

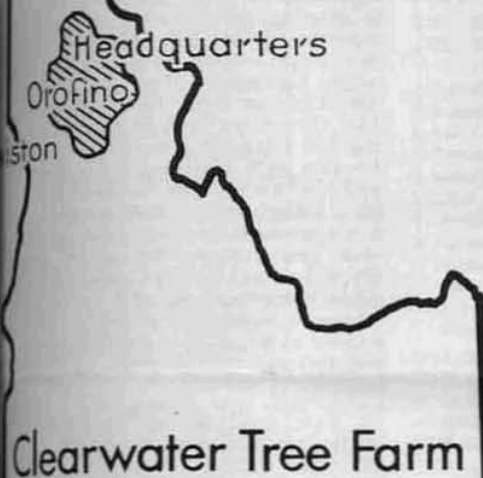


THE FAMILY TREE

Vol. VIII

LEWISTON, IDAHO

Number 2



"Timber Is A Crop . . . The Harvest Is Homes"

P.F.I. forest lands lying in the drainage of the North Fork of the Clearwater, and under sustained yield management for more than sixteen years, have been certified by the Western Pine Association as a Tree Farm. That timber can be successfully grown as a crop has been proven on these lands by more than sixteen years of tree farming, and on part of the area a second crop is already in sight. Time and protection for young growth against disease and fire is all that is needed to insure a steady replacement of logged timber and to establish a continuous harvest cycle within the boundaries of the Clearwater Tree Farm.

Governor Bottolfsen is to present the Tree Farm Certificate on December 13th, but in reality it marks nothing new in P.F.I. forest practices. It simply makes known to interested persons that a large part of Clearwater County, way out in Idaho, is a permanent timber producing section of the U.S.A., that it is to be kept in permanent timber production, and that the long train-loads of logs now leaving the

Clearwater forests to serve the war effort will continue to roll millward without interruption to satisfy peace time needs after the war is over.

To protect, to grow, and to harvest, is the basis of all good forestry and of tree farming. The costs are not light and a return on the investment can be expected only over a long period. However, the chemistry of wood cellulose and lignin seems certain to bring to the Pacific Northwest new opportunities for timber utilization. The tree farmer today may anticipate a degree of forest utilization and industrial processing which will materially cut down the burden of forest waste that has always plagued the lumber industry. Quite conceivably the owner of second growth stumpage may one day realize through chemical utilization of his stumpage more than was originally realized from the virgin timber that grew on the same land.

To the men who originally planned P.F.I.'s sustained yield harvesting of its timber lands, and so calculated it as to provide reasonable assurance of indefinite life for the Clearwater mill, must go credit for an unusual amount of foresight, clear thinking and confidence in the future of wood. Their

(Continued on page four)

CLEARWATER TREE FARM

To All Employees:

The company is mighty glad to be accorded the recognition of its forest management policy involved in the award by the Western Pine Association of a certificate for the Clearwater Tree Farm.

The farm will go on producing crops indefinitely. We hope the harvests will continue to include homes, good wages and living conditions in the nearby communities, and the feeling of security which comes with a feeling of permanence.

C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

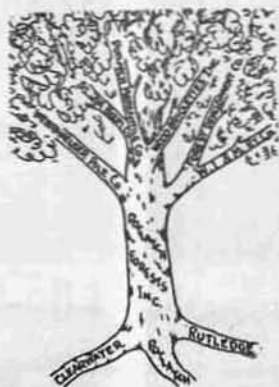
Treasury Department Official Compliments Bond Purchases

In Lewiston during November was U. S. Treasury Department representative Earl [Name] from Washington, D. C. and Harold [Name] of Boise who has charge of War bond sales in Idaho. Both were extravagant in their praise of war bond purchases by P.F.I. men and women through the payroll deduction plan, but both cautioned that the war is far from won, that the threat of inflation is still present, and that continued and greater purchases of bonds will be necessary. Both urged that every effort be made to reach the 10% goal at all plants and in the woods operations.

Looking across the Clearwater Tree Farm from Summit Lookout



THE FAMILY TREE



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

Editor Leo Bodine

Correspondents

Robt. Billings Rutledge
Mable Kelley Potlatch
Joe Flahive Potlatch Woods
Charles Epling Clearwater Plant
Carl Pease Headquarters

Healthy Spook

There seems sufficient reason for the belief that down Lewiston way lives a sports writer who is super-sensitive to ghosts. At least Potlatch citizens can be pardoned for arriving at that conclusion in that Joe Miller, Lewiston Tribune sports reporter, recently (and twice) referred to Potlatch as a ghost town.

Apparently Mr. Miller was either given some bum advice or is a trifle careless with the adjectives he employs. The story in question concerned past Potlatch athletic greats and Miller referred to present day Potlatch as a ghost town without first taking the precaution of ascertaining that the adjective really applied.

It ill behooves us, carrying as much lead about our person as we do, to criticize Miller's lead, but we can, and do, say that the ghostly town of Potlatch has shipped a lot of lumber in this year of its discovered ghosthood, and it must be aggravating as all get out to Hitler and Tojo to discover that even America's ghosts buy war bonds. *What this country needs is a few more ghost towns of the Potlatch caliber.*

First Girl: "Did you have a good time the other night?"

