

MERRY CHRISTMAS ~ HAPPY NEW YEAR

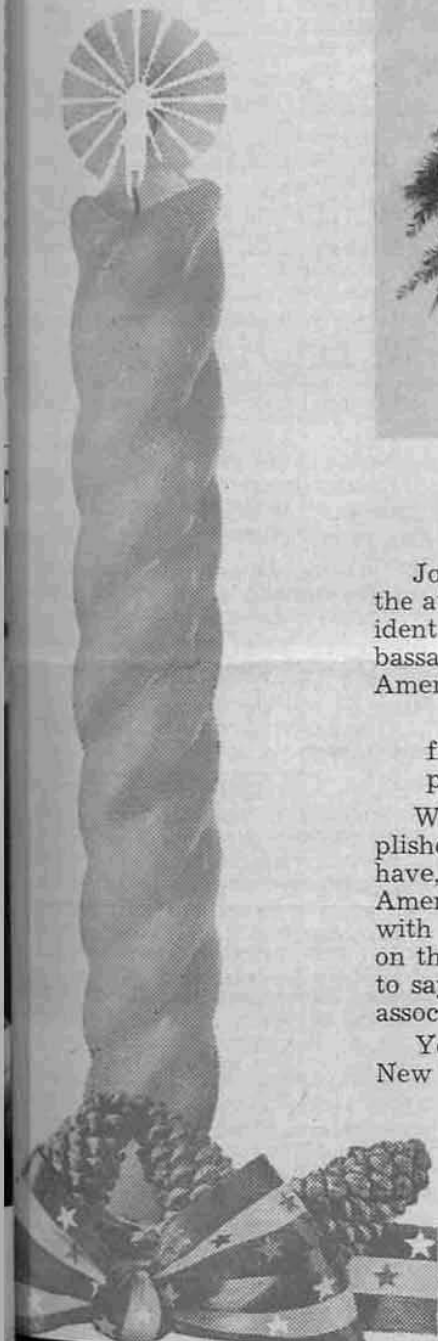
Joseph C. Grew, who was our ambassador to Japan at the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor, has returned to make his report to the President and to the American people. In his preliminary remarks, Ambassador Grew quoted an entry in a diary found on the body of an American soldier who was killed at Belleau Wood in the last war:

"I will work; I will save; I will sacrifice; I will endure; I will fight cheerfully and do my utmost; as if the whole struggle depended on me alone."

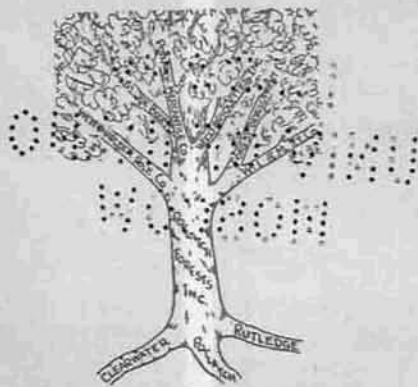
We have a long tough road ahead of us. For what we have accomplished this year we are deeply grateful to those men in our crews who have, each man in his own way, backed up the determination of this American soldier. In the entire lumber industry there is no crew of men with a better war record than yours. To those men who have stayed on the job getting out our products for the Army and Navy, I am glad to say that the officers, stockholders and management are proud to be associated with you.

You deserve everyone's wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C. L. BILLINGS, General Manager.



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

Time Is The Essence

Good fortune and a bit of pleading wangled for the editor and two other P.F.I. men a pass to visit the Kaiser shipyards at Swan Island, St. Johns and Vancouver in early December.

The Swan Island Yard, until last April an airport, had just launched its second huge tanker and there were others nearing completion in its eight ways. Prediction had it that this yard, not yet fully manned, would soon produce tankers as fast as the St. Johns Yard turns out Liberty ships.

We tramped up several stories of stairs to the top deck of a tanker scheduled for early launching. The din of chipping machines, and the blinding blaze of many welding torches gave us an idea of how to describe to our children the place bad little boys go to. And that top deck was about as well populated with workers as we imagine perdition to be with our expired friends. Although it looked confusing to us, every worker seemed to know exactly what to do and to be in a hurry to get it done.

Amazing was the excellent order throughout the yard. In some departments workers rubbed elbows, literally, in their work, yet clean-up employees managed to keep every bit of scrap material out from underfoot. Materials moved in such an orderly flow as to make the process seem almost

leisurely . . . but, not so. These people know they are at war and they are working top speed, seven days straight out of every eight, except in the sixth week when they have two consecutive days off.

