



TURKEY GOBBLER--SIZE TEN MILLION FEET

Dame Fortune, ever-present partner to all enterprise, smiled benignly P. F. I.'ward November 24th and floated some ten million feet of unexpected but welcome logs into the Clearwater pond at Lewiston on the crest of unseasonably high water. "They will come in handy," said woods boss, assistant general manager, E. C. Rettig. To him they seemed a clear indication that he was leading "the good life" because Woodsman Rettig was beginning to wonder if some fast footwork might not be necessary to get out enough logs to keep Clearwater's two shifts in full throttle production during the hard winter months ahead. November 24th, two days before Thanksgiving Day, brought a most satisfactory solution



for what could have become a problem. Gave Clearwater mill saws a gobbler of such size to chew on as will insure continuous two-shift operation for some time.

Strong chinook winds accounted for the high water that freed prisoned logs along the North Fork's banks and hustled them some hundred odd miles to the security of quiet water back of the long log booms that separate pond from river at the Lewiston mill. The run of logs was strong, about a million feet to the hour, according to pond foreman, Carl Harris, but the ten million feet that were ticketed for next year's drive came in quietly with no threat to the fin booms that stretch finger-like out from the Clearwater's north bank and in succession, one after another, gently nudge wooden travelers

toward the pond's entrance and journey's end.

Lady Luck, content with no halfway measures, provided a rising water level and kept logs floating at the river's center, eliminating jams and hang-ups along the shoreline. From a vantage point, atop the old Myrtle-Arrow road that winds its way hundreds of feet above railroad and river, the line of logs looked like a wide, moving tapeline that stretched in total length for more than twenty miles.

Something of a record was this premature portion of Clearwater's fifteenth log drive that created the only two-drive year in the Lewiston plant's history, but harkening back, 1938 is remembered as another precedent-shattering year. Still fresh in the minds of P. F. I. men is that bright April 16th Easter

Two Things To Do

We are making a very fine record this year and all of us who have stayed on the job fighting the war on the lumber front can feel mighty proud.

There are a couple of things to think about as we approach the end of the year that I want to mention again.

The first is a reminder to write letters to men in the armed forces. We have written a great many such letters from the General Office and have had a high percentage of replies. Many of the men have let us know that ours was the only letter received from anyone working for the company and each man let us know how very much he enjoyed hearing from us.

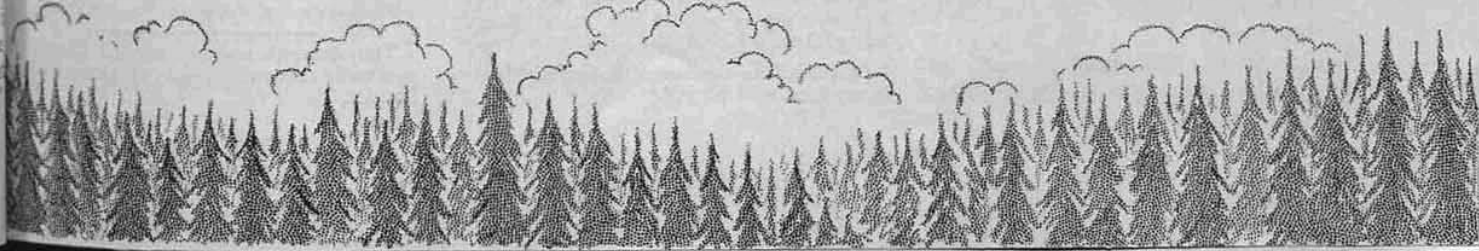
The other thing I have in mind is to ask you again to give the newcomers a break. A little extra consideration and help for a new man or woman on the job is a help for the war effort both in making the newcomer more efficient and more able to hold his end up and in cutting down accidents which occur through unfamiliarity with our equipment and our surroundings.

Give the newcomer every break you can. It helps you, helps all of us and helps to win the war.

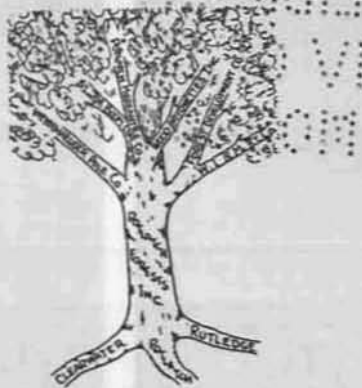
C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

Sunday, when twenty-five million feet of logs, the accumulation of two big jams in the North Fork, came down river in a solid mass and swept into the Clearwater pond within the space of a few short hours. Entirely unlike its gentle counterpart of November 24, 1942, the '38 logs stormed the fin booms with such strength that one of the booms finally gave way and some two million feet of logs escaped and drifted down river. There was little final loss, however, as a drive crew later reared the Snake to its mouth at Pasco, where recovered logs were loaded aboard cars and returned to Lewiston . . . a boom across the Columbia at Hood River trapped those that traveled beyond the Snake's mouth.

Mother Nature, not always an ally, and quite the reverse at times, did much to square accounts on the afternoon and night of November 24th last.



THE FAMILY TREE



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

Editor Leo Bodine

Correspondents

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

Community Chest

To Bud Toops, head of Lewiston A. F. of L. Local No. 2584, last month went the unsought task of managing this year's Lewiston Community Chest Drive. He is apt to find it no easy chore and one that will bring him too few thanks, despite the admitted worth of such a community "MUST" and the endorsement given it by even the tightest pinch-pennies among us.

