

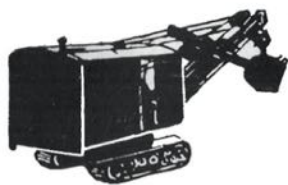
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



1910



1930



VOL. 9.

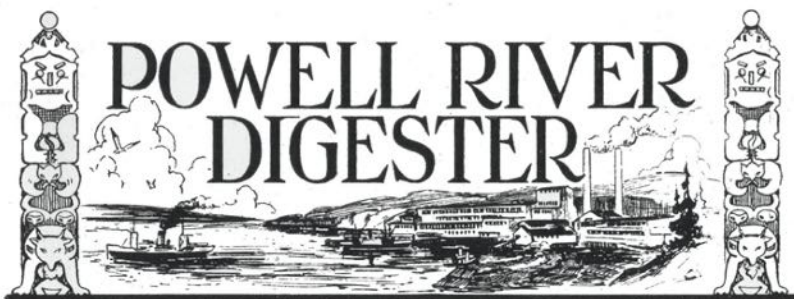
JANUARY 1930

№ 1.



The beginning of construction at Stillwater; the camp above Lois River falls, where work is now proceeding on the new tunnel.

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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published monthly with the co-operation and the assistance of the employees of  
**THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY, LIMITED**  
*Manufacturers of Newsprint* *Mills at Powell River, B. C.*

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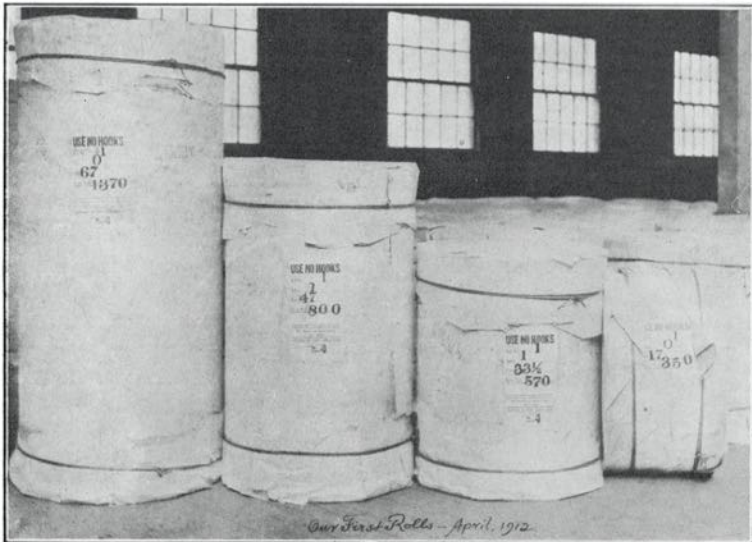
## Plant Extension Review Features January Issue

**M**ANY readers will be interested in the resume of plant and townsite, contained in this issue. It is twenty years since the community of Powell River first sprung into being; and the outline contained in the opening pages of this number covers "Eighteen Years of Paper Making" and twenty years of townsite expansion. An additional source of interest are the thumbnail sketches of the leading figures in the present plant extension.

Readers should not miss Mr. A. Brown's "Short Short Story," on page 26. This deals with one aspect of the vital problem of safety in industry—with a man who believed in Safety First—for others.

A special article telling something of the work of the Avenue Lodge Bakeshop—with quantities of foodstuffs used in this establishment—may astonish even local residents who are not familiar with the work of this important institution.

Our regular features, "Between the Whistles," "Port Landing," "Around the Plant," etc., make their regular appearance.



The first rolls of newsprint made in Powell River, in April 1912, when the first machine to be installed commenced production. These rolls represent the beginning of newsprint production in British Columbia. Vancouver newspapers were among the first customers to receive the produce of our mills.

## Eighteen Years of Paper Making and Progress

When the directors of the Powell River Company decided, in November, to start on the construction of an additional unit to their present 500 ton a day newsprint mill, they initiated the fourth era of expansion in the history of our mills. Starting with the modest tonnage of 65 tons a day in May, 1912, Powell River is now the largest individual mill on the Pacific Coast; from its machines each day 500 tons of newsprint are shipped to many and widely extended parts of the globe.

There are still men in our townsite who will recall these early pioneer days of townsite building and the subsequent struggles to place Powell River paper on the world's newsprint map. When clearing operations commenced in the fall of 1909, the Brooks Scanlon interests had already opened up their logging camp on the Stillwater tract; in Powell River the Michigan and Puget Sound Lumber Company still hauled their logs from Powell Lake



In the summer of June, 1910, mill construction, following the clearing of the townsite, was under way. Above shows the laying of concrete foundations for the "Old" Mill.

to tidewater at Michigan Beach. This company had taken out the big firs and cedars along our waterfronts as early as 1907; and traces of their activity are apparent today in the extensive areas of second growth timber fringing the shores of Powell Lake.

Into this country, formerly given over to the logger, came the advance guard of what was then almost a new industry to British Columbia. True, in the years preceding, a few sulphite mills had begun operations along the shores of Howe Sound and at Port Alberni, Vancouver Island; but after an expensive and precarious existence, had for the most part, been compelled to discontinue operations. Not a single ton of newsprint had yet left a British Columbian mill.

Throughout 1910 and 1911 and into the spring of 1912 the stupendous task of converting a logging camp into a new and permanent industry went forward. Many a heartache and many a disappointment was encountered by these pioneers of our townsite; many difficulties, unforeseen, and perhaps, unknown at the time, intervened to lengthen the day when the first roll of newsprint would depart on its maiden journey down the Gulf of Georgia.

In April, 1912, the first unit was ready for "warming up;" and in the dying days of that month the old horse trains proudly hauled their first "drag" of Powell River paper to the wharf storage. In May, No. 1 and 2 machines were running, not indeed,



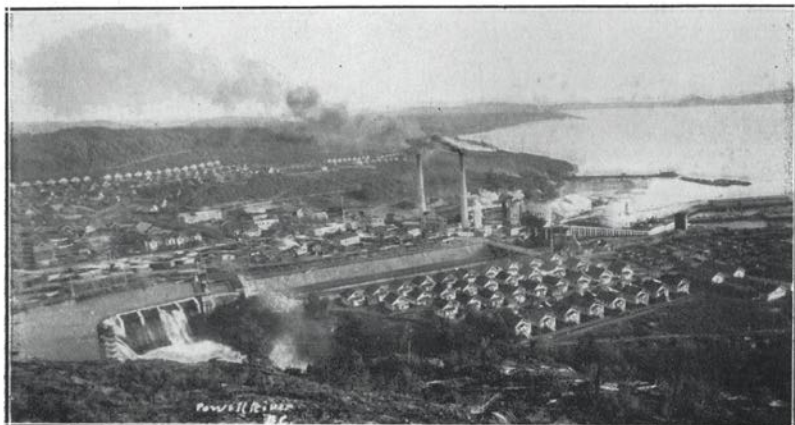
How Powell River looked in June, 1911. The first unit of our plant was nearing completion and ready for the installation of the paper machinery.

at full capacity, but they were, nevertheless, making paper. And in this month the first roll of newsprint produced in British Columbia carried the Powell River label away from the company wharf.

By February, 1913, "old 1 and 2" were speeded up close to capacity. Powell River had advanced to the dignity of a 100 ton plant, with a daily production of 102 tons. In April, 1913, came another upward bound. No. 3, to adopt a current phrase, struck oil, came in with an additional production of 40 tons, which raised our daily output to the then creditable total of 142 tons. But the finish was not yet. By September, No. 3's running mate, No. 4, had been completely assembled and her efforts raised the daily tonnage to 185 tons. Our yearly tonnage had risen from 17,000 tons in 1912 to 44,000 in 1913.

Here, for the present, the march of construction ceased. The newsprint market, as far as B. C. producers were concerned, was in the pioneer stage: production at the moment had reached the saturation point. For three years, it had been a question of almost ceaseless outlay on the part of the Brooks-Scanlon interests. It was now time to realize on their investment.

For twelve years the four machines, with their efficiency gradually increasing until 250 tons of newsprint were turned out daily, and the yearly average expanded to 70,000 tons catered to the demand for Powell River Newsprint. Prior to 1920, Canada's position in the newsprint field was by no means the commanding one she now enjoys. Capital was less fluid than today;



Panorama of Powell River to-day

the mills of the United States were producing sufficient newsprint to take care of the needs of their own country, and the problem of marketing our produce was often difficult and uncertain.

From 1920 onwards came the huge increase in the world's demand for newsprint and pulp wood products. With it went the phenomenal expansion of Canada's Pulp and Paper Industry. Mills sprang up throughout the country. Canada's production of newsprint in 1920 was 875,000 tons; in 1929 it is approximately 2,750,000 tons.

Powell River, in this new area of expansion found her old quarters cramped and uncomfortable. Her produce was established in the markets of the world and if she were to stay in the race and meet the requirements of her publishers and supply the new markets now being developed, more room and more paper was necessary.

This led to the 1925-1927 construction era, the largest and most momentous in the history of our townsite. The directors decided on additions to the existing plant that would double the present capacity, and bring our output of newsprint from 250 to 500 tons—in short, make Powell River the largest individual mill on the Pacific Coast.

This construction is within the recollection of the great majority of our residents. They will remember that No. 5 swung into production in July, 1926, to be followed six weeks later by No. 6. These two machines, with an output equal to that of their

four older brothers, with the dawn of 1928, raised production to 450 tons. Their daily average is now around 500 tons.

This, in brief, is the outline of the Powell River paper history during the past seventeen years. From a 65 ton mill in May, 1912, we have advanced in December, 1929, to a 500 ton plant, an increase in production of over 700%. Where, in 1912, our yearly tonnage was less than 20,000 tons, we now turn out over seven times that amount, around 150,000 tons annually. There were in 1912, fifteen grinding machines in operation; today there are fifty-two. Where we now cut in the neighborhood of 9½ million feet of lumber a month, our average for our 100 ton mill of 1912, would be less than two million.

These are some of the changes and forward leaps during seventeen years of operation, featured by three periods of expansion. And the end is not yet in sight. As we write, construction is being rushed on an additional unit, which will add, in 1931, another 35,000 tons annually to our output. Future plans provide for additions which will eventually raise the yearly exportable quantity of newsprint close to the 1000 ton mark. Surely those pioneers who still reside and work in our midst, will view with pride and satisfaction, and perhaps with bewilderment, the vigorous, mature strides of the new enterprise, which they assisted in founding twenty years ago!



MAIN FALLS AND BACK OF DAM IN FOREGROUND, APRIL 24 1911

(R.L. 23)

The old dam, just after construction, in 1911.





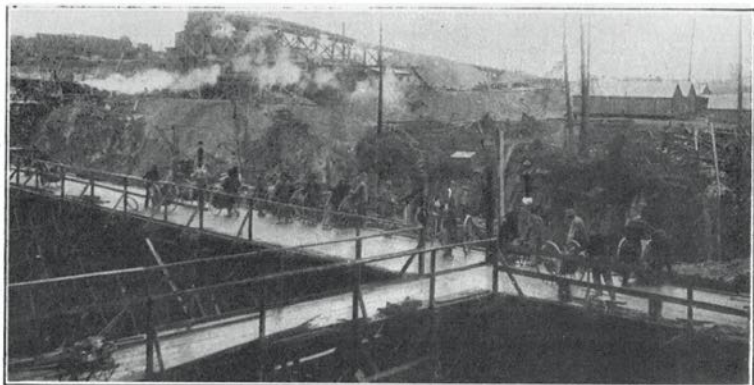
This is what the business section of Powell River looked like in 1911. The houses in the picture encompassed the entire extent of the townsite.

## Nineteen Years of Townsite Expansion

In the two years between April 1910 and the corresponding month of 1912, Powell River witnessed a scene of bustling activity, only paralleled in recent years by the busy days of 1925-1927, when our plant jumped from a daily production of 250 to 500 tons of newsprint daily. Between the time when clearing operations began and the memorable month of April, 1912, when the plant came into production, a new industrial site had been erected.

There were many things to be done in these early days before the first roll of newsprint left the machines. Hundreds of acres of land, still peopled by giant trees, must first be cleared; wharfs, to handle the thousands of tons of supplies and machinery, must be built; roads must be cut out. Numerous details, not directly connected with plant construction, demanded energy and foresight.

The directors of the Powell River Company in 1910 were not only erecting a newsprint mill. They were creating an entirely new industrial city. They were town planners as well as potential newsprint producers. They took upon themselves all the duties of the city engineer, designing and building houses,



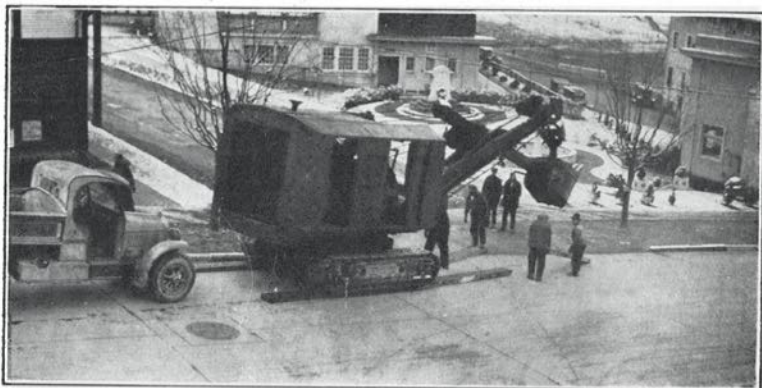
Construction of the dam in 1910.

constructing roads, laying out streets, planning civic centres, providing social and recreative pursuits for their employees. They were newsprint manufacturers and "City Fathers" combined.

Starting a new and permanent "Paper Town" on a site remote from civic or municipal centres was a vastly different operation than the opening of a logging camp. In the latter, temporary shelters of the bunk house variety were, for the most part, sufficient to meet the not too rigorous demands of the logging population. Your logger is more of the nomad. He is here today; tomorrow he has moved on to new and virgin tracts, as his old location is worked out and the old camp deserted.

The new industry, which two decades ago made its first infringement on a territory still in the hitherto undisputed domain of the logger, had no intention of moving out. Bar an earthquake or an inconceivable relapse to the illiteracy of the dark ages, the men who founded the Powell River Company were looking, not at the present but at the distant future. This was to be no logging camp, hastily built and as hastily abandoned. It was a modern industrial site, with permanent buildings, and permanent homes for the hundreds of steady employees who would shortly take up their residence here.

During the early days of 1910, a great majority of the workers were transients impelled here temporarily by the lure of construction. Until the fall of the same year, Powell River presented an appearance similar to any large construction camp. Rows of bunk houses, with the inevitable cook shack nearby, rep-



The prelude to a new era of construction. A large steam shovel passing the Memorial Park, on its way to make the first excavation for the new machine room.

resented the extent of town planning operations. A few buildings, called for want of a better name, houses, kept the home fires burning for the officials and superintendents; a lone tent on the present hospital site, found Dr. Henderson, with sleeves rolled up, and the ever-ready supply of black pills in his hand, greeting the sick and wounded; hundreds of men of every nation busily ply their shovels and picks, their saws and axes; on the fringe of the camp, the curious eyed deer and the shuffling bear look with amazement on their first glimpse of a townsite in the making.

This was Powell River in the spring of 1910. A portable saw mill was installed near the site of the present planing mill, and the timbers cut in the clearing of the site were cut here and the timber used for townsite building.

Early in 1911, actual construction of the future town-site was under way. Twenty-one houses were built that year, and from the accredited statements of eye witnesses the first two completed were the residences then and now inhabited by Dr. Henderson, and the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, at 160 Maple. Almost simultaneously the houses on both sides of Third Street sprung up. It was in this year that the present director's house and the residence now occupied by our Resident Manager, Mr. R. Bell-Irving was erected; four houses on Maple Street, No.'s 230-260 completed the 1911 program. When you pass these houses today, you are looking at the beginnings of Powell River.



Before there was a townsite. Falling giant timbers during clearing operations, early in 1910.

In 1912, the machines started making paper. Townsite construction still lagged behind, and the housing problem, ever an acute one, was particularly difficult at this time. With plant construction finished, a heavy program of house building was initiated. When 1912 slid silently in the mists of time, fifty-three additional dwellings had swelled the living room space of Powell River. In this year were erected the houses on both sides of the 100 block on Maple Street: Poplar Avenue from 121-151: Walnut Street, No.'s 130-150: Ocean View No. 400 and 440. The Gopher Club, transferred its headquarters from the old shack along "Shack Avenue" and moved into its present palatial quarters.

In the years following, townsite construction was steadily maintained; the residences along Oak and the lower part of Walnut were completed, and today included in the area known as the "Old Town," that section lying in close proximity to the mill and in the heart of our present community.

Expansion now proceeded southward and gradually the new town edged its way into existence. When the big extension of 1925 was ordered, a huge increase in houses resulted. In 1925 and 1926, 114 new dwellings, mostly along Ocean View and Maple Streets, were added. During the past ten years, save for the year 1922, the building program has continued. Keeping the townsite

apace with the growth of the plant has been a difficult and an expensive task. Today the rent roll of Powell River shows 401 houses within the townsite limits, and two apartments, with a total of thirty-two suites. Eighteen years have seen many changes.

From a logging camp to one of the first ten cities of British Columbia—"one of the bright spots on B. C.'s industrial map," says a contemporary daily—that is the history of Powell River in less than two decades. From a population of a few hundreds to a present census of four thousand people; a townsite with every modern convenience and every opportunity for social, recreative and fraternal life.

Today, on a spot where the tall firs and cedars once reigned in undisputed supremacy, is Dwight Hall, unquestionably B. C.'s finest community hall, looking out on the site of the recently constructed Memorial Park; in the same area is the new Patricia Theatre, with a seating accommodation of over 500 patrons, giving daily performances; along our once forest belted waterfront the cry of "fore," and the click of mashie and niblick, tell another story of a forest subdued by the march of civilization.

These are a few of the alterations wrought by two decades of progress; the visitor to Powell River ten years hence may see equally as great an alteration when the present plans of plant and townsite extension finally arrive at fruition.



The first beginnings of a new paper machine. Steam shovel at work on excavation for the new machine room, the first unit of which will be ready in 1931.

## Responsible for New Plant Extension



P. Sandwell



R. Bell-Irving



B. C. Condit

### Who's Who in New Construction Activity

*These Personalities will play leading roles in the work now being pushed forward.*

#### **R. BELL-IRVING, Resident Manager**

As Resident Manager, Mr. R. Bell-Irving will exercise supervisory control of all operations in connection with the new extension. As Resident Engineer during the last construction era 1924-26, Bell-Irving was in direct charge of the heavy construction work which resulted in the doubling of Powell River News production, and he is therefore particularly well qualified to assume the supervisory direction of the present work.

\* \* \*

#### **P. SANDWELL, Resident Engineer**

When construction was in the full meridian of its progress in 1925, Mr. Sandwell, as chief assistant to Mr. Bell-Irving, was in close touch with developments. He, like his chief, is fully conversant with the problems—and we may add, the worries—of an era of construction. Appointed to the position of Resident Engineer on Mr. Bell-Irving's assuming the position of Resident Manager, he has directed the destinies of the engineering department for the past three years. He will assume the active supervision of the present extension and on his shoulders will rest the chief responsibility for the direction and maintenance of the entire program of plant expansion.

\* \* \*

#### **B. C. CONDIT, Consulting Engineer**

Mr. Condit needs no introduction to Powell River. Six years ago, during extension operations, he was retained as Consulting Engineer by the Powell River Company. As a hydro-electric expert Mr. Condit is well known on the Pacific Coast, where he has acted in a consulting capacity for numerous corp-

## Directing Construction Activities



T. J. Brown

J. T. Fullerton

Ned Beaton

S. B. MacFarlane

orations. He has done considerable investigation work for the Smithsonian Institute and other scientific and educational societies. His experience has been wide and varied and when new extension work was contemplated in Powell River, the company promptly availed themselves of his services.

### J. T. FULLERTON, Field Engineer

Mr. Fullerton has been a member of the engineer's staff for the past nine years. As Field Engineer he bore his share in the 1925-1926 extension and is again in charge of the work at Powell River during the present plant extension. Mr. Fullerton is a licensed Dominion Land Surveyor and B. C. Land Surveyor.

### T. J. BROWN

Mr. Brown who is making his first appearance in Powell River, has assumed the position of Field Engineer in charge of the construction at Stillwater. He came directly here from Banff. He has had considerable experience in tunnel work with the C.P.R., with whom he was employed as Divisional Engineer for upwards of twenty years. Mr. Brown worked on the construction of the famous spiral tunnel at Field, and is, therefore, particularly well suited to direct construction of the Company's tunnel at Lois River.

### NED BEATON, Chief Draughtsman

Mr. Beaton came to Powell River in 1925, and attached to the Draughting Department, worked through the major portion of the last plant extension. On the recent departure of Mr. Fred Corbett, Mr. Beaton was appointed Chief Draughtsman. In this capacity his work will be of great importance in the new construction. Mr. Beaton has had considerable experience in engineering construction in the East. Before coming to Canada he was employed in the Royal Air Craft Factory at Farnborough, England, designing and assembling planes.

### S. B. MacFARLANE

Another recent addition to our community is Mr. S. B. MacFarlane, who will direct drafting-room activities in connection with Plant Extension. He has resided in British Columbia since 1912, having previously been employed by the Southern California Edison Company. He was engineer for the Fraser River Elevator Company at New Westminster during construction of the grain elevator at that port—and has recently been employed designing grain elevators in Tacoma.

# AROUND THE PLANT



## THE 'AM WHAT AM!

Our dapper and immaculate store manager stood proudly amongst his wares. Behind him stood the equally sartorial Joe Loukes, dean of the department of choice cuts and joints, advising all and sundry as follows:



"Come up, ladies and gentlemen. One purchase, and one only entitles the lucky holder to a chance on these choicest of choice hams. Captured young in the full flush of childhood. Come one, come all."

Up stepped an eager, excited bystander, frantically brandishing a ticket in his hand.

It was the lucky number.

He reverently clutched the tender, childlike 'am in his arms, smirked genially at Joe Loukes, strolled out.

The Winner! Oh yes! Eddie Goddard, Cranberry ham and grocery merchant.

And Harry Dunn didn't go to Vancouver for New Year. We had intended to say more about this phenomenon, but perhaps we've already said enough.

Which reminds us that Alec Morris found the hunting this year the worst in his career. "Tried all December to get a haggis, but couldn't find a trace of one anywhere," was his rueful ad-

mission. Tut, tut, Alec—those things are made in the Highlands and there is always "close" season on them.

Personally we haven't unearthed many New Year Resolutions on our jaunts around the village. One, however, the day following the Paper Makers' Ball, appeared to find wide spread favor. "Never again," was the solemn oath, administered with white eyeballs, and beseeching hands—and slightly hoarsened voices.



Sid Burns, we believe, has recently been a winner of the wharf football sweep. A case of "Money to Burns," says Tommy Lucas.

For a real novelty at the Burns supper this year we suggest that George Walker sing the "Lea Rig" and Jimmie Hamilton recite "Tam O' Shanter."



"Heh, heh," chuckled our prize villain, "have you seen 'Beau' Fullerton's new home on the golf course. Fresh air man, our field engineer, heh, heh, he's right at home. Lots of it there, heh, heh!"



To Weldon Murray,  
c/o No. 3 Machine,  
Powell River.

Dear Weldon:

Will you please draw for our next issue a life size cartoon of Bill McLeod in his own overcoat and Larry Heap's Sunday hat. The



reward is your own (and our) enjoyment of this most pleasing and unique spectacle.

Very truly yours,  
POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

Dave Rutherford is going through anxious days. For the past month his friend and shack companion Sandy Brown has been stamping up and down between the stove and bed of their Westview mansion, telling his friend—and the four walls, the virtues and glories of one Robert Burns, formerly of Ayr, Scotland. The Burns Supper is on the 25th of January. This should be good.



his popular rendition of "Madame, Will You Walk?" If this is anything like the last time we heard it, more than the Madame will start walking!

A rumor, which we have been unable to trace to its source, hints than Alan Gilchrist, in company with a partner yet to be chosen, will sing

## Flashes from the Ball

The general opinion expressed is that the largest crowd to date made whoopee at the Paper Makers' Thirteenth Annual New Year Ball. Few, if any, halls in British Columbia saw a greater congregation of joy makers gathered together under one roof. Over a thousand people were actually on the floor at midnight.

It was a typical paper makers' effort. While the presence of an occasional half sheet prevented a goose egg run, production was good. An occasional wet streak on the back edges make a few rewinds necessary the next morning, but what of it—guess we can rewind 'em, can't we?

One consolation we had, Al Hatch finally had to wear the same headpiece he tried to foist on two unsuspecting and generous minded members of the time office.

There was one good thing about the location of the punch stand. We certainly earned that drink by the time we reached the exuberant seclusion down there in the catacombs.

We heard of one paper maker and his friend who were so enamored with John McIntyre's realistic interpretation of an oriental garden, that they promptly dashed on the stage at midnight to be the first to kiss the Geisha girls!

The "Old Mill Stream" and "Sweet Adeline" were rendered without charge and in popular fashion to anyone who tripped lightly down those golden stairs and finally reached the flowing bowl.



Customer: "I want some powder to kill cockroaches."

Drug Clerk: "Will you take it with you?"

Customer: "No, I'll have the cockroaches call and you can rub it on their little tummies."

"Er—Mr. Woodward, are you chewing gum in my class?"

"Naw, this ain't gum; it's terbac co."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

#### A Ring Anyway

"Auntie, were you ever proposed to?"

"Once, dear, a gentleman asked me to marry him over the telephone—but he had wrong number."

#### Absent-Minded Beggar

"What made you quarrel with Claude?"

"Well, he proposed to me again last night."

"Where was the harm in that?"

"My dear, I had accepted him the night before."

"I played golf yesterday for the first time."

"How did you make out?"

"Fine! Made a home run right at the start. I batted the ball into the tall grass in the left field and ran around the entire course before they found it."

#### Laugh This Off

A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity.

"Willie," he said, "if I saw a boy beating a donkey, and I stopped him from doing so, what virtue should I be showing?"

"Brotherly Love." Willie retorted promptly.

Two farmers met on the road and pulled up.

Si, I've got a mule with distemper. What'd ye give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine and it killed him."

"Killed mine, too. Giddap."

#### A GROWING PREFERENCE

"Don't you think, Mary, you are too old to play with the boys?"

"No, mamma; the older I get, the better I like them."

#### Tit For Tat

Barber—Your hair's thin, sir.

Long Sufferer—And you've got a bump on your nose, and one of your eyes squints.

Algernon (reading joke): "Fancy this, Percy, a chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw, haw! And how many has the bally thing?"

# Powell River Children



1 Myrna Beverley Goddard      2 Violet Isabel Southern  
3 Richard Zaccarelli      4 Norma Pauline Felt      5 Ramond Zaccarelli  
6 Margaret & Frederick Bevis      7 Agnes Muriel Temperley

# EDITORS NOTES



## Glancing Back-- and Ahead!

On New Year's Eve, nearly twelve hundred residents of Powell River, thronging the auditorium of Dwight Hall, welcomed, with spontaneous acclaim, the approach of another decade of time. Enthusiastically, and with the unrestrained jollity of the night they paid noisy homage to the arrival of 1930, which promises to be one of the most significant in the history of Powell River.

It is just twenty years ago—two decades—since the clearing gangs, the concrete mixers and the first swarm of construction workers commenced building operations on the present plant site.

These twenty years have seen many changes. They have seen the first flight of a fledgling enterprise; they have seen it try its wings and grow stronger as new flights were attempted and wider areas conquered. They have watched its progress through childhood, and to-day see it, not yet indeed in the full maturity of growth, but out in the bloom of a healthy manhood. In these two decades, our produce has become firmly established in many and widely extended parts of the globe; the Powell River label on a roll of newsprint has come to be regarded as a pledge both of quality and of service in the competitive markets of world commerce.

With the beginning of 1930, we can look proudly back on twenty years of achievement and substantial

growth. And we turn our eyes forward and see a greater future for the decades to come. As the New Year grasps the torch from the faltering hands of his predecessor, Powell River finds a just reason for confidence and quiet optimism. Already gangs of construction workers are busy erecting camps and preparing the way for a new period of expansion. The first throbbings of an accelerated activity are being heard about the townsite and at Stillwater. Excavation crews are hard at work; down by the new machine room a chugging steam-shovel prepares the way for concrete foundations; out at Lois River a 6000 foot tunnel is being bored through a mile of solid rock; a new dam to harness the 30,000 horse power in the Gordon Pasha Watershed is under construction.

And so we welcome 1930 and welcome her with unusual warmth and optimism. We glance backward with pride on twenty years of achievement. We look forward with pride and confidence to our future — the first glimmerings of which are already visible. We see 1930 as a landmark in the history of Powell River.

“Did yo’ run when he stahted shootin’?” asked George.

“Ah don’ rightly rec’lec’,” replied Jasper, “but Ah reckon Ah must o’ been travelin’ right along, kaze de bottom o’ my feets is full o’ buck-shot.”



By CASUAL OBSERVER

The railbirds have not been very conspicuous around the festive season, many of the habituals spending their holidays out of town, whilst others were much too occupied in their preparations for the annual celebrations, and still later in the aftermath. The rails themselves however, served many useful purposes around this period, frequently acting as philosopher and guide, in many cases, indeed, being the only apparent means of support.

\* \* \*

Christmas and New Year are now a thing of the past, and judging by observations casually gleaned, have been thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. One prominent personage, who shall be nameless, was heard to audibly lament that the advent of New Year could not become a monthly institution, although his views underwent decided modification several hours afterwards.

\* \* \*

Santa Claus has not fallen down on the job this year by all accounts, although attempts to barter his offerings have been traced to some who apparently fail to appreciate their true, if somewhat sentimental value. Jimmy MacIndoe for example, although in rapture over his new bedsocks, with pink rosettes, was quite willing to exchange these for Jack Hill's earmuffs; and Oscar Smith hasn't quite decided what to do with that "Treatise on the Major Prophets," with illustrations, the offering of a maiden aunt. George Wasp says it's a fine book, he read it once, or thinks he did, but so long since that his memory is naturally hazy.

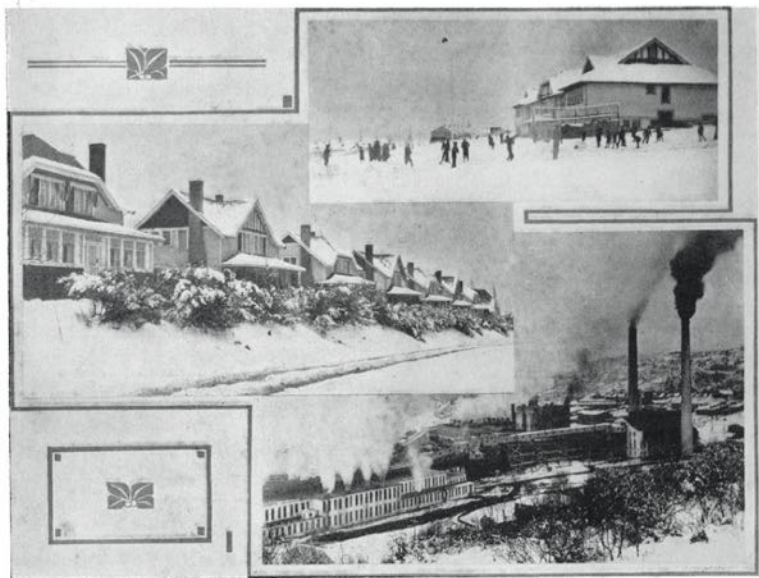
\* \* \*

It was suggested by the Editor, that considerable local color might be obtained for this column, by dropping in at the New Year's Ball around midnight. This advice proved very helpful. Local color was everywhere apparent, and we obtained just as much as we could comfortably accommodate. The New Year was certainly ushered in in regal style, the following couplet being highly appropriate for the occasion:

"All the girls we kissed,  
Not one of them we missed,  
We did have a rare old time."

\* \* \*

Speaking of New Year resolutions, we heard rumors that Bill McGillivray had resolved that he would be occasionally willing to admit some redeeming features in the Callies, even when they are playing the K. P.'s This sounds like a New Year resolution all right, but it seems a little exaggerated. Next thing we will have Harry Dunn boosting for the Moose.



Powell River witnessed its first and to date only snowfall of 1929 on Sunday, December 8. About eight inches of snow fell, only to be swept away a few days later by a reappearing sun and a warm wind.

Top: Brooks School. Centre; Ocean View Houses. Below: The Mill.

### WHAT A YARN!

This is a modern fable, plain and unvarnished. At 4:10 a.m., January



2, Harry Donigan trod lightly on the floor of the machine room, did a few handsprings, a couple of cartwheels, and strode briskly up and down, smiling genially at one and all. Al Hatch, looking spruce and immaculate, walked about with the stride of a two-year old, grinning a smile of perfect contentment. Vic Price, like a prancing racehorse, looking fresh and ruddy, bubbling over with good spirit and "joie de vivre," grinned back at Al, waved gaily to

Harry and hopped on the calendar stack in one bound—and so on . . .

Well, we said it was a fable, didn't we?


We didn't intend to mention any names in these hasty ramblings on the Paper Makers' Whoopee. But when John McIntyre tells us he has passed twenty—well, we put it up to our readers!

### IT'S THE MAN WHO PAYS

A news despatch from Chicago reveals that the working girls of that city are happy and "flirt easily" on \$13 a week. That's one of the blessings of being a girl. A boy can't flirt much on less than \$25 a week.

—Kansas City Star.

# Plant Extension



As the New Year peeps around the corner, there are few outstanding events to record in Plant Extension progress for the past month. The preliminary work is well on the way to completion and with the advent of February, construction of the new units will be commencing.

\* \* \* \*

During the month under review the steam shovel and its crews have not been idle. Over 20,000 cubic yards of earth have been excavated from the machine room site. This earth has not been wasted; it is being dumped at the wharf, and there used to reclaim land which some day may be valuable for further extension purposes.

\* \* \* \*

The transmission line is making good progress, and is expected to be in use early in February. Most of the work has been done at the far end of the line, and the secondary line, from the new power house site at Stillwater to the dam, is nearly completed.

\* \* \* \*

At Lois River both the north and south portals of the 6000 foot tunnel have been cleared and early in January excavation on these portals was under way. Clearing on the log-crib dam has been started and exploratory drilling is proceeding.

\* \* \* \*

At the Power House site some clearing has been done and the site explored with diamond drills for foundations, etc.

\* \* \* \*

The number of men working on the new construction is steadily increasing. By January 1st, there were three hundred men on the work at Stillwater.

\* \* \* \*

Camps are springing up at both ends—at Powell River and Stillwater.

Stuart Cameron's imposing camp site on what was once two good holes of our golf course, is completed with accommodation for another three hundred men. These will all be required when the inroads swing construction into the full meridian of activity.

## Meeting the Demand for Bread and Pastry

*Bakeshop of Avenue Lodge is kept busy supplying the demand of Powell River and its suburbs for bread, cakes and cookies.*

8 a.m. in front of the Company Store. A closed motor truck, from whose interior is wafted appetizing aromas of freshly baked bread, cake and numerous other luscious pastries, backs against the curb. In a moment Charlie Carter and his assistants have wrenched open the door, and tray after tray of bread, cookies, jam tarts, delicious cakes and other varieties of pastry are carried into the store, ready for early morning shoppers, and shift men on their way home with the day's provisions.



JOHN McLEOD  
Manager Avenue Lodge

hear the proverbial rooster crow good morning, the bakeshop of the Avenue Lodge is busy turning out the bread and pastry used next day in Powell River and its suburbs.

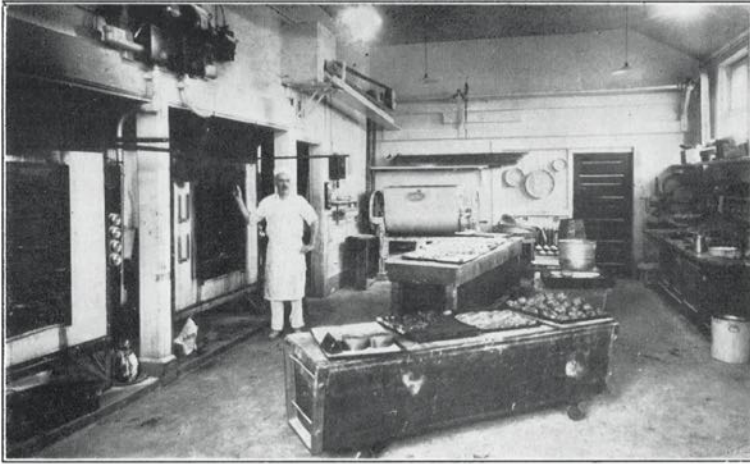
If old Rabelais were alive today, with what unholy glee would he have sent that "enfant terrible," Gargantua, on a foraging expedition to this bakehouse. For the merchandise used monthly in this establishment is truly on the gargantuan scale. When you

walk into our store each day—and inspect the rows of tempting jam tarts and cookies, what else do you visualize? Do you, for example, ever picture the quantities of jam used in the making of the small pastries distributed during a local calendar month? Do you see 400 lbs. of this childhood delight dragged from the shelves for this purpose alone? Does our average Mrs. Powell River realize that in the seclusion of this Lucullan retreat, 400 lbs. of butter and 1,000 lbs. of lard each month represent part of the pastry consumed by this local Gargantua, Powell River and suburbs. And the eggs! Dear Mrs. Powell River, what a cake we could assemble with the help of the 400 dozen they crack monthly in this bakeshop of ours. And if our guests at the cutting of this mammoth cake were of the sweet-toothed clan, we could easily tickle their palates, couldn't we? Yes, with a whole ton of sugar in our larder, dear Mrs. Powell River, what couldn't we do? Sometimes dear ladies, you and I have guests of a different type. You know what we mean. Those that require—ah—a little toning down, as it were—a little seasoning, we might say. A bit of salt on their tails, so to speak. Well, ladies, in this bakeshop of John McLeod's emporium, they just do that little thing. To counterbalance that ton of sugar, they season their thirty days' output of pastry with 500 pounds of salt.

Do you, dear lady, like our dear old grandmothers and great aunts, still make your own bread? Tush, tush,

Day after day, summer and winter, this program is repeated. At a time when Powell River citizens are enjoying an evening of cards or watching the latest movie thriller, and on until they





The bakeshop of the Avenue Lodge. Alfred Farnden, chief baker, is standing beside the ovens.

perish the thought, this is 1930. Anyway, when granny made bread, she used yeast—how much, would you say? Four or five, possibly seven cakes a month would do, wouldn't it? The yeasty feeling is a strong feature of life as lived by Arthur Farnden and his assistants. They mix in our bread something over 300 lbs. of yeast each month. Let them, you say? Well, ladies, it's the old story, the men make the dough and you help 'em save it!

And you boys of the old brigade, who at the holiday season and under extraordinary conditions, still have the recipes for that soul-warming, amber clear liquid that froths so delightfully when opened—how many packages of raisins do you put in the glorious mixture? Genial Arthur Farnden, mogul of the bakeshop, in his monthly doughy excursions, casually tosses in slightly over 300 lbs. of these useful little seeds.

These are some of the materials that go into the bakeshop's monthly bread and pastry mixture. For example a year's production shows 440,000 loaves

of bread; 22,546 dozen of miscellaneous pastries; 16,525 dozen buns and rolls; 14,000 dozen cookies; 1932 sultana and madeira cakes; 9712 lbs. of fruit cake; 10,871 pies; 25,021 loaves of raisin, whole-wheat and other breads. Figure them up and cease wondering what the bakers up in the lodge have to do while you and I are asleep or out enjoying a concert or the latest movie thriller.

This business of supplying the neighborhood with bread and pastry is not all beer and skittles. The amount of bread to be used each day is calculated in the quiet of the Avenue Lodge bakeshop—and this calculation is not always simple authentic. Weather conditions are an important factor. A fine, sunny day and hundreds of citizens take to the outdoors, lunch baskets under their arms. Lunch baskets mean sandwiches, sandwiches mean bread and this must all be figured in advance. There is more than mere dexterity in the handling of dough required, to run the bakeshop of our Avenue Lodge.

## Recent Appointments in Powell River Hospital



**MISS N. WILLIAMS**

When the Powell River Sick Benefit Society, a few weeks ago, held their closing meeting of the old year, one pleasing feature marked this final session. The members of the committee expressed unanimous approval of the work of the staff and lauded the efforts doctors and nurses were making to increase the efficiency, to promote a greater spirit of co-operation within the hospital and to strengthen the bonds of goodwill between patients and the staff.

A chief recipient of the congratulations of the committee at this gathering was Miss Williams, who on the resignation of Miss Blake, last August, was appointed Matron of the Powell River hospital.

That Miss Williams in her few months as matron has earned the confidence and respect of the Sick Benefit Committee, who, by the way, are not the most easily satisfied body of

men in the world, is a tribute to the ability with which she has administered the duties of her office. Miss Williams received her hospital training in Saskatchewan, taking her R.N. at the Victorian hospital in Prince Albert. After graduation she served for some time as a "special" and later as supervisor in the Victorian, which she resigned to come west.

Like many other prairie folk, she succumbed to the lure of the Pacific Coast, and came westward, arriving in Powell River in February, 1929, when she joined the staff of the local hospital. When Miss Blake resigned to be married in August last, Miss Williams was appointed to her present post as Matron, where her ability and personality have since earned the esteem of both the patients and staff, and the commendation of the committee.



**MISS A. BURGESS**

A recent and popular addition to the staff of the Powell River hospital is Miss A. Burgess, who in October

last, took over the duties of Assistant Matron. Miss Burgess received her R.N. from the Melbourne General hospital, Australia, one of the large institutions of the Commonwealth. Arriving in Canada in May, 1929, she spent several months as matron at Alert Bay. When, a few months ago, the Sick Benefit Society decided on the appointment of an Assistant Matron to the staff, the services of Miss Burgess were solicited for the new position.

Her four years training in the Melbourne General Hospital included one year of special work on children, a valuable asset in our local, indeed, in any hospital. Since her arrival in Powell River, Miss Burgess has made many friends both in and outside hospital circles. She is keen on outdoor games, and as a native born Australian, one would expect that she prefers tennis and swimming to other sports. We take it on ourselves to suggest that Miss Burgess may provide some of our local ladies with strong competition when the tennis season opens.

Miss Burgess has many interesting comparisons to make between Canada and her native land. The absence of any menace on our bathing beaches from sharks or other deep sea fish, is one pleasant feature of the Coast of B.C. Strange to relate, Miss Burgess, unlike many Melbourne people of our acquaintance, has quite an open mind regarding the respective merits of those two great rival cities, Melbourne and Sydney.

We take this opportunity to welcome our new Assistant Matron and hope that her stay in Powell River will be pleasant and enjoyable.

## GETTING HIS GOAT



Above, we show Albert Adams, somewhere in the mountains near Powell River, on one of his periodical goat chasing expeditions. From all accounts, a big percentage of local nimrods have this year found themselves hoisted on their own petard, and instead of getting the goats, the goats have got them.

The hunting season has been unusually poor; venison feasts, formerly a common feature of winter dinners here, are few and far between; the present is an off-season for big game—or small, for that matter.

It is suggested that the cougars, whose depredations have been more than usually destructive are largely responsible for game scarcity in the neighborhood. Almost every hunter who has gone in the hills has seen traces of these cats; several have been viewed from the lake, stalking along the shore line.

# — Safety First —

## A Short, Short Story

By A. BROWN

"Why don't yuh be more careful? What's the hurry? Safety First." As he spoke his ritual at this latest accident, Jim Tupper's brow was wrinkled in concern. His wife uttered a cry of pain and grabbed for her scorched wrist. He helped her bandage the hurt and continued his chant.

"A feller can't be too careful. I tell yuh, it hurts to get hurt."

Tupper, big, handsome, and agile, was boom boss for Bentley and Ault, loggers. He was a hard and steady worker, and easily the most skilful man on the boom. His movements, even in heavy caulked shoes, spoke of suppleness and strength; and his rather superior smile told how good a man he knew he was. The green men who went on the boom took their inevitable duckings to loud horselaughs, while Tupper rode the logs with a skill, ease, and grace that was the envy of all the water men.

With the Safety First campaign came a glorious opportunity for him to revel in his pride and work. The greenhorn, the clumsy, the careless, all felt the daily lash. It was,

"Mind yer step there, buddy, this ain't no ballroom. Safety First."

"Take yer time, the safe way is the right way. Safety First."

And with these and other endless abjurgations he would show everyone how a man as clever, and quick, and strong as he was, could safely do things that were risky for anyone else. He preached Safety First because his

employers wanted it, and because it brought him a golden opportunity to show off. They started calling him "Safety First," and he gloried in the nickname.

His wife's hurt attended to, they sat down to their hasty midday meal. As they finished, the locomotive at the beach camp sounded her whistle, and he reached for his hat.

"Here she comes, kid," he said. "Now, don't go cutting yourself up. Safety First."

He kissed her goodbye, roughly but kindly, and ran down towards the railroad. As the engine backed slowly past, he swung himself up easily on the running board, alongside the two brakemen.

"Hello Joe," he said to the head brakeman, "How's she goin'?" Joe answered with a grunt. "Bin paintin' her up," continued Jim.

Above the running boards, in front and behind, were newly painted signs which read SAFETY FIRST. TRAINMEN ONLY.

"Looks as though a man can't bum a ride no more," Jim went on, "an' me bin ridin' down with you goin' on three years. This safety stuff is gettin' the bunk, though I guess mebbe its all right for a guy as don't know how." And he laughed at his joke.

"Nothin' to laugh at," returned Joe surlily. "Too many dam fools ridin' these things, an' gittin' hurt; an' then the poor brakie catches hell." He leaned out to one side and flagged the

engineer down. The train stopped at the dump trestle, and the brakemen got off. As Joe reached for a replacer he said,

"We got a car off on the dump, and you'd better walk from now on. Them's company orders, and, as far as this buggy goes, they go too." Without waiting for a reply he shouldered the replacer, and followed by his helper, set off along the dump track.

Tupper got down, red and angry. The big saddle tanks on the engine prevented him from seeing the engineer or fireman, but he was sure they were laughing at him. He ground his teeth in anger, then stepped to one side of the engine, and, striding quickly past her, marched off towards the booming grounds. A short "Toot Toot" sounded behind him. He glanced round and saw the engine, once more on her way, coming slowly back towards him. As he eased away from the rails to let her pass by, he suddenly changed his mind. Unnoticed by the men in the cab, he swung himself once more on the running board.

"Only another two hundred yards," he gloated, "but I ain't walkin' it just yet."

Up in the cab the two men were watching the track behind them. They had to run down to the far end of the dump track, and then run up it to push on the unruly car. As they neared a big water tank the fireman spoke,

"We gonna take water, Bill?"

"I guess we got enough," replied the engineer. At the water tank, however, he added, "No, we gotta have some. We got to double the hill, and mess out there with that car off."

He was passing the tank, so he brought the engine to a sharp stop. He had gone too far, so he immediately reversed his engine, and moved ahead till he got under the spout. The engine stopped, and the fireman climbed up on the tank trestle to adjust the spout.

At the first stop Tupper had stepped down between the rails. He turned to his right and gave a last glare at the now far-distant figure of Joe. Something struck him violently on the left leg, above the ankle, then threw him on his back before he had time to cry out. His head hit a rail, and everything went black. Up on the trestle the fireman was filling the saddle tanks, his foot holding down the spout. He glanced idly behind him, then stared, and when he realized the significance of what he was looking at, jumped to the cab and clutched at the engineer's shirt with shaking fingers.

"Bill, Bill," he stammered, "we've run over something!"

The spout, released, threw water all over the engine. Bill stuck his head out, looked back, and got out in a hurry. A few steps took him to the silent, crumpled heap, and he turned round with a blanched face.

"Good God," he cried, "it's Safety First, cut all to hell."



The little Indian hamlet of Sliammon, three miles north of Powell River.



A view of the crowd, waiting for the doors to open on the Powell River Company's Annual Christmas Tree, for the kiddies of our district. Over 850 youngsters met and received presents from Santa Claus this year.

## Sixteenth Annual Paper Makers Ball a Big Success

Sixteen years ago the paper-makers of Powell River instituted their first Annual Ball. There are yet many members of that fraternity who trod a wicked, if sedateful toe, at the famous gathering in the old Central Hall on New Year's Eve, 1916. And one of these same pioneers informed us in a slightly husky voice (shaking, probably, with emotion) that not once since that memorable grand opening had he seen the paper-makers provide a finer Terpsichorean display than at their Sixteenth Annual Ball on New Year's Eve, 1929.

We are not in a position to compare the merits of the first and last Paper-maker's Ball. And to record all our impressions of the sixteenth and last great reunion would require a great deal more space than the law of averages permit.

And after all, there is little we can add to what has already been said. The Paper-maker's Ball is the classic of the year's social season, and when we

say that the committee in charge fulfilled the high expectations with which we are wont to regard the evening, we are dispensing high praise. And high praise they deserve for their efforts. The music, the decorations, the novelties, the refreshments, all were there, and so was a crowd of nearly twelve-hundred people, which, incidentally, was probably one of the largest collected under a single roof in British Columbia on that night of joy making and unrestrained whoopee. The New Year certainly had no cause to complain of the boisterousness of his reception in Powell River.

We can't allow this opportunity to pass without congratulating the committee and John McIntyre on the attractive decorative effects provided, on the stage and about the hall. The entire stage, a mass of soft-toned, colorful lights blending with the Oriental Garden effect was picturesque and beautiful. We believe the decorative touch this year was one of the

finest we have yet seen in Powell River.

A new arrangement which we believe meets with general, if not unanimous favor, was the location of the punch in a special downstairs booth. This eliminated considerable confusion and congestion on the floor and prevented undue crowding in the refreshment rooms off the main floor, as was often the case in former years.

To an energetic committee, composed of the following, the major portion of the credit for the success of the Paper-makers' Sixteenth Annual Ball is due; Alf Hansen, John McIntyre, N. McKnight, Bob Scanlon, Vic Price, Joe Falconer, Al Hatch, Bill Hutchison.



CARIBOO ROAD

View of the Cariboo Highway as it winds side by side with the Thompson River between Lytton and Ashcroft. The picture was loaned by Mr. Garvin of the Hartford Insurance Agency.

## GOLF NOTES

After a temporary shut down, due partly to inclement weather and partly to the holiday season, local golf tournaments swing back into full action on Sunday, January



4. The mixed foursomes held and still hold the spotlight of prominence, and the opening day saw twenty-eight couples in action. This tournament proved immensely popular this year; thirty-two couples were entered, and strange to say, fourteen married couples playing together, entered the first round. This latter figure is easily a record on local links and speaks for itself.

The opening exchanges, on a raw day and with a biting westerly blowing in from the gulf, naturally produced nothing of the sensational. Perhaps the closest and most staunchly contended battle of the afternoon was the draw match, Mr. and Mrs. J. Simpson vs Mrs. J. R. MacIntyre and Ed. Peacock. The victory of Mr. and Mrs. G. Heighway over the strong combination of Mrs. G. Schuler and Hugh McLean was something in the nature of a surprise, as was also the defeat of Mr. and Mrs. Raby by Miss Caroline Smith and Mr. Jamieson.

We don't like to be nasty and suggest sinister motives behind the purchase of those hats. But we would like to inform Vic Price and "Mac" McKnight that those long, suggestive top pieces, round at the skull and tapering to a point two feet above that spot, suit the particular beauty neither of a lowly editor nor a Resident Manager.



**RANGERS FOOTBALL CLUB**

*Top: Left to Right: Ronald Burtenshaw; Donald Carter; Ted Denne; Albert Casey; Jack Davis; Stuart McLeod; Andy Leiper (Manager).*

*Bottom: Left to Right: Sidney Southcott; Franciosa; Fred Pullen; Rothven; John Straight; Frank Pickles; Bill Mathieson.*

**SOCCER NOTES**

The round ball pastime has been temporarily becalmed by the festive season and the preceding weeks of snow, which rendered the pitch unplayable.

Another old timer back on the job is Freddy Mills, former Elk centre, who has signed with the Callies. Freddy is a strong, robust attacker, and a source of worry to any defence.

Mortimer is breaking back in the game again. Morty and Alec Smith on the back line are a powerful pair, have a good understanding and are both veterans.

The league race this year is the closest on record. The three squads are running along almost neck and neck. The Moose who looked like early winners have suffered a few reverses lately, falling to both the K. P.'s and Callies. It's anybody's race from now on.

Jack Drury has not been out as a regular this season, but hopes to break

in again before the season closes. Jack has played in Powell River for the past five years and has turned in many spectacular performances. A t centre half, his weight and know-



**J. DUNLOP**

ledge of the game are valuable assets to his club.

Most of the teams are finding strong additions in the presence of numerous new construction workers. An all star local eleven would give any of the Mainland Clubs a strong tussle at the end of the season.





## New Year Resolutions

Good resolutions are in order this time of the year. Here is one which should top the list. "I resolve to work safely and protect myself from accidents; to work carefully and not be the cause of injuries to others; and to do everything in my power to prevent accidents." A record year in safety means a record year in production. A record year in production is good business for all of us.

\* \* \*

We have had a few unfortunate accidents in 1929, and our safety record has plenty of room for improvement. In the next issue of the Digester the safety year just passed will be more fully canvassed. Meantime a new year peeps around the corner. Let's all give him a safe and prosperous trip down the 1930 highway.

\* \* \*

Our friend Shorty says, "That an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of bandages." The place for bandages is on the back shelves. Let them stay there.

\* \* \*

Several cases of carelessness and neglect have been noticeable lately—at least the results have been. Some of the boys have received small cuts and abrasions, and giving these the horse laugh, have neglected to report for first-aid treatment. More than one lost time accident, that might easily have been avoided, has developed as a consequence. Even if we forget about the needless pain and anxiety involved, the material side crops up. Failure to report accidents promptly will jeopardize a claim against the Workmen's Compensation Board, who demand the immediate reporting of all accidents, however small. Anyway the little old pay envelope has a big bulge on the Compensation cheque.

\* \* \*

Commencing next month a Safety Honor Roll will be included on these pages. This scroll will bear the names of each department who work through the month without a lost time accident. Every quarter the leaders for the three months period will be accorded special mention.

A "goose egg" a day keeps the sawbones away!

## Pioneering

The wind in the leaves and the roar of the sea,  
These are the sounds that are dearest to me;  
The trail that is narrow, the way that is far,  
And a bright light, a white light, the high north star  
Up from the furrow, out from the hall  
The child of the wilderness comes at their call.

## Canoe Song at Twilight

Down in the west the shadows rest,

    Little grey wave, sing low, sing low,  
With rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep  
Into the dusk of night we go;

    And the paddles dip and lift and slip,  
    And the drops fall back with a pattering drip:  
The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep  
Are pitched in the gloom on the headland steep  
    Wake not their silence as you go  
    Little grey wave, sing low, sing low.

Laura E. McCully

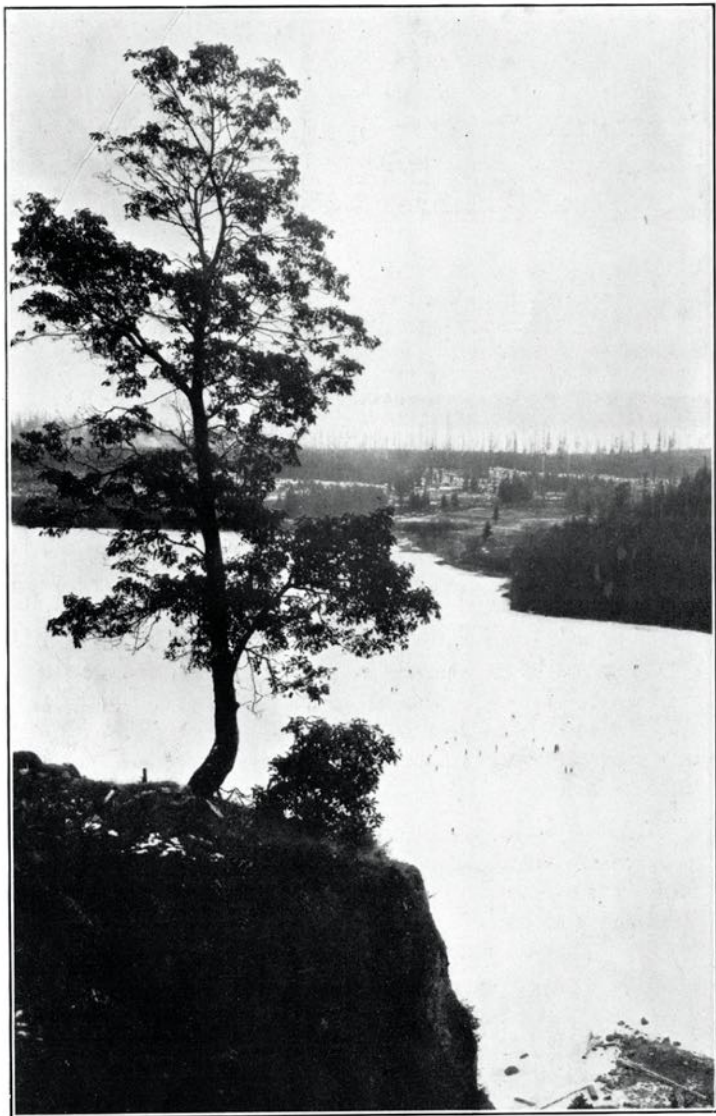
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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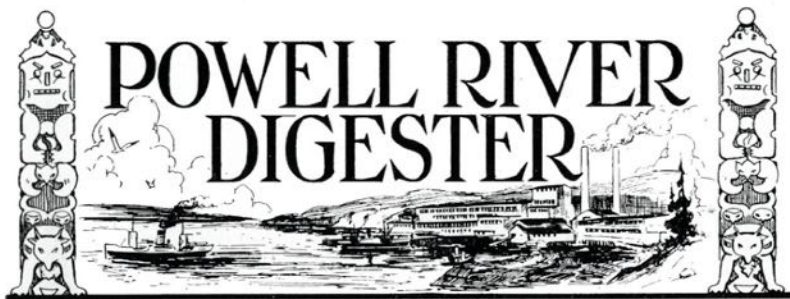
FEBRUARY, 1930

Nº 2.





Overlooking Cranberry Lake during the unusually protracted skating season this year.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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## Dr. Brooks—Our President

By A. E. McMASTER

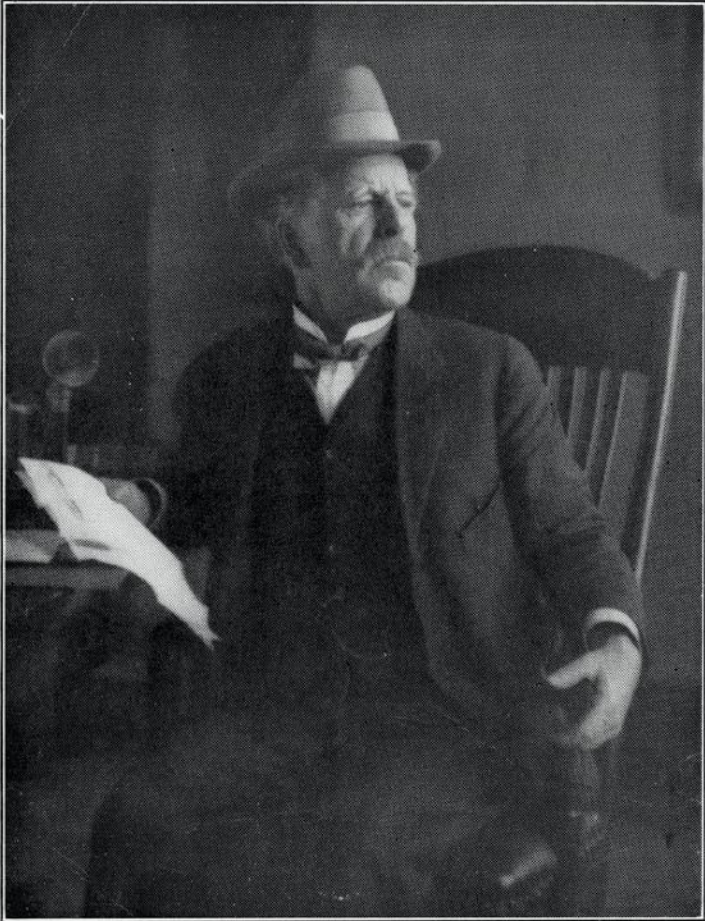
General Manager

THE sudden passing of our beloved President, Dr. Brooks, was a great shock to all who knew him and loved him for what he was, an outstanding successful, generous and courageous man.

Those who were associated with Dr. Brooks know the value and pleasure of such an association. He was kind and sympathetic to all with whom he came in contact, and the void created by his passing will be difficult to fill.

His unlimited belief in the great enterprise he built up at Powell River will be an inspiration always to those connected with it and the institution itself will prove a monumental tribute to the vision, faith and courage of a great man who left to mourn him a countless host of friends who knew and loved him.

---



The Late Dr. Dwight F. Brooks

## Across the Great Divide

The Doctor is gone. On Tuesday, January 21, he breathed his last, at Palm Springs, California. In our townsite the flags are at half mast, as a community mourns the passing of its founder. Down in the little village of Stillwater, fifteen miles away, many an "old timer" looks out over the new construction work, and thinks of the Doctor whom he knew so well, and who made this new activity and expansion possible. In the logging camps of our province, many a logger feels the loss of a friend. The Pulp and Paper Industry and the Lumbering Fraternity of the continent have lost a leader. In Winona, Minnesota, where the funeral rites were held, hundreds of old friends from all parts of the continent gathered to pay their final respects to his memory.

Somehow, although news of the Doctor's illness preceded his death, we find it difficult of realization. We find it hard to visualize Powell River without his hand at the helm. We find it hard to believe we shall never see that well-known figure, with those keen eyes that never missed a detail, on our streets again. It was only yesterday that he dropped in to see us, before turning southward to Palm Springs. We saw him in the saddle, holding the reins to the last. He held them long and grasped them tightly, in a grip which was only relaxed by the approach of death.

To tell of the Doctor's career, of the organizations in which he is interested, and the corporations which he controls and has nurtured from their infancy is not our purpose here. These are common knowledge; they are written high in the industrial history of our own province, in the big Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Mill at Bend, Oregon, in Florida and in the Bahama Islands, where, in company with his old friend, Mr. M. J. Scanlon, Vice-President of the Powell River Company, and his brother, Mr. A. S. Brooks, the Brooks-Scanlon interests have taken root and are firmly established.

We prefer to remember the Doctor as we saw him in Powell River on his periodic promenades about the plant. His visits were distinguished by a total lack of ceremony. There was nothing he liked better than to poke around by himself or to look up his old friends, whom he never forgot, and for whom there was always a place in his organization.

It was no uncommon sight to see the Doctor strolling about in the morning, before the day men had "punched in." His was no carefully mapped-out-in-advance schedule. When he came to Powell River, he saw what he wanted to see, not what others may have wished him to see. The men in the mill became accustomed to seeing the familiar slouch hat, and the dignified, erect pose, usually at an hour when all Presidents of big corporations should be still in dreamland. On his last visit in December, he appeared in the mill before the



midnight shift had been relieved. The first remark he made was a "suggestion" that "those windows could stand washing." Needless to say they soon were!

Doctor Brooks took a founder's pride in the community and in the industry he had created. We have often seen him stand for several minutes looking fixedly at the new buildings erected in the past few years. One would almost visualize his mind rolling back through the years to a day over two decades ago, when he caught his first glimpse of the site that was to be the Powell River of today. Perhaps too, he was looking forward, as he had done twenty years ago, and seeing the Powell River of a decade yet unborn.

In chronicling the passing of the Doctor, (the name by which he was known to us all), we mourn the passing of the Father of Powell River; of the man whose vision built the industrial plant of which we are so proud, and whose enterprise and energy "have contributed greatly to the prosperity of B. C." To the last, he maintained an intimate and close touch with Powell River, as well as with the numerous other businesses in which he had a controlling interest. He knew of the latest improvements, of the installation of a new piece of machinery, and was kept supplied with pictures and drawings of all details pertaining to townsite development or plant extension. The Doctor never had his feet out of the stirrups. He was in the saddle to the end.

Doctor Brooks is survived by three sons, all of whom are actively engaged in the management and direction of the industries in which their father took so much pride: S. D. Brooks, Executive Vice-President of the Powell River Company; Harry K. Brooks, General Manager, Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co. at Bend, Oregon; and Edward Brooks, General Manager, Brooks-Scanlon, St. Paul.

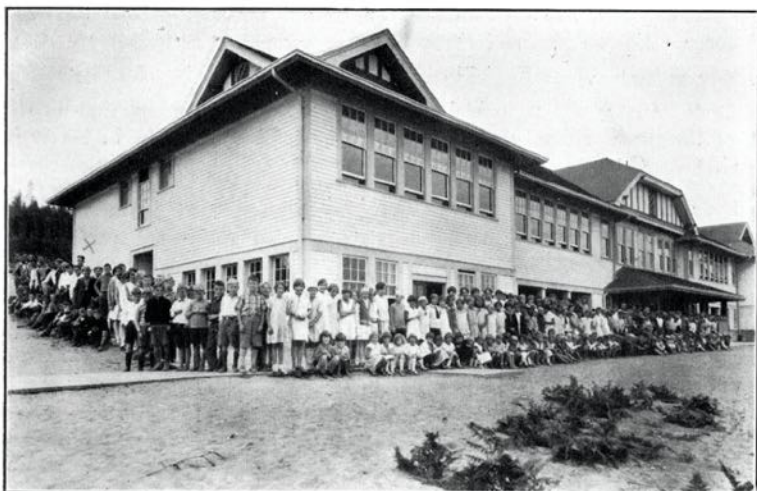


## Dr. Brooks - A Logger's Man

By HENRY PHELAN

As one of his logging superintendents, the passing of my old chief brings home to me the sterling qualities that built for him the great business which he controlled. He provided all the equipment that a man could use. His camps were of the best; his tables were provided far beyond the ordinary logging camp. When the Doctor was unable to visit a certain part of the work, he took his foreman's word for what was being done. He knew his men.

As a friend I recall his many kindnesses. Not long ago while visiting Bend, Oregon, in his company, we spent an evening together. We talked of Minnesota, a country in which we had many acquaintances. And the Doctor talked of far back logging days, of the difficulties encountered and the dangers surmounted, of all the struggles confronting the logger in the old pioneer days. When I heard him recall this tight corner passed, and that difficulty tided over, he became again what I always shall remember him as—a logger's man!



Brooks School, named in honor of Doctor Brooks, is one of the institutions which perpetuates his memory in the townsite.

## How I Recall Dr. Brooks

By ROBERT ALLAN

A day of driving sleet and rain in the Brooks-Scanlon camp at Stillwater. Doctor Brooks and his party were seated around the camp stove drying out after an inspection of the limits.

"These days," said the Doctor, in those slow deliberate tones we knew so well, "I hear so much talk about "dividends, dividends; they all want dividends. What are dividends if they do not mean expansion?"

It is many years since I heard the Doctor speak these words to the group clustered in front of the Stillwater camp stove. They were prophetic words. I have seen the mills at Powell River expand and double their output; today I see them again outgrowing their old quarters—and I see in reality what the Doctor visioned when he said, "what are dividends without expansion?"

It was apparent in all circumstances that his policy was ever to avoid the making of unemployment. The Brooks Scanlon Logging operations were never stinted for equipment. I remember a discussion concerning the purchase of a new locomotive for the Stillwater "job." Some of those present were inclined to demur at the expense entailed in this increase of logging equipment. The Doctor summed up the situation in seven words. "Butter without bread," he said, "is of little use." In other words, you could have the finest stand of timber in B. C., but without the proper equipment to take it out, the tract was useless.

The Doctor, nevertheless, hated unnecessary waste. He loved to tramp along a new grade, and with an almost uncanny sense of perception, would pick out weaknesses here and there, that had escaped the vigilant eye of his foremen, and which, I always suspect, he took special delight in pointing out.

Once he noticed a log which appeared to be a slight obstruction on that part of the grade. He very casually commented that this might be better removed.

Six months later the Doctor came back to Stillwater. One of his first remarks to Henry (Hank) Phelan, his logging superintendent, was, "Well, Henry, I see you moved that log out of the way."

The Doctor's visits to camp were always looked forward to. His policy, in the hands of his executives, was for the common good. Nowhere in British Columbia were conditions better in logging operations than at Stillwater. The community there knew full well that the excellent living conditions afforded them were fostered by the policy followed by the Doctor and Mr. Scanlon. Ever and anon the Doctor would refer to the late John O'Brien, "A wonderful man, John," he would say, and add "what would John say if he saw this," meaning modern methods.

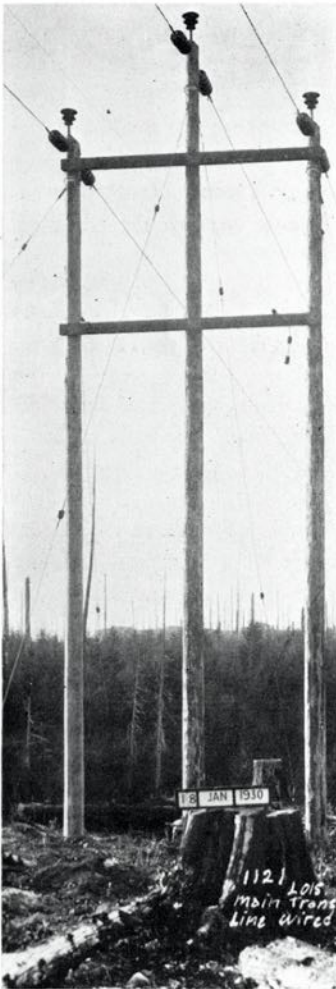
Tenacity of purpose was the greatest single characteristic of the Doctor. This is the spirit behind the expansion of the Powell River Company, and this is the spirit he endeavoured to imbue in the personnel of all the organizations under his control. His vision and perseverance guided the first faltering steps of an industry which today is one of the largest in the West.

Now a new era dawns over the Gordon Pasha country. The passing of the old regime synchronises with the passing of its ruler. As a pioneer he took back water neither from natural difficulties nor adverse times.

His plans for the greatest usefulness for the Gordon Pasha country consummated, the gray old warrior rests.



Dwight Hall, which looks out on the Memorial Park, is yet another mark of Dr. Brooks' interest in the community he founded.



## The Pole Line Near Lois River Falls.

The line is now  
complete from  
Stillwater to  
Powell River.

### HIGH SCHOOL PLAYS

An interesting event in February will be the second annual High School Plays. Few who saw the first production of these plays will wish to miss the second. Three interesting comedies have been selected and have been in rehearsal some two months at time of writing.

The plays which the staff has selected for this year's performance are "Enter Dora—Exit Dad," "Evening Dress Indispensable" and "The Mouse Trap." In spite of many difficulties, the staff and students are sparing no effort to provide a creditable entertainment.

The date is set for February 21 in Dwight Hall at 8 p.m.



Congratulations to the foremen and all members of the following departments: Electrical, Townsite Carpenters, Wooden Heads, Pipe Fitters, Foundry, New Beater Room, on having worked through the whole of 1929 without a lost time accident.

The Electrical Department with an average of thirty-four employees who worked 999,49 hours during 1929, head all the departments for the year.

Joe McIsaacs and his merry gang of pipe fitters, completed their third year without a lost time accident, or to put it another way they have worked 56,125 hours during this time without getting hurt.

The Inspection Committee of the Workmen's Section of the Safety Committee had a busy year. They made twenty-five tours of inspection during 1929 and offered fifty recommendations for safer working conditions around the plant; all of these recommendations were heartily endorsed by the management, and all of them were carried out. These involved quite an expenditure in time, thought and money, all directed to make our mill the safest in the Dominion.

Have you seen Joe Crossley's smile lately? The cause of it is not so much that we are getting nearer the opening of the fishing and bowling season, but because he and his molten metal pourers worked 17,374 hours during 1929 without losing a day through accident; in fact they have only lost two days in five years on this account.

We have heard of many causes of accident in our experience but the following one came to our notice lately.

A certain citizen had a radio by his bedside and was lying in bed enjoying the latest from out of the ether; time came to go to sleep and as he rolled over to turn the radio off he fell out of bed. Wonder how you would classify that one?

In analyzing the causes of our accidents we find that nineteen of them were caused from slipping. We will readily admit that to a certain extent these were due to working conditions, but as a precautionary measure, with a view of cutting down these during 1930, how about not wearing rubber heels while at work.

# The Sydney Morning Herald



*Editor's Note:*—This article is a continuation of our series on the countries and newspapers to which Powell River Newsprint is shipped regularly. The Sydney Morning Herald was one of our first customers and for over a decade and a half close and friendly relations have been maintained between the Powell River Company and the firm of Fairfax & Sons, Ltd., owners of this daily.

The Sydney Morning Herald, which enjoys the distinction of being the oldest of still-continuing newspapers in Australia, is approaching its centenary. Its history is naturally eventful, and in its beginnings runs in close

*The "Herald" has been in existence for nearly a century and forms an interesting chapter in the journalistic history of the Commonwealth. John Fairfax & Sons, Ltd., have directed the destinies of Australia's first morning newspaper for nearly 90 years.*

association with the genesis of the Australian press in New South Wales.

The *Herald* was founded on April 18th, 1831, and has from that date, without cessation, made its regular appearance. Less than ten years after it was established, Mr. John Fairfax and Mr. Charles Kemp bought the *Herald*. This was at the beginning of February, 1841. A few years later Mr. Kemp retired. Thus it is nearly ninety years since the founder of John Fairfax & Sons, Ltd., acquired his interest in the *Herald*, and ever since that date the control of the paper has remained in the one family, the fourth generation being represented on the present directorate. This, it is believed, is an Empire record in the journalistic world.

The press in Australia dates its birth from March 5th, 1803, when the *Sydney Gazette* first saw light in Sydney. When the *Herald* started there were three other competitors in the newspaper field. These were the old *Sydney Gazette*, which lasted till 1842; the *Australian*, whose publication began in 1824, and which continued till toward the end of 1848; and the *Monitor*, established in 1826.



Linotype room, Sydney Morning *Herald*. A battery of fifty linotypes are included in the *Herald* equipment.

### The "Herald" Standards

It is as an institution in Australia that the *Herald* has become one of the great forces there. In its presentation of news and opinions the personalities of those who control it are entirely subordinated. The torch has been handed on from father to son, from editor to editor, from that responsible newspaper man to this without break in the continuity of tradition and outlook. Mr. John Fairfax was, for forty years, the mainspring of its activities. Born in Warwick, England, in 1804, and later conducting a paper at Leamington, he came with his family to Sydney in 1838. He died in Sydney, universally respected, at the ripe age of 73 years, on June 16th, 1877. He was followed as head of the proprietary by the late Sir James Reading Fairfax, who in 1851 began his newspaper career as an apprentice in his

father's office, and in 1856 was admitted to partnership with his brother, Edward Ross Fairfax, who some years later retired from the business.

### Down the Generations

Sir James Reading Fairfax remained in control of the *Herald* till his death in March, 1919, and his sons, Mr. Geoffrey E. Fairfax and the late Sir James Oswald Fairfax thereupon carried the banner that their father and grandfather had carried before them. The fourth generation of the Fairfaxes is represented on the present directorate by Mr. Warwick O. Fairfax, only son of the late Sir John Oswald Fairfax.

To recall the *Sydney Morning Herald* of early days is to be reminded of the growth of the city of Sydney, which is its home; and, in this retro-

spect, a contrast between the Sydney of 1831 and the Sydney of the present time may help better to realization how Australia and the world at large have progressed since those far-off days. The inhabitants of the baby colony, hopeful and courageous as they undoubtedly were, would be bewildered at the changes a century has wrought in their little settlement. Nearly a hundred years ago, when the first *Herald* appeared on the scene, the entire population of Australia, Tasmania included, comprised only some 70,000 souls; to-day Greater Sydney has a population close upon a million and a quarter, while that of the state of New South Wales is in the neighbourhood of 2,350,000.

#### The Tide of Progress

To-day 20,000-ton liners glide in and out of Sydney Harbour without exciting comment by their size and beauty; the great Sydney Harbour Bridge soon will unite North Sydney with the City in a single graceful

span; while the first section of the City Railway, now open to traffic, is the beginning of a comprehensive underground tube system. The progress of Sydney is an index of the expanding prosperity of the whole State. Agriculture, mining, dairying, the great pastoral industry are naturally subject to regional or periodical fluctuations — in the aggregate, the past century presents an amazing record of steady expansion. With all this vigorous activity in city and country the *Sydney Morning Herald* has been in intimate contact as a guiding influence, and distributor of news.

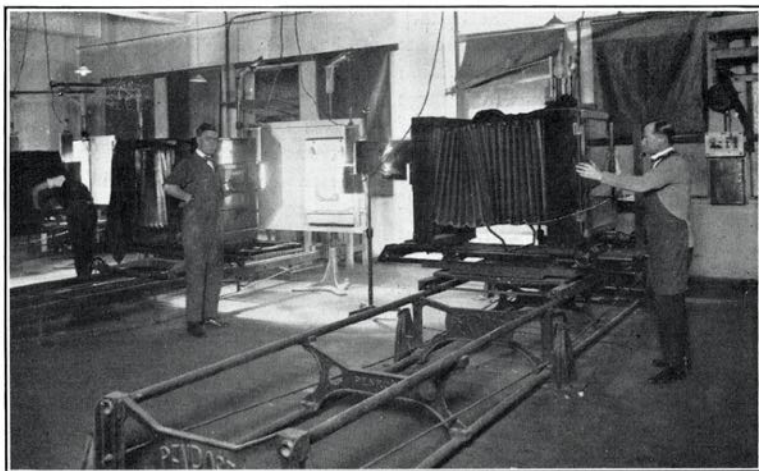
#### First Morning Paper

For many years the *Sydney Morning Herald* has been the first paper in the first city of the Commonwealth. It has attained a standing peculiarly its own, being neither a class paper nor a "popular" journal in a sense involving limitation or inferiority. In Australia its prestige equals that of *The*



Where the news of the day is given the final O.K. Sub-Editor's room.





Portion of the *Herald's* Process Engraving Room

*Times* in England. At all times conducted on the highest plane, it has won a reputation for accuracy and fairness.

### Magnificent Offices

The continuous growth of the *Sydney Morning Herald* was reflected from time to time during its long history in successive alterations and additions to the premises which housed it. Finally the building which had at one time excited admiration by the dignity of its proportions became totally inadequate for the staff and equipment necessary for the rapidly expanding volume of business. A splendid new building was therefore designed, as high as the municipal regulations would allow (150 feet) on an ample frontage of nearly 250 feet to Pitt Street, and lesser frontages to Hunter and O'Connell Streets. This fitting home for the great enterprise which grew from such modest beginnings was recently completed, crowning the achievements of nearly a century. It is surmounted by a tower

which reaches to a height of 210 feet. Up to the first floor level the building is faced with trachyte, and thence upward with sandstone. It faces Hunter Street, Pitt Street and O'Connell Street, a conspicuous and commanding position; with the presses and other machinery in the basement, occupying two floors below the street level.

### Staff and Equipment

Efficiency in staff and equipment has been a main factor in building up and maintaining such a newspaper as the *Sydney Morning Herald*. The proprietors have reason to be proud of the staff, which has grown from the mere half dozen who joined the founders, to well over 500 persons. As in the case in most of our large Canadian journals, practically all of these have grown up with the business. The system of apprenticeship has been extended to include a school in which juniors are given the foundations of a liberal education; technical instruction is also accorded.

(Concluded on Page 19)

# Plant Extension



During the last month the Secondary Transmission line has been completed and wires are being strung for the main line; at the time of writing we have crossed Lois River and reached the rock knoll, a point about four miles this side of the Power House site.

Clearing of the tunnel mouth having been completed early in the month, the excavation is now under way. A trap tunnel is being bored at the North Portal and has been brought to a point about 35 feet from the face, this measure having been rendered necessary owing to the loose nature of the soil. It is expected that hardpan or rock will be encountered within a short distance of the point now reached and from there onward the tunnel will be bored to the full size. The south portal is approached by an open cut right up to the rock face and boring has commenced.

No. 1 Camp which is located near to the Power House site will be completed before the end of the month and excavation on the Power House site will commence soon after. Nos. 2 and 3 camps are now complete.

Clearing and grubbing over the Penstock line is proceeding and work on the new road from the Government highway to the Power House is in progress.

The exploratory drilling on the Power House site is finished and the drilling crew has been moved up to the site of the Log crib dam where similar operations are now in progress.

By the end of the month over 40,000 yards will have been excavated from the Machine Room Site.

The camps at Powell River have been erected and the Contractor has done considerable work in connection with arrangements for handling construction material.

# AROUND THE PLANT



Interest in outdoor activities during January centered around the feast of open air skating open to all and sundry on the smooth ice of Cranberry Lake. To say we all took advantage of almost a solid month of uninterrupted bliss is to put it mildly.

Every person from six to sixty was out learning to skate or trying out old tricks, half forgotten in the past ten years.



Bert Johnston and his assistants were driven frantic trying to fill the demand for skates, whose exchange value was on the top of the market.

Mr. Jamieson was among the first to take to the iron boats. He broke up three hockey games by skating gracefully through at a critical moment, showed some of the younger generation how the old fashioned waltz should be done, and in general had the time of his life.

And we saw lots of picturesque sights. We saw Hughie McLean weaving graceful figure eights before a crowd of hero worshipping youngsters; we saw Kent Goldsmith, always the perfect gallant, escorting half the female population of Powell River up



and down the ice; we saw Horace Moore carrying huge stacks of timber for the inevitable bonfire, and earning the heartfelt gratitude of more than one beaming lady; we saw Bob Scanlon and Al McLean doing some nippy side stuff with the puck—but we didn't see John McLeod, leaving the lodge with his skates, or Bill Parkin doing the wireless curve. No, we didn't see that!

And may we say, some of these rough boys from the machine room, the office and the hardware store, turned in some cute exhibitions of our national winter pastime. The machine room have a couple of potential Connachers in Hugh McPhalen and Clarence Raby. And Bill McAndrew, leading the paper makers' forwards down the ice, learned how to handle a stick and carry a puck long before he came to Powell River.



Bob Smith, the hardware store ace, struck his stride the first day out, and jostled opposing defences about in great style. Bob is another who knew what skates and hockey sticks were for before he trotted up the Gulf of Georgia.

The office made a poor showing on the ice. Bev Davidson and Bob Scan-

lon were the only regulars who tried to give the mill a run for their money.



Anyhow, those games were worth the admission price! We believe some of the so-called bad men of the eastern circuit might have picked

up a few wrinkles if they could have seen a few of those collisions, in mid ice. Phew! And how! And yes!

Some of the ladies, unable to wait until the next supply of skates came in from the east, took the brooms from behind the kitchen doors, donned the usual week-day shoes, proceeded to enjoy a great game of "shinney" on the ice,—minus skates.

An interesting sight any noon hour is the big concentration of those musically minded sea gulls, just outside the new machine-room. We understand that several of the boys have become quite expert in the study of those bright birds' habits. Wally Tapp swears one of them swallowed a "T" bone steak without even gulping. We also understand that Courtenay Powell has had a close and intimate conversation with one. Courtenay is concentrating on a study of the beak and mouth muscles.

Harry Carruthers has enjoyed the winter season. "Hope it keeps up for another month," is the admission attributed to him in speaking of the cold weather. But who wouldn't with

that new, imported, all fleece-lined and entirely becoming coat he has been sporting in his meanderings about the plant.



We thought Maurice Dunn held the spotlight for hats, but only until we saw Jimmy Jacobs on shift with his "groundwood panama." Ernie Ketchum maintains a discreet silence.

Val Gwyther and a few of his staunch cohorts from the construction camp are introducing English rugby on our fields. Its worth ten minutes of anybody's time to walk out there at noon hour and see "Irish" Shannon in action. Doesn't that boy just love tackling! He has forsaken his soccer comrades for the lure of the English code, and Val informs us he has the making of a good scrum man. Well, "Irish" sure loves the scrimmage anyway.

Al Fairweather finds a new interest in life with the advent of the oval pigskin. Our last glimpse of him was on a muddy field, just after the thaw, running around and just begging for someone to tackle him. Al looks like a promising three quarter.

We are just wondering how long our Resident Manager will be able to resist getting out there and trying a few drop kicks on his own. Unless we are mistaken, he was a pretty nippy three-quarter in his prime — and Val is looking for talent.



Cannibal Princess—Mother, I am bringing a young man home for dinner.

Cannibal Mother — Well, don't bring a tough one.

Two battered old wrecks were sitting on a bench in the common when one remarked: "I'm a man who never took advice from anybody."

"Shake, brother," said the other, "I'm a man who followed everybody's advice."—Exchange

Old Lady: Captain, will you please come down and see what's the matter with my stateroom? It's jumping around terribly.

Wedding Guest: "This is your fourth daughter to get married, isn't it?"

MacTight: "Ay, and our confetti's gettin' awfu' gritty."

#### SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

"My wife explored my pockets last night."

"What did she get?"

"About the same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture."

#### PEPPING UP LONGFELLOW

*The shades of night were falling fast.*

*The guy stepped on it and rushed past,*

*A crash—he died without a sound.  
They opened up his head and found—*

*Excelsior!*

#### HEARD LAST WEEK

He: "That man has a lovely saxophone, hasn't he?"

Him: "Yes, he paid four hundred dollars for it."

He: "Gee, that's a lot of money to blow in, isn't it."

#### GET-RICH-QUICK MAGGIE

"Yes, sister Maggie is a very fortunate girl."

"Yes? Why?"

"Dunno. But she went to a party last night and played blind man's buff all the evening. The gentlemen hunt around and find a girl, and they must either kiss her or give her a dollar."

"Yes?"

"Maggie came home with thirty dollars."

Lives of spendthrifts all remind us

We can have a high old time,  
And departing leave behind us

Not a solitary dime.

# Powell River Children



1. Richard Alfred Gritten  
4. Olga Kohut

2. Ronald Feola  
5. Duncan Bell-Irving  
7. James and John Milroy

3. Charlotte May McMaster  
6. Mary Joan Foote

# A Month of Real Sport



## AROUND THE BONFIRE AT CRANBERRY LAKE

spreading. Out to Cranberry rushed skaters, with a wide and varied assortment

**T**HE cold snap, following the advent of the New Year, found hundreds of local ice enthusiasts bringing out of retirement skates and hockey sticks. The ice, this year was unusually fine. No snowfall interfered to mar the surface of the several lakes in the district; a beautiful smooth sheet greeted local skaters, when they made their first appearance on Cranberry Lake.

The good news was not long in

of skates. Basements were ransacked; old trunks rumaged through and anything bearing the faintest resemblance to skates were commandeered into service. Several enthusiastic hockey players, and near hockey players dashed madly out to enjoy their favorite pastime. Of this, little need be said; these boys took up lots of room, jostled each other about with well intended, if vigorous bumps. We don't say the Vancouver Lions or the Boston Bruins



Members of Powell River's Hockey Wildcats posing during their first workout of the year.

would have been seriously extended had they put in an appearance. We do say that they would have learned a few new body checks.

A perfect sheet of ice, a clear, beaming kindly moon—and the girl! What more is necessary! Echo answers, what indeed!

## NEW AGENT



MAJOR A. SUTTON

Of general interest throughout the district was the appointment last month of Corporal Arthur Sutton, formerly of the B.C. Police, to the new post of Government Agent in the Powell River area. Major Sutton, as he is known to everyone, has for the past five years been in charge of the local detachment of the B.C. Police. His activities in that post were many and varied. In addition to the strictly police side of his work, which included supervision of a two hundred mile stretch of coast line, his office was the

headquarters of all government business in the district. His experience has particularly qualified him for the new post, which work he has been doing in reality for the past five years.

Major Sutton has an impressive record of overseas during the war. A member of the original First Division, he was awarded the D.S.O. After the Armistice he went to Siberia, where, assuming rank of Colonel, he was attached to the British Headquarters Staff. When America entered the War, Major Sutton was sent over to the United States to assist in training and organization of the American Army.

In his five years in the district Major Sutton has fulfilled the duties of his office in the manner which has given general satisfaction. Few men in the district have a more intimate knowledge of conditions both here and along the coast, and this knowledge will be valuable to him in the new office he has assumed.

(Concluded from page 12)

To keep capacity well ahead of production has been the principle regulating the technical efficiency of the machinery. Thus with a battery of more than fifty linotypes there is no embarrassment even in the vast amount of type required for a newspaper of 140 large pages a week; and 240,000 16-page papers per hour can be turned out by the press room. Two modern Diesel engines of 300 h.p. each provide the necessary auxiliary power in the event of a break-down in the public electric service.

