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BOZEMAN

THE FAMILY TREE

Vol. VIII

Number 8

Lewiston, Idaho, May, 1943

LOG DRIVE FIFTEEN

In late March from far back in the Clearwater, off the high north slopes of Bertha Hill, Black Mountain, Goat Ridge and Beaver Butte, came the water of melting snows to start the odyssey of Potlatch Forests, Inc., Log Drive 15, and the chore of heaving into the river the logs that during summer months lodged along its 120-mile course between Beaver Creek and Lewiston.

Storm clouds often screened out the sun in those late March days. Snow continued to pile up on the high levels, bringing scowling prophecy of flood conditions from veteran woodsmen, but cold nights slowed the spring run-off. Big ice cakes, pushed far back on the river banks by the force of ice jams, melted slowly. Logs that were cut during summer months, and lodged in the upper miles of the river remained invisible under a heavy snow blanket.

The first high water stage in late March, continuing into early April efficiently reared some 26 million feet of logs that lay in the North Fork's shoals and shallows, sending them downriver to the Lewiston pond. Logs scattered along the shoreline on either side of the river, together with those lodged on low water islands, let loose and were propelled millward "on the double."

The bulk of log drive 15, greatest in P.F.I. history in point of footage, totalling fifty million feet of log scale, reached the Lewiston pond without assistance from peavy or pike pole, except for a scant ten to twelve million feet.

But the stranded logs proved tough customers. They were in no hurry to arrive at the mill where sharp toothed saws waited to convert them into ammunition boxes, crating for airplane engines and parts, ration boxes, and other important war needs. Logs that were rolled in at one point often again lodged farther downstream along the 120-mile course of the river and days later required a fresh application of peavy, brawn and pike pole. Center jams in the river were unsnarled with difficulty and powder in small charges was occasionally employed to blast logs loose. High water, an aid to freeing logs, heightened the dangers for members of the crew not well versed in the capricious and tricky pull of river currents. For many it was new work, and not all deserved the accolade of "good wader," a citation impossible of attainment without a super sense of balance, good timing, sharp eyesight and knowledge of river-hog secrets.

Drive 15 left the mouth of Beaver Creek on April 24th after marking time for several weeks because of too much high water, an unheard of reason for delay in previous years when the only wait was for high water. Fifty uneventful miles, except for the usual number of duckings and rescues, were traveled during the first month. The big wannigans, size 24x84 feet, cookhouse and bunkhouse respectively, kept pace with the crew under the navigating skill of riverman Bill Akins. Frequently their bows took water going through stretches of rough water. Occasionally in rough caress they struck half concealed boulders or a canyon wall, but the tough wild cherry vines pegged into the logs to bind one against another in the wannigan floor held the rafts together in an elastic embrace that gave only enough to absorb successive shocks.

Along the river bank part of the crew worked on wing jams, knee to neck deep in water that was ice cold. Logs were rolled into the river's current with peavys clanking in noisy unison as they engaged and disengaged lodged logs. Another part of the crew worked on

(Continued on page four)

Our Broken Record

We had a fine war record until the Potlatch strike tied us up. The Army and Navy lost 130 cars of war material, the crew lost \$27,500 and no one gained except the enemies of our country.

The strike started on a lack of understanding. The less said the better about why it was prolonged.

Let's not have any bitterness and recrimination and, as MacArthur said, "Let's get on with the war."

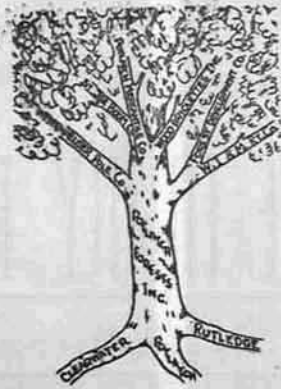
C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

Top—Fog hung close to the river.

BELOW—Heave Ho!



THE FAMILY TREE



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There Ought To Be A Sign

Into, and out of, the doors that open along the length of the wide, knotty-pine panelled corridor of the P.F.I. general office in Lewiston each day hurry many busy men and women and over a period of time it is inevitable that some must inquire of one person or another in the office "where is it."

The answer often has been a vague wave of the hand, and a muttered, half heard "end of hall." Post haste the questioner has scurried in that general direction. Not until hustling across the last few yards of open space, that amounts to a pathway across the big room at the north end of the office, does he realize that something is slightly amiss. Arriving at the end of the hall, he is confounded and almost bowled over by the belated realization that there are two doors and he must needs choose between them.

Seldom is he able to catch the eye of anybody in the big room for a clue as to which is which. There is no one to point out, or, by a nod of the head indicate proper direction, and the brilliant luster of the wide polished doors is unbroken by sign or letter to indicate the sex that may properly enter.

Such pearly gems of wisdom as "he who hesitates is lost" flash through his mind. If his mission be urgent, he is

confronted with the \$64 question in its most vicious form. Of course he could mark time until someone who better knows his way around the second floor of the building sprints into one door or the other, thus providing identification.

However, if the man is a gambler, and willing to take a chance, he will firmly grasp the door knob of the nearest door and stride recklessly into the comfort station. Then, he will open one eye cautiously and everything will be okey, or, it will not be okey and he will beat a hurried retreat with his face a richer, deeper color than even the pine-panelled walls of the corridor.

