

# THE FAMILY TREE

Vol. VIII

Number 10

Lewiston, Idaho, July, 1944

Under modern forest management methods America's forests produce more wood products than those of Germany, Italy and Japan together.

When lightning strikes a tree, its heat turns moisture in the wood to steam, and the tree actually explodes. However, careless smokers and incendiaries cause half our forest fires.



Above—TEN HOUR BRIDGE—It took Army Engineers ten hours to construct this bridge in Italy where lumber must accompany advancing troops to reconstruct bridges destroyed by the retreating enemy, else the route of troops and equipment is impassable or made miles longer.—Signal Corps photo.

Below — BEACHHEAD SUPPLIES — Supplies are landed on a South Sea beachhead to back up an attacking force that has just moved inland. Food and ammunition are MUSTS . . . both are boxed or crated in wood.—U. S. Navy photo.



Camp 40 log . . . War will send its lumber to far-away places.

## "If there are enough . . ."

Pfc. Calvin Lichtenwalter of the U. S. Marines was here a few days ago. He left both his good legs at Guadalcanal—but his spirit was unbroken. He told us "lumber is used everywhere in the war."

Fighting men get lumber and food because of people like the Goodnoughs and Berry families whom you will learn about in this issue.

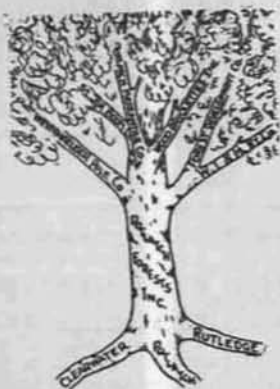
If there are enough Goodnoughs and Berrys, we will win the war. If there are not, we won't. The war is not over.

C. L. BILLINGS,  
General Manager.

BEACHING ASHORE AT SALERNO—Battle-wise MP pulls in his ears, hunches his shoulders and instinctively crouches, yanking his helmet downward to protect face and head as best possible against nearby burst of shrapnel. Green troops feel more curiosity than fear, do not fully realize danger of explosive shells landing around them . . . truck is loaded with ammunition . . . in wooden boxes.—U. S. Navy photo.



## 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

## A Cautioning Word

From the pen of GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, famous playwright winner of the Pulitzer Prize, comes this counsel:

"There is an election coming. Two men will be running for President, and all the talk will be of those two men. But a lot of other men (and women) will be running for Congress. There is a tendency to overlook them in a Presidential year.

"They are important. If you will think back over the past few years you will realize that Congress is really more powerful than the President. It can refuse to pass bills that the President wants, and it can pass bills that he doesn't want. And that is as it should be . . . if the Congressmen know what they're doing.

"DON'T VOTE BLINDLY FOR A CONGRESSMAN OR SENATOR.

"Find out about them. What do they think? How will they behave when they get in? Write to them, or see them. Candidates will be glad to answer questions.

"If a man is already in office, and up for re-election, find out how he voted on the many key bills of recent years. Was he one of those who almost defeated the Selective Service Act?

"How does he feel about the days after the war? Does he want us to retire into our shells and let the world go to hell, including us?

"FIND OUT, and vote accordingly."

## "WHERE'S THE FIRE?"

It was mid-July hot. Damnably so, and the sun's rays burned down with all the ferocity of a welding torch. Parked cars were being left with the windows lowered to make them less an incinerator for returning owners when Weyerhaeuser Timber Company lumber buyer AL GWYNNE, desiring cremation no more than anyone else, climbed hastily out of his auto, parked alongside the refuse burner of a sawmill near Colville, Washington. He returned two or three hours later, the thermometer still at frying temperature, observed nothing wrong, and began the return trip to Spokane.

Through the lowered car windows came a good stiff current of air. Not exactly cool, in fact far from it, but it kept shirt and pants from becoming adhesive tape. It also fanned into life some sparks that had been deposited in the rear seat by a vagrant breeze during GWYNNE's absence.

MR. GWYNNE's olfactory nerves soon caused his proboscis to twitch, thereby informing him something was amiss. He turned his head slightly to behold the rear seat cushion smoking like a five-year old in the initial fifteen minutes of his first sniped cigar butt. There being no water handy, and every reason to believe that if the back seat were jerked out of the car, the upholstery would burst into flame. MR. GWYNNE pushed the throttle to the floor and hoped he was headed in the direction of help.

## HELP ARRIVES

Help materialized quickly. Hardly had the GWYNNE auto attained illegal speed before a siren screeched opposite the rear wheel and a patrol car slashed its way past, crowding the GWYNNE machine to a stop.

But, the patrolman was in no hurry. He anticipated a pleasurable few minutes and extracted his person from 'neath the wheel of the patrol car with calculated, maddening slowness. GWYNNE began to wonder which would get him first, the fire, or the cop. There was a deliberate and frightful leisureliness about the officer's approach and an acid casualness was in his opening remark . . . "Where's the fire?"

