

THE FAMILY TREE

Published by Potlatch Forests, Inc.

Vol. 2

Lewiston, Idaho, April, 1938

No. 7

CURTAIN RISES—THEN FALLS ON CLEARWATER LOG DRIVE

Crackling, booming and weaving as waters of the North Fork of the Clearwater river and its tributary streams rose higher and higher, two big log jams each containing about 12 million feet of saw-logs, strained against the banks, breaking suddenly Saturday night, April 16, to give Potlatch Forests, Inc., its fastest river drive since 1927. Old-timers on the river said that not in 50 years had there been such a drive.

The first jam was just a few miles above Ahsahka on the North Fork. Crammed into the rocky ledges that skirt the river at this point, the jam spread fan-like at its face with an even array of logs stretching back almost a mile. From a high point on the old Pioneer trail hundreds of people saw this vast conglomeration of logs curving around the bend far up the river. This jam was within easy reach of an automobile, with perhaps three miles of walking after reaching the Dent CCC camp at Elk creek.

Fully 18 miles farther upriver from Elk creek the second jam was lodged tight against Boom Rock. The face of this pile was blunt and high with logs tossed upright in the wildest sort of arrangement, while thousands of them were pressed to the very bottom of the stream where the water gurgled over them ominously. Much more spectacular than the jam at Dent, the Boom Rock aggregation was, however, about the same size.

Early Jam Splits

Earlier in the season the jam formed at Boom Rock and high water "pulled" part of it and it is believed that this part formed the jam at Dent. During late March there was considerable snow in the highlands and the run off of warm days following gave the North Fork almost two feet more water than normal.

A third pile up of logs, not jammed but left high and dry by winter freshets, occurred near Elk creek where

(Continued on page four)



SPRING 1937



PAGE NO. PHIL PRATT.

SPRING 1938

"Two Strikes and No Balls"

The following letter was received by Phil Pratt on April 8:

"I have your wired car number, and it is needless to say got a lot of pleasure giving it to the customer so promptly. There are, as you know, a lot of ways of selling lumber, but a salesman backed with the cooperation as demonstrated in this case, has two strikes and no balls on most any kind of competition. It has been a long time since I've found it necessary to be armed with a lot of excuses for any of our mills. You fellows make it possible for us to hold our heads up and, to quote Mr. Billings, say 'It's a good outfit.'"

I believe that the letter, from Mr. C. B. Hurd, speaks for itself.

O. H. LEUSCHEL,
Assistant General Manager

Two Hundred Hides Go 'Round and 'Round

Can you imagine a vast herd of cattle roaming the Palouse hills, grazing the Moscow Mountain range during the summer time, and spending the winter months on the sunny slopes of the Clearwater and Snake River canyons? If you can, imagine that about 2,000 steers are grazing before you—each animal weighing about 1400 pounds. There would be nearly three million pounds of beef on hoof.

This picture has a definite relation ship with the lumber industry, because, when the 2,000 steers are slaughtered, the choice strip of hide extending over each side of the backbone of many of the steers will be used to make leather belts, and the lumbering industry uses belts in many places to drive machinery.

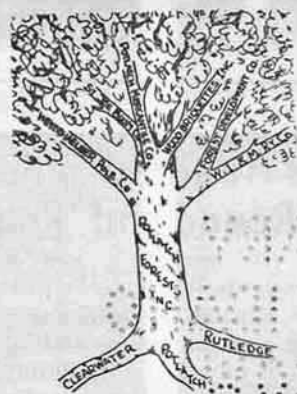
When the Potlatch mill resumed sawing on April 4, a new leather belt creaked its way into a place on the main drive between the Twin City Corliss engine and the sawmill. It was a huge new belt containing 2,125 pounds of leather. The belt is 131 feet 10 inches long, 66 inches wide, and three plies thick. It contains part of the choice strips from 231 hides, but because of the unusual width, and the rigid specifications of thickness and quality, only about one of each ten of the two thousand hides could be used on the belt.

The middle ply of the belt is made from three 22-inch centers of a hide, that is, eleven inches on each side of the backbone. The hide is scarfed down to a feather edge for lapping. An allowance of one and one-half inches is made for each side lap, and three and one-half inches for the end laps. The top and bottom plies are made from two 33-inch centers, leather from a strip 16½ inches on each side of the backbone. The end lap made in the belt when it was installed is two feet four inches long.

Mr. H. A. Craft of Portland, Oregon, installed the belt. According to Mr. Craft, slaughter house hides only were used in making the belt. Each

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Carl Pease, Headquarters.....Assoc. Editor
Chet Yangel, Bovill.....Assoc. Editor
Jack Eaton, Coeur d'Alene.....News Correspondent
Bob Olin, Potlatch.....News Correspondent

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

Down the Editor's Alley

When Otto Leuschel told about Si Loisel's eight fine children last February, we *Family Treers* were put right behind the eight ball. One man in the organization has even passed Si. Les Ayers, a gentleman at the Clearwater plant, has done pretty well himself. He is the father of ten children; nine of them are living.

