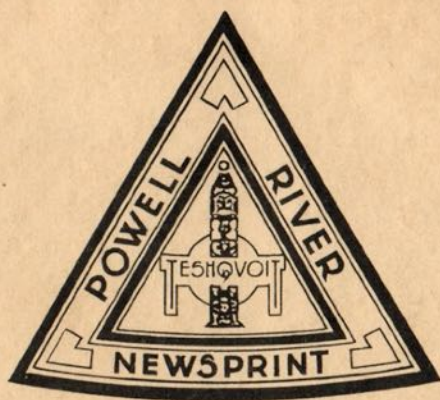
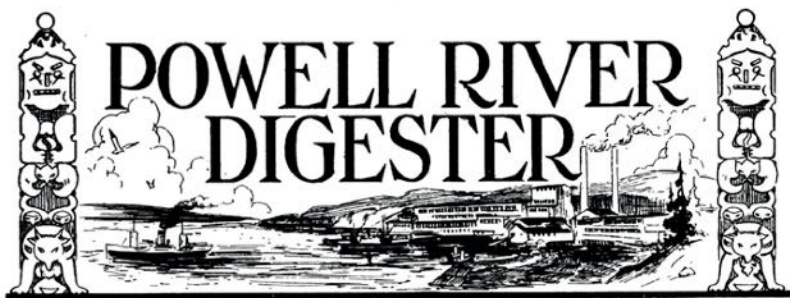


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 JANUARY, 1938 NO.1





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

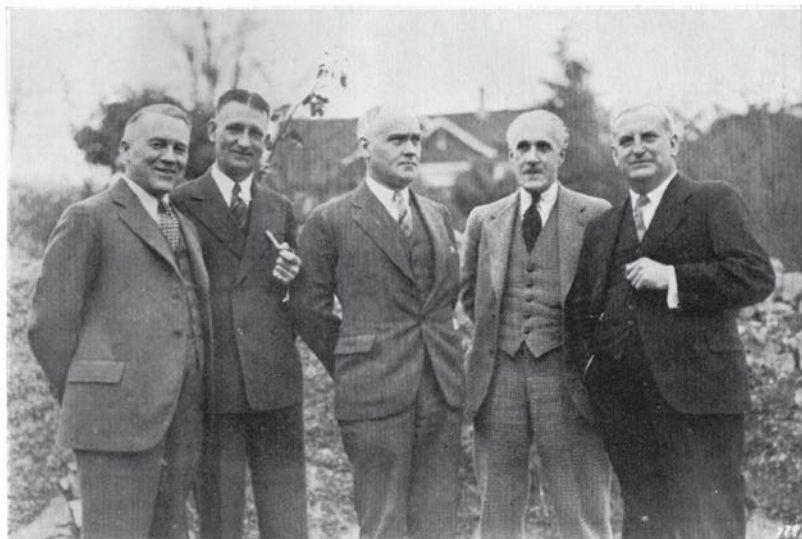
Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

JANUARY, 1938

No. 1

## The Minister Pays a Visit



*Honorable George Weir (centre), Minister of Education for British Columbia, paid a brief visit to Powell River last month. He is here shown with Resident Manager D. A. Evans; G. N. Douglas, President of the Powell River Board of Trade; John McIntyre, and Mel Bryan, M.L.A., MacKenzie District.*

# Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

## V. Colorado Springs, Colorado



*Colorado Springs Hotel, with outline of Pike's Peak in the background.*

**I**N this issue we take our Powell River Newsprint Caravan to the distant state of Colorado, famous for its scenic beauties and rich historical background. We pull up in picturesque Colorado Springs, home of the *Gazette* and *Telegraph*, and famous as a southwest tourist centre.

A friendly city is Colorado Springs, basking in sunshine all the year round—and nestling in the shadow of the internationally famous Pike's Peak.

### HISTORIC PIKE'S PEAK

The peak is annually the scene of the famous Pike's Peak hill climb, in which the nation's most daring automobile drivers send their machines hurtling to the top over a course more than 12 miles long in slightly more than 16 minutes. Stock cars have done it in less than 20 minutes.

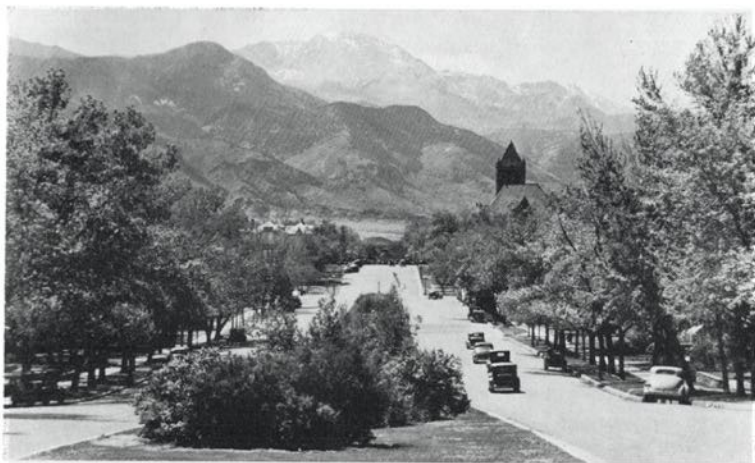
The Pike's Peak region abounds in scenic delights. There are both toll charge features and points of national interest that are free to the public.

#### FAMOUS STAGE COACH ROUTES

Here is found the famous Cheyenne Mountain, around whose sides wended the old stage road of Cripple Creek days. The highway, now improved to the extent of being a favorite automobile road, is a 42-mile scenic route to Victor and Cripple Creek, one of the large gold mining districts of the world. The return may be made via Florissant or the old Midland-Divide route and the famous old Ute Pass through Crystola, Green Mountain Falls, Cascade and Manitou Springs. The entire circle takes one completely around Pike's Peak, a distance of approximately 90 miles.

The Cheyenne canyons are popular with resident and tourist alike, and the world-famous Garden of the Gods presents a scene of geological formations which annually attract hundreds of geologists and students. It is also the scene of thousands of picnics throughout the year. The roads through the Garden of the Gods as well as the famous Palmer Park in Austin Bluffs, east of the city, are hard surfaced. Both parks are city owned.

Colorado Springs is a utility-minded city, and owns its water, light and power and gas utilities. It is world-famous for the



*One of the beautiful boulevards of Colorado Springs along the famous Pike's Peak Highway.*



*Main street of Colorado Springs, Colorado, one of the well-known tourist centres of the Southwestern States.*

economical management of these systems. The water, stored in gem-like lakes on the north and south slopes of Pike's Peak, has a national reputation for purity. The system serves a population of nearly 50,000 in city and suburbs, and with the recent completion of 1937. Privately owned and operated concessions in the region be capable of handling a population of 75,000 with ease.

#### SCENIC ATTRACTIONS

The city likewise owns and operates a fine municipally conducted golf course, Patty Jewett field. Its city parks include Monument Valley Park, more than two miles in length, with numerous small lakes, and containing the Quackenbush tennis courts for day and night playing. A fine, new \$50,000 bathhouse was opened at Prospect Lake, in the southeastern section of the city, in the spring of 1937. Privately owned and operated concessions in the region include the Broadmoor-Cheyenne Mountain highway to the summit of Cheyenne Mountain; the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun, on the slopes of Cheyenne Mountain, and the Cheyenne Mountain Zoo, largest private zoo in the west; the Mount Manitou Incline Railroad to the summit of Mount Manitou, rising above Manitou Springs; the Cog Railroad to the summit of Pike's Peak; the Barr Trails to the summit of Pike's Peak; the Cliff Dwellings, Cave of the Winds and Seven Falls, all famous for their scenic beauty.

The city of Colorado Springs is well known as a convention city, and its ample municipal auditorium, with a seating capacity of 3,500, is the scene of scores of state, district, national and international conventions annually.

#### RECREATIVE ACTIVITIES WIDESPREAD

The summer recreative agenda of Colorado Springs includes all recognized sports, with golfing, polo, baseball, softball, swimming, motoring, hiking, picnicking and boating holding the interest of thousands. Winter sports are being developed to a high plane, with the Pike's Peak Ski Club taking the lead in developing the west's greatest ski course at Glen Cove, half way up the slopes of Pike's Peak. Golf is enjoyed both on the Patty Jewett municipal course and famous moss-built Broadmoor course practically every day of the year. The Broadmoor course has been the scene of three trans-Mississippi tournaments and of the Western Amateur tournament in 1935.

Laid out in 1871 by Gen. William Jackson Palmer, builder of the great Denver & Rio Grande Western railroad, the city of Colorado Springs has had a gradual but steady growth. The Cripple Creek gold rush of the nineties made scores of millionaires, who built their homes in Colorado Springs. The cultural has always more than kept pace. The educational systems in Colorado Springs, public and private, provides facilities for education from kindergarten through to the masters degree. In addition to the city school system there are Fountain Valley School for boys, San Luis School for boys and girls, Colorado College and the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Centre, with summer and winter courses in the arts.

The city of Colorado Springs is a city of churches, with practically all denominations represented.

The excellent year around climate has attracted to Colorado Springs such famous institutions as the Modern Woodmen of America Sanatorium and the Union Printers Home. Hospitals are of the finest with national ratings, and there are several nationally known sanatoria, including Cragmor, Glockner, St. Francis and the National Methodist.

Colorado Springs is easily reached by transcontinental railroads, bus and plane, and owns its own square-mile airport.

# Our Musical and Cultural Societies

## I. St. John's Church Choir



*Choir of St. John's United Church at Powell River. Present membership is about 35, and the past season has been one of the most successful in years.*

**A**BOVE is a recent photograph of the St. John's Church choir, and is the first in a series showing phases of musical and cultural life in Powell River. In recent years, slowly but definitely, cultural activities have taken definite root in the community life of the district. Less in the forefront, perhaps, than more spectacular recreative and fraternal groups, our musical and choral societies, literary clubs, debating societies, players' clubs, are now receiving steady and increasing support from the public.

In Powell River today, in addition to our several church choirs, other phases of cultural and educational activities are found in the Men's Choral Society,

the Shakespearean Society, Players' Clubs, and a Literary and Debating group. It will be our purpose in succeeding issues to bring brief thumb-nail sketches of each of these groups before our readers.

For this issue we give you the St. John's Church choir, which, under the energetic leadership of Dave Smith, is enjoying one of its best years in history. Mrs. R. B. Linzey, well known in local musical circles, is organist, and has been with the choir for many years. Membership at present is about 35, and the choir is making plans for the purchase of a modern organ to replace the present equipment, which is not suitable for its expanding activities.



## Powell River Personalities

### Charlie Powell

**T**WENTY-SIX years of continuous service entitles Charlie Powell—known to so many as Sprinkler Foreman, to others as Water Superintendent—to a high rank among the personalities of Our District. Charlie is one of the first half-dozen of the "Old Brigade" who are still making Powell River newspaper. Starting with the Company in



*Charlie Powell, in charge of our sprinkling and waterworks system, has seen over 25 years' consecutive service.*

September, 1911, he is a pioneer of the district and one of the small, select group still in Powell River who witnessed the start of construction work on the original Grinder and Machine Room buildings.

Charlie was born in Monmouthshire, Wales, and is recognized head of the Welsh clan in Powell River. No Welshman has ever landed from the wharf who hasn't made Charlie's acquaintance within the first twenty-four hours. His home is the centre of the Welsh immigrants—and on Saturday nights passers-by have more than an even chance of hearing the

Powell River clan rendering "Men of Harlech" in the Powell mansion. Mrs. Powell's reputation as a mother to stray Welshmen has travelled far beyond the borders of Powell River. It is said that back in the old home town no Welshman ever departs for Canada without instructions to look up Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Powell.

Charlie is a hunter of note and a Nimrod of parts. There is not an inch of available hunting area in the neighborhood that he hasn't tramped. He is a skilled amateur gardener, and the famous Welsh Partridge in his front lawn enjoys wide notoriety.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell have three children: Courtenay, well known as a boss machine tender in the machine room; and two daughters, Mrs. W. Batterham and Mrs. Cyril Adey—all residents of the district.

In the past few years Charlie has forsaken a few of the old hunting spots—and has threatened to take up golf and lawn bowling. Harry Caruthers, Plant Superintendent, assures us, however, that there is nothing in this rumor.

"Charlie," Harry succinctly stated, "hasn't gone that far back yet."

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."




*House of newsprint cores built by a Dallas troupe of Boy Scouts as a summer gathering centre.*

## School Girl Impressions of Paper Making

After Pinch-hitting as a Guide, a Paper Maker Wonders What They Will Be

By LEW GRIFFITH

 HE was sixteen, red-headed, cute, so sophisticated—and she had never been inside a paper mill. Besides, she was my wife's niece, which made a trip through the plant a foregone conclusion. "Now remember," that good lady admonished, as we left for the sight-seeing round, "Alice will want to see everything. Perhaps she can do an essay on paper making at school this spring." . . . It was a swell send-off!

Down Second Street, across the mill yard—what's the "First Nighter" got that we haven't?

The sawmill was our first stop. Alice didn't like the sawmill. Clutching my arm in a delightful show of confidence, she consented to being

led upstairs to a vantage point above the saw deck.

Explanations were out. All set to do the thing right, I was winding up for my first verbal pitch when Alice shrieked.

They had been fixing a new log to the saw carriage when we entered, and now that awesome car, with a mighty timber aboard, was rushing towards us. By the time the saw had bitten off its first huge slice, and long before the carriage had fetched up with a shuddering stop, we were half way down the stairs in full retreat.

After that sawmill experience the wood room was off the visiting list. We headed for the ground wood screen room.

Deckers, stone beaters, and wet machines were tame after the saw-mill. My little niece liked the wet machines, one in particular. There was a really spectacular young man with muscles like a wrestler tending that machine. I finally broke the spell, suggesting the generator room as our next stop.

Alice took the generators in her stride. She'd been through a power house once with a group of classmates, so there was nothing new about the generator room, and we hurried toward the grinders.

Grinders have always offered a fascination for me. I like the smell of the wet wood, the magic of seeing blocks stuffed into the pockets of the machines to become a steady ooze of pulp from beneath the voracious monsters that chew solid, yellow wood into a thick porridge.

A sharp tug at my arm roused me. Alice was clutching her ridiculous hat with one hand while she pulled me away with the other.

"My hair must be a sight," she moaned, once we had quitted the grinder room. "That awful steam! I could feel every wave wilting. I just know I look terrible, definitely terrible!"

Offering reassurance on her appearance—evidently discarded, for she was busily plying lipstick and powder—I set a course for the machine room. Somehow I sensed the smelly digester house would offend that now well-powdered little nose.

Things were running smoothly

when we arrived beside No. 7. I explained—a bit sketchily, perhaps—the mysterious process of the wet-end section. After the first dryer that whole block had a monotonous sameness. With a carefully zig-zagging finger I pointed out how the paper travels through the calender stack.

When I showed how you can get an electric shock from the sheet as it runs between stack and reel, Alice obligingly squealed—a well-controlled little squeal, calculated to have full effect on the grinning winder crew. But the back-tender ruined everything.

As we stood watching the paper wind on the reel he flipped open an air valve that set a hose writhing about our feet. Alice was through with paper mills.

I should have known . . . that old gag! The most withered chestnut in the machine-room entertainment programme! It cost me three chocolate sundaes . . . and a Robert Taylor show to restore the little redhead's shattered aplomb.

Just the same, I'd sure like to read that essay . . . if it's ever written.

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."

# Manufacture of Bank of England Notes

## Prevention Against Forgery Sought Throughout

**A**T various times paper makers on our plant have, in the long reaches of a graveyard shift, discussed the intricate and secret process necessary in the fabrication of the famous John Bradburys. It is vaguely realized that extraordinary precautions must be taken to avoid forgery, and that the process must be carefully guarded. Considering that some debates in connection with the manufacturing of the English banknote would be interesting as well as informative to mill employees, we print in outline an account of the process submitted to the Board of Governors for consideration by the chairman of a special committee. In this issue we will deal with some of the questions of color and watermark, and in the second and concluding article will add further details of tests and printing experiments.

### SECURITY

"To the Governor and Directors of the Bank of England: As the triple paper which I have had the honor to propose and superintend for the new banknote seems now to be brought very nearly to perfection, I think it is desirable that I should give as concise and summary a view as I can of the principal points of security which I have had in view in proposing this plan, and as all the points now left for decision rest entirely with the Governor and Directors of the bank, I have thought

it right to address this paper in particular to them.

"First, then, as to the security arising from the mode of fabricating this paper, I feel confident that no imitation of this paper, with the layer of colored pulp thrown into the interior, can be made without going through the process of paper making, and indeed, this has never been denied. The imitations that were attempted were made as paper and by paper makers, and no man has ever been bold enough to say he can produce the effects here produced by any process subsequent to the original formation of the paper.

### IMITATION IMPOSSIBLE

"This fact alone, therefore, amounts to no ordinary security, for most assuredly the forger cannot, as at present, by various simple means, take a piece of common paper and produce the appearance of a watermark upon it. He must, as I have already observed, absolutely go through the process of paper making, and moreover, to produce the extraordinary clear watermark thus given he must discover and pursue a process quite new and little likely to be suspected even by an expert paper maker, of dipping the three layers of pulp, one upon the other, without couching, and still further of making the colored layer in clear water. I say, therefore, that as this new and extraordinary system of manipulation

has been found essential to the production of the new watermark so peculiarly clear and transparent, there is no probability, for the present at all events, of its being imitated even by a paper maker.

"In the second place, as to the security arising from the introduction of color, it is evident that the tint in the interior of the paper gives a brilliancy to the watermark which cannot be obliterated by the wearing of the note, or by its being soiled, whereas in the present white note, after being considerably rubbed and soiled, it is extremely difficult to distinguish the watermark. Another very important advantage in the introduction of color in the interior of the note is that it is a much greater security than the thinness of the present paper against attempting any alteration in the value of a note, such as the making of a ten-pound out of a one- or two-pound note by erasure. This is a mode of forgery that has been practiced with the present paper, but with the colored paper any erasure which would not show on colorless paper would produce a great-

er strength of color by laying bare the interior.

#### COLOR

"With regard to the particular color, the pale blue, as far as appearance goes, seems to be the most preferred. There are, however, reasons which induce me to prefer the pink produced by the Adrianople red dye, and which I shall here state, as this is a point resting with the bank, and one which I think well worthy their mature consideration, as, independent of the general security attached to the introduction of color, much of the security depends upon the use of this particular dye.

"The fact is that the pink pulp with which the first specimens were produced was of a very peculiar and remarkable tint that can only be obtained from the Adrianople red, and is, moreover, a color that cannot by any possibility be applied to the pulp after it is made but must actually have been given to the cloth previous to its being made into pulp. The least quantity of pulp that can be made at one time is one hundredweight."



*His Excellency, Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General, snapped in Prince Rupert recently by Al Watson, our sulphite superintendent.*

## Use of Newsprint Cores Spreads

Texas Publisher Starts New Fashion in House Building



*House built entirely of newspaper cores by Mr. P. Lucas, of Dallas, Texas.*

**I**N an earlier issue we told how Ted Dealey, vice-president of the *Dallas News and Journal*, had demonstrated the possibility of utilizing discarded newspaper cores for home building. At that time he experimented within the family circle by constructing, entirely of cores, a playhouse for his daughter.

After this initial successful venture an advertisement was inserted in the *News*, announcing that these cores were available gratis to anyone willing to haul them away.

The response was astonishing. Over 200 people answered this request, and homes manufactured from newspaper cores have been built by many Dallas citizens. Their homes proved popular as playhouses, and Mr. Dealey suggests that if other communities in the United

States could be offered these cores free by newspapers, a demand might eventually spring up to a point where they might be sold at a profit.

An interesting example of house building with cores is seen in the construction of a 12x18-foot cabin by a Dallas Boy Scout troop. Over 300 cores were used by the Scouts for the building.

Between 1200 and 1500 cores split in half were used to build the five-room country house of Mr. and Mrs. Parker V. Lucas (shown in the illustration). They were split lengthwise, except those used in making the porch pillars and the fence, making the house similar in appearance to a log cabin. This ambitious utilization of cores carries out Mr. Dealey's idea that there is a real market for newspaper cores.



*Prominent among visitors this month were Wilson Goode, British Trade Commissioner in Vancouver; Mr. Philip Nesbitt, of Gollin & Co., Australia, and Mr. Harold Cove, of Balfour Guthrie. The above group, photographed at Powell River, shows Mrs. Anson Brooks (left), Mr. Goode, Mr. Nesbitt, Mrs. R. Bell-Irving, Mrs. Nesbitt, R. Bell-Irving, Mrs. and Mr. Cove.*

### Badminton Club

The Badminton club is reporting one of the most successful seasons in years. Upwards of eighty members are on the rolls and enthusiasm among players has been keen throughout the year. On February 19 the local clubs will stage one of the big badminton events of the year, the Upper Island Championships. Representatives of approximately fifteen clubs will be on hand for the big tournament, which kicks off on Saturday morning, the 19th. R. H. Simmonds, president of the club, is confident Powell River will carry off its share of championships.

Canada is first in developed water power.

### Golf Club

And congratulations to an energetic committee and membership of the Golf club for the manner in which they are rallying behind the club in its struggle for finances. The club has put its shoulder to the wheel and its fund-raising campaign and membership drive shows a unanimity of purpose that is a credit to every member of this energetic organization.

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."

## Around the Plant

THE outburst of war fever has aroused widespread discussion among local orators and ex-servicemen.

Said Ernie Pettican, of the barker mill, last week: "I know ten fellows who will go to war if we have to go into it."

"Who are they, Ernie," asked Harry Anchor, white hope of the boiler house.

"Me—and the nine guys it will take to drag me there," grunted Ernie as he peeled off another block.

\* \* \*

Eric Baldwin has already manoeuvred the British fleet into a strong position in the east. Eric, attached to Beatty's division during the Jutland fracas, has the maps out, and—"lemme see now. I'll put the *Warsprite* here, the *Rodney* over there, and then have the *Hood* sneak up on 'em."

\* \* \*

Tommy Green, our weekly editor, is entering the lists and suggesting a couple of 18-inch guns on the top of the machine room buildings to command the Gulf. Tommy, as an old artilleryman, has an idea for converting the grinder machines into 8-inch howitzer batteries, but hasn't had much support from the boys in the grinder room.

\* \* \*

Bus Blondin, pipe band enthusiast, suggests we move the Powell River Pipe Band *en bloc* to Shanghai.

"Even the Japanese would protest," Bus told us sadly.

Vern Hughes says this present diplomatic shilly-shallying between Great Britain and the United States has not yet been carried on from the proper psychological angle.

"All they have done so far," sneered Vern, "is to make vague promises about protecting this coast or that, of combining in mutual fleet action, etc.

"If Eden would stand up on his feet and promise every marine and U. S. soldier a regular rum ration for their support the problem would be solved."

Think you've got something there, Vernon.

\* \* \*

Latest report from the sports front tells us that Earl Dore and Dave Kenmuir are turning out for the shot and discus this year. Earl figures that left-handed flip of his should come in handy, and Dave says that after some of the iron he has chucked around recently a 16-pound shot is just like a pebble to him.

\* \* \*

As a mere advance notice, Martin Naylor states that there will be a married ladies' race on the July 1 program, and advises all aspirants to start training as soon as possible. All married ladies wishing to turn out, please get in touch with Martin Naylor for early training. Just call him Martin, ladies, he's easy to get along with.

The professor rapped on his desk and shouted: "Gentlemen, order!"

The entire class yelled: "Beer!"



## Vancouver Office Still Bowling

**F**ROM Hairbreath Harry Grant —sparkplug of the Vancouver office bowlers — comes this page of Five-pin highlights. The boys and girls down in the big city office take their bowling as seriously as the local girls take their knitting. The club is known as the Teshqvoit Five-pin Bowling League — and no wisecracks will be tolerated. Here we go:

The first half of the bowling series was won by the Pinspillers, under the able leadership of Ken (King Kong) Kington, his team having won 23 games and lost 13.

The honors for high games seem to be pretty well divided, and at this time stand as follows:

High Single—Bert Rush.....	301
High Three—Ken Kington.....	654
High Single—Vera Cox.....	208
High Three—Eileen James.....	498

Genial Jack Graham takes the cake when it comes to utilizing his vocal chords, and probably the proximity of the Christmas festivities had something to do with all the pep the gang had. Six turkeys were donated by Mr. S. D. Brooks and Marsh & McLennan Limited. First prize for men went to Capt. Walter Anderson, with a gross score of 632, and Kay Dick topped the ladies with a score of 606 to take first prize. Four turkeys were given as consolation prizes, the win-

ners being Vera Cox, Frank Hallanquist, Bert Rush and Harry Grant.

Shortly before Christmas we received a challenge from Pacific Mills Limited, to comprise two teams from Powell River Company office employees only. It was impossible to accept the challenge at that time, but we hope to be able to do so early this year.

A few of the gentlemen will probably find their game will improve considerably if they keep their eyes on the pins (the pins at the far end of the alleys).

Since we have given you particulars of the high games, we might also remark on a few of the low games. Diminutive Peggy Darbey holds all records with a low of 16, also another game with eight blows, but don't let that get you down, Peggy—you were the first lady to strike out.

Gurth Buchan was low man with 62, but you had lots of company, Gurth, with a 69 and a 73 by two prominent gentlemen. Ken Kington, Bob Johnstone and Ken Barton each had five consecutive strikes to their credit, while Harry Grant had the game with the most strikes, having seven strikes and a spare for 292.

Marmacs got off to a good start in their third game on the night of November 23rd by everyone blowing their first frame; however, they managed to recover sufficiently to win the game from Dinamiters.

## Snowball Frolic!



Photographer Ossie Stevenson, of Lane's Studio, took the above picture. He returned to our office, grim lipped, collar askew, with the report it was as much as any man's life was worth to try to take a snap of those young helions with snow around.

"Busted two plates," growled Steve, "pasted me as I tried to snap 'em. No sense of proportion. Their sense of direction was good and I was on the receiving end. Next time you want a picture of innocent youth gambolling in virgin snow, take it yourself."

And so we had our second snowfall of the current season. Like its vigorous predecessor of late December, it soon yielded to the onrush of a nice, well timed rainfall and the soft, melting breezes from the Pacific.

We believe our B. C. weather man is one of the greatest quick change

artists in the world. He sends along a foot of snow and scatters it to the four winds the next day. So we inform our friends in Texas, Florida, and southern points that we really don't have any snow in Powell River—but if we do, it's just like that liquid sunshine our friends in Honolulu tell us about.

---

## Bill Says It's So!

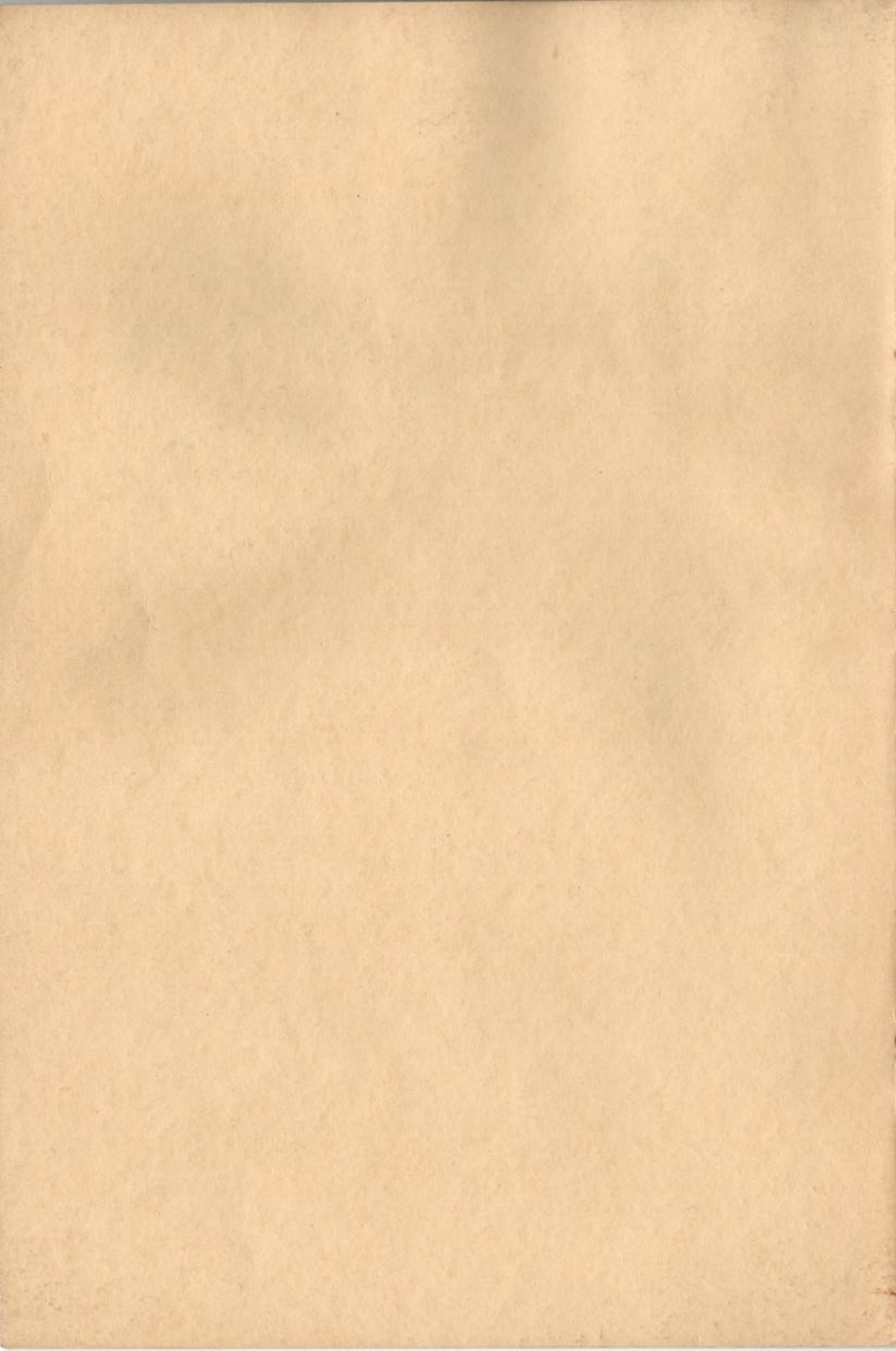
Bill Parkin is author of the following story, which he asserts concerns one of our well-known athletes:

A young married couple were walking along the Westview road one particularly dismal afternoon, the male escort repeatedly expressing his disgust over missing the bus into Powell River. After a considerable distance, during which the conversation had been somewhat one-sided, the wife expressed the opinion that, for a person in his condition, the present exertion was no great hardship. "Don't you walk miles through the bush on Sundays during hunting season?" was her query. The husband admitted this was correct. "And didn't you stroke a rowing crew when in Vancouver?" This was also admitted. "And didn't you do a lot of heavy lifting in the gym down there, and weren't you always in the weight-throwing competitions?" "Oh, yes, but——" "Well," interrupted the lady, "suppose you carry the baby for a while; I've packed him for two miles, and I'm all in."

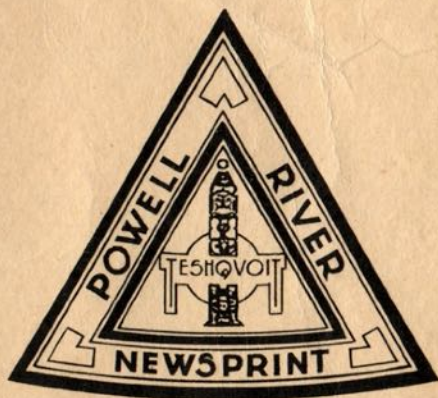
---

Canada leads the world in news-print production and export.



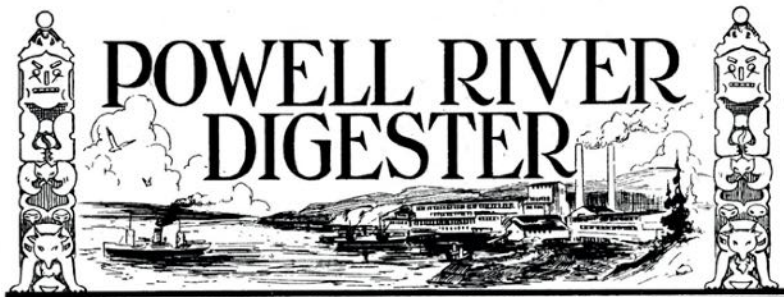


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL. 14 FEBRUARY, 1938 NO. 2





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

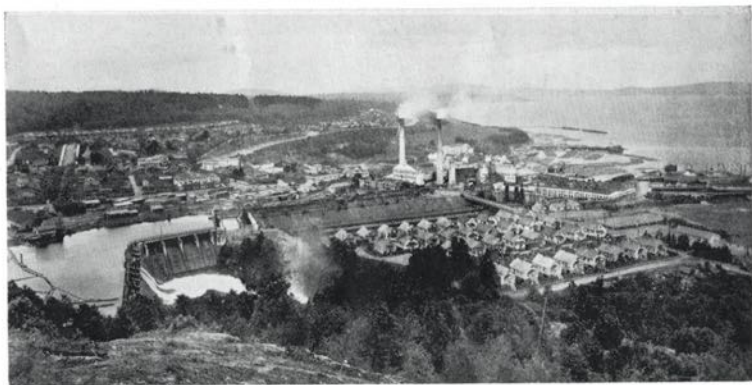
VOL. 14

FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 2

---

## Townsite Panorama



*Recent photograph of the Powell River plant and townsite, taken from the surrounding hills, showing the dam, mill buildings and wharves.*

---

# Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

## VI. Phoenix, Arizona



*Hold that maverick! It's branding time and roundup time on an Arizona cattle ranch, and the men of the range are busy. A million cattle are counted by the owners of this State's 2,000 cattle ranches.*

**I**N the current issue we take our readers and our roll of Powell River newsprint to another section of the southwest states, to another state, and to another capital. Last month we dropped in for a brief visit to celebrated Colorado Springs; this month we swing southwest and westward, cross the border, and pull up in Phoenix, capital and historic centre of Arizona.

Arizona first knew its modern existence 70 years back as a hay camp. Then a little group of trail blazers saw the agricultural possibilities resulting from the year-round equable climate and the fertile soil. They saw that by diverting water from the river passing through the valley, considerable land could be cultivated. This was the beginning of the modern Phoenix.

Named after the mythical Egyptian bird fabled as coming every 500 years out of Arabia to Heliopolis, where it burned itself on the altar and rose again from its ashes, young and beautiful.

The infant community grew. A townsite was laid out. Corner lots sold for \$11.00. Rude ditches carried water to lands near the



in intensive cultivation; in yields per acre which in some instances set national records—Arizona agriculture is a leading industry.

Arizona is recognized as one of the important truck-growing states. It ranks second among the western states in the value of truck crop and its yield per acre in wheat is high.

Published morning, evening and Sunday at Phoenix, the *Arizona Republic* and *Phoenix Gazette* during the past 50 years have led in moulding this state into an integral unit.

Independently owned, they have fostered development in many fields.

They have a notable public service record of teaching youngsters to swim, taking adolescents and bringing them through oratorical contests, taking young babies and fostering their health and happiness through annual physical examinations, promoting amateur athletic events of all descriptions, bringing thousands of pioneers into Phoenix each year for a reunion, and in other fashions also conducting events which have helped make the state a solidified whole.

The associated newspapers have more circulation than all, but newspapers of the state combined. They reach 60 per cent of the state's newspaper-reading population. scenic attractions of Arizona, spend millions of dollars in supporting the list of world and Arizona



*Cotton of the highest grade, the "long staple" variety, comes from the fields about Phoenix. The cotton seed makes meal with which cattle are fattened. The long staple cotton commands a premium in the world's markets.*

scenic world,  
the greatest, Grand  
this state offers.

Colorful towns spraddle across the  
Old World Mexico. There are thousand-year-old apartment houses  
of prehistoric peoples, filled with the glamour of ancient days. In  
picturesque Indian villages age-old ceremonials constantly are being  
re-enacted. There is Tombstone, of the Bird Cage Theatre . . . Boot  
Hill Cemetery and hectic history . . . Apache Trail Highway with  
its scintillating past . . . Boulder Dam . . . copper camps . . . dude  
ranches and cowboys . . . painted deserts . . . petrified forests.

Phoenix, where palm trees form sentinel lines along the sun-lit  
streets, is tourist headquarters for Arizona.

Phoenix is the centre of an irrigated empire in a semi-tropical  
region of notably equable climate. The empire's 19,000 farms cover  
14,000,000 acres. Forty thousand persons annually gain employ-  
ment from this industry.

In diversity of products, ranging from dates and grain to cantaloupes and olives; in exceptionally long growing seasons permitting two and three crops a year from the same land; in fertility of soil;

in intensive cultivation; in yields per acre which in some instances set national records—Arizona agriculture is a leading industry.

Arizona is recognized as one of the important truck-growing states. It ranks second among the western states in the value of truck crop and its yield per acre in wheat is high.

Published morning, evening and Sunday at Phoenix, the *Arizona Republic* and *Phoenix Gazette* during the past 50 years have lead in moulding this state into an integral unit.

Independently owned, they have fostered development in many fields.

They have a notable public service record of teaching youngsters to swim, taking adolescents and bringing them through oratorical contests, taking young babies and fostering their health and happiness through annual physical examinations, promoting amateur athletic events of all descriptions, bringing thousands of pioneers into Phoenix each year for a reunion, and in other fashions also conducting events which have helped make the state a solidified whole.

The associated newspapers have more circulation than all other newspapers of the state combined. They reach 60 per cent of the state's newspaper-reading population.



*Add a gondola to this picture and you'd have a semi-tropical version of Venice. This is an Arizona irrigation canal, part of an elaborate system which insures the Phoenix area against drought. Phoenix is headquarters of the great reclamation development, the Salt River project.*

## Manufacture of Bank of England Notes

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This is the second and concluding series dealing with the manufacture of Bank of England notes. The first dealt with security, the impossibility of imitation, and the intricate color process.*

THE process of dyeing the note paper is a most laborious, troublesome, and uncertain operation, consisting of nine or ten different manipulations. By adding this dye, therefore, the security arising from the paper appears to be completed, for the forger would not only then be obliged to make the paper, but to make it in large quantities. I must confess, therefore, that I am of opinion that although there seems a predilection for the blue tint, that this is a point which should be reconsidered, and especially as the tint may be given in as light a shade as the blue, and as little detrimental to the effect of the printing.

*Test of the Genuineness of this Paper.*—The most simple rule may be laid down for the test of the genuineness of the triple paper, namely, that when held up to the light and looked through, the colors will look much stronger than when looked at. Now, if the color were not in the interior, which we have seen is a process too difficult for the ordinary forger to attempt in his paper, the very reverse would be the effect; that is, if the color were stained on the surface, which seems to be the only mode of imitation

open to the forger, then would the colors look paler when looked through than when looked at, instead of looking stronger as in the genuine note. And to prove this difference to the public on the note itself, a narrow border of the interior colored pulp is left bare all around the note. In this border, therefore, the color is superficial, and accordingly when the note is held up to the light the border where the color is superficial and which is the strongest tint when looked at, appears the palest when looked through, and *vice versa*; the remainder of the note, where the color is in the interior and which appears the palest when looked at, is much the strongest tint when looked through. Thus the truth and value of this simple test are at once established on a first inspection.

*Of the Expense.*—Mr. Brewer has informed me that it has been ascertained by experiments, in the presence of Mr. Portal, that one man could on the last new plan of three dippings with only one couching, make eight sheets of this new paper in ten minutes without any succession of moulds. The following is the calculation he finds upon this fact: Eight sheets in 10 minutes by one man; 48 sheets in 1 hour; 480 sheets in one day of 10 hours. If there be 8 notes on a sheet, 3,840 notes may be made in one day by one man, and if 20 men are employed they would make 76,800 notes in a day, which is, I believe, considerably more than required."

## Jack Heads South

Headed for Hot Springs, Arkansas, well-known baseball training school, Jack Mathison, Powell River all-round star and No. 1 baseball prospect, boarded the southbound express at Vancouver last month. Jack's application as a student baseballer was among those accepted by the school, and the entire athletic fraternity of Powell River is pulling for the big boy to make good.



*Jack Mathison, Powell River all-round athlete, tries out for Big Time baseball.*

Jack has been an outstanding all-round athlete locally. Baseball, basketball, soccer, lacrosse, track, etc.—he has been a stand-out in them all. A natural athlete, his easy style and polished play around the first sack has caught the eye of visiting scouts, who think he has major league prospects. Certainly Jack is one of the finest all-round ball players ever developed locally.

The big fellow has been employed by the Powell River Company for the past four years. Graduating from high school he entered the plant as a pattern maker's apprentice. He has been captain of numerous athletic teams; is the league's leading basket scorer. He plays

centre forward in soccer and is a prolific goal getter. He is always in the local Big Six in baseball, and hits consistently above a .400 clip.

Jack is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mathison, who have resided in Powell River for over twenty years. Jack is twenty-three years old.

Good luck, Jack, and don't forget Powell River when you play at the Yankee Stadium.

It's a long way from Powell River to Vienna, more particularly during the past month. However, it doesn't seem so far the other way. The fame of our little hamlet has extended across the Alps to the walls of Vienna, as the following letter proves:

Vienna,

Date of postage stamp

Dear Sirs:

Just now I read in the *German Paper Review* that you are going to establish a factory of wood pulp and paper.

This is inducing me to call your attention to my house, existing already for many years, being especially busy with the sale of second-hand plant for such industries.

If you would make use of my services for the intervention with buying a priceworthy plant in Europe, please let me know particulars of your wishes, in order to enable me to submit you the necessary offers with literature.

Hoping to hear from you, I am, dear sirs,

Yours very truly,

FRIEDRICH WALTER MUELLER.



*The paper Nimrods, going in or out of action. Left to right we have Vic Coudert, vice-president, G. F. Steele & Co.; Ted Dealey, of the Dallas News; Jake Butler, Houston Chronicle; Bert Honea, Fort Worth Star Telegram; and Harold S. Foley.*

## You're Supposed to Say Tallyho!

### Paper Nimrods Beat Florida Streams and Woods for—Fun!

Last month, Harold Foley, our executive vice-president, took himself a borrowed gun and a group of newspaper pals on a combined hunting and fishing trip in Taylor County, Florida. Harold, probably thinking of British Columbia, had let loose with a flock of tall yarns about the fish and game up there. Bert Honea, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, who knows what big fish really look like after his last trip up the Yucultas, went along in the role of sceptical observer. Ted Dealey, editor of the *Dallas News*, took along a few newsprint cores in case the fishing and hunting didn't come up to Harold's advance stories. J. A. Butler, general manager of the *Houston Chronicle*, had been warned in advance by Bert Honea. He took

along his gun and a sackful of tin cans to practise on. And Vic Coudert, vice-president of G. F. Steele & Co., went along in the role of official interpreter.

From all accounts, Vic had to do a lot of interpreting; Mr. Butler did all his shooting at tin cans, Ted Dealey found plenty of time to soliloquize on the constructional beauties of newsprint cores; Bert Honea just laughed—and Harold talked fast. The denizens of the wild trails of Taylor County strung along with Bert Honea and enjoyed a real old-fashioned laugh.

The *Brooks-Scanlon News*, commenting on the expedition, has this to say:

"But do you think the deer, quail,



*Ted Dealey and F. E. Childress are still hunting in this picture. The deer are in the woods and the boys are expecting them out any minute now. "You just stay and wait for 'em," Harold Foley told the press party. Oh, well . . .*

trout and fish were there to substantiate Mr. Foley's statements? Not by a flaskful!"

Which may explain matters. And, anyway, several of the girls who saw the picture, thought Harold Foley's hunting jacket was too cute for words. Words fail us, too, girls, so we'll leave it at that.

### Vancouver Office Goes Highbrow

We have it on unimpeachable authority that the Vancouver office staff, under the immediate stimulus of Dave Johnston and Mary Leckie, and with the moral support of Harry Grant and Dot Brown, are forming an Old-Time Dance Club of their own. Reliable sources close to the scene of con-

flict report that Bill Barclay and Tip Garvin are nearly ready for a special exhibition of the eightsome reel; and Dame Rumor has it that this will be challenged by Archie de Land and Mary Frampton, who are specializing in the "Sir Roger de Coverley." Roy Foote has been holding secret workouts with Pegg Darby, and the frolicsome twain are reported to have the Hesitation Waltz ready for Mrs. Alexander's approval (and if they get by Mrs. Alexander's expert eye they can put on the exhibition anywhere in Vancouver).

