



Headquarters, night January 27th.

Winter In The Tall Timber 1942-'43

As differing as day and night are the translations placed by lumberjack and poet on that trite, overworked phrase, "pure as the driven snow." To the "Jack" the only pure part of driven snow is its pure deviltry, because one of his most implacable foes are the hexagonal crystallizations that accumulate to such great depth in forest operations during winter months yet symbolize to the philosopher and poet all that is good and beautiful.

Multiple are the jobs that make up logging, but the men that work at them recognize an over-abundance of snow as no favor.

To the saw gangs felling timber, who must leave no more than a fourteen-inch stump in White Pine, or a twenty-inch stump in mixed species, snow means a shovel for every man and from ten to thirty minutes digging time (depending upon snow depth) before the felling of every tree. At Camp 27 in late January with more than nine feet of snow, neither member of a saw gang was visible when the snow pit had been dug around the tree to be felled. The walls of the pit were higher than the men were tall. Trees have a disconcerting habit when cut of occasionally splintering if heart rot is present. Often they twist off to one side or the other at a sharp angle and with sufficient force to permanently remove an unwary man from this world's cares and worries. Saw gangs must bear this in

Salute to the Little Fellows

This issue of *The Family Tree* tells about one of the small independent operations among the many which supply lumber to us. For years we have done business with L. Cardiff, A. P. Lewis, Schmidt Brothers, White Pine Lumber Company, and others to the advantage of all concerned.

The small mill operator has most of the troubles of the big companies and many more troubles of his own, and the small mill man who can keep going in the face of present obstacles is a mighty good man.

We admire these operators and are glad to do business with them. In their own way they are doing as much to win this war as anyone is doing, and the total of their efforts is considerable. We hope that they can all hang on until happy days are here again.

C. L. BILLINGS,
General Manager.

mind and notch steps in the snow of their pits for quick exit, or run the risk of not leaving the pit in a conscious state.

To hookers who set chokers to logs for skidding, deep snow means an increased accident frequency and is a treacherous mask for uncertain footing. The quick footwork, often necessary to avoid injury from a fall—

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Loading, Camp 29.



Unloading, Lewiston hot pond.



Ice-breaker, Lewiston mill pond.



THE FAMILY TREE



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Who Buys the Bonds?

Let's give proper recognition and a hearty "well done" to the departments that during the last seven months have consistently placed within the top two or three spots in the war bond buying contests at Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Potlatch.

Three times winner of top spot, twice winner of second place and twice in third place is the Clearwater Remanufacturing Department with the best record of any single department at the Lewiston mill.

Three times winner of top spot at Potlatch is the Townsite group who twice placed second and twice placed third to set the best record at Potlatch.

Coeur d'Alene boasts the only four-time winner. The combined Pond, Sawmill and Lath departments have held undisputed first place at Rutledge for the past four months. They were unable to place among the top departments prior to September.

Also meriting recognition is the fine bond-buying record of the W. I. & M. Ry. at Potlatch.

Men in the departments that have led in bond-buying have sacrificed many a personal pleasure. They have not just "been able to buy bonds" . . . they have so conducted their affairs and so planned as to make possible bond purchases. They didn't just accidentally happen to have the money.

A parallel exists between high and low departments at the three plants in that the high departments are relatively the same groups month after month and the low departments likewise.

Ironically, many of the low departments rank high as to individual earnings per man whereas many of the departments posting high percentages of wages to the purchase of bonds have an individual pay average equal to common wages. It would seem there is something a trifle haywire in such a picture. The man earning skilled wages, or reaping a harvest of dollars on contract work should logically be able to invest a higher percentage of his wages to war bonds than the employee receiving the minimum rate of pay. *That such has been the case indicates either (1) the man working at common labor better manages his affairs, or (2) his patriotism is of a better quality than that of his higher-paid associate.*

It is indeed a questionable distinction . . . that of earning big wages and buying few bonds.

ROSES TO THE FELLOWS WHO REALLY BUY BONDS!

More excerpts from reports of Social Service Investigators—

Couple's only source of income is four boarders, all out of work and owing \$600.

Man is aggressive—has nine children.

Applicant's wife is making little garments through the kindness of a neighbor.

The people have religious pictures all over the place but seem clean.

Applicant has one child, Lillian, who is three months old and owes 12 months' rent.

The daughter is active mentally and otherwise; she has advanced herself but not at home.

Woman still owes \$45 for a funeral she had recently.

Woman badly bruised—furniture man took bedsprings.

Family savings all used up—relatives have helped.

Applicant's wife is a lady and hardly knows what it is all about.

Saw woman. She has seven children; husband a veteran.