Does anybody ever guess wrong? You think not? Well, assistant woods boss Boots Edelblute will differ with you, and Boots is a fellow who ordinarily needs no compassman to keep him from getting lost.

There is a popular song that goes "Boots and Saddles in the Old Corral," but it's been changed at the general office to read "Boots and Saddles in the Wrong Corral" and it won't take you more than three guesses to figure out what happened.

Still not convinced? Well, then ask Ed Leader from Winchester. His face was so red one day, not far past, that Phil Pratt thought he'd had a stroke when he walked back into the sales office.

And there was the gentleman from Coeur d'Alene, name of Graue.

Yes sir! We say "there ought to be a sign."

Young Americans

While elsewhere harassed and worried civil authorities wrestled with the problem of juvenile delinquency, students of Potlatch High School last year set up an enviable and trail-blazing record of war service.

In the fall of 1942 students collected enough scrap to bring them a check for \$366.65. It was no mean achievement, because a \$366.65 pile of scrap is a sizeable pile.

Second step in the program of war service was to disburse the scrap money. To the Salvation Army in San Francisco went a check for \$197.90. The balance of \$169.75 was used to purchase three series F bonds which were placed in a safety deposit box in the local bank together with written instructions that the bonds never be cashed. In effect this was an outright gift to the government of \$169.75.

Later, Christmas parties and more with admission one or more war stamps, plus a war stamp from which stamps and bonds were sold, enabled students to amass a bond sale figure for the year of surprising size.

According to Principal G. V. Schumann the 180 students of Potlatch High School themselves invested during the year \$4,902.25 in war bonds and stamps!

It's great to be an American! It's great to live among such Americans! and the people of Potlatch should treasure memory of the war job performed by Potlatch High School students in the year 1942-43.

Billings To San Francisco

On May 26th the big boss left Lewiston to attend a June 2nd meeting of lumber operators in San Francisco. Enroute his plans called for stops at Bend and Klamath Falls, Oregon; Weed, McCloud, Chico, California; Martell and Sonora, California to confer with various pine operators at Klamath Falls to complete the tails for purchase and transfer of dry kilns to Rutledge.

Return to Lewiston, following a days with Wood Briquettes, Inc. manager Jos. Sampietro, at Oakland, Calif., was expected to be via Reno, Nevada, where two Pres-to-logs machines are at work in the plant of White Pine Lumber Distributors Co.

Lance Poles

The war has brought many strange orders to P.F.I. but probably none that better deserves mention than the recent one for a carload of 2x2-14 16' rough Larch. It is a trial order for one carload, but if filled without too much difficulty, will be only the first of several such orders.

The long thin sticks are shipped rough but at another factory are rounded and sharpened at one end. An insulator is placed on the other end and they are then shipped to the field. In the field they are used to establish and maintain temporary communication with front lines. The war department considers them very important and have found them hard to get in sufficient quantity. Straight grade lumber is essential and Larch, for this reason, should prove ideally suited to this need of the war department.

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

From Capt. Maurice Fletcher, Somewhere in the Pacific

In the two and a half years since I left home life has changed considerably. The Army doesn't quit by the whistle and it seems like one is never done. My experiences have been many and varied and I have had the opportunity to meet and talk to strange people in strange lands. For a short period I was with the Dutch people from the Indies and found them and their ways of living very interesting. I think the strangest things were using a bottle of water instead of toilet paper and taking a bath by pouring water over ones self with a copper dipper, then soaping up, and washing off. Life here in New Guinea has been very interesting, especially the natives. The Fuzzies are very strange people in a lot of ways and their way of living is very primitive. Most of their food comes from the land and they prepare some queer dishes from coconuts, guava, bananas and roots of various plants. They sell the outside world rubber, coffee and coconuts. We are quite efficient at making flooring out of Beetle nut logs (a kind of palm). Of course our way is a bit crude and I have wished many times for a box factory rip saw. We get some White Pine now and then in boxes and it is sure put to good use. I see a lot of boxes from the Lewiston factory including Libby Milk (export), meat boxes, ammunition and powder. Tell Riley I didn't expect to find some of the milk boxes over here I once saw printed there at home.

From Pvt. Anton Raykovich, Camp McCoy, Wisconsin

... I didn't see much while I was down in the deep south except the Alamo and the Breckenridge Park. The Alamo was interesting from the standpoint of famous historical events. There was the room where Bowie was lying sick and when the Mexicans broke through he got up and fought with the rest. Every Thursday they cooked steak at Breckenridge Park. I liked steak but these Texans had the habit of roasting rattle snakes and cutting the steak open around the diamond backs. If you ordered a steak they'd kill it right in front of your eyes and clean it, then fry it. Another, they made a vegetarian out of me.

From A/C Wm. A. Greene, Marfa, Texas

My location now is "West of the Pecos" on the border where Judge Roy Bean held court. When the dust or hail isn't making me unhappy I kinda like the place. Also have a hot tip that 250 WAACs are stationed about 18 mi. or so north of here. Most of them are very chummy. The ones that aren't are nice looking. I've been hearing of some of the fellows I knew from Idaho who have been either taken prisoner or were casualties. Rough business this old war. Makes some of us feel like slackers who still being on this side enjoying life, more or less, while they are over there. I guess before long there will be plenty of us over there.

