

THE FAMILY TREE

Vol. VIII

Number 9

Lewiston, Idaho, June, 1943



Another Strike

The Clearwater plant was down from June 2 to June 7 on account of a strike.

Again, as at Potlatch a week or so before, a small group of men have found that it is easier to raise hell than it is to remember the importance of our job in the war effort.

The enemies of our country can take quite a bit of satisfaction out of a 5-day shutdown of a big plant like Clearwater.

The management feels no bitterness but the men responsible will regret the strike each in his own conscience more and more as the war goes on.

Let's get down to business and say again with MacArthur:

"Let's get on with the war."

C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager

CAMP 53 --- WAHA

In Lewiston, twenty five miles to the north of P.F.I.'s Camp 53, sprinklers delivered water to thirsty lawns with the peculiar hiss of water leaving a faucet, but on Craig Mountain there was no need for more water in mid-June. It stood in muddy puddles within shaded parts of the road and trickled out of deep canyons.

At spots a soupy slop seeped across the road leading to 53's campsite. Half across an open spot on a hill to the east of Lake Waha where the 53 road skirts an open area of range grass and wild flowers two big White trucks were stalled, each saddled with a section of portable cookhouse. They could waddle no further in the muck.

Across the canyon, on the edge of a convenient field, sections of a portable cat shop had been unloaded and their galvanized tin roofs were like mirrors during periods of sunshine. A mile below at the canyon's bottom, scene of the camp's temporary three-months home, there were two portable bunkhouses, a filer's shack, and an old log ranch house that served as kitchen and dining room.

Within the log dining room there was need for a "Standing Room Only" sign. Actually such was the case at meal time. Food was served cafeteria style and each man took a loaded plate into a small adjoining room and placed it on

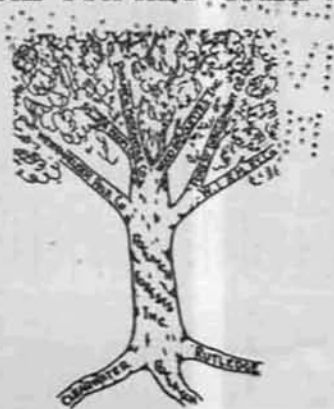
(Continued on page four)



Top—
LAKE WAHA—To the west of camp 53

Bottom—
SECTIONS OF COOKHOUSE
—They waited for better roads

THE FAMILY TREE



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

Editor Leo Bodine

Correspondents

Elmer Balknap Rutledge
Mable Kelley Potlatch
Joe Flahive Potlatch Woods
Jerry Johnston Clearwater Plant
Carl Pease Headquarters

Letter To The Editor

Dear William Allen White:

In reading the April issue of The Family Tree, I noticed a peculiar resemblance between that publication and the Dr. Miles Joke Book of 1903. If you care to read the 1904 issue, you will find some even better humor.

Another observation I made upon scanning the pages of your publication was regarding the pictures. Do you prefer the Lewiston or Clarkston golf course this time of year? I notice you had a pretty narrow squeeze getting the masthead on the front page. One more illustration and you could have let P.F.I. miss you for the entire month. And you were such a good Pres-to-logs man, etc.

Editor's note: This gentleman (?) is now employed at the Rutledge unit and has been asked to favor The Family Tree with whatever bits of wit and wisdom he thinks will effect an improvement. It is our sincere hope that he will do so. LET'S HAVE MORE OF THESE LETTERS, but not all of them so tough . . . I want to go on working here.

Mark Twain once said that when he was a boy of fourteen, his father was so ignorant that he could hardly stand to have the Old Gentleman around. But, when he got to be twenty-one, it simply astonished him how much the Old Man had learned in seven years.

Summer is here. My chair just got up when I did.

Lumber to Alaska

A letter was recently received from Ray Render, one time mortgage examiner for Allied Building Credits, Inc., who is with the Air Transport Command. Among his experiences was reported that of picking up a load of lumber at Edmonton, weighing between six and seven thousand pounds, and flying it to one of the most isolated bases in northern Alaska. The lumber he said was to be used in housing the radio station at the Alaskan base and was from Potlatch Forests, Inc.

Billings Home From California

June 18th General Manager Billings returned from a meeting of lumber operators in San Francisco, reported that lumber production problems are much the same throughout lumber producing areas.

It was an extremely busy trip with twenty odd calls on other lumber operators enroute to San Francisco, and on the return trip home via Reno, Nevada. One such call unearthed an order for orange crates, the first ever taken by P.F.I. The boss stated that there is an urgent need for orange crates in California and that every carload P.F.I. can ship will be of great help to California growers. The crates will lend themselves to manufacture from waste material developing from the manufacture of shell cases, ammunition boxes, etc.

Lost Time Record Good at Potlatch

Clifford Lathen, personnel man at the Potlatch Unit, advises that during the month of May there was only one lost time injury at the Potlatch plant. The injury was to Fred Tarbox, Jr., an edging catcher, who suffered a bruised leg while catching edgings in the sawmill. The accident resulted in two days lost time.

