



Out to work at 6:45 A. M.

LIBRARY  
THE FAMILY TREE

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Lewiston, Idaho, July, 1943

### Boys In the Woods

For many years we have used 18-year-old boys in the woods on fire patrol work and in odd jobs around the logging operations. Last year we accepted a few boys even younger. This year in the face of the shortage of man power we have taken on a very large number of 16 and 17-year-old boys but the draft has cut down to the vanishing point the number of boys 18 years old and older.

We have learned that there is a vast difference between handling a few younger boys scattered through a large number of older boys and men; and handling the younger boys in the mass without the benefit of the steadying influence of older people.

The percentage of failure has been higher than we expected. Homesickness, playfulness and outright insubordination have cut into this year's crews.

The boys who have stayed through have demonstrated a sturdy ruggedness of character, sometimes under difficult circumstances, that will remain a source of satisfaction to each of them in years to come.

These boys were taken on as a war measure. They were asked to play the parts of men. They have come through handsomely and to them and their parents we send both our appreciation and our congratulations. Our company will always need men and boys of this type.

C. L. BILLINGS,  
General Manager.

## BRUSH PILERS---1943 VINTAGE

Teen age youngsters from Pacific Northwest states and a score or more of mid-west states are this summer piling forest brush in P.F.I. forests. Reckoned in the measure of a war contribution their efforts rank high on the positive side. The work is an important and necessary one if the risk of forest fires is to be minimized and when it is remembered that the only bomb to ever fall on the U. S. mainland was calculated to set a forest fire, the importance of employing every possible preventive against such fires is easy to understand.

Homesickness and unfamiliarity with forest work has claimed heavy casualties from among the youths and has caused a considerable turnover in personnel among some of the crews. As was expected, the boys have a lower fatigue point than does an older man, a stronger inclination to congregate and visit while at work, and quite often a naturally mischievous nature that defies suppression and blossoms at intervals into rather startling actions. The overall accomplishment, however, has been good and the teen age lads who pile brush at Association, at Brown's Creek, at Camps X, 36, 51, 52, and out of Elk River deserve high praise. Their few shortcomings, as compared to mature men, require only a bit of tolerant understanding and watchful supervision.

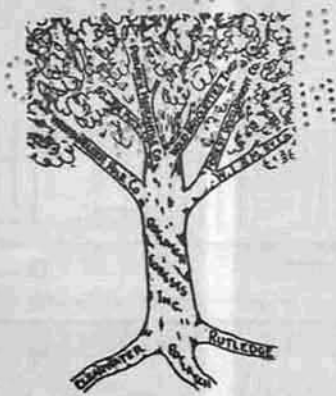
Largest single camp of brush pilers is located at the Clearwater Timber Association headquarters on Reeds Creek. It sprawls along one side of a meadow that is fringed with tall second growth timber, aftermath of P.F.I. selective logging. Along the opposite side of the meadow runs the Camas Prairie railroad and below it a main highway with daily bus travel to Lewiston. The camp falls far short of the primeval with showers, eight-man bunkhouses, an improvised football field in the meadow, softball diamond, basketball court, and other

(Continued on page four)

Brush camp—Association Meadow



## THE FAMILY TREE



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Editor ..... Leo Bodine

## Correspondents

Robt. Billings .....	Rutledge
Mable Kelley .....	Potlatch
Joe Flahive .....	Potlatch Woods
Jerry Johnston .....	Clearwater Plant
Carl Pease .....	Headquarters

## Gardening Trouble

A perplexing and annoying situation confronts Rutledge unit manager Graue. Early in the year he publicly classed himself a gardner second to none and crawled way out on a limb with assertions predicting the yield and quality of his potato crop as compared to that of other gardeners. His associates, including the editor of *The Family Tree*, accepted the statements at their face value.

First mistake in the course of events that have since shaped the Graue dilemma seems to have been made shortly after the opening verbal gun was fired. Two partners were requisitioned by expert potato-man Graue to share with him the glory of raising the best potatoes in all the Coeur d'Alenes. Accordingly a potato syndicate was born of Graue, Belknap and Gilbertson. At that time senior syndicate member Graue was so imbued with the spirit of the thing that he neglected to mention to his compatriots that in addition to sharing the glory of producing the best potatoes, members Belknap and Gilbertson were to share the gardening chores as well.

The potato syndicate seems headed for evil days. Senior member Graue is allegedly too busy to wield a hoe, besides possessing a keen dislike for blisters. Member Belknap has resorted to deductive reasoning and has

decided that as long as the potatoes grow under the ground there's no use worrying about what grows on top of the ground, and the way to clear out the weeds is to mow the patch. Member Gilbertson is said to be rapturously occupied with spitting tobacco juice at potato bug targets to the exclusion of all other matters of importance.

A short time back a bit of pre-harvest fumbling at the base of the potato vines convinced gardner Graue that all was not well below and that the yield was very apt to fall short of earlier predictions made by a facile and momentarily unguarded tongue. Followed a conference, and the syndicate voted some last minute expenditures to save face. Weeds have been removed and 'tis said five different brands of fertilizer have been fed the plants in addition to the verbal brand which has long been present in volume and potency but doesn't mix well with the soil.

Not all of gardner Graue's worries are local. Back in St. Paul an old friend recently penned a wrathful letter to the luckless potato-man. The letter, from Charles McGough, reveals that when Mr. Graue last visited St. Paul it was planting time for victory gardens and that he brashly took over supervision of the McGough garden plot. Mr. McGough reports he has since learned that the proper way to plant a garden is not to mix all the seeds together and sow them broadcast. He wants to know where Mr. Graue acquired his agricultural knowledge and polishes off the letter by acidly stating he doubts Mr. Graue knows which end of a seed should be uppermost when planted.

