



COPY
1

LIBRARY
UNIV OF IDAHO
BOZEMAN

THE FAMILY TREE

Vol. VIII

Number 7

Lewiston, Idaho, April, 1943

Wood Is At War

The pictures in this issue of **THE FAMILY TREE** ought to make every one of us proud of our work in the war effort and make us even more determined to keep up the flow of lumber to the Army and Navy.

Some of these pictures actually show our own products. The others show products which may very well be from our lumber but which we cannot positively identify.

Potlatch Forests men at the front are proud of us—they say so in their letters. We must continue to deserve to be proud of ourselves.

C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

Top—uncrating a fighter at a new base on a South Pacific island. The wooden crate could have been P.F.I. lumber . . . we've shipped a lot of lumber for crating to the company that makes this plane. (U. S. Navy official photo).

Bottom—uncrating a P-40 at an African airport . . . this box could likewise have been P.F.I. lumber. Probably was. (Photo by Office of War Information).

FIGHTING LUMBER

Yesterday, or the day before, scores of fighter planes were unboxed from individual wooden cases at a North African air field, and at another field in the South Seas, and at yet another in England, and at still others in Allied territory.

Tomorrow, or the day after, those planes in the hands of expert flyers will engage the enemy, will shoot and blast and kill. Many will wobble back to their bases for badly needed repairs and a fresh load of ammunition. Their return will have been a marvelous tribute to the nerve and piloting skill of American airmen. Others will never return. Their places will be taken by more planes that were unboxed even as those missing few plunged earthward in a last, swift, screaming sacrifice.

A brief, terse communique will travel the wires from battle front to newspaper office—"squadrons of American fighter planes rose from their bases to contact the enemy before he neared his objective, and dispersed his forces. Many of his planes were shot down and the balance beaten off."

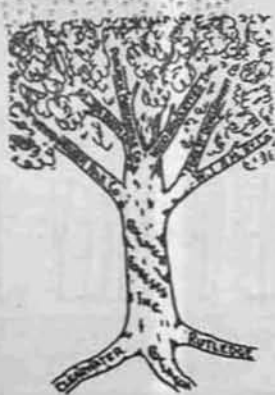
In the days ahead such communiques will become so frequent as to be routine, but back of each will lie a world of preparation, hour after hour of hard work, superb execution of detail, and the strong hand of American industry.

The shells that yesterday rattled through the machine guns and cannon of American fighter planes on all the fronts of World War II reached those planes in wooden boxes. The bullets that a tight-lipped American pilot directed with grim humorless pleasure into the belly of a Jap plane, or strafed German troops, or relentlessly pursued Italian troops scurrying for cover, came from a wooden box that came from an Idaho tree that floated down the Clearwater river in log lengths or was swung aboard a flat car near Clarkia, Idaho, and via rail began a journey that carried its separate pieces to far apart and distant corners of the world.

(Continued on page four)



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
Joe Flahive Potlatch Woods
Jerry Johnson Clearwater Plant
Carl Pease Headquarters

What Of Tomorrow?

Yes, *what of tomorrow*, when the guns have quieted, and American men and women return home from every continent to resume the ways of peace, and factories geared to produce for destruction begin turning out a bewildering array of new luxuries for an easier way of life . . . products of the false stimulation that is war.

Some will have earned those new and finer things of tomorrow. Some will find in them small payment for sacrifices made today.

But there are others here at home, few in number, who will have sacrificed little or nothing to bring the tomorrow we hold up today as a goal for all the world.

What of the fellow who earns big money but can't get it through his head that Uncle Sam must have that money in war bonds? What of those who deliberately slow down on the job because of a pet peeve? What of the man who is chronically late to work but manages to head the parade homeward at day's end? What of the fellow who occasionally forgets to come to work at all?

Should there be a tomorrow for such fellows?

There can be no half-way ground in this war! The man who remains idle, who does not exert himself to produce more than ever before in his life, is an enemy just as were the back-

stabbing monkeys who flew over Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

We read of executions made by enemy soldiers contrary to all the laws of warfare (if there can be such), but the blackest executioner of all is the man at home who fails to really plunge into the job of winning the war and is thereby prolonging the conflict needless days and months.

It is time such people be made to feel the fire of American patriotism and the anger of the man who works for victory. Every individual who is doing his utmost to win the war, every mother who has a son that she prays for nightly, every person who has relative or friend either on the battle line, or readying himself for it, has earned the right to ask "brother, what are you doing to bring this mess to an end."

Let's place the brand today on the fellow who doesn't deserve a tomorrow. Let's ask often of people we meet and those we work alongside, "are you investing ten per cent or more in war bonds?" "are you raising a Victory Garden?" "have you given blood to the Red Cross?" "are you working at top speed?" and let's ask those same questions, honestly, searchingly of ourselves. *Let's really get into the fight!*

Let's be tough! Let's pin some white feathers on people who deserve them. Let's give the loafers, and the absentees, and the crackpots, and the people who could buy bonds, but aren't, some pins to wear with Tojo's face, or Hitler's face, or Musso's pan imprinted thereon. *Let's identify such people for what they are!*

Let's not wait until tomorrow to weed out the sunshine patriots, because there will be no tomorrow unless we get tough today with the lazy, the selfish, and the foolish.