Although the sawmill has had many new employees there was but the one accident to Tarbox to mar an otherwise perfect record, and the record is excellent, bettered only by the other departments on the plant where there were *No Lost Time Accidents*.

Nice going Potlatch!

Magician: "And now, gentlemen, after I saw the little lady in half, her head will be given to the medical school and the rest thrown to the dogs.

Male audience (in chorus): "Woof! Woof!"

Rutledge Only 10 Percent Unit

Of the three mills Potlatch was able to post an increase in percentage of wages to the purchase of War Bonds for the month of May. From an April percentage of 9.25% Potlatch average climbed to 9.64% an increase of .36%.

Rutledge continued above the percent figure although dropping from 10.42% to 10.02% and staying well out in front in the comparative bond purchase figures for the three units.

Clearwater assumed cellar position with a drop of 1.31% to a figure of 8.47%.

Top Ten departments from among the three mills were:

Plant Offices, Clearwater	12.0
Townsite, Potlatch	12.0
Pres-to-Logs, Potlatch	12.0
Pond, Sawmill and Lath, Rutledge	12.0
4-Sq., Rebutt and Glue, Clearwater	12.0
Lath, Potlatch	11.7
Power Plant, Potlatch	11.6
Replant, Clearwater	11.5
Dressed Sheds, Potlatch	11.4
Graders, Clearwater	11.4

Lowest Three Departments Were:

Power Plant, Clearwater	8.5
Transportation, Clearwater	8.8
Watchmen, Potlatch	8.8

Plant Averages Were:

Rutledge	10.0
Potlatch	10.0
Clearwater	8.7

The W. I. & M. Ry. at Potlatch were well above the ten percent average with figure of 12.56%



Ten percent flag up for a month at Potlatch

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

**From P.F.C. Melvin G. Grimm,
Fl. Leavenworth, Kansas**

Undoubtedly you have seen pictures or read in the papers about the Missouri River coming on the rampage. We were right in the middle of it and trying to keep it off the field and out of the hangars. Before the flood actually got here we pushed all the planes about a quarter of a mile to a higher level just in case the dikes gave way. We also removed all the files and furniture from all the offices.

For about four days and nights we were on the go, most of the time filling and carrying sandbags. Don't let anyone tell you that sandbags aren't heavy.

**From Pvt. Delmer S. Jackson,
England**

I am now in England and so far it has proven very interesting. Lots of work to be done and everybody plenty busy.

**From Cpl. Carl A. Euscher,
Indianapolis, Indiana**

The other day I saw some fellows out here unloading lumber and out of curiosity had to find out if it was White Pine and from our outfit. Darned if it wasn't, stamped with our stamp and all. They use it here for crating up machinery and stuff going overseas.

**From Clement A. O'Reilly,
460th MP, Fort Devens, Mass.**

I don't think much of this state, but believe we will be moving before long. We slipped over to Boston and got a trainload of German prisoners last week and took them down to Tennessee. It was really a wonderful trip, even though we were pretty busy coming back. Some of the prisoners thought we were going hungry and that they are going to win the war. You can see that we still have a job ahead of us.

**From Pvt. W. F. Branstrom,
Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command,
Portsmouth, Virginia**

I have been in an anti-aircraft unit the whole time I have been in the army. It is very interesting work. We have many different kinds of anti-aircraft guns which are ready for anything that may come looking for trouble. In February we moved to Virginia to guard a shipyard and naval base. I guess our next move will be after the Japs.

**From Cpl. Loren E. Weber,
England**

Just a line to let you know where I am located. I am somewhere in Jolly Old England. The English people sure are hard to understand. Sometimes I feel like telling them to get the mush out of their mouths, but once in a while you will run into an Englishman that can speak pretty good. The English people are

rather hard to get acquainted with, and they sure have been through plenty.

When I first came over here I had a hard time sleeping nights. You have to watch the time or you are apt to miss a night's sleep. It doesn't get dark until about 12 o'clock and the sun comes up about 5 in the morning. There isn't much night.

We had a nice trip over. There were a few fellows who got seasick but most of us made out all right. We had one day and a night when the water was really rough. I thought at first that I would be pretty scared but when I saw the ship we were going on, I was all right. We had two fellows in my outfit that were really scared. They were always talking about submarines and I doubt they got much sleep. We had a lot of fun kidding them. It just happened they were the ones who talked the bravest to begin with but one fellow now claims that he changed his clothes five times on the way over.

I wish you would tell all the boys hello for me. I certainly do miss the old outfit. Would like to get one good whiff of the Idaho pines again. They can't be beat.

From Pvt. Larry Millage, Alaska

I am getting along fine up here in Alaska but hope this thing ends very soon so we can all get back home again. The weather here is bad but I like it fairly well. We have lots of good fishing and see caribou every few days. Haven't as yet seen a bear. We have no place to go except to an occasional show. There are no towns close enough for a trip to them.

