



Best Wishes

Farragut was our closest neighbor among the very large number of cantonments, bases, airfields, and other places to which we have shipped lumber during the war period. Being the closest one, it was possible for the builders at Farragut to ask us, in a number of instances, for special rush service. On one occasion I remember that some 4x16s were badly needed to keep construction from being held up and that we were able to rush some Fir and Tamarack logs through Rutledge and deliver these pieces by the truckload to the contractor on the ground within 12 or 16 hours after the request was received. Potlatch Forests, Inc., probably shipped more lumber to Farragut than any other company and now that the training station is completed, we find a considerable number of our boys entering the Navy there.

To them and to the entire personnel of Farragut our organization sends greetings and best wishes for the success in the war effort of every individual trained there.

C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

NAVY'S FARRAGUT

"Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

On the shores of Idaho's Indian named Lake Pend d'Oreille, greatest of the Pacific Northwest's many lakes, today sprawls the might of a new city. It is the largest in the state and weighed in terms of fighting manpower, one of the most powerful corners of the United States. Daily over its miles of well constructed roads march thousands of the best of America's young men—a conditioning measure to combat duty at sea!

Such is Navy's Farragut! Less than a year of age, but a sturdy and powerful infant. Its name is that borne by the first Admiral of the U. S. Navy, David Glasgow Farragut, whose colorful exploits, living after him, have left to Navy men a tradition for bravery and courage that never ceases to provide inspiration.

Credited to Admiral Farragut are the words, spoken at Mobile Bay August 4, 1864, "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead." The remark was made 78 years ago. Altered to read "Damn the difficulties, let's get on with the job," it typifies the spirit that built Farragut in the year 1942. A more appropriate name than Farragut for this giant Naval Training Station can hardly be imagined. The name itself was selected by no less a personage than Franklin Delano Roosevelt, 32nd President of the United States, and one of Farragut's earliest visitors.

Construction Days

Farragut's construction history threatens to become a legend. Tall tales of the hectic, mad five-month period between "breaking ground" day on April 23, 1942, and September 15 when Farragut's Commandant, Captain I. C. Sowell, established the station and assumed command, have at this early date gained flavor and strength with repeated tellings.

The thousands of men and women who built Farragut—who spent hours enroute to and from work and often traveled in dust so thick as to screen from view the auto immediately ahead, who lived in remodeled garages, barns, poultry houses, trailer camps, and wherever quarters of any sort could be found—have drifted on to other jobs and other employment. It is unlikely the comparatively small inefficiencies and waste that accompanied the high-ball, long-houred days of erection will be remembered for long. Marveled at, instead, will be the building of a city within a five-month period in an area that previously boasted only an occasional stray, winding trail through dense second-growth stands of conifers populated by elk, deer, rabbits, and small game animals.

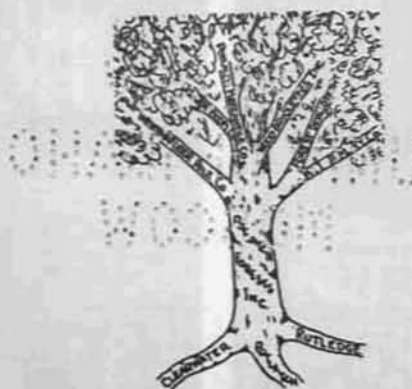
Farragut is a monument of awe-inspiring size to the speed of American workmen and the genius of American Engineers. That more than a semblance of order was maintained in the breath-taking speed of its construction is remarkable. That in actuality its construction progressed without pause along well-thought-out plans and blossomed almost overnight into the many buildings, each with an individual purpose and design, necessary to the training of Navy men, is incredible but true. Minor inefficiencies and confusion, ever present and inseparable partners to haste, were completely eclipsed by the worth of the accomplishment. Should Farragut's early completion shorten World War II by so much as one day, the extra dollars necessary to building a city in five months will have been wisely spent.

(Continued on page four)

Drill hall, Farragut



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

This issue of The Family Tree owes much to the courtesy of Commandant Captain Sowell of the Farragut Naval Training Station, to Lieutenants Stampley and Newman and to Ensign Dennis of the same station.

The editor is gratefully mindful of their time so generously spent with him and respectfully wishes to acknowledge his debt.

A vote of thanks also goes to Mr. C. O. Graue manager of P. F. I.'s Rutledge unit. Without his cooperation and help this issue of The Family Tree would not have been possible.

From Paul V. McNutt head of the War Manpower Commission in Washington D. C., recently came the statement that men deferred because of occupation should realize that for the time being at least their greatest importance to the war effort is in staying hard at work on production jobs, and not as soldiers.

In other words, Uncle Sam needs certain production men in civilian war worker roles more than he needs those same men in uniform as soldiers, sailors or marines. A man deferred for occupational reason is such a man! It is his responsibility that the implements of war be produced with speed and efficiency comparable to that employed by American soldiers, sailors and marines in welding those selfsame implements. The production soldier

POTLATCH UNIT IN TOP SPOT SETS NEW HIGH FOR BOND PURCHASES

The much-sung acrobatics of "The man on the Flying Trapeze" were better than the gymnastic feats performed last month in the bond-buying between the three P.F.I. mills.

