

The BUZZ SAW

VOLUME II

DIBOLL, TEXAS, DECEMBER 31, 1948

No. 6

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

Happy New Year!



Bill Jones, Floyd Frankins and Archie Carrie, three Southern Pine Lumber Company truckers who deliver the finished lumber to the far corners of the state and nation pose for photographer Shirley Daniel to wish everybody a Happy New Year. This trio has just completed another year without a single accident and together have clocked up more than a quarter of a million miles with a perfect safety record.

The Saga of Patrick Francis (Mickey) Sullivan . . .

In 1877 Diboll was a quiet spot in an immense virgin pine forest with no inhabitants save woodpeckers, wolves and wildcats. The stillness of this vast expanse of territory had remained unbroken through hundreds of years except for the occasional crash of a tree dying of old age—and things were serene indeed.

Then the woods began to echo with the shrill whistles and the mighty grunts of shay locomotives bobbing over narrow-gauge rails on diets of pine knots and branch water; skidders bulldogging huge logs to loading points over the broken bodies of a million young and potentially valuable pine saplings while coffeepot sawmills poked smokestacks through the branches of the trees in countless secluded spots to usher into East Texas an industry destined to grow from a mere infant to a mighty giant—a giant who, in his youth, spent most of his time raising Hell only to mature into a respectable citizen with an eye to the future, a taboo on the past, and an ever-increasing crop of timber to be harvested on lands long since considered devastated once and for all.

Along with this brash youngster there came to East Texas in 1877 one Patrick Francis (Mickey) Sullivan, with his 200 pounds of Irish toughness spread over a six-foot frame, as wild as a coyote and afraid of nothing. The H. E. & W. T. Railroad hired him as a section hand, then three years and ten thousand spikes later made him foreman over a stretch of narrow-gauge track. He was 21 years of age, as loose as a goose and rough a cob.

He was also hospitable. On Sundays, for example, he had anywhere from twenty to thirty-five Irishmen to his house for dinner. According to Mickey they had a wonderful time together—fighting, fussing and fiddling—and there was nobody within miles around to protest. One particular Sunday Mickey remembers well. "There was a red-headed Mick there by the name of Cunningham," he says. "And he and I got to arguing about the Bible. We knew nothing of what we were arguing about and the next thing we were fighting. We broke all the furniture in the main room of the house except for one table and on this table was an old timey lamp that weighed about fifteen pounds. I picked up the lamp and hit Cunningham upon the head with it and knocked him upon the floor. His head was cut so we sent and got a doctor—a doctor by the name of Woods. He arrived and started sewing Cunningham up with a needle and thread and when he got about half way through he looked up and said: 'Who cut Cunningham's head like this?' I put me hands on me hips and looked down at the little Doc. 'We got you here to stitch up he man,' I said, 'NOT to investigate the case!' The Doc finished his sewing and left. Did not say another word."

In 1888 Mickey decided to let the H. E. & W. T. operate without him and hired out at the present site of Old Emporia where S. F. Carter was about to put up a sawmill. He helped dig the original mill pond (Conn's lake now) then put in the switch and spur so the mill machinery could be unloaded and the lumber shipped out. A few years there, though, found Mickey restless. Rumor had it that a mill was about to be built one mile to the north by a man named Temple so Mickey donned his derby hat, picked up his knapsack and headed up the hill to see what was cooking. In the meantime, the mill at Emporia burned and the management decided not to rebuild.

Early in 1894 we find young Sullivan in the "office" of Will Caldwell, Diboll's first superintendent—an office consisting of a wooden crate with a

six-shooter for a paper weight—inquiring about the possibility of a job. Caldwell put him on the payroll as a helper in a crew engaged in building the foundations for the original little mill.

At that time Mickey says that Diboll was being construed to last five years. Southern Pine Lumber Company had only 100 acres of timber in fee plus two leagues leased from the Copes heirs. "But," says Mickey, "it was timber, me boy, REAL timber."

The mill foundations were finally completed, the first miniature pond dug, a few houses and a stray building or two thrown up here and there and the original peckerwood operation began (located between the present T. S. E. shops and the dry kilns). Mickey and Clabe Bateman fed the logs into the mill which was powered by twin Houston Standwood and Gamble engines—the whole business being run for the sole purpose of cutting timbers to be used in the erection of the first of three big mills at Diboll.

A year later (1885) Sullivan again got ants in his overalls and headed for points north. This time he got as far as Burke—three miles distant—where he started working for a sawmill operated by Chambers, Vaughn and Belote and which was known as the Burke Lumber Company, Inc. And it was here that Mickey—age 26—decided he would put an end to his wanderings, and settle down for good.

First, he invested \$90.00 cash in 33 acres of land. He then built and furnished a house, bought two cows, fifty chickens, a sow and six pigs. He was ready to set up housekeeping. But something was missing—the main thing, in fact. He had to find the woman he loved. And he knew just exactly where to look.

It seems that while working on the section for the H. E. & W. T. Mickey had met and admired a very fine young lady by the name of Mattie Hambry who cooked for the bridge gang. He liked her, she liked him. Now with his own home, his land and livestock, he decided to write her a letter and propose.

The letter: My dear Miss Hambry. I will be on the H. E. & W. T. passenger train headed toward Houston on June 6th. If you will marry me please catch the same train and be packed for a trip. Yours truly, Patrick Sullivan."

Just this side of Corrigan the train stopped and the future Mrs. Sullivan boarded the coach packed, indeed, for a trip because just behind her came two bridge gang members lugging not a valise but a TRUNK. The conductor helped her onto the car courteously, asked where she was going. "I'm going with HIM", replied the young lady pointing a dainty finger at the beaming gentleman in the green pinch-back. "Wherever he goes, I go."

They went to Livingston. It so happened that the prospective bride and groom had forgotten all about the fact that the day was Sunday and that on Sunday court houses were closed, hence marriage licenses were theoretically not to be had. It dawned on Mickey about half way between the depot and the town's only hotel. "We'll have to get two separate rooms and get married tomorrow," he said, nervously pushing his fist through the crown of his derby. "We forgot—but today is SUNDAY."

They knocked on the front door of the hostelry, a lady appeared, "We want two rooms, Madam," said Mickey. "We're getting married tomorrow."

"Can't let you have but one," the lady replied.

"But we've got to have TWO," said Mickey, tying his watch chain into a bow knot.

"Naw, you ain't got to have but



MICKEY SULLIVAN

ONE," said the lady. "Because my husband's the judge, my neighbor is the Justice of the Peace, and I ain't renting no SINGLE rooms when I can rent 'em DOUBLE. Get down there and get your license!"

So that afternoon, Sunday, June 6, 1886, Mickey and Mattie were married. The next day they caught the north-bound passenger and returned to Burke.

Shortly after 1900 (about 1903), Mickey came back to Diboll and together with Charlie Fredrick, pushed the first pine log onto the chain at Southern Pine's Mill Number One. And shortly after that he came closer than he'd ever come before—to getting fired, bumped, bounced, and maybe drowned.

It was a bitter wintry day. Clabe Bateman, Charlie Fredrick and Mickey were huddled around a pine knot fire shivering. "I say, lads," Mickey began, his teeth chattering like a nervous Spaniard practicing on castanets. "Let's send Walter Allen to the saloon and get a bottle of whiskey before we freeze to death." The other two agreed.

Walter returned with a quart which was thereupon hidden behind a mammoth pine log. A short time later, Mickey—after carefully scanning the horizon to be sure nobody was looking—squatted down by the log, tenderly lifted the quart and removed the cork.

"Just WHAT, sah, do you think you are doing?" came a voice from over his shoulder. It was none other than Watson Walker, manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company and no man to get sassy with officially, semi-officially or unofficially.

Mickey raised up slowly, the cork in one hand, the bottle in the other.

"I was fixing to take a drink, Mr. Walker," he said, remembering that honesty was the best policy, especially when you were caught red-handed with no other possible explanation.

"Don't you know you can't drink on the works?" roared Watson Walker.

"Very well," said Mickey calmly. "I'll just put the cork back in the bottle and leave it alone."

