

WITH THE FOREST REGIMENTS IN THE FIELD

AFTER eight months in France, Henry S. Graves, Chief Forester of the United States, returned to tell us of the Forest Regiments:

"They are working to win the war. Nothing else enters their thoughts. I can't say too much for the spirit of the officers and the men. We are going to unify our every effort and do our part in the inevitable victory for freedom."

And there is ample evidence to testify to the truth of what the Chief Forester has said. American saw-mills in the pine and cork-oak forests of southwestern France are feverishly working to turn out timber for use at the front. While our troops go over the top, the forestry engineers labor at top speed to furnish one of the most important sinews of war, planks and beams for the manifold purposes of the battle line.

A letter written by Private Charles Grodeski, part of which is here quoted, gives a vivid picture of what the men of the forest regiments are doing in France.

"We remained in a temporary camp here (in France) about a month, during which time it rained almost continuously, but we kept on logging just the same, for you will remember that we were outfitted at camp there for all sorts of weather. Since moving to our permanent camp things have taken on a big hum and I dare say we could show you some wonders around here accomplished during the short time we have been in France.

"We have cut and shipped some hundreds of pine pilings, ranging from forty to sixty feet, which were used in building the docks where the majority of the American troops will land. We have one 20,000 capacity mill running night and day, and it has been running for more than a month, and it is very seldom that the mill does not overrun its stated capacity.

"In addition we have four small French mills running night and day of small capacity, probably of the size common around the Potomac. We are just about ready to start our large mill of 40,000 capacity which will run three shifts of eight hours each and I can assure you that every one's intention connected with this mill is to make it the largest producer in France. As a record is kept and posted weekly there will be no little interest taken in pushing logs through to the limit.

"We have a small railway built from the French railway, some three miles distant, up to both mills and also a railroad built back into the forest some distance which will be pushed into the interior as logging requires. In short, if what we produce here is going to put the Sammies across the Rhine and finish up this mess over here you can all prepare to read soon where they have crossed over, for we are not going to let anything interfere with pushing things to the very limit."

AMERICAN FORESTRY quotes the following excerpt from an interesting letter received from Captain Arthur C. Ringland, of the Tenth:

"The December issue of AMERICAN FORESTRY announces the organization of the Lumber and Forest Relief Committee to provide comforts for the men of the Tenth and Twentieth Engineers (Forestry). Colonel J. A. Woodruff, commanding the Tenth Engineers and those battalions of the Twentieth Engineers now in France desires to express his deep appreciation for the interest shown in the welfare of the men of his command. These

men come from the logging camps and mills of every lumber producing state, and from the personnel of the United States Forest Service. This nationalism in organization is making for the best of effort and will I am sure be reflected to the good of the lumber industry when the men return to civil life. For another thing these men will bring back deep impressions of the thrift of the French people and their conservation of national resources. For example, one battalion is now engaged in the logging of a planted fir forest that runs as high as fifty thousand board feet per acre!"

From Lieut. C. W. Smith, Chaplain of the Twentieth, this letter has been received by the Treasurer of the Fund being raised for the welfare of lumbermen and foresters in military service:

"My dear Mr. Ridsdale:

"No doubt you received in due time my receipt for the money given for use of the Twentieth and Tenth Engineers. I would like to write you a word of thanks. What assistance this money will be to me—no one can know as well as I. I greatly appreciate this fund, and on behalf of the Regiment send to you and the splendid body of men you represent our hearty thanks.

"The money has been deposited in the 'Farmers Loan and Trust Company,' Paris, France, to the credit of 'Welfare Fund Twentieth Engineers, United States Army,' C. Walter Smith, Treasurer. . . .

"Very soon the many needs of the Companies will drain heavily upon the fund. I will send you report and vouchers, about once in two months, or more often if possible. Any further money you may receive for this fund could be sent direct to Paris to the credit of the fund, as stated above, and notice sent to me. I do hope there will be a considerably larger fund on hand before next winter sets in. . . .

"Wish I could write you a long letter recounting our experiences thus far, but too many matters press me now. As soon as we get caught up a bit I will write you a real newsy letter. Believe me, the men are splendid and deserving of all the foresters and lumbermen can do for them."