In the cellar spot for the preceding month (perhaps spurred by such a paucity) the Potlatch Unit grabbed the ball and ran like . . . to a new figure of 10.35%. Such obstacles as Victory Tax, approaching Income Tax hangover Christmas bills, and the like, made the month the toughest in which the Potlatch did it and congratulations to them! To the men who made the record possible, and it exceeds by .23% the previous high set up by Rutledge in the month of November) belongs more than just the usual amount of credit due a new record. They have definitely proven that, like the American soldier, they are at their best when the going is toughest.

Rutledge is again in second spot and posted a creditable increase of .82% to reach a figure of 10.19% for the month.

Clearwater apparently rested on the oars last month and as a result topped from first place to last, winding up with the low average of 7.97%; a drop of 1.47% as compared to increases at both Potlatch and Rutledge.

10% Minute Man Flags Ordered

Two big minute man flags, with a white minute man and stars centered in a blue background and a giant size white "T" in the lower corner, have been ordered for Potlatch and Coeur d'Alene. These flags symbolize that the ten per cent of every dollar goal, established by the U. S. Treasury Department, has been reached wherever they are flown. Both Potlatch and Coeur d'Alene have won the right to

has a big job and a tremendous obligation. Heaven help him should he fail to make good!

The experts say that a man-hour is one man, working one hour.

But they don't differentiate between men. For instance, a Nazi putting out a man hour only turns in about 50 minutes work. The other 10 minutes are spent heiling or damning heel Hitler. A Frenchman putting out a man-hour turns in only 30 minutes work. The other 30 minutes are spent tightening his belt and gritting his teeth (or, praises be, sabotaging the machinery). When a Jap puts out a man-hour he turns in about 45 minutes work. The rest of the time is spent saving face and plotting more treachery.

But . . . when an American puts out

fly such flags and will be privileged to do so from this time on unless the average should drop below the ten per cent figure. The flags will be under the stars and stripes that the flagpoles at the two mills. The "T" in the corner of each flag specifically identifies the mill as ten per cent or better.

Top ten departments last month were:

Machine Shop, Lewiston
Townsite, Potlatch
Lath, Potlatch
Pond, Sawmill and Lath, Coeur d'Alene
Pond, Potlatch
Guards and Construction, Coeur d'Alene
Sawmill, Potlatch
Re-mfg. Plant, Lewiston
Yard & Yard Transfer Coeur d'Alene
Pres-to-logs, Coeur d'Alene
4-sq. Rebutt & Glue, Lewiston

Low three departments were:
Watchmen, Potlatch
Power Plant, Lewiston
Transportation, Lewiston

Plant averages were:
Potlatch
Coeur d'Alene
Lewiston

a man-hour, he turns in 30 minutes for his brother or friend at the 30 minutes for the English, Czechs, Poles and other like them and he turns in an extra minute to figure how he can put out more work in sixty minutes.—From *Engineering*

The pleasures of people in the occupied countries are few—one of them they prize most is the circulation of building stories making light of their tortors—the following is a sample . . .

After the attempted bombing of the Munich Brauhaus become known following notices appeared in the windows of several butcher shops in Prague the morning:

"There will unfortunately be no ham or pork today as the swine were killed yesterday."

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

From Pvt. Ernest Searle,
Pueblo, Colorado

A DAY IN OLD MEXICO

Before I was transferred up here, I was in Texas and my wife came down from Washington just before New Years, so we arranged to go over into Old Mexico for the day. We started out at 11:00 A. M. for Juarez, Old Mexico, which is separated from the U. S. by the Rio Grande river. I had planned on taking some pictures over there, but had to leave my camera on this side as no pictures can be taken in time of war.

Our money had to be changed into two dollar bills. I believe this is a war order to determine how much money is being spent over there. We noticed one thing on the way over which I thought good. Near the bridge that goes over to Juarez, there were some Mexican boys standing in the river up to their waist in the water, which is very cold at this time of the year as there are heavy frosts almost every night. These boys were asking for pennies or any coin you cared to throw them. After collecting a few they would go to the river bank and shoot craps for whatever they had. They were little fellows, all of them, some not over six years old.

As we walked down the streets we noted many differences between their way of living and ours. There were little stands about every ten feet with all kinds of items to sell, horns from bulls that were killed in the fights, blankets, rings and many other things. There were boys running around with shoe shining outfits to shine your shoes and old men were busy selling rings made of bone. We bought some ash trays and three lunch cloths. The man told us that they came from a state near Mexico City.

There are lots of cab drivers who are anxious to drive you around to see the town. We went out to see a church that was built in 1620, at least that's what the guide told us. We had about two hours to kill before the bull fight was to start so we went to a bar and had a few drinks. They certainly serve good drinks and the bars are very nice. The place we went into was called the Stork Club. I have never seen anything its equal. While we were in the Stork Club a fellow came up to me and asked if he could play for us. I was feeling pretty good by that time, so I told him to go ahead. He went outside and came back in with a lot of friends, and they lined up just back of the bar and played "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." I was the only soldier in there at the time, but there were lots of soldiers on the streets, and when they heard that song, they all came in and the bar did a very good business until the bull fight started. My guess would be that the bar was over two hundred feet long, also the back bar with its load of different kinds of whiskey, rum, gins, brandy and 18% beer.