In the March issue of *The Family Tree* we said that the home of Frederick Somers Bell is in Winona, Wisconsin. The home is at Winona, Minnesota. Kindly accept our apologies.

The resident sales office has been especially kind in handing to *The Family Tree* reports about new or unusual uses of our products. If other readers are able to send us such information, it will be gratefully appreciated. Bob Alexander, our cartoonist, is eager for good ideas too.

P. S. Do you know any good jokes?

"Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

"Hell, lady, I ain't four years old yet."

Old Glory Flies From New Cedar Pole



Through a deal whereby the Washington Water Power Company loaned a huge pole to Potlatch Forests, Inc., to be replaced later with a stick of similar dimensions, Lewiston State Normal School has a new flagpole erected by the Civilian Conservation Corps on the normal athletic grounds. Above is a picture of the new flagpole as it placed in service on Army day, during the military demonstration here April 6 by members of the Fourth United States Infantry. Arrangements for the pole were made by Major Fortier and Lieutenant Hughes, commander and public relations officer respectively of the Lewiston CCC district. Members of the Lewis-Clark post, American Legion, are shown lowering the national emblem during "retreat" ceremony of the Fourth Infantry. The pole is set in concrete and stands 70 feet high from the ground.

Two Hundred Hides Go 'Round

(Continued from page one)

hide was treated with alum, salt and other materials immediately after being taken from the animal to prevent deterioration. Neats foot oil with rosin is the principal dressing used on the finished belt.

"Most of the hides used in belts come from South America or Europe," said Mr. Craft. "Switzerland produces the thickest hides in the world. In the United States the hides coming from Illinois, Iowa and the Dakotas are much lighter than those produced in Texas and other parts of the south.

"Graton & Knight, of Worcester, Massachusetts, the largest belting concern in the United States, made this huge leather belt. The same company built the belt installed ten years ago that this one is replacing. The Graton & Knight company maintain tanning processes which are under laboratory control all of the time. Their laboratories are second to none."

The engine flywheel on which the belt is running is 24 feet in diameter and it travels at a speed of 66 revolutions per minute. At the other end of the line of power is the line shaft, making 226 revolutions each minute, which makes the belt travel at nearly

one mile per hour or 5,000 feet per minute. The Corliss engine is rated to develop 1,800 horse power at its normal speed. All of which makes those 200 steers go clipping right along.

Lena Svenstrum had worked for years for a certain family of high social aspirations and had been quite busy. Finally it was decided that all of the members of the household must be vaccinated, but the question came up, where to vaccinate. So it would not interfere with work.

"How about an arm?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid she would not be able to do the dusting," said the lady of the house.

"The leg should be the place the doctor suggested the doctor.

"That would interfere with scrubbing," objected the lady.

"Well!" exclaimed the M. scratching his head. "Have you suggestions Lena?"

"Vell," she replied, "Ay don't mooch time to sit down."

He: "How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?"

She: "Two, and don't call Dizzy!"

Dr. Jahn Expounds Theories of Wild Life

In all the talk of wild life and game, so near to the industry that obtains its products from the forests, there has been no defense of the wilderness as a wilderness of primitive area, in the opinion of Dr. Edwin C. Jahn, professor of wood chemistry in the school of forestry at the University of Idaho.

Dr. Jahn, reading a paper before the Clearwater Foremen's Council recently, made some rather startling proposals. His paper, in part, is printed here as both entertainment and education.

"The value of true primitive areas as sanctuaries in the midst of our hectic civilization is being recognized," he stated, "at least to the extent of designating certain areas as such, wherein nature is to be unmolested."

Speaking of a writer who recently proposed to prey upon what was termed as a "wilderness slum" in the name of sportsmanship, "just as gangsters terrorize and live off the hardships of the city slum," Dr. Jahn went on to say:

"We have designated a few relatively inaccessible areas containing great beauty of scenery as primitive or wilderness areas. The purpose of these areas is to preserve for posterity some of the unchanged universe of the wilderness. Here a man may go and, in theory at least, not find the faintest trace of the disturbance of man. Here man may find the greatest of thrills and delight in the beauty, solitude and jeopardy of the wilderness. Here he may commune with nature and sit with infinity.

Primitive Area Not New

"As Rupert Marshall points out, the idea of a primitive area is not new, for Thoreau more than 80 years ago wrote that: 'Our life would stagnate if it were not for the unexplored forests and meadows which surround it. We need the tonic of wilderness. We can never have enough of nature.'

"Much recent publicity has been given the overcrowded game conditions in some of our western primitive areas. Official visits have been made to some of these areas by groups composed of forest service men, game commissioners, range experts, forestry professors, sportsmen and chambers of commerce groups. The purpose of these visits is to publicize the fact that there are now too many elk and deer for the available range, that their numbers are fast increasing and that many

needlessly die of starvation every year due to overcrowding.