Shipments from the three P. F. I. mills at Lewiston, Potlatch and Coeur d'Alene totaled 449,500,000 board feet during 1942 . . . an increase over 1941 of 25.7% . . . an increase over the five-year pre-war period of 1935 through 1939 of 89.39%.

To the best of our knowledge, no major size lumber outfit was able to establish a better record, OR EQUAL OURS!

Clearwater Regains Top Spot In Bond Race

The Clearwater unit last month managed an increase of .42% to their bond buying figure and jumped all the way from cellar spot to lead position in the bond race between the three units. Although the increase only raised their percentage to 9.44%, a figure below last month's at either Potlatch or Coeur d'Alene, both of the latter two units were unable to hold their previous pace and dropped to 8.9% at Potlatch and 9.3% at Coeur d'Alene. Like "Wrong-Way Corrigan," Potlatch and Coeur d'Alene traveled in reverse last month.

Top ten departments from the three plants were:

Townsite, Potlatch	14.03%
Re-mfg. Plant, Clearwater	12.92
Plant Offices, Clearwater	12.77
Sawmill, Clearwater	12.58
Graders, Clearwater	11.76
Pond, Potlatch	11.68
4-Sq. Rebutt & Glue, Clearwater	11.28
W. I. & M. Ry., Potlatch	11.19
Pond, Sawmill & Lath, Rutledge	11.13
Power Plant, Potlatch	11.10

Lowest three departments were:

Watchmen, Potlatch	3.94
Green Chain, Rutledge	4.53
Power Plant, Clearwater	4.74
Plant averages were:	
Clearwater	9.44
Rutledge	9.37
Potlatch	8.97

The club door swung open and a well attired old gentleman emerged somewhat shakily and climbed stiffly into his luxurious limousine. Seated, he heaved a despondent sigh.

"Where to, sir?" asked the chauffeur, respectfully.

"Drive off the cliff, James," was the reply. "I'm committing suicide."

In late December we received the following Xmas card:

"Dear Friend:

"This chain was started in the hope of bringing happiness to all tired business men. Unlike most chains, this one does not take any money. Simply send a copy of this to five male friends, then bundle up your wife and send her to the fellow whose name appears at the head of your list. When your name works up to the top of the list, you in turn will receive 15,179 GORGEOUS WOMEN.

"Have faith; do not break the chain. One man broke the chain and got his own wife back! But Merry Christmas, anyway.

"Your bosom friend,
F. C. SIMONSEN."



Dr. Huff, center; Henry Young, left.

Tire Doctor

A new kind of mobile hospital journeys these days from camp to camp in the Potlatch woods and already many a life-saving job has been scored to its credit. The life-saving isn't of the human variety, but the importance of the tough rubber doughnuts the hospital and its one-man staff treat so carefully cannot be over-estimated from the standpoint of continued full-speed logging. It's a hospital that has paid rich dividends.

The traveling tire shop, or hospital, is the brain child of John Huff, Potlatch Forests, Inc., supervisor of tire maintenance. It is complete with all necessary tools for major or minor tire repair and carries extra tires in three sizes for replacement of tires that cannot be repaired "on the spot." In past years tire failure on logging trucks, with attendant lost time, has provoked many a heartfelt curse from P.F.I. men and provided some giant size headaches. The Huff tire hospital, aimed at preventive maintenance, has done much to reduce the number of such failures.

The hospital makes scheduled routine inspection trips to all camps to insure proper inflation of tires, prevent overloads, keep speed down to a safe figure, remove worn tires for re-capping, and to effect needed repairs. Small holes and cuts are found and vulcanized before they have an opportunity to spread in size and bring tire failure. Most of the work can be

performed without removing the tire from the truck and during the busiest part of the logging season can be done at night when the equipment is off shift. The hospital is "on call" at all hours and can quickly reach the scene of a tire failure to effect repairs or replace a blowout with another tire. Many hours have thus been saved in the down-time of trucks that would otherwise be tied up by tire failure.

Well Equipped Hospital

Well equipped is the 7x14-foot hospital that rides the chassis of a ton and a half Chevrolet truck. Com-

prising the tire hospital staff in charge of the truck is tire-wise Henry Young, who lives near Camp 36, a short distance from Harvard, Idaho. Equipment includes tire irons of various sizes and shapes (some of Huff's design) to suit special needs. A 250-lb. air compressor operates from a power take-off on the truck and supplies air for immediate inflation of tires. A small Koehler light plant affords heat for vulcanizing and light for night work. A bench across the front of the shop provides a place to vulcanize inner tubes and perform miscellaneous small tasks necessary to tire repair.