It cost us \$1.75 each to get in to the bull fight plus the price of some seat cushions. There must have been about 7,000 people

there with about half of them our soldiers. The band first played the Mexican National Anthem and followed it with "The Star Spangled Banner." It was a pretty sight, the crowd standing and our soldiers at attention. As my wife put it, "it brought a lump to your throat, to see all our boys standing so erect, ready to do their part to win this war."

At exactly 4:30 P. M. the bull fight started. In comes the first bull, plenty mad. The bull makes a dash for the toreadors who stand in the arena with their red cloaks and believe me the toreadors make a dash for their safety exits. First one and then another of the toreadors comes out from back of the safety zone waving their red cloaks to keep the bull charging back and forth. This keeps up for a few minutes, the object being to tire the bull. Then two horses, both blindfolded and their bodies covered with thick padding, come out. Their riders each have about an eight foot stick with a spear in the end. The bull, of course, made for the first horse and rider at once, ramming them with his horns for all he is worth. The rider prodded him away with his spear and the toreadors came out from their safety zones to also attract the bull away from the horse and rider.

One time the bull charged the horse so hard he banged him into the corral wall and knocked the rider off onto the ground. One of the toreadors immediately came to his assistance and by waving his red cloak, attracted the bull away. The bull forgot the rider for a moment and in that time he got to his feet and I've never seen a man run any faster in my life than that fellow did getting out of the arena.

Another time the bull jumped the corral fence which must have been about six feet high. He cleared with lots of room to spare.

By this time the bull was getting pretty tired and the toreadors watch their chance and thrust several spears, about a foot in length, into the bull's neck, just above his forelegs. This makes the bull go crazy, but he is very weak now, and an easy victim for the kill. The matador now enters the arena. He is dressed magnificently in sequin covered tights, which glisten in the sun as he waves his cloak at the bull. When the bull charges the matador simply steps to one side and the bull goes on past. This happens many times with the matador watching his chance all the time to make the kill.

The matador together with the toreadors teases the bull until he is completely tired out, and then the matador sinks his sword, about three feet in length, into the bull's neck and in a few seconds the bull drops over dead.

At each fight four bulls are slain, and the meat is immediately dressed and given to the poor (or so we were told). The bull fight in Mexico compares in popularity to our baseball world series, but it wasn't very popular with one of our soldiers, who was feeling his drinks, and got fighting mad because the bull didn't have a fair

chance. The Mexican police had quite a time with him.

After the bullfights, we went back to the Stork Club for a drink to fix our nerves. All that blood and killing did not set very good with us. We had a very good dinner and all that goes with it (T bone Steaks) for 75c each. There was a good orchestra playing all our latest songs, and a peach of a floor show at 8:30 P. M., but the singing was in Mexican language. All in all we had a pretty good time—that day in Old Mexico.

From Capt. Louis H. Kohl,
Australia

You ask for a little information about the natives. We could not have come to a more hospitable country. Every one treats you like a million. They can't seem to do enough for an American. A great many of them have suggested that we take over the country after this is over. They think we would develop it as it should be, and take my word for it, there is a lot of developing to be done. I never drank tea until we came over here. Now I almost like the stuff. While we were in a rest area following combat duty, the inhabitants almost fought to see who would take us home to dinner. Perhaps that sounds funny, but it's no exaggeration. The aborigines are something else, they are very friendly, but there is a look about them that makes you wonder. I have seen their Corraborees (similar to the Indian Pow Wow). They paint similar to our Indians and put on quite a show, especially if you let them know you have a little tobacco to give away. The people here get a big kick out of our slang and are not bad at it themselves. I have seen blacks herding sheep on camels. The blacks also work as cattlemen. A rodeo or bronco-busting is called buck jumping. A ranch is called a station. A man told me his station covered one hundred square miles. I believed it after taking a look at some of the country. It isn't bad here, but I would trade all of it for just one little piece of the U.S.A.

From Sgt. Dick Reynolds,
Somewhere In Pacific

I can't say much about what goes on over here, but you might like to know that my squadron participated in the late raid on Wake Island, and we'll be sending packages rather regularly to the Japs from here on out.

From Cpl. Philip Carter,
Oceanside, Calif.

Life in the Marine Corps has treated me kindly, affording me experiences which I wouldn't have had otherwise. Since outbreak of the war I have been instructing new men in different subjects, especially in two fields, Artillery Fire Control and Camouflage. Spent several weeks at the 20th Century Fox Studios in Hollywood experimenting along different lines of camouflage. The movie industry has a lot of experts in this form of trickery and we gleaned quite a bit of information from them. It is needless for me to say that I enjoyed working there as much as any place my Marine Corps duty has carried me.