It sounds like a lot of fun. The opening night will be held in a roomy barn on the outskirts of Vancouver. Joe Falconer has hired two pipers, and Harold Foley is bringing up a couple of hunters from Florida, the latter on the assumption they might as well try dancing as hunting.

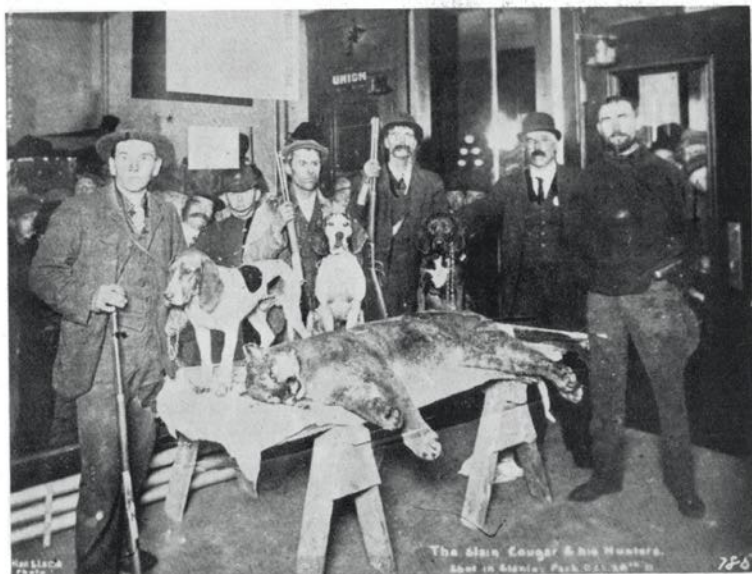
### More "Coop" Talk

The wharf office sizzles with seasonal suspense as the Old Land soccer approaches the final rounds. We warn any self-respecting Canadian to keep clear of that place at noon hours. Argument waxes fast and furious, and pay cheques are mortgaged six months in advance as the boys back their favorites. Joe Elliot to date manages to get the best hearing, but Sid Burns and Arthur Dunn are making it tough.

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 Stanley Park Cougar



*The famous Stanley Park cougar, shown facing the camera inside the old Vancouver Province office. The Shannons, with their dogs, stand in the left background.*

THE picture on this page will conjure up memories to many ex-Vancouverites now resident in Powell River. There was quite a lot of excitement in the Old World in the year 1911. War, and rumors of war, then as now, were in the air. The Moroccan crisis was acute. The Mailed Fist loomed over Europe. Sir Edward Grey sent notes to Germany.

But to residents of Vancouver, for a few brief weeks in that momentous year, all this was small talk. Vancouver had its own front page news—a cougar, loose in Stanley Park, stalking stealthily around the by-

paths and lovers' lanes—wreaking havoc among the trained deer of that famous natural park.

The cougar, which apparently had swum across to the park from North Vancouver, had already killed two deer. Citizens were alarmed. Pedestrians deserted the park. A near-panic was in evidence. Hunters stalked the highways and byways, seeking the elusive cat. "The Stanley Park Cougar" was news headlines. On the streets the sole topic of conversation was, "Have they got the cougar yet?"

The big cat was finally treed by the Shannon brothers, from Cloverdale,



now owners of one of the big dairy and stock farms of British Columbia, and shot. The march of the victorious hunters through the streets of Vancouver was a triumphant procession. The picture shown above, presented to the DIGESTER by Harry Carruthers, our General Superintendent, shows the Shannon brothers standing before the dead cougar in the old Vancouver Province office on Hastings Street. The picture was in every newspaper in the province and the Shannon brothers were the heroes of the hour.

Thus ended the "Great Cougar Scare," which for nearly two weeks had the city of Vancouver in a greater panic than the reported presence of the German cruiser *Leipsic* off the coast in August, 1914.

"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."

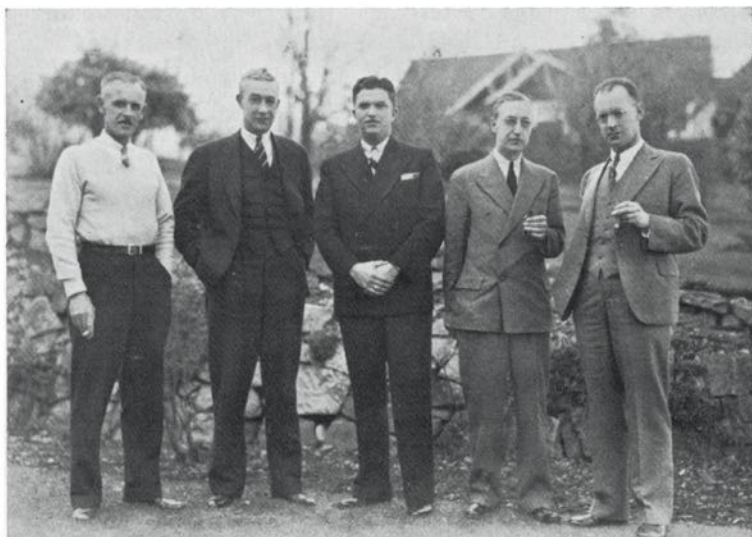
### Lower Mainland Boxing Championships

On Friday and Saturday, April 29 and 30, the Lower Mainland Boxing Championships will be held in Dwight Hall, Powell River. The allocation of these championships to Powell River was made last week by Norman Porter, president of the B. C. Branch, A. A. U. of C. This tournament is the most ambitious yet attempted locally, and Mr. P. R. Lockie, who has been working hard to bring the best of B. C. boxing talent to Powell River, hopes to give the public the best show ever seen locally. He is arranging to bring in all the mitt stars of the mainland—and a sprinkling of the British Empire Games competitors for the Powell River show.

Eliminations will be held on Friday, the 29th, and the finals, which will bring together the cream of the province's amateur crop, are slated for Saturday. Prexy Lockie believes the public will support the show, and is leaving no stone unturned to bring in the best.



*In the news. View of the top of the Rock of Gibraltar, Britain's key fortress on the Mediterranean.*



*A group of Powell River Company officials and visitors snapped last week. Left to right: R. C. MacKenzie, Sales and Production Department; R. Bell-Irving, Vice-President, Powell River Company; Elmer Herb, New Westminster Paper Co.; P. J. Salter, President, Sun Publishing Company, Vancouver; William Barclay, Sales Manager, Powell River Sales Company.*

### Visitors

Spending several weeks in Powell River with their daughter, Mrs. Anson Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kendall, of Minneapolis, were welcome visitors during the past month.

On Wednesday, March 2, Mr. P. J. Salter, president of the Sun Publishing Company, Vancouver, B. C., visited Powell River in company with Elmer Herb, general manager of the New Westminster Paper Mills, and William Barclay, Powell River Sales Company. Mr. Salter succeeded to the presidency of the *Sun* following the death in 1936 of Robert Cromie. The visitors played a round of golf, with Major R. C. MacKenzie making a fourth, and from all accounts the

*Sun's* rays were not dimmed during the afternoon fracas.

On March 4 Mr. David Gunnell, vice-president and treasurer of the Philippine Education Company, Manila, dropped in for a brief inspection of the plant and properties. Our weather man was on his best behavior and our eastern visitor enjoyed his visit to the plant and his glimpse of the townsite and suburbs.

Mr. Gunnell has travelled extensively in the east and through Europe on his present trip. He travelled the newly constructed Chinese railroad from Canton to Hankow, and, despite advance warning, found the trip fairly comfortable. He entered Russia via Harbin and Darien, and took

the trans-Siberian road to Moscow and Leningrad. Mr. Gunnell states he left Darien on an up-to-date, streamlined locomotive, which will interest and perhaps astonish many of our local readers. Entering Russia from the east has many complications, according to Mr. Gunnell. Travelling through Russia is not a simple matter, as red tape and officialdom tend to complicate matters for the casual visitor. His story of his Russian trip is amusing and fascinating, and we are endeavoring to persuade him to write a special article for Powell River readers in forthcoming issues of the DIGESTER.

---

### Badminton Club

Powell River is enhancing its reputation as a sport centre. Last month the local badminton club were hosts to the Upper Island Championships, and completed one of the most interesting and keenly contested competitions in recent years.

The indoor net pastime has increased in popularity in the past two seasons, and in the championships just completed, Powell River representatives carried off the lion's share of major honors. The blue ribbon events of the tournament—the Ladies' and Men's singles were won by Mrs. W. Draper and Bert Carey, respectively, of Powell River; and the men's doubles crown was captured by Willie Gilmour and Albert Mitchell, after a struggle that will long be remembered, with Jack Tunstall and Gordon Thorburn, also of Powell River. The

mixed doubles went to Bert Carey and Mrs. Draper. The Islanders carried off the ladies' doubles when that nimble, expert team of Miss Addison and Miss Robinson, of Nanaimo, defeated Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Thorburn.

Attendance throughout the tournament was good, reflecting the increased interest of the general public and its appreciation of the efforts of the local executive in bringing the championships to Powell River. The local sporting public have always supported the bringing in of outside talent to compete with local athletes—and if the local associations put on first-class shows they will receive public support. The entire executive and members of the Badminton Club are to be congratulated on the efficient and workmanlike manner in which the Upper Island championships were conducted.

---

### Athletic Head Pays a Visit

Prominent from an athletic point of view was the visit last month of Norman R. Porter, president of the British Columbia Branch of the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada. Mr. Porter spent three days in Powell River and was a guest of the Powell River Amateur Athletic Association at the boxing tournament on February 26. The amateur chief paid a high tribute to the calibre of local sport in general, and soccer in particular. Mr. Porter has allocated the Lower Mainland Boxing Championships to Powell River on April 29 and 30.

## Around the Plant

THE Company Store's new "Cash and Carry" policy threatens to become the Great Controversy. Wives are gleeful. Husbands and other beasts of burden sink deeper into the slough of gloom. The implications of the plan are terrific. Colorful repercussions may be expected—for instance:

### SCENE I.

The auto call rings. It rings in every department. It rings twice—Bong! Bong! The General Superintendent, on the *qui vive*, is awaiting an important decision from Mr. Evans. Bong! Bong! Bong! Bong! He rushes expectantly to the phone. Will the management buy that new paper machine? Will they, he breathlessly asks himself. Bong! Bong!

He lifts the receiver.

"Hello, Mr. Carruthers. This is Mrs. X.Y.Z. speaking. Will you tell my husband to carry home 20 lbs. of spuds, 2 loaves of bread, 4 onions, a pound of steak, and tell them to mince it. Oh, yes, two bunches of carrots . . . Thank you so much, Mr. Carruthers. Did you say, 'What about the cash?' I'll see Bill pays you back tomorrow."

Bong! Bong!

### SCENE II.

Any night at 5 p.m. An ex-artilleryman stands across from the company store. Toiling slowly, with infinite weariness, is a long line of tired-looking men struggling up the hill. On their backs are heavy loads, reminiscent of

an artillery ammunition column heading up the line during a heavy strafe.

Just the "Cash and Carry" Brigade on their way home.

### SCENE III.

It's a rainy night. Expansively the machine tender invites the boys on his shift to ride home with him. "I can easily take five, so come along. My car's just out there in the parking space." The boys, rushing through the teeming downpour, head for the boss's car.

One look! You've guessed it! The department store "Cash and Carry" plan is in full swing. The back seat looks like Woodward's bargain counter on Monday morning. A mouse couldn't get by the front seat, let alone five husky paper makers.

### SCENE IV.

Bill Parkin, Tom Rees and Fred Riley, casting surreptitious glances over their shoulders, little baskets over their right arms, stride single file through the long lines of canned beans, potatoes and sundries. They hurriedly snatch a can here, a bag there, and rush through to the cashier, where they meet Jock Kyles and his basket emerging from the other line.

Four sickly smiles! Carry on, boys!

\* \* \*

There is a further rumor that Sandy, Mussolini of the Cashier's Cage, will personally handle the purchase of groceries for the staff house. We hope to oblige with a picture of

Sandy in the Basket Parade in our next issue. \* \* \*

This early spring weather has the gardening brigade back at the old stand. Jack Smith, with his springtime vigor, leans across the back fence at Reg Baker, trying frantically to convince himself that the spring feeling is only a flash in the pan. \* \* \*

Pete Jack, pipe and shirt sleeves in the foreground, rake at the alert and shovel at the full slope, has already dug half way to China, and is out to show Charlie Godfrey what can be done with spuds by someone who knows how and when to plant them. \* \* \*

Harvey Coomber, at his Westview villa, has turned up a couple of acres of Coomber soil—claims his peas are already up, and his family will be eating spinach by May. \* \* \*

We even hear that Charlie Garrett, spurred on by the enthusiasm of Mrs. Garrett, has started a 15 by 20 foot rockery in front of the Garrett mansion. \* \* \*

Bolo Gordon, a bit of a nuisance to his less vigorous neighbors, has been stamping around the Gordon homestead without a break for the past month; while across the way Les Irvine has been disturbing a weary soil with unfeeling intensity. \* \* \*

And Arthur Dunn proudly displayed his catch of the first cutworm of the season to a group of admiring "bugadiers." No "Cash and Carry"

system in this garden, is Arthur's firm verdict. \* \* \*

Clare Cunningham, on the other hand, finds that long walks are the ideal solution for handling the first rush of spring. The habit is catching, and a lot of the younger group are following Clare (figuratively speaking, of course). \* \* \*

Somebody asked Harry Zaccarelli, sulphite department sports encyclopedia, what he thought of Herr Hitler.

"Never heard of the guy," says Harry, "but I'll take Joe DiMaggio for the centre garden against that fellow or any other rookie."

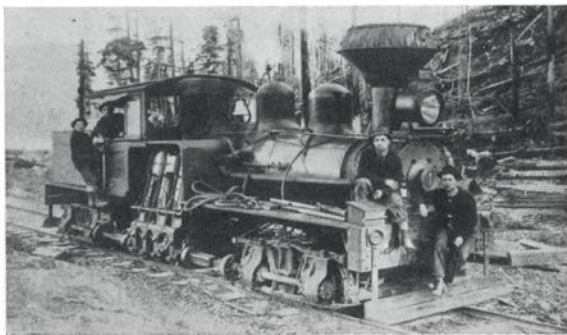
### The "Coop" Ties Are On!

Scottish and English cup ties continue to keep the football fraternity in a fever pitch of excitement. Joe McCrossan, who has had one of his best winters in years watching Glasgow Rangers take an artistic shellacking from second-rate clubs, nearly passed out with apoplexy when Kilmarnock knocked over Celtic 2-1—and booted the Parkhead pride into the discard.

And the native sons of Yorkshire are "by gumming" and wheezing Yorkshire idioms all over the shops since York City started on their career of giant killing in the English League. Every noon hour Reg Baker and Arthur Dunn, arms around each other's shoulders, may be heard whispering, "By goom, lad, yon's a team; and what a bashing welt t' lads will gie 'Uddersfield!"

It's all very confusing, what, what?

## Pre-Paper Days



*Logging locomotive on the present site of Powell River in 1909. The Michigan and Puget Sound operation was in full swing.*

From our old files we produce the two cuts showing industry in and around Powell River in the days when a newsprint mill was still a dream. The locie shown by itself has just drawn a full load of logs through the time office, only it wasn't the time office in 1909; it was the Michigan & Puget Sound Railway carrying the big sticks of Powell River to tidewater.

The locie with its freight of big firs is crossing celebrated Copenhagen Canyon in 1909, during the Brooks-Scanlon Stillwater logs from the Brooks-Scanlon Still-

water operation, to the sea. Copenhagen Canyon was known to every old Brooks-Scanlon logger who ever dropped his empty snuff box into the big chasm.

The Michigan & Puget Sound Railway ran from Powell Lake, through Powell River and on to Westview. It is still preserved today in the footpath to Willingdon Beach via the golf course. The logging road at Stillwater was some 25 miles long, running from the present Power House up along the Third Lois Lake.

*Cargo of big firs crossing Copenhagen Canyon in 1909, during the Brooks-Scanlon Stillwater operations.*

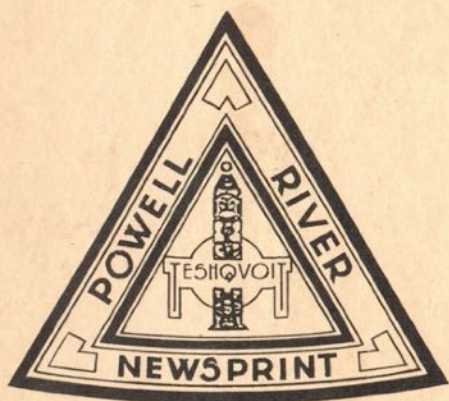




2004.1.19

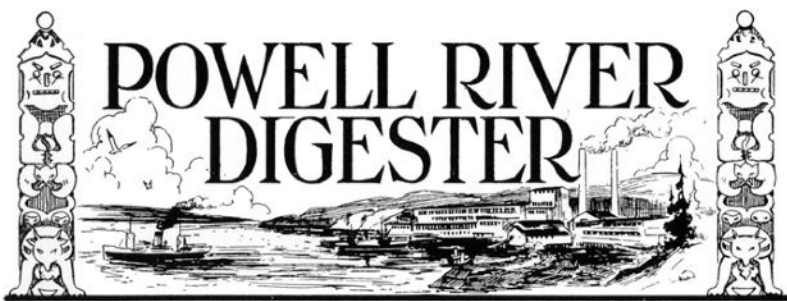


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL. 14 MARCH, 1938 NO. 3





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

MARCH, 1938

No. 3

## Redskin Warriors



*Three miles north of Powell River is the Indian reserve of Sliamon, whose braves have been prominent in the athletic life of the district for many years. Above is a picture of the Sliamox soccer squad, the only all-Indian soccer eleven, as far as we are aware, in British Columbia, if not in Canada.*



# Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

## VII. Houston, Texas



*Houston's Skyline, 1937*

**H**OUSTON is Texas' largest city, and in recent years has rapidly advanced to the rank of the South's second city. Houston's development as a port has been equally interesting. Though geographically an inland city, Houston is today one of the major ports of the world, with a national rank of fourth in total tonnage and third in exports.

Probably Houston's most valuable asset has always been her waterway. In the early days when small sidewheel steamers plied the placid waters of Buffalo Bayou, this waterway was Houston's only medium of communication with the outside world. Since the completion of vast improvements which transformed the sluggish, narrow-banked bayou into a deep water channel, Houston has rapidly established herself as one of the great ports of the nation.

More than \$42,000,000 has been spent by the Federal govern-



*Houston's Business District, 1884*

ment and the citizens of Houston and Harris County for improvement work which resulted in the port's creation. Of this amount approximately \$11,000,000 represents the cost of construction of harbor facilities.

Additional improvements have been created by private enterprises at a total estimated cost of \$200,000,000.

The development of the business of the port has been rapid. In 1920, which was the first full year of the operation of the port, a total of 1,210,204 tons passed over the public wharves. During 1936 a total of 22,921,092 tons of shipping were handled. This total set an all-time high record for any Texas port.

There were 69,839 bales of cotton shipped from the port of Houston during the 1919-1920 season. During the 12 months' period of the 1935-1936 cotton season a total of 1,607,657 bales were shipped.

Though the first export shipment from the port of Houston was made in November, 1919, Houston ship channel was open for coastwise traffic in 1915. In this latter year there was one industry located on the waterway. It was a rather small concern manufacturing agricultural fertilizer. Today there are 52 industrial plants on the ship channel area with an estimated capital investment of more than \$200,000,000 and a daily payroll of \$60,000.

In addition to the above there are 32 industries located on the light draft channel above the turning basin, which have an estimated capital investment of over \$20,000,000 and a daily payroll of approximately \$8,000.

All of this development is directly attributable to the inauguration of deep water shipping facilities which affords unusually attractive transportation facilities to prospective industrial enterprises. The operation of traffic on the Houston ship channel and the move-

ment of freight over the Harbor Belt Railway which has direct connection with all rail lines serving Houston, enables the ship channel industry to enjoy the unique advantages of having ocean freight transportation facilities at its front door and the service of 18 rail lines at its back door.

The 1920 census gave Houston a population of about 138,000. The present population is 392,652, based on the last city directory. This represents an increase of more than 150 per cent in 16 years—the period that the port has been in active operation as a deep-sea harbor. A telephone company survey places the 1938 population at 404,370.

Houston is located at a rail centre where rails and water meet. This is not the hiatus of long stretches of railroad, which put other cities at a disadvantage. This is the meeting point, the cross-roads of commerce.

Another thing that makes the port's position strategic is that many of the main highways of this section converge here. To the famous description of Houston as a place where 18 railroads meet the sea, might be added, "and all the roads lead to Houston." The recent development of good roads in South and East Texas has contributed much to the development of the port and city, by bringing commerce here which formerly took other routes where hard-surfaced highways were provided.

Setting a record in the state from an industrial standpoint, Houston manufacturers are spending \$8,000,000 for new buildings and equipment. It will be generally recognized that many new buildings and considerable machinery are represented in these figures and that the increased employment indicated is an even more desired feature.

The record clearly discloses that Houston has made giant strides toward the goal of leadership in the South, the survey points out. Day after day and week after week the magnitude of Houston's development mounts.

Many large industries are establishing giant plants here. Notable in this list is the Champion Paper & Fibre Company's \$3,500,000 bleached kraft mill.

Most numerous in the list of manufacturing expansions are the oil field equipment concerns. Oil companies have built new additions and the influx of new firms has been most notable.

In addition to being the world's largest spot cotton market, the city likewise is a leader in the petroleum industry.

## Powell River Personalities

**C**HRISTENED Henry, never called Harry, and known almost from infancy as "Stub." Overshadowed in size, but not in aggressiveness by Boss Machine Tender Brother Al. Logger, mechanic, electrician, with a working knowledge of all the "recognized" trades and crafts. A follower of and a steady contributor to every branch of sport. Age 44, and hasn't changed an iota in the last 15 years.



"Stubby"  
Hansen

Henry Hansen started with the Powell River Company in April, 1916. Save for a few brief and spasmodic excursions into logging he has been with us ever since. He took time off to enlist under the Brooks-Scanlon banner during Stillwater operations in 1916-18. He helped move the big Kew Garden flagpole out of the woods and has the picture to prove his evidence.

Without detracting from Stub's ability as an employee and man about town, old-timers will forever associate him with left field in the Powell River

baseball diamond. That tricky sand, half mountain, half hill is known to every baseballer within 100 miles of Powell River. On its precarious slopes names to conjure with in B. C. baseball have come to grief. Many local fielders were called to its forbidding surface; few were chosen.

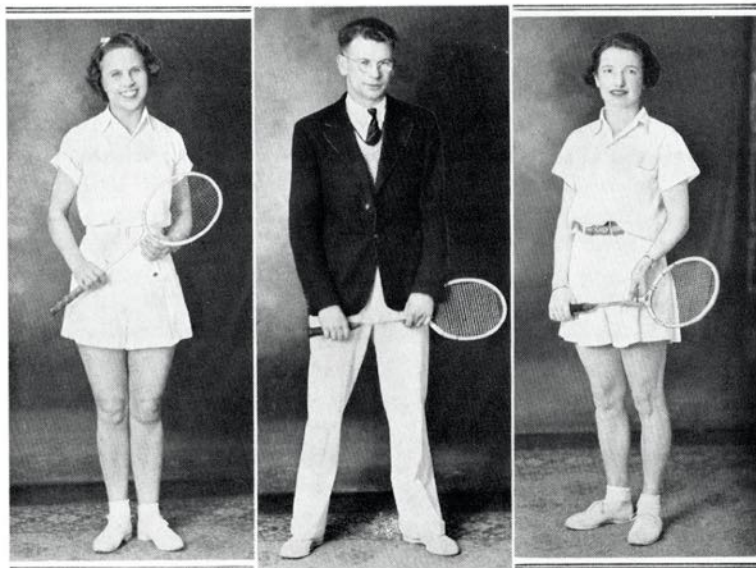
This little patch was Stub's special hobby; year in year out he walked eagerly out to left field, tripped lovingly over its loamy surface and took his position on the bank. No mountain goat in the full meridian of his scrambling powers ever equalled Stubby's miraculous manoeuvring in the left field pasture. He snagged high and low ones; he has robbed hundreds of batters out of many hundred sure hits in his lifetime. Stubby and the left field bank are inseparable terms to all old-timers.

Married, with two children, Stub still has his heart in community work. He has left the old bank to younger men, but never a fly goes winging up there that Stub doesn't wish he was back on the receiving end. An official of the local Pulp & Sulphite Workers' Union he still finds time to manage his department baseball team—and to dig down when any community or athletic hat is passed around.

### Where! O Where?

What we want to know is, what has happened to those Saxons who used to say, "Hello, Canadians, we won't fire if you don't."

## Badminton Winners



*Powell River badminton stars—winners in recent Upper Island championships. Left: Mrs. G. Thorburn, co-bolder of mixed doubles, with Bert Carey, centre. Bert also holds the men's singles crown. Right: Mrs. W. Draper, winner of ladies' singles.*

Powell River badminton stars have been much in the limelight in recent months. Carrying off major honors in the recent Upper Island championships, Bert Carey, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Thorburn, Willie Gilmour and Albert Mitchell have their names inscribed among the year's winners.

In badminton, as in other sports, Powell River has been training its own youngsters, who are now coming into prominence, and who may reasonably be expected to go further in provincial contests in years to come.

Badminton was started in Powell River by a group of former players who still play the game for pleasure, but have left the strain of heavy competition to younger members. Pat Henry, father of badminton in Powell River, is still the moving spirit behind the organization and the training of youngsters that has brought the club to the front in the past two years. Pat never misses a game, and is still able to more than hold his own with the youngsters over two sets. After the second set, Pat just grins and remembers he's still a good organizer.



## The Bowling Green

EDITOR'S NOTE—Whether Bill Parkin's pipe is responsible for the following or whether it's just the effect of spring on his youthful thoughts, we don't know. If that's the sort of stuff they put on the ball, no wonder the ladies are joining up.

Have you ever been to the Bowling Green  
With its lovely spacious setting,  
Where the flowers bloom, and dispel all  
gloom,  
To aid our woes forgetting.

Have you paused and seen where the  
stately green  
Casts its shadows o'er the bay?  
Have you tried your hand with that care-  
free band  
Who daily go there to play?

You will see no swank, on that you may  
bank,  
And "side" lingers only a while,  
All sizes and sorts, but some jolly good  
sports,  
Who can win or can lose with a smile.

No "cliques" you will see, and I'm sure  
you'll agree  
That they teach a fine lesson to others,  
They have only one aim, that is playing  
the game,  
They are very fine fellows and brothers.

Oh, yes, you will see, just one big family,  
Under the watchful eye of Old Ben,  
Who is proud of his flock, for they never  
will shock  
The time-honored ethics of men.

Yes, the ladies will be there, and take their  
full share  
In keeping the woods gaily rolling,  
And perhaps now and then give some  
points to the men,  
Whose virtues I'm busy extolling.

They are staunch and true, and between  
me and you  
In decorum there's nothing they lack,  
Though you may catch the flush of an  
innocent blush  
When they see their woods "kissing the  
jack."

You will see some great fights, on calm  
summer nights,  
Those games where no quarter you give  
'em,  
It's a cinch the Old Croaks cannot beat  
the Old Soaks,  
Though it takes the odd dozen to con-  
vince 'em.

And there's Clarence and Bob, when  
they're on the job  
Gathering points for the aggregate cup,  
They deliver the goods, with some wonder-  
ful woods,  
And seldom are urged to "be up."

There'll be Billie and Joe, it's as good as  
a show,  
To see their woods gracefully gliding,  
When it comes to the pinch, they can  
bowl to an inch  
To give their opponents a hiding.

There's Pat, Fred and John, with a bunch  
coming on,  
And all kinds whose handles won't  
rhyme,  
If I'd written in prose, I could mention all  
those,  
For they're worth a good word every  
time.

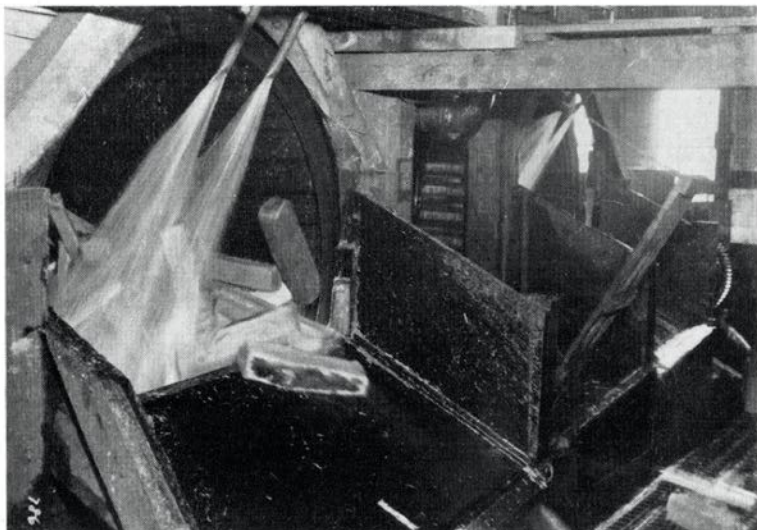
Oh, yes, there's another—a new committee  
brother,  
Who sometimes says things that are  
naughty,  
For his wit's just as good, as his wobbly  
wood,  
It wouldn't seem like home without  
"Shorty."

Before I conclude, I should like to allude  
To the "old boys" whose vim never  
dries up,  
They can still roll a wood, that's remark-  
ably good,  
Though one, now and then, has its  
"eyes up."

They refuse to grow old, and I have been  
told  
They insist it's the "green" that has  
done it,  
They're approaching the span, that's  
allotted to man,  
But they're still like "young kids" when  
they're on it.

So now winter's behind—come, make up  
your mind,  
And lessen your worries and tension,  
When he sees you so blythe, that "old guy  
with the scythe"  
Will certainly grant an extension.

## Pure Water for Newsprint



*Fresh water is sprayed on the blocks as they tumble and roll through the big Barker drums.*

*Water they say would be better;  
Water! Ye Gods!  
We're up to our knees in water,  
Do they think we're standing in beer?*

**T**HIS little bit of blank verse was the famous reply of overseas troops during the World War to certain well-meaning societies who deprecated the issue of strong liquors to the licentious soldiery.

Under the circumstances, the case for water was not strong. However, water—and particularly fresh water—has its uses. In a pinch it may be used for drinking purposes. Despite the encroachment of face creams and other modern substitutes, it is still

used as a cleansing medium. And even the most highly advertised soaps can't keep the runs out of stockings, or tattle tale grey out of sheets, without water.

And if we have to drink water, we prefer it pure. And a nice soft water helps the early morning shave, saves on the soap, and decreases the expenditure of elbow grease per square foot of shirt and stocking frontage.

Water—and again fresh water—water free of impurities and ready to use in its natural state is equally potent in the manufacture of our particular product, newsprint. And among the many advantages enjoyed



*Blocks of wood, cut in pulping size, carried by flume to the grinder mill where the first stage of their conversion to pulp begins.*

by Powell River in providing the best possible quality of newsprint for its customers, none is more important than an ample reserve of fresh water.

The water problem at Powell River is no problem. In many parts of this continent it is a problem—and a serious one. Special treatment is often necessary to render it suitable for drinking purposes; in others, the hardness of the water necessitates the introduction of chemicals.

The water of Powell and Lois Lakes, used in the newsprint process at Powell River, is piped straight to the plant for immediate use. No treatment, chemical or otherwise, is necessary. The water is practically sterile and free from dirt. Chlorination is unnecessary; there are no filtering chambers to remove impurities.

Stream pollution, a problem in many plants, is unknown to Powell River. Powell Lake, extending almost into the heart of the townsite, is deep and quiet; no rushing river picks up dirt or foreign substance *en route* to the mills.

An important feature of an ample reserve of fresh water to our customer is the absence of a slime problem. Slime mixed with dirt is largely responsible for the holes often appearing in newsprint, imperfections which create an irritating and often difficult situation for pressmen. The slime hole problem is largely eliminated in Powell River at the source—in the water supply.

### Boxing Championships

Latest advices from the boxing front promise a flashy array of talent when Powell River stages the Lower Mainland championships on April 29 and 30. There will be eight and probably nine classes, with eliminations on Friday and finals on Saturday. Bud Walsh, Ken Lindsay, Ashenbrenner, Woodhouse, Powell, Glover, Norm Dawson, and other stars from Vancouver, Westminster and the North Shore will be on hand.

Curly Hurd will be given the assignment as referee, with one local judge and two from Vancouver.

Bobby Dunn and Art Betteridge, in the light and feather classes, will carry Powell River colors in the fray.

Tickets will be on sale at Peterson's jewelry store on April 8. Popular prices will prevail.




*Orchestra Leader Jimmy Innes and his band of musicians.*

*Top row, left to right: A. S. Byfield, A. Byfield, Sr., Bud Daubner, Gordie Black, Dudley Sleigh, Ernie Cormier, Art Innes. Centre: E. Stonier, V. Wilby, Jack Pickles, George Young, Arthur Lyle, Phil Innes. Front: Vic Cross, Bill Donnenworth, Jimmy Innes, Mrs. V. Wilby, Jack Smith, Don Allen.*

## Our Cultural Societies

### II. The Orchestra

 TATION PROO Broadcasting! Ladies and Gentlemen, presenting Jimmy Innes and his Royal Joymakers. Take it away, Jimmy!

Jimmy and his smart-looking band of musicians (for proof see photograph) have been a decided asset to the musical and social life of our district. Only recently organized, they have already made several highly creditable public appearances, and hope during the coming season to enlarge the scope of their activity.

With Jimmy and his merry men this orchestra business is a labor of love. All members, including the

maestro himself, are employed in the plant, or engaged in business somewhere in the district. Practices must perforce be held after mill or office hours. They are just a group of community-minded music lovers, willing to sacrifice their time and energy "in the cause." You see them spic and span, making a brave showing at concerts or recitals. Behind every appearance are arduous hours of rehearsals, involving no little personal sacrifice on the part of individuals, many of whom are shift workers. The love of music and the desire to see music fostered and encouraged is the spur that brings them together.

Jimmy Innes, conductor, has been in the employ of the Powell River Company for the past twenty years, and his whole lifetime has been devoted to "keeping the musicians together." For years, in the face of difficulties and apathy on the part of the public, Jimmy and a small band of faithfuls have refused to be discour-

aged. They have practised in barns, in shacks, in any available space.

Six months ago Jimmy started the reorganization of an orchestra. Today it numbers twenty-eight, and rehearsals are regular and well attended.

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we give you, as an honored member of our Social and Cultural Societies, Jimmy Innes and his orchestra.

## They're Still Hunting



*A favored method of quick transportation in Mexico. Mr. Roderick and his friends on the way to the hunting grounds.*

Last month we touched briefly on the Great Trek through Florida of a group of well-known Texas hunters and publishers. The less hardy hunters, exhausted by their efforts to scare up even one single quail, staggered back across the border.

But Dorrance Roderick, publisher of the *El Paso Times*, was made of

sterner stuff. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed—well, Dorrance decided to go to the mountain. Leaving his nerve-shattered confreres to stagger Texaswards, after struggling through the quailless and deerless Florida swamps, Mr. Roderick minced daintily across the Mexican border on his big game expedition to the accom-



*Mr. Roderick, publisher of the El Paso Times, snapped as he led his doughty band of hunters across the Mexican border last month.*

paniment of glassy grins from Ted Dealey and a jealous glare from Harold Foley.

After looking over the picture of the expedition we can't help wondering if we haven't had the wrong idea about hunting. Must mean something different in Florida and around the Rio Grande.

Anyway, Mexico is in the news these days, and maybe Dorrance was just trying to sneak up on the Mexicans who pinched those oil properties we have heard so much about the last few days.

### The Library

Attendance at the Powell River Library was high during January. A total of nearly 2,000 passed through in that period, and over 1,800 books were issued. The library is continuing to fill in an ever-increasing degree the wants of our reading public. The librarian, Mrs. Miller, has endeavored to keep the public in touch with the latest and best reviewed current works in fiction and non-fiction, as well as to maintain a well-selected list of popular periodicals. If you want something special to read, and if you can't find it at home, try the library.

*Typical Mexican family group. The photograph was loaned to the Digester by Mr. Roderick.*



## Soccer Has Good Year



*Top row, left to right: Alf. Anderson (executive member P. R. D. F. A.), Jimmie Hamilton (referee), Joe Gallagher, Tommy Burke, Alex. Louis, Bill Parkin (president, Football Association), Tommy Lucas (league secretary), T. Burke (manager). Bottom: Norm. Cary, Tommy Powell, Gus Doyle, A. Johnson, Pete Gallagher, Danny MacDonald. Sitting: Harold Foster, Tommy Lucas, Jr. (mascot), "Baldy" Vanichuk.*

**P**OWELL RIVER soccerites have enjoyed one of their best seasons in years. For several seasons the brand of local soccer has been indifferent; apathy had infected the public. The passing of the Tommy Lucas's, the Arthur Richards, and a host of older stars left a hiatus that has taken four years to close. But now the younger lads have come ahead, and the calibre of Powell River football is, in the writer's opinion, on a par with that of the much-discussed "good old days."

Leading the soccer parade this year are Don McGillivray's Irishmen, from the Kelley spruce plant. Their eleven is nicely balanced, the backs are safe, the half-backs strong, and the for-

wards fast and nippy. They have played consistently good soccer, have won the league leadership by a wide margin, and are fighting now for possession of the post-season cups.

Soccer is probably the most exclusive game in the world. Once a soccer man always a soccer man. None of this namby-pamby business of being broad-minded about other games. There aren't any other games. Your true soccerite will fight for his beloved pastime to the last gasp. When infirmity finally drags him off the field, he is seen on the side lines, kicking his neighbor's shins, helping coach a junior club, or getting in the way generally. And that is why you see

(Continued on Page 16)

## Around the Plant

**J**OE SWEENEY has been indulging in secret Nazi salute practices for the past two weeks. "I believe in preparation," Joe told our official correspondent.

\* \* \*

Hitler has given our English rugby squad a few ideas. Bert Marrion tells us the scrum are now using a "Nasty Poosh," and will try it out in the provincial series against Vancouver.

\* \* \*

And last week Hughie McLean walked into Walter Snyder's back garden, calmly pulled out a few stray beans, kicked over a potato patch, and tramped on Walter's special lettuce crop.

Walter called it a "nasty" trick. Hughie said it was just a little friendly eastward penetration.

\* \* \*

Tubby Phipps, local orchestral maestro, is busy on the composition of his latest current dance hit, "The Goose Step Rag." This will be substituted for "Reunion in Vienna."

\* \* \*

One thing the recent Austrian crisis has done. It has revived an interest in geography. We all know where Czechoslovakia is now.

\* \* \*

There are several spots on our little globe that Herr Hitler hasn't yet visited. St. Helena, for instance—and Doorn. He'll probably get around to these later. Other world travellers

have found them excellent health resorts.

\* \* \*

Doug. Goudie and "Mac" MacBride, Steam Plant strategists, have been busy the past two weeks. "Mac" leans to a concentration of aerial strength. Doug. demurs—considers the P. B. I. can't be left out of the picture.

"Who's gonna do the occupying, Mac—answer me that one," Doug. points a shaking finger under Mac's nose. And the heck of it is, Doug., that you might be right.

\* \* \*

And now Great Britain and the United States are squabbling about some islands in the Pacific. Appears they both want to use them as aeroplane bases.

Somebody's always trying to wreck things. Hughie McPhalen and the editor had those spots picked out long ago as personal bases, if and when Hitler crossed another border.

\* \* \*

S. B. Macfarlane, our energetic townsite superintendent, wants to know if something can't be done about that tobacco Bill Parkin smokes.

Six resident managers, scores of office girls, the entire bowling club, all the office staff, the golf club committee, and the entire police force have been working on that problem for ten years. Even Mrs. Parkin has tried her luck, so figure it out for yourself, Mac.



## Sweepings

The Grand National is over for another year. It's always been over as far as Powell River is concerned. It's always been a horse on us.

\* \* \*

Our ticket scalpers announced that there were twenty Powell River *nom de plumes* of "Seven Come Eleven," ten "Last Chances," and fifty "Still Waitings."

\* \* \*

Jack Harper's "Make Way for a Naval Officer" was just as good as Herb McSavaney's "The Old Army Game." Nobody made way, and nobody fell for the old army game.

\* \* \*

Bill Cratchley in desperation signed his "Number Nine," but you can't budge the Irish, Bill ruefully reported.

\* \* \*

Even David Evans' "Welsh Rabbit" failed to get a rise, and Joe Small's "Erin Go Bragh" went just there.

## Near Launching

As we go to press, definite information has come to hand that the Southcott-Campbell sub chaser, under construction for the past two years, will be launched on July 18. Curly Woodward is preparing a special sketch for our next issue, showing positions of the guns, torpedo tubes and conning tower. Ernie Campbell will wear the dress of a Vice-Admiral of the Blue. Bert will appear in the full regalia of the well-dressed stoker.

Uniforms will be changed on alternate days.

## Geography De Luxe

Jack Mathieson's remark in his letter to Floyd North that the people of Hot Springs, Arkansas, thought of Canada as a far remote, chilly, northern country, recalls the famous war-time story of the Canadian troops.

"The Canadian troops," declared the dignified *London Times*, "are the pick of those sturdy men from the towns and prairies between Vancouver and British Columbia."

Bob Edwards, at that time editor of the notorious *Jack Canuck*, took immediate exception to the *Times'* geography.

"What," shot back Bob in an indignant editorial, "about those hardy mountaineers between Saskatoon and Saskatchewan!"

Gino Bortolussi, our office oyster, is in for some real tough competition in the sprints this year. Advance notices state that "Tiger" Rofe, who nosed Gino out last year, and Grant Williams, Nanaimo's sensational young sprinter, will both be in Powell River for the big Dominion Day meet.

\* \* \*

And that grudge fight between Bill Parkin and Tom Rees for sprint honors is again being mooted. Both contestants, so our scouts tell us, are already indulging in preliminary cross-country training.

They both walk across the golf course every morning!



### Mediterranean Mutterings

"Insurgent destroyer on the port quarter!" This was the cry from the lookout aboard the S.S. *Niceto de Larrinaga* as she passed through the Mediterranean on a recent trip. The story is told by her skipper as his ship was unloading in Powell River last month.

The insurgent cruiser, one of Franco's blockading ships, sighted the freighter, pulled up alongside to investigate. "What the blue blankety blankety blank blazes are you trying to pull off," roared the insurgent lieutenant as he looked with enraged amazement at the freighter.

His amazement was understandable. On the bow was painted the Spanish name *Niceto de Larrinaga*, on the main funnel was painted the Swastika flag, and from the stern the Blue Ensign of the British mercantile flicked gently in the breeze.

The *Niceto*, originally a Spanish-built boat, was chartered by a German firm a few years ago, and the Swastika painted on her funnel. A recent change was made to British registry, and the German emblem had not yet been removed.

It was too much for the insurgent commander. He sheered off.

### Dancing Deliriums

Dave Johnston, reporting from the Vancouver office, states the old-time dance club suggested in last issue of the DIGESTER will have their first rehearsal shortly. Dave now says President S. D. Brooks and Harold Foley will lead off with a modern "gavotte,"

with Elmer Lee and Mary Frampton doing the Lee slide as a diversion.

We hope somebody has warned Mary, because we have seen a few of the Lee slides ourselves.

### Jack Writes Home

Writing from Hot Springs, Arkansas, Jack Mathieson, local baseball star and all 'round athlete, tells Floyd North he is working hard to catch the eye of big league scouts. Jack states there are 350 potential stars attending the school from all parts of the United States.

This business of attending a baseball training school is no picnic, according to Jack. Each day consists of a regular series of lectures, instructions and practice games. There are four fields in Hot Springs, and 16 teams are made up from the school. Eight games are played daily.

The Powell River boy has been twice chosen on all-star squads.

"I am doing my best to justify the confidence and support my friends in Powell River have given me," Jack states. Keep up the good work, Jack, we'll be seeing you at the Polo Grounds this summer.

### Soccer Has Good Year

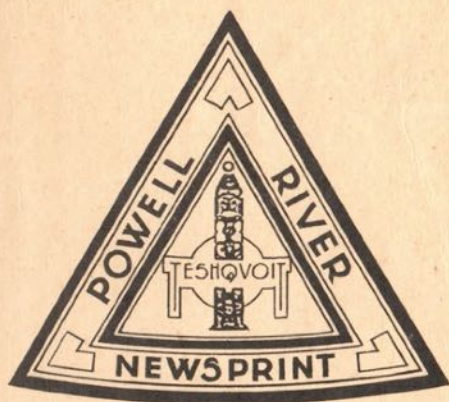
(Continued from Page 13)

President Bill Parkin watching every game; why Jimmie Hamilton toots the referee's whistle; and why Tommy Lucas, Tommy Burke, Sr., and a score of other erstwhile players, braving sou'easters and nor'westers, any and every Sunday, are on the sidelines coaching and helping the juniors.