It is the privilege of every Lewiston resident to give freely and generously to the Chest. Its later disbursement among character building societies, to relief agencies and welfare groups represents the best possible insurance to citizens that this place we call "our town" will become a better town, and that our children will early learn the rudiments of Americanhood. To ourselves, directly, it means that in succeeding months we shall not be the target for fund-raising drives of every character and description.

To the Union, not himself, says Mr. Toops, belongs the responsibility of successful and speedy attainment of this year's dollar goal for the Chest. Such being the case, credit for conduct of the fund-raising work will go to labor in the measure of the drive's speed and in the degree of its accomplishment.

This is the first year in Lewiston that labor as a group has assumed



P. F. I. employees, over four hundred in number, now working temporarily for Sam, this year received gift boxes made up of the items pictured above. Each box contained a total of fourteen items although not always identical, due to war time shortages.

Stationery was obtained in different colors for army and navy and packed according to address labels. Address labels were glued directly to the wooden box container and covered with tape to prevent loss of label. Items common to all boxes were a jar of candy, cigarettes, book, jar of peanuts, tooth brush, tooth powder, foot powder, soap, handkerchiefs, stationery, deck of cards and razor blades. A combination set of fingernail file, comb, steel mirror; and a shaving stick were short items, requiring substitutes in part of the box.

Seventy-four boxes were mailed to A.P.O. addresses and to men whose addresses indicated them to be aboard ship. Balance of the more than four hundred boxes went to men in the continental United States. Santa Claus P.F.I. wishes his men in service, each and every one, "A Very Merry Christmas."

leadership in any such large community enterprise. Successful conclusion of the chest drive will brand the local labor group a very potent force for community good. It will well mark the acceptance of a full share of the responsibilities that go with residence and leadership in city and state.

Let it be remembered to the everlasting credit of this labor group that they were found mindful of, and willing to accept, a just and proportionate share of the problems and expenses incident to community life and community betterment. Respect and co-operation is their due.

IT HAPPENED IN THE BREIER BUILDING, DURING THE SATURDAY RUSH. The elevator was jammed and the cables groaned. The elevator rose slowly, and as it neared the third floor, a piercing scream caused the operator to stop the car midway. All eyes were focused on a large woman in a short seal jacket who wore an injured expression. A small boy, not yet of school age, stood directly behind her.

"I did it," he announced defiantly. "It was in my face, so I bit it."

Santa Claus Was Too Quick On the Trigger

We apologize.

In our anxiety to assist the Army and Navy in the matter of Christmas mail, we mailed out our packages November to every man who had an A.P.O. post office address. We probably learned that such an address did not necessarily mean that the man was overseas. We received our first "you letter" on November 3rd.

Still hoping to help out in the Christmas rush of mail, we shall have mailed the balance of our boxes before you get this copy of *The Family Tree*, which means that nearly all of you will get your box long before Christmas.

EXCUSE PLEASE.

There was a young lady named Ginter Who married a man in the winter.

The man's name was Wood, And now—as they should— The Woods have a cute little splinter.

The strength weight ratio of plywood is said to be three times that of carbon steel Laucks.

GUARDIAN TO A STEEL HORSE

"It will take you about a week," said Harry Rooney, "and will really make a nice trip for you. You'll get to see a lot of scenery and I'm certain will have no trouble."

So spake the purchasing agent of P.F.I. to Glen Johnson of Headquarters, in selling Mr. Johnson the idea of playing guardian to a Heisler logging locomotive from Raymond, Washington to Headquarters, Idaho.

But practically nothing turned out as Mr. Rooney had prophesied. The journey began via the night train out of Lewiston and in addition to the natural difficulty of seeing anything when it is dark, the beautiful scenery to which the P.A. had alluded was further blotted out by a large, rough, and physically capable looking porter who insisted that all window shades be drawn on the train and kept that way . . . because of military ruling . . . (from which the porter seemed to draw an immense amount of satisfaction). So, Mr. Johnson didn't see any scenery, beautiful or otherwise, going over.

First Trouble

The week that the P.A. had said would be necessary to get the Heisler back to Headquarters was spent in Raymond, Washington, getting it into shape to move. First trouble came when the Heisler was dragged to Centralia backwards at a speed not quite in keeping with its normal gait. There was an exchange of 'phone calls between Mr. Rooney and Mr. Johnson, following which Mr. Johnson spent two more nights and days performing repair work to his charge in Centralia. To be exact, excessive speed had burned out a bearing. Time and patience finally got guardian and Heisler to Auburn early on Saturday morning. After a talk with the Auburn yardmaster, which revealed the unpleasant fact that Mr. Johnson and his Heisler would travel no farther until Monday, the erstwhile guardian went in search of food, leaving his personal effects, extra clothing, etc., in the cab of his charge.

Clothing Stolen

Returning to the yard, he beheld the unusual sight of a switchman wearing two hats—one atop the other. About to enjoy a good laugh at the eccentricities of this unusual fellow, Mr. Johnson noted the similarity between the top hat and one that had been given him the previous Father's Day by his family and was supposedly in the Heisler's cab. As the switchman next sailed past, clinging to the side of a box car with one hand and signal-

ing the engineer with the other, Mr. Johnson got a better look. He then hied himself immediately to the cab of the Heisler and had his worst fears confirmed.

A quick consultation with the switchman, who cheerfully admitted taking the hat but professed total ignorance of what had happened to the clothing, brought return of the sky piece. A huddle with the yardmaster revealed that the man in question had long been suspected of thievery and the Auburn police were called. Ensued a wait of some hours until the switchman came off duty and went to his car. The missing clothes were discovered in the car and the switchman arrested, but Mr. Johnson's troubles were not over because the police kept the clothes as evidence.

