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The Family Tree

January, 1947
Volume XI Number 4
Lewiston, Idaho

*Remember . . .
Give Generously*

MARCH OF DIMES



Above—Fire hall at Clearwater. Normally used to house firemen who are "on call" at all hours . . . has become in recent months a sort of barracks for single men unable to find lodging. Ordinarily bunks twelve men . . . now houses up to thirty.

The Pipe Gang *by K. Ross*

To the average person not familiar with the many mysteries of sawmill maintenance and operation it probably seems that the pipe crew is a bunch of guys who do little of anything but draw big wages and leisurely stroll around the plant, back and forth, carrying a few wrenches and the same few pieces of pipe, day after day. This is not entirely true—"absolutely and positively" and you may quote me.

In fact, an average day at Clearwater will bring at least one frantic call from some department that is desperately in need of service from the pipe fitters who must do something immediately to avert some crisis that is about to gum up the works. The trouble can be any one of a thousand things—maybe the air conditioner in the main office or an accumulation of mud in front of the log slip at the log pond must be washed out in order to get logs into the mill. I think it can be said that it would be impossible to imagine any change or process in either the manufacture or sale of lumber at our plant which does not eventually require the services of the pipe fitters. Even such a highly non-mechanical operation as the efficiency department has been known to send both a tally whacker and a stop watch into the pipe shop for repairs.

Versatile Critter

A journeyman pipe fitter must needs be a versatile critter and able to do practically anything. The new cafeteria at Clearwater provides good illustration. Here a sewer system must be laid, some mechanical equipment placed such as

(Continued on page four)

Happy New Year

It should be a happy year with most of the war time regulations now removed. It will be happy if we all replace government regulations with self regulation. The co-operation of our fellowmen is the most effective aid to self regulation. Cooperation was the quality which built our great nation of free men. Our best New Year resolution should be to carry on that tradition of cooperation within our company.

J. F. JEWETT,
President Potlatch
Forests, Inc.

A new radio controlled tractor, developed by British inventor, ploughs perfect furrows, executes turns at will of controller. One man can control six tractors.

Man of the Month

The Tree herewith, and for the first time, goes out of P.F.I. to pick a Man of the Month. However, there's a young fellow up Nezperce way who has turned in such a fine job of forestry work that we can't believe there will be objection from any quarter . . . in fact, the reverse is expected.

Ray Anstine is a 17-year-old Nezperce High School student, in his junior year. He is a native of Nezperce, the son of Postmaster and Mrs. R. L. Anstine, and was adjudged by the School of Forestry, University of Idaho, to have been the outstanding 4-H Club member in forestry work in 1946. Accordingly he has received the P.F.I. \$100 scholarship that is awarded each year to recipients of this honor.

A year ago, Ray won one of the four other short course forestry scholarships, good at the U. of I., which P.F.I. makes available each year to four 4-H boys or girls who have turned in outstanding jobs in 4-H Club forestry work. Last summer he spent a week at the University, making use of his award and reports "a very instructive and profitable week." He expects to use the \$100 scholarship in 1948-49.

The going hasn't been easy for this boy who has proven himself a very versatile young man . . . he was forced out of school for a year by an attack of rheumatic fever . . . two years ago it was phlebitis and last year his leg was in a cast for six weeks with a cartilage ailment. He managed, however, to win letters in basketball and has been active in other sports. A fine scholastic record that notes among other things an interest in dramatics also is a part of his ownership.

We think it a privilege to add his name to a select group and to confer the title "Man of the Month."



Above Ray Anstine . . . winner of PFI scholarship for 4-H work, 1946.

From Lt. Jim Warner

(Continued from page two)

Uncle Sam thought that I had been a Warrant Officer long enough so the other day came promotion to 2d Lieutenant.

Please pass on "many happy holiday returns" to Harry Rooney, Clarence Haeg, and Ralph Siverly—the latter two whom have owed me a letter nigh onto quite a few months.

Oh for a Christmas Tree!

By K.A.L. with assist from W.J.W.

It is with trepidation and some feeling of insecurity that we accept the kindly "invitation" of the editor of *The Family Tree*, to write this story, which we believe is timely, unusual, unique, newsy and all those things that a good story should be, notwithstanding the policies of the editor of this publication.

The story didn't come to us easily, nor was it handed to us on a silver platter. Nope—we FERRETED this one out, as GOOD reporters do. AND we didn't have to run all over the country to get the facts. No sir, we just sat here and got them, and here they are.

