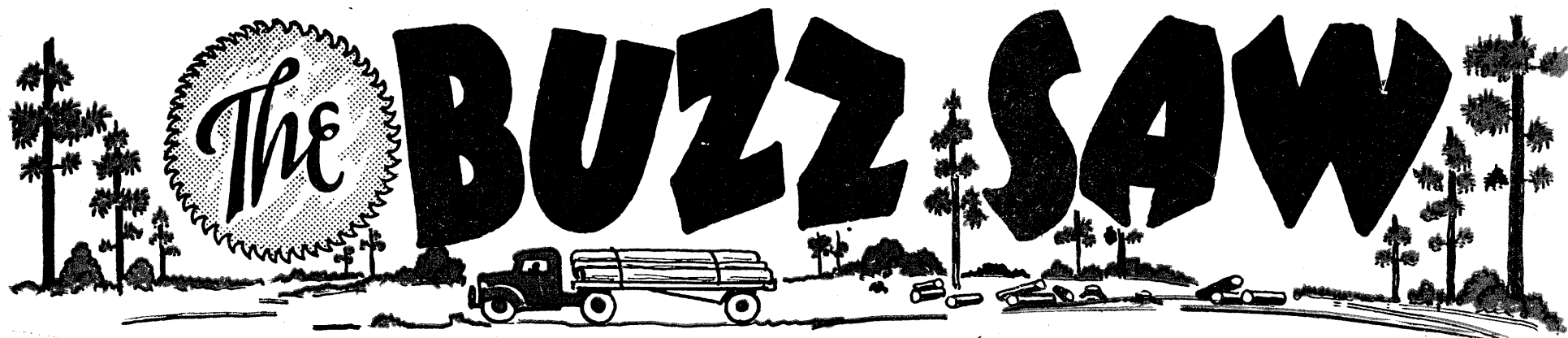




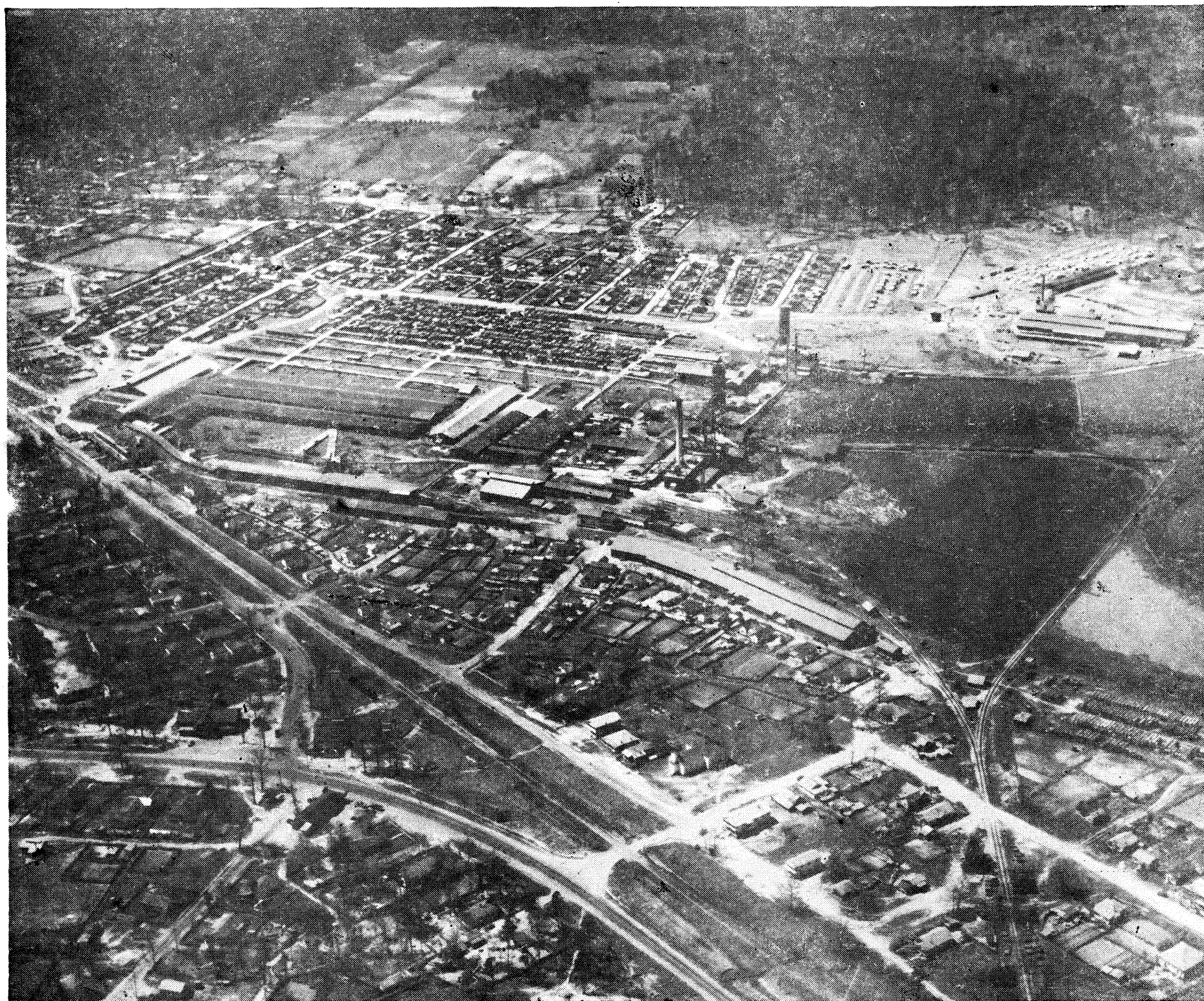
VOLUME I

DIBOLL, TEXAS, SEPTEMBER, 30, 1948

No. 15

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

Diboll Sets the Pace



Air View of Diboll . . . lusty young giant of the great East Texas timber belt . . . A living, thriving, bustling memorial to the vision and labor of men who took the fantastic achievements of mythical Paul Bunyan as a challenge and fashioned in real life one of the world's largest wood working centers in the heart of the land of pines . . . Through scientific forestry practice and long range planning Southern Pine and Associated Industries are striving toward a perpetual cut of timber with which to supply the ever increasing number of forest products which make for better living of every family in America . . . And with the growth of Diboll industries more and more pineywoodsmen are added to the payroll of the model sawmill city . . .

Texas Forest Festival Souvenir Edition

Southern Pine Store Gets New Look...

Ask practically any old "Sawdust Hand" to describe a typical commissary and the chances are he'll say it's a badly arranged, poorly lighted, out-of-date combination grocery, hardware, drug, and dry goods store—and a few other things—where they still have a buggy whip rack simply because nobody during the past thirty or forty years has ever thought to take it down.

Well, Diboll is a sawmill town. We, too, have always had a commissary. The first one was built soon after the plant was built—sometime after 1895—and a new one erected in 1922. The building, 210 feet long and 60 feet deep, housed not only the commissary but several other places of business. For example, you could walk into the north end, get your mail at the Post Office, in the next room get your hair cut and a shave, step upstairs and be treated by the Doctor for whatever ailed you, come downstairs, and go next into the drug store where the usual things sold in a drug store were displayed—heavy equipment, watches, automobiles tires, and even medicine. Next to the drug store was the shop for ladies, then the men's department, the grocery store, then upstairs to the hardware and furniture department. Then finally, at the other end of the place you came across the ice house and meat market. It was a small scale Sears and Roebuck without the catalogue.

Recall a few years and go into practically any of them though, and the picture was the same. There was a counter—we're in the grocery department now—and behind the counter, displayed on shelves, were the groceries, the canned goods, and the stubs of three or four abandoned cigars. To get any particular brand of anything you might want required (1) exceptional eyesight, (2) extreme height (to lean over for a closer view), and (3) a deep faith in long shots because it was strictly a take it or drive twenty or thirty miles to get the other kind proposition. Then, too, every time you went in the place you passed those buggy whips. And the lighting, well, it was so bad that children were known to be lost for days and found only after a thorough search by flashlight bearers rattling paper sacks filled with lemon drops.

Southern Pine Lumber Company, in line with its program of permanence, perpetual operation, and a desire to afford its employees everything a little better than they could find in any other sawmill town, decided it was high time Diboll had a store that was up-to-date, attractive, convenient, and the equal in every respect

of any to be found in East Texas, regardless of the size of the town.

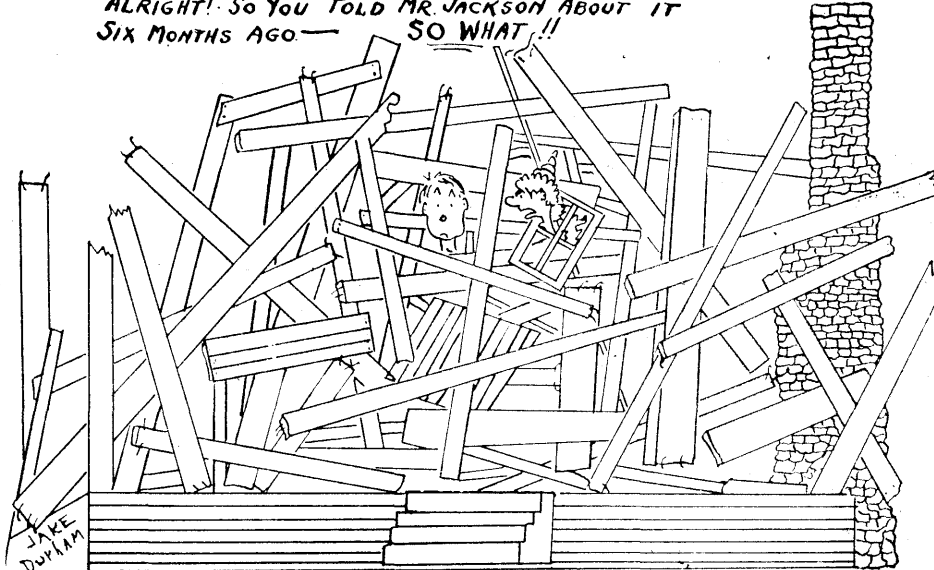
And brother, we really got one that did all of that and then some.

In the 90' x 60' super market, dry goods, and ladies furnishings department, for example, the walls are paneled with fir plywood, with the supporting posts finished in white oak of the finest grade selected from Southern Pine lands and especially manufactured at the mill for this purpose. Ceilings are of celotex, and throughout the various departments of the store fluorescent lighting gives the place an abundance of brightness. All fixtures in the various departments—market, grocery, men's furnishings, ladies department, drug store, hardware department, etc.—are new and of the latest designs. Everything in it is the very best.

To be sure that the new store combined as many ultra-modern features as possible, Kirk Drew and W. W. Jackson—store manager and town construction head respectively—inspected food markets, drug, hardware, and dry good stores as far as Dallas. From their observations of the new look in arrangement and construction they formulated plans for Southern Pine's store in Diboll and work was started immediately. The meat market—beforehand in a separate part of the building—was combined with the grocery department, a mirrored vegetable counter thirty feet in length was installed as well as a large frozen foods department and modern gondola-type shelving to make the entire grocery section completely self-serving. New fixtures were installed in the dry goods department, the drug store was remodeled complete with new fountain, plywood paneling and with all show cases finished in golden oak. Upstairs over the super-market an extra-spacious furniture department was built and attractively finished. Everything from one end to the other, upstairs and down, was re-done, refurnished, and rearranged until it was the last word. Then Drew stocked the various departments with everything from Bouillion cubes to bedroom suites and we had our store. Personnel of the new Southern Pine Lumber Company store are as follows: Kirk Drew, manager; Mrs. Fannie Farrington in charge of the dry goods department; H. A. Cruthurds, market; W. P. Anderson, J. D. Burchfield, Lee Waltman, Nathan Edwards, and Homer Weisinger, grocery department; B. F. Hines, Van Davidson, Geneva Rector, and Vina Ola Talbert, Drug Store; C. P. Willis, general supervisor of grocery and feed deliveries.