The St. Johns yard had, in the week previous to our visit, launched its hundredth ship, becoming the first yard in the U. S. to launch a hundred Liberty ships. The sponsor of this 100th ship was youthful Fred Lingenfelder, a worker in the yard, and the lady who shattered a champagne bottle across the bow at christening was his mother. Entirely fitting was it that this record ship be sponsored by a worker, said Henry J. Kaiser, because it is those who toil in the yards that make records possible. Appropriate also was the selection of two women welders to burn off the retaining plates, that held the ship on the ways.

An indication of how important time has become to these shipyard workers was the howl that went up from Vancouver yard employees when launching of a ship, that had been rushed to completion in the record time of less than three days, was delayed an hour because the principals for the launching ceremony were late.

These people are really hitting the ball! More power to them!

Questions and Answers

Editor's note: We made the mistake of writing a letter to our news sources suggesting that answers to some questions listed in the letter would provide plenty of news . . . the answers range from serious to not so serious . . . take your choice—

Q. Any accidents? A. One at 14, two minor accidents at 27 with a rather serious accident at the home of a 27 man. He took the ashes from the stove and dumped them down the hatch in the little house out back. Result—it burned down, and he lost a day's time reconstructing it. No accidents at 51.

Q. Any wild game seen near camp? A. Some sign at 14, all headed for lower levels. None at Headquarters except the poker game which gets wild at times.

Q. How will the men spend Christmas? A. Majority will scatter out, most of them will go to town.

Q. Any unusual experiences of men returning from a few days' vacation? A. At 14, several have slept in the snake room. At Headquarters . . . judging from the number going out for dentistry work, the streets of Orofino can soon be paved with teeth.

Q. Has there been an exceptional bit of ingenuity employed in making repairs to equipment at your camp? A. At 14 takes a super-genius to keep the dozer on its tracks. At Headquarters—most of the ingenuity was exercised in wrecking equipment, not repairing it.

How Big Is Your Victory Tax?

Under the new revenue act all employers are responsible for withholding from the 5% Victory Tax which goes into effect next January.

The following table shows wage brackets and corresponding amounts to be withheld.

MONTHLY PAYROLL

Wage	Deduction
\$52-\$60	\$ 0.25
60- 80	.50
80-100	1.00
100-120	1.50
120-140	2.00
140-160	2.50
160-200	3.50
200-240	4.50
240-280	5.50
280-320	6.50
320-360	7.50
360-400	8.50
400-440	9.50
440-480	10.50
480-520	11.50
520-560	12.50
560-600	13.50
600-640	14.50
640-680	15.50
680-720	16.50
720-760	17.50
760-800	18.50
800-840	19.50
840-880	20.50
880-920	21.50
920-960	22.50
960-1,000	23.50

Locate your monthly wage check in the wage column and opposite it you will find the amount that must be deducted per month by your employer.

Judge: "Who was driving when you collided with the truck?"

Drunk (triumphantly): "None of us were all in the back seat."

It's darn easy to look pleasant
When you're feeling flip;
But the man worthwhile,
Is the man who can smile
With a cold sore on his lip.

"Well, anyway, this is our family photo. How do you like the pictures?"

"The pictures are all right, but they got to print the jokes."

Cop (to intoxicated man trying to get to lamppost): "I'm afraid there's no home there tonight."

Souse: "Mus' be, mus' be. There's a light upst airsh!"

* Q. Commissary? A. A heavy run of winter items especially gloves and rubber boots.

Q. If the lumberjacks in your camp were writing Santa Claus what would they write for, and be truthful? A. At 14, more time and less work. At Headquarters, The lumberjacks will seek Santa Claus if they find him, will ask for some tires. At 51 . . . if any lumberjacks in camp were writing Santa Claus, the majority would ask for a bottle with a looking girl thrown in. At 27 . . . don't believe there is a Santa Claus.

Job Instructor Training

(Editor's note): The author, who is assistant shipping superintendent at the Clearwater unit of P.F.I. was certified to conduct Job Instructor Conferences following completion of a training period last June in Boise, under the supervision of Laurin Hinman of the Training Within Industry Division of the War Production Board. Since that time, he has conducted and completed six conferences at the Clearwater Plant. We plagued him into writing this interesting account of an oft neglected function of management that is now recognized to be of great importance to all industry and to America's war effort.

JOHN ARAM

Not long ago the sixth job instructor conference for foremen and other interested key men at Clearwater was concluded with nine participants in the sixth and last class. This brought to forty-two the total number of Potlatch Forests, Inc., foremen and their assistants to be certified by the Training Within Industry Division of the War Production Board as War Production Job Instructors. The training, first started last July, under authorization from Laurin Hinman, Assistant District Representative of Training Within Industry, is now working for Potlatch Forests, Inc., and its employees at Clearwater. Its purpose is to make the work easier for the men by giving them better training; to make them more efficient, safer workmen, and to reduce waste, accidents and labor turnover.

