

# THE FAMILY TREE

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## Who Was This Man?

The vacant spot in the picture at the left could have been occupied by someone from the Potlatch family. Perhaps it was a man who is now in Australia or on Midway or in Greenland or Libya fighting to hold for himself and for us all the blessings that we take so easily for granted. It cannot be one of us among the home guards who is really straining himself to buy bonds and serving in the Civilian Defense force as an Air Raid Warden and using his spare time helping to salvage junk, and who tries to remember every hour of every day that we are in a grim and terrible war.

But perhaps the picture represents a vacancy to be filled in the future by some one of us who can't be bothered buying bonds, who ignores Donald Nelson's warning that one who wastes critical materials is a traitor, or some amateur Fifth Columnist who encourages slow-downs, who breaks his tools, who carelessly gets himself injured during this critical period when manpower cannot be spared, or who criticizes the war effort, or who wants to be coddled and teased into doing his share.

The picture represents someone. Whom? Think it over.

C. L. BILLINGS,  
General Manager.

## Long Live Rutledge

Culminating negotiations which have been carried on with the Northern Pacific Railway Company over a considerable period of time, Potlatch Forests, Inc., has purchased 115,000,000 feet of white pine timber on Fishhook and Sisters creeks on the St. Joe river, says Resident Manager C. O. Graue of the Rutledge plant in Coeur d'Alene. The timber acquired from the Northern Pacific railway stands on alternate sections adjacent to forest service timberlands in the St. Joe National Forest.

The Rutledge sawmill began operating on April 1, 1916, and is now

in its 27th year. It has two bandmills and employs about 250 men. The sawmill cuts mixed species as well as white pine. Mixed species also are available from newly acquired holdings. The acquisition of the Northern Pacific timber is interpreted as extending the life of the Rutledge plant almost indefinitely. *Long Live Rutledge.*

Both parties to the big timber sale have been deeply interested in arranging a contract to provide for conservative methods of cutting such as Potlatch Forests, Inc., practices in its Clearwater holdings.

Commenting on the large-scale purchase, Manager Graue of the Rutledge plant said:

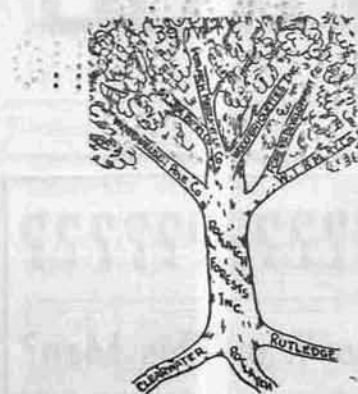
"The Northern Pacific is as interested as we are in the permanency of the

northern Idaho communities, particularly those on its own rails, and was very cooperative in the negotiations which finally resulted in the framing of a long-time contract.

"The contract as signed definitely requires selective cutting and we were given to understand that the timber would not have been sold on any other basis. We feel that this purchase extends the life of our plant in Coeur d'Alene almost indefinitely.

"It is probable that logging operations will not start during the present shortage of man-power, but we are hopeful that when plant construction for war industries tapers off, we shall be able to open up this important piece of timber in time to make its products available to the government for war use."

## THE FAMILY TREE



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

Editor ..... E. F. Rapraeger

## Correspondents

Vacant ..... Rutledge  
 Vacant ..... Clearwater  
 Mable Kelley ..... Potlatch  
 Carl Pease ..... Headquarters  
 Vacant ..... Bovill

