

WAR CUTS RED TAPE AND CEREMONY OF DIPLOMATIC CORPS

Democratic, Practical Business Men Evolved From Punctilious Government Agents and Formalities Are Waived to Accomplish Pressing Tasks of the Moment

Even the Dean, M. Jusserand of France. Visits the State Department Unannounced to See Secretary Lansing

By ALBERT WHITING FOX.

Change gradually brought about by America's entrance into the world war has apparently so far escaped notice excepting in the small group of foreign diplomats in Washington who are responsible for it. It is the evolution of the ambassadorial corps from the most exclusive and ceremonial body of individuals to a group of democratic, practical business men with no time for ceremony and a growing aversion to red tape. What President Wilson notes as the drift of nations toward democracy is being demonstrated every day by the accredited representatives of these nations to the United States.

Before the war it was the fashion for an Ambassador to be as exclusive and as far removed from domestic affairs as possible. He conducted his business only with the Secretary of State. His function was to regard himself purely as an agent of his Government and to carry out his instructions with scrupulous care for accepted formalities of diplomacy.

His personality, his own private views, his individual efforts were all subordinated and reflected only in his dispatches to his foreign office. It was poor form for an Ambassador to be too active or energetic and it excited comment among his colleagues as an unpardonable offense for an Ambassador to seek in any way to influence any branch of American endeavor, politically or otherwise.

Now conditions are in many respects exactly reversed. An Ambassador who held himself aloof from current activities in Washington would be considered almost as a failure. It is not enough to receive the name of his successor. Personality and individual effort are more important than instructions from home. Attempts to maintain the time honored ceremony which surrounded former diplomatic activity would be regarded as a needless incumbrance.

M. Jusserand Drops Ceremony.

M. Jusserand, Ambassador from France and dean of the Diplomatic Corps, no longer makes his visits to the State Department a matter of ceremony as in the old days. There is no announcement when his prospective visit would be announced formally in advance and word would go around among State Department officials that he was coming. Eddie Savoy, the master secretary of the State Department, would be informed of it and arrangements for a proper ceremonial reception would be made in advance.

At the prescribed time the Ambassador would drive up and would be escorted in the diplomatic limousine to the State Department. Punctiliously on the dot he would be ushered into the ceremoniously furnished diplomatic reception room, where he would be received with a sort of austere official courtesy. When the diplomatic interview was concluded the Ambassador would be formally escorted to the State Department elevator, held for several minutes to receive him.

An incident was precipitated in these days by the fact that a newspaper man interested in M. Jusserand's trip from the diplomatic world to the State Department was asking a question. It was not because the Ambassador personally objected but because it was improper to interfere with prescribed diplomatic ceremony. The newspaper man's question was answered by the fact that the State Department took steps to prevent any further interruption of this kind.

Now M. Jusserand goes to the State Department with virtually no advance information, steps to check in the corridor with newspaper men he knows, takes his own way to the waiting room and takes his chance on finding Secretary Lansing in or out of busy. Perhaps he learns that the Secretary is out and waits a hard afternoon's work. Now about Mr. Fox, Counselor of the State Department, is he busy too?

If Mr. Fox is in conference the Ambassador may or may not wait for him or may try Secretary Phillips instead. It's time that counts with him. He has an appointment to see Mr. Hoover or Chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board and he expects to drop over and have an informal talk with Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo about some matters in which both are interested. His business at the State Department for that day is the least important of all.

Man of Business Now.

He has perhaps just dropped in to say that he wants to press certain matters with Mr. Hurley and Mr. McAdoo and wished to give the State Department an idea of his plan. But this latter phase is a mere matter of routine, while M. Jusserand perhaps has very definite and important recommendations to make about the shipping programme and new matters of finance which have come up.

It is a common occurrence now to meet M. Jusserand in the corridors of the Munsey Building or to see him hurrying through Government buildings bent on the various important enterprises which keep him busy every hour of the day. His victoria is the only token of diplomatic ceremony that remains. With the color decoration it is very frequently in evidence in the sections where busy Government offices are now located.

Incidentally M. Jusserand has become an authority on questions pertaining to finance, to shipping, to food supplies. He has had very definite ideas as to where plans formulated by the American Government agencies might be improved, and he has not hesitated to express his views. In some cases direct beneficial results have followed.

