


# THE FAMILY TREE

Volume X Number 1  
Lewiston, Idaho, October, 1945



\$122,162.50  
Is the  
**Victory Loan Quota**  
at P. F. I.

"For a BETTER . . . instead of a BITTER tomorrow . . . buy bonds today and keep them!"

Below—Edwin Chambers, Harlin Owens . . . home after 3½ years in Jap prison camps—survivors of Bataan and Corregidor.



## P.F.I. Gives Scholarships

Scholarships, to be used at the University of Idaho School of Forestry by 4-H Club members of the State of Idaho have been provided by P.F.I.

Top scholarship is for \$100 and will annually be awarded to the outstanding 4-H Club forestry member for the entire state. The individual will have completed extraordinary work in his project and must be specifically interested in continuing forestry as a college study.

Determination of recipients for the scholarships rests with a committee composed of M. E. Deters, professor of forest management; D. E. Warren, state 4-H Club leader; and V. F. Ravenscroft, extension forester; all of the University of Idaho.

## Home Again . . .

OCTOBER, the month for jack-o-lanterns, soaped windows and trick-or-treat ultimatums, brought P.F.I. men, veterans from war in every corner of the globe, hustling home in increasing number. Well before Hallowe'en 1945 came history . . . with empty candy and fruit containers as mute testimony to the appetites of neighborhood children (and the parents who accompanied



Above—Pres-to-logs storage foreman Les Woodland, veteran Gil Gonser . . . first Clearwater man to leave for service. . .

them on door-to-door coercions) many servicemen had returned to jobs left months and years ago, taking little more than enough time off to change from uniform to civvies.

The first man to leave the Clearwater plant for World War II was T/Sgt. Gil Gonser, back at work now after more than four years in the army.

At the time the Japs struck Pearl Harbor, Gonser was aboard a troop train at Dunsire, California . . . Philippines bound. His outfit received an immediate change of orders and did guard duty on the beaches around San Francisco Bay until December 16th, then embarked for the Philippines, but landed in the Hawaiian Islands to defend that area against attack—the battle of Midway was then in progress.

Then came Guadalcanal, New Georgia, the North Solomons, and a rest period of three months, followed by seven months intensive training in New Caledonia for jungle warfare. Luzon, and 165 consecutive days of front line hell, next came Gonser's way. He was finally hospitalized at Leyte and was returned to the U. S. on August 9th, 1945, landing at San Francisco. He has the purple heart, good conduct ribbon, Asiatic and Pacific ribbon with three battle stars, pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon, Philippine liberation ribbon with one star, and the infantry combat badge.

An interesting aside is that Gil returned to work at Clearwater in the identical shoes, shirt, trousers and hat that he last wore at P.F.I. in 1941 . . . they had hung in a closet at home for four years awaiting his return. As are all servicemen, he is reticent about  
(Continued on page four)

## Bonds!!!

October purchases of E-bonds by employees of P.F.I. added up to these percentages of payroll—

General Office .....	9.70%
Clearwater .....	7.09
Pottlatch .....	6.85
Rutledge .....	4.53
Woods .....	3.20

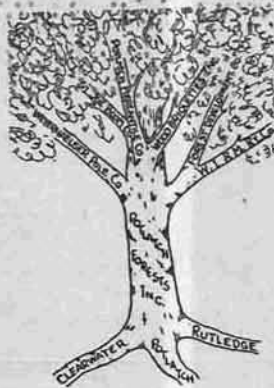
## Welcome Home!

This goes for our servicemen who have already returned to their jobs in noticeable numbers and for those still arriving daily and especially for those who will arrive considerably later. We remind all of you, again, that your job is still here.

Those of us who didn't get to go to war have a chance to make one last fine gesture of admiration and gratitude by digging deeply for the Victory Loan. We do not intend to miss this opportunity.

**C. L. BILLINGS,**  
General Manager.

## THE FAMILY TREE



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

Editor ..... Leo Bodine  
 Correspondents  
 Robt. Billings ..... Rutledge  
 Mabel Kelley ..... Potlatch  
 Charles Epling ..... Clearwater Plant  
 Carl Pease ..... Headquarters

## Down the Editor's Alley

Did you ever stop to think what it might cost you in man-hours of life to drive an automobile 70 miles an hour? The figure 70 is used for the sake of illustration. Driving from Lewiston to Boise, approximately 300 miles, at 70 miles an hour (if the road had no curves and you assume you could hold that speed) would take a little over four and one-half hours. Driving the same distance and under the same conditions at 50 miles an hour would land you in Boise in about six hours. A difference there of one and one-half hours. Everyone admits that driving 70 miles an hour is a gamble with the grim reaper—so to save one and one-half hours the gamble is made. Suppose you are the loser? At the age of 25 a man has a reasonable expectancy of another 50 years of life. There are 438,000 hours in that 50 years. So the fellow of 25 who drives at 70 instead of 50 miles an hour gambles his 438,000 hours against one and one-half hours. Put it in another way—suppose he has an income of one dollar an hour 24 hours a day. For the sake of speed he gambles \$438,000 against a buck and a half, just slot machine money.

(From *The Family Tree* July, 1939)

It's been well said that with added responsibility some men grow while others just bloat.

## SAFETY NOTES

By KENNETH F. PARK, Civil, Eng.,  
 Caterpillar Tractor Co.

