man; Q. T. Bussy, Assistant Cart Man; Fred Randolph, Signal Man; O. Ree Braziel, All Around Man.

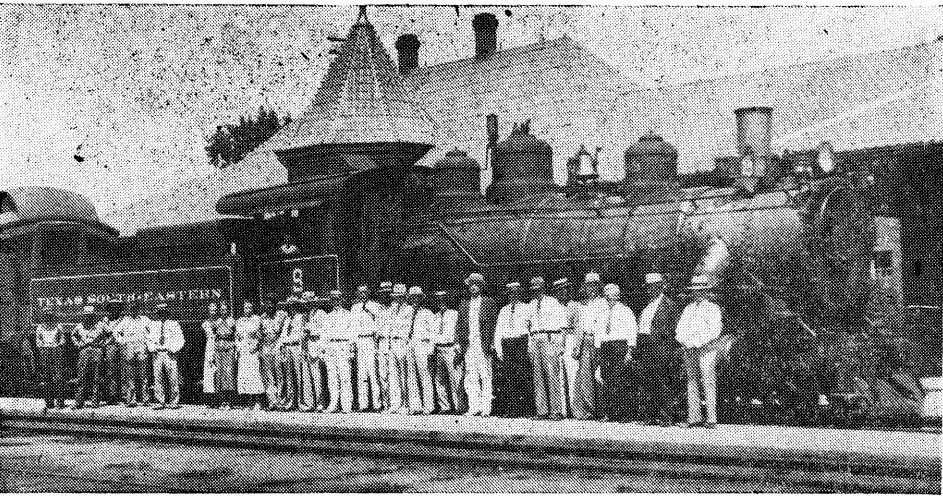
Big Barbecue

All right, folks, let's don't forget the big barbecue with all the trimmings to be held Saturday, June 22. The company has contributed \$100 toward the big feed, which will be held at 1 p. m. Supervising will be Dave O'Neil and Robert Williams. A big time is in store for all. Come, one, come all.

Program Success

The DDT program is making fine headway and is now being completed over on the white side of town. The quarters have already been sprayed, house to house. The DDT was furnished by the state and the company furnished the labor. Just another service for the employees by Southern Pine.

TSE Has Traveling Engineer



Left to right, above: Frank H. Laing, conductor, R. B. McKinney, Jim Rushing, Bob (Traveling Engineer) Cook, John Dial, fireman, just to left of No. 9.

The Texas South-Eastern Railroad, sometimes called the "Take it Slow and Easy", operates twenty miles of track between Diboll and Lufkin, connecting with the Angelina & Neches River, the Cotton Belt, and the T. & N. O. Not quite as long, but just as wide as any other railroad, the T. S. E. has, during its entire existence, been regarded as one of the best short lines in Texas. It was organized in 1900 and began operating—as usual a little late—in 1903.

Edward Redd, Section Foreman of Section Three, and Tom Welch, Foreman of Section One, keep the track in shape and the train crew, consisting of Bob Cook, travelling engineer, B. L. King, Fireman, Dick McKinney, Conductor, Jim Rushing and Dickson Waltman, Brakemen, keep the Lufkin local rolling daily. D. D. Devereaux is Roadmaster and Arthur Porter Master Mechanic. C. A. Jordan, Manager and Auditor, R. A. (Boots) Jackson, Traffic Manager, and Miss Tommie Joe Richie, Agent, handle the office end of the business. Professor W. J. Jackson is porter.

Among the many unique things about the T. S. E. is the fact that it has an official "Travelling Engineer" in person of Mr. Bob (I got the 14 over here) Cook, who for many years was just a pain "Hogger". Mr. Cook's duties include inspection trips over the L. H. & G. at Hemphill; the W. B. T. & S. (The Wobble, Bobble, Turnover and Shudder) at Trinity and other extinct roads throughout this section of the country in need of expert advice on locomotives, trackage problems, or any other subject concerning the railroad business, the answers to which Mr. Cook has in abundance at all times.

Recently the company gave all the employees of the T. S. E. a party at Boggy Slough in commemoration of having gone through an entire year (1946) without a single accident. When the Buzzsaw went to press this record had been extended five more months in 1947, which means that the "Railroaders" in the Southern Pine family are really on the ball with their safety work, setting an example we would all do well to follow.

The Shop

BY GEORGE JOHNSON

This department consists of the welding, machine, and car shops, all under Mr. Arthur Porter. We can fix anything from a Swiss watch to a locomotive.

In this department, unlike others, the men have to be jack-of-all-trades; they have to be machinists, welders, cutters, plumbers, carpenters, locomotive mechanics, tractor experts, blacksmiths and car builders. All the old timers can perform these various duties with skilled hands because they have done so all through the years, and many more.

Though the work in a shop of this

type is considered very hazardous, we have had only one serious accident in the history of our department which not only speaks well for the supervision of Mr. Arthur Porter, but also for the safety-consciousness of the men who work under him. From time to time in the BUZZSAW we will give you write-ups of individuals, both the old heads and the new, who, working as a team, make our department deliver the goods and deliver them safely, expertly, and on time. Here are the first two:

ARTHUR STURROCK, a machinist, was born August 13, 1894. His first job for Southern Pine was at the planer in 1913. In 1914 he started working at the shop as a drill press operator's helper and in 1918 had worked up to machinist. Mr. Sturrock has worked in the shop for the past 33 years and has never had an accident or lost a day's time from work as a result of an injury of any kind. Just to show you how extra safety-conscious he is, look at this: For the past 30 years he has driven various automobiles, some good, some bad, and has never been involved in any type of accident on the roads or highways. During his 33 years in the shops, Mr. Sturrock served under 5 master mechanics. His nickname is "Hogger", and though we aren't sure where he acquired it, we think it probably originated with his desire to be a locomotive engineer at some time in his career. Mr. Sturrock was married in 1926 and now has three boys, Collie, Bill, and Farris. Collie is a musician, Bill a filling station operator, and Farris a mechanic.