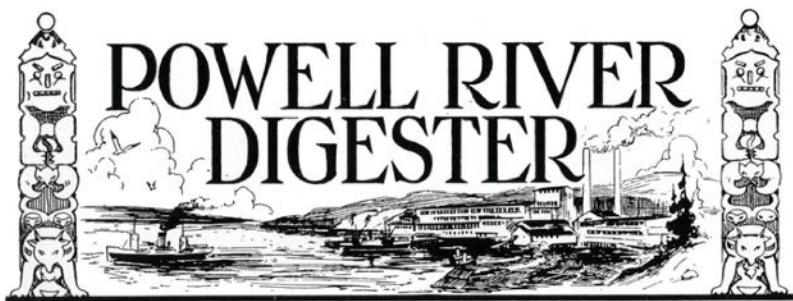


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL. 14 APRIL, 1938 NO. 4





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

APRIL, 1938

No. 4

## Along the Snow Line



*View of mountains "back of beyond"—the reservoir that feeds Powell Lake and supplies the motive force which turns the wheels of industry at Powell River. Photograph was taken during the recent snow survey.*



# Travelling with Powell River Newsprint

## VIII. Tulsa, Oklahoma



*Skyline view of Tulsa, capital of the state of Oklahoma and centre of the Southwest's great oil industry.*

**I**N the current issue we swing our readers to another great state of the South Western States, Oklahoma, home of "ten-gallon" hats and centre of the southwest's great oil industry. Daily, newsprint from Powell River is run through the presses of Tulsa's two great daily newspapers—the *Tulsa Tribune* (evening), and the *Tulsa World* (morning). These are the two great newspapers of the state, the *Tribune* distributing over 50,000 copies daily and the *World* serving in excess of 60,000 to the breakfast readers of Tulsa and the surrounding area.

The story of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is a tale of the magic which oil—"black gold" it is called—can work almost overnight.

Forty years ago, Tulsa was a mere village alongside the muddy Arkansas River, unchanged except in minor ways from the time the Creek Indians of Georgia migrated to the area in 1836 to settle the land into which the white man had moved them. Today, Tulsa is a thriving South Western metropolis of more than 162,000 people,



claimant without fear of successful contradiction to the title of "Oil Capital of the World," for more than 400 oil companies, including forty major ones, make headquarters here.

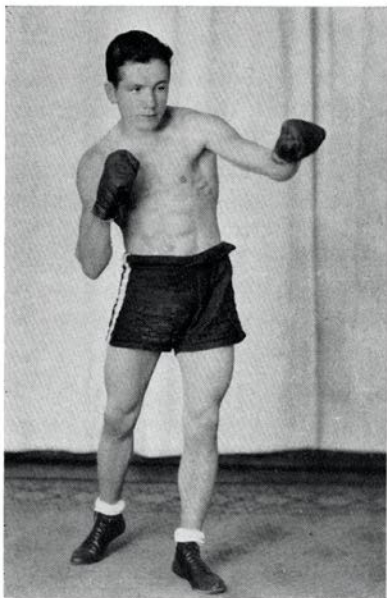
When Oklahoma became a state in 1907, Tulsa had just begun to make its bid for recognition as the key point of the oil industry. Tulsa in 1907 had only 7,298 population, but Tulsa's pioneers were building hotels and office buildings, bringing in railroads, improving highways, establishing oil banks, erecting bridges across the Arkansas, planning a great city. By 1910, Tulsa had grown to 18,182. The 1930 Federal census gave Tulsa 141,258—a growth of nearly 1,900 per cent in twenty-three years! Discovery of oil in the now great Mid-Continent petroleum area, of which Tulsa is the centre, wrought much of this magic.

Tulsa today is noted not only for its position as the world's oil capital, but for its beautiful business district—kept constantly clean because Tulsa's fuel is natural gas—for its fine residential sections; for a great water system bringing Ozark mountain water in unlimited quantities from the Ozark Mountains, 65 miles distant; for one of the sixteen leading park systems in the nation; for a university with the country's leading school of petroleum engineering; for a duly famous public school system.

It can be truthfully said that Tulsa's chief characteristic is youthful progressiveness. In air-conditioning of homes and business buildings the city leads the Southwest. She has one of the nation's best airports. Retail shops approach in variety and quality those of larger metropolitan centres. The International Petroleum Exposition, the world's Number 1 oil show, is a permanent Tulsa institution. The American Indian Exposition logically makes Tulsa its home, for Oklahoma has the greatest number of Indians of any state. One author has said of Tulsa: "The American flair for superlatives becomes rather boresome to the publicist. The highest, the widest, the oldest and newest, the first and the only, meet him at every turn. At the risk of being discredited by his readers on one hand and of offending patriots on the other, he halts between two expressions. Tulsa leaves him no choice. Aggressive, yet genial; vivid without blatancy; young and rich but not crass—we shall have to take her at her own estimate as the 'Magic City'."

Tulsa is a young man's town, realizing its destiny in "black gold" with its feet firmly rooted in the fruits of agriculture which made the Magic Empire great even before petroleum was discovered.

## Mainland Champ



Art Betteridge of Powell River, who was crowned B. C. Mainland 112-pound champion at the Lower Mainland Boxing Championships held in Powell River last month. Betteridge defeated Vancouver's pride, Ken Lindsay, in one of the most thrilling bouts ever witnessed locally. It was a toe-to-toe affair from start to finish, with the Powell River lad gaining the nod on aggressiveness.

Bob Dunn of Powell River, favored to win the 135-pound title, lost to Bob Hickey of Vancouver by a technical knockout, after holding an edge for four rounds.

## Tracksters Out

With the warmer spring weather in evidence, Powell River track and field

prospects are warming up for the coming season. Gino Bortolussi, junior sprint ace, is getting ready for his big battle with Campbell Williams of Nanaimo on July 1st. Harry Donkersley is out to take high jumping honors in his second year of active competition. Marion Borden is training steadily in anticipation of meeting Barbara Howard, Vancouver women's sprint ace, on July 1st at Powell River.

Bert Marrion, Commander-in-Chief of the Girls' Division, reports many promising prospects among his *protégés*, Joan Reed, Josie Haigh, Margaret Reed and Joyce Ingram, junior running stars, are out, along with several dark horses. Bert says he has at least three first-class stars among his junior and intermediate high jumpers. They will compete in the Championships here on July 1st.

Special arrangements have been made with the steamship companies for July 1st sailings to the big meet at Powell River. A Union boat will leave Vancouver at 6 p.m. Thursday, June 30, returning from Powell River at midnight. This will enable visitors to attend the Dominion Day dance in Dwight Hall. The *Princess Mary* (C. P. R.) will run a special excursion from Vancouver Island, leaving Union Bay at 8 a.m., July 1, arriving in Powell River at 11.30 a.m., returning at 6 p.m.

There are in Canada seven canal systems. By means of these canals a total waterway of 1,846 miles has been opened to navigation, the actual mileage of canals being 509.40.

## Powell River Personalities

### Jack Banham

**C**AME to Powell River from Brantford, Ontario, early in 1913, at the ripe age of 18. Born forty-two years ago in the shadow of "Auld Reekie." His father, R. M. Banham, present Postmaster, had preceded him by three years. Played on the famous baseball team of 1913 with Bob Scanlon, Tobe Henderson, Mickey McGrath. Didn't think much of the West in those days. A junior hockey player of note around the school of



*Jack Banham, electrician, rancher and civic dignitary, snapped after 25 years in and about Powell River.*

Brantford—baseball and even lacrosse were tame affairs to this transplanted son of Edinburgh.

After working a year in and around 3 and 4 machine rooms, then in the course of construction, Jack dropped tools in favor of the then fashionable

musket. He joined the 29th Battalion in October, 1914—and spent four years overseas. He returned to Powell River in 1919 and entered the Powell River Postoffice. In 1920 he again entered the employ of the Powell River Company as an electrical apprentice. Since that period, save for a year's absence, he has been a regular employee of the Powell River Company electrical operating staff.

In 1924 Jack and family moved to the suburb of Wildwood—a date that saw the beginning of the now famous "Banham Ranch." The lure of the soil has cast its enveloping spell firmly over the Banham household. To-day, any of the recognized chords in the barnyard chorus can be heard on the Banham estate.

Jack has played a prominent role in the community life of the district. He was a prime mover in the formation of the Wildwood Welfare League and has taken an active interest in the education, social and civic activities of Wildwood.

In a frivolous moment, Jack plays a nasty game of crib, and occasionally drops in to see the odd baseball or soccer game. But these visits are growing less and less as the ranch grows bigger and better—and Jack's spare time is divided between collecting the eggs, feeding the chickens, and milking the cows.

---

The Canadian Experimental Farm system is the largest in the world.

## Skeets Club Active During Season

### Trap Shooters Find Ideal Location in Paradise Valley

FOR the past two years, vague but persistent rumors have penetrated the office corridors. They concerned a mysterious organization known as the Skeets Club. Curly Woodward, in the Shipping Department, was all for leading a squad of G-men against them. Bennie Birt, in the main office, thought they wore hoods and were out to disturb his monthly balance. Tom Rees, in the Kingcome, suggested deportation. Mothers began to guard their children, and housemaids walked only on lighted streets. And to cap it all, automobiles passing along the Paradise Valley Road reported mysterious shootings far off the highway.

It looked bad for a while. Investigation revealed, however, that the menace was more mental than physical. The Skeets Club was just Ken Macken, Harry Davies, and a small group of robust lads who had formed this trap-shooting club for week-end recreation.

The headquarters of the Skeets Club is on the old Fidler property overlooking Paradise Valley. To the uninitiated it is a form of trap-shooting—with modern variations. There are eight stations on the semi-circle and club members shoot two shots from each station on single birds. At each end of the range, forty yards apart, is a high and low trap. By moving around the semi-circle the shooter changes angles, getting shots coming

and going away, and more or less approximating the shots in field or duck hunting.

The regulation skeet calls for twenty-five birds each round, but the Club are now trying out a "Scotch" skeet, using twenty birds—which cuts the charge down from \$1.50 to \$1.00. The Club is not run for profit. Anyone paying his dollar is entitled to try out his skill against the elusive skeet birds. No member of the Club has yet made a perfect score of 25, but last year Og Kemprud, mill painter, came through with 24, the high score to date.

"Several of the local boys," says Ken Macken, "could shoot on equal terms with many of the crack shots in Vancouver." "Furthermore," the local Skeet prexy goes on to say, "a few months at Skeet headquarters and the live ducks and birds become easy victims."

Our office boy suggests we pass this information along to Harold Fleury, Alf Hansen and Tom Carney. Think it might be useful.

The Skeets Club was formed two years ago, and was built privately by Ken Macken, Harry Davies and George Halse.

---

The area of the forests of Canada is 1,254,082 square miles, or about one-third of the total area of the Dominion.



*Tug transporting one of the tiny logging settlements of the B. C. coast passing Powell River on the run south.*

## Let's Move Camp

**A**LONG the inlet-gashed shoreline of B. C. are scores of small logging concessions. The same nomadic logger or logging contractor who moves his camp from one tidewater location to another still occupies a prominent place in B. C. logging life. For the most part such locations are of short duration, two, three or four months. The operation is a quick one. Speed and economy are basic considerations.

Many of the logging contractors of such concessions have their small townsite of three or four shacks—living quarters for the crew and cook shack ready and made to order. After the original concession has been logged the miniature town is transported bag and baggage on floats to another concession or carried to Vancouver to await the next call.

The sight of the tiny logging communities on their way home or to

another location is common to Powell River residents. Regularly the sightseers on the golf course or along the waterfront see the “passing of a town.” In the above illustration our photographer, loafing around the edge of the golf course, snapped a logging village in transit.

It is the common method of transport along the tidewater trails of British Columbia—but the sight of a whole settlement moving slowly down the Gulf of Georgia is still an interesting, if no longer novel, picture to Powell River residents.

---

### Flash!

Stubby Hansen, after our write-up of last month, states he is seriously considering turning out for the old left back this year. Six clubs are already reported as angling for his contract.



## The Herring Are Running

Sliamon Indians Lay in Seasonal Supplies



*Indian youth at Sliamon reserve, three miles from Powell River, shows how the tribe cure their fish.*

NO longer do the young men stand sentry on the headland that the tribe may be warned of the coming of hostile canoes. No more do the braves gather around the central fire in the log community house in the evening to sing of battle and boast of the hunt, but something of the ancient excitement still occurs when a fisherman first reports the approach of the herring run.

To Mr. and Mrs. Sammy John, and to Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Sam, the coming of the herring awakens recollections of old-time feasts, and stir the appetites inherited from generations of fish-eating forefathers. As the gar-

denier greets the April sun with a brisk rattling of spades, rakes and hoes, so do they and other coast Indians busy themselves with canoes, nets, and drying racks, for this vanguard of the great seasonal shoreward migration of fish is the bait that brings the salmon in from the open sea. And salmon still mean prosperity and abundance to those who live facing the ocean.

A canoe and dip net is the simple equipment needed for securing the herring catch and the curing is likewise a simple process. To the direct mind of the Indian, salting and smoking are unnecessary complications. They interfere with the accomplish-

ment and add nothing to the result. The fish are simply hung on a rack and left for the sun to desiccate; and if at the same time they become irradiated with added vitamins beneficial to the Indian metabolism, all well and good, but try and prove it to Mrs. Johnnie John. After curing, the fish are stored in boxes for use at any time, and before the inclusion of starches and sugars in the native diet this harvest provided a year's assurance against famine during periods of fresh food shortage.

The herring roe, a staple article of food, in these degenerate times assumes much the same place in the Indian menu as caviar does in that of the city dweller. No eager debutante, supping in a night club, obtains a greater fillip to her appetite from the Asiatic product than does the dreamy-eyed Indian maid as she munches her sun-dried herring eggs.

A little more preparation is neces-

sary to secure the roe. Branches must be cut from the fir trees, anchored on the salt flats with rocks, and left for the herring coming in with the next tide. When exposed again, each needle is beaded with the clean roe. The branches are then taken to the drying racks and left to the activities of the ever-obliging sun, after which they are hung under the old family roof-tree. Soaking in fresh water frees the eggs from the needles and they may be eaten raw or cooked to suit the individual.

Of course the gulls and crows do not overlook this abundance. The urban dwellers desert the roofs overlooking their favorite back yards. Those that convoy the passenger boats up and down the coast yield to the urge of their more primitive tastes. They feast gloriously with the dropping tide, and when the sands are bare gather by thousands in an idle, though raucous meeting, till the next tide casts another meal at their feet.



*Indian fisherman standing beside dug-out canoes beached by band labor from a log.*



## Badminton Champs!

□ □ □

*Two more Powell River champs, Albert Mitchell (left) and Willie Gilmour, winners of the men's doubles at the recent Upper Island Badminton Championships.*

□ □ □



### Visitors

Old friends and new were among the visitors to Powell River in April. Early in the month Mr. Phil Crovat, in charge of paper sales for the Philippine Education Company, dropped in for a brief call. Mr. Crovat, a former member of the R.A.F., found many old friends on his visit to the Pacific Coast. The visitor was of the opinion the Sino-Japanese war would be a lengthy one. He described the country where the present fighting is taking place as marshy, difficult of access and unsuitable for penetration by mechanized units. Mr. Crovat was very complimentary on the quality and general excellence of the newsprint made in Powell River.

Among old friends who dropped in for a few days' stay were Mr. and Mrs. John Hollerne of Minneapolis, and Mr. and Mrs. Anson Brooks.

The Provincial Government was represented when J. W. Asselstine, Minister of Mines in the Provincial Cabinet, spent the week-end of April 30th in Powell River. The minister,

accompanied by Mel Bryan, M.L.A. for MacKenzie District, addressed the Powell River Board of Trade at a special luncheon. He stated plans were prepared for the new Provincial and Federal buildings in Powell River.

### Athletic Centre

Powell River is becoming recognized in outside quarters as a prominent centre of amateur sport in B. C. Early this spring the district staged the Upper Island Badminton Championships. Last week the local Amateur Athletic Association successfully ran the Mainland Boxing Championships, one of the principal championships of the year. On July 1 the track squad will be hosts for the Lower Mainland Women's Championships and the Men's Junior Track and Field Championships. All of these are major events in the B. C. sport world, and have been made possible largely through the support and enthusiasm of every section of Powell River and district.





Above is an informal snapshot of Mrs. Harold Foley, and her two children, Marie Scanlon and Harold Scanlon Foley Jr., taken during a recent visit to Powell River. Anson Brooks was the photographer. The Scottish clan in Powell River point to the Glengarries the lad and lassie are wearing as an admission of first place in any community to the sons of Auld Scotia. The Irish clan (secretly a shade disappointed at putting a Glengarry on a good Irish name like Foley), point it out as evidence of the Irishman's sense of humor.

### Canadian Champ at Powell River

A feature of the meet was the presence of Norman Dawson, Canadian 147-pound champion and a member of Canada's British Empire Team to

Australia this year. Norman was a great favorite and impressed local fans with his smartness, hitting powers, and ring generalship. He will be a leading contender in the B. C. Amateur Championships in July.

The bouts were well attended, and the local public were strong in their appreciation of the efforts of the amateurs. Twenty-six boxers came to Powell River, representative of five different B. C. clubs.

Special tribute is due referee Curly Hird, who handled the bouts through two strenuous evenings. Curly called decisions as he saw them without fear or favor and was highly praised by visiting competitors for his fair and unbiased judgment. The judges, Sam Rees and Art Appleby of Powell River, ably supported Curly.



*Another view of the mountains behind Powell River seen on the recent snow survey.*

## Summer Sports Get Under Way



*Frank Hunter (left) shakes hands with Queene Yip, Chinese Students' centre forward, during the recent Powell River-Chinese Students game.*

**OFF** with the old! On with the new! With the soporific rays of a May sunshine in evidence, King Soccer ends his winter reign in Powell River and the sceptre is taken over by King Baseball.

The accompanying illustrations show the progressive stages in the annual spring bloodless revolution. We see Resident Manager D. A. Evans kicking off in the inter-city soccer match between Powell River and the Chinese Students of Vancouver, a match that marked the wind-up of the round ball season locally. The smooth-working Orientals, with their tricky combination and aggressiveness in front of goal, squeezed out an earned 5-4 victory over the local all-stars.

In the second illustration, ladies and gentlemen, the diamond pastime gets under way. Murray Mouat and Bill Bell, prexies of the inter-department league, are standing nervously—just out of the picture. Resident Manager D. A. Evans (Joe DiMaggio of the office) awaits Townsite Superintendent S. B. Macfarlane's opening slants. Behind the plate, Mill Secretary Jock Kyles praying frantically that "D. A." won't miss the ball, puts on a fair imitation of Mickey Cochrane on an off day. The batter caught Mac's bender square on the nose for a single down the first-base line. As our resident manager strutted off the diamond he was distinctly heard to mutter these mystic words, "I'll show Harold Foley whether Old Man Evans can hit or not."

And that concluded the opening ceremonies. Everybody was happy—and the real ball players swung into action with those two star port hurlers, Buster McNeill and Lefty O'Leary, providing nice opposition on the mound.

From the athletic point of view the week-end of May 1 was outstanding. On Saturday the lacrosse league started their seasonal love fights at the Riverside oval with appropriate ceremonies. The rejuvenated Westview Tigers snatched a fast opener from Sam Rees' Home Gas combination.

And coincident with the baseball opening, Ben Randall's Lawn Bowlers swung into action. The scene was en-



livened by the presence of a round dozen ladies tossing the biased pellets about the greensward. A new departure this—allowing ladies to mingle with the lords of creation on our bowling green. Shades of old-timers—have we come to this? Yes, and a good idea, too, say the young `uns. Oh well, boys, guess everything'll be all right.

Track and field athletes are starting active training for the summer competitions. Martin Naylor, Gino Bortolussi and Marion Borden are working out steadily and expect to carry Powell River colors in the big July 1 meet. Marion will meet her old rival, Barbara Howard—a contest that will be eagerly anticipated by local sport followers. The high school lads and lassies are preparing for their meet with Vancouver Island at the end of the month.

### “Home-town” Decision

Austin Delaney of the Vancouver Province sports department ruefully informed the writer he has had about

twenty calls from ex-Powell Riverites protesting his statement that the Lindsay-Betteridge fight was a “home-town” decision. Austin, lending a too ready ear to interested onlookers, ran into a barrel of trouble. After our own conversation, Austin stated the calls he had received to date were a lot milder than he had thought. From reports, every Powell River fan in Vancouver has been giving Austin the works.

### The High School

Local high school athletes are preparing for a busy season outdoors. Supervising Principal J. Waugh states the schools will hold their annual track meet early in June. The system of inter-house competition, so successful last year, will be followed for the June meet. The schools are developing a first-class group of coming athletes, and the local Amateur Athletic Association hope to see Powell River High School representatives win higher awards in the Junior Championships on July 1.

The forests of Canada rank third, after agriculture and mining, among the primary industries in their contribution to the national production.

Canada is the leading world exporter of newsprint, going to 30 countries.

More than half of the rubber boots and shoes which go to Great Britain are Canadian.

## Around the Plant

### Boxing Brickbats

**A** NYBODY who thought the Anglo-Saxon race is going soft changed their minds after seeing those two mighty slugging atoms, Ken Lindsay of Vancouver and Art Betteridge of Powell River, in the Mainland Championships last week. Too bad Hitler and Goering weren't along. If they are looking for action they could have found all they wanted.

\* \* \*

The fighting instinct has been given such a fillip after those championships that challenges and counter-challenges are being hurled all over the mill. Promoter Lockie is now lining up Jimmy Jacobs and Murray Moutat for a fight to the finish at catch weights. First prize will be a private bed in the hospital—donated by the Sick Benefit Society. The loser pays his own expenses and goes in a public ward.

\* \* \*

All the ex-boxers in the plant felt the revived stirrings of their youthful organs. Hughie McLean muttered (to himself) "Believe I'll go back in training. Could take any of 'em if I was in shape." You've got something there, Hughie—we mean the "shape".

\* \* \*

There is talk in the inner circle of matching Ed (Strangler) Lewis, of the Sick Benefit office, with Joe Sweeney, Tiger of the Multigraph Department. The two roosters are already talking a first-class bout. "I'll psycho-analyse

Sweeney to death," avers the Strangler. "I'll knock his block off," says Joe.

\* \* \*

There is also talk of bringing Roy Foote up from the Vancouver office to take on Ken Smith at catch weights. But as Jack Hill says: "That's all right, but who's gonna catch 'em at any weight?" The fight is strictly unofficial as far as any department is concerned.

\* \* \*

The best prospective bout now being lined up is for the Soda Fountain Championship between Battling Myron McLeod of the Sweet Shop and Wildcat George Goddard of the Powell River Pharmacy. The weights don't mean a thing, boys. George has fifteen shelves of pills behind him. The milk shakes are about even—with Myron having a slight edge on the hot dogs. Art Appleby refuses to act as judge.

\* \* \*

### Gardening Bouquets

The boys along the 1000 block on Walnut have gone hog wild this year. Jack Tunstall, in the next block, is threatening the whole crowd with loss of their amateur cards if they don't quit this brazen exploitation of the soil.

\* \* \*

"There was a time," said Jack, "when the boys went out for exercise and for a reasonable tidying up. But now," and Jack grinds his teeth, shoves his shovel viciously in the dirt, and continues—

Take Bill Burgess, for example. Formerly a community-minded citizen—a good fellow—and apparently of fairly sound mental balance. But look at him now—trying to rebuild Kew Gardens on his own lot.

\* \* \*

And Sid Burn and Andy Cramb have made it so tough that Joe Sweeney has dug half way down to Australia clearing out that luxuriant patch of wild ferns, formerly the delight of every passer-by and show place of the district.

\* \* \*

Even Wm. Jamieson has caught the back yard fever, and, (says Jack), "Lord knows where it will hit next."

"Not here!" says Reg Baker emphatically.

\* \* \*

Eddie Tapp to date has compromised and displayed a commendable, if mild, resistance to the fresh air fiends of the block. Wedged in between George Ford and Sid Burn, Ed's back yard is the Czecho-Slovakia of the block—and has about the same chance of preserving its neutrality. The best he can hope for is heavy concessions to his Prussianized neighbors.

\* \* \*

Geordie Gilmour, after weeping wildly over the welts administered to the Glasgow Rangers' hide, switched to East Fife in the closing round. The Fifers, however, would have none of it, and told Geordie to go back to Glasgow and organize a ping-pong team. "They might have a chance then," Sandy and Bill hurried back as they continued their swathe along Powell River's Broadway.

Wally Tapp has at last gone the way of all parental flesh. Last week we inquired if he intended taking up golf again.

"Heck," spluttered Wally, squirting another jet of bug poison on the rose bush, "I'm off that—why even the boy can take me now."

The "boy" is Malcolm, and despite the parental scowl, the parental voice oozed with ill-concealed pride.

Gee! Wally, the boy *must* be good.

\* \* \*

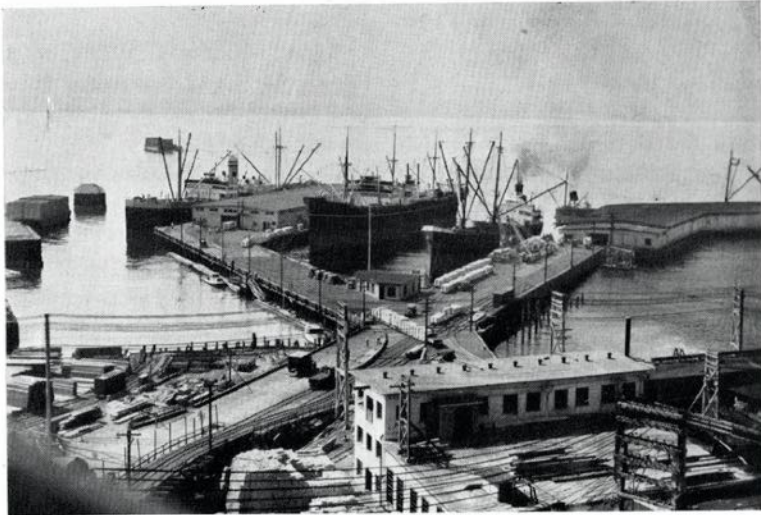
The unprecedented victory of East Fife, Scottish cup winners, has all but prostrated the Scottish clan in Powell River. All, that is, except the Fife-shire contingent. On the day the result came out, Bill Hutchison and Sandy Strachan strutted arm in arm down the main highway. Bowing deeply, Tom Prentice and Joe McCrossan, companions in misery, stepped aside to let the victors pass.

\* \* \*

Someone has suggested an old-timers' lacrosse game for this summer. Myron McLeod is a bit dubious; Al Hatch naturally is rearing to go; Charlie Knox says he would like to check Al once before he passes out of the picture. Even Gus Schuler is flirting with the idea of coming back into the game. Bill Parkin has offered to play in the net for one team. This brought a challenge from Tom Rees for the second net minder's position. They haven't located anyone yet to face off the ball. Maybe one of our crack sprinters can be persuaded. It is no job for a Resident manager.



## Along the Waterfront



*Busy scene at the Powell River Company docks as freighters load newsprint for diverse parts of the world. The paper trains are seen on the wharf as the newsprint is run direct from machine to ship.*

**W** E picture again for our readers a busy scene on the Powell River docks—showing deep-sea ships loading newsprint for direct shipment to the consumer.

In Powell River and on the Pacific we take our shipping facilities for granted. We think nothing of two or three ocean freighters or coastal boats docking at our berth. That our harbor (Sydney, Australia, please copy) is open to navigation twelve months in the year; that it is undisturbed by hurricanes or tidal influx; that the ice problem, present in the east, is unknown—all these are commonplace features of Powell River.

Yet to our customers—the pur-

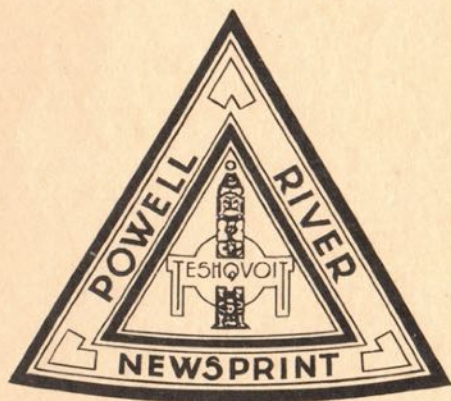
chasers of Powell River newsprint—these are important factors. To know they can ship their newsprint direct by water—that the docks will accommodate any of the larger freighters on the Pacific is of direct interest to the buyer. Out in the Orient they send the big 12,000-ton Blue Funnel freighters to Powell River; the crack 10,000-ton Maru boats find safe anchorage and good loading. The biggest carriers of the Pacific Coast swing in and out undisturbed by tide or weather. The crack coastal passenger lines move into the wharves day in and day out. Excursion boats carry thousands of passengers each summer to and from the company docks.





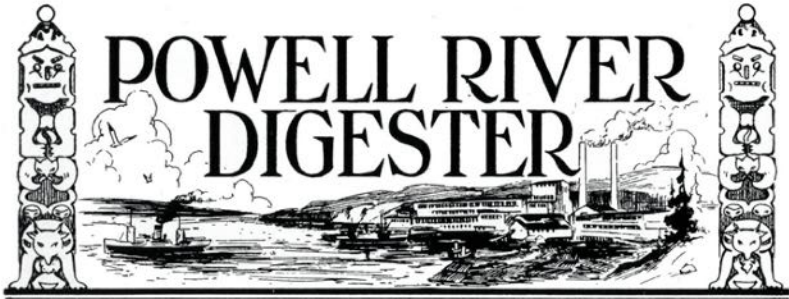


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 MAY, 1938 NO.5





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

MAY, 1938

No. 5

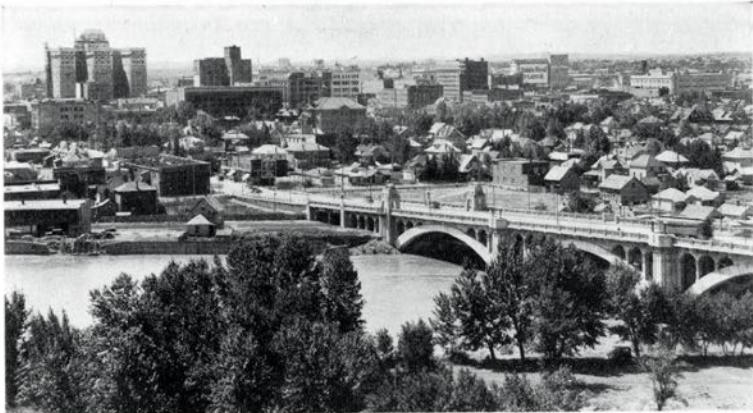
## Community Centre



*Powell River's community centre of Dwight Hall. The building is one of the finest of its kind in the province. The auditorium will seat close to 800 people. In addition, the building includes lodge rooms, banquet hall, library and a modern stage. The auditorium floor is hardwood and is popular for dances, concerts and community plays.*



## To Calgary with Powell River Newsprint



*Bird's-eye view of the city of Calgary, Alberta, showing business section of the province's fast-growing metropolis.*

THE Trans-Canada Highway has been in the forefront of Federal and Provincial road building pronouncements for the past decade. While it has passed by the pronouncement stage, the project is still far from a satisfactory reality. Out in British Columbia, a good motor road across the Rockies to Calgary would be among the most popular of summer trips. Alberta has many attractions, including Premier Aberhart and his Social Credit experiment. At one time the entire townsite was for moving bag and baggage across the mountains and applying for the Social Credit dividend. The lack of direct road communication between the provinces has undoubtedly retarded and slackened the flow of tourist traffic across the Rockies. Particularly is this true from the standpoint of the British Columbian. While visitors from the prairies flock in considerable numbers westward during the winter months, absence of a highway link has seriously curtailed the influx of the holidaying British Columbian into Alberta.

Powell River, as a Pacific Coast centre, illustrates this point. We have approximately 700 automobiles in the townsite. Our residents

travel extensively during the holiday season. Yet, how many of our motorists, leaving aside the non-motorists, have spent a vacation in Calgary or other neighboring centres across the Rockies? And the same may be said of the residents of Vancouver, Victoria, and other centres of population.

### Pioneer Publication

The Calgary *Herald* is the pioneer publication of Calgary. The foundation of the City of Calgary dates back to 1876. In 1883 perspiring crews, pushing the Canadian Pacific Railway's thin line to the Pacific Coast, reached the outskirts of the city. And here, on September 5, 1883, on the west side of the Elbow River, T. B. Braden and A. M. Armour pitched their tent, from which crude shelter were issued the first editions of the *Calgary Herald*. The City of Calgary in 1883 was a far cry from the city of 75,000 people which greets the visitor of today. The steel had just been laid a few miles beyond the townsite; only a few frame buildings and tents, held for the most part by squatters, graced the site of the present metropolis. Stage coaches rattled in with the mails; the only streets were wagon trails, over which stamped wandering cattle, wagon trains, mounted policemen, not always tractable redskins, and the citizens of the "new west."

Such were the conditions under which the *Calgary Herald* struggled in the opening year of its existence.

### Steady Growth

Some conception of the steady growth of the *Herald* will be realized when the figures of 1905 and the present are compared. At the former period, the entire population of Calgary encompassed less than 15,000 people, and the total payroll comprehended only twenty employees. Today the *Herald* employs close to 500 individuals and has a circulation in excess of 30,000 copies daily.

### Only Morning Edition

The *Albertan* is Calgary's morning sheet. It was founded in 1902 and its circulation today is approximately 15,000. The *Albertan* is the sole ruler of the morning field in the Province of Alberta. Its circulation, proportionate to population, ranks among the leaders in the morning field.



## It's May Time in Powell River



*Houses, lawns and trees along Ocean View Boulevard, overlooking the wide sweep of Malaspina Straits and Gulf of Georgia.*

THE present year, to date, has been a year of headlines. The international situation has caught the spotlight—and to grab even a line in the newspapers you have to cross a frontier or discuss the latest trend in military or naval tactics.

We are not discussing frontiers. We aren't talking military or naval tactics.

We're starting off with mention of an old forgotten conversational standby—the weather.

There may be trouble along the Lung-Hai railway; storm clouds are glowering over the Czech-German frontier; the waves of the Mediterranean may be running high. And when British cabinet ministers have to

forego their week-end fishing — well, boys, the old globe is surely revolving on more than one axis.

And that brings us directly to the weather. If you want a tonic, try a dash of Powell River weather. A lot of things may be wrong with the old world, but not with Powell River weather.

It's been a bad year for ice lovers and ice skaters, because there has been no ice. Since January, the thermometer hasn't even touched the freezing point. It has been equally hard on the youngsters who received sleighs for Christmas—because there has been no snow.

But the amateur gardener — and from first-hand evidence, Powell

River's per capita quota must be a record of some kind—ah, ask them about the weather! The Lung-Hai railway drops out of the picture when rows of sprightly hued tulips come into focus; and what is there on the Czechoslovakian border to compare with the borders around the local lawns? For this is May and the flowers are blooming—the peas are sprouting—the potatoes are in the “sack”—and the roses will soon be out.

And roses are a Powell River specialty. Scarcely a home but has its own special variety of rose. There are the Hardy Hybrid variety, the Etoiles de Holland, Covent Gardens, Early Haigs and every bloom known to western science. Visitors have described Powell River as a second Portland. Powell River describes Portland as a fair second to Powell River.

All lots in Powell River face the sun from a fifty-foot frontage—allowing the amateur horticulturists more elbow room than in many urban centres. If you don't happen to like gardening, well—

Powell River in May is a garden city. Masses of yellow broom grow in profusion along the scenic Ocean View Highway. The gardens are in flower, the lawns are green, and the tulips are in full bloom. Pride of residents in well-kept gardens and trim lawns is a characteristic commented on by every passing visitor. In the accompanying illustration the general view shows a group of homes along Maple and Ocean View avenues, and is pleasing confirmation of the visitors' comment.



*Maple Street, Powell River, in mid-May. Streets in the townsite are planted with rows of maple, poplar and oak trees, from whence they derive their name.*



*Profusion of flowering maples and lilacs on Maple Street homes.*

Many residents of larger coast cities have gazed enviously on the spectacle of a townsite where citizens may water their lawns without being subject to municipal or city regulations. The comparatively careless abandon with which local gardeners throw water about their lawns has caused more than one out-of-town resident to look nervously over his left shoulder. In Powell River there is no "one hour in the evening" — or "one hour in the morning" regulation. The sprinklers whirl merrily day and night—Sunday or holiday.

And so there may be border incidents — there may be another putsch next week, there may be nervousness and tension in the world cabinets—but in Powell River it's May and the sprinklers are still whirling merrily.

The people of British Columbia, on the average, spend most on the cinema, with Ontario next.

### **You Are Worth 98 Cents**

That's what the scientists tell us. They have analyzed the human body, and after much deliberation, cogitation and figuring they claim in terms of merchandise your body is worth about 98 cents. That's all.

Here's how they come to that conclusion: A soap manufacturer, so they say, would pay about 10 cents for the soap he could make out of the fat in your body.

The maker of matches would pay only three or four cents for the phosphorus he could get out of your body. The iron in your body will make one eight-penny nail. There's lime enough to whitewash a medium-sized chicken coop; potassium enough to explode one toy cap pistol; a pinch of magnesium; and enough sulphur to chase the flies off one dog.

In all, you are worth as merchandise less than one dollar. So, it's just as well to bury you—when you are dead.



## Powell River Personalities

### Edgar Peacock

**C**ONSTRUCTION work is his business. He started building roads, working on railroad construction, tearing things to pieces and putting them together again at the early age of 15. Found the comparatively settled soil of his birthplace, Saint Andrews, New Brunswick, too settled for a roving nature. Worked a restless way west sampling construction activities in every province on the route.



*Edgar  
Peacock*

Reached Powell River in August, 1911, and went to work immediately on his favorite job — construction. Stayed exactly three years, and in the summer of '14 joined Powell River's first overseas contingent to the 29th Battalion. Spent four and a half years in the C. E. F. Returned in May, 1919, and started on his old job of construction foreman. Since that date the name of Edgar Peacock has appeared without a break on the payroll of the Powell River Company.

An active all around athlete in his younger days, Ed is a close follower of every local sporting activity. He sits in the stands at the ball games; Ed and his pipe watch every move on the Box Lacrosse checker board; he follows amateur boxing and track and field. When he wishes he can play a wicked game of Lawn Bowling. Golf is still his favorite pastime. For years the local open champ, Ed can breeze around in the 70's with little effort. He has a hole-in-one to his credit and a reputation as one of the best match players in the district. "When the money's down, look out for Peacock," is now a local proverb.

Ed is an authority on "Old Time Folk Lore" in Powell River. He can tell you hair-raising tales of those red-blooded days of 1912 — the trips to Van Anda — Saturday nights when the loggers hit town — and all the garish excitement associated with early construction days in our Townsite.

---

### Jack Makes Good

Jack Mathieson, former Powell River all 'round athlete, is making a good showing in recent weeks in the Vancouver Senior City ball loop. Fielding perfectly, Jack took some time to get started hitting. In recent games he is finding his eye and should hold his place as a regular. He sends his regards to all the boys in the old home town.

## Rival High Schools Clash

First Inter-High School Competition Brings Victory to Vancouver Island Teams



*Finish of the 100-yard dash at Inter-High School meet last week. Richardson of Courtenay defeats Walker of Powell River (third from right), to win in the good time of 10.5 seconds. The Island boys were powerful in the sprints, with Powell River holding a slight edge in the longer distances.*

On Saturday, May 28, Powell River High School was host to the first inter-district High School Track and Field Meet ever held locally. Twenty athletes, representing the pick of four Upper Island High Schools came across the gulf. A good crowd was on hand—and the audience was

treated to an afternoon of record-breaking performances.

Outstanding was Richardson of Courtenay, who won the 100 yards in 10.5 seconds, placed third in the furlong and leaped five feet seven inches to win the high jump. The locals were defeated 111-44.



*Box lacrosse at Powell River oval, showing Kilby Spurr and Westview teams in action.*



*Harry Donkersly, Powell River high jumper, adds to his laurels with a convincing win in the men's low hurdles.*

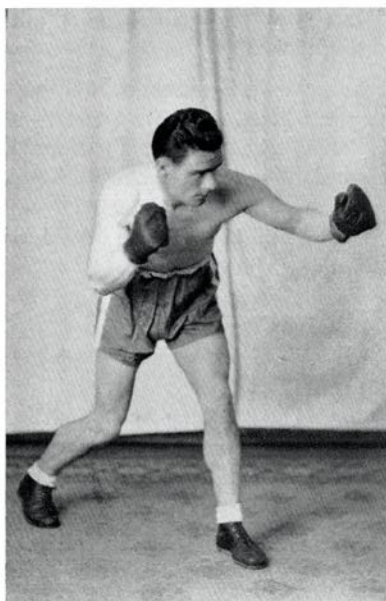
From the Powell River point of view two events were outstanding. The first was Pete Vanichuk's courageous race in the 440. Left in his hole a full 20 feet behind on the start, Pete finished a strong and close second in 56 seconds. In the 880, Harry Hunter and Pete Vanichuk again ran magnificent races to place first and second, only to be disqualified for unintentional fouling.

The meet was a distinct success. It gave local boys and girls their first real taste of competitive running and jumping. It proved that training is necessary to win meets. It brought out several potential stars who should make good showings in the Dominion Day meet. Harry Donkersly, Pete Vanichuk, Harry Hunter and Cliff Walker are prospective stars. Marguerite Reed ran second in both women's sprints.

The meet was opened by resident manager D. A. Evans. Major Sutton, local school trustee, spoke briefly, following Mr. Evans.

It is the expectation of local athletic officials that this meet will prove an annual affair and that it will suc-

ceed in developing first-class material locally. Another hope of local officials is to have a Powell River representative on either an Olympic or a British Empire games team.



*Bobby Dunn, above, local 135-pound champion, is training steadily for the B. C. amateur championships, which will be held in Vancouver in July. Dunn was edged out in the recent Mainland Championships at Powell River, and is out to bring home the title in the big tournament.*



# When the Bug Bites — It Bites

## Or the Metamorphosis of Fred Riley

Time: A.D. 1926-1930.

Place: New Machine Room.

Characters: Fred Riley and Gus Schuler.

### PROLOGUE:

The machines have been purring steadily along for hours. Reel after reel has been changed. The two machine tenders stand dreamily in the centre of the floor, watching their contented machines making contented paper. Gus, with a chummy air, leans across the broke cart, and the dialogue goes into production.

Gus: Well, Fred, old boy, ol' boy, I broke 80 last night. It's a great—

Fred: Broke 80 what? Frank and I cracked 20 ourselves last night. Kinda warm these evenings. I guess I'll—

Gus: Yeah, I know, but I curved my second right in the cup.

Fred: Curved it in the cup, eh! We take ours straight.

Gus: Yeah, Fred, but it was a rolling green and—

Fred: Haw! Rolling green, eh. They always look rolling after you've broken 80. I've seen 'em look like that after cracking a half dozen on a warm night.

Gus: Listen, Fred, aren't we, ha, ha! —a bit mixed up. I'm talking about golf.

Fred: Golf! Golf! Mean to tell me you play that game. Thought you had been out for a respectable evening with the boys and wanted some advice. Golf! Golf! Can't see any "he-man"

(glances slyly at Gus) wasting his time on that game.

Curtain. Eight years elapse between this and the following scene.

Time: A.D. 1938.

Place: New Machine Room.

Characters: Fred Riley and Gus Schuler.

The machines are still purring happily. Reel after reel has been changed. Fred and Gus stand dreamily in the centre of the floor. Fred, with a chummy air, leans across the broke cart, and the dialogue again goes into production.

Fred: Gus, ol' boy, ol' boy, I cracked 140 last night. It's a great—

Gus: I hooked one on Number 5 but took my mashie and blasted—

Fred: I spotted Harry Carruthers three strokes, and laid a perfect stymie on the—

Gus: As I was saying I took my mashie—

Fred: As I was saying, I laid a perfect—

Gus: My mashie shot rolled six inches from—

Fred: My stymie lay six inches from—

Both (to themselves): Wonder if that guy will ever quit talking about his golf game.