"The Flathead in Montana and the Selway in Idaho are two such primitive areas. Generally, there are rules and regulations prohibiting the building of roads in these regions or even the landing of airplanes to deposit hunters. Hunters, it seems, are the only means thought of for controlling the size of the game herds.

"But doesn't it seem a bit incongruous to think of sending hunters with modern camping equipment and high-powered rifles into a primitive area, even though only a relatively few rich sportsmen can afford to hire pack trains and take the time necessary to make the trip? In fact, the very idea should be abhorrent to all good believers in primitivism. Imagine the crack and roar of rifles, the hoarse shouts of men, the remains of campfires and meals all marring the sanctity of an area created to preserve the conditions and laws of the wild!



DR. EDWIN C. JAHN

Cougars Seldom Attack Elk

"Yet the primitivists are all high-minded humane individuals who do not wish to see hundreds of elk and deer die of starvation each year. More than that, they do not wish to see the ranges ruined so that suffering and starvation take a constantly greater toll. For this reason it is difficult to understand the confusion of their minds. The purpose of a primitive area is to preserve a rather removed area of land in its natural wild condition, unblemished by the acts of man. In other words, it is to be a region where the laws of nature prevail. Since this is so, is it not logical that natural laws be permitted to hold sway? The law of the tooth and the claw would be an effective means of

reaching an equilibrium between game, range, and carnivores. It is, therefore, submitted that the following plan is a logical and simple one, based upon the principles for which the primitive areas were created.

"Apparently cougars seldom attack elk. Therefore, it is urged that timber wolves and Siberian tigers be introduced. Both will attack any large animal. The Siberian tiger is an especially magnificent and ferocious beast, sometimes measuring 12 feet and will live in cold climates. One need not shudder for an elk attacked by these beasts. His demise would be as swift and more certain than by many human hunters who often only wound animals, causing a cruel and lingering death. With these carnivores in our primitive areas, the balance frantically sought would soon be happily reached without yielding an iota to the principle of primitivism. In fact, a decided advance would be made, for even human hunters on foot could be eliminated. It would be unnecessary even to patrol these areas for trespass of any kind, because the Siberian tigers would effectively do that. Assurance that the tigers and wolves did not move beyond the boundaries of their unspoiled preserve would be a problem given the forest service to solve.

"These areas would become primitive in a real sense and their value increased in direct proportion. The exhilaration of danger and isolation is one of the greatest purifiers to civilized man. Mussolini has stated that war uplifts and ennobles a people. Now war is a danger—and so is the Siberian tiger. To raise to higher peaks this mental 'bath of fire,' forest rangers outside the primitive areas should be instructed to see that no one carried any of the appurtenances or paraphernalia of civilization into the area. Thus, when a man walked into a primitive area, where only the laws of nature prevail, he would be stepping back a few hundred thousand years to meet nature as did his early forbears. He would have to win his food by his own strength and intelligence. He would have to avoid or meet the tooth and claw of the Siberian tiger with wiliness, cunning, dexterity and intelligence.

"Would he win out? Primitive men did—at least some of them. It would be a great game, a supreme trial, and far more sporting than to shoot. And—don't forget, this proposed plan would solve the over-crowded elk population and make our wilderness areas really primitive and untrampled."

CURTAIN RISES

(Continued from page one)

some years ago the company built a wing dam. A shoal of gravel at this point kept two or three million feet of logs imprisoned until the flood of April 16, 17 and 18.

It was during the late March period that Charles Brooks took his drive crew to the mouth of the Beaver creek flume to build wannigans. By then end of March three had been constructed, one as a bunkhouse, one as a cookhouse and the third as a freighter. There was much snow in the elevations, particularly in the Beaver creek area, but only a few patches at the river. Camped on a bar near Beaver creek, the crew built the wannigans.

Foreman Brooks Passes On

Mr. Brooks left for Headquarters on a proposed trip to Boom Rock to get an idea of what he would need to "pull" the jam there before the "rear" started. Taken ill, he was transported at once to Lewiston where, on the night when streams were rising and the two big jams were about to go out of their own accord, he died of pneumonia.

In the meantime E. K. "Boots" Edelblute, foreman of Camp No. 11 last year, took over the reigns as foreman of the drive. Calling for his crew on April 14, Mr. Edelblute cast off the mooring lines of the wannigans at Beaver creek and started the float toward Big Island, rearing logs as they went. Five days later the wannigans were tied up for the last time, the crew having abandoned them in the night at the dread cry:

"Flood!"

Down the river, and not far away, came a wall of water four feet high, pushing tons of debris before it. Out of their beds and leaving practically everything behind them, the men literally leaped into the water and made for the bank of the river for their lives. They were not a minute too soon.

Standing on the bank, most of them in nothing more than their heavy underwear, the crew watched the raging waters sweep past them, pulling and coaxing the wannigans to let go their mooring lines, swishing and rumbling, when one of the old-timers spat into the river and said:

"Boys, she's a --- - - -!"

