

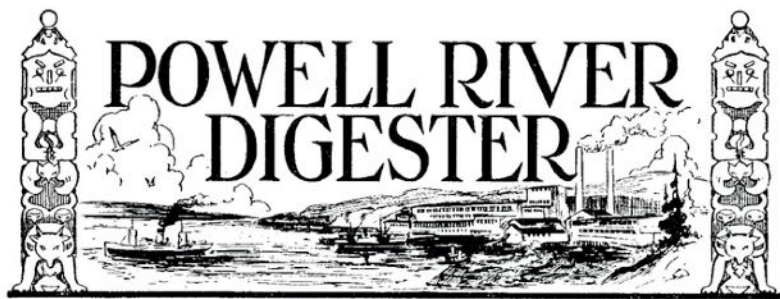
POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.13

JANUARY, 1937

NO.1



J. A. LUNDIE *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 12

JANUARY, 1937

No. 2

Criticisms and Suggestions Invited

In republishing the DIGESTER after nearly five years' suspension, we would appreciate any criticism of our last issue, or any suggestions for future betterment. Many changes have taken place in the intervening space. New interests have developed. Changes in employee personnel have occurred. New mechanical equipment has been installed. New markets have been developed—and new friends made.

It is the hope that we may make our periodical representative and interesting to all who read it—employees and their families, our customers, and other friends in publishing houses or allied businesses.

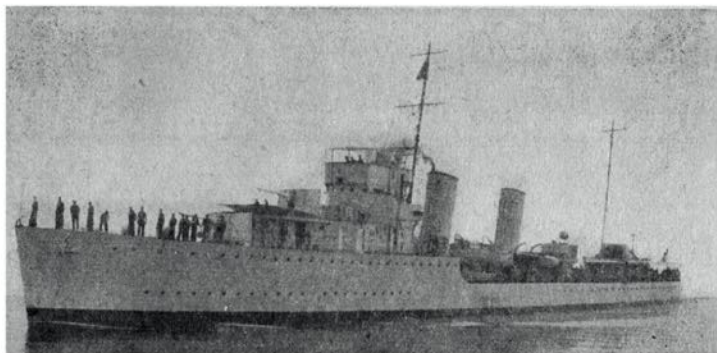
What regular feature would appeal most to employees? What information may we give our customers to render Powell River newsprint, its plant and background better known?

We ask our employees, "If you have any ideas or suggestions that will further interest in succeeding issues of the DIGESTER, let us know."

To our readers or publishers we ask "What further information may we give about ourselves and our product." We will gladly supply any special or general articles that will interest you individually or collectively.

We want the DIGESTER to be as representative of our readers' needs as possible. You can help. Let us have your suggestions. They will be welcomed.

Ships That Pass In the News



H.M.C.S. "Skeena" swings in alongside the Powell River dock during one of her periodic summer tours of the coast.

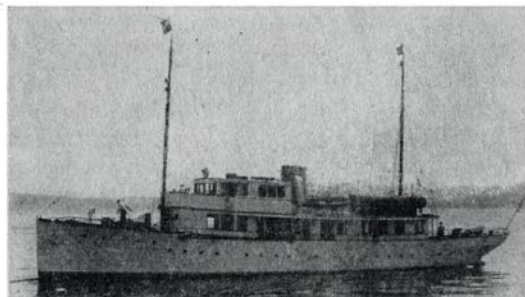
Two widely varied news items of recent weeks are not without interest to Powell Riverites. The first is the about-to-be-debated thirty-five million defence appropriation, which includes replacement of the two obsolete destroyers *Champlain* and *Vancouver*. At present H.M.C.S. *Skeena* and *Saguenay* are the mainstays of Canada's floating defence. The *Skeena*, pictured above with her officers and crew has been a frequent and welcome visitor to Powell River.

The yacht *Infanta*, shown below, conjures memories of John Barrymore's visit to Powell River. At that time John and his profile were accompanied by his second wife, Dolores Costello. They spent two days in Powell River and several weeks cruising in the vicinity.

Old maid: "Has the canary had its bath yet?"

Butler: "Yes, ma'am. You can come in now."

"Infanta," John Barrymore's famous yacht, taken from the Powell River dock during one of the actor's visits to B. C.



Tales of the Industry

IN our last issue we told how in an eastern Canadian mill the paper makers had provided the Duke of Connaught with a sample of speedy newsprint. The Duke had entered the mill as the crew were cutting a log for pulping. When he emerged a few hours later, he was presented with a newspaper, which he was told was a tree when he started his tour.

It is a strange and almost unbelievable circumstance that although the art of paper making has been known for nearly four centuries, the secret of making paper from wood was never discovered until near the middle of the nineteenth century. As late as 1870, paper makers and paper scientists were still speculating with paper-making materials — while all around the great forests stood, waiting exploitation. Some of the fumbings and gyrations of the paper explorer may be seen in the fantastic experiments adopted in 1870.

One ingenious experimenter proposed to use fishes, which, divested of skin and bones, were placed in a diluted solution of bichloride of mercury and alum to separate the fibres. Nearly two score years later, the boys were playing round the trees, but never touching them. An editorial in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, of the late nineteenth century, tells of an interesting idea — which we hope Powell River amateur experimenters will not emulate.

According to the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "A druggist on Long Island has rescued the contents of his wife's garbage pail from the grasp of the collector, and using it as a competitor of easy bleaching sulphite, has begun his career as a paper manufacturer. The discoverer declines to say just what he does to the contents of the pail, except that he treats it chemically, presumably putting chloride of lime at the head of the list of the chemicals to be used. He likewise says that the present equipment of paper mills can be used, and that his experiments demonstrate that he can make paper out of the new, yet old material. That fact will prove 'an epoch in the history of paper making.'

"Probably it will, and when it does, the full dinner pail and the full garbage pail will go down into history as the 'Gold Dust Twins' of the paper industry. The druggist may have discovered a method of turning garbage into No. 1 ledger or superfine writing, or 'bond the equal of Cranes'. We hope he has, but we await the arrival of convincing evidence on the point, feeling meantime that it will be some time before 'Swell Swill Bond' will be an article to be found in the stock of the leading paper distributors of the country."

A veteran trainer says the boxer of today is better behaved than his predecessor. He fights Joe Louis and gets to bed early.

We've Had Our Cold— We Hope

Powell River school children in a happy mood as the first fall of snow arrives.



THE recent spell of cold weather has dug out the usual hosts of apologies. "My dear, in all my thirty years in B. C., it's the worst yet!" "Can't understand it; it is so unusual for B. C." "No, no, this is not ordinary weather. Must have come from the east, or been hidden away in some of those prairie oil wells the boys are drilling on."

This is a fair sample of what us native British Columbians have had to tell our eastern and southern visitors in the past month. It isn't our weather; we don't know who owns it, but we wish they'd pack it up and put it in the cold storage plant from which it was released.

We have one consolation. Our friends in California are as bewildered as we. Sam Hayes, of Richfield fame, describes the situation as "another cold wave from Canada"—and thus climbs into the clear. And since the lad with the icy fingers has now

penetrated the eternal sun of California, we needn't feel so badly. Guess it must be unusual; and, anyway, as a good, patriotic British Columbian we will string along with



Scene on one of the nearby sylvan trails during the recent snowfall.



Skaters enjoying the first thrill of the season at Cranberry Lake.

Sam Hayes—and blame it on “another cold wave from Canada.” We wish Canada and his icy blasts would stay in Canada, and leave us lads from B. C. alone.

Anyway, the kiddies are enjoying it, and the grown-ups as well. Rusty skates have been salvaged from the old trunk; weird and shaky bobs have been hastily constructed. Lakes in the district are frozen over, and crowded with ambitious and potential Conachers, Morenzes, and their imitators. The golf course is a regular bobsled run, and a few stout-hearted souls are stumbling around on skis. A walk past any of the schools during recess hours is equivalent to putting your head over a parapet with a machine gun barrage outside. A few hardy ex-soldiers attempted it. They are walking around the block now.

On second thoughts, we take it all back. It's our weather, and we like it—and the kiddies wouldn't change it for a Coronation dollar. And if the lad with the frozen whiskers and visible breath will only temper justice with mercy, and not prolong his visit, we admit him as a brother. If he holds

out too long—he is just an icy blast from Canada—and we disown him.

Literary High Lights

Library patrons are finding plenty of reading in the new list of books which arrived early this month. Chief among the fiction favorites have been Warwick Deeping's “No Hero This,” Hobart's “Yan and Yin,” and Newman's “German Spy.” “Green Margins and Invincible Sunrise” and “A Fort in the Jungle” have enjoyed steady patronage.

The non-fiction list has been in heavy demand, and includes the following: “Haig,” by Duff-Cooper; “American Doctor's Odyssey,” by Heiser; “News from Tartary,” by Fleming; “Lancer at Large,” by Yeats Brown; “The War in Outline,” by Hart, and “I Found No Peace.”

The two volumes of Haig, containing the Field Marshal's correspondence with Petain, Foch, Nivelle, Kitchener, etc., is thought-provoking. The author, while a sympathetic biographer, has presented the facts fairly. It is fascinating reading to those interested.

EDITORS NOTES



B. C. Prosperity On the Way

Depression days in B. C. are over. The current issue of *Industrial Canada* reviews British Columbia's progress in 1936—and finds a cheery note all along the line. Mining has shown a steady expansion; bank clearings are up ten millions a month over 1935; transportation companies' facilities were taxed to the limit; lumbering was at peak production throughout the year. Automobile sales are far above last year—and several large construction projects will start immediately. Pulp and paper—power production—fruit—all show healthy increases.

* * *

“Depression talk and depression days”—remarks *Industrial Canada* “are things of the past; with more money working, the community more cheerful, more money in circulation—and signs of increasing comfort among the mass of people at large.”

* * *

Construction activity—which, at the beginning of the year was less than thirty per cent of normal—shows definite signs of picking up the slack of depression years. The Vancouver City Hall was completed at a cost of approximately 1,000,000 dollars; the new bridge at New Westminster involves an expenditure of 4,000,000 dollars; the Lions Gate Bridge across the First Narrows at Vancouver will cost about 6,000,000 dollars. Enlargement to the Vancouver Post Office put another million into circulation. Other works being initiated include the expenditure of 450,000 dollars on an overhead viaduct over the C.P.R. tracks at Vancouver; half a million by the B. C. Pulp and Paper; a million and a half for the renovation of the Port Mellon plant; construction of a 2500-ton concentrator at Anyox and a 750-ton mill by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting at the Big Missouri Mine.

Sport Brevities



A glimpse into the past. Some of the braw lads who made soccer history in Powell River back in 1913 and '14. Bob Southcott, Jack Loukes, Arthur Dunn, Arthur Richards and Walter Patrick are seen in the above picture in the full meridian of their soccer brilliance. The fields in those lusty days were a bit rough; but so were the boys—and everybody was happy. The present day crop of youngsters could still learn many a wrinkle from the boys of the old brigade who still turn out as spectators each Sunday.

Arthur Richards in those days was considered one of the leading forwards in B. C.—and his name is still one to conjure with among old timers in Vancouver. Walter Patrick was, in spare moments, a physical instructor and gym. expert. He employed these tactics to great advantage in the soccer

scrum. Arthur Dunn had left Sheffield as light heavyweight wrestling champion of some part of Yorkshire; and anyone passing him had to run the gamut of several body scissors, leg splits and occasionally a punch in the ribs. All told, the boys had some jolly times—and hospital space on week-ends was at a premium.

A red-headed boy applied for a job in a butcher shop.

"How much will you give me?" he wanted to know.

"Three dollars a week. But what can you do to make yourself useful around a butcher shop?"

"Anything."

"Well, be specific. Can you dress a chicken?"

"Not on three dollars a week," said the boy.



AROUND THE PLANT

We saw Harry Raby walking hot-foot past the post office last week in the direction of the drug store. Harry passed everybody on the fly, and only stopped when we planted ourselves in the middle of the highway.

"What's up, Harry?" we asked.

"Oils, my boy, oils" chirped Harry, "they're flowing over the roof right now."

* * *

Any noon day, in front of the company store, names, long concealed beneath the rolling contours of the Turner Valley and way points are being tossed around vigorously. A long sigh, and a quick mental dash down the years fluttered from us as we heard Joe Loukes plainly pronounce the word "Devenish."

* * *

One of our new employees asked, "Who is that big chap just going up the office steps?"

"That's Bill McLeod."

"Boy," the recruit breathed ecstatically, "I bought 100 shares of McLeod yesterday."

* * *

And so it goes. The boys are back at the old stand again. The oils and mines are back on the board, and the stories of the "old days" are being told and retold with gusto. The famous Powell River "corner" on

"Advance" is told by old-timers to recruits, who listen with awe to the stories of a fortune just missed.

* * *

The Paper Makers' Ball on New Year's Eve was the usual outstanding event. Close to 1200 people paid admission to the hall. The decorations aroused a great deal of favorable comment, and the music, catering and hall arrangements were on the scale always maintained by the paper makers.

* * *

Tommy Prentice states that "The lads are no' as robust as they used to be." Hats and coats left in the hall showed a marked decrease, and Tommy only found one decent pair of boots. Last year he tried to find owners for half a dozen pairs.

* * *

The local Glasgow community is in mourning. Joe McCrossan came to the Old-time Dance last week with Celtic colors in his pocket. Joe had them all ready to wear on his lapel, but the sad result of the match at Pittodrie left Joe with both hands and the ribbon in his pocket.

"You canna' believe these newspapers, anyway," Joe, muttered, as he moved off in a corner to ponder on the miserable irony of the fates.



"The touch of the nurse's hand cooled my fever instantly," offered the handsome patient.

And the doctor grinned, "Yeah, I heard the slap way down the hall."

"What the deuce are you doing down there in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your darn business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

A woman in training her Chinese servant to answer the bell, rang it herself and the servant came to the door.

A day or two later she was piqued by a continual ringing of the bell. At last, as no one went to the door, she did so herself, and opened it to find the servant on the step.

"Whatever are you doing, Li?" she asked.

Said Li: "Yesterday you foolee me; now I foolee you."

Risking the perils of death, the valiant knight had rescued the fair maiden, and now, he was holding her in his arms.

"Listen, big boy!" she said, "You're not holding me for ransom, are you?"

"Not me!" replied the knight, "Let Ransom get his own women."

Movie Actress: "I'll endorse your cigarettes for \$50,000."

Tobacco King: "I'll see you inhale first."

One of the PWA workers on Riverside Drive was complaining because he had no shovel. He finally told the foreman about it "Gee whiz!" he gee whizz'd, "I haven't any shovel."

"Well, whaddaya kickin' about?" was the answer, "you don't have to do any work if you ain't got no shovel!"

"I know," pouted the fellow, as he stamped both feet, "but I haven't got anything to lean on, like the other guys!"

A Scot consulted a London doctor, who told him that he must give up drinking.

Very disgusted, the patient was walking to the door, when the specialist called him back.

"The fee for my advice," he said, "is two guineas."

"That's all right," replied the Scot, "I'm no' taking your advice."

Frank: "I'll have one big pork chop with French fried potatoes, and I'll have the chop lean."

Waitress: "Yes, sir; which way?"

Packing and Shipping 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 “everyday suit” enable him to carry on without damage across the Andes and on into the rugged interior of South America.

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 tropical 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 trans-

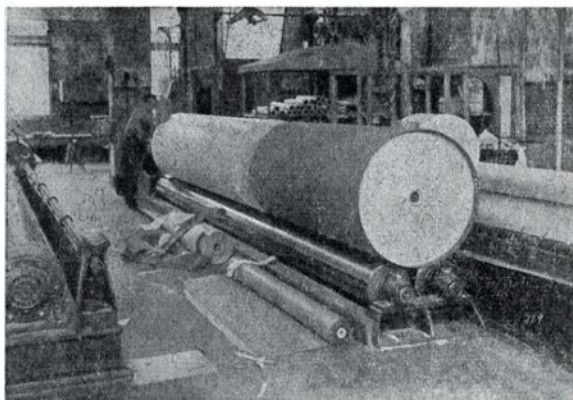


Rolls of newsprint on the weighing scales in the finishing room, after the finishing room inspection. They next run the gauntlet of the wharf inspectors before being loaded.

portation 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 trucked, as they leave the big machines as finished paper. Here they are weighed, their measurements taken, their destination demanded, and the garments designed to guarantee undamaged arrival at their destination.

This business of wrapping and clothing our newsprint has been carefully studied, and every effort made, from the moment the roll leaves the



Rolls just off the press undergoing the first body-wrapping process by machine room crews.

machine until deposited in the hold of the waiting freighter, to ensure undamaged delivery to the customer.

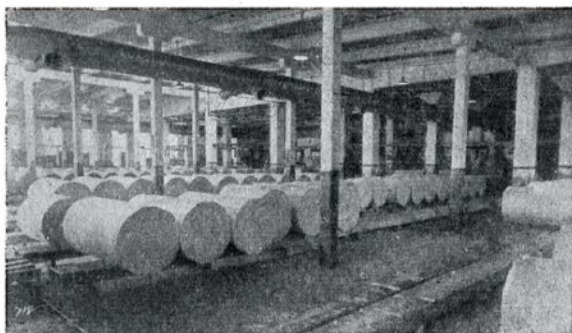
The seaboard location of the Powell River plant, with its harbor open to shipping twelve months in the year, is an important factor in newsprint delivery. Shipments to the Pacific Coast, to Texas Gulf, to Australia, New Zealand and the Orient, may be made direct, without intermediate handling. The paper goes straight from the machine to the ship, with a minimum of handling.

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; it is inspected in the wharf sheds, and again before being taken up by the slings.

However excellent the quality of newsprint, it is of little value if received in a damaged and unsatisfactory condition by the publishers.

Finished rolls waiting for inspection in the finishing room before weighing and transportation to wharf.



Glad News from the Diplomatic Front

A fourth hand in the machine room suggested one solution to the Spanish crisis would be to bring back the Bourbons.

"Lay off that stuff, laddie," the machine tender told him; "that's no way to stop a civil war."

One hundred and fifty Glasgow Scots have "volunteered" to fight for the Spanish Government. And then they tell us there is no foreign money helping Spain!

Some high official of the Spanish Government is complaining about the help given the Spanish insurgents by Portuguese volunteers. The Spanish Government should pay those fellows a bonus to fight against them.

THAT'S THAT

The latest story from the diplomatic front describes a certain dictator in the full flight of oratory. A couple of American and British journalists were present, and a bit bored with the blast.

"We've eight million men on the march," shouted the big lad; "and I ask you, Who could stop us?" "I say, old chap," drawled the British journalist, "what about the customs?"

Note from teacher on Betty's report card:

"Good worker, but talks too much."

Note from father over signature on back of card:

"Come up sometime and meet her mother."

Bradman Stars in Test



Don Bradman, the great Aussie cricketer, pictured above, was again a star of the recent Test matches with England. Undoubtedly one of the greatest cricketers of all time, Bradman's imposing list of centuries will likely remain a mark for aspiring candidates to shoot at for many years. To the Australians Bradman is what Babe Ruth was to America; Fred Perry to England; Jesse Owens to the United States. In the world of sport, cricket and Bradman are synonymous.

Coronation Festivities

Preparations are already under way for a local Coronation Day on May 12. The Powell River Board of Trade have contacted various social and fraternal societies in the district, and it is hoped a combined effort will be made towards a real community event for the crowning of His Majesty King George VI. It is expected that the school children will participate in the celebration, as well as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, and similar organizations.

The Pulp and Paper Industry In Canada

Historical Outline of Rise and Growth of Giant Industry

AT the beginning of the 19th century, the paper making process was confined almost wholly to the European continent. True, in the United States, paper making had commenced with the founding of the Rittenhouse mill at Philadelphia in 1690, and in the following century several paper mills, confined wholly to the New England states, had come into operation. The output was very small, and their contribution to the world's supply negligible. Thus, at the beginning of the 19th century we find that in Spain over two hundred mills manufacturing various kinds of paper and paper products were in operation; in Germany, five hundred mills were producing; and in England, France Italy and Russia, numerous paper mills were in operation. Some conception of the size of the paper mills of this day may be gained from the equipment of what was then considered a large mill at Jaroslaw, Russia. This mill, with 28 machines and 70 vats, was manufacturing eight hundred tons of rag a year.

The great propelling force behind the 20th century supremacy of the North American continent in the production of pulp and paper products was not initiated until the middle of the 19th century, when the use of

wood pulp as stock became widely diffused. Soft woods, spruce, balsam, hemlock, etc., were discovered as the ideal woods of paper stock; and in this respect the huge soft wood areas of Canada and the United States stood ready to challenge the world as future producers of paper and paper products.

Even at the dawn of the 19th century, rags, which throughout the ages had constituted the chief source of supply, were becoming precious and expensive. Experiments were conducted with straw, manila, and a host of vegetable products. Finally came the experiments with wood pulp. In 1826, Italian paper makers had successfully used the bark of the poplar and willow in the manufacture of paper. Poplar, they found the most adaptable of the two. In 1833, an Englishman had been granted a patent for making paper and pasteboard from wood. Experiments with wood became more common, and in 1840 Charles Fenerty, of Nova Scotia, and Keller, of Germany, working independently, simultaneously demonstrated that the manufacture of paper from wood stock was a feasible process. By the middle of the century the use of wood was common. American newspapers, as early as 1863, commenced the printing of their editions on wood stock, and



One of the big "sticks" of spruce timber for which B. C. is famous. The above log, cut on the Powell River limits, is nearly 10 feet in diameter. This is what the modern paper maker uses for stock.

from 1870 onwards the majority of newspapers on this continent were utilizing the cheaper and easier accessible wood supply.

It was not until the 19th century had crossed the threshold that the first attempt to introduce the paper making process into Canada was made. At this time practically the entire population of the Dominion was concentrated in Upper and Lower Canada. Rivalry between the English settlers of Upper Canada and the French of Lower Canada ran high. In 1803, a group of enterprising Americans obtained concessions from the French seigneurs at St. Andrews,

Quebec, and erected the first mill in the history of Canada. To Lower Canada, or Quebec as it is known today, belongs the honor of seeing the first newsprint mill in the Dominion erected within its borders.

This aroused a strong emulative spirit among the settlers of Upper Canada. The government offered a bounty of £100 for the first sheet of newspaper to be manufactured in Upper Canada; and in 1813, a Mr. Crooks erected a small building, 30 x 40 feet, where hand-made paper was manufactured. A few days later, John Eastwood and Colin Skinner, who had been striving for the award given to Crooks, commenced a small mill in the Don Valley. This was the origin of the Don Valley Paper Mills, which became one of the well-known paper organizations of Canada. In consideration of their work, the government remitted to Eastwood and Skinner the duty they had paid for the machinery in their mill which had been shipped from the United States.

Comparatively little progress was made in Dominion paper making history for the next thirty years. In 1853, James Barclay installed a mill in Upper Canada, the forerunner of the Modern Georgetown Paper Company. Ten years before Confederation, the Riordan Pulp and Paper Company was formed. In 1836, they began the manufacture of wrapping paper at Lock 5 on the old Welland Canal. The capacity of this mill was 1½ tons of wrapping paper per day. In 1867, the Riordan Company erected what was then considered as a mam-

Glimpse of Powell River plant and townsite in 1912, when the first roll of newsprint was shipped.



moth mill at Merritown, Ontario. At this period, the Merritown plant was one of the wonders of the continent, with its output of 10 tons of news and wrapping paper each day. It was considered as Canada's wonder mill!

From 1867 onwards, the gradual emergence of the Canadian paper making industry proceeded. A few years later, Angus Logan & Company built a small mill at Sherbourg, Ontario. The machines were all two cylinders, and the output of the mill was $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons a day. Sixty persons were employed. By 1881, five pulp mills, with a capital of \$92,000, employing sixty-eight persons, produced pulp and paper products to the value of \$63,000. Within ten years these figures had been increased to 24 mills, with a capital investment of \$3,000,000, employing over a thousand persons, and an annual output in excess of \$1,000,000. The real history and expansion of the pulp and paper industry in Canada begin with the 20th century.

Raw material was becoming scarcer and scarcer in the United States, and

many big corporations moved their operations to Canada, a process which had been proceeding with accelerated velocity in the past twenty years. Today, investment in the Canadian pulp and paper industry approximates \$700,000,000. The annual value of the products is around \$150,000,000. The Dominion is the world's leading exporter of newsprint; her annual exports are greater than the combined exports of the rest of the world. The industry has survived. It has emerged stronger from the depression, and in the year just closed, reached a total production of 3,190,559 tons. This is double the 1926 production, and greater than the former all time high production of 1929.

Bert Marrion, local rugby prexy, is getting ready to show the strong Meraloma Club some of the tricks his local boys have up their sleeve. The locals are showing great enthusiasm, and, what is more important, vastly improved form, and may extend the Vancouver Club to the limit.



How they used to take paper from the mill to the wharf in the early days. This photo, taken in 1915, shows the old horse-pulled trains on the way to the sheds.

Industrial Facts

Sales of new automobiles, motor trucks and buses in Canada during the first eleven months of 1936 totalled 104,037 and retailed at \$107,316,480. This was a gain of 9 per cent in volume and 12 per cent in value over sales in the corresponding period in 1935. That a population of slightly under 11,000,000 persons spent this sum on motor vehicles in the past eleven months indicates, to some extent, the improving economic conditions of the purchasing public.

Bacon and ham exports from Canada for the six months ended September last totalled 731,492 cwt. valued at \$12,420,375 as against 573,924 cwt. valued at \$9,389,210 in the same period last year.

Salt is being used in the building of clay roads to an ever increasing extent in Canada and other countries. This is a Canadian idea. It is claimed that the salt retards the evaporation

of moisture when the road is first laid, and the growth of salt crystals as the road eventually dries out tends to diminish shrinkage and cracking of the clay.

Asbestos shipments by Canadian producers totalled 173,258 tons in the first eight months of 1936. This was an increase of 42.7 per cent over the tonnage shipped in the corresponding months of 1935.

An elephant and flea way out Africa some place were crossing a bridge over a stream.

The bridge swayed ominously, and the passage safely navigated, the flea turned to the elephant and said:

"Say, boy, we made that shake some, didn't we?"

All cover stock and paper used in printing *The Powell River Digester* is a Powell River product, manufactured at Powell River, B. C.

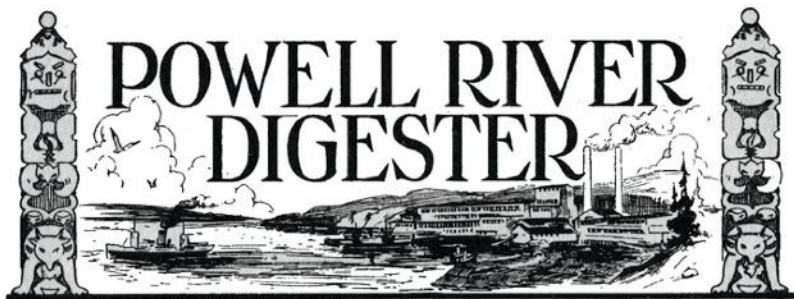


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VOL.13 FEBRUARY, 1937 NO.2





J. A. LUNDIE *Editor*

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No. 2

Features in February Issue

Texas, the Lone Star State of history and fiction, comes in for considerable attention in our current issue. In succeeding numbers, we hope to carry the series into all territories covered by Powell River newsprint. Texas has, however, been a subject of interest to Powell River employees, who, year in and year out, have sent their newsprint to the great southern State.

The article on page 2, giving a brief pen sketch of the Port of Houston, entry port for our newsprint, will prove of general interest.

And if you think we need a good weather prophet in Powell River, read the article on page 8—and learn how they do it in Texas.

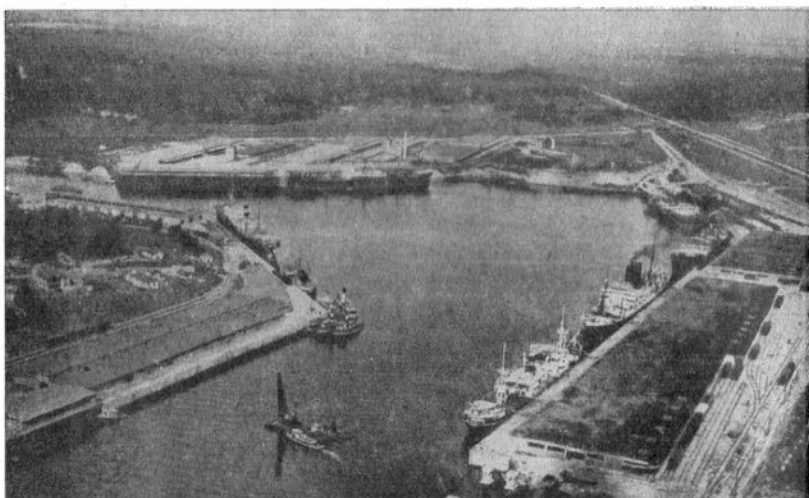
On page 10, Mr. Ted Dealey's "House of Cores" will give our paper makers and amateur home builders a new line of thought.

Lew Griffiths' article on page 4 will interest many local readers who have watched the development of suburban transportation in the Powell River area. And on page 6 we run the first of a series of articles on local champions of sport who have flirted with the headlines in their prime.



To Houston with Powell River Newsprint

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of articles dealing with various centres and districts to and through which Powell River newsprint is shipped. The series will be continued in succeeding issues, and will include other centres in the United States, Australasia, Canada, the Orient, etc.



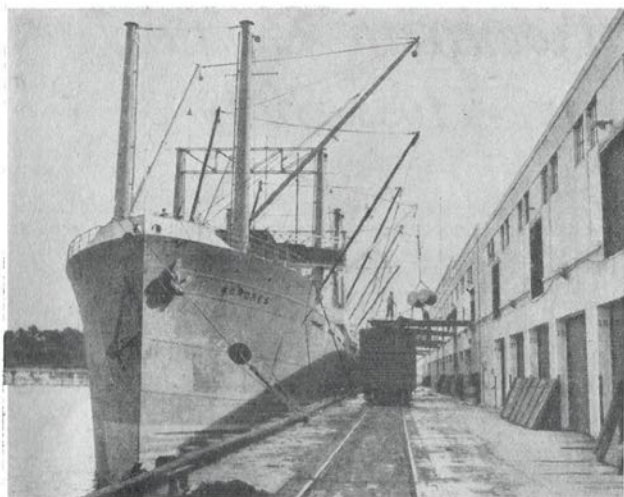
The turning basin in the famous ship canal at Houston, Texas. Houston today is one of the leading manufacturing centres of the south.

IN the accompanying illustration we show the S.S. *Nordnes*, paper freighter, unloading Powell River newsprint at the busy port of Houston, Texas. Texas is a familiar name to every paper maker in Powell River, for each month substantial shipments of our newsprint find their way into the Lone Star State via Galveston and the famous Houston Ship Canal. For many years we have been privileged to serve many of the great Texas

dailies with Powell River newsprint; and on numerous occasions have entertained groups of Texas visitors in our Townsite.

The port of Houston is the port of entry for practically 75% of all tonnage shipped to Texas. From Houston it is shipped by rail to widely extended interior points.

Houston is today one of the major shipping centres of the Gulf. It is located about fifty miles inland from the Gulf seaboard along the man-



S.S. Nordnes, paper freighter, unloading Powell River newsprint at Houston, Texas. The paper is shipped direct from the plant to Houston.

made Houston Canal. The construction of this seaboard link is one of the most important features in the history and assured expansion of Houston. A decade and a half ago a sluggish canoe stream, known from earlier frontier days as the Buffalo Bayou, still meandered lazily from Houston, fifty miles southeast to Galveston, where its slothful waters discharged themselves in the Gulf.

Today the old stream, over whose placid surface truculent redskins once plied their war canoes, and whose waters have rippled with the dip of French and Spanish paddles of a past century, is now a great ship canal, which in recent years gives promise of converting Houston into a modern Hamburg.

Already Houston is one of the most important manufacturing centres of the Southern United States. Along the canal is a huge storage for oil

and grain, collected there from all corners of the Union for transportation to the markets of Liverpool and other European centres. Converging on and uniting in Houston are eighteen railway lines that disgorge their cotton, lumber, grain, oil, flour and other products at her doors for shipment along the great waterway to the sea.

Houston is the commercial centre of a rich agricultural and lumbering region, and an important distributing point for raw material. It is the greatest spot cotton market in the world, and, in company with Galveston, one of the biggest cotton centres on the continent. In manufactures it ranks second in the State; its various industries include lumber, flour and rice mills, cottonseed oil and sugar refineries, meat packing houses, fertilizer plants, and railway car shops.

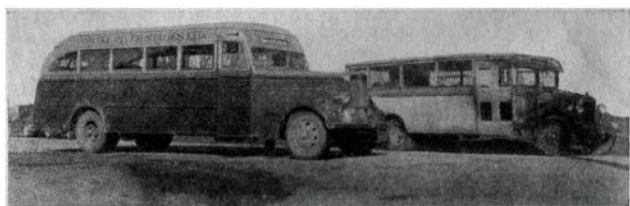
The city itself is admirably conceived. Wide shaded streets, beautiful

(Continued on Page 5)

A Twentieth Century One-Hoss Shay

By LEW GRIFFITHS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Lew Griffiths, local journalist and sports writer, contributes the following interesting article on suburban transportation. In between his journalistic activities Lew holds down the job of fourth hand on No. 7 machine. He has a distinct flair for newspaper work, and has written numerous articles for the local press.



The "old" and "new" buses of the Powell River Transportation Company, who operate regular schedules between Powell River and the suburbs.

"The wonderful one-hoss shay . . ."

FIVE hundred and fifty thousand miles! Twenty-two times around the world! No account this of the travellings of a globe trotter, but the actual mileage ground out in nine full years of service on the roads in and around Powell River by old No. 1, the first bus put into operation in the district by the company now known as Powell River Stages Ltd.

Battered and worn, old No. 1 shows all the signs of a long and arduous life. The 75,000 passengers carried in its first year of service, beginning April 23, 1928, left their marks. When slightly better than 100,000 persons used it in 1929 to travel from Cranberry and Westview to Powell River and back again, it took on an appearance that later years, lightened

by the addition of new and bigger buses to the line, could never erase.

Not that No. 1 was the first bus to appear in these parts. As far back as 1926 the first bus service linking Westview with Powell River was started. Later the Malaspina Stages, owned by Ernie Leibenschel and Lloyd Compton, operated two old converted touring cars in the transportation of workmen from the two largest suburbs to the plant of the Powell River Company. This line was bought out by the present operators in September, 1928.

In February, 1931, the Company added a second twenty-eight passenger vehicle to their line, augmenting the service then maintained by old No. 1 and the first big carrier put into operation in November, 1930. Boasting three machines, they extended their schedule to take in Wildwood, the

third outlying community of the district. Joe Van Ess took over and maintained the Wildwood run when it was abandoned by Powell River Stages.



*Lew Griffiths,
paper maker
and journalist,
author of the
article on this
page.*

The purchase of a new streamlined Diesel bus in December, 1935, swelled the rolling stock of the concern to four machines, and an hourly schedule is now maintained between Powell River, Westview, and Cranberry. Employees of the Powell River Company residing outside the townsite are still the chief patrons of the service, and runs are arranged to comply with shift work conditions.

Felix Van Vleet, who has managed the line since its early years of uncertain service—the “haywire” years he calls them—to its present efficiency, proudly boasts that in all that time a total in excess of 1,800,000 passengers have been carried, and not one liability claim has been laid against his company—a safety record that speaks for itself.

To Houston with Powell River Newsprint

(Continued from Page 3)

parks, handsome residences and imposing public and commercial buildings bear unchallenged testimony to the progressiveness of this port within the past two decades.

Consignments from Powell River to Houston are shipped direct, with no intermediate handling from the moment the rolls are deposited in the freighter at Powell River until unloaded at Houston docks. The newsprint is loaded by experienced Company employees who have a definite interest in the careful stowage of their product.

*View of Powell
River newsprint
being transported
from lighter to
shore by Oriental
laborers. Transporta-
tion facilities de-
pend more on the
man than on the
machine in the east.*



They Were in the Championship Class

FEW, if any, districts in B. C.—even in Canada—are more sport-minded than Powell River. No sport in the world, amateur or professional, but has its staunch adherents; and no popular athletic contest, from American college football to cricket, but is followed with deep interest in Powell River. Powell River's sporting fraternity numbers many an athlete whose fame in former days was international, or who reached the pinnacle in Provincial or Dominion competition.

There is Paddy Wood, until recently an employee of the Powell River Company, and now gracing the counter of the Provincial Government refreshment parlor on Second Street. Paddy, the same fighting Irishman in his twenties as he is today, was within an ace of being crowned bantam weight champion of England. His famous fight with Peddlar Palmer for the British title is still on the record books. The Peddlar gained a narrow decision over the doughty Irishman—and later earned a draw.

Al Hatch's ability on the mat is well known in the district. In his prime Al had few equals in his class. From 1910 to 1914 he was supreme in Pacific Coast amateur welter weight circles. In 1912 Al hung up a record that few grapplers in history can equal. On one night he won three successive Canadian

titles, carrying off the 145, 158 and 175-lb. championships. Running out of opposition in the amateur ranks, Al turned professional, and after several initial successes was matched with Walter Miller for the world's professional 145-lb. championship. He broke a shoulder in this memorable battle and after an hour's wrestling was forced to retire. Al, now a machine tender, has been a regular employee of the Company for twenty years.

Jack Roberts, now punching the clock as a Company watchman, has an enviable record in the prize ring. In 1906-1907 he was featherweight champion of the British army in India, and was considered one of the outstanding fighters in an army of first-class boxers.

During the Great War, Jackie, like so many ex-soldiers, re-enlisted. He continued his activities in the ring and won the featherweight title of the Canadian forces. After the Armistice he competed in the great inter-Allied army boxing championship at Stamford Bridge. He reached the finals of his class and, in a final that is still talked of among ex-servicemen, lost a narrow decision to the British army champion.

In succeeding issues we hope to include other champions or near champions, in all branches of sport, now residing in Powell River.

The Weather Still Continues as Weather



View of group of Powell River homes on Ocean View avenue on February 19. An ordinary picture of the mildness of British Columbia weather!

In our last issue we ran a few illustrations under the caption, "We've had our snow—we hope!" Lest some of our eastern and interior friends rush into the error of thinking snow is our natural state—we point with local pride to the illustration on this page. The photograph was taken on February 19. It shows a row of houses along Ocean View on what Powell Riverites consider a typical winter day. (Now, boys, remember your manners!)

We are writing this on February 20. The fact that it is snowing heavily has nothing to do with our picture.

Our British Columbia weatherman wears no man's collar. We had eight inches of snow last week. Two days later the ladies were playing golf. On the third day the old fellow deluged us with an eight-inch snowfall. On the fifth day, the golfers were at it again; and the amateur gardeners getting out their spring seed. Yesterday was day No. 6. Today is day No. 7

—and the bets are even on an eight-inch fall by midnight. That means we should be planting the garden seeds on Monday.

Not a bad record for a week. Any comments, Texas—or California?

Housie Housie!

Ian Mackenzie, Canada's \$35,000,000 Minister of Defence, walked behind a few heavy barrages over in France. Looks as if he is walking into a pretty heavy one right here at home. Ian says \$35,000,000 for defence—and the House sits up and roars.

Neville Chamberlain strolls into the hushed atmosphere of the House of Commons, says, "Boys, we want 7½ billions for defence," and the House is stunned. "Of course," continues the Chancellor, munching an apple, "I may need more, but there's the rough figures."

It all looks like a rough party.

Powell River newsprint in the hold of the S.S. Nordnes, being unloaded at Houston, Texas.



They Monkey with the Weather in Texas

There is "monkey" business in the Texas weather situation. During his recent Texas trip, Harold Foley and Lee Mims, of the *Houston Chronicle*, were discussing the weather (even as you and I—and even as Californians). It appears "abnormal" conditions have prevailed in Texas as they have in British Columbia.

It was cold. The native Texan explained it as the arrival of another "norther." Whether he meant Harold Foley—or whether he had been listening to the Richfield reporter—and blamed it on another "cold blast from British Columbia"—we couldn't find out. In any case the official "weather man" from the *Houston Chronicle* was making his usual prognostications. Lee Mims solemnly lis-

tened. He took it all in. He agreed—and then went off to get the real forecast from a real authority. The real authority was Hans Nagle, of the Houston Zoo—and his monkeys!

Over the years Mr. Nagle has built up a reputation as the foremost weather prophet in Texas. He does it with his monkeys. If the newspapers predict cold weather, Mr. Nagle takes straws to the monkeys' cages. If the monkeys take the straws and start bedding their little houses—then, says Mr. Nagle—it's going to be cold. If the monkeys don't take the straws—then, says Mr. Nagle, all official forecasts to the contrary—it's *not* going to be cold.

We could use a couple of good Texas monkeys in Powell River.



The "Great Wake" is what Joe McCrossan, Townsite truck driver and head of the local Glasgow Reserves, gleefully terms it. The defeat of the mighty Glasgow Rangers, Scotland's first line professional squad, in the first round (in the first round, mind ye, lad!) of the Scottish Cup by the lowly Queen of the South, sent Tommy Prentice, mogul of our Community Hall, and Geordie Gilmour, ace of local referees, into an indefinite period of mourning. We have it on unimpeachable authority that Geordie didn't eat a bite for three days.

A heavy "Knock, knock," sounded on Tommy's door. He had been in seclusion for two days refusing to see kindly visitors and refusing every offer of sustenance. He shuddered, gulped, crouched lower in the corner and said plaintively to Mrs. Prentice:

"See who it is, lass. If it's Joe McCrossan dinna open it!"

Only yesterday Joe passed Geordie on the street. "Eh, Geordie lad, and who d'ye fancy for the cup?" he inquired innocently. Twenty friendly brother Scots dragged Geordie homeward.

And Neil Munn, in between his millwright activities, still clings to the theory that in the world of ice hockey

the Maple Leafs will take the Stanley Cup—and Calgary, the oil.

Oil, by the way, has not been in the atmosphere during the last few weeks. "Sort of a goose egg run on oils just now," Hughie McLean, guardian of the wet end tells us, "but look out for a wet end break any day."

A sweet young thing is supposed to have asked Bill Cratchley, of the wharf crew, what he was doing on Thursday.

"Unloading," said Bill succinctly.

"Why, Bill; I didn't know there was a boat in. What are you unloading?"

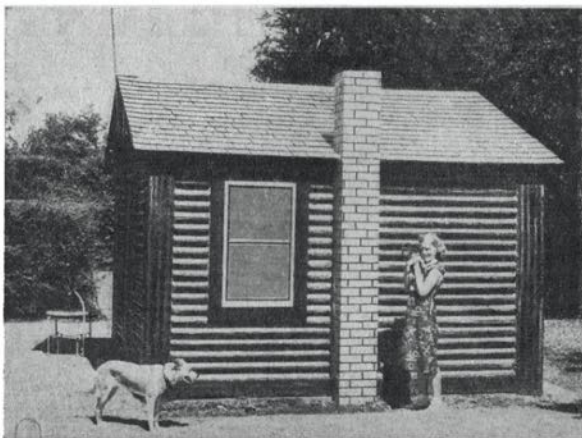
"Oils," snapped Bill. "What's a boat got to do with it?"

And Ernie Campbell, in the office, and Bert Southcott, in the mill, building the first unit of their own fleet on Powell Lake, are considering extensive alterations in their original design. Ernie is flirting with the idea of floating a local loan—for defence purposes only. Bert suggests the defence is against their creditors.

Lancelot: "Make a sentence using the word 'faith'."

Elaine: "Your faith lookth familiar."

The House that Cores Built



Summer cottage, built of Powell River newsprint cores by M. T. Dealey, of the Dallas News, Texas. Mr. Dealey's daughter stands beside her summer cabin of cores.

"What happens to your newsprint cores after the rolls have been run through the press?"

A lot of visitors have asked this question. A lot of paper makers have tried to answer it. A bigger lot have evaded the issue by shrugging: "Oh, they dispose of 'em at the pressroom."