For a long time Hogger was a mystery man around the shops. People couldn't figure out how in the world he could leave his work at 5 P. M., go home, eat supper, and be out on the highway with his family at 5:15, riding peacefully along in his automobile. But every day there he was. Finally one of the shop boys had to go to town after work and solved the mystery. He said he saw Hogger riding along the highway toward Lufkin about ten minutes after five with his family and that he followed him. Every hundred feet or so, according to our informer, a can or cracker box would fly out of Hogger's car, then finally the paper plates and napkins, and he knew at long last the answer.

W. E. (DOPEY) MORGAN started working for the company in the woods as a water boy. He graduated from that position to pine knot hauler, then soda jerker in a drug store in Alcedo, and later a blacksmith's helper at the age of 18. In less than six months Dopey worked himself up to full-fledged blacksmith and has been blacksmithing every since. Dopey tends to his own business and because of this, plus many other admirable traits, he is liked by everybody. He has never lost a day from work during all the many years with Southern Pine which puts him, with a very few others, on top of the safety list. He says the se-

cret of safety-consciousness is "Don't get in such a hurry that you don't have time to remember safety".

The Power Plant

By CARL KENNEDY

The Southern Pine Lumber Company's power plant and dry kilns boilers consist of two 600 HP tublar boiler, and Four 150 HP tube boilers all together totalling 2200 HP at full capacity.

From this power plant comes the steam that runs the Electric Generator to make lights on the plant and in our homes; steam to run the Temple-White Handle Factory, the planer mill, and all the electric motors and appliances around the mills, the yards, the shops, and in the town. The steam that dries all the pine lumber manufactured at the rate of about 2,500,000 feet per month, and the hardwood at the rate of about 200,000 feet, comes from this same power plant.

Mr. Ed Quarles is foreman of the steam department of the power house, with Nolen Hall the Electrical Foreman. We have fourteen men working in the steam department: Charlie Landrum who has been with us since 1909 is fireman; Ed Quarles, here since 1918 is foreman; Henry Placker, the man who had a full house for the last post when the cyclone hit the shack out on the T. S. E. many years ago, has been here since 1919 and is a fireman; Carl Kennedy, since 1922, Fireman; J. T. Hutson who started in 1929; Coleman Weisinger, General Repair man, who began in 1921; Sam Rushing, Maintenance man; Bennie Russell, Fuel Chain Engine Operator; Ben Thomas, colored, who started way back in 1913; A. J. Jones, colored, Fuel house man, here since 1925; Roosevelt J. Anderson, colored, Fuel House man who started in 1924; Wilmer Whitmill, colored, here since 1939; Cecil Green and Charlie Mack, colored,

both Fuel House men who joined us this year.

The motto of the steam power department is: "Cooperation for a good job well done."

We believe that our department is one of the best and we intend to keep it that way by practicing the following rules:

- By being good housekeepers—KEEP IT CLEAN.
- By being careful—KEEP IT SAFE.
- By attending to our jobs—KEEP IT EFFICIENT.

Woods Crews, Beware of Snakes

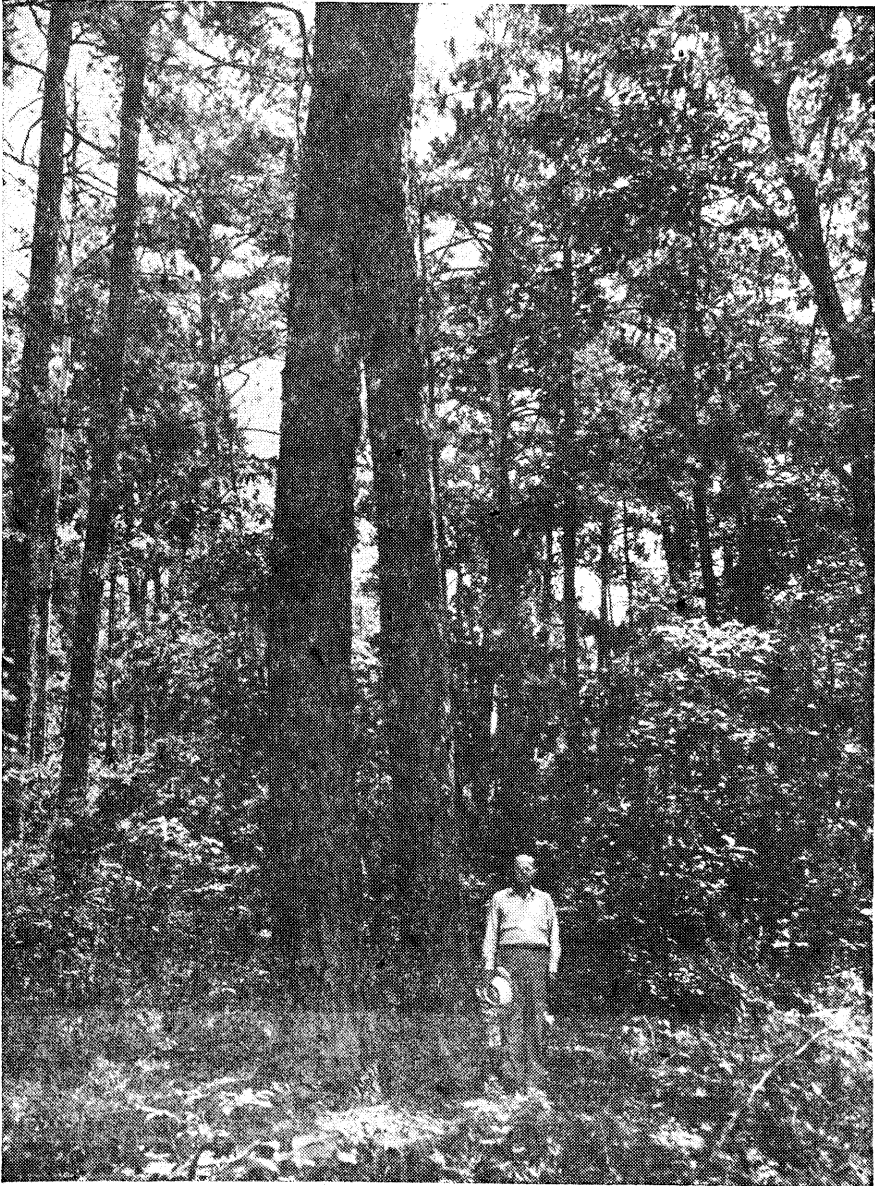
The only snakes to beware of in all parts of America is the rattler. There are many kinds, but all are dangerous.