E. A. (Slim) Stephens was carpen-

ALRIGHT! So You Told MR JACKSON ABOUT IT SIX MONTHS AGO— SO WHAT !!



Shop Has Mighty Fistman . . .

General MacArthur is usually considered the top hero of the Pacific. Admirals Nimitz, Halsey, and Cain were recognized as outstanding fighting men. The incomparable General Doolittle, in his historic raid over Tokyo, established himself in the hearts of the American people as the symbolism of everything magnificent in an airman. But right here in Diboll we have a man the equal of them all.

This man, according to himself, was known from the foggy peaks of the bleak Aleutians to the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal; from the barren boulders of Iwo Jima to the tumbling surf at Waikiki. His name—a legend in the Pacific—was cautiously whispered in the foxholes of Bataan; among the tangled vines of Borneo. He was the terror of them all.

And they called him "One Blow Joe."

J. B. Hendrix is the payroll name of this character and he works in the shop. A modest man, Hendrix, and to get any information from him with reference to his fame required great resourcefulness on the part of your humble reporter. I had to walk up

to him and start listening. Here, condensed from a few thousand well chosen words, is his story:

"My name is Joe Hendrix. I enlisted in the army as a private, spent 13 months in the Pacific in a Post Exchange handling such dangerous items as chewing gum, rock candy, and cigarettes. I feared no man. One day three fellows about my size (220 pounds) strolled in looking sorta belligerent. I says: "What'll you have boys—rations or a rukus?" They charged.



ONE BLOW JOE

I hit the first one with my left, the second with my right and the third with my elbow. That was all there was to it. Of course, the medics came in and after a little artificial respiration, cold water, and a couple of hypos

(Continued to page 8)

Safety Experts

There is no question but what the work of trained safety engineers is of great value in the prevention of industrial accidents. These men make safety their business. And their reward for a job well done is the satisfaction of knowing that their observations and recommendations, when properly carried out, save grief and hardship and very often the lives of hundreds of men and women throughout the country who work in American industry.

But there is another type of safety expert. His principal occupation is not safety engineering yet he is in a better position to realize the hazards of a particular job than anybody else. He knows the history of the accidents

(Continued to page 11)



AB GRUMBLES, overseer of Southern Pine Lumber Company's 30,000 acre Rayville pasture.

ter foreman throughout the entire construction project. In his crew were Jake Weisinger, P. V. McClelland, T. E. Lewis, E. E. Williams, and Charlie Otis. Painter foreman was Beater Glass who had in his crew H. H. Glass and G. A. Reed. Electrical foreman N. B. (none better) Hall had Junior Cook and Ray Rector (The Gold Dust Twins), while Doyle Glass and Otis Thompson installed all plumbing fixtures. W. H. Greer and C. T. Hassell had the responsibility of the sprinkler system.

The above group of men did the entire store rebuilding and renovating job without a **single accident**, though much of their work was extremely hazardous—removing the walls, ceilings, etc., and working on scaffolding. Our congratulations to them not only for a job well done, but a job **safely** done!

This new Southern Pine store is but another example of what a progressive and permanent lumber company can do as a step toward improving and modernizing a community once considered living on borrowed time simply because it was a "sawmill town." It shows us that in Diboll we have many of the advantages, the conveniences of "big town" innovations not enjoyed by the people of many East Texas towns twice the size of ours—and as time goes by we'll have more and more.

The Return of The Travelling Engineer

The scene opens in a forest of virgin pine near Fastrill. The time: Almost fifty years ago. The late Will Hill, woods superintendent for Southern Pine Lumber Company, sees a tow-headed boy, barefooted but wearing a tattered trainman's cap, approaching with a wild look in his eyes, Asafetida around his neck. "I'm kin to you by marriage," the boy said, "and I want a job." "You're kin to me by WHAT marriage?" inquired Mr. Hill suspiciously. "I'm your brother-in-law. I'm Robert Cook." The boy confidently twirled his Asafetida and looked nonchalantly up into the branches of the trees. "Alright, alright," whispered Mr. Hill glancing carefully around to be sure nobody was in range of his voice. "I'll give you a job carrying water and pay you a dollar a day. Ten cents of the dollar will be for carrying water and the other ninety cents is for keeping quiet about being my brother-in-law."

That's how the Company, in the year 1906, got the great man of wisdom, the imminent authority on everything, the incomparable Travelling Engineer, Robert Fenley Cook.

For no explainable reason, Southern Pine stock dropped eleven points and there were riots in Texarkana the following day.

After three years in the woods, Cook swore that he would never wrap his fingers around the bail of another bucket, got a pocket knife haircut and a corduroy cap, hopped the log train and rode to Diboll.

The following morning he appeared at the planer in search of employment, was hired, and began his mill career that now, after more than thirty years, has been one of the marvels of the sawmill business.

On that same day, for no explainable reason, finished lumber dropped four dollars per thousand.

The planer foreman, acting on the universal complaint that the machines could not be heard above the din of Cook's voice, managed to ease him off on Pat McEnroe, master mechanic at the T. S. E. shops. This historic transfer was affected on October 31, 1911.

Finished lumber went back up \$4.50 per thousand.

Cook, in the shops, knew instinctively that he had arrived. He was in. Digging engine pits under the direction of Dred Devereaux, he eyed the old One Spot and Two Spot with a longing in his hungry heart. Locomotives! That's what he wanted to be—an engineer! He dreamed as he threw out an occasional shovel full of dirt; dreams in which he held the throttle in his hand instead of a hoe handle or a bucket bail—dreams in which he saw himself leaning happily out of the cab of a powerful iron monster roaring down the track pulling a long train and waving to the admiring public breathlessly watching their hero speeding merrily by on the 3:16.

After thirty days working around the shop—during which time Cook learned everything there was to learn about locomotives—his big chance came and he leaped at it like a hungry bass at a dragonfly. They needed an extra fireman on the Two Spot! Cook dug down in his please-don't rain straw suitcase at home, came out with the old trainman's cap, set it at a jaunty angle and announced to McEnroe that he need look no further—he'd found his man. McEnroe tried him out once in November, 1911, then four times in December. In May, 1912, Cook had won his spurs and was made regular fireman. For three long years he sat on the left side of the cab and looked enviously at the "Hog-

ger," counting the days until he, too, would have the throttle in his hand instead of a pine knot and the water injector.

The great day came in 1915. An extra engineer was needed! Cook bought a NEW trainman's cap, informed E. C. Durham that he need look no further—he'd found his man. Having learned all there was to know about running an engine—by observation—he took to his job like a duck

him you wanted to work, didn't you?" Bob, then and now no man ever to be caught short with an answer, replied: "Yeah, I did. But if a man comes to your house and asks for a drink of water it don't mean you got to turn the hose on him, does it?"

The years went by, as they seem determined to do, and Cook, in the Diboll to Lufkin and Lufkin to Diboll rut, went back and forth and back and forth with the Nine—yawning.

Arthur Porter, master mechanic in the shop, went over the locomotive from one end to the other—being directed, of course, by the Travelling Engineer who was strolling around specifying what he wanted done to get her in shape, and giving Porter the benefit of his expert advice on how to do it, which Porter needed about as much as he needed a tricycle—and finally out she rolled, ready to go.

Travelling Engineer Being "Persuaded"



Raymond Willis and Wes Ashworth are shown forcing our locally famous engineer, Bob Cook to get on board Engine No. 11. Joe White in the cab looks on. Cook, who thinks that there is only one worthwhile locomotive anywhere—his coffee pot on wheels, the 14—was finally subdued by the men in the picture above and can be seen daily pulling long lines of gravel and sand cars from the Southern Pacific spur in the south side of Diboll to the unloading grounds North of Copes Town, on the TSE. Bob simply wanted everybody to know that this time he left the 14 and boarded the 11 under protest.

takes to water, starting and stopping his train with the feathery touch of a Chimpanzee on a bulldozer. Recognizing the natural talent of a potentially great Hoghead, Durham offered him the job of regular engineer in 1917. To the surprise of everybody, he accepted it.

Bob ran Engine Number Nine. He ran it, in fact, for twenty-five years over the same route to Lufkin, the same route back. He and the old girl got to know each other well. He could sit in her cab and go to Lufkin with his eyes closed—knowing exactly where he was all the time by ear. But somehow, with all their close association, the Nine and Bob seemed to have no real affection for each other. They just worked together and that was all there was to it. His great love was destined to come later.

As a matter of fact, he grew tired. He was tired of Nine and tired of the routine of the same old trip to Lufkin and back day after day. The late W. G. Menefee, traffic manager of the road, was the first to notice the change. Cook walked into his office one day, his shoulders drooped, his face with unmistakably lines of deep fatigue. "Menefee," he began, "You all are putting too much work on the local crew. I don't believe we can stand any more." Menefee looked at the weary engineer without showing any signs of sympathy whatsoever. "When you asked Mr. Durham for a job the day you first came over here you told

Then in 1942 they sold her and he yawned again, took the Ten and went back and forth and back and forth some more.

In the meantime, to bolster up his spirits, Durham appointed him Travelling Engineer with jurisdiction but no authority over the L. H. & G. at Hemphill.

On an "inspection" trip to Pineland one day the Travelling Engineer saw something that was destined to change his entire outlook on life, and, no doubt, his career. To put it bluntly, he fell in love. She was a pretty thing in a shiney petticoat—and if you had her oiled up, she weighed 217,000 pounds. It was a locomotive—the now famous 14.

According to the Travelling Engineer, Henry Temple brought her over here SOLELY upon his—the T. E.'s—recommendation. He adds that in doing so Mr. Temple made the smartest move ever made in the history of Southern Pine Lumber Company, from both a practical and a financial standpoint.

At any rate, in early 1946 the 14 arrived. Cook, like a little boy the night before Christmas, slept not a wink.

The shop crew, the section gangs, the trainmen, and the other personnel of the T.S.E. awoke the next morning totally unaware of what lay in store for them for the next two years.

But they soon found out.

After the first trip to Lufkin, Cook brought her back to the shop. "She's not right yet," he said, shaking his head. "The valves aren't squared. Better go over her again."

Raymond Willis, Preacher Ashworth, and Arthur Porter looked at each other as the Travelling Engineer departed—after first leaving instructions as to HOW they should go about doing what he wanted done. "There's nothing wrong with her valves," said Raymond. "Let's let him take her out again in the morning thinking we worked on them—except let's don't." Porter and Ashworth agreed.

The next afternoon Cook brought the engine back. "The valves worked fine. They're O. K., but here's something I want to show you boys that ought to be fixed." They gathered around and listened attentively, next day sent the engine out again.

This went on and on. Out in the morning, Cook would bring the engine back in the afternoon for repairs, real or imaginary. Lee Estes, seeing what was going on, nicknamed him "One Trip Bob." That did it. From then on the shop crew had it easier for Cook made a special effort to keep her rolling without tying up. He even went as far as to say that if anything need be done in the way of repairs HE would do it.

According to Dick McKinney, Dixon Waller, B. L. King and Jim Rushing, The Travelling Engineer got his op-

(Continued on page 10)

Our Country Cousins, The Sabine . . .

Near the muddy waters of the raging Sabine, deep in the backwoods of East Texas, there reposes a small village populated by Resinbellies. This hamlet boasts a sawmill—an overgrown peckerwood—and it is understood that lumber, after a fashion, is manufactured there. "Pineland," the place is called—a name given it back in the early days when they, like Diboll today, had timber. Post oak now is their principal crop, though an occasional sapling can be observed by the sharp-eyed motorist as he whizzes by the cute little mill operated there.