"In the back seat," cried GWYNNE, in accents wild.

A split second of complete silence followed, then the patrolman exclaimed, "We better do something about that. Follow me."

The siren wailed again and GWYNNE, now in pursuit of the patrolman, was off once more . . . his back seat still on fire. A few miles down the road both cars pulled up alongside a sizeable stream and the cop dragged the rear cushion out, hastily pitched it into the center of a pool formed by the creek, and turned a fire extinguisher on the fire that remained in the car. Meanwhile, the rear cushion floated slowly toward the exact center of the pool and sank.

GWYNNE and the officer fished it out, both getting wet in the process.

"Why the devil did you throw the thing so far out into the creek?" asked GWYNNE.

"Well," said the cop, "this hair on my arms burns even better than your seat cushion and when I picked it up, I set myself on fire. Incidentally, too, I'll never again ask a motorist . . . 'where's the fire?' . . ."

## War Bonds

The meeting of a stiff Fifth War Loan quota carried war bond purchases at the Clearwater plant to top spot among P.F.I. units last month. Final average for Clearwater was 18% (a gain of 9.4% over the preceding month). In second spot came the Rutledge Unit with an average of 16.74%, followed by Potlatch with 11.48% and trailed by the woods with an average of 5.4%. The W. I. & M. contributing part of the Potlatch total posted an average of 12.33%.

Top ten departments among the mills were:

Maintenance, Rutledge	68.69%
Planer, Clearwater	34.1
Power Plant, Clearwater	24.5
Electric Shop, Clearwater	22.9
Pres-to-logs, Potlatch	22.61
Carpenters, Clearwater	22.2
Lath Mill, Clearwater	22.1
Pres-to-logs Mfg., Clearwater	22.6
Graders, Rutledge	22.49
Graders, Clearwater	22.1

Low three departments were:

Retail (Plant), Rutledge	2.22
Watchmen, Rutledge	5.86
Remanufacturing, Potlatch	5.82

Unit averages were:

Clearwater	18.0
Rutledge	16.74
Potlatch	11.48
Woods	5.42

## Life

Life is an everlasting struggle to keep money coming in and teeth and hair from coming out, but if it was as easy as we wish it were, most of us would sleep peacefully all the way through it. At about the time one learns to make the most of life, the most of it is gone, but it can be lived longer by anyone who is willing to give up all the things that make it worthwhile living longer for. Worrying does not help, because no one will get out of it alive. The best 30 years of a woman's life are between the ages of 29 and 30 and the truth is ironical that the person who lives the longest is always a rich relative. Life, which can only be understood backwards but must be lived forwards, is what you make of it, and someone comes along and makes it worse. A river becomes crooked by following the line of least resistance—and so does man. Many a fellow who thought he was a hot shot turned out to be just another guy, and if he starts out to borrow trouble, credit usually is good. But the individual who paddles his own canoe and his own kids has no trouble getting along with both.—From Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Co. letter to servicemen, June, 1944.

"Papa," queried the son of the house "what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my son," was the reply.



## ★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

From Cpl. Erwin L. Heitman—

France

Jerry has been keeping us pretty busy at times, but it seems as if we always get the best of him and he goes back into his hole where he belongs. Maybe if we keep on we will have this thing over with and can go back home again. Instead of D-day that will be G-day (great day).

I sure wish I could be enjoying some of that hot weather you folks are having over there. It has been raining since we landed in France and what I mean it's really been awful at times. Have been in combat quite some time and have been lucky. Hope to keep on being that way. We had contact with the Jerries but have come out on the long end of the stick. If we can keep it up, we'll have the job done very soon.

From T/5 E. L. Terlson—

Hawaiian Islands

Yesterday was my day off, so went into Honolulu and spent the day just looking around. There is a large USO that is the center of any I have seen—all around in that section are curio shops and small amusement places catering to the service men. It puzzles me why there are so many curio stores and that the prices for both stuff and imported in this section are something to marvel at. Aboard ship new lighters were sold for one dollar—the same lighter in the shops down here costs \$12.50. A little tin mirror at PX costs 15c—down town it costs 85c—this will give you some idea of the prices.

#### SURF RIDING

Went down to Waikiki beach and watched the surf riders. It doesn't look too hard, but I bet anyone who can ride a log can do those things. I'm going to try the things once if it kills me and as soon as I can.

From Joe M. Lundy, Phm 1/C—

Japan

haven't had much time to write lately but we have been on the move for some time now. This is really the first oppor-

tunity and it's also the first time the censors have ever let us say where we are.

I am on the island of Saipan in the Mariana group. Everything is over now, at least temporarily. It was a very pretty island at one time, but it sure doesn't look like much now. The natives are quite friendly and seem quite well satisfied. A package of cigarettes or chewing gum doesn't last long when you offer a smoke to one of them.

