

An interesting section of any mill is the "saw-doctor's" shop. Here an expert sharpens and attends to the mill's armament just as an armourer tends to an army's weapons. And he is every bit as skilled. In the bigger mills the circular saws are set on a disk and revolve just so far each couple of seconds. As the disk stops a mechanical arm draws a rasp across one of the saw's teeth and then rises and waits for the next to come round. So the saw can be put into position, the machine set to work, and the "saw-doctor" return half an hour

later to find his saw sharpened. Not so with the band saws. Each tooth of their whole 40 ft. must be done by hand.

At one mill they were selecting from their stacks of 4 x 2's and 6 x 4's and 4 x 1's and all an order for the girls hostel of the Y.W.C.A., Nelson. At another they were fulfilling an order for the Housing Department for Christchurch. Everywhere it was the same story—timber is wanted in a hurry. Everywhere it was the mills motto—"Timber's got to go down the railway to-day."



## BELGIAN UNDERGROUND

As told to DON EDDY for the *American Magazine*, February, 1944

WHEN THE Germans stormed into Belgium, I was in Paris on government business. My wife, Marie, and our children, Lucienne, the daughter, then aged nine, and Claude, aged three, were at home in Antwerp. I managed to reach Marie on the telephone. I advised her, "Take the youngsters in the car, and drive to Biarritz. Wait there for me. Do you hear?" She replied, "Yes. Biarritz. Shall I—?" At that instant, the phone went dead.

I had to remain in Paris at my job. No word came from Marie. The catastrophe at Dunkerque ended my usefulness. As the Nazi tanks rolled into Paris, I joined three companions in an automobile and plunged into the torrents of refugees streaming southward. Three days later, after being bombed and strafed, I reached Biarritz, on the French coast just above Spain. I found Marie, the children, and our little dog, Fifi, in a small pension. Marie and I talked all night. Where could we go?

It was Marie who made the decision:

"It seems cowardly to run away. And we can't stay here. So——"

"So we'll go home," I concluded.

We heard in mid-morning that the Germans were occupying all the French coast. We piled into the car, already heaped with belongings, and struck inland, slowly weaving a tortuous trail northward, sleeping where nightfall found us, drawing ever nearer to Belgium. My family was magnificent.

One noon we came to a barricade guarded by German soldiers. The commander was a cocksure young fellow. He listened impassively as I explained our wish to return to Belgium. Before he could speak, I placed 500 francs on the edge of his chair. "For the toll charge," I said, as though it were perfectly normal. He dropped one of his gloves over the money and said loudly, "It is impossible. This road is closed." And then, softly, "Go back 200 yards and take the lane to the left. It leads around the barricade." Fifteen minutes later we were on our way . . .