



Vol. VI

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No. 13



DINNER BELL AT "X"

### Camp "X"

Twenty-four miles out of Elk River on a road that seems at one time or another to follow the back of every ridge in North Idaho, and thirty-five miles short of Headquarters, Idaho, can be found P. F. I. Camp "X." Straddling a saddle in the ridge between Long and Robinson creeks "X" offers a greater variety of logging jobs and types of logging work than does any other camp in either the Potlatch or Clearwater woods.

Truck hauling, fluming, sawmilling for flume lumber, flume construction, team skidding, cat skidding, jammer skidding and loading, road construction, "X" has them all. It keeps even energetic, fatigue-proof Foreman Henry Henriksen hustling to direct such a host of jobs.

To the east of camp on the Long Creek side some eight or nine miles of excellent logging road winds its way down to the river. Trucks quietly ease down its length with full loads, hug the inside on its wide curves and in the summer months deposit millions of feet of logs along the banks and in the crystal shallows of the Clearwater's north fork. This year those loads represent bits of raw material for Uncle Sam's war effort

and next spring on the crest of early high water they will roar their way to the Lewiston mill, thousands strong.

On the Robinson creek side of the ridge that "X" calls home, and westward from the camp, is a small sawmill; a dam to provide water for fluming; and four miles of flume that was constructed from lumber cut by the mill in 1941. Further to the west over another ridge a crew of men are busy constructing an additional mile and a half of flume up the middle fork of the same creek.

Steep slopes rise in quick fashion from either side of the flume and skidding is not an easy matter, but big Internationals and Caterpillars crawl back and forth unnoticing and with little apparent effort drag heavy loads from far back or close up without seeming preference.

"X" was constructed in the early spring of 1941. Its timber is second growth and covers a large area. Anticipated life at this year's rate of cutting is five years. It is one of the least accessible of P. F. I. camps and, except during summer months, supplies must be freighted in on a sled pulled behind a tractor. The Headquarters road is impassable during the major part of each year and the Elk River road similarly defies travel.

### Hats Off!

This issue of THE FAMILY TREE featuring Camp X is intended as a salute to all the men in the camps who have been trying to help get out our products for the Army and Navy. Without such men we could do nothing effective and our hats are off to them!

October shipments of lumber were by far the greatest of any month since our company was merged together in 1931. We shipped 45 million feet which exceeded by 5 million feet the highest previous month—October 1940.

Shipment figures like these can only be reached when we have the highest kind of cooperation between departments. The pond crews kept sharp watch for Fir and Larch logs to make possible a few extra carloads of ties; the sawmill crews exerted themselves to cut the exact type of lumber needed to finish unfilled orders; other crews voluntarily shorthanded themselves to spare men for the shipping crews; the Sales Office placed orders carefully to fit stock conditions; and back of all these men were the men in the woods who got out the logs. You can't cut lumber unless you have sawlogs and it took a lot of logs to make these record figures possible. Every man who hit the ball as hard as he could, is richly entitled to a full share of the credit for this record. We are proud of all of you.

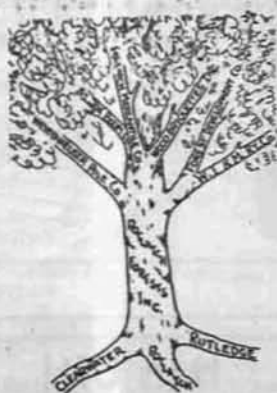
C. L. BILLINGS,  
General Manager.

### Major Accomplishment

One of the year's toughest jobs was keeping the supply route from Elk River to "X" open during the late fall, winter and spring months. In that time great banks of clay muck slowly accumulated on either side of the road, pushed there by the bulldozers and grading blades that kept everlastingly at their face-lifting job. The beauty treatments administered by this heavy equipment were so frequent that at spots along the road's course an automobile could have moved between the high mud walls and been completely hidden. Sections of the route became more a mud-lined trough than a road. Travel was no simple matter, but the greasy trench that was "X's" road remained open and "X" stayed in full throttle production.



## THE FAMILY TREE



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Editor ..... Leo Bodine

## Correspondents

Elmer Belknap ..... Rutledge  
Mable Kelley ..... Potlatch  
Doc White ..... Potlatch Woods  
Jerry Johnson ..... Clearwater Plant  
Carl Pease ..... Headquarters

## What Would You Think?

If you were an American sailor in a submarine, stalking a Japanese cruiser in Asiatic waters, with the Jap bombers hunting you, and the enemy destroyers searching like hounds for a scent . . . and you were praying for luck, while you knew that the hull of your sub would crush like an egg-shell and let in the sea, or that, if disabled, you should never make port again, but stifle slowly at the sea's bottom . . . if you were such an American sailor, one of the crew of a submarine and willing and glad to be there, while the Jap cruiser swam into the periscope—

Would you think it too much to expect that the folks back at home, with their movies and ball games, would assemble their scrap metals on the curbing, that these should be made into steel and the steel into new weapons for American victory?

