

Sawmill Foremen and How They Do It; Writer Gives Real Low-Down on Species

Whenever you go into a modern sawmill on a visit you will be astonished at the noise of countless machines, the speed with which heavy logs and boards are shunted around from place to place, and impressed with the careless but smooth and accurate activities of many busy workmen. Walking nonchalantly past whizzing carriages, stepping carelessly over live rolls and drive chains, dodging expertly under flapping belts, or gracefully balancing on a carriage that shoots back and forth fast enough to dislocate the spinal column of a rattlesnake, these workmen are busy at their appointed tasks of keeping a big sawmill running at top speed.

In all the noise and orderly confusion it does not seem to the average stranger that a man could live in such an atmosphere and maintain his mental equilibrium. However, if you will glance around the deck carefully you will notice a figure sitting comfortably on the back of his neck, with a peaceful and contented expression on his map, as if he had not a care in the world. This person is the mill foreman, and you will have no trouble identifying him. He is the only man in the mill sitting down.

Lynx-Eyed

It is his job to see that everything in the mill runs smoothly and without hitch or hindrance. He is a lynx-eyed individual and his hearing has been developed beyond all human belief. It is thought by some people that mill foremen are possessed of a sixth sense, but this peculiarity is really an instinct.

He can sit on the log deck completely hidden from the sight of the No. 2 band-saw, get up suddenly for no apparent reason and show the sawyer where he could have raised his last board two grades by turning the log once more.

He can, with equal facility, lean negligently over the guard rail of the log slip with the uproar of a hundred different motors, belts, steam niggers, live rolls and a hog or two ringing in his ears, and hear a belt slipping half a block away in the basement of the mill.

Knows His Stuff

He knows every piece of mechanism in the sawmill by its first name and is always willing and eager to explain to any visitor that if given a monkey wrench and a pipe die to work with, he could build a better machine than any yet manufactured. He can pick up a half-inch stove bolt from a pile of sawdust, and while there are probably a hundred thousand bolts exactly like it doing business in the mill, he will, with unerring instinct, stop a carriage, push his way through a net work of steam pipes, air hose and miscellaneous debris and put the bolt back in the place it dropped from without batting an eye.

Only One Boner

The only time we ever heard of a mill foreman being mistaken on a piece of machinery was when a joking millwright showed him a small cogwheel from an Ingersoll watch and asked him where it came from. The foreman immediately identified the wheel as a piece of mechanism from an oil feed pump down on the machinery floor. He was so sure of his judgment that he took the millwright and showed him where it belonged.

The millwright tried to tell him where the wheel really came from, but to prove he was right the foreman fitted a shaft to the cog, attached it to the pump and made it work, after which he remarked it was no wonder the sawmill was always falling apart with the millwrights running around the place with half the machinery in their pockets.

Will Work—Sometimes

The foreman will, when the occasion becomes acute, do a little work, if there is no hired help available to do it for him. When the log deck gets jammed and the logs pile up so his resting place is buried he will, with a few well chosen remarks having to do with the forbears, present life and probable future abode of the deckman's soul, seize a peavy and work like a beaver rolling logs back onto the chain until he uncovers his bench, whereupon he takes a fresh chew, wipes the perspiration from his brow and, after getting his spine properly inserted between a couple of studs in the wall so he will be maintained in a partially upright position with no effort on his part, retire to his usual lethargic state of being, cogitating meanwhile on the possibility of hiring some good six-year-old boy with at least part of his senses to run the deck and keep things straightened out so a person won't have to be hopping all over the place like a Mexican jumping bean to keep from being buried under a load of logs.

No Schools

There are no schools in which one can learn by the correspondence method to be a mill foreman. The business has to be learned by actual experience and out of the thousands of good mill hands working in the

lumber industry only a few are so qualified as to make good foremen. He puts in long hours and we know of no one who can be in more places at the same time than a good experienced mill foreman. You can come into a mill at 6:30 in the morning and find the foreman examining a machine to see if it will need reabbating. You can come down at midnight and one of the first men you meet will be the foreman.

At any time of the day or night you can, however, call at his house and find him either eating a meal or just getting into or out of bed. At 11 a. m. you can see him snatching a hasty shave in the millwright's room, where he has a first mortgage on the shaving material owned by all the millwrights, and at 11:01 you can drive past the machine shop and see him coming out the door with a 200-pound casting on one shoulder and a ten-foot section of steel shafting under his arm.

Forced To Move

Almost all the good mill foremen in the west today have migrated from the east. Several others and settlers have told us confidentially that they were run out, but we do not believe that all of them were forced to leave. One or two of them must have left of their own accord.

After coming west, getting married and somewhat reformed, it is the foreman's custom to regale visitors with stirring tales of the old days in Minnesota or Michigan when he was a young devil and full of pep, knowing full well that he is safe as they probably have a new sheriff back there by this time.