It rains quite a lot and then the mosquitoes and flies come, but we are getting used to that. I sure would give a lot to be back there right now. Give my regards to my old friends and if I keep my fingers crossed, maybe I can make it back some day.

From Lt. Ben C. Moravetz—  
In the Pacific

I think this will be the last change of address for me—other than an anticipated "No. 5 Tojo Ave., Tokio."

I am with the Fifth Marine Division and as a fighting unit this is probably the "fightingest." A collection of vets of Guadalcanal, Tarawa, etc. Watch out for the Victory Fifth. I'm with the 13th Regt., field artillery, as procurement and billeting officer plus miscellaneous duties that are plentiful.

Since writing last, I've married and have a home in San Diego. Not knowing what my overseas address will be, my home address will have to stand and my wife will forward *The Family Tree*.

From S/Sgt. Glen Barnes—  
England

We are pretty busy again getting in on some long ones. Two days in a row we had nine hour missions, which is more than rugged. Jerry is starting putting up his Luftwaffe again too, just to make things a bit more interesting. Yesterday we had quite a battle for about a half hour before the target. Our ship shot down at least one of them. They wait until there is no escort around and then hop on us from out of the sun or clouds.

We have only a few more to sweat out and then we get three months ground duty

Convalescing officers and men from the Air Corps hospital at Fort George Wright visited Clearwater woods in July, spending two nights in Headquarters. They were much impressed with the loading crew at Camp 54, thought the flunkies good enough looking to be pin-up girls, showed a lively curiosity about everything, reported an interesting and worthwhile trip. Even the colonel, ranking officer among them, voted it a good trip despite the loss of two shekels to Cook Cold Ham Snyder (among others) in a poker game in Pierce.



The Flying Fortress "You Never Know" back from a trip over France and Germany with one tire shot off and a dead motor—S/Sgt. Barnes right center, crouching, with head phones . . . TRIPS WERE RUGGED . . .

during which it's possible, but not probable, we may get home for a month.

#### TO SHEFFIELD

Last week I went to Sheffield on my pass. It's quite a city, but one the Jerries blitzed badly. The center of town is in ruins from an attack that started at seven one night and continued for nine hours. It was a few days before Xmas when the shopping crowds were all in the stores so the casualties were pretty bad. I used to have a guilty feeling before I saw Sheffield but now it's a good feeling when "bombs away" comes over the interphone. You look out and see the tons of bombs dropping out and beginning to slant down toward Germany and wonder how much longer they can take it.

From Lt. Phil Pratt, Jr.—  
On the Atlantic

We don't know where we're going, but we're on the broad Atlantic making good time. Right now even Genesee would look good—this water is not for me. It looks wet, and won't stand still like a good respectable piece of land. It's mighty restful though—we don't do anything but eat and sleep and indulge in games of chance. Having made my fortune, I just eat and sleep.

#### PILOT PILES IN

Getting back to Topeka—we left there in two days and went to the East Coast—we're not allowed to say where. We were there about a week, and it was really a hole, which we were glad to leave. Incidentally, while I was there I got to use my vast experience as an old Idaho brush piler. I was in charge of a detail of brush pilers for a couple of days. It was much more pleasant than in the old days as I did not have to put my vast experience into actual practice, but just sat on a log and told the boys how we used to do it in the big woods. Then they did it any damn way they pleased.

From Sgt. Lonnie C. Ropp—Alaska  
EVERYBODY LOVES THE SGT.

We are using the merit system here now and tonight I fell out for retreat without my pistol belt, so the boys have a big gig sheet up with my name on it in about six inch letters. They always enjoy a chance to get the Sgt.



Left—Mrs. Daisy G. Berry Potlatch housewife turned millworker, on the business end of a broom, cleaning up in the Potlatch Unit sawmill. Mrs. Berry began work for P.F.I. August 13, 1942, and has stayed with the job ever since. She has worked in the Pres-to-logs plant, grinding room, catching edgings, on the tie dock, and now at clean-up.

Right—Ruby Berry, fourteen-year-old daughter of the Berry's, enroute home from a trip to market. She is business manager for the home during the summer with an older sister and brother, Larry, at work on farms near Potlatch. The task of house-keeping, of buying, cooking and cleaning isn't enough to keep her busy, according to this young Miss. So, she handles two paper routes in addition, the Spokesman-Review each morning, the Spokane Chronicle in the evening.



## WAR FAMILY

It takes work, long hours of it, to win a war and there is no substitute material. Getting there "fustest with the mostest" still determines the victor and battles are won first of all in the factories and on the farms.

"Hitler and Tojo made no mistake about their fighting men," said PFC CALVIN LICHTENWALTER to P.F.I. workers in July, "and their men are pretty good fighters, but Hitler and Tojo did mistake the production ability of American workers. That's

but they are nonetheless all out for war and the resoluteness that keeps them at their respective tasks is a thing good to see.

