

THE FAMILY TREE

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Number 4

Credit Union Shows Big Gains Made In Members and Thrift

Members of the Potlatch No. 1 Federal Credit Union met for their annual meeting at the Clearwater plant smoke hall the evening of January 22. Plans were poured for a big year during 1941 after Vern Runnion, treasurer, submitted his annual report which showed 121 members gained during 1940, bringing the total number of share-holders to 508. These 508 members have \$15,308.17 in savings, a gain of \$7,571.09 over 1939. Since April 29, 1938 (date of organization for Potlatch No. 1), 676 loans have been made for a total of \$48,194.78 to plant employees for provident or productive purposes. Following are the uses for which the Credit Union furnished money during 1940:

Bills	71	\$ 6,348.50
Cars	49	5,465.00
Doctor bills	39	3,032.00
Remodel	29	3,058.00
Homes	17	2,446.28
Cows	14	1,214.00
Dentist	11	560.00
Furniture	11	545.00
Taxes and rent	10	672.50
Insurance	10	578.00
Feed and hay	10	473.00
Trip and vacations	8	536.00
Christmas	8	345.00
Relatives	7	645.50
Maternity	6	462.00
Note at bank and interest payments	5	457.50
Funeral	5	455.00
Outside specialists	5	280.00
Clothes	5	220.00
School	4	134.50
Miscellaneous	4	125.00
Tires	3	132.00
Moving	3	130.00
Glasses	3	90.00
Court costs	2	164.00
Irrigation	2	155.00
Water bill	2	150.00
Hunting	2	70.00
Get married	1	100.00
Incidental	1	100.00

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The Credit Union

The annual report of Potlatch No. 1, Federal Credit Union, shows 121 new members gained in 1940, for a total of 508 shareholders. These 508 have \$15,308.17 in savings, a gain of \$7,571.09 over the previous year. This seems to me to be a fine record, one that the officers and originators of the Credit Union may well be proud of. The report of loans and repayments made by individuals working on the plant indicates the efficient and successful operation of a substantial financial institution and reflects credit on those whom you have selected to administer your affairs.

This issue of *The Family Tree* carries the story starting on this page. It is a story we hope everyone in our plants and woods operations will read. Good for the Credit Union!

O. H. LEUSCHEL,
Assistant General Manager.

Letter Has Officials Guessing At Address

One of those things—that's the way a letter recently going the rounds was described.

Sent first to the Weyerhaeuser Timber company office in Tacoma, the letter was forwarded to the Rutledge unit in Coeur d'Alene for possible identification, and thence to Potlatch Forests, Inc., Lewiston.

It was addressed to Miss Bernice Carlson, in care of "The Weyerhaeuser Old People's Home, Tacoma, Washington."

Upon arrival in Lewiston it was marked for return to the sender, a Mrs. Arnold Koutonen, in Willamina, Oregon.

Inquiry later revealed that there was established at one time, a home of this kind by the Rutledge estate in Cloquet, or nearby. However, no one in the PFI organization seems to know anything about it and it is hoped the letter finally reached its destination, or was returned to the sender.

Rutledge Unit Wins First Place With Low Accident Record

Rutledge unit has been awarded first place in low frequency and severity of accidents in the annual safety conference records, following the conference held in Phoenix, Arizona, last October. Mr. Graue has been informed by Paul Black, safety engineer of the Workmen's Compensation Exchange.

The record is for the year 1939. The 1940 report will be made when the seventh conference is held this year.

In the letter to Mr. Graue from Mr. Black, the letter said, in part, that the ratings were recorded as follows:

1st—Rutledge unit, Potlatch Forests, Inc., Coeur d'Alene, Idaho: Frequency 13.71 and severity .29.

2nd—Clearwater unit, Potlatch Forests, Inc., Lewiston, Idaho: Frequency 15.59 and severity .53.

3rd—Red River Lumber company, Westwood, California: Frequency only, 17.78.

4th—Hines Lumber company, Burns, Oregon: Severity only, .53 (tied for second place in severity only).

From this report it is presumed that the Red River Lumber company and the Hines Lumber company did not submit data to support more than the above records, the Potlatch Forests, Inc., units submitting both frequency and severity data.

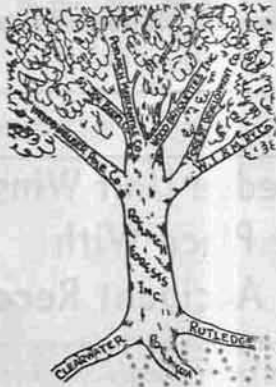
"This record is something to be proud of," said Mr. Black in his letter. "I consider it a real privilege to congratulate not you alone, but your supervision and men who made this record possible."

Pole Yard Rented

The Weyerhaeuser Pole company announced during the month the rental of the Bovill pole yard, and the sale of the poles in that yard to the Schaefer-Hitchcock company of Sandpoint, Idaho.