Finally out of Auburn on Monday, a front bearing soon began to misbehave, so the locomotive was set out at Cle Elum. The offending bearing was removed but nothing wrong could be discovered. After a twenty-four hour delay, guardian and charge traveled to Ellensburg where the bearing was again removed and examined, but nothing wrong discovered. It was thought the shaft might be bad, so the Heisler was set out again at Yakima and kept in the roundhouse there for two more days and nights.

Next stop was Pasco, following a slow and uneventful ride from Yakima. Arriving time at Pasco was 10:00 P. M., but leaving time wasn't until 1:00 P. M. of the following day. Another check was made of the temperamental Heisler but nothing of serious consequence was discovered. Frequent 'phone calls between purchasing agent, Rooney, and guardian Johnson, continued with the subject matter additional expense money and repair parts for the Heisler.

Taken for a Ride

Out of Pasco at a fifteen-mile-an-hour clip (supposedly) and without any way of communicating with the train's engineer, Mr. Johnson was given the works. At the first stop he climbed off the Heisler and took the whole

Billings Toastmaster At North Idaho C. of C.

In fine fettle, and in his usual easy style, the Big Boss presided at the North Idaho Chamber of Commerce's banquet served in the Elk's ballroom, Moscow, November 20th. Speaker of the evening was Governor-Elect Bottolfsen, who, Mr. Billings recalled to the crowd as having once before attended a North Idaho Chamber of Commerce banquet at Moscow as governor-elect of the state of Idaho. Also noted was that for the first time in the history of the state, a defeated candidate for governor campaigned two years after his defeat and was re-elected governor.

Numbered among the Boss's remarks was the assertion that for years the public has been urged to look upon all lumbermen, bosses and lumberjacks alike, as tree robbers and despoilers of the forests. Until it was done recently by one of our Directors, he said, no one had thought to ask the trees what they thought about the whole thing. Now we know—and here is what they said—

WHAT THE TREE THINKS

Of all the things that I might be,
I had to be a lousy tree.
A tree that stands out in the street,
With little doggies 'round my feet,
I'm nothing else but this alas,
A comfort station in the grass.
I lift my leafy arms to pray,
Please little doggie, go away.
A nest of robins I must wear,
And what they do gets in my hair.
Of all the things for me to be,
I had to be a damned old tree.

train crew to task. Told that they had been traveling only fifteen miles an hour, the irate Heisler guardian informed the engineer that he couldn't stay in the cab at the fifteen miles an hour they had been traveling, but thought he could manage at a normal thirty miles an hour. An armistice was finally agreed upon when Mr. Johnson point blank refused to continue except at a more moderate rate of speed.

Three weeks and one day after beginning what was to have been a week's trip . . . a sort of vacation on which he would see a lot of interesting scenery . . . Mr. Johnson got back to Headquarters. He's still a little wary of cheerful strangers and casts a reflective eye at anyone who mentions travel, vacation, or scenery.

WAR PICTURE--WASHINGTON, D. C. Rutledge Pace-Setter

By DEXTER FAIRBANK

Washington Office, Weyerhaeuser Sales Co.

About two years ago, the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company established an office in Washington, D. C., primarily to serve the Army and the Navy in their effort to secure lumber, but as time went on, although the original purpose of the office remained foremost, two additional functions, that of interpreting various War Production Board rulings and helping to secure materials necessary for efficient operation, were added.

Because Washington is the center of the Allied War Effort, it is only natural that a lot of strange tales have spread through the country about this town. Some of them are true, and some are exaggerated. It is true that the Union Station has set up extra ticket booths all over the waiting room and even then they can't accommodate rush hour crowds. It is true that it is next to impossible to get a hotel room if you wait until five o'clock in the afternoon and that if a restaurant is not jammed at meal times, the only reason is that the food is not edible. It is not true, however, that Washington is a madhouse. When you consider that the population is now over the million mark and has practically doubled in the last few years and that wartime conditions have severely restricted normal expansion that would have accompanied such growth, it is remarkable that business and living conditions have remained on an almost even keel.

Rationing

Gas and tire rationing, of course, have not been a big help toward keeping things normal. In the past, Washington taxi cabs have been plentiful and cheap. You can go almost anywhere for 30c, but the number of cabs available is rapidly decreasing and with the influx of business visitors and the allowance of only a few gallons of gas a week for private cars, you no longer "hail a cab." Today you ask the driver if he'll please take you some place. Because Washington had geared itself to an abundance of cheap taxis, the street car and bus systems were not extensive and they are now being dreadfully overworked, some of the cars used look as though they saw service during the last war.

Lodging Scarce

There are houses and apartments to be rented, but you don't see any "For Rent" signs. People are constantly moving in and out of Washington, and as one family vacates a house, a van is waiting to move another one into it. Living space can be found, but not by the man who wants his wife to come to town to look the place over. He must

act quickly or someone else will get it. Office space is also in demand. Some apartment buildings have been entirely taken over by War Agencies. The Weyerhaeuser Sales Company office is in a brand new eight-story building which the building managers filled with tenants within forty-eight hours. There are no skyscrapers here. In fact, the law permits no building to be higher than ten stories, but many of the Government office buildings cover a solid block. They are overcrowded. The workers are spilling out into temporary buildings which are thrown up in two or three weeks and are slowly covering much of Washington's park area.

An effort has been made to move governmental agencies out of Washington that do not have a direct part to play in the war effort, but this program seems to have helped very little because as one agency moves its 1200 workers out, the War Department or W.P.B. will invariably bring in 2000 new people.