Second Girl: "No. I got too much will power."

Wellman Likened To Yakima Boy By Weisman

From General Office employee Walter Weisman comes a story concerning Billy Mallory, Yakima youth of seven years who went pheasant hunting with a wooden gun. Billy later returned with a pheasant, much to the surprise of his parents. When asked how he got it, the reply was, "Oh, there were lots of hunters, but I said 'bang' first, so it was my bird."

Weisman contends that Clare Wellman, another General Office employee, gets his birds in exactly the same way, and from George Hudson, Potlatch, comes another comment regarding sportsman Wellman who recently accepted secretaryship of the wild life group that is to draft plans for eliminating coyotes and wolves, etc., in Nez Perce County. Hudson's message is brief and to the point—"Keep Wellman in Nez Perce County. We'd rather have our coyotes than to have him prowling around."

Only comment from Mr. Wellman is that Weisman wouldn't know what to do with even a wooden gun, and that Hudson is scared because his dog looks like a coyote. As for wolves, he asserts Potlatch has little to worry about as the only wolf in town just sits and howls and is too old to be a menace.

A farewell address was given by the pastor of a colored church, when, due to some trouble he was believed to be mixed up in, he was forced to resign. "Owin' to de bad feelin' what exists 'tween mahself an' sutton pusers in dis congregation, today's service terminates mah pastorate at dis church. Ah will not say Au Revvoir, 'cause none o' you knows what dat means. Ah will not say good-bye, 'cause dat is a term used when friends take leave of each other. Ah will not say farewell, 'cause dat am too sad. But, as Ah promenades down de aisle towards de door, Ah desires to call de attention ob de congregation to a sprig o' Mistletoe which am attached to de lower end of mah coattail."

Thanksgiving—1943



The dear Vicar's wife had just died and in consequence he wished to be relieved of his duties for a weekend. So he sent the following message to his bishop: "I regret to inform you that my wife has just died, and I should be obliged if you would send me a substitute for the weekend."

Headquarters Mystery

From reader FRANK STEDMAN, via registered mail

Despite end of the hunting season, the hunting rumors continue to drift from the bunkhouse to bath house and back in Headquarters, gaining flavor with repetition. It has been so since the opening day of the hunting season, last October, when LAWRENCE MAY and CARL PEASE (indoor sportsmen from the warehouse) hied themselves forth to shoot an elk, bringing JIM DELANEY along to serve as a combination pack mule and guide. Both PEASE and MAY carried guns on the trip, plus a big can of black pepper each, plus a prayer book in case either one of them shot DELANEY, accidentally or otherwise. Prior to leaving, MAY was heard to say, "I've never seen an elk" and the rumor was even money that it would be DELANEY instead of an elk that would be packed and cut up into hunks of meat.

However, and it was doubtless a matter of great good fortune for DELANEY, the party stumbled onto some elk (or was it MAY and PEASE considered a reasonable facsimile thereof) and returned to Headquarters late the same day bringing in what they termed to be a couple of Elk, which could not be identified as such, because each piece of meat was inches thick in black pepper. Congratulations were showered upon them and the incident was closed until somebody noticed that elk time elk hunting was mentioned. DELANEY would roar with laughter. So uncontrolled was his mirth that it has since given rise to some very ugly rumors indeed.

The sequence of events that shaped up into the Headquarters mystery really began much before elk hunting time, the event being the herds of cattle that were brought into the area last spring and allowed to graze. The fall round-up of the cattle got under way only a few days after the MAY-PEASE elk hunting expedition, to the dismay of the cattlemen, revealed many more missing cattle than in other years. A vain search has been made to locate some of the lost stock, but to date all attempts have proven futile. The cattlemen, more suspicious than the average, was noted to be quietly checking cars on Headquarters road, intent apparently on discovering if any of his fat steers had committed suicide and then contrived to get into the back of a car, dismembering themselves and getting covered with black pepper in the process.

"Where are the missing cattle?" that is the Headquarters mystery.

It is said that if you know the answer to the questions that are travelling from the bunkhouse to bath house and back, you have the solution. The questions are: "has MAY seen an elk yet?—what kind of animal did the pepper-covered fellow lugged in by DELANEY come from?—what makes DELANEY laugh so hard?"

It is also said that if you can answer these questions you can with no trouble get all blackmail MAY and PEASE out of Headquarters, or you can claim a reward from the cattlemen, or do both, in any order.

★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

From T/5 Delbert L. Anderson, Somewhere in India

I have been in India for quite some time and have traveled over a lot of country and had a chance to see lots of interesting things. Will sure be glad though when we can return to good old Idaho again.

From Pvt. A. A. Southard, Somewhere in North Pacific

Am glad to know that everything is on the up and up with you at home and the saws and mills are in full swing. I see a lot of White Pine boards, in fact it is my job to cut and fit them together. Once a lumberjack, always a lumberjack, I guess. Am looking forward to the day when I can take up where I left off before going to war. Until then, I know you fellows will keep the saws humming. Old man winter has paid his first visit with about two inches of snow. A Merry Christmas to everybody.