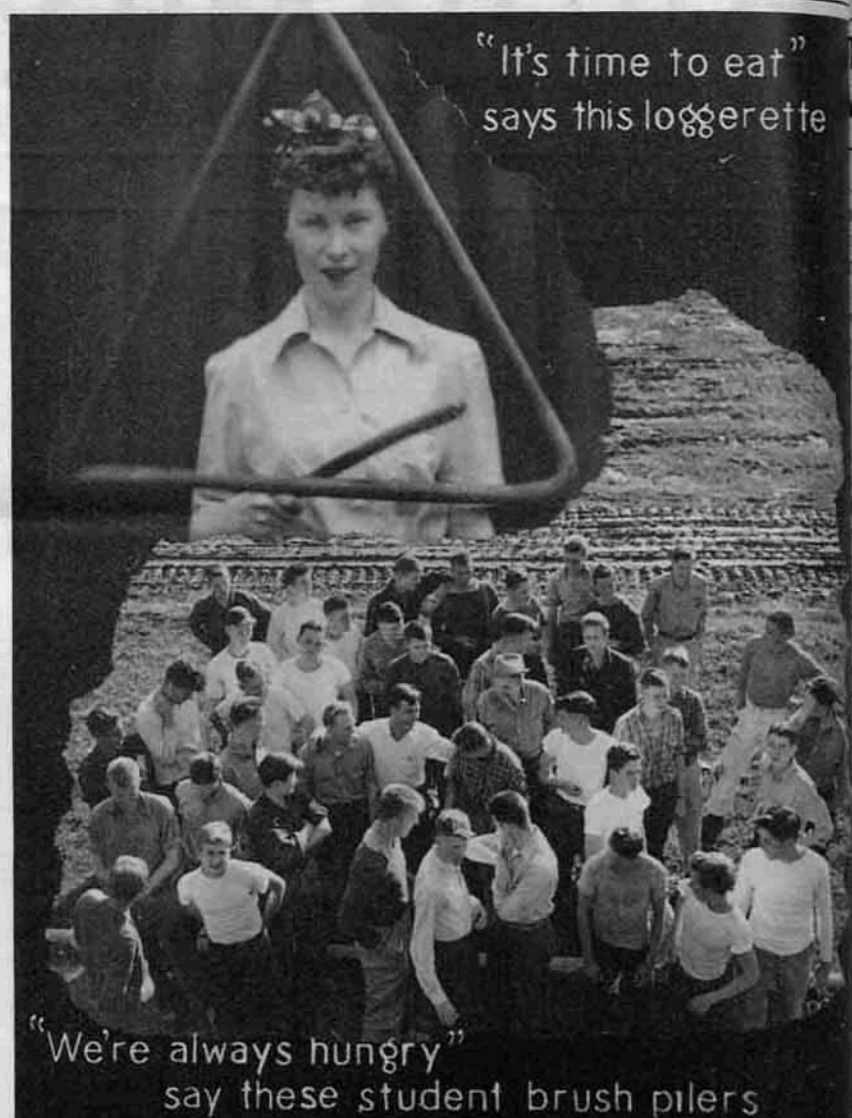
## Loggerettes and Other Newcomers

A generation ago freckled girls with pink straw bonnets worked in the logging camp kitchens, and others, equally comely, made lumber into ammunition boxes. It is a matter of record that during World War I, women were employed in logging camps, in box factories and for lighter tasks in sawmills. The men had gone to war.

The story repeats itself today. The men again are going to war. Women again are replacing men in industry. Everyone regards the change without disfavor for they rightly construe the employment of women to be natural and inevitable. Women are now employed as waitresses in all the company logging camps except the isolated ones along the river. A few are also employed in the box factory at Lewiston.

The introduction of loggerettes as waitresses in the logging camps was made without a hitch. Some of the lumberjacks felt uneasy for a day or two and toyed with their food instead of wolfing it the way a logger should. But as the stage fright passed, their appetites returned to normal and the consumption of food in the cookhouses is again at high level.

Nor were any alarming symptoms noted in Lewiston when women were hired in the box factory. Men who



"It's time to eat" says this loggerette

"We're always hungry" say these student brush pilers

had doubts about the modern woman being a good worker were speedily enlightened. It possibly can be conceded that machines, gears, belts and pulleys are more mysterious to women than to men. But there is no proof that skills cannot be acquired by women as well as men. After all, men are not as superior as they try to make their wives believe. How many men know how to bake biscuits?—soft, fluffy biscuits, not the kind that bounce.

### Student Brush Pilers

Many of the boys pictured in the brush piling crew are working at their first job. Unimportant as this news may seem, his first job is mighty important to a boy. There is something magical about it. It summons him from youth to manhood. The boys who started piling brush this summer will be young men this autumn. When

they return to their homes, they seem like strangers to their parents.

The student brush pilers came from many places. Of the first 55 who arrived, 17 were from Minnesota; three each from Idaho, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Iowa, and Montana; and one each from Colorado, South Dakota, Kansas, and Indiana. Few of those from the east had been out west before. Most of them never left home before. Many never had a job before. These are unusual times. It is a period in which young men do an older man's work. The older young men are on their way to fight the war.

How well a young man does his work often shapes his future life. The wheat is sorted from the wheat, the sheep from the goats. Only the fit get better. Life is like that. What you get out of life depends upon the effort put into

## The Doom of Walter Parkbury

THERE once was a logging foreman named Walter Parkbury. He was a rough and tumble hombre. Standing five feet seven or eight inches in height, he was stockily built and strong in proportion with a round, ruddy face which was animated by a spirit of recklessness. His way of solving a problem was to hit with one fist and then with the other.

One day Walter Parkbury got in a fracas in a saloon. During the tumult somebody conked him with a bottle. The newspapers said Walter was in the prime of life when he died. This amused him considerably because he wasn't dead at all. At least he didn't know that he was.

