

# THE FAMILY TREE

Published by Potlatch Forests, Inc.

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Lewiston, Idaho, April, 1939

Number 7

## End of Drive Near As Wannigans Drift Toward Lewiston

Embarking on the swift waters of the North Fork of the Clearwater river three weeks ago, 32 men under the direction of E. L. Edelblute, have reached the main river below Ahsahka and the 1939 log drive is about over except for the shouting.

Most hazardous portion of their trip down river came with an eight-mile ride through Little Canyon and another two-mile float through the rapids of Big Riffle. On both occasions Slim Grimm, boatmaster, exerted his utmost in river navigation.

Logs of the 1938 summer cutting which had been flumed to the North Fork from Camps S and T and which had been "winged" up on the banks or rocks of the stream with a sudden drop in the water, have been "reared" out all the way from Fish Hole, near the confluence of the Little North Fork and on down to Elk creek. At the latter point, in the vicinity of the Dent CCC camp, quite a large wing jam had developed, but was "hauled" on April 25.

### 1939 Drive Near End

With a little high water now it is confidently expected that the wannigan crew will, in another few days, end the drive at Spalding. Approximately 25 million feet of logs have been drifted into the mill pond at Lewiston since the jam was broken early in the month. There are few places in either river where any logs remain.

A trip on the wannigans, such as that experienced a few days ago through Big Riffle is difficult to describe. Built of cedar logs and held together with twisted choke cherry vines, the wannigans at first appear to the novice as being unseaworthy. After a trip over rapids, however, one is quite certain they can twist, roll and squirm in a most satisfactory manner.

Starting out at about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon of April 24, the bunk-

(Continued on page seven)

## A Good Wood

All of us in the Potlatch Family firmly believe that our Idaho White Pine is the finest wood that grows. It has an historical background in our nation, not equalled by any other species. It is a friendly wood, loved, respected and used by our forefathers.

For all of these reasons and also because it provides us with our livelihood, I want to urge that none of you fail to say so to your friends and acquaintances at every opportunity. Our white pine needs this kind of help to maintain its standing as a quality product against a growing horde of substitutes and inferior materials. More important still, use it yourselves and refuse to accept substitutes.

I hope every one of you will appoint yourselves a one-man promotion committee and keep boosting for Good Wood, made by a Good Outfit.

O. H. LEUSCHEL,  
Assistant General Manager.

## Fisherman's Luck Comes to Potlatchers

Fisherman's luck came to three residents of Potlatch in an unusual manner recently when instead of bringing home their creels full of fish, they had only a story to tell. The story was affirmed a few days ago when they each received an award from the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway.

According to the account, Donald and Lowell Thrasher, employees of Potlatch Forests, Inc., and John Bateson who works for the Washington, Idaho & Montana railroad, started out for Lake Chatcolet to fish. They had each a can of bait—and thereby hangs the tale.

Arriving at Chatcolet they discovered the C. M. & St. P. bridge afire. Dumping their bait, they used the cans to carry water in, flagged down the passenger train in true western movie style, and proceeded to put out the fire.

The railroad company reciprocated the other day with a cash award of \$10 apiece for the trio. Checks for that amount were received from the Seattle office of the company.

## Indian War Relics of Looking Glass Exhibited At Fair

The tom toms are beating their muffled retreat in the echoes of the Happy Hunting Ground where Old Chief Looking Glass rests, at last at peace with the white man. His relics and trappings of war, gathered painstakingly for many years, are on exhibit on Treasure Island, site of the San Francisco fair, where the pale faced descendants of his one time foes, doing him honor for his valor, are gathering by the hundreds of thousands.

During the past few weeks, through the efforts of Mr. Billings, who is a member of the State of Idaho Commission for the San Francisco fair, and through the courtesy of the owner, Billie Carter of Kamiah, Idaho, the Looking Glass collection, consisting of more than 50 pieces, was sent to the Idaho room of the Western States building for exhibition.

Most valued, and most intriguing of the collection is a buckskin jacket, trimmed in weasel tails and decorated with small hand-cut beads, which Old Chief Looking Glass wore in 1870 when his photograph was taken by a representative of the American Bureau of Ethnology. Head of all the Nez Perce tribes then, he was quietly awaiting the day when he could stir his warriors to a frenzied attack upon the whites to drive them once and for all out of the country of his fathers. In the collection loaned by Billie Carter is a reproduction of this same picture.