Just then the red light went on. Gus dived for the wire and Fred dived for the first press. After the excitement was over Fred walked one way— Gus the other. Both threw rather chilly smiles over the left shoulder.

## New Appointments on Directorate

Glen Sample and G. F. Laing New Vice-Presidents



*Glen Sample*



*G. F. Laing*

At the annual meeting of the Powell River Company, held in Vancouver on April 26 last, Mr. Glen Sample and Mr. G. F. Laing were appointed Vice-Presidents. Mr. Sample is a partner in the well-known Chicago advertising firm of Blackett, Sample & Hummert, and has been on the directorate of the company for the past several years. Mr. Laing, appointed a director last year, was formerly manager of the Bank of Montreal, Vancouver, B. C. The company is fortunate in securing in an executive capacity the financial and executive experience of Mr. Sample and Mr. Laing.



*Resident Manager D. A. Evans shows his versatility. Here he kicks off in a recent inter-city soccer match. And he actually kicked it, and straight, which was a feat with the grounds in a soggy condition. Perhaps the bat and slicker have something to do with it. Pete Gallagher of Powell River stands on the left, with referee George Gilmour tooting the whistle.*

## Lower Mainland Championships for Dominion Day

July 1 will see yet another Provincial Championship in Powell River. Local tracksters, boys and girls, will compete against the cream of Lower Mainland athletes. One of the strongest invading track teams ever witnessed locally will compete on the Powell River oval.

Probably the star attraction will be the women's sprint events which will bring Barbara Howard, Vancouver colored star and member of the British Empire Games team, against her old rival, Marion Borden, ace of local women sprinters. Each has a victory over the other this year, and the Powell River meet will decide the championship.

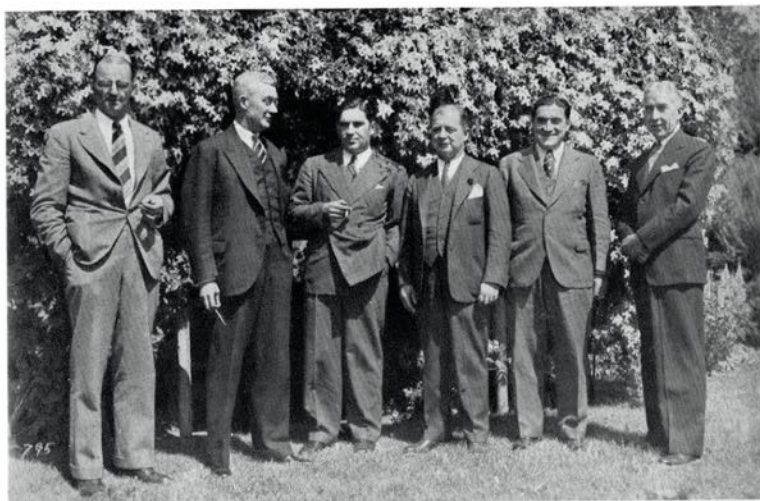
Equal in interest and attraction will be the men's sprints, in which such outstanding stars as Campbell Williams of Nanaimo, Bud Goldstone, sen-

sational Vancouver High School star, Frank Rutledge and Stewart of Victoria will test their skill against Gino Bortolussi, Powell River star sprinter.

Harry Donkersley will have to fight against the two Vancouver aces, Stewart and Armstrong, in the high jump, and local intermediates will have plenty of competition in Jean Kennedy, star of the recent High School meet in Vancouver.

At least 40 outside athletes from all parts of the province will be on hand, and spectators are guaranteed one of the finest track shows ever held locally.

The Vancouver office staff will be in Powell River in force on July 1. Dave Johnston, Harry Grant and Dot Brown are sure starters, with Roy Foote and Tip Garvin more than half persuaded already.



Visitors to Powell River last month: J. Young (left), R. Bell-Irving, W. Salman, Vic Coudert, Rene Deneau, H. S. Foley.

### May Visitors

Several visitors, well known in pulp and paper and shipping circles, were among our guests in May. Prominent among these were two old and popular friends, Rene Deneau, President, and Vic Coudert, Vice-President, of G. I. Steele & Co., New York. Both were in the pink of condition—that is, ready to play golf with all challengers—or to discuss the current trend in world affairs. Both Mr. Deneau and Mr. Coudert are frequent visitors to the plant. As sales agents, they keep closely in touch with the production end—and have a first-class knowledge both of the principles and mechanics of paper making. They can always be found in the machine room, looking out for the cause of customers' complaints or asking embarrassing questions of paper machine crews.

Accompanying the G. I. Steele officials were Mr. J. Young, Vice-President of the Pacific Mills Company, Vancouver, and Mr. W. Salman, President of the Canadian Gulf Line Limited.

---

### Track Rumors

From Vancouver come reports that excitement is running high among athletes over Powell River's championships on July 1. The Barbara Howard of Vancouver and Marion Borden of Powell River battle is already causing a lot of excitement, and opinion on the outcome is about evenly balanced. It will be the first meeting of the two rivals locally. Margaret Bell, Olympic and British Empire Games high jumper, will be on hand—and Margaret will have a potential rival in Darline Woodburn of Victoria.

## Around the Plant

**G**EORGE HEWARD, Beater Room foreign correspondent, is authority for the statement that the Straussline motor in Czechoslovakia is losing favor. The new style will feature the Hesslin model.

\* \* \*

Bain Calder is watching the mobilization of troops along European frontiers with fervent interest. Bain and Tommy Cairns of the tonsorial bureau have an idea that with all those troops around somebody's passing up a swell chance to take a little money off the boys at Crown and Anchor.

\* \* \*

Lewis Foxall, Tommy Lucas and Alf Larsen look with longing eyes on these heavy frontier concentrations. "What a chance to run a sweep with all those fellows running around looking for trouble," the boys moan. Any of those border patrols would be lucky if they had their trousers left after an interview with that trio.

\* \* \*

Jack Hill and Reg Baker, after a week-end up the Gordon Pashas, appeared in the office Monday looking like a couple of parboiled shell fish, left on the beach after a high tide. From all accounts the tides ran high. The fish didn't run but nobody worried about that.

\* \* \*

There was a rumor last week that war had broken out on the Czecho-

slovakian border. After the police reserves had been called and mobilization orders issued, it turned out Czechoslovakia and Hungary were indulging in one of their periodic football games. Casualties were moderate. Half of the original players on each team finished the game—a near record.

\* \* \*

The launching of the Southcott-Campbell sub-chaser has been further delayed. Alterations designed to place a second anti-aircraft gun are delaying the launching. An extra torpedo tube may be added. Brother Sid is unkind enough to suggest finances may be responsible for the delay—and estimates it will be July 1, 1939, before the official christening takes place.

\* \* \*

Comparisons are odious, we know. We can't help, however, comparing a very important part of a paper machine to the way Walter Snyder hits a golf ball. They change this particular bit of machinery fairly frequently, but so far as we can learn Walter hasn't transferred this habit to the golf course.

\* \* \*

Somebody suggested a father and son golf competition the other day. We could suggest as a start Malcolm Tapp and John MacDonald vs. Wallace Tapp and Wallace MacDonald. Figure out the strokes for yourself. And Harry Carruthers and son Bert should make an interesting, if not light, game; and if our scouts are cor-



rect, Jack Hill and son Michael should about break even in an eighteen-hole contest. And, of course, Wendell and Charlie Murray could start out for an afternoon's exercise. "Wouldn't even be exercise for me," grins Wendell.

And if we wished to push this parental idea to a logical conclusion there is the father and daughter competition. Tom Rees says he will have nothing to do with it.

### The Bare Facts

Last week Ernie Ketchum, our Grinder Superintendent, and his car limped painfully into Powell River in tow of the wrecker. The car's fenders were badly dented. Bits of blood clung to the radiator. Bespattered strands of coarse dark hair clung to the fenders.

It happened along the lonely Lund Road. Ernie, wheeling majestically along at his usual pace of say, 20 miles, suddenly screeched on the brakes as a dark, lumbering shadow rolled out of the woods, rolled down the bank, and rolled with a convulsive bump against Ernie's fender.

One quick look, Ernie gulped, went into high and proceeded 50 feet along the road before stopping.

He looked back. He looked back twice—and slowly backed up.

Unconscious on the ground was a good-sized bear—and this is the bare truth, according to Ernie.

The bear had come out of the woods intending to cross the road, had stepped down the bank and rolled directly in the path of Ernie and car.

There was no lengthy investigating on Ernie's part. He took a few quick looks, turning the car around, and limped slowly back to port with bear hide all over his fenders.

Jack Graham, serious-browed Endymion of the Vancouver office, has crashed into print with a real golf victory. Jack, last week, won the club handicap championship—or something close to it—against a large field. Elmer Lee says he had even fours for the last nine holes. Our official photographer has promised an action picture of the office champ making even fours, for the next issue.

We know there is a catch in this somewhere, but Jack won't talk—and Harry Grant is a pal.

Roy Foote assures us he will be present in Powell River July 1, and shyly suggested it might be a drawing card if we advertised a half-mile Foote race—between Roy and brother Bob, for the family championships.

Heck, Roy, it would be a riot. The local athletic association would pay big money for that event.

Bill Oakes' recent letter on the advisability or otherwise of forming a cadet corps in the local schools has pushed Czechoslovakia off the headlines in the past week. Jerry Wheeler of the Steam Plant and ex-school cadet has some ideas on the subject. We suggest the boys get together and bring it on the floor at the next meeting of the Speakers' Club.

# Origins and Names

## Famous Spots on B. C. Coast Recalled

**W**HAT is the origin of Powell River? After whom is it named? When was the name first affixed to the river on which your paper mill now stands?

This is a question often asked by visitors to the district, and frankly, most of us find ourselves evading the answer. We are inclined to take refuge in more or less incoherent explanations revolving around some old Indian legend, or of a vague visit of the British navy anywhere from fifty to a hundred years ago.

### Exploration Names

Practically all of the British Columbia coast names have their origin in the exploration voyages of British or Spanish seamen in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Powell River apparently received little attention from the early explorers, however, and it was not until 1880 that our townsite received its present title. In Captain J. T. Walbrans' "British Columbia Coast Names," we learn that, in the above year, Captain Orlebar, of His Majesty's gun vessel *Rochet*, was cruising along Malaspina Straits. He saw the old river tumbling over the rocky ravine, discovered its name was missing on the chart and named it "Powell River" in honor of Israel Wood Powell, M.D., Indian Commissioner for British Columbia, 1872-1889. Israel Powell was an Eastern Canadian, a member of an old Loyalist

family, who arrived in Victoria in 1862.

### Malaspina Inlet

Malaspina Inlet, on which Powell River is situated, was named by the Spanish explorers, Galiano and Valdez, in 1792, in honor of Captain Alexandro Malaspina, an Italian seaman in the service of Spain.

### Gulf of Georgia

The Gulf of Georgia, famous coastal water separating Vancouver Island from the mainland, was named after George III by Captain Vancouver.

Welcome Pass, several miles north of Powell River and well known to the tugboat captains of the coast, has an interesting origin. Welcome Pass is in Thormanby Islands, and in 1860 H.M.S. *Plumper* called the pass "Welcome" on account of the "welcome" news that the horse Thormanby had won the Derby.

Texada Island, whose northern tip terminates opposite Powell River, dates back to 1791, being named by Jose Maria Narvarz, commanding the Spanish vessel *Santa Saturmina*.

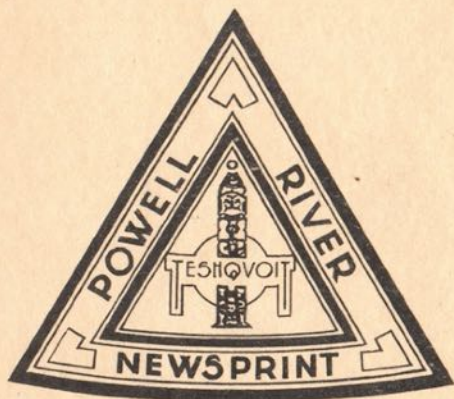
### Cortez Island

Valdez, Cortez, Hernando and other islands near Powell River all date back to the Spanish exploration days—Valdez recalling the name of the Spanish commander and Hernando and Cortez in honor of the famous Spanish warrior, Hernando Cortez.





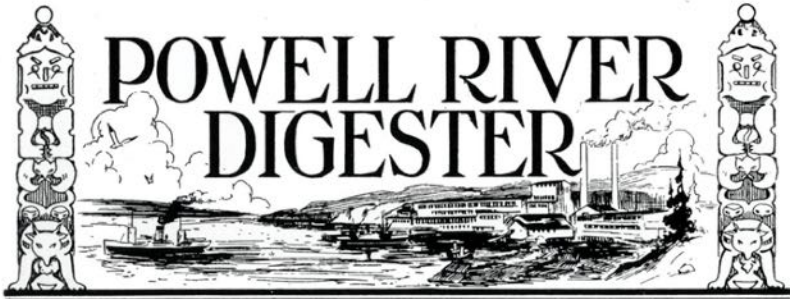
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 JUNE, 1938 NO.6



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

VOL. 14

JUNE, 1938

No. 6

---



*Picturesque view of the Powell River golf course, looking from the ninth tee out to Malaspina Straits. The trim Union Steamship coastal boat "Lady Cecilia" is seen between the trees.*

---

## Davis Rafts — and Sitka Spruce

Big Timbers Hauled 500 Miles for Powell River Newsprint



*Davis raft in the Powell River log pond, containing about a million and a half feet of the famed Sitka spruce logs, from the Queen Charlotte Islands.*

**A**BOUT four hundred and fifty miles north of Powell River, a group of islands, shaped roughly like an inverted isosceles triangle, rise above the waters. Named the Queen Charlottes in honor of Charlotte, consort to stout and stubborn old George III., they are in modern times, recognized as the home of the finest spruce timber in the West.

Here grow the celebrated Sitka variety, tall, white and straight grained—ideal for commercial lumber—and pulpwood. It is here that the big reserves of the Powell River Company are located; and it is partially through the employment of the famous Sitka spruce that the quality and strength of Powell River newsprint is known in every publishing house in the Western Hemisphere.

In the manufacture of aeroplanes the Sitka spruce is unrivalled. Each week the Kelley Logging Company at Powell River ship consignments to aid in Great Britain's feverish air rearmament plan. During the World War, 21 per cent of all the spruce used in aeroplane manufacture was cut in the Queen Charlotte area.

The ample reserve of Sitka spruce assures the indefinite continuance of its use in the manufacture of Powell River newsprint.



The big spruce sticks, rising to heights of 200 feet, and attaining in choice specimens a diameter of ten feet, are boomed at the camps and hauled direct to the log pond in Powell River.

The haul from the Queen Charlottes is, in many places, through open water—across storm-tossed Hecate Straits, and other stretches where the full assault of the open Pacific is felt. It is under such circumstances that the Davis raft, shown in the illustration, is used to protect the logs.

The Davis raft is the recognized method of towing logs on long hauls across unprotected waters. It is nothing more or less than a giant bundle of faggots, bound tightly with huge  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inch wire cables. When built with the logs piled high on top of each other, over 60 per cent of the mass is submerged.

At the Queen Charlottes the Powell River Company tug *St. Faith*, with her powerful 1200 H.P. engines, takes charge and tows the "big faggot pile" of Sitka spruce to the security of the log pond in Powell River.

A few days rest in the log pond and the raft is no more. It is in the sheds in the form of finished newsprint, awaiting shipment to the publishing house.

The main log storage pond at Powell River maintains a month's supply of wood. Well sheltered by breakwaters, and added local protection, the logs are safe from any disturbances in the Gulf of Georgia. Other storage basins are located at points along the Coast, north of Powell River—to ensure against any cessation of supply during temporary shut downs of camps or other unforeseen circumstances.



*Tug "St. Faith", of the Powell River Company fleet. One of the most powerful tugs on the coast, the "Faith" hauls the big Davis rafts to Powell River.*

## An Evening Along Fisherman's Row

**N**INETY pounds of fish on an evening's outing. Not a record—not, perhaps, an amazing catch—but a good sound night's work. Stands up well in any company, and Mrs. A. Tomlinson, wife of Alan Tomlinson, Townsite Electrician, has earned her place in the sun of local wharf fishermen.

Fisherman's Row at Powell River has been a busy place for the past six weeks. The cool retreat attracts scores of fishermen each evening. They are all there—the regular clan, night after night. They start around 7 p.m.—nobody knows why, because on their own admission the salmon don't start

biting until around 1 a.m. But the boys (and girls) of Fisherman's Row care little for this. Here is a retreat far from the maelstrom of strife and worry. They stroll up and down, philosophers all, discussing last night's catch—the latest thing in bait—the wiles of the finny tribe—.

Harry Buchanan has manufactured his own bait. Three cunningly painted pieces of fir, wiggling proudly as they strike the water, cost him ten cents to manufacture. Beside him stalks Bill Wightman, resplendent with his rod and magnificent artificial bait—cost per bait, \$1.50.

### THE GANG'S ALL HERE

Each evening they are at the old stand. They know to a second what time every Waltonian will be there. His space is reserved and woe betide the neophyte who intrudes on this sacred soil.

### HERE THEY COME

There they come—there's Dave Evans, he's a nine o'clocker. He slides in between seven o'clockers Harry Buchanan and Jack Young. Around 11 the clan tramp along the row in fours, in platoons. By midnight they are arranged in companies and at 1 a.m. the entire battalion is lined up in full marching order. Around the corner of the old wharf is Jim Phillips, who knows every current that sweeps under the piles. Next in line is Ben Watson, a comparative fledgling with only four or five years' experience.



*Jack Young (left), Harry Buchanan and Frank Carney, pose with an evening's catch off Powell River wharf. Total poundage 50 (approx.!!)*



*Frank Carney staggers into the back garden with the 32-pound Spring salmon caught last week.*

Swing around the bend and Frank Carney and Jack Young are gazing patiently seaward. Frank hauled in a 32-pounder last week—again not a record but good stout fishing.

#### THE LADIES JOIN THE FUN

Herb Daubner, an authority in Waltonian lore, mutters under his breath as Mrs. Newcomer gleefully shouts: "Bill, Bill, come here, there's something pulling my line." Joe and Walt Graham are sure after-midnight starters—and occasionally Harry Zaccarelli drops in to keep them company. In such circumstances the fish are forgotten and the destinies of the fast slipping (according to Joe) Yanks, and the dynamic (according to Harry)

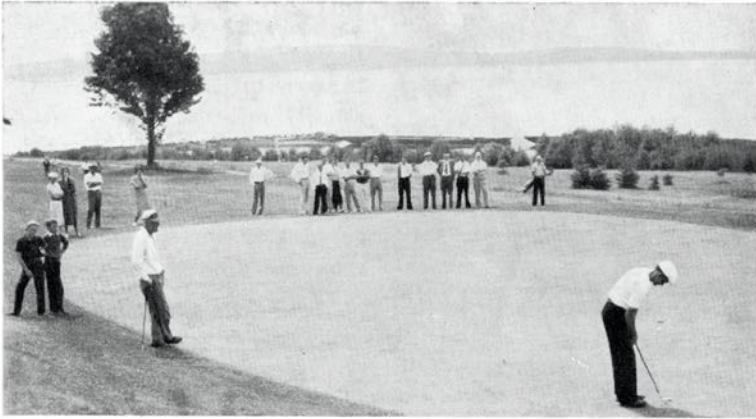
Cubs are decided. The fate of the world, the history of the future, the chances of Max Baer (slimmer than the slimmest "shiner"), modern youth, they all come under the wharf lights between 10 p.m. and 3 a.m. Occasionally an heroic soul remarks that stocks seem to be moving up. Nobody else moves—and the discussion goes under. At intervals a splash and a subdued shout of jubilation disturbs the even serenity of Fisherman's Row.

#### FEASTS AND FAMINES

Dave Evans caught a 15-pounder—and for a half second the philosophers cease philosophizing. And so it goes through the long, cool June evenings, and on into the gradually shortening twilight of July. There are good nights and bad nights. There are feasts and famines—but good or bad, feast or famine, the boys of Fisherman's Row never miss their appointed stations during the fishing season. It's great fun—and an education in patience.

The Vancouver Office was represented at the Dominion Day Sports by Peggy Darby and Dot Brown. From what we saw of the situation, the girls had it well in hand and ably upheld the honor of the Standard Bank Building. Peggy had advanced reports from Dot on the hospitality of the junior male populace of Powell River—but told us afterwards that the advance notices were pale pink compared to reality. There was something Clare Cunningham wanted us to ask the girls—but we've forgotten what it was. Anyway, it's not our funeral.

## Local Golfers Gain Provincial Rank



*A tense moment at the 18th hole. Johnny, facing a near stymie, puts for a birdie with Ed looking on, in the finals of the Powell River Club Championships.*

**I**N the accompanying illustrations we show John McDonald, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McDonald, in action during the Powell River club championships last month. The youthful star finished the grueling 36-hole competition 5 up on that canny veteran, Ed Peacock. It was a striking victory for John, who shot sub-par golf all the way.

This week John travelled to Vancouver to compete in the B. C. Amateur—blue ribbon event of the golfing season. The pick of B. C. Amateurs and powerful opposition from the East and United States were present. Johnny blasted his way through to the semi-finals in convincing fashion, knocking over at least one highly rated favorite. The Powell River lad lost, one up, to Don Gowan, regarded on pre-tournament form as an almost sure hit for the finals win-

ner. He was the outstanding surprise of the tournament and took the fancy of Vancouver sport writers. Johnny is now definitely among the golfers who "must be watched". His showing in the nerve wracking B. C. Amateur is another feather in the cap of local athletes who are putting Powell River on the B. C. and Canadian sports map. Gowan, conqueror of Johnny, went ahead to win the B. C. title.

Johnny is just 21 and has been playing par or below par consistently for the past several years. Ernie Tate, local pro, is willing to wager that Powell River will be the holder of the B. C. golfing crown within the next two years—and nobody is feeling much like calling the bet.

A spectator's report of the last hole states that Johnny and Don Gowan were approaching all square. Gowan's shot for the green hit a spectator and

bounced on the green close enough to sink for a birdie. Johnny clicked off his mechanical par. And that's the difference between the young Powell River ace and one of B. C.'s foremost amateurs!

### Sensational Showing of Tommy Hunter

The strong showing of Johnny McDonald is only part of Powell River's golfing achievements over the holiday week-end. Simultaneously with the Amateur Championships—the pick of the Junior Provincial golfers were on hand—with a trip to Eastern Canada for the winner. The tournament was open to all juniors under 20 years of age. Only by the narrowest margin did Tommy Hunter, sensational young 14-year-old Powell River star, miss the coveted honor. Hugh Morrison of Vancouver, with 154, was the winner, with Tommy on his heels with a 156.

Ernie Tate, local pro, states there is no record in Canadian golfing history of a youngster of 14 equalling Tommy's showing in open competition. In Vancouver they consider Tommy an outstanding sensation. He never missed a shot throughout. His golf was perfect—and he faced the nerve-tearing strain of heavy competition for the first time. Inability to stretch his shots out against older and longer drivers was the sole reason for Tommy's defeat. Flawless golf all the way. Ernie Tate informs us that in Vancouver they consider Tommy the best golfer of his age in the Dominion.

In the first flight of the Championships, Alf Tate, of Powell River, led



*Ed Peacock (right) and Johnny McDonald, finalists in the Powell River Golf Club Men's Championships last month. Shooting sub par golf, John defeated the veteran Ed, 5 and 4 in the 36-hole final.*

the field, defeating several prominent Vancouver golfers along the route. The word is out among the wisecracks of B. C. golfdom:

"Look out for Powell River next year."

### Boxing Championships

The B. C. Amateur Boxing Championships will be held in Vancouver on August 5 and 6. Powell River enters Bobby Dunn, lightweight; Art Betteridge, flyweight; Stew Lambert, heavy; Mickey McPherson, middle—are all training hard for the event. Bob Dunn, who has twice defeated the present titleholder, Doug Powell, is out to take official honors. That classy little bundle of dynamite, Art Betteridge, winner over Ken Lindsay at Powell River recently, is conceded more than an even chance in his division.

## Deer, Monkeys, Manoeuvres and Things



*The taming of the shrew. Mrs. Jack Smith feeds bread crusts to a deer which Mr. Smith and herself have almost turned into a family pet.*

THE illustrations accompanying this article illustrate the reality of coincidence. Last week, Jack Smith, acid maker and gardener extraordinary, showed us a third string to his bow of local accomplishments.

Jack, Mrs. Jack and the younger Jacks, fleeing from the soporific rays of a summer sun, have been spending week-ends and days off in the cool glades and invigorating air of Lang Bay and other points a few miles south. On one of these periodic off days, Mr. Smith spotted a large doe sleuthing through the underglades. Jack, an amateur student of Provincial wild life, immediately called a family conclave with the avowed objective of having the furtive doe eating out of the family hand within the week.

And a few days ago the pictures arrived in this office to establish unrefutable evidence of Jack's claim as No. 1 Powell River deer tamer. How this was accomplished remains a secret.

Jack refuses to talk, Mrs. Smith is silent, but within three days the elusive doe was rubbing noses with Mrs. Smith and licking raw sulphur from Jack's palm.

A few minutes after Jack had deposited his pictures, Jimmy Clapp, of the main office, walked in with picture No. 2. Here we saw how they tame the forest denizens in the tropics. Petty Officer David Evans (not Irish) proves there is still some monkey business east of Suez. The illustration shows him feeding a monkey in Penang, one of the Empire's outposts that is achieving front page notice in recent months.

Petty Officer Evans has many friends in Powell River. He was a member of the crew of H. M. S. "Delhi" which visited Powell River

(Continued on Page 15)



*On the other side of the world they have their pets as well. Here we see Petty Officer David Evans of His Majesty's Aircraft Carrier "Eagle" feeding a tame monkey in one of the public gardens of Penang. Petty Officer Evans was in Powell River several years ago with H.M.S.S. "Delhi", and the above picture was sent to Jimmy Clapp in the local office.*

## The Amateur Drama



*The Powell River group which gained high recognition in the Provincial Drama Festival held at Victoria last week. Left to right: Harold Tull, Dennie Critoff, Mrs. Rattenbury, Mrs. Staniforth, Bob Leese, Norman Spackman.*

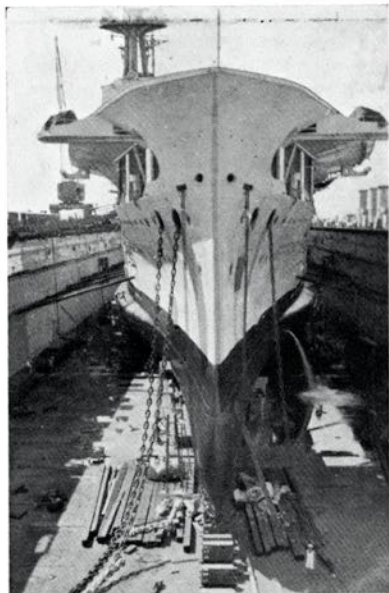
EDITOR'S NOTE: In the following brief article, Mr. Bob Leese appeals for public co-operation in supporting local dramatic and cultural groups. "The Bishop's Candlesticks," the play chosen by the local group, received high praise from adjudicators at the Provincial Festival in Victoria. The local group were awarded first prize for groups outside of the main centres of population. The display is all the more remarkable when, as Mr. Leese points out, the Powell River cast was more or less hastily collected and trained.

**N**OW that the Provincial Drama Festival is over and the excitement and glamour of the visit to Victoria has faded, two thoughts remain in our mind. What has been gained from our local festival, and what impetus has been given to dramatics in this town by the encouraging performances of the teams sent to Victoria? Does it mean that histrionic art in Powell River is to slip back into the oblivion which has enshrouded it for the past few years?

Let us review the points which these two festivals have brought out.

First, the local competition has produced material for four teams. That

is, in itself, a good start, but the most gratifying aspect is that only a very small proportion of those taking part were players with any experience, the greater portion making their first appearance before the footlights. There is talent in many of these newcomers which practice and training will develop. In the second place, we have become convinced there are a number of people possessing histrionic ability who never come forward, and these, we hope, will now show their interest. Dramatics can play a big part in the social life of a community. In this we do not refer so much to the production of public performances as the development of dramatic art



*The "Eagle" is in for repairs in the floating dock at Singapore. The carrier participated in the recent manoeuvres of the British fleet designed to test the Singapore defences.*

The standard upheld by Powell River at the Provincial Festival proves that this town is not behind other centres. All that is lacking is organization and development.

That our senior group won the cup for the best play from the Mainland outside Vancouver, is very encouraging, for it must be remembered that this was a hastily gathered cast playing against organized dramatic groups with years of training behind them.

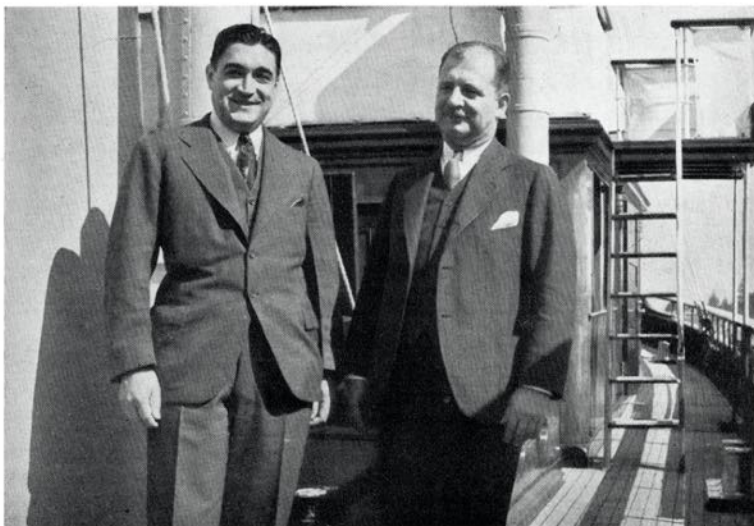
In commenting on the production of "The Bishop's Candlesticks" the chairman of the Dominion Drama Festival was very encouraging and expressed the desire that this group enter the Dominion Festival. As a regional group production he thought this play ranked well with entries from Vancouver, Victoria, and other points, and urged them to devote their time and effort to further training with this object in view.

The opportunity of attending such a festival, the conversations held, and the contacts made, have been a great education to those privileged to attend, and should prove invaluable to them in their work on future productions.

The directors and cast feel that with the support of the public and additional talent great things may be accomplished by Powell River in the future.

Martin Naylor, whom nothing seems to depress, was nearly slaughtered by the Athletic Association Committee for his facetious remark that the "Dark Cloud" which hung over Powell River last Thursday failed to arrive.





*Popular and well-known visitors to Powell River recently were Rene Deneau (left), President of George J. Steele & Co., New York, and Vic. Coudert, Vice-President. Depressions never seem to worry Rene; he always manages to conjure that famous Deneau smile which the ladies in Powell River still rave about. Vic. smiles less broadly but like the rest of us he's having a bit of a fight with the old waist line—and a little compromise is necessary.*

### Mr. P. A. Brooks Drops In

Mr. Paul Brooks, of Minneapolis, dropped in for a brief visit early this month, and spent a few minutes reminiscing over the early days in Powell River. His particular pride is the Townsite, which he first visited in 1911, and in whose conception he takes a modest pride.

"We insisted from the start," declared Mr. Brooks, "that the buildings in the Townsite should be of a type in which employees could take a just pride. We endeavored to avoid the congestion and crowding prevalent in many company towns of that period, and to build a Townsite that would reflect the permanency of our occupation."

Looking over the present dam site, Mr. Brooks recalled the original plans for the first dam and the picturesque appearance of Powell River tumbling unchecked to the sea. George F. Hardy, nationally known construction engineer, made the first surveys, reporting that the water in Powell Lake was the purest he had ever encountered in his entire experience. Powell River was an ideal site for a paper mill—narrow river and a short penstock connection to the plant.

The Townsite is still one of Mr. Brooks' pet hobbies—and throughout the past 27 years he has taken a personal interest in each new construction period.

## Around the Plant

**H**ARRY ZACCARELLI called the Louis-Schmeling fight this time—and took a few extra dollars back to the West-view rancho. Some of Harry's previous bets have taken quite a few nickels out of the rancho and this kind of evens things up.

\* \* \*

The Machine Room is agog over the staggering possibilities of the Father and Son line-up in their midst. Some quiet wagers are being laid on Tom Carney and son Frank to outlast Al Hansen and son Ivan. Wally Tapp and the pride of the Tapp homestead, Malcolm, are grinning up their sleeves at the opposition. Jimmy Ford and son Donald are reported to be uncovering some amazing bursts in secret workouts.

\* \* \*

Down in the Grinder Room Jimmy Jacobs has the race in the sack for the Jacobs household. Arthur Woodward and daughter Barbara, have already filed an entry from the Car Shop—and back to the Office again with Bill Bell and daughter entering the middle laps where the boys need endurance.

\* \* \*

In the Department Store there is heavy betting on Jack Tunstall and daughter Yvonne, to take Insurance-man Jim Macindoe and daughter Lorna. These are the light-weight entries with Jack offering Jim a five-yard handicap.

But if we go any further the possibilities are tremendous—and the Lord have mercy on the judges—especially if, as we understand, the wives are running the second lap (there is a rumor that Bert Marrion will act as Chief Judge.)

\* \* \*

There are two opposing schools of thought in connection with the women's events on the annual Dominion Day Sports Programme. One school (boys under 23) holds that the Athletic Association should be paid a bonus for importing all the athletic (and dancing) talent into Powell River on that day.

The second school (girls under 23) hold that the Athletic Association should be paid a bonus to keep the girls out and confine the events to male contestants only.

Interesting theories both, and we believe the Association might consider the bonus question.

\* \* \*

No hero of ancient Greece—no paladin of Imperial Rome, but who would count Bert Marrion one of themselves. Bert has, with entire success, coached a team of girls for two consecutive seasons, without the wiggle of an eyebrow. And now he is in the midst of organizing a women's softball league—to include both single and married women's teams. We wonder if this is the Achilles heel at last. Bert thinks it's fun. We think

it's a miracle. We understand pressure is being brought to bear on Clare Cunningham to take on the job of assistant coach—Whew!

\* \* \*

Doctor Murison's garden still holds the spotlight for variety, color and all-round trimness. There is also some mystery connected with the Murison pasture. Doc credits Mrs. Murison with the artistic touch. Mrs. Murison was away on several weeks' vacation—but the flower beds are still blooming, the grass is cut and there's not a weed visible under the microscope. The rope trick, again.

\* \* \*

And what's happened to those famous early summer potatoes that Charley Godfrey used to drag down to the shop around about this time every year?

\* \* \*

Jack Semple, long reckoned among local gardening stalwarts, is still on the job at the old stand. Pass the Semple emporium any night—Jack, pipe in hand, never seems to be doing anything—but the flowers are blooming—the lawn looks like Butchart's Gardens on a sunny afternoon—and Jack, pipe in hand, looks on. It is a feat as mysterious and as inexplicable as the Hindoo rope trick. Maybe it is an optical illusion, as Joe Sweeney swears.

\* \* \*

There is slight, but perceptible decay in the quantity of energy per square yard of back-garden space in the Flett mausoleum since the family

car arrived on the scene. Neighbors have but infrequent glimpses of that once common spectacle of Frank, sleeves rolled past the elbows, back bent, shovel moving briskly and weeds flying over the fence. This inspiring spectacle (says Mrs. Flett) is less likely to be seen than ever as the water warms up, the outdoors beckon, and Frank finds new haunts along the Lang Bay Highway.

\* \* \*

Two of the most popular lads in Powell River left last week for other parts—Doug Campbell, tennis star, and Dick Pattee, member of the English rugby squad. Both boys have been around the district for the past several years and will be missed by their many friends in Powell River. Here's luck, Doug and Dick!

\* \* \*

Some wag has recently written:  
 "A book of tax bills 'neath the Joshua  
 bough,  
 One bite of bread, a jug of desert  
 water, and Thou—  
 Beside me moaning in the Poor  
 House—  
 Ah, Poor House! Thou art near  
 enough right now!"

\* \* \*

Local timekeepers, Frank Flett, Martin Naylor and Vincent Forbes, received high praise from J. T. C. Palmer, well-known Vancouver teacher and sport official. He checked their times twice at the Dominion Day Sports, walked away, and said, "No need to worry about times with that crowd on the job."

# Large Crowd at Dominion Day Sports

## Marion Borden Ties Canadian Record



*Marguerite Reed of Powell River (on the extreme right) runs a dead heat with June Simmington of Vancouver in a heat of the women's junior 50-yard event.*

THE week-end of July 1st brought Powell River's athletes into the full spotlight of Provincial prominence. Elsewhere the feats of our local golfing contingent in the B. C. Championships are told.

### MARION EQUALS RECORD

At Powell River the pick of British Columbia's track and field men and women stars congregated on Dominion Day. Two local girl athletes carried off major honors in their respective divisions. In the women's senior 75-yard dash, Marion Borden, running her own race, equalled her Canadian record of 8-6/10th seconds. In the 100 yards the Powell River lass ran an easy 11.3 to tie the Provincial record made by Barbara Howard at Nanaimo last year.

### MARGUERITE TIES ANOTHER

In the junior girls' 75-yard dash, Marguerite Reed, 15-year-old junior,

romped home with a win in 9.1 seconds to tie the Canadian record made by Doreen Sullivan on July 1, 1937. Miss Reed has been improving steadily and experts figure her as a leading contender for the B. C. Championships in September.

Over 40 competitors were present from various centres of the Province, and near records were made in every event. Campbell Williams, sensational 16-year-old Nanaimo boy, won the 100 yards junior in 10.1 seconds, one tenth of a second slower than the B. C. record made by Howard McPhee. Williams looks like one of the best Western bets for the next Canadian Olympic team.

One of the largest crowds in years watched the meet, which was marred only by the failure at the last minute, of Barbara Howard, Vancouver representative in the British Empire Games team, to put in an appearance. It was a terrible disappointment to the local

public, set for the Marion Borden-Barbara Howard battle in the senior women's sprints. The affair is expected to have serious repercussions.

The men's sprints saw the pick of B. C. juniors in action. Campbell Williams, Nanaimo; John Stewart, Victoria champion; Bud Goldstone, Vancouver senior high school winner; LeRoy Richardson, Upper Island flash; and Gino Bortolussi of Powell River.

Two members of Canadian British Empire Games team were in attendance—Yvonne Dingley, hurdles, and Margaret Bell, high jumper. Jean Kennedy, sensational Vancouver junior was a stand-out in the women's intermediate division.

At the conclusion of the meet, prizes were presented to the winners by Mrs. D. A. Evans.

## Deer, Monkeys, Manoeuvres and Things

(Continued from Page 8)

four years ago, carrying the flag of Rear- (now Vice-) Admiral Drax of the West Indies Squadron. Petty

Officer Evans is at present on the Aircraft Carrier "Eagle" attached to the Eastern Command. The ship participated in the recent manoeuvres off Singapore which, according to the correspondent, were very interesting. The visit of the American cruisers to Singapore was popular with the British tars, and considerable significance was attached to their arrival at this time. The "Eagle", a member of the attacking division against Singapore, was "bombed and sunk" during the manoeuvres.

A college student, contrary to regulations, was entertaining his sister in his rooms when a knock came at the door. While the girl slipped back of a curtain, he opened the door to find an old gent who was revisiting the scenes of his youth.

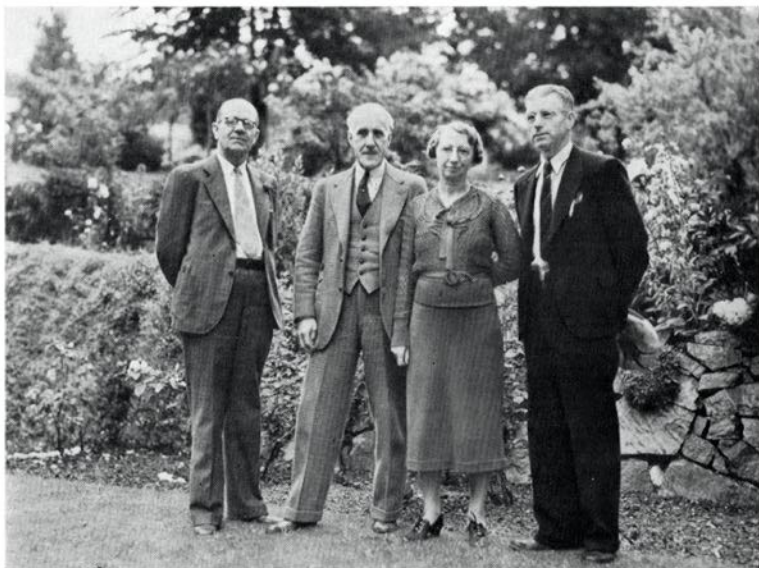
Looking around, the old man remarked, "Ah, yes, the same old room." He looked out the window. "The same old view." He peeped back of the curtain. "The same old game!"

"My sister, sir," gulped the student.

"Ah, yes," smiled the visitor, "the same old story!"



*Marion Borden, Powell River, breasts the tape well in front of Gladys Lawrence, Vancouver, to win the women's century dash in 11.3 seconds.*



*Mr. Harry Reynolds, Press Foreman, Los Angeles Daily News, accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds, paid a brief visit to Powell River last week. Above: Mr. Reynolds (left) is snapped with John McIntyre (Safety Inspector), Mrs. Reynolds and Fred Riley, Machine Room Superintendent.*

### Famed Cougar Hunters to Visit Powell River

Word comes from Seattle that Powell River may expect a visit in August from two noted mountaineers who will take on some of the lusty peaks at the head of Powell Lake. Frank Powell and Ralph Newell of the Scripps League of Newspapers have quite a reputation around Seattle where apparently they have conquered all the hills of the Cascade and Olympic mountains.

"Give me something tough," says Frank Powell. "I want a real workout at mountain climbing." Well, come along, Frank, we think we can show you.

"Give me a trusty blunderbus and

let me look smack in the eyes of a big cougar or grizzly," says Ralph Newell. Well, we can accommodate you too, Ralph, for reports from the south seem to indicate that we are in the throes of nightly raids by man-eating cougars. If this keeps up, we will more than welcome your presence with your high-powered rifle. What's more, we will supply gun-bearers, brush-beaters, elephants to ride on and all the fixings for your safari.

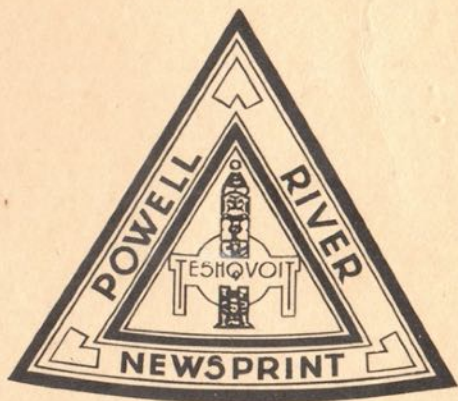
Reg Baker is heading south to Monterey on his holidays. Intends to spend a quiet week surf bathing, visiting scenic resorts, communing with nature, and working up a little sympathy for Roosevelt among expatriated Canadians.





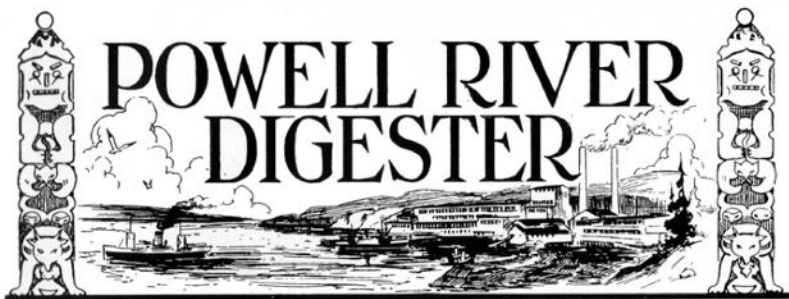


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 JULY, 1938 NO.7





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

JULY, 1938

No. 7




*All days are fire days now. The Forestry Branch poster has stood at the corner of Second Street and Ocean View for the past 10 days—warning residents that every day is a day of hazard. The prolonged dry spell continues; the woods are dry as tinder.*

EVERY DAY IS A DAY OF VIGILANCE . . . EVERY DAY IS A FIRE DAY

# The Example of Vancouver Island

Residents Asked for Co-operation During One of  
Driest Seasons in Years

 ONE hundred thousand acres gone up in smoke, much of it land on which the green healthy second growth that constitutes B.C.'s future timber reserves, was in its full lusty growth. Millions of feet of choicest cut lumber, ready for shipment in jeopardy. Flames licking hungrily at old-established centres on Vancouver Island.

