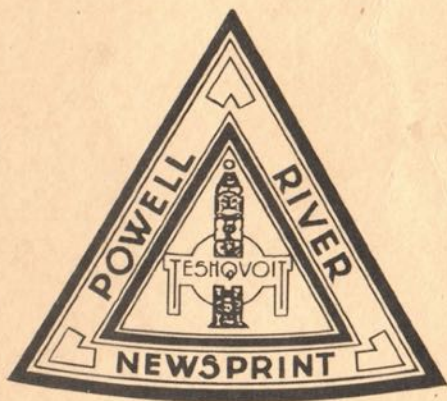


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 JANUARY, 1939 NO.1



# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

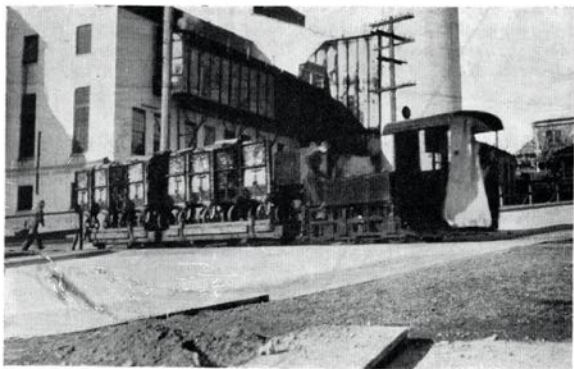
Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 15

JANUARY, 1939

No. 1



*Blocks of wood leaving the barker mill where they have been subjected to barking and rigid washing process ere they are sent to the grinders for pulping. The blocks are hauled by electric storage battery locies.*

# The Growth and Development of the Vancouver News-Herald

## Herald's Fight for Journalistic Recognition a Romantic and Courageous Story



*The present Board of Directors with the exception of Mr. D. A. Hamilton, who was out of the city when the picture was taken. Left to right: J. N. Kelly, editor; H. E. Bendickson, circulation manager; D. Duguid, vice-president and mechanical superintendent; R. H. Robicbaud, publisher; Harold A. Bell, secretary-treasurer; E. A. Leslie, director; A. McLean, director.*

EVERY morning except Sunday, Vancouver's *News-Herald* appears on the streets of Vancouver, B. C., with front-page headlines devoted to the more startling and bizarre of current news events; yet in all its six years' existence the paper has never published a more unusual story than its own—the story of how a group of unemployed and relatively inexperienced newspaper men, in the days of deepest depression, ignored the scoffing of the sceptical and the grim recollection of unhappy precedents, and created a newspaper which today stands high among the morning journals of the Dominion.

### Established in Community

Vancouver's *News-Herald* is a going concern today, giving work to more than 185 regular employees and 300 carrier boys, and with an annual financial turnover of more than a quarter million dollars. It has established itself in the community, and dispelled the old theory that a morning newspaper in Vancouver could never be made to pay. It's been tough going at times, any of the paper's young executives will readily tell you, but it's been a lot of fun.

### Romantic Story

In brief outline, this is the story of Vancouver's *News-Herald*—today an



established entity in the journalistic life of Vancouver and British Columbia. Its beginning and its subsequent growth represent an amazing and romantic story of courage, faith and enterprise.

The history of the morning newspaper field in Vancouver has not been bright. Several journals have operated spasmodically over the past 30 years, the last venture being that of the *Star*. After a brief and unsuccessful struggle the *Star* faded from the picture—and for more than a year a morning newspaper was off the stands in Vancouver.

And, frankly, the public did not seem to mind. A feeling was in the atmosphere that a morning paper was a thing of the past in Vancouver; that any attempt to reintroduce it was doomed to failure at the outset.

### Unpromising Atmosphere

It was in this atmosphere of gloom, public antipathy and almost public antagonism that the *News-Herald* had its origin. A group of former *Star* employees made a canvass of Vancouver business men. They raised, all told, the sum of \$5,000. Not much to start a newspaper on—and nobody, not even the sympathetic subscribers, expected them to start.

### Up and at 'em

But they did start. They secured a few loans, tortured reluctantly from willing and unwilling pockets, rented a small building on Pender street,

rolled up their sleeves, and went to work with broom and mop. They now had a reasonably presentable office to greet prospective advertisers and to house their staff—all done without any overhead.

### Oh, Yes! A Press

By this time the Vancouver public were talking about the adventurous spirit of this optimistic group of newspaper men. Ten thousand subscribers signed up for *News-Herald* subscriptions, even before they knew what sort of a paper they would receive—and even when they would receive it.

At this stage another amazing but regrettably important factor in any newspaper cropped up.

They had to have a press!

### They Found a Press

An old printer finally solved the problem. He recollected an ancient press that had been discarded by someone or other some years ago. They found it in a suburban shack, covered with cobwebs, and for all the world like the One Hoss Shay on the day it collapsed.

### A Few Parts Missing

The tucking blade was missing, and the tapes on the folder and the pulleys were off. The rollers were rotted and bearings not set. But, said the old-time printer, it would do the job. And that, after all, was the only thing that mattered.

The stereotyping equipment consisted of a brush for molding; a steam

table with a discarded kettle that gave 85 pounds of steam; a one-ton metal pot and a double hand ladle for plate casting; a tail cutter and a plate shaver and finishing block. Altogether, a haywire outfit if there ever was one. The typesetting problem was easier; the *News-Herald* merely leased a nearby linotype plant.

### False Start, Boys

They were all set to go, but there were several false starts. When the great day came for publishing the first issue of the *News-Herald*, the old press groaned and refused to roll. It had to be turned by hand, laboriously, to produce the first few thousand papers. But eventually, after almost every newspaper mechanic in Vancouver had been consulted, the old press agreed to co-operate.

### We're Away Now!

And so started *The Vancouver News-Herald*. The start was shaky. So was the machine, and so were the earnest group of men who started a newspaper on a shoestring.

And the miracle lies not in the start. It lies in the fact that they never stopped. Today the circulation of the paper is nearly 25,000.

### Short and Snappy

After the first few months, the *News-Herald* sold on its merits. It made no attempt from the start to compete with the larger staffed, more solidly established, fully equipped afternoon dailies.

"We ignored," said one of the crew, "the theory that a morning newspaper to be successful should be dull. All stories were made short and snappy. We kept out of politics."

### High Spot Coverage

Today, the *News-Herald*, owned and controlled by the staff, is listed among the journals that count. Its popularity in Vancouver is steadily increasing. For "high spot" coverage it is probably unexcelled in the Dominion. It is filling a useful and increasingly important role in the city's public life, and the shoestring venture of 1933 is rapidly approaching the dignified—but not staid—stability of an established institution.

### Board of Directors

The Board of Directors, with one exception, are all members of the *News-Herald* staff. Mr. D. A. Hamilton and Mr. R. Robichaud are president and publisher respectively. The editor, J. N. Kelly, is a popular figure in the Vancouver newspaper world. Mr. Harold Bell is business manager, and Dave Duguid, D. C. Cunningham and Milt Boyd as mechanical superintendent, press foreman and stereo. room foreman, respectively, handle the mechanics of the firm (and just in passing, the boys now have a modern Duplex press, able to print 27,000 16-page papers per hour).

Perhaps a man is dubbed a bad egg because it is disagreeable to encounter him when he is broke.

### Jim Cook

The International Brotherhood of Pulp and Sulphite Workers, Local No. 76, at their annual meeting, Sunday, January 22, elected Jim Cook as president for the forthcoming year. He replaces Colin Johnston, original president of the union, who ends a two-year term of office.



*Jim Cook, president of Local 76, International Brotherhood of Pulp, Sulphite and Paper Mill Workers.*

Jim has been an employee of the Powell River Company for the past 13 years. He has long been an active and energetic member of the Workmen's Safety Committee, representing the Barker Mill on that committee. As a safety man he has necessarily a good knowledge of all departments of the plant—a knowledge that will be of material assistance in his present position.

Born in Bristol, England, Jim came to Powell River in August, 1925. His son, Fred, is employed as a millwright in the plant.

Edward (Ted) Loftus was elected vice-president, Henry Hansen, Jim Caldicott and Jack Maguire were returned as corresponding secretary, treasurer and financial secretary respectively.

### Ernest Murray

Ernest Murray will head the International Brotherhood of Paper Makers, Local No. 142, in 1939. Ernest replaces Al Hansen, who has served two years in the president's chair.



*Ernest Murray, president of Local 142, International Brotherhood of Paper Makers.*

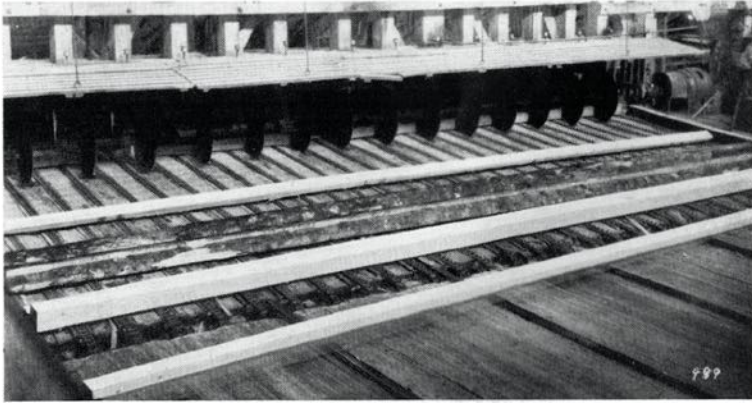
The new paper-maker president is well known locally, where he has resided for the past 12 years. He has been active in community and fraternal life in the district, which, with his duties as machine tender on No. 7 machine, keeps him fairly busy. He is an enthusiastic lawn bowler and on occasions has tried golf. He now leaves the family golf honor in the hands of son Bob, and devotes his spare time to gardening.

Ernest was born in Berlin, New Hampshire, and came to Powell River in April, 1926.

Bert Hill was elected vice-president; Horace Moore and C. J. L. Lawrence were returned as corresponding secretary and treasurer respectively.

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A boil in the kettle is worth two on the neck.



*View of the "Slasher" saws in the Powell River sawmill. These whirring saws cut the forty-foot sticks of sawn timber into blocks ready for pulping.*

## The Pawns Count!

### Slasher Saws Important Factor in Newsprint Production

"The Pawns Count!" Philips Oppeheim, one-time prince of mystery and spy novels, wrote a best-seller of that title. He showed that no matter how perfect the mechanism, how brilliant the intellectual manoeuvres of the principal actors, the failure of a minor pawn in the great game could spell disaster.

So it is in paper making. Before a roll of newsprint leaves the machine for the pressrooms of the world it has run the gamut of scores of processes, major and minor. The principals in the paper making game, the Sawmill, Groundwood, Barker, Sulphite, Machine and Finishing Rooms are known generally. But in each of these departments, and in other sections of the plant, are the pawns—

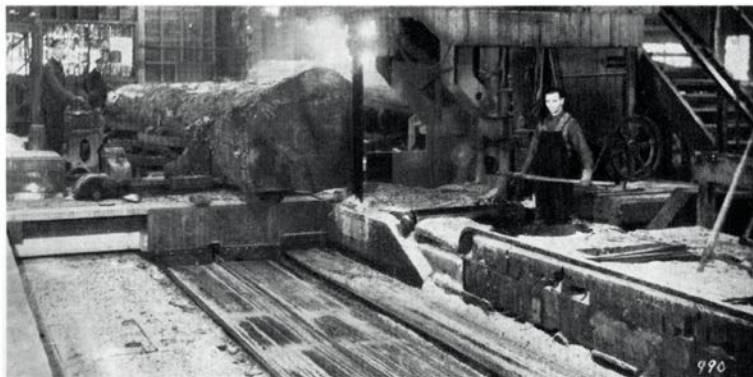
the lesser-known processes, whose unimpaired efficiency is essential to the last and final process—the manufacture of a newsprint roll.

Above we show one of the chief pawns in the manufacture of newsprint in the west—the slasher saws. Every foot of timber that goes into the production of newsprint must run the gauntlet of the slashers. Whirring circular saws, 42 inches in diameter, and set a distance of 32 inches apart, they cut the squared logs into 32-inch blocks, ready for capture by the grinding machines which, with little ceremony, reduce them quickly into pulp.

On regular working days approximately 450,000 feet of timber pass through these whirring blades.

(Continued on Page 7)





*A good average specimen of B. C.'s famed Sitka spruce log sits on the carriage ready for its subjection by the big band saws seen in the foreground. The log was over five feet in diameter.*

## A Big One Comes Through

Perhaps the most exciting experience to a visitor making his first trip through a western newsprint mill is his tour of the sawmill.

The robust ease with which the crews handle the huge logs; the rush of the carriage carrying the timber through the band saws; the uncanny, human activity of the "nigger," as the largest log is pushed, pulled and jolted into position within the space of a few seconds. Here is something primitive—something of the not yet obliterated pioneering spirit of the west in the boisterous industry of the sawmill.

In the above photograph a Sitka spruce, over five feet in diameter, is on the carriage. This is just a good average specimen of the famed British Columbia softwood. Mature trees average four feet, and dimensions of six to eight feet are not uncommon. Five thousand board feet of lumber

from a single 40-foot log are not rarities; and some of the largest sticks have yielded in the neighborhood of 10,000 feet—quite a lot of raw timber in any country.

Today, in addition to its use in high-grade newsprint stock, Sitka spruce is in wide demand for aeroplane construction.

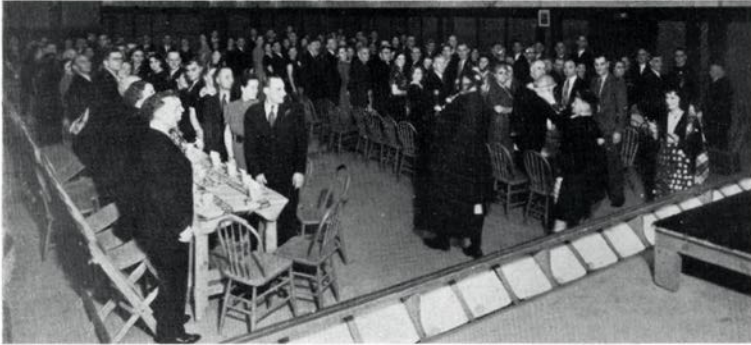
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## The Pawns Count!

(Continued from Page 6)

Roughly, these saws, subjected to this terrific wear and tear, are changed and sharpened every 16 hours. Thirty-two slashers, eight to a shaft, comprise the present equipment of the Powell River sawmill. The care of these alone supplies an inkling of what transpires daily in another important, but often overlooked, pawn in the newsprint—the Filing Room.

But that is another story—reserved for another issue.



*Scots gather at the annual Burns Supper. Piper Bill Whyte pipes the "Haggis" into the banquet room. Charlie Robertson carries the haggis with Mrs. Bonnie Scott acting as sword-bearer.*

### Burns Night

Powell River Scots celebrated the 180th anniversary of their "Immortal Bard" Robbie Burns in enthusiastic style on January 25. Over 200 turned out for the dinner and dance. The haggis, carried by Charlie Robertson, was piped in by Piper Bill Whyte, with Miss Bonnie Scott acting as sword-bearer.

Dave Milne delivered the address on the "Immortal Memory." A lover and student of Burns, the speaker held his audience throughout in an impressive, dignified and eloquent tribute to the Bard's contribution to the world of letters. Mr. John McIntyre officiated as toastmaster. Billie Graham delivered the "Address to the Haggis." Songs were rendered by Mrs. Drury, Mrs. Waugh and Ewart Craigen. Bill Hutchison, pillar at all Burns banquets, read Burns' "Farewell to Ayr." Mrs. Bonnie Scott and Charlie Johnston entertained with folk dances. Pipers Colin McLachlan and Bill Whyte played for the dances.

### Control Superintendent to Speak at Oklahoma

Harry Andrews, Powell River Company Control Superintendent, will be one of the speakers at the Mechanical Conference of Southern Newspaper Publishers' Association at Oklahoma City on February 20. Mr. Andrews has made a special study of the mutual problems confronting the publisher and producer of newsprint. The results of his researches have been widely published in newsprint circles and have done much to straighten out difficulties encountered by publishers in their pressrooms. At Oklahoma, Harry will deliver a general address on newsprint, with particular reference to problems daily encountered in the pressroom.

A Scotchman had just concluded a selection on the bagpipes when a lady in the audience begged him to play "Annie Laurie."

"What?" said the bewildered Sandy. "Again!"



*The fine, new Federal Building now rapidly nearing completion. This substantial structure will house the post office and other federal works.*

## New Government Buildings

By midsummer, two government projects, long awaited, long expected, but still welcome, will have become a reality. On the corner of Second Street and Ocean View Avenue, in the heart of Powell River's business district, the new Federal building is rapidly nearing completion. Along Walnut Street, its spacious front looking over the mill buildings, the

Provincial Government building is in the process of construction.

The Federal Building, a 96x53 two-storied structure, will bring under one roof, and in modern quarters, all the various departments under direct control of the Dominion Government. On the lower floor, spacious quarters have been provided for the Canadian Government Telegraph staff, along with storage and furnace rooms.



*The new Provincial Building at Powell River now in the course of construction. It will be of Tudor design, and an asset to the architectural beauty of the district.*





*The entire townsite that was Powell River in 1912 as seen from the top of the Acid Tower. In this year (May) the first load of newsprint ever manufactured in British Columbia left Powell River.*

## Twenty-seven Years Between Townsite as Seen from the Acid Tower in 1912 and 1939

ONE moment, please, while the operator changes reels. The two “reels” shown on this page were taken from the same spot—but there was a rather lengthy interval between reels—25 years to be exact.

The original snap, showing a section of Powell River townsite, was taken from the top of the acid tower in 1912. Last week our photographer, armed with his panoramic lens, looked out again from the self-same tower—with the results shown on these pages.

The 1912 photograph comprehended the entire extent of the townsite; on either side may be seen the fringes of trees that surrounded the few acres which were Powell River. Today the townsite extends far beyond these limits, and the greater part of the residential area bursts beyond the limits of the 1939 panorama.

The main alteration in the landscape of this original section of our townsite is found in our business area. The old hotel on the right has been modernized and new sections added; the dam, visible in the old picture, is obscured in the modern by the Bon Ton apartment block. The old theatre, on the lower right above the hotel, has been torn down. The Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Memorial Park have replaced the once famous structure. On the bare ground behind the theatre is the modern community centre of Dwight Hall, erected in 1926. Further up the same street is the handsome new Federal Building; and still further is the 1939 counterpart of the old cinema—the Patricia Theatre.

In the background of the modern panorama is seen the beginning of townsite extension, extending beyond the limits of the cut. The Ocean View Highway, today the district's main artery of traffic, had not been built in 1912; and the Northwest





*The modern view of the townsite taken from the Acid Tower in 1939. The part within the photographic ken is now only a small part of the Greater Powell River of today.*

Telephone Exchange and the fine Bank of Montreal building are newcomers in the modern photograph; and in the centre we see, in the process of erection, the Provincial Government Building, which enterprising residents were even discussing in 1912.

Residents will recognize the Company store—then and now; and the Powell River Hospital may still be distinguished in both pictures. The Avenue Lodge, famed local boarding house, appears in both views, minus the present wing in 1912.

There were less than 100 homes in Powell River in 1912; today there are over 450 houses in the Powell River Centre alone; and our population has flowed over into the suburbs of Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry, which, in 1912, existed only as spots over which the logger had dragged his lead lines.

Newsprint production in 1912 was about 100 tons daily; today capacity is in excess of 650 tons; our population, which was less than 1,000, is today around the 7,000 mark. Scores of small and large businesses, owing their existence to the presence of the paper mill, have sprung up throughout the district.

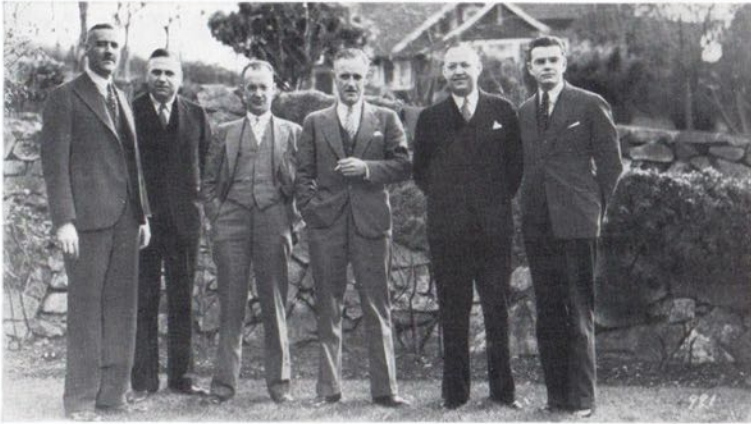
From the village of 1912 has grown

this modern townsite and district of Powell River. The modest industrial beginnings of a quarter of a century ago have been transformed into the largest newsprint mill on the Pacific Coast. The citizens of the district purchase millions of dollars annually in goods and equipment—and Powell River is one of the keys in the industrial life and prosperity of British Columbia.

### Soccer Play-offs

Bill Parkin, local soccer commander-in-chief, states Powell River soccerites will seek new honors this year. The local eleven will compete in the Provincial Cup series, probably this month. Later, Powell River will file their second entry in the Connaught Cup series—which carries with it the title of Canadian champions!

Powell River, in the last two or three years, has developed first-class local players. For many years the recognized stars of the district were mainly those who had learned their soccer elsewhere. Now, local lads, raised and developed in the district, constitute the bulk of Powell River's offensive strength. It is such lads who will represent us in the Provincial and Dominion play-offs this year.



*P. J. Cooke, Fred Ward, Bill Barclay, R. C. MacKenzie, Ed Ronan and Harry Grant snapped during Mr. Cooke's visit to Powell River last month.*

### O. C. Visitors

Bill Barclay of the Powell River Sales Company Limited dropped in again last month with Mr. P. J. Cooke, Vancouver manager of the Canadian-Australasian Lines Limited and Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, Limited, and a motley collection of miscellaneous friends. There was cherubic Fred Ward of the Powell River Sales Company taking a run up from Los Angeles to look at our newsprint—and dapper Ed Ronan, smiling fashion-plate No. 1 of the Vancouver office. Harry Grant, who, since Ed Ronan's arrival, has been hurled off his perch as the male style-setter of the office, looks just like that. And in the centre, R. C. MacKenzie, chief of Powell River Company Shipping Department, gives Ed Ronan a run for his money.

We also understand that the fashion plates and Fred Ward did a

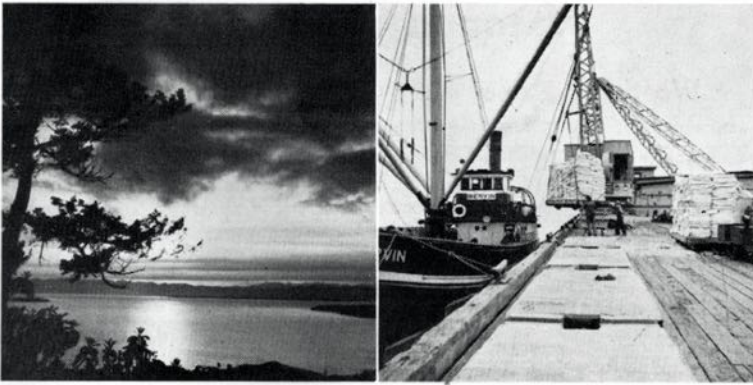
bit of ganging up on "P. J." in the limpid hours of the evening. The brand of pasteboard burglary practised by these robbers has been responsible for many a gang murder in the past.

### The Senator Speaks

Early this month Roy Foote of the Powell River Sales Company and the editor had the privilege of an interview with Senator J. J. Taylor, publisher of *The New Westminster Columbian* at New Westminster.

The senator brought out a few of the photographs he has collected in a lifetime of public service. One of these showed the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his famous British contemporary, Joe Chamberlain, photographed with a group of British and Canadian dignitaries.

We hope to touch further on these fascinating backgrounds of Canadian history next month.



*Two widely divergent views showing the industry and art of paper making. On the right the coastal steamer "Bervin" loads sulphite pulp on the Powell River wharf; on the left, our photographer looks over the Gulf of Georgia at twilight.*

### Vancouver Office Notes

Rumor hath it in Powell River the lads and lassies of Vancouver office have given up bowling in favor of knitting, but every Monday night they get together and "hurl one, hit two" and so on. Harry Grant, ex-free lance and secretary of the club, gives us the following highlights of the first half of the bowling schedule.

Ken (King-Kong) Kington's "Pin-spillers" came from behind to win first place at the end of the first half on January 9, his team having won 23 games and lost 15. Ken is out gunning for the trophy which he won last year. In the ladies' section, Vera Cox, captain of the "Cubs," holds the honors for high single game, 215, and high three games, 516. Probably Hob Marlatt has done a good deal of coaching there. Art Salt and N. (Woody) Woodhead share honors for high single game with 312. Woody also

holds high three games with 757. Ken Kington and Bert Rush are on the high end of the averages with 186.

Looking over the issue of a year ago we see mention of a competition between the Vancouver offices of Pacific Mills and Powell River. Nothing more was ever heard of it, and discreet enquiries unfold that the Pacificites were either too strong, or talked a better game, as they won 12 games to Powell's six. Nothing is said of a like contest this year, but there is talk it may develop into an annual affair.

Despite rumors to the effect that Powell River office lads are overshadowing the Vancouver office males, the female element still maintain that the great lover (late of Mac & Mac's) is hard to beat.

"There's a far-away look in my eye," sings Dave Johnston these days. How far, Dave?