Editor's Note—Following are excerpts from an article by Mr. Park.

The simple acts of crawling on and off a tractor involve the chance of a slip or bruise and cannot be carelessly continued for long without chance of accident. Mounting a tractor while in motion is a particularly bad practice.

Before starting a tractor-bulldozer the precaution of climbing on board, checking the transmission to assure its being out of gear, setting the brakes if on a slope, and seeing that the blade is dropped on the ground, are precautions that should be insisted upon.

Never crank a starting engine with the thumb under the handle. Place the left hand fingers and thumb over the top of the handle. It should always be pulled toward the operator with the left hand from over the top quarter of the turn—never pushed through the bottom arc. A quarter turn is sufficient to crank the engine.

In mounting a tractor, many slips occur which can be avoided with a little care. There is enough unavoidable chance in a slip occasioned by mud, ice and snow and wet tracks and decks without adding the element of carelessness. The grease monkey or the operator can keep grease clear of decks and tracks.

There should be a ban upon the use of iron shod shoes such as those with caulks or heel plates, because the danger of a severe, or even fatal fall is great. In the woods a spring heel caulked boot on a tractor deck is like a pair of skates on ice. If an operator in the woods has to leave a tractor because of an imminent upset, or other danger, he'll never get started over steel decks with calked boots.

The operator, or any workman, should never ride on the tractor anywhere but on the seat.

There is little danger in tractor movement if the operator is awake. An operator must be temporarily laid off where there is evidence of extreme fatigue, illness or drinking.

In woods operations, the greatest danger lies in falling branches or timber. A heavy, well-supported, arched steel canopy will serve as protection. Solid tops are primarily a protection from the elements and of course allow no visibility.

Another precaution involves turning on steep slopes. If the ground is covered with snow, pine needles, or rock, a turn should be made on steep ground only with the lower track against a solid stump, tree or rock, to avoid sliding as the tractor comes around parallel to the hill.

Logging skimmers and pioneer skimmers refer to the down hill side of a tractor, or the side of a tractor against the outside edge of a pioneer road, as the "hospital side"—a very good definition. Make turns

if possible with the operator on the up hill side.

A tractor sliding "end-on" can be controlled; a tractor sliding sideways hasn't a chance. If sliding sideways, lock the hill track with the brake, and turn the machine. Get one end or the other up the hill.

When clearing, a dozer should work only in one direction. If a dozer knocks down a stand of small trees in one direction, then turns around and attacks them again from the opposite direction, the blade is not engaging the butts of the trees. As the dozer pushes against the tops, the trees, if their roots are still caught in the ground, will bend in arcs like a hunting bow and then break and snap back toward the operator. More than one operator has "bill poked" himself into the hospital in this manner.

When coupling a dozer to any piece of equipment the tractor operator has the safety of the man making the connection entirely in his hands. The operator must back his tractor slowly and gently, in its slowest speed and at half throttle or less.

Never leave a machine without dropping the bulldozer blade and locking the brakes. Never crawl under a bulldozer blade to connect or disconnect a towing cable.

It's plain silly to take refuge back of the statement, "if it's my time to get it, well, I'll get it; if it isn't my time, I won't." That is a poor reason for proceeding to do exactly as you wish, whether it be dangerous or otherwise. You can't keep digging Death in the ribs without getting the scythe and the hour-glass shoved down your throat sideways, no matter how much or how little of your sand has run out.



★ SERVICE NEWS ★

From T/5 George N. Minden, Germany

... have been here in the Bavarian Alps since July. This is where Hitler had his retreat and his summer home but there is a hell of a lot of it left now. We are having it easy going right now but last winter we were hunting S. S. troops. This winter is somewhat like the mountains around home. It is tough traveling and we have a lot of exercise chasing the Germans. There has been raining and snowing for the last few weeks without a let up. The snow line is slowly creeping down the mountain. Sure hope we get out of here before we get snowed in. The altitude is 5,000 feet. I had a chance to go to England on a transport but didn't go because there was a chance we might get to come home and I mainly don't want to be left behind.

From Major E. Ritzheimer, Leyte

... right now I am post engineer at the 1350th Engineer Depot on Leyte. It would make me sick to see all the heavy equipment being sent away out here. It seems to me only about 10 per cent of the actual life of the equipment has been used. We have about a million dollars worth of equipment in storage here. This is true with all our supplies. My duties are to maintain all the utilities within the depot and maintain roads and handle all new construction. Just finished putting in a new water system and a power unit.

... There is some talk of making a survey of the Philippines to determine timber resources. I may get to help with this. It would be very interesting. The islands are covered with many natural resources but the roads are dirty and their huts are beyond description. The streets are very narrow with no sidewalks. Huts are placed close together with chickens, pigs, dogs and children running under them. The smell of the market Street is enough to make you sick. Everything is out in the open and the flies will walk away with the fish and meat.

... We are having plenty of trouble with the Japanese. This morning I watched a battle between our guards and some Filipinos. Many shots were exchanged and this happened every night. They are sore because we are using Jap prisoners for labor. So tonight I have heard about two dozen killed and as the night grows so does the excitement. There are two men quartered in my office with instructions to kill anyone who comes here.