The Newlyweds on their honeymoon had a drawing room. The groom gave the porter a dollar on condition that he not tell anyone they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and indignantly demanded . . . "Did you tell anybody on this train we were married?" "No, suh!" answered the porter emphatically, "I done told 'em you all was just good friends."

He was raised on midget grapefruit and grew up to be a little squirt.

You can help win the war by simply keeping well. Follow these five simple rules, says the Institute of Life Insurance, New York City. (Poster by Institute of Life Insurance).

Rutledge Unit Leads War Bond Buyers

Although Rutledge slipped a 1.61% from their previous high percentage of wages to the purchase of war bonds, their average of 9.38% the month of March was high enough to keep them in top spot among the three mills.

Potlatch dropped .05% to a high of 8.91% and Clearwater slipped .94% downward to a record low of 6.85%.

Still comfortably above ten per cent was the W.I.&M. with a total of 10.4% employees and an average of 10.4%.

Top ten departments from the three mills were:

Guards & Constr., Rutledge
Townsite, Potlatch
Pond-Sawmill-Lath, Rutledge
Re-mfg., Clearwater
Power Plant, Potlatch
Shipping Dock, Clearwater
Carpenter Crew, Clearwater
Pres-to-logs, Potlatch
Yd. & Yd. Tsfr., Rutledge
Maintenance, Potlatch

Lowest three departments were:

Watchmen, Potlatch
Power Plant, Clearwater
Planer, Clearwater

Plant averages were:

Rutledge
Potlatch
Clearwater

Editor's Note:—Two of the low departments have held that position of honor every month since October 1942. . . . The ten per cent flags that fly at Rutledge and Potlatch must come down from the flagpoles unless the averages go back up to above, ten per cent.

With nearly one-third of America's physicians in the armed forces, we must save our remaining doctors' time for serious and unavoidable sickness and accidents.







1. EAT RIGHT

These are the key foods: fish, meat, cheese, beans and peas, leafy vegetables and the whole grain or enriched cereal and bread. Eat a meal a day!

2. GET YOUR REST

Regularly enough sleep. You need less sleep or missed relaxation. Regular schedule every day. Wake up a little while after lunch and dinner. Get up on time.

3. SEE YOUR DOCTOR ONCE A YEAR

You have your car checked every thousand miles. Do so with your body. Regular checkups prevent many diseases for both children and grown-ups. Your doctor a chance to see you. Go to see him!

4. KEEP CLEAN

Plenty of baths, lots of clean clothes, houses, hands! Get clean. Drink plenty of water.

5. "PLAY" SOME

Romp with the family, sit on the lawn, play games—no work. Give your mind and body a rest. Get on the job. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

**From Pvt. Robert Bedwell,
Fort Riley, Kansas**

Monday we are to go through the new obstacle course, consisting of street fighting and stalking the enemy under fire. I guess they are planning to give us the works so they can send us across. At least, I hope so for I am beginning to get restless to get into the fight.

**From A/C Wm. Greene,
Taft, California**

Looks like P.F.I. is going strong in spite of labor shortage. A lot of credit goes to the fellows who stayed on the job instead of going to the coast looking for big wages. From what I've observed on the few times I've been out looking at the bright lights, rationing of "corn squeezin's" would help the absentee problem around here more than anything else. I will be leaving for advanced training in a week or two but still don't know what I'll fly. Probably heavy bombers, although it makes no difference, they're all a lot of fun to fly.

**From Cpl. Lionel Poston,
Somewhere in the Pacific**

I received the January issue of *The Family Tree* and those pictures of all the snow sure made this hot country hotter. I'd give my shirt to get a lung full of Lewiston air. These people over here don't know what spring is really like and they never heard of an Indian summer, so you can guess how much I miss the old home town. This job has my interest and time, but thoughts of home manage to creep in on the evening breeze.

**From S/Sgt. J. O. Johnson,
Somewhere in North Africa**

There are quite a number of Idaho men here in the company. We have arguments on how to log and run sawmills now, but I suppose when we get back home we'll be arguing on how things should have been done over here. I hope to hear from some of you again soon.

**From Cpl. Delbert Wigen
North Africa**

The weather here is good and very much in our favor. I am OK and getting along fine and like North Africa pretty well. Am glad to hear you did so well last season. Enclosed are a few pictures to give you an idea of what it's like over here.