The many friends of C. W. H. Douglass, of Syracuse, will be glad to know that he has been commissioned as a first lieutenant in the Signal Corps, Aviation Section. Mr. Douglass, until recently, Assistant Secretary of

THE TENTH ENGINEERS.

By Bugler W. P. Winslade, Co. C, 10th Engineers (Forest)

You can talk about your regulars
Your infantry and such,
And how they're going to do such wondrous things;
But when it comes to doing things
You've never done before,
You can hand it to the Tenth Engineers.

We came in from the highways,
From the forests and the hills,
From the valleys and most everywhere I guess;
And we started throwing guns around
At military drill,
In a way we'd never handled guns before.

Then we came across the water,
Landed here in Sunny France,
We landed in the mud and rain and slush;
And after, when the winter came
We labored in the snow,
And all expressed their thoughts of Sunny France.

To add to all our comforts,
We had naught but bully beef,
With hard-tack pudding as a special treat,
We slept in mud, we ate the mud,
And we drank the mud besides,
That is, when we couldn't get *vin blanc* and such.

We built a fine big saw-mill,
Right here among the pines,
And it made the natives stand around and stare.
It was everything American,
With 'lectric lights and all,
And it sure looked good to every fellow here.

Now we're cutting up the timber,
And we're handing out the goods,
And we feel as if we're doing our own share;
And if by leaving all behind,
We help to win this war,
We won't be sorry that we ever came.

the American Forestry Association arrived in England early in October, where he received advanced training in flying and aerial fighting with the Royal Air Force. Writing recently from Scotland to AMERICAN FORESTRY, Mr. Douglass said:

"The other day I saw a picture of the English machine, which has been doing demonstration flying over Washington. Only the cockpit of the machine showed but that was enough to identify it as an English training machine. That was the second 'bus' I ever flew and in it I learned to loop, spin, half-roll, side-slip, roll, Immelmann, etc. It's a very nice machine to handle. We're flying scouts now—smaller and much faster machines. They make over 100 miles per hour level and dive at over 200, and are very fast in stunting. In fact, the 'bus' I'm going overseas on is the fastest stunting 'bus' in use today, and has the record for Hun machines downed the last few months.

"For a long time flying did not appeal to me as a pastime—even after doing a lot—but now with some half a hundred air hours to my credit, I can't see a machine up without wanting to be up myself. Nothing is quite so much fun as flying low along the shore, or chasing a railroad train, or scrapping with another machine. Flying low one gets all the sensations of speed that you get in a car, except that the speed is faster and air bumps are not nearly so hard as those on the road. . . . Have been doing so much traveling around that settling down will be hard. A few trips of 100 miles or so by aeroplane, done in solid comfort in one and a half hours, or less, with an unobstructed view of the earth, makes even a short railway journey very irksome by contrast. The blue sky—and if you are above the clouds in a world apart, the carpet of bumpy, uneven vapor with white crests and deep shadows in the valleys is very new and beautiful. And to get up on a clear day to six or eight thousand feet and see the earth stretched out like a mosaic is even more entrancing. You can see silver ribbons, the rivers, winding down for many miles gradually growing by additions from others until they reach the sea. Flanking them are the brown and green fields, or gray-black patches of woodland all separated into apple order rectangles. The towns, with their red-tile roofs and myriads of chimney pots, make a pretty contrast in the bright sunlight with the browns and greens of nature."

Writing of the special work for the welfare of the Forest Regiments, in which the American Forestry Association has been so active, Mr. Douglass says:

"That's 'great stuff' you folks are doing for the Forest Engineers. Those boys will certainly be pleased with the real, material aid, and I'm in something of a position to know, being over here. The knitted things come in mighty handy, the canteens in camp are a priceless boon, and especially does the grafonola fill the musical need. We fairly starve for music and when a pianist appears he is pampered and fed and jealously guarded and worked to death at the piano. The special aid fund is fine, too. The whole thing is a splendid, patriotic service."