From Lt. W. A. Green, Fairfield, California

... don't want to miss my Christmas box as I need a new deck of cards, so here is my new address. The last P.F.I. cards sent were worn out in a penny-ante game that lasted from Naples, Italy, to Seattle, Washington. They brought me good luck and were as profitable as could be expected in a 25 cent game. At present I am living in Berkeley, California. My job was supposed to have been ferrying the boys back from the South Pacific. As yet have done nothing of this sort but expect to go any day. Had

hoped to make a couple of trips out that way to see the country, but if I don't get action soon, plan to start divorce proceedings against the army. Have no idea how hard it will be to get out. Everything seems to be in a fine state of organized disorder.

From Pfc. Irvin Willis, Camp Knight, Oakland, California

Just a few lines to let you know I am back in the States. I have been working in the postoffice mailing Christmas boxes to the boys overseas. The job should last only a few days longer and I hope very much to be discharged when it ends. Have been in the service a little more than three years.

From Cpl. Carl Euscher

Was glad to get your letter and to have this proof of the company's interest in its former employees. Hope to get back to Lewiston some time in January.

From Cpl. George Galles, Tampa, Florida

Do not have enough points for immediate discharge but hope for release from the army on length of service. I am looking forward very much to returning home and hope it will be in the near future. P.F.I. has always been a good organization to work for in the past and I know the outfit hasn't changed in that respect. I much appreciate the opportunity to return to my old job.

From Pfc. R. B. Borley, Guam

Will soon be on my way back to the States, Idaho and civilian life. If things turn out as planned I should be working again at your Rutledge plant before Christmas or soon after. I have been here in the Pacific for two years and it seems twice that long. I have come through three major campaigns and my outfit won the naval unit citation on Guam. Believe me, I feel very lucky to get home at all, let alone in one piece. I often wondered in the past if I would ever see good old Idaho again. There is just no place like home.

Sgt. John G. MacDonald, former Potlatch employee, recently received citation for work on Iwo Jima. The citation reads, "for submission of vital intelligence information of the enemy. This information enabled the Regimental Commander to expedite operations and accomplish our mission with the least possible loss of life."

Boss to Steno: "Did my wife say anything over the 'phone when you told her I'd been detained at the office and wouldn't be home till late?"

Steno: "Yes. She said, 'Can I depend on that?'"

Hubby: "I went to a stag party last night, dear."

Wife: "I thought as much. I heard you staggering in this morning."



WHITE PINE  
CONTAINS 1/3 OF ALL  
THE KNOWN ELEMENTS

Billings Announces Leather Folders For Vets' Papers

Leather folders, made of Mission Leather, embossed on one cover with the discharge emblem of the U. S. Armed Forces, have been purchased for returning P.F.I. veterans.

"In future years the papers, pictures, citations, and other mementos that servicemen are bringing home today will become of priceless value to them," stated P.F.I. Boss C. L. Billings. "I want every returning P.F.I. serviceman to have a leather folder in which to preserve his papers."

Inside the leather case are two plastic envelopes to better guarantee protection of papers, pictures, etc. Distribution of the gift folders will be made through the various employment offices of the company.

Rooney Navy Day Chairman

At the request of Herbert Eberle, state chairman for Navy Day in Idaho, purchasing agent Harry Rooney (an ensign in World War I) served as Navy Day chairman for Nez Perce County on October 26th.

The Lewiston program included speeches by Captain Ambruster (of the Navy Training School at the U. of I.) before the schools and a joint meeting of service clubs and chambers of commerce . . . a radio program during the lunch hour . . . a visitation by three Navy fliers from the Pasco Naval Training Base and public inspection of their planes.

## Home Again . . .

(Continued from page one)

battle happenings. It requires, however, no stretch of the imagination to believe that many times along the way the chances of ever using those work clothes again may have seemed slim indeed . . .

There were occasions when the knife, made at Clearwater from discarded saw steel, came in handy for close work . . . 165 days on the front lines at Luzon wasn't child's play . . . there was the time when, pinned down by Jap fire and expecting no reprieve, a dauntless Missourian GI from the security of a neighboring foxhole offered with grim, sardonic humor, to "shake" Gonser for his \$10,000 of life insurance (the offer broke the tension, produced a laugh all around) . . . there was reconnaissance duty, twenty miles back of the Jap lines, and a party of approaching Japs. The Americans took to the brush to avoid discovery and, while flattened on the ground, a passing Jap stepped on Gonser's hand . . . there was a Jap caught with his trousers down . . . a Xmas dinner (labeled a hot dinner in honor of the occasion) that consisted of sea rations which had been dropped into a pail of hot water . . . there was a 150-mm Jap mortar shell that exploded less than three feet away as Gonser dove into a foxhole . . . and, there were replacement troops who were told the fireflys were Japs signaling one another and literally threw their arms away heaving hand grenades—there was the time at rest camp when an unexpected roll call revealed the entire company, except five men, to be AWOL.

### HOME AT POTLATCH

At Potlatch, two of the first three Potlatch Unit employees to see action, Cpl. Edwin Chambers and Cpl. Harlin Owens were back home. The third, Robert Trotter, was less fortunate, making the trip from Osaka to the U. S. mainland aboard a hospital ship and ending up in a hospital at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he must undergo treatment for some little time.