"No you won't, sah. You'll throw the whiskey in the pond!"

"Mr. Walker, I cannot throw the whiskey into the pond. If it goes, I'll have to go too. I cannot destroy the whiskey."

Watson Walker looked at the sad faced Irishman. "Allright, Sullivan," he said. "Don't drink any more out of that quart and don't ever bring another drop on the works and I'll give you another chance."

"I appreciate getting another chance, Mr. Walker," said Mickey, "and I also appreciate getting to keep the whiskey. I won't drink any more on the works. It is no place for whiskey." Then, after Watson had gotten a safe distance away and out of sight he turned up the quart, took a long swig and, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, added "And neither is the pond."

A few months later Mickey was transferred to the T. S. E. shops where he took over the job of attending to the company's log cars. For fourteen years he kept 'em rolling. "Nobody could move a train 'til I gave 'em the Irish fist," says Mickey. "And I never gave it unless I knew they were ready to go—and able to get back."

In 1938 he retired at the age of seventy-nine after more than forty years with Southern Pine Lumber Company. Today he's eighty-nine. (Raymond Willis, one of Mickey's closest buddies, says that according to the lodge records he's ninety-three but we're keeping that quiet. Mickey doesn't like to be contradicted and we don't like to belted over the head with a shillelah). He owns his own home—just as he always has, no matter where he has lived—and spends his time taking life easy, enjoying the visits of his friends and doing "a wee bit of dreaming" about the old days of the Pat McEnroes, the Johnnie Burkes, the Jimmie Taylors, the Charlie Fredricks, the Herman Croeins and all the others who were with him when they "started things off around here."

Mickey says that he has known every official Southern Pine Lumber Company has had from 1894 through 1948. He has seen Diboll grow from an uninhabited spot in a wilderness to the home of the largest sawmill operation in the State and one of the largest in the South. He knows the people, the company, the town—from way back. "It's the best outfit you'll ever run across," he says. "And I've run across just about all of 'em!"

Well, we too have run across a lot of folks here and there. But we've never run across a finer, more jovial character than Patrick Francis Sullivan.

He's a great Mickey.

However far a man goes, he must start from his own door.—English Proverb.

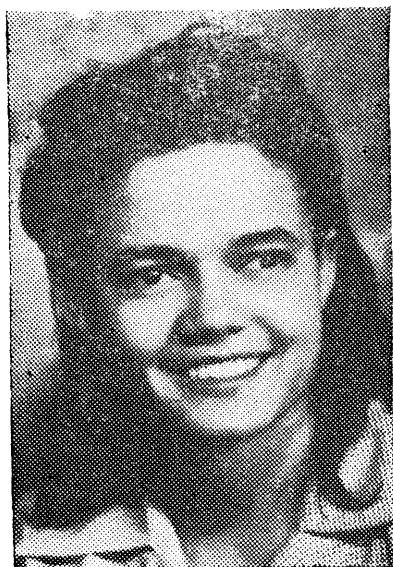
A fault denied is twice committed. Many go out for wool and come home shorn.—Cervantes.

Around the Town with Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

Christmas has come and gone and everybody seems to have had a merry time. And even with all the celebrating, nobody seems to be any worse off as a result of the holiday season. Southern Pine Lumber Company paid all employees a ten per cent quarterly bonus on December 17—a month ahead of time—and in a great many cases that money meant the difference between a joyous Christmas and one that might have found lots of stockings empty.

We are all very thankful for the many blessings we have enjoyed during the year 1948 and are looking forward to a happy and prosperous New Year.

Many homes in Diboll were made happy by the return of sons and daughters to spend the holidays with parents. Among the group of returnees were many former Temple high school



students who are now attending college. Some of these are: Herbert Allen of Texas College, Louise and Jewel Cade, Matha Cosey Isabell Odom, and T. J. Wortham of Jarvis Christian College; Harold Cade, Vera King and Queen Ester Taylor of Prairie View College. Other Diboll visitors were: Alma Hubbard, the better half of Charles (Shorty) Hubbard of Chicago who is visiting her parents and children in the home of Thomas and Emma Cosey.

Jessie (Tet) Pierson, the former great moundsman of Diboll—who now lives in San Francisco—is visiting his mother, Cora Lewis and his brother (sports scribe for this paper), Freddie Lewis. According to those who saw him in action many times, Jessie was one of the greatest pitchers ever produced in East Texas. His name is still a legend among all those who discuss the great national sport and it is said of him that when he was right (which was most of the time) and when he really wanted to bare down with a pitch the batter was simply wasting energy if he took a swing at the ball because it simply could not be hit.

Visiting in the home of their mother, Estella Carter, were her sons Oscar and Vesper, the former of Seattle, Washington and the latter of Cleveland, Texas.

Houston visitors who spent Christmas in the homes of relatives and friends in Diboll included John and Ezekiel Mathies, Jesse Bivens, J. B. Smith, Ralph Greene, Jesse V. Phillips, Macco Andrews, W. D. Smith and Gladys Phillips.

Football season is over for the Temple High School Tigers and they are now just about ready to start on their long basketball season. Although they are without the services of some of the stars of last season they have a team that is capable of holding its own in almost any company. The squad is gradually rounding into shape and

we think that we will have a quintet that will be able to give a very fine account of themselves no matter who they are matched against. Coach Bradley thinks that he has capable replacements for A. V. and Ed (Lewis and Allen) in the person of C. P. (Deacon) Hunt and John Henry Odom. The home schedule is far from complete but we can assure you that beginning the first week in January the Temple High Tigers will begin meeting the very best talent available in the way of opponents to be found in this section of East Texas. They have accepted invitations to participate in the following tournaments: On January 8th at Chester; January 15th at Nigton; January 22nd at Corrigan; January 29th at Livingston; February 10 at Woodville, and February 12th at the Eighth Annual Invitational Tournament here in Diboll.

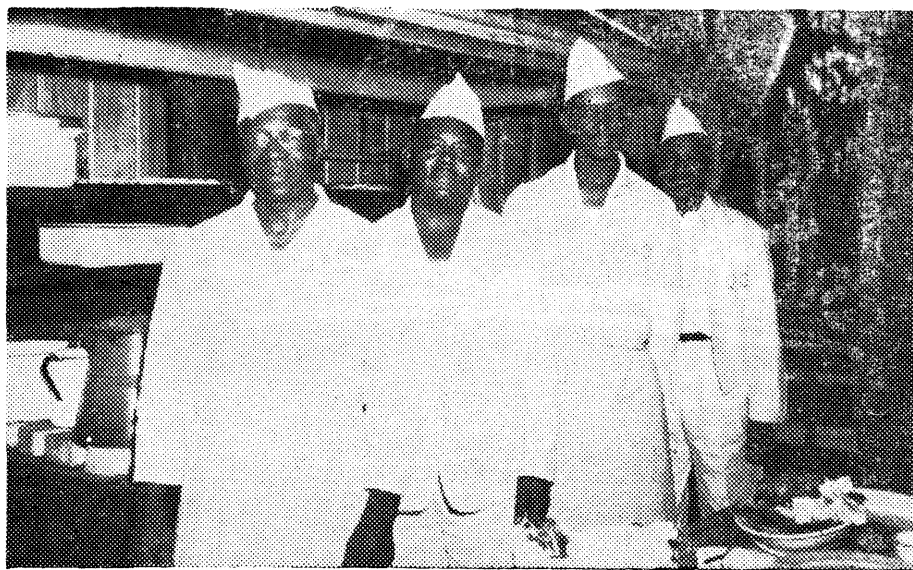
We urge everybody to come out and watch the Tigers in action when they play on the home ground and to go with them when they play elsewhere. They need your support and we can assure you that no matter where they play you will be proud that they represent Diboll because they will be there fighting all the time—and they will never be defeated easily.

Now I want to wish everybody a Happy and Prosperous New Year and may we all resolve to be better citizens, better employees, and better friends to each other in 1949. We have many things here in Diboll to be thankful for. Let's not overlook them; let us not be unmindful of our blessings and let us all go into the New Year with the spirit of brotherly love resolved to do our utmost to be better neighbors, better individuals, and better Christians. Diboll is marching forward. Let's all get in step and march with it to better things!