From Chaplain H. Y. Williams, of the Tenth, we have the following:

"Dear Mr. Ridsdale:

"On behalf of our regiment may I thank you and through you all those who have co-operated through the Welfare Fund for Lumbermen and Foresters in sending us the splendid check for our well-being, and the grafanolas. You can know that this goodness will mean even more than you can realize to the men. The efforts that you have put forth in the sweaters and in these new gifts are heartily appreciated and for it all we thank you from the bottom of our hearts. There are ten battalions of Foresters in the Twentieth and two in the Tenth Regiment. Chaplain Smith therefore turned over to me for our work one-sixth of the 4,000 dollars or 3,790.80 francs. If you wished a division on any other basis it can be changed at your request. The money I have deposited with the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company, Paris, where I shall draw check on it as needed. It is in the name of 'Tenth Engineers' Welfare Fund, H. Y. Williams, Treasurer.' Every few months I shall send you a statement of the fund, with account of purchases. The grafanolas have not arrived as yet but will be here shortly. We have a few but the new ones will fill in big gaps. I should appreciate it if your committee

could keep us supplied with needles for the same as they are difficult to secure in France and can only be purchased in very small quantities.

"Am attaching herewith a copy of my weekly record of 'doings,' some of which you may find interesting. With hearty appreciation of your good work for us, I am with deep gratitude," etc.

The "record" is printed in full:

Regimental Headquarters,
Tenth Engineers, A. E. F.,
April 10, 1918.

"This has been one 'tres vite' week and yours truly quite on the jump. Monday, a week ago, I went for my weekly visit to a small camp of men in charge of our loading and shipping to the front. They are some twelve miles from our big camps and located in a small railroad town, where the British have a similar detail of men. Just one visit a week means that I try to make it a specially worth while night. Early in the evening we held a lottery. Several boxes had come in with tobacco, books, socks, etc. Every man had a number and the lucky fellows get the lucky numbers which mean presents. It is great fun. Then we had our church service in the mess hall and you ought to hear those men sing. We have no piano, and I am not a real leader, but it seems to make no difference. I spoke on 'The Difference Faith in Immortality Makes in This Life,' and afterwards called for hymns. Perhaps you think that soldiers do not think much of heaven but you would have been surprised as I was, to have them ask for 'When the roll is called up yonder,' 'Saved by Grace,' and others' on the future life. Then the men listened to a victrola concert, many of the records having

just come from friends in the States. Every single man in that camp attended the service voluntarily and some invited Britishers of whom we had several. I rather imagine that some ministers at home would think that the Kingdom had arrived with a record like that. While I am writing of the evening and thinking of others like it, just let me add that any of you who would like to send things to soldiers will find them most appreciative of magazines, books, victrola records, socks, cakes, candies, games and tobacco. Personally I would not emphasize the latter, for men can buy it here, and when given out in quantity free it leads men to take up the habit who have never



LIEUT. C. W. H. DOUGLASS

A graduate of the New York State College of Forestry, late Assistant Editor of this magazine, and recently commissioned in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps.

used it before. For any of the above in large or small doses I can find a most appreciative recipient.

"Tuesday night I was in another camp and so it would have been through the week, but on my return home I found a telegram awaiting me calling me to regimental headquarters for a conference with the new chaplain of a similar regiment of engineers. He had been entrusted with a check of 3,970 francs (\$665) as our regiment's share of a welfare fund for forestry engineers in war service. Surely you folks at home are backing us up to the limit and such generosity will mean much to our men in making their hard work here more enjoyable, and thereby adding to their contentment. They are a splendid group and from their hearts appreciative of such kindness. From headquarters we went up to Paris for consultation with the Y. M. C. A. on work among our camps. It was my first actual experience of being under fire for the great gun was bombarding the city. The big shells are doing very little damage and cause scarcely any anxiety on the part of the Parisians. As for myself I did not recognize the fact that there was any added noise although a shell fell during lunch time on a street two blocks away. The city is filled now with refugees from the Amiens district and some wounded from the great offensive, while regiments are moving through to the front. I certainly wished that our regiment was going with them, as do most of our fellows. However, for the present we push the service of supplies and food for days to come. Everyone is confident that the Allies are going to rush the Huns back, and then we shall see the beginning of the end.