This story is really about one cruiser, (Cruiser—that's a timber exaggerator who generally refers to the steepest mountain as "land, level to rolling"), aptly nicknamed Beanie, but the innocent party is a cruiser known as Gentle George Harlan. Anyhow, it seems that one day as Beanie sat, glass in hand, making a cruise of the young Poplars that swayed past the Elk's Club windows, it suddenly dawned on him that they were wearing Fir coats. Then, by a slow mental process known only to B., it eventually occurred to him that as yet he had no Xmas tree for his home and children and here it was the 23rd of December. What to do? "If

I have to go out to the woods now," mourned Beanie, "I'll break my New Year's Resolution of last year!" Well, dear readers, just as poor B. was lamenting his fate, who should walk in but Gentle George Harlan.

"Here," said G.G. in a tired voice, "Sign these cruise reports so I can turn them over to Rettig."

"Don't rush me," says B., "I have to be extremely careful about overworking." The reports being signed, G.G. collected them, sighed, and turned to go. Suddenly a crafty gleam flickered in B.'s eyes.

"George, old pal, when do you go back to the woods?"

"Right now," said G.G., "Why?"

"Well, listen," says B., "I want you to do me a small favor. I want you to bring me a Christmas tree."

"Yeah," says G.G., "Guess I can do that. What kind do you want?"

"Oh, anything," states B., "something like a Blue Pine or Yellow Spruce, or whatever you think is purty."

Sadly G.G. turned to go, thinking to himself, "What a guy has to do to earn money!" but saying aloud "OK, B."

B. relaxed contentedly, thinking "There's nothing like giving a younger man every opportunity to learn the business." (Isn't this a lot better than reading the usual stuff you see on these pages?) So, the next night came a rap at B.'s door. "Someone's at the door," says B.'s wife to B.

"I know, I know," returns B., "Can't you see I'm praying for a hard wind to blow it open?" So Mrs. B. answers the door and there's poor G.G.—with a tree.

"What, no stand?" asks B. "Oh well, bring it in." G.G. brings it in. "Now just what kind of a tree is that," asks B., "Is it a Yellow Spruce like I told you to get?"

G.G. closed his eyes, then patiently spoke. "No sir, I couldn't find any Yellow Spruce, so I had to bring in this little White Fir."

"Oh well," says B., "I guess it'll do for this year." Turning to his wife, B. says,

"Gee, I like to get a tree all lit up."

"Yeah," retorts G.G., "I'm going home now and get lit like a tree."

End of story. Moral: Cruisers is as cruisers be, but you'll never find another like B.

Below—A young admirer greets Santa at the Clearwater Christmas party on December 22nd . . . a success from any point of view with a record size crowd and 1058 gift bags of candy and toys distributed to youngsters twelve years of age and under.



The Pipe Gang

By K. Ross

(Continued from page one)



Left—Ken Ross, foreman of the pipe gang, power house, and chief of the fire department at Clearwater. On the right side of the picture . . . Art Pritchard, assistant fire chief, who has the unenviable role of trouble shooter for all departments in time of emergency. The apparatus on wall is a punch register that punches a code into the tape that runs from one side of the machine to other. Code identifies location of fire and makes permanent record. Gong also rings out code immediately identifying location of fire for those in hearing range. The other apparatus on fire hall wall is something a bit extra special in the way of a calendar. Guess what laundry gets bulk of business from the fire hall.

sinks, toilets, refrigeration, water coolers, etc., plus the various steam heating devices and lines, plus sprinkler systems, plus miscellaneous tin work, ad infinitum. The practice at Clearwater when such a collection of jobs occurs is simplicity itself—the whole kit and kaboodle is turned over to the pipe fitters.

They, poor versatile critters that they are, go ahead and do the work . . . not always with the speed that the department involved desires and oftentimes there is some little grumbling (understatement) but eventually the job gets done, right, and everybody winds up in a good state of mind (almost, at any rate).

COLD WEATHER NO FRIEND

Of all the hazards and perils to happy pipe fitting the worst of the lot is winter weather, especially when the thermometer dives down low enough to freeze up the pipe lines. During this time of year blow torches become standard equipment for the pipe gang and much of each day must be spent in thawing out air lines and water lines, and in trying to keep ice from blocking the log slip, plus the sprinkler systems and hose lines to make certain there is adequate fire protection.

Maintenance of the sprinkler systems alone is a big job at Clearwater. We have 87 complete and separate sprinkler systems with a total of some 22,000 outlets or sprinkler heads which require about fifty miles of pipe of all sizes from 3/4" in diameter up to 6" in diameter.