Overruled His Government.

There is one striking example which illustrates how the opinion of an Ambassador may be directly opposed to the opinion of his Government and yet prevail and continue to prevail. This was M. Jusserand's personal view as to whether France should seek to establish a propaganda campaign in the United States in the campaign which Count von Bernstorff was then so successfully conducting. The French Government wanted the campaign launched; M. Jusserand was against it. "America will enter the war when she is ready and nothing said or done by us will affect her action," the Ambassador replied to the repeated urging of the French Foreign Office.

"See what Von Bernstorff is accomplishing," was the gist of the reply. "Let him hang himself with his own sword," was the effect of the French Ambassador's rejoinder. And France let M. Jusserand have his way. Diplomats now say that the results clearly show how much better the Ambassador understood the situation than the French statesmen who tried to advise or direct him at that time.

The difference of opinion between the Ambassador and the French Foreign Office was at one time far more acute than has been known. It was only by flat refusal to conduct the judgment of the Foreign Office at home. There was a clamor in England also for a campaign to offset Von Bernstorff's work. As an agent of the Secretary Sir Cecil was practically instructed to carry out a prescribed plan. But his judgment was against the plan and he held his ground.

He knew the situation here and the Department and drops in unannounced and asks what the chances are of his being able to have a word with Mr. Lansing or Mr. Fox. If he has to wait he sometimes profits by the time to drop into the office of American staff officers on the evening to get a statement in his own hand. The Ambassador had an informal dinner party on Tuesday and had arranged by telephone to get the statement from one of the assistants of the third secretary.

When I reached the embassy I found the Ambassador in evening dress and statement in hand. He had been misplaced somehow and he had heard of it. It had interrupted the dinner to find it and see that it reached Sir Cecil. Sir Cecil's health has not been of the best recently, but he is always cheerful, obliging and eager to add his help to our cause in the joint cause. He knows more or as much about certain "Teuton spy activities" as a Bruce Blasiak of the Department of Justice's spy catching machine. He knows the ins and outs of the German peace propaganda and his advice has been very helpful to the Secretary Lansing and Counselor Fox.

Keep the Cable Busy.

The steady grind of work leaves Sir Cecil little time for recreation. He gets most of his rest during in his home in London. The number of cable despatches which M. Jusserand and Sir Cecil send these days means a stupendous amount of additional work. All matters of prime importance are cabled regardless of whether or not the news becomes known through the press. For instance the President's address on Tuesday was cabled in full together with added explanation and comment. It may be three or four days before the cable is delivered, and the message of course was sent via other channels, by the official Ambassador cables, coded, etc., are all sent anyway.

Count V. Macchi di Celere, the Italian Ambassador, is likewise following a policy of businesslike democracy instead of the austere ceremonial procedure of other days. He has worked so assiduously for Italy's interests here that there have been reports in his own country that he had been placed in the Italian campaign to bring about the frequent conferences of Entente Ambassadors at the Italian Embassy have led to the supposition that this plan was being "pushed through."

It is in no secret now that the Italian Embassy has consistently hoped for a state of war to be declared by the American Government with respect to Austria. It is likewise true that the Italian Ambassador has done all he could to influence American opinion in favor of this move. But he took no step in this direction without first being sure that the United States Government had no objection.

Secretary Lansing and Counselor Fox.

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British Foreign Office did not. Which was to be the judge? Here perhaps was the starting point of the emancipation of Ambassadors in Washington from mere foreign office agents to men leading the way in matters of important policy for their Governments to follow.

Sir Cecil has long been regarded by his conferees as a man of simple and democratic tastes, but the entrance of the United States into the war has brought out this phase of his character more pointedly than was anticipated. Like M. Jusserand, the British Ambassador deals now directly with various American officials in charge of activities in which he is interested. He is a frequent visitor at the State



SIR ARTHUR CECIL SPRING-RICE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.



J. J. JUSSERAND, FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND DEAN OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS



JUAN Y GAYANGOS, SPANISH AMBASSADOR



DOMINCIO DA GAMA, AMBASSADOR FROM BRAZIL



COUNT V. MACCHI DI CELERE, ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.



SENOR DON SANTIAGO ALDUNATE, CHILEAN AMBASSADOR.