The game of baseball is not unknown to the natives of this quaint place, and it is understood that so much progress has been made along athletic lines (probably through the influence of missionaries) that the players now use regulation gloves, bats, and store-bought balls replacing the home-made pine clubs, folded towel mitts and sock balls used there until recently. Both the white and colored teams in Pineland sometimes can be persuaded to play away from their woodland clearing and on these occasions they wear shoes.

The Buzzsaw, being a democratic publication, believes that a series of at least four games should be matched next season with the white and colored teams of this rural retreat; two to be played in Diboll and two over there. It would give us an opportunity to study their unique habits and customs; it would give them an opportunity to see a BIG sawmill, and it would no doubt result in some real baseball. Raymond Martin is the business manager of the white club here, while C. P. Griffin leads the colored nine. We think that a runner should be dispatched by each of these club managers to contact, if possible, the leader, or chief, of the above mentioned Sabine and the games matched forthwith.

Eck (Zuberant) Prudhomme is the head man of the acorn-busters, while M. A. (Big Train) Sloan, a retired authority on outdoor and indoor sports, is his athletic advisor. Atty Damrel, a native trader among these unusual, but honest, Sabine people could also be contacted in the event Prudhomme and Sloan fled to the thickets upon the approach of our emissary. Sherwood Burch, a native fisherman and a dealer in such things as merchan-

dise and card games; James Mitchell, an expert on the Prevailing Winds of their isolated country, and John Dainwood or Joe Gilchrist could take the challenge. In the event the natives all left the mill and ran to the woods, our messenger could relay it to them through J. B. Walker—now a resident of Hemphill—and he could get the word to them when they quieted down that their BIG MILL kinfolks didn't want to scare them—they simply wanted to play some ball.

So let's get this going and match up the games—what do you say??

What About Your Social Security?

We all know that each month there is a deduction from our pay envelopes for Social Security. We also know that the amount is 1 per cent of our total or gross earnings. But how many of us know just what benefits we are, or will be, entitled to for this money?

Let's take the case of a man we'll call John Doe. Suppose John makes an average of \$140 per month in total earnings. One per cent of his \$140 would be \$1.40, so \$1.40 is deducted from his pay for Social Security. Now the benefits due John under the Social Security Act in return for these monthly payments are of TWO different types. It depends on whether John lives past the age of 65 or whether he dies before he reaches the age of 65. Let's suppose that he lives past 65 and let's also suppose that he has worked for ten years for a company that is covered by the act like Southern Pine Lumber Company. Here is the way John's benefits would be figured.

He has made an average wage of \$140 per month for ten years during which time he paid in \$1.40 per month in the form of deductions for Social Security. He would be entitled to receive about \$31.90 per month for the rest of his life. Now here is how it is figured: They take 40 per cent of the first \$50 of John's average wage and that amounts to \$20.00. On to that they add 10 per cent of the balance of his average wage which would be 10 per cent of \$90.00 (140

minus the \$50) and that amounts to \$9.00 more. That makes \$29.00 in benefits. Then they take 1 per cent of \$29.00 per year for 10 years which is \$2.90 and add that on—and the total is \$31.90. Forty per cent of the first \$50 of your average wage, then TEN per cent of the balance, then one per cent of the total of the two all added together and that's the amount of Social Security benefits you will receive when you have worked at least TEN years when you attain that age.

Now suppose John Doe dies before he reaches the age of 65? The benefits his widow and or children will receive will depend upon HOW LONG he has worked for a covered industry and HOW MUCH he has made in wages during the time that he did work.

Let's suppose that John dies BEFORE he reaches the age of 65 and leaves a widow also under the age of 65 and two children under the age of 18. Let's also suppose that John has worked only FIVE years for a covered company and paid his Social Security for that length of time. What benefits would his widow and two children receive under the Social Security Act? The total accumulated that John would have been entitled to had he reached the age of 65 instead of dying would be \$30.45 figured just as we figured the first case above—that is, 40 per cent of the first \$50 of his total wages of \$140 per month, then 10 per cent of the remaining \$90, plus 1 per cent per year of the two added together, or \$20 plus \$9.00 plus \$1.45 or a total of \$30.45. Now when John kicks the bucket before reaching 65 his widow will get THREE-FOURTHS of the \$30.45 or about \$22.83 each month until the children reach 18. The children—no matter how many they have—will get HALF the total or about \$15.23 per month EACH and every month in addition to what the widow receives.

In the above case, the Social Security benefits to the children automatically stop when they reach the age of 18 (If they are in school—16 if they are not). The benefits to the widow will automatically stop if she decides that another husband is worth more than the monthly check she's getting and remarries. Remember, too, that if the widow is under the age of 65 and the youngest child reaches the

age of 18, the benefits to her will cease UNTIL she does reach the age of 65 at which time she will receive her benefits again each month as long as she lives.

Fearless Farley Rides Again

By OLD SKEETER

(Editor's Note: The following story, in verse, is the absolute truth. Raymond Martin, who lived next door at the time, was an eye witness. Eddie himself will not deny it.)

In Hemphill, Texas, one hot summer day,
A wandering Jackass lost his way;
He strolled nonchalantly through a backyard gate,
Stood in the flowers and ate and ate.

E. A. Farley lived at the place
And he met the Jackass face to face;
A horseman was Eddie in days of yore
And the urge to ride came back once more.

He got all set as the Jack stood there
Then made a leap right through the air.
The Jackass sidestepped in the grass
And the Superintendent landed on his mangerial left hip pocket.

Arising, undaunted, he tried again
Determined anew he was bound to win;
He jumped once more and hit the Jack
And landed squarely on his back.

He was there very briefly after he lit
'Cause the placid Jackass threw a fit;
He tossed his rider on the second kick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick.

He lay there quietly in sweet repose
With outstretched arms and up-turned toes.
The battle was over, the "Soup" was out
The Jack had won without a doubt.

But he wasn't content to let him lay
He had to come back for the coup de etat;
So he put his feet on Eddie's chest
And brayed and brayed in joyful zest.

The scene now shifts from the "Soup's" sad plight
To his wife at his bedside late that night.
"Your bruises," said she, "I most regret;
My flowers, too, I must reset."

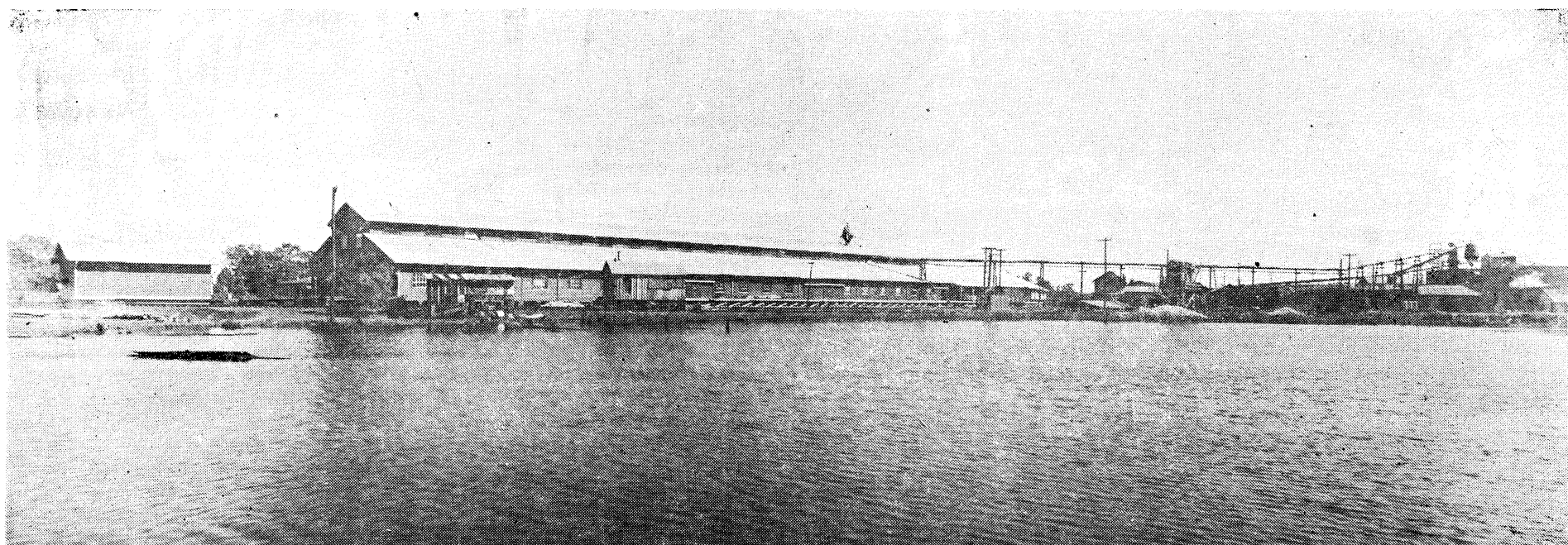
"The fence is down where the Jack ran through
Kicking and jumping and braying at you.
That I don't mind. What DOES make me blue
Is just that a jackass made a JACKASS out of you!"

MODERNIZATION PROGRAM IN FULL SWING AT DIBOLL



Above is a view of the six-unit housing project on the South side of Diboll which is being carried out by Southern Pine Lumber Company for its employees. The construction work is part of the Company's modernization program.

Looking Across the Water at Temple-White . . .



Temple-White Co., Inc.

By HERB WHITE, Jr.

The real beginning of Temple-White Company was back around 1910 in Martinsville, Indiana, where Mr. G. W. White, father of H. B. White and H. C. White, was operating a small hardwood sawmill. At that time H. B. White, who was then around 22 years old, was working with his father in the sawmill and H. C. White was a lad of 15 years old going to high school. During that time H. B. White conceived the idea of putting in a couple of handle lathes in the sawmill. This was done and the plant operated that way up to 1912.

It was during this period that H. B. White learned to operate a handle factory and to sell handles, and H. C. White learned to operate a handle lathe during school vacations.

Then the plant was moved to Spencer, Indiana, and a new company formed called the Spencer Wood Products Company. The output was approximately 100,000 clothespins and 20,000 beech broom handles per day. The plant operated in Spencer until 1917. In 1917 the plant moved to Crothersville, Indiana, and operated in Crothersville until 1922. The output had again increased and was now 80,000 bailwoods per day, 20,000 beech broom handles per day, and also plow handles and spokes. In 1922 the White Wood Products Company moved to Bogalusa, Louisiana, and operated there until November 1938, producing approximately 35,000 broom handles per day.

The plant operated in Bogalusa mainly on the wastes from the Great Southern Lumber Company, one of the largest lumber companies in the world at one time. This large mill was set up to cut one million board feet per day.

When the Great Southern Lumber Company cut out, White Wood Products Company had to secure more raw material to take care of its producing capacity. The next largest mill in the South was Southern Pine Lumber Company in Diboll, Texas. The two companies, Southern Pine and White Wood Products, agreed to form a separate company. Temple White Company, to act as a manufacturing company for White Wood Products Company. Temple White actually began producing handles in Diboll in February 1939 and its capacity is approximately 50,000 handles per 8 hour operation; or, if enough raw material was available for two shifts, then approximately 100,000 handles of all types could be made per day.

The plant is a fairly large one, being some 660 feet in length and 100 feet

in width. The latest type of equipment is used and the products have been shipped to many parts of the world. Approximately 110 men and women are employed in the square yards, turning division, warehouse, paint shop, threading room and shipping department. Some of the older employees have been with the company for over 20 years.

Most of the handle products are pine broom and mop handles. However, quite a few gum and oak handles are also made. These handles usually vary in size from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter and vary from 12 inches to 12 feet in length. The plant is also well equipped to take care of many special needs or requirements in handles.

