

INTIMATE VIEW 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 woodsman has been appreciated to its fullest extent, both at home and abroad. The lumber production in the United States, so essential for building airplanes, ships, cantonments and other Government requirements, has been magnificently supplemented by the work of the forestry regiments in France, which include in their ranks the skill, prowess and daring of the real woodsman.

In these forestry regiments the spirit of the Pacific Coast is dominant. Among the men who have planned and executed the 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. He afterwards drifted to Lane County where he became a factor in the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. Major Kelly gave up the lumber business for a number of years and engaged in the real estate and insurance business, as well as becoming an active factor in the formation of a public service corporation. When the call of his country for men to form forestry regiments for overseas work was made he immediately responded, with many other men who today are giving every ounce of energy both of mind and body in securing the necessary lumber to carry forward the campaign against the Hun.

The topography of the country where the lumber operations are being carried forward in France is rough, broken and steep. The logging of this timber presents no insuperable obstacles to the men of the George Kelly type. If the timber is at a height of several thousand feet above the railroad, logging inclines several feet long are installed just as is the common practice on the Pacific Coast.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that The Timberman is able to reproduce some of the very interesting scenes depicting lumbering operations in France, through the kindness of Mrs. George H. Kelly.

Old Associates are with Major Kelly.

Among the closest associates of Major Kelly are Major R. A. 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 lumbermen of the Pacific Coast that their mere recital makes one feel as if they were actually on the Coast conducting 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.

Major Kelly was always a capital story teller and his letters to his family give evidence of his ability to write with fluency, and his interesting spotlights bring out in relief the high spots.

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 Installing Mill.

February 8—Just 35 days from the time we left the shores of the United States we had a small mill up and cutting lumber in France. No other organization has anywhere near equaled the record.

March 1—Near Miribeau, where I was one day, the wild boars have increased since the war began to such an extent that they are a menace.

April 2—I shall leave Thursday for an extended tour of inspection. I shall go first to Chateau-Roux, then to Orleans, then to Nantes, then to St. Nazaire and then back to my "home 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 Keifer, 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-Roux, the private forest of the Count Vibraye, and the oak forest of La Gauve in Brittany. The last is supposed to be the finest hardwood forest in all Europe. It certainly is a magnificent one, almost entirely large, tall, straight oak and far ahead of any oak I have ever seen 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 out hundreds of thousands of barbed 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 more. I will have 59 sawmills when I get all rounded up, besides several tie mills and about a dozen French mills that we lease, and thousands of horses and mules and hundreds of two-ton trucks.

April 20—The first month I took hold the output increased 50 per cent over the previous month. For April we shall show an increase of 40 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 south and saw much beautiful and interesting country and 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 on the walls most beautiful lilacs in full bloom. The next day I passed through a section where the people are of Celtic origin and are of distinctly Irish type. The women and girls have coal black hair and gray eyes, while the men all wear side whiskers. They are called Auvergnés and are very different from the French. We ate lunch in one 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 flour mill perched on some elevation and comprised of a round stone tower with windmill power for grinding.

One day we were at a great port and saw many hundreds of American mechanics building freight cars for the U. S. A. railroads. It looked good and the way the men were rushing the work would shame the loafers at home. 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 port 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 take care of the brush. I saw a big, munition factory where more than half the work was done by women. They run the lathes, steam 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 lilacs. Major Robert A. Johnson took a lot of beautiful iris and Captain Frazier some fine carnations. He is buried in the Talence cemetery.

Major Kelly Meets An Old Friend.

The next day I saw Billy Norris. He is building some big steel warehouses and will be there some months. I then went back to my first station in France and stayed all night with my fourth battalion and had a fine visit with them. I saw 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 day of the bathing season and on no account will they go into the water before May 1.

The principal industry in this locality is turpentine. They cut a long vertical gash in a 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, tar and resin are made from it. This is a great industry and hundreds of miles of forests are planted and carefully tended for this purpose. The growing of cork oak, from the bark of which corks are made, is also an industry in this section.