The deadliness of one's "bite" depends on several factors—its size; the length of time since it last struck; whether the fangs strike squarely and deeply, and what part of the body they enter. (A mountain woman, bending low to pick blackberries, was struck in a jugular vein and died with her next heartbeat.)

The rattler can strike a distance equal to its own length. It seldom strikes higher than a man's knees. Its fangs are fragile and cannot penetrate leather leggings. Canvas leggings usually give protection, but not always.

If you are going into rattlesnake country and haven't a regular kit, you should have a safety razor blade to make a cross cut where the fangs entered; something to make a tourniquet between the bite and your heart (it should be loosened at intervals); a suction cup to draw out the venom; a jigger of anti-venom and a sharp eye.

A Forest Freak (The Tree, We Mean)



Richie Wells, above, is standing by something unique in pine trees. Located two and a half miles from Diboll on a Southern Pine Lumber Co. stand, the huge monarch of the forest has two trunks and joins together to make one tree. Richie says he's never seen anything like this before, in the way of trees, that is.

Diboll, Texas

BUZZ SAW

June 17, 1947

Looking 'Em Over at Temple-White Co., Inc.

By Herb White, Jr.

The Temple-White Handle Plant was formerly located at Bogalusa, La., and was known as White Wood Products Co. The equipment was moved to Diboll in 1938 and the plant started actual operation in 1939 under its present name. Temple-White Co. has shipped an average of approximately 1,000,000 handles per month for the past eight years—a record in any man's handle factory!



The Turning Room where more than 1,000,000 handles are processed each month.

Handles are made by running one-inch square sticks of various lengths through wood lathes. After they are rough turned they go through an operation of rounding the ends called "chucking." From this operation they go directly to sanding machines and thence grade to the graders, who separate the various grades. Many handles go through special operations, such as painting, threading and many other special processes to fit the specifications of the customer's order.

Below Are Pictured the Five Original Employees of Temple-White, Inc.



FOSTER DAVIS: The paint shop foreman has kinda knocked around this world. He started out as a professional and semi-professional baseball for Pineland, Leesville and, also, Beaumont. It was here that he rapped out the neat seasonal average of 377.

Davis had an offer from Detroit Tigers, but thought he was getting a little old for fast professional ball and decided to start working. He worked for the State Highway Department, Forestry Service, Temple Lumber Co., and finally came to Temple-White when the paint shop opened.

His hobbies are hunting, baseball and softball, and he is taking active part in training the youngsters in the fundamentals of good baseball.

Foster married a Diboll girl and now has one boy, Ray Davis, who will be in the fourth grade next year.

one of the really old timers with the company. He has been with Temple-White and White Wood Products Co., a total of 25 years. He came over with the company when it moved here from Bogalusa and was an invaluable aid in setting up the grading system, which he is still supervising.

Most of his relatives are still in Louisiana and he occasionally makes a trip over there for short visits.

Ollie married a Bogalusa girl and they have four children: Bobbie Jean, Von, James Richard, and Linda. Bobbie Jean graduates from high school next year while Von starts high school education.

Ollie likes to hunt and fish and he used to manage our softball team in Lufkin League. He is a member of Diboll hunting and Fishing Club and last year he showed the club members how it was done when he and partner snaked out 60 lbs. of bass on a reel and rod in an hour.



LOUIS LANDERS: Louis, popularly known as "Sonny", started work with Temple-White in the threading room under Alfred Johnson. He was quite a softball star when Temple-White Co. had a team in the Lufkin League.

He entered the service in November 1941, where he served as engineer gunner on a B-26. He has nine battle stars, a Jap plane and a transport to his credit. He was discharged in September '45 and married a local girl shortly after he returned.

He came to Diboll when he was small and has been here every since, except for his service time. His hobbies are hunting, fishing, softball and baseball.

At present he is working for Ollie Johnson in the grading department.



FRED IKE: Fred came to Diboll about 15 years ago from Beaumont, Texas. He originally came from Louisiana, but spent about 5 years at the Box Factory in Beaumont.

He started work on one of the sanders when Temple-White began operation and he has been with Lamar Bunch, the sander foreman, ever since.

He likes to hunt and fish and has started raising chickens again. Most of his chickens were killed recently when some kind of an epidemic ran through his flock.

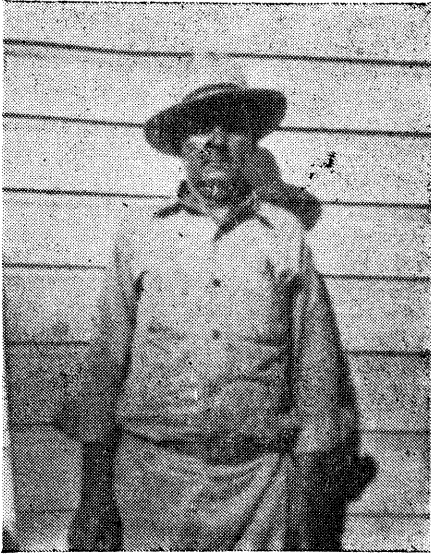
Fred is quite active in church work and sings in the choir. He also spends considerable time in his garden after work.

he is inefficient. Automatically, employees are classifying themselves as skilled, inefficient or dangerous workmen.

Your company can install improvements that make for greater safety to you, but it cannot control your own actions. Those are conditions that are governed by your own mind.

You probably think that you will never get hurt; you cannot picture yourself suffering a serious injury. Many others have thought the same. We are too inclined to think of accidents in the third person—occurring to the other fellow—but not to ourselves.

Your company has a right to expect and demand your full cooperation and support in the prevention of accidents.



ALBERT SEEKINGS: Albert came to Diboll and started working for Southern Pine in 1929, and was with them until 1939, at which time he came to work for Temple-White in the shipping department, but later shifted to the threading room.