From Pvt. Richard C. Elsea, McLean, Texas

I am down here in the great state of Texas. Don't know what's great about it but they say it is. I have the job of helping guard prisoners, and judging by the way these Germans talk, the war will be over in another three months or sooner.

From Lt. Ben C. Moravetz, Camp LeJeune, New River, N. C.

Every *Family Tree* this last year has gone one-third of the way around the world and back before catching me—to New Zealand and then to the East Coast. The prize example of persistence of Uncle Sam's mail is your last year's Christmas box which fell into my mail box in August of this year. It was a little dog-eared but not too bad and certainly welcome.

Since leaving P.F.I. way back in 1940 we had considerable chance to travel—going up to the Marine motto of Joining the Marines and seeing the world the advertised Navy way. Visited Hawaii, Panama, Iceland, New Zealand, three trips across the U. S. plus miscellaneous mileage up and down the coast. And looks like I'll have time to do much more. Don't believe I ever really appreciated Idaho and Montana until now. Regards to all of P.F.I.

From Cpl. Richard C. Parsell, Somewhere in India

This India is a funny place. The way it looks to me the people over here are just coming from the stone age. You should see the way they saw lumber. They raise the log up about ten feet high on a platform. Then one guy gets up on top with one end of the saw and the other gets underneath and they start sawing. They do everything the hard way, it seems. The women do most of the manual labor, including ditch digging. Lots of fellows have monkeys for pets. They are about the only thing there around here to laugh at and they are really funny.

From Pvt. Ralph McGraw, Somewhere in South Pacific

Would like very much for you to send me the book "Holy Old Mackinaw." I am stationed out here in the Pacific and we have darned few things to read. I can think of nothing better than Holy Old Mackinaw and it will come in handy. I have an awful time with these guys around here arguing over timber and lumber. We have fellows from just about every state, so you can see what I am up against. The book will be appreciated very much. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you.

Editor's note—Holy Old Mackinaw is available to all P.F.I. service men who want a copy and will write *The Family Tree* requesting it. It is "for free," compliments of P.F.I., and you'll find it very pleasant reading.

From T/5 Hobart Bogar Somewhere in England

I am in England and have been for some three weeks. I was very much surprised when I arrived here and ran into Harris Mithong from Bovill and P. MacDowell from Kendrick, both former P.F.I. men. So I am not alone over here. You probably noticed from my address that I am in a truck outfit, so I get to see quite a bit of the country. If the sun would ever shine, this would be a pretty place, I think. Just before I left the states, was home and went up to Camp 40 one Sunday. Sure made me wish I was back in the tall timber, and I still wish the same thing.

From Cpl. Bernard Hobbs, Somewhere in South Pacific

It has been rather quiet around here, as far as the Japs are concerned, but occasionally we have to dive into our fox holes and once in a while we get rather queer sensations from earthquake tremors and it shakes things up pretty well. We have had to work hard to fix up our camp so that it would be a half way decent place to live in, and believe it or not, it isn't bad, although nothing like one of the woods camps at home.

From Don E. Kuykendall S 1/C, Somewhere in South Pacific

I am way out here in the middle of the Pacific ocean now and there is quite a bit of excitement out here right at the moment. I suppose you have read about it in the papers. Thanks very much for the Christmas box. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed it.

From S/Sgt. Ray Rencehausen, North Africa

I am with a heavy bombardment outfit and have a position as tail gunner in a B-24. It is rather exciting sometimes over enemy territory, especially the first few times over.

From Pfc. Carl Holm, Sicily

Since you last heard from me our unit has been all over this part of the world—Africa, Pantelleria and now Sicily. It has been a grand experience in spite of the element of danger. In some of the places Jerry was still quite active when we arrived and wanted to play rough.

In Pantelleria I had the dubious honor of driving an English water lorry (the English call a truck a lorry). It was used to supply water for our station hospital and if you think those logging roads around Headquarters have anything on the roads around Pantelleria you are certainly wrong. Half the distance traveled was up and down. The roads were very crooked, it being a mountainous country. This did not bother us much in daylight, but when a guy drives over them at night in a complete blackout, that is something else, in capital letters.

From A/S Ralph A. Solum, Lubbock, Texas.

We have a full schedule of academic subjects here, as well as military and physical training, so there isn't an over amount of time for letter-writing, but I'll do my best to drop you a line now and then to let you know I'm still alive and kicking, although I thought I was done for the first time we took a two-mile cross-country run in heavy G. I. shoes and then took the obstacle course without a breather in between. Thank God it isn't as tough as the one at Lewiston Normal.

I have Lt. Don Budge's signature on my pass, which, if I were an autograph collector, would be quite an item. Watched him play tennis last week. Boy, that man is smooth, and a darned good Joe. We got him started one day while he was supposed to be giving us a lecture, and he gave us a play by play description of one of his Davis Cup matches. When you find a world's champion at any sport who can describe one of his matches in detail, without appearing to be bragging or egotistical, there you have a man with tact and personality. Budge has both.