If you were held captive in a Japanese prison camp, on a diet of rice and spoiled fish, and meager at that, and you and your companions were stricken with dysentery, and the brutish guards mocked you, their rifle butts ready to strike . . . and you had seen them destroy your letters from home, taunting you as they did so, and had witnessed and even suffered their casual brutalities . . . if you had seen the

unburied dead of your own race, as the captives of Hongkong saw them, left to the flies and the sun, with refusal of burial . . . if you had been told by your savage guards that never again shall the inferior white man lift his head from defeat and disgrace—

Would you think it unreasonable to expect of the folks back home, with their golf and their bridge games that they should buy war bonds with every dollar they can divert from their living expenses?

If you were a United States marine fighting in the Solomon islands, or a bluejacket on a battleship of the fleet, or the pilot of an American torpedo plane—and as such, expendable, if dying means striking the enemy hard . . . and your thoughts turned to home, as they must, and to whether you ever should see home again, and walk its familiar streets, and hear the voices and laughter you knew . . . and each today might never for you emerge with another tomorrow . . . if you were such an American boy in the uniform of your service, and eager to prove your Americanism the hard way, and you carried a letter in your tunic, and had read it over and over—

Would you think it too much to expect the folks back home, with their relatively untroubled and easy lives, that they should forge, by whatever means may come to their hands, the weapons the fighting men use?—*From the Portland Oregonian.*

## From A.M.A., Weyerhaeuser Sales Co., Newark

Dear Editor: Answering the question asked in the first paragraph of your September editorial, "Time Is Short," would say, "Yes indeed, and many times just been able to make it."

The paragraph referred to by A. M. A., "Have you ever awakened suddenly at night and found uppermost in your mind a sort of unaccountable, depressing realization that 'Time Is Short?'" Not in those exact words of course, but certainly in their substance.

By Dick DeLong, Clearwater plant:  
Of all the jobs I've ever had, the hardest of the lot,  
Is pulling lumber from a chain, to keep the things I've got.  
But maybe after fifty years, the lumber will get small,  
Because the trees don't grow as fast as the company hits the ball.

## More Poetry

A cute little trick from St. Paul  
Wore a "newspaper dress" to a ball.  
The dress caught on fire,  
And burned her entire  
Front page, sporting section, and all.

## Seaman Galano Sees Hollywood—the Lucky Stiff

In a letter dated October 11th, if publicized should considerably aid Navy recruiting, Seaman Second Class Les Galano, former Clearwater employee, now a member of the U. S. Navy Hospital Corps, told Walter Weisman, general office traffic officer, "Today we got to select our respect hospitals. We were allowed to choose in the order of our average grade. With an average of 96.8 I was the first man to get my choice and pick Bremerton, Washington."

"I like the navy very much—glad I chose it in preference to another branch of the forces. As you may have heard, it is said the marines get the uniforms, the navy the food and the army all the work."

## Hoped for Aviation School

"I came into the navy with the hope of getting into an aviation machine school, but I was drafted into the hospital school. At first I was rather disappointed but now I'm glad I got it. It is a very interesting course and Rose also is over here now. By the time he graduates, the hospital at Bay View, Idaho, should be open and he will probably be sent there."

## Got All the Breaks

"I was up to Los Angeles last weekend and had one of the most wonderful times of my life. We went to the opening of the Hollywood Casino. It is for service men only and only civilians are allowed each night \$25.00 a ticket. It is free for service men. We aren't allowed to have drinks because there are a grand bunch of Hollywood celebrities for our hosts. Being the opening night, almost all important movie stars were there. Male stars waited on tables and danced with the actresses. Kay Kyser's orchestra played until 11:00 and Duke Ellington finished the evening. I was lucky and got to dance with Rita Hayworth, Rosalind Russell, Lon Chaney, Betty Davis, Mary Astor, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, Bob Grable, Myrna Loy, Dinah Shore, Jinny Sims, Helen O'Connell and others."

Balance of Seaman Galano's letter concerns itself entirely with a prediction that W. S. C. will win the Pacific Coast Conference and Rose Bowl game.



## Rutledge Takes Over

Advancing at a steady pace Rutledge employees during September hoisted the average per cent of their salaries invested each month in war bonds to a new high of 8.77%. Potlatch advanced to 7.92%, but the Clearwater unit, former pace-setters, slipped from an average of 8.83% the previous month to 8.66%.

Coupled with Rutledge's advance the Clearwater slump placed that unit back of Rutledge in the race to establish an average 10% of every payroll, every payday, to the purchase of war bonds.

### Top Department averages were:

Dressed shed, Clearwater.....	29.67%
Re-manufacturing plant,	
Clearwater .....	11.51
Graders, Clearwater .....	11.11
Plant offices, Clearwater.....	10.83
Power plant, Potlatch .....	10.49
Machine shop, Clearwater.....	10.43
Pond, sawmill and lath,	
Rutledge .....	10.39
Office and retail, Rutledge ..	10.35
Power plant and watch,	
Rutledge .....	10.24
Carpenter's crew, Clearwater ..	10.19

### Lowest Departments were:

4-square and rebutt, Potlatch ..	4.56
Watchman, Potlatch .....	4.61
Transportation, Clearwater.....	4.64

### Plant Averages were:

Rutledge .....	8.77
Clearwater .....	8.66
Potlatch .....	7.92

## Congratulatory Letter from Billings

Recognizing the good work at Rutledge, the Boss addressed the following letter to C. O. Graue, unit manager, on October 20th:

"You fellows have been coming uphill mighty fast since June with a sizeable increase each month. It is a big satisfaction to know that the average which you reached in September is, in every sense, a real average and does not include any exceptionally large purchases by any individuals. In other words, it represents the determination of the entire crew to win the war.