Plenty Underwear

The mill foreman wears red flannel underwear winter and summer, and on a hot day in July with the sweat running down his face, will tell you that he is really a lot cooler than the rest of the crew. He will also come to work the morning after New Year's with the pond frozen a foot deep, wearing two mackinaws, a sweater, three shirts, two pairs of Indian blanket pants, three pairs of socks and two pairs of shoes, and explain to you that he is as warm as can be, and gives all the credit to the red underwear.

He drives a Twin Six on Sundays, belongs to seven lodges and three clubs, owns a dress suit, his own home, is raising a family, has money in the bank and gets drunk every Fourth of July and Christmas, these being the only two holidays he is allowed in any one year. He doesn't get drunk because he wants to, but knows the rest of the crew is getting itself into the same condition and he has to keep up the old traditions.

Heavy Staff

He knows everybody in 14 states who ever worked in a sawmill, he can grade a board exactly at a distance of 150 feet without his glasses, he can tell you the mill cut and overrun for October, 1921, without looking it up, he can rebuild any machine on the plant into a better piece of mechanism than it was when they got it from the factory, and by laborious and nerve racking concentration he can write his own name on a time check.

He is a student of psychology, although he doesn't know what the word means, and his life is replete with incidents. He never grows old and a sawmill is his religion. He holds a lifelong grudge against the woods crew, and will dig down behind his bench and disclose a miscellaneous collection of horseshoes, boom spikes, rocks, bullets, sections of chain and other articles that has been saving for years, in the hopes that some day he will make somebody believe that the timber ticks put them in the logs on purpose to dull his saws and wreck the mill, if necessary, to keep him from making a decent cut.

FRENCH PEOPLE WILL AID DEBT

PARIS.—The holders of French government and city bonds and other French obligations payable in paper will contribute, in addition to the taxes they pay, something between 50,000,000,000 and 100,000,000,000 francs to the financial settlement of the war if the franc is stabilized and revalorized as now contemplated by the minister of finances at a rate somewhere between 25 and 50 per cent of the gold value. This will be the permanent shrinkage in the purchasing value of the paper franc from which there will be no appeal.

The peasant, servant, clerk, retired merchant, retired officer whose savings are, as a rule, invested in government securities will be no worse off than they are today, but their losses will be definitely consoled.

M. Calliaux refuses to fix any specific rate at which he hopes to stabilize the franc, but the "average Frenchman" has finally become convinced that the Minister's warning to the French people that "the hour of financial penance is at hand" is fraught with dire consequences to their pockets and to their investments. Rumors persist that M. Calliaux is ready to accept the present value of the franc in relation to gold of about 25 centimes. This would mean that the 277,000,000,000 francs of government bonds outstanding would be really worth only about 66,000,000,000 francs; that is to say, the purchasing power of the franc being reduced to a fourth of its face value, the income from the bonds would suffer a permanent depreciation of 75 per cent. All the information obtainable in official circles, however, indicates that the revalorization of the franc will be undertaken only after a serious effort has been made to improve its exchange value to approximately 70 to the pound and 14 to the dollar. These rates are recognized in French financial and economic circles as representing the real value of the paper franc. In that case the 277,000,000,000 francs of government obligations would be worth 92,000,000,000 francs gold.

DEATH SOLVES SPY'S MYSTERY

BERLIN. (P)—The mystery about Eugene Asev, famous spy of the late Czar of Russia, has been solved by Arthur Kneupper, according to his revelations in the Berliner Tageblatt. To the world at large Eugene Asev was known as one of the principal leaders of the Russian revolution, until he was finally unmasked by the Russian historian, Vladimir Burzew, as a secret Russian agent and as such a revolutionary instigator.

At a secret revolutionary tribunal held by the leaders of the branch association of emigrants in London in 1909, Asev was sentenced to death. The condemned spy, however, was not to be found anywhere, despite the most diligent search by the secret Russian societies in all countries. He seemed to have vanished into space.

It now has been learned that Asev died in Berlin in 1918. He lived for a time in the west end of Berlin under the assumed name of Kerl Neumayer. Equipped with a passport he traveled aimlessly through the near East of Europe, continually fearing discovery by the powerful secret organizations of Russia. He then disappeared in the German provinces, travelling from one small town to another.

In 1915 Asev was arrested in Berlin as a suspicious Russian. In response to his request, he was not put into an internment camp but was kept in various prisons. After the peace of Brest-Litovsk he was set free and died soon after from general collapse. In his position as secret agent for the Czar, Asev was obliged to remain a member of the secret revolutionary organization until he was discovered to be a bona fide agent by the police. It was his duty even to assume a leading role in establishing a revolutionary reign of terror and then to denounce some revolutionary coup to the police shortly before its consummation.

Kneupper characterizes Asev as "one of the most dramatic characters of the last 25 years of Russian history."