**From Pvt. Ralph McGraw
Australia**

I am writing this sitting out in the brush, by flashlight, so hope you can read it. Have been in Australia for a long time but don't know how much longer I'll be here. We fellows over here have heard of the wonderful work you fellows are doing and we're really proud of you, no foolin'. If you see Mr. Graue or Sam Gilbertson tell them hello for me.

**From Cpl. Albert Cowger,
Somewhere in North Africa**

I have seen quite a lot of lumber and boxes from the Lewiston and Potlatch mill here in North Africa. The weather here has been very nice and the sun shines very bright. Hope to be back in the good old U. S. before too long.

**From S/Sgt. Mark A. Haworth,
Santa Ana, California**

I am on a different job now than when home on leave. Then I was operating a movie projector showing training films for the cadets. Now I am working on the firing range on machine guns, giving the cadets some experience in handling and firing the guns. My day starts at seven in the morning, we get from an hour to an hour and a half off at noon and finish up around six-thirty. The days are long but I'm out in the good old sunshine, when it shines.

**From Pvt. Frank Gripp
Fort Custer, Michigan**

I am training to be an M.P. Escort Guard. We are the ones who take care of the prisoners of war and guard the towns after they are taken by our army.

**From Iven R. Evettes,
Q. M. 3-C, Somewhere in Pacific**

Was happy to get your letter. The boys here have threatened to throw me overboard for talking about it so much and they hope I don't get another one for a long time, so that perhaps I will forget about lumber for awhile. Can't tell you much about my experiences, although I have had a few that are interesting to look back at. I was in one small engagement and at other times will have to admit I was ready to say my prayers. Don't forget to write—it helps a lot to get a letter from the old outfit.

**From S 1/C W. R. Carroll,
Taft, Oregon—U. S. Coast Guard**

I really never thought I would be able to live at a seaside resort when I joined the Coast Guard, but here I am and have been for four months today. As you probably know, we patrol the beaches twenty-four hours a day and also have observation towers where watch is kept continually. On the beaches we have walkie-talkie radios and dogs. We are close to some logging operations and I see lots of trucks go through here with just one log on them. I'm going to try to get up into the woods and see their operation one of these days. I know you must be having quite a time trying to keep up on all the government orders for lumber. We don't need much lumber here, but even at that, we are able to keep a couple of carpenters busy all the time.

Nasty Old Gent: "And this, I suppose, is one of those dreadful caricatures you call 'modern art'?"

Art Dealer: "No, sir. That's just a mirror."

**From Pvt. Roger C. Carlson
Fort Benning, Georgia**

After six weeks on maneuvers and inspection by a couple of generals, I guess it was decided we were too good to go across, so we have been assigned to the Infantry Training School at Fort Benning. We are to instruct Officer Candidates in Infantry. Right now I am on furlough in Washington, D. C., and have really taken in all the sights. Listened to the House in session, was over to Congressional Library, Washington Memorial, Reflecting Pool and Lincoln Memorial, Jefferson Memorial, National Art Gallery and many other places. Noted in the last *Family Tree* that Rutledge is still on top with bond sales. As Graue would say, "We country boys don't do so bad." All I can say to Clearwater and Potlatch is "shape up, boys."

**From Cpl. George R. Koethke,
North Africa**

A box full of dents, indicating rough treatment, was received by yours truly today (January 14th). Thanks to good old Idaho White Pine, the contents of the box were in perfect condition. A darn good proof that White Pine is a good product. There were no less than twenty of the boys here to watch me open it. I must say for myself and for the rest of the boys, thanks a million. These Arabs don't know the smoother side of the lumber industry. Their lumber here is very crude and looks more like the old hewn ties than surfaced stock.

Hitler and Goering went to Calais and stood looking sadly across the Channel towards England. Suddenly Goering said, "Adolph, I have an idea. When I was at school, I remember I learned a story about a man who divided the sea in order to enable his army to cross on dry land." Then he added doubtfully, "But I think he was a Jew."

Hitler, very excited and past caring whether the man was a Jew or not, sent immediately for a Rabbi. When he came, the Fuehrer asked him, "Is it true that a Jew once divided the sea, leaving dry land for his army to cross?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "It was Moses."

"Where is he now?"

"I am afraid he has been dead a long time."

"Well, but how did he do it?"

"By striking the sea with a stick given him by God."

"And where is the stick now?" asked Hitler, very excitedly.

"The stick?" was the quiet reply. "Oh, that is in the British Museum."

First Wife: "I'll bet your husband is the kind that knows it all."

Second Wife: "Don't be silly. If he knew all, he'd get a divorce."

We are told that an old friend of ours (no name mentioned) has been in the hospital so long that when there is a knock at the door he automatically sings out "Who goes there? Friend or enemy?"

Fighting Lumber

(Continued from page one)

The butt cut of that Idaho tree went into boards from which were fashioned aluminum boxes that carried lend-lease aluminum to an undisclosed foreign factory for the manufacture of planes.