I stayed one night at a town where there were famous hot springs and where Julius Caesar maintained a large harem. Leaving there I drove 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 barefooted, herding cows, goats, sheep or geese along the



MAJOR GEORGE H. KELLY



STAFF OFFICERS, FOURTH BATTALION, 20TH ENGINEERS (FOREST)
Standing, right to left—Major George H. Kelly, Commander; Captain W. D. Starbird, Engineer Officer. Seated, left to right—Captain E. C. Wemple, adjutant; First Lieutenant P. D. Mackie, Supply Officer.

roadside, but every one was knitting black woolen stockings.

I stayed one night at Limoges, a city of 110,000 people, where the whole industry is porcelain, pottery, dishes and enameled ware. Some of the most beautiful dishes I have ever seen were there.

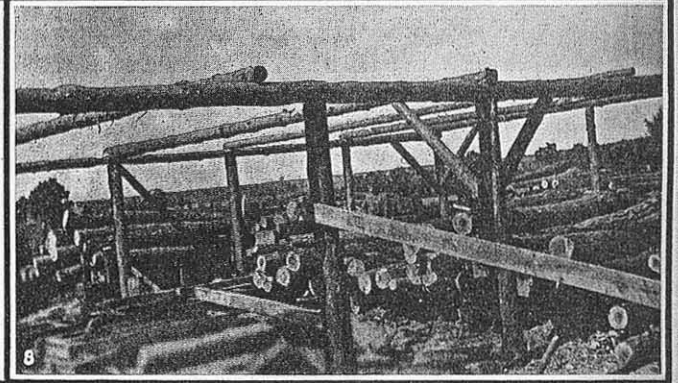
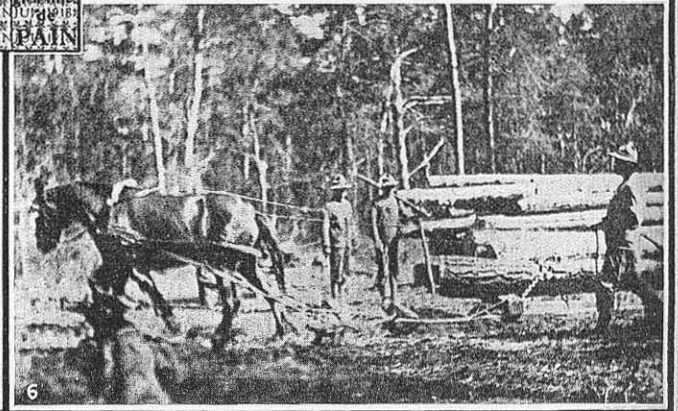
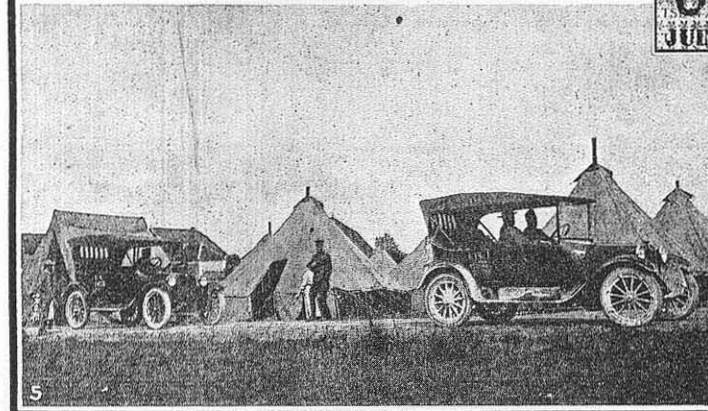
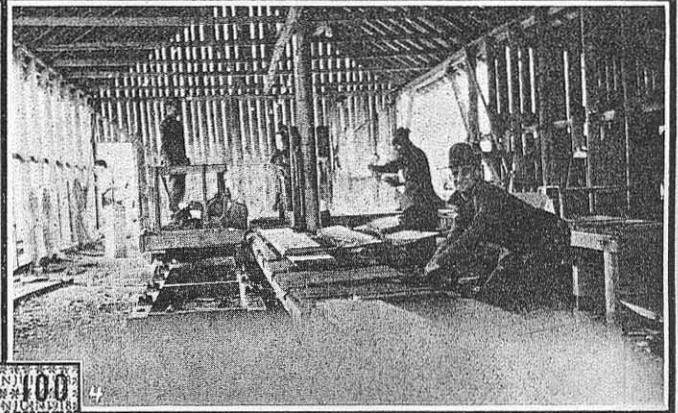
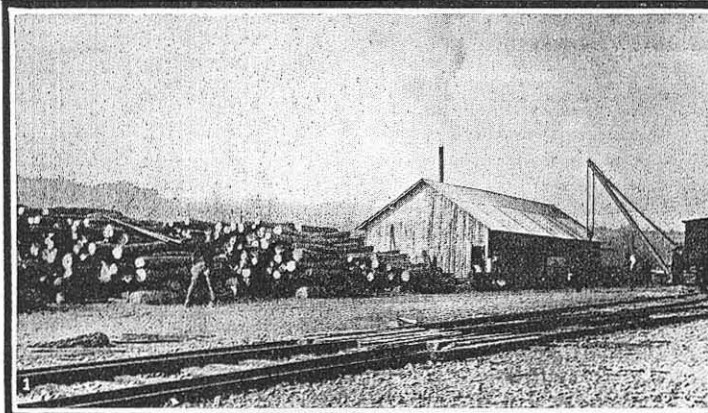
Makes Excelsior for Soldiers' Beds.