Woman Enters Loggers Life; He Is Jailed

MARSHFIELD, July 15.—The dark woman that gypsy fortune tellers invariably predict will enter the life of blond men arrived on schedule last night in the car of Elbert C. Reeves, Marshfield logger, and when she departed Reeves was minus \$10.

Reeves started to drown his sorrows and called up Chief of Police Carter at 1:45 a. m. to report the dark woman's perfidy. Chief Carter came and decided the city bastille was an appropriate habitation for Reeves. When he arrived there Reeves protested by smashing a window with his fist and orating on the eternal faithlessness of the feminine.

This morning Reeves told his story more coherently and Chief Carter is now seeking a blond woman and a dark woman on charges of highway robbery.

According to Reeves he was invited in an automobile with three strangers, one man, one blond woman and one dark woman. They rode for a time and then Reeves was invited to disembark on a Marshfield street. A short time later he found his money was gone.

He was fined \$15 on a drunk charge in recorder's court today and charged \$2 for the window he broke.

MILNER DEATH CAUSES OMISSION OF DINNER TO RHODES SCHOLARS

OXFORD, ENG.—(P)—The annual dinner given by the Rhodes trustees to the Rhodes scholars will be omitted this year because of the death recently of Lord Milner. It is thought the custom of the annual dinner will not be revived until the new building which is to be the Oxford headquarters of the Rhodes trust, is completed.

Past dinners have been notable for the eminence of the speakers, English statesmen, including the prime minister, making them occasions for pronouncements of their views on Anglo-American and empire questions.

OLSON BETTER

Frank Olson, butcher for the Ewanna, confined to the Klamath General hospital as the result of an auto accident on the highway, is declared to be improving. Olson suffered a broken leg when struck by a car last week.

Log Shortage Is Felt In Seattle Lumber District

SEATTLE, Wash., July 15.—There has been a marked tightening up in buying here during the past week. The volume of new business has remained about the same and the only way to account for the change in attitude on the part of the mills is the psychological effect of the approaching 4th of July shutdown. In many cases concerns that are not in a position to take on business for some time have raised their prices and it is nothing uncommon to hear of an advance being secured.

A number of things are contributing to the better feeling, one of the most important of which is the fact that nearly all of the logging camps are now closed. Many of these concerns went down on an overnight decision as a protest against the increase in freight rates. This left some mills in the position where they found it necessary to go out and buy logs in order to protect orders they had on their books. While there is a heavy surplus of logs in the water, it is said that the better grades are already

becoming scarce and this is having a marked influence on the price of heavy clears. When the logging camps will be opened up in a large way is questionable, but it is not thought that enough of them will be going before the first of August at the earliest to have much influence on the log market.

Four Loggers Ask Lien For Labors

MARSHFIELD, July 15.—A complaint filed by four loggers asking a lien on logs owned by Walter Devoe to secure payment for services was received at the clerk's office Tuesday. The logs mentioned in the complaint are located in the west fork of the Coquille river. Stewart Cameron asks \$89.25 for services, \$11 costs and \$20 attorney's fees. Harvey Ross asks \$73.50 for services and \$11 costs; Martin Pickens, \$51 for services and \$11 costs; Floyd Huckleberry, \$24 for services and \$5 costs.

FIRES CONTROLLED

ROSEBURG, Ore., July 14.—Practically all of the forest fires reported in various parts of Douglas county were under control today. It was announced this morning, of

the twenty-two fires reported yesterday on the Umpqua National forest all are extinguished or under control with the exception of two, one being located on Black Creek, a tributary of Little river, and the other on Geary ranch, 3 miles northeast of Capalabeo.

Prices Hold Low In Spokane Area

SPOKANE, July 15.—There has not been a great deal of change in the volume of business coming into the Inland Empire during the past two weeks and if prices were up to a satisfactory standpoint there would be no complaint to make. The greatest difficulty seems to be in disposing of the lower grades. No. 3 Common Idaho is in poor demand and consequently hard to sell and No. 1 Common is none too brisk. The better grades are holding up in fair shape.

Prices are now down to a point where on an average they do not show a margin of profit over the cost of production and for that reason the mills have unusually small order files. Reports from the middle west and eastern territories give foundation to the belief that fall business will be better.

With Sawdust Blowing in Your Eyes--With the Back of Your Neck Wet With Perspiration--You Earn Every Dime You Get These Days!

Therefore—see that you get value received for every dime you spend.

Don't spend your money for overhead or fancy fixtures, or an army of clerks.

Insist that you get real merchandise at a reasonable price.

In other words, look our prices over—you'll find it worth your while.

FOR INSTANCE	
Khaki Pants	\$1.50
Cotton Ribbed Union Suits .	\$1.00
Light Blue Work Shirts, 3 for	\$1.75

AGENCY FOR NORTH COAST LOGGER BOOTS

LLOYD RYAN

"Home of the Working Man"

Ninth and Main

Klamath Falls, Oregon