Gardner Graue meantime eagerly consults his daily newspaper hoping for an end of the war and of victory gardens.

## Clearwater Hay Field Pays Dividends

Thirty acres of hay land within the Clearwater unit plant grounds have already this year returned a sizeable piece of revenue, according to shipping superintendent Dave Troy, self-styled expert hay farmer who claims credit for the fancy yield. First cutting totaled fifty-five tons and was sold at a ceiling price of \$24 per ton. Three carloads (52 of the 55 tons) were shipped to Headquarters, Idaho, with the odd three tons going to a local stockyard.

There was no objection to price quality at the stockyard. In fact, seemed genuinely pleased to get the hay, but from Headquarters came a word of mortal anguish. Logging superintendent Howard Bradbury gave voice in positive fashion to a statement that the hay, although top grade, was hardly worth \$24 per ton. Confronted with proof that other parties were willing to pay \$24 per ton for the hay, superintendent Bradbury, who is a resourceful character and plain quick in the head, admitted he had been hasty in saying the hay received at Headquarters from the Clearwater thistle patch was of a top grade. He confessed with seeming reluctance that close inspection of the bales revealed the hay to have been improperly cured, to be mouldy and to have turned a tobacco brown on fermentation. In his judgment it would prove altogether unpalatable stock in the Headquarters area and would likely prove a total loss. Bradbury is said to also have mentioned in reproving fashion the wisdom of taking money out of one pocket simply to put it in the other and to have spoken softly to Mr. Troy in brotherly love. However, Mr. Troy either had his deaf ear out, or was a bit short on brotherly love.

Now it's haying time again at Clearwater and the second crop has likewise been purchased by Headquarters without further discussion of price. All of which has brought to mind a disturbing suspicion that shipping superintendent Bradbury in reality regards the hay as pretty much a no-gain. This has caused him to make a sharp protest to the effect that the ceiling price at which he may sell the hay is far too low and must be raised by the O.P.A., who should also make the price increase retro-active to include crop one.

Pray, find no fault with the man who limps, or stumbles along the road, if you have worn the shoes he wears, struggled beneath his load. There are tacks in his shoes that hurt, though far away from view, or the burden he has placed on your back, might cause you to stumble, too.

"How do you know your wife was lying around while you were away?"

"Well, I came home unexpectedly and found a couple of stray mules under the bed."

He: "Honey, I've brought something the one I love best. Guess what it is."

She: "Must be a box of cigars."

## ★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

### From 2nd Lt. Howard Johnson, Salt Lake City, Utah

An learning to fly the Curtiss C-46, and the doggone thing is so big I swear Bertha Hill out at Headquarters would look small by comparison. We flew up into the middle fork of the Salmon the other day. It's certainly beautiful country but not as good as we have up there in Clearwater county. In the next few weeks I'm going to get to fly up to Moscow and Headquarters. I want to buzz the warehouse so low that it will scare the pants off old Jackson McKinnon.

Hollywood was a doggone nice town to get around in. The broadcasting studios would give us tickets most any time and I saw many very good shows. Ken Murray's "Blackouts of 1943" was the best entertainment I saw in town. He had a little of everything.

### From Pvt. John Hendley, Somewhere in North Africa

The customs of these natives sure seem odd. They are still living in about the Anglo-Saxon age. Their methods in building are crude and slow but nevertheless they have some beautiful homes. There is lots of vegetation here and everything is still nice and green. It really gets warm in the day but one nearly freezes with three wool blankets at night.

### From Pvt. Frank Gripp, Camp Livingston, La.

I am now stationed at Camp Livingston, Louisiana, and am doing duty here at the entertainment camp for prisoners of war. We have a lot of German prisoners here in the entertainment camp and a lot of guard duty. The weather is damn hot to put it mildly and seems to get a little worse every day. It is about a hundred degrees in the shade now and there isn't much shade.

### From Nelson M. Abbott, AMM 3/C, Somewhere in the Pacific

I have been in the Navy fifteen months now and have seen a lot of country. I might add a good share of it wasn't so dry. I took my boot training in San Diego after which I spent six months attending aviation machinist mate school in Chicago. After that I attended the aerial gunners school for four weeks in Jacksonville, Florida. On my way to San Francisco, I saluted a few days at home and that was really a treat. After leaving San Francisco there's been points unknown so I'll have to keep telling about that.

I am working in the squadron storeroom and like my work very much. It is certainly far from uninteresting or monotonous. Every day brings something new and a different problem to solve. There are plenty of chances for advancement for everyone who will study and work. The day starts early and ends late around here. A forty-hour week is just something in the past.

### From Pvt. George Kolasa, Alaska

We have a fine library here with plenty of good books and the best magazines. One can also play pool or softball if he feels so inclined, and for a few days after payday there are always certain games of chance. I have handed out a few expensive lessons via cards, but have steered clear of the dice. It always looked to me like it was hard on the knees besides wearing out your trousers.

I have seen many articles bearing the stamp "Weyerhaeuser." I'm not certain they were all from Potlatch Forests, Inc., but some of them were. It is hard to realize the many changes that have taken place here in the last year. Especially when the elements were the chief foe. All the tales of blizzards you have read are absolutely true. In fact I get rather an empty feeling in my stomach when I think of another winter approaching.