The Objective

The initial and only objective of Training Within Industry has been to encourage and promote better and faster training of employees, both new and old, to the end that necessary increases in production can speedily be achieved. Early in 1940, the imminence of a skilled labor shortage for those industries that would have to greatly increase their production was recognized by the War Production Board and the Manpower Commission. It was with the hope of averting, or at least lessening, such a shortage that Training Within Industry was launched. The program is not calculated to add anything to a foreman's knowledge of the work to be performed by his department. It is intended rather to help him acquire the ability to pass along his knowledge to employees within his department in a simple, effective and rapid manner. How to instruct is a skill that every supervisor needs every day. His own familiarity with the work to be done often causes a foreman or supervisor

to forget the difficulties he met during his own early training, so that without intention to do so, he may fail to mention those difficulties to a new man or to tell him how to overcome them. On the other hand, if the foreman makes a conscious effort at outlining, for his own use as instructor, the various steps involved in the jobs that must be done in the performance of his department's work and becomes so thoroughly familiar with the teaching routine as to follow it without omitting discussion of any key points, there is much less likelihood of a new man going about a job with only half the knowledge he should have of that job.

Job Instructor Training is based on the premise that if the worker hasn't learned, the instructor hasn't taught, and that the only sure way a foreman can gain and keep control of his departmental problems is through training. Otherwise he is nothing but a trouble shooter dealing with one emergency after another, never working toward a permanent solution. It takes time to train, but by taking time to train correctly, supervisors do not have so many time-consuming emergencies.

Bombsight Factory An Example

When the Army and Navy were ready to begin operation of the first bombsight factory, they were confronted with the need for 3,000 skilled lens grinders. A job that normally calls for eight year's of apprentice work. There was available only 300 skilled lens grinders in the nation. To solve the problem, a committee headed by Channing Dooley, Socony Vacuum Oil Company, and working in cooperation with a highly skilled lens grinder, divided the skilled tasks of lens grinding into their natural and separate parts, picking out the important steps and key points in each part. By teaching the job to new learners in small doses and by emphasizing the key points, the bombsight plant was manned with skilled help in only a few months.

Actual Instruction

First step for the foreman in readying himself to instruct employees is to form a definite plan of how much skill the worker must acquire and how quickly he can do so.

To do this he must analyze the jobs under his supervision, divide them into their separate parts and the parts into steps and key points. He then knows exactly where to begin and how to proceed with his instructions.

Headquarters School Wins Scrap Contest

An Associated Press date line of November 23rd from Boise, Idaho, announced briefly, "Three tiny schools, two of them with only seven pupils each and so far back in the lumbering and mining regions of the state that many maps do not show them, captured top honors in the Idaho school scrap salvage campaign.

"Headquarters, Idaho, grade school in a tiny lumbering community in a remote mountain area of Clearwater county, with an enrollment of only seven students, won first place."

Back of that brief announcement was the hard work of many small people. At Headquarters all were under twelve years of age, but they managed to gather the startling total of 98,000 lbs. of scrap . . . 14,000 lbs. to the pupil. Not without humor were their efforts and their enthusiasm had to be carefully checked to avoid consignment to scrap of many usefully employed articles.

First Day

Teacher Lillian Ferguson relates that the scrap collection by Headquarters pupils started one afternoon with a scouting expedition to locate and pile scrap to be hauled in later. It was not difficult to find plenty of scrap in the worn out, old logging equipment that had accumulated since 1926 from P.F.I. operations in and near Headquarters. Scrap was piled for a few hours and then all that could be carried at one time, plus a load placed on a small wagon belonging to one of the boys was brought in. From that day on, every day after school the pupils gathered scrap, both metal and rubber.

One of the smaller boys found a box of rubbers stored in the wood shed at home. He thought this quite a prize and at once took it to the scrap pile. A few days later the boy's mother was seen retrieving the family's winter rubbers.

Railway Car Inspector Ellis Coale also felt the bright blaze of the youngster's enthusiasm. After having some railroad iron straightened out and placed near the tracks for future use, he found it had mysteriously disappeared. The iron, assisted by busy little hands, had joined the "Scrap for Japs" pile.

School Salvage Contest

At about this time, according to Teacher Ferguson, word of the salvage contest for Idaho schools on a per capita basis was received, and the prize of a trip to the coast to take part in a ship launching for the pupil who accumulated the greatest amount of scrap in the winning school was also announced. The Headquarters' scrap drive then really got underway.

A conference was immediately held with P.F.I. Logging Superintendent Howard Bradbury. Scrap, a great many tons of it, was in sight and available. Would Mr. Bradbury cooperate by furnishing help to load heavy pieces into trucks and then haul them to the scrap pile (also would he please furnish the trucks)? He would, and did. The result, quoting Robert Werner, editor of the Orofino Clearwater Tribune, was "an amazing total of 98,000 pounds of scrap."