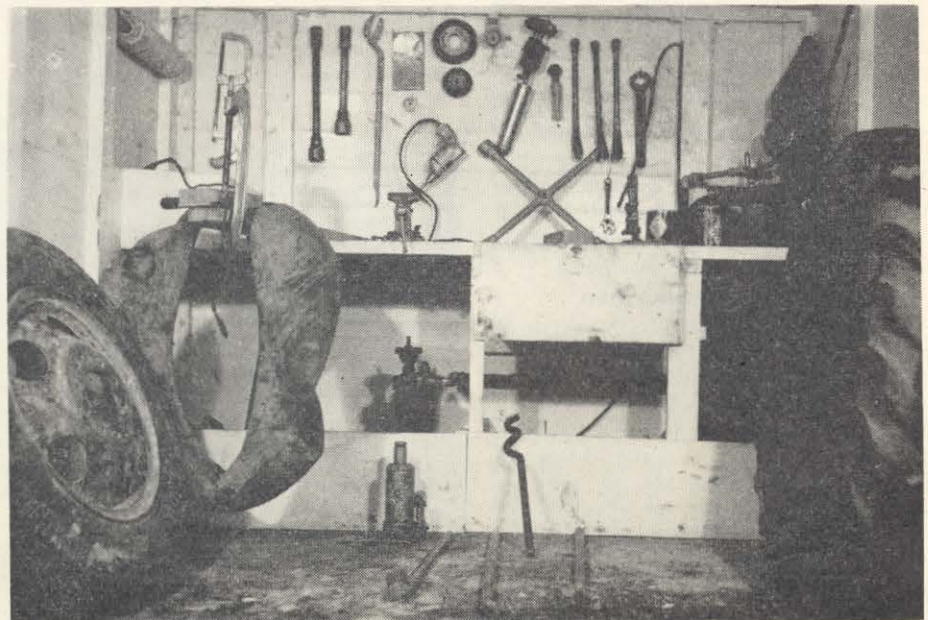
The chore of nurse-maiding more miles out of P.F.I. tires was assigned to Tire Doctor Huff early in 1942. Already at hand is conclusive proof that his efforts have been well directed and that money spent for tire doctor and tire hospital can be considered a good investment.

Problems Aplenty

The first problem that confronted Huff threatened to be his last one. It was a toughie and had baffled visiting tire experts who variously attributed the cause to overloading, too much speed, bad roads and anything else that came to mind. Tire treads simply refused to remain on tire carcasses at one of the Potlatch camps. Camp roads were reasonably good and could not be charged with producing tire failures in such number. Safeguards were adopted against under-inflation, overloading and excessive speed, but to no avail. Huff noted that the fail-

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Interior of Tire Hospital





Good's Mill.

Small Brother

On the cheerful side of Zero . . . 45 degrees worth, read the Lewiston thermometer, January 11, 1943. A white snow ring fringed the hills to the north, but in Lewiston proper the sun smiled down in gentle reminder of warmer days to come. Some two or three miles upstream on the Clearwater river from its confluence with the Snake, men and machines under the thirty-three acre roof of P. F. I.'s Lewiston mill functioned at top speed. Amid the noise of five double cut bands and a 52-in. gang saw men worked in light clothing.

Twenty-six miles to the south and four thousand feet higher in altitude, another mill, small brother by comparison, also labored hard and well. But here the sun held little warmth. Its rays were reflected brilliantly in the open patch of forest that served as millsite and an inch of white hoar frost crystals, topping three feet of snow that lay across the mill yard, further magnified its brilliance. Underfoot, in the hard narrow paths that led from bunkhouse to cookshack to mill, the snow crunched noisily in cold dryness but the men whose feet trod it were too busy hurrying about their work to note its white beauty.

Lifetime Lumberman

These were the men of the Orrin S. Good, old-time, lifetime bachelor lumberman of the indefinite age of seventy odd. Rough, tough, over six feet of muscle and bone, lean lumberman, Good is often abusively blasphemous . . . doesn't look his age, nor act it. A total abstainer from alcohol and tobacco, he can outhike and outwork many a younger man and loves to do so. His mill is located back of, and

high above, Waha Lake . . . twenty-six miles from Lewiston. Its construction is exemplary. The best laid out, and built, of any small mill in the country say visiting men of the trade.

Average cut in winter weather under trying conditions is about 18,000 board feet of yellow pine per day. All of it, except No. 4 and No. 5 common, is purchased in the rough by P.F.I. lumber buyer Al Gwynne and trucked to the Lewiston mill for drying and manufacturing to fit the specifications of war agencies. Maximum cut is 25,000 board feet per day.

Plenty Of Power

The mill has two power sources, a fifty-horsepower steam boiler that feeds two steam engines; and a diesel seventy-horsepower motor. The larger of the two steam engines breathes motion into the bull chain that pulls logs from pond to deck, and turns the 54-inch single cut band saw that reduces logs to boards. The other steam engine operates the log carriage and a

friction hook that hangs above the carriage and is used to turn the log when necessary during sawing. The diesel unit affords power to edger, trimmer, green chain, and burner chain . . . (the last of which isn't often in use as most of the slabs and sawdust are needed to produce steam).