In connection with this deal, Potlatch Forests, Inc., sold to the same parties a block of cedar pole stumpage tributary to the Bovill yard.

THE FAMILY TREE



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

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Correspondents

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 Bill Armstrong Clearwater
 Mable 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

House Bill No. 53, now before the committees of the state legislature, is designed to save the Indian relics at the historical museum at Spalding, now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Evans and for which interests outside of the state have been dickering.

If the bill is passed in Boise it will perpetuate about all there is left of the early Indian lore in this part of the state for the Evans collection is probably the largest, and according to Byron Defenbach, about the most authentic in the possession of any private collector.

If the bill is not passed it is likely that Washington State College history department and some private individuals will ultimately get the collection.

And that, for those who have an appreciation of historical relics, would come under the head of "too bad."

Visitors at the Clearwater plant this year are being handed souvenir post cards picturing the plant in colors on one side and a brief story of the organization on the message side. The cards are in demand, according to Bill Green, guide, whose office it is to hand them out.

Clearwater Woods

Camp 22

With four more cats, three D7s and and A.C., which were transferred over from Camp 14, the men here are all set to do a little logging.

The boys all seem pleased with their new winter camp, especially the location.

Camp 27

Horses are a thing of the past in Camp 27—at least for a time. There is not one hay-burner in camp.

Once again the dependable beast has given way before mechanical power, for there are now nine cats doing all yarding and skidding, and one "22" cat with the road construction gang.

The Camp 27 loading crew has thrown it into high gear this month, and are doing exceptionally well, what with rather uncertain footing.

If the weather holds it looks like a good month.

Camp 24

Camp 24 has built up to 125 men. Only a part of the men are logging with cats and are putting in 125,000 a day. On Parallel Creek Oscar Carlson has a crew of men laying steel. Working ahead of him a crew are cleaning up right-of-way logs along the branches. These logs will be loaded on cars and shipped out as soon as the steel is laid.

Camp 23

Both skidding and loading production for the season went over the 10,000,000-foot mark this month, with the monthly production at approximately 3,000,000 for both.

During the month we changed from a horse camp to a cat camp. At present we have 12 cats doing the skidding. There are no teams in the works now.

Our crew has been cut down considerably this month, with only about 110 men here now. Alex Smith, our bullcook, has begun to nail up some of the bunk cars.

Camp 14

The camp closed on January 14. The final two weeks were spent drayhauling the logs left decked at Camp W when it became too wet to truck them. Clearing up these logs was no mean feat, considering what Beaver Creek weather has been, but for the

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Lift Truck Operator Saved By New Guard When Lumber Falls

The ability of the safety inspection committee of the Workmen's Compensation Exchange to detect a potential hazard, coupled with the foresight of the management to put the suggestion into immediate operation, prevented what might have been a serious, if not fatal, accident to the operator of the Ross lift truck in the Potlatch yard.

Under the yard system recently installed, the lumber is piled in units to expedite handling by the lift truck. These units are separated by 4"x4" cross pieces, or spacers, which make it possible for the lift truck operator to insert the forks of the carrier under the unit to be moved.

The committee saw a hazard in the spacers, which it seemed might easily slide and strike the Ross lift truck and the operator, especially when the top of the unit was icy or frosty.

A suggested guard was installed. It consisted of four angle iron 2½"x-2½"x¾", over the top of which was stretched a ¼" round wire screen with a 1¼" mesh.

On an early and frosty morning, the lift truck moved down the alley in the uncertain light just before daybreak. The visibility was not too good and the operator failed to note that the four units in the adjoining pile were supported by the two units he was about to move. As the lift truck went into action, the two top units on the neighboring pile cascaded and landed on top of the guard.

There was nothing for the operator to do but to sit tight and trust the guard. It did its work and Elmer Schultz, the operator, lives to tell the tale.

About 4,000 feet of 12" lumber had skidded over him.

Shipping Office Enlarged

A 20x22-foot addition to the Clearwater shipping office has been completed on the south side of the present building. Planned as an office for the shipping superintendent, it also provides more space for daily shipping meetings and serves as a conference room.

Son Follows Father In Potlatch Plant, Now Hardware Man

The picture in the next column is that of Edward T. Compton (on the right), one of the pioneers of Potlatch, and his son Earl.

Mr. Compton, in point of service, is one of the oldest of company employees. Following several years with the Laird-Norton company, at Winona, Minn., and a brief period with the Northern Lumber company, at Cloquet, Minn., he came to Potlatch in 1905 during the construction days and had a part in the building of the sawmill here, as well as the townsite. With Jeff Stephens, he installed the Potlatch lath mill.

When the sawmill began operating Mr. Compton millwrighted until a foreman was needed on the night shift and he held that position for many years.