Nightly, across the thirty odd miles of Gulf, Powell River has seen the red flames shooting skyward from the Campbell River area. By day, Vancouver Island is concealed behind thick brown clouds of menacing smoke.

The fire is the worst in the history of this famous logging area. Unless rain comes, the end is difficult to prophesy. The woods are dry and explosive.

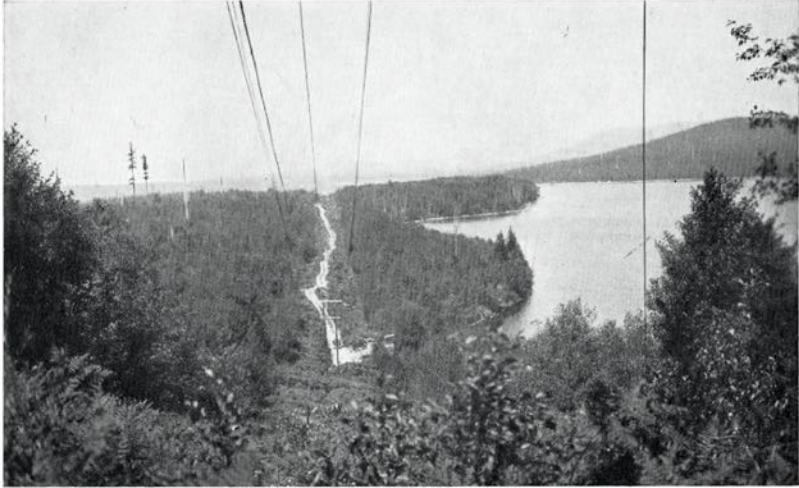
We have no wish to draw a parallel between what is and what may be, between the devastation going on under our eyes in Campbell River, and the devastation that a similar fire could wreak in Powell River. Conditions that made possible the Vancouver Island fire are potentially present in Powell River.

Fire Ranger William Black, in an article written exclusively for DIGESTER readers, places the local situation squarely before us. He has proclaimed a veritable forest martial law—a law upon whose enforcement depends the voluntary co-operation of every person in the district.

Our favored fishing resorts have been declared out of bounds. Our picnic sites are closed to the public. We are asked to light no camp fires on the beach. We are asked to make a small measure of personal sacrifice that Powell River will not see a repetition of what is happening on Vancouver Island.

It is a small price to pay, and Powell River will pay it cheerfully. The Forestry Branch, working night and day, has done everything possible to protect Powell River and Powell River property.

**THE REST IS UP TO YOU!**



*View of the high tension line connecting Powell River with Stillwater. On either side may be seen the magnificent stands of second growth timber. In the background the scenic Westlake is seen. It requires no imagination to know what would happen to every Powell River citizen if fire destroyed the power line.*

## The Crisis

By WILLIAM BLACK, District Fire Ranger

THESE lovely summer evenings a lurid red glow is seen across the Gulf of Georgia. The heavy pall of smoke by day is fearsome enough but there is something especially sinister about that glow. With little imagination a man can envision vast quantities of valuable logs and stands of stately age-old, green timber, not to mention hard-won settlers' homes, being relentlessly devoured. Then there is the cruel aftermath of hundreds of men out of work. The basic industry of our province is being dealt a staggering blow. Never forget that your employment, too, directly or indirectly, depends on these unexcelled tracts of timber which nature has so bountifully provided on our coast.

What does all this mean to us looking from our vantage point on the mainland? The answer is all too plain. Imagine a fire consuming everything in its path from Lund to Lang Bay and away back as far as the head of Look Lake. That is about the extent of this Island conflagration. Do not think that such a possibility is any wild dream. Just ask the man who has been through a large forest fire.



*Where a fire swept through in Paradise Valley, a few miles from Powell River. Prompt action by the Forestry Department and neighboring ranchers checked the flames in time to save nearby ranches from destruction. A similar fire in the present inflammable condition of our forests would not be easily checked.*

It all means, then, that every man, woman and child, living in this favored locality, must do everything possible to prevent such a catastrophe. In this crisis sacrifices must be made and extreme care exercised, for the woods have reached the explosive stage. Just one cigarette stub carelessly tossed alight on the side of road or trail will set the demon loose. Look at it this way. Nobody would think of throwing down a glowing cigarette on his living-room floor (friend wife would see to that.) Then why, oh why, on the forest floor, which is infinitely more inflammable!

There is no doubt, however, that the average person in this locality is fire conscious, much to his credit. He is only too anxious to be careful himself and to co-operate in any safety measures instituted. But, sad to say, there are still exceptions. People, who would not dream of starting a fire, somehow just do not realize what the want of a little care may mean. The following cases will amply prove this.

On July 1st, a party was enjoying themselves camping on one of the small island gems which stud the upper end of Haslam Lake. Evidently they used a well-built fireplace which "looked" safe. Be-

fore leaving they either did not put out *all* the hot embers or else that last cigarette was thrown down alight. When the Forest Service arrived, the entire island had been burned over. Fortunately the fire had not jumped the short distance to the mainland. One more beauty spot had been destroyed.

Again, in Paradise Valley, a nasty scar will show up on the deep green hillside for many a year. About ten acres of excellent young growth was recently destroyed. These small trees are not ours to burn up, anyway. They belong to the future. This was the second fire in the valley in about two weeks. With all the flame and smoke that resulted, one wonders if this beauty spot will have to be renamed.

Then there is the beach fire. We are proud of our new scenic drive along the sea front past Westview. The scenic part came near to going up in smoke the other morning. Someone left a camp fire burning right under the edge of the bank. To illustrate another feature of beach fires of unnecessary size, there was a case some years ago of a large bonfire at Lang Bay. Advised by the Texada lookout, the Forest Officer hurried down. He found some near mermaids stretched out around the blaze with umbrellas up to ward off the heat.

The big loggers in this district have done their part. They have practically ceased all operations since the dry spell started. The Forest Service, quietly and unnoticed perhaps, has taken all possible precautions. Night and day it is on the alert. So now, without a doubt, it is entirely up to the public. With the tragedy now being enacted across the water as a reminder, they will not, we trust, fail in their duty.

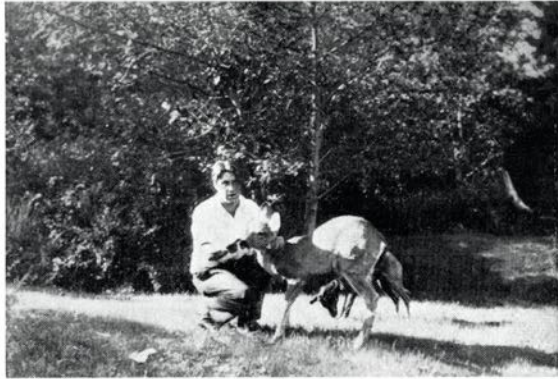


*View of Powell River townsite from the hills overlooking the city. The second growth fir shows up clearly.*

## Outdoors with the Boys

The Tame Deer Turns Up Again and the Fishing Is Still Good in the Yucultas

*Art Betteridge feeds the tame deer made famous by Jack Smith and now threatening to develop into an international controversy.*



**I**EARLY this month an enraged, stocky lad burst into our office, jaw stuck out pugnaciously, and waving a picture in one hand. For a moment we contemplated a summary ejection of the boisterous intruder. We had started a low right from the boot-tops. We changed it in mid-air as we caught a glimpse of the interloper. We hastily wiped the scowl from our face, changed the right to a genial handclasp and murmured softly.

Hello, Art, old fellow—how's tricks?

Our waggish welcome visitor was Art Betteridge, British Columbia mainland 112-pound boxing champion—and if anyone thinks we shouldn't have pulled that right—well, he hasn't seen Art in action.

Art was out gunning for Jack Smith. He shoved a picture at us of

himself feeding a tame deer—the same tame deer Jack Smith brought in last month. Art claims he and his pal had been playing kindergarten with the little lass all through March and April.

"I softened her up for that guy Smith," Art scowled, "she was punch drunk when we finished our taming schedule."

The dog in the snap is a wild dog that had been prowling in the woods for months. Art says they tamed the deer—then tamed the dog—and then persuaded them both to have their picture taken.

Dogs seldom run with deer—and friendship between the two families is rare.

And now away from the Smith-Betteridge controversy. We swing on to firmer ground—and take a quick jump up the coast with Machine Roomers Eric Baldwin and Les Price. The



## An Eagle, Too



*Eric and Les found other things on their Yucultas trip. Here we see Eric holding one of the common variety of coast eagles shot while looking for salmon. We heard that Les actually shot the eagle; but after all, Eric owned the boat—so we're all square.*

Baldwin launch-cruiser the "Jutland", navigated the Arran and Yucultas rapids—poked into a lot of other

funny places, and discovered the salmon are still biting if you find the right spot.

Eric and Les hauled in a good half dozen sockeyes, although expert Al Hansen unkindly dismisses them as poor dog salmon specimens. Each year Eric and Al have a dollar bet on the season's catch and cagey Al has always grabbed the dollar. Eric's 17-pound Yucultas salmon tops the list to date.

Les, as a former tug boat captain, and Al, as a former member of His Majesty's Navy, airily dismissed the dangers of the rushing Yucultas as a bogey to frighten children and coast skippers—but to the navy—well, lads, you know the navy. Ken McDonald, rather viciously minded, said he knew the navy all right, in fact he remembers the splendid blind navigation of H.M.S. Dragon off the Company dock one playful afternoon.

Sam Rees, former Q-Boater, advises Eric to stick to salmon, so we end the controversy with Eric, Les and their half dozen dog or sockeye caught in navy style by a navy crew.

*Eric Baldwin and Les Price, with naval reticence, pose with the result of a fishing trip to the Yucultas. A seventeen-pounder was the prize catch of the day.*



## Golf

**M**EET Tommy Hunter, Powell River's 14-year-old golf sensation. Scored 156 over 36 holes in the B. C. Junior Championship to take second to Hugh Morrison, narrowly missing a trip to Eastern Canada as B. C.'s Junior Champion. Was the youngest player entered in the tournament. Went down to Marine Drive a week later and shot one under par. Repeated the trick on his return home.



*Tommy Hunter, 14-year-old local golfer, runner-up in the B. C. Junior Championship.*

Tommy has spent most of his active life in Powell River. Arrived here at the age of seven and attended Powell River public schools. Has been playing golf for four years, and Ernie Tate has him wrapped up in a glass cage, with barbed wire on all sides and cotton wool inside the glass. Looks like his father, Pete Hunter, Wharf Superintendent. The resemblance is startling, in fact Pete says he looks just like he (Pete) did at 14. Well, after all, Tommy has a high scholastic standing, is upholding the family honor on the athletic field. We can't hold a detail like that against him.

Seriously, we are proud of Tommy's great showing this year. And high tribute is due Ernie Tate, our pro, for the time and attention he has devoted, not only to Tommy but to all the junior members. Powell River has a potential future Willingdon Cup team in the group of junior lads who are now smacking the golf ball around under Ernie's tutelage. Tommy Hunter, Harry Donkersley, Bob Parkin, Bob Murray and others will be tough opposition for any group within two years.

## Hoover's In

The visit of ex-President Herbert Hoover to Vancouver last month recalls the famous true Powell River story of 1928.

It was November, 1928. Hoover had been elected. Wires buzzed — telephones clanged. Excitement. Cheers. Groans.

In Joe Meilleur's Westview Garage the phone clanged insistently. The mechanic, a new man, lifted the receiver. From the other end a voice, ill concealing suppressed excitement, shouted "Hoover's in boys."

The mechanic, puzzlement on every feature, turning to Joe Meilleur, said, "Say, Joe, a guy by the name of Hoover must have broken down on the Westview road, but he got in all right. Don't send out the wrecker."

But we don't think there's much chance of any mechanic repeating that statement under present conditions. "A guy by the name of Roosevelt broke down on the Westview road" —no, no, it would never do.

## Powell River Athletes to the Fore in Provincial Competition

**D**URING the present season, Powell River athletes, in many branches of athletic endeavor, have run, raced, golfed or kicked their way to recognition in the wider field of provincial competition. These athletes have crossed the local border, and Powell River is a definite name to conjure with in B. C.'s athletic world. Here are a few of the boys and girls who are bringing added recognition to Powell River by their prowess on the athletic field.

### Art Betteridge—Boxing

Mainland 112-lb. boxing champion. Defeated the B. C. Titleholder, Ken Lindsay, last April. Art will go after the provincial title in the B. C. Boxing Championships on August 6. He is conceded an even break to gain the finals.

\* \* \*

### Bob Dunn—Boxing

135-lb. local champion. Has twice defeated Doug Powell, Golden Glover and B. C. Champion. These two will battle for honors at the Championships in August.

\* \* \*

### John McDonald—Golf

Semi-finalist in the B. C. Open Championships. One of the best golfers ever developed locally, and likely to be among the favorites for the B. C. Amateurs next year.

### Marion Borden—Track

Holds the Canadian record for the women's 75-yard dash, and considered one of the two outstanding women sprinters in B. C. Will meet Barbara Howard, British Empire Games representative, in the Caledonian Games, Vancouver, on Saturday, August 6.

\* \* \*

### Marguerite Reed—Track

Tied the Junior Canadian record in the girl's 75-yard dash. Defeated the pick of Lower Mainland athletes at Powell River on July 1st. Regarded as a definite threat in B. C. junior circles.

\* \* \*

### Alton Anderson—Wrestling

Reached finals in the British Empire Games trials, comprising pick of Canadian amateur 145-lb. wrestlers. Defeated the B. C. Champion in the early rounds. Considered B. C.'s outstanding wrestler at his weight.

\* \* \*

### Soccer

The Powell River squad competing in Vancouver in the Dominion Cup Series, was beaten 5-4 in overtime by North Shore Athletics, who won the B. C. and Alberta Championships and are favored to cop the Dominion title. The team was given high rating by Provincial sport writers.

## Busy Days at Willingdon Beach

Swimming, Life Saving and Diving Classes Held Daily. Adults and Children take Advantage of Instruction Facilities



*Group from one of the swimming classes snapped after their dip. Nearly 200 children have enrolled in the life saving and swimming classes during the season.*

**I**EARLY in August, the Annual Swimming Gala will occupy the major spotlight in local outdoor activities. Scores of youngsters from Powell River and district will compete; swimming, diving and life saving exhibitions and special carnival events have been lined up by Acting Instructor Bill Brown.

The unusually long spell of dry summer weather has sent hundreds of Powell River people daily to the cool waters and inviting shade of Willingdon Beach. Bill Brown has been a busy man. Daily, swarms of kiddies and parents have been splashing, crawling and diving in organized swimming and life saving classes.

Nearly 200 youngsters, boys and

girls ranging in age from three to eighteen, are taking advantage of the fine instruction offered by the Powell River Company at their beach. There are over thirty women enrolled in the ladies swimming group; thirty-five boys and girls are specializing in diving, and the Life Saving group is well and steadily patronized.

During the past several years over twenty-five Powell River men and women have passed the various tests required by the Royal Life Saving Society. These holders of Proficiency Certificates are scattered throughout the district, and one or more of them is usually found about the various district beaches. They have been an important factor in eliminating



*The water was cold this day, but one of Instructor Bill Brown's swimming classes brave the elements to pose for our photographer.*

drowning accidents in the area, and have contributed their services to assist in teaching our youngsters how to protect themselves in the water.

There are few towns or cities on this continent where children have better or closer facilities — few districts where a knowledge of swimming is more widespread than in Powell River. The central location of Willingdon Beach, the presence throughout the summer of a competent instructor and life guard, the picturesque situation of the beach itself have all contributed to the popularity of aquatic exercises and interest in life saving.

It is gratifying to the Company and a source of comfort to parents to realize that there has never been a drowning fatality at the Powell River Company Beach. The number of casual accidents and near fatalities have been remarkably low and in every case prompt action and quick first aid on the part of the life guard and his assistant volunteers averted tragedy.

Attendance at Willingdon Beach has, this summer, surpassed all

records. Each day an average of over 600 residents may be found in the pool, on the raft or resting from the heat in the cool glades overshadowed by tall evergreens. On Sundays and holidays an average of over 1000 is reached. About one-seventh of the entire population of the district at the Beach on one afternoon! And probably another seventh scattered about the numerous bays and resorts in the vicinity! It's a high average and one reason why visitors comment on our healthy youngsters.

### Immortality for Bob

Bob Foote is on the way to achieve some measure of local immortality. Last week we accompanied Townsite Superintendent Stan Macfarlane on a trip to Paradise Valley. Mac pointed out the interest spots *en route*.

"Here," pointing to a bare patch in the woods, "is where the fire swept through last month." "Over there," he continued, "is where the power line crosses the valley road — and right here," pointing to an acre of solid scrub, "is where Bob Foote fell over a log two weeks ago."

## We Visit a Mink Ranch

Local Ranchers Successfully Breed Pelt Animals

**T**O the business world in general, to the visitor, to the curious reader, Powell River's right to exist is based solely on the presence of the Pacific Coast's largest newsprint mill on her doorstep. These people realize vaguely that Powell River children must have milk; our residents must have fruit and vegetables and eggs; lumber must be used to build new homes; the hundred and one necessities of life to keep the 1400 employees of the plant and their families alive must come from somewhere.

That a great deal of it comes from the Powell River district is not always realized; that owing to the presence of the paper mill, many and varied smaller industries have sprung up in the district. Our milk supply, much of our butter and egg demand, green vegetables, fruit requirements, are filled locally. We have our dairies, our poultry farms, our fruit ranches.

In the past few years, another business, less local in scope, has been added to the growing list of Powell River industries. Near the little hamlet of Southview, six miles north of Powell River, Mr. John Wiles, and Bill Brown, are pioneering the mink raising business.

John Wiles has progressed beyond the experimental stage with his mink. Today his ranch has nearly 200 of these valuable little animals ready for the auction block. Bill Brown, who



*Ranch-raised mink on the Wiles Mink Ranch, a few miles from Powell River. With close to 200 of these valuable animals ready for pelting, John Wiles looks ahead to a good season.*

up to three years ago was the Company physical instructor, has followed the Wiles lead. With a 40-head farm, Bill is surmounting the early difficulties and disappointments inseparably associated with the delicate task of mink raising.

We confess we know little about mink in their natural or semi-natural ranch state. And we are mean enough to believe that a goodly number of those who read this are as ignorant as we. But we learned something of

mink habits from Bill, and just what it means to go into the mink business on your own.

"The mink," states Bill, "are vicious animals and in the woods will kill for the sheer joy of killing. They are nervous, high strung creatures, and extremely difficult to raise. Their chief diet is fish or lean meat, but (and here is the catch), in breeding and pelting seasons a more balanced diet must be served."

And Bill goes on to tell us that these sweet little fellows must be fed cod liver oil regularly, even as you and I. That's bad enough, but when he continues to tell us he feeds his pets tomato juice, eggs and fresh vegetables, mixed with well ground bits of choice meats, we begin to wonder if he spells the mink with a "K" or an "X".

This modest diet provides a better fur, with the shiny lustre so necessary to captivate *Milady's* eyes at the fur sales. With that diet they should have platinum hides.

The mink in its natural state is a

water animal, but the ranch bred variety, contrary to popular conception, gets along with very small quantities of water. The delicate constitutions of the hothouse variety preclude contact with water owing to the danger of contracting pneumonia.

And when the inevitable hour approaches, the day when the auction block beckons, and the mink becomes a pelt, the transformation process is accomplished painlessly. Here, in actual practice is what every prison reformer from Kingston to Alcatraz has been advocating—the Painless Exit. An application of soothing carbon monoxide gas, the mink's worries are over. No scaffold—no electric chair—an easy out.

The Wiles farm is now on a more or less established basis, and with the price of fur holding firm the industry which started some seven years ago is showing steady returns. Bill Brown, with forty pelts, and mother and children all doing well, is looking ahead to a successful year and a steadily expanding future.

*Another group of pets. Aberdeen terriers, raised by Mrs. Pat Henry, caught in an appealing pose.*



## Around the Plant

VACATIONS dominate the July headlines of plant and townsite life this month. The boys are coming and going and dropping in daily with the high lights of their trip. Most of them are unprintable.

### Bill Visits the Mormons

Our soft-spoken Lower Store Manager, William Alexander, departed Salt Lake Citywards with Mrs. Alexander early in the month. Found the roads excellent, the heat terrific. Bill, with a bold twinkle in his eye, enlightened us considerably on the beauties of Salt Lake—and native customs in the area. According to Mrs. Alex there was a strong movement to put Bill up as a successor to Brigham Young at the next election.

\* \* \*

### Bert Goes to Buccaneer

Bert Marrion, mentor to Powell River track lassies, is off to Buccaneer Bay for two weeks. Will be in Vancouver for the Caledonian Games, to look after his protegee Marguerite Reed, who makes her first appearance in "big time" competition. We did hear Bert was taking his ladies' softball team along to the summer camp. Somebody told us Bert has been reading the "Life of Solomon," which may account for his courage.

\* \* \*

### They Sailed the Sound

Jack Hill and Mrs. Jack, Benny Knowles and Mrs. Benny stepped

aboard their stout cruiser the "Mabe" and with the help of Providence and a calm sea made Seattle in safety. Dropped in at Nanaimo, Victoria and way points. Passed the Canadian destroyers "Skeena" and "St. Laurent" in the gulf, sniffed disdainfully and veered heavily to starboard. The remarkable feature of the Hill-Knowles cruise is not only that they reached Seattle—they reached Powell River again and never hit an island.

\* \* \*

### Kent Swings North

Kent and Mrs. Goldsmith aboard the famous Black-Goldsmith "Flyer," cruised 150 miles northward to Alert Bay and way points. Ran into plenty of fog and saw lots of smoke from the big Campbell River fire. Navigated the Yucultas with the wheel in one hand and a sandwich in the other. As one of the builders and designers, declares he is eminently satisfied with the "Flyer's" performance.

\* \* \*

### Harry Tries the Mountains

Harry Andrews, throwing off the worries of chemical formulæ and color problems, drove southward with Mrs. Andrews through Spokane and swung north to Banff, famous Canadian mountain resort. Shot spotty golf, rode a few tame horses, talked international politics with vacationists. Spent a couple of days at Lake Louise. Did not have a dip in the hot springs. Too cold.





*Mr. S. D. Brooks, President of the Powell River Company, in action at the Steele-Hostak fight in Seattle. On the left the boys are just warming up; on the right, Mr. Brooks shows Powell River readers his famous knock-out pose.*



### Bowled, Sir!

The summer has been an active one for sports—new and old. The latest development is the formation of the Powell River Cricket Club, a game which Powell River has not seen since 1912 and 1913, when an attempt was made to popularize the Oval pastime.

It looks fairly serious this time. From every corner of the plant, from every cubby-hole in the district, old-line cricketers are hobbling out for practice. Jock Kyles was asked if he would be an honorary member. "Honorary, heck," he snorted, "I'm playing." Sid Burn has similar ideas. "I was a sound, googly bowler," he bashfully admitted. Resident Manager

D. A. Evans is another cricket cut-up. From the mill comes word that Sam Chambers will lead the body-line bowlers in the opening match. Johnny Bichard is forsaking baseball, and will try his curves out on the cricket pitch. Ernie Liebenschel will quit heaving ice for the afternoon and try his luck against Sam's bowling. Campbell Forbes promises to hit anything Sam or anyone else can bowl, and this should be worth the admission price alone. Even Murray Mouat has been persuaded to act as stonewaller. All told, some jolly fine afternoons are in sight, old chap, old chap!

Only British Empire brands of tea will be served. Stumps will be pushed in the ground on Saturday, August 6, at 2.00 p.m. at the Riverside Oval, when the Gentlemen vs. the Players, or somebody vs. somebody else, will start the bally old season off, what, what!

### Johnny Keith

Another ex-Powell Riverite, Johnny Keith, is playing bang-up ball in the Vancouver league. Johnny has developed into a first-class fielder and a strong hitter. He is one of the most dangerous players with the hickory, especially in a pinch.



*Vacationists on Powell River wharf waiting for weekly excursion trip to Vancouver.*



*Tame deer are not the only pets around Powell River. Here is Walter Barry feeding a flock of pigeons in front of the Avenue Lodge boarding house. The boys in the Lodge and the pigeons are old friends. The birds arrive regularly and without fail at noon and 5:30 p.m. Tommy Chalmers and "Sinc" have names for every bird and know them individually.*

### Visitors

With the long spell of summer weather continuing, and with the B. C. coast at its best, many visitors and old friends dropped in during July.

Early in the month, the M.S. "Caroline," on her way to the Yucultas, brought the following visitors: Mr. Folsom Moore, publisher of the Bisbee *Daily Review*, Arizona; Mr. P. G. Beckett, Vice-President, Mr. U. A. Liddell, General Manager, and Judge John Mason Ross, attorney of the Phelps Dodge Corporation; Mr. Gilbert P. Davis, Manager Stag Canyon Branch, Phelps Dodge Corporation; Mr. A. H. Favour, Prescott, Arizona and Mr. B. G. Thompson, of Tucson, Arizona. The party spent two days fishing on Powell River.

On July 19th, Mr. and Mrs. E. R.

Twelker of the Scropps League, Seattle, accompanied by son Neil and daughter Alois, spent three days at Rainbow Lodge, Powell Lake. The party caught fifty fish at Brownes Creek. This was Mr. Twelker's first visit to a paper mill and he expressed himself as greatly impressed with the mill and general picture of our town-site.

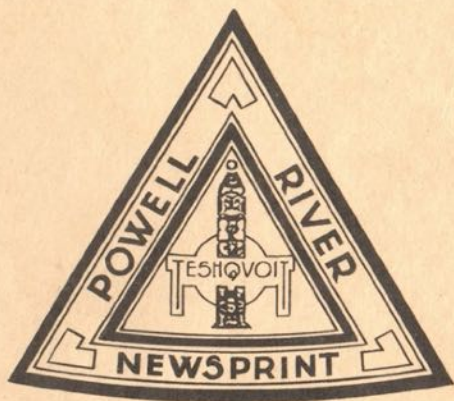
Cliff Sweetland of Sears Roebuck, Seattle, and Fred Wyman, Vice-President, Western Engravers, Seattle, dropped in during the month and tried their fishing luck.

Another welcome visitor, making his first trip to Powell River, was Mr. Hardy, of the *Yakima Independent*. He was accompanied by Mr. Yeaman, of Yakima, Mr. Helinger and Mr. King, of Seattle.





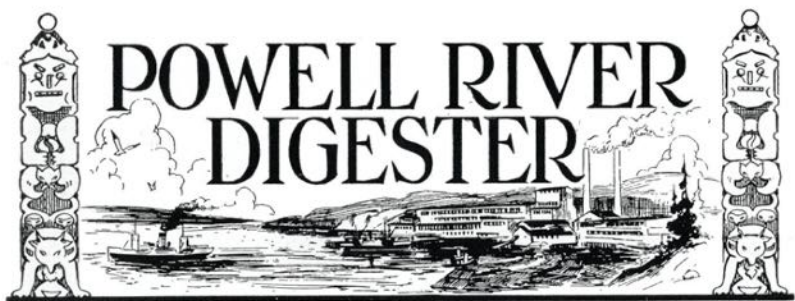
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 AUGUST, 1938 NO.8



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

VOL. 14

AUGUST, 1938

No. 8

---



*Members of the Powell River Cricket Club are photographed during the opening ceremonies last month. Over 40 enthusiasts turned out for the opening day, and officials report continued heavy increase in applicants during the past few weeks.*

---

# History of the Seattle Times

Story of Northwest Daily a Record of Progressive Effort



*Brigadier - General Clarence B. Blethen, publisher of the Seattle Times, who has directed and inspired the big Seattle daily since 1915. The Times has exercised a dominant role in the progress of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest under the vigorous guidance of General Blethen.*

**T**HE modern Seattle *Times* springs from several journalistic roots, having absorbed, directly and indirectly, three pioneer newspapers of the city during its early history. But most dominant of these was the original Seattle *Times* which came into being when business men agreed to subsidize an afternoon newspaper to protest the radical attitude displayed by the Seattle *Call* during the anti-Chinese riots.

The first edition of the new newspaper was printed on May 3, 1886. In March, 1887, Col. George G. Lyon,

a member of the staff of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, left the morning paper, bought a half interest in the *Times*, and, with Thomas H. Dempsey as business manager, began building the strength of the new enterprise.

Lyon and Dempsey sold the *Times* on February 10, 1891, to William E. Bailey for \$48,000. Bailey owned the *Times'* rival in the afternoon field, the Seattle *Press*, which had absorbed, earlier, the Seattle *Call* and the Seattle *Chronicle*. He combined the two afternoon dailies into one newspaper, the *Press-Times*. This newspaper inherited





*The home of the Seattle Times' big presses, the main plant at Fairview Avenue and John Street, Seattle.*

the Associated Press franchise which had originally belonged to the *Seattle Chronicle*.

The modern *Seattle Times* dates from August 7, 1896, when Col. Alden J. Blethen purchased the paper from receivers into whose hands it had fallen, and restored the original name to the masthead.

When Col. Blethen purchased the paper it was printed in a little plant on Yerger Way. Shortly afterwards the newspaper moved to the Boston Block on Second Avenue and Columbia Street. Gaining in strength and popularity, the newspaper began publishing a Sunday edition on February 1, 1902.

The newspaper has moved three times since it was situated in the Boston Block. It was moved from the Boston Block to a plant at Second Avenue and Union Street on November 15, 1911. On September 23, 1916, it was moved to a new building at Times Square. And on March 2, 1930, the paper began publishing from its present modern

building at Fairview Avenue and John Street.

During the period from 1896 to 1938 the *Seattle Times*, under the ownership of Col. Alden J. Blethen, who died on July 12, 1915, and of his son, Brig.-Gen. Clarence B. Blethen, the present publisher, has grown tremendously.

In 1896 the circulation was 5,000. Today the newspaper has a daily circulation of 100,000 and a Sunday circulation of 140,000. It became an eight column paper on April 7, 1919, when the installation of a new, modern, high speed press was completed. Three newer presses have been installed since 1919—the last of these, a Goss unit type anti-friction press, during 1937.

Because of an Information Bureau, established during the summer of 1916, the telephone number of the *Seattle Times*, Main 0300, has become a byword in the city. The Information Bureau, conducted in conjunction with the newspaper's library, offers informa-



*The imposing skyline which is Seattle, showing a portion of the waterfront.*

tion on any subject to anyone who will dial the *Times'* number and make a request. People in Seattle instinctively call Main 0300—by the thousands in times of disaster or great news, and by the hundreds with endless odd questions every day of the year.

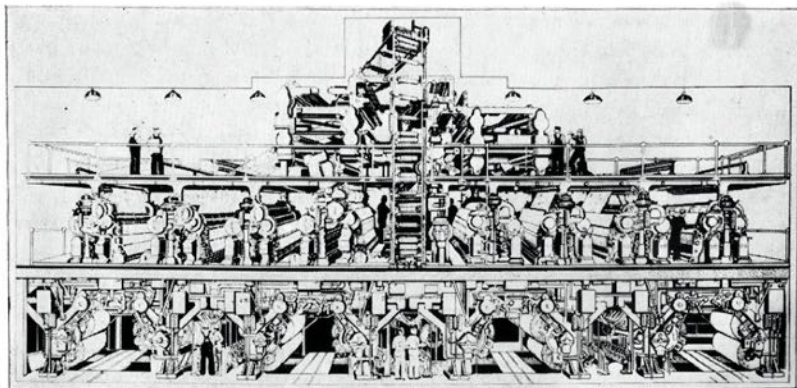
The *Times* has added a new word—Wirephoto—to the vocabulary of its readers. Associated Press wirephoto equipment, installed recently, has brought the *Times* several smashing picture scoops, among them the burning of the dirigible Von Hindenberg and the wreck of the Milwaukee

Road's crack train, the *Olympian*, in Montana. It has also taught the publishers of the United States that pictures are just as much a part of the news as the daily despatches.

### A Long Association

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Fred Ward, of the Virginia Dock & Trading Company, reveals an interesting sidelight of the long friendship between the Seattle *Times* and Powell River. Mr. Ward says: "In a recent conversation with Brigadier-General Blethen I

(Continued on Page 16)



*Sectional view of the new Seattle Times Goss press. Modern equipment and quick news releases are a part of the Times' service to its customers.*

# Newspaper Man Receives Good Citizen's Medal

## Frank Burd Honored



*Frank J. Burd, President of Vancouver Daily Province.*

High honors were paid to one of B. C.'s best known newspapermen when Frank J. Burd, president of the Vancouver *Daily Province*, was awarded the Good Citizenship Medal of the Native Sons of B. C. at a ceremony in Stanley Park on Sunday, August 21.

The presentation was made by Mayor Miller of Vancouver, who reviewed Mr. Burd's long record of public service in British Columbia. "Mr. Burd," said His Worship, "is a man who has not only played his part in producing a newspaper over a long period of years, but has also taken a leading role in the religious, social, fraternal and community life of Vancouver."

Mr. Burd has been closely identified with the Vancouver *Province* for over thirty-five years. He started on the bottom rung. His is literally a Horatio Alger story—from newsboy to president. Frank Burd started his career as a news vendor. He reached the post of managing director and finally president of the Vancouver *Province*. Frank has a host of friends in Powell River who join the citizens of Vancouver in congratulating him on the signal honor he has received—an honor which is his just due after two-score years of public service.

Congratulations, Good Citizen Frank Burd!

## Brooks Scanlon Superintendent Visits Powell River

Among prominent visitors to Powell River in August was Mr. Gross, Superintendent of the Brooks Scanlon Corporation at Foley, Florida. Mr. Gross spent a day looking over the plant and exchanging ideas with Harry Carruthers, Powell River plant superintendent.

Our Florida visitor is a fight fan in his spare time. He believes Tommy Farr can take Joe Louis if they ever meet again. Thinks Jesse Willard the prize ham of ring history, and favors Ambers to reverse the verdict in his return match with Armstrong.

## Texas Visitors



*The above group was photographed in Powell River last month, and shows Mr. Parker F. Prouty of the Avalanche-Journal Publishing Co., Lubbock, Texas; Mrs. Prouty, and daughter Joan; with Anson S. and Mrs. Brooks.*

Among prominent visitors to Powell River in August were Mr. Parker Prouty, general manager, *Avalanche-Journal* Publishing Company of Lubbock, Texas. Mr. Prouty was accompanied by his wife, and daughter Joan.

The party motored from Lubbock to Vancouver, via Yellowstone Park and Spokane. The homeward trip included a tour of Vancouver Island and southward via Port Angeles, Redwood Highway and Grand Canyon—a journey of some 5,000 miles.

The Texas publisher stated that the business outlook in Lubbock County was distinctly favorable. Circulation of the *Avalanche* and *Journal* had shown a steady increase during the year, and Mr. Prouty considered that

Texas, as a whole, is in a sound and healthy condition. We understand all Texans agree.

The *Avalanche* and *Journal* are morning and evening journals with a combined circulation of approximately 18,000. The plant has six Linotype machines and a 16-page Duplex tubular press. This enterprising and forward looking company owns and operates radio station KFYO.

Mr. Prouty was highly impressed with British Columbia, and Powell River in particular. He considered our townsite among the high lights of his trip, and, being a perfect gentleman, like all Texans, never once alluded—audibly, at least—to our roads.

## Newspaper Men Visit Yucultas

Vancouver Sun and Province Representatives Make Combined Assault on Salmon—with a Little Help from Bill Barclay



*Newspaper publishers and producers go fishing. The above, with R. C. Mackenzie, Powell River Company, left; Jack Wright, mechanical superintendent, Vancouver Province; Bob Cromie, vice-president, Sun Publishing Co., Vancouver; F. C. Garde, Empire Shipping Co.; Gordon Southam, Vancouver Province; and Bill Barclay, Powell River Sales Co.; with Elmer Herb of New Westminster standing in the background, are snapped leaving Powell River for a fishing trip to the Yuculta Rapids.*

Early last month, suave, pipe smoking Bill Barclay, Powell River Sales Company Ltd. manager, arrived in Powell River. With him he brought all the Barclay dignity and poise, along with Bob Cromie, vice-president, Sun Publishing Company Ltd., and Gordon Southam and Jack Wright of the Vancouver Province. Elmer Herb, Westminster Paper Company Ltd., and Fred C. Garde, of the Empire Shipping Company Ltd., completed the party.

At Powell River Harold Foley, Bat MacIntyre, Jock Kyles and R. C. Mackenzie climbed aboard the lugger—under the uneasy and apprehensive eyes of Bob and Jack, who had seen the Foley-Kyles combination in opera-

tion before. The avowed intent was a combined attack on the special Barclay salmon, carefully concealed in a special Barclay cache.

Everyone caught salmon, except "Tat" Garde, who has yet to catch his first in B. C. waters. This failure to break into the "win" column on the Yucultas jaunt is a secret hugged closely and jealously to the Barclay breast.

Jack Wright golfed a couple of fair sized minnows; Bob Cromie, who has fished most of the back and front waters of B. C., was in his usual form, and along with some expert assistance from Bill almost—but not quite—man-

(Continued on Page 9)

# Weber Rates — Brooks Waits

## Powell River Knows Who's Who

EDITOR'S NOTE. — The following article is reprinted from the *Brooks-Scanlon Pine Echoes*, at Bend, Oregon. Both Harry Brooks and Louis Weber are well known to old timers in Powell River. Anybody who knows Louis Weber will not be surprised that he talked his way into the plant without a pass. That's small potatoes for Louis. He's talked his way in and out of a lot of situations in the past twenty-five years.

**F**OR weeks and weeks Harry Brooks has been planning his biennial inspection trip to Powell River to look over the huge Brooks-Scanlon paper mill there. Finally he took his new super Cad "16", Louis Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Ote Lammers, and started. One full day, he figured, would be about all he needed to go through the big plant and find out the things he wanted to know. The party boarded a C.P.R. boat at Vancouver and reached Powell River the following morning. By that time Harry had figured it out that by hustling right around he could do all the inspecting necessary in an hour and a half and be back on the boat in time to sail with it on the rest of the trip.

Arriving at Powell River, Louis Weber got off the boat, went through the plant, inspected the docks, watched the log rafts come in, checked the paper making, got samples, made notes, and wound up by going through the

huge No. 7 machine room, the newest addition to the plant, and the last word in papermaking machinery. He talked with the men, got all the information he wanted, and got back to the boat in time to see Harry's car being hoisted aboard. Harry was there, looking somewhat sad.



*Harry K. Brooks,  
Manager, Brooks-  
Scanlon plant at  
Bend, Oregon.*

"Where you been?" he wanted to know.

"Through the plant," replied Louis.

"What plant?"

"The Powell River plant."

Harry's eyes began to bulge out, like a man who has just seen a green horse.

"Did you go all through it?" he asked.

"From one end to the other," answered Louis.

"Didn't you see anybody?"

"Sure," said Louis promptly. "I saw everybody and talked to most of them, took a lot of notes and spent some time looking over the No. 7 machine. The boys gave me some samples from it."

"Did you have a pass?" asked the treasurer and principal stockholder of the Powell River Company Ltd.

"No," replied Louis in surprise, "I just went around."

For the next three or four hours Harry grew sadder and quieter, and it was about noon before he finally broke down and confessed the cause of the depression. It seems that Harry was a little late getting off the boat, what with eating breakfast and having his car unloaded so he could avoid his daily doesn't by walking up the hill to the mill, and by the time he got to the plant he decided to give up the trip through the older mills and confine himself to a thorough inspection of the new No. 7 machine room.

He got through the front door without any trouble, but as he started towards the machine he was met by a young man who wished to know if Harry had a pass. He hadn't, of course, as the idea had never occurred to him, so the young man, politely explaining where Harry could get one, gently shooed him out of the front door and on his way.

This action on the part of a mere employee discouraged Harry very much, and he decided he would just about have time to get back to the boat in time to continue the cruise if he hurried. So the Cad "16" slid softly back down the hill and was hoisted aboard the *Queen Mary*, along with some miscellaneous boxes and barrels, a number of rolls of paper, and Harry.

Crossing to Vancouver Island, the party unloaded into the car and drove down the east coast of Vancouver Is-

land to Victoria. Every so often Harry awoke from a sort of daze and asked Louis where the hell he'd been all morning. He doesn't yet realize that Louis went through the mill.

The inspection trip proved one thing, however. There actually is a new No. 7 machine room at Powell River, because Harry Brooks saw it from the doorway with his own eyes; and there really is a Vancouver Island, because he drove practically the full length of it in his car. Harry likes Vancouver Island very much. You don't have to have a pass to see that!

## Newspaper Men Visit Yucultas

(Continued from Page 7)

aged to equal the season's record for the biggest fish caught this year. Gord Southam's cricket flip had the big fellows backing against the boundary; R. C. MacKenzie's left-handed swipe was a menace to everyone—including the fish.

There were other incidents, still shrouded in Yucultas mist. Bill Barclay tried a new trick in salmon gaffing (Bob Cromie will report on this at the next meeting of the Anglers' Club). R. C. MacKenzie, in the throes of a southpaw lunge, dropped overboard and was neatly gaffed by Elmer Herb and Bat McIntyre. Harold Foley and Jock Kyles didn't do much fishing; their time was largely occupied in a close inventory of other members' staterooms—when the other members were absent.

And thereby hangs a tale—or several tails, if the wrathful expletives of Jack Wright on his return to Vancouver have any foundation.

## High Adventure in the Yucultas



*There is one born every minute. Harry Carruthers, general superintendent, Powell River Company, emerges from a country store on the B. C. Coast amid ghoulish chuckles from a group of interesting youngsters. (See story below.)*

**H**ARRY CARRUTHERS, our general superintendent; Charlie Powell, chief of the local water works; Nels Hansen, carpenter shop foreman; Eric Baldwin, Les Price and a few of the lads were fishing in the Yucultas area last month. They made a special trip to view the wonders of Arran Rapids, and reached the hamlet of Copmans Landing (one house, an orchard, and a couple of small boys).

On the edge of the point overlooking the rapids stood a small, compact structure. Inside was what looked like a well stocked, small country store. Shelves of tinned goods lined the walls. Counters bulging with packages of all recognized brands of cigarettes met the visitors face to face. Luscious looking chocolate bars, in inviting wrappers, awaited the hungry purchaser.

Eric Baldwin, who had been here, before, rushed up from the boat, reached the store, while Harry and Charlie Powell were tying up the lugger. Two small boys met Eric inside. He whispered in their ears. They nodded a grinning confirmation.

In a few minutes Harry and Charlie arrived.

"A package of Sweet Caporals, boy," said Harry.

"Gimme a small package of McDonald's," chimed in Charlie.

"Yes, sir," responded the elder of the two boys. "That'll be a quarter, and ten cents for you, Mr. Powell."

Harry and Charlie walked out, followed by Eric, Les, and two suffocating youths.

"Have a cigarette, gang," Harry offered magnanimously. Six pairs of hands reached out simultaneously as



Harry opened the package—and found nothing but a piece of paper stuffed to fill out an empty box.

Meanwhile Charlie, his Welsh instinct rushing pell-mell into action, tore feverishly at his package—to discover he had paid a whole dime for an empty box stuffed with paper.

The two lads have been playing this little game on the boys for years. Their pet recreation is collecting empty cans, labels, empty cigarette boxes, chocolate

bar wrappers, and playing at "Store." The whole place is a most interesting collection of empties, set up and arranged by the two lads, who have no baseball diamond to practise on and no track to try out their speed.

It may be explained that Eric Baldwin, and not the boys, was responsible for the Carruthers-Powell purchases.

"Even at that," Charlie shivered, "it was a close call. What if Harry hadn't opened that package!"

