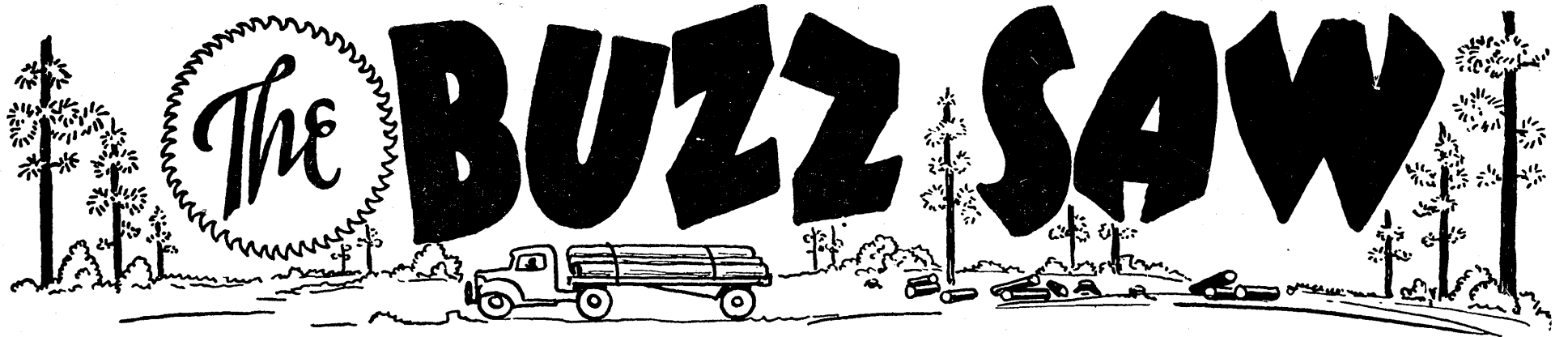




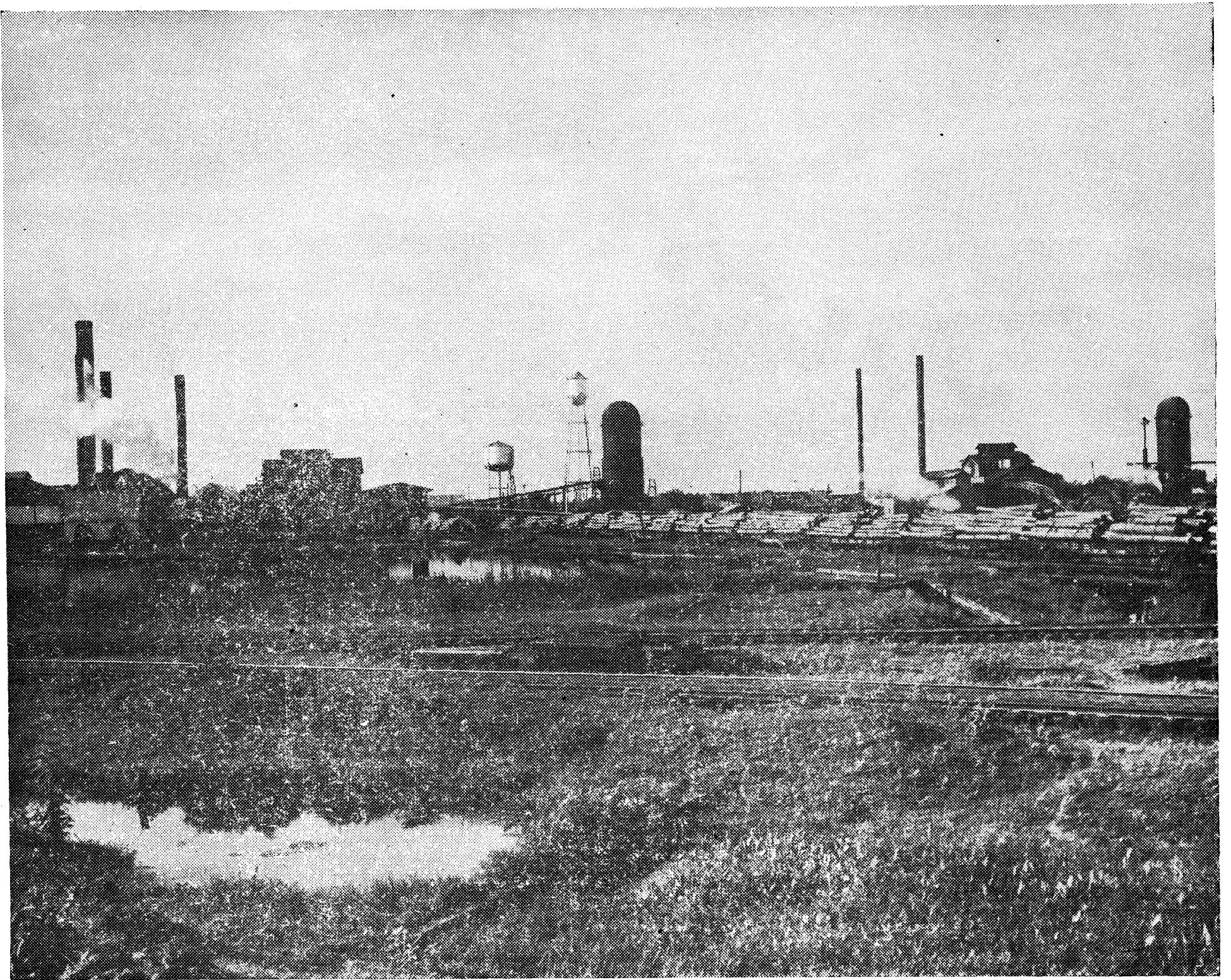
VOLUME II

DIBOLL, TEXAS, JANUARY 31, 1949

No. 7

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER COMPANY

Additional Improvements Planned



While much of the town of Diboll has changed in appearance since inception of the recently inaugurated modernization program, the scene above remains very much the same as it has for many years . . .

However, as the progressive march of the wood working center gains momentum, we learn that unprecedented improvements are in the offing for the plant itself . . .

In the not too distant future the flow of lumber from both the Number One (pine) mill, left, and the Number Two (hardwood) mill, right, will be streamlined in order to reach the maximum efficiency in operation . . .

Through continued cooperation of management and labor, Diboll has earned the title of "most modern sawmill town in Texas" and as time goes on new goals of achievement are certain to be attained.

THE CHRISTIAN'S RELATION TO THE WORLD

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil.—Saint John, 17, 15.

In the latter part of St. John's Gospel we have recorded the last prayer of Jesus with His disciples. "These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify Thee." As His prayer goes on, His thoughts turn to His disciples and He adds: "Now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me. The world hath hated them, because they are not of the world. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil. As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

From these last words, it seems to me, we may learn our true relations as Christians to the world into which we are sent. First, we are not to be of the world; Secondly, we are and must be in the world; Thirdly, we must keep ourselves from the evil of the world.

What our Saviour means by the world appears mostly from the connection here and elsewhere. "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world," says St. John; and St. James says, "The friendship of the world is enmity with God."

In order to remove any mistaken notions about the world, we will first show what Christ does not mean by it. First of all, He does not mean the world of nature. This green earth and the glittering heavens above us,—the fertile fields, the lakes and the clouds, are but another book in which God has revealed Himself to mortals. They tell us of His goodness, His power and His glory. Not to love these at all is not to love with perfect fullness the great and glorious Creator of the universe. Did not our Saviour Himself call attention to the fields of grain, the blooming lily and the flitting sparrow? Did He not spend whole nights communing with His heavenly Father under the open canopy of Heaven which, more truly than the forest, was God's first temple? So it is not the world of nature which we are bidden not to love.

Neither is it the world of men,—even of wicked men,—that we are not to love. We are set in their very midst, and no doubt they throw many obstacles in the way of our spiritual progress. But for all that they are our brethren, made in our Creator's image; and, "If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen?" Was it not from pure love for man, sinful man, that Christ left His heavenly home to mingle with men who were fiercely wicked? So Christ taught us by His own ex-

Henry Lonzo Smith

In the early months of 1905 the Oliver Lumber Company broke ground in the Copestown "addition" of Diboll for the purpose of erecting a sawmill right under the nose of Southern Pine's eleven-year-old plant a few hundred yards off to the left. The local citizens looked on in amazement. "How could TWO rival outfits operate in the same town and cut timber from within the same small radius?" The newcomers, they thought, were crazy.

But construction began nevertheless. Machinery was moved in, equipment installed, and the operators were looking forward to the not too distant future when saws in their own mill would be racing through the virgin pine logs to match, if not drown out, the whine of the big bands across the mirrored ponds almost at their front doors.

And it appeared that they had a fair chance for success. Timber was certainly no problem. Capital was short but there was enough on hand to start things off. Machinery was obtainable at a dozen sources. Only one problem of any consequence had to be solved and solved immediately and that was the problem of finding local labor willing to take a 50-50 chance with the newly organized company—the company's 50 being a gamble on whether their investment would ever materialize into an operating concern and their employees' gamble being whether or not they would ever receive any pay for their labors.

The construction foreman of the outfit walked into the superintendents shanty their third week in Diboll. "I've looked everywhere, Mac, and I can't find a man to drive the team," he said. "Don't know what we're going to do." The superintendent locked his hands behind his head, leaned back on his nail keg. "I've been watching through this window across the mill pond yonder," he began, "and what I figured for a long time was a picked Kill-Dee diving in the water on the far side I honestly think now is some specie of human being. At least I believe it's worth investigating. Why don't you slip over there and see if you can't catch him and maybe sign him up to work for us?"