The handle business is highly competitive with several large firms competing in the market and many small mills producing handles. It is estimated that there are 120 million broom and mop and similar handles used each year and of this quantity Temple-White produces and ships approximately 10 per cent, therefore quality is one of the first requirements if sales are to be maintained in this highly competitive business, and the Temple-White Company prides itself on the quality of all handles produced.

Diboll Has Locally Invented Log Spray

Lumber mills in general, and Southern Pine Lumber Company in particular, have long realized the need for some kind of device which would eliminate dust, sand and grit, and loose bark from logs coming into the saw mill. Practically all mills have had some sort of spray to wet the log for the purpose of eliminating dust in the mill itself. Marvin Hamner, mill foreman of Southern Pine Lumber Company's Mill No. 1 and No. 2, wanted something that did that and more. He realized the tremendous saving that would be effected, especially to the saws and to the knives in the hog, if grit-free, dirt-free, clean logs could be sawed.

So he simply sat down and invented his own log spray that did the job and did it just exactly as he wanted it done.

The Hamner log washing device consists of a metal canopy installed over the log conveyor at Mill No. 1 in Diboll. As a log comes up the chain and enters the spray it is thoroughly washed by twenty different jets of

water hitting it on the top, on all sides, and on the bottom, under seventy pounds of water pressure. Directly underneath the chain on which the log travels there is a screen which separates the bark, the water, and the sand and makes possible the collection of the bark to be hauled off instead of letting it go back to the pond as has been the case in the past.



MARVIN HAMNER

The Hamner spray device was built with scrap materials throughout with the exception of the pipe fitting. An eight inch suction line which, incidentally, was already installed for another purpose some years ago, connects with a pump and brings the water from the log pond. From the pump a four inch pipe runs to the spray which in turn is fitted with

twenty flattened sprinkler heads underneath the conveyor, on the sides, and on top in the canopy. This four inch line is connected to the spray pipe by a rubber hose, making possible the accommodation of any size log through the spray. In other words, if a log of unusual circumference is larger than the opening, the log itself will automatically raise it up, pass through, be thoroughly washed, and nobody has to touch it.

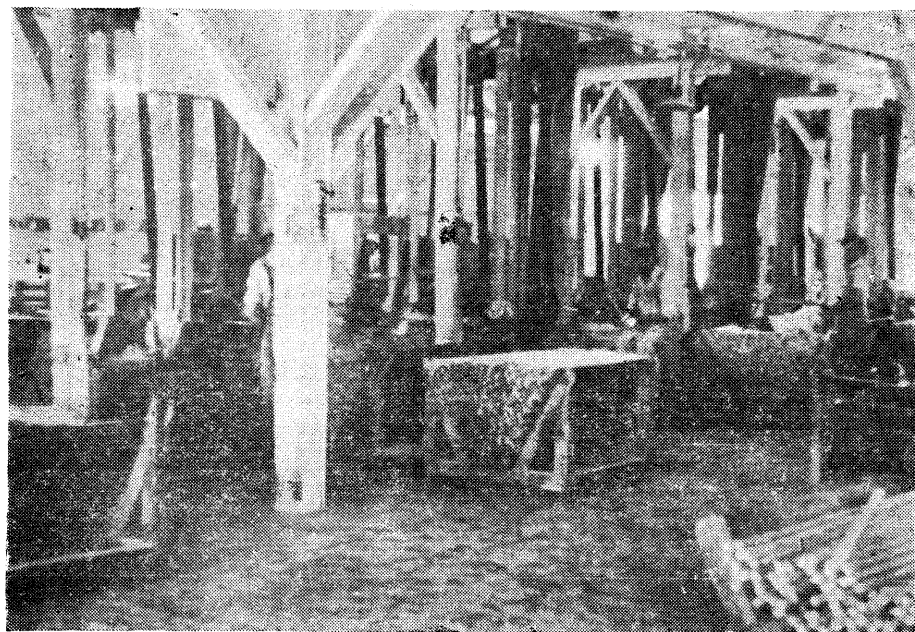
One of the many advantages of this innovation is the fact that it eliminates clinkers in the furnaces at the mill. The main advantages, however, includes the elimination of damage to band saws, damage to the hog, the chains, and the elimination of dirt, grit and dust.

The spray was installed at Southern Pine Lumber Company's Mill No. 1 on April 9, 1948. It was built at Southern Pine's shops here at Diboll under the supervision and from the plans of Marvin Hamner.

Mr. Hamner says that he has been trying seven or eight years to figure out the perfect log washing device, drawing hundreds of sketches, formulating ideas, and trying to get in his mind the one he thought best. Finally he came up with a sketch that he knew was it. The welders, using scrap materials, put it together according to his direction and Southern Pine Lumber Company had a log spray that is considered the very tops in the industry.

Marvin Hamner was born in Spiro, Oklahoma, now in Indian territory. The year was 1878. He came to Diboll on December 30, 1911, and started to work as a construction millwright on

(Continued to page 11)



An inside view of the Temple-White plant at Diboll where more than a million handles are produced each month.

The Big Windbag . . .

The Far East has its typhoons; the Gulf of Mexico its hurricanes; the Midwest its tornadoes. Take the worst blow in each, combine all three into one terrific wind and you'll have but a gentle summer breeze compared to Diboll's champion windbag — G. P. (Rat) Johnson, our supply house man.

This poor man's Westbrook Pegler has been blasting the shop crew in the Buzz Saw for the past few months through the medium of his column "Let's Talk Shop." He has been dispensing his distorted dissertations for the past several years through the medium of his foghorn voice—treating the truth with no respect whatsoever and his listeners with no regard for their time, their intelligence or their kinfolks. To give the readers of this sheet a true picture of this car-house Claghorn we must delve first into his youth.

Johnson the boy: Thirty-nine years ago disaster struck the happy home of Judge and Mrs. Johnson. George Pedigo had arrived. The grief stricken parents looked into the crib, then silently at each other, and while the neighbors gathered in small hushed groups around the house and in the yard the doctor emerged with a stern expression on his face, his satchel in his hand. "You are all wrong," he said. "It is human and I'll stake my medical reputation on it!"

The years went by and Johnson began to adjust himself to the world in which he lived. He came down out of the trees, and his father forced him into the public school, where his teachers discovered that his fertile imagination, his fondness for the fantastic, and his absolute abhorrence of the truth made him quite a favorite with his playmates. At recess they would sit enraptured, listening to his stories of travels to far-away lands, his accomplishments as a fighter, his plans for changing the world and his schemes to abolish the school system. Then only twenty-one years of age, Johnson had advanced to the second grade. He had never been out of precinct four, had never whipped anything but pancake batter, and had his I. Q. been taken the report would in all probability been returned marked: "This pupil is in a state of severe shock. Get him medical attention quick!"

The Southern Pacific trains came and went, lumber was stacked and unstacked, Franklin D. Roosevelt with his irresistible force put his immovable object in the chair of the Presidency and now we find Johnson the man in his office at T.S.E. supply house. Listen:

"Yes, boys, looks to me like there'll be a war soon. There'll be fighting between this country and the Japs if I'm not badly mistaken and I seldom am. Yesterday they bombed Pearl Harbor and Manila and my prediction is that we'll have war. Mark my words."

How Johnson could possibly predict war only one day after Pearl Harbor remains until this minute a mystery. It is grim evidence of his keen perception, his vision, his intricate knowledge of foreign affairs. He turned out to be absolutely right on that occasion and he turned out to be absolutely right on his famous presidential prediction the day following the death of FDR. "In my opinion," said Johnson lighting up a long cigar and propping his feet on his desk. "The man who'll occupy the White House from now on will be Harry S. Truman." Later we all knew we had heard the words of a genius without fully realizing his true abilities as a forecaster of national affairs. For all this we now give him his just dues. The credit is his and his alone. The sad part about it was that when

he finished the second of these two assertions he never again said anything that had actually ever happened or anything that actually ever would. Which brings us to the true Johnson—the man with the big mouth, the big ears, the big Southern exposure. Johnson the windbag.

"Yes boys, when things got to popping I went down and offered my services to my country. I volunteered, put on a uniform, said 'Gimme a M-1 and let me show you how to exterminate a few hundred Nazis right quick! Over there I went and I showed 'em. A Major said to me one day: 'Johnson, you're the best man I got. I'm gonna send you on a special patrol through the lines tonight.' I says: 'Now listen Maje, you ain't sending me nowhere 'til I get ready to go. I'm not afraid to do anything but I think we ought to wait 'til tomorrow night for strategic reasons.'" He shut up. Never tried to order me around again—none of the rest of 'em did either, after that. I was King Bee in that outfit and there was no doubt about it. Now when I got back I was tough—!"

We will cut the Windbag off at this point to give you the facts. He entered the army in June 1943 after having been chased through Polk, Trinity, Houston, and Rusk counties by the draft board and finally cornered by a deputy from Jacksonville. Stationed in California for awhile, he convinced his commanding officer that he could be done without and was transferred to New Jersey, thence to the state of New York, thence to Miami Beach, Florida. For the same reason that tomatoes were not shipped overseas, Johnson remained in the states for the duration. In January, 1946, he was given an honorable discharge—proof of the extreme leniency of the government in the jubilation of victory. We will say one thing, however, about the military career of this sterling character. He didn't remain static. Entering the army as a private, Johnson's rise was rapid. After only three years of service his unusual abilities had been so often recognized by his superiors that he advanced step by step from the lowly rank of private to the exalted status of Private First Class. Some in Diboll may say that such an accomplishment in so short a time was the result of "Pull." We think not. We think it was simply that the military authorities recognized in Johnson his true evaluation, promoted him to P.F.C. and said to themselves, "Well, that is that," and walked off.

Now back to the windbag: "—yes sir, I decided that I'd go down there and jump on this old boy just for fun. I spied him at the store, walked up and hit him a right cross to the chin, a left hook in the middle. Down he went. When he got up I shuffled my feet, hit him six or seven times and that was all there was to it. Felt sorry for the fellow but I had a grudge against him and I had to whip him. He begged me to quit bopping him and I finally figured he'd had enough, so I left and that ended it."

The facts of that fight, as all of us well remember are as follows: Johnson, in the year 1941, did jump on a certain Diboll citizen on the store porch. After being mauled from one end of the building to the other, and from one end of his anatomy to the other, the Windbag took the count, feigned injury. "You just wait 'til I'm able to get around again—I'll meet you and whip you like you ain't never been whipped before," he shouted at his opponent, according to witnesses. "Just anytime, Buddy," his victor answered. "Let me know when you're ready and I'll send my little brother and make it an even fight." The Windbag, weighing six pounds more than a Greyhound bus, was not amused.



GEORGE "RAT" JOHNSON

Nor was he interested in a return bout either with his conqueror or the little brother, because until this day he has neglected to dispatch the necessary challenge.

Again, the Windbag speaks: "Yes boys, before I got married I was really getting around with the women. One night I went out here to a big dance—had the most gorgeous blonde you ever saw. Old McHenry Kimmey was there—he saw me. Soon as I walked in I see McHenry's gal get him by the arm and take him out of the place. She was 'fraid old Mac would go for my date, I reckon, and away they went. Boy, that gal of mine was really a honey. We—."

We interrupt the Windbag at this point after interviewing McHenry Kimmey to get the true story. Yes, he was at that particular dance, and yes, Johnson came in with a date. "I saw him when he first walked in," says Kimmey, whose reputation for veracity is the antithesis of the Windbag's. "I remember it very vividly because my date, who was about twenty-five years old, grabbed me by the arm and whispered: 'Let's get out of here quick! There's mother!'"