During the last season of operation of the old sawmill at Palouse, he was sent down there to operate the mill nights. Upon his return to Potlatch he resumed his duties as night foreman. During times when only one shift was being operated here, there was always a place for him as millwright. Mr. Compton's leisure hours have been spent in maintaining a beautiful yard at his home and in doing cabinet work.

Earl, following in his father's footsteps, spent about ten years at the plant, where he developed into an all round man, working in the planer, loading cars and caring for the motors. He then secured employment in the hardware department of the Potlatch Mercantile company, where, for the past five years, he has been manager of that department.

His hobby is hunting and fishing, in addition to time spent in his little carpenter shop. He has just recently constructed a duck boat.

Sampietro In Who's Who

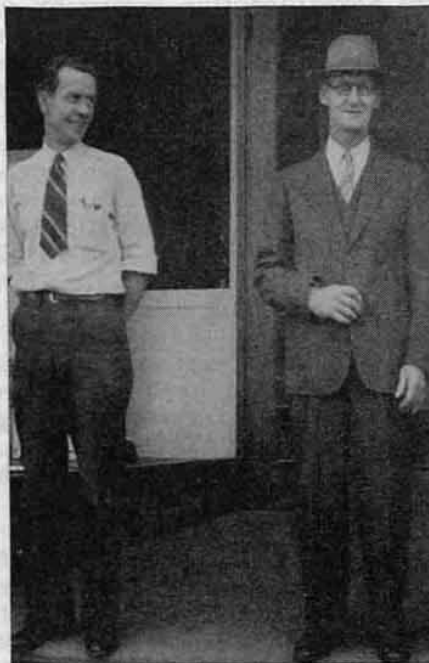
Joseph Sampietro, genial district manager of Wood Briquettes, Inc., and seller of Pres-to-logs in the Bay district of San Francisco, is pictured in a recent pamphlet issued by the California Retail Grocers' Advocate.

The pamphlet was a Christmas issue of Who's Who in the trade, and while Joe doesn't sell groceries, his picture is shown because he sells a very important household commodity.

Civilization of The United States Held Primarily Founded On Wood, In Talk Made By Laird Bell, Tracing Industrial Cycles

(Ed. Note: Laird Bell, director of Potlatch Forests, Inc., is the author of the following paper which he delivered before the Newcomen Society of England in November, 1939. So thoroughly does it cover the field it was thought worth while to reproduce it in The Family Tree.)

THE civilization of the United States has been predominantly a wood civilization. It is still so today. 80% of the population is even now housed in wood. Lumber, though probably now on the decline, has always been one of the country's principal industries, and in the timbered states has for long periods been the dominant industry. It is my purpose in this paper to trace the rise and fall of the industry in the Middle West.



Edward T. Compton and Earl

Clearwater Woods

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first time in a long while the weather broke favorably. It turned cold and the road froze and was smoothed off by the dozer. Then the weather moderated, but not too much for the two weeks it took to haul the logs.

Of course as soon as the haul was finished it started to rain again and the crew loaded up the equipment and came out in the rain, but the logs were in.

Freiberg and Lundmark are staying in the rest of the winter. When they don't have snow to shovel they will make ties. It will be very quiet on the Beaver Creek for a time.

The lumber business wherever it has existed in the United States has been curiously cyclical. As each new timbered area has been opened up the industry has followed a definite pattern of development. This has been repeated again and again, as what one might call the center of gravity of the industry has moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The first mill on this continent was apparently one built in 1631 in the part of Massachusetts that later became Maine. The Pilgrim Fathers were thus the first lumber barons. John Alden, for example, who beat Miles Standish to it in his courting, is recorded as part proprietor of a sawmill on the Saco River. From those days till past the middle of the last century, the great lumbering state was Maine. The forests on the waters of the Androscoggin and the Penobscot seemed limitless. But long before the Civil War they began to be eaten away and the loggers started to move. Lumbering had also developed in a large way in New York and Pennsylvania, but the Maine operators and loggers for the most part passed those states and migrated on to Michigan. The migration increased and overflowed to Wisconsin and to Minnesota. Throughout the last half of the century lumber was king in the Lake States. It was the great employer, it vied with agriculture in the value of its product, it made great fortunes, and it built the homes and farms of the Middle West.

But the appetite of the country for wood kept pushing the logger deeper and deeper into the forests and by 1910 the virgin pine of the Lake States was practically gone. The migration was then resumed. Some operators turned to the South. Most of them, however, crossed the Rockies to Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The operators of

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Here's More About Lumber Industry Cycle

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the Far West are in large measure the operators of the earlier regions or their sons and grandsons. They are there still known as Maine men, Saginaw men, the Wausau outfit, the Mississippi River crowd, and so on.