### Head Dresses Included

Head dresses, decorated with long, evenly matched eagle feathers topped with little red tufts of horse hair, make up with beautifully beaded red and black blankets, the color and romance of the untamed Indian. Beaded necklaces, bone necklaces, arm bands of beaded leather—a hand wrought steel tomahawk—and a hand-carved stone peace pipe, are among other items of interest.

(Continued on page 4)

THE FAMILY TREE



Published by Potlatch Forests, Inc., Once Monthly for Free Distribution to Employees.

Editor ..... Sid C. Jenkins

Correspondents

- John Aram ..... Clearwater
- Jack Eaton ..... Rutledge
- Mabel Kelley ..... Potlatch
- Carl Pease ..... Headquarters
- Chet Yangel ..... Bovill

*"He has a right to criticize who has a heart to help."*

Down the Editor's Alley

Howard Dodge, one of the boys on the river drive who has brought a touch of modernism to an ancient logging craft with an outboard motorboat as tender to the wannigans, has a sense of humor. The men were talking about what they should do to swing the wannigan around before they started downstream. One suggested that they "nose it around" with the outboard tender. "That's just what I was thinking—when I was sitting there looking foolish," said Howard.

For years loggers have referred to articles by anything but their proper names and when one heard of a "fake" one could look for a new kind of jacket, a new kind of hook, or composition soles on a pair of boots. There is another expression, which may be old or it may be new, but "dillie" is the name. A "dillie" could be a pack-sack, a pair of suspenders or something like that, providing it is useful and the owner likes it.

The Ed appreciates receiving brain teasers, especially from fellows who are a long way off like New York and Los Angeles—but there are buts—we

Lest We Forget!



*"No Greater Love Hath a Man Than to Lay Down His Life for His Fellowmen."*

SITUATED on the right bank of the Clearwater river, close to the now much traveled North and South highway (U. S. Route No. 95) is the above monument keeping lonely vigil over the spot where Dr. Wilson A. Fossket met an untimely end the night of April 14, 1924.

There in the surrounding rugged beauty nature has bestowed upon those who chance that way, the little concrete pyramid surmounted by a cross of bronze, presents a memorial to a life of devotion. It was erected to the

can't use 'em unless we have the answers on ice, and that means right here in the office. So please, boys and girls, send the answers. They won't be revealed until everyone has had a chance to solve the problems.

Out of the mists and fogs of the Ohio, and ringing clearly above the din and clanging of the steel mills has come the voice of an old friend, "Spike" Baker. T'anks, "Spike," for both the letter and the good part of the news in it. Everybody was anxious about "Tack."

Spike says: "Didja hear this one? A certain young man asked his dad what's the difference between prosperity and depression. Papa said: 'During prosperity we had wine, women and song but during depression we have beer, radio and mamma.'"

You've been told of course about the

memory of this physician who, tired by long sleepless hours at the side of an expectant mother, fell from the wheel of his car and rolled into the turbulent, unrelenting waters of the river below.

Dr. Fossket, then in the prime of his life, and with few of the things that make for a lucrative practice, had years devoted himself to the people of the Salmon river country. His motto was the credo of his craft, following to the highest plane the precepts of his calling, to "devote himself to humanity" without thought of personal gain. When the call came he went. He was the typical country doctor.

It was such an occasion that he left him from home on the tragic night of his death. Alone he drove over the roads and along the bank of the Clearwater stream. They found his car in the morning. Friends and patients of the doctor erected the monument shown above. On the side facing the road is a bronze plaque which says:

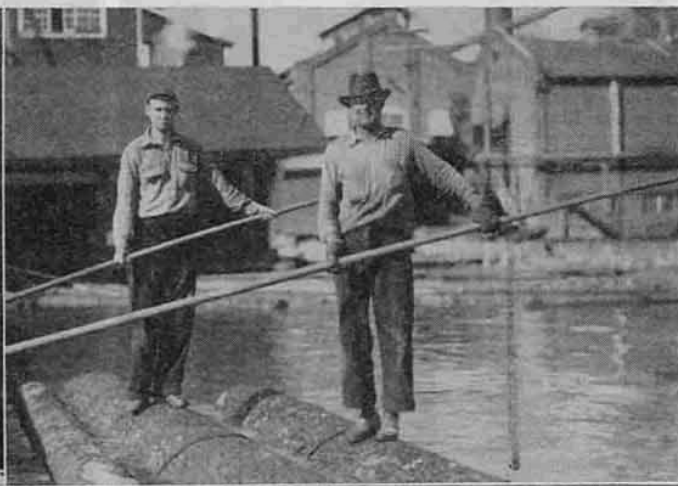
Dedicated  
To The Memory  
of  
WILSON A. FOSSKET, M.D.  
July 8, 1870 April 14, 1924  
Devoted in Life and  
In Death to the  
Salmon River People  
"No Greater Love Hath a Man  
Than to Lay Down His Life for  
His Fellowmen"

girl who went for a tramp in the woods and came back feeling a little better on her tummy?

We hear that Shelt Andrews is on the trigger but sometimes shows a blank. There's a story going the rounds at Potlatch that he ran home the other day to pack and catch the train out of Palouse for Portland on a hurry up trip. Arriving at Palouse he discovered he'd left his bag at home. A telephone call to Walt Gable brought him the bag and he caught the train.

Jake Brown, a Penn State graduate has been persistently coming back to Idaho every spring "on spec" recently returned from a visit to his home in the east; looked like the headlight on a locomotive, his face was so red. Explained Jake: "I went skiing in Colorado and forgot to use the eye paint."

## "Now, Son, Here's the Way It's Done," Say Potlatch Dads



Following in Dad's footsteps is a favorite vocation for Potlatch young men whose fathers are employed at the mill.

Here we have three sets of fathers and sons who are keeping up the tradition.

J. D. Piper, a native of Arkansas, entered the lumber game in 1902 and after several years of experience and some adventure, came to Potlatch in 1925. During the great fire at Fernie, B. C., he and his family were taken to Hosmer where they spent the night in coke ovens while the flames raged over that town.

His only son, Walter, is following in his footsteps, is married; since 1926, has been employed as a moulding machine setter at the mill.

Charles Chambers was once a cowboy and rode the range in the Craigmont country and along the Salmon river. He is a native of Idaho and has been employed at the Potlatch mill for 30 years. He is foreman of the pond crew. His son Harold, in the picture, and another son, Edwin, have worked for the company ever since they were old enough to have a regular job, Harold in the sawmill and Edwin in the planer.

Harold Dildine Sr., came to Potlatch with his family 16 years ago and has been engaged as a millwright since then. At the present time, along with other duties, he is responsible for the upkeep of belts, including the big main drive belt on the Corliss wheel. Harold Jr., his son, has been in the employ of the company five years. He is a graduate of Potlatch high school where he majored in journalism. He is prominent in the P. A. A. C.



Upper left: Millwright Harold Dildine Sr., and his son, Harold Jr., looking over a piece of leather belting. Upper right: Charles C. Chambers and his boy Harold taking a turn on the pond. The inset is Mr. Chambers showing how it's done. Lower right: J. D. Piper, millwright in the planer, with his son Walter who is following in Dad's footsteps.

These dads and sons take an active interest in the social, athletic and economic life of Potlatch and if it is a smoker, basketball game, softball game, or football game, they are most usually to be found either taking part actively, or on the sidelines to cheer for those who do.

### Potlatchers At Fair

Several Potlatch families have visited the fair in San Francisco recently. Among them are:

- Mr. and Mrs. J. J. O'Connell.
- Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Stapleton, son Jerry and daughter Connie.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wardrop, son Billy and his cousin Gordon Johnson.
- Ed Mains Sr., and Ed Mains Jr., Paul Hall and Joe Cada.
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred Byers.

### Bob Olin Returns

Idaho looks good to Bob Olin, whose special interest centers in Potlatch. A few months ago Bob left the company to accept a job as superintendent of draftsmen at the Bonneville power distribution project, with headquarters in Portland. The job was okey, he says, except that after a trial he felt a bit stifled and longed for his old job back at Potlatch. He returned last month and took up where he left off—"It's a good outfit"—he says.

Susie: "I can't marry him, Mother. He is an atheist and doesn't believe there is a hell."

Maw: "Marry him, my dear, and between us we'll convince him he is wrong."