## Marion Wins Again



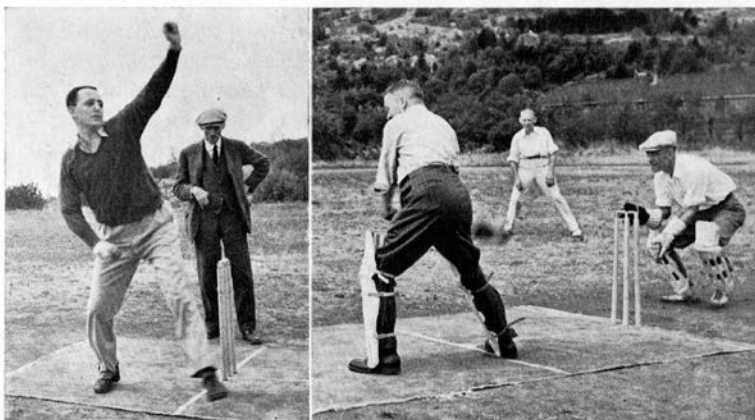
*Marion Borden of Powell River defeats Barbara Howard, Vancouver ace, in the women's 100-yard dash at the Caledonian Games in Vancouver. The race aroused tremendous interest in the meeting of the two stars at Nanaimo, in the B. C. Championships on Labor Day.*

Powell River spectators at the annual Caledonian Games on August 6 were jubilant over the showing of local athletes against the cream of provincial track and field stars. Outstanding both locally and provincially was Marion Borden's victory over Vancouver's ace, Barbara Howard. The two girls are British Columbia's leading sprinters and are a feature attraction whenever they clash. They have met three times this year. They divided honors in Vancouver on May 24, and at the Caledonian Games Marion drew

ahead of her great rival. The race was featured by all Vancouver newspapers. Barbara made the trip to Australia last year as Canadian representative, and Marion's win puts her in the front rank of Dominion sprinters. The two will match strides again on Labor Day at Nanaimo, when the B. C. Championships will be held.

Martin Naylor of Powell River carried off firsts in the broad jump and hop, step and jump, with little Marguerite Reed gaining a close third in the junior open event.

## Cricketers Stage Grand Opening



*Cricket is now a big-time sport in Powell River—at least, if the above photograph is any criterion. On the left, Jock Kyles, mill secretary, known to fellow cricketers as "Larwood Kyles," delivers the opening ball to resident manager D. A. Evans, with Tommy Fleury in the role of wicket keeper. Steve Brynjolfson was fielding in the slips, and finds it all very amusing. (D. A. was caught out on the fourth ball, which gave Jock an average of one for none.)*

We didn't see the grand opening staged by the Powell River Cricket Club last month.

But we have seen the pictures. And while the news may be second-hand, the pictures are scoops. Every man who ever handled a cricket bat was out in force. It looked like an old-timers' reunion to see Jack Drury and Arthur Woodward, a shade creaky in spots, but hearts of oak, old chap, puffing around the slips. Harry Anchor, mindful of his last appearance on a cricket field, somewhere on the quarter-deck of His Majesty's Navy in the North Sea during the World War; Sam Chambers, shaking the creaks out of a once powerful soccer foot; Bill Cratchley smiling grimly as he looked at the pads on Steve Brynjolfson's shins. They were all there—Mr. Robbins of

the time office, spruce, dapper, straw hat, and moustache trimmed, competing for sartorial honors with Don Allen and Sid Burn. Tommy Fleury, making his first bow to the local sport public since the soccer season of 1927-28, stood forth as a full-fledged wicket keeper.

And resident manager D. A. Evans and mill secretary Jock Kyles, with pretended indifference, but keyed to a pitch of feverish excitement, went out to share in the opening ceremonies. The candid camera catches Jock bowling the opening ball. And if anybody calls that pose indifferent we suggest a quick interview with a chiropractor. It looks to us like Larwood out gunning for Don Bradman. D. A. shows fans the correct Cardiff stance as he

(Continued on Page 16)



*Powell River's entry in the B. C. Amateur Boxing Championships last month. Left to right: Art Betteridge, flyweight; Jobuny Appleby, featherweight; Bobby Dunn, lightweight; Mickey McPherson, B. C. middleweight champion; Johnny Haddock, middleweight; Stew Lambert, light-heavyweight; in front is Manager Curly Hurd.*

### Mickey Wins Middleweight Title

Another provincial athletic title rests in Powell River, through the flying fists of Mickey McPherson, newly crowned amateur middleweight champion of British Columbia. A few hours after Marion Borden had put Powell River in Caledonian Games headlines, Mickey stepped into the B. C. Championship finals, fought his way through and added one more trophy to Powell River's growing list of athletic awards.

Six locals, under manager Curly Hurd, travelled to Vancouver for the championships. Art Betteridge, meeting B. C. champion Ken Lindsay in the flyweight division, lost a close decision. An injury to Bob Dunn's hand in the preliminaries was largely responsible for his defeat by the narrowest of margins in the semi-finals. Johnny Appleby, in the featherweight class, bowed to Mainland Champion Toby Crooks, only after one of the best fought bouts of the evening.

### A Bender from Bend

And here's one for our little play-mate, Paul Hosmer, of the *Brooks-Scanlon Pine Echoes*. On our way through Bend last month, an amiable gentleman saw our car parked alongside a gas station. He looked at our license, a beaming smile spreading from ear to ear.

"Hello, folks," he grinned, "how's British Columbia?"

"Fine," we responded heartily, with the old home town look.

"Well, that's great," he shot back. "What part are you from, Calgary?"

We murmured a weak, "No, Powell River," and he said, "Oh," and we said, "How far is it to Klamath Falls, we're in a hurry."

You might pass this on to Louis Weber, Paul, and see if he can wiggle out of it as easily as he managed to wiggle through our mill without a pass.

Having a whale of a time is what gets you into deep water.

## The Challenge Is Anonymous, Boys!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following, from the pen of an anonymous writer, was sent to Harold Foley last week. We strongly suspect a southern state tinge in the sentiments expressed, and wish to assure our bewildered muse that in the next issue we intend to print more than fairy tales—we intend to print the pictures of the fish. Previously we have shown a few small specimens of our local salmon and trout. But now it's war to the knife, and we warn our anonymous poet to watch his ears when the next issue comes out, for we intend to pin them back.

So, fellows, bring in some of your fish pictures and we'll see what inspira-

tion will fill our friend's "dormant soul" when we really go to town in the fish business.

### IN POWELL RIVER

I like the so-called fish that people catch  
When trolling from the Powell River  
wharf;  
It's easy to pull in a goodly batch  
Of Big ones, no one ever hooks a dwarf;  
The Carneys and the Youngs catch baby  
whales,  
Buchanan lands a fish that few could  
lift,  
And the DIGESTER prints these fairy tales  
And sends them out to patrons as a  
gift.  
I love your rivers in the Great North  
West,  
Your snow-capped mountain peaks are  
unsurpassed,  
I love the monstrous fish that by request  
Swallow the fly or minnow at each cast;  
These things with hope my dormant soul  
inspires,  
But most of all I love your gorgeous  
liars.



*Just a bunch of hard-boiled loggers trying to get along. The photograph above shows Mr. J. S. Foley (left), son Harold, and Archie Deland, company logging superintendent, all dressed up for a trip to one of the big spruce camps in the Queen Charlotte Islands. There was some talk of Harold accompanying Archie to one of the local dances, boots and all, but after trying to keep up with a fast moving guide for an afternoon Harold compromised on a quiet game of bridge. "J. S." was all for going alone, and had a bit to say about these young fellows not being able to stand the gaff.*

### Texas Boys Visit Plant

Among our many visitors during the month were Joe Dealey and Gus Wright, of Dallas, Texas. The two boys drove from Dallas to Seattle and spent two weeks in Powell River, returning to Texas on the SS. *Nordnes*, which was loading Powell River paper for the Lone Star State. Joe is the son of E. M. Dealey, publisher of the *Dallas News*, and, along with his friend, was making his first trip to British Columbia.

\* \* \*

Early in the month Mr. Vic Coudert, vice-president of George F. Steele & Company, accompanied by Mrs. Coudert, spent a few days with us. Vic was out after some of the big fish in Bill Barclay's Yuculta cache, but so far nothing "big" has come over the wires on the trip. We have been trying for two years to photograph Vic with a decent-sized fish. Vic is willing enough, but alas!

Making her first visit to Powell River was Mrs. Maude Ward of the Virginia Dock & Trading Company, Seattle. Mrs. Ward is a sister-in-law of Fred Ward, of the Virginia Dock & Trading Company.

### Mr. Tapp Drops In

Among holidaying visitors to Powell River during the summer was Mr. W. Tapp, father of Wally Tapp, boss machine tender. Mr. Tapp has been resident near Long Beach, California, for the past three years. He has spent the last two and a half months on vacation in Powell River.

Mr. Tapp confessed to us privately that the highlight of his trip was the spectacle of grandson Malcolm challenging father Wally to a game of golf—and Pop hard put to it to wiggle out of the challenge. Mr. Tapp did tell us something about son Wallace playing a pretty good game of football some years ago, but we wouldn't know much about that.



*The Labor Day sports programme is creating wide interest in Powell River. Here is a picture of another Labor Day twenty-five years ago in the old townsite. How many of the present tug-of-war squad pulled on the famous 1913 team.*



*Scenes at the big swimming gala staged at Willingdon Beach last month. Left shows the boys engaged in the ancient and honorable sport of canoe tilting; while on the right Alton Anderson and Baldy Haddock engage in a mixed log-rolling battle. Alton, as provincial welterweight wrestling champion, used catch-as-catch-can; Baldy put on the gloves, and it is boxer against wrestler. The gala was attended by over 1500 spectators, and was featured by every type of aquatic and diving event.*

### It's a Rough Game

Stuart Blondin, veteran of local soccer ranks, is the latest victim of fate's caprice. For the past fifteen years Stuart has kicked, slashed, pushed and shoved a boisterous path across local and outside soccer fields. He has taken plenty of knocks. He has given the odd few in return.

A month ago he decided the round ball game was getting a shade strenuous. And forty-odd summers without injury was a pretty fair record.

Stuart took up cricket for mild relaxation. He's under the doctor's care with a crocked leg.

### A Long Association

(Continued from Page 4)

learned that when his father, the late Colonel C. B. Blethen, purchased the paper in 1896 and restored its original name, *Seattle Times*, he entered into a newsprint contract with the late Nor-

man R. Lang. When Mr. Lang went to Powell River he took this business with him and Powell River newsprint has supplied the *Times* ever since.

### Cricketers Stage Grand Opening

(Continued from Page 12)

faces Jock's opening body liner. And we see nothing indifferent about his stance, either. Anyway, the boss hung around for three hours and Jock played among the regulars.

There has been a commendable and surprising support accorded to the Cricket Club to date, and officials are hopeful this popularity will continue. It is the first attempt to play cricket locally for over twenty years.

### Higher Education

"I graduated from Shoe College."

"Where's that?"

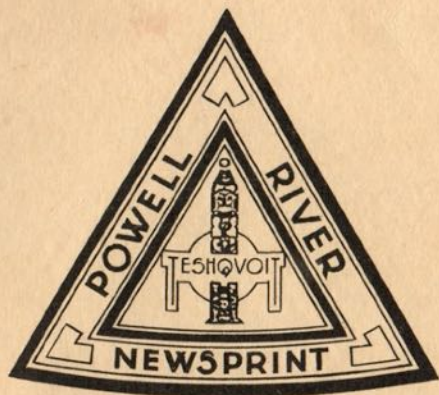
"Just one step above Oxford."





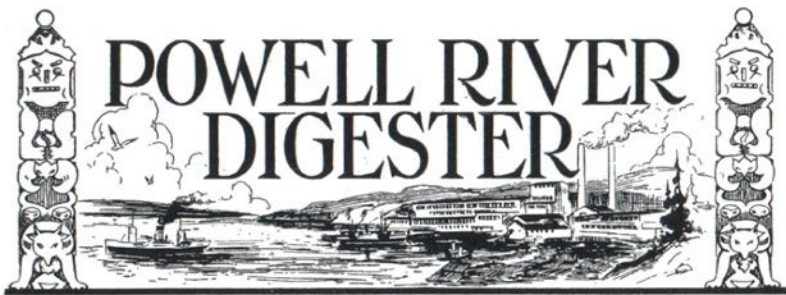


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL. 14 SEPTEMBER, 1938 NO. 9





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

VOL. 14

SEPTEMBER, 1938

No. 9

---

## Memorial Park in Autumn



*View of Cenotaph and Memorial site at Powell River, with Dwight Hall in the background. The Memorial to Powell River's ex-servicemen is one of the most picturesque in British Columbia.*

---

# Spectacular Pageantry of Floats Features Labor Day Celebrations

All Departments of Plant Represented



Prize-winning floats in the big Labor Day Parade. Right, Paper Makers' Float; Malaspina Rod and Gun Club Float.

Powell River's Labor Day celebration saw one of the most spectacular pageants ever staged within the district in recent years. Under the combined direction of Paper Makers' Local 142, Pulp and Sulphite Workers' Local 76, Truck Drivers' Local 31, and the Local of the Carpenters and Joiners, a two-day community celebration was held—a celebration which embraced many and varied athletic and group sports and a colorful community parade of floats.

Undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the Labor Day programme, both from a community and artistic point of view, was the big Monday parade. Approximately 40 floats, representing every department of the Powell River plant, and every branch of community activity participated.

A full mile long, the floats made a splendid appearance and were greeted with applause along the route.

The standard of workmanship on all floats was high and Judges John and Batt McIntyre and Mrs. D. K. Macken were faced with a difficult task. Prizes were awarded to the Paper Makers and the Westview Community for the best comic effort; the Wharf Crew, with their scale model of a paper freighter, carried off inter-departmental honors; the Italian community's model of a Venetian gondola gained the judges' favor for the most original effort.

The sports programme in the afternoon was attended by nearly 2,000 spectators. Harold Foley officially opened the day, wishing the committees, on behalf of the Powell River

## More Prize-Winning Floats



(1) Model of an army tank, built by the Millwright crew.

(2) Top view of the picturesque float, the prize-winning entry of the Electrical Department.



(3) The Wharf float, model of a paper freighter, was outstanding. It was constructed in the wharf shed by wharf employees.

(4) The Italian Community float, model of a Venetian gondola.



Prize-winning floats in the big Labor Day Parade. All departments were represented and the parade was one of the most ambitious ever attempted locally.

Company, a successful day, and especially commending the four unions for their organization of the splendid community parade.

Mr. John Sherman, member of the Executive Council, International Brotherhood, Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers, and Mr. Lampton, Vice-President, International Brotherhood of Paper Makers, were both guests of the committee

and addressed the audience over the loud speakers.

The sports programme was run off with a minimum of delay and was well received by an enthusiastic audience.

THE DIGESTER wishes to congratulate the hard-working committees of all local unions who provided the public with this fine display of community co-operation.

## Labor Day Highlights

### Two Lengths

Joe Sweeney's now immortal message from Nanaimo transferred over the loudspeaker system at Powell River. Joe rushed to the telephone, dialed Powell River, and purple with Irish-Canadian excitement, shouted through the news:

"Marion Borden wins by two lengths in 60-metre dash."

The crowd was beginning to wonder whether Joe had gone to Nanaimo or Longacres.

\* \* \*

### Gino and Vince

Gino Bortolussis won in 10.3 in the 100 yards over Vincent Forbes. And Vincent's strong showing after a three-year layoff.

\* \* \*

### Swing It, Harry

And free beer all 'round for Harry Zaccarelli, Mrs. Zaccarelli and son Gene for their nice team work in the family race. See you on the track next spring, Harry.

### Here's How, Chief!

Murray Mouat's big task as chief organizer of the entire day. Once or twice Murray wished he was running bases again. You could slow down on that job. Congratulations, Murray, on a swell job—and on the loss of those ten pounds!

\* \* \*

### Sailing, Sailing!

The expressions of approval as the floats rolled by. Huzzas for George Linton and his merry Wharfingers on their model freighter. A first-class job—and a credit to the whole gang.

\* \* \*

And not a few vivas to the boys over in Riverside for the Venetian gondola—one of the most picturesque floats ever seen locally. Murray Mouat eyed those cushions longingly in the afternoon.

\* \* \*

In fact, congratulations to all the float builders, even the office and their newsprint roll.

## Cricketers Still Cricketing

Ladies and gentlemen—and fellow cricketers, meet Chris Moore, father of cricket in Powell River. Chris has not been a father long. The cricket club came into existence only a few months ago—but Chris' paternity of the newly fledged offspring seems to be fairly well established.

For the past six months, indeed, for the past two years, Chris and a little staunch band of cohorts have been endeavoring to establish cricket in Powell River. They were voices crying in the wilderness. No one took them seriously. They were laughed at, at times even hooted at. But they kept at it, Chris and Bill Taylor, Sr., and Don Allen and a few others.



*Chris Moore, father of local cricket, tosses for innings.*

They interested old-time cricketers in the plant. They even interested a few erstwhile baseball players. They worked on fellows who had never seen a game in their lives.

And, finally, by a slow, tortuous method of persuasion, cajolery and determination, they collected equipment and enough players to utilize the equipment.

The great day finally arrived when Chris, in "whites" and shoes to match tossed the coin in the great official opening.

Several teams have already been formed and interest this season runs high. Whether this interest will be maintained, whether the novelty will wear off in another year, is in the lap of the gods. The cricket club is still a fledgling. It has learned to fly—and if Chris Moore and his followers have anything to do with it their flights will continue to expand.

At any rate they brought a bunch of the old boys out of retirement—and to watch these lads scamper down the pitch in all the uncertain exuberance of rejuvenated youth is proof we haven't lived in vain.

Well bowled, Chris! Good bowling for next year, sir, to you and your boys.

---

### No! No!

The Hitler-Chamberlain punsters are just beginning to go into action. Latest at the moment, but off the pages by the time this issue comes out, is the reported arrest of Hitler for passing worthless Czechs. Thank you! Thank you!

---

### The Next Flash!

One thing the war excitement has done. It has given us all an intimate and first-hand acquaintance with every jazz and swing orchestra—and every breakfast food on the continent.

"God," shuddered Herb McSavaney, "the stuff I've listened to waiting for the 'next flash!'"



*Visiting Powell River in September were Mr. Joe Foley (left), Mrs. Hugh Williams, Mrs. Joe Foley, Mrs. Anson Brooks, Mrs. Harold Foley. Standing, Anson Brooks (left), Harold Foley.*

## With Our Visitors

Mr. Joe Foley, manager of the Brooks-Scanlon Corporation, Foley, Florida, accompanied by Mrs. Foley, paid his first visit to Powell River during the Labor Day week-end. The visitors looked over the plant and took in the big Labor Day celebration. There was a rumor that Joe was going to turn out for the local cricket squad—but brother Harold tactfully advised against it.

"I've played baseball, haven't I?" Joe is reported to have replied, a shade indignantly. Half the players in Powell River have made the same mistake—and will fully appreciate Mr. Foley's feelings in the matter.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Brooks were visitors for Labor Day week-end—coming up from Seattle to say hello to all their Powell River friends.

\* \* \*

Florida stepped into the picture again when William Rice of the Brooks-Scanlon Corporation dropped in for an overnight stay on September 11th. There was a further rumor that "Willie" and Jock Kyles would play a game of table tennis in the main office—but it was quietly squashed. Jack Hill thought it would be worth seeing.

\* \* \*

A distinguished August visitor was



Baron Tage Fleetwood of Sweden, who spent a week studying Powell River methods of manufacture. Baron Fleetwood is looking over Canadian and American newsprint mills.

As a matter of local interest, our Swedish visitor stated his family was



*Among recent visitors to Powell River was Mr. Gross of Brooks-Scanlon Corporation, Foley, Fla. Mr. Gross (centre) is shown with Ned Beaton, Resident Engineer (left) and J. A. Kyles, Mill Secretary.*

originally English, and that his original forefather was an English officer who left England to fight in Sweden during the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, in the seventeenth century.

\* \* \*

Other visitors during the month were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Foley and Mr. and Mrs. Robin Bell-Irving and Mrs. Hugh Williams of New York. Also of local interest was the rather modest statement of Robin to our rep-

resentative that Mrs. Bell-Irving and himself had been married 18 years.

### No Punting Allowed

We don't know what this is all about, but Mary Leckie, of our Vancouver office staff, has asked us to ask Miss Cuthbertson "what happened to the punt" on her holidays. Replies are treated confidentially.

### Extra! Glasgow Sacrificed

Opinion around the office and in the plant was fairly well divided when one of our scouts dashed in with the news that Chamberlain had conceded Scotland to Hitler. The ayes had it though by a comfortable margin.

### Three Up!

Curly Woodward is one up on Herr Hitler this time. He has a specially blocked-out map of Roumania and the Ukraine in his study. A small map showing British colonies marked in red is appended.

### It Is a Laugh

When Tommy Prentice heard of the proposal to give up Glasgow to Hitler without a struggle, he roared indignantly "The Rangers'll no stand for it," Jimmy Patterson laughed and laughed and laughed—and laughed!

### Aussies Shun!

One punster said that after the Australians gave back New Guinea to Hitler—his words were drowned in the roar from a group of ex-service men listening to the best joke they had heard in years.

## Local Fishermen Accept Anonymous Challenge

The poetical outpourings of our anonymous correspondent have stirred up a hornet's nest among local fishermen. Even the rumblings of the European playground have taken shelter behind the vitriolic outbursts of just indignation from the whole united tribe of fishermen.

Pictures have poured in on us; letters from wrathful salmon casters; and even answering effusions from the poetically minded. One and all say, "We must stand by the fish. No further concessions. The anonymous



*One evening's cast, caught by Jack Young of the Barker mill. Jack claims a record of over 25 large salmon for the season—believe it or not.*



*Mrs. Alan Tomlinson poses with a couple of 20 pounders, caught off the Powell River Company wharf one evening.*

correspondent must be told and told with conviction where he stands." The following excerpts are chosen from well and discreetly censored addresses by the United Fishermen of Powell River and district.

Jim McLaughlin: I caught two last night (picture enclosed)—combined weight 50 pounds—and the proof of the fish is in the eating.

Jimmy Thompson: I caught five in about an hour and a half. You might tell your foreign correspondent that we catch them up here. They don't give themselves up like they do in Florida.

Alan Tomlinson: Catch two or three a night. My wife caught five last week and here are two more for your undercover man (picture enclosed).



*Another group of five springs, caught in one evening off the Powell River Company dock.*

Jack Young: Here are five little fellows I hooked in a spare hour last week. (We have been forced to delete the remainder of this letter. Suggests what he would do if he were a dictator—and even Hitler might learn something from Jack's methods).

Joe Graham: Send your correspondent to Powell River. We'll show him the fish—and chuck him in after them.

The tenor of the remarks are all in a similar, if more robust, vein. But we promised to accept the challenge to produce the fish, and on these pages are the productions. Space requirements necessarily curtail reproduction of other pictures sent in, and for this we apologize to the members.

We ask, if our correspondent requires further proof of Powell River Waltonian skill, that he write personally to any of the above group.

We guarantee a reply!

### Ernie and Bert Are Hopeful

The Southcott-Campbell sub chaser, about which there has been frequent mention in these pages, is still on the ways. Last minute technical alterations have delayed launching, and the navigators are delaying their holidays accordingly. Reminds us of the Bairnsfather cartoon of two old graybeards sitting in the trenches. One remarks to the other, "I hear the War Babies' Battalion is coming out. If the sub chaser is much longer coming out, the next generation will navigate it.

*The fish have been biting steadily through the years. Here are a few of the funny lads cavorting around our waters twenty 6 years ago.*



## Tennis Club Enjoys Successful Season

*Group of local and visiting tennis players snapped during the recent Powell River and Courtenay competitions. Back row: Doug Campbell (PR), Bill Osborne (C), Tack Nicholl (C), D. Stensberg (C), Sid Southcott (PR), W. Gilmour (PR). Front row: Willie Knight (C), L. Cunningham (PR), J. Bardsley (PR), C. Davis (C), C. Trevett (C).*



"The Powell River Tennis Club," says President Roy Lund, "has enjoyed the most active season in its history." The courts, according to Roy, have been crowded throughout the summer, and increased competitions, both locally and with outside teams, have stimulated widespread public interest.

The club today possesses two fine concrete courts, built three years ago by the Powell River Company. The courts, constructed under the supervision of Townsite Superintendent Stan Macfarlane, were laid out with every modern improvement in mind, and today compare favorably with any in British Columbia.

This year the Tennis Club has started a junior organization to build up local lads for future B. C. competitions. Already several of these juniors have shown distinct possibilities, and

a B. C. tennis champion for Powell River is the ambition of the local executive.

Competition has been more widespread this season. The formation of a club in Westview and the presentation by Mr. D. A. Evans of a challenge trophy for regular competition has stimulated local interest.

A special competition was arranged for the first time this year with Vancouver Island. As a result, some 20 players crossed the Gulf of Georgia for what is hoped will be the first of a regular home and home series. During the season several inter-club visits have been made with Island teams. The calibre of local tennis has greatly improved as a result.

Competition in the annual club tournaments has been very keen, and it is expected that new names will appear on some of the club trophies.



*Group of Powell River and visiting Courtenay ladies. Standing: Mrs. J. Nichol (C), Mrs. B. Graham (C). Kneeling, back row: Mrs. E. Davis (PR), Mrs. H. Leighton (C), Miss M. Taylor (PR), Mrs. J. Foote (PR). Front row: Mrs. M. Couveller (PR), Miss M. Leighton (C), Mrs. Bickle (C).*

It is the intention of the match committee to have all the tournaments completed by the end of September so that the winners of the various championships can receive them at a large social to be held as a closing activity for what has been a very successful season.

With the interest in tennis raised to a higher pitch than ever before, and with nearly a hundred persons playing the game in the district, an even more successful year is expected in 1939. It seems that the game is again established in the community.

### Steam Up!

Tommy Porter crossing up all the wisecracs and winning the Union 100-yard dash against Norm Hill.

\* \* \*

And a couple of Heils for Ewart Craigen and his electrical boys on the fine Electrical Department float.

### Provincial Championships

Four British Columbia championships rest today in Powell River as a result of the prowess of local athletes during the past season. Marion Borden holds the 60 and 100-metre dash titles; Martin Naylor is B. C. broad jump champion, and Mickey McPherson is the province's best amateur middleweight boxer. Not a bad record for a "small town."

### Jumbo Now Broadcasting

Our old friend Wallace Sharland, formerly of the *Melbourne Herald* and *Sporting Globe*, writes that he is now engaged in radio broadcasting work in Melbourne. Wally, better known to his press associates as "Jumbo," spent several months working in the Powell River plant several years ago as part of a world tour undertaken for experience. He still thinks Don Bradman the world's greatest cricketer, past or present, and sends his regards to Vern Hughes and Al Hatch.

### Bill Follows the Old Trail

Bill McAndrew still heads up Powell Lake. This is a foregone conclusion. Give Bill a stretch of open water, a few mountains, a fishing line, and in the right season, a gun, and all's right with the world. He knows every stretch of water, every clump of bush and every hill in the district. He is pals with every mountain goat in the hills, and calls the deer by their first names. Good fishin', Bill.



*The end of the great controversy. Marion Borden of Powell River sprints home to an easy victory over Barbara Howard, Vancouver, in the 100-metre finals at Nanaimo, Labor Day. Marion won by 15 feet.*

## Marion Borden Crowned B. C. Sprint Champion

The public controversy that has raged for the past several months on the respective merits of Powell River's Marion Borden and the Vancouver colored ace, Barbara Howard, was settled convincingly at the B. C. Championship Meet at Nanaimo on Labor Day.

The photo on this page, exclusive to THE POWELL RIVER DIGESTER, shows the final of the much-discussed 100-metre dash at Nanaimo. It shows Marion, carrying the famous Powell River triangle, decisively defeating her only B. C. rival by a full five yards. It is the worst defeat Barbara has ever suffered. Barbara was Canada's leading woman sprint representative at the British Empire Games in Australia, and the Powell River girl's victory puts her in the front rank of Canadian sprinters.

To make the day a real Powell River triumph, Marion won the B. C. 60-metre championship, after a poor start, again defeating Barbara by six feet and, on a rain-sodden track, equalling the B. C. record.

Martin Naylor, Powell River all-round star, brought the Provincial Broad Jump title to Powell River and placed second and third in the hop-step-and-jump and 100 yards respectively.

In the athletic, as in the newsprint world, Powell River products are in the championship class.

The somewhat hurried exit of the Italian cruiser from Shanghai last weeks almost pushed the war news off the front page, among local naval reservists.

## The President's Message

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S messages to Hitler and Mussolini received the widespread approbation of the Canadian people. Not because—as many Americans and some Canadians selfishly believe—it hinted at a moral responsibility of the United States to take definite sides in a conflict which appeared inevitable. Nor did we welcome it because in our secret hearts it may have been thought we saw in this another guarantee that America would again pull our chestnuts out of the fire.

We welcomed it as an honest effort on the part of the representative of a great state to avert a calamity which would engulf all mankind. It was the voice of a free and democratic nation appealing against a senselessness, against an imminent catastrophe, repugnant to civilized humanity. It was the acceptance of human responsibility by a nation, untrammelled by the passions, the prejudices, the pride, which we, more closely involved, cannot avoid—that its voice should be lifted in a final appeal to reason before reason was swamped in the rush of rising emotion.

Even in Canada, in those last hectic hours, the spirit of reason, of further toleration was growing thin. We were preparing for war, mentally and physically.

Across this rising tide of a rapidly developing war consciousness came the President's message—calm, temperate in tone, reasonable in its appeal, firm in its faith that the forces of reason would yet prevail.

There was a halt—for how long no one knows. But it was a halt. The world has had a moment to think, to deliberate, to attempt further appeasement.

Whatever the result—be it finally peace or war—Mr. Roosevelt's message has the complete endorsement and gratitude of the Canadian people.

## Around the Plant

The old "sweats" have been reviewing the war possibilities in the last week with experienced and wary eyes. Czechoslovakia has had some appeal as a possible scene of hostilities. Jim Currie felt that the town of Pilsen was in itself something to commend the republic as a possible battlefield—if the Pilsen beer lived up to advance notices.

\* \* \*

Amazing how many applications are pending for a job in the Q.M. stores. Half the ex-servicemen in Powell River have decided to enter this branch of the service. Bill Oakes has been quietly angling for Canteen Sergeant in one of the tunnels of the Maginot line.

\* \* \*

Arthur Woodward is sweating on acceptance of his request as corporal in charge of cigarettes in Charing Cross Underground. Matter of fact, all the underground jobs seem popular with the troops.

\* \* \*

Applications for berths in the Paymaster's office (underground) have poured in—but somehow we think those positions will start from the east and work west.

\* \* \*

And the Heil salute is being practised assiduously by the more cautious lads. Charlie Garrett and the editor, believing in preparedness, have perfected a salute that Herr Hitler himself would envy.

And somebody caught Harry Anchor sewing a patch on his old naval dungarees. Harry assured us it was only a precautionary measure.

\* \* \*

Jack Drury is the Don Bradman of local cricket to date. Jack's 51 in a recent match tops the heavy hitters—pardon, boys, the strong batsmen—of the Riverside oval.

\* \* \*

Dead Eye Robbins, the Ranji of the Time Office, revived a lifetime of youthful memories last week. He smacked Vince Forbes and Stuart Blondin's bowling to all corners of the oval, with Frank Flett, in a fit of near-hysterics, frantically applauding.

\* \* \*

During the past two weeks we thought the British Foreign Office had moved lock, stock and barrel to Powell River. All the amateur tacticians (including the editor) had the German army bottled up in the mountains, surrounded by hordes of Canadians, Australians and a sprinkling of English and Scots in support.

\* \* \*

The geographies were on top—maps of Roumania were in demand—and there was hardly a youngster in town who didn't know every town or fort in Czechoslovakia.

\* \* \*

The Maginot line became popular overnight, and if the original French engineers had listened in on the local statements, they would have been



amazed at their own skill and cunning. There were cinemas down in the ground for the tired troops; one enthusiast whispered there was an estaminet where only English beer was sold. Don Allen heard a rumor of a special cricket pitch installed for the shift crews. We did hear there were a few guns around but, after the estaminet story crashed the headlines, the guns passed out of the picture.

\* \* \*

One of the prize stories concerns a young office enthusiast who rushed in with the latest rumor, presumably from the usual quarter.

"God, they're shelling Prague," he shouted.

Grey Benner, passing by at the time, stopped, looked bewildered, said:

"Prague! Where's Prague? And who's shelling it?"

Deadly, shrieking, howling silence!

\* \* \*

And then there was the rumor that the Japanese had landed at Victoria.

\* \* \*

And there is the vouched-for story of a tense group in the Shipping Department, waiting the result of the last message to Hitler.

Bill Bell walked into the office.

"What's the news," everybody shouted in unison.

"The Yanks lost a double header," Bill replied brightly.

And somebody said Chamberlain must go!

"Just hold your razor still," said the oil man to the barber, "and I'll wiggle my head."

## Hello, Colonel!

The prize story of the week centres around Harry Sandifer, Dictator of the cashier's cage and fashion plate of the local office.

Sandy was holidaying at Lummi Island. One day he stood with that ramrod stance peculiar to cashiers in general and to Sandy in particular, alongside the local hotel.

A smartly dressed gentleman in his middle forties walked up to Sandy, clicked his heels smartly together, and swung his right hand dashingly upwards in the quivering salute of the old soldier.

"Good day, sir," he responded, with the right touch of deference in his tone.

Sandy acknowledged the salute with a civil nod—and after chatting a moment, asked why his new-found friend had saluted him.

"Well, sir," was the response. "I knew in a moment you were an old army colonel. I'm an old soldier myself and always salute a superior officer."

Sandy, we understand, acknowledged appreciation of the old soldier's sagacity, and invited him over to the nearest bar (who wouldn't—Sandy, like the rest of us, was Rear Rank Private H. Sandifer of His Majesty's Canadian Corps in the last fracas).

The man who said eternity is too vast for the human mind to conceive evidently never bought an automobile on one of these long term contracts.

## Rumors from the Local War Front

Psychologists of the World War state that what finally won the war was a sense of humor on the part of the British and American troops. A sweeping statement — but it is the truth that when things looked their blackest some irresponsible humorist would relieve the tension with one of those remarks only possible under pressure.

The "troops" in Powell River kept up the old tradition. Somebody saw Jim Currie striding down the street, face darkened and shoulders slumping.

"What's the matter, Jim, the crisis getting you?" a sympathetic friend asked.

"Crisis, hell," snorted Jim. "I just had sausage for lunch and my stomach

has just told me it was a German Hot Dog."

Mike Boyce (ex-army) was explaining to Sam Rees (ex-navy) how to dodge "minnewerfers" if the worst came to the worst.

"Never eat 'em," shuddered Sam, as Mike ducked for cover.

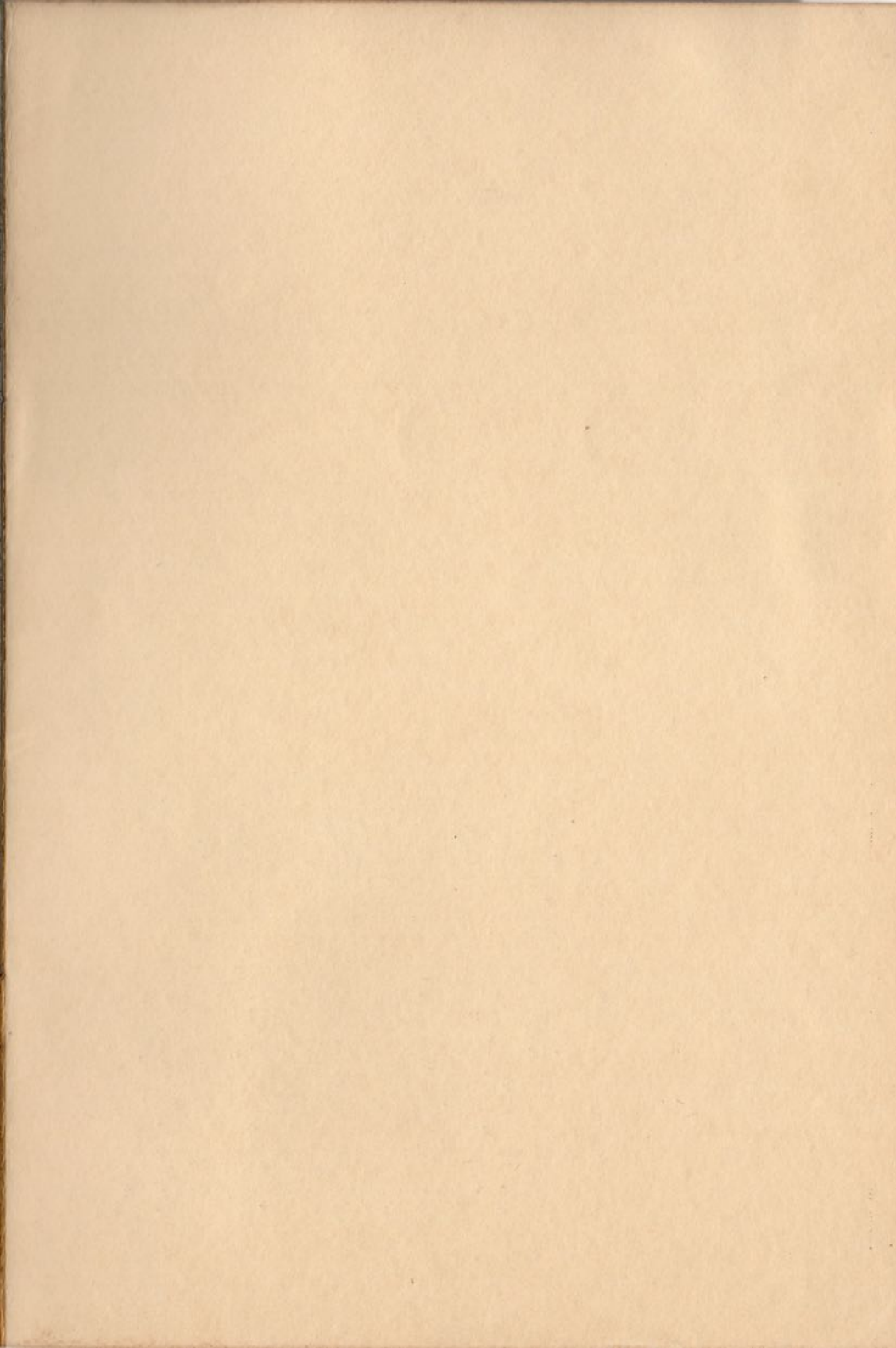
John Dunlop was discovered by a secret agent doing overtime with the shovel in the old backyard.

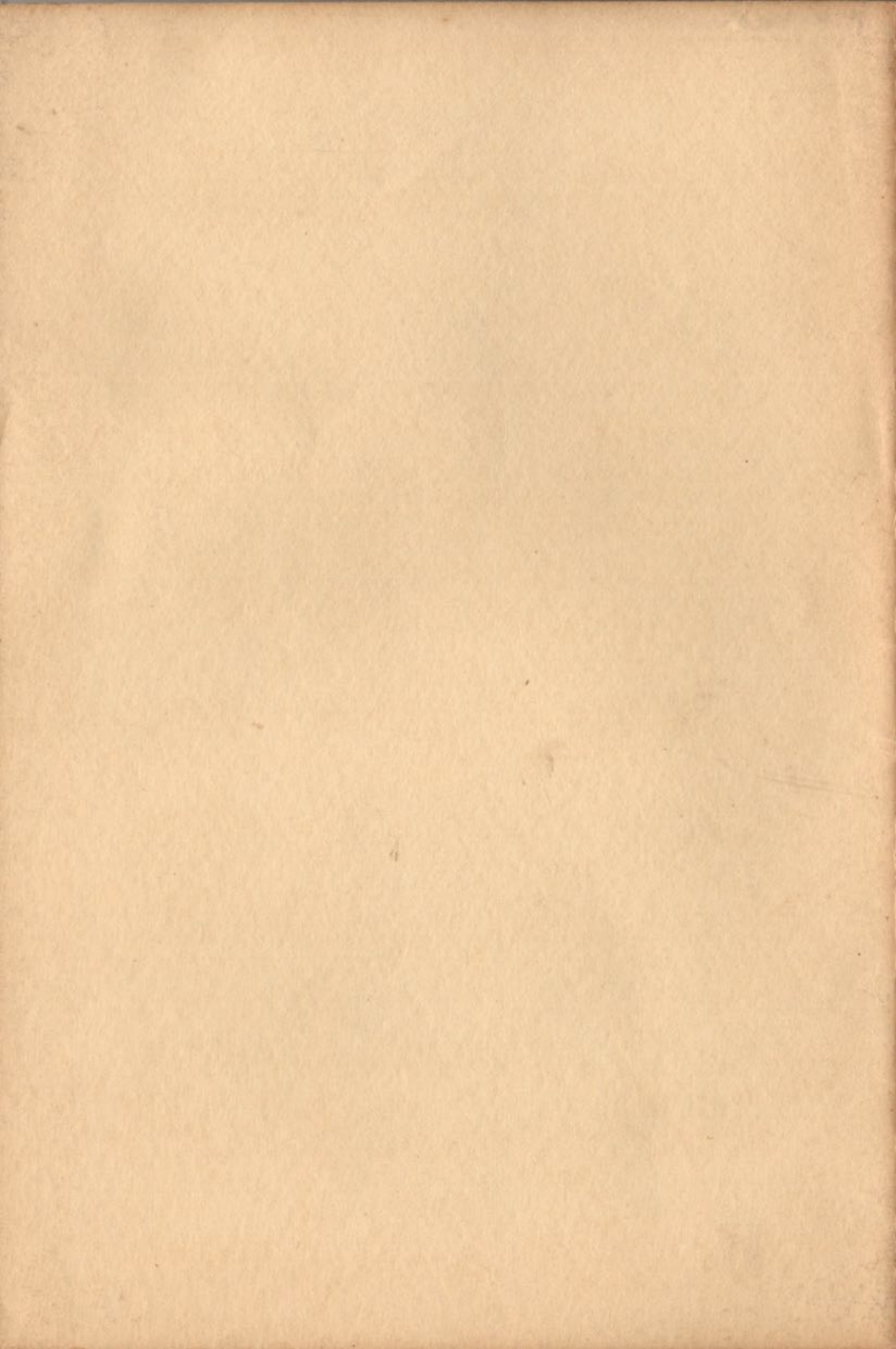
"Not as fast as I used to be," grunted John without a stop (and that's the marvel). "Can't hunt a hole any more so I'm digging my own."

Prayers have been offered in many quarters, among the most common being "Thank God we've got a navy."

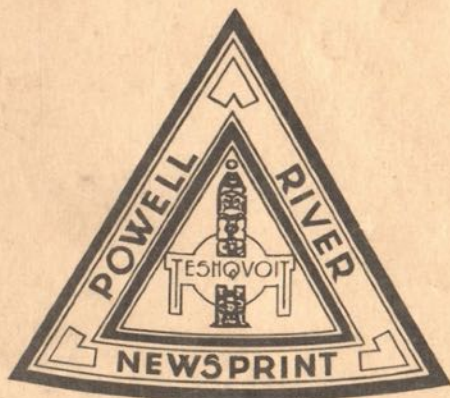
*How many of our present residents remember the old picture show in the full heyday of its splendor? Here it is, in the days when Charlie Chaplin was going strong and the boys and girls wore no man's collars. The Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Memorial Park have replaced Myron McLeod's famous old emporium.*





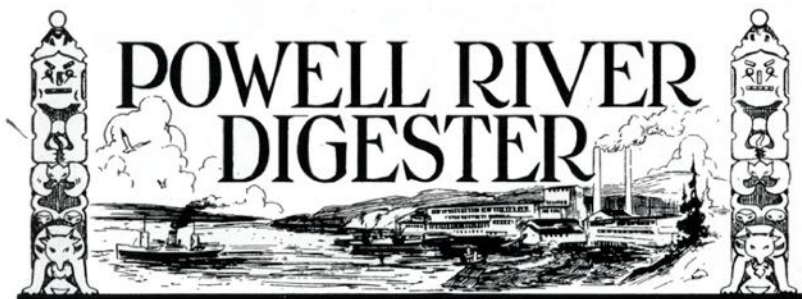


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 OCTOBER, 1938 NO.10





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

VOL. 14

OCTOBER, 1938

No. 10

---

## Beautiful Community Centre



*Powell River's Dwight Hall, district community centre, is a picturesque and dominating feature of Powell River community life. The hall is considered one of the finest of its kind in British Columbia.*

---

# History of the Vancouver Daily Province

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of several illustrated articles telling the story of the growth and development of British Columbia's leading daily newspapers. The *Vancouver Province* and the *Vancouver Sun*, in particular, are as important a factor in the lives of Powell River residents as they are to the citizens of Vancouver. Proportionately, the circulation of these two great dailies is as large in Powell River as in Vancouver, and our knowledge of and our interest in the swift current of today's events are derived from the *Province* and the *Sun*, which reach our doorsteps daily.

We start our series on B. C. Newspapers with the story of the *Vancouver Daily Province*.

**T**HE history of the *Vancouver Daily Province* goes back 44 years to 1894, when the newspaper was launched as a weekly in the city of Victoria. It was established in an old brick church building there by the late Hewitt Bostock and his associates. It started as a four-page paper with a circulation of 2,000. A total of 277 pounds of paper was used to run off the whole issue. Today more than 20 tons of newsprint is used daily.