The cycles of course overlapped. Saginaw was a sawdust town long before the last big drive came down the Androscoggin. The first mill on the St. Croix was built in 1839, only five years after the Saginaw began sawing. Pennsylvania remained a great producer till the turn of the century. On the other hand, there is at least one company on the Puget Sound that started cutting before the Civil War. But by and large the cycle has rolled across the country. And in each place there has been a small cycle within the big cycle.

The pattern of this small cycle has been a simple one. In the early stages the mill went up the waterways to the forest. Presently the trees immediately about the mill were cut off. The mill then moved up to the trees again. But this implied a primitive mill, slow and inefficient. There developed shortly, therefore, the practice of building a better and permanent mill nearer the market and bringing the logs to it by water. It was a sound development and would have been fine if there had been only one lumberman to a stream. But conflict arose at once. The saw mill man on the edge of the forest resented seeing what would have been his cheap logs going off downstream. His trees began to cost him more and his supply receded faster. A first-class war developed on nearly every drivable stream.

To appreciate fully the confusion and conflict that ensued, we should recall the method of logging of those pre-railroad days. The man with a mill at the edge of the woods could drag his logs by ox or horse to his mill the year around. As hauls became longer, this was too expensive and winter logging with sleighs was resorted to. This permitted a great extension of the field of operations. The logger picked a good tract, however deep in the forest it might be, and built a camp. In the early days this was a windowless cabin of logs, with the cook and his fire in one end and tiers of bunks filling the rest. The bunks were

luxuriously cushioned with hay and two men slept in each tier of the bunk together with such attendant animal life as chance might bring. Supplies were "toted" in for great distances. These were largely beans, molasses and salt pork. The balanced ration was not yet thought of; the loggers didn't know it, but they should have been anemic.

Of late the logger has been made something of a figure in romance, but it is possible that distance has lent enchantment. The early Maine loggers were mostly French Canadians, strong, skillful with the ax and peavey, inured to a hard life, but not, shall we say, an intellectual type. Their rivals were the Scotch and Irish immigrants of the middle of the century. By the time the Wisconsin and Minnesota operations were in full blast the sturdy Scandinavian had brought his woodcraft from the old country and dominated the camps. When the migration reached the Far West, the lumberjack had become a nondescript—the floater and ne'er-do-well—though still a competent performer at a hard job. They were a fertile field for I.W.W. in the stormy days of the "Wobblies." The cycle of the logger may be symbolized in the shift from the folk songs of the French Canadians to the gory gems of the famous Wobbly Song Book. But they still are mighty men with an ax.

At first trees were felled by notching with the ax from both sides. The first man that used a saw was probably considered rather soft. After the faller had dropped his tree the buckler came along and cut the tree into log lengths with a cross-cut saw. Pulling a cross-cut saw some hours a day called for sturdy men.

No benevolent social legislation dictated the hours of work of the early lumberjacks. The men were supposed to be at their jobs by daylight. Hot food was got to them at noonday and they returned to camp after dark. Meals were serious business. It is still the tradition, even in the deluxe camps of the West, that no one talks during meals. They eat and get out—and do their complaining outside.

Neither had any of the higher social thought been given to how the logger should employ his leisure. He sat on the deacon seat around the stove, while his socks dried before it, and spun yarns that have grown into the Paul Bunyan saga. Or he went to bed. My father kept a small pocket diary in the years when he used to go up into the woods

of Wisconsin to check on the winter logging. I found a laconic entry under date of February 11, 1889, that gives a little picture of the life: "Slept at McLaren's camp, in asafetida, onions & socks."

A word may be said here of the modern logging camp of the Far West. The I.W.W. about 1916 found the loggers a happy hunting ground. Conditions were undoubtedly pretty bad. It probably didn't occur to many operators that a logger could want them better. He has single beds, clean sheets once a week, shower baths, reading rooms, and the best plain food in the world. Operators compete in the excellence of their camps and find it pays. It's a far cry from the life of the "blanket stiff" that tramped with his own bedding roll through the snows of Northern Michigan.

But to return to the earlier and more masculine days of winter logging. Roads were cut into the forest. After the trees were felled and bucked, the logs were dragged by ox or horse to the side of the road and there piled high on sleighs. Horses pulled the sleighs on roads, the ruts of which were iced, to what was called the landing, on the side of a stream. There was great competition in the size of the sleigh loads. Some loads were more than a railroad flat car carries today. No lumber office was considered properly furnished without a photograph of a giant load.

The next step was the drive. When the spring freshets came, the logs were rolled into the river from the landing, and set off on their journey to the mills below. This was the high time of the year. The logs must be kept moving. They must be kept from wandering off into the meadows and lodging when the waters went down, and above all they mustn't be allowed to jam. Jam they did, of course, and a twisting, groaning mass would block the rivers literally for miles. There is record of a jam on the Chippewa River at Little Falls that covered eighteen miles of river. Then came the big moments. Your true old-time logger could go under the face of the jam, pick and twist away the logs till he found the key log, pry that out, and run for his life, not always successfully. Later, dams were built that held back the water and the logs, and permitted more orderly driving and a longer driving season. But jams have continued to this day wherever rivers are driven.