When Walter Parkbury opened his eyes he found himself in a courtroom. Seated in the jury box were a number of old time loggers.

"There seems to be something spooky about this place," said Walter Parkbury. "Quite correct, Mr. Parkbury, this is a spooky place," replied the foreman of the jury. "You have entered the heaven of the lumberjacks where we shall solemnly review your actions while on earth."

Walter Parkbury looked at the jury closely. All of them were loggers but they seemed to be alive. This consoled him considerably. They were the type of lumberjacks who would give him a fair trial.

"As soon as the prosecutor finishes his lunch, the trial will start," announced the foreman of the jury.

Walter looked at the prosecutor's bench. There sat the Devil himself, munching on a slice of bread and a large piece of cheese. The Devil was grinning diabolically. His long tail swayed to and fro like that of a cat when it anticipates catching a mouse. Walter shivered. He began to think of a lot of deeds which were fun enough at the time but in the present light seemed somewhat short of refined.

"Don't be worried," whispered one of the jurors. "We will render an honest verdict. There isn't a single sawmill man on the jury." Walter felt much relieved. But the Devil continued to grin.

Finally the Devil belched. This meant he had finished eating and the court should come to order. Knowing that he was the focus of attention, the Devil strode dramatically to the center of

the courtroom. He seemed to be in very good humor. He bowed to the right, then to the left, and lastly smiled at the jury. These obsequies completed, he fixed his red eyes upon Walter Parkbury. "I claim this rascal for my own," said the Devil. "He has the proper qualifications. Morally, he resembles an alley cat. His code of ethics is incomprehensible to anyone except a Jap. Not only that but he smokes, chews snuff, plays cards, and spends his idle time fighting in saloons." The jury smiled blandly. A logger had to have some recreation.

"Furthermore," continued the Devil, "He is a scamp of the lowest order. When supplies leave for other logging camps it is none other than Walter Parkbury who intercepts the sugar, truck tires, and other scarce equipment, even though he has a year's supply cached away in his warehouse. In addition, the defendant sends junk from his scrap pile to the other company logging camps. Then, gentlemen, he writes to the general manager declaring the other camps have a lot of his equipment and he needs some new machines." Several men on the jury snickered. Walter Parkbury was certainly a clever fellow. He knew all the tricks of the trade.

Although the Devil was not making much headway with the jury, he gamely continued with the evidence. "Almost daily the defendant sent cull logs to the sawmill and roared like a wounded lion if any scaler claimed they contained defects. Gentlemen of the jury, what do you think of that?" Some of the jurors yawned. Even the foreman could hardly remain awake.

The apathy of the jury aroused the fighting spirit of the Devil. He felt he was entitled to Walter Parkbury. In search of more evidence the Devil rummaged through his brief case. Finally he found what he was looking for. He waved some issues of *The Family Tree* under the noses of the jury. The jurors sniffed. Those who had been asleep woke up in a hurry. "Gentlemen," said the Devil, "I ask you to glance through these pages and note that Walter Parkbury has never sent in a news item to the Editor. It is men like he who cause *The Family Tree* to be what it is." The jury frowned. Things were beginning to look blacker for Walter Parkbury.

"And now," roared the Devil, "I come to the choicest piece of evidence in my files. On the eighteenth day of June . . ." and the Devil paused for a

moment to see if mention of the date revived any of Walter Parkbury's memories. It did. Walter trembled. Someone had been digging into his past. In a few moments the jury would learn about his lapse from the professional standards of a logger. The tail of the Devil waved to and fro. He was getting ready for the kill. Several spectators fainted. The suspense was terrific.

"On the eighteenth day of June," smirked the Devil, "our dear darling defendant emulated Lord Lochinvar and Sir Walter Raleigh. When Genevieve, the beautiful flunkey, stumbled and fell flat on her face on the kitchen floor, this kind man rushed over to pick her up. Never before in my long and illustrious career have I known this to happen in a logging camp. Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

The faces of the jury whitened. Surely this could be nothing except a monstrous lie. The jurors looked at Walter Parkbury. He had slumped in the chair and covered his face with his hands. He wanted to hide from the sight of mankind. No verbal confession was needed. Walter Parkbury was guilty, heinously guilty.

The jury consulted for only a moment. Their faces showed no sign of mercy. The foreman of the jury stood up. He fixed his eyes reproachfully upon Walter Parkbury. The wretch was writhing on the floor. He knew his doom was sealed. In a hushed voice the foreman intoned the dreadful words: "One hundred years in the hottest pit in purgatory." There was a wild shriek as the Devil grabbed Walter Parkbury and vanished from the courtroom. Moral: *Don't get gay with the lady flunkies.*

A lady stopped to talk to an old reprobate who was wobbling down the street. "You look very happy," she said.

