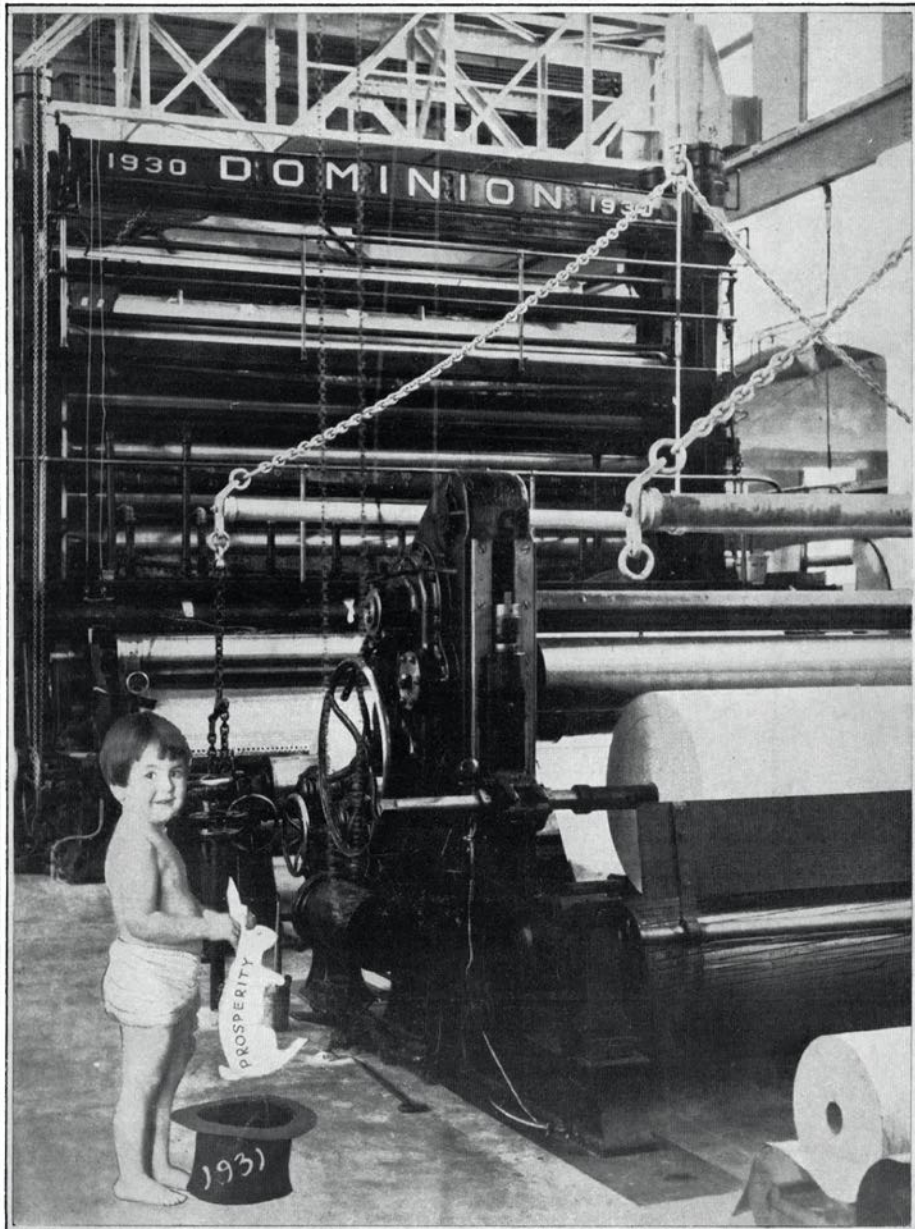


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. IO

JANUARY-1931

NO. I



Below the down the stranded town  
    What may betide forlornly waits,  
With memories of smoky skies,  
    When Gallic navies crossed the straits;  
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,  
And cannon thundered through the night.

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide  
    Bore to the harbour barque and sloop;  
Across the bar the ship of war,  
    In castled stern and lanterned poop,  
Came up with conquests on her lee,  
The stately mistress of the sea.

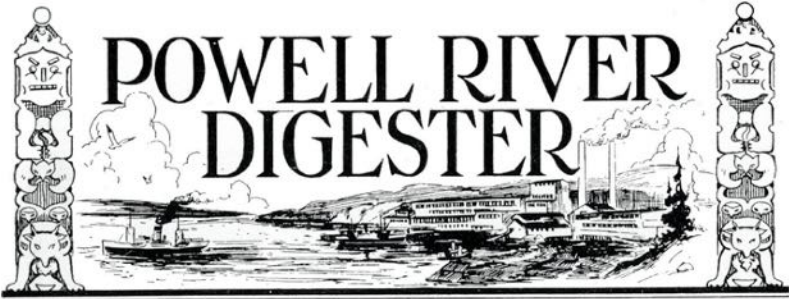
Where argosies have wooed the breeze,  
    The simple sheep are feeding now;  
And near and far across the bar  
    The ploughman whistles at the plough;  
Where once the long waves washed the shore,  
Larks from their lowly lodgings soar.

Below the down the stranded town  
    Hears far away the rollers beat;  
About the wall the seabirds call;  
    The salt wind murmurs through the street;  
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride  
Awaits the end that shall betide.

—From "A Cinque Port,"

By JOHN DAVIDSON.





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. 10

JANUARY, 1931

No. 1

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## The Cover Page

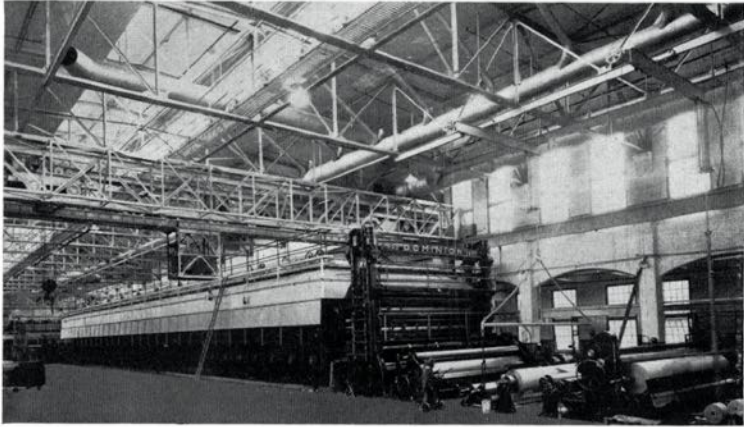
The magician on our cover page this month is little Miss Margaret Sleigh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Sleigh of Powell River. She is conjuring out of the hat of 1931 the rabbit of prosperity, as she stands beside No. 7 Machine, Powell River's latest paper maker. We hope and believe No. 7's little mascot has made no mistake and that she has indeed brought forth a continuance of the prosperity which our community has enjoyed for many years.

Elsewhere in these pages we briefly review the story of the successful operations of the Powell River Company during eighteen years of newsprint manufacturing. In the face of world-wide depression, our residents have been in a unique position in the past twelve months, and every citizen of Powell River is heartily in accord with Margaret as she performs the prosperity trick with the 1931 hat.

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Avoid Street Intersections When Parking

## *No. 7 Swings to Production*



*Powell River's seventh newsprint machine, with a capacity of 150 tons a day, is now in operation.*

ON Tuesday, December 30, the Powell River Company's new newsprint machine commenced its paper-making life. For a week previous, engineers, operating staff and machine crew were busy imparting the finishing touches to the big 226-inch paper machine. The wire was tested; the machine was turned over; stacks and dryers were gradually and carefully warmed up. Preparations proceeded swiftly, but with care and precision. Comparatively little difficulty was experienced, and Number 7, on the above date, turned out her first official run, which was immediately packed and shipped to the *Vancouver Province*. Two days later, editions printed on the first paper manufactured on the new machine were being read by British Columbia residents.

There are men in our townsite today to whom the installation of a seventh machine will conjure up many memories. They will remember how, just twenty years ago, they arrived in Powell River to find a wilderness of trees and stumps on the site where the largest newsprint mill on the Pacific Coast now stands. They still recall that day in May, 1912, when the first roll of newsprint ever manufactured in British Columbia left Powell River on its maiden journey down the Gulf of Georgia.

It was just eighteen years ago—this first construction period. In those years these pioneers have participated in four distinct periods of expansion; have seen the plant expand from a two-machine mill, with an output of 125 tons a day, to a seven-machine plant, whose daily capacity is now

*The 2,700-foot wood stave pipe line crawls snake-like along the banks of Lois between the temporary and permanent dam sills.*



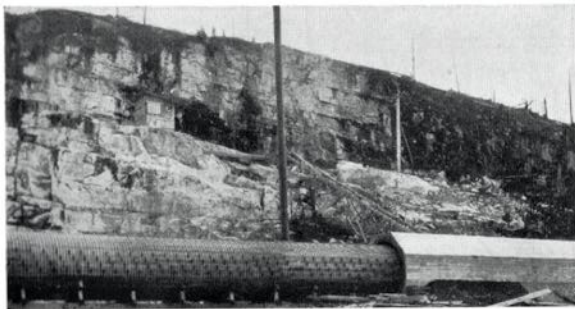
650 tons of newsprint; and watched the population of the townsite swell out to more than five times its original complement.

The first two machines were installed in the spring of 1911. Their speeds were 650 feet a minute, with widths of 156 inches and 156 inches respectively. One year later, Numbers 3 and 4, 184 inches wide and operating at a speed of 670 feet per minute, raised the machine complement to four and the daily output to 250 tons. The third and largest expansion period, making paper at the rate of 1,000 feet a minute, doubled

the capacity of Powell River newsprint mill.

And the fourth period of expansion history is now on the last leg of its journey. Number 7 machine is already in action and making paper. There remains yet the completion of the big hydro-electric project at Lois River to write finis to the fourth chapter. This will be completed probably next month, when the first power, other than that developed in Powell Lake, will hum over the transmission line.

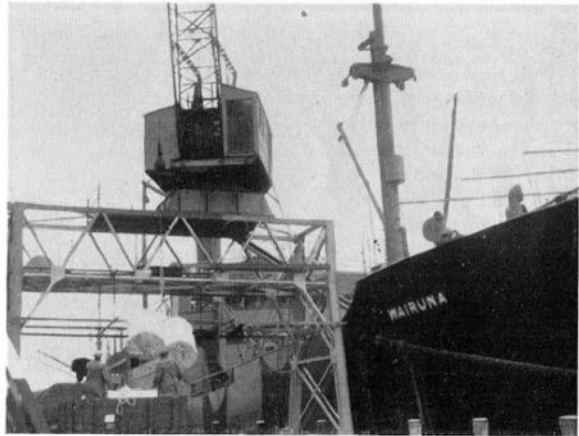
Number 7 is the final word in newsprint machine construction. De-



*Where the temporary and permanent installations meet. The wood stave pipe line is succeeded by the 12 ft. 6 in. concrete pipe line at the permanent dam site.*

**When Visiting, Remember the Parking Light**

*Powell River newsprint being unloaded in a New Zealand harbor. Soon the output of No. 7 will be sent to many parts of the western hemisphere.*



signed for speeds up to 1,400 feet a minute, its daily output of 150 tons will exceed the united capacity of the two original machines installed in 1912. The new machine is undoubtedly one of the most modern and efficiently designed now in operation. Combined with the experience of the manufacturers, which has gone into its construction, are several installations, conceived, planned and supervised by Powell River Company engineers and operating staff, and which appear on no other machine now in operation. These are practical applications of knowledge, garnered by close observation and lengthy experience in the local plant, and are expected to greatly enhance the efficiency of the machine and to improve the quality of the finished sheet. In the preliminary runs, great gratification was expressed over the results obtained, and company officials are

confident that Number 7 will more than fulfil the expectation entertained of her efficiency. The comparative smoothness of the opening run was in itself a highly satisfactory performance.

### *Let's Go!*

"She looks good" is the succinct remark of the paper makers after watching their latest pet go through her paces. Fred Riley, Ikey Valentine, and Tom Carney are already beginning to tell the world what No. 7 will do when "she gets goin'." Bets are already being exchanged as to the relative performance of the new machine in comparison with the splendid run which 5 and 6 have consistently maintained during the past year. "Watch us go in 1931" is at the masthead in the new machine room.



## Personalities in Our District

**C**OULD you please direct me to the cashier?"

"Yes, madam, (or sir), just through that door, turn to your right, the first wicket on your left.



This is an inquiry which, on several days each month, greets our information department. Bills must be paid and the man who collects a big portion of the bonded indebted-

ness of our residents is Mr. Harry Sandifer, better known as "Sandy," Powell River Company cashier.

In the sanctity of his cage, Sandy is czar of all he surveys. Bold indeed is the man, irrespective of official position, noble birth, or ancient pedigree, who presumes to assail Sandy's sanctum with impunity. He is the cashier de luxe, a living exponent of law and order in cashiers' offices, as well as in governments. The belligerent or hurried customer, attempting to disrupt the salutary serenity of existence in this realm of high finance, quickly finds his truculence oozing away, when Sandy, with the special steely glare reserved for such occasions, turns his inquiring orbs toward the wicket. The Little Father of All the Russias, in the full bloom of his unfettered sway, might have imbibed many a useful lesson in absolute despotism from Sandy. In his throne room, in the

cashier's office, he is the supreme war lord—a Caesar, a Charlemagne and a Ghengis Khan in one.

This is Mr. Harry Sandifer of the business world. In the outside world his mildness is proverbial. In private life he is a modern Mr. Pickwick, genial, affable, courteous. He is the Squire Allworthy to the girls in the Staff House. He is the Luther Burbank of townsite horticulturists—and a musician of parts.

Alexandre Dumas, in one of his less widely read but most charming novels, "The Black Tulip," tells of the incredible passion of the Dutch burgomasters of the middle ages for tulips. Sandy resembles the Dutch burgomaster, not necessarily in his passion for tulips alone, but in his general love for flowers and gardening pursuits. Each year in the spring and autumn, he is found in the garden of the Staff House, pulling weeds, retouching and redecorating his beloved garden—one of the show places of the district.

Sandy has been with the Powell River Company for the past decade, arriving here after the war. He is an authority on many subjects, including feminine management; is the only man in the district, as far as we are aware, who has truly accomplished the art of dominating, (and at times, ignoring), women and making them like it. Sandy is a popular and well-known figure in our midst, but this one feature alone entitles him to a place high on the honored list of Personalities of Our District.

**Fire Hydrants Were Not Built for Parking**

## *Through the Golden Gate with Powell River Newsprint*



*The new home of The San Francisco News, at 812 Mission street, near Fourth street. This building is one of America's finest newspaper plants. Powell River newsprint is shipped direct to The News from the mill, via the Pacific Coast sea route.*

**I**N March 21, 1903, a small, unimposing, four-page news sheet appeared on the streets of San Francisco. It was not much of a newspaper, as metropolitan dailies go today. Only 150 subscribers had signed on the dotted line; and San Francisco, even at that time, comprehended a population close to 300,000 people. The office headquarters were equally unimpressive. The paper was issued from a room 25x40 feet, converted from

a dining-room, and served as business office, editorial room and print shop combined. A good antique auctioneer might have secured fancy prices for the furniture of this office and press room. The press had been purchased from a Chinatown newspaper and had already outlived its usefulness; a few old tables and a couple of third or fourth hand desks decorated the editorial and news section of the common room. The editor, like Mussolini, was a man of many parts. He



*Where the San Francisco News printed their first edition after the Great Fire. An old tent, erected amid the ruins and devastation of the fire served as headquarters for many weeks.*

held the portfolios of editor, treasurer, city editor, and foreman. And when the first issue stumbled off the old press, he and two doughty reporters forsook their other duties, and, with the first 150 copies in their three respective hands, dashed out in the murky air of 'Frisco to deliver a copy to the bars, stores and doorsteps. They politely told their prospective permanent customers "that if it hurts, don't pay us"—in other words, "if you like our paper after the first week, we'll talk about money then."

Such, in a few words, is the inside story of the first humble beginnings of the *San Francisco News*, which a few months ago, to meet the pressing demands of expanding business, moved their headquarters to the fine new building at 812 Mission Street, shown in the accompanying illustration.

Today, the "S. F. News," as it is known to every paper-maker in Powell River, takes rank among the large newspapers of the Pacific Coast. From its offices, 95,000 newspapers are distributed daily to the people of

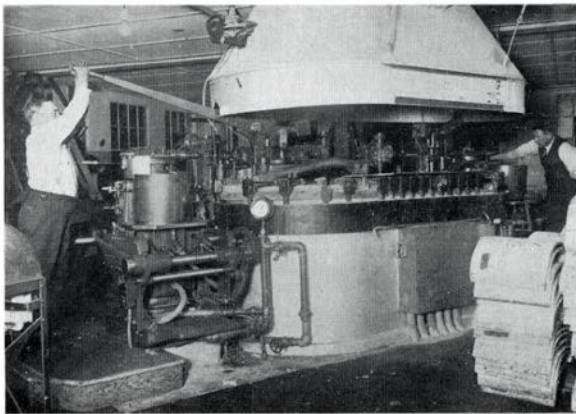
the Golden Gate and vicinity. The new *News* building is a source of just pride to the owners, who have seen it advance from the pristine beginnings, suggested above, to its present position of dignity and influence. It is considered as among the most modern and efficiently equipped buildings on the continent.

### *Electrical Break Detectors*

In 1903, the *News* started its news distributing career on an old, puny, flat press, which turned out at best about 500 four-page papers an hour. Today their big 300-ton, 12-unit electrical press, driven by a 600-h.p. motor, rolls out 125,000 32-page papers every 60 minutes. Each of the twelve units of the new press can be operated as a separate press, or any number of units may be run as desired. Of particular interest to paper-makers and paper mill men generally are the electrical break detectors, which instantly stop the presses when a break occurs in the sheet. The old delays, accompanying a break, which necessitated the re-threading of the

**The "Other Fellow" Is Not Always the Careless One**





*The 10-ton metal pot from which press plates are cast is shown below. In the pot, lead is heated to 600 degrees Fahrenheit by electricity.*

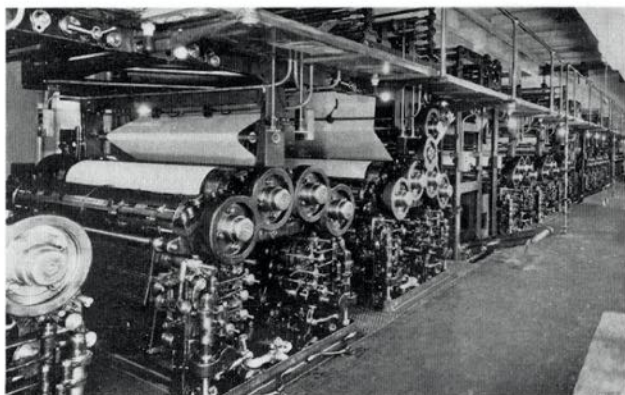
sheet through the cylinder, are now eliminated. Every rotating part of the press is balanced to the minutest fraction of an inch to ensure speed—and highly refined steel is necessary to withstand the friction and wear of the big presses, which in their daily grind spin out over 200 miles of newspaper.

The linotype battery of the News consists of twenty-two Mergenthaler machines; a linotype material caster, a monotype material caster, two Lud-

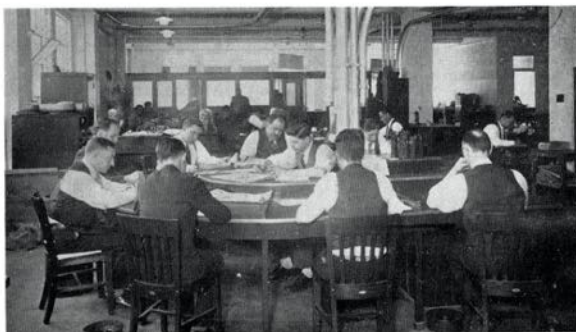
low type casters, and more than 100 cases of type, with the necessary auxiliary equipment for this department. Ten tons of stereotype metal and over 30 tons of paper a day are consumed in the daily production of the News. Here again it is a far cry from the pioneering days, when a few pounds of newsprint and less than 300 lbs. of metal were sufficient for a day's run.

The new five-storey News building provides ample space and comfortable

*The huge line of presses that print The News is shown above. They are capable of delivering 125,000 32-page papers every hour. Thirty-four men are needed to operate this department on a full production schedule.*







*The nine - plate, all-steel copy desk in the editorial department over which all news copy must pass and be edited before being put into type.*

accommodation for the numerous departments directly connected with, and indirectly allied to, the business of news gathering. Spacious quarters have been provided for all; and utility combines with comfort in the "new News." Of special interest is the installation of steel furniture throughout the building. In the editorial room, in the spacious quarters of the United Press Service, in the circulation department—in all the various sections, the steel desk and table impart smartness and modernity. In all, 61,500 square feet of floor space is utilized to meet the requirements of the daily issues of the *S. F. News*.

The *News* is one of the twenty-six journals which today are brought within the scope of the Scripps-Howard influence and tradition. When the paper was founded in 1903, E. W. Scripps acted as financial backer, with William D. Wasson and the late Hamilton B. Clarke as his colleagues and active assistants. These were stirring days in and about the Golden Gate—and the early history of the *News* is full of the ro-

manance and adventures of news gathering, in the days before the taxi solved the problem of quick inter-city transportation.

There were no automobiles then; shanks mare and the old quadruped bore the brunt of the news gathering offensive. Mr. Paul C. Edward, now editor of the *San Diego Sun*, tells how he carried assignments for the *News* in the early days. He was supplied with a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a horse, none of whose ancestors had ever been entered in the Kentucky Derby, or in any race where speed was essential. On this he used to dash along his beat, and at every step Dobbin's tail playfully tickled his face. Economy on driving space was the order of the day.

The growth of the 1903 fledgling was rapid and vigorous. By January, 1904, the old press had been succeeded by a fellow of more modern and sturdy build. The old quarters had been evacuated. Optimism had replaced early uncertainty. By 1906 the *News* was on its feet and, with a circulation climbing swiftly, saw the picture of an assured and pros-

**Remember the Kiddies—and Avoid Reckless Driving**



*One of the batteries of linotypes that set news in the composing room on the third floor.*

1

perous future. Everything looked rosy, when one of those disastrous events outside of human calculation intervened.

In April, 1906, came the Great Fire, which spread ruin and disaster in its wake. Many considered that finis had been written to the history of the Golden Gate as a great Pacific metropolis. For weeks chaos and disorganization ruled. Business was paralyzed; residents were leaving in thousands the havoc-strewn streets and shattered buildings; morale was at a low ebb; pessimism ran rampant. The newspapers ceased publication, and not until May 5 did the first post-fire issue appear on the streets. That honor belongs to the *News*, and in their leading article confidence and optimism were urged as means of erecting a new and greater San Francisco. In the fire most of the newspaper offices were wholly or partly destroyed, and much valuable equipment and many priceless records were lost or consumed in the flames. Some of the *News* equipment

had been saved, and a few hardy members entered a deserted but not entirely ruined print shop, and managed to print an extra the day of the earthquake—the only one published. These copies are among the most highly prized in the *News* archives today.

Before the fire, five large newspapers existed in San Francisco. Only two of the original Big 5, which were then the *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Examiner*, and *Post*, retain their original identity unchanged. The *Post* and *Bulletin* have been absorbed; and the *Call*, originally a morning sheet, now publishes only an evening edition. The *Chronicle* and *Examiner* have become large and influential sheets on the Pacific Coast. The *News*, then one of the smaller sheets, has persisted, and throughout the twenty-seven years of life has watched its circulation steadily climb to over 5,000 times its first issue and its influence become wide extended in the new and greater San Francisco that arose from the ashes of 1906.

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# EDITORS NOTES



## *Parking Your Car*

TEN years ago there were scarcely more than ten miles of navigable road-bed in the Powell River district.

Powell River has grown since then. Our population has more than doubled. The number of motor vehicles has increased six hundred fold. But road extension work has necessarily been unable to keep pace with the enormous increase in automobile owners and with the population growth. The major portion still clusters around the few square miles in the heart of the townsite. With approximately 600 cars in the district passing and repassing the down town area sometime during the day, the parking problem has come to the fore in Powell River.

A good percentage of the motor accidents in the vicinity this year have resulted from carelessness and neglect of parking regulations. In the down town area, several parking spots have been provided for the convenience of motorists. One is located at First avenue and Maple street, beside the lumber yard; a second park is provided on the ground just below the engineering office; a third is on the grounds adjacent to the office quarters on Second street.

These are the recognized parking spots in the townsite, and car owners

are urged to utilize them whenever possible, rather than parking promiscuously on the main centre of traffic. In the one-way route around the Rodmay Hotel, for example, several accidents have been narrowly avoided as a result of cars being parked carelessly on the roadside.

A similar situation crops up at Ocean View and Second streets. More than one expensive accident resulted from owners parking their cars too close to the intersection, and increasing the possibility of collision with cars turning in from the Ocean View road. The townsite authorities request that in the event of parking being necessary on the road, that those responsible allow themselves a clear fifty feet from the corner. A similar regulation appears in connection with fire hydrants. All car owners are asked to co-operate by parking at least 25 feet on either side of a hydrant.

It is no exaggeration to say that a large number of automobile accidents in Powell River have been caused by failure to observe sensible precautions in parking or to leave vehicles in the special locations provided. Parking on the roadside without sufficient road clearance and without a rear light showing have been contributory features in more than one costly accident.

**Dimming Is an Act of Courtesy and a Safe Precaution**



## *The Paper Mill Beater Room*



*Section of the  
beater room,  
showing  
tanks.*

**I**N the manufacture of newsprint there are two great streams—the sulphite stream and the groundwood stream. Both these streams flow towards one common head—the larger newsprint river. To drop the metaphor, finished newsprint is formed from ground wood pulp and sulphite pulp, mixed in definite proportions, usually about 75 per cent. of the former and 25 per cent. of the latter. Groundwood pulp is the ordinary wood ground into a porridge-like pulp. The sulphite pulp is wood chips, formed into a pulp by a special cooking process and it is the latter that preserves the fibre and imparts strength to the sheet.

The beater room of a paper mill is the confluence of these two streams. Here for the first time, the groundwood and sulphite streams join hands and then united in pouring, form the main stream—the finished newsprint sheet.

The sulphite and groundwood pulp, after screening, is pumped to the beater room in different pipes, each leading into separate storage tanks. From there the required quantities of each pulp is admitted into the big beater tanks for mixing. Looking for all the world like a gigantic mass of porridge, this stock is thoroughly agitated and intermingled before passing on to the machine room where the newsprint is made.

This, in general, is the function of the beater room—the mixing of the pulp. But other vitally important, if less noticeable, features of the newsprint process are consummated here. Here the coloring and injections for the brightening and whitening of the sheet, are added.

The question of color is one of the most important concerns of the Powell River Company in the formation of their finished sheet of newsprint. In recent years, thousands of dollars have





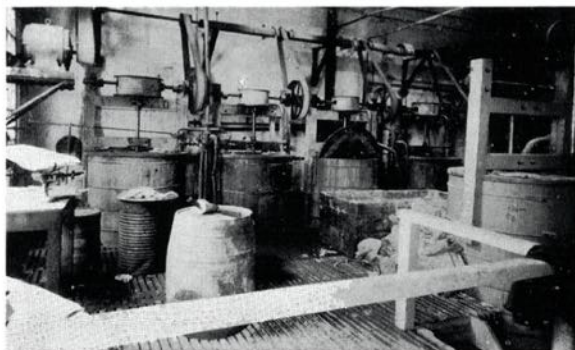
*Huge amounts of alum are used in the daily production of newsprint. Picture shows sacks in the beater room.*

been spent—and are still being spent—on experiments designed to improve and perfect the quality of Powell River newsprint. In an ordinary twenty-four hours' run of the ordinary white newsprint, in the neighborhood of 1500 gallons of color are used. When the special colored news is being run, this is greatly augmented. Coloring in the ordinary white and cream newsprint can be compared to a lady using bluing to whiten the family wash. The groundwood has a tendency to form a yellow tinged sheet which must be eliminated by the

injection of red and blue color in proper proportions.

There are more factors that may affect the shade of newsprint. These may be located in the wood room, in the groundwood or in the sulphite departments, long before the actual coloring is added in the beaters. The new installations at Powell River have been designed and planned to eliminate every possible feature that might affect the color and quality of the newsprint. These are in addition to the experiments and tests constantly being carried on in the beater room. Many facts in connection with color

*Color room in the beater room, where all colors are mixed before going on the wire as finished newsprint.*



have been observed and successfully applied. The problem is being vigorously attacked and in recent months very gratifying results have been obtained.

Another important ingredient in the final mixing of newsprint stock is the addition of alum. Thousands of pounds of alum are used in Powell River beater rooms to brighten the pulp and deter premature fading.

When the stock leaves the beater room it is ready for the final paper-making process. All the subsidiary ingredients, which are highly essential to the production of quality newsprint are introduced here and the final condition of the sheet is to a large extent determined in the beater rooms. It is very exacting work, for the slightest carelessness with mixing or insertion of the different ingredients materially detract from the appearance and utility of the sheet.



## THE PORT LANDING



"THANK GOD," ses the captain, "that things is beginning to improve. All along the line peoples' faces are getting shorter and their strained looks is gradually cracking into smiles."

"Do you think, cap," I ses, "there is any real improvement?"

"Christmas," ses the captain, "'as intervened, and for a while we're

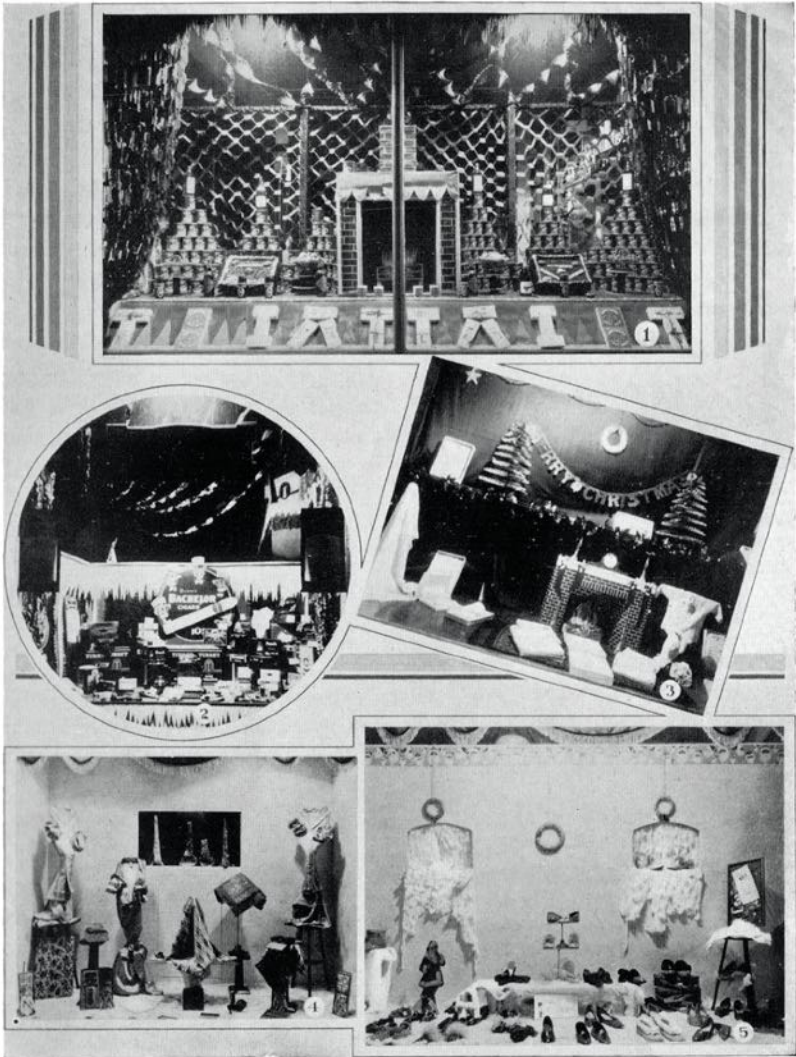
acting like Christians, and all over the world folks 'as losened up and is succoring and 'elping the out-of-works and the other unfortunates. There is nothing equal to a good shot of the Christmas spirit to dispel wot we call 'ard times; which nowadays are merely a mixture of delusion and bad management."

"We're in a state," ses the captain, "of transition, with the Devil on one side and the Deep Sea on the other, and it ain't occurred to us that neither the Devil nor the Deep Sea is preventing us from going a'cad or astern. The troubles of King Tut 'ave become our joys and 'is joys 'ave become our sorrows. Eventually, some wise bird will come from the East, or possibly the West, and show us that groaning granaries, various changes of raiment and an overdose of the fat of the land generally is 'ardly a state of affairs to go moaning to the Almighty about."

"Is there any chance, cap," I asks, "that we killed off that bird from the East, in mistake for a budding optimist, while the War was on."

"We probably did," ses the captain, "and that may be causing the delay, but 'istory 'as a 'abit of repeating 'erself and she probably 'as a couple of chasers up 'er sleeve. Einstein, who knows wot's going on twenty-four billion miles away, may step on a banana skin and discover wot's going on under 'is nose, or Rockyfeller may write a book on 'ow the world may be 'appy though wealthy."

# Store Christmas Displays



1. Grocery.

2. Tobacco.

3. Children's Wear.

4. Men's Wear.

5. Women's Shoes.

Sometimes the Pedestrian Is Right!



### *Birth Notice*

Nurse: "Professor, a boy has arrived."

Professor (absent-mindedly): "Ask him what he wants."

### *No Occupation*

"What do you do?"

"I keep house, scrub, scour, bake, wash dishes, cook, do the laundry, iron, sew."

And the census taker listed her: "Housewife—no occupation."

A University student, when sitting for an examination, was asked to compose one verse of poetry including the words "analyse" and "anatomy."

He wrote:

My analyse over the ocean,  
My analyse over the sea,  
Oh, who will go over the ocean  
And bring back my anatomy.

Wife (angrily): "I'm going to discharge that chauffeur. He nearly killed me yesterday."

Husband (beseechingly): "Please, dear, give the poor man another chance."

A Los Angeles newspaper, incidentally, reports that during a recent wind storm, seventeen Austins were counted passing over a Hollywood hotel.

Angler (pointing to huge dirigible passing overhead): "It's one like that, that got away from me last week."

Young Wife: "Is the cocktail O.K. dear?"

Husband: "Rather, just like Mother used to shake."

### *Origin of the Grand Canyon*

Once upon a time, in Colorado, an Aberdonian dropped a sixpence in a rabbit hole—!

—*The Canny Tales Calendar.*

### *Oh, Doctor!*

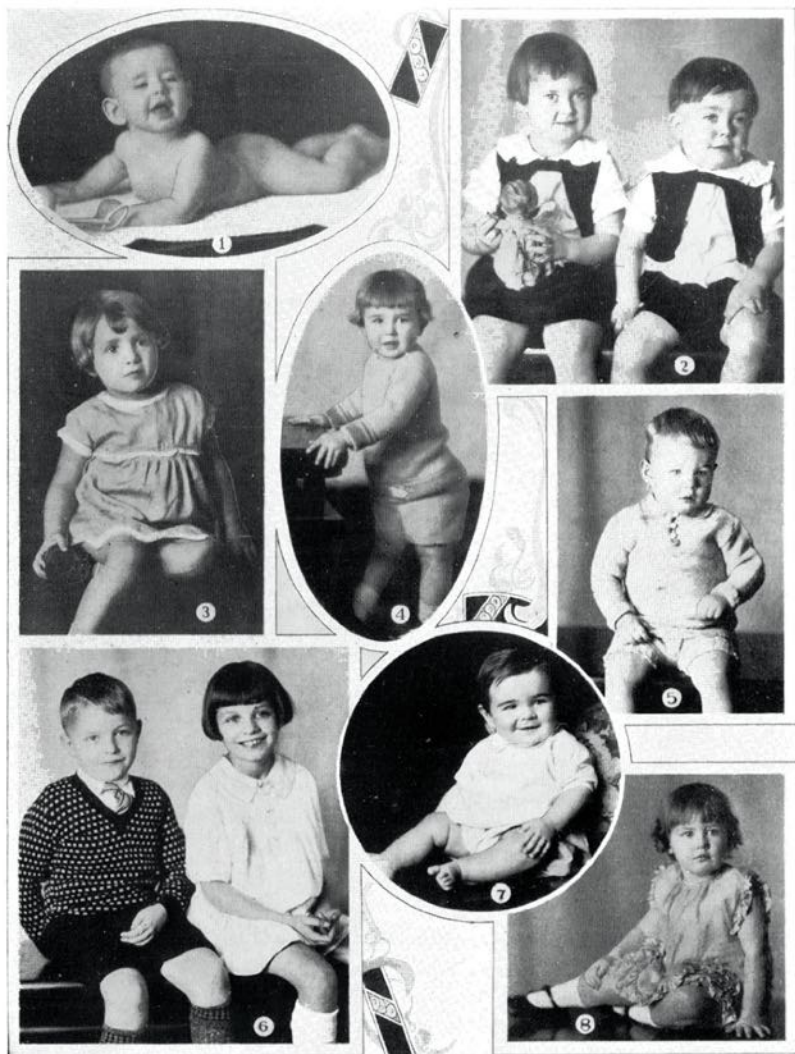
"You remember when you cured my rheumatism a couple of years ago, Doc?" asked the patient, "and you told me that I should avoid dampness?"

"Yes, that's right," replied the doctor, approvingly.

"Well, I've come to ask you if I can take a bath."



# *Powell River Children*



1. Grantland Paynter.      2. Lois Aurelia and Kenneth Yale Baynton.      3. Patricia Stevens.  
 4. Warren Loughhead.      5. Donald Cameron Pinny.      6. Gordon and Helen Knight.  
 7. Bruce Thomson.      8. Marjory Randall.

**Slow Down at Intersections: There Are No Trains to Beat!**



# AROUND THE PLANT

 STEVE BRYNJOLFSON spent the greater part of his Christmas and New Year holidays cavorting around Colwood Golf Course. He brought back with him a sample of the new golf ball, now being used by certain clubs in the States. Looks as big as a house until you get used to it. For purely selfish and entirely mercenary motives we hope Steve's sojourn on Colwood has sharpened the old eagle eye to a piercing pitch.

Chief interest in Powell River, over the festive season, was the start of No. 7 machine on her paper-making career. On New Year's Eve, the big fellow settled down and began to purr along like a veteran. Mr. Bell-Irving and Bert Killin arrived at the Paper Makers' Ball with smiles a mile long. Everybody, naturally happy on this evening, had an added fillip for merry-making.

The stock was in excellent condition for the big New Year's run. Down below in the beater room, Vic Price, Al Hansen, Al Hatch and their fellow beater engineers for the evening, kept the stock flowing freely. For this particular run, a reasonably damp sheet was required. We have

yet to hear of anyone complaining of lumps in the stock.

The only lumps we saw that night  
Were the lumps behind the hips.

Too bad they don't hold the championship flights around the holiday season. Judging from some of the exhibitions staged on or about Christmas and New Year's Day, anything under 120 would stand a good chance of bringing home the ham and eggs.



This very sedate and orderly procession is intended to depict three of our well-known paper makers, at say, 9.30 on New Year's Eve. Quietly, orderly, if, with slight anticipation, they moved sedately towards the refreshment bureau. Curtain.

Two hours later. Here are two of the same trio, much of their sedateness dissipated; much of their quiet replaced by hilarious and resounding mirth. What happened to the third?



**There Are Two Sides to Every Question: Also to Every Road!**

We say with Kipling,  
 What became of Mukerjee?  
 Ask Mahomed Yar.  
 Prodding Siva's Sacred Bull  
 Down the Bow Bazaar.  
 Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh,  
 Question land and sea,  
 Ask the Indian Congress men  
 Only don't ask me!



This little cut depicts how our office stenographers look after their P's and Q's. That's all right, but who is going to look after our stenographers? This casualty list mounts daily. Just about the time that little lad in the swaddling clothes poked his nose around the corner with his message of joy and hope, the office staff—the male portion at least—were hurled into deep mourning. Nan Alexander, who along with Marjorie Legg, rules undisputed in the purchasing offices, went and got herself engaged. Then, just as we came out of mourning, up pops Louise Hillier, chief autocrat of the accounting department, with a similar ultimatum. Back we dashed for the mourning vestments and to date we still wear 'em. Afraid to take them off since there's no telling how soon we're going to need them.

Well, it might be worse. If it is all black up here, there are at least a couple of lads about these parts who see the world through rose tinted specs and nobody up in this

section can blame them. But it makes us wonder what further shocks the spring has in store for us.

When the new B. & W. boiler in the steam plant started percolating last month, Tom Wyborn, Jack Richardson, Sam Rees and their cohorts looked like nine-tenths of Powell River would look if they ever struck oil in the Turner Valley. Sam claims he hasn't had such a thrill since he kept steam going on the old *Penhurst* the day she sunk her first Heinie submarine.



And there is very little necessity to enlarge on the significance of this little insertion. It speaks for itself and for 500 families in Powell River. The only thing about it is that the chap in this cut has a far bigger start than most of us.

Powell River is famous for the quality of its newsprint, for its lawns and gardens, its community hall, athletic activities, etc. It now promises to become famous for the quality and quantity of "Boston Bulls" seen on our streets. Hughie McLean, Gus Schuler and Harry Donigan have recently joined the ranks of Boston Bull owners to swell the number already established. We suggest these owners get together this summer and hold an open field day to include the 100-yard dash, hoop jumping, chasing golf balls, etc.

## *Special Courses Available in Local High School*

**I**N the forefront of activity in Powell River and district during the past year has been the big \$8,000,000 expansion programme undertaken by the Powell River Company. The magnitude of this work—the installation of a new machine, the erection of new buildings, and the fascinating hydro-electric project at Lois River—has overshadowed other important but less prominent changes that have been quietly proceeding.



*Mr. R. Beaton,  
who has been  
appointed as  
instructor in  
charge of  
technical  
training.*

Perhaps one of the most significant features in the community life of Powell River has been the expansion and addition to educational facilities in local schools. With the beginning of the September term, a salutary and distinct innovation was ushered into the school curriculum, by the introduction of a special technical course for high school students, and the establishment of a class in home economics for girl students.

The formation of a special technical course in Powell River is one that, for some time, has occupied the attention of the teaching staff and the school board. Powell River is an industrial community, and the ordinary high school course, with university entrance as its ultimate aim, was felt to be insufficient to meet the ambition of youngsters desirous of following paper-making or other branches of industry.

As a result, special technical courses have been provided for high school students, and the local institution now not only fulfils all the obligations and purposes of the ordinary high school, but of a technical school as well. Students wishing to continue scholastic careers may do so as before, receive their matriculation, and enter university in the usual fashion. Those primarily interested in industrial training may enroll in the special technical section, where they receive the special training preparatory to an industrial career.

The programme for these classes is fairly comprehensive and was laid down provisionally by the management of the Powell River Company and Mr. John Kyle, Organizer of Technical Education for the Province of B. C. This course was designed as an experiment in broad industrial education, with special reference to its relation to the paper industry, and





*Young industrialists in the making. Students at Powell River High School are taking advantage of the special facilities offered in the new technical extension course now on the school curriculum.*

considerable latitude was to be allowed the instructor as to the manner of handling the scheme. In reality, practically no deviation has been made from the original programme.

The course extends over a two or three-year period. The first year (this present one) the pupils take a specially selected course in Physics, which includes Heat, Mechanics, Magnetism and Electricity, and such extra mathematics as may be necessary to meet the problems in these subjects. The school is well equipped to carry out all the first year experiments involved, equipment being provided by the Powell River School Board in conjunction with the Board of Education. These science classes occupy about half of the total weekly allotment under the scheme, and, judged from this year's attendance and enthusiasm, appear popular.

The remainder of the time is devoted to manual training, including woodwork, sheet metal work and machine shop procedure. For this training, a good screw cutting lathe, with a 7-foot bed and 7-inch centres, has

been provided, along with a full complement of tools. A power post drill and a double wheel grinder, all driven by a 2-h.p. electric motor, is included. Other installations are a small jig saw, driven independently, a portable forge and anvil, and complete small tool equipment for carpentry and fitter's work.

It is to the credit of the pupils that they have installed the whole of the line and countershafts and mounted the machinery themselves, in addition to making a number of benches, cupboards and racks for the accommodation of tools, etc. One morning each week is devoted to draughting. The second year will probably be more specifically directed towards engineering as applied to the paper industry, but the first year is of necessity devoted to laying a technical foundation. At present this work is confined to Grades IX and XI, with an enrolment of 24 pupils. It is believed that next year the popularity of the technical courses will be greatly extended, with a considerable increase in attendance.



## *The Home Economics Course*

By MISS HAZEL ROBERTSON

*Supervisor, Home Economics Department.*

*Miss Hazel Robertson is in charge of the Home Economics Course.*

**T**HIS fall, over one hundred Powell River school girls donned white uniforms and searched their homes for needles, thimbles, scissors and tape measures in readiness for anything and everything that Home Economics courses may have to offer.

Home Economics is the social science of housekeeping and home making. It includes the study of food, clothing and shelter, from the standpoint of health, economics, and

art, and a study of the relation of each member of the family to each other and to the community at large.

The course is offered to three public school grades—VI, VII, VIII. A three-year elective course in either Nutrition or Clothing, or both is available to high school girls. This year all the girls in Grades IX and X elected Nutrition and in addition to the Nutrition course, eighteen girls elected Clothing.

The questions of the girls have been many and varied: "Who is going to wash the dishes?" "Why do we have to take off our shoes to be weighed?" "Who is going to eat the things we cook?"

Several weeks' experience in the Home Economics classroom have



*Girl students find the new home economics course, under the direction of Miss Hazel Robertson, an interesting and instructive addition to their regular work. The home economics course was instituted this year and has proved very popular.*

**Our Roads at Present Favor the Moderate Driver**

cleared away a few hazy notions. The girls have found that Home Economics has to do with everything which concerns the home. With this broadening of the subject, the name Domestic Science has given place to that of Home Economics.

The course deals with three definite phases — Nutrition, Clothing and Home Management. Besides the actual preparation and serving of dishes, Nutrition involves a study of foods and their relation to health. Clothing is a very broad subject, covering such topics as laundry, textiles, color and design, relation of clothing to health, suitability to wearer and occasion, as well as the actual making of garments. Under the name of Home Management, such studies as care and furnishing of the home, budgeting and home care of the sick, are pursued.

The Home Economics room is splendidly equipped. It accommo-

dates 24 pupils. Four girls work at one table. For each group of four there is an electric stove. A frigidaire, electric toaster, an electric iron, three sewing machines are some of the larger pieces of equipment.

The laboratory is exceptionally well equipped for the study of these various phases. Considering the splendid equipment and the evident enthusiasm of the girls, a profitable year is forecast for Home Economics.

### *Why Are Children Absent From School?*

The outstanding reason for children being absent from school is illness. Colds usually account for 50 per cent. or more of the total school absence. This means that the school should treat colds as a real enemy and do all that it can to prevent this common malady.

—Hygeia.

*Crowds waiting for the opening of Dwight Hall at the annual Powell River Company Children's Christmas Tree. Over 1,000 kiddies received presents.*



**Careful Driving and Low Insurance Rates Go Together**



## *Through B. C.'s Undeveloped Interior by Plane*

By JACK HARPER



*Takla Lake, in British Columbia's northern hinterland. It was from here that the guides set out over the Bear Lake trail to bring out the missing aviators, Van Der Byl and Cressy.*

**A** NO MAN'S LAND! A country beyond the rim of civilization, peopled only by original natives, a few hardy prospectors, recluses, or an occasional land-hungry family! A debatable ground where virile nature successfully resisted the enroachment of the Horde—such, until the last two decades, has been the story of a greater part of British Columbia's vast hinterland. Since the advent of the Iron Horse new land has been opened up; new cities have been founded; and part of our great interior is fulfilling its destiny.

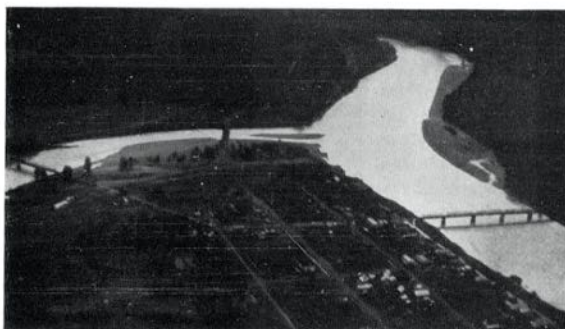
North of the steel line, however, primitive conditions, until very recently, prevailed. The prospector, with the aid of his saddle pony, must journey for days, weeks and even months to his claim. Here were no smooth roads or puffing engines to weaken Nature's grasp on her stronghold. A hard country this to assault

with impunity, at least by present earthly trails.

The invasion of the aeroplane into modern commercial life is bringing a new vitality to this northland. The sky passage takes no account of mountains, of badly constructed trails or long water portages. Provisions and supplies, which formerly were months en route can now be despatched within a few hours.

Last month, a realization of what the new air route means to the trappers and prospectors of the north, was vouchsafed me. Leaving Vancouver by plane, we flew with one stop to Thutade Lake, situated on the 57th parallel. Up over the old Cariboo Trail, following the thin silver streak that was the Fraser River and over the great cattle range of the Chilcotin, we passed in bewildering succession the famous Australian Ranch, Williams Lake, Quesnel and many other indistinguishable

*Aeroplane view of the town of Quesnel taken by the writer. Quesnel is one of the historic frontier towns of British Columbia. Formerly it was the centre of the Hudson's Bay Company's activity in the Cariboo. It is the present terminus of the P.G.E. Railway.*



hamlets. Exactly four hours out from Vancouver, we arrived at Prince George, a journey of several weeks by the old stage route.

At Prince George we took on provisions and supplies—which included 500 pounds of steel traps for two trappers and prospectors who were located at Thutade Lake. This lake is the source of the Finlay River and lies about 350 miles north of Prince George. Our route carried us over a tremendous stretch of almost virgin country, dotted with numerous small lakes and interspaced with considerable stands of Englemann spruce. Chief, Great Beaver, Stuart, Takla and Bear Lakes were easily recognized with the aid of a map.

The region from Bear Lake to Thutade is very mountainous and is one uninterrupted vista of magnificent mountain scenery—more beautiful and more enjoyable when viewed from the comfortable seclusion of a plane at an altitude of 8,500 feet.

In slightly over three hours we reached Thutade Lake, after having accomplished a journey which occupies forty full days by the pack horse

train route. It afforded me some conception of what the hunter and trapper in the north was up against before the aeroplane came on the scene.

Game of all kinds abound in this district. As we flew along we saw numbers of moose and cariboo feeding peacefully and unconcerned in the meadows below.

On the Findlay River, the largest in this vicinity, wonderful trout fishing is to be had and the Dolly Vardens, which predominated, are just looking for trouble—which they only infrequently encounter.

The whole area in the vicinity of Thutade Lake is heavily mineralized. It is an ideal stamping ground for the prospector and the big game hunter, and, while the district is little more than charted and almost unknown, it is old in Indian lore and history. In times long before the invasion of the Hudson's Bay Company into this country, the district was supposed to be one of the more or less permanent camping places of the Indian tribes. The mild climate, which even in mid-winter prevails, and the plenitude of wild game of every variety appears to

*Looking over the snow-capped peaks north of 53, from the comfortable seclusion of a plane 8000 feet above the earth. Much of the northland flying must be done over country such as this.*



reasonably support this contention. In later years the district was famous as the hiding place of Chief Gun-a-noot, a fugitive from the law for about twelve years. Today many traces of his camping places still exist; and invariably one finds that the wily chief always provided against a surprise attack by camping in a spot commanding an unrestricted view of the trails and water routes. Originally, Chief Gun-a-noot was proprietor of a small store at Kispiox, near Hazelton. It is said that on his return from a buying trip to Victoria, he found a big Swede installed in his home. Gun-a-noot protested; the Swede kicked him out of the house. The Indian seized a rifle, used it with good effect and turned his face for the great, open spaces. On his way out of town, he met a hunter returning from a trip. Gun-a-noot, so the story goes, saw the hunter's rifle, immediately concluded he was the advance guard of an organized posse, and according to the legend, added a second crime to his record.

For many years he remained a fugitive from justice in and around Thutade Lake. Probably his many

friends assisted him to evade capture for many years. After twelve years, acting on the advice of his friend, Father Wolfe, he returned to civilization, gave himself up, submitted for trial and was acquitted. He still lives today, an old man and a mere shadow of his former self.

During his wanderings around the Thutade Lake district, he claims to have come across rich gold deposits and other minerals in quantity; and this information makes the country very attractive for the prospector, many of whom are still looking for Chief Gun-a-noot's big strike.

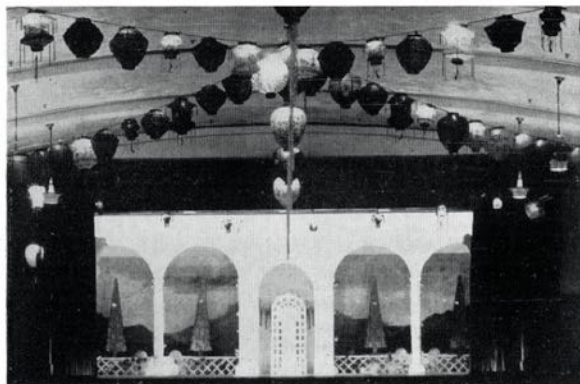
We spent two busy days hiking and sightseeing from daylight to near dark; this probably accounted for the ground feeling so soft and soothing when we crawled into our sleeping bags at night.

Our entire trip in and out covered approximately 1500 miles and was made in less than 15 hours flying.

Before the advent of flying, a prospector did well to make this trip in a whole season's work, so one may well understand that amongst the greatest boosters for flying today are the prospectors of the north.



## Huge Crowd Attends New Year Revels



*Picturesquely decorated, artistically designed and colorfully lighted, the stage effect, designed by John MacIntyre, was among the leading "lights" at the New Year Ball.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE was ushered in at Powell River with all its well-known spontaneity, enthusiasm, and *joie de vivre*. The occasion was the seventeenth annual paper makers' ball, and the scene was Dwight Hall.

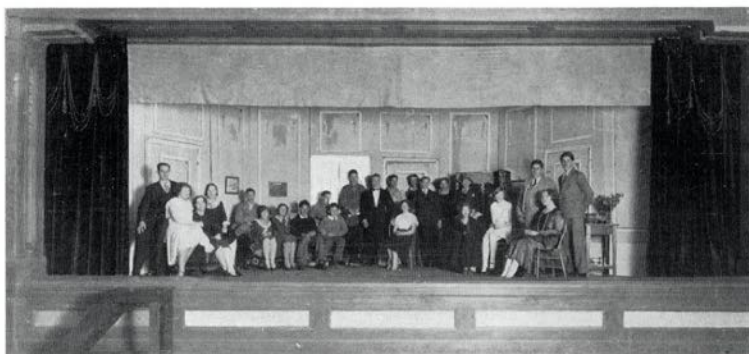
Never in the history of Powell River has such a happy, boisterous throng been confined within the commodious confines of our community hall. Last year, when over twelve hundred people passed through the doors, many considered the limit had been attained. A few weeks ago close to fourteen hundred merry-makers, with all the instruments of their craft, participated in the pandemonium which burst out with delirious unanimity on the stroke of twelve.

Dwight Hall is among the most spacious centres of social activity in British Columbia; yet on this occa-

sion the big hall was tested to its uttermost limits—and perhaps a wee bit beyond. Dancing, in the aesthetic or classical sense, was impossible; certainly many new contortions were evolved, and many new steps, hitherto unknown in recognized Terpsichorean lore, were performed with an audacity possible only in such a throng.

The timid dancer felt like a forlorn rabbit surrounded by an impenetrable hedge of hounds. If he moved, he was lost; if he didn't move, he was lost anyway. So everybody moved—and the effect was similar to a closely-boomed raft of logs carried along by a sluggish current. You just stayed in one place, murmured a prayer and drifted along.

Novelties of all kinds—fearsome and tame paper hats—noise-makers of all varieties helped natural endow-



*The "Players Club" of the Powell River High School, photographed before the presentation of their annual Christmas plays. Under the tutorship of Mr. Maxwell Cameron, principal of the school, these plays have become a regular feature of Powell River's social year, and are eagerly anticipated by the local public. This year's plays were performed before a capacity audience, the performance of Hugh MacLeod being outstanding.*

ment and natural and unnatural courage to usher in Powell River's vigorous New Year.

The stage and hall decorations were again designed by and the erection in the capable hands of John MacIntyre, master paper-maker during the New Year festivities.

The Patricia orchestra provided the music.

### ***The Honor System***

It is estimated that in Washington approximately 70,000 newspapers are distributed daily through the racks in the various parts of the city. The "honor system" has not been a conspicuous success in this instance. Present check-ups, reveal that nearly 28,000 papers are stolen daily from these racks by dishonest persons.

The racks are left unguarded, conducted on the principle that the public will observe the honor system, take

their paper and deposit their coin in return. Certainly the fact that 40 per cent. of the papers so distributed disappear daily, suggests that the system has not been the success it well deserves.

### ***Local Color***

We started a search the other day for local color. We found it on the golf course. R. C. MacKenzie and Larry Heap, each in their respective, specially selected (nobody knows from where) 19th hole customs, passed each other on the fairway. The sun slunk behind a convenient cloud—the grass turned pale and colorless—the remaining golfers looked like gaunt, colorless spectres of the dark ages. The dazzling effulgence was almost too much for mortal eyes. Even our resident manager was forced to wait until they had passed before taking another swing.

**3,000 Motor Vehicles Use Our Roads Daily: Drive Carefully!**

## *Daily Province Thanks Powell River*

Expressing appreciation of *The Vancouver Daily Province* Santa Claus Fund for the contributions of money, clothing and toys, made by Powell River citizens to the fund, the following wire was filed by Mrs. W. M. Rose on December 13 to Mrs. Mary E. Milnes, of Powell River, with the intention of having it delivered at the Moose Dance that evening. However, through some misunderstanding in the telegraph office, the wire did not reach Mrs. Milnes. The wire follows:

Mrs. Mary E. Milnes,  
Powell River, B. C.

Santa Claus Fund workers and *Daily Province* encouraged by Powell River's splendid contribution of money, clothing, toys and books, for which I wish to extend our most grateful thanks. It is a wonderful community spirit which will reach outside its own borders to help the

needy as you have done. Will you please convey to every member of your committee and to the management of the Powell River Company our most sincere appreciation. It was a wonderful and a lovely gift.

MRS. W. M. ROSE,  
Santa Claus Fund.

The Powell River citizens raised \$457.49 at their tag day, \$191.05 at the Moose Dance, and sent in a large contribution of clothing, toys and books. Included in the money for the tag day was \$11 from members of the kitchen staff, camp No. 3, Stuart, Cameron & Company, Powell River. The engineering staff of the Powell River Company sent in a cheque for \$77, and numerous private donations were received.

Besides the above, the usual generous donation was received from the Powell River Company.

*Typical Maori village in Rotorua, New Zealand. The neat arrangement and evident cleanliness of them are in decided contrast to many of our native Indian hamlets on the coast. This picture was supplied by Mr. Dean, New Zealand manager, Carmichael & Co.*



*Maori Peh, Whakarewareware, Rotorua, N.Z.*

Use Parking Spaces Whenever possible



## Soccer Notes

**T**HE regular league competitions are over. The Callies have this season won both halves of the schedule, rendering a play-off unnecessary. The McMaster Cup again falls to the Scots, who have won it six times in the seven years of its life. The Falconer Shield series, always productive of exciting competition and often of surprising upsets, is next on top.

*Archie Mc-Phee, new Callie centre, has performed the hat trick three times this season.*



The Moose somehow have not hit their real stride all season, and have not been overburdened with the usual quota of soccer breaks. They have given us some nice exhibitions, however, and it is the writer's opinion that they will be a team to watch in the Falconer Shield matches.

Alan Gilchrist, at fullback, appears to have taken on a new lease of life this year. For his size and weight, "Gillie" is a splendid performer—and his fine mixture of courage and vigor is showing to good advantage. Alan is always in the game, and never quits.

Jimmie Dunlop, at centre half, has carried a heavy burden all year. Vitality and soccer brains are his forte, and, as a director and distributor of play, he has few equals in these parts.

Alex. McLaren, too, is playing a new brand of football. His neat footwork and quiet, modest demeanor on the field of play render Alex. very popular with the spectators.

Mick Savage is again going well, but has been unfortunate more than once in front of goal. Mick is, in our opinion, one of the best inside men in the league when "on."

Don Olds, former Nanaimo star, is an asset at fullback for Westview. This lad is good—and the ranchers have one of the league's best defenders on their line-up.

Hugh Cairney and Fergie, two of the old reliables in Powell River soccer history, are both turning in creditable performances. Both these boys are mighty dependable in any crisis, and play the game heart and soul every minute of the forty-five.

Madison at centre half for the Callies is another find — and his breaking up of opposing attacks has, on more than one occasion, savored of the artistic. He gets his forward away in nice style, is husky and strong—a dangerous hurdle to jump.

## Golf Notes

**E**ASILY the outstanding incident on the links during the month under review was Frank Carriveau's hole-in-one. Frank, we understand, has been trying for



Frank Carriveau

this for several months now — and, has, on innumerable occasions, just fallen short of the mark. He made no mistake last month. Playing with R. C. MacKenzie, he stood on No. 1 tee, took his usual casual survey and saw his ball sail high in the air, drop on the green and

trickle in the cup with a soft, soul-satisfying plunk. Frank is the second paper-maker to perform this feat in recent months, Charlie Murray securing this coveted honor just as the summer days were declining into the soft balm of autumn.

Another startling upset last month was the victory of Dr. Andrew Henderson and Kenny Macken over the

local four-ball champions, Jack Hill and Bat MacIntyre. The doctor was on his game all the way—and proved that age, coupled with a wealth of Scots ancestry and Highland sagacity, was more than an equal for dashing, over-confident youth. One of the doctor's approach shots, from about seventy yards out, stopped half an inch from the cup, and gave Jack and Bat a fright from which they never completely recovered. The Doctor and Kenny won on the last hole.

The special thirty-six-hole competition for the professional's prize found Jock Kyles, Jack Tunstall and Jack Hill tied with a net 68. In the toss up, Jock Kyles emerged as the successful aspirant.

The mixed two-ball has not yet been completed, but competition has narrowed down to the final stage, which will probably be completed ere this issue appears. Frank Carriveau and Mrs. Thompson are assured of the finals, and are deserving of praise for their splendid efforts in the competition to date. Mr. and Mrs. Wally Tapp, Ed. Peacock and Miss K. Fromey are the two combinations left, the winners of which meet Frank Carriveau and Mrs. Thompson.

### BIRTHS

- December 4—Mr. and Mrs. J. Korpi, Lund, a girl.  
 December 8—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. W. Macintosh, a girl.  
 December 10—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Poole, a girl.  
 December 19—Mr. and Mrs. P. Negrin, a girl.  
 December 21—Mr. and Mrs. J. Fletcher, a boy.

All Cars Have Four Wheels: Why Use Two?



By CASUAL OBSERVER

CHRISTMAS is over, and things are gradually getting back to normal, with the rail birds resuming their between whistles quarters. Several have been out of town, and the remainder fully occupied between the preparations and the aftermath of the festive season, that little opportunity for ordinary pursuits has been available. It seemed strange to see the various squatting points so absolutely deserted during the two brief holiday closures, with the whistles sounding as usual. Really more persons were supporting the rails—or the rails supporting more persons, around the late hours of the evening than at noon.

\* \* \*

The festive spirit was certainly abroad during the holidays, and we can readily believe that Frank Beveridge expressed great regret that he wasn't in business for himself. Everyone seemed desirous that the occasion should be well celebrated, and, from our own point of view at least, an India rubber abdomen would certainly have been an acquisition. Even our worthy editor himself was broadcasting cigars indiscriminately, but the discovery was made too late that they must have been presented to him in the first place by someone labouring under a most bitter grudge.

\* \* \*

Santa Claus had been very generous to the majority by all accounts, and some, in return, were attempting to be very generous with his offerings afterwards. Bill Hutchison had gorgeous specimens of neckwear, the hue and texture of a brilliance almost indescribable, which he was desirous of exchanging for almost anything under the sun. Later he tried to persuade someone to accept them as a token of his regard, but was still in possession when last observed. We never really discovered whether Dad Benner managed to exchange his pink and yellow striped pyjamas for Tom Rees' gorgonzola tinted plus fours, but the deal looked very promising at one time.

\* \* \*

Many years ago it was our privilege to take part in a Yuletide pushball game in the Old Country, when the massed inhabitants of one village attempted to overcome the combined strength of another village, the centre of attraction being a very large inflated ball. The inhabitants of the first village desired to propel this into the Stag and Anchor of the second village, whereas the inhabitants of the second village considered the Pig and Whistle of the first village a more fitting resting place. This was not exactly a gentle pastime, and ribs, limbs, etc., suffered accordingly. We almost imagined history was repeating itself, and we were again in the centre of a kicking, pushing, struggling, shrieking mob, but this year we were merely a humble participant in the annual New Year dance.



Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile  
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,

Wi' sailor-lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,

An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide  
dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon  
seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at  
ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'  
Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed  
them long ago."

—From "*Drake's Drum*,"

By HENRY NEWBOLT.

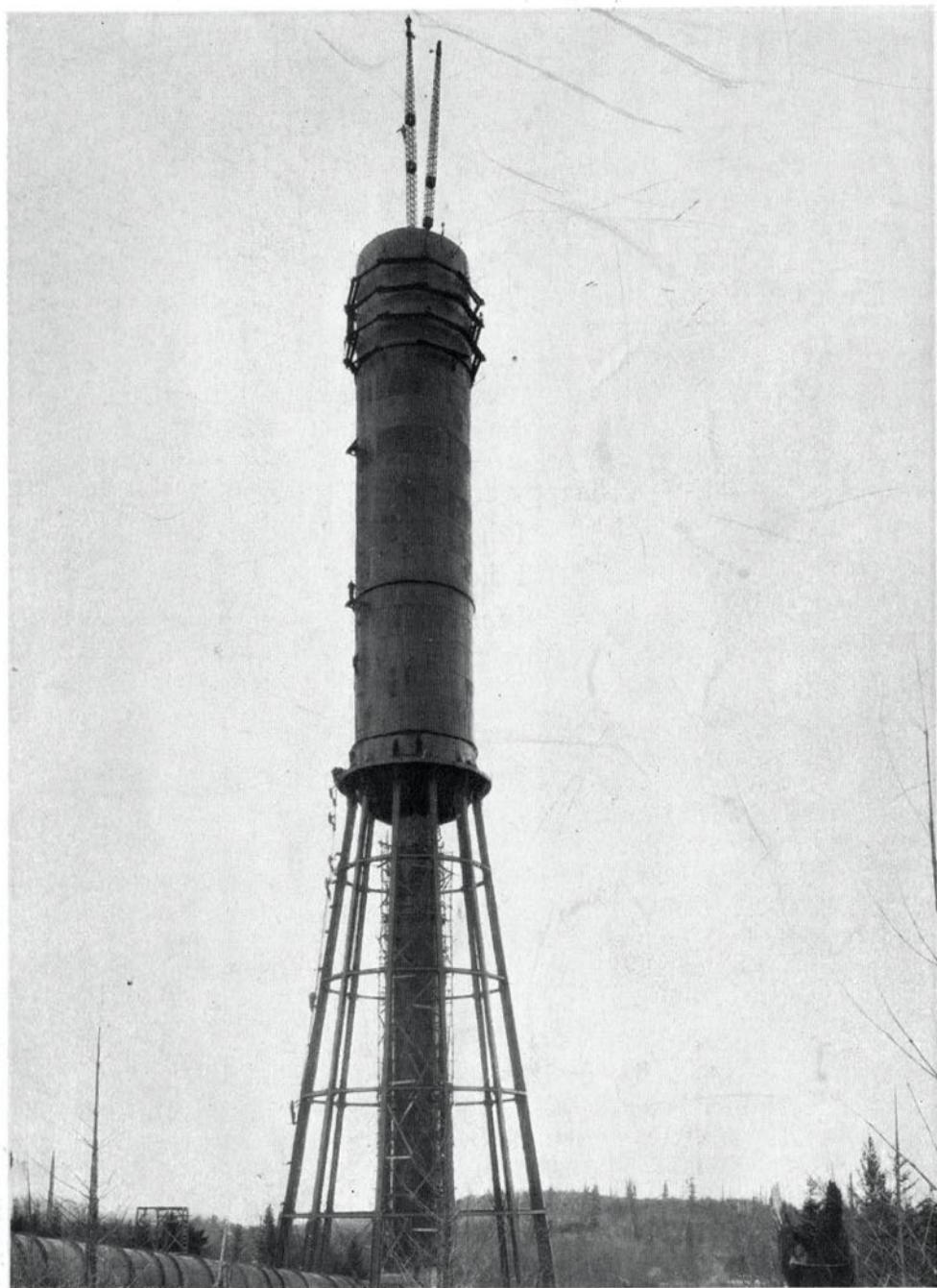


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

FEBRUARY, 1931

NO. 2





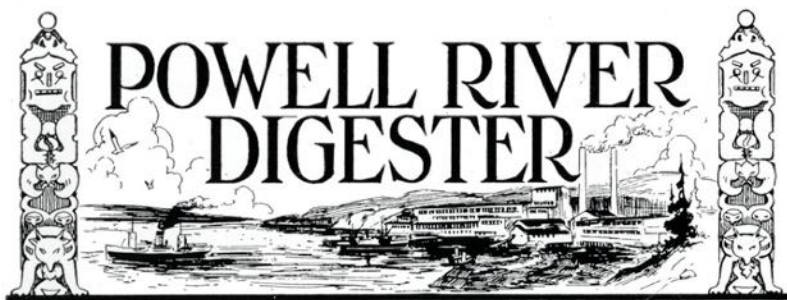
Snappy answers:

“I didn’t know.”

“I didn’t think.”

“I forgot.”





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. 10

FEBRUARY, 1931

No. 2

## *The Safety Conference*

FRIDAY, February 27, will be a busy day in Powell River. On that date, delegates to the Second Annual Safety Conference, will be guests of the Powell River Company.

Mr. R. H. Scanlon, as Regional Director, has invited representatives from all the pulp and paper mills of the Pacific Coast to attend the gathering. He intimates that replies have shown a very gratifying response—and that this year's meeting will be bigger and better than ever. Delegates from the majority of the Washington, British Columbia and Oregon plants will be present—many of them including executives of the various firms.

The principal session of the day will be the open meeting, held in Dwight Hall, at 2.30 p.m. Mr. Scanlon has lined up an attractive list of speakers who will discuss various phases of the safety question. Here is the list as at present outlined by the Regional Director:

“Some Aspects of Industrial Safety”—An illustrated lecture by Major Steere-Clark.

“Safety Awards in the Pulp and Paper Industry”—R. H. Scanlon.

“The Traffic Problem in Safety”—Percy Abell, President B. C. Safety League.

“Saw Mill and Logging Safety”—W. D. Jenkins.

“Safety Regulations in the State of Oregon”—George M. Aitken.

Mr. W. L. Ketchen, of the B. C. Pulp and Paper Company, will deliver an address, the subject of which will be announced later.

The afternoon session is open to everyone—and it is expected that a large number of local employees will avail themselves of the opportunity to hear these well-known speakers on the vital subject of industrial safety.

## *Industrial Safety Means Industrial Team Work*



*Men at work cleaning out the boilers in the Powell River steam plant. Throat and lung infection, often associated with boiler dust, are avoided by use of the modern gas mask, very similar to the old army box respirator.*

**O**N February 27 the Second Annual Safety Convention, comprised of representatives of the pulp and paper mills on the Pacific Coast, will gather at Powell River. The chief object of the meeting is to discuss in open forum, ways and means of co-operatively attacking the problem of industrial accidents on the Pacific Coast, with particular reference to the pulp and paper industry.

The serious study of the accident problem in industry has only been developed within recent years. In the past two decades, with the huge

augmentation of industrial machinery, Safe Workmanship is beginning to take its place beside "Quality and Protection," as a slogan of modern industry. In the nineteenth century, modern industrialism had its birth. But modern safety lagged far behind. Organized industrial safety was unknown. The machine brought with it a new problem—and it was many years before this was recognized. The casualty and mortality lists were high; safety equipment was no part of an employer's responsibility; safety consciousness no part of the employee's working equipment.





*The automatic truck raiser in our finishing room. Old accident hazards of back strain and bending are eliminated. The rolls are rolled on the waiting truck, and the automatic raising lever does the rest.*

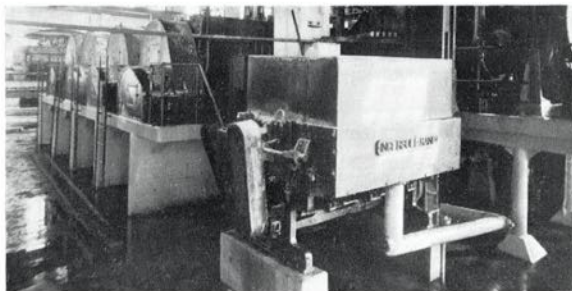
The necessity for an organized program of industrial safety is being recognized today. We say "being," because even yet, "safety consciousness" in industry has not kept pace with industrial expansion.

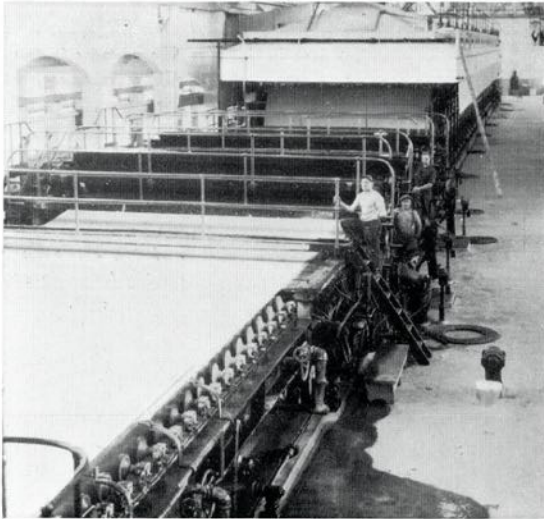
True safety is nothing more or less than a definite and constant exhibition of team work between employer and employee. At the door of the employer rests the direct responsibility for the maintenance of a mechanically safe plant. On the employee rests the responsibility of working and thinking safely—using devices provided—avoiding unnecessary risks and keeping alert and considerate.

Perfect harmony between these two parts, the mechanical and the human, is the ideal of all safety workers. Lack of this essential harmony is the chief reason why we have industrial accidents today.

A mill may be made mechanically safe by the management. Every possible safety appliance has been installed; the mill is nearly as mechanically safe as an energetic and conscientious executive can render it. Machinery has been guarded; safety warnings have been posted at every vantage point; employees are equipped with masks, goggles, gloves or other devices for their particular work.

*Bird screens at the wet end of No. 5 machine. Again all dangerous machinery is covered and the accident hazard reduced to a minimum.*





*Section of the wet end of No. 7, Powell River's latest machine. Guard rails on all the presses greatly decrease the possibilities of accidents due to slipping or other causes.*

Every possible obstacle in the way of safe workmanship has been eliminated. In theory here is a safe mill, one whose records should disclose accidents reduced to a minimum.

A second mill is but indifferently equipped for safety. The management have gone no further "than the law allows"; have only partially covered dangerous machinery; have provided scant and inadequate equipment for their workers. An unsafe mill this, one would say.

From the mechanical viewpoint alone there should be no question as to the relative standing of these two mills in the safety column. The first mill, with its wealth of protective equipment, should tower far above its less careful competitor. Unfortunately, in actual operation, this is not always true. Not infrequently we find the most perfectly equipped

mills lagging behind plants whose safety measures for its employees have, to say the least, been very spotty.

The cause is obvious. The human factor has failed to pull its share of the load. In other words, the men in the second mill are careful workers. In the first, with all the initial advantage of good equipment and careful safeguarding, the human element is out of gear.

In both these organizations the essential team work is lacking. In the first, the employees have not supported the efforts of the management; in the second the management has not supported its workers. The whole solution of a low accident record rests on the harmonizing of these two factors, the mechanical and the human. This is the problem which safety students are tackling, and which must be solved ere the "No Accident"

sign can be hung on the industrial calendar.

In so far as actual mechanical equipment is concerned, the pulp and paper mills of the Pacific Coast have an excellent record. In the Powell River plant no stone has been left unturned to provide a mill, as nearly mechanically safe as a mill may be made. In this respect our mill is recognized as one of the best equipped on the continent.

Yet we have accidents. In the west, generally, safety equipment is on a par with, and in many cases superior to, plants in the east. Yet again, the western accident ratio exceeds that of the average eastern mill.

The conclusion is inescapable that "safety education" in the west has not yet been taken as seriously as the efforts of the National Safety Council and other bodies would deserve. This is one object of the Powell River meeting, to discuss methods of disseminating the vital lesson of safety and of enlisting the whole-hearted co-operation of the industrial worker in the program.

Frank Carriveau is also proving that the ability to swing a baseball bat with effect is useful on the golf course. Frank, in less than a year, has developed into one of the club's strong players.

Arthur Woodward, too, proves that soccer is no handicap to golf. In his soccer days, Arthur was Wally Tapp's great rival, and also plays consistent golf.

## THE PORT LANDING



NOT mentioning any names," ses the captain, "there's a bird, threatened with a protruding stomach, who thinks this ship is working overtime tonight; and 'e 'as another think coming. I've been chased all around Brazil by a revolution and 'ave also 'ad a 'stormy trip coming north. This little burg looks about right to take a show in and 'ave one night's sleep."

"This latitude is a trifle damp just now, cap," I ses, "and it's as well not to put off till tomorrow wot you can do tonight."

"And this is one time when I take no thought for the morrow," ses the captain; "these revolutions make you kind of indifferent, even if it rains Scotch whiskey."

"Was it a good show, cap?" I asks.

"It was," ses the captain, "for anyone who's a walking Tower of Babel and understands Spanish, Portuguese, Brazilian and a few other lingos, but for anyone else it was one red and sticky mess."

"Ow did you make out personally, cap?" I asks.

"I arrived," ses the captain, "at each port about two jumps a'ead of the rebels and stayed anchored out till the worst was over, then I pinned a red 'ankerchief across my chest and reversed my cap, before going ashore. I guess they figured I was the League of Nations bringing 'em a blessing."



## Personalities in Our District

“H yes, Mrs. Jones, and how are you this morning?”

Few housewives in Powell River but will recognize this familiar greeting. They hear it every day of the week.



Each morning when they take their receiver from the hook to order the groceries for the family, this courteous response flows soothingly over the wire. William Alexander, assistant manager of Powell River department store, is on the job—and all's well.

Mr. Alexander has been with the Powell River Company for seventeen years. For eight years he served behind the counter, where his tact, urbanity and courtesy made him a general favorite. For the past eight years he has filled the position of assistant manager, in which position he has become one of the most widely known men in the district. His uncanny knowledge of prices and stocks on hand are proverbial; and his never-failing courtesy, geniality and kindly demeanour to all and sundry have made him one of the most popular and likeable personalities in the district.

Sometimes, even in the best of regulated families or department

stores, complaints arise. Sometimes, during the hurly-burly of a busy day, Mrs. Jones receives the eggs or butter sent to Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Smith, in a hurry for the eggs and butter, flies to the phone, her bag of denunciatory bullets loaded to capacity and ready for quick firing.

And over the phone comes that soft, wrath-destroying response—a voice tinged with a delightful, familiar Highland burr, “Oh yes, Mrs. Smith, and how are you this afternoon?” Even the most harried housekeeper is seldom proof against this. The complaint scarcely seems a complaint, and “if Mr. Alexander knows about it, it will soon be rectified.”

In private and public life he is the same. His mildness of manner, his almost old-fashioned courtesy, his sunny disposition, his quick sympathy and understanding make William Alexander something of a combined Don Quixote and Sir Roger de Coverley to store patrons.

We have sometimes suspected that behind this mild, honest, sunny exterior, the rugged spirit of a long line of Highland ancestors clamors for expression. Born in Lanark, on the fringe of the Highlands, these same ancestors were in the thick of the fight for Scottish liberty. We have heard that William, in leisure moments, has visions of himself, claymore and dirk in hand, a modern Rob Roy or a Roderick Dhu, dashing furiously up and down Ben Lomond, his clansmen behind and the English

flying in all directions before their impetuous onslaught.

In any event these feelings have been suppressed—and William Alexander is what we all know him to be—a real gentleman, kindly, courteous, a friend of everyone—and one of the most likeable personalities in our district.



In our youthful days we recollect reading a bit of enlightening verse that went something like this:

“There was a maid in our town  
Whose modesty was rare.  
Of Autumn trees she'd never speak  
Because their limbs were bare.”

Joseph Loukes and this aforesaid maid have one thing in common—they both deal in limbs. Here the resemblance ceases.



For bare limbs and lissome calves fail to bring an added blush to Joe's rubicund features. He is an expert on limbs, bare or dressed. He can distinguish at a glance the subtle points that distinguish a perfect calf from a merely good one. He can enumerate at a second's notice the features necessary to the formation of the “limb ideal.” If the said limb is too bare Joe has no hesitation in saying so; if it needs dressing, he as bluntly says so—and as unblushingly will assume charge of the dressing.

As O. C. in charge of the Powell River department store's meat supply,

it is Joe's business to know all about calves and their peculiarities. He is the local authority on beef anatomy, a subject on which he can discourse at length. The supervision and general purchasing of the major portion of the meat supply which feeds the 5,000 residents of Powell River and vicinity are in his hands. This, in itself, is a big responsibility and one which Joe has capably handled for many years.

Joe, in company with brothers Billy\* and Jack, has resided in Powell River for eighteen years. His activities, in addition to his department store work, are many. In the old days he booted a nasty football, and is still a close follower of the round ball game. For many years he has been active in amateur theatricals and concert parties. In between times, he, too, like many of his misguided friends on the staff, is a staunch advocate of lawn bowling; at which pastime he likewise tosses a nasty pellet.

All these are strong reasons to include Joe among our townsite personalities. But a stronger yet remains. He, almost alone, speaks cheerfully of the “next oil boom” and assures the timid and the shorn alike that “ther's still oil in them thar hills”—or wherever one finds oil.

“The oils are all right,” Joe affirms. What a man! Sparta hath few examples of greater courage. And for this one statement alone, we send Joe to the head of the class and assign to him a place high on the roll of personalities in our district.