He took over the operation of the threading room in 1941 and has made several improvements and contributions to the safe and efficient operation of that department.

He served in the Army in World War I and was overseas with the 90th Division in France and England.

He has six children: Gladys, Ruth, Irene, Cecil, Jack Merrill.

His hobbies are hunting and fishing and he spends a good deal of his time raising his hogs.



OLLIE JOHNSON: Ollie Johnson is

There is a Reason For Every Accident

There are only two things with which any man may earn his living—his brain and his body. Those two prime elements of trade draw remuneration in proportion to their value to an exacting industrial and social world. And this value is in direct proportion to their efficiency. Injuries impair their efficiency by causing pain and mental shock and, therefore, lessen the value of a man to himself, his family and his employer.

Accidents do not just happen—there is a reason for every one. An unsafe man is not wanted in any industry. He is a liability to himself, his fellow workmen, and his company; usually

Popular Diboll Choral Club



One of the finest colored choral groups to be found in Texas is that pictured above—the Diboll Choral Club which has thrilled many an audience with its beautiful rendition of spirituals. In the picture above are: Vera Henderson, Eva Dale Bussey, C. R. Hunt, Mattie Spikes, E. A. Armstead, Flossie Warren, Alma Hardy, William (Shine) Ruth, manager, Mary Ward, Melessia Davis, Alberta Coleman, Ida Robertson, president, and Jack Mainor, supervisor.

Old-Timers Shine On Dragon's Team

By FREDDIE LEWIS

Two members of the Diboll Dragon baseball team are real old timers—Amos (Randy) Randolph, and C. P. Griffin. They are playing now and they were playing way back yonder in the days of Jesse (Tet) Pierson, P. J. and Eddie Pierson, Frank Osaw, Ralph Hoskins, and many other immortals who gave Diboll it's first real champion baseball team.

Tet Pierson, incidentally, was considered one of the very best colored baseball pitchers in this part of the country, being offered several chances to play in league ball. But he turned them down, preferring to stay with Diboll, mainly, he said, because of his weight being 150 pounds and less which Tet considered too light for a long career in big-time baseball. But regardless of his scant 145 to 150 pounds, Tet was probably the fastest pitcher East Texas has ever seen. Rival batters from back in those days will tell you that when Tet really rared back and threw one hard, the wind from it would blow your cap off and you saw nothing but a blurred streak.

His control was so good that Frank Osaw would just hold up his mitt, close his eyes (that is, when Tet was mad) and wait for the explosion. When it came, Frank would reach in the mitt, get the ball and throw it back. Nobody ever saw it on those occasions except Tet before he turned it loose and Osaw after he'd caught it.

The umps, like umps very often do, just guessed.

Anyway, Amos Randolph still gives a good account of himself out on the diamond though he is a little bit more careful and conservative than he was in the days gone by. As an illustration, in a recent game the batter hit a red hot grounder toward third base. Amos remained in a crouched position with his hands on his knees and didn't move as the sphere whizzed by him just one

step to his left. When asked why he didn't make any attempt to field the ball Amos replied: "I got to work tomorrow, boys, but the left fielder can lay off. So I just thought I'd let him try that one."

Randy, as most of you know, played ball in Mason City, Iowa, several years ago along with Willie (Big Jim) Hall. Now take C. P. Griffin, the other old timer on the roster. C. P. was playing shortstop when the city of Houston was the size of Apple Springs and the Neches River just a damp trail through the piney woods. But he's still good and though he had a hard time staying on his feet—turning a flip or two every now and then when he fields a ground ball—he's a real stabilizer on the ball club, keeping up the pepper and steadying the younger players (There aren't any older) who might be a little nervous or unsure of themselves. Among the younger members of the team, our pitcher, O'Ree Brazel is a real standout, being considered as fine a wronglander as any team has in the circuit.

He beat the Chicago Wolverines 3 to 2 in Beaumont early in the season this year, setting them back on their ears with one of the smoothest pitching performances seen in that city in a long time. Three other outstanding players are F. Randolph, Bussey and Chalk. Hubert Allen is back from College and has joined the team which adds still more power. The entire lineup and batting order is as follows:

- Bussey CF
- Jeff SS
- Griffin 2B
- F. Randolph C
- Mathies LF
- A. Randolph 3B
- J. V. Randolph 1B
- Chalk RF
- O'Ree P.

So far this team has won five and lost four, playing against some of the strongest opposition in East Texas and elsewhere. And they're getting better and better all the time. Come out and watch them play the Lufkin Foundry on the night of June 19th in Lufkin, then Kilgore at Diboll on June 21st and 22nd (Saturday and Sunday). You'll see some real ball.

Chester Willis Former Athlete

Chester P. Willis was born in Cass County, Texas. He says the year was 1895 and that he is now 52. It is believed that if a poll was taken in the quarters on the question of how old everybody **thinks** he is, the votes would range from 21 to 99. But whether his own statement is exactly correct or not we think 52 is a happy medium. Chess came to Diboll in August 1916 and started working for the T. S. E. where he remained until 1918. In 1918 Mr. W. P. (Bud) Rutland, former manager of the stores at Diboll and Pineland, and who was first guilty of bringing Chess from the canebrakes of Cass to the Piney woods of Angelina, transferred him to the store where he has been every since delivering groceries and feed, handling the mail, dodging Mr. Drew, and a wide variety of other things necessary to take care of his end of the work.

Willis claims that in his youth at Douglassville, Texas, he was an athlete of great renown, being elected Captain of the 1915 baseball team. Known up there as "Warhoss" Willis, he unfortunately played in but one game, being hit on the head with a pitched ball in the fourth inning and knocked out. After having several buckets of water poured on him he was still unconscious, showing no signs of life whatsoever. Then somebody had the presence of mind to sprinkle a half bottle of Budweiser on his brow at which time he jumped up and demanded another time at bat. After the game, however, Willis swore off baseball and never again appeared on the diamond in uniform—which is probably the greatest thing that has happened to the various teams in Diboll of the past thirty years since the day Tet Pierson was born.