From 2nd Lt. Howard Johnson, Hollywood, California

Saw Jackie Cooper, the Great Gildersleeve, Laird Creagor, Buster Keaton and Walt Disney at the Brown Derby last night. Don't know what to think of the women. All of them think they are an improved edition of Hedy Lamar. Most of them have their hair bleached, wear slacks, have an uplift on underneath a tight sweater (at least it looks that way to me) and they all smoke while walking down the street.

From T/Sgt. Wendell M. Clarkson, Tucson, Arizona

Tucson has great flying weather but that's the only good thing I can say about it. My job has been Aircraft Armament for B-24s. My duties in conjunction with the inspection of a great many B-24s include clerical and personnel work. We have been getting a lot of new equipment and among it has been desks, cabinets, and files. Many are made on the field in the carpenter shop. I saw some of the lumber before it was cut up—true Idaho White Pine, and good looking stuff. Many .50 and .30-cal. ammunition boxes arrive here made of Idaho White Pine.

From Lt. Bryce Stockslager, Somewhere in the Pacific

There are three pastimes here, handball, fishing and shell hunting. The first two I like but the third is certainly a needless waste of time. The fishing is very good and the Navy lets us have a whale boat at our convenience but there is difficulty in finding time to use it. Last week three of us went out and caught a 175-lb. shark, a 40-lb. tuna, and several 6 to 8-lb. Red Snappers. We are now on a small coral island which was uninhabited before being taken over by the U. S.

From S/Sgt. Orvle Hamilton, Camp Swift, Texas

I have been in most of the states now and don't think I would trade a yard of Headquarters mud for most of the states I have visited. Believe I will get to come home again next month so will be up in the woods to see all the gang. We have been down on the Colorado river building pontoon bridges. At night I caught several big channel cats and had my mess sergeant cook them while I sat there and told him about catching steelheads on the North Fork. This might be a good state if the sand would just stop blowing. It almost puts a fellows eyes out but I guess we can stand a little sand. If you had some of this sunshine up there you would be logging full blast.

From Aviation Cadet Bob Lyells, Victoria, Texas

I can't begin to tell you all of the things that have happened since I wrote you last but you will see by the new address that I made it thru basic and have been transferred down here to this school. With good luck and barring accidents I should get those little silver wings on June 26th.

W. I. & M. Strike At Potlatch

Editor's note: The following is a brief summarization from C. L. Billings of the events that produced the W. I. & M. strike at Potlatch in May:

"The National War Labor Board finally secured approval to a raise in wages of 7½¢ per hour on May 21. The company promptly adopted the new wage scale and paid back wages on the new scale to January 1, 1943. The employees of the W. I. & M. Railway were left out of the increase because the road is a common carrier and is under the jurisdiction of the National Railway Labor Board. The Union asked the Company on May 6 whether or not the W. I. & M. Railway employees were to be raised and was informed that the Company had made a request of the National Labor Board on April 29 for permission to put in the same raise that was given the loggers and sawmill men. Some apparent misunderstanding developed and the Union unfortunately called a strike on May 12 saying that the men would not go back to work until the wage increase was paid. Work was resumed on May 20 when the case was transferred from the Railway Labor Board to the jurisdiction of the National War Labor Board and the Company proceeded immediately afterward to issue checks for the increase in wages it had previously sought permission to do. We believe that in the beginning the strike was largely caused by misunderstanding and that the crew at Potlatch is just as anxious as it ever was to make a good showing in the war. Production of 130 cars of lumber was lost and the men on the plant and on the railroad lost about \$27,500.00 in wages."

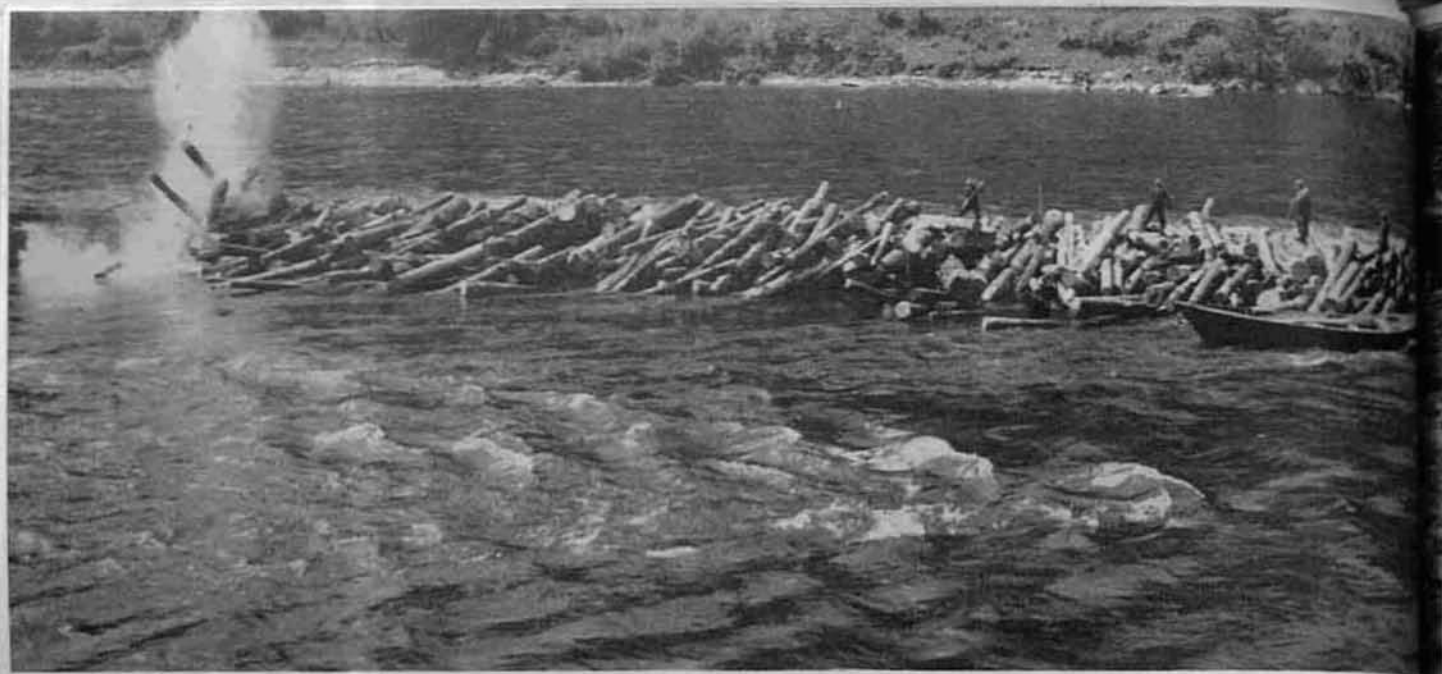
From Lt. Walter W. Dodel, Somewhere in North Africa