### Everybody Works

Both parents work at the Potlatch mill, LOWERY BERRY as an edgerman, MRS. BERRY on the clean-up squad, releasing a man for heavier work elsewhere. She has been at work in the Potlatch plant since August of 1942.

The three BERRY youngsters, at an age that highly prizes leisure, the old swimming hole, a fishin' pole, moments

at the corner soda fountain, and the idleness of school free days, are also at work . . . by choice. RUTH works on a farm a short distance out of Potlatch on the Coeur d'Alene highway. LARRY works for another farmer on Rock Creek on the opposite side of Potlatch. RUBY, youngest daughter, keeps house for her parents, does the shopping, keeps a sharp eye on ration points, and handles two paper routes, one morning, one evening.



Left—Lunch hour at the mill, in a separate lunch hall built to accommodate women employees. Mrs. Berry, with hand in dinner pail good-naturedly grins at the raucous fellow workers, who like herself are playing an important part in getting out war lumber. The noon hour provides relaxation, time for choice gossip, a bit of back biting occasionally, and mayhaps the telling of a few yarns about this and that.

Below—Larry, thirteen years a man, on duty on a mower seat, cutting peas on a Palouse farm that years ago was whitened out of stump land near Potlatch. His preference runs to driving the farm's Cleve, but the team and mower provide reasonably good action. The hours are long, but he recuperates quickly, likes farm work.

where they really went haywire, and that's why we're winning the war. We have better weapons than they do, and more of them."

The Marine private might also have added that the same two characters, who are said to have ventured forth onto the sea of history without a compass, were equally wrong about the spirit of a free worker and his family as compared to that of a compelled worker. The BERRY family at Potlatch are a fair example. True, this family have no members in uniform,





## P. F. I. Forest Management Plans Praised by Chief of U. S. Forest Service

LYLE WATTS, chief forester of the U. S. Forest Service, spent July 11th and 12th in company with P.F.I. GENERAL MANAGER C. L. BILLINGS, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER E. C. RETTIG and other forest service officials in an inspection of P.F.I. forest lands.

In Lewiston the chief forester later stated that the condition of P.F.I. cut-over lands, seen in two days of traveling by speeder and car would be pleasing to any forester. He also praised the absence of recently burned areas and cited this absence as an

indication the forest fire problem is being well and ably met.

WATTS, appointed chief forester last year, served with the Forest Service from 1913 to 1936 in region one (headquarters at Missoula, Montana) and region four, both western regions. He also worked for a time at the Montana forest experiment station and was dean of the Utah State Agricultural college school of forestry for two years. He is the first Forest Service Chief to inspect P.F.I. lands in the Clearwater and his praise of those lands is high tribute to P.F.I.

## More Pres-to-logs Machines

A lease contract covering two Pres-to-logs machines has been signed with the Great Lakes Lumber & Shipping, Ltd., Fort William, Ontario, Canada, according to announcement by Roy HUFFMAN, general manager of Wood Briquettes, Inc. Plans for the plant have been completed and the drafting chore necessary to convert them to paper is nearing completion. Machines are to be shipped as soon as possible, but probably will not leave Portland until late fall.

Great Lakes Lbr. & Shipping, Ltd., first began thinking of Pres-to-logs machines in 1940, but arrived at no definite decision as to their use until February of 1944 when MANAGER GUS SOLI visited the J. Neils Lumber Co. plant at Libby, Montana. During the intervening period of time, Mr. HUFFMAN checked the Fort William operation to see how well suited it would be to Pres-to-logs machines.

The Fort William company differs widely from the usual sawmill but in one respect is similar to P.F.I.—the operation is built around selective logging and planned for permanence. Timber is small Spruce and Jack Pine, running about 60% Spruce. There is one head rig, two Swedish gang saws, a log splitter, and a horizontal re-saw. Approximately 80% of the cut is four, six and eight inch stock. Present operating schedule is two shifts, nine hours per day, six days per week. Shipments at the present rate of production will range between fifty and sixty million feet a year. Timber source is the Nipigon area and spreads over an enormous acreage. All logs reach the plant via water, first being dumped into Lake Superior and then towed down the lake and into Thunder Bay on which Fort William is located.



Above—Daughter Ruth, age fifteen, picking peas for supper at the farm where she is working during summer months. A farmer's wife, and her help, have few idle moments and it looks like a busy summer for Ruth. The active two-year-old son of the household further livens up her day.

How do the BERRYS like their work? Well, it's nothing new to Mr. BERRY. He's done so, in a sawmill, for a good many years. MRS. BERRY doesn't think sawmill work any tougher than ordinary housework. JERRY and RUTH love to be in the open and say they have so far enjoyed their summer farm work. RUBY likes the feel of being business manager for the BERRY home.