When the Klondike gold rush started in 1898 to set business booming in Vancouver, it was decided to transfer the *Daily Province* to the mainland, and Mr. Bostock, who had bought out the interests of his associates, took into partnership Mr. Walter Nichol, who had learned the business with the Southam family at Hamilton, where he was employed on the famous old *Spectator*.

They erected a two-storey brick building on the south side of Hastings street, a short distance east of Cambie street, and their first issue was printed

in Vancouver on March 26, 1898. The site of their building was still surrounded by forest, and there were only four other buildings in the block. There were no street cars on Hastings then.

It was not long before the paper outgrew its quarters and expanded into the tall Exchange building, which had been erected next door. There the business and editorial departments were housed. Their first issue was printed on a second-hand flatbed press, with a capacity of 1,000 copies an hour. In a few months it was replaced by a modern Goss press, and 1,600 pounds of paper was used in the daily issue, with 10 boys to deliver the paper.

At the time the paper was established in Vancouver there were two other newspapers firmly established, the *Evening World* and the *Morning News-Advertiser*. Mr. Bostock almost immediately became actively engaged in politics, afterwards becoming a senator and speaker of the Senate. Consequently, within a year





*Mr. M. E. Nichols, Managing Director of the Vancouver Daily Province, who has directed the destinies of this famous British Columbia newspaper for several years. Mr. Nichols has a wide and varied experience in Canadian journalism, and his appointment to his present post on the retirement of Frank J. Burd is assurance that the tradition and place of the Vancouver Province in Canadian and provincial journalism will be maintained.*

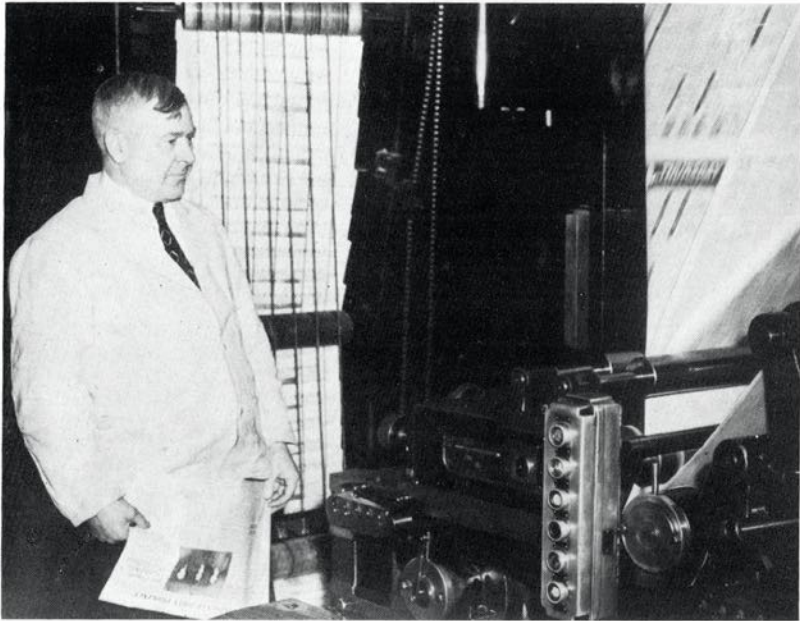
or two Mr. Nichol became sole owner of the paper.

The history of The Vancouver Daily Province since that time has been the history of Vancouver, for the newspaper has kept pace with the growth of the city and taken an active interest in all civic problems.

Early in the twenties the Southam organization acquired the Province from the late W. C. Nichol, who later was to become Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Almost immediately a program of expansion was undertaken and carried through. It acquired the handsome Carter-Cotton

building on Victory Square at the corner of Cambie and Hastings streets, and the substantially built Edgett building immediately in the rear on Cambie street.

The two buildings were occupied on January 17, 1925, the business offices occupying the corner building, with a ground floor area of 5,000 square feet, and the mechanical and editorial offices taking possession of the other building, with a pressroom on the ground floor having an area of 8,000 square feet, editorial rooms on the second floor with 11,500 square feet, and the composing room on the



*Mike Lotbian, Press Foreman of the Province, watches his big machine turning out its daily run on Powell River newsprint. Mike has grown up with the Province—and with Vancouver, too. In the old days, if memory serves us, Mike used to play a natty game of baseball—and could always be depended upon to back up his old East End gang when a little Irish brawn was necessary—as it often was in the old lacrosse days. Good fshing, Mike!*

third floor with an area of 6,500 square feet.

Three new presses were installed, each with a 40-page capacity, together with a color press for the magazine section and comics.

An entire new battery of 18 Linotypes was purchased, and this has been expanded since that time to 23.

The circulation of The Vancouver Daily *Province* has now reached a total of 81,000. It operates a modern kitchen, where experts give instruction in cooking; it conducts a "Tillium Club" for juvenile readers, with

a membership of 75,000; and for 27 years has conducted a Santa Claus Fund.

The Vancouver Daily *Province* in 1922 established a radio broadcasting station, which is still in operation, and news is broadcast twice daily. Its classified advertising is exceeded in volume by only two newspapers in Canada and a dozen six-day newspapers in the United States.

In news services the Vancouver Daily *Province* is powerfully entrenched. Its basic news is the Canadian Press, which includes among its



*The present home of the Vancouver Province, on the corner of Hastings and Cambie Streets. The building stands directly across from Vancouver's Cenotaph.*

allies and other connections the Associated Press, Reuters and Havas, the dominating news agency of France. The *Daily Province*, with associated Southam newspapers, also maintains a well-equipped bureau in London, England, and has exclusive rights in British Columbia to the news of the *London Times*. Other news connections are the *New York Times*, The North American Alliance and the *Chicago Daily News*.

### Films at Smoker

The local ex-service men's committee have arranged for a special showing of a number of pictures depicting various scenes on the western front during the World War. A member of the association has a unique collection of over three hundred different

battle scenes. These will be shown on the screen. Every part of the line—and every branch of the service is represented.

These pictures will be a feature of the Annual Smoker on Saturday, November 19, in Dwight Hall.

During the recent European crisis, the widespread coverage enjoyed by the *Province* was widely commented upon. They were well served by their special London representative, A. C. Cummings, whose authentic and reliable dispatches were eagerly read by B. C. residents. Cummings' accurate forecasts of those swift-moving events received wide recognition, and this representative of a British Columbia newspaper stood high in the ranks of correspondents.

## Vic Drops In

**I**N New England (we have heard) they call him Victor. In Texas, California and British Columbia we call him Vic. Nobody, as far as we are aware, has ever called him Vicky. A few Powell River ladies, on first acquaintance, have compromised on Mister Coudert.



*Victor Coudert*

Victor S. Coudert, Vice-President of G. F. Steele & Co., Inc., is his official title. He is a member of the famous paper team of Deneau and Coudert—and they are a tough combination in any backfield, or any backyard, for that matter.

Occasionally—very occasionally—Mrs. Coudert has the pleasure of bringing Vic his slippers and pipe. That's when he is home, which is seldom. One week he is in Texas or California. He pops up again in Arizona and drops out of sight to reappear somewhere in the middle states. Then he's up in Toronto; by the time we catch our breath, we find him on our doorstep, heading for the paper machines.

For, like his chief, Rene Deneau, President of G. F. Steele & Co., Inc.,

Vic gets his information first hand. He prowls around the machines, picks off samples of paper, asks innumerable questions. He's climbed every stack in Powell River, and puffed up every stair in the plant.

He's tried golf, gone fishing in the Yucultas, cast a line in Powell Lake, and is a bit of a lad at odd local social functions. At these latter, the ladies invariably drop the Mister Coudert title.

This full-length snap was specially posed for our local sleuth on Vic's last trip to Powell River. One local lady stated that Vic had been 'round a lot. Her friend replied critically, "I don't think so. Vic is no rounder than he was last year."

Nice going, Vic. Come 'round and see us soon.

## Our Golfers Look Good

Speaking to one of Vancouver's sport critics last week, we learned that the wisecracs of city golfdom are expecting some sensational performances by local lads in the near future.

The impression is around the big city that Powell River juniors are going to show the way shortly. Young Hunter's name is being whispered around the fairways; and Johnnie McDonald is considered in the Big Six by the wise ones. The boys consider Ernie Tate is doing a good job on Powell River productions.

"But wait, honey! What can I do before I can crush you in my arms?"

"Drink milk and exercise, you weakling!"



*An industrial view of Powell Lake, showing on the left the plant of the Powell Lake Shingle Company—and on the right a few of the big firs now being cut by the B. & K. Logging Company up the lake.*

## Two Export Industries

Most of our friends and newsprint customers know Powell River principally as an exporter of newsprint. It is our principal industry; is shipped to all corners of the Western Hemisphere; and is known along all the channels of world trade.

Thus, while newsprint is the backbone of the Powell River area, other products produced or manufactured in this area have and are finding their way into the world's export markets.

The large Kelley Spruce operation, an independent organization, ships its finished Sitka spruce lumber to many and widely extended portions of the globe. The fame of this justly celebrated British Columbia soft wood is international; and the Kelley Spruce concern with operating headquarters at Powell River, is one of the west's largest spruce exporters. The largest percentage of the output is distributed

in the United Kingdom. During the World War the Sitka spruce was in heavy demand for aeroplane construction—and nearly a quarter of all the spruce used in British aircraft construction came from the west coast.

The Kelley operation employs about 50 men at Powell River in addition to the woods crew. Approximately 30,000 feet of manufactured spruce lumber is cut daily.

Another local operation whose products are known in Texas, California and southern points is the Powell Lake Shingle Company, an independent operation on Powell Lake. In this issue the *Jefferson Myers*, carrying Powell River newsprint to Texas, is shown with a deck load of Powell Lake shingles for the same destination.

## This Month's Personalities

### Al Hatch

**H**E took the Powell River championship-seeking squad on their 400-mile jaunt to Kamloops. Worked like a Trojan fighting for the boys; fought about



*Al Hatch, collar, tie and coat on, poses as manager of the Powell River lacrosse entry in the provincial playoffs.*

neutral referees; and let everybody know Powell River was in town. For lacrosse is Al's hobby. It has been for twenty-five years. In the old days of 1912-1914 Al's name was one to conjure with in athletic circles of Vancouver.

He held the Canadian 145, 158 and 175-pound wrestling championships simultaneously. He wrestled Walter Miller for the world's 145-pound title and broke a shoulder in the fracas. Played lacrosse with many of Vancouver's famous teams of that period—when occasion demanded he wrestled as good a bout on the lacrosse field as on the mat. He ran out of wrestling opposition and tried amateur boxing. Nobody holds it against him—because he was a good wrestler and lacrosse player.

In Powell River Al has been the same scrapping person as on the lacrosse field. Local sport, the train-

ing of local youth is his hobby. He has his own ideas on training. Everybody doesn't agree with him. That doesn't worry Al. He still keeps on going.

And nice going, Al.

\* \* \*

### "Truck" Elly

Johnny (Truck) Elly's name has been in the forefront of lacrosse gossip this year. He sparked the Home Gas squad to an unexpected victory in the playoffs. He's a real truck in action. Anyone in his path takes the consequences—and a lot of local and not a

*Johnny (Truck) Elly, coming box lacrosse star and outstanding in local circles this year. "Big League" scouts are already looking him over.*



few outside players have ruefully taken the consequences.

Looks like one of the most promising gutted-stick handlers yet developed locally. Created a bit of a sensation among the experts when he led Powell River to victory in the Coast playoffs. Rumored he may be picked up by Big Time scouts next year.

"Truck" is the quiet, inoffensive type. He is cool under fire. And he takes the direct path to the goal mouth. Father Steve makes paper on No. 5 machine and modestly admits to the boys on graveyard shift that the lad is a chip off the old block. Nobody

60

60

keep up the g

\* \* \*

### Sam Rees

"One of the mildest-mannered men that ever scuttled a "U" boat or dropped a depth charge." There is



*Sam Rees, coach, trainer and adviser to scores of Powell River youths. Lacrosse over, Sam is busy on football.*

no more sport or community-minded citizen in Powell River than Sam Rees. He is one of the quiet forces that keep the wheels of local sport turning vigorously. Summer and winter finds Sam linked up with this club or that—helping rub down the boys after the game—assisting officials or organizing the boys for special workouts.

meet to help rub down the boys. He helps coach and train a soccer team in the winter. He appears at the gymnasium for every boxing tournament, looks after bandages, acts as judge and fathers the boys in the dressing room. Takes a leading role in first aid activities and helps coach young aspirants for their steam engineers' tickets.

In between times he manages to find time to act as shift engineer in the boiler house, which is just by the way.

Coach, trainer and mentor—here's a how, Sam!

If you want the inside on the Munich conference, drop in at the wharf office any noon hour, when Bill Cratchley, Sid Burn, Harry Slade and Joe Elliot get going. Things have slackened down a bit since Old Country football started rolling—but you can still raise an argument. Take any side you please—then duck.

## Canada Is a Natural Arsenal — Declares British Visitor

"Canada should be the natural arsenal for Great Britain." This was the terse statement of Major A. P. W. Bamberger, president of Bamberger & Sons, London, during a visit to Powell River last month.

Some of Mr. Bamberger's comments will be particularly interesting to Canadians. "Canada," he declared, "in effect should be the storehouse for Great Britain." There was no reason why the shipbuilding, aircraft and arms industries could not be centred in Canada. Interruption of supply would be reduced to a minimum and the hazard of air invasion practically eliminated.

Major Bamberger, whose firm distributes the products of Kelley Spruce Company of Powell River, was in

England during the recent crisis. Something of the dislocation of industry during the feverish last-minute preparations for war was seen in Mr. Bamberger's own firm.

"Twenty-six men left the office for service with the Territorials," he said, "and fifteen of these were called in one afternoon." The response of the public and the spirit of the British people when the crisis approached its peak was highly satisfactory.

Another interesting suggestion of our British visitor centred around the arming of merchantmen in the event of war. The new danger of attack by aeroplane would compel merchant ships to carry extensive anti-aircraft protection. He inti-

(Continued on Page 11)





*T. W. Green (left), President of the Powell River Board of Trade, opens the B. C. Products display in Powell River with Mr. G. Martin of the Products Bureau.*

## B. C. Products Show in Powell River

Tommy Green, president of the Powell River Board of Trade, and Mr. G. Martin of the B. C. Products Bureau, are shown together at the opening of the B. C. Products exhibition in Powell River on October 22. This exhibit, sponsored for the past three years by the Powell River Board of Trade, is becoming an increasingly important feature of our community life each year. Local merchants are co-operating and the produce of the district is receiving merited publicity.

While newsprint production is the chief and basic industry of the district, there are many and varied local prod-

ucts produced. The initiative of the local Board of Trade in placing emphasis on and bringing to the public notice, the produce of our own district, is to be commended.

### Canada Is a Natural Arsenal

(Continued from Page 10)

imated that large depots for arming the merchantmen could be established to the best advantage in Canada.

The English visitor was very hopeful of the continuation of the present favorable marketing conditions for Canadian spruce in England.



*It's 7.30 a.m. in Powell River and the band has been in action since 6 a.m. when the boys climbed out of bed to greet the Powell River lacrosse boys on their return from Kamloops last month. The band is playing in front of the Rodmay Hotel as the players mill in for breakfast.*

### Visitors

An old friend dropped in on us for a few days last month in the person of George Halse. George, a former member of the chemistry staff, has recently returned from an extended tour of Europe. He visited Britain, Germany, France, Italy and other European points. With the European situation much in the limelight, George has been much sought after by local strategists and students of foreign affairs. He left before the recent crisis reached the critical stage, but has many interesting sidelights on conditions as he saw them.

Superficially, at least, George saw no signs of privation in Germany. Meat, vegetables and staple foods were not rationed and could be purchased at reasonable prices. He found no active hostility to Britain and France among the people of Germany. In Italy, he thought the eco-

nomie structure was far from stable. The Saturday football games still occupy the spotlight of week-end interest, and George thinks the crisis has not yet arrived that will take public interest away from a cup tie of an international soccer match.

Other visitors during the month included the following: Mr. Robert Hill, Doddwell & Co., Tokyo, and Mrs. Hill; Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, Export Sales Company, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. W. Barclay, Powell River Sales Company; Mr. Gordon Southam, Vancouver Province, and Mr. Elmer Herb, New Westminster Paper Company.

"If you don't marry me I'll take a rope and hang myself in your front yard."

"Ah, now, Herbert, you know Pa doesn't want you hanging around."

### Marion Named Outstanding Athlete

The annual report of the Women's Amateur Federation, B. C. branch, lists Marion Borden of Powell River as the outstanding senior woman athlete in British Columbia for the 1938 season. It is possible, even probable, that the Women's Canadian championships will be held in Vancouver next year, at which Marion will have the opportunity of winning Dominion laurels.

Sid Burn dashed into our office the other day, hair dank, hands quivering, breathless.

"Say," he panted excitedly, "Canada is a Dominion, ain't it?"

"Yes, Sid," we soothed, "a Dominion for many years."

"Thank God," breathed Sid, "Hitler's only asking for colonies."

"Let's cash another Czech," said the Hungarian private as he dashed across the border last week.

"Make it two," chimed in the Romanian corporal as the border bandwagon rattled up.

"They say Hitler has six doubles," remarked Jimmy Ford casually to Roy Donkersley and Scotty Gilchrist as they stood in front of the department store last week.

Two minutes later the ambulance carried Scotty and Roy off in a dead faint.

### Sun News Boys Visit Plant

Powell River was peacefully penetrated last month by seventy news carriers from the Vancouver *Sun*. The boys, accompanied by Samuel Cromie and several district supervisors, spent two days with us. The lads were the chosen few of the newspaper carriers. They were the sales leaders of their respective divisions and their award this year was a trip to Powell River. They were shown about the plant by Company guides and were keenly interested in watching the machines turn out the newsprint which they carry to the homes of British Columbia. The boys were conducted on a tour of the district in special buses, and were guests of the Powell River Company, with local carriers, at a special banquet in the evening. Arrangements were in the capable hands of John McIntyre, and the boys were kept busy during their entire stay.

### Seek Further Honors

Powell River athletes will continue their march for provincial titles during the coming winter season. With five provincial championships now under our belt, the soccerites and basketballers are entered in the provincial playdowns this season. Powell River has entered the Provincial and Dominion soccer competitions, with the basket tossers going all out for the Senior "B" crown.

## Around the Plant

### Still Fishing

Last week we passed Jimmy Courte, wildeyed, panting, dashing feverishly away from the wharf. We inquired a trifle anxiously why the hurried exit.

"The war's on," Jimmy declared feverishly. "Powell River is being attacked and I'm out looking for reinforcements."

"Attacked," we mumbled. . . . "Why, what . . . a foreign power?" . . . visions of enemy planes—enemy battleships—this was terrible.

"It's the fish," spluttered James—"they're attacking in swarms. The boys are afraid to throw a line in. They're swarming around the wharf in millions. We need help."

We calmed down a bit after that—but it just shows that eternal vigilance and active resistance must be maintained if Powell River democratic principles are to be upheld. Perhaps our Texas friends will realize what we are facing up here in B. C. The fish are threatening our very existence.

\* \* \*

### Ducks All 'Round

The daily press and radio tell us 12,000 B. C. hunters kicked off at dawn on October 29th to start off the duck shooting season.

\* \* \*

Reports on local duck shooters haven't come in yet. The reports to date have been rumors. We heard that Herbert Poole, carrying a mighty

blunderbuss, took a punt and blazed away at every flying object in the Gulf. The forestry plane, on a routine trip, was nearly brought down.

\* \* \*

Another rumor intimated Sandy Strachan and Jimmy Jacobs had started off together for points unknown. Both had guns—and Jimmy wore his famous fedora. They turned up on Monday — and everyone breathed a huge sigh of relief. Jimmy brought back the hat.

\* \* \*

Alec Morris hasn't reported officially yet. He promised the DIGESTER the first duck picture of the year. Don Allen, still talking cricket, says the whole trip was a duck.

\* \* \*

### It's True, Boys!

Harry Zaccarelli, the sulphite sports encyclopedia, and Frank Flett, baseball novice, have been seen in close and serious conversation several times since the World Series. There is a rumor around the district that they may alter National League strategy next year. And they can tell you why the Cubs lost this year—and it's not what you think!

\* \* \*

The next meeting of the Speakers' Club will be held while the British Parliament is in session and the playful lads are debating whether history will prove that Neville Chamberlain was right at Munich. The Slade brothers, Stuart and Ken, will support

the eyes—with Bill Oakes out to show that Chamberlain was not right but left.

We understand that the local ex-service men's committee have been asked to supply a special guard for the evening. Side arms will be worn.

\* \* \*

Since Mrs. Sutton of Cumberland won that \$80,000 in the Irish Sweep, war and sport news have been pushed out of the picture locally. Powell River, where the per capita expenditure on Irish Sweeps rank next to Ireland, is licking its wounds and getting ready for the next one.

"Boy, what could I do with 80,000 iron men," mused Jimmy Plaskett as he totalled up the day's production figures.

Jimmy, you're not even funny!

\* \* \*

### Three Rounds, Rapid Fire!

Powell River ex-service men will hold their annual Armistice smoker on Saturday, November 19. A special showing of war pictures will be featured on the program. It is rumored that ex-troopers Robin Bell-Irving, Joe Falconer and Harold Foley will be on the job. Elmer Lee is already out scouting for the latest thing in Armistice stag stories. Robin may tell how Colonel Spinks of the "Glescy Milishy" won those medals.

\* \* \*

### A Pair of Jacks

Willard Beale, principal of the Henderson School, called us aside last week—and modestly requested us to ask Jock Kyles and Jack Hill to be

less impetuous in their night school courses. Mr. Beale muttered something about "look before you leap"—and asked us to remind these two erring youths of an old school boy jingo:

"Say a prayer for Jake Lapore,  
Right hotel—wrong door!"

It's all very mysterious, but we pass it on with Mr. Beale's personal recommendation.

\* \* \*

### Special Event

The Lambeth Walk is sweeping the district and rumors of secret workouts by prominent citizens are being heard on the graveyard shift. Sandy, Sultan of the Cash Registers' Union, will put on a special exhibition with Miss Cuthbertson at the New Year's Ball. Even more startling upsets are being worked up—but guess we've gone far enough until next issue.

\* \* \*

### How About It, Harry?

The Vancouver Office Bowling League is away on its second season of successful shooting. Harry Grant approached us with a view to advanced publicity. We asked for action first and publicity afterwards. Harry demanded publicity. We retorted that this was Powell River, not Munich—and delivered a flat ultimatum for a picture of Joe Falconer and Marie Leckie, coats off and sleeves rolled up, *on the bowling alley*. Otherwise, no publicity. We might compromise on Harold Foley and Peggy Darby—or even Ed Rorke and Tip Garvin.



*Two ex-sovereigns are shown in this war-time photo of the Western Front. The late King George V is seen in the foreground—and Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales, stands beside the Quincy Church bell.*

## Armistice Day

Armistice memories are recalled by the above picture, taken in 1917—which shows two ex-monarchs of Britain in the war zone. In the foreground the late King George V chats with British and French staff officers. In the rear, the former Edward VIII, then Prince of Wales, stands beside the Quincy Church bell.

It is twenty years since the war drums ceased beating. The Empire has passed, and is still passing, through many crises in the intervening years. King George V, of beloved memory, is gone. Edward VIII has passed into temporary or permanent obscurity. A new king

occupies the British Empire's throne.

There is little we can say on this Armistice Day, twenty years later. We have lost many illusions. The War to End War has not been fought. Free thought and free institutions have been suppressed in many countries.

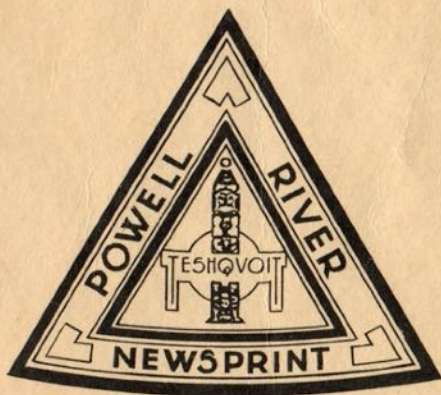
Peace has not yet been declared. We have only an armistice. Yet there is in the world, in a degree more pronounced than ever before, a will for peace. The active expression of this, not by one or two peoples, but by the nations of the world, may yet make of the Armistice a lasting peace settlement.





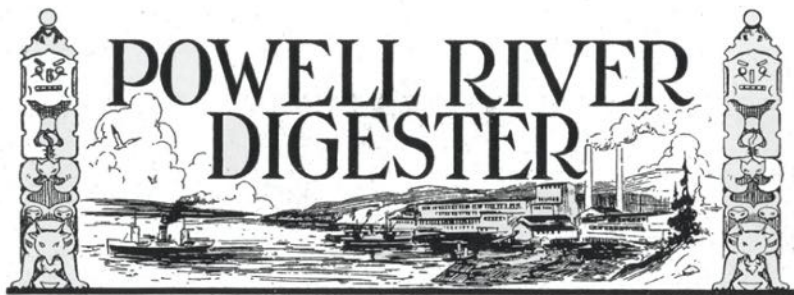


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 NOVEMBER, 1938 NO.11





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

---

VOL. 14

NOVEMBER, 1938

No. 11

---



*Above is the famous Tug Boat Memorial erected high on the cliffs above the Ragged Islands, twenty miles north of Powell River. It is erected in honor of the members of tug boat crews who have lost their lives in the service along the B. C. coast.*

---



Mr. P. J. Salter, President and General Manager of the Sun Publishing Company, Vancouver, B.C. "P. J.," as he is known in the newspaper world, was, for many years, Comptroller of the Sun — and was closely associated with the late Robert J. Cromie.

## History of The Vancouver Sun 1886 - 1938

**T**HE Vancouver Sun, by that name, dates back only to 1912. Actually, by right of descent and inheritance, from the old *Advertiser*, its history dates back to 1886.

It is completely owned, controlled and operated by Vancouver people.

In May, 1886, the *Advertiser* was launched by John Hay and William McDougall in the infant Vancouver. In July of that year came the great fire that wiped out the town and its newspaper, but publication was continued on a Washington hand press.

The *News* had also been founded in June, 1886, and also was wiped out. For a time it was printed in New Westminster, but in the spring of 1887 the two papers were merged as the *News-Advertiser*.

The *News-Advertiser* later was bought by the late Hon. F. L. Carter Cotton, who sold it in 1910 to J. S. H. Matson of Victoria.

The *Morning Sun* was founded in 1912 by J. P. McConnell and R. S. Ford, and early in the war years came into the hands of interests represented by the late F. C. Wade, K.C.

In 1917 the *Sun* was purchased by the late Robert J. Cromie, who shortly thereafter took over the *News-Advertiser* and amalgamated the two.

After several years of successful operation, Mr. Cromie purchased the *Evening World* in 1924 from Charles Campbell, and published both morning and afternoon editions.

In 1926 Mr. Cromie sold the morning paper to Brig.-Gen. V. W. Odum and took over the *Evening Star* which



*Robert Cromie, II., Vice-President of The Vancouver Sun, follows in the newspaper footsteps of his late father. From youth "Bob" has been trained in the practical school of journalism.*

Gen. Odlum was then publishing, amalgamating it with the Vancouver Sun.

Since then the Sun has gone steadily forward, growing in size, circulation and influence with the city and province of which it is a part. With this growth it has at all times taken an active part in all movements for the social and economic betterment of Vancouver and British Columbia.

### **Welfare Clubs**

The Sun's Sun-Ray Club for juveniles has an international and even world-wide membership of 90,000. The Sun's Annual Free Swimming Classes have taught 25,000 youngsters how to be safe in the water. The Sun Santa Claus Fund has annually taken Christmas cheer to the needy of Vancouver. The annual Walking Marathon is an outstanding outdoor event.

### **New Quarters**

Eighteen months ago the Sun moved into its present commodious

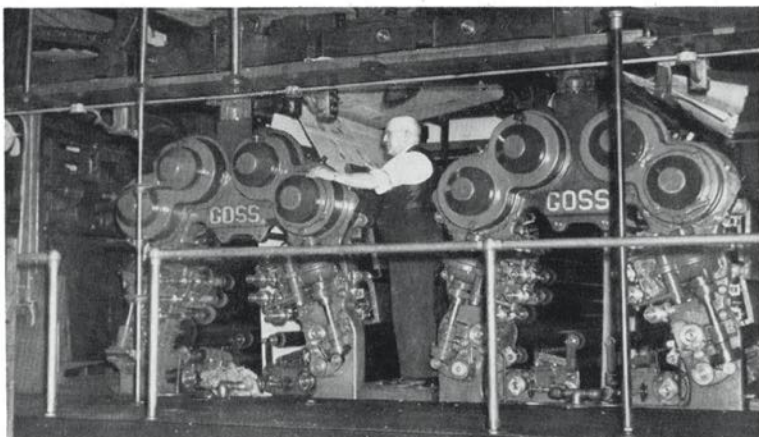
home, the 17-storey building on Beatty street at Pender, which was built—and is ideally designed—as a newspaper plant and where the smell of printer's ink has always been familiar.

Housed in its huge concrete basement is the battery of newspaper presses, principal among them the giant new five-unit Goss which prints, folds and counts 50,000 forty-page papers an hour. Separate color presses produce the magazine and comic supplements.

It takes 100 tons of newsprint a week to print the Sun, and it all comes from Powell River. More than 80 tons of ink are used yearly, and 15 tons of type metal are in constant use.

### **Four Editions Daily**

The Sun has 450 full-time employees with an annual payroll of \$650,000. It publishes four editions a day, and its present circulation of 70,000 has been built up steadily



*Press Foreman Harry Wheatland stands beside the presses of the Vancouver Sun, ready to start them on the day's run with rolls of Powell River newsprint.*

since 1924 when the afternoon circulation was barely 19,000 and combined afternoon and morning circulation was 41,000.

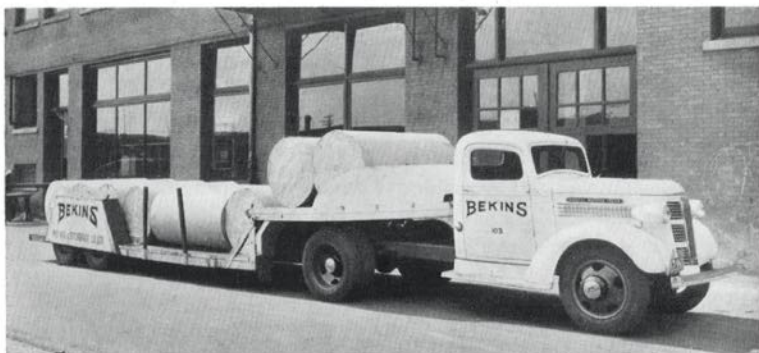
### **Extensive News Service**

World-wide news facilities of the Vancouver Sun include the British United Press, Canadian Press, Asso-

ciated Press, Havas, Reuters and NEA, with similarly comprehensive picture coverage by AP Wirephotos and NEA.

The Sun, apart from publication of the newspaper, has the largest job printing plant in the west, with the most modern offset and letter presses.

The *British Columbia Directory* is



*Powell River newsprint arrives at the Vancouver warehouse of the Sun, ready for the presses. The rolls are carried a distance of only a few blocks from the wharf to warehouse.*

another *Sun* publication, and is a complete directory of the province.

In addition, the *Sun* operates a broadcasting station, long wave CKFC and short wave CKFX. Through this and the facilities of stations CKWX and CKMO the *Sun's* news broadcasts cover a wide territory and are given several times daily.

### B. C. Newspapers

For the next several issues we will outline for readers something of the

progress and development of the daily and weekly newspapers of British Columbia. In addition to the dailies of Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster and Trail, the weekly newspapers of our great hinterland will be reviewed in these pages. B. C. boasts several of the most progressive weeklies in Canada, and we hope to outline for our readers something of the importance of our weeklies in the intimate life of residents in the smaller centres of the Province.

## Obituary



### CHARLES HENRY CARRUTHERS

As we go to press word is received of the death from heart failure of Harry Carruthers, General Superintendent at Powell River, on Monday, December 5. The news came as a shock to the entire community and district where Harry has lived and worked for the past twenty-six years. The deceased joined the Powell River Company in 1912—and held successively the positions of machine shop foreman, master mechanic and finally General Superintendent. He was one of the best-known residents in Powell River and his sudden passing will be widely mourned.

Harry was born in Manchester, England, on November 13, 1886. He leaves to mourn his loss, besides his wife, five children: Margaret, Jessie, Herbert, Jack and Henry.



*Powell River Badminton stars photographed with Vancouver competitors, during the appearance last month of Jack Underhill, former Canadian champion. Top row, left to right: Bert Carey (P.R.); Doug Cameron (Van.); Gordon Thorburn (P.R.); Pat Henry (P.R.); Jack Underhill (Van.); Willy Gilmour (P.R.); Mrs. G. Thorburn (P.R.); Miss Pease (Van.); Mrs. Draper (P.R.); Maynard Atkinson (Van.); Albert Mitchell (P.R.)*

## Powell River Club Host to Visitors

**P**OWELL RIVER's reputation as a progressive athletic centre continues to spread. Champions in practically every branch of sport in British Columbia have visited our city during the past year.

Last month the local Badminton club climbed into the athletic spotlight when they acted as hosts to four of B. C.'s leading racquet wielders. Heading the invaders was Jack Underhill, nine times holder of the Canadian title. Accompanying the former Dominion Champion were Doug Cameron, Maynard Atkinson and Miss

Pease, all ranking British Columbia players.

Local stars, men and women met the invaders in exhibition clashes and put up highly creditable showings. Mr. Underhill stated that the Powell River Club was among the best organized in B. C. and that the general standard of play was far above the average of other individual clubs in outside districts.

It is interesting, that to date, the world's best badminton players are confined to Canada and Great Britain.

(Continued on Page 7)





*We've said all we can say about this below. Arthur Raeburn, machine room Beau Brummel goes in for amateur theatricals during vacations. After looking at the snap we're all for the amateur code.*

### The Secret's Out

We've finally discovered why Paper Makers take long vacations. This summer Art Rehfeld along with Bill Stewart as official wharfinger travelled the continent from Vancouver to San Francisco—and San Francisco to New York. Somewhere en route the delicious snap which we present as an exclusive feature was taken.

As Art tells the story he and Bill were taking a quiet siesta in a hotel—again, somewhere along the route—their minds, says Art, were blank; their limbs in a state of complete relaxation. No apprehension of impending events shattered the serenity of their composure.

A troupe from the Southern States

invaded the hotel. The weather was warm. Rehearsals were necessary. The roof garden was the answer.

Arthur walked into the corridor. The ladies of the troupe took one look, howled ecstatically; "Come along, big fellow, the roof garden for you."

So they dressed Arthur in a suit of russet brown (Bill held his clothes) made him a member of the troupe and started rehearsals.

Our exclusive shot shows Arthur at rehearsals. What Bill Stewart had done with the rope he carried along as spare wharfinger hasn't come to light. He never used it on Arthur—or on the members of the troupe, either.

Good rehearsing, Art!

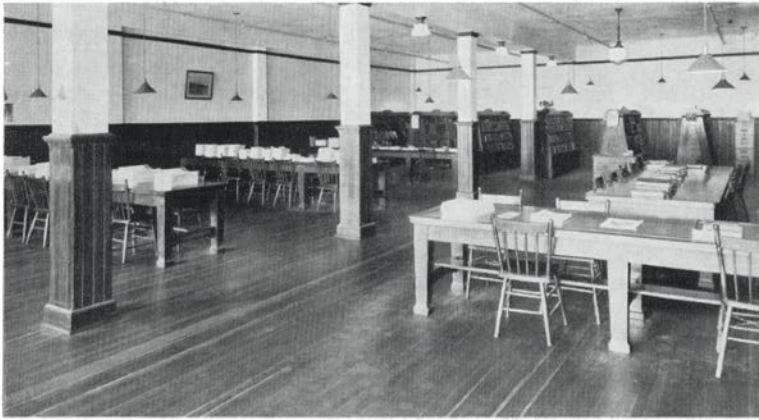
### Powell River Club Host to Visitors

(Continued from Page 6)

The United States who might be expected to shine in competition, have not as yet taken up the game in the same serious manner as tennis. Badminton is undoubtedly increasing in popularity—and within a very few years international competition on a basis rivalling the Davis Cup competition is not a dream.

### Christmas and New Year Dances

The Annual dance of the Powell River Amateur Athletic Association will be held on Christmas Eve in Dwight Hall. On New Year's Eve the paper makers will celebrate in their usual lusty fashion at the Paper Makers Ball. The usual novelties and refreshments will be again featured.



*Reading Room of the Powell River Library. The well diversified list of current periodicals makes the library a popular centre in winter months.*

## The Powell River Library

An important link in our community life is the public library maintained by the company. In addition to the bookshelves, containing in the neighborhood of 3000 volumes, perhaps the most popular feature is the spacious reading room, stocked with a well diversified selection of magazines like *Punch*, *Illustrated London News*, *Tatler* and *Daily Mirror* maintaining the overseas touch. Current periodicals, *Time*, *Readers' Digest*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Scientific American* keep readers in touch with current events on this continent. The famous *National Geographic* is widely read—and the group of Canadian periodicals: *McLean's*, *Chatelaine*, *Canadian Geographic* maintain the national flavor.

A new line of latest biographical and fiction leaders will shortly be

added for winter reading of patrons. These will include the much discussed novel *Rebecca* and scores of other current favorites.

The reading room is open to the public daily from three to five-thirty in the afternoons, and seven to nine in the evenings. The library is closed Wednesday afternoon.

### Arthur Woodward President

Officers of the Powell River Ex-Servicemen's Association elected at the Annual meeting on December 3rd, are as follows:

President, Arthur Woodward; Vice-president, William Oakes; Secretary, J. A. Lundie; Committee, H. McPhalen, J. Clapp, H. Rose, S. Rees, E. Baldwin; Past President, Charles Garrett.

## The Strolling Troubadour

Folks, meet Jack Ellis, Powell River's Master of Mountain Music, yodeller and orchestra leader. Jack



*Jack Ellis, Powell River's "Strolling Troubadour" photographed during the last Labor Day Parade.*

and his red shirted Hill Billys' Orchestra are personalities and an institution in Powell River.

Jack, when he gets going, is a whole orchestra in himself. He is a yodeller of note and the notes are nearly always correct. A visitor, seeing Jack in his red shirt before an evening's engagement thought he was an imported Swiss guide. He strums a more than average cord on the guitar. He tickles the ivories with throbbing lustiness.

His community spirit, his willingness at all times to help out, has made Jack a popular figure among local personalities.

In the plant, Jack, as a member of the yard crew, keeps his trigger finger nimble by unloading machinery and

steel rolls. Keeps his voice in shape by training tug-of-war teams. A rumor is gaining strength that the Hill Billy leader has his own version of *The Face on the Bar-room Floor*. If he does this in costume with a little yodelling tossed in, it should be a great forward step in settling the international situation.

## "Republic" Issues Anniversary Number

Outstanding among many newspapers arriving on our desk this month is a special Anniversary number, published by the *Arizona Republic*, of Phoenix, Arizona. The issue in ten sections, has over 100 pages devoted to the history, growth, development and background of this progressive state.

The issue of November 20th commemorates the 400th Anniversary of Fray Marcos de Niza, member of the Order of St. Francis. This famous 16th century explorer was the first white man to enter what is now the State of Arizona. On Saturday, April 12, 1539, Fray Marcos reached Lochiel, and later blazed a trail into the Salt River Valley, arriving near Phoenix, on May 3.

Hundreds of illustrations showing Arizona at work and at play, Arizona past and present, crowd the fascinating sections of this special Anniversary number. We extend our congratulations to the editor and staff of the *Republic* on the excellence of their Fray Marcos Anniversary number.



*Tug St. Faith of the Kingcome Navigation fleet, one of the largest log towers on the Pacific.*

### Honorable Mention

In a special article in the *Vancouver Daily Province*, of Sunday, December 4, appeared an article:

“World’s Largest Towboats Ply on B. C. Coast.”

Among the hundreds of tugs slithering slowly down the B. C. coast with their ponderous rafts in tow, three were especially singled out, the *Salvage Queen*, *Kuyoquot* and *St. Faith*.

The tug *St. Faith*, leader of the flotilla hauling Powell River logs to our pond is a former Admiralty tug, built to withstand the heavy weather of the North Sea and the North Atlantic.

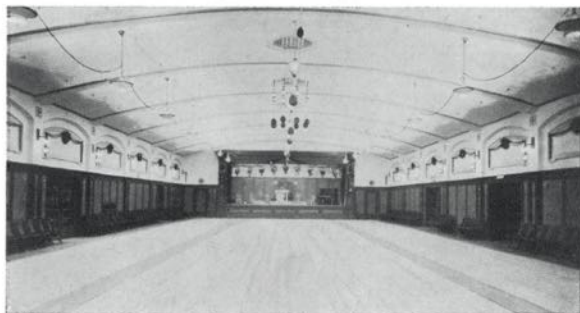
Today the *St. Faith*, with her 1200 H.P. engines hauls the great rafts of

Sitka spruce to the newsprint machines of Powell River. The rollers of the Pacific are nothing to the stoutly built Admiralty tug, and the huge rafts on their way to the presses of the world are safe behind the *St. Faith*.”

### Attention, Mr. Bell!

Roy Foote has requested that we page Mr. Bell, of the *Vancouver News-Herald* with a little reminder that we are still looking for that story of the *Herald* press. This press has a background of history, and even we understand, romance. Roy and Mr. Bell have been engaging in diplomatic manoeuvres over this story for the past several months.

*Spacious interior of Dwight Hall showing floor and stage. The hall is considered among the finest in British Columbia.*



## Politicians and Citizens in the Making

**W**E aren't wholly familiar with the libel laws of our country. But we are reading up on them. We may need them.

With this issue we start the first of a cute series of pictorially illustrated thumb sketches of the dynamic leaders of our present social and athletic life—as they appeared in the good old days of fifteen and twenty years back.

A few years ago Battleman Milton McIntyre, owner and proprietor of the Rodmay Hotel, leader in the athletic and fraternal life of Powell River, appeared for the first time on the political platform. He was a candidate, and a popular candidate for the favor of the voters from Powell River to Ocean Falls. The political wheel didn't just turn right—but "Bat" oratory and delivery surprised many of his best friends.

Where did he get the background and training?

Ah! There's a story and here's the reason. As a lad, Bat started in early. He led the gang in school forays; he roamed the district with his clan after school and on Saturdays; painted the windows on Halloween — swiped cherries and apples—fired paper pellets at his school teacher and imbibed faithfully and fully all the early background of a sound politician.

And in the above picture we see

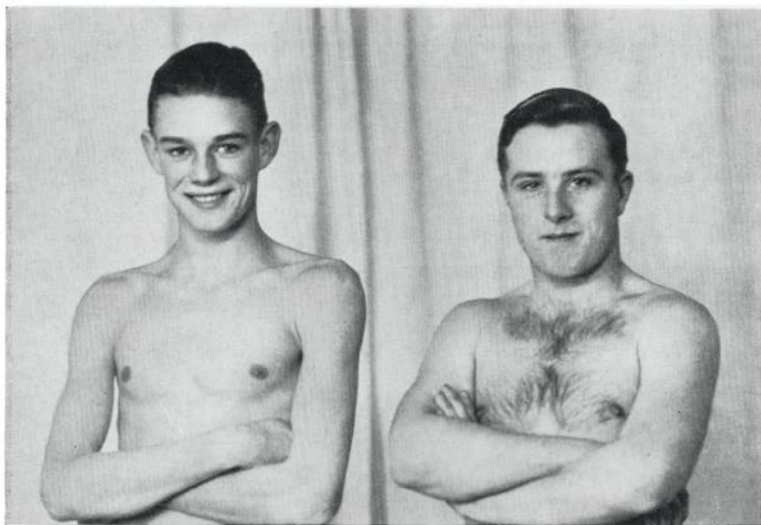


*Three guesses. You're wrong. On the left is Albert Adams, former local athletic star, and on the right, ladies and gentlemen, is Battleman Milton McIntyre, in his very early teens, photographed in the once famous Lovers Lane, near the present site of Willingdon Beach. What he was doing along Lovers Lane at that age—Ah, well!*

Bat, along with Charlie Adams, local athletic star—and brother of Albert Adams of the cutter room, picking up early atmosphere in Powell River.

Under lock and key are other choice morsels of local celebrities at a tender age—but no advance names will be divulged. The first warning will be the photograph—and we have two sawed-off machine guns and plenty of ammunition to guard our files.