Have just received the November issue of *The Family Tree*. It has covered during its travels practically the whole world. It went first to Australia, all through different parts of the states and finally landed here in North Africa. I am now in an armored division and we are camped in a cork tree forest. Boy the trees are thicker than those cedar saplings on the Clearwater. They scale the cork off in slabs about 2 in. thick and about 6 ft. long.

"Mister, that is certainly a sure-footed horse you sold me."

"Is that so? How did you find that out?"

"He kicked me in the same spot three times."



CENTER JAM AT BIG ISLAND—Powder was used occasionally.

Log Drive Fifteen

(Continued from page one)

center jams, prying and heaving at exposed logs, and always alongside was a boat in case some "Jack" should lose his footing, but the best safety measure was a pair of nimble feet, encased in well caulked boots.

"Jacks" calked their own boots, sometimes as often as once a week, depending upon how soon the hard granite rocks of the river bottom dulled the caulks' steel points. A slick-shod pair of feet was an invitation for disaster and worn-out caulks were removed promptly with chisel and hammer, leaving a gaping round hole in the outer sole of the boot. The holes were then filled with square pegs of White Pine and new caulks were driven into the wood. As the wood took on moisture and swelled, the caulk became a solid and inseparable part of the boot. Not always was wood used, some of the "Jacks" preferred small pieces of overall cloth and wedged steel caulks into leather soles with cloth.

Night and morning the "Jacks" wash-room was an uncrowded section of the river's bank. Hot water for personal toilet or laundry (each man does his own) came from a big black cauldron suspended over a roaring fire. Each night boots were rinsed free of sand and hung up to dry atop the upright hickory handles of peavys whose sharp steel points were jabbed into the soft cedar of the wannigan's floor to hold them erect. Sometimes the boots shrunk slightly from the punishment of a day in the water, and next morning pinched feet already tender from wading over sharp rocks. Favorite method for loosening and softening tight boots was to fill them with hot water just before

breakfast in the morning and to let them soak during breakfast, thus beginning the day with a sort of double hotfoot.

The crew worked from seven until four. At noon and night they crowded a big fire built ashore. The heat speedily dried wet outer clothing and heavy woolen underwear beneath. Of an evening some read, others loafed and munched at oranges or fresh fruit set out in case lots. Another did his laundry, or re-caulked his boots, or placed a distinguishing mark on a pet peavy by tying a piece of string around the handle and singeing the wood on either side, leaving an unmistakable and easily recognized white identifying ring.

