

Scotia--In The Valley Of The Giants

Town Is Famed As Model Community

By CHET SCHWARZKOFF
(Photos by Dick Ryan)

Anyone passing through the northern Redwood Empire on highway 101 always is impressed with Scotia. And Humboldters take pride in pointing it out as an example of good operation. For not alone has Scotia the world's biggest redwood lumber mills, but it is as well-kept and slightly as a park . . . as though to justify its existence in a land of natural parks unlike any on earth. And there is that about the town—despite its production activity—which gives an impression of peace of mind and serenity.

The place looks as if people enjoyed living there and were happy in the eyes of a nerve-harrassed resident of any of the big cities. You see it in the redwood-primieval architecture of the town's bank and theater, about which visitors exclaim. It is there in the trim lawns and new painted houses, as well as the generous hospitality and meals at the Scotia Inn. But most of all, you see the spirit of Scotia in the pleasant faces of

its people, and in their self-assured talk.

For Scotia has stood serene within its estate-like borders, while the rush and hustle and new construction of the great post-war boom has surged about it.

On either side of town, for miles along the redwood highway, you will see new houses and businesses going up. Most of them, especially in the neighboring settlements of Rio Dell and Wildwood, are a direct overflow from Scotia because over two-thirds of

the Pacific Lumber company's 1000 Humboldt employees do not live in the town. There isn't room for them. Scotia has less than 300 houses and is building no more.

The town's residential area was planned and built years ago on a generous basis, and the Pacific Lumber company has no intention of jamming additional houses into its comfortable community of some 1500 people.

HOUSING SHORTAGE

So—Scotia has a waiting list that fills pages and gives the town a theoretical housing shortage that sets some kind of a record. Not alone do people want to live in the town because of its pleasant situation—but also because its rents are still on a pre-war basis.

For the Pacific Lumber company, which owns all the land and buildings that comprise Scotia, has no time for the rent profiteering business. Scotia is a "home town," and will stay that way. So says E. E. "Ed" Yoder, resident manager of the community and mills with a hearty "amen!" from Derby Bendorf, "Doc" Neville, and other company officials.

Founded in 1883 as a base of operations for the Pacific Lumber company's timber developments,

the town first was called Forestville. By 1887, the mill was completed, and the manufacture of lumber started. The company's railroad to Alton and Fields Landing also was in operation by that time, but headquarters were at Hydenville. Then in 1888 the new town's name was changed to Scotia, and the company moved its offices there, where they have remained.

TWO BIG MILLS

Today, the two big, electrified mills A and B turn out an average of 400,000 feet of lumber daily, running one eight-hour shift each, six days a week. So—even in the operation of its mills, Scotia goes serenely along, oblivious to the rest of the world's hurry and turning out a first-class job as always.

Power for the mills, town, and several smaller industries, comes from what is the most modern steam-electric generating plant in Northern California. Started in the late 1920s, the company spared no money to make its power source as unfailable as men's ingenuity could build it. The plant burns sawdust and chopped up mill waste known as "hog fuel" to generate its steam, and can develop as high as 18,000 horsepower of electricity if needed.

In addition to the electricity generated from waste wood, the company manufactures several by-products from its mill leftovers.

LUMBER BY-PRODUCTS

One of the products is Palco Seal, made from pulp fiber compressed by steam and "fired" from steam guns much on the principle of a nationally advertised cereal—but not for eating purposes! The pulp seal originally was intended for use in making plastics, but quite by accident, it was found to be a valuable seal in drilling oil wells. It is used in place of steel casing, and is forced into the well while drilling, where it adheres to the sides. Palco Seal is exclusively a Pacific Lumber company product.

New uses are constantly being developed for redwood and fir chips, according to Derby Bendorf, who, among his many duties, holds the title of efficiency and safety engineer at Scotia. Bendorf stated these by-products now are being made into paper pulp, roofing, and asbestos; while Palco Wool from the bark of redwood trees is used for insulation primarily, and also as a felt substitute in the manufacture of blankets, roofing etc.

The fine dust generated during the manufacturing process of Palco Wool used to have a high nuisance value—until it was found to be a valuable soil conditioner! Now it is used to lighten soils like adobe, when used for plant nurseries and garden. Which, according to Bendorf, is a good example of another new use for a former waste product.

PRESTO-LOGS

Another well-known product from Scotia is Presto Logs, a clean-burning fuel made from sawdust that has been subjected to high compression and heat. Scotia's Presto Log plant is large enough to supply much of the needs of Northern California for this compact fuel that has every virtue of coal—but minus its soot and ash drawbacks.