Willis has worked for the past 32 years in Diboll and has never been involved in an accident. On the job, that is. His hobby used to be fox hunting, a sport he followed for about seven years, at one time owning twenty hounds. He claims he quit because it took too much money to feed the dogs. Legend has it that he was forced to quit by Josie when she discovered that Chess and the dogs had been staying out all night too often following different trails.

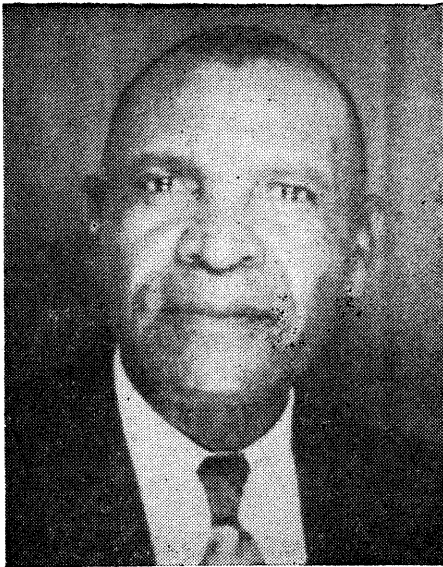
But be all that as it may, Willis is an old timer around here; a wheel-horse none can beat and few can tie.

—o—

M. S. Smith

M. S. Smith has been working for Southern Pine for the past 37 years, starting out in Pineland as a skidder man, then later working for the company at White City, Fastrill, and finally Diboll. Smith was born in Osyke, Mississippi 60 years ago. He has a wife, Hattie Smih, and two children, Floyd Smith, age 38, and Clyde Thompson Smith, age 9. In all his 37 years working for Southern Pine on such hazardous jobs as skidder man, Smith has had but one accident which proves that he, like a few of the other old timers, really knows the value of safety and has practiced safety in his work throughout his long career with the company. Smith belongs to the Diboll Brotherhood and the Baptist Church.

Diboll Brotherhood Has Anniversary



By DAVE O'NEIL

The Diboll Colored Brotherhood was organized March 3rd, 1946 and since that time has grown into the largest organization among the colored people of Diboll.

Its purpose is to help each other; to work for the good of the community; to promote fellowship among its people.

Dave O'Neil is president, Jack Mainor vice-president; Finis Henderson, secretary, Robert Nash, Treasurer. Robert Williams is chairman of the entertainment committee.

The Brotherhood meets once each month to discuss the business of the organization; to plan drives for brothers who may be in distress, sick, or in need of assistance of any kind. The Brotherhood is also active in Safety work on the plant, working in conjunction with the regular safety organization headed by Jack Mainor, and accomplishing many worthwhile things toward making every job a safer place in which to work.

Recently the Brotherhood received a call to assist in stopping the practice of people walking from the quarters to the commissary over the dolly runs, through the sheds, and the plant. A meeting was held and the matter discussed. It was agreed that children, especially, were subjecting themselves to danger in walking across the runs and that measures should be taken immediately to put a stop to non-workers using the plant as a thoroughfare between the quarters and the store.

The following day, the Brotherhood, working together, warned the people as they came on the plant, explained the hazard to each of them, and asked that they use the road around the yards instead. The drive was an immediate success—and proof of what can be accomplished by unified action for the common good of all.

The Brotherhood does many worthwhile things to bring entertainment and happiness to its people—things designed to carry out the spirit of brotherly love.

It is a very fine organization that we think will accomplish many worthwhile things as the years go by.

The present membership totals 146. On April 14, 1947, a grand program was presented at the KP Hall in observing the initial anniversary.

A total of \$592.24 of the Brotherhood's fund has been spent on worthwhile projects and for coming to the aid of needy brothers and sisters.

Southern Pine Lumber Co. has given \$100 toward making the Juneteenth celebration a big success and all members are most appreciative to the company for its backing.

So remember, if you don't et up, the company won't let you down, whether it is the Juneteenth celebration or not.

Visitors

Green Shepherd and his wife, Beauty, are frequent visitors with friends here and we are always glad to see you. We'll be looking for you both at the barbecue.

Diboll Millers Baseball Group Picture



LINEUP OF DIBOLL MILLERS—Left to right (standing) Raymond Martin Business Manager; E. A. Stephens, Pitcher; Harold George, Second Base; Hillery Poland, Third Base; Mangrum, Catcher; Reed, Second Base; Ray Rector, Pitcher.

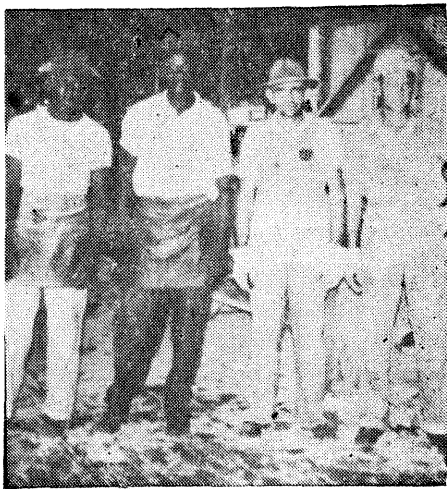
Sitting—Jack Sweeney, Manager, outfielder; Bobbie Farley, Center Field; Billy Martin, Util; Junior Cook, First Base; Patches Lozano, Catcher and outfielder; Joe Jones, Short Stop.

They have played eight games this year, won four and lost four. Will play Cleveland June 22nd, and Livingston July 6th.

Planer Palaver

By RUFUS TAYLOR

We had planned to give E. P. Ramsey, Sr. a little space on this sheet but when he was approached he calmly stated "If you can't say anything good about me, don't say anything"—so we just left Ramsey out.



When we say it takes four good men to operate the trimmers, we mean these four: Lee Henderson, Jelly Samuel, Thad Leftwich and Ruben (Rosum) Gumm. Gumm, Henderson and Samuel and all Veterans of World War II and, between the three of them, they have visited almost all of the European countries and a few of the Pacific Islands.

We have been missing some faces for quite a while, especially the following: Dick Riley, Annie Lee Williams, Mary Jane Griffin, Allie Small and Cal Sanders. Come on back quick—you have left us holding the sack.