"Yup," said he, "I haven't an enemy in the world."

"How wonderful," said she.

"Yup," said he, "I outlived them all."

**This is strictly confidential, so don't breathe it to a soul—Sh-h-h—** In August there will be a new Editor. I will introduce you to him in the July issue. THE EDITOR.

Are you buying bonds? Have you joined "The Ten Percent Club?" If not, why not?

## Overhaul of the Potlatch Sawmill

By BOB OLIN, Potlatch Plant

For two years Ben Swofford has had a schedule of repairs listed for the sawmill. For two years he has run the mill, with ever increasing demands for lumber, his fingers crossed and his millwrights patching here and there to "get by another month." The next month would arrive with word from the boss, "Can't shut down now—start the night shift instead." It seemed the limit was reached last winter when the log deck began to sag under the weight of logs resting on rotten timbers. The sawyers and carriage riders insisted that the carriage tracks sagged so badly and were so crooked that it was like driving a Model "A" over the Burma Road. So, finally, Ben won his point and a major overhaul was started.

The shutdown was for five weeks, or less, so it was most essential that everything be rushed to the limit. The cyclone hit the sawmill March 27—the Friday night the mill shut down, at which time large crews of millwrights were put on. Before morning, the mill was a wreck. Timbers were torn out and at the same time another crew began measuring new timbers to take the place of the rotten ones. As fast as a section had a new foundation, the millwrights hopped on the new deck and started setting machinery. Two shifts worked seven hard days a week making the necessary repairs.

One major change was to replace two single cut band mills which have been in use for years with two double-cut band mills that were taken from the Elk River sawmill. By the time the crew had disassembled these heavy machines, the timber crew had replaced the timbers for the foundations, and the new band mill could be moved into place. Thus, the job was kept constantly on the move, even though, to the inexperienced observer, it looked as if it was the work of a Demolition Squadron of British Commandos. But, as the live rolls and the familiar saw guards began to shape up on the No. 1 rig, it appeared that there was a reconstruction plan behind it all.

After a strenuous five weeks, all of the main timber replacement work had been completed, the machinery had been releveled and reset and three of the band mills were ready to go to work. The fourth double cut was not

During the sawmill overhaul the power plant crew repaired the turbine.



quite complete, but a small crew of millwrights soon cleaned up that rig as the rest of the mill started May 4.

While the main sawmill millwright crews toiled at the machinery changes, the fellows who look after the steam and air equipment, the electric motors and fire protection apparatus, were silently working amid the main bustle. They were repairing pipes, repairing and repacking cylinders, changing electric wiring, cleaning motors, and the hundreds of other little details.

At the dry kilns, new tracks were laid for the transfers, and the kilns had to have some repairs to keep the doors from falling down. These repairs were made under great handicaps because it was necessary to keep the equipment in use supplying dry lumber. The kilns had a good production for the month even though the mill was shut down and repairs were being made around the kilns.

On the pond, trouble had been brewing for years. Mud and refuse were collecting in such quantities that logs had to be skidded to the slip instead of floated. The pond could not be dredged while the plant was running because pipes ran under the pond and disturbing these would shut down the power plant. It took a lot of scheming and advance planning but under the direction of Lou Young, the pond crew and Jack Owens laid a new pipe line and dredged the pond. Again everything was fixed and ready to go when Ben Swofford pulled the whistle string.

### Power Plant Overhaul

And what a job they had at the power plant! While the mill was being repaired the power plant crew lifted the main shaft and re-babbitted the main bearing. Sounds easy, doesn't it? The main shaft and wheel weigh about 150,000 pounds. We are writing of the

main drive Corliss engine for the mill at Potlatch. Ever since the mill started running at Potlatch thirty-seven years ago, this heavy foot diameter flywheel has been in the same main bearing with no complaint. But, lately, Lou and Art Rush have been climbing over the big engine with stethoscopes, micrometers and strain gauges, effort to locate peculiar little knocks and rattles. They knew full well those little knocks were the forerunners of real trouble; they knew they were caused by some loose part. A 200,000 pound push behind those knocks got much worse, the driver blow caused by the connecting rod, as the engine revolved sixty every minute would soon point the huge engine to destruction.

But before repairing the Corliss engine it was necessary to check the turbine and boilers. The power plant crew set to work on the large turbine just as soon as the mill started on the last shift. Two days later the 2400 h.p. turbine was all torn apart, preparatory to being cleaned, inspected and reassembled—an annual procedure to make sure that trouble is not to develop in the heart of the power plant—the power supply. The job was rushed night and day so the crew would be free to tackle the Corliss engine.