The General Manager of this big Australian establishment is Mr. C. T. Harris, who has been associated with the *Sydney Morning Herald* for forty years.



# EDITORS NOTES



## B. C. NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION

There were twelve daily newspapers in British Columbia at the end of 1929. Their circulations are as follows:

	Daily	Sunday
Vancouver Province.....	80,096	92,000
Vancouver Sun.....	68,547	
Vancouver Star.....	22,342	
Victoria Times.....	11,540	14,000
Victoria Colonist.....	9,848	
Nelson News.....	4,656	
Nanaimo Herald.....	2,500	
Prince Rupert News.....	2,424	
Prince Rupert Empire.....	1,231	

The circulation of the *British Columbian*, the *Trail Times* and the *Nanaimo Free Press* are not included in this list.

The *Toronto Star*, with a daily circulation of 173,000 and a Sunday circulation of 206,385, has the largest circulation of any Canadian newspaper.

## NEWSPRINT EXPORTS SHOW HUGE INCREASE

The remarkable development of Canada's export trade in newsprint is well illustrated by figures recently given out by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. At the beginning of the present century, our export of newsprint was practically nil. Ten years later in 1910, the total value was estimated at \$2,000,000. By 1920, this figure had climbed to \$53,000,000.

From 1920 onwards Canada began to take her place among the world's chief newsprint producers. In the fiscal year, 1928-29, she exported 2,263,229 tons valued at 143,343,064. Our news-

print is exported to 26 different countries and our total exports are greater than those of the rest of the world combined.

## NEW VICE-PRESIDENT FOR G. F. STEELE & CO.

A welcome visitor to Powell River last month was Mr. George F. Steele, President of George F. Steele & Co., New York. Accompanying him was Mr. Victor S. Coudert, recently appointed a Vice-President of the firm. This was Mr. Coudert's first trip to Western Canada and he spent several days in Powell River familiarizing himself with western methods of pulp and paper making. The house of G. F. Steele & Co. is one of the principal distributors of Powell River newsprint and Mr. Coudert, the new executive, has been identified with paper making in the East for several years.

Mr. Steele, a well-known figure in the newsprint industry of this continent, has followed paper making for over half a century. At one time he was the chief member of the Newsprint Manufacturers' Association of the United States. Horace Weeks in his "Paper Manufacturing in the United States" speaks of "the remarkable service, statistical and otherwise" accorded the industry by Mr. Steele during his term of office.

"What are you knitting?"

"Something to cheer up the boys,"

"Why, the war was over long ago,"

"Don't be foolish. I'm knitting myself a bathing suit."



By CASUAL OBSERVER



Nothing causes consternation amongst the general fraternity more quickly than the sight of the flag on the sulphite tower flying at half mast, one of the most significant tokens of all, indicating as it does that the colors of someone connected with the present, have been lowered in token of surrender—in this case to the Grim Conqueror of all. When it became known that the reference was to announce the passing of Dr. Brooks, the esteemed founder of our present thriving community, feelings of dismay were everywhere apparent. Expressions of profound regret were freely expressed, especially amongst those who occupy their leisure moments between the whistles by discussion of general topics. Dr. Brooks was perhaps personally unknown to many of the more recent residents, but no one commanded more universal respect or even admiration, and not a few reminiscences of his many kindly actions of the past were related by the different factions. The Doctor has completed his allotted portion and passed on, but the memory of his personality and achievements remain, a lasting testimonial to his worth, and a sure realization that he will never be entirely forgotten.

\* \* \*

Several times it was recalled that a similar misfortune had accompanied previous extension of the plant. When this was last in course of construction, the late Mr. Norman Lang did not witness the completion of the work for which he was to a large extent responsible; and on the present occasion the place of Dr. Brooks will be vacant. It might be but reasonable to imagine that the ordinary person, filling a small niche in the organization, would scarcely be cognizant of facts such as these, but the remarks overheard during the dinner hour recess indicated entirely otherwise. This tends to show that those responsible for the establishment and growth of the community in which we have our being, occupy a no small pedestal in the popular esteem, and that a calamity such as the present, becomes a more or less personal affair. The sympathies freely expressed during the period between whistles showed that the sense of loss created a common void which permeated the entire community.

# *Yes! We Have Some Log Cabins*

By O. J. STEPHENSON



"MIRAMAR," Doctor Henderson's lodge at  
Grief Point.

Log cabins are houses built by pioneers, of tree trunks, with the aid of an axe and a lot of muscle, and in which Presidents of the United States are born. The latter fact follows as a natural sequence, as Log Cabins, being the initial effort of hardy souls in new lands, must as a matter of course harbor the essence of hope and ambition.

Being made of raw material there can by no possibility be two alike, though generally speaking they can be divided into several distinct classes. They do not lend themselves to the regulating influences of the square and a plumb bob, and anyway a person going along the trail and minding his own business would never notice the list to starboard; even an architect would have difficulty in determining which log is level with another for the simple reason that such a con-

dition does not exist in a properly built log cabin except by accident.

Like the old recipe for hare pie, the first requisite in building is to find your logs. This problem is met in various ways, depending on locality and the ingenuity of the builder. An ideal site, combining the greatest results with the least effort, is one where the trees can be felled on top of the rising walls, and the trunks limbed, notched, and rolled into position. This is all right for the old timer who possesses a nice eye for such details, but is not recommended to the amateur who wishes to retain his neck unbroken for the rest of his life.

The walls of course are logs, chinked with moss, clay, grass, underclothes, rabbit skins, or what have you. There are various methods of fitting the corners; notch-and-saddle, square notch, morticed ends, dovetail effect,



*The late  
Reuben  
Fidler's  
cabin  
south of  
Westview,  
built in  
1914.*

or for the tyro any way he can make them hang together, in which case, unless he is absolutely dumb, he prays mightily that the walls won't spread.

The roof is another problem that is solved by means of the material at hand, climate, and the ideas and fancies of the builder. A perfect roof must be windproof, rainproof, sunproof, lightning proof, rat, squirrel and ant proof; cool in summer and warm in the winter; flat enough to be easily built, and steep enough for the snow to slide off. Incidentally there are no perfect roofs but everybody has a right to his own opinion, and many a good backwoods fight has been caused by the subject of roofs. Materials used are; cedar shakes, any other shakes, bark, slabs, poles and dirt, flattened tin cans, canvas with or without holes, evergreen branches, and the good blue sky.

Doors are made of lumber if obtainable, otherwise split slabs will do. Some tough lads use gunny sacking, while the toughest of the tough are satisfied with a snowbank. Doors should be proof at all times against thieves, porcupines, pack rats, skunks,

and the neighbor's dog, and at periods against, women, police, well-meaning friends, relatives, and one's own thoughts. As with roofs there are no perfect doors but men will undoubtedly keep on trying.



Mr. F. Whicker's log cabin home at Cranberry.

Windows are optional, likewise fireplaces. In the varnished lodges of the ultra rich there are many deep windows with many panes, and a fireplace that is a delight to the eye. The utilitarian cabin usually has one or two glazed sash and a tin stove. Others farther back in the timber have a single pane or an oiled rawhide window, while some benighted hermits build theirs absolutely lightproof.

So there are cabins and cabins, as varied as the characters of men, and in a wooden country there will always be the forerunners of civilization with an axe in their hand and a vision in their hearts building shelters along the trails, and either settling perman-



Joe Dorval's cabin—the first residence in Westview.

ently or moving on to thicker stands of timber, and leaving their handiwork for the benefit of other restless spirits, or the ubiquitous bush-tail rat.

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## THE PORT LANDING



"The trouble," ses the Captain, "with the whole Pacific Slope is that it talks too much. It's out to tell the World, and it doesn't stick too closely to the truth. Every little two-by-four berg between the Alaskan Gulf and the Panama Canal is preaching the gospel of the Golden West.

"Your little berg of Vancouver is shouting of the millions of population it will 'ave when its younger generation become grandparents: and bemoaning its fate because it is a prey to hold-up men and is swamped with unemployed.

"The point that is lost sight of is that the unemployed must live and the employed must keep them either directly or indirectly."

"But, Cap," I ses, "it's generally conceded that it pays to advertise."

"Only," ses the Captain, "if you're advertising the truth. I recently saw a full-page advertisement of your trade in a Vancouver paper which, among other things, proclaimed Powell River as practically the Eldorado of the World. That advertisement will attract men from all over the North American continent and, as your capacity to absorb men is limited, it naturally follows that the bulk of them will be disappointed. Many of them will swell the ranks of the unemployed in Vancouver and a few of the weaker or criminally inclined will follow the line of least resistance. Some of those who get work will 'ave left families, in points east, who will be daily expecting wires to the effect that limousines are awaiting them on your docks."

"Meaning, Cap," I ses "that you don't agree with the idea of Painting the Rose."

"You've got the gist of it," ses the Captain. "Keep the paint off your roses and don't substitute 'orse-feathers for their natural foliage."

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## IGNORANCE IS BLISS

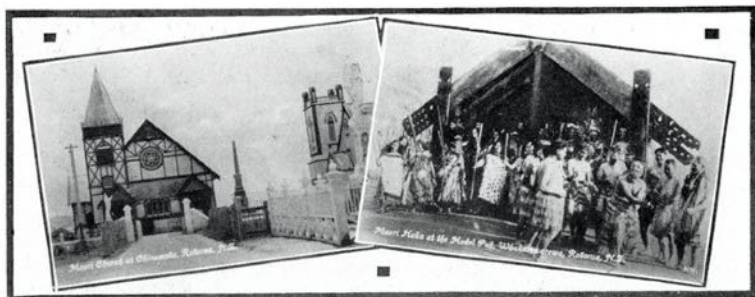
The sweet girl graduate was being shown through the locomotive shop.

"What is that enormous thing?"

"That," exclaimed the guide, "is a locomotive boiler."

"And why do they boil locomotives?"

"To make the engine tender."



Interesting views of Maori life in New Zealand. Left shows one of the splendid Maori churches. On the right we have a glimpse of the picturesque "Haka"—a ceremony which still exists in much of its ancient splendor. (We make an acknowledgement to Mr. Deane, New Zealand Manager for Carmichael & Company, for these and other fine views of Maori life.)

## Auto Call System Installed

*New system greatly speeds up the dispatch of urgent business; quick communication between departments and between management and superintendents established.*

What is expected to result in a speeding up of communication between the management and mill officials was the installation last month of the new Auto Call system in our plant. This system already operating in many of the large industrial firms of Eastern Canada and the United States, has recently been adopted by some of the large department and mail order houses of British Columbia. Powell River is among the first of Western Canadian industrial corporations to include the Auto Call in their plant equipment.

The working of the system is simple. Generally it may be described as a private telephone exchange. The Time Office is the central exchange. When communication is desired with any mill foreman, superintendent, or executive, who cannot be reached in the usual manner, the Auto Call is resorted to. The caller rings up the

Time Office, with a request that a call be placed for the individual whom he wishes to consult. The Time Office "plugs in" the required number and the call is sent out to 27 different stations about the plant. The official or foreman sought immediately hastens to the nearest mill telephone, calls the Time Office, and is given the name of the person calling. Each official or foreman appearing on the Auto Call directory is provided with a special call number, enabling him to immediately identify his own call.

Three different types of calls are in operation. In the quieter part of the mill, where the noise of the machines is less audible, a gong signal is used. In other departments—machine room, grinder, saw mill, etc.—where the main plant machinery is located, and where noise is unavoidable, a combination gong and whistle affords the sharper note necessary. In the admin-

*(Continued on Page 27)*



Newsprint in the storage sheds, ready for shipment.

## *Storing and Shipping our Newsprint*

In 1909 the Powell River District was the forest home of a few goats, deer and bears. The advance of civilization and the lure of water-power has, since that time, caused a steadily growing population which today approaches five thousand. Practically all the needs, from tooth-picks to Rolls-Royces, for this community and including everything from cotter pins to thirty-ton press-rolls for the paper mills are shipped in over the Powell River Company's Piers A and B. In addition to this the "Wharves and Storage Department" takes the paper output, approximately five hundred tons daily, from the Finishing Rooms and stores and ships it. This paper alone entails the handling of an average of one thousand tons daily as it is not feasible, with a water-borne cargo, to ship direct from the Finishing Rooms. Five hundred tons must be stored away daily and an average of five hundred tons shipped.

Upwards of fifty men, the majority of whom are Great War veterans, are regularly employed. Practically all these men have years of service to their credit with the Powell River Company and all are loyal, trustworthy and willing workers. The fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise are handled yearly with absolutely no loss from pilferage, alone speaks volumes for a body of men of this size. A spirit of comradeship prevails among them and the hat is never passed around, either for a fellow worker in distress or for any other good cause, without meeting with generous response.

The men regularly employed include Wharfingers, Checkers, Crane operators, Locomotive operators and efficient gangs of Longshoremen and paper handlers. These men are augmented, when ships are loading paper from the Construction Gang, which is employed



Train loads of newsprint on their way from the mill to the wharf.

by the Powell River Company primarily for this purpose. In addition, the Planing Mill, Bull Gang and other departments are called on for assistance when an excess of shipping makes this necessary. Valuable assistance is also rendered by the Powell River Fire Department in the tying up of any deep-sea boats which arrive at night. Men from this department respond to a call and are on the wharves in less than two minutes. The efficient way in which these men carry out their work has completely quelled the anxiety which the night arrival of a deep-sea boat formerly caused, before this scheme was put into effect.

Piers A and B each have large warehouses for storing paper and there are also two larger warehouses for paper on the shore. These storages afford ample space when the paper is moving out regularly but are taxed to capacity when ships are delayed, as often happens, for a month or more. Cost Blue Prints show that handling costs increase rapidly with congestion, and decrease as this condition is relieved. Shipping men from other ports often express amazement at the amount of merchandise handled over our wharves; which amount apparently is far in excess of the average for wharves of their size.

Four Baldwin electric locomotives, one electric tractor, two small auxiliary tractors, one thirty-ton electric crane and one small electric crane are used for the various operations; in addition, each pier is fitted with a Barlow elevator. Several miles of railroad track are in use together with approximately one hundred railroad cars of various descriptions.

The wharves are open for business twenty-four hours each day of the year, including Sundays and holidays, the Ticket business, Passenger and Freight Traffic making this imperative.

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*(Continued from Page 25)*

istrative offices the call is more subdued and the musical zyllophonic-like tinkle creates a minimum of disturbance.

Tests carried out following the installation of the Auto Call displayed its efficiency in quickening communication between departments. A large number of calls were sent out and replies were all recorded within fifty seconds after being dispatched. In the ordinary routine of work, a few minutes should suffice to establish the desired connection.



## Winners in Ladies Group



Dodgers—Winners of the J. R. MacIntyre Challenge Cup, 1929-1930

*Front:* J. Griffith; N. Kent; B. Mouatt; I. Ross; L. Tyler; H. Pittcross;  
M. Spalding.

*Back:* Murray Mouatt (Coach); Bennie Knowles of City Motors Ltd., under whose colors the girls played.

### DONATIONS ACKNOWLEDGED

The Eastern Star Auxiliary wish to take this opportunity of thanking the public for their generous support given at the Whist Drive, and drawing for Cedar Chest held November 19th, the proceeds of which will be used for purchasing material to carry on their work. The following is a copy of the letter received from the Childrens' Aid Society, of Vancouver, B.C., this being the second box of garments forwarded from the local auxiliary to the Orphans.

Dear Mrs. Godfrey:

The parcels arrived safely and in

good condition. We were simply delighted with the contents. Everything was so beautifully made, and will, I know, prove very useful, as well as attractive.

Such a generous donation brings a great deal of pleasure, not only to the Children, but to those who are responsible for taking care of them.

Will you please express to all your workers the sincere appreciation of our Board for the work which they have done on behalf of our children.

Very sincerely yours,  
"L. Holland"

Manager.

## Paper "Ads" of Early Days

*Demand for rags stimulated many quaint and interesting "ads"*

In the early days of paper making on this continent, the value of wood pulp still remained a hidden art. Rag stock was used principally for all types and grades of paper. Now rags don't grow on trees and publishers were often faced with the difficulty of stock shortage. Many ingenious and picturesque advertisements were addressed to the holders of old rags, to induce them to part with their surplus stocks.

Horace Lyman Weeks in his "History of Paper Manufacturing in the United States," has inserted many a quaint and pithy excerpt from the pages of old journals. And, it is interesting to note that these pleas for "old rags" were invariably addressed to the ladies.

This one for instance, is not without a certain subtlety.

*"Sweet ladies, pray be not offended,  
Nor mind the jest of sneering  
rags;  
No harm, believe us, is intended,  
When humbly we request your  
rags.*

*"The scraps, which you reject, unfit  
To clothe the tenant of a hovel,  
May shine in sentiment and wit,  
And help to make a charming  
novel.*

*"The cap exalted thoughts will raise,  
The ruffle in description flourish;  
Whilst on the glowing work we gaze,  
The thought will love excite and  
nourish.*

*"Each beau in study will engage,  
His fancy doubtless will be  
warmer,  
When writing on the milk-white page,  
Which once, perhaps, adorn'd his  
charmer.*

*"Though foreigners may sneer and  
vapor,  
We no longer forc'd their books  
to buy,  
Our gentle Belles will furnish paper  
Our sighing Beau will wit supply."*

And what maid, matron or granny of these romantic days could resist this charming appeal:

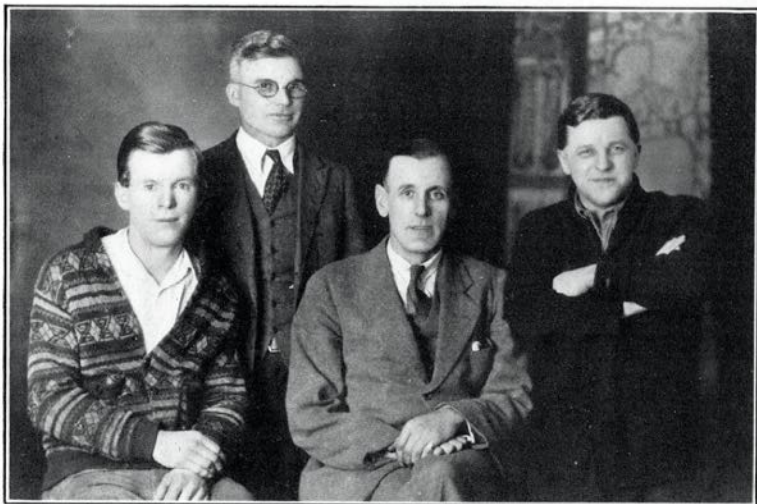
"Ladies, Save Your Rags!

"This exclamation is particularly addressed to the ladies, both young, old and middle aged, throughout the northern part of this state, by the subscribers, who have erected a paper mill in the town of Moreau, near Fort Edward. . . . If the necessary stock is denied the paper mills, young maidens must languish in vain for tender epistles from their respective swains; bachelors may be reduced to the necessity of a personal attendance upon the fair, when a written communication would be an excellent substitute. . . . Matrons can be furnished with bibles, spectacles and snuff; mothers with grammars, spelling books, and primers for their children; and young misses may be supplied with bonnets, ribbons and ear rings for the decoration of their persons (by means of which they may obtain husbands)."

\* \* \*

"Willie," said the Sunday School teacher severely, "you shouldn't talk like that to your playmate. Had you ever thought of heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No, Ma'am, I hadn't, but it's a peach of an idea!"



Employees' section of the Mill Safety Inspection Committee.  
N. McLean; W. MacDonald; F. Nello; R. Praston.

### SOCCER NOTES

With the termination of the regular league schedule in sight, the Moose look like probable winners. The key game between the antlered squad and the Scots, played last month, found the former emerging on the long end of a 2-0 count. It was a tight game, and perhaps the Callies deserved a better fate in the closing twenty minutes when they penned the Moose in their own half of the field.

\* \* \*

If the Moose take the league this year, it will be the first time in local history that the McMaster Cup has left the Scots' castle. This is the sixth year the cup donated by Mr. A. E. McMaster, for the winners of the Powell River and district league, has been contested. For five consecutive seasons the Scots had their name engraved on the silverware, and despite many handicaps, have made a strong

fight this season. It's a record to be proud of!

Stuart Blondin is another rain-or-shine K. P. Man. Stuart is one of the most effective backs in the league, and can play an effective game further up if the need arises. This is the fourth season with the Knights. In spare moments he manages the Wanderers of the Junior Loop. We regret that Stuart has been under the weather for several weeks, and the boys miss him a lot.



STUART BLONDIN

\* \* \*

If advance notices be any criterion, Johnny Muir, recently arrived from Glasgow, looks like the season's find. Reported to have played for Parkhead Juniors, this lad is expected to be a shining light in local soccer.

## LONG—NICHOLS NUPTIALS SOLEMNIZED

St. John's Union Church, Powell River, was the scene of a wedding of unusual interest, on Wednesday, January 15, when the Rev. T. H. Nuttal united in marriage Miss Lorraine Mildred Long, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Long, of Powell River to Mr. Val Edward Nichols, of Vancouver. The bride, who is a well-known and popular member of Powell River's younger set, was attended by Mrs. Edwin Zumalt, as matron of honor, and four bridesmaids, Miss Jean Hall of Princeton, B. C., Miss Loiuise Long and Miss Frances Miller of Powell River and Miss Wilberta McBain of Vancouver. Miss Dorothy Jane Pearson, daughter of Mrs. Gibson Pearson of Powell River, made a charming flower girl.

Mr. S. B. Willoughby of Vancouver, supported the groom, with Mr. Battleman MacIntyre, Mr. Felix Nicholson, Mr. John Tunstall and Mr. Fred Howe filling the role of ushers.

During the signing of the register, Mrs. J. Thompson sang, "I Love You Truly."

Following the ceremony, a reception was held in Dwight Hall, at which some one hundred and fifty guests were present.

Both the bride and groom are well-known in Powell River and the wedding is one of unusual interest in the district. Miss Long has been prominently identified with social activities of the community, of which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Long are pioneer members. Mr. Nichols, prior to his appointment as Manager of the Grouse Mountain Chalet, was affiliated with the Hotel Rodmay in Powell River.

## MR. and MRS. I. WASSERMANN VISIT TOWNSITE

Other prominent visitors to our townsite during January were Mr. and Mrs. I. Wassermann of Buenos Aires. Mr. Wassermann, who is the son of Mr. J. Wassermann, head of the well-known South American Firm, was on a tour of inspection of our plant. On his return to Buenos Aires, he will enter his father's business. For over two years Mr. Wassermann filled the role of Argentine Consul in Seattle, and has therefore considerable experience in American and Canadian business methods. He has studied the methods of several publishing houses in the Eastern and Western States, as well as inspecting different newsprint mills.

Mr. Wassermann, from previous visits, has many friends in Powell River, and both he and Mrs. Wasserman were widely entertained during their visit.



## BIRTHS

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| January 2—  | Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mullen,<br>Lang Bay, a girl. |
| January 8—  | Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLean, a<br>boy.            |
| January 9—  | Mr. and Mrs. George W. McFarlane,<br>a boy.       |
| January 10— | Mr. and Mrs. John G. Hamerton,<br>a boy.          |
| January 21— | Mr. and Mrs. Conrad E. Standel,<br>a boy.         |
| January 21— | Mr. and Mrs. Gordon De Berri, a<br>girl.          |
| January 23— | Mr. and Mrs. James M. Cowley,<br>a girl.          |

## Pearls of Wisdom

### ETTI-CAT



When you waggle an invitation to a party take it or leave it but make up your mind.

Be prompt. Late arrivals show poor judgment, not class.

If asked to perform, don't wait to be teased and coaxed, do your stuff.

Be considerate of every one in your actions and wise cracks.

If you cannot perform, you can at least be an appreciator of the arts.

Should the party sag a bit, put the old shoulder to the wheel; don't be afraid to volunteer first aid.

Time limits on various and sundry laws would prove a welcome funeral.

Never hog the center of the floor after your act is finished; quit while they like you; there may be other clever people present.

Always share yourself with everyone present; it is an easy road to popularity and much talent has been discovered in quiet corners.

We will lay a little bet that the Prince of Wales would draw a "razz bang" outa watching the local would-be skaters doing loop the loops and broncho busting on the slick ice at Cranberry Lake recently. He probably has *felt* that way too.

Don't be a "dumb cluk." Remember successful whoopee is made, not born.

You are not courteous to your hostess if you insist upon playing "hookie or footie" in the garden.

Speaking of the newly perfected Seattle lie detectors. Local paper makers claim that they had them in their homes ever since they were married.

Beware of boot-leg coupons. Remember in making purchases at the store you must present your own book only.

When you think an unkind thing about someone, think several times before you say it. Words are easily dropped, but no matter how hard you try you can never get them back again.

The members of the various bachelor clubs about town are contesting hotly for the davenport which recently left the Nurses Home. Evidently the boys think this piece of furniture possesses a fair advantage.

We've heard a good deal about the "big seat on the exchange" and the "little seat on the curb" but what appeals to most of us right now is a berth in a nice cool gutter.

Every automobile owner can save money by insuring his motor car with the local Auto Club. Enquire and be convinced.



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**MRS. ANNA SMITH DIES IN  
VANCOUVER**

The death occurred in Vancouver on Sunday, January 19th, of Mrs. Anna Smith, mother of Mr. Oscar Smith, of the Purchasing Department. Mrs. Smith is a pioneer resident of Vancouver, having resided there for over thirty-seven years. For six years she lived at Kingcome Inlet, during the Powell River Company's logging operations there. She leaves to mourn her loss, one son Mr. Oscar Smith of Powell River, one daughter, Mrs. A. W. Deland of Vancouver and four sisters residing in the United States. Mrs. Smith is well known both in Vancouver and Powell River, and word of her decease was received with deep regret by many old friends.

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A blood-red ring hung round the moon,  
A blood-red ring, ah me! ah me!  
I heard the piping of the loon,  
A wounded loon ah me!  
And yet the eagle feathers rare  
I trembling wove in my brave's hair.

He left me in the early morn,  
The early morn, ah me! ah me!  
The feathers swayed like stately corn—  
So like the corn, ah me!  
A fierce wind swept across the plain,  
The stately corn was snapt in twain.

They crushed in blood the hated race,  
The hated race, ah me! ah me!  
I only clasped a cold, blind face—  
His cold, dead face, ah me!  
The blood-red ring hangs in my sight,  
I hear the loon cry every night.

*The Squaw's Lament*

By JOHN E. LOGAN.

# PACIFIC COAST SAFETY



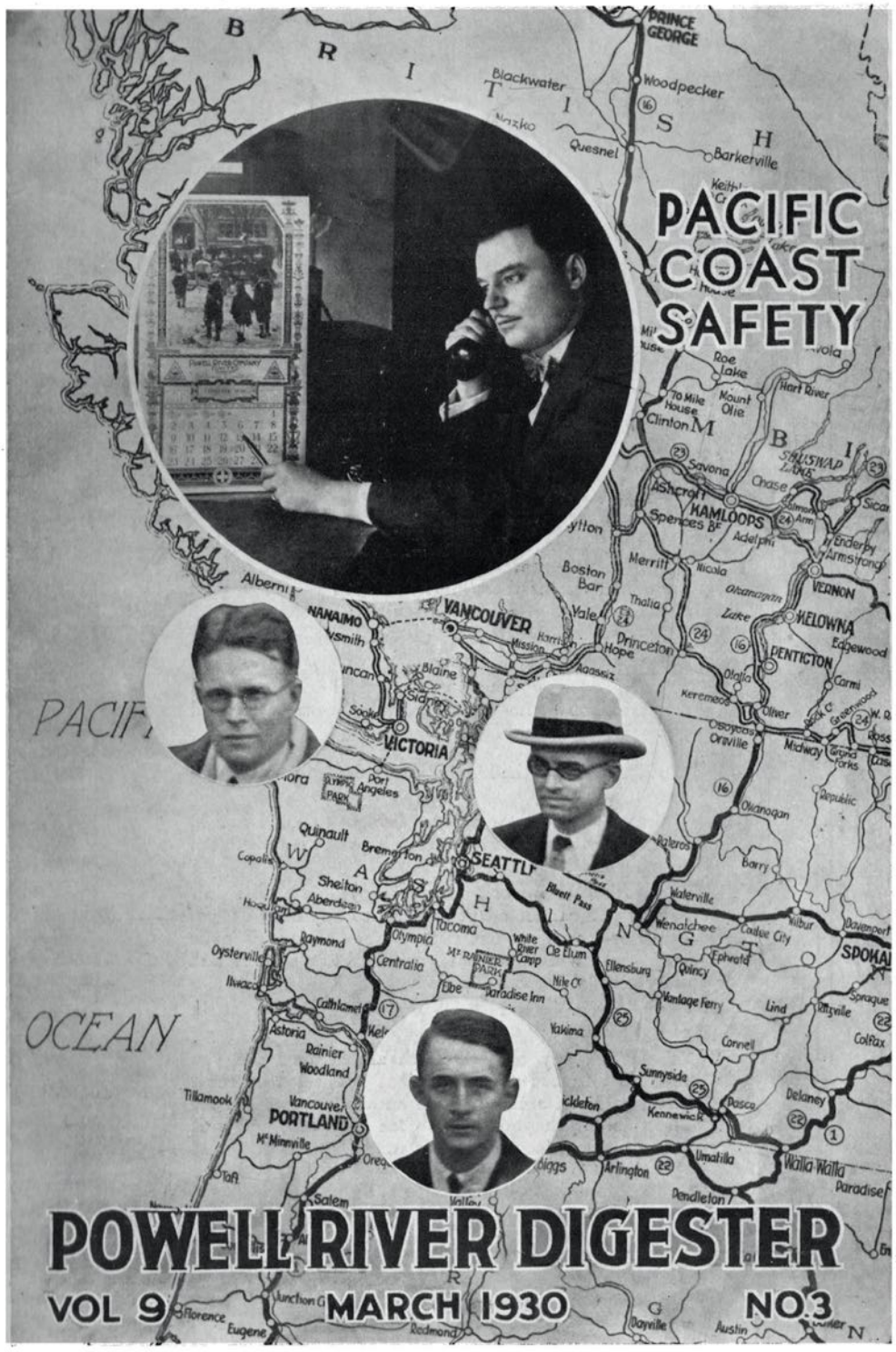
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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NO. 3

PACIFIC  
OCEAN

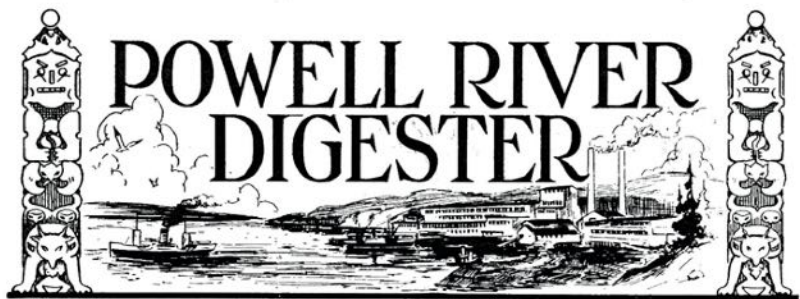




## A FEW SAFETY HINTS CONCERNING YOUR HEALTH

By W. R. Brown

- S "Swim". Swimming is one of the best and surest methods of retaining good health, if you can't swim, make it a point to learn as soon as possible.
- A "Ale" (Adam's Ale). In other words, water, drink from four to six glasses a day, and make it a habit, never to pass a drinking fountain without stopping and taking a drink.
- F "Figure". Get the habit of Posture, hold your figure erect whether walking, sitting or standing.
- E "Exercise". Ten minutes of Breathing and Physical Exercises every morning on arising, and a strict following of the rest of these hints will keep you in as good physical condition as any professional athlete.
- T "Training". Train yourself till it becomes a habit to follow these few simple rules.
- Y "Youth". Monkey glands or pink pills are not needed to retain Youth. Look after your body machinery and you will stay young.
- F "Food". Eat only the kind of foods that you know will do you good.
- I "Idleness". Idleness will never bring you good health. Relax at times, yes, but there is a big difference between relaxing and idling.
- R "Recreation". All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. If you cannot adapt yourself to any of the latest games or sports, get out and walk and then walk some more, you will find that your business worries and other cares will soon disappear.
- S "Sleep". Your body NEEDS and MUST have from six to eight hours sleep each day.
- T "Teeth". If any of your teeth are decayed can you reasonably expect your food, that is chewed by those teeth, to be in a condition to enter your stomach for digestion. Brush your teeth often and well, and visit your dentist twice a year at least.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published monthly with the co-operation and the assistance of the employees of

**THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY, LIMITED**

*Manufacturers of Newsprint*

*Mills at Powell River, B. C.*

Vol. 9

MARCH, 1930

No. 3

## *The Safety Conference*



OUR front cover in this issue shows the territory covered by the newly organized Pacific Coast Division of the National Safety Council. R. H. Scanlon, as Regional Director, is keeping in close touch with the representatives of B.C., Washington, Oregon and California. The inserts show Oscar A. Jorgenson of the B.C. Pulp & Paper Company, B.C.'s representative on the council; Paul Rozell, Washington delegate; and Phelps Dodge, covering the mills of Oregon.

The purpose of the Pacific Coast Section is to organize a definite program of safety among the pulp and paper mills. The story of this first organization meeting held at Powell River is told on the following pages.



*Delegates and local safety committees snapped on the Memorial site before entering Dwight Hall for the afternoon conference.*

## *Western Division of National Safety Council Convenes in Powell River*

Under the Chairmanship of R. H. Scanlon of Powell River, recently appointed Pacific Coast Regional Director, delegates from Oregon, Washington and British Columbia mills convened in Powell River, for the first meeting of the Western Division of the Pulp and Paper Section of the National Safety Council, on Wednesday, February 12.

The conference was attended by over twenty delegates, in addition to the various safety committees of the Powell River plant. The convention was the first of its kind to be held on the Pacific Coast, and the delegates were unanimous in their enthusiasm over its outcome. The Powell River Company, who were hosts to the visitors, had prepared an extensive program of entertainment which kept the delegates occupied throughout the day.

After a tour of inspection through the Powell River plant, the visitors were entertained at a special luncheon in the Hotel Rodmay. In the afternoon they were driven in cars about the townsite and the surrounding district.

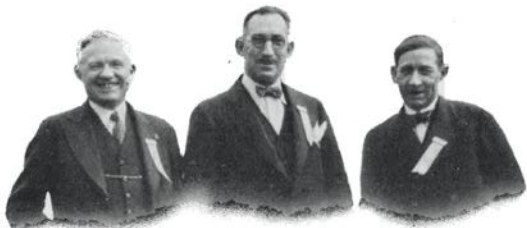
At 4:30 the delegates gathered in Dwight Hall for the first general conference of the day. This was an open meeting and a large attendance was present to hear the speakers at the afternoon session.

### **The Afternoon Session**

Mr. R. H. Scanlon, as Regional Director, in opening the meeting, explained that this conference was the first step in the organization of a definite Western Division of the National Safety Council. At an extraordinary session of the National Safety delegates, held earlier in the afternoon, tentative arrangements had already been concluded. Conferences would be held at least twice a year in different coast mills, and an organi-

**B.C.'s "Big Three"  
at the Safety  
Convention.**

Left to right:  
Percy Abell, Ma-  
jor Steere Clark,  
W. D. Jenkins.



**R. H. Scanlon, Regional Director,  
studying details for the  
afternoon session.**

zation committee consisting of Oscar A. Jorgenson, B.C. Pulp & Paper Company; Phelps Dodge, Oregon Pulp & Paper, and Paul Rozell, Inland Empire Paper Company, Spokane, Washington, had been appointed. The Chairman appealed to all non-member mills to fall in line and "enlist in The National Safety Council Accident Prevention Army." **He felt that the co-ordination of effort and the efficient, continent-wide organization of this body brought a concentration to bear on the industrial accident prevention problem, which was impossible in the in-**

**dividual and often disunited efforts of single plants.**

#### **A Red Letter Day**

The principal speaker at this session was Major Steere Clark, Safety Director of the B.C. Loggers' Association. Declaring the conference as "a red letter day in British Columbia industrial history," he outlined the development of safety into a study of international importance, instancing the splendid efforts being made in the dissemination of safety doctrine by the international organization now established at Geneva. Defining safety education as a "science of common sense," Major Clark stressed the work being done to make the logging industry of B.C. safety conscious. **He, as Director of the B.C. Loggers' Association accorded his full support to Mr. Scanlon in his efforts to organize a working division of the National Safety Council on the Pacific Coast, and congratulated the Powell River Company on their whole-hearted support of the convention.**

#### **Pyramiding of Safety**

"Pyramiding of Safety Work," was the subject of the address given by Mr. Percy Abell, Manager of the British Columbia Safety League. The speaker declared that had the same efficiency of organization prevailed in the campaign against public accidents,



*The "Long and Short" of the Safety Convention. W. D. Jenkins (left) and L. E. Thorpe (Editor, "Pacific Pulp & Paper") pose for the camera during the lunch hour.*

that was concentrated in industrial safety, deaths due to motor traffic, etc., would be a negligible feature of our lives to-day. Unfortunately this was not the case, and the public had not yet awakened to the terrible toll taken by public accidents. He startled many of his hearers with the statement that tuberculosis and cancer were yearly responsible for far less death and misery than those arising out of motor traffic, and similar forms of public accidents.

Mr. W. D. Jenkins, Safety Director of the B.C. Lumber & Shingle Manufacturers Association, and one of the earliest Safety engineers in British Co-

lumbia, gave the delegates a comprehensive and richly-colored survey of safety activity in the lumbering industry of the western province. He emphasized the difficulty of inculcating safety consciousness in an industry which was largely nomadic and which embraced men of diverse and widely extended nationalities.

### Safe Equipment

Mr. Frank Nello, Powell River Company Safety Engineer, concluded the afternoon session with a detailed summary of the work being done in our company to promote safe thinking and safe workmanship among the personnel. "The Powell River Company," he said, "have spared no expense in their efforts to have every possible piece of machinery adequately guarded and regularly inspected, and frequent talks on problems of safety are held by foremen for the men in different departments. The plant is fully



*J. L. Hooper, of the Pacific Mills, Ocean Falls, came down from the north to attend the conference.*



*Group of delegates photographed at the Powell River Company Director's House.*

Left to right: L. E. Thorpe, (Editor "Pacific Pulp & Paper"); John McIntyre, (Powell River Townsite Manager); Sheriff Braden, (California); Percy Abell, (Mgr. B.C. Safety League); J. N. Stephen, (California); W. D. Jenkins, (B.C. Lumber & Shingle Manufacturers Ass'n); R. J. Schadt, (Hawley Pulp & Paper); R. C. MacKenzie, (Powell River Company Sales Mgr.); R. H. Scanlon, (Regional Director); J. A. Lundie, (Editor "Powell River Digester"); F. Seivers, (Sidney Roofing); Ralph M. Roberg, (Puget Sound); O. A. Jorgenson, (B.C. Pulp & Paper); Major Steere Clark, (Safety Director B.C. Loggers' Ass'n).

organized for safety, and the education of the employees in safe workmanship is an integral part of the managerial program."

### The Evening Banquet

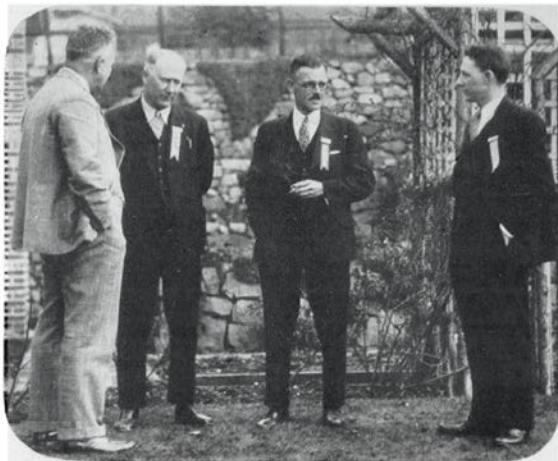
At the evening banquet tendered to the visiting delegates and attended by Powell River safety committees and foremen, Mr. R. Bell-Irving, the Company Resident Manager, was the chief speaker. In proposing the toast to the National Safety Council, Mr. R. Bell-Irving frankly stated that in safety matters, Pacific Coast mills lagged behind Eastern plants.

"I believe I am not unfair when I say that as far as efficiency in production, and efficiency in equipment is concerned, we in the West, are on a par with the East. From the standpoint of quality, we meet the East on level ground. In living and working conditions, our Pacific Coast mills are inferior to none. Our general standard of living and the type of employees

on our payrolls are also at least the equal of Eastern organizations. We have in British Columbia, a Workman's Compensation Act and a Government Inspection Service that is second to none on this continent; and our mills are equipped for the most part with strictly modern safety equipment. And I wish to take this opportunity of complimenting the Workmen's Compensation Board on the inspection service they give. It is excellent in every way.

"In spite of this, in the matter of accident prevention, we have not as yet equalled the record of the average Eastern mill.

"Why is this? It may be due to the more compact nature of the mills there; their close proximity which enables frequent round-table conferences. It may be due in part to certain differences in methods of eastern and western manufacturing.



*Ralph Roberg (left), Sheriff Braden, R. C. MacKenzie and R. J. Schadt exchange notes during the noon hour.*

#### **Suggests National Safety Council As Solution**

"I am inclined to think, however, that no little credit for the superior showing of the East in the question of safety may be traced to the greater activity of the National Safety Council in that part of the country. Whether this is the correct answer to our problem, I do not know. But the fact remains, that in the regions where the National Safety Council is more active, a lower accident rate prevails. This in itself is very significant and would certainly appear to strongly indicate the desirability of stimulating Council activities in the West. For this reason I wish to say to the delegates here to-night, that the Powell River Company are solidly behind the movement to organize the Pacific Coast Section of the National Safety Council, which has honored our Mr. Scanlon by appointing him Regional Director for the Pacific Coast.

"In conclusion and subject to the decision of your committee and to any more deserving claim which may be advanced, I take this opportunity of inviting the Pacific Coast Division of the Pulp and Paper Section of the National Safety Council, to again convene in Powell River next year. If our invitation is accepted, we assure you, in advance, of a very hearty welcome."

Major Steere Clark, in replying to the toast, energetically substantiated Mr. Bell-Irving's conclusions. Drawing a number of colorful instances from his long experience in the logging industry, Major Clark felt that organization of the Pacific Coast mills as a working division of the National Safety Council, would greatly benefit industry on the Pacific Coast.

"There is one thing that has struck me forcibly when spending this wonderful time in Powell River and that is the loyalty of the men to the management. If you have this as a nucleus you can do anything . . .



*Two more B.C. representatives at the big conference. Fred Sievers (left), Sidney Roofing & Paper, and Oscar Jorgenson, B.C. Pulp & Paper Co.*

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"I think the National Safety Council did an extraordinary wise thing in appointing Mr. Scanlon as Regional Director for the Pacific Coast. There is no better jumping off place for this movement than this particular place right here. If you will support the efforts of Mr. Scanlon, you will find a difference. This is not a one-man job—it is a job for every man, from the highest to the lowest.

"The question is, how can we reach the rank and file? That is done chiefly through men like ourselves. **I maintain that the superintendents and foremen are the backbone of the organization, and if they can exercise the proper amount of leadership, they can generally lead these men into habits of caution.** When a man once secures a sense of caution, he becomes a safety booster. You may convert a man who is antagonistic if you approach him from the right angle. Safety cannot be driven. You can lead him in common sense talks, in discussions at the table as well as at work. . . .

Accidents can be stopped if properly taken hold of. . . .

The toast to the visiting delegates was proposed by Mr. Joseph Falconer, Powell River Company Assistant Resident Manager. Mr. Falconer spoke enthusiastically of the interest shown in the meeting and of the undoubted stimulus such a gathering would give the industry on the coast.

Mr. Percy Abell replied on behalf of the visiting delegates.

### Causes of Accidents

Mr. R. H. Scanlon, in his concluding remarks, thanked the delegates for the co-operation they had accorded him, and assured his audience, that, as Regional Director, he would leave no stone unturned to organize a definite campaign for safety among the Pulp and Paper mills of the coast. He hoped later, he said, to see the organization embrace all industries.

The Chairman said that in his mill they had found the greater percentage of accidents as resulting from five main causes. They were:

- (1) Infection from cuts, comprising 12% of accidents.
- (2) Slipping which was responsible for nearly 15%.
- (3) Pickaroons causing nearly 10% of all casualties in the plant.
- (4) 10% from fingers being caught between rolls and drums.
- (5) Miscellaneous.

The "danger hours" he had discovered, lay between the hours of 10 and 12 in the morning and between 3 and 5 in the afternoon.

Concluding the Chairman said; "We should not only watch the danger hours, but we should watch the causes. I recommend that our



firm study these things carefully and recommend that the visiting delegates make a similar study in their own plants!

At the conclusion of the banquet the visitors were given three hearty cheers and the usual tiger, and one of the most successful safety conferences ever held on the coast broke up to the tune of "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."

At the banquet given the visitors in the evening, Mr. John McIntyre, Powell River Company Townsite Manager, had prepared an enlarged and illuminated replica of the National Safety Council emblem, for conspicuous display. In addition, special souvenir programs, with a special safety menu were placed at each visitors plate. Considerable merriment was injected into the proceeding, when Mr. Scanlon read a number of "bogus" telegrams addressed to members of the visiting delegation. Many of these were signed "Wife," and some perturbation was evinced over the behaviour of absent husbands in a strange land in which the 18th Amendment had not yet penetrated. To make introductions easier, each of the visiting delegates were supplied with identification ribbons on which their names were printed. This greatly assisted the "mixing" process. The visitors were introduced by the Chairman, each expressing a conviction that this first safety convention was a forward step in western pulp and paper history.

The following delegates were in attendance: H. Steere Clark, Safety Director, B. C. Loggers Ass'n; Percy C. Abell, B. C. Safety League; W. D. Jenkins, B. C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers; O. A. Jorgenson, B.C. Pulp & Paper Co., Vancouver; J. L.

Hooper, Pacific Mills Ltd., Ocean Falls; L. E. Thorpe (Editor), Pacific Pulp & Paper Industry, Seattle, Wn.; F. R. Sievers, Sidney Roofing & Paper, Victoria; Ralph M. Roberg, Puget Sound Pulp & Timber, Everett, Wn.; Paul Rozell, Inland Empire Paper Co., Spokane, Wn.; R. J. Schadt, Hawley Pulp & Paper Co., Oregon City, Ore.; Roger Mullen, Cascade Paper Co., Tacoma, Wn.; J. N. Stephen, Quincy, Calif.; L. A. Braken (Sheriff, Plumas County, Calif.); Phelps Dodge, Oregon Pulp & Paper Co., Portland, Ore.; L. H. Weber, Vancouver; L. K. Wood, Union Bag & Paper Power Corp., Tacoma, Wn.

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### JOTTINGS FROM THE CONFERENCE

Some of those telegrams received by the delegates might have caused Mabel Willebrandt a few minutes worry had she been present. Anyway, a meeting of "the boys" in Canada is no place for Mabel and her playmates.

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John McIntyre's "spot of mercurochrome" was judged by all the visitors to be an improvement on iodine—or even bay rum. Ralph Roberg and Roger Mullen are considering taking out special U. S. rights on this little invention of John's.

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Honors for sartorial immaculateness rest between Major Steere Clark, Oscar Jorgenson and Percy Hooper. This trio of irreproachably turned out lads, made us all feel glad this was a safety conference and not a father and son banquet.

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We hope our visitors enjoyed being here as much as we enjoyed having them. Come again!



# The Question of Public Safety

By PERCY ABELL

Manager, B.C. Safety League

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Abell attended the safety convention as a representative of a public safety league. And while the chief purpose of the congress was a discussion of the industrial phase, many of Mr. Abell's remarks will be of general interest. We reprint here some of the high lights of his address at the afternoon session, and which will undoubtedly interest local readers.*

Mr. Abell, Manager of the B. C. Safety League devoted his speech largely to the question of public safety, a subject he had studied extensively for many years.

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"The thing that has impressed me most on our trip through the plant to-day is the clean and orderly appearance of the mill and its equipment. The Powell River Company are certainly to be congratulated on the condition of this plant.

I am sorry that in B.C. we have not as yet been able to pursue a definite and wide spread campaign of public safety. Our population is still limited; public interest on this side of the safety shield is still apathetic. As a result the funds for its propagation are very limited. In spite of this, however, we have done something in B.C. Our record, even with the limited means at our disposal, is not discreditable.

It may startle some members of this audience to know that for the year 1928, out of a total of 513 accidents, 339 were public accidents—due to traffic conditions and similar unfortunate circumstances; only 234 met death in industrial accidents.

Last year, there were fewer accidents in B.C. than in the previous year. Of the 207 industrial accidents,

two only were attributed to the pulp and paper industry.

One important aspect of our work is our campaign in schools. Children passing through the schools of to-day will be absorbed in the trades and professions of tomorrow. Many of these are potential employers in our industries. It is the finest background in which to inculcate the safety idea. One of our chief claims to recognition is the safety attitude we are instilling in the minds of the youngsters. This will be our big dividend payer of the future.

In B. C. in spite of an increase of from ninety to ninety-seven per cent. in automobile registration there has actually been a reduction in traffic fatalities. As against forty-four in 1928 only forty were killed in 1929.

Our success is in a large measure due to inculcating the idea of safety in the minds of the children; and also to the thirty-seven addresses which we broadcasted last year by radio. This has proved a most effective method of putting our message before the public.

The question of the ordinary accident has been overlooked by many. How many in this audience are aware that between 1926-1928, more deaths resulted from public accidents than from cancer and tuberculosis. This point will bear thinking over."

# EDITORS NOTES



## Newsprint Consumption

Recent figures on the total world consumption and production of newsprint present an interesting study. A very noticeable, though not unexpected feature, is the predominance of newsprint consumption in the English speaking countries. The United States with 63 lbs. per capita, leads the field. Australia, where the population is almost wholly English speaking, is second with an average of 45 lbs., Canada is fourth, with 38 lbs., being preceded by Great Britain and Ireland, whose per capita consumption is 44 lbs. New Zealand and South Africa, (the white population only) with 36 and 21 lbs., respectively, complete the six leading consumers of newsprint.

It is also interesting to note that Canada's total consumption of newsprint is approximately 180,000 tons a year. In other words only 6% of Canadian production is absorbed in the domestic market, the remaining 94% or approximately 2½ million tons, being produced for export. When the new unit is added to Powell River next year, our mill alone, will produce sufficient newsprint to supply the demand of the entire Dominion. The contribution of the newsprint industry, therefore, to Canada's favorable trade balance, is highly significant.

Another significant factor in the compilations are the figures relating to European Russia. In the one-time land of the Tsars, there are 125,000,000

people. Their total consumption of newsprint is 100,000 tons a year, a little more than half the amount annually run through the Canadian presses, Education and enlightenment of the Russian masses will, in the future, have an important bearing on newsprint production.

The commanding status of Canada in the newsprint world is revealed by a comparison of Canadian and World production. The latter in 1928, was estimated at 6,750,000 tons. Of this amount Canadian production totalled 2,750,000 tons, or 33% of the entire world's output.

## Attention, Residents!

1910 - 1914

The management, in order to complete their record of all the old employees and citizens who came to Powell River between the years 1910 - 1914 and are still in the district, would appreciate all those who fall in this category sending their names to the "Digester" office as soon as possible. The list at present in the possession of Mr. Scanlon is only partially complete, and the co-operation of all employees and residents of our townsite at this period, is needed to round out the list.

Please send your name, the date of arrival in Powell River, and where first employed here.

# Plant Extension

An illustration showing a factory with several chimneys emitting smoke. In the foreground, there is a conveyor belt system and two workers standing near it. The scene is set outdoors with some trees and a building in the background.

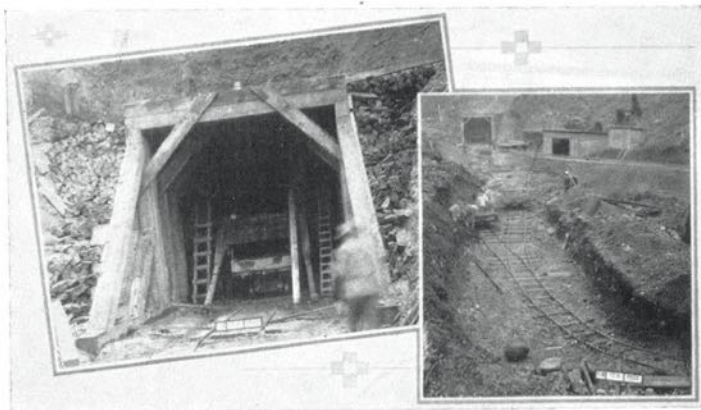
Considerable progress has been made during the months on the various activities in connection with our new development work.

At the Lois River end work is steadily advancing. At the time of writing about 4000 yards have been excavated from the North and South Portals of the tunnel and a night shift has been started. Excavation and grading for the wood and concrete penstock between the North Portal of the Tunnel and the dam site is well under way. Drilling at the dam site has been completed and the rock faces on either side of the river are being exposed in readiness for construction. Timbers for the log cribbing are in course of preparation. The Power House clearing is practically complete. The various camp buildings are now occupied. The stringing of the high tension wires on the main Transmission Line between Stillwater and Powell River is practically complete.

At Powell River the progress is marked. The bulk excavation of the Machine Room site has been completed and trenching for footings and foundations is well under way, and we expect to pour concrete about the middle of March. The larger of the two shovels is now digging on the Grinder Room and Groundwood Screen Room site, and the smaller is well into the steam plant excavation site.

The two 3000 KVA Turbo-generators being installed in the Steam Plant basement will soon be in operation.

The foregoing and future activities naturally involve a considerable amount of staff work and this month has been a busy one for the Engineering Department. Contracts are being signed up for the supply of machinery and equipment. All the leading manufacturers of paper mill machinery have shown keen interest in the numerous inquiries we have sent out and quite a number of the firms have been personally represented in Powell River during the past several weeks. The excellent co-operation of the various specialists in their lines has been very helpful to us in arriving at our final choice of equipment and the firms concerned are certainly to be commended on their well picked spokesmen.



*Progress is being made on the tunnel boring at Lois River. Above are shown two views of the north portal. The tunnel is being driven simultaneously from both ends.*

### SUN PUBLISHER DELIVERS INTERESTING ADDRESS

On Friday, February 28, Mr. R. J. Cromie, publisher of the Vancouver Sun, delivered an interesting address, on his recent trip around the world, to an audience of 400 people in Dwight Hall. By means of a large map, suspended on the stage, Mr. Cromie took his audience step by step with him on his globe-encircling voyage from Vancouver. The speaker, as a trained journalist and familiar with the psychology of "high lights," graphically unfolded his impression of the different countries and the different peoples he had encountered on his voyage.

Defining the universal world language, as "the language of the smile," Mr. Cromie stressed the international outlook which was daily growing stronger in even the so-called backward races. The speaker was perhaps at his best in his description of China and India, leaving his audience with a very vivid impression of the generating forces at work in these nations today. Particularly interesting was his

suggestion, that the time was not yet ripe for the British evacuation of the storm-tossed land of the once great Mogul Empire. "There are many worse sores than the British occupation on the Indian body politic," declared Mr. Cromie. "There is the union destroying cast system, the race enervating child marriage, the unhappy dominance of the Indian Princes, and the deplorable lack of education and sanitary outlook. All these are evils which are today retarding the advancement of India and which must be eliminated before she can assume the status of a nation.

Mr. Cromie touched briefly on conditions as he found them in Europe, leaving his audience with the suggestion that Canada's strategic location in the lanes of world commerce, supported by her resources and energy, placed the Dominion in an enviable position.

This was the third lecture the Sun Publisher had given on this subject in two days, having previously addressed audiences at Nanaimo and Courtenay.

# AROUND THE PLANT

## HOOT, MON!

Jock Findlay, genial representative of the Sidney Roofing & Paper Company, of Victoria, breezed jauntily into town last



month. With him came his golf clubs and a tremendous enthusiasm for Victoria. Jock and Maurice Boxall, our versatile "pro" in a moment of rashness, took on Mr. Bell-Irving and wily Steve Brynjolfson for a round of the course one afternoon. It was a neat game, but Jock and Maurice found the going a bit too powerful. Steve missed one three-foot put and our lusty Resident Manager with three or four of his hired help looking on, swung one out of bound drive halfway up to Ocean View Avenue, just to keep things interesting. "Bring your fush basket wi' ye next time, Jock!"

Elsewhere on these pages we reprint an article by Gilbert Bancroft on a hiking tour to the "lake district" of Powell River. Tom Rees and Bill McLeod have asked us to publicly deny the implication that they have walked to Duck Lake and return for two successive Sundays. We take great pleasure, gentlemen, in publishing your just denial. One or two others have not made it, either.

Some of our playmates in the ma-

chine-room have asked if we can suggest a subject that Felix Cormier and Joe McGuire can't argue on. We can't ourselves, but suggest to these boys, if they run out of material, to get in touch with Ed. Peacock.

Bud Hogue informed us last week that there is a strange infinity between dollies and motor cars. Bud says it is just as easy to wrap the front wheels of the old bus around a telephone pole as it is to wrap a loaded dolly around a finishing room post.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

We heard this one about a certain local golfer, and were assured of its veracity. We leave our readers to judge:

He was spiritually inclined. He occasionally invoked the assistance of the deities in his daily work. This time he was crossing the golf course. He thought of the stock market and the golden harvests lying around the corner. He went through the usual incantations, requesting advice and assistance. If he found a ball on the course in his walk, he would assume the omens were propitious and invest in the stock.



He walked on. He found a ball reposing cosily a few yards away. A week later the stock soared. Should he sell or should he hold on? Again the

gods were invoked. If he found another ball he was to hold on. Fifty yards further on he found a new Dunlop, sitting on a tee, and nobody in sight.

We understand he is still holding the stock!

### BRING ON THE BUGS

The "early bird catches the worm" squad have been in action for over three weeks. Looks like a contest between the Bank of Commerce, the Machine Room and the School Board to date. Respective champions of the shovel and trowel in these three divisions are Mr. J. Simpson, energetic gardener and bank manager; A. Davies, the machine-room dictionary and robust destroyer of weeds; and Willard P. Beale, cultivator of minds and a wizard on vegetables. These are the early entries. Place your bets!



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Larry Guthro is talking baseball already, and Al Hansen, as usual, will not play this year. We don't think the new mill have a chance with their playmates across the street anyway, unless of course a barrel of the best is put up as a side bet. That's different!



We understand the Safety First Committee are going to have life belts put on the screens in the machine-room as a precaution against the rush of early season swimmers, who go in the screens or flow box head first,

whether they can swim or not. Bill Deller and Red Murch can both swim, so why all the excitement.

Curly Woodward from his position of vantage in the Sales office, has discovered the weak point in human nature. "All you have to do," says



Curly, "is to sit here and watch the boys and girls trying to wrench open that tricky little side door of

Bob Banham's letter and parcel establishment." Doc. Brown, Curly tells us, is particularly virulent in his assaults on that knobless door every morning; he has already spoiled two sets of keys trying to locate the combination. Everybody in town, we believe, has tried sticking their finger in that door once; only the courageous and hopeful ones try it twice.

We were the recipient last month of a splashily illustrated postcard from Alex Morris, containing a very nice description of his opinion about haggis and 'Pat' Burns.

Alec's letter was signed "Your Blue Nose Friend," and he is



at present making paper at Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Alec is well known among the paper-makers here, who will be glad to learn he is getting along fine at the other end of the Dominion. He also suggested he might enter the 100-yard dash at the mill sports this summer. There's a catch somewhere in this, we feel certain.





The new minister arose on his first Sunday, beamed at the congregation, and said, "As I gaze about I see before me this morning many bright and shining faces."

And immediately eighty-seven powder puffs came out!

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A certain enterprising poultry man has crossed his hens with parrots, to save time. He used to hunt around for the eggs, but now the hens walk up to him and say, "Hank, I just laid an egg. Go get it."

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A modern girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door, and come out with a fur coat.

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#### At Last

Jim the Porter: "Boss, de ladies has finally giv' in, ain't they?"

Boss: "Give in? How?"

Jim: "Well, I just now seen a sign down the street that said: 'Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Clothes.'"

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This department swore off Scotch jokes for the New Year, but this comes under the head of news. We know a Scotch croquet player who has nine bow-legged children. He used them for wickets.—*Judge*.

#### A Really Good Score

"What is the lowest you ever went around in?"

"One."

"What!"

"Yep, I sliced my drive on the first tee and it rolled into the cup on the green of the Eighteenth."—*Life*.

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Kate: "Joe's new roadster is awfully cute."

Helen: "Yes—you ought to see it play dead on a lonely road."

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"Did they convict that night club dancer?"

"No. They couldn't get anything on her."

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After watching the young lady driver ahead wave her hands in three or four different directions at once on the intersection, the driver behind decided she was going to turn to the right and crashed into her as she changed her mind. He got out to do a little interviewing.

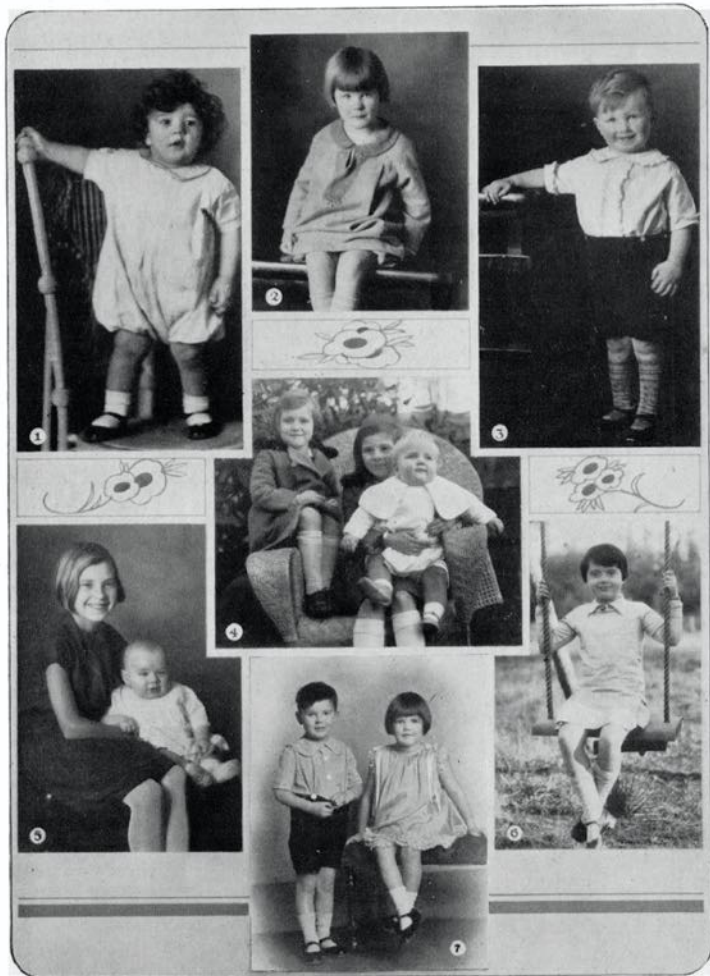
"Well, all I can say," said the miss, "is that I'm sorry."

"Is that all you can say?"

"Why, yes."

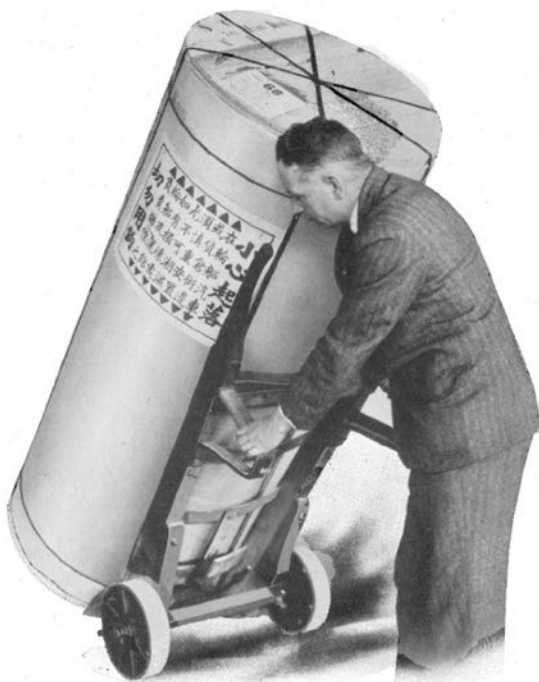
"Well, then," said the young man, clearing his throat, "listen to me!!!!"

# Powell River Children



1. Raymond Smith      2. Joyce Utilla Ross      3. Stanley Charles Ross  
 4. Left to right: Betty, Patricia      5. Dorothy and Kenneth Wilson  
 and Ian Maxwell Smith      6. Dorothy Jane Pearson  
 7. John Kirchner and Winnifred Joy Kirchner

## Powell River Newsprint in China



*Ed. Smith,  
wharf super-  
intendent,  
shows the fin-  
ished China  
roll, labelled  
and packed,  
ready for  
shipment*

It is a strange reversal of the centuries that the country whose genius and fertility produced the first sheet of paper, should to-day be compelled to import practically all the newsprint used within her borders. Among the more recent additions to the Powell River Company's export ledger, are included regular shipments to China, principally to Victoria, on the island of Hong Kong, and to Shanghai.

The per capita consumption of newsprint in China is exceedingly

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small. The total newsprint consumption for the entire continent of Asia is only 325,000 tons a year; and of this amount Japan with a population of 65,000,000 alone consumes 225,000 tons. The past few years, have, however, been featured by an increased spread of

the printed page in China; and in the future, when stability replaces the present period of uncertainty, it is unquestionable that the Chinese market will absorb an increasing percentage of our product.

It may surprise some of our readers to learn that, despite the comparative paucity in newsprint consumption, there are about 79 daily papers printed in China. And as one might guess, these are confined largely to the densely populated areas fringing the coast and the three great rivers, the Hwang,



*Powell River newsprint being unloaded from lighters at Shanghai. Hazards attendant upon less up-to-date methods of unloading and handling, make necessary the strong packing shown on the opposite page.*

Yangtze and Yest. One feature deserving of emphasis, is, that of the 79 dailies issued in China, 41 are printed solely in Chinese, 22 in English, 6 in Japanese, 5 in Russian and 4 in English and Chinese, and 1 in French.

The Journals printed in Chinese have, naturally, by far the widest circulation. The Sin Wan Pao, of Shanghai, distributes 100,000 copies daily, on a 16x20 sheet, averaging from sixteen to twenty pages. Other leading Chinese journals are the Shun Pao of Shanghai with a 90,000 circulation, and the China Times of the same city, averaging 85,000 copies a day. The largest English journal is the "Leader," printed in Peking, and circulating 10,000 copies daily. The "Molva," of Harbin, printed in Russian, sends out 9,500 issues. In Manchuria, Japan's special sphere of influence, Japanese journals predominate. Three of these papers in Darien, Manchuria, have circulations of 62,000, 55,000 and 41,000 respectively, but their thickness averages only 4 to 8 pages an issue.

It is a fact known to every school

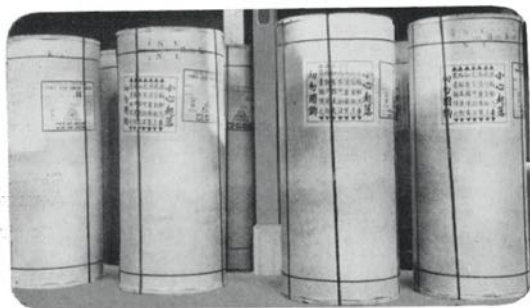
boy that the Chinese were the world's first paper makers. The use of paper, made originally from the bark of the mulberry tree, and later from rags, probably dates back into the second century of the Christian era. With the dissolution of the famous Han Dynasty in 220 A.D., the art of making paper had already been established. Under the great Suy Dynasty of the sixth century came the literary renaissance of China, and with it, the greatly intensified demand for paper. Historians tell us that over 54,000 volumes were added to the Imperial library under one of the Suy monarchs.

How the secret of paper making was seized from the Chinese by the Arabs at the battle of Samarkand in 751, is common knowledge. Among the Chinese prisoners were several skilled paper makers. Through these, the Arabs learned the secret of the art, which, six hundred years later was one of the great propelling forces in the European Renaissance. It is presumed that during the Christian reconquest of Spain, several Moorish paper mills were captured by the vic-

tors. By the thirteenth century, the art had been learned in Italy, from whence it was slowly disseminated through Europe. Not until the dawn of the fifteenth century, was paper cheap enough to come into general use.

There is, then, a special significance in the arrival of a roll of Powell River newsprint in China. British Columbia,

until the recent introduction of a paper mill in Manitoba, was the last of the Canadian provinces to commence the manufacture of newsprint. The China shipment represents, therefore, a union of past and present—a greeting from one of the youngest paper makers in the world to the oldest. It bridges a gap of over seven-teen centuries.



## *Packing Our China Shipments*

*Rolls of newsprint  
ready for the  
China market,  
awaiting shipment.*

An important feature in connection with the shipment of Powell River Newsprint to China is the type of packing used. After the first shipment of newsprint across the Pacific, it was found advisable to adopt a special "China pack" on our rolls. It may be said that this has proved eminently satisfactory. Since its adoption not a single complaint has been received concerning damages suffered en route.

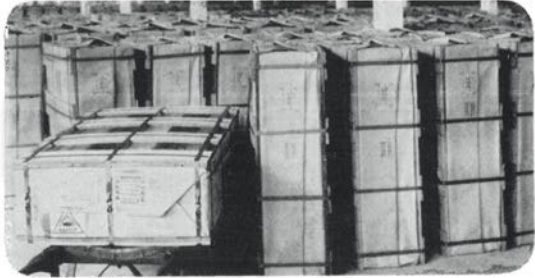
As may be seen from an accompanying illustration, the transference of paper, at Shanghai chiefly, involved an unusual amount of handling. The work was done under less modern conditions than prevail in many places to which our newsprint is shipped. The paper is first lightered ashore and then transported to the warehouses almost entirely by hand labor, one method being the carrying of rolls

between bamboo poles. To meet this situation, and the unusual hazards involved in handling it, our finishing room devised the pack shown on this page.

The ends of the rolls are first wrapped in the usual manner, the top bound with 3 ply, 14 inch. mill wrapper bands, and the bottom with 3 ply 14 inch. sulphite bands. Around all are the usual body wraps. In the core of each end is a 3½ inch. lip plug, and two soft heads of mill wrapper.

Thus far there is little change from the usual wrap. The strength of the "China pack" lies in the double wooden heads placed in each end, fastened with ⅜ in. iron rods running through the core. Three ⅝ in. steel bands are placed longitudinally on each roll, outside all wrapping and wooden heads;

*Crates of sheets, of which a considerable number are used in China, bound with steel straps resist all transportation hazards encountered enroute.*



two  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. steel bands are placed around the roll about a foot from each end. These straps are then tightened and fastened with a pneumatic sealer; and the roll is ready for shipment. The steel bands eliminate any possibility of the packing becoming loosened; the wooden heads have proved an immense boon, in giving the necessary protection to the roll ends, which are the most vulnerable and liable to damage.

J. MacIntyre, was eagerly awaited, the result, with the latter winning out, three and two, was not quite expected.

#### OLD RESIDENT PASSES AWAY

The death of William E. Milnes of Westview, on Wednesday, February 19 last, came as a great shock to his many friends throughout the district. Mr. Milnes has resided in Powell River since 1914, where he is considered one of the pioneers of the townsite. He was a prominent member of the local branch of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, by whom the funeral and burial services were performed.

Throughout the community expressions of regret at the untimely and unexpected passing of Mr. Milnes were heard. He had only been admitted to hospital a few days prior to his decease, and the sudden passing was a sad blow to his family and to his numerous friends. He passed away in the Powell River hospital on Wednesday, February 19.

Mr. Milnes is survived by his wife Mrs. Mary Milnes, who has long been one of the leaders in welfare work in our community, and Miss Alice Milnes, formerly of Powell River and now in training at the Vancouver General Hospital.

#### GOLF NOTES



As we go to press, the result of one more tournament has been determined. The final of the mens' four ball, long delayed by a combination of adverse circumstances, was played. Somewhat to the surprise of the onlookers, Curly Woodward and Cecil Kelly defeated Steve Brynjolfson and Jack Tunstall, one up, after a hard struggle.

The mixed two ball tournament is narrowing down to the semi-finals. Several strong contestants will do battle for the final honors. In the third round, the contest, Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Irving versus Ed Peacock and Mrs.

## *Radio Telephone Communication Established With Vancouver*



*Powell River  
Speaks to  
Vancouver*



*Mrs. R. Bell-  
Irving puts  
through the first  
radio telephone  
call to Vancou-  
ver, speaking  
direct from  
her home*

For several months, the B.C. Telephone Company have been conducting experiments designed to link up Powell River and outside points on the mainland and island by telephone. By arrangement with the Powell River Company, an experimental station was installed and tests made between here and Campbell River, where the telephone company's land lines are established.

The principle of radio-telephony is not entirely new but we believe this is its first practical application in Western Canada. The principle involves combined radio and wire communication. The voice is transmitted by wireless, across the Gulf of Georgia to Campbell River, where the hook-up is made with the island land wires. From here the message is carried on

the B.C. Telephone Company's wires to Vancouver.

The first actual conversation over the system was carried out in November when tests were being made. Mrs. R. Bell-Irving was put in communication with Mr. Bell-Irving in Vancouver, the call being consummated inside of a few minutes. Since that date,

further experiments have been made and additional tests carried out in an endeavour to eliminate all possible outside interference. Some difficulty, not yet entirely eliminated has been experienced in this respect, but Mr. C. McLean, in charge of the installation for the telephone company, is confident that further experiment will totally discount this possibility.

On Tuesday, January 13, Mr. R. H. Scanlon was the recipient of the first official call between Powell River and Vancouver, when he spoke to Mr. James Hamilton, Manager of the B.C. Telephone Company. The call was put through in less than a minute; Mr. Scanlon spoke directly from his office into the ordinary automatic phone. No voice difficulties were experienced; both parties spoke in ordinary tones, and the voice reproduction was clear and distinct.

The central station is temporarily installed in the rear of the radio office and will soon be ready for public use. The Telephone Company will maintain the office for some months as an experiment. Residents wishing to obtain telephone communication with Vancouver or any mainland or island town, will ring the radio office, give the number desired, and when the call has been put through, the central operator will ring them to that effect.

The call is made in exactly the same manner as the ordinary long distance communication.

Jean Coccola tells us his new Chev. Coupe will climb anything in the district. He is even tinkering with the idea of trying it out in the machine room to save him climbing the stacks. Even Alf Hanson's Ford can't do that.

## Department Store Banquet

On Wednesday, February 19, the Powell River Department Store was host to its staff and their friends, at an enjoyable banquet and dance in Dwight Hall. In the neighborhood of ninety employees and friends gathered around the banquet board for the annual dinner.

Mr. R. H. Scanlon occupied the chair, and the principal speakers were Mr. R. Bell-Irving and Mr. Campbell Forbes, manager of the Store. Mr. Forbes thanked his customers for the support they had accorded him during the past year, which had resulted in a very qualifying increase in the volume of business. The increased patronage had enabled the store to substantially reduce prices all along the line. It was his hope that this favorable attitude would persist during the coming year, when, he assured his hearers, every effort would be made to render purchasing even more attractive than during the preceding year.

Other speakers were Mr. Max Cameron, Mr. Herb Geddes, Mr. Bert Johnson, Mr. Joe Loukes, Mr. W. P. Alexander, Mr. J. A. Lundie.

We are afraid Wally Tapp is stealing his neighbor, Frank Carri-  
v e a u ' s thunder these days. Wally has picked up Australia several times on his radio, and has received letters from various brother enthusiasts in the Antipodes confirming his findings. Come on Frank, let's go!







By CASUAL OBSERVER

The warm sunny days towards the end of last month attracted most of the rail birds from their winter quarters, the scene along the front of the Department Store once again assuming its normal state. Seed catalogues are making their appearance,—a sure sign of approaching spring.

\* \* \*

A little sunshine is a wonderful tonic. Fishing tackle is being renovated, the lawn bowlers are beginning to cast longing eyes in the direction of their summer headquarters, whilst the baseball fraternity are already counting their chickens, many of which, alas, will never be hatched. Much real satisfaction is derived from this advance preparation, even though expectations are not always realized later.

\* \* \*

The gasboat devotees are finding plenty to occupy their leisure moments, although it appeared at one time there might not be sufficient water in the lake to accommodate everybody. Little things like that do not worry them however, and even if they do stick on a mud bank occasionally, there is always Providence and Al Hatch.

\* \* \*

The Safety Conference, which was quite an event by the way, provided much material for discussion, and the privileged persons, who stuck out their chests adorned with streamers, were apparently the envy of all beholders. Bill Gretton was quite upset when he lost his red ribbon, until Joe McCrossan obliged him with a piece of a last year Callie football shirt. Bill however, was rather nervous until he again located the original.

\* \* \*

Harry Middleton is still looking for the guy who took advantage of his temporary absence, and adorned his favorite pipe with a series of safety first labels, leaving him a packet of cigarettes and a tract by way of compensation. The poor fellow was only trying to do his good deed for the day.

\* \* \*

It was too bad Bill Hutchison was not given an opportunity to deliver the speech at the banquet, which he had painstakingly prepared in honour of the occasion. The beater room crowd had evidently had the privileges of an advance hearing, and said it was the cat's whiskers, whatever they might be. We understand Bill has carefully put it away, and hopes to use it for the next Burns supper, so it won't be wasted after all.



# BE CAREFUL Working Safely FIRST AID

The outstanding feature of the month was the gathering of delegates from various pulp and paper mills in Washington, Oregon and British Columbia on February 12, to form the Pacific Coast Section of the Pulp and Paper Section of the National Safety Council, under the chairmanship of Mr. R. H. Scanlon, Regional Director of the National Safety Council for the Pacific Coast. They have our best wishes for the future. It was only in 1913 that 13 men were inspired to form the National Safety Council, and today it numbers many thousands of members all engaged in putting their best efforts foremost to reduce accidents in the home, in the street, at work and play. May history repeat itself on the Pacific Coast.

\* \* \*

"How the devil do you ever have accidents in this plant," was the remark of one of the delegates during his tour of inspection. "In all my experience I have never seen a plant like it for cleanliness and well guarded machinery. It struck me that it should be impossible for such a thing to happen." Yet unfortunately, it is not only a question of guarding machinery; if it were, the reduction of accidents would be easy. Boiled down it is a matter of thinking before acting, in other words before doing a job ask yourself the question, am I doing this job the safest way for myself and others?

\* \* \*

In going further into our accident record for 1929, we find that close to 20% of our lost time accidents were due to infection from minor cuts and bruises. Many of these could have been considerably reduced if employees had taken the proper precautions to go for first aid treatment at the time of the accident. We provide first class facilities for this, and we earnestly ask for co-operation by reporting for treatment immediately a minor accident occurs. You owe this to yourself and dependents. We recently had a case where a workman did not report for treatment until a week after the accident, with the result that he forfeited his compensation. Save yourself the unnecessary pain, loss of time and money by getting first aid.

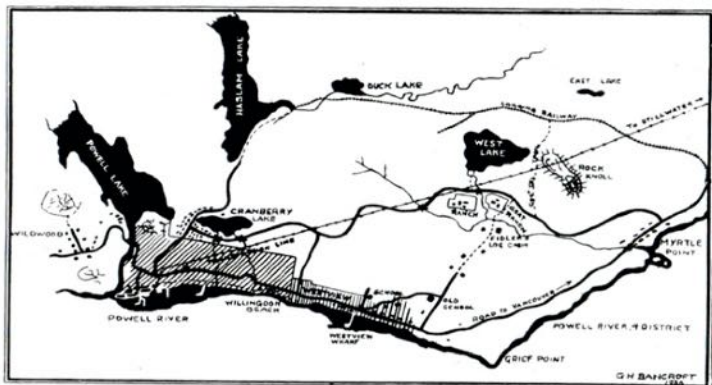
Another outstanding fact that our 1929 record showed was that the "danger hours" of our plant were between ten and twelve a.m. when 55% of our accidents occurred, and three and four p.m. when 40% of them happened. In view of this it will pay to be especially on our guard during these periods. Beware of the "danger hours!"

\* \* \*

Most accidents are caused and do not just happen; for instance a workman wearing caulk boots, was recently helping to load paper on a scow. There is an iron plate between the wharf and the scow, properly roughed up, the danger of using caulks with iron, was pointed out to him by his fellow workers and his foreman, but being a "he man," he ignored the warning, and in due course he slipped and fell heavily on his wrist, and has spent about three months trying to repair it.

# The Hiking Season is Here

By GILBERT BANCROFT



*Powell River Lake District, a favorite week-end "hiking" spot for many residents.*

*"Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hour's march to dinner, and then to thinking."*

—WILLIAM HAZLETT.

I have often been asked these questions, particularly by newcomers to our townsite, "What sort of a place is Powell River for hiking? Are there any trails easy to follow, or do you have to go out, armed with axes, to chop your way through the bush?"

Many Powell Riverites, themselves, are unable to answer these queries. Probably only a negligible proportion of our people realize that in the vicinity of our townsite, there are numerous trails and half hidden paths, leading to picturesque little spots which are veritable hikers' paradises.

They are all about us, on all sides and their very proximity, at times, makes us overlook them. There are many pleasant trails and byways on which the outdoor lover may "pace

away the pleasant hours of ease," and dispel the mental fog of a week of too close confinement to work.

As only one instance there is the hike to West Lake . . . .

The Powell River Company's new transmission line is a boon to the hiker. From Powell River to Rock Knoll, near West Lake, is approximately four miles, and this distance may be traversed direct along the transmission line.

We follow the "line" to Cranberry, where we meet the first intersection of the Myrtle Point Road. Five times does this newly built highway return in its vagrant fashion to recross the line. We finally reach an old skid road, which wends invitingly away and swings over a ridge which leads us to

the Lake. From this spot a beautiful panorama is unfolded. Looking back we see the placid (sometimes) waters of Malaspina in the distance, and in the background the glint of the sun on Harwood and Savary Islands, far away to the west. Immediately below, in the valley, we see Tommy Lambert's goat ranch, with its clean buildings, its near cedar fences, and the whiskered billies rambling around in the enclosure.

Reaching the lake, we found it to be a delightful spot for picnics and summer campers. Little nooks and hidden glades peeped invitingly at us from the evergreen encircled shoreline. It was a peaceful scene, beautiful, and we thought must be an ideal camping site during the dog days of summer.

Our return journey took us along the Myrtle Point Road. We swung to the left and followed this highway to the south-eastern corner of the goat ranch, out of which there came a tumbling herd of those benefactors of healthy babes. Unlike their more recalcitrant contemporaries, they fell chummily behind their herder, and his collie dog and despite many affectionate pats, our attempt at kidnapping was unsuccessful.

We now left the road and skirted the ranch fence. Crossing a small ravine along which the waters of West Lake journey to tidewater, we climbed the opposite hillside and were very soon at the late Reuben Fidler's log cabin, pictured in the last issue of the "Digger".

About half a mile or so from here, the trail is quite level, and then drops easily down a leafy lane to the old Westview School House. At this point we turned right and were soon at Westview Junction near the garage.

From here, of course, the easiest way is to take the stage. An even better way is to include in your day's hike that beautiful woodland walk along the coast from Willingdon Beach to town. The entire trip consumes between four and five hours of easy walking.

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## LAKE NOTES



The boating season is here again. Many of the boys are tuning up their engines hoping to beat some of their old rivals.

---

Doc. Henderson and Buck Munn will have to watch themselves this summer, as there are rumors of an addition to the lake fleet of two new outboard speedsters with 32 H.P. kickers.

---

A regrettable accident occurred Sunday, February 16, when Mr. Reed of Olson's Landing was coming down to Powell River. His gas tank ran dry and as he was filling it from a can the waves flooded his engine. He drifted ashore on the rocky point on this side of Three Mile Bay. He started to hike over the mountains for the shingle mill. Darkness came and Mr. Reed spent the night out in the heavy rain without a light to guide him. He fell over a small cliff and it was with great relief that at 5 a.m. he came upon Mr. Lionel Battegal's float house in One Mile Bay, where he received dry clothes and food and was later taken into Powell River by Mr. Battegal. In the meantime, Mr. Reed's boat sank, but has since been salvaged. Mr. Reed, through the *Digger*, wishes to thank Mr. Battegal for his kind assistance.

## Provincial Contenders



*Powell River Department Store Hoopsters:*  
 Left to right: C. Young, C. Cuvelier, J. Keith, Arnold McDonald,  
 W. Taylor, F. Hall, W. Gaiton, L. Griffiths.

### The B.C. PLAY-OFFS

Before this issue leaves the press, the results of the first round of the B.C. Basketball playoffs will have been determined. This makes it difficult for us to comment on the outcome. We do say, however, without hesitation, that if the Powell River Department Store team fail to survive at least the opening rounds, we will be greatly surprised. Without a doubt the quintette that went south this year is the finest Senior "B" squad ever collected in our townsite. Whether superior team work on the part of opposing fives will discountenance their effectiveness remains to be seen.

The Store squad have four ex-Senior "A" men in Chuck Cuvelier, Gaiton, Johnnie Keith and Frank Hall. With Arnold MacDonald playing the best game of his career at guard and Lew Griffiths, the elongated centre, as a first class utility man, the boys look good to make a strong showing. Frank Flett, in the role of manager, has kept the team together and strengthened it considerably since the season opened. Whatever the result we make this prediction now, that the local boys will force their opponents to play basketball all the way.

Unquestionably the best basketball machine that has ever worn local colours will represent Powell River in the

Senior "B" playoffs this year. The results of the opening rounds will be known before this issue arrives and we hope our prophecy has been justified. In any case we feel that the team will make a showing creditable to the town and the organization they represent.

### ON NEWSPRINT SERVICE BUREAU



Mr. A. E. McMaster

During his recent trip east to attend the Canadian Pulp and Paper Convention, Mr. A. E. McMaster, Powell River Company General Manager, was signally honored by the appointment to the post of Vice-President of the Newsprint Service Bureau. The meeting was held in Montreal on February 1, and delegates from all the principal Canadian mills were in attendance. The complete executive is as follows:

President: J. A. Bothwell, Brompton Pulp & Paper Co.; Vice-President: A. E. McMaster, Powell River Company Ltd.; Executive Committee: J. L. Apedale, Price Bros.; W. H. Smith, Abitibi Power & Paper Co.; A. R. Graustein, International Paper Company.

### ENGINEERING STAFF ADDITIONS

Many new names have appeared on the muster roll of the engineering office since the commencement of plant extension activities.

In the draughting room the following have been added to the staff: S. D. MacFarlane (in charge of Powell River construction); Reg. Beaton, W. Mossman, A. Pearson, S. A. Perrot (electrical assistant to B. C. Condit); A. A. Manbridge, G. Lyon; W. Alexander, D. Critoph, G. Wheeler; W. A. Ellis.

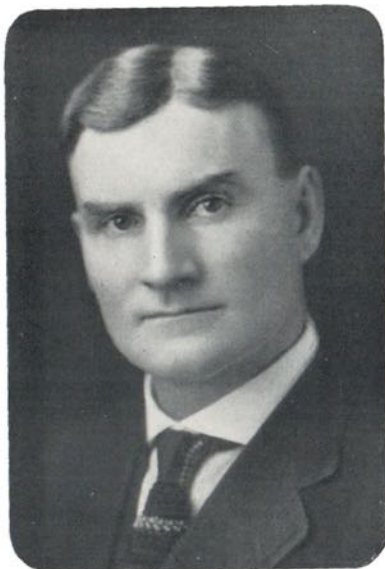
Clerical office additions include: C. H. Smith (chief clerk); H. A. Daubner; L. Illius; H. T. Clegg; J. MacIntyre; Maxwell Smith; Gray Benner.

In the field office are H. W. Donohue and T. G. Wilson.

At Stillwater Charlie MacLean and G. W. Templeton and B. Bower have been attached to Mr. T. J. Brown's staff.

The inclusion of a ladies' committee, in an advisory capacity on the Golf Club executive is expected to keep things up to snuff in the niblick and mashie pastime. We also understand that cigars and pipes are taboo at all meetings from now on. The President and the Secretary refuse to comment on this.

## LEAVES STILLWATER



Henry (Hank) Phelan

When Henry (Hank) Phelan, former logging superintendent for Brooks Scanlon O'Brien, left Stillwater last month to take up his new post as superintendent at the Campbell River Timber Company, the little community of Stillwater lost one of its most popular residents.