Farragut buildings

Navy's Farragut

(Continued from page one)

Lumber City

Farragut is a lumber town; not in the sense that its occupants are concerned with lumbering, but in that its buildings are of wood construction. In truth, no other type construction could have been managed with so little delay—no other material was so promptly available and in such quantity. That many a frame dwelling in the New England states, constructed of wood, endures today at the ripe age of more than a century speaks authoritatively of Farragut's possible permanency.

Ground-breaking ceremonies occurred April 23, 1942, but even before that momentous day lumber was on the job. Four thousand survey stakes were sold and delivered prior to April 23 by the Rutledge Retail Yard to the Biggs Engineering Company for survey of Farragut.

During the afternoon of April 23, in response to an order received earlier in the day, the first two truckloads of lumber that went into Farragut's construction were delivered by P.F.I. trucks to the Walter Butler Construction Company from the Rutledge unit—P.F.I. lumber reached the site of Navy's Farragut in advance of all other building materials, even ahead of the nails necessary to assemble the first temporary contractor's shack, and the total of P.F.I. shipments to Farragut during construction reached a figure unequalled by shipments from any other outfit.

Production-Shipping Headaches

Headaches of a kind no quantity of aspirin could cure soon found the P.F.I. Sales Department. The Butler people needed lumber immediately, in great quantity and in a

variety of sizes. So great was the variation in specifications that lumber stockpiles, here and elsewhere, could not meet all the requirements with seasoned lumber. Needs had to be partially filled with green lumber. Sawing instructions at the mills were often changed during the day to meet the most pressing demands—at Potlatch and Coeur d'Alene logs dumped into the pond in the morning often left for Farragut the same day aboard truck or railroad car, sawn to instructions received that same day.

The frequency with which shipping dates on orders were advanced, and others pushed back, scrambled and disturbed cutting and shipping schedules. Mill men and Sales Department alike cursed, but recognized the unavoidable as such, and accelerated the shipping pace. Pressure for more lumber did not end in the Sales Department or at the mill. It spread long fingers back into the timbered slopes of logging areas. Sweating lumberjacks, to many of whom Farragut is still only a name, worked long hours in slippery, slimy mud that was the forests' floor during seasonally high rainfall but somehow managed to keep the logs rolling forth.

Orders in terrifying quantity were accepted and filled. The process of shipping was not always easy. Problems in puzzling number developed, some of them silly, inexcusable and without reason. In the midst of everything else and after a flat price per thousand board feet had been negotiated for all lumber going to Farragut, the Office of Price Administration established ceiling prices on lumber and enforced them with a vengeance. Effective date of the prices made them retroactive and although much of Farragut's lumber had been shipped, it had to be repriced and re invoiced to conform with price ceilings—by specie and by grade. The final difference in dollars amounted

to little but the clerical work involved produced much wrathful muttering. Many during the process the deity was invoked with considerable feeling to damn the lock, stock and barrel.

The problems connected with lumber production were small compared to the mass of the problems in the building of Farragut perhaps were only a sort of tag end. But as it may, the necessity for their solution out of all proportion to size, because Farragut was built of wood, the major part of it from Idaho forests, and P.F.I. was the biggest source of supply.

Work Stoppage Averted

The willingness of P.F.I. mills to alter change sawing instructions on a moment's notice was well demonstrated on May 10, date of a visit to Farragut by P.F.I. President E. M. Weyerhaeuser, General Manager C. L. Billings and Rutledge Unit Manager O. Graue. Construction had come to a temporary halt at the base and carpenter gangs were idle because of badly sized 4x16 timbers. Discovery that the timbers could be used in the rough, followed by some fast telephoning to the Coeur d'Alene mill, brought delivery early the following morning but not without considerable trouble. Rutledge has no timber dock and lumber must go out over the green hills and through the dip tank. The 4x16 timbers were too large for the dip tank. Solution was to bridge the tank and take the timbers from the top. Fast work on the part of Rutledge mill men averted a stoppage at Farragut that would have been several days in length at best.

This instance is indicative of the cooperation given the builders of Farragut by the lumber industry. Added to the sum of all such instances, it justifies the name "LUMBER DID ITS PART—ON TIME"



Grinder

Commanding Officer

Commandant of Farragut is Captain I. C. Sowell, who established station and assumed command on September 15, 1942. Captain Sowell, a graduate of the Naval Academy in 1912, saw action in World War I in the submarine division of the Navy. He is first of all a submarine man, but has had wide experience as an engineer and as a trainer of recruits.

From 1930 until 1932 Captain Sowell was in charge of recruit training at the Great Lakes Station and later had charge of the recruiters training school in San Diego. He commits himself to one thing only—the men who leave Farragut will be well trained and physically fit. Proof that the commitment will be discharged is everywhere at hand. Navy men say Farragut has already managed an enviable reputation.

City of Cities

Farragut is a city of six separate cities, or camps. Each is equipped to train thousands of Bluejackets for their roles aboard fighting ships of the fleet, at shore stations or at Navy service schools. The buildings of each camp include an administration building, mess hall, dispensaries, indoor rifle range, barracks, ship's service building, and drill hall.