Well, what does happen to our cores? Sometimes we get them back—with groans from Pete Hunter and his wharf crew who unload them, and worse than groans from the fourth hands who have to use them.

True it is that certain pressroom foremen have very definite ideas as to their disposal. These we pass over as playful and harmless emanations of a puckish imagination peculiar to the genus pressman.

Mike Lothian, Vancouver *Province* press foreman, found them useful on St. Patrick's Day. Another pressman tried them out as megaphones.

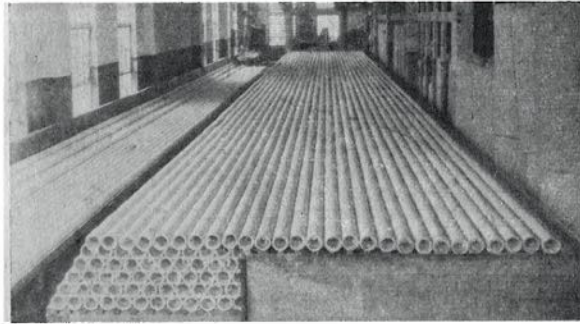
They have been used for rolling dough by thrifty housewives. It was all right as long as they stuck to dough. They proved a failure when it came to performing the substantial functions of the old-fashioned rolling pin. We have heard of gifted California pressmen pouring chromium salts on cores to make pretty pictures in the fires in their homes this winter. (No reflection on California's climate.)

But the last resting place of the newsprint core as far as the pressman or the world knows or cares is usually in the junkman's cart. They are, or have been, largely a waste product.

It has remained for Mr. Ted Dealey, Vice-president and General Manager of the *Dallas News*, Texas, to strike a spark that may make not only the industry, but the country "Core Conscious."

Recently, Mr. Dealey discovered a new possibility in the hitherto much

How the newsprint cores look before being cut for the rolls. The cores are made in Powell River from our own stock.



maligned newsprint core. He took a load of 68½-inch Powell River cores, and out of them built a cabin for his eleven-year-old daughter. The cores were first treated with linseed oil and then given several coats of paint. The inside is papered with full-page mats. Mr. Dealey claims the house is as durable as any made of brick or wood, and if properly painted should be as good 25 years hence as it is now. "Why couldn't newspapers," Mr. Dealey asks, "sell their paper cores to persons who want to build little

cabins in the woods, tourist camps, or what not?"

"Why not?" we echo. And the very attractive summer playhouse on this page shows something of the commercial possibilities of the idea which Mr. Dealey has started in his own home with Powell River cores.

For the benefit of interested and ambitious home builders we have a print of the floor plan and the general dimensions of the ground and corner construction, which may be obtained by calling at DIGESTER office.



Interior of Mr. Dealey's core cottage. Walls are papered with newspaper mats, which make an attractive interior.



Life's Little Lesson

Wife: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

Hubby: "I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather."

Up She Goes!

The aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband. "Wait a moment, George," she said. "I'm afraid we'll have to go down again."

"What's wrong?" asked the husband.

"I believe I've dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground."

"Keep your seat, my dear," said the aviator. "That's a lake."

"What are you getting out of your new car?"

"Oh, about fifty miles to the set of fenders!"

Share and Share Alike

Lawyer: "A client of mine was awarded five thousand dollars in court yesterday for being hit by a bus."

Wife: "I'll bet he was pleased."

Lawyer: "Yes, he said he certainly could use the one thousand dollars."

Right from the Heart

A celebrated white preacher had been engaged to address the congregation of a little Negro church and was being introduced by the colored pastor.

"Sistern and breddren," he began. "It affords me the extremest pleasur to introduce de speaker of de evenin'. I wants to explain dat while his skin ain't de same color as de odders heah, I assure you his heart is as black as any of yorn."

Easy to Remember

Policeman (to pedestrian, just struck by hit-and-run driver): "Did you get his number?"

Victim: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh anywhere."

Nuts!

Landlady: "If you don't stop playing that saxophone you will drive me crazy."

Sax. Player: "Ha, ha! You're crazy already. I stopped playing an hour ago."

"Hey, mister! Yer engine's smokin'!"

"Well, it's old enough."

Tales of the Industry

WE have alluded in previous issues to the late discovery of the wood pulp process in paper making. We touched on some of the different materials used by the early paper makers, and their difficulties in obtaining adequate supplies of stock.

Rags, of course, were the chief paper stock in the early part of the nineteenth century. And then, as now, the cry of the paper maker was, "O Lord, send us some decent stock." In the robust days of 1820-1830 it was not the beater room engineer but the ladies who controlled the stock situation.

Here is a sample of the persuasive ad the paper maker of the early days had to adopt to obtain his stock. The ad is from an early Connecticut newspaper, about 1808:

"Ladies, Save Your Old Clothes!"

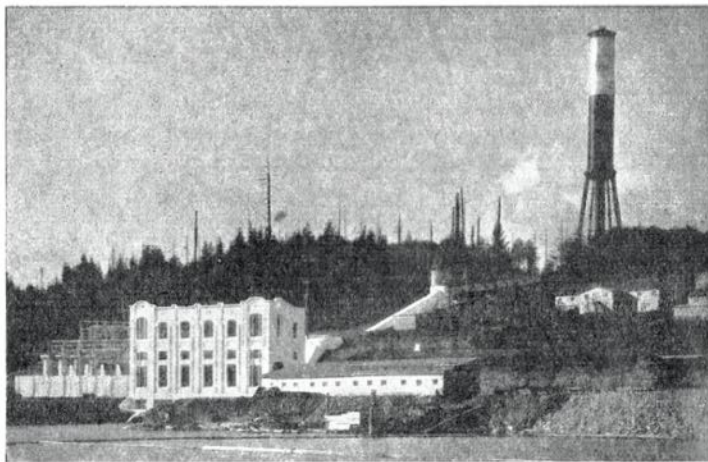
"This exclamation is particularly addressed to the ladies, both young, old, and middle-aged. Nor is it thought that this appeal to our fair country-women will prove unavailing when they reflect that without their assistance they cannot be supplied with the useful article of paper. If the necessary stock is denied the paper mills, young maidens must languish in vain for tender epistles from their respective swains; bachelors may be reduced to the necessity of a personal attendance upon the fair, when a writ-

ten communication would be an excellent substitute. For clean cotton and linen rags of every color and description, matrons can be furnished with Bibles, spectacles and snuff; mothers with grammars, spelling books and primers for their children; and young misses may be supplied with bonnets, ribbons and ear-rings for the decoration of their persons (by means of which they may obtain husbands); or by sending them to the mill they may receive cash."

On post, tree, and house, this haunting appeal met the wayfarer; and lucky it was that the bustle, the hoop and the well-padded tier of undergarments went with the ladies in those days. And luckier still that the modern paper maker doesn't have to depend on the same slogan. The old red flannels in all their primeval glory—the sturdy, ample petticoats—ah, there were the stuffs out of which heroines and newspapers were made.

But imagine sartorial Boss Machine Tender Herman Hogue standing hopefully at the door of No. 7 asking the ladies to save their red flannels and their six pairs of petticoats! So, boys, think of the worries of your pal of 1820—and don't be too hard on the beater engineer.

Sign on Scotch golf course: "Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until after they have stopped rolling."



View of the Powell River Company power house and surge tank at Lois River, 13 miles south of the townsite. At present 22,000 horsepower is generated from this area. The giant surge tank, 318 feet high, is a landmark along the coast.

February Visitors

Among visitors from distant points to visit Powell River during the month were Mr. and Mrs. Keep, of Australia. Mr. Keep is circulation manager of the *Sydney Sun*, Sydney, Australia. It was Mr. and Mrs. Keep's first visit to Powell River. During lunch at the guest house Mrs. Keep tried pretzels for the first time, and is endeavoring to persuade Mr. Keep to start a pretzel factory in Australia.

Mr. J. A. Thomson, executive director of Dodwell & Company in Hong Kong, was a visitor to Vancouver this month. Dodwell & Company represent Powell River in Japan.

Other visitors to Powell River were Mr. P. Sandwell, consulting engineer; Mr. William Neumeyer, of Neumeyer & Dimond, and Mr. George Clark, of the law firm of Lawson & Clark, Vancouver.

Moosemeat Fitzhugh

And His Dog Skillet Try to Catch
Their Supper

By O. J. STEVENSON

Rabbit on the double jump,
Skillet yelping after;
Bunny made the hollow log
With Skillet hard abaft her.

Moosemeat, at the other end,
Chuckled with low laughter;
Thought about a rabbit stew,
And set his hands to grasp her.

The log resounded to the din
Of muffled barks from Skillet.
Fitzhugh reached in. He caught some
fur,
And dragged it out to kill it.

Moosemeat groaned and flung the
beast,
Skillet yowled with horror;
Bunny screamed in mortal fear,
Friend Skunk had been before her.

EDITORS NOTES



Coronation Day

PLANS for a Powell River observance of Coronation Day on Wednesday, May 12, are already in the advanced stage. The original conception has been considerably expanded; an ambitious programme is now on the agenda; an enthusiastic committee is co-ordinating all organizations in the district for a representative community effort.

There is a lot of work to be done. To make the effort successful every individual and every community body must be prepared to work wholeheartedly with the committee. There must be no petty jealousies or destructive criticism. It is too big a task to be hampered by any bickerings or fancied slights.

King George VI is King of all British Dominions beyond the seas. He is Canada's King. He and his charming Queen are our direct link with the British Empire. Coronation Day is an Empire Day—a day when all the nations of the British Commonwealth declare their allegiance to a common sovereign—His Majesty King George VI.

Powell River will not be behind the rest of the Empire in honoring their King and Queen.

Co-operate with the Coronation Day Committee. Make May 12 a united community effort.

Library Notes

New books added to the Library during the past few weeks include:

"Germany's War Machine," by Muller; "Great Aunt Lavinia," by Lincoln; "Island of Sheep," by Buchanan; "Sound of Running Feet," by Laurence; "Great Laughter," by Hurst; "Hail, Caesar!" by Darragh; "The Hundred Years," by Guedalla; "Street of the Fishing Cat," by Foldes.

Most popular non-fiction books during the month are: Duff Cooper's "Haig"; "Jellicoe," by Admiral Bacon; "Return to Malaya," by Lockhart; "American Doctor's Odyssey," by Heiser; and, of course, the steady favorite "Inside Europe."

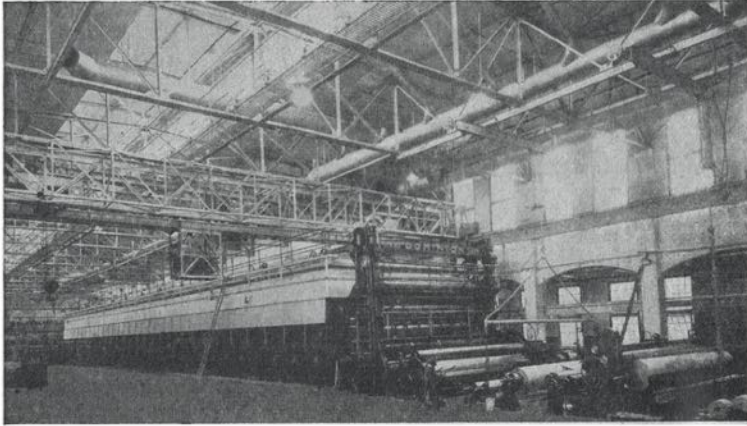
"Gone With the Wind" still heads the fiction list best renters. "Yan and Yin," "Honorable Estate," "No Hero This," "Cities of Refuge," "Invincible Surmise," "Drums Along the Mohawk," continue, along with others, their popularity.

A henpecked looking little man was escorting his wife to a concert, and arrived late. Slipping into his seat, he turned to his neighbor.

"What are they playing?" he whispered.

"The Fifth Symphony."

"Well," muttered the little man, "Thank God, I've missed four of 'em anyway."



View of the dry end of No. 7 newsprint machine. Travelling in excess of 1200 feet a minute, No. 7 averages close to 150 tons of newsprint daily.

January Statistics

Total number of tons produced.....	Newsprint	16,852.61
	Wrapper	697.24
Average Daily Tonnage.....		661.72
Production by Machines:		
	Total Tons	Daily Average
No. 1	794.86	51.85
	697.24 (Wrapper)	63.39 (Wrapper)
No. 2	1465.22	55.65
No. 3	1743.10	66.20
No. 4	1783.56	67.74
No. 5	3693.98	140.30
No. 6	3449.04	130.99
No. 7	3922.85	148.99

All Rayon at Beaux Arts Ball

The annual Beaux Arts Ball held New Year's Eve in New York City, the outstanding costume affair of the year, was this time devoted to decorations and costumes made entirely of rayon.

Wage Increase for All Employees Announced

On February 18th, a wage increase amounting to approximately five per cent for all employees of the Powell River Company was announced by Mr. D. A. Evans, resident manager. The announcement fulfils the promise made to the employees in December by Mr. Harold S. Foley, executive vice-president, that as soon as possible a further wage restoration would be made.

Six rayon producers supplied fabrics for the event, which brought much favorable publicity to rayon and exhibited to the public the almost endless possibilities of wood pulp.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

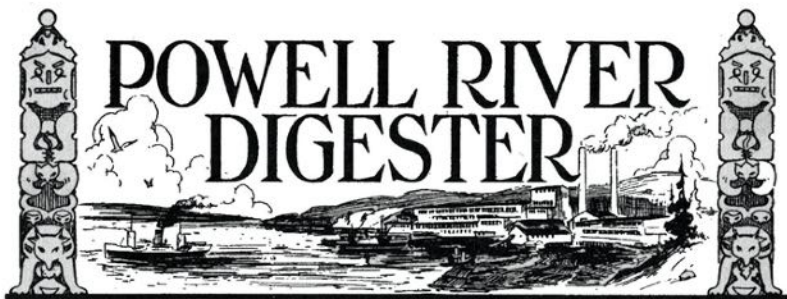


VOL.13

MARCH, 1937

NO.3





J. A. LUNDIE *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 13

MARCH, 1937

No. 3

In Our March Issue



On page 2, Roy Foote shows one of the many uses to which newsprint may be put. In this case it is in the telephone directory of the B. C. Telephone Company. In future issues, Mr. Foote will tell of further activities of newsprint in places other than newspaper offices.



The \$200,000 fire loss suffered by The Vancouver Sun last month saw the traditions of journalism upheld. The paper came out on schedule. Pictures of the fire are seen on pages 14 and 15.



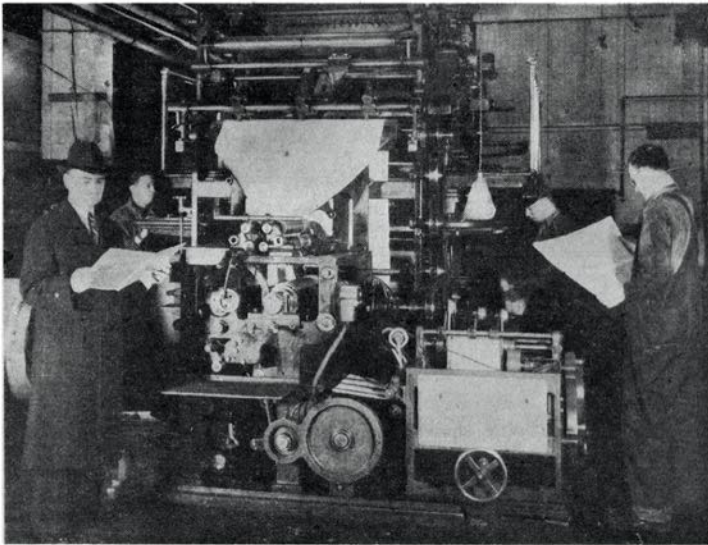
Among the most important factors in the steady maintenance of quality and service to customers is the exhaustive repair and wash-up period each week. On page 8, "Paper Maker" tells the story of the Sunday clean-up.



Outdoor-minded residents will find "A Jaunt Around the Lake District" of interest. And, perhaps, some of our publishers, looking over fishing prospects during the summer, will have some new ideas of Powell River.

Newsprint for Telephone Stock

By R. W. FOOTE, *Powell River Sales Co. Ltd.*



Telephone stock, manufactured at Powell River for sale by the Powell River Sales Company to the B. C. Telephone Company, being run on the presses of The Vancouver Sun. Mr. Roy Foote inspects the "run."

TO the average reader, newsprint is associated almost solely with the daily newspaper. As such, it enjoys only a brief span of life. He pictures the paper running through the high speed presses—sees the newsvendors rush it to the street—sees it avidly grasped by the waiting public, read carelessly or carefully, and then tossed aside to await the housewife's match or the unfeeling clutch of the waste basket.


Newspapers, however, are not the only consumers of Powell River news-

print. And not all the newsprint turned out by the seven machines at Powell River ends its life in so inglorious a fashion. In many cases the ability of our newsprint to maintain its color, texture and quality over an extended period is an essential feature.

One example close to source of origin is the stock used for printing the B. C. Telephone directory. Telephone directories are not overnight publications; they must be on hand day after day—in the home—in the business houses—in every branch of

They Were in the Championship Class

Several Soccer Stars and Near Stars Now Residents of
Powell River

 SOCCER is one of the oldest sports in Powell River. As early as 1911, a few dyed-in-the-wool enthusiasts commenced kicking the round ball about the vacant lots and stumps where No. 7 Machine Room now stands. The game has had its ups and downs; but each year finds it still doing business at the old stand, and rivalries and arguments as keen as ever. Old soccer players, like old soldiers, never die. Every Saturday and Sunday you find them discussing the game around the street corners—and the discussions, like all soccer discussions, are not confined to generalities.

And in soccer, as in other sports, Powell River can boast its quota of stars and near stars, whose names were

not unknown far beyond the borders of their present home.

Leading the list of soccer "Greats" in the district is Jimmie Watson, formerly employed by the Company and now living in Cranberry. Jimmie is the "Daddy" of the Powell River soccer group. In his heyday, one of the greatest backs in England, Jimmie was a member of what old-timers still call the "finest international defence" the game ever saw. Doig, McCombie and Watson — ah! these are names to conjure with in soccer history. The celebrated Sunderland defence, one of the stoutest ever known in soccer, was an international combination for years. Jimmie holds several International Caps—the highest honor that may befall the professional soccerite.

industry. Such directories are often roughly handled. They are exposed to unusual conditions of wear and tear. They are a test of durability and quality of newsprint.

Powell River paper makers take a just pride in knowing that their product meets the exacting requirements of the B. C. Telephone Company for a clean, strong paper, and in proving the ability of Powell River newsprint when called upon to live a long and useful life.

Among the near greats is Arthur Richards, Boss Stevedore and Assistant Wharf Superintendent. Arthur at the age of 17 was given a trial by the great Sheffield Wednesday, English First Division squad. Arthur, between 1910-1920, was a shining light in B. C. senior soccer circles and was a sure choice for the Province "Rep" Team. You can't keep a good man down; and last year, Arthur turned out for the Wharf in the Inter-department League, and says he intends to do the same thing again. Good luck, Arthur!

A Jaunt Around the Lake District



Picturesque part of Powell River Lake region. In the background are Malaspina Straits and Harwood Island. Cranberry Lake may be seen nestling in a hollow.

“**W**HAT is Powell River noted for?” the teacher in the seventh grade asks the brightest pupil.

“Newsprint,” responds the B. P.

“Anything else?” asks teacher of the dullest pupil in the back seat.

“Fishing,” shouts the D. P., looking smugly at the brightest pupil.

So the dullest pupil scores for once, for in and about Powell River the fisherman—and the hiker—and the searcher for the beauties of solitude—has nature at his disposal. In the numerous lakes nestling in hollows, fringed by firs and cedars, and well stocked with fighting rainbows and cutthroats, the resident, seeking solace in the great outdoors, has a natural playground at his elbow.

The great watersheds, the Powell and Lois Lakes systems, dominate the pictorial foreground, but behind are the score of tiny lakes dotting the

countryside and providing ideal fishing and camping grounds during the soporific summer months. Even to many local residents, their beauty spots are names only. To our outside reader the pictorial glimpse of Powell River “hinterland” may be of interest.

The following thumb-nail sketch has been drawn up by our special outdoors correspondent. We specially recommend it to our tired business men and Sunday hikers.

WESTLAKE: By car; branch from Paradise Valley Road, or by old telephone trail from same road just above H. Padget’s home, or Pole Line trail from either end.

Power line crosses knob south of lake, where good view of surrounding country may be obtained. Also fire lookout, where the watchman, Mr. Brown, spends his summers, filling in the odd moments between watching for smoke, by building rock pools and

sunken gardens on his rocky eminence.

Westlake is deep, with little water coming in. Good fishing at times, but spotty. Cool and breezy on a hot summer's day.

EARLY FISHING LAKES: Stewart, Mud, Duck, with Westlake in the background. Across the Gulf are the silhouetted outlines of Texada and Vancouver Islands.

Haslam Lake may be reached direct by car from Powell River, or by car from Myrtle Point to Duck Lake. Lakes in the area are mostly shallow, with good fishing in early spring. Good blackberry country in the summer, and grouse shooting in the fall.

From the lower end of Haslam Lake, Cranberry Lake may be seen in the background, with Harwood Island, green and cool, farther out in the Gulf. Many bays and camp sites. Good playground for boys in summer. Fly fishing in the river and good trolling around shore of Haslam.

From the centre and upper end of Haslam Lake may be seen the famous "Narrows" at Cape Horn, the home of the big trout. Steep hillsides, but

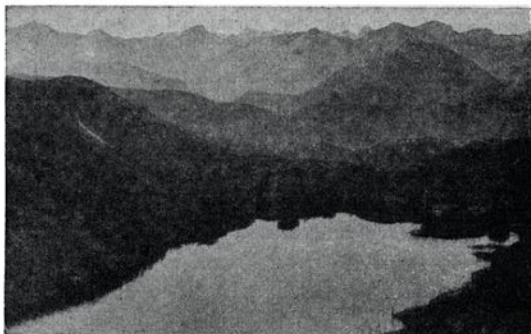
good camping spots. From the upper end of Haslam Lake, Powell Lake and Goat Island may be glimpsed over the divide, and behind, the peaks of Theodosia River Mountains. Due to the many small wooded islands at the head of Haslam, it is one of the most beautiful spots in the whole Powell River district, particularly for those who wish to drift in calm waters in a canoe.

A fifteen minute walk puts one over the trail to Giovanni or Frog Lake, and in another twenty minutes Powell Lake can be reached at a point about half-way between the First Narrows and Goat Lake.

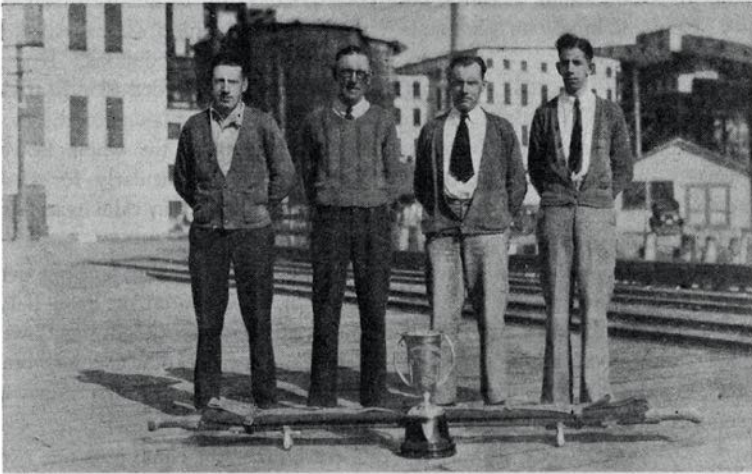
An hour's stiff climb puts one over the divide between Haslam and the Horseshoe Lakes. The fire trail is obliterated here; but by following up the logging chutes, the railroad grades at the top are easily located, after which the going is good.

By car, road and trail, these beauty spots are within easy reach of the hiker, fisherman, and tired business man. In our next issue the scope will be widened and further opened up for pictorial enlargement.

*Head of Haslam Lake,
one of the fine fishing and
scenic spots around Powell
River.*



First Aid Forges Ahead



Champions of First Aid. The team, composed of Harry Slade (left), Jack Phillips, Ken Slade and Stuart Slade, won the Fleck Cup in the recent First Aid Team Competition. The Slade family are certainly in the First Aid limelight.

THE Powell River First Aid Society—or the Powell River branch of the St. John Ambulance Association—is expanding its activities. Evidence of the initiative of the executive, and of the interest of members, has been the development of inter-class competitions during the past two years. This year Powell River is looking farther afield and intends competing in the Provincial trials in May. Members are keen, and practically every department in the plant is represented on the Branch roster.

The Society, during its long term of existence, has qualified hundreds of employees in first aid and accident prevention work. They have worked quietly and efficiently, and their graduates are found in all departments,

ready to render first aid to the injured, or to lead the way in educating fellow employees along the path of safe and healthy working practices.

The Society was founded in 1911 at the instigation of A. W. (George) Clapp—the “Dean of Powell River First Aid.” For twenty-five years George has preached first aid, and acted as voluntary instructor to hundreds of employees taking the course. Bob Scanlon, now on the directorate of the Powell River Company, was the club’s original president.

Now the club has attained its majority. They are branching out and entering the field of Provincial competition, and intend, as their athletic brothers have done, to put Powell River on the Provincial map in First Aid.



The late King George V inspects the Canadian lines at Dickebusch, in the Ypres salient. On May 12, Powell River will celebrate the Coronation of his son, George VI. The Duke of Connaught, former Governor-General of Canada, accompanies the King on his visit to the Canadians.

Coronation Day

With Coronation Day in the news forefront, the above picture will recall memories of our late sovereign, George V, who, during his twenty-five years' reign, held the respect and esteem of the world. The picture shows King George V inspecting Canadian huts at Dickebusch during the World War. The Duke of Connaught, uncle to the late king, stands with his back to the camera.

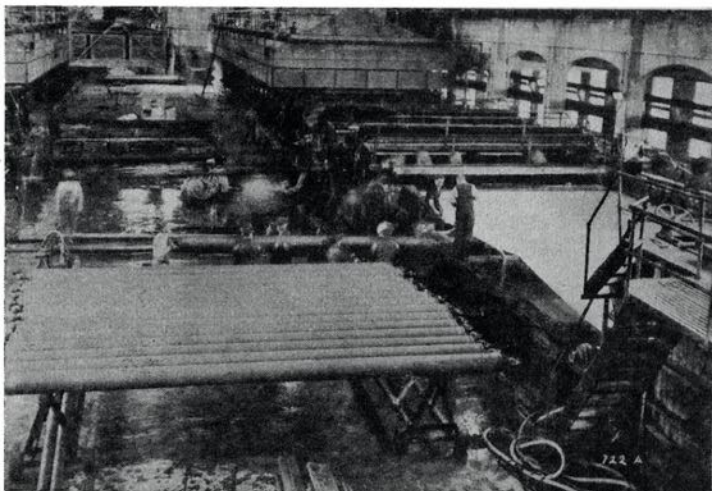
On May 12, Powell River will celebrate the Coronation of the sixth George. The programme will be an elaborate and colorful affair. Empire groups will be represented; pageants depicting historical scenes in the Em-

pire's history will be staged; ex-Service men will parade in a body and participate in the impressive flag-raising ceremony. School children's sports will be held, and a special Coronation Day address will be delivered by Battleman M. MacIntyre. Community bodies are co-operating vigorously to ensure the success of the day, which promises to be one of the most significant in Powell River history.

Easter Sunday saw the usual Easter parade along Ocean View. The general tone was post-depression—and our fashion expert in the Barker Mill tells us skirts are shortest since 1928. Well, things are certainly looking up!

In for Repairs

By "PAPERMAKER"



Wet end, Nos. 5 and 6 machines, during the repair and clean-up period. The machines are given an exhaustive examination and cleaning every week.

MONDAY morning in the Machine Room! Everything is clicking smoothly — well, generally, that is — and a whole week stretches ahead, a week that may be serene and peaceful or . . . something else. It all depends on Sunday.

Sunday is a big day with the paper makers. On Sundays they give their huge charges the business; and the more thoroughly they go about the matter of giving them the business, the better those machines behave during the next six days.

In the accompanying illustration, the cameraman has snapped No. 6 in the midst of a week-end going-over. The boys are stringing a new wire in

the immediate foreground. Just beyond the wire a crew is busy punching out the holes in the first press suction roll before replacing the old felt, seen cut off and heaped in the centre of the floor. Far down the room a pair of calendar rolls await the attention of the gang that will install them in the stack.

It's all a bit chaotic; but the pieces went smoothly back in place; and there were none left over.

While repairs are a regular part of the week-end shut-down, they are far from being the sole object of the turmoil. From end to end the machines are cleaned up. All those niches and crannies around the wet end, where slime collects, are given a thorough

washing out. Steam, solid jets of water, even the harsh purging of soda ash, are used in the wash-up that includes the overflow pits and stock tanks.

When once again stock goes streaming over the wire on Monday, starting the journey that transforms it into paper, every possible factor that might affect the quality of Powell River newsprint has been investigated

Spots, holes and kindred flaws have been chased into the discard. Felts, wires have been scrubbed and polished. No detail has been overlooked. It's not the business of a casual half hour; it's an all-day job, seriously tackled and conscientiously performed.

The machines have been overhauled from "stem to gudgeon," and when the paper maker arrives for the Monday start up, the green light signaling "All clear ahead" is on.

The machines are ready for the week's run.

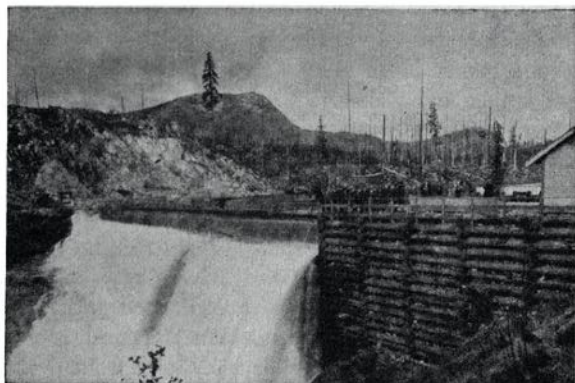
Impressive decreases in commercial failures have been reported for the last two years.

Newsprint Statistics

Total tons produced.....	16,848.87
Average daily tonnage.....	665.17
Machine	Daily Ave.
No. 1—1,351.19	53.34
No. 2—1,396.62	55.14
No. 3—1,696.11	66.96
No. 4—1,604.34	63.34
No. 5—3,502.60	138.28
No. 6—3,489.03	137.74
No. 7—3,808.98	150.37

The track and field boys are getting ready for a big season. With the Empire Games held in Australia, at least two Powell River athletes are considered strong possibilities. Marion Borden, holder of the B. C. ladies' 100-yard title, and Martin Naylor, ace sprinter, are already being looked at by selection committees.

And lacrosse is undergoing its usual pre-season shuffle. Kelley Spruce have been active lining up their squads, and promise Westview ranchers some real trouble. The executive are using the Riverside field this year—and erecting a new box and playing field outside the cinder track.



Log crib dam at Lois River, where 22,000 of the plant's 72,000 b.p. is developed. This power is carried to Powell River over high tension wires.

Tales of the Industry

Part III—The Struggle for Stock

THE struggle for stock! This is the story of the early paper making days in Canada and the United States. From the founding of the Rittenhouse Mill in 1690 until the middle of the nineteenth century, scarcity of stock was the great obstacle confronting the paper maker. All around these early settlers were the great forests which today are the chief source of supply; but the scientific curiosity of the paper maker was still unaware of the blessing in his own back yard.

Rags, never too plentiful in these thrifty colonial days, were his basic source, and supply was far short of demand. Many makeshifts were resorted to in meeting difficulties that arose from shortage of paper. Papers were printed on anything that came to hand, irrespective of size or color.

In these difficult days one Boston printer, Thomas Fleet, had an unexpected stroke of luck.

A Spanish ship, sailing for some Mexican, West Indian or South American Spanish destination, in 1748, was captured by an English cruiser and taken into the port of Boston. There her cargo was discharged and sold, among the rest being several bales of papal bulls or indulgences printed on small sheets of very good paper. Fleet bought the entire lot for a low price and used it in his business, printing popular songs or broadsides on the backs of the sheets. Sometimes two

songs were printed on the back of a single sheet. Such printings of "Black-eyed Susan," "Handsome Harry," and "Teague's Ramble to the Camp," and others have been preserved. He also advertised these bulls for sale in his newspaper in this wise:

"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco Paper to be Sold by the Publisher of this Paper, at the Heart & Crown in Cornhill, Boston; where may also be had the BULLS or Indulgences of the present Pope Urban VIII, either by the single Bull, Quire or Ream, at a much cheaper Rate than they can be purchased of the French or Spanish Priests, and yet will be warranted to be of the same Advantage to the Possessors."

Throughout the War of Independence, and for many years succeeding, the demand for paper far outstripped the supply. Even the politician was not exempt. Six reams of writing paper were considered the utmost allowance possible for the governor and the legislature, in a legislative resolution of 1781 in New York. Every available inch of space was utilized in newspapers; a margin of one-eighth of an inch was sheer extravagance.

The discovery of wood pulp has changed the face of the old paper making landscape. In British Columbia, the Powell River Company, with its reserves of soft wood areas, can assure its customers of a steady source of supply for many years to come.

EDITORS NOTES



Newsprint Prices

The year 1936 was a record one for newsprint *production*. Canadian mills in that year produced 3,200,000 tons—17 per cent greater than in 1929.

This is the record measured in tons. In dollars the story is a different one, and represents a reason why newsprint producers are asking increased prices for new deliveries.

The price per ton for newsprint in New York in 1936 was \$41.00. With the exception of the \$40.00 price for 1934 and 1935, this figure is the lowest in the last 30 years. It compares with average prices of \$48.33 in 1932, \$57.00 in 1931 and \$62.00 in 1930. Prior to 1932, we must go back to 1915 to find a price below \$50.00 a ton.

During the early part of 1933 the average selling price of all commodities in the North American market had dropped to the 1913 price level. The selling price of newsprint delivered in the City of New York had reached a low point of \$40.00, against the 1913 figure of \$43.00. By January, 1937, the average selling price of all commodities in the North American Continent had advanced 25 per cent above the 1913 level. A similar rise in newsprint prices would give \$53.75 delivered in New York. The actual price for New York deliveries during the year 1937 is \$42.50. It is still below the 1913 level.

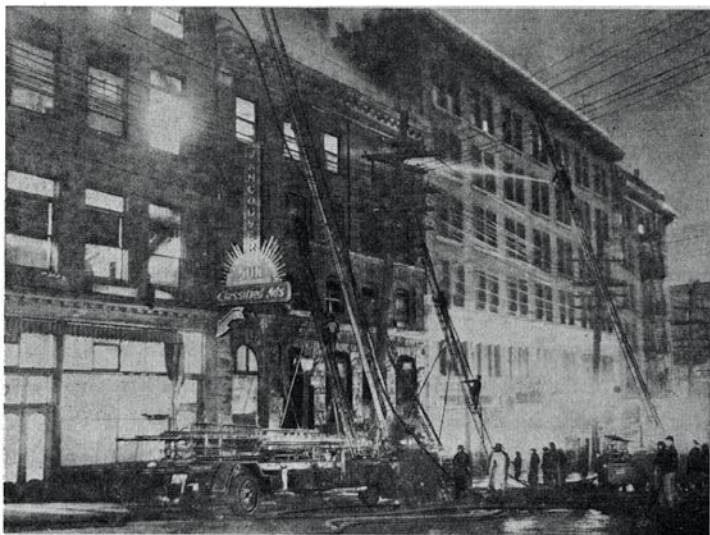
The figures for 1934 and 1935 are especially significant. Economic recovery, in most industries, had already set in. Prices were stabilized or on the upturn. Costs were increasing. The newsprint industry almost alone faced a price drop.

The abnormally low price for newsprint is more evident when the general United States commodity index is studied. Taking 1932 prices as 100, the general commodity index had recovered to 126 in 1936 and to 133 at the beginning of 1937.

The newsprint index was 85 in 1936. It is now 88!

The newsprint industry is asking only what most of the major industries on this continent have already obtained—a fair return on its investment.

The "Sun" Carries On



The "Sun," during the \$200,000 fire which completely wrecked the office and editorial rooms of the Vancouver daily, on Monday, March 22.

DAMAGE approximating a quarter of a million. Roofs of the editorial building caved in. The editorial rooms a shambles of charred wood and smoking ruins. Equipment and records lost. Carefully compiled news items gone up in smoke.

The Paper Came Out

In bold outline, this is what faced editors and reporters of Vancouver's Daily Sun when they turned up at the office on Monday, March 22. A fire of unknown origin, starting at 3 a.m., had swept through the editorial offices, gutting the entire structure and leaving the staff without a home—and in many cases without a typewriter. It was pretty confusing business—but the

one thought was, "The paper must come out."

And the paper came out.

Mr. P. J. Salter, president, had this thought uppermost as firemen fought to save the flames spreading to the presses in the adjoining building. Somehow, desks were procured; somehow, typewriters were found; somehow, with orderly confusion, the staff collected and sorted their news. And the first issue was on the streets on scheduled time. The first tradition of a newspaper—fire, flood or famine notwithstanding—had been observed.

The Vancouver Sun has had a long and honorable association with Canadian journalism. Under the driving force of the late Robert J. Cromie, The

Sun was a leading force in the public, political and industrial life of British Columbia. Trained in the Cromie school and with a long experience in newspaper organization, Mr. P. J. Salter, president of The Sun, carries on the torch of his predecessor.

It is difficult, however, for the Western Canadian to dissociate The Sun from its late chief, Bob Cromie. He infused in every page his own restless temperament, his impatience of procrastination or delay, his zeal for public service. If he drove the staff, he drove himself harder. He kept his mind alert by exercise, by extensive reading and wide travel. Stagnation was abhorrent. He took big risks—but that was the nature of Bob Cromie. Excessive caution, a “wait and see”

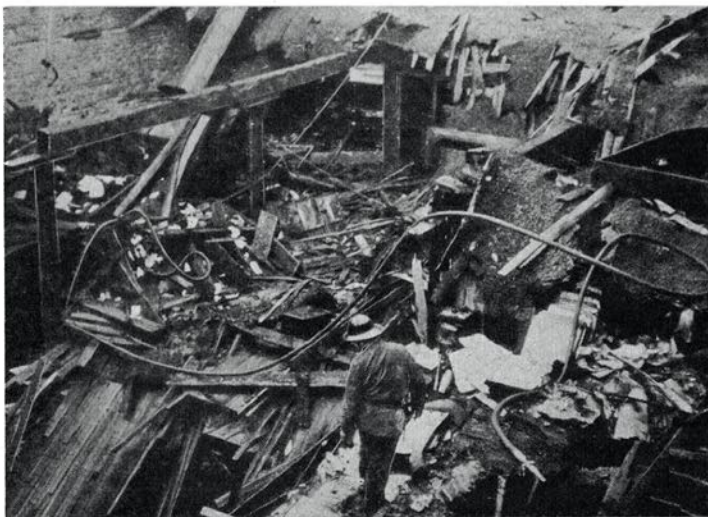
attitude was no part of his mental make-up. Thinking, planning, driving—he was a vital, dynamic force in Canadian journalism. He was The Sun.

Today, The Sun carries on in the tradition of its famous editor. Changes there may be—new policies may be laid down—but The Vancouver Sun will always reflect the vigor and the dynamic force of Robert J. Cromie. It is inescapable. It is The Sun.

With a daily circulation of 70,000, The Sun is among the great dailies of the Dominion of Canada.

The average export price of wheat in 1935 was 83 cents compared with 78 and 64 in the two previous years.

Editorial Rooms—After the Fire



What the editorial rooms of The "Sun" looked like after the passage of the fire. The roof collapsed, and the fire completely gutted this section of the plant.



AROUND THE PLANT

INTER-DEPARTMENT soccer dominates the spotlight for the next month. The boys are renewing old rivalries, with eight teams in the field. Grinders and Office, last year's finalists, are in for lots of opposition.

* * *

Each year finds one or more old-timer saying, "Never again!"—and each year finds him back on the field, scowling defiance at the ever-increasing crop of youngsters sprouting up on all sides.

* * *

The Office is awaiting a definite statement from Mill Secretary Jock Kyles. Jock has been a bit non-committal about turning-out and has been engaged in mysterious conversations with Joe Small—and less mysterious conversations with others!

* * *

Jock Munro, machine room felt expert, is out with the boys again. Still has the old touches, and still willing to miss three meals to play soccer.

* * *

Wally Tapp, peer of local goalies in his prime, turned out for a few minutes last week for the Machine Room. At Wally's special request, we draw a veil over subsequent proceedings. Many an old soccerite still sighs for the good old days when Freddy

Mills played centre for the Elks and Wally guarded nets for Callies. Nothing dull about an afternoon when those two laddies were on the same field!

* * *

Gordie Thorburn, baseball prexy, is lining up the boys for another season's grind. He states he may play himself—and hints darkly of hidden talent down in the Sawmill.

* * *

And the spring fever—or pressure—has hit the gardening brigade. Hugh McLean was seen by at least five fellow-workers from the Machine Room, wheeling a barrow across the front lawn. Another five swear they saw him actually weeding the beds. It would have been harder to believe if they had seen brother Albert doing the job.

* * *

There has been talk of an assassination plot against Dick Bledsoe, our Plant Chemist. The boys in the 1100 block have been watching Dick's murderous onslaught on his back garden with uneasy and apprehensive eyes. Housewives in the block are in the habit of reminding *their* head gardeners "that Mr. Bledsoe seems to find the time—why can't you?" "A word to the wise is sufficient," murmurs Les Irvine.

Powell River Rugby All-stars



Back, left to right: H. Gwyther, R. Hart, L. Mussio, W. Freeman, "Bud" Hogue, W. Wright, J. Appleby, "Bud" Hooker, Bill Gallagher, T. Porter, Bill Tyler, M. Naylor, F. O'Neil, (secretary); Bob Malcolm, J. Caldicott (spares). Seated: J. McLaughlin (referee), Roy Lund, Bert Marion (captain), "Dint" Hunter (vice-captain), Doug. Campbell, F. Hunter.

March Visitors

Well-known visitors to Vancouver during the month included Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Scanlon, from San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sample, Lake Forrest, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Sample spent a few days in Vancouver en route to the Orient, where they will spend several months. Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon drove up from 'Frisco for a few days — and "Bob" asked to be remembered to his many friends in Powell River.

"Putting on a little weight," Bob grinned, "but feeling like a million."

Mr. Scanlon and Mr. Sample are on the directorate of the Powell River Company.

To Powell River, in March, came Major and Mrs. Mitchell, of Montreal.

Major Mitchell, of Ayres Limited, is a popular visitor, and this time he added to his popularity by bringing Mrs. Mitchell along.

Literary Notes

Books added to the Powell River Library during the past month include:

"The Hundred Years," by Guedalla; "Stranger Prince," by Irwin; "Shining Scabbard," by Hutchison; "Invasion"; "Bread into Roses," by Norris; "Live Alone and Like It."

Since its publication, "Gone With the Wind" continues to lead the fiction procession. There seems no slackening of public demand for this undoubtedly great novel.

Plant Statistics

Many visitors, particularly publishers and their friends, have asked us numerous questions as to the size of our plant, what type of product we export, the number of employees, etc., that we have decided to list below a few of the outstanding figures in connection with our plant and townsite. We hope they will prove of interest to our many friends, and we would be pleased to afford further details not included in this list:

Acreage covered by plant buildings, approx. 55 acres.

Daily capacity of plant, 650 tons of newsprint.

Population of Powell River District, approx. 7,000.

Number of employees, 1,550.

Water power development, 72,000 h.p., including 50,000 at Powell River, which has direct penstock connection to the plant, and 22,000 at Lois River, 13 miles south of the plant. This latter power is brought in over high tension wires.

Number of houses in townsite, 470.

Number of grinding machines, 72.