## Around The Plant

### What's in a Name?

The shipping department has been in a close huddle all week. Members are bending industriously over slips of paper, earnestly writing down long lists of names. At his desk, thumbs in weskit, sits Angus Armour, disdainfully looking over the well-meant list.

The boys are trying to be helpful by submitting suggestions for the christening of the first addition to the local House of Armour. All names submitted failed to pass the censor, except one—submitted in a spirit of waggish effrontery by Jerry Shirley.

The name is Angus—and now Jerry is sticking his thumbs in his vest.

### Back in Circulation

It is rumored that Ambrose McKinnon may put the P.D.Q., former leader of Powell Lake's second flotilla, in action again this year. Mac has done pretty nearly everything that could be done with motors in the district. He owned one of the first motorcycles in town—and drove to California and return. He successfully operated his P.D.Q. with an automobile engine after everybody told him it couldn't be done. He built, out of odds and ends, and with scanty equipment, a model locomotive that runs—and he's tinkered with the insides of half the cars in town.

So if the P.D.Q. can still run—Mac can make it.

### A Possible Menace

This newly-formed camera club may yet be a menace to local peace and harmony. Harold Vandervoort states the club, in the near future, may hold an exhibition of candid camera snaps, picked up on the highways and byways of the district.

Several of the lads are already demanding that a rigorous Board of Censors be appointed — especially since Sandy Strachan has joined the outfit.

### All-Time Stars

And last week a lot of arguments started as to who was the greatest all-round athlete developed locally. Developed locally, mind, not developed elsewhere and starring here, like, for example, Gus Schuler, Wally Tapp, Al Hatch, who burned up local sportdom in the early and middle twenties.

Probably the two outstanding locally-developed athletes of earlier days are Curly Woodward and Jack Gebbie—who play all games with equal ease and facility. At a slightly later date, along came Long John Mathieson—who will be high up on the list of Powell River's All-time Greats in Sport.

Anyway, it's an argument, and we'd like to hear what supporters of these or other candidates have to say.

'Twas a shocking revelation of raciality when the apple ruined the first pair.



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### Take Your Choice, Boys!

Back to soccer again—and putting ourselves right out on the limb, we figure Axel Larson, Townsite centre forward, as the outstanding pivot man in local soccer history. We've seen most of them—Freddy Mills, Jack Taylor, Andy Leiper, Jack Mathieson, Jimmy Dunlop—to mention only a few. They were all good—but this lad Larson has the edge on them all. And now we've said it—and it's our own funeral.

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### The Kyacks Are Here

Claude McDonald is building, in the fastnesses of his Ocean View basement, in addition to his ocean-going craft, a natty kyack for son Campbell. We have an idea Claude has started something—and that kyack competitors are going to give Physical Instructor P. R. Lockie the odd headache at the beach this summer.

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### Harry Trys Out at U. B. C.

Reports emanating from the University of British Columbia indicate that Harry Hunter, former local high school boy, son of Jim Hunter of the steam plant, is taking an interest in varsity sport. Harry is playing on one of the freshmen basketball teams, and we hope they can persuade him down there to turn out for the half-mile. A year with good coaching and Harry would make all the middle distance men at U. B. C. stretch their legs. Harry cleared the bugbear of every freshman—the Christmas exams

—with plenty to spare, according to himself—but not enough according to Pop.

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### The Old Ball Game

In the next six weeks the toes of the baseball minded will begin to twitch. Last year baseball lost some degree of public interest—but the public still wants baseball, and the boys around the plant who have had the old game in their blood since infancy are not going to let it drop.

It is our suggestion that we bring the old game back to its old level—where it belongs—right at the top of summer pastimes. How can it be done? By the gang getting together, forgetting past differences, and remembering only that the game has to go on. It's not too early to start thinking about it, fellows!

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### Visitors

Among interesting visitors to Powell River during January was Mr. F. McKon of Manitoba. Mr. McKon was visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. Brooks of Wildwood. Former prairie farmers, particularly Manitobans, will be interested in Mr. McKon's statement that within the last two years, Federal Government specialists have developed a rustproof wheat. Any resident of Manitoba knows what this means to wheat farming, particularly the famous No. 1 hard variety. The visitor stated that within a few years this benefit would be available to all prairie farmers.

# Club Activities

## It Looks Like a Busy Year in Club Circles

### Table Tennis

Table tennis is by the way of becoming one of Powell River's more popular indoor pastimes. While the game has been in vogue in outside areas for several years, it is only recently that the flavor has begun to be appreciated locally. The Table Tennis Club, formed this year, now numbers 47 members. The club has three tables and members play four nights a week.

Private individuals, too, are following the example of the large B. C. cities and installing tables in their basements. Bridge as a means of winter recreation is losing some of its appeal; the fashionable Powell River hostess now invites her guests in for an evening of table tennis.

To date, no Powell River team has entered provincial competition (if any), but the boys and girls are growing ambitious.

### The Camera Club

Cultural activities are keeping pace with the expansion of table tennis and other light recreative activities in Powell river. Latest organization catering to our aesthetic tastes is the newly formed Camera Club, with headquarters in the former rugby clubhouse at Riverside.

The cream of Powell River's amateur photographers, Pete Holborn, Fred Armbruster, Harold Vandervoort, occupy the chief executive posi-

tions, with several other enthusiastic photographers lining up.

### The Boat Club

It looks like more anchors aweigh this summer. The table tennis and camera clubs are not the only ones getting ready for an active summer. The boat club is in a fair way to substantially increase its fighting strength. In back yards, in basements, at least five new boats are in the process of construction. The Campbell-Southcott light patrol craft *may* be completed. And Eddie Aquilin and Norval Prushaw are each building new 30-footers. John Haddock is making good progress on his 18-foot hydroplane which will shoot at local speed records. Claud McDonald is putting the finishing touches on a new boat in his Ocean View basement. Bert Helland rounds off the picture with another 30-footer. Our naval strength is increasing.

### An Imposing Armada

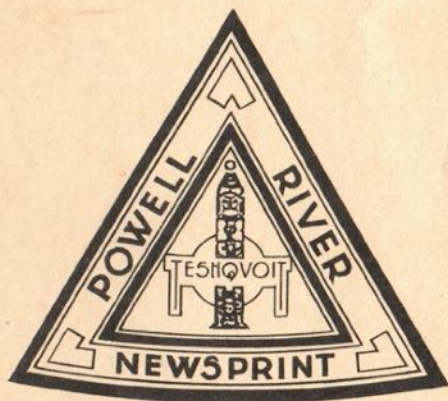
Speaking of naval strength, Powell River's unofficial fleet of motor craft, large and small, will number close to 125 boats, excluding fishing craft. On Powell Lake there are probably 100 craft of all kinds—pleasure boats, industrial and settlers' craft. Along the waterfront about 25 private craft will carry the local admiralty flag in the Gulf of Georgia this summer.







# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 FEBRUARY, 1939 NO.2







# The Story of the British Columbian

New Westminster's Famous Journal One of Oldest  
in British Columbia



*Along the waterfront at New Westminster, British Columbia's thriving port on the Fraser River. Much of the produce from the province's hinterland from mine, forest and stream is shipped to all parts of the world through the Port of New Westminster.*

**M**AINAINING an unbroken record of publication for the past 78 years, the *British Columbian* of New Westminster is one of the oldest established newspapers in British Columbia, and continues as one of the leading members of the publishing business in Western Canada.

The *British Columbian Weekly* was inaugurated in 1860 and is widely circulated in the Fraser Valley and in all parts of the province. The *British Columbian Daily*, published since 1886, provides a full coverage of New Westminster city and vicinity.

## AROUND THE HORN

Fifty-two years before shipment of the first roll of newsprint ever manufactured in British Columbia at Powell River, the old *Columbian* was printing news for B. C.'s early pioneers. A quarter of a century before the last

spike was driven in Canada's trans-continental road the *Columbian* was going out to the homesteads of the province. During the nineteenth century, newsprint for its presses travelled half way 'round the world and back—from Europe around Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Vancouver.

Founded by the late John Robson, who became premier of British Columbia, the newspaper has recorded steady developments in the past 78 years. Ownership and control changed hands several times during the ensuing 40 years until 1900, when Senator J. D. Taylor, present publisher, became editor at the request of Sir Richard McBride, one of the shareholders at that time. Senator Taylor has been editor and later owner and publisher for the past 38 years—a unique record among publishers in Western Canada.

Today the offices of the *British Columbian Daily* and *Weekly*, and the





*Senator J. D. Taylor, publisher of the British Columbian, for the past 38 years a leading figure in the journalistic and political life of B. C. This is one of the latest portraits taken of the Senator, who, at the age of 82, is still at his desk and still actively interested in and associated with the political and industrial life of his city and province.*

Columbian Co. Ltd. printing house occupy a substantial two-storey stone and concrete building on Sixth Street adjoining the New Westminster post office in the centre of the city. The regular staff numbers 35 in all departments, with 43 carrier boys for city delivery of the daily.

Many of New Westminster's prominent citizens were former carrier boys for the *British Columbian*, including Mayor F. J. Hume, Hon. A. Wells Gray, Provincial Minister of Lands, and many others now high in business and political life.

While the *British Columbian* celebrates its 78th year of publication, no less outstanding in the publishing field has been the career of the present

owner, Senator J. D. Taylor, who on October 30, 1937, marked his 60th year as an active newspaperman.

Senator Taylor became a printer's apprentice in Ottawa 61 years ago. He became a journeyman printer and then a reporter. For 15 years he worked on newspapers in Ottawa and Montreal and duly became a correspondent in the press gallery at Ottawa.

He recalls that back in 1883, while he was on the *Ottawa Gazette*, young Tony White, son of the proprietor, would come in to see the plant in operation. The young journeyman printer and young White are today both members of the Canadian Senate.

Senator Taylor came west, and in 1896 was editor of the Vancouver



*The new Pattullo Bridge, crossing the Fraser River at New Westminster. This is one of the main traffic arteries from the coast to the United States border.*

*News-Advertiser* under the late F. Carter Cotton. Roy W. Brown, now of the *Vancouver Sun*, was a reporter on the small staff.

Senator Taylor was summoned to Victoria to become editor of the *Daily News*, later merged with the *Colonist*. In 1900 he was appointed editor of the *British Columbian*.

Senator Taylor was elected to the House of Commons in 1908 to represent New Westminster and was continuously a member until 1917, when he was appointed to the Senate by Sir Robert Borden.

Senator Taylor whimsically recalls the first connection of his paper with Powell River. "One day, back in

1911," he told, "a happy pair of promoters, Mr. Norman Lang, managing director of the Powell River Company, and Richard McBride, premier of British Columbia, walked into my office for a social chat. They walked out with Mr. Lang carrying our contract for Powell River newspaper, a contract which has continued without interruption for 27 years."

With Senator Taylor as publisher and managing director of the *British Columbian*, his son, C. Davis Taylor, is editor. Also D. Frank Marshall has been news editor for a number of years.

I. G. MacFarlane, business manager,

(Continued on Page 10)

## Powell River Director Named First Citizen

Franklin T. Griffith Portland's Choice of First Citizen  
for 1938



*Franklin T. Griffith, director of the Powell River Co., who was acclaimed Portland's First Citizen of 1939.*

**F**RANKLIN T. GRIFFITH, president of the Portland Electric Power Company, and for many years a director of the Powell River Company was named Portland's First Citizen of 1938. Commenting on Mr. Griffith's selection, the *Portland Oregonian* says:

"Franklin T. Griffith, president of the Portland Electric Power Company and its subsidiaries, was named yesterday by the Portland Realty Board as Portland's 'First Citizen' for 1938.

"The secret committee in its report said the selection was made 'because he has always been a first citizen in the finest and truest sense, and because the accumulation of his outstanding services has finally reached such a volume that the award of this distinction, long past due, should no longer be postponed.'"

Civic, charitable, cultural and industrial work for the general welfare of Portland was cited.

Some of Mr. Griffith's activities mentioned included organization of the Community Chest, of which he was the first president, serving on the board of the Shriners' hospital for crippled children, leadership in the public utility field and "fair and square, forward-looking attitude" toward labor.

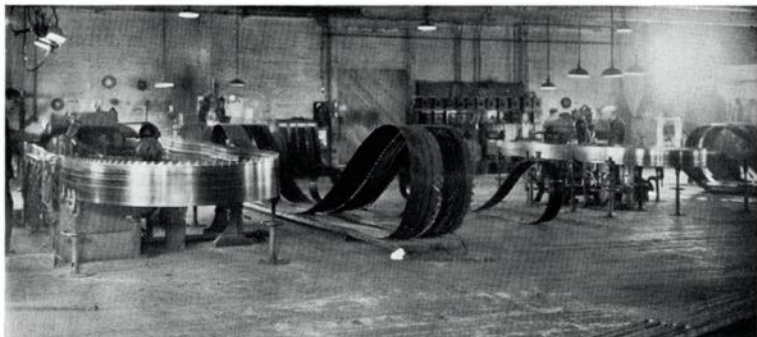
Mr. Griffith's attitude towards Bonneville dam and his fight to regain control of the Portland Electric Power Company from an Eastern holding company were other factors considered by the committee.

The committee declared that Mr. Griffith is "eloquent proof that a big business man can be a blessing rather than a curse to his home community; that it is no crime to be highly successful; and, furthermore, that a man can be a gentleman of charm and dignity and still get along with thousands of employees on a friendly, co-operative, man-to-man basis."



## Filing Our Big Saws

Forty Saws Per Day Average of Filing Room



*General view of the saw filing room in the Powell River Company plant, showing the big 64-foot long band saws ready for filing.*

*“ . . . the musical saw  
That comes from the whirl of a  
twelve-inch saw.”*

Unnoticed often in the steady purr of the paper machines, the crushing roar of the barkers, the slushy immensity of the digesters, the howitzer-like magnitude of the grinders, the great furnace of the steam plant, is another vital “pawn” in the manufacturing of Powell River newsprint—the filing room.

Daily, in the two eight-hour shifts, close to half a million feet of logs are sawn, ripped and cut in the Powell River sawmill. Logs varying in diameter from one to six feet are bumped boisterously on to the carriage and “shot gunned” through the big 16-inch band saws. They pass through the edgers to be cut longitudinally—and then on to the “slashers” for cutting into block size.

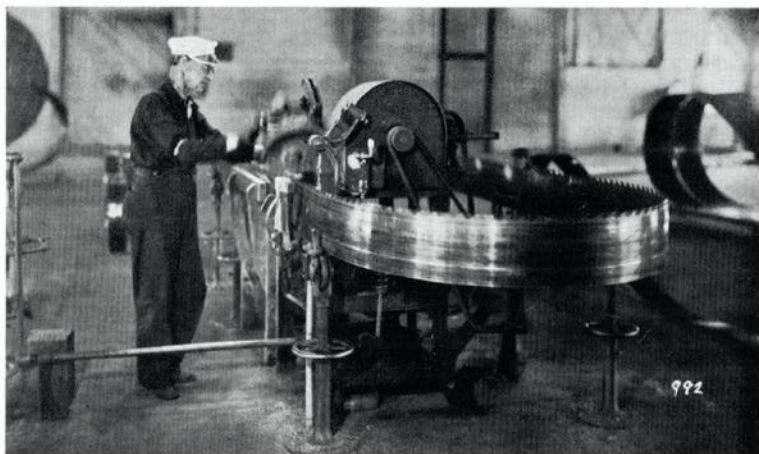
Little imagination is required to picture the wear and tear of this incessant friction on the saws, and the necessity of having fresh relays of sharpened edges ready to throw in at regular intervals. And it is here that the filing room, under head filer Gordon Milroy and his capable assistants, swing into action.

“Let’s see,” murmurs the uninitiated, “these fellows must have a pretty soft time. Sharpen a few saws a day. Nothing much to that. Wish I’d been a saw filer instead of a backtender.”

On a second glance it’s not so soft, boys. These fellows may have a case. Let’s have a look-see at what they really do in their two eight-hour shifts.

We’ll start with the band saws. Each one is 64 feet 7 inches long and 16 inches wide. Require a bit of handling—but let’s skip that. The “bands” are sharpened every four





*Jimmy Innes, veteran of the sawmill staff, at his routine work of sharpening a 16-inch band saw—all in the day's work.*

hours. That means four on day shift, two on nights—a total of six. These, as well as all saws, are subjected to a closely-tested sharpening process—the average operation per saw lasting about an hour and a half.

Well, that's not a bad start—but it's only a start. The Powell River sawmill's regular staff of slasher saws number thirty-two 44-inch saws. Roughly half of these come to the filing room during the sixteen-hour day. Probably an average of half an hour on each.

Things are picking up. Begins to look a bit respectable, anyway. Those chaps do something, at least.

Yes, not bad; and here's another for your notebook. Add eight band saw edgers on to the list, and re-saws, and the daily total begins to look—not imposing?—well, anyway, not so bad.

And then there is the big 96-inch

cut-off saw. He is treated a bit more gently and only goes in once or twice a week.

These are the routine jobs. Add the odd saw from the lumber yard, the carpenter shop, the core room and miscellaneous small saws about the plant. All told, we may give the filer room boys credit for close to forty saws daily, which is fair going in any mill.

Quality is today the watchword in Powell River newsprint—a watchword to which Gordon Milroy and his filing room staff, Fred Chadwick, Jimmy Innes, Gordon Thorburn and apprentice Bert Carruthers contribute their quota.

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Officer (to couple in car): "Don't you see the sign, 'Time for Parking.'"

Driver: "Yes, Officer, I see it, and heartily agree with it."

### Will Meet King

When Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, visit Canada in May, one Powell River Company employee will have the honor of being personally presented to the royal couple. Major John MacGregor, V.C., will join Canada's sixty-two Victoria Cross holders either at Ottawa or Vancouver, where they will meet Their Majesties in person.



*Major John MacGregor, V.C., will meet the King and Queen on their Canadian tour.*

"Mac," as John is known throughout the district, has been in Powell River for the past ten years. His modesty and quiet demeanor is typical of holders of the Empire's highest award for valor. In addition to the V.C., Mac was awarded the D.C.M. and a Military Medal and Bar for overseas service. He gained the D.C.M. during the taking of Vimy Ridge, and won the Victoria Cross on the 30th of September, 1918, in front of Cambrai. He went overseas with the 2nd C.M.R.'s, enlisting as a private, and rose to the rank of major.

In Powell River, Mac has been a leader in community life. He is a leading official at all sport meets and a

member of the Lawn Bowling Club. He helped organize the first chess and checkers club in the district; takes an active part in the affairs of the Pulp & Sulphite Union, Local No. 76, of which he is an executive member.

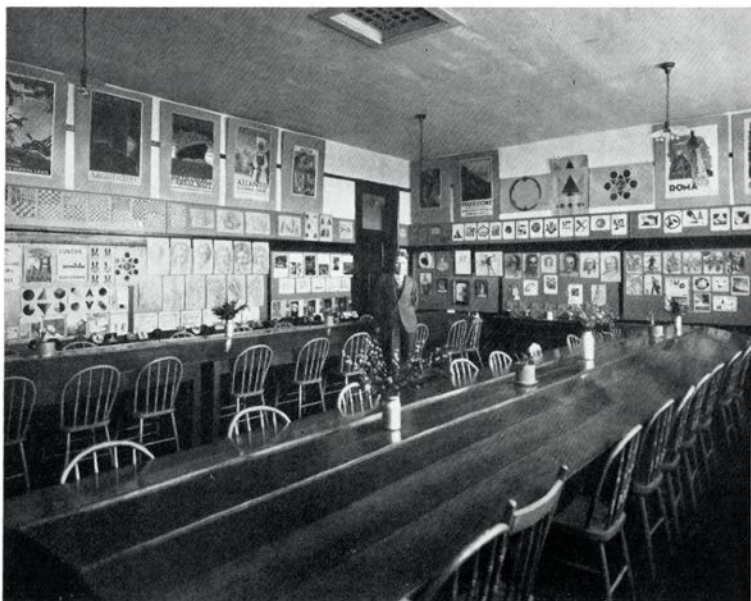
Mac was a member of the men's choir, and on occasions has gained local reputation as a soloist, particularly in songs of his native Scotland. Several residents have been trying, unsuccessfully to date, to have him sing "MacGregor's Gathering." They are still trying.

He is still a keen student of military affairs and has a clear-cut conception of the strategy and tactics of modern warfare.

When Mac goes to Ottawa he will carry the respect and best wishes of Powell River and his fellow citizens with him. He has carried the tradition of the V.C. into his civilian as well as military life.

### The King's Visit

Tentative arrangements are under way for the visit of Their Majesties to Vancouver on May 29. The Board of Trade and Ex-Servicemen's Associations are discussing arrangements for widespread participation by the Powell River public and ex-servicemen in the pageant. Special excursion boats will run from Powell River. Local ex-servicemen will be allotted a space along the route. All arrangements are necessarily unofficial until details have been worked out and definite stations allotted. Further details will be published in our next issue or in the local press.



*Glimpse of the Art Room in the Powell River Schools, showing some of the work done by Powell River students. Mr. Dudley Gaitskell, art teacher, stands in the background.*

### Art School Classes

The introduction of special art classes in the Powell River school curriculum this year has been a popular addition. Under the tutelage of Mr. Dudley Gaitskell, Powell River students are receiving a broad basic training in the principles and application of all branches of drawing, painting, modelling, and sculpturing.

The special night school classes for adults, introduced this year, has proved one of the most popular features of the night school courses. A class of approximately twenty is registered. Attendance is good, and many employees have taken advantage of the facilities offered.

Facilities and equipment are strictly

modern, and in Mr. Gaitskell the class possesses a highly qualified, popular and enthusiastic instructor. Landscape drawing, painting, life portraiture, modelling, crayon sketching are included in the course.

The work being done by the school students this year is high grade, and is a revelation, by contrast, with the older drawing rooms of other days with their limited scope and equipment.

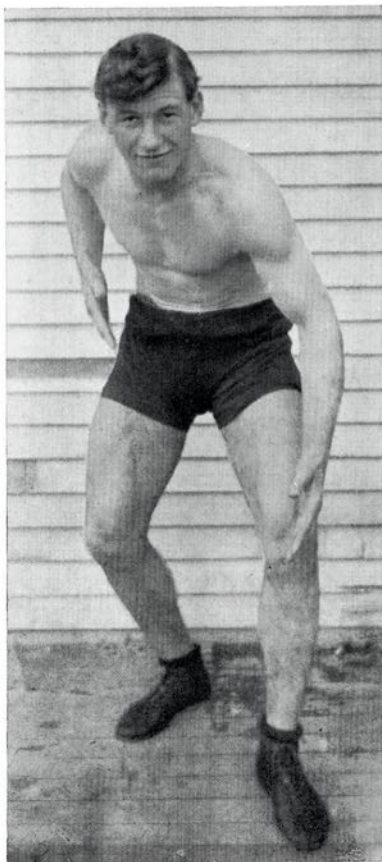
"The fish was so big," said the angler, "that the others would not let me haul it into the boat for fear it should swamp us."

"The same thing happened to me once," said his friend, "in the 'Mauretania.' "



## He Was Tough Then!

Combing through our pictorial album of celebrities, past and present,



*Al Hatch, as the bright young wrestler about Vancouver twenty-four years ago. Take a bow, Al!*

we ran across the photograph of Al Hatch, taken some twenty-four years ago.

Any old-timer of Vancouver will remember that identical pose—the pose that made Al one of the toughest

145-lb. wrestling hurdles on this continent. The pose is taken before Al took to machine tending, and watching the machines run, from the security of the machine tender's padded chair.

Quite a lad he was in those days. He ran out of opposition in the Pacific Coast amateur class, having disposed of all opposition between Vancouver and 'Frisco.

They didn't need a horse around the old Cedar Cottage fire hall in those days. Al did all the horsing. When the fire alarm rang he grabbed the shafts of the fire truck and dashed off to the fire, greatly to the glee of the hero-worshipping youngsters of that period.

He was the curly-haired boy (and by heck, he has a lot of that hair left yet, dang him) with the youngsters. He played and managed lacrosse teams, and half the sporting population of Vancouver turned out to see his team play. They were always sure of a good scrap if Al were feeling right. And he usually was.

But wasn't he the cute little feller, girls!

## The Story of the British Columbian

(Continued from Page 4)

joined the company in 1929. On his return from overseas in 1919, Mr. MacFarlane served on newspapers in California, Washington, and in Vancouver. R. W. Ballantyne is advertising manager.

Among the pioneer printers on the staff are R. A. Stoney, J. T. Burnett and Charles Uren.



## Department Store Opens New Premises

Located in Avenue Lodge Building



*Interior of the new Avenue Store on Second Street. The floor space is 33 by 65, and equipped with every modern convenience.*

FOR the past several months the lower floor of the old Avenue Lodge building has been a hive of activity. Company carpenters, plumbers, workmen, have been altering the face of the former boarding house, and today what was formerly the spacious dining room of the famous hostelry is a modern, up-to-the-minute department store.

This addition to the Powell River stores faces the new Federal Post Office and brings yet another business house along the rapidly developing Second Street area.

The completed wing houses a modern 16-seat soda fountain, with the new low type counter and comfortable chairs; the tobacco department has the latest type tobacco cabinet; stationery, cosmetic and toilet goods, book and general notions departments are in-

cluded. A special feature is the camera demonstration room.

The soda fountain and back bar is one of the most modern on the coast, and the spaciousness of the building has permitted attractive counter displays.