First off, to gain appreciation of what comprises a sprinkler system, there probably should be a word of explanation as to how one of these systems functions. Here again you find a peculiarity not known or understood by many people who wonder how we keep the sprinkler system from freezing in cold weather. The sprinkler systems do not contain water. They are filled with air and a pressure of 30 lbs. is maintained.

When this pressure is reduced by any cause (normally by the fuseable link in a sprinkler head melting) the air escapes and trips the sprinkler valve which immediately sends water through the system with a pressure of 150 lbs. back of it. The valve is so designed that 1 lb. of air pressure in the sprinkler system will hold valve closed against 5 lbs. of water pressure, or 30 lbs. will hold back a 150-lb. water pressure.

The sprinkler head, the device which trips the sprinkler valve, is located at regular distances along pipes that cover the area to be protected. In the head is a fuseable link that will break or melt when temperatures reach more than 160 degrees (in most instances 160 degrees, although some heads in the dry kilns have links that will withstand up to 280 degrees of heat). These heads are placed as directed by the National Board of Underwriters to insure maximum and adequate protection and must be in the exact position ordered by the board, not approximately but exactly and on the size pipe recommended, at a specified distance from the roof, with other fittings as ordered, etc.

CONDENSATION A PROBLEM

In theory, although not actually possible, each sprinkler system should be so laid out as to provide drainage to one central spot. This, to permit easy expelling from the line of the water that results from condensation.

Most people think of air as being dry, but such is not the case. Air holds moisture and when compressed several interesting things happen. For instance . . . air is compressed to about seven times its normal pressure at Clearwater. This increases the temperature to around 800 degrees so that the compressed air must be cooled before going out into service. This is accomplished by a cooling system attached to each of two compressors in the power plant. The cooling, however, does not remove moisture from the air and the miles of exposed pipe surface bring condensation that will total 50 gallons of water any day and during periods of rainy weather will run as high as 150 gallons. The moisture, of course,

must be drained into the sprinkler system in proper working order. Multiply 87 systems by the average of four drain valves each and you have an idea as to how much blow torch work must be done each day by the pipe gang in cold weather.

OTHER COLD WEATHER PROBLEMS

When temperatures drop to zero or below it is necessary to add more men and to pray for warmer weather. At zero or colder the contraction of the metals in pipe line and fittings are at sufficient variance as to cause leaks that normally never appear. Joints that are perfectly tight during summer weather begin to leak in zero weather and if there is sufficient leakage will of course trip the big sprinkler valve that releases water into the system. It is then almost impossible to take fast enough action to keep the whole system from freezing up.

It is not unusual for some small leak in the system to trip the valve and for the water that immediately rushes in to carry sufficient sediment in the form of rust to effectively plug the main leak. Not even Sherlock Holmes could quickly solve that set of circumstances and oftentimes many days, amid understandable cursings, must needs be carefully spent in examination of the offending system.

There is a tendency during cold weather for ice to accumulate in the sprinkler systems, one thin layer atop another until the diameter of the pipe is much reduced and the system eventually plugged. To slow this forming of ice, alcohol is poured into the system. What happens is that the alcohol forms solution with the condensed moisture already present in the line resulting in what amounts to an anti-freeze solution of alcohol and water.

To the miles of sprinkler system add other miles of pipe that carry air to the different departments around the plant for use in clean-up work, etc., then multiply by two since the main air lines about the plant are paralleled by water lines that supply drinking water. All of this too, is property for maintenance by the pipe gang.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

The work of the pipe gang which has top priority over all else is that pertaining to fire protection and it could correctly be said that first off it is the job of the pipe gang



Left—Merl Hardisty pours alcohol into air line to keep it from freezing in cold weather. As much as 100 gallons of alcohol has been used for this purpose during a winter.

Above—Sprinkler heads on pipes that run lengthwise the ceiling of the shipping office.

Right—Glen Rohrer applies a blow torch to thaw out a valve. In cold weather between 300 and 400 such valves have to be thawed out to drain moisture from air lines each day.



to keep all equipment incident to fire fighting in top shape.

Praises be, it isn't often that we have a major size fire, but against the day of need is our regular crew of fire fighters who bunk in the fire hall along with assistant fire chief, Art Pritchard. There is a natural inclination to describe the pipe gang and fire departments in a single story since both are largely intended to accomplish the same purpose—guard the plant against loss from fire.

But, in addition to Pritchard's duties as assistant fire chief, he has other tasks to perform, some of which have brought him periods of embarrassment and some lively moments.