Recreation

For entertainment the people of Washington used to go to movies, but today that means standing in line for tickets and oftentimes a long wait. During summer months we had professional baseball, but the Senators were hardly a pennant contender . . . in fact, they were in the basement section of the league throughout the year . . . however, they played to capacity crowds at night. Earlier in the year, Washington had a Walkathon which was just about as good as the one held in Lewiston some years ago. Senator Nye, in his effort to close it by Congressional action, proved a first class publicity agent and attracted so much attention that attendance was practically guaranteed.

Everyone At Work

There is not much talk by the War and Navy Departments or the W.P.B. with Congressmen or Senators. For the most part, the War is being fought without help from the politicians. Everyone in Washington is sincerely

In Bond Purchases

In what amounted to a photo finish the Rutledge Unit won the bond purchase for October by two hundredths of a per cent, and maintained their position as top purchaser of the units, per dollar of payroll.

While the two leaders were struggling it out with neither one able to make any substantial gain in rate of purchases, the Potlatch Unit sounded a warning note by increasing their percentage figure from 7.92% to 8.02% or .26%. The best Rutledge could do was a slump of .02% while Clearwater gained .07%. Average for Rutledge was 8.75%, for Clearwater 8.73%.

Top department averages were:

Re-manufacturing Plant,	
Clearwater	13.00
4-Sq. Re-butt & Glue, Clear-	
water	12.00
Carpenter Crew, Clearwater	12.00
Graders, Clearwater	11.00
Sawmill, Clearwater	11.00
Machine Shop, Clearwater	10.00
Pond Sawmill & Lath, Rut-	
ledge	10.00
Pond, Potlatch	10.00
Power Plant, Potlatch	10.00
Plant Offices, Clearwater	10.00
Lowest department averages were:	
Transportation, Clearwater	4.50
Watchmen, Potlatch	4.00
Power Plant, Clearwater	5.00
Plant averages were:	
Rutledge	8.75
Clearwater	8.73
Potlatch	8.02

Still heavy bond buyers were seventy-six employees of W. I. & Railway, Potlatch Forests, Inc. subsidiary, with an average per dollar payroll of 9.63%.

First department at Rutledge is 100% for a ten per cent or more reduction from each payroll check the purchase of war bonds, was planning mill.

trying to do his part. There is a lot of tape. Mistakes are made. But the all job is tremendous and in any way as big as this War Effort, there is bound to be redtape and mistakes. What counts is that things are being done and done well.

An adult man is a man that has stopped growing at both ends, but not in the middle.

RUTLEDGE NEWS

The city of Coeur d'Alene has a release from the War Production Board that will permit construction of fifty houses for war workers. The release carries with it necessary priorities to obtain essential construction materials.

C. (Happy) Rodeck is back from Newark, New Jersey, where he supervised installation of a Pres-to-logs machine. Happy reports an uneventful journey with crowded traveling and somewhat higher prices for everything than here at home. He emphatically professes a preference for Western country and declares he wouldn't live in Newark if you gave him the place. Only catastrophe that befell him was when the roof of his hotel room fell in one night . . . result of vibration from heavy street traffic (according to Happy).



Harold A. Mayhew, shown astride a saddle horse, some months ago exhausted the family auto's tires . . . resorted to horseback travel and rode some six miles either way to and from work each day . . . found the solution okey until the horse came down with a bad case of "sore feet." Mr. Mayhew walked for a time while waiting for horseshoes that had been ordered from a local hardware. The horseshoes never arrived, nor could he find a blacksmith to make any. Neither could he find old shoes that would fit. His own feet began to get a little sore, so he applied for tires of the rationing board. The tires arrived, the horseshoes haven't to date . . . Mr. Mayhew again drives the family auto to work . . . wonders why horseshoes should be harder to get than tires.

George Dickey, Harold May, and Elmer Belknap of the Rutledge Unit were drafted for Federal Jury duty during November.

An old newspaper clipping, cut from a Coeur d'Alene paper in 1917, that lists the names of men at the Edward Rutledge Timber Company who were in 1917 buying Liberty Bonds to finance World War One, has been found. It is interesting to note that many of the men whose names appear on the list are still at Rutledge and that they are now buying war bonds in support of World War Two. The group includes Harry Larson, Ray Foley, Edward Meyers, C. O. Graue, Julius Gilbertson, George Dickey, George Erickson, Sam Gilbertson, Adolph Olson, Frank Davis, Earl M. Johnson, H. B. Fuller, Howard Ely, Clyde E. Durby, Lans Brotherton, Francis Dingler.

Roy Huffman Home From Eastern Trip

Back in Lewiston on November 22nd from a business trip that took him to Newark, New York, and Washington was Wood Briquettes, Inc.'s general manager, Roy Huffman. His notes of incidents and occurrences observed along the way included—

Coffee . . . Meatless Days

There is no uniformity to the application of rules covering scarce articles. Examples . . . in New York, restaurants and hotels will only serve one cup of coffee, but in Washington a pot of coffee is still available . . . some railroads only serve one cup, others as many as you wish . . . New York has a meatless day every Tuesday, but not so in the other cities visited.

The taxicab situation in Washington is quite serious and taxis leaving such places as the Union Station are required to haul a full load. Those carrying one passenger will stop and pick up another if flagged down.

The Washington Hotel Association has been asked not to let any guest stay over three days and in no case more than a week. Visiting businessmen who must get around the rule by moving from one hotel to another . . . staying a week at each place and reserving next week's lodging far enough in advance to insure them a place to sleep.