All structural work on the building was done by Powell River Company workmen, under the supervision of Mr. Stanley B. Macfarlane, townsite superintendent. Fixtures were supplied by Dixon & Murray, Vancouver contractors.

Mr. Jack Tunstall, of the tobacco and stationery departments in the Central Building, will be in charge of the new store.

The converting of the ground floor of the old Avenue Lodge building cuts into one of the ancient landmarks



*S. B. Macfarlane (left) Townsite Superintendent, supervising construction of the Avenue Store, shakes hands with Jack Tunstall, store manager, just after the official opening.*

of Powell River. Since 1913 the building has been the headquarters of Powell River's bachelor fraternity and thousands of employees, transients and construction men have passed through the doors of the old dining room.

### Bert Wins Again



*Bert Carey, local badminton star, wins Upper Island title again.*

Bert Carey, Powell River badminton star, has been acclaimed Upper Island Senior Singles Champion for the second consecutive year. Defending his title, won last year in Powell River, Bert defeated the cream of

Vancouver Island stars at Cumberland on Saturday, February 25.

Since 1935 Powell River has been included in the Upper Island bracket. Bert has won three championships in his four years of competition, dropping the title in 1936 after reaching the finals. He has taken a leading executive role in the local badminton club, and his experience and advice have contributed to the increasing popularity the club has enjoyed in recent years.

Bert, a member of the shipping department, was largely responsible for the famous Foxall-Woodward grudge battle staged recently. It was not exactly a success from the spectacular point of view, but it was very amusing in spots.

In this year's title play, Mrs. W. Draper and Willie Gilmour of Powell River were runners-up in the mixed doubles, only losing after a great battle in the finals.

### Hold 'Em, Clyde!

The surprising 4-1 defeat of Glasgow Rangers, leaders in Scottish soccer, by the lowly Clyde eleven, has plunged one section—the section led by Tommy Prentice—of the Scottish community into deepest mourning.

Tommy, on that fateful morning, walked jauntily into the poolroom to glance over the scores. No apprehension of impending calamity ruffled the even serenity of his glance. Two minutes later he walked out—pale, staggering, lips quivering. He walked straight home!

He stayed there over the week-end, deaf to all telephone calls, and arrived, by a circuitous route, back in Dwight Hall Monday morning, minus eight pounds.

Sam Rees' injection of Tim O'Flaherty and Eric Evans into his last fisticuff card was close to inspiration. The idea is catching on, and from vague reports dropped by the noon-time loungers, Jimmy Jacobs, the grinder ace, is itching for a bout with Eric on the next card. If the rumored slug-as-slug-can match between Murray Mouat and Errol Slevin, the office John Sullivan, materializes, the promoters should cash in heavily.

### The San Francisco Fair

If all plans mature and all rumors are correct, a sizable portion of Powell River's population will be found in the San Francisco Bay region this summer. The World's Fair is the magnet—and financial reasons the counter magnet. If these two can quit pulling in opposite directions

they'll need an extra force of police along Market Street in the evenings.

"Meet me at the Fair" is beginning to be a revived slogan in these parts.

### Table Tennis

Last month we touched briefly on the boat-building activity among employees and residents. The table tennis business is running a close second, if not a comfortable first.

Bolo Gordon has a neat home-made structure in his basement. It's practically a community affair for the 1100 block.

And Frank Flett, looking carefully into every known design, speaks of adding a table to his already overcrowded basement workshop.

### Around Vancouver Office

Everyone is glad to see Harold Foley back on the job after his extended trip to the east and south. He certainly looks like a million, and we know he feels fine because he was overheard singing "This Can't Be Love Because I Feel So Well," which speaks for itself.

\* \* \*

The Coca-Cola machine has been doing a rushing business since one of the executives returned from a trip and recommenced buying "Cokes" for his numerous "friends" and visitors.

\* \* \*

The offices resounded to the well-known chant of "Here We Are Again, Boys!" last week when Elmer Lee paid us a visit from Seattle. Elmer says he is going to bring a crack volleyball team up from Seattle to meet all comers in the near future. Roy Foote will probably call his bluff on that one.



*Rene Deneau (right) president of G. F. Steele and Co., photographed with Vice-president Vic Coudert, "somewhere in Texas."*



### Rene Steps Out

Rene Deneau, president of G. F. Steele & Co., was forced to leave San Antonio, Texas, in an aeroplane during his last trip there. Rene, Vic Coudert, his partner, and Harold Foley entered a well-known hotel in San Antonio at the same time as Richard Arlen, the famous movie star, and many celebrities who were coming in for the Texas Open Golf Tournament which started the same day. Someone asked who the nattily dressed gentleman was, accompanying Mr. Coudert, and one of Rene's travelling companions tipped everyone off that it was Ramon Novarro, looking a little out of condition due to a heavy travelling schedule. Rene received great attention during the entire day, though we can't understand it because he is about twice the size of the romantic Ramon now. Mr. Huntress, publisher of the San Antonio *Express*, entered into the spirit of the situation and introduced Ramon (Rene) to many of his friends. Conditions reached a point where Rene was

forced to catch the first plane out of town, either because he couldn't sing a song or keep clear of the autograph hunters, or hold in on his fallen chest any longer.

### And So Does Robin!

#### A Playlet in Three Acts

PLACE: Vancouver, B. C.

TIME: Three separate occasions.

CHARACTERS: Paper mill executive and Vancouver police.

#### FIRST OCCASION

"All right, fellow—just pull in to the curb. Who do you think you are, Sir Malcolm Campbell? Did you ever hear about speed laws? Don't suppose you did. All right, all right, I'll do the talking. And let me tell you . . ."

#### SECOND OCCASION

"Get in to the curb, you! What the xx ?? blank! do you think you're playing at? Sure I know how it is, you didn't realize—yeah, I've heard that; and say, haven't I seen you before? Well, you look familiar, anyway. Sure, sure, I know all about it . . ."



## THIRD OCCASION

"Blank! Blank! Didn't you hear me whistle. You didn't see the red light. They never do. You thought it was just burning. Well, I'll do the thinking around here in the future. And say, haven't I seen you before? Somewhere . . . all right, but just listen to me . . ."

## EPILOGUE

Just three incidents in the life of our vice-president, Robin Bell-Irving, in Vancouver. We know Mr. Evans will be very pleased, because Robin Bell-Irving has held himself up as one of the best drivers in the organization. Confidentially, no one agrees with him.

### Fair Editions Printed on Powell River Newsprint

If you were one of the many thousands receiving a copy of the Golden Gate International Exposition edition of the *Oakland Tribune* or the *San Francisco News*, you would see Powell River newsprint at its best. We would be obliged to call these "Good" instead of "Fair" editions.

One of our staff was in San Francisco and Oakland on the dates of publication of these two special editions. Mr. Langle of the *Oakland Tribune* told us there were 152,000 copies of the 112-page edition run through their plant without a break and without overtime. This record speaks for itself.

The *San Francisco News* special edition, consisting of 72 pages and 260,000 copies, was run entirely on Powell River newsprint also.

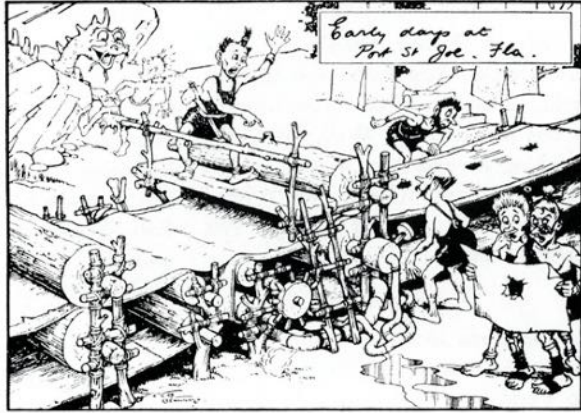
### Fort Worth Star Telegram Celebrates Anniversary

On February 1 the Fort Worth *Star Telegram* celebrated its 33rd anniversary, and under the dynamic leadership of publisher Col. Amon Carter it was typically the anniversary Fort Worth has been accustomed to when Col. Carter is in-charge. Colonel Carter flew to Powell River some years ago, not necessarily because he wanted to see Powell River, but because it was one of the few places he hadn't flown to before. His chief of staff, Bert Honea, has tried fishing on Powell Lake and in the Yucultas.

Publisher "Colonel Amon Carter of Cartersville" is a national figure in American industrial, political and social life. The Colonel was the man behind the national memorial to Will Rogers, which, incidentally, is located at Fort Worth. The *Saturday Evening Post*, in an article on "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," tells how he even sold hard-headed Harold Ickes on the idea of giving a P.W.A. grant to the Will Rogers Memorial Coliseum at Fort Worth.

February 1, the day of the 33rd Anniversary edition of the Fort Worth *Star Telegram*, Rene Deneau and Vic Coudert, of G. F. Steele & Co. Inc., who sell Powell River paper in Texas, were in Fort Worth with one of the executives of Powell River Co. Ltd. In view of their wishes to give every service possible to customers, Rene and Vic considered themselves lucky to show up on this memorable occasion.

*The early days of paper making and the trials of the paper maker. Of course, the paper makers always have trials, so why worry?*



*By kind permission Stowe-Woodward, Inc.*

### Now You Tell One

Harold Foley brought the above cartoon of early Kraft-making days in Florida into our office last week. It aroused memories. We still have clear recollections of the tall stories told a decade ago by the local paper makers—particularly machine tenders—in the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning. Some of the tales were vigorous and frightful. For your paper maker, in the full flood tide of graveyard shift imaginative oratory, has few equals in the industrial world.

In those mystical hours we have heard tales of early days of paper making on the Pacific Coast and in the east. Once a sockeye salmon ran through the sheet; on another occasion they shut down the machine because a bald-headed eagle flew in the stock box. And some of the miraculous feats performed with the aid of a piece of haywire, plus the hereditary ability of the particular paper maker are still told to broke hustlers.

We venture to remark that any yarn the old-time Florida paper maker can spill can be topped, trumped, doubled and redoubled by our graveyard shift in Powell River. Did any Florida paper maker have to chase a black bear off the running board of his machine? Did they have deer (the wild variety) wandering into the machine room to start up the machines in the morning?

So if those Florida paper makers want to tell stories of the glories of the haywire age we can give them a few for the book. Of course, the general imaginative level of the paper-making fraternity—east, west, north or south—commands respect. We don't say for a minute we'll have it all our own way. But yarn for yarn, Powell River paper makers have not yet lost the ancient touch.

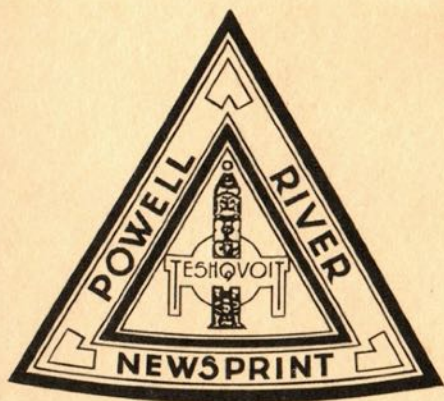
Remember the time the cougar climbed the stack? Thanks, boys; it's just another sample for the Florida foresters.





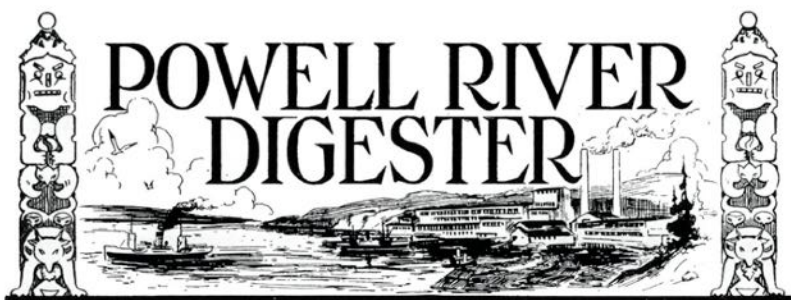


# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 MARCH, 1939 NO.3





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 15

MARCH, 1939

No. 3

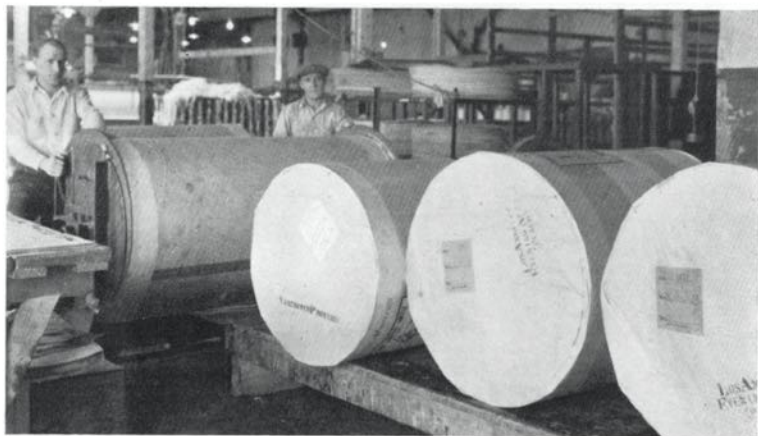


S.S. "Limerick" loading newsprint for Australia and New Zealand at Powell River.  
*See page 5 for story of Union Steamship Company freighters.*



## Finished Rolls for the Publishing Houses

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series of articles dealing with the packing, weighing and inspecting of our newsprint rolls as they leave the machines on the first leg of their journey to the publishing houses.]



*Finished rolls of Powell River newsprint, ready for the weighing machine. Frank Dodsworth (left) and E. Patrucco show a roll in the pressing machine.*

**T**“EMINENTLY satisfactory” was the terse report from an overseas publisher commenting in the manner in which rolls of newsprint bearing the Powell River label had been wrapped.

Such statements are gratifying to officials. They are particularly gratifying to Norman Fraser, Finishing Room superintendent, and his crew, who are directly responsible for this “eminently satisfactory” condition of our wrapped rolls.

What, one might ask, are the qualifications for an “eminently satisfactory” newsprint pack?

Manifestly the first demand of a publisher would be a request for protection—a pack that would safeguard the roll against all legitimate handling

and transport hazards—a pack that would guarantee a shipment reaching the pressroom with an absolute minimum of damage.

Secondly the publisher would request that, insofar as humanly possible, the paper be delivered to his doorstep as it left the machines—that is, without deterioration through atmospheric conditions.

And with these factors assured, our publisher will then shift his glance from the well protected roll, look us straight in the eye, and say:

“And what about the economics of the situation, old chap?”

And that brings us down to the ideals in newsprint packing—absolute protection combined with economy. It is the ideal that the Finishing Room

at Powell River adopts in its packing slogan. It is an ideal that, as a result of continued experimentation, research and co-operation with the technical department, has been largely attained.

#### NO DETERIORATION

Let's glance first at the second request of our publisher—the prevention of deterioration through exposure—for this is the first process in the wrapping of a roll of Powell River newsprint.

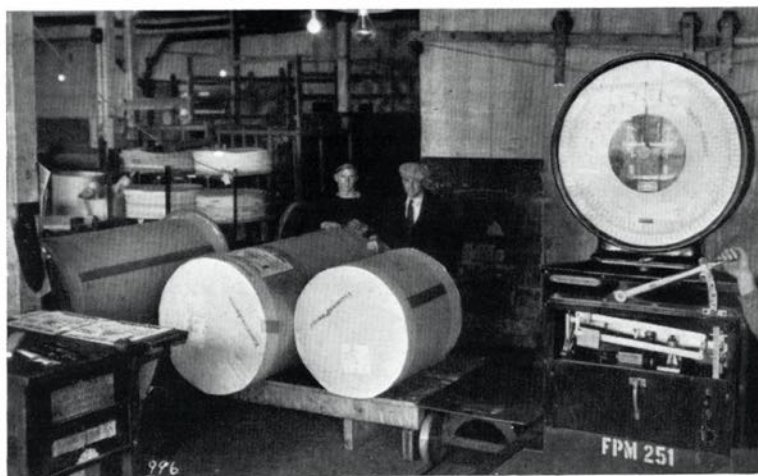
As the roll comes hot off the machine, it is swung on to the rollers a few feet away. Around each roll the Machine Room crews wind a complete body wrap of specially prepared laminated newsprint designed to retain the original moisture content and eliminate drying by the atmosphere. It is a matter of minutes only before these first protective bands are placed around the roll. The material is light

but tough and moisture-proof—first step in the "Protection with Economy program."

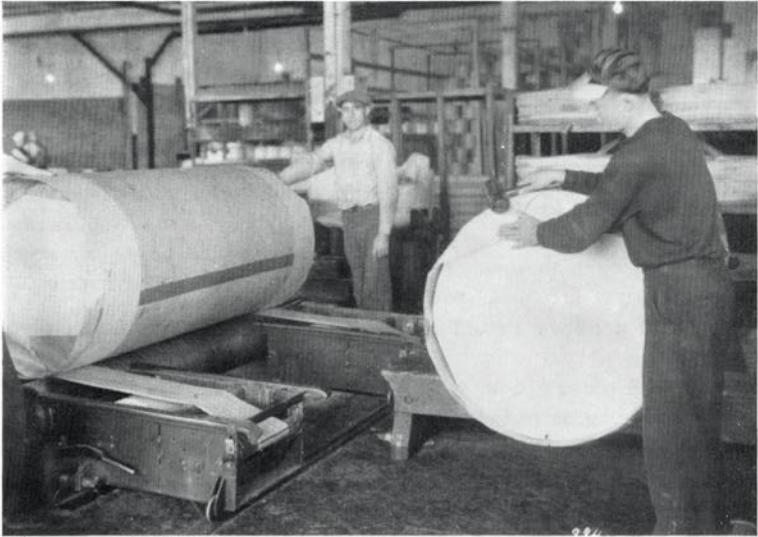
And now we come to the actual wrapping process as carried out by the Finishing Room staff—their working benches immediately adjacent to the Machine Room. Another matter of minutes only before the rolls are wheeled to the waiting benches.

#### STRONG AND LIGHT

The first stage in the wrapping process is the winding of the main body wrap, which covers the sheet from end to end with eight-inch overlaps to assist the end wrapping. The material used is made from a specially refined stock, prepared by Powell River Control Superintendent Harry Andrews and his assistants. This is much stronger than the wrapper formerly used, has a smooth finish, which prevents chafing of rolls. The introduc-



Norman Fraser (right), finishing room superintendent, stands beside Tommy Powell as the rolls, covered with end and body wraps, slide towards the weighing machine.



*The start of the wrapping process. The body wrap, made of the specially refined roll wrapper stock, has been put on and the end wrap started. On the right, Tommy Powell shows how the strong multi-rounds of wrapper is "crimped" over the edge as a protection in a vital spot.*

tion of this special stock has enabled considerable curtailment in wrapper weight with equal if not better protection than was afforded by the standard pack formerly used.

One of the most frequent causes of complaints in the ordinary pack has come from air bursts. Elimination of such complaints has been a special study of Superintendent Norman Fraser; and the present pack used on all shipments of Powell River newspaper has been designed and perfected in the local Finishing Room.

#### CUSHION EDGED PACK

The special Cushion Edged pack evolved has proved highly satisfactory. The ends, where handling hazards are greatest, have stood up under all nor-

mal and known conditions; and the one-time bugbear of air bursts have been almost completely eliminated.

As a result of improvement and research in manufacturing lighter and tougher stock—and by special study and testing, the present Cushion Edged pack has permitted a cutting down of quantity without sacrifice of protection—with consequent saving to the publisher. The crimping plan allows the roll to be kept clear of the floor by a half-inch cushion.

The tough, strong, specially manufactured end wraps are placed on the outside of the body wrap—and wrapped by a special local process.

In the Finishing Room three shifts are maintained — and consequently

(Continued on Page 12)



## The Limerick Takes On Paper

### Fighting Career of Union Steamship Co. Ships Recalled



S.S. "Limerick", of the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand, loading newsprint at Powell River wharf for New Zealand and Australia.

**L**AST month our photographer caught an old friend and regular visitor, the SS. *Limerick* of the Union Steamship Company of Canada and New Zealand, loading paper for the Antipodes.

All Australian and New Zealand shipments of Powell River newsprint are accompanied by a minimum of handling. Our berthing facilities for deep water traffic enables direct shipment from producer to consumer—no transshipment is involved. The rolls are run direct from the plant to the waiting *Limerick*—and the next move is by the stevedores of Auckland, Wellington, Sydney, etc. Members of the *Limerick*'s crew have, on different occasions, watched their paper being run through the machines, and seen the same rolls a few hours afterwards resting in the hold of their ship.

Ships of the Union Steamship Company are among the oldest callers at the port of Powell River. As early as 1912, freighters of the line carried some of the first rolls of newsprint ever manufactured in Powell River to our friends in Australia and New Zealand. Old-timers in Powell River will recollect the famous Waikimo class of vessels, all of which saw service in the Great War and many of which never returned to their home ports.

There was the first *Waikimo*, a regular caller, formerly the *Canadian Cape*. She ended her career in the Mediterranean, victim of an enemy "sub." And the original *Wairuna*, well known to old-timers, ran afoul of the German raider *Wolfe* to end her paper-carrying days. The *Waikawa*, another famous ship of this class, carried newsprint out of Powell River for several years. Leaving Bristol Channel one bright afternoon, a lurking submarine caught her amidships with a torpedo. And there was the old *Waiotatara*, making her first trip out from England. She burned to the water's edge, off Suva—never arriving in Australia. Strangely enough, one of the slowest vessels of the fleet, the first *Waiotatara*, escaped all the hazards of war-time freighting and carried on for several years after the War.

Other ships of the line that have carried newsprint from Powell River

(Continued on Page 13)



*A picture of memories. The late Doctor Brooks (left) photographed with the late Michael J. Scanlon on their last trip together to Powell River nearly ten years ago.*

THE above photograph will recall memories of the past to many old-timers in Powell River. The picture of Doctor Dwight F. Brooks, (left), and Michael J. Scanlon, two of the original founders of the Powell River Company, was taken on their last combined visit to Powell River.

It is nine years since the two "Grand Old Men" passed away. They died within a year of each other in 1930, but both lived to see the great expansion of the plant which they, in company with the late Anson Brooks and John O'Brien, had visualized through the years.

Hundreds of employees still remember the periodic visits of Doctor Brooks and "M. J.". These were no Cook's Tours when they came to town. They were liable to drop in on any department at any time. They knew and loved the mill and townsite which their vision had helped create.

Probably no finer team ever existed

than the Doctor and "M. J.". A combination of tenacity, forcefulness, vision and diplomacy. They had been partners in many and widely extended enterprises in the Bahamas, in Florida, in Oregon, in Minnesota, Louisiana, Washington, Montana, and other points. And Powell River was their last and probably largest enterprise. Their visits were regular and they never failed to look up the old-timers who had worked with them from Powell River's earliest days.

"M. J." Scanlon, the business man and diplomat, Dr. Brooks, far-sighted, vigorous. A common saying in connection with "M. J." was, "Give him ten minutes with the King and he'd walk out with the Crown.

Today, at the entrance of No. 7 Machine Room, the last of the Doctor and "M. J.'s" expansion projects, stand two plain bronze plaques, consummating a partnership that existed unimpaired for over a quarter of a century.

## The Machine Shop



*The machine shop at Powell River, showing extensive equipment necessary for the varied minor and major repair jobs that are a daily necessity.*

A FEW years ago, a machinery salesman remarked rather ruefully, "The biggest competitor our Company has is your own Machine Shop in Powell River."

The salesman went on to say that such was the completeness of our mechanical equipment—machine shop, welding shop, foundry, etc. — that major and minor repairs, replacement and manufacturing of equipment could be effected locally without going outside for new parts.

There is probably no section of our plant less in the limelight than the Machine Shop. It is one of the silent, but intensely active, partners in the Powell River newsprint machine. The machines hum, the stacks send out

their volume of billowing smoke, digesters blow and are filled, the gigantic stones tear the wood to shreds. The mechanical colossus runs on without interruption.

And behind are the quiet group of mechanics, shaping and reshaping, repairing and manufacturing the worn-out cogs in the machines, building new ones, grinding rolls, forging flanges, repairing motors, pumps, and the thousand miscellaneous pieces of equipment, large and small, that keep the big newsprint machines in action.

It was the intention of the original founder of the Powell River plant to construct a unit that, as far as possible, would be self-contained. And in the Machine Shop and mechanical

*(Continued on Page 15)*



## The Summer Sport Season Strains at the Leash

**W**ITH the official (for it's been unofficial since February) appearance of spring, Powell River's numerous and widespread summer sport activities are preparing for a busy season.

### New Lighting

Over at the Riverside Oval, the Box Lacrosse boys, taking a tip from Big Time sport, have installed a new and up-to-date lighting system for their evening games. No more rushing through dinner to witness the hectic summer battles. Fans can have their evening meal in peace, stroll over to the Oval in the deepening shades of twilight, and watch their pets scamper around under the bright lights.

### Well Bowled, Sir!

And the Cricket Club, following the immortal example of their British brethren, have set up a new clubhouse on the Oval, where tea will be served between innings, and the ladies enabled to watch the game from the luxurious balcony between sips of the soul refreshing beverage. Membership may soon be as exclusive as the famous Marylebone Club of England, where the aspirant for club membership is entered at birth or shortly afterwards.

### Batter Up

The diamond trotters have gone seriously about the job of reorganizing the baseball league this year. Eight teams, representing departments of the plant, will be seen in action.



*The married ladies get ready for softball again. Above, last year's winners of the married girls' group pose with coach Leo Olympico.*

Chief Murray Mouat is preparing for a monster opening, with bands, and all the trimmings for May 7th.