Mill Well Planned

An earth fill across the ravine in which the mill sets provides a shallow and adequate log pond. Exhaust steam from the engines keep the pond open in freezing weather. A sluice gate in the center of the dam provides positive control of the water level. Springs feed the pond ample water throughout the year. Below the pond a shallow well has been dug to catch seepage waters from the dam. This water, purified by its seepage through the soil, is pumped to the sawmill boiler as needed.

Owner Good is an ardent and confirmed Republican and a rugged individualist as well. Some years back his criticisms of President Roosevelt and the New Deal . . . published in the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Washington . . . made him the subject of an F.B.I. investigation. That he should now be producing lumber to aid the war effort of a nation, with whose highest executive officer he is still much at odds, does not seem incongruous to him. It is the right to give voice to such criticism in whatever continuation he thinks justified that Lumberman Good labors. He will unhesitatingly and quite fiercely give you his opinion of the "New Deal"—past, present, or future, and little provocation is required to elicit those opinions.

Good is said to be in excellent financial health, independent of his
(Continued on page seven)

Cookshack, Good's Mill.



★ SERVICE LETTERS ★

From Sgt. Wilfred C. Johnson, Middle East

This country is not much to look at and I wouldn't trade the whole of it for any part of Idaho. Was in Cairo a few days before I came here. Our work is overhauling Axis diesel trucks and sending them out to work for our side. Sorry I can't tell you more about it.

From Pvt. Earnest Searle, 333rd Sq. 94th Bomb. Group, Pueblo, Colo.

I finished school the last of November and was sent to El Paso, Texas. I am in a heavy Bomb. Squad, and we have Flying Fortresses in our outfit. My work is sheet metal . . . that is, taking care of the body of the plane and all the cables, etc. The weather was so warm in Texas you could go around in your shirt sleeves. We were stationed just one mile from Old Mexico and my wife came down for a few days before New Years and on New Year's day we went to Old Mexico for the day. We saw so many things it would take a book to tell about them, including a bull fight, which is the last one I ever want to see. The bull hasn't a chance and it's just plain mean treatment of a dumb animal. We are now working 24 hours per day because we have lots to learn and I hope soon to be able to get me a Jap and help end this war. There is one thing I want to ask of all of you and that is to write to us boys in the service because letters are sure welcome.

From Lt. Vernon L. Young Australia

Right at present I imagine you good people are enjoying a very pleasant white Christmas season. What I wouldn't give for enough snow to make just one snowball. It's hard for me to conceive that just because we are 12,000 miles apart our seasons should be exactly reversed. I have finally mastered the Australian monetary setup and am now able to count shillings as easily as I could nickels. I am also able to carry on a conversation with an Aussie and understand him even though he does have his peculiar little sayings. In fact, even after I get back home, I imagine I will be using their sayings quite a bit. Will close with one of them which I think quite clever, "Good on you, Yank."

From Delbert W. Mechling, Camp Butner, N. C.

I am still in training but may be shipped across at any time. I like the army quite well but I think I would like a little actual fighting before it is over. Naturally I don't want to get killed if I can help it . . . I like life too well, but on the other hand, it takes lives to save other lives. I would like to say hello to a lot of the men that I worked with last winter at Camp 22 and last spring at Camp 11, so if you care to use this letter, or any part of it, in *The Family Tree*, will appreciate it.

It is with sincere regret and a deep consciousness of loss that acknowledgment is made of the deaths of Pvt. Harvey Ford, Lieutenant Steve Summers, and Seaman Jess Bieto, lost in the service of their country, all P.F.I. men.

May they know that we at home are mindful of the great price they willingly paid to the cause of free men . . . and may we never rest until the goal they sought has been attained.

From P.F.C. Wendell E. Peterson, Key Field, 48 Bomb G. P., 57 Bomb. Sq., Meridian, Mississippi

After graduating from mechanics school I worked on the line for a short time, but didn't care particularly for that job so asked to be transferred. Am now assigned to the Intelligence Department. It is much more interesting. We deal entirely with the disposition of enemy troops, defenses, etc. Our job is to pick out objectives from aerial photographs or any other source of information we have, plot the course on a map, advise the pilots on what kind of resistance to expect and furnish other information that may prove useful.

From Cpl. Alfred Terlson, 140th Sig. Rad. Inf. Co., Camp Pinedale, Fresno, California

We have tar-papered barracks with concrete floors, which aren't so good, but the pass percentage here is 50% out at a time so we like it. A very nice recreation hall has just been completed here and last Saturday night my company had a dance there. Girls were furnished by the U.S.O., the young women's business club, and the sororities at Fresno State College. All the boys enjoyed themselves and I think we also helped out civilian morale at the same time. This company is a very technical one and our job is to sit at receivers and intercept enemy messages and locate enemy radio stations.