### PRISONERS OF WAR

When the Philippines fell, Chambers, Owens and Trotter were taken prisoners. They have since gone through the harrowing experiences of three and a half years in prison camps. Not much information is available as yet on what happened to Trotter, but Chambers and Owens were first confined to prison at Cabanatuan in the Philippines, then were shipped to the Island of Honshu in July 1943, where they were put to work in the coal mines. Regular work day was twelve hours with two additional travel hours. Pay was ten cents per day. Jack hammers were used to break the coal down and it was then shoveled by hand into conveyors. Food consisted of rice and soup made from potato tops and seaweed . . . once in a great while there would be a bit of fish and something out of a Red Cross box. The boxes, however, were usually opened by the Japs and the items of value, such as cans of corned beef, salmon or cheese, were removed for use later as a reward for best workers. During three and a half years Owens received only two whole Red Cross packages. The food was much worse than in the Philippines where there was caribou, rice and plenty of vegetables.

Owens, taken prisoner on Bataan, is a survivor of the "death march." Chambers was taken prisoner at Corregidor. Prior to surrender of "the rock" he distinguished himself in a rescue action of Battery Morrison wounded, taking an old truck and driving it down a hill to reach the wounded men and then through a tunnel to a hospital . . . for this outstanding gallantry in action he has received the silver star.

Chambers and Owens were in the same prison camp in Japan until last December, but lost track of one another after December 1944 until liberated. Landing in the U. S. their first experience was to have someone steal all their clothing and personal belongings in Seattle.

### WAR'S END

Owens remembers receiving word of the war's end on August 18th when the prison commander called all the prisoners out on parade and notified them they were free men. However, they were also told not to venture outside the prison yard. On September 5th word came that airborne troops had landed at Kanowa . . . so . . . they kicked a hole in the fence and started south, reaching the airborne troops the following day.

Chambers was ordered out of the mine where he was at work when the Japs surrendered, but was not told the war had ended until three days later. On September 10th a war correspondent told his group that the Yanks had landed at Kanowa and the transport planes were flying back empty . . . if the liberated men could get there, they could probably make it to the Philippines . . . they made it!

During imprisonment the men received little mail, most of it going into warehouses where it was stacked away. An incident Chambers likes to remember happened in June 1945 when B-29's dropped incendiary bombs on Omuta and set the camp on fire. Prisoners were ordered to move clothing and other supplies from the warehouses but little clothing was moved, the boys were too busy "chowing up." One fellow ate sixteen concentrated chocolate bars (jumbo size).

Both Chambers and Owens wear the American defense badge with battle star, the Asiatic-Pacific defense ribbon with battle star, the Philippine defense ribbon with battle star, combat infantryman's badge, good conduct medal, and presidential citation with two oak leaf clusters.

### FROM GERMANY

Another Potlatcher, T/Sgt. Donald (Bud) Hansen, held prisoner of war by the Germans for sixteen months, has been discharged from the Army . . . was a Potlatch visitor earlier in the year, immediately after his return from Germany. In September was married to Alene Puckett, formerly of Potlatch, in Portland, Oregon.

Bud was engineer and top turret gunner on a Flying Fortress and was shot down on his twelfth mission, a 500-plane daylight raid over Brunswick, Germany, January 11, 1944. Early in the battle, in which the Germans were said to have sent up a thousand planes to fight the attacking group, the tail gunner in Bud's plane got the first German plane. Altogether, before bailing out (after a wing had been shot off their plane), the crew accounted for eight enemy planes. A German soldier and a member of the Gestapo were on hand to greet Bud when he came to earth.

## Beardmore Elected President of N. Idaho Chamber of Commerce

P.F.I. Land Agent George Beardmore, four years vice-president of the North Idaho Chamber of Commerce for Nez Perce County, was elected to the presidency of that body on October 21st.

Active participation, and close interest, in affairs of importance to North Idaho was promised by the new president to members of the chamber in attendance at the Kellogg, Idaho, meeting. Among resolutions voted adoption at the meeting was one in opposition to the Columbia Valley Authority and another in endorsement of the Zimmerly Airlines application for a system of air routes to service Idaho, Washington, Oregon and Nevada.

Eight weeks after a "missing in action" report, the Red Cross announced Bud a prisoner of the Germans at Stalag Luft 3, north of Berlin. He was later moved to Stalag B-17, twenty-five miles west of Vienna on the Danube. It was mid-winter and cold. Two thin blankets per prisoner afforded little protection and every piece of wood had to be used as fuel to keep from freezing. When Red Cross parcels began arriving the butter substitute in the packages was used as fuel to heat food (largely rutabaga soup with a few potatoes).

Many of the prisoners had crystal radios sets which they managed to keep by bribing German guards with cigarettes, received in Red Cross parcels and gift packages from home. The Germans, though, seemed possessed of a special hatred, or fear, of the airmen and never permitted them outside the camp gates.

To avoid close haircuts, ordinarily given all prisoners, many of the men rubbed a mixture of margarine and sand into their hair to gum up the clippers. Out of 4,000 prisoners in the permanent prison camp only one died, and he from pneumonia.

When the allied advance drew near, the prisoners were evacuated from Stalag B-17 and ordered on a 300-mile forced march. For eight days their only food was dandelion greens which they picked along the way. The Seventh Army liberated them.