Railroads are very crowded and on the East-West lines between Chicago and New York is requires about four days to get space. Space reserved must be bought and paid for two days before the train leaves or it will not be held.

The port of Newark, where there is a Pres-to-logs machine, is located in a military zone and the entire port facilities except the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. plants are being used for reshipment of military supplies.

The burlesque "Wine, Women and Song" quite evidently had a master publicity agent. At any rate, somebody talked Mayor La Guardia into seeking an injunction to close the show and immediately everybody turned out to see it.

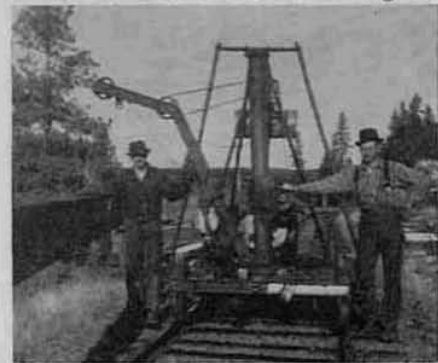
The mayor's injunction produced national publicity which the show doesn't deserve . . . as a burlesque, it isn't even bad enough to be good.

Also in the 1917 list were the names of Jack Frisch, now manufacturing superintendent at the Clearwater mill, and George Stilwell of the Potlatch Unit.

Potlatch Man Developed Derrick Car

The hackneyed phrase, "necessity is the mother of invention," has been given practical demonstration time after time in our operations and since the initiation of priorities, millwrights and skilled mechanics have found continual necessity for all the ingenuity at their command in their efforts to construct new equipment from old, and keep old equipment operating with repair parts fashioned from material resurrected from the scrap pile.

But ingenuity wasn't born with priorities. George F. Morsching, Roadmaster of the Washington, Idaho & Montana Railway Company, employed plenty of it quite some time back. His problem was renewing heavy timbers in W. I. & M railroad bridges and the accepted method, time-tried by years, was both slow and hazardous. Mr. Morsching hit upon the idea of a portable crane, and forthwith started looking for



a car on which to mount the equipment he had in mind. A mount was obtained by appropriating the weed burner motor car. There followed a trip to the scrap pile and discovery of some roller bearings which had been discarded from off a Diesel ditcher when it was overhauled. One of the bearings was mounted on the car, then a piece of 6 in. pipe was set in it as a mast and another bearing fitted to the top of the pipe and braced to the car. A boom was made from an old piece of channel iron off a box car.

A Bebee, two-speed wench, was purchased and a second wench (likewise with two speeds) was constructed in the shops from material salvaged from scrap. An old Dodge brake drum, welded to the lower end of the mast holds it in position.

Any one man in the bridge crew, with this piece of equipment can handle timbers up to and including 8 in. x 16 in. x 28 ft. pieces on either side of the bridge being repaired. The boom swings 180 degrees.

Picture shows O. B. Anderson, bridge foreman, left, and Harry Swenson, carpenter, handling one of the large timbers.

A short time after Mr. Morsching's derrick car was put into operation, a representative of the Fairmont Railway Motors, Inc., from Fairmont, Minn., was a visitor pressed with the improvised portable crane at W. I. & M. shops. He was much impressed and carried the idea back to his factory.

Bulletin 489, a current publication of the Fairmont people, pictures and describes in detail a new "derrick car" which they have recently placed on the market. It is constructed on principles similar to those used in Mr. Morsching's original design.

Clearwater Plant News

Sgt. Bill Greene, former mill warehouse employee, is now an aviation cadet at pilot's school, Santa Ana, Calif. Bill left here some time ago for the army and artillery school. His record was good enough to make possible transfer from artillery to aviation. Russell Greene, a brother, who is lift truck operator on Clearwater's Burma Road, is soon to leave for Coast Guard duty.

Katherine Keimer, box factory employee, has enlisted in the WAAC. She reported in at Des Moines on November 27th.

New grading tables under construction in the green lumber yard will greatly speed up grading of match stock and other rough items . . . will relieve congestion and reduce costs.

A new 16-ft. hole in the drop sorter, stacker building, together with installation of live rolls and electrically controlled trips cuts down on the amount of broken lumber developed in the work of sorting, saves at least one man for other jobs and increases capacity of stacker.

Christmas Party

Clearwater's annual Christmas party for kiddies of employees will be held again this year in the Lewiston Senior High Auditorium . . . Sunday, December 20th, in the early afternoon. On Saturday, the 19th, there will be a morning show at the Liberty theatre for the youngsters. Arrangements are in charge of Bill Campbell, who plans a party similar in most respects to that of a year ago. Some 1200 youngsters are expected to be in attendance . . . gifts and candy will be passed out as last year by Santa Claus after the program (under direction of Harold White) has been completed on the auditorium's stage. Youngsters will again have an opportunity to question Santa Claus, who reports they ask some dandys. Funds for the party came from the Coca-Cola and other vending machines in the smoke hall.

National Anthem

The radio in the smoke hall was going full blast and with great volume during the box factory night shift's lunch period (8:00 to 8:30 P. M.) the other night. It was so loud that a man in the employment office went out to tune it down. At the moment he entered the smoke hall proper, the Star Spangled Banner blared forth from the radio's loud speaker and every member of the crew rose to their feet without a second's hesitation. It was such a spontaneous gesture of respect for America and all she symbolizes that the employment office employee reported it to shipping superintendent, Dave Troy, who relayed it to *The Family Tree*.