From 1st Lt. L. L. Thomas, Marshall Field, Fort Riley, Kansas

There isn't much excitement around here, although while flying the other day on a bombing mission I hit a truck and tore off one of my wheels. There then was a little excitement while I landed the ship with one wheel, but everything worked out okay.

From Pvt. Herschel A. Libey, 620 T.S.S. Bks., Madison, Wisconsin

I am attending the radio technical school here and will graduate about the middle of February. I don't have much time for letter writing but if you fellows like to read army letters, will write one after I graduate.

From Aviation Cadet Wm. A. Greene, Sq. 51, Santa Ana, Calif.

I suppose several guys have written and told you their routine but here's another. Day before yesterday we took exercises. In fact so many leg lifts and push-ups I thought I wouldn't make it. Then football. I thought that was our last session so I ran all over the field trying to be a touchdown hero (I wasn't) and then found that I had to run a mile and a half. That was all in one day too. I like it, but could use another body. Believe I'm in the best shape I've been in since I was a tongue and groove artist in the box factory and center-fielder on the Elks' softball team.

From P.F.C. Leonard Meisner, A S. N. 19060192, Hq. Hq. Squadron 6th Service G.P.A.P.O., c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California

I am in the Air Corps but at the present time am working on the docks loading and unloading ships. It is a pretty tough job. In my work I find lumber and boxes from our plant (P.F.I.) on most of the boats and I know by that that you are doing your part. Wish I was back there to say hello to the fellows but guess this will have to do instead.

From Dan Harrison, Normoyle Automotive School, Texas

Had a pleasant surprise the other day. I sat down to lunch with several other officers and one of them happened to be Don Berger of Lewiston. We are taking a very interesting course in motor and general automotive maintenance here. It is one of the largest base shops in the country. They receive a used motor which is sent in for repair and within a week it is on its way again as a new motor. Thanks for the letter and the super Christmas box and its contents.

P.F.C. Ira Daily, Gilroy, California

You ask in your letter—if I heard someone yell "TIMBER," if I would deploy as a skirmisher. No, if I heard someone yell "TIMBER" down here I think I would change my brand of whiskey.

Sgt. Don Peterson, Ft. Lewis

The Christmas box arrived in excellent shape and is the envy of the whole battery. . . . our training program is a tough one but we are gaining a lot of valuable experience . . . we have functioned on many types of terrain and from desert heat to Wyoming blizzards . . . the U. S. soldier can really take it.

"Anyone here know Shorthand?" asked the sergeant. Two men stepped forward. "Good," he said. "Go help with the potato peeling. They're shorthanded there!"

The policeman's son was learning music. "How many beats are there to the bar in this music, Dad?"

"Fancy asking a question like that," snorted the boy's mother. "You should ask you father how many bars there are to the beat, he could tell you that."

WOODS NEWS

Camp 14

(Now closed on account of too much snow)

We have started skidding whole trees. They are much easier to find and line out in the deep snow . . . B. C. Lovell has returned to camp to operate the big dozer. He was working at 27 . . . Sawing hit a new low at 14 in the after-Christmas clean-up of stragglers. Only two gangs were sawing. . . . Our loading crew of Wallace Boll, Merle Spencer, Tom Schelchuk, Ray Fitting and Edwin F. Anderson, accompanied by their scaler, Al Riggs, were transferred to 52. Logs at 14 are now loaded by the 29 crew . . . Joseph LaMatte, veteran saw-filer at 14 spent the holidays in Spokane. It was the first time Joe had been out of camp in 21 months . . . Miss Rosemarie Wetter, flunkie at 14, has gone to Spokane to take nurse's training at the Deaconess hospital. Her departure completed an entire change of flunkies between December 10th and January 17th . . . Roy Lewis and Louis Hartig, forest service men stationed at Camp 14, made a snowshoe trip to the river recently. They report much game in that section, having seen forty deer while on the trip . . . Emmett Thornton froze his ears while coming from Headquarters to Camp 14 on the speeder the night of the big cold . . . We hear that Shirley Lund, former camp clerk now in the air corps, has received his commission as second lieutenant. Hope he gets a Jap or two for each one of us.

Camp 52

We are finally logging at Camp 52. Our crew has grown to 125 men and is still growing. We have ten teams and three cats skidding and expect more teams and more cats. It is tough skidding with the teams, as most of the old logs are frozen in the snow . . . We had no bad accidents in the last month and lost no men to the Army . . . It is still snowing.