In the meantime, another crew tackled the fire in the Kidwell boiler. The din of tube cleaners, in the and cooling ashes, the brick crew to work under Nels Opstrup on necessary and major repairs to boiler brick work. This cornered Nels and Henry Lienhard on steeplejacks. The smokestack at Kidwell needed riveting and strengthening before it went back into service.

(Continued on page five)

## Overhaul of the Potlatch Sawmill

(Continued from page four)

Nels, swinging from his boatswain's seat on the outside, hammered the rivets home while Henry, perched on a narrow scaffolding plank inside, bucked the rivets while the soot and rust showered down on him. They say that even Hank's family failed to recognize him when he came home.

The turbine was soon re-assembled, tried out a while and tested. No sooner did approval come from the insurance company's inspector than Art pulled the crew off the turbine and, with the aid of Jack Owens' crew, they started the big job of lifting the engine flywheel and shaft to make it possible to take out the main bearing for inspection. This was no easy task, for it couldn't be lifted from above and you couldn't get hold of it with enough jacks to lift it from below. So, by putting huge timbers through the spokes of the wheels and rigging up a series of levers, they were able to lift the huge piece of iron the four or five inches required to free the main bearing. Inspection of this bearing, 18 in. diameter by 30 in., revealed the cause of the knocks—the babbitt was badly worn and broken. Arrangements were made at Spokane to have the bearing re-babbitted.

Then came the job of fitting the re-babbitted bearing to the shaft, "bluing and scraping it in." It was no child's play to lift this half ton block of babbitt and iron on and off the shaft some thirty or forty times as the bearing was marked and scraped down to fit the shaft. Finally, the bearing was put in position and the flywheel and shaft lowered into place on it. Then came a three-day job of checking and adjusting. The big shaft and bearings were shifted a few thousandths of an inch here and there in an attempt to get the engine in perfect alignment. An error made trouble—and trouble meant that the mill would not run to saw boards for Uncle Sam. So there could be no errors. The big engine was cautiously started for "breaking in" runs. Everything was checked and double-checked, and the "2000 Horse Power Goliath of Potlatch" ran almost perfectly. The strained expressions gave way to big smiles and care-free joking, for it was evident that the big engine was ready to turn the sawmill wheels again.

## Letters From the Fellows

### Frank Speno Tells About Camp

"If there was ever a happy soldier it was me the day I received the letter and *The Family Tree* . . . You know, once you work in a sawmill and especially P. F. I., you are always interested in it. Every time I go to town I go to the lumber yards and view their displays . . . We are located in the Ozark mountains and have a modern beautiful camp . . . After spending all these years in a lumber mill I am now a cook. I attended a cooking school in Wyoming and now I feed 350 men three times a day . . . I like army life but still would rather be in Shed 1 and 2 sorting loads that Glen Porter wants for a special order. I have run across men in the army that have handled P. F. I. products and naturally, I sure like to talk to them about lumber, and I wish you could hear what they have to say about Idaho white pine. I am glad that I have worked for such a good outfit and naturally I expect to be back after our job is finished. A lot of times as I lay on my bunk I look at the lumber around me and try to grade each board. I guess it is in my blood. . . . Thanks for writing; letters are sure appreciated and many thanks for *The Family Tree*."

PVT. FRANK A. SPENO,  
Co. B 38th Bn.  
Signal Corps,  
Camp Crowder, Mo.

### Garland Atkinson's Feet Hurt

"I'm at my training base at last. I wish I could wear a pair of logger boots while in the army. The shoes I got hurt my feet. And I would enjoy a good feed at Camp X too . . . I had some pre-service training and that has rated me as acting Corporal for a squad of 12 men. My pre-service training was under Captain Scott at Sauk Center, Minnesota. Believe it or not, he is commander of this post now and has become a Lt. Colonel . . . This sunny California that everyone talks about is not as warm as it might be. The breeze off the bay is chilly. Sunny California, Hmm-m-m . . . Please tell the Camp X crew I would like to hear from some of them."

PVT. GARLAND O. ATKINSON,  
101st Brigade, Tng. Det. No. 2,  
Group A, Albany, California.

## Wood and the War In Europe

The effect of the blockade, the scarcity of foreign raw materials, and wartime developments have led Europe to many new developments in wood utilization.