If any one has a picture of Jimmy Jacobs around the age of eight we'd snap it up. There is a general belief that Jimmy's grinder room hat is a relic of that age.



*Milton Cloke (left) and Roger Taylor, Powell River's entry in the recent junior diving events in Vancouver.*

### **Powell River Divers Shine**

Milton Cloke and Roger Taylor, Powell River youngsters ranked high in the Vancouver junior diving contests last month. Roger placed second in his event; Milton took a close third.

The boys were up against stiff competition, against youngsters who had the advantage of daily training in an indoor pool. Both local boys had only a couple of days' training before the event. It is a splendid showing in the face of heavy competition and lack of equal training facilities.

and enthusiastic committee is making an energetic drive for funds and expect to realize a substantial sum. The Powell River Company is matching, dollar for dollar, the subscription raised in the district.

The first part of the drive will close on December 30, and the committee requests that all those in a position to do so, have their donations in before that date. Totals will be published daily on a special notice board and the Committee's slogan of "Help the Community Chest," is meeting widespread support.

### **The Community Chest**

In the Powell River and as elsewhere on the continent the Community Chest principle of public welfare, has been favored this year. A large

"You must be brave to come down in a parachute in a 100-mile gale like this."

"I didn't come down in a parachute. I went up in a tent!"

## Vancouver Office Notes

**P**RINCIPAL excitement among our big city playmates still centres around the office bowling league. Apparently harmony reigns supreme on the bowling front—and the judicious manner in which Harry Grant has alternated the boys and girls seems to meet with a modicum of approval.

\* \* \*

At odd intervals we hear mention of certain Powell River personalities who seem well known to the girls' stenographic section. Frank "Scoop" O'Neil's name comes up frequently. An odd whisper of Clare Cunningham occasionally flutters in the breeze. Earl Dare slides with increasing frequency into the picture. Of course these meetings were probably arranged at the bowling club under Dave Johnston's personal supervision.

\* \* \*

Harold Foley, Robin Bell-Irving and Joe Falconer ran away from the cares of office during the month to attend the Ex-Servicemen's Smoker in Powell River. They were in good form, and two or three of their special stories have been told on every graveyard shift for the past two weeks.

\* \* \*

We understand some of the boys and girls will be making the trek to Powell River over the Christmas holidays. Dave Johnston is a sure starter, with several dark horses well in the running. Roy Foote still has an un-

finished game of golf with Joe Sweeney, and Powell River fans are hoping the final will be played during the festive season. It's light comedy anyway, even if it does develop into heavy drama as the festive day wears on.

\* \* \*

William Barclay continues to set the pace in sartorial headwear, with Ken Kington a close second. There is a touch—a something about the Barclay style—a flair for the dramatic, that even Archie de Land can't match.

### Visitors

Among our first time visitors last month was Mr. B. Grauer, Vice-President of the Canadian Gulf Line, Houston, Texas. Mr. Grauer spent a week in Powell River, supervising the loading of the *L. A. Christiansen*, carrying Powell River newsprint to Gulf and southern ports.

\* \* \*

Another interesting visitor in November was Dr. Jennings, from the University of British Columbia. Dr. Jennings, spending a year in British Columbia, is lecturer in political economy at London University, England. He outlined, before 400 people, the external and internal motives behind the present European check-board. He found that opinion in Canada as in Great Britain was divided on the present British Government's foreign policy.

## Around the Plant

**W**ITH the hunting season under way several of the lads have managed to snare the odd buck. A. Hansen as usual promised us the first picture of the year, but so far it hasn't passed the dead letter office.

\* \* \*

The old favored haunts of a few years back, the well stocked fringe of Powell Lake, the more than average happy hunting grounds of Van Anda and near points, are gradually losing their popularity. The islands up the gulf appear to be the most popular rendezvous these days. The islands have yielded a fair contribution to the mighty Nimrods of this district.

\* \* \*

### Joe Gets the Usual

Joe Graham of the Beater room who has tramped every local and neighboring haunt came home with a good-sized buck. Joe grabbed his on Cortez Island during one of his favorite week-end rushes. As a sneaker-up on deer, Joe has few if any peers in Powell River.

\* \* \*

### Carl Snipes One

Carl Gaudet, another of the old brigade has prowled the woods of Quadra Island with fair success. A sniper overseas, Carl still cocks a wicked left eye with a Winchester. Carl recalls a famous incident of ye goode olde days when one of his party got Frank Carriveau former machine

tender, mixed up with a grizzly. Nobody was hurt—Frank saw the grizzly first.

\* \* \*

Another incident that twirls down memory's lane as the hunting season rolls 'round is the famous battle on Powell Lake between Martin Alsgard and a swimming cougar. The cat attacked the boat, and Martin beat him off with a pike pole.

\* \* \*

### The Mac's Have It

A recent visitor from the southern states asked what proportion of our population were Scottish. In his opinion the percentage was approximately 80.

He met watchman Jock Menzies, who in response to a question replied:

"Aye, six, just around the fir-r-r-st corner."

"Around the corner"—he heard Colin McLauchlan and Charlie McLean discussing problems of paper handling. He walked slightly puzzled as Joe McCrossan stepped out of his townsite truck to hurl a fast comment on weekend Old Land football to Sid Burn.

A while later he was shown through Dwight Hall, to be met by the ever obliging Tom Prentice, mogul of this community emporium. Tommy said:

"Hoots, there's no' a team in Scotland to compare wi' the Rangers."

Thoroughly bewildered, our Am-



erican visitor dropped over to the office and asked for the mill Secretary—and was told he would have to see “Jock” Kyles—or if he wanted to know anything about paper sales—Mr. “Mac” Kenzie was his man.

Bob McPherson explained the situation; he said:

“In Scotland the competition is keen—but out here—well, the lads do verra nicely. As a matter of fact, the English outnumber the Scots 2 to 1 and Canadians outnumber both—but as Murray Mouat remarks, “You’d never know it.”

\* \* \*

### Local Contingent

The visit of the King and Queen to Canada next year is arousing wide interest locally. The ex-service men’s Association are contemplating sending a strong contingent to Vancouver to take part in the big military parade now being arranged.

\* \* \*

### Sonny Comes Through

Sonny Tyler who hasn’t missed a hunting season since he was six, stayed close to home and brought back the venison. Sonny, Steve Chandler and Gordon Beaton roamed the backwoods of Kelley Creek (9 miles south) picking up two nice fat bucks.

\* \* \*

Charlie Powell (the old brigade is doing well) along with Sid and Walter Patrick swung northward among the islands, returning with three pair of horns.

### Frank Grabs One

Frank Stager, machine shop ace, stumbled across a dozing buck, on one of the nearby islands, pulled a convulsive trigger—click, click—and the machine shop had venison for Sunday dinner.

\* \* \*

### Talk to Art About It

We have had a small private showing of the costume picture of Art Rehfeld, appearing on another page of this issue. Art, a bit bewildered has stated he cannot account for the conciliatory attitude of certain fellow machine tenders (they were in on the private showing) in the past week. Wait till broke hustlers and roll buckers see the picture, Art. Next vacation half the machine room (and the office) will string along with you.

\* \* \*

### Seventeen Years—Whew!

Bill Parkin affiliated with nearly every sports organization in Powell River is enjoying his 17th year as secretary of the Lawn Bowling Club. Nothing is said about the 17 years during which members have had to take regular injections of smelling salts when that cup and saucer Bill calls a pipe, stifles every committee room in the district.

\* \* \*

### A Watery Yarn

Ernie Pettican’s pals in the Barker room inform us Ernie is telling all and sundry that a life on the ocean wave is not as romantic as story tellers aver—particularly after smokers around the Armistice period.

### The Racing Extra Comes Out

The *House News*, that enterprising little journal issued monthly by the Melbourne *Herald* and *Sun News* of Melbourne, Australia, affords us a glimpse of what the great racing extras mean to the press room employees of a big newspaper. Says the *House News*:

"They're Off!" To countless thousands, this Caulfield Cup Day announcement means the start of a race between trained thoroughbreds, to many employees of the House it means an entirely different sort of race—the printing of the Cup finish in a race against time.

Take, for instance, what happened last Caulfield Cup Day. At 3.40 p.m., our driver was ready at the course to receive the plates from the photographer. At 3.51, they were handed to him.

Plates are developed and printed, and the same process applied to the prints which, after rapid drying, are dashed off to the Pictorial Editor. He scribbles on them their size and page

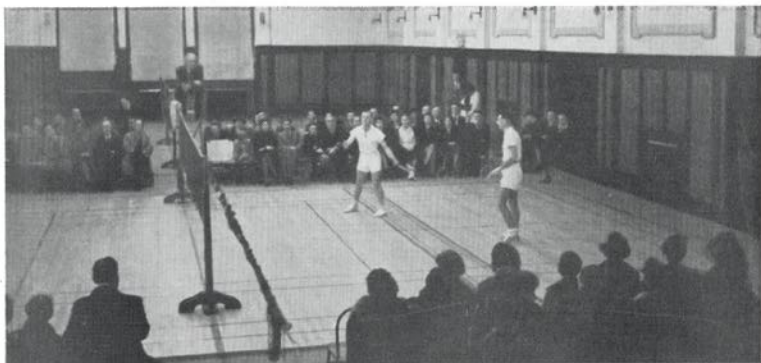
number, jotting down at the same time a few notes of his caption.

The Process Department then takes over the job of reproducing the image on a zinc plate, burned in and etched with nitric acid—an elaborate task comprising some 30 distinct treatments. This year there was more time than usual to spare, and the job occupied 30 minutes.

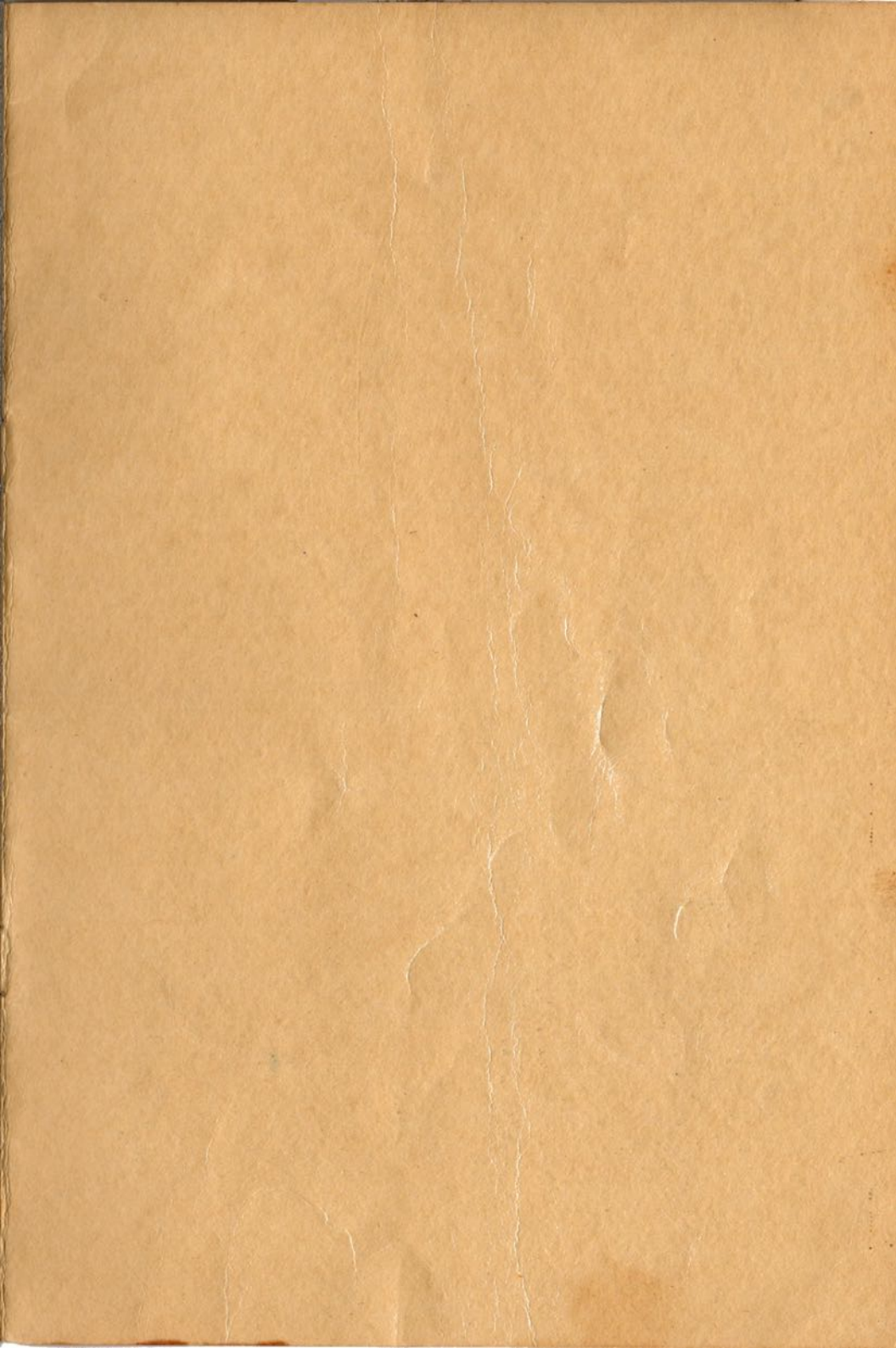
Last year, when only 40 minutes elapsed between the taking of the picture and the appearance on the stone of the block, only 20 minutes was occupied by the making of the block.

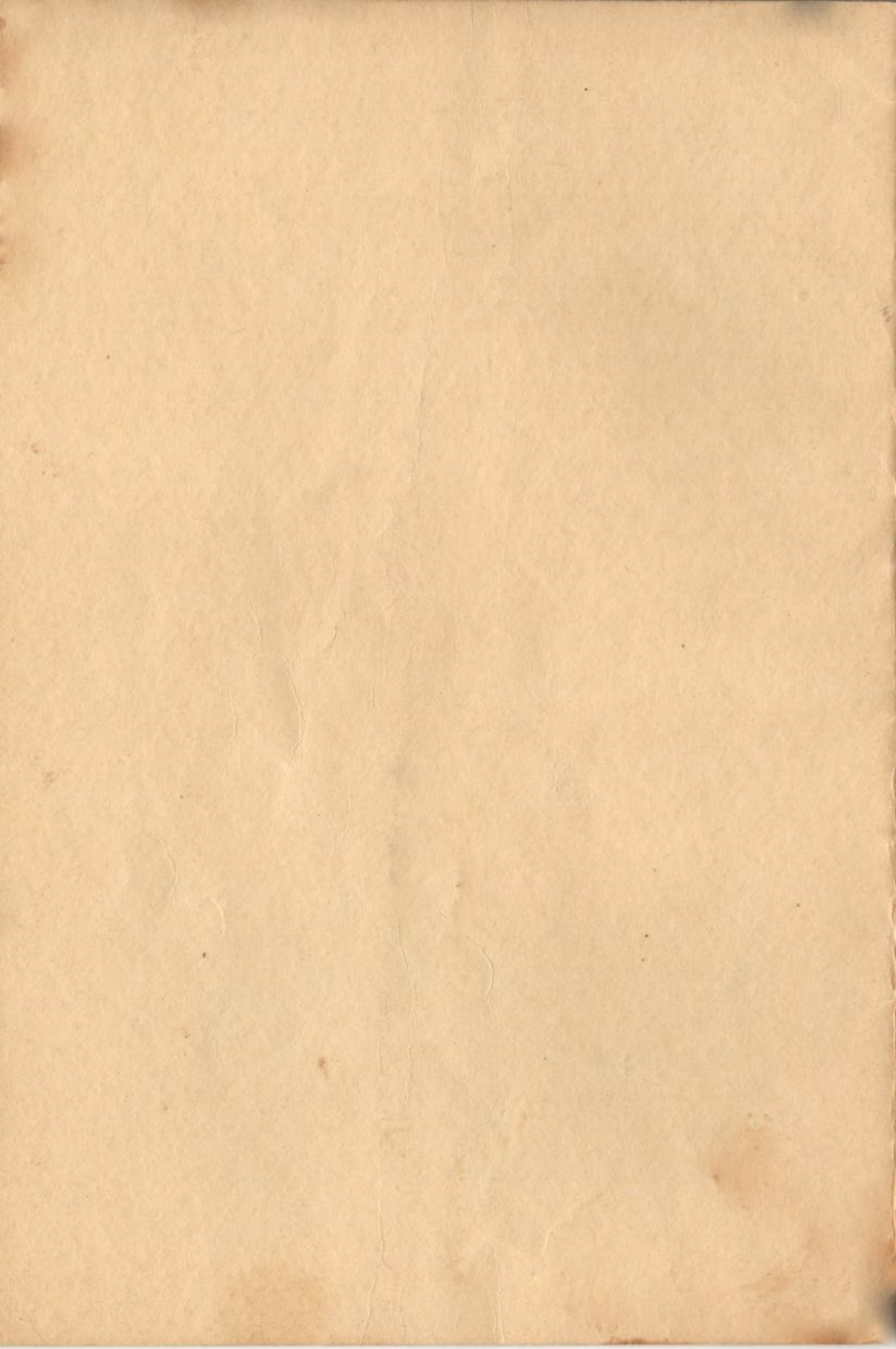
Out of the Composing Room now. The mount has already been cut for the block, and the type is set around it in the page. Within a minute of the completion of the block, the page is ready to go under the stereo.

Plates are cast from the mould and sent to the machines. They are put in position, the machines turn, whirr, roar, and another race has been run.

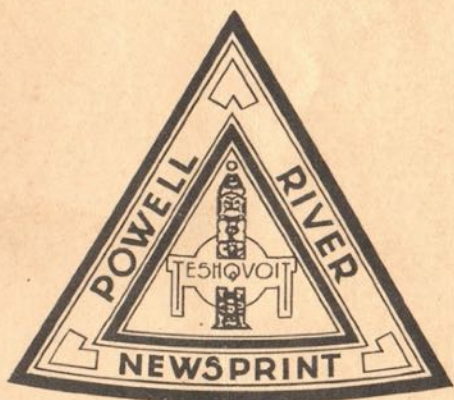


Maynard Atkinson and Doug Cameron of Vancouver in action during the recent Powell River-Vancouver series.



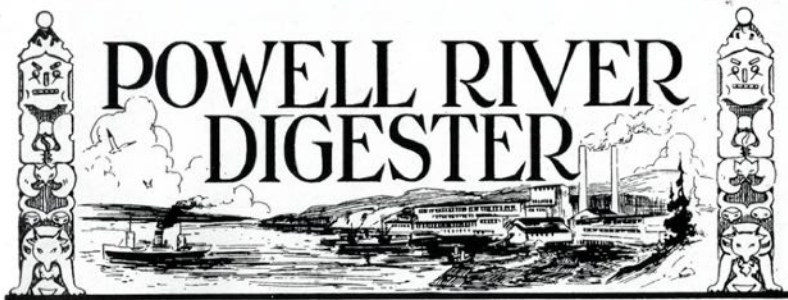


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.14 DECEMBER, 1938 NO.12





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 14

DECEMBER, 1938

No. 12

## Season's Greetings



To all residents of Powell River and district, THE DIGESTER extends the compliments of the season, with the hope that 1939 may bring increasing happiness to them and their families, and peace and new prosperity to our country.

To all our friends at home and abroad we again extend the hand of friendship and repeat the old wish

**A Happy New Year and  
Prosperity to All**

## Elmer Lee Takes Seattle Position



*Left: Elmer C. Lee and Fred Ward, whose promotions are recorded below.*



The many friends of Mr. Elmer C. Lee at Powell River and elsewhere will be interested to learn that effective January 1, 1939, he becomes president and general manager of Virginia Dock

All three of the above are known to Powell River Company employees. Elmer has paid frequent visits to our city, and has been prominent in holiday activities in the district.

Fred Ward, interested in shipping activities, has dropped in at odd intervals and made many friends over the past decade. He hasn't done much with the shipping department in the golf line, but thinks his game will improve in the less rigorous climate of sunny California.

Anson Brooks likewise is no stranger to Powell River, to which both he and Mrs. Brooks have made many visits. His many friends will wish him every success in his appointment to this important post with the Powell River Sales Company.

We wish them the best of luck and still further success.

*Anson Brooks*



& Trading Company, Seattle, one of the Brooks-Scanlon interests.

Congratulations, Elmer!

The Powell River Sales Co. Ltd. announce that effective January 1, 1939, they have appointed Mr. F. R. Ward to the position of service representative working out of Los Angeles; and effective the same date Mr. Anson Brooks as service representative in the Puget Sound area, resident in Seattle.

"I have to perform an operation on a nose."

"Oh, are you a surgeon?"

"No, I'm the father of a small boy who never has a handkerchief."



## How They Grow Up

### The Dazzling Eighties Are Resurrected in Our Latest Treasure Hunt

We almost feel like turning this one into a quiz—or a community guessing contest. Who is this cute lad in the sailor suit and dress? And did little boys wear dresses in those days? Well, this little boy did, and at the time they were the last word in

boys' dresses. The skirt has a cute flair and is fluffed out well at the seams. The girl is really a sweet-looking boy—don't you think!

This little fellow was a bit of a lad even in those days. His skirts were the envy of the Paper Alley gang. All told, he was one of the ultra-moderns of the Boisterous Eighties.

He derived such a kick out of chopping down recalcitrant members of the gang that he continued the practice after he started wearing pants. He started chopping down trees—and after he chopped them down he sold them. As a result he became pretty well mixed up in the tree-chopping business.

His family have chopped down trees in many and varied parts of this continent. They have chopped them in Florida, in the Bahamas, in Oregon, and in British Columbia. The little feller in the picture is well known among the loggers of the B. C. coast. He still makes occasional trips up the coast and says hello to old friends. He hasn't done any high rigging lately, but he can still handle a mean axe.

Today he still has something to do with trees—for the sweet little boy in the gingham dress, with the expression of angelic simplicity beaming from every feature, is Mr. S. D. Brooks, President of the Powell River Company Limited.



*A gentleman, well known to Powell River and in the newsprint and logging world, snapped at the tender age of six.*

## A Little Skating—Not Much

Brief Freezing Spell Permits Skaters to Show Their Wares



*Jack Hill (right) and Clare Cunningham discuss the technical details of skating during the recent freeze-up.*

**A**BOUT a week before Christmas, Powell River ice lovers squeezed in one of the all too brief interludes permitted skaters in our salubrious British Columbia climate. A week's freezing weather saw the budding Conachers and Jacksons cutting about on the steel blades. The office sent a strong contingent to Stuart Lake, first of the freezing lakes, and a few of the romantic lads and lassies tried out the softening qualities of moonlight skating.

This lasted about two days. On Monday morning half the mill was hobbling around like Rip Van Winkle on his way down the mountain. Hugh McPhalen couldn't even step on the first press; Bill McAndrew left the stacks to the broke hustlers—who didn't do very well either.

In the office the usually dapper Major MacKenzie creaked and groaned like a boarding house mattress (see inset). Jock Kyles and Clare Cunningham lame-ducked their way around the corridors, and even those bright young things, Ernie Campbell and Sid Southcott, had to call in the office boys to lift them on their stools.

It was all very exciting (see pictures) while it lasted—but it lasted only three days—and the good old B. C. rain took charge of proceedings. We can't depend on freezing weather—but a rain cheque is always a good bet two days after freezing weather sets in.

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"That's all right, sir; it won't drink much."



*He shoots! He scores! R. C. MacKenzie, in action with the office Rovers, has just sent a sizzler into the upper left-hand corner of the net.*

## Outstanding Local Events of 1938

Largest load of newsprint carried on one ship: S.S. *Jefferson Myers*—approximately 7,000 tons.

### Outstanding Athletic Victories of the Year

1. Marion Borden's double win in the 60 and 100-metre dashes at the Women's Senior B. C. Championships on Labor Day.

2. The crowning of Powell River's Mickey McPherson as B. C. amateur middleweight boxing champion.

3. Tommy Hunter, 14-year-old golf star's achievement in winning runner-up honors against the pick of B. C. Juniors under 21 years of age in the B. C. Junior Championships.

4. Powell River's lacrosse club, which won the B. C. Coast Intermediate title, and were defeated the odd game in three by Kamloops for the B. C. Championship. The number of first class stars developed by the lacrosse league has been a feature of this year's play. Several have already had offers from the star senior squads of the province.

### Outstanding Community Effort of the Year

The Powell River public's response to the Community Chest appeal. Over \$4,200 was raised in a little over a month.

### Outstanding Carnival Event of the Year

The big Labor Day Parade and Sports Day staged by Locals No. 142 and 76. The parade of floats, repre-

sentative of every industrial, social and athletic activity in the district was the most impressive ever staged locally.

### Outstanding Fraternal Activity

The Balirk, comprising representatives of all fraternal organizations in the district, held their second annual social and friendly evening. Powell River is one of the few districts where such a combination of fraternal co-operation is common.

### Outstanding Social Event

The annual Armistice Ball, held under the auspices of the local Ex-Servicemen's Association. About 400 were present.

### Major Surprise of the Year

The showing of Powell River's nippy soccer squad against North Shore United in the Dominion Championships. Nosed out, after two periods of overtime, Powell River saw their opponents defeat everything in Canada to win Dominion laurels.

### Unluckiest Break of the Year

Johnny MacDonald, Powell River's youthful golf star, in the semi-finals of the B. C. Open Championships, saw his ball hit a spectator to rob him of his match against Don Gowan, winner of the great classic.

"Quick! Get a lawyer. My husband is having another sinking spell."

"Don't you want a doctor, too?"

"No, just a lawyer. He's sinking his fortune in oil."

## Personalities In The News

### Community Chest Workers Snare Spotlight in December

WITH the Powell River Community Chest Drive the centre of December interest, "Chest" personalities dominate the spotlight. With "Popeye" and his money bags climbing rapidly up the ladder these boys and girls have had a busy time. And our candid cameraman, on the prowl for new and greener pastures, gives readers a glimpse of a few committee members after one of their memorable afternoon sessions.



*Jimmie Halford*

First to face the camera was Jimmie Halford, the grinder-room midget. A midget only in size, Jimmie is a glutton for work, and, as representative of Local No. 76, has been one of the most active helpers on the committee. On this particular afternoon, he looked like the Lord Mayor of Birmingham delivering an inaugural address to his constituents—so much so that John McIntyre, lurking sulkily in the background, muttered "Wait till they see me in kilts and sporrans at the New Year's Ball."

Jimmie is a native of Australia. In moments of excitement he is apt to discard the perhaps more dignified but less expressive Canadian vocabulary for the rich "Aussie" vernacular. At such moments, even Ewart Craigen stands lost in admiration.



*Mrs. E. A. Hansen*

Caught in the same batch is Ewart Craigen, chairman of the Powell River Community Chest, pointing with a smile of dignified satisfaction to "Popeye" as he climbs over the \$3,000 mark. Ewart, as Powell River Company Electrical Superintendent, is a busy man, but never too busy to give his time and energy to any community effort.

As the camera caught him he had just rushed up from the mill and apologized hastily to Mrs. Hansen for the color of his necktie. He didn't think he could match the shades preferred by style-setters McIntyre and Halford—but he had a nice shade of reserved blue which he promised to wear at the next committee meeting.

And now walking smiling into the camera's eye is Mrs. Dorothy Hansen, who, with Mrs. B. Johnston, gives the committee the ladies' point of view. Mrs. Hansen occasionally sees her husband Al, who, as President of the Papermakers' Union and a member of umpteen other community works and projects, has his own irons in the fire.

As co-chairman of the Community Chest Clothing Committee, Mrs. Hansen and Mrs. Johnston have been busier than the proverbial bee. It is hard and exacting work, and the thanks of the community are due these ladies for their splendid work.

And then into the picture minces John McIntyre, Chairman of the Publicity Committee. John's job has been to raise the money for the chest—and what he has accomplished along that line is now history.



*Bill Hutchison*

His committee raised \$4,211.75, which, with the Powell River Company contribution, places a grand total of \$8,500 at the disposal of the committee.

John is another Scot—born in Edinburgh—and one of the most energetic



*Hugh McPhalen*

community workers in the district. How he raised money in certain quarters—how he tortured it from dusty corners and reluctant owners—is one of the great mysteries of the campaign.

Well, at last, here's a break for the native sons. Our candid camera, after an exhausting search and only after a lengthy argument, persuades the one and only Canadian in the group to face the camera.

Hugh, as machine tender on No. 7 machine, represents the ex-servicemen on the Chest Committee. Is as bad as Jimmie Halford when meetings are proposed. His idea of a good time is to hold three meetings in the one day—and he dotes on calling special ones for Sunday mornings. Hugh was an artillery gunner overseas, which may account for some of the heavy barges he lays down at committee meetings.

Inset, Hugh, with his typical shy smile.

## Community Drive Nets Over \$8,500

R. Bell-Irving Presents Company Contribution at New Year Ball  
—New Year Resolutions Fly Thick



*Ewart Craigen (left) chairman of the Powell River and District Community Chest, receives the Powell River Company's cheque for \$4,303.84 from Vice-President Robin Bell-Irving, at the New Year Ball.*

Ladies and gentlemen—on your left, Ewart G. Craigen, chairman of the Community Chest Committee; on your right, Robin Bell-Irving, Vice-President of the Powell River Company. The scene is at the Annual Paper Makers' Ball, on New Year's Eve, and the occasion the handing over by Mr. Bell-Irving of the Powell River Company's cheque for \$4,303.85.

The public spirit of Powell River and district was never better illus-

trated than in its support of this year's Community Chest. A sum of \$4,211.75 was raised by the united effort of citizens and organizations in the district. Mr. Bell-Irving, in his brief address, paid a tribute to the community-minded outlook and co-operative spirit of Powell River. He stated the company appreciated the efforts of residents, and its donation was given with the same willingness and in the same spirit displayed by each and every citizen of the district.



*Powell River youngsters test the waters of Willingdon Beach on Christmas Day.*

### Youngsters Enjoy Christmas Day Swim

Out where the west begins is still a reality. The winter season holds no terror for these hardy Powell River lads as they enjoy their annual Christmas Day swim near Willingdon Beach. The boys, Alf and John Hand- sen and Gordie Fullerton, are just emerging after a dip in the limpid waters of Malaspina Straits. A week previously the weather had been consistently below the freezing point— and if anyone thinks that water was Palm Springs or Long Beach, they can test it out for themselves.

There are rumors that several other local celebrities took a dip over the holidays—but these are unconfirmed. Where they are confirmed the sub- mersion was involuntary — or lacked photographic evidence.

---

“What’ll we do tonight?”

“Let’s think it over.”

“No, let’s do something you can do, too.”

### New Library Books

Readers have a good choice of fic- tion and non-fiction works for the long winter nights. Included in the list of popular novels, now in the Library, are the following:

“Rebecca”—Daphne Du Maurier.

“O Absalom”—Howard Spring.

“Listen! The Wind”—Ann Lind- bergh.

“The Yearling”—Marjorie Row- ling.

“The Nutmeg Tree”—Margery Sharp.

In the non-fiction list, “The House That Hitler Built” is in heavy de- mand, and promises to be as popular as the eagerly sought “Mein Kampf.” Other non-fiction works include Win- ston Churchill’s “Great Contempor- aries” and the “Life of Marlborough,” Liddell Hart’s latest, “Through the Fog of War,” Lin Yutang’s “My Country and My People,” and “My Seventy Years,” by Mrs. George Black, M.P., Yukon.



*Elsewhere we make mention of a few days' freezing weather in Powell River. Just to demonstrate our versatility, we show above, Sam Marshall, the day before Christmas, looking benevolently over the little garden in front of the watchman's office. The flowers were still in bloom and everything in the garden was lovely. Not bad for Christmas Day in what some of our Southern friends still think of as the frozen North.*

### Thanks, Bruce!

Mr. Bruce Zumalt, former plant superintendent, from his home in Oregon City, sends his regards to all the old crowd at Powell River. Mr. and Mrs. Zumalt both said that at Christmas they thought of their many friends in Powell River, where their hospitality in the festive season will always be remembered. Bruce still plays the odd game of golf and has a challenge already prepared for resident manager D. A. Evans when Mr. and Mrs. Zumalt make their next trip to Powell River this spring.

A middle-aged woman lost her balance and fell out of a window into a garbage can. Chinaman passing remarked: "Americans vely wasteful. The woman good for 10 years yet."

### Sam Goes to "Blighty"

Sam Marshall, Powell River Company head watchman, has been granted three months' leave of absence. Sam will sail for England on the *Queen Mary* in February. He will visit (he hopes) Germany and France, and has promised to keep us in close touch verbally and pictorially with any excitement across the pond.

Nice sailing, Sam!

The president called his office manager in and thrust a letter under his nose.

"Look at that! I thought I told you to engage a new stenographer on the basis of her grammar?"

The office manager looked startled. "Grammar? I thought you said glamour."



## Time Office Adds New Equipment



*New time office equipment—automatic business machines of latest design now turn out monthly cheques and time cards.*

There may be nothing picturesque about the photograph on this page. It may not suit the artistic eye. It may be just another piece of cold machinery—to the casual observer. But to the troops down in the mill it is a beautiful, useful and ornamental thing—a joy forever and all that sort of thing.

The above is part of the new modern equipment installed in the Powell River office. With it time cards are punched, hours and rates of pay entered up—and more important, the mill cheques pad peacefully from its clicking jaws. The new equipment is considered among the most modern in Canada, and under the careful vigilance of Martin Naylor and Bruce Paterson is functioning on all cylinders.

Second from Left: "I don't know what to do. A dairyman and a butcher have both asked me to marry them."

Third from Left: "That's easy! It's just a case of marrying for butter or for wurst."

### A Challenge

Jack Wright, formerly mechanical superintendent of the *Province*, asks us to tell J. A. Kyles and R. C. MacKenzie he is shooting in the seventies these days—and waiting for their next appearance at Point Grey.

---

Patient: "Doctor, I understand you were going to take a view of your mother-in-law's heart with your X-ray machine."

Doctor: "No, I can't; the machine isn't fitted with a microscope."

---

Judge (sternly): "Well, what is your alibi for speeding fifty miles an hour?"

George: "I had just heard, your honor, that the ladies of my wife's church were giving a rummage sale, and I was hurrying home to save my other pair of pants."

"Case dismissed."

# Around The Plant

## Some New Year Resolutions

Harold Foley: "The more of these I smoke the better I like these Canadian cigarettes. Will stick to the brand the boys in the P. R. office smoke in 1939."

D. A. Evans: "I'm resolved to learn *and dance* both the Lambeth Walk and the Quadrilles this year. Miss Cuthbertson is also teaching me the Edinburgh Glide."

Curly Woodward: "In 1939 I will maintain my accustomed calm. I will, as in 1938, maintain a strict, discreet neutrality and an open mind on international affairs."

Norman Cary: "Be it hereby resolved I will never, in 1939, get mixed up with a bunch of ex-servicemen on their night out. Who said those fellows were getting old?"

Murray Mouat: "I wish there were three Labor Days in 1939—not enough work at last year's show to keep me warm."

Ernie Pettican: "In 1939 I stick to the land. Sea voyages are poor for the health."

Colin Johnston: "Now that I have a little spare time on my hands I'll devote 1939 to teaching Powell River Sassenachs the history of the Highland clans. There are too many irresponsible 'foreigners' wearing tartan ties around this neighborhood. I saw

Doc. Lyons wearing a McDonald last month. Something has to be done."

Al Hansen: "I'll take it easy this year. If the boys ask me to manage a baseball team I'll quietly refuse. In fact, I won't even play myself. And I won't be at the hall the day before the next Paper Makers' dance. I won't be mixed up in anything. I'll take it easy." Move over, Al, and pass us the pipe and slippers.

Al Hatch: "Like Al Hansen, I'll keep off all committees in 1939. Will lead the same quiet life and will refuse—absolutely refuse to take any part in lacrosse activities this year—unless they ask me."

Neil Munn: "I've lost interest. My resolve for 1939 is to listen only to symphony concerts on the radio. Hope there's a good symphony on somewhere at 6.00 on Saturdays." It's winter, Neil, and the Leafs are falling. They look pretty brown these days.

Stewart Blondin: "I won't play the piano at any more Armistice smokers—unless they need me." Good playing, Bus!

Frank Flett: "I'm supporting the American League in 1939. The Yankees are a great team and Larry Gouthro and myself will throw all our weight behind them."

### How About It, Sam?

Those of us who heard Nelson Eddy announce that his New Year resolution for 1939 was an absolute refusal to sing "Shortnin' Bread" breathed a great sigh of relief. If our own machine room nightingale, Sam Chambers, has made a similar vow Powell River should be a peaceful spot in 1939.

\* \* \*

### A Muddy Night

The weather on New Year's Eve and the consequent muddy state of our secondary thoroughfares recalled Vice-president Robin Bell-Irving's now immortal statement at the Armistice Smoker:

"Well, boys, mud or no mud—to-night's the night!"

\* \* \*

### Dog-houses

If these long Christmas and New Year holidays persist it is the unanimous opinion of a substantial portion of the local payroll that a big boom is due in the dog-house business. All available stalls were occupied this year—in many cases the accommodation was woefully inadequate. Handy men like Evan Sadler and John MacGregor should find this a profitable sideline.

We recommend fairly substantial houses—large enough to house the biggest dog. And make 'em rain-proof, boys—and allow for a pal, now and then.

\* \* \*

Ron Russell tells us the "uke" will enjoy great popularity in local musical circles in 1939. As long as it's the ukulele he means, and not the Ukraine, it's all right with us.

### Bring 'Em on, Sam!

Sam Rees is lining up an attractive fight card for his February show. All proceeds will be devoted towards the new box being installed by the lacrosse boys this year. Sam hopes to raise his quota by turning over a substantial sum—and we recommend that all fight fans and sport lovers keep this date open. Sam knows his fighters—and the cause is a good one.

\* \* \*

### Deadlocked

And we understand that resident manager D. A. Evans and Jimmie Jacobs actually got together over the holiday—and discussed the difficult question of swapping hats for 1939. Jimmie held out for a ten-cent cover charge.

We understand negotiations have reached a deadlock.

\* \* \*

John McIntyre, in between publicity campaign bursts, dashed into the office to inform us that, between Christmas and New Year, carnations and snapdragons were blooming in pristine splendor in the garden fronting Hotel Rodmay.

"Tell that to the boys in California," challenged John.

\* \* \*

And we hope those glasses and that patrician nose of Elmer Lee's doesn't fool any of the hard-boiled skippers along the Seattle waterfront. If they do (we mean the glasses and nose) then "Lord help the sailors," etc., etc. Elmer knows all about nights like that—and a few others the skippers never heard of.

### Briefs from Our Publishers

Anson Brooks dropped into the office for a few days last week. Likes his new job as service representative of the Powell River Sales Company in Washington and Oregon. States, if he can raise a little bet on it, he intends to inveigle Commander Perkins, Tacoma publisher, into a game of golf. Thinks he should be about as easy as our own R. C. MacKenzie. During Anson's early days in Tacoma his youthful guile cost the Commander a round of drinks. We aren't so sure the round of golf will work out the same way.

\* \* \*

Bill Barclay, Powell River Sales Company, and P. J. Salter, President of the Sun Publishing Company, still continue at sporadic intervals their decade-long golf rivalry. Bill boasts a recent win over "P. J."—and the winner of the next match MAY enter the B. C. open next year.

Well, they can't crime the two lads for entering, anyway!

### Still a Champ!

Gord Southam, of the Vancouver *Province*, still claims Fred Perry as world's No. 1 tennis champ. Says he can take Don Budge two out of three, if he feels in the mood—and the same goes for Ellsworth Vines, according to Gord.

\* \* \*

### Greetings, Austin!

Austin Delaney, *Province* sports writer, is still talking about coming to Powell River to look over our athletic talent. Seemed a bit doubtful if he would be received with brickbats or bouquets. Asked after a fellow called O'Neil, and inquired kindly, most kindly, after all the soccer boys.

\* \* \*

Mr. Bell, of the Vancouver *News-Herald*, has been promising Roy Foote a picture and story of that famous old press owned by the *Herald*. The press has aged considerably since Roy made his initial request—but we're still hoping for that story.



John McIntyre (left), Chairman, Publicity Committee, and Ewart Craigen, Chairman, Community Chest Committee, watch "Popeye" starting on his last \$1000.

## Greetings, Dad!

During the Christmas holidays Grey Benner, dynamo of the engineering power plant, paid a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Benner, in Portland. "Dad" Benner, formerly sawmill superintendent, is enjoying his best health in years, and both he and Mrs. Benner send their regards to a wide circle of friends in Powell River. The following message from and to the engineers comes off Grey's sparking typewriter.

Christmas greeting from Engineering Department to Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Benner, personally delivered by Grey Benner:

The Engineers are hardy men—

You know the ancient rhyme.

Our heads are hard, but hearts are soft,

And so at Christmas time

We send to Dad and Mother B,

Entrusted to their son,

A million wishes for the best,

You Sheriff sunovagun!

Reply by Mr. and Mrs. Benner:

Greetings to the Engineers—

Those men so tough and hardy!

A merry Christmas to each one—

Though 'tis a trifle tardy.

Of course, we know you're very far

From any fear of beggary,

But—if you ever want a meal

You cannot earn, or buy, or steal,

Remember: You'll be welcomed

Out at Benner's Eggery!

## Skates and Shakes

Fred Armbruster, of the sulphite department, took this snap, and as a special favor asked us to include it in this issue. It shows Ole Olenberg, mainstay of the Bank of Montreal, "candid cameraed" out at Stuart Lake.



*Herman ("Ole") Olenberg, Bank of Montreal's White Hope, snapped during the skating season.*

Ole has a nickel contrivance in his hand which gurgles with gentle shaking. He is about to raise his arm in a perpendicular motion, with Jack Hill and a lot of the boys standing enviously about. We were told this picture might be of interest around the Vancouver office. We don't know why, but have sent our scout Harry Grant to find out. If anything develops, Harry has promised us the story.

## Traffic Problem

Cop: "Didn't you hear me yell for you to stop?"

Lady Driver: "No, sir."

Cop: "Didn't ya hear me whistle?"

L. D.: "No, sir."

Cop: "Didn't ya see me signal?"

L. D.: "No, sir."

Cop: "Well, I guess I'd better go home. I don't seem to be doing much good around here."

### Vancouver Office

Jack Graham, the office newlywed, had quite a time carving an 18-pound turkey Christmas Day. Some day you may need a larger one, Jack, and practice makes perfect.

\* \* \*

Harry Grant must have had a weak moment over Christmas, and we hear he may be carving a turkey by next Christmas. How about an introduction, 'Arry?

\* \* \*

The executives and staff of the Vancouver office presented Elmer C. Lee with a beautiful desk pen set upon the occasion of his departure to take over his new position in Seattle.

\* \* \*

Is it because the climate was exceedingly WET that most of the girls

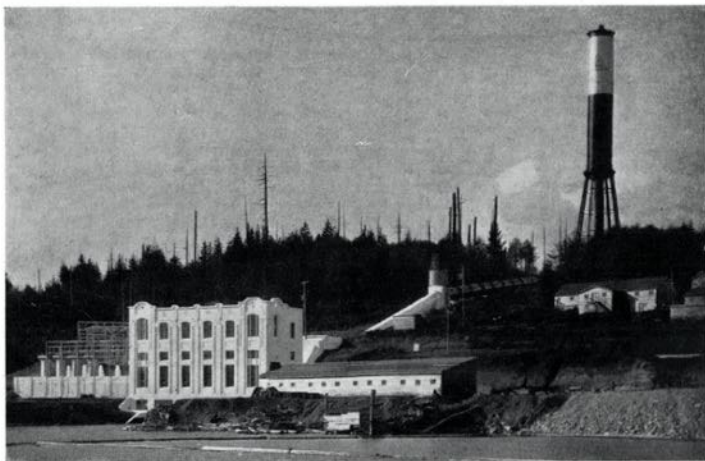
in V. O. have had colds to start the New Year, or did the presence of so many dashing young men from Powell River have anything to do with it?

### A Fair Exchange

The Vancouver and Powell River offices broke about even over the holidays. Quite a number of our first string collar ads from the mill dropped into Vancouver and found things—and people—to their liking in the Standard Bank Building.

Dave Johnston and Roy Foote made the trip north, and both found things—and people—to their liking in Powell River.

It all worked out very well. There are great possibilities in this barter system.



*The power house and surge tank at the Powell River Company's Lois River plant. The power is transported direct, a distance of 13 miles, to Powell River. The surge tank, 318 feet high, is a beacon for coast mariners.*