The second cut was made into boards that were manufactured into boxes for high explosives and it now rests in skin fashion, around lethal loads of TNT stored a hundred feet underground in a tunnel chiseled in the solid rock that underlies English soil.

A third cut was manufactured into boxes to hold emergency rations and later found its way into the hold of a cargo ship bound for the Solomon Islands. Months later, and because there are few port facilities in the South Sea, box and contents were unceremoniously dumped into the surf opposite a small island and allowed to wait ashore by flood tide to waiting American fighting men.

A fourth cut from the same Idaho tree journeyed to an army ordnance plant and became a protective crate for vital repair parts for war machines in India, and later reached an undisclosed Indian port.

Other Idaho lumber carried food and equipment to Alaskan bases, machines and food to Russia, supplies to American troops in Ireland, Newfoundland, Iceland, Australia, China and New Zealand.

Other cuts went into the manufacture of huge boxes to guard and protect American fighting planes on the long journey from factory to battle front to hold them firmly in place deep within the holds of cargo vessels through stormy, sub-infested seas.

Into the charge and keeping of war has been committed the protection of war materials, machines, food and ammunition while in transit to all the battle fronts of World War II and Idaho forests are supplying a giant sized part of the lumber required.

Surveys, made by the War Production Board, of lumber requirements for prosecution of the war in 1943 disclosed that boxing and crating represented the only major lumber product requiring a marked increase in volume of lumber in 1943. The War Pro-

(Continued on page five)



Top—ammunition dump in Australia. Note camouflage for concealment from enemy. P.F.I. lumber goes into large numbers of such ammunition boxes . . . could have been in these. (U. S. Army Signal Corps photo).

Center—Lend-lease shipment of aluminum on a barge alongside a United Nations freighter, outward bound. P.F.I. shipped lumber for such boxes. (Office of War Information photo).

Bottom—P.F.I. lumber underground in Great Britain. TNT gunpowder shipped from U. S. under lend-lease is being stacked in an ammunition dump 100 feet underground in a tunnel dug out of solid rock in western England. The boxes that hold this Atlas Powder Co. TNT were made of P.F.I. lumber. (British official photo—from O.W.I.)

Fighting Lumber

(Continued from page four)

Production Board since that date has concentrated attention on the production of logs and lumber for box and crating purposes.

First estimate of 1943 placed at nine billion feet the quantity of lumber needed for boxes and crates. Later estimates raised the figure to eleven billion feet and there is mention now of thirteen billion feet. Translated into terms of P.F.I.'s 1942 shipments from Clearwater, Potlatch and Rutledge combined, twenty-two such outfits as ours will be required to produce the box and crating lumber necessary for 1943. Forty-four such mills as Clearwater would be required to produce this quantity of lumber in a year, operating two shifts.

That our fighting men may eat; that they may fight again tomorrow with the bombers that today limped back from over Europe held together only by the flying heart and strength of great airmen; that our allies may wage death-dealing war to our enemies; that instruments of war better than any others in the world may safely and in good condition reach our fighting men wherever they may be; the lumber industry must work and the end of World War II will be hastened by the thoroughness with which lumber goes about its job.

"Pass the Butter"

Orders covering 271,000 butter boxes were recently received at the Lewiston office. This is enough boxes to ship over eighteen million pounds of butter, and represents a sizeable portion of the total number of boxes required by the Dairy Products Marketing Association, Inc., for the war effort in 1943.

Prior to the receipt of the butter box order a letter had been received from A. L. Ronneberg, General Manager of Dairy Products Marketing Association, Inc., reading in part "After 18 months of war food has become a problem, particularly food for military and Lend-Lease purposes. Whatever can be done by your industry to provide an adequate supply of butter boxes for export containers will be considered a service vital to the war effort."

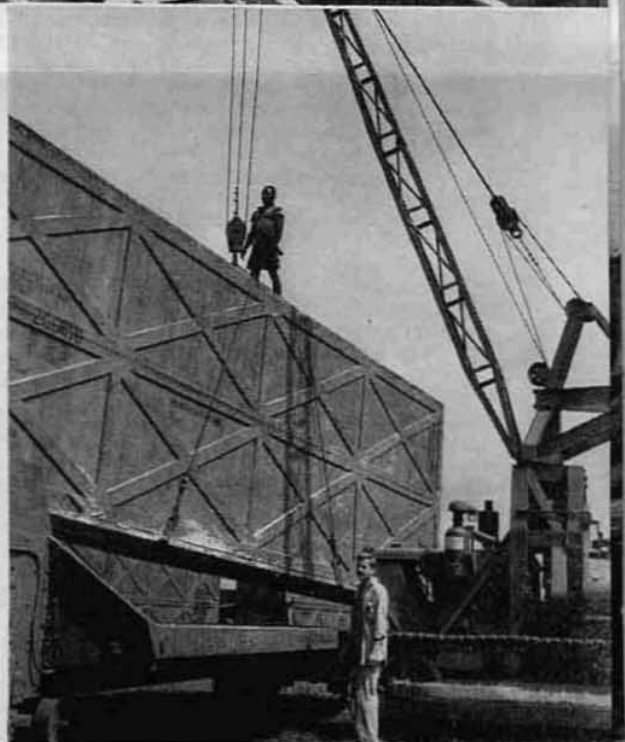
So—pass the butter boxes please!!