Extraordinary? The BERRY's don't think so. They see nothing extraordinary about it at all, instead, feel themselves to be just another American family wherein the members have uncomplainingly adjusted themselves to war and are cooperatively doing their level best to help American fighting men get there "fustest with the mostest."

## Tree Farm Signs

Five Tree Farm signs, to mark the boundaries of the Clearwater Tree Farm, arrived during the month from the Western Tree Association and will be placed soon.



Above—Relaxing at home with a newspaper. The day's work over, it seems good to change from working togs to a dress, says Mrs. Berry, and to spend a few minutes with one of the two daily newspapers that daughter Ruby delivers to residents of Onaway (about one mile distant of Potlatch where the Berrys live).

Left—The day is over for the Berrys at 4:00 P. M., and they bicycle home, a distance of slightly more than a mile. Mr. Berry has been a company employee since 1917, is now an edgerman. It would be easier to drive a car, but there's none too much gasoline so the Berrys make the best of a bad situation and pedal to and from work.

## PLANT NEWS

### Rutledge

Pres-to-logs foreman CONRAD (Happy) RODECK has been promoted to a position in charge of the large Pres-to-logs plant at Lewiston. HAP came to Coeur d'Alene soon after installation of the Pres-to-logs machines here. Infinite patience with wet fuel and other operating problems of varying seriousness, together with a willingness to tackle any problem and to work away at it until somehow it had been solved, marked his years at this plant. A likeable personality, coupled with an easy friendliness of manner that is an inseparable part of his nature earned him many friends at the plant and among people who purchased Pres-to-logs. Clearwater has gained an able and fine foreman, a fellow who thrives on hard work and problems. Our congratulations go to both Clearwater and RODECK.

Succeeding RODECK as foreman of the Pres-to-logs plant is CYRIL CHASE, who worked at this plant a few years ago and later had charge of the Pres-to-logs plant at Reno, Nevada, for the White Pine Lumber Distributors Corp.

Two would-be fishermen from Lewiston and one Coeur d'Alene man recently were given a lesson in plain and fancy angling by a boy with a willow pole, a bent pin and a feather. The Rutledge man, self-elected guide of the expedition to a nearby lake, was LYLE WILLIAMS. The Lewiston men were HAROLD WHITE and KENNETH ROSS, foremen from the Clearwater plant. The trio were a cinch to catch a lot of fish at this particular spot, said WILLIAMS, but something went wrong and no amount of careful casting with expensive rod and reel and a variety of flies netted fish worth mentioning. As in fiction, a kid came along with a willow pole, a bent pin attached to a feather, and pulled out some dandies. A trade of fishing equipment was arranged, but the youngster kept right on catching fish—not so WILLIAMS, WHITE and ROSS.

### Clearwater

A new boat for the log pond is in process of construction under the timber dock at the west end of the sawmill. Construction was begun on July 10th with FRED BRAUTIGAN directing, aided by RALPH CURTISS and MORRIS McKOWN. BRAUTIGAN has built boats for 43 years and the new log pond boat, which will be 34 feet long with a 7' 10" beam, will be his design. Frame will be of 4x4 red fir covered with 1 3/8" red fir planking. A covering of fourteen gauge iron with welded seams will be used on the exterior.

Servicemen visitors during the past month included SEAMAN DON LONG, BOB SENNETT, LEAF MARTINSON, S 1/C WALLY SUND, MM 3/C, REESE D. BAUGH, FLIGHT OFFICER BOB GLENNY (attached to a glider group), NAVAL CADET LESTER C. MAUCH, PVT. CLARENCE McFARLAND, CPL. HAROLD MALTBIE (home on leave from active duty in the Aleutians for two years), CAPT. LOUIS KOHL (who has been in the South Pacific for over two years, during which time he was awarded the Silver Star for distinguished service), STAFF SGT. ROBERT MULLINS, JR., (stationed in the British Isles

### Believe It or Not

DAVE BASHORE, Clearwater employee, lost his billfold in early July, containing thirty dollars and some odd change. He wasn't certain just where the wallet had been lost but knew it to be somewhere in the vicinity of the box factory or planing mill. On July 24th the billfold was found tucked neatly under the door of his room in a sealed envelope, in which was included a thank-you note for use of the money. The note explained that the finder of the wallet had needed a little money quickly, had made use of the thirty dollars, and, following payday was returning billfold and note.

for over a year) and STAFF SGT. HAROLD E. HANSON, who has worked in connection with troop transportation and has served in both Pacific and Atlantic waters, making four trips to North Africa.

Latest lottery is one concerning the end of the war against Germany.

BOB SIMONS is back at work on the carpenter crew after two years in the army. BOB received a medical discharge because of an injured foot, result of a fall from a tree while putting a radio aerial up during maneuvers in the south.