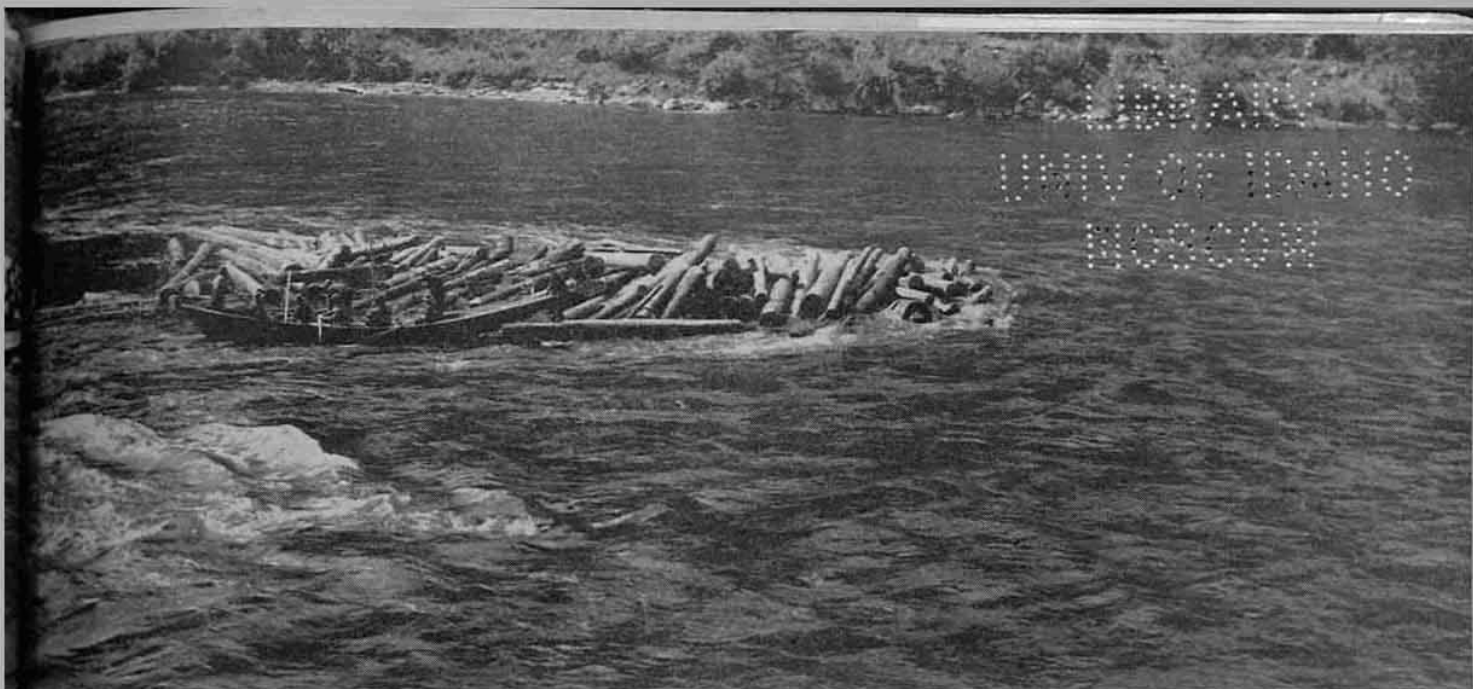
Only manpower and peavys, plus judicious use of blasting powder when necessary, were employed in the rough upper country to unsnarl jams and free stranded logs. Downriver, shortly before reaching the

twin steel bridges that span the North Fork at Ahsahka, snorting, growling "cats" join the crew and lighten the work. Led from a drum cat on the river's bank, the snake logs from off the islands or pulled from bridge piers. A small skidding log with choker lines attached will haul logs back and forth along the shoreline of an island in the river's center. Led by "cats" with bulldozer attachments will push and grunt laboriously as they slobber through water almost up to the driver's seat, to heave big and little logs alike into the

A special "cat raft" is constructed at the mouth of Beaver Creek along with other wannigans to transport the cats down stream through stretches where they cannot travel the river bank and to islands in the river that cannot otherwise be reached. The 1943's cat raft did not leave Beaver Creek with the other wannigans but came

WANNIGAN IN LITTLE CANYON—Some water came aboard.





BIG ISLAND JAM MOVES OUT—A pair of nimble feet was the best safety measure.

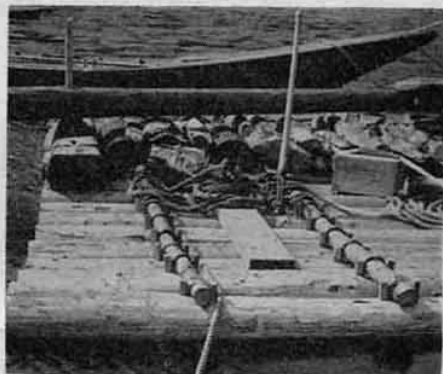


ALEX LULCHUCK—Double hotfoot.

almost an even month later on May 21st. The first five miles from Beaver Creek to McKinnon's Cabin were a tortuous winding trail of white water and boulders. Devil's Kitchen was comparatively smooth although in past years, until rocks were blasted from the river's channel, it was one of the worst stretches of white water. Thompson riffles were negotiated with care and the fifty-foot log guiding sweeps on either end of the raft with their sixteen-foot blades were applied industriously and quickly to avoid contact with the granite face of a boulder that toweringly thrust itself out from the river's bank.

Shacker's huts appeared infrequently along the route. Some of the hills leading up from the river were covered with a luxuriant growth of young timber with here and there areas of lighter green brush, forest scar tissue, the aftermath of fire.

At "Jump Off Joe" rattle the raft took water and lurched drunkenly to one side. Under the Benton Creek bridge and through another stretch of bad water the river came aboard with sufficient strength to move full barrels of fuel oil backward against the cat that was anchored in the raft's center. Near Larson's cabin appeared a stretch of timber with every young White Pine tree therein a dead brown skeleton, product of White Pine Blister Rust.



Wild cherry vines held logs of raft together in an elastic embrace.

The cat raft arrived safely at Big Island, forty miles downriver, just four hours after leaving Beaver Creek and tied up alongside the cookhouse and bunkhouse wannigans. At month's end it had proved of little value to foreman Stan Proffitt. May 22nd brought scowling black clouds to the forehead of sky above the peaks on either side of the North Fork. Previous warm days and, on the 22nd, a steady rain brought the river to a new and dangerous high. Good judgment decreed that the wannigans tie up at the mouth of Little Canyon, most dangerous stretch of

white water on the river, and await a time when the rapids could be navigated with less likelihood of disaster. Accordingly the last days of May found the drive crew traveling back and forth to work from Orofino, Idaho, where the Helgeson Hotel was taken over, kitchen, dining room, and hotel rooms in necessary number, for the crew of the "most unusual" log drive in P.F.I.'s logging years. Not until June 2nd were the wannigans moved down river to Ahsahka and re-occupied.