Hank, as he is familiarly known to the logging fraternity, has been an outstanding figure in the logging industry of B. C., where he has worked since 1911. Born in Port Daniel, Quebec, Hank has been in the lumbering game all his life, and not many superintendents have a more intimate and practical knowledge of the trade. He worked first for the Brannard Lumber Company, on the head waters of the Mississippi; for five years he followed the "drives" in Minnesota, and

in 1903 came to New Mexico for the American Lumber Co. In the year following Hank worked in the woods and on the rivers of California and Oregon, until he was appointed Superintendent of the Brooks-Scanlon O'Brien operations which opened up at Stillwater in 1911.

For a year he remained on the Stillwater job, where his experience and his ability to handle logging crews, won the esteem of his employees and established his reputation in British Columbia logging circles.

In 1918 when the reorganization of the Whalen Pulp and Paper Co. was proceeding, Sir George Bury chose Hank to reorganize and place on a working basis the logging department of the new corporation. Completing his work to the satisfaction of his employers, Hank returned to Stillwater where he remained until the cessation of operations a year ago.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons for Hank's success as a logging superintendent and for the esteem in which he was held by the late Dr. Brooks, was his remarkably good understanding of the crews under his charge; fairness both to his employers and to his subordinates is a characteristic of Hank. In addition to this, few men in B. C. are more conversant with the practical side of logging, or better equipped to handle operations in the woods.

In Stillwater the departure of both Hank and Mrs. Phelan is a general source of regret. We believe, however, that what is Stillwater's loss will be the Campbell River Timber Company's gain; the company are to be congratulated on the acquisition of a logging superintendent of the ability and experience of Hank Phelan.

## SOCCER NOTES

Inset, a typical snap of Jack Drury, one of the veterans of local football.



Jack Drury

Jack played with the Callies in 1923, when the present league was first incorporated, and when the playing pitch was situated about on the spot where the new machine

room excavation is now visible. A sturdy half back, dependable, and always ready for a quick pot at goal, Jack has been a consistent performer for the past seven years. This season, illness kept him out of the game for several months, and his presence is missed.

## THE PORT LANDING



"Wot," ses the Captain, "is that little doo-ickey that broadcasts Ponk/Ponk!— Ponk! Ponk! Ponk!?"

"That, Cap," I ses, "is our Autocall and it is now bringing in the Daddy of 'em all."

"I don't," ses the Captain, "care for anything 'auto'; usually they ought to and don't; but wot's the big idea anyway?"

"Round a plant of this size, Cap," I ses, "there is always more or less grief and damnation and any one of twenty-five or thirty men 'as to be raised 'ell with. These birds knew, if their phones rang, that it was a nine to one chance that they were going to get 'ell, so they approached their phones with extreme caution and

usually arrived after they'd quit ringing, under the misguided notion that the caller would refrain from allowing the sun to go down on 'is wrath."

"All that is now changed and these birds are caught up by the Ponk and delivered to their Waterloos."

"The dawn breaks," ses the Captain, "there 'ave been times when I'd 'ave liked to come down on the back of your neck with both feet, but each time you'd 'just gone out'."

"And 'ow," says the Captain, "does it work?"

"First, Cap," I ses, "you phone your victim; that starts 'im on the run. Then you phone the Time Office and ask them to Ponk 'im one; and then 'e's your meat."

"Doctors say," ses the Captain, "that most men dig their own graves and you've surely dug yours, both wide and deep."

"Did it ever occur to anyone that it might be possible to wring a Ponk's d—d neck?" asks the Captain.

"It might 'ave, Cap," I ses, "but unfortunately the brute 'as its good points. For instance, if any of these birds wish to find each other, to converse on baseball, golf, or any other major crime, they use the ponk, whereas here-to-fore they wandered around disconsolate for weeks, trying to catch up with each other. The fun will start though when their wives get wise to the fact that they too can Ponk 'em."

"You shore folk," ses the Captain, "in this last Great West, can surely think up more refined 'ellery than a China full of Chinks'."

## BIRTHS

February 25—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, a girl.

February 24—Mr. and Mrs. John D'Angio, a girl.

March 1—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Aisgard, a girl. Cranberry.

March 2—Mr. and Mrs. Lester Price, a girl.



## Pearls of Wisdom



We are glad to see our employees buy property in the suburbs and build their own homes.

\_\_\_\_\_

If you have nothing to say, say nothing.

\_\_\_\_\_

Never close your eyes to the truth of a situation.

\_\_\_\_\_

To be cheerful does not mean that you cannot be serious or grave when need be.

\_\_\_\_\_

Consistency is more important than strictness or severity.

\_\_\_\_\_

Punctuality is one of the requirements of your job.

\_\_\_\_\_

"Oh Chicago, dear Chicago," there are still a few radio announcing barbarians who need to be put "on the spot." Sic 'em Chi.

\_\_\_\_\_

We welcome constructive suggestions. Do you know of any unsafe condition existing around your work?

\_\_\_\_\_

Proper first aid treatment of injuries is the first line of defense against extended disability from work, permanent disability from amputation or loss of function, and possible death.

\_\_\_\_\_

To prevent infection and subsequent poisoning seek first aid treatment promptly. The bad cases of blood poisoning are usually simply the neglected ones.

Beware of the danger hours, which in our plant are ten to twelve in the morning and three to five in the afternoon.

\_\_\_\_\_

Courtesy is your outward evidence of a regard for human sensibilities.

\_\_\_\_\_

No man ever knows how strong he is until he has fought with his greatest temptation.

\_\_\_\_\_

To feel friendly, act agreeably, think charitably, and to talk amusingly is to be liked by everybody and invited everywhere.

\_\_\_\_\_

Show yourself kind and friendly. There are countless opportunities for you to add this personal touch of interest and friendship.

\_\_\_\_\_

The problem of human relationships is ever-complex. To have an innate interest in and affection for people is one way to be happy and useful to mankind.

\_\_\_\_\_

Look ahead and analyze your difficulties before they become too urgent. One who never sees his difficulties until they demand solution finds himself running to his Chief several times a day.

\_\_\_\_\_

To conserve his time and yours, do not approach your Chief on any subject until you are armed with all the available fact.



Gotta-go, Black Button

### AVOIDING DIFFICULTIES

The junior partner was interviewing a pretty girl who had applied for a position. The senior partner came in, and, after inspecting the vision, called the other member of the firm aside and whispered: "I'd hire her."

"I have."

"Can she take dictation?"

"We'll find that out later," said the junior partner, "I didn't want any obstacles to crop up."

### PAPER SHIPS

Oh the ships come in, and the ships go out  
Down through the Panama, and south  
Through blistering heat to freezing storm,  
In the desolate seas around the Horn.

To distant ports in every clime,  
They carry paper, white and fine.  
That through it's medium men may tell  
Of things they wish to buy and sell.

Of what they think, and what they know,  
Of politics and commerce:—so,  
The ships go out and the ships come in,  
Back to the mill's incessant din.

There in a world of steel and steam,  
Paper is born; that yet had being  
Before this change as forest trees,  
Which stood before the white man came,  
Through many a long year's wax and wane,  
Whispering their secrets to the breeze.

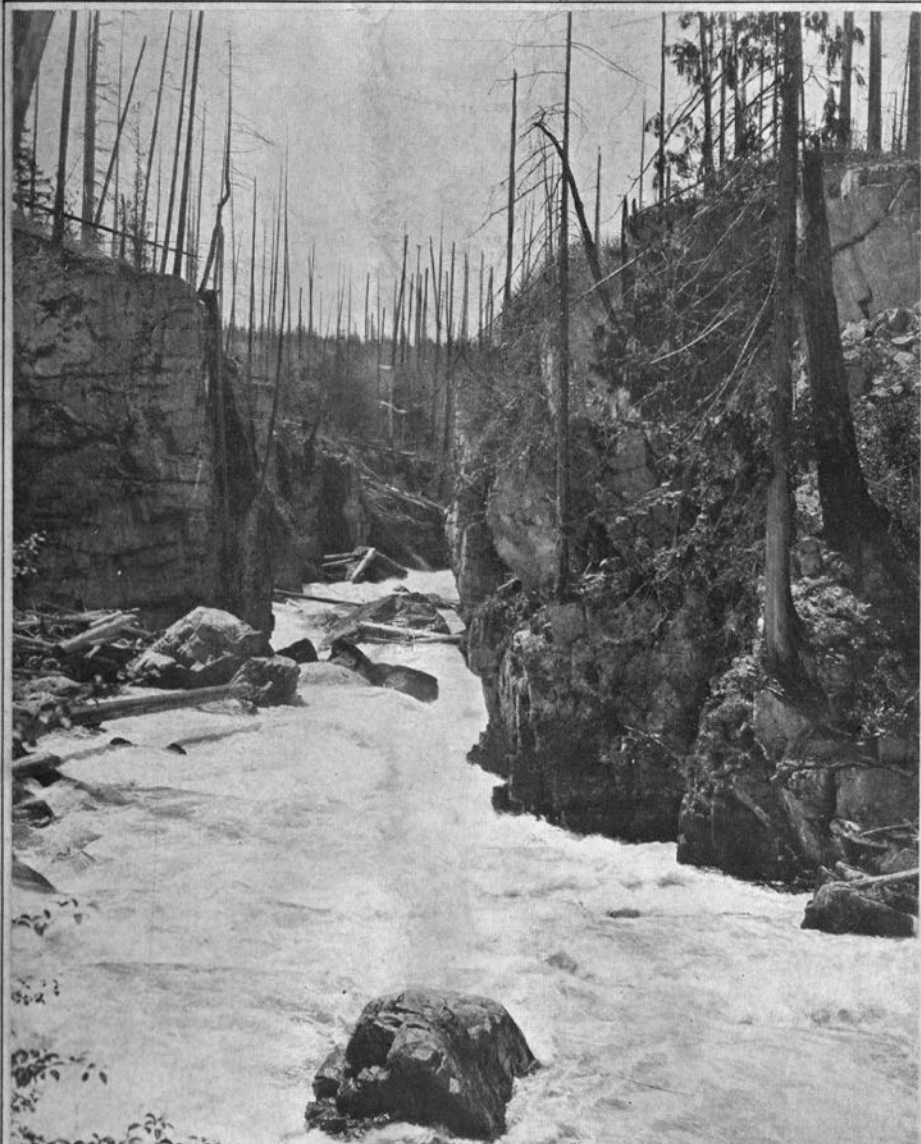
J. H. PHILIP, Powell River.

# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 9.

APRIL, 1930

NO. 4.



*Where Lois River flows down to the sea*

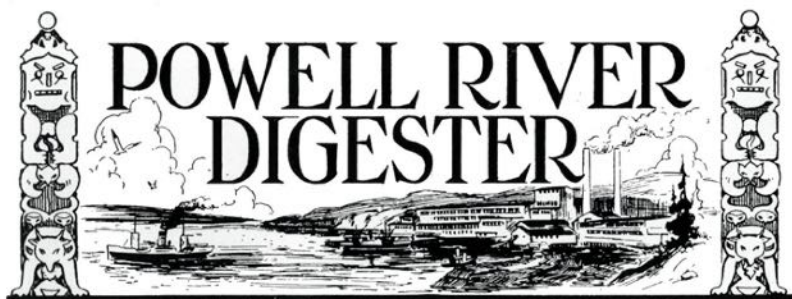
# *Garden Competition*

## *1930*

Inspections will be made during April, May, June and July, same as last year, and the inspections will be closed and the judging done in early August, before vegetables, etc., are taken up.

Prize list as follows:

1. Best Front Lawn and Garden .....	\$20.00	\$10.00	\$5.00
2. Best Kitchen Garden.....	20.00	10.00	5.00
3. Best Combination Garden (Front and Back).....	20.00	.....	.....
4. Best Garden in Riverside...	10.00	.....	.....
5. Best Boulevard .....	10.00	.....	.....



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published monthly with the co-operation and the assistance of the employees of  
**THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY, LIMITED**  
*Manufacturers of Newsprint*                      *Mills at Powell River, B. C.*

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VOL. 9

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No. 4

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## Lois River Development Reviewed in Current Issue

**W**E believe our readers are interested in the big expansion programme now under way at Powell and Lois Rivers. On this assumption we review, in this issue, the work now being done at Lois, and tell something of the early history of this area, first pioneered by the Brooks-Scanlon-O'Brien lumber interests in 1910.

Additional features include an outline of a trip along the southern end of the proposed Powell River-Vancouver highway; an interesting article by O. J. Stevenson on the Myrtle Grove Goat Dairy; a sketch of the early fire brigade; and a tale of a famous golf match, which upset many a previous sure calculation—and sent two men to the bank early next morning.

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*Camp 3, at Lois River, on the bill facing the north portal of the tunnel now under construction. This land was logged many years ago by Brooks-Scanlon-O'Brien.*

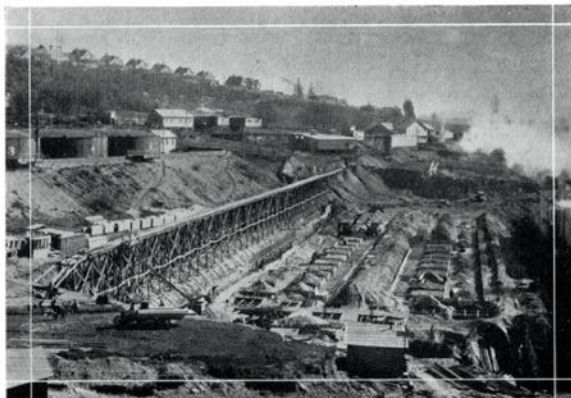
## *Advent of Spring Brings Activity at Lois River*

**S**IGNIFICANT and extensive changes are altering the face of the landscape at Lois River these days. The old river, once the home of the logger and the itinerant Waltonian, is undergoing a face lifting and taking on a new and permanent visage. Soon the old logger who rode the logging railroad along the banks will rub his eyes in astonishment at the changes made in his former stamping ground. The fisherman who casts his line in the frothy white stream where Lois River flows down to the sea will likely discover his favorite casting location usurped by a gang of men with picks and shovels.

Spring is here, the frost is out of the ground, and the Powell River Company are swinging into the program to develop and put to use the

"white coal" of Lois, which for centuries has flown uninterrupted to tidewater at Stillwater. Three construction camps have been built; the work is advancing rapidly, and an intensified air of activity permeates the entire district from Stillwater, two miles up Lois River to the site of the temporary dam.

Most of our readers are familiar with the details of the Lois River development scheme, and only the briefest recapitulation is necessary before telling of the progress now being made. The development at Lois River will be undertaken in two stages. The immediate construction will provide sufficient water storage to supply the 22,000-h.p. C.G.E. generator at the Stillwater power house. This power will be transmitted over the high tension power line to Powell



*The birth of another machine. Machine room excavation, where concrete pouring is now well advanced. The building is built to accommodate two 226-inch machines, one of which will be installed immediately.*

River to supply the needs of plant extension. As market conditions warrant, and additional paper machines are required, the full available storage of 44,000-h.p. will be developed.

The work at Lois River includes the construction of a temporary log crib rock-filled dam, 55 feet in height, to store sufficient water for the installation of the first unit. From here a 10-foot wood stave pipe, also temporary, carries the water to the site chosen for the permanent dam to be erected later. From this point to Stillwater the installation is permanent. A 12-ft., 6-in. concrete pipe line 850 feet long, leads to the 12-foot, 6-inch concrete-lined tunnel, from which the steel penstock will supply water direct to the Stillwater generator house. At the power house the penstock divides into two branches, one supplying the 22,000 h.p. generator now being installed, the second for the 22,000 h.p. unit to be added when the full storage is

developed. From the power house the current will go singing over the wires to Powell River.

In our trip to Lois River last month, traces of an accelerated activity met us on all sides. Some such air of excitement and bustle might have been seen twenty years ago when the Brooks-Scanlon interests began to log in the Gordon Pashas—or as it is better known, the Lois River watershed. Yet there is a distinct difference in the operations now being pushed. Twenty years ago the men who unloaded their logging chains, their “donkies” and their “locies” at Stillwater, well knew that their occupation was temporary; that in a few years the vast stand of timber, one of the finest in British Columbia, would be denuded; that only wide areas of bare, desolate land, old logging trails and skid roads would remain to tell the story of their occupation.

Such is the passage of the logging juggernaut. Here today, gone to-



morrow, swift, ruthless, unsparing. Such is not the purpose of the present development along the banks of Lois River. The pulp and paper industry is not nomadic. Its construction is stable, permanent. Its investments are heavy and a long tenancy is necessary to secure reasonable returns. The hive of industry which is today buzzing vigorously at Lois River is the opening of a new chapter in Powell River Company history. It ushers in the fourth period of expansion since 1911, and represents the beginning of a new development which will ultimately assist in turning the wheels of a 1100-ton newsprint mill.

A mile above the old logging crossing on the Stillwater road, tons of gunpowder have blasted out huge slabs of rock in preparation for the foundations of the temporary dam. The bed of the river has been stabbed by drills seeking bedrock. A few

hundred yards past Copenhagen Canyon, near the bottom of the almost perpendicular banks, crews of men with shovels, picks and other tools are building what looks, at first glance, to be a new scenic highway by the side of the swift flowing current of Lois. On this new surface will rest the big 12-foot, 6-inch concrete pipe through which Lois River's "white coal" will rush on the first leg of its journey to the Stillwater power house.

#### TUNNELING GOES AHEAD

At the north portal, work is being pushed rapidly ahead. The old logger who crossed the famous Copenhagen Canyon twenty years ago, and casually discarded his empty tin of snuff overboard, would never recognize this spot today. Standing on the side of the bridge and looking down in the valley one sees a



*Two views of Lois below the site chosen for the permanent dam. This section will be eliminated when the dam is built.*

miniature railway yard. Tiny, narrow gauge tracks, along which are stretched rows of red dump cars, carry their loads of earth and rock a distance of fifty yards to the dump.

A blacksmith shop has been built. The forge and anvil are busy from

morning to night re-fashioning and tempering the steel drills used in the tunnel boring. Stacks of timber, supports for the tunnel, are piled everywhere. Overlooking all, high on the rock hill, is the cookshack of Camp 3, where the power behind the construction is generated and replenished.

At the bottom of the canyon the mouth of the huge 12-foot, 6-inch tunnel yawns. From its gloom comes the harsh rat-t-tat of the steel water-driven drills, forcing their way into the wall of solid rock. Inside, in the semi-darkness, men are unpacking boxes of dynamite, peeling the sticks and dropping them in the holes made by the drills. The long wooden tamper rams the charge home. The holes are filled, the fuse is ignited—a dull, heavy explosion—the tunnel littered with chunks of rock of all sizes. In rattle the dump carts—out they come again—and down the steep bank of Lois slither their cargoes. A few minutes, and the daily cycle starts anew. The drills recommence their clamor; the dynamite follows, and the process is repeated. Progress



*Camp 1, at Stillwater, where Stuart Cameron & Company, contractors, are building the Powell River Company's new power house. Power will be transmitted direct from this site to Powell River.*

is made at approximately 20 feet a day—or double that distance, since work is being carried on simultaneously from both ends.

Creaking down the track on Harry Palliser's "Screaming Lizzie," we skirt the fringe of the huge rock hump, through which the tunnel is being bored. At the south portal which sees daylight about two hundred yards past the Stillwater crossing on the Thunder Bay road, a similar scene of activity repeats itself. The roar of the water drills—blast and repeat—goes on steadily hour after hour. So strenuous is the work that the drills are taken away to be resharpened and tempered every five minutes.

The tunnel is perhaps one of the most interesting developments of the new work at Lois. To a layman it seems incredible that these men working from both ends will eventually meet without deviating from their alignment. Mr. Brown, that genial, twinkling-eyed son of Erin, in charge of construction, only smiles and dismisses the subject with a casual shrug

of the shoulders. He has seen tunnels bored before. Mr. Brown worked on the famous Field tunnel in the Rockies, and a 5800-foot tunnel through a hump at Stillwater is nothing new in his life.

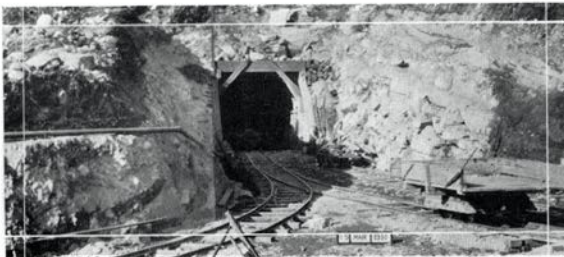
At Stillwater, the power house site has been cleared, and preparations for the installation of the first 22,000 h.p. generator well under way. From the waterfront, half a mile north of the dock, a road has been cleared for the 12-foot, 6-inch penstocks which, running from the south portal, 2700 feet above, will carry the water direct to the power house. Here the penstock will form a Y—two branches, one supplying the first generator, the second for the similar unit to be installed when the full 44,000 h.p. is developed by the construction of the permanent dam.

Stillwater itself is a busy little place, recalling to many residents the seething times of 1911-15. The settlement was, and is now, the clearing house for the thousands of cases of supplies, the boxes of machinery, the carloads of lumber that are taken up the line to Camps 2 and 3. Romantically enough, the first "locie" ever landed at Stillwater, old "Baldwin 45," still creaks and swings along

the rails, carrying supplies up and down the line. Twenty years ago this "locie" hauled loads of raw timber from the head of the lakes to tidewater.

Today the process is reversed. "Baldy" no longer carries timber from the bank of Lois River; no longer does she puff noisily down the grade with the big sticks, which trumpeted the fame of the Stillwater tract to far corners of the globe. Today the lumber "Baldy" hauls is finished or partly finished, cut in an unknown location. And the trail is from—not to—Stillwater. Her big load today is inward, not outward as in the early days.

Such is a brief glimpse of what is transpiring at Lois River, where Stuart Cameron & Company, Ltd., contractors for the Lois and Powell River construction, are hard at work preparing the way for a new era in our history. It is a fascinating spectacle to see this big hydro-electric development, with all its numerous ramifications under way, and with the roads now in good condition and accessible to motor traffic, it is worth a few hours of anyone's time to drive out and see what the contractors are doing.



*View of the south portal of the Lois Tunnel. Crews are making good progress in the rock at this end.*

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# EDITORS NOTES



## *Surveying Our Forests*

THE Hon. Charles Stuart, Minister of Lands, recently stated that with the elimination of unnecessary waste and preventable loss, Canada possesses sufficient readily accessible timber to produce in perpetuity several times her present annual cut.

Having listened to the blue ruin exponents, who gloomily prophesy that in fifty years the tocsin will have been rung on all the paper mills and logging concerns of the Dominion, one derives a certain measure of comfort from the minister's pronouncement. The remedy, he suggests, is with ourselves; if we, the average citizen, the logging operator and the forest authorities do our share, we may maintain indefinitely our supply of "green gold."

Another hopeful feature tending towards the conservation of our timberland is the recent arrangement entered into by the Dominion and Provincial governments. Following the example of Sweden, where a seven-year detailed survey of timber resources has just been concluded, the provinces will co-operate with the Dominion on a scientific survey of Canadian forests. Sweden's sur-

vey exceeded the most optimistic expectations; over 144 billion feet more than had been estimated was uncovered. It is not unreasonable to predict that the Canadian survey will yield equally gratifying results.

Today Canada cuts 2,800 million cubic feet of timber annually. To this must be added the loss of 1,600 million cubic feet due to unnecessary waste, fire, decay and insect depredations which brings our total annual depletion to approximately 4,400 million cubic feet. Disregarding the annual increment and the intensified application of scientific forest preservation, at the present rate of cutting, our forests would be exhausted within the pessimist's 50-year span.

It is on these two features, the annual increment and scientific forest preservation that the future of Canada's pulp and paper industry rests. On the Pacific Coast, where heavy stands of timber necessitate heavy equipment, logging waste has taken a cruel toll of our forests. A change of logging methods and the more complete utilization of our forest woods, will result not only in a lessening of the fire hazard, but in a more satisfactory reproduction of our timbered areas. The projected survey of our present resources is a healthy indication that the government is alive to the situation.

## *Personalities in Our District*

### HE BUILDS OUR ROADS

**G**EORGE YOUNG is a man every resident of Powell River should know. Not only because he is road foreman for the Mackenzie district, and responsible for the carrying out of all highway improvements and extensions in Powell River, but because he is worth knowing for himself alone. Since coming to Powell River a year ago, George's quiet, efficient manner of getting about his business, and his altogether cheery and likeable personality have gained him many friends.



A district road foreman's position is no sinecure. To do what is expected of him, he should be in twenty different places at once and build a road to every homestead in the

country. He must be here, there and everywhere, not only building roads, but endeavoring to satisfy every stump rancher from one end of the country to the other. Our district engineer manifestly cannot do all these things, but by his tact,

his capable handling of different situations, his courtesy and willingness to co-operate, his strict impartiality of outlook, and his blunt straightforwardness, George Young has obtained the best possible results with the materials he has been given.

Mr. Young knows British Columbia as perhaps few men in this district know it. Prior to the war, he was engaged in mining and prospecting in many different parts of B. C. interior. On his return from overseas, he became attached to the Public Works Department. Before coming to Powell River in January, 1929, he had worked five years in and around Atlin district, followed by four years in the Bella Coola district. His present beat includes all of the Mackenzie district from Jervis Inlet to a point forty miles above Ocean Falls, or in all, about 150 miles of coast line—a good day's work for any man.

If you want to know just what kind of a chap this George Young is, ask any member of the local branch of the Automobile Club, with whom he has co-operated on every possible occasion when road discussions have come up.

### HE GIVES US OUR NEWS

Tommy Green needs no introduction to Powell River. Since he came to us three years ago, to start the

first weekly newspaper between Vancouver and Prince Rupert, Mr. Green has become very well known indeed. Every Thursday the Powell River *News* comes out on our streets, and residents find in its columns all the events of note transpiring in our townsite during the past week.



Quiet, unassuming and scrupulously unbiased in all his dealings with local problems, Mr. Green has won a place for himself in the esteem of Powell River. It required courage to start a news-

paper in a new and untried territory; more especially as the proprietor came from an outside point where conditions and problems were of an entirely different nature. His experience of life along the western coast of British Columbia was practically nil. All this he had to learn. And that he learned it, and is today surmounting the many difficulties that faced him at the beginning is a tribute to Mr. Green's tenacity and sincerity of purpose. We are glad to have a man of his character in our townsite, and wish him a continuance and an enhancement of the success we believe he has now attained.

### *High Schools to Meet*

On May 3, our high school takes part in its first track meet, when it

### PALS



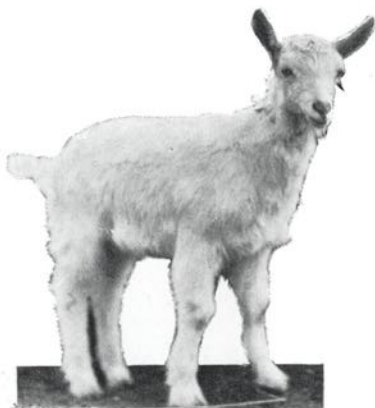
*Miss Olida Simard of Olson's Landing, feeding a young fawn who has strayed from home and finds Olida's company more congenial than roughing it in the woods.*

journeys to Courtenay to engage the high schools of Comox, Cumberland, Courtenay, Tsolum and Alberni. In preparation for their first contest of this sort, the local boys and girls are training daily at the new field, and some promising athletes are being developed.

The school does not expect to work wonders in this, its first attempt, but has solemnly sworn that it will not fail through lack of trying.

This meet is in accord with the school's athletic policy, which is to seek contests with other high schools of the district, and it seems certain that the future will see many contests in various sports between Powell River high school and its rivals on Vancouver Island.

## Reviewing Our Suburban Industries



### The Myrtle Grove Goat Dairy

By O. J. STEVENSON

**A**RE you ill? Are you bothered with aches, pains and poor health in general? Have you fallen arches, or an inferiority complex? Is your hearing poor and do you fail to see an opportunity when your broker mentions oil? Are you troubled with growing pains, spring fever, hookworm, malnutrition of the pocketbook, or a nagging wife? Is your slumber disturbed by the wailings of your youngest, the singing of the household cat, or the open cutout of night-riding pests? These and many other afflictions are bad, but not incurable. The remedy is goat's milk, as supplied by our friend, Tommy Lambert, of the Myrtle Grove Goat Dairy.

Mr. Lambert is an old-timer in our townsite. When the paper rolls moved along the dock on horse-

drawn cars, he it was who handled the reins and "gee-hawed" lustily. Even then he cherished a desire to provide the population of Powell River with goat's milk. During the years he logged and ranched on Cortez Island he held fast to that vision. Now, after fourteen years, his dream has been fulfilled, and his natty varnished car, with its "Save the Baby" slogans, may be seen every day upon our streets.

Milk has always been a mighty factor in the growth of nations and individuals. Occasionally one runs across a little milk of human kindness. Scotland was noted for milk that slipped across the palate with a certain insidious smoothness, though it seems they do not export that grade any more. The Laplanders use reindeer milk, and some people have a weakness for sheep's milk. Genghis Khan, the slant-eyed Mongol marauder, and Attila, the Hun, were both hard-boiled lads who favored the short and active life. They spent their boyhood drinking mare's milk, then climbed aboard their horses and sallied forth to conquer their respective worlds by the simple method of

*A happy group. Tommy Lambert and his pet collie supervise the kids' feeding operations.*



slitting throats right and left. But that old gentleman, Methuselah, had the right idea. He drank goat's milk and treated the years with contempt. In fact he piled almost a thousand behind before anything serious happened to him. In his day there were always plenty of wives to be had, and they probably knew some special method of preparing the milk for his particular benefit. At any rate, his record has never been equalled, though the Bulgarians are doing fair. With the help of a certain baccillus in their lacteal beverage, they go

over the century mark quite often, and hang around pestering their great grand-children, probably long after their welcome has been worn thin.

From a medical viewpoint, goat's milk, owing to its finely divided butter-fat content, is easier to digest than other kinds. Absolutely free from tubercular germs, it is much used in hospitals and nursing homes, where a safe nutritious food is required.

Mr. Lambert, with the assistance of his enthusiastic family, has con-



*What a country! Some idea of what western pioneering means is seen in the heavy stumps and stubborn land around the Lambert Ranch.*



*Part of the Lambert goat herd on their home pasture.*



jured from raw stump land a ranch that is rapidly assuming the appearance of prosperity, productivity and permanence. He possesses the indomitable spirit of the pioneers, love of the land, faith in himself and his objective in spite of hardships and ridicule, perseverance and sticktoitiveness. Like many other successful men before him, he blames his wife for his success.

Trout still jump in the stream that flows under the clean, white-painted milk house. Stumps still stand stubbornly around the neat cedar barns and pens that Mr. Lambert, Sr., has erected. The odd cougar track makes constant watchfulness necessary over the herd of 110 valuable animals. Out of the dismal waste left by the logging donkeys, there are rapidly evolving clean green fields enclosed with picket fences. And while a few years ago access was only possible over winding trails, today cars speed along the highway a hundred yards from the door.

The assertion has been made that if a man possesses goats to eat the stumps and pigs to dig the roots, he can clear land rapidly without effort,

but that certainly does not apply to our neighboring localities that have produced some of the mightiest timber the world has seen.

The question of whether or not goats thrive on tin cans has always puzzled us, so we took this matter up with Mr. Lambert. He maintains that there is no truth in the statement, but as vegetable and garden truck grows in abundance on his rich soil, he has no empty cans available and thus may not be justified in denying the general belief. At any rate, he feeds large quantities of hay and grain, and judging from their contented, placid appearance, and gentle disposition, his herd, at least, is not metaliferous.

In the province of Ontario, in the neighborhood of 20,000 men are employed in cutting pulpwood during the winter months. The pulp and paper industry of Canada today employs about 34,000 men as all-year-round employees.

What a woman wants and what she needs are constantly warring with what she can afford.



LD MAN CARELESSNESS" is still with us. Here are a few examples of his work:

A fireman in the Steam Plant had finished cleaning the fire with a fire hoe. He was putting away the tools when the job was finished; he seized the hoe too near the head with his bare hand, instead of using a hook provided. Result—a nasty burn on the hand and a loss of six days' work.

\* \* \*

A grinder man pushed a block of wood into the grinder pocket with his foot; the block suddenly gave way, and twisted his leg.

\* \* \*

Another man reported to the First Aid Room with a sliver in his finger, which he stated he got in "about two weeks ago." For not using "horse sense" and having it attended to at the time of the accident he got a badly infected finger—caused a lost-time accident—and lost nine days' work.

\* \* \*

These are a few examples of lost-time accidents which should not have happened to mar our accident record, the kind that make Safety Committee men stay awake at nights and die young. In the first two instances it was a case of "I forgot."

\* \* \*

Speaking of forgetfulness, here's what happened in a saw mill near Vancouver lately through some one forgetting to take out two track spikes which they had been using in a log. The saw found the spikes, with the result that the saw guide arm, upper saw wheel, saw guide, saw guide elevator screw, and band saw were completely destroyed; above all, five men narrowly escaped with their lives, or at least, severe injuries. On the monetary side it cost 200 men their job for four days while repairs were being made, to say nothing of the cost of a new saw, and the loss of production; all because some blankety blank (take your own choice of words) "forgot" to take the spikes out.

The more we see of it the more we are convinced that it is not "tough luck" that causes accidents.



# AROUND THE PLANT

**W**E wonder what Bruce Zumwalt would have thought in his early days of paper-making at the sight, not only of half his machine tenders and back tenders playing golf, but his roll buckers and broke hustlers as well. We even stop to surmise what he might have said himself if anyone had tried to tell him in those sprightly days that he himself would wear plus fours. But why bring that up?

Walter Snyder is about the last of the old guard who hasn't fallen a victim yet. We humbly suggest that any man between the stock box and the back of the winder would willingly take half a day's holiday to see Fred Riley and Walter, representing 5 and 6, meeting Jimmie Forte and Art Rehfield in a 36 hole, winner takes all, contest. And why not?



A quick, painless way of committing suicide is to walk into the engineering office these days, put your hands in your pockets, walk around as if you owned the shebang and yell

out in good, lusty tones, "Don't youse guys ever work around this joint?"

If by an outside chance the job is not quite complete, walk up in the draughting office, and in a tone less loud, but audible enough to carry about six feet, gently murmur: "My Gawd, how do these birds get away with it?"

And you'll hear dem angel voices calling, "Give him air!"

About one of the busiest men about town during the past few months has been Merton Golley, one of the chief moguls in our local basketball picture. Mert does everything from running messages, writing weekly notes, reminding the boys of meetings, attending games and keeping score, and a bunch of other duties. Where he gets all the energy from has puzzled many sideline observers. Our only solution is that, working as an electrician, he has discovered the trick of generating the required energy for every occasion. Basketball in Powell River owes a lot to Mert.



Joe McCrossan hasn't been his old self all this year. True, the Moose won the McMaster Cup and the Falconer Shield, but that doesn't make up for the record of Celtic in the Scottish League and cup. Down in the league, out of the cup, what does life hold after that? Anyway, Joe, we agree that Jimmie Quinn was a braw laddie and one of the best.

Wally Tapp has been the ace of the paper makers' golfing fraternity this year. It looks as if he is going to do his stuff as effectively on the green as he did between the soccer posts — and that's more than a mere mumble. Wally and Mrs. Tapps attained the finals of the mixed foursomes; he and Eddie Tapp reached the semi-finals of the men's four ball; and as we go to press the two Tapps, Wally and Edward, are still in the running for the men's two ball.

Roy Foote, since his transfer to the Vancouver office, is quite the man-about-town. That derby of his is alone worth a second glance. And what we want to know is who said that boy was real domesticated? Whoever said that only looked once at the derby. At a second glance — but thereby hangs a tale.

The spring time rake and hoe army is everywhere in action, and it looks as if there will be plenty of com-

petition in the annual garden show this year. Burt Kyles and Jim Macindoe seem to be back in their old form and are raising the dickens in their back yards. Frank Flett, in the same row, looks as dangerous as a person of his amiability can look with a wicked pitch fork in his hand, and a whole flock of other menacing weapons lying nearby.

Vern Hughes and Harvey Coomber are working hard on their Westview properties. This strong arm stuff is duck soup for Vernon, and he has raised particular havoc with the bugs and weeds in the great open spaces of the Hughes homestead.

Speaking of fishing reminds us that Joe Falconer and Frank Nello are running around with steely glitters in their eyes these days, which means danger to anything under the water for the next six months.

Joe promises us a seven-pounder for a future issue; Frank smiles a wicked smile.

Frank Hall and some of his playmates from the construction camp have been tossing the old pill around consistently for the past three weeks, and they look good, considering the time of year. Might be a good plan to have a team from the construction camp out this year. It would liven up the competition.





### *The Way of the World*

Doctor (having painted the patient's neck for sore throat)—“Three dollars, please.”

Patient (indignantly) — “Three dollars! Why, last week I had my kitchen painted for two-fifty!”

Brevity is the soul of modern journalism. A budding journalist was told never to use two words where one would do. He carried out this advice in his report of a fatal accident in the following manner:

“John Jones struck a match to see if there was any gasoline in his tank. Aged 65.”

“What's on the menu?”

“I have frog's legs, chicken liver, pig's knuckles and—”

“Never mind your deformities; what have you to eat?”

### *Arithmetic After Dark*

Rufus was proudly sporting a new shirt when a friend asked: “How many yards do it take to make a shirt like dat one, Rufus?”

“Well, suh,” replied Rufus, “Ah got two shirts like this out'n one yard last night.”

### *Revenge*

“Five gallons, please.”

“Okey. How's your oil?”

“Just gas, please.”

“How about a bottle of Shinyola—great for Duco; your bus is all covered with traffic film?”

“Nope, just the gas.”

“Your left rear tire's pretty well shot. Better let me put on a new one; we're selling Puncherproofs today for—”

“No, the gas will be all.”

“How long since you had a grease job? Everything looks kinda dry—hear that body squeak?”

“Haven't time today—just the gas this time.”

“How about one of our electric cigar lighters—clamp on your dash and when you want a—”

“Hell, NO! JUST THE GAS!”

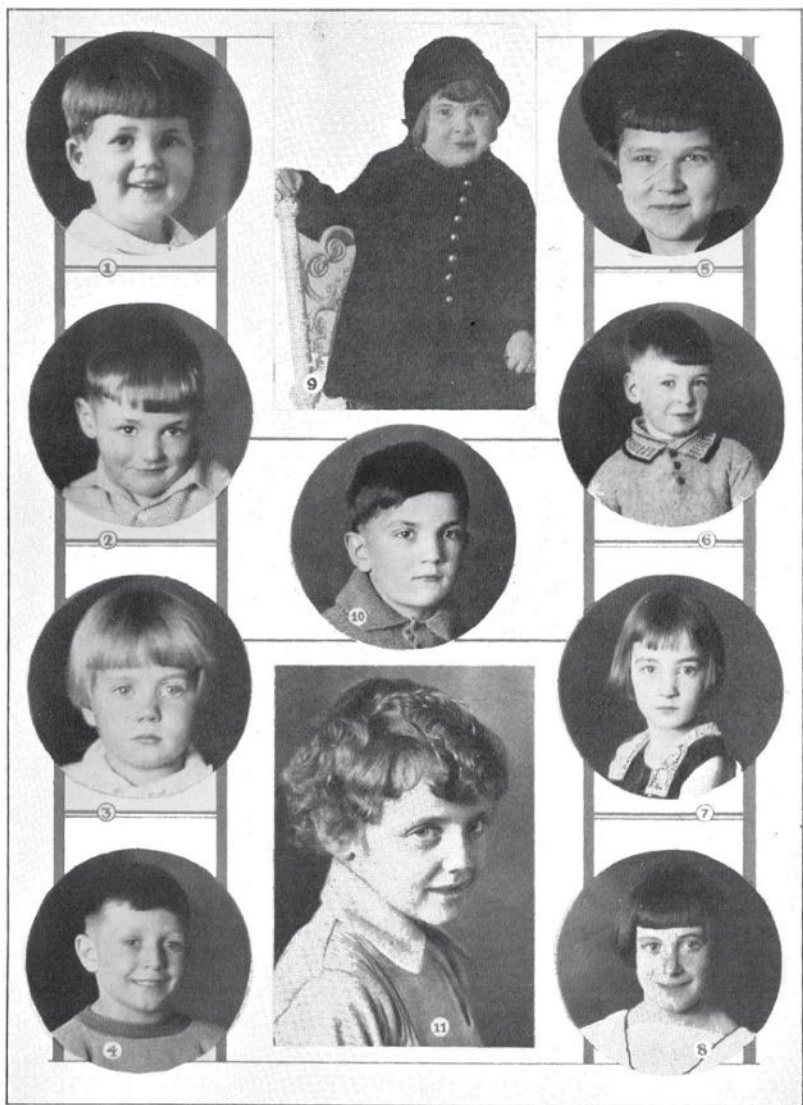
And as the indignant motorist drove away with his five gallons of gas, the filling station proprietor remarked to a bystander:

“That there was my barber.”

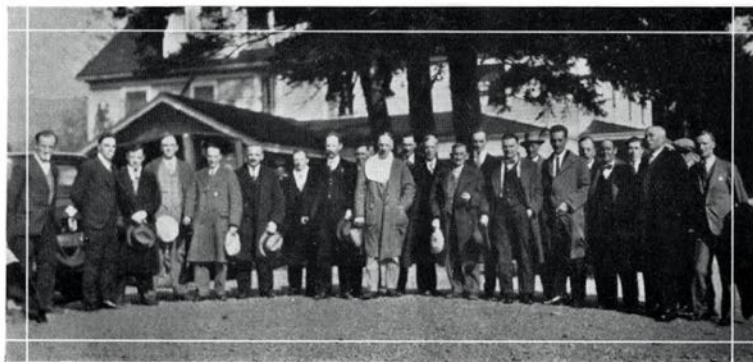
—*Illinois Motorist.*

His father's death was caused by a falling spade. The ace dropped out of his sleeve in a poker game.

*Powell River Children*



1. Alida Donkersley      2. Ronald Young      3. Dorothy Olson  
 4. Grant Warren      5. Bernice Hammerton      6. Gordon Watson  
 7. Vivian Bernier      8. Margaret Warren      9. Reva Jones  
 10. Raymond Bernier      11. Joan Smith



*Powell River and Howe Sound Ferry delegates photographed at Sechelt, prior to starting out on their tour of Lillooet district roads. Sechelt is one of the favored summer resorts of the coast.*

## *Local Delegation Inspects Lillooet Roads*

ON Sunday, March 16, the directors of the local branch of the Automobile Club of British Columbia journeyed south to Sechelt on the Powell River Company yacht Greta M. for an inspection of the existing roads in the Lillooet district. The party left Powell River at 8 a.m. Sunday morning, returning at midnight on the same day.

They did not return empty handed. They came back to Powell River after what every member of the delegation termed "one of the most enjoyable and instructive excursions he had ever experienced." They returned convinced both of the feasibility and economic soundness of an immediate ferry connection across Howe Sound.

This southward jaunt had long

been in contemplation. Several months ago the Howe Sound Ferry Committee invited the local directors to visit their territory and to see for themselves what progress had been made in the construction of a highway along the coast. On the above date, Powell River's delegation, through the kindness of the Powell River Company, were enabled to take advantage of the offer. The yacht Greta M. was placed at their disposal for the day. The Howe Sound Ferry Committee were to meet them at Sechelt. At 8 a.m. the Greta backed out of her berth, swung southward and shortly before 1 p.m. threw her rope ashore at Sechelt, where our good neighbors from the Lillooet district had their automobiles ready to conduct us on our voyage.



*Where the Howe Sound Ferry may cross Hopkins' Landing, looking across the Sound with the Lions in the background. For a scenic route this trip is probably unsurpassed in Western Canada.*

Space alone forbids us from enlarging on a trip which was a new experience for the party, and which was a distinct and pleasing revelation in every respect. Lacking easy road communication with Lillooet, it is seldom our residents ever find an opportunity of visiting the coast. For the most part we usually drift by on ships that pass in the night, or pause, perhaps for a few moments, on a return journey from Vancouver.

This may perhaps account for the enthusiasm evinced by the Powell River delegation on their return—this and the hospitality of our neighbors across Jarvis Inlet, which was not the least factor in the making of a perfect day's outing. Few of us realized what lay south of Jarvis Inlet. What were the roads like? Where did they go, and whence did they come? How many miles of road have they? What are the possibilities from a tourist standpoint? Is the Howe Sound Ferry a feasible project?

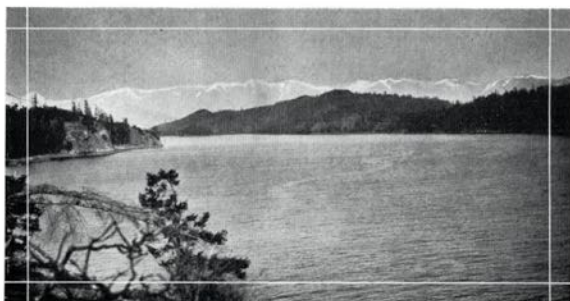
Our first experience of the roads

to the south was just a little—incoherent, shall we say? Mr. R. H. Scanlon and the writer were selected as a committee of two to pass judgment on the new section of highway running from Sechelt, through Half Moon Bay to Secret Cove. This portion is of recent construction, and not having adjusted itself to receive visitors, was a trifle balky. Our good president as a result found the use of an air cushion very soothing in his office chair for a few days following. By the time summer arrives, it is expected the settling down process will have been completed and the new section dressed to receive friends in a less vigorous fashion.

Journeying south from Sechelt, we were agreeably surprised at the quality and number of the roads already in existence, and more than delighted with the wonderful scenic possibilities of a highway along our coast. Along the route are the picturesque summer resorts of the Gulf, which with completion of the highway and ferry route to Powell River will be



*What the tourists will see when they drive from Powell River to Vancouver, picturesque Georgia's Gulf, south of Sechelt.*



within easy and convenient reach of residents from both Powell River and Vancouver, as well as to the throngs of tourists who annually swarm across the international border. Sechelt, with its modern, up-to-date hospital, its Indian school, its totem poles, summer cottages, tennis court, and its outdoor recreation—Selma Park, the ideal summer camp, picturesquely situated amid tall evergreens; Roberts Creek; Wilson Creek, favored spots for summer recreation—and finally the more accessible vacation resorts of Howe Sound, all are tapped by the Sechelt-Hopkins highway.

A combined land and ferry route

from Vancouver would undoubtedly be one of the finest scenic trips in Western Canada. From Pender Harbor south, the road, whenever possible, skirts the sea, and for miles the visitor looks out on the beautiful expanse of the Gulf of Georgia with its green-garbed islands dotting the waters, and miles of beach visible along the winding shore line. In places the road swings away to run through a few miles of fresh, unravaged timber land, only to reappear again along cliffs on whose crests the gnarled, red-limbed junipers in some mysterious fashion cling tenaciously to life. From your seat in the car sturdy tugs, with their millions of



*Powell River delegation at Gibson's Landing, on the shore of Howe Sound. The S.S. Chilco is leaving for Vancouver.*



*Sunday afternoon at Sechelt. Indian girls from the Catholic school, on their way home after services.*

feet of raw gold in tow, may be seen plodding slowly southward; a freighter on its way to take a cargo of newsprint from Powell River to the outside world parallels our course. All the shipping in the Gulf, at some stage of the trip, meets the eye of the traveller. Pleasant surprise packets loom up in the form of an occasional tiny lake, resting peacefully against the roadbed.

The Powell River delegation were taken direct from Sechelt to Hopkins Landing, a suggested terminus for the Howe Sound Ferry, and at present the southern extremity of road connection in the Lillooet district. The proposed ferry at this point would cross from Whytecliff to Hopkins, a distance of approximately ten miles. To surpass the scenic grandeur of the Sound at this point would be difficult. The ferry trip alone is an attraction to visitors. Immediately across are the hump-backed outlines of Keats Island, and immediately behind Bowen Island, favored rendezvous of Vancouver week-enders. In the background the majestic, snow-capped Lions stand guard.

This, in outline, is what the local

delegation saw on their trip south, and this is one reason why they are pressing for the completion of the Powell River-Vancouver link. Put in the Howe Sound Ferry immediately. Give tourists access to the summer resorts of the coast, and they are confident the results will exceed the most sanguine expectations. The roadbed extends northward six miles to Secret Cove, bringing the coastal highway within seven miles of Pender Harbor. From Pender Harbor to Jervis Inlet a survey is now on the ground, and both Powell River and the Howe Sound Ferry Committee will press for action on this stretch immediately. This thirteen-mile link will complete the roadbed between Powell River and Vancouver. The ferry at Jervis Inlet is the next step on the program.

The committee are particularly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Green, assisted by Mrs. Kynock, for the wonderful supper served to the delegates on their return from Hopkins Landing. The hospitality of these good people and the lavish entertainment they had prepared for us was one of the high lights in an enjoyable and instructive afternoon.



By CASUAL OBSERVER

LAST year around this period, the principal recreation was the buying of Capitol Oil, and many other oils, capital or otherwise. Our potential millionaires were far too preoccupied to bestow a thought on anything else. This year they are back on earth, and taking a little interest in things, realizing possibly, that their permanent entry into the realms of affluence is not yet.

\* \* \*

The topics of springtime are still being discussed in various forms, during the between whistles recesses. The horticultural experts though, have now passed beyond the discussion stage, and are drawing diagrams to scale, very greatly reduced of course, showing the progress of their special progeny. Personally, our sympathies are with the fellow who hasn't yet dug up the back lot, but knows he can't dodge the issue much longer.

\* \* \*

It is not only in the garden that new things are sprouting forth, judging by the epidemic of "hirsute appendages" observable on all sides. Whether the new brand of fertilizer favoured by the Department Store is responsible is not certain, but some of these upper lip adornments seem to spring up overnight, and are apparently contagious. Larry Heap, who has been distributing "Gillettes" right and left—quite innocently of course—may yet be looked upon as a public benefactor.

\* \* \*

Quite a little flutter of excitement was caused in our midst, when a number of the railbirds were discovered to be minus their radio license. One or two were vastly indignant at first, but soon got over it, and the affair was quickly regarded as a good community joke.

\* \* \*

The lawn bowlers, who are now on their way to sunny California for a little advance practice in their favourite pastime, were certainly the objects of much envy before their departure. They seem to be in for a good time, and had every other bowler been in a position to follow his own inclination, there would have been nothing like sufficient greens in California to accommodate them.

\* \* \*

The between whistle breather next day was certainly a godsend to those who were privileged to attend the cribbage club smoker, which marked the conclusion of their season. This annual feature is now being coupled with the Armistice Stag for an assured good time, and on this occasion everyone seemed to think it was well worth the aftermath.

# *Life Saving Classes Feature Summer Programme*

By W. R. BROWN

**I**T IS only a matter of a few weeks now and the swimming season will be in full swing.

This year there will be regular organized swimming classes for anyone over the age of 6 or 7 years. You non-swimmers who would like to learn, watch for announcements regarding entries, etc.

You SWIMMERS who are able to swim a distance of 150 yards and who are over 14 years of age, are you interested enough in swimming and diving to have a Powell River Amateur Swimming Club organized here? Also a branch of The Royal Life Saving Society?

Is it worth the membership fee of \$1.00 to acquire the knowledge of rescuing and releasing oneself from the clutch of a drowning person, also the ability to render aid in resuscitating the apparently drowned?

When you go swimming with your chums, friends or family, in some spot other than a public bathing beach, would you know how to assist one who got into difficulties, or how to resuscitate one who was apparently drowned?

Do you know that 80 per cent of the people who were rescued from drowning in British Columbia last year were rescued by men and women who had been or were members of The Royal Life Saving Society? That leaves but 20 per cent of the rescues that were attributed to boats that happened to be near, life belts, and ropes, etc. If you should ever have occasion to rescue your chum, friend, or one of your family, there may not be a boat, rope or life belt handy. If you are a swimmer you owe it to your friends and family to know what to do!

Your Lifeguard at Willingdon Beach is an Hon. Representative of the Royal Life Saving Society and will, this summer, conduct regular classes in Life Saving and Resuscitation. Let us get busy and form a branch of this Society in Powell River and see how many Medallion or Certificate holders we can have in Powell River by the end of the coming season.

Anyone interested in this work or who desires to join the classes, send in your name as soon as possible to W. R. Brown, Willingdon Beach, or to the *Digester* Office.

These classes will be open to anyone of either sex who is over 14 years of age and who can swim a distance of 150 yards.

## *Reminiscences of the Old Muscle and Brawn Brigade*



As Told  
by  
GEO. CLAPP

**W**HENEVER I see Fire Chief Dave Gardiner taking his two fine, spic and span fire trucks out for a practice run, I am always reminded of the old days when the Muscle and Brawn Brigade did, or attempted to do, all the fire fighting and fire preventing in Powell River.”

Spoke thus to us recently, George Clapp, dean of our First Aid Corps, who has resided in Powell River since 1910, and who, in those vigorous days, was wharf foreman and fire chief combined.

“I remember,” mused George, “when the company store went up in smoke in 1911. There was no fire brigade then. We had lots of hose, however, and all the boys just jumped in and formed a brigade on the spot. Unfortunately, this hose had been

used for many purposes ‘that was never meant,’ with the result we were fighting hose bursts as well as fires. There were eight hose bursts at the company store fire.”

Early in 1911 J. T. Gately, paper-maker foreman, formed the first brigade in Powell River. A few months afterwards he left, and it devolved on George to keep things going as the new chief. This is how George speaks of the early brigade:

“Our headquarters were at the planer mill, and our equipment consisted of one hose reel, to which a 40-gallon chemical was soon added. Hose reels were placed at strategic points about the townsite, this latter arrangement being eminently suitable to tenants, who found the hose very handy for sprinkling lawns, gardens, etc. We were never quite certain

whether the hose would still be in the box or out on the lawn with the nozzle missing and the young 'uns playing kettle drums with the hose. The result was a daily inspection of all our fire-fighting units.

"Pulling a hose reel around for practice after a day's work was no joke, so we figured out a horse reel and let someone else do the pulling. We held frequent practices and competition for 'going into action' became keen. Starting from the Planer Mill, we had our hand and horse reels ready and our hose running from the foundry hydrant to the end of the wharf in fourteen minutes flat. We used 2,400 feet of hose line.

"The outburst at the Planer Mill was one of the worst of our early fires. Over 100 men were out that day fighting the flames, and they practically saved the entire townsite from destruction.

"Some of our present residents will recollect the fire that broke out on July 1, 1914, while the Dominion Day sports were in progress. Someone had a brain wave and started sending up fire balloons. These landed in the bush back of the bowling green and the trouble started.

"When the alarm sounded we are all dolled up in our Sunday best, Bobby Scanlon included. Having no time to change, we headed for the bush with picks and shovels, hose reels and hose. When we came out of that little disturbance, we looked like coal miners, and O! our Sunday suits!

"We had many small fires around this time, but few of them were important and scarcely worth mentioning. I always remember, however, the night of December 13, 1915, when a small fire broke out on Mill D. roof. Volunteers had the stationary hose out and were just dying to start it going. Someone yelled, 'Turn on the water,' and someone did, all at once, with the result that the nozzle men wondered what hit them. They gave up the ghost and let the hose do as it thought best.

"Only five of the original Brawn and Muscle Brigade are left today. These are Bobby Scanlon, George



*Members of the old brigade. Arthur Richards (left) stands on the reel.*

Clapp, Jimmy Kendricks, Jimmy Clapp and Walter Patrick.

"Bill Roberts, Arthur Richards and others served on the brigade at different times.

"The present fire hall was built in May, 1913. The company purchased their first fire truck and the days of the Muscle and Brawn Brigade were finished. But even at that, we had lots of fun!"

## Scots Wha Hae —and Hoo!



*Editor's Note:* Joe Falconer shown with the spoils of battle—and wearing the kilts in conformance with true Caledonian independence. It is suggested, that with summer approaching, the golf clubs adopt Joe's costume.

Staging a comeback after a year's absence from the links, Joseph Falconer played the heavy role in a two-ball foursome Saturday, Mr. R. Bell-Irving being his partner, and the opposition no less than "Bennie" Knowles and Bill McLeod, two of the most aggressive members of the younger set. While slow to start,

*Joe Falconer, our assistant resident manager, fresh frae the bracing air o' Puget Sound, returned to Powell River a few weeks back; just to demonstrate that he kens his masbie and niblick, Joe scamp-ered ower the braes o' Powell River wi his gowf clubs lashing oot like claymores. He fair skelped the opposition, did Joe. Aye, he did that!*

Joe made up for lost time about hole No. 4, and from then on soon earned the monicker, "The Miracle Man." His driving on the greens was spectacular, and he seemed to be at his best on the holes where the fairways are the widest. At one time he laid his partner a perfect stymie. However, this did not dampen the ardor of the latter, who promptly niblicked the pill into the cup for the hole.

Information received from special sources reveals that Joe learned a lot of new golf tricks while in Seattle, using Pier 10 as his tee and Puget Sound as his fairway.

And may it be said in closing that there was no Scotch mist on the ground; Joe, with the blood of Auld Scotia surging through every vein, took a Hielandman's grip on his clubs, adopted a Hielan' stance, took a Hielan' swing—and shot his ball down the fairway in good Hielan' fashion. We have no alibis to offer; perhaps it was the waggle o' the kilt did it.

### *Settlers Gather Pulp Wood*

In the East, in Ontario and Quebec, where logging is conducted principally in the winter months, and where the average size of trees is much smaller than in British Columbia, the settlers find cutting pulpwood a profitable winter business. In British Columbia many homesteaders work on the roads in the slack season; in Ontario and Quebec they cut pulpwood timber, for which there is always a market. Settlers cutting pulpwood along the shore of Little Dog Lake of Kaministiquia, Ontario, have had a problem on their hands this year. The ice on the lake has not been thick enough to support the weight of the piles of pulpwood, and large quantities of wood are sinking beneath the surface as the piles grow. Naturally this increases the difficulty of measuring their cut.

### *The New Stand*

Several people have been endeavouring to puzzle out an appropriate insignia for the spot where Frenchy Dubeau and Roy Abercrombie will park their prospective customers on rainy evenings. The "Hot Dog" was advanced as a fitting cognomen; another suggested the "Little Church on the Corner."

Mr. Zumwalt, our plant superintendent, listened to all the aspiring title makers, waved their suggestions aside with one glorious sweep and, looking long and wistfully at the new erection, conferred the honor of knighthood as follows:

"I hereby dub thee Amos and Andy's Fresh Air Taxi Stand."

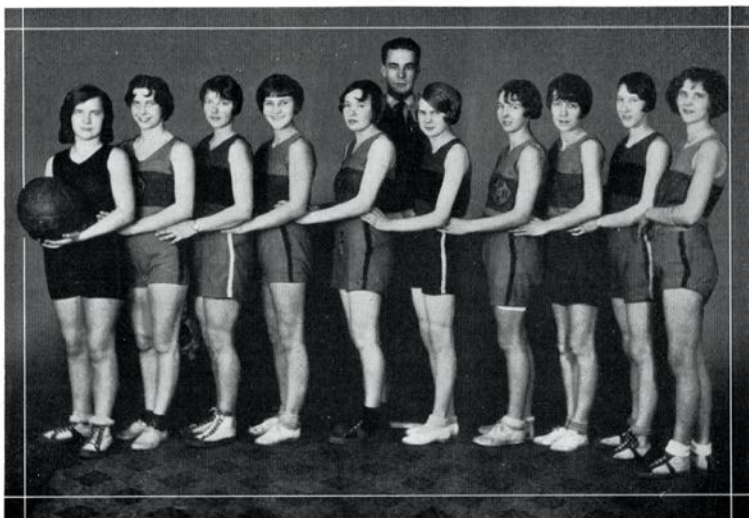
For brevity, we suggest "The Amos and Andy" as a dignified appellation for our latest piece of townsite architecture.



THE MACHINE ROOM IN REPOSE

Front—A. Allan, C. Powell, J. Dunn, ————. Back—W. Snyder, Slim Braine, A. Mortimer, J. Munroe.





POWELL RIVER HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to right: Flora Gribble, Sylvia McLeod, Beth Moore, Lucille Donnenworth, Vera Smith, Ethel Cook, Eileen McKnight, Beverley Passmore, Kathleen Marshall, Muriel Turnbull. At back, Maxwell A. Cameron, Principal Powell River High School.

*No. 6 Makes Paper*

The crews of No. 6, one of the 234-inch machines installed in 1926, are feeling not a little chesty these days. For 52 consecutive hours the big machine was on its best behavior, six shifts, changing and rechanging places, before a break occurred. Running over 1000 feet a minute, this is no mean achievement, and the boys are justly proud of the performance of their pet. In this period a sheet of paper 605 miles long and approximately 20 feet wide passed in an uninterrupted run through the presses, dryers and calendars. "Nice going, gang!" "How about it, No. 5? Let's hear from you."

*Britco News Arrives*

We welcome another house organ to the British Columbia fold. The Britannia Mining & Smelting Company have recently commenced the publication of a small eight-page monthly, the *Britco News*. It is a bright, breezy little periodical and contains items of general as well as of personal interest. We commend those responsible for the appearance and brightness of their opening number, and wish it continued success.

And don't forget to report promptly for "first aid" in all scratch cases, otherwise the board may scratch your compensation.

### *Newspaper Circulation*

The United States, as may be expected, is easily the largest consumer of newsprint in the world. With her population, approximating 130,000,000, our neighbor absorbs yearly about 3,900,000 tons of newsprint. The major part of this huge consumption is taken care of by 1944 daily papers, morning and evening, with a circulation of 40,000,000 copies; by 527 Sunday newspapers, with a circulation of 26,000,000.

Canadian papers, feeding a population of 9,500,000, use in the neighborhood of 180,000 tons each year. Canada has a total of 106 newspapers, 24 morning, 82 evening, distributing 2,182,000 copies daily, but only four Sunday papers, with a circulation of 315,254.

The London *Daily Mail*, turning out 2,000,000 copies a day, leads the world in newspaper circulation. The Chicago *Tribune* is the United States leader with 850,000 copies, and the Toronto *Star* with 173,200 tops Canadian dailies.

The New York *Times* circulates approximately 450,000 daily, with an increase to over 700,000 on Sundays.

### *At the Play-offs*

There was a large crowd of Powell Riverites and ex-Powell Riverites out to see the British Columbia basketball play-offs in Vancouver last month. It is estimated that in the neighborhood of one hundred fans were supporting the paper town team. Mr. and Mrs. Dave Saunders were conspicuous in the front rank of local supporters and had a real evening exchanging greetings with their numerous friends from their old home. Dave is still in Vancouver and sends his greetings to all inquiring friends in Powell River.

We don't see much of Albert Adams these days. Al had promised to adorn a full page in the *Digester* with goat and deer snapped in unusual and appealing poses somewhere in Powell Lake mountains. Our readers may perhaps have observed that page—we haven't! However, the fishing season is about here, and perhaps something may turn up. We hope the cutthroats are more amenable to Albert's wiles than the billies and deer.



*Do you recognize the very common bit of rock? Might be anywhere along our coast. It happens, however, to be a snap of famous Cape Horn, taken during unusually calm weather.*

### Soccer Notes

Inset, youth and experience in Powell River football. Ronald Russell (above) is one of our youngest senior players, coming to Powell



River three years ago. Ronald has made good from the start, and is one of the most dependable and powerful full-backs in the senior league. This year his effective back division work was no small

factor in the success of the Moose eleven, winning the Falconer Shield and McMaster Cup.

Tommy Burke (below) is one of the veterans of local football. Formerly with Cedar Cottage, in Vancouver's senior loop, Tommy came to Powell River six years ago. He plays any position; he may be seen bustling opposing defences as centre forward; another time he is between the posts doing his best to prevent enemy forwards from crashing his citadel. Tommy is still an effective utility man, and once in the game, it's heart and soul with him.

The round ball season is just about over, but the big thrill of the year is yet to come, or will have come by the time this issue appears in Powell River. St. Saviour's, whose youthful depredations have caused Westminster Royals, St. Andrew's and other

first-class Vancouver elevens to look to their laurels, will play an all-star Powell River eleven on Sunday, April 13. This is worthy of everyone's support, and the league needs your presence to help put this big match over. How good are we in Powell River? It's a question many soccerites have asked each other. See this game and you'll have the solution.

### BIRTHS

- March 5—Mr. and Mrs. David T. Piper, a boy.  
 March 5—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woodward, a girl.  
 March 11—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Ross, a girl.  
 March 31—Mr. and Mrs. George Higgins, a boy.



Mr. Deane, New Zealand, manager for Carmichael & Company, sends along the above photo. It shows one of the carved Maori gateways in the village of Whakarewarewa, near Rotarua, New Zealand. Compare this with our coast Indian totems.

## THE PORTLANDING



PRESENT day education," ses the captain, "is about as useful as the hole in a doughnut. It's ruined England and will eventually put the States and Canada in the soup also."

"Shoot it, cap," I ses, "it ain't 'ealthy to suppress yer emotions and I'd stand anything rather than see you get a stroke."

"Ignoring your swinish tendencies and starting with the elementary schools," ses the captain, "half of wot they teach is useful and the other half ain't even ornamental. The kids attend school five hours daily and the balance of the day is spoilt by anything up to three hours' 'ome-work, and at that it takes 'em seven years to imbibe a smattering of the rudiments.

"Then comes three years in 'igh-school. If a kid 'as enough gumption to quit after that there is some 'ope for 'im, but if 'e 'as self-sacrificing parents and is reasonably docile, 'e gets booted into a university. There 'e listens to somnolent lectures for a period of years and by the time 'e is twenty-one 'e ain't, from a strictly commercial point of view, worth the powder to blow 'im to 'ell. Of course, there are numerous exceptions, but they're not the result of the system. but in spite of it.

"The average kid 'as got to get

acquainted with real work around the age of sixteen at the latest; after that 'e becomes too old or too swell-'eaded to start."

"'ow's all this affected England, cap?" I asks.

"The 'eads of industry there," ses the captain, "'ave 'ad all the benefits of modern education and the Lord Salisbury ses they're incompetent. 'e don't say it's because of the educational system, because 'e's 'ad the same 'imself, but 'e don't give any other reason.

"The men who made British industry supreme fifty to one 'undred years ago were men with little or no education who 'ad started work at around ten or twelve years of age; the men who put the States on the map knew more or less, chiefly less, of the three R's and mostly got their start sellin' papers."

"You're always 'arping, cap," I ses, "on the benefits of getting a start by selling papers."

"Because," ses the captain, "it's a liberal education."

"Spill, cap," I ses, "the pet theory."

"If a boy wants to be a carpenter," ses the captain, "teach 'im the three R's and carpentry; if a scientist, the three R's and science, and so on; if 'e is interested in other subjects 'e can read 'em up after 'e 'as started working. If 'is folks 'ave enough money to keep 'im in idleness, and if 'e's built that way, give 'im the present day finished education and make 'im into a giddy, premature monument."

## Pearls of Wisdom



interests really are.

Never be satisfied with what has been achieved as sufficient.

Conquer fear and you have put a mortal enemy to rout.

Fussiness and nagging are fatal, be it business or marriage.

Having merely gone to college does not necessarily mean getting an education.

Success comes to the man who does his work a little better than the other fellow.

What a grand and glorious feeling when we can cope with the unexpected without disturbing our equilibrium.

Co-operation means all the players on the team playing for victory, not for "grandstand."

Control your imagination; you are lucky if you are keen enough to see things as they are.

Mind your own business, make a

He who has stood beside a death-bed knows how small some of our big in-

purpose for yourself, work for it, and you'll be happy.

Our greatest industries in this country today are the ones that are dominated by young men who are just ignorant enough to suppose that anything they imagine they can do.

Anything the human mind can imagine, the human mind can do. What people think, decides what they are.

When you approach your boss for a quick decision, be sure you have all the available information on the subject.

The big plant extension makes our little town hum with activity, which must be annoying to the gent who is resting peacefully in his little old rut.

Scientific studies reveal the fact that 97 per cent. of all the auto horn "toots" were useless, ill-mannered and unnecessary. So were a lot of other "toots" that we know of.

A safety expert gives us the following hint:

"Don't swim if over-heated."

We say, good advice; this applies to talking, *aussi*.



Gotta-go, Black Button

Sob of fall, and song of forest, come  
you here on haunting quest,  
Calling through the seas and silence, from  
God's country of the west.  
Where the mountain pass is narrow, and  
the torrent white and strong,  
Down its rocky-throated canyon, sings  
its golden-throated song.

You are singing there together through  
the God-begotten nights,  
And the leaning stars are listening  
above the distant heights  
That lift like points of opal in the  
crescent coronet  
About whose golden setting sweeps  
the trail to Lillooet.

—From "The Trail to Lillooet," Pauline Johnson.

It's North you may run to the rime-ring'd sun,  
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;  
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,  
Or West to the Golden Gate;  
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,  
And the wildest tales are true,  
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our  
own trail, the out trail,  
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the  
trail that is always new.  
There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or  
the snake,  
Or the way of a man with a maid;  
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon  
the sea  
In the heel of the Northeast Trade.  
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,  
And the drum of the racing screw,  
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own  
trail, the out trail,  
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—  
the trail that is always new?

—From "L'Envoi"

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL 9

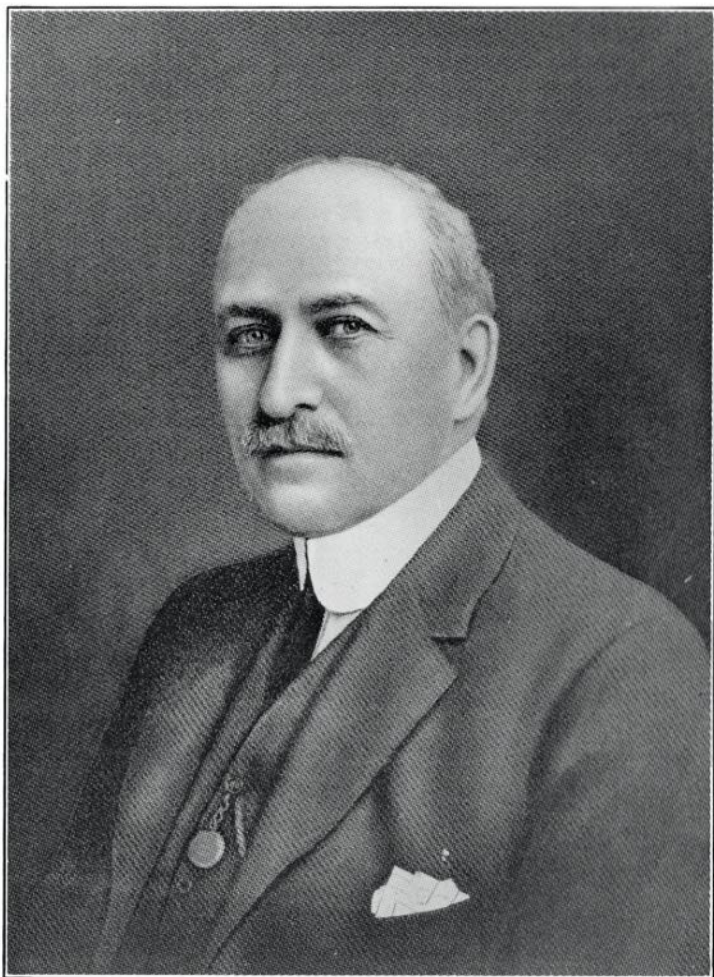
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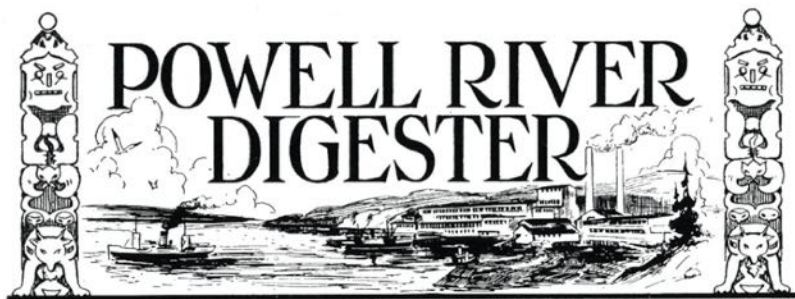




*Elected President*



*Michael J. Scanlon, who was appointed President of the Powell River Company to succeed the late Dr. Brooks. (See story, Page 8).*



J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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## *Special Features of May Issue*

The appointment of Mr. M. J. Scanlon to the position of president of the Powell River Company, and the story of his long association with the late Dr. Brooks is reviewed on Page 8 of this issue.

Many readers will find the "Big Sticks of the Gordon Pashas" recalling memories of old logging days in the Stillwater tract. The tale of the famous Kew Gardens and Vancouver Court House flag-staffs is told on Pages 18-20.

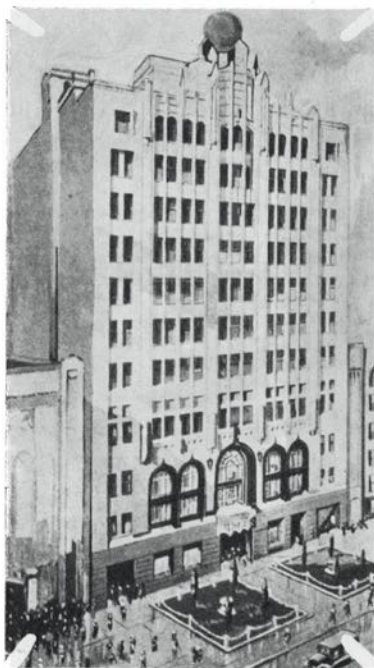
Mr. O. J. Stevenson's article on "The Yellow Cypress Lumber Company," will afford readers an interesting and surprising glimpse of this industry on Powell Lake.

The largest newspaper in the British Empire, exclusive of the British Isles, is the *Sun* of Sydney, whose story is outlined in the opening pages of this issue.

On Page 20 is a brief account of the visit of the New Zealand Empire Press Delegation. We will review other phases of this visit in the June issue.

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## *Circulation of Sydney Sun Largest in Dominions*



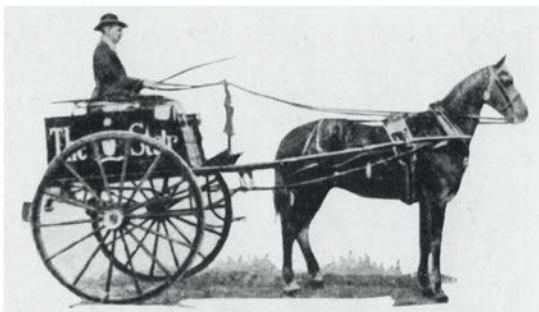
*The present impressive home of  
the Sydney Sun.*

lation estimated at 6,250,000, there is run annually through the presses of Australian journals, 140,000 tons of newsprint. (Here again it is worthy of mention that our present plant at Powell River, turning out 150,000 tons a year, could more than supply the entire newsprint requirements of Australia.)

The figures given above are high testimony to journalistic enterprise and initiative in "Aussi". There are, indeed, many points of similarity in Canadian and Australian newspapers. Both have, to a considerable extent, evolved along lines representing, one might say, a compromise between the solidity of British newspapers and the elasticity of American publications. Both make use of elaborately illustrated rotogravure sections, pictorial supplements and special features; both have retained something of the tradition of the *Times*, and other great British dailies for strict accuracy and highly informative news articles. As a result, the average Australian and Canadian daily has probably secured the ear and eye of the advertiser to a greater extent than their more dignified British con-

**A** SIGNIFICANT, perhaps the most significant, perhaps the most surprising feature of Australian journalism, is the large per capita consumption of newsprint in the Commonwealth. In this respect, only the United States of all the nations of the world stands above Australia. The latter's per capita absorption, estimated at 45 pounds, is slightly above that of Great Britain and Ireland; and 5 pounds per head in excess of our own Canadian consumption. With a popu-

*How the Star, precursor to the Sun, delivered its daily issues in the gay nineties.*



temporaries. Issues of the Dominion newspapers are usually of greater thickness than those of Britain, a condition at once suggesting more widespread advertising patronage.

The daily circulation of newspapers in Australia is in the neighborhood of 2,000,000 copies. The largest single contributor to this quota is the Sydney *Sun*, distributor of 210,000 papers daily, and 260,000 every Sunday. From a circulation standpoint, at least, the *Sun* stands in the forefront of journals printed in the British Dominions. Her nearest Canadian competitor is the Toronto *Star*, with 175,000 copies.

The Sydney *Sun*, as a newspaper was inaugurated on July 1, 1910, when the Sun Newspapers Company Limited was formed. This company, under the able direction of Sir Hugh Denison purchased the assets of the *Star*, which paper had experienced many adverse winds and currents in its venture on the journalistic sea. From 1911 onwards the *Sun* shone with increasing brilliance; from a daily circulation of 24,500 it has risen

to occupy a dominant position in the Australian newspaper sky. Today, over 210,000 copies of the *Sun* are distributed to all corners of the Commonwealth; and its mailing list shows subscribers in almost every portion of the Empire. In 1910 the publishing staff consisted of eight employees only; in 1928 the number had been increased to 80. The first issue of the *Sun*, twenty years ago, was dispatched from the pressrooms in seven small horse-drawn carts; an illustration in this article shows its modern transportation handled by a fleet of over thirty delivery cars, which carry the editions hot from the press to people of Sydney and its environs.

As with certain papers of Canada, the *Sun* had, soon after its inception, established an overseas direct cable service with the London *Times*, a service which greatly enhanced its prestige, and sent its circulation climbing. Since this agreement was drawn up, the *Sun* cable service has been supplemented by news agreements with the *Daily Mail*, *Daily Sketch*, *Evening News*, *Manchester*



*Fleet of over 30 trucks waiting to hustle the Sun to all parts of Sydney and its suburbs.*

*Guardian*, Reuters and other sources of communication in Great Britain and on the continent.

During the war, the *Sun*, in the face of direct opposition from many of its friends, courageously supported the Australian prime minister's plea for conscription. This measure was unpopular, and bitter opposition developed against it. The *Sun* found its net sales falling by over 40,000 in two months. Nevertheless, it persisted in its support of the minister's proposal, despite loss of circulation, and often in the face of strong re-primations from friends as well as foes. As our readers are aware, conscription never passed in Australia, but the *Sun* in its own words, "has no regrets for its association with that failure."

The benefits of the special *Times* cable service was fully vindicated in those days when overseas news bulked large, overwhelming almost every other aspect of our lives. At 10 o'clock, on one disastrous day in September, 1914, the *Sun* printed the

startling information that the British cruisers, *Cressy*, *Aboukir* and *Hogue* had fallen victims to the torpedoes of German submarines. This stunning news was not received by the general press until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Between these hours wildest excitement prevailed in Sydney, and many were ready to accuse the *Sun* of drawing heavily on a lurid imagination.

Another scoop secured by *Sun* enterprise is of special interest to Pacific Coast readers. For months, the elusive *Emden* had preyed on the shipping lanes of the Pacific. Her alarming depredations against British shipping were featured, almost daily, in the journals of Australia, Canada and the United States. Suddenly, one evening, at 7 o'clock, the *Sun*, in bold headlines announced that *Nemesis* had overtaken the intrepid raider; that the "good old Sydney" had trailed her to her lair; and that the German commerce destroyer was at the bottom of the Pacific. It was not until the following morning that this



*Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves. Counting the huge pile of pennies accruing daily from street sales.*

delirious intelligence was received by the public through other news sources. Here is an outline of the inside story as told by the *Sun*.

"The London office of the *Sun* heard an exhilarating echo of that event. The sedate ex-army commissionaire in the *Times* office burst upon the London staff vastly excited, and shouted 'Sydney'.

"More he could not say for several minutes. Then he clicked his heels together, recovered his poise and said, 'Your wonderful Sydney has sunk the dam — beg pardon — the Emden.' Again unable to retain his office calm, he called out, 'I'd like to cheer' and disappeared."

Among the post-war activities of Australian and New Zealand papers generally, has been the encouragement and backing they have afforded aviation, particularly flights tending to shorten and strengthen the time of inter-Empire communication. In this development, the *Sun* has taken a leading part. The paper assisted in backing more than one aviation venture. It was directly associated with the wonderful flight of Ross and Keith Smith in 1919. It has actively stimulated interest in civil aviation. The *Sun* was the first newspaper to purchase a plane as part of its regular "nose for news." In 1927 it arranged the flight around Australia of Kings-

*The large advertising staff of the Sun. Mr. Wilcox Wheeler (left) directs the activities of this busy department.*



ford Smith and Ulm and later added its financial assistance to that of the government to enable these two famous flyers to proceed to America to organize the trans-Pacific trip back to Australia. A prize of £1000 was offered by the *Sun* for the first Australian-made machine to fly to England.

The *Sun* is today undoubtedly one of the great journals of the Commonwealth and from the circulation point of view, the greatest. The equipment is up to the minute in every respect, and its special color printing presses are said to be the equal of anything in the world. It is a pleasure to know that a good portion of the newsprint travelling through the big presses of the largest newspaper in the British Dominions is manufactured in Powell River. We even venture to hope that the rolls turned out by the paper makers of our community have something to do with the dispatch with which the 210,000 copies of the *Sun* are run off the presses every day!

### *Powell River Speaks to Portland*

A long distance record for telephonic communication out of Vancouver was made on Friday, May 2, when Percy Sandwell, Powell River Company resident engineer, spoke directly to Mr. W. S. Hodges, Pacific Coast representative of the Appleton Wire Works, Wisconsin. The call was made via Vancouver from where communication was established over the newly installed radio-telephone.

Inset, is an informal snap taken of Sir Mark Sheldon, during a brief visit to Powell River last month. Sir Mark was accompanied by his son, Mr. C. Sheldon, who is returning to Australia after completing his course at Cambridge University. Taking advantage of a few days' delay in Vancouver, awaiting the sailing of the *Niagara*, they seized the opportunity of inspecting the new development work at Lois River.



*Sir Mark Sheldon*

Sir Mark, as head of Carmichael & Company, Powell River Company distributing agents in Australia and New Zealand, is no stranger to our townsite, nor to

Canada. One of the leading financial and business men of Australia, he has been frequently commissioned as emissary for the Australian government in negotiations with other governments. He has been an honored guest at different times, of leading business organizations in Vancouver. During the war he was Australian high commissioner in New York. He is the controlling head of one of the largest department stores in Australia, and chairman of the Australian Bank of Commerce.



## Between the Whistles

By CASUAL OBSERVER

**A** NEW menace has arisen in our midst. During the wanderings between whistles, when appetites are created or appeased, several indignation meetings were observed amongst the gardening fraternity, and curiosity overcoming discretion, we endeavoured to ascertain the cause.

\* \* \*

The noble vegetable, in which each real enthusiast strives to outdo his neighbor, in size, quality and production, appears in some quarters to be doomed to depletion, if not, indeed, to extinction; and this at the hands—or rather, feet and beaks, of none other than the humble domestic pigeon.

\* \* \*

During the preparation these parasites were not around. Little objection would have been taken to their assistance during the digging and fertilizing stages, but they did not consider their presence at all necessary until the seeding was well under way.

\* \* \*

Then they arrived by twosome and foursome, and diligently applied themselves to business. Peas are apparently their specialty, but, sweetly impartial, beans, corn, etc., are all accorded the same treatment when the pea supply diminishes.

\* \* \*

The persons really benefitting under this development are the seed merchants, and in a lesser degree, our own Department Store. Their well-known motto—buy with confidence—is truly appropriate, and we surely buy with confidence that one end of the row will be devoured and partly digested before the other end is properly planted.

\* \* \*

Pausing only to make sure that none of their relations are absent, and with a total disregard of the eight-hour day, these pigeons pursue their pleasant purpose. They are not partial to onion or leek, thank heaven, so the plight of the vegetable grower is not altogether hopeless, although possibly a little confined.

\* \* \*

Shift workers possess a decided advantage. They can protect themselves for at least part of the time. Day workers are obliged to leave the musket or blunderbuss to other tender mercies, but they may be assured that even though best efforts may result in the extinction of a few of the neighborhood's chickens or cats, with an odd window pane for variation, to say nothing of the icy stare from various directions, the pigeons themselves will remain serenely unharmed and undisturbed.



## *Michael J. Scanlon President of Powell River Company*



**PAUL A. BROOKS**  
*Vice-President*



**EDWARD BROOKS**  
*Vice-President*

ON Tuesday, April 29, Mr. M. J. Scanlon was appointed president of the Powell River Company, as successor to the late Doctor Dwight F. Brooks, with whom he had been associated for over 35 years, and with whom he pioneered the present Powell River Company. At this annual meeting of the board, Mr. Paul A. Brooks and Mr. Edward Brooks were elected vice-presidents, and Mr. Anson S. Brooks, secretary-treasurer on the new directorate. Mr. S. D. Brooks remains as executive vice-president and Mr. A. E. McMaster as general manager.

The story of the association of Mr. M. J. Scanlon and the late Doctor

Brooks dates from the year 1893, when they came together as joint bidders for the stock of the Brainard Lumber Company at Brainard, Minnesota. The disastrous business and financial panic of that year prevented the fruition of their plans after negotiations had been completed.

In September, 1894, occurred disastrous fires in the forests of Minnesota. Many lives were lost, and an immense quantity of virgin timber destroyed. Dr. Brooks and Mr. Scanlon, in company with A. S. Brooks, L. R. Brooks and H. E. Gipson organized the Scanlon-Gipson Lumber Company.

"I recall," said Mr. Scanlon, "that

our profits for the first year were \$20,000 and \$40,000 for the following twelve months. This gave us a paid-up capital of \$110,000, which we increased to \$150,000 as a result of rapid expansion of business. We added more timber to our holdings from time to time, and the operation, notwithstanding the very hard times prevailing, was very successful."

In the spring of 1896, the Scanlon-Gipson Company purchased the business of H. F. Brown of Minneapolis, who was manufacturing about 20,000,000 feet of lumber annually. Their cut was increased to 60,000,000 feet by 1899. Prior to 1901 Mr. Gipson sold his interest and retired from the firm. In this year, the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company, as it was termed, purchased a tract of several hundred million feet of timber in Northern Minnesota, and their mill held the world's record for output for several years.

In 1899, the operation at Bend, Oregon, home of the famous Deschutes Pine, had its birth. In 1915, additional limits of Western Pine had been purchased and the construction of a double band and band resaw mill started. Several years later the operation was augmented by the erection of another mill with three bands, a gang, and auxiliary machinery. The two plants had a total capacity of about 200 million feet a year.

The Brooks-Scanlon Company was organized in 1904, and a large block of Long Leaf Yellow Pine timber was purchased in Louisiana, where manu-

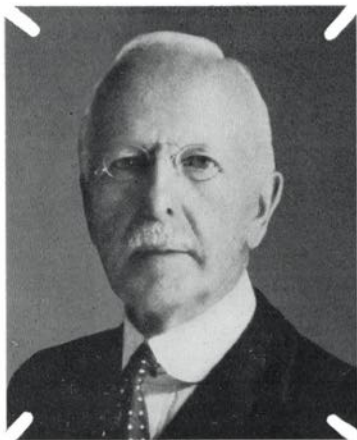
facturing operations were initiated the following year.

In 1905 Brooks-Scanlon inaugurated one of their large ventures, which is still in operation. They leased large tracts of timber on the three principal Bahama Islands, Andros, Abacot and the Great Bahamas. This was the Bahama-Cuban Company Limited, and the lumber cut from these stands is all sent to the retail yards of the company in Florida.

In 1908, the Brooks-Scanlon-O'Brien Company entered British Columbia to commence logging on their famous Stillwater tract. Here they remained for over 16 years. The story of their occupancy of this area of "tall timbers" has been told many times, and it was one of their greatest logging ventures.

In 1909, the Brooks-Scanlon interests purchased the assets of the Canadian Industrial Company, who had been granted pulp leases by the British Columbia government in 1901. In this year, the Powell River Company was organized and the Brooks-Scanlon interests made their first venture in the new field of paper making. Every resident of our townsite knows the result of that venture, which has made the Powell River Company owners of one of the largest newsprint mills on the continent.

In 1917, the firm, under the title of Brooks-Scanlon Corporation acquired control of the Carpenter-O'Brien Company, of Jacksonville, Florida. The concern today produces about 100 million feet of Long Leaf



ANSON S. BROOKS  
*Secretary-Treasurer*

Yellow Pine annually, and owns a large interest in the Burton-Swartz Cypress Company, who are manufacturing cypress timber cut from Brooks-Scanlon limits.

This, in brief outline, is the story of what Mr. Scanlon, the late Doctor Brooks and their associates have accomplished during their long association. It is a story of enterprise, of vision, and of courage—qualities that have been responsible for the commanding position of the Powell River Company in the newsprint field of the Pacific Coast.

"The policy of the company will remain unchanged," Mr. Scanlon announced after the meeting of the board. "We will carry on to completion our present expansion plans, and we will adhere strictly to the policy we have always pursued in the past, of employing only white help in the plant, with preference always given

to Canadians, and to Canadian, and particularly, British Columbia equipment and supplies."