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 Med-

iterranean, 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 29,000 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 proprietress did all the cooking in a huge white tile



SAWMILL AND LOGGING SCENES ILLUSTRATING THE WORK OF THE TWENTIETH ENGINEERS IN FRANCE

1—One of the many small mills working on hardwood logs. 2—Majors Kelly and Johnson sizing up a Scotch pine log. 3—Logs are conveyed to some of the mills by motor truck. 4—Interior of one of the Twentieth Engineers' Sawmills. 5—One of the many logging camps. 6—Bringing in a sled load of Scotch pine logs. 7—A logging camp in the Vosges Mountains. 8—This will be a sawmill tomorrow. Frame up and logs on the ground. Insert—French bread ticket.

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 5000, 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 500 and visited the great Roman abbey

of "la Chaise Dieu." This was started in the year 1060 and finished in 1200. 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 1622 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—I have just returned from 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.

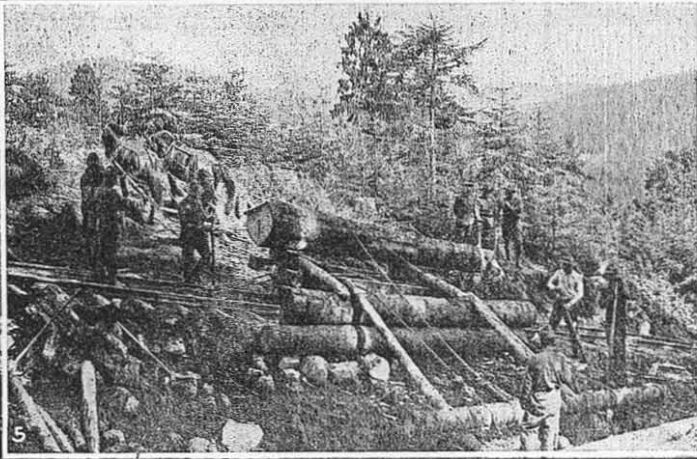
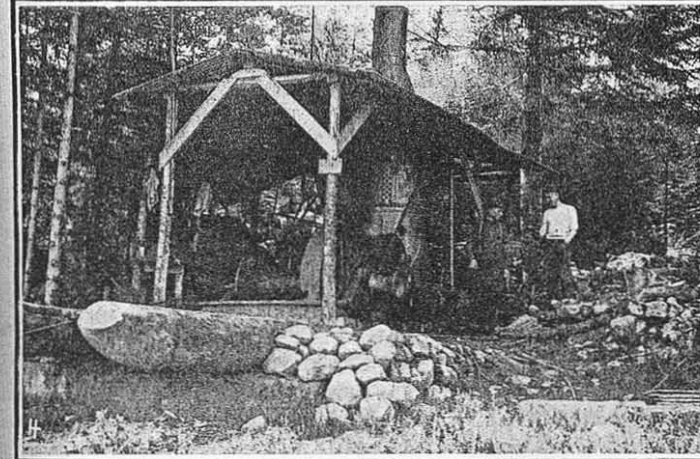
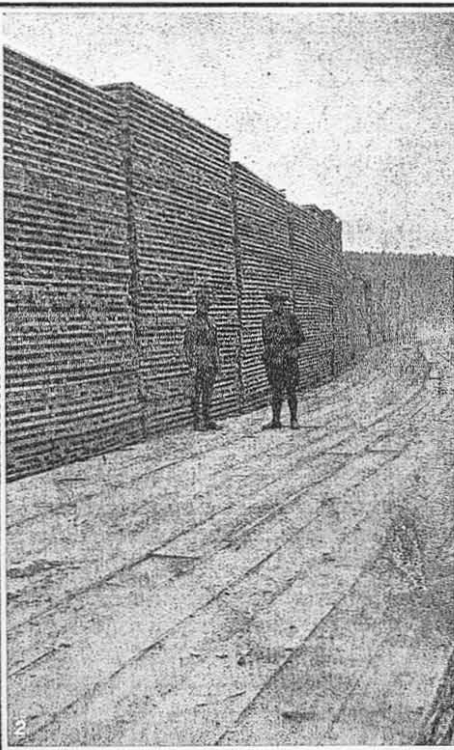
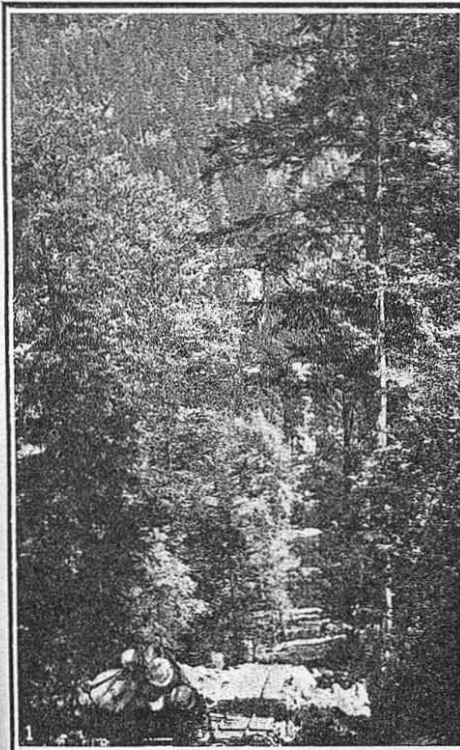
We went up toward the front and passed many troops and more cannon than you could count. Each bore the name of some woman. There are Susies, Blanches, Yvettes and names without number.

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 pried 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.