### Softball

The softball experts are very much in the limelight. "Moon" Mawn, manager for everything from ping-pong to marbles, is one of the chief organizers along with Doug Johnson. The married ladies' team (see inset) are looking for trouble this year, and if those lassies from Cranberry think they are going to have things their own way—just ask the married gals! Several male teams have been organized and our two sport fields will be taxed to capacity.

### Tracksters Out

Track and field artists will soon be limbering up muscles on the Riverside Oval. The Track Club is going out after the locals this year and will stage the usual big Dominion Day meet. All stars from Vancouver and other points will be on hand, and a special series of races for locals only will feature the big bill. Marion Borden, present British Columbia champion girl sprinter, will defend her laurels against the best British Columbia has to offer.

### Soccer

The round ball pastime will persist well into early summer with a local squad entered for the Canadian play-downs. A little harder training and the boys may do what they failed by an eyelash to do last year—win the right to represent British Columbia against the East.

### Lawn Bowling

The biased pellet tossers are straining at the leash for the official opening on May 7th. Perennial Secretary Bill Parkin states the ladies' division will be bigger and better than ever, and that he hopes, by a process of juggling known only to himself, to keep the percentage of Scottish members down to at least 50 per cent. Wish you luck, Bill, but you've a job!

And that's the main attraction, folks, and not so bad either. Of course, there are the golf tournaments, and swimming galas, in fact if there is a sport Powell River hasn't tried it's not our fault—we just haven't heard of it.

### Golfers Show Up Well

Powell River golfers made highly creditable showings in the recently completed B. C. Amateur Championships at Oak Bay, Victoria.

The Powell River team of Frank and John McDonald, Tommy Hunter and Alf Tate, were the surprise of the tournament and crossed up the experts by emerging as runners-up for the Hamber Trophy, representative of teams of four. The locals were nosed out 609 to 611 by the home Oak Bay team. They were ahead of Victoria, Vancouver and other large centre teams.

Three locals, Frank and John McDonald, and Tom Hunter, went through the qualifying rounds.

Tommy Hunter was runner-up in the Men's B. C. Junior Championships, and Frank and John lost by a single hole against stiff competition, in the Senior Championships.

## See Them Smiling!



*Vic Couder (left), vice-president, and Rene Deneau, president, of G. F. Steele & Co., pose again, "somewhere in Texas."*

Last month some of our Texas friends were a bit doubtful of our caption featuring Rene Deneau "Somewhere in Texas." Frank Huntruss was wondering if Carole Lombard had mistaken Rene for Clark Gable and the two were hiding out "somewhere in Texas."

A bit flustered, Rene shot us along the above picture, snapped holding bravely to a road sign in Lufkin, Texas. (Texas publishers know why.) We often wonder what Mrs. Deneau thinks about all this, and whether Rene is taking those bending exercises every morning as he promised.

## What About It, Con?

Con Standal, the Finishing Room cartoonist, has been putting his noon hours to excellent advantage during the present and recent international events. Con has worked out a series of colored cartoons that are the pride and joy of fellow roll-crimpers. Con changes the panel at regular intervals and turns it around when lady visitors disturb this sacred sanctum. One section of office opinion is suggesting that Curly Woodward, Con's pen and pencil pushing rival, establish a similar board in the office.



*Powell River's St. John Ambulance squads in action (left). On the floor, Bill Mohr, a willing patient, is being trussed up by Gilbert Rennison (left), Bill Farnden, Norman Hastings and Alec Kennedy. Right is one of Powell River's five first aid competition teams: Cecil Phillips (left), George Crockett, Tom Evans (captain), Ian Abbott, George Belyea.*

## Around The Plant

### Ex-Servicemen's Registration

**I**N co-operation with the National Veterans, representing the combined Ex-Servicemen's groups of Canada, the local Ex-Servicemen's Association is assisting in the national voluntary registration of veterans.

The purpose is to have available, in the event of a national emergency, groups of specialists and experienced men to assist in necessary measures of home defence. The registration is purely voluntary, undertaken by the local Association as part of a nationwide survey. To facilitate filling in of forms, special facsimiles have been provided and are available at the Time Office and district post offices.

A large number of ex-servicemen have already filled in their application forms.

Approximately 350 ex-service men are employees of the Powell River Company, and in the neighborhood of fifty carry decorations from the World War.

\* \* \*

### A Worthy Death

Jack Harper and Sam Rees were among the first to sign the Veterans' registration form. The two ex-navy salts have an idea of a Powell River-Courtenay flotilla. The Courtenay beer is said to be of high quality, and it's up to all good sailors, quoth Jack

and Sam, to die in defence of our beer. It's an army sentiment, too.

\* \* \*

### A New Story?

Colin Johnston, home from his Minneapolis jaunt, has a story of the Salvation Army—or a Salvation Army lass, we have forgotten which. We knew a couple of these stories (heard 'em from Jimmy Jacobs) but this was probably a different lass from the one Jimmy met.

\* \* \*

### Imaginary Conversation

Curly Woodward: "The international crisis presents many interesting points. One must be careful of dogmatizing on any of the issues. Mr. Chamberlain may possibly be open to criticism in a few instances, but on the other hand he must be accorded high praise for his unrelenting efforts in the critical days. Be careful of dogmatizing, boys."

\* \* \*

### Crisis Snaps

In order to get a close-up view of how the crisis was affecting representative citizens, we nosed our prow amidships into the noon time forum in front of the Department Store.

"Well, what do you think about it?" we asked Neil Munn.

"Told you three months ago everything would be all right," Neil shot back. "The Maple Leafs have the



best team in years and will take Boston in four straight games."

\* \* \*

### It's All Wrong

"And what do you think about it, Pat?" we inquired of Pat McGuinness, who looked as if the whole world had fallen on top of him.

"Damn it," Pat frothed, "What in heck happened to those Kimberley Dynamiters. Imagine a bunch of hams like Port Arthur taking them 13-2. It just ain't right."

\* \* \*

### Gordie Agrees

We tried Gordon Thorburn next. "What?" we inquired, "is your exact opinion of Chamberlain, Gordie?"

"Don't think he fits in very well with Toronto's third line," snapped Gord. "Now, if they'd switch Busher Jackson to that line, the Leafs would have a real hockey team."

So, folks, that's all we can tell you. The World Series, in both amateur and professional hockey, is on just now, and with Boston and Toronto playing a four-out-of-seven final, the crisis has reached a climax.

\* \* \*

### The Kyak Derby

Preparations are under way for the big Kyak launching next month. Powell River's beach promises to be a South Sea Island resort before the summer finishes. Harold Fleury has completed construction of the *Flash*, which will be piloted by Evan Beale, and just across the street, Claude Mc-

Donald's *Scottish Flyer*, with son Campbell at the controls, is ready for the big list. P. R. Lockie, Company physical director, is already talking about a "Kyak Derby" as a special beach attraction this summer.

\* \* \*

### Vic Starts 'em Sprouting

These early springs have their disadvantages. The gardening fiends swarm around the place like locusts and set examples difficult for an all-round citizen to even approach.

Up on Ocean View, Vic Thorpe has outvied Tarzan in his back yard labors. One shovelful and the casual passer-by thinks a steam shovel has been in the yard. Vic has worked out a new vegetable rotating system this year. "The Thorpe run-around," he calls it. It's giving a lot of boys in the block a bad run-around.

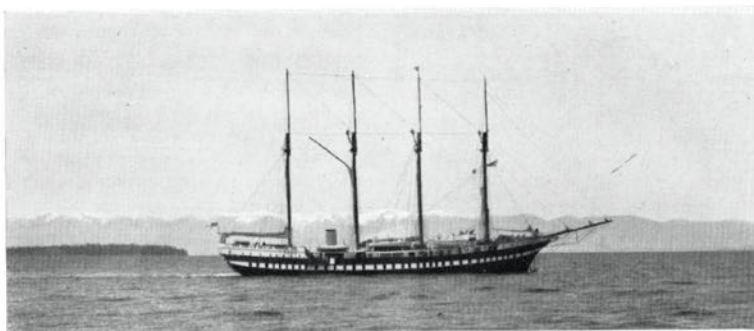
### Finished Rolls

(Continued from Page 4)

there is no delay in wrapping and packing. There are no periods when the roll may be "left to itself" awaiting wrapping some hours hence. The job is done as the rolls leave the machine—and they reach the publisher in that condition.

The science—for it is a science—of packing newsprint, has been Finishing Room Superintendent Norman Fraser's special study and pride—and with the continued improvements of recent months he offers—not perhaps the ideal—but an "eminently satisfactory" pack with the two highlights—*Protection and Economy*.

## Unique Vessel Visits Powell River



*The yacht "Fantome", owned by the Hon. E. A. Guinness, as she appeared at anchor in Powell River harbour last month. It was a popular spectacle to the youth of the community.*

Powell River ship lovers had a thrill last month when the big 1,200-ton ocean-going yacht *Fantome*, owned by the Hon. E. A. Guinness, British industrialist, dropped anchor in the harbor for an overnight stay.

The *Fantome*, with a crew of forty, is one of the most luxuriously appointed private yachts in commission today. Capt. Frogbrook brought the ship from England to Vancouver via San Francisco.

Other noted visitors travelling as Mr. Guinness' guests were Capt. and Mrs. G. Gorchin, Mrs. O. Fitzroy, Miss Fitzroy and the Marquis of Sligo.

Mr. D. A. Evans, resident manager, welcomed the visitors to Powell River and conducted them on a tour of the plant.

The Marquis of Sligo is a brother-in-law of Lord Stanhope, First Lord of the Admiralty. When asked for his views on the current international

situation, the Marquis showed typical British reticence.

The *Fantome* is one of the few private yachts to appear in these waters flying the White Ensign. She has that privilege as her owner is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron of Great Britain.

### The "Limerick" Takes On Paper

(Continued from Page 5)

are the ill-fated *Tahiti*, which foundered several years ago in the South Seas; the *Hauraki* which, since 1921, has been an old friend; the famous passenger liner *Makura*, and in recent years, the *Limerick*.

The *Limerick* is the present successor to a great seafaring tradition which the line has carried through war and peace.

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

## New General Superintendent



*Grant M. Fowler*

The management of the Powell River Company have announced that, effective April 14, Grant M. Fowler has been appointed general superintendent at Powell River.

Mr. Fowler was born at Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, and has had widespread technical and practical experience in the paper industry. He is an honor graduate in chemistry from McGill, where he also took his M.Sc. He has been employed with the Dryden Paper Company, Canadian Forest Products Laboratory, and the Laurentide Division of the Consolidated Paper Co. He was eleven and a half years at Laurentide, and resigned the position of gen-

eral superintendent to accept this post at Powell River.

At Laurentide Mr. Fowler took a keen interest in welfare and community life. He has been president of the Golf Club, and an active leader in the Men's Club of that district.

Our new superintendent is an ex-serviceman, serving overseas with the 7th Canadian Siege Battery.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Fowler to Powell River, and hope they will enjoy their residence here.

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### White Ensign

Considerable conjecture and some argument was occasioned when local technicians observed that the Hon. E. A. Guinness' yacht *Fantome* flew the White Ensign at her stern as she anchored in Powell River last month.

The White Ensign is essentially the flag of the Royal Navy—with one exception—and the *Fantome* comes in this latter category. The *Fantome* belongs to the Royal Yacht Squadron, the chief of all yacht clubs. By a grant of William IV, in 1829, vessels of the Royal Yacht Squadron were permitted to fly the famous naval flag. The *Royal Western* of Ireland flew it until 1857, when this privilege was abolished by the Admiralty. Since that date the Royal Yacht Squadron alone has this privilege. Any other vessel flying the White Ensign incurs a penalty of \$2,500 for each offence.

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And it is really astonishing how much first-hand information a fellow can get out of a second-hand car.



*John McIntyre, Powell River Company safety inspector; Harold Cove; Bill Barclay, Powell River Sales Company; J. L. Downey; T. H. Rand; Anthony Benn; R. C. MacKenzie; and Jack Hill, Powell River.*

### Visitors

Representatives of well-known shipping firms dominated our visitors' list during April. Up from Vancouver came again William Barclay, of the Powell River Sales Company, accompanied by Harold Cove, president and general manager of Balfour Guthrie Ltd., Vancouver; J. L. Downey, Balfour Guthrie, New York; T. H. Rand, Balfour Guthrie, Vancouver; and Anthony Benn of Price, Pierce Company, London, England.

Mr. Downey and Mr. Benn, making their first appearance in Powell River, chose the course of unconscious wisdom and went for a trip up Powell Lake. Harold Cove, who should have been warned by previous experience, elected to play golf with R. C. MacKenzie against Bill Barclay and Jack Hill. Bill manipulated the stroke angle in the usual fashion and the game was in the bag from the outset. Jack and

Bill grabbed off half a dozen golf balls each, donated by Mr. Downey.

Some day the boys are going to get wise to that Barclay touch, but to date it's been invincible.

### The Machine Shop

(Continued from Page 7)

equipment this idea has been embodied. Almost any major repair job may be made in Powell River, by Powell River workmen, and with Powell River equipment. In the Machine Shop alone are four grinding machines, three drill presses, two overhead cranes, six lathes, two shapers, as well as portable pipe machines, pipe threaders, hydraulic press, planing machines, etc. In addition, plant equipment includes two roll grinders, where the biggest steel, bronze or rubber roll may be ground to perfection by specially trained experts.





*The table tennis squad in action last month, showing Table Tennis Bat MacIntyre (left) patting an easy one across to Near Table Tennis Stanley McFarlane. The rest of the crowd look on with tolerant amusement.*

### Table Tennis

The latest craze in Powell River's indoor sports—Table Tennis. Our photographer, slinking around the rear of Dwight Hall, caught sounds of mirth, loud laughter, and rough exclamations oozing gently through the unguarded windows. He walked in and found the Sunday afternoon table tennis club in action. Most of them scurried into a corner to leave Battleman McIntyre and Stanley McFarlane, two players with only fair reputations, demonstrating the art and science of the pastime. But both these boys love playing and their team mates are very charitable.

As shown in the inset, the club has three tables and on Sunday afternoons there is a waiting list. The game has caught on, and many private tables have been installed in basements throughout the district.

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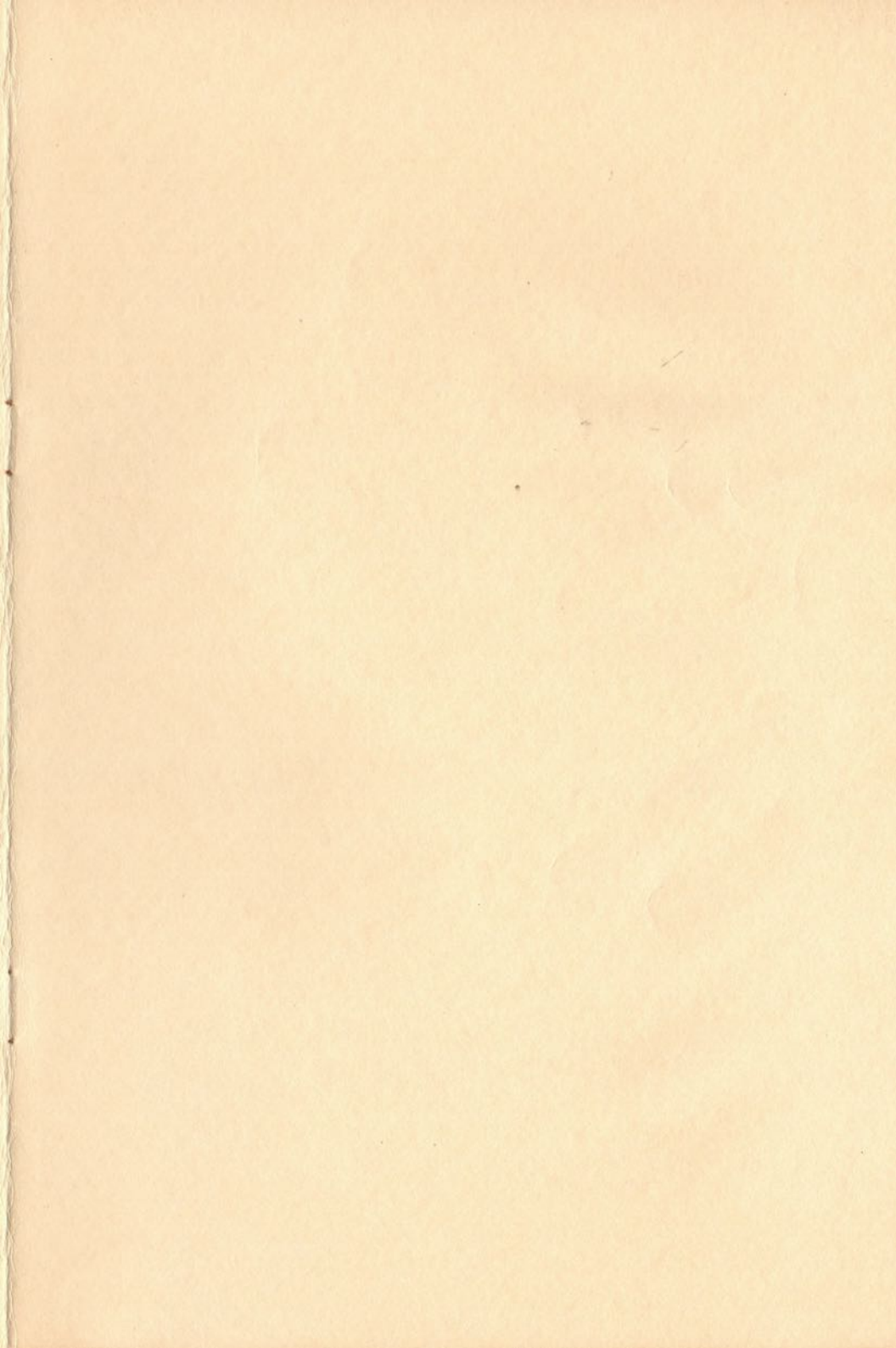
Work is stuff that on a holiday you don't do it.

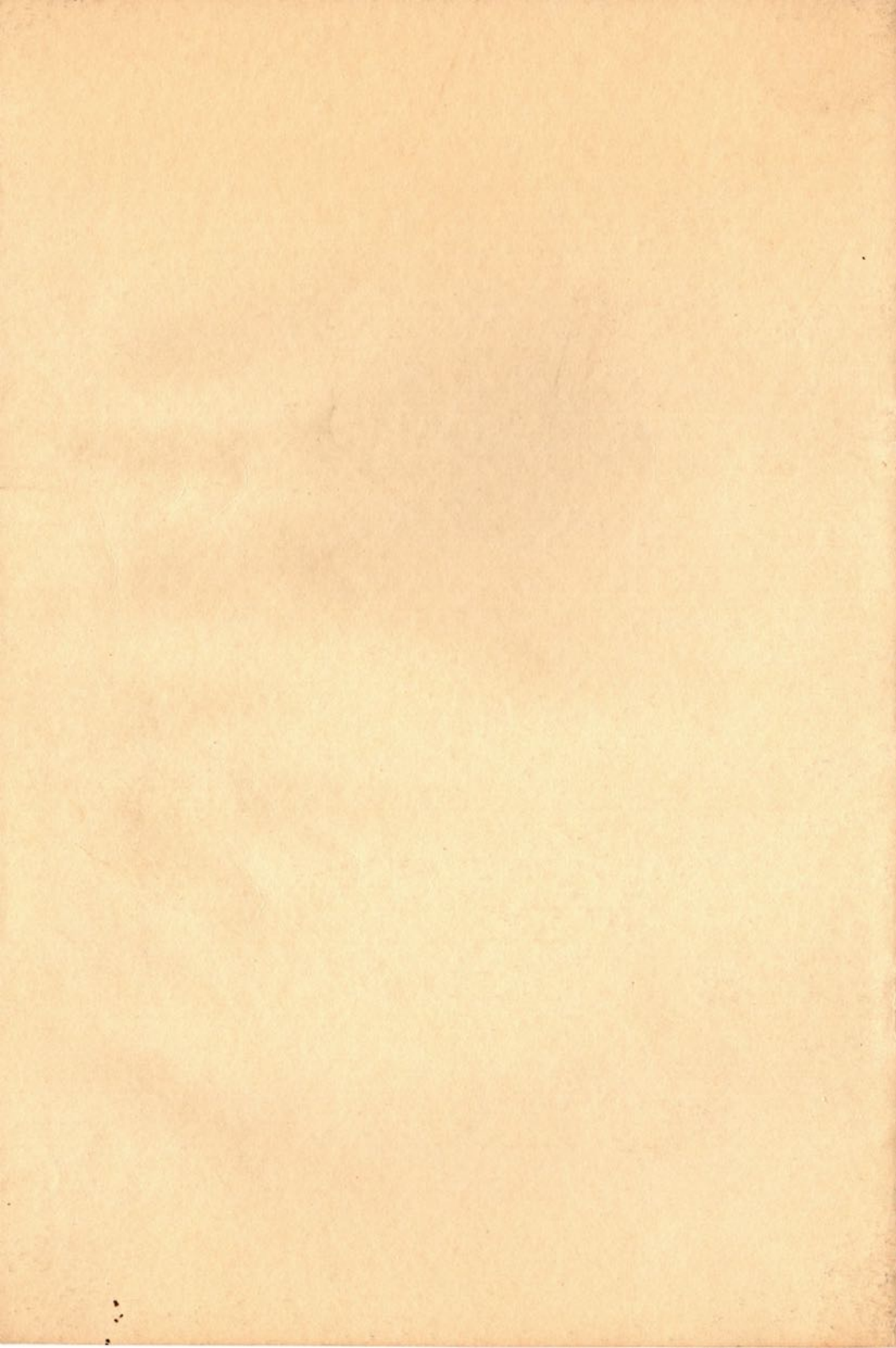
### Hopeful Homesteaders

An air of optimism pervades the 1100 Block, Ocean View. The Gordon homestead has purchased a car and neighbors are hopeful it will keep Bolo away from the roses this summer. Arthur Woodward, next door, estimates that with the Gordon menace removed, his own gardening efforts will be decreased by approximately 60 per cent. At that, Arthur, you'll still be in the salt mines.

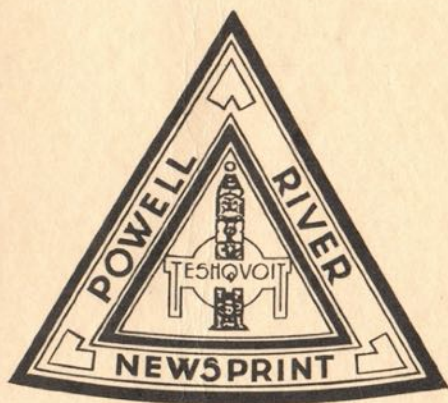
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Jack Smith, perennial winner of garden and vegetable competitions, has been out in the back yard with his frantic rake and soul-searing shovel. By the middle of summer the place looks as if all the truck produce of Southern California had been transplanted to the Smith mansion. Across the way, from behind closed blinds, Wendell Murray and Benny Birt peep anxiously Smithward, hoping the example may not be taken seriously by the other half of the household.





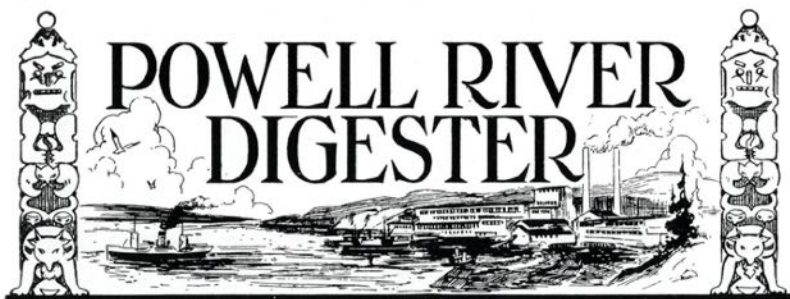
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 APRIL, 1939 NO. 4







J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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## Archers Away



*Keeping up to date with latest developments in the sporting world, Powell River enthusiasts take up Ye Ancient Sport of Archery. Here we see Bill Stewart, fitting his trusty bow for the next shot, with Art Rehfeld at the alert, dead on the bullseye.*

# History and Development of the Victoria Times

Many Well-known Journalists Graduate from Victoria Daily



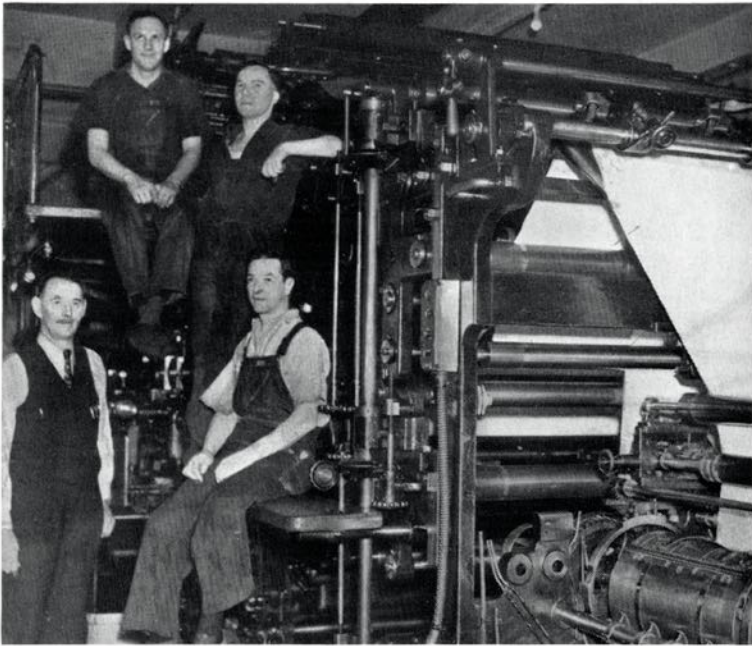
*The home of the Victoria Times for the last 28 years is the five storey building pictured above. It is located in the heart of the downtown section at the corner of Fort and Broad Streets and adjoins the David Spencer Limited department store. The pressroom is in the basement, business, advertising and circulation offices on the main floor; editor's offices on the third floor, news room on the fourth floor and the composing and stereotype rooms are on the top floor.*

**I**N the following pages we tell the story of another of British Columbia's famous dailies, the *Victoria Times*, which for fifty-five years has supplied news to the citizens of Victoria, capital city of British Columbia.