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More About Lumber Industry Cycle

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still have drives in Maine, but the only place where driving done on a large scale is in our operations on the Clearwater River in Maine. There we drive as high as 45 feet a year and each year a more or less serious jam develops. Two years ago the river didn't wait for the crew, but broke the jam on its own. The logs carried everything beneath them, swept aside the controlling booms, piled over the dam at the mill, twisted and were picked up all the way down the Columbia as far as the Newville dam.

Just spoke of booms. A boom is a log of long logs or timbers chained together to hold the logs in pockets, or to sweep them off to a pocket on one side of the stream, and the like. The lumber industry has given many words to the American language—in fact the word boom itself is an Americanism, what the British call timber—but many of its terms have gone so far from their source as "boom." Originally it was said, when the spring freshets came, that the river was on the boom.

From this of course came the booms, boom-sticks that were to control the logs as they came down the roaring stream. But also boom came to mean a rampant period of prosperity, local or national, that we used to know until a few years; and beginning about the time of General Grant's presidency the boom boom came into our language. Log booms became very important parts of the story. It was easy to start the log down-stream, not so easy to stop it. Here was the point of conflict between the millmen. When the loggers used a stream each man wanted his logs. (There were as many as 2,000 recorded brands in Wisconsin at one time.) But when the drive came everybody's logs came down together. The upstream man tried to hold the logs in his boom while he worked out his own, and perhaps a few for good measure. The downstream man objected to the delay and from this conflict stemmed heroic battles, and on stream after stream the battle was reproduced.

The earliest of these wars occurred on the Black River, one of the main Wisconsin logging streams. Jacob Spaulding built a sawmill at Black

River Falls in 1840. Early the next year a group of Mormons seeking timber to raft to the temple they were building at Nauvoo jumped Spaulding's claim and cut some 300 trees before they were discovered. Spaulding drove them off with twenty men and the Mormons returned to Nauvoo for reinforcements. Spaulding appealed to the army post at what is now Prairie du Chien. The Mormons then made peace and bought the mill. They rafted several hundred thousand feet to Nauvoo, but in 1844 when they evacuated Nauvoo they sold out.

This controversy, interesting chiefly for the Mormon connection with it rather than because it was typical, was followed by many years of controversy between the up-stream and down-stream mills on the Wisconsin, the Black, the St. Croix and similar streams, but I will confine myself to the story of the Chippewa, which was not only typical, but developed the man who became in later years the unquestioned leader of the industry—Frederick Weyerhaeuser. The Chippewa River empties into the Mississippi and drains a very large watershed of Wisconsin pine lands, covering with its tributaries five or six counties of the state and reaching up almost to Lake Superior.

The lumberman early found his way up the stream. A mill was actually sawing as early as 1831. A considerable mill was completed at Chippewa Falls in 1837. There were presently six mills at Eau Claire, a little below. Meantime operators of mills along the Mississippi itself were attracted to the famous soft pine of the Chippewa Valley and were buying logs and timber.

The river when it emptied into the Mississippi had in those days two mouths. One was known as Beef Slough, slower of current and better adapted for sorting logs and making up rafts. Beef Slough became the scene of a war that kept the river and the courts and the legislature in a turmoil for a generation. Some millmen with down-river interests organized a corporation in 1867 under the comprehensive name of Beef Slough Manufacturing, Booming, Log-Driving and Transportation Company, they acquired land along the slough and tried to get a franchise to maintain booming works in the Chippewa to shunt logs into their rafting works in the slough. The millmen on the Chippewa above scented danger to their business in the existence of such facilities for the

down-river mills, and not only defeated the franchise, but sent crews downstream with rafts of slabs to close up and fill in the entrance to the slough. Injunctions were sought, legislative committees filed reports, and an intricate legal and legislative battle was fought that delighted the lawyers and the newspapers for years.

Meantime more direct action was utilized. The Beef Slough Company had entered into the business of cutting logs on the upper parts of the stream and driving them down. When the driving season came on they demanded of the mills scattered along the river that the Beef Slough logs be permitted to come through. Few of these mills had sorting facilities, and still less of them were sympathetic to the idea. After a period of deadlock the Beef Slough people sent their loggers down the stream with instructions to cut every boom that contained any of their logs. About a hundred loggers were engaged in the enterprise and at Jim Falls, above Chippewa Falls, they met up with an army of equal size guarding the booms. There ensued the kind of a battle dear to the logger's heart, where fists and peaveys counted, with no nonsense about Marquis of Queensbury rules, but a fine man-to-man encounter. The invaders won, and the booms were cut all the way down to Chippewa Falls. The Beef Slough logs came down, and so did a lot more. The Eau Claire operators below, having more warning, resorted to a policy of appeasement, and further conflict was avoided. But that summer several up-river mills had to shut down for lack of logs. The Beef Slough company was winning. But it was better with peaveys and pikepoles on the river than in the sober activities of the counting house, and it would probably have failed but for the advent of Frederick Weyerhaeuser.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser was determined to get logs down the Chippewa for the Weyerhaeuser and Denkmann mills at Rock Island. He persuaded seventeen Mississippi River operators, including that of my grandfather and his partners, to join in the formation of a company which should log for all of them on the Chippewa. This feat alone was a tribute to Mr. Weyerhaeuser's ability, for those were individualistic days, the operations were strung along the river for 400 miles from Winona to St. Louis, and they had never cooperated in anything before. But they