Those not on the wannigans and safe in their homes can only imagine what the crew went through that night

and for the next several days. Stories can be told and retold, but as one of them aptly put it, "you would have to see it to appreciate it."

Boom Rock Loses Grasp

Fully another 25 or 30 miles down the river where only a few shackers could hear, or know what was going on, the gurgle of waters under the jam at Boom Rock grew to a roar. Logs rubbed against one another as a pressure so tremendous that it couldn't be measured squeezed them into action, and with one mighty shove, pushed them through the narrow opening. Popping like giant fire-crackers and tossed into the night air as though they were nothing more than matches, the logs "pulled" and swept on down the river.

The great drive was on.

As the swiftly running water rose higher around the jam at Dent, logs in the center began twisting and moving. When the flood which had passed through the jam at Boom Rock began to swell the river the Dent jam went out and swirled toward Ahsahka. Close behind were the logs from Boom Rock.

Meantime, at Lewiston, the mill pond of the Clearwater unit had been prepared. Fin booms were in place and all was quiet. The Clearwater river had shown some increase in size but as yet there was no alarm. By 2 o'clock Sunday morning, however, another chapter in the history was developing. Thousands upon thousands of white pine logs swept into the fin booms. Bearing down on these stout structures, the great weight pushed with the might of an Herculean strength and as in the proverb "a chain is only as strong as its weakest link" the link sheared off one fin boom and two million board feet of logs went over the Lewiston dam of the Washington Water Power company.

Hundreds View Logs

Sunday morning early found hundreds of people lining the banks of the Clearwater river from Spalding to the junction of the Snake river. Most of them as sightseers, many of them to retrieve logs. One of the features of the latter activity was the effort of a few rodeo men who had been training their horses at the showgrounds on the north bank of the river. These men took their lariats to the river and lossoed logs, pulling them into the bank and hoisting them high and dry.

Almost appearing as a solid raft of timber, logs kept winding down the Clearwater river all day Sunday night and Monday, until Monday night the river began showing much debris into the pond as the drive was finished.

Facing the management of the company in general and Thomas E. Kinney in particular thereupon, was the task of getting back as many of the two million feet of runaways as possible and practicable. Ed Rettig appeared from his usual haunts around the office and began the supervision of salvage between Lewiston and Riparia. Approximately 300,000 feet were picked up and trucked back to the mill pond.

Survey Made by Air

Desiring to get an idea of what remained in the river, Mr. Kinney and Otto Leuschel chartered an airplane and made a visual survey. There were few logs left in the upper river country. Howard Bradbury and others surveyed the North Fork and made a similar report. Roy Hoffman allowed logs down into the Columbia and thence to Hood River where with Lew Brotherton of the St. Joe Boom company, arrangements were made with a river captain to throw a boom across the Columbia where slack water behind the Bonneville dam halted the progress of the logs. Charles Peterson followed this up by making a deal with one of the saw mills between Hood River and Portland to saw the logs into lumber and ship it back to Lewiston for finishing.