BEN BIVINS

Ben Bivens was born on a farm in Walker County, five miles from Huntsville, in 1871 on April 6th. He stayed there until he was fourteen years old then moved to Carmona where he worked at the Roberts & Haywood Lumber Company trucking lumber by hand from the sheds to the planer. At that time—in 1885—Diboll wasn't even on the map. Corrigan was a junc-

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Percy Garrett, A. C. Phillips, Charlie Billy and Q. T. Bussey—Official Boggy Slough team of Culinary Artists who are tops in dishing out delectables to all who make their way to Southern Pine Lumber Company's Club House in search of relaxation, game or perchance the elusive Ace-in-the-Hole.

Get Ready For Freddie

By FREDDIE LEWIS

There is no question but what the saying "Every man has talent if properly directed" is absolutely true.

Some men can conceive plans of procedure and policy. Some men can organize whereas others couldn't put together a weiner roast. A great many men can handle the details a lot better than they could the overall planning of a program. Some men can sell goods while others couldn't sell a dollar bill for eighty-nine cents—yet the latter might lay out a sales campaign that would be the best ever thought of.

However, after watching the actions and reactions during Christmas I got the impression that while one man can do this but can't do that, "everybody has something to give." In other words, giving—no matter how little—is one of life's greatest privileges. One may say that he has nothing to give. This is not true. We all have something—a kind thought, a loving service, a crust of bread, respect, honor to those who are due honor. And, after all, it is not what we give, but the spirit with which we give it.

When we think of the origin of Christmas which we celebrate we can not help but think about the originator who was born on that day and who gave His life that men might follow in His footsteps and be saved.

Our Christmas time is the ideal

season to express the fundamental principles of giving, it would lighten a lot of burdens, spread a lot of joy and relieve many a grief stricken heart if we would spread this good will over the entire year. Maybe not as thick a coat as we spread at Christmas, but a little heavier than we customarily spread it.

Percy Garrett's home had a wonderfully designed set of decorations for Christmas. It was one of the most striking designs displayed anywhere in Diboll.

Temple high school basketball team is being whipped into shape at this writing and when they are turned loose on the court it is our guess that they will be worth just about any size bet the supporters might care to place. For the past few years they have been bringing the trophies home from all directions and now they have more than any school of similar size in this part of the state.

The following is the schedule for the season: January 8th, Diboll at Chester, January 15th Diboll at Nigton, January 22nd Diboll at Livingston, January 29th Diboll at Corrigan, February 5th Diboll at Woodville, February 12th Diboll will play at home with the opponents to be named later, February 26th (District) at Chester, March 12th at Alto and March 19th in the State playoffs—maybe.

The District Tournament to be held at Chester on February 26th and the State Tournament which has not had a date set yet was originally scheduled to be played at Diboll but because of the fact that the construction of our gymnasium has been unavoidably delayed we have had to transfer these tournaments elsewhere. Watch the Buzz Saw for the time and place of these and various other tournaments.

The Veterans' School Basketball Team went over to Groveton and took part in the tournament a few days ago—and won it, thus bringing back another trophy. This team is managed by J. V. Randolph and captained by Willie D. Jones. In winning out in that tournament the Diboll Veterans beat Groveton, Camp Hood and Nigton. Willie D. Jones, Jessie White, Ernest Hodge, J. V. Randolph, Earl Chester, Ruben (Jellie) Samuel and several others are connected with the team.

Speaking of Veterans, there is a veteran baseball pitcher in Diboll now on a visit and he is none other than Jessie (Tet) Pierson, the big brother of yours truly. And when we say Big Brother, we mean just that. He is what you might call a great big little man. He is home for the holidays from San Francisco, California where

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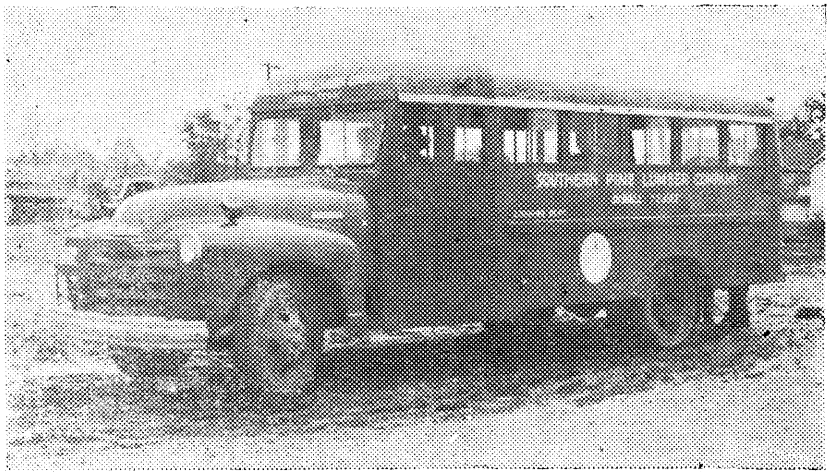


BEN BIVINS

Southern Pine Lumber Company



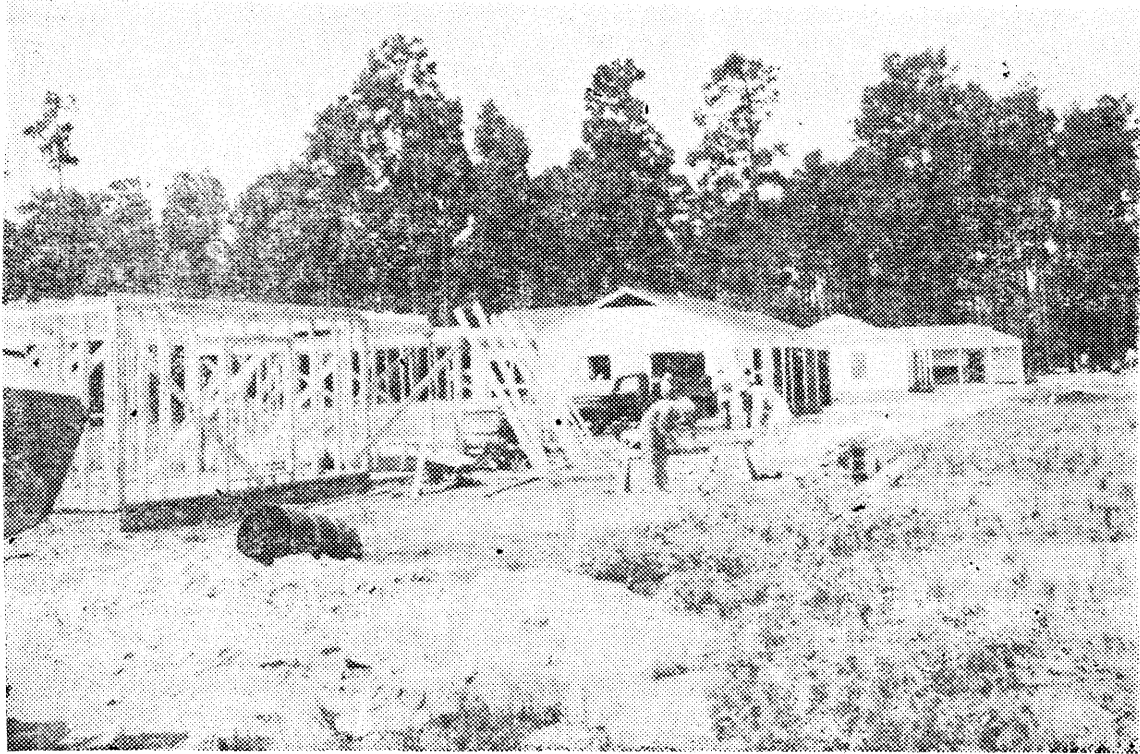
SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY EMPLOYEES' NEW AMBULANCE