In June the *Victoria Daily Times*, one of the group of British Columbia's senior newspaper veterans, will celebrate its fifty-fifth birthday.

The chief promoter of the *Times* was the late John Grant, mayor of Victoria

for four consecutive terms. With him was associated the late Robert Beaven, former premier, who also served as mayor of Victoria in later years. The able Dr. G. L. Milne, well-known physician, was an early shareholder and an original backer of the newspaper. Harry A. Munn, still a resident of Victoria, was a subsequent shareholder who later disposed of his interests to Hon. William Templeman, founder of the *Almonte Gazette*, of Ontario.



*This picture shows Foreman Nute and his pressroom crew posing in the midst of their duties. At the top of the picture is Albert Cliff, the junior member of the pressroom crew. Below him are Alan Stewart and Robert Mason, two older hands, while Foreman Nute is standing on the left.*

The first editor was Thomas Gardner, an Englishman, who came from Sacramento, California, where he had been associated with the *Sacramento Record*.

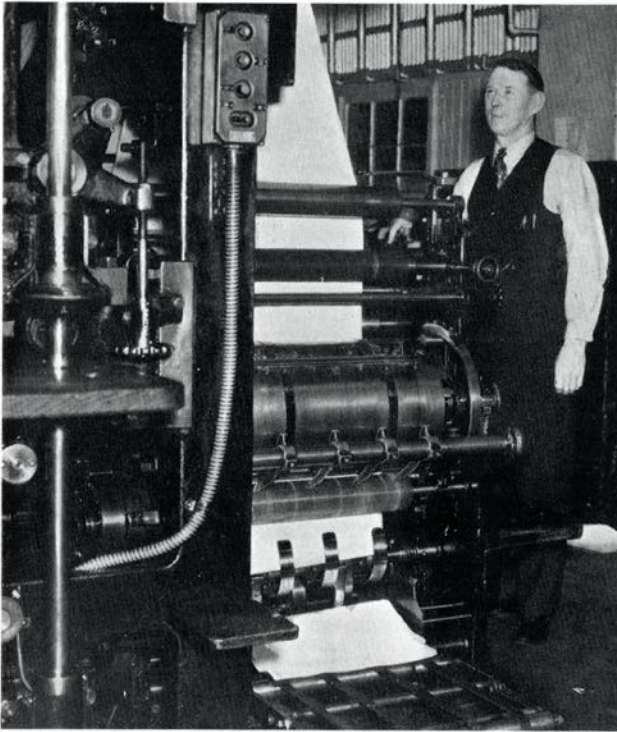
The *Times* was started in 1884 with four pages. It soon grew to an eight-page publication, publishing a weekly, and later a semi-weekly. In 1893, four of the newly-invented Mergenthaler type setting machines were installed by the *Times* at a formidable cost to outmode the method of setting type by hand. This was the second set of these machines to be used in Canada, and the first on the coast. The *Times* now

operates eleven of these machines, one Ludlow, and one monotype caster. In 1900 the *Times* installed a photo-engraving department, the first plant of its kind in British Columbia. This department is now one of the most modern on the Pacific Coast, carrying both newspaper and commercial jobs.

An up-to-date photographic department, recently completed, can develop and print a news picture in twelve minutes.

Hon. William Templeman retained the ownership of the newspaper until his death, proving an able editorial writer as well as a practical printer,





*Thomas Nute, foreman of the Victoria Times pressroom, is shown standing beside the 48-page Goss press which publishes two editions daily for the Capital's only evening newspaper. Mr. Nute is a veteran member of the press-room staff and was made foreman following the death of the late E. E. Corbett in 1936.*

and the growth of the newspaper in the confidence of the public was due in a large measure to his outstanding qualities. During Mr. Templeman's absence in Ottawa as Senator, and later Minister in Sir Wilfrid Laurier's cabinet, the paper was managed by the late John Nelson, who later held an executive position with the Sun Life Assurance Company in Montreal.

Upon Mr. Templeman's retirement from public life in 1911, he directed the publication of the newspaper until his death in 1914. Among those who have filled the editorial chair since were: The late Robert Houston; the

late Thomas Graham, who afterwards joined the *Daily Mail* in England; the late Robert B. Dunn; and the late Benjamin C. Nicholas, whose contributions to the civic welfare of Victoria are still fresh in the memories of thousands living there. The editorial chair is at present occupied by Kenneth Drury.

Not a few members of the staff of the *Times* have won high places in the field of journalism. Conspicuous among these are the late Martin J. Egan, former city editor, later connected with the Associated Press, who was an exec-

(Continued on Page 15)

## Premier Dedicates New Federal Building



*Premier Pattullo opens the new Federal Building at Powell River. Inset we show the Premier (left) with Harry Davis, President Powell River Board of Trade, and Mr. C. F. Dawson, Dominion Architect, surrounded by a group of Powell River's younger citizens.*

Flying over from Victoria, the Honourable T. D. Pattullo, Premier of British Columbia, on April 21 officially dedicated the new Federal Building at Powell River.

The premier, in his dedication address, expressed regret that the Hon. Ian MacKenzie, Federal Minister of Defence, was unable to officiate at the opening. He stated the new building was recognition by the government of the importance of Powell River in the industrial life of British Columbia and Canada. Several hundred people turned out for the dedication ceremony, and the premier was bombarded by school children seeking autographs.

Prior to the dedication ceremony the premier was guest at a luncheon arranged by the Powell River Board of Trade. Mr. Pattullo was in his usual vigorous vein, and entertained guests with a forcible description of inter-provincial and provincial-federal relations. He touched briefly on the Alaska Highway, a project much to the fore in recent months.

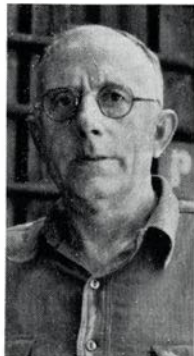
Other official visitors present at the dedication included Mr. Bryan, M.L.A., MacKenzie District; C. F. Dawson, Dominion Architect; J. Turner, District Inspector of Postal Service; and Mr. Manning, Inspector of Schools.

## Shots From the Sulphite Plant

Clicks from the Candid Camera Bring Surprising Results



"Harry"



"Harvey"



"Joe"

WITH the approach of summer, and the mill crews stretching muscles and looking around for new worlds to conquer, candid cameraman Fred Armbruster, assistant sulphite superintendent in his spare time, started out on his initial prowls of the season. We suggested he try the sulphite department first. Sort of a home ground idea to get acclimatized to prowls further afield. Later Fred has promised to sneak up on the machine room, the grinder room and even the millwrights. This month, however, we give you Fred's first love, the sulphite department, and a few of the specimens encountered on an average day's shooting trip through the Digester territory.

The first click of the day caught Cook Ambrose McKinnon, with that elusive grin reserved for unwary maidens and members of the police force. Here it is, reserved for posterity and

any unwary maidens running around loose. "Not many these days," Mac smirked ruefully. "I remember the days when I . . ." At this point Fred hastily clicked the camera and the end of the story still hangs in the air.

A quick duck around the corner and full into the blaze of posterity walked Harry Zaccarelli, local sports encyclopedia. Shoulders squared, an expression of ill-concealed contempt spreading his usually sunny features, Harry was shot just as he was telling Fred what he thought of the New York Yankees' chances for the pennant. "And you can show this picture to Larry Guthro," Harry mumbled, "and tell him that's just how I feel about it." Fred murmured a humble "Thanks, ol' boy," sneaked away before Harry's mounting wrath, and looked around for the next victim.

A quick swing of the camera to the "alert" and Joe Haig, sleuthing his

way to the chip bin stairs, was nipped before he could find anything to heave. Joe didn't care what the Yanks did or might do to Detroit—he was a shade more interested in the final of the English soccer cup—and positively beamed when Fred tactfully mur-



*Ambrose McKinnon, pride of the House of McKinnon, wears the Grand Forks smile.*

mured, "Gosh, Joe, you sure do keep that school girl complexion." So, folks, meet Joe Haig, chip expert, and his school girl complexion.

Things were warming up by this time, so Fred decided a little walk with a change of air might relieve the tension. He hot-footed it out to the digester house, down the walk, ducked down the side stairs and executed a flank movement in the direction of the acid burner. He caught Harvey Coomber, acid burner, straightening up from an expert glance at the blue flames.

"Hold it a second, Harvey," pleaded Fred. Harvey, with the nonchalant air of the much-photographed man, "held it" casually. And so, in the final round-up of the day we present, through the courtesy of Armbruster Films Inc., Harvey Coomber "holding it" for the edification of future genera-

(Continued on Page 13)

## An Interesting Problem

In a recent issue we received a report from an anonymous source, giving us the candid facts in connection with certain car-driving episodes of Vice-president Robin Bell-Irving.

Now, from an equally anonymous source, a whisper has reached us that Robin is not the only executive in Vancouver who has trouble dodging the police traps of that casual city. Just recently Harold Foley slipped through the door of the main office, slipped quietly to his own office, and slipped quietly down in his chair.

A few minutes later Robin strutted casually into Harold's sanctum. He oozed unctuousness as he casually remarked:

"Say, Harold, what happened to the fender of your car? It looks pretty bad, almost as if you had gone through a light and bumped a car coming the other way."

"Now, Robin, that's not true. I had the right of way, and you surely don't call that little scraping a bump, do you? Why, I didn't even notice it—hardly scratched the paint—and anyway—"

"I know how it is, Harold," Robin cut in. "By the way, how much was the repair bill?"

"As I was saying," continued Harold, "the shipment of newsprint to the Orient presents an interesting problem——"

EPILOGUE. — Roy Foote says to Harry Grant: "Isn't that new car of Mr. Foley's a darb?"



## Sliammon Braves to See King



*The big 42-foot cedar racing canoe being hollowed out by the Indians at Sliammon, near Powell River. The "ship" will take twenty Sliammon braves to Vancouver for the visit of the King and Queen in May.*

In every city in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver, preparations are being made for the forthcoming historic visit of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth. Canada in May will be a long pageant of color and loyalty. In Powell River hundreds of residents are arranging visits to Vancouver. Local ex-servicemen will form part of the Guard of Honor along the route.

Preparations for the visit are reaching into almost every hamlet and village. At the little Indian village of Sliammon, three miles north of Powell River, the braves of the Sliammon tribe are building a special war canoe to greet Their Majesties in Vancouver.

All along the coast the various tribes are getting their war and racing canoes ready for the big "Potlatch" in Vancouver harbor. A fleet of war and racing canoes will string down the

Gulf of Georgia and form part of Western Canada's greeting to their King and Queen. The Sliammon racing dug-out is 42 feet long and will hold 20 braves. The work is all done by hand from a big cedar log, taken from Harwood Island just across the Gulf from Powell River. Chief Paul and his braves, under supervision of an expert imported from the Sechelt reservation, are working enthusiastically on the big ship. They intend that the Sliammon entry will be in the forefront of the Coast Indians' welcome to the royal couple.

Present plans call for the "Indian fleet" to assemble in Vancouver harbor, and it is expected the tribes will be in full war paint for the occasion. It will be a colorful spectacle and probably the first time in history that such a sight has been seen in Vancouver harbor.

## Golfdom's Big Four



*Powell River's "Big Four", who were runners up in the B. C. Amateur Golf Championships at Victoria last month. Standing: John McDonald (left); Frank McDonald. Sitting: Alf Tate (left); Tommy Hunter.*

The fine showing of Powell River's golf representatives at the B. C. Amateur Championships at Victoria last month is bringing the local club into the spotlight of provincial recognition.

The president of the Victoria club, speaking over the radio during the championships, was asked what he considered one of the outstanding features of the tournament.

He replied: "The showing of the four young men from Powell River, who surprised the B. C. golfing world by almost winning the Lieutenant-Governor's Cup."

This group of young men pictured above, in competition with ten of the best "foursomes" in British Columbia, only missed winning the aggregate.

Three of the boys learned all their golfing in Powell River. The two MacDonald boys, John and Frank, are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace MacDonald.

Tommy Hunter, 16 years old, is the son of Pete Hunter, wharf superintendent, and bids fair to make a niche in B. C. golfing halls within the next few years. Tommy was runner-up in the junior championship, and one of the Powell River four who defeated ten of the province's fancied teams.

The fourth member, Alf Tate, is a brother of Ernie Tate, and has resided here for the past several years.

The boys all benefited by the experience on "foreign" links and are confident that next year the big Hamber Trophy will rest in Powell River.

## Packing and Shipping Newsprint

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second in a series of three articles, dealing with the packing, protection, and shipping of newsprint in and from Powell River. The final article will appear in next month's issue.



*Rolls of newsprint being loaded on the waiting flat cars in the finishing room. The iron shields used to protect the roll against possible damage are clearly visible. The shield on the roll about to be placed on the cars will rub the shield on the car roll. Thus no actual contact of the paper takes place. The shields take up the shock of loading.*

**I**N our last issue we told something of the methods used in packing and wrapping Powell River newsprint in the finishing rooms of the plant. We endeavored to stress throughout that protection of the rolls on the first stage of their journey to the publishing houses was the chief objective of Superintendent Norman Fraser and his staff.

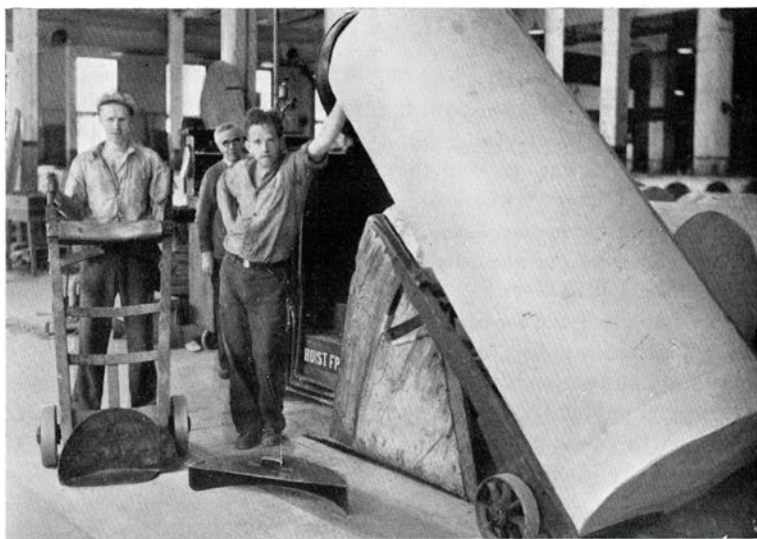
In the current issue we carry the rolls a step farther, showing loading and weighing in the finishing rooms, and their journey to the side of the waiting freighter. In the handling of rolls the same precaution is observed.

In the first photograph the long line of rolls is seen on the benches ready

for weighing. Each roll is eased on to the waiting truck and wheeled only a few yards to the weigh scales, where the exact weight is registered and marked on the individual roll. A few feet away the narrow gauge railway line, with the "drag" of flat cars, awaits the rolls as they leave the weighing machine. The entire operation involves a minimum of handling, and the short trucking haul curtails risk to the employee and possible damage to the roll.

All trucks used throughout the plant for handling paper are designed with semi-circular steel front to receive the shape of the roll, and special shields, as shown in the photographs, are placed





*"Skinny" Cofield (left) shows the special trucks used for paper handling, while Hughie Price stands beside a big 83-inch roll, being lifted by the automatic hoist. In the background Weigher Alec Formby looks on. In the right foreground is one of the special iron shields used to protect the rolls.*

on the top of each roll to eliminate possible damage as they are placed on the flat cars.

From the finishing rooms the Diesel locomotive prepares to haul the load of rolls to the wharf. No further handling is necessary until the rolls are taken from the cars in the storage sheds. Here the tracks are sunk to permit the rolls being unloaded on an exact level with the floor. In many instances, where large shipments are taken, the paper train moves directly to the ship's side and the paper is slung into the hold without intermediary handling.

In the finishing room all rolls are inspected before they are wheeled to the weighing machine. Any defect in packing is detected and the rolls sent

back for re-wrapping. The same inspection continues after the rolls have been transferred to the flat cars. It is a practical impossibility for any defectively packed roll of Powell River newsprint to reach the side of the waiting freighter.

Protection of the roll is the chief consideration from the time the packing operation is completed until it rests in the ship's hold. This is ensured by a vigorous inspection at every stage of the route, by short trucking operations in the finishing rooms, by the provision of special trucks and protective iron shields, and finally by the experience and special training of finishing room employees.



## Around The Plant

### Lorna Leaves Us

Up in the office, the main portion of the male staff is in mourning over the departure of Lorna Slade of the Kingcome Navigation. Lorna boards the matrimonial barque on April 28 with Eric Dingwell, of the sulphite department. Lorna has been a popular member of the office staff for over nine years, and her cheery disposition and sunny smile will be missed. We take this opportunity of wishing the young folk success, happiness and continued prosperity in the years to come.

\* \* \*

### Ed Looks Us Up

Ed. Ronan, the Vancouver office's Bond Street beau, was in Powell River last week. The traffic tickler minced daintily into Reg Baker's office, new Easter outfit complete, cravat tied correctly ultra, faintest suggestion of spring jauntiness in the rake of the hat—the immaculate man, living testimony of the difference between the correctly dressed man and the man merely turned out.

Lorna Slade, about to jump on the matrimonial bus, paused, sighed, looked once more, turned sadly away, and was distinctly heard to mutter, "Guess it's too late now, but it's the way of the world".

\* \* \*

### Roy Drops In

Roy Foote, assistant sales manager, Powell River Sales Company, paid us a short visit earlier in the month. Roy,

like the rest of us, but unlike Ed, was merely turned out. Wore the same old hat (any angle), the same old tie (any kind of a knot)—and the same old smile—which in other days was responsible for more than one mild feud on holidays or at picnics.

\* \* \*

Bert Ward, government wharfinger at Powell River, will accompany the Powell River Ex-Servicemen's contingent to Vancouver to greet the King and Queen. Bert served through both the South African and World Wars, and still looks good for a couple more.

\* \* \*

Major R. C. MacKenzie, D.S.O., will take charge of the Powell River boys in Vancouver. One of Mac's important duties will be rounding up the lads for breakfast on the boat—no mean task. Mac is making advance bets that he will have every man on parade, smart as a bombardier, when the fall-in is blown. Some old-timers shake their heads.

\* \* \*

Advance estimates indicate that over 1,000 residents and children will leave Powell River for the big reception in Vancouver. Special boat arrangements are being made to accommodate Powell River visitors.

\* \* \*

The local Board of Trade are endeavoring to arrange special location points for Powell River residents and children along the route.

We have been severely reprimanded by Lewis Foxall and Roy Lund for not mentioning tennis among the summer sports booming in the district. Lewis tells us the Tennis Club is in for a banner year, and applications for membership have kept him working overtime. The two enthusiastic lads suggest membership will reach or pass the sixty mark within the month.

\* \* \*

The shipping department headed for the woods a couple of weeks back with a couple of .22's, two boxes of ammunition, a dozen home-made targets, and a lot of faith. They shot at 25, 50 and 100-yard ranges. When the smoke blew away Jerry Shirley had top score, with Curly Woodward and Errol Slevin dragging behind. Bill Bell located the target once or twice and Lewis Foxall put a tennis swerve on most of his shots. John Dunlop of the Sales Company suggested the whole crowd would have done better if they'd just fixed bayonets and charged the targets.

### Shots from the Sulphite Plant

(Continued from Page 6)

tions. As the camera clicked, Harvey was giving Fred a bit of advice on the care and feeding of dogs.

This was too much. Fred viciously clicked his last film and flung himself, his camera and Harvey's picture out of the room.

We hope Fred has cooled down by next issue, when he will continue his "Ramblings for Results" in some other section of the plant.

### Former Kelley Spruce Employee Writes from London

An interesting letter has just been received from P. B. Hepburn, former Kelley Spruce employee who returned to England some time ago. Mr. Hepburn says, in part:

"Skilled workmen are in demand for arms factories that take no heed of the night, and on the Clyde the rivet hammers build ships of war in yards that produce the finest ships and finest ship-builders in the world. Overhead at almost any hour one sees long, slim bombers at fighting tactics, and speedy biplanes in mock pursuit. In the heavy industrial traffic of the streets one sees high-built, six-wheeled trucks that give evidence of the modernization of the army. The newspapers print a call to Air Raid Precaution services to those citizens who have not yet volunteered their services. In my own family my father (now past the age to again carry a rifle) will be in charge of a transport division, my mother will do her bit in a first aid station, my sister will be nursing, and my brother will be off with the artillery should war come. Women who were in the civil service before marriage will leave their homes to take over their old jobs to release men for active service. Practically everyone I meet has volunteered for service should war come.

"I am filled with admiration for a people whom I see in a new light; whose characters are built on a firm moral foundation, and remarkable for their tolerance and humanity."

## Gardeners Greet Spring

### Spring Brings the Gardening Brigade Into Action

**F**OR the week of April 17-22 the average maximum Powell River temperature touched the 65° F. mark. As the temperature shot up, and the soporific rays of spring shot out, the quantity of enthusiasm per yard of garden frontage jumped correspondingly.

Lawn mowers sang noisily on every front lawn; spades delved deeply in

useful only as a means of supplying worms for hungry fish.

Over by Dwight Hall George McCullough, wheelbarrow at the alert, was stepping briskly along at his job of keeping the townsite gardens green and the flowers blooming. "Everybody's out in the garden today," beamed George, "and everything in the garden's lovely."



*Bill McAndrews, caught in a weak moment in the back garden. Bill's touch with the shears is considered one of the most delicate in the district. "Not a very vigorous one," says Mrs. McAndrews.*

receptive earth; rakes moved with piston-like regularity; and the weed pullers and floral planters shouted exuberant greetings across back fences.

Under such auspicious circumstances our photographer took a quick survey of the gardening flotillas at their spring time manoeuvres.

Up on Ocean View Bill McAndrews was doing a business-like job on that jutting promontory above his back door. This is a rather rare flash—most of Bill's spare time is spent around Powell Lake, and the garden has been



*The townsite department, frightened by the exuberant industry of the lads about town, decided to get busy and do their spring gardening early. Here's George McCullough, showing the correct wheelbarrow stance, as he starts spring cleaning around Dwight Hall.*

Up on Ocean View Pete Hunter, wharf superintendent, has two hobbies. One is reading press notices of the golfing exploits of son Tommy, the other is setting the gardening pace for neighbors Fred Riley and Ned Sweetney. Pete is a hound on detail, and any stray weed caught among his gladioli is ruthlessly slaughtered. The "Use No Hooks" slogan does not hold good in the Hunter floral domain.



*Sam Marshall, Powell River Company head watchman, snapped "somewhere" in Mexico, on his recent trip to the British Isles.*

### Blighty and Return

The illustration on this page was taken of Sam Marshall, company head watchman, during his recent trip to Europe. Sam travelled both ways on the *Queen Mary*, and in his opinion she is the finest ship in the world. The *Mary* averaged slightly over 29 knots on the trip, without, Sam says, any evidence of vibration.

While in Britain Sam travelled extensively through the south and north, where he saw something of the tremendous defence program being undertaken by the British government. The people, he says, are taking things calmly, enjoying their holidays, and are prepared to face any emergency that may arise.

The illustration shows our head watchman looking around a bank in Mexico. Whether he used the watchman's password to get by the head watchman in that establishment is not known.

In Liverpool, at Cammell Lairds, famous shipbuilding yard, several naval vessels were under construction, and on the Tyne he saw other ships of the line being rushed to completion.

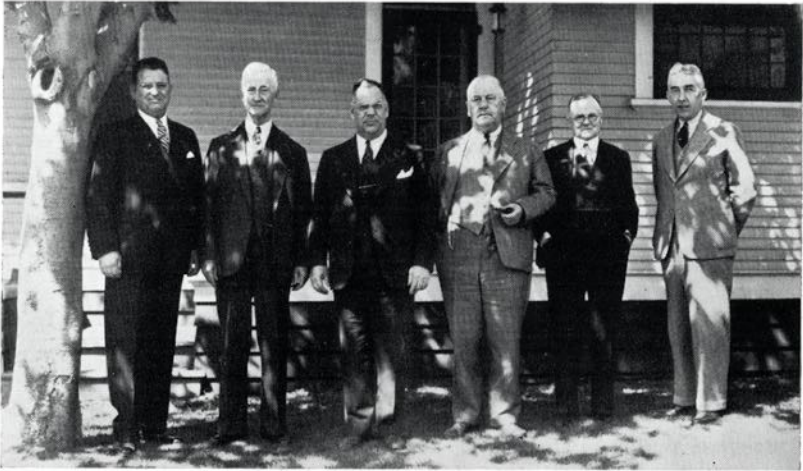
### History of the Victoria Times

(Continued from Page 4)

utive in the firm of J. P. Morgan and Co. before his death last year; the late George Denny, also a former city editor, later representative with the Associated Press in Europe, Asia and America; the late Lionel Backler, reporter, killed in action in Spain two years ago while a member of the MacKenzie-Papineau Battalion; Ormond Marrion, now manager for Trans-Radio news service in Montreal and Ottawa. Perhaps the most famed is Bruce Hutchison, widely known for his radio programs, his political comments from Victoria, Ottawa and Washington, D. C., and his magazine fiction. The editorial staff numbers twenty, in addition to special writers and correspondents. The *Times* carries the full telegraph news service of the Canadian Press, Associated Press and all affiliated agencies, NEA service, Science Service, and others.