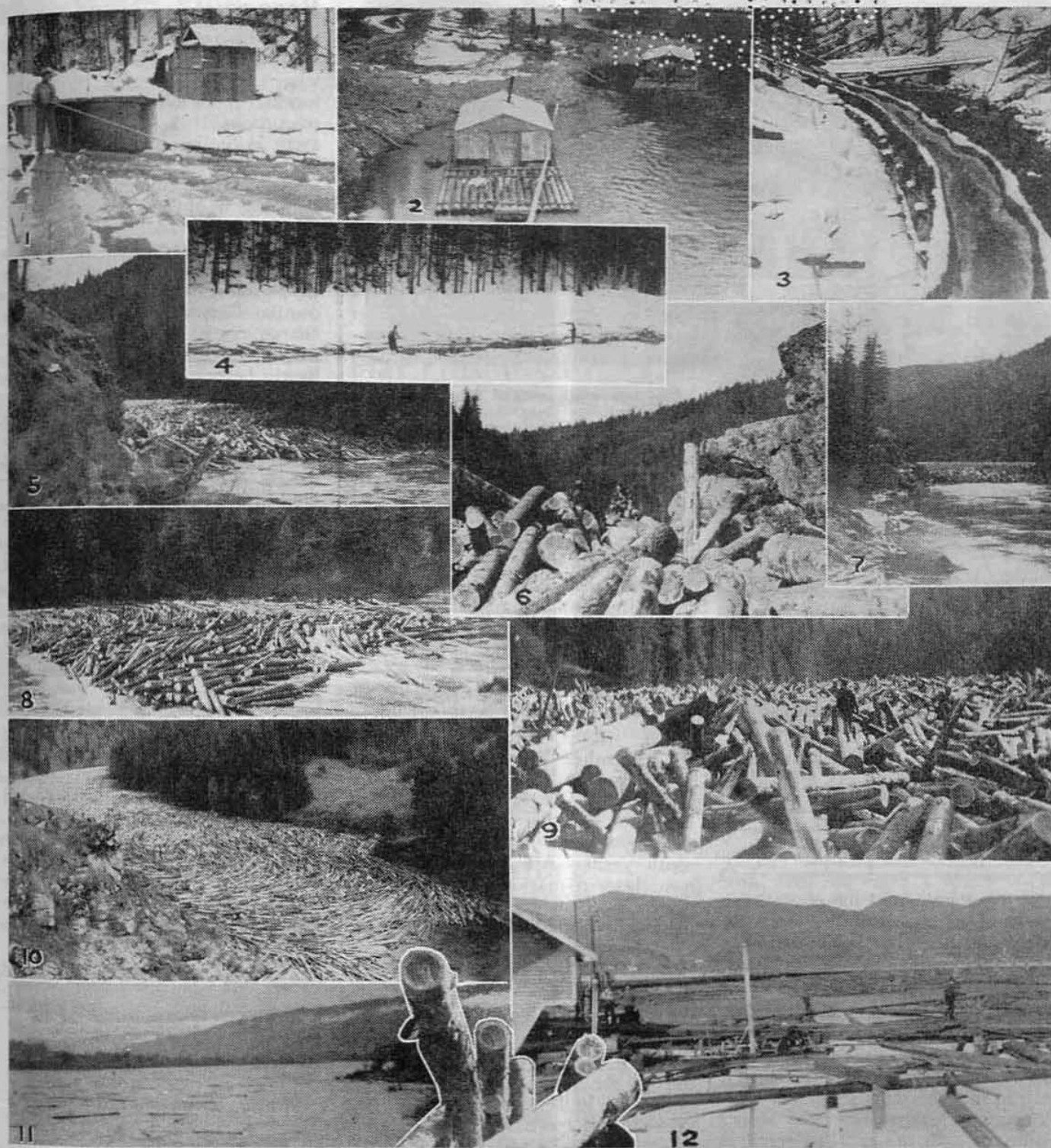
Mr. Kinney estimates that approximately 1,100,000 board feet will be saved.

In the mill pond there is 40 million feet.

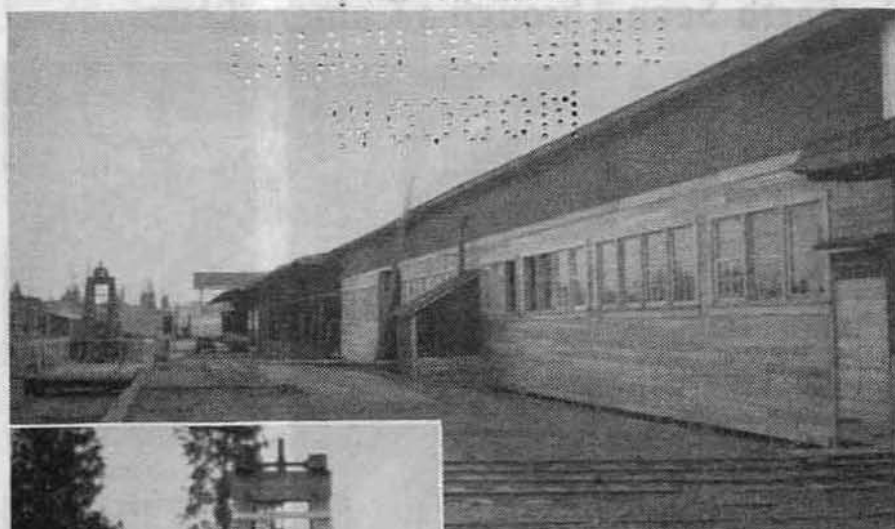
Too late to get what they wanted, news reel photographers of two prominent movie companies, arrived on the scene Sunday with cameras. They had to be content with shooting a few pictures along the river, because the big jams had disappeared.

Early Sunday morning, April 17, Lewiston newspaper subscribers read a story that described the drive as "the greatest show on earth when the log jams break." In the same paper in another column, was a brief story to the effect that the jam at Dent had "pulled" the night before. The show was on and when another 24 hours rolled by the curtain was rung down for the 1938 season.

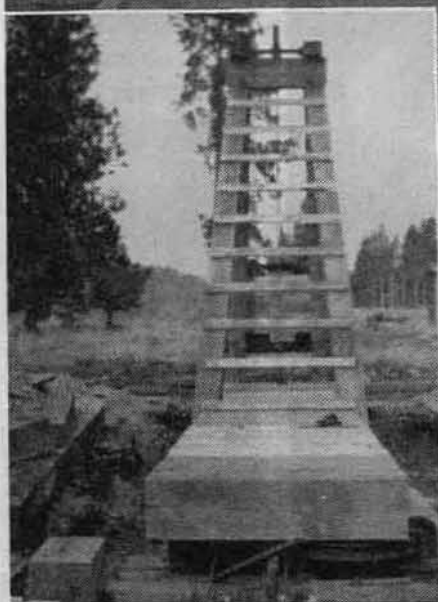
Greatest Show On Earth Seen Through a Camera Lens