For twenty-one of the big Windbag's thirty-nine years Southern Pine Lumber Company has had him on the payroll, and on their hands. During this time he has worked, he says, and we quote: "Yes sir, I've worked everywhere on the plant—I liked keeping track of the supplies better so I accept this job. Ain't a nut or a bolt in here I can go right to—and I got fifty or sixty thousand items in stock and I can come in here in the dark and find any of 'em on the first grab. Since I been here we ain't lost a nail, even. I know my stuff and there's no man living can beat me keeping supplies or doing pretty near anything else!"

In our opinion, Johnson is tops in just one field—the field of chin flapping. A member of the "Liar's Club, National" by popular acclamation, he says he was released in Florida upon the occasion of catching a record 55 pound sailfish. A picture in his pocket, often mistaken for a blotter as a result of having been flashed on his listeners so many times, shows Johnson standing triumphantly beside, of all things, a 55 pound sailfish. "Yes, sir, I had a terrific struggle with him. I hooked him off Miami and—." Just a minute, Windbag. I, too, was stationed in Florida during the war. I know that sailfish well. Approximately 10,000 soldiers had their picture taken standing by the side of your prize catch. It cost two-bits a shot. Anybody going down there this winter can still find him hanging at J. R. Muckleroy's Pier 24 Fishing and Boating Club, Miami, Florida. Then they can claim that they caught him, too. All it costs is two-bits.

Yes, we'll put Johnson up against anybody in a liar's contest. Not only that, we'll spot his opponent two lies and still bet on him. Any takers?

Letter to Employees

I have given a good bit of study lately to the benefits paid to our employees under the Group Accident and Sickness Policy now in effect. In my opinion, it is inadequate to take the great financial burden of a misfortune of this type from the shoulders of our men. At present you receive the following:

1. Accident and sickness weekly benefit of \$7.00.
2. Hospital room allowance of \$3.00 per day.
3. Allowance for hospital extras \$18.00.
4. Surgical benefits equal to 50 percent of the cost of an operation. This cost is based on a schedule which does not quite come up to the fees charged at this time by most doctors.

In addition to the group accident and sickness policy, practically all of you are paying \$1.00 per month into an employees welfare fund, which is administered by an employees committee. This fund at present provides the following:

1. It pays up to \$40.00 on any hospital bill for an employee or his dependent.
2. It provides funds for needy charity in the town of Diboll.

After much study and after taking bids from several companies, we determined that we could increase the benefits from the group accident and sickness policy considerably by increasing the premium payment in the amount of \$1.20 per month per employee. In order to do this it is recommended by the Management that the employee authorize the transfer of 75 cents from the \$1.00 welfare contribution to the increased group policy. In cases where the employee does make such an authorization the company will add 45 cents to their present contribution to the group policy and the following increase in benefits **without additional cost** will be available to you. Here are the changes:

1. Your accident and sickness weekly benefit will be increased from \$7.00 to \$10.50, or an increase of 50 per cent.
2. Your hospital room allowance will be increased from \$3.00 per day to \$4.00 per day, or an increase of 33 per cent.
3. Your allowance for hospital extras will be increased from \$18.00 to \$60.00, or an increase of 233 per cent.
4. Your surgical benefits will be increased to 100 per cent of cost as set out in the approved schedule of rates. This means that you will receive from \$5.00 to \$150.00 for an operation, the amount of the benefit being determined by the type of operation you or your dependents undergo.

As stated above, 75 cents of your present welfare contribution will be transferred to the group accident policy, which will leave 25 cents in the emergency fund, as usual for special needy charity cases. It is estimated that this 25 cents will be adequate to carry on this work for the time being. It is our sincere wish and belief that in the not too distant future we will be able to eliminate this voluntary 25 cent charge for charity funds as a result of the new Coca-Cola machine employee welfare fund.

The plan is entirely voluntary. You can leave your insurance and welfare funds as they are now, or you can change to the new plan as outlined above.

It is a pleasure to announce this additional free insurance because we believe the plan comes nearer meeting the requirements of our people than any other plan we might adopt.

Sincerely yours,
Southern Pine Lumber Co.
By Arthur Temple, Jr.

GET READY FOR FREDDIE . . .

The legends as to the origin of the name Diboll are just about as many as the definition for love. They range all the way from the one about the old ox named ball being brought to the site where Diboll is located to the one about the bunch who were giving a ball here many years ago which was raided by the sheriff and the revlers arrested for disturbing the peace. When the sheriff came up to where these gay ones were and warned them that if they didn't stop balling, somebody would get killed. One of the fellows answered: "Okay Sheriff, we will just die balling."



FREDDIE LEWIS

Well we won't go any further into the origin of the name but as far as yours truly is concerned this is home and the game started with me when I made my entrance into the world in the year 1905.

It is my understanding that the kickoff was in 1894 when the late Mr. T. L. Temple and his team took the ball on the goal line and started the march up the field. This game—lumbering—was in its infancy then and the ball carrier had to be on his own a good deal of the time. There were no long gains or touchdowns to start with because creating the town of Diboll was a slow go. However, like all winning teams, Southern Pine Lumber Company continued to fight. They made lots of goal line stands and weathered many a storm—losing from time to time some of their star performers but always managing to come back and hold the line with a replacement.

Mr. Arthur Temple succeeded his father as president, begin calling the signals, and has been our head coach ever since—and one of the best. When

I broke into the line-up Mr. Watson Walker was manager at Diboll with Mr. William Ashworth and Mr. P. H. Strauss his running mates.

When I got into the game my first assignment was on the carline at the planing mill. The late Mr. Hollis Warner was shipping clerk with Mr. Jeff Jayroe his blocking back. With this array of talent on the team, Mr. Walker advanced the ball way up the field and Diboll began to make a name for itself in the lumber world. Some other stars on the team at that time were Mr. W. P. Ruland, Mr. E. C. Durham, Mr. J. J. O'Hara, and several others who together made a club that just couldn't be beaten.

The late Mr. H. G. Temple came back to Diboll from Pineland (he started out here, you know, before going over there) in 1937 and under his generalship Diboll really begin to hit its stride. And we kept on reaching greater heights. Mr. Temple died in February of this year leaving behind him a reputation of having been one of the most universally loved men anywhere at any time.

Mr. Arthur Temple, Jr. took over the team in March, 1948 here in Diboll and begin calling the signals. And believe me he can call them. In fact, at this writing it seems a cinch that he will be an "All American" before the end of his first season because he has already set many records and done a thousand worthwhile things for employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and the people of Diboll.

We must all remember that though Diboll has a long way to go—and we are really going—it has also come a long way, too, from the one horse

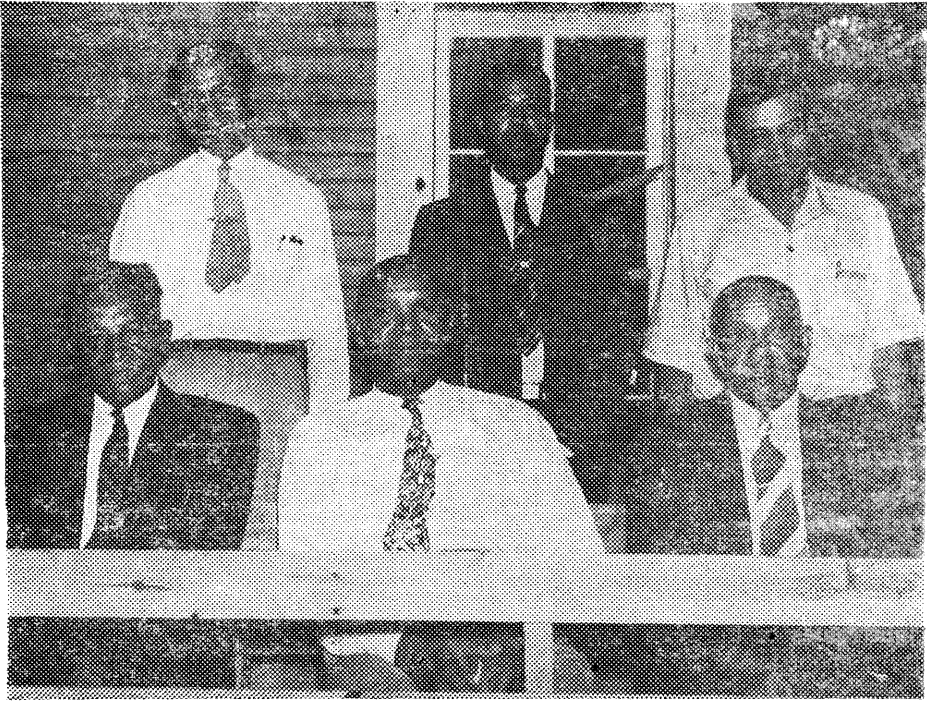
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Williams and Sibley, two top hands in Dewey Ballinger's crew.

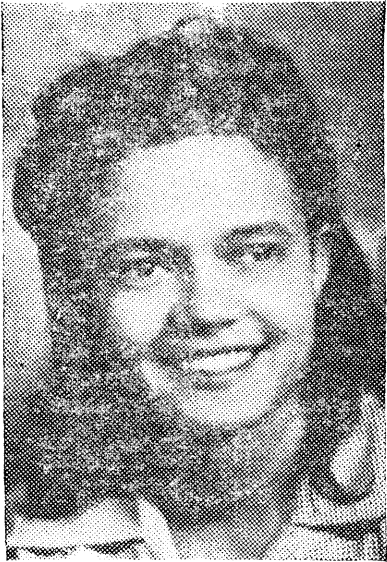


Percy Garrett, ex-dining car chef, and head cook at Southern Pine Lumber Company's Boggy Slough Hunting Club.



BROTHERHOOD OFFICERS: (left to right standing) Freeland Goldman, assistant secretary; Finis Henderson, secretary; Robert Nash, treasurer. Seated: E. A. Armstad, chaplain; Dave O'Neil, president; Jack Mainor, vice president.

Around the Town with Eddie Mae Bradley . . .



By EDDIE MAE BRADLEY

Registration was held at H. G. Temple High School on September 3rd. Classes began September 7th. The normal amount of enrollees were present plus a few new students.

Lillie M. Simmons and Alta C. Henderson, two local teachers, are out of school due to illness. Maurine Haynes, a recent Wiley graduate of Houston, Texas, and Joy Mae Williams, a recent Jarvis College graduate and a local girl, are filling the vacancies and are doing very nicely. Vacation is over and after visiting several states and attending various schools, the teachers are now hard at work. Austerine Gilbert visited in Kansas; Edna Mae Rucker visited in Canada; Lillie M. Simmons visited in Los Angeles and C. O. Bradley, local principal, and yours truly, attended school at Prairie View A & M College.

Quite a few Temple high school graduates are away in college. Vera King, Queen Esther Taylor, Harold Cade, and Henry C. Rollins are in Prairie View; Martha Cosey, Isabelle Odom, Jewell and Louise Cade are in Jarvis; Herbert is again at Texas College; A. B. Lewis, James Allen, James Rhone and Eugene Hodges are at Texas State University. We hope for each of them great success in their college careers and congratulate them in their efforts to go higher in their quest for an education.

Temple high school is boasting this year of an electric water cooler and the prospects of a good football team. In addition to this in the near future

we are expecting work to begin (as soon as plans are complete) on the new H. G. Temple Memorial gymnasium which will be a combination gym and auditorium. It will be one of the finest in the state and something that we are all looking forward to with keen interest.

We extend to all of you an invitation to come to Diboll and see the great transformation that has taken place all over the town. Everything is being improved—our school, churches, houses, streets, working conditions, and dozens of other things and we are all indeed proud to be a part of the progressive program for Diboll. We are all working together for each other as part of the Southern Pine organization and looking forward to the future with brighter hopes than we have had ever before.



