INTIMATE REVIEW OF FOREST REGIMENT WORK

Major George H. Kelly of Portland, Commanding Fourth Battalion of the Twentieth Engineers, Describes Work Being Done in the French Forests—In the Vosges, Jura and Pyrenees Mountains, Pacific Coast Lumbermen and Loggers Are Supplying Allied Armies From the Native Forests of Europe.

This is the first war in modern times when the value of the skill of the woodman has been recognized to the fullest extent, both at home and abroad. The lumber production in the United States is of the greatest importance, and the aid given in furnishing the equipment of the American armies in France, and the fact that a large part of the work has been done by American foresters, is of the greatest national importance.

This was well recognized by the late President Taft, who said, "The United States is our greatest source of wealth and it is the greatest source of national strength."

In these forestry regiments the spirit of the Pacific Coast is dominant. Among the men who have pioneered in the lumber campaign in France with all the instincts of a leader of men is Major George H. Kelly, of the 20th Engineers (Forest), Major Kelly commenced his logging and lumber experience in the pine timber of Jackson County, Ore., and his push afterwards drifted to Lane County where he became a factor in the Hough-Kelly Lumber Co. Major Kelly gave up the lumber business for a number of years and engaged in the real estate and insurance business, well as becoming an active factor in the formation of a public service corporation.

Old Associates are with Major Kelly.

Among the closest associates of Major Kelly are Major St. J. Johnson of the Klamath Falls Manufacturing Co., Klamath Falls, Ore.; Major S. O. Johnson, of the Weed Lumber Co., Weed, Cal.; Captain F. F. Spencer, formerly of the McCloud River Lumber Co., McCloud, Cal.; and Captain W. D. Starbird, of Portland, Ore., the well-known sawmill engineer. These names are so familiar to the names associated with the Pacific Coast that their mere recital makes one feel as if they were in the presence of the real characters behind their various operations instead of risking their lives close to the western front getting out logs and lumber to assist in making the storm-tried old world safe for democracy.

Colonel Mitchell, who went overseas in command of the 20th Engineers (Forest), has been given command of a fighting regiment and sent to the front, and has been succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Marks.

The story of the work in which Major Kelly has been engaged in France, so far as it has been permitted him to tell it, is well presented in the following extracts, given in chronological order, from his letters to Mrs. Kelly and to other members of his family:

**Fast Work in Install Mill**

February 1—Just 35 days from the time we left the shores of the United States we had a small mill up and cutting lumber in action. No other organization has anywhere near equaled the record.

March 1.—Near Miribel, where we were one day, the wild bears have increased so above the past season as such an extent that they are a menace.

April 2.—I shall leave Thursday for an extended tour of inspection. I shall visit the New York, then to Orleans, then to Nantes, then to St. Nazaire and then back to the 2nd Engineer Co. in France. We are getting a good organization here and I think it will be effective. Major R. H. Johnson has been transferred here and is with me in the work. Also Captain Barlow reported today and will assist me. I have Captain Keller, Lieutenant Willis, Lieutenant Ethell, Lieutenant Agee also. The latter is stationed in Paris to look after my work there. Daley, my old clerk from Washington, is my stenographer.

**Finest Hardwood Forest in Europe**

April 14—I have just returned from the great hardwood forest of Chateau-Bucy, the private forest of the Count Vitrabre, and the oak forest of La Gave in Brittany. The last is supposed to be the finest hardwood forest in all Europe. It certainly is a magnificent one, almost entirely oak, and I have been over it in the United States.

April 16—We are making lots of lumber (seven million feet last month), and will double our output for April. We expect by August 1 to make a million feet a day. Besides this we get hundreds of thousands of barked wire entanglement posts, telegraph and telephone poles, pit props, trench props, hewn ties and a thousand cords of wood a day. In my charge are more men than the total populations of Eugene and Corvallis combined, and we shall soon get several thousand of them. When I get all rounded up, besides several tie mills and grinders, I shall have tool and equipment lease, and thousands of horses and mules and hundreds of two-ton wagons.

April 26—The first month I took the output increased 50 per cent over the previous month and Caisse 46 per cent over March and in May we hope to do still better.

**Find Celts in France**

May 5—I have just returned from an eight-day trip in the center of France and visited many strange looking people and queer sights. On the first day out I passed the beautiful Chateau Chinon, situated on an immense bluff surrounded with great walls, and behind this is the valley called Auverniers and are very different from the French. We ate at a hotel of the villages. It was market day and the little hotel was crowded. The men ate with their hats on and the principal items of diet were blood sausages and goats' cheese.

The country looks very much like Pleasant Hill, in Lane County, Ore., and is very beautiful at this time of the year. There was occasionally a French peasant child in regulation uniform, and comprised of a round stone tower with windmill perched on the top.