Two regular editions of the paper are now published daily. A first edition is delivered up-Island as far as Nanaimo by fast *Times* truck, while other districts are covered by motorcycle.





*Group of Powell River Company directors, photographed during their visit to Powell River on April 29. Left to right: Glen Sample, George F. Laing, Edward Brooks, Harry Brooks, James Lawson, Harold Foley.*

### Directors Visit Powell River

On Friday, April 28th, a well-known group of Powell River Company directors dropped in for a two-day visit and inspection tour of the company properties. Officials making the trip were Edward Brooks, Glen Sample, Harry Brooks, George F. Laing, James Lawson and Harold Foley.

Following their arrival the directors, accompanied by Resident Manager D. A. Evans, started on a tour of the plant.

On Saturday morning, the party, along with Mr. D. A. Evans and General Superintendent Grant Fowler, continued their inspection trip. They were impressed with recent building activity in our business district, the Federal and Provincial

Buildings and the Avenue store, all of which have been constructed since their last visit.

In the afternoon the party journeyed to Stillwater, 18 miles south of Powell River, where they looked over the company's operations, including the dam, power house, penstocks and Stillwater community.

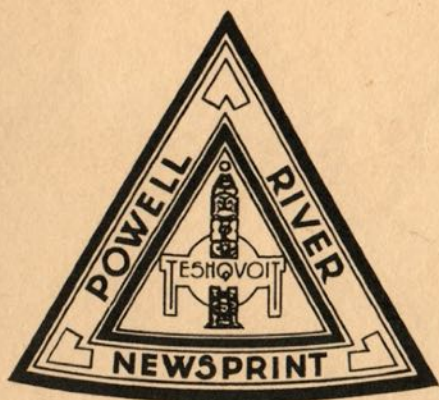
Included in the directors' party were Anson Brooks, Service representative of the Powell River Sales Company in the Pacific Northwest; John Hollern of Minneapolis; Louis Weber, Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company Inc., Bend, Oregon; and Joe Foley, Brooks Scanlon Corporation, Foley, Florida.

The party left for Vancouver on Sunday morning.





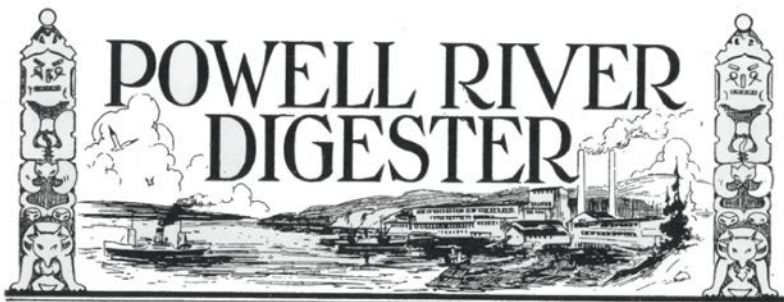
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 MAY, 1939 NO.5







J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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## "Kookaburra" Arrives



*A bigblight of activity on Powell River waterfront during the past month, was the arrival of the new 9000-ton Pacific-Australian freighter "Kookaburra," shown above, which came to Powell River on its maiden voyage and is the last word in modern appointments and equipment.*

---

## Local V.C. Meets King and Queen

Large Contingents from Powell River Join in Welcome to Their Majesties



*Major John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., Powell River, being presented to Their Majesties at Vancouver Civic Centre on Monday, May 29. Mayor Telford, robes and all, stands beside Their Majesties. Behind are Mrs. Telford and on her right Prime Minister W. L. MacKenzie King.*

**M**ONDAY, May 29. All roads lead to Vancouver. From every corner of British Columbia, from the cities of the Pacific Coast as far south as Los Angeles, scores of thousands of visitors converged at this one focal point.

The King and Queen had arrived.

One-quarter of Powell River's entire population made the journey to swell the loyal greetings of Western Canada to Their Majesties. Week-

end boats were packed with excited, expectant throngs—men, women and children, looking forward to a red letter day in their lives.

### Major MacGregor Presented

Officially and unofficially, Powell River was well represented during the Royal Visit. The highlight, of course, was the presentation to Their Majesties of Major John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., and Mrs. MacGregor. Seven British Columbia Victoria



*The Powell River ex-service men with Pipe Band in front and Major R. C. MacKenzie, D.S.O., leading the parade, leave the Union Dock for their position in the King's Guard of Honor.*

Cross holders were presented in a colorful scene at Vancouver's Civic Centre—and Major MacGregor, of Powell River, as the Province's senior ranking V.C., was accorded the place of honor. He was the first of the group to shake hands with the King and Queen.

As he chatted for a moment with the King, the Queen, detecting the not yet entirely obliterated trace of Highland ancestry in "Mac's" brogue, asked:

"How long is it since you left Bonny Scotland, Major MacGregor?"

"Over thirty years, Your Majesty," was Mac's answer.

#### "Wee MacGregor"

And Her Majesty, with the tact and graciousness which has featured her every appearance, gave Mac a real Highland grin, looked him straight in the eye, and said:

"My, what a youngster you must have been."

As Mac afterwards confessed, the best he could manage in response was an answering MacGregor grin.

#### Ex-Service Men Line Route

A contingent of Powell River ex-service men, one hundred and twenty strong, lined the streets, as part of the King's Guard of Honor. They were stationed in prominent locations in the centre of the city and received a warm welcome from spectators as they marched, Pipe Band and colors in front, to their allotted positions. Militia regiments lining the route presented arms as they swung smartly past—and applause was generous from the assembled crowds.

#### Boy Scouts and I. O. D. E.

Out at Hastings Park the Powell River group of Boy Scouts were assigned to special duties and received warm commendations from authorities on their smartness and courtesy. The local branch of the I. O. D. E. sent Mrs. T. W. Green and Mrs.





*Scene on Georgia Street just before Their Majesties drove past. Powell River ex-service men line the north side of the street, facing the old Vancouver Hotel.*

Staniforth as standard-bearers to join the parent body on Little Mountain.

#### **Outstanding Events**

To Powell River ex-service men, two events of the day were outstanding. The first was when the Queen, as the Royal car passed along Georgia Street, drew the King's attention to the local pipe band, standing smartly at attention. Each of the pipers swear Her Majesty smiled directly at him—and a controversy has been started which will rage for many weeks.

#### **Recognizes V.C.**

The second incident is typical of His Majesty's thoughtfulness, and the keenness of his observation powers. Major MacGregor, after being presented to Their Majesties in the morning, joined the Powell River unit on Georgia Street in the afternoon. Mac was just one of a long line of beret-

decked veterans—and behind was a huge throng straining for a glimpse of the King and Queen. As the Royal car passed along in the centre of the street, His Majesty picked Major MacGregor from the crowd. The King turned quickly, smiled and saluted. The incident was seen only by a few in the neighborhood and escaped the attention of news reporters on the route.

#### **Sincerity and Charm**

This is not the story of the Royal Visit. The sincerity and alertness of the King and the gracious charm of Her Majesty has been told and re-told. We can only add that none of the reports have been exaggerated. They are a democratic, charming couple, and we of Powell River join our brothers and sisters throughout Canada in "Long Live Their Majesties, the King and Queen of Canada!"

## Local Photographers Busy

Local amateur photographers enjoyed a field day as the King and Queen passed along the route. Mr. and Mrs. Batt McIntyre, from a vantage point on Burrard Street, had two cameras in action. Mrs. Batt took the stills, while Batt had his movie camera going full blast.

\* \* \*

Vic Poole of the Hardware Department had the time of his life. Snapped Their Majesties three times and ran off a half dozen rolls during the afternoon. Who has the best amateur picture of the Royal Couple? Vic claims he has, while . . .

Howard Jamieson claims Mrs. Jamieson, from a particular vantage point on Burrard Street, grabbed a "shot" that has all the regular amateurs wondering if the ladies have again stolen their thunder.

### The Queen Smiles

Charlie McLean, pipe band stalwart, jumped into the day's limelight when he casually announced he had played the pipes at Glamis Castle when the Queen was just a wee lassie. "She was a bonnie wee thing," declared Charlie, "and she's still a bonnie lassie."

And for once no one argued with Charlie. He expressed all our sentiments.

\* \* \*

It's amazing how many Powell River residents, particularly of the male persuasion, swear a mighty oath that the Queen singled them out for a

special smile. Bill Whyte, pipe major, nudged piper Jock Menzies as the Royal car passed:

"Did ye see her smile at me, lad?"

"Aye, aye, I saw it," replied Jock testily, "but who gave ye the idea the lassie was smiling at you?"

And that's pretty well the story of Powell River's 1700 residents who watched the Royal procession.

\* \* \*

Joe Falconer slid up to our section after Their Majesties had passed along Burrard Street in the morning.

"Poor old Bill Whyte," chuckled Joe, "he thinks the Queen smiled at him. It was me she smiled at, but I didn't like to hurt Bill's feelings by telling him the truth."

### Mr. Falconer Entertains Ex-Service Men

Among the most pleasant memories of the ex-service men's trip to Vancouver for the King's Visit was the reception after the parade by Mr. and Mrs. Joe Falconer. Mr. Falconer, comptroller of the Powell River Company, paraded with the ex-service men during the day—and transported the entire body of 100 men to his home for refreshments. Special entertainment in the nature of Highland dancing was provided, and Roderick Falconer, a coming piper, played the "troops" from the bus to the house.

It was a delightful end to an eventful day, and the hospitality of their hosts is something the ex-service men will long remember.

## Packing and Shipping Newsprint



*Careful handling of newsprint rolls in the storage sheds is shown in the above photograph. Craneman Alf Statbam lifts up the roll, under which a cushion is deposited to protect the edges from damage as it is lowered to the top deck.*

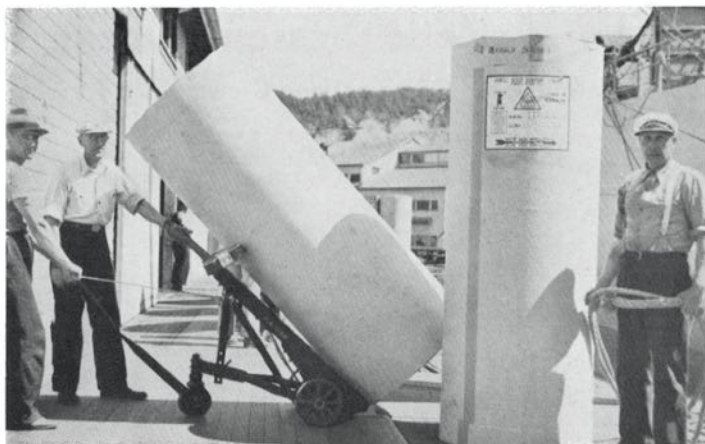
ED. NOTE.—This is the third and last of a series of articles illustrating shipping and packing methods of Powell River newsprint from mill to ship.

**L**AST month we carried our newsprint roll through its various stages in the finishing room, stressing the protection afforded the rolls after the packing operation was completed. The rolls are placed on the waiting flat cars, the electric "locie" hooks on, and the final stage of their journey to the ship's hold is under way.

In the current issue two freighters, the *Kookaburra* and the *Kingsley*, were loading simultaneously from neighbor-

ing docks. A big percentage of the newsprint was being carried direct to the ship from the plant, an operation which permits of minimum handling. A few hours after the rolls left the newsprint machines they were reposing safely in the ship's hold.

In this operation of direct loading, the paper trains leave the mill and proceed direct to the ship's side. Here, again, only a few yards of trucking operation are necessary. The rolls are taken off the cars by company truckers, wheeling trucks designed specially for paper handling. Experienced sling men fasten the rolls securely, and the winch crew lift them carefully up and lower them to the ship's hold.



*Preparing to sling the rolls of Powell River paper aboard the waiting freighter. Slingman Bill Whyte (right) stands ready with his sling. On the left the special type of truck used in handling large rolls is shown.*

Paper handling and loading is the business of the Powell River Company, and every wharf employee is a seasoned specialist at his trade. Truckers, sling men, winch men and hold crews are handling newsprint shipments regularly, week in and week out. In safely stowing paper, Powell River crews are recognized as leaders. In addition, the operation has a personal angle. They are loading their own newsprint, and every roll hoisted, lowered and stowed is handled with the object of eliminating possible complaints.

The mechanics of paper loading have been brought to as high a pitch of perfection as possible. Long trucking hauls are eliminated; every protective device is employed. Above all, the Powell River Company provides this assurance to its customers—that their newsprint is being handled, loaded and stowed by specialists who

are second to none at their trade, specialists who have a reputation to maintain.

In one of the illustrations accompanying this article the unloading of newsprint in the storage sheds is shown. Here, again, protection and safeguarding against casual damage is the guiding principle. A crane lifts the paper off the cars, holds it above the lower deck until a special cushion is placed beneath it to take up any possible shock.

Throughout the entire loading process careful inspections are made. Any damaged roll is immediately cut out and sent back to the mill for rewinding or rewrapping.

When a roll of newsprint bearing the Powell River Company label is finally eased into the ship's hold, every possible precaution has been taken to ensure undamaged delivery at its destination.



## The Athletic Season Opens

May Sees Powell River Organizations Growing Up for Summer



*The bowling season opens as Mrs. Fred Woram, wife of President Fred Woram, receives a gift of flowers from Ben Randall, retiring president. Secretary Bill Parkin (left) and President Fred Woram stand in the background.*

**M**AY is Powell River's busiest athletic month of the year. In May the summer organizations start their seasons, usually with appropriate pomp and ceremony.

On Sunday, May 6, the softball artists, leading the procession, opened up their season with Resident Manager D. A. Evans delivering the address of welcome, and later enacting the Babe Ruth role as General Superintendent "Punch" Fowler heaved the opening pellet to Board of Trade President Harry Davies.

Almost simultaneously, the lawn bowlers took to the greens, with Mrs. Fred Woram, wife of the club president, tossing the opening jack. Past President Ben Randall, on behalf of the club, presented Mrs. Woram with

a silver flower basket, a gift from the members. A ladies' rink was present on opening day, a new departure for the hitherto exclusive biased ball tossers. Here, as elsewhere, the old barriers are breaking down and the policy of feminine pacification proceeds apace. Oh, well . . .

A week later, on May 13, the baseball season went away with a rush. Here, too, is a new atmosphere. The old-established names, Rodmay, Grinders, Office, Wildcats, etc., have disappeared before the realities of modern life. They may still be wildcats, but no longer in name. Political shades predominate in the Baseball Directory, and Young Liberals, C.C.F., and Young Conservatives will contest league honors, along with the Firemen. And on the opening day we

find the political big guns amicably starting off the season. Ken McDonald swings at the opening pitch, Colin Johnston heaves the first sizzler, and Batt McIntyre stands on the receiving end.

And the old cricket pitch hears the pad of discreet feet as the lads start off their second consecutive season. Chris Moore, with Oxonian preciseness, is warming up his bowlers for the opening at the end of the month. Don Allen, in charge of the ladies' auxiliary, promises a real cricket tea for the opening festivities.

On Sunday, May 21, the box lacrosse league, with electric lights overhead and a new surfaced box, made their usual vigorous bow to the public. Resident Manager D. A. Evans, who is fast becoming an expert official opener, gave the boys a friendly push on their way.

The tennis club, with a full membership, fired their opening guns on May 14, with Honorary Vice-presi-

dent Stanley Macfarlane doing the honors. The club is arranging for several contests with outside clubs during the season.

### Chief Paul Shapes a Paddle



Chief Paul, of the Sliammon tribe, shows how the paddles used in the big Sliammon racing canoe were made. There are no lathes out at the Indian reservation. They wouldn't help Chief Paul any. He prefers his trusty axe and makes as neat a job on paddles as his ancestors did on scalps.

The Chief has stated that his warriors will build another dug-out canoe next year, and that it will be built entirely by Sliammon labor and Sliammon ingenuity. No expert will be called in from another reservation to assist in the supervision.



*Resident Manager D. A. Evans speaks into the mike to send the softball season off to a flying start.*



*Left to right: Director Glen Sample faces the camera with Harry Brooks, President Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Co. Ltd., Bend, Oregon. In centre, Director Edward Brooks is caught enjoying the Powell River sunshine. The two fashion plates of the party, Director George Laing and Joe Foley, of Florida, show us the latest styles in male wear.*

### Exclusive Feature by Camera

Early last month our peregrinating photographer saw signs of unusual commotion on the Company docks. Small groups of amply proportioned gentlemen were strolling up and down. Stray bits of conversation wiggled through the ether. The words "Baer," "Louis," hit our photographer in the midriff.

"Gosh," he gasped ecstatically, "A prizefighters' convention." He grasped his camera and clicked viciously at anything and everything in sight. Group after group went down before his unerring aim. Click followed click until near exhaustion set in.

He panted feverishly up the long hill, puffed into the dark room, ripped off the film and hurled them madly into the bath—and flung himself into our office with the results.

And into the scorching light of midday fell the choicest collection of battle-scarred warriors ever gathered on a single shooting expedition.

All taken in one click, and all preserved for posterity.

There is an unfounded rumor that the collection on these pages really represents a group of company directors, officials and friends, but we need more than rumors to upset this "scoop."



*Left to right: Director James Lawson snapped with Grant ("Punch") Fowler, General Superintendent; centre, Jock Menzies, Company watchman, keeps a wary eye on Harry Brooks; right, Resident Manager D. A. Evans says au revoir to Joe Foley of Florida.*

## Sliammons Welcome Their Majesties



Out at the Indian hamlet of Sliammon, May was an exciting month. Urged on by the plaudits of the squaws, the braves were at sea in their big 42-foot racing canoe, part of the Indian flotilla which welcomed Their Majesties as they swung out of Vancouver harbor *en route* to Victoria.

In the above photograph the husky Sliammon braves are shown at one of their daily practices. The canoe, cunningly hollowed by hand from a big cedar log, was launched without a single mishap, and eleven chosen warriors of the tribe climbed aboard for the initial tryout.

The canoe is a fine sample of the famous Indian handcraft work. A hammer, chisel and shaper were the principal tools used. Accurate measurements mean little to the Indian canoe maker; blue prints are unknown. Instinct and hereditary skill are the unerring instruments used in deciding seaworthiness and stability.

The Sliammon tribe have acquired considerable reputation in this district for their athletic prowess. Some of the best baseball and track stars ever developed in the district came from the reserve. The tribe for many years boasted an All-Indian soccer eleven, one of the few such teams in British Columbia. Today several of the trickiest stars in the local soccer firmament are Indian players. Two were chosen to represent Powell River in the provincial play-offs.

These are the type of Indian boys who represented Sliammon in the big Indian demonstration of loyalty to Their Majesties.

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### Variety

"What I crave," Kenny McDonald said to Hugh McPhalen, between reels, "is a job with variety."

"Put in an application as map-maker's assistant," replied Hugh, as the reel got under way, "and your worries are over."



## Romance on the Wharf

**M**OST romantic sight of all to me is a ship just in from a foreign sea."

So sang the poet, but the poet forgot to sing of the romantic and other sights one sees among those unsung heroes who load "the ships just in from foreign ports."



*Capt. Charles Auline lends the romantic tang of the Seven Seas and a new hat to our quest for Romance.*

Last month we were beyond the boundaries of poetic licence, and in a quick, daring flight, took our camera down to the wharf where the big new paper carrier, *Kookaburra*, and the old reliable *Kingsley* were loading newsprint simultaneously.

Romance! The whole trip dripped romance. Romance was in the air; it touched every roll that left the wharf; it hovered in mid-air high above the highest deck, and sighed its soft radiance in every corner of the ships' holds.

Look at the result. The maiden's prayer answered. Every click of the camera and romance jumped through the shutters. And now, in an exclusive series, dedicated to sighing maidens and love story writers, we present

"Romance in Person on the Powell River Docks."

We had scarcely steered a cautious course past the main wharf office when Romance, in big red letters, struck us in the main tops'ls. Striding Apollo-like along the wharf came Skipper Charles Auline, Tsar of the company tug *Teeshoe*, his tobacco pouch at the full slope and cigarette papers at half mast. The romance of the Seven Seas stood out like the 16-inch turrets of a battleship. Correctly careless, the proper modicum of swagger in his stance, Charlie faced the camera with naval nonchalance.



*Bill Graham, wharf checker, lends his profile to the Romance of the Wharf.*

A quick right about turn, a swift dash along the dock, and we ran head on into the *Kingsley* loading crew.

Here, surely, if ever, was a contrast to warm the cockles of a psychologist's heart. Standing easily, unabashed, with the famous Belfast grin seriously jeopardizing the safety of both ears, Jack Wilson, father of Powell Lake explorers, faced the camera with all Old Ireland's smiling contempt for the wiliness of the Sassenach.

Beside Jack, shoulders at the alert, a tinge of Yorkshire grimness fluttering above each eyebrow, was Bill Castel, Sheffield's gift to Powell River. He favored us with the "Khyber Pass" stare—the glance steely, which he used to bestow on stray Pathans lurking around British cantonments in the days when Bill upheld the honor of the Empire and the glory of the Yorkshire Light Infantry in India's sunny climes.



Jack Wilson (left) and Bill Castel, present *Romance in person*, in between loading rolls.

One click. We jumped for cover. Bill Cratchley, hatch tending for the day, muttered a smothered "Gad, what you see when you haven't got a gun." A couple of truckers smiled uneasily, Sid Burn turned wearily away, as Bert Watt, on the winch, shouted "All clear."

Under cover of this diversion, clutching our camera in a death grip, we dashed through the shed to safety on the outside dock.

Here the general serenity of the atmosphere was in pleasant contrast. Our quivering nerves stopped quivering. A pleasant sense of anticipation succeeded as we bumped full tilt into checker Bill Graham, ticking off the big rolls for the *Kookaburra*.

"Would you mind being photographed, Mr. Graham," we inquired deferentially.

"Not at all," replied Bill cautiously. "I'd better remove my hat—but, on second thoughts, Romance is better served if I maintain the *status quo*."

And in the final romantic shot of the day we present Checker Bill Graham, maintaining the *status quo*.

All prospective June brides may have the photos on this page by personal application.

### Harold Snaps 'Em

Harold Vandervoort, with true photographic agility, was hopping along Burrard Street taking "shots" from all angles. The last time we saw him he was almost flat on his stomach in the middle of Burrard Street, trying a low angle view of the local pipe band.

### Gleeful Pipers

Outstanding event to the Powell River pipe band was the breakdown of the famous Seaforth's pipe band as they tried to play the "Road to the Isles." The expression of beatific ecstasy on Jock Whyte's face as the Seaforths hit a sour note was beautiful to behold. And just to cover it up, our band played the tune through themselves without a slip—a great day for the local Scots.

\* \* \*

And a special hand to the Pipe Band, who, small in numbers, made as much noise—and a musical noise at that—as any band twice their size.

## Around The Plant

Highlights, dramatic and comical, featured the various doings of Powell River's sixteen hundred residents who visited Vancouver for a glimpse of the King and Queen.

\* \* \*

### A King's Gesture

Local ex-servicemen, stationed in the heart of the city, ran into most of the color and excitement of the day. Outstanding event was the recognition by the King of Major John MacGregor, V.C., as the Royal car passed the Powell River ex-servicemen's positions on Georgia Street. Mac, after being presented to Their Majesties in the morning, rejoined the Powell River group after lunch. As the King passed, he turned, smiled and saluted as he picked Major MacGregor out of the crowd.

\* \* \*

### Present Arms

Jimmy Halford's now famous remark, as the Powell River troop, pipers in front, marched up Burrard Street, highlighted the morning show. As the boys passed along, the militia organizations lining the street came smartly to the "present arms."

"Strike me," Jimmy muttered to his side mate, "I blinkin' well 'aven't lived in vain. The bally guard presented arms to me—just like they did to Their Majesties!"

\* \* \*

### Real Courage

Major MacKenzie's courage in lining the Powell River "Old Sweats" up on Georgia Street and making

them "form fours" with ten thousand people looking on, sent a shiver along the ranks when the command was rapped out. Rising to the occasion, the boys gave a snappy performance—and proceeded to thumb fingers at the militia regiment across the street who were preparing to give the boys a real horse laugh. The horse laugh came later when the militia tried to "change arms" on the march.

\* \* \*

### The Guard Was Missing

Somebody innocently inquired what happened to the Powell River guard after Their Majesties passed them for the first time on Burrard Street. Across the street the Air Force guard, in their blue tunics, were standing easy, digging themselves in for the long two-hour wait until the return of the Royal party. Five minutes after the Royal couple had gone by, there was not a Powell River man in sight.

Where they were, only old soldiers know.

\* \* \*

### A Thrill for the Boys

Jimmy and Bill Craigen, sons of Ewart Craigen, our electrical superintendent, had the thrill of their lifetime. In Vancouver with the Powell River Boy Scouts, they were chosen to stand on picket duty in front of the Hotel Vancouver while the King and Queen were resting before their afternoon trip. The boys aren't sure what happened after that—and they didn't care.