From Pfc. Vey W. Blank, Somewhere in South Pacific

I am now on a small island in the Pacific and have a new address. We don't have all the comforts of home here, but I can stand a few hardships if it will help lick the Japs. We do not have a post exchange but we are issued cigarettes and other necessities. We have free movies and pretty up-to-date ones at that. "Stage Door Canteen" played last night. There is not much going on here that I can write about, so will close.

From Cpl. Robert Bewell, Camp Polk, La.

This camp is sure nice and it reminds me of the woods back home. There is a big camp of war prisoners near here. Most of the prisoners look like mere kids. We had a talk with one and he had been in the army for about eight years but wasn't 24 yet. They sure like it around here and seem happy. They say it isn't anything like what they were told it would be over in Germany.

Timber Is A Crop . . .

(Continued from page one)

belief that "timber is a crop" has been justified, but not today can it be said that "the harvest is homes." That statement must be omitted temporarily because today's harvest is articles of war and this second world conflict is a wood war, every long day of it. From blue print paper to ammunition, to the transportation of all supplies, food, clothing and weapons, wood furnishes the wherewithal. Every major arm of the service requires huge quantities . . . the army, navy and marine corps, in the air, on the ground, and at sea. Wood is not commonly thought of as a war material yet. Rear Admiral Clark H. Woodward of the U.S.N. recently stated that "the Navy is still as dependent on the output of the lumber camps and sawmills today as were the wooden-hulled frigates of John Paul Jones's time."

It is right to hope this war will end wars, but until certain that it has, an adequate reserve of wood must be maintained against both the needs of peace and war. To do this American Tree Farms, sponsored by the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, has become a nation-wide movement by the forest industries. The intent is to insure an inexhaustible supply of wood for whatever use it may later be needed, war or peace. Permanency of employment and community are attendant desirables that naturally follow.

The American Tree Farm, guarantor of future crops of wood, is another and unmistakable milestone forward in the progress of the lumber industry.

Perspective to write of an age, or era, can only be acquired by the passage of time, but when time finally makes possible a chronicle of today, wood will of a certainty be credited with a major role. Perhaps history will term this "the age of wood," because wood, the only one of our resources that naturally renews itself, has suddenly come to life through chemistry and other forms of treatment. The bewildering list of possible products is so great in number as to be almost inconceivable of a material so long and generally thought of only as a source of lumber and pulp. It will be the job of the American Tree Farms to provide the raw wood for manufacture of all those new items as well as the ones we know today.



NEW HEBRIDES SAWMILL—Identification of the signal corps photo above by the War Department has all the usual brevity of War Department communications—it is simply "Engineer Sawmill located in cleared jungle area in New Hebrides." It doesn't have much imagination to fill in details though, and a recent news story by Art Burgess, Associated Press reporter, mentions one such sawmill, although not identifying any particular one. According to Burgess the tales of the forests "down under" would make even mythical Paul Bunyan blush. He refers to solid mahogany bridges, rosewood tables, mahogany chairs and floors of solid teakwood in army buildings. Toughest problem, he writes, is not clearing a site in the jungle, or setting up the mill—it is digging out shell fragments that have become imbedded in many of the felled trees so that mill saws will not be ruined when the logs are cut into boards and timbers.

Japanese Royalty Visited Potlatch In 1909

The Palouse Republic of September 17, 1909 contains a two column page spread of the visit of 55 Japanese commercial commissioners and trade experts to the city of Potlatch and the Potlatch mill. The tour of inspection was made, according to the story, at the suggestion of James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, who told the Japanese that nowhere on the American continent would they find another sawmill so complete as the Potlatch mill. The train in which the Japanese traveled was described as nine coaches in length and "the most elegant and completely equipped train that has ever been drawn over the W. I. & M. or the Palouse branch of the Northern Pacific."

The representatives of Japan were on an 80-day tour of the United States and were entertained for two days in the city of Spokane prior to their side-trip to Potlatch. In the party was Baron and Baroness Shibusawa, said to possess more wealth than any other family in Japan, A. K. Otani reputed to be a well known merchant and banker of Yokohama of immense wealth and many scholarly attainments, plus various other influential Japanese. Interpreter for the group was General Consul Mizurio of New York.

The Republic's newsmen wrote, "The object of the tour of the representatives of the Japanese commercial organizations is largely for the purpose of gaining information as to the methods employed in conducting various lines of business and industries in this country."

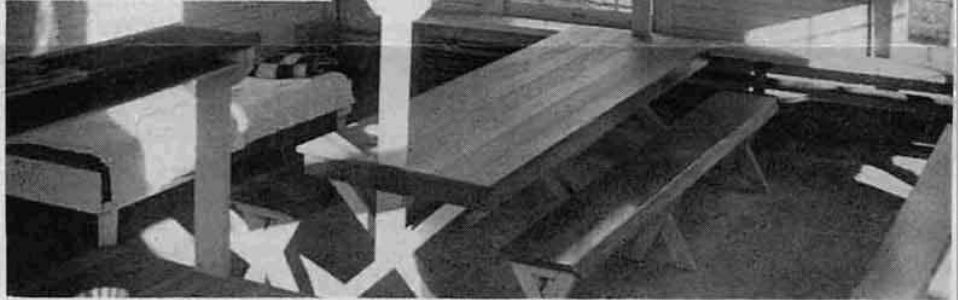
"The men are intelligent, and represent the greatest business enterprises of the Japanese empire. It is safe to say that these orientals will amass more information during their trip than Americans would under the same conditions, partly, perhaps, because they realize the need of American methods, the adoption of which has already done much for their nation."