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proven that Japan was not doing her share in the war. This charge was very difficult to offset, for Mr. Sato could not refuse it without admitting that there was distrust of Japan's role, and this he refused to do. He maintained silence on this point until the time became ripe with the 16th mission's visit, and when Japan's attitude was made clear—first through an interview with Mr. Sato in the State Department and then through the whole anti-Japanese campaign collapsed despite German efforts to keep it going.

Senor Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, the Ambassador from Spain, has had a particularly difficult role to play recently owing to the fact that Spain has been the only great European

power to remain neutral. The Government classes, and especially the Foreign Office, have inclined if anything, to the German cause. The Spanish Ambassador has, however, worked assiduously to make the most favorable aspects of Spain's policy known and to keep down the impression in this country that the Government of Spain was favoring a pro-German neutrality.

There has been no austere aloofness about the Ambassador's work, and this has helped. He is always ready to correct false impressions about his Government's position and is never averse to discussing, within prescribed limits, matters pertaining to Spain's role in relation to the belligerents. If one calls up the Spanish Embassy by telephone these days to ask for a secretary to make a message to the Ambassador the chances are about even that the voice on the other end of the wire will say: "This is the Spanish Ambassador. What can I do for you?" The red tape procedure of relaying telephone messages which are being made to the Ambassador is often done away with now.

The Latin American diplomats, Domincio da Gama, Ambassador from Brazil, is the recognized leader in

Washington owing to his own personality as well as the fact that Brazil is leading the way on Latin American policy. Mr. da Gama is essentially a believer in democratic ideals, and it is said that he is perhaps the greatest admirer of President Wilson's policies in Latin American circles.

He endorsed the President's peace stand as wholeheartedly as he now endorses the war stand of the President. He has consistently contended that Mr. Wilson's ideas were bound to materialize even when some of his conferees contended that in some respects they were impracticable and idealistic.

John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, has recognized this emphasis. But the State Department did not take kindly to the idea and Mr. Barrett was requested to endeavor to keep up the old non-political standards. Senor Don Santiago Aldunate, the Ambassador from Chile, was the chief object of the plan of emphasizing the political divisions.

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The war has changed the position occupied by the Latin American Ambassadors in Washington. The former policy of concerted action under the guidance of the Pan-American Union. There was a time when the South and Central American diplomats exchanged views before formulating policies which concerned them all. Now this is radically changed owing to the fact that the Pan-American Union is really divided into two camps, the pro-Allied and the neutral.

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THERE'S NOTHING STRENUOUS, OH, NO! IN THE CANADIAN FLYING SCHOOL

By AN AMERICAN MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS

When the United States declared war on Germany several of us joined the Royal Flying Corps of the British army because our own Government was not ready to supply the bird seed necessary to change us from ordinary mortals to bird men, and when we reached Toronto, the training station of the R. F. C. in America, we found a goodly majority of them in training to be Americans. Able-bodied Canadians had nearly all "gone over there" long before.

After swearing allegiance to the King and receiving our kit we were sent to the Physical Training School at Long Branch, a beautiful camp site overlooking Lake Ontario. Here for five long hours each day we were put through exercises and drills by terrible non-commissioned officers of the British army, and there are no harder drillmasters than these same N. C. O.'s to be found in any army. It takes several days to understand that some of them are trying to speak English, but you eventually give them credit for their effort and then settle down to learn their several versions of good old King's English, and believe me, each one of them has his own ideas on the subject.

Things the Aviator Must Know.

The physical training lasts about a month. The first week is devoted to burning fat and muscle; the second to learning something of the drill and dealing with a few rotters like the N. C. O.'s; the third to learning more of the drill and forming a little better opinion of the N. C. O.'s; and the fourth week you feel that you know everything about everything and among the things that you know best is that the

N. C. O.'s are agents of Satan whose only object is to make a cadet's life miserable.

But the physical training is not all you get at Long Branch by any means. In our last five hours, but the army day is some fourteen to sixteen hours long and the remainder must be filled in. Hence it is that you have several hours of wireless, several of gunnery, several of artillery observation and several of the duties and conduct of the lower officer who must be a gentleman above all else.