Fred Carter, planer check grader, passed away November 11th. Prior to coming to Lewiston in 1928 he had worked at the old Elk River plant. Elk River friends now scattered among the three P.F.I. mills, together with Lewiston friends, tendered sympathies to the family.

"When I get to Tokyo," boasted the recruit, "the first thing I'm going to do is kick the Mikado in the pants."

"But the Mikado don't wear pants."

"So what!" said the recruit.

WOODS NEWS

Camp 29

Buford Barnes is acting as camp foreman while Roy Porter is out for a few weeks.

To date this month, two men from Camp 29 have drawn their final checks prior to being inducted into the Army. They are Vernon Olin, cat driver, and Floyd Baker, rigging man.

After a lapse of a month and a half without accident, two mishaps occurred within a two-day interval at Camp 29 and sent Maynard Johnson with a cut ankle and H. Iverson with a shoulder-head injury to the Orofino hospital.

Camp 52

At the date of writing this, nearly everybody in Camp 52 is taken up with the problem of moving. The new camp site is nearly finished and the steel will be laid in the camp site proper this week. Following which the camp itself will be moved. The old camp proved too far from work and was unsatisfactory for that reason.

We lost one man, George Jarvis, from the steel gang to the Army this week.

Camp 14

C. Oscar Olson, foreman of Camp 14, and Miss Hazel Hill, teacher at Kellogg, Idaho, and former flunkey at Camp 14, were married at Lewiston on November 14th. They plan to make their home here in camp, where they were given an enthusiastic welcome when they returned from their honeymoon.

Another wedding in the cookhouse crew is expected by the time this issue of "Family Tree" appears. This will bring to five the number of weddings to the credit of the Bill Burke-Thad Robison matrimonial bureau, sometimes referred to as the Camp 14 cookhouse.

C. Howard Franklin is now assistant foreman at Camp 14.

Logging on Harlen Creek was completed the middle of November, finishing the Ritzheimer strips of scientific logging started two years ago. All the crews at 14 are now working on Sheep Mountain.

Two new cat sheds have been moved to landings on Sheep Mountain, where the cats can be serviced without having to be brought into camp or left out in the woods as heretofore.

Gypo skidding is being tried at Camp 14, starting with two crews. The gypos are doing right well so far.

Among those called to the Army recently from this camp are Knut A. Kvasger, Byran E. Taylor, Ellis G. Deasy, Vernon Escasga, and Frank Scott.

Camp 35

Weather has been the main topic of conversation at camp this month. We've had all kinds and with the exception of a few days it has been bad . . . rain, snow and plenty of mud.

Thanksgiving at camp was just another day as for as work was concerned, but the supper was really something, roast turkey with all, and plenty, of trimmings.

We have a new cook at camp now, due to the injury sustained by Tom Dassen, Lyle Pearson, former cook at Camp 40, has taken over until Tom is able to return to work.

The road between camp and Clark closed due to snow and mud and all freighting is done by train or speeder. We have sixteen to eighteen saw gangs now with timber mostly second growth, and sawing paid by the piece.

Roy and Robert Yung of Weippe started sawing ties with a small portable mill, located about a mile or so below camp in a fine stand of timber.

Joe Parker, logging superintendent, gave us a call the day after Thanksgiving. He told us his family in Lewiston are having the chickenpox. With gas rationing coming on, several of the men are storing their cars or moving their families closer to camp. Four gallons of gas per week won't take a car very far over these roads. We had a letter from Bernard Nogle the other day. He is located at Memphis, Tennessee, and has been studying diesel and gas engines and is in the signal corps.

Camp 51

Phil Peterson, construction gang foreman, has just returned from a few days vacation.

We have had lots of mud to contend with but it has been freezing the last few days and the skid roads have improved greatly. We're looking forward to getting out a lot of logs.

POTLATCH NEWS

Scrap

The wish of employees of the Potlatch Unit to do all they can to further the cause of their country and its allies was again demonstrated recently by a group of men who got together after performing a day's work on the day shift and of their accord worked several evenings to make available the scrap iron contained in a lot of obsolete yard trucks.

Knowing that these were to be scrapped by the company sooner or later, Sam Alsaker conceived the idea of dismantling them with volunteer labor, and donating the wages that would normally have been paid for such work in equal amounts to the American Red Cross and the U.S.O.

The first evening worked with wrenches, hammers and chisels, brought realization that it would be a very slow and painful task because parts were badly rusted. It was then decided to burn the wooden parts of the trucks and the men took over the task of piling preparatory to burning. Later the volunteers sorted and loaded out scrap totaling 110,000 lbs.

Red Cross and U.S.O. each received \$45.75.

Mr. Alsaker's idea achieved a three purpose goal—made the scrap immediately available . . . swelled the funds of the Red Cross and U.S.O. . . . gave work-donating participants the satisfaction of a job well done.

Alsaker has a mother, two sisters and a brother in Norway and a sister in Sweden from whom he has not heard for nearly two years . . . his only son is in the army, a former employee of the Clearwater plant.

Times change! It's the purchasing agent who now takes the salesman to lunch.

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

Lt. Shirley M. Lund, Air Corps, Miami, Florida

Those twelve weeks spent in Officers' School were filled with activity—we were on the go from 5 A. M. until 10 P. M.—still don't see how I crammed so much into that skull of mine. Clark Gable graduated in the same class as I did—that boy is all right. Personally, I don't see how those older fellows stand the gaff, but they do. Tell all the boys in the woods hello.