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joined in organizing a corporation known as the Mississippi River Logging Company, and agreed to pay, as called, their proportionate shares of bringing out logs. The company leased the Beef Slough boom and proceeded to put logs into the water from each shareholder's property and to buy from other loggers on the stream. The first year they cut and put into the water 35 million feet of logs. They got through to the boom less than one-third of them. The Chippewa operators simply didn't let the logs through. They didn't have to steal the logs. They just detained them for sorting. Not only does a white pine log deteriorate under those circumstances, but the down-river men's capital was tied up in the logs, they had to get their requirements elsewhere, and less determined men might well have quit. But neither Mr. Weyerhaeuser nor his associates were good quitters. Instead, they put so many logs into the river next year that the Chippewa men simply couldn't hold them all without filling their booms with logs that didn't belong to them, and interfering with their own supplies. In this way the Mississippi men got a considerable proportion through. There ensued ten years of battle, with no holds barred. The Chippewa men secured franchises for dams and sorting works with the right to impose tolls. They appealed to the legislature and to Congress. They invoked the War Department. They inspired litigation against the down-stream men for interfering with navigation. The down-river men stood off the legislative attacks and the litigation ended in a favorable finding in the United States District Court. This was that a log was as legitimate an article of commerce on a stream as a boat, even though the log might be, as the court said, "wholly unguided," or might come in such masses as to drive other traffic temporarily off the stream.

Mr. Weyerhaeuser was too good a business statesman, however, to depend on lawyers and legislators for his salvation. Eventually he made peace with the Chippewa men. And he did it in a way that was even greater evidence of his wisdom and leadership. The occasion was a great flood in 1880

that carried out the Little Falls dam above Chippewa Falls. It scattered logs all the way down to the Mississippi, everybody's logs, without respect for brands or where the owner's mill was.

Here was a golden chance for the Mississippi men. They could buy the logs at their own price, for no upper river man could afford to haul his own logs back. But Mr. Weyerhaeuser recognized the opportunity and he persuaded his own associates, despite ten years of bitter struggle, to agree to a generous offer to the up-stream men. This was that logs should be exchanged, foot for foot, the Chippewa men keeping all logs that had not come down, the Mississippi men keeping all those that had come down, and paying the fair market value for any excess.

Flag Flies At Potlatch



Recently the Potlatch unit erected a flag pole at the plant grounds. It stands in front of the smoke house—a shaft of white tipped by a glittering metal ball, which was made by Nels Opstrup, Art Sundberg and Jack Owens.

The pole is set in a concrete base 10 feet in diameter and was raised under the supervision of Jack Owens, with the gas crane.

A flag 12 ft. x 20 ft. now floats over this operation from sunrise to sunset and is hoisted each morning and lowered in the evening by Joe Stone.

The atmosphere of the river was completely changed by this statesmanlike action, and the war was over. It is not necessary to follow in detail all the further moves that kept peace on the river. A major one was the formation of a new logging company, which became known as the Pool. This was owned by nearly all the mills on the Chippewa as well as by the Mississippi Logging Company. The Pool bought all logs which its members put into the river, and any others it could acquire and delivered them to its members. Mr. Weyerhaeuser managed it all. For many years he spent most of the winters traveling up and down the river. Probably no one else could have made the Pool work. He had to fix the price at which the Pool bought from its members, including himself. Every lumberman congenitally believes his log are better than any others. Only the confidence which Mr. Weyerhaeuser had inspired in himself could have kept those strong willed pioneers content. But the Pool went on for twenty years till the timber on the river was gone, and most of the participants have continued association in the business on the West Coast and elsewhere to this day.

In about ten years Beef Slough became badly silted up. After much anxious study it was determined to move across the Mississippi to the West Newton Slough, shunting the log across the river by sheer booms. Beef Slough's 25 miles of piling, booms and other works were abandoned. Beef Slough is to me just a name. I tried to find it from a boat on the Chippewa ten or twelve years ago, but it had silted up so that I couldn't locate it at all. West Newton, on the other hand I remember well—mile upon mile of piling and booms, nice plank walks on the booms all chewed up into soft splinters by calked boot armies of men running along there with slender pikepoles that in retrospect seem 30 feet long, some of them showing off to gaping little boys riding logs nonchalantly, and steam boats puffing around to pick up the rafts. I almost forgot to mention the cook's shanty—with a dozen kinds of cookies and lovely greasy doughnuts. They were grand days. I'm told there's good duck shooting there now.