Night life hasn't bothered me any the past year. I have been told that whiskey is available if one cares to pay the racketeers price of thirty-five dollars per quart, but at that price you don't have any desire to look for the cats with crocheted tails.

This is a sportsman's paradise. Fishing here almost isn't any fun. It's just like fishing for perch in Winchester Lake only the fish you catch aren't perch. About the only wild animal I haven't seen so far is the brown bear, but from some of their tracks I believe they are as large as claimed.

Well fellows I don't seem to have anything more to relate. It will surely seem good to get back to the pine woods once more. Maybe when this epic struggle is over we can all get together and hash over the history of World War Two.

### From T/5 Percival J. Eller, Camp San Luis Obispo, Calif.

This outfit I am with is without a home but we hope to find a permanent home soon. I was in Los Angeles while the "zoot suit" trouble was going on, but only saw one fight. There were almost as many M.P. and police on the streets as soldiers and civilians combined. All the hotels were full so we slept in an all-night theatre.

### From Pvt. Gail Cloninger, Camp Maxey, Texas

The outdoor pictures in the June issue of *The Family Tree* caused me to be more lonesome than ever for the great northwest and everything that makes it what it is. The Waha Lake scene would cause anyone to leave the south and head toward the north woods. I'm hoping every day to get back to Lewiston again, where men are men and women wear shoes . . . every day!

### From T/5 Robert Bedwell, Fort Knox, Ky.

I got a break when the army decided to send me to school here. The course gives ten weeks' instruction in medium tank maintenance and it sure is a grand course. I am learning quite a bit each day. So far my grades have been good and I hope to

## Rutledge Buys More Bonds

The ten per cent minute man flag still flies at Rutledge where a .27% increase of wages to war bonds was posted for the month of June, increasing the plant average from 10.02% to 10.29%, and keeping the Coeur d'Alene plant well out in the lead in the percentage of wages to the purchase of war bonds.

Clearwater and Potlatch finished in a dead heat with an exact duplicate average of 8.58%, representing an increase at Clearwater of .11% and a drop at Potlatch of 1.06%. Both are still considerably shy of the 10% goal.

Top ten departments from among the three mills were:

Townsite, Potlatch	17.22%
4-sq. Rebutt & Glue Depts.	
Clearwater	14.23%
Power Plant, Potlatch	13.29%
Replant, Clearwater	13.19%
Pond, Sawmill & Lath, Rutledge	12.99%
Shipping Dock, Clearwater	12.40%
Graders, Clearwater	12.19%
Shed, Shipping, Replant & 4-sq., Rutledge	11.96%
Plant Offices, Clearwater	11.69%
Pres-to-logs, Potlatch	11.55%

Lowest three departments were:

Transportation, Clearwater	4.62%
Power Plant, Clearwater	4.66%
Pond, Clearwater	5.10%

Plant averages were:

Rutledge	10.29%
Potlatch	8.58%
Clearwater	8.58%

In the last World War, four thousand men were killed in the ten minutes before the Armistice was declared. Multiply that ten minutes by hours and days and weeks, and months, and even years and you will realize to what extent the power to shorten this war, and save the lives of thousands of our boys, lies within your pocket and your power. BUY BONDS!

—Fannie Hurst.

make them better. The course consists of shop work and lectures and last, but not least, one test after another. Tomorrow will mark the end of the first phase of the course. It consists of the track and the suspension system. There sure is a lot of difference in the tank track and the track of the cats back in the woods.

It is plenty hot down here and the sweat makes your clothes sloppy all the time. The tall trees and cool running trout streams of Idaho sure enter my dreams. Hope to get home on a furlough when the school is over. Tell the fellows hello for me.

First Girl: "What's a military objective, Helen?"

Second Girl: "Walk past those soldiers on the corner and you'll find out."



Jerry Daley with pickaroon

## Brush Pilers

(Continued from page one)

recreational facilities. Camp buildings, except the eight-man bunkhouses, are those formerly used by the Civilian Conservation Corps and the long dining room occupying center position within the camp affords sufficient space to feed the entire personnel at one sitting. The Association meadow also holds another camp, a small tent city directly in front of the brush pilers' camp that provides quarters for some thirty boys who are kept busy working at blister rust control. There is a separate entity to itself with different working hours, their own cook, and separate supervision. There are frequent athletic contests between the two camps, but the blister rust boys with only an approximate fourth of the number present in the brush pilers' camp are at a distinct disadvantage in recruiting athletes.

Pivotal point of the camp at Association is the mess hall. It is there the day begins with breakfast at 6:00 A. M. and the first harsh clang of the breakfast bell brings boys from all directions on the double. Almost before the echo has quieted every boy in camp will have seated himself within the mess hall where plates of bacon, eggs, hotcakes and breakfast cereals pass speedily back and forth until emptied and tossed to a flunkey for a refill. There is little conversation at meal time. Eating receives undivided attention and the noisy clatter that marks enthusiastic use of knife and fork more than drowns out the footsteps of camp boss Carr Lavell (school teacher from Cedar Rapids, Iowa), as he patrols the mess hall to maintain order and discourage too flagrant an application of boarding house reach, a method effectively employed to accumulate a plate load of choice items, matter not the risk of poking out a neighbor's eye with a sharp tongued fork. Camp boss Lavell is also on hand to see, insofar as possible, that each boy eats a well-balanced meal. Likewise it is his responsibility to see that food is not wasted nor smuggled out for a sham battle later in the day. The spirit of youth being what it is, and an egg being a very nice missile indeed and fitting the hand just right so to speak, the consumption of boiled eggs when served at breakfast is high, but not always, regrettably, as the result of an appetite for boiled eggs. Many find their way to the great outdoors in the pockets

of youths who have a restive urge to try their marksmanship on other youths equally possessed of the same desire. However, only a few such complimentary exchanges of egg barrages by truckloads of boys leaving camp for a day's work were needed to so sharpen the eye of camp boss Lavell that egg smuggling has become hardly worth the effort.