Camp 29

We have about 120 men in camp but it's not possible to get out many logs because of the snow, which is eleven feet deep in places. There has been no unusual happenings to flunkies here. The most unusual thing would be for one of them to stay more than a week—boy have we had a turnover! As for our commissary, there hasn't been an unusual run on any particular item, unless you'd call camp clerks an item—there were four during the last month with Dan Goodman arriving just in time for the payroll period.

Camp 36

We had three bushes of pussy willows open up at lower camp in Laird Park, and can prove it . . . The week ending January 16th saw six men leave camp for the Army—Byers Anderson, Max Stewart, Ernest Livermore, Melvin Reese, Ruthford Linderman and Robert Johnson. Mr. Johnson missed the bus (we're wondering if a certain flunkie didn't cause that), so the Draft Board granted him another thirty days and he is now back in our employ again . . . We have the answer to a foreman's prayer at Camp 36, a man who came in with his time slip and complained that be-

cause there was no windshield swipe on the Cat Patrol he had to sit down all day to run it. He claims it doesn't seem like work unless you can stand up and move about a little. We now want Purchasing Agent Rooney to get some extensions for the controls so that he can run along behind the cat and guide it while working the road . . . We had only one lost time accident during the month—a man stepped on the head of a four-point buck and the point pierced his rubber boot and went into his foot, costing him a couple of days from work . . . The gravel trucks are all busy getting gravel on the new roads and at long last we have had some cold weather to dry up the much-cursed mud . . . The 13th of January we had a net scale of 113,780 board feet.

Camp 38

Foreman Lancaster hopes to finish logging at our present location the latter part of February and to move equipment over onto new spurs already prepared. The camp will remain at its present site with only the equipment moving to the new spurs . . . Susie, a red spaniel owned by Norman Wood, is the mother of nine new puppies. Oscar Sturgill and Barbara Wood have made quite a profit selling Susie's offspring . . . Lots of deer have been seen near camp.

Camp X

Camp X has between 30 and 35 men trucking the logs decked late last fall that could not be hauled during the rainy season. Foreman Joe Holinka expects to finish the job about the middle of February . . . Clerk Frank Stedman reports that it took two weeks of searching, at Camp X, to find where to shut off the camp's water supply and says he is mighty glad Foreman Holinka found it, as otherwise they might have to keep the camp open indefinitely.

PLANT NEWS

Clearwater

January 15th was the day of the 50-mile per hour wind which provoked so much argument around the power house. Why is it harder to raise a head of steam when the wind is blowing from the west than from the east was the topic debated. Foreman Yokum, who had upon previous occasions placed himself on the spot by laughing off such assertions and statements as imaginary, was present and couldn't wiggle out of this one.

Visitors at the plant during January included Cpl. Lonnie Ropp from the Medical Detachment, Camp Carson, Colorado. . . Pvt. Hank Graham, Camp Leonard Wood, Missouri . . . Sgt. Mark Haworth, Santa Ana, Calif. . . . P.F.C. Ike Gilbertson, Marine Corps, Seattle.

Robert Reid, the set-up man in the planer, married Erma McMillan, box factory worker, in December . . . Miss Jackie Schneider of the box factory was married during the Christmas holidays, in Utah, to Kenneth Stauffer who worked in the planer prior to induction into the Army.

Robert Fouse, long time Clearwater employee, who worked on the moulding rerun as grader, passed away January 5th.

Second Lieutenant Bryce Stockslager, of the Marine Corps, has been advanced to First Lieutenant. (Nice going and good flying, Bryce).

George Hudson, P.F.I. official in charge of the Clearwater time office, experienced considerable difficulty with his hats, in January. George is about the best dressed man around the mill, and his sky pieces accordingly are of the best. In early January, on one of his trips through the planer to hand out pay checks, and looking the part of what every well dressed man should wear, he took too lively an interest in some repair work that was underway at one of the planers, and bending over for a closer view got his top piece directly underneath a blow pipe. George's brown fedora was whisked away as if it were a bit of stray sawdust—and is presumed to have made good Pres-to-logs, since no complaints have as yet been received by the fuel department. One thing definitely proven was that his hair is his own. Had he been wearing a toupee, it most certainly would now be in Pres-to-logs form. However, George's troubles didn't end with the loss of just one hat. The high wind of January 15th removed another from his head, and athlete that he is, he still wasn't able to catch up with it until it had traveled almost the length of the plant and through several mud puddles. If George appears soon with a chin strap attached to his present lid, we think he may be forgiven . . . if the chin strap is a nice red ribbon about an inch wide and ties with a bow underneath his chin, we'll try to get a picture of it for next month's Tree.

All members of the Clearwater Credit Union are asked to turn their pass books in to the supervisory committee for audit if they have not already done so.