(1): Last part of call before reaching the North Fork: Logs being pushed into the Beaver creek flume at the mouth of Doyle dam with four feet of snow on the banks. (2): Waiting for the drive to start, wannigans built by Charles Brooks and his crew at the end of the flume. (3): Beaver creek flume in mid-winter. (4): Alex McGregor and helper blasting ice out of Doyle dam late in March to get the final "jag" of logs left in the woods. (5): Face of the Boom Rock jam as caught from Pioneer trail. (6): The same logs piled high against Boom Rock. (7): Another view of the same jam. (8): Just a few million feet left high and dry by an early freshet, near Elk creek at the site of the wing dam. (9): Here's what you would have seen if you stood on the jam at Boom Rock. (10): The jam between Elk Creek and Dent. (11): On the way down. (12): Caught in the pond at Lewiston.



The new south wall of the dressed shed at the Rutledge plant.



A new tightener on the transfer line along the south side of the green chain at the Rutledge plant.

Rutledge Unit News

At the Rutledge Unit of Potlatch Forests, Inc., change seems to be inevitable. All of the fellows seem to be busy improving the machinery and the production methods.

Probably one of the most important changes in method of line production made recently is the building of a wall along the south side of the dressed shed, so that the short lengths of lumber may be stored near the longer lengths of each grade. The result is that the assorted lengths of each grade may be loaded on the same truck at the dry dressed shed.

Previously it has not been practical to store the shorter lengths near the longer lumber because the wind and sun affected the lumber, according to Sam Guilbertson, superintendent of

the Rutledge plant. Considerable inconvenience was caused by not having the different lengths stored near each other, in that it often required two trucks to load out the assorted lengths for one small item.

The dressed shed has now been completed by building a wall along the south side that is equipped with windows placed regularly. The stock is being transferred as it is most convenient, from the other side of the shed where it has been previously stored.

Lumber Yard Improved

During the past few months the lumber yard has been remodeled. New numbers have been placed on all of the pile bottoms of both the north and south yards. Alleys and boulevards have been re-marked by using black numbers on white posts. Rutledge men believe that the yard is in the best shape in its history.

New Lath Dock

A new lath dock is being built along the lake shore where, it is believed, the lath should dry faster. As an experiment the lath will not be roofed during the summer, and during the winter it will be taken down, dry docked, and roofed.

Transfer Made Independent of Sawmill

Until recently the lumber transfer on the south side of the green chain has been powered from the sawmill. A reduction gear and electric motor recently installed now power the transfer. This change will make lumber on

Charles B. Brooks Passes

The entire Potlatch family mourns the passing of Charles B. Brooks, who has been foreman in charge of logging operations on the Clearwater river since 1925. Mr. Brooks passed away at St. Joseph's hospital in Lewiston on April 15. He was a victim of pneumonia contracted while constructing wannigans for the 1938 log drive.

He has been credited as being one of the "best disciples of Paul Bunyan," seeing service on 11 log drives on the Clearwater river, being in charge of 10 of them, an old-type woodsman, carefree and happy-go-lucky, he made friends among all of his associates. It has been said that he would not send any man where he would not go himself.

Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Tincie Brooks; two daughters, Mrs. Harold F. Corbit, Clarkston, and Mrs. James P. Bates, Libby, Montana; also two sisters and a brother, Mrs. A. E. Blackwell, Libby; Mrs. Abbie Yeomans, Sussex, New Brunswick, and John Brooks, Libby.

Funeral services were held on Sunday, April 17, in Lewiston at the Brower-Wann chapel. Interment was at Vineland cemetery, Clarkston.

the greenchain available for the shipping department when the sawmill is not running.

Briquette Plant in Order

Conrad "Happy" Rodeck is continuously getting the briquette plant and storage in condition for top speed production. However, during the past few weeks, the plant operation has been handicapped by a shortage of fuel and production has been slowed down.

"Happy" has completed the wiring of the new storage building, and he is now working on new machinery installations. With the addition of a new fan and a new small storage bin, he hopes that production can be increased. Other expected advantages of the installations are a lesser amount of dirt in the fuel, and a saving in time.

Sergeant: "Stand at attention."

Recruit: "I am, sir. It's the pants that are at ease, sir."

"So you're teaching her archery?"
"Yeah, I love to see her quiver."

Pattern Makers Use Idaho White Pine

Foundry pattern makers and others in the industrial lumber field will be interested in the attractive new publication issued by the Western Pine Association titled "Idaho White Pine Ideal for Wood Patterns." Pattern makers of America for generations depended on Northern White Pine to take care of their exacting softwood requirements. However, in more recent years they have been using Idaho White Pine and Sugar Pine, both genuine White Pines, in increasing quantities for their pattern lumber requirements. The use of Idaho White Pine for patterns, core boxes and foundry flasks is widespread and is found in pattern shops from coast to coast. The foundry pattern trade has always been an important industrial outlet for this true White Pine from the forests of the Pacific Northwest's Inland Empire. The wood is available throughout the country at distribution centers in standard dimensions in a wide range of grades to meet the different requirements of the pattern shop.