"My hat is off to Rutledge. I am mighty glad to be associated with all of you."

The box factory night shift under Cully King was the first department on the Clearwater plant to go 100% for a payroll deduction of ten or more per cent of each month's wages for investment in war bonds. ... first's at Rutledge and Potlatch have not as yet been reported.

## Potlatch Forests, Inc., Man Is Decorated by President Roosevelt

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime but seldom of such kind to many men, found Sgt. Neil E. (Jack) Weeks on the parade grounds of the San Antonio aviation cadet center, September 27th.

It's Jack's story, so here it is in his own words, as written to his mother at Riparia, Washington:

"I can tell you what happened on September 27th now. They asked us not to say anything until today. It is a long story, but I think it is worth it.

"Every Sunday we have an extra big parade and they award ribbons to the best looking squadron. We have been trying to win them for a long time, but last Sunday they told us we had better strut our stuff, because there was going to be some big shots from Washington, D. C., to judge the parade. I don't know if I told you before, but I am squadron commander and I have to lead the outfit in parade. I march out front and my guidon bearer is right behind me to my left. The guidon is a little flag on a pole that each squadron has.

### Gave Boys Pep Talk

"Well, here goes. We got into clean uniforms and white gloves. I shine my saber all up and we really look snappy. We march down to the parade ground and take our place to wait our turn to pass in review. From where we wait, we can't tell who is going to review the parade; it is so far away. I can see a big black car by the reviewing stand with the top down. Well, I thought it must be General Arnold, chief of the air forces, so I give the boys a big pep talk and told them we just had to win the parade.

"Well, after waiting about 30 minutes, the band starts to play and we get the signal to pass in review. There is three squadrons ahead of me so I wait until they get started and then I give the command and we're off. We go down our side of the field, across the end and up the other side. We pass right in front of the reviewing stand and I give a salute with my saber, my guidon bearer dips his guidon and we all do eyes right. Who do you think we saw sitting there in the car not 20 feet away? The President of the United States was judging the parade!

"Well, about that time you could have bought me out pretty cheap. I



have never been so surprised and thrilled in all my life. Well, to finish up, we marched back across the field and took our place. I had forgotten all about winning the parade; it was enough to have passed in review for the President.

### Receives Decoration

"When the parade is all over, the band stops and they yell, 'Group 12 squadron commander step forward and be decorated.' Well, I gulped about a dozen times and finally decided they really meant me, so I marched straight across the field. My guidon bearer is following me, just the two of us there marching and the band playing to beat hell. I marched up beside the President's car and saluted with my saber (real snappy I hope). He answers the salute and the guidon bearer steps forward and dips his staff and the President tied two long red, white and blue ribbons on top of the staff. The guidon bearer steps back in place behind me and I do a salute with my saber, do an about face and march back to my squadron.

"Well, I don't mind telling you that my squadron is pretty swelled up, but I think they have reason to be, don't you? You can bet Mrs. Weeks's little boy, Jack, is pretty proud of the fact that he led a parade of 250 men in review for the President of the United States. That is something that doesn't happen to many people."

Jack was an employee at the Clearwater plant prior to enlisting in the Army in September, 1940.



## Dam and Flume

Less than a half mile to the west of "X" a log crib dam blocks the path of Robinson Creek and backs up strong heads of water for release at regular intervals during the day down the four miles of "X's" flume.

Feeder lines, one appearing in the picture above, lead to the dam from tributary water sources and others feed into the flume at various spots along its length. The water supply at "X" is good and permits moderate fluming throughout the summer with heavier periods in the fall and spring when truck hauling is impossible because of bad roads.

Length of the fluming period depends upon water available. Generally it is from five to fifteen minutes, during which time active roll-in crews clear the landings of logs with dextrous, fast use of peaveys. Care must be exercised to avoid logs piling up and starting their journey too close together or with the end of one atop that of another. A momentary lack of strict attention can result in a jam farther down the flume that may result in a break and consequent loss of time for repairs.

The Robinson creek dam, rising to many feet in height, is simply a long log crib with a straight back and a tapered face that is covered with two layers of planks between which is used a layer of tar paper or roofing material to make the dam thoroughly water-tight. Some 26,000 board feet of planking was required for the dam pictured, about twice the amount of lumber that ordinarily goes into the construction of a house. An earth fill against the tapering face of the dam completes construction.

Fitting across the front of the flume nose, which passes through the center of the dam to the pond side, is a heavy gate with a manual lift. During working hours a man is stationed at the

flume with a telephone near at hand. When log landings along the way have been skidded full, the 'phone rings and a brief "ready" starts logs on a hundred odd miles of water travel that may begin early one summer and end a year later.