Within the ship's service building is found the barber shop, laundry, library, and various recreational facilities. The drill hall houses seven separate basketball courts, football and badminton courts, theater facilities, and at one end a modern tile swimming pool 65x75 feet.

Many deer still roam within the confines of the station and an intriguing story is told of a big buck that crashed through a window in the swimming pool end of a drill hall, plunged into the pool, swam to the far end and then hopped out a window.

An extensive landscaping job will be undertaken at Farragut as soon as the weather permits; in fact the beginning was last fall. Some flower beds are already in place and will blossom with spring weather—three areas have been partly seeded with lawn grass but the rest remain to be worked (and it's a big job with 33 acres of lawn to the area)—the eight miles of four-lane approach highway will be beautified with flowering shrubs along either side of the road and a row of mountain ash down the center strip that divides the four lanes into twin two-lane roads.

A thriving business at Farragut is that of issuing life insurance. The amount applied for in one month recently totaled more than enough to build two Farraguts with enough left over to buy a few yachts as trinkets—only 20% of the commercial insurance companies in the U. S. have in force as much insurance as that applied for

at the station during the month in question.

* * *

Many professional stage and radio shows visit Farragut—scheduled for early March is the "Cavalcade of Music"—later is "Victory Sweethearts," featuring a nineteen member troupe and headlined by an all-girl band.

* * *

You don't—but he did! Minus proper credentials, the Farragut gates aren't gates. One simply doesn't enter. However, in early February a very young man, named Michael Leo Kowalski, accomplished what no one else had been able to do. He entered the heavily guarded Station without showing proper identification to the guards.

Michael, weighing nine pounds and two ounces, was the first to come into the Station, and the world, by way of Farragut's newly established Naval Hospital. Parents are Lieutenant and Mrs. Leo J. Kowalski.

Navy whale boat, Lake Pend d'Oreille



PLANT NEWS

Clearwater

Last month our news was headlined by Time Office Official George Hudson and this month he's done it again. We nominate him as the man who cooperates best with *The Family Tree*, even if the co-operation proves expensive. Last month George sacrificed one hat and chased another all over the plant in a high wind to make *The Family Tree* columns. In February he sacrificed the time office pick-up truck, but if he burns his house down in March we'll be inclined to think he's carrying the thing a little too far. The cartoon below shows George the morning after the night before—meaning the morn-



ing after the time office pick-up truck was stolen from in front of his house.

No cartoon is complete without an appropriate poem to accompany it, so a general office poet came up with the following:

"Old Man's Lament"

The time office had a pick-up truck,
Without it they were almost stuck,
They parked at night out in the street,
Seems just a little indiscreet.
The tank was full, the treads were thick,
'Twas just the job a man would pick,
There came a thief and like a wink
No truck for Jerry, George or Stink.
If some one has a bike or klunk,
Just call up George, he'll buy your junk.
When old men walk with ankles weak
And waistline bulging from elk meat,
They might be cripples in a week!

* * *

Tom Sherry, safety director of Clearwater, is in St. Joseph's Hospital with typhoid. We wish him speedy recovery . . . Doris Stevens, button pusher in the sawmill, left March 1st to join the Spars . . . 2nd Class Electrician's Mate Art Webb, stationed at San Diego, spent his furlough here visiting his many friends at the plant.

Billings Back From Sales Meetings

The big boss returned to his office February 27th from a week of sales meetings . . . in Spokane with the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company and at Portland with the Western Pine Association. His prophecy is tough problems ahead and a pressing need for lumber. Production plans he said have been made accordingly by the industry and although the production chore will not be easy in the size that it must be accomplished, it can be done.

The boss also stated that it seems likely our end of the industry will be called on to supply dry stock in higher proportion to our total output than we did last year, and that great quantities of our lumber will go into boxes and containers for foodstuffs, munitions, spare parts and the many items that must be transported to war fronts.

Potlatch

During the week of February 22nd to 27th Job Instructor Training Sessions were held in Potlatch by J. E. Marmon, Asst. State Superintendent of Trade Industrial Education. Foremen and key men attended five sessions of two hours each. An afternoon session from two to five was arranged for the men who were on night shift while the day shift attended from seven to nine each evening.

In May of 1942, in response to a nationwide appeal by the War Production Board for quinine, the Potlatch Mercantile Company turned in all their unopened packages. In early February of 1943 all remaining quinine stock, broken packages and opened bottles, was turned in to the National Quinine Pool. A letter of commendation has been received by the Mercantile Company from Turner F. Currens, Chemicals Division, War Production Board.

It will be an early spring says John Vaughn, timberman and cruiser at Camp 39. His prediction is based on the fact that, despite extreme weather, there has been an unusual growth of cones in the forests this winter. Sykes Segersten, on his return from a trip to the woods recently, brought in a spray of cones called to his attention by Mr. Vaughn and taken from the top of a 20-inch White Pine near Stanford. These baby cones now measure close to two inches in length . . . a size usually attained when spring is well advanced and a "sure harbinger of spring," according to the men well versed in woods lore.