**From Phm 2/C Joe Lundy,
Somewhere in the Pacific**

I can't give you my location but the people here sure treat you fine. This is real southern hospitality. We have good quarters and fine food. I am with a good outfit and we intend to go places. Our medical company recently received a citation from President Roosevelt for outstanding service in the field, which makes me very proud of the outfit. The climate down here is seasonal like Lewiston, but right now we are having cold weather. Tell George Hudson hello for me and all my friends I used to work with.

From S/Sgt. Don V. Clark, Africa

The country here is nearly like the Lewiston valley with its surrounding mountains and rocky slopes. One can drive for miles in the mountains and suddenly the road will break into an enormous green valley, covered with wheat, oats, grape vineyards and olive groves. The weather is somewhat the same as the Pacific Northwest. The people are about as you would expect if you have read much about Africa. Thousands of Arabs on the roads driving donkeys and camels. In the fields men, women and children work, some with modern tractors pulling four-bottom plows and some using mules with wooden plows. In some parts the Arabs are very friendly

and anxious to take American cigarettes in trade for eggs or wine. There are also numerous French, Italian, and Spanish people who are friendly. Our ability to speak their language is of course limited and this being the case, the people either give a salute such as ours or hold up two fingers for victory. Sometimes this is done in hopes of getting a cigarette or bon bon, as the children call our candy. Chewing gum is quite the thing and the Wrigley Company would make plenty here.

It is nothing new to me to know that our ammunition boxes are made of Idaho White Pine. I cannot begin to tell you how many I have seen and opened. The aroma from those pine boxes has made a lot of us homesick. Lumber is very scarce here and the boards from various boxes and crates are re-used many ways.

**From 1st Lt. Shirley M. Lund,
New Orleans, Louisiana**

Got a promotion a couple of weeks back, so now I'm wearing the silver instead of the gold. The other morning the C.O. ordered "Lund, take the boys on a 15-mile hike." I did but I will never hear the end of it 'cuz I set about the same kind of pace as when tramping the hills back home . . . the doctors did a rushing business after the jaunt . . . I says it's a good way to separate the men from the boys . . . anyway the moral of the story is that yours truly will not likely be the leader of any more hikes.

Captain Ritzheimer Here In June

Captain Earl Ritzheimer home on furlough during June, managed a short visit to Lewiston.

Ahead of him, awaiting his confirmation, had traveled a story of participation in army maneuvers in a southern state. According to reports, Ritz was in charge of a reconnaissance patrol with instructions to delay the advance of approaching enemy troops.

A narrow gorge through which the attacking force must approach was picked by the Captain as the best spot to give the old trite phrase *once a lumberjack, always a lumberjack* a literal meaning. Ritz proceeded to fell the largest tree in the immediate proximity of the road so that it came to rest across the highway, completely and effectively blocking it.

There was nothing imaginary about the confusion with which trucks, men and equipment of the attacking force piled up back of the felled tree. In the midst of the traffic snarl, Ritz ordered his patrol to open fire with machine guns from previously selected positions. The attacking force assumed that they had contacted the enemy in full force and hastily deployed their forces out and away from the road. By the time reassembly was effected and the tree had been chopped into sections and removed from the road, the better part of a day had elapsed.

Ritz' commanding officer was jubilant, but the colonel of the opposing forces, in great disgust, termed it a day lost and charged "unfair practices."



Needed a "Standing Room Only" sign

Camp 53

(Continued from page one)

a narrow shelf that extended around the room. A small table in the center of the room carried a load of bread, butter, deserts, coffee, tea and milk. There was room for twenty men, the rest of the crew travelled back and forth to Lewiston, ate at home, and carried lunches. In the dining room, with twenty men present, men's elbows touched as they plied knife and fork, shifting their weight from one foot to the other.

June 28th the stalled Whites, each with its piece of cookhouse, were towed by a D8 cat through intervening mud to the campsite proper, were unloaded and towed back out. The standing room days at 53 were drawing to a close. All six sections of the cookhouse, constructed in the Lewiston mill grounds during April and May have since been delivered and fastened solidly together atop stout underpinning laid near big Ponderosa pines and firs that will partially shade cookshack and meat house. Portable eight-man bunks, so new their floors are scarcely marked by the caulks of logging boots, set in a neat row nearby.

Twelve gasoline motored trucks, making two or three trips per day are already reducing the total of skidded logs. Some six million feet have been cut; about half of it has been skidded. There is no definite production goal for 53, except to keep operating as long as the weather and roads permit. The

war time need for quick lumber to go into the manufacture of boxes and crates is entirely responsible for the operation of this camp and the lumber from its logs will later carry ammunition, food, and war machines to American troops.

Gravel trucks have been busy at 53 but must soon be transferred elsewhere. However, foreman Joe Holinka anticipates little road trouble during the remainder of the season. Past difficulty has come from an underlying layer of rock some few feet under the top soil through which surface water cannot escape. The result is a sort of giant sponge atop a rock ledge that never dries until summer arrives in earnest. Once dry the roads should require little attention to keep them in shape until the day when the cushion of top soil again becomes saturated.