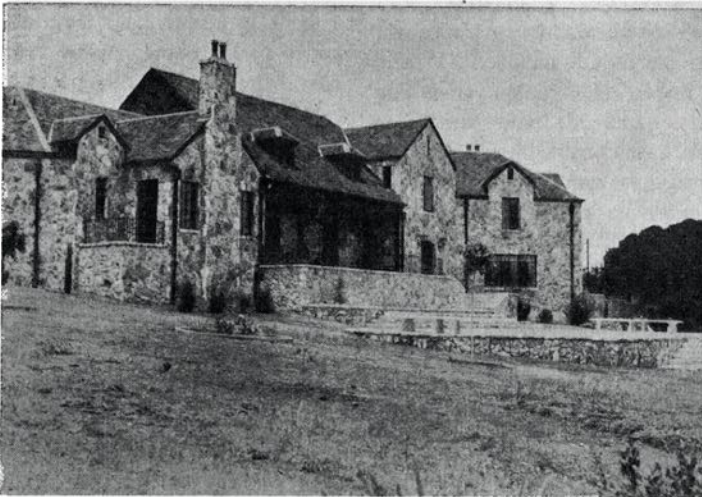
Number of digesters, 6.

Sawmill capacity, 500,000 f.b.m. daily.

Wharfage Facilities

Harbor open all year 'round and capable of accommodating largest freighters. Equipped with storage sheds, electric track trains, 170 flat cars, 6 electric locomotives, electric dock cranes, etc.

Famed Texas Ranch

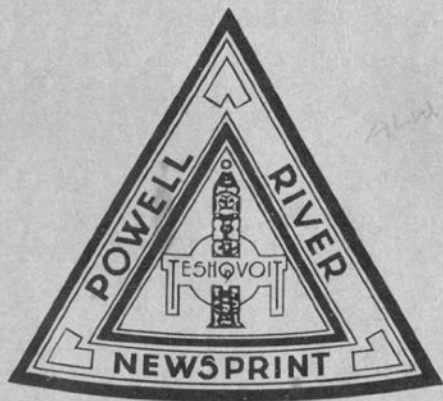


The above photograph shows the picturesque home, "Rancho Diana," of Frank G. Huntress, owner and publisher of the San Antonio Express. This home is located near San Antonio, and is one of the most famous in Texas.





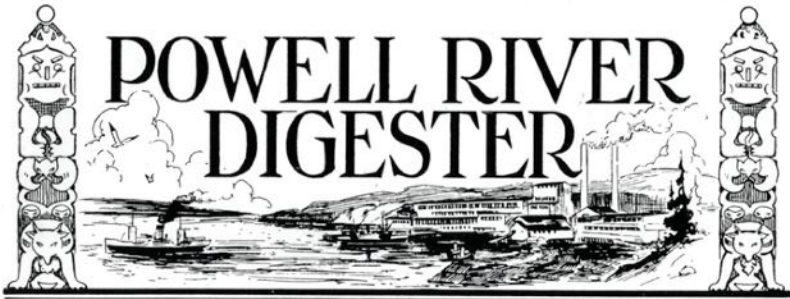
POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.13

APRIL, 1937

NO.4



J. A. LUNDIE *Editor*

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Coronation Day

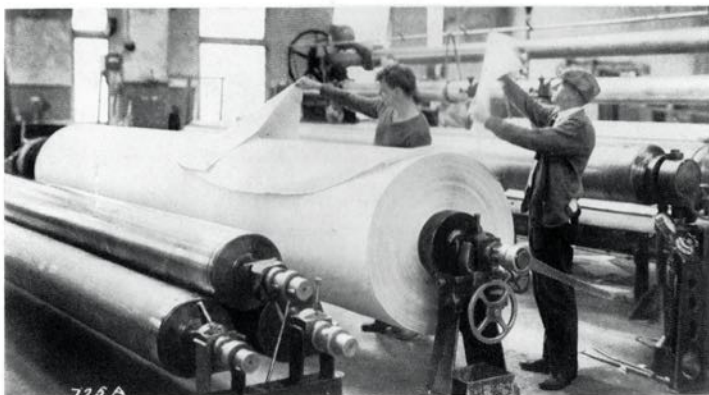
Powell River's observance of Coronation Day, Wednesday, May 12th, will provide a picturesque spectacle for the public. The colorful pageant depicting historical and significant events in Empire history is being intensively rehearsed by participating groups. Britannia with her attendants, the Sister Dominions, is the centre around which revolves the story of Empire interpreted by a dozen of Powell River societies. Fur traders, Indians, the great naval captains of Nelson's period, Shakespearian characters; English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh groups, all in their native or period costumes, will present a blend of color seldom, if ever, seen in Powell River.

Ex-Service Men, in blue ties and berets, to the number of two hundred, headed by their pipe band, will march in the procession. Hundreds of school children, carrying flags of the Empire, will line up on the grounds.

Every fraternal and social organization in the district will be represented, and a united community will join with a United Empire in paying its respects to Their Majesties.

Sampling and Testing Our Newsprint

Thickness of Paper Determined to "Nearest Hundred
Thousandth of an Inch"



Fred Riley, machine-room superintendent, inspects a sample from a newly finished roll. "Slim" Brain, winderman, is preparing a sample for weighing.

TESTS for thickness. Tests for smoothness. Tests for bursting strength. Tests for moisture content . . . tests for every factor that means quality in newsprint. This is an important part of the daily routine of the Powell River laboratory staff under the supervision of Dick Bledsoe, plant chemist. Every twenty minutes a reel is turned up. Each day approximately 400 reels of newsprint hum through the calender stack and pass on to the waiting winder crew for conversion into roll lengths.

Samples are taken and the exhaustive tests made on every reel turned out during a 24-hour shift. There are no averages; there is no

picking a reel at random and making a test; no possibility of taking a chance on this or that reel escaping the eye of the laboratory censor. In other words, every single roll of Powell River newsprint shipped to the publishing houses of the world has run the gauntlet of Plant Chemist Dick Bledsoe's rigid quality tests.

Samples are taken from every reel made. Since the end of one reel represents the beginning of the next, there are two samples from each reel, one at the beginning and one at the end. The sample is torn out by the machine crew—a strip three feet wide and running from one edge of the web to the other (as shown in picture). An exactly similar strip two

inches wide is also taken off across the full width of the reel. The samples are taken immediately to the paper tester, who takes the weight of the two-inch strip and puts it in an electrically heated oven to dry. The moisture content is then determined. The three-foot strip is inspected visually, end to end, for defects. It is then folded and torn into sheets exactly 18x24 inches and the ream weight is determined. A series of bursting tests are then run on these sheets.

The thickness of the sheets are determined to the nearest hundred thousandth of an inch. The smoothness or surface finish is determined by using a specially constructed instrument of our own design.

The 18x24-inch sheets are hung up over a glass-fronted cabinet (special glass for producing diffused light, made by Eastman Kodak Company, called "Flashed Opal Glass") with a light source behind the glass. Each sheet is carefully examined for defects, dirt, shives, etc., and is compared with a series of standard sheets

of an arbitrarily assigned value. The sheets are given a rating in comparison with these standards as to the quality of the formation of the sheet.

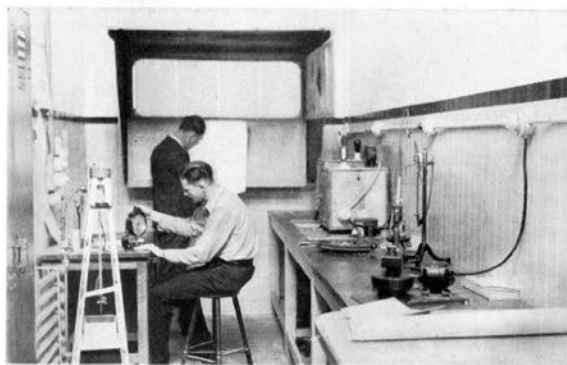
The results of the individual reel tests are entered on a special form together with notes of any defects. This form is immediately sent to the machine tender.

If a machine is using filler, such as clay, a small piece from each reel is taken and put aside for determination of filler content. This is done at the main laboratory.

When a defect appears in a sheet, this is reported at once to the boss machine tender, and at the same time entered on a defect report together with a sample showing the defect.

Thus, half-hourly, hourly, daily, and weekly, each machine is in constant collaboration with the testing department. Every effort is made to maintain Powell River newsprint at a high, uniform quality. The experience and practical knowledge of the paper-maker blends with the technical training of the chemist to achieve this result.

Plant chemist, Dick Bledsoe, in the background, inspects the newly-run sheet in one of his test laboratories in the plant. The paper is in his hands a few minutes after it is off the press.



In Championship Class

"Greats" of Other Days Still Perform in Boxla

ON May 9th, the Boxla Lacrosse boys will start their annual series of battles, which in the past two years have taken the districts by storm; and here and there, scattered in the ranks of these scampering youngsters, are a leavening of old timers—who can't resist the lure of the gutted stick and the thrills of Canada's National game.

In 1923, the Dominion Senior Amateur Cup Finals were played in New Westminster. Here was the pick of Canada's lacrosse talent—the two premier amateur clubs of the world battling for the famous Mann Cup. In the forefront of the New Westminster attack on that day was Ed. Brown—now working with Kelly Spruce Logging Co., and still showing the youngsters the way to go home.

On the Powell River team is that old standby, Jack Wright, of the Machine Room, another former Mann

Cup player. Jack played for the Canadian title with Ocean Falls—and is well known in Coast lacrosse circles.

Occasionally taking the umpire's whistle in the game is A. M. "Bolo" Gordon, Chief Wharfinger on the Powell River Company dock. Bolo, in his prime, was one of Vancouver's great defense men, and he, too, was chosen to defend the Mann Cup against Eastern invaders back in 1914 and 1915.

We could stretch our lacrosse list of near greats to considerable proportions. There is Al Hatch, now helping to referee, and formerly one of the most feared amateur defense men in Western Canada; there is Charlie Knox, who, in between his activities as a player and manager, finds time to run his hardware business in Westview; there is that agile ace, "Flick Doyle," of Kelly Spruce—an outstanding stick handler and star

(Continued on Page 10)

How the original lacrosse field looked in 1914, when some hectic battles were staged.



EDITORS NOTES



George F. Steele

The death of Mr. George F. Steele in March of this year witnessed the passing of a pioneer figure in the paper industry on this continent.

Born in 1858, at Watertown, Massachusetts, Mr. Steele has had a lifetime of close association with U. S. industry in general, and the paper business in particular. He joined the staff of the Van Nortwick Paper Mills, at Appleton, Wisconsin, at the age of 21, and for nearly sixty years he has been a leading figure in newsprint circles on this continent. He watched the industry in its swaddling clothes; saw the still primitive machinery of the nineteenth century in operation; saw the gradual change from rag to groundwood stock; saw the great industry he loved grow to maturity. In his lifetime he has been associated with numerous and widely extended concerns—and has taken an active part in the co-ordination and direction of the newsprint industry.

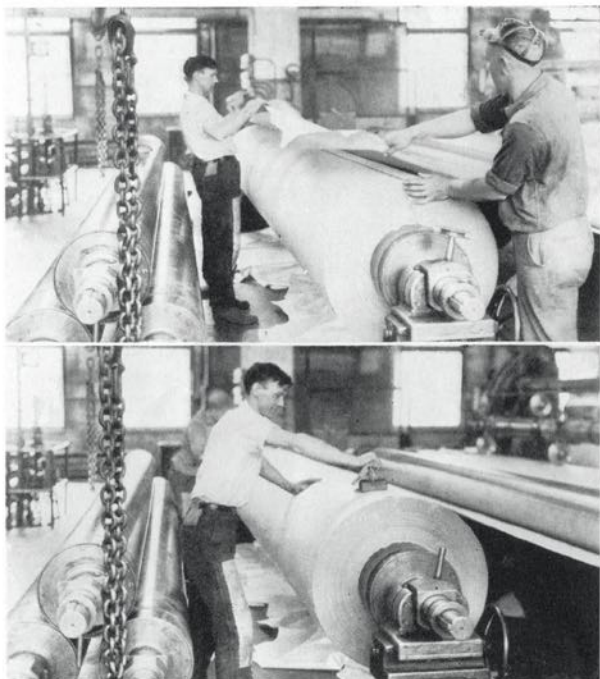
Since 1924 the name of George F. Steele has been known to every paper maker in Powell River. In March of that year he took over the agency for the Powell River Company, for all overseas countries, and for the United States east of the Rockies.

Mr. Steele's executive ability, the

long list of firms with which he has been associated have already been written. We like to remember him as he appeared on his periodic trips to Powell River, where his sparkling wit, his tolerant philosophy, and his wide knowledge of world and business affairs were a by-word. He had discovered and applied the secret of a balanced, full life. He had a Will Rogers-like philosophy, built up through years of profitable study of his fellows. Tolerance and wide understanding of humanity were among his greatest assets. His business world was no cold rule of dumb organization functioning on mathematical and icy logic. It was a world of human beings, warm-hearted, impulsive, prone to error—but fundamentally sound and good. Possessed of a rare sense of humor he was an inimitable raconteur. He had something of the Celt in his make-up, and enough of the Saxon to keep the Celt in reasonable bounds. He possessed a genius for making and keeping friends.

The paper industry in Canada and the United States has benefited by his wisdom and experience. Thousands of friends from coast to coast will miss his twinkling smile and endearing personality. A true friend and sage counsellor has passed on.

Just a Splice!



The important business of splicing a roll. Tom Fisher (left) holds the sheet over the splicing tape under the vigilant eye of Winderman Walter Hopkins. Below, Tommy irons the splice—ready now to run over the fastest presses.

ACCIDENTS happen in the best regulated families. A trite phrase, but, like many trite phrases, a true one; and accidents happen in the best regulated paper mills. Sometimes there are breaks on the paper machine; sometimes the smooth purring of these machines are interrupted by unforeseen or unavoidable mishaps. While we would like to say that the Powell River machines never break, such accidents do occur, and this little article attempts

to tell how the boys deal with them when they do occur.

“And why,” asks the curious visitor in the machine room, “is there a blue circle on the end of that roll?”

With a casual eye the guide surveys the thin blue line standing out in sharp relief on the snowy end of a tightly wound roll of newsprint. Oh, that! Just a splice,” is his laconic reply.

“You see,” he explains, “when the

paper breaks on the machine they tear out the bad part there on the winder and join the sheet up again with some rubber splicing tape, just like a tailor fixes a rip in a suit of clothes. The mark shows there is a splice in that particular roll."

A simple explanation, yet the blue mark carries a far greater significance.

True, it shows where a splice is hidden, and is placed on the roll end as a warning to pressmen in some far-off newspaper office. But when a splice is made, and the blue mark affixed to it as the winder is again started, the mark stands in certification that the splice is perfect and will run smoothly over a speeding press.

All the lavish care of a tailor repairing a rent in an expensive suit is duplicated by the winder crews of the Powell River Company when they put a splice in a roll, or reel, of newsprint.

It is a fact that the tailor's mending tissue is the same rubber composition as the splicing tape used by the paper-makers, still no tailor ever ironed out a delicate patch more thoroughly than

the boys on the winders iron a splice when they join up a break in a wide sheet of paper.

Before being joined, one edge of the parted sheet is trimmed neatly and the tape stretched across the reel close to the trimmed edge. Carefully the cut end of the other portion is placed over the tape, pulled tight, and ironed down.

Experienced eyes check the path of those irons to make sure no tiny spot has escaped the searing heat that sends the rubber deep into the pores of the paper and makes the splice as strong as the original finely meshed web. Deft hands tear off the surplus overlap and the reel is again ready to run.

"Just a splice" may suffice in answering the visitor, but to the winder man and his helpers a blue mark on the end of a roll means a FINISHED splice.

The peak year in electrical production was 1935, all previous records being broken.



View of No. 7 (left) and 5 and 6 machine-room buildings, taken from the top of the boiler house.

The Indian Herring Fleet Comes In



An Indian papoose blinks at the world from her basket cradle made by her Sliammon compatriots.

PUNGENT and compelling, the odor of fish predominated. Everywhere it seemed there must be fish, and everywhere, literally, there were fish. It was the height of the annual herring run, and the Indians of the Sliammon Reserve were hard at their greatest harvest of the year.

A double row of frame buildings hugging the shore at the mouth of the Sliammon Creek, four miles north of Powell River, the Indian settlement offers a quaint contrast to the hustling, bustling, industrial town. Except for

the short duration of the herring run, life on the reserve is easy and unhurried. Fishing and logging are the main pursuits of these last survivors of a once great tribe, but never do they assume major proportions in the existence of the natives.

While ambition may urge some of the younger men to join the great fleet that gathers the huge salmon catch each year from the coastal waters of British Columbia, the tribe as a whole remains indifferent to the industry of the white man.

A little raft of logs, a paltry dozen cords of shingle bolts, will supply a few dollars. The sea always yields food. Life is simple indeed on the reserve.

Only when the sea is silvered each spring with a dense pack of herring during their brief run do the Indians whip themselves into a spasm of endeavor. Then there is no rest for any member of the tribe as they concentrate on gathering stores of their staple food for the year. Day and night the harvest goes on.

Kneeling in the bows of their bobbing dugouts the Indians sweep the shallow waters with long, pliant fish rakes, depositing a score of wriggling fish in the bottom of the boat at every stroke.

One of their few concessions to the ways of the white man are these rakes. A thin, twelve-foot strip of

cedar, studded over half its length with fine wire teeth sharpened to needle points, such is the fish rake; wielded among the seething herring it takes a toll equal to a net.

As the steady stream of canoes plies back and forth from fishing grounds to shore, squaws busily stick twigs through the gills of the fish and hang them to dry. Spread on racks, hanging from posts, everywhere there are herring drying, and as they dry they are packed away to make room for still more. Even the roe is collected for the flavoring of soups during the winter.

Rudimentary, yet efficient, is their method of gathering fish roe, a method handed down from a day long before the first intrepid explorer steered in a course of discovery among the islands dotting the now famous Inside Passage of the British Columbia coast.

Splashing barefoot in the mud of Scuttle Bay, which backs the reserve, the squaws anchor spreading cedar limbs during low tide where they will be covered with a foot of water at

the flood. On these branches the herring leave their roe. At the next ebb the egg-laden fronds are carefully lifted and carried to the village, where they are hung beside the drying fish till the roe is sufficiently cured for storing.

Rubbing shoulders daily with modern usages, the Sliammon Indian remains through it all a child of nature.

Library Notes

Books added to the Library during the past month include:

"Girl of India," by Marshall; "Beat to Quarters," by Forester; "King Edward VIII," by Bolitho; "The Late George Apley," by Marquand; "The Mussolini Murder Plot," by Newman; "Bread and Wine," by Silone; "Theatre," by Maugham; "As Long as I Live," "Eleanor of Aquitaine," "Secret Service," and a considerable number of reprints, amongst which are the following: "It Couldn't be Murder," by Austin; "The Explorer," by Maugham; "Fair Warning," by Eberhart; "Lucy Bayheart," by Cather.



View of Powell River cutter-room, where sheet orders are made up and shipped to publishing houses.

Provincial Champions



Left to right: "Alt" Anderson, Bert Grundle, Harry Hunter, Jimmie Hunter (captain), John Elly, Marino Mitchell, Bob Craig, Thomas Gardiner, Dave Rennie; Mr. J. Waugh, coach and manager.

Powell River's athletic fraternity has added another scalp to its championship belt. The achievement of the Powell River Intermediate Basketball five, in winning the Provincial Basketball Championship for 1936-1937, has been one of the highlights of the sporting year. These vigorous youngsters, composed mainly of students from our local High School, faced one of the most grilling championship grinds on record and emerged without a single loss in the series.

They travelled to Vancouver and met and defeated the strong Ryerson Club 26-23 in the opening round of championship play. They crossed the Gulf of Georgia to Victoria and left the powerful Canadian Scottish quintette snarling over a 26-21 defeat. And for the finals they travelled over 500 miles to meet Kelowna, British

Columbia interior champions — to emerge with two hard fought, bitterly contested games, 26-25 and 26-24.

The boys were given a banquet on their return—and a special presentation was made to Mr. J. Waugh, High School teacher, who organized and coached the squad during the year.

The Best in the West. Congratulations, boys!

In Championship Class

(Continued from Page 4)

amateur. And in the boss machine tender fraternity there is Alf. Hansen, who, in his palmy days, held his own with the best in British Columbia. Red Hamilton, of the Machine Room; Myron McLeod, local cinema mogul; and probably many other aces of other days are still with us and lending a helping hand to the Grand Old Game.

Tales of the Industry

Part IV—The Hand Machines

UNTIL well into the nineteenth century, there had been little improvement on the original hand processes in paper making. A few very mild experiments in mechanical devices had been introduced, but little was in evidence to presage the great machines and subsidiary machines of the present age.

The vat man of the early nineteenth century—rough parallel to the more dignified, aristocratic machine tender of today—dipped his pulp into moulds; in place of the great rushing Fourdrinier wire screen, the modest, unassuming machine tender just shook out the water until the sheet was formed. And then like a good housewife on Monday morning, or like the modern Indian curing his salmon catch, he hung his sheets on separate rods to dry.

There was no hint of the swift-moving, rushing, modern paper machine—no drying the sheet in a few seconds by huge drying cylinders—no machine-mixed pulp—no non-chalant grinders making light the task of crushing huge blocks into pulp. The rags, still fashionable as a stock source, were reduced by washing them in water and then setting the mass to ferment for many days until the desired pulpiness had been attained. (Much after the principle of home brew manufacturers in the days of the Volstead Act.)

These were some of the problems the pre-modern batch of paper makers struggled with prior to the introduction of the beating process and the present Fourdrinier wire. The Dutch are given credit for first introducing a machine for macerating rags into paper. This was accomplished by means of a revolving cylinder armed with metal blades, which rotated in close proximity to a stationary plate composed of similar blades. Between these blades the stock was drawn by the motion of the roll and subjected to continuous beating until it was reduced to pulp consistency. This is the basic principle of the modern, improved beater machine—and in Holland the first engines were driven by windmills.

The Fourdrinier machine, patented in 1808 by the Fourdrinier brothers and John Gamble, was not introduced to North America until about 1836. Until this time, the still primitive hand machines and the robust hand-feeding paper makers were the pride and joy of the industry.

And we cannot help but feel a slight hankering for the return of those good old methods, if only to see Wally Tapp, Tom Carney and other machine tenders standing in the centre of the floor, vigorously shaking the water out of the sheet—and then watching them hang it up on their home-made clothes lines.

Around the Lake District

The Gordon Pashas Are Calling



The gurgling falls on the third Gordon Pasha Lake, where some of the sportiest trout in the district reside.

ALONG with their kinsmen all over the continent, Powell River Waltonians are repairing their fishing gear in readiness for the opening of the fishing season

next month. The present article deals with one of the favored haunts of the trout in the district—the famed Gordon Pasha Lakes, twelve miles south of Powell River. Named Gordon Pasha in honor of “Chinese Gordon,” defender of Khartoum, the lakes are among the most picturesque in the Province. Whispers are heard from time to time of deep and mysterious pools in the upper reaches of the “Pashas,” the haunt of a rare tribe of fighters. Many local fishermen claim to have penetrated this sacred region, and others announce their intention of forming a punitive expedition next month.

In the picture on the next page we see a skyline snap of the first and second Gordon Pasha Lakes. Just jump in your car, take the Thunder Bay and Lang Bay roads to Lois River dam. The first lake is about three miles long with many bays, swimming and camping spots, low shores and plenty of timber. In this area was logged the big flag pole, the highest

End of the picturesque third lake—where good fishing and beautiful scenery combine.



Picturesque view of the second Gordon Pasha Lake, where residents go for trout fishing.



in the world, now standing in Kew Gardens, London. Fishing is fair here, and best in the channel leading to the second lake.

The second lake is about four miles long and much wider. The shores are steeper and the scenery more vivid. Trolling is good around the edge, and also fly fishing, particularly at the mouth of the Horseshoe River, which comes in at the lower end on the north side. At the upper end, where a creek comes in from the south, and the main feeder drops from the third lake, a lot of big ones have been caught.

In picture No. 1 we see the falls of the stream from the third lake. A beautiful spot when water in the second lake is low. Many good pools are in the stream, running through a quarter-mile of timber to third lake. There is a truck road over the portage.

Picture No. 3 shows the third lake of the Gordon Pashas. A dog-legged, narrow lake with steep, high hills on the sides. Through a low pass from the lower end the six thousand-foot mountains across Jervis Inlet give good scenic and picture effect, while the upper end of the lake points to the

snow-capped high cone of Mount Diadem. It is in this region that some of the mightiest fish tales in the district have originated.

The Gordon Pashas are waiting, and promise a worthwhile day's outing for the fisherman, the camper and scenic lover.

Plant Statistics

Total tons newsprint produced for the month of March	18,930.60
Average daily newsprint tonnage	672.25
Total tons wrapper produced	416.10
Average daily wrapper tonnage	65.73
<i>Machine</i>	<i>Daily Ave.</i>
No. 1—1,209.70	54.15
No. 2—1,555.60	54.26
No. 3—1,859.21	64.85
No. 4—1,961.61	68.42
No. 5—4,033.83	140.70
No. 6—4,013.59	139.99
No. 7—4,297.06	149.88



The Bridal Suite

About the middle of last month, the S.S. *Adelaide*, on her way north, made a special call at Powell River. The Captain had received instructions to reserve the bridal suite and pick up a "couple at Powell River."

Like all good sea captains, there was nothing the *Adelaide's* skipper loved better than romance. He smiled a reminiscent smile and sent stewards and attendants scurrying about, placing flowers here, decorations there, and generally preparing the suite for love's young dream. Romance was in the air—and everything.

"Most enjoyable trip we ever had," said Mr. Evans, our Resident Manager, as he and Mrs. Evans stepped jauntily off the southbound boat two days later. Mrs. Evans blushingly agreed.

On Parade

AMONG the highlights of the month has been the weekly parades of ex-Service Men in Dwight Hall, in preparation for Coronation Day. Major John McGregor, V.C., in charge of the "awkward squad," has been putting the boys through their paces. Somehow, the boys seem to be getting a kick out of the old drill manoeuvres. Bert Grundle, of the Construction

Store, leads the company with a snap reminiscent of Aldershot; Reg. Baker, Office Secretary, swings his arms straight from the shoulders and occasionally turns the right way; Jim Curry, head of our paint crew, grouses about these darn infantry formations—and the naval men never did know how to drill, so nobody minds. The real fun is watching the boys march in company line. Arthur Woodward yelled out, "Centipede about turn"—after trying to find where the line was. Anyway, the boys are having barrels of fun; and Jack Brand, steam plant drummer, says the Guards will have to look out for their laurels on Coronation Day.

Once the command "At the halt on the right form platoon" was given. They haven't found the line yet.

We wish good luck and future prosperity to two of our well-known employees who have left the company's service for other positions—Jim Myers, of the mechanical department, and Andy Leiper, of the spare crew. Both have had several years of service with the company. Jim has accepted a position in Duncan, on Vancouver Island, and Andy is returning to Scotland for an indefinite period.



Prominent visitors to the plant during the month: T. Noda (left), of Takata & Co., Tokyo; B. Sugino, President, Takata & Co.; Mrs. W. Barclay, Mr. W. Barclay, Powell River Sales Co.; Mrs. MacKenzie; Mr. MacKenzie, Export Sales Co., and K. Fukuda, Assistant Managing Editor, Miyako Daily News, Tokyo.

Visitors

Prominent among our visitors for April were three well-known representatives of Japanese importing and publishing houses. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. W. Barclay, of the Powell River Sales Company, and Mr. and Mrs. MacKenzie, of the Export Sales Co., on a visit to the plant were Mr. Bunrokuro Sugino, President of Takata & Co. Ltd., of Tokyo, Japan; Mr. K. Fukuda, Assistant Managing Editor of the *Miyako Daily News*, Japan; and Mr. T. Noda, of Takata & Co. The Japanese business representatives were making their first trip to Powell River and displayed keen interest in the mechanical, social and cultural development of the district.

We found our Japanese visitors greatly interested in the political and

economic life of the Dominion, and keen students of world politics. Mr. Fukuda stated that in Tokyo, as elsewhere, there was a tremendous public interest in the events leading up to, and following, the abdication of Edward VIII. He characterized this as "The greatest newspaper headline of the century."

Other welcome visitors in April were Mr. and Mrs. Strickland, of Houston, Texas. Mr. Strickland's company are charterers of the S.S. *Nordnes*, carrying paper from Powell River to Texas and Gulf points.

224 million dozen eggs were produced in Canada in 1935, of which 1.3 million dozen were exported. Egg consumption is relatively high in the Dominion.

Health Insurance Offer

Powell River Company to Assist Inclusion of Dependents

AS we go to press a major milestone in the history of the Powell River Employees' Sick Benefit Society has been passed.

Following the indefinite postponement of the Provincial Government Health Insurance Plan—the officers and directors of the company, after a careful review of the situation, decided that irrespective of future government plans, the inclusion of dependents of employees in the present scheme should not be delayed.

On Sunday, April 25, the members at one of the best attended meetings on record expressed unanimous appreciation of the Powell River Company's offer to contribute approximately \$20,000 annually to the society with the object of assisting employees to bring their dependents into the scheme. The company offer was contingent on certain conditions, designed to protect the interests of the society.

1. That dependents be responsible for the first three days' hospital treatment, thereafter hospital and medical treatment is free.

2. That in the case of dependents, \$1.50 be paid for the first night call (between 8 p.m. and 8 a.m.) on any one case.

3. That \$1.00 be paid by dependent for the first day call (between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m.).

4. That difference in cost between public and private hospital accommodation is for account of patient, excepting under cases of necessity.

Dependents have a choice of any physician in the district, and the present assessment of \$2.50 per month will remain unaltered, which means that in addition to the inclusion of dependents, employees will receive the same cash benefits as formerly. The revised plan will go into operation on June 1, if accepted at a meeting called for Sunday, May 9.

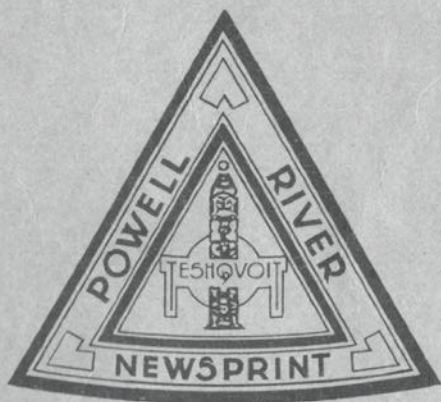
As a result of the company's offer, Powell River employees and families will enjoy one of the cheapest health insurance plans in the province.

There are five billion cigarettes manufactured in Canada, chiefly in Quebec.

Exports of cattle for the year ending December 31, 1935, were 134,358, as compared with 64,975 in 1934. Exports to United States, 123,501 in 1935 and 6,567 in 1934. United Kingdom took 6,704 in 1935 and 53,953 in 1934.

Inspected slaughtering of animals in 1935 were 1,376,562 cattle and calves, 2,805,825 hogs and 861,228 sheep.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

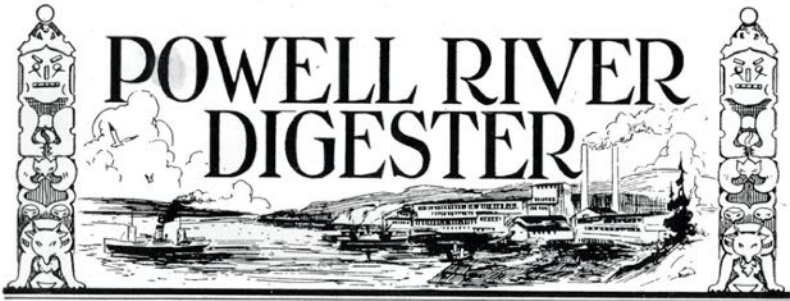


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J. A. LUNDIE *Editor*

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Manufacturers of Newsprint Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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Across Georgia's Gulf



Photo by Lane's Studio.

Unusual and beautiful panorama, showing the snowy mountain peaks of Vancouver Island, twenty-five miles across the Gulf of Georgia from Powell River. In the foreground the big stacks of the mills are seen. The photograph was taken with a special telescopic lens.

Powell River, 1910-1937

*Production increased 1000% since May, 1912—
First newsprint in B.C. manufactured in Powell River*



Modern Powell River, showing dam, the present mill buildings, and a portion of the townsite. Part of the newer section is concealed by the contour of the coast.

WHEN directors of the Powell River Company decided, in 1929-1930, to start on the construction of an additional unit to their then 500-ton newsprint mill, they initiated the fourth era of expansion in the history of our mills. Starting with the modest tonnage of 65 tons a day in May, 1912, Powell River is now the largest individual mill on the Pacific Coast; from its machines each day, 670 tons of newsprint are manufactured for many and widely extended parts of the globe.

There are still men in our townsite who will recall these early pioneer days of townsite building and the subsequent struggles to place Powell River paper on the world's newsprint map. When clearing operations commenced in the fall of 1909, the Brooks-Scanlon interests had already opened up their logging camp on the Stillwater tract; in Powell River the Michigan and Puget Sound Lumber Company still hauled their logs from Powell Lake to tide-water at Michigan Beach. This company had taken out the big firs and cedars along our waterfronts as early as 1907; and traces of their activity are apparent today in the extensive areas of second growth timber fringing the shores of Powell Lake.



A very similar view to that on the opposite page, of Powell River's plant and townsite, early in 1911, as construction was under way.

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

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

In April, 1912, the first unit was ready for "warming up"; and in the dying days of that month the old horse trains proudly hauled their first "drag" of Powell River paper to the wharf storage. In May, No. 1 and 2 machines were running, not indeed, at full capacity, but they were, nevertheless, making paper. And in this month the first roll of newsprint produced in British Columbia carried the Powell River label away from the company wharf.

By February, 1913 "old 1 and 2" were speeded up close to capacity. Powell River had advanced to the dignity of a 100-ton plant, with a daily production of 102 tons. In April, 1913, came

Powell River grows apace. View of the plant and townsite in 1912, just about the time production started on No. 1 Machine



another upward bound. No. 3, to adopt a current phrase, struck oil, came in with an additional production of 40 tons, which raised our daily output to the then creditable total of 142 tons. But the finish was not yet. By September, No. 3's running mate, No. 4, had been completely assembled and her efforts raised the daily tonnage to 185 tons. Our yearly tonnage had risen from 17,000 tons in 1912 to 44,000 in 1913.

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

For twelve years the four machines, with efficiency gradually increasing, until 250 tons of newsprint were turned out daily, and the yearly average expanded to 70,000 tons, catered to the demand for Powell River newsprint. Prior to 1920, Canada's position in the newsprint field was by no means the commanding one she now enjoys. Capital was less fluid than today; the mills of the United States were producing sufficient newsprint to take care of the needs of their own country, and the problem of marketing our produce was often difficult and uncertain.

From 1920 onwards came the huge increase in the world's demand for newsprint and pulp wood products. With it went the phenomenal expansion of Canada's pulp and paper industry. Powell River, in this new era of expansion found her old quarters cramped and uncomfortable. Her produce was established in the markets of the world and if she were to stay in the race and meet

the requirements of her publishers and supply the new markets now being developed, more room and more paper was necessary.

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

This construction is still within the recollection of the majority of our residents. They will remember that No. 5 swung into production in July, 1926, to be followed six weeks later by No. 6. These two machines, with an output equal to that of their four older brothers, raised production to 500 tons early in 1928.

In 1930 came the third expansion period. A seventh machine, with necessary subsidiary equipment was installed, and involved an approximate expenditure of \$8,000,000.00. Production was raised to 650 tons daily—a figure which, by the initiative and co-operation of operating and technical staffs, now averages 670 tons.

This, in brief, is the outline of the Powell River paper history during the past 25 years. From a 65-ton mill in May, 1912, we have advanced to a 670-ton plant, an increase in production of over 1000%. Where, in 1912, our yearly tonnage was less than 20,000 tons, we now turn out over ten times that amount, around 200,000 tons annually. There were, in 1912, fifteen grinding machines in operation; today there are 72. Where we now cut in the neighborhood of 12 million feet of pulp logs a month, the average for our 100-ton mill of 1912, would be less than two million.

These are some of the changes and forward leaps during a quarter century of operations. Today the Powell River Company, with an investment of approximately \$30,000,000.00 in plant and machinery, is among the large newsprint producers of this continent. It is the largest individual unit on the Pacific Coast and its produce is shipped to all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Today the original pioneers who still reside and work in our midst, may look back with some degree of pride on twenty-five years of steady and stable growth.

Directors Visit Plant



Directors and officials of the Powell River Company snapped on the company wharf during their last trip to Powell River. Left to right the group includes: Harold S. Foley, Robert H. Scanlon, Paul S. Brooks, J. S. Foley, Edward Brooks, D. A. Evans, Harry K. Brooks.

Following the annual meeting in Vancouver on May 5th, the directors of the Powell River Company spent a few days in Powell River inspecting the plant and meeting old friends in the district. Accompanying the directors were Mr. J. S. Foley, president of the Brooks-Scanlon Corp., Foley, Florida, and Mr. Lester Foley, president of the Foley Lumber Company. The latter was making his first trip to Powell River.

The party attended the official opening of the baseball season, several participating in the opening ceremonies. Mr. J. S. Foley did a neat job of umpiring; Mr. Harold S. Foley was the first batter to oppose Resident Manager D. A. Evans' slants. Bob

Scanlon donned mask and pad to catch the first ball—and found some trouble in digging our resident manager's opening heaves out of the dirt. Mr. Foley, senior, gave no concessions and forced Mr. Evans to locate the centre of the plate—which he did with his third try.

The directors took time out during their visit to drive about the district—but diplomatically refused to be quoted on the road question.

The party included the following:

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Foley; Mr. and Mrs. Lester Foley; Mr. S. D. Brooks; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Foley; Mr. P. Brooks; Mr. H. Brooks; Mr. Edward Brooks; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Scanlon.

Around the Lake District

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the fourth in a series of articles dealing with the fishing and scenic lakes in the Powell River District



Another view of the scenic beauty to be found in the Powell River Lake area. This snap shows the snow-capped peaks, overlooking the Third Gordon Pasha Lakes.

UP in the Gordon Pasha watershed—slightly off the beaten track—are the “fillets” of the Pasha system—the tributary lakes and streams that feed the Lois River Dam, and provide the background for the 22,000 h.p. plant at Stillwater. There are the Horse-shoe and Wolfe Rivers; Dodd, Nanton, Lewis and half a dozen smaller unnamed lakes, which pour their waters into the main Gordon Pasha watershed.

Until recently these areas have been little known, even to the

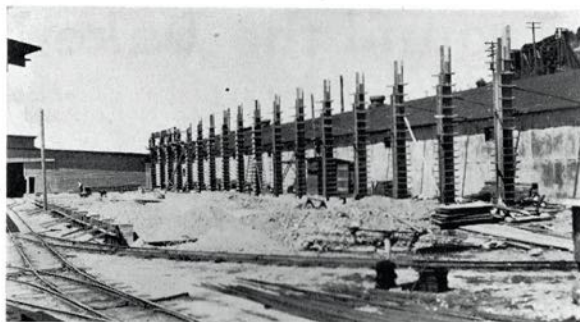
Powell River public. The Brooks-Scanlon loggers in search of the big Douglas firs, a few government surveyors and one or two hardy souls were the only denizens of these inaccessible tracts. Now, the development of Lois River by the company a few years ago, has opened up these areas. Roads lead close to the lakes—and canoe or rowboat takes you the rest of the way.

Lying in a snug valley, four miles wide and twelve miles long, the smaller lakes and streams are ideal spots for fishing, for camping or for loafing. In the lower end of the valley, the cool greens of second growth timber fringe the shore lines and cast their shadows deep in the unruffled waters. Here are deep cunningly concealed pools, known even yet only to the few enthusiasts—and populated, they tell us, by tribes of savage finny fighters.

The upper end of the valley is less picturesque—but rugged and impressive. Logging grades wind in and out—and travelling is easy—and the lakes accessible by foot. Here, the blackberry lovers may find a paradise. On this logged-over ground, the vines cluster thickly. Here and there near the shore are shady nooks—protected from the summer sun—and ready for the camper or the

(Continued on Page 8)

The beginning of construction on the new Kamyr wet machine building. Framework and foundations, as shown in the picture, are making progress.



Kamyr Machine To Be Installed

Work is progressing on the foundation and structure of a new building to house the 120-inch Kamyr Wet Machine which is expected to start production near the end of August. The new machine is complete with parallel belt drive—and all accessories, pumps, drives, etc.

Capacity of the Kamyr is 100 tons—which will be the eventual output. At present, with existing equipment, an output of from 30 to 40 tons daily is possible—and this will be the initial production of the machine. Plans are prepared for the ultimate installation of an air dryer and additional digester and screen capacity, to bring the machine to full capacity.

The building under construction, is a 60-feet by 240-foot structure with brick walls and concrete floor. It is designed for ultimate expansion to 120 feet by 240 feet. Storage capacity of the present structure is 1000 tons of baled sulphite. A 33-

inch wood stave tank, 30 feet high will serve as a stock chest for the machine.

Since the beginning of operations in 1912, the Powell River Company has confined itself to the manufacture of newsprint and the decision to branch out into the sulphite export market is a new and interesting development in the company's operations.

Around the Lake District

(Continued from Page 7)

loafer. Out on the lakes, trolling is excellent. And away in the background, towering majestically over the valley, are the snow-clad ranges of Jervis Inlet. Scenery, fishing, camping, loafing—they are all within easy reach of Powell River residents. By car direct to Horseshoe Lake or to Nanton Lake—and the rest of the distance by logging trails or canoe.

Newsprint For Scribblers

By ROY FOOTE,

Powell River Sales Co.

The youth of the world have a daily contact with newsprint through the medium of the newspapers. Newsprint therefore serves the purpose of education in current affairs and also gives children wholesome entertainment by the comic sections.

Newsprint plays a further part in education because of its use in the schools. The small boy probably does not feel so kindly toward our product when he sees it in the school exercise book in front of him in the classroom.

The firm of Smith, Davidson & Wright Ltd., of Vancouver, whose motto "Everything in Paper" is well known throughout Western Canada, uses Powell River newsprint in the manufacture of their school books. They have up-to-date machinery built specially for this purpose, and supply the huge quantity of a half million books per year to the school children of British Columbia and Alberta. They have one ingenious machine that, after receiving a roll of newsprint, cuts it into sheets, rules the sheets horizontally, again rules a margin, and finally counts the sheets into quantities which make up a book.

Powell River newsprint, because of its strength and excellent writing qualities, makes a splendid paper for use in schools and thus helps to educate the coming generation both in and out of school.



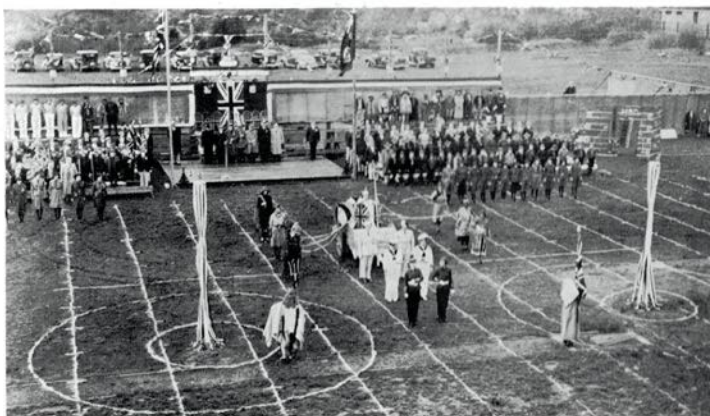
Mr. James Sutcliffe, of the Herald and Weekly Times, Melbourne, Australia, snapped while on a visit to Powell River, with Roy Foote of the Powell River Sales Company Ltd.

Dominion Day

The Track and Field Association are preparing for a big sports meet on July 1st. It is hoped several well-known stars will be coming from outside points to compete in both men's and women's events. The juniors are coming along in great shape and several special events will be run off. The road race from Westview to the track will again be on the agenda. Powell River fans will have their first chance of seeing Marion Borden in action, since she graduated into the top flight class. It is probable excursion boats will run from Vancouver for the day. Details will be announced within the next few days.