This new 20-page booklet is beautifully illustrated with over fifty examples of Idaho White Pine patterns ranging from small bearing patterns to huge gears. Among them are unusual patterns for Boulder Dam, Philadelphia Navy Yard and many other examples of industrial uses in widely scattered foundries of the country. The publication contains valuable information on Idaho White Pine and its specific use in pattern shops. It includes practical discussion of Idaho White Pine grades generally used, refers to sizes available and covers the seasoning at the mill and in the pattern shop. Statements by pattern makers are included. The text briefly touches upon the available timber supply and gives pertinent information as to the physical and mechanical properties of Idaho White Pine for pattern shop use.

Single copies of "Idaho White Pine Ideal for Wood Patterns" may be secured without charge by interested persons by writing the Western Pine Association, Yeon Building, Portland, Oregon.

"Do you think you're Santa Claus?"
"No, why?"
"Then leave my stockings alone."

Graders Meet

On April 9 a graders meeting under the direction of Mr. Vern Johnson was held at the Rutledge unit with men attending from most of the Inland Empire mills. Among those companies represented were each of the three units of Potlatch Forests, Inc., McGoldrick Lumber Company of Spokane, Winton Lumber Company, Diamond Match Company, and Ohio Match Company. Most of the time was spent in looking through the regular lumber piles for border line pieces which could be discussed by the several expert graders who were present.

Play Presented

Under the auspices of the Potlatch Amateur Athletic Club the Potlatch Little Theatre presented its first play on April 20 and 21. The cast of ten actors directed by Frank Curtis dramatized the farce play "Your Face Is Familiar."

Neatly printed programs said about the activity as follows: "It is the purpose of the Little Theatre to produce a number of plays each year, the income of which will go into the treasury of the P. A. A. C. to be used as the club sees fit. In its play producing activities, however, the Little Theatre may count upon the full backing of the P. A. A. C. In the case of this, their first play, the club is turning over half of the net profits toward an outing for a deserving cast."

Visitors

Among Potlatch Forests, Inc., visitors at the general office during April were Mr. Emmons of the Tacoma Sash and Door Company, Tacoma, Washington; Mr. Cation from the Walla Walla Lumber Company, Walla Walla, Washington; Mr. Horning and Mr. Johnson of Potlatch Yards, Inc., Dayton, Washington; and Mr. Haener of the Western Pine Association of Portland, Oregon.

"Where is the menu?"
"Down the aisle, first door to the left."

"When a girl wears a silk stocking, the man likes to make a fuss over it."

Mercantile Building Remodeled

The Potlatch Mercantile Company has completed the remodeling of the second floor, which included the closing of the light well above the grocery department and giving this additional space to the furniture department. This greatly increased the floor space and improves the furniture display. The radio room also was remodeled. Joe Cada and Blaine Jones, his assistant, have completely rearranged their stock of furniture and this additional space has enabled them to make attractive displays of their line.

The Beauty Shoppe, which has been greatly handicapped by lack of adequate space, was doubled in size. From a one-chair operation, it has been expanded to include two private booths, each equipped with chrome and leather shampoo chairs and the latest in shampoo bowls. In the drying room are two turbinators and one Rilling drier, each with a new chrome and leather drying chair, and a chrome manicure table.

The floors in the entire shop are covered with a marbleized inlaid linoleum. The color scheme for the woodwork is ivory and black. The new arrangement provides for ample waiting room, a drying room, and a compact laboratory.

Mr. Torsen Returns From California

Mr. H. L. Torsen, Assistant Secretary-Treasurer of Potlatch Forests, Inc., returned from a seventeen day business trip to San Francisco, California. Mr. Torsen says that his trip was a pleasant one, although he was quite busy.

In California Mr. Torsen visited with Tom Ferris who is now operating a Briquette plant at the Pacific Lumber Company in Scotia. Mr. Ferris has been doing some experiments with "Redwood Flour," a by-product of redwood and redwood bark.

On the way back from California Mr. Torsen visited with Bob Evenden at Oregon State College, at which place he lectured to the School of Forestry classes on "Cost Accounting."

"I heard it today dot Abie Kasinsky vos keeping a budget."
"Vot!—und his wife, too?"

POTLATCH FISHERMEN LIVE IN ROADSIDE PALACE

In the heart of every Potlatch there exists a desire to bid work farewell at each summer week-end to go fishing. Wouldn't it be great fun to bundle your cares into a trailer and roll away to the creeks or the lakes where fish are plentiful and life is like a song? It would be sporty to have the conveniences of home there too.