SOUTHERN PINE LABOR BUS



EMPLOYEES RECEIVE 10% QUARTERLY BONUS



NEW HOUSES UNDER CONSTRUCTION



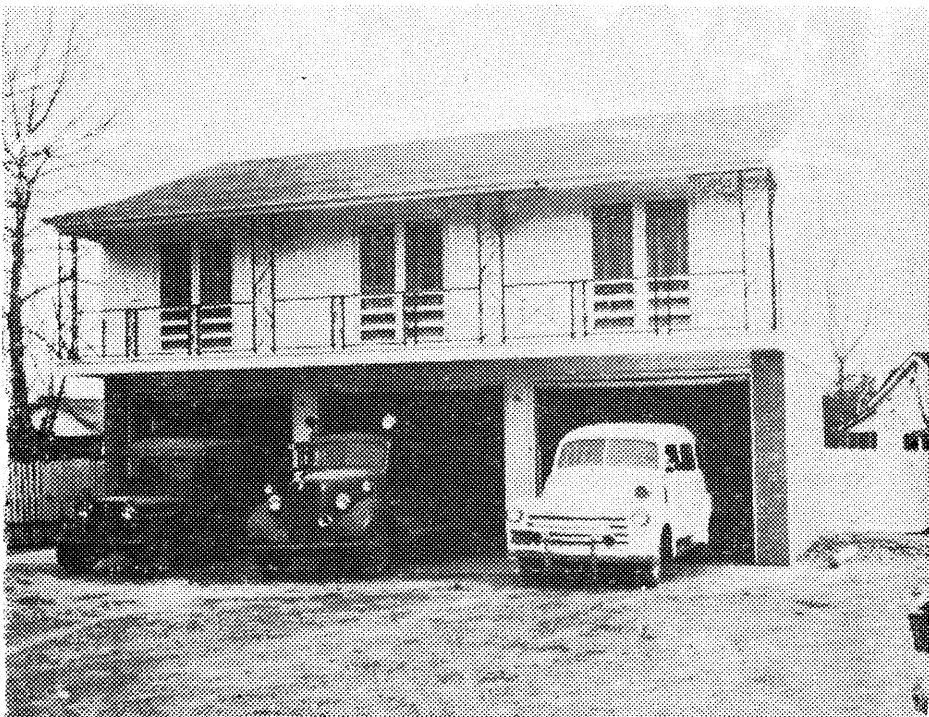
BARBECUE CROWD

All of The Above Plus the Most Out

ny's 1948 Parade of Progress



FIRST OF NEW HOUSES FOR COLORED EMPLOYEES



FIRE HOUSE

RY, 1948: Southern Pine Lumber Company's store modernization
am was completed giving Diboll one of the most up-to-date self-
e super markets in East Texas.

1, 1948: Raymond Willis promoted from shop to purchasing agent.
Clyde Thompson promoted to superintendent of logging opera-

1948: Company bought fully equipped Chevrolet ambulance for the
nience (and economy) of the people of Diboll. This ambulance is
24 hours per day to take off to anyplace needed. Quarterly 10%
paid.

948: New housing projects were begun on both sides of town to
le Southern Pine employees with modern homes at low rentals—
complete in every detail.

948: Wilbur Fogg, Southern Pine Lumber Company sawyer, (and
the very best in the entire industry) promoted to Assistant Super-
ent. Second quarterly 10% bonus paid. New Clinic opened. All-
abor buses put in service. Company has mammoth barbecue for
rees.

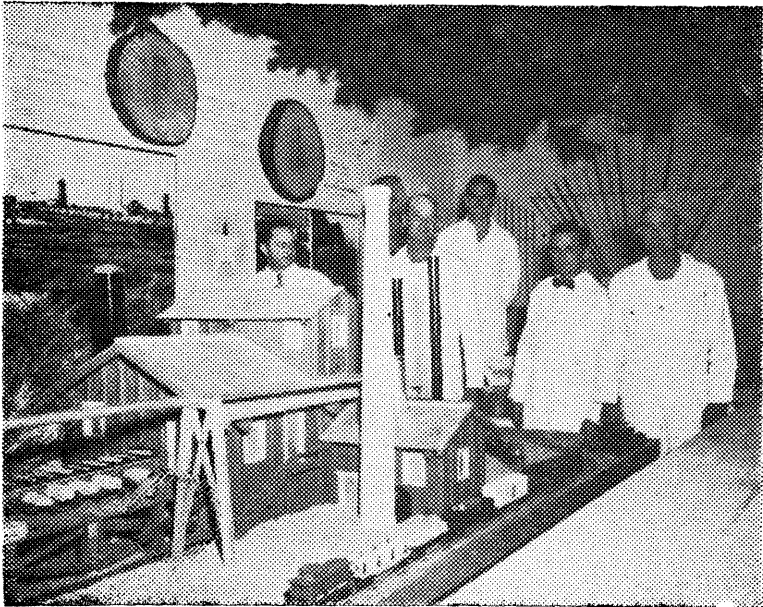
1, 1948: Ben (the Amazing Mister) Anthony made Housing Director.

3ER, 1948: Paved loop completed through Diboll. New \$15,000
ie purchased as part of the remodeling program for Diboll. Harri-
eeks promoted from Mill No. Two to Dragline Operator.

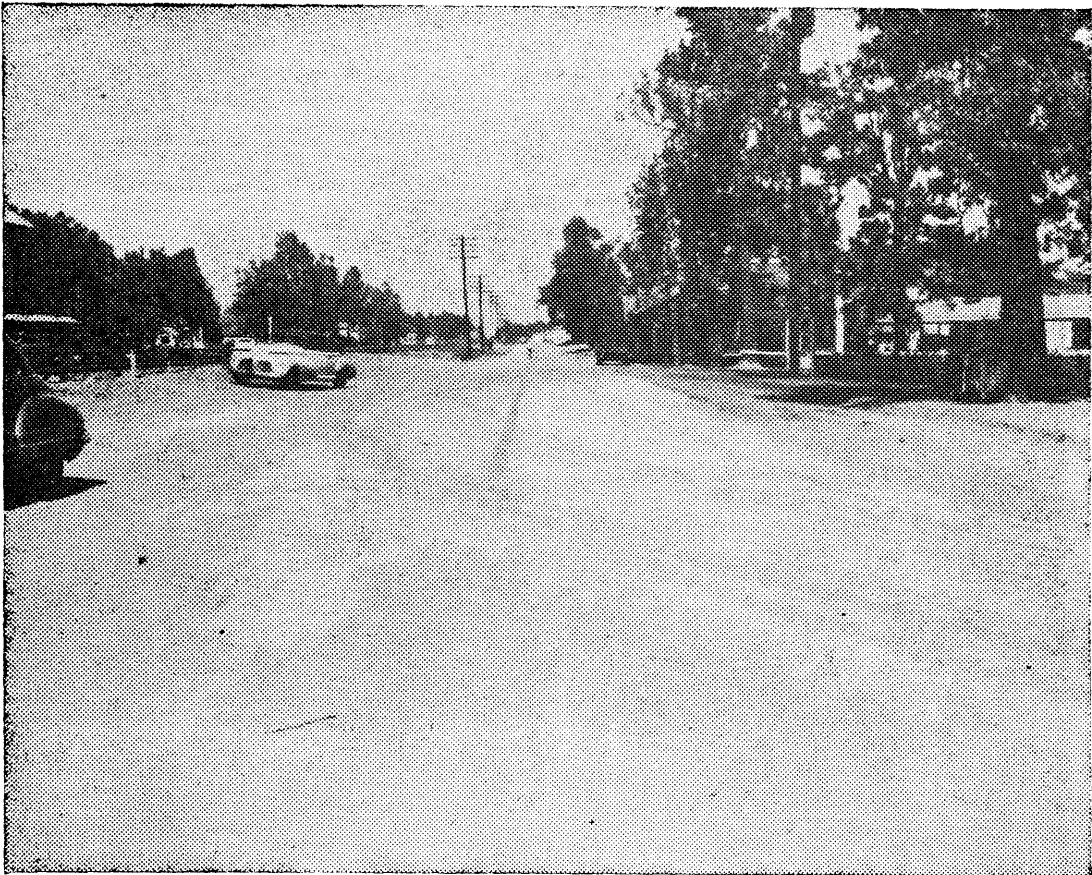
R, 1948: Company purchases fully equipped fire Jeep to combat
ires. Third 10% quarterly bonus paid.