The foreman agreed to try.

Making a wide circle near the present Southern Pacific section houses, thence West about a half mile, thence South and a shade East he crawled into a pile of pine tops, waited. Presently he saw what appeared to be a de-feathered crane wearing a red fur cap, dripping wet and eating chinqua pins near the edge of the water.

"Hey there!" yelled the desperate foreman, secretly wishing somebody was there to bet even money on whether or not the object of his shouts would dive, run or fly.

"What you want?" came the unexpected reply.

ample to love our fellows; and when He studied the Old Testament Scriptures, the second great law which He

(Continued to page 8)



HENRY LONZO SMITH

"Get your clothes on," answered the foreman. "I want to give you a job!"

A red-headed boy stepped out of the water, into his overalls. "You want to give me a WHAT?" he inquired.

"A JOB," said the foreman, emerging from the pine tops and approaching the youngster of 16 cautiously. "You know anything about mules?"

The boy tossed a chinquapin into the air, caught it in his mouth. "Yep," he said, nonchalantly stripping eight inches of bark off a small sapling gripped between the first and second toe of his left foot. "I was raised with 'em. Had six brothers and five sisters, too. Know all about folks. But I ain't got no money or nothing. You'll have to let me move in with the mules FREE."

The foreman rubbed his whiskers. "O. K., son. Come on. We'll not only let you take care of these mules without charging you anything—we'll also feed you."

The boy shook the water out of his hair, put his fingers in his ears and popped them, the sound echoing through the woods like the noise of two fast firing single-action 22 rifles. "Mister," he said. "Me and you have made a deal."

Thus Henry Lonzo (Lon) Smith, Diboll's preeminent pressing shop potentate—former railroader, woodsman, or what-have-you around a sawmill operation—began his career in the great lumbering industry.

But that particular phase of it lasted only thirty days because the Oliver concern folded, young Lonzo absconded sans pay, and Southern Pine Lumber Company again had sole woodpecker defranchising rights on the surrounding timberlands without serious competition.

Smith was out of a job, the acorn crop that year was dangerously light, and he needed desperately to put on about fifty pounds to bring his weight up to a robust 110. So he sought a boarding house with a "Help Wanted" sign on the front door. And at the three-mile-board on the T.S.E.—the location of the old Bonner Camp—he found one.

Lon's job there was digging a well for the beanery. He dug and dug and finally hit water at a depth of about forty feet which, though his first taste of success, put him again out of employment. So he moved deeper into the woods where the berries were thicker, the cotton tail rabbits more numerous—and where all you had to do to have a good place to spend the night was find a house and knock on the door sometime prior to dark.

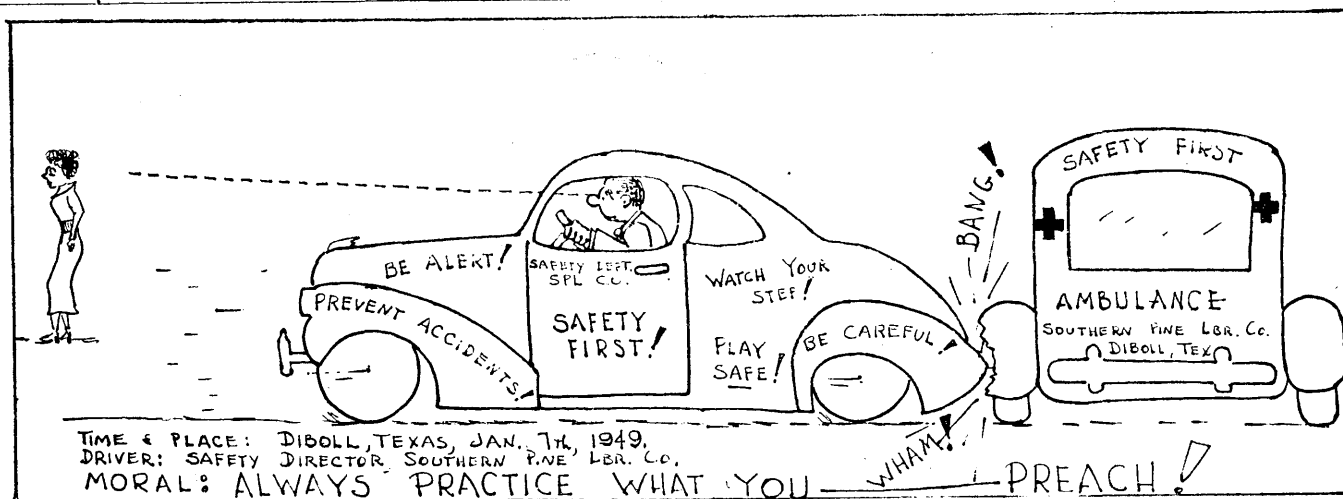
Southern Pine Lumber Company had, in the meantime, built what was known then as "Camp Two" in Trinity county and Will Hill was woods superintendent. Young Smith, now a mature seventeen, applied for a job, was hired and started to work. From then until the balmy month of October in 1909—three years later—he performed the duties of a flathead, a mule skinner, swamper, loader man, tong hooker, plus everything else in the way of work that could be performed by a woodsman. With all his talents and experience, however, Hill managed to figure out some method whereby the woods could be logged without him (We don't know just how, but Hill did it) and so we next find Smith standing at the T.S.E. depot in Diboll looking for a train or a job and with the destination of either immaterial.

It so happened that on that very day Pat McEnroe, the Master Mechanic, had fired the log train brakeman (whose name was Temple. However—and this must be hastily added for the consumption of our Texarkana reading public—he was not related to the founder of Southern Pine Lumber Company). Lonzo Smith, innocently carving his initials on the American Railway Express sign with the sharp blade of his double-bit axe turned around to face the shop boss.

"Red," said McEnroe sizing up the tall youngster quickly. "Did youse ever do any braking?"

Smith dropped his axe, stuffed the rubber bands of his slingshot back in his hip pocket. "I've broke on woods' switch engines," he said.

"Well go tell Oscar Buffalo I said (Continued to page 7)

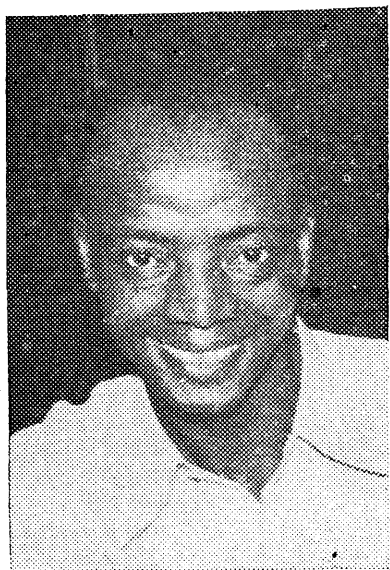


Get Ready For Freddie Around the Town with Eddie Mae Bradley . . .

The first part of this piece will be on the subject of accident prevention and how not to do it. Sometimes, you know, people can learn a great deal more by being shown the wrong method of operating than they can learn by having somebody show them the right procedure. Well, I ran into a situation while driving my jitney out on the Dolly Run on January 14th that was just the opposite of "the little man who wasn't there". Because in this instance, the little man was there.

I was wheeling through the roughshed in my jitney with all clear before me and nobody in sight. Then at the quick blink of an eye, Mr. Tiney Riley (the dry kiln jitney driver) was coming in through another direction and we ended up in a tie. If the winner of such a contest was judged according to the shape of the vehicles involved, Mr. Riley would have won easily because he told me to just back up and let him around, and away he went. About three feet of backup was all my jitney had in it—and that included the parts—so J. V. Randolph had to take it to the garage with his lifter.

Now here was an accident that happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that this department could hardly believe it. It all seemed unreal until I



started picking up the various pieces of my jitney and then I knew it was no nightmare. Nobody was hurt or even shaken up but both Mr. Riley and I could have easily been killed. So that just goes to show that an accident CAN happen to me and it CAN happen to you. So let's all be doubly careful. I'll guarantee you I am going to be from now on. I THOUGHT I already was but this accident proved that I was only fooling myself.

Incidentally Mr. Henry Waller is one of the best garage men anywhere. Before he became a mechanic he was also one of the best jitney drivers this lumber company, or any other lumber company, ever had. His specialty was backing up a load and putting it right square on the spot and never missing it more than about three or four inches. Anyway, when he got through working on my jitney it was in perfect shape and just as good as new.

I have had a lot of kidding about my jitney accident. For example, one person said to me "Well, it looks like from now on everytime you start coming through the roughshed the company will have to blow the main whistle to notify everybody that you are on your way". Others said "I think the company should put up some traffic lights in all the sheds and at all the dolly run intersections so long as you are driving a jitney so you can tell when the way is clear without having to go to the trouble to look to the right and left."

I can say just one thing: from now on when you see old Freddie Lewis buzzing around the yards on his jitney you can lay ten-to-one odds that he's

looking in not just three directions (right, left and front)—but four (which includes the back). I have learned my lesson about safety first and that lesson is YOU'VE GOT TO STAY ON THE BALL SIXTY SECONDS OUT OF EVERY MINUTE AND SIXTY MINUTES OUT OF EVERY HOUR AND TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OUT OF EVERY DAY AND IF YOU DON'T YOU ARE LIABLE TO END UP EITHER AT THE HOSPITAL OR AT THE UNDERTAKERS.