(Mr. Laird has given a hint here of a story to be told in the next issue of *The Family Tree*. It is a story of the rafting logs down the river and how a career was made on the slender strands of a rope.)

S. Potlatch New Weyerhaeuser Ship Makes Lumber East

igh in the Palouse wheat country
the nearest thing to a boat is a
bottomed skiff on a creek, Potlatch
an ocean-going steamship named
Pictured on page 8 of this issue
S. S. Potlatch, a lumber carrier
the Weyerhaeuser Steamship com-

added to the fleet of lumber trans-
several months ago, the ship was
named "Potlatch" and began reg-
trips between the west and east
Skippered by Captain Jack
Lapoint, the big vessel recently tied
at Longview to take on a cargo
lumber. It was there that the pic-
were taken.

Captain Lapoint has been in the
vice of the Weyerhaeuser Steamship
company a good many years and
had a long time as mate of the S. S.
Tanooka, another Weyerhaeuser
steamship company liner. He is a
subscriber to *The Family Tree* and
has a great deal of interest in the
associations of Potlatch Forests,
and the companies it does busi-
ness with. His home is in Newark, New
Jersey.

Ships are so rare in the Inland Em-
that although Lewiston, Idaho, is
more or less facetiously called "Idaho's
seaport," the nearest thing to a
here is a barge. It is not too much
stretch of the imagination to visu-
alize the time when lumber may be
loaded on barges in Lewiston and
traveled down the Snake and Columbia
rivers to a place where it might be
loaded aboard the S. S. Potlatch and
traveled to the east coast by water.

The name Potlatch, in itself, covers
not only the name of the community,
but the entire operations of the com-
munity. It is an Indian name and de-
rived from the ancient custom of In-
dians who met seasonably for big pow-
wows and the giving of gifts. Games
were played and chiefs and medicine
men made at "potlatches."

Shortly after the picture was taken,
the S. S. Potlatch left Longview for
Seattle, returned to the Columbia river
with some additional cargo, and then
sailing out to sea, fell victim to a
violent storm and was battered so badly
that it had to put back to port.

(Continued on page eight)

Meet the Skipper of the S. S. Potlatch



Here is Captain Jack J. Lapoint, beaming over the rail of his ship. He's the one with the cap. The other man is Ted Hodges, supercargo of the Weyerhaeuser Steamship company, who handles the business end of the cargo.

Lady Luck Chooses Charlie Cummerford

The second annual Potlatch Forests turkey shoot just before Christmas saw two Clearwater plant employees exhibit outstanding acts.

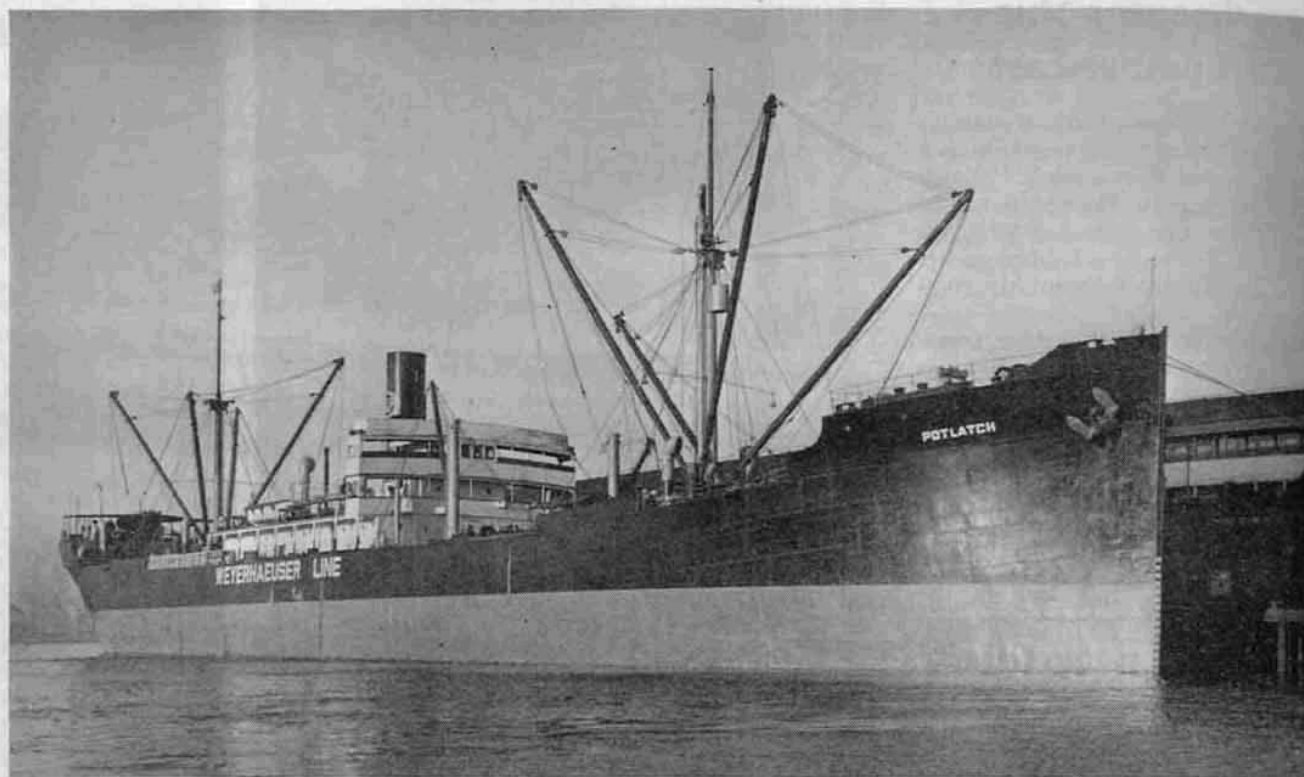
Jim Ford, planing mill charginer, who shoots well ordinarily and better in competition, earned his four turkeys by powdering clay targets.