Jesse (Tet) Pierson, the greatest baseball pitcher ever produced by Diboll. In his heyday Tet often called in his entire outfield in the ninth inning, then would strike out the three batters with ease.

Home is where part of the family waits until the rest of them bring back the car.

A woman wrote a daily paper from a very secluded rural spot as follows: "My sister and I are not exactly lonely out here. We got each other to speak to but we need another woman to talk about."

The Buzz Saw

Published monthly by and for employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company

I Might Be Right . . .

In this special Forest Festival edition of the Buzz Saw we are including several stories and write-ups which have appeared in earlier editions of our paper such as "The Return of The Travelling Engineer," "The Night the Corpse Woke Up," "Diboll Has Locally Invented Log Spray," "The Shop Has Mighty Fistman," and several others. These—along with the poem "Fearless Farley Rides Again"—were requested by quite a few people who missed the first seven or eight issues of the Buzz Saw but who heard about the articles through readers of our paper who had seen every copy. We are highly complimented that they want these pieces reprinted and they will be found in this special Forest Festival edition.

Incidentally, this is the sixteenth of the Buzz Saw series. The paper is printed by the Angelina County News of Huntington, Texas, and written throughout by Southern Pine employees. None of us have ever had any experience as editors or writers. We simply began the Buzz from scratch and learned how to get it together as we went along.

Several of our articles have been reprinted by various magazines—"Why Should Not He Be A Lumberman" appeared in the Gulf Coast Lumberman; "The Estes Swamp Buggy" was reprinted both in the Southern Lumberman and in the Ford Motor Company national magazine; a story about Diboll will soon appear in the Coca-Cola world-wide publication distributed in every civilized country on the globe, and so on. In addition to these, we have been reprinted in various newspapers on several occasion—all of which we get a special kick out of not only because it means free publicity for our company, but also because it makes us feel that what we have in the Buzz Saw is sometimes pretty good reading.

We come out once a month with this sheet and distribute it free to employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and Temple-White, Inc. of Diboll. In addition to that, we have a mailing list of many hundreds of people all over the country who have some special interest in Diboll, either as a former resident of the town or as somebody with friends here. If you want to be mailed each month a free copy of this paper just write "The Buzz Saw," Diboll, Texas, and we will be glad to send you one.

In this special Forest Festival edition we have attempted to give you, both in print and in pictures, an insight into our company and our town—the things that are being done here to improve working conditions, living conditions, and the general welfare of the people as a whole. We think we have the finest and most progressive sawmill town anywhere with dozens of innovations that the average person would never dream of finding in a place of this size. We invite you all to come and visit us and see a little city that is really on the upgrade and gaining momentum every day.

We all have a great deal of pride in our company, our town, and in the fact that we are members of the Southern Pine Family all working together toward better things.

Mighty Fistman—

(Continued from page 2)

they managed to bring all three of 'em around so nobody was permanently injured. When they got to their feet—several hours later—they all shook hands with me, cautiously, and left without saying a word. After that, everywhere I went in the Philippines and various other places I could hear them saying: "There he is—That's One Blow Joe."

"I got so famous that one day a pro-



ARTHUR TEMPLE, Jr., Manager

fessional fighter challenged me to a bare knuckle bout. He weighed 230 and was well known but I don't remember his name. Anyway, I accepted the challenge. This was in Manila and about 10,000 or so troops turned out to watch it. When the bell rang I shuffled out of my corner and hit him one blow. The medics came in and after a little artificial respiration, cold water, and a couple of hypos they managed to bring him around and nobody was permanently injured. When he got on his feet—sometime later—he shook hands with me, cautiously, that is, and left without saying a word. The troops all joined in a chant that went on through the night and it sounded like this: 'We want mo' of One Blow Joe.'

"After that I took on all comers. In my eighty-third fight I almost had to hit a man the second time. At least on the count of nine this fellow's lower jaw moved and he looked like he still had some life in him. Later,

however, we found out that his upper bridgework had been knocked loose by my blow and simply fell down, causing his lip to drop. That was my closest shave. But it never happened again. When I hit 'em one time they were always knocked colder than a wedge."

So there you have the facts of how Hendrix acquired the name of "One Blow Joe."

Now we'll tell you something in a more serious vein about old "One Blow." He didn't have to go to war. He had a wife and two fine little girls. But he volunteered, went overseas for thirteen months to do his part in defeating the Japanese. He is a skilled shop man who knows his machines and his work. He practices safety and has never had an accident of any kind while employed by Southern Pine. Everybody likes old "One Blow." It ain't healthy not to.

That "One Blow Joe" stuff might be the truth.



Shown above is Diboll's recently acquired ambulance . . . It along with the new hospital plant gives the sawmill town as complete a health and accident unit as can be found anywhere . . .

THE NIGHT THE CORPSE WOKE UP

By PROFESSOR W. J. JACKSON
(Just as he wrote it)

Once a family of people lived at Old Emporia whose names were Phillips. They had been working at the sawmill before it cut out. They remained there after the mill quit though nearly every family had moved away but them. Finally old Father Phillips taken ill. A little later one of his sons also taken ill. The good people of Diboll, hearing of their need for someone to sit up with the sick, went down there to sit. They sit up every night for about three weeks. The sick didn't seem to be recovering very fast and the Brothers had been sitting up, sick or no sick, and they needed rest for at least a night or two so they decided to take a little vacation for a few nights. The family then had to sit up and they decided to change the old man into another room and put the son in his room.

The next night Father Phillips died. The Brothers in Diboll were notified that he had passed and were asked to please come down and shroud and lay him out. A group of Brethren—Steve Watts, Harry Green, Reverend Warren Davis, Deacon Watson Johnson, and several more—went down to dress the corpse. Mother Phillips told them where they would find the clothes she wanted her departed husband buried in. The Brothers got his clothes out, got a tub of water, some towels, and everything else needed for the job. Reverend Warren Davis, acting as chairman, said: "Well, Brethren, I believe we have everything ready now so let's get it over". All the Brothers were moving around very quietly.

The younger Phillips boy was sleeping in the bed that Father Phillips usually slept in and the one he was in all the nights the Brothers had sit up with him. So this was the bed they went to with the clothes, thinking it was the dead man in it. The boy had his head almost covered up and when Reverend Davis caught hold of the sheet and threw it back it woke the boy up. The boy turned his head and said: "What's the trouble, gentlemen?"

There was very little light in the room; just one small oil lamp on a table in the far corner so the Brothers naturally figured the dead man was talking. Nobody tried to give him any answer to his question. Instead all broke and run for the door. Steve Watts weighed about three hundred pounds and Harry Green two hundred and fifty and they hit the door at the same time and got stuck. The other Brothers was in a hurry to get out and they ran against Steve and Harry together and knocked them both through the door and out into the hall. Old Mother Phillips was in the same hall and the whole bunch ran over her and knocked her out. The Brothers got to the open air and ran through the fence and took off two sections of it because the gate was not quite in a bee line of their course of flight and they did not make any changes but kept straight ahead.

They cut across a field and got to the woods still running very fast and then they discovered that some of the Brothers had become separated. Steve Watts and Harry Green came up on the Neches river which was three miles from the Phillips house but in the wrong direction for Diboll so they slowed down to a walk and started back up the H. E. & W. T. Railroad track for home. The track came through Emporia near the Phillips house, so when they got in sight of the old mill site they taken to the woods again and made a wide circle to keep from having to pass too close to the place where the dead man was.

Freddie—

(Continued from page 7)

town of 1900 to the bustling sawmill community that it is now. In the early days when a person got off the train at Diboll he saw nothing but a couple of boxcars for a depot, a beat-up commissary, and a few scattered houses.

The mill itself was a little pecker-wood affair located up near where the shops are at the present day with none of the modern equipment and methods of producing lumber or taking care of timber that are so important at the present time. Another thing: Diboll and the mill were both built strictly on a temporary basis because the officials of Southern Pine Lumber Company figured they had just so many years of cut and no more. Reforestation was unheard of. Mills would be built here and there with the idea that later they would move when they had cut out all the timber. To log a distance of more than 15 or 20 miles was almost unheard of, whereas, today we are bringing them in from Hull one hundred miles away and thinking nothing of it.

The picture in Diboll has changed so completely that it is hard to describe. Where once we thought we were living on borrowed time, we know now that Southern Pine Lumber Company will be operating 100 years from now because we are harvesting the timber as a crop on a rotation

They got in to Diboll between eight and nine o'clock that morning. Watson Johnson and Reverend Davis and some of the others found themselves at Ryans lake which was three and one half miles west of Emporia and about the same distance from Diboll so they did not get in until about ten a. m. Pa Hall was another one of the Brothers and the one who went the longest distance as he found his self in Burke and came back into Diboll at noon on the passenger train.

It was two days before they could get anybody to go down to Emporia and lay the corpse out. None of the Brothers in the first bunch went with the second because they said they had been once and it was not their time to go again.

basis and have sufficient land to make certain that we will never cut it out. Where once we had a commissary that was short on everything including service, we now have an ultra-modern store with all the conveniences of a super-market in a big city—air conditioned, the latest and best of merchandise, a help-yourself grocery department, a modern market with frozen foods, a super-duper drug store and all sorts of other things in one building 210 feet long that is worth a trip to Diboll to see if you live anywhere in East Texas.

Diboll has a new up to the minute clinic which replaces the old doctor's office above the store. In this clinic we have everything, the latest laboratory equipment, x-rays, hospital rooms, treatment rooms, and last but not least two doctors—Dr. J. R. Dale and Dr. Dan Spivey.

Diboll has a modern theater located across the street from the Inn—a show place in itself built out of logs and all sorts of unusual inlaid woods.

We have a new housing project being built on each side of Diboll; we have a paved loop through the town connecting with the highway recently completed, asphalt streets, plans for a new ice plant a gymnasium for H. G. Temple high school, and soon to be built, dozens of other things to lift the face of Diboll and make it the keenest thing in East Texas in the way of sawmill towns.

All this, coupled with better working conditions—adds up to yardage gained by the team of Southern Pine as we march forward as one of the Temple Industries. We have the best coaching, the best equipment, and an All-American Field General in Mr. Arthur Temple, Jr. All we have to do is to get shoulder to shoulder as a team and do our best working together to put Southern Pine so far out in front of any other lumber company in the country that the spectators can say "That whole bunch is All-American." And we will be.

In other words our quarter-back needs good interference (hard work), effective blocking (cooperation), and the proper team spirit (high morale) and if he gets all three we just can't lose to anybody. Let's give it to him!

"Old Thee"

(A True Story of Diboll)

In the early Twenties a strange rumor swept the colored section of Diboll. A spirit—and one that talked—was in Conn's pasture. Nobody knew much about it and nobody seemed at all anxious to find out anything about it—but it was there because Henry Jones (the person is real—the name fictitious) had been down there talking to it. In fact, Henry was the only man who could talk to it and understand what the spirit said back because it spoke an unknown tongue which, miraculously enough, Henry had happened to master.

The spirit, as all the old timers will verify, was known as "Old Thee."

Now it so happened that after considerable talk about Old Thee, Henry began going to selected houses and telling the occupants therein that the spirit wanted them to appear at a certain shack in Conn's field at 10 o'clock the following Saturday night to receive a personal message. None dared to ignore the summons, though the trek down to meet, or at least to hear, Old Thee was, to say the least, a terrifying thing to look forward to. The first official utterance of Old Thee was on Saturday night after a two weeks' publicity build-up by Henry Jones, the mystic interpreter. Sixteen had been summoned and sixteen were present, huddled together in the one-room house at the appointed hour waiting in goose-bumps to hear the voice of the spirit and to receive their respective message, then to be released for the foot race back to town.