One day we were at a great port and saw many hundreds of American mechanics building freight cars for the U. S. Military Organization. It was good and the way the men were rushing the work in old shingle shoes was remarkable. At this place the men had built their shops out of lumber from packing cases that machinery comes in, and they did a fine job.

At this place we saw many women and lots of prisoners unloading ships and doing all kinds of work on the docks.

At one of our operations women cut all the cordwood and had cut so much that it covered a big, monstrosity factory where more than half the work was done by women. They run the lathes, steallf hammers, engines and do anything that a man can do.

I visited John's grave on Sunday and took out some flowers, a beautiful piece made from white tiles. Major A. A. Johnson took a lot of very beautiful iris and Captains and found flowers, and a great variety of cuttings. He is buried in the Balchon cemetery.

**Major Kelly Meets an Old Foesy**

The next day I saw Billy Norris. He is building some big steel warehouses and will be there some months.

My first station in France and stayed all night with my fourth battalion and had a real good time. We had a fine big convoy of ships and I hope they all reached port safely. On May 1 the whole country came to the beach and took their shoes off and solemnly waded into the ocean and crossed themselves. This is the first time I have been on any sea and on no account will we go into the water before May 1. The principal industry in this locality is tarpening. They cut a lot of beautiful pine trees, and the maritime pine tree and drive in a little tin spout and put a little earthen pot (like a flower pot) to catch the sap or pitch. This is carefully gathered and taken to large distilleries where turpentine and resin are made from it. This is a great industry and hundreds of miles of forests have been cleared for this purpose. The growing of tarpening is a Dutch thing and tarpening is made, is also an industry in France.

I stayed one night at a town where there were famous hot pools and the mineral waters maintained a large harem. Leaving there, we went here, part of a day over a stone paved road built by Napoleon. I crossed the beautiful Dordogne Valley and saw more "French Irishmen." Here many of the women were baredfoot, herding cows, goats, sheep or clearing the
roadside, but every one was knitting black woolen stockings.

I stayed one night at Limoges, a city of 110,040 people, where the whole industry is porcelain, pottery, dishes and enameled ware. Some of the most beautiful dishes I have ever seen were there.

Makes Excelsior for Soldiers' Beds.

May 7—I have been back just two days and must start at once for a mountain region in Southern France, about 150 miles from the Mediterranean, to pass on some large timber tracts and select, probably, the location for some large excelsior plants. We have to supply every month half a million pounds of dry, baled and disinfected excelsior for soldiers' mattresses, and it is a big job. We are getting our sawmills and other operations in good shape and shall make lots of lumber when fully equipped. We are getting 25,000 piles from 75 to 100 feet long for one job, and nine million feet of oak and beech timbers to complete it. On another job we get out eight million feet of round logs about a foot in diameter for cribbing.

May 14—I am getting ready to start on a three-weeks' drive in Northern and Eastern France. I am just back from a long trip to the south, in a rough mountain region, full of interest. The first night we stayed in a small village where there had been no Americans, in fact, in this whole region, on a former trip, I had been the "first American." The hotel mistress did all the cooking in a huge white tile...
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fireplace, in wonderful shining copper utensils, on a huge crane. It was great food and when we left the old lady almost cried.

On our next stop there was a fine little city of 1000, perched on a mountain side, and on the topmost pinnacle of the mountain was a great statue of Mary, 150 feet high and so large that one can go up inside the statue and look out of the head. Here all the buildings were roofed with flat stones (not slate) about two inches thick.

The next day we examined two tracts of timber and on our return to town found a great market day being held. There was a French officer buying cattle, hogs and sheep for the Allied armies. The cattle are red, long-horned, and very large and look like Devons. The sheep were all marked by different rags or ribbons tied to their backs and were all tied together by rope made of twisted straw. The huge white hogs were marked with paint on their backs and had ears as long as their noses, which were certainly the longest noses ever. The old peasant women drive the pigs along the road with a string on one hind leg, a la Mother Goose. Reeves tried to milk a goat, with poor success, but furnished much amusement to the crowd.

A mile from this town is Anna Gould's famous chateau, very beautiful. The hills were covered with Oregon grape and yellow narcissus and wild pansies. The timber there is good white fir and tamarack.

Roman Abbey is 800 Years Old.

The next day we stayed over night in a little village of 560 and visited the great Roman abbey of "La Chaise Dieu." This was started in the year 1060 and finished in 1260. The religious wars of the sixteenth century damaged the fine wood and marble carvings considerably but the great carved pipe organ (of white fir) is still in use. Here are buried Pope Clement and Queen Edith. The priest shows the pope's brain in a glass jar and Queen Edith has had the face smashed off the great marble effigy on top of her tomb. The magnificent bronze altar was presented by King Louis Phillippe. Extending clear around the immense cathedral are the most famous of tapestries, all of gold and silver thread and three-quarters of an inch thick. The story is of the life of Christ from his birth to the Ascension. J. P. Morgan offered this poor, squalid, dirty little village two million dollars for these tapestries but did not succeed in getting them. On another wall and extending around the cathedral is a great mural painting depicting the "Dance of Death." Under the stone flags of the floor are graves of notables who passed away centuries ago. I saw several dated 1612 and there were many from which the dates have been obliterated by the thousands of worshippers who have passed over them.