And I am not at all anxious to end up at either.

Now here we go on the basketball situation at H. G. Temple High School: Coach Bradley, in spite of the fact that he lost two mainstays through graduation, has a couple of able boys in C. P. Hunt and J. H. Odom who jumped into the shoes of the graduates and started making field goals and lots of tracks on the court.

After all, you know, any team in any sport is no better than its reserves. Even though the H. G. Temple High School reserves have always been few in number, the fact that the team got off to such a good start this year proves that they were not lacking in anything else. And as a result again this year we have a very fine team.

Ordinarily the girls are slow about getting into the win column. This year their basketball team has already done some early season winning and with a little luck (in the injury department) they will be as hard to defeat as the girl teams of a few years back who made such outstanding records for our school. Everybody remembers when H. G. Temple High School carried the best one-two punch in East Texas. The girls would lead off with a victory and the boys would follow up with one just as regularly as the two teams played and they really put Diboll on the map.

They put on just such a demonstration a couple of weeks ago at Livingston. The girls went out and won their game by the small score of 9-8. In this game Livingston jumped into the lead and held it until the third quarter. At half-time Livingston was leading 4-3 but when the third quarter ended Diboll had fought back to a 5-5 tie. In the final quarter both sides came out swinging, hitting high and hitting low and in the final period the going got so rough that it reminded one of a combination football, basketball, hockey game, and prize fight. But Diboll broke the tie with a couple of free throws after which Livingston tied it up again with a field goal. Time was fast running out and the coaches on both sides were desperately putting in substitutes who were eager and fresh in an effort to grab the game out of the fire. Livingston connected with a free throw and went ahead 8-7 in the closing minutes. Then with only a couple of SECONDS to play, Diboll found the netting with a field goal and walked off the court with a 9-8 victory. There just couldn't have been a closer contest than this.

The Diboll boys' team started their game shortly after the girls had finished and before the girls could wrap themselves up in coats, jackets or what-have-you, the boys had Livingston wrapped up 6-0 and by half-time were leading the opposition 14-6. Coach Bradley rested his players after they built up a good lead and sent in the whole second team. However, Livingston took advantage right away and sank three rapid field goals. The first team was sent back into action and from then on it was Diboll all the way. The final score—25-12. Allen and Williams with 4 points respectively. Others who scored were Robert 3, Ennis 3, J. W. 3, Maddox 3, Hunt 2.

On February 12th the tournament will be held at Diboll and Coach Bradley has sent out invitations to all

Temple High School has closed the first semester, all papers have been graded and recorded and we are well under way into our second semester. Some of our students did excellent work, some mediocre, and some not so good. With the beginning of the second semester, however, all of the students seem to have made a resolution to do his level best, both in academic work and in deportment, and the results are beginning to show already.

The H. G. Temple Tigers and Tigerettes are doing very nicely, so far. The Tigers have won several games and so have the Tigerettes, however, they still have to win their first tournament this year.

The teachers are all doing very fine work and are elated over the fact that the students plan to make the second semester this year the very best in the history of our school.

E. J. Rucker spent a week end in Weatherford visiting with her parents.

Amos and Lilly Simmons, Alma Hardy and Cora Lewis attended the funeral of Ocie Long in Pineland recently.

Alta C. Henderson visited with her mother in Jacksonville over the week end.

C. O. Bradley and yours truly visited in Livingston Saturday.

Fennie and Ruby Simmons entertained guests from Nacogdoches this past Sunday.

Ben and Adaline Bivens entertained their daughter and her guests from Houston recently.

Freddie Barnes and wife of Camden visited Willie and Marjorie Redman recently.

Herbert (Diboll) Allen of Texas College spent a week end visiting with his parents, Walter and Neal Allen.

Florence King has returned from Prairie View where she visited with her daughter there who is on the sick list.

Quite a few people are on the sick list here.—Eva Dell Bussey and others.

Don't forget Temple High School's annual invitational basketball tournament to be held on the outdoor court at the school February 12th. Our tournament is always the largest invitational tournament in Texas. Forty teams are expected to participate. Each patron and citizen of Diboll is asked to support it and do the usual "make all visitors feel at home."

Diboll has the name of being one of the most hospitable towns in East Texas and we hope that this tournament crowd will be able to go home, as they always have, thinking of Diboll as a

teams who will participate. Most all of you well remember the tournament held last year over in the gymnasium. It was the biggest crowd ever assembled to watch any of our athletics and we had teams from all over East Texas. If the weather is favorable this year I imagine Coach Bradley will have this tournament on the H. G. Temple High School outdoor court, which is right behind the school house. Let us all remember the date—February 12th—and attend this tournament. The boys will be in there fighting for

(Continued to page 6)

town of good will and fine fellowship. Incidentally, our fingers are still crossed and we are still hoping for the construction of the H. G. Temple High School Gymnasium for our school. We always have such an overwhelming crowd at our basketball tournaments and some day in the not too distant future we hope to be able to accommodate them indoors in a gymnasium that I know we will all be very, very proud to call our own.

Our town is a progressive one; a great industrial town. The homes are being improved and have modern conveniences, the schools are well equipped and are accredited, we have fine churches with intelligent pastors, fine patrons who support the churches and schools, students who graduate from our schools now and who have graduated in the past go on to the various



colleges and every day we find Diboll still making more progress, getting more favorable publicity, and doing greater things. Let us all who reside here work together toward making our town a better place in which to live. It takes teamwork and community spirit and effort on the part of all of us working together toward a common end.

Watch the bulletin boards for announcements of our home basketball games. Our teams give all their opponents real competition and every game played is well worth the time and money of the people who come out to see them. To support clean athletics is the mark of a good citizen. The boys and girls who participate need your help and your support, the school needs you, and if you will come out regularly you will not only be doing both a good turn—you will be doing something that we guarantee will furnish plenty of enjoyment for yourself.

The Veterans have an interesting school under the tutorship of Professor D. Canada's wife. I think they enjoy the idea of being schoolboys again. They, too, have a very good basketball team and are trying to book a game with any all-star team anywhere. They won a trophy at the Groveton All-Star Tournament by defeating Camp Hood in the finals and that means that they, also, have a very fine aggregation of basketball stars.

On February 5th the Tigerettes will participate in the Woodville Tournament and the Tigers again go to Pineland. Last year the Tigers won the Southeast Texas State Championship at the state tournament in Pineland. We are hoping that they can win this tournament—and we believe that they will. Come out and watch them play!

Lumberjacks Take Tournament Honors

The Diboll Lumberjacks journeyed to Centerville Saturday, January 22, and brought back the first place trophy. Lots of hustle and skill was needed in the final game when the Jacks overcame a 23-8 half time lead to defeat the Huntsville "B" team Hornets 34-33 in the most thrilling game of the tournament.

Diboll played their first game with Groveton early Saturday morning and defeated the Indians 32-20. Every Lumberjack who made the trip saw action against the Indians. Gordon Brashear accounted for 15 points and was high scorer in that game and Blant Ferguson also contributed 11 points for the Lumberjack cause. The Lumberjacks had a winning team on the court and ruled the backboards throughout the game.

The second game was played with a tall quintet from Leggett. The Diboll boys foiled the zone defense set up by the woodsmen from Leggett. This game brought about more skill and hustle than any of the others played in Centerville gym that day. Charles Blake came out on the top end of the scoring with ten points. The Lumberjacks turned Leggett back 29-20 in a well played contest. Blake received help from Dean, Ferguson and Brashear in keeping the backboards cleaned thoroughly.

In the finals, Saturday night the Lumberjacks faced a smooth working quintet from Huntsville. The Hornets previously had mopped up the court with Apple Springs and edged a fine operating Centerville five one point. The Hornets received the best of help from the two guards and the center. These three young men helped the Hornets maintain a 23-8 half-time lead; during the first half the Lumberjacks seemed as though they couldn't drop the ball through the hoop.

The third quarter was nip and tuck all the way. Three of the Hornets fouled out midway in the third quarter. This seemed to foul up the Hornet defense and offense, because Dean, Ferguson and Brashear constantly stole the ball from the Hornets and moved for two points. The Lumberjacks maintained control of the backboards through the final period and the third quarter. It seemed as though the Lumberjacks had rubber in their legs as they went up on the backboards.

With three minutes remaining the Hornets held a slim 33-28 margin. The Lumberjacks managed to catch up on crisp shots with time running out; three seconds before the final whistle blew Wallace Dean put the Lumberjacks ahead with a crisp shot. Incidentally, this was the first time the Lumberjacks were ever in the lead. The Diboll Lumberjacks proved that the best of teams can be defeated by a little hustle and team work. Gordon Brashear and Blant Ferguson were high point men for the Diboll club with 11 points. The center from Huntsville was high point man for the night with 24. (It seemed strange that Huntsville would leave such fine players on their "B" string.).

If an All-Tournament team had been chosen the Lumberjacks would have placed probably three men of the first team: Ferguson, Dean, and Brashear. These three boys received more than sufficient help from Blake, Placker and Stringer.

The Diboll Lumberjacks will attend one more tournament this year at Apple Springs, February 12th.

Character may be manifested in the great moments, but it is made in the small ones.—Phillips Brooks.

Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes.—Warden Lewis E. Lawes.