In Sweden, for example, wood and charcoal driven automobiles totalled 64,000 on August 1, 1941, and only a shortage of tires is to be blamed for the fact that licenses for a greater number were refused. The bulk of Swedish industry is now equipped to use wood for fuel instead of coal. Domestic heating is provided for by wood-burning stoves of new design and greater efficiency. Cattle are fed to some extent on molasses made from wood. About 300,000 tons of wood cellulose is used annually for this purpose. An increasing portion of the sulphite pulp manufacture is used for artificial silk and artificial wool manufacture. Wood is also used for the manufacture of wood alcohol as a substitute for gasoline for automobiles. It has also been found that wood tar is a very valuable chemical from which not only resin and turpentine can be obtained but also very satisfactory lubricating oils.

Wood utilization in Norway, Finland, and Germany follows along lines similar to those in Sweden. In addition, the repairing of bombing damage in Norway, Finland, and Germany has given an unexpected impetus to the manufacture of prefabricated houses made from wood.

In England, the trends in wood utilization are almost the reverse of those in Sweden. England has been suffering from an acute shortage of timber ever since the outbreak of the war. In England it is necessary to economize on wood and save it for essential war needs. The bulk of army huts are built of metal, and for floors in huts and even for air raid shelters concrete slabs are used whenever possible.

The amazing thing about wood utilization in Europe is the part that wood plays in war economy. A shortage of wood, as in England, leads to major difficulties. An abundance of wood as in Sweden, leads to new industrial and chemical uses, which lead to new conceptions of forest utilization.

Condensed from an address by Egon Glesinger, Secretary-General of the International Committee on Wood Utilization.

We Are Proud To Be Americans

## Log Scaling Procedure

By TIM WAIDE, *Check Scaler*

In 1927 when the Clearwater sawmill began operating, it was decided that logs would be scaled in all the camps and sawmills in a uniform manner. The job of establishing uniformity was assigned to Joe Parker, at that time check scaler for the company, and at

actual diameter. Thus if a log has a diameter of 16.6 inches it is considered to be a 16-inch log.

Logs are normally bucked in multiples of two feet and scaled accordingly. Logs 20 feet and under in length are scaled as one log. Logs 22 feet and longer are scaled as two logs. When long logs are scaled they are apportioned into as equal

two feet up the tree from the top to four feet down. In maximum it will run 16 feet up from the top and 18 feet down. In any case a defect is deducted from the full length of the log.

A white pine log is considered merchantable if it contains 33 1/3 per cent or more of sound material. Logs of select type which are considered merchantable if they contain 50 per cent or more of sound wood. A minimum of six foot lumber. Other species are considered merchantable if they are 50 per cent sound, with a minimum of eight foot lumber.

The scaling department is trained men regularly to fill vacancies. The student scalers are trained by competent scalers who have scaled for several years and know how it should be done. The Potlatch Forests' scalers have scaled under almost every condition that exists, such as behind the sawyers, on skidways, flumes, chutes, rail cars, trucks, mills and last, but not least in the water. For instance around Coeur d'Alene lake there are farmers and small jobbers who float logs to the company, but do not have equipment to log enough to justify having a scaler on the job. They float their logs in the water and when the boom is full or the job is complete they call for a scaler. Once in a while a scaler falls in the lake. His usual cause is that he is trying to see the conks which are under the water.



present logging superintendent in the Potlatch woods. Ever since 1927 the method of scaling has remained the same. The scale is not high in one camp and low in another, or high one year and low the next. Neither is the method of scaling changed when logs are bought and sold, or different in the sawmills than in the woods.

The log rule used by Potlatch Forests, Inc., is the Scribner decimal C. With this scale stick, diameters are measured at the top end of the log inside the bark. Average diameters are measured. If a log is not round, the average diameter is determined by taking two measurements at right angles to each other. For example, if a log has a diameter of 16 inches the narrow way and 18 inches the wide way, it is scaled as a 17-inch log.

Fractional inches are rounded off to the nearest full inch below the

lengths as possible, and the two parts scaled separately after allowing an increase of one inch in diameter for taper in the second log. Thus a 32-foot log with a top diameter of 12 inches is scaled as a 12-inch 16-foot log and a 13-inch 16-foot log.

Defects considered in scaling are rot, crooks, breaks, shake, checks, pitch ring, cat face, worm holes, and blue stain. No deduction is made for defects which occur outside the right cylinder.

Ring rot or conk rot is one of the most serious defects found in the white pine country. External indications of the rot are conks or punks which appear on the bole of the tree. Ring rot is caused by a fungus which obtains entrance to the wood by means of dead limbs or injuries to the tree. This rot is very destructive of the heartwood. In minimum cases ring rot extends

## Good Bye, John

John Anker, logging foreman, Potlatch Forests for many years, is leaving to take a job in the flat, ponderosa pine country, as Skookum Bull of the Woods of Lamm Lumber Company, Medford, Oregon.