Twenty years of service for Potlatch ended with the effective date of Ben Swofford's resignation February 28th as Sawmill Superintendent. Mr. Swofford came to Potlatch in 1923 as a sawyer and was transferred to Elk River a year later and placed in charge of the sawmill there. He returned to Potlatch in August 1926, and became superintendent of the sawmill. The sawmill crew at a meeting of the plant

after work presented Ben with an Encke sharp pen and pencil set and a \$100 savings bond. Mr. and Mrs. Swofford are reported to be undecided as to the immediate future although Ben stated he wanted to get back to work after a short vacation and to work until the war is over. The position made vacant by Mr. Swofford's resignation is being filled by L. H. Young, Chief Engineer at Potlatch.

Rutledge

Advantage is being taken of the winter period in the sawmill to give the inside of the building a coating of white paint. It is expected that light conditions within the mill will be much better as a result.

The war bond show put on by the plant from Farragut was so much a success that instead of one showing it had to be held twice—once on February 22, and again on March 1. Admittance was gained by purchasing a \$25 war bond within the month. One hundred and sixty tickets were distributed to Rutledge employees who qualified by virtue of the bond purchases.



Rutledge deer

One morning during the coldest part of our winter the barking of several dogs along the lake front attracted the attention of some of the yard crew. The barking continued in such an excited chorus that investigation was made and a young buck deer was discovered a few yards from shore in the lake where the dogs had been running that he would soon have drowned. The yard boys got him ashore and up in one of the car barns where he has remained ever since. He is fast becoming a pet and loves apples to the extent that he will follow after any one offering an apple. Some of the fellows at the plant have taken over the job of feeding him and as soon as winter is over propose to turn him loose in the yard. Perhaps by that time he will be become so accustomed to the plant that he will hang around there during the summer.

A German teacher asked a Luxembourg school girl to name one of her country's greatest rulers and without hesitation she replied, "The Grand Duchess Charlotte." Nettle, the man asked sarcastically, "Who fled, leaving the people in the lurch?" The whole class answered in chorus, "Hess."

WOODS NEWS

Headquarters News

In the last two weeks some of our snow has melted but it will be late in April or May before all of the snow piles that the bulldozer created finally disappear. The skidding down of Camp 14 reduced our train crew by some eight men. Our carpenter crew has managed to keep going all winter and we must have about 25 or 30 new camp or townsite shacks built, strung out among the snowballs in the meadow below Headquarters. Adverse weather or not, the logs are rolling here daily to the tune of 350 to 400 thousand board feet.

Camp X

Joe Holinka, foreman at Camp X, completed trucking logs to river in early February, despite the heavy snow that slowed operations. There are quite a number of clear down on the river and some appear to be in fine shape. One old elk tried to cross over on the ice and didn't make the grade. He is now about ten feet from the bank of the river with only his head protruding above the ice jam.

Camp 14

Camp 14 closed February 2nd after a losing fight to keep the railroad open to Headquarters. All men in camp were offered other jobs and most of them accepted transfers to other camps. Gerald Snider, speaker driver at Camp 14, was called to the army just before camp closed. Five hundred fifteen employees worked at Camp 14 in 1942. Of these 121 were married and 394 were single—before the matrimonial agency did its stuff. Johnson was the most popular name on the payroll . . . eighteen of the Johnson family being employed during the year.

Camp 27

The snow has settled down from two to three feet and logging conditions have improved. However, the going is still plenty tough. The thermometer is hovering around zero, but we still have two Generals skidding and decking, one loading, and four trucks hauling logs to the landing.

Camp 29

With the closing of Camp 14 we have gained several new men, bringing the number in this camp up to 142, but are still short handed. Sawyers seem to hibernate in winter just like groundhogs. Andy Jacobs, formerly with Hahn Plumbing Co. in Lewiston, is the new student clerk at 29. We were surprised and pleased recently by a visit from Harry Rooney and Clarence Haeg, who took to the woods and the deep snow as soon as they got here. We thought there was nothing but hot-house plants in the Lewiston office, although we'll admit Leo Bodine didn't get those snow pictures from an airplane.

Camp 51

February with only 28 days gave us 27 working days and we feel quite proud of the fact that our sawyers cut 4,200,000 feet and the loaders carried away 3,260,000 feet, even though the snow has been very deep. Our crew has averaged about 150 and outside of the kitchen help has changed very little. Our cook, Harold Witters, moved on

to Camp 52 and was replaced by Bill Burke. No accidents of any consequence except Uncle Sam sent in a Mr. Henry and took quite a toll of income tax (that wasn't an accident though).

Camp 52

We are getting our lots of logs this month in spite of all the snow. In fact we skidded and loaded over three million feet. Since the last writing we sent out all our horses, as the snow was too deep for them. We are now using cats for skidding. The snow has settled a lot in the last couple of weeks, especially on the south slopes. No accidents except minor ones during the month and no loss of men to the service.

General Office

Maybelle Gibbons, stenographer since June 1941, recently journeyed to Seattle and the WAACs. Miss Gibbons was sworn in an February 26 in Seattle and is now at home awaiting call. She expects to go to Florida for training . . . congratulations and good luck!