Bud is loud in his praise of the Red Cross and states that he believes his group would have starved had it not been for R. C. parcels. He mentions the German dislike for Jews and says he saw them shoot Jewish prisoners who dropped from exhaustion and starvation along the line of march. He has received a presidential citation for his part in the Brunswick raid and wears the air medal with two oak leaf clusters.

To you fellows, and all those who went from P.F.I., early or late, to World War II, . . . many thanks for a job well done. It's great to see you getting back home.

Sergeant: "Stand at attention."

Recruit: "I am sir. It's the pants that are at ease, sir."

"So you're teaching her archery?"

"Yeah, I love to see her quiver."

# The Family Tree Begins Year Ten

The sands of nine long, eventful years trickled their way through the hours of time since that memorable day in 1936 when Bob Evenden took the wraps off the first issue of *The Family Tree*.

The infant appeared in its swaddling clothes without a name to grace page 1, and was promptly christened by logging foreman Alex McGregor of Camp 44 (in consideration of a ten dollar award). It was on that day and this it has suffered, survived, the loving care and tender ministrations of five editors—Robert Evenden, 11 issues; John Aram, 11 issues; Sid Adams, 44 issues; E. F. Rapraeger, 5 issues; and yours truly, 38 issues.

*The Tree* has never admitted a serious mistake or commission of a grievous wrong, but does not do so now, but will dispute the words of Mark Anthony, spoken in the name of Julius Caesar (by courtesy of William Shakespeare) . . . "the evil men lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." It is our opinion the good more often survives and the bad is forgotten . . . else there would surely have been more complaints about delayed publication date, typographical errors and sins of omission . . . things that *The Tree* speaks of very softly, if ever.

That the past may be given pleasant immortality there follows a brief review of the history recorded in Volume 1, Number 1 of *The Family Tree* . . . Bovill logging superintendent Joe Parker asserts it must be history we write, because it certainly is news . . . (Parker is a lousy cribbage player).



At the outset, however, a happy birthday to us, and many thanks to all those people of P.F.I. who have helped fill the pages . . . to Miss Kelley of Potlatch in particular, and to Carl Pease, Cut Epling, and a host of others . . . also to P.F.I. Boss C. L. Billings for

questions, valuable help and front page changes on time, even though we suspect a never-ending chore of a box each month occasionally have been just that—a

borned with neither masthead nor name the first *Tree* noted dismantling of the Elk River mill, making comment on the mill's operation in 1910-1930 . . . ten dollars in good coin in the realm was offered to the person submitting the name thought most suitable for the paper . . . another good winter for the logging sales was predicted.

The editor demanded, as his right, constructive criticism . . . promised there would be no sense to some of our stuff and no more than necessary in any of it" . . . announced receipt of the first request for expression of news . . . gave the palm to the editor for a good safety program . . . and attention to a new safety program

## THE EDITOR'S TOAST

to *The Family Tree* upon the occasion of its birthday (any year) . . .

I drink to your health when we're together,  
I drink to your health when I'm alone,  
I've drunk to your health so often,  
I've damn near ruined my own.



for Clearwater under direction of Oscar Swedland.

Phil Pratt admitted, when quizzed, that there would be no runaway lumber market but prospects were good for a substantial fall business (you have to say something when quizzed).

Rutledge made print with a story of their Labor Day picnic, a boat trip across the lake to Camp Easton, and dancing by moonlight on the boat out in the lake. Somehow Sam Gilbertson and his party missed the boat, but, and we quote, "a spirited stern chase in a chartered launch soon put them aboard to join the merrymaking."

A first aid class was started at Clearwater . . . there was a carnival at Kennedy Ford to obtain funds for beautifying the grounds around the American Legion cabin at Potlatch . . . Ed Anderson figured out a device at Rutledge to transfer rough units from yard cars to planing mill buggies . . . and,

The first issue, four pages in number, came forth without a single picture to grace its pages or liven the spicy humor of its editor, whose humor needed no livening . . . (it has since been discovered how much space can be killed with a picture).

## Mrs. Ginger Leaves

The Navy, as represented by discharged veteran Frank Ginger, invaded P.F.I. general office during the month and removed therefrom one very good secretary . . . Mrs. Frank Ginger (nee Helen Swanson).

Among the mourners of P.F.I.'s loss, Mr. Ginger's gain, was Boss C. L. Billings, for whom Mrs. Ginger had worked as secretary since February, 1941. One and all, however, the mourners rallied sufficiently to express richly deserved good wishes.

Helen first began to work at the P.F.I. offices in March, 1935.

She married in October, 1944, left October 1, 1945. Will live in Seattle.

Rastus: "What did the doctor say was the matter wid you, Liza?"

Liza: "He sez I's sufferin' from acute indiscretion."

The more arguments you win, the fewer friends you'll have.

There was once a cow named Bertha who was more athletic than muddery— She jumped the pasture's picket fence and was destroyed—udderly.

The Englishman and the American were doing a little bragging about their ancestry. "My great-grandfather," said the Britisher, "was made an earl by the king whose image you see on this coin."