The fire hall lawn was the scene of a covered dish lunch July 22nd for DOMONICA STILLMAN—a birthday surprise planned by her friends.

A total of 111 men at Clearwater have completed the ten hour "Training Within Industry" course and have been certified by the War Manpower Commission as Job Instructors and an extra ten hours of training.



ing has qualified some of them for certification as Plant Job Instructors. This is the first phase of a three-phase program suggested by the Bureau of Training of the War Manpower Commission to develop certain needed skills in war plants.

The second part of the training program suggested is called Job Relations Training and was introduced at Clearwater in March of 1944. To date 31 supervisors have completed this course which is also a ten-hour course.

The third part of the program is termed Job Methods Training and will be undertaken within a week or two according to INSTRUCTOR JOHN SHEPHERD, who will be in charge of the class.

### Potlatch Plant

The 2,000-H.P. turbine (1250 kw-3400 volt) Potlatch turbine has been completely rebladed. About two years ago some damaged blades were discovered during inspection and were removed, the turbine then being placed in limited service and operated on a reduced load.



### Potlatch Doctor

There has been no doctor in Potlatch since June 1st, but not so after August 1st, when DR. D. WILSON MCKINLAY assumes charge of the Potlatch Hospital.

Medical and surgical care for Potlatch Unit employees is to be furnished under the same terms as those effective in past years with the Western Hospital Association, that is, each employee will contribute \$1.00 per month and the Company half that amount in addition.

DR. MCKINLAY's office will be in the hospital building which is equipped with X-ray, surgery and recovery beds. However, because of a shortage of nurses he proposes to transport cases requiring major surgery and long hospitalization to Moscow, at least for the time being. An ambulance, recently acquired, will make this possible.

DR. MCKINLAY, native of Idaho, is a graduate of Walla Walla College, 1926, and a graduate of the College of Medical Evangelists at Los Angeles and Loma Linda, California, 1938. For six years he was an instructor in Mathematics and Science in a junior college in India, following graduation from Walla Walla College in 1926, and before enrolling for medical training. For three years he practiced at Grandview, Washington, and since that time has been superintendent of the Finch Memorial Hospital at Washington State College, Pullman, Washington.

DR. MCKINLAY is quite familiar with logging and lumbering, having earned a large part of the finances necessary to his schooling as a timber feller in Montana forests. Much of his youth was spent in lumbering communities and he was living in Coeur d'Alene at the time the Rutledge mill of Potlatch Forests, Inc., was constructed.

MRS. MCKINLAY, for the past two years Director of Nursing Education at W. S. C., holds a Bachelor's Degree in Home Economics and Nursing from Oregon State College and in addition a Master's Degree in Science from the University of Washington. She will help DR. MCKINLAY as a nurse, until after the war ends at any rate.



New parts ordered in February, 1943, arrived Potlatch in October, 1943, but no one possessing the necessary skill to install the blades could be found. Finally Westinghouse sent out two twenty-five-year veterans from their Philadelphia plant, A. GABOSKY and ROBERT CAREY.

The 16th re-blading began. Separately by hand 43,870 pieces had to be installed with hair breadth precision, and to accuracies in thousandths of an inch. Six hundred and five feet of nickel wire was required to bind the blades together and each was then soldered with silver solder. The job required five pounds of this material at \$1.25 per ounce.

July 21st the turbine was ready for check-out and STANLEY J. POYSER, Westinghouse engineer from Seattle, came to Potlatch to supervise. Five days later the turbine went into service, with POYSER, meantime, making use of every available workman including an insurance inspector.

The turbine, original equipment at the River mill, was brought to Potlatch in 1931 but was not used until 1937.

GABOSKY and CAREY, both close to retirement age, put in some long hours getting it back into operation. Their skill and knowledge earned them respectful attention, and the admiration of assisting workmen.

The sawmill crew had the afternoon off, July 20th, while the No. 1 rig was restored to running order. Preliminary to starting the shift, the sawyer, or the man on the carriage, pump out the shotgun and warm the oil before starting to saw. On this particular day, the valve was opened and steam pressure of 130 pounds to the square inch or approximately 11,000 pounds on a piston was admitted. The valve, however, failed to close when the carriage reached the end of its 40-ft. track and at full speed the carriage banged into the bumper at the end of the track. Result was the shattering of four 8x14" timbers and the 14x14" timber.

Immediately, the valve was taken apart and small fragments of copper were found to have lodged inside it, preventing proper closure. The rig was soon back in running order. The timbers were replaced, but with no idea as to where the copper came from.

The next Sunday it was found that a wrench, on which a wrench had been used to set it, had broken. Fragments of the copper disc from the valve had entered the main line and finally lodged in the valve of the shotgun on No. 1. The pieces of copper that caused the trouble weighed less than one ounce on the office postal scales, but forced a shutdown of the sawmill for a half shift and could have caused serious injury.