ER, 1948: Modern Dental offices completed in Diboll for Dr.
arrett to give the people of Diboll dental care with the least
inconvenience and expense. Fire House completed. Southern
mber Company donates 17,000 acre lease for employees hunting
st of Diboll. Company Exhibit wins first honors at Forest Festival.

R, 1948: New highway signs at north and south approaches to
Complete motion picture equipment purchased by Company to
l in 1949 at regular meetings of employees to show sound films
y, sawmill and woods operations, health, newsreels, etc. Fourth
quarterly bonus paid.



FESTIVAL EXHIBIT



NEW DIBOLL PAVEMENT

standing Safety Record In 54 Years!

Get Ready For Freddie

(Continued from page 3)

he now lives. The California climate has apparently done lots for Tet. It has made him grow into an adult.

An adult, you know, is a person who has quit growing except around the middle. And in the case of Tet, the description applies perfectly.

The H. G. Temple high school closed its football season with a 14-0 victory on December 3rd over the Livingston eleven. In this game, incidentally, Bradley was matching wits with his father-in-law and he showed more courage than somewhat by taking on the old man's bunch of gridsters. He not only took them on, he took them to the cleaners. That adds up to the fact that we would hate to be in Bradley's shoes especially at a Livingston family reunion. Speaking of shoes, sometime ago this corner noticed a pair of shoes on the sideline and when I asked who they belonged to one of the boys spoke up and said they were Professor Bradley's. They were size fourteen and had there been a couple of paddles near by I would have sworn they were canoes.

In the first quarter of the game against Livingston there was no score but before the second quarter was underway Franklin Allen started building Coach Bradley's dog house by going thirty-five yards off tackle for the talley. Archie (Peaches) Mattox aided him by rushing over for the extra point. After a few exchanges of punts, Livingston managed to hold Diboll scoreless for the remainder of the second quarter.

In the third quarter Livingston threatened but was forced to kick and in aiming for the coffin corner the ball went into the end zone where it was killed and Diboll took over on their own twenty yard line. After a series of running plays together with some beautiful passes, Diboll worked the ball down to the Livingston three yard line where Mattox took it over and James (Tight) Odom went over for the extra point.

That ended the scoring for the rest of the game but the Diboll fans were given thrill after thrill on runs by Allen including one that went all the way only to be called back as a result of an offside penalty. On another case E. C. Williams missed a touchdown pass in the end zone just by a whisker. When E. C. misses you know that the ball was out of range because that boy can really rake them in.

In the Livingston game on December 3rd the lineup for the two teams was as follows:

Diboll	Position	Livingston
Hunt	LE	Jackson
Kelley	LT	Smith
S. Odom	LG	Johnson
Ligon	C	Silas
Austin	RG	McGray
Jones	RT	James
Williams	RE	Wilbert
Allen	QB	Roberts
B. O. Smith	RH	Pitt
J. Odom	RH	Thompson
Mattox	FB	Thomas

On December 6th Dave O'Neil accepted an invitation by President Walter Ford for the Angelina County Lumber Company Safety group to bring our bunch to Keltys and put on a safety program. Southern Pine Lumber Company furnished two all steel buses which were filled to capacity which left Shiloh Baptist Church at 6 p.m There were three singing groups from Diboll who entertained with some beautiful songs at the meeting and who really went over big. They were all dressed in their new capes and according to the comment after the safety meeting they made a very fine impression on the people of Keltys assembled in their beautiful new church.

Mr. Arthur Temple, Jr. and Mr. Jake Durham were there and both addressed the joint safety meeting, bringing out

many points about safety and the fine relations that exist between employees of both companies with management.

After the meeting was over, coffee and doughnuts were served to the entire crowd. We all enjoyed the joint meeting very much not only because many of us already had friends who work for the Angelina County Lumber Company, but also because we made many new ones, exchanged ideas, and took another step toward cementing the already good relations that exist between employees of the two companies.

Sometime during the month of March, President Walter Ford of the Keltys group has assured us that they will have a special program which they have been invited to put on at the monthly safety meeting here at Diboll and we are all looking forward to their visit. Then, after that, we plan to take our group to some of the other meetings at Keltys and to other safety meetings held throughout this area by employees of lumber concerns—at the same time inviting them to bring their program to Diboll. We all feel that by holding joint safety meetings with employees of other companies we can do nothing but benefit from them. Certainly they all have some mighty good ideas on safety just like we think we have and if we all get together and discuss the various methods of promoting accident prevention work, we feel that both groups will gain. Of course, Southern Pine Lumber Company right now has what we believe is the very best safety record of any lumber company in the State of Texas and maybe in the entire South. What we want to do is to keep it that way by constantly improving our safety practices. If any other safety group in East Texas uses methods that have proven successful that we don't have then we want to find out what they are because safety is something that you just can't overdo. We don't know it all by any means but what we don't know we certainly want to try to find out and I don't know any beter way to do it than to visit around with other groups whenever we have the opportunity and find out what the other fellow is doing.

On this subject, let's make 1949 an even better year than 1948 in accident prevention work. We all know that our safety record for the past two years has really been outstanding. But safety is not something that you can ever neglect—it is something that must be thought about, practiced, and discussed every single day. We are working for a company that is safety minded and we are working with our fellow employees who take safety seriously. Don't let up! Don't be a dragger—a man who won't get in step. Join with us from the very first day of 1949 and let old man accident know that he can't happen here.

Accident Prevention Pays Big Dividends

"The latest available figures show that there were, in the lumber industry, 59.74 disabling injuries for every million man hours of work in 1948 which was four and one half times the average rate for all industries. No doubt many people in the lumber industry question whether there is anything to be done to reduce the staggering number of accidents and the tremendous wastage of manpower, money and productive time. If the experience of other industries, many of which are just as hazardous as the lumber industry, is any criteria, the answer is a positive yes.

Let us analyze the figures, together with the Bureau of Labor statistics, and find out where and by what means accidents are most likely to occur in the lumber industry.

Logging, with a disabling injury rate of 102 for every million man hour worked was by far the most hazardous and was more than double the frequency rate in the sawmills. In logging operations the greatest number of injuries and 70 per cent of all lost time resulted from accidents of the "struck by" or "striking against" types. Fifteen per cent of all lost time accidents were caused by the "caught in, on, or between," types of accidents. Falling, either on the level or from elevations, accounted for about six per cent of all the lost time accidents throughout the lumber industry in the United States.

Of all the agencies most frequently causing logging injuries, the "axes, saws, and other hand tools" accounted for about twenty-five per cent of injuries from all causes. But on the average they were not as serious as those due to other causes. Other agencies contributing to over one-fourth of all lost time accidents were "falling trees, limbs, and branches". Accidents from these causes were much more serious and resulted in more deaths and permanent disability cases than resulted from any other type of accident. Employees caught between logs or pinched between a log and some other object, struck by moving logs, vehicles or other machinery, accounted for a great many injuries.

In sawmill operations throughout the industry almost half of the accidents were due to employees being "struck by" or "striking against", some object. The "caught in, on or between", type accident accounted for nearly one-fourth of all lost time, while falls were responsible for about twelve per cent of the on-the-job injuries.

Among the injury-producing agencies, contact with logs and lumber were the most important and accounted for over one-fifth of all lost time injuries. Frequent causes of accidents were contacts with power saws and other power cutting equipment. Injuries produced by these agencies were rather severe and in a number of instances resulted in either death or permanent disability. Accidents caused by use of hand tools in and around the saw mills produced less than six per cent of all disabling injuries and on the average were less severe than injuries from other causes.