## Billie Carter of Kamiah and His Looking Glass Collection

Billie Carter of Kamiah and some of the Chief Looking Glass collection which was sent to the Idaho exhibit at the San Francisco fair, through the activities of Mr. Billings. (See story starting in first column on page one).

Mr. Carter is holding a red ceremonial blanket, heavily decorated in fine beadwork. The other pictures show the various articles referred to in the story. Each article was tagged with a number.



### INDIAN WAR RELICS

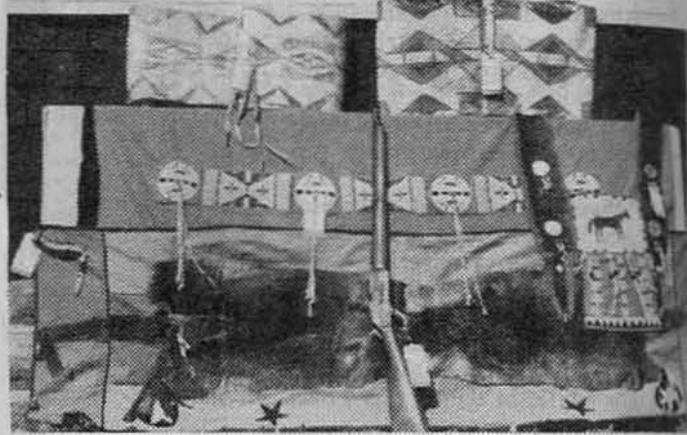
(Continued from page one)

In the report of General Howard, who led the soldiers against the Indians, the general spoke of Chief Looking Glass at the treaty council of 1855 in Walla Walla, standing silently and austere, disdainfully fanning himself with eagle feathers. This fan too, is in the collection. Red and beaded leg coverings, loin cloths, wampum breastplates and bows and arrows, supplement the 1870 Winchester 45-60 caliber rifle found near his bullet-riddled body in the Bear Paw mountains when he was slain by the soldiers in 1877.

It is the horse trappings that attract most attention, for the many little hand mirrors decorating breastplate and rump and shoulder coverings gave this stern warrior his name, Chief Looking Glass. The mirrors are set in otter skins that were draped over the horse's fore and hind quarters.

#### Frenchmen Brought Mirrors

Behind them is another story, perhaps most vividly told in Northwest Passage, wherein the French traders on the Great Lakes, had bateaux loaded with whole cargoes of looking glasses. These they gave to the Indians as gifts, or traded for furs so much more valuable that there is no basis of comparison. How Old Chief Looking Glass came into possession of so many mirrors perhaps will never be known. That he had them is significant. They may have been handed down to him by his forefathers, or he may have taken them from a fallen foe in battle—for warrior he was. What little is known of this Indian gives little doubt that he spent his life in fighting, whether it was against the white man



or migrating tribes of unfriendly Indians. In the bureau of ethnology picture, referred to previously, he is wearing a hat of the type that adorned regular soldiers in the War with Mexico period. It is presumed that somewhere the hair that rested beneath that hat was attached to a scalp on Looking Glass's belt. In fact, there is a touch of ghastly realism to the war bonnets, so gaily decorated with feathers and weasel tails, and which have locks of human hair hanging from the sides.

#### Astor Flute in Collection

Another item that has historical significance is a wooden flute. It is known to historians that John Jacob Astor, when a young man on his first venture into the new world, came to what is now the east coast of the United States, he came playing a flute, his favorite instrument. The Indians liked it and wanted it. Mr. Astor was a wise young man and after his venture, returned from England with a shipload of flutes. They were as eagerly sought by the Indians as the hand mirrors of the French traders. Old

Chief Looking Glass had one of the wooden flutes. Where and when he got it is as remote in the memory of man as the looking glass.

Old Chief Looking Glass was called "Old Chief" because he had a son who also became a chief, but who is better known today as the late Henry Looking Glass. The son died in December, 1925, at the age of about 78 years. His descendants now reside in the Kamiah valley and among the youngest of these, a high school girl, was a visitor at the Lewiston plant of the company during the current school year.

Although General Howard, in his memoirs and reports, gives Chief Joseph credit for being the great military genius of the Nez Perce wars as well as credit for being a great statesman for his people in peace, there are those who believe that Old Chief Looking Glass was the one who planned the campaigns. Certain it is that it was he who led his people to war. And certain it is that he was a bitter foe of the white man.