Camp 53 has many unusuals. It is the first P. F. I. camp established to

log Ponderosa Pine and it is the first P. F. I. camp on Craig Mountain. It is unusual in yet another way because here the first electric power saw was used in P. F. I. woods operations, slicing through big pines and firs with the greatest of ease."

The saw (there is only one operating to date) is powered with a ten-horsepower, 10,800 R.P.M. electric motor that receives current from a generator mounted on a D2 cat. The unit is an advanced design and much better according to maintenance engineer Olin than anything of a similar type previously developed. A new principle employed in its design is the high frequency of the motor and the increased motor speed possible as a result. Usually the motor speed of this unit is approximately three times that of earlier design units.

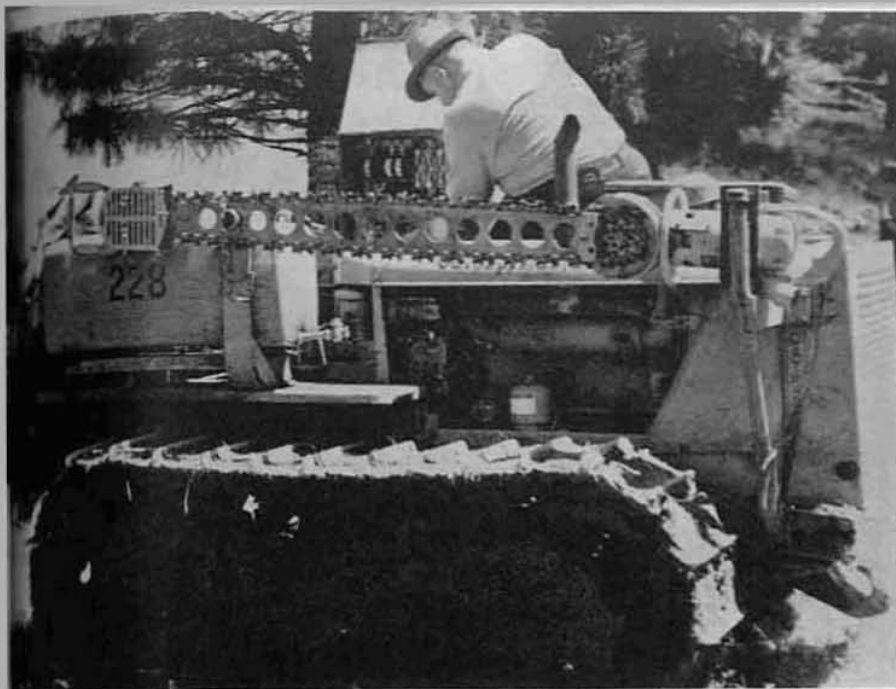
The speed of the motor has enabled the inventor to hold its own



SAWBOSS AL KROG starting a D2 at 53

CAMP BUILDINGS IN THE LEWISTON MILL YARD—Built in April and May





Maintenance Engineer Olin adjusting control apparatus for power saw

weight to 85 pounds although it has a 46" blade and will fell a 60" tree. Aluminum housings are used to save weight.

The tooth bearing chain is of radical design and operates on much the same principle as a planer bit instead of the conventional raker principle. A saw kerf of a half inch in width is taken with each cut and a dull saw is noticeable at once to the operators in the pull on the motor. Saws are changed once a day. Only two or three minutes are necessary to effect a change.

From 150 to 250 feet of cable is used with the saw at camp 53 although elsewhere up to 1000 feet is used. The

saw has a three man crew, two men for actual operation, a third to look after the cat and cable. Generator and control apparatus are mounted on the cat.

The saw was pioneered and developed by an ex-logger, John E. Hassler. It is marketed by the E. C. Atkins Co. and Mr. Hassler, who sold his rights to the Atkins people, has charge of the marketing of this particular piece of machinery.

Another saw, smaller and with less weight, is said to be in the making. It is to be especially designed for bucking (and felling in small timber) and will have a 30" blade. The same principles of high frequency and high speed will be embraced in its design.

Felled trees with the greatest of ease



Worth noting is the fact that greater motor speed makes possible more power in a smaller motor and that the development of such motors has been greatly stimulated by the need of war industries for high powered portable tools.

Another very important feature of the Hassler saw is a safety feature that prevents accident should the chain break. This patented feature causes the chain to immediately seat itself within the guard housing should breakage ever occur, thereby bringing it to a stop and preventing the loose ends from swinging out whip fashion to strike one of the operators.

According to Hassler there are several logging outfits on the coast who have used the 46" saw for more than a year and have found it quite satisfactory. It is still in the experimental stage with P.F.I. and minor adjustments to adapt it to our sort of logging may prove necessary says engineer Olin.

Knew Doolittle in 1918

Jos. Sampietro, Wood Briquettes, Inc., sales manager at Oakland, Calif., and a veteran of World War I, remembers General Jimmy Doolittle from the days of 1918 and for a quite different reason also . . . Doolittle gave Sampietro his first airplane ride.