How right he was the reporter who penned the 1909 story of the Japanese visit to Potlatch could not have realized. Nor could he have known that along about 1944 some young men from Potlatch, accompanied by a lot of other young men from different parts of the United States plan to pay Tokyo a return visit minus the pleasantries. In fact, one such young man from Orofino, Idaho, had already visited Tokyo. He did so accompanied by General Jimmy Doolittle and several other American aviators. His name is Campbell and he is a brother of Shirley Campbell, good looking P.F.I. General Office stenographer who posed as Santa Claus in the September issue of The Family Tree.



Left—Mae West in dry dock for a face lifting job.

Right—Women's Rest Room, Potlatch Unit. Signs on the wall tell of wood's importance in the war.



Potlatch Scow In Dry Dock

The old scow which has operated in the pond at Potlatch for many months under the moniker of "Mae West" has recently undergone what many another of her gender would consider highly satisfactory treatment. All traces of the ravages of time have been removed and concealed 'neath a new face, and Mae is all set to break ice again this next winter. The re-outfitting was accomplished by using ¼" mill plate salvaged from the gravel slide that was constructed when the board fill was made.

The scow was originally built three years ago and has seen service as a pile driver, as a dredge when the pond required such work, and as an ice breaker during winter months. It is 47' 8" long; 17' 11" wide and 2' 9" deep. The bottom is built of 4" plank and the top and sides of 3". Its displacement in the water is about 20 tons. Motive power comes from a 9" 13" Willamette steam donkey, double drum, hoisting engine which carries a pressure of 135 lbs. Pres-to-logs are used for fuel. Skipper of the craft is veteran pond man C. C. CHAMBERS.

Wife: "The fortune teller said my second husband would be handsome and clever."

Husband: "Do you mean to say you were married once before and never told me about it?"

Schmidt Bros. Mill— Weippe Closed for Overhaul Job

On November 23rd the Schmidt Bros. Mill at Weippe shut down for a complete repair job and overhaul. The mill is to resume operations about December 15th.

Each year when a shut-down approaches, it is customary to make a pool, or pot, of money and to award it to whoever can guess nearest to the exact hour, day and minute the last log will be sawn. In other years the guesses have been very close and one year the winner missed the exact closing time by only two minutes.

This year the mill has one woman employee and she can hardly be presumed to know enough about sawmilling to make an accurate guess, but just the same she won the pot.

Orrin Good Sells Waha Mill And Timber

Title to the Waha mill of ORRIN S. GOOD and to the timber owned in that territory by MR. GOOD has passed to CHARLES G. BENNETT, according to announcement.

The new owner of the mill hails from Vermont and has moved his family to Lewiston. He is said to have been in the sawmilling business for a number of years in his home state and to be thoroughly familiar with logging as well as the multiple problems of lumber production.

MR. GOOD is understood to be bound for Maryland and a well earned vacation among friends there. His plans include some deep sea fishing and Lewiston friends in departure wished him such success as to make exaggeration of any sort unnecessary when later describing the catch.

10,000 Pay Checks Written in November

A total of more than 10,000 pay checks was issued in November to P.F.I. employees. The checks covered the regular payroll, vacation pay and retro-active pay for the period September 29th to December 1, 1942.

Said Boss Billings in commenting on the 10,000 checks—"The directive and opinion of the War Labor Board on retro-active pay was received November 22nd and the checks were mailed in the same week. That is a pretty good showing in times like these, and represents some fast action by the accounting department. To hold down on clerical work we had planned to issue vacation checks later in the year, but changed our plans because of reports that you were getting anxious for them."

There came a series of frantic "meows" from the garden and mother rushed out to find her small daughter, aged four, firmly holding a kitten by its tail and shaking it vigorously.

"Put that kitten down at once," she cried. "Whatever in the world do you think you are doing?"

"Well, Mother, last night when Daddy was playing cards I heard him say there was three dollars in the kitty, and I was trying to shake it out."

WOODS NEWS

Camp T—Elkberry Creek

Repairs are being made to the Camp T flume and we are also building cat roads and landings. A crew of 7 men have been staying at the mouth of the flume to work there as the lower end of the road is impassable.

There has been snow on Bertha Hill but it has melted. From all indications winter will not arrive nearly as early as it did last year.

Camp 29—Washington Creek

With logging completed around Camp 29 we are moving along down Washington Creek and are now cutting and skidding between the old and new 54 camps. As soon as the steel is laid on the spur at the old 54 camp site, known as Peterson Draw, we will start logging out the eight or more million feet in that area.

There has been a lot of activity this month in constructing landings and skid roads, but even with two good construction crews busy all the time, our saw gangs are away ahead of schedule.