In addition to the landings along the flume route, many logs are skidded to the waters above the dam and pushed into the mouth of the flume at the dam itself.

At not all camps is fluming advisable or possible, due to inadequate water, distance from river, etc. It is one of the oldest of all log transportation methods and considerable initial investment in construction costs is required; 925,830 board feet of lumber was used in the four miles of "X's" flume, plus the underpinning made from timber cut along the flume course. Under suitable conditions, however, fluming still remains one of logging's best chances.



The problem of lumber for flume construction rears its head early in the consideration of any fluming job. It being impractical, if not impossible, to freight in lumber to the prospective camp for flume construction, a small sawmill is located near what is to be headwaters for the operation. Timbers and planking are cut from logs skidded to the mill.

The Waukesha powered mill pictured above has been used by Potlatch Forests, Inc., at many camps. Was last used at Camp "T" in 1937. Was then dismantled and stored under cover until 1941, when need arose for it at Camp "X," where it is now located. Full capacity is about 18,000 bd. ft. per day.

In charge of the mill, and facing into the camera in the picture's foreground, is Felix Soucie. Soucie, like Camp Foreman Henricksen, is no stranger to woods work. Has been a camp foreman, has handled gypo con-

tracts and is an all-around woodman. He has worked on many flume construction jobs, some with Hendricks who constructed P. F. I.'s flumes "L," "P," and "T" prior to "X."

Designation of a camp as a flume camp does not necessarily mean its logging is confined to fluming. It has a full-fledged truck operation during summer months and counts heavily upon its trucking equipment to move great quantities of logs along the banks of the Clearwater's north fork.



Shown above is a jammer built on the chassis of an old, half-track truck that was purchased to haul back in 1927, was later used to haul in supplies to camps snow-bound in winter, mud-bound in spring and fall. Below is the same load of rolling off at the river's edge. Total pile has now grown to over a mile in length, and several million board feet in quantity. It will be with next spring's high water.



"Call the manager. I never saw anything as tough as this steak." Waiter: "You will, sir, if you call the manager."

A man is really old when he can't play a musical comedy just for fun.



## Bear Invades Bunk House

Bruin, that quadruped, ever-hungry clown of the forests, was this year one of logging's minor problems. Always a frequent visitor at camp garbage piles, 1942's dearth of huckleberries made of him an almost constant attendant of the camp refuse heap. And when, during the day, sound or person drove him away, the urge to bathe his long-haired carcass always seemed to assert itself at that exact moment. What more natural or ideal spot for a dip than the camp's water hole? Bruin's thought processes unfailingly sent him in that direction.

Not content with petty thievery of lunch pails from laboring woodsmen or plain beachcombing of camp scrap piles, he often attacked the camp's meat house. So thorough were his demolishing forays that spike studded planks now form barricades around the meat houses and electric fences may be employed later.

An inquisitive fellow, who does not frighten easily, Bruin often wandered under cover of darkness into camp for a closer examination of man and his implements. So it was at Camp "X" when, in the dewy stretch of early dawn on August 12th, a good sized bear poked a black, questioning nose into an eight-man bunk house whose dark rectangle of doorway beckoned him with an irresistible fascination. Prompt action resulted.

### Action

A small dog, sleeping uneasily 'neath a bunk sprang into action, electrified by an unmistakable odor of that which spelled danger to him. Displaying an excellent brand of generalship the self-appointed guardian of the bunkhouse crouched low under cover of a protecting bunk, bided his time until the bear lumbered quizzically inside, then launched himself torpedo-like at that section of Mr. Bear known as the license-plate region. Mr. Bear, who meant no harm, was amazed, indignant and confused. A great disinclination toward allowing his license-plate region to be nipped took possession of him. In a frantic effort to rid himself of unwelcome attentions, Mr. Bear climbed hurriedly into a lower bunk and sat down upon Lumberjack Roach. The license-plate region now protected, he leisurely surveyed the situation from his vantage point and beheld a half crazed small dog, and several lumberjacks only one step back

of the dog in point of excitement. At about this time, Lumberjack Roach awakened from a dream that a load of logs had come to rest on his midriff and looked the inspiration for his dream squarely in the eye. Only a split second was required for him to realize that his dream logs had materialized into several hundred pounds of live black bear.

### A Great Ride

There was nothing wrong with Lumberjack Roach's reflexes and immediately the deck upon which Mr. Bear had sat himself down, meaning Lumberjack Roach, began to rock and roll as though stirred by a great tempest. Never a rougher sea did veteran salt sail than now heaved and tossed under Mr. Bear. But, never did a cowboy astride a maddened, wildly pitching horse make a better ride than did Mr. Bear of Lumberjack Roach. Encouraging shouts could be heard from other occupants of the cabin. The hysterical barking of the dog mingled with the grunts and growls of Mr. Bear and the excited advice of men not often privileged to witness such wrestling bouts.

Nothing short of the dinner bell ever produced so much action in a camp and the bedlam of sound that was the dog in excitement, the bear in astonished indignation and Lumberjack Roach in a desire for continued existence swept down the far reaches of Long Creek canyon and reverberated from crag to crag along the timbered slopes of the Clearwater.