The Yank was stumped, but only for a minute. Drawing a five-cent piece out of his pocket he replied:

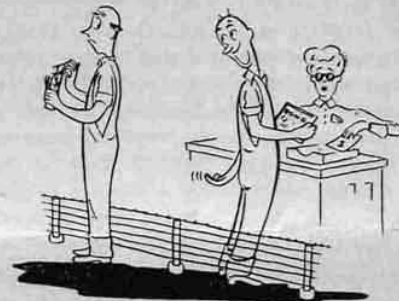
"That's nothing. The Indian whose head you see on this nickel made an angel out of my great-grandfather."

## Camp 44 Near Victory Bond Quota

From Clerk Lyle Taylor, Camp 44, comes word (and very good word it is) that he has already obtained pledges from camp employees for the purchase of Victory bonds totaling within \$200 of the camp quota . . . \$3,000.00.

*Hats Off to Clerk Taylor!* His recipe for selling bonds—"Just ask the fellows to buy—most of them will."

## Oh Come On Over



We bought the bonds that sent GIs  
Across the seas, across the skies;  
Now let us come across with jack  
And buy the bonds to bring 'em back.

## RILED RILEY

Beneath this stone lies Murphy,  
They buried him today;  
He lived the life of Riley,  
While Riley was away.

Brown was aroused from his sleep by his wife. "John," she whispered, excitedly, "there's a mouse in the room; I can hear him squeak."

"Well," growled her husband, "what do you expect me to do; get up and oil him?"



## F. E. Weyerhaeuser 1872-1945

P.F.I. lost a good friend and the affiliated Weyerhaeuser companies a strong hand with the death of Mr. F. E. Weyerhaeuser, October 18th, Miller Hospital, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Said Mr. Billings in a news release at the time of Mr. Weyerhaeuser's death . . . "he was an occasional visitor to the Idaho operations and had an exceptionally friendly expression and bearing, making friends very readily. His advice and counsel had a great deal to do with the decision to open up the Clearwater country in 1925, and as the operation developed through the years, he took a keen interest in the selective logging and forest management plans of the company."

At the time of his death Mr. Weyerhaeuser was president of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, and was interested in many other enterprises in the forest products industries. In addition to these activities, he was a director in the Great Northern Railway Company, the First National Bank of St. Paul, and was formerly a director of the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Company of Chicago.

Throughout a busy lifetime he remained keenly interested in educational, charitable and religious organizations and gave to them liberally of his time and means. He was head of the St. Paul Community Chest in 1922 and for 22 years served on the Board of Directors of the St. Paul Y.M.C.A. He was an elder in the House of Hope Presbyterian Church and president of the Union Gospel Mission at the time of his death.

The fundamental faith of life is this—you were put here for a purpose, to do something; and doing it will be your success. Charge up every experience as profit, and push on. When you find your place, don't settle in it—widen it, push it on. Success is constant ongoing, ceaseless growth. Life is motion. Forward motion is unavoidable in success.—Henry Ford.

## PLANT NEWS

### Clearwater

Stackerman, Toby Ranta, doesn't have an easy job at Clearwater, but tough job or not was able to find time during the summer months to raise a prize vegetable garden, winning for himself a \$100 E-Bond, the top award given by the Lions Club to the champ gardener of Lewiston and vicinity.

A new machine at Clearwater has been in operation since October 15th. It is a shook slicer and adds a brand new product to our production.

A hogged fuel dryer is under construction between the power house and fuel storage building.

The Lumber Jills are leading the girls bowling league. Mrs. Day Gupton has the best average score so far and it is good enough to be the envy of most of the men bowlers . . . a neat 148 points per game. In the men's league the Gypos are in top spot with bowler Virgil Davis averaging 169 pins per game.

Home, from service and back at work are Zeb Robeson, air force sergeant, veteran of 38 months, with 21 months overseas in England, France, Italy, etc.; Mark Haworth, air force sergeant with 43 months duty back of him; Tom Hopking, sergeant, 36 months with a tank destroyer outfit in the South Pacific; Delmer Jackson, corporal with the air force in England; Ed Martinson, sergeant, who was in on the first air raid over Germany, landed in Russia, and because the Germans followed them in and destroyed most of the raiding planes, returned to his base via Cairo, and Casablanca; Malcolm Richardson, corporal, signal corps maintenance man, in the Aleutians for three years; Ammon Powell, T/Sgt., a flight engineer in the 8th air force, personally credited with downing two German planes; Wilfred Meshishnek, S/Sgt. with the combat engineers in France and Germany, wounded April 21, 1945, a veteran of 39 months in service; and Carl Schimnowski, T/5, aviation mechanic, who is also a veteran of three years' infantry service.

Larry Millage, after 3½ years away, and service in both the 3rd and 7th armies, is home, as also is John Hendley who was a tank commander and sweat out 31 months overseas, wears seven battle stars and for 521 days was in the front lines at Africa, Sicily, Italy and France.

### Trouble At Colfax



No names mentioned, but we know of a P.F.I. man who had conversation with certain of the peace officers in Colfax, Washington, about his driving an automobile. On good authority we have it they threatened an invitation to contribute to the treasury of their city.

"I turned the way I signaled," said the lady indignantly, after the crash.

"I know it," retorted the man. "That's what fooled me."

### Potlatch

In June the liberation of Harold E. Alpress, Potlatch Unit employee, from a German prison camp was announced. He was back in Idaho renewing acquaintances in October. He reports there has hardly been time enough as yet to get acquainted with his young son and to lay plans for the future.