Basketball News

By PAUL DURHAM

The Lumberjacks opened district play in basketball on the 6th of January against Pennington. The Jacks, being a little on edge, lost to a very inferior team by ten points. They trimmed Centerville 23-22 and 24-22, but lost to Hudson 35-22. They clipped Central Consolidated 18-9, to make it an even break.

Up until now, no one of the Jacks have hit their stride in pre-season offensive expectations, and only some last minute play has saved them from defeat in most of their games.

Blant Ferguson, starting guard from last year's team leads in scoring and has displayed some nice backing up under that old backboard. However, he still hasn't produced those points we expected. Charles Blake, the rookie center, hasn't shown much since his first seasonal game in the scoring department, but is improving a lot, I believe, since he has started shooting from about ten feet out. Gordon Brashear has a clean shot and almost ties Ferguson for scoring laurels. He looks good to me for another year and a sure high scorer next season when he finds a little glue for the old hands. Charles Placker acts as the other guard and the squad is glad to see Wallace Dean back in the lineup after nursing a bad ankle. Dean is a good passer, and, in my opinion, one of the best hustlers on the Jack squad; and that's good news on anybody's ball club.

Coach Franks has worked out a play or so for the boys and they look pretty good. It may serve the purpose of getting the boys to work together and pass the ball.

After being cautioned about not shooting enough, the boys have started firing away, but the buckets seem to be a little jinxed. Mr. Franks has remedies for that though. He now uses half his scrimmage period for shooting practice and oftentimes breaks in at a bad shot for some practice. Inter-squad competition is pretty good this year, but it takes a lot of playing to make the first team.

Several more tournaments are to be entered by the Lumberjack quintet and will offer some chances for them to capture a trophy or so.

Remember fans—it takes time and patience to build a team!

Diboll Student Gets West Point Appointment

Names of three young men, two of them from Port Arthur and the third from Diboll in Angelina County, who have received appointments to the United States Military Academy at West Point were announced by U. S. Representative J. N. Combs recently.

Receiving the appointments were Carl Webber Ferguson, 18-year-old son of Mrs. Jimmie Ferguson of Diboll; Milton Bankston, 20-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Bankston of Port Arthur, and Alvin Griffith, 21-year-old Port Arthur boy.

These young men will take their West Point entrance examination on February 28th, 1949, if they successfully pass they will enter the military academy for training on July 12th of this year.

If they fail to qualify for entrance to the academy their alternate will be given the appointment and will subsequently take the entrance examination, Congressman Combs said.

Carl Webber was the salutatorian of the 1948 Diboll high school gradu-

ating class. He played center on the Diboll Lumberjacks football team (weight 200 lbs.) and was one of the best linemen in the Class "B" district.

Carl Webber was born in Diboll on November 26, 1930. His father, the late Carl Ferguson, was assistant shop foreman for Southern Pine Lumber Company for many years.

Carl Webber will be the third boy in the history of our town to attend West Point. The first, Jack O'Hara, is now a Colonel in the regular army; Donald Thompson, son of Clyde Thompson, will graduate in June from the Academy and Carl Webber will enter in July.

We are all very proud of Carl Webber and wish him the very best of everything in his new undertaking.

School News

Paul Durham, our number one journalist of Diboll high school, is in the Angelina County Hospital, following an appendectomy performed Friday night.

Paul's friends miss him very much and are looking forward to his returning to school soon.

The Diboll Future Farmers of America have their new hardwood floor down. The floor hasn't been varnished yet, but after the tests and hard classwork Mr. Garrett gives the boys—it should be—and soon. It is very pretty and the boys are extremely proud of it.

Lewis Stringer, class president, called a meeting of the seniors January 4th for the purpose of ordering the caps and gowns. Gray was the chosen color. Red tassels were ordered for the caps.

DIBOLL SCOUTS TO PARTICIPATE IN INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT

Boy Scout Troop 128 of Diboll will participate in the Redland Invitational Boy Scout Basketball Tournament on February 26th it was announced today by Scoutmaster Weimer.

The Invitational Boy Scout Basketball Tournament is being sponsored by Troop 122 of Redland under the direction of L. C. Billingsley, Scoutmaster. At least six boy scout teams will be represented including Redland, Huntington, Zavalla, Keltys, Diboll, Herty and possibly others. Hot dogs and cold drinks will be sold at the gymnasium.

Representing Troop 128 of Diboll will be two basketball teams—the A team and the B team. According to J. A. (Tater) Tatum, Coach of the Diboll squad, the starting line-ups have not been announced pending the scout team workouts now being held two nights each week at the Diboll High School gymnasium. Every boy in Diboll who is interested in scouting and scout athletics is urged to report to Coach Tatum, or to Scoutmaster Weimer, and attend these basketball workouts as well as regular scout meetings. The Redland Tournament will be the first one ever attended by a team representing Troop 128 and every effort is being made to put on the court a quintet that will give the opposing teams a lot of competition. We have the material here, plus good coaching and very fine facilities, and there is no reason why Diboll can't go there and come back with the trophy.

All boys of scout age should contact Coach Tatum or Scoutmaster Weimer immediately and get the workout schedules as well as the schedules for regular scout meetings. New plans

Lions Spearhead Drive For Football Field

A drive is under way now in Diboll to raise money for the building of a football field east of the baseball park with a seating capacity of approximately 500, complete with lights for night games. The field is being built for the use of both white and colored teams and will be financed entirely by donations and from the profits from the games played by the various teams.

To get the ball rolling on the new football field, the Lions Club appointed a committee to meet with Coach Ramsey and Mr. Pate. After the meeting plans were put into effect to raise the necessary funds through pledges of the citizens of our community. This drive will end on February 10th and everybody is urged to make their donations as soon as possible. The field will be ready for the next football season and sixteen games have already been scheduled—eight by the Diboll High School and eight by the H. G. Temple High School eleven.

We think that a lighted football field for night games in Diboll will be one of the finest things we can have in Diboll for the reason that it will enable the people in our town to attend athletic events that they ordinarily could not attend in the daytime and will also be a great thing for the football teams.

If you care to join in with the others with a donation for this worthy project, contact Mr. Pate, Mr. Ramsey, Dr. Spivey, any member of the Lions Club, or any one of the committee appointed by Diboll High School to make collections. Our goal is \$4,500.00 so we will, therefore, need the full cooperation of every citizen in Diboll who might be interested in the new recreational facilities.

DIBOLL SCOUTS TO PARTICIPATE IN INVITATIONAL TOURNAMENT

have been laid for a lot of activity in 1949 for Troop 128—camping trips, instructions of all kinds in the various phases of scouting by experts who have agreed to come here and go out with us on our hikes and overnight trips, athletics, and a great many things that should be both beneficial and plenty of fun. Come in with us now!

Boy Scout News

Friday, February 11th, at the regular meeting of the Boy Scouts the troop committee and parents of the Scouts are cordially invited to be present and see the Scouts in a regular meeting. If you want to see your son in action be there.

During that week we will be celebrating Boy Scout Anniversary Week. There will be a demonstration of Scout Skills on display and refreshments will be served.

Order of The Arrow Visits Troop 128

The Angelina Chapter of the Order of the Arrow, an Honor Campers Lodge of the Boy Scouts, sent a team under the leadership of Mr. Paul McWilliams to visit the meeting of Troop 128 on the night of January 21, 1949.

During the meeting we were given training in the use of the Morse Code in signalling. All of the training was beneficial and at the close of the meeting games were played with the use of the signals we learned.

Signalling with Morse Code is one of the requirements of a First Class Scout.

Toward the first of February the

(Continued to page 5)

Temple-White Topics

By HERB WHITE, Jr.

A Word to the Wise

Now that hunting season is over don't throw the old reliable shotgun in the corner to add another layer of rust. If you will only take a little time after every hunt to clean your gun it will give you years of trouble-free service.

Skeet Club News

The coming of warm weather will see the skeet club open for business for the second time in its short history. We hope this year to be able to have tournaments among the shooters and if possible we will have tournaments with surrounding cities who have skeet clubs. Last year we had some of the top-notch state shooters here and we will have them back with us this year if at all possible.

The club now has 37 members, and there are several new prospects in and around Diboll and Lufkin who we believe will join the club before the season gets underway.

The Diboll Fishing Club

The Diboll Fishing Club recently renewed its lease on the landing just above the Neches river bridge. Nearly everyone who has been on the river knows of this familiar old landing, and although the land is under lease the present plans will leave it open to everyone the same as in the past.

The club members will probably get more good out of the old club house this year since the house is scheduled for repairs that will put it in first class condition. If the past is any indication, the club house will be the scene of several lively parties when the fishing season gets underway.

At present there are a few openings for membership left, and if anyone is interested in becoming a member they may contact Del Scoggins or Ed Watson, the president of the club.

Temple-White Statistics

Temple-White produced and sold this past year, 10,306,731 handles of all types. Although this is not the largest production we have had it is a good one and we want to thank all those people publicly who helped us make and sell these handles. It has taken the wholehearted cooperation of all concerned.

Securing enough raw material has been our main problem, and still is for that matter. Had we been able to secure this raw material in quantity as well as quality perhaps our production would have been higher by several million handles.

Southern Pine Lumber Company has helped our raw material situation considerably by turning over to us the use of a portion of their large dry kiln. This allows us to dry our squares faster and will help up to produce a better quality handle. Better quality for their money seems to be the theme song of all the manufacturers who use handles, and it will be necessary to have the wholehearted cooperation and interest of every individual concerned if we are to produce our handles more economically than our competitors. As we all know competition is coming back into the business world and all of us should be alert for opportunities to improve our production and our product.