### "Don't Hold Him"

At long last, the right words of advice reached Lumberjack Roach. "Don't wrestle him," they said, "push him out onto the floor." Suiting action to words, Lumberjack Roach released the headlock he had slapped on Mr. Bear at the start of the bout, released simultaneously a toe hold and heaved with all his six feet two might. Bruin made a one-point landing on the cabin floor, paused briefly, perceived the open doorway and dashed forth, the dog in hot pursuit.

Mr. Bear had by this time apparently become convinced of the need for distance, but with an excited dog nipping his heels, mistook the next doorway for an avenue of escape. He dashed into a second cabin at break-neck speed, beheld a small window at the far end of the cabin, forward passed himself through glass and screen and accelerating to an even faster pace, shortly disappeared from view over the nearest hilltop.



GENEVIEVE OWENBY

First loss to Uncle Sam from among P.F.I. women employees is Miss Genevieve Owenby, box factory worker, who has enlisted in the W.A.A.C.

Miss Owenby is now at her home in Orofino awaiting call and to keep busy during the interval voluntarily sells the W.A.A.C. to likely recruits in Orofino and neighboring towns.

### Portion of a Letter Received From Aviation Cadet Bob Lyells, San Antonio, Texas

(Formerly at Camps 35 and T)

"A gig is an hour's marching on the ramp at strict attention, holding your pants legs so you can't swing your arms. Of course, true to the old Lyells form, I was the first one of the bunch to get a gig. Just because I told a cadet lieutenant that if he didn't like the way my bed was made he could make it himself.

"Most of the guys were classified last Wednesday and got an open post Thursday. I looked that list over several times to find my name, but I couldn't find it. Boy, it sure had me plenty worried. Consequently, I had to go on K.P. while all the rest were in town having fun. On Friday morning a new list came out and I was on it, classified as a pilot, so by some kind of good luck got a pass to go to town Friday. The worst part of it was that I didn't have a cadet uniform and I had to look up all the short guys and wrangle out a cadet issue. It's sure a slick looking uniform and looks the same as an officer's, except for the pants and the insignia.

"The first thing that happened was that I was strutting down the street, feeling pretty proud of myself and the uniform and I met a whole bunch of negro soldiers. I guess that they didn't know any better, but every damn one of them saluted me. I was as dumb as they were, so I returned every salute just like I was a commanding general or something. I sure took a beating from the boys in the barracks when I told them about it afterwards."

First Headache: "What did your wife say when you came home drunk last night?"

Second Headache: "Nothing, and I was going to have those two teeth out anyhow."

## Billings Says Warlike Appearance St. Paul and San Francisco

Business took the boss to St. Paul for a short stay in late September, but he had little to relate concerning general business conditions in the Minnesota city upon his return in early October, except to compare them with those of San Francisco where he spent some time in late August.

"War dominates all contacts and conversations and I believe is felt more in San Francisco than in St. Paul or here," Mr. Billings said. "San Francisco presents a warlike picture with many soldiers and sailors on the streets where they seem to almost outnumber the civilians except at rush hours."

"The defense workers, particularly from the shipyards, were much in evidence in San Francisco. They are easily recognized by their steel helmets which carry the name of the worker's job, such as 'ship fitter' and 'burner.'"

"San Francisco has dim-out areas in which it is necessary to drive with only parking lights. Air raid wardens in white helmets, with large arm bands, are on duty in nearly every block. These men, on some alternating basis, contribute their time until 2 A. M. in addition to holding their regular jobs."

"Stores are running out of merchandise and many of the smaller ones have already closed. Nearly everyone, in San Francisco, with whom I talked was either in the war, or expected to be in one way or another."

### From Sgt. Mark Haworth, 1006 N. Main, Santa Ana, Calif.

(Formerly of Clearwater Plant)

"I received your latest *Family Tree* today and it sure makes me wish that the Axis had the axe put to their necks and I was back with you again."

"Here are a few lines to let you know that I have done since I left home and what I am doing now."

"From Fort Lewis I was sent to Lemoore Field in California and was there twelve days and they wanted volunteers to come here to Santa Ana. There was such a rush that I was next to the last to get signed up. I finished my basic training here and then was put on a steady job. I was a clerk in the Ordnance Department for a long time and now am in a different branch of the Ordnance. I am part time clerk and the rest of the time I am an instructor on arms. Right now it is the Tommy gun."

"I wish the fellows at good old P. F. I. lots of luck and wish that I could see them all again for a while."

### From T/S Claude Cheatwood Q. M. Motor Transport School 2nd Provisional Stockton, Cal.

(Formerly of Clearwater Plant)

"Before I got in the army I thought a war was won with guns, but there is about as many technicians."

"You are not the only one that gets to work with good looking girls for they are in all our warehouses and offices."

"Would like to get a furlough so I could visit Lewiston and the mill. Tell the fellows hello for me."

### From Pvt. Elmer E. Swanson 500 S. Mich. Ave, 10004th T.S.S. Chicago, Illinois

(Formerly of the Potlatch Woods)

"Although I have been transferred several times I have received a copy of *The Family Tree* regularly and don't know how else I could possibly keep up on the camp news."