## *Where Our Newsprint Begins — In the Saw Mill*



*Herman (Dad) Benner, as superintendent of the Powell River Mills' wood supply, is a busy man. Known to everyone in the townsite as Dad, his is the responsibility for supplying the digesters and grinder rooms with the raw material. Nearly half a million feet of logs are cut daily under Mr. Benner's supervision.*

tians and others used the bark of the mulberry tree, and our own North American Indians made use of cottonwood and birch bark for sign writing. But until the dawn of the nineteenth century, the secret remained "in the woods," figuratively and literally.

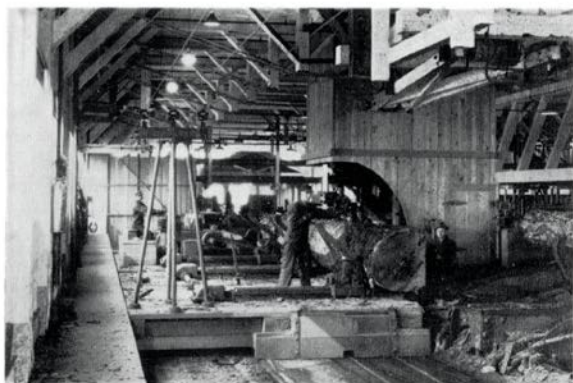
### *First Discovery*

**P**APER, in one form or another, has been manufactured by the civilized world for nearly 4,000 years. Records of paper made from the papyrus plant may be traced back to the days of the sixth Egyptian dynasty in 1700 B.C. But it is only in the last fifty years that the life line of the modern paper industry, wood pulp, has come to the assistance of the world's paper makers.

It is a strange and almost unbelievable circumstance that, through all these centuries, the ingenuity and the scientific curiosity of man failed to discover that paper could be manufactured from wood stock. The Egyp-

The first discovery of the wood pulp process is still a matter for contention. For years paper historians have unanimously assigned this honor to "Keller of Germany," who, in 1840, manufactured paper from wood pulp. Later investigations tend to modify Keller's claim. As early as 1838, a Canadian, Charles Fenerty, of Sackville, Nova Scotia, had experimented with wood as a possible source of paper supply. In 1839, he actually manufactured a sheet of paper from wood. This was despatched to a Halifax newspaper. Keller and Fenerty had probably never heard of each other; their experiments were carried on independently and with scant encouragement.





*Bringing the logs on to the carriage, where they receive their first initiation into the newsprint process.*

In any case, Fenerty is entitled to be called the Father of Wood Pulp in North America, and shares honor with Keller for a discovery which has revolutionized modern paper making. Both suffered the usual fate of the pioneer, dying without fame or award for a discovery which today has been the great prop of the industry on this continent.

Paper making on the North American continent dates back to the founding of the Rittenhouse mill, in Philadelphia, in 1690. Rags, straw, rope and other materials were the chief ingredients which fed the primitive hand machines of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In Canada, the first recorded mill was constructed in 1803 at Quebec, and, like its early predecessor, rags formed the backbone of the manufacturing process.

#### *Wood Stock Comes Into Use*

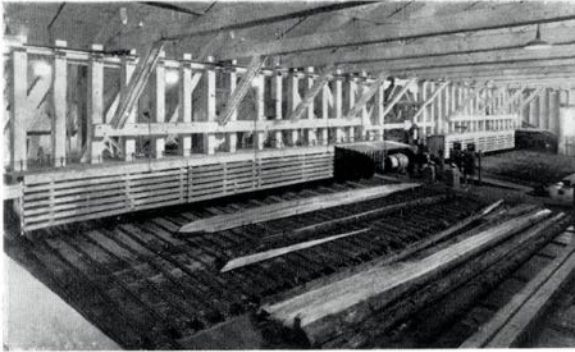
It was not, however, until the latter half of the nineteenth century that wood stock came into general use.

The first paper mill of any importance in Canada was not established until 1865, and United States plants had not yet transferred their allegiance from rags to wood. In 1868 the *New York Staats-Zeitung* printed several issues on wood stock for the first successful commercial application of the new process. Other publishers followed suit, and gradually the cheaper and more accessible wood stock superseded the old rag editions.

Today Canada's status as one of the world's great pulp and paper producers is due directly to the discovery of wood pulp. Huge accessible areas of softwood forests, with their great stands of spruce, hemlock and balsam, only awaited the invasion of the pulp and paper manufacture. In 1880, the pulp and paper industry contributed \$120 towards Canada's favorable trade balance; now the amount exceeds \$150,000,000 annually. This is what the experiments of Fenerty and Keller have meant to the present generation.

It will easily be appreciated that





*Interior of the sawmill, showing the logs after they have passed through the edger saws. They are now ready for the slashers, seen in the background, where they are cut into 24-inch lengths for the grinders.*

the handling and disposition of a plant's wood supply is of vital importance.

In the west, where trees three feet and more in diameter are a rule rather than an exception, all the large plants have a saw mill as an integral portion of their equipment. And here, in the saw mill, with its rushing carriages, its humming saws, its deafening noise, begins the first stage of actual paper making.

#### *A Lamb to the Slaughter*

What actually happens to a log in this initial stage of its journey to the publishing house, might be likened to the proverbial lamb entering the clutch of the meat vendor. When the lamb enters, he is a lamb; when he leaves, he is several lambs or several pieces of one lamb. These different pieces are ready for boiling, broiling or frying, as the housewife decrees. And so it goes with the log as he enters the saw mill. Like the lamb, he came in a perfectly good log, and like the little lamb he leaves in several pieces. On the way he has

been somewhat roughly treated. He has been dissected longitudinally and latitudinally; and his pieces are on their way to the boiling pot—in other words, to the big grinding machines, which soon make mincemeat—or pulp—out of his carcass.

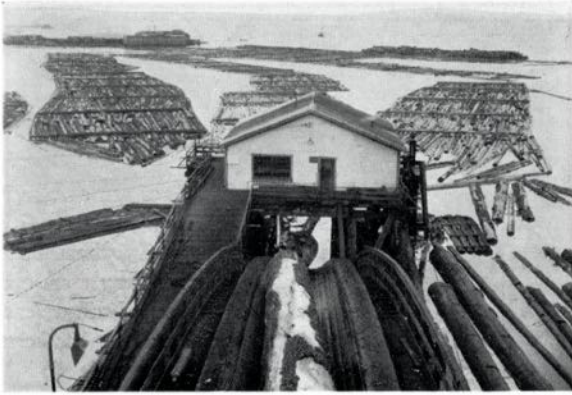
Briefly and simply, this is the function of the Powell River Saw Mill—to saw and cut the logs into blocks of uniform size, ready for pulping.

#### *Largest Cut in B. C.*

Today, Powell River's saw mill stands in the forefront of British Columbia mills. Its daily capacity exceeds that of any saw mill in the province. The big bandsaws, the edgers and the slashers, in their daily buzzings, cut over 400,000 feet of raw newsprint for the seven paper machines now in operation. The average yearly cut is in excess of 120 million feet, principally spruce, hemlock and larch, in the necessary proportions.

#### *Big and Little Sticks*

The two big 10-foot bandsaws in Powell River saw mill have humbled



*The log conveyer, showing logs on their way to the sawmill from the mill pond. In the background are seen the boomed logs awaiting their conversion to Powell River newsprint.*

many a forest giant in their lifetime. In the west, where trees attain dimensions unknown in the east, logs of five and six feet are common, and are all part of the daily grind. Not infrequently some of the mammoth "war clubs," for which B. C. is famous, slide up the conveyer and down by the carriage. One memorable afternoon a huge 10-foot stick, logged in the Queen Charlottes, gave the saws a real battle, from which they emerged with flying colors. This timber contained, in itself, over 10,000 feet lumber, and is one of the largest logs ever placed on a paper mill carriage. The usual run of logs, however, seldom exceeds five feet in diameter, and, for the most part, run between three and four feet at the butt.

Since January 1, when Powell River's seventh newsprint machine commenced operations, the daily cut has increased approximately 100,000 feet. This means that today between four and five hundred thousand feet of timber passes through the plant.

To handle this huge daily cut, the following equipment has been installed:

Two 10-foot bandsaws; one 10-inch edger, with six 30-inch saws; one 12-inch edger, with six 32-inch saws; two slashers, each with sixteen 44-inch saws and one 96-inch cut-off saw.

Supervising the 140 employees, who constitute the staff of the saw mill and wood room, and directly responsible for the maintenance of the daily cut of raw paper, is Herman E. Benner, known to every Powell River resident as "Dad." It is a responsibility which "Dad" cheerfully undertakes and efficiently handles; he is at his best amid the crash of dropping blocks and the raucous buzz of the bandsaws. Herman Benner's experience of saw mills has extended over a period of thirty years, and the destinies of this, one of the most important departments in the manufacture of Powell River newsprint, is in safe and capable hands.

# EDITORS NOTES



## *New Zealand*

As we go to press, the lamentable details of the terrible earthquake, which has almost totally destroyed the city of Napier and its suburbs, and spread death and devastation in its path, has just flashed over the wires. In many New Zealand homes there is sorrow and ruin. Residents have seen their homes destroyed; relatives and families have been separated. The city of Napier lies in ruins—and that mournful, desolating outward trek of families, carrying the salvage of their wrecked hopes, has begun.

To Powell River, this sad catastrophe is more than mere news. Many of our residents have friends and relatives in the quake-devastated zone—and await with anxiety word of their safety. It was only last summer when the New Zealand press delegates honored Powell River with their presence. The mutual exchange of friendship at that time gave us an even closer tie with our brothers from New Zealand. In their conversation they told us of Napier, of Wairoa, of Dannevirke, and of other towns, their beauty and prosperity now marred and perhaps forever destroyed. They told us of the happy, contented, Empire loyal people who lived on the shores of Hawke Bay, and who are now facing suffering and sorrow.

These were friends of our own race and blood. To us, it only seems a few weeks ago that we wished them God-speed as they steamed away from our townsite. Today there is little we can do to soften the blow that has been felt, not only in New Zealand, but throughout the world. We can only say to our many friends in New Zealand that the heartfelt sympathy of Powell River is with them in their hour of trial.

We can say but one more word—**COURAGE.**

## *Gift to Technical School*

That the recent course in technical studies instituted this year in Powell River High School is attracting the favorable interest of residents is evidenced by a gift received last month by the Board of School Trustees. Dr. Andrew Henderson, Secretary of the Powell River School Board, takes pleasure in acknowledging the generous donation of a set of electrical cells and a Philco transformer for charging purposes, which was donated to the school by Mr. George Noble, of 1061 Maple Street.

The trustees and school board are highly appreciative of the spirit prompting this gift, displaying as it does the interest which is being taken by local parents in the new Technical School experiments.



## Rain in the Face

By ANNE MacSWEEN



ANNE MacSWEEN

**R**AIN IN THE FACE! It must be an old instinct to lift your face up into the rain. Warm, soft rain that caresses; driving, cold rain that bites right through to the mind; rain so fine it seems to be imagined; rain so harsh that it hurts. Rain-in-the-face! They call Indians that—clean with their whipcord sinews.

Maybe the instinct to lift one's face to the rain was not always to have the pleasant play on the face. Maybe there was something of thanks—something of worship to a rain that fell on a dry land needing water—to rain that fell on a frozen land in sign of thaw and spring.

The prairie in spring is a miracle. One day the dead, bright metallic remoteness of a frozen land—and, it seems, the very next, a rushing spatter of waters with young green things thrusting up through the snow towards the light.

White fields, black fields, jade fields, deep sea-green fields and golden fields, grey stubble fields, and then white fields again—that is the prairie round of the spectrum. Rain!

Have you been ill—ill and inside—listening to the rain beating down upon the roof? Sometimes the thought of rain can haunt one more poignantly than the thought of sunshine.

Rain, to the average westerner, is as butter is to bread, necessary. We seem to need it. To be walking, or working, in the rain, raincoat, felt hat, or none at all, to be out with the soft, cool rain, almost dew-like in its fragrance, caressing the face, is a pure joy—while at the same time our eastern cousins are shivering in their furs and flannels and using their spare moments to thaw out fingers and toes.

Speaking of rain, I am reminded of a story told to me by an Edinburgh friend. A number of them—small boys—were going home through the woods from school. Walking along they came upon a picnic basket below a huge fir tree. Hearing a great crashing in the tree they looked up and saw a man. He shouted to stand clear, and small branches began to drop around the children. These were the small, short, dead branches close to the trunk, which the rain cannot reach, so useful in starting a camp fire, the boys learned, as seated around the spicy flames, drinking coffee, the man of the tree told them of his home in Canada. In *Canada, a real Canadian*, and wearing a mackinaw, surely a garment of the gods! One of the little fellows had an atlas, so they found the exact spot on the map from which their host had come—Victoria, Vancouver Island.

But what has this to do with rain? Nothing, really, but we love our rain on this sunset coast of Canada, don't we?





# AROUND THE PLANT

**W**E have not come out of mourning up here yet.

Last month we suggested that something would have to be done about the terrific inroads being made in our office efficiency. Huge gaping holes are now visible in our once solid

ranks. Our front line will be sadly disrupted (we believe very, very shortly) by the defalcation of Jessie Claridge, who departs



shortly (very shortly, we believe) for a permanent trip on that well-known and still extensively-used lugger, the Matrimonial Special. Needless to say, we shall all miss Jessie greatly, but trust she will find work in the new office congenial. The old front line ain't what it used to be. We have a sneaky idea there is underground propaganda being disseminated around these parts. We are all groggy up here, trying to figure out where the next blow will strike. Some shrewd suspicions have already been mooted, and it is suggested our ranks will be further weakened before the summer sun has climbed down from his perch. Oh, well, who wants to fight anyway.

The prize story of the month emanates from the machine room. Harry Donigan fills the hero's—or victim's—role.

A slight difficulty had arisen with the “innards” of No. 4. Skilled mechanical assistance was necessary. Harry wanted a millwright. He wanted him pronto. He called a new member of the beater room staff, gripped him by the arm, and said: “Say, young fellow, dash out and see if there's a millwright around; it's important; speed up.”



Away dashed the newcomer. An hour passed. Harry fumed, fretted, swore deep and fluently. Made dire threats. The newcomer was still away

An hour and a half passed. He had returned. Purple in the face, Harry said, “Where's the millwright I sent you for?” “Millwright,” gasped the astonished newcomer. “I'm awfully sorry. I thought you said to see if the mill was all right, so I looked over the new buildings

and everything seemed to be in order."

Harry is still on a tonic.

All of which reminds us that Eric Baldwin is a busy man these days. Eric is battling strongly with primitive nature as displayed in the neighborhood of the new houses on Maple Street. He cannot understand, he informs us, why there should be so much fuss raised about those big stones the Druids tossed into Stonehenge. Eric claims since he started on his new claim, he has heaved around enough boulders to keep a fair-sized gang of Sing Sing inmates busy for a year.

Ha! ha! Wait till the cutworm invasion starts in the spring. You ain't seen nuthin' yet, Eric.



Tom Prentice has been as silent as a Sphinx for the past two weeks. Something went wrong with the mechanics of Ibrox Park, and the Glasgow Rangers were cuffed out of competition by the despised Dundonians. Tommy is still in a daze, and we don't suppose he ever will believe it actually happened.

English and Scottish football continues to hold the spotlight of interest on the wharf. Joe Elliott has a strong leaning for Chelsea to take the English trophy, and Billy Graham is pulling for Dundee in the Scottish

Cup. Billy also favors Blackburn Rovers—and finds himself in for lots of arguments. Anyone interested in association football is advised to drop in the wharf office around the noon hour. If they can find out what it's all about, they are better interpreters than we are, Gunga Din.

Reg Baker informs us he intends to dig over his entire front lawn in the spring. He didn't say which spring.



There is some excitement among office golfers as a result of the draw for the men's handicap singles. Mr. Bell-Irving and Mr. R. H. Scanlon came together in the first round, and we understand this is a regular blood feud. Our resident manager gives away ten strokes, and our assistant resident manager says he wouldn't give him ten strokes in a week. Larry Heap and Jack Thomson are both trying to get odds off each other.

Alf Hansen is taking up golf this fall. If Al hits 'em on the links the same as he does with the old baseball war club, some of those long drivers are in for heavy competition.

Customer: "And how much do I owe you for the oil?"

"What oil?"

"The oil you left on the upholstery."



"That's our general superintendent—son of the president—he began at the bottom and worked up—started as an oiler right after he left college."

"When was that?"

"Oh, he graduated last June."

"That reminds me," said the man who watched the steam shovel at work, "I'm to play golf tomorrow afternoon."

But this week's prize goes to the Scotchman who sent the surgeon's bill to his father-in-law when he learned that his wife's tonsils really should have been taken out when she was a little girl.

Donald (to wife at English railway station): "Wha! Ye canna get a porter tae tak' oor luggage?"

Wife: "Na, na. Ye try, Donal'; ye're accent's no' quite sae noticeable."

#### *Real Diplomacy*

Wife on telephone (disguising her voice): "Guess who this is?"

Husband: "It's—um—Edna."

Wife (furiously): "Edna!!!"

Husband (disguising his voice): "Guess who this is?"

#### *Also Ran*

"Are you the groom?" asked the bewildered old gentleman at a very elaborate wedding.

"No, sir," was the reply of the embarrassed young man; "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."

Beatrice: "I think Amy Smith is the meanest creature I ever met. I showed her my engagement ring and she said it was always too tight for her."

Rosalie: "Yes, she said exactly the same to me last year when I had it."

#### *What a Relief!*

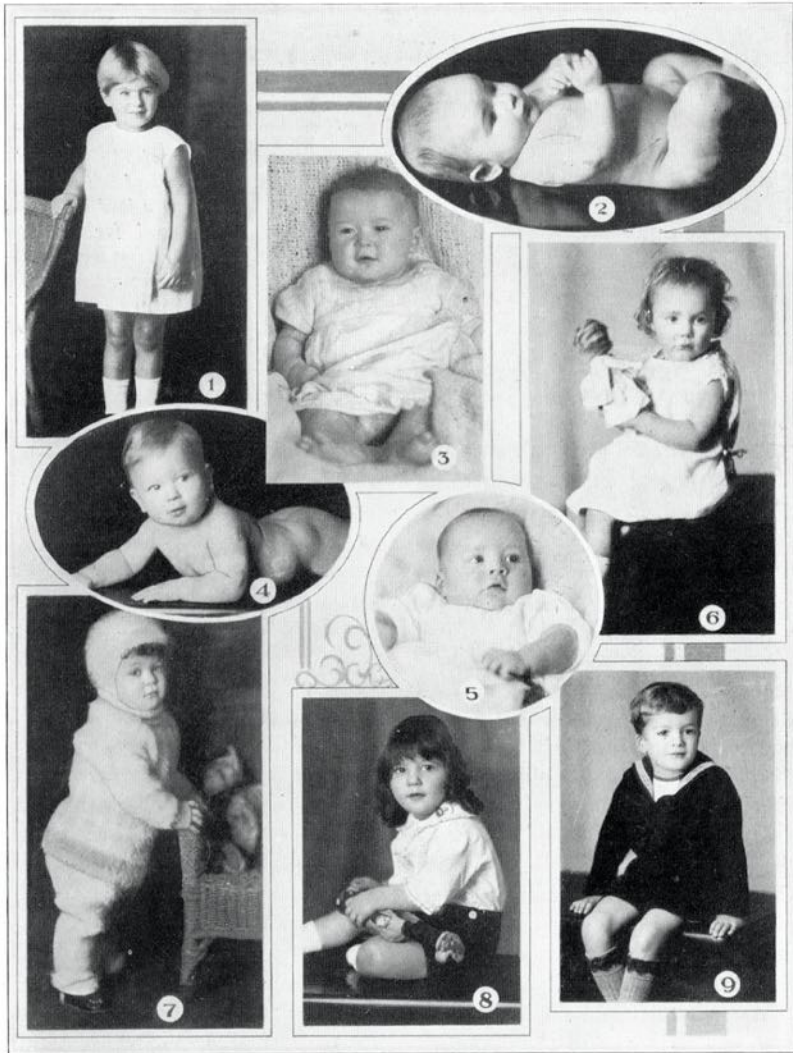
The boarding house mistress glanced grimly down the table as she announced: "We have a delicious rabbit pie for dinner."

The boarders nodded resignedly—all, that is, but one.

He glanced nervously downward, shifting his feet. One foot struck something soft; something said, "Meow."

Up came his head. A relieved smile crossed his face as he gasped, "Thank goodness!"

*Powell River Children*

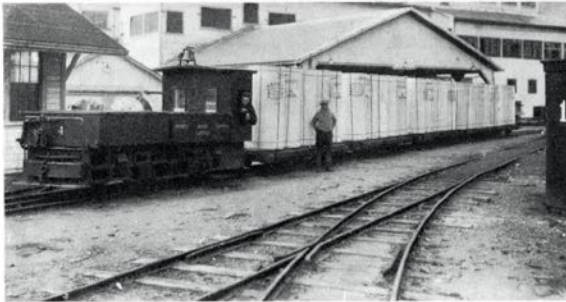


1. Mary Margaret Brown      2. Mona Hopkins      3. Patsy McAndrew      4. Max Bertram  
 5. James Dennis Donkersley      6. Joan Foote      7. Bernard MacCaulay  
 8. Raymond Smith      9. Bryan Bell-Irving



# The Power that Moves Our Newsprint

By ED. SMITH, Wharf Superintendent



*One of the locies, in charge of Bill Roberts, takes a load of paper, destined for the Far East, from the finishing room. Daily, the locies on the dock handle in excess of 600 tons of newsprint.*

WHEN giving their annual addresses, neither Sir Henry Thornton nor Mr. Beatty appear to be very much troubled by the competition of the Powell River Railways; but if the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railways had our daily tonnage, per mile, the profits of the Canadian National would soon wipe off the national debt and Canadian Pacific stock would be very closely held.

Over our eight miles of rail moves the production of the Powell River Company, the requirements of its plant, and a large proportion of life's necessities for a population of five thousand people.

Four electric Baldwin locomotives, with the assistance of the "Jitneys," haul and switch up to two thousand tons of freight per day. One hundred and fifty-four freight, box and paper

cars are necessary adjuncts, together with ten dump-cars, which are used for handling sulphur, limerock and coal.

The average loads per car are around six tons, but we have cars capable of handling thirty tons and over, for transporting heavy mill machinery.

The personnel is probably the lowest of any four-loco. system in the world, and consists of four drivers and four conductors. These men are very competent and loyal, and they carry on with a minimum of supervision.

William Roberts and Harry Dicker are the veteran drivers and, with Robert Jones and Jack Williams, are in charge of the Big Moguls, while Thomas Burke and Thomas Lucas, with Jack Carney and William Blacklock, are responsible for the Little Moguls.



*Locie, with her trainload of paper passes underneath the log conveyor, en route to the storage sheds.*

Harry Dicker is the pride of the Safety Department, having worked for the Powell River Company since some time in 1912, in various capacities, without accident.

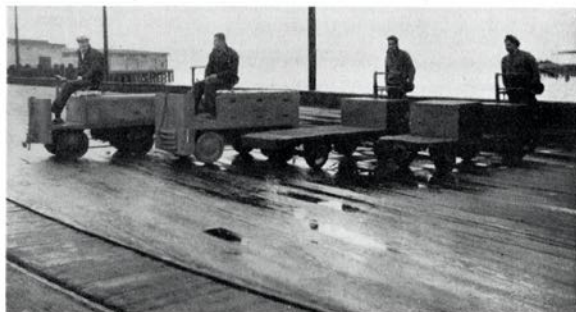
The locomotives are of the battery type, and their batteries are charged nightly after working hours. Their upkeep, considering the amount of work they do, is surprisingly light.

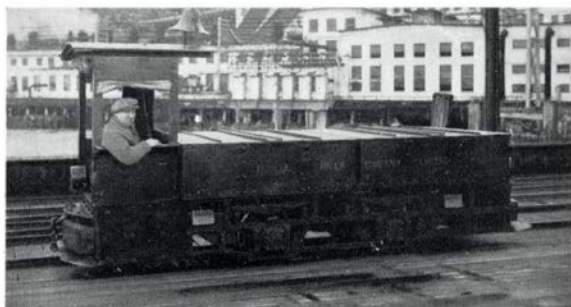
A recent addition to the system is the "Golf Course Special," running from the boiler house to the new grinder room. At present this run uses a gasoline locomotive, engaged in transporting pulp-wood blocks, but

the gasoline locomotive will be replaced shortly.

Animal lovers will recall the horses which formerly supplied the motive power for our railways. These old favorites could, and did, pull as many loaded cars as our present high-powered locomotives; the difference being in the speed at which they travelled only. On one occasion, one horse, to win a bet for its driver, started and hauled eighteen loaded cars. The bet was considered not quite fairly won, as Matt Emett, the driver, always put his "hand" on his horse's hip when starting a train and

*The four "jitneys," electrically driven, are kept busy during the day moving merchandise from the docks to the wharf office. They also serve as quick mediums of transportation between the two docks.*





*Harry Dicker and his locie. Harry has worked on locies for the past eight years, and has never yet been in or been party to an accident.*

his "hand" had three hundred and fifty pounds of muscle and blubber behind it, which was considered the equivalent of an additional half horse power.

The horses showed wonderful intelligence. On one occasion a driver failed to notice that the shed doors were closed, and the loaded train had a three-mile momentum. The horse squeezed against the side of the first car in such a manner that the crashed-in doors fell on the loaded car instead of on the horse.

The drivers were proud of their horses and treated them with exceptional kindness, especially noticeable at a period of infant industries and when British Columbia was known as "A great country for women and dogs, but hell for men and horses."

No whips were used, but occasionally a driver would relieve his feelings by informing his horse that it was a God-damned male offspring of a female dog. This, and other endearing titles, were common when trains were late and the drivers wished to proclaim to the world that *they* were doing *their* whack.

The spring gardeners are beginning to sharpen their tools. Those two indefatigable hewers of wood, drawers of water, tillers of the soil, makers of paper, and many other diverse pursuits—Vernon Hughes and Hugh McPhalen—are putting in the preliminary touches in their Westview plantations. "Throwbacks from the old covered wagon days," one paper maker described these two. Well, they have thrown back enough Westview mud in the past two years to admit them to any throwback society.

Jack Tunstall has been doing the iron man trick in local sport for the past few years. Not satisfied with starring in soccer, Jack has made a place for himself in senior basketball, has burned up a path of fame on the golf course, and in spare moments takes a whirl at tennis. He has even tackled baseball, but we don't hold that against him.

That little cut, scratch or bruise—get 'em quick. Prompt first aid is the solution. Stay alive!





By CASUAL OBSERVER

THINGS are pretty quiet generally around this time of year, and the rail birds are finding some difficulty in locating interesting material for their noon-hour confabs. The forthcoming safety conference comes in for its share of attention, many recalling the interesting sessions which took place last year, and from all accounts this year's proceedings will suffer little by comparison.

\* \* \*

Speaking of safety brings to mind occasional local situations which might easily be considered under this heading. One of the worst hazards, which is always liable to result in painful, if not serious injury to innocent parties, is the persistency of the younger generation in riding their bicycles on the sidewalk. The roadway is always considered the place for vehicular traffic of all kinds, and the humble pedestrian, plodding wearily homeward, does not expect to be called upon to step into the ditch to permit the passage of a number of scatterbrains staging a racing contest upon a foot of plank walk.

These are generally accompanied by a series of unearthly yells and other discordant upheavals, and can be avoided, though with a bad grace. The danger lies in that peculiar type of genius, who notices a small space between the unsuspecting pedestrian and the end of the sidewalk, and proceeds to force his machine through without any warning or ceremony whatever, frequently catching the victim with the pedal, handlebar, or shoulder in passing. We have seen a small child thrown heavily to the ground by this method, the party responsible contributing an intelligent "Haw-haw," and proceeding on his way.

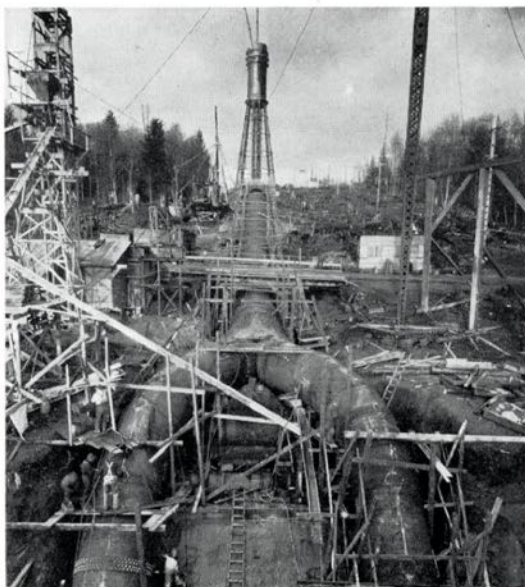
This is but one incident which might be worthy of consideration by the local safety committee. Others are prevalent should they happen to be noticed, as, for example, the juvenile roller skating round the corner of the department store. This is admittedly great sport, and very beneficial, but anyone coming in the opposite direction, especially the proud possessor of a prominent breadbasket, and unexpectedly receiving the full velocity in the midst of the said prominence, is entitled to different views.

\* \* \*

Great hopes were entertained that this was one day being demonstrated to the proper authorities, when Frank Nello himself was observed to be approaching, with every indication of an early participation in a predicament such as outlined above. With bated breath the onlookers awaited the inevitable, but with commendable presence of mind, the speed artist was able, by a slight bow and graceful inclination of the head, to pass completely under the legs obstructing his progress, without any apparent inconvenience to the owner. Frank proceeded to exterminate an inoffensive cockroach on the store window sill, and the opportunity was lost.



## *Lois River Program Nears Completion*

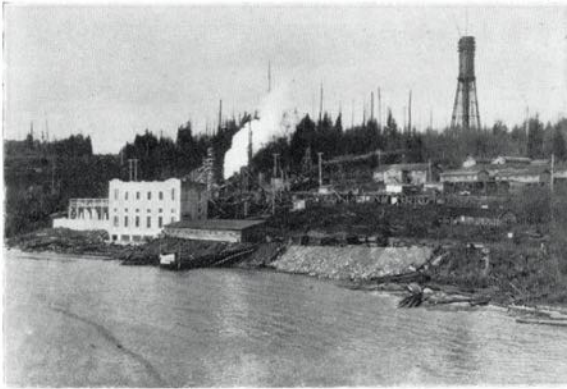


*The end of the Still-water penstock line. Here is shown the wye, with its two 7' 9" branches, carrying water direct to the generators in the power house. One 18,000 K.V.A. generator is already installed, the second will be added when Lois River is developed to its maximum storage capacity. The big 315-foot surge tank is seen in the background.*

THE curtain is dropping with accelerated momentum on the last act of Powell River's \$8,000,000 construction programme. For fifteen months, plant extension activities have rattled along in high gear. New buildings have arisen; new machines and new equipment have added over 100 tons daily to our output of newsprint; census rolls show an increase of over 1,000 in the year's population. The Greater Powell River of 1931 is now a reality.

In Powell River townsite and plant, an era of new production is

succeeding an era of construction. Our seventh newsprint machine, No. 7, the "big feller" of the plant, is settling down to her daily grind. The necessary readjustments and minor alterations, only possible after the machine began operation, have been made; and the new machine is purring along steadily, contributing her share to the daily output of Powell River newsprint. The sixteen new grinder machines are masticating their daily rations of spruce, hemlock and larch; the new 16-ton digester has been cooking steadily for several months. Boiler room, wood room and



*The focal point of construction at Lois River. In the foreground is the fine new power house overlooking Malaspina Straits. On the right is the transmission line, and in the background the surge tank.*

screen additions—all have gone to work.

Only at Lois River is the bustle of construction still heard. Another month and the finishing touches will be imparted to the initial stage of the hydro-electric project in the Gordon Pasha watershed.

Down at Stillwater the white, many-windowed power-house looks out on Malaspina Straits, a new picture for passing mariners. Inside, the first 18,000 K.V.A. generator will soon be ready to convert the rushing

waters into power for the Powell River plant. A few hundred yards above the power-house, towering far above the country side, is the gigantic 315-foot surge tank, among the highest of its kind in the world. This is one of the most fascinating phases of the final days of construction. Men, looking like pygmies from the ground, work on scaffolding, three hundred feet in the air. Occasionally startled onlookers see a white form sitting atop of the thin steel skeleton extending above the completed por-

*Side view of the temporary log crib dam at Lois, showing the 10-foot temporary wood stave pipe line, running along the old river bank. On the hill, a few hundred yards from this point the big 214-foot flagpole, now in Kew Gardens, London, was fallen.*



tion of the tank. He is the "high-rigger" of the crew. From his precarious perch, he casually signals his friends on the tank, waving a genial greeting to the country-side ere descending, like a steeplejack, to continue his work below.

The penstock line is now intact. The two 7-ft. 9-in. wyes, branching off the main line at the power-house, as shown in the illustration, await the final installation of the generator. The entire line from the power-house to the tunnel is linked up; from the north end of the tunnel to the dam, all links have been completed. The concrete lining in the 5,800-ft. tunnel is the last gap to be closed in the complete chain extending two and a half miles from the site of the temporary dam to the Stillwater power-house. Behind the log crib dam the waters of Lois are straining at their leash, awaiting the word which will swirl them through the cavernous labyrinths of the penstock line.

The big hydro-electric programme is in the polishing stages. A few more yards in the tunnel, another few



*Graham Tyler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Tyler, of Powell River, poses beside the big bear shot by his father behind Myrtle Point during the hunting season.*

weeks on the generator, last-minute touches here and there—and the first power ever transmitted by wire to Powell River will be on its way.

Smart Alec (getting on bus):  
"Morning, Noah; is your ark full?"

Driver: "Nope. Only one jack-ass so far. Come on in."



*More trophies of the chase brought in during the year by Horace Tyler. Horace and his energetic brothers-in-law, the Graham boys, kept up their reputation as leading Nimrods again this year.*



## *A Backyard Playground*

By W. BROWN, *Powell River Company Physical Instructor*



SPRING is near at hand. The days of the rake, shovel, hoe and seed bag are almost here. Springtime is seeding time — and many a backyard horticulturist is already in action, planning his vegetables and other garden species.

May I suggest another type of seed for your backyard, a seed radically different from the usual seed, but, nevertheless, one that will produce a more valuable crop than any vegetable seed?

That seed is called PLAY. The place to plant it is in your small boy's mind. One place to mature it is in the backyard.

Last month I was traversing the Westview Highway, between Willingdon Beach and the townsite. Passing along Ocean View, two small boys were having a little game of their own devising. They stood on the roadside, waiting for an approaching automobile. When it came within 200 feet, they dashed gleefully across to the other side of the road and back in front of the car. This was their idea of play.

A few moments later I noticed two small boys and a small girl "playing." The girl's feet were well protected by rubber knee boots; both boys wore ordinary boots of leather. All three were marching ankle deep through a pool of water at the side of the road. This is another idea of play—a poor substitute for the real thing.

One more illustration: Near the main entrance to the Department Store, three lads on scooters came flying down Second Street past the delivery truck entrance, rounding the corner on one wheel. One of the lads crashed into the fence railings at the corner, the other two barely avoided them.

How many times will YOUR boy dash in front of a car, wade around in cold water, or go tearing down a hill, without suffering the inevitable consequences?

A backyard playground can be made to look just as neat as a vegetable plot, and, for the sum of \$5.00 at the most, a regular miniature gymnasium and recreational playground can be erected.

Between this February issue of THE DIGESTER and the March issue, if there are any dads who will take up my offer of assistance, and are willing to spend the \$5.00 on equipment, I will extend my services as gym and recreation instructor further than the gymnasium, and will make them a backyard playground. If I am permitted by the Editor and can find a kind-hearted draughtsman or architect to make the plans of a few simple pieces of home-made playground apparatus, I will have these plans with explanations printed in the March issue of THE DIGESTER. In the meantime, my offer of assistance still holds good to any dad.



## *Cranberry—Powell River's Largest Suburb*



*There is still plenty of room for expansion in Cranberry, but the gaps are closing up.*

**A**MONG the outstanding features of the latest census list compiled for Powell River and District, was the rapid growth of our suburban communities. Today the total population of Powell River is 5,065, an increase of over 1,000 in the past twelve months. Of this total, 2,710 people, or over one-half the entire population of the district, have taken up their residence in the three suburbs of Cranberry, Westview and Wildwood.

The district of Cranberry is, at the present time, the giant of local suburbs. When the smoke of the 1930 census battle had finally cleared away, residents of Powell River, and even of Cranberry itself, learned with astonishment that this community comprehended close to 1,000 people. In a single year over 300 swelled the census rolls by the largest increase ever recorded in a Powell River sub-

urb. Cranberry's population today is equal to the entire strength of Powell River and District in 1912.

One of the undoubted assets of Cranberry as a residential suburb is its proximity to Powell River. Eight years ago, when a few dauntless pioneering stump pullers started settlement, this was of vital importance. Road construction was just beginning, and the highway was often impassable in bad weather; the inrush of automobiles had not yet commenced; the present excellent suburban bus system was unknown. Transportation to and from the mills was "on the hoof" all the way. Consequently, Cranberry was the first of Powell River's suburbs to emerge from the stumps and second growth, which rimmed our townsite less than a decade ago.

Today Cranberry is a thriving, steadily progressing community. Its



*Part of the business section of the Cranberry community. Butcher shop, grocery, dry goods and furniture stores, all established on a modern basis, are doing steady business in the area.*

residents are learning the lesson that "in union lies strength." Community projects are bursting out with new vigor and strength. Cranberry is taking its place as a self-reliant, independent suburb, directing its own affairs, and laying the foundation for a stable and prosperous future. A local Ratepayers and Progressive Association has been formed, to guide and protect the property owners of the district. A representative and community spirited School Board is functioning with harmony and effect. A few months ago, this board, with the whole-hearted support of resi-

dents, erected their first school, a modern, four-roomed edifice. Plans are being prepared for another addition in the near future.

Natural scenic attractions, as well as proximity, commend Cranberry as a residential suburb. An arm of Powell Lake swings almost into the heart of the community. Cranberry Lake, a picturesque, placid body of fresh water, nestling in a basin-like enclosure, lies within ten minutes' walk from any point. In the summer this is the "old swimming hole" for many youngsters. In the winter months, when the incursions of King



*A few months hence, a new garage and gas station will occupy this advantageous corner post at the junction of Cranberry's main roads.*



*General view of a portion of the fast-growing suburb of Cranberry. Nearly 1000 residents now make their home in this fast-growing community, which has sprung up in the past eight years.*

Frost are at their height, all roads lead to Cranberry Lake. A sheet of ice to ravish the heart of the most timid skater lies waiting. Cranberry is the St. Moritz of the district. From the top of the two rock knolls fringing the settlement, a nature lover will see a panorama of almost unexcelled beauty. Standing on these eminences, the whole panorama of the countryside lies before him. Away in the west the Gulf of Georgia, with its blue water and picturesque islands, looms up. Eastward the long pencil arm of Powell Lake, flowing between the evergreen-clad mountains, may be traced for many miles towards its source. Far to the south the snow-clad peaks guarding Jervis Inlet greet the vision. On a clear day it is one of the most magnificent panoramas encountered anywhere on the coast.

A visitor, comparing the commercial section of Cranberry with the same area five years ago, would be amazed at the growth of "Big Business" in the community. Cranberry has its own Main Street—and a busy and rapidly extending street it is. In the past few years the progressive merchants have enlarged their prem-

ises to meet the expanding demands of an increased population. Furniture, grocery, drygoods, shoe stores, butcher shop, garages, service stations; all are here, with first-class equipment and serving their public with "quality and satisfaction."

"Watch Cranberry Grow," is the slogan of these progressive and community-spirited people of Powell River's largest suburb. And if the past few years be a just criterion, optimism should be the keynote for succeeding years. With prospects of light and water assured for the future, the attraction of Cranberry as a residential suburb will certainly not diminish. Her citizens, by working together and discussing their plans and problems in harmony and with toleration, can help in the building of the bigger and better Cranberry of the future.

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Let us make accidents as harmless as a second storey worker in a bungalow colony.

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An accident prevented is a benefaction. An accident compensation is an apology.



## About Newspapers

In Berlin, with its population of close to 4,000,000, no daily newspaper has yet approached even close to the one million mark in daily circulation. The largest German publication, *The Morgenpost*, has a circulation of 570,000 daily. This is far below the three great Parisian journals, *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Journal* and *Le Matin*, all of which have circulations in excess of a million copies. *Le Petit Parisien*, with 1,700,000 daily, is exceeded only by London's famous *Daily Mail*.

### Belgian Newspapers

Approximately twenty-seven newspapers are published daily in Belgium. It is interesting to note that of this total, twenty-one are printed in French and six in Flemish. The Flemish newspapers, as will be expected, are confined largely to Antwerp, where five of the city's ten daily publications are in the Flemish language. The largest Flemish newspaper is issued in Brussels, with a daily circulation of 112,000 copies. *Le Soir*, which many local ex-service men will remember, is Belgium's largest daily. Printed in French, it issues 235,000 copies daily to the citizens of Brussels.

### The Daily News in a Raincoat

Waxed newspaper wrappers are a new specialty being manufactured by the Westminster Paper Mills at New Westminster, B. C. These take the

form of sheaths in which the folded newspapers are inserted, the idea being to protect the papers from rain. The wrappers are used by the carriers only where there is no veranda or other protection from rain at the house or building occupied by the subscriber.

Circulation executives of the *Vancouver Daily Province*, the first newspaper in Canada to make use of the waterproof wrappers, say that the innovation has been well worth while, as it has eliminated the danger of wet and discolored newspapers.

### The Cover Page

Our cover this month shows the gigantic 315-foot surge tank at Lois River as it appeared last month, when partially completed. As will be seen from the illustration the huge tank is a veritable landmark for Lois River.

Wally Tapp has also displayed his versatility. One of the best goalkeepers ever seen on a local field, Wally is among the low handicap golfers, and also takes a turn at lacrosse and baseball.

Chuck Couvelier is perhaps the most versatile athlete in Powell River. Chuck is one of the townsite's leading baseball and basketball scorers. A natural athlete, he has tried nearly every game, and now he, too, is developing ambitions in the golf line. Chuck hasn't won the club championship yet, but he can't be thrown out for lack of trying. Next year he figures on being in on the golf money.



## Soccer Notes

As we go to press, two-thirds of the local soccer season will be completed. The Falconer Shield series, always among the most fiercely contested of local competitions, is down to the final stage, and finds the old rivals, Moose and Callies, battling for honors. The Scots have already won the McMaster Cup and are out to repeat in the Shield. The antlered



*Alan Gilchrist, veteran in local soccer ranks, is playing a strong, consistent game at fullback for the Moose this season.*

crew are endeavoring to head off the Scots in their attempt to make a clean sweep this season.

The Moose have acquired the services of McFarlane, formerly of Kerrisdale, who is playing a nice game. He should be of great assistance to his team when the Bell-Irving Cup competitions materialize.

The Westview eleven, newly formed this year, are deserving of high praise for their courageous stand against their rivals. Their first year in competition, the Ranchers were faced with many difficulties; starting

a bit late, they were forced to pick up many new and untried players. Despite this, they have made a strong showing and have appeared better as the season progressed.

With the old veteran, Hugh Cairney, forming the nucleus of the squad, Westview are gradually building up a strong and well-balanced eleven. At fullback, Bill Tyler, who starred in junior soccer last year, is playing a strong game. Young Johnnie Haddock, another of last year's juniors, is also performing well. With the experience gained this year, both these lads should be among the stars of next season.

The younger Westview team, by the way, has proven a difficulty for the league-leading Callies to vault. On two occasions, once in the league and once in the Falconer Shield series, the Ranchers have dragged the colors of the Scots in the dust.

Another gratifying feature of the present season has been the return to form of Andy Leiper, diminutive inside forward of the Callies. On his game, Andy has few peers in the district,

Tommy Lucas, another veteran of local football, is on the top of his form this year. Tommy dropped away a bit last season, but has returned to form and is securing goals consistently.

## Golf Notes

THE continued spell of fine weather during January has permitted competitions to be run off with clocklike regularity. The focal point of interest during the month centred around the mixed two-ball finals. Ed Peacock and Miss K. Fromey met Frank Carriveau and Mrs. Thompson. It was an interesting contest—and went the full limit of eighteen holes, with Ed and Miss Fromey winning out on the last hole. Both teams are to be congratulated on their showing. Mrs. Thompson and Frank Carriveau are comparatively new to competition, and their strong showing is highly creditable. Ed had already played eighteen holes in the morning, with rain and a blustering breeze blowing across the links. Despite this, he came back with only a brief rest to play his usual powerful game.

As we go to press, the men's two-ball will have been decided. The semi-finals brought C. Brynjolfson and J. Tunstall against Gus Schuler and Albert McLean; and "Curly" Woodward and Cecil Kelly facing S. Brynjolfson and J. Lundie.

A large entry list is on tap for the men's handicap singles, one of the favored events of the year. It is expected that over sixty entrants will face each other in the opening round. It is too early yet to indulge in any prophecies which would be upset before this issue comes out. However,

some of the most keenly-contested struggles of the year are being anticipated.

Work is proceeding on the course extension. It is hoped that seeding will be commenced next month, and that the new holes will be ready for the competitions starting next fall. The new eighth hole is expected to be one of the trickiest on the course. The tee is up on a side hill overlooking the green, 135 yards below. Lord help the golfers on a windy day! The new sixth hole is expected to be about 500 yards in length, the longest on the course.

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### BIRTHS

- January 1—Mr. and Mrs. John Biasutti,  
a boy.  
January 3—Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harding,  
a girl.  
January 23—Mr. and Mrs. G. DeBiasio,  
a boy.  
January 23—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Sowerby,  
a girl.
- 

### *In The Danzig Corridor*

An interesting and possibly significant feature in the German Polish contentions in the *Danzig Corridor* are revealed in newspaper statistics of the Free City of Danzig. Today there are nine daily newspapers printed in Danzig; eight of these are in German and one Polish. The total circulation of the eight German dailies is approximately 107,000; the single publication printed in Polish distributes only 18,000 issues.

## Pearls of Wisdom



The ultimate in Safety is that happy condition when, regardless of supervision, warnings or safety devices, you precede every act with a thought of the hazards involved.

Will any compensation cheque ever compensate you for a lost arm or leg?

Good-will is the soul of Safety achievement.

Promotions depend upon a good Safety record equally with ability and ambition.

Your company is spending many hundreds of dollars each year for your protection. How about a little co-operation?

Safety is a mental habit. Get the habit.

Among men, accidents are the second most important cause of death.

Down with accidents.  
El Whamo! El Socko! El Sonk!

Keep the home safe. They suffer most when you get hurt.

The vital spark of Safety must be supplied by Y.O.U.

When an accident strikes down an older person, the probabilities are high that one or more children have been orphaned.

Famous last words: "Oh, well, I'll take a chance!"

Are you doing the right thing out of working hours to enable you to do the right thing during working hours?

Keep some brains for working hours, they might be needed.

The occurrence of accidents is an indication of careless practice, of wasted material, injured machinery and delayed production.

Fatal home injuries fall into four principal categories:

Falls are most important.

Burns, scalds and explosions are next.

Asphyxiations, third.

Poisonings, fourth.

Have you ever had the widow and children come to you and tell you of the grief and heart-ache, poverty and misery that followed in the wake of father's careless or thoughtless act?



Gotta-go, Black Button

Accidents are the largest  
single cause of crippling,  
dependency and destitu-  
tion on this continent.

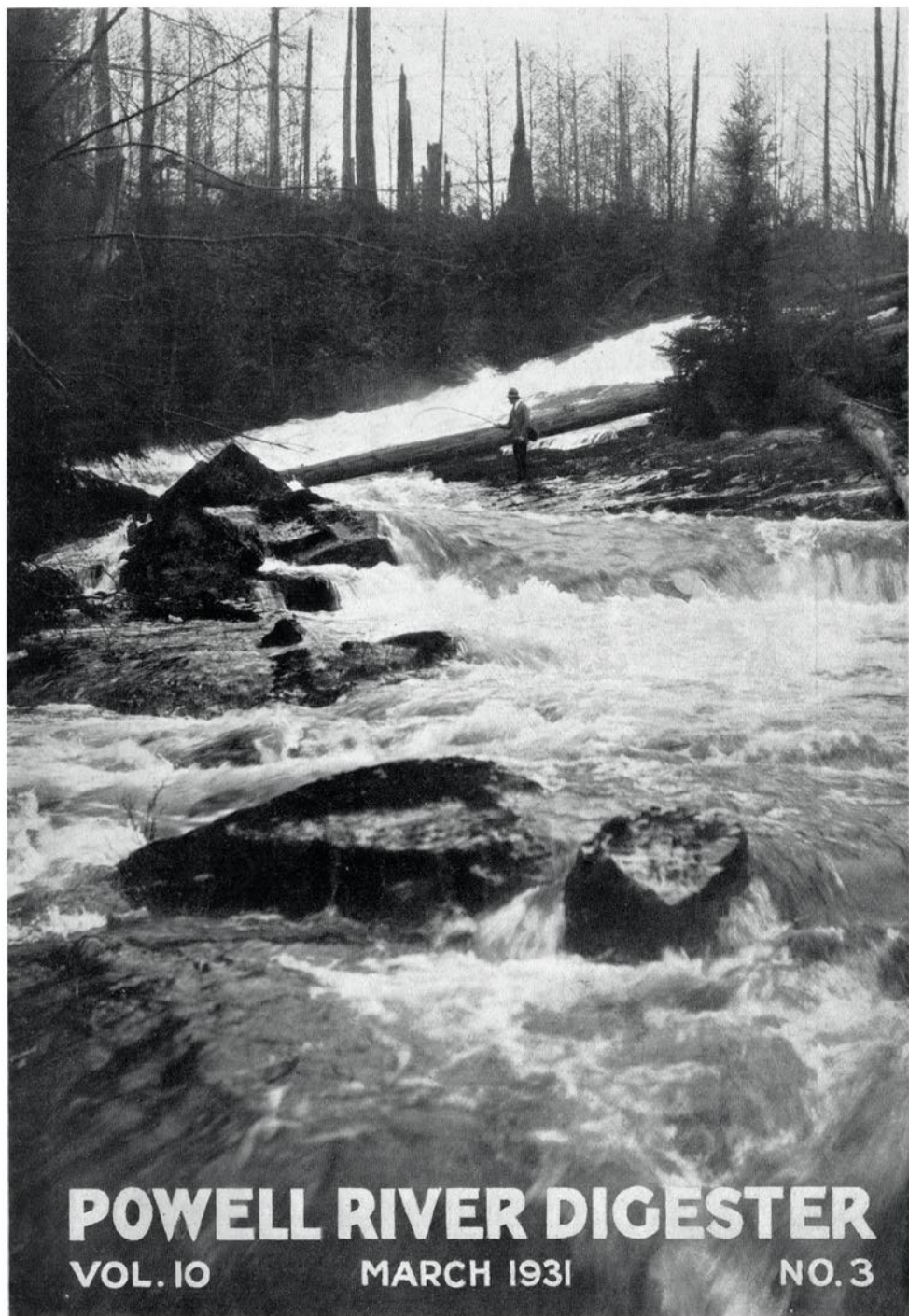




*Help the New Man.*



Remember, the new man  
problem is largely one of  
example set by the old  
employee.

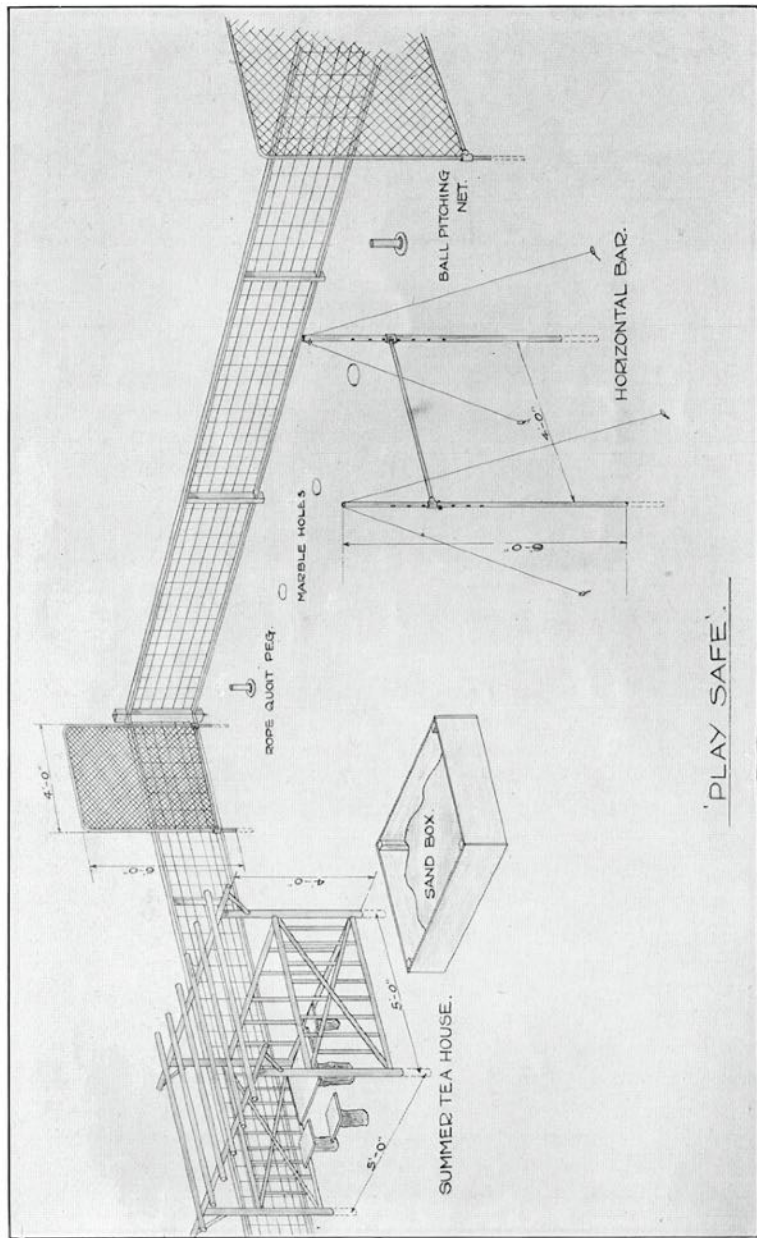


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

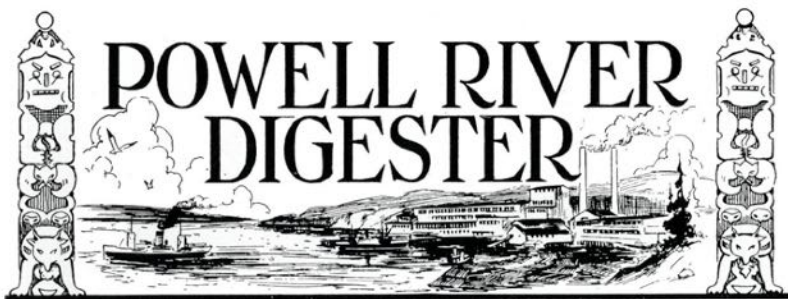
VOL. 10

MARCH 1931

NO. 3



One type of a backyard programme for children, suggested by W. Brown, Powell River Company's Physical Instructor. (For details, see inside back cover.)



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. 10

MARCH, 1931

No. 3

## *Pacific Coast Pulp and Paper Mills Confer on Safety*

**R**ESPONDING to the invitation sent out by Mr. R. H. Scanlon, of Powell River, Regional Director of the National Safety Council in the west, twenty-five delegates, representing Pacific Coast mills and state and provincial safety organizations, convened at Powell River on Friday, February 27th.

A well-balanced and interesting programme kept the visitors busy from the moment they arrived at 8 a.m. until the midnight boat blew a final farewell. The morning and the early part of the afternoon were given over to an inspection of the new plant construction at Powell River and the hydro-electric development at Lois River. To a delegation, composed for the most part of repre-

sentatives of the pulp and paper industry, the inspection tour was among the high lights of the day.

Luncheon awaited the visitors at Camp 1, headquarters of Stuart Cameron & Co., contractors on the Stillwater work, which, one of the visitors remarked, was like the work they had just inspected, "on a large and generous scale."

### *The Afternoon Session*

The first business session of the convention was held at 3 p.m. in Dwight Hall, where several speakers, prominently identified with the safety movement on the coast, addressed the delegates.

Mr. R. H. Scanlon, as chairman, in opening the meeting, expressed his satisfaction at the interest shown in





*Delegates and guests pose for their first picture on the old logging crossing on the Stillwater road. In the rear is the old "locie," which carried them on the first leg of their inspection tour to the dam, about a mile and a half up the line.*

the year's convention. It was particularly gratifying, he said, to see the pulp and paper of the Pacific Coast taking the lead in the campaign of accident prevention in the west.

"One of the chief ingredients in a low accident ratio," he concluded, "is to get together in a friendly and helpful spirit to discuss our mutual problems. This is the principal object of our gathering in Powell River at this time, and I sincerely hope all delegates will benefit by the discussions and return to their respective mills as apostles in the cause of industrial safety."

Mr. George L. Schetky, representing the B. C. Fire Underwriters, was the initial speaker at the session. Mr. Schetky, in a carefully prepared and interesting paper, pointed out that the great increase in fire hazards is

due largely to the complicity of modern civilization. The natural hazards encountered by our early ancestors were replaced by a host of man-made hazards, resulting from the growing complicity of modern civilization. In the United States and Canada, he pointed out, losses by fire had increased over 1,000 per cent. in the last sixty years, while population figures only showed a 200 per cent. increase.

"The pulp and paper industry generally," Mr. Schetky concluded, "have displayed wonderful energy in reducing fire hazards in their establishments. And it pays them well. Today the Powell River Company, by reason of their protective equipment, enjoy the lowest fire insurance rate of any manufacturing establishment in British Columbia."

Major H. Steere-Clark, of the



*The Big Three of the Powell River Safety Conference. R. H. Scanlon (centre) poses with E. H. Winn (left), Chairman of the B. C. Compensation Board, and H. C. Gilmour, Commissioner of the same body. Both Mr. Winn and Mr. Gilmour's addresses were among the high lights of the convention.*

B. C. Loggers' Association, spoke on the natural hazards facing the logger in his work, illustrating his lecture with an interesting series of slides. The key-note of Major Steere-Clark's address was the contention that safety should be linked up with our regular educational system. It should be taught from infancy in the schools, so that when a worker reached the wage-earning stage, the principle of safe thinking and safe acting were automatically part of his working equipment.

George Aitken, of Portland, Oregon, safety engineer of the State Industrial Accident Commission, delivered an entertaining address on the diffusion of safety propaganda in his state. Defining safety as a business of reciprocity, Mr. Aitken went on to describe reaction of certain people to the subject of their personal safety.

"I know men in the United States who scrutinize with the minutest

exactitude the quantity and composition of the oil they use in running their cars. But these same men seldom ask their bootlegger where his liquor was manufactured and what it contains. And yet they are putting it into a far more important place than in their cars."

Ways and Means of Traffic Safety formed the subject of the address by Mr. Percy Abell, manager of the B. C. Safety League. Mr. Abell, who has been intimately associated with the traffic problem in Vancouver, and with the fight to eliminate traffic accidents, stressed the alarming increase in public accidents as a direct result of traffic conditions.

"Last year, in the United States and Canada, 32,121 people lost their lives in traffic mishaps. In other words, every 17 minutes of the day one person is killed in a traffic accident. In the past three years, such accidents have increased 350 per cent.

"The ideal of traffic safety," con-



*Splendid view of the new Stillwater powerhouse, regarded as one of the best and most artistically designed of its kind on the Pacific Coast.*

cluded Mr. Abell, is a happy combination of good road engineering, education and law enforcement, sprinkled with a liberal dose of courtesy."

Mr. W. D. Jenkins, representing the B. C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association, outlined the work his association was doing in reducing accidents and hazards in their mills.

"Our most effective method," Mr. Jenkins stated, "is the quiet and personal dissemination of the safety thought among our men. Our committee visit the mills regularly, talk to the men, and solicit suggestions on the utility of new devices and ways of improving the existing safety equipment. By this means, we have largely overcome the attitude of suspicion, which, in the early days, met the efforts of safety workers and seriously retarded progress.

"Last year," Mr. Jenkins concluded, "only three fatal accidents occurred in mills belonging to our

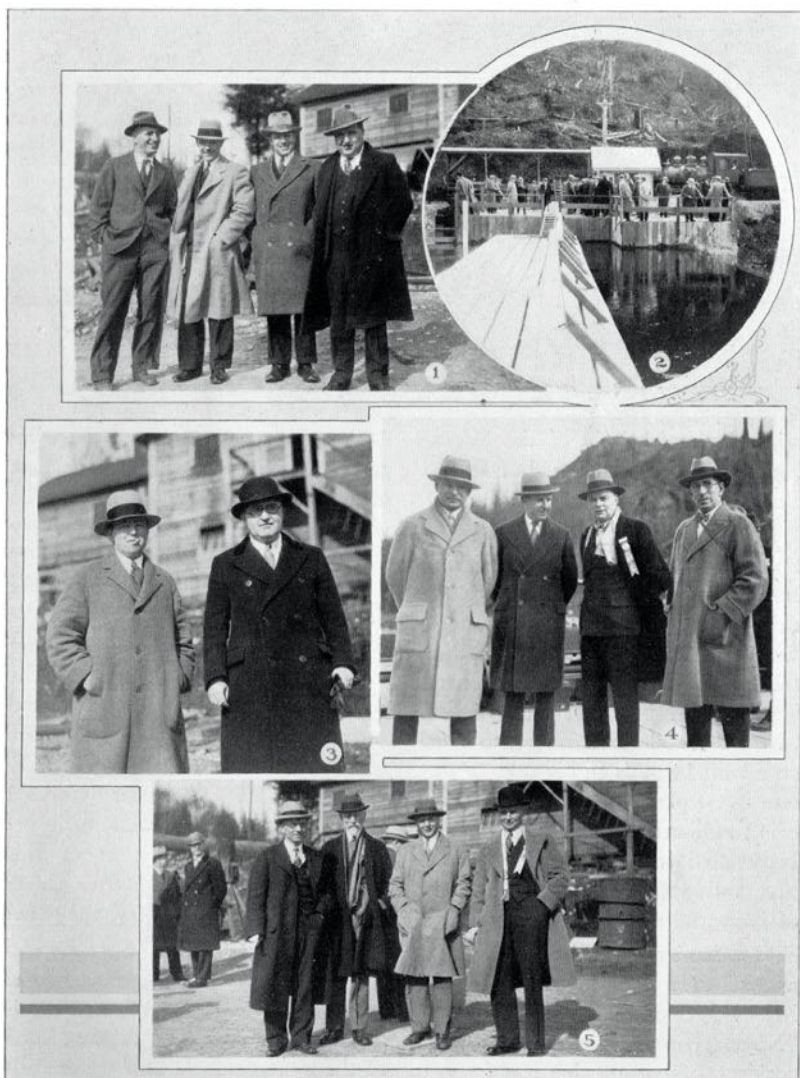
association, which embraces 50 per cent. of the shingle and saw mills in the province. And not a single case of a major amputation was on record. No man lost an arm, a leg, or a hand during our operations in 1930. We attribute this gratifying result largely to a close co-operation with the 'man on the job,' from whom we have at all times received every assistance and numerous valuable suggestions."

#### *The Evening Banquet*

At 7.30 p.m., over a hundred guests, among whom were Powell River Company officials, superintendents and members of the plant safety committees, gathered in Dwight Hall for the farewell banquet. A musical and vocal program had been arranged and was maintained at intervals throughout the evening.

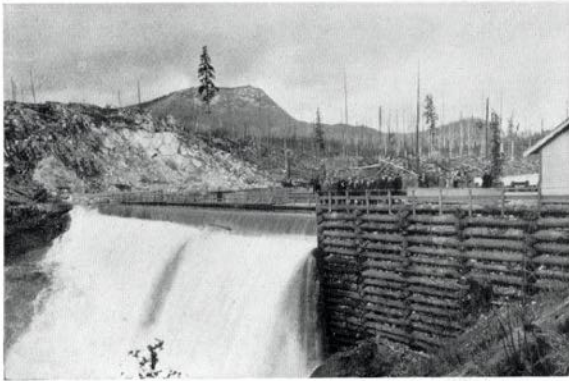
The principal speakers at the evening banquet were Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Powell River Company resident manager, and Mr. E. H. Winn and Mr. H. B. Gilmour, chairman and com-





Group of safety conference delegates enjoy the inspection of the new work at Lois: (1) A. E. Killin (left), of Powell River; Eric Ekholm, Puget Sound Pulp & Timber; C. Everett, Puget Sound Pulp & Paper; A. Zimmerman, Pacific Straw Board & Fibre. (2) Delegates arrive at the Lois River dam. (3) Pittock Leadbetter (Oregon Pulp & Paper); C. J. Munroe, B. C. Electric Railway. (4) D. Charleson, Gray's Harbor; Clyde Pitchford, Grays Harbor; R. H. Scanlon, Major Steere-Clarke. (5) Paul Rozell, Inland Empire Paper Co.; Geo. Schetky, B. C. Fire Underwriters; W. L. Ketchen, Port Alice; Ray Onkels, New Westminster Paper Mills.





*One of the most interesting features of the visit of the safety delegates to Lois River was an inspection of the temporary log crib dam, shown in the inset.*

missioner respectively of the Workmen's Compensation Board of British Columbia.

In proposing the toast to the National Safety Council, Mr. Bell-Irving made a strong appeal for a close affiliation of Pacific Coast mills with that body. Briefly reviewing the history of its early development, he said that in 1912, the National Safety Council had sprung into existence with 14 mills on her roll. Today over 5000 plants, embracing the lives of 12 million workmen looked to the National Safety Council for inspiration and assistance in the problem of industrial safety.

"Mechanical equipment is not the answer to a low accident record," Mr. Bell-Irving went on to say. "Ninety per cent. of the industrial accidents today are due largely to a lack of the safety habit. Once we have made our plants mechanically perfect—and this is the first duty of the management—the real solution to the accident problem is universal education."

"It may surprise some of the delegates to learn that the average cost to a company of an accident to its worker is \$80 each year. For every accident in your yearly list, you spend \$80. And I need not remind the delegates here that the loss to the worker is far greater and far more serious. Today 25 per cent. of the largest and most efficiently conducted corporations on this continent are members of the National Safety Council. They consider it well worth their while, and if such organizations feel the benefit of this connection, surely western plants would do well to follow their example."

Mr. E. H. Winn, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board, following Mr. Bell-Irving, delivered one of the most eloquent and sincere addresses of the evening. He was pleased, he said, to pay a just tribute to the Powell River Company in this respect. "Your plant," he said, "is nearly 100 per cent. perfect from a mechanical standpoint."



*Representatives of many safety organizations were present at Powell River for the conference. Left to right: H. C. Gilmour, Workmen's Compensation Board; Major Steere-Clarke, B. C. Loggers' Association; Geo. Aitken, State Industrial Accident Commission, Oregon; W. D. Jenkins, B. C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers' Association; Percy Abell, manager B. C. Safety League; E. H. Winn, Workmen's Compensation Board.*

Mr. Winn strongly urged that every delegate give serious and earnest attention to the safety problem in his own plant. He particularly stressed the responsibilities of the plant foreman in carrying the safety habit to the men in his department.

"If," he concluded, "you, as foreman, are not helping the men under your charge, you are evading your duties as a foreman and as a man. Safety education is not a thing to be tackled spasmodically, with occasional bursts of enthusiasm. Its success depends on continuous, sustained effort. It is the foreman's responsibility to see that the safety habit is an integral part of his daily relations with his men."

Mr. H. B. Gilmour, commissioner of the B. C. Workmen's Compensa-

tion Board, who for the past thirty years has been prominently identified with safety work in the province, spoke in his usual vigorous and outspoken vein.

"While," he said, "I agree that safety education is the ultimate solution of the safety problem, do not overlook the mechanical safeguarding of the plant. No employer can urge the safety habit, if he himself has not done everything in his power to provide protection to his employees. When you have safeguarded your mill with every possible safety device, then and then only can you say to your workers: 'We have done our share, now do yours.' In the past eight years, as a direct result of improvements in mechanical equipment, the pulp and paper plants of British Columbia have reduced the amount



*Dr. Andrew Henderson, of Powell River, chats with Lloyd E. Thorpe, editor of the Pacific Pulp and Paper Magazine, during the Stillwater trip.*

paid to the Compensation Board by 100 per cent."

The toast to the visitors was proposed by Mr. J. Falconer, Powell River Company assistant resident manager, who was in his usually happy vein. Mr. Falconer, as a son of "Auld Scotia," reminded his hearers that one reason for the supremacy of the Scottish race over all others in the world was their habit of caution. "Safety First" was a creed which the Scotsman learned early and which he always kept with him.

Major H. Steere-Clark, replying to the toast to the visitors, gave the delegates some interesting facts, stressing the result of a campaign for safety recently instituted in South Africa and in the Dutch East Indies. He showed, that in less than three years of vigorous propaganda, healthy and substantial progress had been made in accident reduction in these countries, most of whom were far less happily provided with mechani-

cal equipment than Pacific Coast industrial plants.

"Arouse a healthy spirit of competition among your men," Major Steere-Clark concluded, "and you have laid the pavement on the low accident roadway in your plant."

Mr. W. L. Ketchen, manager of the B. C. Pulp and Paper Company plant at Port Alice, B. C., stressed the value of a low accident record to the management. Financially and in the happiness and harmony of their workers, elimination of accidents was a big asset to a plant. He concluded by bringing forward a suggestion that a new safety shield be placed for annual competition among the industrial plants of British Columbia and the neighboring states. The loser of the competition, suggested Mr. Ketchen, should defray the cost of the shield.

Mr. R. H. Scanlon, in his concluding remarks, thanked all the delegates for their attendance at the meeting and for the fine spirit of co-operation in which they had met his invitation to gather at Powell River.

"The Pacific Coast pulp and paper mills have shown," declared Mr. Scanlon, "by their attendance this year, that they are behind the movement to promote an organized safety campaign in their plants. During the past year several new members have affiliated with the National Safety Council, and we hope the enthusiasm displayed at this meeting will be the means of bringing every pulp and paper mill on the Pacific Coast into the fold."



*Sometimes Powell River newsprint in its travels passes through Magellan Straits, the beel of South America, shown here.*



#### GEORGE W. DEANE

The regrettable tidings of the death of Mr. George W. Deane, New Zealand manager for Carmichael & Co., distributor of Powell River newsprint in Australia and New Zealand, have just come to hand. Mr. Deane passed away on February 26th from cancer.

Two years ago Mr. Deane visited Powell River, spending several days inspecting the plant and townsite. While here, his sincerity and his quiet, unassuming personality gained him many friends, who will deeply regret his untimely passing.

#### JOHN T. AYRES

As we go to press, the pulp and paper industry of this continent mourns the death of one of its greatest friends. Even more than a friend to the industry was John (Jack) Thomas Ayres, president of Ayres Limited; he was a comrade to almost every paper maker in Canada, who will feel in his decease the loss of a true friend and well-

wisher. In Powell River, the generosity and the kindness of "Jack" Ayres is known to every paper maker. Throughout Canada, and particularly in the town of Lachute, his public benefactions, which he always strove to conceal, and his many kindnesses to people of all stations, have made him a universally beloved figure.

Thousands of wreaths and testimonials were forwarded from every corner of the continent, and the town of Lachute ceased all business on his funeral day. At his funeral the presiding minister paid the tribute to Jack Ayres which reflects the feeling of all those with whom he came in contact.

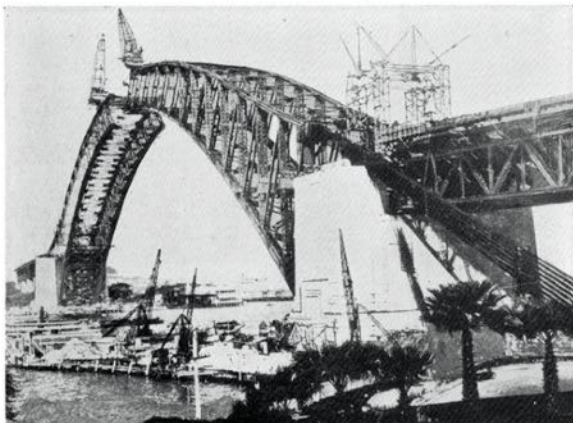
"There are some deaths that bereave individuals, some that bereave families, but the death of Mr. Ayres bereaves the whole community and leaves it sorrowing."

A striking fact about accidents is that they are ever on the increase.

Children are the greatest sufferers when fatalities occur.



## *Sydney Bridge Nears Completion*



*View of the gigantic span of the great arch bridge spanning the harbor of Sydney, Australia, as the last links in the big steel structure were being forged.*

CONSTRUCTION on the great arch bridge, spanning the harbor of Sydney, Australia, and linking the metropolis with its northern suburbs, is nearing completion. This famous bridge, which has attracted world-wide interest during its construction, will be open for traffic some time in 1931. It will bring to consummation, one of the greatest engineering projects of modern times.

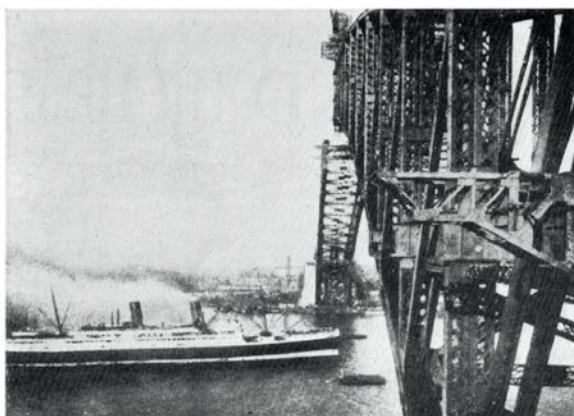
In recent years the expanding population of Sydney and its adjacent suburbs has rendered some such scheme imperative. Some talk there was of a subway beneath the harbor, but this was finally abandoned in favor of the great steel arch that now towers nearly 500 feet above the waters of Sydney Harbor. Beneath this the largest passenger liners in the world may pass without halt or hindrance.

The new Sydney Bridge is a giant among the giants of modern bridge construction. The clearance of this Gargantuan structure is fixed at 170 feet above high water, more than sufficient to permit the passage of the world's largest liners beneath. This headway exceeds the clearance of the Brooklyn Bridge by 35 feet; and is 20 feet more than that provided on the famous Forth Bridge or on Canada's great Quebec Bridge.

This was one of the first considerations when the original designs of the bridge were promulgated. Sydney, with its population of 1,000,000 people, is a leading shipping centre of the Empire. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world and it was essential that nothing should interfere with or retard the free passage of navigation in Port Jackson.

Some conception of the monstrous size of the structure will be realized

*View of the arch, showing the S.S. Aorangi, of the Canadian - Australasian line, passing beneath. The steelwork of the arch is completed, and the bridge will be opened for traffic this year.*



when we inform our readers that the bridge provides for four lines of electric railways, road accommodation for six lines of vehicular traffic and two footwalks, each 10 feet wide. The roadway, 57 feet in width, will run through the centre of the bridge, flanked on either side by the two lines of railways.

The designers of the bridge have kept an eye on the future. Accommodation is such that, even with a population of 1,000,000 people inhabiting the northern suburbs of Sydney, transport facilities will not be unduly taxed. When working at

its maximum capacity, 168 electric trains, 6,000 vehicles, and 40,000 pedestrians can cross the bridge in the space of one hour.

The eyes of the world are focussed on the progress of this giant span, now being rushed to completion. Down in Sydney, they are justly proud of this mighty structure, the largest arch bridge on the face of the globe.

When thou learneth to START thy motor without RACING it, or awakening the entire NEIGHBORHOOD, thou art becoming GOOD.



*How the Sydney bridge will look when finally dressed for parade, and ready to solve the traffic problems of Sydney and its suburbs for many decades to come.*



# AROUND THE PLANT

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## *The Cover Picture*

This month's cover reminds our enthusiastic army of Nimrods that the fishing season is now open, and the trout in the lakes and streams are looking forward to a little sport. Bob Smith, of the hardware department, was out bright and early in one of the innumerable small streams in the Lois River district.

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ONE of the most interesting events of the month under review centres around Ed Smith's discovery of an old cannonball on the fringe of the golf course, just above the path leading to the old logging road at No. 4 tee. Ed's supposition, backed by expert opinion, is that the ball in question is a piece of round shot fired shoreward by the itchy trigger finger of a master gunner on one of the British or Spanish naval craft which frequented these waters in the 18th century. Presumably it was fired at the Indians, who, in these days, had squatters' rights on Powell River and vicinity, or maybe the boys aboard ship were trying to hit that tree on the seventh tee. Seriously, it is an interesting relic, bringing back, as it

does, a glimpse of our coast a century and a half ago.

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## *A Moving Spectacle*

We saw a moving spectacle around the office last month. Miss Cuthbertson, the Encyclopaedia Britannica and the Webster of the Townsite Department, was superintending the removal of her merchandise for her new office. Sleeves rolled up, head covered with a fearsome modern improvisation of the Oriental turban, "Cubby" was in the thick of the battle. Several stout painters, to whom playing Daniel in the Lions' Den would have been mere child's play, hadn't the courage to even ask what it was all about. One poor, blundering lad brightly asked, "What's up?" and he hasn't come down yet. We hasten, however, to assure our readers that the excitement is all over, and that Miss Cuthbertson is again back on the old stand and open for business as usual.

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Jack Drury, papermaker and erstwhile ardent devotee of soccer, has fallen from grace. Jack has taken up golf, and from what we have seen of his performance to date, it's just too bad for the pill if he hits it. Of course, he misses the odd one; but

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when he does connect, it's a case of "Lafayette and brother golfers, we are here." And here means 275 yards or thereabouts.

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Well, the fishing season is here again, and bets are already being made on the wharf on who makes the first double catch this season. Each year one or other of the boys down there have managed to grab a cod and a salmon on one catch, and competition is keen. We suggest that Joe Elliott make up a little sweepstake for the first combined salmon and cod catch of the season.

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Some of the addicts of fishing as practised on the wharf, have been trying for ten years to get Joe Falconer down that way—but no one has succeeded. Joe is still a confirmed Powell Laker—and as far as we are aware has refused point blank to indulge in the big game hunting that goes on around the wharf.

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**T**HE unusually mild winter and the promise of a precocious spring finds our gardening contingent already out in skirmishing order. So mild, so considerate, indeed, have the elements been this season that roses, violets and other hardy plants have bloomed uninterrupted through December and January.

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Walter Snyder among the "honorable mentions" in last year's con-

test, has learned a few new tricks from the installation of No. 7 machine. Some of these ideas, we hear, are to be transferred to the garden, and Walter gives notice of his intention to show them all the way to go home in this year's contest. Walter had the odd lump in his garden stock last year, but with a new screen, he tells us there will be no hay in the garden this summer. Ride 'em, cowboy.

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Luther Hicks and Charlie Murray, whose lawns touch and who also were placed high in the Honorable Mentions, have started preliminary scratching. Charlie has kept in practice all winter on the golf course, and figures on treating that turf in his lawn to a few new slices and hooks.

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And Jack Brand is out to retain his title as King of Powell River Boulevarders. Jack's boulevard, under his eagle eye and skilfully manipulated tools, has been among the show places of our district for many years. Lawns may come and lawns may go, but apparently Jack's boulevard is endowed with perpetual motion.

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It has been suggested to us if the authorities in New York still find themselves helpless to deal with that little night club lassie they call Texas Guinan, that George Heighway give Kenny Smith a month's leave of absence with no restrictions, and let him take over the job.





### How's This?

He was a gentleman and she, obviously, was a lady. He was the kind of gentleman who believed he should tip her off that there was disorder in her habit.

So he said: "Madam, I beg your pardon for addressing you, but your petticoat shows."

She tilted up her nose and pertly said: "Well, what does it show?"

Calmly replacing his hat on his head, he answered: "It shows that you are old-fashioned."

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George Bernard Shaw says modern women lack sex appeal. George is now going on 85.

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It seems that one of our school teachers visited the Hollywood zoo last summer and wanted to see the monkeys. The cage was deserted, and she called upon the keeper for an explanation.

"All the monkeys are in the inner cage having a bath," explained the guardian.

"But," protested the sweet thing, "they'll come out for some peanuts, won't they?"

"Would you," asked the keeper.

Groom of a few months was not satisfied with his wife's cooking.

He: "Dearest, why don't you make the bread mother used to make?"

She: "And why don't you make the dough father used to make?"

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The steward tapped on the state-room door of the army transport.

"I thought I'd bring you something to eat up here and save you the trouble," he announced.

"Thanks," gasped the officer. "Now save me some more trouble, will you, by throwing it over the side."

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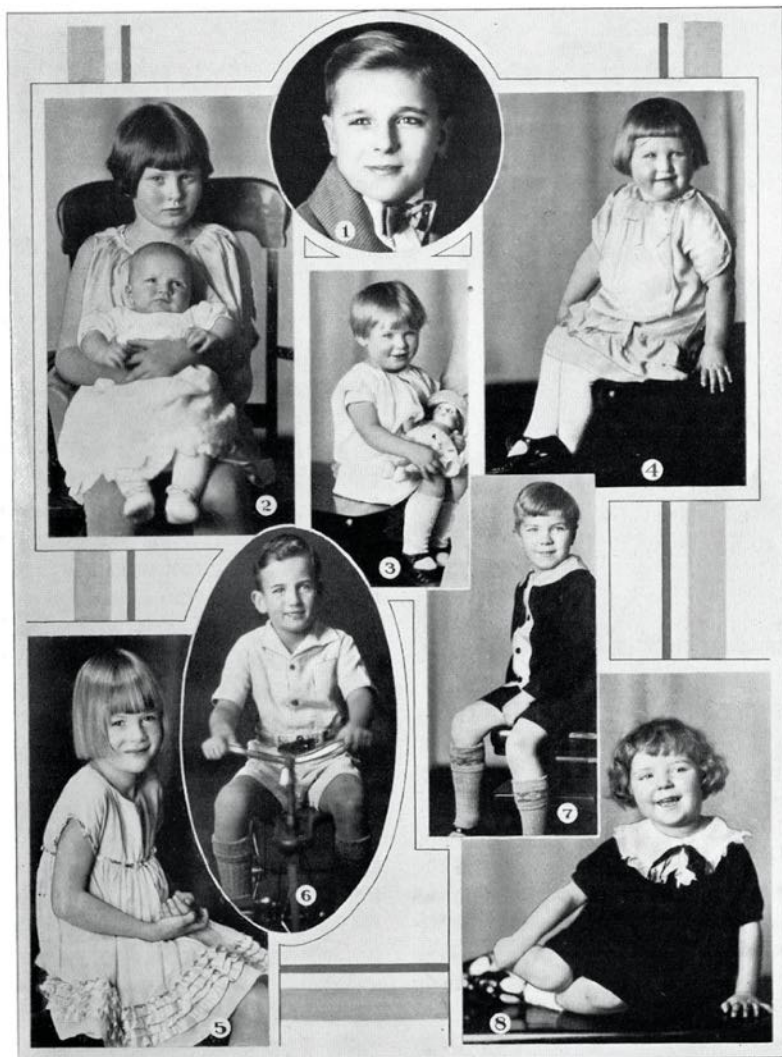
A London couple had a tiff. "You're no good for nuffink," said the wife.