According to one member of the group present on the occasion—and who still lives in Diboll—there was dead silence for some fifteen minutes. Then Henry perked up his ears, listened very intently with his face shining in the glow of a lamp placed in one corner of the room while 32 eyes, wide open and moving slowly this way and that, searched the darkness of the windows for a sign of a hand or an arm or whatever might be the manner of Old Thee's appearance.

(Continued to page 11)

COLORED EMPLOYEES GET IMPROVED QUARTERS



Pictured above is the first of many new houses to be constructed for colored employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company at Diboll. Located on the South side of the colored section of town in the wooded area north of Conn's lake, this new house has all modern conveniences including bath room, natural gas, concrete front and back porch, extra electrical outlets, and many other features that go into a comfortable modern home. The above house will rent for approximately \$18.00 per month which will include water, free garbage collection, and many other facilities not enjoyed by the renter of a house in most other East Texas towns. Present plans call for the building of an entire new addition in this part of Diboll. Compare this house with any similar house in other towns and we believe you will find nothing like it at such low rental. Southern Pine Lumber Company is building these houses to improve the living conditions of its employees, to brighten the appearance of the town, and to make Diboll a model community without parallel in East Texas.

An Interview With Pop The Barber

(Alfred J. Popham, who operates the Southern Pine barber shop in Diboll, was recently approached for a story of his life by a Buzz Saw reporter during the process of a haircut. Here is a play-by-play account of the interview).

Reporter: "Pop, we'd like to get you in the next issue of the Buzz Saw—something about where you are from and—"

Pop: "Yeah, that's a nice little paper. But I don't know anything I could tell you about myself hardly except that I was born down here at Crackers Bend in Trinity County and stayed there 'til I was nine or ten years old. Rough place, Crackers Bend—and way back in the sticks, not near a railroad or anything else. Never will forget one time a rifle bullet came through our house—I was about eight, I guess—came right through the kitchen and just missed us all. There wasn't a word said about it; we just kept on eating. Finally Papa looked up, pointed his fork at me and said "That's those Cooper boys, son. I don't want you to ever grow up and have such bad manners as they have—or such bad aim." Then we finished supper and went to bed and didn't think any more about it because we weren't in the feud and knew the bullet was just a wild shot."

Reporter: "Where did you go when you left—"

Pop: "Well, sir, that Crackers Bend was **some** place. One time a fellow passing through there—a stranger—got to talking to one of the nesters about the killings and fighting he'd heard about being so frequent in that neck of the woods. The nester told him: 'A man who lives 'til eleven or twelve around here is just plain lucky.' 'You mean,' said the stranger, 'that they kill 'em off at that age?' 'That **age** nothing' the nester replied. 'I'm talking about the time of day!' The stranger looked at his watch, hit his team with a branch and lit out for parts unknown. And he never DID come back. Think maybe he was a drummer but nobody could find out. They used to do 'em all like that—didn't want 'em around, I guess."

Reporter: "Now Pop, let's get to the part where you leave—"

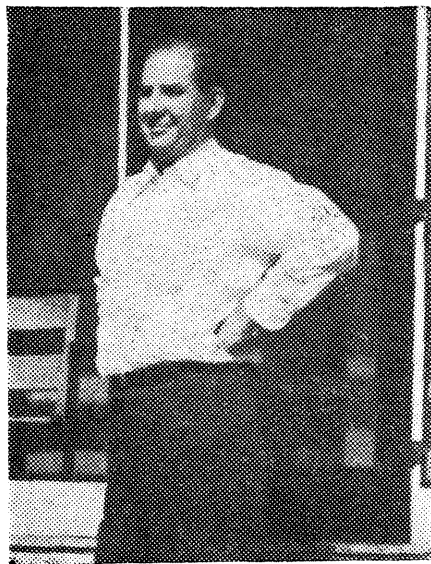
Pop: "Well, son, I tell you. I moved to Coleman County when I was nine or ten. We had another farm there and I worked on it up to the time I was fourteen. I was just a big old yearling boy. Didn't know much about anything but following Old Beck. You want some off the top? O. K. Well, one day I was sitting in a little cross-roads store playing dominoes with another boy and we heard a fellow talking about needing some log cutters. Both of us wanted a change from the farm so we left and went to work for Lufkin Land Lumber Company in the woods. We met some fellows out there who had been to town a time or two and one of 'em agreed to take us in to see what brick buildings and paved streets looked like. Never had seen 'em before and this old boy and I really looked everything over. We saw a man standing in a doorway there in Lufkin wearing a white coat. Both of us were curious so we walked up to him and asked him what he did. He said: 'I'm a barber.' I said: 'Well I'm a Popham—but what I want to know is what kind of work you do.' When he answered that he cut hair I figured he was kidding us because I thought everybody's hair was cut at home three or four times a year with a pair of shears like mine had always been. We looked in his shop, though, and sure enough there was another fellow in a white coat giving a customer a store bought haircut, so we went in and got one. You want a

tonic? This isn't bad tonic I got here and your hair's pretty dead. O. K., next time.

Let's see now. Oh yeah, I sat there in that barber chair that day at the age of 23 and I said to myself: "Cutting hair ought to be a lot easier than cutting logs. I'm going to be a barber!"

On December First, 1920 I had just finished a five-week course at the Molars Barber College in Houston and had my diploma. Had pretty good grades in college down there except on the final exam I flunked massages. Graduated anyway, though, and learned that later.

How about a shampoo? Your hair could sure stand a good washing. I washed it day before yesterday? Oh well, gets dirty around here pretty fast. We'll get it next trip. Where were we. 1920? That's right. I started barbering in Babe Gant's shop in Groveton, lasted thirty days. Those Trinity County boys—some of 'em



POP, THE BARBER

from Crackers Bend—were used to bucket type haircuts and somehow did not take to the new model jobs I learned in Houston where you feather-edge it, so I packed up and went to West Columbia. I decided after I'd been there a while that I was ready for the big time so I went to Port Arthur, worked in a shop down there. Believe it or not, but I used to cut a man's hair in Port Arthur who lived in Kansas City, Missouri. Came down there every two weeks. Ever had your hair singed? O. K. About this fellow from Kansas City? Well, he was a conductor on the railroad and Port Arthur was the end of his run. But he COULD have been getting it cut in K. C. where I imagine they have several pretty fair sized shops. Anyway, I worked in Port Arthur for twenty-three years, finally came to Lufkin then down here to Diboll in 1946 on July 11th. Figuring on staying here, too, from now on out.

I'll tell you, you can't beat Southern Pine Lumber Company. Whether you are barbering, working in the saw-mill or what, I think you're better off in Diboll than you'd be almost anywhere else. Things just cost you less here than they do in a big town or most of the small towns in East Texas when you get right down to figuring it in dollars and cents. Even haircuts. Did you know that haircuts cost you a dollar in most big cities. Sure do. And shaves six-bits. This one? Aw, gimme four bits and that ought to do it. And say, I wish I could tell you something about myself for the Buzz Saw but I can't think of a thing. I'll study up on it and when you come in again we'll try to figure up something that you can write up. Be pretty good free advertising. O. K. Yeah, that's not a bad haircut if I do say so myself. NEXT!"

Engineer's Return—

(Continued, from page 3)

portunity to show his ability as a locomotive mechanic not long afterwards. A small rod came loose on the engine a few miles out of Lufkin. Cook got out, looked the situation over thoroughly, then decided to send a member of the train crew to a telephone to call in for help. The trainman walked two miles to a phone. An hour later a motor car arrived from Diboll with several shop men to put the 14 back in running order. Seeing what was the trouble, one of the men pulled out a pair of pliers and a screw driver, made a couple of turns and said "let her go." Bob, a self-styled locomotive mechanic with few equals, ran the train on into Diboll quietly, which was the last time he ever did without the fanfare of his whistle and a fast running conversation with his fireman or anybody else who happened to be riding in the cab with him.

The Travelling Engineer's faith in his saucy little 14 grew with the passing of time. First a "good little engine," she became "the best little engine," then finally "too much engine for the job she was on." Shortly after making the latter statement Cook started out on the lake spur with 22 EMPTIES to bring them into Diboll, stalled, backed clear up to Pine Valley, made another run with full throttle and finally brought them in. Dixon Waller said he could have done better with his Model A. But still Cook's confidence was unshakable. On another occasion, according to McKinney, King, Rushing and Waller, THREE CARS OF GRAVEL on the new spur between the pond and the Southern Pacific tracks were too much for him and a Caterpillar tractor had to be employed to help out. On still another occasion—and this one adds insult to injury—Bob was coming from the planer with six or seven cars, some were empty, and got in front of the T.S.E. office wide open but BARELY MOVING. Miss Tommie Jo Richey, agent for the road, saw his predicament, ran out and walked alongside the engine with her hand on the step PUSHING. With her assistance, they managed to prevent a complete stall and brought the seven cars into the yards.

But regardless of anything, the train crew—and nobody else—ever managed to get the best of the Travelling Engineer. His repartee was, and still is, unmatched. When Dixon Waller kidded him about having to back up so far to make a run for Diboll with the string of empties by saying: "Bob, had I known you were going to the Valley I would have asked you to stop so I could give you that coon at my house." Cook replied: "Why, when we got out there I thought you were going after him anyway. At least you were running and that's the first time I've seen a brakeman in anything but a walk in FOUR years!"

October, 1947, found everything at T.S.E. in the status quo. **Then without warning the unbelievable happened!**

Miss Tommie Jo Richey looked at the bulletin board, fell in her chair in a half-faint.

Bootsie Jackson, Traffic Manager, read the announcement, took off his glasses, cleaned them, put them back on, read it again with his lower jaw dropped down to his necktie.

Dixon Waller, Jim Rushing, Dick McKinney, B. L. King, Arthur Porter, Dovie Morgan, Wesley Ashworth Raymond Willis, Joe Bob Hendrick and the rest of the shop crew stood in hushed silence as C. A. Jordan held his hand up to the growing throng assembling around the T.S.E.—while mothers called frantically to their chil-

dren who scurried here and there on the fringes of the crowd in high excitement and people up and down the street leaned out of windows, doors, and over fences to see what was going on. "Just a minute, **Please!**" began Jordan. "Let's have no shoving—stand back! I'll read the announcement to everybody if you'll remain calm!" He began:

"EFFECTIVE OCTOBER 20th, 1947, MR. ROBERT FENLEY COOK, TRAVELLING ENGINEER FOR THE TEXAS SOUTH-EASTERN RAILROAD AND AFFILIATED LINES, HAS RESIGNED HIS POSITION TO ACCEPT EMPLOYMENT ELSEWHERE!"

A rumble of excited conversation swept the multitude.

Bob Cook was leaving the T.S.E. and his beloved 14! It was impossible! But it happened.

The facts are as follows: Bob, having decided that it was high time he got a little rest, made a deal with M. A. Curry, engineer on Southern Pine Lumber Company's log train, to swap jobs. Henry Temple consented, Bob said "Good Bye" 'to the 14, and on the 20th of October began his career as a log hogger. Curry moved over to the T.S.E. took over where Cook left off, and time marched on.

It marched on for thirty-two days.

Came Sunday afternoon, November 23rd, near the T.S.E. shops. Jim Richards and Dixon Waller were strolling around, looking over the long line of log cars, the parked locomotives. All was quiet. They approached Engine Number 14 standing silent and asleep in its regular place next to the fuel house. "I'll never leave you again, Baby," they heard a choked voice saying. "You've been mistreated ever since I left you. You're broken up but I'll return and nurse you back to health!" Waller and Richards looked at each other. "Some old boy is really begging his gal to give him another chance, isn't he?" said Waller. "Yeah, but he's got to do his courting somewhere besides around this shop. Let's ease around there and tell him to make his little speech somewhere else," answered Richards.