A. S. (Gus) Ballenger was born in 1884. He went to work for the Southern Pine Lumber Company in 1902 and has been constantly on the job since that time. We think Gus stands at the very top of the "old heads" list in Diboll. The first job was with a surveyor working on the roads between Diboll and Groveton. He also helped survey the present site of the mill ponds and after this he hauled lumber to some of the very first houses that were built in Diboll and, brick for the planer and sawmill. The construction of the latter two units he worked on too. Then came miscellaneous jobs, such as trucking lumber—the hard way—from the mill to the yards, stacking down in the dry sheds and trucking flooring "sticks" to the old planer which was located where the moulding shed is now. Under Uncle Billy Ashford, Gus fed the flooring machine and fired extra on the boilers. When

the new planer was ready for operation in 1904, Gus took over the boiler room job from then until 1908. His present job came open that year and Gus has been at the same stand every since. He is an old timer from way back yonder who has stayed on the job, maintained a fine safety record by never having had a serious accident in all his many years as a Southern Pine employee and a man we all take our hats off to.

Planer Soft Ball Team

By RUFUS TAYLOR

Cleveland will have at least one fan from Diboll when they invade the Miller's Park on June 22nd—and that fan will be Ernest Walker, because Cleveland was his home town for many years. He has offered to take all bets, up to a dime, and has agreed to give to each member of the losing team a Pepsi-Cola—free of charge. The Planer Soft Ball Team, so far, has won all the League Games in which we have played, from May 26th to date.

We have played five Non-League Games, losing two. It is our humble opinion that our club is so much better than any other, in or around Diboll, or in this part of the country—that we are somewhat reluctant about playing simply because we hate to defeat our opponents with such ease and by such overwhelming scores.

But, be that as it may, we are still open for matching and if anybody knows of any team in the Southern Pine Lumber Company family, or anywhere else, willing to risk crushing defeat, the Planer Club would welcome a chance to meet them at anytime and any place they may have the courage to name. Our club consists of: Jay Brown—Second Base; G. Milford—Short Stop; R. Taylor—Third Base; D. Jones—Center Field; Lee Weeks—Left Field; L. B. Ford, Jr.—Catcher; R. Saxton—First Base; Junior Harris—Right Field; Rosum Gumm and Butler Saxton—Pitchers. Anybody who thinks they can beat the above bunch, please contact us at once.

By RUFUS TAYLOR

A sawmill is one of the easiest places in the world for a fire to sweep clean in a matter of a few hours. A cigarette—one cigarette—can take away your job and mine; it can make Diboll a ghost town overnight; it can cost hundreds of thousands of dollars and perhaps the lives of our fellow employees. So don't smoke on the plant! If you see anybody else firing up a cigarette, a pipe, or a cigar on or near the works remind him that YOUR PAY CHECK IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HIS SMOKE! Join with all of us in putting a stop to this hazard.

Morris Frank Says --

Hi, former friends and customers in dear old Diboll.

I guess that greeting is a little incorrect. Because I imagine our former customers from my papa's little dry goods store in Lufkin are still my friends.

Because when I get to recalling some of those solid leather shoes that contained more paper than the Sunday Houston Post (there I go—still advertising) that I sold the good folks in Diboll, I always speed up as I go past the Log Cabin.

But when Jake Durham, who'll do anything to keep out of work himself—even to inflicting my "offerings" on the readers of the Buzz Saw—asked me to write something for this issue, I got to thinking.

Now, folks, don't act stunned. My mental capacity hasn't changed since I left East Texas—only my eating capacity—and I should have said: "I started to think."

But it is recalled to me the first thing I ever wrote for The Houston Post was about a Lufkin-Diboll baseball game. And from the way the boss talked to me yesterday this might be the LAST thing I'll write on a Houston Post typewriter so I've made the circle anyway. And had lots of fun.

I'm not running for office and trying to make a speech or nothing but I have no happier memories of my life than the good old days when the Lufkin Firemen and Diboll used to play baseball.

And when The Houston Post does get even with me and collects all the money I owe them and sends me back to East Texas, I only hope I can gather my Lufkin Firemen together once more. Maybe we'll win a ball game then. Buster Jackson will be too old to pitch for Diboll.

I'll never forget one hot summer day in particular when I took the Firemen down to Diboll. My father had stayed a little longer than usual that day at lunch. So I got confused about making change—the cash register magically got stuck or something—and lo and behold I found myself with several silver dollars in my pocket.

I said "I'll just double the investment. I'll bet on Lufkin against Diboll then I'll come back to the store and balance the cash—and have plenty left besides."

Well, Rip Hinson was on the hill for us and Buster Jackson for Diboll. We had a great cleanup hitter named "Omaha" Shelton. Everytime he'd come to bat old Buster would wind up and throw the ball in the dirt.

Shelton was as anxious for that pitch as Lee Estes is for a cash customer at his filling station. And old "Omaha" wouldn't come any closer to that baseball than Clyde Thompson would to a movie contract. He hasn't fouled one till yet.

To make the sad story short, by the time the five o'clock evening whistle had blown over Southern Pine, the Lufkin Firemen were too many tallies behind. Frank's cash register was as unbalanced as one of those lumber dolleys with a wheel off—and yours truly figured that he was one hell of a baseball manager—and less than that as a prognosticator.

To me even though I might some day snag a foul ball and get to see a World Series (I'm getting fat to go after those fouls though) there'll never be the fun again of watching old Lefty Vaughn warm up with a baseball. Lefty Vaughn in a way was the same type of pitcher as Lefty Grove.

The catchers couldn't hold Lefty Grove and the Catchers never got a chance to hold Lefty Vaughn's offerings. The batters saw to that.

I can even remember when Jake Durham tried to play baseball. Jake was the only ball player who ever got his shoes shined on second base and called

time out to ask the umpire if he had a hair comb. In those days Jake was quite a Lothario and he had to look the part anyway.

I'd sure like to get to another ball game with such friends as W. H. Agee, Dopey Morgan, Boots Jackson, Eddie Farley, Dred Devereaux and all the gang.