(Continued on page four)

U. of I. Students Earn Extra Dollars On Potlatch Night Shift

CLIFFORD LATHEN

Enterprising, industrious students of the University of Idaho have found a way to capitalize on the nation's war need for lumber and the consequent two-shift operation of sawmills. The keen hearing that for them recognized opportunity's knock has provided extra dollars for school needs and yet permitted uninterrupted attendance at university classes.

Weeks before the university opened last fall, several members of the faculty were interviewed and found to be in favor of the idea of part time work for interested university students. This, providing the students could and would keep up their grade averages. Arrangements were then made at the mill to hold open five steady jobs on the planing mill night shift for student labor. These jobs consisted of offbearing on number six and eight planers (two men to the planer) with the fifth job that of general roustabout and clean-up man in the planing mill.

The U. S. Employment Service at Moscow was then contacted and from them a list of students interested in part time work was obtained. The list had to be, and was, of sufficient length to permit alternation of boys at the various jobs, so that each student worked approximately one night out of every four.

Problems Plentiful

Problems cropped up by the score and had to be solved, each in their turn. Transportation seemed the major difficulty, until one of the boys, Clarence Kassen, offered his car for daily trips, although working only his regular turn. With one car definitely allotted to such use, it was relatively easy to convince the rationing board that an issue of tires was justifiable and to later obtain needed extra gasoline.

Once over the transportation hurdle, the next obstacle was tackled and a search for students whose curriculum permitted their leaving Moscow not later than 3:00 P. M. each day got underway . . . this meant fellows without classes or laboratory work after that hour. The field for prospective sawmill employees was considerably narrowed as a result, and even now—several months after inception of the



idea, there are many hasty, last minute telephone calls between university lumberjacks when the unexpected intervenes and one lumberjack must plead of another, "take my turn tonight, I can't make it." Not uncommon is it for members of the group to change from campus duds to work clothes in the car while traveling the twenty-mile trip from Moscow to Potlatch. Often the Kassen automobile arrives but seconds ahead of the night shift whistle. Many a shoe is tied upon arrival and disembarking passengers have been seen to hurriedly stuff trailing shirt tails into trousers on the run from parking lot to planing mill.

Most of the boys hail from Idaho, but two or three are from New York, one is from Boston. Several are active in sports . . . Kassen, Linn and Thome turn out for cross country running . . .

Most Serious Delay

Ordinarily they leave Moscow at 3:00 P. M. and get back about 1:30 A. M. Most serious delay suffered to date while enroute to work was when a state patrolman overtook and flagged down their car to deliver a brief sermon on the merits of thirty-five mile an hour driving.

"He was a good guy though," said Kassen, in relating the incident, "and let us go. We told him that according to our speedometer, we had only been going thirty-five. He just grinned and said there must be something wrong with the speedometer and best we have it checked."

The work isn't bad, say the twenty-three who at present comprise membership in the lumberjack crew. The money comes in handy . . . and we're helping with war work.

Semester's end likely will bring changes in the crew . . . some will be let out . . . others will be added . . . twenty are needed, but a few extra sponge up the nights when somebody "can't make it" are kept in reserve.

To planer night boss, Floyd Morgan, went the job of training the student group. He reports them as boys, quick to learn and good workers. The arrangement is considered much a success that tentative plans are to start similar groups for sawmill and green chain, should a mill power shortage necessitate.

Headquarters School

(Continued from page three)

Winning pupil of the Headquarters school was Jack Fairley, age 11, who is to represent the school at the ship launching ceremony. Present plans are for Teacher Ferguson and Pupil Fairley to go to Seattle where they will meet the two winning pupils from Howe and Leadore, Idaho, and the journey to Portland together. However, report that Howe citizens are sending the entire school of seven pupils to the launching has caused Headquarters people to think of sending their entire school. Not definite, but probable, is it that at least one of the other pupils at Headquarters will accompany Teacher Ferguson and Pupil Fairley to the launching of a Liberty Ship in Portland.

Nice going, kids!

Thrift is a wonderful virtue, especially in an ancestor.



'Planes Of Wood

Months ago the first delivery of a plastic-plywood training plane (pictured above) was made to the Navy by the Timm Aircraft Corporation of Los Angeles. The plane, 90 per cent wood and plastic glue, is presumed to now be in mass production. Proponents of plastic-plywood declare the new material to be stronger than steel and say the plastic glue, which impregnates the wood, will prevent warping and buckling. The product is also claimed to be highly resistant to oil, water and fire. Bullets striking it make clean holes instead of shattering as they do when striking metal. Repairs can be made quickly and efficiently.