"Sunday I attended two church services; one, the American Church and in the evening the British Embassy Church. It was my first Sunday off for seven months and how good it seemed to enter a real church and hear someone else speak, and yet I think we have worshipped quite as acceptably on a ship's deck, in the open air under the great blue sky, in barns, tents, half-finished barracks, and recreation halls. But the church and its atmosphere brought back memories of the Homeland that made the day very precious. In the afternoon I went for a walk with a Red Cross officer, passing the Arc of Triumph and out the Boulevard de Boulogne to the Wood of the same name. Amid the passing throngs it hardly seemed possible that just fifty

miles away the greatest battle of history was then being enacted. The lake, the budding trees, the well-dressed pedestrians made a beautiful sight, but it was all sombered by the heavy black mourning which never leaves our sight in the land that has fought so nobly for freedom and given so largely of its life. . . .

"The leaders of our army have shown great wisdom in keeping our men out of the great cities, especially Paris, on their leaves and thus away from the terrific temptations there and the resulting consequences. The army has done everything possible to make attractive certain leave places where conditions are guarded and the men come back after a week's rest just crazy over the good times that they have had. The Y. M. C. A. arranges tramps, tours, stag-dances, movies, shows and best of all has a large number of real American girls present and their company means more than I can express and more than you will know unless you have been away from their good fellowship and inspiration for many months.

"By Monday night I had finished my work and left Paris. My seat had been reserved previously and strange to say I was the one man present in a compartment with five English nurses going back after leave to Italy. Well say, if it didn't seem like home. We chatted and laughed until late. I was proud of them and their unselfish spirit and bade them good-night with real regret. An American Major looked in our party and openly expressed his jealousy of the young Lieutenant. Surely he might well have for if I needed a tonic they certainly served that purpose. Arrived back at camp the next day and next week start out on my second tour of my parish which covers most of France. My opportunity is enormous and the responsibility is great. The latter sometimes staggers me but when I see the appreciation and responsiveness of the men and when I stop to remember that it is 'not by strength nor by His Spirit' that my work is to be done I go on rejoicing.

"May He who cares for each one of us help us individually to find our place in this the world's

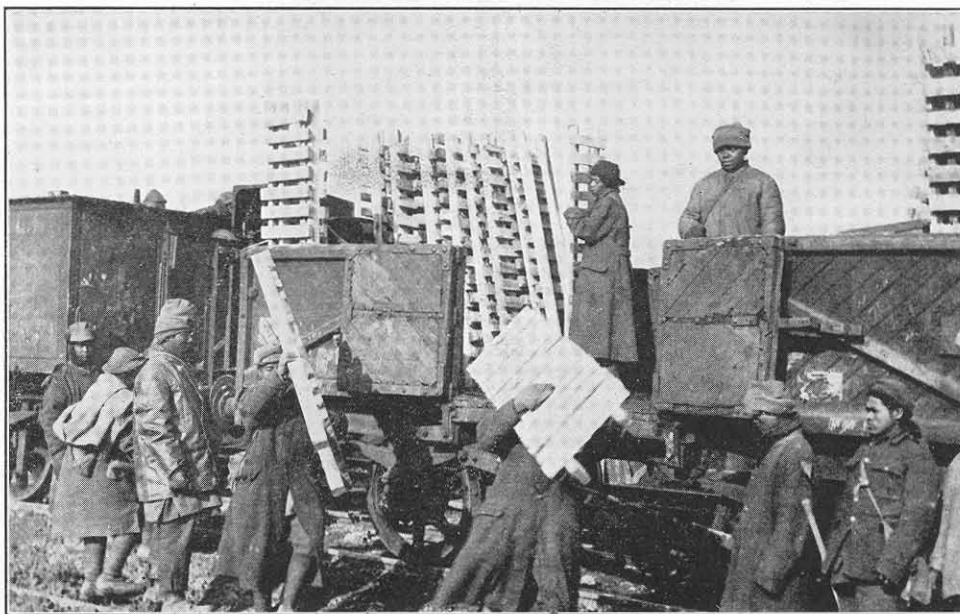
crisis and especially bless those who just now are fighting for Him and Democracy on the plains of Picardy. My best wishes. Faithfully yours,

"HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS, Chaplain."



LIEUT. HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS

Chaplain of the Tenth Engineers (Forest) and doing yeoman work for God and country in France.



Underwood and Underwood

JUST ONE OF THE MANIFOLD USES FOR WOOD IN THE WAR

These are wooden trench mats on which the soldiers stand in the trenches and which are used for making paths over muddy ground. As may well be imagined, they are very popular articles during the rainy season in France. They are here being removed from railway trucks.