"Following enlistment in the air corps in 1918 I was transferred to Ream Field Air Gunnery School, a few miles from the Mexican border," Sampietro told C. L. Billings in Oakland recently, "and at that time Doolittle was a 'Shave Tail' (second lieutenant). He was one of the best and most daring pilots at Ream Field. He would go up in a 'Jenny,' as we called the planes then, and go through all kinds of gyrations. He would go hedge-hopping across the fields and scare the natives out of a few year's growth. One day I saw him make 15 or 20 loops in succession, which at that time was quite a feat, considering the type of planes we had. Jimmy was quite a boxer too. He would take on anyone.

"On various occasions some of the enlisted personnel would be taken up for rides by the officers. It was during one of these periods that I personally met Doolittle. My turn came up and my pilot turned out to be none other than the now famous bomber of Tokyo. To say that I got a thrill with Doolittle at the controls, is putting it

(Continued on page eight)

PLANT NEWS

Clearwater Unit

Three Clearwater employees, members of the State Guard unit, attended the session of the 9th Corps Service Command school in Boise during June. The school covered a period of two weeks. Those in attendance were Capt. H. Z. White, Capt. Jake Peterson, and Lt. A. T. Kauffman. They reported it was real army life with every minute fully occupied during the schooling period.

Mark Peterson, after serving in the army for ten months, is now back at work in the stacker building. He was honorably discharged from the army and placed on the army reserve inactive list.

It happened at the plant gate . . . a woman employee stopped and asked the gate-man to look and see if she had a flat tire. After carefully inspecting all four tires, he informed her that if she had one, she must be sitting on it.

We are ready to receive logs from Camp 53 at Waha. Equipment has been installed for unloading at the pond and a cutoff has been constructed to eliminate the sharp curve from 21st street into Main.

Art McIntire, Vern Ebert, Jack Kangas, Ted Pope and Maurice McKowan, with boss carpenter Al Jensen have left to install the new dry kilns at Rutledge. The job is expected to take from three to four months.

It was in June of 1942 that the first women workers were employed at Clearwater to work in the box factory. Only one of the original six remains. She is Edith Theurekauf, operator of the double end trimmer. Not only has been employed the longest of any woman worker but she has worked the steadiest, having lost only a few hours in May to attend a funeral . . . a pretty good record for anybody to shoot at!

Bill Biegert, sample man in the dry kilns, and Hugo Erickson, loader on the docks aren't giving out with any fish stories, but Mrs. Biegert and Mrs. Erickson have a few they love to tell. It develops that the gentlemen in question were badly outfished by the ladies.

Rutledge Unit

We are operating six days per week in the sawmill and looking at the last logs in the pond each week end. Our men much appreciate the fine way in which logs are coming in from the woods. We're never very far behind the last log in the pond and have no reserve supply, but if the log trains keep arriving as regularly as during the past month, we have nothing to worry about.

Our Victory Gardens are coming along in nice style although for some reason the weeds seem to grow much faster than anything else. The syndicate of Messrs. Graue, Belknap and Gilbertson who made so many exaggerated claims as to their gardening skill have the most weeds.

Installation of ten Dry Kilns is well underway and is expected to proceed rapidly.

Potlatch Unit

Good news came to Potlatch from the Provost Marshall General's office in Washington, D. C. in June. It was addressed to R. E. Owens and read "report just received through International Red Cross that your son Private First Class Harlin Owens is a prisoner of war of the Japanese government in the Philippine Islands. Letter of information follows."

Private Owens was a member of Co. E. 161st Infantry and was last heard from at Bataan. He was one of the first three Potlatch employees to enlist and as were the other two, (Edwin Chambers and Robert Trotter) was reported missing following Bataan and Corregidor.

Edwin Chambers was reported a Japanese prisoner several months back but no word of Robert Trotter has as yet reached his parents.

Twenty three years of service with Potlatch Forests, Inc. ended for Frank J. Mitchell on June 1st when he passed away at the family home in Potlatch following an illness of six weeks. In recent years he had been in charge of the company warehouse at Potlatch and was a member of the foreman's council. He is survived by his widow and a daughter Mary Katherine living at home, a son, William H. in the Engineers Battalion at Camp Mackall, Hoffman, N. C. and a second son Patrick H. who is with the U. S. Maritime Service on Gallup Island, Boston, Mass. Frank was a veteran of World War I and a member of Robinson Post of the American Legion.

WOODS NEWS

Camp 29—Washington Creek

We've had our share of rain and mud. The cats have been skidding in mud up to the radiators and the mechanics are putting in long hours trying to keep them in shape. But the logs keep coming and we hope to reach 3,000,000 feet again this month.

Our speeder driver R. G. Curtis had the misfortune of colliding with the log train. Not a great deal of damage was done with the exception of causing Curtis to walk sideways and let out a weak groan now and then because of a sore right side. Phil Peterson and his crew are taking their meals here until the new construction camp No. 54 is completed where Mrs. Myrtle Mosier will have charge of the kitchen.