Leaving the breakfast hall each boy picks up a sack that contains his lunch for the day. The choice of food is not left to individual taste as in previous years. Instead, lunches are put-up by the cookhouse crew, and a better balanced lunch has been the result with less food wastage. Last year's brush crews (largely seventeen and eighteen years old), with the prerogative of selecting their own lunches were much given to living on pastry. A pie per boy, per lunch, was none too much, but early fatigue later in the day and a troublesome



First aid—Paul Kridler

stomach were never associated with too much pastry in the minds of the afflicted.

Six forty-five is the hour for departure from camp and the boys leave in crews of 20 to 25, traveling by truck out into the forest. Each crew has an adult foreman and two or three straw bosses of teen age who had been carefully selected because of particular qualifications. The straw-bosses receive an additional 5c per hour as also do boys who were in last year's crews and are in their second year of brush piling.

At camp things quiet down with departure of the crews, but there is plenty of work for those left behind. Paul Kridler, first aid and recreation director (athletic coach from a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, school), makes a tour of inspection to discover if there are any sick in camp that have not reported. Each day finds several. Causes and symptoms vary with individual personality. Most frequent disorder, although seldom admitted, is homesickness which variously manifests itself as loss of

appetite, head colds, constipation, muscle ache, dizzy spells, sore feet, earache, overwhelming disinclination to work. There are occasional cases of drinking too much water with attendant stomach disorders. A sprained ankle may keep a boy in camp. There are frequent mild cases of sunburn. But the day when 16 boys out of a hundred and ten failed to report for work the reason given (almost unanimous and with complete frankness) was lack of sleep. The day was July 6th, end of a day holiday during which slight brush pilers spread fanwise, tourist fashion in all directions. Some hitch hiked to Lewiston, others traveled farther afield to view as much country as possible. They returned to camp at a late hour following two days of hitch hiking and just before

Bull-cook for the camp (the luckless individual who swamps out the bunkhouse and is responsible for camp housekeeping in general) is Robert Merrick of Lexington, Kentucky, alias "The Deacon." Bob has a slow draw and is as unflinching as a torn-up bunkhouse as his speech may indicate. He is a second year man at camp and doesn't mind bull-cooking. Camp boss Lavell pays him high praise and a long trip through some of the bunkhouses has given ample proof that "The Deacon" earns his money the hard way. Teenage men aren't exactly good housekeepers. Everything from personal effects to Coca Cola bottles were strewn around the bunkhouses. Reading tastes obviously run to the comics, wild west thrillers, and spy

Brush piling in the woods is under the direction of P.F.I. forester Jack Harbison and assistant Alec Harbison, both of whom have been loaned to the Timber Product Associations (Potlatch and Clearwater) for the summer. Crew foremen receive careful and explicit instructions by Baggs and Harbison. Boys are kept apart while working to avoid possibility of an accidental injury from a carelessly wielded pickaroon (brush axe). They are cautioned against drinking too much water, are not allowed to congregate

Bullcook Bob Merrick, alias "The Deacon"





On the job boys stripped to the waist . . . soon become work hardened



Upper—Boggs and Harbison—field supervisors. Lower—Carr Lavell—camp boss



visit on the job, are shown how to use the pickaroon, advised as to proper clothing and proper footwear.

On the job most of the boys strip to the waist. Some wear gloves. All eventually become tanned and work hardened. Many acquire real skill with the pickaroon but there is still a considerable number of broken pickaroon handles to be repaired each week. C.T.P.A. boss Bert Curtis recently took note of sixty odd pickaroons that required new handles one week end and labeled the breakage proof that a boy wielding a pickaroon and striking at a limb doesn't always hit where he's aiming.

Curtis, who is state fire warden for the Clearwater in addition to being head of the C.T.P.A., has charge of brush disposal work in the Clearwater. Recognizing in his camps of boy brush pilers an important source of manpower in the event of a forest fire, the boys early in the summer received successive Saturdays of fire drill. Training included the use of polaske, shovel, and other fire-fighting tools. Fire lines were hacked out with the boys alternating at different tasks to get the know-how of all. Results proved well worth the effort expended. The boys learned quickly, but tired after a few hours and in actual fire-fighting, if there is any, will have to work shorter shifts than do regular smoke eaters.

A bit of applied psychology by Curtis generated extra interest in learning to use a crosscut saw. The psychology consisted of a reminder that Jimmy Phelan, when coach at the University of Washington, used log sawing as a means to develop rhythm and peak physical condition among his football players. The worth of learning how to use a saw immediately assumed a phenomenal value and if Phelan's conditioning method can be relied upon to develop expert football players there will be many a high school football coach this fall who will owe Curtis a vote of thanks.