## Rutledge Displays Attract Audience In Coeur d'Alene Show

A boy's nautical bedroom, complete with double bunks which were made of knotty Idaho white pine, stole the show at a recent fair held in Coeur d'Alene, and captivated nightly audiences at a builders' show in Lewiston during April.

Lumbermen of Coeur d'Alene furnished the material and the N.Y.A. construction class of that city the labor. The room is patterned after the bunkroom of the Western Pine home on Treasure Island, the Golden Gate International exposition in San Francisco, and which reports reaching here late, is having a big success.

The Coeur d'Alene fair incidentally, was the second of such events sponsored by business men and building material dealers. It was held in the new log cabin auditorium which was transformed in a "world of tomorrow." The show was held two nights and was attended by approximately 3,700 persons, the largest crowd ever to see a spectacle of that kind in the City by the Lake.

### Pres-to-logs Delayed

Other exhibits consisted of late model cars, electrical equipment and furniture. The Rutledge unit of Potlatch Forests, Inc., was represented with a Pres-to-logs display and also a part of the knotty white pine bunkroom. Members of the office force distributed literature and matches. As door prizes were awarded each night, the Rutledge unit contributed a ton of Pres-to-logs.

"The entire show was a great success," said C. O. Graue, manager of the Rutledge unit. "All of the people interested in the manufacture of Idaho white pine lumber in the city of Coeur d'Alene were justly proud of their exhibit and we expect, at the future fairs, to continue to demonstrate the use of Idaho white pine."

Following the Coeur d'Alene fair, the bunks were shipped to Lewiston, through the co-operation of Mr. Graue and Phil Pratt, and were displayed in a Home Builders' show sponsored by retail lumbermen and other building material dealers. Approximately 3,500 people of Lewiston and vicinity attended this show and according to the retail dealers, some very tangible re-

## Anchors Aweigh! Seagoin' Boys' Room Exhibited



What boy wouldn't be able to dream of pirates and swashbucklers in a room like this? Here is a replica of the bunkroom of the Western Pine home at the San Francisco fair, exhibited at a citywide fair in Coeur d'Alene, and again in Lewiston.

## Rutledge Unit Sawmill, Down Since Fall Reopened April 10; 225 Men At Work There

WITH a crew of about 225 men at work, Rutledge unit of the company at Coeur d'Alene, resumed sawmill operations again on April 10. One eight-hour shift was installed and that part of the plant which had been down since winter, hummed with the drumming of boilers and sing of the saws.

Operated since 1916, the Rutledge unit has been a factor in the economic life of Coeur d'Alene and the surrounding territory for these many years. The beginning of sawmill work there this month added much to the outlook of local merchants and others for a prosperous summer.

White pine logs are being cut. In the meantime the planer and shipping departments have had a quiet business period, not however with the hope that springs eternal that it would get better. Several improvements have been made in and around the plant since the shut-

down late last fall, among them being the new hopper for extra fuel from the hog machine on the north side of the sawmill.

To take care of an excess of hog fuel and sawdust, a new retaining wall of lumber has been erected around the south side of the piles. Other incidental improvements include a chemical bath treating tank for green lath, similar to that in operation previously for lumber stain, but of course, much smaller.

There always is, at this time of the year, too, a problem of weed control in the yards and this is being undertaken.

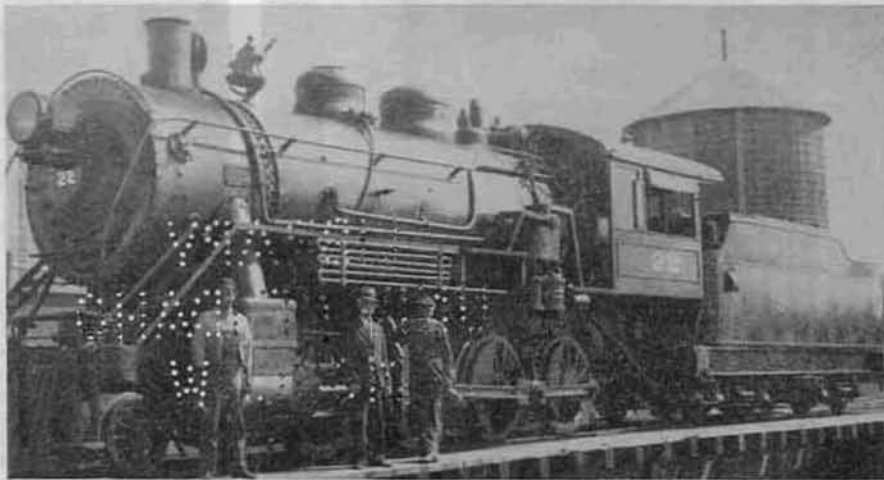
A new signal system of flashing lights has been installed in the yard for transfer men.