Aviation Cadet Howard Johnson, Maxwell Field, Alabama

I am in flight instructors' school here. Fifty of us started in this school, being chosen from 1200 cadets over in pre-flight school. So far eighteen of the fellows have been washed out. About a week ago while flying over the brush that the locals call "timber," I had to make a forced landing. I made a good landing on a long pasture, then started for the road nearby. An old hull spotted me . . . well, I beat him to the fence. There just aren't any dull moments in this business of flying. Our days run from 5 A. M. to 8 P. M. It is a tough schedule—most of us are tired all the time, even after a good night's sleep. It is all work, doggone hard work.

Pvt. Mark L. Robeson, Det. Med. Dept., Miami Beach, Florida

It seems good to get news from the home town and what is happening in the plant. Florida is a great state and there are lots of strange sights for us boys from the west, but we could show Floridians some things in Idaho that are just as good. You folks at home keep things rolling and we will do our damndest to keep them flying and it won't be long until the war will be over and we can all get back home and to the kind of work we like to do.

Cpl. Don J. Nagle, Gunnery Base, Gila Bend, Arizona

I was certainly pleased to receive a letter from someone in the old company. There are plenty of times I would like to be back there, but army life is O.K. We eat good and there is always something interesting going on. This is a gunnery base where cadets get their practice in both aerial and ground gunnery. I am an aircraft armorer, that is, the fellow that keeps the guns, bomb racks, bombs, and gun sights in shape. It is very interesting work. Right now I operate tow targets for the planes to fire upon. We are in the air from daybreak until dark. I have a little drum, almost the same as on tractors in the woods, but a lot more delicate, that lets the target out from the back of the plane and brings the cable back in.

Pvt. J. G. Gonser, Hawaii

How did you like that World Series? I picked the right team for once and made it pay. Merry Christmas to everyone and a hello to all the boys.

Pvt. Wilfred Meshishnek, Camp Carson, Colorado

I have been wondering what effect all the defense projects would have on the labor at the plants. Evidently you have been able to get along. Quite a number of miners have been discharged to go back to work in the mines, as I understand the labor problem there was serious. I have been enjoying this army life and have high hopes of entering Officers' School for Engineers at Ft. Belvoir, Virginia, as soon as I complete my basic training. I was fortunate enough to make the battalion's basketball team. We have won eight straight in the league and stand an excellent chance of grabbing off the camp championship.

Pvt. H. Euscher, M.P. Co., Camp Stoneman, Pittsburg, California

I am in the Camp Stoneman Permanent M. P. Unit. As you can guess, this is a pretty rugged job as we have to keep all the soldiers in line that are going across the water, being that this is the port of embarkation. In our work we see just about everything.

Lt. Steve Summers, Camp Haan, California

The first Saturday night back in civilization and I draw O. D. for Saturday night and Sunday. However, things are starting to roll along in pretty good shape for me . . . after four weeks on the Mojave I feel like a veteran. We're a fully mobile outfit and so are getting lots of practice moving all our guns, men and equipment at one time and in a hurry. Tell the gang hello and to watch for reports on our Bn., the 440th. We're a pretty cockey outfit and figure on knocking those Jap Zeros to small, yes, mighty small pieces.

John Cornielous Thomas, S/2 C, Sub Squad 4, Division X, C/o Pacific Fleet P. O. San Francisco, Calif.

I have been in the navy for three months now. If it is possible I wish you would have my address put in *The Family Tree* so some of the boys would write to me.

Bill Hansen, S 1 C, San Francisco, California

I am stationed in the Presidio at San Francisco. My station is next to the Golden Gate bridge. Our duties are to patrol a section of the bay. In many ways it is monotonous, but it gets exciting when a submarine has been reported in the vicinity.

A small lad, attending Sunday school for the first time, was being questioned by his teacher.

"Where does God live?" she asked.
"I think he lives in our bathroom," chirped the youngster.

"What makes you think that?" gasped the teacher.

"Well, my daddy goes to the bathroom door every morning and yells, 'God! Are you still in there?'"

Olin Promoted to Mechanical Supt.— Woods Operations

To the position of Mechanical Superintendent of Woods Operations last month was promoted Robert (Bob) Olin, former assistant to Engineer Lou Young of the Potlatch Plant. Adaptation of tractors, trucks and other mobile equipment to woods work has produced many operating and maintenance problems of an engineering nature and it is to this comparatively new field that Olin has been assigned.

Well fortified for his new job is Mr. Olin, who graduated as an electric engineer from the University of Idaho in 1930—was selected as a student test man by the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York, and after completion of training with General Electric, returned West and worked as assistant to R. T. Bowling, Pres-to-logs machine inventor, who is chief engineer of Wood Briquettes, Inc.