The Brown's creek camp of brush pilers has an extra "unusual" that will provide the boys of the camp with talking material for a long time to come. The unusual is a group of interned Italian seamen, sixty odd in number, who are working at con-

struction of Forest Service roads. Italians and boys live together in the same camp and fraternize freely. There is an exchange of language instruction, the boys picking up some Italian, and the internees fast adding to their knowledge of English. Both boys and internees seem immensely pleased with the arrangement and the Italians are models in cleanliness of person and quarters. They keep themselves exactly as if aboard ship, according to their captain, who commands the camp.

"When can we get a regular logging job at one of the camps?" is the question most frequently asked by brush pilers who feel that a week or two of brush piling has qualified them for better paid jobs that require skill and experience.

Comments of the boys, often away from home for the first time in their lives, run the gamut from lively interest to bleak despair. A lad from North Dakota is quoted as saying "I'll be glad to get back home where I can see the ground once more—there are too many trees in Idaho." Another from Waterloo, Iowa, doing his laundry and industriously working with soap, clothing and a washboard inquired of a fellow laundryman why there were no suds. The fellow alongside took one look and advised "turn the board over Bud, and use the rough side."

Bits of ingenuity have been displayed. A brush piler asked a girl flunkie to go to the movies with him. She accepted, and he then asked her to iron his shirt so he could dress up befitting the occasion.

The brush pilers have an orchestra organized from camp personnel. The jam sessions are something to be remembered. It would be difficult to forget them.

The second cook, Bob Sheib, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has a true Alger road-to-success story. From brush piler to dishwasher to second cook in three weeks. He professed amazement the first day as second cook when the boys ate his pies.

One of the girl flunkies takes drum lessons from a brush piler musician. The fee is likely an occasional choice bit of pastry, smuggled from the cookhouse.

Such is the life of the 1943 brush piler who is doing his bit in commendable fashion and finds pleasure in the doing!

Husband (answering telephone): "I don't know. Call the weather bureau."

Pretty Young Wife: "Who was that?"

Husband: "Some sailor, I guess. He asked if the coast was clear."

Teacher: "Now, can anyone give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'?"

Elmer: "People who drive carelessly diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen."

A French refugee arriving in New York was asked what was the attitude of the French toward the British. "We are both pro- and anti-British," was the reply. "Those who are pro-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please God, let the gallant British win quickly,' the anti-British say, 'Please God, let the dirty British win right away.'"

## WOODS NEWS

### Camp 52—Casey Creek

Saturday, July 10th, our camp ceased sawing, skidding and loading operations until old man winter arrives again. At its peak, Camp 52 had some 140 men, most of whom have now been transferred to other camps. Monday morning, July 12th, saw them busy in their new homes without losing a single production hour, but we like to think they are counting the days until Camp 52 will begin logging again.

We still have a crew of 35 men who are busy constructing landings, dozing roads and sawing right-of-way in preparation for renewed logging activity.

Miss Teola Clark has taken charge of the cookhouse and is doing a very satisfactory job as cook. Our lone flunkey, Shirley "Speed" Bowling, is handling six tables in grand style and except for an occasional spell of lonesomeness for Camp 14 seems happy and contented as chief flunkey.

Friday, June 9th, Mr. Harry Rooney of the Lewiston office, department of food points (alias the P.F.I. purchasing agent), gave a very interesting talk at Community Hall in Headquarters regarding food points and regulations. The meeting was attended by all camp cooks and clerks. After the meeting the men returned to their respective camps . . . wondering what next!

### Camp 14—Beaver Creek

We have 187 men in camp and that's a big camp in any man's woods. Al Gardner, former clerk at 14, is now at Camp 29, replacing Russ Davis who left for the navy.

W. T. Perry, rigging slinger, got a finger under the wrong cable during the month and is now minus another finger.

There are six trucks hauling logs at Camp 14. We wonder what Geo. McKinnon would say if he were alive. He certainly despised trucks; said they made too much noise, etc.

We think it should be "hats off" to Buford Barnes, Camp 14 foreman, who is really getting production from an extremely tough logging chance. Ole Vinsaud is assistant to Buford and, as every jack knows, Ole is a good man to have around. Vinsaud and Louis Swenson, strawboss, were both recent victims of the matrimony bug. There must be something in the air around here.

### Camp 54—Washington Creek

Phil Peterson has two crews double-shifting a shovel on the grade down Washington Creek where there is a small crew at present as the grading is not so heavy and culverts are being placed in the grade instead of bridges.

A recent weekend saw some heavy traffic through Camp 54—down the road that connects with the Elk Mountain road below which Washington Creek makes a very rapid descent to the river. The country is rough and the creek plunges over successive falls. Only with great difficulty can one get up or down the creek in this area. Reason for the unusual travel was that C.T.P.A. boss Bert Curtis circulated a story to the effect that the fishing down

below the falls was very good. Quite a few of the fellows went in—just once—to see if it was true. They didn't say much about the fishing, but you should have heard them talk about Curtis!

### Camp 51—Casey Creek

Over the Fourth of July Camp 51 became more of a boarding house than a logging camp. The cookhouse closed at Camp 52 and the men who stayed in camp ran back and forth on the speeder to get their meals over here.

Herb King has been sick and not able to work, so Wallace Bolts moved down when the logging stopped at 52 and is now loading out logs here with his crew.

### Camp 27—Breakfast Creek

Camp 27 is swinging into full production. The truck landing has been rebuilt. A big General is loading out trucks and another General and a shovel are skidding and decking. After shuttling back and forth to Headquarters every day for a long time Camp 27 now has a nice portable outfit up the Breakfast Creek road about a mile and a half from the landing. We are probably good for the summer here and will then likely move again. John Langseth is cook with Mrs. Langseth as second cook. They are doing a fine job.