The English, Italians and Russians have never entirely abandoned wooden construction of planes and are reported to be building them on a growing scale. Nearly a dozen plywood airplanes . . . (Army and Navy censorship may cloak the existence of others) . . . have already taken successfully to the air in this country. However, the most dramatic illustration of the role of plywood is to play in plane construction is said to be a plane designed by the Curtiss-Wright people to serve as an Army troop and supply transport. It is to have approximately a 100-ft. wing spread, about 30 ft. more than the average commercial bi-liner, and will be powered by twin engines.

Plywood Combat 'Planes

To the exact extent that the Army and Navy are considering the use of plywood in combat craft is a war secret. The Italians are known to have four types of bombers made entirely, or almost entirely, of plywood. The British admit they have three types of plywood training planes in widespread use but decline to confirm rumors that they have developed, or are developing, an all-plywood combat ship.

Advantages of plastic-plywood are said to be its weight to strength ratio, which exceeds that of high-tensile steel or duralumin; its poor conductivity of heat and

Rutledge Tops 10% Goal On Bond Purchases Potlatch Close Second—Clearwater In Cellar

The Clearwater Unit, leader of the bond buying race in the early months, last month became just third best as the Potlatch Unit surged past into second place on the crest of increased bond purchases, and pace-setting Rutledge upped their percentage of wages invested in war bonds to beyond the ten per cent goal.

Biggest increase per dollar of payroll was at Potlatch with 1.6%. Next in point of increase was Rutledge with 1.23%, while Clearwater managed only an increase of .29%. Up 1.53% was the W.I.&M. Ry. at Potlatch . . . reaching a total of 11.16% to the purchase of war bonds.

Top ten departments from the three plants were:

Townsite, Potlatch	14.73%
Electric Shop, Clearwater	14.63
Re-Manufacturing Plant, Clearwater	13.60
4-Square, Re-butt and Glue	12.42
Pond, Potlatch	12.40
Pond, Sawmill and Lath, Rutledge	12.01
Power Plant, Potlatch	11.99
Graders, Clearwater	11.79
Machine Shop, Clearwater	11.70
Pipe Crew, Clearwater	11.65
Lowest Departments were:	
Watchmen, Potlatch	4.03
Power Plant, Clearwater	4.63
Transportation, Clearwater	4.78
Plant Averages were:	
Rutledge	10.08
Potlatch	9.78
Clearwater	9.02

Plywood 'Planes for Army

The Army recently announced a contract with the Ryan Aeronautical Company for new plastic-bonded plywood planes of advanced design for training ships which are believed to be the nearest approach yet reached toward the almost complete elimination of strategic materials in military aircraft.

On October 30th, the Army also disclosed that the 1,200 big Army air transports for which Andrew J. Higgins, Louisiana shipbuilder, received a contract, are to be constructed of wood. At about the same time, attention was attracted by War Production Board officials to the British and Canadian Mosquito bombers that are made of wood,

sound, enabling it to absorb vibration, but not "ice up"; the ease with which it can be worked; and the plentiful supply that correct forest harvesting operations assure for succeeding years. Additional advantages are cited as . . . whole wing panels can be formed in one operation, fuselages can be molded in two sections, then fitted along the top and bottom center lines, leaving the door apertures to be sawed out afterward. Built in this way the plane's surface is glassy smooth, eliminating the drag that comes from rivets. Design changes are easy, when necessary, since the molding forms can be quickly constructed of wood, saving time, highly skilled labor and expense of metal dies.

From Bob Berger, P.F.I. general office bachelor—"Page five of the November *Family Tree* twice employs the word WENCH in connection with a derrick car developed by George Morsching of Potlatch. Please see if you can locate a couple of these wenchers for me—preferably around 120 lbs. and blonde."

Editor's note—(to Berger): The wench we meant is winch and you're a wolf . . . (to readers) we have given Mr. Berger's name to a few "Lonely Heart's Clubs" and turned over to them the task of locating a couple of wenchers for him.

Woods News

Jack Baggs and Alex Harbison made their headquarters at 14 this month, while taking inventory at 14, J. W. and 11. The trips to other camps were made on snowshoes.

By way of a charivari, the flunkies at 14 attempted to throw Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Olson out of their honeymoon cottage into the snow one evening. Mrs. Olson was a fairly easy victim, but the girls had to send for lumberjack reinforcements before Oscar could be buried in the snow. While this was going on, the flunkies tied knots in the bed clothes so it was a late hour before the newly-weds could retire . . . but it wasn't late the next morning when Oscar got up at 3 A. M. to go to work by a clock that had been set ultra-ultra daylight-saving time.

Hugo Gellner and Alf Hansen have been sent to J and W to shovel snow from the buildings. They found 51 inches of snow on the roofs at W (29 inches of snow had been shoveled from these buildings before the last snowfall). George Heywood is reported recovering at the Orofino hospital from injuries received Dec. 5th when a tree fell across a cat he was driving . . . J. H. McNally visited 14 this month . . . picture Jim checking twelve inch high stumps in five feet of snow . . . that's really getting to the bottom of things for a fat man.