They walked around the front of the locomotive and what they saw can best be described in their own words: "We got around to the other side and there was the Travelling Engineer, Bob Cook, with tears in his eyes and down on his knees by the side of the right hand cylinder of the engine. But there wasn't any girl around—he was talking to the 14 herself. He didn't see us, just kept on talking and patting the cylinder of the locomotive just like he'd pat a child on the head. 'I'll come back and I won't ever let 'em mistreat you again!'" he kept saying. We thought he had gone out of his head or something, so we went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around, his eyes wet, and looked at both of us. 'Men, he said. 'I'm coming back to the T.S.E. tomorrow morning. They've pretty near ruined her!'" Then he walked off in the direction of home. Neither one of us had ever heard anything like that, but you know old Bob Cook is an unusual fellow to say the least and I guess we shouldn't have been surprised at **anything!**"

From across the ponds the following day at 12:50 came the lonesome moan of a locomotive whistle, its crescendo reverberating through the tall pine trees in a million separate echoes as a sprightly little lady, stepping high wide and handsome in her freshly polished coat, took off down the long grade of mill hill. Wives paused in their work; children busily engaged in play looked up in wonder; men going back to the plant stopped in their tracks to listen. The farmer halted his team

(Continued to page 11)

"OLD THEE"—

(Continued from page 9)

Then they heard it: "Buddle-de-bo, Biddle-de-be, Boop-de-deele-de-bleep-blee-be." The unknown tongue—and emanating from the darkness.

Henry addressed the shivering sixteen: "Is Sister Martha Jane Hopper in de crowd?" She was, indeed. "Old Thee say you got a brother in Silsbee. He is sick, but tonight he is better and Old Thee will have him up and about by Thursday week." Sister Martha Jane whispered to the others: "That's right, I have a brother in Silsbee in the hospital. How you reckon Old Thee know that?" Henry reassured her that Old Thee knew everything. The others perked up. Then again came the "Buddle-de-bo, Biddle-de-be" from outside the window next to Harry, a message for Sidney Dean about his insurance premium being due, about his Uncle in Houston. All true. Then other messages, predictions of things to come, mystic signs, and a parting admonition to do as Ald Thee said do or suffer the grave consequences.

Every night for about two weeks a parting admonition to do as Old Mumbo-Jumbo and Henry's translations. Some were strong for it, some not at all convinced. But after some twelve or fourteen meetings the congregation had grown to approximately 40 who were definitely sold, and from then on none but these forty were summoned to appear. One of the strangest aspects of Old Thee's activities was the fact that collections were never taken. Even the unbelievers had a hard time trying to figure that one out or how Henry—who, unlike Old Thee, had to eat—was managing to get by. But they didn't have long to wait. Because a few nights later even stranger things began to occur.

The faithful followers of Old Thee were observed slipping out of their houses about midnight carrying shovels, picks, boxes, sacks, and lanterns. About daybreak they would all come back, put up their tools, and get ready to go out on the plant for a sleepy days work. Everthing was very secretive—nobody knew anything but the favored forty. But the word spread rapidly that they were digging for buried money south of town. Some said they found part of it already and were getting close to the big haul. Others said they were just digging.

Old Thee was saying he would show them where it was the first night after the unsuccessful try of the night before, Old Thee would tell them, through Henry, that a foot had slipped—that somebody had faltered in their thoughts the day before and that he, therefore, did not give them the correct spot in which to dig but might tonight, depending on the extent of the confidence they had in him.

Then all would again testify to their undying devotion, Henry would get the message from Old Thee with reference to where to begin the night's digging, and dirt would fly 'til almost dawn with nothing uncovered save an occasional rock.

It was just before daylight after the fourth night when Henry informed the faltering forty that he had just been in contact with Old Thee and had some inside information on how they could find the buried treasure the next night for sure and no doubt about it. He said that Old Thee had intentionally shown them the wrong spot four times straight as a test of the willingness to endure hardship. They all passed the test and Old Thee was pleased. In fact, he was so pleased that he had given his word that the next night he would lead them to the right spot, positively, where—buried only a few feet underground—they would find two trunks filled with cash. There were just two conditions that must be fulfilled: One, all must agree to share the money equally without argument. Two, Old Thee must be shown that all believed in him without any doubt whatsoever. To accomplish the latter condition, the worldly goods of each of the prospective participants in the buried money must be turned over to his disciple, Henry, before the digging started—that is all the worldly goods easily carried, such as money and jewelry.

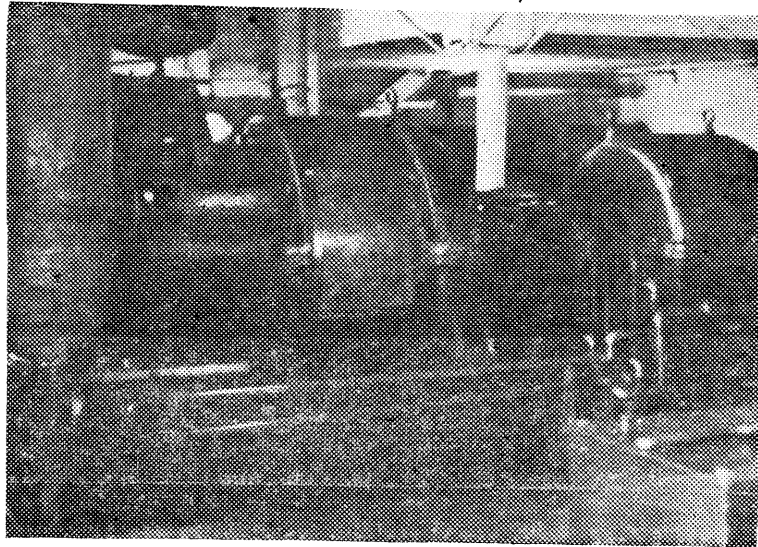
The final night came around and for the first time a few of the faithful were missing. But only a few. All the rest assembled in the shack, handed over the money, rings, bracelets, and various other items, heard Old Thee from the outside, got the translation, and took off for the spot for the final digging—about a mile and a half away. Henry led them to a thicket, circled around awhile, he pointed to a stump. "There," he pointed, "you will find two trunks about six feet under the ground, one on each side of the stump. I'm going back now and talk to Old Thee and when you get them out, bring them to the house and divide the money between you."

Daylight found the group still digging. But the group had found nothing. In fact, until this very day they have still found nothing—not even Henry. Somehow or another when they went back to the shack for further directions from Old Thee, it was deserted. Their money was gone, their jewelry, their interpreter, and their hopes. Old Thee—the voice from the darkness—was to be heard no more.

A minister and a safety man have a lot in common: Most people agree they are right, but so few follow their advice.

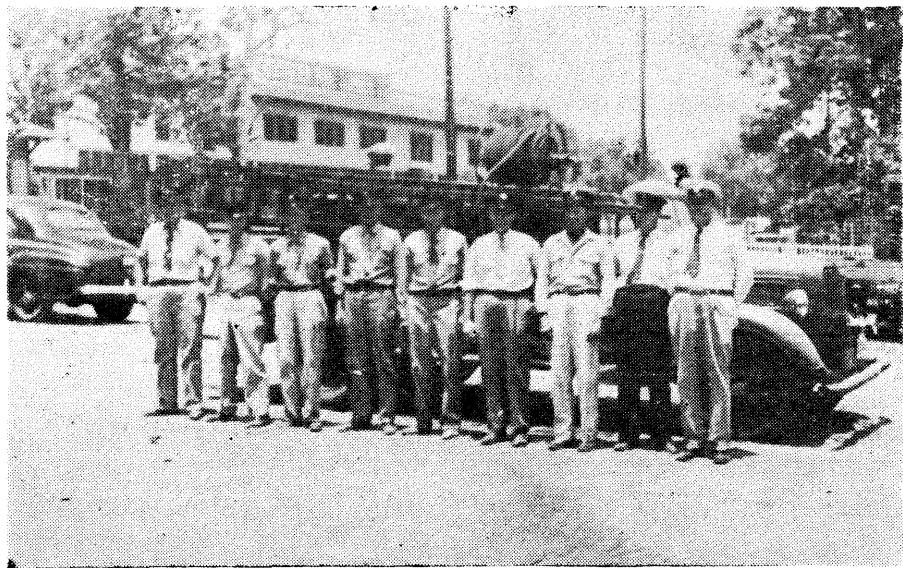
When you argue with a fool, be sure he isn't similarly engaged.

Power to Turn the Wheels



View of one of the giant turbines in the Diboll engine room.

Dobill Fire Department



The volunteer Fire Department is proud of its smoothly-operating organization. They have their ups and downs, but on the whole they're good boys and are efficient at their job.

Safety Expert—

(Continued from page 2)

which have occurred on that particular job and he knows first hand the dozens of near accidents that might have resulted in serious injury and possibly death. In other words, on that one particular job he knows more about safety than the safety engineer himself.

That man is you!

Yes, on your own job, with your years of experience, you should be able to point out and practice the safest possible method of performing your work.

Take, for example, our jitney drivers. They know from past experience what speed they can operate jitneys on the dolly runs and still stay within the bounds of good safety practices. They know, especially when operating in the sheds, that they must be alert and ever watchful to avoid running over a fellow worker or banging into another jitney. Are not these men safety experts? They certainly are and the good record of Southern Pine jitney drivers is proof of the fact that they not only know safety, they keep safety always in mind because their job is particularly hazardous, especially to the other fellow, and unless they are safety conscious they know how tragic the results might be.

Take the man tailing a machine in the planer, stacking lumber on the yard, operating a power saw, working in the carpenter gang, in the shops, in the power house, in the mill—they know the inevitable results of carelessness because on these very jobs they have seen accidents or near accidents that were brought about, nine times out of ten, by the man on the job just forgetting to think.

Yes, every man with experience on a certain job is a safety expert on that job. He knows the hazards. He knows the accident history of the job, he knows what a man should do on that job to be efficient and to insure that his work is done in safety. This being true, is there really any excuse for an accident?

In a great majority of cases, the answer is no.

The cause of most accidents can be traced to the human element—The human element of carelessness. The antidote for that is safety consciousness. While we work, lets think, be alert, and realize that an accident can happen to us and not just to the other fellow.

You know your job, you know the hazards of the job. You know how to perform your job in a manner that will be least likely to bring on an accident. Don't ever forget it.

Work Safely.

Log Spray—

(Continued from page 5)

Mill No. 3, which burned in 1913. Hamner then went to Mill No. 2 and did construction work in converting that plant into both a pine and a hardwood mill. His first saw milling experience was in the year 1902 when he worked for the Four C Lumber Company at Ratcliff, Texas.

Southern Pine Lumber Company and all its employees join together in congratulating Mr. Hamner for his successful development of the Hamner Log Spray and for his foresight and ability in perfecting this novel invention.

Engineer's Return—

(Continued from page 10)

and stood enraptured, and a wolf, hot on the trail of a cottontail, slowed down to a lope, then a walk—and when the last lingering notes of the melancholy highball faded from his sensitive ears, raised his shaggy head high in the air and gave the answering call of one mournful musician to another.

There was no doubt about it. The Travelling Engineer had come home.



TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer

Boggy Slough Clubhouse . . . and Experimental Pines



Top picture is a view of Southern Pine Lumber Company's Boggy Slough club house in Trinity county . . . In addition to its use as a place for entertaining visiting lumbermen and other guests especially during the hunting season, the club house is the scene of various employees' meetings and other company business sessions.

Lower photo shows one of the many experimental tracts of young pine timber near Boggy Slough where Kenneth Nelson and his crew of "forestry magicians" test the latest scientific methods of growing trees to produce cream-of-the-crop saw logs with which to supply the market with top quality lumber . . . Constant research is carried on by the company in a long-range program which has a perpetual cut of timber as its ultimate goal.