The men get a great kick out of watching deer play in the meadow close to camp one evening. One evening two deer were within fifty feet of the office and casually sauntered into the timber when too many gathered to watch them. Come deer season and they better watch out!

Camp 52—Casey Creek

We hope to reach the three million mark again this month. June weddings were very much the vogue at Camp 52 as during the past month two of our flunkies, Ruth Sargent and Florence McKinnon became brides.

Camp 27

Working Out of Headquarters

Camp 27, at the present writing has men working. Included are 6 gangs of loggers. We have not done any trucking as the roads have been too muddy from all the rain of the past two weeks. There are two loading rigs skidding and more and as soon as the roads dry out, we will get in quite a few logs.

The new camp will soon be ready for occupancy. The campsite is built, and waiting for the shacks to be moved in to Headquarters. It will not be a large camp as most of our men live at home and come back and forth.

We had one accident during the month. Plennie Jones, a sawyer, was hit by a rolling log, and suffered a few ribs and bruises along with a couple of broken ribs.

There is still snow to be seen on the divide between Breakfast and Reeds Creeks. In some of the heavy timbered draws there is as much as two feet deep.

Camp 54—Washington Creek

Phil Peterson has had a new construction camp set in at the end of the road a mile down Washington Creek from Camp 29. The cookhouse and dining room, cars and the rest of the buildings are portable shacks.

The main line will be extended on Washington Creek and logging sports a branch off from it. The company at Camp 54 will be located on down Washington Creek close to the old C.C.C. camp.

Camp 51—Casey Creek

Ed Fangar, scaler was transferred to Camp 14 last Monday.

Howard Baker, Everett Haney and Ed Edwards, scalers, began working here Monday.

Vernon Lanphier and Edward Cooney received their induction papers last Tuesday. They will leave for Spokane June 25th for examination.

A freak accident was reported by John Kunelius, sawyer, last Monday. A log tree hit a sawed log flipping it high in the air. As it came down it hit Arvid a glancing blow on the shoulder. He was injured.

Camp 40—Stony Creek

Joe Turner brought the first saw log into Camp 40 on the tenth of May. There was then five feet of snow. The first truck came into camp on the 24th of May and the road has been open since that time although pretty rough at times.

The largest tree (White Pine) ever cut far at Camp 40 according to Ralph, a veteran scaler, scaled 10,870 feet full. The tree was felled by John Triba and A. Johnson. Unless we are told otherwise are going to claim this as the largest cut at any camp during the month.

One of the things Art Henderson, a man, had to build after opening camp 18 miles of new 'phone line from camp to the landing a couple of miles from Clarkia. There were no lost time accidents during the past month but a member of the scaling crew sported a black eye for a few days. Evidence indicates the shiner may have been collected in Clarkia because it isn't a door knob in camp.

Camp 14—Beaver Creek

There has been little logging in Camp 14 this month, but plans call for greatly increased activity next month. There are a lot of logs to be picked up, left from previous years. Fishing has been very good at Beaver Creek up to three weeks ago. There were four salmon weighing from seven to thirteen pounds caught besides a lot of big trout.

Camp 55—Casey Creek Spur

Work on the new spur is well in progress. More than a mile of right of way has been cut and work has started on the first trestle across Alder Creek.

According to stories around the bunkhouse foreman Oscar L. Carlson had the good fortune of hooking an eighteen inch steelhead trout which must have strayed away from the North Fork. But alas! Oscar didn't land the big one and now all the ardent fishermen are out evenings trying to hook the "fish that got away." Some fine messes of eastern brook and rainbow have been caught.

Headquarters

Most of Headquarters' population has been hoping fervently that the sun would show itself for a two or three day stretch. Some there are who have placed bets that the weather will clear before fall.

In spite of the rain, or perhaps because of it, the fishing this season has been excellent, and has kept many of the men happy and occupied during leisure hours, besides coming down on their meat bill. It has not been uncommon to catch sixteen and seventeen inch trout.

Work on the new Townsite is progressing rapidly. The brush is all burned and the mill gang has dug a ditch for the water line. The Townsite covers 25 lots and is completely clear of trees. When stumps have been blown, and a little dozer work done, the buildings will be ready for occupancy. These new living quarters mark a notable milestone in the growth of Headquarters.

Miss Frances Odenwald, who came to work in the warehouse office in December 1942 left recently to join her parents in Seattle. She has been succeeded by Miss Rosella Reeve.

Things are generally kept pretty lively here by the brush pilers who hail from all over the U. S. The drugstore floor leaves an unhappy sigh when it hears the "charge of the brushpilers" and settles its scarred countenance for whatever may come, and something usually does. The boys are very proud of their caulked boots and it is rumored that one young Jack has a booming business simply oiling boots.

Bovill

The construction of shops at Bovill for all major repair and overhaul work is nearing completion. Ancil Freel, mechanics' foreman, expects the new combined truck and car shop to be in use after July 4th.