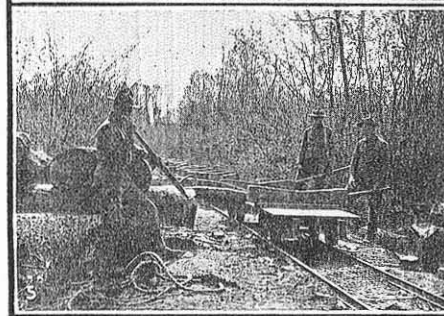
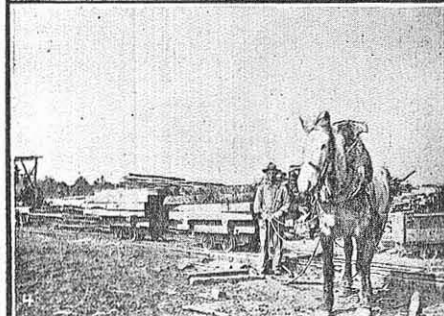
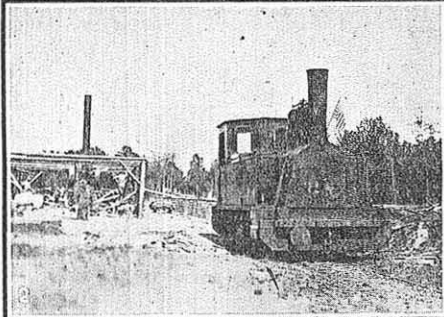
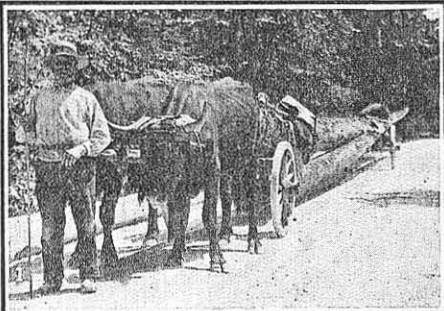


TWENTIETH ENGINEERS OPERATE A LOGGING INCLINE IN FRANCE SIMILAR TO THOSE IN USE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

1—Logging incline in the Vosges Mountains, built by the Twentieth Engineers. The line is 2200 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 lumber yards established by the Twentieth Engineers. This one contains six million feet of stock. 3—Timber near Camp Malson Du Bois, Doubs, France. 4—Big engine at the top of the incline used to lower logs to the mill. 5—Loading a car of logs at the top of the incline in the Vosges Mountains. Sixty thousand feet of logs per day of 10 hours are handled by this incline.

I went up to the front the next day and passed through villages which have been occupied and recaptured again by the Allies. You never saw such ruins and devastation. Every house is scarred with shells, most of them destroyed entirely. The fields are dotted with graves and pockmarked with shell holes. Many atrocities were committed here by the Hun, some of the worst in the war.

We are to land some piling here, but we have



LOGGING SCENES ON THE SWISS BORDER

1—A French logger two miles from the Swiss frontier in the Alps. The logs are fir 100 feet long. 2—One of the Belgian locomotives used by the Twentieth Engineers in logging operations. 3—Logging a tract of oak. 4—Tramway at one of the mills. Note the French harness on the horse. 5—A logging railroad. Note the type of cars lying at the railway.

to do it at night as the Boche has exact range on the depot, one corner of which recently was knocked off. We passed a road house and hotel where the German officers all registered their names and the proprietor takes great pride in showing this souvenir. We passed a great balloon school and saw the boys learning to get off one in 15 seconds on a parachute.

Our logging camp is near and the boys gave me a fine trout dinner. The River Doubs here is full of good fish. Besides these I had American pie. The French never make pie or pancakes and consequently never have lived.

We passed through a good city in a narrow valley where they make more smokers' pipes of wood than any other city in the world. It has a number of seven-story buildings, which are a great novelties in France. The next city we passed makes combs its industry. They are made of bull horn and sold as tortoise shell. The cities are in the Jura Alps, near the Swiss border. Going down this valley we found a road made by Julius Caesar when he invaded Gaul. On every point was a Roman watch tower where the garrisons left by Caesar could signal from one to the other.

I found our troops billeted in a stone house 400 years old and a big slate roof barn of equal age. The forest we are cutting here was planted by the Jesuit priests in 1600. They built a big monastery here. We are using the big stone fish ponds where the priests raised their fish, for the water reservoir for our sawmill.

I stayed one night at the summer resort on Lake Nantau, near the Swiss border 35 miles from Geneva. The lake is three miles long and surrounded by high mountains; reminds me of our own beautiful lakes in the Cascades.