A newly inducted private of Polish extraction was taking his intelligence test in a Midwestern camp.

"What does R.F.D. stand for?" was one of the questions.

Came the answer, "Ranklin Felano Doosevelt."

Strange, isn't it, that the more oiled a man gets the noisier he becomes!

BILL ENGSTROM—"Jacks" calked their own boots.



WOODS NEWS

Camp 29

Washington Creek

There isn't much snow left here now but the mud has replaced it and is nearly as deep. However, there doesn't seem to be anything that can stop our crew from getting out logs, unless it would be something they 'et on their day out.

At this time, we have 19 saw gangs and hope to reach the 4,500,000-foot mark this month. Actual shipments may fall short due mainly to railroad trouble and mud.

Our camp commissary is due for a big run on summer clothing the first day of good summer weather, and we have prepared accordingly.

Camp 14

East Fork Beaver Creek

Life has again come to Camp 14 after a very hard winter. The roads are still muddy and some of them washed out in places from the spring run-off. The railroad isn't in quite as bad shape as the truck roads, but will take some repair work before heavy log trains can move over it. There is a small crew here now and more coming in all the time. We are looking forward to a busy summer season.

Camp 55

Casey Creek Spur

Camp 55 is the newest camp on the line. Phil Peterson is opening it to build a track down Alder Creek. The camp is at present on the spur that runs up Casey Creek. A lot of Peterson's old construction men of other years are with him.

Camp T

Elkberry Creek

Camp T has been discontinued, for the time being at any rate. The logs that were decked last winter have been flumed and the flume has been reared. The camp had a long run, from June of 1941 to May of 1943.

Headquarters

A year ago this month, women were first hired for the camps. They replaced men in the kitchen crews and since that time have filled several positions in the warehouse and the parts department here in Headquarters. When they first began work, everything was new and novel to them and they were just as new and novel to the men. There has been some turnover among women employees as wood's life did not appeal to all of them after a short trial period. Some have toughed it out and become regular woodsmen, or woodswomen.

We are experiencing a very slow and backward spring. The snow has disappeared but the nights are still too cold for Victory gardens.

Gunder Birklund is back from the hospital following an operation.

Mac Barnes has a crew of construction men working out of here on the Breakfast Creek road.

There was a crime wave, if you can call it that, in Headquarters this month. Someone stole three slot machines out of the

THE FAMILY TREE

May, 1944

drug store. Don Springer has been very busy trying to find clues but no trace of machines or culprits has as yet been found.

Camp 51

Casey Creek

The mud has been deep here and we have had three bull gangs on road maintenance. We have a crew of 150 men in all.

Bill Burke and Thad Robinson have returned to their old stomping grounds at Camp 14 and Carl Sandell and Leo Arness have taken their places here as cook and baker respectively.

Camp 52

Casey Creek

Old Sol is finally doing his stuff! The snow is gone (practically), the mud is beginning to dry up, birds are singing, squirrels are chirping, fish are biting, and last but by no means least, the lumberjacks are shedding their black heavies—a true and unmistakable sign that summer is just around the corner.

Logging has not been good, but with weather conditions improving, we hope to reach the three million mark during May.

Lawrence E. May, our former clerk, has been transferred to the warehouse and has assumed charge of the Headquarters' payroll. We understand he is having trouble with the telephone switchboard. M. J. Mitchell, assistant camp clerk, is struggling along with the camp clerk's duties at 52.

Last week our camp foreman, Steve Cooligan, completed arrangements for serving hot food to the men in the woods at noon and needless to state, lunch buckets are now worth a dime a dozen. Our speeder driver, assisted by two flunkeys, leaves camp at 11:00 A. M. with a speeder loaded with warm chuck. The warm lunches are much appreciated by the men, according to reports.

On the evening of May 6th, E. L. Terlson, from the Lewiston office, and an official from the U. S. Employment Service visited our camp and held a meeting at the mess hall. Subject of discussion was the recent freeze order. All the men turned out as they were anxious to become fully informed on the subject. At the conclusion of the meeting there was a general and open discussion of technical points and arguments pro and con. The men returned to their bunkhouses mindful of the fact that lumber is now the nation's number one critical war material and that they are doing their part toward winning the war by being employed in the lumber industry.

Bovill

Our local Izaak Walton, Chet Yangel, claims the fish bag for early season. A fishing trip recently netted him the limit.

Bob Hagborn, freight truck driver at the Bovill warehouse, has joined the Navy Air Corps, and is now at Farragut for boot camp training. Elton Matthew has taken over on the freight truck.

A pretty "well-organized" lumberjack, slightly on the liquid side, asked one of the stenographers the other day if she knew why the moron put on two pair of trousers. Before she could say anything, he told her. The answer was "So he can open a second front."