MIKE MULLEN who was injured on November 2nd is recovering at the Orofino hospital. He was not seriously injured but was painfully bruised when a log rolled over him.

Camp 55—Casey Creek Spur

Our crew has been busy the past week setting up the new cookhouse. The camp 51 crews are expected to arrive after Thanksgiving and winter logging is scheduled to get underway shortly thereafter.

Our menu on Thanksgiving was such as to make us very thankful that we live in a land of plenty, and certainly everyone present wished very much that before another year the boys in service will be back home spending Thanksgiving day with us.

Camp 14—Beaver Creek

Camp 14 officially closed November 19th. BUFORD BARNES and OLAV VINSAND have gone to Camp 58 for the winter with the promise of returning to 14 next spring. Clerk DAN GOODMAN is at Camp 52 for the winter. Closing a camp is like graduating from school, you are glad to get out, but wish you were back.

Camp 54—Washington Creek

The new camp site has been completed and all buildings have been moved from the old camp and set up. PHIL PETERSON'S crew is now located in the new camp and we are all quite proud of the location and the camp. With ALBERT JOHNSON'S steel crew and KNUTE HOVE'S ballast crew sharing quarters with us we have a good sized camp. The steel is all laid except on one spur and the steel crew is working there. The shovel crew has pushed on down Washington Creek and is about a mile below the old Dennison Cabin.

Part of the original 54 crew, with ERNIE MASTERS directing, are now at Stites putting in a new bridge across the south fork of the Clearwater. The bridge is to provide passage for Camp 58 trucks that will haul logs from McComas Meadow, and adjacent stands.

Camp 51—Casey Creek

On November 17th our loading crew, consisting of WALLACE BOLLES, MERLE SPENCER, LUKE CORBETT, GLENN MILLER and TOM SHELLCHUK, made a record for loading logs on the Clearwater side which we believe will be hard to beat.

During an eight hour shift they loaded 28 cars. There were 975 logs for a scale of 216,540 feet. This is an average of 122 logs per hour or 2.03 logs per minute. For the week they loaded 152 cars, an average of 25 1-3 cars per day with a total footage of 1,194,140.

Camp 51 is finishing up for the year and we expect to move next week to the new campsite on Alder Creek (Camp 55). We have put in over 38,000,000 feet of logs from this camp since loading started in July 1942.

Camp 52—Casey Creek

We are all ready now to produce logs in a big way. Roads and landings were constructed in summer months and we have eleven cats skidding and two bulldozers building additional roads. There are twelve saw gangs here, dropping about 160,000 feet daily, and our camp has a total of about a hundred and twenty men including BOLLES and his loading crew who moved up from Camp 51 about the end of November.

Our cats and most of the crew are from Camp 14 which closed early in November.

Among our visitors during the month was JIM DELANEY (referred to by CHARLIE HORNE as the "Pease and May pack mule"), DOC WHITE, HARRY ROONEY, J. H. McNALLEY, and FRANK STEDMAN who is still carrying a cannon around with him (he calls it a rifle, 38-56 or something and claims he is getting in shape for next year's hunting season.)

The camp is in fine shape after a going over this summer by JACK EGENES and we should get in better than 2,000,000 feet of logs in November.

Headquarters

FRANK STEDMAN, well known hunter of this village, has acquired a new name—Buckskin Frank. The title became attached to STEDMAN because of his persistence in asking for deer hides of every hunter who returned with a deer. Last report credited him with two dozen hides. Just what he intends to do with them is a matter for conjecture around bunkhouse stoves.

Our weather has been all that anyone could ask. Lots of sunshine and little rain or snow. A lot different from that of last fall when at this time there was more than two feet of snow. The Headquarters roads are in excellent shape, most of them having been re-gravelled this fall.

A crew of men has been busy rebuilding the old railroad snow plow and it is now ready to operate. With the first snow we'll have opportunity to see how well it performs.

Just before Thanksgiving a new sign appeared on the cookhouse door, reading "Thanksgiving dinners not served to except regular boarders." We understand that some of the townsite people behind tried to establish seniority at the table without much luck.

Camp 36—Upper Palouse River

The major part of our work is still at the upper camp although our construction crew and saw gangs have been moved to the lower camp at Laird Park. Balance of the camp will likely move down about the middle of December. Present plans are to resume logging on Strychnine Creek and an additional truck road is being constructed in that direction. The operation will be cat skid and truck haul chance. It is planned to improve the road up Strychnine Creek so that the timber in that territory can be logged from the lower camp.

We had considerable excitement here on December 2nd when a bomber came from Hobbs, N. Mexico, to Geiger field at Spokane ran out of fuel and crashed after members of the crew had parachuted to safety. Pilot of the plane was Capt. E. Gaffney, former University of Idaho student from Orofino, Idaho. A volunteer searching party went out from camp that night but did not locate any of the missing men, all of whom were later reported safe. Four of the men parachuted down near Laird Park, one was found near Stites, four others came down in a meadow about three miles west of Bovill, and the remaining man showed up at about 2:00 P.M. at Avon on December 3rd. None of the crew suffered injury.