## Gypo Production Good

Delivery of logs by Gypo contractors to the Clearwater mill during July was 6,600,000 feet, reports log buyer AL ROSHOLT, who says delivery of logs in August will be even better. There was a time when there would have been enough logs to operate the mill for almost a month.

Editor's note—We need service addresses for men in service—for Xmas boxes, and a list of addresses to be included in each box.

## Service Happenings

Quite a few things worth noting happened to P.F.I. people in service last month and were not covered in service letters. PFC. MAYBELLE GIBBINS was one of the first WACS to receive the purple heart in England . . . FIRST LT. BOB LYELLS received the distinguished flying cross for action during raids over German held Europe . . . CAPT. LOUIS KOHL was back home on a visit after more than two years of South Pacific hell. . . . WALT MALLORY became a lieutenant and husband, all on the same day . . . LIEUT. DEL DAVID, son of POSTMASTER and MRS. ANGUS DAVID of Bovill was wounded at Saipan.

## WOODS NEWS

### Headquarters

An electric storm hit this area the third week of July, setting a few small fires which were speedily controlled by BERT CURTIS' crews. Since that time the area has been closed to travel.

Fishing has largely given way to huckleberry picking.

Headquarters chuckled over McKINNON's political article in the last *Family Tree*. We are all acquainted with JACK's political convictions, but this is the first intimation we have had that he ever played third base.

SLIM WILLIS is in Spokane where he underwent a back operation. He is reported to be doing nicely and expects to be back at work around Sept. 1.

MISS EVELYN SNYDER, flunkie at the restaurant, asks that her thanks be expressed to those who helped out following the burning of her father's house.

### Camp 36—Laird Park

The Colonial Construction Company has been at Camp 36 since July 11th with a rock crusher and gravel truck crew. They are graveling eight miles of road on Big and Grouse Creeks.

WALTER YOUNG, former clerk at 36, is now operating a service station in Palouse, Washington.

ROBT. HAGBOM has been at Camp 36, spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. OSCAR HAGBOM.

### Camp 40—Stony Creek

Camp 40 logs began moving down to Merry Creek landing on the 8th of July. On the 25th of the month, after fifteen days of hauling, the loading scale was a shade over two million feet.

In anticipation of a session of high fire hazard, spark arresters have been placed on all cats working in the woods. Warning signs have been put up along the roads and a fifty-man cache of fire tools has been set up, ready for instant use. The area hereabouts is closed to entrance except by permit.

"OLE" GILLARD discovered during the month that diesel wasn't a very economical fuel to use in a 722 White. He couldn't run his big White over 300 ft. on a full tank.

The bears were running a very successful "lunch bucket snatch" racket in the early part of July but since the huckleberries have ripened, complaints have been less numerous.

MILFORD WELCH, laying out a cat road, found himself in the middle of an elk family the other day . . . cow, calf and bull. Apparently the bull elk didn't like the looks of Mr. WELCH because he straight away drove him up a tree. MILFORD descended cautiously and because the elk family were between him and his car had to travel a circuitous route back.

### Camp 52—Casey Creek

We will load out over three million this month, which isn't bad considering the struggle with absenteeism right after the Fourth of July.

MR. BILLINGS and MR. RETTIG escorted a party of visitors through our operation during the month. Among them were LYLE WATTS, Chief Forester of the U. S. Forest Service, Washington, D. C., and MAJOR KELLY, Regional Forester, Missoula, Montana.

Several of our old timers, driving to camp the other night, under the leadership of veteran NICK GOVE, took a short cut, ending up at Nesheim's Cabin. BERT CURTIS' men had left a bulldozer in their path, or they might be driving yet. ART PAMIN said the short cut was a terrible thing.

COOK COLD HAM SNYDER is back and the kitchen is in the old groove again. BILL ORVA, our regular clerk, is on a postman's holiday, picking berries on his acreage below Orofino.

### Camp 55—Alder Creek

Most of the work here is now construction, although we have three cats skidding and five gangs of saws.

A large bear has been trying to break into our meat house, but our dog Spot took after him Sunday night and the bear has not been seen since. FRED (FRENCHY) SMITH says that this is the ninth bear Spot has whipped this summer . . . (what do you think?—so do we).

### Camp 14—Beaver Creek

We have a new boss at Camp 14, STAN PROFITT having replaced BUFORD BARNES, who was transferred to Camp 58 at Stites. Our crew has also been increased in size until we're almost as large a camp as the other camps in the Clearwater. We started trucking a short time ago, and hope to get out quite a bunch of logs.





**FIVE SONS IN SERVICE**—Mrs. Margaret Goodnough and daughter Grace (right) count the names of five Goodnoughs on the service roll at Potlatch. Three of the five were P.F.I. employees, the others appear on the honor roll under the section headed "Community." Above, left to right, top row, are Goodnough soldiers Loyal, Albert, Oliver; bottom row, left to right, Jack and Harvey.