A dash of turpentine, properly applied, will set almost anyone on fire.

Mary had a little lamb—
The doctor fainted!

Woods Welding Outfits

By BOB OLIN, Maintenance Engineer

"Take electric welders out of the woods and you will stop logging!" Such a statement is perhaps extreme but it does express the war time situation. Parts are not available to replace broken ones, deliveries are slow, and loggers cannot wait. Welded repairs then become the only means of keeping things running.

Fortunately P.F.I. sensed this situation early in the war period and provided each camp with a portable gasoline-driven welding machine. The only bottleneck has been skilled manpower with which to do the welding.

To meet the manpower problem training agencies were set up under the State Vocational Training Board. Instructors were furnished by the Vocational Board while the industries furnished supplies, meeting places and incidental expenses. Interested employees were asked to co-operate by taking the training on their own time. The divided responsibility of such a plan did much to insure its success.

Classes Started At Headquarters

Four-hour classes in welding were started in Headquarters, Idaho, with one class in the afternoon for night shift men and one in the evening for day shift men. A total of 48 hours of instruction was given each class. Men with considerable experience received special attention and were finished out in less than the prescribed time. Many men came in from the camps at night to attend the night classes. In all, thirty-eight men received training at Headquarters.

Mechanics in the Potlatch woods were confronted with a more difficult attendance problem. Camps were widely separated, crews were small and roads poor. It was finally arranged that small groups would be transported in company cars to the Moscow Welding School where there were

facilities and instructors, and the training was eventually completed.

Arc of Great Value

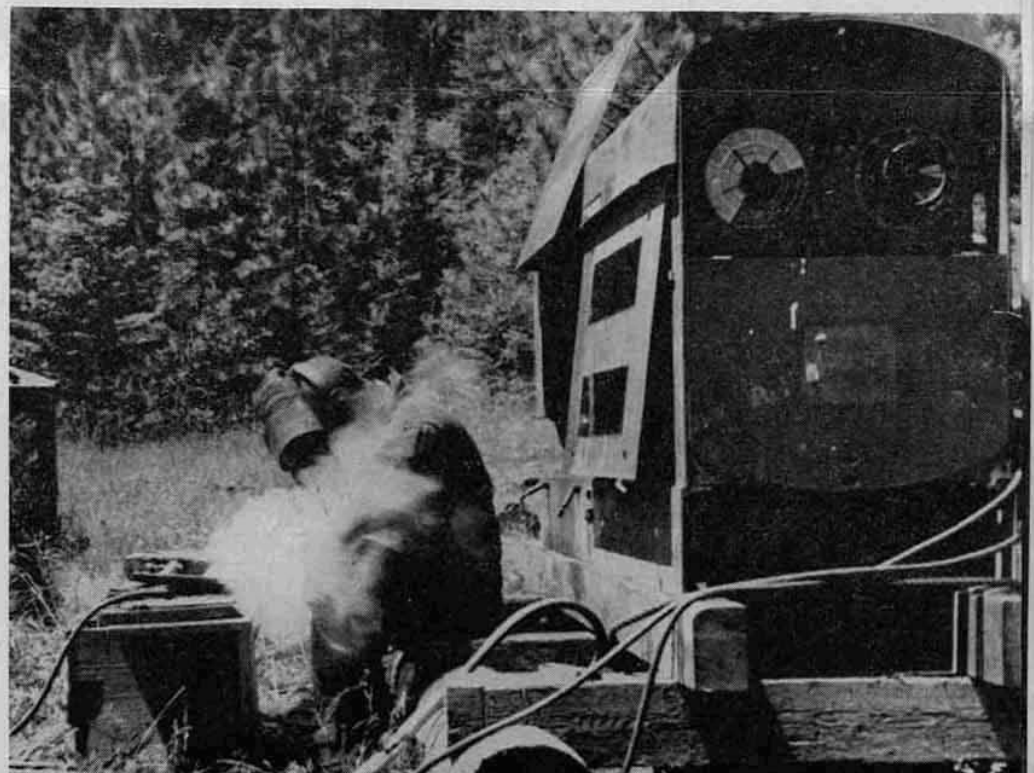
Welding of broken parts by newly trained mechanics will do much to keep logs moving this year. Many heavy dozer parts, broken or worn, can be made useful again by applying new metal with the arc. Drawbars wear and break, but can be repaired by the arc and new steel. Many times draw bar brackets have pulled out of the big transmission case castings, thus ruining a large, expensive and hard-to-get part. By means of the arc, auxiliary mountings can be attached and the tractor be placed back in operation. By means of the arc, mechanics can fabricate new parts from steel shapes and plates and replace parts that could not otherwise be obtained. An important item of this nature has been the repair and reinforcement of the D8 dozer frames. Such frames are hard to get and are too light for heavy service when they do finally arrive. It is essential that the arc fasten additional reinforcing metal to the frames in order to keep these important machines running.