Main product of Scotia, of course, is lumber—of which about 80 per cent is redwood, and 20 per cent fir. The company plans on a cutting of about 100,000,000 feet in an average operating year.

SCOTIA INN

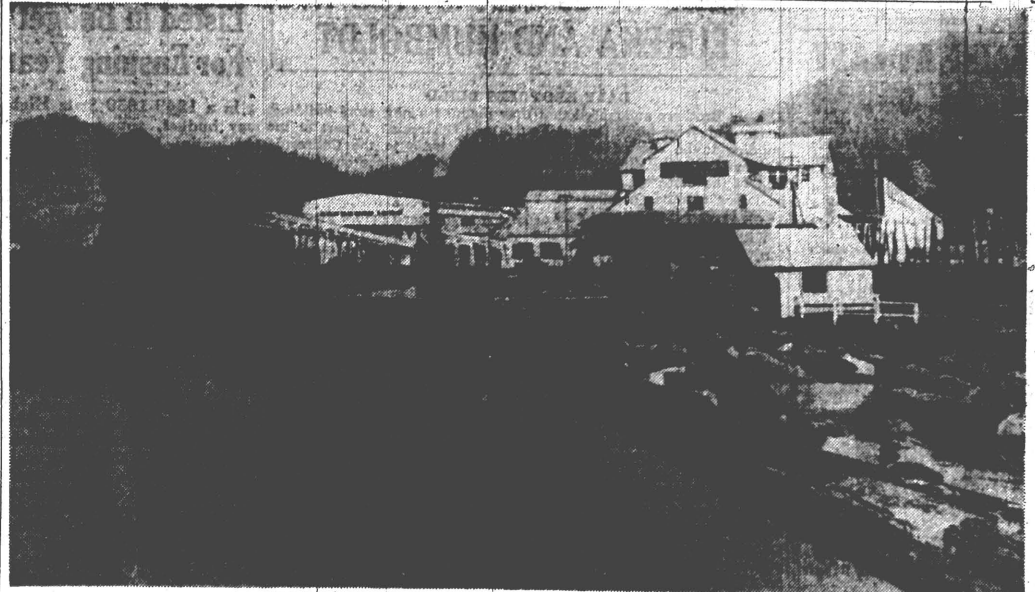
And now to shift to a survey of those factors which make Scotia the pleasant and successful town that it is. Humboldters are long familiar with the town's excellent hotel, known as the Scotia Inn, and the bountiful lumberjack dinners it serves.

To the stranger passing through the Redwood Empire, Scotia's Inn may well rank as a discovery, for not alone is its food superb, but its accommodations are comfortable. The Inn's guest capacity is limited, however, for it is an operating hotel first of all, and of its 130 rooms, all but 18 are occupied by permanent employees from the mills and offices.

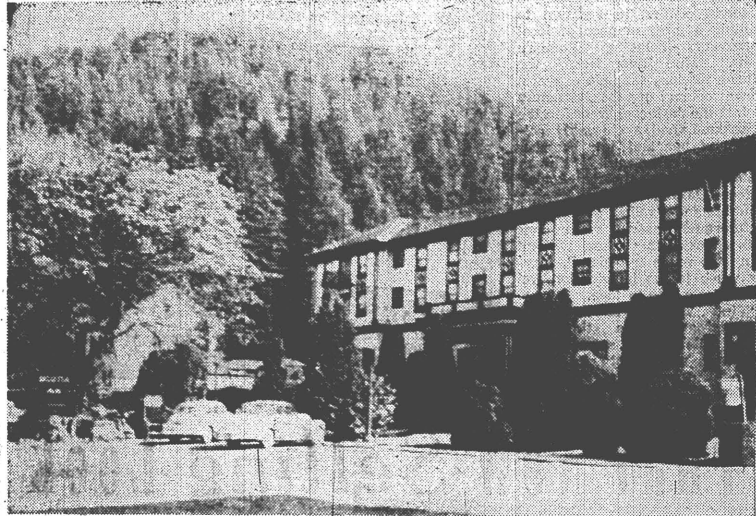
Scotia also has one of the best hospitals in Northern California—an institution of 40 beds, and which employs two full-time surgeons and a staff of 40 people.

The hospital is run by the Scotia employees' association, and subsidized by the Pacific Lumber company. An assessment of \$1.62½ per month levied against every employe, helps defray operating expenses—and provides everyone at Scotia with complete hospital service.