Trip Made to Battle Front.

May 30—1: We started by car on a 15-day motor trip to Northern and Eastern France and have seen much beautiful and interesting country. I first passed through several villages given over entirely to the manufacture of baskets, willow and a coarse reed. That night we stayed at a famous French watering place, where I drank gallons of the famous Vittel water and had a bath in a real bath tub; some luxury and not to be passed lightly.

We went up toward the front and passed many troops and more cannon than you could count. Each bore the name of some woman. There are Susies, Blanches, Yvetais and names without number.

The next day I visited one of our piling camps six miles from Germany, where we are getting out long dock pilings. Just before I arrived an American aviator brought down a Boche airplane almost in our camp. About 600 feet from the ground the Boche pilot lost control of his plane and it turned over twice. The Boche first lieutenant fell out of the plane and was dashed to pieces. He had his arms crossed and a rapid fire gun in each of his hands clenched so tightly that they had to be prise out of his death grip. The pilot, badly wounded, fell with his machine in a little meadow and was captured. Our officers had a lot of interesting souvenirs of the fight.

The next day was some kind of a French floral holiday and everywhere we went the French children would shower us with flowers, mostly lilies of the valley, which grow wild in great profusion here.

Sees Air Fight.

Sunday morning at 5 a. m. I was in my hotel and was awakened by heavy cannonading right in the town. I went, in my pajamas, out on the bedroom balcony and saw a fine fight between a Boche plane and anti-aircraft guns. After half an hour the Boche got enough and turned for home.

TENTH AND EIGHTH ENGINEERS OPERATE A LOGGING INCLINE IN FRANCE SIMILAR TO THOSE IN USE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

1—Logging incline in the Vesges Mountains, built by the Twentieth Engineers. The line is 2300 feet in length laid with 80-pound steel, grade 70 per cent. The ground conditions are similar to those on the Pacific Coast. The timber in this section is fir and the best in France. 2—One of the several timber yards established by the Twentieth Engineers. This one contains six million feet of stock. 3—Timber near Camp Malson Du Bois, Deux, France. 4—Bugs with the top of the incline and logs to the mill. 5—Loading car of logs at the top of the incline in the Vesges Mountains. Sixty thousand feet of logs per day by 10 hours are handled by this incline.
I went up to the front the next day and passed through villages which had been occupied and recaptured again by the Allies. We saw many of the usual sights of war: fields of ruins and pockmarked with shell holes. Many streets were lined with shell holes and shell-treaded by German troops. We also saw the famous stone house, which was used as a hospital by the Germans during the war. It is now a museum and is open to the public. The building is surrounded by high walls and is surrounded by a large garden.

Eating American Ham and Eggs.

Next we went to Central France. Passed through beautiful country and most interesting. One section has acres of mustard from which the famous Dijon mustard is made. Here also is a famous cathedral, and on the front entrance are three rows of gargoyles that appeared to be the ugliest in the world. Dijon is famous for its wine and is the center of all the hop growing in France. Going down the valley we found a road made of stone and travelers said it was the best road in France. We passed many villages and saw many old men and women gathering grapes. The wine is excellent and the grapes are ripe. We saw many men working in the fields, and the harvest was in full swing.

Immensely Supply Depot.

June 5—Today is Sunday and all of the captains have gone on a big depot to look after our machinery that comes in the day in the day and night. We have two officers and about 200 men at the depot but we are going to get our equipment and make it right. We have 240 miles of tracks and 240 miles of rail. The depot is also the site of the largest locomotive in France, and thousands of men work there. We have been trying to get this depot going for a long time.

An Imposing City.

I have just returned from a week's trip by auto through Central France, southern Normandy and most of Brittany, and am just ready to start in the morning for eight days in Southern France, where we will see many interesting places. The first place we stopped was one of our engineer depots where we employ men by the thousands and have some of the most modern equipment. Here are millions of pounds of everything used by an army, which are being constantly shipped in and out. This is only one of many such depots and I speak of this one because most of my stuff goes there and I keep two officers and a lot of men there to look after the forestry interests.

We went 10 or 12 miles to a place where we have a 1,000-foot tall cut of wood and a good pike cutting Scotch pines. The pikes are small and run about 72 to the thousand feet. The day before we started there was a mine of 1,500 tons in 25 tons, which is a log every 45 seconds. That is not bad for France. We had lunch there and had real strawberries, real sugar and real goats' cream, and it was fine.