"Who earns this hunemployment allowance?" retorted hubby.

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A number of soldiers were practicing oral messages along the line. The leader, who was a stern man, sent along the following message: "Send reinforcements; we are going to advance." But the young private who was at the end of the line was astonished to hear: "Send three and fourpence, we are going to a dance."

*Powell River Children*



1. Mike Kohut.      2. Dorothy May and William Alexander Black.      3. Gwendolyn McDonald.  
 4. Flora Abbalini.      5. Mavis Green.      6. Godfrey Wash.  
 7. Fredrick Gibson.      8. Jean Gibson.

## *Newsprint in the Making— the Greenwood Mill*



*Ernest Ketchum, superintendent of Powell River's grinder room, has been active in pulp and paper circles of the Pacific Coast for the past thirty years.*

an equal partner in the Big Four of the modern paper-making process—sawmill, groundwood, sulphite and machine rooms.

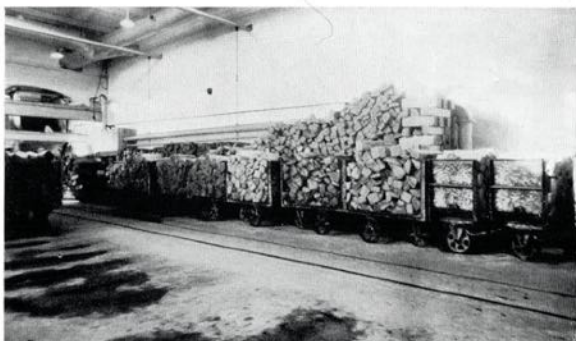
### *Wasp the First Paper Maker*

The possibilities of using wood as a paper-making material were not exploited until the 18th century. The honor of first suggesting this is assigned by paper historians to Rene Reamur, the celebrated French physicist and naturalist. It was Reamur who introduced the wasp to paper makers. He had been a close observer of the habits of this insect; had watched them construct their nests; had observed how closely the bits of wood used in the building of their flimsy castles corresponded to paper. From these observations Reamur concluded that the wood materials utilized by the wasp might also find a place in the chemistry of paper making.

One particular feature of interest to Canadian readers is Reamur's observation on the Canadian wasp. "But of all the wasps of the kingdom that I know," he said, "none makes anything as singular as a species of wasp that lives in Canada." He went on to say that the nest covering fabri-

**L**AST month we touched briefly on the history of the wood pulp discovery and its application to our plant at Powell River. In the following article we hope to perform a similar duty in connection with the second principal stage in modern paper making—the groundwood mill.

Every sheet of newsprint that appears on our streets today is composed largely of groundwood pulp. Approximately 75 per cent. of the modern newsprint is groundwood stock and the groundwood mill is



*A "train load" of paper fodder, just brought in for the sixteen new grinders. The wood is shipped via electric locie from the wood room.*

cated by the Canadian wasp so closely approximated paper in appearance, that the difference, even to an experienced eye, was difficult to detect.

#### *Different Plants Used*

Out of the scientific investigation of Reamur grew the definite conviction that materials other than rags might be used in paper making. In 1765, Jacob Schaeffe, of Regensburg, Germany, published a treatise upon various plants, which, he said, could be transformed into paper without the use of rags. These included tree moss, hop tendrils, grape-vine bark, hemp, mulberry, stinging nettle, bulrush, cabbage stalk, potato skin and a host of miscellaneous plants. In

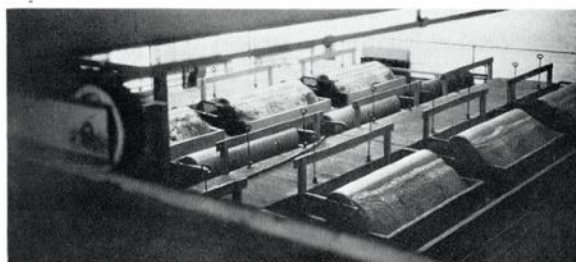
1786 the first book printed on material other than cotton or linen rags was published. The bark of the lime tree was used for the first edition, the second was printed paper made from the marshmallow.

#### *First Editions on Straw*

In 1800 Matthias Koops published his first book on paper-making materials. The early edition of this work was printed on paper successfully manufactured from straw. An appendix of six pages affixed to this work claims to have been manufactured from wood alone.

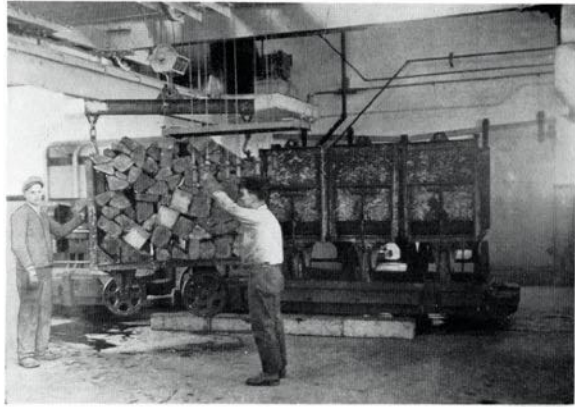
In the first half of the 19th century came the experiments of Fertility and Keller, with wood pulp.

*Looking down on the decker screens in the new grinder room. Here the groundwood pulp loses the water used in the filtering processes and passes on to the big storage tanks, ready for the call of the machines.*





*The hoist in the new grinder room picks the cars of wood up and moves them to the required resting place. Very little hand labor is seen in this up-to-date and modern grinder room.*



Followed the gradual conversion of publishers to wood and the establishment of groundwood rooms in connection with paper mills. In 1867 the first groundwood mill on the North American continent was built by Alexander Buntin, at Valleyfield, Quebec, and the era of modern paper making began.

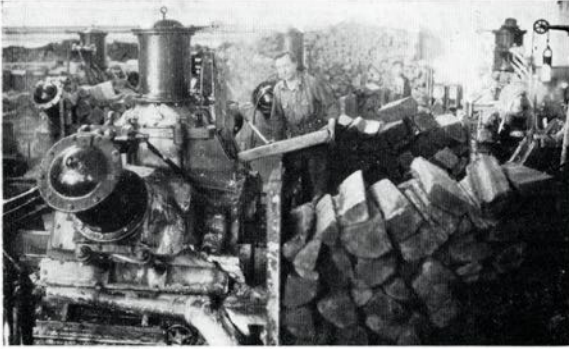
#### ***Ground to Pulp***

What actually happens in the groundwood room to the blocks, as we left them last month, is simple in the extreme. It can be explained in one short sentence. The function of the grinding machines is simply to grind the blocks into a porridge-like pulp. In this form it leaves the machines, is mixed with large quantities of water and passes through various screens which remove impurities. In a later process the water is largely eliminated and the screened pulp passes into huge storage tanks, ready for mixture with the specially prepared sulphite pulp.

At first glance, a row of grinding machines resembles a battery of howitzer guns lined up in battle formation. Each machine has three pockets into which the wood blocks are being continually fed. The grinding process may be described as "a gigantic squeeze." Inside the machines are huge rotating stones, and against these the blocks are pressed by hydraulic cylinders, which speedily squeeze them to the thick, slush-like pulp the visitors see when they enter the grinder room.

#### ***Latest in Grinder Construction***

Powell River's groundwood mill today consists of 70 grinding machines, one of the largest single groundwood mills in the world. Sixteen of these have been added during the past year, to meet the requirements of the new seventh newsprint machine. The fifty-four grinders already installed are all water-driven by direct penstock connection with Powell Lake. The new machines



*Giving the new grinders fresh fuel for their insatiable appetites. The new grinders, in contrast to the earlier installations, are all electrically driven and will be supplied from the power-house at Lois River.*

represent the last word in grinder-room construction. They are electrically driven, grouped in lines of six, each line being operated by a 3600 H.P., 273 R.P.M. synchronous motor. The first electrically driven grinders to be installed in the Powell River plant, they embody the most modern improvements in grinder-room construction. A new departure in grinder-room installations on this continent is the equipping of a complete battery of four grinders with roller bearings and artificial stones.

Vastly proud of his complement of 70 grinders and 250 men is Ernest P. Ketchum, superintendent of Powell River's groundwood department. The new grinders, especially, are Ernie's pride and joy, and one of the great delights of his life is to point out to visitors the improvements and modern devices which make his mill one of the best equipped on the continent. Ernie is well known in Pacific Coast pulp and paper circles, and is a recognized authority on groundwood and grinder construction. His long service in the indus-

try has made him a full-fledged member of Tappi—the technical association of the pulp and paper industry, on which body he is a prominent member of the groundwood committee, and for whom he has prepared several papers dealing with special problems in connection with groundwood and grinder-room equipment.

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A man bought some sausages and asked his landlady to cook them for his breakfast.

"How'll I cook them?" she asked.

"Fry 'em like fish," replied the lodger.

The next morning, when the landlady served them, she remarked: "I hope you'll enjoy your breakfast, sir; but there's not much in these things when they're cleaned out."

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Vick: "If you spend so much time at golf you won't have anything laid aside for a rainy day."

Slick: "Won't, eh? My desk is loaded down with work I've laid aside for a rainy day!"

## Versatility in Sport

ED. NOTE.—This is the first of a series of thumb nail sketches of local men, who in their athletic career, have figured prominently in various branches of sport.

### *He Plays Them All*

**I**F there were any more games invented, Wally Tapp would play them," was a remark once made by a certain local paper maker. This is scarcely an exaggeration. Since coming to Powell River nearly ten years ago, Wally has been in the forefront of almost every line of athletic activity. Soccer, golf, basketball, baseball, rugby, track and field, all have come within the scope of his endeavours.

To soccer followers in Powell River, Wally Tapp is still a name to conjure with. Until bitten by the golf adder, he was one of the best known round ball artists in town. Between the posts, he had no superior; and the fact that the local St. Andrews squad have gained six league championships in their career, is in no small part due to the first class net minding of Wally. As a custodian, he would be an asset to any senior club in the province.

Basketball fans of a few years back will remember those stirring struggles between the once powerful Gopher Club and the youthful Tuxis. They will also recollect that one of the most dangerous attackers and one of the most prolific point getters on the Gopher Club was Wally Tapp. For

several years he stood out among the best of local hoopsters.

In the past few years, Wally has forsaken the more hilarious pastimes of the carefree days, for golf. Already, he is one of the club's strong men, carrying around in his bag a



*Wally Tapp, one of the best all-round athletes in Powell River, has been with us for nearly ten years, and is still going strong.*

twelve handicap card. One of the longest drivers on the course, Wally is tough opposition for the best, when on his game.

In addition to these, the versatile paper maker has served his term at English rugby, plays a fair game of baseball and has carried off several honors in local track and field competitions chiefly in the sprints and jumps.

Today, a younger scion of the House of Tapp has been keeping an eagle eye on his father for the past five summers—and the athletic fame of the Tapps in Powell River gives promise of budding forth with a new glamor in the years to come.



*Pars Are His Specialty*

**I**T would be presumptuous to introduce Steve Brynjolfson to the athletic fraternity of Powell River. Steve has resided here scarcely above two years, but in that time he has cut a niche for himself in the local athletic hall of fame. Nor again is there any necessity to enlarge a great deal on his activities in one



*Steve Brynjolfson, the diminutive wrecker of golf ambitions in Powell River, is continuing to set a hot pace in all competitions this year.*

particular field, namely golf. When we casually suggest that Steve is a three handicap player, and on several occasions has beaten par, our golfing friends in all parts of the world will sigh in sympathy with us. And perhaps we can coax more than a sigh from our aforesaid friends by the announcement that recently yet another Brynjolfson, younger brother to our hero, now resides with us—and he also is a three handicap man. And nothing can be done about it!

Steve is a member of an athletic family. His several brothers are all noted for their versatility in sport. And Steve is no exception. He plays a sweet game of baseball and scoops up the hot ones around the keystone

corner with the same nonchalant ease as he sinks a twenty-foot putt. If he misses these same hot ones, it is still with the same ease and grace!

As a manipulator of the rounded leather Steve has turned in several useful performances on local fields. We believe that if he really attempted to take soccer seriously, Steve could be one of the best inside forwards in the district. At odd intervals, he has taken a whirl at lacrosse, at rugby and at basketball.

As a member of the local teaching fraternity, Steve has assisted in all the athletic activities of our younger generation. At soccer, baseball, and in track and field events, his experience has been of great value in helping to develop the various school athletic teams. Lately, Steve has been sticking reasonably close to golf, having more or less decried active participation in soccer and baseball.

And with that handicap of his, who dares cast the first stone!

Don't knock. One never knows when his knocking may come home to roost.

**BIRTHS**

- February 2—Mr. and Mrs. John McD. Lawther, a boy.
- February 5—Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Daly, a girl.
- February 5—Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Pitt-Cross, a girl.
- February 6—Mr. and Mrs. David Derton, a boy.
- February 7—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Kirkwood, a boy.
- February 12—Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Sallis, a boy.
- February 13—Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Turchet, a boy.
- February 15—Mr. and Mrs. George Gray, a girl.
- February 18—Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Aitken, a boy.
- February 22—Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, a boy.
- February 25—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Dunn, a boy.



## *Westview—Seaside and Residential District*



*The forests and stumps have begun their backward retreat along the Westview Road. A portion of the south end of the Westview highway, showing type of houses being built in the district.*

TEN years ago the name Westview was unknown in the Powell River district. The few scattered shacks, then composing the present prosperous and aggressive suburb, were included in the area known as Michigan. A decade previous, logging operations had begun on this site, and a good percentage of the wood hewers of that era first saw the light in Michigan and North Dakota, legendary home of the original Paul Bunyon of logging history. The name of Michigan was first affixed by the logging Nimrods, twenty years ago and has not been effaced from common usage.

The real history of Westview, as a district, begins after the war. A large percentage of the Powell River Company payroll was composed of ex-service men and out in "Michigan" were hundreds of acres of virgin land awaiting settlement. In these two factors originated the Westview of today. The Provincial

government threw the land open to returned soldiers, who in return would accept the usual responsibilities of pre-emption. The land was divided into various lots and every ex-service man in the district was accorded the opportunity of applying for land. The disposition was on the lottery basis; the various lots were placed in the hat and drawn for by the applicants.

Westview has grown quickly. Its population today approximates 800. Its strategic location, bordering the picturesque Malaspina Straits, makes it an ideal residential suburb, and settlement has increased by leaps and bounds in the past four years.

The community as it exists today is perhaps the most flourishing in the district. Residents have become possessed of a definite "elan" and have steadily and vigorously advanced on the road to independence. Westview was the first suburb to form its own school board and to erect its

*The main Westview Road, the principal highway artery of Powell River and district. Some day this will be a section of the through highway to Vancouver.*



own educational centre for its children. Four years ago, a group of energetic and community-spirited residents joined together, formed a school board, and erected their own four roomed school for children of the district. Today the Westview Ratepayers and Progressive Association is one of the most active bodies in our midst.

Another great forward step in Powell River's suburban history found this energetic community assuming the aggressive. The Westview Light & Power Association, a local company, was formed to supply the homes of the citizens with electric light. This is now a reality and in

many Westview homes, the old gas light is now only a memory.

The district has its own business centre, and stores, modern in conception and modern in equipment, cater to the general shopping requirements of residents.

Westview today bears much the same relation to Powell River as the municipality of Point Grey formerly bore to Vancouver. Its many advantages from a residential point of view are attracting intensified attention, and new and beautiful homes are springing up almost overnight. The old logging camp of Michigan is no more; the independent, steady community of Westview is now a reality.

*The progressive community of Westview have added a wharf to their district facilities in the past year. Coastal ships make regular callings, and freight is unloaded here for the Westview district.*





By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE Safety Conference went over in great style, and reflected most creditably upon those concerned. Beyond the meeting in the afternoon, at which general problems were discussed, the ordinary rail bird was not greatly affected, but those who were observed leaving the banquet in the evening, exuding amiability and goodwill, gave every indication of being thoroughly satisfied with safety principles in general, and particularly the portion which they themselves had been permitted to absorb.

\* \* \*

The glorious weather conditions of late have reminded all and sundry that winter is on the wane. It also arouses memories which are not always of the most pleasant variety. We are too vividly reminded that the digging we intended to do last fall would have been much more satisfying to the peace of mind had it not been postponed until the spring, and several are even now regarding the appearance of blisters with apprehension, and wondering whether the scheme of the gym instructor, who, for a small consideration, has offered to install a miniature golf course or something which will appropriately cater for the back lot, is not worthy of more than a passing consideration.

\* \* \*

The female section of the family, however, frequently hold different views. They inspect the present barren surface, discourse most fluently upon a floral array of undoubted beauty and fragrance, possibly derived from the frontispiece of some current seed merchant's catalogue, but overlook entirely the period of agony to their consorts, ere such results, even in miniature, can be obtained. Usually, or we might say invariably, their viewpoint is maintained, all excuses or alternatives overruled, and the preliminaries for the reproduction of this second edition of the Garden of Eden commenced.

\* \* \*

Football is now well into its closing stages, another indication of the approaching spring—that period when a young man's fancy lightly turns in a certain direction, and judging from the number of engagements recently announced, these fancies have been running true to form. Football somehow does not seem to be up to the standard of previous years, either in the senior or junior sections, and the occasions when a single team cleans up every trophy on the board are becoming too numerous, at least from the standpoint of the spectator. To say the least, it does not stimulate competition, nor retain the popular interest.

# DAYS

By ANNE MacSWEEN



*Anne MacSween*

HERE are days *and* days—good days—bad days—gay days—grey days—days on the heights—days in the depths. But always, even on the worst of them, something happens, something good to tell us that in spite of everything we have not been entirely forgotten in the great scheme of things.

It may be anything from seeing a dirty little girl wiping her tiny brother's nose, to switching on the light and finding that it has automatically switched on the radio, and having the soft beauty of a Brahms's symphony drift in out of the night of its own accord, to strike one silent and afraid.

Sometimes it may be just walking—weary—and seeing a fussy little punk of a tug beating upstream against the current; sometimes it may be a sad, old seagull sitting on the ridgepole of a roof, too tired and bored to join its more ambitious mates in the quest for scraps. And then it may be the sun setting in a blaze of splendour behind a grove of slim winter-stripped alders, or peeping through a rift in the clouds to waken the grey waves to loveliness. A lacy feather-fringed autumn leaf may flirt across the path on a wind-swept winter day—or, as in these days, we may hear the shy whisper of growing things, and see every leaf uplifting its face to the warm golden sunshine.

There is something brave and sweet in the young loveliness of the spring-time—in the efforts of nature to recover her lost beauty—to start afresh and make a new beginning—in the resurrection of what we call death and the new creation of life. A sort of sign, don't you think, that there is a guiding hand, and that no matter how steep the path may be, how dark the road, surely at the end will be found the haven of happiness, the garden of sunshine and peace.





## Junior Champs



*Rangers Soccer Club, winners of the Junior Loop. Top row: R. Dunn, S. Southcott, J. Mathieson, R. Casey, E. Ferguson (coach), J. Straight, B. Holden. Bottom: J. Menzies, T. Franciosa, J. Muir, L. Verdiel, W. Mathieson.*

THE Callies still continue to lead the round ball procession. Manager Tom Prentice's hirelings have now bagged the McMaster Cup and the Falconer Shield, and are all out to do the hat trick by copping the Bell-Irving Cup.

Many of the veterans of a decade ago are still with us and still talking, if not kicking, football. Joe Falconer, our assistant resident manager, was in the thick of the fray; Joe Elliot, than whom no lustier kicker has been seen in local fields, was a shining light. Arthur Dunn, who, with Joe

Falconer, played on the first soccer eleven in Powell River back in 1913, has not yet turned in his boots. Numerous others will recollect those stout and vigorous days with real pleasure.

Westview, who in the past few games have been clicking along with sturdy strides, are beginning to look dangerous as the season draws to a close. Their fine intermixture of youth and experience appears to be striking its stride and is giving both the Callies and Moose something to think about.

## Two Ball Winners



*Clarence Brynjolfson (left) and Jack Tunstall, wearing the smile of victory after their defeat of Steve Brynjolfson and J. Lundie in the final round.*

THE last of the season's competitions before the open championship gets under way, the men's and women's handicap singles are narrowing down to the final stage. Outstanding in the men's events, as we go to press, has been the consistent performance of Steve Brynjolfson. In the first two rounds he disposed of two dark threats in Jack Hill and Larry Heap. His third victory over Jimmy Cramb, latest member of the local hole-in-one fraternity, was rather unexpected, but it is only fair to add that Jimmy was off his game that day.

R. C. MacKenzie's rather decisive defeat by Berg Thorsteinsson was

also somewhat of an upset; another keenly contested battle was Clarence Brynjolfson's victory over J. Tunstall.

In the ladies' events, Miss Caroline Smith's win over Mrs. G. Schuler on the 18th hole was perhaps the greatest magnet of attraction. Miss Smith played a consistent game, and 17 strokes was a heavy handicap against Mrs. Schuler. Possibly the most strenuous tussle of the entire tournament was waged between Mrs. Ritchie and Mrs. E. Murray. Three games were necessary to decide the issue. After two ties, Mrs. Murray finally came through with a win.

Speculation is already rife over the winner of the year open. With Steve and Clarence Brynjolfson and Ed Peacock all in shape, this year's struggle promises to be the most exciting on record. All are three handicap men, and it is anybody's game when they lock horns. Bev Davidson, R. Bell-Irving and Gus Schuler are all potential threats to the leader, and any one of these three on a good day will extend the "Big Three." Certainly, interest in the club championship is keener than it has ever been in the past.

Some day that intimate and mysterious source of communication between Maurice Boxall and Dr. Henderson is going to fail and the doctor miss a match. If he does, what kind of flowers do you like, Maurice?

Carefulness and good housekeeping are the two most essential features in fire prevention.

## Pearls of Wisdom

### TERRIFIC ROOLS



Consider the WOMAN driver. She goeth like the WIND. She changeth her MIND like a butterfly. She marketh the new bonnet on THAT woman and the GOWN which adorneth the shop window, the while she misseth the STOP sign, and when she putteth out her HAND, the truth is not in it.

The YOUTHFUL driver scorneth CAUTION, but the wise man is ever CAREFUL. Yea, tho' the way seemeth CLEAR, he watcheth OUT.

Beware the driver who cannot WAIT. He WEAVETH in and out of traffic. He causeth those who walk to RUN, and COURTESY is not in him. The END of his flight and the REASON for his haste remaineth MYSTERIES.

The careful driver is a JOY and a COMFORT to all, but he who driveth RECKLESSLY leaveth EVIL thoughts behind him.

He who pulleth away from the CURB without looking BACKWARD inviteth destruction.

The WISE MAN changeth not, but the FOOL becometh MORE foolish in his automobile.

He who is most RUDE often OWETH the most on his car.

DRIVE as tho' thou wert a GENTLEMEN and none will know otherwise.

Tho' thy HEADLIGHTS gleam like twin suns, remember that thy TAIL LIGHT also beareth a message.

It is better to ENJOY thirty miles an hour than to RIDE sixty.

As a man IS, so he DRIVETH his car.

Beware of the strange man with the queer bicycle, who appeareth from NOWHERE and speaketh with AUTHORITY. His words have the sting of a SERPENT and his little book is poison. Verily, it is better to miss thy DATE than to arouse his anger.

Suffer the little CHILDREN to play in SAFETY, tho' thy GOLF game be delayed TEN minutes thereby.

Consider the AGED and INFIRM. They SEE not, neither do they HEAR, nor are their STEPS as light as thine.



Gotta-go, Black Button

# The Backyard Playground

By W. R. BROWN



THE plan shown on inside front page, which was drawn by Mr. G. Bancroft, shows only one of the many ideas of a backyard playground that can be had for the asking, and, as I stated in last month's issue of the *DIGESTER*, can be erected at a cost of not more than \$5.00.

1. The ball-pitching net enables two boys to play catch, without fear of breaking windows, etc., and can be made of chicken wire attached to either wooden posts or  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch galvanized pipe.

2. The rope quoit game will keep a youngster amused for a long time. The pegs can be made of a short piece of pipe threaded into a flange. These pegs can be easily removed to save the danger of tripping, as might be the case with ordinary wooden pegs driven into the ground. The rope quoit is simply a piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch manila rope, spliced or knotted into a circle about 8-inch diameter.

3. The marble holes are simply dents made in the earth.

4. The horizontal bar is easily made from  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch galvanized pipe and a few feet of ordinary clothes-line wire. The bar can be made adjustable or stationary, and will benefit the boy physically, as well as being a source of amusement for himself and chums.

5. The sand box will be used a lot if there is a boy or girl of three or four years in the family. It entails little or no expense in the making.

6. The summer tea house can be made entirely of rustic. With an expenditure of 25 or 50 cents for seeds of the climbing variety, it can be made to look very neat in the summer time.



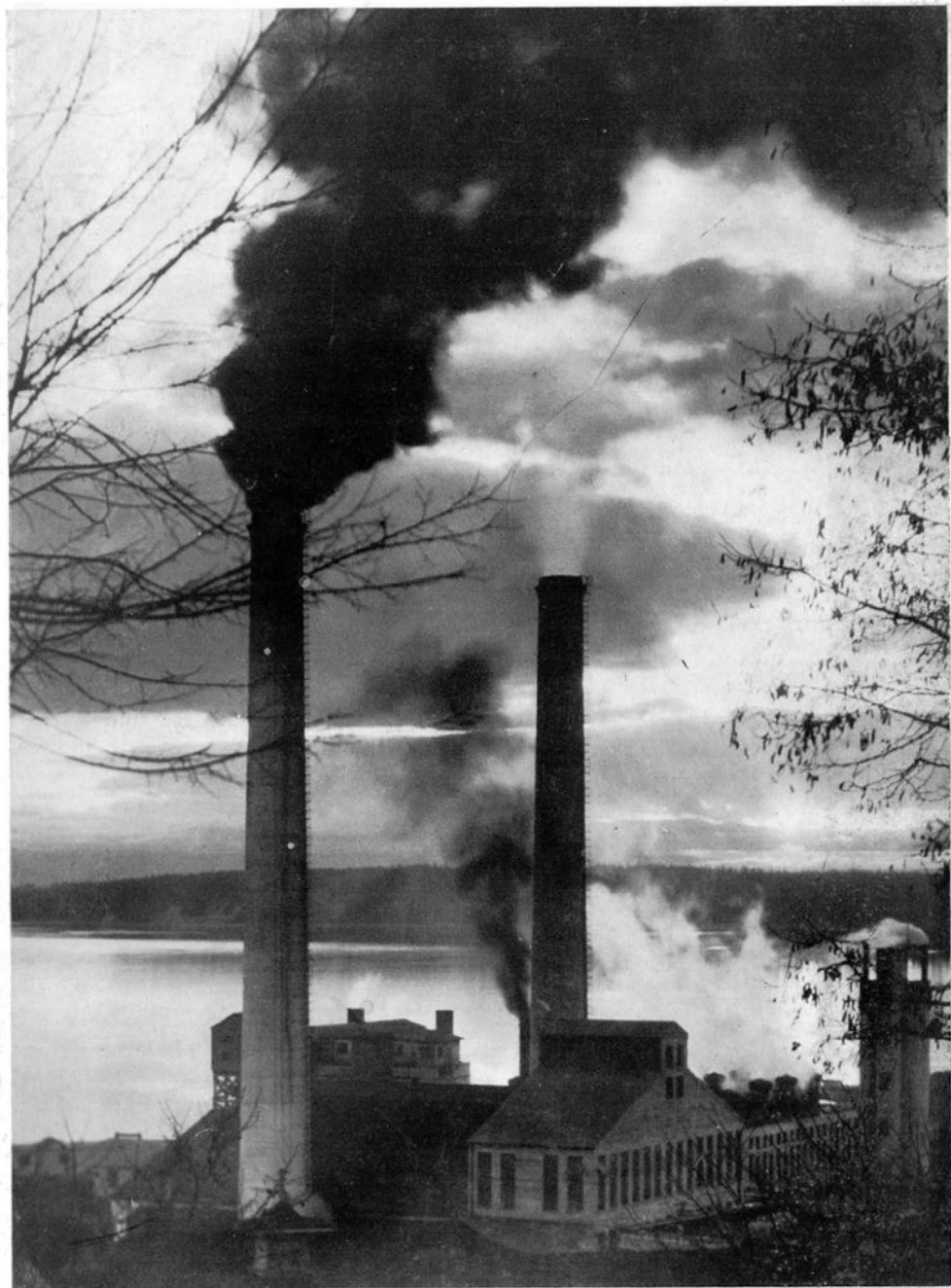


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

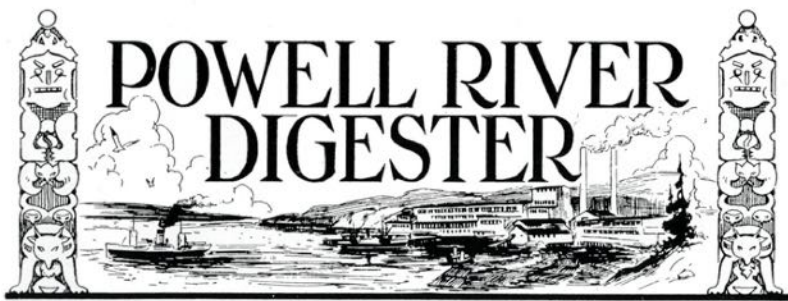
APRIL, 1931

NO. 4





*View of the huge throng which congregated in front of the Seattle Times office as news of the election of Warren Harding to office was flashed over the wires. The streets were jammed for blocks in every direction.*



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. 10

APRIL, 1931

No. 4

## *Seattle Times Completes New Building*

WHEN, on Monday morning, March 2, 1931, the staff of the *Seattle Times*, the Pacific Northwest's great newspaper, "turned to" for the first time in the magnificent new home made ready for them on Fairview Avenue, between John Street and Thomas Street, they had completed the third of three northward treks undertaken by the *Times* since its founding on August 10, 1896, by the late Colonel Alden J. Blethen.

The first of these treks was undertaken in 1901, on the heels of the first stirring years of Klondike and Alaska gold excitement, which saw Seattle take her place for the first time in the ranks of world-important seaports.

In this year, the *Times* moved to a

brand new four-story building erected for it on the northeast corner of Second Avenue and Union Street. This location was generally looked upon at that time as the extreme northern fringe of the business district, for just two blocks still further north stood a massive hill which seemed an impregnable, natural barrier to further expansion of Seattle's business district in that direction.

But plans were in the air for gigantic regrading operations that were to sweep these and other obstacles into the depths of Elliott Bay, and even at that early date the late Colonel Blethen, veteran publisher with youthful optimism and unquenchable faith in his beloved newspaper and city, clearly foresaw that within a very brief span of years the growth of both





*The late Colonel Alden J. Blethen, founder of The Seattle Times in August, 1896.*



*Colonel Clarence B. Blethen, editor and publisher of The Seattle Times.*

would force another move to the northward.

Against that day, the publisher envisioned a still finer home for the *Seattle Times*, one that would be in truth a monument to Seattle's progress. Fulfillment of this dream came in September, 1914, when he broke ground for the model Times Square Building which he did not live to see completed, for he died on July 12, 1915, to be succeeded as editor and publisher by his son, the present head of the *Seattle Times*, Colonel Clarence B. Blethen.

On September 23, the Times Square home which, at last, under the pressure of crowding retail business and heavy traffic, and the de-

mands imposed by the great growth of the newspaper itself, has itself been replaced by the plant completed in February of this year, which now houses all offices and activities of the *Times*, including the recently-established *Times* Commercial Division with its rotogravure, commercial engraving and commercial printing departments.

On June 9, 1930, site-clearing and excavation began for the three units of the Fairview Avenue publishing plant; a two-story office structure, a three-story and basement structure adjoining it to the north, which houses the mechanical departments, and the fleet garage and maintenance shops still further north.



*The historic Times building on Times Square, occupied by The Seattle Times from September 23, 1916, to March 1, 1931, is henceforth to be known as Times Annex. A branch advertising office is maintained on the ground floor.*

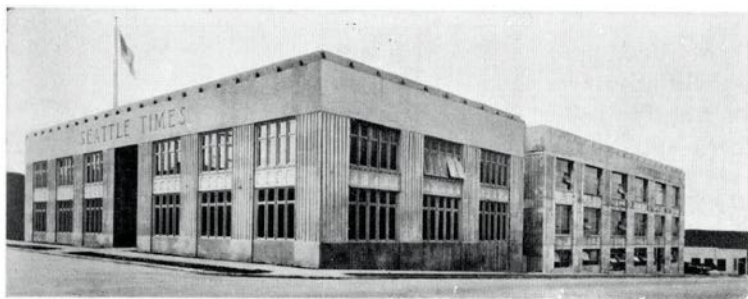
The first of the heavy machinery removed from Times Square was installed in the new plant late in 1930, and all material and personnel were housed in their new quarters on March 1, 1931.

Plans for the new Seattle Times plant were drawn in the offices of R. C. Reamer, Seattle architect; Teufel and Carlson were awarded the general contract; and Major Archie F. Logan of the newspaper staff exer-

cised general supervision for the owners of the Times.

Throughout every stage of publishing operations in the new plant, from the point at which the news is received over the wires or is handed in at the city desk, to the loading platform at which the completed editions are received by the Times' fleet of express trucks, "horizontal production" is the rule, with no lost motion, waste of energy or "back-tracking" at any stage.

Forty tons of Powell River newsprint daily go into the Times' various editions. When the paper is unloaded from the motor trucks at the receiving platform, it is rolled first on to the weighing scales and then to the electric "mule" that conveys it into the storage room. This entire operation



*New Seattle Times Building on Fairview Avenue, Seattle. In every detail the new edifice reflects the most modern and recent ideas in newspaper plant production.*



*This four-story building at Second Avenue and Union Street housed The Seattle Times from 1901 until 1916.*

is conducted without lowering or lifting the huge paper rolls.

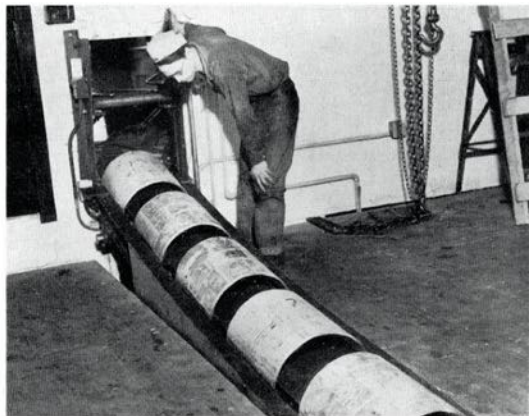
From the storage room, the paper is trucked over a narrow-track belt line railroad to the desired position at the black and white and color presses. Here, again, lifting power is dispensed with, and the paper is at no time handled above the floor level.

The belt line track is provided with ball-bearing turntables and connecting switches at frequent intervals, permitting return of empty trucks to the starting point without interfering with the dispatch of loaded units.

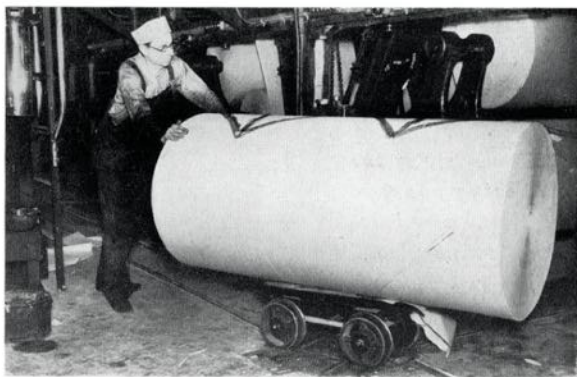
When the newsprint emerges from the press, printed, trimmed and folded, it is speeded by automatic carrier to the mailing room, where a long battery of stuffing machines assembles the various sections into the completed newspapers. These are then swiftly bundled for delivery to the loading platform which is just outside the mailing room and on the same level.

In the production of the newspaper, five giant Hoe presses are used, three for black and white, and two for color. In addition there are the roto-

*Completed stereotype plates travel by roller carrier from the casting room to the hands of the waiting pressmen.*



*A roll of Powell River newsprint on the turntable, ready to be switched into position between the arms of the paper reel. Lifting power is dispensed with entirely, as the paper moves from motor truck to press.*



gravure presses and the color and platen presses of the *Times* Commercial Division, the latter in their special quarters apart from the main pressroom.

The editorial offices, newsroom and composing room occupy adjacent quarters on the same floor level. The reporter's story, passing from the city editor to the news editor and the copy desk, is sent on to the copy cutter's desk in the composing room via pneumatic tube. From the linotypes, the type is assembled on the correction bank and placed in the makeup racks, then assembled in the forms on moving trucks ready for the stereotypers. When the matrices are stereotyped, the plates are carried by roller carrier to the hands of the pressmen. Within four minutes of the time when the locked form is delivered to the stereotyper, the presses can begin delivery of the finished newspaper which, sixty seconds later, is in the hands of the newsboy in the outer delivery room.

All truck delivery and loading operations at the new plant are con-

ducted apart from street traffic in a spacious area contained within the *Times'* property. Ample entrances, exits and manoeuvring space are provided for the heavy volume of motor transport carried on daily.

Equal in interest to the inclusion in the *Times'* Fairview Avenue establishment of the latest machinery that science can provide to expedite production, minimize handling and prevent loss of time, are the steps taken to provide perfect ventilation and lighting. The buildings are practically flooded with daylight in every corner, and where and when artificial light is needed it is provided by indirect illumination of the best type. The composing room and newsrooms on the top floor are provided with saw-tooth skylights for light and ventilation.

Throughout the business offices, rubber tile, quiet to the tread, is used for floor covering, while all flooring in operating departments is wood block, with acid-resisting plastic flooring in the engraving departments.



*A partial view of the composing room in The Times' new Fairview Avenue plant.*



The two-story office building has a frontage of 135 feet on John Street and 68 feet on Fairview. It is faced with Indiana limestone on a concrete frame, with aluminum spandrels on windows and main entrance. The lobby walls and floor are of Botticino marble, creamy tan in color. The ceiling is covered with aluminum leaf and lighting fixtures throughout the building are of aluminum finish.

The plant building is 135 feet by 172 feet and the total floor space of the two main buildings is practically 60,000 square feet, exclusive of the press-room floor space. The press-room has a ceiling height of thirty-two feet and a floor area of 6,106 square feet.

From a circulation of 4,000 in 1896, when founded by the late Colonel Blethen, the daily circulation of the Seattle *Times* has grown to more than 100,000 copies, and that of the Sunday *Times* (established in 1902) to more than 140,000 copies.

Considered as a whole, the *Times'* new establishment affords a floor area approximately double that contained in the old Times Square plant, and has a capacity of twice the existing production, in terms of circulation.

The business office and the display advertising office occupy the entire ground floor of the office building. On the second floor are the public reception room, the executive and editorial offices, as well as the classified advertising department, first-aid hospital, and the staff barber shop and rest-rooms.

The ground floor of the plant building accommodates the *Times* Information Bureau (Main 0300), a familiar Northwest institution; the telephone exchange, staff lunchroom, and the suite of "Dorothy Neighbors," the *Times'* home economics adviser. The second floor of the plant building, with the exception of space occupied by the higher level of the press-room and the circulation staff offices, is given over to the commer-

*"Ad Alley" in the new Times composing room, where the display advertisements are made up.*



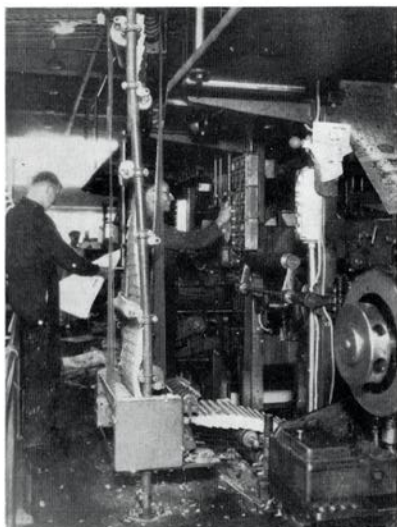
cial division of the *Times*, including the rotogravure, art, photographic, commercial engraving and job printing departments.

The third floor of the plant building is devoted to the actual production of the daily and Sunday newspapers, accommodating the newsroom

and its subdivisions, including the offices of the Associated Press and the United Press; the composing room; the newspaper engraving department; the art room and the "morgue."

In every detail of housing and equipment, the *Seattle Times'* new Fairview Avenue establishment reflects the most advanced ideas in newspaper plant production.

It is as far ahead of the old Times Square plant in its facilities for the editing, production and distribution of a great metropolitan daily as the Times Square plant, a model in its day, excelled the *Times'* former home at Second and Union Street. Because of these improved facilities, the reputation so long held by the *Seattle Times* as one of the best-printed newspapers in the United States, promises to be perpetuated indefinitely.



*As the completed newspapers emerge from The Times' giant presses, they are conveyed by automatic carriers to the mailing room, where the various sections of the respective editions are assembled, stuffed and made ready for distribution.*

Jimmy: "Wat's de best way to teach a girl to swim?"

Johnny: "Well, yer want to take her gently down to de water, put yer arm around her waist, an—"

Jimmy: "Aw, cut it out! It's my sister."

Johnny: "Oh! Just push her off de dock."



# EDITORS NOTES

## *That Extra Minute*

**I**N recent months fines and warnings for infractions of traffic regulations in Powell River have been on the increase. The twenty mile an hour speed limit through Townsite limits is undoubtedly a large contributory factor in the penalties handed out.

There has been, perhaps, some resentment among car owners over the new regulation. Such a rule, say the opponents, is not enforced on provincial highways; it is not encouraged even in the more hazardous, thickly settled metropolitan areas.

The answer is, that in Powell River we have only one main thoroughfare. We are not yet a metropolitan area. We have no automatic signals at busy corners to expedite traffic; we have no special officers detailed for traffic enforcement alone. Along this highway passes the bulk of our traffic, amounting to several thousand cars daily; the schools, with their 500 odd youngsters are close to the highway. Our roads are not yet hard surfaced; relics of the pioneer days still persist in many a dangerous curve or twist of the thoroughfare. And behind this is a district with a population above 5000. The old free and easy days when we could slide along a Powell River road with an open throttle and scarcely meet a soul in our journey have disappeared.

Surely, after all, the observance of a twenty mile an hour limit through Powell River is no hardship to motorists. What does it mean? From the department store on Second street to the end of the Townsite houses is exactly a mile. At regulation speed a motorist would cover the distance in three minutes. Travelling at forty miles, he would save just one minute and a half. At thirty miles, sixty seconds could be cut from his running time.

Is it worth it? What does a minute and a half mean to the average Powell River automobile owner. No trains await his coming or going. No ferry connections have yet been established. What is the benefit of the extra minute saved? No shift worker, travelling to work, cuts his schedule that fine, and no ordinary pleasure car (which, strangely enough, has been the chief offender) has cause to worry over the loss of sixty or ninety seconds of their journey.

Members of the local branch of the Automobile Club of British Columbia are supporting the movement for traffic observance—and co-operating with the police by practising careful and courteous driving within Townsite limits. It is a small matter to drive carefully and at twenty miles an hour for sixty seconds.

Why be "pinched" for a minute?





*Always an interesting stop-over for tourists visiting South America is the city of Georgetown, in British Guiana. Here is the main street of Georgetown, looking south.*

## THE PORT LANDING



"It's extraordinary," ses the captain, "ow the people of this great North American Continent look for trouble. You'd think the 'ard times would about satisfy 'em, but they're surely ambitious when it comes to inventing grief."

"Meaning which, cap?" I asks.

"Take new diseases," ses the captain. "I've just discovered another one I've got, which I wouldn't 'ave known anything about if I 'adn't read this crazy magazine. It's a disease they call Athlete's Foot. Doesn't sound too bad, but it's millions of crobes digging into me feet which I always mistook for growing pains. To read about 'em gives you the willies and they 'ave a nasty 'abit of 'aving triplets frequent and regular. You can kill a million a day without making much impression."

"And then, cap," I ses, "We 'ave 'B.O.' I 'aven't read anything about it, but the pictures are gloomy and dismal."

"And 'Halitosis'," ses the captain, "You want to watch that bird; you lose your best gal and consequently your progeny don't 'appen."

"And 'Superfluous 'Air,' cap," I ses, "You've got an awful dose of that, although you do take it neat."

"And 'Toilet Tissue Disease'," ses the captain, "According to the pictures, that's about fatal."

"And wot, cap," I ses, "about waking up in the middle of the night with a chronic dose of 'Pink Tooth Brush'? That sounds about the last straw."

"One comforting thought about it all is, they usually dish out a cure with each one," ses the captain.

"Only, cap," I ses, "the cures tend to get mixed and the one you get is usually for some other disease."

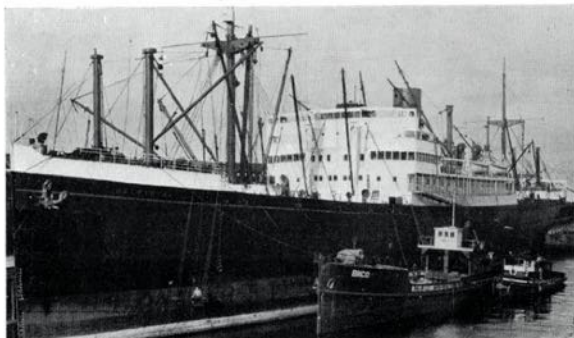
"Till we meet again," ses the captain.

"If we ever do, cap," I ses.



## *Submarine Cable Crosses Gulf*

*Unloading the 86 tons of cable to the barge Brico at Vancouver. The cable was shipped by boat from England.*



THE last twelve months has seen an unprecedented era of expansion in Powell River and district. A new machine is turning out Powell River newsprint. A new source of water power has been dammed and diverted to meet the demands of further installations. Our townsite has grown apace. Our suburban homes have discarded the mantle of the pioneer. New work, new improvements, better roads — 1931 has, in many respects, represented the *annus mirabilis* of Powell River.

Coincident with the community and plant expansion proceeded the widening of sources of outside communication. To supplement the radio and telegraph came the installation of the radio-telephone—the first of its kind on the British Columbia coast. Powell River residents for the first time were enabled to speak over a wire to friends in Vancouver, in Portland, in Seattle, in many and

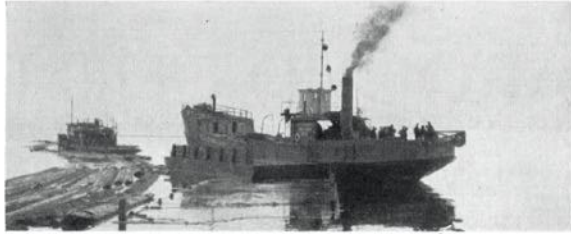
widely extended parts of British Columbia.

The final development of the telephonic “hook-up” has just been completed. On March 15, the B. C. Telephone Company’s cable barge, *Brico*, berthed at Powell River. In a few moments she was away, with her crew on board, headed for Cape Lazo, twenty-two miles across the Gulf. In her hold reposed 22 miles of submarine cable, weighing in all nearly 90 tons. On arrival at Cape Lazo, the *Brico* swung about, steamed Powell Riverwards again and dropped one end of the cable overside. In 5½ hours she had reached Powell River.

The first submarine cable between Powell River and Vancouver Island has been laid and the last gap in direct physical telephonic connection with Vancouver completed.

Since the installation of the cable, a new telephone line has linked up Courtenay with Cape Lazo, where the submarine cable connects with

*The cable barge Brico arriving at Powell River from Cape Lazo, to complete the laying of the submarine cable between Powell River and Vancouver Island.*



Powell River. From Courtenay the line joins the Telephone Company's long-distance circuit, thus establishing a direct line between Courtenay and Powell River.

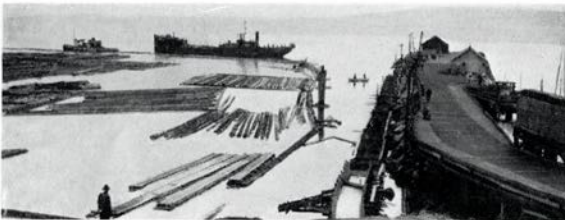
The radio-telephone has been in service for nearly a year, and, while of great value in facilitating quick communication the uncertainty of atmospheric conditions between Powell and Campbell Rivers, rendered the service less dependable than the present hook-up. The laying of the cable on March 15 placed our townsite as a regular call station on the established long-distance circuit.

The new telephone building, with its automatic equipment, will be ready for operation on April 15. It is a splendid edifice, and the installation is the last word in automatic installation. Approximately \$100,000 has been spent by the B. C. Telephone Company on the Powell River construction.

The submarine cable used on the Powell River-Cape Lazo stretch, was shipped from England, and on the Atlantic crossing was coiled up in a huge tank of cold water to prevent the thick, covering sheath of gutta-percha from softening.

### *He Likes It!*

A real gardening enthusiast is Matt MacKenzie, of the Department Store staff. Where Matt gets all the energy to push his lawn-mower up that 100 per cent. grade in his front yard is a mystery to most of us, but he apparently manages it without much trouble. We have never heard him cuss; never seen him flustered; and he always smiles happily on passers-by; and his garden and lawn are among the most attractive in that portion of the townsite. A man among men, verily!



*The Brico, B. C. Telephone Company barge, drops the final length overboard in the Powell River log pond. The total cable weighs 86 tons and spans a 22-mile gap across the Gulf.*



# AROUND THE PLANT

There is one thing to be said for these sweepstakes, they certainly enlarge our geographical and historical knowledge. Ask any schoolboy today what the Irish Free State is noted for, and you'll receive the correct answer in a trice. Most of us are rather wobbly on how this particular state originated, but none of us are in any doubt as to how it is maintained. And speaking of horseracing and other things, we are again reminded of the effect of such sweeps on the purity of our language. Up in the office, under the judicious direction of Oscar Smith, it is a heinous crime to call the great Epsom classic by any other name than the "Darby."

Another advantage is the active stimulation of the imagination resulting from the purchase of a ticket. Half of our payroll have already spent "the first hundred thousand" in sight-seeing, and what they are seeing would keep Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser supplied with a year's novel material.

Some of the boys, like Tom Rees and Gus Schuler, run to gondolas and moonlight-bathed streets in Venice; others, like Bud Hogue and Sid Wilshire, have already cut their

initials on top of the Pyramids. Tom Prentice has bought the Albert Hall in London, and sits in a great plush-encompassed throne, handing out orders to thirty caretakers; Joe McCrossan has bought the Celtic Football Club, and Andy Leiper has spent a quarter of a million strengthening St. Mirren; John Dunlop has hired a hundred men and three boys to dig up his back garden, and so it goes. A good bet to you, sir!



Marjorie and Nan, our little playmates in the Purchasing office, have already made a dozen trips to Paris and back, and "Lucille" has found her stock running low.

And one or two of our unmarried ex-service men have expressed their intention to revisit for an indefinite period that bright little hamlet of Nottingham, England. The last census we remember of that place showed the female population as four times that of the male heroes.

The fishing season got nicely under way last month. Clarence Brynjolf-



son, that dimple-cheeked menace of our local links, and "Monty" Monteith, the Glasgow fashion-plate of the Department Store, started up Powell Lake early in March, and claim to have returned with sixteen cutthroats as an afternoon's sport.



Two remarkable fishing stories occurring within a week of each other featured the month of March among the Waltonians. First of all, Joe Falconer hooked a five-pound trout in the little stream spanning Haslam and Duck lakes. In this stream this was an unusual catch, but more unusual was the actual landing of the big fellow. About four feet below the bank, hiding ostrich-like, its head amid the weeds, the big trout flapped a lazy tail. Repeated tickling with Joe's line failed to arouse even a semblance of interest. Each "tickle" was greeted with a languorous wiggle of the tail. After three or four attempts to lure him out, Joe dropped his hook beneath the fish, quickly jerked his rod upward — and then the fight started. Joe had hooked his victim on the first jerk and, after a real battle, finally landed him on the bank. The trout weighed  $5\frac{1}{2}$  lbs., unusually large for this stream, and, as far as we are aware, it is the first time such a specimen has been landed in this fashion.

The above seemed to provide the month's sensation in the Powell Lake area, and Joe was resting on his laurels, when a week later George Johnston came in with the best yarn to date. He had been fishing all day. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the even serenity of existence along the banks. Suddenly, without warning a 14-inch trout leaped from the water, flopped lovingly at George's feet, wriggled a sympathetic tail, and implored George to give him a home. Needless to say, George complied, and scooped his new-found friend into his convenient basket. Just another example of the homely, sympathetic character of our Powell Lake denizens. No doubt this particular lad realized poor George needed sympathy, took pity on him and gave himself up. Couldn't have done much better unless he had dropped right in the basket, and that is making it too easy.

In a recent issue, we wondered how those huge stones decorating the Druid cemeteries at Stonehenge were transported to their present site. We have ceased wondering. Our explanation, based on concrete observation, is that some ancestor of Herb Geddes carried 'em there on his back. After watching Herb's activities in his back yard this year, we realize that a job like that would have been pie for any of his early forefathers. Nevertheless, the example is a bad one, and John Dunlop and the editor, under pressure, have already worn out two pairs of shoes, pushing shovels among Palaeozoic fossils.





Chicago barbers have lowered their prices. They ought to. It's a lot easier to cut hair that is already standing on end.

—*Dzschutes Pine Echoes.*

A Chicago actress came into a lawyer's office and said, "I want a divorce."

"Certainly," said the lawyer. "For a nominal fee I will institute proceedings."

"What is the nominal fee?"

"Five hundred dollars," he replied.

"Nothing doing," retorted the lady.

"I can have him shot for ten."

—*Dzschutes Pine Echoes.*

"I don't like the looks of that mackerel."

"Well, lady, if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy goldfish?"

A schoolmaster caught a small boy scribbling on a piece of paper which contained these words: "Blow, blow, draw, blow, draw, blow, blow, draw, blow."

"What is the meaning of this?" queried the schoolmaster.

"Please, sir," the youngster replied, "It's the music for my mouth organ."

### *All Agreed*

Teacher (during test): "I hope I didn't see you look at your book, Johnny."

Johnny: "I hope you didn't, either."

"Can you drive with one hand?" asked the pretty girl with the gentle voice.

"You bet I can," he answered eagerly.

"Then have an apple."

### *A Doubtful Gift*

A young couple who had just married received many presents after establishing their home in a suburb. One morning they received two theatre tickets with a note which read: "Guess who sent these?"

On the appointed evening they went to the theatre, returning very late. To their astonishment, everything of any value in the house had been carried away.

On a table in the dining-room they found this note: "Now you know."

Bill: "Gosh, but I'm thirsty."

Hostess: "Just a minute, and I'll get you some water."

Bill: "I said thirsty—not dirty!"

*Powell River Children*



1. Colleen Boyce 2. Phylis M. Richards 3. Joyce Haslam 4. E. Wynona Olson 5. Aldeur Snyder  
6. Mavis Ruth Cramb 7. Alan Wilfred MacFarlane 8. Thelma Struthers

## *Newsprint in the Making— the Sulphite Plant*



*Clifford Shirley,  
Powell River  
Company sulphite superin-  
tendent.*



*Allan Watson,  
assistant super-  
intendent of  
Powell River's  
sulphite mill.*

**I**N our previous brief outlines of the various stages of paper making, some mention was made of sulphite pulp. All modern newsprint is fabricated of a mixture of sulphite and groundwood pulp. These two, in combination, compose the texture of the newspaper which we read over the breakfast table or in the old arm-chair in the evenings.

Newsprint may be manufactured entirely of groundwood, but as such would be of decidedly inferior quality. In the grinding process the big rotating stones chop and chew the wood into mincemeat, with an utter lack of delicacy or finesse. Paper composed entirely of groundwood pulp would lack strength. The fibres are short; the pulp is the natural wood untreated, and as such undergoes deterioration when exposed to the air. In time the paper would take on a yellowish hue and become so brittle that it could be easily broken.

The addition of a determined quantity of sulphite pulp largely removes these effects. Sulphite pulp is long

fibred; lignin, resins and other impurities are removed by the chemical process and a white pulp, which resists the disintegrating forces of age, is formed. To understand the relative position of the sulphite and groundwood pulp in a sheet of newspaper, one has only to imagine the sulphite as a long-fibred mat forming a base into which the shorter groundwood fibres settle. In a word, the sulphite pulp is the base of the paper stock; the groundwood pulp is the filler; and these two in combination are the finished sheet of newsprint.

To the layman the sulphite process, involving a multitude of chemical reactions, a variety of chemical compounds and an apparently intricate system of acid towers, pipes and huge cooking tanks is something of a mystery. Basically, however, the process is simple.

First, and most important, is the treatment of the wood in the early stages. Instead of the crushing mutilation which takes place in the grind-



*View of the acid tower, where the sulphurous acid is formed by the action of lime rock, sulphur and water. From here, the acid is sent through the pipes to storage tanks and thence to the digesters.*

ers, and which partially destroys the fibre, the blocks are put through a chipping machine—a rapidly revolving disc, set with knife blades, which cut the wood into small chips. These are screened to assure uniformity in size and conveyed to huge cylindrical cooking vats or digesters. Into the chips is introduced the acid liquor, which assists in the cooking, or more correctly, perhaps, the disintegrating process. Steam is then forced in until the temperature is raised to the desired height, usually around 150 degrees Centigrade.

The cooking process lasts from nine to twelve hours, dependent upon

the quality of the chips, the water content and the quantity of pulp desired. In this manner the wood is practically dissolved into individual fibres; the rough and ready mastication prevalent in the grinders is absent. A more lady-like process, one might say. The fibres escape mutilation and are preserved almost in their entirety.

When the chips are properly cooked, the contents of the digester are blown out by steam through a large pipe into huge wooden tanks known as "blow pits." The force of the chip striking the blow pits completes the disintegrating process. The pulp is then washed with warm water and the acid drained off, leaving the pure sulphite pulp as a residue. After screening, it passes on to the storage tanks where it awaits orders from the beater room foreman to commence its paper making duties.

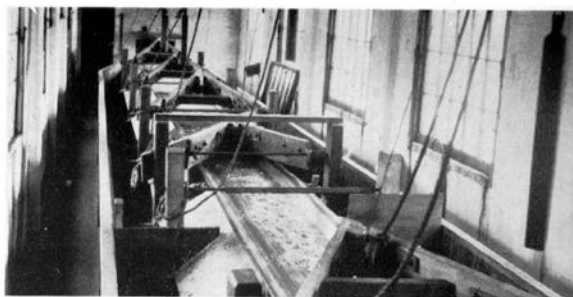
The sulphurous acid used in the cooking process is prepared in the

*Lime rock being hauled to the acid tower. This rock, mined from the company's own quarries, is of the highest grade of purity. Lime rock is an important ingredient in the sulphite process.*





*The chipper bin, along which flow the chips from the wood room. From the bins they are let into the digesters, when ready for filling.*



big three-towered acid tower. Huge quantities of limestone and sulphur are necessary here. In the tower the action of water on the lime rock forms a weak acid which combines with the gas from the sulphur burners. The resultant strong gas is pumped to acid storage tanks, to which the excess gas from the digester has also been admitted. From the storage tank the gas passes through pipes to the digester to participate in the cooking process as briefly outlined above.

The standard newsprint of today contains approximately 25 per cent. of sulphite pulp. For finer grades of paper—writing, bond, etc., the sulphite content is increased. In special grades, it forms practically the entire composition.

With the Powell River plant now one of the largest individual newsprint mills in the world, it is essential that the sulphite plant be among the largest and most modern of its kind. At present the daily output of sulphite approximates 200 tons. The plant itself has six digesters, one of which has been added in the past year. Three digesters are of 16 tons

capacity and three of 10 tons.

The lime rock used in preparing the acid is of the highest grade of purity and is mined from the Powell River Company's own rock quarry at Marble Bay, on Texada Island, a few miles distant.

Supervising and directing the many and varied activities of Powell River's sulphite plant is Clifford H. Shirley. His experience and intimate knowledge of this important phase of paper making has been garnered during many years of active service in diverse mills on this continent. Cliff was in the "sulphite business" years before the first newsprint machine was established in Powell River, and tells many an interesting story of the old sulphite mills and their troubles in the early days. In his position as superintendent of Powell River's sulphite plant he is an authority on sulphite operations and is widely known in pulp and paper circles of Canada and the United States.

As chief assistant to Mr. Shirley, Allan Watson, assistant superintendent, is likewise well known in Powell River. Allan, like his chief, is a close student of the sulphite process. For

*Unusual and picturesque photograph of a portion of Powell River, "the city of a thousand lights," at nightfall. We are indebted to Mr. Jack Boustead, of the S.S. Richmond, for this fine exposure.*



several years he worked with the B. C. Pulp & Paper Company, then under control of the Whalens, where he gained valuable experience which has been useful in his duties as assistant superintendent of Powell River's sulphite mill.

Despite the world-wide industrial depression, which has severely curtailed newsprint production and consumption, it is encouraging to note that newspaper circulations on this continent have remained fairly stable. The great decrease in consumption is due to curtailment of advertising space, not to drop in circulations. Morning dailies in the United States show a circulation loss for the year of only one-tenth of one per cent., while the circulation of evening editions show, on the net paid basis, an actual gain of nearly one per cent. The greatest loss is found in Sunday publications, whose circulations dropped 1.7 per cent. in 1930.

One can see how infectious and malicious is the example set by Herb Geddes. Hughie McLean dug up his back yard last month, and from First to Eleventh avenues, from Ocean View to Oak streets, is a scene reminiscent of an army fatigue party, working under heavy fire. You could dodge the odd shell, but try dodging the domestic fire!

On the face of Dwight Hall roses are blooming, and have bloomed throughout the year. Everything is away ahead of schedule, and several enthusiasts have been cutting their lawns regularly.

#### *Angels on Earth*

"Such fun, this job hunting? You know, being a college man, I never wear a hat. Yesterday, I was standing in a bookshop waiting to be hired when a lady came in, picked up a book and handed me two dollars. Today I am going to loiter in a piano store."

## *Personalities in Our District*

THE first of our personalities this month is another who requires no introduction to Powell River, to Powell River readers, or to many of our readers in



other lands. William Alexander McLeod, as he appears in the dignified columns of Wrigley's Directory, is probably one of the most widely known men in the district. As one of our oldest residents, he has been a leading figure in social and athletic pursuits of the townsite for the past twenty years. As purchasing agent for the Powell River Company, "Bill" has more than a nodding acquaintance with men in every province of Canada and in every state of the Union.

Bill came to Powell River in 1912. He was one of the dashing young blades of the district. He went on all the picnics, by heck, chewed gum with the rest of the boys and girls, and cut a big dash on the baseball diamond. There is scarcely an event significant or insignificant that transpired in those days, which he cannot recall, in all their glorious details, at a moment's notice. In his official capacity as purchasing agent, this ability to recall events and places from the limbo of the past has been a valuable asset; there are few, if

any, pieces of machinery in the mill whose history and date of entry he cannot recall from memory.

As purchasing agent, Bill carries a heavy load of responsibility. Toothpicks to paper machines are passed along with the same nonchalant ease, and that odoriferous effluvia, rising from the golf course in recent weeks, may be attributed to the same gentleman.

He buys bone meal, chicken feed, and flowers if you want 'em. Each week he interviews scores of salesmen from many and widely extended portions of Canada and the United States, and is probably one of the best known "P.A.s" in British Columbia. In addition, his department has control over and handles all incoming freight — no small job in itself. During the construction period just completed, an average of 100 to 150 persons were interviewed each week in his office.

On the question of sports and tariff questions, Bill is a walking encyclopaedia. He can drag from that retentive memory facts and figures of any of the great sport celebrities of former and present days. He is familiarly conversant with modern economic conditions; knows to the nearest cent the tariff on potatoes, cabbages, or shingle nails; speaks glibly of the return to the double coinage standard; has his own ideas on the Canadian wheat pool; and can discourse at length on "Protection vs. Free Trade"



in Great Britain; or the price of sausages, if any, in Siam.

In latter years Bill's sporting activities have been confined to keeping a fatherly eye on the local baseball league. For several years he was chief umpire in the district and Bob Scanlon informs us that it is only by the grace of swift movement and ability to dodge that Bill is alive today.

**I**NTRODUCING our next personality in this issue is a simple and a pleasant task. There is not a man—not a woman—scarcely even a child—inhabiting the great closed and open spaces between



Lund and Thunder Bay, who does not know Hughie Young. As commander-in-chief of Powell River's tonsorial platoon, Hughie meets them all—usually during the month, but if not during the month, at least during the year. And if phrenology, which being interpreted, suggests the study of hills, valleys and bumps in the human cranium, is an accurate guide to a man's past life, then Lord have mercy on our souls, and the souls of 2,999 other males in Powell River. For Hughie has been lavishing his attentions on Powell River craniums for two decades, and on his own testimony, there is not a bump or protuberance in the district he could

not accurately describe at a second's notice.

For twenty years, Hughie has been scraping chins and lightening scalps in Powell River. As a resident, he is one of the real pioneers of the district. If so minded, he can recall many a tale of these lusty days, that would make the story of the California gold rush or the Trail of '98 seem wan and colorless. Intimately associated with the social, business and athletic life of the community since its infancy, the past history of Powell River is to him an open book. He has shaved some iron beards in his day; and shorn loggers and construction men of locks that would make Samson himself squirm uneasily.

Outside of his barbering life, Hughie's great love is sport in all its ramifications. He is a close and keen follower of every prominent sport in the world. He can tell you the past winner of the Derby and the likely prospects for the next race (we haven't yet heard of him picking a winner); he is familiar with world football and baseball records. He is a fight fan de luxe, and the history of great ring battles of the past are like wax in his hands. Ice hockey, basketball, track and field, he loves them all, and will back his favorite at any time with words or money.

His very special lights o' love are lawn bowling and golf. Last year he represented the Powell River bowling fraternity in Oakland. Lately he has been much in evidence on the links, and is hitting the ball in all directions—and occasionally in the right one, which, after all, is no mean feat.



## *Suburb of Wildwood Has Steady Growth*



*Section of the Wildwood community, with main road in foreground.*

**B**EHIND the high rock-face of the hillside overlooking the waters of Powell Lake, scarcely a mile from the head of Powell River, straggles the community of Wildwood, in point of size, the junior of local suburbs. The growth of this area has, in the past few years, been steady, but not sensational. Since 1928, population has increased from 300 to 542 residents and many fine homes and beautifully cultivated gardens are beginning to make an appearance in that little settlement "behind the hump."

Prior to 1915, the only access to Wildwood was via the rowboat route across the lake. No bridge spanned the river. Automobiles in the district were almost an unknown luxury; the route to Wildwood was over that soul-terrifying switch-back trail, which followed the line of least resistance along the towering, canyon-like walls of Powell Lake. Only a few well-beaten trails, logging skid roads, and widely scattered shacks

presented outward evidence of an encroaching civilization.

In 1915 the life-line of Wildwood, the first bridge, was erected across Powell River. A slow, but gradually increasing development of the district commenced. But even yet the not unfriendly black bears prowled nightly around the settlers' shacks; and the skulking cougars lurked around the fringes of the settlement.

After the war, Wildwood, in common with the other suburban districts came in for its share of attention by prospective landowners. Considerable land was taken up and the old clearing and burning game enjoyed an extensive revival. By 1928 the population had jumped to 300; this has been nearly doubled in the last two years. Many a fertile vegetable garden and flower-decked lawn has replaced the tangled shrub and stump-infested areas of a few years back.

Today there are many picturesque homes and gardens in Wildwood.



*What the clay loam of Wildwood is capable of doing. One of the larger cultivated areas of the district suggests the agricultural possibilities of the community across Powell Lake.*

This is a district of first class farm land—once the stumps have been removed. The soil, however, is a rich clay loam and when cleared is ideal for every variety of vegetable produce.

The residents of Wildwood in the past four years have become an organized community. They are enthusiastic and work together with a fine spirit of co-operation. The Wildwood Welfare League, a group of earnest and conscientious citizens, have been the means of forcing extensive improvements in road and transportation facilities, in leading the move for greater educational advantages, and generally welding Wildwood into a compact, harmonious, smooth-working community. They have already made provision for a new four-room school; and are studying the question of water and light installation for their district. "Wildwood on the Hill" has emerged from

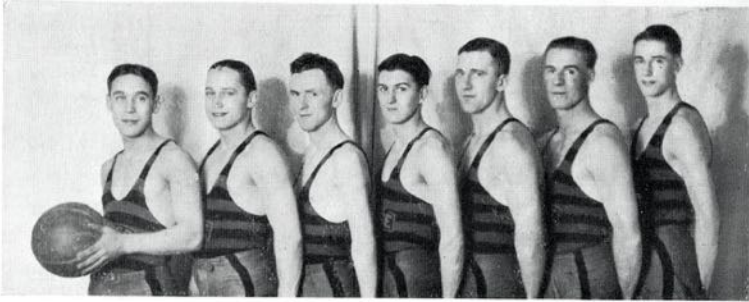
the incoherent, semi-pioneer stage. It is a vigorous, stable community, behind which stand over 300 progressive, community-minded adults.

Latest circulation figures for British newspapers, issued by *Editor and Publisher*, reveal that five dailies, exclusive of Sunday issues, have circulations in excess of 1,000,000 copies. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* run a close race for world honors in this respect. The former circulates 1,872,418; the *Express*, which is steadily threatening the *Mail* now stands at 1,703,000. Other journals with circulations above the one million mark are the *Daily Herald* (1,110,000); *Daily Mirror* (1,071,200); *Daily Sketch and Graphic* (1,012,603). Almost incredible to Canadian readers is the gigantic circulation of the *Sunday News of the World*, with its 3,000,000 copies, greater than the entire circulation of Canadian dailies.

*Another view of Wildwood, showing the results of energetic labor by settlers. Neat, attractive homes and cultivated gardens are seen everywhere in this district.*



## Provincial Champions



*Powell River's great Senior "B" hoop squad, who, on Saturday, April 4, defeated Trail 53-31 to win the provincial championship. Left to right: "Chuck" Couvelier, Charlie Young, Archie McFee, Johnny Keith, Bill Tyler, Warren Gayton, Jack Mathieson. Jack Gebbie, who played spectacularly in the play-offs, was missing from this picture.*

OUTSTANDING in local athletic circles has been the magnificent showing of the Moose five, Powell River's entry in the British Columbia Men's Senior B basketball series. As we go to press the boys are in Trail, B. C., where they meet the Smelter town representatives in the final of the British Columbia championship. And whatever the result, we may be certain the local quintet will be in the game, giving their best from start to finish.

In their progress to the finals, the Moose have trampled three of the best squads on the Lower Mainland and Island. Their first game was against the strong First Church Excelsiors of Vancouver. Playing away from home, on a strange floor, they came through with a fine 17-13 victory. Two nights later they rode rough-shod over Sardis, Fraser Valley champs, with a 46-18 win. This

gave them the Lower Mainland championship.

Ten days later they added the Vancouver Island trip to their belts. After one of the most exciting and strenuous battles of their career, the Moose nosed out the powerful Duncan five 28-27. It was a narrow margin and the islanders pushed the locals to the limit. And now as we write, a Powell River team, for the first time in history, is contesting the British Columbia hoop finals. It is, too, an unusual final. On one side are representatives of Powell River, the largest newsprint mill in the west; on the other side are the Trail hoopsters, from another of British Columbia's greatest industrial centres. It is an industrial final. An interior final. The metropolitan teams have been eliminated and two great interior districts are now battling at Trail for the Senior B basketball



championship of British Columbia.

The local boys have played brilliant basketball in the series. The big four, Johnny Keith, Chuck Couvelier, Jock Gebbie and Warren Gayton have uncovered a series of sparkling combinations and brilliant defensive plays that have smothered several of the leading Senior B squads in British Columbia this season. A smooth, fast, finished quartet, these four. And with Charlie Young playing the best game of his career, with young Jack Mathieson giving promise of developing into one of the best prospects ever produced locally, and with husky Bill Tyler and nimble Archie McFee doing their share as subs, the team has displayed wonderful form.

This is the first year Powell River has ever passed beyond the preliminary stage of the playoffs. They are now champions of the Lower Mainland and conquerors of Vancouver Island. We are all hoping for a win at Trail, but irrespective of this, the hats of Powell River's athletic fraternity are off to the Powell River Moose, and to President Ed Peacock; dynamic Secretary Joe Sweeney, and enthusiastic, popular Moose Manager, Jimmie Simpkins.

**As we go to press word is flashed through that Powell River defeated Trail 53-31 to win the Provincial Senior B basketball final. It's the first time the feat has been performed by a local five. The team has played magnificent basketball in the series and deserve their crown. Congratulations, gang!**

### Join Immortals



*Jimmie Cramb*

The outstanding feature on the links during the past few months has been the addition of two more local members to Powell River's growing list of "hole in ones." In February, Jimmie Cramb\* sank his tee shot on No. 1 green, one of the neatest holes ever seen on the course. The ball dropped a few feet from the pin, to roll clearly and easily in the cup.

Mrs. C. Shirley's hole in one last month was even more significant. Mrs. Shirley sank her first drive, also on No 1 tee.

This is the first time a lady member has made a hole-in-one on the course as present constituted and the second time in the history of Powell River that such a



*Mrs. C. Shirley*

feat has been performed. But since the new course has been laid out, none of our lady golfers has passed the sacred portals of the hole-in-one club, until Mrs. Shirley dropped her drive in the cup of No. 1 tee, 150 yards away.

Be careful about investing in a business you know nothing about.



## GOLF NOTES

THE path for the last event of the golfing season, the open championship, is clear. The ladies' and men's handicap singles came to a conclusion last month after a series of interesting matches. In the men's events, Gus Schuler and Bob Foote contested for honors, with Gus emerging on the long end of a 2-1 score. Bob played a nice game, and in this, his first final, his showing was highly commendable. The semi-finals in the event created wide interest. Gus Schuler defeated Steve Brynjolfson 4-3 and he played one of the best games of his career. Two over par for the fifteen holes was Gus' record that day, with two birdies tossed in for good measure. This is Gus' first victory in the handicap singles and was well deserved.

The ladies' singles found Mrs. Sweeney gaining her first victory with a two-up victory over Mrs. E. Murray. It was a stubborn contest, both ladies playing excellent and consistent golf. A close battle all the way was won by Mrs. Sweeney on the final hole. Both contestants are to be congratulated on the fine exhibition they provided.

## SOCCER NOTES

THE round-ball season is in its last days of decline. All competitions have been finished and players are laying up their boots for next season.

\* \* \*

Before we close the column for the year, we take this opportunity of paying a just tribute to members of

the local executive. The executive's position in any soccer district is no sinecure; they get criticism from every side and very little praise. Powell River is no exception and the heavy spade work, the night meetings, all the numerous details that must be worked out in connection with the league schedule, is overlooked by players and often by supporters. The Powell River and District soccer executive have carried on throughout the season, have done their best to provide good football, have arranged outside matches and have maintained interest in the league and cup schedules. This has been a thankless and unenviable task, and they have carried it out in capable fashion, with a minimum of friction.

\* \* \*

On Sunday, April 5, the B. C. Telephone squad journeyed up from Vancouver to encounter a local representative eleven. The Telephone squad brought up a strong side and it was a good contest. The final score was 4-1 for Powell River.



## BIRTHS

- March 3—Mr. and Mrs. John E. Arnold, Theodosia Arm, a girl, March 3.  
 March 3—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Larson, a boy.  
 March 6—Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose D. McKinnon, a boy.  
 March 6—Mr. and Mrs. Allan W. Holmwood, a boy.  
 March 11—Mr. and Mrs. Mike Pierach, a boy.  
 March 15—Mr. and Mrs. Mario A. Peloso, a boy.  
 March 25—Mr. and Mrs. Giovanni Meiorin, a boy.



AS far as can be ascertained, none of the rail supporters realized expectations in the Grand National. Many of them harbored secret hopes that days of affluence were approaching as a result of their little speculations, and had planned in advance what would happen should, by any chance, fortune smile in their direction. Alas! nothing materialized. Fortune ran true to form, but this meant merely transferring hopes and expectations to the Derby, the next on the list. Most of us got our money's worth in flights of fancy, which does no one any real harm.

\* \* \*

The horticultural experts are still going strong. The majority have the situation well in hand, the seeds in the ground, and a vivid picture of the anticipated result all ready to inflict upon those willing to listen. The community is certainly fortunate in that so many of its citizens are wholeheartedly working to improve and beautify their own little section, without any hope or even expectation of reward, other than their own satisfaction. This is the real community spirit, and nowhere is it more apparent than around the new houses along Maple, where the newly planted lawns and gardens do not always receive the consideration they deserve. Frequently the overnight or early morning depredations of heavy footprints are only too apparent, giving the owner, between moments of wrath, every reason to wonder if it is really worth while. Of course, he is somewhat mollified by the sight of the morning paper, or some handbill announcing the Stores' Stupendous Specials, but these would have been just as effective, and possibly more appreciated, had the sidewalks not been ignored in favor of the softer, and more recently prepared, surface.

\* \* \*

A provincial championship has come to Powell River. Following their conquests in the league, by which they secured the local championship, the Moose basketball players pursued their victorious career further afield, successively taking into camp the Vancouver, Mainland, and Island champions, concluding by vanquishing the pride of the interior on their own hunting ground, in no uncertain manner. Everyone felt quite good about it, even the rail bird, who didn't know basketball from penny ante, stuck out his chest a little further when he realized he was associated with a community which could pause from its industrial activities, to turn out an athletic organization good enough to wear the emblem symbolising a provincial championship. All honor to the boys, may further honors await them.

\* \* \*

Stimulated by this example, the footballers showed that they also could combine and carry the local colors to victory against an outside organization. The B. C. Telephones, who had annexed the championship of their particular division, and also one of the Vancouver challenge cups, accepted the invitation to try conclusions against the pick of the locals, and were badly beaten by a score which in no way over-estimated the superiority of the home eleven.



## Childhood



Anne MacSween

TARK tragedy stalked on Maple Street the other afternoon for a little fellow. his football—one minute the pride of his young heart, was, the next minute, a flattened mass of rubber, destroyed by a passing motorist. The accident could have been avoided, but the man at the wheel couldn't spare the time to give thought to a youngster's football.

That football is like *childhood*. It may be so perfect—so complete; it may be so crushed—so flat. *Childhood!* the carefree age—is it? No worry, no cares, all play and delightful make-believe! But is it? When we grow up we like to pretend that we wish we were children again, but how many of us would willingly exchange places with the majority of children? How many of us would wish to go through again the nervous strain of childhood competition, the heartbreak of school troubles, the grief of smashed illusions!

I wonder, sometimes, if we were to stop, particularly those of us who have close dealings with little ones—mothers, dads and teachers—if we stopped just once in a while to take stock of what we are doing—what impressions we are leaving on young minds—what pictures or scars we are etching on young hearts, if we would have reason to feel pleased with ourselves. Possibly we would; possibly not. The matter rests with ourselves.

To have a childhood filled with memories of an *understanding* mother or dad is to have a jewel in the casket of memory. To remember that mother or dad always *tried* to understand at least, is to have a precious warmth that the years will never cool.

One of our greatest natural resources is the native capacities of our people, and we as parents and teachers should seek to search out and understand the varied abilities of the young children. This, a delicate task, exercises the utmost intelligence and the greatest sympathy, but in our enlightened age we should be able to meet the situation successfully. We should guard against the economic loss which the stupidity of an undiscerning parent or teacher may inflict upon the country through failure to understand the quality of a boy who may have within him the making of an ideal leader in business, an artist, or scientist, but whose faults in arithmetic or spelling are glaring, and which are increased, perhaps, by his love for his favorite subjects.

Strength and cleverness are very important factors in life's battle, but life demands more than these. Life needs, in addition to these factors, that intangible thing called "soul."

Would it be worth while to spend time ensuring a strong foundation for this soul—to spend time developing it as well as developing the bodies of our children? Would it be worth while to spend time creating for Mary, or Johnny, or Betty, a masterpiece in *childhood*, just as an artist might spend years perfecting a painting. Oh, yes! that is an inheritance which can never be lost, and which will make the little ones look back to their childhood as *really* the Golden Age.



*Splendid view of the completed development work at Lois River taken during the recent visit of the safety delegates to Powell River. In the background is the penstock line overtopped by the big 315-foot surge tank. In the foreground, the "wye," with its two 7' 9" branches, may be seen.*





# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

MAY, 1931

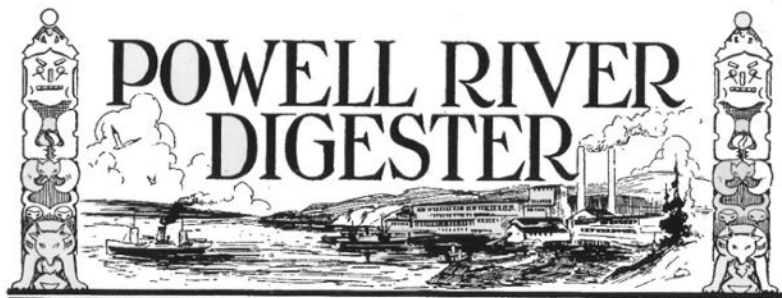
NO. 5



### *Mrs. M. J. Scanlon Passes Away*

The death, on April 18, of Mrs. M. J. Scanlon, wife of the late Michael J. Scanlon, president of the Powell River Company, was received with deep regret by a wide circle of friends in Canada and the United States. In the widespread sorrow occasioned by the decease of Mrs. Scanlon, Powell River is a partner. Mrs. Scanlon was a frequent visitor to our townsite; during the trips of the late Mr. M. J. Scanlon she often accompanied her husband, and attended many informal social gatherings held in their honor. Her simplicity and charm left a deep impression on all who were so fortunate as to know her. Among our older residents, particularly, is her passing mourned, for among them she had many close and intimate friends.

To mourn her loss, Mrs. Scanlon leaves a son, Robert H. Scanlon, assistant resident manager at Powell River; and two daughters, Mrs. Bonnie Easton, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. G. Semple, of Chicago.