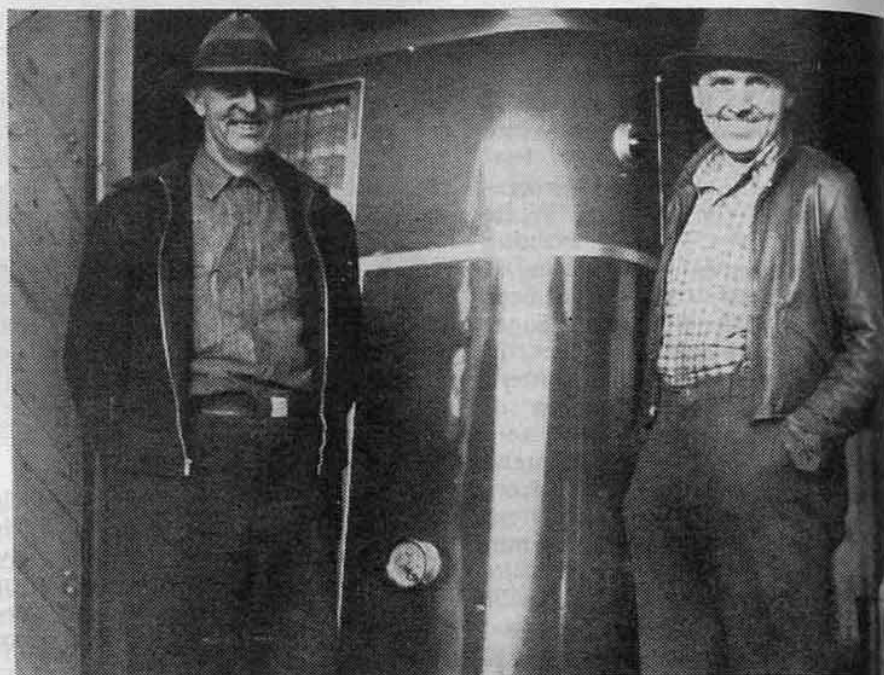
Among us are two Potlatch fellows whose vision and efforts have exceeded even the dreams of the most ardent fishermen. Morris Anderson and George Morsching of Potlatch have built for themselves a "home on wheels" that will take them to wherever they wish to go in the comfort and luxury of a Park Avenue palace. The boys are as proud "as a peacock" of their new auto trailer, and it will soon strut from its moorings like a streamlined train. It is streamlined from start to finish and the curves are fitted by a process of soaking and steaming to prevent all strain.

On arriving home from work, George explained that several months of discussion about auto-trailers by the two fellows preceded any effort to build one of their own. Then they slowly began to fit a few pieces together and to see the idea of a trailer take its shape.

"The trailer contains nearly every convenience of a modern home," explained the boys as they opened the door of the shower room, where the wash bowl and medicine cabinet are displayed. The bowl is made from the base of a gasoline lamp.

"The over-all dimensions of the trailer are six feet eight inches by sixteen feet," they continued. "The green and silver outside cover is made out of masonite. Each piece is four feet long and it has been shaped and fitted to its exact size."

On entering this "home on wheels" the visitor's eye is first caught by the job of perfect workmanship done on the interior plywood, the clever window curtains, and the electric light fixtures. On closer observation you will really open your eyes. There is a breakfast nook with cushions padding the seats. This makes down into a bed. Another full sized bed can be devised by pulling a little shelf from under the settee. In each case the



The builders of a "home on wheels." Standing beside a corner of the trailer are George Morsching, left, and Morris Anderson, right. Notice the streamlined shape of the trailer and the clever curtain in the rear window.

thick cushions become the mattress. Folded bedding will fit under both of the seats.

A system of hot and cold water, with the hot water coming from coils in a stove made from an automobile gas tank and with an air pressure circulating system, makes one really feel at home. The cooking may be done on an oil stove, and perishables may be kept in a well-insulated ice box. There is a work table with cabinet space enough for any cook.

Two electric light circuits are in the trailer. One six-volt circuit may be used from the auto storage battery. The 110-volt circuit may be plugged into city lighting systems. The radio aerial is built into the trailer.

A clothes closet has on the front of its door a full-sized mirror. Eight windows are arranged around the trailer. They all open, and all have screens over them. There is one door to the trailer, and it is equipped with a screen door.

Used in fastening together the various parts of the trailer were forty-five gross of screws and 600 stove bolts. Most of the other parts of the trailer have been made from odd pieces

of machinery. Except for the welding work, the trailer is completely home made, and the tools used in its construction have been likewise made at home by these two ingenious fellows.

All of the work has been done during the spare time of Morris and George, who both work at the mill. The Anderson-Morsching trailer, according to the boys, has cost them about \$500, and it looks to be a darned good job—but here is a topper for the whole story: The trailer has been built entirely without printed plans.

Mr. Billings Recovers Health

A note from Mr. Billings, who is now recovering from his illness on a trip through California, says that his health is much improved. We are hoping that he will be back on the job soon.

I knew a girl named Passion,
I asked her for a date,
I took her out to dinner
And gosh! How passionate.