"It so happens that Pvt. Anton I. Raykovich and I live in the same hotel Congress. Don't know him as yet but certainly intend calling on him and getting acquainted. I saw his letter in my last copy."

"Give my regards to all the boys at Camps 35 and 37."

### From Willard E. Currin, Seaman SC., U. S. Naval Hospital Seattle, Washington

(Formerly of Clearwater Plant)

"I no longer am a corpsman but a Pharmacist's Mate Second Class. It took a great deal of studying to get this rating, but after one gets it, or I might say achieves it, it gives a good background for a medical technician. I know a little of pharmacy laboratory work and a few of the other things connected with medicine, but my work is surgery. The Navy rates me as a surgical technician and my work will consist chiefly of assisting at all types of operations, which is very interesting if you like that kind of work, which I do."

"Please tell all the fellows hello and give Geo. Hudson my best regards; also tell my two brothers that work at the plant hello."

### From Pvt. Ernest Searle, 2nd Air Force Field Training Det. Army Air Base, 1st Sq. Yakima, Wash.

(Formerly of Headquarters, Ida.)

"As I cannot find time to write to all my old friends at Headquarters, thought I would write to *The Family Tree* and say that if any of you care to write to me here I will be very glad to get your letters."

"I was sent here for training as a sheet metal worker. I find the work interesting and there is a lot to learn. I will finish school the first of December. Would like to be back in the hills to get some of that good old pine air. Maybe when this is all over I will have my chance."

Judge: "Have you an attorney?"

Prisoner: "No, I'm going to tell the truth."

### From Candidate Richard McDonald Twenty-first Company, Second Student Training Regiment, Fort Benning, Georgia

(Formerly of the Clearwater Woods)

"It's been a long time since I last scratched off a letter to you and this time I'm in the states writing. I had a chance attend Officers' Training School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and took it, so here I am, sweating in the hot Georgia sun to a pair of gold bars."

As the teacher reached up high to write on the blackboard the little black-headed kid in the rear of row one yelled, "Wow, I saw two inches above your knee."

"For that," said the teacher, "you are suspended and will not come to school for two weeks."

The teacher resumed writing and a blonde kid in row two yelled, "Wow, I saw four inches above your knee."

"And for that," said the teacher, "you are suspended and will not come to school for four weeks."

The teacher then dropped the chalk and a red-headed kid in row one whispered to the kid alongside him, "If she picks up the chalk, my school days are over."

The expectant father had been told fifteen-minute intervals that he was respectively, the father of a bouncing ball of twins, then of triplets. Thinking to further increases in his parental status, he rushed into the maternity ward, but as he attempted to enter the delivery room, immaculate thing in white said, "Here! You can't go in there. You're sterile."

"You're telling me," was the instant response.

From editorial page, Covington Courier, Andalusia, Alabama:—Editor Jim Russell of the Murphysboro, Ill. Independent for the past year, has been picking the answers from reports of Social Service investigators. Some of those picked are given as printed in the Publishers Auxiliary:

Man supported parents before marriage. Woman has no job to be mentioned. Woman is saving up for an illness. Couple breaking up home, friends helping. Milk needed for the baby and father unable to supply it.

Until a year ago this man delivered and was a man of affairs.

These people are extremely cultured. Something should be done about their condition.

Since Christmas family has been living in a Democratic Club basket.

Man has diabetes and is insulated from a day.

(From A. M. A., Newark)

When 708 employees at Potlatch were recently fingerprinted, an incidental survey showed that there were 13 missing fingers and 25 parts of fingers missing. The survey also showed that the employees were natives of 34 states and 13 foreign countries. Of 708, 180 were born in Idaho. Of the Idahoans, 62 were born in Potlatch.



## POTLATCH WOODS

## Camp 35

Camp 35 is still very much in the picture with the truck roads holding up in fine shape. Hauling was finished on the lower roads first, in case of wet weather, and now all trucking operations are on the high roads, and could in case of adverse conditions be continued for some time after the rains start.

Bill Greenwood has taken charge at Camp 35 after being assistant foreman for a number of years. Mr. Greenwood has been with the company for many years. In 1930 and '31 he was foreman of Camp 3 on Flat Creek and during the depression years operated an outfit of his own, logging for the company. He is a swell fellow and well liked by all the men at Camp 35.

The roads into camp from Clarkia are becoming quite slippery due to freezing and thawing weather and makes us wonder if the big speeder is in shape for the winter's hauling.

We seem to be in better shape for sawyers than most of the camps. At present we have nineteen gangs working, with more coming in every few days.

Jack Baggs pays us frequent visits in the interest of brush disposal and began burning last week. However, after a few days of good burning it became a little too dry for safety and the crews are now confining their efforts to piling, looking forward to some more damp weather.

Camp 35 has had quite a turn-over in clerks. First Bob Stillinger left to finish his last year at the University of Idaho and Bill Norberg took over, coming down from Camp 37. Last week, due to ill health, he was forced to leave and Norman Wood, with his daughter Barbara as assistant, is now in charge. Norman was formerly at Camp X. Incidentally he is the father of a new son and probably doesn't mind being a little closer to home so that he can spend an occasional Sunday there.