Potlatch

Due to the excessive snowfall in timbered areas during the past month, the log supply at Potlatch was reduced to the point that it was only possible to operate five days per week for three weeks in January. With the snow now being plowed out and new Camp 41 at Elk River in operation, logs should soon be arriving in sufficient quantities to keep going on a 6-day basis.

Dr. Wilson Compton, Sec.-Mgr. of the National Lbr. Mfgs. Assn. of Washington, D. C., was a visitor in Potlatch on Monday, January 25th.

The snowplow which was wrecked and caused three men to be injured when it went off a bridge over lower Potlatch Creek early in the month while traveling on the 3-Bear Line, is being rebuilt at the W. I. & M. shops.

The W. I. & M. Ry. has compiled an outstanding record by passing through the twelve months of 1942 without a lost time accident.

Officers elected at the Foremen's Council in December for 1943 were: Chairman, W. B. Cunningham; Vice-Chairman, Floyd Morgan; Secretary, Clifford Lathen.

A gentleman walked into the hotel drug store from the lobby and collapsed into a booth, suffering evidently from a monstrous size hangover.

"Can I fix you a Bromo-Seltzer?" asked the attendant sympathetically.

"Ye gods, no!" came the reply, "I couldn't possibly stand the noise."

Tire Doctor

(Continued from page three)

ures were occurring on the drive wheels and study of loaded trucks convinced him that the drive tires were too close together. Loaded, or returning empty for another load with the heavy trailer riding piggy back, the drive tires when flexing at the point of road contact were rubbing against each other and heating, an inevitable forerunner to separation of tread from carcass. Spacers were placed between the wheels and failures came to an abrupt end.

Road maintenance is Huff's pet peave. He hates coarse gravel and claims that in addition to direct damage to tires from too coarse a rock there are indirect damages in sprung axles and uneven tire wear, in spring leaves gradually shaken out of alignment to where they rub and cut tire sidewalls, etc.

There are many angles to tire maintenance—valve stems must be kept from rubbing on brake drums or heat will result and ruin the valve core, producing a slow leak and eventual tire ruin. Tires must be properly matched so that tread height on dual wheels is identical and permits sharing of the load. Possible speeds must be carefully determined by load weight and road conditions. Summer weather brings tire heating and failure, if too much speed is permitted. Winter temperatures make a less pliable casing and increase vulnerability to rocks and snags.

There's the matter of tire size. Doctor Huff prefers and recommends twenty-inch instead of twenty-four. The twenties are less expensive and will carry almost as much load, tire for tire, as the twenty-fours, and last longer. Where road maintenance is a costly proposition, two 24-in. tracks will handle a truck equipped with twenties as contrasted to the 36-in. tracks necessary for the larger twenty-four-inch tires.

On graveled roads and all hard bottomed roads, Huff likes the rib tread and has found it preferable for general use. Wearing qualities are better and there is less chance of injury on rough roads. The traction tread, or ground grip tread, he reserves for soft dirt roads where traction is hard to find in wet weather.

Today no one in his right senses wilfully throws away tire mileage, matter not how pressing the need for

Silver Star Award



To Captain Louis H. Kohl, somewhere in Australia, for coolly directing the fire of gun crews from the open deck of his boat while it was under attack by Japanese planes, General Douglas MacArthur last month conferred the Army's highly prized silver star award. Captain Kohl ("Koley" to his friends) formerly worked in the Clearwater sawmill and was second in command of the Lewiston National Guard unit prior to the war.

haste or how great the temptation to overload and highball for faster production. Tires are as vital to logging as ammunition to a soldier. Their useful life must be jealously guarded and prolonged. It is to this high resolve that Tire Doctor Huff has dedicated his tire hospital.

Small Brother

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sawmill. Among other things, he is reputed to have gathered a stamp collection of some \$18,000 valuation. The cold white brilliance of winter living is his choice, not a necessity. The matching of wits with difficult maintenance problems, with weather, men and the Gods of chance, is the stimulation he demands of life.

A foreman in St. Louis warns workers who fail to wear goggles by presenting them with glass eyes.

Frozen Lumber On Alaskan Highway

Gus Larkin, Lewiston contractor, now in charge of construction on a section of the Alaska highway, returned to Lewiston in January for a short vacation and a visit with family and friends. He reports much P. F. I. lumber has arrived in past months at his camp, where the thermometer hovers around 45 degrees below zero. Green lumber, shipped on flat cars or gondolas, freezes enroute and is like a giant sized piece of ice when it reaches Larkin's unloading crew. The boards have to be pried apart with wrecking bars. Lumber shipped in ordinary box cars does not freeze and can be unloaded easily, according to Larkin.

"The girl I married has a twin sister and they look exactly alike."

"Gosh! How do you tell 'em apart?"