Gordan Egan has been again hospitalized in Spokane with malaria. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Orval Garber, recently discharged from the army after many months of service in the South Pacific, visited old friends at Potlatch during the latter part of the month.

Lt. Vernon L. Young of the Potlatch Unit, returned to the States after 32 months with the 81st Air Depot in Australia and New Guinea, is now at Santa Anna, California, awaiting reassignment. His Australian bride, the former Miss Maureen Pierce of Brisbane, Australia, recently arrived in San Francisco, making the 8,000-mile trip by plane from Australia.

During October Potlatch had opportunity to welcome home many former employees who have received their discharges from military service. Among them were: Don Kobieroski, Roy Walker, Arthur Wernecke, Marland D. Hoskins, Leonard Doty, Harry Krause, Paul Crathorne, Donald Swatman, Nello Montani, Elmer Dixon and George Wesley Anderson.



Above—Joe LaMotte and pet fawn at Camp 54. The inspiration for Aloysius Z. Tollet-water's poem—

"We hope, now hunting season's on—  
This news we shall not hear,  
Joe LaMotte done lost his pet—  
Frank Stedman got a deer."

Ralph Stanley Hughes, agent for the WI&M at Palouse, and an employee of the railroad since 1919, passed away on September 7th. Mr. Hughes was not in good health but his condition had not been thought serious. Accompanied by Mrs. Hughes he came to Potlatch on the day of his death to see the doctor and passed away a few minutes after arriving at the hospital. He was a veteran of World War I. Members of Hayton Post No. 55 of Palouse conducted military service at the grave, Moscow Cemetery.

# WOODS NEWS

## Camp 55—Lower Alder Creek

Mr. Hove and his crew have been with for a while, manicing the main line railroad between here and Camp 59. Foreman Bill Rideout hasn't, as of this discovered where his friends are getting their deer, nor has anybody tied up for him. Via the bunkhouse grape vine hear that Frank Stedman started for camp, his car bogged down in a mud backfired and killed a nice fat elk . . . which he straightaway returned to quarters.

Our correspondent is new to this county just coming here from the state of Minnesota. There is considerable difference between logging operations in the two states though in other respects Idaho is much like Minnesota, particularly as regards moose, although there are more moose, also, in Minnesota.

## Camp 59—Meadow Creek

The brush pilers have finished piling brush and have moved to Camp 55. We are picking up right-of-way logs and constructing roads.

## Bovill Shops

The baseball pools on the World Series were very successful this year—for Mr. Crane, but the rest of us didn't do well. However, we were all glad to hear Mr. Crane didn't go back on his promise to buy his wife a new dress with his winnings.

The Shop yards have begun to fill up now that Camp 40 has moved to Camp 43 and left the trucks here for check-out and overhaul.

Needless to say the main topic of conversation around the shops is hunting. The boys in the office are willing to wager that they have been more elk and deer killed at the counter in the Parts Room than all of the forest. Parts man Earl Crane seems to be the only one interested in ducks and he gets up early to bag a couple every day and then.

Harris Mithough, former P.F.I. employee, has been spending part of his furlough driving truck at Camp 40 and since Camp 40 transferred, has been working in the truck

## Camp 56—Moose Creek

Snow always hits this country early and late. Our winter has begun, bringing requests for water-proof clothes and rubber shoes. By the looks of things now we will have a white Christmas. Work at camp is going along nicely. We have a crew of 80 men and the road up Elk Mountain from the Moose Creek drainage well opened up.

## Camp 60—Lower Washington Creek

Several days ago we sat down and wrote a nice story (so we thought), about our accident record of five months without a time accident. Before our story even reached the Headquarters Warehouse, we had three accidents, one rather painful, as Johnson, our shovel operator, had the misfortune to have the fingers of his left hand badly crushed.

L. Billings, P.F.I.'s general manager, has us a supper visit the other evening,



## Paint At Rutledge . . .

The Rutledge office building sports a new paint job, and looks very well indeed. Some of the toys and woodcraft from Farragut Naval Training Station Hospital can be seen in show window, extreme right. At the plant, unpainted buildings erected in 1943-44 have likewise been painted, with corresponding improvement to overall appearance.

and put the rigging out for a supply of cigarettes for Roy Huffman. *However, there was a cloud in the sky after supper, and Mr. Billings left so fast he forgot the cigarettes. Sorry, Mr. Huffman.*

Another visitor recently was Mr. Tom Kinney who was once assistant general manager in charge of logging for P.F.I. Tom doesn't think our roads have improved much since he was with us. Accompanied by Mr. Bradbury and Phil Peterson, he got within a few miles of camp, only to find that one of Bert Curtis' bridges was impassable, necessitating a drive around the world, via Headquarters and Dullaxe, to get here.

*We were expecting a fall hunting trip from Frank Stedman, but the grape-vine tells us one fell over him on the trail the other day and Frank was forced to shoot at point blank range or else?*

Old Man Weather has got us about stymed, the mud and snow here is getting too deep for profitable construction work, so unless it clears up and freezes soon, Camp 60 will likely fade into the beyond for the 1945 season.

A visit to the dentist usually reconciles us to all our troubles.