### *Radio-telephone Service Inaugurated*

ON Thursday, May 1, at 1.30 a.m., the radio-telephone service between Powell River and Vancouver and other mainland points was officially inaugurated. Powell River Company officials, Mr. A. E. McMaster, general manager; Mr. R. Bell-Irving, resident manager, and Mr. R. H. Scanlon, assistant resident manager, exchanged greetings with Mr. Halse and Mr. James Hamilton, president and general manager, respectively, of the B. C. Telephone Company.

The phone is now open to the public at established long distance rates. For the present, persons wishing to phone Vancouver or Victoria are asked to do so by means of the telephone booth established in the radio office.

The present radio-telephone communication will not be of long duration. The B. C. Telephone Company are preparing to lay a cable between Cape Lazo and Powell River, and this is expected to be in operation within the next two months. The connection will then be an all-land route and interference difficulties occasionally experienced with the present system will be eliminated.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.—*Emerson.*

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# EDITORS NOTES

## *Newsprint Consumption and Literacy*

**I**S the per capita consumption of newsprint in a nation a direct guide to the literacy of its people? This is a theory widely held in newsprint circles today.

What do statistics show? First of all, that the six leading newsprint consumers of the world are the English-speaking nations, with consumptions varying from 63 pounds per capita in the United States to 21 pounds per capita in South Africa. At the bottom of the list are Russia, China, Mexico—nations whose use of newsprint is almost negligible in proportion to their populations.

Superficially, at least, the theory appears to hold water. Measured by western standards of civilization, China is certainly an illiterate nation. Conversely the people of the United States are highly literate. Newsprint consumption figures support this assumption.

Nor will it be seriously disputed that the English-speaking nations lead the field in the widespread education and enlightenment of their peoples. Here again the newsprint-literacy theory seems unchallenged.

But among the nations of the English-speaking group one begins to question the theory more closely. Are the people of the United States, with 63 pounds per capita consump-

tion, more literate than those of Great Britain, with 44, or of Canada, or of Australia?

We leave that thorny question to the savants whose business it is to probe such matters. Manifestly, however, newsprint consumption is not the open sesame. Glance at newspaper circulation figures of, for example, Great Britain and the United States. The former has a circulation of nearly 40,000,000 copies daily and Sunday, going out to 45,000,000 people; the latter sends 66,000,000 to 125,000,000 people. In other words, 88 per cent. of the people of Great Britain and Ireland read the newspapers as against 55 per cent. of the American public.

For several reasons, not necessary to enumerate here, circulation figures, in this instance are as unreliable as consumption statistics.

The key to the difference in newsprint consumption in the English-speaking nations is not literacy. It is advertising, which in America has developed almost to an exact science. In England it is not even an art. The Great American Band Wagon rattles merrily along to the tune of "It pays to advertise," a tune poorly executed by England, and as yet only imperfectly played by Canada.



# AROUND THE PLANT

A NEAR scandal was narrowly averted near the end of last month. The morning our good friends from New Zealand bade us good-bye, the crew of the *Prince Rupert* were drawing in the gangplank, when two flustered forms came hurrying along the wharf, waving frantic signals of distress. Miss Cuthbertson, our townsite encyclopædia, was rushing for the boat. In



her wake, and looking spruce and natty, suitcase in hand, rolled Harry Middleton.

"An elopement," yelled a delighted audience consisting of our three chief officials, Mr. Zumwalt, a miscellaneous sprinkling of pop-eyed spectators, and a solid phalanx of grinning New Zealanders on the deck of the *Rupert*.

A disappointed, highly chagrined group finally discovered that Miss Cuthbertson was going to Vancouver, and that Harry had been called in at the last moment as baggage smasher. Anyhow it gave us a thrill for a few moments.

Billie McLeod, we believe, holds the honor for the first trout on Powell Lake this year. Gray Benner is a close second. He spent three days on the lake, caught four fish, and a ducking for good measure. Rumor runs that Gray dived in for the third one and throttled the finny lad under water. Bit cruel—but boys will be boys.

No reports have yet appeared in this office from the foundry or from the wharf Nimrods. Joe Crossley walks around the block every time he sees us approaching.

We have no intention of stretching the long bow to "snappable" limits—but we put it up to Hughie



McLean and Eddie Tapp fairly and squarely — scientific putting is vastly superior to the hit and miss variety seemingly practised by many of these paper makers.

And Tommy Chalmers, we hear, is rising to the oratorical heights.

His illuminating, reflective and carefully prepared discourse on the "Life Story of the World's Great Golfers," delivered at the banquet for the Marine golfers, surprised more than the visitors.

It was not our good fortune to have been born in the age which produced the great Lord Rosebery. But that popular, dignified, sartorial peer has left his likeness to posterity. We believe that Bill McLeod, driving the Peerless purchased from brother Myron looks very much like Lord Rosebery might have looked at the wheel



of an automobile. Poise, dignity, superb self-control, the aristocratic seat in the carriage, delicate sensitiveness, all are there as Bill majestically purrs down our highways. (Readers are aware, of course, that there were no automobiles when Lord Rosebery was a lad about town.)

Elsewhere on these pages we show a partial sideview, partial full-face reproduction of two well-known local celebrities, Myron McLeod and "Bat" MacIntyre. Our photographer said he would sooner photograph fifty youngsters than attempt the reproduction of these lads for posterity. He muttered something about classical outlines and ancient Greeks,

but we couldn't see the connection—and after looking again at the originals we see no reason to alter our opinion. Roy Foote agrees with us.

Our bowlers have returned from their jaunt to San Francisco and Oakland. Hughie Young, William Alexander, Jack Richardson and



"Champ" Clark carried the Powell River colors to the big meet, and while they failed to return with anything tangible in the form of

championship honors they had a fine time. All the boys are loud in their expressions of the hospitality accorded them by our American cousins. In our next issue. Hughie Young has consented to tell the whole story of the trip for our readers. From advance reports we can assure them there are lots of interesting things down that way—and they are not all on the bowling green. The story will be illustrated with pictures and we recommend our readers not to miss this issue.

The new putting green in front of the clubhouse has been a very popular addition to the course. It has been widely used since its opening a few weeks ago and on Saturdays and Sundays space is often at a premium.

No holes in one have yet been negotiated. Who's first?

## Personalities in Our District

### HE RULES OUR HOTEL ROAST

THE youngest hotel proprietor in British Columbia." That is how Powell Riverites introduce Battleman M. MacIntyre, manager and proprietor of the Rodmay Hotel, Powell River's modern, eighty-room hotel to visitors. Whether this statement is accurate to the nth degree we do not know; but we are unaware of any other establishment in our province, that may be classed as a hotel, whose success rests entirely on the abilities of a young man of twenty-three.



Bat MacIntyre

Everyone in Powell River knows him as "Bat," and Bat he has been since he arrived in Powell River in 1918, at the age of twelve. Prior to the decease of his father, the late J. R. MacIntyre, "Bat" filled, and filled it well, the position of manager of his father's establishment. Today he is in sole charge, and everyone knows how capably he has grasped this torch thrown to him by his parent. His brisk, business-like appearance, coupled with a likeable personality and a willingness to lend a helping hand in any community

matter has gained for Bat a big circle of friends in the Powell River district.

It might be mentioned that he does many things besides directing the destinies of Powell River's Hotel. He plays baseball, manages junior clubs, and supports a team in the local senior league. He also plays golf—but in this connection—well, anyway he is a good hotel proprietor, a first-class citizen and an asset to our community in every respect.

### HE GIVES US OUR THRILLS

IGHTEEN years ago a chubby, rubicund, modest-faced youth stepped deferentially off the boat and placed a shy foot on the Powell River wharf. It wasn't a very big town in those days. There were still plenty of tall trees about and not many houses. Possibly the lad wished for a few days, that he was back home in Wisconsin and away from this big, rough country. If he entertained these thoughts, they were soon forgotten. Eighteen years later we still find him with us, and as near as we can make out, liking it very well.

As manager of the McLeod-Scanlon Amusements, and part owner of Powell River's new Patricia Theatre, Myron is known to every person in our town above six and under ninety. He greets them with a smile at the

door of his theatre; if the ushers are busy, personally attends to their seating requirements and in general succeeds in making himself the "cavalier courteous" to one and all. And strangely enough, his "way" with our lady theatre-goers has not detracted from his popularity with husbands and male escorts. They all like Myron and the capable, unostentatious manner in which he conducts his duties as manager of our theatre.



Myron McLeod

In community affairs, Myron is and always has been an active worker. He was responsible for the organization of the first intermediate baseball league a few years ago; he assisted in the formation of the

branch of the Automobile Club in Powell River, and was its first secretary. He has been affiliated with innumerable community projects during his long residence here, and, busy as he is with his duties as manager of the new theatre, is still ready to get behind any movement to advance the interests of Powell River.

Scotch Father (out riding): "Wee, Sandy, why are ye a-hidin' under the lap-robe?"

Sandy: "Whist, Father, dinna ye see the toll bridge we're a-comin' to?"

Father (quickly): "Hoot lad, move over so that your mither can get under wi' you."

### Lake Notes

There is a renewed interest in boating on the lake as the result of several new outboard creations. Among these is Hansen's new flyer, a beautiful example of the owner's handiwork, and powered with a 32-H.P. Johnson. It has a speed of over 30 miles per hour.

\* \* \*

Then there is the Boeing Hydroplane owned by the Motor Service Limited. It has a 20-H.P. Evinrude. Nearly any day Bill Maxwell may be seen demonstrating it on the river. Dozens have experienced the thrill of a lifetime with Bill at the throttle. Its speed is around 35 per.

\* \* \*

A tragedy occurred last month somewhere near Beartooth creek, when Jake Hager, well-known trapper, was found drowned about a hundred feet from his sunken boat. As the boat was badly holed, it is thought that he perished trying to make shore. He was a very good swimmer.

\* \* \*

Several deer have been seen swimming the lake, Jack Wilson meeting one near the head of the lake, while "Mac" McKinnon nearly ran over one above the Shingle Mill during some heavy weather the same week.

### Our Hero

Bill always claimed the right-of-way,

But now he's out of luck,

He tried to take it yesterday

From a ten-ton gravel truck.





She: "Didn't I see you eating peas with a ladle last night?"

He: "That wasn't no ladle; that was my knife!"

Wife (to husband in bathtub):  
"For goodness sake Henry, don't start on *that* song. You know we haven't much soap left."

A flask of Gordon water 'neath the bough,  
A cocktail shaker, Vermouth old and thou

Beside me singing in the wilderness,  
Ah, wilderness, thish gonna be a wow!

"Do you still go to see that pretty blonde you went with last summer?"

"She's married now."

"Answer me."

### *Angus Was a Time Saver*

Economical Angus McTavish fell into his cistern yesterday. The water was eight feet deep, and cold, but Angus could swim. His wife yelled down to him:

"I'll ring the dinner bell and the boys will come in and pull you oot."

"What time is it?" asked Angus.

"About eleven o'clock," said the wife.

"Don't ring it," said Angus, decisively. "I'll just swim about until noon."

Helpful Waiter: "What about some tongue, sir?"

Mr. H. Peck: "Had that this morning."

Helpful Waiter: "Well, then, how about some cold shoulder, sir?"

Mr. H. Peck: "I'll get that to-night."

A college boy wired home to his father—

"No mon'

No fun

Your son."

To which the father replied—  
equally as brief—

"Too bad

Too sad

Your dad."

The cream of all absent-minded professors is the one who, about to start on a journey, filled his wife up with gasoline, kissed his road map good-bye, and tried to shove his automobile into his pocket.

*Powell River Children*



1. Jeanette McCrosson    2. Donald Ure Alexander    3. Lillian E. Medforth    4. Ernest Charles  
 5. Graham Tyler    6. Irene Margaret Charles    7. Raymond Goodall  
 8. Robert Black    9. Marian Patterson

## *The Big Sticks of the Gordon Pashas*



*The original Kew Garden flagpole as it was fallen in the woods near Stillwater. This tree, as it stood in the forests, was probably about 280 feet tall.*

**I**N British Columbia trees "grow taller faster than in any place in the world." We are not aware to whom this statement may be originally attributed. We do know, however, that some of the largest "sticks" the world has ever seen were nurtured in the fertile soil of our province, where gigantic forest kings 300 feet tall and 15 feet in diameter are not unknown. Within twenty miles of Powell River, along the banks of Lois River, where the Powell River Company's new hydro-electric development is under way, at least three of the mightiest specimens of timber to ever face the pruning

knife of civilization were logged.

Seventeen years ago the writer vividly recollects a huge crowd of people standing around the confines of the court house in Vancouver. In one corner of the grounds a huge hole yawned. On the ground, men in shirt sleeves dashed furiously about, shouting directions to other groups of men clustered around a huge stick of timber, trimmed, painted and ready for raising. Block, tackle, rigging, lines, all were in readiness. Anxious contractors roared last minute directions. Men ran around gesticulating wildly to each other. As final preparations to raise the big flag

pole neared an end the chattering of the crowd ceased. Some of the nervous tenseness evident in the face and movement of the contractors seemed to have communicated itself to the audience. Suddenly came a tense whisper, "Ah, she's moving," and slowly — nerve-racking slowness it was—the gigantic timber, guided by the rigging lines, rose in the air. The bulk sank gradually into the concrete-lined bed prepared for its reception — and what was then the largest flag pole in the British Empire was triumphantly raised aloft on the grounds of Vancouver's Court House.

It still stands on the spot today—still one of the grandest forest giants claimed by civilization, and still a silent tribute to the fertility of British Columbia's forested domains. The flagpole is 212 feet in height and was logged only a mile above the spot, where today the Powell River Company are erecting their dam to harness the 44,000 wild horses of Lois River.

Six years later, in June, 1919, the writer stood on the grounds of London's world-famous Kew Gardens. In company with hundreds of curious spectators he was gazing at another British Columbia forest giant, lying on the ground, ready for erection. This piece of timber had been transported nearly 10,000 miles from the shore of the first Gordon Pasha Lake to the Empire's capital. He will never forget the thrill aroused by the first sight of this giant tree. In the crowd of onlookers were other Canadians, who after several



*The flagstaff as it looked after its erection in the gardens of Kew.*

years in France, found in this their first glimpse of home in four years. What a thrill it gave us to read on the freshly painted sign that this flagpole, the largest in the world, was presented to Kew Gardens by the Government of British Columbia, and that it had been taken out from Stillwater, British Columbia. Conceded to be absolutely flawless, it was undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of British Columbia Douglas fir ever logged. One will never forget the amazement on the faces of many of our English cousins to whom the sight of 200-foot "toothpicks" are not everyday occurrences.

A few years hence, the identical spot from which the Kew Gardens flagpole was logged, will be under



*The Vancouver Court House flagpole—  
one of the large sticks of the Gordon  
Pashas.*

water, and canoes and gas boats will pass leisurely over its birthplace. When the Powell River Company complete their Lois River hydro development a portion of the surrounding area will be flooded by the raising of the lake level, and the original home of the big stick now in

Kew Gardens will be forever obliterated.

The Kew staff was towed from Stillwater to Vancouver, where it was lashed to the deck of the steamer *Merionethshire* and carried direct to London via the long Cape Horn route. From London it was towed down the Thames to Kew.

It was raised during the summer of 1919 and for months attracted visitors from all parts of the south of England. At that time it was, and we believe still is, the tallest flagstaff in the world. Originally 237 feet in length, and 4 feet at the butt, additional shaping and trimming reduced its length to 216 feet and its butt dimension to 33 inches.

Taller trees there have been—taller trees there probably still are—in British Columbia, but a more flawless and perfect specimen of our justly renowned Douglas fir has not yet been located in the timberlands of the Pacific Coast.

“It stands today,” said a Kew

*Some of the big  
sticks of the Pashas  
as they came out  
in 1916. The trestle  
has been destroyed  
to permit the in-  
stallation of the  
new concrete pipe-  
line, which passes  
beneath to enter  
the north portal of  
the Lois River Tun-  
nel.*



bulletin of 1919, "towering far above and making pygmies of our native trees — as a magnificent exhibit for Kew, a testimony to the generosity and Imperial spirit of the premier and government of British Columbia, and an example of the marvelous tree growths that make the forest of that fine province some of the richest and most wonderful on the face of the globe. May its days be long!"

Another flagpole, recently taken from the Gordon Pasha Lakes, now graces the site of the University of British Columbia. Slightly smaller than its two elder brothers, it measures 208 feet from "tip to tip"—quite a respectable size, nevertheless.

Now the activities of the hydro electric engineer have replaced the activities of the logger along the banks of Lois River, and a new era dawns in the history of one of the most famous logging areas in British Columbia. The day of the logger, in the lower limits of the Pasha country at least is finished. No more 216-foot giants will travel down the old logging railroad. In the future perhaps, when the areas of virgin timber still standing in the upper reaches of the Wolf and Horseshoe Rivers, are cut, the day of the logger may arrive again. But today the story of Lois River is the story of power, the harnessing of its white coal for the paper mills of Powell River.

Golf competitions are gradually narrowing down to the tidbit of the season — the men's open. Several strong contenders are in line and

several aspiring candidates are hoping to take their tomahawk into the territory of Chief Peacock. Whether they will be able to scalp him, is another question.



*Our younger generation in the Halls of Learning. Ronald Russell, Louis Verdieul and Jack Farnden, Powell River's representatives at the University of British Columbia, are snapped in the illustrious company of Dr. G. G. Sedgwick, head of the Department of English (in case any of our readers are in doubt, Dr. Sedgwick is the second lad from the left and the car is his). Two other well-known personages, Mr. Benson and Mr. Hedges, are in some unaccountable fashion missing from this portrait. We hope you're not slipping, Doc!*

### *O. E. S. Silver Tea*

The ladies of the Eastern Star Auxiliary have chosen Friday, May 30th, from 3 to 6 p.m., to hold their Silver Tea and display the garments for the Baby Home, which they have been busy making from the proceeds of the Cedar Chest.

We hope the public will be interested in this worthy cause and come and see this display of baby garments.

Attractive recipe books will be on sale.

Please keep this date open. Friday, May 30th, 3 to 6 p.m.

## Reviewing Our Suburban Industries—By O. J. Stevenson



*The home of the Yellow Cypress Lumber Company on Powell Lake, showing mill in the background and employees' houses in the foreground.*

### The Yellow Cypress Lumber Company

AS yet Powell River residents are unable to boast of the largest paper mill in the world, though the time of such distinction seems to be rapidly approaching. But we can point with pride to the largest mill erected for the purpose of cutting yellow cedar. Of course a cynic would here remark that it being the only mill of its kind it must naturally be the largest, but nobody wants to listen to a cynic anyway.

Many people are familiar with the rock knoll rising between the

townsite and the outlet of Powell Lake. It is a favorite resort for lukewarm mountaineers and near Alpinists. If the climb entailed four times the effort the view would still be well worth the trouble, with the broad blue Georgia Gulf and purple Vancouver Island on the one hand, and the long reach of Powell Lake on the other. Immediately below, at the foot of a rock cliff, where the lake ends and the river begins, the busy yellow cedar mill sends up its song of saws and plumes of steam, and eight miles up the lake can be seen

on a high plateau the 20,000,000 feet of green standing timber from which it draws its raw material.

Since before the time the first historian took his pen in hand and inflicted his dry statistics on an uninterested public, cedar and cypress have been held in high esteem by woodworkers. Laws, doctrines and the family totems were carved on cedar. The idol manufacturers of Greece and Rome used it extensively for images, and the local undertakers of ancient Egypt had the public

thoroughly convinced that a cedar mummy case was worth many extra talents of silver. In fact, from the earliest times cedar has been intimately connected with the religious life of



Mr. Lawson

many nations. Due to its lasting qualities the Romans regarded it as the symbol of the departed spirit, and the Turks planted a cedar tree at each new grave. King Solomon, though belonging to the old school of thought was a very thorough-going man. When he tackled a job, even such a commonplace one as being a husband, he did it in a large way. When he decided to build a temple the best was none too good, so he used cedar for the timbering. Communication with America was poor in those days or he would undoubtedly have sent to the British

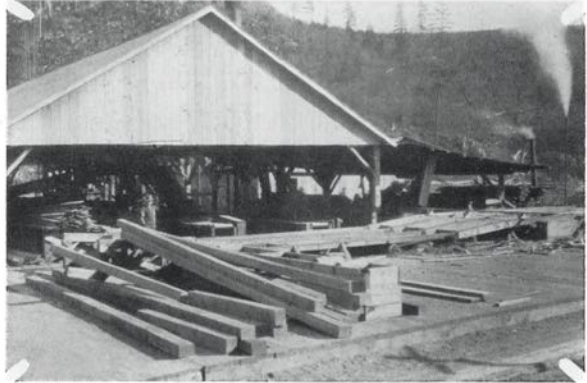
Columbia coast for his two-by-fours. However, his good friend Hiram of Tyre had worked up quite a business with his timber limits on Mount Lebanon, and as Hi had a good business reputation and gave ninety days' credit, Solomon let him have the contract.

Yellow Cypress, *Cypressus Nootkaensis* — Nootka Sound Cypress — Alaska Yellow Cedar occurs locally at or about an elevation of 2200 feet, and where the soil is suitable grows in solid stands exclusive of other timber. North of this region the growth is scrubby, while farther south the stands are scattered and of poorer grade. In the Powell River district the trees attain an average height of one hundred and fifty feet, eighty feet being free of limbs and giving a maximum of clear lumber. Three feet is the average diameter of the logs.

The Yellow Cypress Lumber Company Limited was organized for the express purpose of manufacturing into lumber the huge stands of yellow cypress available around Powell Lake. It operates a mill at the foot of Powell Lake and holds at present twenty million feet of timber in one block. The president, Mr. Lawson, is thoroughly yellow cedar conscious, and is full of facts, figures, and enthusiasm for his product. The lumber, cut to all sizes, is trucked to the salt water and thence goes to practically all parts of the world. On the mountain, logging is accomplished by steam and gasoline donkeys. The logs are dropped to lake level on an



*A close-up of  
the Yellow  
Cedar mill.*



inclined railroad by gravity and a 6200-foot snubbing line, the booms being then towed nine miles to the mill. The company employs only white labor and pays higher than average mill wages.

The wood itself is close grained and easily worked. It is the hardest and strongest of the cedars and holds the highest rating in government tests. It neither shrinks nor expands after its initial drying, and is permanent under alternating wet and dry conditions. These characteristics make it particularly adaptable for boat boards, furniture, musical instruments, acid tanks and battery separators. It is unexcelled for interior enamelled finishes. There are shop grades, for pattern work, and the common lumber is unequalled for structural timber, railroad bridge ties, warehouse flooring, and bridge decking. Racing oars of yellow cedar cost over a hundred dollars apiece, but the man doing business on the end of one knows that his spine will crack before the oar fails.

The wood is a soft yellow color and very pungent when freshly cut. Neither the white ants of China nor any other self-respecting insects will have anything to do with yellow cypress. This is amply proven by the fact that no woodpecker can make a living where it grows. Even the voracious salt water teredo prefers creosoted piling to "the wood everlasting."

### *Too Bad!*

It was a source of regret to the visiting New Zealand Empire Press delegates that they were unable to take on some of our local experts on the green or the links. Mr. E. A. Blundell, of the *Wellington Post*, saw nothing in our resident manager's stance to make him hunt an alibi; and Mr. McNicol of the *Dan-nevirke News*, was just aching for a chance to dispute a few ends with George Patterson and the rest of our strong-armed biased ball teasers.



WHILE our accident record for April has shown a big improvement over the last two months, we still have a long way to go before patting ourselves on the back. There is still plenty of room for us all to feel more "safety conscious."

\* \* \*

Spring has arrived, flowers are taking on their buds, the fish are beginning to bite, the lawn bowlers are getting anxious, the amateur gardeners are busy in their spare time making the grass look green, and the paint brush is being used lavishly to brighten up our homes and plant. During the next couple of months numerous visitors are coming to look us over; in fact they will be here in their hundreds in June.

\* \* \*

There is a real pleasure in looking over a spic and span mill and a spic and span personnel. Clean equipment and clean working togs not only give visitors a good impression—they are felt directly in the accident reports. For example, several bad infections have been caused by oil and grime clinging to working togs and aggravating a slight cut or abrasion. The summer months—in fact all months—are the time to give the "duds" frequent introduction to suds and boiling water.

Numerous skin diseases and boils are directly due to thoughtlessness regarding washing of working clothes.

We know that it is impossible not to get dirty at some work, but for health's sake, we would urge everyone to take advantage of the facilities to keep their working clothes as clean as possible and avoid skin diseases, boils, etc.

\* \* \*

And what about the spray guns on 5 and 6 machines. They were installed at considerable expense with the idea of protecting fingers from being trapped between the core and the drum, and to eliminate the hazard attendant on the use of wet rags. It has been noticed that on several occasions lately they were not being used.

\* \* \*

One of our old-timers had a narrow escape from a badly squeezed finger, while handling screen plates. He has been with us for sixteen years without having a lost-time accident, and although his nail was damaged, he managed to carry on without losing time.

## *Empire Press Delegates Visit Powell River*



*New Zealand Delegates to the Empire Press Conference, and their wives, snapped after their arrival in Powell River on the Company Yacht "Norsal".*

WHEN the Powell River Company yacht, *Norsal*, swung into No. 5 berth at our wharf, on Monday, April 28, she brought with her a group of men and women who had a few days before just completed a sea journey of 6000 miles. At 2.30 promptly the party disembarked, and the members of the New Zealand delegation to the Empire Press Conference in London caught their first glimpse of Powell River.

To those who had the privilege of

meeting these representatives from our sister dominion, the day was a momentous one. To most of our visitors a modern paper mill in operation was a new, and we believe, an exciting experience; to us of Powell River it was not an every-day occurrence to exchange greetings with such friendly and "homey" people from "down under," as were typified in this delegation of New Zealand's leading journalistic heads and their wives.

In the evening the Powell River

Company were hosts to the visitors at a banquet in the Marine Room of the Hotel Rodmay, after which the gathering repaired to the guest room for the remainder of the evening.

The finest tribute one can pay to our visitors is to say that at no time during the day or evening were we conscious of entertaining—and being entertained in turn by—a group who officially represented one of the great professions of their country. The official air was rudely shattered almost from the moment the delegates stepped off the boat. Something of the old familiarity, reminiscent of war days—the “Hello Canada—Hello New Zealand” greeting of men from the two dominions was in the air. Our visitors were not the official New Zealand delegates to the Empire Press Conference—and as such “entitled to every courtesy.” We were not the manufacturers of the newsprint used in their presses—and as such viewed through the “Well, they have to do this”—eye of the purchaser. It was a cordial union of friends who had long waited this

opportunity to say Kia Ora and Good Luck to each other.

The evening was devoted to informal discussion between the guests. We learned many things about New Zealand that were hitherto a closed book. We learned something of the traditions of the dominion, something of the historical background on which its success has been built; for our immediate interest we became intimately acquainted with all the various places to which we send our newsprint—Timaru, Auckland, Otago, Wellington, Marlborough, New Plymouth, Christchurch, Dunedin, and other spots which previously were scarcely more than names. All these things we learned from intimate contact with our visitors.

But more than all this, we met the people of New Zealand and Australia. And we hope they will remember Powell River—for we will not soon forget them and the genuine, unaffected friendship they offered us. Our last word to them as they speed across the mountains and plains of Canada, and over the waters of

*Delegates and guides starting on their tour of the plant.*



the Atlantic, is not good-bye. It is just Au Revoir, and Kia Ora.

At the banquet and at the informal reception held later, several of the visitors delivered short addresses. Mr. R. Bell-Irving proposed the toast to the visitors, which was replied to by Mr. Blundell. Mr. James Hutchinson, editor of the *Otago Times*, Mr. L. J. Berry, secretary of the New Zealand Newspaper Proprietors' Association, the Hon. A. J. Mann, member of the West Australian Legislature, all spoke briefly. Mrs. James Hutchinson expressed very nicely the thanks of the lady members of the delegation for the hospitality shown them on their visit here.

The complete list of the visitors is as follows:

- Mr. and Mrs. James Hutchinson  
*Otago Daily Times*, Dunedin.
- Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Blundell  
*Evening Post*, Wellington.
- Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Bell  
*Lytleton Times*, *Otago Daily Times*  
and *Ashburton Mail*.
- Mr. E. G. Kerr  
*Timaru Herald*.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Muir  
*Poverty Bay Herald*, Gisborne.

- Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Furness  
*Marlborough Express*, Blenheim.
- Mr. and Mrs. T. C. List  
*Taranaki Daily News*, *New Plymouth*.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Manning  
*Waikato Times*, Hamilton.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. McNicol  
*Dannevirke News*, *Dannevirke*.
- Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Berry  
New Zealand Newspaper Proprietors'  
Association.
- Hon. A. J. Mann and Mrs. Mann  
West Australia.

### *Lost—A Papermaker!*

Mr. R. P. Furness, chairman for the visitors at the Powell River banquet, almost had Mr. Bruce Zumwalt green with envy during the evening. Mr. Furness' whistle, which he used to call the meeting to order at proper intervals, was one of the triumphs of the evening. He has developed it, he assured Mr. Zumwalt, alone, entirely without the aid of artificial stimulants. It would command a premium in any machine on the continent and our superintendent saw a promising acquisition to his machine-room staff lost when Mr. Furness reluctantly continued his trek to the Empire's capital.

*How they unload  
the big rolls of  
Powell River  
newsprint from  
lighters at Shang-  
hai. "Any vol-  
unteers, paper-  
makers!"*



# Plant Extension



THE results of the past few months' intensive work in connection with our extension programme are beginning to take form, particularly at the Powell River end, where the new Machine Room building, in a way the most important of the new structures, is rising steadily from what was, only a few weeks ago, a mere site for the present activities. The foundation and basement floor slab are practically finished, and the walls and tanks at the north end are being formed ready for pouring within the next few days. At the Beater Room end the space between the new building and the present one will be spanned by a platform elevator having a capacity of 30 tons, and capable of transferring material from grade level to either floor of each building. The work on this section is being pushed ahead so that the elevator may be available for bringing machinery and equipment into the new structure as soon as the floors are cleared to receive it.

\* \* \*

The site of the new Greenwood Mill will also be looking interesting during the coming month as concrete will be poured during this time; from that point onwards progress will be fairly rapid.

\* \* \*

Minor extensions to existing departments incidental to the main extension are proceeding steadily, and, while the extent of these operations is relatively small compared with the main issue, they are nevertheless very necessary for the purpose of adjusting present mill capacity to future demands.

\* \* \*

During the past month the first logs for the crib dam at Lois River were placed. Excavation for the Power House is under way and, at the time of writing, the tunnel has penetrated about 310 feet at the North Portal, and 700 feet at the South Portal. Progress has not been so rapid at the North Portal owing to the great depth of gravel and sand encountered, but this end of the bore will step ahead as soon as rock is struck.

\* \* \*

A permanent bridge over Copenhagen Creek has been completed, and the grading for the Penstock line is progressing. At the present time, about 220 men are employed on the Lois River and Stillwater operations and about 160 men at the Powell River end, which figures includes our own field staff.



“**I**D it ever occur to you,” ses the captain, “that according to all ’uman reasoning, it’s impossible for us to be ’ere?”

“Cap,” I ses, “you’ve been watching the stars too much and not getting enough worldly grief to keep your mind occupied. We all evolved, and are still evolving. If the Almighty, or Nature, or whatever Power you ’appen to favour, wished to create a ’orse, ’e or it started in with a bit of moss and gradually worked up. We’re all still changing and in a couple of thousand years your descendants will probably be so ’and-some that women won’t scream and kids won’t run and ’ide when they see ’em.”

“Leaving out the personal stuff, for which I’ll attend to you later,” ses the captain, “I’ve ’eard about evolution before, but wot I want to know is where did the moss come from?”

“The moss, cap,” I ses, “is alluded to as a ‘Spark of Life’ and was on the earth when the earth was thrown off from the sun. It ’ad been cooking for several million years on the sun and continued to cook for a few more millions while the earth was cooling down, but it was some lively spark, and one of the results is the flapper of today.”

“All of which,” ses the captain, “don’t explain ’ow the Almighty, or Nature, and the sun originated.”

“And, cap,” I ses, “if you want to keep out of a giddy asylum, you want to so arrange things that you ’ave too many worries ’ere to give much time to thinking of the ’ere-tofore or the ’ereafter.”

“But do you believe all this evolution stuff you’re so glib about?” asks the captain.

“No, cap,” I ses, “I don’t believe a word of it. If I were going to build a ’ouse, I wouldn’t start in by growing a field of onions, although I might change the ’ouse a bit after it was built, and I can’t imagine any Supreme Power going all round eternity, to get from ’ere to Vancouver, while we ’ave the Kingcome Navigation Company’s scows, running on schedule, three days a week.”

---

Don Scott, we hear, accompanied the Callies to Cumberland last month, and en route, coming and going, delivered an inspiring address on “How to be happy though seasick”. It’s a secret worth millions if Don cares to patent the idea. We know a few stenographers near at hand who have been seeking just such a happy solution for a long time.

### *Horsie, Horsie!*

Prof.: “Do you know how to find the horsepower of a car?”

E. E. Stude: “No.”

Prof.: “Easy — just lift the hood and count the plugs.”

*View of the new seventh green taken during the finals of the men's two-ball foursome. E. Peacock and J. Simpson defeated Curly Woodward and Cecil Kelly, two up.*



### *Golf Notes*

The new seventh green is now in operation. It is the pride of Maurice Boxall's susceptible heart, and a source of grief and disaster to many aspirants seeking the elusive par. There is something diabolical in the ingenuity with which our golf pro has devised that almost impenetrable circle of bunkers ringing this hole.

\* \* \*

As we write, the men's two-ball has been completed, with Ed. Peacock and J. Simpson, winners, two up, from Curly Woodward and Cecil Kelly, winners of the men's four-ball. The handicap singles are under way as we write.

\* \* \*

Mrs. G. Schuler, playing in the ladies' Tombstone Competition last month came through with a record score for the new course. Mrs. Schuler turned in an 88, the best ladies' score to date. Ladies' par for the course is 80.

An interesting plan of this season's play has been the competitions for junior boys. Frank MacDonald now holds the enviable title of junior champion of Powell River, a title gained by his defeat of his younger brother John, one of our community's coming golfers.

\* \* \*

George Gauthier was narrowly defeated by Tommy Gardener, who is the undisputed flyweight champ of the golfing fraternity. Six boys entered this year. Nice work, boys, keep it up!

\* \* \*

Maurice Boxall's 70 is a record for the new course, whose par is 72. Ed. Peacock and Steve Brynjolfson have both made 70's and on other occasions have turned in pars. A strong trio, these three.

### *Births*

April 15th, 1930—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hart, a girl.  
April 20th, 1930—Mr. and Mrs. Cacciotti, a girl.



## Pearls of Wisdom

### How to Keep from Growing Old



The failure of motorists to give the right of way leads to more accidents than any other cause. Driving on the wrong side of the road is a close second, exceeding reasonable speed limits and cutting in and out of a line of traffic are shown to be other primary factors in the country's enormous accident toll.

Always drive fast out of lanes; you may hit a policeman.

Always pass the car ahead on curves or turns.

Demand at least half the road—the middle half. Insist upon your rights.

Always lock your brakes when skidding. It makes the job more artistic. Often you can spin clean around.

Always drive close to pedestrians in wet weather. Powell River cleaners will erect a monument to your memory.

Never sound your horn in emergencies. Save it until late at night or until the graveyard crew are sleeping. Few homes have guns.

Always try to pass cars on hills when it is possible. It shows your "bus" has more power, and you can turn somewhere, surely, if you meet another car at the top.

Take the shortest route around blind left-hand turns. The other fellow can take care of himself if you can.

Never look around when you back up. There never is anything behind your automobile.

A few shots of booze will enable you to make your car do real stunts. For permanent results quaff often and deeply of the flowing bowl before taking the wheel.

Never stop, look or listen at railroad crossings or elsewhere. It consumes valuable time, and besides nobody believes in signs.

There is but one way to drive, and that is with the idea constantly in mind that the other fellow may do the wrong thing and be prepared for it.



Gotta-go, Black Button

DRIVE SLOW, DEATH IS SO PERMANENT.

## *Dr. Andrew Henderson*



A pioneer physician of the west, who has been practicing continuously for fifty years, Dr. Andrew Henderson, of Powell River, was honored by his fellow graduates in medicine, from McGill University, Friday night, at the Vancouver Club. As a tribute to his work and career he was presented with a portrait of himself, as shown above, painted by Mr. Victor Long, Vancouver.

Dr. C. F. Covernton, president of the Vancouver McGill Alumni Association, presided at the dinner and made the presentation. Following this, representatives of the medical alumni of other Canadian universities paid their tribute to Dr. Henderson's work and career. Dr. Brodie spoke for Toronto University, Dr. W. Coy for Queen's University, Dr. J. Scott Conklin for Manitoba and Dr. D. M. MacKay for Dalhousie University.

An intimate friend and confrere of Sir William Osler, Dr. Henderson graduated with him in 1880. Shortly after leaving university he went to Calgary, where he was one of the first permanent physicians serving the C.P.R. Later he removed to St. Paul and practiced there for seventeen years.

Dr. Henderson taught clinical medicine at the University of Minnesota for some time, and when Powell River was founded he went there as resident physician and surgeon.

Tales of buckle and big rosette,  
The slender shoe adorning,  
Of curtseying through the minuet  
With laughter, love, or scorning.

And 'tis O! for the shout  
Of the roustabout,  
As he hies him home in the morning.

Cards and swords, and a lady's love,  
Give to the tale God-speeding,  
War and wassail, and perfumed glove,  
And all that's rare in reading.

And 'tis O! for the ways  
Of the olden days,  
And a life that was worth the leading.

—From "When George Was King," Pauline Johnson.



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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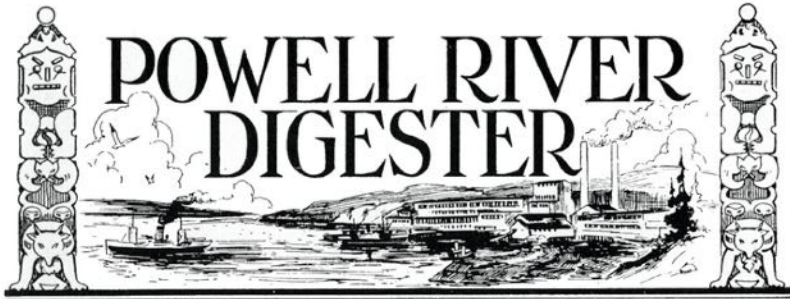
NO. 6



*June  
Nights*



*Powell River's greensward experts in Oakland, Hugbie Young (left), William Alexander, Jack Richardson and Champ Clark as they appeared just before the opening competition at Oakland last month. Hugh Young's diary reprinted herewith tells the inside story of this trip.*



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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*Manufacturers of Newsprint*                      *Mills at Powell River, B. C.*

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## *Old Alberni Paper Mill Described*

In these pages is a complete description historically of the first known paper mill in British Columbia. We believe this is the first occasion actual pictures of the mill have been reproduced, or its history reviewed. The editor wishes to express his appreciation for the assistance accorded him in compiling this interesting data and being enabled to reproduce actual reprints of the mill. He is particularly indebted to Mr. George Bird, of Port Alberni, for the greater part of the material obtained; to Mr. Alfred Carmichael, of Victoria, for the picture of the mill; to Mr. Leonard Frank for the view of the original dam; to Mr. Jack Burke, of Alberni, for co-operation in securing accurate information on the project; and to Mr. Charles Cox, of Alberni, who personally conducted him over the old mill site, and forwarded the first actual information on the plant.

---

## *British Columbia's First Paper Mill*



*The saw mill (left) and the original paper mill as they appeared during the operations of 1894-1896 at Alberni.*

THE pulp and paper industry in British Columbia is popularly supposed to have had its origin in the granting of pulp leases by the provincial government in 1901. Seven years afterwards, in 1908, production of pulp was commenced on a small scale at Port Mellon, on Howe Sound, and at Swanson Bay, on the Pacific Coast mainland.

Only in the sense, however, that these mills, like their modern successors, used wood in the pulp production, can the term first be applied. They were not the first mills in British Columbia's pulp and paper history. That honor belongs, not to the mainland, but to Vancouver Island.

A decade before the British Col-

umbia government launched the industry on its hesitating and, in the beginning, not too successful career, the little hamlet of Alberni, on the Somass River, sixty miles northwest of Nanaimo, pioneered the first venture in British Columbia's paper-making history. Along the tree-girdled banks of this picturesque river, two miles above the present site of Alberni, the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company Limited, using rags for stock, erected the earliest paper mill in the province. Production began in 1894, continued until 1896, when the Alberni venture suffered the fate which befell some of its inadequately organized and "shoe string" successors of the early



*Original revolving digesters of the first paper mill at Alberni, as they look today. Charlie Cox, a resident of Alberni since 1883, is standing by the old machinery.*

twentieth century. Not until twelve years later did another pulp and paper mill make an appearance on the government census.

In a recent trip to Alberni, the writer visited the site of the old mill. The original wooden buildings that housed the machinery have been ground in the dust of three decades; much of the machinery has been consigned to the sack of the scrap iron dealers, or used for household purposes by the citizens of Alberni.

Some remnants, however, still remain. Half hidden amid the thick fringe of second growth timber that has sprung up in thirty years, bits of old rusted machinery—an old boiler—two “toy”, revolving, spherical digesters (shown in illustrations) and bits of miscellaneous steel and iron still bear testimony to this first short-lived attempt to introduce the paper

industry to British Columbia. Across the Somass River, the old log crib dam, now sadly despoiled by the ravages of thirty-six summers, fights a losing battle with the swift flowing waters. Little mounds, over which weeds and bunch grass and young alders have grown, conceal, perhaps, an old grinder stone or some other valiant relic of this paper mill of the nineties.

The project of a pulp and paper mill at Alberni was first considered in 1890. An English company financed the venture and in 1891, the contract for the dam across the Somass River was let to the firm of Russell & Johnson, of Victoria. In the spring, a big freshet swelled the waters to unusual heights, washed away all the work already done, and the firm abandoned the project.

In 1892, Mr. R. H. Wood, who





*The old log crib dam, erected at Alberni in 1892, as it looks today. Inset is Jack Burke, of Alberni, who worked on the original paper machines.*

still resides in Port Alberni (two miles distant from the old town of Alberni) accepted the contract to proceed with the construction of the dam. The flood tides during 1892-93 retarded progress, and it was not until 1894 that the dam was completed and ready to supply water to the mill.

#### BRITISH CAPITAL

The original Alberni mill was financed by British capital, the company taking the name of the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company. Unfortunately, like many similar enterprises in British Columbia's early industrial history, inexperience, coupled with a woeful lack of understanding of conditions in a new country kept the company "in the red" almost from the beginning.

The equipment was all old, second-hand rag machinery, imported from England, and in the jargon of the

modern paper maker, it was "a hay-wire outfit." Located "in the midst of plenty," in the heart of a district practically all of which was virgin forest, the mill was starved for stock. Rags, unfortunately, did not grow on trees and thirty-six years ago British Columbia's population, small and scattered, had its own troubles clothing itself. Procuring an adequate supply of rags was a difficult task.

The bulk of these had to be imported from England and that source of supply was often precarious and uncertain. During the two spasmodic years of its existence the management pressed into service many and diverse species of "rags". Everything from ships' sails to construction overalls were used—and when this supply showed symptoms of exhaustion, ferns, manila rope, and even tarred hemp imported from the Esquimalt naval depot, was comman-



*The dam of the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company as it appeared when the mill was in operation in 1894.*

deered. The steam pressure was only 60 pounds, often insufficient to cook the ferns, and particles of ferns and bits of rope and hemp might not infrequently be discerned in the finished product. The ferns, however, were used entirely in building paper, with what success, we are not prepared to say. As far as we are aware there has been no alacrity displayed in fern collection by the present plants in the province!

#### A "TOY" MILL

What a toy this little mill would appear to the modern paper maker! The one machine installed in 1893-94 had five dryers, two vacuum boxes under the wire (the vacuum made by steam jets), one set of couch rolls and one press roll. The width of the

sheet was 56 inches. Wrapping paper constituted the chief product. No newsprint was manufactured, but a small proportion of toilet paper, blotting paper and building paper was included in the daily output. At capacity, the mill turned out about 50 tons of these specialties daily. Building paper was in great demand in the district and no trouble was experienced in marketing this product.

And there were no spare winder-men, spare machine tenders, or even broke hustlers in these hardy times. To run the entire mill, machine room, beaters, finishing room, shipping, etc., a staff of 12, in addition to the manager and an ox teamster, who hauled the paper from the mill site to Alberni, were employed. The days of the

iron men of the paper trade had not yet disappeared. Here is how the 12 employees earned their pay in British Columbia's first paper mill, according to Mr. George Bird, of Port Alberni, who speaks from first-hand knowledge:

#### EARNING THEIR PAY

Two men looked after the paper machine.

Two white men and two Chinamen kept the beaters going.

One man handled the revolving boilers.

There was one fireman, who shovelled in the fuel and acted as general handy man.

Two Indian girls were employed at the paper-cutting machine (e.g., the winder).

One man and one girl constituted the entire staff of the finishing room.

The twelfth man was mechanic, blacksmith and millwright combined.

The labor turnover left but small scope for the pruning knife of the efficiency expert. The wages paid to the iron men of the industry in these gay nineties would not be sniffed at by a modern broke hustler. The Chinamen were paid \$1.00 per day for ten hours; and the aristocrats of

the mill staff, the two paper makers, received 30 cents an hour as their remuneration for keeping the sheet on the wire. The general wage for unskilled labor never exceeded 25 cents an hour. The paper machine ran a day shift for ten hours; the beater room worked two shifts of 12 hours each.



*Mr. George Bird, of Port Alberni, beater room engineer in British Columbia's first paper mill.*

The original machinery for the mill was shipped direct from England by sailing ship, via the long Cape Horn route. From Victoria, the steam freighter, *Mascot*, carried it up the Somass to a suitable flat about a mile below the location chosen for the dam. From this point it was pulled by scow to the mill site.

When the mill eventually commenced operations in 1894, the product was hauled through skidroads to the Alberni wharf by ox teams. From



*Relics of British Columbia's first paper mill still exist on the old site. Here is one of the beater stones as they appeared recently.*

*The So-mass  
River, with the  
old town of  
Alberni in the  
background.*



Alberni it was shipped via the old S.S. *Maude*, a small coasting steamer running twice a week from Victoria up the West Coast of Vancouver Island.

#### HUGE EQUIPMENT!

Three turbines supplied the motive power for the paper mill and the saw mill which had been built in conjunction with it. A 24-H.P. Leffel turbine was installed in the machine room; a 100-H.P. turbine ran the beaters, and the third, generating 40 horsepower, catered to the power requirements of the saw mill.

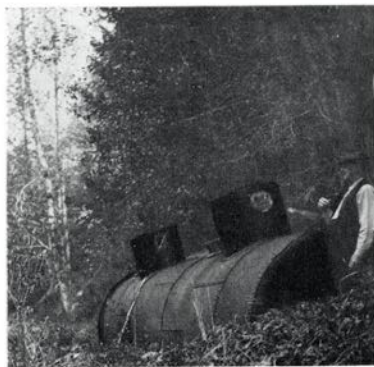
A total installation of 170 horsepower! A Powell River paper maker, working daily in a plant whose total horse power aggregates 50,000, would view the Alberni project in much the same fashion as an engineer on the *Flying Scotchman* or the *Transcontinental Flyer* would gaze on James Watt's first stationary steam engine.

The old Alberni mill was not successful. Indeed, this is scarcely to be wondered at. Mr. Dunbar, the Scots foreman who succeeded Mr. William

Hewartson, as manager, was once asked his opinion of the machinery.

"A pile of junk," was his succinct reply.

With the machinery already overdue for scrapping, with inexperience and an imperfect understanding of conditions and markets by the promoters, one is tempted to almost wonder how the plant ever went into production. The years 1894-1901 were difficult ones in the young province. Population was limited and heavy competition from mills already established on the Pacific Coast must be faced. Transportation hazards, high freight charges, inadequate shipping facilities—all threw their weight on the scales of heavy overhead. These too, were pioneering times for government as well as for paper mills. Uncertainty and instability was in the air. Government succeeded government; the province was in debt; and discord reigned in the legislative offices. Under such inauspicious circumstances, was born the first paper mill in the province of British Columbia.



*Half hidden by second growth alders, and embedded in the earth, the first boiler used to make paper in the province may yet be seen along the bank of the Somass River.*

#### SHORT-LIVED PLANT

For two years the plant remained in production. Occasionally it produced near capacity, often it worked on curtailed schedules, and not infrequently was closed down for weeks at a stretch. Probably on an average it ran for six months a year during the two years of its precarious existence. One grave engineering error was constructing the dam too close to tidewater. The water of the Alberni Canal, "backing up" the Somass often rose so high as to cause a cessation of operations.

In 1896, the Alberni operation died. And not until 1908 was another pulp or paper mill erected in British Columbia.

Today, 36 years after the *Mascot* carried the old rag machinery up the Alberni Canal, the pulp and paper industry is one of the great and expanding industries of British Colum-

bia. Where, in 1894, a few thousand dollars represented the investment—in 1930, approximately 55 million dollars stand behind the six pulp and paper mills of our province. Where 12 employees were sufficient to run the tiny plant at Alberni, nearly 1400 are employed today by the Powell River Company alone. The same industry which had its birth on the Somass River, is today paying out in wages nearly four and a half million annually and purchasing machinery and merchandise to the value of several millions in British Columbia.

#### EARLY PIONEERS

Over in Alberni are three men, still residents of the district, who helped pioneer the Somass development. They are R. H. Wood, who was in charge of the construction of the dam; George Bird, of Port Alberni, who was the original beater room engineer, and to whom the writer is indebted for much of the material in this article; and Jack Burke, present proprietor of the Arlington Hotel at Alberni, who worked on the machines. That the date of 1894 may indisputably be assigned to the first known venture in paper making in British Columbia is attested by a letter, which the writer has seen, and which is in the possession of Mr. George Bird of Port Alberni. It is a letter of recommendation written on company stationery by Mr. Hewartson, first manager of the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company Limited, on behalf of George Bird, and bearing the date, September 8, 1894.



Above shows the famous Laing Cup, donated by Mr. G. F. Laing, of the Bank of Montreal, Vancouver, and won by Mrs. S. D. Brooks. On Mrs. Brooks' last visit to Powell River she took advantage of the new putting green recently installed on our links, and her form was so convincing that Mr. Laing immediately volunteered to donate the classic bit of silverware shown above, to be competed for annually by Mrs. Brooks. A new feature in golf cup designing is the specially inlaid side appendage of alternating temperatures clearly displayed in the illustration.

### HOLD EVERYTHING!



The representatives of industry and law and order meet in Powell River. Joe Falconer, our assistant resident manager (left), and Bill Parkin, local magistrate (right), are in safe keeping with Chief W. J. Bingham of the Vancouver Police Department, standing between them. Chief Bingham was enjoying an afternoon's fishing on Powell Lake, when our representative persuaded him to face the camera with Joe and Bill.

### Without a Blush!

Bat MacIntyre, Roy Foote and Jack Hill have returned after two hectic weeks amid the bright lights and the historical and cultural associations of Frisco and way points. These cherubic lads were not in the least bashful en route. They played golf on all the best courses in the Golden Gate and vicinity. They met Jerry Stillwell, formerly of the local Bank of Commerce, in Seattle, and he sends his regards to all his former playmates of both sexes in Powell River.

## Personalities in Our District

### HE SAVES OUR SOLES

It ain't the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orses' 'oofs, but the 'eavy, 'eavy 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway." This song of the cockney coster might be applied with equal veracity to the human species of Powell River who ride daily to and fro on shanks' mare. Not that we do more than our share of walking, but that the walking often involves the " 'eavy, 'eavy 'ammer" up and down our hills. And here is where Bill Tompkinson, the sole saviour, the friend of the "holy" shoe, supporter of weak arches and aching dogs comes into his own.



Bill is the big mogul of the local boot and shoe repairing fraternity. In his shop in the basement of the Hotel Rodmay, Bill repairs anything from broken arches to coverless baseballs. He came to us in 1920 and save for a brief excursion into the realm of high finance, has been with us ever since. By way of apprenticeship he served a year cutting wood in Wildwood for Tommy Higgins and other purchasers of firewood. In

1923 he bought out his present business and seriously took upon himself the duties of Powell River's chief cobbler.

Bill likes Powell River and Powell River likes Bill. Pleasant and courteous at all times, he has built up a growing clientele in our community. He, like the majority of merchants in the district, is Powell River-minded and always willing to contribute his share to any community project. He is one of the few stalwarts in the townsite who has resisted the call of the mashie, niblick and spoon; and for this reason alone, Bill has been credited with unusual courage and powers of resistance.

In his spare time Bill is an angler of repute and his dexterity with the rod and line have provided many an unhappy hour for the sea dwellers of Powell Lake and vicinity.

### Paper Mill Life

Sixteen turns. Hear the big stacks hum,  
As over the driers the papers come.  
Screen running over, a hole in the felt,  
Two hooks broken in the speeder belt.  
Machine tender sleeping, screen boy drunk,  
Whole darn place a bunch of junk.  
Third hand readin' a woolly wild west;  
Keepin' an eye on the broke boy's nest—  
Winder man crazy 'bout a new knife;  
Back tender cussin' paper mill life.  
Stock getting dirty. Steam goin' down,  
Engineer wears his usual frown.  
Fireman working hardest you bet.  
Finishers earning all the money they get.  
Paper mill life is tough at the best;  
Finisher takin' his usual rest.  
Watchman dreamin' 'bout his new wife,  
Such is the turn at the paper mill life.



By CASUAL OBERVER

THE Moose footballers, who equalled the proud record of the Callies, when they made a clean sweep of all the senior trophies last season, are now sporting the new tickers presented to them in recognition of their prowess. They were all given a fair start, and set correct to the second, by Pacific standard time, as indicated by the sound of the gong. Since then, apart from slight alterations five or six times a day to correspond with the whistle, they have given every satisfaction. Previous winners of football watches have been observed to surreptitiously smile in their superior wisdom,—they have long since learned the futility of this method of adjustment.

\* \* \*

What a grand opportunity for an added attraction to the first of July celebrations, staging a guessing contest for the first occasion when the whistle goes right on the dot. Last time this happened George Paterson was so surprised he swallowed his chew, and had to go on short rations for the rest of the afternoon.

\* \* \*

Speaking of watches, we understand the junior footballers are to receive a similar recognition, of the wrist variety, for their little side show. We cannot vouch for the truth of the report that Campbell Forbes is contemplating opening a new department, adorned by three golden balls, where these treasures may be occasionally deposited for safe keeping, to the mutual benefit of all concerned.

\* \* \*

Judging from stray conversations, adult sports are to be prominently featured on July first, even the corpulent gentleman's gavotte being resuscitated. All the prominent entries for this event, and they seem to increase steadily, have been approached, and will certainly appear—providing the other fellow does. Jack Richardson, so far as we can learn, is the only doubtful starter, having practically decided to specialize on the pie-eating contest.

\* \* \*

Rather a good one was heard in the region of the post office the other day, when two little fellows, who appeared to have been sleighing down a steep incline without the sleigh, sauntered by. A short-sighted old lady commented on the unusual taste of the mother in adorning the seat of a nether garment of dark colour, with a white patch. The true state of affairs was revealed, when the youngster, rallying to the maternal defence, remarked: "That ain't no patch—that's me."



# EDITORS NOTES



## *Canada Stands High*

CANADA is today acknowledged as one of the great pulp and paper producers of the world. Yet few, even among those directly associated with the industry, are conversant with the part played by our Dominion in pioneering the modern pulp and paper field on this continent.

Indisputably the most important single contribution to the modern papermaking industry was the conversion of wood to pulp. What a world industry, which is today producing 21 million tons of paper annually, would do, if they were compelled to depend wholly on the old rag stock for subsistence, baffles conjecture.

With the introduction of the wood pulp process, Canada's greatest heritage—her extensive stands of timber—with their vast areas of pulpwood opened up new vistas for Canadian enterprise. It was only a question of time when the world would be demanding pulp and paper manufactured from the great resources of the Dominion. The conversion of wood to pulp is the foundation of the present prosperity of the industry on this continent—and we might almost add—in the world.

Where then, and by whom was this discovery made? Not in the

United States, where paper mills had been in operation since 1690; not, as is still popularly supposed—and so stated in many text books—by Keller of Germany. Not in Great Britain or Europe, home of the greatest scientists and inventors of the age.

It was made in Canada by Charles Fenerty of Sackville, Nova Scotia. A shy, retiring lad—"a dreamer", men called him—who passed his days writing poetry and watching with fascinated eyes the crude machinery of a rag paper mill established near his home in Sackville. He was not a paper maker. He never actually worked in a paper mill. But he used his eyes and his brain—and his hobby was the mill, "around which he played like a child with a toy puzzle."

In 1838 this inventive Nova Scotian succeeded in reducing a piece of spruce wood to pulp, and making a crude sheet of paper. In 1839 he improved on his first primitive method until he had produced a sheet good enough to send to the publisher of the *Acadian Recorder* in Halifax.

History, either disregarding, or more probably, ignorant of Fenerty's discovery, has been accustomed to attribute the honor of converting wood to pulp, to the German Keller, whose successful experiments were given to the world in 1840. Recently,

Nova Scotians have recognized Fenerty's claim by the erection of a monument in his honor at his birth-place, Sackville.

The most far reaching discovery in the history of the pulp and paper industry was first made by the genius and fertile imagination of a Canadian.

Recent investigations by the *Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada* serve to disclose that the first ground-wood mill on this continent was established at Valleyfield, Quebec, in 1866, by Alexander Buntin; and that the honor for the first sulphate mill goes to the Brompton Pulp & Paper Company, who entered the field in 1908.

In experiment, in research, in the discovery and utilization of new improvements, Canadian inventiveness and Canadian brains have played and are continuing to play their full share in the development of the pulp and paper industry.

#### *Crossing With the Leviathan*

What does it cost to operate one of the big ocean liners each time they cross the Atlantic? In the March issue of *Fortune*, the operating costs per voyage of the S.S. *Leviathan*, flagship of America's mercantile fleet, are itemized as follows: Wages, \$49,000; fuel oil, \$85,000; food (passengers and crew), \$48,000; commissions, rail fares, port taxes, etc., \$75,000; maintenance, \$38,000; ship's stores, \$17,500; miscellaneous (insurance, laundry, etc.), \$18,000.

A grand total of \$330,500 for each and every voyage.

#### HE HOLDS THE KEY



During the recent visit to Powell River of the New Zealand press representatives, Mr. R. P. Furness, who officiated as chairman, was presented with the freedom of our city by Resident Manager R. Bell-Irving. The freedom included the big key, which Mr. Furness is holding, and which was guaranteed to open both the gates of hospitality and the cellars of the district.

At the time of writing the Empire Press Conference is being held in London and our erstwhile visitors are in the thick of the fray. The delegation is strongly in favor of an economic policy which will embrace the whole empire—and will support such a platform to the extreme limit.



# AROUND THE PLANT



We wish we could get the inside story of that famous fishing trip up Powell Lake, in which Larry Gouthro, Alf Hansen, Al McLean and Ray Gribble were the principals. We haven't heard much about fish since their return; somehow we believe the real fish are those (like ourselves) who thought they went fishing.

And the usual early season conjectures are rife among our horticulturists. Walter Snyder is heading for a carload of grief when he talks about making his boulevard into a putting green. Hughie McLean, gardening expert of the McLean household, watches Walter's depredations nervously from his front porch next door and wonders why. One would think, mutters Hughie, that Walter sees enough screens in the mill without flaunting them along the boulevard.

We hand the violet-colored flower bowl to Bob Fletcher for garden assiduity this spring. A few months ago his front yard resembled those pictures we see of Stonehenge, fam-

ous Druid cemetery. And some of the rocks in this enclosure would have sent these old Druids into shivers of ecstasy. One or twice we thought Bob was due to make China on his digging excavations. Today, a nice, green lawn, the odd sprinkling of garden vegetables has replaced the rock pile, and everything in the garden is lovely.



Inset is as good a reason as we can suggest for joining the newly created life saving classes held under the jurisdiction of Bill Brown at Willingdon Beach. We especially recommend these classes to the gay young blades of the department store and machine room.

There has been a lot of excessive verbiage unleashed in our receptive ears about great catches of unsuspecting cutthroats in the neighborhood. There are no pictures in this issue of overloaded baskets or of grinning, complacent anglers. We only mention this as a passing thought to Frank Nello, Jack Thompson, Alan Watson and their imitators.

We hear coincidentally with the forming of a finishing room team in the local senior loop, that a reserve nine from the same department is being lined up. Bill Formby, it is reported, will work on the mound; Charlie Garrett will catch his fast slants; Ray Preston will cover short-stop like a blanket; and Art Thompson will stop everything from peanuts to brickbats at first.



In this connection we suggest that when the "reserves" first take the field they will prevail on Charlie Long to act as "umpire". In the old days Charlie was the arbiter de luxe in Powell River, the last court of appeal for hairline decisions, the grand mogul of the baseball judges. "One false move and off they went," was Charlie's policy in those days.

All this, however, is mere froth in comparison with the startling development which occurred in broad daylight, in this peaceful location last month. Frank Carriveau took up golf and if any of the paper makers think they have heard all Frank's rich, varied and inimitable vocabulary, we advise them to stand around (anywhere within fifty yards will do) —when he fans the air with his club.

The Big Four of the 1000 block, Ocean View, Albert Watt, Art Davies, Cecil Kelly and Jack Semple, are out for honorable mention in this year's garden contest. Invariably, these four lads are either in or near the prize money and their well-trimmed lawns, attractive flower beds and boulevards are among the show gardens of the townsite.

Art, particularly, is used to "making hay" and he finds making grass very little different. We have always wanted to ask the Big Four how they do it, but have always been afraid they would tell us it was steady work that did it. We have never asked.

The finest bit of international accord we have ever seen for many moons was the sight last month of Andy Leiper, Scotland's gift to Powell River, standing behind the plate with a glove about as big as himself and



telling Vern Sadler to "plug 'em here, matey". Anyone who has seen Andy with a ball glove on will appreciate the spirit of give and take displayed.

"Could tak' 'em better wi' my hands," muttered Andy, as a fast one eluded his glove, but found his bread basket.



### *Might Be True*

"So you want to get off this afternoon, eh?" snorted the boss sarcastically. "I suppose your grandmother died, eh?"

"No, sir," the office boy replied. "She eloped."

"Are the fish biting?"

"I don't know," replied the weary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."

Daughter (having just received a new mink coat from father): "What I don't see is how a wonderful fur can come from such a low, sneaking beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."

We heard a story about a dumb guy who drove up to a service station and asked for a harem. He had seen a sign, "Six Gals for a Dollar."

In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to what the darn girls have been thinking about all winter.

One of the most terrible examples of reckless driving is a woman at work with a hammer and some nails.

### *The Happy Fireside*

The cricket is on the hearth, dear;  
There's your pipe and a book that's new;  
Your slippers are by the fire, dear—  
But where the heck are you?

The first time a Scotchman used free air in a gas station he blew out four tires.

### *She Got the Job*

The street railway had a vacancy in its stenographic department, and as all progressive firms nowadays have a personnel department where applicants must give everything from the color of their grandmother's eyelashes to the indebtedness of their third cousin on the father's side, one young lady made out her application in the following manner:

Calf: Fourteen inches.

Thigh: Twenty-six inches.

Neck: Positively.

### *Fore!*

"I call my girl a 'golf bug'."

"For what ungodly reason?"

"It's her ambition to go around in as little as possible."

# Powell River Children



1. Lido Piticco	2. Richard Derton	3. Rosemond McDonald
4. Grant Dallas	5. Theresa Derton	6. Charles Bernard McAulay
7. Annie Cairney	8. Michael Cairney	9. William John McLeod
10. Greta M. Brooks		11. Billy King



*Typical of rural England is this little village of Chobham, Surrey. On the left is the St. Lawrence School, whose students have written the very interesting letter on these pages.*

## *A Tribute from "Blighty"*

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is one of the most unique and sincere tributes we have ever had paid us, and we believe our readers will agree it is worth reprinting. The pleasing account of school life, alone, will be of great interest, not only to our local school children and teachers, but to many of our residents to whom this letter will recall pleasant memories.

St. Lawrence C. E. School,  
Chobham,  
Near Woking, England.  
5th March, 1930.

The Editor,  
"The Powell River Digester,"  
Powell River, B. C.

Dear Sir:

Please accept our warmest thanks and appreciation for the book which you edit, and kindly send to us each month. Will you also thank the donor very much, on our behalf, for his welcome gift?

When the magazine arrives, it is placed on a reading desk in front of the class, where we can enjoy it at our leisure. The knowledge gleaned is very interesting and it helps enormously to teach us many things about British Columbia, its industries, its life and general sports. We were very

interested, too, to read of your schools and their work. Lumbering and papermaking appear to us more real than previously and British Columbia seems nearer to us than she really is, by the close connection which the magazine helps to bring.

Our village of Chobham is situated in the northwest corner of Surrey—one of the "Home" counties, owing to its close proximity to the metropolis—London. It is quite close to Bisley—the famous ranges where the "King's Prize" is shot for, in which many Canadians take part. During the season and when the wind is in the right direction, we can hear the crack of the rifles as they are fired. Though, in many ways, an isolated village—we have no railway station—the village is very pretty and is also historical. Its history goes back

to Saxon times and it is mentioned in the Domesday Book as "Cebeham". The church is of Norman origin, but has undergone many changes since it was originally built, though Norman portions still remain. In the middle centuries the "stocks" stood on a piece of ground in the centre of the village and they remained there until a few years ago. Now, the War Memorial stands on the spot. On the north side of the village is a large common, on which in 1853, Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, reviewed her troops before their departure to the Crimean War. In September, 1901, just 48 years later, a cross was erected on the spot where Her Majesty stood, and a gun was placed in the village, to commemorate that event and Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee.

#### HISTORIC VILLAGE

Like many village schools in England, our school dates back to early times and has been added to at various times, therefore does not look so "modern" as many of the newer schools. Named after the church (St. Lawrence), it is an elementary school, from which we can pass on to secondary schools or technical schools, of which there are many in the surrounding towns. Our school sports consist of hockey (for girls), football (for boys), and captain ball in the winter, and cricket, stoolball and swimming in the summer. Our teams play teams of other schools around.

We should be pleased if you would introduce us to the children of the



*The Commemoration Stone of Chobham, which honors the war dead of the district.*

Powell River schools, with whom we should be glad to correspond. Many of us belong to the "Victoria League," and have been, or are, in communication with children all over the Empire.

We enclose a few pictures of our village.

Again thanking you and the donor for your kind and regular gift, we remain, on behalf of the children of this school, all of the upper classes of which have combined to write this letter,

Yours very gratefully,

DORIS CHALCRAFT

ALBERT HARRIS

Prefects.

CONNIE MUNDAY

STANLEY COOMBS

For Class I.



## *With Our Bowlers in Oakland*

*Extracts from the Diary of Hughie Young*

Saturday, April 12.

**L**EAVE Vancouver by bus at 8.30 a.m., stopped at Mount Vernon for twenty minutes.

We ran into Jack Running, who told us his wife died last fall, at Seattle. Stayed half an hour and from then on to Portland we had nothing but rain and hail, arriving at 10.30 p.m.

Sunday, April 13.

Leave Portland, 7.15 a.m. Nothing exciting — the usual rain all afternoon. We rode on the bus all night, and by way of variety rode out a heavy snow storm as we crossed the mountains. Changed buses at Sacramento, then a three hours' run, arriving at Oakland, 3.30 p.m. Monday. Some excitement in town that night as the big Italian heavyweight, Carnera, was due to knock over another set-up, a black fellow this time. We were all disappointed in the highly-touted Italian's showing. I think he would have been beaten if some crooked work had not been pulled off. Champ Clark said if he were ten years younger he could have bumped him off, himself.

Tuesday, April 15.

The British Columbia bowling delegation were arriving in troupes all day. Some by train, some by boat and others in their own cars. In the afternoon we went out to sample the Pacific Coast League's

brand of baseball, with Oakland playing Seattle. They play fast ball in those parts. At night we saw Chicago and Oakland lock horns at ice hockey. Have seen lots better games in Vancouver.

Wednesday, April 16.

Nice hot weather. In the afternoon we jaywalked through the main streets and climbed on top of the city hall, which is over 300 feet, whence we had a lovely view of the city. In the afternoon we had a mixed friendly game and met most of the Oakland and San Francisco players. In the evening we took in an awfully good talkie picture.

Thursday, April 17.

Up at 7.15 a.m. (Editor's note: Believe it or not, dear reader). All fixed up and ready for bowling at 9 o'clock. The first round Powell River played as a rink, and were certainly unfortunate to be beaten by one point after playing an extra end. In the consolation, we also went out in the first round. In the afternoon, we took the ferry for San Francisco. Met a couple of Bat McIntyre's friends that work with the *Examiner*. This was the first bit of sporty life we had seen so far. First we quenched our thirst, (Editor's note: Where, Hughie, where?), then our friends took us to an Italian restaurant, where we had a great feed. Visited Chinatown, the Italian district, passed the Roof Garden Cafe, KFRC, and

finally landed at the Green Street Theatre. Now I could say lots about this show (Editor's note: This place had been closed down several times—William, how could you!), but I would hardly like to put it in print; certainly it was no Sunday school. (Editor's note: Save it for the Armistice Stag, Hughie). I believe the only "green" in that theatre was the four Powell River bowlers!

Friday, April 18.

7.45 a.m. Left to play again in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Started playing in a fairly heavy rain, though it soon cleared off; we were winning easily when a most regrettable and unfortunate incident occurred. A Point Grey bowler dropped dead on the green. Further play was discontinued for that day, so we sauntered through the park and that antiquarium is certainly worth seeing. We were then taken for an auto ride round Frisco. I met Harry Pugh, who used to work with Wilshire & Lant, and he asked to be remembered to all his friends in Powell River. That night I stayed in San Francisco with a school chum I had not seen for ages. The next day, Saturday, I met more old acquaintances and saw the Missions vs. Frisco ball game in the afternoon. This day there were 135 aeroplanes at one time taking part in some army manoeuvres. It was certainly a wonderful sight. In the afternoon, there was a test game, with six of the best rinks from British Columbia competing against six of the best rinks from California. The game was played

at Lakeside Park, Oakland, and am sorry to say that British Columbia were badly beaten.

Sunday, April 20.

No competitions. Back on the ferry again to Frisco and on the way across met John Fay, an old friend of many old-timers in Powell River. He looked in the pink and was tickled to see us. I then got on the bus for Los Altos, through the lovely Santa Clara Valley. I met the pro. at the Los Altos Golf Club, another old friend of mine. We then drove to San Jose and got the bus back to Oakland. Too darn hot in this country for us.

Monday, April 21.

Up and ready for more sightseeing. First we saw them washing autos at the rate of sixty an hour, then the peculiar roofless Greek theatre, a gift from W. R. Hearst. Journeyed through Berkeley and visited the magnificent Orinda Country Club, where we had lunch. This is a beautiful and elaborate club house. Back again to play a mixed friendly game at Lakeside Club. Later, another swell picture show. The picture dealt with Congo nations in a wide variety of national costumes. Champ Clark and Will Alexander couldn't imagine what these American censors were thinking of. Neither could I!

Tuesday, April 22.

The first long rest in bed we have had. We all went over for a ride through San Francisco again, and played a short friendly game at Golden Gate Park; our trip was now

nearly over. Our party began to break up, some of them leaving the green to catch the 6 o'clock boat back to British Columbia. By Wednesday most of us were on our way home again, though quite a few went down to Los Angeles and Hollywood to play there. That night, our last in California, we saw Boston vs. Oakland hockey match. It was a good game, but nothing better than we used to see in the old Pacific Coast loop.

Wednesday, April 23.

Left Oakland at 8.45 a.m. Arrived in Seattle, 10 p.m., Thursday. Sat in that old bus all the time with pouring rain most of the way up. Stayed in Seattle all night, arrived in Vancouver 3 p.m., Friday afternoon.

Now folks, that our trip is over, we certainly had a swell holiday, and it wouldn't be fair to single any one person out, for everywhere we went, we were treated like kings. They couldn't do enough to make our trip successful, and if this is going to be an annual event, as they figure it may be, I, for one, will sure go again next year.

### *Son of Store Manager Stars in Sprints*

One of the outstanding performers at the recent high school track meet in Vancouver was Vincent Forbes, son of Mr. Campbell Forbes, manager of Powell River Department Store. Romping home with a total of 12 points to win the intermediate championship, Vincent was clocked at 10 3-5 seconds in the century dash, and 23 4-5 seconds in the 220-yard sprint. The latter mark is a record for the meet and was faster than the time made in the senior group. In the hundred yards, considering that he was not seriously extended, Vincent's time of 10 3-5 seconds is remarkably good. Again in the mile relay, running as anchor, he lead his team to victory in the record time of 1:36.

With training, we are looking forward to seeing our store manager's son prominent in the next Olympic trials. Mr. Forbes, himself, in his younger days, used to burn up the cinder track and it looks like history repeating itself.

*An eye-witness' picture of the big fire which gutted the warehouse of McLennan, McFeely and Prior in Vancouver last month. Damage estimated at \$250,000 was caused by the inroads of the flames.*





*How much are we offered for this lilac bush? Sandy, our horticulturing cashier, says he wouldn't sell that tree as it stands for all the oil in Alberta, or California. We show Marjorie Legg (left) of the Purchasing Department, Vera Quinn and Louise Hillier staging their little May act, "It's Springtime in the Staff House!"*

## Swimming Club Formed

What is expected to be a valuable and welcome addition to Powell River community life is the formation of the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club. The local organization is affiliated with the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association and with the Royal Life Saving Society.

Classes in swimming instruction will be held throughout the summer. The club will have a regular, distinctive badge, and will sponsor gala days during the season. Everyone of either sex is eligible.

To date the response for membership has been encouraging. In the neighborhood of 100 applications have been received and the committee expect an even increased enrolment before the summer is over. Fees are

at the very reasonable rate of \$1.00 per year for persons under 12, and \$2.00 for those over that age. The fee includes free admittance to all competitions and one club badge.

Honorary members, who are sponsoring the formation of the society are:

Honorary president, R. H. Scanlon.

Honorary vice-presidents—Mr. S. D. Brooks, Mr. A. E. McMaster, Mr. J. Falconer, Dr. S. P. Marlatt, and Dr. Andrew Henderson.

The active committee consists of: Arthur C. Sutton, president; W. Brown, secretary-treasurer; committee, Gus Schuler, V. Kirchner, F. Goulding, H. Vandervoort.

# Reviewing Our Local Industries

By O. J. STEVENSON

## Firewood for the District



*Alec Bell (left) who handles an axe like the ordinary man handles a tooth pick. Alec is a free lance, cutting wood for the different merchants of our district.*

How many men, landing in this town on their uppers, have reasoned in such a manner when casting around for the means of making a quick stake. With high hopes and enthusiasm they get possession of a drag saw, a truck, and a bit of timber from the government or private land-owner and merrily start in to build themselves a business.

**T**WELVE hundred men working six days a week, each with an appetite requiring food at least three times a day. A proportionate number of mothers, wives or would-be wives cooking meals for the aforementioned appetites on stoves burning wood at a rate to bring groans of anguish from the wage earners. Seven dollars and fifty cents a cord; three cords a day; twenty-five days a month means an income of five hundred and sixty-two dollars and fifty cents a month. Knocking off fifty cents for a bottle of wine and the sixty-two dollars for incidental expenses leaves a gross profit of three hundred. Whoopee! let's go into the wood business.

Many such have started on a shoe string and ended the same way; some without the shoe string. Others have prospered for a period and then have changed to other occupations. Among the stickers we have Tommy Higgins, the City Transfer, and Alec Bell. These have long since lost all their illusions regarding stove wood, and have reduced the proposition to a business which must be conducted in a business-like manner in order to pay fair dividends. They are thoroughly familiar with all the little niggers in the wood pile—those imps of trouble who lie in wait for the inexperienced woodcutter. They find that a full load of closely piled wood makes for the goodwill of the purchasing public, and quick delivery

*One of the trucks of the City Transfer Company which supplies the district with firewood.*



during rush seasons saves the baby from catching cold and the good wife from getting peevish.

Sawing wood is not what it used to be. The buck-saw and cross-cut—the ban of our boyhood days—have been relegated to the background and have assumed a position secondary to the gasoline drag-saw, which has become the one tool of importance. Like most machinery it is feminine and begins displaying alarming characteristics as soon as it becomes the property of some man. It is hard to start in the mornings, is whimsical and often cantankerous. Works best when talking fastest and requires much humoring, with the occasional

application of cave man attentions; a few strong cuss words have been known to help at times. It can be managed by one man, provided he has great patience and physical strength. It has a wonderful capacity for getting into a jam and invariably requires help to extricate itself. It is a continual source of trouble and vexation, but no man who wishes to be a success as a woodcutter can get along without one.

Tommy Higgins and his team of horses have been well and favorably known around the townsite for many years. He loves his horses, but owing to the press of modern methods was forced to add a truck to his deliv-



*Tommy Higgins, of Wildwood (left) loading up with firewood for the thirsty grates and stoves of local citizens.*

*Tommy still loves his horses, even though their usefulness has been largely displaced by the throbbing trucks. They are still the real handy men in the woods, however.*



ery equipment. A trip to the wood-yard in the bush, with Tommy at the steering wheel, would be a thrill in any adventurer's life. No one, excepting a baldheaded man, could hope to save his hat during the ride, as one's hair stands straight up every fifteen yards. But speed is the modern watchword, and Tommy does his best to live up to it.

The City Transfer concerns itself only with the delivery of wood from the cutting contractors in the bush to the consumers in town. They have a large fleet of trucks and are well equipped to handle all orders with despatch, even in the busiest seasons.

Alec Bell has been with us for a long time. He weighs three hundred pounds and is noted for his mighty sinews. Luckily, he is good-natured and moves across the scenery in a leisurely fashion. His life is regulated by the seasons. In the summer he delights in catching trout; his autumns are occupied with shooting deer and grouse; he gets through the winter by sawing wood, and in the spring he is occupied with the seasonal

fever. He has woodcutting down to a fine art, as he can take his drag-saw under one arm, a log of wood under the other, seek a suitable sheltered spot and spend the rest of the day making the saw do the work.

Many of us know and the rest of us have heard what wonderful fires hickory, birch, and other eastern woods make. We have practically no hardwood on the Pacific coast, but our fir is fat with pitch, and splits with little effort and a minimum of spinal aches. Many people have installed electric cooking appliances, but even today any man will assert there are no cakes like the ones mother baked in an oven heated with wood.

### *Nothing Left to Shoot At*

Two men went hunting for the first time and borrowed a few dogs from a farmer. After they had been out for a while they returned.

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer. "Do you want more shot?"

"No," they replied, "we want more dogs."



**C**ONSTRUCTION at both Lois River and Powell River is making steady headway and each week that passes shows distinct and visible signs of progress as the various projects begin to take definite form.

The walls and main floor of the new Machine Room are taking shape and some of the forms at the north end will be stripped during the month. The Greenwood Mill is now well under way and the walls between the basement and the main floor will be carried up shortly, most of the foundations and part of the basement slab having been completed.

\* \* \*

A new 7-foot diameter steel smokestack 100 feet high has been erected in the old steam plant and will replace the brick stack which was built when the original plant was constructed in 1910, and which will shortly be demolished. The erection of this new stack and the demolition of the present one releases valuable space which will be used for extensions to the Sulphite Plant. Construction of the Steam Plant extension has commenced and we expect that considerable progress will be made on this work during the month. This building will house a boiler, which will operate at 600 pounds per square inch pressure.

\* \* \*

At Lois River most of the preparatory work has been completed and construction is now in progress. About 12 tiers of logs have been placed at the temporary dam site and rock filling and concreting is proceeding with the placing of the logs. Work on the construction of the Power House has commenced, forming being in course of preparation. An inclined railway which will run alongside the steel penstock line is in course of construction and will extend from the Power House site to the south portal of the tunnel. Some additions have been made to the Power House camp to cope with the extra help required. The tunnel is now about 31 per cent. completed. Both ends are now boring through granite, the north end having penetrated nearly 500 feet and the south end about 1160 feet. Deliveries of material to be used in the various branches of the work have commenced.

\* \* \*

We are able to report that, in general, the whole job is keeping well in step with the schedule of operations laid down at the commencement.



*The above snap of a deer swimming in Powell Lake was taken by Charlie Churchman, during a recent trip with Jack Wilson. The picture was taken near the head of the lake.*



## THE PORT LANDING



"**Y**OU birds," ses the captain, "give me a pain in my vertebra. You sell your birtherights for messes of pottage and then your royal giblets waste the pottage, or most of it."

"And wot, cap," I asks, "is on your conscience today?"

"That lake of yours!" shouts the captain. "When you started to desecrate the scenery, with your toilet-accessory factory, the Almighty 'ad waiting for you 'appy 'unting and fishing grounds second to none in the world. You 'ad goats, deer, bear and game birds; not to mention a million-a-year collection of fish."

"'Old Tom'," ses the captain, "admits that at that time it was impossible to be anywhere on the lake and be out of sight of game."

"The natural increase of this game would 'ave supplied you with all the food your gluttonous instincts could desire. But did it satisfy you? It did not. You took your 'igh-powered

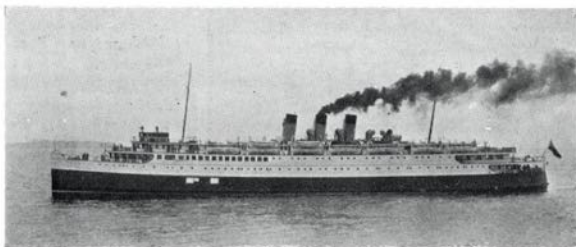
pop-guns and you massacred the whole works and for every carcass that served to satiate your gluttony you left a 'undred rotting in the gullies.

"You shot from your gasboats and, if your victims fell in the lake you brought 'em in; otherwise you were too 'igh-souled to go after 'em. You fished with every device known to in'umanity and in just the last few weeks some of you were catching spawning -trout on their spawning grounds; not in tens or dozens, to satisfy your bellyaches, but in 'undreds. And every spawning -trout you caught meant a thousand trout less for next year."

"All of which, cap," I ses, "is unfortunately true; but wot can we do about it? There are vandals in every community and we've been cursed, from the start, with our fair share."

"Call in the 'igh-powered stuff and issue bows, arrows and barbless 'ooks," ses the captain, "and make it 'open season' for vandals the year round."

Never yield the road to the car behind, it may be a murderer being pursued.



*The new Canadian Pacific coastal steamship S.S. Princess Elizabeth as she appeared at Powell River during the Knights of Pythias convention.*

### *Successful Convention*

Powell River has this year been a favored gathering place for the provincial bodies of fraternal societies. Last month the Knights of Pythias, Grand Lodge of British Columbia, and the Grand Temple of the Pythian Sisters assembled here for their annual convention. Shortly after this issue leaves the press another fraternal organization, the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, A. F. and A. M. will hold their deliberations in our townsite.

Over 250 friends and delegates came with the Knights of Pythias and the local lodge had made extensive preparations for their visit. The billeting problem was capably surmounted by the readiness of local lodge members and their friends to accommodate the delegates. The deliberations were held in Dwight Hall, and during intervals special trips through the plant, tours of the townsite, fishing and boat trips were arranged.

It is a pleasure for Powell River to receive and entertain such distinguished delegations. As a fraternity centre our community stands high in the province. Unquestionably, few towns in British Columbia

possess such an opportunity for social and fraternal expansion as are afforded in Dwight Hall, with its large auditorium and its well equipped lodge rooms.

We hope that the members of the Knights of Pythias Grand Lodge enjoyed being with us as much as we enjoyed having them; and to the representatives of British Columbia Masonic provincial body, who in a few days will be in our midst, we extend a hearty and sincere welcome.

### *Nothing To It!*

A recent newspaper dispatch tells of over one hundred golf balls being unearthed during extension of a certain golf course. Shucks! Kenny MacDonald, Frank Carriveau, Jimmie MacIndoe and the editor can lose more than that in the first nine holes of our own course any afternoon or evening.

### *Mixed*

She: "I see by the paper that Ruth walked twice today."

Another: "Gosh, she should be more careful with whom she rides."



*Children from Powell River school at a party given by Jack Harper in honor of his daughter, Lorraine. Miss Brett, of the school staff, Miss Daly, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. H. Hansen and Mrs. Mouat were kept busy all day supplying the youngsters with ice cream and cake.*

### *World Paper Production*

The total world production of all varieties of paper in 1900 was 5,000,000 tons. Today this has increased to 21,000,000 tons. In three decades the world's output of paper has quadrupled, showing that the paper industry, as we know it, is largely a twentieth century industry.

The United States is still the big leader in paper production, with the huge annual output of 10,000,000 tons. Canada ranks second with approximately two and a half million tons; Germany third with 2,200,000 and the United Kingdom fourth with 1,650,000 tons annually.

The United States, Great Britain, Germany and France are the four leading consumers of paper. Together they absorb nearly 80 per cent. of the world's production.

### *Circulations Again*

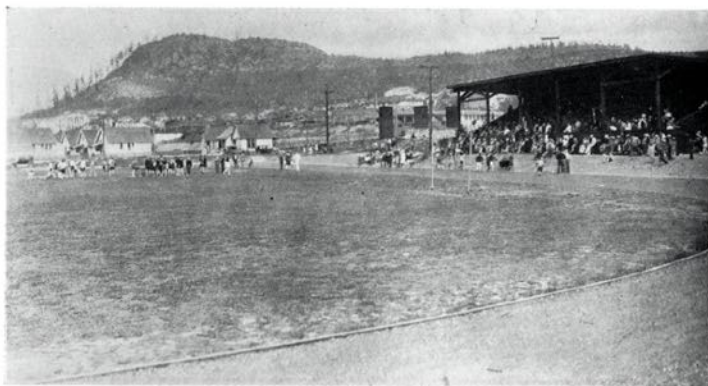
Circulations of the world's leading newspapers reveal one feature that may astonish many readers. Among

the first four daily publications is listed the *Asahi-Shimbun* of Osaka, Japan, which journal circulates 1,300,000 copies daily. The *Daily Mail*, with its 2,000,000 copies, is of course, the world leader. In second place is *Le Petit Parisien*, with 1,700,000 copies. Third is the *Daily Express*, whose phenomenal expansion to 1,600,000 daily issues has been a feature of British journalism.

No newspaper on this continent has yet touched the million mark for daily circulation. It is but fair to add, however, that the *Daily Express* and the *Mail*, owing to the rapid mobility impossible on this continent, print issues simultaneously in three different centres of the United Kingdom.

### *Births*

- May 8—Mr. and Mrs. M. M. B. C. Buckpitt, a girl.  
 May 14—Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McDonald, a boy.  
 May 16—Mr. and Mrs. H. Francis, a boy.  
 May 23—Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rasmussen, a boy, Lund.  
 June 1—Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Markley, a boy.



*Powell River's new sport grounds during progress of the public school sports last month. Some fine records were made by the school athletes.*

### Baseball Notes

THE season got away to a start on Sunday, May 11, with the Department Store administering the *coup de grace* to the Moose. Willie Gallagher was in good form and was never seriously extended. Any team with the four Gallagher boys on its lineup is high hurdling for any club. The only regrettable part about this is that these boys usually harken to the war cry of brother Andy Paul in North Vancouver about June. This situation has cropped up each year and has seriously disrupted clubs in the local circuit.

Robinson, who twirled the opener for the Moose was hit fairly hard, but showed good form. "Robbie" has a tendency to advertise his "out" a bit too glaringly, with the result that the Store sluggers stepped rather

heavily on his offerings. In mid-season we look for some good performances from this lad.

Frank Hall, at short for the Moose, is a newcomer in local baseball. Brother to Colman Hall, of the Vancouver Senior League, Frank has lots of vitality and is in the game all the way. He fills the hole at short nicely.

The Finishing Room nine are no white elephants and will give the opposition plenty to worry about before the curtain falls on the season's play. Murray Mouat is back on the firing line, and tells us the old soup bone is in good shape. Albert Adams is good for a relief anytime. Charlie Young is picking up a lot of dust around the keystone corner, and that very deceptive bludgeon of that very deceptive gentleman, Jimmie Jacobs, is not to be sneezed at when the call comes for a pinch hitter.

## Pearls of Wisdom



Be brave. Be brave enough and strong enough to control what you think, do and say.