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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## *National Safety Council Issues DON'TS for Swimmers*

WITH the bathing season here, the National Safety Council has issued a bulletin in which are given a number of safety hints for swimmers. There are many important points to be considered before the swimmer goes in the water, and disregard of these has resulted in many fatalities.

Following are a few important points that should be observed:

Don't swim on a full stomach. (Wait at least two hours after eating.)

Don't swim if overheated or tired.

Don't swim until exhausted. (Rest on your back and then swim ashore.)

Don't swim if you have heart trouble.

Don't dive without accurate knowledge of the depth of the water.

Don't struggle if caught in a swift current or undertow. (The force of the current will bring you to the surface; then work in toward shore.)

Don't wade into the water with your arms above your head. (You will not be ready to stroke if you step into a hole.)

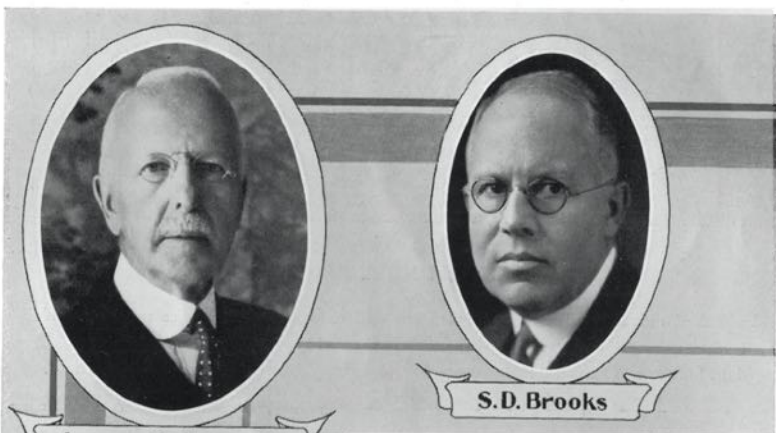
Don't lean backward when wading into the water. (Always be ready to fall forward.)

Learn Red Cross life-saving and resuscitation methods. (Be capable of saving yourself and your companion.)

Don't cry for help in fun. (You may some time need help and not get it.)

Don't go swimming alone.





Anson S. Brooks

S.D. Brooks



Edward Brooks



Paul A. Brooks

## The Directorate

ON Tuesday, April 28, the Board of Directors of the Powell River Company again elected Mr. Anson S. Brooks as President of the company for the ensuing year. Mr. Edward Brooks and Mr. Paul A. Brooks were re-elected as Vice-Presidents; Mr. S. D. Brooks and Mr. A. E. McMaster remain as Executive Vice-President and General Manager respectively. Mr. F. T. Griffiths and Mr. R. H. Scanlon were again reappointed to the directorate.

The President, Mr. Anson S. Brooks, is a brother of the late Dr. Dwight F. Brooks, and has been associated with the Brooks-Scanlon organizations since their inception in 1873. He is one of the founders of the Powell River Company, and was affiliated with Dr. Brooks and Michael J. Scanlon when they first considered the erection of a paper mill on the coast.

Particularly pleasing to local employees is the recognition accorded their officials on the board. Last year Mr. R. H. Scanlon, Assistant Resident Manager at Powell River, first

took his place among the directors. Mr. Scanlon has been associated with the company since its inception, arriving in Powell River to take part in the clearing of the present site in 1910. Two additional directors were elected this year, both of whom are well known to Powell River residents. A further tribute was paid to the Powell River operating officials when, at Tuesday's meeting, the directors elected Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Resident Manager at Powell River to the board. As Resident Engineer, and later as Resident Manager, he has been closely affiliated with the progress and expansion of the company in the past ten years.

The second new member of the board is Mr. James H. Lawson, who for several years has been legal adviser to the company. Mr. Lawson will assume the office of Secretary of the company. The new directorate is as follows:

- Anson S. Brooks—President.
- Edward Brooks and Paul A. Brooks—Vice-Presidents.
- S. D. Brooks—Executive Vice-President.
- A. E. McMaster—General Manager.
- R. H. Scanlon—Assistant Resident Manager.
- R. Bell-Irving—Resident Manager.
- J. H. Lawson—Secretary.
- F. T. Griffiths.



A. E. McMaster



R. Bell-Irving



R. H. Scanlon



F. T. Griffiths



J. H. Lawson

## NEW TREASURER

When the directors of the Powell River Company held their annual meeting, on Tuesday, April 28, yet another tribute was accorded the local management. Powell River employees, their friends and families, will learn with pleasure that Mr. Joe



MR. J. FALCONER

Falconer, assistant resident manager at Powell River, has been appointed to the responsible post of treasurer of the Powell River Company. Joe, as all his old friends in the townsites know him, has seen over eighteen years of service with the company, and is one of the "old-timers" of the district. His elevation to the responsible post of treasurer is a testimony to the confidence and trust reposed in his abilities by the directors.

Mr. Falconer has been intimately connected with the life of the com-

munity during his long service. As an ex-service man, he has a wide circle of friends among the returned men of the district. As an old soccer player and a general enthusiast for clean sport, he has been actively in touch with athletics in Powell River for many years.

With Mr. R. Bell-Irving and Mr. R. H. Scanlon both on the company directorate, and Mr. Falconer assuming the position of company treasurer, a high tribute has been paid the local management.

## Savary Inn Opens

Of interest to Powell River residents generally is the announcement that the Savary Island Inn, under the managership of Mr. Val Nichols, will open for the summer season this month. Both Mr. and Mrs. Nichols have a wide circle of friends in the district, and Mr. Nichols is prominent among hotel managers along the coast. He was for a time in charge of the Grouse Mountain Chalet, and later manager of the Olympia Hotel at Olympia, Washington.

Mr. Nichols is making special arrangements to cater to Powell River week-end visitors, in addition to his general business. Considerable renovations and improvements have already been made—and Savary Island, as a vacation point, requires no introduction to Powell River people. The new inn will open about May 24, and Mr. Nichols announces he is holding an opening dance for Powell River guests.

## Personalities in Our District

### He Paints the Town

WHEN the old-timers of Powell River are spoken of, Walter Patrick stands high in the honor column. Walter and Mrs. Patrick arrived here in July,



1911, and in less than two months Walter will have completed twenty years of service with the Powell River Company.

For twenty years Walter has been painting houses and mixing paints in Powell River; and he still splashes a nasty paint-brush. But his position as Grand Mogul of the local Color and Brush Brigade prevents him from indulging in his activities to the same extent as in the early days. Every can of paint consigned to the company must first receive his official o.k., and in construction times this, in itself, is a heavy job.

He was among the first to wield a paint-brush in the townsite during the busy days of 1911. Walter splashed paint in large quantities about the old machine room and about the townsite, when the latter comprehended only two blocks on Maple Street. His great ambition was, and still is, to paint all the houses in the

townsite, and when that is completed to start over again.

Walter possesses the chief and necessary requisite in any townsite foreman—namely, a way with the ladies. This priceless acquisition and his amiable diplomacy with slightly vexed housewives, rending the air with bitter complaints over the lack of paint on their front porches, has carried him along for twenty years without a serious mishap. In his quiet way he is quite a lad, is Walter.

In the early days Walter was a consistent performer on the soccer field, and played on the first eleven ever gathered together in Powell River. In recent years he has thrown the soccer torch to his two sons, Sidney and Walter, where it is in capable hands.

Genteel ranching is one of his chief hobbies. Every summer he and the family take up their bag and luggage and transfer themselves to the Patrick estate at Lang Bay, where Walter has built a summer home. He was one of the pioneers in the district, and years before the road was built, Walter and his famous gasoline dreadnaught journeyed regularly between Powell River and Douglas Bay.

For twenty years Walter has painted the town red, blue, green, and every color in the painter's quiver. He is one of the most widely known and popular members of the townsite, and occupies an honorable station in the Personalities of Our District.



## *When Powell River was Young*



*Many residents have wondered what the falls on Powell Lake looked like before the dam was constructed. Here it is tumbling away in all its pristine glory. It was the glimpse of these falls that gave the late Dr. Brooks and Mr. M. J. Scanlon their first idea of erecting a paper mill at Powell River.*

**T**O an overwhelming majority of residents, even to those who saw the first load of construction material brought ashore, the history of Powell River begins in the year 1910. When the keen eyes of those two grand old men, the late Dr. Dwight Brooks and the late Michael J. Scanlon caught their first glimpse of the Powell Lake's watershed, the opening chapter in the history of Powell River, as a newsprint manufacturing centre, was written. We all know the sequel.

The full story of these early days has never been written. Some day we hope to attempt it. From between the unemotional and practical line of the company records we have already learned much of the struggle, the reverses, the achievements and successful accomplishments of twenty years of newsprint manufacturing.

And from the lips of men, who recall and still re-live the adventures and excitement of those early years, have come tales of pleasure, of work, of romance, of the color of these early days.

And colorful days they were! We, of the present crop, have for the most part dropped in on a townsite already grown almost to the status of a city, with all the privileges and all the advantages of modern economic and social life.

Such is the Powell River of today, called in outside quarters a model town. Such was not the Powell River the pioneers of two decades back remember. And such was certainly not the Powell River that men like Jim Springer and Rod LeMay met when they first came adventuring in these parts just after the turn of the present century.



*The plant and town-site in 1912, while Nos. 3 and 4 machines were being installed. The old acid tower may be seen in the background. The stumps in the immediate foreground didn't look much like a golf course twenty years ago.*

In this issue, by means of a few illustrations, something of the life of Powell River in the days following the appearance of the Brooks-Scanlon land-clearing crew in 1910 may be visualized. In a future issue we will reprint what we believe will be the unusual and perhaps unknown story of Powell River before the first clearing operations on the plant site were initiated. Here, however, we include a few rambling notes on what our present residents mean by the "good old days of Powell River."

Even the most sanguine optimist of 1910 could scarcely visualize the great expansion that two decades would bring. It all looked different

then. One old-timer, one who saw Powell River long before the first construction crew dropped on the old float, ruefully remarked:

"After we had been in Powell River a few years, we heard rumors of a pulp mill coming here. When it did materialize and the lots were being sold, we laughed at the poor saps who bought them. Thus opportunity passed us by."

A few of our older residents will still remember Powell Lake in 1910, and the lumbering operations carried on there. Frequently the lake was clogged with driftwood jam. Stories are still told of the fishing around these jams that make present-day

*Rod Le May, when he took this photograph in 1913, called it the world's most famous band. On the lower left, Bob Scanlon fills the role of trombone expert; upper left is our old friend Bill Stoney; Stan Mead holds the drum; the late Mr. Fred Millar is seated on Stan's right; other identifications are a bit vague, but it was a band, all right.*





*They took their politics seriously seventeen years ago. Crowd on the old baseball diamond listen to Michael Manson, M.L.A., then, as now, member for the district. Dr. Henderson, as active then as he is now, is standing beside Mr. Manson.*

Waltonians' yarns dull and colorless. So plentiful and so friendly were these scaly lads behind the jams that frequently three and four were hauled out, clinging to the same line. So eager also were they to oblige, that the harassed fishermen were compelled to hide behind the log jam to bait their hooks.

And so they go, these tales of the early days, tales of adventure, of excitement, of building and creating. All through 1910 and 1911, on into the spring of 1912, construction proceeded. Homes and dwellings were built; and a new industry started on the British Columbia coast. In April, 1912, a historic month in the history of the Powell River Company, hundreds of residents cheered the first reel of newsprint as it rolled off the original 1 and 2 machines.

Community, athletic and social life was vigorous and unhampered. Everyone called each other by their first name—or the first name they could think of. Community picnics, impossible in the present development of the townsite, found the en-

tire populace travelling by flatcars behind a puffing, logging locie to Michigan, as the present Westview area was then known. Many residents still recall with throaty chuckles the first picnic in 1912, when the whole townsite piled on the train and went chugging merrily to Michigan and way points.

By the time July 1, 1914, arrived, there had been many hot times in the old town. But, on the testimony of residents still in Powell River, no hotter or more momentous celebration has ever been held in the district. The baseball teams were out in force, cheered lustily by hundreds of fanatics; up on Powell Lake fifteen boats were lined up, waiting the crack of the starter's whistle; swimming contests, barrel rolling and other aquatic sports were under way where the breakwater is now installed.

Mr. Michael Manson, sartorial and dashing as ever, took advantage of the opportunity to mix business with pleasure, and he and Mr. Clements, the Dominion member for the dis-

*Anybody remember this afternoon? On July 1, 1912, one of the locies of the Michigan and Puget Sound Railway hitched on three or four flats and took local society on the first townsite picnic to Michigan, or Westview, as it is now known.*



trict, haranged good-natured crowds before and between innings of the ball game. That was eighteen years ago, and Mr. Manson is still haranguing crowds, only he now speaks from the stage of one of B. C.'s finest auditoriums, instead of on hastily-improvised outdoor platforms.

There was plenty of excitement that day. A fire broke out near the present site of the bowling green, and Alec Bell took his memorable plunge off the wharf and Bob Scanlon had a new silk shirt burned in sixteen places. Just a lot of fun for the boys and girls.

In fact, judging from the reminiscences of our old residents, it was all fine in those days. In other words, the passage of time has mellowed and softened the struggles and disappointments of the old pioneer life, until today the exciting and the adventurous scenes come more readily to mind. Well, we want to learn more about the adventures and the excitement, and would welcome any stories of construction, of sport,

of social life, or other phases of activity, as recalled by our 1910-1914 residents. The history of Powell River has yet to be written, and that history can only be obtained through those who have lived it. The little incidents we have enumerated here are mere flutterings dancing in the background of the story of the conquest of a wilderness and the growth of an industry, but they are a cross section of life in those days. Help us tell the story of Powell River by bringing in your reminiscences.

Top windshield is cracked on left side, windshield is scratched where wiper had been, right headlight glass broken, left fender is split, right front wheel is sprung and wobbles; stolen night of Feb. 12. Reward if returned in good condition.

"Bobby, I hope you didn't tell your daddy that you saw me kissing your sister Ethel last night?"


"I didn't have to. Ethel woke us all up after you'd gone and told us herself."





*A few minutes after the telephone "cut over" was completed. John McIntyre (second from left) photographed with members of the telephone and operating staffs of the B. C. Telephone Company. The new exchange came into operation Saturday, April 11.*

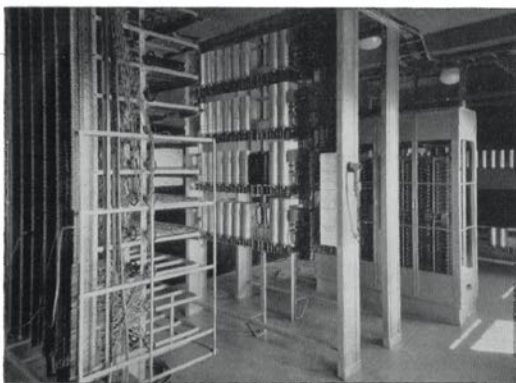
## *New Automatic Telephone Exchange "Cut In"*

 ON Saturday, April 11, the new automatic telephone system, bringing all sections of the townsite of Powell River and the suburbs of Westview into telephonic communication with each other, was "cut in." The "cut over," on which experts from the North West Telephone Company, subsidiary to the B. C. Telephone Co., had been working for six weeks, was performed in three minutes.

There was no confusion. The original telephone lines serving the smaller automatic of the Powell River Company had been half tapped on to the new cable. The old equipment was kept in service to the last minute. At 1 p.m. the cable running to the old exchange was cut, the blocking equipment and tools removed from the new equipment, and the automatic exchange declared "well and truly open."

The installation of the new automatic exchange ushers in two complete innovations in Powell River telephone history. Both are equally important.

Direct and uninterrupted telephonic connection is now assured with Vancouver and Pacific Coast points. The radio-telephone, installed over a year ago, gives way to a continuous and unobstructed wire and cable connection. It is a much more satisfactory arrangement. The radio-telephone necessitated radio transmission from Powell River across the Gulf of Georgia to Campbell River before the wire connection with the Vancouver Island line was made. A wonderful installation, radio-telephone, for more remote coast regions where are districts at present inaccessible by cable or land wire. Its chief defect is the uncertainty of continuous operation, due to at-



*Portion of the new automatic equipment in the new exchange building at Powell River. Provision is made for all anticipated expansion. The equipment installed is the most modern and latest in automatic design.*

mospheric disturbances. All the new telephone equipment permits of long-distance communication by cable and wire—Powell River may phone Vancouver as easily as a resident of Chilliwack or other Valley centres.

Equally important is the extension of telephonic conveniences to the suburbs. The energetic community of Westview has pioneered the suburban telephone field. A pole line runs direct from Powell River, and Mrs. Smith of Westview may now get in touch with Mrs. Jones of Powell River by a few turns of a dial. The service is an undoubted boon to the majority of suburban residents, and negotiations have been entered into for the extension of the lines to Cranberry and Wildwood.

In Powell River centre all the phones are single or two-party lines. An interesting feature of the suburban lines is the provision made for several party lines. In Westview, for example, there are not only individual and two-party systems, as in Powell River, but also six-party lines.

The present automatic exchange safeguards the telephone requirements of Powell River for many years. The actual equipment already installed is sufficient to accommodate any anticipated increase in the next few years, and provision has been made for future expansion. The equipment is new, of latest design, and the exchange is in every way on a highly modern scale.

The actual work of installing the new exchange was spread over a period of six weeks. The entire outside plant was remodelled. The old wiring was removed and replaced by new drops. New wiring was run to all houses, existing and new. Lightning arresters were provided. Terminals were located and the aerial wires removed. Outside gangs, working swiftly, ran a pole line and strung the cable to Westview. And when, at 1 p.m. on Saturday, April 11, the long-awaited "cut over" eventualized, the operation was performed with scarcely a vestige of confusion or delay.



# AROUND THE PLANT

**W**HEN we asked Larry Guthro what he thought about the capitulation of Alphonso de Bourbon, he remarked it was about time, going on to say that that particular brand never was in the same street as good Scotch, anyway.

"Let's go, my dear Gaston." "You first, my dear Alphonso," is the latest bit of repartee from Spain's Escorial palace.

The son of forty kings has abdicated. The crashing reverberations of his downfall are heard around the world; but Sandy, our monarchist cashier, refuses to be perturbed. He, from his kingly cage, still issues his kingly mandates. King Alphonso may be gone, but King Sandy remains.

The annual cribbage stag, held last month, is beginning to rival the Armistice stag in popularity. We did hear that Ben Randall and Pat Kelly gave an exhibition of aesthetic dancing that evening. We don't believe it.

And Bill Parkin informs us that there wasn't a man at the stag but who could have walked a tight-rope with both eyes shut. It was that

kind of a party—at least, Bill says, as far as he could see.

The big highlight of the visit of *The Vancouver Sun* news carriers to Powell River last month took place during breakfast at the Avenue Lodge.

Said one enthusiastic lad, watching John McLeod supervising breakfast arrangements: "Gee, they must feed good up here! Look at the cook; he looks as if he never missed a meal."

John tells this story on himself.

The Dominion Day Sports Committee are asking that all local athletes get out early this year and bring home a few firsts to Powell River. Courtenay ran away with the big prizes last year, but there is no reason why they should repeat.



If the boys get out for early training, we should be able to give the Islanders a few shocks this year. Billy McAndrew could make a strong showing in the sprints, with a few months' training; Lew Griffiths, in



practise, should cop the high jump and pole vault; and youngsters like John Haddock, Sid Southcott and Albert Casey would be dangerous contenders in the sprints and jumps.

And while on the subject, a good relay race, each runner doing 220 yards instead of a medley like last year, would be a real attraction. The medley idea is good, but invariably, by the time the last lap comes around, one team is so far ahead that the finish provides no excitement. We suggest that Gus Schuler line up two good sprinting teams from the machine room and challenge all comers.



**I** OIS RIVER continues to be a favored fishing resort of local Waltonians. George Wasp caught a four-pounder on the third lake last week, and Dick Sandwell drew in several hefty ones. Alec McLaren, Steve Brynjolfson and several of the boys from the Fire Hall tried out their luck below the dam. Steve caught three and put them on a stick, leaving them lying on the shore. Alec McLaren saw them, blushed violently, and tossed them back in before they had gulped too much fresh air.

"Mac" McKinnon has his P.D.Q. back on the lake, and, if reports be true, faster than ever. Each year

Mac has coaxed an additional knot out of his little speedster, and this season he claims twenty knots an hour are pie. The P.D.Q. is always conspicuous by the Canadian flag (flag writers please take notice) on the stern.



We noticed a reference in a recent issue of *The Vancouver Province*, under the caption, "Twenty Years Ago." This particular item gave prominence to the victory of one Al Hatch, of the V.A.C., in the Pacific Coast 145-lb. mat championship. Al's greatest feat was the evening, still talked about in old-timers' circles of Vancouver, when he won three Canadian championships on the same night, emerging as amateur Canadian champ in the 145, 158 and 175-lb. events. Occasionally, in the past ten years, Al has given an odd exhibition in Powell River, and a lot of the old cunning is still there.

"Good gracious, dear," said the husband after supper, "where did all these books on astronomy come from? They're not ours."

"Oh, that's a little surprise for you, darling. This morning you said we ought to study astronomy, so I went and bought a lot of books on it."

After a long moment he said, patiently: "My dear, I didn't say astronomy; I said economy."





Customer: "Good heavens, Mr. Druggist, I'm poisoned! It must have been the sandwiches my wife gave me."

Pharmacist: "Yes, that's it. I tell you, you're taking a chance every time you eat a sandwich that isn't prepared by a registered pharmacist."

Father: "Yes, my boy, I'm a self-made man."

Son: "Gee, pop, that's what I admire about you. You always take the blame for everything."

The attractive young widow from New York went to Hollywood on a man hunt. Sauntering out to the veranda of her hotel, she seated herself next to a handsome young man. She coughed slightly, but the stranger ignored her. She shot him a flirtatious glance that proved plainly she wanted to get acquainted, but he gave no answering sign. Finally a piece of dainty linen was wafted to the ground at his feet.

"Oh, I've dropped my handkerchief," she murmured softly.

The handsome youth turned a cold and unresponsive eye upon her.

"Madam," he said, "my weakness is liquor."

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy would get slapped for.

—"Deschutes Pines Echoes."

Dentist: "I'm sorry, but I'm out of gas."

Sweet Patient: "Ye gods! Do dentists pull that old one, too?"

"Mummy, didn't you say that baby had your eyes and daddy's nose?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well, you'd better keep your eyes on him. He's got grandpa's teeth now."

### Keep Calm, Husbands

Many a woman who lingers in front of a shop window has merely paused to reflect.

### A Modern Fable

Once a boy kicked a football into a house, breaking one window-pane and one vase, and the man of the house came out laughing, saying: "Tut, tut, tut! I was a boy myself once; here's your football."

*Powell River Children*



1. Derrick and David Rivers    2. Sheila Kathleen and Lorna Morven Falconer    3. Dennis Richardson  
 4. Neil Charles Lambert    5. Roderick Douglas Falconer    6. Daniel Wowada

## *A Modern Newsprint Machine*



*Albert Killin, foreman of Powell River's machine room, has had a wide experience on paper machines, having worked in British as well as Canadian mills.*

**T**HERE is to the visitor something almost awe-inspiring in the first glimpse of a modern newsprint machine. A mechanical colossus, with its multiplicity of perfectly geared parts, all rumbling away in perfect cohesion, it is a striking monument to the ingenuity of modern mechanical and engineering skill. The wet end, with the wet stock rushing express-like over the big bronze wire; the presses clothed in their gigantic blankets; the mass of drying cylinders, each almost equal in height to the average woman; the calender stack, with its several hundred tons of steel rolls; the swiftly-revolving reels — all these forming the machinery of one continuous, harmonious operation—display the modern machine in the full meridian of its power and efficiency.

Paper making is one of the oldest arts known to civilization. Hand-made paper has been manufactured for nearly 4,000 years, out of a

variety of materials, from papyrus, from esparto grass, straw, corn stalks, numerous varieties of vegetable stock, including potatoes and even cabbage leaves. The actual list of paper-making materials in themselves has been made the subject of a complete volume by modern statisticians. But to the modern paper maker, two events in the history of the industry are outstanding.

In 1799, Louis Robert invented the first paper machine.

In 1840, Fenerty and Keller proved the utility of wood pulp as paper stock.

Most paper makers are familiar with the model of the original Robert machine. Primitive, simply constructed, this progenitor of the modern paper machine would appear like the smallest tin toy beside our modern iron and steel giants. Yet in its essential principles the modern machine is the Robert model dressed, adorned and improved. An endless wire cloth carried stock then as now; primitive rolls, corresponding to our presses, squeezed out the water; the de-watered roll passed on to a receiving roll, which wound it up, after which it passed on to a few press rolls. The roll was then taken off and the sheet hung up to dry. Briefly, this was the principle on which the father of modern paper machinery worked. Hand drying has yielded to huge steam dryers; the old hand roll has been replaced by automatic rolls.



*View of the new machine room, housing No. 7 machine, which started operations last December. Note the new approaches.*

Drying, winding and cutting are now all one operation, but the original design of Louis Robert still forms the foundation of the modern machine.

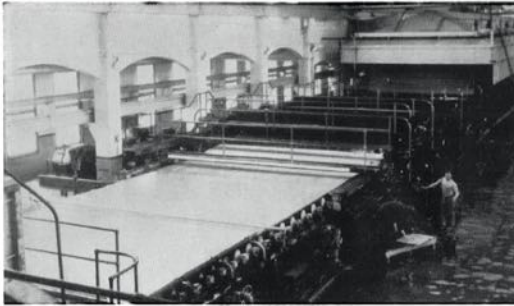
With Robert's invention, the possibility of machine-made paper began to be realized. Leger Didot, also a Frenchman, purchased Robert's rights in his machine and, with his brother-in-law, John Gamble, brought the invention to England in 1800. The two partners improved Robert's design, and in 1803, at Frogmore, England, saw their efforts rewarded when the first machine actually built and successfully operated went into production.

In 1804 the name of Fourdrinier, a name known to every paper maker, first made its appearance. Henry and Sealy Fourdrinier purchased patent rights from Gamble, and the original Robert invention became known as the Fourdrinier machine — a trademark which has been inseparably linked up with paper history for a century and a quarter.

It is a far cry from the crude machine of the 19th century to the mammoth creation of the present age. Each succeeding generation has contributed its brain and money to the perfection of our modern machines. Section pumps were introduced in 1826; and later came the cone-drive steam dryers, and other technical advancements. There are paper makers yet living who can recollect the days when paper dryers were headless cylinders, with a wood fire burning away in each dryer.

Speed, stability and increased capacities came with the 20th century. The first Fourdrinier machine on the continent was brought from England in 1826. It was 60 inches wide. Not until the second half of the century were the first machines set up in Canada. In 1858 a mill in Upper Canada installed a machine running at 100 feet a minute, an almost incredible speed. In 1867 one of the Rioden mills placed a new machine





*No. 7 machine in operation, showing the sheet on the wire starting out on its journey through the presses and the fifty-two dryers, from which it emerges as finished newsprint.*

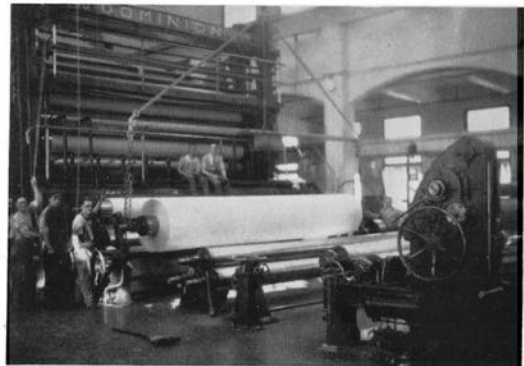
in operation, which was considered one of the wonders of the continent. Early writers described it as "a mammoth plant, turning out 10 tons of news and wrapping paper a day." Mr. George F. Steele, eastern representative of the Powell River Company, one of the builders of the industry on this continent, told, on his last trip west, how as late as 1880 and 1890 machines manufacturing 30 tons of newsprint daily attracted curious and astounded visitors from all corners of the States.

How the old hand paper maker of a century ago would stare at the Gargantuan mass of machinery now

installed in the modern paper mill! The primitive machine of the middle nineteenth century, 60 inches wide and running at 100 feet a minute, has been replaced by the modern giants, over 200 inches in width and running in excess of 1,000 feet every sixty seconds.

Today, in our Powell River plant, we have the last word in newsprint machine construction — the culmination of the improvements which modern skill has added to Robert's first design. Shortly over a month ago, No. 7, designed for speeds up to 1,400 feet a minute, operated at a greater speed than has yet been at-

*The dry end of No. 7 machine, showing stacks and winder. The boys are just transferring the reel to the winder with the air hoist.*



tained by any newsprint machine in the world. Where the "mammoth" mill in 1867 turned out 10 tons of news a day, our No. 7 alone produces daily 15 times that amount.

Powell River's seven newsprint machines tell the story of paper machine development in twenty years. In 1911, two machines, 145 inches and 155 inches in width respectively, running at 660 feet a minute, were in operation. Two years later, two additional machines, 184 inches wide, increased the machine complement to four. The years 1925-1927 witnessed a great forward step. Two machines, their width increased to 234 inches and their running speeds to 1,000 feet a minute, showed the trend of the modern industry. And three years later, in 1930, came the seventh machine, which is designed for a speed of 1,400 feet a minute. This

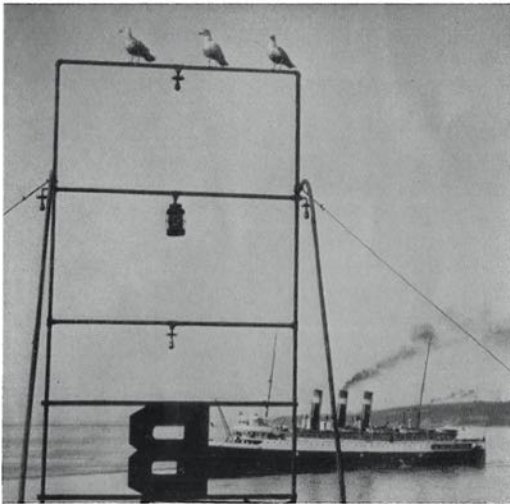
single machine, running to capacity, has a daily output considerably in excess of the two machines installed in 1911, and represents what today is the final word in machines.

What size and what speeds will newsprint machines eventually attain? This question only the future may determine. Generally speaking, the tendency today is against constructing larger machines until the other links in the chain — new methods of drying, calendering, etc. — have been perfected. It is unlikely that the next decade will witness any radical alteration in the size of the present machine. The principle changes will come in improved drying methods, in new modes of calendering, in the hundred and one smaller improvements, which will increase the quality of the paper and the efficiency of the present machine.



*When the New Zealand delegates to the Empire Press Conference left Powell River last May, they proceeded direct to London. In the above photograph the members of the delegation have just left Buckingham Palace after being presented to the King. The photo is taken in Hyde Park.*

## *Gullible*—By O. J. STEVENSON



*Seagulls resting on top of the company wharf sheds. In the accompanying article Mr. Stevenson briefly tells some of the personal experiences of these wily birds in their travels up and down the gulf with coast steamers.*

**G**OOD MORNING, boys! Clamp your webs around this sign rod and rest your pinions. I see you belong to the California tribe of Gulls. Well, my name is Bill Larus of the Herring totem, and I have covered most of the continent at one time or another. You're from Seattle, eh? Well, it used to be a pretty good town, though I hear it's rather dull right now. This your first trip north? Well, you'll see lots of interesting things. You're young and need experience, and travel broadens one. Oh, no, I'm not going north this season. Why bother? I've seen everything there is to see, and the feed is good around Powell River. I have some friends among the wharf fishermen, some in the grinder room, the stewards on the boats all

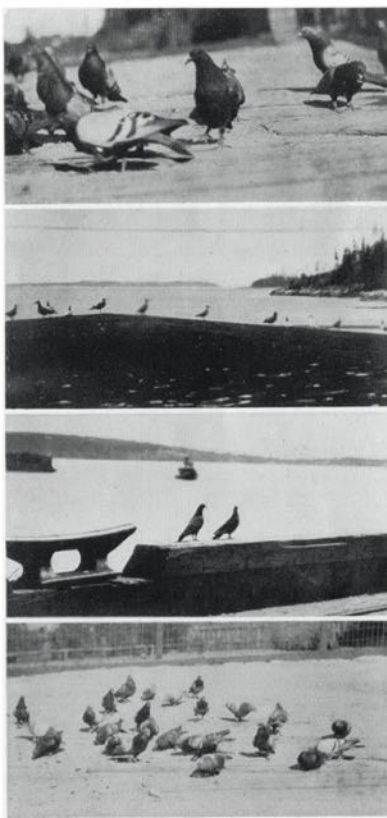
know me, and for a change there is the garbage dump around in the river canyon. No, I never move from this town except for the odd trip with one of the better class boats to Vancouver, or a run over to Comox with the Royal on a fine morning just by way of variety.

What's that? Have I smelled whiskey? That's a laugh! If you want a royal time, just stick around and join me on a trip with the Vancouver boat tomorrow night. I'll show you a thing or two. How do I know there will be something doing? Why, didn't I see two regular travellers come up this morning? I can always depend on those fellows throwing a couple of empties overboard on the down trip. What? Oh, yes, sure, provided they leave the cork out.

Along about midnight they start heaving the dead ones over; and if you are lucky, one of the bottles will float neck up, wide open. Then all you have to do is float alongside with your bill in the bottle, and after you have taken several good whiffs you'll feel equal to flying rings around the best airplane made.

Women? Oh, yes, there are plenty of them. See that trim little trick sitting on the Teeshoo rail? She has been giving me the glad eye for a week now, and there are several comely matrons with designs on me, but I'm not getting married this year. Too much bother, and I don't like being bossed around, and having to carry grub home to several gaping caverns that never get filled. The world is moving on, and I tell you a season is too long for two people to be tied up in close proximity. A month or so might be all right, but any more gets monotonous. No, I'm going to stay right here and enjoy myself. That old snaky-necked Guillemont sitting on the log boom over there is another bachelor who thinks about as I do. He's pretty cranky, but wise. Of course, the crows seem to have a monopoly on the garbage dump; they constitute a black peril, and there should be a law regulating their unwarranted increase; also the ravens are in command around the Stillwater camps. The pigeons get most of the pickings around the wharfinger's office and the Avenue Lodge; but, even so, food is still plentiful for those who know the ropes, and I'm an old-timer here.

Yes, that's the Prince George pulling out for Prince Rupert. You are going with her, eh? Well, you're foolish; but boys will be boys. Would like to have you stay overnight and join the pow-wow which we usually hold every evening at Scuttle Bay. Sort of a get-acquainted club, and lots of scandal if you are inclined that way.



*Pigeons, seagulls, cranes — they all find food in abundance around the company wharves. Every noon hour the wharf crew lay out regular rations for these birds.*



## Sumfin' About Muffin



Anne MacSween

NOW what am I going to write about? Ideas? Yes! But too many of them—they crowd one another out. I just can't make up my mind as to which one I'll follow.

I had intended to write about the blossoming peach trees, new potatoes, green onions, etc., but rather think this topic wouldn't be very welcome, especially to those gardeners who have to screen every inch of soil before the green onions will even think of growing.

Then I *would* like to tell you about my father's sideboard. That sideboard! A thing of immense proportions—a great, huge, cumbersome piece of furniture, bedecked with curlicues and adorned with whatnots at every cut and turn—a hideous thing—but to my Dad, a thing of beauty and a joy *forever!*

Of a shiny, golden oak, it stands—an eyesore! For years it has been a bone of contention in the bosom of the family; but Dad would sooner part with his eye teeth, or Me, than with The Sideboard. Where, when, and how we came into possession, I do not know! Where, when, and how we shall get rid of it, I do not know! But I feel better now that I've told someone. For years I've been dying to unburden myself on the subject of Sideboards. Perhaps I'll let myself go completely another time.

I saw the moon rise last night—a picture book moon—glowing, full, low-hung—and silhouetted in front of it, slashing its brightness, two tall, up-standing spars, all that was left of what might have been two giant Douglas firs. But we hear so much about moons and moonlight—perhaps I'll leave that.

Recently, in Vancouver, I had tea with Grace Luckhart. Most of us have read her sketches on the editorial page of the *Daily Province*. She is utterly charming, gracious, and delightfully friendly. But—she doesn't know a muffin when she sees one! It came to light in this way: We ordered tea, muffins, jam, and when it came Mrs. Luckhart was telling us one of her interesting little stories about her trip to Europe, so didn't uncover the muffin dish immediately. When she did so, our hostess exclaimed, "But these are crumpets, and I particularly ordered muffins!" Calling the waiter over, she explained the mistake, and he took the dish away. In a few minutes he returned, bearing another dish, and, as before, we were talking, so paid no attention. However, when the dish was uncovered this time, Mrs. Luckhart again exclaimed, "Crumpets!" It wasn't funny this time. We were almost famished for our tea, and to have the same mistake made twice was almost too much! This time there were two or three waiters hovering about, and when Mrs. Luckhart explained very carefully—very carefully, indeed—that we wished *muffins* for our tea, we were told politely but firmly that the first dish *had* contained muffins; these in this dish were crumpets; for hadn't the lady asked that they be changed? So we ate the muffets—I mean the crumpins, or, rather—well, we ate them, whatever they were. But tell me, please, if you can, when is a muffin a muffin, and how can you tell?



*Archie Remington poses with two eagles shot at Douglas Bay. One was shot by Walter Patrick, Jr., the other by Archie. The latter was attacked by the bird as it fell wounded.*

## Soccer Notes

THE visit of the St. Andrews eleven, shining lights in British Columbia soccer, was the big spotlight of interest in round ball history of the past month.

Frankly, from the spectators' point of view, the Saints, to put it mildly, failed to live up to their reputation. At no time during the ninety minutes of play did they display convincing form. Their footwork and passing was mediocre; their playing generally listless. Neil McFarlane, star centre half, the most colorful player on the team, was woefully out of condition and was relieved from the game early in the first half.

Admittedly, the Saints had played a hard game the Saturday before in Vancouver. This, however, does not account for their generally ragged, lackadaisical methods. They never took the game seriously. Such tactics are unfair to our local executive,

who guaranteed expenses, and to the Powell River public, who paid generous admission to view an exhibition of football.

The Powell River representatives played a fine game, and on the play had a noticeable edge over the Scots. The regrettable feature of the day was the unfortunate accident to Johnston, who suffered a fractured jaw in a collision with Joe Gallagher. We are glad to report he is on the way to recovery, and will appear in the Saints' line-up within a few weeks.

"My good man, you had better take the street car home."

"Sh' no ushe. Wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."

### BIRTHS

- April 3—Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius McCrossan, a boy.  
 April 9—Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sayer, a girl.  
 April 20—Mr. and Mrs. Garfield S. Mohr, a boy.

# EDITORS NOTES

## *A New "Safety" Shield*

As a result of the Powell River Safety Convention, held in February last, many of the Pacific Coast pulp and paper mills are promulgating definite plans for the elimination of accidents in their plants. In British Columbia, the pulp and paper safety movement is already under way.

At the conference, Mr. W. L. Ketchen, manager of the B. C. Pulp & Paper plant at Port Alice, suggested that a shield be put forward for annual competition among B. C. plants. The organization whose accident ratio was highest should pay for the shield.

The plan has been taken up by British Columbia mills. R. H. Scanlon, of Powell River, as National Safety Council Regional Director, has conferred with Mr. Ketchen and other pulp and paper officials. The scheme has been submitted to E. W. Winn and J. C. Gilmour, of the Compensation Board, who will officiate as arbiters.

Briefly, the plan is that the pulp and paper mills of British Columbia will compete each year for a special safety shield.

The following outline the conditions under which the contest will be held:

No. 1. The contest shall start from June 1, 1931, and end May 31, 1932.

No. 2. The result of the contest shall be based on the frequency of accidents. That is, the average number of accidents per 1,000,000 hours worked. By an accident it is understood that a lost-time accident shall be meant.

No. 3. The average number of employees shall include the whole payroll, both clerical and otherwise, and the total number of hours worked shall be taken from the payroll.

No. 4. Accidents which cause death, permanent injury, or temporary disability, shall be the basis of frequency. By a lost-time accident it is understood that no matter what time of the day or night an employee is injured, if he returns to his regular job at the time of his next regular shift, it shall be looked upon as a minor injury; alternately, should he not be able to return to his regular job at the time of the next shift, it shall be counted a lost-time accident.

No. 5. The contest shall cover all departments in the mill.

No. 6. The judges shall be Messrs. Winn and Gilmour, of the Work-

men's Compensation Board, and all returns shall be forwarded to them by the 15th of each month, and in the event of a dispute their decision shall be final.

No. 7. In the event of an accident being reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board and they refuse compensation, this accident shall not count in the contest.

We will probably deal with other phases of the contest in future issues. Meanwhile, Powell River is in the contest heart and soul. Our plant has a high reputation in British Columbia. The first germ of a united safety movement originated here. We are pioneers of organized safety on the Pacific Coast. A shield for the safest mill in British Columbia is now open for competition. Which is the safest mill in our province?

The answer is in our hands.

### Engineering Golfing

And now it has come to this. Thrones, as we suggested, are crash-

ing; but even more momentous and thrilling, locally, is the glimpse of Dick Sandwell starting golf in real earnest. Several days last week Dick and two or three placid friends could be observed surveying a new fairway through the rough.

Style and grace! Why discuss that? Think more, kind readers, of the beautiful fresh air blowing in from Malaspina Straits.

### K. P.s Thank Contributors

The officers and members of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, Powell River, wish to thank all their friends who so generously rendered assistance and donated their services during the recent successful visit of the University of British Columbia Players to Powell River. Their thanks are specially due to Mrs. J. R. MacIntyre, to Mr. Alsgard, and to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gordon, for the loan of furniture and other general properties.



*News carriers from The Vancouver Sun photographed at the Stillwater crossing, Lois River. They are awaiting the arrival of the logging locie, which carried them on an inspection trip to the new Lois River dam. About forty boys made the trip.*



## A Game of Golf



*View of the famous nine-hole, go-as-you-please contest between Ray Gribble and Harry Donigan last month.*

*Left to right: Sam Chambers (caddie), Ray Gribble (principal), Harry Donigan (principal), Eddie Tapp (caddie). Inset: Referee Al McLean holds the pin while Ray putts, with Harry glowering in the background.*

**T**HIRTY, even twenty years ago, paper makers were the real "he men" of the paper industry. Nothing they loved more than a good physical mix-up. No paper maker carried a chip on his shoulder for more than a few seconds. An obliging friend was always at hand to knock it into the middle of the third or fourth week on the least sign of hostility. Great days, great men. They settled their arguments in manly fashion, after a shift and occasionally behind the machine. A challenge then was a challenge, and it meant one thing—fight.

How times have altered! What happens today if the machine tender evinces a sudden abhorrence of the way the boss machine tender chews

gum? Does he challenge the aforesaid boss? He does. Do they meet after shift to settle the argument? They do. But—shades of the old-timers—gather round and listen to how they settle it. Listen to this brief tale of the decadence and degeneracy of the modern paper maker.

Harry Donigan, machine tender, didn't like the way Ray Gribble, boss machine tender, chewed gum. This called for immediate action on Ray's part, and like lightning he hurled a challenge in Harry's teeth. Both parties chose their seconds. Sam Chambers supported Ray; Eddie Tapp supported Harry. Al McLean was selected as referee.

And forth they went, one bright morning last month, to settle this

deadly, bloody feud — each armed with a little white ball and four golf clubs! For such, dear old-timers, is the way of the modern paper maker.

Still, it was a combat worth witnessing. Neither knew one end of a club from the other. Both had played baseball — which was the extent of their golfing knowledge. The seconds, or, to give them their true titles, caddies, Chambers and Tapp, worked like fends. They spent nine-tenths of their time in the rough; they nosed out balls like real retrievers; they dashed in zig-zag lines across the course.

After nine nerve-racking, course-destroying holes, the rivals were all squared. Each had won four consecutive holes, and in parts of the course a decent yell would have been answered in China. They halved the ninth with a ten or thereabouts, and on the eleventh Ray finally located the green after Harry had dug another ditch along the lower side of No. 3 fairway.

Great credit is due Sam Chambers and Eddie Tapp for their calm, unruffled demeanor throughout, and for the splendid exhibition of restraint under unusually gruelling circumstances. High praise is also due Al McLean for his wonderful mental mathematics. By almost uncanny concentration and manipulation of the old brain cells, he was never more than two or three strokes out on any hole. Special credit falls to the participants in the great battle. They returned all the clubs, more or less intact, to the club house.

## Golf Notes

**T**HE last of the year's tournaments are drawing to a close and the old foursomes and twosomes are beginning to make their appearance again. It's funny, too, how we all manage to smack out good drives, lay dead approaches, and sink long putts—after the competitions have been finished.

The new regulations forbidding teeing up in the rough and within



*Gus Schuler, playing some of the best golf in his career, walked away with the men's singles handicap competition this season.*



*Mrs. N. Sweeney has played sparkling golf this year. Her victory in the ladies' handicap singles gives her her first and well-deserved major honor.*

thirty yards of the green are cutting deadly swathes in many scores. The qualifying round for the men's open found only two scores below eighty. Clarence Brynjolfson, apple-cheeked sheik, won the qualifying flight with a neat 75. Brother Steve turned in a 77.

The rest of us with high handicaps had a glorious time digging balls out of the rough, fluking approaches, and increasing our vocabulary.



## Between the Whistles

By CASUAL OBSERVER

CERTAIN persons were extremely gratified to receive through the mail a pamphlet and large-sized document, calling for voluminous information, addressed to themselves as "farmers." We were also honored, and, not having hitherto considered ourselves in this particular class, were naturally curious as to the reason for promotion. Farmers, it was discovered from a standard edition, were tritulators of the soil, and we began to wonder just how much of our efforts in the back lot had reached the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. We couldn't remember doing any trituration, and the younger generation assured us that they hadn't either. Neither of our immediate neighbors had received any documents; but one of them was only raising dandelions, and the other thistles, so they had no real claim towards trituration anyway.

\* \* \*

As the information requested clearly specified that the produce was to be for home use only, and this being our sole intention when the alleged trituration had been attempted, we got busy on the general column without further delay. This called for the quantity sown, the crop received, and the present location of the balance. Peas were easy. A whole packet had been planted, and the store clerk's assurance was that this contained exactly one hundred. Although a careful count, recount, and final scrutiny revealed but 97, the former figures were submitted, as was also the present crop of thirteen and three-quarter plants. Present location of the balance presented more difficulty, but after profound reflection this was filled in as "inside robins, pigeons, crows, etc."

\* \* \*

Cabbages were no obstacle. One dozen had been planted only the day previously, and had not had the necessary time to expire gracefully, despite great efforts in this direction. Cantaloupes, asparagus, melons, celery, grapes and bananas were simple—or, rather, simply weren't. The surviving cucumber was proudly placed in the proper column, although an amendment may be necessary before the final list is submitted. Beet and carrot had to be left in abeyance, owing to a slight accident to the magnifying glass through which examination for the whereabouts was being conducted. This came to grief upon a particularly fine specimen of our real crop, a healthy boulder, for which, singularly enough, no provision had been made in this compiled document.

\* \* \*

However, the business of the country cannot be held up for a trivial matter such as this, and the document will be completed as soon as a larger and more powerful aid to discovery can be obtained.

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## The Garden Competition

**A**S in past years, the annual Garden Competition, sponsored by the Powell River Company, is again under way. Last year's display was one of the finest on record, and competition among local householders was keen and enthusiastic.

During May, June and July, regular inspections of townsite gardens will be held and points awarded for improvements made from month to month. Final inspection will be held in August, when the prize-winners will be chosen. This year's prize list is as follows:

	1st	2nd	3rd
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	.....	.....

In addition to its fame as a newsprint producer, Powell River has often been called "the townsite of lovely homes and gardens." Judging from early enthusiasm, this reputation will be more than maintained this year.

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# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

JUNE, 1931

NO. 6

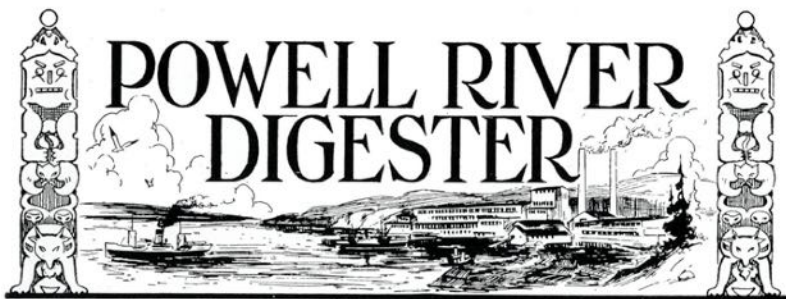
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*The first houses in the townsite in the 100 block, Maple Avenue, the first avenue in Powell River. Maple trees now fringe the avenue along its entire length.*



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. 10

JUNE, 1931

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## *Our Group Assurance Plan*

By J. MACINDOE

**R**ECENTLY the even tenor of our way in this bright little town has been rudely disturbed by a series of fatal accidents. To thinking people, these distressing accidents bring home the fact that life is a very uncertain thing. During the last few weeks I have been greatly impressed by the number of our employees who have voiced their appreciation of our group assurance plan; it is a wonderful thing and withal a very comforting thing, as many a widow can tell you.

Scarcely a day passes without someone calling on me in regard to his group assurance. Or it may be a young fellow, just married, who desires to change his beneficiary. Perhaps it is someone who has not received his policy on time—all of which goes to show that our employees are taking a keen interest in the insurance with which the company has provided them. Now, it is no trouble to make any change in beneficiaries—it only takes a minute. Few people ever read their insurance policies. If they did, they would note that the policy usually states that they are insured for an amount commencing at \$500 and that increases take effect immediately on completion of the necessary period of continuous service and no subsequent certificate or policy is issued. To put it more plainly, an employee holding a certificate for \$500, who has been continuously employed for two years, is actually insured for \$1000.

The group certificate which you have accepted as an expression of your company's interest in the members of its organization, is a valuable document. It provides for your dependents in the event of your death, and includes benefits as shown therein, should you become totally or permanently disabled before you are sixty years of age.

Don't you think it would be a good idea to look it up? A change may be necessary.



## *The Clothiers of Powell River Newsprint*



*Norman Fraser, finishing-room foreman, is in charge of, and responsible for the safeguarding of our newsprint shipments against damage en route. Norman is the "head clothier" of Powell River newsprint.*

WHEN the globe trotter of today starts out on his voyage, an important and vital part of his equipment is his wardrobe—the selection of clothing suitable for varied climes, various countries, and varied types of topography. He must purchase clothing capable at one time of supplying warmth; at another of keeping its wearer cool. He must equip himself to resist the wear and tear of travelling through rough and difficult lands; in addition, he must possess such bodily covering as will withstand the demands of general usage. The clothing he wears in China would scarcely suffice for a voyage north of fifty-three; nor would his "every day suit" enable him to carry on without damage across the Andes and on into the rugged interior of South America.

Different lands, different clothing. A change in topography, a change of raiment. Clothing to meet the requirements of safety and utility

must be adapted to the country in which its wearer is travelling.

A roll of Powell River newsprint is comparable to the traveller in many and widely-extended parts of the world. It, too, travels to places near and afar—from the temperate to the torrid zone; across seas and over mountains; through easily accessible and through hardly traversed trails; by rail and by shipboard. And it, too, like our human globe trotter, must be suitably clad. It must possess clothing capable of withstanding not only the well-ordered, easily-traversed lanes of commerce; it must be prepared to encounter the rigors of difficult transportation and of frequent handlings by water or by rail.

It is at this stage that the Finishing Room swings its shoulder to the wheel of newsprint production. The Finishing Room staff are the newsprint clothiers. Here the rolls of Powell River newsprint are wheeled, as they leave the big machines as finished paper. Here they are weighed, their measurements taken, their destination demanded—and garments designed to guarantee undamaged arrival at their final destination.

This business of wrapping and clothing our newsprint requires the most careful preparation and an intimate knowledge of geography. The rolls must be wrapped for long and short voyages, by train or boat; to



*Packing for every type of journey. Sid Burns (right), Arthur Richards (centre), show the various styles of clothing used on Powell River newsprint in its voyages about the western hemisphere.*

stand off the possible destruction entailed by frequent alterations in the mode of transportation on a particular shipment. In short, when a roll of newsprint leaves the mills at Powell River, every known agency of destruction, human or natural, has been considered.

Two shipments are leaving the plant: one destined for a Pacific Coast publishing house, the other for a point in the interior of South America. Manifestly, the transportation hazards of the latter are more severe than the former. The Pacific Coast shipment leaves the mill, safe in the hold of a freighter. There it remains until landed direct at the doorstep of the publisher. A minimum of handling takes place here—and the peril of ordinary destruction is slight.

The second shipment is loaded at Powell River. It proceeds direct to a seaport on the South American coast. But here it must be shifted from the ship's hold to lighters—for the menace of frequent earthquake eruptions often precludes the construction of

wharfing facilities in South America. This is a difficult and hazardous operation. The rolls are packed like sardines in the lighter. The lighters must be ferried ashore, the rolls lifted off, and transferred again to a waiting train for its voyage inland.

In the first consignment the strong standard wrapping paper is used, with five or six additional end wrappers for protection—for it is at the ends that damage to newsprint is most likely to occur. In the South American order, a much stronger clothing is necessary. And in addition to the ordinary wrapper, a special barrel packing, clamped in steel straps, designed to challenge the heavy demands of frequent handlings, snugly encompasses the white rolls of newsprint.

In safeguarding newsprint consignments to the Orient, yet another raiment has been evolved. The journey in itself is not hazardous, involving as it does direct water shipment. But, across the Pacific, less modern facilities are in vogue, and the transference of paper at the entry



*Where much of the unseen work of paper making is carried on. The cutter room, where the rolls of sheets, of all sizes, are run off, cut and packed.*

ports under such conditions must be judiciously planned. Both ends of the rolls, in addition to the end wrappings, are enclosed in large wooden heads; and around the outside wrapper, steel straps run longitudinally and about the rolls. This pack has been particularly effective in meeting every test of Oriental handling.

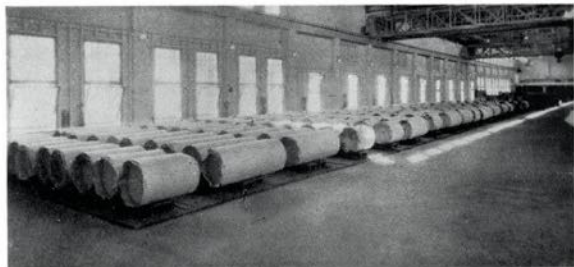
For Australia and New Zealand, the packing is very similar to that employed in Pacific Coast water shipments. Each end of the roll is well safeguarded by numerous bands of wrapper. Around the entire roll is wound several thicknesses of the strong wrapping paper. For Antipodean transportation, with the

longer water travel and the possibility of heavier weather, the end wraps are augmented.

Other shipments face a rail journey from Vancouver to points in the interior of the United States. Such orders are equipped with a standard clothing, designed to protect the rolls on the boat journey from Powell River and the added handling on to the trains at Vancouver.

Sometimes Powell River newsprint travels by rail; sometimes by boat; sometimes tractors, and even the old horse carriage is forced into commission; not infrequently it travels on river steamers, thence to rail and back to the river boat again before arriving

*In the new finishing room. Rolls run off by number 7 machine stand awaiting the finishing touches which will guard them against all known shipping and transportation hazards.*







*How the newsprint rolls were carried to the storage sheds in 1911 and 1912 — and indeed for many years afterwards. Horse power was the recognized mode of paper transport along the wharf in the early days.*

at its final harbor. But no order leaves the mill without every known contingency being studied and amply provided for.

This is the responsibility of the Powell River Finishing Room staff, under the supervision of Mr. Norman Fraser. Every roll that enters his domain is weighed and packed to meet the demands of the varied conditions prevailing on the journey or at the point of disembarkation. Every roll is carefully examined before starting on its way down the conveyors to the wharf. Every recognized hazard is provided against to protect our newsprint and deliver it on the doorstep of the publisher in the same condition as it leaves the machine.

However excellent the quality of newsprint, it is of little value if received in a damaged and unsatisfactory condition by publishers. This is the highly essential and vital role enacted by the paper clothier of our plant—the safeguarding of our newsprint on its journey to the publishing houses of the world.

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A goat swallowed five electric bulbs—just a light meal.

### **Local Students Pass Exams.**

Powell River students at the University of British Columbia made a very creditable showing in the recent examinations at that institution. Dick Sandwell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sandwell, led the local contingent in the first-year results. In mathematics Dick led the entire freshman year, no small honor in a class of over four hundred students. His general average gave him a high second class standing, averaging just under eighty per cent. in all subjects.

Harry Willis, son of Mrs. H. Willis, also came through with flying colors to annex a good second class standing. Beth Moore, Ted Dunne, and Betty Marlatt appeared well up on the pass list.

The showing of Powell River students is highly commendable and reflects just credit on the pupils and on the thoroughness of their early training.

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A down-town movie house in Los Angeles is advertising: "Women—An all-talking production."



## Personalities in Our District

OVER twenty years ago, in December, 1910, Jack Richardson made his first appearance in Powell River. He came, in company with many others, to continue the work on the clearing and building the townsite. There are not many of the 1910 brigade left in the old town today. Harry Middleton, Sid Wilshire, George Kendrick,



George Patterson, Bob Scanlon, and perhaps a few others are the last line of the old brigade now carrying on in active service.

To the general public, Jack's fame or otherwise is linked up with his activities in the steam plant. When the chill days of November appear and the mercury begins to slide downwards, Jack is in heavy demand. Sometimes the steam fails to arrive at the stipulated second, and the stenographers threaten him with destruction, compared with which the sack of Rome was an afternoon tea party. Long experience, however has kept Jack on the path of sanity—and to the complaints of stenographers and roars from the engineering office he maintains an air of serene equanimity.

In the recreative field, he is a staunch advocate of lawn bowling. Mrs. Richardson arrived in Powell

River in 1914, and after seventeen years, has become accustomed to the role of a bowler's widow. Seldom an evening but the lure of the green finds Jack tossing the wooden ball about. In his younger days, John was an athlete of no mean note. He played rugby and participated vigorously in the track and field athletics of his school. Recently he informed a group of listeners, among whom was Bill Parkin, that he (Jack) had leaped 19 feet, 6 inches in the broad jump at the age of sixteen. Bill's remarks in this connection, dealing chiefly with Jack's present lissomeness of figure, were distinctly unkind.

On December of this year, Jack will have completed twenty-one years of service with the Powell River Company, and this, in itself, in addition to his various activities in community affairs over the period of two decades, entitles him to his position among the Personalities of Powell River.

It is the hope of the Dominion Day committee that when the starter's flag is waved for the start of that eagerly anticipated race — the dash for men with figures of a pleasing plumpness — that Jack and Bill will both be at the post to settle their differences. Doctor Lyons has promised to hold the tape.

Stenographer: "Your little girl wants to kiss you over the phone."

Busy Manager: "Take the message. I'll get it from you later."



**I**F the story that a pair of ears will burn when their owner is being discussed has any semblance of truth, those of the present Minister of Finance must have inconvenienced him to a considerable extent of late. When the rail birds draw their pay cheques containing the one per cent. extraction, more endearing epithets are cast in his direction than have been bestowed on a single individual for a long time. Jimmie is sure a popular figure. However, if the situation is helped, and the depression at all relieved by this sacrifice, not many of us, especially in a community where we have so much reason to be thankful, are badly hurt at that.

\* \* \*

Several of the rail birds are beginning to seriously consider their chances for the July first celebrations, and athletes such as Bill McLeod and Heavy Carriveau are already planning what they will do upon their trip to the Olympic Games, the reward for prowess at the meet. Jack Richardson is practising most religiously with the shot put, and figures as soon as he can deliver the weight with a less pronounced grunt than at present, he will try for distance. His best effort this year, had it been straight, could easily have qualified for the first flight, but it was spoilt by landing heavily on Bill McArthur's toe. The result gave Jack some excellent practice for the half mile.

\* \* \*

We understand the fat men's race will be quite a feature this year, with all the old timers again in line, and better prepared on this occasion. Doc Brown is having a special arrangement to prevent his pants from leaving his person, so the fat boy of Cumberland will not have the same advantage as last time. Doc Murison is a dark horse, and can be found practising at the back of the hospital almost any night, although both Doc Lyons and Chief Smith, after seeing him in action, have no doubts as to their ability to beat him with ease. Rumour states that Roy Grigg is living exclusively on a diet of puffed rice and goat's milk in an endeavour to make the waist line. Monty states that this year he will insist on a measurement underneath all the packing.

\* \* \*

A trip to the bowling green showed all the organizations were again to the fore. The Archangels, reinforced by a pillar of the church and Bill Gretton, had not yet struck their stride, the same applying to Bill McLeod and his Unmentionables. Joe Loukes was seen operating as a Tiger, Walter Parkin as a Shamrock, Tom Wyborn as a Rose, and Tom Rees a Cougar, all fitting their parts to perfection. Andy Leiper and Harry Dunn were of course the Callies, so much so that it is learned that Tommy Prentice is urging the rest of his flock to come into line, considering it an admirable course of post-season training.

## *The Gardens Are Blooming*



*New houses on Maple Avenue. The front gardens have all been put in this year, and the new blocks are among the most attractive in the town-site.*

TO the visitor, Powell River is a study in pleasant and often unexpected contrasts. The fame of the district as a newsprint producer dominates preconceived ideas. He comes prepared to dwell for a day or a week in the atmosphere of industrialism—smoking chimneys, giant machines, whirring motors, buzzing saws—all the unleashed power of a modern newsprint mill in the full meridian of its stride.

Such is the impression the visitor anticipates. Such is the impression he receives on his first eager tour of inspection. Undoubtedly, too, it is an outstanding one, for nowhere in the industrial life of our continent is the perfection and magnitude of the modern machine more sharply and strikingly exemplified than in the business of supplying the demand of the world for newsprint. The process of following a log—from the time it enters the

log pond until it emerges as a roll of white, finished newsprint—is a fascinating spectacle and one which invariably intrigues every visitor to Powell River.

But it is in his first glimpse of the well-ordered townsite, with its attractive homes and gardens, that the visitor has his first surprise. Nowhere in British Columbia do residents evince keener enthusiasm in gardening activities and in the upkeep of their homes. In the early spring and summer, Powell River, with its lawns and gardens in full bloom, is the garden city of the coast. Rivalry and emulation are at their height—and the judge to whom falls the not enviable task of choosing the prize gardens in the townsite, finds himself in the same position as Paris endeavoring to award the prize of beauty to two beautiful ladies.

The development and welfare of





*The maple - fringed Maple Avenue is one of the picturesque streets of Powell River during the summer months. Maple Avenue was among the first avenues to comprise the original townsite in 1911.*

the rose is particularly favored by Powell River citizens. Scarcely a garden in the district, but what has its rose bush. Every known and famous variety has found its way within our city limits, and the prodigal display of this flower is one of the summer glories of Powell River homes. One visitor referred to Powell River as the Rose City of British Columbia, so impressed was he with the beautiful color and variety of roses blooming in profusion in almost every block.

The pride which local residents evince in the appearance of their homes has been widely commented on. Certainly there are few districts in

the province, and certainly no industrial centre, where greater enthusiasm and a finer display of the zeal of the amateur horticulturalist may be seen than in the five miles surrounding the big paper plant at Powell River.

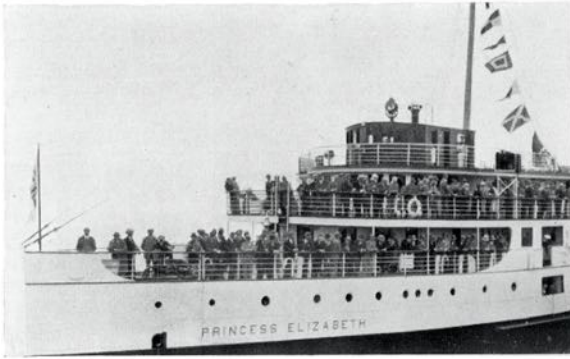
A happy combination of industry and beauty flourish side by side.

The big Epsom classic is over for another year. Residents in Powell River who had tickets haven't given up their jobs yet. And all those plans involving wild nights in Paris, ease in the soft waters of the Mediterranean, sight-seeing in London — napoo, finis.

*One of the curiosities in the gardens of Powell River. The famous Bird hedge reposing in Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Powell's home has intrigued many visitors.*







*The S. S. Princess Elizabeth leaving the dock at Powell River with members of the Vancouver Board of Trade delegation crowding the rail to wave good-bye to their many friends. Over two hundred members made the trip.*

## *Board of Trade Visits Powell River*

ON Wednesday, May 20, members and guests of Vancouver's Board of Trade to the number of two hundred and fifty arrived in Powell River on the S. S. *Princess Elizabeth*, specially chartered for the occasion. The delegates, practically all of whom represented every phase of industry and commerce in British Columbia, found in their three-hour stop-over much to arouse their curiosity and command their interest.

At the wharf, guides provided by the Powell River Company met the delegates and conducted them in small groups around the plant. The new machine room with No. 7 purring steadily along, and the new grinders, with their 3600-H.P. synchronous motors in full action, were focal points of interest. It was the first opportunity enjoyed by the majority of members to inspect and observe the operation of the latest improvements

in newsprint production and of newsprint machine design. To the lumbermen on the delegation, the Powell River saw mill, with its daily log cut averaging close to the half million mark, was another point of attraction.

Following their tour of the mill premises, cars were on hand to conduct the party on a sight-seeing tour of the district. This, in itself, was an education to many. The phenomenal growth of the suburbs, Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry, was a revelation to delegates who had not visited the district for several years. New homes were springing up all along the route; clearing operations were being carried on. They saw Greater Powell River in the making.

A large number of the leading business men of Vancouver accompanied the delegation.

Money talks, but it never gives itself away.



# EDITORS NOTES

## *Depression and the Press*

ONE of the bright spots in the somewhat murky atmosphere surrounding the present world depression, has been the generally sensible and optimistic tone of the daily and weekly newspapers. When the average citizen and not a few of our business leaders have, to borrow an old army phrase, "got the wind up," the world press has remained singularly calm and sensibly optimistic.

In the ruck of depression, through which the cart wheels of world trade are making slow and often painful progress, the daily and weekly publishing houses have had their share of adversity. Their sales have been cut. Their circulations, especially in the Sunday field, have been lowered. And their greatest medium of profit, advertising space, has been severely curtailed and rates reduced.

Yet the responsible publishers on the continent and abroad have maintained their obligation to the public. They have not attempted to minimize the crisis through which the world is passing. They have not been foolishly optimistic. But they have not, like many of us, been stampeded into using unjustifiably black colors in their picture of world conditions.

One of the first preliminaries of a returning prosperity is the personal

conviction and faith—aside from all economic condition—on the part of the public, that after all, "all's right with the world"; the readjustment of our mental sickness as a preliminary to a recovery from our economic ills. This is the message of the press to the public as they pass together through the present economic crisis.

### *Spiders and Advertising*

While Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri paper, a subscriber wrote to him saying he had found a spider in his paper and asking Mark whether this was a sign of good or bad luck. The following was the reply of the well-known humorist: "Old subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see who was not advertising, so that he could go to that factory or store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

Breezy: "Have you a good opening here for an unusually bright and energetic young man?"

Business Man: "Yes, I believe we have—and please close it softly as you leave!"



# AROUND THE PLANT

Lots of fish stories have come to hand since the limpid waters of Powell Lake and the blue depths of the Gordon Pashas have thrown open their bounty to local rod and line casters. One of the best came to hand last week from Douglas Bay, where Walter Patrick has built his summer mansion.

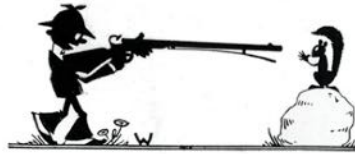
Walter has two trained seagulls, which nightly flap over to the cottage for their daily rations. Last month, Walter was sitting disconsolately on his front porch. Suddenly his pet gull flapped madly out to sea, swooped down on the water like a comet in full stride, flew back to the house and dropped a big, plump red cod almost at Walter's feet.

If anyone has a better story send it in. We're "gullible."



In a hard and titanic struggle at ye olde game of bowls, Bill McLeod defeated Jimmie Macindoe last month. Bill informs us that Jimmie played one of the finest games ever seen on

a local rink. And Jimmie in turn insists the only thing that beat him was Bill teeing the balls up, when they stopped around the jack.



### *Shoot Black Wolf*

Last month Captain MacKay and the crew of the Ivanhoe shot a black wolf in Chatham Channel, about 100 miles north of Powell River. They spotted the wolf from the boat and went ashore in the big cutter after him. Black wolves in this area are unusual spectacles, and the crew of the Ivanhoe are feeling not a little chesty over their exploit.

### *A Narrow Shave*

The outstanding incident of the visit of the Board of Trade delegation to Powell River last month was the near departure of Wally Wilshire and C. B. McFarlane. After conducting their party around the plant and townsite, Wally and C. B. went aboard the Princess Elizabeth to view the engine room and other spare parts.

Toot! toot! toot! toot!—away went the Elizabeth and away went her wharf lines—with Wally and C. B. still viewing the spare parts. The captain, smiling tolerantly, ordered the engines reversed and the ship put back and amid wild cheers from Powell Riverites on the wharf and Board of Trade delegates on the ship, Wally and C. B. stepped calmly and in the most dignified manner, ashore.

Mr. Nichol Thompson, who seems to have found the secret of perpetual youth, was in top form meeting many old friends and exchanging reminiscences. He passed up several cars to step inside one driven by one of our well-known young ladies—to be followed by muttered imprecations from several less fortunate brethren, unable to squeeze in.

Jim Fullerton and Spencer passed the time discussing highways and roads. Jack Harper in his new Buick roadster sneaked off with Mr. W. Payne, secretary of the Board, and perhaps they too were talking roads. Here's hoping!

Dr. Henderson was on deck all day and was kept busy shaking hands with his numerous acquaintances. The doctor and "Paddy" Whelan were the life of their particular party, and when these came together there was nothing dull about the party.

The delegates all appeared to enjoy the trip. Most of them were no strangers to Powell River and a few minutes after their arrival were exchanging greetings with old friends.

Curly Woodward will carry the office colors in the Dominion Day sprints at the local oval. Curly has been practising steadily for the past month and is rounding into first class condition. He will compete in the sprint and the jumps and on his present form looks good to place.

Charlie Gould is out to cop the half mile this year. Last Dominion Day Charlie ran a nice race, but lack of training proved too heavy a handicap to overcome. Charlie has an easy finished style and on form looks good in 880 and mile events. He is training steadily and hopes to keep the distance honors in Powell River this year.



In the office sweep, Sandy, Mussolini of the gilded cage, drew the winning ticket on Cameronian, thereby enriching the coffers of the bank. George Wasp, who has seen many Derbys in his palmy days, dragged out Sandwich for his share of the sweep. Second prize went to the engineers, with W. Smeaton holding the ticket on Orpen.





Mrs.: "You used to say that I was all the world to you."

Mr.: "Yes, but I've learned my geography since."

Clerk: "Yes, silk stockings, sir. For your wife, or something expensive?"

#### *What a Party!*

"I wonder if they'll be successful in reviving Shakespeare?"

"Was he at the party, too?"

Maid (to spring cleaning mistress): "There are half a dozen men downstairs with vacuum cleaners. They say they have appointments to give demonstrations."

Mistress: "Yes, I sent for them. Put them in different rooms and tell them to get busy."

"Well, Abe, how's business?" asked the salesman as he breezed into the store.

"Terrible. Even the people vot don't pay ain't buy nothing."

First Fisherman: "Why are you changing your position, Jack?"

Second Fisherman (on the move): "I couldn't stand the uncertainty up there by Jackson; he's got hiccups, and it made his float look as though he had a bite all the time."

#### *Change, Please*

A minister married a couple.

"How much?" said the groom.

"Whatever you think it's worth," said the minister.

The man hesitated, fumbled, then handed him fifty cents. The minister was a good sport. He fumbled, hesitated, then counted out twenty cents in change.

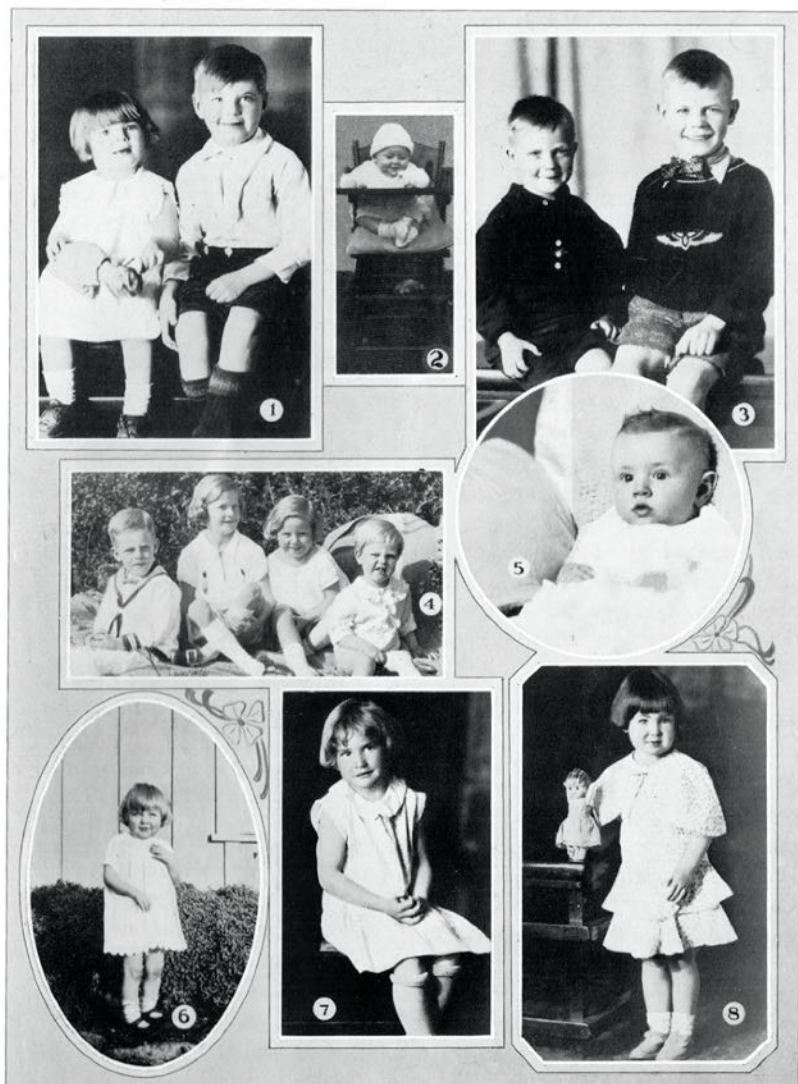
"I am a woman of few words," announced the haughty mistress to the new maid. "If I beckon with my finger, that means come."

"Suits me, mum," replied the girl. "I'm a woman of few words myself. If I shake me head, that means I ain't comin'."

Boardinghouse Proprietress: "There now, Miss! So you've been specially recommended to my establishment on account of the food?"

New Arrival: "Yes. A friend of mine stayed here and she lost seven pounds in a fortnight."

# Powell River Children



1. Muriel Patricia and Frank Noel Oldale    2. Robert Francis Oliver  
 3. Ronald George and John Stephen McFarlane.    4. Gordon, Peggy Ann, Mary June and Jim Fullerton.  
 5. Brian John Fletcher    6. Isabelle Oliver    7. Eileen Ruby Heward    8. Betty Graham

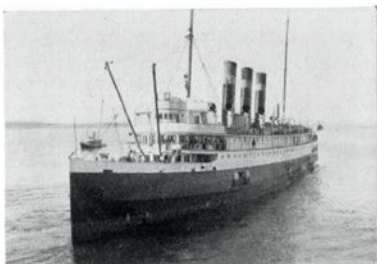
## *Ships That Passed in the Night*

**P**OWELL RIVER is today a recognized port of call for the coastal steamers of all British Columbia's regular shipping lines. Boats from the Canadian Pacific, the Union Steamship, the Canadian National, and numerous small lines, make regular or occasional stops, with passengers, with produce for the five thousand citizens of the district, or with machinery for the mills.

In the past twenty years, since Powell River appeared on the industrial map of British Columbia, our residents have seen many famous coasters come and go. Some of the original old "iron men" are still at sea; others have been scrapped, or lie fathoms deep beneath the waters of Georgia. But for the most part a new race of steamers has replaced the old contingent on the Powell River run.

In the hectic, busy days of 1912-1914, when machinery, men and merchandise were proceeding in a steady stream to feed the construction needs of Powell River, the "old-timers" of the coastal fleet were seen in all their glory. There was the old Cassiar, now on a sick bed — of whose decks and of whose cabins many a red-blooded tale could be told. The Cassiar carried most of the original paper machinery to Powell River — and transported many a Powell Riverite to the bright lights of Vancouver in the early days.

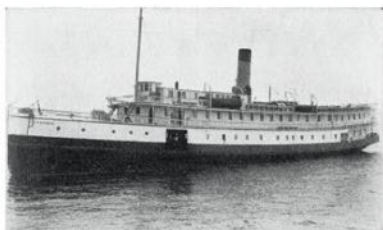
Two other noted steamers of the early days were the Selma and Santa



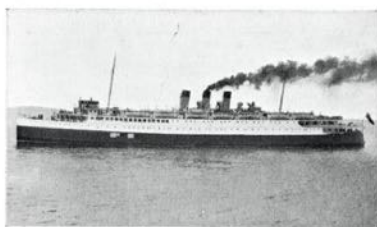
*Some of the coastal ships that make regular calls at Powell River. Top, S.S. Prince Rupert, Canadian National Lines; centre, S.S. Lady Cynthia, Union Steamship Company of Canada; bottom, S.S. Princess Royal, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

Maria. The Selma was originally the property of the Marquis of Anglesey, the Mad Marquis, whom she carried on many a trip to his villa in the Mediterranean. The Santa Maria, later renamed the Chilco, was Lord Hardinge's yacht, when he was Viceroy of India.

And what resident of the B. C. Coast will forget the picture of the old Cheslakee, lumbering and slithering in the coves and byways with



*The old queen of the C. P. R. coasters, the S.S. Charmer, whose vitality the encroachment of age appears unable to shatter. For many years the Charmer maintained a regular schedule to and from our port.*



*One of the queens of the British Columbia coastal fleet is the luxurious Princess Elizabeth, which has been chartered for many special runs to Powell River.*

her cargo of freight for Powell River, and her passenger complement of loggers returning "broke to the wilds," after a few weeks in Vancouver. At a later date the Cheslakee was cut in half—a new section added to her centre—and, presto! she became transformed into the Cheakamus, and is still used for emergency purposes by the Union Steamship Company.

And there was the Cowichan, which only a few years ago collided with another ship in a dense fog during the Christmas week, and now lies at the bottom of Georgia's Gulf. And the Coquitlam and the original Capilano. Remember them in the heyday of their splendor, prancing daintily into Powell River, with probably enough explosives on board to blow up another Messines ridge. The old Capilano has departed from the coast, and the Coquitlam is used only in case of emergency.

The saucy Charmer and the sprightly little Comox were another famous pair of the last decade. The Comox was purchased by private in-

terests and sent somewhere on the South American coast. The redoubtable old Charmer has been taken off the run—but, after 43 years of almost uninterrupted service, is still used in the Gulf by the Canadian Pacific. A sturdy lad, the Charmer—and perhaps the best known and most famous of all the craft, which, in their lifetime, have called at Powell River.

These are some of the sailers who called at Powell River during the early days of her existence. Most of them have disappeared, or reappear only at spasmodic intervals. The Princess Royal has replaced the Charmer, and the luxurious new Canadian Pacific coaster, the Princess Elizabeth, her sister, the Joan, and the Princess Norah, now carry conventions and special delegations to our townsite.

The Chelohsin and those fine Union ships, the Lady Cynthia and the Cecilia, have superseded the Selma and Santa Maria; and the splendid ships of the Canadian National Line, the Prince George and Prince Rupert, make regular calls at the company wharf.



## *When Powell River Was Young*

Ed. Note—This is the second of a miscellaneous series describing briefly life and personalities in Powell River during the early days and when the district was just starting on its career of the Pacific Coast's foremost producer of newsprint.



*Jim Springer, who has been in the Powell River district since 1904, poses with one of the many deer who roamed unconcernedly about the camp and townsite of Powell River between 1910 and 1912.*

**P**ERHAPS the most interesting and adventure-strewn days in Powell River's history were the four action-laden years between 1910 and 1914. The first construction was in full swing; the boats between Powell River and Vancouver made daily trips with loads of paper machinery and cargoes of human freight. Construction workers came and went. All the pulsating life blood of new work through virgin land was present. We have had construction periods since; extension to our mills greater and more mechanically perfect; we have seen large machines installed and ma-

chinery that has made much of the early equipment appear obsolete in comparison. Yet the organized whirl of modern mill building will never have for our original residents the thrills and the excitement of the first construction days in Powell River.

The pristine bloom has departed, never to return. Paved streets, a townsite well ordered and designed; gardens in full bloom; suburbs with electric light installations growing up around us; hundreds of automobiles purring along an increasing road mileage; the fringe of civilization widening, and all the wild game far back in the hills. Such is the modern town.

Such was not the townsite of 1910-1914. There was not (at that time) a single motor vehicle in the district. The road to Westview and Wildwood was a mere trail, and beyond our present suburbs no road existed, save the logging railroads. All merchandise was moved about town by the old horse teams. On the wharf, where the fast-moving locies, with their electric batteries, pull the mill's daily output to the waiting steamers, in 1910-1914 the old gray mare reigned supreme. Many stories of Barney and Nigger, the famous combination of paper haulers, still go the rounds when the early adventures of Powell River are recalled.



*When logging operations were in full swing along Powell Lake in 1910, Locie returning along the now disused logging road running along the lake shore.*

In the townsite, where over seven hundred automobiles drive daily along the roads, and flowered lawns and rows of houses greet the visitor, the deer used to roam. In the illustration accompanying these ramblings, we see Jim Springer feeding one of the antlered tribe, who wandered promiscuously about the present site of the golf course. The deer, under the kindly approach of the camp cook and others, lost their shyness and made friends with all and sundry.