"What do you mean, you're Venus de Milo?"

"Hands off."

sults were experienced. At least 80 of those who attended signified an interest in developing a new home. Eighty-eight others became prospects for materials to remodel or improve existing buildings. There were many more who were interested in furniture, fireplaces, air conditioning, etc., and the dealers of both Coeur d'Alene and Lewiston obtained many prospects for new business through contacts at the two fairs.

## Old "22" Is Sold To War Department



It was on an eight-driver locomotive that the great Casey Jones won his fame and a song to be remembered by, and it was an eight-driver locy that pulled many a log to the Potlatch mill, under the boiler of "Old 22" of the Washington, Idaho & Montana railroad.

"Old 22" however, is now a full fledged member of the United States war department, hauling freight from Wiota, Montana, to the Fort Peck dam, sold by the W. I. & M. a few weeks ago and pulled out of the woods by a crew of government trainmen.

Built in 1910 for the W. I. & M.,

by the American Locomotive company, it was a "consolidated type" and had eight drivers. Total weight of engine and tender was 250,000 pounds. Kept in first class condition by the roundhouse crew at Potlatch, the engine passed inspection and was sold on called bids of the government. A "sister locomotive," No. 21, remains in use on the logging line of the company.

The road from Wiota to Fort Peck, on which "Old 22" is now running, is a government built and operated railroad line.

## Rutledge Retailers Appreciate Business

That the Rutledge unit at Coeur d'Alene has enjoyed the support of employees of the company who have made lumber purchases through the retail outlet there, was the statement of Mr. Graue who added his "thanks."

"The fact that we have had this business seems to prove that our retail department at Coeur d'Alene is of real value to everyone, and that we have a service to give here," he said.

"One man who has been employed by the company since 1919, Fred Thomas, has purchased lumber from us nearly every year he has been in the woods for the company. I want to add too, that nearly every man who has ever gone into the woods has enjoyed the marvelous meals Fred puts out. We take this opportunity to thank him, and other employees of Potlatch Forests, Ins., who have given us their business and their support."

At a country fair in the Old Country \$5 was offered to the person who could guess the weight of a certain cow. Many people tried their skill, and various weights were suggested. Finally Old George, a not-too-bright farm-hand, came forward. To their amazement he named the exact weight of the cow offhand.

"How did you do it?" asked the judge, after awarding the prize.

"Twarn't nothin'," replied the man. "I'd 'a' done better'n that if I'd been tryin'."

Gal: "You remind me of a fast clock."

Pal: "How come?"

Gal: "Your hands don't waste any time."

Friend: "And how did your new son-in-law look?"

Father-in-law: "Straight down the barrel."

He staid on the primrose path until they put a lily in his hand.

## Here's New Bunch Of Brain Teasers And Some Answers

Only three readers sparked "brain teasers" in last month's of *The Family Tree*. The answer to problem No. 4 is "zero"—there is no such animal as a right triangle with a base of 20 rods, perpendicular rods and hypotenuse of 80 rods.

In fact, as one "teaser tester" pointed out, a right triangle with a base of 20 rods and a perpendicular of 80 rods, would have a hypotenuse of 63.25 rods.

Correct answers were given by Mr. Armstrong of the Clearwater logging plant, A. A. Segersten, forester at the Potlatch unit, and E. S. Hider of the York office of Weyerhaeuser Sales company.

### Problem No. 5

Submitted by Mr. Armstrong.

A head is secured to a pressure cylinder by one bolt, the bolt having a definite tensile strength of 1,000 pounds. A tension of 990 pounds is put on the bolt by tightening the nut. What approximate pressure can be put on the head of the cylinder without breaking the bolt?

### Problem No. 6

Submitted by Arthur Lindeke of the Weyerhaeuser Pole company.