A Large Chateau.

We then went to one of our piliers and stayed there where we are getting in large piling in a forest (Chateau) which is owned by a rich Aris- trian and seized by the French and sold to us. That is, part of the time was used by the Allies and the woods are fine. The chateau is the most famous in France. I went through part of it and took two hours. I saw our own country and had 61 stairs. One and two spiral stairways with open windows so that one can see who is on the other stairway at any time. There are many houses and hundreds of people taking and selling for small boats. Napoleon I turned it over to the French in 1804. Madame Maintenon also lived in it.

The next day we passed through a sisal and lumbering region. The fields are full of good fish and the water is perfect for our sawmills. We had lunch there and had the same kind of lunch we had at the depot. We passed 10,000-foot tall cut of wood and ate our dinner there. The day after we started there was a mine of 1,500 tons in 25 tons, which is a log every 45 seconds. That is not bad for France. We had lunch there and had real strawberries, real sugar and real goats' cream, and it was fine.

(Continued on page 62)
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FOREST REGIMENT WORK

(Continued from page 30)

floors in all the bedrooms, laid on hewn oak beams. We called after dinner on the Duke of Blaquers, who owns a fine chateau here and about everything else in the vicinity that is worth owning. He very graciously permitted us to view his park, garden, green houses, forest, and everything outside, but did not invite us inside, although the evening was warm and we were thirsty. We hinted in our very best French that the chateau, which is 766 years old, must contain many interesting things and would be very interesting to Americans, but the duke did not “fall” for our line of talk.

"Kellyville" is Town in France.

June 19—I visited John’s sawmill and saw many of the old boys there. They have changed the name of the station from the former French name and it is now officially called “Kellyville.”

Is Near to Spanish Border.

June 18—I left Tours about 10 days ago for an inspection trip to Southern France and went so far south that I could see Spain, only five miles away. The day before I left was on a Sunday and we saw a very curious thing. Half a block from where I live is a large park with an artificial pond in it. All around the pond spaces are marked off a yard wide and sold at auction. The places are all numbered and the buyer has the right to fish in this three feet from morning until night. Then his catch is appraised by an official and all the proceeds go into a war fund. An admission fee is also charged to the park on that day and the band plays all day. The place was packed and a few little fish four or five inches long were caught by the patient anglers.

I stopped at La Rochelle, a famous old city, and the place of the adventures of the Three Musketeers. It is a walled city and was in early days the strongest fortified city in France. It was held by the English and besieged by Richelieu. There is still a great moat surrounding the walls, that can be flooded from the sea, and numerous towers on the immense walls. At every entrance to the city are the heavy old doors and drawbridges. All around are loopholes for musketeers and big holes for the funny old cannon of early days.

I wrote you of my visit to Bordeaux. From there I went down to the Gulf of Gasconny to Mimizan-les-Bains, where I put in my first days in France. On Sunday we motored to Biarritz, the most famous coast resort in France, if not in the world. From Biarritz we went to Ber-
The next day I started homeward and stopped at a little village where there is a monument marking the exact geographical center of France. There I met Sells Stewart, "Japs Hill's" son-in-law (formerly with the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. at Pendleton, Ore.) and had a nice visit with him. He is in charge of a big oak logging camp and is looking fine and doing well.

The reference by Major Kelly to "visiting John's grave" is to his son, Lieutenant John Kelly, who was the forest forces of the United States in France and was killed in an automobile accident.

IMPORTANT BOX MEETING

(Continued from page 30)

S. L. Hynan, Puget Sound Box Co., Seattle, Wash.
W. D. Berr, National Box Manufacturers' Association, Chicago.
R. B. Rawley, Box Bureau, Western Pine Manufacturers' Association, Portland.
J. O. Taylor, Great Northern Lumber Co., Leavenworth, Wash.
W. R. Cram, Sier Mill Co., Raymond, Wash.
W. R. Biggs, Bakers & Shawbut, Lyre, Wash.
James C. Walker, Mississippi Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.
J. G. Coutchet, Ferris Wire Tying Machines Co., Seattle.
A. W. Cooper, H. St. Mattrin and George Shildt, Western Pine Manufacturers' Association, Portland.
L. C. Callas, Western Pine Box Sales Co., Spokane.
C. C. Hedlund, Hedlund Box & Shingle Co., Spokane.
P. J. Lechland, Potlatch Lumber Co., Potlatch, Idaho.
D. E. O'Felt, Hedland Box & Shingle Co., Spokane.
W. M. Lechland, Deer Park Lumber Co., Deer Park, Wash.
H. P. Jones, Deer Park Lumber Co., Deer Park, Wash.
Sam E. Hibberson, American Lumberman, Chicago.
J. P. Broad, Opportunity Box Factory, Spokane.
A. W. Clark, Portland.