Make your body strong. Aim for a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Facts that are not frankly faced have a habit of stabbing us in the back.

What you may know is small compared to what can be known.

Act wisely in working, playing, eating or talking.

Bargain hunters seldom buy anything new. Such people are rarely known to be prosperous. On general principles it is impractical to obtain something for nothing.

Learn how to choose the good and avoid the bad.

In nearly every case the lie is evidence of a yellow streak.

Make your character strong. Your character is what you are, if not in the eyes of others, then in the eyes of your own conscience.

Resentment against authority is one of the common reasons of failure among young men.

Build your character by training yourself in good habits.

The foolish man never learns even by experience while the average man learns by his own experience and the wise man learns by the experience of others.

Make your mind strong. The better you know yourself and the other fellow the happier and the more useful you will be.

Placid content with what we are or with what we have done is really a dangerous symptom.

Welcome useful knowledge from any source.

Generally speaking, you can measure a man's education by the studying he does after college.

Be honest in all your dealings and thoughts in order that you may be able to command your self respect.

Besides being a distinct advantage, brother, a 13-month calendar must be a lucky one.



Gotta-go, Black Button

Be truthful and honest. It doesn't cost any more, and trying to be "foxy" never gets you anywhere.

### *Obituary—Fred E. Corbett*

The accidental death in a motor accident of Fred Corbett has been mourned by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in Powell River. Fred was for several years a popular figure in the Powell River Company, where he was employed as chief draughtsman. Among his associates he was highly esteemed, and during his five years' residence he made a host of friends throughout the district.

At the time of his decease Fred occupied the position of chief draughtsman with the Dominion Bridge Company in Vancouver. He had intended to visit Powell River the following day for a weekend fishing trip, when the tragic collision took place.

Fred was known to many of us personally and his tragic passing was a great shock to the community in which he lived so long and in which he was so highly regarded. His sudden death in Vancouver is felt as a personal loss by hundreds of residents who knew and loved him.



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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JULY, 1930

NO. 7

*Keep the  
Timber  
Green!*

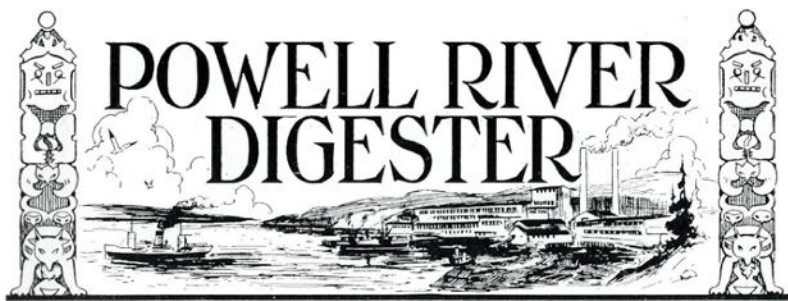




## *Game Regulations*

**M**R. ROY ALLAN, game warden for the district, is desirous of soliciting the opinion of local hunters concerning regulations for the coming game season. He is very anxious that local hunters will either correspond with him direct or get in touch with the DIGESTER office, with a view to obtaining suggestions for this district. Should we extend the game season? Should there be, as was the case last year, a two weeks' open season on does? What, Mr. Hunter, is your opinion of the game laws respecting pheasants and grouse? Have you any suggestions to offer that will assist the game warden before the regulations are published?

If so, Mr. Allan would be glad to hear from you. He wants conditions to be as nearly as possible in conformance with the opinions of hunters in the district. This is a chance many have been waiting for. If the present regulations are not as you would have them, get in touch with Mr. Allan or this office immediately.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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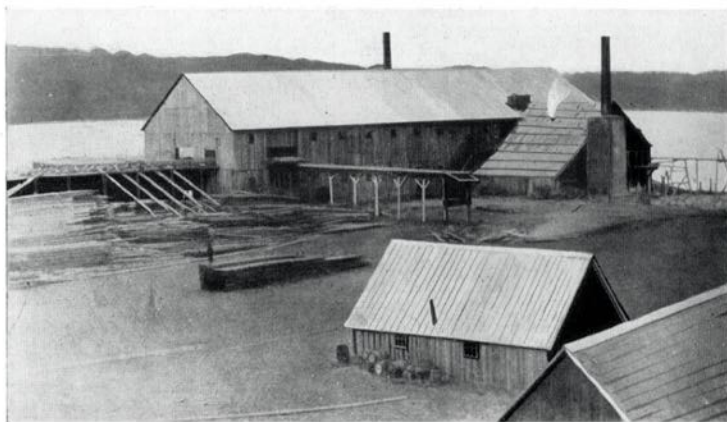
Our current issue might well be described as a special "Woods Edition." The picture on our front cover shows a stretch of green timber near Lund, a favored motor trip of local residents. With midsummer now on us the fire menace raises its head to menace our green timbers—and this issue indirectly attempts to outline some of the reasons why we should keep our timbered areas green and not red. The article on Page 28 points out a few of our recreative and outdoor pleasures that would be destroyed by the ravages of fire.

"Keep the Timber Green" is the slogan on our cover, and it is a slogan to remember as the dog days of summer attain their full medium.

Other articles of general interest will be the story of the first export lumber mill at Alberni and the brief outline of the work of the tugboats in bringing their precious cargoes to port.

Mr. O. J. Stevenson's article on building homes in the suburbs will be read with appreciation by many employees who have been through the mill—and also by those who contemplate "owning their own" in the near future.

## *A Dip Into B. C. Sawmill History*

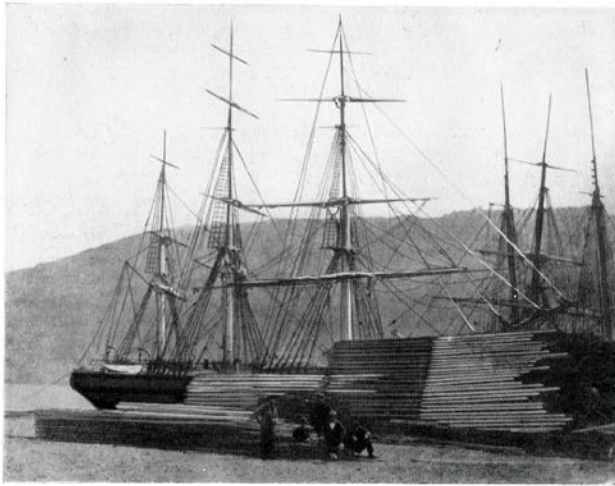


*The original Anderson Saw Mill, erected at Port Alberni in 1861.*

**I**N the June issue of the DIGESTER was reviewed the origin and history of the first known paper mill in British Columbia, established at Alberni, in 1894. Much of the early history of our province revolves around this thriving little lumber settlement, and the first coherent breathings of our industrial life were heard along the banks of the Alberni Canal. The district of Alberni is intimately associated with the birth of the lumbering industry in the province, for here it was that the first saw mill built to develop the export trade had its birth.

Just how far back into the twilight of history we can trace the first crude beginnings of the logging industry will long remain a mystery to chal-

lenge the curiosity of geologists and excite the interest of historians. We might presume, however, that even before Columbus touched the Indies on his voyage of discovery that native tribes, probably from Mongolia, were established in the province; and that they, in the fashioning of domestic and martial implements, had discovered the woods of British Columbia's forests to be "heap skookum." Nor is it unlikely that centuries before the first white man sailed our coasts some communication existed between British Columbia and the Orient by way of Bering Straits. In these dark centuries, before the dawn, it is not incredible that, during the migrations hinted at by historians, specimens of British Columbia timber found their way to the marts of the Orient.



*In the sixties steam was unheard of in lumber transportation. This view shows windjammers taking on a cargo of British Columbia lumber for Australia in 1863.*

### First Loggers

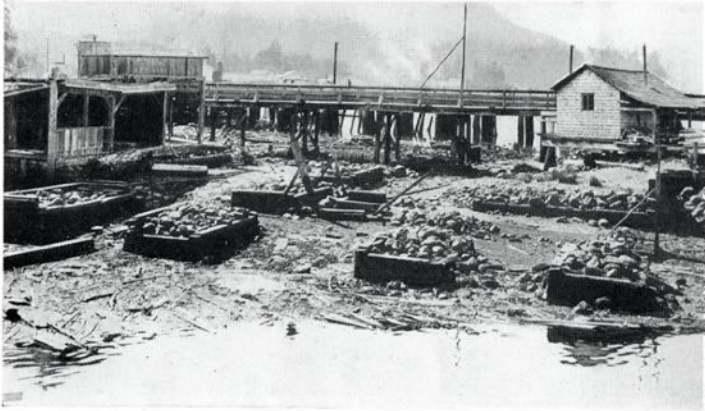
The tangible thread of history, however, traces the first known export of lumber from this province in 1788, when Captain John Meares, sailing from Nootka, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, to China, with a cargo of furs, included a deck load of spars in his bartering equipment. Later navigators, British and Spanish probably, shipped small cargoes of spars in their vessels from time to time.

The first actual saw mill in the province was erected at Parsons Bridge, near Victoria, in 1846. It was built solely to supply the domestic demand of settlers and made no attempt to develop an export business. In the years following, a few other small mills, again wholly catering to the domestic demand, were in

evidence. In 1858, when the gold stampede on the Fraser began, tiny plants sprung up here and there, but died when the "yellow fever" had subsided.

### First Export Mill

The project of erecting a saw mill at Port Alberni was first conceived by Messrs. Anderson & Company, of London, England, who, in addition to their business of shipowners and shipbrokers, had an interest in a shipbuilding dock at Rotherhithe on the Surrey side of the Thames. In the middle "fifties" this firm had received glowing reports of the large stands of virgin timber, containing Douglas Fir and other valuable timber for shipbuilding purposes, which might be easily leased on Vancouver Island. In 1859, their agent, Captain Stamp, investigated several sites, finally sett-



*All that is left today of the old Anderson Saw Mill, erected at Port Alberni in 1861.*

ling upon Alberni as the most strategic location for a saw mill. Ample reserves of untouched timber at the back door, and a ready made harbour provided an ideal site for logging and shipping.

In August, 1860, two armed vessels the *Woodpecker* and the *Meg Merrillees* sailed from England carrying Mr. Gilbert Sproat, who, as manager of the Anderson interests, assumed charge of the operations. Satisfactory negotiations were concluded with the Indians and in the same year the saw mill was built. The plant remained in operation until 1866, when stagnation of business, inexperience perhaps, and the usual difficulties confronting the pioneer, all contributed to the inevitable shut down. Shortly after, the machinery was shipped to Port Blakely, Washington, and the first chapter in the history of the lumber export business of British Columbia was brought to a not very successful conclusion.

#### Few White Settlements

Not long after the cessation of operations, the plant was accidentally burned and razed to the ground by the fires from an Indian encampment, which, fanned by a blustering breeze, spread beyond control—if indeed the braves ever worried about checking it—and wrote finis to the short, but courageous life of the first real saw mill in the province.

The founding of the saw mill on the banks of the Alberni Canal is probably among the earliest permanent white settlements on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Certainly these pioneers found none of their kind on this spot when Sproat and his companions arrived in 1860. Dr. Brown, writing in 1863, has this to say:

"From the day we left until the day we returned, we sighted only one sail; and from Port San Juan, where an Indian trader lived a lonely life in an often beleaguered block-

*The Alberni canal today, showing present saw mills. This was the site of British Columbia's first real export mill.*



house, to Koskeeno Sound, where another of these voluntary exiles passed his years among the savages, there was not a christened man, with the exception of the little settlement of lumbermen at the head of the Alberni Canal. For months at a time no keel ever ploughed this sea, and then too frequently it was a warship sent from Victoria to chastise the tribesmen for some outrage committed on wayfaring men such as we."

### **An Old Legend**

At the mill many Indians, representatives of different tribes were employed. Mr. Charles Cox of Alberni, who has lived among the West Coast Indians since 1878, claims they were, in the main, peaceful folk, and submitted with resignation to the encroachments of the white man. Many legends, linked up with these early days, are still preserved. There is, as an illustration, the legend of One Arm Harry, the venerable Indian, who still resides at Alberni, and whose age has long since passed the computation point.

In 1860, Harry was one of the big

bucks of the district. He was a "skookum," slightly truculent brave; he didn't like the white men and was at no pains to conceal his dislike. Still less did he like this saw mill which had come into his domain, and which threatened to denude his hunting preserves of its choicest timbers.

Harry, as mentioned, was a stout fella'. Stout enough, he himself considered, to stop this racket that persisted in the white man's devil house. So, the legend runs, Harry stepped boldly into the saw mill, stretched forth his mighty right arm, which had knocked many a rival into submission before the white men came, wrapped it firmly around the buzzing cross cut saw, and roared out the Sechalt equivalent for Stop!

And that, continues the soft breath of legend, is why Harry, the oldest known holder of squatters' rights now resident in Alberni, is known today as One Arm Harry!

### **Early Operations**

Many a wide chasm has been bridged since the beginnings of this export trade in British Columbia lumber in the sixties and seventies. During the early Colonial days, from

*Unique picture of logging operations at English Bay, Vancouver, in the late nineties, loaned to the DIGESTER by Mr. George Chisbalm of the beater room staff. Note the ox-teams used for hauling the logs from the woods.*



the date of the first white settlement until the entry of British Columbia into Confederation in 1871, the estimated cut totalled 250 million feet, board measure. Today, the yearly cut approximates three and one-quarter billion feet. Where in 1867 twelve saw mills were in operation, in 1930 approximately 530 saw and shingle mills are established in the province. The foreign trade in lumber for a decade following the Alberni venture averaged about 25 million feet annually; today in the neighborhood of 700 million feet of British Columbia lumber is carried to the overseas markets of the world.

With the conclusion of the Alberni project the centre of lumbering gravity swung to the mainland, and in 1864 the first mill on Burrard Inlet appeared at Moodyville. Followed in 1865, the now famous Hastings Mill, which has had a long and honorable connection with the industrial life of British Columbia. Other mills soon swung into line and the export trade became a definite part of the lumbering industry. By 1867, twelve saw mills were in operation,

which number had increased to fifteen in 1873.

### **The Twentieth Century**

The dawn of the twentieth century ushered in the beginning of the modern period. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway opened up new markets in the east and even on the Atlantic seaboard. The change from sail to steam was another factor in stimulating and speeding up exports. It is difficult to realize that as late as 1906, the late R. H. Alexander, in an address before the Canadian Forestry Convention, made the significant statement "that steam is now beginning to compete for the lumber business." Twenty-five years ago, practically all our overseas shipments were transported in windjammers. The sight of several trim, or otherwise, sailing vessels loading lumber in Burrard Inlet is still fresh in the minds of many Vancouver citizens. In these days a cargo of 400,000 feet was considered a heavy load. "To supply a cargo of a million feet," said Mr. Alexander, in 1906, "was an undertaking so colossal as to make a mill manager stand aghast." To-

day steamers carrying cargoes of three and four million feet are not uncommon. In 1866, when the first transcontinental train steamed into Vancouver, the entire output of the coast mills was less than 80 million feet per annum. Today the annual cut is three and three-quarter billion feet, and our own saw mill at Powell River consumes annually over 100 million feet in the production of pulp for its six paper machines.

Improvements in logging methods have advanced hand in hand with improvements in transportation. Sturdy teams of oxen drew the logs to the original Alberni Mill, and for many years following they were the stalwarts of the woods. In 1875, a

steam tractor, the forerunner of the modern donkeys, was used in logging operations at English Bay, Vancouver. The donkey came into general use about 1890. Logging methods continued to show steady advancement and 1915 brought in the high lead and overhead systems, a distinguishing feature of modern logging operations in the west.

Today, producing products to the value of ninety millions annually, lumbering leads British Columbia's basic industries. It has cleared many obstacles and rounded many a dangerous curve since Captain Stamp first surveyed the Alberni tract and began shipping British Columbia lumber to Australia.



How they say "No Smoking" at the Long-Bell Lumber Company, Longview, Washington. This sign, at the mill entrance, is printed in over twenty languages.



## Personalities in Our District

### HE COLLECTS OUR MONEY

**P**OWELL RIVER is today the fifth customs port in British Columbia. Collections by the government of customs duties are steadily growing and will continue to expand as the present and future extensions to our plant are completed.



A. M. OLIVER

In charge of the government customs house at Powell River, is one of the oldest, from the point of view of residence, citizens of our townsite. Mr. A. M. Oliver came to us when the present plant was just emerging from the trees and stumps; he has been with us without a break for twenty years, during which time his unassuming mien, his quiet, unperturbed way of doing business, his unfailing courtesy to the public, and his tact and modesty have gained for Mr. Oliver the friendship and esteem of Powell River.

He is a booster for his community. He believes Powell River is the finest town in British Columbia and has no hesitation in so informing the numerous friends and officials whom he meets in the course of his duties. An

enthusiastic sailor, he has his own gas boat, which he keeps moored at the government wharf and in which he makes frequent visits to the numerous coves and islands lying within easy reach of the townsite.

Latterly, Mr. Oliver has displayed symptoms of weakness. He too, alas, has been attacked by the insidious golf germ and his sailing activities are becoming more and more confined to erratic tacks around the links.

We have great pleasure in introducing Mr. Oliver in "Personalities in Our District." He knows the district and conditions in the area as few in Powell River know them. And over a twenty-year period, he has capably, efficiently and quietly performed his duties as a collector of customs duties in Powell River and strangely enough is still among the most highly esteemed of our residents. As in the case of other prominent personalities in Powell River, we make no extensive comment on his golfing activities, but we hail him as a real citizen, who has been, and is, a credit to our community.

### *Warm Understandings!*

Mrs. Allspice: "Do you know what time my husband came home last night, Maria?"

Maria: "No, ma'am, but his shoes were still warm at seven."



By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE identity of the silhouette, shown on the cover of last month's DIGESTER, has formed the subject of considerable speculative discussion during the rest hour between the blasts. Opinion was extremely varied, and so many citizens, prominent and otherwise, came under suspicion, that it was suggested that a straw vote might be instrumental in clarifying the situation. Usually the editor reveals the secret in his inner pages, but on this occasion he has remained singularly mute, a fact seized upon in some quarters as positive proof of his personal implication.

\* \* \*

A close scrutiny shows that a remarkable likeness of two persons has been obtained, but which two? All the budding Sherlock Holmes have been on the job, most of whom quickly decided the matter to their own—if to nobody else's—satisfaction. No two of them agreed, but this was but another indication of their skill. Careful enquiries were made, it being felt that a public issue had arisen, the solution of which should, if possible, be given in this column.

\* \* \*

Marie, Phyllis, and a few likely prospects in the store were first canvassed, but they quickly made it plain that, whereas they might possess some little talent in this direction, they were certainly not crude enough to display it within the range of any camera, silhouetted or otherwise, thank you. This was also the stated opinion of Vera, Nan, and the office eligibles. One or two did blush guiltily, and were noted for further reference, but when the list was checked, it was found to contain exactly one hundred and forty-four names from which to make the final selection.

\* \* \*

Admitting failure in the case of the lady, the straw vote for the disclosure of her fortunate partner remained the only hope. Those at first pledging their assistance in this direction had now turned their interest to the Dominion Day celebrations and other matters, and the papers turned in were not as reliable as could be desired. One reading—"thirty pies, double size, Jack Richardson entering," and another, "Ladies minimum waist measurement forty, Monty chairman of measuring committee," were ruled out as irrelevant.

\* \* \*

However, there remained enough to show that Frank Nello, Dick Linzey, Bert Killin, Tom Rees, Bob Banham, Jack Semple, Bill McLeod and T. W. Green were the popular candidates for the honour, and we can only leave this matter to the imagination of the reader a little longer, in the hope that the editor will unravel the mystery in his next issue.

# EDITORS NOTES



## *Oratory vs. Cold Print*

THE eighteenth century witnessed what was undoubtedly the Golden Age of English Oratory. Not since the days of the great Athenian Commonwealth had such a galaxy of oratorical talent been assembled at one time and in one place. The great Pitt was in the full meridian of his splendid powers. His sonorous, commanding eloquence was the admiration of friend and foe. The sparkling, polished diction of Sheridan filled the visitors' gallery with the leaders of London's fashionable world. The rich, and lively imagination of Burke and the impassioned outbursts of Fox thrilled audiences, not unaccustomed to great displays of rhetoric.

It is unlikely, however, that even Pitt and his great rivals would exercise so decisive an influence in the modern political arena. We believe there are statesmen today whose erudition is equal to Burke's; whose eloquence, and ability to awe assemblies is not inferior to Pitt's; and whose rhetorical talents compare with Sheridan and Fox. But that their flights will ever place them on the dias reserved for the Great Commoner and his rivals is doubtful — even highly improbable.

Why? The answer is the advent of the daily press as a medium of news diffusion.

In the middle eighteenth century the speeches of the House of Commons were a closed book to the outside world. No reporters, no representatives of daily newspapers were there to make verbatim reports for the public. A statesman's fame rested primarily on the effect his discourse would produce on his hearers within the House. No newspaper carried his speech to millions of homes a few hours later. The speeches, if reported at all, are so imperfectly preserved that only fragments remain. But enough remains to tell us that the Pitts, the Burkes and Sheridans more often appealed to the emotions rather than to the reason of their audiences.

A different world today. Few speeches, however eloquent and impassioned, however paralyzing to an audience, can emerge unscathed from the merciless ordeal of cold print. Now every word of the great deliverances in the House are tucked inside the reporter's notebook to support or decry the speaker. Every utterance is subjected to the calm scrutiny of a public opinion, to whom theatrical effects and tricks of oratory mean nothing. Passionate appeals which have swayed audiences in the House of Commons are often singularly unmoving when read in the not always genial atmosphere of

the breakfast table the following morning.

The real test of a political leader's skill today lies not only on the pitch of enthusiasm into which he has temporarily lashed a small audience, but on the manner in which his words will survive the acid test of a public scrutiny, made possible by the energy and initiative of the modern daily press.

*Miss Anne MacSween to Supervise Children's Playground at Willingdon Beach*

The new children's playground, under the supervision of Miss Anne MacSween, will be opened at Willingdon Beach on July 15 for all Powell River children between the age of six and fourteen years. The innovation of supervised play at Willingdon Beach is being initiated by the Powell River Company this year, and under the experienced and capable supervision of Miss MacSween should prove immensely popular.

Parents are urged to interest their

children in this very salutary form of organized play, and to have them enrol in the various classes. It is to be emphasized that this idea of a children's playground with a competent instructress to instruct and safeguard the children in their play will be a great benefit to the community. Classes will open on July 15 and enrolment cards may be procured from Miss MacSween at the beach. A special display of folk dancing, games, etc., will be given by the children at the end of August.

*O. E. S. Acknowledge Contributions*

The ladies of the Eastern Star Auxiliary are very grateful for the interest shown by the public in supporting their worthy cause at the Silver Tea held May 30th.

The proceeds will again be used to make more garments for those poor children who are the victims of circumstances.

Recipe books will be available again by the end of September.



*William Buttry, Powell River's original handy man, at work with his grass cutter on the new Athletic field at Riverside.*

## *Our Store Manager Attains His Majority*



*Mr. Campbell Forbes, who last month completed twenty-one years of service with the Brooks-Scanlon interests, and appears to be going stronger than ever.*

**L**ESS than two months ago a young lad by the name of Vincent Forbes crashed brilliantly into Vancouver's athletic firmament with record-breaking performances at the annual inter-high school meet.

The name of Forbes again entered the hall of record holders last month. But this time it was the parent not the son, who was receiving congratulations on the making of another record. And the record of Mr. Campbell Forbes, manager of Powell River's Department Store, is one to be proud of. Twenty-one years ago, on June 15 last, he completed over two decades of service with his pre-

sent employers, the Brooks-Scanlon interests, principals in the Powell River Company.

Twenty-one years ago he joined the staff of Brooks-Scanlon-O'Brien in Vancouver, and has had a long and honorable connection with them in various positions of responsibility. People who knew him at the commencement of his career with his present employers say he was quite a debonair and sartorial turned-out lad. Well he still is all that—and more. He is still the fashion plate for the local well-dressed man. He is "His Sartorial Highness" of Powell River. And how many of our lusty younger generation can vie with him in bodily activity and vitality? How many could participate in his manifold concerns and yet remain the spruce, immaculate Campbell Forbes?

He plays golf—or at least, dashes around the greens regularly. He

wields a wicked tennis racquet, wicked enough indeed to put him a year ago in the final of the men's doubles. He attends every athletic contest, from horseshoes to soccer. By way of variety he directs the majority of amateur theatrical performances in the community. And on the ballroom floor his speed and grace are the despair of the Rudy Vallees and Colemans of local sheikdom.

All this is just light training for his major activity—that of directing the destinies of Powell River's Department Store. And of this, results speak for themselves. That our store is today on a successful and highly efficient basis — with a gratifying smoothness and harmony between all departments, is due, we feel, in large part to the tact, personality and capable business administration of Mr. Campbell Forbes.

Mr. Forbes has been the recipient of numerous congratulations on the

attainment of his majority as an employee of Brooks-Scanlon. It is a real pleasure to add our good wishes to those of the residents of the district and his wide circle of friends, on his twenty-one years of successful achievement.

Here's to the next twenty-one, Campbell!

Willie: "Say, pa, didn't Edison make the first talking machine?"

Pa: "No, my son. God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

And the only trouble about going to a beach for the summer is that when you track in a lot of sand you can't blame it on the spinach.

—Judge.

Only America has an Independence Day on which a person can get arrested for taking a drink.—Judge.



*Work on the hydro-electric developments at Lois River is advancing steadily. The temporary log crib dam, to store the initial 22,000 horsepower to be developed immediately, is now well under construction.*



# AROUND THE PLANT

The lady, who recently wrote to the daily press in Vancouver, complaining about the unlovely spectacle of men working on the lawn in their underwear should take a stroll through our machine room. What a shock the poor girl



would get! Which reminds us that a young lady accompanying the Masonic delegation last month had a different opinion. She passed Al Hatch with a glance of maidenly admiration and gasped in open-mouthed delight as she saw Weldon Murray, in his new spring costume parading around the stacks, muscles rippling beneath firm skin and all that sort of thing. Don't know what she would have said if she had gone through on the graveyard shift.

"Where are the snows of yesterday," sang the Beloved Vagabond, Francois Villon. "Where is the sun of the last six months," is the song of local gardeners and week-end vacationers these days.

We read something in the papers the other day about a fisherman at Fort St. James catching three trout

on which he fed the 46 members of Premier Tolmie's Alaska Caravan party. We hope the trip has not affected Bob Scanlon in the same way it did that reporter. Shades of Joe Crossley and Ray Gribble! We hope they never find whales in that country.

On the twenty-fourth day of June, a flushed, excited gentleman dashed into our office. His eyes held an unearthly gleam; his tongue, for the moment, refused to function; his whole appearance denoted the feverish excitement of a genius who had just discovered a certain method of eliminating teredos, or of a chemist who has shattered the atom into several pieces.



It was Charlie Godfrey, asserting his claim to have grown the first edible potato in Powell River and district during the current season. "Put that in the DIGESTER," babbled Charlie, "and if anyone else (puff, puff) tells you he has eaten a spud (puff, puff) from his own (puff, puff) garden this year, tell him (puff, puff) he is a (puff, puff) fabricator."

A serious accusation is launched against Jack Fletcher, Beau Brummel of our Department Store. A gentleman, high in the



councils of local officialdom, reports a most serious indictment of the business methods of debonair John. Here's the

story:

Bill McLeod, feeling the surging ecstasy of spring, bought the first straw of the year. His felt hat, which he wore and which, it is said, was designed by Rudy Vallee, he left behind to be sent on to the office. A few hours later a neat parcel arrived at Bill's emporium. In it was a battered, weather-beaten, air-perforated top piece of the Jesse James design.

We believe, however, the action has been settled out of court, in consideration of Jack supplying Bill with straws for the next twelve months gratis. Look out he doesn't substitute that straw of Maurice Dunn's in the next batch, Bill!

What's the world coming to? Larry Heap climbed out the wrong side of his bunk last month, about 5.30 a.m. in the morning, took his car, his fishing line and himself to Westview and went fishing. He caught a couple of five-pound salmon between 6 and 6.30.

Well, what about? Just our sentiments! Leave these queer fellows alone and they'll play for hours.

Which again reminds us that Jean Coccola and Bill Tompkinson haven't done anything to bring glory to themselves or fame to the district in catching the whales in Powell Lake. We have heard lots of reports about their big catches—Gray Brenner says he can't count the cutthroats he has strangled this year, and several others have brought in similar catches—on paper! We are beginning to think the whole gang are in league with Campbell Forbes, our store manager, —as the fish sale this season is reported as excellent.

The visit of the Glasgow Rangers to the coast on June 6 almost denuded Powell River of its soccer contingent for the day. It was not very difficult for an astute, or even a partially astute citizen of Vancouver, to know that "Powell River was in town" on that Saturday morning. If they didn't know they were soon told. Percy Cook and Bill Chapman headed the local pilgrimage, and Percy, in particular, believes in the value of advertising.

### *Take His Name, Serg!*

The latest war thriller, "Generals Die in Bed," is reported to contain a fulsome and lurid description of certain little indiscretions of the Canadian corps at Arras, in 1918, after the civilians and Y. M. C. A.'s had deserted the town. Boy, if he starts mentioning names in that book, we're sunk! It means another ninety days in the line!





Maiden: "I just adore dark men."

Young Man: "You'd have a big time in Africa."

Two Jews were separating, when one said: "Au Revoir."

"Vat's dat?" asked the first.

"Dat's goodbye in French."

"Vell," said the first, "Carbolic Acid."

"Vat's dat?" asked his friend.

"Dat's goodbye in any language."

### *The Safest Settlement*

An Apache boarded a trolley car and refused to pay his fare. At the corner of the street, the conductor signalled a policeman to enter and pointed out the burly individual.

"That man doesn't want to pay his fare. Will you get him out of this car?" asked the conductor.

The policeman took one look at the Apache. "I'll pay for him myself," he said.

"How old are you, Mary?"

"Fifteen."

"A girl of 15 should tell her mother everything."

"I know it, but mother is so innocent really I haven't the heart."

Lady: "I think there's something so romantic about the nightwatchman."

Smitty, the Watchman: "You're right, ma'am. It settles in me pore ol' legs sometimes till I can't hardly walk."

The New York police caught a burglar the other day. He was driving the wrong way on a one-way street.

### *'Twas Plain to Be Seen*

"Don't you see the resemblance?" asked the proud mother, exhibiting the baby. "Just look at our faces, side by side."

"Nothing could be plainer," replied the guest, absent-mindedly.

### *Mr. Sew and Sew*

"Yes," said Mrs. Newkind, "my husband is awfully careless; he's always losing the buttons off his clothes."

"Perhaps, my dear," replied Mrs. Oldstyle, gently, "it is because they are not sewn on carefully enough."

"That's just it! He's so frightfully slipshod with his sewing."

*Powell River Children*



1. Jeane Tompkinson      2. Albert McGilavery      3. Robert Hutchison      4. Bessie Johnson  
 5. Jackie Banham      6. Jean Banham      7. Wilma Willett      8. Mike Johnson

## *Bringing Our Raw Gold To Port*



*Tugboat Memorial Cross at Ragged Island, twenty miles north of Powell River. On the rock face are painted names of men who have died in the tugboat service in British Columbia waters.*

**I**N British Columbia, "where trees grow taller faster than any place in the world," and in whose vast forests is comprehended the greatest stand of softwood in the British Empire, over three billion feet (board measure) of timber is consumed each year in the saw and shingle mills and the pulp and paper concerns of the province. By far the greater portion of this huge cut is logged from "seaboard stands"—on Vancouver Island, the Queen Charlottes, and in tracts fringing the western coast's fiord-gashed shore line. Rail transportation of raw lumber from the scene of production to the centre of manufacturing is

almost unknown in the younger west; all the great lumbering and pulp and paper mills are located at tidewater, and shipments of British Columbia's raw gold from the woods to civilization is done via the cheaper water route. Come a day there may when the great, easily accessible areas near tidewater are exhausted, when loggers will begin the conquest of the interior's unexploited reserves, and when the "iron horse" with its long drag of flats will contest for transportation honors with the sturdy tug boat.

### **Tugs Still on the Job**

But that day is not yet. Today the tug, with its long raft of logs in

*Tug St. Faith, flagship of the Powell River fleet and one of the most powerful "bulldogs" on the coast.*



tow, rules the logging transportation roost. Week in, week out, fair weather or foul, the ships of the Bulldog Flotilla will be found somewhere in the sometimes placid, sometimes storm-tossed waters of Georgia's Gulf. They are the arteries which feed the 435 saw mills of British Columbia; on them rests the responsibility to maintain intact the line of communication between logger and manufacturer.

And a responsibility it is. The saw mill and the big pulp and paper plants of our province must be fed, and this despite vicissitudes of weather or high running tides. The Gulf of Georgia is not always a placid mill pond, and the log-towing tug, particularly the flat boom towers, is susceptible to every change of wind and tide. With the unkindly and menacing sou' easter charging up the Gulf, a tug caught in its blow is in for a real dusting—with the probable scattering of a million to a million and a half feet of raw gold to the mercy of the waves. This entails incessant vigilance, almost superhuman patience,

and a thorough knowledge of weather conditions on the part of captain and crew. Sometimes a tug, awaiting a change from sou' east to west will remain behind a sheltered headland or island for several weeks at a stretch, until the glass clears, and the friendly zephyr signals that temporarily at least, "All's well in the Gulf."

#### **Capricious Elements**

Instances are on record of tugs leaving a shelter point with every assurance of fair weather, and suddenly a few miles out, finding themselves confronted with a wicked sou' easter, which has sprung up with the startling suddenness of a quick change trick. On occasions like these, the most adroit manoeuvring, or expert knowledge is frequently of no avail. Caught in the trap, retreat impossible, advance hopeless, all the tug can do is stand and "take it." "Taking it" usually involves the scattering of the boom and and a million feet of valuable timber spewed up along the shore line, the greater part of which is probably beyond reclamation.

*Tug and boom entering Narrows at Vancouver after the long haul down the coast.*



"Watchful waiting" is the maxim of the tugboat fleet. Play it safe and wait it out is the rule, but even this game is not unaccompanied by peril. A sudden renewal of the capricious winds and tides—and a tug, snuggling behind a shelter point may find her boom assailed by waves, which a few moments before were crashing harmlessly on the exposed side of the spit behind which it had sought refuge. Possibilities such as these demand that steam be maintained day and night, and the tug ready for a quick dash seaward if the necessity should arise. The log-towing tug regulates its movements entirely at the discretion of wind and tide.

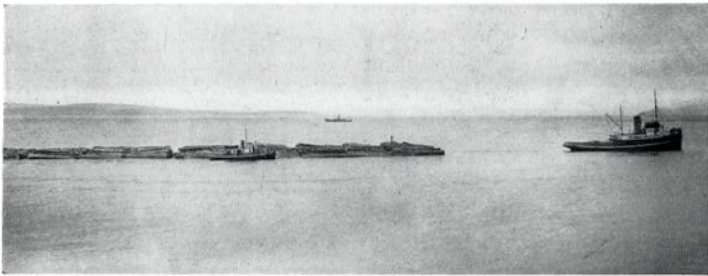
The number of feet of lumber comprehended in one of these flat booms varies widely, being dependent

on the strength and horsepower of the individual tugs. Sixteen sections probably strike the low tide mark in flat boom towing. Stalwart bulldogs, like the *St. Faith*, flagship of the Powell River Company fleet, and other "big fellows" may grip from seventy-five to ninety sections in their teeth. The so-called average tow might be represented as from thirty to forty sections with each section containing around 40,000 feet. Assuming the thirty-section boom as a good average tow, an ordinary boom will embrace from a million to a million and a half feet of lumber. Arbitrary as these figures are, they may serve as a reasonably accurate guide to readers desirous of appreciating what the loss of a single tow means to mill owners.

In general, however, forty sections



*Raw paper awaiting conversion into the finished newspaper at the Powell River Company's log storage pond.*



*Tug St. Faith, with a record tow of over 3,000,000 feet of lumber off Powell River.*

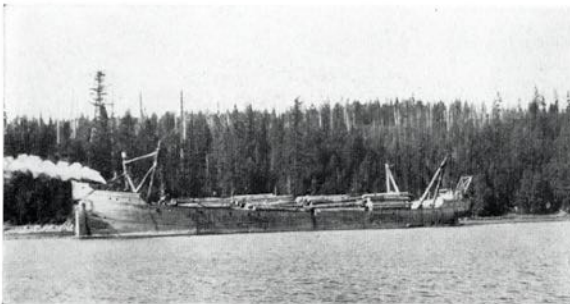
(a million and a half feet) is conceded to be a mighty good haul for the majority of tugs in British Columbia waters. And translated into commercial language, this same million and a half feet may represent around \$30,000 worth of timber. It is easily comprehensible why incessant vigilance and caution must be exercised by the crews of the Bulldog Flotilla.

The flat booms are used only in the Gulf of Georgia and in places where the waters are more sheltered and frequent refuge havens available. North of Vancouver Island, across the open waters of Queen Charlotte Sound, and through the dangerous tide of Hecate Straits, one of the

worst pieces of water along the coast, the flat boom could not live. Towing here brings into play the huge, strongly built and more expensive Davis rafts, and the converted log carrier. The Davis raft is built up about seven feet above the water with logs chained double that distance below the surface and generally will stand a heavy buffeting without breaking up. The log carrier, which is also towed, has been specially converted for this purpose, and averages slightly less than a million feet to a cargo. The average Davis raft will contain approximately one and a half million feet of logs.

#### Memorial Cross

Up among the picturesque Ragged



*One way of transporting logs across the storm-tossed waters of Hecate Straits is by log carrier. The carrier is towed by tugs at an average speed of about three knots per hour. About 800,000 feet is the usual cargo taken by the carriers.*

Islands, about twenty-five miles north of Powell River, a cross, standing high on a barren cliff, bears silent tribute to the men who have lived and died in the tugboat service on the coast. It was erected in 1921 by the crew of the *Sea Lion*, one of British Columbia's well-known "Big Fellows," and bears these simple words:

#### TUG BOAT MEMORIAL

Erected by the crew of the *Sea Lion*  
—In Remembrance.

Below on the bare face of the cliff are the names, painted in white letters on the rock and unspoiled by the ravage of a decade. Among these picturesque islands which dot the waters of the Gulf, the crews of the tugboat fleet have found shelter from the unfriendly sweep of the unfeeling sou' easter, and here the comrades of those men whose names are written

on the rock ledge of Ragged Islands still find an asylum for their booms when the waves of the Gulf run high and the sou' easter springs from his lair. Few passing ships have seen this, as it lies off the unbeaten track of ordinary steamship travel. Occasionally a pleasure craft cruising by may see the cross—wonder idly why it was placed in such an inaccessible spot and what it is supposed to commemorate. Like the work of the sturdy tugboats it is inconspicuous and familiar only to the few who know and understand!

The surprise of the Rumanian situation, however, is the news that the kingdom is in financial difficulties. What has Queen Marie done with all that cold cream money?

—N. Y. *Evening Post*.



*View of Hazelton, B. C., at the end of the Cariboo Road, which was a scene of intense activity in recent weeks when Premier Tolmie and his Alaska Road Caravan travelled through the district. Mr. R. H. Scanlon, of Powell River, accompanied the Premier's Caravan, and promises us further details of the trip in our next issue.*



*How Powell River's debutantes looked in tennis togs before the devastating blast of modern life descended on Powell River. Hughie Young is shown with a group of pupils, including Mrs. G. Schuler (third from left), Mrs. Banham (fourth) and Mrs. Marlatt on the opposite end.*

### *Vancouver Growing*

Vancouver, B. C.: The port of Vancouver is increasing in importance as a distributing point for goods entering Canada. Foreign cargo landed at Vancouver has more than doubled in the past eight years. Its volume increased from 837,603 tons in 1922 to 1,776,435 tons in 1929. The latter figures exceed the old mark of 1,300,467 tons received in 1928. The port of Vancouver is an important grain-shipping centre. During the crop year ended July 31, 1929, shipments of grain totalled 96,138,218 bushels compared with 79,714,512 bushels for the year ended July 31, 1928, and 34,415,653 bushels for the 1926-27 crop year. — *The National Revenue Review*, 1930.

### *Rolland Paper Company Issues History of Printing*

In an attractive and historically valuable series of booklets, the Rolland Paper Company has printed privately under the title of "The Introduction of Printing Into Canada", an interesting and illuminating story of the printing trade since its inception in the Dominions. The history of the early newspapers has been carefully sifted and the work cannot fail to be of great value to the printing and kindred industries.

The first newspaper founded on Canadian soil, the author tells us, is the *Halifax Gazette*, established in January, 1752, by John Bushell.



## Own Your Own!

By O. J. Stevenson

*Many Powell River Families Take to the Great Open Spaces in the Suburbs and Erect Their Own Homes*

*The stumps may be big, and scraggy, and rough, rooted deep in the gravel and loam. But there's none so huge that they daunt a man who is bent on making a home.*



*The picturesque home and well cultivated garden of Mr. George Clapp at Westview is shown in the first illustration. On the right the flowers are blooming in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hughes.*

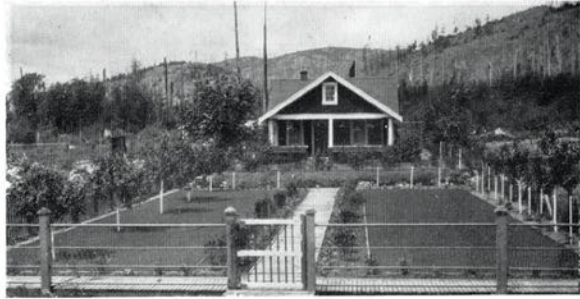
WHEN the idea of owning his own home strikes a man his whole outlook on life is changed. He may never realize his ambition, but he at least has something to talk about and look forward to for the rest of his days. As a rule, the later in life he contracts the disease, the more virulent the attack, and nothing but a large dose of the hair of the dog that bit him will suffice for a cure.

To nine-tenths of the men who decide to leave the congestion of town for the great open spaces the arguments are one hundred per cent. for and none against. That's before he has broached the subject to friend wife. All he sees is a long succession of paydays devoid of the rent bogey, a piece of land where every

bit of work he puts in is so much benefit for himself, lots of space for the kids to play and get oodles of fresh air and sunshine, and his own vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs and home brew filling the larder. After all, if a man can raise most of his food, and bring in a good wage for luxuries, what more is there in life to desire?

Of course, his wife makes most of his arguments look foolish, and the few she overlooks are fully derided by his town-loving friends, but when a man has a yen for a piece of land, and visualizes himself working deftly with hammer and saw erecting thereon a house and all appurtenances, nothing short of dire calamity will stop him from continually planning such an acquisition.

*Mr. and Mrs. C. Bird have one of the show gardens of Wildwood. A few years ago this land consisted mainly of stumps, and few house owners in the district have worked harder than Charlie Bird to transform it into the perfect home of today.*



The urge to get back to the land is especially strong in the spring time. During spring evenings a man's fancy may turn lightly to more transient matters, but throughout the day his hands itch for the hoe, rake and spade and he is quite liable to go on the spur of the moment and lay the foundation of a house.

Of course, it is impossible to expect several thousand people to live in close proximity without a certain amount of friction here and there, but on the whole, our town approaches very closely the ideal urban centre. The streets are clean and are rapidly being landscaped into avenues of beauty, the houses are neat and well kept, and above all, the people take a pride in the ap-

pearance of their residences and work like Trojans to outdo their neighbors, and present to the many visitors an air of health and contentment. But in spite of the attractiveness of town there is always a number of people who spend their leisure time looking with longing eyes on the stumps and salal brush of the surrounding territory, and there is a constant migration of families from the town moving on and taking possession of the land.

Of such as these are our fast-growing suburbs composed, and the officials of our paternal company look with a kindly eye on such moves, knowing that a man possessing an unsatisfied gnawing ache for his own home develops sooner or



*Left, home of W. J. Smith of Cranberry. Right, residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Banham, Wildwood.*



*Harry Donigan has but recently completed his Westview residence, erected mainly by Harry himself, between shifts.*

later a cantankerous disposition, and a contented worker means less labor turnover and a happier and more prosperous community.

There are many beautiful homes around Powell River. They may not be large nor display a lavish expenditure of stock market profits, but they do show unremitting care and hours of hard work. The elimination of even one fir stump is worth a gold medal to any man, and there are many such on every sixty-foot lot. The home builder may lose his illusions regarding some of his fancied advantages in owning a home after the assessor squints a cold grey eye over his improvements, and the cut worm makes a mess of his vegetable garden. The car may fail and necessitate his walking to work, and he may have to pack his groceries home over slushy roads in the winter, but in spite of that it would be almost impossible to pry him loose from the result of his labors, just as it would be a waste of energy to try to induce his wife to give up her spacious view and flower garden, or the kids their freedom for playing and exploring.

## *The Days of Long Ago*

In a recent edition of a Vancouver newspaper, the following appears:

Population of Greater Vancouver, 277,631.

Population of Greater Vancouver (including New Westminster), 344,700.

The good old days are gone. Twenty years ago any suggestion of Westminster submerging their identity in that of Vancouver would have provoked a demonstration in the Royal City, by the side of which Donnybrook Fair would have been a Sunday school picnic. Imagine the Giffords and Feeneys of those days allowing themselves to be called citizens of Greater Vancouver! And even Chub Quigley and the old lacrosse fans of Vancouver standing for a Westminster man as a citizen of Vancouver!

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"I'll bet if I was married I'd be boss and tell my wife where to head in," declared the bachelor.

"Yes," retorted the old married man, "and I suppose when you get to a railroad crossing you honk your horn to warn the oncoming express to get out of your way, don't you?"

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## *The Girl Worth While*

Any girl can be gay in a classy coupe,

In a taxi they all can be jolly,

But a girl worth while is the one who  
can smile

When you're taking her home on the  
trolley.

*Breaks Course Record*

Playing with J. Simpson last month, Steve Brynjolfson, playing clock-like golf, danced around the eighteen holes in 69 — three strokes under par and a record for the course. Steve has



been playing steady golf all year and local enthusiasts are looking forward to see some real struggles when the men's open competition materializes. Ed Peacock, open champion, is out to defend his laurels, and Ed always shines in competition. R. Bell-Irving and Gus Schuler, if they happen to be "on," can be counted on to make things interesting for the leaders. At present, unless a dark horse tilts the apple cart, it looks like a struggle between these four for open honors.

## THE PORT LANDING



"M E," says the captain, "I 'avn't 'ad such an affectionate time since I was courting. Every mail I get loving letters from a Mr. Bennett and a Mr. King, both of 'em offering me the earth and the fullness thereof if I will only fall down and worship them."

"Between friends, cap," I ses, "who are you rooting for?"

"That's the trouble," ses the captain, "I can't make up my mind. I've got the low-down on Mr. King from Mr. Bennett, and the low-down on Mr. Bennett from Mr. King and, strictly between ourselves, I wouldn't be seen walking down Granville Street with either of them.

"According to wot each tells me about the other, the only reason they're out of gaol is the pull they've got with a blind dame.

"Among other things, Bennett tells me King 'as scuttled the ship and he, Bennett, 'as figures to prove that the passengers and crew are taking to the boats and 'eading for the States. King says Bennett was precocious from the age of four up and from infancy 'as been scheming for Canada's downfall. So wot's a man to do?"

"Do either of 'em offer you anything you want, cap?" I asks.

"Their promises are a bit vague and indefinite," says the captain, "with lots of ifs attached."

"Well, cap," I ses, "wot are your wants?"

"After last night," ses the captain, "about all I want is a light on Grief Point."

"Write 'em both, cap," I ses, "and root for which ever will kick through with the light."

"Sometimes," ses the captain, "you show signs of an awakening intelligence, and after you've been dead about a thousand years, you'll probably get an idea that would 'ave made you famous. 'Owver, I see where we get the light."

## *The Second Growth Is Coming*

*Forestry Association picture illustrating the denuded, desolate areas left after the fire god had swept over the country side.*



ONE of the most difficult subjects in the world on which to write anything fresh or inspiring is that of forest protection. Every newspaper, every sign post, every highway in our country is placarded with posters warning the careless or thoughtless against the loss to themselves, their community and their country by the ravages of fire. The Provincial and Dominion Forestry Associations have laboured ceaselessly — lumber manufacturers have hammered hard to drive home the lesson of forest protection. Every possible — or so it appears to us — citadel wherein the enemies of forest preservation skulk has been heavily assailed. To invent an original slogan — to suggest new propaganda — to put one's finger on a weakness that has not been assaulted — is a difficult, almost an impossible task. New tunes in the forest protection scale are not easily improvised.

But if the tunes are not new, if

they are not original, they are good, old fashioned ones and can stand repetition. In our own district of Powell River the question of forest protection is a vital one to all residents of the district. Have you seen the log-crib dam the company are erecting at Lois River? Have you noticed the logs they are using to erect it? It's a sturdy dam, built with sturdy logs. And all these logs are second growth timber cut from the fertile soil of the Gordon Pasha Lakes. That's one mighty important reason for not tossing the odd cigarettes carelessly about, or leaving rubbish and waste strewn carelessly about while on hikes or picnics.

On the fringes of Powell Lake and far back in the draws a once bare country side is putting on a green mantle of new growth. Logged over areas on the outskirts of the suburbs are showing healthy tints of green as the second growth begins to appear. Some of this growth has

*Twenty years ago, during logging operations on Powell Lake, considerable quantities of timber were destroyed by fire. Here is shown logs collected near the river mouth in 1910, being burned by a fire which swept down the lake side.*



been slow — lamentably slow — the forces of reproduction have been retarded—in many cases almost wholly destroyed by terrible fires which swept the country side in the early days.

In a few decades, assuming the fire menace is reduced to a minimum, our second growth areas will be reproducing. In the meantime, its preservation means much to us, as residents. There are our picnickers! Who wants to take a lunch basket and sit in the too wide open, fire scorched, sun-parched spots, devoid of the cooling, restful shelter of green trees? We have many beautiful picnic and hiking haunts in the vicinity — numerous grassy glades nestling in the welcome shade of the generous firs and cedars. Little forest-concealed nooks through which the summer breezes blow, and where the voice of nature is heard are common. We do not want fires in these outdoor paradises.

And the fishing! The famed bare-footed boy with his home-made rod and line, always snaffled the big ones in the deep, quiet pools, concealed from the prying eyes of the casual line caster. No dried-up, parched

streams for him. He sought the streams where the banks were green and the merciless concentration of a midsummer sun was warded off — and the stream allowed to run its course. The rainbow and cutthroats like the trees, which is a fair reason for keeping our woods fireproof.

And the big game, too! Powell River is a hunting community. We boast of many a stout Nimrod in and about our townsite. The hunting is not what it was twenty, or even ten years ago, they will tell you. Our reason is that the shy buck and his partner or even the more courageous grizzly are not in love with burned over lands. They like the forest glades fat with the luxurious, delectable herbs. They are partial to the second growth areas. And while waiting for these to mature it is worth remembering that preventing a fire or stamping out carefully the first signs of a conflagration makes the prospects for that venison steak a whole lot brighter in the next few years.

These are some of the random thoughts that recur during midsummer, when the fire hazard is at its peak. The general ravages of fire

are only too well known to most of us to require repetition here. We are all inextricably linked up with the safeguarding and maintenance of the forests, from whence our pulp wood is derived. Some of the losses in this connection are also only too familiar.

Every one of us has a concern in every stick of timber wasted or destroyed. If we play fair with our forests they will play fair with us, and yield us compound interest to boot.

#### *George Bingham Passes Away*

The death in Vancouver last month of George Bingham, local broker, and for many years a well-known figure in the community, was received with wide regret throughout the district. Succumbing to an attack of heart failure, Mr. Bingham passed away while on a short business trip.

George first entered the employ of the Powell River Company as a member of the timekeeping staff, and held various positions in the office in the years following. Several years ago he resigned from the company to enter business for himself. His brokerage house, where he conducted general brokerage business, insurance, etc., was an institution in Powell River.

His body, following out his own wishes, was cremated and the ashes sent to Powell River. Funeral services were conducted by the Reverend Thompson and the ashes were taken up Powell Lake and scattered

near his summer home on the lake.

Mr. Bingham was a valuable and highly esteemed citizen of Powell River and his decease was widely mourned in the district.

#### *Third in Manufacturing*

The pulp and paper industry to-day ranks third among the manufacturing industries of British Columbia. Saw mills are in the lead with an annual production value of \$59,000,000; fish canning and packing came next, with \$24,000,000, and pulp and paper third with \$17,000,000 (approximately).

It must be remembered that saw mills in British Columbia have been in active operation since 1865, and the fishing industry since the late eighties. Pulp and paper did not appear until 1909, and its annual value in that year was less than \$5,000. The growth of the industry in two decades is undoubtedly one of the bright spots in British Columbia's industrial history.

A district having been subjected to several earthquake shocks, a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone. A day or two later they received a telegram:—

"Am returning your boy—send earthquake."

—*Monmouthshire Beacon.*

It's become easy again to find those who haven't lost their jobs. They're all at the ball games.—*Judge.*

*Scene of the garden party at the directors' house given by the company in honor of the visiting ladies during the convention of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, A.F. and A.M., in Powell River last month.*



### *Masonic Grand Lodge Holds Successful Convention*

For the second time within a month Powell River was the gathering place for a fraternal convention. In May the Knights of Pythias held their annual convention here. On June 18th and 19th our community was further honored by the presence of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia A.F. and A.M. Arriving in Powell River on the Canadian Pacific luxurious new coastal liner the S.S. *Princess Joan*, the delegates and their wives, to the number of 500, invaded our district for two memorable days.

From all reports of delegates, we feel justified in saying that the visitors heartily enjoyed every minute of their sojourn with us. They have spoken very highly of Powell River hospitality, which they declared made the 1930 convention one of the most successful and eventful in many years.

The local lodge are to be congratulated on the manner in which they entertained their visitors. Between sessions special boat trips to Powell Lake, fishing excursions, scenic drives

and organized tours of the paper plant kept the delegates on the move; the ladies of the party in particular, were well looked after, and some form of entertainment—lake trips, drives, etc., were arranged for the mornings and afternoons. On Friday evening, the grand ball in Dwight Hall, attended by over 700 people, brought the session to an enthusiastic close. On Thursday they were entertained at a special garden party given in their honor by the Powell River Company.

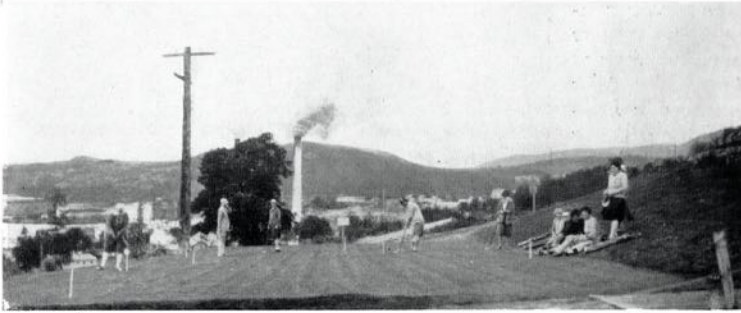
It was a privilege for Powell River to play the role of host to this distinguished delegation, who we hope, will again honor us with their presence in the very near future.

### *Births*

June 1st—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Markley, a boy.  
 June 23rd—Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Paynter, a boy.  
 June 25th—Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Behan, a boy.

Of all the things that get into your mouth and attack your teeth, the one that tooth-paste can't remove is a dentist.—*Judge.*





*Scene on the new putting green during the weekly ladies' tournament. This green, since its installation, has proved immensely popular with local golfers.*

### *Ladies' Day Popular*

A feature of golf club activities during the past year has been the inauguration of a regular ladies' day on the links. Each Tuesday, between the hours of one and five, the ladies are queens of the course. On this day they hold their weekly tournaments, which include a wide variety of competitive struggles, medal rounds, tombstone competitions, single club matches, etc. Courageous indeed is the male golfer who ventures to invade the links on the sacred Tuesday afternoons. The man, who, at 12 noon on Saturday requests a shave, hair cut, shampoo and face massage, with a full house in attendance, is a mere weakling compared to the lion-hearted individual who storms the greens on ladies' day.

The ladies' tournaments have been popular. The judicious arrangements of an energetic committee have stimulated interest in and increased the pleasure of golf to the lady members. The various teams have been selected with a sensible combination of strong

and weak players. As a result many, who, in the ordinary range of competition, might feel diffident about participating, have entered wholeheartedly into the Tuesday afternoon gatherings.

An average of twenty to twenty-five ladies have been in attendance each week, and the popularity of Tuesday afternoon appears to be established. It is not always an easy thing to arrange such competitions and to distribute evenly strength and weakness, so that everyone is satisfied. It entails much conjecture on the part of the committee, much careful planning, and a not inconsiderable portion of the committee members' time. However, judging from appearances, we would say that they have fulfilled their duties in very capable fashion, and with a minimum of friction.

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We may not have much sex appeal but we don't need a megaphone to convince a girl we love her—*Judge*.

Tell me now in what hidden way is  
Lady Flora the lovely Rōman?  
Where's Hipparchia, and where is Thais,  
Neither of them the fairer woman?  
Where is Echo, beheld of no man,  
Only heard on river and mere—  
She, whose beauty was more than human,  
But where are the snows of yester-year?

—From "The Ballad of Dead Ladies"  
by Francois Villon.



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 9

AUGUST, 1930

NO. 8

*Along the Golden  
Twilight Trail*



# Annual Garden Contest Prize Winners

## Best Combination Garden

(Front and back)

W. J. Smith, 971 Maple

## Best Lawn and Flower Garden

First prize	A. E. Davies	1010 Ocean Vw.
Second prize	O. N. Hamerton	160 Ocean Vw.
Third prize	A. E. Watt	1000 Ocean Vw.

## Best Kitchen Garden

First prize	E. Anderson	781 Maple
Second prize	G. Higgins	851 Maple
Third prize	S. Artico	24 Riverside

## Best Boulevard

J. R. Brand, 981 Maple

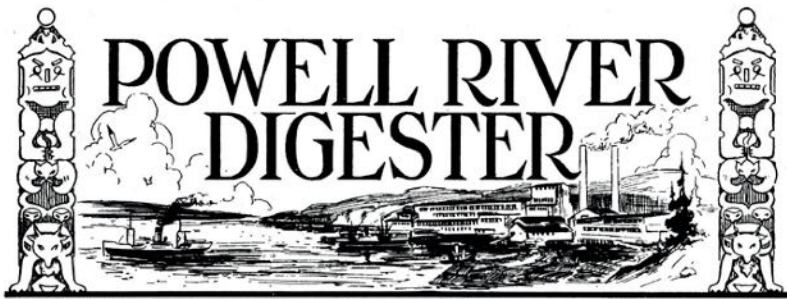
## Best Riverside Garden

O. Brandolini, 40 Riverside

## For Honorable Mention

Chas. Powell	201 Poplar
H. Middleton	240 Ocean Vw.
J. Semple	1030 Ocean Vw.
J. R. Hall	1091 Maple
W. Tapp	800 Ocean Vw.
W. Snyder	850 Ocean Vw.
L. H. Hicks	880 Ocean Vw.
Chas. Murray	890 Ocean Vw.
H. Foster	180 Oak
R. Cowan	251 Poplar
H. Sandifer	101-1221 Ocean Vw.
A. Richards	410 Maple

The 800 Block Ocean Vw. is considered a record block for the garden work done by tenants there and is a great credit to them. Also the 900 Block Maple, with the exception of two or three gardens. The judging this year was a very difficult matter, so much excellent work has been done.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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## The International Highway to Alaska

With a series of interesting illustrations we dedicate our principal theme of this issue to the recent International Caravan, composed of representatives of Canada and of the United States. The object of the trip was to stimulate interest on both sides of the border in the great highway, which it is hoped will some day stretch from the Gulf of Mexico, through British Columbia and on into Alaska.

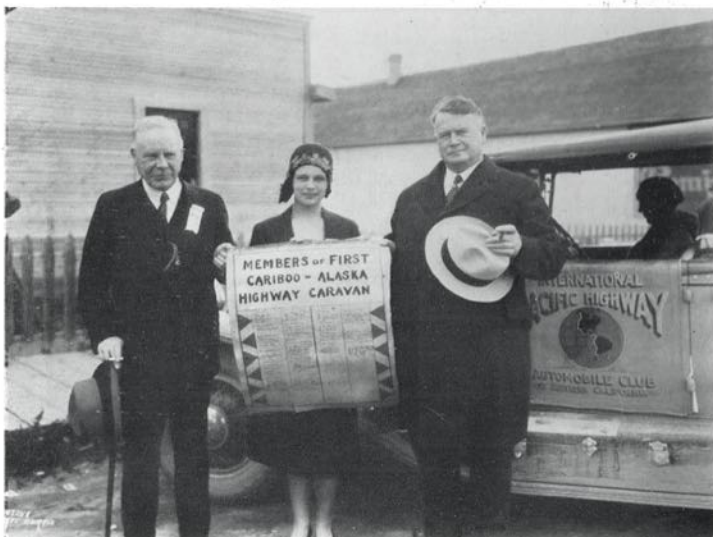
Mr. R. H. Scanlon, assistant resident manager of the Powell River Company, accompanied the delegation, and in the following pages tells the outlines of the great trek northward.

Distinguished citizens of both countries accompanied the Caravan. Lieutenant-Governor Randolph Bruce of British Columbia, and his niece, Miss Margaret Mackenzie, joined the Caravan at Hazelton. Premier Tolmie and the Hon. A. A. MacKenzie, minister of mines, represented the people of our province. Other prominent Canadians included Dr. Doolittle of Toronto; Bruce ("Pinkey") McKelvie, director of provincial publicity; Alderman Lembke of Vancouver, and others.

The American representatives included Ernest Sawyer, United States assistant secretary of the interior; Major Elliot, head of the Alaska Road Commission; Charles Garfield, in charge of Alaska Department, Seattle Chamber of Commerce; Governor Parks of Alaska; Senators Dimmick and Condon of Washington, and representatives of many daily newspapers.

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## *The International Caravan Swings Northward*



*At the end of the Trail. His Honor, Lieutenant-governor Bruce, Miss Margaret MacKenzie and Premier Tolmie of British Columbia, pose for the camera at Hazelton, B. C.*

**I**N 1815, near a century and a quarter ago, the governments of Great Britain and the United States of America sheathed their swords—and after a lapse of twelve decades they have still remained undrawn against each other. A century and a quarter of undisturbed tranquil relations and mutual toleration, has existed between Canada and her southern neighbor. Four thousand miles of unguarded border line separate the two nations. No bristling hedge of distrustful bayonets line this invisible frontier—no armed

fortifications, no military armaments. Across the “line” citizens of both nations pass and repass, in peace, toleration and mutual respect.

Such was the spirit in which the Golden Twilight Caravan was conceived. Such was the spirit which lay behind the invitation of Premier Tolmie to representatives of the American states and nation who travelled with his party along the Great North Road from the United States border to the “farthest north” town of Hazelton, in British Columbia.



*Hands across the border. Premier Tolmie of British Columbia, greets Ernest Sawyer, Assistant Secretary of Interior of the United States, in the shadow of the International Peace Arch at Blaine. Major Elliot, the Alaska Road Commissioner, is on Mr. Sawyer's right.*

On June 13, beneath the shadow of the Peace Arch at the International Boundary at Blaine, the British Columbia delegation led by Premier Tolmie and the Hon. W. A. MacKenzie, minister of mines, met and exchanged greetings with the United States representatives, headed by Ernest Sawyer, assistant secretary of the interior in the Hoover cabinet. The International Caravan, another link in the one hundred and fifteen years of uninterrupted friendship and good-will, had started on its voyage.

Through the Land of the Golden Twilight to the Land of the Midnight Sun! A Great North Road of scenic

grandeur and of inestimable commercial possibilities, leading from the 49th parallel, through British Columbia's beautiful hinterland—far beyond the famous 53rd parallel and on into the heart of the romantic Alaskan Panhandle. A highway which transcends international boundaries and throws open the gates of a new Cathay of scenic grandeur and unexploited wealth in the, as yet unscratched territories of northern British Columbia and Alaska. A mighty artery over which thousands of citizens may some day journey in comfort from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle.

Such was the vision of the modern





*Premier Tolmie, Lieutenant-governor Bruce, and Governor Parks of Alaska, exchange goodwill greetings at Hazelton.*

Argonauts who drove northward with Premier Tolmie's Golden Twilight Caravan last month.

A through road from the International border, through British Columbia to Alaska, has for many years occupied the attention of far-sighted men in both Canada and the United States. The purpose of the Golden Twilight Caravan was to focus attention on the project of building this highway—one which is expected to be of "incalculable value to both countries." Already the road link has been constructed beyond the headwater of the Arctic and on into Hazelton, "the gateway of the northern half of British Columbia."

"We hope and believe," said Premier Tolmie, "that this will be but

the advance guard of a volume of traffic from the United States which will some day not only justify the extension of the existing road system northward, but will make it imperative."

If the trip through British Columbia's hinterland was an astounding revelation to our American friends—it was none the less so to many of our own representatives from British Columbia. Here was scenic grandeur—a land of mighty mountains—rushing rivers—blue mountain lakes—of unsurpassed beauty. At every step on the journey lingered memories of romance and adventure, paralleling the vivid, fascinating tales of the Oregon Trail or the California Gold Rush. Nowhere on the continent are



*Percy Sands at the wheel of his old original Flanders car, which made the first trip to Hazelton in 1911 — the first motor car to complete a through journey from the American border to Hazelton.*

traces of the old frontier days more noticeable than along the fringes of the Golden Twilight Trail. The last frontier in the United States has crumbled before the attack of civilization. In British Columbia and Alaska it has been assaulted but not conquered. On the old Cariboo Road from Hope to Quesnel and north into Hazelton, some of the original glamour of the hectic days of the sixties and seventies may yet be discerned. The old landmarks, rest havens for the miners along the Cariboo trail, the 74, 122 and 150 Mile Houses retain something of their pristine glory.

Here and there the Caravan encountered old prospectors who have spent twenty, thirty and even forty years searching for gold in the hills and creeks of B. C.'s great interior. They are still hunting it; sometimes finding it—but always managing in some mysterious fashion to "grub-stake" themselves for the next ven-

ture. Until the P. G. E. railroad crossed the Quesnel River Bridge in the summer of 1921, there were many inhabitants in this land who had never seen a railroad train in their lives. One group of bewildered Indians took one look at this puffing, snorting steel monster and fled for their very lives, as it roared forth an exultant welcome to the old frontier town.

It was into this vast northland, whose spasmodic glitter of the sixties and seventies is being slowly replaced by the steady, less glamorous, but more substantial greatness of the future, that the International Argosy advanced. They covered one thousand miles of road bed, parts of which were constructed by the Royal Engineers in B. C.'s colonial days. They drove from the bustling centres of population to the rim of what is still the "Great Unknown." For over two weeks the members of this now historic caravan lived in the past, feed-

*Along the picturesque Fraser Canyon between Hope and Lytton.*



ing on tales of mystic folk lore, of adventure and the glory of bygone days. They visited historic villages. They listened to glittering, lurid anecdotes, revived by natives and old prospectors. They saw the Golden Twilight slowly envelop, now deserted towns, once the centre of a feverish gold-mad population. In the comparative luxury of modern motor transportation they travelled roads over which three quarters of a century ago, had eagerly stamped the El Dorado seekers from every corner of the globe.

But if these modern Argonauts looked backward—they were men of vision—they also glanced into the future. They saw, perhaps, a new empire in this northland—great cities springing up, vast areas of rich land flung open for development, smoking factories and mills to refine the raw wealth—roads carrying the curious from all parts of the world, arteries

along which flowed the tide of commerce and industry. Something of this was in the minds of the men from Canada and British Columbia who led the "On to Alaska" trek of the International Caravan.

Romantic and historical associations however, are insufficient to justify a project of such gigantic proportions as the Alaska Highway. Something more substantial must be behind. The Caravaners, found, indeed, other features of a more tangible and material aspect. They found land rich in agricultural possibilities; areas whose mineral potentialities have scarcely been scratched; and timber lands, which in the future may help turn the wheels of B. C.'s pulp and paper industry. They traversed the farms and orchards of the justly celebrated Fraser Valley, one of the richest and most productive areas of dairying and mixed farming in the northwest. Great herds of Jerseys,

Ayrshires, Guerneys—prize dairy cattle—grazed peacefully in the fields. Between Abbotsford and Chilliwack they had traversed the wide, flat Sumas Valley, where, recently a gigantic reclamation plan, had released thousands of fertile acres for farming purposes. Here too they passed through the extensive hop fields where the Indians of the valley gather each year for the hop picking.

From Chilliwack they swung into the ancient and historic village of Hope. This settlement was founded in 1847 by the Hudson Bay Company. At Hope, the real romance and scenic grandeur of the journey begins. Its population today scarcely aggregates 500. In the year following its founding, Hope was a depot for the thousands of miners seeking the wealth of the Cariboo. In 1858, when the gold rush was at its height, the population was above 3000 and over 27 saloons roared a wide open, vociferous welcome to miners and prospec-

tors going up or down the line. Here was discovered the famous Eureka silver mine, the first lode claim crown-granted in British Columbia, one of the richest mineral deposits of its day.

At Ashcroft, the beginning of the modern Cariboo Road, the Caravaners were introduced to the famous Ashcroft potatoes and tomatoes, blue ribbon winners in many an international exhibition. They followed the historic trail northward, swung up the "hump" to Chasm, British Columbia's miniature replica of the Colorado Grand Canyon. They saw the serried, awe-inspiring, overhanging cliffs, their sides a riot of wild, multicolored chrome. They saw lakes from which soda carbonates have already been successfully extracted. They passed over the Great Divide and on into the vast interior plateau, where the big beef herds of the Cariboo and Chilcotin countries are fattened for the marts of the world. They saw old

*Good agricultural land is found in the great interior plateau. This illustration shows a farm at Kersley, a few miles south of Quesnel.*



*Picturesque Summit Lakesnuggles peacefully among the hills of the northland.*



and new mining claims, awaiting the advent of capital and modern industry to revive and perhaps even surpass their ancient glory.

At Prince George, divisional point on the Canadian National Railway, the beginnings of what may be a great future timber industry were encountered. The small spruce and cottonwood grow thickly here; some day the pulp and paper mills of British Columbia may find it useful, when the reserves at tidewater are exhausted, and transportation facilities are open along the Alaskan Highway. At Vanderhoof, in the rich, fertile Nechako Valley, the "Fraser Valley of the Interior," they found wide areas of wheat and other grains already under cultivation and yielding large returns to the acre. Mineral possibilities too, exist in the hills and slopes of this country—as yet scarcely touched by the refining hand of civilization.

At the end of the road in the historic frontier town of Hazelton, jumping off place for the untravelled lands of the north, the delegation saw the Indians still bringing their furs to the traders; they saw miners with the primitive mule and pack horses, starting on their journey into the lonely Yukon and the foot trails of the north. Many a flourishing mining claim is located in this area and the future is rich in promise for mineral development. A wonderful country this land lying back of the Great North Road—a land which will be some day tapped by the great International Highway, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Circle.

The Alaska Road, traversing B. C.'s interior is full of romance and of ancient grandeur. It is a tourist's paradise, with its changing scenery—its deep rocky canyons and rugged cliffs—its crystal clear mountain

*Premier Tolmie and the Hon. Wm. MacKenzie, minister of mines, eagerly scan the panings of old Joel Stevens, famous Barkerville prospector. Joel has been seeking a new Eldorado at Barkerville for nearly four decades and is still going strong.*



lakes—its rushing streams and glaciers, and it is a land of vast commercial possibilities, with the products of mine, forest and farm awaiting the developing forces of modern methods and modern equipment. The Caravaners, one and all, were filled with enthusiasm and on every hand was

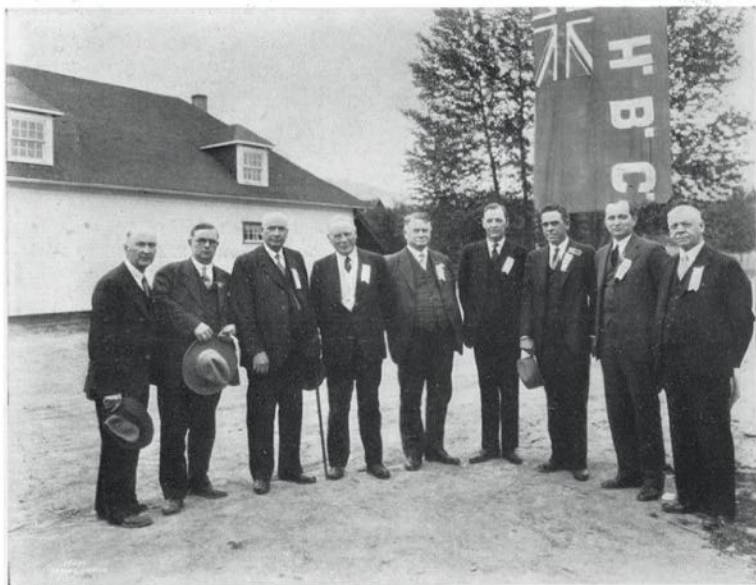
expressed the opinion that the Alaska Highway project should be completed and the vast untamed areas of the land of the Golden Twilight and the Land of the Midnight Sun be afforded the opportunity of developing the great heritage with which nature has so amply endowed it.



*Kispiox Indian totems at Hazelton, B. C. The Kispiox retain many of the ancient customs of their race and have suffered less than most from contact with the whites.*

## *On to Alaska with the Golden Twilight Caravan*

As Told to the Editor by R. H. Scanlon



*The International Highway pioneers gather at Hazelton. Left to right the party includes A. Curtis, Seattle; Bruce (Pinkie) McKelvie, organizer of the trip; Hon. W. A. MacKenzie, British Columbia Minister of Mines; Lieutenant-governor Bruce, Dr. Tolmie, Governor Parks of Alaska, Major Elliot, head of Alaska Road Commission; E. W. Sawyer, Assistant Secretary of Interior, U. S. A.; Charles Garfield, in charge of Alaska Department, Seattle Chamber of Commerce.*

**I**AST year I had the pleasure of travelling by motor car from Vancouver to Hazelton — present terminus of the great interior highway which taps British Columbia's hinterland. Brief though the trip was, it afforded me some conception of the untapped possibilities of our great interior, some conception of its scenic wealth and commer-

cial potentialities. Since this first voyage into Hazelton, I had looked forward to making this trip under more leisured circumstances — for it had left a very vivid impression on my mind. When the opportunity was afforded to accompany Premier Tolmie's International Caravan on their "On to Alaska" voyage, it was one which I eagerly embraced. It is



*Lieutenant-governor Bruce points out to his niece, Miss Margaret MacKenzie, some of the beauties of the celebrated Marble Canyon.*

a trip which every local motorist should endeavor, if at all possible, to undertake in the near future. I say, with conviction, that few places on this continent will more richly reward the motor tourist than a holiday spent on the Golden Twilight Trail, now open from Vancouver, and heading nearly one thousand miles through the interior to the frontier town of Hazelton.

The journey from the moment we left Vancouver until we were greeted by Lieutenant-governor Bruce, his niece, Miss Margaret MacKenzie, and Governor Parks of Alaska, was a succession of high lights and interesting incidents. When the caravan of fifty automobiles left Vancouver there was included in the fleet, Percy

Sands and his stout old Flanders car, the first car to make the overland trip to Hazelton in 1911. The sturdy old charger is still capable of showing them all "the way to go home." After an eventful twenty years of life it took the bumps like the real veteran it is and made the entire trip, in and out, under its own power, and without a tow.

On the first hundred miles of our trip we traversed a type of country with which most of us, including the American delegates, were familiar. We crossed the rich and well cultivated land of our Fraser Valley. Haying was in progress and the oats, barley and other grains, while not yet tinged with the gold of full maturity, presented an attractive ap-





*Dr. Doolittle, Premier Tolmie, Mrs. Tolmie, Lieutenant-governor Bruce and Miss MacKenzie are interested spectators to the skilful fashioning of the dug-out canoes by the Kispiox Indians.*

pearance. Arriving in Chilliwack, the metropolis of the Fraser Valley, we were tendered a luncheon by the enterprising board of trade.

After lunch the caravan rolled on its way and soon we became conscious we were on the fringes of a new and entirely different country. We began to strike the mountainous area and our visitors began to catch glimpses of the scenic wonders for which British Columbia is famous. Maple-fringed highways behind which the rugged cliffs of the Fraser canyon were looming to give the American members of the delegation a hint of what awaited them in the ways of scenic grandeur on the Golden Twilight Trail.

#### Unrivalled Scenic Grandeur

The caravan rested on its first night at the historic town of Hope. We had left the valley country of green fields, of grain and of dairy herds behind. Below us the old Fraser swirled on its way to tide-water, and the great jagged peaks looked out on the snarling waters dashing through the yawning mouth of the canyon on their way to tide-water. We stopped beside the huge stone cairn, which immortalizes the memory of caravans that had preceded us—the covered wagon, mule, ox and horse trains of the hectic mining days of the sixties. In the evening Mr. Justice Murphy of Vancouver, delivered a vivid lecture on



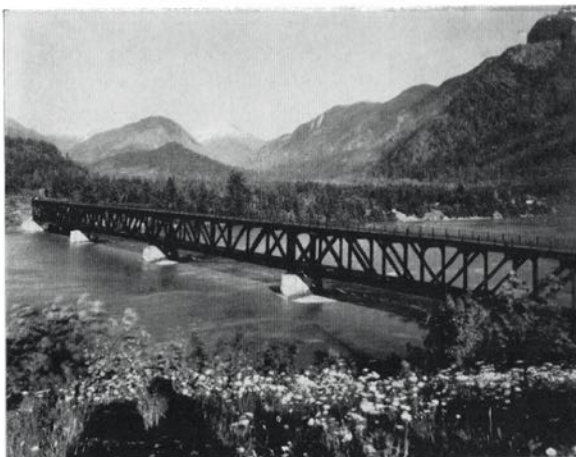
*The International Caravan leaving Hazelton on their return journey down the Great North Road.*

the early days of the gold rush and the subsequent history of the country in recent years. It was a story which few of us, particularly our American friends, had heard, and under the skilful and sympathetic touch of Justice Murphy, it stood out as an epic of unsurpassed hardship, romance and achievement, seldom equalled in the annals of our country.

On Sunday morning, June 15, the caravan swung into Yale, fifteen miles north of Hope, and in the old border days the pith and marrow of mining activity in the district. Yale

was formerly the head of navigation on the Fraser. It was the jumping off trench for the far away Cariboo, and from here miners, with their pack and equipment started on the gold trail to the north. Some of the most magnificent scenery in British Columbia begins to confront the caravan. Tunnels, cut through forbidding and massive walls of rock, hanging precariously on the edges of the great cleft cut by the Fraser during the countless centuries it has flown down to the sea. Around this district hovers legends and tales of

*The fine new steel bridge which now spans the Fraser River at Hope is a far cry from the old mining days, when canoes and rafts were utilized for crossing purposes.*



*The celebrated village of Barkerville, once the centre of a population of 7000 people. Today it is almost deserted save for a few prospectors and trappers.*



early battle with the Indians, of lawless miners disputing the organized authority of Governor Douglas, whispers of folk lore of the mystic spirits inhabiting the Fraser Canyon, who still guide the destinies of many an Indian, a country splashed with red blooded romance, adventure and mystery.

At Yale the caravaners visited the historic old church, built by the pioneers who rushed into the country in 1858 on the first mad stampede to the Cariboo. When a short service was held by the Rev. C. G. Yates, who had long since passed his three score and ten years, but who still clings to the old church and carries on in the venerable old edifice.

#### **Boiling Fraser Canyon**

The trail, northward to Lytton, along the rocky ledges of the canyon, is a marvel of engineering skill. For miles we passed along shaggy ledges cut through mighty bluffs, crossed

daringly constructed bridges floating high above the gorge gashed rocks. If you crave scenic grandeur, almost beyond description, the Golden Twilight Trail, as it winds high above the boiling waters of the Fraser Canyon, will furnish it to overflowing. Certainly the cameras of the caravaners clicked frequently, and the moving picture men travelled with "open sights" all the way.

At Lytton, occurred an incident which marked one of the high lights of the trip. Two hundred Indians of the Thompson tribe were assembled to greet Premier Tolmie and extend their homage to the Great White Chief of British Columbia. Chief Jimmy Anderson told of the great treaty which had brought peace and understanding between his tribe and the white men. The great David Splintlum, late chief of the tribe, whose spirit still roams the mountains and valleys of the Thompson, had



*The main street of Quesnel, present northward terminus of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway. Much of Quesnel's old Frontier appearance still persists although in recent years much of its importance has been minimized by the appearance of Williams Lake as a new rival.*

negotiated this treaty. His is a name revered and loved not only by Indians, but by the white men who knew and respected his talents. It was a picturesque ceremony, and the solemn, almost childlike dignity of these sons of a great race, left a deep impression on us all.

#### **Above Hell's Gate**

No more picturesque and grandly beautiful scenery may be witnessed anywhere in the province than along the highway from Yale to Lytton. We crawled above famous Hell's Gate where the river rushes madly between almost perpendicular walls of massive granite, passed through a huge tunnel cutting through a face of solid rock, and swung out into a panorama of lofty, cloud shrouded peaks, mountain streams, towering cliffs and forests. It is a scenic route which I believe, is without parallel on the continent.

#### **Premier Opens Bridge**

Leaving Lytton, we swung off on the "low road," stopping at Spence's Bridge, to permit Premier Tolmie to open the new bridge, and continued on to Clinton, our resting place for the second night, halting for a brief inspection of Ashcroft on the way.

Here the caravan saw the mountains gradually dwindling in the distance, and the tableland of the great interior beginning to appear ahead. At Ashcroft we struck the real modern Cariboo Road running direct to the old mining town of Barkerville for a distance of nearly 300 miles. We were introduced to the famous Ashcroft spuds and tomatoes ere striking the trail to the interior.

#### **Lunch at the "122"**

The mountains had been superseded by the great vistas of grazing lands stretching almost uninterruptedly from Clinton to Williams Lake. It is a country chiefly given over to



*Miss Margaret MacKenzie, chate-laine of B. C.'s Government House, poses for the camera with Bob Scanlon of Powell River.*

stock raising and mixed farming. At Clinton, where we remained overnight, many evidences of its former greatness is prevalent in the numerous placer claims and the huddle of old buildings, relics of the vigorous days of the sixties.

The following day found us lunching at the 122 Mile House, one of the famous hostleries of the Cariboo Road. Since 1860 this old house has been in continuous operation. It has seen miners, prospectors, ox and horse teams pass and repass along the "Gold Trail." It has seen men in the exuberance of hope and faith return crushed and broken by their struggles and failures. It saw the first motor car to pass along the route and last month, after an absence of twenty years, rubbed its eye in

amazement as Percy Sands, at the wheel of the same venerable old warrior, reappeared at its front door.

### **Dance in Stampede Hall**

On the way to Williams Lake, the caravan stopped for a moment at the 150 Mile House, another hostelry whose fame was known from Ashcroft to Fort George, but which today with the penetration of the P. G. E. Railway has lost something of its former strategic position.

Williams Lake, "the eyes of the Cariboo," welcomed us for supper. Williams Lake, as a townsite sprung into existence in 1921 as a divisional point on the P. G. E. Today it is the centre of the Cariboo and Chilcotin countries and the distributing point for the farms and cattle of this fertile region. The big event of the day was the banquet and dance held in the Stampede Hall in our honor.

### **Another Opopogo**

It was recalled that the first dance ever held here in 1921, when the hastily constructed general store was utilized, and every prospector, homesteader and railroad construction worker made whoopee, which is still talked about in whispers around the winter firesides. Stealing a leaf from the notebook of their Okanagan friends, the enterprising citizens of the lake have invented an Opopogo, a prehistoric monster which still haunts the blue waters of Williams Lake. It is said that Opopogo is more often seen around stampede time, when the boys from the ranges head townwards.

*Entrance to Fort St. James, famous Hudson Bay post of the interior.*



#### Visit Historic Barkerville

From Williams Lake to Quesnel we travelled the great Cariboo cattle range, where some of the finest beef in the world is said to be produced. Nearing Quesnel we passed several moose, a novelty to the majority of the caravanners. After lunch at Quesnel, we drove to Barkerville, now almost deserted save for Joel Stevens, who has been looking for gold "in them thar hills" for forty years without a break. Ernest Sawyer and Major Elliot were permitted the privilege of sleeping in the old bar-room, of which tales, outrivalling the best efforts of Baron Munchausen are told. Premier Tolmie and Senator Dimmick tried their hand at panning pay dirt. We danced that night on the old bar-room floor with music from the original piano which is still preserved as a memorable link with the old mining days.

Back to Quesnel and on to Prince

George, crossing the Cottonwood Canyon and the deep Fraser River Gorge. At Quesnel the P. G. E. has its present terminus and although the road is constructed northward twenty miles to the Cottonwood, construction has not yet attempted to span the deep cleft of the Cottonwood—a bridge project which will probably run into several millions.

#### On to Prince George

Arriving in Prince George, we found a real live, vigorous settlement, with an energetic board of trade supervising our welcome. Another banquet and dance enlivened the evening and in technical language, it was a "knockout." Miss Anderson of Prince George, and her dancing pupils provided an entertainment that kept the entire crowd "on their toes" all evening. Prince George, a divisional point on the Canadian National, boasts a population of 3500

*Marco - Baroni and his trusty "moke" have travelled the world together. Now in B. C., he exchanged greetings with members of the caravan as they swung by en route to Hazelton.*



people—all boosters for their community.

The next day we bid a reluctant farewell to these enterprising people and continued our trip into the fertile Nechako Valley, arriving at Vanderhoof, distributing centre for this region, rich in farming, mining and stock raising possibilities. The valley of the Nechako appealed very favorably to me, with large areas of first-class grain under cultivation—grain, whose yield per acre is very high. It is a beautiful, rich country, and will some day be a great centre of population.

In the afternoon we crossed the watershed dividing the Nechako and Bulkley Valleys, a land whose agricultural and stock raising potentialities have already attracted numbers of industrious homesteaders. Burns Lake welcomed us with another banquet and dance—a real, whooping, old-time affair. A hunter's and fisherman's paradise is this neighborhood.

The splendid Lake Lodge provides delightful quarters and canoe trips over lakes connecting up small streams on whose borders moose, deer and other species of game are plentiful—and in whose waters the rainbow and their ken challenge the rod and line expert.

#### **The End of the Trail**

On the afternoon of June 30th we reached the end of the trail—Hazelton—farthest north point on the Golden Twilight Trail. In the evening the train rolled in from Prince Rupert and Lieutenant-governor Bruce and Miss Margaret MacKenzie, accompanied by Governor Parks and the Alaskan delegation joined the party.

#### **The Huskies Howl**

At Hazelton, we became conscious that we had reached the rim of the "Great Unknown." We saw prospectors with their mule trains and pack saddles heading into the vast

northland along foot trails. At night the weird howls of the huskies pierced the air. Something of the ancient romance and spirit of the frontier still rests on this fringe of civilization. One of the most unique features of the tour is the graveyard of the famous Kispiox Indians. Tiny houses cover the graves and give the appearance of a village in miniature. The tribe bury their dead tribesman's valuables with him, a custom dating back from prehistoric times, but which has been largely discontinued among British Columbia Indians. At Hazelton, Premier Tolmie, Governor Bruce, Governor Parks and other notables assembled in the old historic school house and in this frontier post on the edges of civilization discussed the future possibili-

ties of the great international highway to Alaska.

#### **Miss MacKenzie Makes "Hit"**

Our return trip made via the busy town of Smithers was a succession of interesting gatherings and entertainments. At Smithers, that bustling settlement, a child of the Canadian National Railway, we listened to Miss Margaret MacKenzie's maiden speech. The charming chatelaine of British Columbia's government house was loudly cheered and made an instantaneous "hit" with every member of the party.

The old grizzled prospector, who remarked in a stage whisper, "that if the governor has any more nieces like that, he owes it to the country to bring them out," summed up the feelings of the entire delegation.





*Fishing on the fringes of the Golden Twilight Trail. Kispiox Indians, near Hazelton, fishing in the salmon-laden waters of the Skeena.*



Retracing our steps southward, the caravan reached Vanderhoof to swing off into Fort St. James, historic Hudson's Bay fur trading post, and the beautiful Stuart Lake country. The great northern lake district—the Windermere of northern British Columbia—is a tourist's paradise and already is favored as a summer vacation playground. At the fort, Governor Bruce and his niece, Miss MacKenzie, held a meeting with ancient Chief Louis and twenty-five members of his tribe who had all gathered to

At D

different members of the delegation kept everyone in high spirits.