Camp 52

We are still looking forward to the day when we will move to our new campsite. At this writing everything is progressing very well and we expect to move this week. First it was rain and mud, then snow. All these difficulties have been licked and by the time the December *Family Tree* goes to press we should be moved and settled. We have a fine new portable cook-house and dining room which is much better and roomier than our old dining car. We also have new shacks for our cooks and flunkies. We have not been doing much logging . . . most of the skidding is right of way logs . . . by the first of the year we should get started full speed ahead . . . bulk of our skidding will be with horses.

Camp 27

Camp 27 still exists to the tune of about 65 men, major portion of whom are staying at home. In spite of 3½ to 4 ft. of snow we are trucking with four trucks from two Generals which are skidding and loading . . . logs are sometimes hard to find in the snow but as far as roads go, ours are far better than the highways.

Camp 29

We had an average of 80 men in camp this month. Not much of a road into camp but good walking on the railroad. One of the men killed a 34-lb. bear that was inspecting the meat house. Jimmie Smith and Bernard Odelin went to the Army this past month.

Camp 41

Camp 41, at Elk River, is a new camp but is a pretty lusty baby. Starting as a construction camp established in October by Les Mallory for the building of a railroad into Deep Creek, it now has a payroll of some 175 men. McFarland's

steel gang will be down with steel to the new camp site the fore part of January . . . approximately five miles from Elk River.

In the meantime Henry Henricksen, former foreman at X, has taken charge of logging operations. Thirty-five buildings are being constructed on skids at the present camp and will be moved as soon as possible to the new camp site. Ten to fourteen saw gangs are in the woods, three jammers are skidding and decking preparatory to loading on cars.

Orofino

Ralph Mullikin, now a mechanic with Company D, 73rd Ordnance, has spent a furlough here . . . was formerly a sawyer at Camp 27. L. A. Chaney, baker from Camp 51, was inducted into the Army in Spokane during the first week in December.

Al Kroll Home From Detroit

Completing his sixth round trip across the U. S. without mishap and returning to Lewiston on December 12th, was woodsman Al Kroll. Al left Lewiston on October 11th for Rochester, Minn., where the Mayo Clinic gave him the once over and discovered he had broken his back in a fall suffered about a year ago. The injury has healed but Al was advised to wear a supporting belt which he refuses to do because it bothers him more than the original lame back.

His vacation was spent between Port Huron, where two of his sisters live, and Detroit, where he has two nephews. Al reports little in the way of excitement, everybody busy, very few idle men, and lots of soldiers and sailors in every city. He witnessed a blackout in Detroit and another at Port Huron. Both seemed to be perfectly organized. He tried to buy some Pres-to-logs and B&Btr. Idaho White Pine from Weyerhaeuser salesman Bruce Collins in Detroit, but couldn't get a promise as to delivery.

Rutledge News

The big snow storm of December 6, which continued on through the fore part of that week, produced a lot of snow-shoveling in the yard in order to get lumber piled and to get lumber ready for the planer. By the middle of the week, it was so bad that the sawmill was shut down for three days to give the yard men an opportunity to catch up.

If we had more Pres-to-logs, we could make more people happy. One man told us the best Christmas present he could give his wife would be a couple tons of our logs . . . we agree, but still can't manage to get the logs for him.

The Christmas fund, built by payroll deduction through the year and paid out to participants in the amount of their individual contributions, certainly comes in handy, although most of it goes for taxes that have a nasty habit of coming due at this time every year.

The men who have been patronizing the Coca-Cola machine were actually sending Christmas Greetings to Rutledge men in Service . . . because funds from this machine were used to send Christmas boxes to our fellows in service. A total of thirteen were mailed and replies from most of the men to whom they were sent have already been received.

Potlatch News

On December 10th, the eagle eye of J. O'Connell, manager at Potlatch, perceived a little cloud of smoke issuing from the fuel storage pile at the plant. A check revealed that fire was smoldering down in the mass of hog fuel, sawdust and shavings. The pile, which is near fifty feet in height, spreads out over an area about equal to a city block, and contains some 12,000 units of fuel.

A crew of men armed with shovels and fire hose tackled the fire under the supervision of L. H. Young. It soon became evident that additional measures would be necessary and the company dozer was brought to work. Next, the aid of the power shovel from the Joclyn & McAllister rock quarry south of town was enlisted. Dozer and shovel are still working two 10-hour shifts and a stream of water from a 2 in. hose is being played on the smoking mass as it is moved.

Theories advanced as to the cause of the fire include—a spark from the burner came buried and fire originating from a worked its way along the seams in the pile over a period of time—spontaneous combustion, etc. Whatever the cause, it is a stubborn fire, hard to fight, and will necessitate moving approximately one-third of the pile before complete assurance can be obtained that it has been extinguished.