Top—U. S. Army unloads supplies in India. These boxes could have been of P.F.I. lumber. Probably some of them were. (U. S. Army Signal Corps photo).

Center—Crates of fighter planes and motors are slung aboard a U.S. cargo carrier about to leave on one of the Lend-Lease routes in August 1942. Some of the boxes in this shipment were of P.F.I. lumber. (OWI photo).

Bottom—A P-40 fighter is unloaded from an American truck which brought it from the dock to an airport somewhere in Africa. Note the native boss-man atop the crate that may have been of P.F.I. lumber. (OWI photo).



PLANT NEWS

Rutledge Unit

Francis Dingler, formerly employed in the shipping office until drafted into the army, is home again and working in the main office down town. Francis was one of the men over 38 who were discharged back to industry because their greatest value to the war effort is in industry working at jobs with which they are familiar rather than in the army.

About the middle of the month Coeur d'Alene lake reached the highest point in many years, exceeding any year since 1933. There was more than thirty inches of water over the tracks at Ramsdale and it was impossible to unload logs at that point for ten days. The mill lost a day and a half as a result and was forced down on a Friday afternoon and did not start again until Monday morning.

The Pres-to-logs plant is having trouble again with wet, green fuel and the machines occasionally give forth some explosions that would be a credit to a cannon. Foreman Rodeck has chosen this time, when uninterrupted operation is impossible, to make some needed repairs to the machines.

Coeur d'Alene has been given 200 priorities by the War Production Board for remodeling houses, fifty of which have already been taken. The permits cover remodeling only and do not allow new construction. However, we understand some permits for new construction will likely be granted to relieve the extreme housing problem here.

Potlatch Unit

The sawmill closed down after the night shift of April 10th for some badly needed repairs. Weather conditions had made it impossible to keep a sufficient log supply for two shifts, six days a week operation, and brought selection of this time as a repair period for the sawmill. Timbers on No. 2 and No. 3 band mill decks were badly rotted and had to be replaced. A new manganese steel log haul chain has replaced the old type chain which has been removed. The receding springs on carriages have been replaced by 6"x48" air cylinders. At this critical time, such springs are difficult to obtain and the maintenance cost has been high. The use of air cylinders instead should reduce maintenance cost. The carriages have been overhauled, as also have the trimmers and edgers. Tracks have been realigned. The Gang has been completely overhauled and the roller case bearings were re-babbitted. New timbering constituted the larger part of the over-haul job. Steam equipment was given a general over-hauling. Crews have been employed dredging the pond during the downtime of the mill. We expect to resume operation shortly after the first of May.

A Remington Rand Kardex system for maintaining a perpetual inventory of warehouse stock has been installed in the office of the plant warehouse. The cabinet differs from the type which has been put out by the Kardex people for many years in that it is entirely of wood. The only metal in the construction is a hair pin spring on the keeper and a metal name plate. There is filing space for 8040 cards with provision for showing the amount on hand as of 1/1/43, receipts and disbursements since that date,

balance on hand, changes in price up to date, price per unit and delivered cost including freight. Storekeeper Frank Mitchell has had mounted on the upper right hand corner of each card a picture of the item inventoried for easy recognition by new clerks and employees not familiar with the stock.

For some time the Potlatch Unit has been making shipments from its fuel storage pile to the Inland Empire Paper Company at Millwood, Wash. Shipments have been going out at the rate of about 4½ cars per day and would move faster if cars were available. In view of the fact that fire was discovered in the fuel pile several months ago and has been battled at various times since, it seemed wise to place this fuel on the market and to reduce the volume in the pile. To date 180 cars have been shipped.

Included in a recent letter from Staff Sgt. Joris Johnson to his wife (a member of the office force of the Potlatch Mercantile Co.) was the statement "I had a house warming tonight in my pup tent." At the time Harry Krause's tent was about 75 yards away from the one belonging to Joris, and also present in the same camp were Jack Koch-evar, Kenzie Tibbitts and his brother Jack Tibbitts, who made up the party. Joris served coffee and writes that there were some tall tales told concerning Potlatch. (Some of these boys were at Casablanca when President Roosevelt was there.) Another letter received from Joris mentioned that his group were building camps, tables, etc., from mahogany and walnut and that the lumber was too hard to even whittle.

The Red Cross War Relief Fund drive in Potlatch and vicinity closed the first week in April when checks covering payroll deductions from employees of Potlatch Forests, Inc., W. I. & M. Railway Co., and Potlatch Merc. Co. were turned over to the local treasurer in the amount of \$1,733.00. A total of \$3,090.21 was subscribed by the community as compared to a quota of \$1,900.00, representing over-subscription of 60% of the quota.