Nearly all accidents in the lumber industry can be contributed to either faulty equipment or negligence on the part of the employee. The first factor—faulty equipment, is entirely within the control of management. On the other hand—unsafe acts on the part of employees, which account for the largest percentage of accidents—requires the cooperation of the individual employees." —Hardwood Safety

The years 1947 and 1948 were the best years in the history of Southern Pine Lumber Company from the standpoint of accidents. As a matter of fact, in comparing the past twenty-four months with the preceeding fifteen years, we find that the cost in money and lost time has been only twenty per cent as high on an average as compared to any other two year period in the history of our company.

There is a reason for our wonderful safety record. And that reason is simply that we, as employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company, have looked on safety as a SERIOUS BUSINESS. We have talked safety and we have practiced safety as never before in the history of this company—and the results speak for themselves.

Now we are entering into a new year. We all know that unless we continue to be safety conscious, unless we continue to look on safety as serious business, and unless we are constantly alert every hour of every day, unless we are constantly careful, there is not only a possibility, but a likelihood that we will suffer a serious injury or death as a result of an accident. So make your No. 1 New Year's

resolution this: "Every hour of every day in 1949 I will practice safety. I will be vigilant, careful, and always alert to insure myself—and my fellow workers—against the happening of an accident."

We, as employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company, are proud indeed of our safety record in 1948 because is was not only the best single year in the history of our company from the standpoint of accident prevention work, it was also a year that found our accident frequency and accident severity rate among the very best, if not the best, throughout the lumber industry of East Texas. If you are not already an enthusiastic supporter of our safety program we invite you to join with us in making 1949 an even better year than 1948 in accident prevention. It can be done. And the way it can be done is for each of us to take an active personal interest in the safety of our own jobs, in the safety of those who work with us, and in our overall safety program. We are all on the same team so lets work together during the coming year as we have during the year just paseed and talk safety, think safety, practice safety—and live.

Ben Bivens—

(Continued from page 3)

tion of the T&S Railroad (running from Trinity to Colmesneil) and the Rabbit (HE&WT). Ben worked at Carmona for three years then on the Southern Pacific Section and at the age of twenty was an extra brakeman on the HE&WT. He held that job until 1900 when he was twenty-nine years of age then came to Old Emporia where he worked in the planer as a grader, then in the store in charge of all grocery deliveries.

The Emporia mill burned early in the nineteen hundreds and everybody flocked to Diboll—which was at that time a mere village. Ben Bivens' first job with Southern Pine Lumber Company in 1905 was at the planer taking molding from the planer to the shed and putting it up. He worked there for nine months then moved to the store and took over the job of delivering ice (1907). Mr. W. P. Rutland was manager, Mrs. Farrington worked in the store as now, and Mr. Frank Farrington was Postmaster. Ernest Rutland was clerking. Ben worked here until 1912 then left and went to Houston County, farmed four years and came back to Diboll and again started working at the store about 1917. In the meantime Chester Willis had arrived from Douglasville in Cass County and was the general handyman in charge of all grocery deliveries while Ben took charge of the ice house.

For eighteen years Ben dished out the ice and he says in all that time he never did lose even one hour. In 1935 he retired, then later started working extra in what is known as the Little Store where he has been ever since.

Ben and his wife have four children, the twins Minnie and Bennie, Jesse and Addie B.

Today at seventy-nine Ben Bivens is still a very active member of the community. He is President of the Colored Emergency Fund and in charge of the disbursement of all money to needy cases among the colored people of Diboll.

Ben Bivens is one of the best liked and most highly respected citizens in our community. We have very special hopes that he enjoys a Happy and Prosperous New Year and many more to come.

The first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

The world is not unkind, and reprobrates are worse than their reputations. Conceit, God's gift to little men.—Bruce Barton.

What Is Your Life?

James asks a question in the epistle of which he is the author, which question, it seems, is exceedingly pertinent for consideration: "What is your life?" He gives the answer to it, immediately following the question: "It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And preceding the question he gives a picture of this busy life of ours:

Go the now, ye that say, Today or tomorrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain:

Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.

For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that.

Could we have a more appropriate question these first few days of a new year into which we are entering, than this question of James? It suggests the brevity of human life, and certainly that thought needs again and again to be laid faithfully to heart by us, one and all. It is very difficult to realize how soon the earthly life is spent. Based on the well-known laws of mortality, out of two thousand people, sixty-six shall pass into eternity this year, and in ten years almost six hundred of these two thousand people will have passed into eternity; and in fifty years, out of these two thousand people far less than one hundred will be left to tell the story of human life.

Oh, if we could realize how soon the earthly life is spent, how fast it speeds into the great eternity! It was Augustine who said that he did not know whether to call this earthly life of ours a dying life or a living death. It is both. Every person is hurrying along the road that leads to physical death. There is some part in your body this minute decaying, and every beat of that pulse means that you have one less for the earthly existence. Augustine was right when he said that this experience here called human life is a dying life and a living death from the cradle to the grave. From the hour of our birth change sets up in these bodies, until the hour of our death, and works its way in human life.

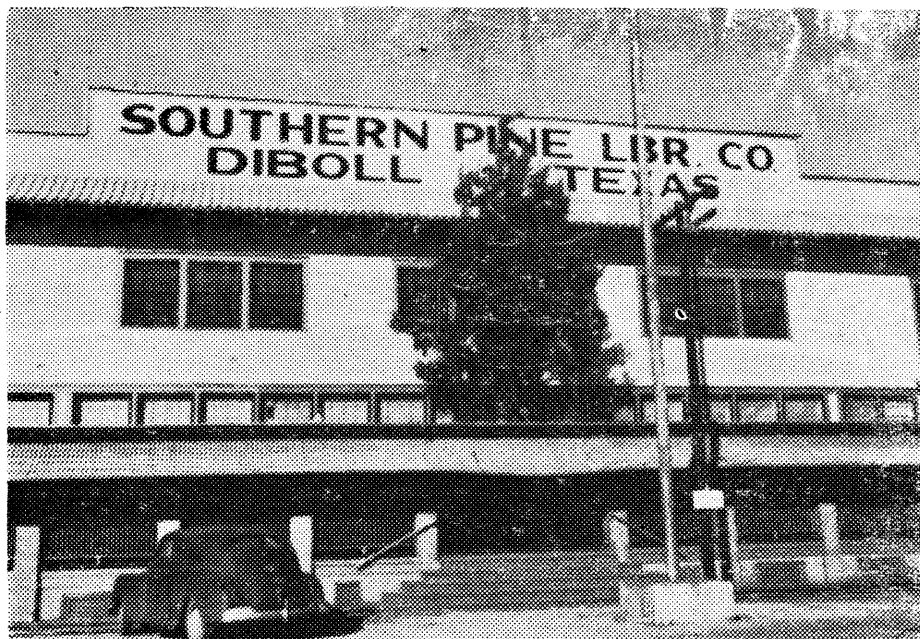
Oh, if we could realize how soon the earthly life is spent—if we could realize it! And yet, if we look around us and see how easy it is for one to pass from time into eternity, we might realize it. The slightest thing, and one

is carried away. Do you recall that Justinian, the emperor of old, went into a newly painted room, and the odor of the paint cost him his life without delay. Do you not remember that one of the popes, Adrian by name, was strangled to death by a fly? Do you not remember that one of the chief consuls lightly struck his foot against furniture in his own house and, despite all the skill of all the mighty physicians who could be brought to his bed, he passed away?

Oh, there are a thousand gates to death! The easiest thing in the world is for you to pass from this life into the great beyond. A falling building, a burning house while we sleep, the crash of a mighty aeroplane, a fast-flying train coming into collision with another, a sinking boat on the river or in mid-ocean, a runaway horse, an accidental discharge from a gun—how many the ways to hurry us away from earth into eternity! Is there a more appropriate theme to adopt starting upon another year than the theme, Life so soon is spent?