Mrs. Earl Crea (nee Alice Richardson of the purchasing department) is now living in Moscow where both she and Mr. Crea are attending the University of Idaho. Mr. Crea is a member of the army reserve. Mrs. Elmer Roise replaces Mrs. Crea.

Joe Hall, former employee, returned to Lewiston March 1st, after completing his civilian pilot's course at Bozeman, Montana, and is awaiting call to advance training.

Charlie Jack Visits

In early February Charlie Jack, former P.F.I. forester, now Ensign Charles Jack of the U. S. Navy, was a one-day visitor at the Billings' home. His request was that he be remembered to all his friends in P.F.I. and that his regret be expressed at being unable to see all of them because of only a short leave. Jack's address is Ensign Charles Jack, U. S. Naval Reserve, U.S.S. Indianapolis, C/o Fleet Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Among those rounded up by the Germans in Holland in their drive against subversive activities was a woman accused of listening to British broadcasts, which the law forbade.

"Why did you listen?" demanded the Nazified judge.

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "Herr Hitler said he would speak on the radio from London last October. I didn't want to miss him."

A small town merchant on a buying trip to the city, boarded the sleeper and pulled back the curtains of his berth. He was—shall we say—surprised to find two most personable blondes there ahead of him.

After checking his ticket to make sure that he wasn't wrong, he said, "I deeply regret this, ladies, but I am a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I can't afford to have any breath of scandal attach itself to my name. I'm sorry—but one of you will have to leave."

Cursing and yelling on a London street was Clancy, holding a doorknob in his fist. "Them damn Nazis will pay for this—blowin' a saloon right out of my hand!"

The Bull and Bill Smith

By AL GWYNNE

I stopped at Schmidt Bros. mill today, and instead of being met with a scowl as usual, Bill Schmidt says, "just the guy I'm looking for; let us go out to the beef trap." Well I figured this was a new one, and I better keep my mouth shut 'til I find out what the score is.

Bill breaks trail through the snow, and out we go to the lumber yard, me wondering all the time what the devil is this. Finally we plowed around the corner of a lumber pile and the first thing I see is a dead cow.

The lumber in Bill's yard is piled with a lift truck, and there is about a two-foot space between piles, and this fool cow had squeezed herself into this space and got stuck. She had killed herself struggling to get loose. I asked Bill how it happened and he says, "I don't know, but it sure as hell works, because we got another one stuck down there." I looked around, and sure enough a husky young steer is stuck between two other piles, kicking and bawling for all he's worth. Bill sends Ole, one of his men, to the shop for a jack, and we dug the snow away and started to jack the piles apart. Ole and I held the jack and Bill worked the handle. All this time the steer keeps running its tongue up Bill's arm under his sleeve. He cursed something fierce and I began to think that he did it like an expert, but it is nothing compared to what happens a few minutes later.

We spread the piles as far as the jack would go, but that was not enough, so we looked for blocks of wood, and finally found a couple. Ole and I were down in the snow fixing things, and Bill was bent over behind us with his back to the steer. Suddenly we heard a smack and a sort of swish and Ole says "My God, look at the boss!" I looked up and at first thought it was a P-27 coming in for a landing, but it wasn't, it was just plain Bill. Ole says, "bet you a box of snooze he don't clear the top of the next pile." but before I could answer Bill starts to fall and finally lands in a snow bank and goes out of sight.

Ole and I looked at each other a minute and I said, "Let's go get the steer out." Ole says we should, but tomorrow is pay day, and he hasn't been paid yet, so we better dig Bill out first. We didn't have to dig much at that, the snow was melting pretty fast around Bill, because of the language he was using. Now I have been around lumberjacks for twenty years, and have heard a lot of fancy talk, but when it gets right down to cussing, Bill tops them all. His son Ralph was home from the Army not long back, and I think Ralph must have taught his old man some new ones. In any event Bill knows a lot of words that aren't in the dictionary, and a lot I never heard before.

Well, we finally talked Bill out of killing the steer and got on with the job. In a few minutes, we got the piles spread apart, and out jumps the steer. The last we saw of him, he was going down the alley with his tail over his back, running like Rommel. To make a long story short, we got the dead cow out of the yard, and Bill says, "Al, meat rationing or not, you better come up to the camp for dinner tomorrow; we'll have steak," but I'm not going, and I don't plan on eating there any more.

Farragut Visit

It was February 25 and we took with us, Graue and I, a list of ten P.F.I. men that, according to our records, were in training at Farragut. Graue, who knew the Commandant, Captain Sowell, had previously arranged our appointment. We reached Farragut in the afternoon, thanks to a luncheon speech at the Coeur d'Alene Chamber of Commerce, and were promptly escorted to the Administration Building and Captain Sowell.

"You'll like the Captain," Graue told me, and he was right. Captain Sowell immediately put us at ease, thoughtfully spent a moment visiting, took time out long enough to recount a hunting experience of last fall, and then got down to the reason back of our being there.