#### **Whoopee All the Way**

At almost every point on our return journey some form of interesting entertainment had been arranged. At Prince George we attended the Trappers Ball, open to everyone over nine and under ninety. And they were all there. Similarly at Quesnel, an old fashioned dance, with the sky the limit and Hon. Wm. MacKenzie calling the dance with all the ease

*Douglas Lodge, well known summer resort, is situated on Stewart Lake, about 3 miles from Fort St. James. Tourists are finding this beautiful spot increasingly attractive as a vacation playground.*



traced our steps down the Cariboo Road, and until we wound up with the big farewell banquet tendered by the Vancouver board of trade. At Hope a smoker was held for the caravanners and at Harrison Hot Springs, Premier Tolmie and Sands posed for the talkies. We all arrived in Vancouver, genuinely regretful that one of the most interesting and enjoyable experiences in our life had come to an inevitable end.

It was a big happy family all the way.

#### **A Wonderful Land!**

In conclusion, I cannot help but believe that the project of a highway to Alaska through British Columbia will be seriously advocated by both British Columbia and the United States. Tourist attractions, unrivaled scenic wonders and great commercial possibilities—all lie along the Golden Twilight Trail. It is a wonderful country this land of the Gold-  
which I hope in our  
completed to



A motorist had just crashed a telephone pole. Wire, pole and everything came down about his ears. They found him unconscious in the wreckage. As they were untangling him, he reached out feebly, fingered the wires and murmured:

"Thank heaven, I lived clean—they've given me a harp."

### *Thrift*

"Sandy, I dinna like the way you drive so close to the car ahead. An' it's night, too."

"Whist ye, woman. Dinna ye ken that I can turn off my headlights that way, and save the battery."

"I never knew until I got a car," said the bishop, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much road?"

"Whist ye."

He, nervously: "Margaret, there's been something trembling on my lips for months and months."

She: "Yes, so I see—why don't you shave it off?"

"Mother (telephoning from a party): "Johnny, I hope you and Bobby are being good boys while I am away."

Johnny: "Yes, we are. And, ma-ma, we're having more fun. We let the bathtub run over and are playing Niagara Falls on the stairway."

### *The Prodigy*

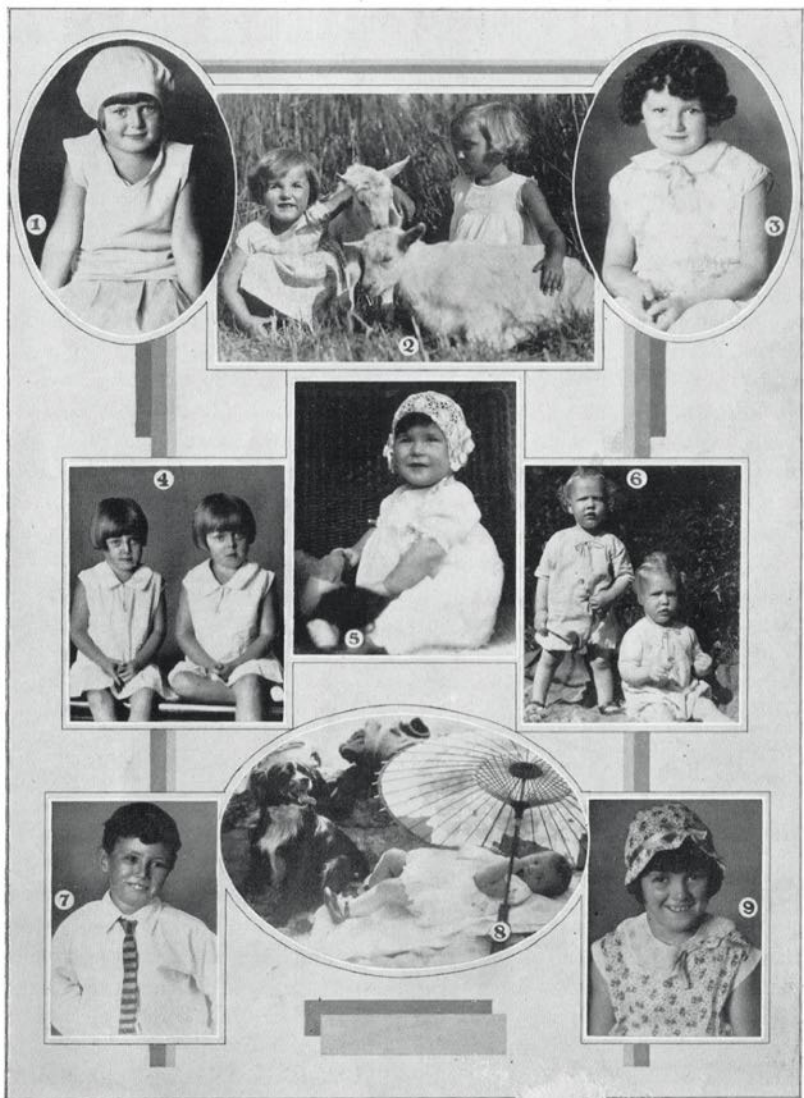
Conductor: "How old is your little boy?"

Fond Mother: "Four."

Conductor: "How old are you, my little boy?"

"I can play with all the ease."

# Powell River Children



1. Mavis Van Vleet. 2. Joyce and Jean Hopkins with their pets. 7. Betty Northy.  
 4. Twins—Joyce and Betty Van Vleet. 5. Lillian Medforth and the King.  
 6. The Price twins pose for the camera, Arnold and Betty. 8. Lillian Medforth and Betty Northy.  
 8. Lillian Medforth enjoys herself at the beach.



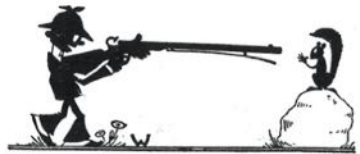
# AROUND THE PLANT

HERE is a suggestion in some quarters that certain parents in our community are contemplating suing John Barrymore and Mrs. Barrymore for damage caused during their brief visit to Powell River last month. Half the girls in the office were nursing sprained ankles the next day — as a result of the wild rush down the office stairs when the news that the Don Juan of filmdom was here in person. And when word filtered through that Mrs. Barrymore (the former Dolores Costello) was on a shopping tour of the department store, ninety-nine one hundredths of the male staff, managers included, were crushed in the jam that ensued and had to fight for air. The damages are heavy and the Barrymore reconnaissance wrought more than a little havoc on the Powell River front.

“We men have been the slaves of a tyrannous fashion too long. It is time we rose to our full dignity and cast off the shackles of serfdom typified by the present mode in men’s attire.” Spoke thus to us, in a special interview last month, Frank Flett, local leader in men’s dress reform. Frank, his manly limbs unencumbered from a distance of nine inches

above the knee down to the ankle, was disporting himself in shorts in his back garden—and greeting passers-by who stared, if not in confusion, at least in bewilderment, at his lion-hearted courage and his splendid calves and biceps. Frank stared back, hard-eyed, grimly, almost ferociously.

The rumor presents that the entire personnel of the time office will follow their leader and adopt the costume for the summer. Stand back, girls, there’s room for all, if you don’t crowd. Well, if you insist on pushing forward, don’t blame us.



THE logging operation that would be enthusiastically acclaimed by local golfers would be the complete and irreparable annihilation of that monster, called a tree, that stands about sixty yards below the seventh tee. Mr. Condit, our consulting engineer, and “Mac” Mackenzie, local sick benefit secretary, are said to be contemplating forming a company for this purpose some dark night.

Looks like we are in for some excitement when Gus Schuler and Val Gwyther trot out their respective English rugby fifteens on or about Labor Day. Jack Tunstall, erst-while soccerite, has joined the ranks of the oval pigskin huskies and rumor has it he is a nippy lad on the three-quarter line. Wally Tapp and Walter Hopkins, both local round ball custodians of note, are out with Gus and his merry men and both look good in the back division. Both squads are bidding for the services of our resident manager, Mr. Bell-Irving, to take over the five-eighths position. To date he has been non-committal.

We suggest humbly, if either squad is in difficulties about a scrum, they transfer en masse that gang of husky animals, who represented Ernie Ketchum's grinder room at the last Dominion Day sports. If it's brawn and beef you need on the front rank, these boys will sure supply it.



Mr. Bruce Zumwalt is considering the proposition to equip the back tenders in the new mill with Baby Austins, to ease the exertion of the occasional trip down to the wet end. Yes, he is considering it. Also, he is seriously considering doing away with his caddies and using the Baby Grand between holes on the local course.

The radio office, since the installation of the long distance telephone in the same building and the consequent invasion of the female sex into a hitherto inviolate male retreat, "ain't what she used to was." Ed Peacock finds his style seriously cramped. Campbell Forbes no longer tells those red blood stories of the bowling green; the soccer crowd, Bob Southcott, Jimmie Hastings and confreres, have adopted a sedateness hitherto unknown and almost unrecognizable.



The one bright spot is Bill Parkin's steadfast adherence to the old corn cob and Irish twist. Even the redoubtable William, however, smokes with a more chastened air. But he still refuses to wear a coat during the summer, long distance or not.

Little John went into the drawing room to see a visitor who was with his father.

"Well, my little man," said his father's friend, "what are you looking at me for?"

"Why," replied the boy, "daddy told me you were a self-made man, and I want to see what you look like."

"Quite right," said the gratified guest. "I am a self-made man."

"But why did you make yourself like that?" said John, with considerable surprise.

## Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore Drop In



*An informal snap of Mr. John Barrymore and Mrs. Barrymore (the former Dolores Costello), taken on the "Infanta" during a brief stop over in Powell River last month. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore were delighted with their first experience among the coves and islands of the Gulf of Georgia.*

ONE bright, clear morning last month, a large, all white yacht steamed gracefully into Powell River and dropped anchor at the company wharf. On her name plate, curious onlookers saw in gilt letters the word "Infanta." A few moments after, a lean, wiry figure, in yachtsman's costume, his face partially concealed by a yachting cap pulled in Beatty fashion over the right eye, stepped off the gangplank, politely inquired "the way up town" and strolled almost unnoticed along the wharf.

In such unostentatious manner did John Barrymore, scion of the famous Barrymore family and one of the leading screen and legitimate stage stars of his age, catch his first glimpse

of the paper mills and community of Powell River.

Mr. Barrymore accompanied by Mrs. Barrymore (the former Dolores Costello) were spending several weeks cruising in British Columbia waters and dropped in unnoticed to replenish the yacht's stores. It was the celebrated couple's first invasion of British Columbia waters and both were very enthusiastic over the marvellous scenic beauty of our coastline.

"This is my first trip in British Columbia waters," Mr. Barrymore stated, "and it has certainly been a revelation. I had no idea such a yachtsman's paradise was to be found here. Both Mrs. Barrymore and myself have found this vacation one of the most delightful and surprising of



*John Barrymore's new yacht, the Infanta, on which he and Mrs. Barrymore spent a month cruising in B. C. waters.*

our experience. You have a wonderful country up here, and we shall certainly return."

Mr. Barrymore, who is under contract with Warner Brothers, was very enthusiastic over the future of the talking picture. He referred briefly to what many believe to have been his greatest triumph in recent years. This was the famous Hamlet revival in London, when in the face of many critics and doubting Thomases, Mr. Barrymore earned the commendation of the British press for his splendid enactment of Hamlet.

"I must confess," he said, as he puffed at his pipe and permitted a reminiscent smile to flit across his face, "that I didn't know what was going to happen. Facing a British audience, literally sprinkled with leading London critics who had seen Shakespearean roles performed by some of the greatest actors of the age, was no easy task. It was a mute question whether it would be eggs or bouquets for me."

Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore spent a portion of the forenoon shopping in the department store and needless to say ran the gauntlet of many bat-

teries of eyes, male and female, eager to catch a glimpse of the two famous stars.

The "Infanta," which was recently launched, is a splendid yacht, one of the largest pleasure cruisers to ever visit our townsite. It is luxuriously fitted out and carries a crew of eleven. One feature is the room which serves as a study and whose walls are lined with a wide variety of books. No man can portray the wide range of characterization which have fallen to John Barrymore, both on screen and stage, without a deep and intimate knowledge, not only of technical and dramatic effects, but of historical background and environment.

Before sailing for a few weeks' cruise of Jervis Inlet, Mr. Barrymore intimated that he would return to the neighborhood in the fall. A keen nimrod, he hopes to try conclusions with some of the bucks on Powell Lake and vicinity on his next trip. We can assure both Mr. and Mrs. Barrymore that Powell River will be honored by their presence and that we are saving a few fat bucks against their reappearance in September.



## George K. Guild Tells About a Lost Wire



*Mr. George K. Guild, owner and operator of the Pioneer Paper Mill at Edmonton, Alberta, is shown standing outside the mill which he built and which he runs himself.*

**OWNER** and operator of the "only one-man paper mill in the world." That is the distinction which belongs to Mr. George K. Guild, who, constitutes the directorate and personnel of the Pioneer Paper Mill, at Edmonton, Alberta. The Pioneer Paper Mill is a one-man affair—and George Guild is the man.

A practical paper-maker of many

years standing, with a wealth of experience in numerous mills of England, Scotland and Ireland, Mr. Guild came to Canada in 1914. After several unsuccessful attempts to float a company, he took the bit in his own hands and went ahead to build the practically home-made plant and equipment, listed in the Directory of Canadian Paper Mills as the Pioneer Paper Mill. Here is how Mr. Guild describes the building of his paper ship of state:

"I built a beater of about 170 pounds capacity. On my beater roll I used bars of angle iron which work all right as I do not require any cutting action in remaking waste papers, simply beating. I put in the requisite stuff chests and pumps. My machine is a 36-inch Fourdrinier, the wire is 24 feet long, all the rolls I required I picked up locally. I got hold of some solid iron rolls about 11 inches diameter and had them turned and buffed and used them as calendar rolls.

"The drying was my big problem; at first I had three sheet iron dryers made, and fitted them with gasoline burners inside, but they did not make a satisfactory job. Eventually I went in for board making only, mostly friction board which I had to finish off by air drying."

In a special letter to the DIGESTER, Mr. Guild intimates that he is considering certain renovations and alter-

ations to his "House," and has promised to acquaint us with further details at a later date. In the meantime, however, he gives us one interesting incident, culled from his wide experience of paper mills, which we reprint below.

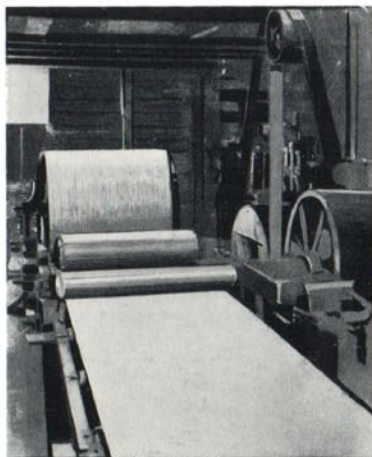
Is it possible for a wire to disappear from a machine in such a strange and mysterious fashion as to cause the machine men to rub their eyes, stammer confusedly, and wonder what particular species of black magic has spirited it away? Sounds incredible, doesn't it, papermakers? Well, just read this tale of what happened to Mr. Guild in a British mill.

"This rather unique incident happened while I was running the machine in that mill (Vulcanite).

"The wet end of the machine was a bit different to the ordinary Four-driner—there were two wires top and bottom, the top one going round the top couch roll like the felt of a Yankee machine. As the pulp travelled along the bottom wire it came in contact with the top wire just ahead of the first suction box. Between each suction box there was a pair of squeeze rolls with levers and weights to help remove the water; great pressure could be applied at the coucher without crushing the sheet owing to the two wires being there.

#### The Lost Wire

"I was on day shift and had just reported to my relief man at 6 p.m. and was getting ready for home; I was at the dry-end and the night turn man had gone to the wet-end;



*The interior of Mr. Guild's "one man" paper mill.*

he was running backwards and forwards and looking under the machine. I suddenly realized that something was wrong from the man's actions, I went along and asked him what had happened—he had a very bewildered look on his face as he replied, "The wire has gone." "Where," I asked, and he could not tell me. I looked in all the likely places—in the wire pit—under the first, second and third press felts, right along to the drier pit, but there was not even a strand of wire to be seen. A wire 60 feet long and 100 inches wide had vanished—the top wire was still running and all the rest of the machine, but no bottom wire was anywhere in sight.

"For the time being I was entirely at a loss until I casually slapped my hand on the first press felt and noticed that it was far tighter than usual. I had a look at the rolls and

found that the wire was wound round one of the rolls so evenly that it was not noticeable as long as the felt was running straight. When we unrolled the wire we found that it had been broken clean across just as if it had been cut by a knife, but what was the cause of it we never did find out."

During his paper making days in this old land, Mr. Guild was an assistant on the old paper machine that was sent to Alberni, in 1894. It was, he informed us, ready for the scrap heap long before it was shipped and expressed no surprise when he had learned that the original Alberni enterprise had ended in failure.

"It was scrapped at Shotley Bridge Mill Company, Durham, England," Mr. Guild informed us, "and thrown out to make room for a machine

about double its width and four times its drying capacity. The old machinery lay in the yard for a long time—and then someone came along and bought it on behalf of a British Columbia company.

"I was not quite sure of the destination of that machine," he continued, "until I met Mr. Dunbar at the Vulcanite Mills, Belfast, where he was manager and I was leading machineman.

"Mr. Dunbar was telling about his experiences in British Columbia and from his description I recognized the old machine I had worked on years before. I felt a bit tickled about it and must have shown it, because Mr. Dunbar asked me what the h— I was laughing at. I told him what link there was between myself and that old pile of junk



*Among the leading visitors to Powell River last month were Mr. E. K. Gaylord, president of the Oklahoma Publishing Co., Oklahoma, and Mr. O. Stauffer, publisher of the Arkansas City Traveller. Photo shows the visitors snapped with company officials. Left to right, the group shows: Victor S. Coudert, Vice-President G. F. Steele & Co.; E. K. Gaylord; A. E. McMaster, General Manager Powell River Company; R. Bell-Irving, Resident Manager; Miss Edith Gaylord; J. Falconer, Assistant Resident Manager; O. Stauffer, Master Stanley Gaylord.*

## Personalities in Our District

### HE RUNS OUR SPORTS

**M**R. B. Thorsteinsson, or "Bergie," as he is more intimately known around the townsite, came to Powell River less than three years ago as a member of the Brooks school staff. Since that



time Bergie has become more well known in the district. In addition to his labor of instilling the three R's into the youngsters of the community he has taken a wide-spread interest in community affairs, particularly in the athletic and physical departments.

Bergie has proved a valuable addition to the local athletic world, when his organizing ability and the brisk, efficient manner in which he handles his duty, has been responsible in no small measure for the revival of track and field sports in the community. His first entry into the local athletic arena came when he organized a soccer league in the public school. By the end of the year he had coached and whipped into shape a squad of youngsters who travelled to Vancouver and defeated the best the schools of that big village could provide.

Himself a soccer player of parts,

"Bergie" has been a valued member of the local senior league, and is regarded as a steady, reliable halfback.

This year, when the decision was made to revive the Dominion Day sports program and put on a bumper track and field meet, organizing and arrangement of the program was left in his hands. And without handing out any bouquets, we have no hesitation in saying that the generally capable and smooth manner in which this difficult program was run off, is attributable to a large extent to the organizing abilities of this bustling, flaxen-haired young man, who was here, there and everywhere during the two-day celebration.

Before coming to Powell River, Mr. Thorsteinsson was a member of the teaching staff at Anyox, B. C. In addition to his other athletic accomplishments, he is a fair track and field performer, wields a reasonably strong tennis racquet, and like many of his friends tears off quite a lot of turf on the local golf course.

Like many other "Personalities in Our District," Mr. Thorsteinsson is imbued with the real, live community spirit and can always be depended on to do his utmost to further the activities of clean, healthy sport in Powell River and particularly in the valuable realm of junior athletics.

"Where do bad little girls go?"

"Most everywhere."

a chance with accidents is a suckers' game. It is played with loaded dice. "Getting away with it" carries no recompense, individually or collectively. No applause is lavished on him by admiring friends. No reward, material or abstract is accorded him. Neither society or industry derive the slightest benefit from his useless, if successful, exploit. It is an empty as well as a foolish gesture.



ND wot," asks the captain, "did you think of the Spell-Binders, in this last and most glorious election?"

"Worse, if anything, than usual, cap," I ses, "and they 'ad the same old line of corpse-raising. I only attended one meeting for ten minutes or so and during that time the bones of poor old Wilfred Laurier and John A. MacDonald were rattled continuous to amuse the crowd, so I suppose the remains of the balance of the old-timers was also desecrated during the meeting."

"Why they can't let the dead rest passes all understanding."

"Possibly it's penetrated their thick 'eads," ses the captain, "that this generation ain't produced any live ones."

"I only got the newspaper end and it struck me that all sides was missing a grand opportunity. What this country needs today is patriotism and if all sides 'ad preached a little,

there would eventually be some return for the five millions the election cost."

"Just wot, cap," I asks, "do you mean by patriotism?"

"Buying Canadian goods," ses the captain, "and when Canada's shelves are empty, buying from 'er best customers."

"Great Britain takes our wheat and when she tries to sell us anything we thumb our noses."

"Australia takes some of our paper and lumber and consequently we buy our wines from France, who 'as 'er thumbs up when we try to sell 'er anything."

"No government can make an unpatriotic country prosperous, for the simple reason that the tail can't wag the dog. And few cities can be prosperous if they refuse to buy their products of their surrounding farmers, who are, in most cases, their best and most reliable customers."

"And four years," continues the captain, "is enough for any government, either Dominion or Provincial. After that it ain't a square deal to ask the garbage man to 'aul it away."

"Did it ever occur to you, cap," I asks, "to give up the sea and sacrifice yourself to your country, seeing that you know about wot's needed?"

"I'm real particular about the company I mix with," ses the captain, "and I vote with the idea only of choosing the lesser of two of your self-sacrificing evils."

In Boston you're not allowed to read a book under a tree if it's shady.

a chance with accidents is a suckers' game. It is played with loaded dice. "Getting away with it" carries no recompense, individually or collectively. No applause is lavished on him by admiring friends. No reward, material or abstract is accorded him. Neither society or industry derive the slightest benefit from his useless, if successful, exploit. It is an empty as well as a foolish gesture.



ND wot," asks the captain, "did you think of the Spell-Binders, in this last and most glorious election?"

"Worse, if anything, than usual, cap," I ses, "and they 'ad the same old line of corpse-raising. I only attended one meeting for ten minutes or so and during that time the bones of poor old Wilfred Laurier and John A. MacDonald were rattled continuous to amuse the crowd, so I suppose the remains of the balance of the old-timers was also desecrated during the meeting."

"Why they can't let the dead rest passes all understanding."

"Possibly it's penetrated their thick 'eads," ses the captain, "that this generation ain't produced any live ones."

"I only got the newspaper end and it struck me that all sides was missing a grand opportunity. What this country needs today is patriotism and if all sides 'ad preached a little,

there would eventually be some return for the five millions the election cost."

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## *A Man of Many Parts Is James Bichard*

By O. J. Stevenson



*James Bichard at sea off Powell River in his well-known "windjammer," the "Lively." Never a Sunday in summer but sees Mr. Bichard tacking up and down the Gulf.*

CARGO vessels from the seven seas call at Powell River. Tramps touching all the world ports dock here, take on rolls and squares of newsprint and depart for other world ports, and in Singapore and Hong Kong, Sidney and Bombay, Port Said and Portsmouth, the captains when they foregather for gossip and argument ask each other "Did you sight the *Lively* when at Powell River?"

Being our only windjammer, the *Lively* is well known among the seafaring folk who frequent our harbour and pass up and down the Straits and many a tugboat captain has gazed with envious eyes at the snappy little craft that scampers playfully around his slow-moving tug with its tow of logs.

Ten years ago James Bichard ac-

quired the *Lively* and began greeting the coasting steamers as they rounded Grief Point and every summer since then she has danced to the tune of the westerly breeze singing in her rigging, and has provided many happy hours to her captain to say nothing of the occasional gleaming salmon for the captain's table. Six years later Mr. Bichard signed on *Prince*, a police dog, as mate, and finds him not only thoroughly competent but a most congenial companion as well.

Hailing originally from Guernsey, Mr. Bichard is quite at home on the sea, and maintains that sailing will soon regain its former popularity with the pleasure seeking public, as a sail full of gusty wind will provide more thrills to the minute than any other form of recreation.

For a long period *Prince* added

to his duties of mate of the *Lively* those of official mail carrier. It was a common sight to see him by means of a rope to his collar doggedly helping his master wheel the heavy mail-sacks up the long hill from dock to postoffice.

During his spare moments around the house Mr. Bichard occupies himself with such light labours as constructing violins and cellos. He not only makes them, but makes also the special tools required in the process, and when they have been properly shaped, joined, finished and cured he asserts his mastery by playing them. His first effort in this direction was something of a timid gesture till his good wife expressed a doubt as to his ability to carve such instruments. After that the job was all but ac-

complished: there was nothing to do but build the violins and cellos. In this connection his efforts have been commented on at length in the "Strad," a publication devoted to music and musicians.

The cruises of the "Lively" have covered much of the dangerous waters of the Georgian Straits, the islands of which block the free running tides and make constant watchfulness the price of safety, and the log book gives a vivid description of life and characteristics of the B. C. coast.

Mr. Bichard is fundamentally a poet; he loves the sunlit waters, the purple haze on the mountains, flaming sunsets, children, dogs, and a good strong cup of tea.




*On the new sports oval during the Dominion Day sports: Top shows Ernie Ketchum's prize-winning tug-of-war squad; centre, Watson, the Cumberland flash, wins the 220 in a walk; below, general view of the oval.*



## Powell River's Hole-in-one Club

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles on local golfers who have shot holes-in-one during their golfing life. The next series will appear in our September issue.

 SINCE the royal and ancient game started its family wrecking and peace destroying incursion in our community, in the neighborhood of fifteen devotees have gained immortality by sinking their tee shot. Our Hole-in-one Club is mounting, not so fast as in the days of the old course, but nevertheless



*Mrs. E. Tapp, only lady member to negotiate a hole-in-one on the local course.*

moving along toward an even twenty. Only three hole-in-ones have been made on the present course, and two of them have been negotiated in the last month. One lady and one only stands on the honor roll with her masculine contemporaries. No member of the fair sex has yet dropped the elusive pellet in the hole for a "one" on the new course.

Mrs. E. Tapp, regarded as one of the stalwarts in the ladies' contingent, holds the enviable honor of being the only member of her sex to ever attain to hole-in-one fame in

Powell River. On the old course, when the ninth hole, 75 yards away from the tee, was the goal of all as-

*Maurice Boxall, Powell River Golf Club professional. He has sunk his tee shot four times in Powell River.*



piring candidates to the club, Mrs. Tapp, one fine afternoon dropped her ball on the green, saw it mince daintily towards the cup, hesitate for a second and drop with a resounding plunk beside the pin.

Last month, Hugh McLean, that dashing, sartorial John Barrymore of local golfdom, stood on number six tee, cast his aquiline head toward the pin, 150 yards distant, and with the ease and polished assurance of a Kirkwood, swung gracefully through and watched his ball carefully ascend the slight rise on the edge of the green and disappear from mortal ken. Coolly and suavely, with just the proper modicum of condescension, Hughie accepted the plaudits of his friends and passed gracefully through the portals of the Hole-in-one.

During the visit of the Shaughnessy golfers last year, the high spot

of the competition was another hole-in-one by our club professional, Maurice Boxall. We say another, because such an event is a trivial matter in Maurice's life. In his professional career in Britain, in the



*Ed Peacock, many years open champion has entered the balls of hole-in-one fame.*

United States and in Canada, Maurice has performed the same feat thirteen times—and four of these have been on this local course. These were made on the old course, and the last as stated above. No record has been kept of the hole-in-ones Maurice has made on the putting green when some kittenish member

*Hugbie McLean, who last month enrolled himself with local golf immortals.*



of the club, in a moment of weakness, challenges him to a round—for "two bits a hole!"

Perhaps the outstanding record of a hole-in-one is chalked down in Ed Peacock's record book. Ed, who until

this season has consistently romped home with the local open; entered the halls of golfing immortality on the sixth hole of the old course. He was playing in competition; his handicap, then, as now, was under six; and his opponent was a high handicap man. Ed sank his first shot and mentally assured himself of a safe hole. His opponent also caught the green on his drive and his ball rolled up to within two feet of the cup. He sank his putt. According to regulations Ed yielded a stroke on this hole and



*Angus Armour was among the first locals to gain the coveted honor.*

the best he could do was a half, even with a hole-in-one.

Angus Armour of the sales and production staff, was one of the early members of the local "sink-'em-in-one" club. He, like many others, did the trick on the poor old ninth hole, which, only seventy-five yards from the tee, was always a perpetual challenge to all ranks, the dubs, the moderately goods, and the experts. Angus, then as now, was a member of that confirmed den of local bachelorhood, the Gopher Club, and as far as we are aware, was the one and only member of that invulnerable establishment to secure the honor.



By CASUAL OBSERVER

A RAMBLE round the bowling green these warm evenings, after the whistles have ceased their efforts for the day, is a pleasant feature. Just how much satisfaction is derived from this ancient game is known only to the players themselves, but they certainly seem to enjoy it to the full. As on the golf course, the alibis for misplaced judgment are many and varied, and lead one to wonder what this game would be were it possible to make these elusive woods perform exactly as desired. The following little sonnet is offered without the usual apologies:

"If we could always play our bowls  
 Just where we'd have them stop,  
 The game of bowls would very soon  
 Be in the melting pot.  
 We would not play our bowls too wide,  
 Too fast, too slow, or thin.  
 No grim defeat would haunt our dreams,  
 As every man would win."

This could easily be handled at the closing smoker by Joe Loukes, or some of the star bowling vocalists, other than Pat Kelly, and works in very nicely to the tune of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes." The eyes are specially mentioned in case some substitution be made to suit the particular occasion being celebrated by the bowlers.

\* \* \*

How many have been fortunate enough to witness Frank Flett's whole-hearted efforts towards revolutionizing the fashions for men. So far these have not appeared beyond the privacy of the front lawn, but we understand the Time Office crowd are due for a severe shock should the warm weather continue. The movement is exciting considerable interest, and should Frank escape arrest, several others are reported to be prepared to fall in line.

\* \* \*

Another popular retreat these days seems to be the Radio Office, for which the female staff of the recently acquired long distance telephone are possibly not a little responsible. It is, however, no longer the haven of refuge, where Ed Peacock and others can drop in and fluently discourse upon the various topics of the day.

\* \* \*

Shortly after the election, one of the above-mentioned ladies was desirous of obtaining a dime's worth of nickels, and was directed to Max Smith in the Engineering Office, who was reported to have a number of these coins at his disposal. Max, it was said, did not display a keen spirit of gratitude over his selection as the medium, whereby it was clearly shown that Tories and five-cent pieces were sometimes associated.

## Local High School Makes Excellent Showing



**Beth Moore**

The results of the recent junior matriculation examinations cannot fail to be gratifying to residents of Powell River. The local institution, under the direction of Maxwell A. Cameron, principal, and Misses Mollie Tupper and Louise Scott, made not a fair, but an excellent showing. Out of a total of fifteen applicants, twelve were successful in securing their university entrance diplomas. This is a high standard, well in advance of the general provincial average, and the local staff are receiving the congratulations, not only of the school board of the district, but of residents generally. It is a splendid record, and we take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Cameron and his staff on their very fine achievements.

Struggle for first place among local students was conceded to rest between Miss Beth Moore and Dick Sandwell—and the publication of results justified the prediction. Miss

Moore leads all local students with the very creditable average of 75 per cent, followed by Dick with 71 per cent. It is again our privilege to congratulate Miss Moore and Mr. Sandwell, and to hope that their future scholastic achievements will continue in the same promising manner. To all those successful students who have helped enhance the educational prestige of Powell River schools we also extend our congratulations.

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### *Editor Visits Powell River*

A welcome visitor to Powell River last month was Mr. J. N. Stephenson, editor of the *Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada*, and also of the *Woodlands Review*. Mr. Stephenson is making a tour of all Canadian mills and spent several days looking over British Columbia plants. The *Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada* is the official journal of the industry in Canada and has a wide circulation. Mr. Stephenson, before entering the journalistic ranks, was an old paper maker and was completely at home in his journey around the various departments of the mill.

### *Births*


- July 2—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Struthers, a girl.
- July 10—Mr. and Mrs. Arne Jakela, Lund, B. C., a girl.
- July 14—Mr. and Mrs. Hans Rudd, a girl.
- July 15—Mr. and Mrs. James Doogan, a girl.
- July 16—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Castellarin, a girl.



**Dick Sandwell**

# Plant Extension

An illustration showing a large industrial building with a crane and several workers. The crane is lifting a large object, possibly a piece of machinery or a log. The workers are standing near the base of the crane. The building has multiple windows and a chimney.

 SINCE our last survey of the various activities connected with our expansion program all branches of the work show very marked signs of progress. So far as the building work is concerned at the Powell River end of the job, we can safely say that we have "turned the corner." The stripping of forms and erection of interior steelwork now in progress in the new machine room will be followed closely by the placing of roofing and the installation of machinery. The Greenwood Mill also is making good headway, and completion of this structure will follow closely on that of the machine room. The work immediately in hand here at the moment comprises, in addition to these two main buildings, an extension to the Steam Plant—now well under way—extensions to the Wood Room and the installation of additional chip conveyor equipment in the Digester House; the erection of a new Digester, together with the necessary acid cooling and storage mediums; the installation of equipment and piping in the new blowpit room recently completed; the installation of a sulphur melting system; extensions to the present fresh water filter, and the laying of a 30-inch wood stave main to service the new machine room and groundwood mill, and other works too numerous to mention here.

The Lois River development is attracting considerable interest now that the clearing and grading work is finished and construction is in full swing, and one can spend an interesting and instructive hour or two walking around the Power House site, penstock line, tunnel portals and log crib dam. The Power House is rising steadily from the rock, the first concrete having been poured during the month. Some of the cradles for the steel penstock have been poured and erection will be in progress by the time this issue is out. The drifting of the tunnel is about 70 per cent complete, nearly 4000 feet having been bored to date. Logs are being placed at the crib dam at the rate of something over 3000 lineal feet per week and over 30,000 feet have been placed to date.

At the present time about 370 men are being employed on the Lois River development and about 270 on the Powell River work.

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# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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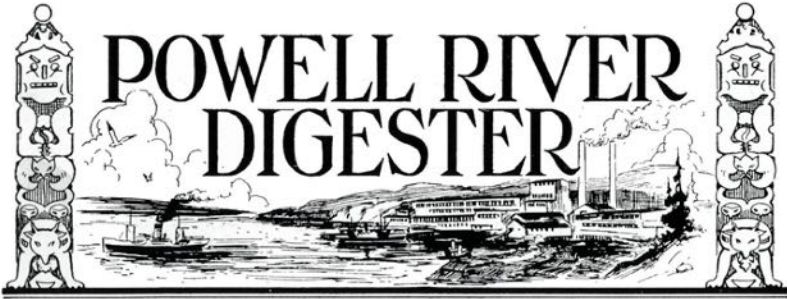
*Going  
Hunting?*



# *The Monarch of Eagle River*

By O. J. Stevenson

I was king of Eagle River, king of dancing Lois River,  
Of its falls and tumbling rapids, of its lakes and pools and reaches.  
Whimsical and full of fancies, like a woman, Lois River,  
Moody, playful, sullen, sparkling. Thro' the years  
I learned to know her, and to know I never knew her.  
King of all the trout, I ruled the length and breadth of Eagle River,  
All the fishes feared my prowess and they scattered at my coming,  
Mine the favored pools for feeding, and the spawning grounds in season,  
Even salmon paid me homage when they travelled up the river,  
And their fry when going seaward scurried past my sheltered haven.  
Long I lived and fought and wrestled with the spirit of the waters  
Yearly added to my stature and the strength within my tailfin.  
From the cataract I borrowed all my rainbows, stripes and colors  
From the currents took my cunning and my lightning speed of movement.  
Many anglers, hopeful, patient, learned to know how strong my jaw was,  
Tried with fair means and with foul and I scorned their puny efforts.  
Then they came with pick and crowbar, axe and level, drill and powder,  
Threw a dam across the stream bed, then another, and another,  
Till they held in leash the water of the leaping dancing river.  
Changed the contour of the basin, drowned the lily-padded shore line.  
Down the stream the sea held freedom, all my children scurried thither,  
Other rivers offer haven, other lakes have food and shelter,  
But for me the king and monarch there can be no abdication.  
Better far to seek a cranny neath the dam that reaches skyward,  
Let them pile the rocks around me and in concrete seal my body,  
Always near I'll hear the trickle of the drops of water seeping,  
And I'll feel the push and straining of the fettered Eagle River.  
There I'll wait the roar and thunder that will mark ties burst asunder  
And with angry waters boiling I'll go sailing past the canyon to the sea with  
Lois River.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published monthly with the co-operation and the assistance of the employees of  
**THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY, LIMITED**  
*Manufacturers of Newsprint* Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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## Come and Play at Willingdon Beach

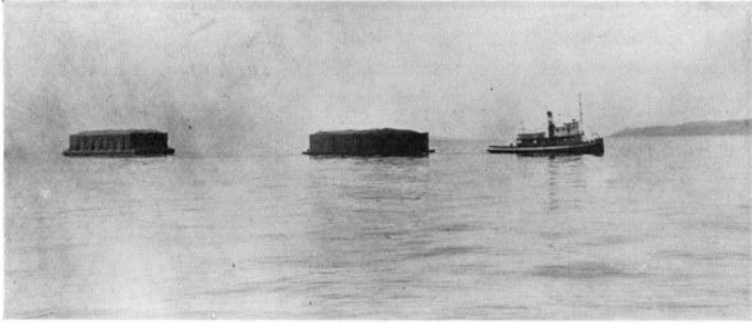
Summer has almost passed around the corner. The fall days crowd closely—too closely—behind. But the memory of summer still lingers, particularly of the summer just disappearing. Beach activities reached this year a pinnacle hitherto unknown—and the children of Powell River have spent a happy, playful summer. The work of Miss Anne MacSween and Mr. William Brown in teaching our children to play the game at the beach—and in life—is reviewed briefly in these pages, and will be appreciated by our readers.

Other articles of general interest include a summary necessarily hasty and imperfect, but perhaps not uninteresting, of Canada's water power—listed among the greatest in the world.

The question of hog fuel in the lumbering industry is briefly touched on and its future suggested. The opening of Cranberry's new school, the Elks' Labor Day program and other items of particular local interest are all found in our September issue.

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## *Use of Hog Fuel Aids Lumber Industry*



*Tug with her scows of hog fuel arriving at Powell River. This fuel is shipped in regular weekly shipments from Vancouver for use in the boiler of our paper mill.*

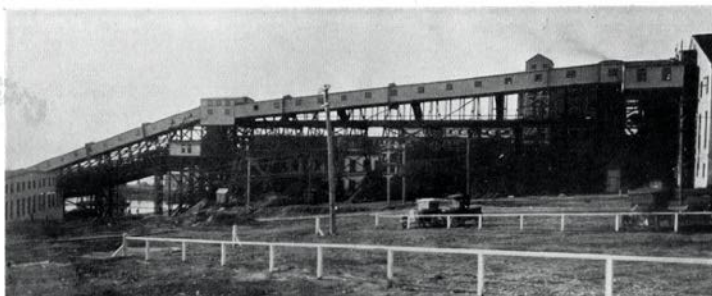
**A** SQUAT-NOSED tug, two big scows slithering in her wake, swings in a wide circle around Grief Point, and in a few moments drops anchor alongside the Powell River Company wharf. These scows are boarded in at the ends and sides. They form two gigantic bins. The bins are heaped to overflowing with a material which the uninitiated observer immediately labels "sawdust"—and he wonders what on earth a plant that cuts nearly half a million feet of logs daily wants with sawdust. Like carrying coal to Newcastle, silk to China or beans to Boston, he thinks.

Well, strangely enough, we do want this sawdust, which by the way, is not merely ordinary sawdust. The scows which have just arrived from Vancouver, are unloading hog fuel—fodder for the boiler of our steam

plant, and the power behind those dense white clouds of steam which we see daily issuing from the roofs of the buildings where our newsprint machines are housed. Thrice weekly the same tug and her two scows plod into Powell River with her cargo of potential steam—a service which has been uninterruptedly maintained since July, 1928.

### MANGLED BY THE HOGS

Hog fuel is so named because the wood is first put through a "hog"—a machine which grinds it up in the minute form suitable for boiler fuel. This machine is well and truly designated hog. Like its snorting counterpart in the animal kingdom, it assimilates everything that comes its way—and asks for more. A ravenous machine it is, as a slab or edging running afoul of its tentacles speedily discovers. Gobble, gobble—and in a



*View of conveyer through which the hog fuel is conveyed from the wharf to the boiler room.*

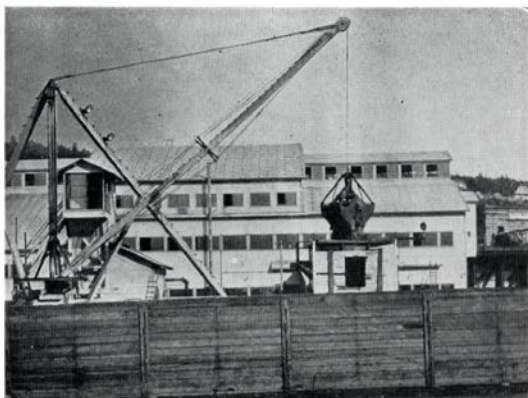
few minutes the wood reappears, not, alas, wood any longer, but mangled and masticated beyond recognition by the gluttonous hog. Such is the material known in the sawmill world as hog fuel.

The use of hog fuel in Pacific Coast industrial plants is steadily blooming out into an important by-product of the lumbering industry. Already several mills have, at considerable expense, installed "hogs," solely to cater to industrial demand for this type of boiler fuel. What the future offers one cannot, of course, safely prophecy. In an age when scientific research is every day devising new or cheaper substitutes for myriads of manufacturing processes, what is today accepted as the "best" in quality, utility and price may tomorrow be discarded as obsolete, cumbersome and expensive. But the expanding use of sawmill waste suggests that, for the present, and for some time in the future, hog fuel will find increasing patronage by the industrial plants of the west coast.

#### GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR OIL

As fuel for the generation of steam, it has proved a satisfactory substitute for oil. It burns equally well. It possesses heat-producing qualities no less potent. And more important—on the side of further economy, less wear and tear on the boilers result from its use. On the Pacific Coast, with tidewater facilities and the sawmills in close proximity, it is naturally more economical—or it would not be used.

But if the use of this waste from the sawmills is proving advantageous to manufacturing plants, it may some day be—in many cases, it already is—a veritable boon to the sawmill operator. Bear in mind that hog fuel is practically sheer waste. It represents the odds and ends, after the saws have completed their work. It must be disposed of and to this end, burners costing many thousands of dollars, had to be installed. The necessity of continual burning to eliminate the surplus waste swelled operating costs. And furthermore,



*Clamshell unloading hog fuel at Powell River. From here it travels direct to the conveyer for passage to the boilers.*

the same waste not infrequently constituted a nice little fire hazard, one of the bugbears of the sawmill operator. Every mill faced this problem of surplus waste. And the waste was not only commercially valueless, but an expense and often a menace.

No longer is this true. Not all mills in British Columbia—perhaps only a few—are making a definite business out of the sale of their waste wood. But in the past two years, more than one astute operator has equipped his plant with “hogs” and is regularly and profitably disposing of all its waste. If the centre of manufacturing gravity on the continent is, as many experts predict, swinging to the Pacific Coast, it is conceivable that a new and important phase of the lumbering industry will be ushered into being. Already, the Powell River Company imports the total output of hog fuel produced by the Barnet Mills of Vancouver—the merchandising of which has be-

come an important subsidiary enterprise in the latter plant.

#### EVEN THE SQUEAL IS USED

One world-famous packing plant boasted that in the production of their hams and bacon every portion of the porker was used except the squeal. A sawmill like the Barnet Mill and other firms supplying hog fuel, may go even one step further and say they use every part of the tree, squeals and all. Not an ounce of waste. When the saws have squared and cut their lumber the remainder goes to the “hogs.” A few days later it is on its way up the Gulf of Georgia, to generate steam for Powell River’s 500-ton newsprint mill. It is the complete utilization of the tree.

The more widespread popularity of this form of fuel is a growth of the past few years. Sawmills themselves, have, of course, always utilized their waste. But the majority of industrial plants have depended on

oil or coal. The merchandising of the former waste product may have a very significant bearing on the future of the lumbering industry. Undoubtedly, its influence has already been felt. In the trying times now confronting the industry in the west, more than one plant is thankful for its regular shipments of hog fuel. With the augmentation of factories and mills on British Columbia's tidewater and the consequent increase in demand for fuel, a more permanent brightening of the lumbering horizon will undoubtedly result.

#### POWELL RIVER FIRST IMPORTER

Powell River commenced importing hog fuel from Vancouver in July, 1928. Since that date our plant has been a regular consumer of the waste products of the Barnet and other mills. As far as can be ascertained, the local mill was among the first of the large industrial plants in British Columbia to actually import this fuel. Each week a tri-weekly service is maintained up the Gulf. Six scow loads, with a total cargo of 200,000 cubic feet, enter the port,

disgorge their loads and return in the wake of the waiting tug. This is in addition to what is produced locally.

Not only in industrial plants is hog fuel becoming recognized. Its use has extended to individual households, and in Vancouver and other coast cities, furnaces to burn this fuel have been installed. This phase is still in the nature of an experiment. Whether hog fuel is entirely satisfactory for the household furnace remains to be decided. Those who have so equipped their homes appear to be satisfied with the results obtained, and it is not improbable that the next few years will witness a great extension to its popularity.

Undoubtedly, however, the popularizing of hog fuel will exert a salutary influence on the sawmill and kindred industries. Lower costs and quality will attract the manufacturer. Profitable merchandising of waste—coupled with greater economy of operation—will attract the sawmill operator. Hog fuel may—who knows—some day be among the greatest props of our lumbering industry.

*The old Brooks-Scanlon sawmill at the outlet of the first Gordon Pasha Lakes. When this mill was in operation, hog fuel as a commercial product was almost unknown.*



## Our Suburbs are Growing



*The Westview residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Clapp, one of the show places of our suburbs. Mr. Clapp is one of the oldest citizens of Powell River, and one of the oldest employees of the Powell River Company. He has completed over twenty years of service.*

FROM a wilderness of forbidding stumps and irritating second-growth timber to thriving, increasingly beautiful and organized communities is the history of Powell River's suburban districts in eight years. Since 1923 these districts have steadily and vigorously advanced along the road to independent manhood. Seven or eight years ago there was little indeed to even justify those now flourishing communities of Wildwood, Westview and Cranberry or deserving of the appellation of suburbs. A few scattered homes, a few hardy home-seekers spurred by the urge of the soil, and lots of stumps—such, in brief, were our suburbs less than a decade ago.

Today new and beautiful homes have sprung up. These homes are a credit to the perseverance of their builders—for clearing land in this western country of ours is not a casual occupation. It is a man-sized job, as many of our residents will testify. Drive through our outside

districts, and almost everywhere the creating force of construction is seen. New homes are springing up; with the passing years fresh additions and the final finish is being imparted to others. Residences which only a few years ago were erected amid the trees and stumps have today beautiful lawns, well-cultivated gardens and attractive vegetable plots. Residents of Powell River, in whom the urge to own their own homes is paramount, have taken to the more open spaces of the surrounding district; and many a stout husband, to whom hammer and nails and saws and other carpenter tools were mere and fearsome names, has acquired an amazing skill with the shaping weapons of construction.

The entire population of Powell River and District is today slightly over 4,000, exclusive of transient construction workers. It may even surprise some of our own people to learn that, of this total, over 1,900 are comprehended in Westview,

*The home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Coomber at Westview, among the well-known residential homes of the district. Eight years ago the land was stumps and trees.*



Wildwood, Cranberry and the Shingle Mill. Cranberry has today 678 people; Westview 600; Wildwood 400; the Shingle Mill 180. These figures have jumped each year, Westview and Cranberry in particular showing a steady and healthy growth.

In 1922, save for an odd hardy pioneer, there was scarcely a residence in these now flourishing suburbs. Eight years later, one-half of the population of the district of Powell River is comprehended within their boundaries.

The visitor today will find these smaller suburbs of Powell River a far cry from the stumps and second-growth infested countryside of eight years ago. He will find many modern, beautiful homes; many floral and vegetable displays that are a credit to any community; he will find an industrious, enthusiastic people, or-

ganizing their own affairs, building their own schools and conjuring up out of stumps and woods a thriving, compact, settled community.

Powell River suburbs are growing!

#### *Australian Papers Amalgamate*

Amalgamations are apparently not restricted to any one particular country. Two Australian papers have recently come together—the *Sunday News* and the *Sunday Guardian*. The former has ceased publication, having become absorbed in the *Sunday Guardian*, which has a circulation of 100,000 copies.

There has been a notable increase in pulp imports. During the month of January of this year the value amounted to £29,116, showing an increase of £24,249 as compared with the same period for 1929.



*Group of happy children at Cranberry, our largest suburb. Francis Haig, Ernestine Price, Aleda Donkersley, Bessie Donkersley and Kathleen Smith face the camera.*



## *Canada's Water Powers Stand Ready!*



*The plant of the  
B. C. Electric  
Railway at Gold-  
stream, Victoria,  
first hydro devel-  
opment on the  
B. C. Coast.*

—Courtesy B. C. Electric  
Railway.

THE eyes of the world are today focused on Canada." Not even the most casual observer following the trend of world trade and commerce in the past decade, will seriously disagree with the statement made recently by a prominent British statesman. It has been made by others than statesmen. Reputable and conservative economists have made it. Captains of world industry have made it. That our Dominion in the very near future will take rank with the leading commercial countries of the world is no longer a tongue-in-the-cheek prophecy. It is a plain statement of fact—backed by a heritage of unsurpassed natural resources. Forest, mine, farm and stream, the spinal columns of the body industrial are yielding their bounty and out of their generosity is emerging the new and greater Canada of the future.

Behind the prosperity, present and future, of our Dominion—behind the huge expansion in our lumbering and pulp and paper industries—behind the successful development of our inestimable mineral wealth—behind the whirring wheels of our expanding industries, stands perhaps the greatest heritage of all—cheap, abundant and easily accessible water powers. What would be the status of our own pulp and paper industry, which today consumes nearly one-third of all the power used in Canada, without this vital asset?

The vast lake acreage, the mighty rivers and rushing streams of Canada are among the greatest in the world. In the entire British Empire, there is available water power aggregating 70,000,000 horsepower. Of this total more than one-fourth, or 20,000,000 horsepower lies within our boundaries. We have available for develop-

*Power plant at Bonnington Falls, Nelson, pioneer of hydro-electric development in B. C.*

—Courtesy A. D. McKinnon,  
Powell River.



ment over 180,000 square miles of water area, in excess of the fresh water area of any country on the globe. The presence of great fresh water lakes, many situated high above sea level, is a heritage bequeathed to us from the Pleistocene Age when the glaciers, like huge juggernauts, gouged and scraped those mighty excavations on their restless march southward. The present Great Lakes are the southern extremity of the glacial advance. Here their onslaught halted and the gradual retreat — which is still continuing — began. And incidentally that is why, in the United States—the Great Lakes excluded—a lake, other than a moun-

tain reservoir or an inland lake is almost unknown.

To realize the tremendous strides in the harnessing of Canada's "white coal" one only need cast a glance backward to the beginning of the present century. In 1900, 70,000 horsepower represented the total for the entire Dominion. Today, probably close to 7 million horsepower is being utilized. And this aggregate constitutes less than 15 per cent. of our possible installation. Over one-half of the development has taken place in the past decade, a significant sign-post of the mighty role of power in our country's economic advancement.



*Elks Falls, Campbell River, on Vancouver Island, is a power source much sought after by rival companies in the last few years.*



*Here is an original picture of the old Station A plant at Oregon City, Oregon, loaned by Mr. Bruce Zumalt, plant superintendent. This was among the first, if not the first, hydro development on the Pacific Coast, installed in 1889.*

#### EVEN DISTRIBUTION

The even distribution of Canada's water resources is another highly important factor in its widespread consumption. The proximity of ample reserves to the great manufacturing centres has been a propelling force behind the utilization of "white coal." The great coal deposits are located, for the most part, on the outermost edge of the country, in the extreme east and west—in British Columbia, Alberta and the Maritimes. At present the focal point of manufacturing and of population is in Quebec and Ontario. In these two provinces are comprehended 60 per cent. of Canada's population and 80 per cent. of our manufactures. No coal is at present being mined here, but the mighty waters of the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the numerous tributary streams stand in the heart of this great manufacturing area, to supply the motive force which turns the whirring wheels of Canadian industrial life.

In our province of British Columbia, the store of potential water power is only in the initial stages of development. What the actual reserves are, not even our government statistician can accurately foretell. Surveys now under way have unearthed new sources of power; many previous estimates have been pure guesswork; others are based on imperfect and partial investigation. Only a few months ago, came the astonishing news that on the Humalko River alone, a potential power source, greater even than famed Niagara, stood waiting the curbing bit of industrialism. Present calculations — undoubtedly conservative — estimate the power resources of British Columbia will permit of an ultimate installation of 6½ million horsepower. Less than 9 per cent. of this vast reservoir has been harnessed.

The beginnings of hydro-electric development in British Columbia date back to the year 1897. And the honor for the first project accrues,

strangely enough, not to the Pacific Coast, but to the thriving city of Nelson, in British Columbia's hinterland. There, thirty-three years ago, the Bonnington Falls plant, now listed among the large hydro-electric developments in British Columbia, pioneered the electrical field. Almost simultaneously in 1898, the famous Goldstream plant near Victoria sprang into operation, with two Pelton water wheels of 600 horsepower each; a few years later the Lake Buntzen and Coquitlam projects were started near Vancouver.

The development of water power in British Columbia has almost doubled in the last decade, and huge programs of expansion are already under way, or planned for the immediate future. The British Columbia Power Corporation, with its subsidiary, the British Columbia Electric Railway, made plans in 1928 for an ultimate increase of 172,000 at Ruskin on the Stave River. At Bridge River another hydro-electric job, which will ultimately harness a further 300,000 horsepower for the needs of British Columbia industry, is being developed. The West Kootenay Power & Light Company in-

stalled a third unit of 20,000 horsepower at Lower Bonnington Falls the same year. At South Slokan the company recently constructed another plant developing 75,000 horsepower. Our own plant at Powell River, producing and consuming 50,000 horsepower, has initiated a new hydro-electric project at Lois River. This will add 22,000 horsepower to the available supply in 1931; plans provide for an ultimate development of 44,000 horsepower at the site—bringing our total water power installation close to the 100,000 mark.

Throughout the province, the "magic of power" is in the air. New plants are springing up; new sources being discovered; new projects being consummated, and future developments being planned. This is the age of power, and in its development the west is playing an important role.

For an all-round garden, for variety and extent of floral display, George Denton, on Willow Street, has made a great showing. Roses, asters, lilies, dahlias—they all look alike to George, and mighty nice to passers by.



*Alberni Canal, Port Alberni, B. C., where the first water-power used in a British Columbia paper-mill was stored. New power developments are under way in this area.*



# EDITORS NOTES

## *Conan Doyle—A Memory*

FOR weeks after the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, newspaper despatches printed reported spiritualistic communications between the celebrated creator of Sherlock Holmes and certain gifted, earthly mediums. These stories are still occasionally revived. But they are daily becoming fainter and fainter. Sherlock Holmes has disappeared into the Great Beyond. Whether his spirit still roams the sensitive, shadowy realm of spiritland we do not know. But his earthly memory will be long in fading.

Sir Arthur had many friends in Canada. He lived close to the Canadians during the feverish days of the Great War. Sir Arthur's home at Crowborough, Sussex, was a familiar sight to the thousands of Canadian troops stationed at the training camp, a few miles distant. Frequently, Sir Arthur would appear at the old Y.M. C.A. hut in the evenings, and deliver an informal, but always interesting address. He often talked on spiritualism, and was politely but not enthusiastically applauded. On those rare evenings, when, in response to popular demand, he would draw Sherlock Holmes from the limbo of the past, a breathless stillness would fill every corner of the "Y." Even the

plates and mugs at the distant counter would cease their clattering. No one thought of the "odd cup of tea," when Sherlock Holmes or the White Company flashed, for an all too brief moment, before them. One evening amid an almost shattering silence, he took us on a breath-taking excursion with his famous character, Rodney Stone, across the moors and through the valleys of his beloved Crowborough. Another night he appeared in company with Sir Harry Lauder. A Sunday night it was. Sir Harry sang "All the Lassies Will Be Loving All the Laddies," and Sir Arthur talked on spiritualism and kindred matters.

On route marches through the leafy Surrey lanes, the troops would often encounter that scholarly, grey moustached figure, with his tweeds and cane, striding smartly along. He would invariably salute the head of the column and return the smiles of the men as they swung by. Sir Arthur had organized a band of men, too old for, or incapable of, active service, to cut the timber on his estate for the government. Frequently, the Wood Cutters Brigade (as they were known in camp) with Sir Arthur in charge, would be seen by passing route marchers, busy falling trees.

One facetious Canadian youngster was said to have passed a gentleman with his coat off and an axe in his hand standing musingly before a tree. According to the story current about the camp, he cried out:

"Better spit on your hands, old trapper," to learn, not without chagrin, that he had just addressed Sir Arthur in the flesh.

Every Canadian, who spent their training days at Crowborough—and there is more than one in Powell River—will always cherish with more than ordinary affection the memory of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. To them he was not the abstract Doyle of his spiritualistic years. He was above all the creator of those fascinating tales of the world's perfect detective, and he was, withal, a warm-hearted, unassuming, kindly English gentleman.

Such is the Conan Doyle many Canadians will remember.

### *Caravan Photographs*

The splendid photographs taken during the northern trip of Premier Tolmie's Alaskan Caravan, and which were reprinted in our August issue, have been widely commented upon in the district. The photographs were all taken by Mr. Asahel (Ace) Curtis, of Seattle, who accompanied the caravaners and who acted as official photographer for the party.

Recently at a fashionable ball a young woman who had been sitting out several dances was delighted to see one of the handsomest men in the room approaching.

He halted before her. He bowed. "May I have this?" he asked.

Smiling, she arose.

"Ah, thank you," said the man, and picked up a Spanish shawl upon which she had been sitting, and departed.

*View of Harrison  
Hot Springs,  
famed B. C.  
playground and  
summer resort.*



(Photograph by Asahel Curtis.)



# AROUND THE PLANT

WE have a sneaky feeling that our picture on the front cover this month will cause more than machines to whirl in those spacious sparring-rooms occupied by the papermakers. The great point at issue is whether Tom and his boys are sneaking up on that fat little buck, so cunningly reposing in the underbrush, or—stop the machines—whether the buck is sneaking up on them. All right, gang, seconds out and keep the towel ready if things look too bad.

Jack Challis is making bets he will bring the first buck home to roost. So, for that matter, is Bill Douneworth and half a hundred others.



And if one of those lake grizzlies ever catch a glimpse of Frank Carreveau in his new plus fours, they'll never be caught—they'll give themselves up!

Ernie Murray may be the only member of the House of Murray who has the courage and firmness

to resist golf, but his showing of sweet peas this year is a whole lot



superior to some of his fellow machine tenders' records on the golf course.

Ambrose McKinnon, captain and owner of P. D. Q., the pride of Powell Lake, tells us frankly none of those birds from the machine room will bag the first deer this year. We kind of think there's a lot in what Mac says. The boys down there seem to be slipping.

And continuing our discourse on hunting, did anyone miss seeing Tom Rees on his first golfing venture last month? Tom says he did more hunting that day than he has ever done since he arrived in Powell River. Just the same, when Tom hits 'em, they stay hit—sometimes, of course, the shock stupefies them and they can't move.

Last year Ray Gribble, who prefers hunting with a camera to bowl-

ing them over, ran across a whole school of goats up Powell Lake—only he had forgotten the camera. Ray has promised us something out of the ordinary—and we intend holding him to it.



Our old friend, Joe Sweeney, former multi-graph operator, dropped in to pay his respects, after two years

of chasing the elusive dollar through the sidewalks of New York and the back alleys of Philadelphia. Joe fairly bristled with the glib phrases of gangland, and threw several of our charming girls into a flock of fits. Fearsome, awe-inspiring phrases about "pulling someone on the spot," about the "racket," about free rides in the cool night air, fairly took our breath away. Aye, lads, it did that. We thought for one hectic moment during his golf match with Roy Foote that poor Roy was about to be placed on that spot Joe talks about. He looked fine, spruce, cute and cunning. Evidently he found the racket agreeable. You big rough he-man, Joe!

By the time this issue is passed on your doorsteps, the call of the wild will have been sounded, will have been heard, and will have been answered by the leading gun men of our community. Jack Harper and George Young are considering a

hunting excursion in the Cariboo, and have been talking grizzly and moose for a month.

Many residents have successfully entered the ranks of the corn growers. Harold Fleury says why wander 'way down yonder in the cornfields when he can lose himself in the same stuff in his back garden. Rumor has it that Harold intends to try this out as paper stock on No. 6—although no confirmation of the report has reached this office to date.

Captain MacIntyre, in some uncanny fashion, still possesses one of the few weedless lawns in the townsite. How he does it, no one knows. No one has yet been up early enough in the morning to find out.

And Ed Smith feels that after all the Okanagan is not the only place where peaches attain their full glory. Ed's peach tree has this year yielded a prolific and luscious crop.



J. K. Simpson, our amiable bank president, is in the forefront of the sweet pea cultivators. This is his—or perhaps we should say Mrs. Simpson's—specialty; and in variety, height and number of flowers per stem, he has few rivals in the neighborhood. His dahlias are almost on a par.





One of the lady tourists to a Western reservation was a human questionnaire, and at Inquiry No. 1,000 even the long-suffering guide was losing his patience.

"Oh, tell me," she cried, "who is that great tall Indian standing by himself over there?"

"Madam," answered the weary guide, "that is Sitting Bull. He is on his vacation."

Angry Motorist: "Hey, some of you people walk along as if you owned the streets."

Irate Citizen: "Yes, and some of you motorists drive as if you owned the car."

She: "You remind me of the sea."

He: "Wild, romantic, relentless—"

She: "No, you just make me sick."

He: "This, my dear, is the Suez Canal."

She: "Suez you?"

He: "Yeh. Suez me."

A Scot was playing a round of golf with his daughter.

"Maggie," he said, "is today your birthday? Well, then, I'll give ye this hole."

"Tom," said Bill, as he caught up with him on the way back to the hunting lodge, "are the rest of the men out of the woods yet?"

"Yes."

"And are the six of them quite safe?"

"Yes, quite safe," said Tom.

"Then," said Bill, his chest swelling, "I've shot a deer."

Englishman (to shopman): "I say, aw, could you take that yellow tie with the pink spots out of the window for me?"

Shopman: "Certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir."

Englishman: "Thanks, awf'ly. The beastly thing bothers me every time I pass. Good morning."

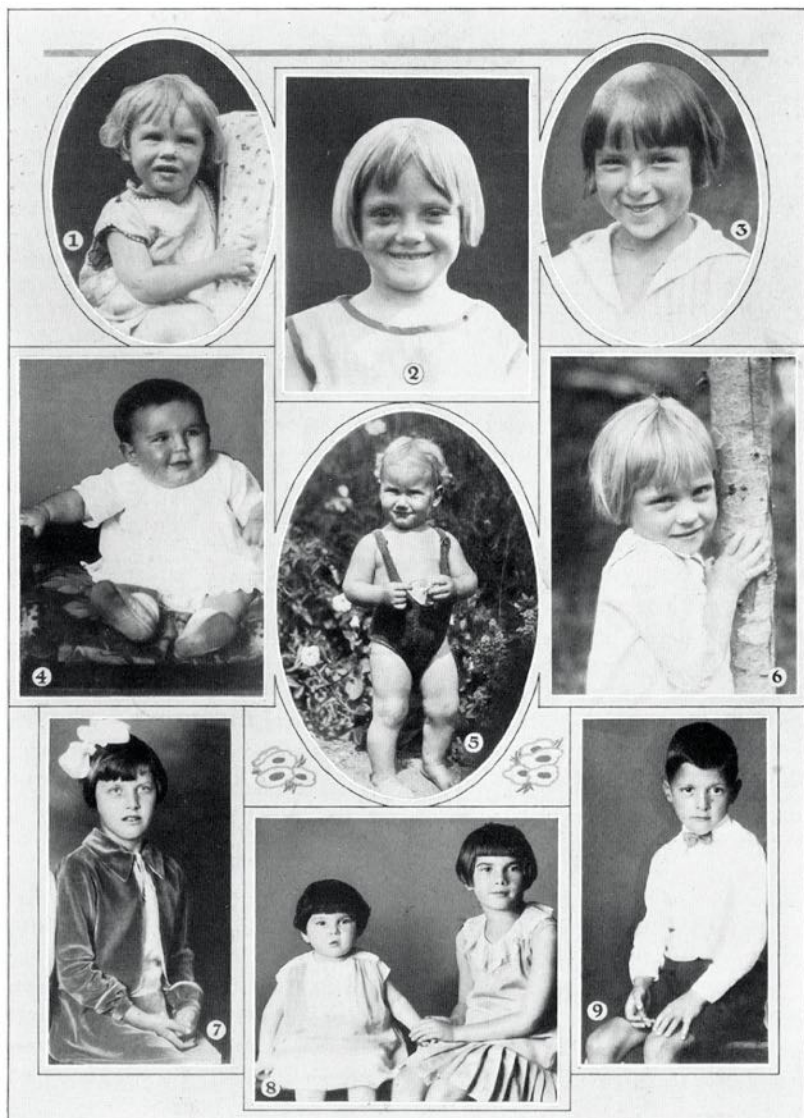
Old Sinner: "If you will answer me one question I will come to church."

Minister: "What is the question?"

Old Sinner: "Who was Cain's wife?"

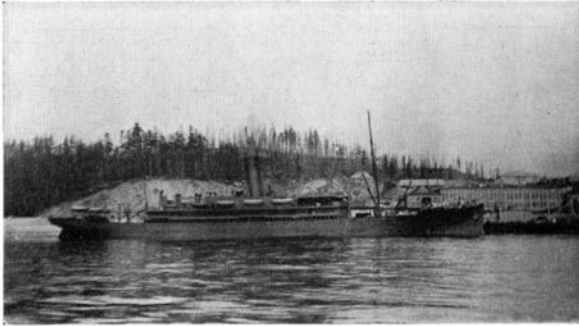
Minister: "My friend, you will never be able to embrace religion until you stop bothering yourself about other men's wives."

*Powell River Children*



1. Kathleen McGeachy.      2. Thelma McGeachy.      3. Nina Nicholas.      4. Celia Frerasso.  
 5. Bryant Stevens.      6. Gladys McGeachy.      7. Rosa Trevesan.  
 8. Mary and Violet Biassutti.      9. Robert Trevesan.

## *Ill-fated Tahiti's Last Visit to Powell River*



*The S.S. Tahiti, which passed to her last resting place in the Pacific last month. The above shows her as she appeared in Powell River in 1919, on her way home from the war zone.*

WHEN the news was flashed through last month that the S. S. Tahiti of the Canadian-Australasian Line had foundered in mid-Pacific, it was read with more than ordinary interest and regret by many residents of Powell River. Among the wharf crew, especially, are men who will remember the first trip of the Tahiti up Georgia's Gulf.

One day in the early summer of 1919, several months after the armistice had sounded the "cease fire" on the battlefronts of the world, the Tahiti, still swathed in the grim grey paint of war days, steamed slowly around Grief Point, and nosed her way slowly into the Powell River Company dock. The ship created unusual interest at the time. She was on her way "home" after several years' service "trooping" through the war zones of the seven seas. She still wore the drab grey dress of the converted auxiliary. In her dining-room

and messrooms coal and other produce had been stored; there was little to suggest in the lithe, almost sinister trooper, one of the crack passenger liners of the Pacific.

To defray the expenses of the homeward trip to Australia, the Tahiti endeavored to pick up as much cargo as possible. Part of her load included an unusually large shipment of newsprint from Powell River. The story of the particular shipment, which for a brief span caused no little fervor in two widely separated parts of the globe, is still one of the classic tales of the wharf.

The ship's officers had ordered that the paper be stowed in any available corner, above decks, below decks, or between decks. And the place chosen to deposit the newsprint from our mills was in the messroom. This section was loaded to the scuppers, but a few rolls yet remained.

What to do with these?

"How about putting them in the

*Lorraine Harper and her nephew, Billie, show that they know where the big ones lurk along the fringes of Powell Lake.*



refrigerator chamber?" suggested one of the wharf crew.

"Right O," laconically answered the officer in charge — and about thirty rolls of Powell River newsprint crossed the Pacific to Australia in the refrigerator chamber of the S.S. *Tahiti*.

This is not the end of the story. When the *Tahiti* steamed into Sydney harbor several weeks later the checkers reported a shortage of about thirty rolls of newsprint. Frantic cables were exchanged between Powell River and Australia, and we may conjecture some rather nasty things were said about "those blighters in Powell River" by our Australian purchasers.

At Powell River a check-up showed the specified number had been put aboard. For a moment everyone was nonplussed. Thirty-odd rolls of newsprint had vanished into thin air. While telegrams were being exchanged between Powell River and Sydney the *Tahiti* had discharged her newsprint and was proceeding to her next unloading port.

Suddenly one bright lad of our local wharf crew bethought himself of the refrigerator chamber, and the mum-

blings and explosions which had crossed the Pacific died away. In the confusion the thirty rolls in this section had been overlooked, and while the cables were sizzling with red wires the *Tahiti* was somewhere on the high seas with thirty rolls of Powell River newsprint still in the refrigerator chamber.

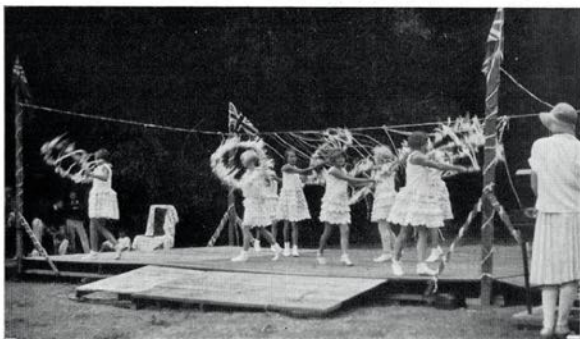
These were, of course, speedily located and dropped at the next point and once more everything in the newsprint garden was lovely. Cap Todd, one of the best-known masters of the line, who has numerous friends in Powell River, was in charge of the *Tahiti* on this epochal voyage.

### *Old Paper Unearthed*

The *Weekly Museum*, a four-page newspaper bearing date of December 1, 1792, published in New York by John Harrison at 3 Peck Slip, was found this week when the residence of the late Orville Hungerford at Watertown, N. Y., was being razed. The house was built in 1809. The newspaper was in an excellent state of preservation.

—Editor and Publisher.

## Willingdon Beach Enjoys Bumper Season



*Rose dance at Willingdon Beach, part of the Directional Recreation course, under supervision of Miss Anne MacSween. Pageants were held regularly throughout the summer and were most successful.*

**A**MONG the several advantages of Powell River as a healthy and desirable place of residence, front rank undoubtedly attaches itself to our bathing and aquatic facilities. Many Powell Riverites themselves often overlook this. Our beaches are always with us. They are taken for granted. Yet we say, without hesitation and without fear of contradiction, that many residents of our large coast cities north of California would welcome a Willingdon Beach in their neighborhood.

At Portland and Seattle, along the Oregon and Washington coasts, and even in the summer resorts of Puget Sound the water is cold—often uncomfortably so—and open-air or indoor swimming tanks exercise a far greater attraction for the swimmer than the sea waters. At Vancouver the beach question is every day be-

coming almost as acute as the parking problem. Unless you are willing to drive five, ten or fifteen miles, there are few places within reach where beach congestion has not reached the boiling point. If you want shade and green sward, and cosy picnics with your swimming—try and get them!

With its picturesque location, fronting the clean blue waters of Malaspina; with the towering, snow-tinted peaks of Vancouver Island silhouetted in the background; with its long stretch of grassy sward, wandering beneath the shelter of firs and cedars; with an easy accessibility to every resident in the district—a five-minute drive and a half-hour walk—Powell River's summer playground can hold its own in the best of regulated beach families.

With this attractive scenic background, with its comfortably cool waters, Willingdon Beach has been

*Local children dancing the summer hours away during the grand pantomime that completed the summer schedule.*

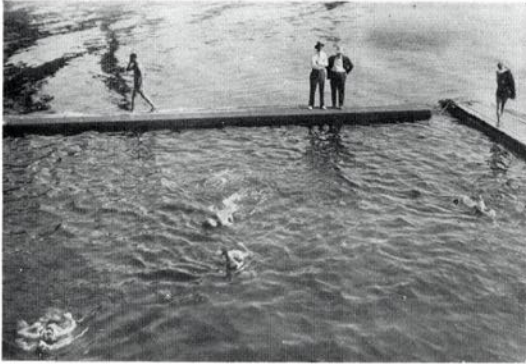


widely popular since its opening three summers ago. But the season just concluding has undoubtedly far surpassed its predecessors, both as to popularity and attendance. We believe that more children, and consequently more adults, have thronged to its welcome shade and cool waters than ever before in the history of our townsite.

New and intensified activities have featured this summer's beach programme. The first intimation of a broadening of the usual agenda came with the formation of a local branch of the Amateur Swimming Club and affiliation with the Royal Life Saving Society. Under the able, energetic tuition of Mr. William Brown, Company physical director, swimming classes were definitely organized and courses of instruction in both swimming and life saving were held throughout the summer. Diplomas were awarded to successful students. Extra awards were accorded the most proficient. Tournaments and life-saving exhibitions were staged. Special attention was directed to the youngsters below the age of fifteen, many of whom are now proud

possessors of efficiency certificates for swimming and life saving.

A definite impetus towards the organization of a swimming club was thus accorded. The life-saving classes were popular and well patronized. Many of our younger lads have gained a new self-reliance and a new confidence as a result. The swimming club, hastily organized a few weeks before the summer season, could not, of course, do everything the first year. Regattas, regular weekly swims were on the programme. Some of these ambitious projects had, of necessity, to be abandoned, until the less picturesque and more arduous ground work was completed. Nevertheless, good work was done and the seeds planted for a healthy crop next year. The instructor and committee were faced with many difficulties—inexperience—the disadvantage of a late season—permitting little time for adequate organization. In spite of this, gratifying headway was made. The life-saving and swimming classes will indisputably prove to be an expanding and a popular feature of the summers to come at Willingdon Beach.



*Swimming contests at Willingdon Beach during the summer. Over forty youngsters were taught to swim at these beach classes.*

Early in May, the Powell River Company Department Store sponsored a "Learn To Swim Campaign," supervised by William Brown, life-guard and physical instructor. Despite the setback of inclement weather in May and June, these classes were enthusiastically attended. During the summer, forty-two kiddies, between the ages of six and twelve years, were taught to swim and dive; and competition for the Store award was close and keen. Worthy of mention is the fact that proficiency medals in each grade fell to the smallest and youngest boy and girl. Jessie Wallace was the winner of a Jantzen bathing suit and cap. Milton Cloke gained corresponding honors among the boys. Both of these youngsters were apt pupils. They worked hard and practised faithfully. They apparently took to the limpid waters of Malaspina like the proverbial duck, and by the end of the season had acquired a skill and confidence in the water that brought them to the top of the prize-winners.

On August 10, eight candidates

were examined and successfully passed their tests for the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society, and on August 29, two more were admitted to the test. This is an encouraging beginning, for what knowledge may be more useful to our young people than that of knowing how and being able to save drowning persons, should occasion arise? Among our youthful life-savers, blue ribbon honors rest with Margaret Carr and Alan Todd. Margaret won her medallion, and, in addition, the Dr. O. O. Lyons cup for the most proficient girl in her class of school age. Alan annexed a similar triumph among his schoolboy rivals. Eileen McKnight, in the girls' division, was a close second, with Betty Marlatt, Beth Moore and Flora Gribble successfully passing the tests. Other proficiency awards were gained by Jack Carr, Sholto Marlatt, Harry N. Davies and Harold Moorehead, all passing with high percentages.

Coincident with the development of organized swimming activities was the introduction of Directional



*Toy sail boat contest under supervision of Miss Anne MacSween. This was a part of the Directional Recreation at Willingdon Beach during the past summer.*

Recreation for the children of our community. Under the efficient and understanding guardianship of Miss Anne MacSween, engaged by the Powell River Company as supervisor, scores of children who had never before participated in the games and sports of their companions discovered talents which they never knew existed. Miss MacSween has been justly praised for her splendid work among the children this year. She enjoys her work, is tremendously enthusiastic, and possesses a genius for enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of the children. The results achieved—the moulding of hundreds of youngsters into coherent and mutually sympathetic groups—is a credit to the patience and perseverance of the instructor and the enthusiastic

spirit in which the children met the instruction of Miss MacSween.

Definitely directed children's recreation—this was undertaken for the first time. The experiment was an undoubted success. They were taught a new self-reliance, and a new idea of co-operative effort. And they enjoyed it. They threw themselves with all the eagerness of youth into these fascinating games, pastimes and exercises. It was all new and thrilling—and different, and the timid and less venturesome were given equal rights with the vigorous and bold.

Within a week after the opening of the playground, a definite schedule was drawn up and rigidly adhered to. Every Saturday something new appeared on the programme and a competitive spirit introduced which

*Everyday scene on the beach while the dog days of August were in their full meridian.*





maintained interest at a high pitch. There was a sand-building contest—and what youngster but just loves to make mud pies or build sand castles? They began erecting castles the first week, and the whole month was a series of fascinating building of new and better castles—not of sand, but of understanding and fellowship. They made dolls one week, dream dolls, invested with all the glow and romance of childhood fancy. They constructed model sail boats—and saw them, in fancy, sailing the fabled Spanish Main and the seven seas, like the galleons of old and the speedy clipper of an era now closed forever. In moments of relaxation they sat around in groups and listened to stories and tales of fairy princes and fairy princesses from their instructor. They learned the joys of little parties on the beach, when the flames from the bonfire rose high and the stars were clear overhead.

And as a final winding up to a glorious summer came the colorful pageant, "The Sleeping Beauty," participated in by over eighty children. The whole fabled tableau of this celebrated children's story was

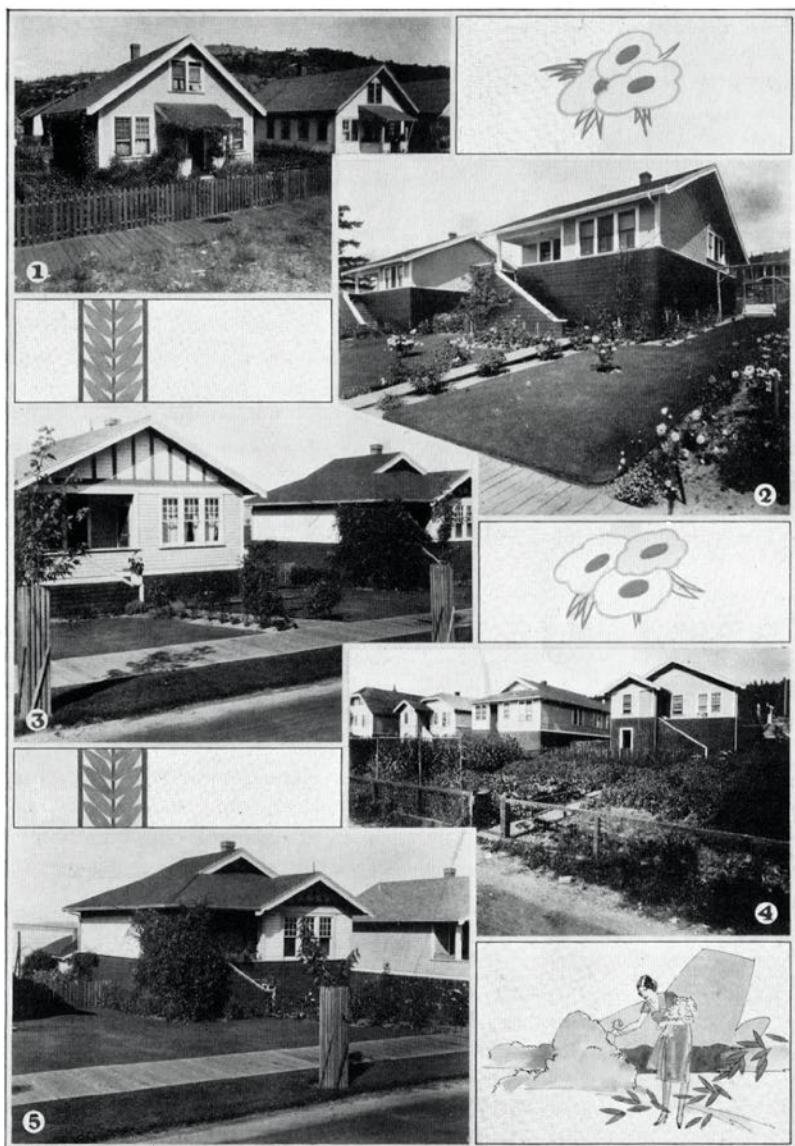
faithfully enacted in a striking two-hour pantomime. It was a revelation to the hundreds of spectators who thronged the beach for the grand finale. The costumes were chosen and made by the children themselves—a lesson in independence and initiative. Fairy queens, wicked giants, elves and gnomes, all those mythical characters which delight our youth, were included in the pageant. The color and variety of the costumes, and the excellent, if surprising, fashion in which the children fulfilled their parts, reflected the highest credit on all concerned.

Over one hundred and sixty children under the age of twelve years enrolled themselves in Miss MacSween's classes. An average of eighty children were always present, and the buses from Powell River to the Beach were sorely taxed to capacity with eager, chattering children on their way to Willingdon Beach.

Unquestionably, splendid work has been done by Miss MacSween and Mr. Brown with the children this year. Hundreds have learned the joys of co-operative effort and a love for healthy outdoor exercise.

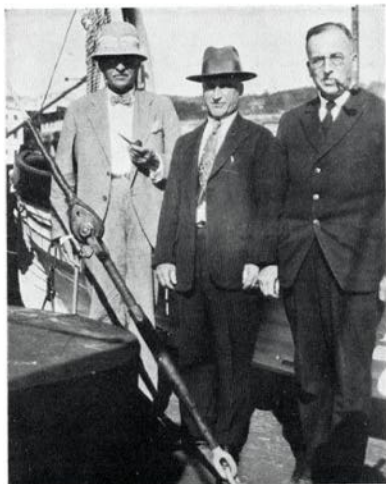
*A feature of the Elks Labor Day carnival was the rose dance, performed by local school children, supervised by Miss Anne MacSween, who is shown above with her pupils.*





Prize-winning gardens in Powell River's Annual Garden Contest: (1) O. Brandolini, Riverside winner; (2) best lawn and flowers, A. E. Davies; (3) best boulevard, J. R. Brand; (4) best kitchen garden, E. Anderson; (5) best combination garden, W. J. Smith.

## President Visits Powell River



Mr. M. J. Scanlon (left), President of the Powell River Company, inspects the Powell River Company tug *St. Faith*, in company with Captain Ernie Landheim and Tom Rees (right), Superintendent Kingcome Navigation Company.

The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon was especially welcome to members of the golf club. A keen golfer himself, the president was a frequent visitor to the new club house, for whose presence he himself was responsible. On Friday, August 15, a special dance at the club was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon. It was a great regret that Mrs. Scanlon, owing to indisposition, was unable to be present, to officially open the club. Mr. Scanlon in his address commended Powell River on its golfing enthusiasm and on the calibre of its golfers. In the near future he hoped to see the club house enlarged with an additional wing, the fairways improved and the course extended.

**A**MONG the most welcome visitors to Powell River last month were Mr. M. J. Scanlon, president of the Powell River Company, and Mrs. Scanlon. Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon spent nearly two weeks in the townsite, reviving old acquaintanceships and inspecting the new construction work. The president took advantage of his extended visit to re-familiarize himself with the plant and its ramifications, and to thoroughly review all the new extensions and improvements of the past year. He delighted the hearts of Tom Rees and Ernie Landheim by accompanying them on a tour of the *St. Faith*, flagship of the Powell River Company's tugboat fleet. He revived old friendships and made new ones on his informal excursion through the different departments.

Jimmy Macindoe and Morley Mitchell have specialized in tomatoes this year. Some of the specimens in Morley's backyard look more like red footballs than tomatoes. Jimmy specializes in quantity, and invites comparison with his record of seventy on a single plant. George Ford and Arthur Dunn are hot tomatoes, too, and may dispute this.

## *Labor Day Celebration Held By Elks*



*The crowning of the Elks Paper Queen on Labor Day. Resident Manager R. Bell-Irving places the crown on Miss Dorothy Wilson, Powell River Queen for 1930-1931.*

**L**ABOR DAY in Powell River was ushered in in the customary picturesque fashion. Under the auspices of the local B.P.O.E. order, the youngsters of our community were guests for the day, and—need it be said—they grasped opportunity firmly by the forelock. Free ice cream, free candies, free everything—what more can the young heart desire? Echo answers, what indeed?

The pivotal point of the day's activities was, of course, the colorful pageant attendant upon the crowning of the Paper Queen. Miss Irene Zorzi, last year's Queen, handed the key of office over to Miss Dorothy Wilson, the 1930 Paper Queen, and Mr. R. Bell-Irving, our Resident Manager, performed the crowning duties in his usual inimitable style.

Few will disagree that the general

programme on the occasion is one of the best produced in years. In addition to the interesting and boisterously contested programme, variety and a richer coloring was imparted by the pleasing exercises, directed by that very capable young lady, Miss Anne MacSween. The flag drill, performed with highly commendable smartness by the younger boys, found an appreciative audience; the charming rose dance by the girls in their pretty costumes was gracefully and smoothly executed.

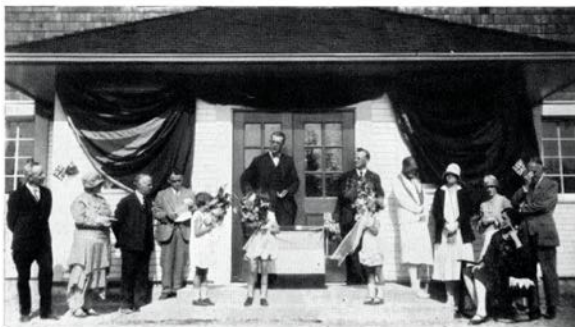
With the raising of the Union Jack to the masthead on the new athletic oval, the day's programme opened. Major R. C. MacKenzie delivered the flag address. The speaker stressed the role of the Union Jack in the history of the world; the flag was a symbol of the liberty, the freedom enjoyed by the British Common-

wealth of nations. Generation after generation had upheld the honor of the flag, had respected it, and this was the feeling that the Elks Lodge wished to instil in the younger generation of Powell River.

The new grandstand was packed to capacity during the afternoon and

hundreds surrounded the oval to enjoy the colorful crowning ceremony, the dances and drills and the children's sports events. A dance in Dwight Hall, perhaps the best attended on record, brought the day and proceedings to a full and enjoyable close.

## *Cranberry Opens First School*



*At the opening of Cranberry's new school. Left to right: A. Longstaff, Mrs. McGeachy, A. Perry, E. A. Goddard, R. Bell-Irving, Rev. E. A. Goode, Mrs. R. Bell-Irving, Mrs. J. MacIntyre, Mrs. Homewood, John MacIntyre, Mrs. A. Longstaff (seated).*

**A**NOTHER school has been added to the list of educational institutions in the Powell River district. On Tuesday, September 2, the energetic citizens of the steadily expanding suburb of Cranberry, saw the plans of years reach fruition when the fine, modern, Malaspina School was officially opened. With Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Powell River Company resident manager, delivering the opening address, with the Cranberry School trustees in immediate attendance, and a large number of residents and invited guests watching the ceremony, the

Malaspina School, the pioneer educational centre of Cranberry, threw open its doors to the public.

Some of the difficulties encountered in the effort to provide the community with a first class schoolhouse were outlined by Trustee E. A. Goddard. The perseverance of the residents of Cranberry in the face of every obstacle was deserving of the highest commendation. To the Powell River Company, who had loaned the service of their architect, John McIntyre, and who had accorded timely financial assistance, he expressed the thanks of the residents of Cranberry.