To begin with, Art must pinch hit in time of emergency for anyone not present at the plant because of after hours, etc., and must as a consequence have good knowledge of all jobs about the plant. The crew of watchmen are among the responsibilities. To this crew falls the job of keeping drunks out of the plant, unloading an occasional bum from a box car, showing solicitors (who gain admittance under one guise or another) to and through the gate, etc.

One of Pritchard's embarrassing moments (as I remember it) come when some rather comely looking girl salespeople determined to make the plant and to sell subscriptions to magazines. Art finally corralled them but was unable to prevent their solicitation of business of all within hearing distance as he was forcibly escorting them toward the plant gate. The laughter engendered along the route of travel by a lively exchange of words didn't help matters a bit.

Of more recent happening was the visit of a salesman to the plant during the midnight hours. This gentleman had very obviously been hit in the eye with a bar towel and was much the worse for the experience. In fact, he was searching for the road to Spokane at the time. The gateman sold the inebriated one the idea that he best pull his car off to one side and take a nap before proceeding. This, the salesman agreed was a good idea and he forthwith proceeded to do so.

However, by some mental process known only to a man in such condition, he came to the conclusion immediately thereafter that it wasn't such a good idea after all. Quickly turning the car around and (while the gateman answered the phone) the "man

with the fire in his stomach" stepped on the throttle and roared through the plant gate, up the stretch toward the Pres-to-logs storage, rounded the curve to the left and headed for the tail race bridge, which he managed to negotiate without loss of a fender. Fortunately there were no cars of lumber on the track between the end of the bridge and the far side of the rough shed. The inebriated one bumped over a few hundred yards of railroad ties, then raced across Dave Troy's alfalfa field (Bradbury to the contrary) and finally hit the dike where he executed a sharp left turn, then threading his way between a row of telephone poles and the dike until finally reached one pole whose proximity to the dike obstructed his route of travel. The car, new and powerful, and with throttle wide open, was then pointed up the side of the dike and roared to a stop half way up the bank. Here Pritch eventually found the culprit, sound asleep.

FIRE EQUIPMENT

There is a wide variety of fire equipment about the Clearwater plant and a simple enumeration of a part of it will perhaps be as impressive a reminder of the importance of pipe gang and fire department work as can be found. 48 watchman stations . . . 198 fire barrels . . . 140 fire hose valves

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Below—The front of the Pres-to-logs storage building in 1939 after a six inch fitting broke off the pipe to which it was connected and spilled water through a several thousand ton pile of Pres-to-logs. The building was almost totally washed

Below—Geo Fones makes some necessary repairs to steam pipes in steam box outside slier plant under sawmill tie dock. Cramped quarters for a man the size of Fones who has worked at Clearwater since the mill began in 1927.



The Pipe Gang

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(50 ft. 1½ in. hose on each . . . 87 hydrants . . . 8 axe and crowbar units . . . 7 hose carts (300 ft. 2½ in. hose each) . . . 20 telephones . . . 210 pyrene extinguishers . . . 10 CO-Two extinguishers . . . 5 fire sirens . . . 80 sprinkler system dry pipe valves (6 in. systems) . . . 4 sprinkler system wet pipe valves (6 in. systems) . . . 100 post indicator valves . . . 2 punch registers and gongs . . . 22,000 sprinkler heads . . . 12,000 ft. fire hose (2½ in.) . . . 45 fire alarm boxes . . . 43 fire alarm codes.

Plant News

Potlatch

During the past year the Potlatch Unit sold and moved out the temporary houses on the brow of the hill east of Highway 95-E. By way of a little face-lifting following this defacement of the landscape, a tree-planting project was initiated by Manager J. J. O'Connell, which involved the transplanting of some 2,000 trees averaging around four feet in height.

On the slope with northern exposure, White Pine was planted; on the slope with the western exposure, Yellow Pine and Red Fir were used and along the flat Spruce and Cedar, the idea being to transplant each species into as nearly its natural habitat as possible. About the middle of December a crew of men under direction of Stanley Keizer dug these trees on Gold Creek, Hatter Creek, and Big Creek and transported them by truck to their new location. The planting is to be known as "O'Connell's Arboretum."