Lt. Newell E. LaVoy received his commission at Camp Benning, Ga., in March and is now assigned to Camp Wolters, Texas. Lt. Geo. A. Cunningham graduated from the Adjutant General's School at Fort Washington, Maryland, on March 17th, vacationed briefly in Potlatch, and was called to Salt Lake City.

Clearwater Unit

Idaho State patrolman Ingvar Aas visited the mill shortly after the first of April to check auto licenses. He stated that every employee driving a car to work had complied with the law enforcement department's order and had purchased their 1943 "potato sticker."

A concerted drive is being held to increase war bond purchases for the month of April. With the six-day-week in force in all departments rivalry will be keen for the first place minute man banner.

Camp 53 buildings that will eventually be hauled up back of Lake Waha are nearing completion in the mill yard and most of them have received a coat of paint. Two of the bunkhouses have been hauled out to camp but the rest will not go out until later.

We find that an eight weeks trophy shoot at the Lewiston Gun Club ended with several of our Clearwater boys in the money. When the trophies and medals were passed

out about half of them went to Clearwater men. Class B first trophy went to Jim Farris of the planing mill; class C, second trophy, went to George Hudson, time-office official; class D, first trophy, went to Walt Green and second medal to Bob Farley, both of whom are graders. Boots Edelblute, assistant to logging superintendent Harry Bradbury at Headquarters, was also taking his share of the shots while in Lewiston and averaged 81.25. Perhaps when the war is over we can get some competition working up between the different outfits (even put the finger on the boss for a trophy).

Captain J. G. Atkins, commandant of Farragut Naval Training Station, in company with Mr. G. F. Jewett of Spokane was a visitor at Clearwater during the month. Mr. Billings escorted them through the mill and around the plant. We know Clearwater was as impressive a sight to Captain Atkins as Farragut has been to the men who have had opportunity to inspect. In any event the Captain had an opportunity to see where part of Farragut's land originated.

Girls are now spotting cants for the planer in the mill and are operating the log sorter and the "trip" in the stacker building.

Tom Sherry, former safety director, reported much improved. Tom has been in St. Joseph's hospital since the middle of February but we hope he'll soon be up and around again.

We noticed that the P.F.I. men played at the "Buy a Bond" band concert, given by the Farragut Naval Training Station Band, didn't leave their heart, their pocket book or thoughts of their country at home. Although we couldn't bid \$1,000 for a prize we were right in there pitching when they started playing in our size chips. Many of the boys spoke right up and bought bonds in addition to those already purchased for gain admission.

There have been a number of vocational classes organized under the direction of various instructors authorized by the War Production Training Program. The bookkeeping class under A. T. Knutson meets at 3:30 P. M. in the smokehouse on Wednesdays; the filing class under J. Lillard meets in the filing room at 10 A. M. Sundays; the planer set-up class meets on Saturday from 10 to 12 with M. O'Connor as instructor; the rough lumber grading class meets in the unstacker building on Sundays at 10 A. M. under the direction of Russell Kirsch; surfaced lumber grading classes meet on Sundays from 10 to 12 under instructor Jake Peterson. Already completed are grading classes for sawmill sawyers and setters under the direction of J. W. Campbell and a sawmill setting class under the direction of Helen Kettleson. A class in box factory operation is to get underway on May 2nd under the direction of Cully Bing and Riley Wynn.

"What are you looking for?" asked the lady of the house of friend husband.
"Aw, nothin'," was the bland reply.
"Well, you'll find it in the bottle of your whiskey used to be," was the answer.

When they are small, little girls like painted dolls and little boys like soldiers. Grown up, the girls like the soldiers and the boys the painted dolls.

WOODS NEWS

Headquarters

After having been covered under an immense sheet of "Siberian White," the worst in many years, we are beginning to come to life once again. Old Sol is smiling down on us and all noticeable life, human, animal, bird, and plant are thankful, grateful and appreciative.

However, our highways and railroad grades are suffering from the snow banks of last winter that, with their melting, have swelled little creeks and puddles into rivers and lakes causing several washouts and minor delays. There have been a few wrecks on the railroad grades but none of them have been of serious nature thanks to the foresight of trainmaster Charlie Horne. Even log drive No. 15 which was scheduled to start on or about April 10th, has been delayed on account of too much water, and that's really one for the book because ordinarily the log drive has to wait for high water.

Last month we lost all of our carpenter crew to the building of Camp 53, Waha, and they are still busy constructing buildings in the big mill yard at Lewiston.

Vacation time is upon us now and warehouse foreman Carl Pease has just returned from his vacation. Thor Nyberg, check scaler, is now taking his. We do not know who is next, but it is rumored that the "weaker sex" employed here in the warehouse will soon be taking their vacations one by one.