The roads around the shops and up on the truck roads are being given a good coating of decomposed granite. The work is being done with a dozer and one of the large carry-alls. It makes the roads look and feel more permanent.

Cedar loading and skidding is about finished here. The makers have been through for some time and everything should be rounded up by the first of the month.

Tie-makers are busy getting out ties for the new railroad out of Elk River. This road will tap a fine stand of timber on Deep Creek, and if Frank Sears could see the available timber here, it would make him green with envy.

Herman Graff is still hauling from Gramps Creek, landing his logs at Marys Creek. Our loader is doing his loading for him. His timber runs heavy to cedar and old growth white pine.

A new surface is being put on the road from the Latah county line toward Clarkia. It will be appreciated during the coming winter.

Deer season will open here on November 1st. A lot of the boys are getting ready to go back and get the big ones they saw last summer.

## RUTLEDGE

Beginning November 2nd, the Rutledge unit will operate from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., instead of 7 to 4 as formerly. War time, of value during summer months, does not afford sufficient light at 7 A. M. to begin work, so the 8 o'clock hour has been substituted.

Private Francis Dingler, Stevens hotel, Chicago, reports that he is studying radio, likes it fine and is getting along in first class style. Francis was formerly stock and lumber moving clerk at Rutledge.

Four months had elapsed without accident at Rutledge when, on October 24th, a green chain man slipped and sprained his ankle. Our safety record for the year, 1942, has to date been exceptionally good, especially so considering the heavy turnover in labor and operation of a night shift with many inexperienced men on the job.

A few months back Rutledge was a poor third in the bond purchase race between the three units. However, last month we climbed into first place in the contest and hope to stay there. It has been predicted that we will again increase our bond purchases and will continue to top the other two plants. Letters of congratulation were received from General Manager Billings and from John Schoonover, chairman, War Savings Committee for Idaho at Boise . . . Mr. Billings' letter read (see page three for Billings letter, under War Bond column) . . . Mr. Schoonover, addressing his letter to Mr. Graue, wrote:

"It has just come to my attention that the Rutledge unit, which has been behind the other units for some little time, has taken the lead in connection with the purchase of War Savings Bonds, when computed on an average percentage of wage basis.

"I take this opportunity of congratulating you upon this splendid showing and I trust that your employees will not only hold their position of leadership, but that they will find a willingness to sacrifice even more, so that the percentage can be increased.

"All of us on the War Savings Staff, in Idaho, are happy over your very fine accomplishment.

## CLEARWATER WOODS

## Camp 14

Dan Goodman, popular clerk at Camp 14, has gone to Headquarters to run the store. Mac Scofield has taken his place as clerk at 14.

Carpenters Joe Davenport and Jim Crabtree are getting the Camp ready for winter. They are repairing the roofs of the railroad bunk cars and covering the walls of the summer shacks with insulating paper and another wall of lumber to make them suitable for winter.

Workmen have been salvaging material from old Camp O. Included in the salvage was about a ton and a half of nails and 3,000 drift spikes, much of which has now been used again on other work.

Harold Witters has been relieving Cook W. J. Burke and Second Cook Thad Robinson while they were on vacation.

It is thought we have the largest night watch force of any camp. Tiny Suebbenhusen, who wears size 50 overalls and tips the scales around 300 pounds, is now the night patrol squad.

Camp 14 territory has been a popular hunting ground. More than thirty elk have been brought in from Sheep Mountain and several men in camp have gone out after 4 P. M. and returned with theirs.

## OROFINO

Sergeant Charles Dickinson, former bull-cook on the trains and also train brakeman, who has been in the service since August, 1941, paid a short visit to Orofino last week. Sergeant Dickinson is stationed at Camp Adair, Corvallis, Oregon, where Captain Hershall Swan is also stationed. Swan is a former resident of Orofino, and was employed by the C. T. P. A. for many years.

Ade Nelson, Orofino, employment office manager, is spending his vacation the hard way—in a Spokane hospital, where he has undergone minor surgery. E. L. Terleson is relieving him.

## POTLATCH

A masquerade party with 125 high school students attending, was sponsored Halloween night, at the Potlatch Gymnasium, by Potlatch Forests, Inc. Those present were divided into six groups for games and contests.

Music contest winner was Betty Schumann, second place winner, Helen Gregg. The relay pumpkin race was won by the team of Lonnie Roe, Arnold Davidson, Helen Gregg, Camille Boller, Joe Eyrich and Arnold Newton.

Penny pitching title was captured by Rex Benson and Rudolph Alsager.

Best costume prizes went to Betty Roe and Phyllis Coffman (wearing Indian costumes) and to Peggy Warner (attired in an old-fashioned hoopskirt).

Refreshments—sandwiches, doughnuts, cider, apples and candy bars, were served, following the games. Dancing ended at midnight.

To guard against vandalism, grade school pupils, under the direction of Elmer Parks, patrolled the streets during the evening and maintained very good order.