Camp 27

Working out of Headquarters

There is not much in the way of news from Camp 27 as we have only nine men on construction work. We expect to get started logging before long and an order for sawyers has gone to the employment office. The mud is slowly drying up, and if we don't get too much additional rain it should soon be pretty well dried around Camp 27.

Camp 53

Sweetwater Creek near Waha Lake

We now have a power saw operating at Camp 53, plus five saw gangs. Construction work on the campsite has begun and with the roads improving, it shouldn't be long before we are able to move our camp buildings out from the Lewiston mill.

We have three cats skidding and five or six gravel trucks hauling gravel for the main road from camp to highway. The gravel is coming from a pit about two-thirds of a mile from the Beckman train house and is a very soft slate that should make an excellent road.

Camp 41

Near Elk River

Fossil deposits at Camp 41 are a source of interest to those geologically inclined. Cuts through clay deposits to make way for the railroad right-of-way have revealed perfectly preserved imprints of fern, and other kinds of leaves. The clay deposits are in a vertical formation, laid in layer-like slabs, and are of many different colors.

Camp 41 will have finished up at the end of May and the men will have moved over to Camp 35. The construction crew that has been extending the railroad toward Deep Creek will move out and begin work on the East Fork of Potlatch Creek out at Bovill, working toward where Camp 42 will be located next fall on the East Fork and toward where Camp 43 will be located on Bob's Creek.

Camp 38

Stanford

Work for the season finished at Camp 38 on May 15 with the entire crew and Foreman William Greenwood moving to Camp 35 out of Clarkia. Barbara Wood, timekeeper at Camp 38, was also transferred to Camp 35.

Camp 35

Merry Creek

Camp 35, closed in February because of snow, was re-opened April 19th when Foreman Fred Ross and Timekeeper Harry Erickson went in with a crew of men. During the time the camp was closed it was given a general housecleaning and the interiors of all buildings were painted. We are now swinging into full operation, with 24 saw gangs working here and on Camp 37 ground.

Camp 40

Stony Creek

Camp 40 was reopened May 10th by Foreman Joe Turner and a repair crew, together with a few saw gangs. Full operation will be achieved about the 25th of May when Camp 39 closes for the season and the crew moves over to 40.

PLANT NEWS

Clearwater

Bob Berger, P. F. I. employee since 1937, succeeded Charles Epling as employment manager at Clearwater during the month. Bob first began work with P. F. I. at Camp 22 on Deer Creek in the Clearwater woods, later worked as camp clerk, made various time studies and cost analyses of woods operations, worked in the land department, was a student salesman at the mill, and personnel manager for P. F. I. (a job he still retains, plus the duties of employment manager at Clearwater). His entry into the lumber business was made with the Southwest Lumber Mills at McNary, Arizona, in 1926.

Charles (Cut) Epling last month took over the job of safety director at the plant, succeeding Tom Sherry who died on May 29th, following a several month's illness.

Tom's death was a matter of much regret and he will be missed by all of his many friends at the plant. No better monument could have been left to his zeal and enthusiasm for safety work than the records established during the period he was safety director. The national recognition his efforts earned for Clearwater from the National Safety Council will long be remembered and represent an achievement to be proud of.

Johnny Woodruff, setter on No. 5 rig, was rather skittish the other day and asked his sawyer, Al Desilet, to stop the rig. Johnny then asked Al what might happen to him if the lever should accidentally lock some day when the carriage was traveling miles per. Al replied that it all depended upon the kind of life Johnny had led in the past. Johnny is now reported to be doing some hard thinking as to the past, although he admits to knowing pretty well in which direction his spirit would travel.

2nd Lt. Earl Vannoy visited the plant for a short visit during the month. He was on his way to Fort Lewis after receiving his officer's commission at Fort Monmouth, N. J.

Potlatch News

In anticipation of the usual heavy snows encountered in the Woods Department of the Potlatch Unit, a new snow plow has just been completed in the W. I. & M. shops. It is numbered 818 and replaces the snow plow which went off a bridge last winter on the Lower Potlatch Creek near old Camp 14 and sent three woods employees to the hospital and reduced the snow plow to a mass of splinters. It took three and one-half flat cars to bring the wreck into the shops but, from the debris, the only part that could be salvaged was the trucks.

The walls of the new plow are built of 2x4s laid on top of each other with tie rods through them. The nose is sturdily constructed of 6x8s. Wings operated by air extend about ten feet on each side of the track.

It is painted red and is equipped with electric lights from the generator on the Shay engine which provides the motive power for operating.

Axel Anderson, Joe Evans and Gust Mortinson, the crew on the old plow, who



went off the bridge with it, were shipped in the Potlatch hospital, Axel Anderson for about three weeks, the other two for lesser periods. All have returned to their jobs and, like the snow plow, are now "better than ever."

Rutledge

In previous years the west side of Rutledge's North Yard has been plowed to provide a fire break in case of fire, and this year it was again plowed but is being put to further use as Victory garden plots for employees.

Competition between amateur gardeners has already reached that stage where rival factions give out press releases as to the progress of their respective Victory gardens and make prediction as to final yield.

Manager Graue insists that the potato syndicate, of which he is a member together with Gilbertson and Belknap, will have the best yield of potatoes . . . he states positively that the section planted to potatoes by the syndicate already shows conclusive evidence that the syndicate will outfarm the other groups. No such admission has been made by the other gardeners who profess to view the syndicate as "pretty small potatoes" and hardly worth their notice.