The foremanship of the Pres-to-log plant at Potlatch has passed around like a football since last fall when Roy Maxey was transferred to Wood Briquettes, Inc., at Sacramento. New foreman is Newell E. LaVoy. Newell, who was setting in the sawmill, when he went into the Army, participated



Above—Epling presents fly rod to Gene Ginsbach winner of The Family Tree Fishing Contest (It took a long time to get the rod . . . but we dood it).

in the campaigns of Saipan and Tinian and, following a rest period, was sent to school for training in tank mechanics. He came home a First Lieutenant and resumed setting on No. 1 Rig. Admits that Pres-to-log machines are quite different from tanks, but are machines and Newell has a flair for machinery. We wish him well.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Maxey and family of Sacramento, California, visited relatives in Potlatch during the holidays. Roy, formerly foreman of the Pres-to-log plant at Potlatch, was transferred to the plant of Wood Briquettes, Inc., at Sacramento late the past summer.

Harold Beckmeier, formerly sawmill foreman at the Potlatch Unit, visited his family here over the holidays. He is now located at Quincy, Washington, where, with his brother, Walter, and Chester Hinshaw, they operate a retail business in building materials, electrical appliances and farm machinery.

Below—Winners of the pitch tournament day shift at Clearwater—Max Seibert, 3rd; Art Eckerman, 2nd; Orland Gage, 1st; Dave Troy who made presentations; and Bud O'Shaughnessy who got the booby prize (a small hen). Winners on the night shift also received turkeys—Carl Rasmussen, George Smith and Alex Dixon with the booby prize (a dozen eggs) to Joe Shoemake.



Simon Alsaker, former contractor in yard and grader at Potlatch Unit, accompanied by Mrs. Alsaker, visited at the homes of his brother, Sven, and sister-in-law, Mrs. Martha Alsaker, and numerous friends during the holidays. They spent Christmas in Lewiston at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Bert Schmidt, where all participated in a family reunion. Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Sigurd Alsaker from California and Henry Alsaker, a student at the University of Idaho.

During the war Simon was superintendent of Transportation Corps Lumber Yards, San Francisco Port of Embarkation, from October, 1944, to March 1, 1946, for which civilian service he received citation for exemplary performance of duties.

At the present time the Alsakers are located at Woodleaf, Calif., where he is resident manager of the Sacramento Box and Lumber Company.

Clearwater Unit

A bouquet of roses (or something) to Harold Rosenberger, stacker scaler, whose record for the year shows only a difference

between his scale and that of the dry kilns of .062 per cent (a very outstanding job). Each month the dry kiln clerk checks the scale on the stacker scalers and in the month of December, checking against 69,670 feet of the lumber scaled by Rosenberger, came out right on the nose with an identical 69,670 feet.

Santa Claus brought diamond rings to two of our office girls at the plant, Marjorie Smith and Dorothy Teichner. Neither girl denies that the rings signify approaching matrimony.

Credit Union In Good Health

The Potlatch Federal Credit Union No. 1 was organized by the employees of P.F.I. at Lewiston in 1938. It had the dual purpose of serving as a savings account and as a means of obtaining a loan. As of Dec. 31, 1946, the group had a membership of 44 with a share balance of \$38,795.60 and a reserve for bad loans of \$1,232.52.

Since time of organization there have been 2,398 loans made . . . in amounts totaling \$190,506.07. Total earnings for 1946 will be \$348.68 with loans numbering 251 and amounting to \$21,359.00. Best month was December with 56 loans, totaling \$3,835. Annual meeting of the credit union will be held at the Lewis-Clark hotel Jan. 19, 1947, at 2:00 P. M. President of the union is Dude Gilman, secretary and treasurer is Bob Spence.

Woods News

Camp 56—Moose Creek

Much concern was felt around camp on the night of December 12th, when the saw gang of Clarence Bienz and Silas Sears failed to show up for supper. A searching party was formed consisting of Saw Boss Lawrence McManus and several others who traveled to the scene where the men were last working, but to no avail. After several hours of searching, they gave it up and returned to camp. The next morning around nine o'clock the men turned up hungry, sleepy, and a wee bit smarter about woodcraft.

Here's their story: Seems like in moving on to a new strip they did not pick their bearings very well and at quitting time instead of heading toward camp, they wandered over the divide and ended up in Scofield burn. About ten o'clock P. M. they stumbled onto the railroad track and wandered toward Camp 60 until they came to the Washington Creek cabin. Here they spent the night, using the floor boards for fuel.

Camp 56 thinks their flunkies the most ambitious along the line . . . the gals really did a job to bring the spirit of Christmas to the men in camp and decorated the cook house up like a department store window with a Christmas tree and all the trimmings. These gals really deserve a hand; not only did they do the decorating, but all was taken care of at their own expense. Fifty-six is pretty proud of its flunkies.