Now, James seeks here to impress practical men of old, and practical men of the present time as well, with brevity of life. He exhorts them to be wise with reference to the supreme thing, and he asks his question, and answers it: "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." Many definitions have been given by men through the centuries concerning life. The moralist has tried his hand at answering the question, "What is your life?" And the scientist has tried his hand, and the prophet of God has tried his hand, and the poet has tried his hand, and all classes of men have tried their hands at answering the question, "What is your life?" Shakespeare called it a drama. Sir Walter Raleigh called it a journey. Another great writer called human life a storm at sea in which the vessel sinks. Burke, that mighty orator said: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" These moralists and prophets and scientists and literary men and women through the centuries have been giving us their definitions of human life. Now, when we turn to the Bible, we find many definitions of human life. Here is one stated for us in our text by James: "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Haven't you fixed your eyes on the cloud in the early morning, and dwelt upon it, and beheld its changes, and even as you looked the cloud was dissolved and you saw the cloud no more at all? James is saying that



Perched atop the porch of Southern Pine Lumber Company's recently remodeled store, the above 40 foot Christmas tree, complete with lights, ornaments and all the trimmings, depicted the Yuletide spirit in Diboll throughout the holiday season.

human life is like that. Many are the illustrations and the figures employed in Holy Scripture to set forth the brevity of human life. You will have an interesting study if you will take your pencil and, from first to last in the Bible, mark the statements therein that set forth the brevity of human life. In one place it is compared to the grass growing up on the morning and flourishing, but cut down in the evening and withered when the night-fall comes. In one place it is compared to an eagle in the swiftness of his flight as he hasteth to his prey. In one place in the Bible human life is compared to a swift ship at sea. Yonder it is, in sight. It is passing, fast passing, faster faster—a tiny speck—it cannot be seen now. That is human life. These are all Bible figures. Your days, says the Bible, are but as a handbreadth. They are gone in a moment. They are swifter than a post, the man in the olden time who carried the message from king or other important dignitary, carried it fast from this post to that one. Swifter than the post is human life. You hear the clatter of the horse's hoofs, as down the road he comes, bearing the message from one king to another. He passes before you, you see him for a moment, and then he is lost, and the echo itself is lost. He is hurrying to his destination. That is human life. Oh, the brevity of human life!

In another place you hear God Himself, turning preacher and exhorting humanity with all the pathos of a prophet, as He says: "Oh that men and women would consider their latter end, that they might be wise!"

Now these figures, these mighty arguments, these passing illustrations, these great statements in the Bible concerning human life are therein revealed that you may lay to heart the lessons touching human life and its brevity. What effect ought this teaching of the Bible concerning brevity of human life to have upon one? A gloomy effect? Not at all. It is not meant for it to have that effect. In the Bible God utterly forbids any such attitude toward life.

The brevity of life should not at all depress you because you should lay to heart the fact that life's machinery is constantly wearing out. Your strength and physical health is slowly leaving you. Not only that, but the mind, that regal thing that sits on the throne in the human body, itself is often deteriorated by the eroding waves of time. Not many old men and women are alert in mind. There are some very rare exceptions. The usual thing is that as age comes on and the body is enfeebled and enervated by waste and decay, the mind

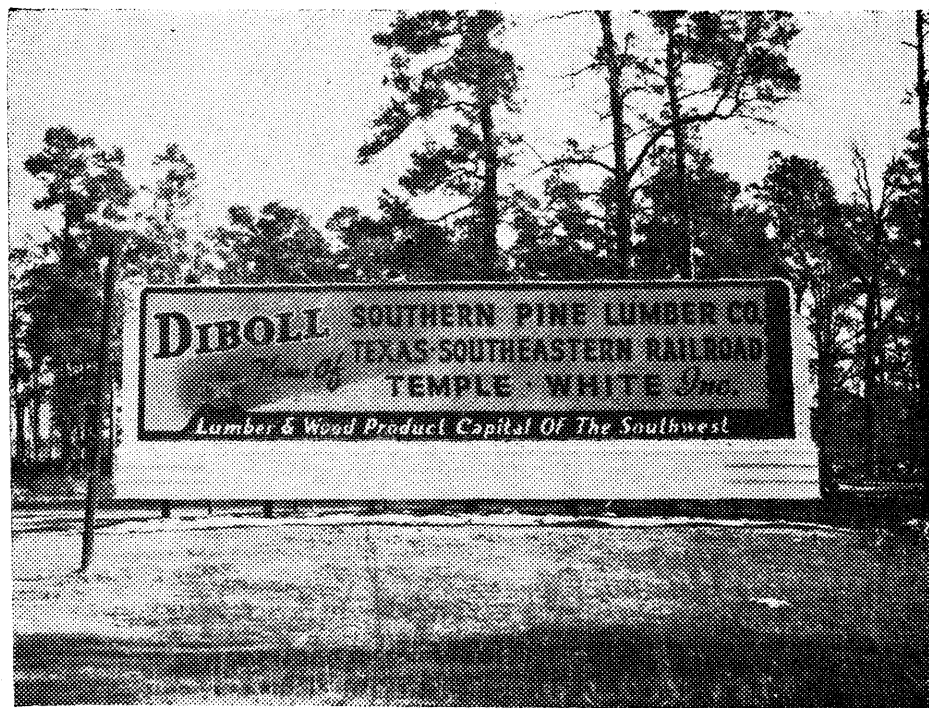
likewise tumbles and totters from its high dominion and weakens along with the body. It is the rarest thing that the man of seventy-five or eighty can stand forth alert and strong and masterful in mental achievement and in mental assertiveness. Second childhood generally arrives when such age is reached. The man who before could stand, at life's middle time, at fifty or sixty or sixty-five, a giant and a leader and commander of his fellows, now at seventy-five and eighty talks about the past, dwells in the far gone years. Childhood the second time is his experience. The machinery wears out.

And not only that, but the human affections are beaten upon by the encroaching waves of Time as age advances. Let the man of eighty look around for his friends, for his intimate friends. Where are they? Back yonder, years ago, he stood as one of many, like the great trees in a thickly studded forest. Then, wherever he turned his eyes, there were his friends to salute him, and to wave him glad words of greeting and friendly cheer. Now, at eighty, he looks about him. Where are his friends? The machinery is worn out.

Then, too, one should accept the fact of the brevity of life cheerfully without repining because God has prepared for him the true home, the real abiding place, for all His friends. This life here is but a little probationary period. God never meant that it should be perpetual, that it should be final here. A little probationary period is allowed here, but the real home, the real dwelling place where the conditions are adapted and designed for all in their fullness and glory by the Master of life Himself, such dwelling place is not here at all, but yonder. "I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

What effect then should this teaching of the brevity of life have on us? Why, we should just meet life here like it ought to be met—as a great privilege, a great trust, a great opportunity. God put us here, in time and on earth, for a few years at the most. He put us here for some wise and beneficent purpose. Then let us relate ourselves to life like we ought. Let us do with life what we ought. Let us accept this great dower from God, this mighty trust from our Maker, and use it, not abuse it. That is the way for us to look at life.

Kissing don't last. Cookery do.—George Meredith.



One of the new highway signs on the south side of Diboll.

Fox Passes

By ALVIN FOX

Christmas week will long be remembered by the shop crew in Diboll. It seems that Lee Vaughn kept coming to work with either a deer tail, deer feet, or a set of antlers with him and everybody thought he was some sort of freak. He just wanted to be doubly sure, however, that everybody knew that he had killed an eight point buck.

Arthur Porter and Jim Hogue tried again his year to kill a deer but without any luck. We hear that Porter got a good open shot but for some reason or another he says his gun was defective and he missed as usual. As a result of the miss he got his shirt tail cut off—a little operation that is always performed by the rest of the party when a member cuts loose at a deer then fails to bring in the venison—and it caused quite a commotion. It seems that Porter had on a very fine expensive shirt, and having a great deal of confidence in himself as a marksman had no idea that he was running any risk whatsoever of getting the shirt mutilated, because he just knew if he got a shot at a deer there would be a dead deer. He turned out to be wrong, he lost his shirt tail, and now he resolves that the next time he goes out hunting he will wear an old discarded number that he doesn't mind having cut up. Nevertheless, he adds, "But I'll never miss another one so I have very little to worry about."

All employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company—woods crews, mill crews, and all the rest—had their individual hunts at Boggy Slough but as far as I have been able to ascertain only one man (Ray Rector in the electrical crew) fired a shot that bagged a buck. However, there were other things killed out there such as squirrels, ducks, a pet goose, and several bottles (I mean that were empty and used for targets on top of stumps).

One thing we can all be thankful for about the various hunts this year at Boggy Slough is the fact that nobody got hurt though we have all read in the papers about hundreds of people killed this year in hunting accidents. When you consider the fact that the Boggy Slough Hunting Club has been there all these many years with literally thousands of hunters in the woods at one time or another since it began I think our record of no accidents during the entire period of time is proof of the fact that safety is practiced out there not only by Southern Pine employees but also by the many guests of the company who use the Club for their hunting parties. Let's all continue to be safety conscious when we are out in the woods with a gun just as we are in our work. If we do that we will all live longer and at the same time make it possible for our fellow men to enjoy the same privilege.

The shop crew was honored the other day by a visit from the one and only Jim Vance who has for sometime been looking after Southern Pine Lumber Company logging activities in Hull—or at least part of it. He said and we quote, "I'm here to eat everything in sight in whose ever house I choose to visit and I won't be home myself for a few days so don't anybody expect anything from me. I'm a fugitive from Hull; I'm hungry, and I'm accepting all the dinner invitations I can get." All the guys at the shop gave Uncle Jim a warm welcome because he is one of the best liked men in Diboll and we were glad to see him back.

You know, a man wouldn't have to be gifted as a writer to fill up an entire book on the things we all have to be thankful for as employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company and residents of Diboll. 1948 was a year of progress—progress that can be

seen in the form of physical improvements as well as in many other ways—I think that all of us as individuals feel pretty proud of our town. There is no question but what it is by far the most up-to-date, the most progressive sawmill town in Texas and probably the entire South. We have so many things here that are not enjoyed, and never have been enjoyed, by employees of any other lumber company, as far as I know. We have a fully equipped clinic, modern dental offices, 24 hour ambulance service, one of the most modern stores in East Texas where prices are as low or lower than those found in any store in the county, new houses going up all the time for Southern Pine employees, safe, modern all steel labor buses for the woods crews, and dozens and dozens of other things that the management of Southern Pine Lumber Company bought or built to make Diboll a better place in which to live. And all these things are just a start.

If we all do our part, get into the swing of things and cooperate with the company, we can look forward to 1949—and all the years to follow after that—with the assurance that living conditions, working conditions, and the whole appearance of our town will keep on being improved, remodeled and made better and better in every possible way. Even though Southern Pine Lumber Company has been operating in Diboll for the past fifty-four years it can be considered still a youngster because with a perpetual cut of timber the mills will be operating long past your time and my time. I understand that the dry kilns, for instance, are going to be re-built soon and that a big program of plant modernization will be put into effect in 1949. There will be new houses to replace the old, modern equipment of all kinds bought to replace the old, and Diboll as a town dressed up, improved, and reset into a more permanent foundation anticipating a long life.

SCHOOL NEWS

Diboll High School enjoyed its first big assembly in many weeks last Thursday morning.

The long-awaited decision of the District 26-B football team was read by Mr. Pate. Diboll placed four men on the team, two on the first and two on the second team. Tip Brashear, end, and Wallace Dean, backfield, made the first team. Paul Durham, tackle, and H. A. Brown, backfield, were named on the second team.

The election of Mr. and Miss D. H. S. were chosen by the entire student body. Marion Edwards was named Miss D. H. S.; Edward Bell was named Mr. D. H. S. Candidates nominated from the floor other than the winners included Mary Sue George and Rose Ellen Saxton; Isadore Miranda, Douglas Minton, Frank Smith, and Paul Durham.

Various arrangements of Christmas carols, sung by Frank Smith, Blant Ferguson, Marion Edwards, Betty Havard, Debra Havard, and Naomi Ruth Spivey were enjoyed by the students.

Class meetings were held Friday, December 12, for the election of class favorites. Class favorites chosen were: seniors, Eddie Ruth Quarles and Ralph Weisinger; juniors, Jean Marie Gunter and Joe Ed Curry; sophomores; Grenita Erwin and Gary Lee Havard; freshmen, Marie Moore and Charlie Horton.

The junior class met Wednesday, the 15th, and selected their senior class rings. All agree that it is the best bargain they have ever made. The seniors met on the same date to select their invitations for graduation. This is the first of the numerous and enjoyable steps that the seniors will experience in their last year in D. H. S.

The Homemaking Girls really performed a service at the basketball

Meet Your Directors . . .



Pictured above are the directors of Southern Pine Lumber Company. Left to Right: Temple Webber, E. C. Durham, Arthur Temple, Jr., Latane Temple, Eddie Farley, Bob Waite, and Arthur Temple seated.

THOUGHTS FOR A HAPPIER NEW YEAR

1. Knowing that confusion causes headaches, therefore I resolve to think only thoughts of harmony.

2. Knowing that anger poisons the blood stream, therefore, I shall endeavor to remain calm under all circumstances.

3. Knowing that hate comes from wrong thinking, and everyone has the power to change his thought, therefore, I choose to think constructive thoughts of love.

4. Knowing that worry makes one unhappy, therefore, I invite happiness and express happiness.

5. Knowing that there is a Universal Law, always accepting my very own thought images, which are reflected back to me, therefore, I now maintain that I shall always give the best and expect only the best in return.

6. Knowing that over emotional people have not yet succeeded in reaching that balanced state, therefore, I shall control myself through that inner living poise of life.

7. Knowing those who fall asleep at night thinking thoughts of joy must find in their tomorrow a peaceful state of mind, therefore,

I know that the power of feeling the feeling the words I pray

Comes through the realization that God hears what I say.

So I'll think into existence every day My Godlike nature in a metaphysical way.

8. Knowing that the man who will not make a decision holds himself in a wavering state of mind, which les-

tournament on the 17th by serving meals to the visiting teams.

The F. F. A. chapter, under the leadership of H. N. Garrett, has been steadily progressing in many departments: in their regular work; service to the nearby farmers and cattle owners; their latest task is the remodeling of the main Ag. Building.

Work is underway on this year's edition of Southern Pines, the school annual.

If you want to keep in step with the activities of D. H. S., watch for the weekly edition of the Pine Echo which is on sale everywhere each Friday. The staff will endeavor to publish extras on the major holidays, and we hope that you will give us your support. This paper runs a weekly agricultural column, important items of interest in the town, engagements of coming attractions at the theatre and visiting shows, and presents a wide array of jokes and cartoons, in addition to school news. The price is only five cents.

sens his ability, I promise myself to think things through until I reach a decision, and in this way I'll quicken my mentality.

BASKETBALL NEWS

Well, it appears that the last games of football are on the records, and the school teams have begun their roundball season. Here at Diboll, head coach Bennis Franks and Coach Ramsey have, after three weeks' practice, broken the pre-season ice with four straight victories over Lufkin and Centerville. The team is absent only three lettermen from last season, and the coaches claim that the squad is no weaker than it was last season. They feel sure that their boys will improve as the year progresses.

• Twenty boys, most of whom have just completed a full season of football, reported for this year's session and the material is promising. The situation is much the same as was the football setup, in that the majority of the players are either sophomores and juniors; only two seniors are starters.

The Lumberjacks have looked pretty good on the average of their shots in practice games, but have had considerable trouble in passing and handling the ball; This, of course, is probably due to early season stiffness and Mr. Franks will iron out the wrinkles during the season's endurance.

Anyway, let's all keep an eye on the Lumberjacks!

LET'S BE FRIENDLY

We pass this way but once, 'tis said
So while we earn our daily bread
Let's watch our feet that they may tread

The path that's kind and friendly.

We meet with travelers on the way
Some old and bent, some young and gay

To all, Good Luck, Good Health, we say

To show that we are friendly.

A nod, a smile, you'd scarce believe
How much the burden 'twill relieve
Of some poor soul constrained to grieve
Thinking the world unfriendly.

A friendly word, a kindly deed
Does more to help the human need
Than any doctrine, form or creed,
So let's be friendly.

Three things are known only in the following way—a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.