The number and variety of repair jobs that can be done by the arc is limited only by the ingenuity and knowledge of the mechanic welders. More than fifty mechanics have taken the welding course, a plain indication of their intense desire to prepare themselves in the best way possible to keep machines running and in operation. They are doing a fine job.

Once upon a time there was a preacher who was always thankful for everything that happened. One day, while standing on the deck of a ferryboat, a flock of gulls flew overhead and spotted him. Looking up piously, he intoned, "Thank the Lord cows can't fly!"

Bill Boie ('phoning from Elks Club):
"Will somebody please make a noise like a typewriter? I want my wife to think I'm at the office."

Camp 53 Welder





COOK COONS, AUTHOR HOLBROOK—Stomach satisfaction



Author Visits P.F.I.

One of America's most noted authors, a specialist in tales of logging and lumbering, was a P.F.I. visitor in June. His stay was an equal mixture of business and pleasure because Stewart Holbrook, author of *Holy Old Mackinaw*, is well known to most lumbermen of the Pacific Northwest and to P.F.I. boss C. L. Billings.

There was none of the many publicized indications of artistry about Holbrook. No long hair, no affectations, no mannerisms, no artistic temperament, and he consumes snooze like a veteran lumberjack. No brand was needed to mark him regular. Perhaps it was the twinkle in his eye, or the unassuming and disarmingly frank humor of his speech, but anyhow, he's a fellow people cotton to . . . quick.

Author Holbrook spent a half day in St. Maries visiting with Frank Theriault, an evening with Ben Busch in Moscow and part of an afternoon with Theodore Fohl at Orofino. From each he obtained bits of information concerning early logging days; in the Clearwater, out of Potlatch, at Marble Creek and on the St. Joe.

Theriault was a fountain of information and spiced his account of early days with colorful stories of the characters that roamed the St. Joe and Marble Creek. Among others there was Snooze McGillicuddy who traveled to Spokane with \$2,300 and embarked on a rip snorter. A few mornings later Snooze awakened with clean pockets and was hit up by an acquaintance for breakfast.

"I'm hungry too," replied Snooze, "but I ain't got any money."

"But you had \$2,300, what became of it?"

"I gave it to the old lady over at Blank Hotel to take care of for me, but I think it's all gone now. We can go see."

A quick trip to the hotel in question confirmed the fears of Mr. McGillicuddy.

"Yes," said the madam, "you did give me \$2,300 Snooze, but you came back for \$200 at 8 o'clock Monday night, you got another \$300 at 10 o'clock and got the balance in small dabs as written down on this piece of paper."

Snooze waved the paper airily to one side. He didn't doubt the madam's word and besides that he couldn't read any too well.

"How's about some money for breakfast?" he asked, "we're a little hungry, and a drink would help too."

"Okey," said the madam, "here's three dollars and a half. That will buy breakfast and a couple of drinks for the two of you. You can send me three and a half out of your next pay check."

A few minutes later, inside the bar room, with one foot on the rail and an elbow resting on the polished mahogany top of the bar, Snooze turned to the acquaintance who shared his shortage of coin and remarked in grateful appreciation, "She's a pretty nice old lady, ain't she?"

Returning from Orofino Holbrook feasted on the log drive wannigan, declared it recalled many a memory and plied cook Bill Coons with questions. The picture above speaks well for Coons' cooking skill, indicating unmistakable stomach satisfaction.

"It was a swell dinner," commented Holbrook in paying his respects, "a lot better than I got back in Wisconsin in my log driving days."

While in Lewiston Holbrook found

Ship's Fenders

Inland Empire wood is being put to another and unusual war use by the firm of Benson and Johnson, St. Maries, Idaho. Small firs are cut and sawed to certain length, then laced and woven into a mat of belt. Strong wires cross between the sticks and are nailed to each stick, top and bottom, holding them in place within the belt. Enough of the belt to make a square like affair of a certain diameter is then clipped off and rolled up like a piece of carpet. It is next cinched up with a pressure applying machine and is circled with several strands of heavy steel cable. Another binding of heavy rope, plus addition of a center plug that runs thread like through the center of the roll and has a large eye on one end completes the operation and produces the finished ship's fender, a device that is suspended from the side of a ship to keep it from rubbing against the dock while in port. The Navy has ordered them in quantity.

time for a quick trip to the public library where he announced to the librarian with unblinking seriousness that he would give the library a high rating. Following discovery that many of his books (he has written six) were in the library he conferred a rating of *better than average* with equal solemnity.

Burning of An Empire, Holbrook's next book, is to appear in October. It is to be a chronicle of this country's great forest fires and promises most interesting reading.

Knew Doolittle in 1918

(Continued from page five)

mildly. He gave me a ride that I will have no trouble remembering the rest of my life."

In Sampietro's files is a letter in reply from Doolittle written in response to a congratulatory letter addressed to the General by Sampietro after the Tokyo raid. In part it reads: "Your mention of California days and your first ride recalls many pleasant occasions."