## THE GOODNOUGHS

By MABEL KELLEY

There may be more Browns, or Jones, or Johnsons or Smiths in the armed forces but there are several Goodnoughs there too, as Mrs. A. H. GOODNOUGH, Flat Creek, can tell you.

The Goodnough family came to Idaho from the wheatlands of Alberta some five years ago and bought a 40-acre tract of cut-over land on Flat Creek, from P.F.I. . . . The husband obtained work at Camp Six and with the help of the GOODNOUGH boys began to carve a home out of the cut-over land.

A small building was first constructed to serve as a dwelling place until a new house could be erected. It was then to be used as a machine shop. Everything progressed pretty well on schedule and the new house was nearing completion, in fact, was ready for siding and a roof when the Japs opened up at Pearl Harbor.

### Boys to Service

Immediately the youngest son, JACK, enlisted in the Navy, later becoming a signalman and subsequently serving on many different ships and quite often on ships with foreign crews, according to letters that reach the home back on Flat Creek.

A second son, HARVEY, employed at the Potlatch plant, found he could not get into the U. S. Air Force because of Canadian citizenship and lost no time in getting back to Canada where he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force . . . He is now a sergeant and instructs in gunnery at Mossbank, Saskatchewan. He has married since enlisting in the Canadian Air Force and visited his parents, accompanied by his wife, in July of this year.

Another son, OLIVER, was not at home when the U. S. declared war. A barber by trade, he is now following that trade in the Army, somewhere in the South Pacific.

A fourth son, ALBERT, a Camp 36 employee, joined the Engineers (Forestry) and has seen a considerable part of the world since his last day's employment with

P.F.I. When last heard from he was in an army hospital in Italy, result of a smashed hand. His letters home during the North African campaign spoke of an unusual friendship with a 10-year old native and an exchange of instruction in the different languages known to each other, English on one side, French and Arabic on the other.

A fifth GOODNOUGH, LOYAL, gave up his job at the Potlatch mill, where he was spotting cants on the gang, to join the Army in the spring of 1943. At present he is with the Army Air Corps, Greensboro, N. C., and expects foreign duty soon.

A sixth son, EDWARD, has been given a medical discharge from the Canadian Army and is now a salesman in an Army-Navy store in Canada.

The home on Flat Creek holds many souvenirs from its fighting men, scattered all over the world. Included among them are a group of pictures of their respective units, and gay pillow tops from various army camps. There is also a collection of cacti sent by LOYAL to his mother when he was stationed at Alamogordo.

### Bear and Deer Trouble

Only youngster still at home with the GOODNOUGH parents is GRACE, a sophomore at Potlatch high school. Her work at home includes rounding up a herd of dairy cows each evening, often complicated by the presence of one or more of the somewhat numerous black bear that frequent the GOODNOUGH neighborhood on Flat Creek.

Other GOODNOUGH children are an older son, DICK, at Ahsahka, and two married daughters, residing on the coast.

A troublesome hazard to the growing of garden crops at Flat Creek are the deer, who love to forage in the GOODNOUGH garden patch, and unless kept out by one means or another, seriously cut down on the stock of winter vegetables.

Huckleberries, gathered at this time of the year, help provide winter food for the family, but require hours of picking time.

Mr. GOODNOUGH is no longer a young man and the work of tilling the soil, bringing in fuel from the woods, milking cows, and farm chores in general, is not as easy as it once was. Nor are the duties of a farm wife as easy for Mrs. GOODNOUGH. However, the GOODNOUGHS at home are good soldiers too, and promise to carry on until the day some of the GOODNOUGH men in uniform come home to add siding and roof to the uncompleted farm home on Flat Creek.

## Check for Returned Shoes

A letter to ARTHUR BECKETT, Kootenai woods auditor CLARENCE HARRIS, dated January 26, 1944, finally brought an answer from Cpl. A. M. BECKETT, in an English hospital, last month. The HARRIS letter read . . . "We have on our books in the General Office in Lewiston a credit balance of \$10.95 due you. Please write us a letter identifying the credit and requesting payment."

Wrote Cpl. BECKETT . . . "It must be a pair of loggers shoes purchased a few days before I was drafted and which I turned back to the company for adjustment. If you can make the check payable to my sister, would appreciate it . . . Mrs. HARRIS, J. MILNER, Ferndale, Michigan. Sure I was back in the White Pine country."

A check for \$10.95 has been mailed to Mrs. MILNER.

The only thing that travels faster up than down is a forest fire—except, of course, the cost of living. We ought to keep them both down.

Sixteen species of wood native to the country will not float in water, making them ideal for the Japanese navy, which has the same trouble.