Camp 59—Meadow Creek

We have a crew of 65 men, part of whom were moved from Camp 14 when it closed down in December. Prospects for a good

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Woods News

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winter logging season are bright when we are able to use the railroad. During the high water a couple of weeks ago the track below camp washed out and we have been unable to move cars across the fill.

The boys had a good Christmas vacation and are "rarin" to go as soon as conditions permit a loading crew to move in.

Camp 58—McComas Meadow

Upon returning after the Christmas vacation we found winter had really set in, the temperature ranging from 4° to 8° below zero—with about 6 to 10 inches of snow... a little tough on the cat crews and sawyers but ideal for trucking. However, the drivers must be exceptionally alert as the roads are really slick. They are all doing fine and production is holding up in good shape.

The crusher has closed down temporarily but there is a sufficient stockpile on hand for graveling and sanding.

The crew is up to full strength again and everything indicates a good year in 1947.

Camp 54—Washington Creek

January 3rd brought tragedy to a Camp 54 logger... Ray Mitzimberg, killed by the top from a falling tree. Ray and his partner had lodged two trees and knocked both of them down with a third. The top of one of the lodged trees broke and hit Ray, a veteran logger who was many years wise in logging work. Ray's son George used to work with him but now has an auto wrecking business in Portland. A brother, Lynn, works in the St. Maries country and a nephew, Lloyd, works for logging contractor Frank Fromelt. It is with real regret that we note his death.

Cooks come and go... even Coon only stayed a week.

Camp 55—Alder Creek

The principal activity at Camp 55, for the past two or three weeks, has been centered on the railroad between here and Camp 59. Sections of the grade have been slowly sliding toward Alder Creek and every effort to fill the gap caused by the worst of two slides has been almost like pounding sand into the proverbial rat hole.

At any rate, when, and if, "56" "gives up the ghost," we hope to justify our existence.

The plight of our neighbors to the west makes our troubles seem not too bad by comparison.

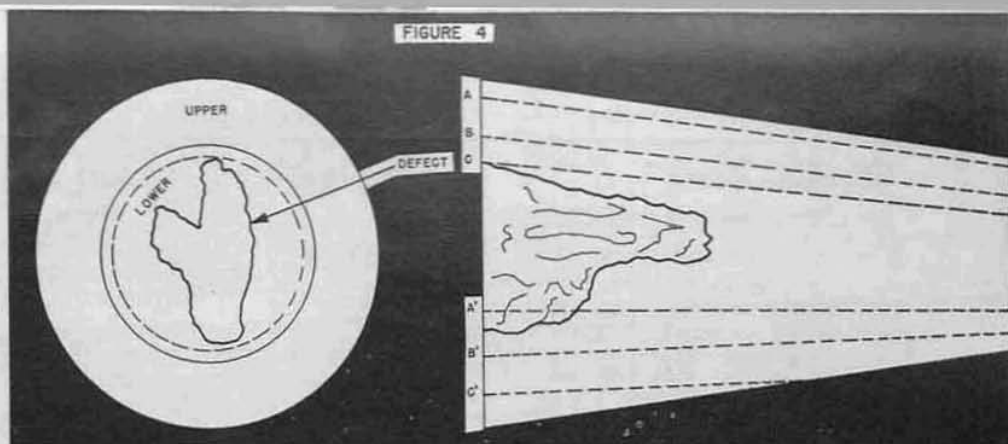
Camp 57—Breakfast Creek

After a big Christmas celebration in town, the 57 crew returned to camp and spent a quiet New Year's recuperating.

The cold weather has put our truck roads in good shape and with a full crew our production is on the increase.

Our bull gang push, Charlie Westgard, recently made the acquaintance of a big cougar—to their mutual dissatisfaction. Meeting the big cat head on at a bend in the road, Charlie says it's a toss up as to which one turned and left quickest. With a \$50.00 bounty on cougars, several of the boys are very interested in Charlie's story and Breakfast Creek is very apt to prove an unhealthy habitat for Mr. Cat.

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Suggestions for Sawyers

(Continued from December issue)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is Number 3 Chapter from a pamphlet prepared at Clearwater by J. L. Frisch when he was Production Superintendent. Balance of the paper will appear in succeeding installments.