## Clearwater Pitch Tournament

BOB STILLINGER

"Two," "three," "four," who's got the "jack," "joker," and "ace"? These are the familiar words heard at the Clearwater mill during the noon hour as a red hot pitch tournament rolls along.

At the present time we have 20 teams playing on the day shift tournament. The night shift tournament will get underway as soon as the shifts change. Before the tournament is finished each team will have played the other team, thus we will have a pretty fair idea of who the real "champs" are. Cash prizes will be given the winner.

The winner of the day shift and night shift tournaments will play each other for the plant championship.

The need for safety doesn't end with the day's work. It hurts just as much to lose a limb in an automobile accident as in a piece of machinery at the plant. Safety is a 24-hour per day job.

## The Honor Rolls

Engraved name plates will soon be ordered for the honor rolls at Lewiston, Potlatch, Coeur d'Alene, Headquarters and Bovill. These will replace the inked cardboard slips that now list company people in service and will make of the honor rolls permanent record places for the names of P.F.I. people who donned uniforms in World War II.

Every one of us should want the record to be complete and correct. Correctness of name and spelling are musts! So—

Please glance at the honor roll of your unit . . . check it for spelling of names and possible omissions . . . report errors and additions to *The Family Tree*.

Do it now!



Left—Weyerhaeuser Sales Company representative D. O. Roise and Dr. Green (Lt. Commander at Farragut) view the handiwork of shop workers, many of whom find relief from a case of nerves in the application of their hands to wood working.

## Woodworking At Farragut...

A problem at any hospital, and perhaps more than usually so at a service hospital, is something for patients to do who are not ready for discharge but well enough to be up and about. One of the answers at Farragut has been a variety of workshops—wood-working, painting, radio repair, metal working, etc., under the direction of Dr. Green, Lt. Commander.

Wood—genuine Idaho White Pine, if you please, is furnished the Farragut workshop by Rutledge. For more than a year the Red Cross have regularly called at the Coeur d'Alene plant for scrap lumber, then delivering it to the hospital. A long list of items are produced in the shop, but most important of all is the peace of mind restored to a lot of fellows who need something to occupy their hands and temporarily at least ease battle memories responsible for many a fine case of jitters.

I like my boss—  
He treats me swell,  
I do my work and  
His as well.

Lena Svenstrum had worked for two years for a certain family of high social aspirations and had been kept quite busy. Finally it was decided that all the members of the household must be vaccinated, but the question came up, where to vaccinate Lena so it would not interfere with her work.

"How about an arm?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid she would not be able to do the dusting," said the lady of the house.

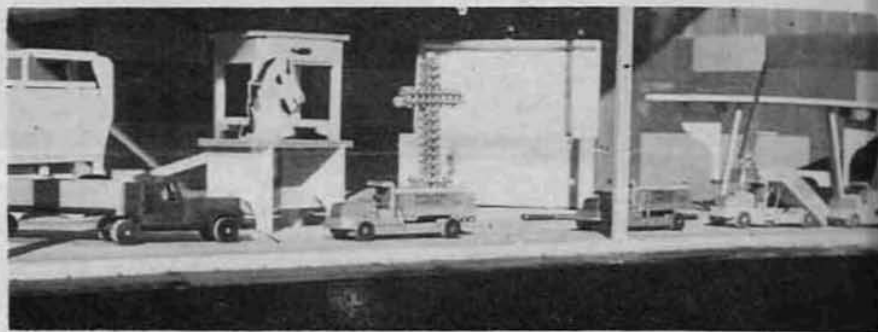
"The leg should be the place then," suggested the doctor.

"That would interfere with the scrubbing," objected the lady.

"Well!" exclaimed the M. D. scratching his head, "have you any suggestions, Lena?"  
"Vell," she replied, "Ah don't get mooch time to sit down."

According to a story concerning the great John L. Sullivan, he was once floored by a pinch of "Copenhagen."

Adolescence—That time in a boy's life when his voice changes to a whistle.



Below—The display window of the Rutledge Retail Yard, Coeur d'Alene, boasts a collection of Farragut toys, chests, end tables, lamps, decoy ducks, chairs, etc.

## Richland Hotel...



Transient shelter, Richland. Built of wood this building has housed many of the men responsible for Richland's part of the atomic bomb. As with much of the other lumber used to build the city, the wood in this building was unloaded at Kennewick and was transported 18 miles via straddle-bug... and we rather imagine a series of straddle-bugs traveling 40 miles an hour, were not exactly comforting sights to motorists approaching from the opposite direction. Columbia river in background.

Man learned how to make paper from wood by watching the wasp. By not watching the wasp, other men have got the point, too.

Five hundred years before Columbus, Vikings made regular trips to America to get timber for their sailing vessels.

Wood cellulose, chemically treated, can be changed into gunpowder, paper, rayon, felt, alcohol, photographic film, cellophane, imitation leather, lacquers, glycerine, sugar, plastics, molasses, yeast and food products.

## Huffman and Bowling To California

Roy Huffman and R. T. Bowling, general manager and chief engineer of Wood Briquettes, Inc., respectively, departed in late October for Sacramento, California, where Wood Briquettes, Inc., has a new Pres-to-logs plant nearing completion at the State Box Company, Sacramento.

Enroute business calls will be made at Caldwell, Idaho, Lakeview, Oregon, Alturas, California, and Oroville, California.