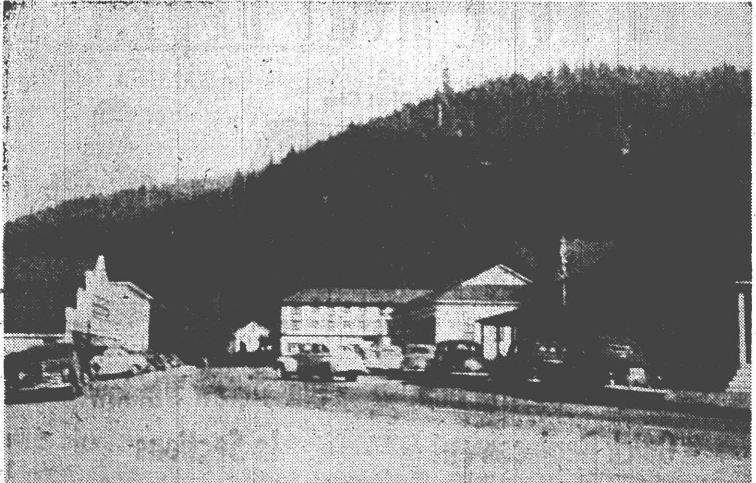
The company also maintains an all-purpose store at Scotia where you can buy anything from fishing rods to ladies lingerie, and from drugs to automobile accessories. The Scotia store long has been a popular shopping center



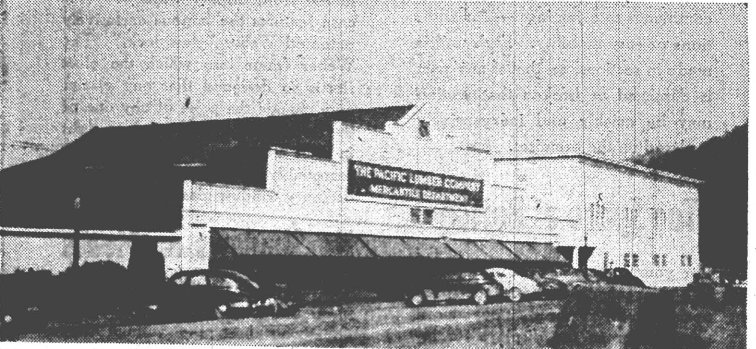
Redwood logs in pond at Scotia's Mill A, waiting their turn.



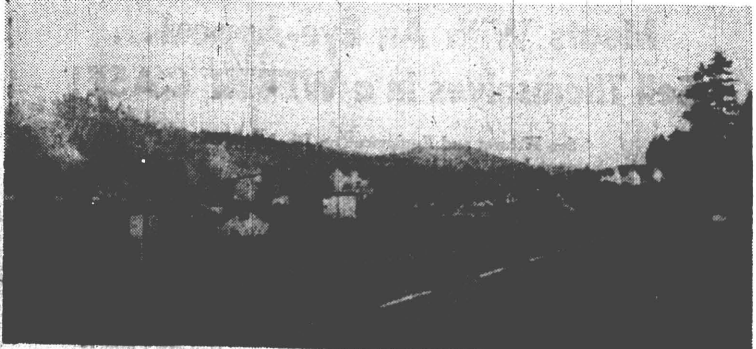
Where famed Lumberjack Dinners are served—the Scotia Inn.



Partial view of Scotia's main street showing Scotia Club.



Scotia's General Store where Highway 101 passes through.



Leaving Scotia on Highway 101, Mill B on the right.

not alone for the townspeople, but for the surrounding territory.

The Scotia elementary school has seven teachers and a part-time band instructor for its 200 pupils, while the town's teenagers go to the Fortuna Union high school, some 12 miles away.

In the way of recreation, Scotia long has been noted for its town spirit, as well as unusually good facilities. There is an employe club, located in the center of town, to which all who wish may belong for a small monthly fee.

This club offers ample leisure and "bull-session" accommodations, as well as games and library. It long has been one of the town's popular organizations.

BEAUTIFUL PARK

Scotia's beautiful park, set amid a Sherwood forest of its own, has what is rated as the world's most unique and complete barbecue "plant," an outfit which has fed 4000 people in the record time of 28 minutes—a fact of which the town, and more especially Fire Chief Jack Woods, are justly proud.

For all the town's recreation facilities are sponsored by the Scotia Volunteer Fire Department—an exclusive organization to which an applicant is admitted only after his worth has been duly proved.