Eats 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 are supposed to be the ugliest in the world. Dijon is famous for its beer and it is the center of all the hop growing in France. I went out to a camp near here and had ham and eggs (American ham), and custard pie. This place is the origin of the Gloire de Dijon rose, which you will recall is one of our early climbing roses. From here I traveled all day through Burgundy, famous for wine and grapes. Hundreds of miles of vineyards, mostly worked by old women and German prisoners. That night I dined with eight French officers and had a good time, a good dinner and spoke much bad French.

Today was a big market day in the village and we passed hundreds of carts on their way. They were loaded with people, and underneath, slung to the axles were their pigs, chickens and goats crowded into crates and coops.

Nearing home I took a new road along the River Loire and passed hundreds of cliff dwellers. Some of the places dug out of the cliffs are quite pretentious and others do not look very inviting.

Station is at Tours.

June 2—We are allowed now to state where we are. I have been since February 19 at Tours, one of the largest and most famous cities of France. It has a normal population of 110,000 and now has many refugees from Northern France and Belgium. I say nothing of many Americans. I am getting three more of our largest sawmills in operation this week and shall make lots of lumber in June.

Immense Supply Depot.

June 9—Today is Sunday and all of my captains have gone out to a big depot to look after our machinery that comes in there daily. I keep two officers and about 74 men at the depot but go there frequently myself to keep in touch with our equipment as it arrives. We have 240 miles of sidetracks there and warehouses galore. The depot is also the site of the largest ice plant in France, and thousands of men work there loading and unloading.

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 and the Pyrenees region. The first place we stopped was one of our engineer depots where we employ men by the thousands and have miles of warehouses and 240 miles of tracks. 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 they have a 10,000-foot mill cutting Scotch pine and poplar. The logs are small and run about 72 to the thousand feet. The day I was there the mill cut 1500 logs in 20 hours, which is a log every 48 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 piling camps where we are getting out long piling in a forest (Chambord) owned by a rich Austrian and seized by the French and sold to us. That is, part of the timber was sold to us. The chateau is the most famous in France. I went through part of it and took two hours. It contains 440 rooms and has 63 staircases. One is a double spiral stairway, with open windows so that one can see who is on the other stairway at any time. It looks like two corkscrews twisted together. It is very old and was the residence of Henry IV and Louis XIV, and many notable refugees, such as Stanislaus, king of Poland, and many others. Napoleon I turned it over to the Princess of Spain as her residence. Madame Maintenon also lived in it.

The next day we passed through a sawmill and logging operation worked by Belgians and a lot of their Boche prisoners. In the woods are many Belgian women working barefoot and barelegged, doing the hardest woods labor. Most of them had their legs bleeding from scratches and cuts on the brush.

A little further we came into a region of climbing roses, red ramblers mostly, and passed out of the wine district into a country where only cider is drunk. It has Hood River cider beaten to death. We broke our auto and had to go to a big seaport to get it fixed. We rode 35 miles in a motor truck and got the car mended the same day. I met Linn Nesmith, a nephew of John Burgard and a relative of Pat McArthur. He was well and getting along fine. I saw many American ships, American cars and locomotives, and, best of all, lots of my own freight. One ship just came in with 1000 tons for me that I wanted badly.

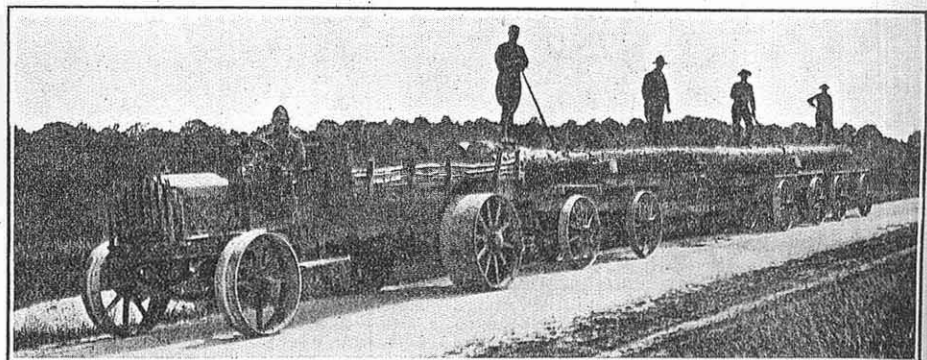
I saw women firemen in all the locomotives and oxen on all the mowing machines. Hay harvest (clover, mostly) was starting.