Potlatch had one of its prettiest snow storms following December 5th. The mill was filled for days with feathery flakes which fell to a depth of eight inches before a Chinook wind hurried it away. Prior to the Chinook, a crew of men and the dozer were needed to remove snow at the plant. During the cold snap, ice coated the piles and blasting was necessary to free logs to keep them traveling up the log slip to the mill.

Camp 39 lumberjacks have chosen to occasionally express their sentiments regarding Hitler and affiliates by sketching various designs on the ends of logs coming to the Potlatch mill. Two of the more recent read, "Hitler's Coffin, Ax the Axis" and "U.S.A. needs more production—LIKE HELL"—sketches generally also include the victory "V" some place on the end of the log.

The Community Christmas Tree again is sponsored by the American Legion Sunday afternoon, December 20th, at the gymnasium. Expenses are paid from the funds, plus \$150 voted by plant men from their Coca-Cola and Milk Funds, plus a contribution from the Potlatch Mercantile Company. Treats have been prepared for some 1200 to 1500 children under supervision of the Ladies Auxiliary. All youngsters of the community are invited, regardless of whether or not a member of their family is a company employee.

Cheer baskets will also be distributed to the Legion to needy families.

Andrew Fenner, retired employee, P.F.I., passed away on November 29 following a brief illness. Mr. Fenner entered company employ in 1925 at Potlatch was retired a year ago, is survived by his widow (she is at present an employee of the Potlatch Plant), a daughter who is a graduate nurse in Spokane, a son who is employed at a war job on the coast, and a younger son at home.

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

Vernon St. Marie, A.S., Farragut, Idaho

I have been here for eight weeks. We are supposed to graduate in two more weeks. That will be a day to remember for this training course is not kid's play by a long shot.

Pvt. Glen Northcutt, Btry. D 420th, Alaska

I feel that some day soon we will all be together again and I'm thankful to have worked with such a swell bunch of fellows and hope to see you all soon. This war has messed up a lot of our plans and if it isn't over soon my future in the fight game will be over. I turned pro in 1941 (January 19th) and was on my way up when the Army called me. Out of 45 fights I won 39 . . . 14 by KO . . . and was never beaten. Most of my fights were in Frisco . . . I have had 16 fights since I came into the service and have won 15 by KO in the first round—one by decision. I am now light heavy champ of Alaska, or was on Nov. 1st last year . . . haven't fought since then . . . there has been no fights here since the declaration of war last year; we don't have much time for that kind of sport now. My hopes are to try it again after this is over.

Joe M. Lundy, H.A. 2/C, U. S. Naval Hospital, Seattle

If I had it to do all over again, it would still be the Navy for me. You have an opportunity to meet some really famous and interesting people that you otherwise wouldn't meet. Last winter I met Bob Hope in Hollywood and asked him if he would sign a blank check for me. He looked at me and smiled and in the usual Bob Hope style said that he had put all of his money into Defense Bonds and I would have to wait until the war was over. The applause that followed nearly brought the house down on all of us.

Pvt. John Hendley, Camp Butner, N. C.

It sure tickles me when they call these little scrub trees around here forests. I showed the boys pictures of our drive and some of our pine . . . It's a good thing for the gypos that the scalers can't check lumber as these Lieutenants can a rifle. I'll swear they can see a speck on a rifle at a hundred paces . . . we are really getting good training; you should see us doing the hundred yard dash with a 50 lb. pack. Durham, N. C. is our nearest town. It is the home of the famous "Bull Durham" and Duke University.

Pvt. Irvon Willis, Salt Lake City, Utah

Thanks for the Xmas box . . . it couldn't have been better . . . am in the M.P.'s now and it isn't so bad. I can tell the lieutenants a few things and they hardly ever say anything back.

Pvt. Cecil R. Smith, Lemoore Army Flying School, Lemoore, California

We have a bond drive on here too and the boys go in for it pretty heavy, although of course we can't buy a great many on account of the amount of money we receive, but we're buying what we can . . . we have a sign up reading "Buy Bonds, Not Beer" . . . We too have met several movie stars, Fibber McGee and Molly were here a while back and their son is here now as an enlisted cadet . . . I am very interested in horses and went to a sale the other day and was lucky enough to get invited out to the famous Cimeron Ranch (on my three-day pass) . . . they sure have some fine stock. The people down here are certainly nice to fellows in uniform. Must close as I have to wash my barracks window yet tonight . . . the rest of the boys have nearly finished theirs and I've been trying to talk them into washing mine, but don't seem to be making any headway . . . want to say hello to all my friends in P.F.I. and to say Merry Christmas to all of you . . . guess I better get busy on that damn window.