As in previous months, more than half of our crew stay at home and drive back and forth to work, so the size of the camp and the size of the crew working here are quite different.

Now that it is summer with a vengeance, you'd think we could forget the winter's snow, but on July 15th there was still quite a bank of it left below the turn in the road on the Breakfast Creek divide.

### Headquarters

The rainy season has finally passed as evidenced by the absence of cars in the parking lot, proving that the roads to the camp are in good shape. The fishermen are getting farther from Headquarters too and are getting bigger fish.

In May 1942 engine 82 was wrecked—so badly that it was nothing but a pile of junk. Another old engine was purchased and Headquarters machinists mixed the two into a stiff brew, stirring well all the while. From this conglomeration they have distilled a shiny new engine, labeled "83." They did a fine job, practically making the engine from nothing.

We have two small Shetland ponies in Headquarters that have excited much attention and comment around here. Not long ago the office force was startled to see the local dairy cows dash past at top speed. A second later out of the dust of the dairy herd emerged a frightened Shetland, running as fast as the cows, but in the opposite direction. It has not been satisfactorily decided just who scared who.

Bears are seen near Headquarters eating from the garbage pit nearly every evening. They don't seem to be much afraid of people, and sometimes stay by the pit for several minutes if watchers make little noise. Deer are also often seen, in the early morning and late evening.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new townsite and it should be ready for occupancy before long.

### Camp 29—Washington Creek

After July 4th Roy Porter, camp foreman, was unable to return to the camp. Albert Houke has taken over. There's some clean-up work where we logged the deep snow last winter and some of the cats are working on that, making a lot of all the roads used last winter. The cats of the cats are working the spur that leads the main line at the top of the hill.

It has been impossible to send out lunches to the men here, so, with a limited allotment of meat, we have had to make lunches for most of the crew in order that everyone receives an equal share. The plan is working out very well. Lunches are put up at night so they will be fresh when taken out in the morning.

### River Camp

The only activity in the river camps under the charge of Stan Proffitt is getting equipment out of X and T for where it will be needed. There will be little clean-up work necessary at any of the camps and then these river camps will be idle until they can be logged on another drive. Stan has some of his drive crew with him, including Bill Ross, Joe Ross, Don Spreiter and a few others.

### Camp 55—Casey Creek Spur

Another month has rolled by and our crew has completed over a mile of railroad grade. If old Sol keeps up the good work we will be able to move camp the first of September. This spur will be about eight miles long when completed and will tap a lot of fine timber that can go to the war effort.

Marko is cooking here now. In addition to cooking, the cookhouse crew have other projects. They have a swarm of bees housed in a nail keg. At least there is a swarm there. No one else is close enough to the keg to find out.

### Camp 40—Stony Creek

We were able to get out only one or two three-quarters million feet of logs in July but are now averaging over a hundred thousand per day and should have a good run in August if the Osgood holds together. It has a crack on the main deck and we don't know until later just how well it will be welded.

### Camp 35—Merry Creek

Actually we have two camps here with a total working force of 250 men. This is the Camp 37 crew under Bill Green working the 37 trucking chance and the Camp 35 crew under Henry Hendrickson who are skidding on the upper end of Merry Creek. Together the camps get over four million feet in July.

### Camp 36—South Fork of Palouse River

The Camp 36 operation has now been completely moved to the upper camp on the south fork of the Palouse, although the cookhouse at Laird Park is still being used to feed a crew of brush pile men. They are averaging over 100,000 feet of logs per day and should do very well during August.

All of us are more or less footloose—difference is that some insist on proving

**Bovill**

The new Bovill shops with construction under the direction of Irwin Fisher are rapidly nearing completion. A roundhouse, cut and truck shop, and machine shop are already in use. The parts department will be properly installed shortly with Julius Crane in charge.

A blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, welding shop, and pipe shop are yet to be completed.

Ray Carroll, former timekeeper in the Potlatch woods and now with the Coast Guard, was a visitor in Bovill during the month.

Norma Holmes, stenographer at the Bovill warehouse, returned from Seattle following a 4th of July vacation with some interesting trophies—a Japanese post card and part of a Japanese uniform captured at Attu.

Douglas Williams of Lewiston has been employed at Bovill as warehouseman and among the new timekeepers hired is Hugh Helgman, formerly a teller in the Idaho First National Bank at Lewiston.

Railway grade construction on the East Fork has been completed about two miles from Bovill. This grade leads to what will eventually be Camp 42 when the steel has been laid. The construction crew that worked the 42 grade has now been moved over the Elk River and are working on the railroad running up Deep Creek beyond last winter's Camp 41 site. The Deep Creek railroad will be extended about two miles and then Camp 41 will be moved and later occupied by logging crews.

**Camp 35—Sweetwater Creek, Waha Lake**

We have around ninety men working here, of which about 55 stay in camp and the rest drive back and forth from their homes. Since much of our skidding was done before trucking began, we still have only three cats skidding logs. We have one power saw with five men bucking and finishing back of it and have three gangs of saws felling, bucking and limbing in addition.

To date we have felled about 7,400,000 feet of logs at Camp 53 of which 1,900,000 feet have been delivered to the Lewiston millpond via eleven trucks. We have two loaders. Trucking started on July 6th but we suffered many set-backs in July with much loader trouble and considerable fire trouble, plus other mechanical troubles on such number that "you name them, we had them" isn't a bad description phrase. However, our trucking operation has climbed from an original 60 to 70 thousand feet per day to that of August 2nd of 129,000 and we expect more.