In 1911, only a few houses on Maple Street formed the nucleus of the present townsite. Doctor Henderson's house was the centre of a miscellaneous townsite, consisting for the most part of shacks and tents, through which ran the logging railroad of the Michigan Puget Sound Lumber Company. The hospital then was a tent, and inside its flimsy protection Dr. Henderson prescribed the requisite pills for patients and construction workers. In the same group was the cook shack, an indispensable feature of any construction period. When the stentorian tone of the cook shouted out, "Come and get it"—

Harry Carruthers, Bill McLeod, George Patterson, Harry Middleton and a host of other bright-faced lads of that period, led the sprint up the hill. In the direct centre of this conglomerate mass of relics was perhaps the most famous of all the old erections—McKinney's Billiard Hall. Inside was the cook stove around which the boys regally spat and fearsomely bid. Many a crackling oath, many a color-spiced anecdote, many a roaring convention assembled at McKinney's—Powell River's first night club.

Out at sea in 1910 the only landing place was an old float, and there are still residents who squirm with discomfort at the thought of a day, twenty years ago, when the Cassiar dropped them off on this "spot in the ocean" in a high running sea. It was by means of this same float that the late Doctor Brooks and Michael J. Scanlon, Mr. Anson Brooks, and other pioneers of the Powell River Company, were first introduced to the district.

Late in 1910 the first company wharf was built, a single walk affair, with a dumpy little freight shed pro-



*Very few of our present residents were in Powell River when Rod Le May built the first local boat for service on Powell Lake in 1908.*

viding the only ornament; and to this the Cassiar and other famous freighters of that period affixed their ropes.

Many famous characters graced our townsite precincts in those busy days. Some are still here, but the majority have departed to other climes and other centres. There was Bobbie Scanlon, founder and first president of the Gopher Club, wearing his Will Rogers cowboy hat, coupled with a red bandana and a simmering stogie. A rough, tough and nasty hombre! And there was "Bill" McBain, local manager, whose chief hobby was blowing on a cornet and who also has received credit for composing that famous song "Now and then we'll raise you ten, but you bet your life we'll get it back again." Bill still visits the townsite at periodic intervals.

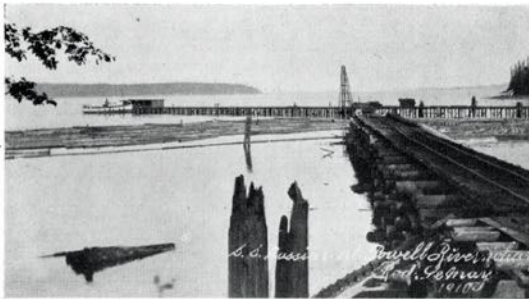
And who remembers Harry Clarke, mill secretary, known far and wide as "Snowball," the toughest man on umpires ever known in local history; and those Beau Brummels, Freddy Quayle of the claims department, and "Chisel" Cosgrave, of the production department, movie magnate and first baseman par excellence? And then there

was Josie (Piggy) Smith, the only female on the office lot and reputed to have been the cause of seventy-seven near duels and one near fatality. Cavorting around the same area were the Gilling twins, Tracy and Harry, whose chief aim in life was to outdo each other in reciting the works of Robert Service. And "Fuzzy" Sherman and Dutch Veiswyck, do you remember them among the white-collar stiffes of 1912?

And what old timer will forget Jerry Hogan, one-time paymaster, and later coal and wood baron for the district. Jerry goes down into immortality as the owner and importer of the first motor vehicle to arrive in Powell River.

In these palmy days a prominent figure in the general scheme of things was Robert Banham, now our postmaster, but in 1912, chief timekeeper and a yachtsman of note. Bob organized the first picnic of Powell Riverites to Savary Island and knew every breeze on the Gulf. Myron McLeod, now the dignified, immaculate proprietor of our talking picture theatre, was chief office boy. He could





*A bare-looking affair was Powell River's wharf in 1910. This view shows the first wharf shortly after its construction. Previous approach was made by rowboat from a convenient float.*

always be found when wanted, provided one looked long enough. Other noted members of the pen and ink brigade were "Ducky" Kline, transportation specialist and founder of the Kingcome Navigation bookkeeping system; Frank Swift, whose favorite expression was "Gee Willikers"; Col. Greene, engineering assistant, the measurements of whose tailored garments a leading Bond Street firm had always on file; Don Boardman, the lady killer of the engineers; Hiram Norton, the south paw ink slinger; and a long list of other office specialties, too lengthy to name.

Perhaps these names will recall to our older residents further anecdotes of the early days, and if so, it is our

hope they will tell them to us and enable us to further enrich our descriptions of those days "When Powell River Was Young."

### *B. C. Water Powers*

The total minimum horse-power available in British Columbia is estimated by competent authorities to approximate nearly 6,000,000 H.P. Further investigations, it is believed, will reveal an amount considerably in excess of the present available supply. At present in the neighborhood of 600,000 H.P. only, is utilized by all the manufacturers in the province. This represents an increased application of 540,000 since 1910.



*The beginning of townsite construction in 1910-1911. The Directors' house is shown in the foreground, and the beginnings of clearing along Ocean View.*



## Former Powell River Boy Shows Speed



*Vincent Forbes, son of Campbell E. Forbes of Powell River, and one of the outstanding sprinters among the younger contingent of track prospects in Vancouver. He may be seen in action here on July 1.*

**OUTSTANDING** among the younger athletes in Vancouver during the past two years has been Vincent Forbes, son of Mr. Campbell Forbes, manager of our department store, and one of the oldest employees of the Powell River Company. Vincent's showing in the 100 and 220-yard sprints has stamped him as possible Olympic calibre. At the age of sixteen he had already traversed the century in 10 1-5 sec-

onds; and has been clocked in 22 3-5 seconds in the 220.

In the high school sports at Vancouver, he has caught the eye of experts with his style and speed. Last year he won both the dashes in close to record time. This year he again romped home in the intermediate hundred yards in 10 2-5 seconds; and despite a poor start, forced Gerald Sutherland of South Vancouver, to negotiate the 220-yard dash in a new record of 23 1-5 seconds—faster than the senior mark. Vincent was only inches behind at the tape, and was left almost standing when the starter's gun went off. At the high school olympiad last year, he forced the winners to new records in both the main dashes.

It will be interesting for our younger athletes to know that a considerable portion of Vincent's youth was spent in Powell River, and that perhaps the stamina and reserve he has uncovered in all his races, was due largely to his early training climbing our hills and inhaling the fresh air of Malaspina Straits.

It is possible that Vincent may return to Powell River and participate in the big Dominion Day meet here. Undoubtedly, several first class athletes from outside quarters will be present to compete for the attractive prizes.

## Putting On Trout Assurance



Mr. L. W. Sandford and Mr. Wickersham of Marsh & McLennan's Minneapolis office, during their recent trip to Powell River, took an afternoon up Powell Lake with Joe Falconer. And the result of their efforts is shown above. Not a particularly good effort for a Pacific Coaster, but highly creditable to men from the great indoors. The picture was taken in Vancouver, owing to lack of time at Powell River, but after all, as both the fishermen ecstatically declared, it shows a fish.

### THE PORT LANDING



"YOU," ses the captain, "ought to be ashamed of yourself. Every time I come 'ere you want to know the latest; and it's, 'Who told you that one?', 'Where did 'e get it from?' and 'Did 'e think it out 'imself?'"

"I've met lots of birds who could appreciate the niceties of a good juicy mouthful, but you're the only grey-headed old sink of iniquity that wants to know the whys, the whens, the 'ows and the author's pedigree.

"You don't seem to get a 'ell of a lot of kick out of a yarn, but you study it from all angles and digest the last morsel. It's a wonder to me you ain't got stomach trouble.

"It's not altogether, cap," I ses, "the yarns that interest me, but it's the cleverness of 'em, and I've been trying for years to discover the originator. If that bird could be captured and fed sauerkraut, or something to keep the smirk off 'is mug, think wot it would mean to suffering 'umanity. Properly tamed, and with 'is brain guided in other directions, that bird could be turned into a boiled-down edition of Edison, Burbank and 'elen of Troy."

## DOMINION DAY SPORTS

ONE of the most ambitious and elaborate sport programs in the history of Powell River has been arranged for next Dominion Day. Every recognized track and field sport will be on the agenda, and a number of special novelty races, including the always-popular fat men's and married ladies' races. Letters have poured in on the committee from outside sources, seeking information and placing entries. The grand aggregate prize, a return ticket to the Olympic Games at Los Angeles, next year, has proved an attractive lure, and many first-class athletes will show their wares on Powell River track on Dominion Day.

The newly-formed pipe band will be present throughout the events and will lend color and variety to the proceedings. The band is now formed into a definite organization and plans are being laid to obtain uniforms and equipment. At present the band, under Pipe Major Mitchell, has eight pipes and four drums, the nucleus of a first-class pipe band. The skirl of the piper will be heard on Dominion Day, and few, however indifferent, can resist the appeal of a pipe band at a public celebration. In full uniform, such a band would be an inspiring sight, and it is to this end that the members will devote their energies during the coming months.

Dominion Day should be a memorable one! A first-class program of athletics, the pipe band in attendance, and an army of the best athletic talent

## ON HIS RANCH



*Hughie Young seems to be as equally adept with the shovel and rake as he is with the scissors and shears. Despite his protestations about hard work, etc., the above looks to us more like the two identical pictures of a navy resting and a navy working. There is no difference.*

that has probably ever been collected in this district.

These are days of economy and retrenchment in the world. Last month, Jock Campbell and several of his sparring partners from the fire hall went trout baiting in Powell Lake. Jock caught six trout and never changed his worm. He was quite surprised when we commented on his contribution to world economy. "Why, mon," he stuttered, "yon's the manner they teach us tae fish in the best fishing schools o' Scotland, and I only used half the worm. I'm saving the other half for next week."





*Hugh Black, vice-president of the Bowling Club, presents the club's gift to Miss Nellie Southcott, daughter of President Robert Southcott, at the opening of the green.*

## The Bowls are "Awa" Again

ON Sunday, May 9th, Powell River Lawn Bowling Club was opened in due and ancient form — with all the ceremony and solemnity befitting this important day on our summer's recreative calendar.

For the occasion every true and loyal follower of the ancient game of kings and buccaneers was present; the ladies, in the dazzling and picturesque costumes of spring, provided the necessary background and imparted the color to the proceedings, besides serving refreshments to the club members and their guests.

The opening ceremonies commenced at two o'clock. Mr. Hugh Black, vice-president of the club, presented to Miss Nellie Southcott, daughter of President Robert Southcott, the club gift, a lady's handbag. Nellie was Queen of the Green for the day, officially opening the green and tossing the first jack. Mr. Ralph Moore, past president, in his usual excellent vein, presented the president with a smoking stand, the gift of the club.

The address to the members was

delivered by the vice-president, Hugh Black. Hughie called on all good bowlers to observe the standard of sportsmanship and good fellowship that was always associated with lawn bowling, wherever it was played. Reviewing the club activities in the past, he looked forward to another excellent year—and called on all good and true bowlers to rally around the old standard as they had in previous years.

The green was then declared officially open and the crowd of enthusiasts, starved of their favorite pastime for nearly seven months, scampered on the green, and another bowling season was under way.

### *The Cover Page*

This month's cover page shows one reason why visitors invariably comment on the profusion of roses in Powell River gardens. Miss Kathleen Mary Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Smith, was caught by the cameraman as she was leaving her home on Maple Street with a basket of roses, perhaps for her school



## Public School Sport Winners



*Principal winners in the recent track meet held by the Powell River public schools. Left, Willie Olympico, high jump; upper centre, Kathleen Taylor, girls' champion; lower centre, Bobby Redhead, boys' champion; right, Frank McDonald, pole vault.*

The Sports Day held by the local public schools last month was the most successful on record. A large list of entries was lined up in both boys' and girls' events and the youngsters from Brooks and Henderson schools turned in some first-class performances in the track and field events. The events were all run off close on scheduled time and the members of the staff are to be congratulated on their handling of the meet.

Outstanding among the boy athletes was Bobby Redhead, who ran and jumped his way through stiff opposition to win the all-round championship. Bobby won the hundred-yard dash in 11 1-5 seconds; took the 220 in 27 seconds and went on to win the 440 in 63—a highly credit-

able performance. His mark of 16 feet 7 inches in the broad jump broke the old record.

Another record was chalked up in the high jump by Willie Olympico who, without pressure, cleared the bar at 4 feet 10 inches, a record comparing favorably with any public school in the province. Frankie MacDonald, with an easy 7 feet 6 inches in the pole vault is also deserving of praise. With practice he can easily add another foot to his height.

Kathleen Taylor romped away with the girls' championship. "Kathy" was unbeatable in the sprints and ran a great race in the inter-school relay. She possesses good style, lots of courage and no nerves.



*The Big Four, during the recent visit of the Marine Drive golfers to Powell River. Steve Brynjolfson (left) and Maurice Boxall, of Powell River, pose with Jimmie Huish and Dr. Lee Smith, of Marine.*

## Record-Smashing Golf

COMPETITIONS for the season are over. The last of the major events, the final of the ladies' open championship, was fought out last month between Mrs. E. Murray and Mrs. E. Peacock, and an exciting final it was. On their first encounter, the two ladies finished their eighteen holes on even terms—and a second battle was necessary. Mrs. Murray gained the coveted honor by emerging victorious with a 3-2 count. Both ladies played sparkling golf, Mrs. Murray showing great recuperative strength to square the opening match after being five down at the end of the first round.

Records have been falling thick and fast on the local course in recent weeks. Last month, the Marine Drive contingent invaded Powell River and Steve Brynjolfson, playing with Maurice Boxall against Jimmie Huish, the Marine pro., and Dr. Lee Smith, broke the course record with a 68, four below par. Next week, Maurice Boxall equalled Steve's record. Steve promptly turned around the following week and brought in a 66 card. Two

days later Maurice duplicated the feat. And not satisfied with the performance, our bustling pro., a few days later, sailed around eighteen holes in 64—eight below par, shattering all existing records to ribbons. Local enthusiasts are now backing Steve to come through with a 60 or thereabouts, just to keep the excitement going.

Unquestionably this team of Steve Brynjolfson and Maurice Boxall are almost an unbeatable pair on the Powell River course. It is extremely debatable if there are a pair of golfers, amateur or professional, in British Columbia, who could defeat this pair at home. In his recent record-smashing voyage, Maurice had seven birdies and an eagle in his eighteen holes. Steve, to make his 66, shot nine birdies, and on one hole was two over par.

## BIRTHS

May 9—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Woodward, a boy.  
 May 11—Mr. and Mrs. John Medforth, a boy.  
 May 16—Mr. and Mrs. William Schlapbach, a girl.  
 May 17—Mr. and Mrs. George E. Profit, a boy.  
 May 20—Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Pagett, a boy.  
 May 22—Mr. and Mrs. Victor R. Price, a boy.

## Sounds

By ANNE MacSWEEN



Anne MacSween



ONE afternoon, not so long ago, I heard one youngster call out to another, "You hear me, you're not blind!" Queer expression, isn't it? But perhaps it *has* a meaning. "You hear me, you're not blind!"

Sound—ears! Sounds—eyes! There is so much to be heard with the ears, but there is so much waiting to be heard with the eyes—or perhaps both together, eyes and ears. Beauty, to strike the ear, must be audible; but the beauties to be heard with the eyes are hidden deep in the subtleties of Nature. In the glory of the early dawn—in the calm peace of the summer dusk—in the tinkle of the bluebell—in the whisper of the wheat field—in these is beauty in sound for the eye and ear.

Have you heard the tiny stirrings in the cool, young dawn—the twitterings of the waking birds—the rustlings of the squirrels as they prepare for the new day? Have you seen the wild geese as, soldier-like, they marched across the sky, did you listen to their honk! honk!—did you hear the whirr of their wings, the martial music to which they march? Have you heard the moan of the lonely dove—the laugh of the loon that sets the blood tingling?

The flowers laugh sometimes, too. Perhaps when little ones reach out and tenderly caress their glowing petals, perhaps when they find their way into a sick-room, or when a vagrant breeze catches up their perfume to waft it to the world at large. Yes, the flowers laugh; just listen, you'll hear them!

The cool swish of the crystal shower that falls as the rainbow trout leaps in its silver-shadowed home—music—the wind as it croons in the softly-waving grasses or sings in the tall tree-tops—sings perhaps of other lands, of stately palms on the burning desert—of perfumes from far-off France—of nightingales in ancient Persia—of all these the wind will sing to those who will listen.

In this day and age we are surrounded by miracles in the scientific world of sound—always we have been surrounded by miracles waiting for eyes and ears tuned to see and hear them. It would do us good to take the time to listen, the time to appreciate the beauty which so often is passed by unnoticed and neglected.

### **The Safety Contest**

The contest for the possession of the "Safety" Shield, representing the safest pulp and paper mill in British Columbia, started this month.

The contest runs a year—at the end of twelve months the title of "safest mill" will be awarded to a pulp and paper plant.

Powell River, safest mill in British Columbia, is a title worth adding to our string.



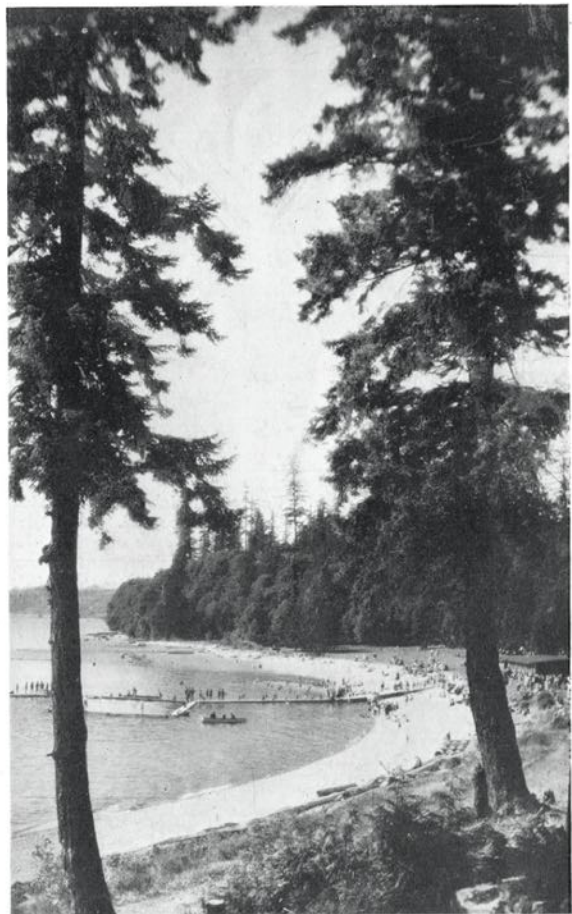


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

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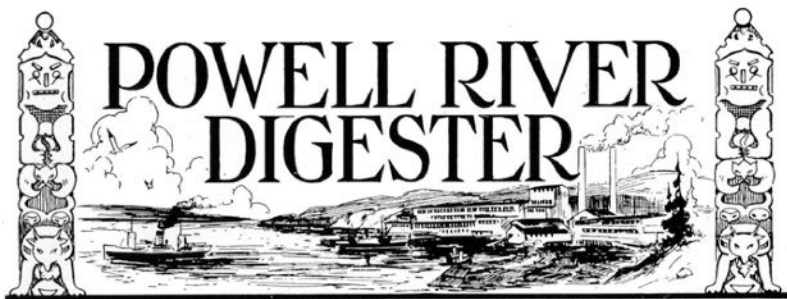
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*Up the West Coast of Vancouver Island is a popular tourist trip during the summer months. Magnificent scenery is witnessed along this picturesque coastline. The above photo shows the S.S. Richmond, a frequent caller at Powell River, running up the coast in the early spring, during a heavy sea.*



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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## *When Powell River Was Young*

ED. NOTE.—This is the third of a series describing some of the early events and incidents in the social, business and recreative life of Powell River in the early days when our plant first commenced the production of newsprint in British Columbia.

IT'S the little things that count." This time-worn platitude has been over-worked and too often over-emphasized. Yet in essentials it is largely true. It is a combination of the little things that make up the perfect and harmonious whole. In a picture by a great master, it is the subtle lights and shades that bring out the beauty of the bolder outlines; in life the numerous little incidents that occur day by day round out and harmonize our earthly existence.

In the story of the early days of Powell River, the little things also count. Behind the bold and promi-

nent foreground of construction, the creation of a new city, the installation of giant machinery, the harsh clang of metal, the quick movement of hundreds of men working feverishly, is the less prominent background, where occurred, day after day, the "little things" that our older residents remember with mingled feelings of pride and chagrin.

The background of 1910-1914 was by no means colorless or uneventful. When the sulphur boats arrived at the wharf, all hands turned out and shovelled the yellow powder in sacks. And sulphur, as any expert will testify, has under certain conditions a close affinity with various forms of itching powder. When the boys began to perspire the sulphur went into action with a loud hurrah. On the testimony of more than one living witness, we are informed that a few hours





*The barque, British Yeoman, bringing in the first load of concrete for plant construction in 1911. The old sailing craft were seldom seen at our dock after this date.*

after the arrival of a sulphur boat, a spectacle was witnessed besides which the "scratchiest days" in the late war waxed pale and wan.

And how, one is often tempted to remark, was the supply of fresh milk obtained in those days of high-pressure construction. Today the local requirements are met daily by a number of small but well-equipped milk merchants in our suburbs, who deliver their product straight from the cow to the consumer. In 1910 the fresh milk came in cans and strawberries and cream were seldom seen, except on the cover of magazines or in the

imaginings of fertile-brained residents. By 1912 a partial supply of this precious liquid began to percolate about the townsite. On the present site of the bowling green Joe Errico had established his ranch, and by severe discipline and tactful advances managed to coax an inadequate supply of milk from a couple of worldly wise kine, both of whom were conscious of their superior elevation in this world of milk substitutes.

And what about the pork chops for the dinner table? Here, at least, we are on firm ground. Down in the shade of the trees, where No. 7 machine now sends her steam skyward, was Powell River's first "Piggery." Here the squealing porkers sniffed disdainful snouts at the daily refuse from the cook-house. And here they were slaughtered to make a Powell River gastronomic holiday. The popularity of this carefully-chosen location fluctuated from day to day, dependent on which corner of the townsite the wind sat. The "hog's chorus" was a well-known tune in these days and their dulcet tones penetrated to every

*View of the townsite early in 1912. The old acid tower is seen in the course of construction and the original steam plant has just been completed. A few houses in the background show the beginning of townsite construction.*





*The beginning of mill construction in 1911. Foundations are being laid for the original grinder room and paper storage. Clearing operations in this section were very difficult.*

corner of the townsite, and in the days when radio was non-existent, the regular appearance of the evening chorus supplied many a lonely home with that soulful music for which porkers are particularly noted.

It is difficult for us of modern Powell River to realize that until 1917 those great financial institutions, the banks, were non-existent. Every month, or twice monthly, the pay roll was sent up from Vancouver and the cheques were cashed at the cashier's wicket. How many of our "old-timers" will forget the day the pay roll disappeared?

One morning there was consternation in the office. The sacks containing the lucre failed to reach the office. Here was all the color for a Jesse James background. Where did the money go? Had a gang of desperados suddenly descended on Powell River? Had a gigantic daylight robbery been perpetrated under our very eyes? Lads, it was a tense situation. The disappearance of the cash was kept a carefully-guarded secret. Meantime cashiers and management were in the

throes of despair. What to do! What to do! Nobody knew what to do.

However, all was well. About 2.30 in the afternoon a couple of coal heavers found a couple of bulky sacks lying on a flat car outside the tinshop. With a muttered curse they kicked them out of the way. Several other lads passed by, stepping on the sacks, condemned the company to everlasting perdition for leaving this junk hanging around. Finally the two sacks, after numerous peregrinations about the tracks, finally arrived at the office, where they were opened casually.

They contained the missing greenbacks. They had been lying about for six hours, kicked and cuffed by every



*S.S. Queen Alexandra unloading the first shipment of paper machinery for Powell River in 1911.*



*Before the dam was thrown across Powell Lake. View of the crest of the Powell River Falls in 1909.*

irritated employee, a trifle ruffled over the fact that they were late in getting paid.

And that is the story of the day the pay roll disappeared. It is said both the coal heavers went into a dead faint when they learned what was in those two sacks.

A fire about the village was an exciting pastime. No well-equipped motor trucks, no perfect alarm system, no frequently-spaced hydrants were at

the beck and call of the fire department. The word "fire" sped about the townsite. George Clapp on the wharf, grabbed one of the paper hauling horses, dashed up hill with him, hooked up the reel and with a crowd of willing volunteers rushed to the fire. The only catch in the proceedings arose from the fact that by the time the horse had run up the hill he was so fatigued that he didn't care if the whole Pacific Coast had burned up. From all accounts the picture of George and his faithful steed charging up the hill into the heart of the battle attracted a larger audience than the fire.

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Little Jane was severely reprimanded by her mother for saying "devil."

The following Sunday, when the little miss returned from Sunday school, her mother asked: "What was the lesson about today?"

"Why, mother," said Jane, "it was about our Lord being tempted by—by—by—the gentleman that keeps hell."

*Malaspina Straits, in 1911, as well as in 1931, were not always a placid mill pond. This view shows the old logging wharf at Michigan bearing the brunt of a wicked sou-easter twenty years ago.*





## *They All Hope to be Queen*



*Candidates for the Paper Queen Contest, left to right: Maureen Grundle, Kathleen Taylor, Margaret Carr, Kristina Sivertson and Patsy Hughes.*

**T**HE Annual Paper Queen Contest, probably the most spectacular and colorful of Powell River's social and community year, is under way. The five schools of the district, Brooks, Henderson, Malaspina, Wildwood and Westview have chosen their candidates and the competitors and their supporters are busy on the work of vote catching.

Each year this contest is sponsored by the Powell River chapter of the B. P. O. E. order. In this manner the Elks raise their funds for the annual Labor Day celebrations, given over entirely to entertaining the children of the district. It is the big day for the kiddies here and they are out in swarms for the Elk carnival.

The fortunate recipient of the largest number of votes will be crowned Paper Queen of Powell River during the Labor Day Celebration. This is an honor highly prized among our juvenile beauties and the crowning of the Queen is the outstanding event on Labor Day.

Labor Day in Powell River is children's day, and the local Elks devote all their energies to giving the kiddies the best time of their lives on the occasion.

Support your favorite choice for Paper Queen and in so doing help the Elks to provide a day of outstanding happiness, fun, and excitement for the kiddies. Give them a good reception.





ALL honor to the City of Kamloops. A decree has been issued that all dogs shall be locked up between the hours of 9 p.m. and 7 a.m., thereby showing a commendable example to the world at large. Woe betide any member of the canine fraternity found wandering round the fair City of Kamloops, between prohibited hours, without being in possession of the necessary permit. They are to be arrested on sight, placed in suitable accommodation of a temporary nature, after which their whereabouts will become a matter of profound mystery.

\* \* \*

With a view to ultimately effecting a similar state of things locally, several dog proprietors have been interviewed on the subject. Provided the particular specimen owned by themselves be exempted, they are heartily in accord, and think it high time that the horrid creature over the road, for instance, who tears up the lawn and is responsible for other misdeeds, was treated in this manner.

\* \* \*

Their own is always such a dear little creature, with most playful ways, and never does the slightest harm. Dogs always seem to be little, even though they represent the largest size of police dog, or huskie, and are usually intelligent enough to commit their depredations elsewhere, never at home. That much is conceded. Honor is just as prevalent amongst dogs as other things.

\* \* \*

The "heavy" Airedale, who specializes in Maple Street garbage cans is a fair example. He is most conscientious, and painstakingly investigates every can in the district, although carefully ignoring the one at his own residence. He overturns the contents, scattering them generously in all directions over a considerable area, thereby greatly contributing, especially in a high wind, to the general beauty of the district.

\* \* \*

An admirable illustration of canine intelligence recently came to light in the same locality. A snub-nosed female sat in state on the front porch, monarch of all she surveyed. A number of the opposite sex cultivated the habit of spending considerable time in her company, in a proximity depending largely upon their personal nerve, and the result of innumerable discussions with each other. They presented a striking picture, and though the neighboring lawns and flower beds may have been slightly affected by their playful ways and various other reminders of their presence, few would have the heart to disturb them. Regularly at the sound of the twelve o'clock whistle, two members of this little circle arose, and, affection vanquished by appetite, trotted off down the street.

\* \* \*

It is understood a deputation will shortly wait upon the Townsite Department with a view towards emulating the admirable example from Kamloops.

## Personalities in Our District

WHEN this issue appears in Powell River, George Patterson will have completed twenty-one years of service with the Powell River Company. To-



day, George is probably the veteran among the regular employees of the company. He arrived here in July, 1910, starting work on the original townsite construction program. George was present at the birth of the townsite and he has watched it expand, step by step, house by house, machine by machine, to its present maturity.

George, one might say, is the father of Powell River's Scottish fraternity, which today has assumed large and vigorous dimensions in our social, athletic, and community life. The dissemination of the past history, the glory, ancient and modern, of Auld Scotia is one of his chief interests in life. Watch George when the newly-formed Powell River pipe band is in action; when the uneducated and ignorant citizens of our material city declare their imperviousness to the finer shades and subtle tunes of this grand old music. George with the light of an almost unholy fanaticism in his eyes, follows each variation, hums the tune to himself and follows every stave and octave in the pipers'

quiver. All of which is no mean feat in good or bad times.

But the real moment of ecstasy in his life is when another Scot, at a friendly gathering of the clan, huskily declares: "Ladies and gentlemen, Geordie Patterson will now sing the 'Lea Rig'." It is the privilege of the selected few, in this humdrum life, to scale such a lofty peak, and to hear George sing the "Lea Rig" is an instruction in local Caledonian affairs. Caruso, in the full blaze of his universal popularity; Harry Lauder at the summit of his glory; John McCormack with the plaudits of a temporarily insane audience in his ear—none of these, we declare, possess a fervor equal to George when he stands before his friends, singing the "Lea Rig."

Soccer, too, has been his oyster—if Geordie has missed a round ball exhibition in the past eight years it was due to circumstances over which he had no control. He's always out there, backing his beloved Callies—and right or wrong, he is behind his team to the bitter end.

Anything lending to the glory of Powell River and Scotland has the hearty and active support of Geordie Patterson. For twenty-one years he has been working on that thesis, and his work is still unfinished. Today it is our privilege to congratulate George on his twenty-first anniversary as an employee of the Powell River Company. "You're a braw laddie, Geordie, and 'lang may your lum reek.'"

# EDITORS NOTES

## *Depressions—Past and Present*

**P**ANICS and depressions have turned up in more or less regular cycles throughout the ages. More particularly has this been true in the last century and a half of specialized industrial effort.

Many of these have been serious. Some have been less severe than others. They have all, in varying degrees shaken or ruffled the world's economic structure. But whatever the consequences, severe or light, panics and depressions we have had always with us. And they have been surmounted and conquered.

In Great Britain there were hard times following the exhausting outlays and artificial trade restrictions of the Napoleonic era. But the sun of prosperity again shone.

In 1830 Europe was in the throes of revolution and uncertainty. Trade languished. Calamity appeared imminent. A new and greater Europe emerged from the fire.

There were difficult times in the United States after the Civil War. A creditor killed himself by leaping from a fourth-story window to avoid payment from a debtor. The "greenback" menace overshadowed the country.

Recovery followed and the United States emerged as one of the richest

and most powerful nations of the world in the next half century.

The panic of 1907 still lives within the memory of our age. Business on this continent was in the doldrums, "never had there been anything like this." Runs on the bank—financial houses falling—unemployment widespread—alarm and depression rampant.

Between 1908-1920 the world enjoyed the greatest prosperity it had ever known.

We are wrestling today with another period of depression. "There has never been anything like this," we cry—and inform our neighbor, who informs his neighbor—and soon the whole neighborhood believes it.

There have been periods of depression before. And each generation had its calamity-howlers who magnified the situation far beyond its real limits.

Yet the men and women of these other periods conquered gloom and panic.

Were they of stouter hearts and more stubborn in adversity than we?

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Teacher—Quote a Scripture verse.  
Pupil—Judas went out into the garden and hanged himself.

Teacher—Fine! Quote another.  
Pupil—Go ye and do likewise.



## *A New Bank for Powell River*



*Mr. G. Richardson, manager of the new branch of the Bank of Montreal, is the latest recruit to the ranks of the business leaders of the district.*

**A**MONG the most recent and substantial additions to the business district of Powell River has been the establishment of a branch of the Bank of Montreal on Second Street. The design of the building is the work of John McIntyre, Powell River Company architect, and is a decided acquisition to

the city business area. The bank is a complete unit in itself and is one of the finest and best equipped branch banks of its kind among the hinterland cities of the province.

We are pleased to have this opportunity of introducing the new manager, Mr. George Richardson, to Powell River. For the past few months he has been attached to the British Columbia Superintendent's Department at Vancouver. Previously he was for two years manager of the 34th Avenue and Victoria Drive branch of the bank in Vancouver.

Mr. Richardson has always taken an active part in organizations in the various towns in which he has been located. He finds his chief recreation in golf, curling, shooting and tennis.

*The new Bank of Montreal is another of the business houses which have sprung up in Powell River's business district in the last few years. The building was designed by Mr. John McIntyre, Powell River Company architect.*





## *Newsprint in the Making— the Steam Plant*



*Tom Wyborn, as superintendent of Powell River's Steam Plant, is directly responsible for the maintenance and uninterrupted output of several millions of pounds of steam each day. Steam is his hobby as well as his work.*

**T**HE Steam Plant is the stoker of the modern paper mill. And, like the stoker, it is not conspicuous. The spotlight of newspaper notoriety centres around the whirring machine giants turning out their ceaseless rolls of paper; about the rushing, roaring wood room where huge, cumbersome logs are tamed and reduced to submission; about the groundwood and sulphite departments, where the vast masses of slithering pulp pour lava-like from the machines and digesters. Less picturesque, less appealing perhaps, but vitally impor-

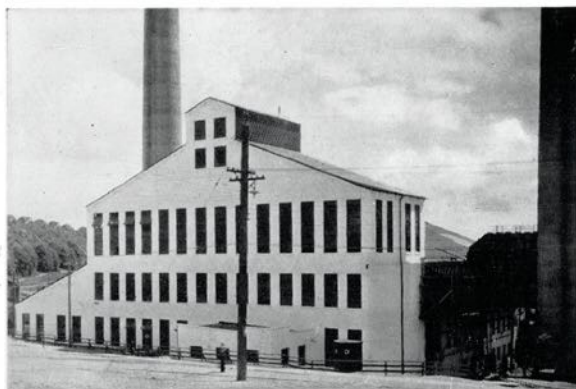
tant in the harmony of paper making is the steam plant.

What are the most important cares of the paper maker in forming his sheet? Admittedly one of them is in the drying process. And how is the paper dried? By steam chiefly—and from whence comes the steam? From the steam plant.

The steam plant then is vitally concerned in the actual formation of the finished sheet. Without steam the paper maker, however skilful, however resourceful, could do nothing. The white, billowy clouds which the visitor always notes rising from the paper machine room is a sign that all is well on Powell River newsprint front, that the machines are running and that the steam plant is "on the job."

The manufacture of sulphite pulp is one of the key points of modern paper making. It is the specially heated sulphite pulp that forms the base and strength of a newspaper. The chips, fed into the mammoth bins, undergo a cooking process varying from ten to twelve hours. And here again the steam plant is the man behind the trigger, supplying the steam for the process.

In all, over 6 million pounds of steam each day is generated in the 17 boilers of Powell River's Steam Plant. The bulk of this is consumed by the dryers in the seven newsprint ma-



*View of Powell River's new steam plant, added to the existing accommodation during the construction of last year. The plant is the largest of its kind on the Pacific Coast and is a potent factor in the daily production of Powell River Newsprint.*

chines, nearly a million pounds feed the digesters and the balance is distributed to the sawmill for the "niggers" and other subsidiary equipment, to the grinder room and to the town-site for heating purposes. In other words, all the vital steps in the manufacture of newsprint are dependent in no small measure on the maintenance, by the steam plant staff, of a regular and uninterrupted supply of steam.

The operating crew of eight men to a shift must be constantly on the alert. They must be prepared for sudden and, at times, unexpected changes of "loads." A machine may shut down at a second's warning; another may start up in similar fashion; wide variation in steam requirements may be demanded in the cooking process. All this in the day's work for the men in the steam plant.

Seventeen boilers compose the working kit of the Powell River steam plant, the largest on the Pacific Coast. A total of over 8000 boiler horsepower can be generated. A large percentage of the steam is generated from

boilers, burning hog fuel, or sawmill waste, which is imported from various British Columbia sawmills. The importation of this material was first commenced by the Powell River Company three years ago and their use of this former waste product has been a new and profitable source of revenue to the sawmill operator and the transportation companies of British Columbia. Certain mills have thus been enabled to dispose of their entire waste in this manner and the danger and expense of maintaining burners have been eliminated.

Another vital duty of the steam plant is its provision against low water periods and a consequent shortage of electrical power. Two turbo-generators, each of 3000 K.W. capacity, constitute an integral part of the equipment and ensure the continued operation of the plant in unusually dry seasons.

Briefly this outlines the function of the steam plant in the modern paper making process. To the lay

(Continued on page 19)



# AROUND THE PLANT

Fish stories are coming thick and fast these days. Over the holiday Hughie Black reports the capture of an 8½-pound trout on Powell Lake. Worms being scarce and expensive, Hughie claims he used another two-pound trout for bait. Both Hughie and the fish are reported to be doing well.



A great disappointment at the Dominion Day sports was the deletion from the program of the fat men's race. Several wives in the townsite had had their husbands in training for the past six weeks. Mrs. McLeod reports that John had been training on Avenue Lodge steak for two weeks prior to the event, and would have provided any of the local fat laddies with tough opposition.

And the superintendents' race failed to materialize, whether from oversight on the part of the committee or foresight on the part of the superintendents, we are unable to say. Half the people in the grandstand were looking forward to seeing Ernie Ketchum, John White and Bert

Killin thundering down the stretch in a dead heat. We hope this deletion will not occur next year.

The little Airedale who followed the pipe band about the field provided an unannounced feature of the program. Deeming rightly or wrongly that this exhibition was put on solely for his benefit, he caused Piper McNiven several anxious moments by insisting on tasting the contents of his pipes. Piper McNiven's retort was to insist that friend Airedale tasted the contents of his worthy Highland foot. Bets were freely exchanged among the spectators and expert opinion gives the Airedale a slight shade. He was not hampered by convention.

Our suggestion to the pipe band is that they enroll a real Aberdeen terrier for mascot, and no such undignified and unorthodox proceedings would ensue.



And on the subject of Dominion Day sports, we hand our official congratulation to Bill Alexander for his



showing in the high jump. Bill cleared an even five feet, no mean performance after an absence of many years from track and field events. We once remember Bill jumping a back fence in France that was considerably higher than that. But, heck, there is no comparison between the circumstances.



Bill Mossman informs us he scraped the inside of his knee badly last week, when Jimmy Macindoe in his arrogant Austin ran through his legs on Second Street. The next time it happens, Bill, squeeze your knees.

Joe Kirk, our dapper multigraph expert, was a busy man during the sports program. Between taking the times in the various events and giving advice to optimistic competitors, he had a full afternoon. Joe promises that now his ankle is rounding back in form, to enter the lists again and show the boys some of his old speed.

That terrible four, the Maple Street quartet, Bert Watt, Art Davies, Cecil Kelly and Jack Semple, are still making it hard for the rest of us who believe in letting nature take its course with garden cultivation. Old Mother Nature hasn't a chance in the world when that gang goes into action.

## COVER PAGE

This month's cover page shows a picturesque view of Willingdon Beach taken during progress of the water sports on June 30. The aquatic events were a program in themselves as were the track and field events held in Powell River on July 1st. Powell River sport lovers were thus given two full days of varied athletic events on water and on land.

The water sports were held before a large audience who fully appreciated the excellent organization work by Wm. Brown, physical instructor, Val Kirchner, Harold Vandervoort, Major Sutton and members of the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club. All the contests from the children's swimming to the adult events saw keen and enthusiastic competition. The "greasy pole" proved immensely popular, both to contestants and to spectators. The kiddies were out in full force and between foot races and regular issues of ice cream and pop, had a full day in more ways than one. Hundreds of spectators dispersed themselves beneath the welcome shade of Willingdon's branches and saw the aquatic and life-saving events in solid comfort. It was a highly successful day and congratulations are in order on the fine organization and careful preparations undertaken by swimming club officials and their committees.

Roy Foote, glorious Apollo of the Vancouver office, has just informed us Joe Sweeney can't play golf. The fireworks will appear in the next issue.





### The Only Way

The last time we were in Portland we were walking down the street with a lumberman friend of ours. Our watch had stopped and we asked the lumberman what time it was. Instead of answering he walked across the street and looked into a pawnshop window. When he came back we asked him what he went over there for.

"You wanted to know what time it was and I went over there to see," he replied.

"Yeah," says we, "but why don't you look at your watch?"

The lumberman looked at us sadly. "I did," he said.

Farmer: "No, I wouldn't think o' chargin' ye for the cider. That'd be bootleggin'—an' praise the Lord, I ain't come t' that yit. The peck o' potatoes 'll be five dollars."

Sandy McGregor was the village doctor. He was cautious about many things, and was particularly reticent about his own age. His friends tried to find out how old he was, always without success. One morning it was reported that the old man had died, and his curious friends said, "Now

we will find out his age from his coffin plate."

At the funeral his friends went up to view the remains and glean the information from the plate on the casket, only to be disappointed again, for, according to instruction, the undertaker had used his silver door-plate, which read, "Dr. Alexander McGregor; office hours, two to four."

"Good morning, sir. I'm a bond salesman."

"That's all right, my good fellow. Here's a quarter—go buy yourself a square meal."

Lady Glow Worm: "I never want to see you again!"

Male Glow Worm: "All right, dearie, you glow your way and I'll glow mine."

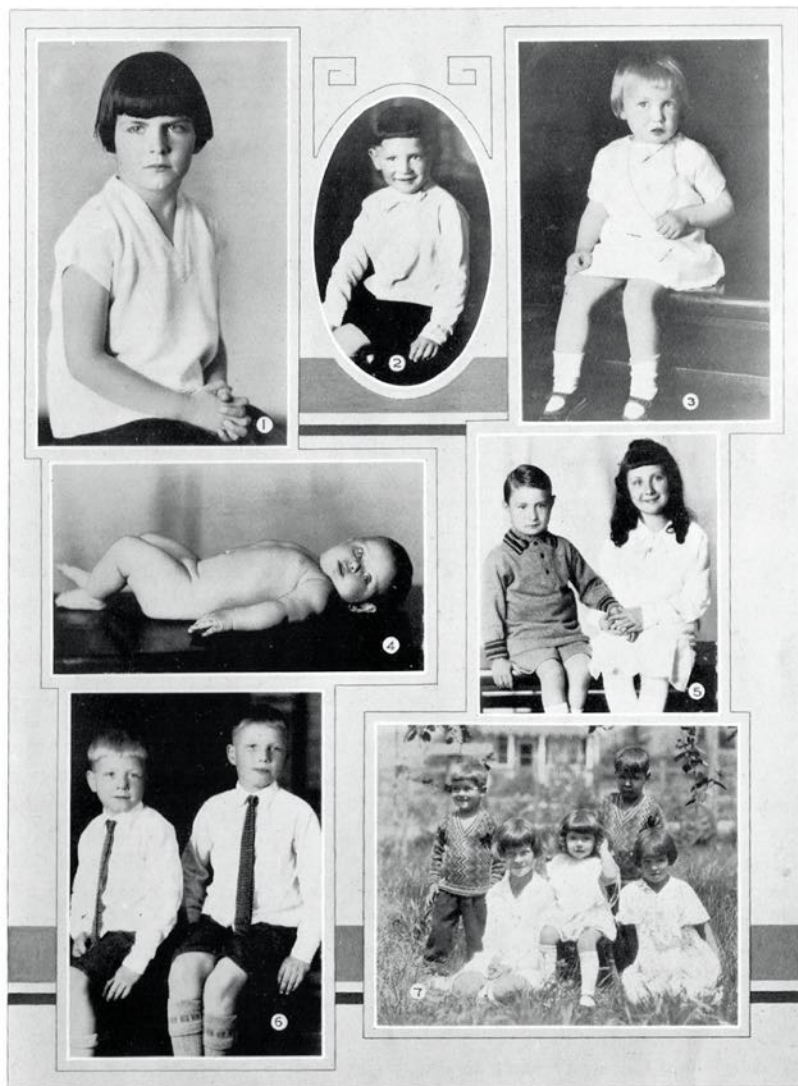
Mother: "Now, Johnnie, I know thousands of little boys and girls who would be glad to eat that spinach!"

Johnnie: "Name three of them!"

A Scotchman, in planning his new home, left the roof off one room. A friend asked the reason for this.

"Oh, that's the shower," replied the Scotchman.

*Powell River Children*



1. Elenor Young      2. Renato Biasutti      3. Margaret Fletcher      4. Edna Shirley Baxter  
 5. Vittoria and Victoria Missio      6. George and Paul Razzo  
 7. Roy, Virginia, Hazel, Florence and Alfred Pitton

## A Tale of Two Boats



*An unusual view of the old "Beaver," the first steamship to navigate the waters of the Pacific Ocean and the first steamship to ever enter the harbor of Vancouver. She was wrecked at Siwash Rock in 1888. This picture was taken over forty years ago and was presented to the Powell River Digester by Mr. Boling, purser on the C. P. S. S. Charming.*

OF all the ships to ply the waters of the Pacific Coast during the days when history was in the making, none has a more romantic or historic background than the old S.S. *Beaver*.

Nearly one hundred years ago the S.S. *Beaver* was built at Blackwall, London, for the Hudson's Bay Company service on the Pacific Coast. These were the days, long before the Oregon Boundary dispute disturbed the statesmen of Canada and the United States, and the cry of "54-40 or fight" had not yet ruffled the temper of our respective diplomats. Those, too, were the days when the Hudson's Bay Company ruled in the west, and when Oregon and Washington, as well as British Columbia, were controlled by the hardy gover-

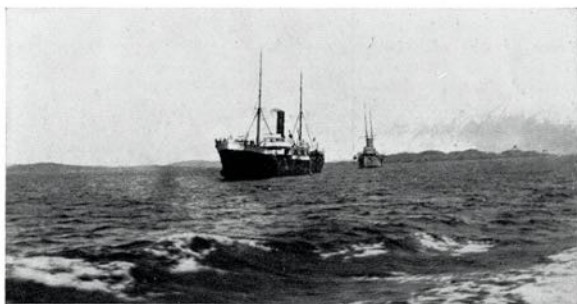
ners of this famous fur-trading corporation.

The *Beaver* was intended for the Pacific trade, and when, in 1834, she rounded Cape Horn, she was the first steam vessel to ever disturb the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean. To insure protection, perhaps to increase her bargaining power with the Indians of the west, the *Beaver* resembled a miniature man-of-war. She mounted six guns and carried a complement of 26 men. The trip from London to Fort Vancouver was made by sail. The engine was carried in the hold and set up after the arrival on the coast.

For nearly half a century the stout little *Beaver* plied up and down the Pacific Coast. For forty years she served the Hudson's Bay Company,



*The grand finale of the Battle of Burrard Inlet. The cruiser Rainbow of the Canadian Navy escorts the Komagata Maru from the shores of Canada. The old Rainbow was for several years a common sight in Pacific Coast waters.*



carrying furs and merchandise up the Columbia, Fraser and other great water arteries of the west. In 1875 she was sold to Stafford, Saunders, Morton & Company, of Victoria, and refitted as a tug. She operated faithfully for her new owners until 1888, when, under the command of Captain George Marchant, she was wrecked on Siwash Rock, at Prospect Point, Vancouver.

The wreck of the *Beaver* is legend among the pioneers of Vancouver. For four years the hull rested on Siwash Rock, and the favorite weekend sport in Vancouver's gay nineties was a horse and buggy ride to view the remains of the historic old side-wheeler, the first steamship to ever pass through the Narrows and on into Burrard Inlet. Souvenir hunters haunted the scene—a walking stick, a table, a chair made from the *Beaver* was found in almost every household. No pioneer worthy of the name will ever admit that he hasn't a souvenir of the *Beaver* in his possession, or at least had one before he lost it.

On June 26, 1892, the swells from a passing steamer washed the souvenir-weakened frame from the rock, and the old craft returned to the waters

over which she had previously navigated for over half a century.

AND how many Powell River residents remember the famous *Komagata Maru*, and the international furore her entry into the Port of Vancouver on May 21, 1914, raised. This incident was outstanding in the history of Vancouver, and no greater excitement has ever prevailed in Vancouver harbor than during the month in which the *Komagata Maru* and her 376 Hindus opposed local immigration officials in the now memorable "Battle of Burrard Inlet."

When 376 Hindus on board S.S. *Komagata Maru* arrived at the quarantine station at William Head on the evening of May 21, 1914, they innocently commenced a controversy which focussed the eyes of the world on Vancouver, and only ended two months later when they left here without having set foot on Canadian soil.

Immigration officials refused the East Indians admittance on the ground they had not received a clean bill of health at Moji, Japan, their last port of call; and that an order-in-council



*View of the old-time Canadian Pacific coastal fleet in Victoria harbor. Most of these boats have disappeared from the run. The view includes the Islander and the first Princess Louise.*



provided that all Hindus entering Canada must come to this country direct from India. It was pointed out the *Komagata Maru* was chartered at Hong Kong. Officials also stated they had heard reports that the immigrants were practically destitute, few possessing as much as \$100.

Captain Yamamoto of the Japanese ship declared the British Consul at Moji told him it would not be necessary to get a bill of health as the vessel had previously been given a clean sheet at Hong Kong and Yokohama.

Gurdit Singh, leader of the party, stated that as the Hindus were British subjects they should be immediately admitted to Canada. He retained Mr. J. E. Bird, well-known Vancouver lawyer, to fight his case.

The *Komagata Maru* entered Vancouver harbor on the afternoon of May 23 and anchored in the stream. In the meantime the unusual situation attracted attention of the whole world to Vancouver.

A number of prominent newspapers, including the *London Times*, dealt with the matter editorially, and discussions pros and cons of the situation became more and more frequent. Several attempts were made to take small parties of Hindus off the vessel, but these were foiled by the

close watch kept by immigration officials.

Instead of being speedily solved, the case became more and more complicated as official red tape gradually worked itself into a tight knot about the Japanese ship and her passengers.

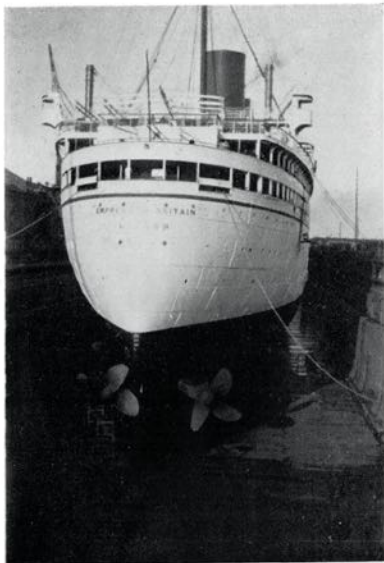
Ottawa was notified, Vancouver Hindus held indignation meetings, and their brethren aboard the ship went on a brief hunger strike. It was eventually decided that twenty-two East Indians who had resided in British Columbia previously should be allowed to land, but the official door was closed to the remainder.

Gurdit Singh then wrote indignant letters to King George and appealed to Lord Hardinge, Viceroy of India at that time. A reply from the latter told the Hindu leader he could expect no aid from that source.

Several days later an attempt was made to move the *Komagata Maru* to another berth in the harbor, but the Hindus, thinking they were about to be taken back to Japan, refused to allow the sailors to raise steam. Annoyed by continual demonstrations of the Orientals, the City Council at this time passed a resolution favoring ejection of all Asiatics.

It was then announced the Court of Appeal had rejected Gurdit Singh's

## IN DRYDOCK



*George Shepberd, our old friend of the engineering office, sends along this unusual view of the giant C. P. liner Empress of Britain, before she left drydock at Liverpool.*

plea, and the Hindus would have to leave Vancouver as soon as possible. They showed no such inclination, however, and on July 20th the cruiser *Rainbow* and approximately 1,000 soldiers of the Irish Fusiliers and the Sixth Regiment were called out to suppress the Hindus if necessary.

Their services were not needed, however, for on the afternoon of July 23 the vessel and her dark-skinned passengers sailed out of the harbor, after a stay of more than two months. Thus terminated one of the strangest immigration tangles ever staged here.

## *Newsprint in the Making— The Steam Plant*

(Continued from page 11)

mind it lacks the bold fascination of the machine, grinder and wood rooms. Like the stoker on a giant liner, much of its work is unseen, and often unrecognized. The paper making army, like all other armies, human or mechanical, fights on its stomach, and the plant is one of the big providers for the appetites of the machines which prepare and finish Powell River newsprint.

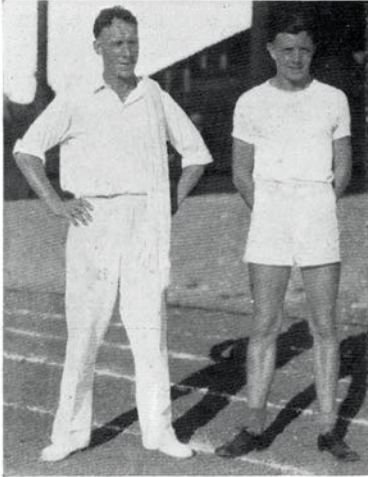
### *Visitors*

Among the welcome visitors to Powell River during the past month were Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hawk, of the *Amarillo News and Globe*, Texas, and Miss Mollie Barker, daughter of Mr. Alport Barker, Suva.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawk were paying their first visit to Powell River, and enjoyed their brief glimpse of the plant and townsite and the splendid scenery along Malaspina Straits. Amarillo is in the heart of the dry Panhandle country, and even the steady downpour of rain which persisted for two weeks failed to dampen their enthusiasm for the western coast trip.

Miss Barker, whose father, Mr. Alport Barker, has been importing Powell River newsprint to Suva for over a decade and a half, made many friends during her short visit here, and greatly enjoyed her first inspection tour of the mill and district.

## *Dominion Day Sports Highly Successful*



*J. McGuire (right) photographed with his trainer after his victory in the mile walk, which clinched his title of grand aggregate champion.*

Laurie Kero, of Vancouver, for the title of Grand Aggregate Champion, carrying with it the free trip to the big event at Los Angeles.

The situation had in it all the thrills of a Burt L. Standish story. Throughout the afternoon the tide of the sports battle fluctuated. First one athlete appeared at the top of the grand aggregate list; he was superseded by another, and for the greater part of the afternoon at least four of the competitors were still in the running. Previous to the meet it was generally conceded that grand aggregate honors would fall to an outsider.

Powell River athletes surprised their friends. Jack McGuire, Jack Matheson, Warren Gayton, Archie McFee, Curly Woodward were all at the top of their form, and to them is due in no small part the final success attained by McGuire.

Norman Hill, of Cumberland, was a dangerous contender for the open title. He was favored to win the hurdles and place well up in the high jump. In the former event young Jack Matheson gave the home supporters a real thrill by romping home in easy fashion to lead Hill to the post

**D**OMINION DAY at Powell River saw one of the largest crowds in the history of our district thronging the athletic oval. This year's sports program, prepared by an energetic and hard-working committee, was the most comprehensive and best-balanced affair of its kind held in recent years. Competition was keen throughout, and athletes from Vancouver Island and Vancouver, lured by the special prize, a return ticket to the Olympic Games at Los Angeles in 1932, sailed up the Gulf to provide stern opposition for the Powell River track and field brigade. Interest was keen throughout, and excitement rose to a feverish pitch at the close, when Jack McGuire, of Powell River, nosed out





*McGuire breasting the tape in the final of the 880 - yard run. The final sprint at the "bend" made him a convincing winner.*

by several yards. Again in the high jump, John Haddock annexed second place over Hill to keep the latter's points to a minimum.

As the meet progressed, Jack McGuire, of Powell River, by virtue of clean-cut wins in the 440 and 880 yards events, had crept up among the leaders. At this stage Laurie Kero, of Vancouver, had annexed 18 points, and looked like a certain winner. In the shot put he only required a second place to cinch the honors. It appeared almost a foregone conclusion until husky Warren Gayton again kept McGuire in the running by tossing the iron pellet 32 feet 5 inches to place second to Emil Kurvi, of Vancouver. A win in the mile brought McGuire's total to 15 points, and one more event, the mile walking race, to complete the program. A win for McGuire meant 20 points. A single point here assured victory for Kero. Both were entered, and excitement shook the stands as the starter's pistol sent the walkers off on their long grind. Roy Littke, McGuire, Curly Woodward and Kero were the starters. Half way around Curly shook Kero and the latter dropped out. The race developed

into a struggle between McGuire and Littke. They walked neck and neck until 75 yards from the close, when McGuire drew away and led his rival by a few feet to win the event and the grand aggregate championship. Littke walked a splendid race and gave McGuire the heaviest opposition of the day.

The events this year were closely contested, in contrast to last year, and in nearly every event the time was better. The 100-yard dash saw H. Naylor, of Vancouver, nosing out Hill, of Cumberland, by a scant few inches. In the 220 yards Naylor duplicated his feat, but was hard pressed by Archie McFee, of Powell River, who was defeated by less than six inches. Kero's 5 feet 4 inches in the high jump bettered last year's mark, as did also Naylor's 24.45 seconds in the 220. One of the most bitterly contested events of the day was the pole vault. Last year's mark of 8 feet 10 inches was shattered to ribbons as Kero, Woodward and Lidberg battled for first place at 9 feet 10 inches. The three were tied at this height, and after repeated attempts Kero finally cleared the bar to add another five points to his total!





*Curly Woodward of Powell River, clears the bar at 9 feet 8 inches in the pole vault. Curly and Gus Lidberg gained second and third in this event to add points to Powell River's total.*

Curly Woodward and Gus Lidberg were making their first appearance in this event, and their display under the circumstances was spectacular.

Emil Kurvi, of Vancouver, was outstanding in the field events with victories in the discus and shot put and second place in the javelin.

All of the Powell River contingent displayed superior form this year. In Jack McGuire, Warren Gayton, Curly Woodward, Jack Mathieson, John Haddock, Dawson Pirie and Archie McFee, we have the nucleus of a first-class track and field team, and we hope these lads will keep in training for future events.

The meet was well organized and events kept reasonably well to

schedule. Gus Schuler, as starter, showed rare judgment, and only one false start was made during the entire afternoon. It was a successful gathering, and with a local lad carrying off grand honors, eminently satisfactory to the large audience.

An English lord was touring this country, and stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. During the meal, the small daughter of the house heard the other members of the family asking: "My lord, won't you have some of this?" and "My lord, won't you have some of that?" So after due observation, she piped up with: "Mamma, God wants a pickle."



*The sports oval, showing portion of track and grandstand while the pole vault was being contested. The attendance was one of the largest on record.*



*Powell River pipe band in action on Dominion Day as they marched in front of the grandstand during the big sports meet. Five body of men? Aye, lad, they're a' that!*

## *The Pipe Band Comes Through*

WHEN, on Dominion Day, Powell River's newly-organized pipe band appeared at their first real public function, the excellence of their piping and the smartness of their manoeuvres were a source of considerable surprise to the large audience which thronged the stand and enclosures. Few of our residents are aware that this pipe band is perhaps one of the finest of its size in Canada. Certainly outside one or two large cities in the Dominion, there is not a city or town that can boast of such a group of first class experienced pipers.

The deftness and skill with which Tommy Smith managed his big drum was generally admired. Well, in this same Tommy Smith, Powell River has one of the finest pipe drummers of Scotland. During the war he drummed the Cameron Highlanders about the cobbled roads of France and for two successive years won the title of Champion Drummer of Scotland,

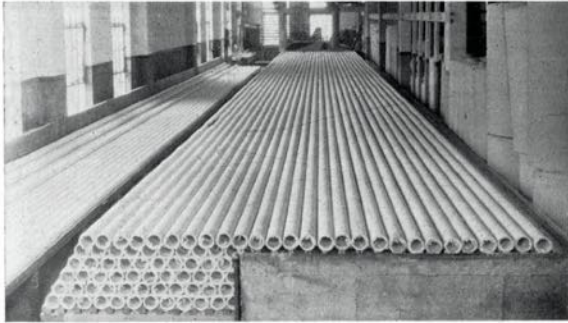
at the greatest of all Highland gatherings, the Annual Cowal Highland Meet.

John Menzies has had a wide and varied experience "blowin'" the pipes. In the Boer War he put mirth and mettle into the feet of the 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in their pursuit of the sturdy Boer. For one year he served with the Transvaal Scottish and on his return to Scotland was a piper with the 4th Volunteer Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. During the war he was with the 9th Highland Light Infantry and finished up with the famous 2nd H. L. I. Pipe Band, which won the championship of the armies in France.

Charlie McLean is well-known in Powell River. He is the father of the pipe band and it is largely due to his efforts that the pipe band idea was originated. Charlie has been piping for over twenty-five years. He was with the famous Argyll and

(Continued on page 26)

## *Cores for Our Newsprint*



*Miles of cores, newly made, and awaiting the embarkation order from the paper machine room. The cores are cut into the required roll dimension by a special saw, and sent up on the automatic elevator to the machine room.*

**I**N the vast interior of a modern paper mill there are a multitude of subsidiary operations, unknown even to many who have worked for years in various departments. There are parts of the mill—little, almost unknown labyrinths,—into which few seldom penetrate and which are overshadowed by the more ostentatious and important operations.

Such an operation is the manufacture of the cores for Powell River newsprint. Each roll of newsprint must have a core about which to commence winding, and the production of them is a not unimportant part of the subsidiary work that goes on “down below.”

Not very important, one might say, this core making business. A core is a core and so long as the reel has something on which to get started—why worry?

Ask the paper makers what they think of the importance of cores in the general scheme of things.

And when you have asked the

paper maker, ask the men on the presses of the daily newspapers.

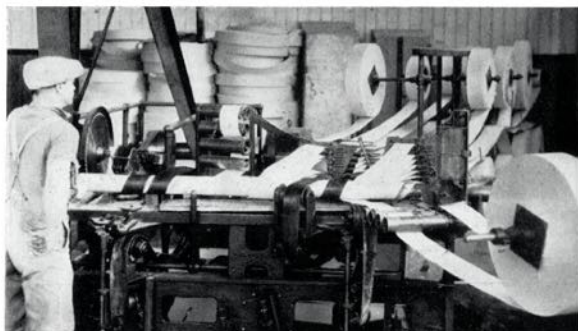
If you want to see a winderman at his best, just drop into a machine room some day when the cores are not quite to his liking. That blue haze, hanging heavily over the dry end, is the result of his opinion of all core makers and their most distant relatives.

In the manufacture of Powell River newsprint, any old sort of core is not enough. The aim of all windermen, backtenders and machine tenders is to have a goose egg shift, to run through for eight consecutive hours without break or splice.

Improperly finished and unseasoned cores may be the direct cause of complaints from customers. If a winderman is running a four or five roll order, one of his first considerations is the perfection of his cores. If the cores are lumpy, if they are not perfectly round, it not only means slowing up, it increases the possibilities of “snap offs” and other irritating



*"Down below" in one of the innumerable by-ways of the plant, the core maker plies his trade, making cores for the hundreds of rolls of Powell River newsprint.*



breaks in his reel. And "snap offs and breaks" mean splices—and splices are not looked upon with a high degree of favor by the boys in the newsprint press room. Too many splices slow down the presses.

It is for this reason that the making of cores is carefully supervised in our plant. The strong groundwood and sulphite wrappers, wound one on top of the other for several thicknesses are stretched as tightly as possible to ensure that each band is wound smoothly and evenly. Each of the bands passes through a huge vat of specially prepared glue, which binds them tightly together as they wind around the shaft.

Round, smooth, free from every defect likely to hamper the work of the paper making crews, this is the objective of the core makers of our plant. Splices are unavoidable at times, since no newsprint machine ever constructed has yet run forever without a break, but the reduction to a minimum of the blue circles around the end of the rolls of Powell River newsprint is the steady objective of our paper makers.

And in this objective they are actively assisted by the men "down below," who, "unnoticed and unsung," turn out the daily core ration.

Spliceless cores for Powell River newsprint is the slogan of our core makers.

---

A certain New York restaurant man may be given credit for a rather novel window display. This man didn't have much money for advertising, so he bought the biggest fish bowl he could get hold of, filled it with water, and put it into the window with this sign:

"Filled with invisible goldfish from the Argentine."

It took 17 policemen to handle the crowd.

---

Mother: "Now, Willie, I want you to go in and get acquainted with the new nurse, and be sure to kiss her nicely."

Willie: "And get slapped like Papa did?"





*A unique view of nature in its best mood in Powell River. Up near the golf club house, two tiny, newly hatched humming birds were discovered by our photographer in an afternoon's stroll. He snapped the appealing picture and returning two hours later found the nest empty and the birds flown. There are probably many little humming birds born in Powell River each summer but seldom have we been able to obtain such an excellent snap of the birds actually in their nests.*

### ***The Pipe Band Comes Through***

(Continued from page 23)

Sutherland band before coming to Canada. For several years he was attached to the celebrated Medicine Hat Pipe Band. Overseas he piped the Princess Pats on their wanderings about France from August 1914 until 1918. At Vimy Ridge on April 9th, Charlie was one of the four pipers who skirled the pipes as the boys went over for the big attack that morning.

Colin McLachlan is another of our champion pipers and served from August 1914 until the end of the war with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Bill Whyte was sergeant piper in the 42nd Canadian Black Watch during the war. He, it was, who piped the first Canadians into Mons on the morning of November 11th, 1918. He was acting pipe major for the greater part of the war.

Charlie Robertson, like his friend Charlie McLean, has been squeezing his bagpipe since infancy. He has had a lifetime of experience in the piping business and played in many famous bands in Scotland before coming to Canada. In 1913 Charlie, Bill Whyte and Charlie McLean toured the United States with the Medicine Hat Pipe Band which took Texas and neighboring states by storm.

Other members of the band are Pipe Major Mitchell who played for Fox's studio, and was pipe major of the Saskatoon City Band before his arrival in Powell River; Jack Brand, drummer and a former member of the famous 51st Highland Division; Archie McGeachy, drummer and formerly of the 72nd Seaforths; Don Smith, who served with the 2nd Seaforths overseas and the two younger members, J. Monteith, and W. Rodgeron, both bandsmen.

In brief, this is a thumb nail sketch of Powell River's new pipe band. They are a distinct asset to the district and they compose a group of veterans comparable in ability and experience to any pipe band on the continent. Their smart and disciplined appearance will be an asset at public functions in the district. It is in every respect a pipe band of which the community should be proud.

GOLF NOTES



OUTSTANDING among the juvenile members of the local course has been young

Johnnie McDonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McDonald. Johnnie, in the past year, has developed into one of the most promising lads to be yet uncovered in Powell River.



Johnnie McDonald

77—a score that makes more than one (many more) of our senior stars look to their laurels. Johnnie, under the fatherly eye of Maurice Boxall, has everything a young golfer should possess—style, steadiness and confidence. It is questionable if any fourteen-year-old junior in B. C. could trim Johnnie on his home course.

A few years hence we look forward to seeing this lad in the running for the local open championship. If he keeps up his present pace there is no doubt about it. Page Johnnie McDonald as the future open champion of Powell River.

Things are quiet on the links now. The breathing spell between competitions, coupled with the excessive heat of the past few weeks has kept all

but the most enthusiastic away. Beaches, picnics and other summer attractions have temporarily lured the local golfers from their first love.

The fairways, in decided contrast to last summer, are in splendid condition and first class progress is being made on the new greens. They will not likely be open for competition until next spring.

“Thank God for Malaspina Straits and Willingdon Beach” has been the spontaneous outpouring of nine-tenths of our population during the past two weeks. After three steady weeks of uninterrupted rain, old Jupiter Pluvius disappeared into apparent oblivion and now we’re kicking because it’s too hot. A visitor from Texas last month casually spoke of the temperature topping 100 degrees on cool days up in the Panhandle. We haven’t reached 87 degrees yet.

Births



- June 3—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lasser, a boy.
- June 7—To Mr. and Mrs. Murray C. Kennedy, a boy.
- June 10—To Mr. and Mrs. Girolomo Martin, a girl.
- June 16—To Mr. and Mrs. Alexander T. Macmillan, a girl.
- June 17—To Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Ross, a boy.
- June 20—To Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gaudet, a girl.

# Food

By ANNE MacSWEEN

"I'm very tired of sunsets,  
Of pink and purple mists,  
Of strong and silent he-men  
With iron paws and wrists;  
The heroine's sobs and simpers  
And all the workworn lot,  
That fools like me will write about,  
It's simply tommy rot.  
Suppose we write of homely things  
That we know more about.  
The scent of new-shelled peas, and  
then  
The coy, green brussels sprout.

An omelette is most picturesque  
When closely brought in view,  
And so are bits of buttered toast,  
And so is Irish stew.  
And what about the shiny track  
That honey makes when poured?  
And what about the sound the  
bread-knife  
Makes upon the board?  
All these are very homely things,  
And why I'm them relating  
Is that I'm very hungry and  
So very tired of waiting."



Anne MacSween

I know I'd like the girl who wrote that poem—we'd have so much in common. It would appear that she'd be fond of her food—a girl after my own heart—fond of her food.

It must be terrible to have a weak stomach, indigestion, no appetite, etc.—to wake up knowing that all day you must be careful to eat only this and that, or else resort to Jo-To. Yes, it must be terrible. Or to be on a diet—healthy yet hungry—to be on a diet would slay me!

It is quite possible that just now a goodly number of ladies in Powell River are breathing easily, uttering a prayer of thanks to Allah that at last they can see the hands of the clock creep around to four o'clock without fear of approaching school-marms who might drop in and devour the family cake. To answer the

telephone knowing that it won't be one of the hungry herd saying, "We're coming, cook up!"

It's peculiar how we associate certain people with certain ideas. One person may remind us of a poem—another makes us think of a song—another a book, but in my case it's boiled potatoes, six eggs and spinach or something equally delicate that I bring to mind. As one lady said to me—"the moment I see you coming, I begin to wonder what I have in the larder." Isn't it terrible to have a reputation like that?

In writing to me, Mother always mentions the family menu for that particular day; when I'm going home she always, in her letters assures me that she'll have finnan haddie, hot tamales, red herrings, or whatever my passion at the moment happens to be, so you can easily see what my failing is.

Well anyway, it comforts me to know that there's someone besides myself who likes food well enough to write a poem about it. That pleases me, so for the remainder of the summer I shall go on my way seeking food and more food and hoping against hope that the time will never come when FOOD will be reduced to mere tablet form.



*A typical picture of one of the old Indian women who live along the fringes of civilization in the interior of British Columbia. The old corn cob and its substitutes find high favor among the lady members of the tribe. This photograph was taken near Hazelton, the end of the great North Road.*





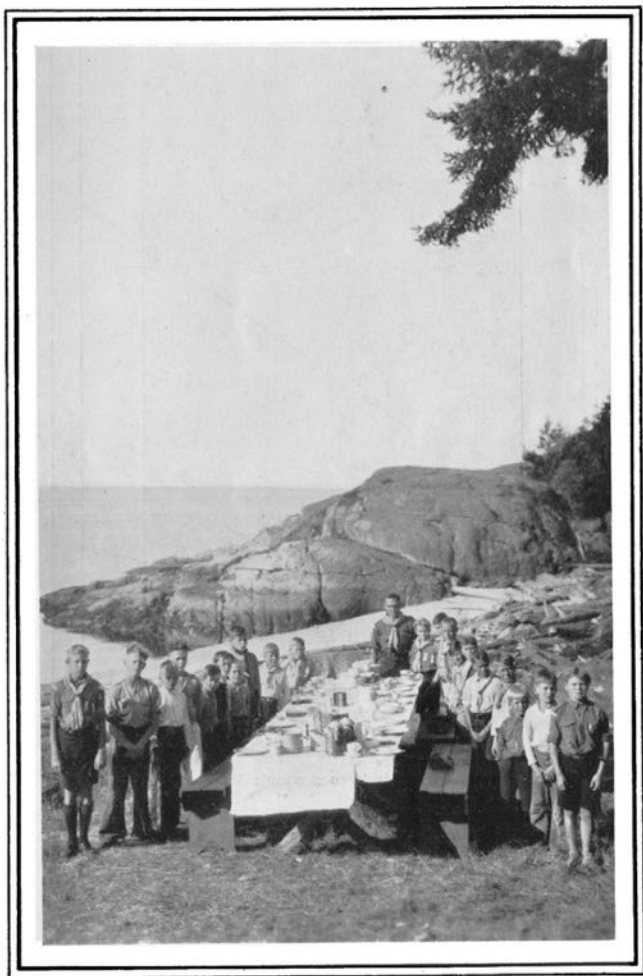
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

AUGUST, 1931

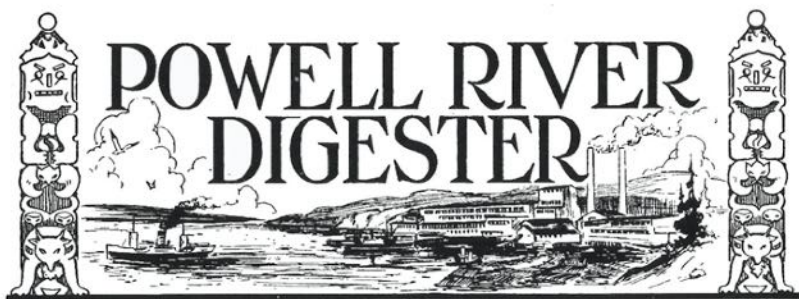
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*The Seattle Times Building, in Times Square, Seattle, as it appeared after the news of the Armistice came through on the night of November 11, 1918. The great fireworks celebration was a feature of Armistice night in Seattle. The Times has now moved its principal centre of operations to a new site.*



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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## *Matriculation Results*

In the junior matriculation examination results published last month, pupils from Powell River High School made very creditable showings. Out of a total list of twelve applicants, ten students were successful. One or two of these must write off supplementals before being granted their diplomas. The average, however, is very high, and is above the general provincial average.

Miss Ingrid Anderson, of Wildwood, led the local school with 739 marks out of a possible 1000, an excellent showing. Miss Florence Atkinson, of Westview, with 689, was second. Others passing were Robert Ouston, John Richardson, James Carr, Jean Melville, Andrew Morris, William Simes, Kathleen Daubner.

Miss Anderson has had an excellent record in her scholastic career. Three years ago, she ranked near the top of the provincial leaders in the High School entrance examinations, with 425 marks out of a possible 500. This year Miss Anderson will be the recipient of the \$150 scholarship, offered annually by the Powell River School Board for the outstanding pupil among local junior matriculation entrants. We understand she will attend the University of British Columbia next year, and the DIGESTER again welcomes the opportunity of congratulating Miss Anderson on her excellent work and of wishing her continued and even greater success in her university career.

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## *When Powell River was Young*



*Excavation work on the canal site in 1911. The headgates under construction are seen in the background. The canal was later abandoned and the penstock line run direct from the headgates to the mill.*

ED. NOTE.—This is the fourth of a series describing some of the early events and incidents in the social, business and recreative life of Powell River in the early days when our plant first commenced the production of newsprint in British Columbia.

ONE of the outstanding high lights of construction during the days when Powell River was young was the building of the first dam on Powell Lake. There are still residents in the district who recall the progressive stages of construction, the anxieties and difficulties encountered, the first excavations, the building of the first canal and the memorable day when the rushing waters raced through the big penstocks to write the opening chapter in the history of newsprint production in Western Canada.

Today the harnessing for power purposes of great lakes and turbulent rivers is a familiar business. Every day and on all sides one sees new and

vast hydro and hydro-electric projects rearing their heads. The growth of population and industry during the past two decades has intensified the use of water power in the world. Single projects, involving developments of one or two hundred thousand horsepower are not uncommon. Damming rivers and lakes to turn the wheels of industry scarcely attracts a glance from a busy world.

In 1911, when Powell River Company engineers commenced excavations on the dam site, hydro-electric history was still in its infancy in British Columbia. It is difficult for us of this generation to appreciate that not until the dawn of the present century did the city of Vancouver generate electricity for light and power purposes. Prior to 1898 steam supplied the city of Victoria with power. Not until 1904 did the city of Nelson receive electricity from the Bonnington power development. The city of



*Another view of the dam in 1911 showing the west side under construction. The camp on the right is the Wells Construction Company where the boys spent their evenings before houses were a regular part of the townsite.*

Kamloops started its first hydro-electric plant in 1915.

Hydro-electric power in 1910 was still a pioneer's field. No definite attempt had been made to estimate and survey the water powers of the province. Information, even of the scantiest variety, was inaccessible. The Conservation Committee began their survey in 1911. Their report was not published until 1916, when the first real information available was given to the public.

When, in 1924, the Powell Lake dam was raised to its present height and the maximum storage developed, our engineers had the advantage of being in possession of accurate knowledge with respect to the flood and water conditions over a fourteen-year period. The "highs" and "lows" had been measured each year. The conduct of the lake during dry and wet seasons had been definitely measured. They had information, based on accurate calculations, to guide them in their expansion project.

No such situation prevailed in

1910. No yearly flow estimates were at hand. No painstaking surveys had been made. The hydro-electric engineers of Powell River's first dam had many unknown factors to work into their calculations. A development of 25,000 horsepower, such as was planned for the original undertaking, was for British Columbia at that time a project of considerable magnitude. It was and still is the largest development for purely industrial purposes on the coast.

The 1910 dam was constructed to meet the demands of a 250-ton mill. This necessitated the storage of 25,000 horsepower, or about half the available power available in the lake system. At this time the more elaborate structure erected in 1924 was unnecessary. Flood water was controlled by means of flash boards, removable by hand, providing a total spillway of about five feet in height. In 1924, to take full advantage of the storage provided, a more flexible method of controlling flood water was essential. The dam height being

*A typical view on Powell Lake before the dam was built. A log-jam at the mouth of the river. Logging operations were still under way on the lake in 1911.*



raised, the old, more primitive flash boards were removed and in their place the nineteen Taintor gates, each 12 feet high and twenty-five feet wide, were installed. These gates are all mechanically operated by a traveling hoist, with which one man may easily raise or lower the gates.

Over at Riverside today a few hundred yards below the dam, a portion of an old concrete wall confronts the passer-by. It has all the appearance of a bastion raised to defend Powell River from a hostile attack by the Indians or other disturbers of the peace in those early days. In reality, this spot marks the original "jumping off" spot for the penstocks. The original intention was to build a canal at the outlet of the dam and run the short penstock connection from the end of the canal to the mill. The plan was discontinued after construction commenced, and the penstock, 1,600 feet in length, carried the water direct from the dam to the generators and grinder rooms.

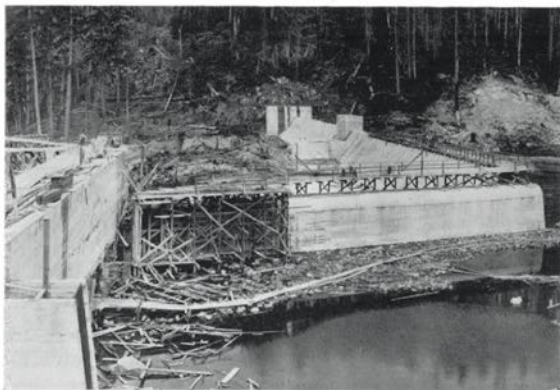
The location of Powell River for hydro-electric development was un-

usually favorable. The narrow-necked Powell River, draining the broad expanse of lake acreage, was only a stone's throw in width and extended almost into the heart of the new townsite. The picturesque falls over which the water tumbled was almost at tide water, and the natural rock foundations at this narrow spot formed a perfect dam site. No danger of freezing water and a short penstock connection was assured. Nature was lavish in her presentation of the original Powell River dam site.

Three penstocks were constructed during the 1910-1911 period. No. 1 penstock fed the original generator room and numbers 2 and 3 were connected to the original grinder room with its twenty-eight three-pocket grinders. Approximately 15,000 horsepower was utilized in direct hydro construction; the hydro-electric installation approximated 10,000 horsepower.

The men in Powell River today, who worked on the construction of the original dam have seen many changes in eighteen years. They have





*The head gates under construction in 1911. Note the heavy woods immediately behind, which afford some idea of the difficult clearing operations at this time.*

seen the company triple its production and consumption of power. They have seen Powell Lake developed to its maximum capacity of 50,000 horsepower. They have seen the power demands of the modern Powell River extend beyond the border of Powell Lake. They have seen within the past year a new development equal in extent to their original dam completed and in operation. They have seen power brought into Powell River over high tension wires from the Lois River dam thirteen miles distant. They have seen their dreams consum-

mated into reality and perhaps far beyond the reality of their early visions.

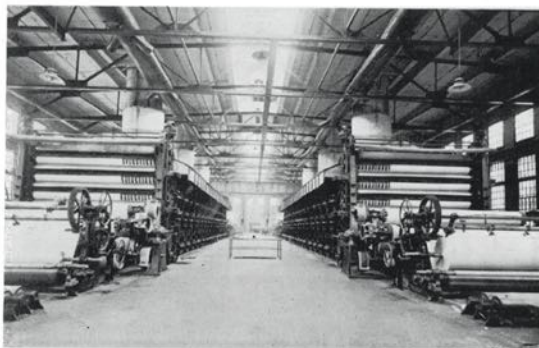
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With only two feet to spare at each side, H.M.S. Nelson recently passed through the locks of the Panama Canal. She is the widest vessel ever to have passed through the canal.

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The world's oldest republic is Andorra, a tiny territory with an area of 175 square miles and 6,000 population. It is situated in the Pyrenees, between France and Spain.

*Original number one and two machines as they appeared just after the first sheet of paper was run through the presses in May, 1912.*





## Personalities in Our District

"To be or not to be, that is the question," spoke Hamlet in his famous soliloquy.

In other words friend Hamlet was vexed; he wanted advice, and instead of turning to the natural source, he attempted to act as his own legal adviser. A fatal decision, as after events proved.



Now, if the Gloomy Dane had been a resident of Powell River, his trouble could have been easily settled. A visit to Tommy Taylor, at his sanctum in the Brooklon Block, would have turned the trick. For that is Tommy's business, giving advice to the Hamlets and other undecided souls of Powell River and vicinity.

For the past eight years Tommy has been a leading light in the local legal firmament. He has been the buffer state between creditor and debtor; he has tried and defended a wide variety of cases throughout the district; he has been closely allied with the legal life of the community, in which capacity he has gained a wide and valuable experience. Prior to hanging out his shingle in the Brooklon Block, he worked in the paper mill, an experience which has given him a close and intimate acquaintance with life and conditions about the

townsite. He left Powell River for a few years to continue his interrupted law studies at Toronto. On graduation he returned and opened up shop at his present stand.