We went to another large port where two ships were discharging a lot of sawmill stuff and after arranging that it should be shipped ahead of everything, we started homeward. We stayed over night at a little village in an inn so old that nobody knows its age. It had brick

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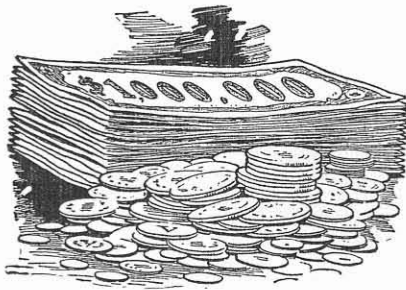


MAJOR R. A. JOHNSON



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PATENT ROOFING ADVERTISING

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FOREST REGIMENT WORK

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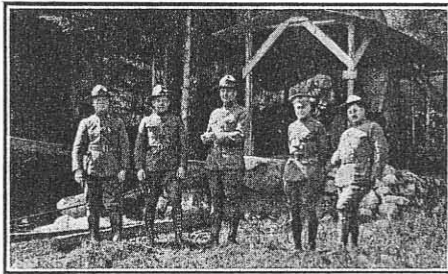
floors in all the bedrooms, laid on hewn oak beams. We called after dinner on the Duke of Blacques, who owns a fine chateau here and about everything else in the vicinity that is worth owning. He very graciously permitted us to view his park, garden, green houses, forest, and everything outside, but did not invite us inside, although the evening was warm and we were thirsty. We hunted in our very best French that the chateau, which is 700 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 13—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.

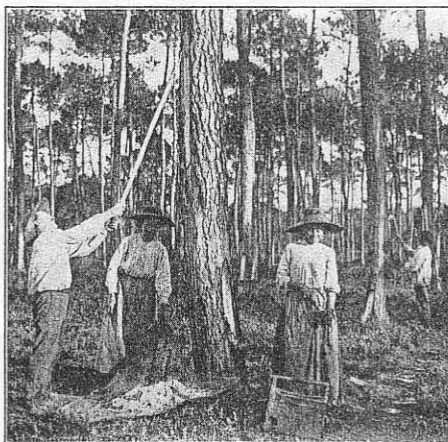
June 18—I left Tours about 10 days ago for an inspection trip to Southern France and went so far south that I could see Spain, only five miles away. The day before I left was on a Sunday and we saw a very curious thing. Half a block from where I live is a large park with



PACIFIC COAST OFFICERS OF 20TH ENGINEERS
Left to Right—Captain John Perry, formerly superintendent of the Fruit Growers' Supply Co., Hill, Cal.; Captain F. F. Spencer, formerly assistant to president of the McCloud River Lumber Co., McCloud, Cal.; Major Robert A. Johnson, president of the Klamath Manufacturing Co., Klamath Falls, Ore.; Colonel Mitchell; Major S. O. Johnson, vice-president Weed Lumber Co., Weed, Cal.

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



Turpentine Harvesting in the South of France

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 Gascogne to Mimizau-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-

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gerac, the home of "Cyrano de Bergerac." We saw one woman with a very long nose who might have been a descendant.

The next day I started homeward and stopped in a little village where there is a monument marking the exact geographical center of France. There I met Sells Stewart, "Jap" Hill's son-in-law (formerly with the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co. at Wendling, 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 in the forest forces of the United States in France and was killed in an automobile accident.

PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia, August 1, 1918.

As usual during July, the market has been very dull. Buying by the yards has been very limited, due largely to the uncertainty caused by the Government price fixing. Stocks are low but the retail dealers say that there is no incentive to stock up until there is considerable building in sight. The yards are entirely opposed to the Government price fixing as it applies to mill shipments for domestic business. Contractors and builders are already feeling the pinch.

The Government claims that the prices are high enough to allow of a profit for the dealers, but mills are generally refusing to book orders except at the full Government prices. Probably half the sales made by city yards come direct from the mills to the freight siding nearest to the job. As the Government price covers all such shipments, neither the wholesalers nor the retailers can add a profit, hence the consumer has only two courses open, neither of which help much. He must either go to the mill or go to the retail yard and pay a heavy retail price. In nine cases out of 10 the consumer does not know what mills to go to, or knowing a few, cannot locate a mill which can and will ship his particular order. Again, in many cases the consumer cannot pay cash for his lumber and the mill refuses to carry him. That throws him back on the retail yard and if he cannot find the lumber in stock in the retail yards, it is almost impossible to secure the lumber save to have the retailer buy the lumber, ship it to his yard, unload and pile it and then later haul at heavy expense to the consumer.

IMPORTANT BOX MEETING

(Continued from page 30)

- E. F. C. Van Dassel, Phoenix Lumber Co., Spokane, Wash.
- S. L. Hyman, Puget Sound Box Co., Seattle.
- W. D. Burr, National Box Manufacturers' Association, Chicago.
- E. D. Rowley, Box Bureau, Western Pine Manufacturers' Association, Portland.
- J. C. Biles, Peshastin Mill Co., Blewett, Wash.
- L. O. Taylor, Great Northern Lumber Co. Leavenworth, Wash.
- H. B. Rinker, Cashmere Lumber Co., Cashmere, Wash.
- A. F. Sexton, Western Pine Mfg. Co., Spokane.
- H. M. Strathern, Post Falls Manufacturing Co., Post Falls, Idaho.
- W. S. Crain, Siler Mill Co., Raymond, Wash.
- W. R. Biggers, Biggers & Shawbut, Lyle, Wash.
- Geo. M. Cornwall, The Timberman, Portland.
- James C. Walker, Mississippi Valley Lumberman, Minneapolis.
- J. G. Cotchett, Gerrard Wire Tying Machines Co., Seattle.
- H. R. Schenker, Kootenai Box Manufacturing Co., Spirit Lake, Idaho.
- D. R. Rosenberry, Potlatch Lumber Co., Potlatch, Idaho.
- W. H. Anderson, Bridal Veil Lumbering Co., Portland.
- C. H. Edwards, West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Portland.
- A. W. Cooper, H. St. J. Malvin and George Shields, Western Pine Manufacturers' Association, Portland.
- W. B. Davis, E. A. Cranston Co., Spokane.
- J. B. Knapp, Shevlin-Hixon Company, Bend, Ore.
- F. E. Campbell, Grays Harbor Commercial Co., Cosmopolis, Wash.
- D. J. Wilson, Lewiston Box Co., St. Maries, Idaho.
- J. C. Barline, Western Pine Box Sales Co., Spokane.
- E. L. Clark, St. Maries Wooden Box Co., St. Maries, Idaho.
- J. J. Marischal, J. J. Marischal & Co., Spokane.
- D. C. Hedlund, Hedlund Box & Shingle Co., Spokane.
- P. M. Lachmund, Potlatch Lumber Co., Potlatch, Idaho.
- D. S. Ofelt, Hedlund Box & Shingle Co., Spokane.
- W. M. Leuthold, Deer Park Lumber Co., Deer Park, Wash.
- H. P. Jones, Deer Park Lumber Co., Deer Park, Wash.
- Bert E. Hilborn, American Lumberman, Chicago.
- J. F. Broad, Opportunity Box Factory, Spokane.
- A. W. Clark, Portland.

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