Coronation Pageant Impressive Display

An Outstanding Day In Powell River History



Section of the Coronation Day Pageant, showing Britannia and her attendants, with Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and other groups in the background. Mrs. V. Lawson enacted the role of Britannia

GLOWERING skies, gusty sou'easters and intermittent showers failed to dampen the enthusiasm of Powell River residents for their Coronation Day Pageant. The absence of the hoped-for sun dimmed but did not destroy the beauty and impressiveness of the scene. Powell River's tribute to His Majesty produced a pageant of costumery and color rarely, if ever, seen in our townsite.

The might and majesty of Empire was represented by Britannia and her attendants; the great navigators and great explorers were resuscitated in the colorful representation of Capt.

Vancouver and Alex. MacKenzie groups; the struggle of the pioneer in the new Empire of the west came to life in the picturesque trappers, Indians and hunters of the Hudson's Bay pageant; Empire achievement in letters was personified by members of the Shakesperian Society. Queen Victoria and her attendants carried the mind back to the stirring Empire-building days of the 19th century; the Royal Engineers recalled the road-building exploits of this famous corps in the west. Scottish groups, groups representing Ireland and Wales paraded in front of the grandstand with Maids of Salem and peasants



Ex-Service men march to the Coronation review. Major John MacGregor, V.C. (with cane) and Colonel Powell lead the march, with Major Sutton, D.S.O., chairman of the Coronation Committee, Harold S. Foley, Executive Vice-president, and R. Bell-Irving, Vice-president of the Powell River Company, and Stanley B. MacFarlane, President of the Ex-Service Men's Association, leading the parade.

from Picardy, Normandy and Brittany.

Each group was garbed in the costume of the country and the dress of the period, and drew rounds of applause from over three thousand who thronged the Riverside Oval.

An outstanding feature of the celebration was the massed drills, folk and Maypole dancing, by several hundred children from Powell River schools—and the attendance of over 200 ex-service men wearing blue

(Continued on Page 16)



Massed drill by Powell River school children under direction of P. R. Lockie, company gymnasium instructor, was a leading feature in the Coronation celebration.

In Championship Class

Former Rugby Stars Reside In District

PERHAPS the outstanding feature of the winter sports season was the incursion of rugby football into the local athletic arena. The game caught on rapidly, was popular with the sporting public—and is now in the class of major sports in Powell River.

Yet rugby football is no new game to many company employees. Long before many of the disdainful lads now scampering about the Riverside Oval were in rompers, some of their elders now in the mill, were thrilling the sporting public of British Columbia with their prowess.

Walk down in the steam plant some day and talk rugby to Sam Rees, shift engineer. Quiet, unassuming, under-modest, few outsiders would associate Sam and rugby. But look up the records of the stars of 1911, 1912 and 1913—and crawl quietly back into your holes. In those palmy days some of the greatest battles in pigskin history were fought in and around Victoria. The Victoria squad of that day are legendary now. They swept the boards in B. C. and supplied "Rep" teams with their chief strength. And on "Rep" teams, and in the first flight of players was Sam Rees, considered among the leading scrum players in the West.

And now trot down to the grinder room and say "Hello" to Jack Lee as he pokes his blocks in the grinders.

Another quiet, mild-mannered laddie, Jack's shoulders still give a hint of the days when, playing with Victoria, he used to wheel the Vancouver scrum up and down Brockton Point. Undoubtedly one of the greatest hooks of his decade, Jack was a sure choice for "Rep" teams—and was chosen to represent B. C. against the famous New Zealand "All Blacks" in one of their periodic tours.

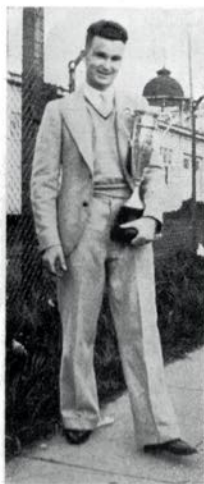
Fellow resident with Jack at Stillwater is Mike Templeton, another of the old Victoria clan—and well known in rugby circles in the Capital City in 1914 and '15.

The next time you drop in the City Motors Garage take another look at that husky, square-jawed proprietor. That's Kenny Macken, member of the famous Central squad of Vancouver in the early twenties. Kenny combined weight and speed—and with almost monotonous regularity found himself picked for the Vancouver "Rep" three quarter line. Ask any of the old timers—and watch the look of ecstasy on their faces as they recall, "Ah, Ken Macken—there was a three quarter wot was a three quarter."

These are a few of the famed in rugby circles who still scamper behind the scenes in Powell River—and who stand freezing on the side lines at every game during the winter months. Hold her, boys!

CINDER ACES WIN IN VANCOUVER

Two of Powell River's outstanding track stars upheld the paper town's reputation at the Empire



Martin Naylor

Day sports in Vancouver, May 24th. Marion Borden, local High School girl, was the sensation of the meet, romping home with firsts in the 75 and 100-yard open women's sprints. Marion threw a bombshell into the big attendance when she left Vancouver's star negro sprinter, Barbara Howard, three yards behind in the century. The Powell River girl takes her place as one of British Columbia's outstanding threats against the East when the Empire Games trials take place this summer.



Marion Borden

Martin Naylor, ace of local dashmen, led a fast field to win the open 100 yards in 10 1-10 seconds. Martin is training hard and hopes to make the team to represent Canada at the Empire Games in Australia in December. Both Martin and Marion are outstanding in British Columbia and their inclusion on the British Empire team would be a great boost for local sport. Both will run in the big Dominion Day Sports at Powell River on July 1st.

Westerman Athletes Break Even

Losing their baseball game 5-3, but defeating Powell River 3-2 at soccer, Seattle Westerman's broke even in their invasion of the paper town, Sunday, May 30. The Powell River-Westerman series is rapidly developing into a recognized annual home and home series to which both clubs look forward. Fine sports, these Seattle boys—and Powell River is always glad to welcome them.

Gayton Going Better Than Ever

The years roll on but Warren Gayton, high line expert and all-round athlete, refuses to move with them. Warren is out again this year socking the old apple for extra bases, playing boxla, like Doug Goudie plays chess—and finding time to take his usual interest in track and field sports. Warren will probably be out heaving the shot again on July 1st.



Baseball Bright Spots



The highlight of the month's diamond wars and probably the highlight of a good many months, was Iron Man Bichard's

no-hit, no-run, no-pass performance against the Old Machine Room on May 17th. Bichard had a perfect night—one that will be remembered by fans and players alike. Only one of the elder brethren got on the base paths, and that as the result of the only New Mill error of the evening. It was a cold unpleasant night, usually not conducive to stellar hurling, but Bichard backed by beautiful support, rose to the supreme height of the pitching profession. Also Johnny fattened his knockout record with fourteen honest whiffs. An orchid to No-Hit Johnny Bichard.

Keen Interest In Girls' Athletics

Under the able tuition of prexy Bert Marrion and Martin Naylor, local girls are taking a keen interest in Track and Field activities. Bert, who devotes all his waking and most of his sleeping hours to his Girls' Group, states interest is keen and some first class prospects are being developed. Dolly Johnston and Kay Edwards in the field events and Josie Haig in the sprints, to mention only a few, will, according to Bert, be heard of outside Powell River before the

season ends. With the British Empire Games in sight, Bert and Martin are looking out for potential talent to accompany Marion Borden to the trials. There is no reason why Powell River girls shouldn't hold their own with the best in British Columbia and Bert is out to show that they can.

He's Still Leaping

Curly Woodward of the shipping department, and star pole vaulter, is making the biggest leap of his life this month. Curly



departs from the ranks of single men—and starts in mowing lawns, building fences—and buying the family groceries. Curly, with his chosen helpmate, Kate Brand, Department Store Cashier, will take the big jump shortly. Both are popular members of the younger set and attended local schools together. THE DIGESTER wishes the prospective bride and groom every success and happiness in the future. (Bert Marion wants to know if you will be turning out for track this year, Curly!).

"Can't you see that sign, 'No smoking'?"

"Sure, it's plain enough, but there are so many dippy signs here. One says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets.' So I ain't paying any attention to any of 'em."

Feathered Fun



Quite a little excitement was caused the other day when Serge LePage noticed a lot of black feathers coming over in the sheet.

He sent Ray Ingram to see if Harry Donigan was moulting, but Harry seemed to be O.K. Then (slime) holes came over so Harry sent for Walter Snyder to see what had gone wrong with No. 3 machine.

Walter found the trouble all right—a crow had got in the Machine Room.

Then the fun started, trying to get it out as Serge and Danny McMasters got tired putting flags in the reel. At going to press Al McLean and C. Powell are still chasing the crow.

The Big Four

Company directors Harold S. Foley and Robin Bell-Irving, marched in the first four with S. B. Macfarlane, president of the Ex-Service Men's Association and Major A. C. Sutton, chairman of the Pageant Committee. The boys were all ready to yell "get in step, you recruit" to the first one who missed a beat—but the four kept their ears to the pipe band and brought the left foot forward at the right time. The boys also took deep breaths as they passed the grandstand.

He's Still Good, Girls

The blue berets worn by the troops helped considerably in eliminating the ravage of time—and worn at the required jaunty angle—caused several wives to remark, "Well, maybe the old man was a rather natty lad in those days."

* * *

In Step

Coronation Day saw the ex-service men stepping out, if not with the stride of twenty years ago—at least they were stepping out. Jack Drury and Hugh McPhalen did the machine tender's quick step which harmonized nicely with Joe Miller's barker room crawl and Jim Currie's painter's side swipe.

* * *

Throw Out Those Chests

When the boys were called to attention—and stood up in the old style, one wife remarked, "Poor dears, they think they are sticking out their chests but its mostly "tummy" now. Reg Baker takes violent, most violent exception to this heartless indictment.

* * *

Gulp! Gulp!

Gordon Jones, millwright ace, said he took one deep breath, drew his abdomen in—and didn't breathe till he had safely passed the critical eyes of feminine inspectors in the grandstand.

Doctor—Hey, wait! Don't you know that kissing is a good way to transmit germs?

Girl—Good? Gosh, it's perfect!

Where's Elmer?

Elmer Lee breaks into the headlines again this month. Alive to the passing parade and keenly interested in world social and cultural activities, he, like many thousands of us, sat up to hear King George deliver his Coronation Oath.

It had been a long day. Elmer was a bit weary. He smiled as 11 o'clock went by. At midnight he was playing solitaire—and winking the odd eye. At 1 a.m. he was reeling slightly but gamely sticking it out—his head bloody but unbowed. At 1:30 he heard in the distance the announcer speaking at Buckingham Palace. At 2 a.m. he heard far, far in the distance the first intonations of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Around 2:15 a.m. King George appeared in Westminster Abbey. He might as well have been in Cape Town—for Elmer was peacefully snoring beside the radio—and as the King spoke his first words, Elmer was dreaming he held four Kings—and so finished Elmer's last incursion into the realm of culture and tradition.

A Missed Boat

Last month Jock Kyles indulged in a few quiet chuckles over the account of Mr. and Mrs. Evans' honeymoon trip to Ocean Falls. This month Mr. Evans dropped into this office—and requested that we tell Jock, through the medium of this column, that Mrs. Evans and himself at least got on the

boat. They didn't miss it like some other people he knew! There is a story behind this, boys, but we suggest you ask Jock about it for the real details. The story, of course, is that while in Vancouver last month, he was so busy he missed the midnight boat for Powell River. You know, just tied up and simply couldn't get away. Heck, Jock, the boys are miles ahead of you.

Other Visitors

Making his first trip to Powell River last month was William Dunstan, V.C., General Manager of the *Herald and Weekly Times Ltd.*, Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Dunstan was touring Canada and the United States on the way to England.

Another old friend from New Zealand paid a visit to the company's offices in Vancouver in May, in the person of H. P. F. Blundell, of the *Wellington Post*, New Zealand. Mr. Blundell visited Powell River several years ago with the New Zealand Press delegation.

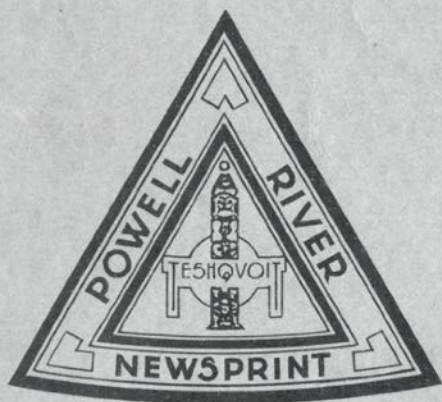
Coronation Pageant

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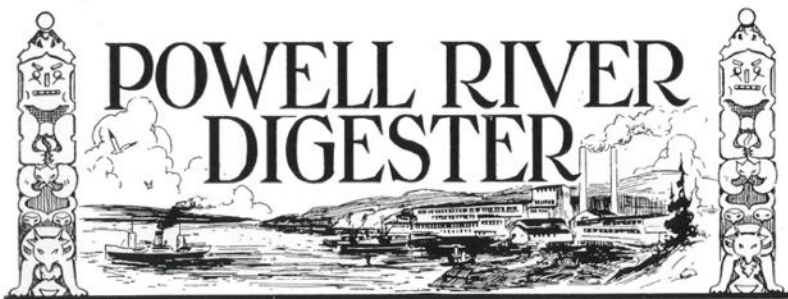
berets and preceded by the Association's Pipe Band. The children's display was one of the finest co-ordinated gatherings ever witnessed locally and is high tribute to their instructors and teachers who assisted in their training.

Over 1500 children were presented with special Coronation medallions, the contribution of the Powell River Company.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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J. A. LUNDIE Editor

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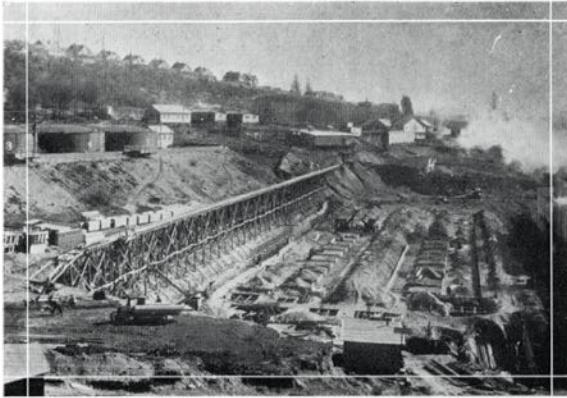
JUNE, 1937

No. 6

Premier at Powell River



Premier Duff Pattullo of British Columbia snapped at Powell River recently while the luncheon guest of Resident Manager D. A. Evans. Left to right the party includes: W. Gebbie, B. Heffey (Victoria); T. W. Green (Editor Powell River News); C. Dobbin, J. Miller (President Liberal Association); G. Douglas (President Board of Trade); H. Young, Dr. O. O. Lyons, Premier T. D. Pattullo, Major A. C. Sutton (Government Agent), D. A. Evans, Resident Manager, and K. Macken.



Excavation work under way on No. 7 machine room building 8 years ago. The present contrast is seen in the picture of the completed structure on the opposite page.

Twenty-seven Years of Townsite Building

IN our May issue we outlined the growth and development of the industrial life of Powell River. In the current number we are telling our readers something of the corresponding growth that occurred in our social and community life during the period 1910-1937.

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

The directors of the Powell River Company in 1910 were not only erecting a newsprint mill, they were creating an entirely new industrial city. They were town planners as well as potential newsprint producers. They took upon themselves all the duties of the city engineer, designing and building houses, constructing roads, laying out streets, planning civic centres, providing social and recreative pursuits for their employees. They were newsprint manufacturers and "City Fathers" combined.

Starting a new and permanent "Paper Town" on a site remote from civic or municipal centres was a vastly different operation than



Exterior of No. 7 and 5 and 6 machine rooms as they appear today. The old construction shacks on page 2 have disappeared to give place to the new grinder room shown in the above background.

the opening of a logging camp. In the latter, temporary shelters of the bunk house variety were, for the most part, sufficient to meet the not too rigorous demands of the logging population. Your logger is more of the nomad. He is here today; tomorrow he has moved on to new and virgin tracts, as his old location is worked out and the old camp deserted.

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

During the early days of 1910, a great majority of the workers were transients impelled here temporarily by the lure of construction. Until the fall of the same year, Powell River presented an appearance similar to any large construction camp. Rows of bunk houses, with the inevitable cook shack nearby, represented the extent of town planning operations. A few buildings, called, for want of a better name, houses, kept the home fires burning for the officials and the superintendents; a lone tent on the present hospital site, found Dr. Henderson, with sleeves rolled up, and the ever-ready supply of black pills in his hand, greeting the sick and wounded;

hundreds of men of every nation busily plied their shovels and picks, their saws and axes; on the fringe of the camp, the curious-eyed deer and the shuffling bear looked with amazement on their first glimpse of a townsite in the making.

Early in 1911, actual construction of the future townsite was under way. Twenty-one houses were built that year, and from the accredited statements of eye-witnesses, the first two completed were the residences inhabited by Dr. Henderson, and the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader, at 160 Maple Street. Almost simultaneously the houses on both sides of Third Street sprung up. It was in this year that the present director's house and the residence now occupied by our Resident Manager, Mr. D. A. Evans, were erected; four houses on Maple Street, Nos. 230-260, completed the 1911 programme. When you pass these houses today, you are looking at the beginnings of Powell River.

In 1912, the machines started making paper. Townsite construction still lagged behind, and the housing problem, ever an acute one, was particularly difficult at this time. With plant construction finished, a heavy programme of house building was initiated. When 1912 slid silently in the mists of time, fifty-three additional dwellings had swelled the living room space of Powell River.

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

Expansion now proceeded southward, and gradually the new town edged its way into existence. When the big extension of 1925 was ordered, a huge increase in houses resulted. In 1925 and 1926, 114 new dwellings, mostly along Ocean View and Maple Streets, were added. During the past years, save for the year 1922, the building programme has continued. Keeping the townsite apace with the growth of the plant has been a difficult and an expensive task. Today the rent roll of Powell River shows 401 houses within the townsite limits; and two apartments, with a total of thirty-two suites. Twenty-seven years have seen many changes.

From a logging camp to one of the first ten cities of British Columbia—"one of the bright spots on B. C.'s industrial map," says a contemporary daily—that is the history of Powell River in less



A glimpse of a Dominion Day crowd in Powell River twenty-three years ago. Baseball was the big popular outdoor pastime in the "teen" years.

than three decades. From a population of a few hundreds to a present census of nearly 7,000 people; a townsite with every modern convenience and every opportunity for social, recreative and fraternal life.

Across at Riverside, where the roar of the falls dashing over rugged rocks presaged the erection of a dam site — local athletes practice the sprints, jumps and distance runs on what is considered one of the finest cinder tracks in British Columbia.

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

Where all community life was centred in a temporary shack in 1910—today Dwight Hall, erected at an approximate cost of \$150,000.00, seats 700 people, and has accommodation for 1000 dancers on its maple floor. In the same building are housed lodge rooms, banquet room and public library.

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

R. Bell-Irving



Vice-President

AT the Annual Meeting of the Directors of the Powell River Company on May 9th last, the appointment of Robert Bell-Irving as Vice-President of the Company was announced. Mr. Bell-Irving's promotion has been the subject of widespread congratulations—and follows 14 years of service with the Company.

Born on July 30th, 1893, he was christened Robert; nicknamed "Robin" by an adoring family, and known as "B-I" to his business associates and to everyone in Powell River.

Mr. Bell-Irving is a westerner by birth and training. He first saw the light of day in Vancouver, B. C., where he attended public and high schools—and, incidentally, earned the reputation for himself as a rugby player and all-round athlete. In 1909 he went east to McGill University,

from which he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in the spring of 1914. At McGill he attained a high scholastic standing—and found time to make the Varsity rugby squad. The next four years he spent overseas and was a commissioned member of the Royal Flying Corps during the last two years in France.

"Robin" came to Powell River in July, 1920, as a member of the engineering staff. In 1921 he was appointed Resident Engineer and was in charge of the extensive construction period of 1924-1927, when the plant output was doubled. In 1926 he was appointed Resident Manager at Powell River, during which period No. 7 Machine was installed. In 1932 he was promoted to Assistant General Manager, with headquarters at Vancouver.

Mr. Bell-Irving has a wide circle of friends among employees and residents of the district, and has always taken an active interest in the social and recreative life of the community. The House of Bell-Irving will likely shine undimmed for many years—for four healthy sons are preparing to carry on the family tradition.

The promotion of Robert Bell-Irving to the responsible post of Vice-President of the Powell River Company is a further recognition of the confidence placed in his character and ability by the directors. To his many friends, in all parts of the world, it is a tribute to the seriousness with which he has always taken his responsibilities both as an executive and a citizen.



Jack Tunstall, department store salesman, makes a sale to Bobby Rochat, Powell River school boy. Both seem well satisfied with the deal.

Scribblers and Pads

The photo on this page shows Jack Tunstall and Bobby Rochat smiling with the satisfaction of a completed deal; Jack, because he has made the sale and Bobby because the scribbler he has just purchased was manufactured from newsprint made in Powell River. Thousands of scribblers, originally rolls of Powell River newsprint, are sold throughout British Columbia and other western centres. The manufacture of scribblers and school writing books is only one of the many manufactured articles made from our newsprint. Scratch pads and bill posters, printed notices and bread wrappers are among the several intensive consumers of the product of Powell River.

Courtenay vs. Powell River

Courtenay ball tossers from across the gulf slipped over a 5-4 on Powell River all-star nine last Sunday. The game was interesting and in spots, thrilling. Powell River made eight errors in the nine innings, all of which were costly and spelt disaster. Lefty O'Leary, making his first appearance, pitched good enough ball to win, but his wobbly support cost him the victory. This evens up the home and home series between the two teams.

In the Pacific Coast Open

Frank McDonald, Powell River youthful golfing star, was an entry in the Pacific North West Golf Championship last month.



The shoreline near Lang Bay, about ten miles south of Powell River and a favored camping and week-end mecca for residents.

Around Our Bays and Beaches

THIS month we transfer our jaunt about the scenic beauties of our district from inland to "outland seas." With the possibility of summer looming up (we haven't seen much of it yet, but understand it's on the way), local residents are putting their summer homes in shape, and preparing for week-ends at their favorite beach or camping spot.

In recent years an increasing number of Powell Riverites have built themselves summer homes at or near one of their favored beaches. Twenty minutes or half an hour at the most by car—and the worries of the day are submerged in the cool (but not too cool) waters of the Gulf of Georgia; the kiddies are playing in the sand; Mother is wading bravely into the briny—and Father stands in shivering ecstasy, one toe in the sand and the other courageously testing the temperature.

From Powell River southward, beaches and summer camping spots lie at almost every turn of the road. Ten miles south of the townsite is Myrtle Point, where the tugboats lie at shelter in stormy weather—and long stretches of sand invite the camper. At Lang Bay, twelve miles distant, is one of the finest beaches along the coast—shallow water, warm seas and miles of sand.

Frolander Bay, in the same area, is one of the beauty spots of the district. The Coast swings inland in a bold, wide sweep; fir-clad headlands jut out on its sand-encompassed flanks—and out at sea the islands of the Gulf, topped by the snow-tipped peaks of Vancouver Island, present a beautiful panorama.

Thunder Bay, the end of the Powell River-Jervis Inlet highway, is another favored camping resort—and popular as a week-end vacation spot. From



Another view of our picturesque coastline. Three Boy Scouts are investigating the possibilities of a summer camp on this one.

Powell River southward to the shore of Jervis Inlet there is scarcely a spot unsuitable for the vacationist and camper out. In the bigger cities, residents eagerly travel hundreds of miles to similar resorts; here they are within half an hour's ride. Sylvan trails and roads lead to the beaches; and sea foods of various kinds are found in abundance along the shore line, a lure to the clam lover — and a constant source of anticipation to the inquisitive youngsters. Long stretches of sand beaches, gravel shores, rock bluffs—and above the high water mark, the friendly, cool timbers—fir, cedar, maple, alder, and the white, lacey bloom of spirea, all combine in Powell River's summer resorts.

Visitors

Newspaper representatives were among the principal visitors to Powell River during June. Over the month-end we were privileged to welcome Mr. Manchester Boddy, of the *Los Angeles Illustrated News*, who was

accompanied by Mrs. Boddy and their son, Bob. The party enjoyed a few days excellent fishing in Powell Lake and son Bob took time out to compete in the Dominion Day sports and carry off a good third in the 100 yard dash. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Boddy were Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fitch. Mr. Fitch is Pacific Coast manager of the Scott Paper Co. Mr. W. Barclay of the Powell River Sales Company made the trip with the visitors.

Earlier in the month, four well-known representatives of the *Vancouver Province* tried their luck fishing in Powell Lake, Jack Wright, mechanical superintendent; Gordon and Pete Southam, and Bob Elson, news editor. We believe this was Bob's first trip up in this direction, and we understand he was given the time-honored initiation immediately on arrival. We have heard no word about the number of fish caught—but then we never have heard of a *Province* man catching fish.



Final of the men's 100 yards, with "Tiger Rose" of Vancouver beating Gino Bortolussi, Powell River High School flash, by an eyelash. Bob Boddy, dark horse from California, finishes a close third.

Dominion Day Meet

IFTEEN hundred local residents crowded the Riverside Oval on July 1st to witness the cream of women athletes from all corners of British Columbia in action. Five records were broken during the afternoon's performance—all of which will likely receive official sanction. Marion Borden, Powell River's candidate for the British Empire Games in Australia, breezed through to an easy win in the 100 yards—and broke the existing Provincial record for the 75 yard dash in 8 6-10 seconds. Doreen Sullivan of Vancouver smashed the Provincial and Dominion records in the Junior 75 yards in 9 2-10 seconds—while Darleyne Woodburn of Victoria, leaped 4 ft. 10 in. for a new Junior Provincial record. The meet was featured by the presence of Howie McPhee, Canadian sprint champion, who last year tied the world's record for the 100 metres at the Olympic trials in Vancouver; Margaret Bell, Canadian Woman's

High Jump champion, also a member of the Canadian Olympic team at Berlin; Gladys Robinson, Jessie Gillies, Provincial field stars; Mary Frizzell, member of Canadian 1932 Olympic team, and numerous other stars. A last minute entry in the men's 100 and 220 yards was Bob Boddy of California, son of Mr. M. Boddy, of the *Los Angeles Illustrated News*. Bob, despite lack of training, took a nice third in both events and showed what he could do with a little acclimitization.

Officials of the Women's Athletic Federation, Miss Ann Clark and Miss Jo Gignac, were on hand to assist in arrangements; with Mr. Bert Davison of Vancouver officiating as starter.

All events were keenly contested and the track events in particular saw some thrilling finishes. Powell River's flash, Marion Borden, strengthened her position as B. C.'s leading speedster by winning the 100 yards in a breeze—and breaking the B. C. record



Group of champions and near champions snapped at Powell River Dominion Day Meet. In the centre is Howie McPhee, Canadian ace sprinter; upper left, Vincent Forbes, Powell River sprint ace; upper centre, Marion Borden, Powell River challenge for the British Empire Games; upper right, Bob Redbead, of Powell River, one of B. C.'s leading half milers; lower left, Tom Porter, local mile champion; lower right is Margaret Bell, Canadian Woman's High Jump champion, and with Howie McPhee a member of the Canadian Olympic squad of 1936.

in the 75 yards. Rita Powell, local discus star surprised her friends by placing second against a strong field of Vancouver throwers.

Powell River Junior girls, facing older and more experienced competition, made a fine showing—and with steady training throughout the year, will be right in the first flight when the next meet comes along. The Junior relay team, Josie Haig, Joan and Marguerite Reed and Joyce Ingram, ran a close race with the Vancouver V. A. C. team.

An outstanding performance was Gino Bortolussi's showing in the 100 and 220 yards. The local High School speedster placed second to Tiger Rofe

of Vancouver in both events—but defeated Milnes and Stewart, the Victoria High School boys, by a wide margin. Gino's time of 10 5-10 seconds in the century is a fine performance.

All told, the meet was a real success with the chief credit going to the coach (es) and trainers who maintained interest among the girls and boys of the community. An entry list of fifty in open competition is something to be proud of and coaches Bert Marion and Martin Naylor deserve high credit for their efforts.

At the conclusion of the meet, Mrs. D. A. Evans, wife of the Powell River Company Resident Manager, presented the prizes to the winners.



Mrs. D. A. Evans, preparing to present prizes to winning athletes following the Dominion Day meet. Members of the local committee assist Mrs. Evans in sorting out the winning cups.

Highlights of the Meet

HARRY DONKERSLEY, Powell River High School boy, who was making his first appearance in open competition. Jumping in running shoes—his jaw bandaged as a result of a recent injury—Harry leaped 5 ft. 5 ins. to take first honors in this event.

Rita Powell, slipping in between Gladys Robertson and Jessie Gillies, Vancouver field stars, to steal second place in the women's discus.

Sylvia Zilnic taking third place in the shot put. Sylvia had never thrown a shot in her life until two weeks ago. Her throw was only a few inches short of the winning heave.

The fine jumping of Kay Edwards, who beat her best previous efforts by two inches, to place in the Junior jump.

The strong showing of Bob Boddy of California in the sprints. A last minute entry, the California dark

horse nearly upset the local applectart—and gave a few of the boys a bad 10 seconds. Bob and Howie McPhee had a long chat about Southern Californian stars and exchanged reminiscences of experiences down south.

Howie McPhee, Canada's No. 1 sprint star, acting as official, helping the timers, and lending a hand whenever required. Howie made a great hit with the spectators. Modest, unassuming, he is an example of the best type of athlete.

The performance of little Doreen Sullivan, Vancouver Domino's star, in the 75-yard Junior to set a new Provincial and Dominion record.

Margaret Bell's finished performance in the Senior High Jump. The Canadian champion thrilled the crowd with her polished exhibition—and showed why she was chosen as Canadian representative at Berlin.



Townsite Superintendent S. B. MacFarlane (4th from right top row) joined his crew on a Sunday outing up Powell Lake last month. The boys were all in good form and with ample refreshments on hand, a spectacular impromptu concert was staged during the afternoon revelries.

Special Thanks

The Powell River Track and Field Committee wish to especially thank all the residents of Powell River, who assisted them in quartering the visiting athletes in their homes over the Dominion Day holiday. The committee greatly appreciate this effort on the part of community-minded residents — an effort which was largely responsible for the success of the Dominion Day Meet—and entirely responsible for the good opinion held of Powell River by the visiting competitors.

It is through such co-operation that the committee is enabled to raise sufficient funds to send youngsters from Powell River to compete against other Provincial stars. All the funds raised by the Association are spent on the development of athletics among the youth of the community — and

affording them the opportunity of representing Powell River against the best in the Province.

On July 24th the Junior Championships will be held in Nanaimo—and largely as a result of the assistance afforded by local residents and the generous co-operation of local merchants—four Powell River Juniors will attend the Championships in Nanaimo.

RAILROAD COMPLAINT

Railroad Agent—Here's another farmer who is suing us on account of cows.

Official—One of our trains has killed them, I suppose?

Agent—No, he claims our trains go so slow that the passengers lean out the windows and milk his cows as they go by.

"Anchors" Away

The annual summer exodus of Powell River housewives to the old country is well up to par this year. Harold Fleury, since the departure of his better half for Lancashire and way points last month, is boarding with brother Tom and looking optimistically at the return sailing lists. And Harold's famous potato and green vegetable crop is showing signs of deterioration during the mourning period.



Sam Rees, outside of keeping his shift in the Boiler Room in order, is wandering around a bit aimlessly too. With Mrs. Rees visiting relations in Wales, Lancashire, and points between, Sam takes in all the ball games—and reads long histories of naval engagements and Q boat adventures. Sam is the only member of the Q Boat service in Powell River, was twice torpedoed in the war—and participated in the sinking of two German submarines.

"Our" Garden

Doc. Murison as usual has one of the show gardens of the district—and distracted husbands from near and far ask Doc. how he does it. We learned the secret last week. "It's Mrs. Murison's garden," Doc. said with a childlike smile.

A Bit of "Fitba'"



"Powell River's in town again." Harassed policemen in Vancouver whispered the dread word to each other a couple of weeks ago when the Charlton Athletic soccer team of the English first division met a Vancouver all star squad. Bill Templeton, from the Steam plant, led a host of local Scots to Vancouver—and from all accounts the boys upheld the reputation of Powell River in the Battle of the Pavements that followed the football match. One group danced a set of lancers on Granville Street—three or four others sang "Sweet Adeline" in the Hotel Vancouver lobby—a stalwart platoon of eight scaled a partition in a well known restaurant—and in general the boys disported themselves in the style to which Vancouver and tolerant Vancouver policemen are accustomed.

Let 'Em Sprout, Reg

Jack Smith, perennial winner of local garden competitions—and acid maker de luxe, has Reg. Baker gnashing his teeth. Jack is out in the old back yard daily—the vegetables are sprouting—the luscious green tops are waving in the wind—and passing visitors gaze with admiration and awe—at the fine showing. Across the way Reg. Baker is fighting a crop of ferns, fireweed, and mustard seed, while Jack, cool and spruce—grins amiably at him across the alleyway.

This is Fun!

Willard Beale, Principal of Brooks School, has a far away look in his eyes these days. He is travelling across the continent next week to New Brunswick, to visit the old homeland. Son Evan is going along with Pop—and they intend to take in a flock of big league ball games in Chicago, Detroit and way points. In a bewildering burst of unteacher-like enthusiasm, Willard stated: "Boy, am I going to see that guy Hubbell bust 'em over?"

On his return, Mr. Beale will probably tell the boys he witnessed: "Mr. Hubbell of New York demonstrating the art of baseball pitching."

Al.'s Still Out



And Alf. Hansen, despite his annual threat to quit baseball and take up gardening, is still in the thick of the fray. Al. is in charge of

the Old Mill team, who are showing the old fighting spirit that Al. always puts into the boys. In himself, Al. displays flashes of the old form every time out. We notice, like the rest of the old timers, he has quit trying to play second and shortstop and hangs around first base where they come on the lucky hop.

Go Easy, Chief

"Chief" Murray Mouat, mentor and foxy manager of the Grinder nine, has his boys out in front at the half

way mark. Murray has a fighting aggregation on tap this year—and seems to smell a new ball player before he gets off the boat. Anyone Murray misses is not worth while catching.

The Lost Soul



The departure of Jim Macindoe, local insurance expert, from the ranks of Austin owners has been a distinct revolution in the Powell

River automobile fraternity. Owner of the first—and for a long time—the only Austin in the district—Jim and his little bug squirming and twisting gallantly out from traffic lanes, were familiar sights to every resident of the district. And the local punsters are at a loose end—and we're all disappointed—and the soul has gone from the body of the automobile fraternity since the Macindoe family transferred their allegiance to Henry Ford.

Its bad business Jim—and you've let the boys down!

Harry Smiles

Harry Palliser is considering putting on a banquet for the boys on his shift in the Grinder Room. After his little across counter bout with Elmer Lee on July 1st—Harry is wearing the old Stillwater smile. Still—waters run deep—and Elmer says *he* knows it. Ask Harry for details.

SOUTHWARD HO!



Sandy Strachan brought this snap in last week. It shows a few of the boys parading on deck of the special excursion boat which took them to the big soccer match in Vancouver last month. Left to right the group includes: Olinio Ceconi, Sandy Strachan, Fred Krotekhe and Willie Olympico. No one took a snap of the same group as they appeared on the return voyage. No one could!

The Big Race

There is talk of a special speedboat race from Powell River to Savary Island between Jim Macindoe's *Flying Scotsman* and Harry Carruthers' *Lancashire Lass*. Both pilots are tuning up their engines—and Harry states when he is through with the business, Jim won't be able to take out a policy for a bag of peanuts. Jim retorts by telling us Harry had better insure his boat before the race—

because no insurance company would look at the risk afterwards. Arrangements are being made for a special broadcast of the event and there is talk of shutting down the plant for the big day.

Sportsmen All

And speaking of the Grinder Room, the boys down there are a fine group of athletic-minded sportsmen. Unsolicited, the boys, with energetic Norman Hill in the lead, clubbed together and donated a special first prize for the big Dominion Day Track Meet. The Grinder Room cup goes to Margaret Bell, Canadian Woman's High Jump Champion—and a member of the Canadian Olympic team at Berlin last year. The Track and Field Committee are having a special plate engraved on the cup, containing the words:

"To Margaret Bell from the boys of the Grinder Room, Powell River."

Always to the fore in supporting athletic activities, the Grinder Room crews more than upheld their record of generosity on July 1st. Their contribution materially assisted the Committee in staging a highly successful meet.

Thanks, boys.

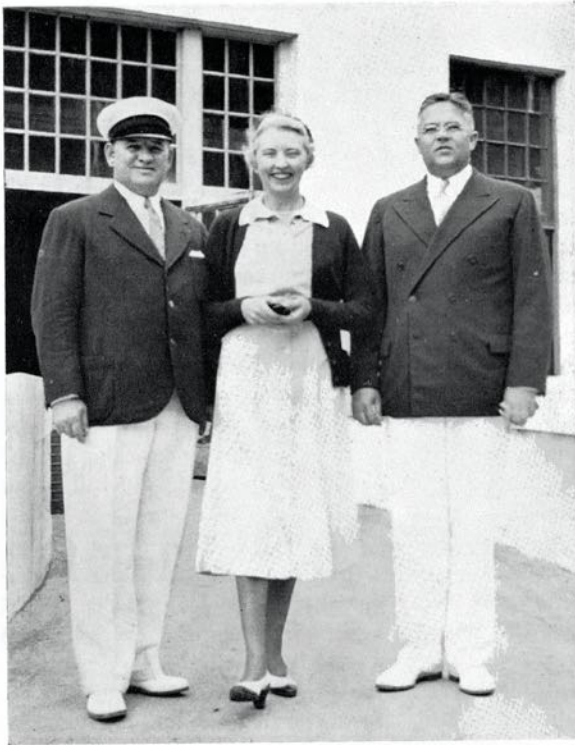
ATTENTION

Skipper—Did you scrub the deck yet?

Sailor—No.

Skipper—No what?

Sailor—No soap.



Smiling Visitors

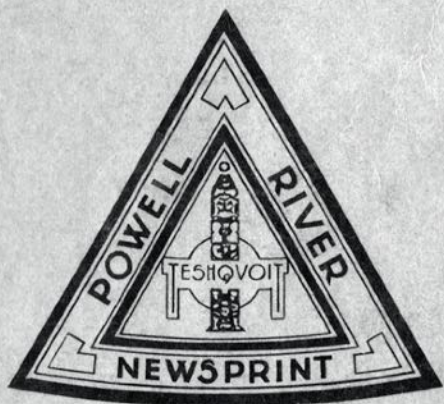
Mr. Glen Sample, director of the Powell River Company, partner in Blackett, Sample, Hummert Inc. of Chicago (left) snapped in front of No. 7 Machine Room with Mrs. Sample and Mr. Mark Upson of Cincinnati, Eastern sales manager for Proctor and Gamble. It was Mr. Upson's first visit to Powell River.

July Visitors

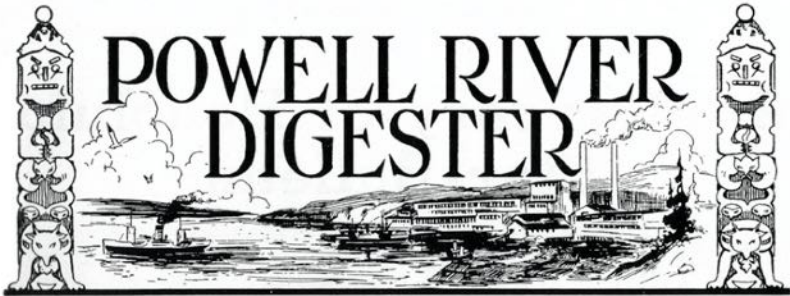
Old friends and new were about evenly balanced on our Visitors' Book for July. Early in the month Mr. and Mrs. Rene Deneau, of New York, dropped in for a flying visit. A few days later Mrs. S. D. Brooks spent a few days renewing old acquaintances in the district. Prominent visitors during the middle of the month were Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sample, of Chicago. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Sample were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Upson, of Cincinnati, and

Mr. Paul Keenan, the latter a business associate of Mr. Sample; Joe Sample, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Sample, and William McLennan, son of D. R. McLennan, of Marsh, McLennan & Company. On July 22 Mr. Edward Brooks, of Minneapolis, director of the Powell River Company, accompanied by Vincent R. O'Brien, J. I. C. Corning, R. S. Kennedy, Jr., A. H. Cathcart and C. H. Cathcart, Jr., visited Powell River.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Personalities Lead in July Issue

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July is a holiday month. Numerous visitors, old friends and new, come and go. Employees take their holidays—and head for the woods, the cities, or their favorite fishing grounds. The individual occupies the spotlight in this holiday month; the worries of the world, the economic crisis, war and worry are cast aside for a brief moment. The individual's doings are all important.

□ □

With this in mind we have introduced the individual spirit into our July issue. On page 16, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sample and Mr. Mark Upson greet the camera with typical holiday smiles. Mr. and Mrs. Rene Deneau show the same happy spirit as they face the camera in Powell River sunshine. Gray Benner, holding up his 30-pound salmon on page 11 has more of a leer than a smile, but who can blame him; and Bill McLeod has the proper modicum of seriousness as he takes a bow on his twenty-fifth anniversary.

□ □

We give you this month "Our July Personalities!"

Anniversary of Honolulu Star-Bulletin



Entrance to Honolulu Harbor, Hawaii. Powell River newsprint is shipped regularly to the offices of the "Honolulu Star-Bulletin," the largest "daily" on the Islands.

ON July 1, 1912, the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, for many years now, a regular consumer of Powell River newsprint, came into being, by the merger of the *Hawaiian Star* and the *Evening Bulletin*. The *Bulletin* had been an established daily since 1882—so that today the *Star-Bulletin* is the oldest newspaper from the point of view of continuous circulation in the Hawaiian Islands.

The *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* of today, a name familiar to every paper maker in Powell River, is a modern, progressive plant. It is delivered by mail, motorcycle, trucks and fishing boats, to every corner of the islands. Its Hoe presses are of recent design. Its news service is up to the minute with complete A.P. and U.P. coverage. The daily circulation of this steadily growing daily is close to 30,000 copies. Into every one of the eight inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group, the *Star* sends its daily news service.

When the rolls of Powell River newsprint arrive at Honolulu they are unloaded directly from the ship to waiting trucks which carry them to the *Star* warehouse a few blocks away.

And on the subject of warehouses the *Star* is in a particularly enviable position. No need here for expensive, heavily built, con-

crete-lined structures. Just a roof, that's all—enough to keep off the liquid sunshine, erroneously called rain by thoughtless "malihinis" (newcomers).

"Of course," says Riley H. Allen, publisher of the *Honolulu Star*, "we don't want you folks in Powell River to think that our temperature never varies. It does. One day it got about a degree cooler and a 'malihini' wanted to show off by wearing a vest. It was on New Year's day and the vest wearer created as much furore among the beach loungers and palm beach suits as the late King Edward appearing at Cannes in a new hat.

"As a matter of fact (and Mr. Allen tells this without a blush) it is reported from reliable sources that teachers had to explain to their pupils what a vest was!"

When Powell River newsprint comes roaring off the Hoe presses of the *Star* it is hurried to the hands of newsboys, representatives of all the nations of the Pacific. These boys are a veritable League of Nations in themselves. Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Portuguese, etc.—they all meet on the steps of the *Star* office.

The tremendous romantic propaganda built up around Hawaii has too often concealed the energy and bustling activity that goes on at the "Crossroads of the Pacific." These are not the lazy, dreamy



Powell River newsprint loaded direct from the ship's side to waiting motor trucks. This method of handling will prove of interest to Powell River wharf employees.