C. J. Cummerford, planer foreman, in no more than 30 minutes absence from the plant, "got away" with four birds. First, he rolled a turkey at dice

(against such skill as John Aram and Dave Troy), then picked a winner on a numbers card. Next on his hazard spree he wavered at a target with a scatter gun long enough to dot the paper with 193 pellets for gobbler No. 3. "May as well set me down for 193 on the bean jar, too," Charlie commented. And would you believe it! He named it right to the bean for the fourth "foul."

As a result of a visit to the Clearwater plant, two normal school girls are building a model. All buildings are included.

She Bears a Good Name—The S. S. Potlatch At Longview



Above is the big lumber carrier recently added to the fleet of the Weyerhaeuser Steamship company, and which was named "Potlatch" in honor of the town and the company.

Here's More About S. S. Potlatch

(Continued from page seven)

At Longview it was discovered her deck loads of lumber had shifted and it was necessary to move much of it and re-cargo that which had shifted.

The storm occurred about 25 miles off the Oregon coast. One lifeboat was overturned, seamen were buffeted by the wind and water cascaded into the crew's quarters as giant seas smote the Potlatch. Even the after deck house was smashed.

The life of the sailor may be romantic—in books—but there are many lumberjacks who would rather take their chances with "widow-makers" on dry land. Every once in a while one runs across a "jack" who has been to sea. The beating those sailormen take sometimes is recalled vividly.

So they make the lumber now, and the sailors of the S. S. Potlatch carry some of it down the west coast and through the Panama and the gulf and up the Atlantic ship lanes to Newark and New York and Boston.

Heres More About Credit Union

(Continued from page one)

Send boy to Youth		
Congress	1	90.00
Chickens	1	60.00
Fire	1	60.00
Plumbing	1	50.00
Property	1	50.00
Spraying	1	50.00
Stove	1	50.00
Washing machine	1	50.00
Motorcycle	1	30.00
Graduation	1	20.00
Monument	1	15.00
Total for 1940.....	358	\$29,668.78

In the election of officers four candidates were voted to the board of directors. Those elected were Al Miller, sawyer; Vern Runnion, stock clerk; Earl L. Terlson, rebutt feeder; and Bill Armstrong, plant stenographer. Held over on the board of nine were Ed Lillard, night rough storage foreman; Monty Morris, shipping millwright; Ray Hines, millwright in sawmill; Ed Armstrong, monorail oper-

ator; and Ed Wagner, machinist. This group held a board meeting electing by acclamation Al Miller, president (his fourth year); Monty Morris, vice president; Vern Runnion, treasurer and Bill Armstrong, clerk.

One man was voted on for the credit committee, Glenn Gage, electrician, being re-elected to work with Clarence Bice, kilns millwright, and Arch Pritchard, assistant fire chief, in passing of applications for loans.

Re-elected to the auditing or supervisory committee were Everett Wallace, electrician, and Ike Gilbertson sales office. W. A. Green, warehouse clerk, was chosen for the other auditor.

The group voted in favor of pay roll deductions for loan repayment installments and also pay roll deduction for those who wish to save through the check-off system. A banquet will be held in conjunction with the next annual meeting.

D. C. Candland, credit union representative of Salt Lake City, attended checking on procedures followed and mentioning several interesting facts. He reminded that all loans are insured by the credit union, entailing no cost to the borrower.