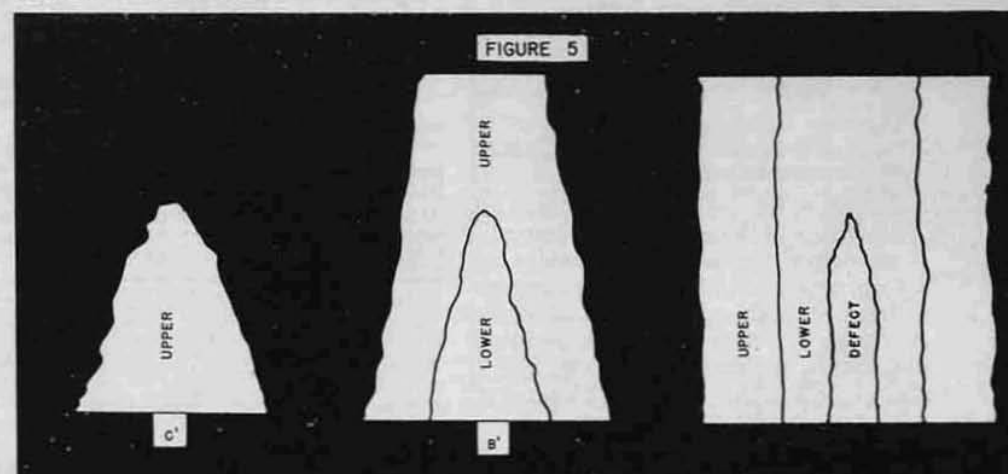
CHAPTER 3

The above two cases apply to small logs, containing one grade of lumber; let us consider, now, a larger log with two grades.

The proper way to cut the type of log shown in Figure 4, generally speaking, is to run all lines parallel to the axis of the log, but this log is of a different type. Although larger at one end than at the other, it also has two zones of grades—upper on the outside—lower on the inside—while at its center is a defect of wind shake, pitch, rot, or just a hole. It is not often that such a defect will run the entire length of the log, but if it does, it is ordinarily tapered with the log.

Let us examine the effect which two ways of cutting will have on this log.

Suppose that, first, we cut the log in a manner proper for the type of log shown in Figure 4. Here is the result:

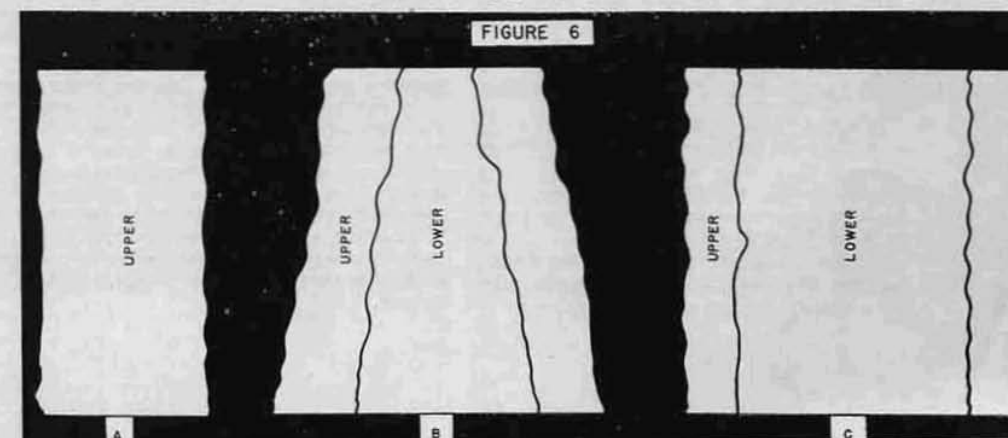


It is obvious that both quantity and quality are lost here.

Now, let us start our cutting parallel to the face of the log, but setting out the block at the small end until the bark is parallel or very nearly parallel to the saw line. Fig. 6 is our result:

We see that, when the log is tapered in this manner, the lumber obtainable from the log is uniform in grade throughout its length, but boards B and C are not uniform in grade across their width. It may also be noticed that the taper of the boards makes it impossible for the edgeman to separate the grades successfully. This disadvantage can be overcome to a great extent by cutting off all of the upper grades, before cutting the lowers, turning

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Woods News

(Continued from page seven)

Headquarters

Christmas wasn't all it should have been here in Headquarters, at least to the extent of unseasonable weather. About all the snow we had was a few rather discouraged looking white mounds. Nor did the freakish weather end with Christmas. The day after Old St. Nick visited us it turned cold, rain fell and froze as fast as it hit the ground or the trees.