Speaking of my good friend Mr. Agee, I would like to interject one serious note in these remarks and pay tribute to the memory of his son, one of the greatest boys it was ever my privilege to know, Coot Agee.

Coot used to play both for and against us when I lived in East Texas. He would play with Diboll of course and then sometimes when Diboll didn't have a game, he'd join us at Lufkin.

We never asked Coot to do anything from warming the bench to play the outfield or pitch that he didn't do it with the enthusiasm of a big leaguer. He was a fine athlete, a real baseball prospect and above all one of the grandest boys who ever played the game.

Well folks, it's really been swell having the opportunity of this little visit with my Diboll friends. I wish I could get around one of those big steaks (hint, hint) again at my old friend E. C. (Squire) Durham's house with Robert Williams doing the serving.

Robert you know used to umpire the colored baseball games. I always thought his eyesight was "bad" and while Robert might have "empired" like a blind man, he had 20-20 vision when he would pick out the biggest steak to fry for himself in the kitchen before he ever started serving.

I don't know whether Robert favored the home team or not when he called 'em but I recall that Tet Pierson, Amos Randolph, C. P. Griffin Osaw, and others of the boys had the longest winning streak of any colored team in history. But one day when Robert was sick (from sampling too many of Mr. Durham's vittles) and couldn't umpire, the winning streak was broken. Of course that was just a coincidence. I feel sure.

And, friends, I imagine by now you want this string of words broken too—because even a Buzz Saw gets tired after awhile.

So I won't tax your patience any longer, but I want you to know (and I'm not trying to sell you any 10 cent socks—(3 pairs special for 35 cents) when I say this either, that to me life holds no happier recollection than to travel down Memory Lane in front of the Southern Pine commissary with the sweet touch of resin in the air and the feel of sawdust in my fingers and to look out across the tracks to the ball park and hear once again: "Batterez for today, for Lufkin, Hinson pitching, Ringer catching; for Diboll, Jackson pitching, Hill catching. Play b-all."

But I am sure trying to forget that score.



Junior Cook, a sharp first baseman for the Millers, is seen above stretching for a long one.

The Buzz Saw—

(Continued from front page)

In other words, this magazine is OUR BABY. It will reflect the ideas, the stories, the pictures, the letters of the man in overalls, the man out on the job.

Being our own publication, we'll have to work together to make it a success. We'll have to send in pictures, stories, articles, humourous items, etc., to the men in our respective departments who have undertaken the job of collecting the material for publication. If you don't care to write your stories, go tell them to your departmental editor and he will get them on paper for you. But don't forget: This magazine is just as much yours as it is anybody's. Your help, your cooperation, your suggestions we must have to put it over.

Faithfulness—

(Continued from front page)

ruins of Pompeii. Although he could not save his master, he chose to die with him. What a great lesson in faithfulness we can learn from a dog.

There came a time in the life of Christ when pain, sorrow and death rolled in upon Him. Not even His disciples could save Him. But unlike the dog which would not leave his young master, the disciples all fled and left Him alone. That is the saddest part in the whole life's story of Jesus. Even God did not save Jesus from death on the cross, but He never left Him alone. The fact is that man may be unfaithful but God never is.

Man becomes unfaithful to God, country and other people when he is unfaithful to himself. God trusts us to be faithful. We must be faithful to the trust God has placed in us. When conscience tells us to do right and we do wrong, we are false to ourselves. When a person is unfaithful to himself, he is unfaithful everywhere, and no longer can be trusted.

Louis IX, one of the kings of France was known as Saint Louis. When a young man he married Princess Margaret of Provence. On the wedding ring which he wore from that day onward, there were engraved three words, "God, France, Margaret." He used to say to his friends, "I have no love outside this ring." These words were written not only on the ring but also on his heart. When he died a great preacher said of him, "He was the most loyal man that ever lived in this age."

David Livingston was a great missionary to Africa. He brought to the black people there, the Gospel of Jesus. One night his black friends found him dead on his knees beside his cot. They might have buried him there, gone back to their tribes and their former pagan life. Instead they decided that the body of their loved master must go over the sea to be buried among his own people. They embalmed the body, made a coffin of bark and cloth, and on their shoulders carried it a thousand miles to the coast. They traveled by night to escape the heat and attack from enemy tribes. They had to fight beasts and savages, but they kept on with their burden until they laid it down on the deck of a British ship. They were faithful to their master to the end.

Why were they faithful to David Livingstone? Because they were, first of all, faithful to God. Notice the order in which King Louis had the names engraved on his ring. He put God first, and then France and Margaret. When a man is faithful to God first, he cannot help but be faithful to his country his family and his friends.

The apostle Paul said, that it matters not what happens to me. I will sacrifice everything. Only one thing is of first importance, and that is that I remain faithful to Jesus Christ.

A Greek writer of long ago tells of an old pilot who was sailing his boat on the Aegean Sea. A great storm arose that threatened to drown him. In his danger he stood up in his boat and cried out to his pagan God, "Father Neptune, you may sink me if you will; or you may save me if you will, but whatever you do, I will keep my rudder true."

That ancient Greek remained faithful to his pagan god. In his religion there was no story of a cross, and if a God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son Jesus to die for us. If he had reasons to be faithful what then about us? There is no greater sin for a Christian than to be unfaithful to Christ or any one else.

Timber & Land Department

By KENNETH NELSON

"Open Letter to the Woods Crew"

As all of you know, this Company is trying to get on a "Sustained Yield" basis. This means, in plain language, growing as much timber as it cuts, on its own lands. The time has come that in order to keep cutting timber for our mill, we are going to have to grow it as we cut. This is a must. Therefore, to prolong our jobs, we must all work together in conserving our timber. The purpose of marking timber, before cutting, is to select the trees that are mature, least likely to survive, defective in appearance, and for proper spacing to attain its maximum growth.

All of you can help in making our Forestry Program a success by helping keep out fires, picking the open spots to fell the marked trees in order to keep the damage to the remaining timber at a minimum, eliminate cutting young pine seedlings as much as possible in making sets, swamping and "Cat roads". We know it is impossible to keep from doing some damage in logging operations, but it can be kept as a minimum by being a little more careful in running the "Cats" in the woods, by picking open spots for roads, and dodging as much pine timber as possible in order to keep from brushing against standing trees and running over young seedlings. Needless to state, every small pine tree is a potential sawlog.