A number of visitors have been here and all universally expressed admiration of the splendid view of the valley below. Among them were P.F.I. General Manager Billings and Assistant General Manager Rettig who came up to see if Camp 53 really existed. They finally ended the day at the power saw and were so intrigued by its action they couldn't resist taking over and felling a tree or two. One tree fell victim to their efforts but according to sawboss Al Kroll they cut a "gyppo stump," an unforgivable crime as far as Al is concerned. According

**PLANT NEWS****Clearwater Plant**

The woods department can't claim all the fishing. Lloyd Gilson, painter, went fishing for bass in the millpond on his way home from work early in the month and caught three beauties, the largest weighing 6½ pounds.

There ought to be a law against it! Ralph Showalter, trouble shooter in the planer, opened his lunch box the other day and almost created a riot. There, on top, was a roast duck complete with trimmings. Further investigation revealed four chicken sandwiches and a drum stick . . . rumor has it there was an immediate division of wealth.

The mystery of the time office deepens. Spotted from the air the truck was found in the river last week, badly wrecked. It disappeared from in front of time office official Geo. Hudson's home last February. Dragged from the river, only the tires looked good.

A/C Bill Green received his wings July 28th at the Army Advanced Flying School at Marfa, Texas.

Cpl. Hank Graham, ex-stacker man home on furlough from the army, and Miss Irene Muscat, box factory worker, were married late in July.



**Freedom Is A Privilege Worth Financing—Shell Out And Underwrite It!**

to calculation of the time office, Gyppos Billings and Rettig earned 17½¢ each for themselves but they stayed to dinner and ate up 45¢ worth of food each. Rumor has it Boss Billings was heard to say that given a good saw partner he could do much better, Mr. Rettig being too small a man for such heavy work.

Our lost time record because of accidents has been clean to date. We hope to keep it that way but the matter of absenteeism could be improved with some effort on the part of the absentees.

**Potlatch Plant**

At the time the Potlatch plant closed down on account of a log shortage following shutdown of the woods operations during the holidays of July 2, 3, 4 and 5, about forty of the plant employees utilized their days off by volunteering their services to local ranchers who were short of help in haying and harvesting. Ranchers were very appreciative of the lift.

June was our biggest month for shipments with sixteen million feet of lumber going to war customers and war uses. An all-time high for Potlatch. July was considerably short of the June figure but considering down time because of the Fourth of July holidays the total shipments figure of twelve million wasn't bad.

**Rutledge Plant**

As this is being written the log pond has more logs in it than at any time since the sawmill started cutting this spring. The future looks promising, with unit manager Graue fervently hoping that woods boss Rettig really meant it when he said that Rutledge would get all the logs from Camps 35 and 40.

The hogged fuel pile is steadily enlarging, and we hope to have enough to keep the dry kilns going when they are completed. M. A. Roberts, general contractor from Portland, who is erecting the kilns and has the contract for the entire job (kilns and extra boiler), says that the work is proceeding on schedule and satisfactorily.

The Pres-to-log plant has had difficulty in operating because of wet fuel but foreman Happy Rodeck has been running as much as possible and consoling himself with the thought that once the dry kilns are operating he won't be bothered with wet fuel.

The warm weather has been a great help to the crops in our victory gardens. The only trouble is that the bugs are beginning to become evident in increasing numbers. Right now it looks like a wide open race to see who gets the largest potato.

"I've been bitten by a dog," said the excited lady breathlessly, "and I'm worried. I understand that when a dog bites you, whatever the dog has, you get."

"Then, madam, you have a right to worry."

"Why?"

"That dog just had eleven pups."

"I don't mind washing dishes for you," wailed the hen-pecked husband, "and I will even sweep the floors, but I ain't going to run no ribbons through my nightshirt just to fool the baby."

Judge: "What brought you here?"

Lumberjack: "Two policemen, your honor."

Judge: "Hmm-m. Drunk, I presume?"

Lumberjack: "Yes sir, both of them. I had an awful time getting here."

Tramp: "Madam, I don't know where my next meal is coming from."

Housewife: "This is no information bureau, keep moving."



## Land Board Inspects

In late July two members of the State Land Board, accompanied by state forester Franklin Girard, made a quick tour of inspection through the Clearwater and over into the Potlatch area. Other members of the party included Dr. Young from the University of Idaho, Bert Curtis, head of the Clearwater Timber Protective Association, and blister rust officials Swanson and Faulkner, who explained blister rust work to the group during the first day of their inspection trip.

Potlatch Timber Protective Association head Ray Weisner joined the group after they left the Clearwater and entered the area guarded by P. T. P. A. Forest service officials Percy Melis and Axel Lundh also spent some time with the touring party.