Camp 35—Merry Creek

Both railroad and truck haul chains were in full swing at 35 during most of the month, but now the truck haul crews together with trucks and cats have been transferred over to Camp 43 on Deep Creek.

DOC WHITE bagged a deer from a speeder early in the month. The first shot completely missed the big 5-point white but Doc got him with the second bullet. He was really a big fellow and had to be hauled up before loading into Doc's car.

Camp 43—Deep Creek

This camp which has been under construction for some little time will be occupied in December. It is a portable camp, two miles from the location of Camp 41.

Bovill

JAMES PEW from St. Maries and HOOPER from Wyoming are new chaps working in the warehouse.

HERB ERICKSON recently obtained a bred Terhune Collie from a kennel in Spokane. Contrary to expectations a young pup does not howl of a night and seems well on the way toward becoming a well thought of dog-citizen.

The kitty in the office, which supplies funds for a New Year's party, is growing into a sizeable fund. A ten-cent contribution is collected from each arrival to work, and one minute or less it still costs a dime. The kitty also has a stimulating effect on chronic late-arrivers.

PLANT NEWS

Rutledge

On the basis of figures for the month of November, the completion of the dry kilns will be of no particular consequence at the Rutledge plant. According to HAROLD MAY, shipping clerk, about ninety per cent of the lumber shipped for the month was green. This percentage of green stock, so far as Mr. MAY can recall, sets a record. And, judging from the under abundance of insects 'neath his hat, such a recollection must go back quite some little period of time.

Speaking of the dry kilns, steam arrived at the kilns on the first day of December. Looks as if it won't be long until we will be drying lumber on a large scale.

The bluebacks are running. A school of this particular species of fish has been trying to go upstream into the boiler water . . . at the power house crew.

The hunting stories still trickle in. We thought the one last month took the cake, but after listening to the smoke hall talk, we're convinced that the first liar doesn't have a Chinaman's chance. The latest, we might be expected concerns another member of the power house gang, this time JOE ANDRES, popularly known as a twentieth century Daniel Boone. It seems that JOE was out hunting birds with a twenty gauge shotgun when he spotted a nice fat buck. JOE is no tenderfoot and did not shoot the scattergun and risk loosing the critter. He exhibited the same presence of mind generally attributed to his Kentucky hunter and hoofed it back to camp, got his trusty thirty-thirty, hoofed back on the buck and bagged the deer. Not bad for a deerfoot. In fact, not bad from a variety of standpoints. Next month, though, should bring a yarn with greater wind velocity.

Clearwater

There have been a number of P.F.I. men in service visit us during the past month. In the group were CPL. GORDON ROSE, Air Corp., Salt Lake; TOM McMANUS, Mech. Enroute 1st Class, Seabees, enroute to a new station; T/5 THOMAS WHARTON, who has been working as a cook in an Army hospital at Miami Beach, Florida; HARVEY THORNTON, of the Navy, just back from the Hawaiian Islands; FRENCH WEISS, Mech. Enroute 2/c, Seabees, enroute from the Atlantic Coast to a new station; and RUSSELL GREEN, F. 1/c, enroute from duty on a P-T boat to a new station.

WILLIAM CLARK and BERNICE FALLWELL of the stacker were married Sunday, November 28th. Mrs. CLARK is the daughter of RAY FALLWELL, stackerman in the stacker department.

Potlatch

A 5:30 A. M. whistle will be blown at Potlatch beginning Monday, December 6th. This all came about as the result of a suggestion turned in to the plant suggestion committee reading "I suggest blowing a 5:30 whistle in the A. M. as so many alarm clocks are failing." Manager JIM O'CONNELL thought it might not be a bad idea but decided to have a vote of employees. Of the 214 voting there were 216 in favor of a 5:30 whistle.

PRIVATE JOE PALOOKA SAYS — by Hank Fisher



Clippings from a Missouri newspaper show a picture of the semi-finals in the 291st Infantry Regimental Basketball Tournament in which KENNETH BERG plays center. BERG was a former basketball star of the Potlatch High School and was a member of the office force of the Potlatch Unit at the time he left for military service. His name also appeared as a trumpeter in the Rhythmic Fivesome of the 291st Infantry when they played for a dance at the Waynesville U.S.O. and at a Regimental Officers Club. His name was again mentioned in connection with the Drum and Bugle Corps of the 291st when it made its initial formal appearance at a guard mount on the regimental parade ground.

BERG is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. ERICK BERG and has been in the army since March, 1943. His rank is that of Private first class and he is stationed at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

Potlatch Plant employee WESLEY S. CHANDLER reported during the month that his son, Seaman MELVIN CHANDLER, prisoner of war of the Japanese army, has been heard from a second time. Seaman CHANDLER is held at Camp Osaka and wrote his mother that he is working there and is O. K. He was reported as missing by the War Department for fourteen months after loss of the Philippine Islands. His first message home was a card received by his mother last May, but until last month no further word has been received.

An Arkansas husband who couldn't read brought the following letter from his wife to his local draft board to prove he was married and the father of seven children— "Dear United States Army: My husband asked me to write a recommend that he supports his family. He cannot read, so don't tell him. Just take him. He ain't no good to me. He ain't done nothing but raise hell and drink lemon essence since I married him eight years ago and I got to feed seven kids of his. Maybe you can get him to carry a gun, he's good on squirrels and eating. Take him and welcome. I need the grub and his bed for the kids. Don't tell him this, but just take him and send him as far as you can."