Finally the rain turned to snow and the snow hung right where it hit. The new power line, in the process of being run into Headquarters, took quite a beating. The snow built up on the wires to a diameter of six inches. This weight broke poles, cross arms and guy wires. In places the wires sagged until they touched the ground. The whole of which will probably delay by many days the time when Headquarters will become thoroughly modern with Washington Water Power current.

Everything went well with the Christmas entertainment given by Headquarters children on Friday before the great day. It was a success from the opening chorus until the finale when Santa Claus distributed presents.

Pres-to-logs News

Patent papers covering the Pres-to-logs stoker fuel machine were received in December. This brings to five the number of Pres-to-logs patents (method of manufacture and product) held by Wood Briquettes, Inc.

Among new installations scheduled for the stoker machine in the immediate future are a second machine at Clearwater, a machine for the Spokane Pres-to-logs Company which company just received their first two Pres-to-logs machines in December of 1946, and a machine for shipment to Bridgetown, Barbados, B.W.I. in January.

Installations of the big Pres-to-logs machine are scheduled for the Great Lakes Lumber & Shipping, Ltd., Fort William, Ontario (two machines); the Goose Lake Box Company, Alturas, Calif. (two machines); Bloedel, Steward and Welch, Vancouver, B. C. (three machines); and the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, Everett, Wash. (two machines).

In addition to the Spokane machines two other Pres-to-logs machines were shipped in December to the Caldwell Lumber Company, Caldwell, Idaho.

A drunk was walking down the street with a big pink elephant following him. From time to time they would converse in a friendly fashion but finally the elephant got too chummy and began to rest its trunk on the fellow's shoulder.

"Look - hic - 'ere," complained the drunk, "ef you don't cut 'at out I'm gonna take some aspirin and get rid of you."

Scholarships Awarded

The five P.F.I. scholarships that are annually awarded to 4-H Club members about the state who have turned in the best job of forestry work in their groups have been presented by the University of Idaho, School of Forestry (who handle the matter . . . P.F.I. furnishing the money) to Ray Anstine, Nezperce; Bette Lee Nelsen, Jerome; Joan Ross, Coeur d'Alene; LaRee Munns, Thornton; and Lorraine Aslett, Jerome.

A man picks a wife about the same way an apple picks a farmer.

Two little boys were astride a none-too-large hobbyhorse. Things eventually came to the point where one little rider said to the other: "If one of us would get off, I could ride better."

Suggestions for Sawyers

(Continued from page seven)

the log as often as is necessary to accomplish this end. We saw this log, then, by cutting through each grade; after going around the log in one grade, we start in on the next. The center we make into a cant or throw the sharp edged culls to the slasher; after lining up the blocks in both cases we may saw through, sawing to grade and orders. It is possible by this method, to get the full amount from the log, where the other method would yield almost nothing.

Viewing this from a different angle we can see that:

1—In cutting uniform lumber from tapered logs, it is inevitable that we get some short and tapered lumber.

2—As a rule, the upper grades growing on the outside of the log, the old rule of thumb method cuts all the short pieces out of the better part of the log, and has a tendency to leave the long lumber with different grades at the opposite ends.

3—The method just described has an opposite effect—it leaves the uppers full length, cuts the short pieces out of the defective part of the log, and most of the lumber is uniform in grade throughout its length.



Above—The scout troop for which the Clearwater foreman's council serves as sponsor needed a place to meet . . . so, the group decided to do something about it.

A view lot was purchased in east Lewiston and foremen went to work on their days off. The structure above is now near completion. A full basement, large windows, fireplace and good construction combine to make it a very handsome home for whatever function the council may wish to use it in addition to Boy Scout work. Set near the crest of a hill that rises sharply from the main highway between city and mill the cabin affords an excellent view down Main street and to the river and valley in the distance.

Standing on the ground are Bud Jones and Dris Holman. On the roof (at work) is Wally White; (not working) Charles Cummerford; (at work) Skinny Kauffman. On the scaffold is Carl Ripplinger (resting) and at the other end of the building (hiding) is Earl Bullock.

Below—Some potent and good sign language—Clearwater smoke hall.



Dry Kiln Club to Meet

Phil Reinmuth, Clearwater dry kiln foreman elected president of the Inland Pine Kiln Drying Club, organized in November at Spokane, has announced that the next meeting of the group will be held in Coeur d'Alene on January 17th with Carl Rasmussen of the Western Pine Association as principal speaker. Rasmussen is to talk on Solvent Seasoning. Other officers of the club include Vice-President Lyle Williams, kiln foreman at Rutledge. Name selected by the group was "Washington, Idaho & Montana Kiln Club."