Cpl. Gordon Egan, Australia

I have had some swell times over here. Met some very fine people and have been royally entertained in their homes. Bars are the old saloon day type with swinging doors . . . it makes it much easier to eject the boys than would be the case with those at home. . . You mention Potlatch putting out ten million feet of lumber in September but do you mean to tell me you can live so close to Charley Peterson and have not heard about the seventeen million he put out in 1925 or '26 . . . I can still see him running around the planing mill with that box of fifty cigars for 200 men.

Captain E. F. Rapraeger, Camp Claiborne, L. A.

I am writing this by the light of a candle—or to be exact, by the light of half a candle and yup—the battalion moved again—I am glad I have had a lot of experience slogging through mud because it is proving very useful. I never realized how much baggage I had until I tried to put me and it in a pup tent . . . wish I was an enlisted man because then I could have some long underwear. I tried to buy myself some on the post but had no luck. One of the officers is going to town Saturday and has promised to buy me a pair of woolen drawers. On the rifle range I stand on a high tower where the wind gets a sweep at me and goose pimples have attached themselves to my hide permanently . . . before December is over I expect to look like a Louisiana alligator.

Staff Sgt. Walt Mallory, Fort Lewis

These is one question I would like to ask and that is, who figured out how to pack all that stuff in the Christmas box? I took it all out and by gosh it wouldn't go back in.

Clearwater News

A total of \$1,755 was distributed to the 24 participants in the Christmas fund.

Visitors during the month included Claude Cheatwood; Carroll O'Connor of the merchant marine who is a fireman on an Army transport and says the Army and Navy are doing a swell job everywhere he's been; Art McElroy of the Pasco Navy Fliers; Al Leffler, also of Pasco Navy Fliers, who is a member of their traveling football squad; and Private First Class Percy O'Brien, a ski trooper, who has been training in a Colorado camp some 10,000 feet above sea level, with the temperature a minus 15 degrees. (Private O'Brien, rumor has it, took time out long enough to show the boom crew the finer points of rolling the ivories—for a slight stipend of course).

Clearwater Foremen Banquet

Shipments from Clearwater for 1942 have broken so many records that the Foremen's Council decided to forego their usual monthly meeting for December in favor of a Victory Dinner at the Lewis-Clark hotel on December 10th. About forty men were on hand when the cook hit the wagon wheel tire.

After an unusually fine dinner—complete with trimmings, the toastmaster called for informal talks. Almost every man present expressed himself on some subject and the variety discussed covered practically everything.

Marvin Jensen, son of Foreman Al Jensen, of Clarkston, was a guest of the council. Foremen were much interested in an account of his experiences with the U. S. Navy . . . highlight of which was his flaming 75-ft. dive from the deck of the sinking aircraft carrier Wasp.

Toastmaster Glen Porter (chairman of the Council) presided in his usual inimitable way . . . earned the admiration of attending members.

General Office

General office girls spent an evening during the month sacking 600 lbs. of candy for the mill's Christmas party that was held Dec. 20th. Shortage of labor at the candy company necessitated bulk shipment and threatened Glen Porter, chairman of the Foremen's Council, with an all-winter's job until the stenogs lent a hand. Our annual Christmas tree was set up and decorated, after work, on Friday night, December 18th, by seven of the same group. It looks swell.

Wife: "I suspect my husband is having an affair with his stenographer."

Their Maid: "It's a lie. You're just saying that to make me jealous."

"Do you know what the ram said when he fell over the cliff?"

"No, what did he say?"

"He said, 'dammit, I never saw that U turn!'"

Clair Wellman's prayer: "Lord, suffer me to catch a fish so large that even I, when talking of it afterwards, will have no need to lie."



1942

It started out badly—this year Forty-two—
With speeches and trumpets and hullabaloo,
And lots of "birds" singing the theme of the war,
And feath'ring their nests just a little bit more.
Some Congressmen thought that the war could be won
By words in the Record instead of a gun;
And some of us thought that our usual living
Might last—if our neighbors did all of the giving.

The kids really showed us the way to perform—
The ones who are fighting out there in the "Storm."
They came from the country and cities and hills—
Their fathers were workers and owners of mills,
Chinese, Scandinavian, Irish and Dutch,
Republicans, Democrats, Wobblies and such,
And farmers and merchants with all kinds of creeds;
But they were all Buddies—and showed us with deeds.
They made us ashamed of our wrangling and noise
But made us thank God for American boys.

In unending stream from the woods and the hills
Poured logs and more logs to our Idaho mills.
The Cedar and Tamarack, Pine, Fir and Spruce
All mingled for service and found a good use
To build better housing and boxes and crates,
And weapons of wood for defense of the States.
In ceaseless precision our sawmills made boards
To package destruction for enemy hordes.
And now that it's Christmas let's offer a prayer
For all of those youngsters who fight over there.

—Anonymous.