The shipping department has been operating five days per week and the sawmill six. We are running neck and neck with the log supply and have practically no dry lumber left at all. For the first time in the history of the plant there are no number one, two, three or four Idaho White Pine boards in the yard.

Mary had a little dress,
Dainty, chic and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But, gosh, how it showed Mary!

A lady had three dogs which she called "Blackie," "Whitey," and "Paderwufsky." She called the black one "Blackie" because he was the blackest, the white one "Whitey" because he was the whitest, and the third one "Paderwufsky" because he was the pianist.

Rutledge Holds Lead In Bond Buying

The ten per cent minute man flag was again hoisted at Rutledge last month following recapitulation of war bond sales and discovery that 10.42% of every Rutledge payroll dollar in April found its way into an investment in war bonds. The upped percentage figure kept Rutledge out in front in the bond buying race between the units and raised their percentage figure to 10.42%, an increase over the previous month of 1.04%.

Clearwater bettered their March percentage by 2.93% to oust Potlatch from second place and post a percentage figure of 9.78% for April.

Potlatch managed an increase of .37% during the month to hang up their second highest percentage figure since start of the payroll deduction plan, but still finished in cellar spot with an average of 9.28%. An interesting group of figures compiled by Potlatch Manager O'Connell reveals that of 575 employees, only 224 are investing 10% or more in war bonds, 67 men are not buying bonds, 43 are buying \$3.75 per month, 241 are buying more than \$3.75 but not 10% of their earnings . . . in other words, 38% of the employees are carrying the big end of the load.

Top ten departments for the three mills were:

Plant Offices, Clearwater	60.51%
Watchmen, Clearwater	27.68
Townsite, Potlatch	21.91
Dressed Shed, Clearwater	14.94
Re-Mfg. Plant, Clearwater	14.17
Pres-to-logs, Potlatch	13.78
Lath, Potlatch	13.65
Pond, Sawmill & Lath, Rutledge	12.97
Carpenters, Clearwater	12.42
Shipping Office & Elec., Rutledge	11.82

Lowest three departments were:

Watchmen, Potlatch	3.88
Stacker, Clearwater	5.27
Power Plant, Clearwater	5.29

Plant averages were:

Rutledge	10.42
Clearwater	9.78
Potlatch	9.28

The W. I. & M. Ry. at Potlatch hung up a new high for that company with a percentage total of 13.67%.

Employer: "James, I wish you wouldn't whistle while at your work."

James: "I wasn't working—I was just whistling."

Maybe figures don't lie, but girdles keep a lot of them from telling the truth.

Broken PFI Cross Cut Go To War In The Belt Of American Soldiers

A visiting soldier, home on furlough and making conversation in a Clinton barber shop, started members of the Fred E. LeFrancis Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars on a project that deserves and has already received much commendation.

Said the soldier, "the boys could have used some sharp knives as Guadalcanal to their way through the brush and mess up Japs in hand to hand fighting."

Since that date more than 200 knives have been made from the shavings of broken cross-cut saws donated to the post by P.F.I., and have been forwarded to the army at San Francisco for transmittal to the Pacific front. The work of blanking out and grinding down the knives is voluntary and there's plenty of it per knife. The finished article is an efficient, wicked looking dagger with a six-inch blade and two razor sharp edges. The handle is generally of wood but occasionally is made from bone, by way of variety.

The V.F.W. do not know if there are other similar knife manufacturing groups elsewhere in the U. S. but they do not. The idea, and its development, are entirely their own. Only difficulty has been getting out knives fast enough. A call has gone out for volunteer workers to help with their manufacture in the little shop at 907 St. St., Clarkston.



KNIVES TO THE ARMY—"The boys could have used some."

Potlatch Raft

A truly strange looking craft now cruises the Potlatch mill pond. It is pointed at either end, and with a scant few inches of hull showing above the water's surface, faintly resembles a submarine.

The raft (it has to be called something) was designed and built for general use on the pond, to swing booms, break log jams, pull in logs and driftwood, etc. Power is furnished by a 35-h.p. Continental motor mounted at the approximate center of the raft's 26-ft. length. On the forward end is a winch that receives power through a clever arrangement employing an old truck transmission and differential.

Original design of the raft did not include a self-propelling device, but as it assumed shape a paddle wheel for locomotion was added near the stern end. Top speed is five to six miles per hour.

The raft has proven useful beyond expectations, but must be slightly redesigned to make it more seaworthy. On a heavy pull through the winch that carries 400 feet of $\frac{1}{2}$ " cable it more than resembles a submarine, actually behaves like one and partially submerges. Quick bailing is then necessary to keep it afloat. The sides are to be raised and a small circulating pump will be installed in the bottom of the raft to pump out water when necessary.

The raft is not heavy and can easily be transferred from lower to upper pond when occasion necessitates.

There's so much good in the
worst of us,

And so much bad in the best
of us,

That it little behooves the
most of us

To talk about the rest of us!

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking juryman addressing the Judge, "I owe a man \$25.00 and he is leaving town for some years. I want to catch him before he gets to the train and pay him the money." "You are excused," replied the Judge in icy tones, "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

Women may be smarter than men, but you never see a man buttoning his shirt up the back.

POTLATCH RAFT—Behaves like a submarine.