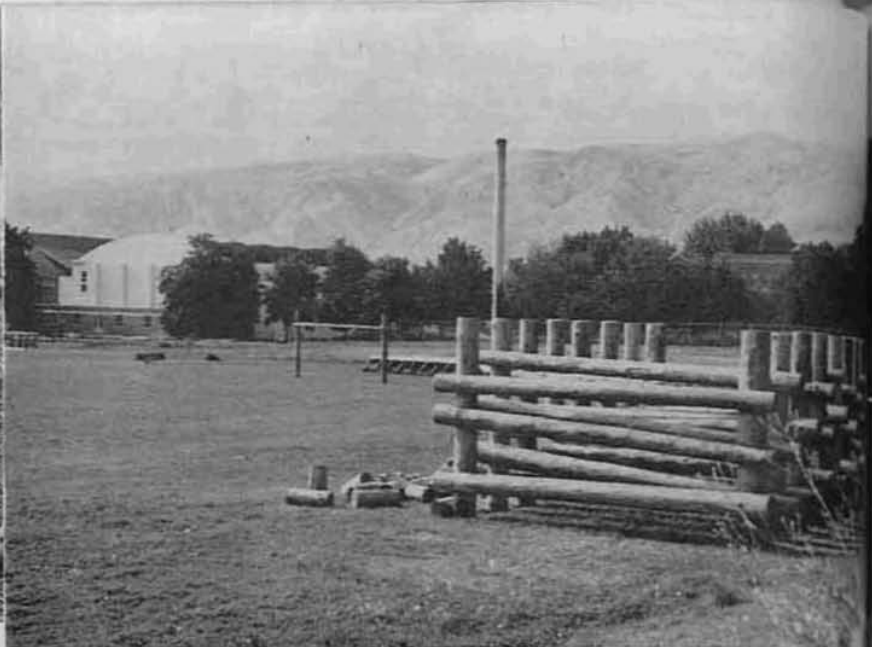
From left to right above are state forester Girard, land board member C. E. Roberts who is otherwise state superintendent of schools, and land board member Cal Wright who is otherwise state auditor.

The group were favorably impressed with brush piling work and paid high praise to the men responsible. First day itinerary included lunch at the blister rust camp near Pierce and dinner at the Brown's Creek camp of the C.T.P.A. where brush pilers and sixty-one Italian internees are quartered.

Following the tour of inspection, and at the recommendation of land board members Roberts and Wright, cutting specifications for state forest lands were revamped to diameter limits similar to those observed by Potlatch Forests, Inc., on their land.

In reporting the launching of a ship not long ago there appeared a red hot description of the proceedings in a marine magazine as per the following—"completing an impressive ceremony, the lovely daughter of the founder smashed a bottle of champagne over her stern as she slid gracefully down the ways."

The .45-calibre submachine gun which before the emergency cost the government \$225 has been replaced by an equally effective weapon which costs only \$21.



## P.F.I. Logs Make Obstacle Course

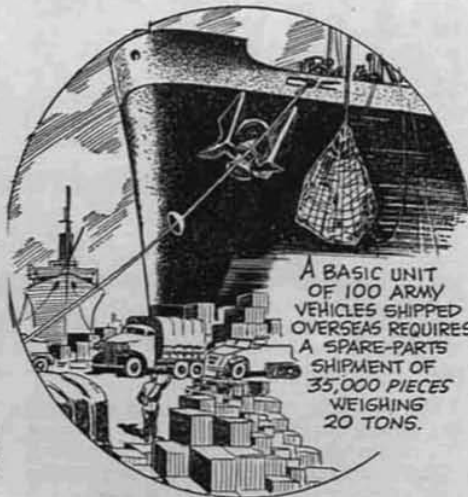
Some six thousand feet of P.F.I. logs, especially selected for size from the Clearwater pond, were picked by the navy to build one of their famous (or infamous, depending on whether or not you are a cadet at the Lewiston Normal School) obstacle courses.

Coach Merle Stonebraker of the normal, at present an instructor in the conditioning program for cadets, labels the course one of the toughest anywhere in the country and admits having selected the toughest obstacles from a series of other courses for reproduction at the Lewiston Normal School Field.

There are a series of obstacles, one following another around the border of the football field. Pictured above is one of the toughies . . . a sort of torture chamber through which the cadet must worm his way, and it's worse than a series of successive windfalls in the woods. In the background can be seen the goal posts of one of the soccer fields and the walls of the normal gymnasium.

With profound sorrow we note the passing of two swell fellows, Captain Ernie Brasch, killed in action at Attu in the Aleutians and Lieutenant Lloyd Shangle, killed in a plane crash while instructing a student pilot. Both were Lewiston men. Captain Brasch was draftsman and engineer at the Clearwater mill before the war and Lieutenant Shangle was a general office employee.

Let us mark their names on our charge account against Tojo and his allies, and each of us in his way work a little harder that the account may be collected in full, and with interest!



A BASIC UNIT OF 100 ARMY VEHICLES SHIPPED OVERSEAS REQUIRES A SPARE-PARTS SHIPMENT OF 35,000 PIECES WEIGHING 20 TONS.

Heredity is something every man believes in until his own son begins to like a fool.

An electronic device that rolls over road tracks and sprays white paint on it if unseen defects are located has been perfected.

The .50-calibre aircraft guns which cost \$1,000 each can now be produced for \$400 and in the redesign 52 pounds of steel and two pounds of bronze are saved.

Du Pont advises that a water-repellent finish called "Airdex" has been developed to treat clothing to give it a water-repellent finish. Many laundries and dry-cleaners said to already be equipped to spray the finish. The finish does not coat the surface of the fabric but covers the fibers with an invisible film, permitting normal beneficial circulation of air. So treated, clean draperies, etc., will shed rain and non-oily spots and stains.

Post-war applications of nylon range from evening dresses and blouses to shirts to featherweight tents, scuba shoes, durable and easily cleaned automobile upholstery, rustless and stainless window screens, and sash cords that will last as long as the house.

Soon to be distributed among P.F.I. employees is a folder giving full information on the withholding tax. Incidentally, the tax is not as stiff as was generally thought and it is not an additional tax. It is on a pay-as-you-go basis for the Victory and annual income tax.