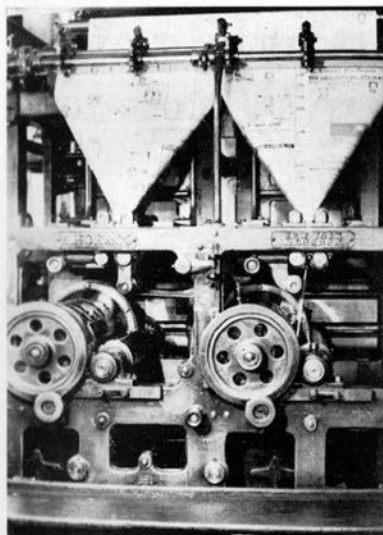
The roll arrives at the "Star" warehouse, where the stevedoring crew place it in storage. The mildness of Hawaiian climate eliminates the necessity of elaborate or expensive warehouses. A roof to keep off the "liquid" sunshine is all that is necessary.

isles of fiction, but a wide-awake, progressive community actively interested in the affairs of the world—and importing in the neighborhood of \$100,000,000 worth of merchandise annually.

The staple crops of the Islands are pineapple and sugar production. The former, employing thousands of laborers, accounts for nearly a quarter of the total exports. Production and export of sugar will approximate 100,000 tons annually. Other products include coffee, honey, hides, sisal hemp, bananas, rice, wool, tobacco and cotton. The last two decades has seen a remarkable, almost phenomenal, growth in Hawaiian commerce.

In the growth and steady progress of the Islands the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* has played a leading and aggressive role. It has been a major force in guiding public opinion; it has consistently sponsored legislation tending to the benefit of Hawaii and the citizens of the Islands; it has actively participated in the cultural development of its people. Its publisher, Riley H. Allen, is a recognized authority on the Pacific and on Pacific relations—and under his forceful supervision the *Star* exercises a prominent and powerful influence in the community, business and cultural life of the Islands. And on the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary, we extend our congratulations on a quarter of a century of useful and vigorous life—and wish the *Star* and its staff continued success and prosperity.

Carry on, *Star*!



Powell River newsprint in one of the "Star's" modern Hoe presses.

C. E. Forbes Visits Honolulu

IN this issue we have devoted considerable space to Hawaii and our newsprint shipments to Honolulu. Now along comes Campbell Forbes, manager of our dry goods store, to tell us all about Hawaii—and his trip to these Sunny Isles. All the enthusiastic statements we have received from *Star* officials are dull and drab compared to Campbell's gleaming account of the wonders of the islands and the hospitality of the residents.

During his trip Mr. Forbes met Senator Joseph Farrington, and Mr. Riley Allen of the *Honolulu Star*, both of whom extended him every possible courtesy. There was a story about a little private feud between

Elmer Lee, of our Vancouver office, and Mr. Allen—but Campbell wisely touched lightly on the topic.

Mr. Forbes found the islands even more beautiful than advance expectations. An interesting feature to visitors, but of supreme indifference to the residents, was the constant coming and going of aeroplanes. Campbell and his mainland friends rushed frantically out to see the Pan American Clipper land—and found themselves alone. Army and navy planes are constantly in evidence. The roads on Oahu Island were a particular source of interest. Beautiful concrete roads criss-cross the entire island. Built primarily for military purposes, they provide a wonderful series of drives for the autoist and tourist.

Campbell played a bit of golf while in Honolulu—but not much. He discovered that after paying a taxi to the club, buying balls and a few necessary perquisites, that the average cost for eighteen holes was \$6.00 per head. The greens were far greener than any he had seen on the mainland. They were never watered—the "liquid sunshine" of Hawaii supplying all the necessary motive power for the grass.

Of special interest from the newsprint point of view is the splendid new lithograph plant, under the presidency of Senator Farrington. Lithography is now one of Hawaii's modern industries, and the Honolulu Lithograph Company has doubled its capacity to meet the expanding demands of the last few years.

The Annual Snow Survey Gets Under Way



This panel shows something of the nature of the country "back beyond"—where Powell River Company surveyors are busy measuring the snow content and preparing data on probable run-off for the operating staffs. The pictures are taken at levels of approximately 3000 feet.

THE very existence of Powell River — and, consequently, the life blood of a district of 7,000 people — depends upon water — water in the form of horsepower to turn the wheels of the Powell River plant. Today, 72,000 horsepower, sufficient to supply a city of 200,000 people, is generated almost entirely for mill purposes and supplying electric energy to the townsite and surrounding districts.

Few, even among our own employees, appreciate the full story behind the Powell River Company water-power reserves. He knows that Powell and Lois Lakes are the sources from which our power is derived. That settles the question, and little thought is afforded the minor drama enacted behind the scenes — the computing

and measuring of the water supply — the determination in advance of the reserve — and what supply will be available in the current season.

For behind water again is rainfall and snow — and in the snow lies the reserve of water that keeps the wheels of industry turning in the dry seasons. And that is why the Powell River Company undertakes each year modern and scientific surveys of the snow area in the mountains behind Powell and Lois Lakes.

Under the direction of the Engineering Department the annual snow survey is now under way. High up in the mountains three or four thousand feet above the waters of Powell Lake, company surveyors are busy at work measuring snow — computing its water content and prepar-



Water Lily pond, discovered by surveyors in the mountains behind Powell Lake. Wild flowers and myriads of small lakes and tinkling streams abound in the picturesque country behind Powell Lake.

ing accurate data on run-off for use of operating staffs.

The present survey, as suggested, is the recognized modern method of obtaining accurate and reliable information on the water content of snow. Years ago the rather haphazard method of calculating by observation of the snow depth was in vogue. This did not attack the root of the problem. The apparent depth of snow has little actual relation to its water content. Hard-packed snow and powdered snow might have equal depths, but obviously they would be no accurate guide to water content.

The modern method drives core

tubes into the snow. The depth is taken and the water content computed. Samples are taken at different stations and the average compiled.

In this almost unknown land behind our lake system, company surveyors found mountain flowers growing in profusion. The wild rhododendron made a magnificent showing—and at 3,000 feet, quiet lakes, their surface a mass of peaceful water lilies. Here and there the blaze of the old prospector may still be seen. The panorama, says R. H. Simmonds, surveyor in charge, is beautiful beyond compare. Towering peaks and rugged ranges are visible for miles in all directions. The great snow-clad domes of Jervis Inlet appear with startling clearness—and giant Mount Waddington, 13,800 feet in height, may be seen away to the northwest. Ranges averaging from 7,000 to 9,000 feet are common. The whole picture is one of vast rugged beauty.

It is in this difficult country, with its gulleys, ravines and dangerous paths that the Powell River Company surveyors are working. It is unostentatious work—of little interest to the general public. The big machines whir their twenty-four hour shift; the waiting freighter stores the paper in its hold; electric stoves are preparing the day's meals. Life goes on. But behind, high in the clefts and glaciers, the snow survey quietly proceeds, helping to ensure the continuance of our daily existence and the output of our plant.

Both Smiling



Mr. and Mrs. Rene Deneau, of New York, smile happily for the camera during their brief visit to Powell River this month.

Rene Deneau

President of G. F. Steele & Co., New York. Supervising the operations of his company on a world-wide frontage. Alert and quick on the business trigger: an active and searching mind; a cosmopolitan outlook matured by wide travel and personal contacts. Scarcely a province or state in Canada and the United States, or a nation in South America, he hasn't visited. Has made ten trips alone around South America—and lost track years ago of the number of

trips he has made across Canada and the United States. A genial and charming personality—combining the polish of old France with a good dash of Anglo-Saxon directness. Has a charming wife and two husky sons. Has definite ideas on the present world crisis—and the political situation in the United States. Keen sporting enthusiast—follows American football and track—and on occasions tries to follow a golf ball around.

In brief, this is a thumb-nail sketch of Rene Deneau, president of G. F. Steele & Co., distributors of Powell River newsprint. Rene joined G. F. Steele as an up-and-coming lad in 1918, after six years with G. N. Mead & Co. He held various responsible positions with G. F. Steele & Co., and was vice-president before the death of his late chief, George F. Steele.

Since 1924 he has, through his firm, been engaged in the distribution of Powell River newsprint in all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Rene has made frequent trips to the plant, and both he and Mrs. Deneau have a wide circle of friends in the townsite.

During his visit, Mr. Deneau, in a rare burst of enthusiasm, went fishing with Mr. R. Bell-Irving at Lang Bay on Sunday afternoon. And we have had it from an unimpeachable authority that Rene's infrequent dashes after golf balls is nothing to the convulsive dash he made to the back of the boat when he saw a big, red-eyed salmon glaring at him over the edge.

New Tennis Club House



Group of Tennis Club members photographed on the steps of the club house prior to an afternoon workout. The club is enjoying a healthy and prosperous season.

With the construction of the new concrete tennis courts last year, the net game has enjoyed a strong revival of popular favor. The club today has 75 senior members—which is capacity for the present courts. Twenty-five women members are on the club roster, and competitions are bringing out some first-class prospects—particularly among the juniors. The present courts were built by the Powell River Company, and will stand comparison with the best in the province.

Frank Flett, as president, and Jack Tunstall, vice-president, are among the club's strongest boosters—and incidentally, among the strongest players. Frank is practically the father of local tennis. In company with Angus Armour, of the shipping department, and a few staunch supporters, he has kept the tennis spirit

alive during the days when playing conditions were difficult and enthusiasm at a low ebb. Today Frank sees his dream for a real tennis court realized—and a crop of young hopefuls coming along to fill in the gaps as the old-timers gradually retire from active competition.

Recently the club has added a club house to their equipment—and under this impetus the club is getting more like Wimbledon every day.

There is talk of a special no handicap tennis match between Tom Rees and Bill Parkin, as a feature of the next tournament. Both boys, we understand, have wicked deliveries, when aroused. Any of the big boat skippers can vouch for Tom's delivery when he hits his stride; and an afternoon at court leaves no doubt of Bill's power at the net.

Powell River Personalities

W. A. (Bill) McLeod Has Served Twenty-five Years with the Company

A quarter century of service. That's the record of William Alexander McLeod, Powell River Company purchasing agent.

"Bill" joined the company in May, 1912, and for twenty-five years has been closely identified with the community and business life of the district. There are few, if any, of the old-timers in the district who know the inside and outside history of Powell River's early days



W. A. McLeod

like Bill: gifted with an acute memory he can recall at a moment's notice the lurid and glorious episodes of the pioneer days. Bill, until he relinquished control to the younger blades in recent years, was a leader in the athletic and social life of Powell River. He formed the first athletic club back in 1912—and for twenty years was the chief mentor to Powell River baseball fraternity. When lawn bowling was first mooted, Bill, scorning the cutting comments of caustic Celts, dashed heroically into the fray, assumed the leading role in the formation of the club—and became a chartered member of the district's most exclusive athletic fraternity.

Bill plunged as enthusiastically into the fraternal life of the community. He was the first Exalted Ruler of the local Elks—and has passed through all the chairs in the Knights of Pythias. He has assisted practically every organization in the district directly or indirectly during his long residence here—and any project connected with the welfare of the district has his whole-hearted co-operation.

His position as Purchasing Agent carries a heavy responsibility. He buys everything from toothpicks to paper machines, and orders for supplies are placed in widely scattered parts of the world. Each week he interviews scores of travellers from far and wide. He talks with facile ease on the repellent intricacies of customs and tariffs; follows with unruffled mien the monthly (sometimes daily) fluctuations in price levels; railroad tariffs and traffic charges are so much kindergarten material to him.

A prominent member of the Purchasing Agents' Association, Bill counts his friends in all parts of Canada and the United States, who will add their congratulations to those of his Powell River friends on the completion of his long service record.

Talk is cheap, unless it's baby talk to a millionaire.

A "Gray" Salmon



Gray Benner smiles as he shows the boys his 30-pound salmon, caught in Yuculta Rapids, about fifty miles north of Powell River.

Gray Benner has provided us with the only tangible evidence of our deep sea fishing activity to date. We have heard reports of monsters caught off Powell River. We have heard of salmon as large as dinosaurs, and salmon trout with the girth of a

young whale. But Gray is the only one to produce the evidence—and the evidence, ladies and gentlemen, is before you. We give you Gray Benner "his smile, his costume and his 30-pound salmon all in one gulp." He picked it up in the Yuculta Rapids, north of Powell River, with a trolling line, fought him—and with the characteristic Benner flourish flipped him easily into the boat. Until further evidence is to hand—we present the deep-sea fishing laurels to Gray—and score five points for the engineering department.

Hole in One for Mac

We got this one as we went to press. R. C. Mackenzie, in charge of our Sales and Production department, was in Vancouver for one day. He went out to Point Grey Golf Club with P. J. Salter, president of the *Vancouver Sun*; Ed. Rorke, of the printing department, and Jack Wright, mechanical superintendent of the *Vancouver Province*. Mac, after losing every bet he made, was rapidly nearing the incoherent stage, until he stepped up on the eleventh hole and sank his tee shot.

It is Mac's first hole-in-one—after long years of trying—and the celebration afterwards was in keeping with the magnitude of the accomplishment.

MacScotto—Miss Pencilpad, you cute little dickens, how about letting me buy your stockings from now on?

Stenog.—No thanks, Mr. MacScotto; I'd rather keep right on wearing silk ones.



Party of Powell River pleasure seekers board the "locie" for a trip to "Michigan" Beach.

Pleasure Parties of 1912

Elsewhere in this issue we devote considerable space to twenty-five-year periods. We tell something of the growth of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* on its twenty-fifth anniversary; we congratulate our Purchasing Agent on twenty-five years of service.

In the photograph on this page we see what Rod Le May, pictorial artist of our townsite's early days, calls the "First Pleasure Party," leaving Powell River for "Michigan" twenty-five years ago. In May, 1912, Powell River's first newsprint machine came into production; and we may assume the boys and girls of our little village were celebrating the big event. Anyway, practically the whole townsite is on a picnic, and picnics in those days were serious affairs. No jumping in a car and going to your favorite resort.

There were no cars. The resorts were there, but how to get to them was the problem. Beyond the few houses on Poplar, Oak and Maple Streets there was nothing but stumps,

and woods beyond them. But down at Michigan (the name, boys, is now Westview) the Michigan & Puget Sound Logging Company were still cutting timber, and their logging railroad, which now remains as a scenic footpath, ran from Powell River southward.

It was the custom of the great and good men who controlled the railroad to place their locies at the disposal of Powell River's little family group for an afternoon's outing. And on the flats piled all the gay lads and lassies of the district with their bottles of pop and sticks of chewing gum. They were in hilarious fettle—for, by gum, they were going to picnic 'way down at Michigan.

Just who was on that "First Pleasure Trip" we don't know, but we suspect that Bill Hutchison, "Stubby" Hansen and Bob Scanlon were among them.

If you wished to stand on the spot today where the locie in the above picture is getting up steam, you would

Continued on Page 13

New Wrapper For Newsprint Shipments

As a result of experiments and a careful study of customers' requirements, the Powell River technical staff has perfected a new type of wrapper for newsprint shipments.

The wrapper is of special sulphite composition — and involves considerable added expense in manufacture. The change in the character of Powell River Company wrapper has been designed primarily to withstand the scuffing, traffic and handling hazards encountered during shipments, and applies to both body and end wrappings.

The new wrapper is of decided interest to our customers in the domestic market, in Canada and the United States. The improvement in quality has enabled our shipping department to cut down on the amount of wrapper used on each roll and still maintain equal, if not better, protection than formerly.

Already numerous favorable re-

ports have been received expressing satisfaction with the wrapper and its ability to withstand the handling and scuffing of transportation.

Pleasure Parties of 1912

Continued from Page 12

have to dodge the erratic hooks and slices of our golfing fraternity. A stone's throw away from this identical spot the Ocean View Highway, with its blocks of modern homes, looks over Malaspina Straits, and hundreds of speeding automobiles purr along the old trail down which the picnickers of 1912 scurried to catch the "Holiday Special for Michigan."

'Yanks,' Says Campbell

Lockie Campbell takes the Yanks (you and 500 others, Lockie). Ross Morrow still flirts around with Detroit, and "Dad" Benner, from his superintendent's office, says "What about Cleveland?" The only answer is "What about them?"



Powell River's promising junior relay team, with Joan Reed (left) Audrey Smith, Joyce Ingram and Josie Haigh. All four youngsters are from Cranberry.

A Gentle Sway



Since Campbell Forbes has returned from Honolulu, half the employees in the mill, all employees in the department store, and a majority of local merchants are considering making the trip to the Sunny Isles next year. The Powell River Board of Trade, after listening to Campbell's graphic account of swaying palms and other features connected with swaying palms, have almost decided to pay an official call—it was considered that board members' wives would not be much interested, as the trip would be purely a business one.

Good Old Frank!

And Frank Flett from his lofty eminence in the paymaster's office—and no more optimistic soul may be found in the baseball world—again picks the National League. Frank has been picking the National League since Christy Matthewson was in his prime—and the boys indulge his little weakness by asking him "Who are you betting on this year, Frank?"

A Poor Year for Straws

For some reason or other there has been a lack of the usual "straw hat" in evidence among the Brummelites of the district. Bill McLeod and Sam Chambers, usually leaders in the straw brigade, have thus far displayed a striking lack of sartorial initiative.

Hard Boiled

Ed. Davis, in between presses, is a hard-boiled business man. "I pick the Yanks," Ed. rumbles. There seems no answer to that one. At least, not if you have any cash on the transaction.

And here is a little bit of blank verse, emanating from the Davis emporium—and purporting to be a fine translation of William Shakespeare's considered opinion on the subject:

*"Believe me, noble gentlemen,
I am no stranger in this realm of
sport,
And I do say that DiMaggio,
Gehrig and the rest
Do shine with a brilliancy that far
exceeds
The puny efforts of yon National
League."*

Picking the Good Ones

With the Big League baseball and World Series season under way pre-dopesters already in evidence, the boys



in the sawmill are picking their favorites. Gordon Thorburn and Don Gahan, on general principles, pick opposite teams, and usually both of them are wrong. Gordon, working his imagination overtime, is muttering something about the National League taking it this year.

The "Reel" Impressions



We wondered what impression the large number of lady visitors coming here on excursion boats boats received of our plant. We visualized them standing in wide-eyed amazement before the great paper machines; looking with bewildered awe on the almost human sawmill equipment; or expressing astonishment at the vast reserves of water power necessary to keep the mill operating.

We sent our inquiring reporter to interview representative groups. The answers, and questions, boys are in the affirmative. Here they are:

"Aren't those boys on the paper machines cute—you know, the ones that work without their shirts." ("Yes, madam.")

"And I thought that big boy on No. 6, with all the hair on his chest, too adorable for words." This was Earl Dore, after a break in the stacks. ("It's your party, madam.")

"I do think it shameful that those poor boys don't have someone to mend the tears in their garments"—(reference to a particularly well-known pair of trousers—in state of temporary repair with dryer rope.)

"I could use that fellow in our house"—one purposeful young lady said after watching Walter Hopkins in action splicing a roll. (You're too late, lady—but try that fifth hand.)

We suggested the ladies stroll through the old mill on a graveyard shift if they really wanted local color.

Distinctive—But!

The only distinctive piece of head-gear in evidence during the season was that sanitary inspector's masterpiece worn by Bill Parkin on July 1, but the style hasn't caught on. Of course, Jimmy Jacobs has the old grinder room stovepipe always at hand—and Pete Hunter, in a pinch, can dig up the "Dock Derby" he wears on occasions—but where's the old originality that we are waiting for.

Johnnie Kynock, Jr., is keeping the sulphite department in the baseball picture. Out for the first time in years, Johnnie is smacking the pill around and catching the ball in his old style.

Jack Hill and Jack Tunstall, perennial tennis double partners, are out again—and still giving the youngsters a handicap. The two Jacks are heavy and stout opposition—and are favorites to take the club doubles again.

Willingdon Beach Popular

The warm weather has kept P. R. Lockie, company supervisor at Willingdon Beach, working at top pressure the past month. From July 11th to 17th over 1700 bathers found respite from the heat at the beach. On Sunday around 500 were on the raft and in the water. Approximately 100 children have enrolled in the swimming classes conducted by Mr. Lockie. The life-saving group is equally favored—and large numbers of children are taking advantage of these classes.



Smiling Visitors

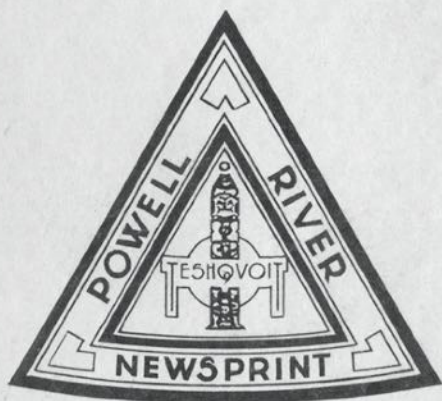
Mr. Glen Sample, director of the Powell River Company, partner in Blackett, Sample, Hummert Inc. of Chicago (left) snapped in front of No. 7 Machine Room with Mrs. Sample and Mr. Mark Upson of Cincinnati, Eastern sales manager for Proctor and Gamble. It was Mr. Upson's first visit to Powell River.

July Visitors

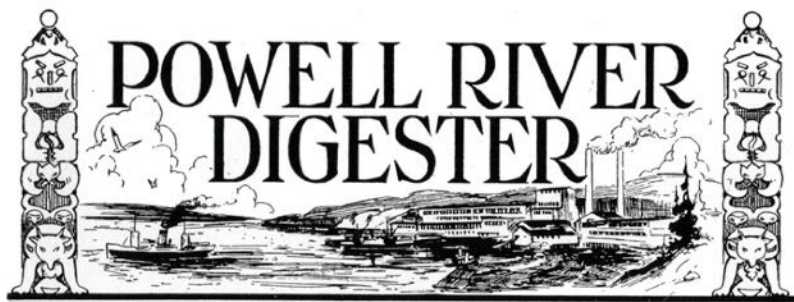
Old friends and new were about evenly balanced on our Visitors' Book for July. Early in the month Mr. and Mrs. Rene Deneau, of New York, dropped in for a flying visit. A few days later Mrs. S. D. Brooks spent a few days renewing old acquaintances in the district. Prominent visitors during the middle of the month were Mr. and Mrs. Glen Sample, of Chicago. Accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Sample were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Upson, of Cincinnati, and

Mr. Paul Keenan, the latter a business associate of Mr. Sample; Joe Sample, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Sample, and William McLennan, son of D. R. McLennan, of Marsh, McLennan & Company. On July 22 Mr. Edward Brooks, of Minneapolis, director of the Powell River Company, accompanied by Vincent R. O'Brien, J. I. C. Corning, R. S. Kennedy, Jr., A. H. Cathcart and C. H. Cathcart, Jr., visited Powell River.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL 13 AUGUST, 1937 NO. 8



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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Now, We're Logging

A TRIM, business-like, sixty-foot craft noses its way slowly into the tiny logging settlement. On the log-piled jetty stand a small cluster of women, a few children, and the odd logger. The children shout and gesticulate; mothers wave quietly; the men, just as eager, but more restrained, grin a welcome. A jaunty, smiling gentleman leaps ashore, shakes hands with the crowd, tickles the kiddies under the chin, and saunters shoreward, a lady on each arm.

The *Greta* has arrived. Archie DeLand, Powell River Company Logging supervisor, is dropping in on a periodic trip to one of the many widely scattered camps, along the B. C. north coast, supplying pulpwood for the seven big newsprint machines at Powell River

Even among our own employees, little thought is ever afforded the story behind newsprint—the life, work, and play of numerous scattered logging communities along our inlet-gashed shore line. In these wide spread hamlets, some large, some small, some with scant equipment, others with more pretentious layouts, live the men who supply the logs to keep our plant running at capacity. In the newsprint wheel the Logger is as important a cog as the Paper Maker, the Electrician, the Acid Maker or the Mechanic.

Each year 140 million feet of logs pass through the carriages in the Powell River sawmill. Of this big cut, approximately thirty per cent is spruce; and seventy per cent hemlock and balsam fir. Hemlock and balsam supplying our dominant wood supply, are referred to by the loggers, as pulp logs and are



Vancouver Board of Trade at Allison Logging Camp in the Queen Charlottes, watching felling of giant spruce timbers for Powell River. Mr. Allison stands in the right foreground

cut in an area just inland from the north end of Vancouver Island, approximately 150 miles northwest of Powell River. From this area, the Powell River Company obtains nearly ninety per cent of all the hemlock and balsam used in their operations. In the neighborhood of forty separate operations send their entire hemlock and balsam cut to Powell River.

Throughout this area are numerous small logging operators, turning out anywhere from 100,000 to 15,000,000 feet a year. Many of these operations are run as a family concern. They have lived along the sparsely populated coast line for years; have logged, fished and earned their living from soil, forest and sea. Their families in many instances, have been born and raised in these areas, far from the more populous centres. In some camps, the entire population is composed of father and one or more sons working their small donkeys, with mother and daughter administering the cook house and attending to camp chores. They are little communities to themselves and, as long as the Powell River Company wants logs for their paper machines, are not vastly troubled about the world's economic ills or the verbal battles of social or political demagogues.

Among these loggers are many former employees of the Powell River Company—men who worked in company logging concessions—and who, with their wives and families, have branched out to start their own little operation.

For years they have disposed of their entire hemlock and balsam output for pulpwood.

And so, when the *Greta M.*, carrying "Admiral" Archie DeLand, arrives, it is a meeting of old friends. Archie knows the husbands, the wives, and the daughters—and the husbands, the wives and the daughters know Archie. Up in Sutlej Channel is Bill Scott, who worked for the Powell River Company at Kingcome Inlet. Since 1925 Bill has been running his own operation. Starting in a modest way, he now employs from ten to fifteen men. Mrs. Scott does the cooking for the camp—and Eric Green, Mrs. Scott's married son is another of the employees.

At Bonwick Island is Al. Deveney; at Bond Sound, Ben Willett and his crew have a busy operation; Louis LaFarr, at Call Creek; Oscar Soderman at Port Harvey; are all cutting from five to ten million feet of pulpwood annually. At Retreat Pass the J. O'Brien Logging Co. furnishes the Company with approximately fifteen million feet annually. This camp, well known to loggers along the coast, was established by the late Dan O'Brien and is now operated by his son George. The O'Brien camp has supplied Powell River with pulpwood for the past seventeen years—and is one of the few smaller operations running a railroad camp. At Claydon Bay, Earle & Brown, another of the well-known smaller operations, cut around five million feet;



The visitors see the big spruce logs cut and ready to be pulled to the logging "locic," on its first journey to the mills at Powell River.



Typical "city on logs." One of the logging camps in the Queen Charlottes. These "cities" are towed by tug from place to place as desired.

the Pioneer Timber Co. at Malcolm Island, supplies a similar amount. At Port Elizabeth, W. B. MacDonald is turning out in the neighborhood of four million feet. These are only a few of a much greater number of sawmill operators supplying pulpwood to Powell River.

All logs purchased from operators in this area are paid for in booms at the camp. All the logs cut are placed in flat booms, towed to Port Harvey, and from there to the Company storage ground at Squirrel Cove by the Kingcome Navigation Co's. tugs. Here they are under the capable charge of Pat Courtenay, and shipped to Powell River as required. All towing risks are assumed by the Powell River Company. The operator's responsibility ends when his logs are placed in the booming grounds.

The Powell River Company log buyer, the *Greta M.*, is a popular craft in these waters. It frequently assists families or individuals moving from one camp to another. It acts on occasions as a hospital ship, carrying sick or injured to the Alert Bay hospital, thirty or more miles away. Sometimes it takes on the role of the pleasure craft—picks up loggers and their wives in the settlements and carries them to the big monthly dance usually held at one of the larger camps, when these loggers and their families, four to five hundred strong, gather for a social evening and dance. Modern and old-time dances are included on the program. The old fiddle is on the job, the lads and lassies line up for the favored "square dance"—and its an evening of real hilarity. These settlements range from populations of five to sixty-five—and when they collect at one spot for the monthly jamboree, it's a real party, with all the trimmings.

In this area alone, it is estimated that approximately 800 souls are making a living logging for the Powell River Company. This is over and above the 1600 men employed regularly at the plant. During the depression years, Mr. DeLand states that there was no record of any relief cases in the districts supplying logs to the Powell River Company. The smaller operations, assured of a ready market for their hemlock and balsam at Powell River, have enjoyed comparative



Logging truck moving along the truck road which provides the "road out" in this camp. Below, pile of logs "cold-decked," awaiting the truck. Inset, John McLeod, Powell River Company log scaler.

security. They have been able to dispose of their entire output to one company, and as a result, the business of buying and selling logs has been stripped bare of red tape and officialdom.

In addition to the hemlock and balsam, approximately forty million feet of spruce is consumed annually by the Powell River Company. Nine-tenths of the supply is found in the Queen Charlotte Islands, lying 450 miles north of the townsite. The operations here are on a larger scale; the small logger does not appear in the picture to the same extent as in the balsam and hemlock operations. The Queen Charlottes are famous for the size and quality of their spruce limits; here flourish the celebrated Sitka variety—white, straight-grained, long-fibred—which in addition to its several uses as high-grade finish lumber, is recognized as one of the finest pulpwoods in existence.

Three principal operators supply the bulk of the Powell River spruce demand. Allison Logging Co.; Kelley Logging Company; and J. R. Morgan



Archie DeLand, supervisor of the Powell River Company Logging Department.

Logging Co. The first operates a railroad camp; the second a truck camp; the latter a swing and cat camp. Each of these camps employ around 150 men—and have a combined output of 100 million feet annually.

The greater proportion of the high grade spruce from the Queen Charlottes is in heavy demand for aeroplane construction—practically the entire output being shipped to overseas countries. The Kelley Spruce Co., at Powell River, is one of the big producers of aeroplane and high-grade spruce.

Towing from the Queen Charlottes to Powell River is less simple than in the comparatively sheltered

areas around Vancouver Island. The logs are first built in the huge Davis rafts to permit safe towing across storm-tossed Hecate Straits, and other open waters of the Pacific. The Kingcome Navigation Co.'s tug, the powerful *St. Faith*, with her 1200 h.p. engines, supplies the motive force for log transportation from the Queen Charlottes to Powell River.

In bold outline, this is something of the story behind newsprint—something of the life and work of the “forgotten men” who, in their little settlements far from the larger centres—and without the comforts or conveniences enjoyed by employees or residents of Powell River—carry on the vital work of keeping our machines turning, our employees working—and Powell River newsprint in the press room of the publisher.

They're Ribbing You, Bill!

The following mysterious note we print without comment:

Mr. Barclay, of the Sales Company, known sometimes as “Willie” by his intimate friends, accompanied Mr. Bert Honea of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* on a fishing trip recently. When they came home Mr. Barclay was feeling badly, presumably from a cold. We thought it was due to the remedy used to prevent a cold. After a week complaining here in the office, it developed yesterday he had three broken ribs. No one can give us any information and it is pretty hard for us to figure it out.

Just a Minor League

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We have no doubt the startling statements made in this letter by Mr. Flett will be read with interest, not only locally, but by sport-minded publishers in Canada and the United States. Frank is picking the National League to beat the Yankees in the World Series. We asked him why—and this is his answer. We do notice he has scrupulously avoided specific mention of the Gehrig, DeMaggio slaughterers in his answer. His courageous last ditch stand however, rates in our opinion the full page accorded it.

U. S. Publishers please note!

By FRANK FLETT

Some of the American League fans have been popping off about the so-called "superiority" of the American League to such an extent that I have felt constrained to dig out a few facts that might cool them off a little bit.

They base their "superiority" argument on the fact that the A. L. has won more world series and all star games.

The A. L. pennant has usually been won by a team of stars who were so far ahead of the rest of the league at the end of the season that it was not even a race. In other words they were not representative of the strength of the league. On the other hand, the N.L. pennant has been won only after a bitter struggle, by a very small margin, from three or four other teams of practically equal strength.

In case anyone wants the figures here they are for the past seven years: The margin between the first and second place teams in the N. L. has averaged five games, while in the A.L. it has averaged ten games. Going further down the line it shows the spread between winner and fourth place in the N. L. averaged 12 games, while in the A.L. it averaged 22 games.

That shows the N.L. winner was only one of several good teams in the league, while the A.L. winner was much the best team in their league. And yet, in those seven years, the A. L. have only won one world series more than the N. L.

This all means that while the A. L. has produced some good teams, as a league they are, well, just a good minor.

Don't all rush, boys!

Horticulturists All

The annual garden round—the district Horticultural Fair—on Sept. 10th and 11th, promises lots of excitement among our amateur florists and vegetable producers.

* * *

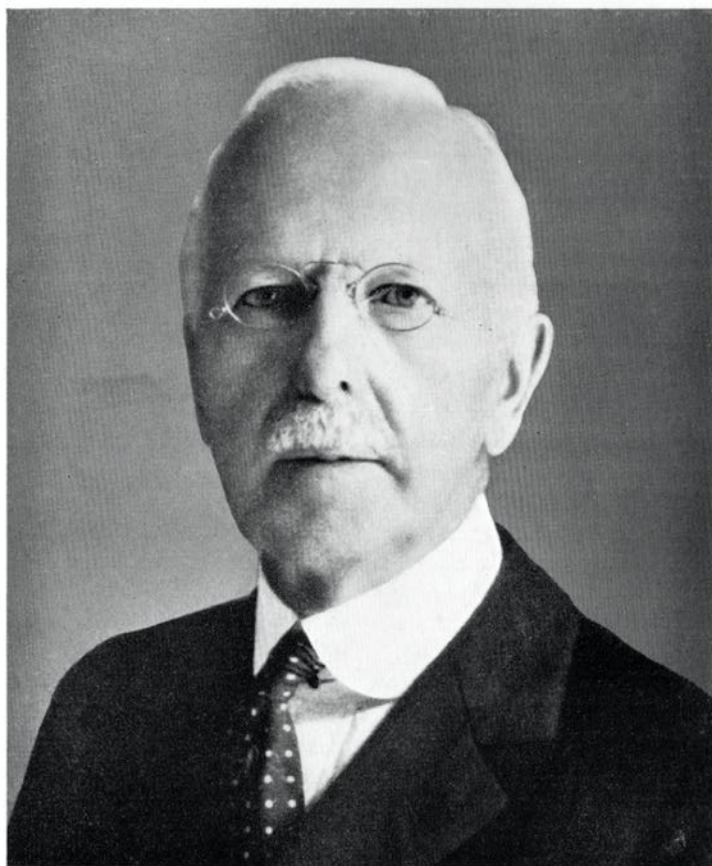
And Frank Nello, from the Rancho Nello in Westview, declares first prize for the "spud" exhibit is already in the Nello bag.

* * *


Jock Menzies and Sam Marshall are entering a special "Watchman's Delight" selected from the picturesque little garden in front of the Watchman's office



Anson S. Brooks



Anson S. Brooks

 ON Tuesday, August 3, the flags of Powell River were at half mast as a community paid its last respects to the memory of Anson Strong Brooks, chairman of the Board of Directors of the company.

With the death of Mr. Brooks passes another of the original Brooks-Scanlon combinations. For over thirty years, in company with the late Doctor Dwight Brooks and Michael J. Scanlon, the partnership had been maintained—a partnership which embraced many and widely extended industries. In the tropic isles of the Bahamas, in Florida, in Minnesota, in Oregon, and northward beyond the International border are flourishing and prosperous industries—a monument to the vision, courage, and resource of Mr. Brooks and his partners. On January 21, 1930, Doctor Dwight F. Brooks passed away, to be followed on October 2 of the same year by Mr. M. J. Scanlon. And now, at the age of 84, Anson, last of the original founders of the Brooks-Scanlon interests, follows his two great partners.

Anson Strong Brooks was born in Redfield, Oswego County, New York, on September 6, 1852. He started his business career at the age of fifteen as a telegraph operator for the Northwestern Telegraph Company. In 1873, at the age of 21, he became a partner of the original Brooks Brothers, with his brothers Lester Ranney and Dwight Frederick Brooks. Starting in the grain business they began in 1878 to deal in lumber.

With his brothers he remained in the grain business until 1897, having in the meantime formed the Brooks Elevator Company and Brooks-Griffiths Company; the latter doing a commission business with offices in the Chamber of Commerce Building at Minneapolis. The opportunities afforded by the lumber industry attracted their attention more and more, and in 1893 they started the manufacture of lumber, in connection with M. J. Scanlon and H. E. Gipson, having formed the Scanlon-Gipson Lumber Company. In 1901 the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company was formed, beginning the long association of the Brooks-Scanlon interests.

In 1909 Mr. Brooks and his partners saw the possibilities of Powell River as a site for a newsprint mill; at that period not a single ton of newsprint had been manufactured within the borders of the province. It was a new and untried venture. The province was still in the pioneer stage of development; and the erection of a 250-ton newsprint mill was an outstanding achievement of courage and vision. In May, 1912, the first ton of newsprint manufactured in Western Canada was shipped from Powell River. Mr. Brooks and his partners had pioneered another great industry—an industry which he saw expand into one of the major newsprint concerns of the continent.

Surviving Mr. Brooks are one son, Paul Andros Brooks, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; five grandchildren, Mrs. John M. Hollern, Anson, Barbara, Sheldon and Stanley Brooks, and one great-grandchild, Sheila Brooks Hollern; four nephews, Edward Brooks, of St. Paul, Minnesota; Harry K. Brooks, of Bend, Oregon; Sheldon D. Brooks, of Vancouver, B. C., and Philip R. Brooks, of Portland, Oregon.

At the time of his death, Mr. Brooks was chairman of the Board of Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company, Inc., of Bend, Oregon; chairman of the Board of Powell River Company Limited, of Powell River, British Columbia; secretary-treasurer of Brooks-Scanlon Corporation, of Foley, Florida; president of Brooks Brothers, Inc., St. Paul, Minnesota; treasurer of the Live Oak, Perry & Gulf Railroad Company, of Foley, Florida; first vice-president of the Bahamas-Cuban Company Limited, of Camaguey, Cuba; and a director of the First National Bank & Trust Company, of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Powell River Personalities

The crushing responsibilities of managership broke the hearts of that immortal baseball triumvirate, Tinkers, Evers & Chance. Yet these three were merely managers. None ever tried enacting the role of president of an Inter-Department Baseball league; they never had to worry over chasing stray or foul balls; they never had to torture nickels and dimes out of a public two days before pay day; neither did they have to reconcile the conflicting passions of eight red-eyed clubs or soothe the ruffled feeling of eight managers.



Gordon Thorburn

only had one team to look after—and they all wished they'd taken on a lion tamer's job instead.

So ladies and gentlemen with these few words we give you Gordon Thorburn, President of the Powell River Inter-Department baseball league, and one of the busiest men in town.

Three years ago Gordon picked up the tottering structure of local baseball. He formed an inter-department loop—he organized eight teams—and gave fans the boisterous scrappy baseball they were looking for. He performed the magician's act of dragging the league out of debt—paying on the nail for equipment—and leaving a nice little surplus at the end of the season.

Gordie "sits in" at every game. He takes up collections himself, keeps his eagle eye trained on every foul ball that leaves the lot; and attends personally to the score of details incidental

No, Tinkers, Ever & Chance didn't have to do any of these things. They

to each game. Gordon is married—but Mrs. Thorburn says the only time she ever sees him is at meals—and only half of them. He is usually away ironing out some baseball tangle—or assisting one or another of the numerous athletic or welfare organizations.

A community-minded citizen, Gordon's one aim is to put Powell River on the map, and any activity directed to that end has his wholehearted support.

On May 24th, 1915, the boys were holding a big sports day in Powell River. A number of athletes from Vancouver were entered in the events and were making things hot for the local opposition.



Art Richards

In the sprints, particularly, one ruddy checked Welsh lad was raising havoc with Powell River's star tracksters.

That lad was Art Richards—making his opening bow to Powell River. On July 1st, 1915, in some mysterious manner, Art Richards wore Powell River colors and was registered as a full-time employee of the Powell River Company.

For twenty-two years, Arthur, as he is now known in the dignified doldrum of middle age, has been a full-time employee of the Company.

In his younger days one of B. C.'s great soccer center forwards, Arthur is still a keen sport follower. He is an authority on old country football,

can still play a useful game when so inclined—and patronizes all sports except box lacrosse and golf—his opinions of these are forthright and unmistakable.

Arthur has worked around boats and wharfs all his lifetime—and ships big or little look alike to him. He is one of the few men who refuse to be stampeded when the oils and golds are up. Up or down, they are all the same to Arthur—he won't touch 'em. What can you do with a man like that? Give him a place in "Personalities of the District"—he's earned it.

And congratulations to the Sawmill in coping the baseball crown. Ever since the league started three years ago,



"Dad" Benner's help have been in or near the cellar position. But the boys kept right on trying, and this year, with their pitching line bolstered, have led the way from the start. And that clean-up row—Lockie Campbell, "Gandy" and Ross Morrow—have made it tough for the opposing slabsters. We understand "Dad" is supplying the necessary refreshments.

With bicycle riding now strictly in fashion and the most popular form of propulsion for shift workers, we suggest an Inter-Department bicycle race as a fitting wind-up for the summer season. There was some talk of an endurance contest between Bill Pockock and Frank Nello; but the boys have held out for too big a cut-



Let's Go Fishing



Picturesque fishing lodge on Powell Lake, where visitors have found the fishing good this summer.

YES, my dear; hooked a seven-pound trout. He fought hard, but I landed him. What's that? Did I land him without any help? Did I? Say, let me tell you . . ."

The above is a reported conversation of one of our American visitors telling his wife in Texas or California about his fishing trip up Powell Lake. For next to our newsprint operations the lure of trout fishing is one of the big attractions to visitors, particularly from the Southern States.

The Fishing Lodge, about twenty miles up Powell Lake, is a favored fishing resort, and many of the record

catches have been made in and around this vicinity. Situated in a sheltered bay, the shadow of the overhanging mountains casting their deep reflection in the clear waters, it is a popular rendezvous for Powell River Company guests.

Rarely are our visitors' expectations disappointed. The Powell River trout are an obliging variety, particularly with United States friends. They usually rise to the occasion, feeling that after all the tall stories Harold Foley has told his many Texas friends, they have to make good.

We have it on the unimpeachable authority of William Barclay, of the

Powell River Sales Company, that one of the well-trained lodge trout actually jumped in the back of the boat during a visit of a well-known California publisher. We refrain from printing names because the conversation related in the opening paragraph was made by the gentleman in question.

Another Texas publisher, under the soporific influence of our July sun, was dozing in the boat, his rod dangling over the side unattended. On awakening, he felt a gentle tug on the line. He hauled it in with a six-pound trout gazing mournfully at him

from the hook. The publisher was a trifle worried for a moment—you know what these Powell River suns are—make you think you are seeing things, especially the sun around the lodge.

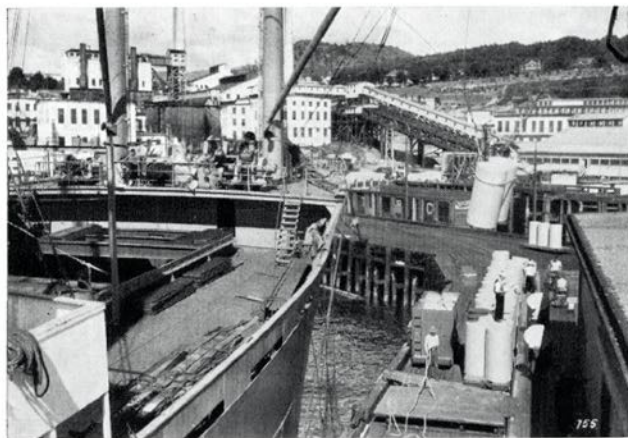
There is another story (which also has a Barclay touch) of a five-pound trout following an Oklahoma publisher to shore and jumping in his basket when he turned his back.

Anyway, the fishing is good at the Lodge, and we hope all our visitors who tried their luck this summer enjoyed it as much as we enjoyed having them with us.



Among the numerous visitors to Powell River during August were M. J. Whitelaw (left) Blake, Moffit & Towne, Seattle; Mrs. Whitelaw; Mr. R. C. Gallagher, Seattle Times; Mrs. Gallagher; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ward, Seattle.

Newsprint Specialists



Swinging Powell River newsprint rolls aboard the S.S. "Nordnes" at the company docks.