There are three books standing on a shelf. The covers of each book are one-quarter inch thick. Each book is 100 pages measuring one inch per page. A worm starts gnawing at page one of the first book and ends at page 99 of volume three. How many inches has he traveled?

### Problem No. 7

Submitted by E. S. Hider of the Weyerhaeuser Sales company of the York office.

A hunter left his camp one morning heading south for three miles. There he discovered signs of a bear and followed a trail due west for five miles before he shot his game. At this point he discovered he was only three miles from his camp. What kind of a bear did he shoot, and why?

### Problem No. 8

Submitted by J. J. O'Connell, foreman of the Potlatch unit.

Form an equilateral triangle with three matches, by placing them flat on a table. Then form three more equilateral triangles, the size as the first one, using only three matches, thus having four triangles of the same size.

It can be done, but don't smoke up your matches while you're trying it.

You have to love some girls before they come to life.

## END OF DRIVE NEAR

(Continued from page one)

house wannigan was first to leave the bank of the stream. Howard Dodge and Dennis Bardwell were on the fore-sweep, or long steering oar, while Ray Gould, Clark Jenks and Slim Grimm were on the after end with Grimm directing the work of the oarsmen.

Passengers, if any, were under the complete supervision of the boatmaster and in this case there were three, Jack Baggs, a regular member of the crew who is keeping time and running store, the editor of *The Family Tree*, and a representative of INS, a pictorial news service. The passengers had to sit and stay there.

Drifting out into the stream, the wannigan was caught by the current of the main channel and swept swiftly toward the opposite bank, with the men on the sweeps working hard to keep the loosely jointed craft headed in the right direction. The sensation was one of exhilaration like that of going up in an airplane. This was soon dispelled when a perceptible drop in the river appeared ahead, and below that drop a churning, foaming, roaring stretch of water that twisted away to one side as the wannigan rounded a point of rock. On the raft went, gathering speed. Slim Grimm gave orders in an even tone of voice, but could be heard above the roar of the rapids and the sweepmen struggled to hold their end of the wannigan, almost it seemed on the right wave, or the right crest of a swirling, bouncing ridge of water. Huge splashes of water came in over the side and on several occasions the nose of the wannigan ran deep under, only to come up again and twist to meet the onrush of the river successfully.

It was over in a few minutes. Then the wannigans were pulled in toward the bank and floated easily in much quieter water. The crew, having moored the bunkhouse to the bank, returned upstream on foot to bring down the cookhouse. That was even more exciting and this time gave Dennis Bardwell one of the thrills of his life. Pushing the sweep across he had turned to race back to the other side of the wannigan to catch the handle again, reached for it—and took the full force of a huge wall of water on his back. Down he went and while Howard Dodge struggled with the sweep and came down to his knees, another walloping wave rode across the bow. In between the next one and

## Make Way For A Logger!



Upper: There she goes—and so do the men who moved 'er down the north fork. Center: pulling logs out of back eddies is a tough job, and while Jack Baggs contemplates the situation, below: Howard Dodge fastens a hook in a good piece of select timber hung up on a rock.

its brother, both men managed to get to their feet again, with no other results than a bad moment or two.