"We'd like to visit with any, or all, of the men on this list, Captain, if possible for us to do so and if they're still here," we explained, presenting the list. A Yeoman was summoned and took the list to the Personnel Department. A few minutes later he returned with information that six of the men were still at Farragut. Meantime Captain Sowell had introduced us to Lieutenant Stampley, officer in charge of public relations at the station, and we had expressed to him the hope that some pictures as well as interviews with former P.F.I. men could be obtained. I believe we also took full credit, in behalf of P.F.I., for having built Farragut and stated we'd like to bring to the P.F.I. men who got out the lumber for Farragut some news from the P.F.I. men now training there.

Captain Sowell and Lieutenant Stampley expressed no objection and "OK'd" our wishes. An appointment for next morning was arranged.

At 10:30 Friday we reached Stampley's office and were turned over to Ensign Dennis. A few minutes later we entered a room on the second floor of the Administration building and found assembled there the six men we had asked to see. Three of them—St. Marie, Lisle and Leffler—had worked at the Clearwater mill and were known to me. The other three—Tribble, Libey and Talbott—had worked at Potlatch. Talbott had also spent some time working for Graue at Coeur d'Alene and they remembered each other.

I started talking with St. Marie but our conversation had hardly started when we were interrupted by the fervor with which Talbott was telling Graue that Potlatch has a better mill than Coeur d'Alene—they were both sawing lumber at a pretty fast clip by that time, so St. Marie and I moved down to the far end of a long table and gave them plenty of room.

St. Marie

St. Marie is a master-at-arms in his area and explained that his job is to ready a barracks for occupancy when a new company comes in, and to see that discipline is maintained within the barracks proper. He looked fit, praised the food and Farragut, likes the Navy—said he was studying for a first class rating. He had received a letter from Bill Boie of the Lewiston office and had replied, reads *The Family Tree* (God bless him)—likes the jokes best.

Lisle

Lisle was once a guide at the Clearwater plant—started there in September of 1941—said he had gained fifteen pounds since enlisting in the Navy, enjoys swimming, basketball and other recreational sports at Farragut, and hopes to go on to school there. He said the courses at Farragut include radio, torpedoman, gunner's mate, electrician's mate, firecontrolman, signalman, quartermaster, yeoman, storekeeper, cook and baker. He hopes for early action, said the training wasn't easy but not too tough either.

Tribble

Tribble worked for the W. I. & M. at Potlatch, gets home occasionally, likes the Navy and thinks it probable he will reenlist after the war, hopes to go to school and study for motor machinist's mate, thought the boot training not too tough but sufficient to get a man into top physical condition.

Libey

Libey's home is at Viola, Idaho. He formerly worked on the night shift at Potlatch, was the only man in the group not through boot training (having reached Farragut since the first of the year), hopes to go on to school and wants to study for machinist's mate, likes the Navy, has found the food "darn good," is fond of all the recreational sports, has a sister working in the Box Factory at the Lewiston plant—asked that we say hello to her for him; is in a hurry to get out and fight.

Leffler was in front of the photographer having his picture taken so I turned to Talbott. He and Graue were still sparring around and making passes at one another, and sawing lumber, millions of feet a day.

Talbott

It developed that Talbott had been a setter at Potlatch. He hadn't found the Navy training very tough, in fact he thought it rather easy (this I suspicion was for Graue's benefit because Talbott was still bent on convincing him that Potlatch and Talbott were better than anything that ever came out of Coeur d'Alene). He hopes to go on to gunner's mate school at Farragut, is now working in the ships company. Among his remarks were "Keep the

women away from my carriage in the mill. I want it to be in good shape when I get back from finishing the Japs." "Then, I'll bet you I cut half the lumber that's in these buildings—and now I'm here living in them." His final epic remark was, "I can hardly wait to go Jap hunting."

Leffler

Leffler worked in the Clearwater Box Factory. His brother, Al Leffler (also a P.F.I. employee), is now at the Pasco Training School. Leffler hopes to go to school at Farragut and study for aviation metalsmith. He enlisted November 16, 1941 and completed boot training some time ago—now works in one of the Mill barber shops where hair is cut to an inch and a half in length, no sideburns, high back, and every man receives a haircut every ten days. An average day is 55 haircuts but Leffler has done 84.

* * *

It was lunch time now and the photographer had finished taking pictures. We brought our visit to an end and shook hands all around, wishing each other luck (Talbot even admitted Rutledge was such a bad mill and Graue softened some toward Potlatch). We then went our respective ways.

Later we had lunch with Ensign Dennis and by great good fortune ran onto Lieutenant Al Newman of Lewiston, who considerably spent some time with us during the early part of the afternoon and together with Dennis showed us "what's on at Farragut."

We left the station at about 3:00 p.m. (1500 Navy time), respectfully concluding that we had been privileged to peek behind the scenes and observe briefly the thoroughness with which Uncle Sam was preparing his Navy men. That their schooling was in the hands of competent and qualified men we felt not the slightest doubt.

A gossip is a person who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself. A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

Standing—Tribble, Talbott, Libey. Seated—St. Marie, Lisle, Leffler