New Supervisors

Temple-White Company has two new supervisors, Mr. W. E. Bryce and Mrs. Juanita Nixon. Mr. Bryce supervises the chucking of the handles, while Mrs. Nixon oversees the buffing and waxing of the handles. Mrs. Nixon

works under the great "say a few thousand well chosen words," Davis and we hear she listens well so we believe all will be fine in Mr. Davis' department.

Scout News—

(Continued from page 4)

Order of the Arrow Chapter will be with us for a First Aid training demonstration.

OFF TO CAMP

On Friday, January 14th the Boy Scouts of Troop 128 went to Camp Tonkawa in Nacogdoches County for an overnight camp. Scoutmaster Charles Weimer, and Assistant Scoutmaster Carl Webber Ferguson were in charge of camp. Junior Assistant Scoutmaster Frank Smith, Jr., Henry Temple, Jerry Bonner, Charles Walker, Gene Neal Havard, Granville Smith, and John Lee Hopkins were Scouts going on camp. The first load arrived at camp at 4:30 and the others at 6. Camp was set up and supper cooked. After supper the boys played "Capture the flag" until bed time while the staff worked out plans for activities on Saturday.

After breakfast Saturday Frank demonstrated some work on Merit badges. Then the boys went on a six mile hike, following trails, studying nature and finished up with a three mile hike following cross country trail signs left by Frank and Henry.

During the hike Carl Webber did some work on his marksmanship merit badge at the target range.

The most amusing thing of interest was Frank throwing water on a bed roll and then, yes, it was his own he discovered to his sorrow.

Then on hike Henry's compass led him in a circle instead of straight.

The menu for camp was well worked out with the following:

SUPPER: Mulligan stew, Bread, pudding, poly pop.

BREAKFAST: Bacon, oatmeal, cinnamon rolls, preserves, coffee and hot chocolate.

DINNER: Fried potatoes, Lima beans, peaches and cake, poly pop and hot chocolate.

The Troop broke camp at 2:30 and returned to Diboll. A great deal of advancement was registered by all of the boys.

The Troop wishes to express thanks to the troop committee for purchasing for us a camp cooking kit which is compact and complete. This was an item needed badly. We are hopeful that some tents can be purchased in the near future.

SCOUT WEEK

The week of February 6th through the 12th is Scout Week as February 8th is Scouting's 39th Birthday.

Cub Pack 128 will celebrate with their Blue and Gold Banquet at the Community House on Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. February 8th. Committees have been appointed and Cub Mothers are already active on plans.

A Minstrel Show will be staged. A Flag ceremony with our new flags. Achievement badges will be awarded. Musical instruments will be on display and also rope making machines and the ropes made by the boys.

Let's start 1949 with more interest in our Cubs. We want 100 per cent parent attendance. We need Assistant Den Mothers, Den Dads and some committee men.

Cubs and their leaders wish to express their appreciation for the new United States Flag and the Pack Flag which were donated by their sponsor, Southern Pine Lumber Company.

Old Sawdust Says - -

So many changes have taken place in Diboll during the past few months that people returning here after an absence of a year or so say they can hardly recognize the town. One local philosopher put it this way: "You know, if I came down here to the store tomorrow and saw them S. P. railroad tracks moved I wouldn't be at all surprised".

It isn't quite as drastic as all that, yet a great many things have happened around here that mark Diboll as a community that's more than just "progressive". Diboll is a town with youth and ideas—a small town, yes, but a small town going places and doing things—a small town thinking in terms of the future and how best to prepare for it to bring the most good to the most people.

All of us have either worked and lived in other so-called "sawmill" towns, or else visited and observed them. Most of us know that the pattern in the majority of such places is the same: very poor living conditions, dilapidated buildings, outmoded equipment, and above all a spirit of despair—an attitude on the part of both the company and its employees of "Well, it doesn't matter. We'll have to fold up and move on sooner or later so why try to improve anything?"

Two of the principal reasons for such an attitude in most sawmill towns is (1) The company there does not have a perpetual cut of timber, hence can exist only a certain number of years; (2) The stockholders of the company have no real interest in the welfare of the people who live in the company-owned town; (3) Or both.

Having a perpetual cut of timber means that the company had the foresight AND the capital IN TIME to acquire sufficient acreage, plus the scientific know-how to develop and harvest that acreage to produce an ever-increasing yield of saw logs. Southern Pine Lumber Company is certainly out in front in growing several MILLION feet per year faster than it is being cut—and that means not only MORE timber for the future but BETTER timber. It also means an ever-increasing yield of pulp wood, the harvesting of which, of course, adds to the quality and growth of the remaining trees to be felled at the proper time for lumber and wood products.

So on Number (1)—Do WE have a perpetual cut of timber that insures OUR company a continuous operation? The answer is a very definite YES!

And on Number (2)—Do the stockholders of OUR company have a real interest in the welfare of the people who live in Diboll? Let's look around and see whether or not they really have. Let's examine the physical facts, make a few comparisons, and try to determine just how far that interest goes. Is that interest a PERSONAL interest in each employee or a mere FINANCIAL interest in the amount of profits this company might make?

Three of the most important things to every man who works for a living are: (1). Where he lives, (2). Where he works, and (3). Where he buys his groceries. We're talking now about PHYSICAL things. Things that may be good or bad, modern or antiquated, economical or uneconomical, convenient or inconvenient DEPENDING UPON WHO CONTROLS THEM.

In Diboll the company owns approximately 650 residence houses. Some of these houses are now, and have been for a long time, in need of repairs. Some are in good condition, some are very old and some are brand

new. But looking at the entire picture; taking the 650 houses together and comparing them with 650 houses in ANY other lumber town in the south and you will find that the AVERAGE residence in Diboll is FAR BETTER than the average residence in the others.

Of course it is true that much improvement is needed here and the fact that our housing is not AS BAD as others doesn't mean that ours is anywhere near what it could be. But at least our company is building NEW houses—one right after the other—and that is something else quite unusual in a sawmill town.

The main point on the subject of housing conditions in Diboll, however, is the fact that Southern Pine Lumber Company has a DEFINITE HOUSING PROGRAM already under way with eleven brand new houses completed within the past few months and with the foundations for several more being built now which will in time mean houses for all the people of Diboll just as fine and up-to-date as houses anywhere—and at rentals amounting to only a fraction of rentals in communities of comparable size.

Southern Pine Lumber Company, therefore IS very interested in where we live—and every effort is being put forth to provide better and better houses for the people of Diboll.

We have all seen the new construction on the shop building. Soon we will see a complete modernization of the plant itself. This modernization program will provide better and safer working conditions throughout the whole operation in Diboll and will be another step in our company's long range planning to streamline production, meet the competition of the industry by manufacturing better and better lumber as economically as possible, and at the same time provide more and better jobs.

Does our company HAVE to do this? The answer is NO. I believe it can be easily proven that our company could ACTUALLY make more net money year after year by NOT OPERATING A SAWMILL AT ALL. This may sound fantastic, but it isn't because if the annual growth of timber from Southern Pine Lumber Company lands was sold instead of manufactured in Diboll there ACTUALLY would be a greater margin of profit to the stockholders of our company. Some other large landowners operate just that way—selling off the annual growth instead of doing any manufacturing — and there's no question but what they do very well indeed.

So Southern Pine Lumber Company does have a personal interest in what kind of jobs we have, the perpetuation of those jobs, and the conditions under which we all work. If you don't think so, just visit four or five other lumber concerns in or around East Texas and compare what WE have with what THEY have and you'll see the difference.

Most sawmill towns have a commissary, meat market, drug store, etc., where the customers are tolerated but seldom accommodated. Usually the town is more or less isolated and you either buy your groceries in the company store or else drive thirty or forty miles away to get them elsewhere which, considering the cost of traveling however it may be done, isn't exactly practical. And the company store itself. Usually it's a structure built at least

(Continued to page 7)

The Buzz Saw

Published monthly by and for employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company

Freddie—

(Continued from page 3)

the old home town and the very least we all can do is attend the tournament and give them our moral support.

As most of you know, we have a Veterans basketball team in Diboll and they seem to be keeping pace with our high school team by winning almost at will.

Their last outing was over at Grove-ton where they came back with the flag of the victors. The Veterans have brand new uniforms and they are just about the flashiest bunch as far as dress is concerned on any court you ever saw.

Yours truly received a letter recently from Earl (Tinker) Belton and he wants a shot at taking over the Diboll Dragons baseball team during the coming season. I don't know whether Belton is too late for this manager's job or not. I imagine that O. Spikes will be at the helm of the team if he wants the job. But anyway, even if Belton doesn't come here as the manager we would certainly like to get him as a player with the old gang because he is really a colorful, graceful, and powerful first baseman. Belton is the player, incidently, who made quite a record with a team down in Louisiana one time. After a season with this club he was asked what his batting average was. He replied "1000". We checked around with some of the ball clubs that had played against him down there and they said that you could do everything with Belton except one thing. You could get him mad, you could get him excited, you could get him hot, you could get him into an argument, or you could get him so tickled about something that he would lie down on the grass and laugh until his stomach hurt him so bad that he had to quit.

BUT YOU COULD NOT GET HIM OUT.