THE photos on these pages show scenes of an average loading day at the Powell River wharves. The M.S. *Nordnes*, from Houston, Texas, has just worked her way alongside—and the Powell River Company wharf crews have started stowing away 6000 tons of newsprint in her ample holds.

Each week, ships, large and small—from the small coastal steamer to the big Blue Funnel and Maru freighters, swing away from these docks with their cargoes of newsprint. This is the daily job of the wharf crews, handling, loading and stowing Powell River paper—and ensuring it arrives at the publishing houses ready to run on the press.

Our wharf crews justly claim that in the stowage of newsprint rolls, they take second place to no one. As employees of the company, they have a

personal interest in the product shipped, and rolls damaged or scuffed on the way to the sheds are turned back for re-wrapping.

The vast majority of wharf employees are long service men—and personally acquainted with the loading idiosyncracies of the various freighters berthing at their wharves. Turnover among the regular wharf employees has been almost negligible. They know their jobs; they know their ships—and more important, they know paper and how it should *not* be handled.

It is not improbable that a large, if not the greater, number of our publishers, do not realize that all shipments in and out of Powell River are water-borne. Every ton of newsprint manufactured at the plant is shipped by freighter, steamer or paper carrier to railhead, or direct to its final des-

tinuation. Railways, trucks or tractors are unknown in Powell River paper shipments. Our wharf employees are dealing with ships alone and with the special requirements of ship loading. It is not unnatural they should consider themselves as specialists in shipping and stowing paper.

Another feature more prominent here than in larger centres is the friendly co-operation between wharf and ships' crews. Many of the ships' officers and members of the crews have made personal friendships with company employees, and look forward to renewing these each trip. The "family circle" spirit has wider scope than in the impersonal atmosphere of a large metropolis.

This is the guarantee we give to our publishers. A trained crew of specialists, interested in their product, skilled in its stowage, and honestly endeavoring to protect it from every known hazard of transportation.

An Admiral Heave!

*. . . never go to sea,
And then you'll be an Ad-
miral in the King's Navee.*

The *Greta M.*, (mentioned elsewhere) staggered slowly into a deserted cove on an uninhabited portion of the B. C. coast. The linesman heaved the lead; the ocean heaved itself—and a heaving figure, wan, pale-eyed, heaved himself ashore.

The wan figure was Admiral Archie DeLand, commander-in-chief of the Logging department and Admiral of the fleet. Archie, like many great sea captains, had developed a sudden attack of mal-de-mer—and his command to Capt. Bill Tomkinson was reminiscent of another famous admiral's last words.

"Anchor, Bill, anchor," he gulped.

Bill anchored. The Admiral heaved ashore and anchored himself to a convenient tree. Capt. Tomkinson reports the Admiral's last dying words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty."



*Stowing paper
in the hold of the
S.S. "Nordnes"
at Powell River.*

Plenty of Competition



South African and Powell River lawn bowlers snapped on the bowling green during the visit of the touring South African bowlers on Sunday, August 6. South Africa defeated the locals 130-100.

THE August athletic fare in Powell River was a tasty dish for sport-loving residents. It was a month of varied and interesting competition. All the major sports shared in the spotlight, and large attendances turned out for the different contests. It is possible that Powell River athletic representatives may not share the enthusiasm of spectators—for we are compelled to record that in none of the events under review did our selected teams come through with a win.

Marion Defeated

The excitement started on Saturday, August 7, in Vancouver. The annual Caledonian Games attracted a crowd of 6000 spectators. One of the feature events of the day was the women's 100-yard dash, with Marion

Borden, of Powell River, and Barbara Howard, of Vancouver, featuring the opposition. The dusky sprinter nosed out Marion to take the first win this season from the Powell River star.

South Africans Win

On Sunday, August 8, the South African lawn bowlers, on their tour of Canada, visited Powell River and engaged the local grassy sward experts. Against the experience and polished bowling of the South Africans, Powell River made a highly creditable showing, losing 130-100. The South Africans, in their Canadian tour, have lost only nine matches against upwards of thirty victories.

Box Lacrosse

The box lacrosse boys swung into the picture on Sunday, August 14, when they entertained the strong

Adanac squad from New Westminster. It was one of the most thrilling encounters ever witnessed on Powell River fields. The visitors, bolstered by four senior players, eked out a 17-16 win against our youthful hopefuls. The exhibition definitely stamped Powell River as a coming force in boxla circles.

Baseballers Lose

It's baseball's turn. Our local all-star nine entertained the strong Courtenay team on August 22—and suffered a 10-5 defeat. The visitors clearly earned their win, outitting and outfielding Powell River, who were not in their happiest form either at bat or in the field.

Anyway, it was good competition and a month of real sport.

New Library Books

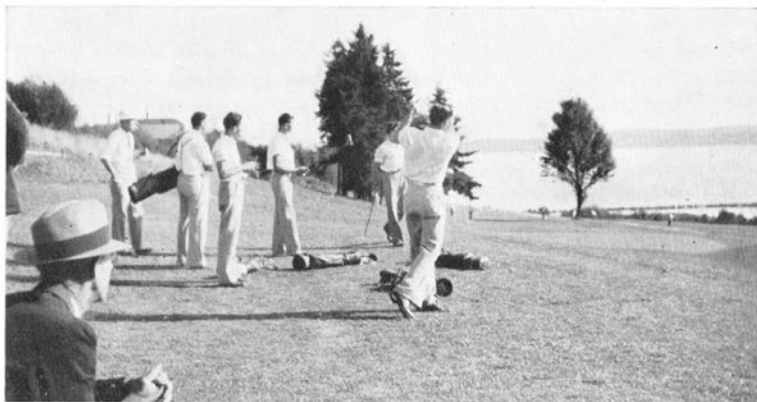
New books added to the Library during the month include: "And So—Victoria" (Wilkinson), "The Enemy

Within" (Landau), "The Pretender" (Fewchtwanger), "Present Indicative" (Coward), "Northwest Passage" (Roberts), "The Years" (Woolf), "Three Comrades" (Remarque), "Outward Room" (Brand), "West of the Pecos" (Grey), "Blind Man's Year" (Deeping), "I've Been to London" (Bailey), "The Stone Field" (Ostenso), "Europe in Arms" (Liddell-Hart).

A wide selection of additional fall reading is included in the latest shipment.

Outstanding!

The highlight of the August sporting card was Pete Vanichuk's fine display against the visiting Adanac boxla stars on August 14. Pete turned in a magnificent performance, grabbing off six goals and leading innumerable Powell River rushes. The local star stamped himself as one of the best prospects in provincial junior boxla circles.



Frank McDonald, youthful Powell River ace, drives off in the Powell River-Courtenay match last month.



The above view shows Beat Honea (centre), Fort Worth Star Telegram, photographed with Mr. Gardiner (left), and Mr. Thompson, Fort Worth, as they start on their big salmon fishing jaunt to the Yucultas.

August Visitors

VISITORS from many widely scattered points called on us during August. Early in the month Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Stearns dropped in from Honolulu—and found to their amazement that Hawaii was not the only spot enjoying “liquid sunshine.” Mr. Stearns is mechanical superintendent of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, and an old friend of Powell River.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. J. Whitelaw and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ward, all of Seattle, looked over the plant and district during the month. We have heard vague rumors of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Whitelaw making a record trout catch in Powell Lake. Until we re-

ceive photographic evidence, it is still a rumor.

Bert Honea, publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, accompanied by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Gardiner, also of Fort Worth, scorned the petty minnows of Powell Lake and went after big salmon in the Yucultas. Again vague reports of astounding magnitude have sifted through—but until Bert sends along the promised picture, it's just another fish story.

On August 23, the Earl and Countess of Northesk, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Southam, spent a few days cruising around Powell River and the Gulf Islands. The Earl and Countess showed unusual interest in the paper-making

process—and under the capable guidance of Mr. R. Bell-Irving, spent several hours inspecting the plant.

Other visitors were Jack and Don Butler, the former a son of Mr. J. Butler, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*; Jim Moroney, Jr., son of J. Moroney, Dallas *News*; Leslie Kelley, of Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. Henningsen, of Shanghai; and Mr. and Mrs. Pim, Vancouver.

Other visitors in August were: Major J. C. MacDonald, Comptroller of the Water Board; Mr. E. P. Davis, of the same department; Mr. Harold Beecher of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. O'Brien, Minnesota; Mr. D. L. Jeffreys, Blake, Moffit & Towne, San Francisco; and Mrs. Jeffreys.

Shanghai

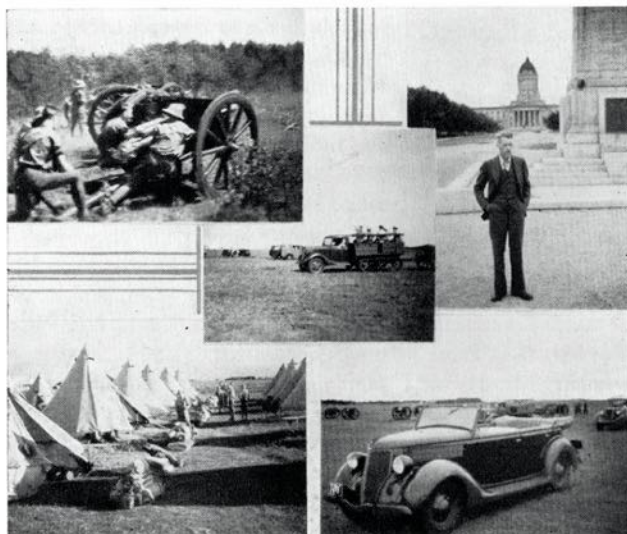
Something of destruction wrought in the present Sino-Japanese war has brought home to Powell River during the visit last month of Mr. and Mrs. Henningsen. Mr. Henningsen and his family are owners of the large American interests plant on the outskirts of Shanghai. The dairy is modern and world famous for its pure-bred American cattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Henningsen left Shanghai before hostilities commenced. Shortly before his arrival, Mr. Henningsen received a cable stating a family property dairy had been completely destroyed by bombs and shell fire. An investment of close to one million dollars was completely wiped out overnight.



The Earl and Countess of Northesk, in an informal pose, at Powell River, with Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Vice-President of the Powell River Company, and a group of friends. Left to right: Mr. Turney, Calgary; The Countess of Northesk; R. Bell-Irving; Mrs. J. Southam; Mr. J. Southam; Col. H. G. Letson; The Earl of Northesk; S. Lamphman, Vancouver.

Off to War We Go Again



Left: B. C. artillery in action. Jim Currie "off manoeuvres." Lower right: The artillery tents at Shilo, Manitoba. Right: The sergeant-major's "car." Centre: Mechanized artillery ready for action.

DASHING into action in 1937 model cars Tractors to do all the heavy work. Gun crews rolling around the countryside in fast-moving vehicles. Spotting observation posts from radio-equipped cars. Dashing out, firing the prescribed shoot—and dashing back into the waiting car.

No, boys, this is not the annual store clerks' picnic. It's just a rough outline of modern warfare as practised by Jim Currie and Bert Mitten, Powell River's artillery strategists, at the annual Artillery Manoeuvres at Shilo, Manitoba, last month.

Jim feels pretty chirpy about the whole business, and no wonder. As battery sergeant-major, he rode in a Ford V-8 with a private chauffeur. That's the way they go into action

now—and you old "sweats" might as well give yourselves up.

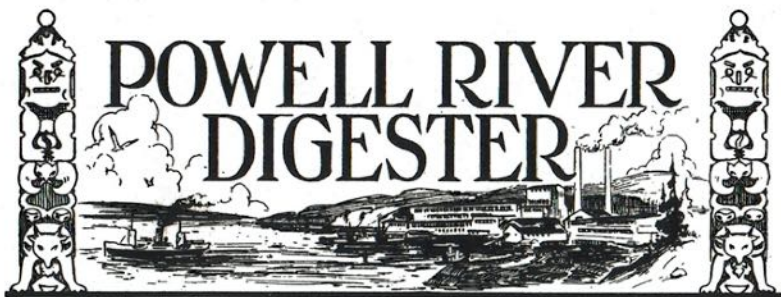
Seriously, however, Jim says artillery tactics and strategy have undergone a transformation since the Great War. Range finding has become more accurate; the mechanization of transport has speeded up action; the use of radio signalling has been a great forward step. The officers are all specialists and keen as mustard. Jim spent ten days in camp, and tells us the B. C. Brigade were compared favorably with the eastern units.

Only one final remark. Nothing was said about Ford V-8's for the "P. B. I." in the next war. It will probably be the same old story, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8," and off to war we go again. What about a little on the old mud hook?

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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SEPTEMBER, 1937

No. 9

Our Newsprint Abroad

In the current issue we commence a regular series of monthly articles, accompanying our Powell River newsprint on its journey to widely extended centres in the Western Hemisphere. These articles were initiated largely as a result of appeals from employees, requesting pictures and information on Powell River newsprint trade routes.

In the plant, each day, hundreds of rolls leave the machine, destined for foreign and overseas shipments. What sort of place is San Antonio, Houston, Fort Worth? What do the people in this state or that country export? What are their cities like?

In an attempt to answer such questions, and to further enlighten our employees in particular and our readers in general, on the problems, the industries, and interest points encountered by a roll of Powell River newsprint on its journey to the publishing houses, we start the first of our travels around the Western Hemisphere.

Travelling Along With Powell River Newsprint



One of the most beautiful and popular spots in San Antonio is Alamo Plaza in front of the famed Alamo, which is seen to the right. In the centre background is the new Federal and Post Office Building, which will be occupied this Fall, and to the right of it is the Medical Arts Building.

WHEN one day last month the S.S. *Nordbex* swung out into the stream, she carried in her spacious hold over 6,000 tons of Powell River newsprint. This shipment was destined chiefly to our customers in Texas, to which State large consignments of Powell River paper have been sent for many years. It is the purpose of this and succeeding articles to tell something of the life and activity of

the widespread centres where our product finds its final resting place.

Among these centres the State of Texas, with its great newspapers, its populous cities, its vast industries, holds a prominent place.

In this, the first of our regular series, we accompany Powell River newsprint to San Antonio, home of the San Antonio Publishing Company, publishers of the *San Antonio Express* and the *San Antonio News*.



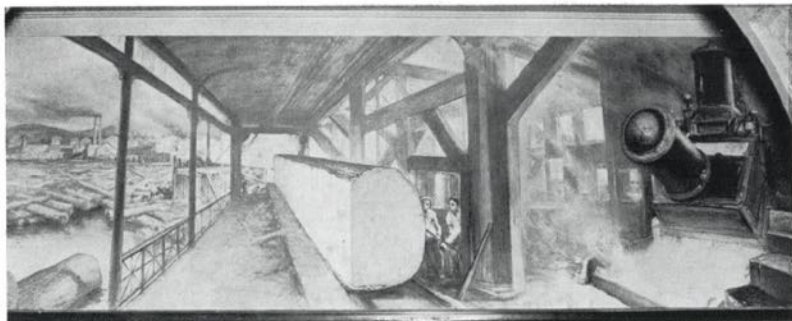
San Antonio's fast-growing skyline may be seen here from the tower of one of the leading flour mills. The white four-storey building is the Arsenal. The tallest building is the Smith-Young Tower, and to its immediate left is the Plaza Hotel. The building seen in the background with a flag flying aloft is the Milam Building, the first air-conditioned building to be constructed in the United States. Behind the buildings to the north lies one of the most beautiful residential districts in the country.

The *Express*, with a circulation of approximately 40,000 daily and 66,000 on Sunday, is one of the large morning dailies of Southwest Texas. The *News*, an evening paper, distributes 45,000 copies daily. The owner and publisher of the *Express* Publishing Company, Frank G. Huntress, is prominent in Texas journalistic circles, and under his alert guidance the *Express* and *News* have vigorously identified themselves with the commercial and community expansion of San Antonio. They have been influential in informing and guiding public opinion in the larger field of State and Federal affairs, in which capacity they have accepted and sponsored the broader responsibilities of citizenship to the State and to the Nation.

Should any of our paper makers visit the *San Antonio Express* office, they will find, on entering the spacious rotunda, an immediate link with Powell River. An impressive pic-

turesque mural, showing the stages in paper making, stretches around the entire rotunda and the Powell River visitor will quickly pick out the twin tall stacks and the log pond of Powell River. Mr. Roy Foote, of the Powell River Sales Company, states this is one of the most impressive murals he has ever seen.

The modern San Antonio, with a population in excess of a quarter of a million souls, combines the story of romance and industry. The city is one of contrasts, with its towering modern buildings within a stone's throw of the many beautiful old structures erected about 1700 by priests and grandees of the King of Spain. Founding of San Antonio dates back to 1731, when a municipality was established here by the King of Spain, although history records that as early as 1691 a garrison had been established by New Spain.



Portion of the mural decoration in the rotunda, of the "San Antonio Express," in San Antonio, Texas. This beautiful mural, depicting various stages in the paper making process, was designed largely from prints of Powell River.

Near the end of the seventeenth century, French traders developed what is now known as the San Antonio Road. It was at this time that the Spanish Franciscan Friars began to bring the Cross of Civilization into this, then savage territory.

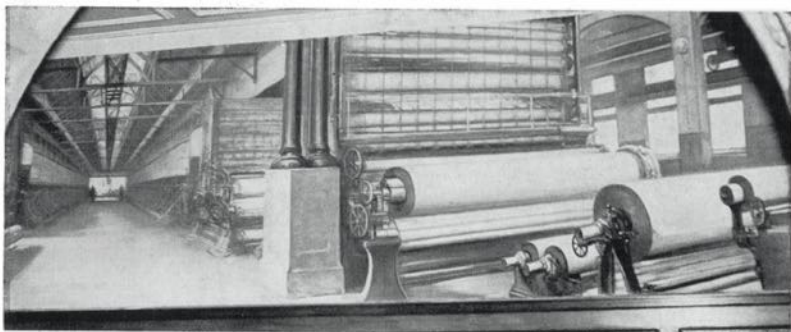
The year 1718 was marked by the official establishment of the Alamo, known as Mission San Antonio de Valero. Shortly afterwards the famed Mission San Jose, built with Indian labor, was constructed. Like the Alamo, it is still standing and contains the original carved statues and paintings sent to America by the Spanish ruler. In 1730 the three missions of San Francisco de Espada, San Juan de Capistrano and Concepcion de Acuna, were established in San Antonio.

For 100 years Spain ruled over the section. Then the power of Spain began to wane and in 1824, when Mexico revolted and defeated the mother country, San Antonio came under direct rule of Mexico. From

the East and North came English-speaking families, who grew restless under Mexican domination, and in 1835 San Antonio became the scene of armed revolt. In that year Ben Milam and a courageous group of followers took the city from the Mexican Government, and entire Texas followed the Lone Star flag until independence was won in April of 1836.

The most colorful and gallant stand during the war for independence was the defense of the Alamo by Col. William B. Travis with only 182 men. In a battle lasting 14 days against 4,000 troops under Santa Anna, the entire Texas group died rather than to surrender to Alamo.

Today, the nation's largest military establishments centre in San Antonio and lend much to the colorful atmosphere. Fort Sam Houston alone occupies 3,300 acres. There are four aviation training fields, including Randolph Field, known as "The West Point of the Air."



Continuation of mural, showing paper machines, stalks and winders. The mural is continuous, representing the complete process from log to ship.

With an all year 'round equitable climate, San Antonio has a background in which all sports and pastimes flourish. The annual mean temperature is 69 degrees, with an average winter temperature of 59.2, average summer, 78.6, and the average daily variation of 20 degrees. There are 56 parks and playgrounds, comprising over 2,000 acres. Among them is Brackenridge Park, containing the Witte museum, zoo, Japanese sunken garden, Sunken Garden theatre, golf course, polo field, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, bathing beach, bridle paths and picnic grounds.

The corporate city covers 36 square miles and has a population of 260,000 persons. With the immediate suburbs included, this figure reaches 295,000. The average altitude is 700 feet, ranging from 650 to 800 feet, and the average rainfall is 27.18 inches.

Because of the climatic conditions the city is becoming an increasingly popular winter resort for tourists.

Use of natural gas and fuel oil by industrials make San Antonio an exceptionally clean city.

There are approximately 4,000 retail businesses, and the estimated 1936 sales were \$95,000,000. Six thousand persons are employed in the 300 industries, and the estimated sales for 1936 were \$35,000,000. San Antonio is also a large wholesale centre and has the second largest produce market in the United States.

Thousands of tourists visit the city every month, many of them to see "Little Mexico," the quarter of the city to the south and west of the Old Spanish Governor's Palace; and should the tourist want more of this atmosphere, Mexico lies but 150 miles away.

"Do you remember that couple we met on the steamer we took such a liking to? I mean the couple we invited to visit us."

"Yeah. You don't mean to say——"

"Yes, the idiots are actually coming."



Sawmill nine, winners of Inter-Department League and Play-off Championship. Top row, reading left to right: J. Morrow, R. Cochlan, S. Mix, Lockie Campbell, J. McCartney, B. Gahan, G. Thorburn. Bottom row, reading left to right: V. Ganderton, Sandy Lyons, Ross Morrow, Paul Spornitz, Murray Kennedy.

The Inter-Department Baseball League

ANOTHER successful year for the Inter-Department League—and for the Saw Mill nine in particular. The boys from the Wood Department, under the guidance of Prexy Babe Gahan, took both the League and Play-off honors to win their first title. Backed by the steady pitching of Paul Spornitz, and with the murderers' row—Lockie Campbell, Bill Ganderton and Ross Morrow—hitting in rare form, the lads from the bottom of the street looked like winners all the way.

The Inter-Department League has been in operation for four years. In that period the boys have financed

themselves, paid all current expenses, and finished up with a decent surplus each year. It will probably come as a surprise, even to those on the inside, to learn that it costs well over \$500.00 to keep the league's head above water in a season. During the current year over \$150.00 was spent for baseballs—and (we shudder when we even think of it) more than that for bats. The league used up over eighty (count them) bats in the season—at an average price of nearly \$2.50 a bat. It is one of the big, and we might add, unnecessary drains on the diamond treasury. We do not expect Big League Baseball in Powell

(Continued on Page 7)

Powell River Personalities

George Patterson



Twenty-seven years ago (27 years and 4 months to be exact) a spruce, dapper chap stepped off the gang-plank of the old Union Steamship boat. He jumped nimbly down to the precarious raft, which was Powell River's wharf in the spring of 1910, and waited with ill-concealed Highland patience for a rowboat, or whatever was available, to carry him ashore.

The dapper lad was George (Geordie) Patterson, "Employee Number One" in the service of the Powell River Company. A valued employee in the company Carpenter Shop, Geordie has seen and participated in every major and minor development in the history of the company. He arrived in Powell River when only a few hastily thrown up huts foretold the future expansion of the plant. He saw a wilderness of trees and stumps where banks, stores and public buildings carry on the business of a busy industrial centre. He saw every boat load of the original paper machinery; and helped place the first stick of timber in the foundations of the plant.

When George stepped ashore early in 1910 his reported first words

were, "Hae ye a fitba' team in this camp?" There was no "fitba'" team in those days, a state of affairs which revealed something of the savagery and barbarism of our early inhabitants.

During his long residence, George has been a community-minded citizen and sportsman. He was chief mentor of the local Caledonian Society for many years; was President of the Soccer Club—and took the lead in organizing Scottish picnics and Burns' suppers. For years he has been one of the foremost lawn bowlers in the district, and represented Powell River in many provincial competitions.

Four scions of the House of Patterson carry on the family prestige in Powell River—Bruce, aged 22; Andrew, 12; and two daughters, May and Irene—all born in Powell River.

Inter-Department Baseball League

(Continued from Page 6)

River—but we do expect that those playing should have at least a rough idea of how to hold a bat.

This year, through collections and other sources of income, the league has accumulated a decent surplus—and this despite their financing of several school teams and an eight-team Bush League. It is estimated that at least 150 employees were active players during the year. The league sponsored 16 teams, exclusive of three school clubs, which is not a bad record any way you look at it.

Joe E. Brown

Visits Powell River



Joe E. Brown, snapped in front of Henderson School, with Harold S. Foley (left), Major A. C. Sutton, Mrs. S. D. Brooks, S. D. Brooks and Major Austin Taylor.

AND the Big Cat said to the Little Wee Mousie"

With characteristic gestures, the famous ear-to-ear grin in the foreground—and a group of goggle-eyed, shrieking youngsters enveloped in the grin—the speaker, in his own priceless, inimitable delivery, went on to tell the further adventures of the Big Cat and the Little Mousie.

It was a red-letter day for the school children of Powell River.

Joe E. Brown was in town—and Joe E. Brown in person was talking to them and going through all the

actions, all the gestures, that have made his pictures a riot of healthy fun for the youngsters of this entire continent.

The visit of the famed Hollywood comedian is one that will long be remembered by the children of Powell River. Immediately on arrival, "Joe asked if he might visit the schools and say "hello to the kids." He spoke for half an hour to the senior students at Brooks School; he entertained the juniors for a hilarious half hour at Henderson School.

It was a real pleasure to have Joe E. Brown in our midst. He displayed

A Quiet Grin



Joe E. Brown, smile and all, snapped at Powell River during his visit last month. Joe made a great bit with the kids—and the whole town is "Brown conscious."

none of the reputed fictitious "temperament" of certain stars. He met everybody with a huge grin, argued with the office boys on the respective merits of the Giants and Yanks, and made himself, and everyone he met, right at home. He discussed American and Canadian football — and proudly showed press notices of his own son in the U.C.L.A. line-up.

His visit to the schools was a happy inspiration. There is not a school child in Powell River who isn't a Joe E. Brown fan. And that goes for the adults as well—who were fortunate enough to meet him.

The comedian and Mrs. Brown visited Powell River as guests of

Major and Mrs. Austin C. Taylor, of Vancouver, who have been hosts to the Browns during the past three weeks. At Powell River they were met by Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Brooks and Mr. Harold Foley, who accompanied the visitors on a tour of the plant and townsite. In the evening the visitors were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Brooks in Powell River. Leaving Powell River, the party spent several days cruising about the Gulf Islands in the yacht *Norsal*.

It was a pleasure to welcome Joe E. Brown to Powell River. We liked him.

Come again, Joe—there are still a few Giant supporters in town!

The Grand Opening

The latest sensation in the world of sport comes from the Vancouver office. Jack Graham, Harry Grant and all the other debutantes have formed a Five Pin Bowling League, to be composed of Marsh McLennan, Powell River Sales and Powell River Company staffs. Gals and boys mingle indiscriminately, and we understand Tip Garvin will act as anchor on one squad and Peggy Darby on the other. Roy Foote will follow Pegg, and Jack Graham will line up behind Tip. Harry Grant and Dave Johnston don't like the idea; they think the girls' place should be in the home—but neither will say which home. We have a picture of the big opening in our current issue, with a prominent dark horse heaving the first ball.

Around Our Business Centre



Section of central Powell River, showing, upper left, the Patricia Theatre, and, below, the Company Store on the left, and the Hotel Rodmay, right. This part of the business section is located within a stone's throw of the plant.

Per capita, it is probable that the purchasing power of Powell River and district is above that of the average area of 7,000 people. As a result, the business centre of Powell River is an up-to-date, modern concern—where purchases of every commodity, luxuries and necessities, must be made available.

The principal business area in the district is located in the Townsite of Powell River, where many of the larger business houses are established. In the suburbs of Westview, Cranberry and Wildwood the business centres grow more imposing each year; and are vying with Powell River in appearance and magnitude.

Several years ago, a greater proportion of the business of the district was sent to the big wholesale and retail

houses of Vancouver and other larger centres. Many commodities were not stocked: the tendency was to rely on staple products, and leave the specialty business to the larger centres, from which shipments were made individually.

Today, few, if any, of the demands of the average householder cannot be satisfied locally. The Powell River Company Department Stores carry an exclusive line of merchandise—groceries, hardware, drygoods and modern men's and women's clothing departments. The passing yacht or pleasure boat, cruising the gulf, can put in at this port without fear that his smallest requirement will not be met. Radios, electric stoves, automobiles, garage repairs, all are avail-

(Continued on Page 12)

Vancouver Office Opens Bowling League



Flash of the opening of the Vancouver office Five Pin League early this month, when James L. Lawson (fourth from right), secretary of the Powell River Company, threw the opening ball.

Fingers tightly clutching the deadly pellet—stark murder in every glaring line of hate-convulsed features—"Ten-Pin Tip" slowly, menacingly swings back a shapely right arm, brings it forward with a ferocious swoosh. The dynamite-laden pellet flies forward. The victims hesitate, totter and fall to the ground with a mighty crash.

Ten-Pin Tip dusts her hands, swings a nonchalant hip, pats her

scarcely disturbed locks, turns sideways, says:

"How'm I doing, boys?"

The boys were the elect from the offices of the Powell River Company, the Powell River Sales Company, Export Sales Company and Marsh & McLennan. The destroyer was Mary E. (Tip) Garvin, of the Powell River Company office staff. The crash was a whole alley-full of five pins ducking from Tip's uncanny screw ball.

The occasion was the official opening of the famous, newly organized Five Pin League, comprising the staffs of the four offices.

It was a grand night. James Lawson, Powell River Company director and legal adviser, tossed the first ball. Nothing much need be said about that opening heave. The boys and girls were very polite about it, though.

The new league embraces twenty players, selected about evenly from the men and women on the staffs. The four teams are named "Strikers," "Dinamiters," "Pinspillers," "Marmacs"—and the official opening took place on Tuesday, October 5, something after the manner described above.

According to gurgling Jack Graham, the League's official scribe, some startling upsets may be expected before the season is over. Fiery Roy Foote, key shot of the Marmacs—or maybe the Pinspillers—we dunno—is out gunning for Belle Pringle's scalp; and what an evening when Peggy Darby and Floyd Kurtz start glaring at each other across the alleys; and Jack Cochrane, Marsh & McLennan's apple-cheeked destroyer, versus Grace Cooper, the Calgary dynamiter. It looks like a winter of real sport—and in future issues we will probably have something to say about the big grudge battle between Tip Garvin and reckless, ruthless Alex Stewart.

Meanwhile, the Powell River office staff sniffs derisively "Five Pins!" Joe Small conceals a pitying smile—"Our

girls wouldn't even talk to those sissies. We throw a real ball in these parts, and if there was a fifteen-pin game, our girls would toss that, too."

Well, so long, kids—have a pleasant evening.

Around Our Business Centre

(Continued from Page 10)

able. A modern hotel ensures the traveller and salesman of safe and comfortable accommodation.

Banking facilities are available through the branches of two large Canadian chartered banks, the Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Commerce.

The Patricia Theatre, with seating accommodation for 500 patrons, is among the best-equipped and modern of provincial theatres. With performances changing three times weekly, it is a popular and indispensable part of our community life.

Practically every modern commodity is available along Second Street, Powell River's chief business thoroughfare. Jewelry stores, grocery stores, drug stores—they are all there—co-operating in service to the public.

Father: "Aren't you glad now that you prayed for a baby sister?"

Son (after viewing his twin baby sisters): "Yes; and aren't you glad I quit when I did?"

The professor rapped on his desk and shouted:

"Gentlemen—order." The entire class yelled: "Beer."

Bert Gets His Fish!



Bert Honea, "Fort Worth Star Telegram," goes "all out" in a big grin as he holds up two of the big salmon he caught in B. C. waters last month.

In our last issue we expressed some doubt on the fishing prowess of Bert Honea, of the *Fort Worth Star Telegram*. We refused to accept the second-hand rumors from our Vancouver office that Bert had "clicked" on his last trip to the Yucultas. Bert didn't see the *DIGESTER* until he returned to Texas—and had plenty to say when he did see it.

Stenographers shielded their ears, reporters ducked under desks, and office boys sprinted for the showers, as Bert, wild-eyed, dashed through the office waving a copy of the *DIGESTER* in one hand, and a picture of himself and a big B. C. salmon in the other.

Accompanied by Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Thompson, of Fort Worth, Bert, after leaving us last month, spent a

week in the Yucultas and neighboring waters, with the result pictured above. They found our B. C. salmon in an amiable mood—and the boys from Texas took advantage of their good nature. Several 20-pounders and one of gigantic proportions, which just slipped off the line at the last moment (darn it), were included in the Texan bag.

Basketballers Ready

Local hoop experts are looking ahead to a bumper season. Last year's Provincial Intermediate B champions are still intact and are going out for the Intermediate A title. The squad is one of the strongest group of youngsters ever developed locally, and may go the whole way in their new quest for laurels. Powell River may enter a team in the Senior B play-offs again, but this is still problematical.

The Series

At the time of going to press, the Big Series is just ready to start. By the time the issue arrives in the homes of many customers, it will all be over — so we won't pick the Giants. We don't think the Yanks will win four straight. We give the Giants two, and possibly three, wins. We figure the Yanks to beat Hubbell once and the Giants to beat Gomez once—and we stop right there—we shouldn't have started. But there you are, boys; enjoy yourselves.

Canada's wheat stands first in the British market.

Around the Plant



Joe E. Brown's visit steals the spotlight in the month's brevities. First show came from the wharf. Four local youngsters posed for their pictures with Joe. The picture was snapped, and Joe stepped aboard the *Norsal*. As he reached the boat, one of the youngsters nonchalantly yelled out:

"Well, so long, Joe!"

Just a couple of pals.

One young lady, aged 10, who had the privilege of a personal chat, was very indignant over the careless remarking of her mother *re* Joe's mouth.

"Mr. Brown is a nice man and his mouth isn't so big!" was the young admirer's retort to her mother.

* * *

Best snap of the tour. Joe E. Brown posing with Dudleigh Sleigh's baby in his arms, while Papa Sleigh looks on with a smile that closely rivalled Joe's.

* * *



Watson McKnight, our office junior and baseball encyclopaedia, and Joe E. Brown discussed the chances of the Yanks and the Giants in the forthcoming series. "Watsey" wasn't

much impressed with Joe's Giant tendencies.

"Swell guy," said Watz, "but he should stick to the screen."

* * *

Sandy Strachan, one of the Grinder Room photographic clan, says he will be out on the opening night at the Gym to take a few candid camera snaps of Doc Lyons and Myron McLeod playing handball. Sandy has promised us the negatives, and, despite the libel law, we intend to use them in the next issue.

* * *

The Business Men's Class of the Gym this year should be good. P. R. Lockie, Instructor, is walking around with a wicked leer—and casting surreptitious but significant glances at those slightly protruding waistbands of some of our prominent citizens.

"They may think they can run an office," Lockie glowered, "but when I get 'em they'll think they were running a washing machine."

Which reminds us of the well-known British physical training sergeant at Le Havre during the war:

"You Canadians may have lots of money and lots of land, but when you're with us, you blighters, you'll sweat blood."

"Little do Reg. Baker and Jock Kyles know, the poor laddies, that they've got one week left to enjoy themselves," was Lockie's final and rather mystifying remark.

Alf Hansen and Tom Carney, the Machine Room's choice for the Hunters' Hall of Fame, have been resting on their past record this season. The big boys can't seem to find the energy to climb the hills any more.

* * *

Bill Cramb started out with a gun, himself, and a big grin last week. Promised at least one deer and a couple of goats. Haven't seen the deer, and the goats must be tied up in the Beater Room—well out of sight.

* * *

The H.M.C.S. *Skeena*, pride of the Canadian flotilla, will be in town from October 12th to 15th. The *Skeena's* crew and officers have many friends in the district, and the boys are looking forward to renewing old friendships. Part of the entertainment will be a dance, tentatively set for October 13th, in Dwight Hall. The dance will be under the auspices of the local ex-Service Men's Association, and all ratings and officers will be guests of the Association for the evening.

Ruggers Going Strong

The English Ruggers open their season next week, and Chief Bert Marion and Secretary Frank O'Neil state the old game has now passed the infancy stage. The boys are going in for serious work—and anticipate entering the intermediate play-offs this

season. Three teams will listen to the referee's whistle during the season.

Three teams mean more in Powell River than in most centres. It means, first of all, keeping an average roster of at least twenty-five men to a team—to allow for shift work, in addition to holidays, injuries, casual lay-offs, etc. It further means that nearly 100 Powell River boys are engaging in Rugby alone during the winter. And this, in addition to the High School teams who may form a junior loop during the season.

Several well-known track athletes are out this year with the Ruggers. Martin Naylor, ace sprinter, and Bob Redhead will be on the three-quarter line again. Doug. Disney, Bert Marion and others will be in the scrum. Latest acquisition to be flirting with the English code is Gino Bortolussi, junior sprinter—and Powell River's best bet on the track for next year.

Frank and "Dint" Hunter will alternate between soccer and rugby; and several soccer stars are said to be taking up the pigskin pastime in earnest.

There is a rumor that Vice-President R. Bell-Irving and Resident Manager D. A. Evans, both old rugbyites, will be out on the three-quarter line for one of the teams.

Bert Marion, when asked for confirmation, smiled his evasive smile and said, "Wait and see, boys." See what you can do about it, Bert. Harry Carruthers and Theo. Caron state they'll both turn out, if they can sign these boys up.

Night School Classes

The local Night School Classes got under way on Friday, October 4th, and attendance this year in several branches bids fair to create a record. About 40 students are enrolled in the Shorthand and Typewriting classes, and Instructor Ken Smith is having a busy time keeping the boys and girls in order. A large number of employees are taking the technical courses and advanced studies in their particular work. A good sized contingent from the Steam Plant is attending the engineering course under Instructor Jimmie Hunter.

Courses in many subjects are offered, and each division is under the supervision of capable and practical instructors. It is a fine opportunity for local employees and for others wishing to continue public and high school training, to improve their education.

The instructors have the unique advantage of knowing the exact re-

quirements of local conditions. They are practical men themselves, and are able to eliminate a great deal of general and non-essential features in favor of the practical application of the work to local needs.

Courses offered are as follows:

Business Class—Mr. K. Smith, Main Office.

Steam Engineering—Mr. J. Hunter, Steam Plant.

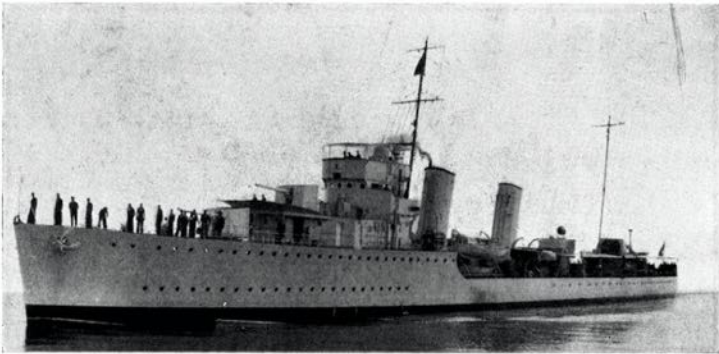
Manual Training (hobbies, etc.)—H. Gwyther, P. R. High School.

Applied Mechanics — Ross Black, P. R. Company Mechanical Department.

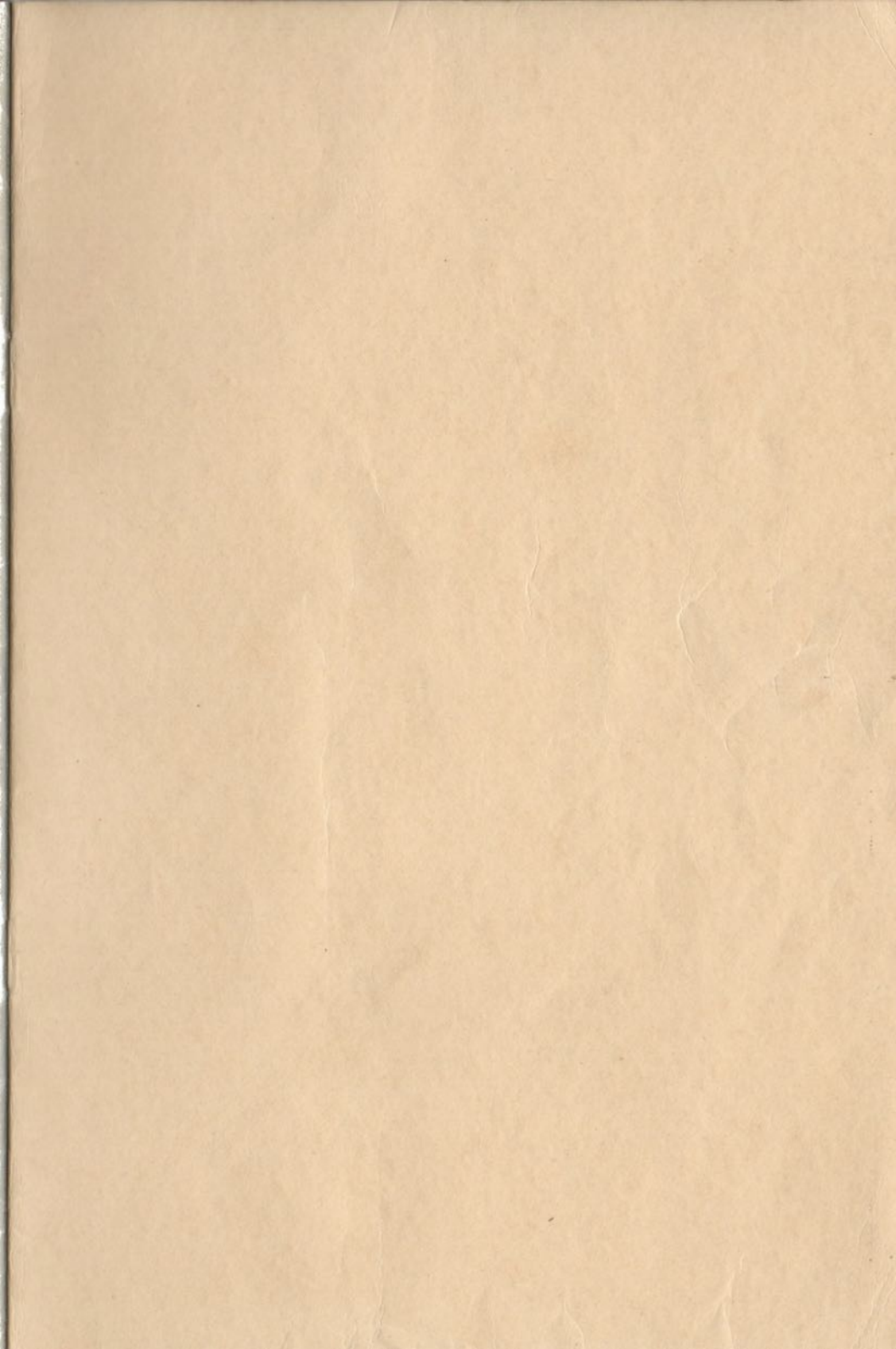
Mechanical Drawing—Mr. B. Thorsteinsson, P. R. Junior High School.

High School Subjects (Mathematics, Chemistry)—Mr. T. Nuttal, P. R. High School.

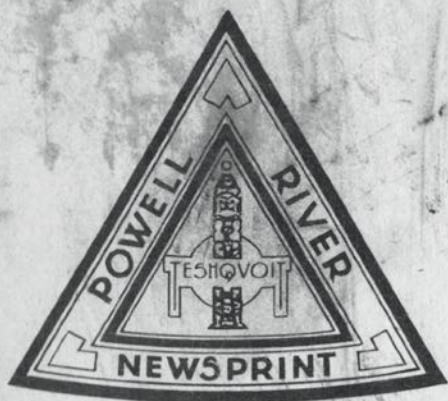
Public School Continuation Class —Mr. W. P. Beale, Principal Henderson School.



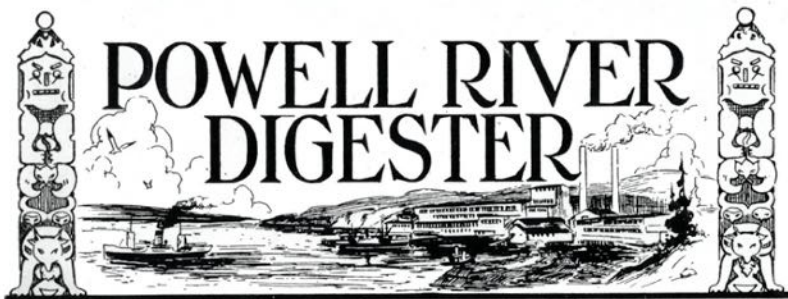
The trim 34-knot Canadian destroyer "Skeena" is scheduled to pay a visit to Powell River, October 12-15. Above shows the "Skeena" nosing into her berth alongside the company dock.



POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Entering Mons



A Canadian Scottish regiment of the Third Canadian Division entering the city of Mons on Armistice Day. Piper Bill Whyte, of the storage crew, led the pipers of the 43rd Canadians into Mons on that historic day. Bill was pipe-major of his battalion. There are scores of Powell River employees who can still recall the historic reception accorded the Canadians by the liberated citizens of Mons on that first Armistice Day.

Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

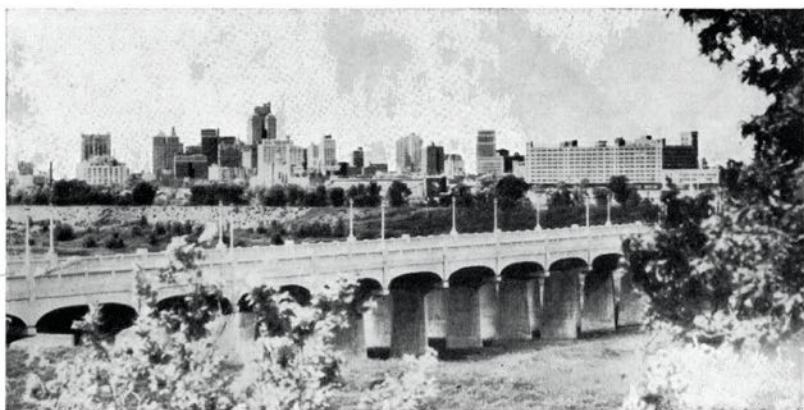
II. Dallas, One of Leading Texan Business Centres



*Looking east
along Main
Street, Dallas,
in the heart of
the business and
financial district.*

LONG before Hollywood began grinding out its celluloid version of Texas in countless "Westerns," the wood pulp industry had been party to an amiable conspiracy for years, the dime novel, popular magazine idea of the Lone Star State. By now Texans love it—the whole ranger-cowboy-ten-gallon hat fiction. But sometimes it is pretty tough on those expected to live up to the part, because most of the 6,000,000 inhabitants have never seen a Longhorn steer, a prairie dog, a coyote, or even a tumbleweed, much less sat in the saddle of a cow-pony.

The real Texas is a much more complicated country. Physically, it is large, as American states go—it is, in fact, the largest—but that is important only because it explains the almost infinite variety of its scenery and natural resources. There are millions of acres of plains and gently rolling prairies, of

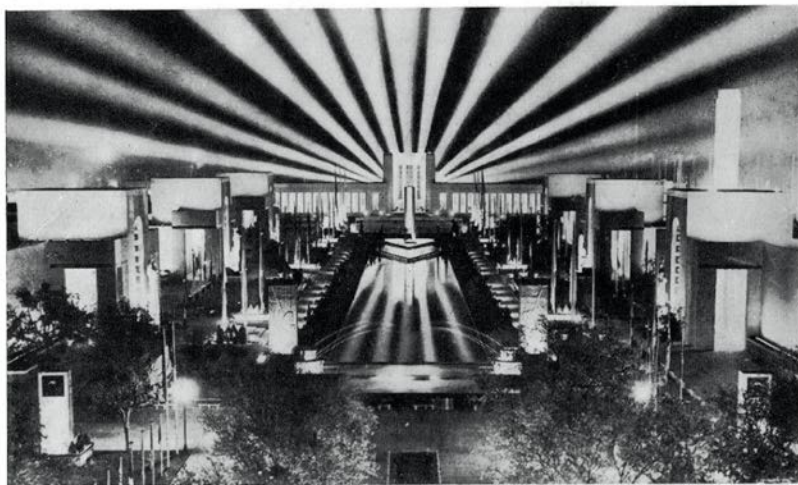


Dallas skyline from Corinth Viaduct across levees of Trinity River—\$20,000,000 flood control and land reclamation project in heart of city.

course. But there are also some fifteen hundred miles of coastline, great forests of pine and hardwood with their century-old lumber industry, a hill country the size of Maine and Vermont given over to the production of wool and mohair, and a continuous section with deep, spectacular canyons and peaks towering seven, eight and nine thousand feet. Underlying almost all the sections of the State are great pools of oil and pockets of natural gas, while the untouched iron ore and veins of low-grade coal are large enough to meet the needs of the Japanese empire. But it is farming, led by cotton growing, that furnishes a livelihood for the greatest number of Texans. Oil ranks second, with livestock forced to take third place in the economy of the State.

The cities of Texas are understandable only in the light of this diversity of land and economic interests. No one metropolitan area overshadows the State, and the five or six larger centres are fairly well matched in size and resources. None has yet reached a population of half a million, although each is well over the 100,000 mark. For half a century Dallas, San Antonio and Houston have jockeyed for first place at each decennial Federal census-taking. Each at one time or another has led the pack. Houston forged into first place in 1930, but Dallas, with its more than 300,000 citizens at this time, is running her a close second.

Less than a century old, Dallas has grown from a single log-cabin trading post established on the north-central prairies in 1841 during the days of the Republic of Texas. On annexation to the United States in 1845 the name of the frontier hamlet was adopted as a tribute to George Mifflin Dallas, Vice-President of the United States at that time, later ambassador to Great Britain. Growth was slow until the 1870's, when railroads reached North Texas from



Night scene in Fair Park, Dallas. Esplanade of State created as focal point of \$25,000,000 Texas Centennial Exposition, held in Fair Park in 1936, and the Greater Texas and Pan-American Exposition of 1937. Building in rear is the \$1,200,000 Hall of State, permanent shrine to Texan heroes erected by the State of Texas.

the port of Galveston, on the south, and from Shreveport, La., the gateway on the east.

With cheaper rail transportation supplanting the costly ox team freighting, the cotton growing possibilities of the black, waxy prairies began to be developed. Population poured into the Dallas area, the pioneer cattle raisers pushed westward toward cheaper grazing lands, the first farmers largely abandoned wheat growing for the more remunerative fleecy staple, and Dallas began its march toward the present position of the largest inland cotton market. One of the greatest impetuses in the development of modern Dallas was the establishment of *The Dallas Morning News* on October 1, 1885, by the same company which forty-three years earlier had founded *The News*, Galveston, while Texas was an independent Republic. Thus Dallas today is the home of the oldest business institution in Texas, the publishing concern which now also includes *The Dallas (Evening) Journal*, *The Semi-Weekly Farm News* and the *Texas Almanac and State Industrial Guide*, as well as radio station WFAA.

The visitor to Dallas today finds a compact, urban community dominated by an impressive skyline which is visible for miles away on the modern concrete highways leading across the prairies. Radiating out from this central business district are various sections and former suburbs, most of which are incorporated in present city limits. Two of the newer parts retain, however, their separate city governments—Highland Park, an exclusive residential city



*Dallas Hall, administrative central building on campus of
Southern Methodist University.*

noted for its fine homes and well-planned parks and parkways, and University Park, a similar home area in which is to be found Southern Methodist University. West of the business district and across the Trinity River lies Oak Cliff, formerly a separate city, but now a part of Dallas proper. At a cost of \$20,000,000 the river in recent years has been harnessed between levees to eliminate costly flood damage, to reclaim valuable industrial property in the heart of the city and to make possible five concrete vehicular viaducts and one street car and interurban causeway to provide transit facilities for the 100,000 people who live west of the river.

The great majority of Dallas citizens gain their living in the pursuits of business rather than industry. The city is the fourth largest wholesale dry goods market in the United States, and its total jobbing business exceeds a billion dollars a year. The city also enjoys a remarkable retail trade, with outstanding department stores and mail order houses doing business over a territory of Texas numbering several million inhabitants. Dallas' influence is most far-flung in the field of finance. It is the home of the Eleventh District Federal Reserve Bank, and two of its commercial banks are the largest in the Southwest. The city is also one of the more important insurance centres of the United States.

Because of the mild winter climate making for year 'round sports, the Dallas park system is a national leader in recreational facilities. Dallas is also the amusement centre for a vast territory, with more than 40 theatres and a group of public collections that include an art museum, natural history museum, natural resources museum, Texan history museum, a zoo, an athletic stadium seating 46,000, and various outdoor and indoor centres for the presentation of opera, spectacles, symphony orchestras and other mass attractions. The city has a specially fine educational system, including public and parochial schools. (All religious denominations are represented, many with unusually fine church structures.) Dallas has the largest native white population of any county in Texas. Approximately 40,000 of the population are members of the Negro race, who live largely in their own neighborhoods, with their own business, civic and social life. The Mexican population numbers less than 5,000.

In 1936 Dallas was selected as the site for the central exposition, celebrating the Centennial of Texan independence. A \$25,000,000 exposition was held, and in 1937 this was continued as the Greater Texas and Pan American Exposition. Most of the display halls are permanent buildings and continue as additional assets to the State Fair of Texas, largest of its kind in the United States, and operated each fall since 1886.

Powell River Personalities

Over twenty-five years of uninterrupted service. A quarter of a century, actively interested in every phase of community endeavor. Sportsman and citizen. Tersely, this



Bill Loukes

sums up Bill Loukes, another of Powell River's old-timers, in charge of the townsite plumbing department.

Bill came to Powell River as a vigorous lad in his early twenties. The early twenties have disappeared; the vigor and lusty interest in community life remains. In early days, Bill was listed among the ace soccerites of the district; tales are still told on winter evenings of famous battles of the Wonder Teams of 1912-1914, with Bill Loukes, Arthur Dunn, Joe Falconer and others cutting each other's shins to ribbons.

Of late years, Bill has confined his athletic activities to the bowling green. A skip in his own right, he is among the local top-notchers, and has competed several times in provincial competitions. In community life, Bill has always been to the fore. In the early days, he was one of the mainstays in July 1st and Labor Day celebrations. Today he is still in action—and if he isn't at the bowling green, he's out organizing a fraternal banquet or attending a meeting. Cer-

tainly, Mrs. Loukes has long since given up the idea of seeing him around the house in the summer months.

Today, Bill is chief of the Townsite Plumbing Department—a phase of human endeavor that requires probably more tact, discretion and diplomacy than any single department in the district. He smiles his way through winter thaws, wiggles diplomatically around frozen pipes—and in general, gets through his "trouble shooting" with a whole skin—a feat for any plumber.

We have a real pleasure in adding Bill to the select list of "Twenty-five Year Men"—and congratulating him on his quarter century of uninterrupted service.

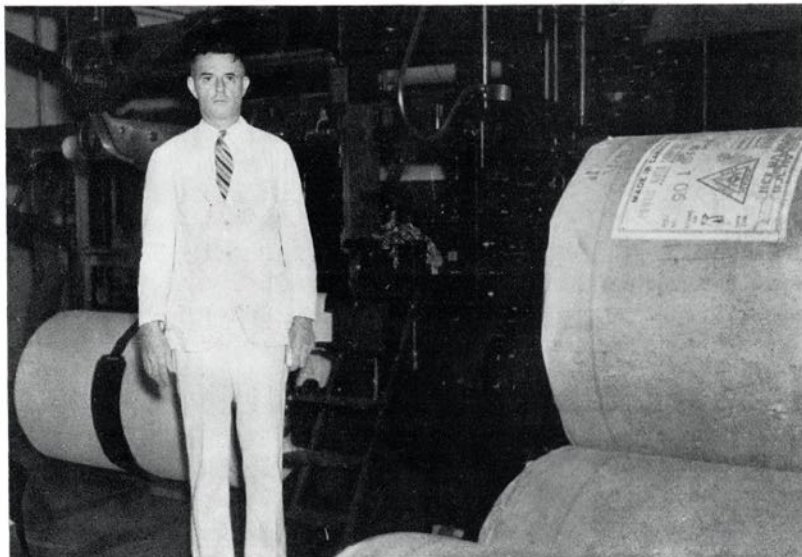
The young lovers were trying to find some quiet, secluded spot for a long embrace. But everywhere they went, there were people, people, people. And the girl was shy.

Suddenly the man had a bright idea.

Triumphantly he led her to the railway station, and, standing beside the door of a railway carriage as though seeing her off, kissed her fondly. After the couple had repeated the experiment at four or five different platforms, a sympathetic porter strolled up and whispered to the young man:

"Take her rahnd to the bus stop, mate. They goes ev'ry three minutes from there."

Our Newsprint in Manila

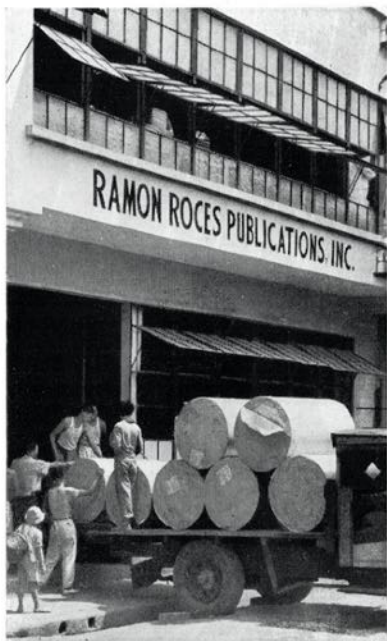


Inside the pressroom of one of Ramon Roces plants in Manila, showing rolls of Powell River newsprint.

ILSEWHERE in this issue, we tell something of the travels of Powell River newsprint on its journey southward to the State of Texas. On this page we show our newsprint at the end of a long eastward journey—a trip which has carried it across the broad expanse of the Pacific into one of the seven buildings that house the extensive equipment of the Ramon Roces Publications in Manila.

The Ramon Roces Publications is known throughout the Eastern journalistic field. Its publications cover the entire Philippines, and are perused each week by half a million readers. Its writers cover the demand for

every type of weekly magazine in the Islands. *The Liwayway*, an illustrated weekly, devoted exclusively to Tagalog writings, has a circulation of some 80,000 copies; *The Graphic*, now printed in English alone, is the foremost illustrated periodical in the Islands. The reputation of *The Graphic* is established in the East, and it is recognized as one of the ranking weeklies by this continent. *The Agricultural and Industrial* is another of the specialized periodicals covering the extensive livestock and farming interests of the Philippines. *The Bisaya* and *Hiwago*, the former for Vasayon readers and the latter printed in Tagalog, are other prom-



Warehouse of Ramon Roces Publications in Manila, to which regular shipments of Powell River newsprint are made.

inent weeklies printed by the enterprising Ramon Roces Publications. *The Hiwago* is the *True Story* magazine of the Philippines, and enjoys a wide circulation.

In barest outline this is a brief picture of the Ramon Roces publications. These periodicals cater to the varied interests of residents in all parts of the islands; they are printed in different tongues, and are a definite influence in the social and political life of the Philippines. Today the interests of this large Manila publishing corporation are housed in seven buildings. It has two rotary presses, a rotogravure press, six flat presses and

a few Minerva presses. Employees number over three hundred, from reporters to pressmen — and under a vigorous, enterprising and forward-looking management, this corporation is a steadily growing concern.

J. MacIndo Visits Bend

Mr. J. MacIndo, of the Insurance Department, has just returned from a week's visit to the Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company's big plant at Bend, Oregon. Both Jim and Mrs. MacIndo have a lot to say of the hospitality of Bend employees and officials, who looked after their Canadian visitors in the famed Bend manner. Jim, in turn, has a bunch of complimentary things to say of the organization and progressive methods of the Bend officials.

Our insurance expert dropped in at the office yesterday with a flock of new stories. We stopped him right there. He had been talking to Paul Hosmer, editor of the *Brooks-Scanlon Echoes*, and we recognized the Paulian flavor in the first couple of lines. At that, we gamble Paul heard a few for his private notebook. Jim brought back the best wishes of Louis Webber and Mr. J. W. Williams to their many old friends in Powell River. Mr. Williams was mill manager in Powell River in the early 20's, and will be recalled by all the old-timers.

"I suppose your husband is the type that stands out in crowds!"

"Yes, he never misses a fire or a parade."



Interesting photograph of three Crimean War medals, in the possession of Bill Roberts, Powell River Company yard crew employee. On the right is a Victoria Cross, of October 25, 1854. In the centre is the Crimean Medal, and, on the left, the Turkish medal. The photograph was made from the original medals two weeks ago.

Crimean Victoria Cross in Possession of Local Employee

Historic Cross Won in Charge of Light Brigade at Balaclava

OCTOBER 25, 1854, six hundred horsemen, lancers, hussars and dragoons, grim, tight-lipped, checking with steady hands, impatient, headstrong horses. In the distance the heights of Balaclava. In front, the long valley, the waiting Russians—

Lord Cardigan drew his sword—pointed to the heights—"The Light Brigade will advance — forward — trot—"

"And Into the Valley of Death Rode the Six Hundred."

It seems a far cry from the story of that historic charge to the daily, comparatively uneventful life of modern days—from the heights of Balaclava to the seaport of Powell River. Yet within a few square miles of Powell River is a definite link with that famous death ride.

Last week, Bill Roberts, of the Powell River Company yard crew, and well-known local baseball star, showed us a group of medals. They had been in his possession for several years, and had been handed down by

his father, grandfather and great-grandfather.

The medals were Crimean medals. One of them was the most prized award that any military or naval man, from the lowest to the highest rank, may obtain for bravery in the field.

In the group was a Victoria Cross, dated October 25, 1854, and presented to Sergeant Malone of His Majesty's Thirteenth Light Dragoons. We were looking on one of the first Victoria Crosses ever issued — a Crimean Cross of 1854 — and even more dramatic — a Victoria Cross won during the famous charge of the Light Brigade.

Sergeant Malone, of the Thirteenth Light Dragoons, was great-grandfather to Bill and Sam Roberts, local employees, and the cross won on that historic day is in Bill's possession today. It is exceedingly doubtful if another Crimean Cross may be found today in Canada or the United States. It is doubtful if a dozen could be located in the entire world. We have, as yet, no definite data on the first Victoria Cross; but we may very safely assume that the award to Sergeant Malone at Balaclava, in the first years of the Crimean War, was among the first half-dozen ever issued.

There were 62 crosses issued "For Valour" during the Crimea. From the Crimea to 1914 there were approximately 500 crosses awarded. During the World War, with six million Empire soldiers under arms, a total of 638 Crosses were awarded. A select and exclusive company are the wearers of the V. C. Only in

the neighborhood of 1,200 men have gained this coveted honor since the order was officially gazetted by Queen Victoria in 1856.

Two Victoria Crosses repose in Powell River today; the historic Crimean Cross, won by Bill Roberts' great-grandfather, Sergeant Malone—the other awarded to Major John MacGregor, of the millwright staff—for the action in front of Cambrai on September 28, 1918.

Visitors

On October 27th Mr. T. Harwood Young, business manager of the *Hollywood Citizen News*, with his son Thane, spent two days in Powell River. Mr. Young spent Thursday inspecting the plant of the Lois River project. On Friday the party tried their hand at fishing—and son Thane annexed chief honors over his father, Vice-President R. Bell-Irving and John McIntyre, all of whom were out to win the grand sweep.

It was Mr. Young's first trip to Powell River, and, believe it or not, he liked our rain.

An interesting and welcome visitor during the month was Mr. Paul Jeffers, of Brooks-Scanlon Corporation, Foley, Florida. Mr. Jeffers spent several days looking over woods operations with Archie DeLand and John McLeod; and several days visiting the plant and the surrounding areas.

Great Britain buys more apples from Canada than from any other country.

Coronation Medal for Chief



Presentation of the King's Coronation medal to Chief Tom, of the Sliamon Indian tribe, near Powell River. Mr. Fred Ball, Indian Agent, is shown on the left. Dr. O. O. Lyons stands on the Chief's right, and Mrs. Nicholson on his left.

A pleasing presentation took place in the little Indian village of Sliamon last month when Chief Tom, aged chief of the Sliamon tribe, was presented with the George VI Coronation medal. The presentation was made in the presence of Mr. Fred Ball, Indian Agent; Mrs. Nicholson, and Dr. O. O. Lyons, of Powell River.

Chief Tom, through an interpreter, expressed his deep appreciation of the gift of the King, and affirmed the loyalty and allegiance of the tribe to the Crown. Practically all the Sliamon tribe witnessed the presentation, which was also attended by representatives of other Indian tribes

along the coast. The Chief is a well-known and popular figure in the district.

Excuse It, Please

She (in ballroom)—I'm sorry, Mr. Blimp, but I'll have to decline dancing with you this time on account of my toes.

He—Why your toes are all right, aren't they?

She—That's it. And I want to keep them that way, too!

* * *

"I was kicked out of Vassar."

"But Vassar is a girls' school."

"Sure. That's why I was kicked out."

Alt Anderson Will Try for Empire Games

P. R. Lockie is arranging an interesting boxing and wrestling card for Powell River fans on November 24 in the gymnasium. With the British Empire games trials to be held in Vancouver on December 10, Lockie is lining up several promising local lads for the big list.

He is bringing a group of Vancouver's best boxers and wrestlers to compete against local lads — and all proceeds will be used to help out local prospects for the big trials on December 10. The card will feature three boxing and three wrestling bouts. Alton Anderson, ace of local mat men, will be in action, and five other outstanding Powell River lads will await the gong to show their class. Reserved seats will be on sale. Fans will see local lads featuring the bill, and know that their support will go to help local sport.

Grass Hockey

We hear that grass hockey is likely to be included on the girls' athletic agenda at the High School this year. We hope the report is true. Grass hockey has long been a standard sport in the Vancouver High Schools, and competition is of the keenest variety.

There are in Powell River a considerable number of former players among the ladies of the district, and we hope they will take an interest in the new game. Some are still able to do some coaching, and the game is one that should be encouraged. Basketball is practically the only girls' sport available during the winter, and the addition of grass hockey would do a lot to encourage interest in athletics among our younger girls.

Math. Prof.—Now, if I subtract 25 from 37, what's the difference?

Little Willie—Yeah! That's what I say. Who cares?

of the Old Time Dances? * * * |||
 ??? & & & X X X ||!!!!

Pete MacKenzie, Machine Room:
 "My opinion of the Old Time Dances?
 Give me a good old-fashioned rugby
 scrum every time."

S. B. Macfarlane, Townsite Super-
intendent: "There is grace in both—
 but I can't find a guy to say grace."

Bud Hogue, Machine Room:
 "Haven't had much experience of the
 Old Time dance. I'm only a half-
 back."

Ed. Davis, of the Davis Taylors
Emporium: "If your clothes are not
 becoming to you—try the Old Time
 Dances, they'll take out the wrinkles."

Mr. D. A. Evans, Resident Man-
ager: "The Old Time Dances have a
 charm and piquancy all their own
 (nearly 'piqued' me off my feet, that
 last quadrille). The modern dance
 has an elusive grace (it's eluded me,
 by heck) all its own. Better ask Mrs.
 Evans, boys."

and no interruptions, verbal or physi-
 cal, will be tolerated.

* * *

That Hughie McLean will not at-
 tend—but, if he does, he won't have
 anything to do with the famous Back-
 stairs Quartet.

* * *

That Dud Sleigh will not play
 "Asleep in the Deep"—or lead the
 "Over the Table Boys" parade at
 11.08 p.m.

* * *

That Charlie Garrett and Harvey
 Coomber both recommend strongly
 that an ample supply of paper plates
 be on hand. "The cultural advan-
 tages of these plates should not be
 overlooked," the boys declared.

* * *

And there is the story that Dick
 Woodruff and Mr. Robbins, of the
 Time Office, will do their special
 Apache dance. We scarcely hoped
 for this—and are crossing our fingers
 until the 20th.

That Vice-President Robin Bell-Irving will not tell how Capt. Spinks of the Glesca y Militia gained his medals.

* * *

That H. Donkersley and Sandy Herkes will do a combined jazz song and risque dance act. Hold your seats on this one, boys.

YOU CAN'T OUTWIT THE POLICE

It was a wise freshman, and when forced to apply at the Wiltshire police station for lodging, he gave his name as Smith.

"Give us your real name," ordered the sergeant.

"Well," said the frosh, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," said Sarge, "you can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."

* * *

Pat (to Irish foreman): "Can you give me a job, mate?"

Foreman: "I've got a man here today that ain't come, an' if he don't turn up tomorrow, Oi'll send him away an' take you on."

* * *

Patient: "Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?"

Doctor: "Oh, you're bound to get well. You can't help yourself. The medical record shows that out of one hundred cases like yours, one per cent invariably recovers. I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try. There's no humbug in statistics."

First Aid Awards

Fifty-three students were presented with certificates, vouchers, medallions or labels at the annual banquet held by the Powell River Branch of the St. John Ambulance Association on Thursday, October 28, in the Hotel Rodmay. President Stan Jemson issues the following list of successful students:

CERTIFICATES (FIRST YEAR)

D. W. Carter, F. W. Davies, R. F. Foote, J. M. Hughes, F. Gibson, P. B. Jack, J. A. Martin, A. Lidberg, W. Miles, B. M. McIntyre, C. H. Phillips, W. A. Ritchie, G. W. Smith.

VOUCHERS (SECOND YEAR)

W. E. Barry, A. Ellerby, D. Gold, F. Goulding, A. M. Gordon, H. K. Johnson, W. A. Moore, S. O. Marshall, Fred Muir, Geo. Orskog, L. C. Roberts, J. L. Robson, G. Rennison, C. Wright.

MEDALLIONS (THIRD YEAR)

G. L. Black, S. Dice, D. Evans, J. W. Gellatly, B. Mitten, J. Macindoe, J. McLaren, J. H. Kelly, D. Pire, K. G. Slade, S. J. Slade, H. R. Slade, J. C. Sweeny, E. Stonier, S. Rees, Wm. Rees, D. Wallace.

LABELS (FOURTH YEAR)

D. M. Goudie, Geo. Higgins, Stan Jemson, W. N. F. Miller, John McLaren, Hugo McRae, John H. Phillips, James Rankin, Thos. Wyborn.

"Will you vote to abolish capital punishment?"

"No! Capital punishment was good enough for my father and it's good enough for me."

Armistice Day

With Armistice week again occupying the spotlight of public interest, we reproduce on this page a picture of the Canadian troops entering Mons on Armistice Day, 1918. Scores of men in Powell River participated in the last attack of the Canadian Corps—and the memories of this and similar exploits are revived as Armistice Day rolls around.

Charlie McLean, wharf employee, was with the famous Princess Pats as they entered the city. He went to France with the original Pats in 1914—and is among the few local veterans who saw the Canadians fire their first and last shot on the Western Front.

Other employees can tell tales of Armistice Day in many lands. One local winderman carried the Canadian flag from the Beaver Hut to Buckingham Palace in the great march in London on Armistice Day. Others

were in Salonica, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, or in the misty wastes of the North Sea.

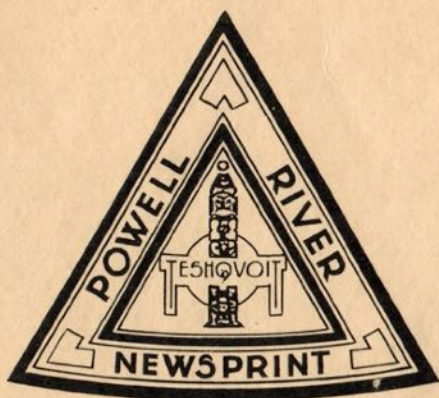
To all ex-service men Armistice Day is a day of memories, and the impressive Memorial Service on Sunday, November 7, was a tribute of local ex-service men to those memories of their many comrades left behind on the battlefronts of the Empire.

Among employees who left Powell River with the first overseas contingent from this area are: Joe Falconer, company official; Jimmy Clapp, in the office; Ed. Peacock, construction foreman; Jack Banham, electrician. These were all members of the original 29th Battalion, who left for overseas early in 1915. The ex-service men of Powell River today have representatives in their ranks of practically every unit in the British and Canadian forces.

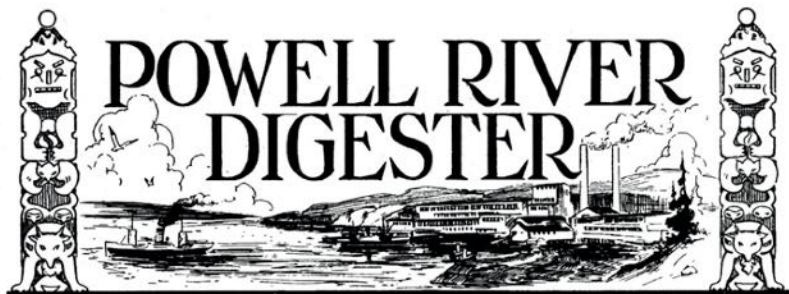


Canadians in Mons on Armistice Day. Brigadier - General J. Clark, of Vancouver, is seen on horseback.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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VOL. 13

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Easy Hunting




In Powell River's early days the boys didn't go far to get their "deer." The does and bucks wandered about on the fringes of the townsite as the one shown above is doing. This picture was taken about on the spot where the Patricia Theatre now stands.

Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

III. El Paso, City of Sunshine



A view of the El Paso skyline, with mountains in Mexico in the background.

 UNSHINE 330 days of every year! Only nine inches of rainfall, and very seldom snow, and that stays on the ground for only a few hours.

That is the winter record of El Paso, gateway to the Southwest and Old Mexico, and the most westerly city in Texas. But the summers are delightful, too. With an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet and a lack of humidity, the temperature, when the scale hits around the even hundred mark, is probably less hard on the constitution than in damper places.

HISTORICAL ROMANCE

El Paso, situated as it is on the Rio Grande, which separates the United States from Mexico, has a background of romance and history found in few other places in the world. Its history dates back more than 400 years, when the Spanish conquistadores first discovered Paso del Rio del Norte, meaning, literally, the pass by the river to the north. Thus El Paso got its name.



The El Paso Tipica orchestra, keeping the romance of the Mexican border alive with their Mexican music.

PASS TO THE NORTH

Then, as civilization came, it was found that El Paso not only was the pass to the north, but, likewise, was the lowest snow-free pass through the Rockies every day of the year, and a great transcontinental highway and transcontinental rail lines were built across the southern portion of the United States and through El Paso.

INDUSTRY AND ROMANCE

The principal industries in the vicinity of El Paso are mining, ranching and farming. Naturally the abundant amount of sunshine brings many health-seekers to the city.

As the Gateway to Mexico, considerable Mexican commerce also passes through the official port of entry. El Paso, likewise, is the home of Ft. Bliss, largest cavalry post in the United States.

Geographically, El Paso is situated west of Denver, south of San Diego and farther north than New Orleans.

Agriculturally, it is in the heart of the upper Rio Grande valley, with thousands of acres under irrigation from the Elephant Butte dam in New Mexico. El Paso farmers never have a drought.

Large packing plants butcher cattle from the Southwest and New Mexico.



A downtown El Paso street scene.

The largest customs smelter in the world refines the ore from mines in New and Old Mexico and Arizona.

Tourists by the thousands visit El Paso in the summer, as the headquarters for Carlsbad Caverns, most spectacular of underground wonders.

Other thousands of sunshine-seekers spend the winter months in El Paso to escape the cold of the north.

CARNIVALS AND RODEOS

Major events of El Paso each year are the Southwestern Sun Carnival on New Year's Day; the Southwestern Kids' Rodeo in September, and the Fall Harvest Festival in October.

The Kids' Rodeo is a newspaper-sponsored project, where hundreds of boys and girls from the southwest compete each year to prove their riding and roping skill. The rodeo is sponsored by the El Paso *Herald-Post*. Both the *Herald-Post* and the *Times* are printed by the Newspaper Printing Corporation, of which Dorrance D. Roderick is president. R. W. Coleman is vice-president. The *Times'* editor is H. S. Hunter, and E. M. Pooley is editor of the *Herald-Post*.

In all directions from El Paso lies a vast sweep of mysterious desert, ribbed by many mountains. Within a short drive of El Paso one finds many things of enchanting beauty, old missions filled with romance and history of the southwest, and many other scenic wonders.

Powell River Personalities

Looking as fit as ever, he hasn't changed for the last twenty-five years, we show George Clapp, snapped last month in his Westview garden.

Superannuated last year after twenty-six years of continuous service, George has kept himself active and in fighting trim. He maintains the same interest in his beloved First Aid classes; has the same old fire; and can still tell a lot of these young fellows a few things, by crikey!

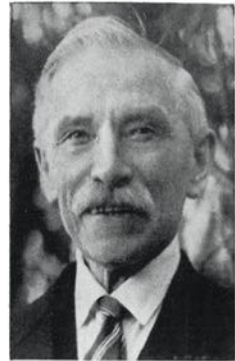
Recently George was made an Honorary Serving Brother in the St. John Ambulance Association, a recognition conferred only on a few, and awarded only to those whose services in First Aid have been outstanding.

Christened "A. W." Clapp, nobody has called him anything but George since he landed at Powell River in July, 1910. He started First Aid classes in the district, was chief of Powell River's first volunteer fire department, and for several years acted as chairman of the Workman's Safety Committee.

George is another of Powell River's pioneers who have watched its modern transformation from a wilderness of forests and stumps. He saw the foundations laid of every building in the fifty-five acres comprising the property of the Powell River Company. He believes that Powell River is a better place to live in than his home town, Birkenhead, England. He is the district's biggest booster.

In his youthful days George served

in the Royal Navy. He was a champion oarsman in the Mediterranean Fleet in the eighties, when His late Majesty, George V, was a midshipman. One of George's treasured possessions is a personal letter received from the late king when he was Prince of Wales. One of his favorite stories is about the day the Mediter-

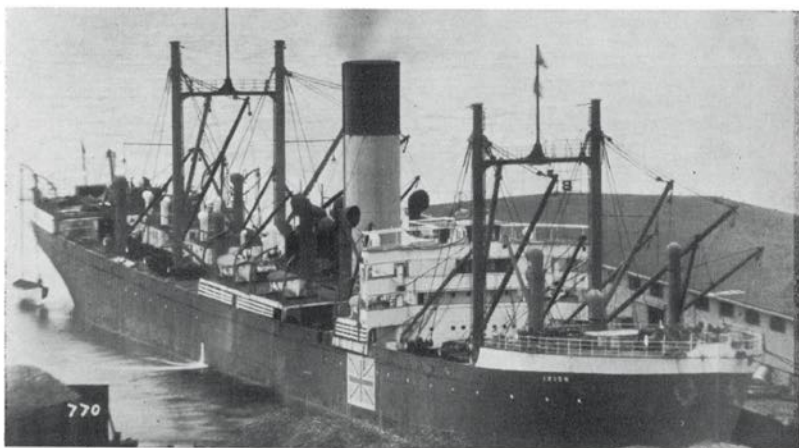


*George Clapp,
father of First
Aid in Powell
River.*

ranean Fleet was on manoeuvres. The launch containing George V (then a midshipman) endeavored "to sneak up" on the Superb, George's ship. The crew lined the deck with eggs and tomatoes for ammunition, and in George's own words, "Blimey, did we let 'em have it!"

And George still "let's 'em have it" when some of his youngsters at the First Aid classes try to "sneak up" on him.

"I haven't lived in Powell River for twenty-six years for nothing," he grins, "these kids can't fool the old man."



S.S. "Ixion," Blue Funnel Line freighter, at Powell River docks last month. Note the Union Jack on her side.

S.S. "Ixion" Arrives From Eastern War Zone

TWO Union Jacks painted vividly on her sides, the big Blue Funnel freighter *Ixion* steamed into her berth alongside the Powell River dock one day last month. Recalling to older folks all too vivid memories of war-time camouflage, the sight of the British ensign on the *Ixion* brought closer home the knowledge that across the Pacific two great powers were engaged in a full-fledged war.

Soon after hostilities broke out in China, and more particularly after the wounding of the British ambassador on the Shanghai-Nanking road, all ships under British registry trading in the Orient hastened to proclaim their nationality by placing the Union Jack in a conspicuous place. The

Ixion was the first vessel to reach Powell River from the eastern war zone carrying this identification, and was an object of considerable interest to local citizens.

The two Jacks are plainly visible to any approaching vessel, and a third, painted on the upper works, is intended as identification to warring aeroplanes. *Ixion* officers stated no unusual incident had befallen their ship in her passage through the war zone. They painted a harrowing picture of conditions in the Orient as a result of the Sino-Japanese clash.

The rich must be good drivers. The chap who hits you never has enough to justify a lawsuit.

Powell River Company Elects G. F. Laing



Formerly manager of the main Vancouver office of the Bank of Montreal, George F. Laing has been elected a director of Powell River Company to fill the vacancy on the board created by the death of Anson S. Brooks, chairman.

Mr. Laing began his banking career with the Bank of British North America at Toronto in 1889, and came to British Columbia in 1900. He served the bank in various capacities on the prairies and in Toronto, and following amalgamation of the banks became manager of a Toronto office of the Bank of Montreal, being transferred to this city in 1921.

In announcing the election of Mr. Laing to the Powell River directorate, President S. D. Brooks said: "The company feels by reason of Mr. Laing's long connection with financial and business conditions in British Columbia that he will be a valuable acquisition to its board."

Visitors

Mr. Paul Brooks of Minneapolis, vice-president and director of the Powell River Company, was a visitor during November. Some of the local soccer crowd will be interested to learn that Mr. Brooks is a real soccer fan, and Jock Kyles is making a strenuous effort to have him turn out for the office when the Inter-Department league opens in the string. Mr. Brooks also intimated (although this is not a promise, boys) that Harold Foley and himself have been practising up on the Australian coo-ee-ee call and may form a yell section of two for the finals this year.

Mr. J. Hollern of Minneapolis accompanied Mr. Brooks.

"I've landed a job posing in the nude for an artist."

"Do you mean to say you'd pose for a man with no clothes?"

"Heavens, no! He wears the usual tie and smock."

Mrs. Blue: "How do you control your husband when you are away?"

Mrs. Black: "Leave the baby with him."

Good Hunting, Boys

Bucks Fall to Aim of Local Dead-eyes

IUSCIOUS venison steaks have been to the forefront on Powell River menus in recent weeks. Taking advantage of good weather and a reasonable abundance of deer, the boys have been swinging into action with more than reasonable success.

Al Hansen, growing canny with the advance of time and remembering former climbs around the rocky fastness of Powell Lake, deserted his old haunts this year. He sought the more accessible areas around Vernon, B. C., and saved the old legs for football this summer. Al brought down a buck at seventy yards first shot, boys, while on vacation at Vernon.

The best group bag of the season is reported by "Long" Jack Matheson,



And Stan Johnston climbs into the hunters' band wagon with a nice little buck. (Yes, he shot it himself.)



Jimmie Valsonis proudly displaying the rare white owl he shot at Grief Point last month.

soccer and basketball ace. Jack, with four pals, headed thirty miles north to Cortez Island. When the smoke and fury of the Matheson & Company invasion ended, five stout bucks had finished their roaming.

Joe and Walter Graham, perennial deer chasers, treed their buck at Texada Island, just across the gulf. They carried back a five-point buck, a disappointing afternoon for Joe, who refused to be photographed with the remains. Stan Johnston stayed on the mainland and took himself, his gun and bullets for a stroll in the Grief Point area, a few miles south. Stan

carried home the nice plump buck shown on this page.

Sonny Tyler, whose reputed first words from the comfortable depths of a confining cradle were "gimme a gun", hasn't missed a hunting season since this first utterance. We don't know how many deer Sonny has bagged, but we do know the bucks in Westview have formed a "League Against Hunting, and Sonny Tyler."

These are a few of the bigger game bagged by the lads to date. It remained for Jimmy Valsonis, young Westview Nimrod, to score the most spectacular coup of the season. Jimmy, prowling around the weeds near Grief Point, shot a white owl, a specimen very rare in these parts. Old timers state it is the first they have seen in the district, and there is no official word of a white owl ever being shot or even seen in the Powell River district until Jimmy crossed up the experts last month.

It is a peculiar fact that in these days of intensive education so few people can read the traffic signs.

Empire Games Trials

Powell River boxers and wrestlers were well represented at the British Empire Games trials in Vancouver on December 10. Five entries were lodged: two wrestlers, Floyd Eno and Alton Anderson; and three boxers, Bob Dunn, Stuart Lambert, and Arthur Betteridge.

Local hopes are centred mainly on our two wrestlers, both of whom have made good showings in previous provincial competitions. Floyd Eno is a provincial title holder in the feather-weight class, and Alton Anderson, regarded by many as one of the best prospects ever developed locally, is expected to make a good showing.

The weary and haggard clerk had been kept busy so long by an important customer that eventually he demanded:

"Madam, are you shopping here?"

"Certainly," retorted the lady.

"Oh," went on the clerk, "I just thought you might be taking an inventory."

A glimpse of the mountains behind Powell River as winter approaches.



William Dunstan Tells of Canadian Visit

DURING the past summer a considerable number of prominent newspaper publishers have visited Powell River. Among them was William Dunstan, general manager of the Melbourne *Herald* and *Weekly Times*. Mr. Dunstan apparently enjoyed his brief visit with us, and relaxing in the "genial" atmosphere that invariably accompanies the meeting of Canadians and Aussies (late members C. E. F. and "Anzacs" please note) provided a few amazed listeners with a realistic interpretation of the famous Aussie coo-ee-ee call. Two company officials, one director, and several of the lads about town have been practising the call in secret, and we understand it will be a feature presentation at the New Year's Dance—if the police don't call them first for disturbing the peace.

While in New York, Mr. Dunstan, in an interview with *Editor & Publisher*, has given his impression of his Canadian visit, and his opinion of the attitude of Canadian mills on an upward revision of 1938 newsprint deliveries.

"I arrived in Canada last May," states Mr. Dunstan, "rather expecting arbitrary treatment by the Canadian mills, and without much optimism as to reaching an agreement. I must say, however, that the Canadian mills have given our position and our difficulties the fairest possible consideration, and

I could not ask for more reasonable and decent treatment than we have received. I have found that the Canadian newsprint manufacturers readily respond to friendly and amicable approach, and our experience with them has been that they are an honorable



William Dunstan, general manager, Melbourne Herald and Weekly Times.

and dependable group of men. Our negotiations have resulted in sincerely friendly relationship between our publishers and the Canadian mills, and we are happy to have publishers and mills now related as allies rather than as adversaries."

Mr. Dunstan said he believed a similar relationship could and should be developed between U. S. publishers and their Canadian suppliers.

"All publishers will naturally feel safer because of the reconstruction of bankrupt Canadian companies which has taken place and is still being attempted, resulting in elimination of watered stock and over-capitalization.

The changes in the Canadian industry's personnel during the past six years or so must also give publishers more confidence. Our own experience with the Canadian manufacturers indicates that if publishers and mills could come together now and then in a proper frame of mind, as we did, the results should be mutually beneficial. I think the tendency I have noted in some quarters to perpetuate an atmosphere of hostility is regrettable, and not good business."

As a result of his Canadian visit Mr. Dunstan, who represented Australian publishers in negotiations with Canadian newsprint mills, concluded an assignment whereby seven Canadian companies will supply, during 1939-1945, the requirements of a group of Australian newspapers whose consumption represents approximately 80 per cent of the Australian demand.

"I feel," Mr. Dunstan goes on to say, "that this seven-year arrangement is sound and will endure because it is fair to both sides and gives the mutual advantages essential to any long-term plan. For our publishers it assures continuity of supply and maximum stability of price; for the Canadian

mills it provides a somewhat increased volume of tonnage with protection against destructive practices.

"The time has come," the Australian publisher concludes, "for newsprint producers and publishers to get together and appreciate the problems confronting them. I believe the Canadian producers will be satisfied if they are able to pay their bond interest and a moderate dividend to stockholders on real investment." In this connection, he said, the mills' laboratory efforts are being intensified.