Mr. Bell-Irving praised the united efforts of the citizens of Cranberry, who, he said, had built a school of which any district might be justly proud. They had displayed a spirit of united community effort which was a credit to the district — a spirit which the company were pleased to encourage and help along. He touched on the vital question of light and water, stating the company would, as soon as the outside districts had a definite plan to submit, meet their representatives "more than half way."

The Malaspina School is a four-room erection, equipped with all necessities of the modern, up-to-the-minute school house, and was built at a cost of \$15,000. The design is the work of John McIntyre, Powell River Company engineer, and as has been said many a time in Powell River, "when John builds anything he builds it right." And Cranberry School is

"right." It is a worthy monument to the residents of the district and particularly to the hard working committee who bore the brunt of the campaign.

Following the ceremony, a presentation was made by the school board to Mr. John McIntyre, for his services as architect. Three picturesque little flower girls concluded the official opening with the presentation of bouquets to Mrs. R. Bell-Irving, Mrs. J. McIntyre and Mrs. A. W. Holmwood, wife of the school's first principal; after which the visitors and guests were provided with refreshments by the ladies of Cranberry and conducted on an inspection tour of the premises.

New drivers should drive fast in heavy traffic. It gives them the experience every motorist should have.



*Powell River golfers photographed during their recent visit to Vancouver. This photo was taken at Marine Drive. The group, left to right: T. Chalmers, Bat. MacIntyre, Jack Hill, Bob Foote, Ken Macken, Jock Kyles, R. C. MacKenzie, Gus Schuler, "Bolo" Gordon, Doc Brown, Wally Tapp, Frank Gardener, Eddie Tapp, Tommy Thompson, Norval Prusbaw.*

## Powell River's Hole-in-One Club

*This is the second series of articles on our local hole-in-one immortals. Our third and last series will appear in the October issue.*

**T**IS said that the left-handed golfer seldom scales the highest peaks of golfdom. The seats of the mighty whereon rest the winners of those blue ribbon events, the British and American championships, are reserved only for those who swing lustily from the right side. The Scaevolus of golf, the southpaw of the mashie and niblick, we are told, seem decried by fate to



*Charlie Murray may be a southpaw golfer, but it didn't stop him sinking his tee shot last month.*

fall just short of this lofty eminence attained by the Jones, Kirkwoods and Hagens.

It may be so. But in Powell River we have more than the average number of lads who swing from the left side and who are dangerous contenders in any man's competition. Such are R. C. MacKenzie, Eddie Tapp, Bev Davidson, Charlie Murray and several others. And in Charlie Murray the local portsidars have their representative in the hole-in-one club. Last month Charlie dropped his tee shot on the first green, 170 yards distant, and gained the honor of being

the first and only left-handed golfer to attain this honor on the local links.

*Dr. Paul Marlatt is the only member of the dental profession, past and present, to negotiate a hole-in-one on the local golf course.*



Several years ago Dr. Paul Marlatt was a keen lad on the links. He played a nippy game, too, if his friends' reports are true, and they are all good and stout friends. Today Paul, with the increased responsibility of business and other matters irrelevant to this note, is not such a frequent habitue of the course as in the days gone by. Paul, however, can still afford to patronize newcomers, for did he not, one memorable day, step up on the old first tee, and in the presence of witnesses, drop his ball in the cup with one glorious swing. He did, and he was among the first few members of the club to do it, and as far as we know the only dentist who ever turned the trick in Powell River.

If, as experts tell us, golf is largely mental, then George Johnston, if he really took the game seriously, should be the Bobbie Jones of Powell River. George never worries, mental strain is unknown to him. He steps up to

his ball, scarcely bothers to address it and takes the most casual and even lazy swing in the world. If the ball travels 200 yards, all right,; if it only



*George Johnston swings at 'em without thought or without care. Maybe that's how he entered the hole-in-one club.*

fuzzles a bare fifty, all right! It's all the same to George. We have heard that, when, on the old course, he sank his tee drive, he casually picked the ball out of the cup and ambled on to his next tee, permitting only a faint smile to cross his features. Whew! What a man!

Max Smith, like his friend, Dr. Paul Marlatt, has eased off on golf

*Max Smith has not played much golf recently. Since making a hole-in-one on the old course, he has been inclined to rest on his laurels.*



during the past two years. Four years ago Max was at the top of his form, and could give any of the low handicap players a real thrill any afternoon, evening or morning. He shot a tricky game in those days, tricky enough to gain him admittance into the select circle of hole-in-oners.

Max did this one sunny afternoon several years ago, on the old ninth tee, and from all reports, we understand he did what was required of him in the aftermath very nobly indeed.

The steadiest player in the club. Such is Cecil Kelly's reputation in Powell River. Smoking his old corn-cob, or its equivalent, he trots methodically around the course, hitting par, or close to par, all the way. He is one of the hardest hurdles to

*Cecil Kelly is known as the old reliable of the local course for the almost fiendish steadiness of his game. Of course he would have to rub it in by sinking a tee shot.*



leap in competition, and is always a source of worry to even the mighty Steve and Ed.

Wally Tapp and Frank Carriveau have both installed special sprinklers on their lawns, and their fine display of roses and other flowers bears testimony to its effectiveness.

### Births

- August 1—Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Del Tedesco, a girl.
- August 4—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oliver, a boy.
- August 4—Mr. and Mrs. George R. Temperley, a boy.
- August 10—Mr. and Mrs. John Cramb, a girl.
- August 17—Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Logan, a boy.
- August 17—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Green, a girl.
- August 20—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parsons, a boy.
- August 20—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Fraser, a girl.
- August 21—Mr. and Mrs. Gray Benner, twins, boy and girl.
- August 25—Mr. and Mrs. Peter Backe, Stillwater, a boy.
- August 31—Mr. and Mrs. Pat Courtney, Squirrel Cove, a girl.





By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE ranks of the regular railbirds have been sadly depleted at times during the last month, but the missing links, who have in most cases been enjoying a well-earned vacation, are gradually returning. Vacation time works wonders, and the vim and vitality expression so apparent on most faces, bears eloquent testimony to the time spent elsewhere.

\* \* \*

The golfers went off in a body to do their stuff, and came back with wonderful stories of adventure. The lawn bowlers followed the next week-end, and fully upheld the prestige of the plus four brigade. Singularly enough, very few were aware of the actual score in any game in which they participated, but all seem to have had a week-end to be remembered.

\* \* \*

Baseball is now a thing of the past, and lawn bowling, tennis, etc., are reaching their closing stages. The familiar goal posts are being erected, and soon the thud of the football will again be heard in the land, reminding all that summer has departed, and that bridge and cribbage contests, together with the Armistice Stag, will shortly again be the order of the day.

\* \* \*

Judging from advance reports from reliable sources, the Armistice concert and stag is this year to be better than ever. This story generally gets around each year about the same time, and invariably proves correct. It is also learned that a private theatrical party is in course of formation, which, if true, will fill a long-felt want, and it is hoped this will not once again end in smoke.

\* \* \*

What became of the pentathlon which was arranged between two members of the community following the first of July celebrations? This would undoubtedly have been interesting, as both claimed to have done the hundred yards in even time. Five minutes would be perhaps a moderate estimate.

\* \* \*

They were also to try conclusions at golf and lawn bowling, at which each secretly considered the other hopelessly handicapped. Possibly miniature golf will be added to the programme should the craze reach our fair city at an early date, and skating can easily be replaced by swimming if the prospect has not entirely vanished by Christmas.

## Daily Newspapers in Egypt

A study of the daily newspapers printed in Egypt, one of the world's "fever spots," reveals one rather surprising feature. Despite the predominance of British influence in the land of the Pharaohs, only two dailies, out of a total of twenty-six, are printed in English. These are the *Egyptian Gazette* of Alexandria, and the *Cairo Gazette*, each averaging 8000 issues daily. Ten of the twenty-six journals are printed in Arabic; nine in French; four in Greek; two in Italian and two in English. The largest circulations are those of the *Al Balagh* of Cairo, with 35,000 copies and the *Al Siassa* of the same city with 30,000 issues. Six to eight pages constitute the average thickness of the Egyptian dailies.



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 9

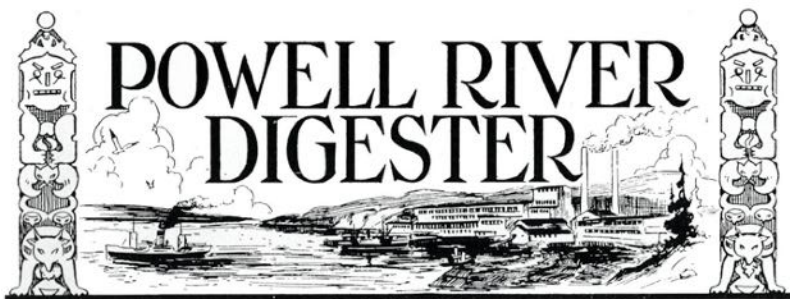
OCTOBER, 1930

NO. 10



## Canada's Tourist Trade

Catering to the tourist trade, to the five million visitors who cross our frontiers each year, is, next to wheat, our largest "industry." In the past decade, between 1920 and 1929, approximately \$1,682,000,000 has accrued to Canada as a result of the tourist invasion. How startling is this total may be appreciated when we learn that Canada's total expenditure for war and demobilization was \$1,695,000,000—only a few millions more than the value of tourist expenditure in the past ten years.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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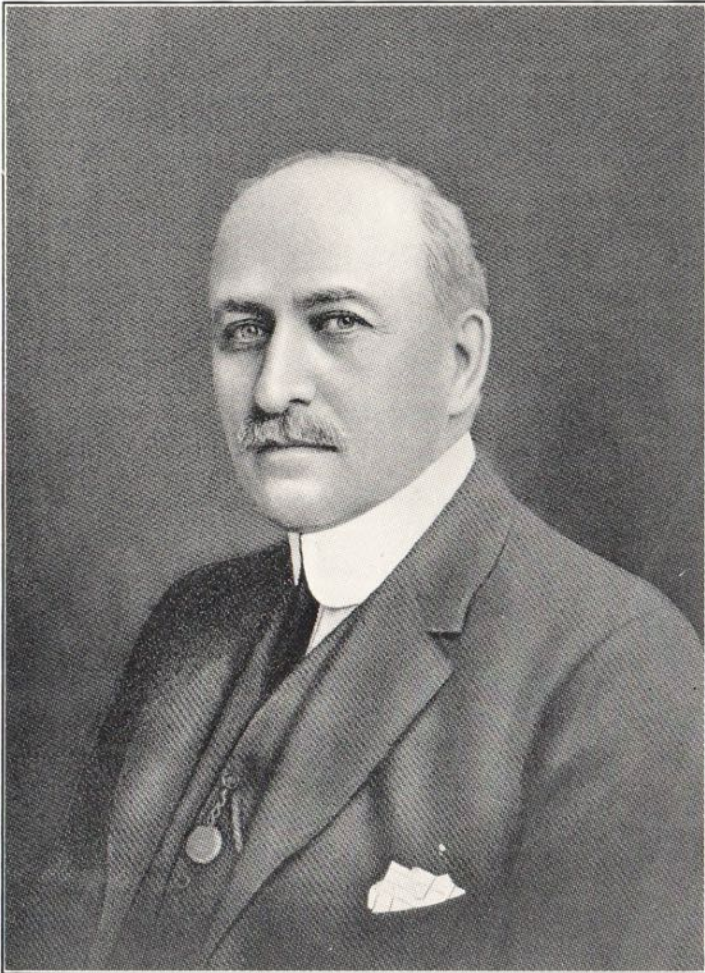
No. 10

It is with the deepest regret we announce the passing of the President of the Company, Mr. M. J. Scanlon, at his home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on Thursday, October the second.

Mr. Scanlon, in association with the late Dr. Brooks and Mr. A. S. Brooks, founded the Company in nineteen hundred and nine, and its subsequent steady growth is entirely due to the unbounded faith of these pioneers in the future of the enterprise.

Mr. Scanlon always took a deep personal interest in the comfort and well-being of all those employed by the Company, and each visit he made to Powell River was a pleasure and an inspiration to all.

A. E. McMASTER,  
*General Manager.*



*The late Michael J. Scanlon*

## *Our President Passes*

FOR the second time within the year, the flags of Powell River are flying at half mast. The second of the great founders of the Powell River Company has gone to his last long rest. On Thursday, October 2, came the sad tidings that Mr. Michael J. Scanlon, president of the Powell River Company, had been called by death, at his home in Minneapolis; that the chief, who with the late Dr. Brooks, had founded and nursed from infancy the plant and townsite of Powell River, had breathed his last.

On January 21st, last, we chronicled the passing of Dr. Brooks, Mr. Scanlon's life-long friend and business associate. The association of these two men had persisted over thirty years, and has written in the annals of American and Canadian industrial life a story of remarkable and almost uniformly successful achievement. The Doctor has gone; Mr. Scanlon has gone; and in the councils of the Powell River Company and the numerous other enterprises with which they were associated, remains a gap, which even the healing passage of time will never completely efface.

Scarcely a month ago, Mr. Scanlon, accompanied by Mrs. Scanlon, had paid an extended visit to Powell River—his first general inspection of the plant since his recuperation from his last illness nearly a year ago. For over two weeks he remained with us. He visited every portion of the work; renewed the acquaintance of the many old friends who have grown old in the employ of Brooks-Scanlon; and saw, with a builder's just pride, the great transformation again being effected on the old logging site, where twenty years ago, he and Dr. Brooks had laid the sure foundations of a great industry of the west.

It proved to be his last visit to Powell River, but before he left, he had seen the plans which he had been instrumental in forming, bearing fruit. It was his privilege to see ere he died, the consummation of that vision which had come to Doctor Brooks and himself, when, two decades ago, they landed on the old float, which then marked the only visible traces of the Powell River of that day.

With the death of Mr. Scanlon, passes the last of the original Brooks-Scanlon combination. For over thirty years their partnership has been maintained—a partnership which had embraced many varied and widely extended industries. In the tropic isles of the Bahamas, in Florida, in Minnesota, in Oregon, and northward beyond the international border, are flourishing and prosperous industries, a monument to the vision and courage of these two grand old men, who died within a few months of each other. Mr. Scanlon in one of his last interviews spoke feelingly of this life-long association.

An unusual charm of manner, combined with a keen appreciation of human psychology, was one of the secrets of Mr. Scanlon's success in both the business and social field. Even politicians succumbed to the spell of his personality. He was the negotiator and diplomat par excellence. "Give 'M. J.' ten minutes with any politician," an old employee at the Stillwater camp remarked, "and he'd come out with an order for the crown jewels in his hand." Throughout his life, Mr. Scanlon, like Dr. Brooks, kept in close and personal touch with all the operations in which he was interested. He visited his camps and mills regularly, and the day when "M. J." arrived in



camp was always looked forward to. Many of the men he knew personally. Many there were who had served with him since the commencement of operations—and to these men there was always a place in his organization and in his affections. He believed and practised the principle of a personal contact, whenever possible, with his employees, and to this sympathetic attitude was due much of the feeling of loyalty which permeated the Brooks-Scanlon organizations.

Today, out at Lois River, one of the great dreams of Mr. Scanlon and Dr. Brooks is being realized. Twenty-two years ago, in December, 1908, the two associates, in company with the late John O'Brien, commenced logging operations on the Stillwater tract, thirteen miles south of Powell River. For over fifteen years, Mr. Scanlon paid his regular visits to this great timber stand—whence some of the finest timber in British Columbia was logged. A few weeks ago he revisited the old site of his operations. As he looked over the familiar country side, where once his high riggers and yard crews had followed the trail of the grader and steel gangs, he saw one of the last great achievements of his lifetime in the process of consummation. He saw the rushing waters of Lois River harnessed, for a new and greater development. He saw steel penstocks running along the old river bank, once the home of those celebrated Douglas firs and cedars. He saw a new power house in the course of erection, almost on the identical spot where a score of years ago the first stick of timber was cut by the Brooks-Scanlon workers. He saw many of the old traditional landmarks disappearing, but he saw arising from their ruins the virile forces of a great and permanent conquest of nature. He died with the sure knowledge that his plans would be carried out. Behind him was the spectacle of a lifetime of successful and useful achievement, and ere he went on his final journey he had the creator's joy in seeing, what was perhaps, his greatest vision consummated.

To directly mourn his loss, Mr. Scanlon leaves a wife, Mrs. M. J. Scanlon, of Minneapolis; a son, Robert H. Scanlon, of Powell River; two daughters, Mrs. G. Semple, of Chicago, and Mrs. Bonnie Easton, of New York; and four sisters, Mrs. J. S. Foley, Jacksonville, Florida; Mrs. W. B. Galvin, Martindale, Montana; Mrs. William J. Troy, Lyndon, Wisconsin; Mrs. Andrew McIntyre, Mauston, Wisconsin.



## *M. J. Scanlon*

By JOHN MCINTYRE

**L**ITTLE did we realize, a few short weeks ago, when we felt the hearty grip of farewell of our late president, and hearkened to his words of advice and encouragement, that today that grip would be bereft of its genuine pressure of friendliness, and the lips stilled forever, and unable to voice those many manly sentiments which was their wont.

Those who were fortunate in knowing the late Mr. M. J. Scanlon and had learned to look upon him as a friend, will grieve the great loss to the industry and to our community.

His integrity, his grasp of detail and finance, his great personality, and his God-given power of human understanding endeared him to all those who

came within his influence. A suave and honest diplomat of no mean note, a pioneer of the great lumbering business of America, a master of industry who was yet not too busy, nor too great, to know and appreciate the least noticeable of his employees, all of whom he acknowledged as his friends; an orator of unusual merit, whose words were listened to and acted upon by some of the greater business men of this continent, a genius of wit, natural in one whose forbears bore the imprint of Erin, and lastly and always, a MAN in every finer sense of the word.

My earliest impressions of our late president were formed some sixteen years ago, when I first met him amongst the company's northern timber holdings. His bigness then appealed to me, as it did to all who came in contact with him, the bigness of his personality, which commanded the deep respect of all who had dealings with him. In those days I was forced to liken him unto one of the mighty monarchs of the woods, which fell to the axe at his instigation to be turned into a medium for the enlightenment of the reading public, and the furtherance of report of the world's progress.

In truth a great man has gone to his well-earned rest, felled at the zenith of his usefulness, like the mighty timbers of his beloved forests, and like so many of the bigger men of this continent, including his late life-partner, Dr. D. F. Brooks.



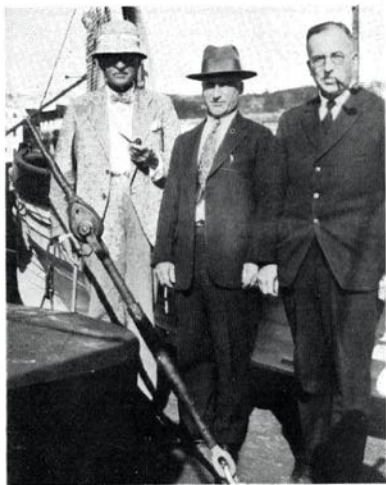
## *A Friend of Men*

By JOHN WHITE, *Log Pond Foreman*

MANY an old-time logger in Canada and the United States will hear with genuine sorrow, of the passing of their friend, Mr. M. J. Scanlon. He was always a friend to his loggers; he knew their language; understood as few men understood, the conditions under which they worked, and spared no effort, either of time or money, to provide them with every possible comfort and accommodation. I knew him first in 1903, when we were logging at Scanlon, Minnesota, and his death to me is a loss of an old friend.

I often recall him on his periodic visits to the woods. In these trips, he went right to the heart of activities and it was well known among the men that what "M. J." didn't see wasn't worth seeing. I remember one occasion when an inventory of the camp equipment was being made. The sheet showed four donkey engines. Mr. Scanlon glanced over the list, turned with a slight twinkle in his eye to his foreman and said, "What about that donkey I saw lying in the woods about a mile back." The foreman then rather sheepishly admitted they had overlooked this piece of machinery which had not been in use for some time, and which had been forgotten.

One of the best tributes to Mr. Scanlon's ease and charm of manner was the affection in which he was held by the natives who worked on his Bahama operation. A considerable amount of native labor was necessary on this concession and the natives there thought the sun rose and set on Mr. Scanlon. He mingled with them, endeavoured to adjust the hundred and one little difficulties always cropping up. It was common gossip among the Bahaman loggers that "the natives would go to hell and back for 'M. J.'"



*This photograph, reprinted from our September issue, was probably the last picture Mr. Scanlon had taken before his death. In company with Capt. Landbeim (centre) and Tom Rees (right) he had posed for this picture during an inspection of the company tug, St. Faith.*

He never forgot his old employees, and never failed to look them up when in camp. On his recent visit to Powell River, he often dropped around to the log pond and we would have many an interesting chat, recalling the old days in Minnesota and the Bahamas. To me and to any logger who has had the privilege of working with "M. J." Scanlon, his memory will be held in deep respect. He was a chief whom it was a privilege to serve under.



## *A Helping Hand For All*

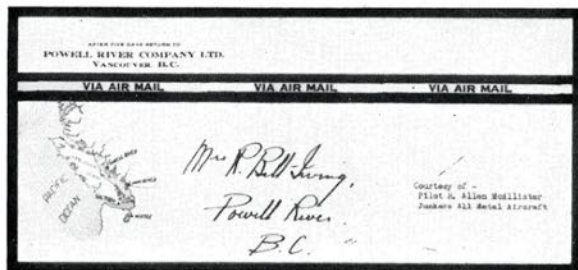
By C. E. FORBES

ONCE again Death stalked among the directors, removing the last of a wonderful duo, Mr. M. J. Scanlon. During my association with the company for the past twenty-one years I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Scanlon on his periodic visits and learned to respect him to a very high degree. A man of sterling high principles and wide sympathy, many of us working for any of the various companies he was interested in can admit of solid help given quietly, along with a homely talk to help us over our "blue" periods. A man of wonderful ability to associate with all—at home wherever his hat was. His was the hand to smooth over all our troubles during the days of construction, and when any crisis arose we could depend upon M. J. Scanlon arriving in a few days, and presto! all would again go serenely on.

We, who have been associated with two such wonderful friends as Dr. Brooks and Mr. Scanlon, will find their passing an irreparable loss, yet we can all treasure up our memories for all time and when we gaze upon a Brooks-Scanlon plant we can but acknowledge the magnitude and keenness of the business ability that enabled them to build from the ground up these plants which today are standing monuments in their honor.

## Daily Plane Service to Powell River

Copy of the first air mail letter delivered to Powell River. This service may be considerably augmented in the near future with a daily plane service between Vancouver and Powell River now in operation.



**S**PEEDY communication between Powell River and Vancouver is being rapidly placed on a permanent basis. The initiation, a few months ago, of the long distance telephone, assuring quick connection with Vancouver and other coast cities, has been accomplished. Now comes the inauguration of a daily aeroplane service for passengers and light freight—and residents of Powell River are now within an hour's call of the British Columbia metropolis.

Last month the first air mail letter to be delivered to Powell River was carried by courtesy of Allan McAllister, piloting his Junkers plane, from Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Powell River Company resident manager, to Mrs. Bell-Irving. Already several residents have made the return trip—and several emergency parcels have been promptly and speedily delivered, both at Powell River and Vancouver. One example of what this means may be quoted. A few weeks ago, our purchasing agent, Mr. W. H. Mc-

Leod, phoned Mr. Elmer Lee, of the Vancouver office, concerning an emergency order from one of the Vancouver wholesale houses. The call was put through at 9 a.m. At 12 o'clock, noon, the parcel was in the hands of Mr. McLeod.

This service is, of course, in the experimental stage as yet, but the Junkers people feel that they are blazing a trail which will soon become a recognized and essential highway between Powell River and Vancouver.

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, children, you must never do anything in private that you wouldn't do in public."

Sammy: "Hurray! No more baths!"

### BIRTHS

- September 1—Mr. and Mrs. Axel Eld, Stillwater, a boy.
- September 6—Mr. and Mrs. James W. Halford, a girl.
- September 9—Mr. and Mrs. Nicolas Kerpan, a boy.
- September 16—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bezo, a boy.
- September 17—Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Donkersley, a boy.
- September 19—Mr. and Mrs. William Mitchel, Sliammon, a girl.
- September 26—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lloyd, a girl.
- September 27—Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Boyce, a girl.



## *Plant Extension Swings Rapidly Ahead*



*The first glimpse of daylight in the 5800-foot tunnel at Lois River. On Thursday, September 25, at 7 a.m., the two gangs working from opposite ends broke through the long rock barrier, through which the waters of Lois River will rush to the power house at Stillwater.*

**C**ONSTRUCTION activities on the first stage of the Powell River Company's \$13,000,000 extension programme are swinging on to the final stretch. The results of long months of steady plodding away are now visible on all sides. The harsh staccato rapping of the riveters, and the noise of cranes placing machinery in position, have replaced the steam shovel and the concrete mixers. The buildings are nearing completion; soon they will be ready to take in their permanent boarders—the big newsprint machines—and their smaller subsidiary brothers. The days of foundation lay-

ing and form setting are now almost a memory.

At Powell River the new machine room, in whose spacious interior will be housed the two high-speed 226-inch newsprint machines, is ready for occupancy; the sole plates have been laid, and the business of installation is about to commence. These machines will embody all the latest improvement in paper machine construction; each will have 52 5-foot dryers—ten more than the big 234-inch Walmsleys, installed in 1926. Removable fourdriniers will speed up and facilitate wire changing, and, when opened to their full maximum,



*Interior of the new machine room, built to accommodate two 226-inch newsprint machines. Work of installation on the first machine is now under way.*

they will turn out Powell River newsprint at 1,400 feet a minute. The first machine will be in operation early in 1931—the second will follow when conditions in the world newsprint markets warrant.

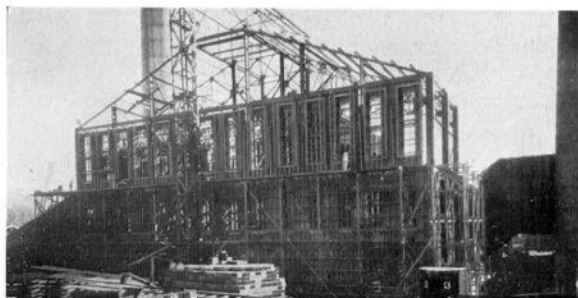
The new grinder room, where another fourteen of these ravenous wood masticators will find a home, is rapidly taking form, and the machines are being set in place. These grinders usher in a new epoch in Powell River newsprint history. Our fifty-two grinders already engaged in the business of manufacturing paper are all water-driven with turbines supplied direct from Powell Lake. The new machines will draw their energy from a source 13 miles away. Their motive force will come throbbing

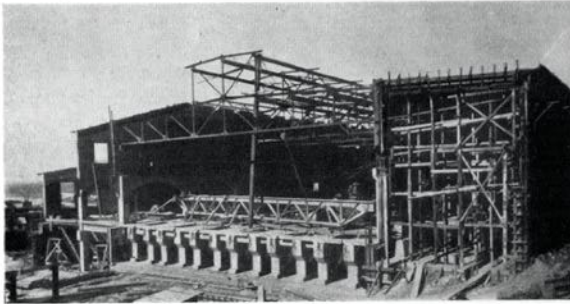
over the high-powered transmission line from the Stillwater generating station. When in place, the grinders will be drawn up in approved army style, in lines of six each, with each line in charge of a 3,600 H.P., 273 r.p.m. synchronous motor.

The addition to the steam plant is rising swiftly. The steel workers are on the last leg of their work. Over in the sulphite room the big 16-ton digester is being lined with brick, ready for its part in the newsprint offensive of 1931.

Out at Lois River, where the most fascinating features of the new work are to be found, the big hydro-electric project is spreading its tentacles out and renovating the face of the coun-

*The extension to the boiler room is rapidly forging ahead. In the picture the steel work is practically completed.*





*The new grinder room under construction, where 14 additional dryers, electrically driven by power from Lois River, will be installed.*

try-side. Thursday, September 24, was a red letter day for the construction crew in this area. Shortly after 7 a.m., word was flashed out that the tunnel was through; that the gangs of workmen, who for the past seven months have been toiling steadily in its cavernous depths, striking in from both ends, had at last penetrated the "hump." The bore was completed, and Ole Arnesson and Chris Christianson, foremen of the two stout gangs, who had been burrowing a stiffly contested passage through the bowels of the earth for many weary months, wore jubilant smiles. It was a day for rejoicing—and for celebration. Mike Templeton, in charge of maintaining the line, and Jim Fullerton, our field engineer, walked on air and endeavored to affect an appearance of nonchalance, which they were far from feeling. Mutual congratulations flew thick and fast.

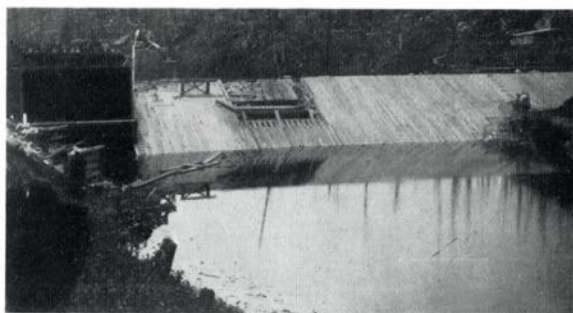
It has been hard, and often discouraging, work. For the first two months, the men in the north portal mushed and stumbled in sand and mud. Roofs and sides were constantly caving in. Water seeped

through on them as they worked. Progress was, perforce, at a small pace. For days and weeks this dreary routine continued, until rock was encountered, after which advancement was comparatively easy. The 5,800-foot tunnel, through which the waters of Lois will pass on their journey to Stillwater, is clear "all the way." As we write, the next stage, that of lining this huge 12-foot 6-inch hole with concrete through its entire surface, is under way.

Along the bank of Lois River, above the north portal, the countryside has been transformed. The beginnings of what must appear to the uninitiated visitor as a big viaduct, follows the river bank to disappear into the yawning mouth of the tunnel. The 850-foot, concrete-lined penstock, leading from the site of the permanent dam to the tunnel, is steadily and inexorably approaching the tunnel mouth.

There is little water running over the once rushing, turbulent falls of Lois River. The foaming white spray, which leapt wildly over the jagged rock on its joyful journey to tide-

*View of the temporary log crib dam across Lois River, behind which the waters are gradually rising in readiness for their work of generating new power for the newsprint mills at Powell River.*



water, is gone — imprisoned by the temporary dam flung across the bank. Behind this barrier the drainage from the Gordon Pashas is slowly accumulating and rising to supply the 22,000 H.P. generator in process of installation in the Stillwater power-house.

The huge 12-foot 6-inch steel penstock, running for over half a mile from the south portal of the tunnel to the power-house, is being laid on the long row of concrete cradles, prepared for its reception. A few hundred yards above the power-house the huge surge tank, which when completed will tower far above the country-side at a height of 312 feet, is rising above the penstock.

There is something to see at Lois River\* these days. It is a fascinating business, watching a wilderness of trees and rocky hills and rushing rivers being bent to the service of man. There are probably many hundreds of our residents who have not yet seen the transformation that is taking place in that area, where less than a year ago nothing, save a few old logging rails and a widely extended country-side of blackened stumps and second-growth trees, gave evidence of a former habitation. On our own front doorsteps is being staged a fascinating drama of man's conquest and utilization of nature for his own ends.



*A row of new homes, just completed as a part of the Powell River Company's townsite construction programme, proceeding simultaneously with the plant extension activities.*



## *Our Residential Suburbs*



*The home of Mrs. M. E. Milnes at Westview, one of the most imposing of our suburban residences.*

In recent issues we have reprinted, regularly, illustrations showing some of the splendid homes which have sprung up in Powell River's suburbs in recent years. In the future, with electric light and water a practical certainty, the outside districts of Westview and Cranberry, particularly, will prove increasingly attractive as residential districts. Already many beautiful houses and gardens decorate these communities, and we hope that, in the not distant future, paved highways will wind through these picturesque outskirts.

These communities are rapidly blossoming out into self-reliant, vigorous districts. In Wildwood the Welfare League, composed of ener-

getic and hard-working citizens, is constantly getting together to discuss and seek solutions to problems that affect the people. Out in Cranberry and Westview, those sturdy organizations, Progressive Society and Ratepayers' Associations, have been doing a splendid work, building schools, helping improve road conditions, and leaving no effort unturned to lay the foundations for independent, self-contained communities. These organizations are all composed of public-spirited citizens, who have the welfare of their respective districts at heart, and who are giving their time and energy towards the creation of a greater Powell River District.


*The home of Mr. Culos at Cranberry, built to his own design and specifications. The overhanging balcony and general architecture is Italian and is an unusual type for Powell River.*



# EDITORS NOTES



## *A Great Partnership*

 N Monday, October 6, the last remains of Mr. M. J. Scanlon, president of the Powell River Company, were laid at rest, in his home town of Minneapolis. Eight months previous, his old friend and confrere, Dr. Dwight F. Brooks, had preceded him through those mysterious portals through which we all must pass in our time.

Somehow it seemed that these two great builders who had worked together practically all their lives, who together had battled in adversity and who together had seen this stubborn thistle bursting into the glossy purple of successful achievement could not long survive this earthly severance of their life-long partnership.

We like to think that both Dr. Brooks and Mr. Scanlon would have had it this way. We who knew them, who knew of their work, have long been accustomed to hearing and helping realize the plans and vision of "the Doctor and M. J." As such was this celebrated combination known to every logger who ever worked on their limits. Their names were indissolubly associated during thirty years of a lifetime characterized by great vigor and unremitting effort. "The Doctor and M. J." have written their names high on the

roll of industrial greatness; in the logging world of this continent there is not a man but knew and respected the happy combination of courage, vision, personal charm and ability, which have raised the Brooks-Scanlon name to the forefront of Canadian and American industrial life.

"The Doctor and M. J." have dropped from the ranks after victory was won. They have seen their life work completed—and the advance being carried on in accordance with their plans. Over the widely extended organizations bearing the Brooks-Scanlon name the spirits of these two great progenitors stand guard—to serve as an example for those who follow and who are carrying on those great industries, monumental tributes to the life-long partnership of "the Doctor and M. J." To us they have thrown the torch. Be ours to hold it high.

### *Auckland Sun Runs Prize Contest as Circulation Booster*

In New Zealand, the *Auckland Sun* has launched a subscription campaign in which prizes amounting to \$30,000 are awarded for subscriptions. The campaign, conducted by George S. Teall Company, an American concern, was on a vote basis.



# AROUND THE PLANT

THE Powell River Company wharf has been a scene of bustling-but pleasant activity during the warm afternoons and far into the perceptibly cooling fall evenings. The salmon are running—and favored fishing spots are at a premium. These locations are controlled by an airtight, Aberdeen-spirited corporation, and woe betide the greenhorn who attempts to muscle in on one of them.



Some heavy catches have been made in the past month. Joe Graham holds highest honors for the year to date. In the peaceful, quiet atmosphere of a limpid September evening, he tossed his line over the edge. He hooked a salmon, pulled him in. The gaff was ready. Suddenly came a dead weight on his line, and Joe nearly went overboard. A 40-lb. ravenous cod had fastened on to the salmon's flanks, and refused to let go. Joe pulled his line to the surface, his associate swooped an unerring gaff waterward—and Mr. Cod's cannibalistic tendencies were over for ever.

Unfortunately in the excitement the salmon slipped his bit and disappeared—but Joe was not dissatisfied.

This incident has been repeated regularly for the past five years. Cod snatching at salmon on the hook and being hoist on its own petard is becoming a common incident at the wharf. Jim Philip's 45-lb. cod and 15-lb. salmon at a single catch—a total of 60 lbs.—is still a record.

Paul Antonuk, jovial, cheery cook in our hospital, never misses an evening. In addition to always getting his man, or his fish—Paul, in between catches, enlivens the scene with happy and breezy anecdotes of the fish he has caught—and of the fish that have escaped him.

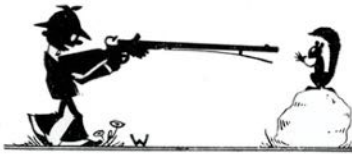
Jay Maslin appears to have the Indian sign on the salmon. Maybe he has tried some of that machine-room oil on his hook. Whatever the reason, the finny lads can't keep from his bait. An average of five big ones and some little ones a night for several successive evenings, had the rest of the boys talking to themselves.

Eddy Tapp, on day shift, just takes time to gobble his supper be-

fore hotfooting his way wharfwards. Edward, too, has quite taking ways with friend salmon — and quite a number will spend the winter, in one fashion or another, on his kitchen shelves.

Bert Watts is not satisfied with dazzling the eyes of our garden judges. He has put a similar spell on the salmon, persuading ten to come up on top and stay for a permanent visit—all in one evening.

Even Charlie Godfrey succumbed to the lure of the silver fins. We never saw him personally land one—but if a bunch of Canadians and Englishmen can do the trick, it should be duck soup for a man trained north of the Tweed.



As one of our feature articles suggests, cougars are pretty scarce this year. Nevertheless, Harry Dick, out on an afternoon's prowl, came home with the first one shot for many months. Profitable afternoon, too, with the \$40 bounty hovering in the immediate foreground.

Another proof of the balminess and all-round utility of Powell River climate! Mr. Edmonsens, of Westview, grew watermelons and cantaloupes in the open, not behind glass cases or in a delicate hot-house, but open to the full sweep of all the winds that blow and all the suns that shine. These compared very favorably with those luscious specimens we have been accustomed to import from California.

Frank Carriveau was away on his holidays during the World's Series, and his radio, usually a big centre of attraction at that time, wasn't even 'warmed up. Frank has a big "drag" with the big league magnates and we believe has his radio directly connected up with Connie Mack's private office—so we have heard.

Harry Carruthers and Billy McGillivray have just informed us that Charlie Powell is losing his cunning as the "Great Hunter" of Powell River. Time was when Charlie could find his way unassisted through any trail in the country—and few deer were safe from his prowls. Now, according to reports issued as per the above, Charlie has descended to taking an Indian guide along on his jaunts. And thereby, forsooth, is the makings of a pretty tale i' faith.

"What are you doing, Susie?" asked her fond mother.

"I am knitting, mother, dear," replied the young woman. "I heard Jack say the other day he was afraid he'd have to buy a new muffler for his car, and I thought I'd knit him one as a sort of surprise."



### *Just Wanted to Know*

A gent alcoholically oversubscribed wandered into a movie. During the intermission, while the audience was being bored with announcements of future films, the drunk got to his feet and called out:

"Is there a doctor in the house?"

There was. A man down in the third row stood up, saying: "I'm a doctor."

The drunk leered amiably. "Hello, doctor," he said and sat down.

### *Might Be Appropriate*

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh Jack! What can we give Mother for a birthday present?"

Husband: "How about a nice travelling bag?"

### *A Golf Widower*

"My wife says if I don't chuck golf she'll leave me."

"Hard luck, old chap."

"Yes—I'll miss her."

Father: "How are you getting along at school, my boy?"

Teddy (triumphantly): "Awfully well, dad. The teacher said that if all the boys were like me he would shut up the school tomorrow."

### *When They Get the Bug*

An old Scotchman and a youth had spent the whole day on the golf links, and had some remarkably close and exciting games. As they left for home the old man remarked:

"Hey, mon, but it's been a gran' day!"

"It has," the youth assented.

"Think ye could come again on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," the young man answered reflectively, "I was to be married, but I daresay I can put it off."

### *Wash Day*

The mother had discovered her small daughter, Betty, aged three, busily engaged in washing the kitten with soap and water.

"Oh darling, I don't think the kitty's mother would like the way you are washing her."

"Well," Betty seriously replied, "I really can't lick it, mother."

Beggar: "Can you spare me a pair of very old shoes?"

Lady: "But you are wearing quite good ones."

Beggar: "I know, ma'am, and they are ruining my business."

*Powell River Children*



1. Richard Chiarcossi. 2. George Baxter Lands a Beauty. 3. R. Nelson. 4. Iva Lillian Sims.  
 5. Leslie Price. 6. Molly Price. 7. Margaret and Grant Warren Visit Hardy Island.  
 8. Mildred Laura Bain Innes.

## *Stalking the Cougar and Saving the Game*



*Herbert Padgett  
(left) and son Rex,  
photographed with  
their two dogs, ready  
and waiting for the  
first sign of friend  
Cougar.*

THERE has been good hunting in and around the Powell River district this year. Better than for several years, our Nimrods gratefully explain. The season was scarcely a day old before more than one local housewife was cooing delightfully over the spectacle of friend husband clumping up the back steps with a choice venison steak on his back. In decided contrast to the past few years, the first two weeks of the season have been highly successful from the standpoint of the hunter.

Many reasons are advanced to account for the return of the deer to his old haunts. The senseless and short-sighted massacring of game has been eliminated to a large extent.

Local hunters have played the game with the game wardens—and kept within their quotas. New game reserves have been created. The general attitude of the public and of the authorities has supported a policy of game conservation.

Undoubtedly this salutary attitude has assisted greatly. Another salutary and equally important factor is the scarcity of predatory animals in the district. The marauding cougar, whose depredations have, in former years, clawed a wide red trail through the defenceless ranks of the deer and mountain goat, is less conspicuous this year. Perhaps he found that last season the full dinner pail was not as full as it used to be. Perhaps he has tried another location—and per-



*A typical Padgett bag. Four cougars, shot on a single day by Mr. Padgett and his son, are shown after a morning raid on the ranch of these wily hunters.*

haps, only perhaps, he has wished us a long, long farewell. Whatever the cause, it is undeniable that the inroads of these skulking cats have been far less murderous than usual.

Mayhap, in our groping about for an explanation, we have overlooked the real reason for their disappearance. Maybe Mr. Herbert Padgett, owner of the Padgett ranch at Myrtle Point, and his two sons, Rex and Roy, could offer a more convincing solution than the above to account for the cougar scarcity. For they, more than any other human agency in the district, have been a deciding factor in their elimination.

Twenty cougars, five wolves and five bears! This is the Padgett wild game bag in a little over two years. How close this is to record we do not know! We do know, however, that it represents a bag not to be sneezed at in any fraternity of hunters, wild or tame.

When Mr. Padgett began ranching in the district, he imported a considerable number of sheep and goats. He soon discovered that successfully raising and maintaining intact his herd was among the most difficult

tasks he had undertaken—and he has played about on the fringes of civilization\* in British Columbia since 1898. The tender lambkins and the foolish sheep made an ideal lunch for the prowling cougars that stalked about, like thieves in the night. More than once, Mr. Padgett, visiting his flock in the early morning, discovered the all too evident results of a midnight raid by these cats. On one single day twenty of his sheep were slaughtered in a cougar invasion.

In these circumstances originated the fame of Mr. Padgett and his sons as cougar hunters. The Government offered a bounty of \$40 for every cat killed. This and the necessity of adopting measures to protect his sheep and goats provided an incentive—and the hunt was on!

### Stalking the Cats

The results are known throughout the district. Scarcely a month passed but one or more cougar scalps were tucked under the Padgett belt. Sometimes four and five a week were trapped and killed. One day, before the bacon and eggs had begun to sizzle in the breakfast frying pan, Mr.





*Herbert Padgett and Laddie, with another cougar trailed from the ranch and held by the dog. He was shot from the ground by Mr. Padgett.*

Padgett and Rex heard sounds of scuffling in the pen where the young calves were kept. Several cougars were after an early breakfast, and it is to be hoped they feasted well, for it was the last meal they ever enjoyed in this world. When the two men returned to breakfast, they brought the ears of four cougars, which, with the aid of the faithful dogs, Laddie and Nellie, they had treed and shot. Once they caught a cougar and her two kittens in a trap, and the Government exchequer was diminished by \$120.

In the course of the last three years, the Padgetts have had some thrilling experiences with these marauding cats. Perhaps outstanding was the incident which befell the eldest son, Rex, one moonlight night,

on the lonely road leading off the main Westview highway. Rex was on horseback. He was proceeding leisurely along a road he had traversed many times before in similar fashion. Rounding a corner, his horse suddenly shied high in the air. Before he was aware of what had happened, a grey streak, like some apparition suddenly conjured up from out of the night, came hurtling through the air, straight for his horse's head. Rex had scarcely a second to lash wildly out with one boot. In some miraculous fashion, the cougar—for such it was—misjudged his leap, passed just under the horse's head to fall, like the cat he was, on all four feet, and crashed madly into the underbrush fringing the roadside.

Rex frankly states it was a week

*General view of the Padgett ranch at Myrtle Point, where in addition to his cougar hunting activities, Mr. Padgett raises peaches, plums and almost every variety of fruit grown in the temperate zone.*





*Cougars are not the only trophies in the Padgett collection. Several years ago, Rex (he was a cute lad then) and his father snared the grey wolf shown above as he tried to open up negotiations with the Padgett sheep.*

before he could make his hair behave—and just as frankly we believe him! His explanation of the incident was that the cougar had been skulking behind a log on the roadside—and either saw or smelt the horse before seeing or smelling the human on its back. In mid-air, he said, the cat seemed to suddenly alter his spring, which caused him to miss the horse's head by a hair's breadth. Rex believes that the cougar suddenly caught for the first time a sight of a human being as he flashed out from behind the log—and in his usual cowardly manner shied off. Either that, or the horse smell was strong enough to overpower the man scent—and the attacker judged he was dealing solely with a helpless quadruped.

### Returns to His Kill

Some of these animals have been snared by traps; others have been treed by the dogs and shot from the ground. Through costly experience, Herbert Padgett probably knows as much of the peculiar methods of the cougar as any man in the west. That he has profited by his knowledge is testified by results. He will tell you,

for instance, that a cougar invariably returns to his "kill" the following day; that the animal very carefully covers over with loose bracken and bits of brush the carcass he has slain. Through this knowledge, Mr. Padgett has brought many a cougar to his last reckoning. With the aid of the dogs the kill is located; the traps are set; and with ordinary luck Mr. Cougar steps in the snare, when he returns for a leisurely lunch the following day. In normal circumstances the cat will return three times. After that he leaves the carcass strewn around with no attempt at concealment; he is finished and is off on another murderous prowl.

Why the Government place a bounty on cougars may easily be imagined. It is a safe and probably a conservative estimate that an average of two deer a week fall helpless victims to the merciless depredations of the cougar. That Mr. Herbert Padgett and his boys have done their share—and more than their share—in the conservation of game in this neighborhood is a statement that will meet with a hearty chorus of ayes from hunters in this or any other district.

## Personalities in Our District

### HE FILLS OUR PRESCRIPTIONS

TO ask any resident of Powell River, who has resided here from one to twenty years, if he knows Charlie Long, would be like asking a Nova Scotian if he had ever heard of herrings. Charlie Long and his drug store are institutions in Powell River. They have grown up with the community; they have been the principal distributing point from where ache and pain relievers have been dispensed to ailing citizens for nearly two decades.



In the early days Charlie was in the centre of communal sporting activities. He was a hunter of note, and many a stout and wily buck has given himself up when he heard Charlie was out gunning in the district. About fourteen years ago, a gun club was formed in town. For a year it enjoyed extensive patronage, and pinking stray pigeons in the air and on the ground became a thrilling pastime with the members. Charlie was a leading member. "Dead Eye" his friends called him for his uncanny accuracy at the traps. On the baseball diamond his fame was wide-spread; in company with such mighty

men as Bill McLeod, Bob Scanlon, Alf Hansen, and other famous retired stars, Charlie showed them all the way to steal home in those palmy days.

With the encroachment of middle age and the increased responsibilities of age, Charlie has ceased active participation in sports. His interest is just as keen, and he is always behind, financially and morally, any scheme for the promotion of clean sport in our community. He has supported several basketball teams in the local loop under the Rexall name. Occasionally he feels the old urge for action rising, and finds the golf course a good spot to leave his superfluous energy. He has never broken par, but informs us he *has* broken several clubs—how or where, he refuses to disclose.

Eighteen years of steady service in Powell River is a record that Charlie Long may well look back on with pride. His business today has far outgrown its original simple beginnings, and many alterations and improvements have been made in the old stand since the early days. But its proprietor is the same likeable, unostentatious, obliging, community-spirited citizen as he was in those days when Powell River was a "pup."

To every person comes his day,

So calmly wait your chance.

The pedestrian has the right of way  
When in the ambulance.

## *Powell River Newsprint for Santiago's El Mercurio*



*Newsprint on the Powell River Company wharf being loaded on the motorship S.S. Childar for the big presses of El Mercurio, in Santiago, Chile.*

TO the resident of a seaboard town, there is always something new and fascinating watching the comings and goings of these great ocean carriers from all corners of the globe. The materialist sees in them the growth and expansion of his country's trade and commerce; to the dreamer they represent romance and adventure, which he is sure still exists somewhere beyond the horizon's rim—across the unfettered waters of the high seas of the world.

In the cool of the summer evenings, with the pleasant tang of the Pacific zephyrs sweeping landward, Powell River's waterfront is a popular promenade. Big freighters drop anchor—and steam away to many far corners of the world with paper from our mills safely parked in their holds. Across the Pacific to the marts of

China; south to the populous centres of the Pacific Coast; through the Panama to the Gulf States and the West Indies; under the southern cross to Australia and New Zealand; down the Pacific seaboard of South America and around the Horn to encounter the southern waters of the uneasy Atlantic. Up and down, through and across the seas of the western hemisphere sail the carriers of Powell River newsprint. We see them steam in; we watch them disappear slowly below the horizon, and in fancy we accompany them to their far-away destinations.

One day last month two of these big ocean carriers lay side by side in their berths at the Powell River Company wharf. Both were motorships. On the outside berth was the Hauraki, an old friend, who for many years had carried regular ship-

ments of newsprint to the publishing houses of Australia and New Zealand. Occupying the inside position was a new arrival, the 9,000-ton motorship Childar, loading Powell River newsprint for the presses of *El Mercurio*, of Santiago, Chile.

Chile, with a population nearing the 4,000,000 mark, has in recent years enjoyed a stability of government which has permitted the republic to advance steadily along the road to commercial independence. As a result, many of the newspapers printed in the Republic possess very creditable circulations — circulations which are being rapidly augmented.

*El Mercurio*, which last month received its first shipment of Powell River newsprint, is one of the two largest dailies in the Republic. It circulates approximately 42,000 copies daily, and its average thickness of 20 pages is only slightly below that of many well-known Canadian dailies. *El Mercurio*, like the majority of its Chilean contemporaries, is a morning publication; and herein lies one of the striking differences be-

tween North American and Chilean journalism. There are approximately 35 daily papers printed in Chile; of these, 24 are morning editions. In Canada and the United States the evening papers are in heavy preponderance. Canada has 24 morning publications, compared with 89 evening dailies; the United States proportion, with 381 morning and 1,564 evening sheets, is even greater.

The total circulation of all the Chilean publications, morning and evening, is in the neighborhood of 335,000 copies daily, over a third of which are circulated in the City of Santiago, capital and chief city of the republic.

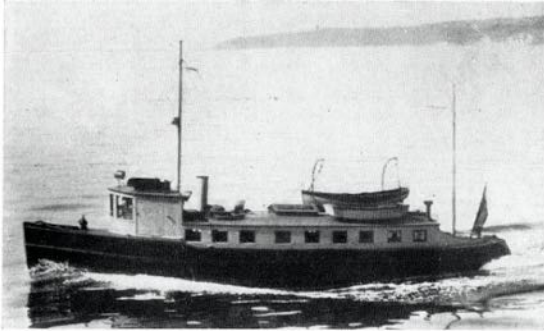
These shipments for *El Mercurio* are carried direct by water to the ports of Valparaiso and San Antonio, a distance of approximately 6,000 miles. They are lightered ashore, unloaded by cranes, which transfer them direct to the waiting freight cars, and from thence make their journey over the transcontinental railroad to Santiago, 100 miles inland.

*The boys at Powell River are boasting of record catches these days. Here is the largest salmon, so far as records show, to be caught in Powell River. The steamer Tabiti makes a background for a 45-pounder, caught off the company wharf by the late George Knight in 1919.*



# *A Game Boat is the "Watla"*

By O. J. STEVENSON



*The launch "Watla," headquarters of Roy Allen, game warden for the district. The "Watla" is as busy as the proverbial bee during the game season, is out in all kinds of weather, and has some exciting adventures.*

**B**UILT to the designs and specifications of Mr. A. Bryan Williams, Game Commissioner, the forty-five-foot launch "Watla" was launched in 1914. Since then she has been in continuous service under the direction of the Game Department along the coast and islands of the Gulf of Georgia. After sixteen years of buffeting inlet squalls and dirty weather on the Gulf, her ribs are still strong and planking solid, and her pilot can head into a wet southeaster or a howling westerly with utmost confidence.

"Watla" in the Chinook language means "Sweetheart," though she proves anything but a sweetheart to the evildoer and game poacher. From Johnstone Strait south to Wilson's Creek, which is the territory patrolled by the Watla, it is one hundred and fifty miles as the seagull flies and several thousand miles along the shore line. This patrol covers all the Gulf

Islands above Welcome Pass and the reaches of Jervis, Toba, Bute, and Knight inlets, and the number of bays and ports in this stretch is legion.

Punishing the law violator is the least of the duties of a game warden. He holds his position primarily for the conservation of game in the broader sense of the word; not by prohibiting hunting, but by continually working with the co-operation of residents to increase existing stocks of game animals and birds, introducing new stock in barren regions, holding in check predatory animals, and thinning out stock in places that become over-crowded, with the resultant appearance of inferior and diseased game. Many people take the attitude that the game warden is an opponent to be outwitted whenever the opportunity presents itself. They get more kick out of putting something over on the officer than they do out of a good day's hunt along the lines of true sportsmanship. Their



*The game warden's a friend of wild life. Roy Allen loans us the picture of a wild cock pheasant munching the crumbs that fall from the game warden's hand.*

idea of sport is to shoot hen and chick grouse, doe deer—particularly out of season—and to catch undersized trout that have been placed in streams at great expense and trouble for restocking purposes. They do not seem to realize that the game warden is placed in their district for the sole purpose of keeping the hunting good this year, next year, and the years to come. They will find that if they look upon their shooting license as being a deputy's badge, and that it is in their interests alone that laws are made, their autumn outings will not only be a source of pleasure, but will provide a good many roasts for the kitchen stove.

Through lack of a boat in local waters, the B. C. Police, through courtesy of the Game Department, use the Watla as a means of reaching outlying points. She has accommodated prisoners of many types, from bloodthirsty murderers to petty thieves. Jealous members of love triangles have glared at each other across her ample cabin, and moonshine of many degrees of potency has burdened her decks.

Being a forty-five-foot boat, she is a large enough handful for one man in the rough waters around the Gulf, and it becomes a ticklish job to tie up without help in the many isolated ports of call with a following sea

*More wild life. The game warden shows you how the busy beaver takes his lunch from the grass and weeds supplied by nature.*



piling in. Roy Allen, who has been in charge of the Watla for the last three years, has many interesting tales to relate, stories of narrow squeaks, and long night runs with no shelter in sight, till the wind dies down or the old boat bucks through to a spot favored by wind and tide. The Watla logs an average of 12,000 miles per year; this means burning not only much Diesel oil, but much midnight oil as well, and results in the Watla being known to members of the more populous centres as well as every isolated rancher and hand-logger up and down the coast. Animals may be considered dumb, but who can say that the deer, standing boldly outlined on a headland as the Watla cruises past, does not know that it is absolutely safe; nor does the blackfish, saluting with a flip of his mighty tail, expect some sportsman on her deck to reply with a high-powered bullet.

At the end of the present season the old boat will be released from Government Service and her place taken by a new and larger craft. But always the Watla will hold a warm spot in the hearts of her officers, James J. Cunningham, present Dis-

trict Game Warden, Fred Boyt, and Roy E. Allen.

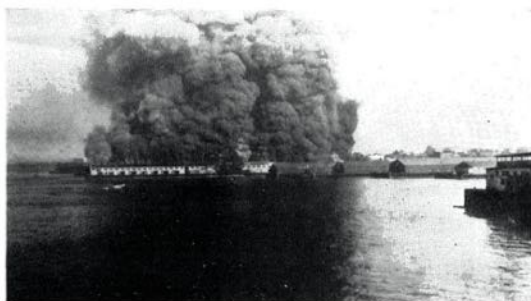
Ray Preston is seriously considering challenging Jack Guest for the title of Canada's premier oarsman. Last month Ray and Walter Hopkins and a friend went fishing on Haslam Lake. They carried lunches. The fish were biting from the start. Absorbed in the joy of hauling them in, no one noticed that the poor old boat had begun to give up the ghost. In a few minutes, Ray, instead of pulling fish, was pulling for the shore with all his might. The lunches, in paper bags, sailed majestically away on Haslam's blue waters, which by the time they reached shore was well up to the seats. Ray kept on pulling. They finally drydocked the boat, during which operation "Hoppie" fell in.

An enjoyable afternoon was had by all.

She: "What has become of all cab horses since taxis came out?"

He: "If you played the races you would find out."

*Photo taken during the recent conflagration which destroyed the new Canadian National pier at Vancouver, B. C. The flames spread quickly and over a million dollars damage ensued.*







## Between the Whistles

By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE Grim Reaper has again extended his hand and removed another well loved figure from our midst. Mr. M. J. Scanlon, president of the company, has crossed the Great Divide, the news being sudden and unexpected, it being some little time before the extent of the tidings could be realized to the full.

\* \* \*

It seems but yesterday that this beloved figure was in our midst. During his sojourn in Powell River there were few noontide periods that he was not observed wandering around, seemingly unobservant, but actually missing very little; or squatting round in front of the hotel, or one of his other points of vantage, chatting with first one and then the other.

\* \* \*

Anyone thus casually accosted, and "M. J." stood not on ceremony, but had a word for all, soon lost any feeling of nervousness which might at first arise, realizing that although the figure speaking might be the president, he was also a man amongst men, and a general friend to everybody.

\* \* \*

Those who heard his speech at the little gathering in the Golf Club House, prior to his departure, little realized that it was his farewell message. Possibly he himself sensed the approach, as his health was not as robust as of yore, and "M. J." was never the man to shirk responsibility, or shrink from the inevitable. This perhaps accounted for the fervour of his remarks, which left quite an impression on the majority of his hearers.

\* \* \*

He has not long survived his comrade in toil. It seemed almost as if the Brooks-Scanlon partnership, which has ineffaceably inscribed its name upon the industrial scroll of the western world, could not exist once it were broken. Both are gone, but the memory of their personality and achievements remains, a monumental testimonial to their worth.

\* \* \*

All relatives and others who are afflicted by the passing of our president can be assured of the sympathies—simple, yet sincere—of those who, in various pursuits, pass away the time between whistles.



*Visitors wonder why this sign is placed on the edge of our golf course, but then, they haven't seen our bug drivers in action. Try and make those boys drive slowly!*

### Golf Notes

As we go to press, the annual tournaments are getting under way. The ladies' and men's medal rounds have been completed—and some fair scores were handed in. Due to weather conditions, many of the male stalwarts had considerable difficulty in keeping at, or even near to, par. A strong, gusty wind swept the course when the majority of the men's matches were played—and this counted heavily in the above-par side of the score card. Steve Brynjolfson and Ed. Peacock breezed through each with an aggregate of 153 for his 36 holes. Gus Schuler, R. Bell-Irving, Jack Kyles, R. C. MacKenzie, and other usually strong competitors, were off their best shooting, and for the most

part turned in only mediocre cards.

In the ladies' 18-hole handicap, Mrs. Wally Tapp romped home a winner, with a net 66, to win her first trophy. The men's four ball and the ladies' two ball are in their final stage, and some stirring contests are anticipated in both. Cecil Kelly and Curly Woodward, last year winners, are out to repeat their feat, and are a wicked combination on any course. Wally and Eddy Tapp, semi-finalists last year, are again teaming up, and Steve Brynjolfson and Jack Tunstall, finalists, are figuring on reversing last year's verdict.

In the ladies' event, Mrs. R. Bell-Irving and Mrs. J. Simpson, 1929 winners, are not in the field, so a new team is scheduled for the honor this year.

Perhaps the outstanding incident of note on the course last month was Curly Woodward's eagle three on the long seventh green. He missed sinking his second drive by a few scant inches.

## *St. Andrew's Football Club - 1930-1931*



*Back row: H. Dodds, W. Rees, F. Mills. Second row: F. Smith, S. Blondin, W. Chapman, C. Murray. Front row: T. Prentice (Manager), F. Thorsteinsson, R. Whyte, A. McGeachy, J. Munro, J. Anderson, A. Leiper, Stanley Richards (mascot).*

### *Soccer Notes*

THE round ball season is away in good shape this season, with Moose, Callies and Westview battling for honors. On paper the Scots look like the combination to beat—and to date results support the assumption.

Several new faces will seek the approval of local fans this season. Westview has signed on three husky, likely-looking youngsters from Nanaimo—and of these young Kulai promises to provide a few sensations ere the season terminates. He swept through the Scots' defence to do the hat trick in a recent struggle.

A new feature in local football was the determination of the league executive to divide the playing season in two halves—the winner of the first half to play the winner of the second for the McMaster trophy. This is an unusual precedent in soccer and the experiment will be regarded with considerable interest in outside as well as in local quarters.

The Moose, last year winners, are not generally looked on to repeat. Two of their stalwarts, Jock Munroe and Billy Chapman, have swung to the Callies—and the antlered squad does not look quite so strong. They may prove dark horses, however.

### *New Distributors for Powell River Newsprint*

An announcement has been made by the general offices of the company at Vancouver that an arrangement has been concluded with Blake, Moffitt & Towne to distribute Powell River newsprint in the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona and Idaho.

Blake, Moffitt & Towne, whose head office is at 41 First street, San Francisco, was established in business on the Pacific Coast over 75 years ago and enjoy a very high reputation in the paper trade of the Coast. They have eighteen branch houses in the States enumerated and are excellently equipped to represent the product of the Powell River mills.

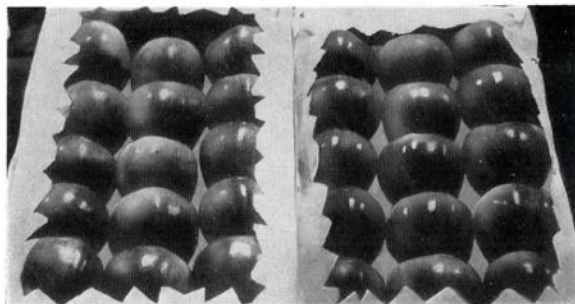
### *Colombian Elections*

The recent elections in the Republic of Colombia (one of the numerous countries to which Powell River

newsprint is shipped) is a remarkable tribute to the ideals of constitutional government. The new president, Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, took over the political reins from the retiring president, Don Miguel Mendez, without the slightest vestige of political disturbance. *El Tiempo*, of Bogota, reports that elections were carried out normally; that the highest degree of fairness was shown by both parties during the campaign, and that there was not a single complaint "against electoral or executive authorities on the ground that rights were violated or duties unfilled." All parties have pledged themselves to support administration measures designed to solve the financial and economic problems of Colombia. The spirit in which the Colombia election was carried out has earned wide commendation in the world press. "It is an outstanding event," states a writer in *Current History*, "not only for Colombia, but for all the American republics."

*Mt. Arrowsmith, on Vancouver Island, may be seen in all its glory from Powell River. This mountain is in the heart of the Island's timbered area.*





*The Okanagan cannot boast of any finer apples than these luscious specimens, grown by Mr. Charles Bird, at Wildwood, a mile and a half from the heart of Powell River. Fruit raising is becoming increasingly popular with suburban residents.*

### *He Plays the Yanks*

Mr. J. B. Scott, after his several months' vacation spent chiefly in and around the Eastern States, has been telling the boys some fascinating stories of Big Time baseball. Mr. Scott saw the Yanks, with their pets Ruth and Gehrig in action; saw the Athletics; in fact, from all accounts most of his spare time was spent inside the big ball park. He is particularly partial to Lou Gehrig, whom he describes as the sweetest hitter in the game today. Looks, he says, like Pat Carroll, of local fame, in action. To settle all arguments, Mr. Scott carried home with him balls autographed by Ruth, Gehrig and Lazzeri. Bill McLeod and Al Lloyd, so far, have been unable to get him to part with them.

It was their first target practice. The officer had worn his army patience thin over these guardsmen. They just would not fire volleys. In disgust he finally bellowed: "Fire at random." A rookie from Duck Hill yelled: "Which one is he?"

When the guest was just leaving his hotel to hurry to the station he noticed that he had forgotten something. He said to the page-boy: "Run up quickly to room 456 and just see if my umbrella is there. I think it's to the left of the washstand. But hurry up!"

A minute later the boy returned and panted: "Yes, sir, the umbrella's still there, at the left of the washstand."

A Scotchman and a dozen friends had just finished dinner at a very high-priced hotel, when the waiter arrived with the bill.

"Give it to me, I'll pay it," came in loud tones from the Scot.

The next day the following headline appeared in the local newspaper: "Scotchman Strangles Ventriloquist."

Judge: "Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed upon you?"

Prisoner: "No, yer honor; me lawyer took me last dollar."

## The Newspapers of India

There are today, in the troubled states of India, approximately 44 daily newspapers. Twenty-four of these are printed in English; the remainder in various scattered dialects, Hindustani, Bengali, Telugu, Tamil, etc. The largest journals are the *Amritza Bazar Patrika*, and the *Ananda Bazar* of Calcutta, with circulations of 45,000 and 40,000 respectively. The former is printed in English, the latter in Bengali. The oldest Indian newspapers are the *Englishman*, founded in 1821, with circulation 8,500 copies daily, and the *Calcutta Exchange Gazette*, which started its presses in 1818. The latter is a commercial journal.



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 9

NOVEMBER, 1930

NO. 11



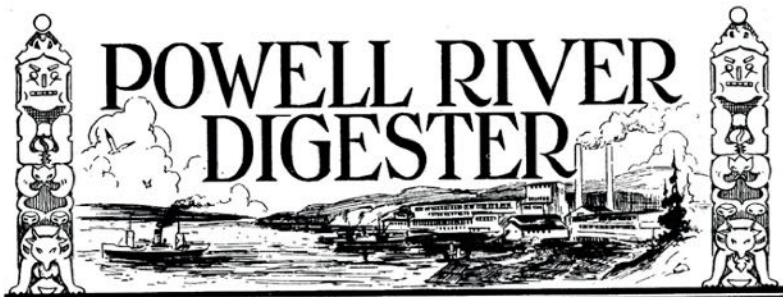
**CAMP  
FIRE  
TALES**



Somewhere, out on the blue seas sailing,  
Where the winds dance and spin;  
Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,  
Over the breakers' din;  
Out where the dark storm-clouds are lifting,  
Out where the blinding fog is drifting,  
Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,  
My ship is coming in.

White in the sunshine her sails will be gleaming,  
See, when my ship comes in:  
At masthead and peak her colors streaming  
Proudly she's sailing in,  
Love, hope and joy on her decks are cheering,  
Music will welcome her glad appearing,  
And my heart will sing at her stately nearing  
When my ship comes in.

—From "When My Ship Comes In,"  
by ROBERT BURDETTE.



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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## New Column will Form Regular Feature of Future Issues

On Page 21 of this issue Miss Anne MacSween writes a brief outline of a trip up the coast, in which she tells how Powell River looms up as a coast beacon to ships that pass in the night. Miss MacSween has consented to write a monthly column for **THE DIGESTER**, in which she has promised to inject at suitable times the feminine angle on "things and affairs." Our new contributor is well known in Powell River, her work with the children of our community having been particularly praiseworthy. Features of children's welfare work will probably be discussed by Miss MacSween in later columns, in addition to her comments on "things and affairs in general."

## *A Battleship for a Breakwater*



*The U.S.S. Charleston, as she appeared in the heyday of her splendor as a member of the United States cruiser squadron. What remains of her rests today in the log pond at Powell River.*

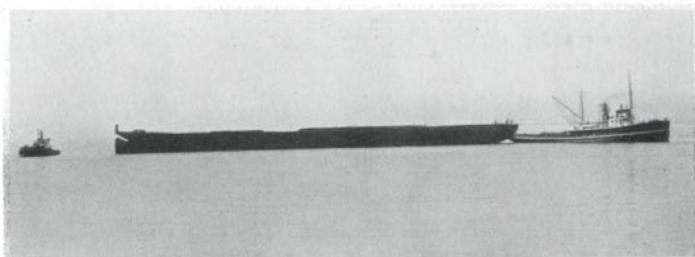
ON June 14, 1917, a stir of what at that time was uncommon activity, was seen along the banks of the Hudson. The Third Group Convoy, transporting a portion of the American Expeditionary Force to France, was steaming in a long line past the Statue of Liberty. Across the seas, in the European war zone, lurked the menacing "Untersee" ships, waiting just such an opportunity for action; and, of necessity, a strong escort of cruisers and auxiliaries flanked the convoy. Among these was the cruiser Charleston, displacing 9,700 tons and carrying a crew of 41 officers and 706 men. The journey through the submarine-infested waters of the French Coast, precarious as it was, proved decidedly uneventful, and in slightly over a week the Charleston

and her sisters had safely convoyed their charge at St. Nazaire, that same spot where, over two years before, had landed the men of Canada's First Overseas Division.

Such was the U.S.S. Charleston, when the United States declared war on Germany. Such is not the Charleston of today, which, after successful negotiations with the United States Government, has been transferred to the mill pond of Powell River, her steel frame forming a portion of the harbor breakwater, behind which the raw gold, from the timber limits of B. C.'s coast, rests in security from the storms of the Gulf of Georgia.

### READY FOR SCRAPPING

In 1923, the U.S.S. Charleston was placed out of commission. She was dismantled and stripped of all the



*The St. Faith, Powell River Company tug, photographed out in the stream as it tows the remnants of the U. S. S. Charleston out into Puget Sound.*

weapons and armament which had once made her an effective fighting unit in our neighbor's naval forces. She was scrapped "clear to the scuppers"—travelling the inevitable road to the naval bone yard, down which the ships of all navies must sooner or later pass for the last time. A literal and totally unrecognizable shell of her former self, she pined away at the Bremerton Navy Yards, her usefulness, it was thought, forever at an end, and "finis" written to her twenty-five years of existence.

It was at this point that the Powell River Company evinced a real interest in the old warrior. Her value as a naval weapon, offensive or defensive, was over. Yet, might not another use be found for her? Might she not prove powerful in peace as she once had in war? From the point of view of the management of the Powell River Company, the answers were in the affirmative.

#### AN IDEAL BREAKWATER

At their newsprint mills, over 250 miles north of Seattle, additional protection was necessary to adequately

safeguard the long rafts of flat booms lying in the log pond. A partial breakwater had already been built, and consideration was being given to its extension—a costly and difficult operation. In the old Charleston, however, was a ready-made breakwater, a steel hull, proof against the strongest sou'-easter in the Gulf. Could they but purchase this, and place the old hull athwart the wash of the Gulf swell, part of their log protection difficulties might be solved.

There were a few technical barriers, involving guarantees that the vessel must never be reconstructed or used as a naval weapon against the United States, which it was necessary to surmount ere the purchase could be consummated.

Negotiations, however, were swiftly concluded. Every difficulty was ironed out, and the purchase was finally settled, and the remnants of this veteran ship of the United States Navy became the property of the Powell River Company. On Friday, October 24, the St. Faith, flagship of the Company's tug boat fleet, crossed the international border, steamed into



*The Faith and the Charleston starting on their northward trip, with the waterfront of Seattle in the background.*

Seattle Harbor, fastened her tow line to the Charleston, and, with news cameras clicking and curious spectators looking on, puffed slowly out into Puget Sound. Twenty-six hours later—the 1,200 H.P. engines conveying her tow along at a good 7 knots—the Faith's whistle was heard in the log pond at Powell River, and the S.S. Charleston—or what was once the S.S. Charleston—was introduced to her latest and probably final resting place, in our log pond.

#### A DISAPPOINTING BATTLESHIP

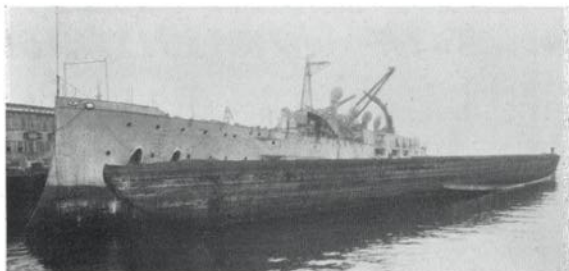
For weeks, the folk about here had been looking forward to the day "when the battleship should arrive." Many residents, more particularly among our romantic younger group, had visions of a trim, neat cruiser, her funnels rakishly set, her sharp bows cleaving the water in the wake of the Faith. They expected a battleship and pictured themselves playing tag on its immaculate decks, inspecting gun stations, and what not. There were some disappointed and surprised youngsters in Powell River when they caught their first glimpse of the "battleship."

Perhaps the most apt description of the old Charleston, as it stands now, is that of a gigantic, all steel Indian dugout canoe. With every ounce of metal removed, with only the shell of the lower hull remaining, she looks for all the world like an exaggerated edition of the large Indian dugouts which have not yet vanished from our coast.

At the time of her "launching on October 17, 1905, the Charleston was a modern cruiser, and her speed of 22 knots was, at that time, by no means as common as in later years. Her length was 424 feet, with a 66-foot beam; she displaced 9,700 tons; her main armament consisted of twelve 6-inch guns; her secondary battery contained four 3-inch guns, with two 3-inch weapons used for anti-aircraft purposes, and four 3-pounders for saluting guns.

#### SHE GOES ON FOREIGN DUTY

After her trials, her first voyage took her to South America, with the Honorable Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, on board. Following this cruise, she joined the Pacific Fleet and until the close of 1907 cruised



*The former U. S. S. Charleston photographed beside one of her sister ships, which is also undergoing the process of being scrapped. This photo gives a conception of just how much of the old battleship is left for the purpose of a breakwater in our log pond.*

in West Indian and Mexican waters. Followed a spell on the China Station, where for two years the Charleston helped uphold U. S. prestige in the not always exciting waters of the China Seas.

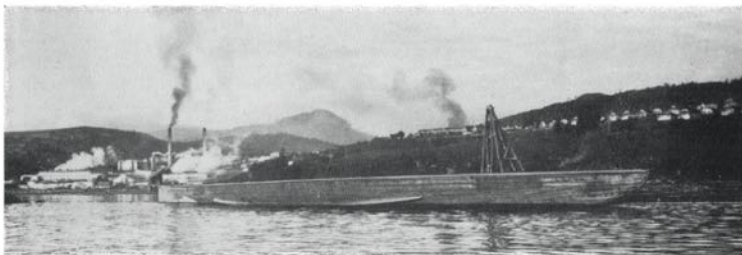
In 1910 she was placed out of commission, to be refitted again in 1912, and assigned to duty with the Pacific Reserve Fleet. In 1916 she was quietly and peacefully doing duty in the Canal Zone as a station ship and submarine tender.

#### THE WAR INTERVENES

April, 1917, delayed for several years her ultimate fate. Almost immediately, the Charleston was rushed to the dockyards, overhauled, refitted, and assigned to duty with the Patrol

Forces. A few months later she was a full-fledged member of the active service squadron, and on June 14 sailed with the convoy mentioned above for St. Nazaire. No exciting adventures befell the Charleston in the war days. Her work as escort proved uniformly uneventful, and she crossed and recrossed the danger zones without incident.

On the cessation of hostilities she was assigned to transport duty, and in five return trips convoyed over 7,000 American troops back to New York. Here her real career ended. Placed on reduced commission in 1919 at the Bremerton Navy Yard, she was for the last time withdrawn from service in 1923, scrapped and dismantled.



*U.S.S. Charleston at her last resting place as a breakwater in the mill pond of Powell River.*

## *Personalities in Our District*

**T**OMMY PRENTICE is not an "old timer" in the sense that many of the personalities whom we have portrayed on this page are old timers. He arrived in Powell River shortly after the war,



and, after ten years of residence, is convinced that even "Glescy canna hand a candle to Powell River." Tommy, as far as we are aware, has the distinction of being the only Powell River member of the famous 51st "Highland Division," who partnered the Canadians so many times during the late unpleasantness in France and way points. He served in France from 1914 until the end of hostilities, and, strangely enough, does not believe that the "Guards" won the war. His stock story of, "Steady, boys, the Guards are behind you," and his retort, "That's the only place you'll ever find them," is a classic in local ex-service ranks.

Two great loves has Tommy. One is Dwight Hall, over whose destinies he, as caretaker, presides. He just loves showing visitors through his castle, pointing out the splendors of the auditorium, the magnificence of the lodge room, and the spaciousness

of the library. He believes, and he is not alone in the contention, that Dwight Hall stands by itself as a community centre. "There's no a but-and-ben to compare wi' it onywhere," is his way of enlightening visitors. Tommy is always on duty. He's there in the library first thing in the morning; you'll find him behind the scenes at every dance or concert, working the lights, or seeing that no uncouth dancer as much as scratches the wood work on the walls.

His second love is fitba'. He manages the local St. Andrews squad, and every spare minute is directed towards seeking out new talent or strengthening the old. He is a veritable soccer encyclopaedia, and as a result of his extended researches and experienced opinion, will tell you there never was a team like the Glasgow Rangers. "Eh, mon, yon's a team. Archibald, Muirhead, Craig, Cunningham and Alan Morton—where will ye again see their likes?"

The Emperor of Dwight Hall, as many call him, has made himself very popular during his eight years in Powell River. A good sportsman—no appeal ever passes by him without response, and his general willingness to lend a helping hand in all matters of community interest, has well entitled Tommy Prentice to an honorable place among the personalities of our district.

# EDITORS NOTES



## *Daily Plane Service from Vancouver*

The local representatives of the Air-Land Manufacturing Company announce that the daily aeroplane service between Powell River and Vancouver and return will be maintained as a regular schedule throughout the year. Flights will be made daily to and from Vancouver on the following hours:

### WEEKDAYS

Leave Vancouver .....	10.00 a.m.
Arrive Powell River.....	11.00 a.m.
Leave Powell River.....	2.30 p.m.
Arrive Vancouver .....	3.30 p.m.

### SUNDAYS

Leave Powell River.....	2.00 p.m.
Arrive Vancouver .....	3.00 p.m.

Passengers wishing to take advantage of the trip, the cost of which has been reduced to the very reasonable rate of \$10.00 single fare, may do so by communicating with the local representatives, Harper & Knight, in the Patricia Theatre Building.

The Air-Land Manufacturing Company are developing the service as a pioneer venture, and are to be congratulated on their initiative. Negotiations are already under way to procure a Government mail contract, a service that would be cordially welcomed by every resident of the district. Our present mail service is

certainly not as satisfactory as could be wished, and the quick transportation of mail and emergency freight would be of great benefit to Powell River.

## *The Armistice Stag*

The first event of Armistice Week, the Annual Ex-Service Men's Stag, will be held on Saturday next, November 15, at 8 p.m. This is an event always keenly looked forward to, and all arrangements for a real evening of memory and wassail have been made. Those who have not yet received tickets may purchase them at the door on Saturday evening.

The usual concert party, to provide the necessary background, is ready for the zero hour. Sam Chambers, Trevor Protheroe, Jack Hamilton, Arthur Rea and company will lead the concert party. Gordie Black's orchestra will again be on hand to enliven proceedings, and several individual musical numbers will be rendered by his merry men.

The Armistice concert last week proved to be as popular and interesting as in past years, and the hall was crowded to the door by an overflow audience. The Armistice service on Sunday was well attended, and the thanks of the committee and of all ex-service men are due to all those who so generously assisted with their services.



## *Memories of Armistice Day in Mons*



*In Mons, at 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918. The Canadians, principally of the Third Division, are "standing to" for the last time as an active corps. The horseman on the right is General J. A. Clark, now of Vancouver, former Brigadier of the 12th Canadian Infantry Brigade.*

**I**N Powell River, where a large percentage of employees are ex-service men, that historic day, twelve years ago, when the battle flags were furled, and a sadly shattered and bewildered world once more took up the burdens of peace, will ever be one of vivid memories. There are men in Powell River today who saw the Canadians fire their first shot on the western front; who were still in the line when the last bullet whined in the wake of a retreating enemy. To these men, and to thousands of others, one name—the name of Mons—will be forever indissolubly associated with the memory of Armistice Day.

On November 10, the Canadian

corps had reached the outskirts of that historic city, which through many ages has been the centre of strife and turmoil. The curtain was about to rise on the grand finale of the "last hundred days." For three months, the corps had been almost continuously in action. After the cyclonic thrust at Amiens, had come the onslaught on the famous Hindenburg line—the capture of Monchy and the smashing of the famous Drocourt-Queant switch line; over the Canal Du Nord rolled the tide of battle—through the bitterly contested Bourlon Wood and on into Cambrai. The collapse of the enemy. The quick forward movement. The old shell-shocked areas forever left be-



*The entrance of the famous 51st Highland Division into Mons two days after the Armistice. Many Powell River men will remember and respect the old 51st, who so often kept their flanks intact.*

hind. Village after village taken. Swiftly and relentlessly on to Valenciennes. The last stubborn stand. A race, almost against time begun. Down the cobblestone road, over the Belgian border. Every resistance smothered in the stride. And now Mons, the last, and sentimentally the greatest objective of the war.

Through the ranks on this night of November 10 a strange and almost incredible rumor was sweeping with the swiftness of a prairie fire. The war would be over tomorrow, men whispered, some anxiously, some cynically, some with an air of bewilderment. The rumor could not be dismissed as many thousand rumors had been before dismissed. There was something almost electric in the air that night. Men walked about in the darkness, conversing in nervous tones, not with the nervousness engendered by approaching conflict, but with an inexplicable nervousness they had never before experienced.

A Powell River man recalls an incident that materialized in the late afternoon of November 10 on the

outskirts of Mons. He was walking along the road in company with a few members of his battalion. A staff car drew up alongside, an officer leaned over the side and shouted out, "Well, boys, we're on the last leg, the war will be over tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock." He ordered the chauffeur to proceed, smiled at the conflicting expressions on the face of his listeners and was soon lost in the swarm of men, limbers and guns that were pushing on to Mons. "I don't know who he was, or where he obtained his information," confessed our informant, "but it gave us all a queer feeling. We couldn't believe him. It was too good to be true, yet somehow his words found an echo in that vague, uneasy feeling which had been haunting us for the last two days."

The rumor was soon a reality. That night, patrols of the Princess Pats established touch with the enemy and penetrated almost in the heart of the city. At dawn the third division was on the move and before 9 o'clock the 42nd battalion had forced



*Interesting snaps of the Princess Pats at Bråmsbott in the spring of 1919, cheering their honorary Colonel, Princess Patricia of Connaught, who reviewed them prior to her marriage with Commander Ramsay. The "Pats" formed the body guard at the wedding.*

a passage through the town, crushed the futile resistance of the enemy and established patrols well in advance of the outskirts.

It was a morning that will live long in the memories of the men of Canada's third division. Throughout the morning the main thoroughfare leading to Mons was choked with marching troops and delirious civilians. Bands playing, thousands of civilians crying, shouting, laughing in a frenzy of joy, the cobblestones giving back the measured echo of marching footsteps. Such a march as a Bruce Bairnsfather would have dreamed. Crowds of half crazed men, women and children forced their way into the ranks, marching shoulder to shoulder with the troops. Belgian girls wearing the tin hats of

the war zone, snatched from the heads of appreciative troops; soldiers and civilians, arm in arm; the troops inundated with flowers, bouquets, and even more intimate tokens of feminine endearment. Children, their hands lightly clasped in that of good-natured Canadians, marching proudly alongside. Thousands of citizens waving flags, British, French and Belgian, from the windows; throngs of mad, raving people shouting themselves hoarse as the troops moved slowly toward the square in front of the Hotel de Ville. The pent-up feelings rigorously repressed through four and a half long years burst out in all its delirious spontaneity. The Canadians had captured Mons. An Armistice had been signed. The war was over.

## *Australian Cricketer Amazes the World*



From our old friend Wallace (Jumbo) Sharland of the Sporting Globe, Melbourne, Australia, comes the interesting picture on this page. The youthful Don Bradman, 21-year-old cricket phenomenon, has stirred cricket ranks in "Aussi" as they have seldom been stirred in the past two decades. Already he is being hailed as one of the greatest cricketers of all times. He is the Australian counterpart of Babe Ruth, and his record as a batsman has sent sports writers scouring among the musty files of other years for comparison.

In one season Bradman scored 11 centuries, equalling the record of Victor Trumper in 1902. His average score on the last English tour was 99.6 runs. He scored a total of 3,170 runs for 38 innings—greater than the 87.57 average of Ranjitsinhji in 1900. Don Bradman has, in addition,

*Don Bradman, the youthful Australian phenom, whose powers as a batsman are causing him to be looked on as one of the greatest cricketers of the century. Nearly all the established records of years have fallen victims to his onslaught.*

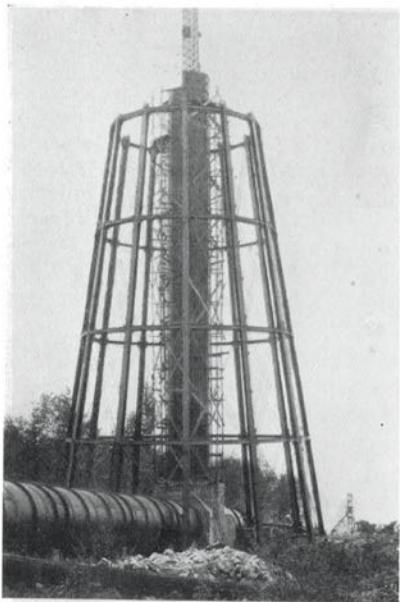
played six innings, in each of which he has compiled a score in excess of 200—a record that challenges comparison in the cricket annals of any country. In his first appearance against Worcestershire, in England, Bradman scored a 236; his score of 334 in a test match erases W. L. Murdock's former record of 211.

A popular lad with Australian sportsmen, is the young Don Bradman, who is today being given front rank among the world's cricketers. He is the idol of his countrymen, and is generally considered as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, cricketer of the century.

### *Card of Thanks*

Mr. Gilbert Nadeau, Mrs. G. Court and family wish to thank their many friends for kindness and sympathy shown during their recent sad bereavement in the loss of a loving husband and father.

## *Plant Extension on Last Lap*



*The huge surge tank at Lois River—312 ft. above the penstocks — a landmark of the district.*

day is drawing near when the seventh machine will begin her trial spins—and when long lanes of newsprint at the rate of 650 tons a day will be sent down the conveyors.

**I**T is just a year ago since preliminary work on the new extensions to the Powell River Company's 500-ton newsprint mill was initiated. Today the plant extension race is on its final lap, and the

The work is now taking on the appearance of the finished product. No longer do bare steel frames and hundreds of feet of scaffolding confront the visitor. The new machine room, clean and white, is ready for occupancy, and the permanent lodgers are moving in. Inside, where a few months back all was confusion, signs of orderly tenancy are seen on all sides. The furniture is being set in place. The beater tanks await their first baptism; the electric drives, spot-

*The grinding machines in the new grinder room are being lined up in readiness for the increased pulpwood requirements of the present plant extension.*





*The long 2,700-foot penstock, running from the tunnel entrance to the generator house at Stillwater, crawls like a giant caterpillar over the face of the countryside.*

less in their newness, rest in a long line beside the machine pits. The 52 5-foot dryers of No. 7 are all in place, and the assembling of the wet and dry end sections have been commenced. Our new newsprint house will soon be a regular, well-ordered household, with everything in place, and running smoothly.

Over in the grinder room, the 14 new grinding machines, looking for all the world like a heavy howitzer battery before the word "Fire" has been given, stand watchfully waiting. The concrete face of the new boiler room extension is in vivid contrast to the gaunt steel frames which, only a month ago, still resounded with raucous noise of the riveting crews at work. The big additional 16-ton digester is waiting the zero hour, with its interior resplendent in a new coat of spic-and-span brick lining.

The frame of the huge 312-inch surge tank at Lois is now conspicuous for many miles about the countryside. The penstocks require only the finishing touches, and work of lining the 5,800-foot tunnel with concrete is advancing swiftly.


All work is advancing, as the old

military despatches would put it, on schedule and according to plan.

Another phase of construction activity, often overshadowed in bustle and orderly confusion accompanying the more fascinating and impressive business of installing new machines and creating new sources of power, has been advancing steadily and unostentatiously. When the present year has turned its inevitable corner, been added to the accommodation built by the Powell River Company since their appearance on this site in 1910. With each stage of plant extension, the work of building new homes has gone hand in hand. In the townsite houses of 1930, as in those erected since the early days, drabness and monotonous uniformity has been studiously avoided. Today there are over 460 homes in the townsite of Powell River, in addition to two apartments, each with thirty-two suites. The pleasing variety of design, the sensible arrangement, avoiding any suggestion of a mechanical and soulless planning, is a feature on which our company architect has been praised and on which visitors comment.