War Bond Purchases Via Payroll Deduction Toboggans Down

Still in first spot, and still above 10%, was the Rutledge Unit in War Bond purchases for the month of October, although dropping a full 5.64% from the preceding month's average of 15.73%.

Potlatch suffered the least drop, moving downward only .19% and wound up in second spot with an average of 8.94%.

Clearwater dropped into the basement with an average of 7.42%, a slump of 1.95%.

Averages of top departments, of the mills, and averages of the low three departments were as follows:

Pres-to-logs, Rutledge	22.11
Townsite, Potlatch	15.72
Pres-to-logs, Potlatch	13.73
Main Office, Rutledge	13.41
Shipping Office, Rutledge	12.69
Power Plant, Potlatch	12.07
Glue Dept., Clearwater	11.73
Plant Office, Clearwater	11.72
Maintenance, Rutledge	11.65
Maintenance, Potlatch	11.43

Low three departments were:

Retail Dept. (Plant), Rutledge	2.59
Transportation, Clearwater	2.84
Pond, Clearwater	4.19

Plant averages were:

Rutledge	10.09
Potlatch	8.94
Clearwater	7.42

Vacation Pay Into Bonds

November's ten thousand checks have brought quite a few requests for extra war bonds, especially on vacation pay checks which many employees are converting into war bonds, according to C. J. Hopkins, general office. Among the first to buy bonds with their vacation pay were A. L. Bergh and Lewis Martinson of the Clearwater plant. Both are steady buyers of bonds and both deserve to be congratulated on the good judgment which has prompted them to put extra dollars into war bonds.



HONEY BEES WERE CALLED "THE WHITE MAN'S FLY" BY AMERICAN INDIANS. (THE BEE WAS INTRODUCED TO AMERICA BY EARLY SETTLERS)

White Pine King Grew in P. F. I. Woods

The largest White Pine tree ever found, so far as is known, grew in the woods of Potlatch Forests, Inc. It was 207 feet tall, had an average diameter at the stump of 6 feet 6 inches, was 425 years old and contained 28,900 board feet.

Below, "felling of the King"



TREE FARM IN MINATURE AT RUTLEDGE—Within the mill yard at Rutledge there's a second P.F.I. tree farm. Not a very large farm . . . even genial Rutledge manager C. O. Graue, who is fiercely pro-Rutledge about almost everything, admits that at maturity its trees would keep the mill sawing for only a brief time . . . but, it is large enough to give visitors an idea of how trees grow.

Manager Graue is a firm believer in visual education and considers a good picture to be the equivalent of thousands of words and much easier to grasp. The Rutledge Tree Farm was created for just that reason . . . to furnish a picture of how trees grow. The picture is not quite as complete as Mr. Graue would like it to be, and he has toyed some with the thought of enlarging the farm to include a few stumps and older trees so that more of the tree growing cycle can be seen and traced by visitors. Tree growth from a seedling up to thirty or forty years could be traced by tags attached to the various trees and the stumps could be tagged to indicate the age range of trees at felling time.

In a far corner of the "farm" is a sign, urging protection for future tree crops. It reads "TREES LIKE THESE WILL FURNISH LUMBER AND GIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR FUTURE YEARS. DO YOUR PART IN HELPING TO PROTECT THE FORESTS OF TOMORROW." Underfoot is a fine crop of white clover, and the farm well serves as an attractive fairground to plant buildings.

Potlatch Lumber Complimented

Received by Sales Company representative M. W. Williamson, New York City, in November was a letter from the American Can Company reading as follows:

"We are in receipt of a letter from our Geneva Machine Shop, advising that the car of lumber applying against order No. 34-A 2438, shipped by the Potlatch Forests, Inc., Potlatch, Idaho has been received and is the best ——— lumber that they have received in the last three or four years. With all the turmoil existing these days, it is indeed a pleasure to write a letter of this kind. Yours very truly,

American Can Company,
C. H. Petersen."

We leave to your imagination the two blank spaces in the letter, but it's still a compliment to Potlatch lumber.

I'm glad I am an American
I'm glad that I am free,
I wish I were a little pup
And Hitler were a tree!
—Geraldine Street, *Kreolite News*.

Food consumption in the United States is distinctly below what it should be for optimal health, according to Dr. Charles G. King, scientific director of the Nutrition Foundation. Dr. King has pointed to England's example where nutrition standards have been greatly improved despite a severe food supply problem and has stated that the same thing can be accomplished in this country by giving more thought to proper eating and to eating habits. About 90% of all sickness is said to be due to errors in diet.

A man called at the minister's home looking as though he had something on his mind.

"I just came to ask you," he said, "whether it is right for any person to profit by the mistakes of another?"

"Most certainly not," replied the minister.

The man grew more cheerful, and held out his right hand. "Then, if that's the case," he said, "you'll want to return the ten dollars I gave you last October for marrying me!"