The Lewis and Vickers automatic rapid fire machine guns we learned to know with a vengeance—every little recess, every little protrusion, the name of every little part—and what a lot there is to these simple looking contrivances! We learn the sequence of mechanism backward and forward and sideways, so that in their dreams I have heard fellows sit up suddenly in their beds and shout: "The stud on the lower lever being engaged in the protrusion of the trigger mechanism at right angles to the top lever which is attached to the side plate moves the side plate and top pawl from right to left," etc., indefinitely. For it is hammered into us that our very existence in an airplane at the front depends on our ability to know our gun, not only to shoot it, but to take it apart, clean it, sense its faults and remedy them and be able to correct a jam with the greatest despatch.

In the fourth week we know all this and we are fairly fed up with the common sense and common sense which we take with suffering hearts and await the results with terrible anticipation. Several days afterward "revival" (with the accent on the second syllable) is sounded at 8 instead of 8:30. We know what to expect.

We get up, pack our kits, fold our blankets and shave. Heaven help the man who neglects to shave in the British army! We are on parade at 8:30 and the names of those who have passed their examinations are read

American Graduate Tells of Preliminary Discipline and Instruction and Joy of Air Mastery at Last

The successful ones have some coffee and marmalade and are on their feet in the school of military aeronautics. I don't mean that he neglected us entirely after inspection. No, indeed, he would be waiting for us at recess on the campus and after classes seeking whom he might devour.

The University of Toronto is a beautiful place. It has that quiet dignified air so welcome to the student. The very air seems to be intellectual, and when we saw it for the first time we congratulated ourselves on being so fortunate. Alan how quickly our opinions changed! Soon we learned to speak of the hateful Long Branch as "dear old Long Branch."

We had breakfast in Burwash Hall, which is also the name of a pentagon and a famous Canadian. Burwash Hall looked like an old cathedral at first, but after a while we began to wonder what kind of man the famous Canadian could have been, and these thoughts degenerated into a desire to know more about the penitentiary.

When you pass every subject you are ready to learn to fly. I say you are ready to fly, but perhaps you have not reckoned with your arch enemy, the sergeant-major. He now enters the disguised as an all supreme judge. You had thirty department marks to your credit when you entered the school. How many have you left?

Well, you lost five for not being shaved one morning, five more perhaps for missing a class and ten for being absent without leave. Therefore, you have not sufficient discipline. You cannot be trusted to carry on this serious business of war without sufficient discipline, and it begins to dawn in your war or less voluble mind that war is a serious business, and that the part you are to play is the most important part of modern warfare.

At the same time it begins to dawn

on you that the sergeant-major and all the other hated N. C. O.'s at the school and at Long Branch are playing their part in this serious business, and it's up to you to pay your dues. When the sergeant-major announces that you must spend two more weeks at the school for discipline you are convinced, and when you get this conviction you begin to consider yourself an enemy officer in the British army—the British officer of long and illustrious record of achievement, although you may still remember with perhaps half a chuckle that as an American you have something on the British army at that. Right the Canadian or English cadet who is your roommate, perhaps will chuckle with you, and it's all in the best of spirit, for you are now brothers in arms.

By the time you finally reach one of the four flying fields in and around Toronto you have named down considerably. You obey orders without a murmur and you respect your superior officers, and then comes your "joy ride," the first time in the air. The feeling is never to be forgotten. From the time you entered the flying corps the first question on your mind is "How will I take to the air?" And there is ever a certain amount of doubt. It is so different from anything you have ever done before, absolutely revolutionary.

You are posted to a squadron; you are posted to a flight in that squadron; you are placed under an instructor in that flight. The instructor is a finished pilot. Sometimes he is a returned aviator with a score of Huns to his credit, but you will never learn from him; he is too modest. He tells you he will take you up in five minutes, so you get a leather coat, crash helmet, goggles, flying boots, mits, and doll yourself all up, despite the fact that the instructor probably has nothing but an old, worn army

tonic, helmet and goggles. When you take the front seat in the aeroplane you generally look like a million dollars worth of paraphernalia, and the instructor takes the rear seat, looking like thirty cents.

Sensations in the Air.

You place your left hand on the "joy stick," a vertical bar of wood which controls the upward and downward flight of the machine, and also the banking of it on the turns, and your feet rest on the rudder bars, which control the right and left turning. You do it very gingerly and with a resignation to take them off at the first sign of something wrong. A mechanic puts a speaking tube to your ear, so that the instructor may talk to you about the din of the motor, and fastens your belt.