# AROUND THE PLANT

OME of our ex-naval men, Jack Harper, Sam Rees, Bill Parkin, etc., had been looking forward to the arrival of the big battleship from Bremerton. They had conceived the idea of holding a reunion banquet, with all the trimmings of a non-Volstead state, in the mess room, immediately after its arrival. But, like Mother Hubbard, when they got there, the mess room was not only bare—the blinking thing was not even there.

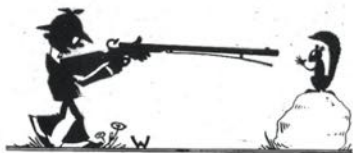


Another incident connected with the arrival of the Charleston. The engineer of the Company tug, Progressive, ran into difficulties one day last month. Several possible explanations were offered—and several experts proffered advice. It remained for Ed Smith to suggest one startling possibility that had been overlooked.

"It may have been a shot from the Charleston that disabled the crankshaft," was his solution.

Walter Anderson, skipper of the Progressive, is still canvassing this possibility.

Judging from advance reports, the boiler house crew will be out in full force on Saturday night. Harry Anchor and Ken Slade, supervising the ticket selling on that front, report that the men are full of—confidence, and eager for the zero hour. Harry Dunn will be in charge of the "steamy reserves"—so strong backing is assured.



The machine room will send along their usual strong division. Roy Donkersley, Hugh McLean, Carl Gaudet and Clarence Raby are practising up on the Old Mill Stream, with Vern Hughes, Hugh McPhalen, Wally Tapp and Alf Hansen, their little playmates from across the street, promising plenty of opposition in an improvised quartette.

The boys will learn with regret that Major MacGregor, V.C., or Mac, as they all know him, will not be present as chairman that night. Mac, unfortunately, has an engagement in Vancouver that night which it is impossible to break. He will be missed at the Stag.

We have heard that Mr. Bell-Irving and Joe Falconer are practising every evening on special solos, to be delivered simultaneously and in one broadside. Our Resident Manager's song is said to be entitled, "If I had Kelly's eye, he'd never get it back."

And what, gentlemen, did you think of those lithe, graceful fairies, in the persons of Dr. Bill Brown, Dick Linzey, and Bill Parkin, in their little fairy act at the Armistice concert? What grace! What lissomeness; What light, dainty steps! What charm! What, what!



Rumor has it that the next big sporting event to thrill local sportsmen will be a five-mile go-as-you-please race between Alf Hansen's Flying Ford and Bat MacIntyre's catapulting Cadillac. The first mile will be raced around Lambert's ranch, points to be given for the most stumps missed; the second lap to be cross country from Lambert's to Padgett's; the third from Padgett's to Myrtle Point; fourth from Myrtle Point to Cranberry, on the new road; and the final from Cranberry to Powell River, finishing up with five times around the hotel.

We have also heard from a source not yet to be divulged that Billy

Graham is rehearsing up on the Haggis of Private McPhee, for the Armistice Stag. Coincident with this rumor is a more startling one: that haggis will be served to the troops in place of the usual well-filled sandwiches. We hasten to suggest that this latter report may be exaggerated, and you may still purchase your tickets with a clear conscience.

Another malicious, misleading and dangerous rumor has come to hand. Jimmy Macindoe, our hustling insurance expert, claims, and he stands by the claim, that he found a tee sticking on the mat of one of the ladies' tees. James, we don't believe you—we and two hundred others.

It appears to be a fact, however, that Frank Flett, traversing the course on his way from the office on last ladies' day, found two tees on the fairway. There's something fishy about this, too. Keen-eyed, indeed, is he who even can make boast of a similar feat.

And we hear that "Sandy," Paul Marlatt, Joe Simpson and Bill Robins are preparing a special quartette for the night of the fifteenth. All of these gentlemen, when approached, remained singularly mute, neither denying nor affirming the accusation. It should be good, anyway.

Architect—So you insist on four windows for your den?

Jenks—Yes; my wife needs a lot of light for her sewing.





"Help your wife," says John Harman, the famous domestic expert. "When she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her."

#### *Have a Shot*

"You drunken beast! If I were in your condition I'd shoot myself!"

"Lady, if you wash in my condishun you'd mish yourself."

There was a young lady from Kent,  
Who said she knew what it meant

When men asked her to dine,

Gave her cocktails and wine—

Yes, she knew what it meant—but  
she went.

#### *Cause and Effect*

A daily newspaper in Nice recently contained the following advertisement:

"Millionaire, young, good looking, wishes to meet, with a view to matrimony, a girl like the heroine in M——'s novel."

Within 24 hours the novel in question was sold out.

And now a little advice: Before you invest in a going concern, make sure you know which way it is going.

A blonde flapper called at the hospital the day after the accident.

"I want to see the young man who was injured in the auto wreck last night."

"Are you the girl who was with him?" asked the nurse.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I thought it was only right to come and give him the kiss he was trying for."

Merchant: "Before I can engage you, you will have to pass an intelligence test."

Girl Candidate: "Intelligence test? Why the advertisement said you wanted a stenographer."

#### *A Business Deal*

A small boy called on the doctor one evening. "Say, Doc, I guess I've got the measles," he said, "but I can keep it quiet."

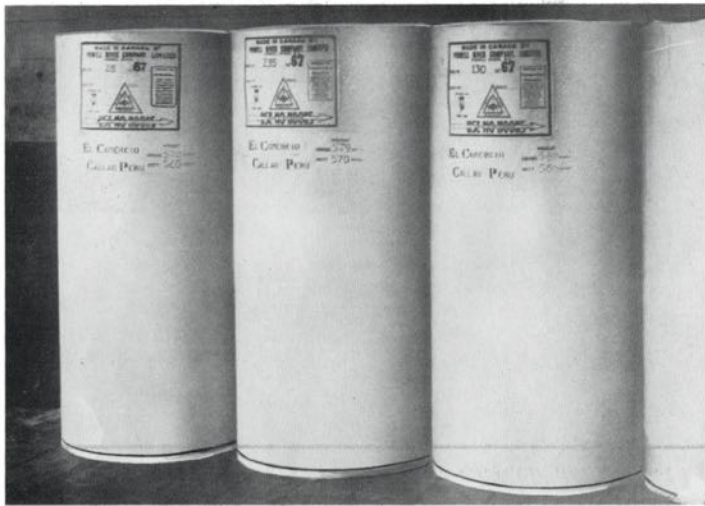
The doctor looked up, puzzled, and finally asked the boy what he meant by that.

"Aw, get wise, Doc," suggested the small patient. "What'll you give me to go to school and scatter it among all the rest of the kids?"

*Powell River Children*

1. Gladys Cummings. 2. Violet and Norma Cummings. 3. David Cummings. 4. Lacy Koleszor.  
5. Mona Kirk. 6. Wilson Marvin and Sydney George Gilbert Riley.  
7. Frank, Kenneth and Hazel Clapp.

## *To Historic Peru with Powell River Newsprint*



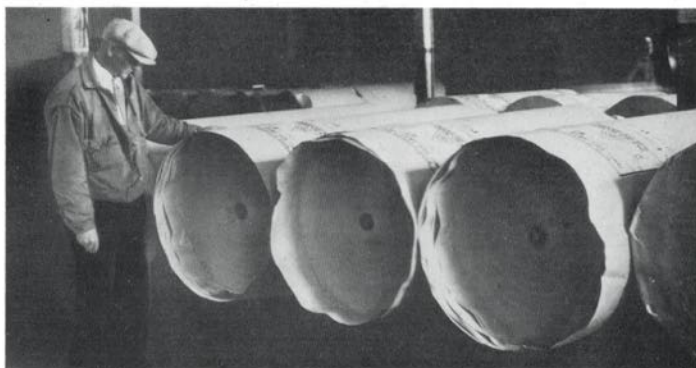
*Newsprint rolls for El Comercio, in Lima, Peru, as they stand in the storage shed, packed and labelled, awaiting shipment.*

**F**OUR centuries ago the mighty Empire of Spain was in the full bloom of its power and magnificence. The courage and discipline of her splendid armies was feared and respected throughout Europe. Her fleets ruled the seas; her captains and adventurers carried the fame and culture of Spain to the far countries of the world; and like Venice, who held the "gorgeous East in fee," so were those newly discovered lands of the far west held in fee by the might and majesty of Spain.

Among the first of Spain's overseas dominions was the present republic

of Peru, where, in 1531, the great Pezzaro raised the arms of Castile and Leon, to usher in three centuries of Hapsburg domination. Rich and desirable was this Peru — the Eldorado of the new world; a vast storehouse of precious metals to excite the spirits and inflame the cupidity of the Spanish adventurer; and the subjugation of Peru was a foundation stone in that great colonial empire of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Peru was the seat of one of the earliest civilizations in the Americas. Here, long before Columbus ventured forth on his perilous adventures,



*Norman Fraser, finishing room foreman, inspecting each individual roll before they leave the finishing room on the first lap of their journey to El Comercio in Lima. This personal and careful inspection is given each roll of Powell River newsprint before it is wrapped and shipped.*

flourished the famous cities of the Incas. Old was Inca culture when Jacques Cartier sailed down the St. Lawrence to that "land of ice and snow"; the enveloping twilight had descended on their historic civilization, a full century before the blue bloods of the *Mayflower* caught the first glimpse of the land of their children.

Today, the product of Powell River's newsprint mill enters the same port and traverses the same ground over which four centuries ago, advanced Pezzaro and his conquering Spaniards. In 1531, Pezzaro founded the city of Lima, capital of the Peruvian Republic; and to this city of Lima go the rolls of newsprint from Powell River, to be absorbed in the presses of *El Comercio*, the leading journal of the republic.

The total daily circulation of Peruvian newspapers approximates 150,000 and of this total nearly 90 per

cent. are distributed in Lima and its environs. *El Comercio*, printed in Spanish, alone circulates 42,000 copies daily. The average issue of 16 pages, in a city of 180,000 population, is considerably below that of similarly situated Canadian and American journals. *El Comercio* maintains an efficient, up-to-the-minute news service and has its correspondents and representatives in the United States.

Powell River newsprint makes its first entry into the former land of the Incas, via the port of Callao, chief seaport of Peru. Here it is unloaded, transferred to the railroad, and shipped miles inland to Lima. Every mariner who has ever rounded the Horn in the days of sail knows this port; many a clipper beating her way south has found welcome anchorage at Callao; here, during the World War, many an intrepid commerce raider slipped in to coal, and

steamed forth to harry the trade lanes of the Pacific; off this coast cruised the squadron of von Spee, bravely, if futilely, resisting the approach of an unshakeable Nemesis.

Much of the early history of Callao is literally submerged in the sea. In 1746, a great earthquake shook the vicinity to its very marrow, and the first city of Callao, with its entire population was completely submerged beneath the sea. On a clear day the distorted, but picturesque ruins of this city under the waters may be distinguished from the ship's rail. Today, Callao is still the principal port, and with a population of approximately 60,000 is Peru's second city.

The story of Lima will be forever associated with the history of South American independence. Here, on July 21, 1821, was read the Declaration of Independence — the Great Charter of Latin America. In its streets, General Simon Bolivar, the Great Liberator, fought the armed forces of Spain with his patriotic country men; and here in 1828, was signed the declaration, which ended the dominion of Spain on the continent.

Lima's population is at present esti-

mated at 200,000. The imprint of Spanish culture and Spanish architecture has replaced the ancient Inca civilization and still remains as a link with the past, to arouse the curiosity of tourists and the admiration of artists. The large, impressive cathedral of Lima, in whose deep vaults are locked many a secret of bygone centuries, keeps sacred the ashes of the immortal Pezzaro. Still standing, its original splendor unspoiled and its charm heightened by the tradition-laden passage of centuries, is the honorable University of San Marios, the Oxford of South America, founded in 1551, older than any university in the Western Hemisphere.

The chief wealth of Peru is derived from its sugar, its cotton crops, its minerals. Interesting also is the fact that in Peru, grows the coca shrub, from which a great portion of the world's supply of cocaine is derived. Strangely enough, saw milling is listed among the industries of the republic. Very little lumber, however, is cut in Peru, save for special purposes, and the majority of the mills thus employed are engaged in resawing imported lumber. Rubber is the chief forest product of Peru.



*The picturesque home of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Laurence on the Westview highway is one of the most recent additions to Powell River's suburban dwellings.*

## *Lights and Shadows Along the Coast*

By ANNE MacSWEEN



Anne MacSween

**Y**OU have seen a skyrocket burst into a million sparks in the air—a glittering shower of fairy light. That is Powell River on the B. C. coastline. It's funny, you know, the surprise one gets. One minute it's dark—gloomy dark—and suddenly a city of light lies before you; and no matter how often one makes the trip, it is always there—the first thrill of the lights of Powell River.

To people going farther up the coast, Powell River is the highlight—a milestone—for after that there is nothing save the occasional gleam of some kindly lighthouse or the pinpoint flame of a settler's lonely oil lamp seen through an unshuttered window.

It seems strange, too. Here in our town—LIFE, with everything to make living worthwhile, churches, schools, sports, a library, the theatre, and most of all, companionship, while only a few miles distant there are B. C. backwoods.

Travelling on a Union boat, every point is a calling station, sometimes only a rowboat stop, but a stop just the same. And what the whistle of the steamer means to those settlers! Everything, of course, centres around boat day, which is once a week usually. That is mail day, newspaper day, provision day, and a day of general excitement.

Just such a place is Read Island—known by that name at the south end and called Surge Narrows at the north. The island lies beyond Cortez, almost directly across from Valdez Island, and separated from it by Hoskyn Inlet. It is rather out of the beaten path, with the stern Surge tearing past it in full tide. Rounding a grey bleak bluff—the entrance to Surge Narrows—one sees a tiny float with the regulation small red shipping shed, and always there will be J. Jones, postmaster, waiting for the mail sack. Here is a little world all in itself. It has its upper ten, its pioneers, and the newcomers. One old-timer, who settled there in 1898, hadn't been away from the island since 1913 until the autumn of 1929. A great war had been fought and won—a too ambitious monarch had lost a crown and a country, and Canada had earned the right to take her place with the powers of the world. But John Jones had gone on planting his seeds, reaping his harvest, and tending his cattle. Meanwhile, he was erecting a two-storey structure with a solid rock foundation—every rock cut, hewn and hauled by himself—which will in all probability stand, as it does now, gaunt and weather-beaten, long after its owner has passed on.

## *The Softwoods of British Columbia*

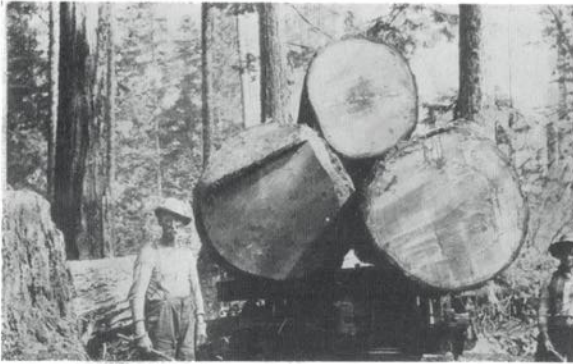


*Two glimpses of B. C.'s famous Douglas fir. On the left a forest giant yielding to the axe and saw. Right, a fir forest.*

IT has been estimated that one-third of the total stand of timber in Canada is comprehended within the boundaries of our own British Columbia. That this compilation is tinged with a too brilliant hue is not unlikely. Many of our stands, under present conditions of logging and transportation, are inaccessible—and of very little merchantable value. Others eke out a rough subsistence on rock, steep inclines, where danger of breakage and prohibitive logging costs will deter the operator for many years. Yet there is no disputing the undeniable

fact that the great timbered acres of British Columbia, with their reserve of nearly 360 billion feet, contain probably the finest stand of softwood timber in the world. The tendency of firms engaged in the manufacture and distribution of North America's forest products has been to swing their operations steadily, and with accelerated momentum, northward and westward.

The four most universally known and widely extended species of softwood in British Columbia are red cedar, Douglas fir, spruce and hemlock. From one giant Douglas fir



*Typical logging scene among the timbered area of the Coast and Vancouver Island.*

over 65,000 feet of lumber has been cut; a single spruce has been known to yield in excess of 60,000. Spruces 15 feet in diameter and 300 feet high, are not unknown; among the Douglas firs, trees towering 200 feet or more are common. Many of these latter have won high renown as flag-staffs in all parts of the world. The mighty timber, to which we have before alluded in these pages, standing in Kew Gardens, London, is conceded to be one of the tallest and most perfect specimens of timber ever cut from a logging tract. Incidentally, this staff and many others were taken out but a few miles from the heart of Powell River.

When British Columbia's proportion of softwoods is compared with the total Dominion stands, their importance is even more sharply accentuated. We hold 94 per cent. of the Dominion's stand of red cedar; 100 per cent. of Douglas fir; 63 per cent. of spruce; 94 per cent. of hemlock; 67 per cent. of balsam. Practically every stick of yellow pine,

yellow cypress and western larch in Canada is found only in British Columbia.

A total of 149,000 square miles of British Columbia's land surface is in forests—22 per cent. of the entire landed area of the province. Of this large acreage, 22,000 acres are mature timber; 126,000 are immature. The immature stands are still largely outside the pale of logging civilization, and therefore unprofitable to operate. They constitute our timber harvests of a future generation; with the encroachment of civilization into the still thinly populated hinterland, with improvement in transportation and logging methods, and, more important, with the sharp spur of necessity, these stands may be the great commercial producers of another age. The 22,000 square miles of mature timber is confined largely to the coast regions, to Vancouver Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, and a few conveniently located stands near rail-heads.

The king of B. C.'s forest is un-





*Left, a typical B. C. spruce forest, from which a big proportion of our pulp wood is obtained. Right, the famous red cedars of our province.*

doubtedly the justly celebrated Douglas fir. It is found, in the full meridian of its glory, on the Pacific Coast, in the lower altitudes, usually below an elevation of 2,000 feet. Sturdy but light, tough but straight-grained, Douglas fir possesses qualities which have made it the world's greatest structural timber. Travel anywhere on the seven seas of the world, and you will find one of B. C.'s best advertisements is King Douglas. It is used for fine interior finish work; it makes staunch timbers for bridges. When you want large and extra strong poles or piles, call on Douglas fir; if you are contemplating the more delicate interior finish, panelling, flooring, moulding, Douglas fir is just what the doctor ordered. Nearly 40 per cent. of the province's present lumber cut consists of Douglas fir.

Red cedar is another of B. C.'s important commercial woods. Attaining an average height of from 100 to 200 feet, gigantic specimens ranging in diameter from 10 to 16 feet have been logged. The average trees range from 3 to 8 feet. Red cedar's great commercial asset is its exceptional durability in all kinds and conditions of exposure. "The wood that endures for ever"—that is what they call the red cedar of British Columbia.

Red cedar is unequalled for roofing shingles; is extensively employed in ship and boat building, where exposure to water is unavoidable. Panelling, moulding and other forms of interior finish patronize it extensively. And when the homesteader has to cut his own shingles or manufacture his own fence posts, the presence of the straight-grained, easily-split wood is a boon that passeth understanding.

About 100 million feet is cut annually, and the total stand is estimated at nearly 78 billion board feet—slightly in excess of that of Douglas fir.

Western hemlock for many years has been the "queer feller" in B. C.'s lumbering deck. Not only in B. C., but in the Western States, the problem of profitably disposing of western hemlock has forced many a logging operator to remain awake far into the night. A certain prejudice against this wood has been prevalent—a prejudice scarcely justified. The first hemlock to come on the market was an eastern variety, admittedly inferior to the western species. The loss of prestige which early fastened itself on eastern wood has seriously injured the reputation of the western product. This prejudice is slowly being overcome—and in addition to its extensive use in the pulp and paper industry, the merit of hemlock as a building material is being steadily disseminated. The annual cut approximates 50 billion feet.

Four distinct types of spruce make their home in the fertile soil of our province: Sitka, Englemann, white and black. In Powell River, every resident is familiar with the spectacle of the company tug, St. Faith, dropping anchor at the log pond with huge tows of Sitka spruce, logged chiefly on, and in the vicinity of, the Queen Charlottes. These spruce logs are among the finest pulp woods in existence; soft, straight, even-grained, long-fibred, and free from any resinous taint, they are easily absorbed in

the pulping process. They find an extensive use in exterior and interior finish, in the manufacture of musical instruments, sound boards and furniture. Spruce has proved invaluable as aeroplane stock; during the world war many an allied birdman was grateful for the sturdy qualities of spruce framework, cut in the forests of British Columbia.

Englemann spruce makes its home in the interior, away from the coast. It is a smaller and less imposing brother of the Sitka variety. The average diameter runs from 18 to 36 inches; the trees seldom attain a height above 125 feet. It flourishes in slightly higher altitudes than the coast species. Owing to its comparative inaccessibility, Englemann spruce is not yet a commercial leader.

For many years, however, the big areas of easily accessible timber on the coast, on Vancouver Island and on the Queen Charlottes, will continue to occupy the full glare of the lumbering searchlight. In the mills of Powell River, where half a million feet of lumber is cut daily to feed the 52 grinding machines, the question of adequately safeguarding a future supply of pulp timber is of prime importance. A wise and prudent anticipation of ultimate pulpwood requirements was made many years ago by the directors of the company. Ample reserves were secured; and today, stand behind the operations of the company to guarantee a continuance of their supply for many decades to come.

## The Big Ones Were Biting



*Elmer Lee shows the cameraman the 5¾-lb. salmon he caught asleep in Powell Lake last month.*

One not too sunny week-end last month, a fishing party went to Tom Ogburn's fishing lodge on Goat River. In the party was Joe Falconer, Fred Grover, Sandy Fairnie, Bill Stormont and Elmer Lee.

Elmer and Bill came up and went back by plane to make history as members of the first non-stop flight from Powell River to Ogburn's lodge. The rest of the party stuck to the old reliable boat. Bill Stormont is well known in Powell River and is a leading member of the B. C. Anglers' Association. He is a very keen fisherman, and knows every nook and cranny in B. C. where there is likely to be good fishing. Sandy Fairnie, of course, has been coming and going here for years past and needs no introduction. He uses fly and worm, whereas Bill uses fly only and worms are taboo in his kit. Fred Grover was the neophyte of the party—not a fisherman until converted on this trip. Elmer only uses worms. Joe uses anything as long as he catches 'em.

Powell Lake ran true to form. The fishing was good, and even Fred



*The Aeroplane brings the fishermen to Goat Lake for the big fish invasion. Elmer Lee and Bill Stormont came direct by plane from Vancouver.*



*Fred Grover, with the smile of victory shining on his afternoon's efforts in the waters of Goat Lake. This was Fred's first excursion on Powell Lake. A nice showing for a beginner.*

Grover caught his quota. Elmer was high man with a  $5\frac{3}{4}$  pounder; Joe next with a 5 lb. 6 oz. Fred got 14 on the fly in three hours—all nice big trout, which is "no' so bad," as Joe remarked, for a beginner.

Joe was landing a fair-sized fish in the afternoon. Bill, fly fishing nearby, shouted across to Joe, "What fly are you using?" "A Tartan back," responded Joe, "worm with a red tail"—not a Royal Coachman, as Bill presumably thought. Before Sunday breakfast, Joe was very distressed when he saw the amount of mush the others had refused, and Mrs. Ogburn was forced to dispose of same at the kitchen door; Joe was then seen to disappear for about ten min-

utes, when he reappeared from the direction of the kitchen door with six lovely fish, each of which had a liberal coating of mush.

Fred landed his fourteen at Rainbow Creek on the mainland at the head of Goat Island; Elmer got his at Bear Tooth; Joe and Sandy, around the mouth of lower Goat River.

### *Acknowledgment of Contributions*

The following letter was received last month by Mrs. C. W. Godfrey from the Victorian Order of Nurses in Vancouver, acknowledging clothing gifts sent by the local O. E. S.

Dear Mrs. Godfrey:

In the absence of Miss Duffield, may I convey through you to the Powell River Eastern Star Auxiliary our sincerest thanks and appreciation for the very generous supply of babies' layettes which we received two or three days ago.

The box reached us in perfect condition and we have turned it over to the Burnaby Branch, who are more than delighted to receive such a large number of so pretty and beautifully made babies' garments. We know that the mothers to whom these clothes are given will receive them with as much pleasure and appreciation as we felt when we saw them.

Again thanking the Auxiliary, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MARION WISMER,

Supervisor.

## *But the Biggest Got Away*

By O. J. STEVENSON



*Trophies of a game hunt in the Cariboo taken by the writer a few years back.*

**T**ELL you his tracks were like a string of deer beds, he had fur a foot long, his head was three feet wide between the ears and swung on his neck like a ton of rock on a derrick boom; he must have weighed at least 2,500 lbs. if an ounce, and I bet he was the granddaddy of all the grizzly in the Rockies."

"Some bear! Why didn't you shoot him?"

"Shoot him? Sure I shot him. I hit him three times right through the ribs, but it didn't even bother him. He couldn't scent me, as the wind was wrong, so he beat it over a ridge. I bet he is on the other side of the mountain now, dead from loss of blood."

And so the tales are told in camps throughout the length and breadth of B. C. during these months of licensed slaughter. The hunting season is on, and over lofty mountain and lowly

bog the eager nimrods follow the hopeful guides to foregather at the evening fire primed with weak excuses or assertive boasts.

The peace of the Fraser Delta is blasted by the sound of shotguns, giving no rest to the pheasant in the potato patch or the ducks in the sloughs. On the Gulf Islands the deer sneak from braken-filled gully to windfall-covered slope, nor dare he let his white rump flash in the sunlight. Along the shores of all the coast inlets the goat watch the waters from their ram pastures just below snow-line and dares the hunter to climb the bluffs. From Bute Inlet north and around into the interior through the Chilcotin, the Nechaco, Francis Lake, Naas River, the Peace, Parsnip and Upper Fraser country, the Cariboo and Southern Border districts, the grizzly and black bear roam the mountain meadows and provide thrilling moments for those who go



*Sturdy specimen of the British Columbia coast antlered tribe poses for the camera.*

a-hunting, and in lesser degree throughout the same districts the moose, caribou, coast and mule deer, mountain sheep, goat, wolves and coyotes offer hides and heads as targets.

By boat, train, cars, pack-horses, dogs, canoes, and afoot, the hunters travel to the far-out places. Men from every city on the American continent and from the British Isles, they come with every type of gun known

to gun cranks, and of all cranks there are none crankier. Some like to stay in elaborate lodges, others prefer to sleep under canvas, while a few can show the guides how to travel light and tough it through. The uninitiated like to shoot at anything that moves, and they consider the size of the bag of more importance than the quality: while the seasoned hunter is content to spend day after day searching for a head or hide that is worthy to be added to his collection.

In common with the rest of the world, hunters are after records. The widest spread of moose antlers, the greatest curl on a sheep, or the color and perfection of the bear hide. An inch makes all the difference in the world back in the home club.

Of course, record heads are common around camp; but they cannot be mounted and used as proof positive, as they always got away. But no matter what the latest maximum, your died-in-the-wool hunter always starts on his trip with the fixed intention of outdoing the other fellow; and failure never discourages him, there is another autumn coming, and just think of that one we saw but lost.

*Tame deer at Hardy Island, a few miles south of Powell River.*



## Soccer Notes



*St. Saviours vs. Powell River All-stars on Sunday, October 26. Mr. A. E. McMaster, our general manager, kicks off to send the Saints away to a 6-0 victory.*

THE spotlight of local soccer interest focussed last month on the visit to Powell River of the strong, tricky St. Saviour's squad. It was the official opening of the new athletic oval, and was attended with all due ceremony.

Mr. A. E. McMaster, our General Manager, and donor of the McMaster Cup, the first trophy offered in local football, seven years ago, started the game off with a reasonably healthy kick, which just failed to reach touch.

The newly formed pipe band was out, and they made a brow showing. Even the golfers on the distant links had difficulty in adhering to business.

As an exhibition, the game was worth the admission. The Saints, at home on a grass field, clearly out-classed the local All Stars, long accustomed to playing on the old dirt

pitch. The locals never really hit their stride; they are capable of playing much better football; and the Saints were at top form all the way. It was a nice, clean, gentlemanly game, withal.

The league is to be congratulated for arranging this game. It is one of the best ways to keep interest high. It is of incalculable assistance in stimulating local soccerites to better performances. And it makes for friendly and warmer relations between the residents of Powell River and outside points.

We understand the Westminster Royals, Dominion champs, will be seen in action here after the new year. We hope to see the boys in tip-top condition, and with the best possible team chosen, for this important match. Let's give the Royals a real battle!

## Golf Notes

COMPETITIONS are now in full swing on the links. The ladies' two ball is in the final stage; and the men's four ball will have arrived at the final stage when this issue leaves the press.



*Mrs. Wally Tapp has been playing consistent golf this season. Her net 66 brought her an easy victory in the ladies' medal handicap competition.*

Some interesting matches were played last month and one or two surprise packets opened. Perhaps the biggest upset on advanced predictions was the defeat of Steve Brynjolfson and Jack Tunstall, last year's finalists, by Jack Hill and Bat MacIntyre. Jack Hill was on the top of his game, and Bat nobly seconded him at opportune times. Another ding-dong battle was the struggle of Ed Peacock and Bruce Zumwalt to eliminate Hughie McLean and Clarence Raby. The first encounter ended all square at the end of 18 holes. Ed and Bruce came back strong to jump this irritable hurdle by 4-2 in the second return match.

The mixed two ball is next on tap, and promises to provide an unusual number of entries. Last year fifteen married couples tried together, but whether this will be repeated this

year remains doubtful. We make no prediction on the outcome of this event; take your choice and back your favorites.

Perhaps the outstanding event last month was Mrs. G. Schuler's fine 81, one over par, for the complete circuit. This establishes a ladies' record,



## BIRTHS

Oct. 15—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sherwood, a girl.

## OBITUARY

Many residents of Powell River will learn with regret of the death on Tuesday, November 4, of Mrs. Agnes Barclay, mother of Mr. W. Barclay, of our Vancouver office. Mrs. Barclay passed away at the age of 73, in Los Angeles.

To mourn her loss she leaves two sons, William Barclay, of Vancouver, and John Barclay, of Spokane; and five daughters, Mrs. McQuarrie, of Seattle; Mrs. A. H. Graham, The Dalles, Oregon; Mrs. Agnes Meyer, Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Charles Goodsell, of Spokane, and Miss Mary Barclay, of Vancouver.

The deceased was well known in Powell River, where she had many old friends.





By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE most important item discussed by the noon-hour rail birds, especially on days when rain prevents the football crowd from getting into action, is easily the forthcoming Armistice Stag. This is the night of the year for many of our old-timers, none of whom are attempting to disguise their eager anticipation, and not worrying as to how they will reach home afterwards. They even decline to be subdued when some bird tactfully reminds that it only requires so many days to Christmas.

\* \* \*

Quite a flutter of excitement prevailed when it was learned that the hulk of a once proud man o' war was to find a final resting place in our midst, and many were the enquiries as to the arrival time of the *St. Faith*, who was acting as chaperone and convoy to the relic. Conjecture seemed rife as to how much of the original trimmings would remain, quite a few seemingly anticipating the arrival of some super-dreadnought, resplendent in war paint, with possibly a gun or two overlooked by the depredators, with Acting Admiral Tom Rees adorning the quarter deck; and great was the disappointment when darkness arrived ahead of the *Pride of the Kingcome*. When it was seen next morning what the *Faith* had really dragged in, the between whistles conversations turned to other topics.

\* \* \*

Gardening has got away to an early start this year, although mainly confined to the occupants of the new houses along Maple. It is certainly a pleasing feature to find so much horticultural enthusiasm abroad, and if realization only partially approaches the hopes and confidences inflicted upon anyone willing to listen, the site of the Garden of Eden will no longer be a subject for doubt.

\* \* \*

The early expansion of the telephone service has also received its full share of attention in the noon-hour murmurings. Anyone without a phone will shortly become a curiosity. Party lines seem to find general favour, and we fully expect all the choice stories and fairy tales of the future will find their origin in this direction. "Really, my dear, I wouldn't have believed it, but Mrs. So and So heard it herself over the party line."

\* \* \*

Disappointment was general over the poor showing recently made by local footballers against *St. Saviours*, and it was felt that some improvement was essential. After witnessing the opening proceedings, when the lusty kick of the worthy General Manager sent the ball past more opposing players than at any subsequent period of the game, grave reasons for doubt arose as to whether the selection committee had, after all, fielded their best and strongest team.

When the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
What a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage-chamber bed,  
And listen to the patter  
Of the raindrops overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start:  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their air-threads into woof  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof!

—From "*Rain on the Roof*,"  
by COATES KINNEY.



### MEMORIES CROSS.

The shrill sounding of a bugle sends my memory winging back,  
To those days of glorious friendships, of rifle and of pack.  
And amid those vivid memories will ever fondly dwell  
The picture of a dear old pal, who went westward out of Hell.  
Memories come a'surging from out the bygone years.  
Memories glad of laughing lads, memories full of tears  
Echoing through those memories, the sound of fife and drums,  
The staccato snap of rifles; mid the roar of heavy guns;  
And the songs of lusty manhood as we marched the roads of France.  
Oh! the sadness of our parting, with its last, fast clinging glance,  
Goes flaming through my memory, it was joy and sadness too.  
As I stand a moment silent, and my thoughts flash back to you  
Whose place is marked with poppies red, perchance a little cross  
Old pal, that lonesome moment brings back the bitter loss.

+ + + + +  
But a trumpet sounds Reveille, so we turn, and go away;  
'Tis only just one moment snatched from out a busy day;  
But a million hearts are lifted in that moment's silent prayer  
Requiescat in pa-ce!, beneath your crosses everywhere.

+ + + + +

# Powell River Digest

VOL. 9

DECEMBER · 1930

NO. 12



C H R I S T M A S



# reetings

*To the Officers and Employees of the  
Company and Members of their  
Families:*

Our construction programme is so well advanced that there is every indication it will be fully completed shortly after the first of the year. The progress made up to this time, without interference with manufacturing activities, is an excellent indication of the loyal and hearty co-operation given by all employees, and the Directors of the Company desire to express their appreciation of the spirit so evidenced.

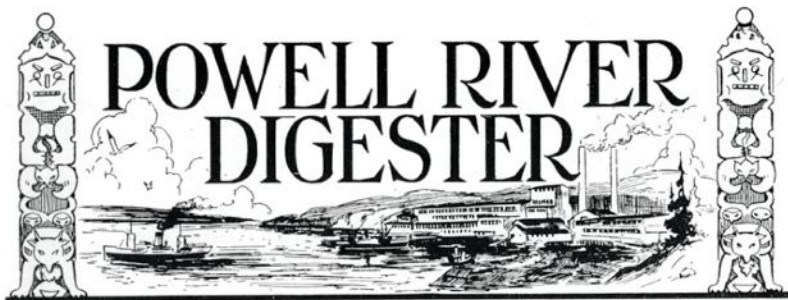
With the paper industry, in general, going through a serious and critical period, it is very gratifying to the Directors to have this loyal support, which has so greatly assisted them in meeting the many difficult problems with which they have been confronted during this trying year.

The Directors extend their Best Wishes to you all for your Happiness and Prosperity for Christmas and the New Year.



*General Manager*





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

Published monthly with the co-operation and the assistance of the employees of  
THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY, LIMITED  
Manufacturers of Newsprint Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 9

DECEMBER, 1930

No. 12

## Season's Greetings

**I**N this, our last issue of the year, the *Digester* again welcomes the opportunity of extending to all our readers the season's compliments and our best wishes for a Christmas replete with happiness and a New Year filled with continued prosperity and good fortune.

To the residents of Powell River and district we express our warmest appreciation of the generous co-operation they have at all times accorded us; to our friends and readers on this continent and abroad we hold out the hand of friendship, and wish you all

**A Merry Christmas and a  
Happy New Year**

## *Argentine Journalism Highly Modern and Progressive*



*Plaza del Congreso—the legislative centre of Buenos Aires, architecturally and artistically picturesque—reflects the dignity and general stability that has characterized Argentine governments in recent years.*

IN recent years regular cargoes of Powell River newsprint have been shipped from the mills to the big dailies of Argentina. With more than ordinary interest, therefore, the machine room crews last month saw yet another "run" of Argentine paper, this time a special order of pink, for the presses of the *Critica* in Buenos Aires.

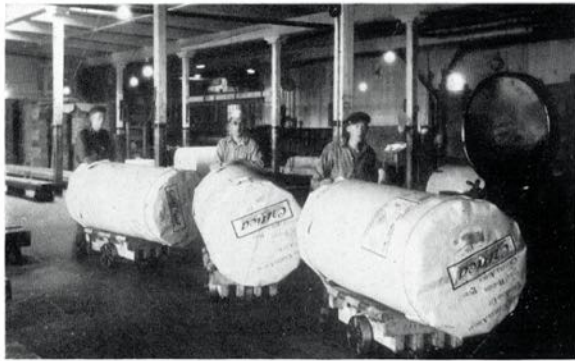
*Critica* is one of the large journals of the South American continent, and, with its daily distribution of 220,000 copies, stands second in circulation among the journals of the Latin American states. The special pink order being shipped to the *Critica* will be used largely in the sporting section. Like the dailies of the United States and Canada, sporting and recreative activities occupy a prominent place in Argentine journalism; the sporting sections of the

larger papers are usually printed on colored sheets and elaborately designed.

In the past two decades, Argentine journalism has taken great upward strides. Today the great publications of Buenos Aires have circulations comparing favorably with many large American newspapers; while no Canadian paper has yet amassed a daily circulation equal to either of the three large Buenos Aires sheets. It may surprise many readers to learn that, the English-speaking nations excepted, the per capita consumption of newsprint in Argentine is higher than that of any other nation—including France, Germany or Belgium.

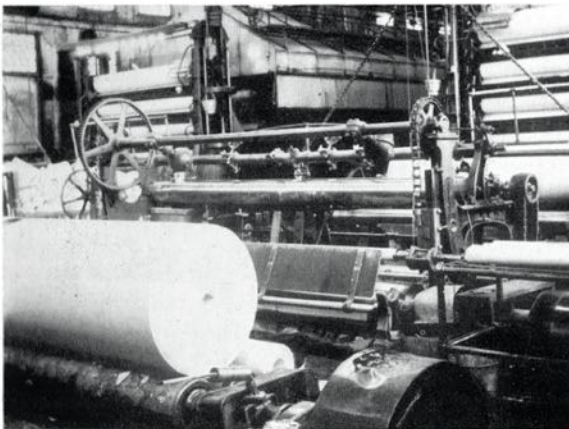
With her population of 11,000,000, constituting less than one-fifth of the entire population of South America, the republic absorbs 55 per cent. of all the newsprint used on the con-

*Rolls of newsprint for Critica being weighed in the finishing room on their way to the wharf for shipment to Buenos Aires.*



tinent. The total consumption of newsprint in Latin America is about 200,000 tons annually; and of this amount, 110,000 tons is diverted into the presses of Argentine publications. Newsprint consumption, while not an infallible guide to the literacy, is nevertheless a sound criterion as to the stability and general enlightenment of a nation. In this respect modern Argentina stands far in the forefront of the Latin-American republics.

In the capital city of Buenos Aires, there are five daily papers with circulations well in excess of 100,000 issues daily. Two of these, *La Prensa* and *Critica*, have circulations of 270,000 and 220,000 respectively. *La Nación*, another of the great influential sheets of the republic, touches the 200,000 mark. Over twenty daily newspapers are printed in Buenos Aires alone, and their combined circulations approximate a million and a half copies. The great majority of



*View of dry end of the paper machines, showing rolls for Critica, of Buenos Aires, as they leave the machines to be wrapped and whirled to the finishing room.*





*Avenue de Mayo. One of the picturesque thoroughfares of Buenos Aires.*

these are, of course, printed in Spanish. Five, however, are issued for the foreign population. Two dailies, the *Buenos Aires Herald* and the *Standard*, are English and have circulations of 10,000 and 24,000 respectively. The *Buenos Aires Herald* was established fifty-four years ago in 1876. Two Italian publications, *La Patria Degli* and *Giornale d'Italia*, distribute 65,000 and 30,000 copies; and the *Deutsche La Plata*, a German publication, founded in 1868, finds its way to 42,000 readers daily.

The big dailies of Buenos Aires, *La Prensa*, *Critica*, *La Nación*, and others, are equipped with all the machinery of modern, efficient journalism; their editions, like their counterparts in Canada and the United States, are constructed to appeal to all classes and all types. Rotogravure and colorgravure sections, elaborate magazine and special feature material, literary supplements, and an alert, wide-spread bureau of foreign correspondence, keep their readers in touch with world developments.

### *Circulation and The Times*

In several recent issues we have printed circulation figures of the leading daily newspapers of the world. Several readers, principally Canadians, have wondered why the famous London *Times* has not been included. Even in Canada and the United States the great influence and traditional prestige of the *Times* is a byword, and many readers seem to think we have erred in omitting the *Times* from our circulation figures. Actually the daily circulation of the *Times* is only 185,000 copies—a circulation which, however, is no criterion of this journal's tremendous influence in the life of Great Britain.

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Manager: "Where did you keep this diamond tiara which you say has been stolen?"

Actress: "In the box with the rest of my jewelry."

Manager (coldly): "What's it worth?"

Actress: "Oh, about a column and a half."



*Trophies of a big game hunt up Powell Lake are proudly displayed by local Nimrods. Alf. Hansen and son David will soon be hunting together, judging from the picture. Two goat and five deer were the total casualties of the week-end.*

### *Argentina*

A Royal Bank of Canada report on Latin America notes considerable activity in government building programmes. The Argentine Government has decided to extend the system of state railways by 2,000 kms. of new lines. The work is estimated at a cost of 14,000,000 pesos paper and will be commenced this year. At Quequen, a town 300 miles south of Buenos Aires, a new Atlantic port is to be built. The Peruvian Government has contracted with Warren Brothers, of Boston, for the construction of 1,000 kms. of macadamized highways at an estimated cost of \$2,000,000. The work began in August.

### *Canadian Trade Commissioners*

Canadian trade commissioners' offices are established in Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and Lima, Peru. The Lima office is the youngest and was established recently following the 14,000-mile tour of Latin America undertaken by F. C. T. O'Hara, Canadian deputy minister for trade and commerce.

### *Canada's Position in Trade*

Canada ranks second among the nations of the world in per capita foreign trade and fifth in aggregate foreign trade.

## *Our Raw Newsprint in the Queen Charlottes*



*Big spruce logs in the booming grounds at Selwyn Inlet on Queen Charlotte Islands. In the background is a Davis raft, just made up and awaiting shipment to Powell River.*

**A**BOUT three hundred and fifty miles northward and westward of Powell River, a group of islands, shaped roughly like an inverted isosceles triangle, rise above the waters of the Pacific. Named the Queen Charlotte Islands by early explorers a century and a half ago, in honor of Charlotte Sophia, consort to stout and stubborn old George III, they are in modern times one of the great logging centres of British Columbia. Tapering from a width of sixty miles on Graham Island in the north, to less than a mile

in the extreme south, with an approximate length of 175 miles from "tip to tip," these islands are famous for the size and quality of their spruce limits; here flourish the celebrated Sitka variety—white, straight grained, long-fibred—which in addition to its several uses as high-grade finish lumber, is recognized as one of the finest pulp woods in existence.

For many years a large percentage of the spruce used in the manufacture of Powell River newsprint has been logged from the fertile soil of the Queen Charlottes. Operations are



*Logs "cold decked" at Selwyn Inlet during early spring operations.*



*The camp of T. A. Kelley, engaged in contracting operations for the Powell River Company on Princess Louise Island.*

still proceeding and will continue to proceed for many years to come. Today one of the chief centres of logging activity in this area is on the borders of Selwyn Inlet, on Louise Island, a smaller member of the Charlotte brotherhood. From these limits come the majority of those big Davis rafts, which the company tug, *St. Faith*, deposits regularly in our log pond, and which, in addition to their usefulness as newsprint stock, serve as temporary breakwaters when the waves of the gulf run high.

#### WINTER OPERATIONS

The Selwyn Inlet operations provide employment for approximately one hundred men during the year. In the fall of the year, usually at the beginning of October, the crews strike for the woods—and actual logging operations commence. Throughout the winter months and on into the early spring, the fallers and buckers hold the spotlight. This is the season when the big spruces yield to the onslaught of the axe and saw; when the high rigger and the yarders are seen in the noon time of their season's activity. Keeping pace with the fallers, the yarding crews assemble the logs

in convenient locations, ready for moving in the spring. In the Selwyn operation, six-ton trucks and trailers are used to transport the logs from the operation to the booming ground. In the winter months the truck lines are flanked by huge piles of timbers, "cold decks," as they are known in logging parlance, freshly logged, and thus assembled by the yarders, preparatory for the outward journey to the booming grounds in the early spring.

In March falling operations cease. Then comes the work of breaking up the "cold decks," hauling them to the booming ground—and conditioning the winter's cut for its four hundred and fifty-mile water journey to the mills at Powell River.

#### THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

The spring offensive opens with trucks and trailers snorting up the truck roads for their loads. These truck roads, as the illustration shows, are built of logs, broad-axed on the top, and flanked by a guard rail of logs to keep the machines on the "right side of the road." Along these they pass and re-pass, carrying their cargoes a distance of a mile or a



*The butt of a huge spruce "stick," ten feet in diameter, logged on the Selwyn limits.*

mile and a half to the booming grounds. Three trucks and two trailers form the backbone of the present Selwyn Inlet operations, and once the month of March peers around the corner, the crews swing quickly into action. Last year these busy ma-

chines moved in the neighborhood of ten million feet of logs, which had been cold-decked during the winter. Their average load approximates 4500 feet. The heaviest drag on record last year was the transportation to the booming grounds of a single, gigantic spruce, scaling, in itself, slightly over 10,000 feet, and which made quite a splash when it dropped in the pond beside its "boom" companions.

Hauling the logs down the truck road is not as simple an operation as it sounds. The average grade on the Selwyn operation is 12 per cent., and to ensure the safe handling of heavy loads like the above, the old reliable donkey is commandeered for service. A line is run from the donkey through a five-sheave snubber to the truck and trailers—a double brake, as it were, to protect the load in event of the truck brakes failing to respond.

#### THE "FAITH" TAKES OVER

At the booming grounds the logs are built up in Davis rafts, each raft containing approximately one and a half million feet. Here the company tug, *St. Faith*, with her 1200-H.P. engine, "takes over," and the work of the logging contractor comes to an



*The tug St. Faith, with her Davis raft in tow, passes a coastal vessel off one of the innumerable islands lying between the Queen Charlottes and Powell River.*

end. Throughout the summer the work of hauling and booming proceeds swiftly; and nearly forty million feet of spruce is boomed up in the camp awaiting the arrival of the *St. Faith*.

During these operations on the Queen Charlottes, numerous trees, eight and ten feet in diameter, have been logged. One particularly fine specimen recently logged on this limit yielded nearly 40,000 feet of number one clear spruce. Sometimes, when operating along the shores of Selwyn Inlet, whole trees are fallen, put straight into the water, and bucked to log length with power drag saws while in the water.

From the booming grounds at Selwyn Inlet to the log pond at Powell River would not be a long trip, if you were aboard the *Mauretania* or the *Bremen*. Both these flyers, with all boilers in action, would arrive in Powell River sixteen hours out from Selwyn. But the *Mauretania* and the *Bremen* are not tugs, and they are not engaged in log hauling. From the time the powerful *St. Faith* takes the strain of her tow line at Selwyn Inlet, until the white outline of Powell River looms up, represents, given favorable weather, a ten-day trip, in which she covers nearly 500 miles, and traverses some of the worst pieces of water along the coast.

Hecate Straits is famous for its sudden changes of wind and heavy, choppy swells—two elements which are deadly enemies of the log-towing tug. Probably more booms have been lost and more towing troubles en-

countered here, than in any of the coastal waters. Once out in the straits no shelter is forthcoming, and the distance from Selwyn Inlet to Campbell Island is nearly 150 miles. Over this dangerous stretch the *Faith* tows only one boom, or about a million and a half feet. From Campbell Island she returns to pick up its companion, and with the full three million feet behind her, starts on the long trek to Powell River. Tows of three million feet, even on the B. C. coast, are decidedly uncommon, particularly from as far north as Campbell Island, and many of the recent trips of the *Faith* through these dangerous waters have been made with what are very close to record-sized booms.

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### *Paper for Household Use in Canada*

A recent writer says that in Canada there is a roll of paper toweling hanging up in every house. Apart from toilet purposes, it comes in handy for many household uses. When a milk bottle is opened, for instance, a scrap of the paper is torn off and the neck wiped round with it before pouring out the milk. Paper once used is thrown into the fire or otherwise got rid of. When an absorbent wiper is needed for any purpose, a piece is torn from the roll. The whole thing is a striking addition to the hygiene of the household and at the same time a means of saving work and expense.

—From *Paper Making and  
Paper Selling*, 1930.

## *The Closing Days of Plant Extension*



*View of the temporary log crib dam at Lois River, which will provide an immediate increase of 22,000 h.p. to our present power capacity. Soon the water will be roaring through the steel penstocks to the power-house at Stillwater.*

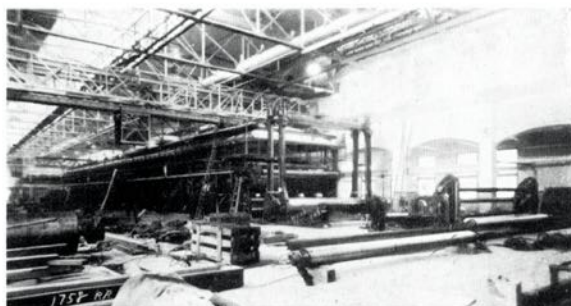
**A**S this issue comes off the press, by far the greater portion of Powell River's new plant extension will have been completed. Indeed, it is expected that before the residents of our townsites receive their December copies, a seventh machine will be making paper. At Powell River only a few minor readjustments and improvements represent the dying embers of the construction period. The big 226-inch machine, designed for speeds up to 1,400 feet a minute, will, on the day of its opening run, embody every improvement of modern paper mill engineering. Many of these have been designed and perfected by our own engineering staff. And many will be distinctly unique in character. In another issue this phase will be dwelt on at greater length, and some of the problems which have been conquered and successfully applied by our engineering

and operating staffs, working together, will be discussed. It suffices to say here that No. 7 machine enters production, equipped with every improvement that modern ingenuity can suggest.

All the subsidiaries, the sixteen grinders, grouped in lines of six, with their 3,600-h.p. synchronous motors, will be ready; the new 950-h.p. B. & W. boiler has been set in line; screen room additions — everything contributing to the manufacture of a roll of newsprint stands waiting.

At Lois River some work yet remains. The steel penstock, the concrete penstock, and the wood stave pipe line will have been completed, or nearly so, as we go to press. Work on the concrete lining of the tunnel is forging ahead. To date over one-third of the total distance has been lined, and progress is being made at the rate of approximately 70 feet a

*Interior of the new machine room, showing the 226-in. machine as it appeared last month. The machine has now been assembled and, as this issue comes out, will be ready for operation.*



day. The Stillwater power-house is in the final stage of erection, with the first 22,000-h.p. generator safely installed and awaiting final word from the tunnel.

Shortly after the first of the year, the Lois River project will be completed and the transference of power to Powell River commenced. Meanwhile, at Powell River, No. 7 will not await the completion of the power-house and tunnel. With two auxiliary steam turbines acting as a temporary substitute for the waters of Lois, sufficient power is at hand for the immediate opening of the new 226-inch machine at Powell River.

The consummation of the immediate expansion programme announced by the directors in November of last year is now at hand. It has been an active year for Powell River; and as preparations for the opening of the new machine reach a climax, strong excitement prevails throughout the mill. Over in the grinder room, the big, howitzer-like machines, spic and span in their bright red paint, give an illusion, especially at this period of the year, of a gigantic toy room. In a few days the "store" freshness of

these big toys will be marred by those thick masses of groundwood, looking for all the world like a Highlander's favorite breakfast food as it is squeezed out of the machine ready for its initial screening.

In an adjacent room the formidable-looking switchboard, with its myriads of dials and instruments, ushers in another era in grinder room construction in Powell River. The old machines are all water driven, with direct penstock connection from Powell Lake. The water to drive the new grinders is supplied from the Lois River watershed, thirteen miles distant — and are thus electrically driven.

The big 16-ton sulphite digester is already in operation and will soon be pumping its cooked chips to the new beater room, ready for the grand opening of "No. 7."

Shortly after the first of the new year the Lois River power will come throbbing over the high-tension wires to Powell River — and for the first time in history the local plant will be utilizing power other than that derived from Powell Lake.



## *Search for Flyers Continues*



*Something of the type of country over which flyers are now seeking for traces of Capt. E. Burke and Capt. Robin Renahan, the missing flyers, is shown in the above photo, taken by Jack Harper, of Powell River, during his recent aerial trip to Thutade Lake.*

On this page we are enabled to reproduce, through the courtesy of Mr. Jack Harper, two illustrations depicting the country through which rescue planes are now operating in the search for Capt. E. J. Burke and his companions, lost six weeks ago while engaged in prospecting work in the north.

To date the story has been one of grief and disaster — and perhaps of lack of precaution on the part of air officials. Five men are missing in this northern wilderness; two aeroplanes are missing and two have crashed, seeking their lost companions. Canadian and American machines have

participated in the search through the dangerous mountains, rivers and lakes of this forbidding northland.

Capt. Burke's machine has been reported as frozen somewhere along the Liard River, but apparently in good condition. Hopes are entertained that he has found refuge in some prospector's cabin — somewhere in that country bordering on the sixtieth parallel.

Thutade Lake, where Mr. Harper landed on his northern trip, has also been in the news headlines. From this neighborhood Van der Byl and Cressy, left behind by Pilot Joerss when his rescue plane refused to rise from Thutade with his heavy load, started to "mush" a way out to civilization. Pilot Joerss' action was severely criticized in both lay and official circles.

Meanwhile the search still proceeds, with Canadian and American planes co-operating in their work of mercy.



*Tabor Lake, north of Prince George, is one of the innumerable lakes which dot this north country in which the missing flyers are lost. The Junkers plane in the photo is the same that rescued Capt. E. Burke last year, and which took Van der Byl and Cressy to Thutade Lake and left them there when unable to rise with its heavy load.*



**17<sup>TH</sup>**  
**ANNUAL**  
**PAPER**  
**MAKERS**  
**DANCE**

DWIGHT HALL  
 DECEMBER 31<sup>ST</sup>  
 1930  
 9.P.M. to 3.A.M.

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# AROUND THE PLANT

**L**AST month, in a moment of rashness and carelessness, we suggested that, as far as we knew, Tom Prentice was the only member of the 51st Highland Division in Powell River. We have since found out that we didn't know very much. A few days after the last issue came out, Mark Carmichael and Jack Brand, blood in one eye and murder in the other, stopped us on the main highway. Luckily it was daylight. What we didn't hear about our mistake left little to the imagination. Jack and Mark were both full-fledged members of "Scotland's last hope," and dinna forget it, laddie.

We wulna, lads!

That great indoor pastime, cribbage, is spreading along under a full press of canvas with the dark nights now on us. Bill Parkin found the pace last year too killing, so has dropped out in favor of some less nerve-racking form of recreation. Ben Randall, with his usual modesty, refuses to make any definite predictions, but gives us to understand that Jack Harper and himself are just about a certainty for honors.

The titanic labor of Wilfred Owen on that mighty irrigation project at

Westview has kept him out of competition this season, but has not stopped him doing a lot of "cribbing." Some of the illustrations in this issue will bear witness that as yet nobody has succeeded in stealing his crib.

Pat Kelly is darkly reticent over the probable outcome of the series. We understand there were some dark episodes during Pat's headlong rush for honors last year—so perhaps his position is a logical one.

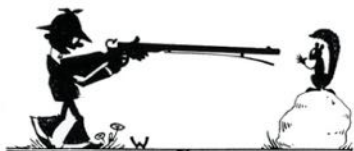
The annual cribbage stag, held at the conclusion of the season's hostilities, is rapidly becoming a recognized evening in the year. It rivals, they tell us, the Armistice Stag.

On Sunday, November 23, Bat MacIntyre and Jack Hill retired early, but not to sleep. All through the night they each, in their respective cribs, gazed with wide-open eyes at the ceiling, where they saw the fitful figures of Ed Peacock and Steve Brynjolfson wriggling in horrible agony on a green fairway, with Bat MacIntyre and Jack Hill dancing madly around with tomahawks and scalping knives, fashioned from drivers and putters. "The last of a vanishing race," they chorused ex-

ultantly, and far, far through the all too short night this beatific vision played leap-frog in front of them.

Whatever happens in the final, the thrill of conquering these two Hercules of local links will remain with the two Davids of 1930.

Elmer Lee has demanded that we publish an apology for our statement in last month's issue, describing the fish he caught asleep in Powell Lake as a salmon. This has caused Elmer some grievance from kind friends, who have kept the telephone busy



for the past month with fish stories. We apologize, Elmer. It was so unusual to hear of a trout giving himself up that we couldn't believe it, especially of a Powell Lake trout. We figured he was tired after jumping the headgates, and had asked for help.

Since Arthur Dawes, of Vancouver, won \$400,000 in an Irish sweepstake, thousands of people have been busily engaged in a series of mental gymnastics, all calculated to assist Mr. Dawes in disposing of this little nest egg. It remains for Frank Carriveau to offer a suggestion that we do not believe has thus far been put forward.

"How about buying a private golf course," says Frank, "with a portable restaurant and refreshment bar, and

just camping there for the rest of his life. Buy golf balls with the interest and use the principal in paying off bets and damages to clubs."

Doesn't sound a bad investment at that, Frank.

Bat McIntyre has had enough mention in this issue—but we can't resist this one.

Bat and Joe Sweeny went to Vancouver. Bat had a commission to purchase a certain medicine in Vancouver Chinatown for his cook. You know the kind of medicine; looks as if it were composed of stale fish scales and eels' tails, fried and then left to dry in parchment-like flakes.

To Bat's room at the hotel that evening came Roy Foote, of the Vancouver office. Just off work, Roy was hungry. He spied the opened package containing the "medicine." He took one look, reached out an eager hand, murmured:

"Ha! Potato chips! Just the stuff for a hungry office man. Gimme!"

He munched one. He munched two. A motley expression slowly spread over his face. He glared at Bat and Joe, who by this time had gone off the deep end in their efforts to control their features.

Here we mercifully drop the curtain, leaving the remainder of the scene to our readers' imagination. No Christmas carols were sung, however.





She was one of those suicide blondes—dyed by her own hand.

Judge: "Who was driving when you hit that car?"

Drunk (triumphantly): "None of us; we was all on th' back seat."

Joe: "Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?"

Josephine: "Why, I guess to keep his wigwam."

Father (awaiting news): "Well, nurse, will it use a razor or a lip-stick?"

Jellybean: "Old man, I understand you are courting a widow. Has she given you any encouragement?"

Sheik: "I'll say she has! Last night she asked me if I snored."

Mary had a swarm of bees. The bees to save their lives, went everywhere that Mary went, for Mary had the hives.

Then there was the absent-minded musician who put a derby over the shoe-horn and tried to put on a pair of oxfords with his trombone.

—Judge.

A fraternity had sent its curtains to be laundered. It was the second day that the house stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority across the street:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for windows? We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to read the note answered:

"Dear Girls: The course is optional."

A scientist is a man who can find a section of petrified thigh-bone and tell that its primitive owner had a receding chin.

"What is the name of your car?"

"I call her 'Shasta.'"

"Because she's a 'daisy?'"

"No; because she has to have gas, she has to have oil, she has to have air, she has to have something all the time."

### Just Natural

"Liza, you remind me fo' all de world ob brown sugar."

"How cum, Sam?"

"Yo am so sweet an' so unrefined."

# Powell River Children



1. Frank and Robert Davies.    2. Jeannine Adell Barrass.    3. Marvin Kirkwood.    4. Margaret and Alfred Sleigh.  
5. Ray Gardner.    6. Bobby Watson.    7. Graham Tyler.    8. Sammy Davidson.  
9. Isobel Jean Kyle.    10. Richard Wyborn.



## A Christmas Tragedy

By MAURICE DUNN

'Twas a dreary, gloomy day outside; just the day for a holdup; a day for prowling footpads or housebreakers. Inside the house, however, all was bright and cheerful, with gay Christmas decorations, and the merry shouts of the children at play with the toys Santa had left. The picture of a happy, contented home at Christmas-time.

Mother was busy in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to the Christmas dinner — and, oh! what a feast was about to be served. The delicious aroma from the kitchen permeated the whole house, and the mouths of the children — and their elders, too — grew moist as anticipation of turkey and all the Yuletide trimmings filled every mind.

Sis had the table set in the dining-room, silver and glass a-gleam on the white cloth, amongst the holly and decorations. Justly proud was Sis of her work and thoughtful care she had expended on the decoration and laying of that table.

Suddenly all mirth and jollity sub-

sided. The innocent prattle of the children ceased as they huddled up in a corner, frightened and aghast at the fearsome spectacle confronting them. What would be the outcome of this desperate struggle? Would Dad win out against this deep-chested, strong-limbed youngster, whose well-developed body and great, deep chest bespoke a life lived in the healthy atmosphere of the great outdoors? The suspense was terrible.

The table, so gay and tidy a few short moments before, was in terrible disarray; a nasty-looking stain was slowly spreading across the cloth; and something was slowly dripping with a dull splash on to the floor. Above the crash of a violently overturned chair and the scrunching of broken glass came the scuffle of feet and the deep, gasping breathing of a man, struggling with all his might to overcome one who might easily prove too much for his strength and endurance.

The table groaned and shook with the weight of the struggling bodies as they lay across it, twisted and contorted; Dad with his back bent, muscles standing taut, with the strain of the Herculean struggle. Perspiration poured from his brow; smothered

imprecations came from tight-closed lips. His knuckles showed white with the strain, and the muscles on his neck swelled to bursting, as he threw all into one last, vicious, determined lunge. Could Dad do it? Would he be beaten?

A distressed cry from Mother and Sis at the scene as they viewed the wreck of their weeks of planning and work for the great day.

Then quickly Dad straightened up, with a fierce cry of joy and conquest. He called for the plates. He had carved the Christmas turkey!

### A Terrible Christmas

By S. R. D.

Christmas of 1917! It is as vivid today as it was thirteen years ago. It will be equally memorable when another thirteen years have passed. "Gad, lads," as our old Colonel would say, what a nightmare that Christmas was! Unforgettable! Horrible! As I think of it, even after a lapse of thirteen years, my face blanches and beads of unsolicited perspiration stand on my manly forehead.

Our battalion was up on the Lieven front, before Lens. At that particular period things were unusually quiet. We were looking forward to a decent Christmas—plenty of extra rations and a liberal supply of that rich amber liquid that came up in jars, labelled S.R.D. Around this latter portion of the day's rations, it was generally conceded, much of the real spirit of Christmas would revolve.

Some sinister rumors, however, had been flying about these few days before Christmas. Our Brigadier—one of the best in the line and a real soldier—was unfortunately an ardent prohibitionist; and a horrible whisper had gone the rounds that tomorrow, Christmas Day, the S.R.D. would be absent. This menacing suggestion sent many a weak heart going "clickety clack." We bitterly thought of the morrow.

The Christmas dinner came along. In fear and trembling we awaited it. In hate and loathing we left it. For in place of the soothing, soul-warming liquid of our dreams, what confronted us? Not weak French wine; not pale, sickly beer; not watered champagne. No, none of these. Not even ginger ale—but great plates filled to the brim with a thick, pasty, hot, blue-green liquid, which, we were informed, the Brigadier called pea soup, and which he said was just the stuff for a cold Christmas Day.

Need I describe what was said by the troops on that Christmas Day, 1917? I need not. It will be liquid clear to the dullest imagination.

### The Christmas Concert

By O. J. STEVENSON

A colorful time was the Christmas concert. Rich in childish pranks and trials. Willy-nilly, regardless of their own feelings in the matter, they were thrust into the limelight and forced to perform before the enigmatical



eye of dubious parents and the condescending smile of doubtful neighbors. The brassy ones brazened it through and the timid quaked in their boots. The goody-goodies did as they were told and the little helions did everything else. The weeks of preparation were conducted by well-intentioned people—usually maiden ladies—who enjoyed the status neither of teachers or parents, consequently discipline was at a low ebb.

As the opening hour approached, the room rapidly filled with residents of the town and countryside. Down the aisle marched dour Sandy MacPherson with his elongated family. Then came portly Fritz Spiegel ushering with pompous air his tow-headed brood into a full row of seats. The massive widow Smith and the diminutive widower Brown slid into chairs at opposite sides of the building and gazed at each other soulfully; they would doubtless walk home together later. All the local characters entered in their own peculiar fashion and stared expectantly at the blank stage curtain.

From the back pews, where the hoodlums were busy concocting mischief and adamantine candy sailed through the air and contacted audibly with Banker Norton's bald pate, and the young Miller couple staged a frantic search for their firstborn among the many feet under the seats.

Stage fright, sulky individuals, jealousy, and over-zealous voices combined as a rule to make the opening chorus pretty much of a washout. Then came a toddling tot to lisp a

doggerel about her dolly; nobody understood save her mother, but she got a big hand. A duet by the prim Misses Haley earned a scattering bit of applause from the intellectuals, while groans and ribald whistles drowned the wails from Percival Saunders' violin; Perc wore velvet breeches and frilled white collars and wasn't popular with the boys.

Another chorus burst lustily on the Christmas air and demonstrated that the juvenile actors were obtaining some small measure of confidence. A fat boy with a face full of freckles, three missing teeth and well bowed legs engaged in a dialogue with a gangling knock-kneed youth, whose best suit entertained no sympathy with his growing pains nor offered any refuge for his wildly waving hands. Somebody snickered and the dialogue fizzled out in dismal failure.

Fourteen boys with heavy-soled shoes, imitation armour, and wooden swords stumped through a drill with soldierly precision save when Mickey Grogan slyly undid the Spiegel boy's suspenders.

A long-winded speech from some overfed gentleman and various songs, dances, recitations, etc., good, poor, and indifferent, carried the affair along to the final climax—a sort of writhing parade of maidens clad in cheesecloth garments suggestive of nightgowns and illuminated by the ghostly glare of Greek fire. After that the kids settled down to the only matter of importance to them—the business of receiving presents from the Christmas tree.

## *Christmas—and Our Hospitals*

By ANNE MacSWEEN



THE world is a city of streets—long ones, short ones, bright ones, dark ones. To those of us travelling the bright streets of life, the others are as a closed thoroughfare.

In this period of world-wide depression which confronts us today, Society, to us, seems divided into two groups—the employed and the unemployed; but we could easily divide it into two other groups, the sick and well—those at home and those in hospitals.

Hospital patients come from the mansions of the wealthy as well as from the cottages of the poor and lowly. But sickness and suffering destroy caste and class — and in illness they become as one brotherhood. Doctors and nurses do their part; and with a little effort and thoughtfulness we outsiders, too, can do our part in bringing a little sunshine and cheer to the wards of sickness.

Rather amazing, too, the little it requires to bring sunshine into the lives of hospital patients. But not so surprising when one stops to think. The precious odours of the blossoms are most fragrant the more they are crushed, and just so do we find in the halls of suffering that those who have the most to bear are the brightest and bravest.

At this season of the year, when good cheer and happiness should be the lot of the whole world, let us pause for a moment and let our thoughts fly to those great institutions which do so much for humanity.

The children's wards, where the little ones are confident that of course the great big building has a chimney that Santa Claus can come down. The grown-ups—some homesick, some weary of life and its burdens—loving no one, expecting no one to love them. What a pleasure to be surprised—to find that there really is something in the story of Santa Claus after all, and that there is something in this world of ours beside ill-health and heart-break.

Friendship is the natural result of kindness, and friendship means happiness. We could easily add to our income of happiness, but we must pay the premium in advance by kindly remembrance.

Christmas is the birthday of Christ—Christ remembered first those who needed Him most. Let us do likewise, and so fulfil the Golden Rule—"Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you."

## The Old Hoist Passes Out

*Harry Davies, engineer in charge of the hoist, finds his new plaything much to his liking. It was installed last month, and is now running as smoothly as the older hoist in her prime.*

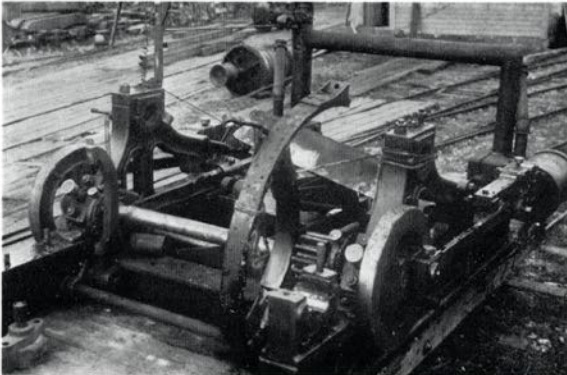


**L**AST month, one of the oldest pieces of machinery in Powell River went the "way of all flesh" and old machinery.

Twenty years ago, land clearing operations were in full blast: when foundations were being laid; when houses and homes were being erected; when hundreds of pieces of small machinery must be transported from the wharf up the, as yet, uncleared hillside. In these circumstances originated the famous Toonerville

Trolley of Powell River, or the High Line Donkey, as it is known among a coterie of lovers.

On top of the hill was the old hoist, controlling the cable line which stretched to the wharf, and over the line thousands of tons of lumber, machinery and merchandise have passed and repassed. Loads of ten and twelve tons at the end of her cable tow were every-day occurrences. For twenty years the old hoist stood at the old stand, faithfully discharging her



*The old hoist, which, since the inception of our townsite 20 years ago, has been hauling machinery, merchandise and lumber from the wharf, has now passed on to its last resting place — the boneyard.*

duties, paying out and hauling in her 1,600 feet of cable line. Ernest Liebenschel, today one of our worthy and leading citizens, operated the hoist for several years, and the transportation questions which he met and solved on the Toonerville Trolley system doubtless were determining factors in his decision to operate his own transportation company.

In recent months the long strain of years began to tell; the old hoist

began to creak a bit at the joints, and the decision to dismantle and send it to the boneyard was the inevitable result.

On the sixteenth of November the new hoist, more modern and more powerful than the old, was installed, and Harry Davies and his assistants turned to the task of dismantling their old friend—one of the oldest and most useful citizens of Powell River.

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#### WARNING TO OUR TENANTS

**Tenants are warned not to deposit hot ashes in the garbage cans at their homes.**

Several instances have recently been found where hot ashes have started fires in the garbage cans, and tenants are requested to see that the ashes are cooled off or wetted down before being deposited in the garbage cans.

—POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED.

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#### *Keep Off the Front Page*

One characteristic difference between English and Canadian and American dailies is the custom, in the former, of using the front page for advertising purposes. Seldom, if ever, is this done on this continent. If an advertiser wishes to procure this key page in, say, the *Daily Mail*, it will cost him just £1400 or \$7000. Inside pages on the same widely diffused sheet sell for \$4500.



*One of the colorful and effective scenes in the last Armistice concert was the Gypsy Love Song, staged under the direction of Mrs. J. McIntyre, and featuring the male chorus, led by Mr. T. Prothero. The cast are here shown in dress costume immediately following the concert.*

## *Pioneering in the Westview Water Field*



*The 5000-gallon tank into which the water is forced from the dam, and from there distributed to the members of the Squatters Creek Water Corporation.*

TWO years ago, in August, 1928, an earnest group of men, representing sixteen families of Westview, one of Powell River's fast-growing suburbs, conceived the plan of constructing a dam across a little stream which cut through their respective properties, and which was known as Squatters Creek. These men owned their own homes; they had, after several years of pioneering vanquished the stumps, boulders and trees. But during this busy period they had been hauling their drinking and their washing water from this same stream in buckets or what have you; either that or dragging it painfully up from wells that

many swore penetrated well into the eastern hemisphere.

Something must be done about it. This was the 20th century, not the age of the pilgrim fathers. These men had been successful in their stump and land-clearing onslaught. Was it not time to turn their energies to yet another conquest of nature and to do something about this bucket hauling and well-dragging operation?

It was. And with the germ of this idea already buzzing in their bonnets the Squatters Creek Water Association was formed. Preliminary surveys were immediately instituted, and that project which today has attained fruition, started hopefully on its way, a project which has curbed the angry waters of Squatters Creek, and which has, in many cases, eliminated the torturous trek to the stream after the conclusion of a midnight shift, or in the wee sma' hours on Monday morning.

When work on the dam site was commenced it must be remembered that practically all those engaged were paper-makers — not engineers. But they were willing—and, realizing their own shortcomings, they wisely enlisted the services of Mr. Jamieson, of the Powell River Company engineering staff, who drew the plans for the dam, and whose assistance throughout is gratefully acknowledged by members of the association. The



*Front view of the dam recently completed by a group of Westview residents. The men in the picture are the pioneers of the project: W. Gagne (left), W. Owen, N. McKnight, L. Griffith, H. Donigan, H. McPhalen.*

actual construction work on the dam was done by five doughty members, Hugh McPhalen, Harry Donigan, Lew Griffiths, N. McKnight and Wilfred Owen. It was a long, arduous undertaking; practical experience was lacking, and this must be garnered en route; funds were limited, and the working machinery, for the most part, consisted of lots of elbow grease and an optimistic disposition.

The first stage was to obtain the necessary timbers. This was a hand-logging operation in the near-by woods; impossible ground for horses; too expensive for donkies. This phase of operations was directed by "Mac" McKnight, with Harry Donigan and Lew Griffiths in the role of axe-men and general roustabouts. And according to all reports, these boys had some "roustabouting" to do before they were out of the woods. They had to swamp their own trails through stumps and difficult second growth; they felled their own timbers and were their own horses and donkies combined. Hauling out 70-foot logs by hand was, for weeks, part of their

daily bill of fare, usually after they had spent eight hours turning out Powell River newsprint. Stump-pulling was another congenial occupation to test the resisting powers of respective spines, and if some of those boys still try to touch their toes when they walk, it is only a temporary condition and will be righted in time. Wilfred Owen and Hugh McPhalen were the civil engineers of the crew, and took general charge of the preliminary surveys. They borrowed a transit for this purpose.

It was discouraging work and numerous unexpected delays continually cropped up to delay operations. Six months ago, when the dam was practically completed, the work of months was destroyed by a large washout, and construction set back for several months. In the face of adversity that might have daunted even an experienced engineer, they stuck to their posts. Often inclement weather rendered the work abortive; at other times the unavoidable difficulties entailed by shift work retarded progress. A few months back the project, which



*Another view of the dam showing excavation work necessary before the timbers were set.*

had taken the major portion of the men's spare time for over two years, was finally consummated.

The dam, as at present constructed, is 25 feet wide and 65 feet long at the base, and behind it lies the reservoir, which the association estimate holds approximately 850,000 gallons of water. The minimum flow of the creek is 125,000 gallons, and the maximum 500,000 gallons per day. Storage facilities are provided by the erection of a 5000-gallon (imperial) wood stave tank, supported by a twenty-foot tower; the tank, when full, is thirty feet above the ground and fifty feet from the dam. The tank, resting on concrete foundations, is equipped with an overflow pipe, and can be pumped to capacity at any moment without danger of overflow.

From the tank a five-inch wood stave pipe main, descending in stages to a two-inch main, will carry the water supply to householders. Each branch of this line is equipped with gate valves, which ensure that, in the event of repairs being necessary, only one section need be closed. Up to the

time of writing 3900 feet of main have been laid ready for use in the households.

The dam itself is a log-cribbed structure, with four sill logs, each 36 inches in diameter and 70 feet long, forming the base. Above the sills are cross logs, pinned together with three-quarter-inch by 36-inch drift bolts. Interesting features of the work are the protecting wings on either side of the dam to protect the ends—and the spillway located somewhere upstream, which diverts the overflow down the old river bed to join the original stream below the dam. Leading out from the bottom of the dam is a 14-inch wood stave pipe, acting as a gate, which may be opened whenever it is necessary to draw water from the pond.

In briefest outline this is how the members of the Squatters Creek Association are piping water to their homes in the suburbs of Westview. Samples of the water were recently analyzed in the laboratory of the Vancouver General Hospital, and a clear bill of health forwarded to the Association.

# EDITORS NOTES



## *The New Phone System*

THE North-West Telephone Company has acquired the telephone system at Powell River, and has already commenced improvements to it. A new telephone exchange building is under construction on Walnut Avenue near Second Street, and, when it is completed, new automatic equipment will be installed there to replace the old now in use. The Telephone Company also plans to expand its system to include not only the Townsite, but also the adjoining districts.

The radiotelephone circuit which has given this community its first telephonic connection with the outside world is to be replaced within the next few months by a submarine cable, which will be laid across the Gulf of Georgia from Powell River to Cape Lazo on Vancouver Island, where it will connect with the existing lines of the B. C. Telephone Company.

The construction of the new telephone building is being carried out by the Telephone Company's building department, of which John Johnston is superintendent. Joseph Garvie is foreman on the job, and local labor is being used as far as possible.

The new building is to be one storey high, occupying a ground space of 40 x 32 feet. It will have steel framework, and a concrete foundation

extending up to the first floor level. The remainder of the exterior will be frame, with a stucco finish. An equipment room, rest room and commercial office, with public space, counter and long-distance switchboard, will occupy the main floor. The basement will contain a garage, workshop, battery room, heating room and store room. The building will be steam heated.

The automatic apparatus to be installed in the building will be the most up-to-date made.

Miss Edith N. Stevens has been appointed as telephone agent in Powell River, and until the new office is ready she will transact business at the radio office.

## *About Paper Towels*

Paper towels are almost unknown in England, although it is many years since the paper makers gave us the chance of blotting ourselves after a bath. The simile is quite correct; the towels were not to be rubbed on the body, but to be smoothed over the flesh to absorb the moisture.

## *Circulation*

Strangely enough, in Vienna, with its present population approximately 2,000,000, there are no daily newspapers with circulations in excess of 200,000 copies. Only four dailies in the present republic have circulations above the 100,000 mark.



## THE PORT LANDING



“AND the same to you,” ses the captain, “but if you want to feel *real* ‘appy *this* Christmas, you want to loosen up right now and do your wack for these cases your papers are so full of, where babes-in-arms is shivering to death and your unemployed ain’t even got belts to tighten.”

“The poor, cap,” I ses, “we ‘ave with us always.”

“If you’re bringing the Old Book into the argument,” ses the captain, “ain’t it a damned disgrace, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, that we still refuse to bear one another’s burdens?”

“We ‘ave to provide, cap,” I ses, “for our own rainy days and arrange things so that we don’t leave too much grief be’ind us when we shuffle off.”

“But,” ses the captain, “we don’t ‘ave to make gluttons of ourselves, and if we all would give as much as we spend for extras at Christmas the unemployed could be looked after till conditions improve, and the food and clothes purchased for them would relieve the glutted state of the markets and ‘asten the return of good times.”

“You ought, cap,” I ses, “to ‘ave been a parson.”

“If I was,” ses the captain, “I wouldn’t waste my time preaching the ‘Love of God’ to any case-hardened world, I’d teach it the ‘Fear of the Devil.’”

“And, cap,” I ses, “you’d breakfast on worm-eaten souls screaming on ‘ot toast.”

“That is wot the world needs today,” ses the captain, “and if God Almighty would dish out the same treatment to us as the old European bishop got, our glut of goods would vanish and our chances of getting to ‘eaven would be considerably greater.”

“Cap,” I ses, “we’ll agree on your ‘extras’ before you give me the creeps.”

“‘ere’s me mitt and don’t ‘og the idea,” ses the captain. “If I can put the ‘Fear of God’ into all the other pot-bellied birds I meet between now and December 25th I’ll surely ‘ave one very merry Christmas.”

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### BIRTHS

- October 15—Mr. and Mrs. Gordon T. Black, a boy.  
 October 26—Mr. and Mrs. Andrea Ferrari, a boy.  
 November 6—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Gahan, a boy.  
 November 6—Mr. and Mrs. David Klossen, a girl.  
 November 7—Mr. and Mrs. Clifford H. C. Shaw, a boy.  
 November 16—Mr. and Mrs. James Paterson, a boy.  
 November 22—Mr. G. L. Stancliff and Dr. Ella Stancliff, a boy.  
 November 26—Mr. and Mrs. Jay Maslin, a girl.
- 

### *The New Bus*

The new thirty-passenger bus procured by the Powell River Transportation Company for their suburban service has been the subject of favorable comment among the regular patrons. It is large, roomy, comfortable, and will be an asset both to the company and the shiftmen when the winter months are in their full stride. The new bus station, too, is a decided acquisition.

## Personalities in Our District

**D**URING the services and celebrations attaching to Armistice Week, last month, Bert Watts and his inseparable cornet were much in the public eye. For over eight years these two bosom



friends have called Powell River "home"; and in that period every Armistice Concert and many public functions have been the better for the presence of "Cornet Watts," as he is sometimes called.

Quiet and modest in demeanor, reticent in speech, Bert is a favorite, not only in ex-service men's ranks, but with the general public. His willingness to donate his services at any public or community benefit is proverbial, and during his eight years of residence in Powell River, Bert and his cornet have been much in demand. During the annual Armistice Week, Bert is a whole beehive in himself. At the concert, as a member of the Metropolitan Orchestra, he has a full evening on his hands. In addition he appears on the stage to sound "Last Post" and Reveille, a task at which he has few peers. All the famous old army calls are an open book to Bert. He can play at a second's notice the thrilling "Stables" call of the cavalry; all the infantry

calls, "Sergeants' Mess," "Defaulters," "Long Dress," "Come and get your mail, boys," etc. These have helped to fill in many an evening of memories.

At the services held at the Cenotaph, Bert with his cornet was again in the forefront, giving the air and playing all the hymns. The following week, when the annual ex-service men's reunion is held, the only spare moment he has is when he takes time off to draw a breath. He plays again with the orchestra, gives the audience a few solos, and picks up the airs for all the old choruses. For four steady hours his talking cornet helps to maintain the spirits of the audience at their usual high standard.

In anything that will promote and stimulate community and welfare life in Powell River, you may count on Bert Watts. An original member of the 50th Battalion, Bert has won a place for himself in the esteem of Powell River. He "belongs."

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### *Hats On*

An old darkey was tending the coats upstairs in the Governor's mansion. He noticed a prominent politician tumbling them over, looking under the bed, and so on.

"Kin I help you, suh?"

"I can't find my new hat; paid \$10 for it yesterday."

"Bless you, suh. All the new hats bin gone over an hour or mo'!"



*Rovers Football Club in the Junior loop are displaying a good brand of soccer this season. Top row: J. Elliot (manager), R. Marshall, P. McAteer, W. Rees, J. Small, V. Riley, B. Birt, J. Williams, W. Smith. Bottom: R. Birt, J. Kirk, A. Button, J. Egan, G. Corckett.*

## Soccer Notes

CHIEF interest in round ball centres continues to revolve around the question of the ability of Powell River elevens to provide real competition for the strong senior squads of Vancouver.

We give it, as our honest opinion, that a local eleven will present a better brand of football in their next appearance against the Westminster Royals — provided the match is arranged.

Without raising a controversial issue, we offer the suggestion that the present Callie squad, with some stiffening from the Moose and Westview, would probably give the Royals a fairly decent contest.

The question of bringing out the "old timers" for a game against a picked local eleven is arousing considerable interest. Frankly, we feel, however, that a contest with the Royals would be more productive of first-class football, and would, on the whole, be preferred by local fans.

This is not to suggest that such a game, Old Timers vs. All Stars, be eliminated. But we believe that the league should give the whole matter careful consideration before dropping the Royals fixture. Many of the so-called Old Timers have been out of the game for some time, and will find it difficult to get into the shape necessary for an hour and a half's play. The second half might not be nearly as interesting as the first.



*Mrs. E. Murray (left) and Mrs. C. Shirley were the successful aspirants for honors in the ladies' two-ball competition.*

## GOLF NOTES

As we go to press, the final of the men's four-ball has been played. After one of the most interesting battles seen for some time on a local course, Jack Hill and Bat MacIntyre gained their first major honors, defeating Wally and Eddy Tapp 2-1. It was a stubborn contest—and one of the largest gatherings ever seen on a local course followed the finalists over the seventeen holes.

**B**EFORE this issue leaves the press, one, and possibly two, of the golf tournaments will have been decided. The men's four-ball is in the final stage and the mixed two-ball is narrowing down to the last few. Finalists in the men's

event will find those two energetic youngsters, Bat MacIntyre and Jack Hill, pitted against the strong Wally and Eddy Tapp combination.

Undoubtedly the most spectacular pre-final of matches of the series was the victory of Jack Hill and Bat MacIntyre, snatched on the 18th hole from Ed Peacock and Bruce Zumwalt. It was brilliant golf all the way, and the best ball on each hole was played three under par for the complete circuit. Having previously defeated Steve Brynjolfson and Jack Tunstall, and now with the pelt of Ed and Bruce tucked under their belts, the two lads are feeling perky, and they have every right to. Five down and four to go, they fought doggedly on to win the verdict on the final green, no small feat, with the veteran Ed Peacock, one of the steadiest players on the course, opposing them.

The mixed two-ball saw some splendid competition, probably the most exciting battle of the day being Mrs. John MacIntyre and Mr. MacKenzie's win over Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Irving on the 18th hole. The losers at one time were four down and their strong finish is to be highly commended.



By CASUAL OBSERVER

MANY of the habitual rail birds are beginning to show signs of uneasiness, and desert their usual noon hour points of vantage for the more alluring displays set forth in the store windows. "Just so many more days to do Christmas shopping" is becoming more than a vague unpleasantness, something to be passed over as a necessary but distant evil; and the dinner hour is now being absorbed by many in their search for bargains. Appointments are made with the female section of the family, who gleefully come down prepared to look over fur coats, radios, diamond rings, or some other article which they are, at this season of the year of course, willing to concede as proportionately worthy of their charms. Hubby, on the other hand, vainly attempts to divert attention to the handkerchief counter, or some place where he can see a faint hope of salvage from the next three or four pay cheques.

\* \* \*

The younger generation, too, are on their best behaviour these days. No longer are small sons and daughters to be continually admonished for a multitude of misdeeds. On the contrary, they rapidly seem to be approaching that stage of perfection peculiar to the period which existed, in theory, of course, when daddy was a boy. However, the symptoms are very familiar, and highly seasonable, and will assuredly be followed by a graphic description covering a few of the treasures obtainable in the department store basement.

\* \* \*

We were standing alongside Johnny Tunstall the other day, and nearly joined him in a heart attack, when something in a fur garment tripped daintily to the counter and asked for one cent's worth of strong cheese. Johnny hasn't had such a shock since his younger days, when he crawled under what he thought was a circus tent, and found himself in a revival meeting; but recovering somewhat, he regretfully explained that he was prohibited from supplying bait for mousetraps. "Bait be darned," was the response, "it's for my old man's supper, he's on graveyard."

\* \* \*

This is almost on a par with the fellow who staggered Dot Johnson in the stationery branch by bouncing in and saying, "You're always in my heart, may I hold you in my arms?" After changing colour three or four times, Dot was about to state that it couldn't be considered in business hours anyway, when the situation was cleared by his asking if she had the above as a gramophone record.

\* \* \*

The heartiest greetings for the festive season are extended to all our "fellow-between-whistle-loungers," with the hope that it will indeed prove to them a season of happiness and goodwill.

# reetings

*To the Officers and Employees of the Com-  
pany and to All Our Friends:*

In these days of general business depression and unemployment, the continued prosperity which has favoured our community is in striking contrast with conditions pertaining elsewhere.

This good fortune must, in a large degree, be attributed to the courage and confidence of our Directors; courage in the adoption of a progressive policy at such a time and in the determination to keep the mill running six days a week, irrespective of opposition; confidence in the ability and whole-hearted willingness of its employees to carry out this plan.

Much still remains to be done, but the year's records show that this confidence has not been misplaced. The local Management, therefore, thanks you one and all for the loyal co-operation which it has received, and faces the coming year satisfied in its conviction that you will obtain the exacting results so peculiarly essential to present success.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



*Resident Manager.*





\*\*\*\*\*  
**SANTA  
CLAVS  
WILL  
ARRIVE**  
AT  
DWIGHT HALL

**AT 3 P.M.**

20<sup>TH</sup> DECEMBER 1930

AND WISHES

TO MEET ALL KIDDIES

WHO ARE NOT OVER

9 YEARS OLD

\*\*\*\*\*  
**BE ON TIME**

PARENTS ARE REQUESTED  
TO HAVE ALL CHILDREN WHO  
ARE NOT OVER THE AGE OF 9  
ATTEND AT THIS DATE AND TIME