Camp 39

Washington Creek

We have had nearly a complete turnover of flunkies this month. Only one remains from last month. We also have a new cook, (Cold) Ham Snyder, and a new baker, Willis Ballard.

Our clerk, Dan Goodman, has been leaving for the log drive for two weeks, but for obvious reasons Dan and his new calked shoes are still here.

By the 25th of April we will have shipped 1,300,000 ft. of logs. That is, providing the railroad holds together. The section crew has been working overtime repairing the rail line and helping get cars back on the tracks after they have left the rails.

There is still about 2½ feet of snow left here and where there isn't snow, the mud is nearly as deep. We were fortunate in having only one accident this month. William Hensley, carrying a saw over his shoulder, slipped on a rail going to work and cut his wrist. He lost considerable blood and was taken to the Orofino hospital where it was discovered he had severed both an artery and a tendon in his arm.

Camp 52

Casey Creek

Our log production has dropped during the past two weeks due to the fact that the mud is so deep that most of the roads are practically impassable. However, under adverse weather conditions we were still able to get out over 3,000,000 feet during April.

Last week we had a couple of cats stuck in the mud up to the hoods and seats and the mud is so deep around the cat shop that

the mechanics and greasers have to travel via cat from the shop to their bunkhouse.

The railroad is holding up fairly well, although it requires plenty of attention from the section gang.

Despite the elements we had more men on our payroll last month than for any previous month and Uncle Sam continues to nip us for his quota each month.

Easter Sunday it rained very hard all day and in the evening we had some snow thrown in for good measure. The flunkies had no opportunity to blossom out with their Easter glad rags.

Camp T

Elkberry Creek

The snow is pretty well gone except in the shady places where the sun has not been able to do any business. We have mud of any depth you care to mention and more water for fluming operations than we can use. Have discontinued the use of Dam No. 1 as our No. 1 feeder supplies sufficient water. The flume has apparently seen its best days and is giving us plenty of trouble. Sawing was discontinued the 23rd of March. We are still cat skidding on a small scale and have a couple of more weeks clean-up work. Have about one million feet of logs decked at our one landing, where the power hoist is placing them into the flume. Our crew is pretty small, at present about 36 men. Our world's champion cook, Mark Milas, is feeding us well, as usual, and veteran camp foreman Al Kroll has the rest of the camp problems well in hand.

Camp 53

Sweetwater Creek near Waha Lake

We have about seven saw gangs now and a total of around forty men. Two new bunkhouses have been moved out from the Lewiston mill where the camp buildings are being constructed. The rest of the crew are living in the old Beckman ranch house. We have two cats skidding and decking. The snow has all disappeared but there is enough mud to more than make up for the absence of snow. The roads are bad and it will likely be some little time before we get into full operation.

Log Drive No. 15

The melting snow has raised the North Fork and preparations have all been made for start of the drive. The wanigans are built and everything is ready. Stan Proffitt is at the mouth of Beaver Creek with the men who built the wanigans and has been rolling in some high rear that was crowded out by jams last summer. Buford Barnes has a few men at the Little North Fork breaking out the Camp X truck landing and Al Kroll at Camp T is fluming logs decked along side the T flume. High water has taken in the biggest part of the drive so the fellows will soon be leaving on what will probably be the shortest drive in several years.

Camp 41

Near Elk River

Most of the saw gangs have left Camp 41, having been transferred over to Camp 35. There is lots of mud here and we're still having trouble holding the railroad grade. Rock is being hauled over from Harvard and dumped along the tracks for ballast. We are also busy ditching the right-

of-way to get rid of water as fast as possible. Walt Field is busy with a construction crew extending the railroad grade toward Deep Creek and will be in here all summer with a construction gang.

Camp 38

Stanford

We are winding up our operations on Spur 2 and should finish up in about ten days or two weeks after the first of May. Most of the crew will then move over to Camp 35 out of Clarkia.

Camp 39

Four miles Southwest of Stanford

Our snow is nearly all gone and although it has been necessary to corduroy some of the cat roads, the working conditions are fast improving.

Camp 35

Merry Creek

We have thirteen gangs sawing and when Camp 38 finishes up and the crew moves over here, we should get into heavy operation.

Camp 40

Stony Creek

There are a few sawyers and a road conditioning crew here now, together with a cook and supplies. However, we won't get into operation in a big way until Camp 39 finishes skidding and their crew comes over here to work.

Bovill

Work has started on a camp to be set up at Bovill to begin construction of a railroad up the East Fork of Potlatch creek where Camps 42 and 43 will be located next winter.

Camp 36

Laird Park (North Fork of Palouse River)

We were able to haul logs about half of the month of April but the rest of the time the mud was too deep on the highway. The river has finally receded to where it is again flowing between its normal banks. Snow is all gone but there is a lot of mud back in the woods.