William B. Wakeman, 65, for many years planing mill foreman at Potlatch, died October 2nd, after months of ill health. Rosary services were at Short's Chapel in Moscow, funeral services at St. Mary's Church in Potlatch.

Mrs. Max W. Williamson, of Flushing, N. Y., only daughter, flew from New York to be with her father in his last days. Mrs. Wakeman returned with her and will make her home in Flushing.

Francis T. Larson, 48, died at his home on Rock Creek, from a heart attack, on September 29th. He was first employed at the Potlatch mill as a water boy in 1928 and continued with the company until his health failed last year.

In the March, 1939, issue of *The Family Tree*, Mr. Larson's picture appeared with a family group of three generations who are in the employ of the Potlatch unit—the only such group known.

Besides his widow, Emily G. Larson, he leaves thirteen children and three grandchildren. Funeral services were at the Community Presbyterian Church in Potlatch, interment at Rock Creek Cemetery.



The big boss takes a last look at the P. F. I. Christmas boxes going to men on foreign duty. Boxes were made of genuine Idaho White Pine of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thickness (except the ends which were heavier) to stand rough handling and long shipment. Mailing was completed on October 20th. There were sixty-seven boxes sent to men overseas, and on the seas. Some 275 remain yet to be mailed—to the men of P. F. I. who are in training camps within the continental United States. More about Christmas boxes next month.

## Clearwater Man Builds Small Welding Outfit

By HAROLD WHITE

Clarence L. Bice, veteran mechanic of the Clearwater dry kiln department, does a portion of his share of the war effort in an odd way. He has devised and built a small electric welder, suitable for handling the smallest electric welding rod made, which is one-sixteenth inch in diameter. The machine also handles rods up to one-eighth inch in diameter.

The electric welding machines in the machine shop do not handle small rods so successfully, as they are designed for heavier production line work. Many of the jobs to be done around the kiln department require longer by far to dismantle the equipment and get the piece over to the machine shop, than it does to do the actual welding. This machine, being portable, can do the job "in place." Since much of the equipment around the kilns is of small nature, such as steam trap buckets, valve seats, valve stems, small steam pipes, fan blades, door frames, and precision instruments, a machine capable of handling small rod for small welding jobs is mighty useful. Many of these parts are practically off the market at this time, so a worth while contribution to the war effort was achieved in the development of a machine capable of repairing

these parts and keeping them in production. Much of this repair welding was formerly done by the acetylene method, so a decided contribution has been made in the elimination of the use of oxygen and acetylene, both of which are becoming scarcer day by day. A few items of equipment already scrapped have been salvaged and put back in use after being repaired with this machine.

### Relieves Big Machines

Several jobs from other departments, too small to be readily handled by the big machines in the shop have been done, and those parts have been kept on the production line and the big machines in the shop have been released for heavier work. This machine, of course, is not capable of running hour after hour on a welding job, as the parts in it are too small, and will not stand up to steady work, but for occasional short-time operation it works very well. Both Clarence and Harold White, his foreman, have said that they are not soliciting business, but that they stand ready to help out in the salvage of small equipment with this welder whenever needed.

Concerning his machine, Mr. Bice has this to say: "For a long time I have felt the need of an electric welder that would handle very small work, since much of the repair here at the kilns is on small parts or precision equipment. To purchase such a machine seemed out of the question. Too,

## New Correspondents

To the masthead of *The Family Tree* this month was added the names of two new correspondents, and the editor considers himself indeed fortunate to place them there. Neither correspondent needs an introduction to the employees of P. F. I., both are well known and have been for years.

"Doc" White at Clarkia will cover the Potlatch camps and it is to be expected that camp clerks in the Potlatch will each month mail their "letter." Doc brings to *The Family Tree* a keen sense of humor and a good personality. His stuff will be good.

"Jerry" Johnson, assistant to the timekeeper Geo. Hudson at Clearwater will henceforth cover the Clearwater plant happenings. Jerry has worked for P. F. I. at Lewiston since construction days, knows every corner of the plant and every employee. It will be hard to find a better-liked individual. Perhaps it's because he always manages a cheerful word for every man he meets. Maybe it's just because he's that sort of a guy, but any Clearwater can be assured of good coverage with Jerry at the business end of the pen.

It's a real pleasure to welcome Doc and Jerry to the staff of *The Family Tree* and to share with them, with Kelley at Potlatch, Carl Pearson at Headquarters, and Elmer Belknap at Coeur d'Alene the task of getting "Tree" into print.

many had told me that such small machines were no good, fellows who tried them in actual practice.

### From Popular Mechanics

"I had practically given up on getting one, when one day I read an article in the Popular Mechanics Magazine about a fellow who had built a small electric welder from an old Dodge car generator. Right then I started in, and with the very capable help of Everett Wallace and Glen from the electric shop, the machine became a reality. There were quite a few "bugs" to iron out, and several times I almost gave up in disgust, but I'm glad now that I stuck to it and saw it through. With practice I learned what the machine can do, and have successfully welded material as thin as twenty gauge, and as thick as one-half inch. However, it works on material about one-eighth inch thick. It sure is handy, because all you have to do is to press the button, slap on the helmet, and hop to it."