Right now Belton is down at Many, Louisiana, conferring with some baseball talent down in that area. He says that he knows where he can get some real first class ball players to bring to Diboll to bolster the team here and we are all hoping that Belton joins us in some capacity or other because he is an asset to anybody's ball club. Even though he might not hit but 999 due to a change in the climate or something.

There will be a joint safety meeting on February 5th—Saturday night—of the Angelina County Lumber Company safety group and Southern Pine Lumber Company safety organization with Chairman Dave O'Neil in charge of all the arrangements. As you all know, on December 6th our safety organization went to Keltys and rendered a program consisting of singing, several very fine safety addresses, and readings. We were greeted by the Angelina County Lumber group with a feast of doughnuts and coffee and everybody had a wonderful time and appreciated the warm welcome given us in Keltys. At the February 5th meeting, the Keltys group will return the favor by putting on the Safety Program here and we will have for them an oyster supper complete with French fried potatoes, onions, coffee, and all the trimmings. We are expecting seventy-five guests from Keltys including some of the officials of the Angelina County Lumber Company and all of us here in Diboll are looking forward to making the occasion a great success. We understand that in addition to their singing groups, the Keltys committee will have a fine speaker for the occasion—and it will probably be one of the officials

of their company. We are all looking forward to this with great anticipation and invite you all who are interested in safety (and those of you who are not had better either get interested in it or take yourself out some more insurance) to be there.

Recently the Nash family had a wonderful reunion. Robert Nash and his brother Harry and his son Archie went home to spend a few days with their father, John Nash, and other relatives. Harry had not seen his father in twenty years. Bob finally got him to go over and visit the old man and it was quite an occasion.

They kept the welcome mat out at their home and the fire burning for many relatives and friends including Libbie Williams, Sara E. Gilmore and many others.

A delicious turkey dinner was served to all and they enjoyed it to the utmost. N. Moore of Houston was the house guest of Sara Nash Hogues and he reported a very fine time. O. C. Smith and wife and Temple Debbery, all of Houston, were home to visit their parents.

Rev. J. H. Riggs of Houston came and spent a few days with the Nash family and old friends here in Diboll. Libbie Ryles and friends of Lufkin also droppen in on the Nash family. Maddie Thomas of Galveston was visiting her brother John Thomas, the husband of Virginia Thomas. She also attended the reunion of the Nash family. Ethel L. Evans of Houston and son were also there.

Some Sense And Some Nonsense

Women have simple tastes. They can get pleasure out of the conversation of children in arms and men in love.

A sleeping child gives me the impression of a traveler in a very far country.

Life is thick-sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy but to pass quickly through them.

Behind every mountain lies a vale. The least pain in our little finger gives us more concern and uneasiness than the destruction of millions of our fellow beings.

Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.

A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.

People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.

If all our wishes were gratified, most of our pleasures would be destroyed.

If you want to get a good general view of a man's karacter, find out from him what his opinion of his nabor iz.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.

For courtesy wins woman all as well as valor may.

An average man who lives to the age of fifty spends 6,500 days in working, 6,000 days in sleeping, 4,000 days in amusements, 1,500 days in eating, and 500 days being ill.

Diboll Lions To Sponsor "Power Behind The Nation" At Community Center Feb. 1

The beauty and drama of America, past and present, are depicted in "Power Behind the Nation," the U. S. Treasury Department film that will be shown at 7:30 p.m., February 1st at Community Center. The film, made in technicolor by Warner Bros. for the Savings Bonds Division of the Treasury Department, is being shown here under the sponsorship of Diboll Lions Club.

"Power Behind the Nation" packs into 17 minutes of technicolor scenes the story of the building of America, from the coming of the colonists down to the busy, abundant present. It unfolds the glory of the nation in colorful scenes of its industry, commerce, mountains, plains, cities and towns. Dramatically narrated and accompanied by stirring music, it calls upon every American to preserve and strengthen "our priceless heritage—the land we own, the land we love."

The motion picture is the Treasury Department's sequel to "America the Beautiful," which already has been seen by more Americans of all ages than any 16mm film ever produced.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

There are three ways to drown your sorrows—in the bottle, in tears and in increased activity. The last is the surest way to survive the deluge.

Ideals are like the stars—we never reach them, but like mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them.

Dear God, give us strength to accept with serenity the things that cannot be changed. And give us wisdom to distinguish one from the other.

An average man who lives to the age of fifty spends 6500 days in working, 6000 days in sleeping, 4000 days in amusements, 1500 days in eating, and 500 days in being ill.

Am I A Safe Worker?

Ask yourself the question, "Am I a safe worker?" If you are sincere and answer honestly, you will recall many situations in which you took chances in your daily work and yet accomplished nothing of real value.

Remember, as you recall, that the stakes were high—your life or limb—against getting the job done. Many men gambled just as you do but lost and paid the price. Maybe you knew some of these individuals. Perhaps one was your father, brother, or a friend. It was pretty tough on you at the time, but now you too take chances because the passage of time has dimmed your memory.

A lesson should be learned from each accident, yet in our stubborn attitude as rugged individualists we always assume that such just couldn't happen to us. This, however, is not the case, and we go on and on paying with our lives because we do not follow the lessons we should have learned.

Remember, no one on this earth is possessed of supernatural powers to make him immune to accidental injuries or death.

Whatever your job, do it safely and live to enjoy the fruits of your labor. —From National Safety

Sir Francis of Assisi, hoeing his garden, was asked what he would do if he were suddenly to learn that he was to die at sunset that day. He said, "I would finish hoeing my garden."

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of one's own.

The world is not unkind, and repro-bates are worse than their reputations.

Lots of times you have to pretend

In difficulty you understand your friends.—Chinese Proverb.

OUR PINEYWOODS JIM BRADY

Four aristocratic gentlemen and a noted engineer
Conceived a brilliant idea—the idea of the year:
They'd visit all the sawmills, look them over good
And duplicate their methods, if duplicate they could.

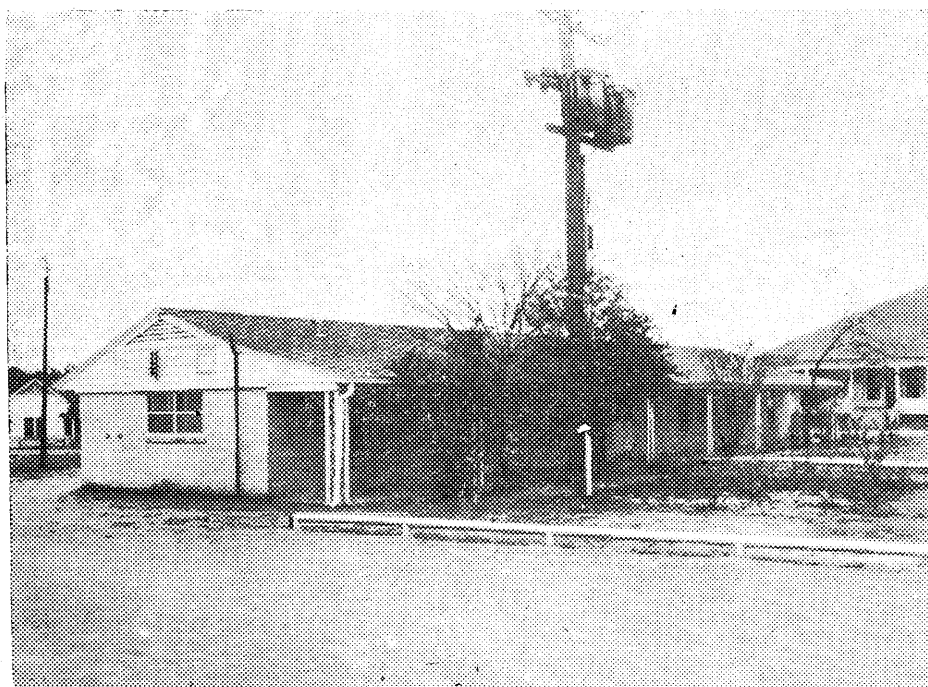
To Crossett, to Warren, and finally Mountain Pine
The quintet inspected and everything went fine
Then they deviated from their route to have a little fun
And all of them did have it—all, that is, save one.

This unfortunate gentleman, a lad of twenty-eight
Was a leading Texas businessman who lugged a lot of weight.
"I'll tell you boys," he'd warned them all. "Don't buy a single thing;
They'll take you for a bunch of rubes and sell you phoney rings."

"I wouldn't buy a ring," said Fogg. "I've been to town before,
And though I've bit, as I must admit, I'll bite on that no more."
"I want no ring," said Farley. "Nor I," said Shirley Dee.
"They'll never sell another if they wait to sell to me."

"I knew you boys were smart," said he. "I've known it all along;
In fact, I pick my men that way and I'm seldom ever wrong."
About this time they passed a shop where the doors were open wide
And before they hardly knew it, they'd all been lured inside.

The ending of this story is, alas, the strangest thing
Because Arthur Temple, Jr., is the man who bought the ring.
He told his wife when she saw the glass and shed a tiny tear,
"Don't be blue; you'd have bought it, too, if you'd heard that auctioneer."



Southern Pine Lumber Company's employee clinic recently completed at Diboll. This modern clinic is completely equipped and includes a laboratory, first aid room, x-ray, treatment room, diathermy treatment room, offices for Dr. J. R. Dale, Dr. Dan Spivey and personnel offices. This is another of the many recent innovations built for employees of Southern Pine Lumber Company.