In the past two years the pressure of business and increased responsibilities have kept Tom fairly closely confined to his business duties. Prior to that time he was prominent in community life, being one of the chief organizers of the Native Sons of Canada in Powell River. He is a keen baseball enthusiast, and when time permits, does his share of excavation work on the golf course.

Overseas Tommy served with the 102nd battalion. One Christmas, in place of the usual S. R. D. ration, he and his fellow troops were served with pea soup, and that is why that greenish expression appears on Tommy's face when the Great War is mentioned.

Two druggists were talking about one of their confreres who had just died.

"He was a great druggist," said one.

"He was," admitted the other, "but don't you think he made his salads a little too salty?"

### *That Started It*

Wife: "How do you like the potato salad?"

Hubby: "It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?"

# EDITORS NOTES



## *Hard-Surfacing Commenced*

**G**RATIFYING alike to motorists and residents of the district was the sight of the grader, the steam roller, and the crew of men engaged in hard-surfacing operations along Powell River highways. For the past three years, with the tread of traffic steadily increasing, the demand for more permanent and stable roads has become intensified; motor buses, automobiles and trucks have rolled over our dirt highways, and continuous repair and maintenance have been necessary. The old roads—excellent ones for a community with small traffic—have become inadequate to resist the heavy requirements made upon them. Powell River in the past six years has developed to a stage where the number of motor vehicles to the mile is probably among the highest in the province. Permanent surfacing of the roads is both welcome and essential.

So swift is the flight of years, that few outside of Powell River itself have realized the tremendous growth in traffic during recent years. Our population, now approximately 5,000, has doubled since 1925. As late as 1923 there were scarcely two dozen motor vehicles, trucks included, in the district. Today our motor registrations exceed 700. Our available highways do not exceed 50 miles in all.

In other words, we have twelve cars to every mile of highway. And over one-third of the latter are secondary or partly finished roads, and only lightly traversed.

The greatest traffic is in the roads between Powell River and its three suburbs, Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry. Over these eight miles of highway, practically every car, truck and bus in the district passes at some period during the day. Seven hundred cars passing several times daily over eight miles of highway afford some conception of what the old dirt roads have been compelled to withstand. The density of vehicular traffic between Powell River and its suburbs is probably unequalled in any of the hinterland cities of British Columbia. Hard-surfacing of the Powell River and district roads, especially along our main highways is not a luxury. It is an imperative community and commercial necessity.

The surfacing operations this summer will include approximately eight miles of thoroughfare radiating from Powell River to Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry.

“Frau Einstein burst into a peal of laughter.”—*New York Sun*.

Certainly not at anything the old man said.

## *Our Youngsters Learn Their Crawls and Kicks*



*Swimming instruction for our youngsters. Above shows William Brown, company physical director, leading his class into the water. Below he prepares them for their first lesson.*

**W**ILLINGDON BEACH and a high tide. The spacious raft is crowded with swimmers and would-be swimmers, divers and would-be divers. A fat man plops noisily in the water, with the gleeful and scarcely concealed disdainful howls of a group of youngsters surging in his ears. Other adults swim clumsily about, puffing and snorting. Suddenly a mob of chortling young 'uns, ages averaging from seven to twelve, drop cleanly in the water, crawl-stroke their way about, and generally conduct themselves like sportive porpoises on an afternoon spree.

And here is found one outstanding feature in the lives of the children of Powell River. Few but can swim—and swim well. We do not believe we are exaggerating when we say that the average of children familiar with the rudiments of swimming and life-saving is probably higher in

Powell River than in any location on the B. C. coast.

One reason is the natural enthusiasm of all youngsters for the water. A second is the proximity of Willingdon Beach, which may be reached within ten minutes' drive by anyone in the district. A third is the systematic course of instruction carried on for children during the summer months by the local Amateur Swimming Club Instructional Class, under the leadership of William Brown, Powell River Company Physical Director.

Walk out on the raft any day and watch these little bits of youngsters, tanned and healthy, swimming and diving in a fashion to cause us older people to tear our hair in despair and hopelessness. This is largely the result of the training afforded and the zeal of the young boys and girls to master the art of swimming. At the commencement of the summer, forty



*The children, under Mr. Brown's instruction, are just starting a breast stroke in the top picture. Below, their lesson completed, they are dashing out of the water, well satisfied with their day's work. Nearly forty youngsters have been coached in the swimming classes, conducted by the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club this year.*

boys and girls, ranging in ages from seven to twelve, enrolled in the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club Classes. None of them could swim. Today, after six weeks training, practically every one in the class knows how to swim. Several have developed with amazing rapidity, and are already beginning to consort with their older brothers off the deep end. The classes are held regularly for three months, and, under the judicious leadership of Mr. Brown, hundreds of Powell River children have lost their terror of the green waves.

It is a splendid work. It is a social and economic asset to our community. It is the best possible kind of "safety first" instruction. It starts at an early age, and the lesson is never forgotten. Visitors to Willingdon Beach have expressed amazement at the large number of kiddies under twelve years of age who are at home in the water. The beach, within easy access, with

its long stretch of grassy sward, its cool, shady retreats under overhanging evergreens, its playground equipment, is admirably equipped.

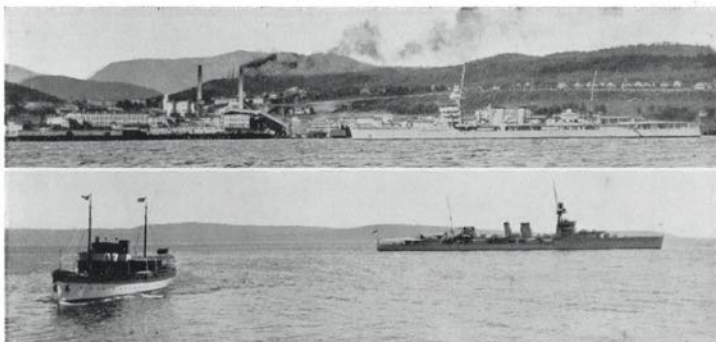
In the past two years it is not improbable that at least one hundred children of our community have been instructed in, and passed through, the necessary instructional courses. If you don't believe it, drop around any day at the beach and see them in action. It is a treat, even if a cause for despair, to watch these little rascals slipping about like professional eels, doing the crawl like veterans, and having the time of their lives.

This is something of the work that the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club is doing for the children of Powell River and district. In addition they hold weekly competitions in which juniors and seniors of all ages compete. Life saving classes, too, come under their juris-

(Continued on Page 11)



## *H.M.S. Dragon Calls at Powell River*



*Above, H. M. S. Dragon silhouetted against the Powell River shore line with the mill and golf course in background. Below, the Powell River Company yacht Norsal dips her flag as she steams in past the Dragon.*

ON Monday, August 3rd, H.M.S. *Dragon*, attached to the British West Indies squadron, and now on her annual visit to the Pacific Coast, dropped anchor for a few hours at Powell River. At 3 p.m. Capt. E. J. Spooner, D.S.O., R.N., accompanied by Major-General A. Sutherland-Brown, Military District No. 11, came ashore on his official visit. Mr. J. Falconer, Mr. J. McIntyre and Mr. P. Sandwell welcomed the visitors on behalf of the Powell River Company, Mr. Falconer expressing the appreciation of the community for the honor conferred on them by this visit of a vessel of His Majesty's Fleet to the district.

Owing to the limited time at their disposal, anything in the way of

elaborate entertainment was impossible. Capt. Spooner and his officers were conducted on a brief tour of inspection through the mill and entertained informally by company officials at the directors' house. Guides were on hand to meet the petty officers, who were granted shore leave.

Before 3 p.m. a large crowd assembled at the dock to greet the "navy." It was expected that the *Dragon* would tie up at the company wharf and be thrown open for inspection. The spectacle of a British man-of-war is decidedly unusual in these waters, and the big crowd had assembled in anticipation of a tour over the ship. Unfortunately, it was decided to anchor in stream and no opportunity was afforded during the brief stop-over to visit the ship.



*The Dragon, as she appeared off the company wharf, steaming slowly to her anchorage point. Hundreds of spectators lined the wharf to catch their first glimpse of the "British Navy in Powell River."*

The *Dragon* is a cruiser of the "D" class, built in 1918, just before the close of hostilities. Her main armament consists of six six-inch guns, with three four-inch guns as secondary equipment. She carries a total complement of 410 officers and men. Since the war she has been for the most part on foreign service, and was attached to the China squadron during the Hankow riots of 1927. At present she flies the White Ensign on the West Indies station.

The majority of the commissioned officers and petty officers all saw service during the World War on various naval fronts.

### *The Boys Have It*

During the past year the number of births registered with the local Government Agent total 91. The number of children born in the district in this period is, however, slightly in excess of the above number. A few parents have neglected to register their children, and the non-registered births are not included in this total.

It is interesting to note that for the twelve months the number of registered male births was 50; the female 41. In other words the boys have the edge in Powell River and district. Strangely enough, in every month except July, male births have been equal to or in excess of female. July appears to be the girls' month. In 1930 there were six female children born during July and no males. Last month seven girls were born, compared with five boys. Probably the total number of children born in Powell River and district for the last year is slightly above 100.

### *Our Youngsters Learn Their Crawls and Kicks*

(Continued from Page 9)

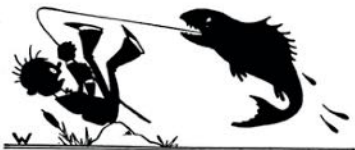
diction. This fine work in itself, has more than justified the foundation of the club two years ago. William Brown, Harold Vandervoort, Val Kirchner and Fred Goulding were the prime movers in the scheme and have all given their time and labor to building up a "water confidence" among Powell River children.



# AROUND THE PLANT

**A**L HATCH and Arthur Farnden, combing the trouty waters of Powell Lake during a recent week-end, landed several stout cut-throats, each weighing in excess of 8 lbs. Several averaged four and five pounds per heave. The boys do not claim honors for the largest fish caught, but think that their catch, in the grand aggregate, is among the most imposing of the year.

And Walter Patrick still continues his role as raconteur of his fishing life at Douglas Bay. Last time he had a trained seagull dragging them in. Now he has mesmerized his dog into acting as his chief chef. Every night, according to Walter, his dog sneaks in the calm rollers of the bay, stands with ears at attention for a brief instant, suddenly plunges his hairy snout into the briny, to reappear with a sizable dogfish.



Jimmy MacIndoe's solution of the apparent mystery is that Walter's dog hears the dogfish barking. The only thing, wild or tame, that does

not appear to have caught a fish in Douglas Bay is Walter.

The new houses along Maple Street show what can be done in less than a year by enthusiasts for law and order. Without casting the iron glove at his opponents, we hand the diamond-studded flower vase to Dr. Murison for the manner in which he has hypnotized his lawn into action. Most of us have been trying for several years to get even a fifty-fifty break with the grass and clover—and along comes Doc. with his special brand of lawn surgery to send us further down among the catacombs of despair.

Bill Parkin, too, has developed a billiard-like surface on his new front garden. From information received from unprejudiced sources, we understand that Mrs. Parkin was the engineer on the job—and Bill, along with certain hired labor, supplied the motive power. Mrs. Parkin reports that not infrequently she experienced some difficulty in keeping this motive power at full or even half capacity. Perseverance has evidently done the trick—and Bill is now talking about "my garden and my lawn." The gods laugh—and we chuckle with them.

What about the World's Series this year? Frank Flett still is hopeful of a National League victory—and carries a record book around in his pocket to support his contention that no team has ever yet gained three



consecutive world series. Frank is a walking encyclopaedia of past records—and the feats of Cy. Young, Ed. Delehanty, Mathewson, Cobb, Wagner, and the rest, are an open book to him. If you want to settle an argument, save a three-cent stamp by consulting Frank. He is the man who knows.

Some of these famous balancing tricks we hear about are small beer compared to seeing the exhibitions witnessed on our bowling green any week-night. Watch Joe Loukes or Len Keith following their last ball across the green—and the series of movements and contortions, the arm wavings, the one foot balancing feats, the expressions of heartfelt agony or of deep soul satisfaction—all these gentlemen are beyond the powers of any vaudeville performer.

Tom Rees and Billie Ritchie are slightly more sedate—although their verbal vocabulary rises to greater heights. Campbell Forbes strikes a happy medium between the jumping jack rabbit and the marathon walker. Bill McLeod retains his dignified

calm and serene poise in all except a few great emergencies. His facial manoeuvres alone betray the anxiety of a mighty heart, shattered nigh to bursting, as another shot drops among the pebbles behind thé Jack.

Last month we inserted an item to the effect that Joe Sweeney had made certain insinuations against the golfing ability of Roy Foote, the belligerent buccaneer of our Vancouver office. Below we print Mr. Foote's reply, which is extremely lucid.

Vancouver, B. C.,  
July 18, 1931.

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

I read the article in question, and do not remember making statements mentioned when interviewed by the publication's representative. Publicity of this kind, however, must be endured.

Regarding your challenge: For some time to come, I will be playing in large tournaments throughout the country. I am sure that you will pardon me for saying that I really have not the time to spare to participate in a comparatively unimportant match with yourself. Nevertheless, your challenge is couched in such arrogant terms that I will accept, and so render myself vulnerable to great loss of prestige in golfing circles. I have therefore instructed my manager to cancel an exhibition match I was to play with Jones for the pictures in Hollywood.

Kindly arrange to have fairways and greens roped off.

R. W. FOOTE.





Stationer: "Miss, if you use one of our new maps you'll never go wrong."

Flapper: "No, thanks. I can't go wrong with the map I have got."

Father: "Your new little brother has just arrived."

Very Modern Child: "Where 'd he come from?"

Father: "From a far-away country."

V. M. C.: "Another damned alien."

Kind Gentleman (to little boy eating an apple): "Look out for the worms, sonny."

Little Boy: "When I eat an apple the worms have to look out for themselves."

Mrs. (sternly, to husband arriving at 3.00 a.m.): "What does the clock say?"

Mr. (genially): "It shay 'tick-tock'; an' the l'il doggies shay 'bow-wow,' an' the l'il pshy-cats shay 'meow-meow.'"

Customer: "How's the meat today?"

Butcher: "The best ever. The steak's as tender as a woman's heart."

Customer: "Gimme some sausage!"

### *Persiflage*

The Lady: "Count yourself again, big boy; you ain't so many."

The Gent: "Stick a thermometer in your lips, baby; you ain't so hot."

### *Staring*

Wife: "Did you see those men staring at that flapper as she boarded the car?"

Husband: "What men?"

### *A Private Matter*

A little boy was saying his go-to-bed prayers in a very low voice.

"I can't hear you, dear," his mother whispered.

"Wasn't talking to you," said the small one firmly.

Angus: "Not so loud, mon! 'Twas nae accident. When th' crash came I had me wits about me, and cracked the wife ower th' head wi' a wrench."

# *Powell River Children*



1. Jack Liebenschell      2. Victor Qentile      3. Audrey Hennigar      4. Archie Blacklock  
 5. Marilynne Poole      6. Lila Hennigar      7. Lorraine, Charlotte and Danny McMaster  
 8. Freda Hennigar

## *Newsprint in the Making— Electricity and Power*



*With the Powell River plant today one of the largest industrial consumers of electricity in the west, Mr. Ewart C. Craigen, electrical superintendent, carries a heavy responsibility.*



*Richard Woodruff, assistant electrical superintendent, like his chief, has had a wide and varied experience in electrical work and installation.*

**W**HAT is the most striking impression registered on the mind of a visitor after his first inspection tour through the Powell River Mills? The spectacular, ingeniously constructed machines, turning out newsprint at the rate of 1,200 feet a minute? The electric grinders, exhaling vast masses of slushy pulp? The rushing, tearing, destructive saws, reducing the largest log to matchwood? The roaring, crashing noise of the "barkers"? The spectacle of acres of wood blocks on their way to the "mincers"?

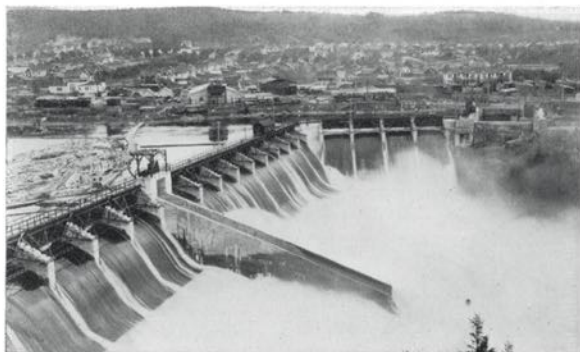
Undoubtedly, these and numerous other impressions crowd the bewildered brain of the novice to paper making. Yet, above all these is one fundamental feature which he meets at every step in his journey and which seldom fails to intrigue his interest and attention.

This feature is the tremendous amount of water-power required to operate the numerous departments of the mill. In the machine room he

sees the long row of Harland Drives beside the machines; he sees the electrically-driven grinders, with their 3,600-h.p. synchronous motors; he sees the big 13,500-K.V.A. generator and its smaller counterparts — and realizes that hydro and hydro-electric development plays a vital role in the manufacture of paper.

Because of the essential part that water plays in the manufacture of pulp and paper, there is a close connection between the paper industry and the hydro-electric industry. Many paper companies manufacture hydro-electric power, which they sell to other consumers. In British Columbia, the paper mills are extremely important factors in the hydro-electric industry of the province.

In supplying the motive force to turn the wheels of their mill equipment, the Powell River Company produces and consumes approximately 72,000 h.p. This is over half the entire amount used in the six pulp and paper plants of British Columbia.



*The Powell Lake dam, until last year, the sole power behind the production of Powell River newsprint. The storage capacity of the dam is 50,000 H.P.*

About 30,000 of this is used in direct connection with the original grinder room and for general mill and townsite purposes. The hydro-electric consumption is therefore in the neighborhood of 40,000 h.p. annually—the largest single consumption in the province. Practically all the power generated by the company is utilized to maintain the plant and townsite. A small portion is directed to meet the requirements of the community of Westview, which has undertaken the distribution of electric light to residents.

The importance of an electrical department, responsible for the maintenance and upkeep of 40,000-h.p. hydro-electric installation may readily be imagined. Regarded as one of the main subsidiaries to the actual paper making process, it is a small power corporation in itself.

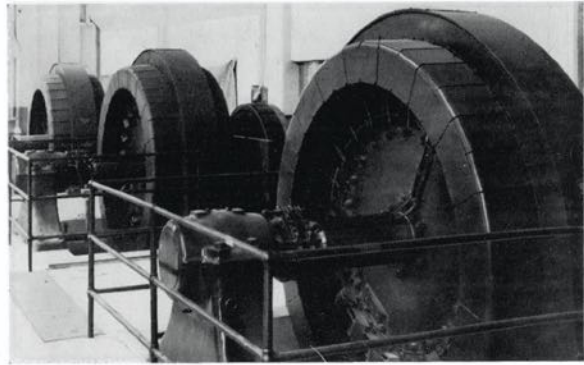
With the Lois River installation now in operation, Powell River's hydro-electric development consists of two clearly-defined phases. Until the installation of No. 7 machine, Powell Lake, with its 50,000 h.p., was

sufficient to meet the operating demands of the plant. Further extension necessitated the location of a new power source, and now the white horses of Lois River, which for centuries have tumbled on unrestricted course to tidewater, are harnessed—and their power used for the new extensions at Powell River. Approximately 44,000 h.p. is available in the Lois River chain of lakes, half of which has already been exploited. At Stillwater the giant 18,500-K.V.A. generator manufactures the new power, which hums over the high-tension wires to Powell River. At Powell River the hydro-electric installation totals about 20,000 h.p. The remaining 30,000 h.p. is direct hydro connection and used principally for the 54 original water-driven grinders.

Down in the generator room the brilliantly-polished switchboards, with their mass of dials, indicators, handles and other "gadgets," look terribly efficient, if incomprehensible, to the layman. Here the entire electrical system of the Powell River plant is controlled. The remote control sys-



*In every part of the mill, the big electric drives, the energy behind the production of Powell River may be seen. Above shows the drives in the new grinder room.*



tem, with its headquarters in the old generator room, directs and controls the electrical installation, both at Powell and Lois rivers. On this board the equivalent propelling force of 40,000 champing mustangs is harnessed and distributed to the various duties about the plant. The generator room corresponds to the head teamster. He has so many horses under his control. There are certain definite jobs for them to do. So many horses must be sent to one place; so many to another. Sometimes horses must be taken from one spot and transferred to another. The work must be done; the horses must be kept fresh, in good condition, ready to cease work at a moment's notice, and commence operations in similar fashion.

This is the duty of Ewart Craigen, Powell River Electrical Superintendent, and his chief aide-de-camp, Dick Woodruff, Assistant Superintendent. They have their horses, in the form of electrical energy, working in every part of the plant. They have them busily engaged at Stillwater, twelve miles away. Sometimes they

must carry heavy, sometimes light, loads. Too heavy a load may be as dangerous to the "white horses" as to the truck horse. The duty of grooming and keeping fit 72,000 horses, busily engaged in the production of Powell River newsprint, is one of great responsibility.

### ***Facts and Figures***

Eleven army horses recently discarded at Brighton, England, for veterinary reasons, mainly chronic lameness, were sold to a London firm for human consumption.

Rouen Cathedral is now having its first thorough "spring clean" for nearly 150 years. Vacuum cleaners are being used.

Lead poisoning in British factories is being overcome. Last year only 20 cases were reported as compared with 400 in 1920.

Sticks of grease paint, which were used by Roman women about 2,200 years ago, have been found in a metal casket during some excavation in Germany. They contained some highly poisonous ingredients.

## Pyjamas and Walkathons

By ANNE MACSWEEN



Anne MacSween

THE pyjama has come into its own, evidently to stay. Gone are the days when as night attire the humble pyjama was demurely hidden beneath a sensible dressing gown—when to appear pyjama-clad, was not the thing—indecent more or less. Gone too, are the days when it was a simple matter to walk into a store and ask for a pair of pyjamas, please, size so and so. Now one must be prepared to state whether one wishes garden, kitchen, breakfast, lounging, evening or beach pyjamas. What! Sleeping pyjamas. Not here, madame, over there in the staples. Now, more than likely, one enters a special department—a *shoppe*, where a high priestess, looking herself like an hysterical rainbow, will summon her models to display fashion's latest whim. Woe betide the poor unfortunate, who, after

viewing the whole range has to confess that what she really wished was a rayon pair—for night—not evening!

\* \* \* \* \*

And all this reminds me of the latest amusement craze—Walkathons. The girls there wear pyjamas as they totter, stagger or are carried about the stage. There were three of these affairs staged in Vancouver—one at the Empress Theatre, one at the Vancouver and the "Mammoth International Marathon Walkathon, one of the greatest physical endurance contests that the world has ever known," as the nasal-voiced radio announcer explained it—being carried on at the Auditorium. The first two ended rather disastrously—the promoter at the Empress leaving the contestants to wend their weary way around the stage while he absconded and made merry with the funds. At the Vancouver the outcome is still pending the decision of the courts at the Fall Assizes, three couples each suing their promoter for first prize money. The great affair at the Arena, however, came to an end in a blaze of glory on Saturday, August 1st, at 11:45 p.m.—having gone on twelve hundred and four hours, since June 12th. According to the figures given out, there were eight thousand people present at the close of the contest—four thousand dollars—at fifty cents per person. *Doesn't sound like hard times, does it?*

## *A Report In Time Saves Compensation*



*The Safety Shield for annual competition between the pulp and paper mills of British Columbia. This is the first year such a trophy has appeared in the safety field. It was presented by the B. C. Pulp & Paper Company. The contest is now under way and will run for one year, terminating next July. The safest mill in British Columbia receives the trophy. We want it in Powell River.*

“**R**EPORT all injuries or scratches, however slight, immediately.” This has been a dictum of safety officials, not only in our own plant, but throughout the world of industry. How important such a procedure may be and what regrettable circumstances may arise from its neglect, has just been illustrated in our plant.

An employee, who has been with the company for many years, whose work is in every respect above reproach, suffered a slight abrasion of the skin on one hand while at work recently. He paid no attention to the accident. It was not worth reporting. A mere scratch.

Two weeks later he reported to the first aid station with a nasty case of infection. The hand was swollen,

inflamed, poisoned. The pain was severe. A two weeks' lay-off from work followed.

This is not all. Both the Workmen's Compensation Board and the Sick Benefit Society refused benefits on the just ground that the infection was a result of the workman's own neglect and failure to report to the first aid station immediately after the accident.

It was a regrettable, but, in the opinion of the societies concerned, an unavoidable sequel. A whiff of iodine at the moment the scratch was contracted would, in all probability, have averted the consequences that followed. In any case, notification of the accident by the employee would have protected his interests and ensured compensation.

Instead, two weeks' loss of pay resulted from failure to report a “mere scratch”.

Such happenings are extremely regrettable. An actual scratch may not be dangerous at the moment; but if neglected, as in this instance, com-



plications, distasteful alike to the employee and safety officials, may easily ensue.

If an accident is not reported within reasonable time, the compensation board will refuse to consider a benefit claim. Such procedure is also directly at variance with the by-laws of the Powell River Sick Benefit Society. Failure to report accidents, even the "merest scratches," not only jeopardize an employee's compensation—it is not playing fair with the bodies responsible for accident prevention in our plant.

Don't neglect the scratches!



## THE PORT LANDING



AND that trip," ses the captain, "was one of the bright spots in my young life."

"When we got to port, the Earth was mine and the fullness thereof and if I'd asked for the Moon, all 'ands would 'ave been ordered aloft to attend to my wishes."

"You must 'ave 'ad red 'air, Cap," I ses, "cos, according to books, about all boys on sailing ships got were seats they couldn't sit on and 'ell generally."

"Well, you see," ses the captain, "the Old Man 'ad 'is wife and kids along, a girl and a boy. 'Alf way across the gentle Atlantic the boy takes it into 'is fool 'ead to fall over-

board. Being 'andiest, I slams a life-buoy over, gets tangled in the 'eaving line and goes over with it.

"There was a fair breeze and the ship looked to be miles away, so after I'd untangled meself, mé and the life-buoy 'ungered for company and we moseyed over to the kid and was all comparatively 'appy till the ship put about and picked us up.

"When I discovered I was a lousey 'ero, I let it go at that, but I always wondered they didn't get a little suspicious."

"And why would they, Cap," I asks.

"It's usual," ses the captain, "in cases of man-overboard, to throw two buoys, one for the bird in distress and one for the giddy 'ero. I guess the omission was put down to my youth, I was rising thirteen at the time and small for my years."

### *The "Pat" Calls In*

On Thursday, August 6, the S.S. *Princess Patricia*, former queen of the gulf flyers, and still one of the speediest boats on the B. C. coastal service, carried a special excursion party of 200 to Powell River. Several years ago the "Pat" made a regular weekly excursion trip to Powell River, but this was one of the few times in recent years the boat has been used on the Powell River run. The weather was ideal and the excursionists were conducted through the paper mill by company guides. The "Pat" left Vancouver at 9 a.m., arriving in Powell River at 1 p.m., four hours out. She returned at 5 p.m.



## *The Old Stage Coach Days Are Gone For Ever*



*The old Cariboo stage, disgorging its passengers and freight on the main street of Quesnel, after their four-day trip from Ashcroft over the Cariboo Road.*

THE fingers of civilization in British Columbia are biting deeper and even deeper into that picture country beyond the rim of the great unknown. The old frontiers are crumbling; the old wagon and stage coach trails give way to the modern, spacious, hard-surfaced highways; the railroad, the automobile, and finally the aeroplane, have displaced the old grey mare and her stout partners. Transportation is swift, rapid and even monotonous. The picturesqueness and the glamor of many frontier areas is replaced with the less glamorous and mechanized hum of an ultra-modern age.

Nowhere has the effect of the encroaching forces of modernity been more conspicuous than in the heart of that last bulwark of the old frontier days, the Cariboo District. As late

as twelve years ago, much of the original glamor of frontier days persisted along the Cariboo Road. Fifteen years ago the stage coach, with its stout horses, still rattled over the famous northern artery, constructed by the Royal Engineers in 1861. Freight wagons creaked along the route. The famous hostelries, the 82, 122 and 150-Mile Houses, and other well-known stopping places, stretched out welcoming hands to the weary traveller. The great herds of cattle from the Chilcotin were driven on foot to Ashcroft.

The Hudson's Bay maintained its trading post at Quesnel. The old stake, standing rifle high in the street, recalls the days when the Indians piled their treasures of fur before the factor and his assistants.



*A group of well known provincial figures, and some of the pioneers of the Cariboo at Quesnel, several years ago. Holding the gold pan is William J. Bowser, ex-Premier of B. C. On his immediate left is H. B. Thomson, now Chairman of the Liquor Control Board of B. C. On Mr. Thomson's left is Mr. Grain of Powell River, former gold commissioner of Barkerville. Second from the left is John A. Fraser, present member for Cariboo.*

The B.X. steamers plied the swift-rushing Fraser between Quesnel and Fort George. Fifteen years ago Quesnel, situated at the junction of the Fraser and Quesnel rivers, was the pulse of the Cariboo. Quesnel was the commercial centre. It was a mining and ranching Mecca of the district. It was the jumping off place for prospectors, heading into the Chilcotin, the Horsefly and Blackwater countries. It was the southern terminus of the B.X. steamers and headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. The sweating horses, pulling freight or drawing the mail coaches, galloped into here on the last lap of their long two hundred and twenty mile journey from Ashcroft.

It was a self-contained, vigorous community. A journey to Vancouver was an unusual and an arduous expedition. Hundreds of residents had never left the country, and as late as

1922 there were many lads of 16 and 17 years old who had never seen an electric street car, save in pictures.

Tales have been told of this famous frontier land—tales of romance and adventure unrivalled on the continent. A dance in those days was a dance. Settlers and prospectors drove for scores of miles to the scene of activity, which usually assumed the complexion of a white man's potlatch, and generally continued for several days at a stretch. In one famous poker game in Quesnel there were several thousands of dollars on the table, and a straight flush, four kings and a full house were in evidence in the same hand. The tenseness of the players and the excitement of the spectators may be imagined.

Another tale is told of a contractor in the early days. During his building operations it was customary to charge up his drinks at the hotel, and at the

*With their goal in sight, the stage horses swing into a gallop as they enter Quesnel. The old horse stage, one of the most picturesque features of the old Cariboo Road, has long since disappeared.*



expiration of the work this amount would be deducted from his contract fee. This contractor, as a result of his twelve months' work, had earned about five thousand dollars. On completing the job, he invited the boys into the bar for a drink—and charged it up on the bill. When the total whoopee expenditure had been compiled, the bartender and the contractor shook hands across the bar, had another drink and called it square. The contractor had nothing coming. Such was the Cariboo of other days.

When the P. G. E. crossed the Quesnel River bridge in 1921, much of the importance of Quesnel declined. Williams Lake, a new divisional point about sixty miles from Quesnel, had sprung up like a mushroom over night—and speedily became the centre of the mining and ranching operations of the Cariboo. The railroad displaced the old mail coaches and horse teams; the truck and automobile became the traffic and merchandise carrier along the Cariboo Road; and the greatness and

glamor that was Quesnel's and the Cariboo gave way beneath the individuality-destroying inroads of a new civilization.

### *Just An Idea*

The idea of holding a Walkathon in Powell River has been more or less seriously discussed in interested circles about the district. John McLeod and Arthur Dunn, it is rumored, have challenged Dick Linzey and Bob Banham to a finish fight with the dogs. Interested friends are endeavoring to have Myron McLeod stage this along with his regular features at the Patricia Theatre. The receipts for the first night should constitute a record. The hospital bill for the second night, if any, should likewise scale the record-breaking heights.

"An' how's your wife, Pat?"

"Sure an' she's awful sick."

"Is it dangerous she is?"

"No, she's too weak t' be dangerous any more."



### A Prize Capture



Among the most consistent of complaints concerning our little monthly paper has been our failure to include at least one picture a month of our boyish, Valentino-chiselled model of American architecture, Archie De Land, our logging superintendent. We had two reasons for this omission, the first being that Archie is a happy, married man and we wished him to remain just that. We were afraid of the domestic consequences should the portrait of Archie's attractive profile be unleashed among the susceptible maidens of our community.

And secondly, we have been waiting for the right picture — and we show it above. Yes, girls, that handsome, curly-headed, eatable lad is our Archie photographed with Mrs. De

Land and their little playmate, Peggy. The photograph was taken in Powell River by Oscar Smith.

### The White Crow

George Wasp, whose week-end peregrinations about the byways of the district bring him in close touch with various unusual phenomena, natural and human, brings home a story of a white crow, located in the open spaces near Sliammon. George has seen this rather infrequent spectacle several times during the past two weeks. It hunts with a band of black fellows, among whom it is as popular as the proverbial skunk at a matrimonial banquet. White crows are not unknown, but they are certainly infrequent, and several of George's bosom cronies unkindly suggested he had mistaken a seagull or a duck for this lad. However, two others in the district have reported seeing the white crow, and it appears to be a fact that he is making whoopee in our neighborhood. It may be that George will have captured the fellow by the time we go to press and have him on display.

Jock Kyles and Doc Brown are figuring on spending their vacations in the Cariboo Country next September. Unofficially we hear that the moose are dangerous up around Quesnel and Barkerville, and Jock and Doc are out to rid the country of the menace. Jock has promised the main office a set of moose horns to hang above the entrance door. Doc Brown has the same idea in connection with his office. Oh, well!





*The boys do their stuff at Willingdon Beach. Here we see Joe Gould and Clarence Roby sitting pretty on top of the boys. Below, Dawson, Pirie, Art Davis, Harold Knott, Hec Davis and Billy Chapman.*

### *The Cover Page*

This month's cover page shows Powell River Boy Scouts in camp for their annual summer vacation, spent on one of the innumerable picturesque locations on the near-by coastline. The world may be in the doldrums of industrial depression; established institutions may have been weakened; the merits of the gold and silver standards may keep financiers and economists working far into the night. But to these lads of Powell River's Scout Troup the worries of a temporary ruffled world pass by like ships in the night.

The anticipation of two weeks out in the open, with the sea and wind

and themselves for company, performing the manoeuvres and doing the work of scouts, stands like a Colossus above the murky clouds of world depression. These lads, healthy in mind and body, are learning independence and self-reliance—qualities that are inseparable from sturdy manhood.

The summer vacation is now a regular feature on the scouts' agenda, and is one of the high lights of the year for John Dunn, his assistants and patrol leaders.

A dog park, with a fee of three pence for each animal, has been opened on the roof of the Piccadilly Theatre, London. The big dogs have beds of straw, and the little ones baskets. They are supplied with plenty of fresh water, but no food.

In 1910, the number of children under one year of age who died in England and Wales was 105 per 1,000 births. In 1929, the number had dropped to 74 per 1,000 births. In Scotland, the corresponding figures are 108 and 87 per 1,000 births respectively.

—*New Zealand Herald.*



*Down in San Diego, California, among the interesting sights along the beaches are the wonderful sand figures, made by disabled American Legion veterans. Accompanying is a typical example of the wonderful work done entirely with sand.*

**Velly Good Smoke**



*One of the old Chinamen near Lund scorns the modern quick-firing materials that pass for a smoke. Above shows him drawing a good, lusty lung-full of smoke from his primitive pipe, which resembles a miniature furnace when in action.*

**With the Lawn Bowlers**

Tournament week held the spotlight among local green pellet tossers during the first week of August. Interest this year was keen, and the entry list the heaviest in recent seasons. As we go to press, one championship has been won and one tournament week victory chalked up.

Walter Parkin, modest cultivator of lawns and gardens, swept through heavy opposition early in July to win the single championship of the club, one of the blue ribbon events of the year. Unfortunately Walter was unable to make the trip to Vancouver to compete in the great "champion of champions classic." W. L. Parkin's rink, composed of W. L. Parkin, Bill

Ritchie, Bill Formby and Fred Warrom, defeated Pat Kelly's rink in the final round. The semi-final between Pat Kelly's and Jack Louke's rink was a thriller, the winners gaining victory by a single point.

Membership in the club has increased this year, over eighty names now being on the roll. It is recalled that the Powell River club, during the last five years, has made very creditable showings in outside competition. Twice a local rink has romped back home with the Spencer trophy, emblematic of the rinks championship of British Columbia, tucked in their meshed bags. And once George Linton carried back the champion of champions cup.

Last month the Masonic grassy sward exponents tried conclusions with local representatives. The visitors were defeated by 34 shots. On August 16th the Cumberland bowlers will stage their annual invasion.

**Births**



- June 15—Mr. and Mrs. V. P. H. Smith, a girl.
- June 19—Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Banning, a boy.
- June 24—Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Fletcher, a boy.
- July 6—Mr. and Mrs. Angelo Culos, a girl.
- July 6—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bushby, Blubber Bay, a girl.
- July 7—Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Burn, a boy.
- July 9—Mr. and Mrs. George Young, a girl.
- July 11—Mr. and Mrs. John Wray, Blubber Bay, a girl.
- July 20—Mr. and Mrs. P. Behan, a boy.
- July 20—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gibson, a boy.
- July 21—Mr. and Mrs. James Huxter, a boy.
- July 22—Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bernadski, a girl.
- July 23—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Batterham, a girl.
- July 28—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Stevens, a boy.
- July 28—Mr. and Mrs. John D. Beaton, a girl.

## Pearls of Wisdom



You can easily develop better brains by giving your mind a workout the same as you do with your muscles.

Thinking is more fun than football or baseball, and will take the ambitious man farther up the ladder.

Can you train your tongue to speak only kindness?

Educate your anger to wait for the big cause, then be sure you are a proper judge of size.

To be recognized as an important and useful part of this working group, you should accept your share of the responsibility, each according to his own capacity.

One good way to co-operate is to be open-minded toward suggestions.

Meddling is the monkey-wrench in the machinery that causes friction.

To see the thing as others see it means a good business eyesight.

It is a wise man who knows when to stop arguing.

Beware of pettiness, it is the vice of little minds.

Sincerity is the soundest currency of all business practice. The "yes" man is a drug on the market.

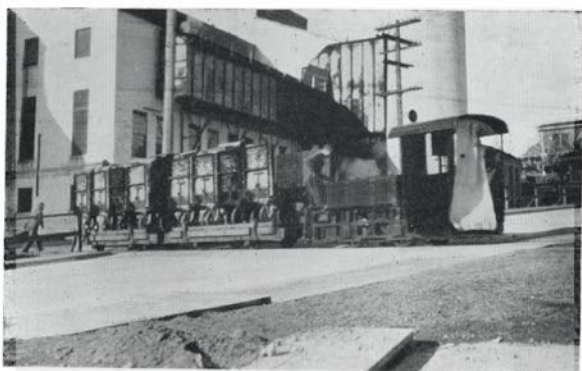
Why not give credit where credit is due? It will probably improve your own standing.

If you take an interest in the problems of the company, the company cannot help but take an interest in you.

Always make it a point to look bright and cheerful, and as nearly intelligent as possible, when the boss comes in. Remember that he doesn't know where you slept the night before, if any; and if you can make yourself appear wide-awake and snappy-looking during the few seconds it takes him to say "Good morning," you will find it one of the best fire preventives known.



Gotta-go, Black Button



*Transporting the many tons of wood used each day in Powell River's new grinder room. The wood is loaded on the cars in the wood room and carried to its execution by the electrically-driven locie in the picture.*





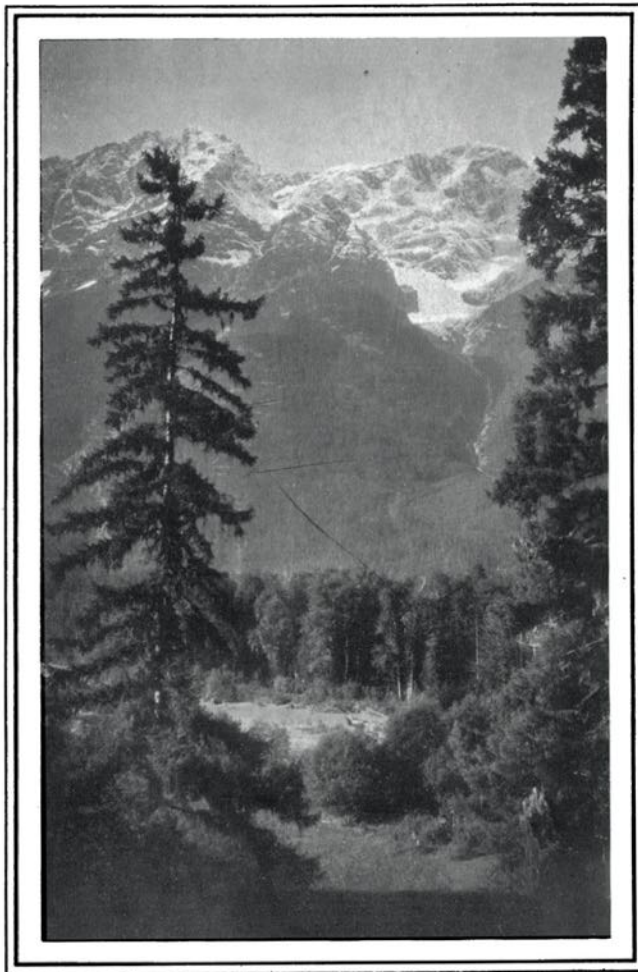
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

SEPTEMBER, 1931

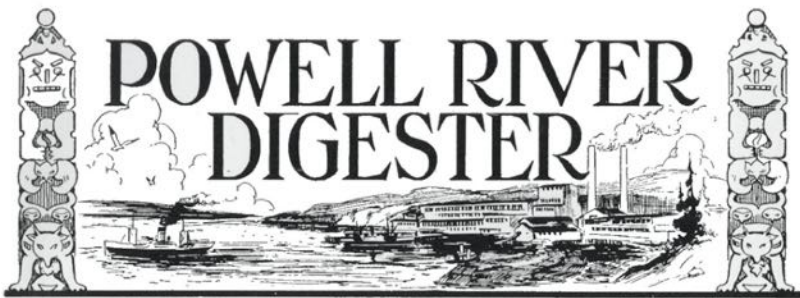
No. 9

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*Above shows the magnificent steam yacht, Roussalka, owned by the Honorable Walter Guinness, as it appeared in Powell River last month.*



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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## *When Powell River was Young*

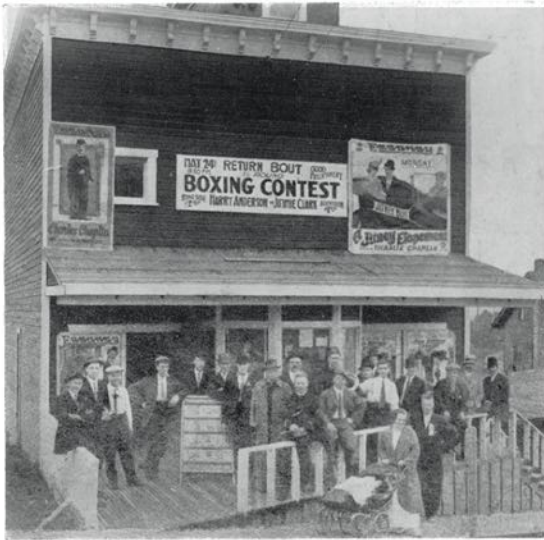
ED. NOTE. — This is the fifth of a series describing some of the early events and incidents in the social, business and recreative life of Powell River in the early days when our plant first commenced the production of newsprint in British Columbia.

**I**N last month's article on Powell River's early days, we pictured briefly that great concrete bulwark, the dam, in its pristine development. By 1912, construction of the dam and the first paper unit was a reality; the opening flush of a feverish construction period had come to an end. Conditions approaching the life of a normal, permanent townsite displaced the abnormal rush and bustle of a construction camp. The first rolls of newsprint reeled off the machine in May, 1912, and with this event began the real social and business life of Powell River.

Between 1910 and 1912 the essential business of plant and townsite construction overshadowed the life of this new community on B. C.'s inlet-gashed coast line. Social and recreative life, while exciting and often hectic, was spasmodic and irregular, due to the heavy demands of intensive construction. But with the installation of Nos. 1 and 2 machines in 1912, the nucleus of a permanent, regular payroll was formed. The completion of the huge building programme brought with it regular hours, greater leisure, and extended opportunities for the expression of social and community life.

The two great focal points of community life in 1912 and 1913 were the old Patricia Theatre and the original Central Hall. Around these two landmarks the main stream of





*Remember the old stamping ground? View shows the old Patricia Theatre many years ago. Note that Charlie Chaplin is still going strong as an Essanay attraction, and the boys were dressed in the style to which they were accustomed.*

Powell River's social existence ebbed and flowed. Political meetings, dances, entertainments—all commenced and finished in one or other of these two famous gathering points. Both have now disappeared—replaced by new and modern structures, providing first-class entertainment and unusual opportunity for the expression of social and cultural life. The old Patricia has yielded to the new Patricia with its modern appointments, including the latest in "Talkies." Central Hall has given place to the elaborately designed Dwight Hall. These sturdy veterans, so intimately interwoven with the early life of Powell River, have gone the way of all flesh; but the greatness and grandeur that was theirs will long persist in the memories of Powell

River residents, to brighten and enliven many a rainy day around the old fireside.

The pattern, design and general storage capacity of the original Patricia Theatre, including the never-to-be-forgotten kitchen chairs, is still fresh in the minds of our citizens. Built in 1913, it persisted in its primitive glory through a decade and a half. About three years ago the old landmark was dismantled, and its still stout timbers found a final resting place on the ranches of Larry Guthro and Steve Elly at Westview and Wildwood.

Even in the full flush of its medieval splendor, the first Patricia could scarcely be called a palace. When constructed, in 1913, by "Chisel" Cosgrave and Jack Mac-



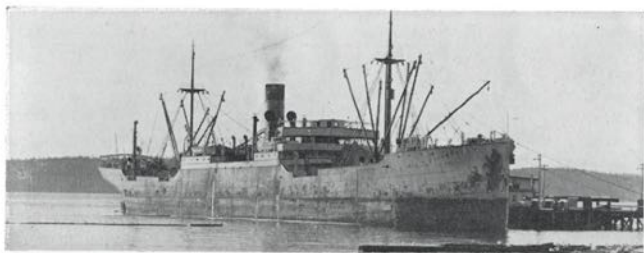
*One of the big masquerades held in the old Central Hall in 1914-15. This photo has been cut down considerably, otherwise the skeiks of 1915 might still be discerned on the highways and byways of our present settlement.*

Donald, it was a mere frame, with plenty of natural ventilation. Cosgrave and MacDonald were the original proprietors, and their chief roustabout was an apple-cheeked, innocent-featured youngster by the name of Myron McLeod. Today this erstwhile youngster is Powell River's leading theatrical magnate, filling the role of business executive on the McLeod Scanlon Amusement Company, owners of the new Patricia Theatre. After a brief period of spasmodic endeavor, Jack MacDonald disappeared from the scene, leaving control in the hands of "Chisel" Cosgrave. Another short cycle of life passed—and when the smoke and debris of this period disappeared,

Cosgrave had departed for other climes and Bob Scanlon was left supporting the shivering timbers of Powell River's first picture palace.

One show a night was the rule in the old "Pat," and Bob and Myron still shiver when they recall the feverish efforts put forth to maintain their working schedule. The shock on the nervous system was so great that neither of these two warriors have dared to indulge in Welsh rarebit of an evening.

The machine was of the old single type; reels were changed every ten minutes, and the boys and girls out in front were never certain whether reels were being changed or the old machine had gone on strike again.



*S.S. Maritime loading paper for Australia at Powell River, B. C. This boat, formerly S.S. Schlesien of the North German Lloyd, was the first capture by the British in this war, was captured in the English Channel, August 10th, 1914, and was re-named S.S. Waikawa.*



*The fishing was good around the old home town in 1914-15. Above shows salmon in one of the small streams near Powell River in 1915.*

Theatre-going was something of a real adventure twenty years ago, and the sagest prophet in town would never lose his reputation by venturing to prophecy what might transpire once the walls of the Patricia Theatre closed round him.

Every Friday was Amateurs' Night. The combined talent of the district marshalled forces and descended in a pitiless onslaught on the theatre. Old-timers will recall that famous quartette, in which Emil Gordon and Carl Schram scintillated. They named themselves the "Sawdust Quartette." They appeared once and started one song. Many an old resident is still anxious to hear the end of that song, for it was never finished. We understand, on the unimpeachable testimony of living witnesses, that the four warblers reached the footlights. The proceedings from that second onwards are veiled in merciful obscurity.

The Patricia was the centre of the sporting world for many years. Boxing and wrestling bouts were popular,

and many first-class performances were seen in the squared circle here. Al Hatch was, at that period, near the peak of the form which gained for him several Canadian and American wrestling championships, and he proved a stout defender of Powell River laurels against numerous invaders. The best of Vancouver's padded glove artists appeared at regular intervals and full houses greeted every performance. With the growth of our townsite and the opening up of many additional attractions, boxing and wrestling have lost much of the popularity they enjoyed for several years beneath the rafters of the Patricia Theatre.

We suggested that the architectural arrangements of the old house was of the happy-go-lucky variety. Bill McLeod proved this one dark night during a particularly exciting western picture. The cowboys had just arrived in the nick of time; the redskins, with guttural howls, had just closed in on the hapless, if courageous, caravan; scalping knives were brand-



ished; when suddenly the boys from the range, chaps flopping in the breeze, six-shooters spitting fire and horses snorting madly, struck the red fiends amidships. Bill, released from the tension of those nerve-shattering moments, leaned against the wall to watch the hero and heroine enter the final clinch.

In the most natural manner in the world, the wall moved about five feet and Bill missed the grand finale!

The Central Hall, where the main offices of the Powell River Company are now located, contested with the Patricia Theatre for social and community honors. Here were held all the early dances and entertainments. And here on January 1, 1913, was held the first of the famous Paper Makers' Ball, the Beaux Arts of Powell River's social world. And from gleanings extorted from those present at this opening function, everyone in the hall expressed a genuine sorrow for the poor sailors out at sea that night. The old Central Hall has seen many stirring scenes during its fourteen years of existence as the dance hall and entertainment centre de luxe of Powell River. Masquerades during the early years were popular diversions, and the whole community participated in the fun with vigor and aggressiveness.

---

Mr. Smith: "You'll never get that dog to obey you, my dear."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, it only needs a little patience. You were difficult, too, at the first."

### *A Prize Catch*



One of the largest salmon caught in the district this year was recently landed by Mrs. Harold Vandervoort, off Willingdon Beach. The big fellow weighed thirty-seven pounds, and put up a great fight before he was hauled in. Harold Vandervoort was rowing when the salmon took the hook, and insisted on Mrs. Vandervoort landing the big lad unassisted, a feat which she successfully performed. Lest we start something we are unable to finish, we refrain from stating that Mrs. Vandervoort holds the record for the largest salmon ever landed by a lady in Powell River. We will say, however, that as far as we are personally aware, the title belongs to her.



# EDITORS NOTES

## *Origins and Names*

**W**HAT is the origin of Powell River? After whom is it named? When was the name first affixed to the river on which your paper mill now stands?

This is a question often asked by visitors to the district, and frankly, most of us find ourselves evading the answer. We are inclined to take refuge in more or less incoherent explanations revolving around some old Indian legend, or of a vague visit of the British navy anywhere from fifty to a hundred years ago.

Practically all of the British Columbia coast names have their origin in the exploration voyages of British or Spanish seamen in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Powell River apparently received little attention from the early explorers, however, and it was not until 1880 that our townsite received its present title. In Captain J. T. Walbrans' "British Columbia Coast Names," we learn that, in the above year Captain Orlebar, of His Majesty's Gun Vessel *Rochet*, was cruising along Malaspina Straits. He saw the old river tumbling over the rocky ravine, discovered its name was missing on the chart and named it "Powell River," in honor of Israel Wood Powell, M.D., Indian Commissioner for British Columbia, 1872 - 1889. Israel Powell was an

Eastern Canadian, a member of an old Loyalist family, who arrived in Victoria in 1862.

Malaspina Inlet, on which Powell River is situated, was named by the Spanish explorers, Galiano and Valdez, in 1792, in honor of Captain Alexandro Malaspina, an Italian seaman in the service of Spain.

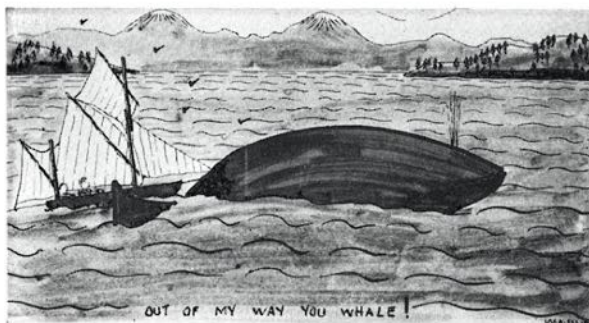
The Gulf of Georgia, famous coastal water separating Vancouver Island from the mainland, was named after George III by Captain Vancouver.

Welcome Pass, several miles north of Powell River and well known to the tugboat captains of the coast, has an interesting origin. Welcome Pass is in Thormanby Islands, and in 1860 Captain Richards and officers of *H.M.S. Plumper*, called the pass "Welcome" on account of the "welcome" news that the horse Thormanby had won the Derby.

Texada Island, whose northern tip terminates opposite Powell River, dates back to 1791, being named by Jose Maria Narvarz, commanding the Spanish vessel, *Santa Saturmima*.

Valdez, Cortez, Hernando and other islands near Powell River all date back to the Spanish exploration days—Valdez recalling the name of the Spanish commander and Hernando and Cortez in honor of the famous Spanish warrior, Hernando Cortez.

## The Cruise of the "Lively"



Mr. W. A. Ellis, of Powell River, gives his impression of Mr. Richard's "Lively" during her recent exchange of compliments with a whale off Harwood Island.

Several fish stories brought in by enthusiastic, wild-eyed Waltonians have filtered into these columns in the past several months. However, it remains for our old friend, Jim Bichard, and his stout clipper, "Lively," to hand in what may not be the best fish story of the year, but it certainly is the "biggest." Jim, as a resident of Powell River for the past twenty years, has sailed the blue waters of Malaspina, boy and man, with scarcely a break, and by this time should certainly know his fish. Here is how he describes his latest adventure:

"On the 24th of July, Bert Frith and myself sailed over to Blubber Bay on the sailboat 'Lively.' After dinner we decided to shape our course around Harwood Island, leaving it on our starboard side. As we neared the latter place we heard a rumbling sound as of escaping steam from a low-pitched whistle. Imagine our surprise when, not above 100 yards

away, there arose out of the sea the whale that swallowed Jonah. His movements were so slow that he scarcely ruffled the ocean. His huge body rose about 8 feet high, but as we could not see his entire length in one view it was difficult to estimate it in full. After blowing he would descend and then throw a huge forked tail about fifteen feet wide in the air, or as wide as the sailboat was long. We kept on our course and watched his movements for about fifteen minutes, when at last he finally disappeared from our view."

It's a whale of a story, anyway, Jim!

The Accused—"I was not going forty miles an hour—not twenty—not even ten—in fact when the officer came up I was almost at a standstill."

The Judge—"I must stop this or you will be backing into something. Forty shillings."—Tatler (London).

## Suburban Transportation Expands



*View of the fine fleet of motor buses now operated by the Powell River Transportation Company for passenger service between Powell River and its suburbs. On the right, Jimmy Macindoe and his arrogant Austin show the big buses a real contrast.*

**F**IVE O'CLOCK! The whistle in the steam plant shrieks its staccato announcement that another day is over. All exits from the mill disgorge their stream of day men on their way to the Time Office and thence to their homes, in every corner of Powell River and district.

A block and a half from the Time Office three large, comfortable buses, their engines purring gently, are straining at the leash, awaiting the five o'clock rush. Above the windshields, the words "Westview" and "Cranberry" may be seen. These are the buses of the Powell River Transportation Company, in which the employees from the suburbs travel to and from their work in Powell River paper mills.

The growth of transportation facilities in the district has advanced hand in hand with the expansion of our suburban areas in the past six

years. Today over one-half of the 5,000 people registered in Powell River and district are clustered in the three suburbs of Westview, Cranberry and Wildwood. Five years ago these districts were just commencing the almost phenomenal growth which has characterized the last five years of their existence. Improvements in highway construction rendered access less difficult; the ability to purchase and own their own homes began to attract residents, old and new; the influx of construction workers and the almost overnight expansion of Powell River in 1926 more than taxed the capacity of the available houses in Powell River centre. People began to look to the suburbs.

It was at this period that private interests conceived the idea of a regular suburban transportation system. It was a difficult undertaking; it required considerable capital; for a



few years, at least, the venture would be an uncertain one.

The first attempt at a regular service was inaugurated by the Malaspina Stage in 1926. Two second-hand buses were purchased, and gave the communities a more or less regular service. Repair costs and unfavorable road conditions rendered operations difficult and expensive, and in 1927 the Malaspina Stages were taken over by the present Powell River Transportation Company, under the presidency of Mr. Felix Van Vleet, of Westview.

Since its inception this company has maintained a regular running schedule between Powell River and the suburbs of Westview and Cranberry, with special trips at stipulated hours for Wildwood. Obstacles were faced and overcome, and gradually the new company found its feet. Last year, a fine, new passenger bus was added to the service, and the older machines were scrapped. Early this spring another similar bus augmented the fleet. The new buses are a credit to the district, and compare in comfort and design with any of the suburban bus lines in the Province.

### *The Cover Page*

This month's cover page is yet another illustration of the wild, picturesque scenic delights that meet the visitor along the British Columbia coast. The picture is of the Bella Coola Mountains, north of Powell River.



ND," ses the captain, "after you get up that river so far, you come to the canyon and are met by a solid slope of water twelve feet 'igh. The river is wide and the canyon narrow and the water pours out like Niagara."

"No engines will buck the current so the natives of those parts 'ave rigged a cable, which is anchored at both ends of the canyon. You go full speed a'ead till you've picked up the cable and taken a couple of loops round your capstan, then you shut off your engines and give the capstan all you've got, and wind your way through, 'aving two loops on your capstan only all the way. Coming down stream you reverse the operation."

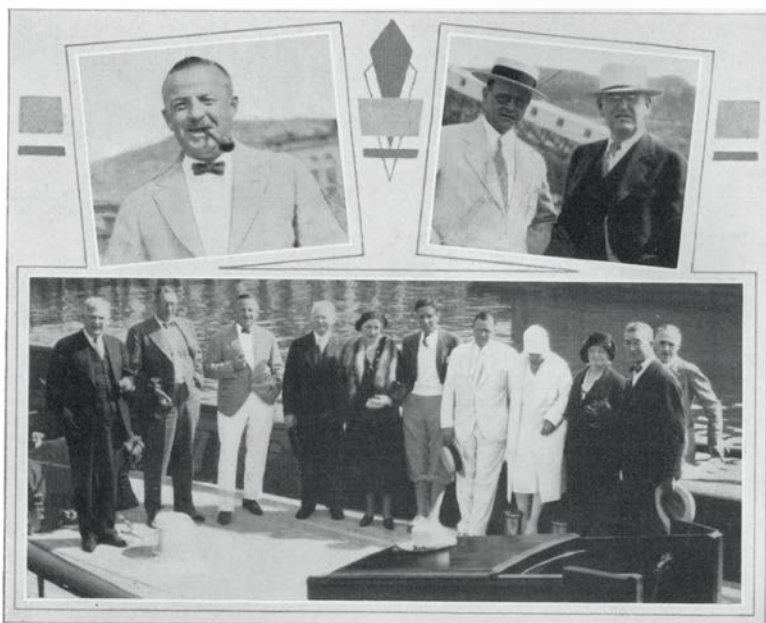
"Kind of a tricky operation, ain't it, cap?" I asks.

"When you 'it that wall of water," ses the captain, "you start praying, irrespective of whether you're religious or not, and you continue praying till your 'ooks are 'alf way through your palms."

"And you're out the other side quite a spell before you feel equal to one good soul-satisfying cuss."

A single leaf of the parasol magnolia of Ceylon affords shade for fifteen or twenty persons.





Several representatives of well-known publishing houses took advantage of the unclouded weather prevailing during August to pay brief visits to Powell River. In the upper left, Mr. Lee Spencer, of the Calgary "Herald," smiles as he meets old acquaintances in Powell River. Upper right, Mr. A. E. McMaster, Powell River Company General Manager, faces the camera in company with Mr. Eugene Lorton, publisher of the Tulsa "World," Tulsa, Oklahoma. Below, a group of the visitors photographed as they leave on the Yacht Norsal for Savary Island. Left to right, the group includes: Mr. Eugene Lorton; D. J. McKenzie, Calgary; Mr. Lee Spencer, Calgary "Herald"; Mr. Green, Calgary; Mrs. Green; Mr. Robert Lorton; Mr. A. E. McMaster; Mrs. A. E. McMaster; Mrs. Lorton; Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Resident Manager, Powell River; Mr. John McIntyre, Townsite Manager.

### August Visitors

During the past few months, featured by almost uninterrupted sunshine and cloudless skies, Powell River has been a popular focus point for visitors from near and far. We have enjoyed the privilege of greeting many old and welcoming several new friends, who have dropped in on us this summer.

Last month several prominent representatives of well-known publish-

ing firms paid brief visits to Powell River. On Tuesday, August 18th, Mr. Eugene Lorton, publisher of the Tulsa World, Tulsa, Oklahoma, accompanied by Mrs. Lorton, Mr. Robert Lorton, and Mr. and Mrs. Green, of Calgary, were guests of the Powell River Company. It was Mr. and Mrs. Lorton's first visit to the district, and the party spent an enjoyable week-end inspecting the plant and townsite.

Mr. Lorton is president of the World Publishing Company, publishers of the *Tulsa World*, which controls the morning field in Tulsa. The *World's* circulation approximates 80,000 daily, a large distribution in a city of 140,000 population.

Visiting Powell River at the same time was Mr. Lee Spencer, business manager of the *Calgary Herald*. Mr. Spencer was accompanied by Mr. D. J. MacKenzie, of Calgary. Mr. Spencer is well known on the coast, was a resident of Vancouver in the early days, and has paid frequent visits to Powell River.

On Thursday, August 20, yet another old friend of Powell River, in the person of Col. W. Blethen, owner and publisher of the *Seattle Times*, dropped in for a brief stop-over. Col. Blethen and a party of friends were enjoying a brief cruise in northern waters on the Colonel's yacht, *Canim*, and remained over for a day's fishing in Powell Lake. From all accounts the fishing expedition was most successful, and members of the party who made the trip up the lake will have some entertaining yarns to spin before their friends in Seattle.

Accompanying Col. Blethen on his brief cruise were Messrs. James A. Haight, Jr., C. E. Peters, Stanley N. Minor, C. W. Clarke, C. W. Sharples.

### *Juniors Keen*

Junior soccerites display their usual enthusiasm and will be on tap for the opening encounter this month. The Rangers, under the protective and wily wing of Tom Prentice, and the Rovers, with Joe Elliott as chief strategist, are certain starters. Rumor has it the third squad will wear the Westview colors.

Several juniors will be stepping into senior company this year. Jack and Billy Mathieson have signed for the Callies and Joe Small will likely join the same squad. Bill Howe, former Scottish junior, will likely make his first Powell River appearance with Cranberry.

### *Welcome*

Wife: "Oh, darling, I'm so glad you're home. We heard that some idiot had fallen off the cliff and I was sure it was you."



*Another well-known coastal cruiser to drop into Powell River last month was the Canim, owned by Colonel Blethen, publisher of the Seattle "Times."*



# AROUND THE PLANT

THE holiday season is over for another year. Most of our heavyweights about the plant and office have returned from vacations, and are back at work, saving for the next one.

\* \* \*

Max Cameron, the serious-browed lad, who directs the destinies of our young people during their high school career, spent most of his spare hours imbibing new and greater knowledge around the University of British Columbia. Max also claims his golf game has improved quite a few per cent. He and Steve Brynjolfson paid for most of the improvement work done on the University course this year. Look out for Max in the handicap singles this year.



Alex McLaren, smiling guardian of the greens, took himself and his Ford southward to Frisco, Oakland and intermediate points. Saw several first class golf courses on his travels.

"Fine courses yon," Alec informed your correspondent, "but the greens are no' to be compared wi' Powell River."

A new threat to the golfing peace of the machine room looms on the horizon. Walter Snyder, after several years absence, is out again and practising assiduously every day. That lad means business — either that or there was a "break" on number 4 green the last time we saw him starting in that direction.

\* \* \*

And while on this subject, Al Hansen has been flirting with the idea of taking up golf for the past year. We suggest Al and Vern Hughes team up and take on Walter and Herman Hogue in a champion of champions meet. We feel certain the boys would contribute lavishly towards any necessary expenses for bail, hospital, etc.

\* \* \*

When the Hon. Walter Guinness dropped in for a day last month on his palatial ocean-going yacht, *Rousalka*, several of the boys on the wharf felt they were greeting an old friend. Arthur Dunn and Joe Elliot declared their contributions during the past several years to the firm of Guinness entitled them to a junior partnership in the yacht.

\* \* \*

As we write, Joe McCrossan is strolling about town with the beatific smile of the man well satisfied

with the world and its workings. Who cares whether MacDonald rises or falls; whether the pound sterling has lost its wings; who cares about anything as long as Celtic remains the only unbeaten team in the first division of Scottish football.

\* \* \*

Which again reminds us that the number of goals scored by the English and Scottish clubs is an important item in the week-end life of this same city, 6000 miles away.

\* \* \*

Major Lukin Johnston, in his racy, interesting despatches of England and the beauties of her countryside has recalled many an old stamping ground of the boys during the late exchange of unpleasantness across the Channel. But recently Bert Watts put his finger on an omission that has bothered most of the ex-service men around the district.

"Lukin Johnston," Bert snorted heavily, "has told us a lot about the old landmarks—those that have disappeared and those that are still standing—but he hasn't said a word about the old "Pig and Whistle."

"Ah," finished Bert ecstatically, "there was a landmark and if Mr. Johnston has missed that, he doesn't know his England."

Nor his "arf pints," either, Bert.

\* \* \*

Speaking of the Pig and Whistle, brings to memory the classic adventure of the Canadian who had spent an evening in this hospitable home and returned to his room, slightly the

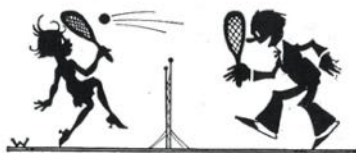
worse for wear. He staggered through the door, dropped heavily on his bed and mumbled across to his friend—a former professor in English.

"Where the H-ll am I at?"

"There you go again," his roommate reproved him, "always saying 'where am I at,' instead of 'where is my hat.'"

\* \* \*

There has been considerable speculation respecting the line-up of the new Cranberry soccer squad. The suburbanites are keeping their probable roster very much to themselves and giving away no state secrets. However, we understand from certain intimate confidences imparted to us by the boys in the grinder room that Cranberry's last line of defence will be as impassable as Major Hoople in a dog kennel. Jimmie Jacobs, baseballer, general sports enthusiast, will guard the net. We believe this is Jimmie's first appearance between the posts, but who cares about that? Certainly not Jimmie!



"Bolo" Gordon journeyed to Hornby Island across the Gulf. During his sojourn he burned up the tennis world around this popular resort, and claims, among other titles, to have annexed that of Tennis King of the Gulf of Georgia. No, we haven't heard much about the opposition.





The restaurant advertised sudden service, but didn't give it. A patron gave an order, waited patiently and fell asleep. He awoke to hear the waitress' voice asking: "Did you order this sundae?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the customer in dismay, "what day's this?"

First Picknicker: "Isn't this an ideal spot for a picnic dinner?"

Second Picknicker: "It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

A young couple who had just married received many presents after establishing their home in a suburb. One morning they received two theatre tickets with a note which read: "Guess who sent these?"

On the appointed evening they went to the theatre, returning very late. To their astonishment, everything of any value in the house had been carried away.

On a table in the dining-room they found this note: "Now you know."

One of our lumberjacks having drunk steadily for two weeks, got to feeling pretty bad and went to a doctor. The doctor tested his blood and offered him \$90 for a case of it.

Hotelkeeper: "I have rooms for fifty and seventy-five cents a night."

Guest: "What's the difference between them?"

Hotelkeeper: "Not much, only the seventy-five-cent ones have rat-traps."

Visiting Doctor: "How is it, Sambo, that you and your large family keep so healthy?"

Sambo: "Well, suh, ah tell you: We've done bought one of dose sanitary drinkin' cups, an' we all drink outen it."

"So you have been married before, Mrs. Smith?"

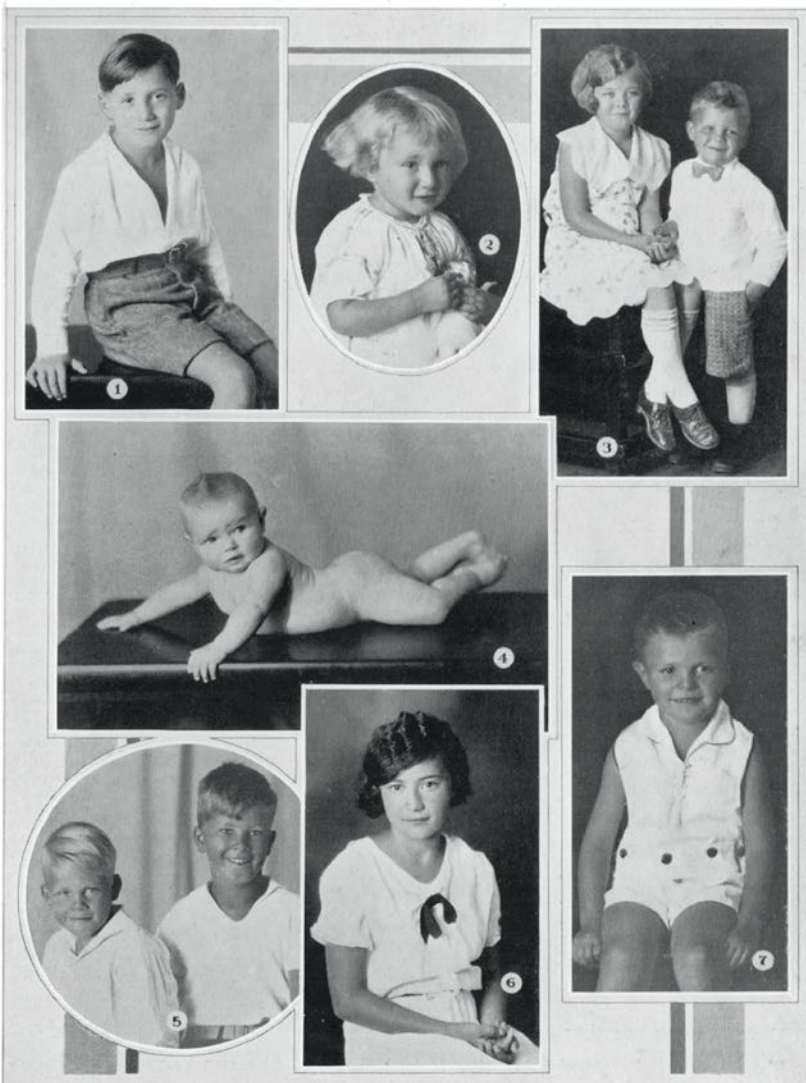
"Yus, ma'am, three times; and if it pleases 'eaven to take this one, I know where I can lay me 'ands on a fourth."

### *Up With the Stops*

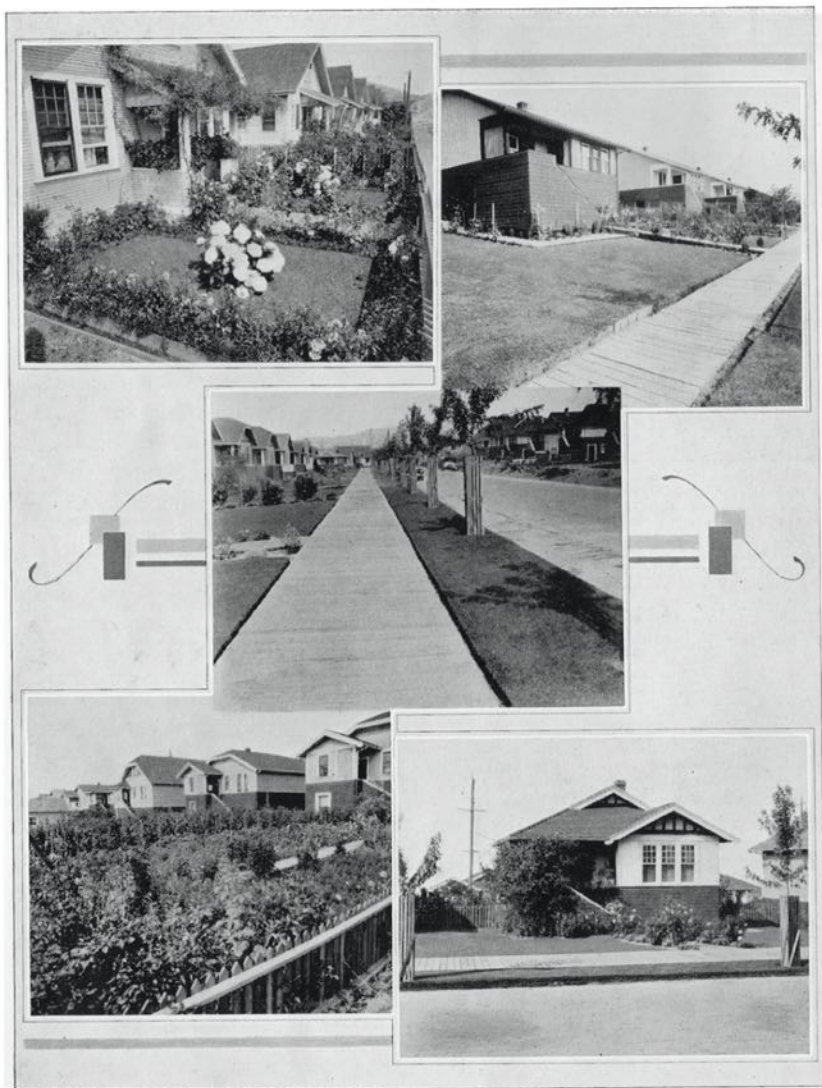
Almost at the top of the long, steep grade, the brakes on the bus had failed. Women screamed; strong men turned pale. With rapidly increasing speed, the heavy vehicle ran backward down the hill. But not for a moment did the driver lose presence of mind.

"Quick, Bill," he yelled to his conductor, "change the destination boards."

*Powell River Children*



1. Charles Rochat      2. Doreen Von Arx      3. Helen and Roy Zovina      4. Lois Pitt-Cross  
 5. David and Juan Hausen      6. Gunhilde Sivertson      7. Charles Wright



*Prize-winning gardens in Annual Garden Contest: Top (left)—O. Brandolini, Riverside; top (right)—J. Semple, Maple Street; centre, best boulevard—Chas. Robertson, Maple Street; bottom (left), best kitchen garden—G. H. Higgins, Maple Street; bottom (right), best combination front and back garden—W. J. Smith, Maple Street.*

## Musical Honors



*Miss Anna White, Wildwood.*

In the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, held recently in Vancouver, Miss Anna White, shown above, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White of Wildwood, was placed with honors in piano playing. Miss White is only nine years of age, and has been highly commended on her creditable playing, which gained high honors for her in this examination. She is a pupil of Mr. Paul Daugherty, well known local musical instructor.

Of the 36,000,000 telephones in use in the world, more than half are in North America.



*Miss Gladys Robinson, another Powell River student to pass with musical honors.*

Another Powell River girl who has been very successful in her musical education is Miss Gladys Robinson, shown above, who recently passed with honors in the Royal Academy of Music. The examinations were held in Vancouver, and this is the second occasion within eight months in which Gladys has passed with honors. Miss Robinson is 13 years old and a pupil of Miss Alice Smith, of Powell River.

## *The Roussalka Drops In*

What was undoubtedly one of the largest private yachts ever seen in the vicinity of Powell River dropped anchor off the Government wharf last month. The *Roussalka*, palatial, ocean-going pleasure craft, owned by the Hon. Walter Guinness, of the world-famous Guinness firm, dropped in for a day's sojourn during a cruise in British Columbia waters. Mr. and Mrs. Guinness were shown through the new machine room by Mr. R. Bell-Irving, company resident manager, after which they departed for a day's fishing on Powell Lake.



## The Royal Fjord of B.C.

By O. J. STEVENSON



*Numerous lovely waterfalls, darting out in their frothy beauty from the tall evergreens, are encountered on a trip up this famous scenic inlet on the B. C. coast.*

THE map of Jarvis Inlet reads like a page from "Burke's Peerage." Names that were famous in the English court are spread at frequent intervals across mountain ranges and valleys. Nelson Island, Prince of Wales Reach, Marlborough Heights, Mount Diadem, Princess Royal Reach, Mounts Frederick William, Arthur, Wellington, Alfred and Albert, Queen's Reach and Princess Louise Inlet are scattered the length of the salt water channel that reaches into the heart of the coast range. Interspersed with these are the simple sounding titles of Klayekwim, Tchahchelathnum, Skwawkweelim, Tsopahdie, Swaywe-

lar, and Hunaechin, being about all that remains of the totems and once populous towns of the Coast Indians who lived on the bounty nature supplied along the shores of Jarvis Inlet unaffected by business depressions and the price of bonds.

From Hotham Sound to the head of Queens Reach the mountains climb from a lowly 4000 to a majestic 8000 feet, with two and three thousand-foot cliffs having almost sheer drops into the salt water. One does not have to arise before breakfast to see the sun rise in Princess Louise Inlet, as it is a mere hole in the surrounding landscape with perpendicular walls of slick rock that are too high to give a complete reflection in the blue water. The Loquilts Creek does not flow into Louise Inlet; if it did it would be a river; instead it takes a running leap over a four thousand-foot shoulder of Mount Albert, strikes in several places on jutting ridges of rock and with an exhausted sigh pours over the last hundred-foot drop in a white column, to subside peacefully in the salt water of the Inlet.

At the head of Queens Reach, Mount Alfred rears its snow-laden slopes through the cloud strata and into the purple heights for 8450 feet. Around the base the Skwawka River winds a devious course, gathering the icy water from the glaciers that fill the gullies below Mount Alfred's



*One of the beautiful scenic attractions of Jervis Inlet is Mount Albert, with its snow-tipped heights overlooking the rugged shore-line. Mount Albert is at the head of the Inlet, and on clear days may be seen from Powell River.*

crown. From the peaks around Powell Lake, Mount Alfred fills a large part of the eastern skyline, while from the ridges near Haslam Lake the evening sun makes plain the reason for Mount Diadem's name. A skookum Indian with thoughts of love to spur his feet, can leave his Hunaechin home Friday morning, travel up the Skwawka river, across the divide, down the Little Toba and arrive at the Klahoose reserve on the head of Toba Inlet in time to look over the fair maidens Saturday evening.

Jervis Inlet is a favorite cruising ground for pleasure yachts from Vancouver, Puget Sound and California cities. The scenery is the equal of any in the world. The water is warm for bathing. Clowhom Lakes, Vancouver River, and innumerable lakes and streams harbour trout that are large and stout-hearted, while salmon trolling can be indulged in without moving from the pleasure craft. Hardy Island, where Tom

Brazil feeds his educated deer on prunes and other tidbits, is also an attraction for many.

In the days when lumber was booming, the reaches of Jervis Inlet were dotted with tugs towing their huge flat booms to the mills in Vancouver. The hand logger who spared not his back in his aversion to working for mere wages chased the mountain goats from the steep hillsides and laboriously jacked his logs into the saltchuck. With unlimited rigging and donkeys, the larger outfits bared the rocks and earth beneath thousands of acres of virgin timber stands. On two occasions steam donkeys let go their tailhold, threw their crew over the nearest cliff, and with popoff screeching went tearing down the slope and beneath the waves, there to give the blackfish and the wall-eyed cod something to wonder at. In those days too there was a hotel at Thunder Bay, with an honest-to-goodness rail for the truculent lumberjack to rest his caulked boot on, while he downed



*With the sun sinking into the evening twilight many beautiful scenes with forests, mountains and stream may be glimpsed along Jervis shoreline.*

the prewar mountain dew or loudly offered to prove his prowess as a fighter.

Today, except when a lusty wind whips down channel from the glaciers, the Inlet lies peacefully between its steep shores which are rapidly being clothed again with a thick blanket of second growth. The salmon troller

and the yachtsman salute each other gravely as their boats pass in the mellow sunshine or the golden moonlight, and from Porpoise Bay at Sechart, through the Skookumchuck and islands of the inlet mouth, and up to the scenic grandeur of Princess Louise, Jervis Inlet has largely returned to the uses and purpose for which it was originally intended—a vacationist's paradise—a place where the mellow days slip by in effortless ease.

Placid old lady (to golf apparel salesman)—“I'd like to look at some large handicaps, please; my husband said if he had had one yesterday he would have won the golf tournament.”

Father (hoping to force confession from his 13-year-old son)—“I'd like to know what young smart Aleck with short pants dropped a cigarette on the upholstery of the new car?”

Son—“Aw, Dad, it was just an accident. She didn't mean to.”

*View of the head of Jervis Inlet, one of the favored cruising spots along the B. C. coast. Large numbers of United States pleasure yachts visit this picturesque cruising ground every year.*







*An example of what industry, skill and perseverance has accomplished in one of our suburban homes, the home of Mr. W. T. Thompson, at Wildwood, which, under the cultivation of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, is one of the show gardens of the entire district.*

**I**N the current issue, we have devoted considerable space, typographically and illustratively, to the prize-winners in the company's annual garden contest. This competition is naturally confined to the actual townsite of Powell River. It is perhaps fortunate for the recipients of honors that suburban competitors are not permitted to challenge their "city" brethren for garden fame. If the contest were district-wide, the position of judge, already no sinecure, would be the least enviable of the social aspirations of our leading citizens.

In the district of Westview and

Wildwood and Cranberry are numerous beautiful and tastefully set out homes and gardens. The love of the land has triumphed over natural difficulties—lack of water, heavy clearing, and numerous other obstacles known only to the family who have erected their own home on partially cleared land. A drive through the suburbs is a revelation to visitors returning to the district after two or three years absence. Beautiful gardens, well trimmed lawns, and flowers in profusion are seen on all sides. The pioneering work in many cases has passed, and the work of beautifying and enlarging is in progress.