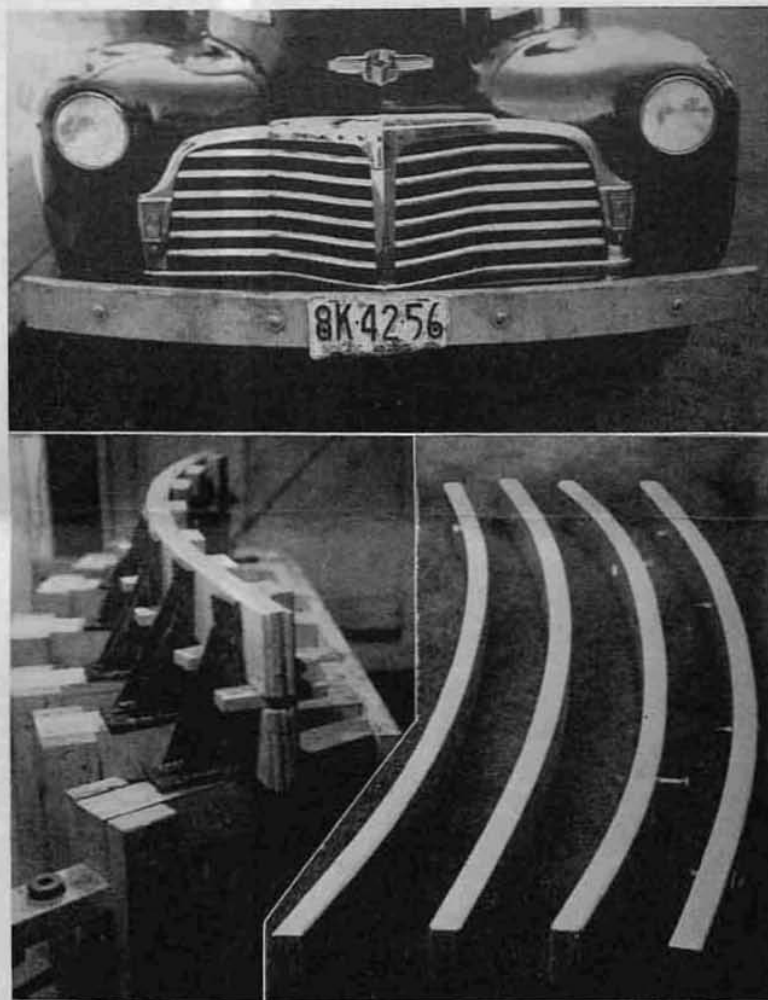
1937 took Olin to Potlatch as assistant to Engineer Lou Young. While there, and in addition to general routine work, he was given several special assignments, including design and construction of the repair shops at Headquarters, Idaho, reconstruction of the Potlatch Planing Mill, etc.

The planing mill job proved particularly difficult, as during height of reconstruction in 1940 defense orders began to pour in at flood-like rate. Instead of lowering production to give reconstruction work the right-of-way, production had to be boosted . . . in fact trippled. This meant endless scheming to keep every machine producing to the last minute of every shift. One of the pieces of equipment designed and added by Olin in the planing mill job, the endless table that moves units of lumber into the tilting feed hoist after carriers have deposited the unit, has since attracted the attention of planing mill operators throughout the west.

Bob will have his headquarters at the general office in Lewiston where he has established residence. However, it's not likely he'll often be found there. Problems of the new job, he says, can best be solved where they occur, which will necessitate his presence at wood's operations.

Potlatch High Graduate Numbered Among 1942's College "Who's Who"

Rena Eccher, graduate and valedictorian of the Potlatch High School class of 1939 was notified last month that her name will be included in a "Who's Who" book of college and university students to be published in February. The book will include a cross section of campus personalities from some 550 colleges, selected on the basis of activities, scholarship, and character. Its purpose is to create an incentive for undergraduates and to give recognition to those students who have established a record and thereby set a standard of measurement by which future recommendations can be obtained. Miss Eccher is president of the Associated Women Students at the University of Idaho this year, vice-president of Phi Upsilon Omicron (National home economics sorority) and president of Ridenbaugh Hall, girls' cooperative. She worked as flunkey in one of P.F.I.'s logging camps last summer.



Bumpers!

Comes now the question of replacing present auto bumpers with wooden bumpers, should be an all-out drive for scrap metal so command. The idea, according to our records, was first suggested by Idaho's State Forester, Franklin Girard, and was later publicized by Columnist Westcott Pegler.

Scrap minded P.F.I. General Manager Billings who is a member of Idaho's scrap committee heard of it and tossed to R. T. Bowling, engineer (of Pres-to-logs and glued lumber fame), the job of developing a suitable bumper. The five-piece wooden bumper shown on the Chevrolet at the top (top) is the result. This bumper has been installed on all P. F. I. cars.

By an odd coincidence a bumper of identical construction except for an additional "V" in the center to act as a radiator and grill protector, was developed by General Timber Service, Westcott Pegler's forest product development department at about the same time. Complete information on the Bowling bumper has since been placed in their disposal for whatever further use car owners demand and the need for such scrap warrants.

Left lower picture shows the adjustable bumper press in which the five slices of wood are bent to suitable curvature and held until the glue has set.

Bumpers are made with same curvature as the ones they replace and can be produced in a wide variety of sizes.

Lower right shows two sets of completed bumpers after sanding and painting.

VENDING MACHINES AT POTLATCH PROVIDE SIZEABLE FUNDS

In August, 1939, a Coco-Cola vending machine was installed in the smokehouse at Potlatch. Since that day, 2,735 cases of Coco-Cola have been purchased. There is an inventory of a few cases on hand, but the greater part of the 65,640 bottles has been consumed. For each case of Coca-Cola that trickled down the throats of thirsty workers, 25c tinkled into the Coca-Cola Fund. From this fund, by vote of the employees at the plant, the following disbursements have been made:

	1939—Cheer Baskets to American Legion	\$ 52.73
	1940—Community Christmas Tree	75.00
Jan.	1941—Bundles for Britain	25.00
May	1941—Radios in Smokehouse	22.94
	1941—Community Christmas Tree	75.00
	<hr/>	
	Total Disbursements	\$250.67
	Balance, October 1, 1942	\$433.04

The milk and orange juice venders got a little later start, but have also been well patronized. From this source, an additional fund has been built of \$486.41. A withdrawal of \$75.00 was made last Christmas for the Community Christmas Fund, leaving a balance at the present time of \$411.41.

\$433.04 plus \$411.41 equals \$844.45 balance in the combined funds.