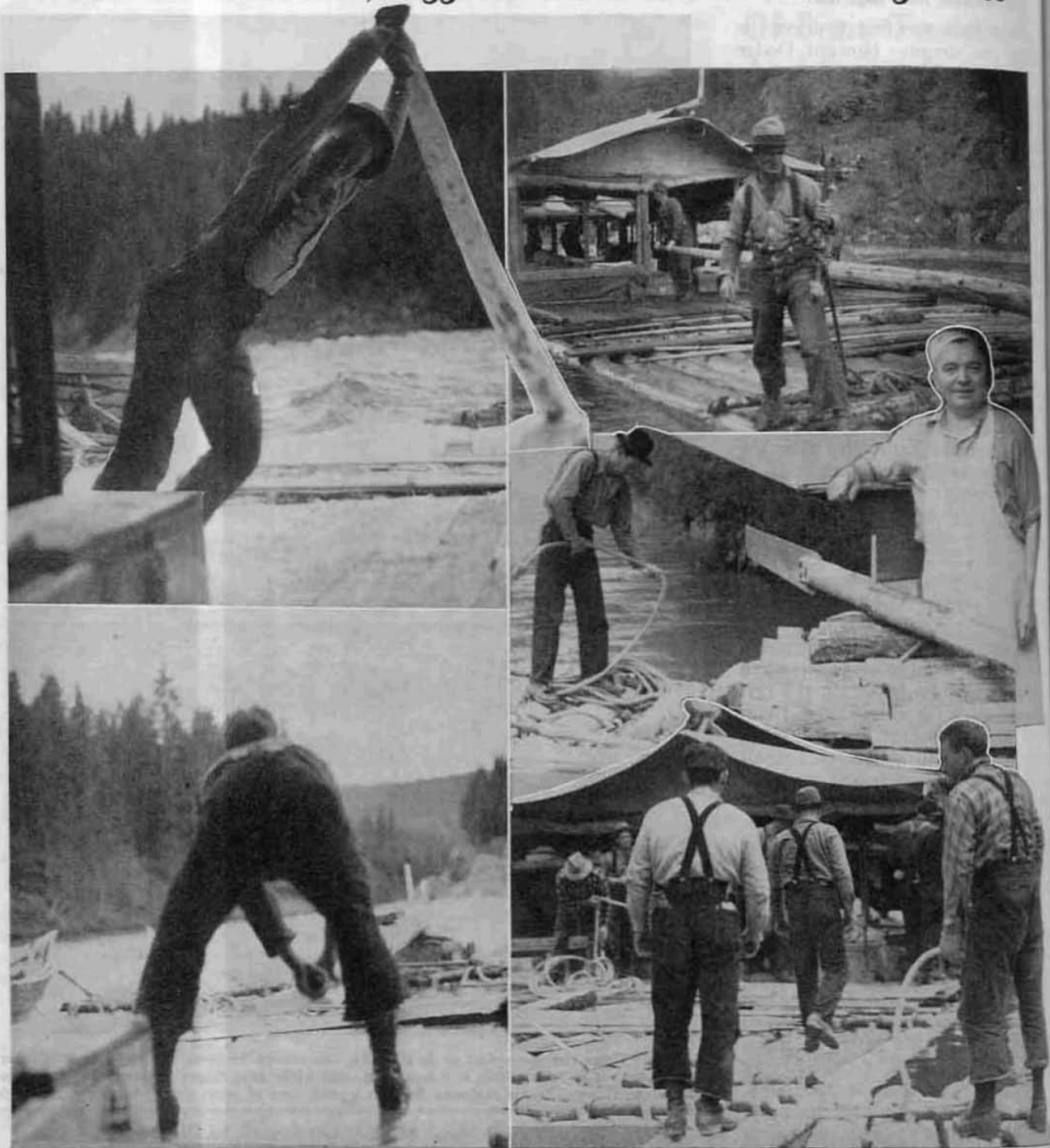
A few days previously the wannigans had been brought through Little Canyon with Harry Rooney and Ed Douglas as passengers. They reported an uneventful, but rather wet passage and it does not take much of a stretch of the imagination to visualize them in about the same circumstances. All agreed, however, that Big Riffle was just a little more exciting.

## Landmark to Disappear

Another landmark on the face of the community at Potlatch was fading from view during the last month, when the old building known for years as "The Jap Boarding House" was in the process of being razed.

Members of the Rock Creek Grange purchased the old building and were moving it piecemeal to Rock Grange, south of Potlatch, for a new hall of their own.

## Blow the Men Down, Loggers Take to Life On Bounding Waves



Coming down the river aboard a wannigan is a trip never to be forgotten. Above at the left you see Dennis Bardwell and Howard Edelblute at the sweeps. Dennis is the one at the top. On the right, above, is Clark Jenks about to put a stop to his day's journey. The center pictures are of "Slim" Grimm, boatmaster, coiling rope, and Fred Thomas, the "best gol' darned cook" on the river. Below is the crew preparing to shove off. The white shirt and black suspenders belong to "Boots" Edelblute, boss of the drive.

He flew through the air  
 With the greatest of ease,  
 But the funny part was  
 He forgot his trapeze.

Old smoothies often get rough.

After looking over a moose at the zoo, it came to us that any man shot by mistake for one of them might as well be dead anyway.

Many a divorce is granted for trifling reasons.

"How would you like one of those gay girlies?"  
 "Quiet!"

American women are the most beautiful in the world. They have figures to prove it.