### Vancouver Office Bowling

On the night of May 8th, pressure was high over the 600 block Hornby Street where, it is reported, the Teshqvoit Five-pin League wound up the past season with a banquet and dance at the "Cave," the new cabaret in Vancouver.

Harry Grant acted as M.C. during the evening. Jack Cochrane of Marsh & McLennan Ltd., toasted the ladies and was ably replied to by Dorothy Brown. Highlight of the evening was Robin Bell-Irving's remarks. "B.I." had just passed his driver's test before coming to the banquet, and was hoping to have a show-down with Harold Foley over certain recent press reports on their respective driving ability. Unfortunately Mr. Foley had to alter his plans at the last minute and was unable to attend. Robin had to revamp his speech during the banquet, which he did with the aid of a chic-looking legal stenographer—and a nice job they made of it (the speech!!).

Prize-winner for the season in the ladies' section was Kay Graham. Ken Kington topped the men and Dave Johnston captured the honor of high single game. Neville (Woody) Woodhead banged out high score of 757—too good for the rest of the boys.

Reviewing the season we find Ken Kington's "Pinspillers" won the first half and Dave Johnston's "Cookies" finally won the second half but lost to the "Pinspillers" for the Harold S. Foley trophy. Each member of Ken's team received a replica of the trophy, the proud possessors being Kay Gra-

ham, Peggy Smart, Fee Nicholson, Floyd Kurtz and Ken Kington.

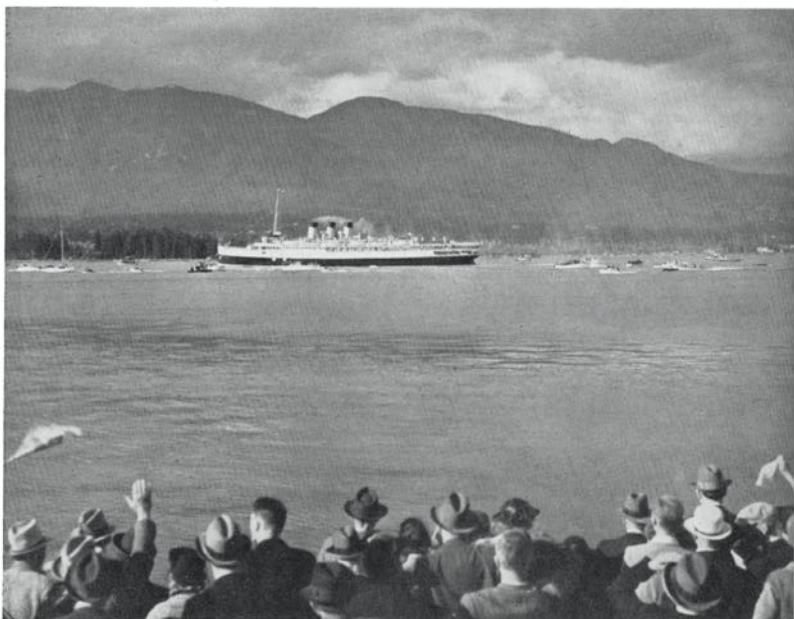
### Retains Fishing Crown

"Ho, hum, just another fishing trip," yawns Mrs. Tomlinson as she unconcernedly holds up a twenty-five pound salmon before our curious photographer. Last month Mrs. Tomlinson won the local Rod & Gun Club monthly prize when she snared a twenty-five pound salmon off the Company wharf. This month she went one better and again annexed the club's award with the above catch.



Mrs. Alan Tomlinson, with the prize-winning 25-pound salmon caught off the Company wharf.





*One of the most inspiring sights of the Royal Visit was the scene as the C.P.S.S. Princess Marguerite steamed out of Vancouver harbour en route to Victoria. Hundreds of small craft flanked the vessel, and yachts, fishing boats, canoes, tugs, joined their sirens to the thunderous cheers of crowds on shore. Above, the Princess Marguerite, carrying the King and Queen, steams past Stanley Park.*

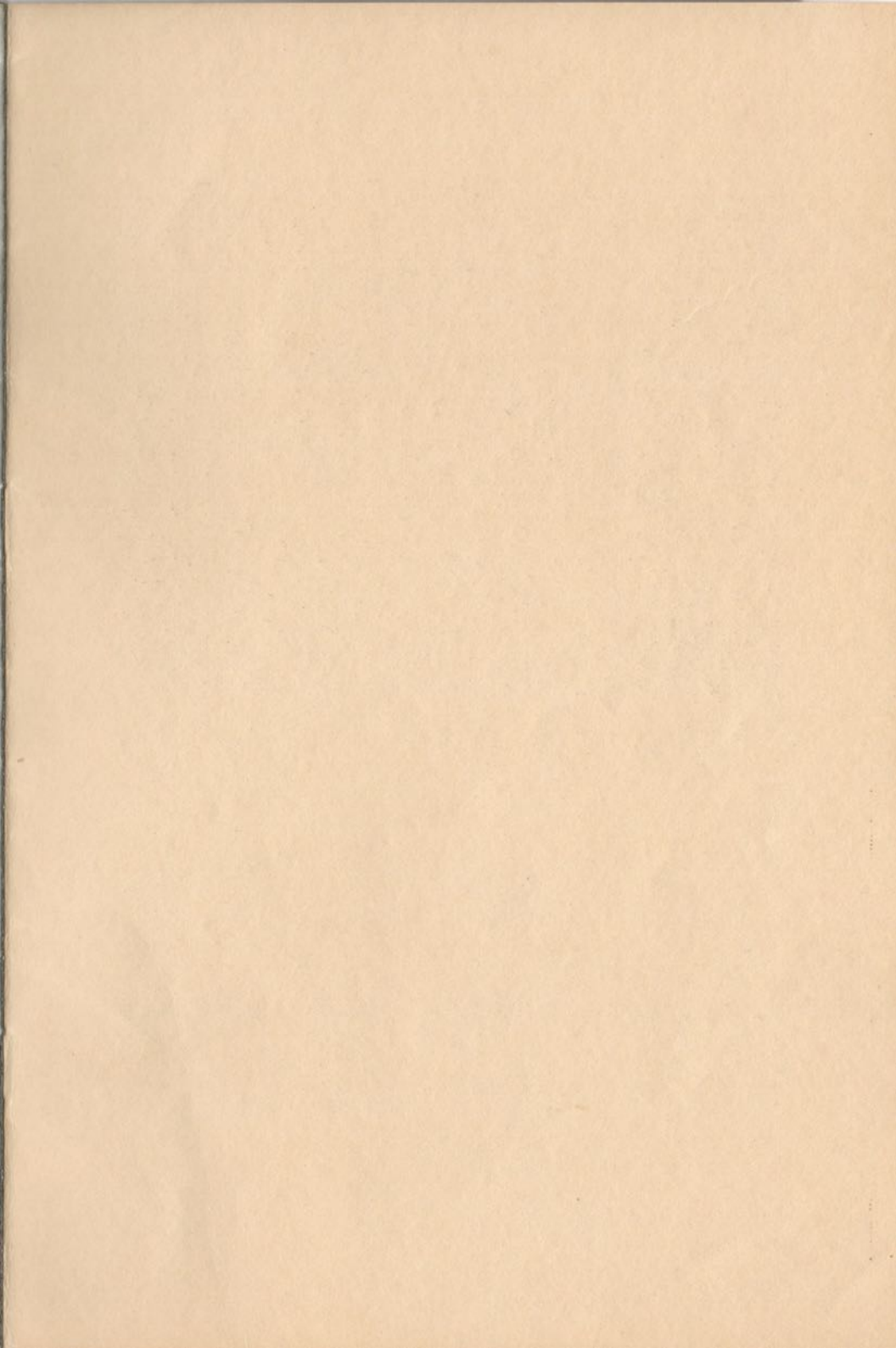
### John at Hastings Park

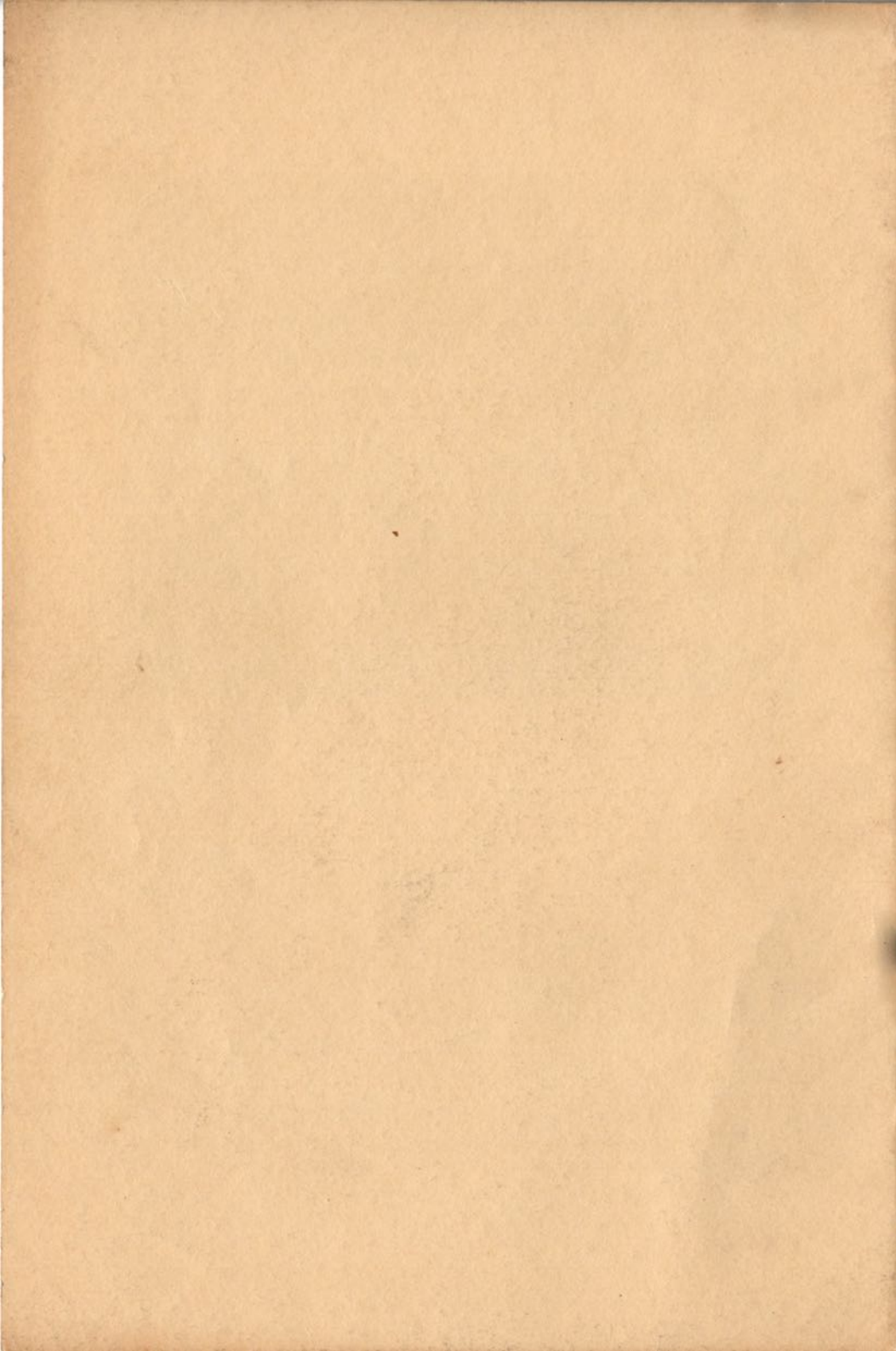
Out at Hastings Park, in Vancouver, our Safety Inspector, John McIntyre, spent the afternoon with a twenty-five cent periscope he had picked up from an unknown source. One souvenir hunting lady, observing John thus engaged, is reported to have rushed over, taken his picture, and sent it to a friend in Seattle, fully convinced Lewis Stone, Hollywood actor, was in town. John's resemblance to the actor has often been noted—and there is a story in connection with this—but ask John about it.

### Marion Wins

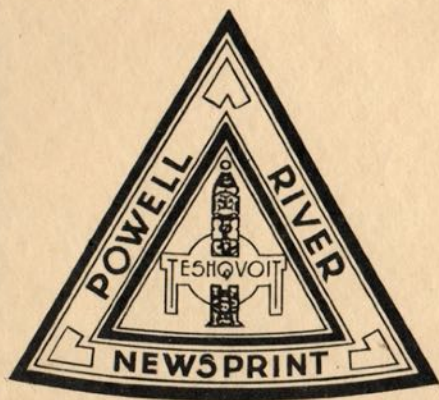
Outstanding athletic event of the month was Powell River's Marion Borden's double victory at Vancouver on May 24. Marion again defeated her closest rival, Barbara Howard, and won outright possession of the Deptford trophy. This makes the third consecutive year the local lass has won the 75-yard dash.

Marion looks better than ever this year and Coach Martin Naylor considers her chance of representing Canada at the Olympics next year is better than even betting.





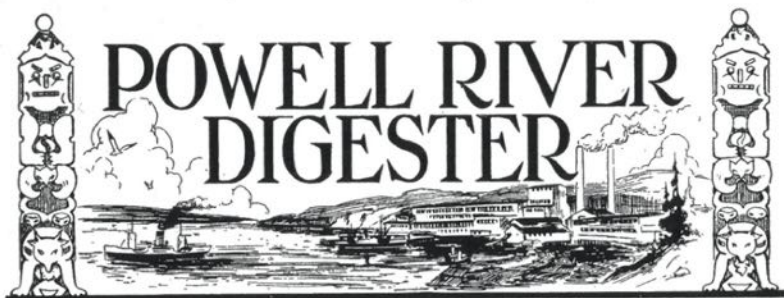
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 JUNE, 1939 NO.6







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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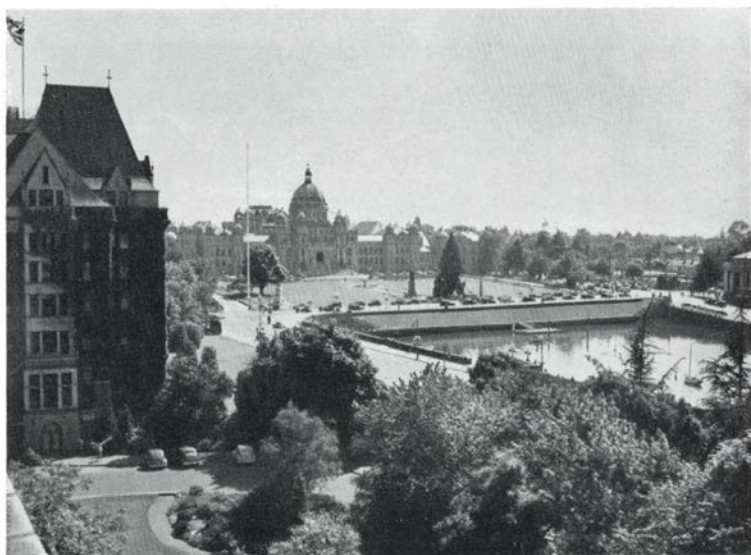
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*James Bay, with Empress Hotel at left and Parliament Buildings in background.  
Picture taken from roof of the Union Club on June 12, 1939.*

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*Charles Swayne, Editor of The Colonist since 1917.*

## The History of the Victoria Colonist B. C.'s First Newspaper

**I**N recent issues, we have told the stories of the growth and development of the larger British Columbia daily newspapers. In this article, the history of the famous *Victoria Colonist* follows. The history of *The Colonist* parallels the history of Vancouver Island for over eighty years. The Victoria morning paper is the senior newspaper on the Pacific Coast and the oldest Canadian publication west of the Great Lakes.

Only six weeks after the laws of Great Britain became the laws of Vancouver Island, through the establishment of the Crown Colony, *The British Colonist* was established at Victoria, then a straggling trading post and fort of the Hudson's Bay

Company which had suddenly become a tent city through the rush of miners on their way to the newly found gold fields of the Fraser River.

### Early Beginning

With an old hand press and some French type obtained from Bishop Demers, Amor De Cosmos, bearded young Nova Scotian adventurer who had come up from San Francisco during the gold rush, started *The British Colonist* on Saturday, December 11, 1858. From that time *The Colonist* has recorded the progress and development of the country. De Cosmos, a colorful figure in a romantic age, played a large part in public affairs, eventually becoming Premier and later

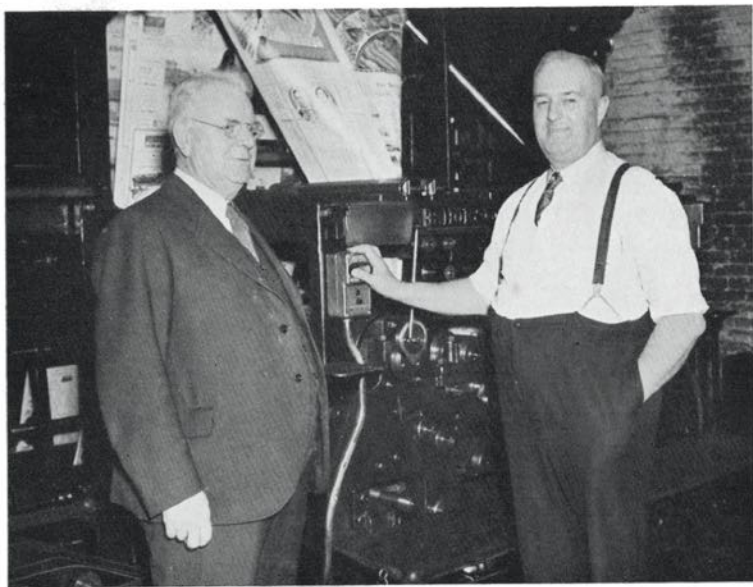
Federal member. The newspaper, a weekly at first, soon became a tri-weekly, and in less than four years a daily, continuing without interruption as such for over seventy-five years.

### Leads Constitutional Struggle

As practically the only news organ of Vancouver Island colonial days, *The Colonist* was a leader in the fight for responsible government and the union of the Vancouver Island colonies, which culminated in 1871 in British Columbia's entrance into Confederation.

In 1866, De Cosmos sold his newspaper to Harris & Co., and in June of that year the newspaper was merged with *The Daily Chronicle* under the

name of *The British Colonist and Chronicle*, with D. W. Higgins of the *Chronicle* as editor and eventual owner. In 1872 the title became *The British Colonist* again. Higgins retired in 1886 and sold the paper to W. H. Ellis and A. G. Sargison, and Henry Lawson became editor, continuing in that post until his death in 1897. In the meantime, in 1892, Hon. James Dunsmuir became owner and *The Colonist Printing & Publishing Company* was formed. Charles H. Lugin became editor on the death of Lawson, but he resigned a short time later on, being called to the bar, and was succeeded by D. B. Boyle, a British newspaperman. Boyle resigned in a short time to go to Eastern



Left: Harry Buckle, mechanical superintendent, *The Daily Colonist*, for thirty-three years. Right: William Grant, pressroom foreman since 1938, and employee in pressroom since 1908. Picture taken on May 27, 1939, as 92-page Royal Visit Souvenir Edition was being printed.





*The Daily Colonist Building, View and Broad streets, Victoria. Editorial rooms on second floor of corner building.*

Canada, and was succeeded by R. E. Gosnell, well-known British Columbia historian, and he in turn resigned after a short term as editor, to be succeeded by Charles H. Lugin again. Mr. Lugin continued as editor until his death in 1917, when Charles Swayne was promoted to the chair.

### Steady Growth

Steady growth was recorded under the ownership of Hon. James Duns-muir, and by 1904 it had become necessary to install the first deck of the high-speed web presses which continue in efficient service to this day, although two decks have been added since. In 1906 control passed into the hands of J. S. H. Matson, who steadily broadened the already consid-

erable influence of the newspaper through the able editorship of Mr. Lawson and his successor, the present editor, Mr. Swayne. Mr. Matson passed away on November 1, 1931, but his memory, through the *Daily Colonist* and through his wide and capable leadership in business and public fields, will long continue. Ownership of the newspaper continues with Mrs. Matson, who takes an active interest in the affairs of her property.

### Complete Service

*The Daily Colonist* has been in its present location on Broad street since March, 1898, where the plant and equipment have grown steadily to meet the demands of the present-day newspaper and of the printing and

lithographing field generally. Serving Victoria and Vancouver Island generally, the newspaper is as completely equipped as many with much larger circulations. Complete wire services bring in a steady flow of the news of the world, while a large staff of reporters and correspondents rounds out the coverage of local and Island news. Equipped with its own art, photographic and engraving departments, the newspaper is able to provide its readers with extensive pictorial coverage in addition to the printed record of the news of the day.

The present staff within *The Colonist* building comprises approximately 150 persons exclusive of the 128 city and rural carriers. Eighteen of the employees, including the heads

of most departments, have more than thirty years' service with the institution, and two of these have more than forty years' service. Several more are enjoying well-earned retirement after enviable records. An unusual record was broken by the death last September of William Edmonds, pressroom foreman, who had handled *The Colonist* presses for fifty-eight years. His successor, William Grant, had been his chief assistant for thirty years.

#### Close Association with Powell River

For nearly a quarter of a century there has been a close association between *The Colonist* and Powell River, for the Powell River Pulp and Paper Company has supplied the fodder for *The Colonist* since 1914.

(Continued on Page 6)



*The Daily Colonist* press with pressroom crew in foreground. William Grant, foreman, at right of group.



*Group of former Powell River boys in Auckland, New Zealand. Left to right: John Parry, Dave Smith, Bill Russell, "Slim" Larson, Archie Prentice.*

## Bill Writes From Auckland

**F**ROM Auckland, New Zealand, comes an interesting letter by Bill Russell, former Townsite employee. Recently Bill joined a group of four other Powell River lads, Archie Prentice, Dave Smith, Slim Larson and Johnny Parry for a real Powell River reunion. In the photograph above we see the boys outside a "bottling works"—a slightly less restricted term than the blunt Canadian "beer parlor."

Bill reports all the boys are doing well in New Zealand. He himself, along with a partner, is engaged as an asbestos worker, covering steam pipes and heaters. In his own words, he is "doing swell." Slim Larson, former grinder room employee and a big mogul in the local baseball firmament, is employed as shift boss in the grinder room of the Wakatara Paper Mill. Dave Smith is working steadily at his trade of butcher, while Johnny Parry, son of H. J. Parry, and formerly of the old machine room, is doing well at the carpentering business. "As for

Archie Prentice," Bill goes on to say, "he is doing well."

The boys all send their best regards to their many friends in Powell River, and Bill's address is c/o G. P. O., Auckland, New Zealand.

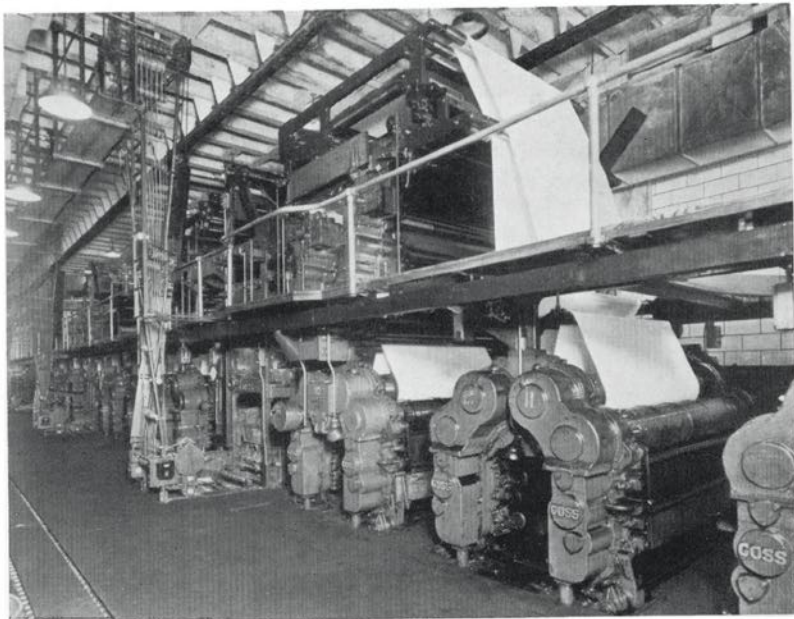
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### Colonist

(Continued from Page 5)

For one member of *The Colonist* staff there is a memory of Powell River that is unique. Nearly forty years ago, R. L. Pocock, assistant news editor and an employee of *The Colonist* since 1907, was commissioned by an English syndicate to stake power rights. While carrying out these duties he explored many parts of the district hitherto unexplored. His tent was pitched on the present site of Machine Rooms 5, 6 and 7, and at the spot where the dam is now located he found the trout so hungry that they rose to anything that looked like food, and so numerous that a plentiful supply could be laid in in a few minutes.





*View of the big new 12-unit press, recently installed in the building of the Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas. The press is among the most modern on this continent and can turn out up to 136,000 copies an hour.*

## New Chronicle Press

One hundred and thirty-six thousand 32-page papers an hour—or 38 complete 32-page papers a second. That is the operating schedule of the recently installed Goss press in the Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas. This big 12-unit press turns out the black and white sections of the daily and Sunday Chronicle, and is one of the most modern of its kind installed in recent years.

With a daily circulation in excess of the 100,000 mark, and issuing six editions a day, the quality and strength of newsprint used in the Chronicle presses is of vital importance. In its

special issue of Tuesday, February 22nd, the *Chronicle* devotes an entire page to pictorial and written pictures of Powell River.