"I can't. In fact I don't even try . . . it's up to the other one to look out for herself."

Timber Purchased

An estimated 14,000,000 feet of timber on the Cavendish Nez Perce Indian tribal reserve lands was purchased in November from Superintendent A. G. Wilson of the Indian Agency, Lapwai.

The timber is spread over a 1,400-acre area, two miles north of Ahsahka. It will run about fifty per cent Ponderosa Pine, balance mixed. A. B. Brown, logging contractor from Orofino, has contracted to log the area for P.F.I.

Headquarters News

We have had some of the worst snowstorms in years. There is over seven feet of snow and apparently more to come. We were snowed in during late January for a time and the stage from Lewiston and way points is having trouble in keeping up with its schedule. The railroad was plugged for several days until finally plowed out by the Camas Prairie with two plows—one a rotary. It has been necessary to shovel snow from the roofs of buildings . . . Some of the automobiles left in the parking spots are entirely snowed over with just an occasional radio aerial showing.

Man: "Doctor, my son has scarlet fever, and the worst part about it is that he admits he got it from kissing the housemaid."

Dr. (soothingly): "Young people will do thoughtless things."

Man: "But—don't you see, doctor, to be frank with you, I've kissed that girl myself."

Doctor: "That's too bad."

Man: "And to make matters worse, as I kiss my wife every morning and night I'm afraid that she too will—"

Doctor (wildly): "My God! We'll all have it!"

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ing snag, or to clear a log that has whipped to one side or the other because of striking some unseen obstruction while being skidded roadward, becomes a nightmarish feat and the haunting premonition of slipping feet at the worst possible moment never quite leaves the choker setter's mind.

To truckers, loaders, scalers and crane operators, as well as hookers, snow means working close behind the saw gangs because yesterday's logs oftentimes cannot be found tomorrow under a new snow blanket. Working immediately behind the saws holds a particular kind of danger familiar to all woodsmen. The cry of "TIMBER" as some tall tree comes to earth isn't frightening if the shout is heard from a safe distance, but if it's just to the right up hill, or to the left down slope . . . it acquires new meaning. When a big pine topples over and comes to rest across the road immediately ahead, with a crash that fairly jars your teeth, then you know what working close to the saws can mean if something goes wrong and a tree cut to fall up hill away from working men reverses direction; or a saw gang out of sight in their snow pit and busy hauling a crosscut back and forth fail to hear your outfit move up-road and you fail to see them until the cry of "TIMBER" . . . too late perhaps to keep a giant White Pine from crashing down around your ears. At such a time, BROTHER you really wonder if your insurance agent realizes just how poor a risk you have become.

To the loading crews at the landings, snow means treacherous footing, digging for logs buried by a night's snowfall, and a fine opportunity to obtain some dough from the Accident Insurance policy they've been carrying.

Road Trouble

To the bulldozer operator, snow means a never-ending plowing out of roads and if he does a good job, he can come back the next day and plow the same roads all over again, because it is a certainty they will have been snowed full during the night. As the white walls on either side rise higher and higher, the dozer operator's problem soon becomes one of where to push the stuff. There's a limit to the power of the steel-faced workmate he guides in a sort of all-out lunge at snow banks and holds there until it snorts down to a choking whisper.

To railroad men, heavy snows mean an aggravating job of daily digging snow out of switches, frogs, and crossings. Section gangs are doubled. Continual plowing of spurs and main lines is necessary. But when the plow returns in reverse direction (as it must occasionally) the wings that pushed snow to either side on the inward trip will drag some of it back onto the track on the way out. Snow will ball-up underneath the trucks of a locomotive and derail it. Much patience and careful maneuvering by men experienced in the ways of railroad equipment is necessary to get it back on the two thin steel threads it normally rides. Hard packed snow will often completely cover rails and force from the track every car that comes along. Many are the stories recited by lumberjacks of log flats that failed to take a curve because of packed snow



Top—Saw partners Lang and Jones find it tough traveling between trees in nine feet of snow . . . Center, left—Digging saw pit around tree, Jones in foreground . . . Center, right—Lang reaching for saw . . . Bottom—Hard at work.

and simply continued out into the timber instead of down the railroad right-of-way.

To telephone linemen, who must keep 'phone lines open to the camps, snow means snowshoes and long hours. Lineman Jim DeLaney at Headquarters, Idaho, reports that lines he must climb poles to reach in the summer are in winter so far underneath the snow he needs a rod with a hook on one end to reach down and drag them up to the surface.

Don't ask the lumberjack to regard with affection those beautiful white flakes that in silent grace descend to earth and hide the scars of man's occupation 'neath a robe of purest white . . . leave the cherishing of such emotion to the poet who has never battled snow for a livelihood.

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.—U. S. S. Phoenix Flame.