The instructor asks, "Are you ready?" and you nod. The mechanic takes his place in front of the propeller. "Gas on, sir!" he cries. "Get on!" replies the instructor. "Suck in!" and he turns the propeller several times. "Switch on!"

The instructor puts on the switch and the mechanic gives the propeller another turn and you taxi along the ground. Before you know it you are in the air and a good distance from the ground.

For about five minutes on that first joy ride I had no sensation at all. I was in some kind of a daze. After I was in the air and a good distance from the ground, I looked over the side of the plane and a great map stretched out before me, with little toy houses and miniature trees, lakes, valleys and hills. It was nothing but a map, it seemed—a map that moved under you.

There was none of the dizziness noticeable when one looks down from a tall building. The machine flew steadily along without the least jolt under the skillful guidance of the instructor

and I began to have a grand and glorious feeling. I was defying nature and availing the birds. I felt proud and laughing and very important.

There was no sense of fear. I felt absolutely secure and invulnerable. I was up there in the sky and that sense of security has been with me ever since when I am in the air. I cannot explain it and, of course, it is not logical, but it is there.

Real Business Abroad.

On this first joy ride we flew about or about fifteen minutes and then the instructor cut off his engine, nosed the machine down and we glided in long spirals from a height of about 1000 feet, landing only a few feet from where we started. That night I curiously made my first entry in my log book.

A cadet receives from four to about fifteen hours instruction with an instructor before he makes his "solo." The time depends upon the aptitude of the pupil. Natural flyers, it may be said, fly from the very start and it is really very easy, much easier than driving an automobile through a crowded street. The machines, practically fly themselves. But although it is easy to fly in the air, taking off and landing are not so easy.

When a student has done fifty hours flying, passed certain tests of wireless and machine gunnery and received sufficient discipline he gets his commission and wings and is sent to England and really to learn to fly. Over there he has to become familiar with the faster and more sensitive machines, and he must learn to start and land in a very short space of time, because sometimes stunting is the only salvation against the Hun machine guns and "Archie," the terrible anti-aircraft gun.

Over there the cadet learns to loop, side slip, nose spin, stall and what not till he is considered clever enough to risk a mixed in equal combat and a Hun is generally looked in equal combat in the air if he can be persuaded to fight. It's a great life if you don't weaken.

Many Expedients Duet to War

THE fuel shortage in Italy has brought forth many substances heretofore considered waste products which are being made the subject of experiments with the idea

of securing a combination that may be used as a substitute for coal. Rice is a fuel, the laboratory of principal industries of Italy, particularly in the Turin conical district, the annual Italian rice production being about 600,000 tons. Almost 100,000 tons of this amount consists of rice hulls. It is estimated that there are at present on hand about 200,000 tons of hulls from the 1915 and 1916 crops, which owing to the embargo on exportation from the kingdom could not be as in former years, be sent to Siam and Germany as cattle food.

With the object of using these rice hulls as a fuel, the laboratory of chemical industry of the University of Turin at the request of the experimental station for rice culture at Verceil has taken up the question of the heating powers of rice hulls and it has made a favorable preliminary report.

Experiments have also been made with rice hulls in combination with different binding agents, but while the resulting briquets gave every satisfaction from the standpoint of heating value the initial cost of various binding agents made the briquets too expensive for practical purposes. The experiments, however, are being continued, and it is hoped that in the near future a briquet can be manufactured that will be satisfactory from an economic standpoint.

The demand for clear spruce for the construction of airplanes and the sharp advance in price of this lumber have led to great activity in the timber districts of northern British Columbia, especially on the Queen Charlotte Islands, where spruce is found in large quantities.

A new sawmill is being erected by the Emerson interests at Prince Rupert, the intention being to supply it with logs rafted across Hecate Strait. The old sawmill plant at the mouth of the Klappan River has been acquired by Vancouver capitalists and its capacity will be increased to 75,000 feet a day.

Improvements are being made at other sawmill properties that have either been idle or working on half time, and every effort is being made to push production as rapidly as possible. The new mill at Prince Rupert and the one at Kheyy River are expected to employ about 100 men each.

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