Lon Smith—

(Continued from page 2)

put you on the log train," said Pat. "And get you some shoes. We don't want to have the only railroad in the U.S.A. with a barefooted brakeman. Looks too country."

Smith hurried down to the store, purchased his shoes with a slow note and a long face, limped back to the T.S.E. and reported to Buffalo. Tidas Mooney, one of the greatest log train engineers of this or any other generation, was running; Ton Steed firing, Bob Atkinson head-end brakeman and Buffalo conductor.

Along about 1914 the second train crew consisting of Ed Baucom, engineer, Jess Morres, Fireman, Frank Laing, Conductor and Clarence Curry, brakeman, was also making the daily run to White City and Lon Smith was working as extra man on both trains. One day Baucom was backing up from Neff with two box cars behind a passenger coach. Lon, the hind-end brakeman, was riding on top of the last car. Let's let him tell it:

"Ed Baucom was backing her up through a cut where we had a bad piece of track. The box car I was riding began to sway and I figured we were about to go over. I started to jump to the left and she slapped back on the rails and started over on the right. This time I just hauled off and jumped. Landed up on the shoulder of the cut 38 feet by actual measurement from the center of the track. The car turned over, alright, but the momentum of the train carried it down the track past where I landed and even if it hadn't I wouldn't have been hit because I made a leap that left me plenty of room to spare. Jess, Ed, Clarence and Frank Laing said I sailed through the air like a squirrel and I suppose I did because when I landed I hit soft just like I had on a parachute only I didn't have one. For a long time after that they all called me "Cat Squirrel Smitty" and it wasn't because I had a natural liking for hickory nuts, either. I was just NIMBLE."

After that the odds against Lon breaking his neck before the completion of each day's run went up from one-to-four to even money.

Then, in order to get him on a caboose cushion where his chances would be better for a life less strenuous and more prolonged, they promoted him to conductor (1916). In 1922 he was again promoted—this time to station agent in Diboll—where he put up with Dick McKinney, Frank Laing, Tidas Mooney, John Dial, Tom Steed, D. D. Devereaux, Will Radford, Ed Baucom, Clarence Curry, Jess Morres,

and last but not NEAR least, Bob Cook, for fourteen years before going into the pressing shop business here in Diboll.

Lon says that of the various engineers on the T. S. E., Bob Cook is still in a class by himself. "Not that he could ever hope to run an engine like Tidas Mooney or Ed Baucom", explains Smith. "And not saying that he could even switch for any other road—including the W. B. T. and S. a few years back—but because to brake for him developed ingenuity in a man. For instance, every time I gave Bob a "Go-Ahead" signal he thought I was trying to get him to come to the rear and talk to me. He just somehow or another lost sight of the fact that he was running a locomotive at all. Just thought every signal was for him personally. So the brakeman had to INVENT signals to let Bob know that when he called for some particular maneuver he meant the TRAIN. And then, too, old Bob sometimes did things that would run ordinary people completely crazy like the day he went out on his first trip as a "hogger". Cochino hill was a pretty tough grade for a long train to make and somehow Bob made it on this initial run. When he got over the top he stopped the train, put the brakeman off (Curley Torrance) and backed down the hill. He got a couple of miles start and topped the hill again with a big grin on his face. After making it the second time he stopped, called Torrence up to the engine. 'Curley', he said, tilting his cap at a rakish angle. 'I want you to tell me confidentially—don't you think I look every bit as good as Ed Baucom sitting in this cab bringing a long train over old Cochino?'"

Bob says that Lon is stretching that narrative almost as much as he manages to stretch the clothes he runs through his cleanery but that on one occasion at least Smith was caught speechless. It seems that there was an unusual number of logs banked up in and around Diboll some years ago, the mill ponds were full, and there appeared no place to put the trainload supervision of our now locally famous supervision of our the locally famous conductor. Watson Walker was manager of Southern Pine Lumber Company and Smith approached him, obviously bearing sad news.

"Mr. Walker," he said. "We got a train load of logs here from Fastrill and there's no place to put 'em. The ponds are full and we got logs banked up everywhere. I don't know what to do with 'em'."

Watson Walker eyed the gangling conductor impatiently. "Sah Sah, you'd better figure out something to do with

Old Sawdust—

(Continued from page 5)

fifty years ago to last ten years at the most, so ramshackled that the termites are biting each other and so far outmoded that they're still getting in button shoes.

Here in Diboll we have one of the most modern self serving stores in East Texas—a completely remodeled super market with every innovation to insure convenience for the shopper—which is being operated AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE MARGIN OF PROFIT in order that the people of Diboll may be able to obtain groceries, drugs, hardware, clothing and everything else normally purchased in a company owned and operated store at the lowest possible price.

In line with this policy, the management of our company recently did away with the old custom of allowing certain officials, stockholders, and others, a discount on purchases, which means that now every item in the store is the same price to every purchaser regardless of where he works, who he is, or what about him. This makes possible lower prices to the average working man—and that's the man Southern Pine Lumber Company is most interested in.

Add all these things up—plus the dozens of other things around here provided by the company for the welfare of all of its employees—then COMPARE THEM WITH WHAT YOU FIND IN OTHER SAWMILL TOWNS and you'll see that Diboll is so far in front that there is hardly a comparison.

But no matter HOW interested a company is in the welfare of its employees—no matter what thought, expense, and effort may be expended toward improving working conditions and living conditions in a town by the company—a modernization program can NEVER succeed without the full cooperation of the PEOPLE WHO

them! You'd be a fine looking log train conductor taking them BACK to the woods, wouldn't you?"

Cook says that he met Smith at the shop a few minutes after his conversation with Watson Walker. Smith told him what Walker had said. "You know, Bob," he confided. "That WOULD look kinda unusual, wouldn't it?"

"Not if everybody knew YOU were the conductor, it wouldn't," replied the loquacious engineer strolling quietly away. "Not unusual at all".

LIVE IN THE TOWN. And by cooperation we don't mean the usual attitude of "You give it to me and I'll take it and that makes it a 50-50 proposition."

In other words, Diboll is fast becoming more than a mere "sawmill town". We should all, therefore, realize that the responsibilities of the community—the responsibilities for instilling vigorous and enthusiastic citizenship among the people who make up the community—must be born by the people themselves. The company has a full time job on its hands building, repairing, planning, improving and—most important — manufacturing lumber. Those are the PHYSICAL things. Those things can be and will be handled by the management just as they have been handled in the past—except better. The thousand and one problems IN ADDITION to those—problems handled by the citizens themselves in OTHER progressive communities—should at long last be taken off the back of the company and born, as they should be born, by the people of Diboll. It is MY responsibility and it is YOUR responsibility. Let's meet it!

Wise and Otherwise

And truly then it is that sense shines with the greatest beauty, when it is set in humility.—William Penn.

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the thing which lies nearest us, and not hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves.—Charles Kingsley.

Judging others is a dangerous thing; not so much because you make mistakes about them, but because you may be telling the truth about yourself.

Husbands are awkward things to deal with; even keeping them in hot water will make them tender.—Mary Buckley.

Tell a girl she is pretty and she will like it, but will not be sure you are in earnest; tell her she is prettier than some girl she knows is pretty and you have got her.—Anonymous.

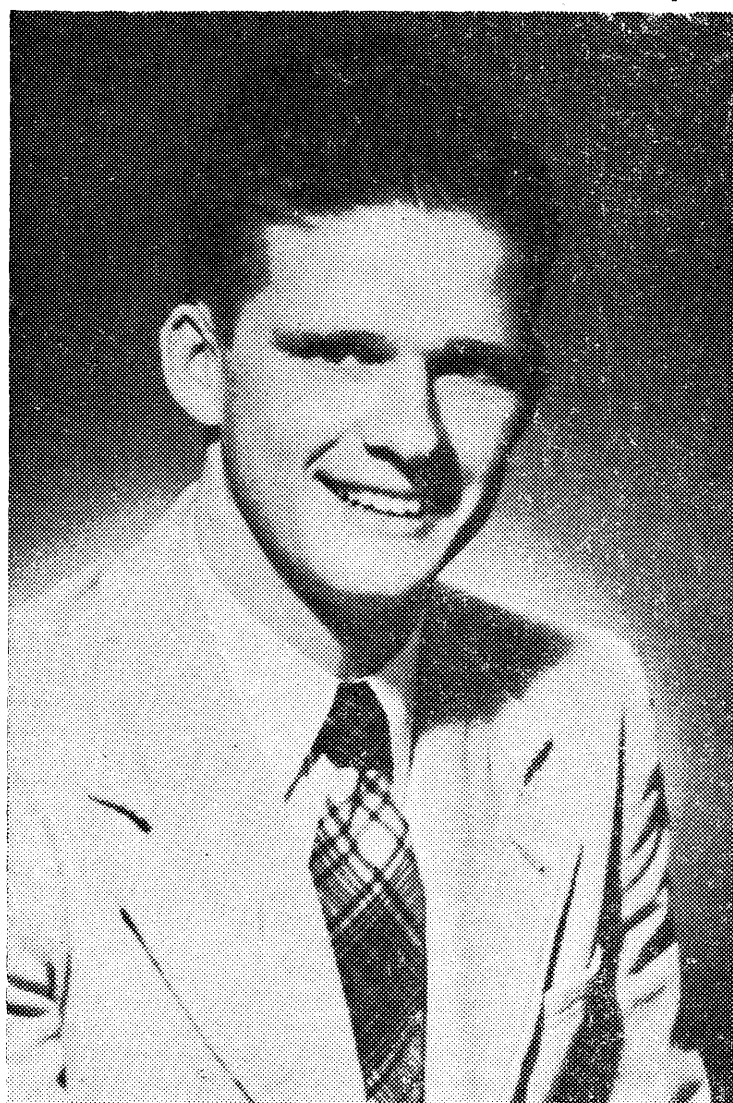
Success is getting what you want; happiness is wanting what you get.—Anon.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of one's own.—Montaigne.