"How is it he never takes you to the theatre any more?"

"Well, one evening it rained and we sat in the parlor at home."

A tactful girl is one who makes a slow guy believe he's a fast worker.

Overheard in the corridor at the Lewis-Clark Hotel during the Intermountain Logging Congress, "Hey, you guys, cut out that swearing; I've got a lady in my room."

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

The difference between a poor man and a rich one? The rich man has a canopy over his bed.

It's been a bad month 'cause, like the proprietor of the meat market who backed up too close to the electric meat grinder, "We got a little behind in our work."

JUST A REMINDER!



Gardens for Victory

Last year home gardening was encouraged as a way to cut down living costs and help the general food situation. This year Victory Gardens are a war necessity.

It's easy to see why. There are many reasons . . . the increasing shortage of labor will greatly reduce the output of commercial truck gardens . . . the growing war-time burden on transportation will further restrict the shipment of food for civilian use . . . our armed forces will require more and more of the available food . . . and home gardens this year may be the only dependable source of certain vitamin and mineral foods vital to health. The value of each plot of ground planted to a Victory Garden cannot be over-rated.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture advises "don't attempt to raise too great a variety of vegetables," and adds that no profit will accrue to the Nation or to the individual if prospective gardeners undertake the impossible or even the impracticable. By no means plant heavily in a flush of enthusiasm and then abandon the garden later.

Americans as a group have not been eating enough of foods rich in the minerals and vitamins necessary for good growth and health. Surveys by nutrition experts, and the large number of rejections under the Selective Service Act both emphasize the need for improving our eating habits. The Victory Garden can serve two purposes . . . it can furnish food and improve eating habits.

Pamphlets on gardening can be obtained from the U. S. Dept of Agr. at Washington, D. C., upon written request.

Logging Congress

"The first American ship sunk after Pearl Harbor was carrying a load of lumber," stated Captain Harry D. Williams, army signal corps, addressing members of the Intermountain Logging Congress on April 23rd in Lewiston, "and the skipper of the Japanese submarine knew she was a prize worth sinking. Lumber is a weapon of war."

Captain Williams was guest speaker at a dinner meeting of the Congress which followed conclusion of a two-day camp mechanics school held under the chairmanship of H. N. Rooney, P.F.I. purchasing agent. Attendance at the school totaled close to 300 and the sessions were long. The first day ended at 10:30 P. M. and the second day just ahead of the dinner meeting where P.F.I. boss C. L. Billings was toastmaster.

A letter from E. C. Rettig, a director of the Congress but absent because of sickness, was read to the assembly. In part the letter read, "We are an army, you fellows that produce machines, you fellows who often wallow in grease to keep the machines moving, and you snooze-chewing, mud-caked, frost-bitten, snow-blinded fellows that face floods, snow, ice, mud and storms with a grin and say to the elements, 'Is that all you've got?' We'll furnish the logs to keep the wheels humming and the boards coming from the sawmills. That is a task. But, will we do it? You're damn right we will!"

First two days of the Congress were given over to the training schools. Third and final day to discussion of operating problems.

It takes more than a broken leg to stop a good lumberjack. Milford Armitage, employee at the Schmidt Bros. mill near Weippe fractured his ankle when a cant hook let loose on the log deck where he was scaling, but Armitage has lost no time from work, except for a trip to town where a doctor placed the ankle in a cast. A peg leg was designed with a socket in which to rest his knee and Armitage at his insistence returned to work.

The broken ankle and cast are held in a semi-rigid position with a thong that runs from boot top to the upper end of the splint that goes up the outside of Armitage's left leg.

Armitage is night foreman at the Schmidt mill when it operates two shifts but works on the log deck as scaler when only one shift is operated. With a broken ankle it was necessary to shift over to the trimmer ahead of the green chain, where Armitage now arranges lumber pending the day when the cast can be removed.



Farragut— 'Completely Occupied'

We have the following letter from Walter Butler Company, courteously forwarded to General Manager Billings by Mr. Weyerhaeuser, to whom it was addressed:

"We are in receipt of your very letter of the 2nd, enclosing copies of Family Tree.

"The article regarding Farragut Training Station is very fine and we take this occasion to thank your organization for the splendid cooperation that we have had from them. When we were not able to supply us ourselves, we were gracious enough to tell us where to secure the materials needed. It was to this wholehearted cooperation that the Farragut project was completed.

"It might be interesting to you to know that there were three other such projects being constructed at the same time, all of which are yet occupied, while Farragut is completely occupied and is doing the job that was outlined for it.—WALTER BUTLER COMPANY, by Robert Butler, Pres."

Two modern little girls were solemnly discussing their lesson on the way home from Sunday school.

"Do you believe there is a Devil?"

"No," came the reply, "it's like Santa Claus; it's your Daddy."

A reformer is that species of reptile that tries to prevent the boys of 21 to 35 from doing what he wishes he was young enough to do.