The park also boasts of a fine baseball diamond upon which the Scotia team has won many a local championship, a modern dance pavilion, a children's recreation center and—as a final touch—it borders along the famed Eel river, where fishing and swimming are available.

OPEN TO VISITORS

The great mills that comprise the backbone of the town's industries are open to visitors the year 'round, and are a constant source of attraction, especially to tourists.

Bendorf states that over 15,000 visitors have looked at the Scotia plant in the first nine months of 1948—an all-time record. Parties are personally conducted from the company's offices.

Shifting to the financial and remunerative part of Scotia—the town has its own bank; an institution whose resources reach the surprising total of \$6,000,000, and which long has been managed by Elmer McKenzie, one of Hum-

boldt county's best-known bankers. Not alone does the First National Bank of Scotia take care of the town's needs, but it is a depository for much of the surrounding countryside.

The Pacific Lumber company operates upon a "13 month" basis, which makes the employe's payday come every other Wednesday the year 'round—and which thus makes every "month" a 28-day one—with one day a year to spare.

"We have found the straight four-week month a big improvement, insofar as operating advantages are concerned," says Bendorf. "We think it would be a good idea if the whole world adopted it!"

PENSION PLAN

The company has a pension plan, to which every employe is eligible after two years' service. While retirement, in some cases, depends upon length of service, it is mandatory at the age of 65.

A continuous service compensation plan, or "bonus," also is in effect. An employe is paid 3 per cent of his first year's gross income at the end of his first year's service, with a yearly increase up to 7 per cent, at which figure it stays permanent.

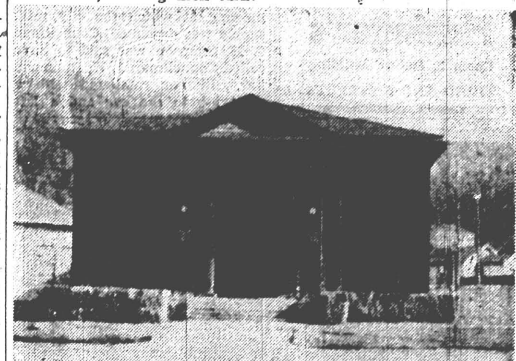
In vacations, every employe gets one week off with pay up to five years' service with the company, and two weeks yearly with pay from his fifth year of service onward.

LABOR RELATIONS

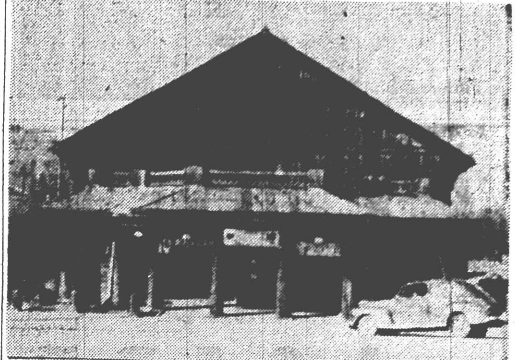
"We are doing everything within our power to provide an example of outstanding employer-employe relationship," says "Ed" Yoder, who has been the "big boss" at Scotia for many years.

"Experience has been our criterion, and we are keeping a lap ahead of the social development demands of today's world, rather than having to be spurred along by yesterday's mistakes. And it pays. Look at our outfit!"

"Sure we're proud of ourselves," says Derby Bendorf smiling. "Here's an example: The other day a representative group of 60 employes met with us to discuss routine operations. Their average length of service with the Pacific Lumber company was 21 years, and a couple of them were nearing the 50-year mark! If that's the bugaboo of capitalism, make the most of it!"



First National Bank of Scotia.



Scotia's unique Winema theater.

put a hex on 'em, or something? if we can catch and exterminate that varlet, might be the blues would lift at Jack says no, they're just plain low-down ornery . . . and wise.

Jack also said there are salmon in Humboldt Bay, but the runs are spotty. Incidentally, a run of silversides was reported at the bay mouth, Thursday. And a few have been seen in Carson's channel, pretty well up the bay, with rumors of a catch or two. A good rain that would swell Freshwater creek and Elk river would (maybe) perk up business again. Bab! We retreat back into our shell.

Saw George Hindley Thursday, just back from the Mattole, and he said that stream has the Eel river doldrums, too. Thousands of young trout are leaving the streams for sea this time of the year, and George said plenty were moving downstream in the Mattole. Anyone who wants fish had enough to catch those migrating babies—when they will grow to big steelhead if given a chance—must crave 'em bad! Incidentally, George said brother Dick landed a fair-sized salmon this week on Mad river, at Carson's bridge. Maybe the Mad is—but no!