No job at Potlatch Forests was too tough for John Anker. Flowing through the veins of this big Viking are some lusty corpuscles. John is a pioneer. The tougher the going, the better he likes it. He pioneered logging in Clearwater mud at Camp 17 on Brown's creek, and, following that, had one of the toughest flume assignments ever handed a man at Camp L. Homestead creek was no snap either. Nor was Camp R.

Good Bye, John and Good Luck. Don't forget to write.

## Short News Items

Members of the Foremen's council at Potlatch, accompanied by their wives and a few invited guests, made the trip to Camp 36 on the Palouse river for their annual dinner on Saturday evening, June 13.

Billy Musch, prize chef at Camp 36, served one of his famous steak dinners and topped it off with 12 kinds of dessert including strawberry shortcake, lemon pie, cream puffs, chocolate cake, white cake, french pastry, glazed doughnuts, and assorted cookies.

Oscar Hagboom, foreman at Camp 36, and Mr. Musch were introduced to the group by J. J. O'Connell, Potlatch Unit manager, following the eats and other entertainment, the Reverend Dick Ferrell, Lumber Camp Missionary, spoke briefly to the foremen and their friends.

A very thin man met a fat man. "From the looks of you," said the fat man, "there might have been a famine." "Yes," said the thin man, "and from the looks of you, you might have caused it."

The Bureau of the Census reports that four per cent of the people in the United States who are 25 years or older attended school less than one year, 10 per cent went to grade school for one to four years, 47 per cent attended grade school for five to eight years, 29 per cent attended high school, and 10 per cent attended college.

The most recent figures show that during May, employees of Potlatch Forests invested \$23,438.96 in War Bonds through company channels. This compares with \$9,046.13 in April.

Have you joined "The Ten Per Cent Club"? Are you investing ten per cent of your income in War Bonds? If not, why not?

Lloyd Harrymen, veteran lumber scaler at the Clearwater plant, has an employment record worth boasting about. Since he started on the job on September 16, 1927, he didn't miss a day on account of sickness until June 4, 1942. Sinus trouble marred a record on June 4, and kept him home one day. His record still stands as a record and our hats are off to him. Before entering Potlatch employ in 1927, Lloyd was elevator operator in the Breier building where the General Offices of the company are located. Tempus fugit—time flies—doesn't it, Lloyd?

During 1941, approximately 47 per cent of the logs sawed in the sawmills of Potlatch Forests, Inc., were hauled by motor trucks at some stage of handling between the woods and sawmill.

A logging truck driver was hailed into court recently. The Judge said, "You admit you hit this man with a loaded truck. Well, what have you to say in defense?" The logger: "I didn't know it was loaded."

It takes three carloads of logs to make one load of lumber.

A forester was giving a talk to a group of loggers. "I don't suppose," said he, "that there is anyone in the audience who has

done a single thing to conserve our timber resources."

Silence ruled for several seconds. Finally a bearded logger stood up and said, "When I was a little boy, I shot a woodpecker."

Land is the Capital. Trees are the Dividends. Maintain your Interest by protecting the forest. Prevent logging damage. Prevent fires.

A group of Potlatch plant employees who also belong to the Moose lodge, anticipated the rubber salvage campaign by starting one of their own before the national drive got underway. One Sunday they collected 160 old tires from various junk piles around town. Another Sunday was devoted to collecting scrap iron. About six tons was col-



lected, consisting mainly of old auto castings, motors, frames and odds and ends. Proceeds from the salvage drives were donated to the local Moose organization.

All in all, it was a hard, dirty job for the volunteers who collected the scrap, but they derive a lot of satisfaction from the fact that it helps Uncle Sam's war effort. Among the volunteers who gave their time were Walter Cann, John Warner, Nels Smiset, Paul Moore, William Trotter, Dewey Dixon, Arva Nearing, Ted DeLong, Ray Muck, Bert Chappell, Russell Reynolds, L. H. Mendenhall, Jack Munn and J. J. O'Connell.

Any person who steals auto tires is guilty of highway rubbery.

Camp 14 on Beaver creek has not bought a choker wire or a spike this year. Broken chokers are spliced and spikes are salvaged.

Rains have delayed the construction of the Casey creek railroad. The camp will be moved to Casey creek meadows some time in July. It will be known as Camp 31.

The logging foreman watched the mechanic try to repair a tractor.

"What are you looking at?" asked the foreman. "Is this the first tractor you ever saw?"

"No!" said the mechanic, "But it's very much like it."

If this rainy weather keeps up the lumberjacks will walk to work carrying umbrellas.