*Another of the assiduously cultivated prize gardens of Wildwood is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bird. Fruit trees, a splendid lawn, and a profusion of beautiful flowers, have rendered their home one of the most attractive in our suburbs.*





## Wildwood Opens New School



*Wildwood officially opened its new, modern, 4-room schoolhouse on Monday, September 7, with Mr. R. Bell-Irving delivering the opening address.*

**A**MONG the most pleasing events of the Labor Day program in the district was the official opening of the new Wildwood school. This vigorous little community, although in point of size, the smallest of our three suburbs, has been a leader in education. Their determined efforts to provide greater and modern accommodation for their children, and to maintain a high standard of scholastic attainment is worthy of the highest praise.

The James Thomson School, a fine, modern, four-roomed structure, was officially opened on Monday, September 7th, by Mr. R. Bell-Irving. In his opening remarks, Mr. Bell-Irving stressed the splendid community spirit that had characterized all the efforts of the Wildwood residents. This community was scattered and widely extended; they were confronted with many obstacles peculiar to location and extent, but the public-spirited response of the community had overcome many difficult handicaps. He paid special tribute to the trustees of the district for their un-

swerving determination to provide their children with every possible educational facility and congratulated them on the excellent and modern accommodation afforded their future citizens by the erection of the James Thomson School.

That the groundwork afforded pupils in the Wildwood district was of high calibre was attested, he said, by the splendid achievement of Miss Ingrid Anderson of Wildwood, who throughout her scholastic career has attained high honors, and who has recently gained the \$150 University scholarship, offered by the Powell River School Board for the outstanding student of the year.

Mr. John Gibson, chairman of the trustees, in introducing the speaker, outlined the progress made since 1923, when one teacher and twenty pupils comprised the total school enrollment. Today, three teachers and over 100 students were learning the three R's in Wildwood.

The school board is to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements attending the opening cere-

monies. Particularly noticeable was the excellent discipline maintained by the children, under the guidance of Mr. Dawson, principal, and Misses Anderson and Gibson, assistants.

A pleasant feature of the program was the presentation to Mrs. Bell-Irving of a beautiful floral bouquet by Miss Ingrid Anderson, winner of the University scholarship for 1931.

The new James Thomson School, named after James Thomson, a pioneer of the district, is a distinct addition to our suburban educational centres, and speaks highly for the cooperative spirit of Wildwood citizens and reflects particular credit on that untiring, forward-looking group of men who compose the board of trustees.

Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Irving as official representatives of Powell River and the Powell River School Board was Doctor Andrew Henderson, secretary of the local school board. The doctor is a pioneer in district education and throughout his long residence here has seen and been present at every school opening in Greater Powell River. During the past ten years one of his principal activities has been the supervision and encouragement of education in Powell River and district.

*Safety First.* Another danger hour around "these here parts" is when you are obliged to play a little golf match with the Tapps. Hey gang?

### *Ex-Service Men to Meet*

On Saturday, September 19th, at 8 p.m., the annual meeting of the Powell River Ex-Service Men's Association will be held in the Scout Room of Dwight Hall. The purpose of the gathering is primarily to elect a new committee and draw up and discuss plans in connection with Armistice Week, and other matters dealing with ex-service men's affairs in the district.

This year's gathering will depart somewhat from the strict business meeting of past years. In order to attract as large as possible a representation and to render the evening as pleasant as possible, the committee have arranged to combine the social and the business side. After the election of the new committee, sandwiches and coffee will be served and an informal musical program held. Mr. J. Campbell and Mr. Trevor Prothero will render solos and Mr. Stuart Blondin will preside at the piano. During refreshments Major John MacGregor will outline the past year's activities, discussing the expenditure of relief money and other business transacted during his term of office.

It is hoped that a large number of ex-service men will keep the date, Saturday, September 19th, open. Many suggestions in connection with the Armistice Stag and Concert have already been put before the committee and these will be brought up for general discussion.

## *New Paper Queen Crowned*



*Miss Margaret Carr (centre) surrounded by her maids of honor during the annual Paper Queen crowning ceremony. Left to right: Patsy Hughes, Maureen Grundle, Miss Wilson (former Queen), Margaret Carr (the Queen), Kathleen Taylor, Kristina Sivertson.*

THE pivotal point of Powell River's annual Labor Day celebrations, the crowning of the Paper Queen for the ensuing year, was held with all its customary ceremony and brilliance. Under the sponsorship of the local B. P. O. E., Labor Day is children's day in Powell River and the crowning of the Paper Queen the grand ceremony of the day.

This colorful pageant again drew a large attendance to the new sports oval. Promptly at twelve o'clock, Miss Margaret Carr, the new queen, accompanied by Miss Irene Zorzi, 1930 queen, and her attendants, Miss

Kathleen Taylor, Miss Patsy Hughes, Miss Maureen Grundle and Miss Kristina Sivertson, arrived on the ground; and preceded by the lively music of the Elks Band, drove around the oval. The crowning ceremony was performed by Mr. R. Bell-Irving, who congratulated Miss Carr on the high honor which was hers, and assured her of the fealty of her Powell River subjects for the ensuing year.

The day's celebrations opened with the raising of the Union Jack to the masthead with Mr. Cloughes delivering the flag address. The speaker's address was well considered and vigorously effective. He stressed the im-



portance of the Union Jack in the history of the world. It was flown in many and widely extended portions of the globe; it led the way in the victory at Trafalgar, flaunted above Wellington's unbreakable squares at Waterloo, and has stood as a symbol of liberty as the flag "that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Mr. Cloughes urged that the children of our district be taught the true meaning of the flag, what it has stood for and what it still stands for. The flag has stood as a symbol of the freedom and unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It was this feeling—the freedom and sanctity enjoyed under the Union Jack—that the Elks Lodge wished to instil in the minds and hearts of the younger generation in Powell River.

The children, as always, were in their element and were here, there, and everywhere, enjoying to the full the hospitality of the Elks. Free ice cream, candies and nuts were dis-

pensed throughout the morning and additional prizes were awarded to all the children's sports, which passed off in a highly successful manner.

During intervals of the Elk program a few senior events were held. Archie McFee won the 100 and 220-yard sprints, with Gus Lidberg running away with the pole vault.

An added attraction to the day's program was the double header baseball game between the two great paper rivals, Powell River and Ocean Falls. Rivalry was intensely keen and a large crowd turned out to watch British Columbia's two largest paper mills contest for supremacy.

A dance in Dwight Hall, with a capacity attendance, brought a full and enjoyable day to a close.

City Banker (visiting the farm):  
"I suppose that's the hired man?"

Farmer (who had visited banks):  
"No, that's the First Vice-president in charge of cows."

*The crowning ceremony. Mr. R. Bell-Irving and Jim Hamerton, Exalted Ruler of local Elks, preside at the crowning. Miss Carr is seated on the dias.*





### Soccer Notes

WITH the summer months gradually slipping away, Powell River round ball enthusiasts, who have been champing the bit of enforced inaction for the last three months, are smiling again. The fitba' season is away again and all is serene on the Association front.

\* \* \*

Outstanding, perhaps, in the early post season reports is the elevation of Alec Smith as manager for the Callies. Alec has booted the leather about these parts for many years and is one of the most versatile players in the league. He has an intimate knowledge of the game and should prove an efficient leader for the Scots in their quest of another championship.

\* \* \*

The senior league line-up assumes an interesting aspect this season. The loop will be an inter-city affair, composed of the Powell River Callies,

Westview and Cranberry. The idea should enlist an even stronger measure of support among the suburbanites, with Westview and Cranberry both represented.

\* \* \*

Jimmie Hamilton, former referee, and one of the leading strategists in local soccer, will direct the destinies of the ranchers from Westview. Jimmie is an authority on football history and records, is a keen tactician, and his presence in the managerial role should help the ranchers.

\* \* \*

Archie McGeach, who has been a keen and active booster in all Cranberry's social, community and recreative endeavours, will lead the newly-formed Cranberry eleven into action. Archie, too, requires no introduction to local fans. A fast and dangerous front line attacker, he has played on many representative squads during the past five years. We wish the new eleven and its manager every success in this, their first year in senior football.

*The new game reserve boat, which replaces the old Watla, which formerly carried Roy Allan, local game chief, on his numerous trips up and down the coast.*



**Golf Notes**

Tournament time is here again. The club light and heavyweights are preparing for the various competitions, which started with the mixed two ball last week.

\* \* \*

The annual field day, held on Saturday, August 29th, drew a fair attendance. Old reliable Ed Peacock won the grand aggregate for the three longest drives, with 860 yards, an average of over 280 yards a drive. Gus Schuler had the longest single drive, hitting a mighty rap of 307 yards for his best effort.

Mrs. E. Tapp was the ladies' long driving aggregate champion, with Mrs. G. Schuler having the longest single drive of 195 yards.

Mrs. Charles Murray won the ladies' putting competition, with young Bill Gardner performing a similar feat among the male entries.

The special seven hole, one club, hidden hole competition was won by Cecil Kelly and Isabelle Ruddock, the victory being a very popular one.

Meanwhile the attention of the fraternity is centred on the mixed event now under way. Who will win? There are no prophets in this office.

**When Father Was It**

Proud Parent (who served) — What I told you is the story of the World War.

His Son—But, papa, what did they want the other men for?"

**Stowaways In Esparto**

It is not uncommon to find among esparto grass shipments landed in Scotland, says *Paper Making and Paper Selling*, reptiles or small animals which have found their way unseen into the cargo before shipment, but it is surely unusual to find human beings hidden in such cargo. When the steamer *Uskport* arrived at Aberdeen at the beginning of July, the captain reported that he had on board two Germans who had deserted from the French Foreign Legion and secreted themselves on the vessel. They had stowed away on board the *Uskport* while the vessel was lying at Sousa, North Africa. The deck cargo consisted of esparto grass, and a search party from the Legion failed to discover their hiding places. It was not until the vessel had been five days at sea that the stowaways were discovered.

**Births**



- June 15th—Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nomland, a boy.
- July 26th—Mr. and Mrs. S. Kanufuku, a boy.
- August 5th—Mr. and Mrs. William Kleinwachter, Blubber Bay, a boy.
- August 10th—Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Cavanagh, a girl.
- August 11th—Mr. and Mrs. William H. Gray, a boy.
- August 13th—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McLachlan, a girl.
- August 17th—Mr. and Mrs. John DeAlti, a boy.
- August 18th—Mr. and Mrs. Horace Tyler, a girl.
- August 26th—Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Tisan, a boy.
- August 27th—Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Bird, a boy.



## Between the Whistles

By CASUAL OBSERVER

**N**OW that the summer is on the wane, the radio will rapidly come into its own. It has been somewhat neglected by certain families, who have cultivated the habit of spending their leisure hours on the beach, but this is a state of affairs which should not be allowed to continue. Of all the inventions for the benefit of mankind, radio is easily the greatest, and every effort should be put forward that mankind does not remain in ignorance of the fact.

\* \* \*

Personally we just "love the radio," and would not be without its soothing influence for worlds. We are not the actual possessor of one, but the generosity of the neighborhood more than compensates for this loss. At least seven in the immediate vicinity stage an endurance contest, and as far as volume is concerned, there is little to choose between them. One may gain a fraction on its rivals by getting under way around 5.45 a.m., but this is easily offset by the others continuing until about the same hour, only the following a.m.

\* \* \*

How soothing to sit on the verandah in the cool of the evening, and enjoy the medley of sound coming from every direction. An organ recital and jazz band struggling for supremacy on the right, harmonizing with a male voice choir and a prizefight on the left, with a few more bands, and a leather-lunged baritone from over the road thrown in for good measure. What more could be desired? The mind is carried back into the distant past, now little more than a memory, when the days of our apprenticeship were being served in a boiler factory. With a sigh of profound content, we ponder over the advantages which are ours in these days of modern progress.

\* \* \*

The society column informs us that Frank Nello, accompanied by a friend, has recently been engaged in hunting ferocious game. The friend's accomplishments in this direction are not known, but Frank has hunted this ferocious stuff many times previously. It is not difficult to imagine him, clad in a little short nightie, candle in one hand, and slipper in the other, making terrific smashes at the ferocious creatures as they playfully jump hither and thither, always, it must be confessed, in perfect safety.



*Several Powell Riverites contemplate hunting in the Cavi-boo district this year. The photograph shows the nature of the hunting grounds in one of the more difficult parts of this famous hunting country.*





# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

VOL. 10

OCTOBER, 1931

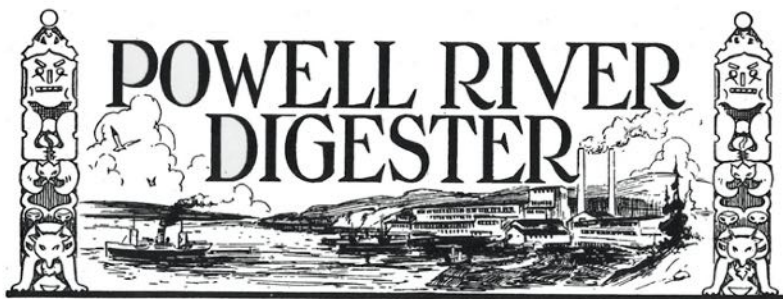
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*View of the famous, picturesque interior highway, as it swings boldly around and overlooks the magnificent Fraser Canyon, a hundred feet below. Tourist traffic is steadily increasing along the Great North Road.*



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. 10

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## *Armistice Week Notes*



ON Saturday, September 19, the Powell River ex-service men, at their annual meeting, elected the following committee for the ensuing year:

President, F. Nello; secretary-treasurer, J. A. Lundie; committee: R. A. Baker, A. M. Gordon, Maurice Dunn, Charles Garrett, W. U. Alexander.

Since their installation the new committee, among other duties, have been busy drawing up tentative plans for the annual Armistice Week activities. The date of the Armistice Concert was set for Saturday, November 7, the ex-service men's stag for the 14th, with a service at the Cenotaph on Sunday, November 8. Saturday, November 7, will be Poppy Day.

One departure from the custom of previous years was the decision reached at the annual meeting that this year's committee be authorized to set a charge for the Armistice Concert. Accordingly, the first half of Dwight Hall, from the stage to the main doors, will be reserved seats, at a charge of 50c for adults and 25c for children under fourteen years accompanied by parents. The remainder of the hall will be sold at 25c general admission. Tickets may be purchased in advance at Linzey's Store.

Mrs. John McIntyre has again consented to assume direction of the Armistice Concert and the audience may be assured of an evening's program in keeping with the high standard always associated with this event.



## *Across the Rockies with Powell River Newsprint*



*View of the present home of the Calgary Herald, at Calgary, Alberta. The building is a ten-storey fireproof structure, one of the finest newspaper buildings in Canada.*

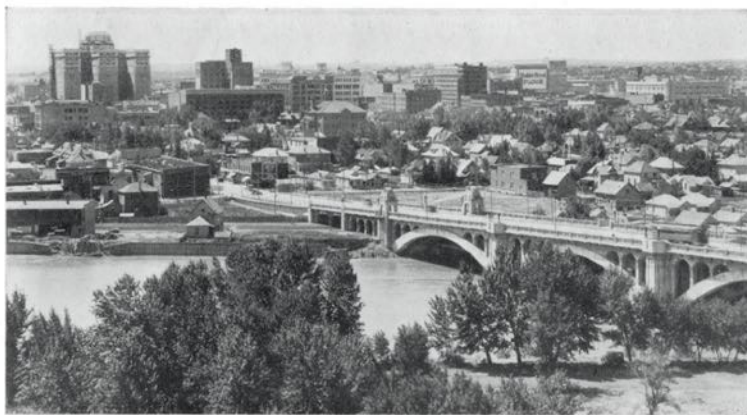
**I**N the forefront of recent Federal and Provincial road-building pronouncements is the evident determination to complete the Trans-Canada Highway. Stretching from Halifax to the Pacific Coast, this mighty 4,000-mile artery will form a new link which will indisputably forge closer the bonds of brotherhood and understanding between the widely-extended provinces of the Dominion.

To the "farthest west" provinces of British Columbia and Alberta, the completion of the thoroughfare will come under the heading of "welcome news." The lack of direct road communication between the provinces has

undoubtedly retarded and slackened the flow of tourist traffic across the Rockies. Particularly is this true from the standpoint of the British Columbian. While visitors from the prairies flock in considerable numbers westward during the winter months, absence of a highway link has seriously curtailed the influx of the holidaying British Columbian into Alberta.

Powell River, as a Pacific Coast centre, illustrates this point. We have approximately 700 automobiles in the townsite. Our residents travel extensively during the holiday season. Yet, how many of our motorists, leaving aside the non-motorists, have spent a vacation in Calgary or other neighboring centres across the Rockies? And the same may be said of the resident of Vancouver, Victoria and other centres of population.

Calgary as a city may be unfamiliar to the bulk of our residents. As a name, however, it is known to every paper maker in the plant. For our big machines have steadily turned out their quotas of Powell River newsprint destined for the presses of the Calgary Herald and the Morning Albertan, two of Western Canada's best-known dailies.



*General view of the progressive city of Calgary, showing the business section in the foreground. The Herald Building may be distinguished at the left centre of the picture. Calgary's population today is around the 75,000 mark.*

The Calgary Herald is the pioneer publication of Calgary. The foundation of the City of Calgary dates back to 1876. In 1883 perspiring crews, pushing the Canadian Pacific Railway's thin steel line to the Pacific Coast, reached the outskirts of the city. And here, on September 5, 1883, on the west side of the Elbow River, T. B. Braden and A. M. Armour pitched their tent, from which crude shelter were issued the first editions of the Calgary Herald. The City of Calgary in 1883 was a far cry from the city of 75,000 people which greets the visitor of today. The steel had just been laid a few miles beyond the townsite; only a few frame buildings and tents, held for the most part by squatters, graced the site of the present metropolis. Stage coaches rattled in with the mails; the only streets were wagon trails, over which stamped wandering cattle, wagon trains, mounted policemen, not always

tractable redskins, and the citizens of the "new west."

Such were the conditions under which the Calgary Herald struggled in the opening year of its existence.

Some conception of the steady growth of the Herald will be realized when the figures of 1905 and the present are compared. At the former period, the entire population of Calgary encompassed less than 15,000 people, and the total payroll comprehended only twenty employees. Today the Herald employs close to 500 individuals and has a circulation in excess of 30,000 copies daily.

The Albertan is Calgary's morning sheet. It was founded in 1902 and its circulation today approximates 15,000. The Albertan is the sole ruler of the morning field in the Province of Alberta. Its circulation, proportionate to population, ranks among the leaders in the morning field.

## *B'ars In Them Thar Hills*



*Norwood Forte, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Forte, of Powell River, shows the way for the big bear bunters of the district. Norwood bagged the bear shown above up Powell Lake on the opening day of the season.*

**P**OWELL RIVER'S hunting platoons have started their fall offensive. Last month the zero hour sounded and over the top went our heavyweights and lightweights, our hunters and some non-hunters, in pursuit of the elusive enemy, deer, goat and bear. Several isolated parties report extensive penetration of the enemy's front, but for the most part, the tidings brought back by the attacking divisions suggest the infliction, more of moral than of physical punishment, on the defender of the wood, crag and hill.

The headline of the season thus far was young Norwood Forte's bag of a

good-sized bear on the opening day. Norwood and his dad were hunting near the head of the lake when they spied friend Bruin. Father Forte modestly disclaims any credit for the bag. Norwood's first shot wounded the quarry and his second completed the work, Jimmie meanwhile standing by in support.

Bears appear to be more in evidence this season. Several have reported seeing the big fellows in the suburbs, and one young lady, proudly if a trifle hysterically, tells of almost knocking one over on the Westview Road, near Doctor Henderson's home, with a car.

The antlered fellows have as yet



kept fairly clear of the Nimrod. Last winter was exceptionally mild; snowfall was less than in former years and the deer have not yet come down to the lower heights in any numbers. It's a case of climbing for them, and

that means work anywhere on Powell Lake. The shaggy billies are still around, but as always they maintain themselves well up in the air and the boys have not yet struck their mid-season clan for clambering bluffs.

*Yet another suburban school addition swells the educational accommodation of our outside communities. Here we see the official opening last month of Westview's additional wing, adding two rooms to the existing school.*



### *New Westview School Opens*

**S**UBURBAN educational institutions continue to expand their accommodation. Within the past year the three districts of Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry have erected new schools or added additional wings to their existing accommodations. About a year ago Cranberry built its first school; last month Wildwood officially opened an entirely new public school; and now Westview with the same pomp and ceremony has declared a new wing to be well and truly constructed.

The Westview addition was officially dedicated by Mr. R. Bell-Irving, company resident manager, with Mr. George Adey officiating as chairman in the absence, through illness, of Mr. H. J. Slade.

Westview's first modern school-house, supplanting the old one-room,

one-teacher edifice on the old government road, was built five years ago. It was a two-roomed structure. Last month the capacity was augmented to four rooms, a necessary expenditure to accommodate the increase in the number of children of school age.

At present over 150 pupils are registered at the Westview School and the staff is composed of four teachers: Mr. Myers (principal), and the Misses Cluff, Bell and Urquhart as assistants.

For the second consecutive month it is our privilege to congratulate a suburban community on their initiative and sincerity of purpose. To the residents of Westview generally, and to the hard-working and undaunted members of the School Board, H. J. Slade, Harry Hatch and J. MacFaralen, particularly, the Digester offers congratulations.



## Our Naval Breakwater



*Former United States cruisers are becoming everyday incidents in Powell River. Photo shows the hulls of the former cruisers, U.S.S. Charleston and Huron, now forming a portion of Powell River log defence against the winds of Malaspina Straits.*

A sou'easter sweeps up the Gulf of Georgia. Messy thing, this sou'easter, when it's his night to travel. Like a lone wolf on a periodic prowl, he is looking for trouble, and woe betide the innocent little lambkins he catches outdoors tonight.

The only lambkins which our sou'easter friend may disorganize at Powell River are the millions of feet of logs lying in the log pond awaiting conversion into newsprint. And during the past year, his capacity for ill-treating these has been sadly crippled. The recent extension of the Powell River breakwater by the purchase of the steel hulls of two former members of the United States cruiser squadron, has broken the back of the sou'easter in our mill pond.

Today, the two cruisers, Charleston and Huron, once proud members of our neighbor's fighting fleet, are making their last defence at Powell River. Early in the year, the Charleston, after being dismantled and broken up to her water line, was purchased as a breakwater by the Powell River Company.

Last month the Huron, in the same state of dismemberment, was saved from complete oblivion in similar fashion. She was towed to Powell River by the tug Roosevelt, snubbed into line with the Charleston, and the two old steel hulls, end to end, stretch for over a thousand feet beyond the original breakwater to form an excellent and safe protection against the incursion of the gulf winds and tide.

Both these cruisers formed a part of the United States active naval forces during the war and between them safeguarded the passage of many thousand American troops in their passage through the submarine-infested waters of the European war zone.

### *Following the Rule*

A master caught some pupils card-playing, and, after admonishing them, he selected a birch. At this they shuffled with anxiety and uneasiness.

"That's right," he exclaimed, "you shuffle and I'll cut!"

## Eugenie

By ANNE MACSWEEN



Anne MacSween

EUGENIE MARIA DE MONTIFO DE GUZMAN, Countess of Teba, born at Granada, Spain, on May 5th, 1826, second daughter of Don Manuel Fernandez de Montifo and wife of Napoleon III, whom she married in 1853, is now, years after her death, making history—in the world of fashion. And such history, too!

It doesn't seem quite sporting to lay all the blame on the Empress Eugenie. She's dead, poor thing, a good six years—and may her soul rest in peace; but if there's anything in the theory that departed spirits know all, she must be writhing in torment. Eugenie is responsible for the crinoline, now making an effort to creep back into favor; but the hat—let's give her the benefit of the doubt. If she can see what is going on, picture her looking

down one corner of Granville Street, multiply that scene a million times, Montreal, New York, London, Paris, and imagine how the poor girl feels! Surely she must swoon, if swoon they do in the Spirit Land of Queens!

Perhaps ladies were different in the heyday of Eugenie, more ethereal or, mayhap, more coy, for it is hard to believe that the courtly gentlemen of that era could or would spend their spare moments composing liting lines to slender eyebrows and shell-pink ears, if those same eyebrows and ears were topped by what we call a Eugenie. Ladies stout and ladies slim, ladies tall and ladies not so tall, ladies sharp and ladies sweet, all with one mind don an Empress model, and sally forth well pleased.

But the fashion has something to recommend it. In this period of acute depression (which is, of course, on the upward trend), when positions are at a premium, it ill behoves a saleslady to betray anything but delight when a prospective customer perches one of the new chapeaux on the tip of her nose and beams with satisfaction. A self-control course, free of charge, but at what a price! Those salesladies who do emerge unscathed from the panic will be well able to witness the hanging of a best friend without moving a muscle, or sell gold-plated toothpicks to the inmates of an Old People's Home.

It's quite town talk now that a well-known Vancouver hairdresser took leave of his senses whilst trying to cut hair to suit "my new Eugenie—short here, please, and long there—two hairs left under my right ear and a good half-dozen over my left eyebrow!" He's digging deep, dark wells now and filling them up with scissor blades that he himself has twisted out of all recognition. Some bright youth will no doubt be the father of a new industry—the rebuilding of scissors destroyed by insane hairdressers.

Of course, my feelings towards the Eugenie bonnet were sadly marred at the outset, so my attitude is rather to be expected. I tried *one* on, hoping to look in it like a nineteenth century maiden of royal blood, and the saleslady, usually the soul of tact, laughed right in my face!

## *When Powell River was Young*

*Lacrosse was a popular pastime between 1911-1913 in Powell River. The townsite had a first-class twelve at that period, and gave more than one Vancouver squad a tough battle. Above, scene on the lacrosse field in 1913.*



**P**OWELL RIVER has always been recognized in the athletic fraternity of British Columbia as a "good sporting town." From the inception of the townsite in 1911 until the present time athletic pursuits have been popular and extensively patronized. Today all the recognized branches of athletic endeavor have their adherents in the district. Baseball, lawn bowling, badminton, tennis, golf, basketball, soccer, swimming, all enjoy widespread patronage in their respective seasons. With two soccer and baseball fields, a fully-equipped gymnasium, tennis and golf courts, a first-class bowling green, the sport calendar in Powell River is fairly complete.

Between 1911-1915, however, athletic pursuits were necessarily restricted to keep pace with building activities. Golf in 1912 was a luxury of the idle rich; no tennis courts were available, lawn bowling was a pastime

whose joys and disappointments were still obscured in the mists of the future.

The entire centre of outdoor sporting life centred around the hastily-built baseball diamond. Knocking the horsehide about the country was the first athletic effort in Powell River. As a result, the glove and bat exponents were the athletic heroes of the district. Conditions may have been primitive, but enthusiasm among players and spectators attained a pitch of frenzy seldom encountered today when varied sports divert the attention of the athletic public. A baseball game was a baseball game in those early days.

Regular home and home games were scheduled between Powell River and Courtenay and Cumberland. The week in which the Powell River nine journeyed across the gulf was almost a public holiday. They took half the town with them and from what we





*Interesting relic of the dapper lads who pranced about the lacrosse field when the national pastime was popular here. Myron McLeod, Gus Schuler and Alex MacDonald will be easily recognized in the photo. Quite laddies, what!*

heard they brought half of Courtenay back with them and sometimes only half of themselves. Some of the old stalwarts of Powell River's first baseball nine are still doing business at the old stand. Ray Gribble, behind the bat, smothered the horsehides in spectacular fashion; Bob Scanlon, manfully supporting what at that period was considered the walrus style among the well-dressed lads of the district, stopped balls and runners at first base. Bill McLeod, thin, wistful, with large limpid eyes, worked in the outfield when not directing the strategy of Powell River on foreign fields or calling balls and strikes for home consumption. Frank Carriveau, spruce, dapper, tapering to a thin line at the hips, whipped his fast curve and his famous lob over the rubber.

The most famous of the early dia-

mond aggregations, perhaps the most famous of all time in local history, was the crack nine of 1912. Those lads went through the entire season without a loss, swamping their Vancouver Island competitors and setting the best squads of Vancouver back on their heels. Among the members of the great 1912 team were Chisel Cosgrave, Red Farrell, Shorty Dietrich, Pickering and Ellis.

Charlie Long at this period was one of the baseball stalwarts and when he hit the ball, the outfielders never even bothered to back up. Until 1915 baseball was practically the only outside sport in the district and almost the entire townsite turned out on their every appearance.

### Soccer Begins

Soccer as a potential rival to baseball gave Powell River its first exhibition on July 1, 1914. By this time, the territory now occupied by Number 7 machine room had been partially cleared and scraped. A few days before Dominion Day all hands turned out with grub hoes and shovels. The worst of the stumps were cleared off; some of the stones were gathered up; and a few mountains were vigorously tackled. Even then when the lads appeared in the new jerseys some difficulty was encountered in keeping an accurate check on their movements. Arthur Dunn, tackling Joe Falconer, suddenly disappeared into a large valley and the game was called until a corporal and two men appeared as a rescue party. The married men played the bachelors on this memorable occasion. Some of the nimble-footed





*Tugs-o'-war were keenly contested among the husky members of our early athletic fraternity. This photo shows the boys in action during a sports day, using wooden clecks to emphasize the seriousness of their intentions.*

artists who pranced around that day were Joe Falconer, leading the attack against the bachelors, supported by Arthur Dunn, Jack Loukes, Walter Patrick, Alf Waldron, Billy Wilson and several others, including Joe May, Jack Cassidy and Dave Mead. Conspicuous in the single men's ranks were Billy Loukes, Andy Dicker, Roger Lombard and the late Joe Cole.

For the next six years interest in the round ball game continued. An occasional game was played against Cumberland, but competition for the most part was confined to local elevens. Sometimes the Mill versus Office held the spotlight. On other days the Married and Single men fought to a finish. No regular league matches were scheduled, but enthusiasm among the players ran high and possibly a great deal more solid enjoyment was had by all than under the present league system, inaugurated in 1923.

### Lacrosse Popular

A real source of regret among old-time sport followers was the decline here as elsewhere of Canada's national game, lacrosse. During the early days of Powell River, the gutted stick game was intensely popular, and Powell River boasted a twelve capable of holding their own in senior company. On several occasions local teams visited Vancouver and extended the strong squads of the mainland city to the limit. Myron McLeod, Gus Schuler and Alec MacDonald are members of the old lacrosse brigade who upheld the honor of Powell River on foreign and domestic fields.

Some attempt was made to revive lacrosse following the war, but it proved abortive. Today it is a real source of regret to the old lacrosse players in Powell River that the game has been allowed to languish. Few of our younger generation have seen a

lacrosse game, and fewer still have ever held a stick in their hands.

Today, when a wide assortment of sports divert the loyalty of players and spectators, the concentrated enthusiasm of the days of 1912-1914 are lacking. Interest in sport is as keen as ever in Powell River but the widened scope of the social and recreative horizon has eliminated the old fervent, feverish loyalties and concentrated energy which maintained excitement at a feverish pitch on the old baseball diamond eighteen years ago.

### The Old Ball Game

The World's Series attracted its usual share of attention in the district. Everyone owning a radio tuned in, and there were some nasty things said about the good housewife who per-

sisted in using her Hoover or Airway between the sacred hours of 10:30 a.m. and 1:00 p.m.

Al Lloyd sort of deserted his old favorites, the Athletics. Somehow, although usually a red-hot "A" fan, Al, deep down below the white coat of the tonsorial parlor, was pulling for the Cards. He tried to register proper concern when Pepper Martin landed on one of Grove's slants, but the concern was not very ferocious.

We hear on good authority that Frank Flett, intoxicated with the Cards' behavior, is mailing, prepaid, his new radio to a Mr. Pepper Martin, U.S.A. Send your golf clubs too, Frank; that lad should be able to use them.



One of the famous diamond nines of Powell River's early days, snapped just before a particularly hard-fought game with Courtenay in 1913. How many of the players can you pick out without scratching your head?



# AROUND THE PLANT

**L**ORD BYRON, over a century ago, expressed in one succinct line the feelings of bewilderment that have been perplexing most of us Average Citizens for the past month. Referring to a lengthy "explanation" of Wordsworth, England's "Glorious Apollo," he said: "I wish he would explain his explanation."

And that is how we all feel in respect to the terrifying and mystifying explanations about the gold standard that have been launched at our defenceless heads in recent weeks.

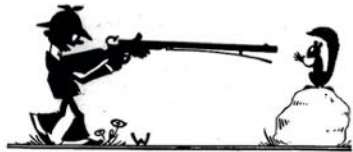
"What's it all abaht?" a London coster is said to have remarked as he downed another beer. Alf Hansen and Vern Hughes rumble deep-throated laughs. Both of them declare they went off the gold standard ten years ago!

And Jack Drury smiles a crooked smile when the boys on the graveyard shift ask him if he is in favor of adopting silver as a standard. "Fine standard," Jack agrees, "but too idealistic. I couldn't live up to it."

Joe Loukes and Max Smith have a new, and as far as we are aware, a unique scheme for stabilization. "Why not make oil the standard?" flashed

Joe, with the fire of genius burning feverishly in both eyes. "Max and I could deposit enough shares with Ottawa to put the Canadian dollar at a premium in a week."

A week! Call around at the office, Joe, and we'll gather you enough credit to put it up in fifteen minutes.



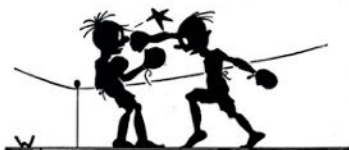
Paddy Woods maintains an air of stubborn aloofness. "Old Ireland is still on the gold standard and begorra so I am," roared Paddy when interviewed by our representative.

Frank Carriveau, in a private interview, refused to comment on the decision of the British government. "It may be wise or it may not be," Frank explained to our reporter, "but whatever the ultimate result, let us face the situation with perfect calmness. After all, the pound sterling is a pound sterling."

When Bat McIntyre read the first headline in the newspaper, "Sterling Crashes," he dashed into the Rodmay



lobby to see if that little replica he won in last year's four-ball was still on the stand. Half way across he collided with Jack Hill, bent on the same errand.



Charlie Godfrey grins an indifferent grin as heated controversies over the merits of the gold and silver standard swirl unheeded around his unruffled brow. "Not interested till they start talking copper," states Charlie, to the accompaniment of a brassy jingle in his right trouser pocket.

Another of the great "ifs" in history, by Joe Kirk, our apple-cheeked multigraph expert. "If Queen Eugenie had stayed at home, they might still be speaking French in Mexico."

The Empress Eugenie didn't exactly know who her father was.—Extract, *Vancouver Sun*.

Well, we don't blame the old man for keeping it dark. The father of the modern Eugenie has kept pretty well in the background too.

Bill McLeod suggests the idea that if the women are going back to Eugenie, why not revive Napoleon for the men? Bill and Tom Rees have been talking this over and figure the Little Corporal had nothing on them in the way of dash and figure. We're

all for the idea, Bill, and ask for exclusive rights on the first pictures of Bolo Gordon and Frank Nello in their new "Napoleons."

Wonder how Jimmy Forte would look in one of those—his right hand inside his coat, and the Nap. gleam in his eyes. The idea has possibilities.

"Hands Off the Canadian Dollar" is the caption of a recent editorial in a Vancouver daily.

We haven't had our hands on one, mister. And that goes for the Canadian nickel, too.

As we go to press, preparations for the Annual Armistice Stag, to be held on November 14, are progressing. Jock Campbell, Trevor Prothero, Jack Carey and R. C. MacKenzie will be the nucleus around which the stage program will revolve. Bert Watt and Stuart Blondin will be in charge of the musical arrangements with Arthur Woodward again filling in inimitable fashion the role of canteen sergeant. From a preliminary survey, the troops may look forward to some first-class entertainment.

Wife (introducing husband to new garden roller): "Aren't you glad now you kept to those cigarettes you didn't like? Look at the lovely present I've got you with the coupons!"

History records only a few women who laughed at their husband's jokes, and those few had very beautiful teeth.





### *They Were Quits*

The club members were cracking jokes. "Can anyone tell me the difference between a Scotsman and a coconut?" asked one.

After a while, as no reply was forthcoming, the speaker decided to supply the answer.

"Well," he said, "you can get a drink out of a coconut, but—"

"Excuse me," put in one of the others, "but I happen to be a Scotsman. Would you like a drink?"

"Delighted!" replied the joker.

"Then buy yourself a coconut," said the Scot.

A bridge beginner, by means of a finesse, won a trick which his suffering partner had expected to lose.

"Oh, bravo, partner," he said gleefully. "That was perfectly astonishing."

"Yes," said the hero, "and I'll tell you something even more astonishing. I meant it."

She (to bridge expert): "Now, if you were in the same circumstances, how would you have played that hand?"

He (icily): "Under an assumed name."

A man who had been waiting patiently in the post office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter.

"The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote designed in gorgeous brocade, with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with: "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat red stamp with a dinky perforated hem, the tout ensemble treated on the reverse side with gum arabic? Something about two cents."

Grocer: "Here's your flypaper. Anything else?"

Rastus: "Yas, suh. I want 'bout six raisins."

Grocer: "Six? Do you mean six pounds?"

Rastus: "No, suh. Six am plenty. I just want 'em foh decoys."

One of the saddest social events of the month was when a man invited his girl to a bridge party and when they got out to the bridge there was a policeman standing on it.

—Deschutes Pine Echoes.

*Powell River Children*



1, Barbara Beale; 2, Margaret Allan; 3, Evans Beale; 4, Alfred Larson; 5, Rolandi Twins, Margaret and Arthur; 6, Roger Biasutti; 7, Dorothy, Pat and Bernice O'Connor; 8, Isabella and George Giffard Stancliff.

## *Behind Our Newsprint Output —The Machine Shop*



*Mr. T. Chiarossi, foreman of Powell River machine shop, has been working with machinery since the plant commenced operation in 1912.*

**I**T is Sunday. The steady throb of the big paper machines has ceased. The machine room crews, smugly satisfied with a record run, have departed homewards for the week-end. As they leave, they glance carelessly at a group of men busily engaged demolishing the calendar stack. But this is nothing to them, and, with a casual nod of the head, they saunter out of the mill. Their work is finished for the week.

On Monday morning they are back on the machine room floor. The machines start their steady purr, and in a few moments another week's production is under way. Smugly, they again congratulate themselves on the fine performance of their mechanical pet, and that's that.

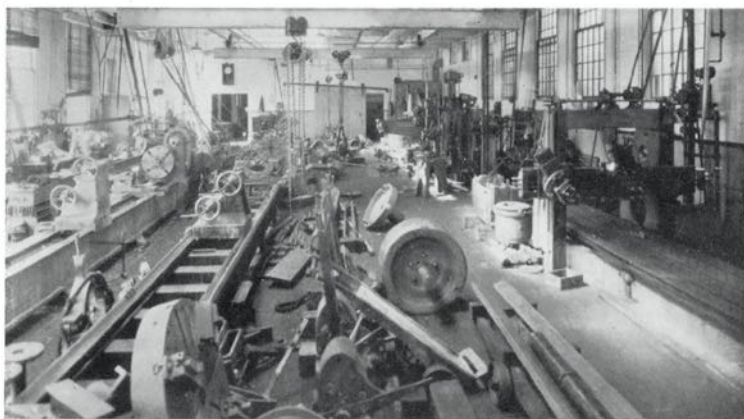
The responsibility of the machine room, grinder, sulphite, and the many departments contributing to the output of Powell River newsprint, begins and ends with the actual operation of their machines. Seldom

indeed do they remember that behind all these record runs, behind the smooth and uninterrupted purring of their contented machines, are many hours of painstaking work on the part of the men in the machine shop, Powell River's Mechanical Rejuvenator.

Practically all the machinery in our plant, however splendid and glittering, eventually loses the keen edge of its original splendor. Paper machines travelling above 1,000 feet a minute, grinder stones savagely pitting their strength against thousands of wood blocks daily, are subject to heavy wear and tear. Repair and replacements are continually necessary. This roll must be removed and ground; this part must be cast. And the machines must run. Every part must be in perfect working order when the impatient machine room, grinder and sulphite crews warm up their machines on Monday morning.

This is the function of our Machine Shop — to keep the machinery in perfect running and working order. Anyone who has ever visited a paper mill, with its "millions of parts," will appreciate what these men, working back-stage, contribute to the success of the newsprint output play.

In Powell River's Machine Shop, practically every part subject to wear and tear in the vast conglomeration of machinery is manufactured. Glance



*General view of Powell River machine shop, where the tired and sometimes lacerated bodies of our paper machinery are rested and refitted for service. Practically everything necessary for the operation of the plant machinery may be handled here.*

in at the door of the pattern storage, next time you visit the mill, and see the number of patterns on display. These alone run over three thousand in number, ranging in size from the tiny, intricate mechanism of a four-driner wire to the massive bronze digester fittings, each weighing in excess of a ton.

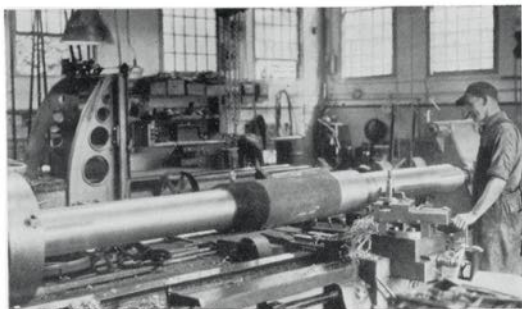
The Machine Shop has equipment equal to any on the Pacific Coast. Six lathes compose the lathing equipment; they vary in size from the ordinary tool room lathe to the two powerful giants swinging 48 and 60 inches respectively between centres.

There is the big cast-iron cylinder, 60 inches in diameter, over 20 feet long, weighing 10 tons; here are included the latest type of radial upright and speed drills, the heavy 32-inch stroke duty shaper and its smaller 24-inch companion. The largest planer, another vital portion

of the machine shop installation, can plane on all four sides a block of iron, 4 feet square and 18 feet long. The latest type vertical turret head mill, with a maximum swing of 57 inches, is capable of boring and facing operations simultaneously. Two large roll grinders keep their eagle eye trained on roller flaws. One of these husky lads can handle a 34-inch calender roll, 20 feet long and weighing 32 tons, and grind within one-thousandth part of an inch.

Other equipment includes power hacksaws, keysetting and pipe-threading machines, hydraulic forcing presses, and a host of smaller tools. Two travelling cranes run the entire length of the building. Everything necessary to maintain the wide range of machinery in the plant at production limits may be found in the Machine Shop, where "old and frayed bodies" are regenerated or replaced.





*Supervising and being responsible for the great variety of repair and casting work done in this shop is the important phase of operations entrusted to Mr. Chiarcossi.*

The responsibility placed on the head of Mr. T. Chiarcossi, machine shop foreman, and his skilled crew is a heavy one, and is in no small measure responsible for the maintenance of the daily output of Powell River newsprint.

"Great Britain, cap," I ses, "abandoned the Gold Standard and put the pound on the blink. The United States, thinking that Canada is located in the British Isles, immediately made the Canadian dollar look like six-bits."

"And wot is all this Gold Standard bunk?" asks the captain. "Being away at sea, I 'aven't got the gist of it."

"If you could 'ave got the gist of it by staying ashore, it's a pity you didn't. You'd 'ave made millions, cap. All I've been able to digest is, that if a country is going on the rocks financially she abandons the Gold Standard and 'er merchants then get six-bits for every dollar's worth they sell, and pay one dollar and twenty-five cents for every dollar's worth of goods they buy. This proceeding puts 'em on easy street and saves the country."

"Man!" ses the captain, "you're crazy. Can you or me get a'ead of the game that way?"

"Individually, cap," I ses, "the system's a washout; but the power of co-operation is such that if all the merchants of a nation pull off this

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## THE PORT LANDING



**Y**OU slipped a dirty one over on me last trip," ses the captain, "and you owe me two-bits in consequence."

"'Ere's yer two-bits, cap," I ses, "and wot do I owe it for?"

"You gave me a Canadian dollar bill," ses the captain, "and all I got for it in 'Frisco was six lousy bits."

"You can 'and the two-bits back, cap; it's none of my grief if the little old United States doesn't know its geography."

"Wot's geography got to do with the argument anyway?" asks the captain.

(Continued on Page 25)

## *Cranberry Installs Water System*



*The new 50,000-gallon water tank which supplies the district of Cranberry with water. From this point water is drawn off by means of the gravity system through the mains.*

started the cycle anew, by installing the first modern water system in the suburbs.

The core of the Cranberry system is the big 50,000-gallon tank, standing on an eminence overlooking the surrounding country. From here the mains lead to the various parts of the district, the water being pumped by gravity pressure. The original water supply is derived from the Powell River Company tanks on Third Street, from which point the water is pumped up to the Cranberry reservoir, and then distributed as required by residents.

Cranberry is to be congratulated on this, another forward step in community life in the Powell River district. To the Cranberry Light and Water Trustees, A. Grundle, A. Longstaff and J. Goddard, who, despite many difficulties and initial discouragements, brought the project to a successful conclusion, a great deal of credit is due.

Our suburbs are setting a fast and progressive pace in community development.

Bill McLeod holds the office all-time record for a World's Series by winning two consecutive sweepstakes.

**T**HE advancing rush of modernism continues its march through Powell River suburbs. These progressive communities, which six years ago were scarcely more than scattered collections of newly and often hastily built homes, are donning the garments of capable, self-confident, organized manhood. Co-operative public spirit in educational, community and civic affairs has been the torch-bearer to a new and greater development in Powell River's sister communities of Wildwood, Westview and Cranberry.

Early in the year Westview pioneered the suburban electric light field, and Cranberry erected their first school. Last month Wildwood swung into line with a fine, new public school. And Cranberry recently

## *Swimming Club Enjoys Successful Season*



*Prize-winners of the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club during the 1931 season. Left to right: R. Redbead, Mrs. A. Vowles, J. Curran, Kathleen Taylor, Stan McClay, Val Kirchner, Winona Haigh, R. Johnston.*

**S**INCE its inception in April, 1930, the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club has been marked by a steady march forward, to a position at the end of the past swimming season which might well be the envy of any other similar organization in town.

The activities of the Club during its first season were confined to the teaching of life-saving and swimming. Ten of our young people successfully passed the Royal Life Saving Society's test for the Proficiency Certificate and medallion in life saving and resuscitation. Over sixty youngsters were taught to swim. The Club's mem-

bership at the end of the first season was well over one hundred. On their suggestion the Powell River Company built a new racing course and augmented the diving-board equipment.

A complete program of events for the season was drawn up to include at least one event a week—commencing the first week of June and ending on Labor Day. In addition, arrangements were made for learners' classes—to teach the juvenile and adult non-swimmers how to swim and dive; life saving classes—to instruct swimmers in life saving and resuscitation and to compete for the Royal Life Saving Society's Proficiency Certificate and



medallion; crawl stroke class, to form the nucleus of a good team of speed swimmers capable of competing against the mainland and island clubs, and of setting up individual British Columbia or Canadian records in the near future.

June was a poor month at the beach on account of rain and low tides on the afternoons arranged for the races, so that the club got away to a late start with its swimming program. On June 30 the club staged a gala in connection with the Dominion Day sports, covering 27 different events, with a prize list totalling \$125.00. Followed regular weekly competitions, with two events being averaged at each meet. These included races from 50 yards up to the mile and a quarter club championship for the J. Harper Challenge Cup.

Probably the highlights of the season were the splendid exhibitions of diving by Miss Mollie Edwards on Sunday, August 23, and Mr. Eddie Hornsby on September 12 and 13. Both of these divers are British Columbia champions, and both are in training for the Los Angeles Olympiad. These two divers were brought up here at the expense of the Powell River Amateur Swimming Club, for

the purpose of stimulating interest and arousing a spirit of emulation among our local members.

The club is justly proud of the splendid array of trophies donated by the kindness of the following:

Mrs. R. Bell-Irving, cup for ladies' diving. 1931 winner, Winona Haigh.

R. H. Scanlon, cup for men's diving. 1931 winner, Stan McClay.

A. E. McMaster, cup for men's 100 yards. 1931 winner, Bobby Redhead.

S. D. Brooks, cup for ladies' 50 yards. 1931 winner, Mrs. A. E. Vowles.

J. Harper, cup for 1/4-mile swim. 1931 winner, Bobby Redhead.

These cups and all prizes will be presented to their respective winners by Mrs. R. Bell-Irving at the Annual Presentation Dance on October 9 at Dwight Hall.

The splendid success of this year's operations has been largely due to the following committee, who have worked faithfully and earnestly throughout the year:

H. S. Vandervoort, president; F. Goulding, vice-president; V. L. Kirchner, secretary; W. R. Brown, treasurer. Committee: Wm. Alexander, J. Hill, L. V. Hilts.

*Another unusual glimpse of wild life in Powell River. This little lad posing for the camera certainly appears to have discarded some of the shyness of Meredith's proverbial squirrel.*







*The Powell River department store dressed for the recent window-dressing competition. The competition embraced stores throughout the Dominion of Canada. Powell River's display gained twelfth place, in a competition embracing hundreds of competitors. It was a highly creditable display.*

### Tappi Convenes

ON Friday, October 23, the Pacific Coast Section of Tappi (Technical Association Pulp and Paper Industry) will hold its annual fall convention at Powell River. This is the first occasion since the formation of the society on the coast that their deliberations have been held in Canada, and the Powell River meeting will undoubtedly be interesting and instructive to a large number of our own mill personnel.

The chief business section will be held at 9 a.m. in Dwight Hall and will be open to any employee of the company. Interesting from the point of view of the sulphite department will be Mr. A. H. Lundberg's address on the Brobeck circulating system. Mr. Lundberg has just returned from Sweden, where he studied the Brobeck system at first hand.

Mr. H. W. Nightingale, State Sanitary Engineer of the Washington State Department of Health will discuss the treatment of waste sulphite liquor.

A subject of general interest will be treated by Mr. J. H. Jenkins of the University of British Columbia in his paper on the "Utilization of Sawmill Waste." In Powell River sawmill waste is extensively used as hog fuel, and Mr. Jenkins' research along this line should be well received.

Delegates representing the majority of pulp and paper mills on the coast will attend and will be conducted about the plant during the afternoon.

Powell River members of Tappi are Mr. R. Bell-Irving, resident manager; Mr. R. H. Scanlon, assistant resident manager; Mr. H. Andrews, plant chemist; and Mr. E. P. Ketchum, groundwood superintendent.

## Our Summer Colony Expands



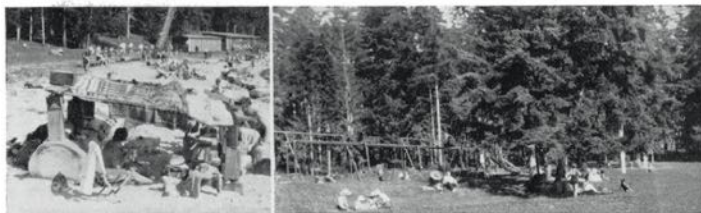
*View of the Lang Bay shoreline, a popular summer location for several Powell River residents.*

**T**HALL days are here again. The sunny days of summer have passed their meridian and the gray-tinged shadows of an early fall are closing in. Our vacationists have returned to their winter homes, the summer cottages have been boarded up, mother and father, not, perhaps, without a sigh, pick up the disused thread of the social and entertainment spool, the children climb surlily back into the conventional garments of civilization.

A feature of Powell River community life in the past two years has been the ever-increasing number of residents who have purchased, rented or built summer cottages in the district. The extension of road facilities along Malaspina Straits in the last

five years has enabled Powell River to create her own summer colony. Along the border of Malaspina Straits, ten and twelve miles from the heart of the townsite, are situated many bays and coves which constitute ideal camping spots. Long stretches of sandy beach, swept by the cooling zephyrs from the gulf; the second growth springing up on all sides and the ravages of a logging occupation quickly disappearing have made the summer home idea a popular innovation in Powell River.

The summer home on the outskirts of Powell River has many advantages. In the first place, it may be reached quickly and easily by car, within half an hour. Secondly, such is the uncultivated nature of the surrounding



*Another popular summer resort is the ever faithful Willingdon Beach, with its sand, its shade trees and children's playground.*



*Glimpse of a summer cottage at Douglas Bay, showing Malaspina shoreline in background.*

territory that the vacationist, though within a few minutes' run of Powell River, has all the advantages of quiet and solitude, usually only obtainable in districts remote from the centres of population.

The cottages of our summer vacationists at Canoe Bay, Lang Bay, Douglas Bay and other points along the Malaspina overlook the full sweep of the Gulf of Georgia, with its panorama of lofty mountains and green-shrouded islets. All the shipping in the Straits, the lady-like coastal passenger boats, the squat-nosed, unromantic tug, the sharp-bowed pleasure yachts, the chugging gas boats and the ugly barge; all these pass and

repass, creating only a pleasant impression on the senses.

Many residents have built permanent summer homes at points along the gulf and move their entire families out for the summer months. Others, our tired business men and our busy paper makers, move down for weekends with their friends. The year just passed has seen the largest number of residents in history utilizing summer homes in the Powell River area.

It is unquestionable that as our roads are lengthened and made safe for democracy, that the outward trek to new and more elaborate summer cottages will continue. South of Still-

*General view of Malaspina Straits, south of Powell River, showing mill on the far left.*





water, for example, where at present the road is only traversed by a few human mountain goats, are numerous attractive spots, ideal for the summer vacationist. Thunder Bay, "the end of steel" as far as Powell River is concerned, fronts that most picturesque of B. C. inland water highways, Jervis Inlet, and will in the near future be a popular resort. A bathing suit and an outboard kicker to explore the beauty of the inlet is all that is necessary.

Next spring, our optimists inform us that the goat trail now running to Thunder Bay will be widened and transformed into a motor vehicular highway. This will be pleasant news, for it brings the favored Jervis Inlet within forty easy minutes of Powell River, and the road, winding through a beautiful stretch of green timber, will in itself make a wonderful approach to the new and better homes that will one day house the Powell River vacationist along the shores of Thunder Bay.

Powell River's summer colony is only in its infancy. Each year, with new and untried areas brought to our back doors by the extension of our old and the construction of our new highways, the Powell River district will possess summer resorts comparable with any of the now famous vacation paradises on the coast.

The honeymoon couple were about to alight from their taxi.

"I feel so nervous, George," she whispered. "They are sure to know."

But George was resourceful. "Here," he said, "you carry the bag."

## POWELL RIVER AMATEUR SWIMMING CLUB

### Cup Winners

1. Ladies' Diving Championship (Mrs. R. Bell-Irving Cup.) Winona Haigh.
2. Ladies' 50 Yards Championship, free style. (Mr. S. D. Brooks Cup.) Mrs. A. E. Vowles.
3. Men's Diving Championship. (R. H. Scanlon Cup.) Stanley McClay.
4. Men's 100 Yards Free Style Championship. (A. E. McMasters Cup.) Bobby Redhead.
5. Open 1/4-mile Championship. (J. Harper Cup.) Bobby Redhead.
6. Men's Aggregate Cups. (P. R. A. S. C.) V. L. Kirchner, 22 points; J. Curran, 22 points.
7. Boys' Aggregate Cup. (P. R. A. S. C.) R. Johnson, 18 points.
8. Girls' Aggregate Cup. (P. R. A. S. C.) Kathleen Taylor, 15 points.

## The Port Landing

(Continued from Page 18)

stunt, that nation 'as the world by the tail."

"You're still crazy," ses the captain, "only more so."

"I know it, cap," I ses, "practically everybody ashore is crazy these days; but if you're out for a friendly tip from a crazy man, abandon the Gold Standard before you adopt it, otherwise you'll go cuckoo trying to figure out 'ow to pay the rent out of wot isn't left over and still 'ave enough to let your milk-bill ride."

A gang of men were working on street repairs in front of a woman's house. She seemed quite interested in them, and asked one of them, a big burly Celt, "Which is the foreman?"

Celt (proudly): "Oi am, mum."

Woman: "Really?"

Celt: "Oi kin prove it, mum. (Turning to a laborer near by) "Kelly, y're fired."



## *Cranberry's Soccer Threat*



*Cranberry's football eleven made their first bow to Powell River soccer this year. Top row: A. McGeachy, N. Law, J. Kenmuir, G. Burton, H. Hassel, R. Ingram, L. Hird, J. Sweeney. Bottom row: J. Stuart, G. Robinson, A. Dunlop, J. Gallagher, J. Scokey (mascot).*

**T**HE newly-formed Cranberry squad, shown on this page, performed very creditably in their opening exhibition against Westview. They held the Ranchers to a tie, and after an uncertain start played nice football.

\* \* \*

Hassel, making his first bow to local fans, looks like the find of the season. His finished footwork, accurate passing, anticipation and generally polished style stamp him as a centre half of parts. Hassel served several years with the Indian army and played on some of the strong squads for which the Indian forces are noted.

\* \* \*

If the plans of Frank Dallas and his executive attain fruition, a Mainland-Island League, embracing elevens

from Powell River and Cumberland, will shortly spring into being. The present league will be abolished and the new loop will consist of five or six teams, three from Powell River and the remainder from the Island.

\* \* \*

The scheme should find general favor with the soccer public in Powell River. Frankly, soccer went into a bad slump last season. Among other reasons, the lack of real competitive play was responsible. The new league should stimulate interest and inject just the spirit of emulative and competitive display that is required to put the round ball pastime back into its proper place as King of Winter Sports in Powell River.

\* \* \*

And while on this subject, con-

gratulations are due to the business-like and efficient manner in which President Dallas and his associates have conducted their duties thus far. Interest has been far keener than last year and the financial return already accruing to the individual clubs has been in advance of last year's figures.

\* \* \*

Powell River will also enter the Province Cup series after an absence of five years. It is hoped that at least one of these matches may be played here. The executive would do well to approach the B. C. F. A., pointing out the enthusiasm always evinced here over the appearance of outside elevens.

*Golf Notes*

**T**OURNAMENT time is here again and the big and little contenders for local golf immortality are swinging their clubs with invigorated abandon. Two important events have been concluded, the men's 36-hole medal round and the ladies' 18-hole medal handicap. In the men's event, club champion Steve Brynjolfson displayed his usual brand of clock-like golf, to lead the field with a splendid 146, one over par on each round. Steve's score is one of the best ever turned in by an amateur in Powell River in this competition.

The ladies' event, with the Jamieson Cup as the big attraction, was won by Mrs. Morley Mitchell, with a net 67. Mrs. Mitchell played one of the best games of her career to annex her first major championship in Powell River.

Excitement for the moment centres on the mixed two-ball event, now in the concluding stages. Ed Peacock and Miss Kay Fromey are defending the title won last year—and will have plenty of strong opposition. The mixed event has brought together one of the strongest fields in years and



*Mrs. Morley Mitchell, winner of the Jamieson Cup, emblematic of the ladies' 18-hole medal handicap competition. Mrs. Mitchell turned in a net 67 card.*

some thrilling matches are anticipated ere the winner is declared.

Maurice Boxall, our club pro, journeyed to Victoria to participate in the B. C. open championship at Uplands. Mr. R. Bell-Irving, snatching a week's holiday, accompanied Maurice.

**Births**

- Aug. 24—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hawkins, a boy.
- .. 27—Mr. and Mrs. James Cairney, a boy.
- .. 29—Mr. and Mrs. Alfredo Caletti, a boy.
- Sept. 1—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hawley, a boy.
- .. 3—Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Royce, a boy.
- .. 5—Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. LeBlanc, a girl.
- .. 5—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gibson, a girl.
- .. 6—Mr. and Mrs. William J. R. Taylor, a boy.
- .. 6—Mr. and Mrs. Miles A. McLeod, a boy.
- .. 7—Mr. and Mrs. Senkichi Tanizaki, a girl, Powell Lake.
- .. 8—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Anderson, a girl.
- .. 16—Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Aldrich, a girl, Cortes Island.
- .. 21—Mr. and Mrs. Quinto Peloso, a girl.
- .. 22—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald B. Tweed, a girl.
- .. 23—Mr. and Mrs. Petro Biasutti, a boy.



By CASUAL OBSERVER

**B**ASEBALL, for the time being, has undoubtedly captured the interest of the rail birds. Immediately the noon-hour whistle sounds the release, crowds gather round the radio, so obligingly placed outside Gordon's store, and follow the progress of the World Series classic ball by ball. Forgotten for the moment is the general depression, the political situation, and anything other than the performance of the contesting teams. Funny how this seems to get everybody. Fellows who don't really know the difference between an infield fly and the water bucket talk glibly of the virtues of Cardinal or Athletic, even the noon-hour soccer feature being temporarily suspended for the same reason. The erection of a plan of the field in the window of the DIGESTER office, with the progress of the game given in detail with ball and arrows, similar to that shown in the windows of the down-town journals, would be a decided improvement. The Editor could easily attend to the manipulation—he has an abundance of spare time.

\* \* \*

Summer sports are dying fast, if they have not already expired. Quite a common occurrence was the semi-water polo to be seen on the bowling green during the past week, where the lawn bowlers were doing their stuff despite the weather. Some of them looked more like fishermen in their slickers and hip boots, and it was at one time reported that canoes had been requisitioned to enable a quicker passage across the green.

\* \* \*

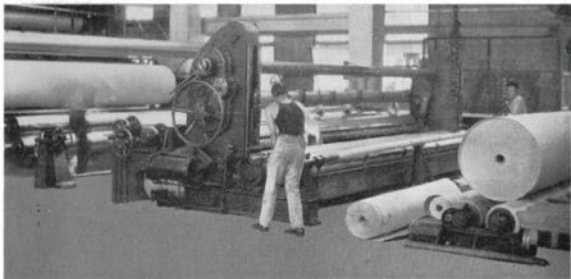
Suspension of the gold standard doesn't seem to worry the rail birds unduly, as long as the beer parlor remains open and their favorite brand of tobacco is obtainable. Jack Richardson says it's so long since he saw gold he can't remember the color of it, and it can go off the standard for all he cares. The football executive are hoping it will become sufficiently discarded to reach their collection boxes, in place of the customary nickels.

\* \* \*

Hallowe'en, the adults' nightmare and the youngsters' delight, is rapidly approaching. It is to be hoped that the celebrations will this time be confined to harmless pranks and innocent fun, and the wanton damage, increasingly noticeable of late years, will be conspicuous by its absence.

\* \* \*

The ex-service men are beginning to sit up and take notice. Their little annual flutter isn't far away, and advance reports are that this year's stag will be better than ever. A dress rehearsal is to be held by way of entertainment when the warship "Skeena" arrives, so that everything should be in fine shape for the main event.



*Where the last machinery touches Powell River newsprint. View of the dry end of No. 7 paper machine, showing the winder crew about to change reels. With the big machine travelling in excess of 1,000 feet per minute, they have to move fast and accurately.*





# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

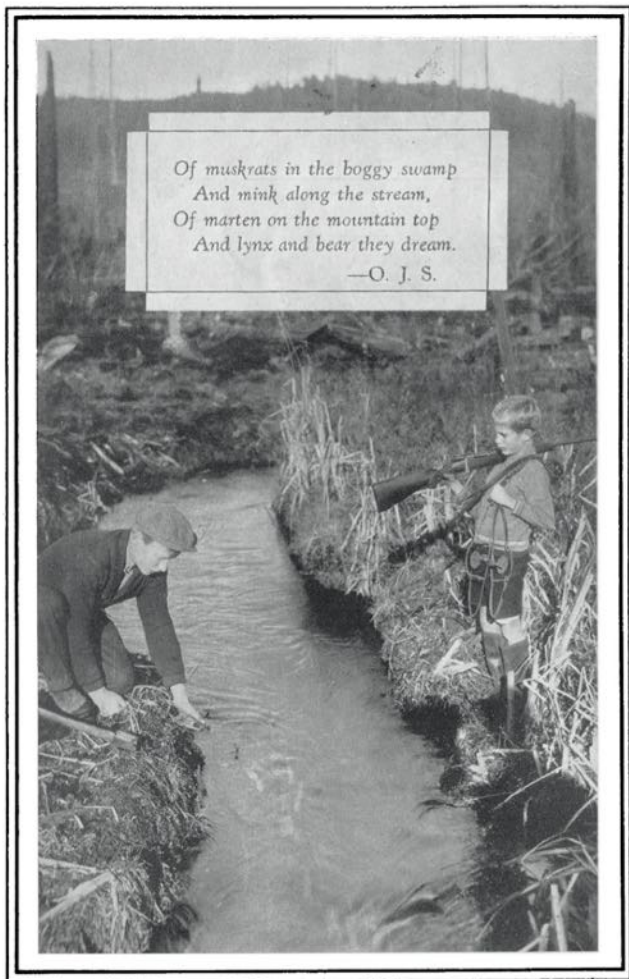
VOL. 10

NOVEMBER, 1931

No. 11

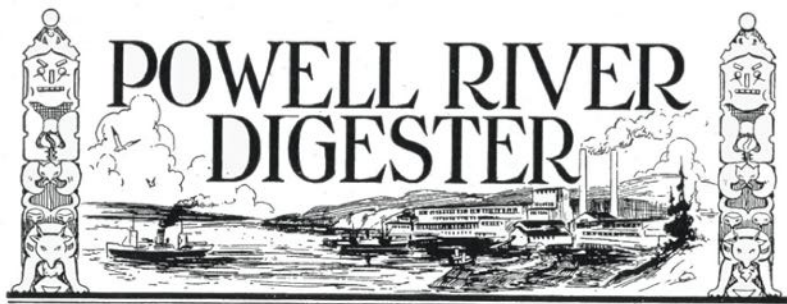
*Of muskrats in the boggy swamp  
And mink along the stream,  
Of marten on the mountain top  
And lynx and bear they dream.*

—O. J. S.





*What all our big-game hunters have been striving for, with not too conspicuous success this year—one of the many elusive members of the antlered herd, which still lurk in the copses and tall timbers of Powell Lake and vicinity.*



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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## *Armistice Week*

THE several weeks prior to Armistice Day are busy ones for the Powell River Ex-Service Men's Association and their friends. It is at this season of the year that an appeal is made to the public of Powell River to assist the Ex-Service Men's Benevolent Fund. The appeal has been made annually since the war—and it has always been answered.

The funds collected by the association are placed in the bank and are under the control of three prominent citizens, Robert Banham, George Clapp and William Stoney, who act as trustees and guardians. This fund is used to assist local ex-service men and their dependents who, through illness or other causes, may be in need of relief.

This year the response has been gratifying. The spectacular success of the Armistice Concert substantially augmented the balance in the bank. The proceeds from Poppy Day were highly satisfactory.

The local ex-service men's committee wish to express their deep and sincere appreciation to the public of Powell River, to the artistes at the Armistice Concert, and to the ladies selling poppies, for the manner in which they have again supported and co-operated with the ex-service men of the district.



## *Armistice Week Recalls Memories*



*Interesting photograph of King George inspecting the Canadian huts at Dickebusch. In the front of the picture, with his back turned, is H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. The photograph was taken in 1915, when the Canadian Corps was holding the line in the old Ypres salient. Dickebusch was a favorite stamping ground for Canada's first contingent in France.*

—Photo loaned by Major Arthur Sutton.

**A**RMISTICE WEEK, for the several hundred ex-service men in Powell River, is one of memories. A host of recollections, poignant, pleasant, glittering, drab, crowding back on a flood of reminiscence and in retrospect, the events preceding that day, thirteen years ago, when the cease fire sounded along the battlefronts of the world, hold sway for a brief hour in memory's spotlight.

In this issue we are enabled,

through the courtesy of members of the local ex-service men's association, to reproduce several illustrations, representing various and widely-extended portions of the Canadian line in France. All or part of them will recall the action-tinged days of a past generation.

To a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France, three sectors of the old battle-line will always stand out vividly—Ypres, The Somme, and Arras. Around, or in the



*Another photograph well known to Canadian ex-service men, the famous ruins of Ablain St. Nazaire, one of the Canadian landmarks on the Arras front. In the background of the picture is the famous Vimy Ridge, captured by the Canadians on April 9th, 1917.*

—Photo loaned by E. Ferguson.

neighborhood of these areas of feverish excitement, is written the story of Canada's legions in the Great War.

No part of the entire line is more sacred to the memory of Canada than the old Ypres salient. Here in April, 1915, the first division made their glorious stand against the first attack of poisonous gas ever launched in warfare—ancient or modern. Here, with the French colonials fleeing in terror before an unrecognized danger, the old "red patch," their flank in the air, attacked by overwhelming odds, demoralized by the deadly gas fumes, blocked the road to Calais, against a succession of attacks almost unparalleled in their ferocity. St. Julian and Langemarck became synonymous with the achievement of Canadian arms.

For over a year the corps remained, almost without a break, in the Ypres salient. They had appeared first in Ypres, when that once celebrated centre of Flemish art and industry still retained something of its pre-war beauty. Merchants sold their goods in the square; the famous Cloth Hall, its medieval splendor unblemished, looked down for the first time in history on

a military force from the new world. In 1916, when the corps cried, not good-bye, but au revoir to the salient, they left a ravaged, war-torn, desolate countryside behind them. The civilian had long since departed from its hostile, shell-pocked streets. Only the long, grey column of khaki-clad men, in steel helmets, braved the danger of Hell Fire Corner to pass through the shattered Menin Gate. The Cloth Hall, a mass of crumbling, sickly ruins, stared out in gaunt despair on the desolation and ruin confronting it.

In the fall of 1917, the corps returned to their final spasm in the salient. In the mud and misery of Passchendaele, they fought the last and perhaps the most terrific battle of their career in the Ypres sector. They quitted the salient in November, never to return—and there were no regrets.

From Ypres to the Somme was a wild leap from one hot plate to another. Here for the first time Canada's four divisions came together. At Moquet Farm, at Courcellette, and finally at Regina Trench, when the fourth division upheld the prestige of



*During the Somme offensive. Canadian infantry are going over the top. Note the bursts of shrapnel in the background. The Canadian Corps bore a heavy share in the Somme offensive, and the first tanks ever used in warfare accompanied them in the attack on Courcellette.*

—Photo loaned by Major Sutton.

its forerunners, Canada's contribution in the scale of its best blood was high. At Courcellette, the tanks came into action for the first time, "going over" with the second division on their initial attack.

Once again the Canadians returned to the Somme front, and this time to achieve one of the most business-like and spectacular successes of the entire war. On August 8th, 1918, the corps, as the spearhead of the Allied advance, advanced over twelve miles, the greatest single gain ever recorded in a day's operation on the western front. Few will forget the feverish concentration in Beuves Wood on the night of August 7th, and the equally exciting hours following the kick-off in the morning. No registering shots had been fired by the artillery; the enemy was caught napping, and the first few hours were almost a triumphant march. Here, too, for the

first time, many Canadians saw the magnificent spectacle of the cavalry in action as they dashed through the infantry and routed out the straying machine gunners along the Roye road. It was an exhilarating spectacle, carrying with it something of the glamor of the days when the Union Cavalry rode against the Cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Including even Ypres, no sector of the western front breathes more poignantly the spirit of Canada than the Arras front. Here the corps gained some of its most decisive victories; here it was that the title of shock troops was first given to the Canadians. One of the great outstanding Allied successes of the 1917 campaign was the capture of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians on April 9th, 1917. There are scores of men in Powell River today who can accurately describe every detail of this famous

*View of the famous Napoo Corner at Lievin, scene of terrific shell firing during the Hill 70 attack in August, 1917.*

—Photo loaned by E. Ferguson.



action—the advance through a blinding snow storm, the capture of the Pimple, and the final ejection of Fritz from a vantage point which for two years had commanded a bird's-eye-view of Allied movement along that front.

And in the illustration in this article, many will recognize the picture of Napoo Corner at Lievin, on the outskirts of Lens. Napoo Corner was appropriately named, and Fritz's uncanny ability to drop a shell on the crossroads at will can be easily remembered. In the fight for Hill 70, Lievin was a centre of operations. In the streets and cellars of this shell-shattered village, some of the most desperate street fighting of the war was witnessed. In one day, seventeen counter attacks were launched against the Canadians, and at the end of the day the line held firm. Avion, Mericourt, Cite St. Pierre, Lievin, Fresnoy, they all roll back in memory's tide at Armistice Week.

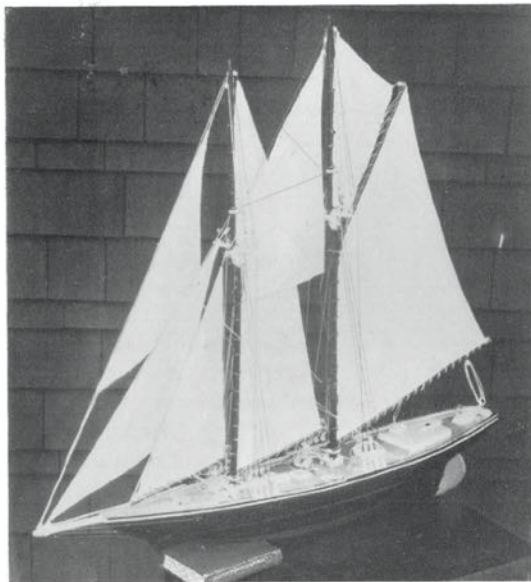
One great and everlasting desire of the corps was to have the privilege of capturing Lens, before which they had manoeuvred for nearly a year.

But this was not to be. The great forward movement of 1918 caught Lens in its pincers, and while the Canadians were rolling up the Hindenburg line in front of Arras, Lens was evacuated by the enemy, to be occupied with scarcely any resistance by British troops.

The story of the Canadians at Arras during the last stage of the war needs no retelling here. They had assisted in stemming the tide of German invasion against it in the hectic days of March and April. And now, in August, the tide turned. Monchy, a few miles in front of Arras, was captured. The Hindenburg line, deemed one of the most impregnable strongholds on the western front, was captured in less than two hours, and the Canadians started down the Arras-Cambrai Road on the last leg of the great adventure. Arras was left far in the rear. The long-range gun from Douai, that crashed at regular five-minute intervals into the station square, was no longer heard. The battle smoke rolled swiftly on, to dissipate in the city of Mons on November 11, 1918.



## The Bluenose Wins Again



*Model of the celebrated pride of Nova Scotia, the famous Bluenose, holder of the International Fishermen's Trophy. This model has been recently completed by Alec McDonald, of the Machine Room, himself a former member of the Grand Banks fleet.*

HE'S better than she ever was—the older she gets, the faster she becomes." Tersely, Capt. Angus Walters, skipper of the famous *Bluenose*, queen of the Atlantic fishing fleet, thus summed up the sailing powers of his celebrated craft, as she slipped into Halifax the day before her race with the speedy *Gertrude Thebault*, American challenger.

The skipper's opinion was justified by results. The old *Bluenose*, running before a stiff breeze, outsailed Capt. Ben Pine's great racer, retaining for Nova Scotia the blue ribbon of the Atlantic fishing fleet. After ten years of combat with the lashing gales, the *Bluenose* proved that age

has no terrors for a ship of her staunch timber.

Although defeated, the *Thebault* proved that in lighter winds she would be a dangerous contender on any coast. Prior to the contest she ran up from Boston to Halifax, a distance of 365 miles in 30 hours—an average speed of over twelve miles an hour—and an all-time record for members of the fishing fleet.

On this page we reproduce a model of the *Bluenose*, erected by Alec MacDonald, of the machine-room staff. Alec in his palmy days sailed out of Gloucester and other Atlantic ports; he knows every inch of the Grand Banks and other haunts of the Boston and Halifax fishing fleets. A "Blue-

nose" himself, Alec has always taken a keen interest in the annual race for the fishermen's trophy, and his latest effort is the workmanlike model of the *Bluenose* shown above. The pride of the Halifax fleet is 145 feet long, 28 feet wide, with a depth of 15 feet. This latter dimension will be particularly amazing to the uninitiated, as the *Bluenose* draws as much water as many of the big freighters carrying paper from Powell River. The working crew of the *Bluenose* consists of twenty-eight men.



AVING reached years of discretion," ses the captain, "it's about time me and you started to make some Footprints in the Sands of Time; if we figure on leaving any behind us."

"Meaning which, cap?" I asks.

"As cogs in the machinery of large companies," ses the captain, "we don't attract any particular attention until we begin to wear out, then the boss mechanic raises 'ell chipping us out and dove-tailing our replacement into position.

"Wot we want to do is to become 'Big Business' ourselves."

"I notice, cap," I ses, "that you're looking yellow around yer gills and the whites of your eyes are kind of unnatural. Do you figure you got over your last illness?"

"If you're insinuating I'm going bugs," ses the captain, "you're only making another exhibition of your abysmal ignorance. I've been reading a book on 'ow money is made and I'm extending the 'and of friendship in letting you in on it. It's like you to be biting the mit wot's attempting to feed you."

"'Ow are you fixed, cap," I asks, "for capital? It's supposed to be necessary in Big Business."

"I'm finding the brains," ses the captain, "and it's up to you to find the capital and do the work. Besides, this book, 'Your Money's Worth,' will only set you back \$2.00, and apart from that, all you need is chicken feed. It tells 'ow for five cents, you can get from a wholesale druggist, material which mixed with sea-water, makes 478 bottles of a well-known medicine, retailing at \$1.00 per. For \$20.00 you can buy one ton of bran, which, when put up in cardboard containers, retails for \$3,000 per ton; but, as to the fortune, it's not up to me to teach you the business. Get going and report when we meet again. I'll 'ave me bag packed in case me fortune is made."

The judge (sternly): "Well, what's your alibi for speeding sixty miles an hour through the residence section?"

The Victim: "I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's chapter were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

The Judge: "Case dismissed."

## *H.M.C.S. Skeena Pays A Visit*



*His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Fordham-Johnson comes ashore. Behind His Honor are Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Powell River Company Resident Manager, and Mr. J. Falconer, Assistant Resident Manager, who tendered the official welcome of Powell River to H.M.C.S. Skeena.*

**A** DOUBLE honor was conferred on Powell River by the welcome visit of H. M. C. S. Skeena on Thursday, October 15th. It was the first post-war official visit of a vessel of the Canadian Navy to our shores, and it was our first opportunity of expressing our loyalty to the Crown and Empire, through His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Fordham-Johnston.

Hundreds of spectators lined the wharf to watch this trim greyhound, one of the most modern and efficient of its class in the world, swing to our moorings on the outside pier. Vessels of His Majesty's fleet are all too infrequent callers here—and the privilege of inspecting the first

fighting ship to be laid down according to Canadian Government specifications was eagerly embraced by the public.

They found in the Skeena a ship manned in its entirety by Canadians; they saw all the traditional efficiency and sailor-like appearance of British tars, in the knowledge and deportment of the officers and crew. They saw, in short, a first-class fighting ship, equipped with the most advanced engines of the ultra-modern destroyer and provided with every comfort and convenience, consistent with the offensive and defensive powers of a modern destroyer of the line.

Immediately after the Skeena had



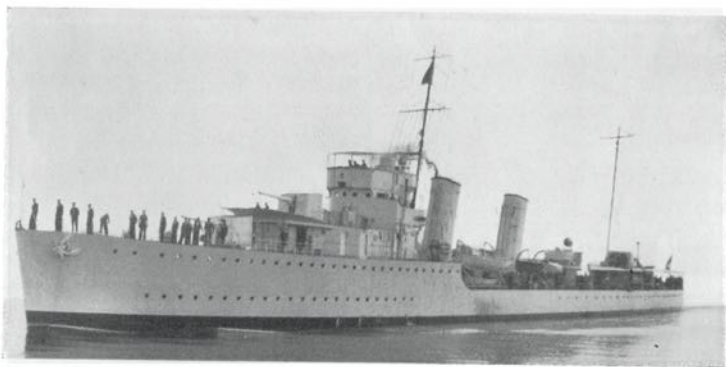
*Snap of the ship's mascot of H.M.C.S. Skeena taken from the wharf. The dog was a great favorite with the officers and crew, and accompanied them to the big Smoker held in Dwight Hall on Friday evening.*

been warped into her berth, a reception committee, composed of leading Powell River Company and Government and civic officials, proceeded aboard to pay their respects to the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander Brodeur. The reception committee consisted of the following: R. Bell-Irving, J. Falconer and P. Sandwell, representing the Powell River Company; Mr. G. Ward, harbormaster; Major A. Sutton, Government Agent; Mr. F. Nello, President Powell River Ex-Service Men's Association; Mr. C. M. Oliver, Chief Customs Official Mr. J. Harper, senior naval officer in the district.

Following the official exchange of

greetings, the Lieutenant-Governor and his party and the ship's officers were conducted on an inspection tour of the new machine room, where the spectacle of No. 7, Powell River Company's latest newsprint machine, proved a general source of interest and comment.

Entertainment for the officers and crew of the Skeena had been well prepared, and, judging from after-comments, we feel secure in saying that the ship's complement of Canada's splendid destroyer enjoyed their visit to Powell River as much as Powell River enjoyed having them. On Thursday evening His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and party, Com-



*The H.M.C.S. Skeena, photographed as she made her first landing at the Powell River Company wharf last month.*





*One of the high-lights of the Skeena visit was the splendid showing made by Powell River's newly-formed Pipe Band, under the direction of Pipe Major Mitchell. Here the band is shown playing the soccer team of the Skeena on to the athletic field. The Skeena lads played keen football and held the strong local eleven to a three-all draw.*

mander Brodeur and the Skeena officers were entertained in the Hotel Rodmay by officials of the company and members of local civic and Government bodies. His Honor and Commander Brodeur both expressed their appreciation of the courtesy afforded them to be able to include Powell River on their itinerary. The Lieutenant-Governor is no stranger to the district, and he recalled the many pleasurable visits he had made here in the capacity of a private citizen.

Commander Brodeur expressed himself as greatly impressed with the size and extent of the plant, and deeply appreciative of the arrangements being made to entertain his ship's company.

On Friday evening a grand smoker, under the auspices of the Ex-Service Men's Association, was held in

Dwight Hall, in honor of the officers and ratings of the Skeena. The affair was one of the most successful of its kind ever staged in the district. In addition to the Lieutenant-Governor, Commander Brodeur and party, there were present approximately seventy-five officers and ratings from the destroyer. Mr. R. Bell-Irving introduced our new Lieutenant-Governor, who was received with vociferous applause as three hundred voices sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Mr. J. Falconer proposed the toast to the Navy, in which he spoke of the centuries of tradition behind the service, and the dependence the entire Empire had always placed in their ability and initiative. Commander Brodeur responded in a most appropriate vein, stressing the intention of the Canadian Navy to ever maintain these traditions in the ser-

(Continued on Page 27)

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# EDITORS NOTES

## *The Community Benevolent Fund*

THE formation last week of a community welfare association, with the object of dispensing present and future relief through a central organization, is a new development in the Powell River district.

The dispensation of relief in this district has hitherto been an unimportant and almost unnecessary phase of welfare work. With the plant running to capacity and a stable population, there was practically no unemployment.