Sudden thought upon meeting Bert Harris—he looks like Earl Warren. They can both of 'em take a bow, for they're good men . . . and both of 'em are fishermen . . . only poor Earl doesn't get much chance.

Into Jim Pray's congenial smoke-and-gab den for a lineup, but nothing startling. Only good news was Vee Gutach and Harry Hornbrook's success at Orleans, on the Ulahorne riffle of the Klamath. The boys took limits from 1 to 8½ pounds on flies last week, and reported the stream below par, but could be worse. You can get 'em if you want to work at the business . . . apparently.

One possible bright touch to the gloom—the moon is going into its last quarter. In other words, daddled fools like your reporter USED to say that meant something. Yes, and it did, before the fish got so gum-falutin' smart. Now we know nothing.

Phil Thurmond, of the Sportsmen's Cannery down on Broadway at Harris (the old brewery building) got in touch to say that one J. C. Oldfield from Corpus Christi, Texas, brought in a 36 pound salmon from Dungan's Friday. And we feel gloomier than ever. What have them gol-durn Gulf coast fishermen got that makes our fish think they're so hot? Aw well—congratulations, Bro. Oldfield!

Phil also said 16 year old Frank Cattelain brought in two salmon—a 20 pounder and a 35 pounder—taken by himself with wobbler and bait at the Van Duzen river mouth. And—what d'you think of this?—Donald Boynton of Fernald, also a young feller, brought in a pair of 35 pounders from Snag pool, this week. Congratulations again, boys. We wish we knew how those youngsters manage!

Hap McNew, of the cozy shop out by Redwood Acres track, phoned in to sing the blues along with us . . . says the Eel is quiet! Caught a pair of chubs at Weymouth pool Thursday, and said Roy McGhauey landed a two-pounder at Fernbridge Tuesday. But he's got hopes.

Last minute call from Lloyd Silvius—again as we were writing this Italian sausage. Says Eel river is quiet—as of Friday. Well, it certainly is quiet if Lloyd gets skunked. Lloyd puts in with the prevailing theory that plenty of fish have come in, but they have 'skimmed right through' for upstream points. Lloyd says Meng's tackle shop at Loleta reports the first silverside salmon of the Eel river season, taken Thursday at Dungan's pool. And Gerald Coddington says—yes you guessed it—Eel's slow!

One bright note to close on—Forrest Waters and better half just got back from Tule lake where they bagged their limits of ducks and geese. Good hunting! Now we wish Forrest would get busy AT ONCE and remedy this here fishing situation we got before the guy with the white jacket and butterfly net gathers up us fishing fanatics. Here's luck, Forrest!

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

By CHET SCHWARZKOFF

We're so sore we hate ourselves. Never again are we gonna be optimistic about NO fish or nothin'. That old-timer was right about weather, wimmin an' fish. But we had to learn the hard way and slick our scraggly neck out, asking for it. And we received . . . From now on, even if they're jumping into the boats and snapping bait out of people's hands before they can get it on the hook,

we'll still cry the blues. All the bright optimism of our youth has went, and we've become just another down-in-the-mouth—and heel—and old poodle-dee-doo, hating ourselves, the world, and specially—very especially—those dang-blasted fish that won't do nothin'.

Shucks, they won't even come in from the sea, now. And them as has beat it to heck and gone upstream without givin' us honest law-abidin' fishermen a chance. We've sunk so low we've been pricing black blasting powder in wholesale lots. We've just sunk.

Period.

Anyhow, here's some news, take it or leave it. We ain't puttin' in no plugs. We need a new set, anyhow. Jack Curry gave us quite an earful during the week . . . says he landed three chub salmon Wednesday noon just below Carson bridge on Mad river. Jack also said a few fish were showing in the lower Mad, and thought flies ought to pay off. In fact, our gloom lightened just a fraction as

we listened to him. And well do we remember a plastic shrimp fly Jack gave us once upon a time—he made the beast—and was it a dandy! We caught some whopping cut-throat on it, and we're saving it just in case the steelhead ever do decide to resume the natural tenor of life.

Then Jack gave us the blues worse than ever, the wretch. Said he was down on Snag pool, Eel river, Thursday at dawn, and found it crowded elbow-to-elbow—not even room to cast decently. Yes sure, Jack says, there's lotsa fish in Eel river, but they're going right through, and they're not hitting flies in the customary manner. Say, do you think somebody's