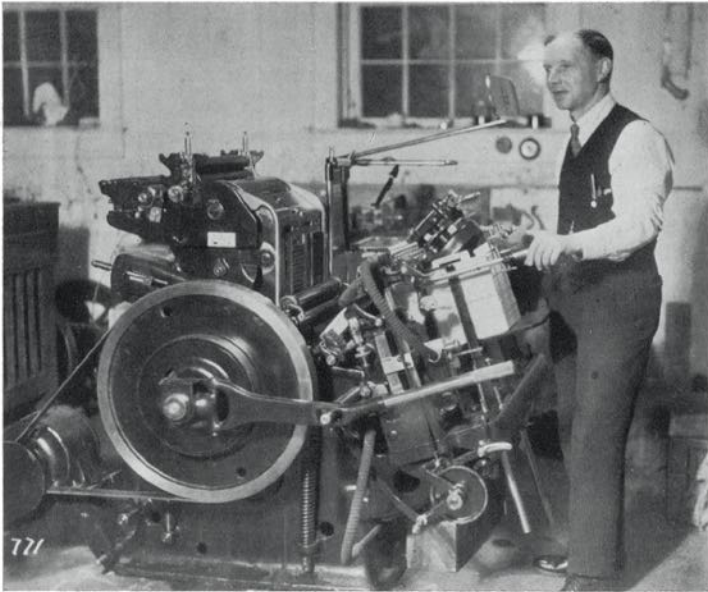
Powell River ex-service men will be particularly interested in Mr. Dunstan. The Australian publisher is a holder of the coveted Victoria Cross, won at Gallipoli in 1915, at the age of 19. Mr. Dunstan's remarkable resemblance to Powell River's V. C. holder, Major John MacGregor, is a coincidence that will be immediately noted by our local readers.

"I'm not only a hypnotist, but I can sell you something that'll make your dreams come true."

"Nothing doing! Do you think I want lavender elephants walking all over my bed?"



Busy scene at the Powell River docks as freighters load Powell River newsprint for United States and Australia.



T. W. Green, publisher of the Powell River News, poses beside his newly installed Heidelberg press.

New Press Installed By Powell River News

KEEPING abreast with modern improvements in the printing world, Thomas W. Green, editor and publisher of the *Powell River News*, has recently purchased and installed a new Heidelberg press in his Westview plant. The new machine is a complete unit, with automatic feed and automatic count, and was installed at a cost of several thousand dollars.

The *Powell River News* is one of British Columbia's recognized weeklies and is one of the two papers serving the public of Powell River and district. It was the first local newspaper

and started operations ten years ago. Starting with a four-page sheet, the *News* now averages six to eight pages an issue. The job printing plant is operated in conjunction with the paper. A staff of five is employed.

T. W. Green is well known and is an active member of numerous communal bodies. He has interested himself primarily in the development of the Westview district, and the progress of this active and energetic district in the past several years owes much of its impetus to the *Powell River News* and its editor.

A raft of pulp wood on its way to the newsprint mill. Each tug pulls upward of a million feet of logs in an average raft.



The Old "Charmer" Again

The story is told each year as Christmas rolls around. To old timers it is the classic of the Gulf of Georgia . . .

Back in 1923 the famous old *Charmer* chugged, rattled and groaned between Powell River and Vancouver. Each Christmas the *Charmer* lurched into port, to lurch out with a lurching crowd of Powell Riverites on their way to the big city. Nowadays the boys stay home—but that's another story.

The boys boarded the *Charmer* at 11.15 p.m. and started in to celebrate in the manner for which Powell River has long been famous. The *Charmer* staggered bravely out in the Gulf; the boys staggered bravely from stateroom to stateroom. Finally all was silent. The boys slept the sleep of the just—or of exhaustion.

Came the dawn. The boys stretched themselves, shaved, got ready for the big day in Vancouver. Anticipation was in their eyes as they stepped jauntily off the ship, to wait for the inevitable taxi.

There were no taxis, no hotels, no paved streets. The poor old *Charmer* couldn't take it any more than the

lads. It had travelled three miles across the Gulf to Texada Island—and stopped dead. The first thing the boys saw, looking out of the starboard windows for an early glimpse of Vancouver, was Powell River grinning at them across three miles of water.

In Vancouver, Christmas puddings were waiting, but waits never bothered the old *Charmer!*

A New Record In Sight

The two big social events of the year are close at hand. On Christmas Eve the Track & Field Association will hold their big Annual Dance in Dwight Hall. And on New Year's Eve the Paper Makers' Ball. Al Hatch and Eddie Tapp say the boys are out to create some kind of record this year. We don't know what he's driving at because we thought every record had been broken wide open in the past fifteen years of Paper Maker Balling. If Eddie has something new up his sleeve in the way of records we'll be there to see it. Eddie asked us to say there will be several surprises this year, so line up, folks, the tickets are going fast.

Around the Plant

Credit, Social—Otherwise

We haven't said much about the Social Credit experiment in Alberta. Chief reason is that we don't know a damned thing about it. However, with the Socreds again in the limelight we approached a group of representative local authorities for interviews. They were given pithily and unhesitatingly.

* * *

Bill Cratchley, Wharf: I consider every resident in B. C. has the same chance of getting the \$25.00 dividend as an Alberta citizen.

* * *

Jimmie Jacobs, Grinder Room: Social Credit? Boy, my own credit is worrying me right now. Sandy Strachan can look after the social side.

* * *

Harry Dunn, Steam Plant: It's great stuff. Have just given Scotty Gilchrist a note on Aberhart for \$25.00. Hope it's as hard to collect as some of the reels he turns out.

* * *

Sam Chambers, Machine Room Warbler: I've turned my dividends over to Carl Gaudet, on condition he does his singing in Cranberry and not in the machine room.

* * *

Danny MacDonald, Yard Crew: I'm taking out an insurance policy with my dividends — a personal liability claim against Truck McDonald. (No relation, boys.)

Wendell Murray, Machine Room: Suggested to Aberhart that he use the whole Social Credit dividend to start a home for machine tenders. "Most of them should have been in a home long ago, and I'd pay the dividend to put them there."

* * *

Earl Dore, Baseball and Rugby: My idea is to turn the dividend over to Gordon Thorburn for that big trip to the World Series next year, or pay it to Ross Morrow to stay on the sidelines.

* * *

Arthur Woodward, President of the Golf Club: It's an idea. Maybe we could get Aberhart to take over the golf club. I'll appoint Jock Kyles to interview him personally.

We hear on unimpeachable authority that William Alexander, chief of the lower stores, will turn out with the store in the inter-department soccer league. If Alec starts doing the lancers or a rye waltz around centre field, Ray Birt, Frank Hunter and other defenders can look out for trouble. He's tricky, boys.

And speaking of soccer, Powell River is seeing some of the best games in years. The teams in the senior loop are for the most part composed of younger players who are just hitting their stride. Pete Vanichuk and young Dunlop, left wingers, both look like potential stars, and both know

what to do with the ball when they get it.

Tommy Prentice, Emperor of Dwight Hall, was again confined to bed for two days last week. About 11.30 a.m. on Saturday, November 27, Tommy, his usual weekly grin in evidence, was watching George Walker put up the Old Country soccer results on the board. The grin faded as the score came through. Tommy shivered, shook, groaned, turned his coat collar up, and walked out of the building, locked up Dwight Hall, staggered home, went straight to bed, with strict orders to Mrs. Prentice to plug the telephone.

The score: Hearts 3, Glasgow Rangers 0!

And Neil Munn, in between his millwrighting activities, is at least convinced the Toronto Maple Leafs will take the Stanley Cup this season.

"What a sweet line, that Jackson, Drillon, and Apps," enthuses Neil. "And Conacher, when he comes back in the game, will make quite a useful spare." After that statement, Neil, you deserve a break.

The Business Men's class at the Gym. is getting more of a riot every day. Reg. Baker has put on about four pounds and let his belt out two notches; S. B. MacFarlane, townsite superintendent, has lost about four pounds; Paymaster Frank (Mac) Flett, weakened by a rather strenuous summer, is rapidly putting solid avoirdupois on the weakened frame.

Bat MacIntyre, who gained eight ounces in the past five years, is gleeful over the loss of a couple of ounces.

Anyway, the whole business seems to balance up: what's lost on the roundabouts, we make up on the swings.

Stan Jemson Leaves

Stan Jemson, well known engineer in the Powell River steam plant, has left for Allenby, B. C., where he will assume the duties of "Chief" at the Allenby plant. Stan has been a popular member of our community circle for many years. He was president of the local St. John Ambulance branch, and an active worker in athletic organizations. He was assistant to Tom Wyborn, steam plant superintendent, and his many friends will wish him success and prosperity in his new and responsible post. Good luck, Stan!

Charlie Garret New President

The Powell River Ex-Servicemen's Association, at their annual meeting on November 27, elected the following officers:

President, Charles Garret; Vice-president, Arthur Woodward; Secretary, J. A. Lundie; Committee: J. Clapp, W. Oakes, H. McPhalen, J. Currie, S. Blondin; Past President, S. B. McFarlane.

Charlie Garret, the new president, has been an employee of the Powell River Company for the past sixteen years. He served overseas with the Canadian artillery. He was wounded near Cambrai in September, 1918.

Culled From An Old Timer's Diary

Old Timer Picks All-time Representative Soccer Eleven

REMEMBER the old Callie - Elks - Indians games, mused Old Timer . . . *Bill Hutchison* hopping around the touch, and called bad names by half a dozen fair Callie supporters . . . *Harry Dunn* and *Bob McPherson*, purple with righteous Caledonian ire, hurling fighting challenges to sundry Elks supporters. The challenges were always taken up . . . *Wally Tapp* and *Fred Mills* renewing their weekly argument, with a few score screaming spectators joining in the melee . . . *Smoky*, at centre for the Indians, thinking the good old days were back, leaving a litter of maimed and battered palefaces scattered around the battlefield . . . *Alan Gilchrist* kicking to touch three minutes from time, and half the population, male and female, howling for his head . . . That famous *Tunstall*, *McCrossan*, *Dunlop* half line clicking on every cylinder . . . the day the league imported referee *Joe Craig* from Vancouver to handle a Callie-Elk final, and *Joe* being escorted off the field by two policemen and half a dozen reluctant assistants . . . The good old free-for-alls on the side lines . . . *Dave Gardiner* telling *John Kynock* what he thought of his team . . . The nice little private feud between *Jack Tunstall* and *Fergie*, both adept in the art of keeping their backs to the referee . . . *Arthur Rich-*

ards spreading innocent hands, and with hurt amazement oozing from every pore, saying, "Why, Ref., I never even touched the man!" . . .

And Old Timer tells of the day *Arthur Woodward*, in goal for the Callies, gave that memorable performance against Cumberland's thundering herd in the dear old days. *Arthur* was unbeatable, and offers came from every team in B. C. for his services. Old Timer picks *Dunlop*, *McCrossan*, and *Tunstall* as the greatest all-time half-back line. Admits *Joe Small*, *Frank Hunter* and *Benny Birt* of the present crop look good.

And one final parting shot. Here is Old Timer's selection for an all-time Powell River football team, specially compiled as a Christmas gift for *Joe Elliot* and *Bill Parkin*. Glad to have your comments, boys, but wait till we call in the reserves.

Here it is:

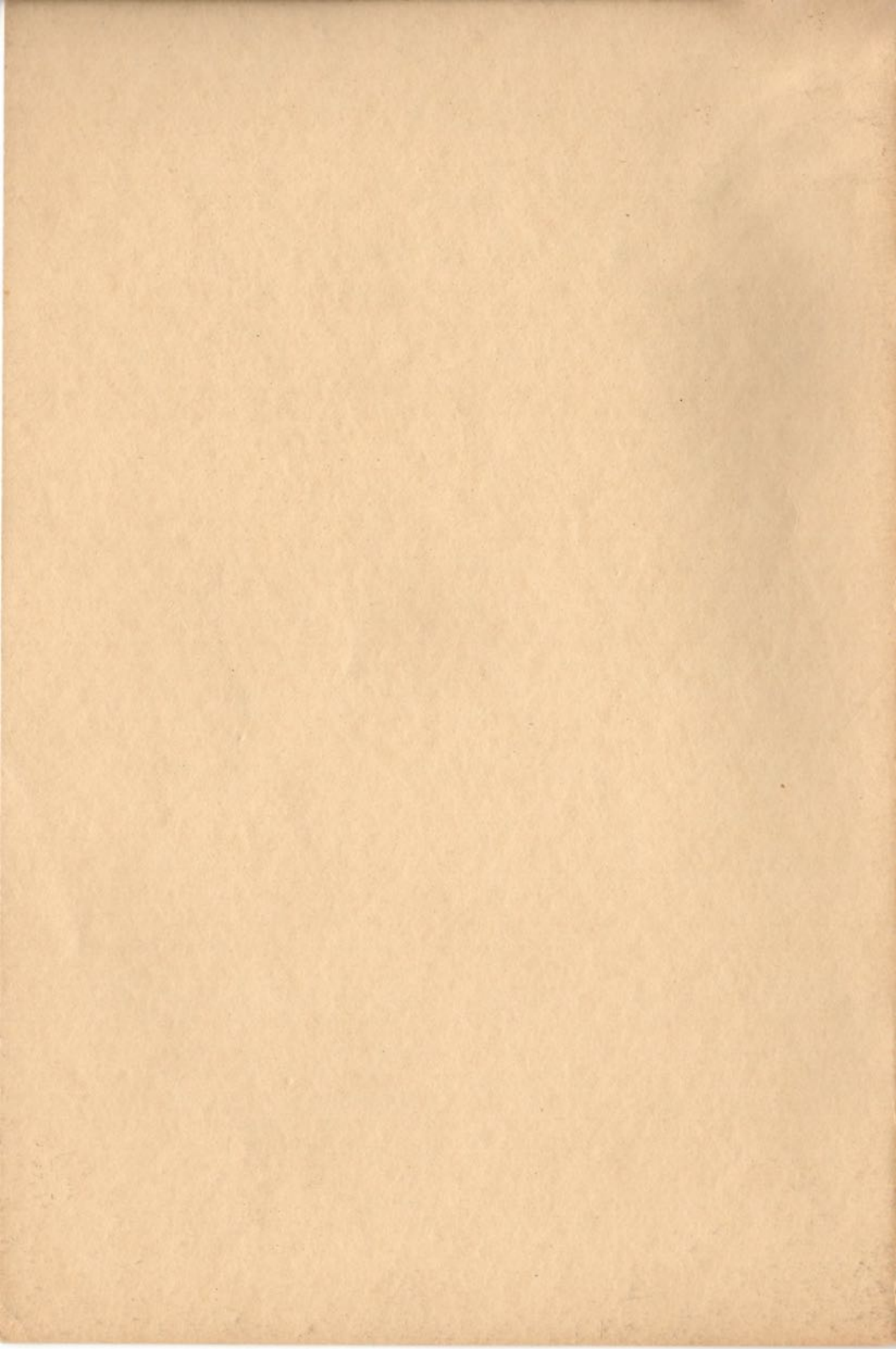
Goal—*Wally Tapp*.

Fullbacks—*Ron Russell* and *Joe Gallagher*.

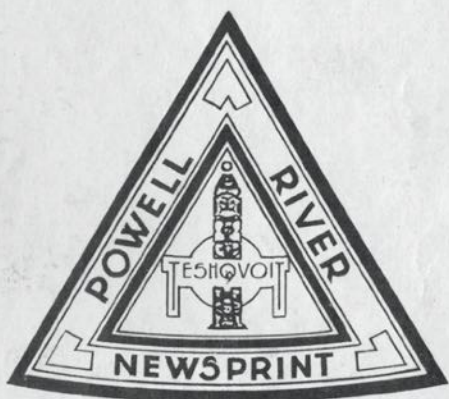
Halfbacks—*Joe McCrossan*, *Jimmy Dunlop*, *Frank Hunter*.

Forwards — *Fred Thornsteinson*, *Andy Leiper*, *Fred Mills*, *Tommy Lucas*, *Arthur Richards*.

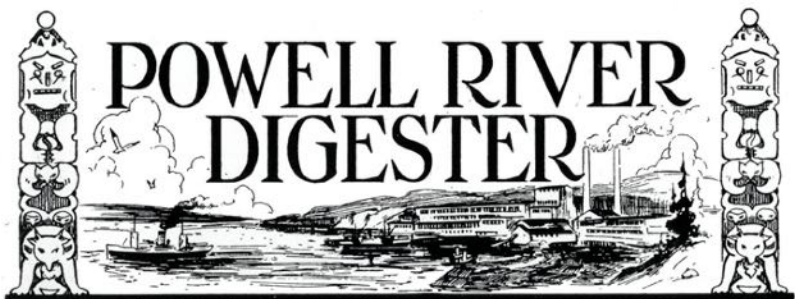
Any complaints, men? You'll find us in the showers!



POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.13 DECEMBER, 1937 NO.12



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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VOL. 13

DECEMBER, 1937

No. 12

Season's Greetings

The Digester wishes to extend to all employees, friends, and residents of the Powell River District compliments of the season and best wishes for the coming year.

Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

IV. Fort Worth, Texas



View of modern Fort Worth, showing business section and skyscrapers.

IN this issue we take our travelling roll of Powell River newsprint to Fort Worth, another of the large centres of Southwest Texas. For many years the Fort Worth *Star Telegram* has been a familiar name to local paper makers, and executives of this large daily have paid frequent visits to our plant. The *Star Telegram* issues a morning and evening edition with a combined circulation of approximately 135,000 copies daily.

Major Ripley A. Arnold, commanding Company F of the Second United States Dragoons, camped on the present site of Fort Worth, Texas, June 6, 1849. The site became known as Camp Worth and later Fort Worth.

It was named for Brevet Brigadier-General William J. Worth of the United States Army, whose death had occurred the previous month at San Antonio.

INDIAN RAIDS

The village of Fort Worth grew up about the camp, and September 17, 1853, the War Department transferred the garrison to Fort Belknap, and Fort Worth was left a fort in name only. Tarrant County, in which Fort Worth is situated, was created by an act of the Legislature in December, 1849. There had been Indian raids and these continued even after the Government moved most of the redskins to the Indian Territory in 1873.

HEADQUARTERS FOR WAGON TRAINS

Fort Worth first came into prominence in 1872 when plans were made to extend the Texas & Pacific Railroad, but the first train did not arrive here until July 19, 1876. The city obtained a charter in 1873.

Fort Worth's population grew to 8000 the year the T. & P. was extended here. This city became headquarters for wagon trains which carried merchandise to the west. Grain elevators and flour mills were built and a large trade was built up in bison and cow hides, wool and cotton.

THE COMING OF STEEL

An independent school district was organized in 1882, when the population was 11,136, and a water system was started in the late '70's. Through the '80's Fort Worth had a steady growth as railroads continued to build into the city.

The stockyards naturally were located in Fort Worth when drovers found markets lying to the north too distant to drive their cattle. As cattle-raising grew in Texas, so grew the big Swift and Armour plants.

OIL HEADQUARTERS

Steady growth of the city continued and in 1917, when thousands of soldiers and aviators were trained at camps nearby, it had become a real city. Oil soon took the spotlight and many oil men made it their headquarters.

The first of Forth Worth's skyscrapers was built in 1920, and in 1925 the Council-manager form of government was adopted.

The federal census of 1930 gave Fort Worth 163,000 population and it is estimated to be more than 170,000 now. In 1914, industrial plants in Forth Worth employed 2,308 persons with an annual payroll of \$1,542,000 and made products valued at \$9,974,000. This had risen in 1927 to 7,419 wage-earners with an annual payroll of \$9,079,000 and manufacturing products worth \$109,637,000. These figures did not include industries outside the city limits.

LARGE PACKING PLANTS

By 1930 there were 17,000 wage-earners employed in industry with an annual payroll of \$19,000,000 making products worth \$200,000,000. These figures are larger now. Packing plants are the most important, but there is an investment of more than \$15,000,000 in oil refineries. The annual value of products of Fort Worth grain mills exceeds \$25,000,000.

Fort Worth is a wholesale and retail distributing centre for the great empire of West Texas, which had developed rapidly during the last twenty years. Along with the industrial and financial growth of the city, there has been similar progress in education,



Fort Worth in the "eighties," showing little of the majestic skyline that greets the present day visitor.

religious institutions, entertainment and building of homes. There are three artificial lakes near the city: Lake Worth, Eagle Mountain Lake and Lake Bridgeport. Fort Worth has an unusually large and well-planned park system, and its recreation department is more active than in the average city of the same size.

Staging of the Fort Worth Frontier Centennial in 1936 and its successor, the Fort Worth Frontier Fiesta, this year, is additional evidence of the progressive spirit of its citizens.

LEADING AIRPORT

Fort Worth is the leading airport centre of the Southwest, and its new administration building at the airport is one of the most modern in America. It is air-conditioned and is a credit to cities much larger than Fort Worth.

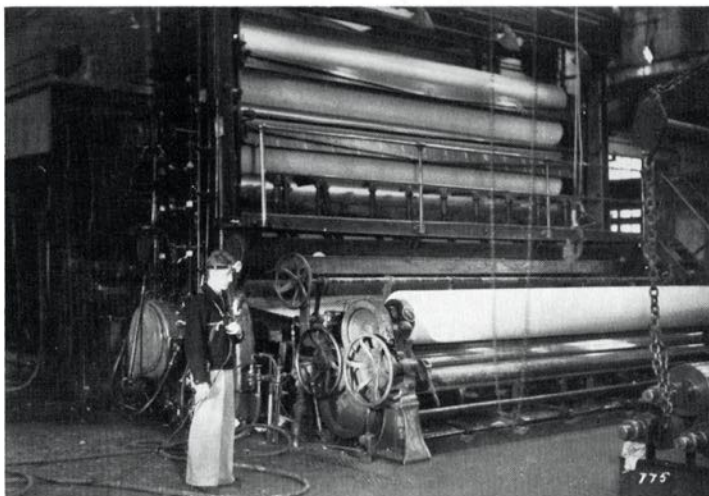
The Texas city is looking ahead to continued progress. It is backing, with Dallas, the movement for canalization of the Trinity River, which will mean increased industrial growth.

Winter on the Old Bridge



Winter scene at the Wellington Beach bridge, snapped by P. R. Lockie, during the two days' heavy snowfall, December 24 and 25.

"Night Shift" Broadcast from Powell River Plant



Jack Peach, broadcasting from No. 7 Machine Room, tells Canadian listeners about the Powell River plant.

GOOD EVENING, Ladies and Gentlemen, — We are speaking from a catwalk between two great buildings of the Powell River Company Limited, at Powell River, British Columbia."

The time was 6.30 p.m. on December 13. The broadcast, one of the famous "Night Shift" series, put on the air weekly by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, showing intimate glimpses of key industries across Canada. Powell River was selected as representing the newsprint industry in the East commenting on the interest Peach of Vancouver did a highly creditable job of a difficult assignment.

Owing to the extent of the plant

buildings, covering some 55 acres, it was impossible to cover the entire mill, and the grinder room, machine rooms and finishing rooms were selected for the broadcast.

Harry Carruthers, plant superintendent, accompanied Jack Peach and explained the various machines and their purposes, as called on by the commentator. Fred Riley, machine room superintendent, was official guide in that department and had all the answers ready.

The broadcast was on the entire Canadian network, and already letters have been pouring in from friends in the East commenting on the interest aroused. Harry Carruthers in par-

ticular has been deluged with fan mail—and for the edification of our readers, we print below a few sage comments made in a letter to Harry from Mr. Johnston of the B. C. Fire Underwriters. No doubt our readers will have a much better picture of the newsprint business after reading Mr. Johnston's shrewd comments. The letter is addressed direct to Harry Carruthers. Quote . . .

I listened with a great deal of interest and appreciation to a portion of the broadcast last Friday evening from Powell River in which you participated and described the operation of the plant so clearly. In this connection I wish to extend to you my congratulations.

As I visually started around the plant with you, your portrayal of the various units and machinery was so

realistic that I decided to make an inspection of the plant during your description and so save myself a trip to Powell River.

I therefore submit for your consideration the following recommendations noted during our trip around the plant.

Barker Mill:

Chip Storage. I presume the boys do a lot of night fishing and the storage mentioned is where they keep the chips that go with the fish. As this is a woodworking unit, smoking should be strictly prohibited, otherwise Mr. Jamieson should be discharged.

Drum and Hand Barkers. I have heard of hog callers, moose callers, etc., but this is a new one on me. Assume this is the place where the boys listen to the dog salmon barking.

It occurs to the writer that the mention of rotary screens showed bad taste or lack of knowledge. These screens should be returned to the owners, the Rotary Club, as it is not very good policy to advertise your employees as souvenir collectors.

Digester Building:

I judge from your talk that you are allowing employees to use this unit as a lunch room. This is not contemplated in your insurance policies and, besides, it is not very good taste to boast of the culinary digestive qualities of employees.



Harry Carruthers (right) plant superintendent, chats with Jack Peach, CBC commentator, during presentation of "Night Shift" broadcast last month.

Wharves:

You spoke of loading tramps with paper. Having tramps around these units is dangerous, as they may set fire to the building. Police protection should be afforded if necessary to keep all tramps away.

Sawmill:

I judge from your remarks about the hogs that you are turning this unit into a stable, using sawdust for bedding. The present occupancy does not contemplate this departure. Hogs should be housed in a separate pen.

You spoke of some kickers in this unit and niggers with hog knives. This class of labour does not seem very advisable and I would suggest replacing same with white labour.

Machine Rooms:

Apparently hoods have been installed for these machines in place of pyjamas, I presume, to keep the machines warm in cold weather. From what we know of these machines, there is plenty of heat generated to prevent any damage from frost when in operation, and would consequently recommend their removal.

Screen Room:

You seem to have collected all the bad actors in your town in this unit: 3 beaters, 6 sliver cutters, 9 knotters, 3 agitators. Possibly you were a little twisted

in your names, as I understand you used to work in a woollen mill. However, if you are correct (which I can hardly believe), I would suggest that the name of this unit be changed to that of the Jail and proper guards be installed to prevent breakage of sprinkler pipes.

General:

I heard no mention of Charlie Powell or Chief Gardner being on duty, from which I presume they are not on the job. I would strongly recommend that these two hounds be urged to put up at least a little bluff at working once in a while, but am agreeable to leaving the working out of details in your hands.

Paper Makers' Ball

The annual Paper Makers' Ball on New Year's Eve was again a highly successful affair. Staged under the auspices of the local branch of the Paper Makers' Union, the boys put on one of the best shows in years. Decorations, refreshments, music, all were tops—and, more important, casualties were few, if any. Chairman Alf. Hansen came off a sick-bed to attend, and all the committee worked hard throughout the evening. The dance broke up at 6 a.m. with scores of stout-hearted dancers still crying for more.

Congratulations to the Paper Makers' Committee on a darn fine dance!

Powell River Personalities

WHAT young looking, curly haired lad with the aquiline features? Yes, madam, that's Mr. Clapp, known to Powell River, the suburbs, and rural and urban deliveries along the coast as "Jimmie."

It is twenty-six years since young James Clapp first stepped ashore at Powell River. And save for a four-



James Clapp, a public-spirited citizen in our community life.

year jaunt overseas during the World War, Jimmy has been a regular employee of the company.

On July, 1911, Jim, with hair just a shade curlier than today, landed in Powell River to join his father, R. W. Clapp, who was already installed as one of Powell River's pioneers. He came direct from South Wales with no intermediate lay-offs, and started as a carpenter's helper. His first job was building the wood room roof, and from here he carried his saw and hammer to the machine room, grinder mill and other buildings then under construction. In 1912 he went to the wharf

as shipping clerk, and checked off the first roll of newsprint ever manufactured in British Columbia, in May, 1912.

In 1914 Jimmy was among the first to join the colors, enlisting in the original 29th Battalion, and proceeded overseas in May, 1915. He spent three and a half years in France without a break, and missed all Heine's high voltage attempts to persuade him to remain as a permanent citizen. He was discharged in 1919, returning to Powell River in July of that year.

There is no more community-minded citizen in Powell River than Jimmy Clapp. The list of activities in which he is engaged reads like the Resident Manager's desk agenda sheet. He started in the original first aid class in 1911, and with Bob Scanlon and his father took a leading role in safety and health activities. He promoted the first rowing club in 1911. He was the first secretary of the local Ex-Servicemen's Association, and at present is a member of that committee. He has held down the post of secretary, the Powell River Branch, St. John Ambulance Association, for the past three years. He is a leading worker in the St. Paul's Anglican Church, and paints all the scenery for church and many other community plays. He is official scenery painter and member of the local Art Players. We understand that he had an idea of joining the Golf Club, but Mrs. Clapp, herself a community worker, put her foot down.

We've Really Got Something

Powell River Fishermen Have Unique Privilege



A casual afternoon's fishing off the Powell River Company's docks shows Albert Adams (left) and pal Joe with three nice 10-pound salmon.

DON'T KID ME!" The stranger's voice was flat and there was a gleam in his eye that boded ill for anyone who cared to make something further of his statement . . . It was just the usual few about the rotunda of Powell River's Hotel Rodmay and we were admiring a fish old Mac, who takes over on the desk for the night trick, had just brought in. Nobody said anything.

"Listen," the stranger added, as the silence grew, "I've fished this coast for thirty years. I don't mean fishing

as sport, but fishing as business . . . The Fraser! . . . Rivers Inlet! . . . The Skeena! . . . Namu! . . . I know those places like a book, sec. Those are the places you go for fish, and I tell you salmon can't be caught from a wharf."

Little Mac, a quiet fellow at the best of times, looked down at the offending fish at his feet. He looked at the leathery visaged stranger. And he looked at us. Slowly he spread his hands and bent to again wrap up his salmon.

"Okay pal, you win," he said softly, "I didn't hook this one from the wharf. I guess I was flying a kite with all this line. And I must have hooked a hunk of cheese."

He was on his way to those mysterious places in the rear, known only to hotel employees, when leather puss relented. Swiftly the unbeliever scanned we interested bystanders, saw the shocked helplessness in our faces—and relented.

"Wait a minute, mister," he called, and old Mac stopped. "Let me get this straight? You mean you really caught that fish from the dock? Down there, where the boat calls in?"

Mac's nod was a benign gesture. A thing a fond parent would bestow on an eager child.

"Well I'll be . . ." After thirty years in the fishing fleet the stranger was stymied.

"Say, let me have a look at that fish," and, the cause of the argument

before him, he continued, "Boy, can you beat it! It's a spring! A spring salmon, caught off a dock!"

Friends, it's the truth. As far as we know, Powell River is the only place on the whole Pacific Coast where you can practically catch a fish from your front door.

Back-door fishing is nothing new. They can do that down Portland way, where the Columbia River curls a fondling arm around the City. For that matter you can do the same thing here, for Powell Lake is only a step and a jump from most of the back doors in the town . . . But your front door! That's something different.

Plenty of places—with an eye to the tourist trade—will advertise front-door fishing. Take our word for it, sooner or later a boat will be dragged into the picture. Here we don't do that.

No, sir! No boats to front-door fishing in Powell River. You walk as far as the dock, and there you stop. With a "shiner" on your hook (that's a young herring to the uneducated), and about 250 feet of line, you're set for action. All you need is a ten-pound spring to get your fill of said action; more perhaps, if you hook in to a big one that goes twenty pounds or better.

It's a fine sporting proposition, too. When you've hooked your fish, that isn't all. Anyone handy with a rod can play a fish and land him—under normal circumstances. From a dock it's another matter. You hook Mr. Spring, play him to a standstill, then hook him all over again with a 25-

foot gaff if you would have fresh salmon fillets for breakfast.

And there is still something else to this front-door sport of ours. No rising with the dawn to surprise the salmon lurking off our dock. They are playboys one and all, those salmon, and daytime fishing is but so-so.

Surprising as it may seem, it's in the darkness of night when fishing is the best. No doubt the lights of the dock have much to do with this particular factor. Then, too, the natural feed may be more plentiful then. But why go into that?

The fish are there, and the real reason they are is because the outlet of the mighty penstocks, driving the generators of the mill, create a current about the dock—just ask a visiting skipper how much current.

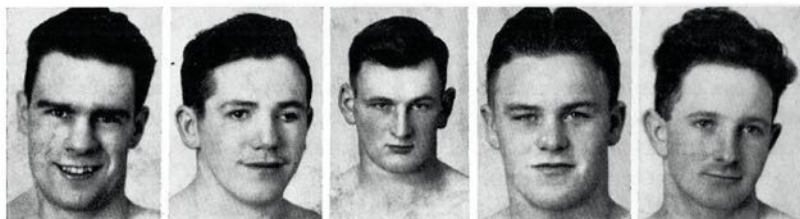
Coming off the 4 o'clock shift is the time when the boys from the mill make front-door fishing pay. Of the many who patrol the outer berths of the Powell River Company's docks it's the boys who cast their lines between 1 and 5 a.m. who have the most success.

Just a few members of the midnite cult initiated into the more profound intricacies of the front-door pastime are Jimmy McLaughlin, nicknamed Scott, after the famous emulsion trade-mark; Ray Bigold, Walter Patrick, Neill Munn, George Higgins, and Hughie McLean. . . .

Going back to our skeptical friend of the hotel lobby. We agree entirely with him, when it comes to fishing off a dock "we've really got something."

Powell River Boxers and Wrestlers Impress at Trials

Local Mat and Mit Stars Show Up at Empire Trials



Powell River mit and mat stars who competed in the British Empire Trials last month. Left to right: Bobby Dunn, Art Betteridge, Stuart Lambert, "Alt" Anderson, Floyd Eno.

THE pick of Canada's mat and mit artists at work. Upwards of eighty trained boxers and wrestlers fighting for the coveted trip to Australia. This is a brief flash of the scene at the British Empire Boxing and Wrestling Trials held in Vancouver, B. C., on December 10-11.

Into this hurly-burly of brawn, skill and experience went five Powell River representatives—two wrestlers and three boxers. And out of the melee we emerged with two finalists and one semi-finalist.

The showing of the Powell River boys was one of the surprises of the tournament. Unheralded, practically unknown, they held their own with the best in Canada, and two of them just missed the Australian trip by an eyelash.

Bob Dunn, 135 pounds, stunned a Vancouver audience when he knocked

out Doug Powell, a highly touted favorite in the third round. Powell, picked as an almost certain finalist, elected to slug it out with Bob—a risky procedure for anyone—and suicide for Powell. In the finals, Bob was defeated by Harry Hurst of Hamilton, who was chosen to accompany the Canadian team to the Antipodes.

In the welter wrestling, rugged 18-year-old Alt Anderson, favorite of local fans, blistered his way through to the finals — defeating the B. C. champion, Rudy Loeffler, en route. Alt and Morgan Plumb of Toronto (Canadian champion)* wrestled on practically even terms throughout, with the Toronto boy catching the judge's eye. Alt made an excellent showing—and should be right in line when Canada chooses her 1940 Olympic squad.

Floyd Eno, ace featherweight wrestler, faced tough opposition all the way

and was eliminated in the semi-finals on a close decision.

Powell River's other two boxers, Stuart Lambert, heavyweight, and Art Betteridge, flyweight, were eliminated in the early stages. Stuart was narrowly decided by Vancouver's Lindy, while Art was knocked out by the tough Bobby Simes.

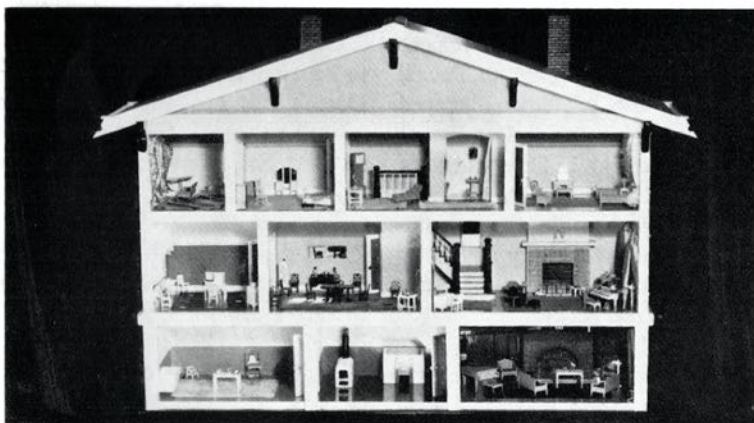
They like our newsprint down in Australia—and they would like our boys just as much. It was awfully close, Australia. Next time you look over our newsprint plant, bring a few of your best boys along. We guarantee them plenty of entertainment.

I. O. D. E. Christmas Relief

The Lukin Johnson Chapter of the I.O.D.E. have raised over \$700 for relief purposes this year. An energetic committee under Mrs. H. Daubner has left no stone unturned to see that

hampers and Christmas cheer were sent to needy families in the outside districts. The response of the public was generous, and the largest sum ever raised locally for Christmas cheer was placed at the disposal of the committee.

The committee had a special toy department, where willing workers fixed, painted and repaired old toys. For weeks the old bunkhouse in Riverside was a hive of activity. Herb Daubner, Jim Currie, and numerous others, collected a whole armoury of toys—and scores of children in the district were made happier by their efforts. The DIGESTER, on behalf of the committee in charge, wishes to express deep appreciation and thanks to all those who assisted the committee—and to the residents of Powell River and district for their splendid support and material co-operation to the response for clothes, toys, and money.



Doll's house, built by Herb Daubner, wharf timekeeper, for the local I.O.D.E. Christmas relief drive. A substantial sum was netted by the committee; tickets were popular and Herb's work highly praised.

Around the Plant

WITH a three-day shutdown at Christmas, local citizens piled four deep on the *Princess Mary* enroute to Vancouver for the holidays. The tales of that famous "Wednesday Night" boat are still being retold. Bert Marrion led the scrum in the "Ruggers' Lament"—and "Percy Cook" showed a flash of the old form that once made every hotel owner in Vancouver shiver—when he called the boys to order with "Moonlight and Roses." Frank Aubin was distinctly good in the "Millwright's Maid." Arthur Woodward brought down the house and half of the stateroom with an original version of the "Lassie from Lancashire."

* * *

Ben Watson said he didn't sleep very well—the weather was a bit rough—and a trifle foggy. It was foggier at 8 a.m., Ben.

* * *

Which reminds us of the famous after-Christmas trip back to Powell River when Bob McPherson jumped out of his bunk on arrival at Powell River, wagged a jovial finger at Scotty Gilchrist and Harry Dunn, and proceeded to munch a big cream, hand-rolled chocolate with lusty and noisy gusto. That one is still on the after-Christmas record book!

* * *

The boys who stayed at home over the shutdown gave a reasonably good account of themselves. A rumour, pure and simple, states Reg Baker was singing "A Windy Sergeant"—

and "Keep Away from Zillebeke Farm." When Reg starts singing those songs even Mrs. Baker gives it up.

* * *

And those two Siamese twins, Ernie Campbell and Bert Southcott, were strolling "beamingly" from house to house singing "Our Ship's at Sea Tonight." Nobody believed them; we've been hearing that yarn for six months—but it made a good story around Christmas — and everybody was very kind.

* * *

And after it was all over, New Year resolutions began floating around. We've saved a few until January 31st.

* * *

Jimmy Jacobs: I have solemnly resolved to buy a new hat this year. (Feed the blocks in fast boys, the air's getting stuffy.)

* * *

Clare Cunningham: Have resolved to have my hair shaved off this year. Doesn't suit me, anyway, so might as well let it go. (Hold your breath on that one, girls—he might mean it.)

* * *

Bill Parkin: Think I'll quit smoking this year. My wife doesn't seem to care much for my pipe. Herbert Poole seems to like it but I think he's prejudiced. Don't enjoy it much, anyway.

* * *

Larry Guthro: Don't think I'll turn out for baseball this year. The game's

a bit slow and anyway I don't like this shouting and umpire baiting that seems inseparably associated with the so-called diamond pastime.

* * *

Mr. D. A. Evans: Think I'll string along with Jimmy Jacobs and grab me a new hat myself. (It's a shock, boys, we know—but then look at what they're doing in China.)

* * *

H. S. Foley: I'll bring my own cigarettes around the office next year. Didn't like the gleam in Clare Cunningham's eye when I borrowed that last one.)

* * *

There is a report—it's more than a rumour, we hear—that George Goddard and Wilfred Law, with an eye to customers' comfort, are installing a special couch behind the soda fountain for Earl Dare. Earl muttered something about wearing a toga and playing Julius Caesar—but Pete MacKenzie and Dick Pattee have other ideas on the subject.

* * *

Jack and Mrs. Hill went to Vancouver over the New Year period. Strange tales have filtered through the censor in the past few days—one of them describing the "Accountant's Tango," danced solo at 2.30 a.m. in the main lobby of the Hotel Vancouver.

* * *

There is something we should say about that party at the Fire Hall on Christmas Eve—but after looking at Johnny Lawson and Bus Blondin, the danged thing slipped our mind.

Frank Flett and family spent the holiday season on the old homestead at Duncan on Vancouver Island. All the turkeys in the area beat a hasty retreat when they heard Frank was on the way.

* * *

Harry Carruthers and Fred Riley are seriously considering offers to go into the broadcasting game. Their fan mail following the recent "Night Shift" broadcast has been so heavy that the regular crew can't handle the deluge. The rumor is that Fred has been offered a spot with Gracie Allen. Riley and Allen . . . h-m-m . . . Harry leans more to drama, and is pondering an offer to appear with Edward G. Robinson.

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The big broadcast furnished a few thrills for the boys. Technical Director Finley had set the "mike" up in the machine room during the afternoon. It was connected up with Vancouver. One of the lads on No. 6 machine (no names by request) saw the attractive set-up, peered at it, yelled (in a loud voice): "Hey, Bill, what the —— is this —— contraction doing here?" The test expert in Vancouver "learned about paper making from 'im."

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And from all accounts, a lot of the boys did their own broadcasting in Vancouver over the holiday period. Dint Hunter explained to an admiring audience at Georgia and Granville streets the particular advantage of spruce in the grinding process. No reporters were present.

All-Time Soccer Elevens Pour In

Crackling Indictments of "Digester" Choice Follow Publication

NAPOLEON'S downfall was his ill-timed incursion into Russian snows. The Duke of Wellington started his toboggan slide when he substituted politics for military strategy. Byron accumulated a flock of trouble for himself when he forgot poetry and tried to re-organize a new Grecian Commonwealth. Modern politicians have tried to enact the role of economist—with disastrous results.

And our expedition last month into the rarified atmosphere of soccer lore has been attended with equally fatal consequences. In a moment of exuberance, influenced possibly by the holiday spirit, we picked an All-Time, All-Star Soccer Eleven.

We haven't dared poke our nose around the corner since that unfortunate moment. Every old-timer in the district has told us in scathing and unmistakable terms what he thinks of our choice. Arthur Dunn fairly blistered our whiskers — "Aye, by gum, he did." Tommy Prentice, in soft contrast, just looked—and we looked for a hole. Joe Elliot, in a sott southern voice, murmured one word and one only—it was enough!

We've had forty All-Star teams suggested in the past three weeks. Owing to lack of space we can print only two—Arthur Dunn's choice—and Tommy Prentice's carefully considered line-up. Arthur goes back to

1914—and picks a team that he claims could hold its own against Sheffield United—and that's the last word.

Here they are, boys:

Arthur's All-Time Choice

Tapp

Mortimer Smith

J. Dunlop, McBrier, W. Patrick
Whittingham, Leiper, Richards,
Hurren, Ferguson.

And it's not a bad choice. Billy Weir, Arthur says, was an ex-International as was also McBrier at centre half. And Jack Hurren and Arthur Richards were two of the best known soccerites in B. C. in the late 'teens.

Tommy's All-Time Team

Tapp

Mortimer Smith

Tunstall McCrossan McPhee
George Wallace, Leiper, Dunlop,
Pete Gallagher, Jimmy Anderson

Tommy says: "Eh, lad, there may be better individual stars but yons a blended team. I stand by my choice."

Glad you think so, Tommy. If you can stand after some of the boys have dissected you, we'll put you on the All-Time Squad ourselves.

Tommy Burke says he is picking a modern team—the present crop—and doesn't think a heck of a lot about these wonderful old boys. What about Small, Birt and Hunter for an all-time half line, eh? Well, Tommy, you know how it is with the old boys!