A change has taken place — a change due not entirely to the general current depression. In recent years the extensive programme of construction activities has attracted large numbers of temporary workmen to the district. On the conclusion of the work in hand many of these men have remained in the neighborhood, working temporarily on part-time jobs. Added to this problem is the necessity of finding employment for the younger generation now appearing in increasing numbers on the market. Other men, vainly seeking work elsewhere, have poured into the district to aggravate the situation.

The chief and practically the only industry in Powell River is paper making. Manifestly, the Powell River Company cannot absorb the entire

surplus labor of the district. Consequently, we find ourselves with several hundred unemployed men on our hands.

The problem is distinctly a community one. Powell River, compared with other sections of the continent, has been comparatively immune from hardship or depression. We have contributed little to general relief funds. The demands made on the citizens of Vancouver and other centres have scarcely touched us.

The new organization will start a drive for funds immediately. They will appeal individually and collectively to citizens and to social and fraternal bodies. They will ask for the support of the residents of Powell River in providing for cases of relief and distress that may exist. Much of the individual work of organizations, formerly working without plan and co-operation, will be directly absorbed by this central committee.

There is a concrete problem to be faced in the Powell River district today. The committee appeals to the citizens of Powell River to help them face and surmount this problem.

We feel they can rely on the generosity, the humanity and the public-spirited outlook of our residents. Support the Community Benevolent Fund!



# AROUND THE PLANT

ONE day last week the office was thrown into a sudden panic. A mighty rumbling, much like the passing of an earthquake shock, shook the doors, rattled the windows and scattered papers over the floor. Several members of the staff heroically resigned themselves to the inevitable, preparing to face the end with dignity and outward calm. Others cowered, shrinking in corners, thinking sadly over the sins and follies of youth. The situation had all the elements of a Dumas drama.



Finally, however, Jim Macindoe rushed in to report that John McIntyre had just told Doc Lyons a funny story, and the disturbance outside was merely a low chuckle of enjoyment on the part of the doctor.

The grand route march from Dwight Hall on the night of the Skeena banquet was a huge success, judging from the comments of observers. The way some of the boys marched down the hill gave one the impression the war was still on. In a few other cases, it is true, the war

would have been lost long before the company reached the dock.

Sam Chambers is taking the "Admiral's Broom" out on the golf course with him this year. He intends to sweep the mighty deep, and what



few water holes are left are for his opponents. A determined lad, Sammy, when he starts on a real scalping trick. We do hear, however, that he still takes strokes from Al McLean and uses them, too.

We heard from unusually authentic sources that Carl Gaudet, in the last graveyard shift before the Armistice Stag, was practising ten minutes every hour, singing "Asleep on the Deep" and "The Old Millstream." He quit when the whole crew protested that the reels were becoming soft on the edges. Some of the boys were getting that way, too, after the second rehearsal.

Jack Harper and Bill Parkin are also reported to have prepared a new version of the "Submarine Lancers"



for the edification of the audience. Well, if they stay where submarines should stay, let 'em sing to their hearts' content.



Maurice Dunn and Reg Baker again ran neck and neck for the title of Leading Stag Ticket Seller this year, with Maurice having a slight edge in condition, particularly on the gentle little incline, leading from the wharf to the Time Office.

We have wondered why with all these new inventions in headgear the machine room crews haven't done something in the way of paper chapeaux to startle the local fashion world. We offer as a suggestion the new design, "Topiece a La Hughes" or the "Oo La La" special by Wendell Murray. We are certain Campbell Forbes would defray all the designing costs for these novelties.

Another suggestion offered by an anonymous member of the machine room is that Walter Snyder, Al Hansen and Carl Gaudet pool their stock certificates and sell them to some rival paper mill for paper stock. If their stock is anything like most of the stock around this office it should make great beater-room material.

Joe McGuire informs our correspondent that any resident who is un-

familiar with the term "A last-ditch stand," should stop off along the Westview Road between his house and Vernon Hughes' domicile. Vern suggests they run a cut-off to Malaspina Straits, and the *St. Faith* could drop her tow in his front yard. Harvey Coomber's suggestion is to continue the ditch on to Powell River, and the company could send the Tee-shoe down for the morning shift and save a lot of bus fares.

If Al Capone, Jack Diamond, or other Chicago suburban cut-ups, had been permitted one glimpse of Bill Mosman or Dave Evans as they appeared in the Viennese Village scene at the Armistice Concert, they would sign the pledge "on the spot." Tough laddies, them fellas, when they start "remembering Vienna."

It is rumored (from the usual quarter) that Charlie McLean, Charlie Robertson and the Editor were discovered in an exhausted condition on the front door of Charlie Long's emporium when the staff appeared to open up on the first morning of the big one-cent sale last month. Well, it was a hard night, boys, and a tough battle.

From comments received, it is considered that the decision of the ex-service men's committee to reserve a portion of the hall for the Armistice Concert has met with general approval. There are objections to the plan, but it is felt they were outweighed by the advantages.





Wife (to husband driving his first car): "You really mustn't be so nervous, George. Remember, the other people on the road are just as frightened of you as you are of them."

Little Girl: "Mother, you know that valuable old vase you said had been handed down from generation to generation."

Mother: "Yes."

Little Girl: "Well, this generation has dropped it."

And it was during the young sailor's first watch in the crow's nest that this happened:

"A red and a green light on the starboard bow, sir."

"What is it?"

"A drug store, I guess, sir."

Little Phyllis asked her mother:

"When I grow up will I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, Phyllis."

"And if I don't marry will I be an old maid like Aunt Susan?"

"Yes, dear."

The girl thought a long moment, then shook her head. "Well, I am in a fix."

The diner was reading the latest sensation in the morning paper, and looked up to talk to the waitress.

"How would you like to be buried in a snowdrift for eighteen hours with your sweetie?" he asked.

"Say," retorted the lady, "if me an' my sweetie was buried in a snowdrift, we'd be swimmin' in twenty minutes!"

Little boy (calling father at office): "Hello, who is this?"

Father (recognizing son's voice): "The smartest man in the world."

Little Boy: "Pardon me, I got the wrong number."

Host: "It's beginning to rain; you'd better stop to dinner."

Motoring Visitor: "Oh, thanks very much, but it's not bad enough for that."

"What are those tickets I found in my husband's pocket?"

"Your husband is an archaeologist. These tickets are evidences of a lost race."

She: "I guess you played around with all the French girls while you were in Paris."

He: "No, not all of them. I was only there for two weeks."

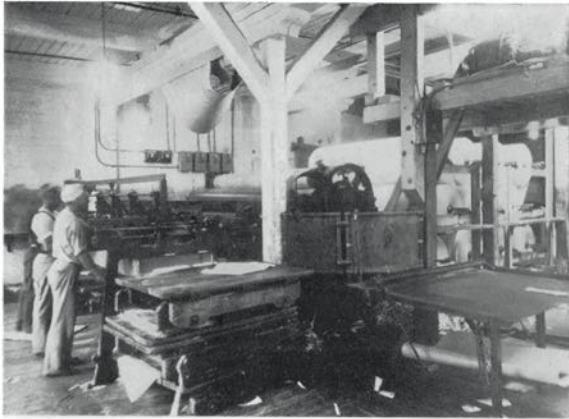
# Powell River Children



- |                                     |                        |                    |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Carmen and Mary Castellarin      | 2. Katheryn Richardson | 3. Ormond Lyons    |
| 4. Virginia Merle Lyons             | 5. Doris Jean Antonuk  | 6. Nancy Lou Lyons |
| 7. Lorna Jean and Norma Joan Lyons. | 8. Mary Richardson     |                    |

## *Newsprint in the Making*

### *The Cutter Room*



*View of the cutter machine, where the many and varied sheet orders are turned out.*

**M**UCH of the never failing fascination of the modern newsprint mill lies in its bigness. Particularly is this true of the machine and finishing rooms, where the final acts in newsprint production and packing are staged, where the huge reels are chastened to journalistic desire; and where properly clothed and labelled, they "jump off" for the many and widely extended destinations in the presses of the great dailies and weeklies.

The bulk of the production of any newsprint mill is consumed by the daily newspapers and it is this unceasing process of huge rolls, parading in stately majesty, hour after hour, day after day, week after week, on to the paper troopships that constitute the most important and spec-

tacular feature of newsprint manufacturing. They are the first and second waves of attack—the battering rams that stand in the forefront of battle.

Yet they too, must be supported by auxiliaries, less imposing perhaps, less numerous, but vitally necessary to the success of the operation.

The cutter room is one of the important auxiliaries in the modern paper mill. Here the orders, varying in size from the small handbill to the larger sheets are made up, sorted and packed; here is cut paper for the primitive hand press, to whom rolls are useless; here, the many and widely extended demands of printer, jobber and merchant are fulfilled.

Powell River newsprint is utilized in many fields other than in the daily

*Sorting the sheets for packing in the cutter room. Everything from handbills to large billposters are cut, packed and shipped from the cutter room.*



and weekly press. Down in the cutter room, they may be making scratch pads for a merchant in one of the big coast cities, they may be turning out the pages of a telephone directory, they may be serving as a medium for the corner grocer's weekly or semi-weekly announcements. Scribbling books or scratch pads, they are all part of the daily lives of the cutter crews.

The cutter room has also the privilege of serving many newspapers in the western hemisphere. Throughout the length and breadth of the continent are many small weeklies whose circulations do not justify the establishment of the big newspaper press. Here the editor and his assistant perform all the duties, which on a large daily are distributed about a large and well organized staff. Rolls are useless here and the paper is baled up in sheets and forwarded to its destination. In other sections the primitive hand press still exists—and their demand for newsprint is necessarily in the form of sheets.

It is painstaking work, this turning out of sheet orders. A dozen differ-

ent sizes may be on the daily order sheet and this necessitates a constant vigilance on the part of the cutter men and the sorters and packers. The requirements of each customer must be carefully safeguarded and the sheets carefully inspected for possible flaws before being baled and packed.

Approximately forty tons of paper are handled every twenty-four hours in Powell River's cutter room—and this paper, like its big brother, the newsprint roll, is despatched to all corners of the western hemisphere. A busy place this cutter room. Norman Fraser's aide-de-camps, Davie McBain, Albert Adams and their assistants are filling a highly important place in the manufacture of Powell River Newsprint.

### *The Super Road Hog*

"Oh, Cecil, you have knocked a man down! Don't you think we ought to go back and find out if he is badly hurt?"

"Good gracious! No! We shall see all about it in tonight's paper."



## The Doctor Casts His Fly



*Dr. Andrew Henderson, with the smile of victory on his face, faces the photographer with a five-pound trout, landed on a fly in Powell Lake last month.*

He then went on to say that he himself was going fishing, and taking Joe Falconer along as witness.

"And when I come back, I'll have the evidence," the Doctor concluded, "and I won't choke them to death with worms or lure them with the silver or brass standard."

And, friends, here is the evidence. The Doctor sat in the rear of Joe's boat, unhurriedly fixed his fly on his hook, tossed it overboard, waited a few seconds—and then it happened.

A big 4½-pound cut-throat seized the hook and the Doctor did the rest. He landed the big fellow in the boat, instructed Joe Falconer to turn Powell Riverwards, landed home, called the office, and the photographer completed the party.

**I**T is with more than ordinary pleasure that we reproduce the picture on this page. The fisherman requires no introduction to Powell River nor to a large number of our readers in many and widely-extended parts of this continent.

A few weeks ago Dr. Henderson dropped into our office with fire in his eyes. (The doctor at odd intervals gets fire in his eye, and when he does, pity the poor sailors and their immediate relatives.) He informed us he was "utterly nauseated" with these fish stories he had heard from his friends both in Powell River and Vancouver.

"I've listened to their mouthings," flamed the doctor, "but I've never seen the fish."

Recently, the Doctor informed us, certain of his Vancouver friends had become a bit puffed up over some of the minnows they had choked in Powell River. He has asked us to especially draw this picture to the attention of Mr. Frank Burd, of the Vancouver Province, particularly stressing that this fish was caught with a fly—and, finally, that it was caught. According to the Doctor, the last fish that was carried back to the Province office was never caught—it was so old it simply gave itself up.



By CASUAL OBSERVER

THE Armistice Stag will be a thing of the past by the time these notes appear, so this is merely mentioned in passing. The chief of the police department, being a newcomer in our midst, and possibly possessing previous experience of stags of this nature, expressed his doubt as to whether the dimensions of the local "sanatorium" were of sufficient nature to accommodate all applicants for admission on that particular evening. He was reassured upon being informed that the troops had never yet failed to reach home some time during the ensuing thirty-six hours, and the only casualties were those received later from female relations, who had watched the wandering footsteps, and were never backward in emphatically expressing their disapproval of being left out of the best thing of the year. The navy, however, have stated their intention of maintaining their past record, and remaining perfectly sober. The army couldn't, no matter how they tried, and up to going to press nothing had been heard from the marines.

\* \* \*

Rather a good one was overheard in the grandstand on the athletic ground recently, during a football game. One of the teams could do nothing right, and were being sadly trounced, much to the disgust of a fair damsel, who, although not fully conversant with the finer points of the game, was interestedly watching proceedings. "Why," she purred, in accents so beloved by the male escort, "can the other team put the ball in that fishing net, and Andy's team can't?"—whoever Andy might be. "Blooming weak backs," growled her masculine companion, as another shot reached the desired haven. "Well, they shouldn't be allowed to play such a rough game," was the final comeback.

\* \* \*

Fly fishing will undoubtedly receive a great boost should the mild attack of lunacy, reported from elsewhere, spread in our direction. Twenty fishermen, it seems, have been fined for taking trout from Shawnigan Lake with the assistance of a worm and spoon.

Whether this is the result of professional jealousy is not quite clear, but it has apparently successfully been shown to be against the law. Our own experience implies that it is a work of art to take trout out of Shawnigan Lake at all, and anyone satisfactorily shown to have done so is worthy of reward, rather than compulsory contribution to the provincial exchequer. No wonder fly fishermen are seen walking round with smiles of contentment illuminating their features, but this state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. Fishing waters everywhere would soon be overstocked to the point of suffocation. Fish are born gamblers, and ever willing to take a chance, and with the choice of reward in the event of success, lying between a nice, fat worm or an imitation fly made out of somebody's discarded trousers, there is no doubt as to the direction in which their tastes would aspire.

## Technical Education Progresses in Powell River

OUTSTANDING in educational progress in the Powell River district was the formation a year ago of vocational work in the Powell River High School. The experiment, in its application an innovation in high school education in British Columbia, was inaugurated coincidentally with the institution of the four-year high school system in British Columbia.

Briefly, Powell River High School now offers two programmes or curricula — the General and Vocational branches. Certain subjects are common to each course—English, Social Studies, Mathematics, Physical Education and Health and Chemistry. The General Course leads to University and contains French, in some cases Latin, Physics and Manual Training or Home Economics. The Vocational course is planned to suit boys who will not attend University and offers, in addition to the constant subjects mentioned above, Sheet Metal and Machine Shop, Woodwork, Mechanical Drawing, Electricity, Mechanics, Hydraulics and Heat.

Since the Vocational course does not include French, it does not lead to University. It is in this connection that the big problem arises, for great care must be taken that each boy makes the choice appropriate to his needs. And he would be a wise man indeed who could tell every boy

of fourteen whether or not he should contemplate University work. In the majority of cases the evidence points plainly to one course or the other, however, there are always some boys who cannot make a wise choice when entering High School.



*Mr. White, an expert on shop subjects, has been attached to the technical staff of the local high school.*

The general problem of guidance makes it possible that Vocational work will not be offered to first year students after this year, and all students will be required to take one year of the General course, changing to Vocational work at the end of their first year if they wish.

The addition of Vocational work and Home Economics to our schools has created many new problems and increased the cost of instruction and the burdens on the executives. Much remains to be done, much careful planning and thoughtful execution, but all those who are near to the situation are firmly convinced that the



step has been a wise one, justifying amply its many costs.

As instructors in the technical branch of high school education, the local High School has secured the services of Mr. Hal Gwyther and Mr. Jack White, both of whom we have pleasure in introducing to our readers.

Mr. Gwyther hails from India, but came to this country as a boy. He



*Mr. Hal Gwyther, former Varsity Rugby star, is another popular addition to the high school technical staff.*

received his high school training in King Edward High School and attended the University of British Columbia in the Applied Science Faculty in 1917-18 and in 1919-20. For several years past he has been with the schools of Vancouver, his activities centring around Simon Fraser School. Interested in athletics, and expert in the practice and teaching of shop-work, he has already proved himself an asset to our High School, where he is the Vocational instructor.

Mr. White, a Canadian, is a graduate of Vancouver Technical School, which he attended from 1923 to 1926. For some time past he has been asso-

ciated with the night schools of that institution while gaining invaluable experience in the pattern-making trade in Vancouver. An expert in the shop subjects, and proficient in Mechanical Drawing and Design, Mr. White has already worked a vast improvement in the Woodworking shop and Drafting classes, laying the foundation for future valuable work in these departments.

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"Chicago gunmen use police radio system to help burglary," says a recent news despatch. This must be a new gang just starting up. The regular boys went through all the police systems long ago.

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"Gas tax doubled by Irish Free State," reports a Vancouver daily. Well, if old Ireland is still old Ireland, it will take more than that to stop 'em talking. A tax on unrefined bricks would be a worse handicap in that section of the world.

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Certain London citizens express disapproval over Mr. Gandhi's failure to discard his celebrated loin-cloth while attending the Indian conference. Our suggestion is that such future meetings be held in November—and if the Mahatma can walk through one of those shivery London fogs and enjoy it—then the city of London should present him with a dozen loin-cloths—and be proud of the privilege.

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She was only a lumberman's daughter, but her limbs were oke.



## *Pacific Coast Section of Tappi Convenes Here*



*View of a group of Tappi delegates photographed at Dwight Hall at the close of the morning session, at which Mr. P. Sandwell, Powell River Company Resident Engineer, Mr. Jenkins and Mr. A. H. Lundberg were the principal speakers.*

**T**HE Pacific Coast section of TAPPI (Technical Association Pulp and Paper Industry) held on Friday, October 23, its Annual Fall Convention at Powell River. Since the formation of this organization three years ago, conventions have been held twice a year at various points in Washington and Oregon. The recent assemblage, however, was the first ever held on Canadian soil, and Powell River was the chosen focal point for the delegates. It was a real pleasure and a privilege to assist in the entertainment of the fifty

delegates, and the Powell River members of the Association can only express the hope that the delegates enjoyed their initial visit to our district as much as Powell River enjoyed having them.

The general program, under the supervision of Harry Andrews, Powell River plant chemist, and vice-chairman of the Pacific Coast section, had been carefully prepared. The delegates were kept busy from the moment they arrived in Powell River at 7.30 until the *Princess Royal* hooted a last farewell at midnight.



*Photographed during Tappi Convention at Powell River last month. Mr. R. Bell-Irving (left), Powell River Company Resident Manager, views the Lois River development along with Harry Andrews, Powell River Plant Chemist; J. H. Jenkins, of the Canadian Forest Products Laboratory; and Dr. Jabn, of the University of Idaho.*

#### THE MORNING SESSION

The conference started its morning session promptly at 9 a.m. This session was devoted to the reading and discussion of technical papers, embracing subjects of general and particular interest to a group of pulp and paper delegates. The three papers on the morning program were well chosen, and provoked keen discussion from the audience. The principal figures at the session were Mr. A. H. Lundberg, of the G. D. Jensen Company, Portland, Oregon; Mr. P. Sandwell, Powell River Company resident engineer, and Mr. J. H. Jenkins, of the Forest Products Laboratory of Canada, Vancouver, B. C.

Mr. Lundberg, who has recently returned from an extensive tour of the Swedish paper mills, during which he studied at first hand the outstanding installations in Scandinavian mills, presented a highly interesting paper

dealing with "New Developments in Sulphite Cooking."

Mr. P. Sandwell's address on "Some Drier Experiments" summarized the results of a number of experiments which his engineers in conjunction with the mill operating staff, had carried out with a condensate system. The results of these experiments had proved eminently satisfactory, and had been included in the improvements and installations made on the machines in the Powell River plant.

Making his first appearance at a Tappi convention, Mr. J. H. Jenkins, of the Canadian Forest Products laboratory at Vancouver covered many interesting fields of investigation made by his department in connection with sawmill waste, devoting a portion of his paper to sawmill waste as a source of raw material for the manufacture of pulp.

Mr. Harry Andrews, of Powell

River, occupied the chair at the morning session, and kept the discussion of the various papers alive, as well as maintaining the pre-arranged schedule in respect to time.

#### VISIT TO LOIS RIVER

Following the mid-day luncheon, cars were on hand at the Hotel Rodway to conduct the visitors to Lois River for an inspection of the Powell River Company's recently-completed 22,000-H.P. development. The temporary log crib dam, the penstock line, and the new power house, with its big 18,000-K.V.A. generator, were attractions of particular interest to the delegates.

#### THE EVENING BANQUET

The wind-up banquet, held in Dwight Hall on Friday evening, was an eminently successful conclusion to a full and enjoyable day. Of special interest to the large number of American delegates was the presence of Pipe Major Mitchell, chief of the Powell River Pipe Band, in full Highland regalia. The delegates lined up in the main auditorium of Dwight Hall, and to the skirl of "Yankee Doodle," goose-stepped their way into the banquet hall. Special souvenir programs and an illuminated sign, designed by John McIntyre, were prepared and thoroughly appreciated by everyone.

The principal speakers at the evening session were Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Powell River Company resident manager, and Dr. Jahn, of the University of Idaho. Mr. Bell-Irving forcibly and logically answered certain criticisms which had been levelled at the benefits accruing to the industry

through the formation of TAPPI. He stressed the benefits to the industry through the increased encouragement afforded the technical man in recent years—a benefit in which the influence of TAPPI occupied a prominent position.

Dr. Jahn's carefully-prepared and erudite paper on the "Use of Cellulose Other Than in Wood Pulp," covered a wide field of research and investigation made by himself and others.

Following Dr. Jahn's address, Mr. C. W. Morden, chairman of TAPPI, carried on with the general musical and vocal program. The program, under the supervision of Mr. Jock Campbell, included the following artists, to whom the sincere thanks of the committee are due: Mr. J. Campbell, Mr. Stuart Blondin, Mr. Trevor Prothero, Mr. Bob Jones, Mr. Arthur Rea and Pipe-Major Mitchell.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation by Mr. R. Bell-Irving, representing Mr. Krimmel, president of the parent TAPPI organization, of the gavel of office to the chairman, Mr. C. W. Morden. Mr. Morden, in turn, presented the gavel to Mr. Ralph B. Hansen, of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, the newly-elected chairman of the Pacific Coast section.

We believe the entire delegation honestly enjoyed this, their first visit to Powell River, and that when the next TAPPI convention is held in the townsite, they will be looking forward to the pleasure of this visit—as we are looking forward to welcoming them again.

### *Returns from Tour*

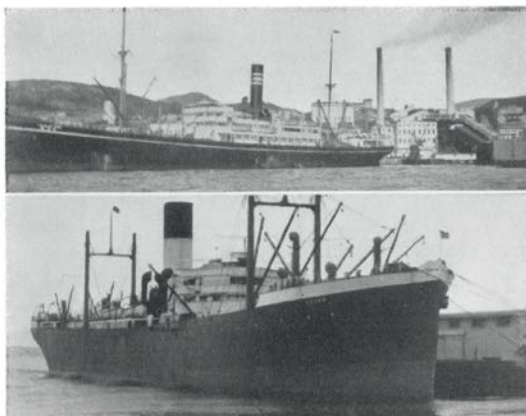
Miss Cuthbertson, our townsite encyclopaedia, has returned after nearly four months absence abroad. She made the trip to England via the Panama Canal and reported a most enjoyable and interesting voyage. Miss Cuthbertson travelled extensively over England and Scotland, concentrating on London and Edinburgh. She was in England when the decision to drop the gold standard was announced and her eyes still sparkle when she describes the excitement in dear, old London on that day. The London theatres particularly drew her admiration—and her descriptions of the latest hits at the Gaiety and the various variety houses, we must confess, aroused many pleasant reminiscences. Miss Cuthbertson, we are very pleased to be able to inform our readers, is in good health again and ready to give houses away wholesale—provided the applicant is convincing enough.

### *The Old Plays*

The reference in the above note to the London theatres will arouse many pleasant reminiscences among local ex-service men at this particular period. The great stage successes of the war period drew thousands of Canadians. "Chu Chin Chow," at His Majesty's, ran for nearly five years; the "Maid of the Mountains," at Daly's; "Bing Boys on Broadway," at the Alhambra; "Going Up," "Zig Zag," and "Razzle Dazzle," were productions that every overseas Canadian will remember with pleasure. And those fascinating variety shows, "Some" and "Cheep," at the Vaudeville, saw all the popular song hits of the period, including "Black-Eyed Susans," sung. Arthur Bouchier was playing "Old Bill" and Fred Terry and Julia Neilson had not yet departed from the stage. One of the greatest of all war memories are the theatres of London.


Be careful—accidents are costly.

*Two large carriers of newsprint to call at Powell River last month were the Yokobama Maru, above, and the well-known Blue Funnel liner Ixion, below.*





## The Armistice Concert

 PACE prevents, at this moment of going to press, a detailed description of the individual personalities, the consummate direction, the skilful and harmonious blending of light and color, the picturesque scenery and the characterizations that contributed to the magnificent success of this year's Armistice Concert.

We can only say here—and we say it with unshakeable conviction—that this year's performance was outstanding, even among the many outstanding treats which we have been privileged to witness in Powell River. All the various features, calculated to strike the imagination and kindle the enthusiasm of an audience, had been considered — beautiful scenery; skilfully arranged lighting effects; the perfect blending of scene into scene, without jar or confusion; clever stage craftsmanship; brilliant costumery; and behind all a perfectly trained, enthusiastic group of artists and performers, moving about in their different roles with ease and the confidence borne of an intimate knowledge and careful rehearsals.

There was not a jarring note in the entire programme. The opening half, dedicated to the spirit of Armistice, struck the appropriate note of interest and solemnity in a happy combination.

In painting and designing the scenery for the second half, Mr. John McIntyre contributed what in our opinion was the finest of the many

fine effects he has given the Powell River public. The beautiful and elaborate setting for the Viennese "Village Square" evoked outbursts of spontaneous admiration from the large audience; and the gorgeous, brilliant "Moonlit Roses," arranged with an artist's eye and conception of beauty, is something that will long be remembered.

The high quality of the performance accorded by the principals and the supporting cast was unanimously acclaimed the best yet. In stage appearance, in technique and in vocal ability this quality was outstanding. We would like to congratulate each artist personally. We would like to tell in detail the story of their individual performances. Reluctantly, we are compelled to refrain. We can only say again: "Thanks many times, each and every one of you; thanks, stage manager, musical directress, orchestra, principals, and members of the cast, for an evening of beauty and unsurpassed pleasure."

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The late Lord Balfour, who, as is well known, was a confirmed bachelor, was once sitting in the drawing room of a friend who was happily married. Before them on the hearth-rug were a cat and dog lying together. Said the friend: "Why do people speak of a cat-and-dog life? See how happy these are." Lord Balfour paused for a moment, smiled, and then said: "Tie them together."

**H.M.C.S. Skeena Pays a Visit**

(Continued from Page 10)

vice of Canada. As the Commander concluded his remarks, the strains of "Rule Britannia" and "O Canada," accompanied by hearty cheers from the guests, brought the entire company to their feet in one great demonstration.

The general programme for the evening had been well prepared, with Jock Campbell, Trevor Prothero, Bert Watts, Bob Jones, Arthur Rea, Bain Calder and others maintaining enthusiasm at a high pitch. Infected with the general gaiety, impromptu "turns" were given by the officers and members of the crew in typical navy style. Powell River Pipe Band was out in full strength, and their playing was one of the outstanding events of the evening. Gordie Black, Bert Watts, Stuart Blondin and their assistants had provided an attractive musical programme, and vied with the pipers in popularity.

At 11.30 p.m. the banquet came to an end, as the strains of God Save the King played the Lieutenant-Governor and party from the hall.

The real high-light of the evening was the Grand Parade back to the ship, in which nearly three hundred men participated. Local ex-service men and members of the crew lined up outside the hall and, with the pipe band in front and the brass band behind, marched in column to the wharf. It was a spontaneous demonstration, and a spirit reminiscent of the old war-time enthusiasm infected the ranks. The old favorite songs were sung, expressions of mutual

esteem were exchanged, and, with the band playing "Auld Lang Syne," the members of the local Ex-Service Men's Association bade au revoir to their friends and comrades of the Skeena.

**Soccer Notes**

Outstanding in the Callies this season has been that sturdy war horse Jack Tunstall. Jack is playing one of the best games of his career this year. Foxy, brainy Andy Lieper is



*Jack Tunstall, veteran in local soccer ranks, is playing at the top of his form this season.*

bad in the line-up and causing opposing defences plenty of worry. Billy Rees in goal is playing in brilliant form and has made some sensational saves during the early part of the season.

**BIRTHS**

- Sept. 2—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Loftus, a boy.  
 Sept. 15—Mr. and Mrs. Judson O. Hennigar, a boy.  
 Oct. 1—Mr. and Mrs. Gerald N. Clapp, a boy.  
 Oct. 2—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Robertson, a boy.  
 Oct. 4—Mr. and Mrs. Russell K. Hayes, a boy.  
 Oct. 4—Mr. and Mrs. Claude R. M. Wilcox, a girl.  
 Oct. 5—Mr. and Mrs. John Razzo, a boy.  
 Oct. 8—Mr. and Mrs. Ewart G. Craigen, a boy.  
 Oct. 10—Mr. and Mrs. James McCartney, a girl.  
 Oct. 15—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fahey, a girl.  
 Oct. 18—Mr. and Mrs. Knut L. Nelson, a boy.

### *Essay on Scotland*

(By an Australian Schoolgirl)

Scotland is a braw wee land on the north of England. It has water nearly all round it and whisky over a large portion of it. The population is about four and a half millions, including Ramsay MacDonald. It has a peculiar language of its own, and if one can pronounce it coherently it is an infallible test of sobriety. It possesses considerable mineral wealth but very little of it finds its way out of the country. Gold has at times been discovered in certain districts as well as in pockets of certain natives.

The best known exports are Harry Lauder, Peter Fraser and Scotch whisky, though sufficient of the latter is retained in the country to satisfy the demands of home consumption.

The chief import in recent years is Winston Churchill.

The national dress of Scotland is the kilt, which is a kind of petticoat. In pattern it resembles a chess board, but in cold weather the wearer finds it more like a draft board. It is be-

lieved to have been invented because the aborigines were unable to find trousers big enough to get their feet through.

The bagpipes provide a wind instrument which is said, when blown, to produce a tune. On many occasions in the history of wars, Scotch regiments have marched to death listening to the strains of the bagpipe, though it is not known whether their willingness to meet the former was inspired by the desire to escape the latter.

Scotland has produced many well-known men, among them being Robert Burns, believed to have been a poet. It is usually denied that he was born in Battersea. His most famous poems are "Scots Who Have" and "Stop Your Tickling, Jock."

In Scotland for a couple to declare themselves man and wife in the presence of witnesses is tantamount to marriage, though there's often a tendency to dispense with the witnesses.

The chief national characteristic is reckless expenditure.



*The Pipe Band enlivens proceedings for visitors aboard the Skeena during the afternoon. Here they are playing alongside the ship as it lies at the wharf.*



*How the original Westview wharf appeared twenty years ago. The old logging locie, of the Michigan Puget Sound Logging Railway, is carrying the logs to tidewater for shipment to various points on the Pacific Coast.*



## YOUR PAL

When the trumpet sounds Reveille  
And you stand your last parade,  
Stand steady, take your sentence, steadfast, unafraid.

---

The mental picture's fading of those lusty, crowded days,  
When you tramped through muddy trenches  
And stood in shell-wrecked bays.  
But you have a clean-cut picture  
To treasure all your life  
Of a pal you-valued greatly,  
A friend, made 'midst that strife.  
Although he's but a memory  
And you've never seen his grave,  
You're a better man today, lad,  
For the friendship that he gave.  
So when you make the crossing  
O'er the Styx in Charon's Barge,  
And you face the Great Commander  
To get your last discharge,  
There won't be much to worry you,  
There won't be much amiss,  
Because your pal will be right there  
When you hear  
"Parade Dismiss!"

---

When the trumpet sounds Reveille  
And you stand your last parade,  
Stand steady, take your sentence, steadfast, unafraid.

MAURICE DUNN, 1931.

# Powell River Digest

VOL. 10

DECEMBER 1931

NO. 12



# Greetings

*To the Officers and Employees of the  
Company and Members of their  
Families:*

In these unsettled times it is a matter of the deepest satisfaction to our Directors that we have been able to maintain a running schedule which has worked so little hardship among our employees.

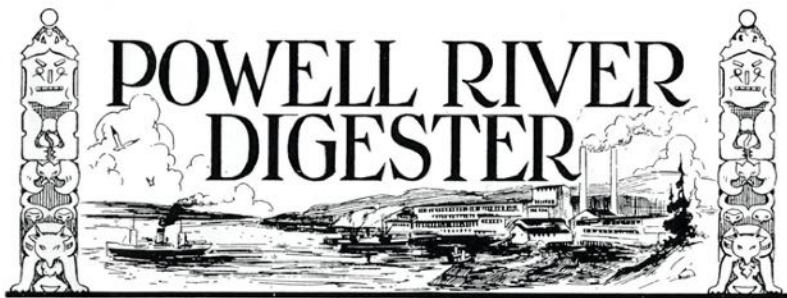
The Directors wish to express their appreciation of the sympathetic attitude and loyal co-operation displayed by our employees and to assure them that in the furtherance of their best interest no stone will be left unturned.

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. 10

DECEMBER, 1931

No. 12

## Children's Christmas Tree

SANTA CLAUS

*will be at*

DWIGHT HALL

3.00 p.m.

Tuesday, 22nd December, 1931

*to meet*

ALL KIDDIES WHO ARE NOT OVER  
9 YEARS OLD

BE ON TIME



BE ON TIME



Parents are requested to have all children who are not over the age of nine attend at this place and date.





## *Marriage of Company Official Arouses Widespread Interest*



*The bridal party photographed on the White Empress. Left to right: Mr. S. D. Brooks, groomsman; Mr. R. H. Scanlon; Miss Alfreda Murray; Miss Margaret Murray, bridesmaid.*

**O**f outstanding interest in Powell River's social world was the solemnization on Saturday, December 5, of the nuptials between Miss Mary Alfreda Murray, of the Powell River Hospital staff, and Robert H. Scanlon, Assistant Resident Manager and a Director of the Powell River Company. The ceremony was performed in the First Baptist Church, at 9.30 a.m., by the Rev. Harris L. McNeill. Following the marriage, a reception was held aboard the Empress of Japan, on which the bride and groom sailed for a honeymoon tour of Japan.

The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Murray, of Vancouver. Mr. S. D. Brooks, Executive Vice-President of the Powell River Company, supported the groom.

The ceremony was performed amid a setting of great white shaggy chrysanthemums, arranged in tall standards, their white beauty offset against a background of graceful palms. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was gowned in a smart imported French tailleur of olive-green ripple broadcloth. The skirt was semi-flared, with knife-



*View of the principals and guests taken in the reception room of the Empress of Japan following the wedding of Mr. R. H. Scanlon and Miss Alfreda Murray on December 5th in Vancouver. Many Powell River friends of the bride and groom were present.*

pleating inset at the front, while the becoming, closely-fitted coat was outlined with grey astrakan, and a dainty white blouse, fashioned with a softly-draped cowl neckline, completed her ensemble. Suede hat and shoes were in perfect complement, and her only ornament was a rope of pearls. She carried a little white basket filled with Ophelia roses and lily of the valley.

Miss Margaret Murray was her sister's only attendant, and had chosen a becoming ensemble in a soft blue tone, trimmed with black fur, and worn with a smart matching hat. Her flowers, pink roses, were also arranged in a basket.

Mrs. Murray, the bride's mother, wore an ensemble of smart black and white, with hat en suite, and to which a note of color was added by her corsage bouquet of red roses.

To Powell River the wedding was

of special interest. The bride and groom have been popular and prominent members of our social, community and industrial world. Mrs. Scanlon, prior to her marriage, as a member of the local nursing staff, was a general favorite in the townsite, where her charm and personality had won a wide circle of friends and well-wishers. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Murray, of Vancouver, and has been a member of the Powell River nursing staff for the past eighteen months.

Owing to the scheduled sailing of the Empress of Japan, the wedding was quietly informal. A large number of friends were present to wish the couple God-speed and good-luck on their voyage. At the wedding breakfast, held in their suite on the "White Empress," the rooms were thronged with crowds of well-wishers

and old friends, all anxious to extend their congratulations and bon voyage. A toast to the bride was proposed by Mr. S. D. Brooks and enthusiastically acclaimed. Mr. Scanlon responded on behalf of the bride.

The groom is a pioneer of Powell River. He was present at the birth of our plant and townsite twenty-one years ago. As a youngster, scarcely out of his 'teens, he assisted in the construction of the first newsprint plant in British Columbia. He has seen, and has been a prominent figure in, the growth and expansion of Powell River during two decades. Known to everyone in the district as "Bob," he has taken an active and energetic leadership in promoting the civic and athletic life of the district.

As an official and director of the Powell River Company, Mr. Scanlon is widely known throughout the continent. He has been active in the promotion of industrial safety in the pulp and paper industry, having served as the National Safety Council's Regional Director on the Pacific Coast. In recent months, Mr. Scan-

lon has devoted much of his time to personal contact visits to the numerous publishing houses using Powell River newsprint. He is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Scanlon, of Minneapolis, the former, prior to his decease, being President of the Powell River Company.

Promptly at 11 a.m., the White Empress was warped away from the wharf. Amid a chorus of final farewells, the big liner eased slowly out in the stream, the bride and groom waving their last acknowledgments to the repeated au revoirs and good luck from the wharf.

#### *Puzzles Scientists*

"Red snow," which is to be found on Vancouver Island, is puzzling scientists. Where the snow lies deep it is of a decided red color, although when a handful is picked up it appears white.

It is now possible to travel from London to Karachi, India, by regular aeroplane services, in a few hours over five days.



*Of great interest to the guests was the magnificent wedding cake, prepared and designed by the Empress of Japan's chief culinary expert.*



## The Pipes Are Skirlinging



*Two of Powell River's well-known pipers, Charlie Robertson (left) and Pipe-Major Jimmie Mitchell, picturesquely turned out in full regalia.*



THE formation of the Powell River Pipe Band several months ago has been a decided acquisition to the entertainment machinery of our townsite. The band, since its inception, has been an active and public-spirited body. They have been heard often at public receptions, at sports meets, and at various community gatherings. Individually and collectively they have loaned their services to the public; their appearance has added mirth, mettle and dignity to many an entertainment in Powell River.

On this page two of our well-known pipers, Pipe-Major Jimmie Mitchell (right), and Charlie Robertson pose for the camera, after their appearance at the memorial service held at the Cenotaph last month. They are in full Highland regalia, and their picturesque and smart appearance imparted an added touch of dignity to the service. Both of these

men have taken numerous awards for piping, and both are well known among the "clan" in Canada and the United States.

It is the ambition of the local band to supply their entire complement of twelve members with uniforms, and they have been quietly working to this end for several months. As suggested in previous issues, the Powell River Pipe Band, in quality and experience, compares favorably with any similar organization in the Dominion. Tommy Smith, the big drummer, has no superior in the west, and his every appearance has been cheered to the echo.

The spectacle of the entire band swinging down our streets arrayed in kilt, sporran and glengarry, with the pipes skirlinging out "Bonny Dundee" or "The Cock of the North" will be a grand day for local Caledonians and their wide circle of pipe-lovers.



# Newsprint in the Making

## The Time Office



*Mr. Frank Flett,  
Powell River  
Company Pay-  
master and  
chief in com-  
mand of the  
destiny of the  
Time Office.*

**A** VISITOR from Mars, dropping in on Powell River at four o'clock of an afternoon might well be excused for inquiring as to the whereabouts of the "fire." If not a fire, then an unusually succulent dog-fight or a brilliant display of pavement oratory. For where are all these figures he sees hurrying along the streets going? From every direction come—from north, east, west, south—a miniature army converging on one common objective.

The common objective is the Time Office. Shifts are being changed and several hundred men are hurrying through to begin or close their day's work. Through the aisles they pour. Cards are taken from or placed in their racks. The time clock shakes in crashing chimes as man after man punches "in" or "out." Every eight hours and at five o'clock in the evening similar concourses swell and melt at the Time Office. In the neighbor-

hood of 1400 men tramp through its racked aisles daily.

Many, varied and widespread activities are centred beneath the roof of these stout timbers. The Time Office is the clearing house for the district. Here the employee makes his first and his last contact as a member of the Powell River Company organization. When he applies for a position he first visits the Time Office. When he leaves the employ of the company, his final settlement brings him to these doors.

The record of every man in the plant may be found in the Time Office files. Each applicant is interviewed, his age, nationality, date of birth, war service, and other particulars carefully compiled and ready for instant checking or reference. Here, applicants are graded and sorted according to medical category. One man passes the doctor "A1"; another, through certain physical defects, may be a "B" or even a "C" man. As vacancies occur, it is the duty of the paymaster and his staff to find "the man for the job." Men in a lower category must be sent only on jobs within their physical capabilities, and this entails the exercise of careful judgment and tact.

Each day the 1400 time cards are abstracted from the racks by the staff. Each man's working time is carefully checked with the foreman's time re-



*Five o'clock, and the day's work over. Employees from the grinder room, blacksmith shop, wharf, and other departments from "under the bill," are heading for the Time Office to punch out.*

ports and extended. In addition, the daily distribution of labor costs is worked out. "One man six hours on townsite, two hours on the wharf; an hour here, an hour there"—every hour must be accounted for when the monthly labor distribution is completed. Hourly, daily, weekly, the Time Office finger is on the pulse through which throbs the extended ramifications of activities necessary in the production of Powell River newspaper.

All the above with numerous by-

ways and turnings is part of the regular routine of this busy centre. It is exacting and often arduous work. There can be no mistaken calculations here. A single mistake and the late evening or midnight oil is put in the old lamp and the wick turned to "high."

A busy spot, this Time Office, one might say. The enumeration of the above activities, however, coax scarcely a weary grin from Paymaster Frank Flett and his colleagues.

If that were all, they exclaim sadly.

It is not all—not by any means.

You fishermen, who in recent months have been hauling in those big springs from the security of the company wharf—

Ah, yes, one little formula is necessary before you splash your bait over the guard rail.

You require a permit? Ah!

And from where, Mr. Fisherman, may this permit be procured?

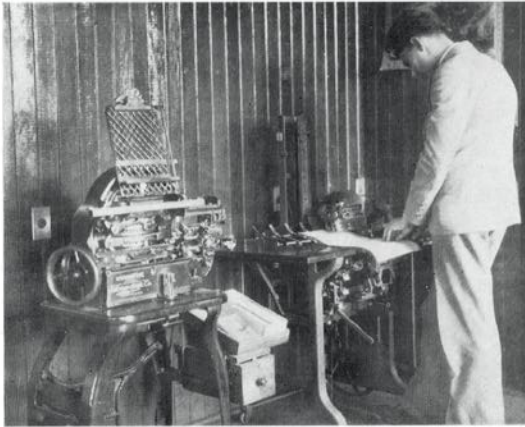
The Time Office? Thank you.

A group of visitors arrive on a pleasure yacht. They are intrigued with the big plant and the atmosphere of industrial activity.

May they secure permission to view

*Bird's-eye view of the card rack and the clocks in the Time Office. These cards are taken out, checked and extended each day by the Time Office staff.*





*One of the modern machines in daily use in the Time Office. Thousands of envelopes, time cards and reports are handled each day by the staff, and pass through the machines.*

the wonders of modern paper-making.

Why, yes, just call in at the Time Office, Mr. Flett or a member of his staff will fix you with a pass. Quite all right, the pleasure is ours. Trust you will enjoy your visit.

A few months ago all our hearts were warmed by the playful activities of Finance Minister Jones and his delightful game of "one per cent."

How may we most easily collect this tax, pondered the Minister-in-Council.

Ha, we have it. We'll ask the Time Office to deduct it.

And they did, much to the exhilaration of the boys therein.

"Say, what the——," exclaims another playful lad, as the income tax papers, Federal and Provincial, swamp his post office box one sunny morning. "What do they mean, income tax, I haven't seen an income for six years."

Tell that to the Time Office, young fellow.

"What! Charging *me* poll tax?"

Hold hard, my lad, tell your troubles at the Time Office.

"Things are a bit tough this month," wails another householder. "Guess I'll have to advance myself a few coupons."

Yes, sir, just call at the Time Office, and they'll fix you up.

And so goes the Time Office Merry-Go-Round from day to day. Twice monthly the payroll, with its varied deductions and amplifications must be prepared. This is as inviolable as the proverbial dictates of the Medes and Persians — and far more important to the 1400 men who swing through its aisles daily.

Truly a clearing house, this Time Office. Exactness, diplomacy, tact, understanding must be included in the mental and business equipment of the staff.

---

The total sum paid out of the British Unemployment Fund in the last 10 years has been £600,000,000.

# EDITORS NOTES

## *Our Twenty-first Christmas*

AS this issue reaches our readers, the residents of Powell River and district will be deep in excited and feverish preparations for the townsites' twenty-first Christmas. It is just twenty-one years ago since the advance guards of our first construction army swarmed into the land of stumps and tall timbers that is today the site of the largest newsprint mill on the Pacific Coast.

Our pioneers have witnessed many fluctuations of fortune in their two decades of uniform and steady expansion. They have seen good times and hard times. They have faced moments of disappointment, perhaps of disillusionment. They have surmounted difficulties—have overcome numerous obstacles in their march from the valley to the crest.

The world today is in a valley of depression. The peaks appear to most of us nearly insurmountable, with jagged points and menacing pitfalls to daunt the stoutest heart. Our twenty-first Christmas finds us in the midst of a world-wide depression, described by many "as the most severe in history."

Undoubtedly, the general low spirit of the world is reflected in our local attitude. Our actual in-

juries, while not negligible, are unquestionably slighter than in the majority of centres on this continent.

One reason for our pessimism in Powell River lies in our youth. A big proportion of our employees are young men, thirty-five years and under. We have never experienced a depression before. The panic of 1907 is scarcely even a memory to us. The only depression we know anything about is the present. It is, for most of us, the first shock we have suffered. It has left us gasping, with a sort of bewildered, helpless feeling.

But if we have no reason for loud rejoicings, if we must, possibly for the first time, experience the unpleasant taste of retrenchment in our business, social and economic life—if we must seriously consider readjustment and curtailment of our pleasures and expenditures, one glance at the "outside" world leaves no just reason for pessimism in Powell River on Powell River's twenty-first Christmas.

A Chinaman had a toothache, and phoned a dentist for an appointment.  
Doctor—Two-thirty all right?

Chinaman—Yes, tooth hurted all right. What time I come?



## *World's Shipping Calls at Buenos Aires*



*The famous "Dyke" at Buenos Aires, where ships of all nations are inspected and appraised by customs officials on arrival. In recent years the eyes of the world have been closely focussed on the great Argentine capital.*

**T**HE members of the recent Canadian Trade Commission who made the trip to Buenos Aires on the S.S. Prince Robert, are very enthusiastic over their experience in the "Paris of the Americas." The splendid reception accorded the mission on their arrival, the courtesy of the officials and residents, the splendor and magnificence of the great South American capital—these were all enthusiastically stressed when the Canadian delegation returned home.

Most of the large newspapers in Buenos Aires are known to Powell River paper makers and the press

stories of the Empire Exhibit were read with more than passing interest. The pictures on this page convey some idea of the extent and grandeur of this city into which one of the Point Line boats has just arrived with a cargo of Powell River newsprint.

Undoubtedly South America is today more in the limelight than at any previous period. Canada, the United States and Great Britain are sending their salesmen across the seas to develop new markets and to forge closer the bonds of friendship between themselves and Latin America. And Buenos Aires, as the largest and most mod-



*The West Camargo unloads Powell River newsprint on the dock at Buenos Aires. Shipment is made direct from the Powell River plant to the South American seaboard.*

ern of the metropolises in the southern continent, has become an increasingly attractive focal point for the tourist and trader.

In the past three years steamship connection between Canada and the Argentine has been established. These vessels of the Canadian Government Mercantile Marine operate chiefly out of Montreal, Halifax and St. John.

Buenos Aires is today the third largest city in the Americas. Its population of 2,200,000 is slightly less than Chicago, second city of the United States. The magnificent Avenida de Mayo, which is 100 feet wide, runs through the centre of the city and is considered one of the finest boulevards on the continent. At the eastern end of this avenue stands the magnificent Plazo de Mayo, having an area of more than four acres and fronted by several imposing buildings, including the executive palace and the cathedral. At the western end the terminal is the House of Congress, erected at a cost of \$6,000,000.

The Argentine capital is a pleasant mingling of the old and new worlds.

In its theatres, its cafes and clubs, all the gaiety and sparkle of Paris rests. In the new bustle and activity, the thousands of ships passing and re-passing through its harbor, the construction of public buildings and paths, the life of the new world is reflected.

That much of the pulsating life of the great metropolis is given to its people on paper manufactured in Powell River is a source of pleasing interest to local employees.

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### *At Yuletide*

If an old maid hangs the mistletoe bunch, it is said neither love nor marriage will result between any two persons kissing under it.

---

Burn all your evergreen decorations. If this is not done, evil will gain a foothold which you will be unable to dislodge till the following year.

---

The best person to hang up a bunch of mistletoe is the mother of seven children.



# AROUND THE PLANT

ONE of the unpublished highlights during the playful after-ceremonies attending the nuptials of Bob Scanlon and Miss Murray this month was seen on the C. P. R. dock just before the White Empress pulled out. Following the immemorial custom of such occasions, those ashore and those on ship had been supplied with rolls of paper streamers. Bob, his early morning nervousness slightly worn off, took a roll from Charlie Blaney. Mr. Bell-Irving, our resident manager, took another. They were compact rolls. Our resident manager, spying Bob and his blushing bride beaming at him from the rail, drew back his right arm and heaved his streamer gallantly across the space.



It was a perfect out drop. It dropped away from Bob and curved out, to smack dead against the right ear of a dapper little Chinese, who was grinning broadly at the happy couple to his right. Spontaneous cheers from ship and dock greeted the first direct hit of the day.

On the subject of Christmas presents, it is agreed that the most luscious and soul-stirring of the pre-Yuletide distributions was handed out to Mr. Blair Fleming of Kelly, Douglas & Company last month. Blair was on a periodic business trip to Powell River when Santa Claus in the guise



of the Irish Free State, informed him a Christmas hamper, valued at about \$17,000 was awaiting him. It is the closest Powell River has ever come to entering the charmed circle of prize winners. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! And especially a nag like Blair's.



The establishment of a Juvenile Court at Powell River opens up many vistas of possibilities for the future. Just imagine some of our well-known juveniles, Al Hatch or Bill Deller, being hailed before the beak and admonished in round fashion for their juvenile delinquencies with the business end of a carpet slipper.



There are other possibilities here too. The magistrate has power to

appoint the particular person to administer the said carpet slipper. What a heavenly prospect for a roll buckler, with his backtender up in court for being found on the street after 9 o'clock. "Mr. Roll Bucker," says the magistrate, kindly, "you will please bring that slipper down seven times on that portion of Mr. Back Tender's anatomy which I shall point out to you."

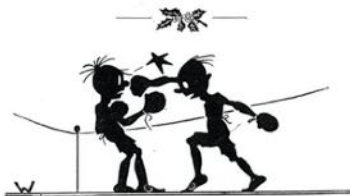
"Aye, aye, sir," gloats Mr. Roll Bucker, and up goes his sleeve, off comes his coat (if any)—and there's a break in the stacks!



Another example of the court's duties. Jimmy Forte, in a moment of pique, sticks his tongue out at Alan Gilchrist. An offense clearly indictable under the laws of the juvenile court. Alan hails Jimmie before the magistrate; the magistrate justly decrees a dozen strokes with the old birch cane—and permits Alan to administer them. You see the possibilities, gentlemen.

Christmas Eve comes along. Jack Drury and Wendell Murray are taken by the juvenile court officer as they leave the Drug Store at 9.05 p.m. The magistrate reads the riot act and makes them stand in a corner for half an hour, covered with newsprint, and

two fourth hands behind, each armed with a reel stick to determine the hardness or softness of the two rolls confronting them.



And imagine Doc Brown and Dick Linzey facing the magistrate for juvenile crimes and misdemeanors. The judge looks around the large audience present, his eyes fix on Bolo Gordon, who is enjoying this unique glimpse of the law in action.

"Mr. Gordon," purrs the judge, "You have a long reach; will you just step forward and give these two boys a birching."

Bolo's eyes light up. "I'm just a little boy trying to get along, Judge," he says guilelessly. "If that's the law, I am ready to do my duty."

Hugh McLean stands tremblingly before the magistrate.

"What is your offence, my boy?" he enquires.

"Please, sir, your officer arrested me for having a picture of Greta Garbo in my breast pocket."

"Quite right," snaps back his lordship, "a dangerous influence on the young mind. Take this one of Margot Asquith and put it under your pillow."

Yes, the juvenile court business has its possibilities.





Diner (in restaurant, after waiting 15 minutes for soup): "Waiter, have you ever been to the Zoo?"

Waiter: "No, sir."

Diner: "Well, you ought to go. You'd enjoy watching the tortoises whiz past."



"I've lost my Austin."

"How come?"

"When I went to crank the darn thing she flew off the handle into the tall grass, and I haven't found it yet."



"Something must be done," said the bride, as a cloud of smoke issued from the oven door.



"Is Jinks careless with his money?"

"Is he! I've known him to buy bread when he didn't have a drop of gasoline in the tank!"



Jones (buying new overcoat): "I can't wear this, dear; it's three sizes too big."

Wife: "Yes, you can! Remember, it's got to go over the radiator of the car in cold weather. That's what we have to consider first."

And then there was the man who had hay fever so badly he sneezed every time he passed a grass widow.



Grocer—You want a pound of ochre? Is it red ochre for painting bricks?

Small Boy—No, it's tappy ochre wot Maw makes puddin' with.

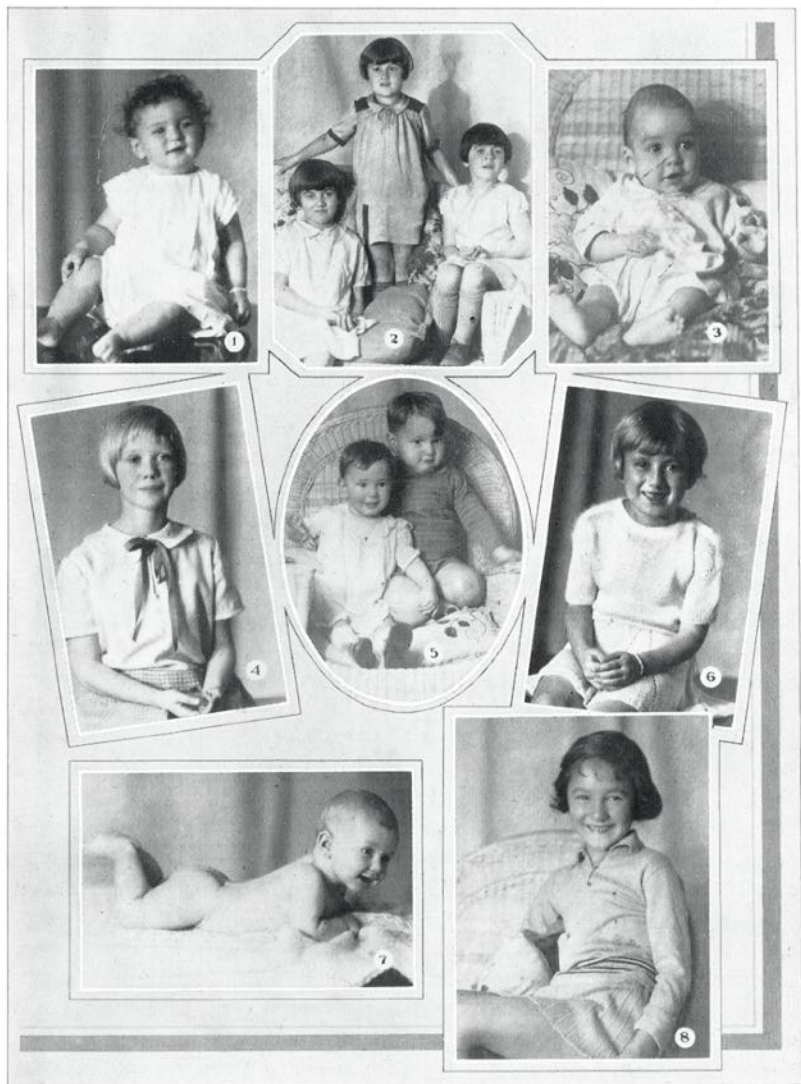


Have you heard Edinburgh University's newest yell?—"Get that quarterback."



Our well-known Scotch friend, Sandy, was operating a gents' furnishing store, the entrance of which was located exactly between two Jew stores, run by our equally well-known friends, Iky and Moses. Business being terrible, Iky put up a huge sign across his premises, advising all and sundry, that "Big Sale Now On, Huge Bargains, Ridiculously Low Prices." Moses, not to be outdone, retaliated with "Bust, Everything Given Away." Sandy, pondering a moment over the activities of his Jewish friends, ordered a sign to be placed above his door reading: "Main Entrance, Walk In."

*Powell River Children*



1. Lorna Mae Sherwood      2. Dorothy, Joyce and Beverly Compton.      3. Victor James Terrien  
 4. Jean Corning      5. Thelma Mary and Franklin Edward Stager      6. Pamela Eleanor Cloke  
 7. Sonny Olaf Nomland      8. Jean Terrien Jaqueline



## *When Powell River was Young*



*Around Christmas time in Powell River fifteen years ago, showing the mill and portion of townsite clothed in mantle of snow.*



**T**WENTY-ONE Christmases have sped by on the swiftly-revolving wheels of time—twenty-one chubby, red-cheeked gentlemen in flaming red coats and great white beards have squeezed puffingly down our chimneys to pay their annual visit to our children—since construction workers notched the first tree on the site of the Powell River that was to be.

The festal season, the approach of Christmas and New Year, has always been observed in time-honored and vigorous fashion in Powell River. It has been a season of parties, of concerts, entertainments and general exuberance. It is no exaggeration to state that for its size and population, Powell River has more than a passing knowledge of how Christmas should be spent and how the New Year should be ushered in.

It is not improbable that the Christmas and New Year of 1910 lacked much of cheer and lustiness of succeeding years. At that time only a few shacks had been constructed, no permanent houses had been built and no permanent staff of employees was entered on the pay roll. The townsite had not yet commenced its transformation from a logging site to a permanent settlement. Few, if any, of the workers had ties which bound them here. A week before Christmas they followed the immemorial custom of all logging or construction camps. They downed their tools, closed camp, and more or less fortified with anticipatory spirits, stamped loudly aboard the first boat to Vancouver. The few men who did remain here for Christmas and New Year's Day were singing "Sweet Adeline" in their sleep for the following week.





*Many of our old-time residents still speak of 1912 as the year of our greatest snow-fall. The above shows Powell River in its winter cloak eighteen years ago. This scene is now part of our golf course.*

Christmas, 1911, saw the beginning of stable construction. Families moved in, the shouts of children began to be heard along the widened trails, serving as roads. But then, as for several years afterwards, a large exodus from the town was common. Powell River was not yet Christmas conscious, and the majority of residents still felt the ties of families from which they had but recently been removed.

In recent years the outpouring of our population during the Christmas and New Year seasons has appreciably diminished. Large numbers of our residents have come to look upon

Powell River as home. They have earned their living here, have raised and educated their families in the townsite. Their interests are closely interwoven here. In the old days, when the citizens of the community left Powell River, they were going "home." Today, in the majority of cases, the reverse is true. They are leaving home, and paying a visit to their friends and relatives. We have grown up. Children born here in the early days are now assuming the responsibilities of citizenship. Boys and girls arriving here at the age of five or six years are occupying positions of trust in the business, social and fraternal life of the district. Their children are heard in our homes and in our streets. Parents have their own families around them. The urge to "go away" for Christmas is disappearing.

There are many among our older residents who look back with rich pleasure on these Christmases that followed 1911. Our townsite has expanded far beyond the original picture seen between 1911 and 1914. And this, they say, has destroyed much of the compact, free fraternization of the old days. Everybody knew each other intimately, every house was open, and the parade of Christmas cheer passed hilariously and joyously among the comparatively few houses that graced Powell River. It was all one real happy family. Joe Falconer tells how he used to lead groups of his bachelor friends to various homes in the district. In return for their united efforts around the piano the





*Scene at the Powell River Company's Annual Christmas Tree, taken several years ago in the old Central Hall. Invariably this old hall was taxed beyond its capacity by its swarms of kiddies and parents.*

hostess declared a general free-for-all on the turkey and plum puddings. And, as is undoubtedly true, the real Christmas spirit was probably in greater evidence than in later years, when the extension of the townsite and the increase in population necessarily prohibited the easy intercourse of the open-house days when Powell River was young. If, in these younger days, a large percentage of the people swarmed aboard outgoing boats, those left behind made up for their absence in vigor and cheer.

There were always scenes of hectic excitement when the Christmas-laden boats swung away from the Company wharf. Half the townsite thronged the dock, shouting good wishes to friends. Those on the boat roared back lustily. Tongues wagged violently and vigorously, individual groups, already well on the Yuletide Road, sang thunderous choruses. The

boats whistled shrill staccato blasts of good wishes. And those left on the wharf, now infected with the prevailing enthusiasm, returned home to carry on the Christmas Eve spirit far into the night.

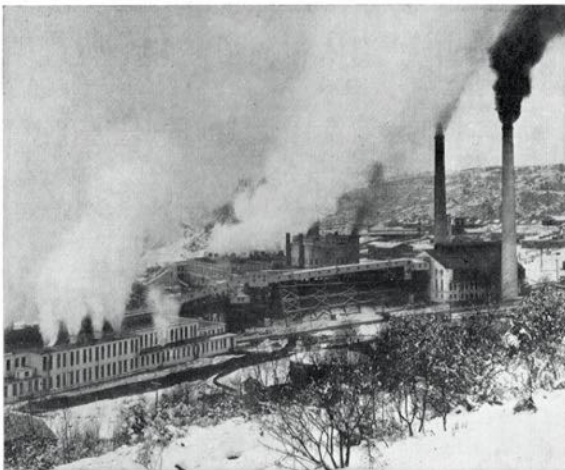
Powell River's greatest enthusiasm, however, is reserved for the New Year. Following an old Scottish custom, Powell River welcomes his arrival with manifestations of lustiness, which have aroused even the placidity of native Glaswegians. In 1913, the first Paper Makers' Ball was instituted—and for eighteen consecutive years this riot of mirth and whoopee (they didn't know that word in '13) has held sway in the townsite. For eighteen years all roads have led, first to the old Central Hall, and in later years to the magnificent auditorium of Dwight Hall. The fame of Powell River's New Year party has extended far beyond the townsite. The color,

the vivacity, the spontaneous enthusiasm of this gathering attracts visitors from many points. In the old days practically every resident who could crawl squeezed through the door of a sorely harassed Central Hall. Last year in excess of twelve hundred people happily jostled and bumped each other on the polished hardwood of Dwight Hall.

There have been many memorable scenes and incidents at these famous New Year parties. Memorable tales are told of the beauties who graced that first performance in 1913, of the quantities of raw beefsteaks ordered over the department store next morning, of the dash and vivacity of the men and women of '13. Be that as it may, the Paper Makers' Ball has been an institution in Powell River. It is improbable that any single gathering in British Columbia assumes the proportions or welcomes in the New

Year in a more thorough going fashion.

Today, as the chariot wheels of our twenty-first Christmas rattle around the corner, the season is in full swing. The school children of the district and suburban schools are holding excited rehearsals for their Christmas concerts, our churches are preparing their Christmas programmes, the Powell River Company are ready with their Annual Christmas Tree, from which over a thousand kiddies will receive presents, the community societies are making ready to bring joy and happiness to their children, arrangements to spread relief and good cheer among the less fortunate and distressed families in the district is proceeding. On this, our twenty-first Christmas, the spirit of charity, goodwill and sympathy, characteristic of the days when Powell River was young, is still with us.



*A small view of Powell River taken two years ago. Some idea of the expansion of the townsite during twenty Yuletide seasons may be seen.*



## *New Chief For Powell River*

On this page we take pleasure in introducing to residents of Powell River and district Constable George Clark, who has recently assumed supervision of the B. C. Police detachment at Powell River. Constable Clark succeeds Corp. A. J. Smith, who has been transferred to another branch.

The new chief has been a member of the B. C. Police for the past ten years. In this period he has gained a wide experience of police conditions and an intimate contact with life in the middle interior of British Columbia. Constable Clark first enrolled in the force as a member of the Quesnel detachment in 1922. It was at this time that the bustle of railroad construction was heard in the Cariboo from Williams Lake to the Cottonwood. Men of every type and nationality followed the line of steel, and law enforcement demanded unusual courage and determination. Constable Clark's initial experience, when the head of steel was pushing beyond Williams Lake, was extremely valuable and a decided asset in his future career.

From Quesnel he was transferred to the detachment at Prince George. The work in this section often involved long solo trips up the northern rivers and patrols of widely extended, scattered households. Anyone familiar with the difficulty of law enforcement in this land on the border of

"fifty-three" will appreciate the arduous nature of Constable Clark's duties.

After a transfer to Prince Rupert, during which time he became intimately acquainted with men and life along the old Grand Trunk line, Constable Clark was ordered to Powell River.



*Constable George Clark, who has assumed charge of the Powell River detachment of the B. C. Police.*

In his short time with us the "Chief" has made many friends, and has shown every desire to co-operate with residents and community bodies in their traffic and personal problems. We have pleasure in welcoming Constable Clark to Powell River, and hope his sojourn among us will be pleasant and harmonious.

### *Christmas Legends*

In olden times it was considered extremely unlucky if a bare-footed or flat-footed woman entered the hall where the Yule log was blazing.

All Christmas decorations should be taken down by Twelfth Night (6th January) at latest, else ill-luck will descend on the household.

The superstitious will have something to think over this year, for Christmas falls on the unluckiest day in the week—Friday.

*Christmas of Moosemeat Fitzhugh*

O. J. STEVENSON

Old Moosemeat Fitzhugh with a grunt and  
a heave  
Settled under his packboard and pulled  
down his sleeve,  
'Gainst the straps his old shoulder bones  
hunched into place  
As he swung down the trail at his dodder-  
ing pace.

Many summers had fried the bone-juice  
from his frame,  
Many winters had left him frostbitten and  
lame,  
His head waggled free on a neck long and  
lean,  
And his legs wobbled too with the wag  
of his bean.

But he still had the pep and the spirit of  
youth,  
Tho' he couldn't express it with limbs so  
uncouth,  
And he still had the urge to raise Whoopee  
and Cain,  
Tho' his joints only functioned with  
squeaks and with pain.

But the next day was Christmas, and so  
down the trail  
With some beans in his pack and a sooty  
tea pail  
Old Moosemeat set out with a gleam in  
his eye,  
There'd be goose and plum pudding, and  
maybe some rye.

One mile, two, three, four, five, and a bit  
of a snack  
Just to fill his old belly, and again 'neath  
the pack,  
Under cedars and hemlocks he ambled  
along,  
With head swinging lower, but still going  
strong.

Up the trail came a porcupine, aged and  
grim,  
With a mean disposition and quills that  
were slim.  
He wallowed along thro' the snow soft  
and deep,  
And he'd whimper and grunt at the cold  
in his feet.

He had gone to bed early when frost hit  
the hills,  
But his carcass was full of rheumatics and  
ills,

And slumber denied he had hied himself  
forth  
In a vain hope for rest in some burrow up  
north.

The trail it was narrow with sides thickly  
brushed,  
The beast had all winter, but Fitz he was  
rushed.  
So they glared at each other with venom-  
ous glare,  
And neither would yield by so much as a  
hair.

Old Fitz hunched his pack and adjusted  
his stance,  
Aimed a kick with one snowshoe, ripped  
a seam in his pants.  
His drive was all fozzled, he sliced on the  
swing  
Then with cusses sat squared on the  
blamed pesky thing.

Now old Moosemeat was hard, never lived  
a la Ritz,  
Even so there were spots that were tender  
on Fitz.  
And each quill had a point, sharp and  
barbed to crawl further,  
At the feel of their passing he hollered  
blue murder.

The porcupine sank with a faint strangled  
cry  
And a smile, tho' the smile was chock  
full of Fitz' thigh.  
He passed out to the place where such  
quillpigs should go.  
He was flat and defunct, buried deep in  
the snow.

Old Fitz sought a tree under which to  
disrobe,  
With a fire ablaze and his knife for a  
probe  
He went after each quill in his primitive  
way  
And the air was dull blue for the rest of  
the day.

Christmas morn found him nursing a dull  
throbbing ache,  
Tho' not of the kind Christmas wassail  
should make,  
And for dinner he broiled a lean porcu-  
pine ham,  
Then took up the trail to his shack on the  
lam.





# Home for Christmas



By MAURICE DUNN

**H**OME for Christmas! We had been at sea for many weary months. Eager thoughts had turned to the end of the voyage with Christmas at home as the prize award. All the heralded romance of the sea had long since disappeared in the tar-bucket and palm and needle, disappeared when the blue reefer and brass buttons were put away for the duration of the voyage, to be replaced by dungarees and oilskins.

I had been dreaming of this Christmas for months—Christmas, the old home and the family group around the fireside. And here I am now walking down the dear, old, familiar road. Under the century-old oaks, across the stone bridge at the bend of the river, with its boyhood memories—the leaping trout flashing in the sunlight—the keen winter air as we skated over its frozen surface.

It was like a glorious dream. Home again and Christmas morning! What more could a brass-bound apprentice ask for? A new and warmer world! No crawling aloft to the orders of a hard-voiced mate bawling and cursing you for a young land-lubber.

I can scarcely realize I am here, walking through the village, the streets deserted, as I knew they would be, on this Christmas morning. The children, following the custom of centuries, have deserted the streets. Christmas day in the morning and

they are all at the old village church.

My people were unaware of my return. No one met me at the station. What fun to give them a surprise, when they came home from church to find me seated in the parlor, ready for the big Christmas dinner! What a chatter of voices there would be, questions and answers flying back and forth.

Anticipation sped my pace and I walked along at a good smart clip, revelling in the feel of solid, unwavering earth beneath my feet, after two years in the old tub. Good ship, though, one of the best sailing craft on the seven seas.

I was visualizing the scene, the look of surprise on mother's face as I slipped into the old dining-room, gay with Christmas decorations; the Christmas tree, gorgeous with tinsel paper and candles all alight; the presents for the whole family piled up round the foot of the tree. Oh, it was great! I could imagine the aroma of roast turkey, ham, sausages and Christmas pudding, the table all aglow with linen, silver and glass. Different from Christmas in the ship's galley.

As I rounded the last bend of the road, there it was! The old home! What a wonderful sight! Smoke curling up from the chimney into the clear, frosty air. Incredible it seems! There is the old copper beech, where we used to swing. I caught a glimpse

of it all through the window as I sprinted the last few steps to the door. There they were, turkey, ham, sausages, Christmas tree and, oh, the aroma! The surprised shout of welcome, the bang of the wide-flung door, and my spontaneous, joyous outburst of delight.

All suddenly changed to a crash! The lights of the Christmas tree changed to a million dancing stars as my head struck the floor. Rude, raucous laughter penetrated my ears.

The other apprentices had let my hammock down with a run. Instead of the aroma of turkey, my nose was assailed with the unforgettable smell of apprentices' quarters in a wind-jammer.

It was Christmas Morn all right!  
 "Show a leg, show a leg."  
 "Tumble up. All hands aloft!"  
 "Shorten sail!"

### *Our Local Artists*

**T**HE high success of the recent Armistice Concert, due largely to the unusually high vocal calibre of the various artists included, is convincing proof that we have an excellent array of artistic talent in our townsite, both male and female.

Among the male artists, who have been prominent in local entertainments during the past two years, is Bob Jones, shown in the inset. Along with his fellow artists, Jock Campbell, Trevor Prothero, Arthur Rea and others, Bob has taken part in

practically every local performance of note in the past year. He has been closely identified with ex-service men's concerts and smokers and has assisted at numerous public functions and entertainments. Bob, in common with his colleagues, has co-operated at every turn with social and community bodies. He has contributed his services to many and varied organizations in the district—always cheerfully and willingly.



*Bob Jones has been prominent on many musical and vocal programmes in the past two years.*

As a son of Wales, the love of music is natural with Bob. In the last two years he has studied, wherever possible, to improve his technique and knowledge, and this has been distinctly noticeable at his more recent public appearances. At the repeat performance of the Armistice Concert and at the Armistice Stag, his vigorous spirited rendition of the "King's Horses" was among the high lights of the vocal programme.

Bob has been a distinct asset to the entertainment talent of Powell River, where his engaging personality has gained for him numerous friends and well-wishers.

## Our Suburban Teaching Staffs



### 1. Malaspina School



*The staff of Malaspina School, Cranberry's new educational centre. Left to right: Mrs. V. Buchanan, Miss Aileen Holliday, Mr. A. W. Holmwood (Principal), Miss Mary Malli.*

**I**IGHTEEN months ago, Cranberry opened its first educational centre, the Malaspina School. A four-roomed structure, comparing most favorably in equipment and design with any of the rural schools in the province, it has been a distinct asset to the educational and cultural life of Greater Powell River.

Principal A. W. Holmwood and his staff, Mrs. V. Buchanan, Miss Mary Malli and Miss Aileen Holliday, have earned for themselves a prominent and popular place in the esteem of the residents of Cranberry. Assuming supervision of a new school in a district to which he was unknown, and about which his own knowledge was necessarily vague, was the task

that faced Mr. Holmwood when he first appeared in our midst nearly two years ago. It was not an easy undertaking, but, with the co-operation of his staff, and by reason of the sensible co-operation existing between them and the Cranberry School board, it was accomplished.

The teachers of this excellent little school have become prominently identified with the social and community life of the district. They have become well and favorably known to our residents.

The briskness and efficiency with which they have conducted their educational duties have rounded to the credit of Cranberry and the reputation of their school. In their social contacts they have made hosts of



friends in the district. They have been actively associated with the recreative and welfare pursuits of the children of Cranberry. They are school teachers and citizens.

The erection of the Malaspina School by the people of Cranberry has increased the dignity and enhanced the prestige of that energetic community—a dignity that has been capably upheld by the teaching staff of the Malaspina School.

It is a distinct pleasure to wish the staff and school board of the Malaspina school a continuance of the success and initiative that has distinguished their efforts thus far—and to express the hope that the harmony and co-operation between the community and its teaching staff will persist through the future.

### *We Changed Our Mind*

We had, with the "horse" idea in mind, intended to spend Christmas on the Riviera. However, as things stand, we'll stay on at the "River."

### *More Hopeful*

It was nearing Christmas as a young married woman sat at her writing-desk. There was a pen in her hand and a piece of paper was stretched out before her. A worried frown crossed her brow.

"Let me see," she murmured. "I'll want the bedroom walls papered, and I must have new electric lights in all the lower rooms. The dining-room will want painting. The bathroom will want retiling, and I'd like an oak panelling in the hall."

"To whom are you writing?" inquired the very small voice of her husband.

"Why, the landlord, of course, George!" she replied.

"Oh," he murmured, "I thought perhaps you were sending a note to Santa Claus!"

### *BIRTHS*

- November 1—Mr. and Mrs. James A. Randall, a boy.
- November 11—Mr. and Mrs. Nicolo Moretto, a girl.
- November 14—Mr. and Mrs. John S. Markley, a boy.



*Flashlight showing the cast and the scenic effects at the highly successful Armistice Concert performance last month. The programme was one of the best ever staged in Powell River, and John McIntyre's scenic effects were among the best of his many fine efforts.*





By CASUAL OBSERVER

PROSPECTS of a white Christmas are still in the balance. The younger element gleefully hail each snowflake as it arrives, hoping that sufficient of them will accumulate so that the festive season may be spent as story books and the old traditions say it should be spent. Sleighing, sliding, skating, snowballing—Christmas somehow doesn't seem complete without them; and adult and youngster alike are thrilled when the Yuletide morning dawns bright and clear, with sparkling frost setting off the garment of snowy whiteness. The joyous war-whoop echoes all over the house, not infrequently at an unearthly hour; but somehow the destroyed remnants of slumber do not seem so calamitous on this as on any other occasion. Breakfast is a mere pretence; the youngsters cannot be outdoors soon enough, to return later, after a few hours spent in glorious abandon, the exhilarating glow illuminating their faces, and their joyous spirits finding ready response in the feelings of those with whom they come in contact.



More sedately, but none the less eagerly, the adult seeks the skating pond or skiing ground, and quickly feels at peace with all mankind. Peace and goodwill predominate, with the old-time greeting—a merry Christmas—carrying and conveying a real significance. The old turkey in the evening comes into its own, full justice being done to this and all the accessories without which no Christmas dinner would be complete, the only person with an apparent care in life being the housewife, foiled in her plans to salvage enough from the wreckage for the second day's repast; and the day closes with a general feeling that life is worth while, that Christmas is certainly an occasion to be appreciated, and that the old world is not such a bad place after all.



Culbertson and Lenz, the bridge fanatics, have nothing on some of our local talent. A few of these are prepared to admit the principals of the bridge marathon may have some slight knowledge of the game, but—well, this is the way I would have played the hand. The main hope is that the Lenzites and the Culbertsonians will merge their little difference during Christmas-tide, otherwise a house may be divided against itself, and the festive spirit ruined as a result.



To all our fellow between-whistleites we extend the heartiest greetings, trusting that all will enjoy a pleasant Christmas, with happiness and prosperity during the coming year.

## *Yon was a Team, Lads*



Christmas is a time of memories. On this page, by means of the above illustration, we maintain the tradition. Do you remember this old soccer squad? Ah, lads, this modern generation of kick and run, hit or miss soccerites, what do you know about the grand old game?

Here are names to conjure with, nimble-footed experts who wove graceful, swathing patterns on the old soccer field, where No. 7 machine now turns out newsprint. Look at handsome, curly-topped Jack Loukes, his arms folded in a fashion bespeaking the true footballer. And that short, nondescript-haired youth with the brawny shoulders and the Yorkshire jaw, Arthur Dunn, on the old Powell River backline may have let the ball pass him—but never the man. And that lithe fellow with the stern glare, Walter Patrick carried

more than a paint brush in his hands in those days. The Old Brigade, with Walter nimbly manoeuvring at half back, were hard opposition. And look at the dapper, youthful Arthur Richards, renowned in those days for his uncanny manipulating and body weaving. And sartorial Bob Southcott, even then a master of the whistle and an expert on football law.

Just as a special Christmas treat, we ask our modern crop of roundball flippers to gaze on a team that was a team—and make a New Year resolution to follow their footprints. Now, now, boys, no nasty remarks! Peace on earth, goodwill to men, you know.

More than 50,000 houses and flats were built in the London area during 1930, the highest number for any single post-war year.



## Christmas

By ANNE MACSWEEN



Anne MacSween

MARKETS may crash, gold standards may fall, tariff policies may be revoked, governments may be turned upside down—but always Christmas remains unchanged—always there comes to the earth the wonder and glory of the first Noel, bringing with it a renewed faith and hope.

To some of us Christmas means a holiday—to others, a holy day; but to all of us, Christmas should mean a season of more than usual joy—whether spiritual or material; and isn't it peculiar how everyone, even the busiest people, will find time to observe this season; peculiar that, amid the stress and strain of hurried living, in spite of war, of earthquakes, of commercial disaster, we still are able to pause and make an effort to share happiness with others?

We differ in custom and creeds, in color and race, in speech and religion; yet in *this* we are a unit, Christmas is common to all. It is one time in the year when all men are equal, when the wisest is no wiser than the humblest, and the humblest may reflect on the always new and tremulous beauty of the story of the birth of Christ and feel wise as the first Wise Man.

Living in an age of speed and change, when in each hour there may be sixty changes in world affairs as well as sixty moments—when each new day may easily be the dawn of a new era, it is a welcome relief to realize that at least Christmas remains unchanged—sure—something real in a world of shadows, a living example of immortality whose appeal reaches down through the ages to us, even after two thousand years have passed.

At Christmas, perhaps more than at any other time, a great deal of the dross and fattiness that surround the average existence is refined away. A tiny spark of the Divine flame is kindled and added to what might be an otherwise plebian soul. It is this mystic divinity which fills our hearts with a new warmth and friendliness and awakens us anew to our responsibilities towards our fellow men.

This year, more than ever before, this appeal must touch us. This year there will as usual be much merry-making, but there will be more than usual misery and disappointment, infinitely more than in former years, and it is up to us who are able to raise the helping hand. Many of us, comfortably enough, are merely standing on the edge of the pool that is Life, dabbling in our toes; others are plunged deep in its chilling waters, struggling, floundering. We could come to the rescue, couldn't we, if we would?

There is enough happiness in the world to reach out and make the circle complete if *We* remember *Our* obligations—there are enough of *Us* to enter into the business with a will and put to rout heart-ache and gloom. So, in spite of Old Man Depression, who must, by this time, be weary of his own name, let's pull up the old socks, stretch out the old grin, and let the little old red corpuscles have their way! A bigger and better Christmas to all, and, with the New Year just around the corner, a new hope for a brighter future.



# Greetings

*To the Officers and Employees of the  
Company and Members of their  
Families:*

The year now drawing to a close has seen the world struggling in the trough of one of the most severe business depressions in many decades.

We in Powell River have not been exempt from the inevitable effects of such a depression, but, if not exempt, yet in comparison with the majority of the centres in our own province and throughout the continent we can say in all sincerity and thankfulness that we have indeed been fortunate.

Confident that with proper appreciation, cheerful co-operation and honest hard work this good fortune will continue, the local management wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.



*Resident Manager.*





*The Eighteenth  
Annual Paper-Makers'*

DANCE

*Will be held in the*  
DWIGHT HALL  
December, 31st, 1931  
9.00 p.m. to 3.00 a.m.



*Tickets: Double, \$2.50*  
*Extra Lady, \$1.25*

*May be obtained at the Time Office and the  
Townsite Office, Central Building  
After December 7th, 1931*



□  
ADULTS ONLY