Opportunities for advancement are offered Clearwater plant employees as a result of

two new classes added to the plant's vocational education curriculum last month.

Planing mill knife grinding is being taught by Howard Beaulieu, with nine men enrolled for the course. Advance training is offered as well as elementary training in grinding and jointing, set-up of various moulding heads, and the care of equipment. Men enrolled in the class are engaged in work in which their classwork will offer valuable supplemental training, making them better qualified for advancements. Students are Louis Baldwin, Earl Beaulieu, Harry Forge, O. W. Fodrea, Emerald Greer, Frank Marquis, Francis Peltier, Robert Reid, George Koethke and George Minden.

Employees of five different departments are enrolled in the transportation class, which has three instructors, Charlie Potter, James R. Ford and Ed Armstrong. They will be taught operation of electric bugs, gas and electric yard locomotives, lift trucks and carriers, and monorails and bridge cranes. Although the rule of men applying for advancement in their own particular department does not apply so strictly to this class, it is possible that some good material for the transportation system will be uncovered, thus aiding both the employees and the company.

Interest in both classes is high and there is every indication that more such study groups will be requested by the employees and held in the future.

Benjamin Franklin apparently was one of the first to make a time study of felling. In 1756, following Braddock's defeat, Franklin was commissioned to raise troops and build a stockade for the protection of settlers near Bethlehem, Pa.

He wrote in his autobiography: "The next morning our fort was planned and marked out, the circumference measuring four hundred and fifty-five feet, which would require as many palisades to be made of trees, one with another, of a foot diameter each. Our axes, of which we had seventy, were immediately set to work to cut down trees, and, our men being dexterous in the use of them, great despatch was made. Seeing the trees fall so fast, I had the curiosity to look at my watch when two men began to cut a pine; in six minutes they had it upon the ground, and I found it to be fourteen inches in diameter."

A stranger arrived in town and, approaching one of the citizens, said, "I'm looking for a criminal lawyer. Do you have one here?"

"I think we have," said the native, "but we haven't been able to prove it."

A snow-white deer spent the spring months in the meadows around Camp 27 on the south fork of Reed's creek. Recently a similar deer has been reported in the meadows around Camp 29 on Washington creek. Most of the lumberjacks believe it is the same animal.

During the month of June the logging camps and sawmills operated six days per week. The Rutledge sawmill operated one shift per day and the Clearwater and Potlatch sawmills, two shifts. The box factory at Lewiston is on a three-shift basis.



## Reported Missing or Wounded

Three young men from the Potlatch plant have been reported from the Philippines as "missing in action." A fourth from the Rutledge family has been reported wounded in Australia.

The first to be reported as missing was Harlin (upper left), 27-year-old son of R. E. Owens, who was employed at the Potlatch plant at the time of his enlistment September 13, 1940.

Edwin C. Chambers (lower left), age 26, was employed as a straddle bug operator at the Potlatch plant at the time of his enlistment on December 1, 1940. He was last heard from in November, 1941, at Fort Mills, Corregidor.

Robert L. Trotter (upper right), the pal of Chambers, left the same day. He, too, was last heard from in November, 1941, at Fort Mills. He is a 21-year-old son of Luther Trotter and was employed as an offbearer in the sawmill.

From Australia comes word that Elmer Belknap (lower right), son of Elmer Belknap of the Rutledge family, was wounded in action in February. He is in a hospital at present and expects to be home soon.

The army expects to receive at some future date a list of prisoners taken by the enemy in the Philippines. In the meantime, persons serving in the Philippines, unaccounted for, will be considered "missing in action" from the date of the surrender of Corregidor.

## News About Your Old Pal Ritz

First Lt. Earl Ritzheimer (in jeep) discusses the service revolver with a fellow officer. Lieutenant Ritzheimer, a University of Idaho forest school graduate, was in charge of logging on Harlan creek at Camp 14, prior to active duty. He left in January, 1942, for Fort Benning, Ga., and was transferred to Camp Roberts, Calif., in May. His present address is: 85th Battalion, Company D, Camp Roberts, California. If you find time, drop him a line, as he is still a logger at heart and would like to hear from you.

Earl's logging experience has been recognized in the army. At Camp Roberts he is in charge of the Pioneer and Construction platoons, which are composed of men with construction and logging experience. Many of the men in the outfit are loggers.

Recently the Pioneer and Construction platoons built in three days a bridge with a span of 136 feet, and in no time at all trucks were rolling over it. Everyone thought it was a fine bridge, including the Colonel. Earl concedes that much of his knowledge of bridge building and construction was acquired from George McKinnon at Camp 14. Maybe the Colonel should compliment both Lt. Ritzheimer and George McKinnon for the successful bridge building.