Our program's success depends on your cooperation, so let's all work together and put it over in a big way.

And remember: A pine log brought into the mill under 8 inches at the small end, or hardwood less than 13 inches—especially if crooked—is a dead loss to the company. "Leave them where they stand if you don't have to cut 'em, and if you do have to cut them, let them lie where they fall." The paper mill can use these poles and make money both for themselves and for us. But when we bring them in, we lose.

Recommended

If a man is not an employee of Southern Pine you may think the Safety Department has no business making recommendations concerning him, but here are three which we think should be put into effect immediately:

1. We recommend that Rat Johnson order a pair of size 38 x 38 safety trousers, equipped with built-in spring steel seat, for Frank (Rosin Britches) Wettstein, safety engineer with the Texas Employers Insurance Company just in case he sits down on any more fresh pine stumps.

2. We also recommend that Tom (The Hat) Hart of Jasper, Texas, wear a badge on which is inscribed "I am not a deputy sheriff". A lot of confusion among the citizens of Diboll would thereby be eliminated and Jay Boren would revert back to his status of being recognized as our one and only

constable.

3. We think that when Day Seastrunk of Norvel-Wilder comes to Diboll he should either bring his horse or leave his saddle, bridle, halter, and spurs in Beaumont. If he can't catch Clyde Thompson fair and square with his bare hands like all the rest of the salesmen who come here to call on him, he should just give up.

Wouldn't It Be Nice IF —

By McHENRY KIMMEY

Victor Powell would quit grumbling
Rufus Fears would quit exaggerating

George Thompson would quit bragging.

George Watts would lock up his pick-up

Cecil Waltman could learn to drive
Walter Powell could find something to do

Willis Jordan could fire all caterpillar drivers

Something wasn't wrong with Jess Parker's labor truck

E. V. Stewart could get his steering gear fixed

Richie Wells could find a dry place to log

Lee Myers would observe the speed limit especially in Apple Springs

Finis Ashworth could learn company equipment from outside equipment

Cecil Harper could keep the mosquitoes off his truck

Joe White could find a house keeper
Myrl Luce would quit breaking axles

Lee Estes could train the mechanics to pump up the tires

E. McAdams could get full of Sweet Lucy

John Allen could invent something
A. D. Stivers could get enough watermelon

L. B. Breazeale would take his time
Jim Chapman could wake up his flat-heads

A. J. Wells could find something
Fred Simpson could actually do

Joe Ryan's truck had wings
Asa Permenter could get his harness decorated

John Henderson could increase production

Harmon Harper would take care of his fenders

Richard McMullen's mouth had a muffler on it

Shine Burchfield could persuade somebody to believe him

Monroe Key could go home on a D-7 caterpillar

McHenry Kimmey could get his log ponds dug

Weldon Bowman would observe the smoking rules

What would happen to the sawmill if Shirley Daniels quits logging?

You Can Work Safely

By McHENRY KIMMEY

Willis Jordan who has been employed by Southern Pine Lumber Company "Logging Department" for the past 26 years has not had a single serious accident.

Willis has devoted his entire life to laboring in the woods. He started at the age of 16 and since then has worked in some of the most dangerous operations, namely, around the skidder, loader engine, blacksmith shop, driving a truck, truck shop and at present is supervisor of the caterpillar upkeep.

Day after day he has toiled in a most hazardous operation, yet he has constantly kept in his mind the many dangers which surround the entire logging operations.

Willis has executed his duties faithfully and not only has prevented injury to himself, but has vigorously watched his fellow man and is always ready to lend a hand in any way which might prevent future accidents.

One of the outstanding characteristics of Willis is his attitude toward a new man or beginner. He is always alert and ready to show a new man anything that he might not understand, and consequently has prevented many accidents.

It would be well if all of us could follow his example.

The Man Who Smokes On The Plant

A man who smokes on, under, or near the mills or yards PROVES that he cares nothing for his job because he's risking burning it up for the pleasure of a cigarette; he PROVES that he cares nothing about the company because he's doing something strictly against the rules that could easily cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars and put the entire plant out of operation; he PROVES that he cares nothing for the welfare of his fellow workers because he is taking a chance on destroying their means of livelihood by a careless, thoughtless act. IN SHORT, HE PROVES THAT HE IS A PRETTY SORRY FELLOW ALL THE WAY AROUND.

DON'T BE LIKE HIM.

What, No Plastics?

A Scottish farmer was raising chickens. Walking through the barnyard one day he noted that sawdust and chicken feed looked pretty much alike, so he said to himself: "I wonder what would happen if I put a wee mite of sawdust in the chicken feed?"

So he fed the hens 90 percent feed and 10 percent sawdust. The hens paid no attention. The next week he used 75 percent feed and 25 percent sawdust. The flock was thriving and soon its diet was 50-50. Finally Sandy decided to go the limit—100 percent sawdust!

A hen sitting on some eggs had tried the new diet. One day Sandy heard an awful racket in the hen house. Soon, he saw his old hen come crawling out by 13 baby chicks and to his amazement, 12 of them had wooden legs and the 13th was a vegetable peeler!

Juneteenth Affair

All colored people in Angelina County have been extended a cordial invitation to attend the Juneteenth celebration at Diboll June 21 and 22, which will be cimaxed with a barbecue, to be served at 1 p. m.

Dave O'Neil, president of the Diboll Colored Brotherhood, and R. E. Williams, chairman of the entertainment committee, jointly announce the opening of the Diboll Community Center Skating Rink to be held in connection with the big celebration.

A dance will be held at the rink the night of the observance.

Other standout attractions will be a baseball game between the Diboll Dragons and the Kilgore Oilers, Saturday and Sunday, the affairs set for 3:30 p. m. on each day. There will be special seats for the white citizens, it was announced.

Manager of the Diboll nine is C. P. Griffin, while S. H. Cleveland manages the invading Kilgore team. Amos Randolph is captain of the Dragons.