Pictured above is Southern Pine Lumber Company's Jeep-O-Trench, recently purchased from the Lufkin Tire & Tractor Company. This machine can dig 130 feet of ditch per hour to a depth of 48 inches and will be used throughout Diboll on water, gas and sewerage line construction—or on any other project where it may be needed.

Diboll Youth Outstanding Student



E. P. RAMSEY, Jr.

By RUFUS TAYLOR

E. P. Ramsey, Jr. the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Ramsey is an outstanding student on the campus of East Texas Baptist College. E. P. is a Ministerial student with fine speaking qualities and he plans to major in Bible and Speech with a minor in English.

E. P. was elected by the Sophomore class of about two hundred as the "Most Representative Boy" of the Sophomore class.

E. P. is very outstanding in all activities about the campus. At the present he is the President of the Sophomore class, Vice President of "The Little Theatre", Mission point Chairman of the Mission Band, President of his Sunday School and Training Union

Class, a Representative on the B. S. U. Council there at E. T. B. C. and is an outstanding actor. E. P. has carried a major role in one play, been Stage Manager and Setting Manager for the play "Claudia", and is carrying a role in a play now which will be presented on February 4th and 10th at East Texas Baptist College and at Marshall High School.

Along with all these activities E. P. is making good in all his class work. His grades at the present are two A's and three B's. He is a graduate of the Diboll High School class of 1947.

His proud father, E. P. Ramsey, Senior, is carline foreman for Southern Pine Lumber Company and a top man in his own right.

all that is noble and chivalrous. And this honorable character is possible to the lawyer whether he stands in court as the champion of those who are wronged, or stands guard over those who are really guilty, to see that unfair means are not used against them and that they are not punished beyond their deserts. No client has a right to demand of his lawyer anything more than that justice be done; nor has the lawyer any moral right to go, in behalf of his client, one step beyond the true limits of justice. If law be participated in that spirit, there can be no more noble calling. But when the lawyer magnifies a false sense of duty to his clients until it overshadows and destroys duty to himself and to his country and to his God, then indeed he debases his calling and dishonors himself. But observe in that case, and in every case, it is the MAN degrading the PROFESSION, and NOT the profession degrading the man.

Hence we see that a genuine love of any legitimate calling or business in life is not the forbidden love of the world. What, then definitely, is meant by the world which we must not love? It is a certain spirit of worldliness which we find within us and everywhere about us. St. John most accurately defines the world in his first epistle as follows: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For, all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

From this text Robertson thus defines worldliness. "Worldliness is determined by the spirit of a life, not by the objects with which life is surrounded. It is not the flesh, nor the eye, nor life which are forbidden, but it is the LUST of the flesh, and the LUST of the eye, and the PRIDE of life. It is not this earth, nor the men who inhabit it, nor the sphere of our legitimate activity, that we may not love; but the WAY in which the love is given constitutes worldliness. Look into this a little closer. The lust of the flesh. Here is affection for the outward; Pleasure, that which affects the senses only:—the flesh, that enjoyment which comes from the emotions of an hour, be it course or be it refined. The pleasure of wine, or the pleasure of music, so far as it is only a movement of the flesh. Again, the lust of the eye. Here is affection for the transient, for the eye can only gaze on form and color—and these are things that do not last. Once more,—the pride of life. Here is affection for the unreal. Men's opinions—the estimate which depends upon wealth, and rank and circumstances."

"Worldliness then consists in these three things: Attachment to the outward—attachment to the transitory—attachment to the unreal: in opposition to love for the inward, the eternal, the true: and the one of these affections is necessarily expelled by the other. If a man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Now all this, though not immediately on our own text,—helps us to understand it. It shows us what the world is into which we are sent by Christ, and from which he will not pray that we may be taken away. Our work and our warfare lies in the very midst of a world of sensual lusts, of selfishness and of life's proud boastings. As in an ordinary warfare there are only two ways of escaping the enemy in whose midst we find ourselves. One is to flee away. That we are not permitted to do. The other is to fight against it and overcome it. That is the very purpose for which we are sent into the world: First to overcome and crush out the worldly spirit in our own hearts and lives, and then to beat it back and drive it away, as much as we can, from the society in which we

mingle and have an influence. This is better than fleeing away to the cloister or the hermit's cell. It is more successful to our fellow men.

Ask me to point you to the purest of all pure women. I will not take you, like the poet or sentimentalist, to some sequestered country hamlet, nor to vespers in the chapel of some seven-barred nunnery; but I will take you to our largest city; down into the streets which seem wholly given up to filth and vice and shame. There I will point you to certain women who are devoting their whole lives to raising up the fallen and those who have lost sense of shame. Theirs is not the negative purity of ignorance, but it is of a positive, vital and heroic stamp. It is a purity of which they themselves are not conscious because all their thought and prayer and effort are going out to those around them.

Ask me to name you one freest from all crime and criminal thoughts. I will not point you to the blank mind of a little child where all things lie in embryo, but I will point you to a wilberforce much of whose life was spent in prisons and among criminals seeking to do them good. A life a crime had not the slightest fascination for him, though he saw it everywhere and was inspired with love for the poor criminals.

Or again shall I point you to an unselfish, unworldly soul? It will not be the ascetic with his self-imposed hardship, his mouldy crust and sackcloth covering. But I will take you to the halls of wealth and splendor, point you to one born and bred in the lap of luxury,—one whose time and means are devoted to the friendless and wretched. Though such a one may be constrained by friends to attend the brilliant reception, her heart is not in all that splendor, but is far away in some poor garret, shivering in sympathy with its wretched inmates. Such a person, better than we, can see the unreality of earth's pomps and vanities.

So it is that God's truest heroes and saints are in the very midst of the corrupting world. We may not always see it, and they may not see it themselves, but the eye of God finds them out. Of such were Moses, and Joseph, and David, and Paul, and Augustine, and Ambrose. Too busy they were in the conflict with worldliness in their own hearts and in the community to estimate their own saintliness. It was their very contact with the world that developed and brightened their characters. It was the very conflict which made David, with all his wars, and violence, and shame a truer hearted man than Solomon in his spotless robes worshipping God in the fairest of temples. Those men were truly in the world, but they were not of it. It is true they were not always kept from evil, but they came out of the conflict conquerors and more than conquerors.

And so, my friends, it may be with us. We find ourselves in the midst of a corrupting world. It is not of our own choice or purpose that we are here at all. Our great Captain sent us into the world for some grand purpose. He will not pray that we be taken away from it, but that we be kept from the evil. For that too we must pray and we must work. Our best work in this line will be while we are in the midst of the world, toiling to make it better. Work for others,—work for God,—and that in the very sphere where he has placed us. Sometimes as we become weary with the struggle and are well nigh over-bored in the conflict, we may cry with David, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest." But that was not Christ's prayer, nor was it David's in his best moments. Before he ends that very psalm, he gains courage to say, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee; He shall not suffer the righteous to fall forever."

Sermonette—

(Continued from page 2)

read there was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Nor again is it the world of our profession, our calling, our business in life that we are not to love. Men sometimes make the excuse that their business is such, and their contact and dealing with men necessarily of such a character that they preclude a consistent religious life. That such is not really the case in any lawful calling can be shown by pointing to noble Christian characters in every profession and legitimate business. It is not a genuine love of our work which degrades us from Christian standards, but it is a love of something else while exercising our calling that spoils the character of our work. It is love of self, and the love of gain, and the love of dark and slippery ways.

Take, for instance, the calling of the farmer. Will a love of his independent employment, in making the earth bring forth her fruit abundantly, interfere with true religion? Can he not read in the Bible of God's blessing on those who subdue the earth and replenish it?

Or again the mechanic in his calling. Can he not be a religious man because he loves his sharp and shining tools,—loves to cleave the wood or beat the glowing metal, and make the productions of his handicraft strong and

genuine, and beautiful? Yes, is it not rather a large part of his religion to do his work in that honest, lovable spirit?

Or take the merchant in his needful calling. Is he shut off from a religious life because he loves his business,—loves to place the fairest and best goods upon his counter and deal them out to his friends and neighbors at reasonable prices: Yea, even if he loves to excel others in the best elements of his business, and become a prince among merchants? Such a love of his work is not the forbidden love of the world. But when an inordinate love of gain steals in, it is that which spoils his calling and spoils his own manly spirit,—makes him a mere worldling, of the earth earthy.

Or finally the lawyer, whose calling is often spoken of with a slur as though it were necessarily evil. But what is the true object and character of his calling? It is to expound the laws of his country; to see that justice has free course; to see that the weak are not oppressed by the strong and the rich are not defrauded of their just rights on account of false sentiment, or by the violence of mobs. There is really no calling in life which gives such opportunity for the practice of real honor and chivalry as that of the lawyer. He may become, if he will, the true knight errant of modern times. There can be pointed out lawyers today who are the embodiment of