

With the First U.S. Lumberjacks

10th Engineers (Forestry)

By INTERPRETER NOEL A. DEW, 10th Engineers (Forestry)

The Southern Lumberman is pleased to present this, the first of a series of articles, by Mr. Noel A. Dew, who is a member of the First Forestry Regiment and who will serve as interpreter to the staff.

Mr. Dew has been living in the United States for five years, having been born in Bangor, North Wales, the son of Squire William Dew, of Brym Bras Castle. He graduated from Rugby with classical honors and completed his education in France and Belgium. While living in Wales, where he was a member of the firm of William Dew & Son, he was attached as supernumerary second lieutenant with the Welsh Carnarvon Royal Garrison Artillery. In 1912 Mr. Dew resigned his commission and came to America. He entered the lumber business on the Pacific Coast as a civil engineer with the Portland Lumber Company, later being promoted to assistant superintendent of that company's operation. After serving with other lumber companies on the coast, he joined the staff of the Timberman in 1916, being connected with that publication when he enlisted.

American University, Washington, D. C., Aug. 24—When the round up takes place, gentlemen of the lumber industry, the poorest cattle will be the first secured because they will be nearer the water hole, and therefore easily found. The tougher, harder cattle will take some good strenuous work to get in, because they are way off in all directions.

It is the same thing that the Forest Service had to face when listing for the 10th engineers. The men who came to be examined for the most part were men of puerile experience. Hundreds and hundreds had to be examined in order to select the efficient few, and at that of course several boneheads and "never-wases" got by. I make mention of this just because I want to convince all of you, whether you be employers or employees, that when the call goes out for men for the next forestry regiment, you will know that only practical men are needed. It will help of course if the aspirants are technically trained men or college men, but first of all they have to be able to work—real honest-to-Jehovah work, and if they cannot cut the mustard in the woods or in the mill at the job they are listed for they will be only in the way.

Possibly and probably hopefully many lumbering operators imagined that one regiment would be sufficient and that the call for lumberjacks and mill men would cease. It has only started. You gentlemen must be prepared to let several of your men go. The few comparatively that are already enlisted for lumbering in France is no more than a safety pin lost in the Sahara. You have got to continue giving men and you have got to like it. It is useless to say that it will cramp the industry, that men are scarce, that lumber must be produced and all the rest of it, for the simple reason that we agree with you. Men, real men are scarce. Many men prefer to draw big salaries and eat good tasty logging camp cook-house grub, rather than accept \$30.00 from Uncle Sam to help lick the Kaiser.

In the Tenth Engineers you will find every kind of man with every kind of (good) personality. And they all have left good jobs or positions. For instance there is first a well known lumber exporter. He is a private and likes it. He probably was earning \$5,000 to \$15,000 per annum in civil life. Then there is old Joe ———, one of the best loggers that ever hit the East or West. He is just as well known in Minnesota or Michigan as he is in Oregon or Wisconsin. Idaho has sent one of her most accomplished wood superintendents—and these men are privates. There are men who have held down the best mill positions in the entire United States, right here in this camp. They are wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam's army and accepting the same pay that would be given to a hobo that enlisted in a regiment where previous industrial training mattered not. There are two friends over there with a monster speedster, a special car with a special body for especially good men. They are educated and well bred. One is now a sergeant. And here we have one of the most physically perfect youngsters you ever set your eyes on. He raced with Palmer, holds an aviator pilot's license and in private life operated a big fleet of tractors and trucks for a large mining concern in Arizona. He too is a college graduate, but like all the others he can deliver the goods along the line of work for which he was listed.

The lumberjack who is even thinking of himself will be advised to stay away from the listing office. He would not be welcome in a lumberjack regiment.

If a man is just looking for wages he will not find much offered in the U. S. service. He will find many things that few lumber companies can give him. For instance, doctors are ever present, day or night. Their service to the men is free. Your teeth are attended to by a military dentist. You are clothed from head to foot in serviceable, healthy and comfortable uniforms. There are many men who never wore more comfortable shoes than those supplied by Uncle Sam.

Everything is examined for Sammy's safety. Water, bread, meat, food of any kind. There is no dirt allowed anywhere in or out of the kitchen. The advantages of an incinerator and its cheap initial cost—just the few bricks, a little motor—should be in every logging camp in the country. A small affair covering no more than sixteen square feet and about four feet high, takes care of the refuse of our 200 men.

The man, who prior to enlistment did not know what tidyness meant, would be positively annoyed if he found someone had ruffled his blankets at the head of his cot. It would make him mad if he found his shoes kicked out of the exact position from under his cot. It would exasperate him to lose a button from his shirt. A feeling of personal pride about his personal appearance has been drilled into him the first few days and the roughest logger of two months ago is the biggest beau Brummel of the regiment today.

As to booze-fighters—there are none. A few of the men may have been, once! But not now. Washington has never been troubled with a single member of the Tenth. Of course you already know that the Tenth Engineers have never had a man in the guard house. I say you already know, for it is most likely the particular boast of each engineer in each letter home. It is a record we are all proud of. It is a record the lumber industry should be proud of. It has given the lie to the fable about a logger being the toughest, roughest member of society who just "raised hell" when he hit the city. These lumberjack boys reach the city and generally wind up at a church social!

You would be astonished at the way these men drill. Oh, yes! They have already marched in parade. Platoon and company drill is A, B, C, to the rigging smelter, the sawyer or buckler, the millwright or the engineer. The men who are driving the motorcycles, the tin Lizzies, the trucks both light and heavy, are skilled mechanics. If you are only a car washer or plain driver don't try and bluff the listing officers for the next forestry regiments that you beat Palmer or S. F. Edge in a race a little time ago.

Just "join up" for the work you are best fitted to do. You can not all be sergeants. Be contented with being a private. If you are worth while—up you'll go whether you want it or not. Remember that the first regiment of lumberjacks from the U. S. is a crack regiment. Be just as assured that the second regiment lumberjacks should also be a crack regiment and go in with the idea that it is going to be so. There are more good sides to soldering than many of you know. A private's job is good enough for my friends and every man in the regiment is my pal. The drill makes you tired but the good Washington folks, the churches, the ladies soothe your muscles with wonderful and beautiful hospitality. There is not only something but there are many things doing every night. Besides you will be doing your bit and the mental exaltation and relief that you are no slacker makes everything worth while. If you are in good physical condition and were not caught in the first draft; if you are a logger or mill man; if you are a cook or anything else suitable for the regiment, never mind if you are over thirty-one or thirty-two. If you have had the experience "join up." Be able to sing truthfully the song of the Tenth: "It's a long way to get the Kaiser, but we are on our way."