"The paper in these rolls," the article states, "must have sufficient strength to carry through the high-speed presses and a surface adapted to almost instantaneous absorption of printers' ink." "Without these qualities," the writer goes on to say, "the *Chronicle* could not turn out up to 136,000 copies an hour and could not have extras on the street a few minutes after an important event."

(Continued on Page 16)



## Stern Reality Around Grinding Machines

**L**AST month, with the indulgent rays of a late May sun slanting gently about the townsite, we presented Romance Along Our Waterfront.

This month the indulgent rays are missing; nimbus clouds obliterate the gentle May sun; the King and Queen have returned to London; and an air of stern reality re-enters our lives. And in keeping with this less gentle, if more vigorous atmosphere, we present to our readers the He-Men trio, the stern realists, the blue-bearded, deep-chested, stern-jawed men of action, as uncovered in an afternoon's expedition in the grinder room.



*"Big Chief" Murray Mouat, a glimpse of stern reality in Powell River's Grinder Room. The baseball boys will recognize Murray's 9th inning, two out glare.*

Creeping—not without slight misgivings—through the wharf entrance, we ambled nervously about, looking for stern reality. We passed Jimmy Jacobs, lost a step, hesitated, and decided somehow Jimmy wasn't just our idea of stern reality at the moment—not with that hat anyway. Suddenly, without warning, we struck stern reality square amidships. Looming in front of us, setting his own pace,

wrench in one hand, hammer in the other, was two hundred pounds of reality in the flesh. Shirt open to the five winds (that extra one that blows along the floor), the "torso magnifique" confronted us in all its pristine glory.

*Norm Hill about to load up his grinder, with the same pep he heaves to second base—and with the deceptive smile he puts on while umpiring bases.*



We shuddered, half in fear, half in ecstasy, frantically clicked the camera, and dodged sideways as the wrench just missed the shutter.

So take it away, boys—stern realist Murray Mouat on his way around the bases, and setting his own pace.

Emboldened by this initial success, we swaggered along past the grinders, swung up on to the cat walk by the flume and looked around. On a platform a few yards away we decried a sturdy figure standing Napoleon-like—legs wide, arms locked behind, as if to balance the prone brow, etc. Sturdy determination stuck out from both feet (safety shoes) as he grimly surveyed Jimmy Jacobs doffing his hat to a passing female visitor.

A lightning click and we hand over without a blemish stern realist Bob

Fletcher, Mechanical Inspector, member of the bowling, sport enthusiast, and a hound for meetings (ask Mrs. Fletcher).



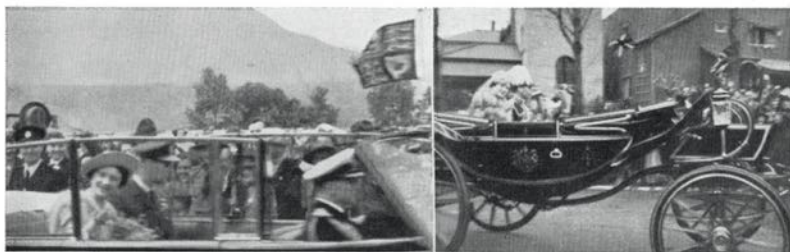
*Bob Fletcher, stern reality on every feature, pauses at the top of the grinder stairs as a special concession.*

For our third and final capture we stalked long and carefully. Half way down the floor we saw a cloud of

steam emptying from a grinder. We dashed down, in time to catch half the baseball league in the act of filling his grinder. Someone whispered in our ear, "Norm shaved this morning," and that was enough to send our camera into action. Into action we went, dragging with us stern realist Norman Hill, all-round athlete and one of the most vigorous workers for sport in Powell River. We even excuse the shave, Norm. We know you've got lots on your mind these days.

And that's all for June. We may try and see what we can do with the millwrights next month—if we can see them before they see us.

## Royal Visit



*Left: The Queen and King at Hastings Park, Vancouver. On the right: Their Majesties drive through Ottawa in an open carriage.*

Above are two amateur photographs taken during the Royal visit. The photo on the left was snapped by Pete Holborne, company employee, at Hastings Park. Although slightly blurred, the vitality and charm of the Queen's expression is clearly shown. On the right is a snap taken by a friend of Bill Emerson, of the office

staff, showing Their Majesties in an open carriage at Ottawa.

Local photographers enjoyed a real field day during the Royal visit—and scores of views of the Royal couple and the Vancouver parade have been taken. As a suggestion to the Camera Club, why not include these in the next club exhibit?



*P. J. Salter (right), President of the Sun Publishing Co., starts on a fishing trip up Powell Lake, accompanied by his friend, Mr. A. Conklin, of San Francisco.*

### "P. J." Drops In

Prominent on our visitors' list for June were Mr. P. J. Salter, President of the Sun Publishing Company, Vancouver, and Mr. A. Conklin of San Francisco.

"P. J." has always managed to evade, with some success, the efforts of our local cameraman, but this time we managed to sneak up on him just as he was starting on a day trip up Powell Lake.

There was considerable bragging on the number of fish they intended to bring back. We have no record on our files, pictorially or written, of P. J. ever having caught a fish on Powell Lake—but this time it was different, P. J. brought back several big ones, at least he was holding them, and no one in the party, including John McIntyre, could be cornered into swearing who actually hooked them.

The boys down in the Sun office are a bit sceptical, and Bob Cromie, Vice-President, who has pulled his quota from our waters, maintains a shrieking silence on the issue.

P. J. smiles his diplomatic smile. "We caught some very nice ones," he informed us—and that's all for the present, boys.

### They Caught Some Fish

Later advices received from John McIntyre, after the above went to press, indicate that "P. J." and Art Conklin came shrieking down the lake, a fish in each hand and a good round dozen gasping in ignominious defeat on the boat floor. Something or other was proved on this trip—either that the Powell Lake fish are very obliging to visitors, or that "P. J." has been taking lessons from Bob Cromie on the side.

## Marion Breaks Record



*Marion Borden hits the tape in the 75-yard dash, in 8.5 seconds, for a new Canadian record.*

Powell River's Dominion Day Meet was featured by two record-breaking runs. Our own Marion Borden crashed through in the 75-yard dash for a new Canadian record of 8.5 seconds. Jean Kennedy, speedy Vancouver intermediate, set up a new Dominion record of 9 seconds flat for the 75-yard race.

Marion Borden is to-day B.C.'s outstanding woman sprinter, and local supporters are optimistic of her chances for inclusion on next year's Olympic team. It is the intention of the local association to start an immediate drive for funds to send Marion back to Hamilton for the Canadian Championships on August 12th, this year. Coach Martin Naylor estimates she will make a good showing, and on her present form should bring a Dominion title back to Powell River.

Lawyer (to gorgeous witness):  
Answer me, yes or no!

Witness: My, you're a fast worker, aren't you?

## New Face for the Stacks

During the past month, those two famous Powell River landmarks, the East and West stacks of the Steam Plant, have been undergoing an extensive face lifting. Up the sides of the big 250-foot chimneys workmen have been cleaning, painting and removing the dirt and grime that inevitably collects on these exposed structures. The operation will continue for several months.

To the layman watching these tiny figures high up on their staunch perches, it looks like a dizzy business! To the workman crawling about steeples it is all in the day's work—"but not in our day's work," shudders most of Powell River's population.



*The Steam Plant Stack, showing painters and cleaners at work on its 250-foot sides.*



## Around the Plant

### Mr. J. S. Foley Convalescing

We are glad to inform his many inquiring friends that Mr. J. S. Foley, Powell River Company director and father of Executive Vice-President Harold Foley, is now well advanced in the convalescent stage, following his recent illness. The bracing air of Powell River has worked wonders, and Mr. Foley is both feeling and looking exceedingly fit.

\* \* \*

### Tapp! Tapp!

The House of Tapp led the way in Father and Son banquets during the past month. Some three weeks ago, Wallace, (Wally, to you), the House leader and family bread-winner stood on one of our well-known par 3 golf holes. Eyes tightly shut, feet wide apart, both elbows well bent, club clutched feverishly at the hilt, Wally and club dived simultaneously at a golf ball. When he opened his eyes two lads, a hundred odd yards away, were jumping on the green yelling, "Congratulations, Mr. Tapp."

Wally awakened, shuddered, looked up, and discovered he had just made a hole-in-one.

Two weeks later the finals of the men's junior golf championships were held. The finalists were Tommy Hunter, defending champion, and Malcolm Tapp, first in line to the Tapp millions.

After thirty-eight holes of gruelling, spectacular competition, the second Tapp victory of the month was tossed in the local golf book, and son Malcolm was the new champion.

Which is not bad—a hole in one and a club champion in one family and in one month.

"My two boys are doing all right," Mrs. Tapp modestly told local reporters.

\* \* \*

### It Sounds Fishy

The latest fish story comes from Jack Young, Barker mill Nimrod, who claims he caught a three pound trout just outside the mill out-take. Jack doesn't exactly claim that the fish swam through the penstocks, wriggled around the machines for a while, and finally tiring, strolled out the back door into open sea—but he does say it would have been a silly thing for a fish to swim around the wharf and try coming into the mill. Anyway, he caught a three pounder where there aren't many three pounders.

\* \* \*

Gino Bortolussi, our dapper office boy, is having his hands full these days. During the visit recently of several Vancouver girl athletes, Gino undertook the role of protector and chief guide to one of the Vancouver misses.

No, Gino didn't take the little miss to the dance. Someone else did—and our junior Don Juan is now the centre of a torrid triangle battle, with the office betting even money on the "other fellow."

\* \* \*

### Dominion Day Snaps

Frank McDonald, local golfing ace, surprised wiseacres at the Dominion

Day sports by winning the pole vault with a 10-foot 2-inch leap—the first time Frank has touched a pole in four years.

\* \* \*

Martin Naylor ran a nice 10.1 in the 100-yards, and two days later took second at the Vancouver Police Sports in the century.

Gino Bortolussi turned in a nice 54-second quarter, to beat Harry Donkersley and Bob Redhead. It was Gino's first appearance in the long sprint—and it looks as if he might do things at that distance before the year is over.

\* \* \*

Toughest break of the day was the faulty passing of the baton between Joan Reed and Marion Borden in the girl's relay. If the pair had clicked, Marion had about ten yards to make up—and the betting was 10 to 1 she would have picked it up the way she was travelling on July 1st. Powell River took second place, with Marion Borden picking up nearly 15 yards in the last lap.

\* \* \*

### Now It Can Be Told

The shuddering sighs from timid members of the office staff, watching the steeplejack antics of the steam plant stack cleaners, draw only a scornful smile from Accountant Jack Hill.

The story is out for the first time. Jack and Joe Sweeney, in their youthful days, saw the stack completed, sneaked out early one Sunday morning, and climbed up the entire 250 feet, and looked down—well, Jack still

isn't clear what they looked down at. "It certainly wasn't me," muttered John Dunlop, as he sneaked a wary glance at the dangling platform.

\* \* \*

### Just Playful Boys

Curly Woodward and Gus Lidberg, one-time pole vault aces, staged a spectacular battle for third place at the July 1st sports. Curly fell over his pole twice, Gus missed the board, and then Curly turned a somersault and came up with his knees where his neck should have been — and then Gus took a half header into the soft sawdust—and they both shook hands and said, "Heck, we were only fooling anyway."

\* \* \*

### Tartans Awa'

And the Powell River pipe band will shortly be sporting a brand new outfit—kilts, sporran and balmoral complete. There will be a hot time in the old town the day the uniforms arrive and the boys climb inside them. The question of what tartan the boys will wear has already been the subject of mild discussion.

John Menzies—"The Menzies tartan, aye lad, yon's the prettiest tartan in Scotland."

Colin McLauchlan — "The McLauchlan tartan is just right. No' too racey—but no' too drab."

Charlie McLean — "The McLean tartan looks very fine. It's favoured at Braemar."

Bill Whyte—"And what about the MacGregor? It was guid enough for Rob Roy, and it's guid enough for me!"



*Fred Armbruster, of the Camera Club, photographed by one of his colleagues, as he looked over a choice collection of club exhibits.*

### Camera Club Active

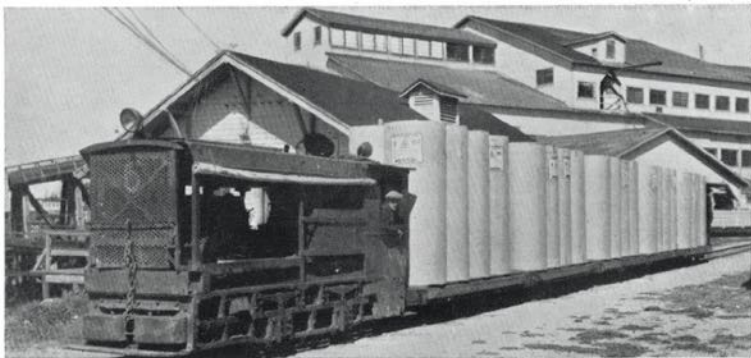
Powell River's newly formed Camera Club is rapidly making a name for itself among local associations. The society has held two exhibitions to date, and some splendid work has been turned out. The quiet enthusiasm of members continues and the photographic studies are attracting wide attention.

At any and every opportunity the boys are out, and on holidays and special occasions, the Camera Club members are out in force, overhead

and underfoot, taking action snaps. A recent Vancouver critic expressed amazement at the quality of the work turned out, and gave it as his opinion that it compares favorably in every respect with the longer established clubs in larger cities.

By special arrangement with the Camera Club, the *Digester* may be enabled to publish, during the next several months, outstanding examples of the club's work during the past few months.

Take a bow, boys—and keep up the good work.



*Rolls of Powell River newsprint, driven by electric locie, leave the mill for the hold of a waiting freighter.*

## Gardeners Still Gardening

**W**ITH June temperatures hovering dangerously close to midsummer figures, feverish activity continues along the gardening front. Tender green shoots are making their appearance above carefully tilled earth—and the usual pre-season braggadocio is in the atmosphere. "Have you seen my beans, old chap." "Aren't those tulips swell." "This is a special seed I got from Uncle in Kalamazoo." "And these carrots, well, I don't like to boast, but . . ."



*Rex Goldsmith shows what the well-dressed gardener wears today and the proper angle for effective shovel work. The real work is done with the right hand — the left should only be used to guide the club — dash it, shovel!*

And so it goes. And so went our camera in two typical shots that could have been duplicated anywhere along the line from one end of the townsite to the other.

Up on Ocean View, Rex Goldsmith was taking his job seriously. Brow furrowed, grim determination on every feature, Rex was shoving a sparking shovel viciously into the rocks and

pebbles of the Goldsmith rancho. Impatiently he awaited the camera's click, and started the old shovel revolving. Brother Kent turned green when the picture of Rex on garden fatigue turned up.

Along Maple Avenue, Walter Norman was gazing wistfully out to sea, resting easily on a shovel from which no visible sparks flew. As the photog-

*Walter Norman displays the stylish gardening profile for watering lawns. Chin ever so slightly bent, best results are obtained if you can get someone else to hold the hose.*



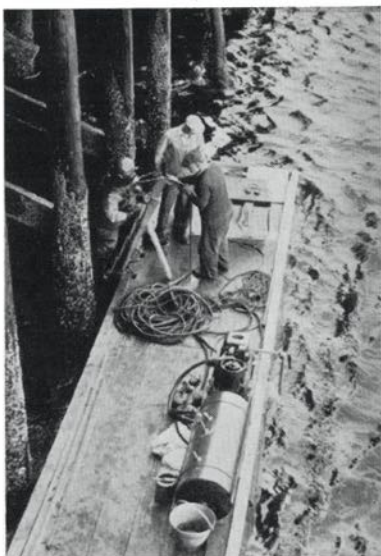
rapher hove in sight Walter grabbed a hose, assumed an air of concentrated seriousness, and turned a Grecian profile to the camera. And so Walter's Grecian profile, hose, and concentrated seriousness are registered for the benefit of unambitious neighbors and passing friends.

And that's where you'll find most of Powell River during one of the "springiest" Mays on record—out in the garden manhandling a shovel like Rex, or just leaning against them like the rest of us.

And if a girl is a knockout, you can be sure she's had plenty of ring experience.



## Inspection of Wharf Piling



The above snap was taken recently when diver J. S. Benjamin was inspecting piling at the Powell River wharf. Mr. Benjamin is a specialist in the detection of teredos, and is an expert diver. Our wharf piling was generally in good condition, Mr. Benjamin stated, and the specially treated piles have stood up well.

## July 1st, the Big Race

Here is one for Powell River old-timers. How many remember the famous July 1, 1916, horse race?

Well, anyway, on the authority of Arthur Dunn, the first and only horse race in Powell River's history was run on that date. The participants were the late Harry Atkinson and Rueben Fidler, both well known and popular residents of our townsite in the early days, and Herman Roesch, one-time plant sawyer.

Each of the three owned a horse. And each of the three lived in the present area of Grief Point. And each of the three used to ride their horses to the plant daily. They tethered them anywhere, because grass was cheap and plentiful around the mill buildings in these construction days.

Rivalry between owners of the three local Man-o'-Wars was keen. Many an impromptu race had been staged along the old cow trail—now the famous traffic artery of the district.

Rival supporters grew heated, and one bright lad suggested they put the matter to a test at the big Dominion Day sports meet on July 1.

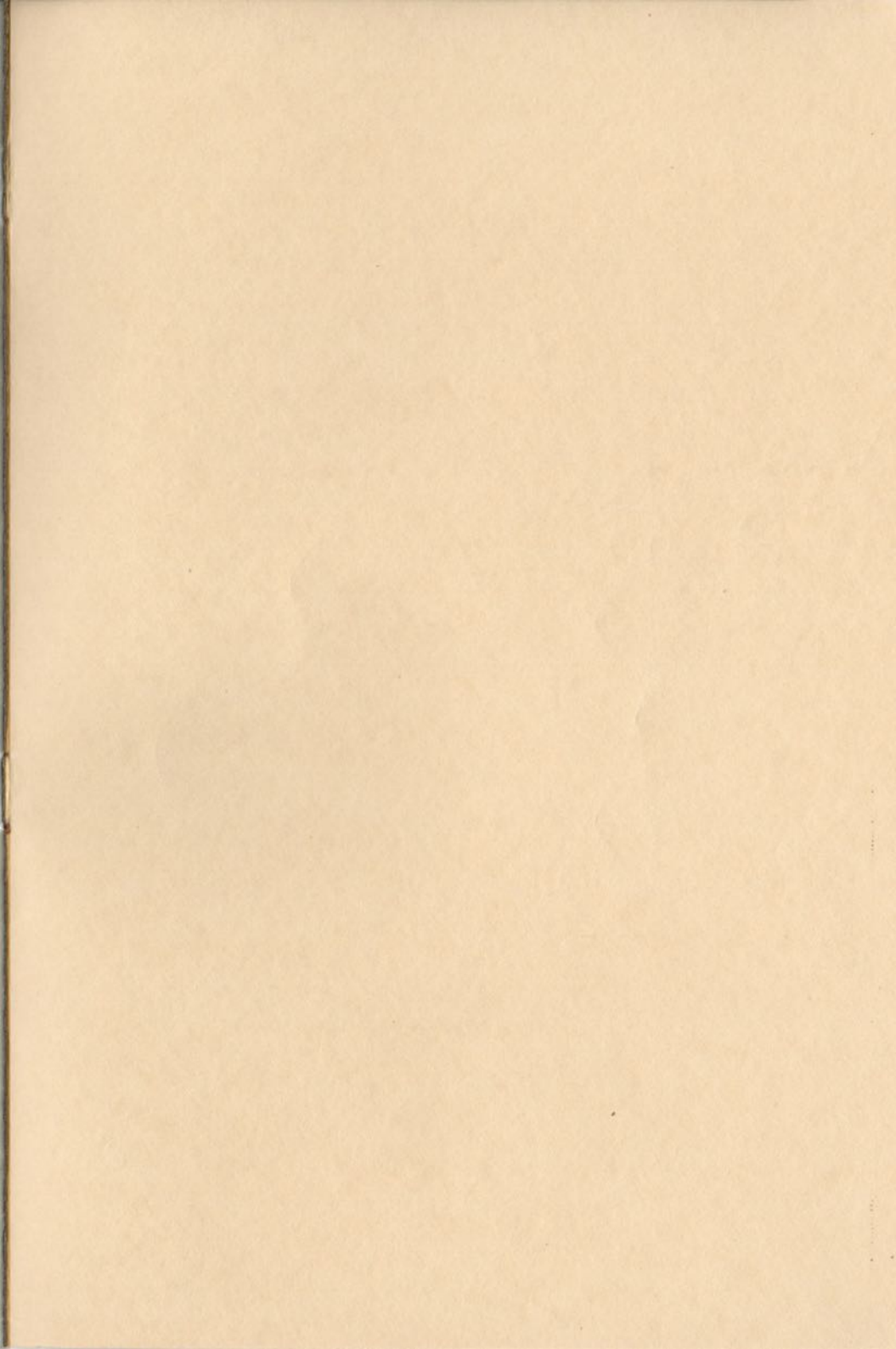
And so it was decided. On July 1, 1916, three of Powell River's stoutest equines, manned by their three respective owners, lined up a mile outside of the present townsite limits. The race finished in front of the present site of the tennis court, and a legend runs among old timers that if you follow the present path behind Brooks School far enough, the hoof marks of that famous race are visible on a moonlight night.

Arthur doesn't know who won the race. The time was kept secret.

## New Chronicle Press

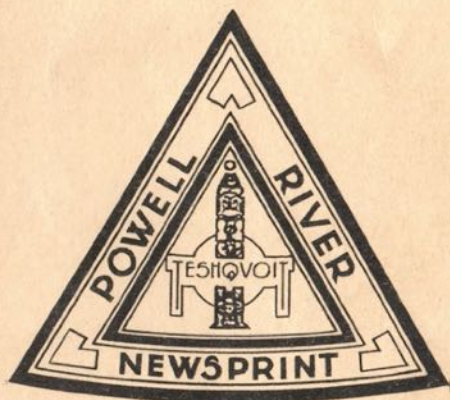
(Continued from Page 7)

Such unsought testimony of the strength and printing qualities of Powell River newsprint will be gratifying to Powell River operating and technical staffs, who will join us in congratulating the *Chronicle* press-room staff on the fine performance of its new press, and wishing them "bigger and better runs."





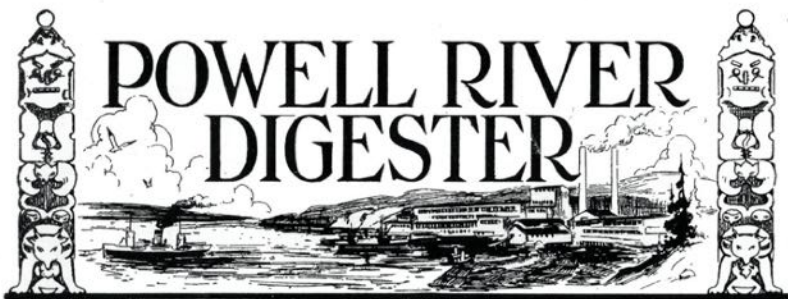
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 JULY, 1939 NO.7







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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VOL. 15

JULY, 1939

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*Grove Street Terminal, Oakland, showing portion of the city and the Tribune Tower in the background.*

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## The Story of the Oakland Tribune



*Joseph R. Knowland, Sr., Publisher,  
Oakland Tribune.*

**F**OUNDED in 1874, the *Tribune* keeps pace with the development of the famous Bay Region.

The Tribune Tower rises 20 stories high in the heart of Oakland, a symbol of 65 years of constant service and growth of the *Oakland Tribune*.

Keeping pace, step by step, with the rapidly growing California metropolis on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay that it serves, the *Tribune* has maintained its position of

newspaper leadership by its policy of editorial excellence and service.

The paper published its sixty-fifth anniversary issue last February 15, marking the opening of the Golden Gate International Exposition. The issue of 112 pages presented one of the most complete and comprehensive word and pictorial pictures yet issued on the great pageant of the Pacific.

### First Editions

This 112-page edition was a far cry from the first issue of the *Oakland Daily Tribune*, as the paper was first called. That was a paper of four pages, six by ten inches in size, published on February 21, 1874, and distributed to 5000 families.

The one-man paper of this long-ago day, when Oakland was but a few stores and many farms, has become the enterprise of hundreds of men and women, workers in a major industry in the area that is the Pacific Coast's third largest market.

### Progressive Growth

The modern *Tribune*, an up-to-the-minute publication with the day's news and pictures from the world over has a daily circulation of approximately 85,000, and in advertising and prestige stands high among the ranking newspapers of the continent.

### Mr. Knowland Takes Over

The *Tribune* had several owners in its early days until July 24, 1876, when William E. Dargie became sole owner. The paper remained in Dargie's control for 35 years, until his

death in 1911. Executors of the estate managed the paper until November 3rd, 1915, when the Tribune Publishing Company came into its present ownership, with Joseph R. Knowland as president and publisher.

#### Public Leadership

Mr. Knowland is a leader in civic affairs in the city, county and state and has long been widely known for his diverse activities. He retired from politics after 17 years in public life, to enter the publishing business.

After serving two sessions in the California legislature, Mr. Knowland was elected to Congress and was four times re-elected. He served as Representative from 1904 to 1915, inclusive. He was Republican nominee for United States Senator in the California primary in 1914.

#### Civic Interests

Since he left public life for publishing, Mr. Knowland has continued

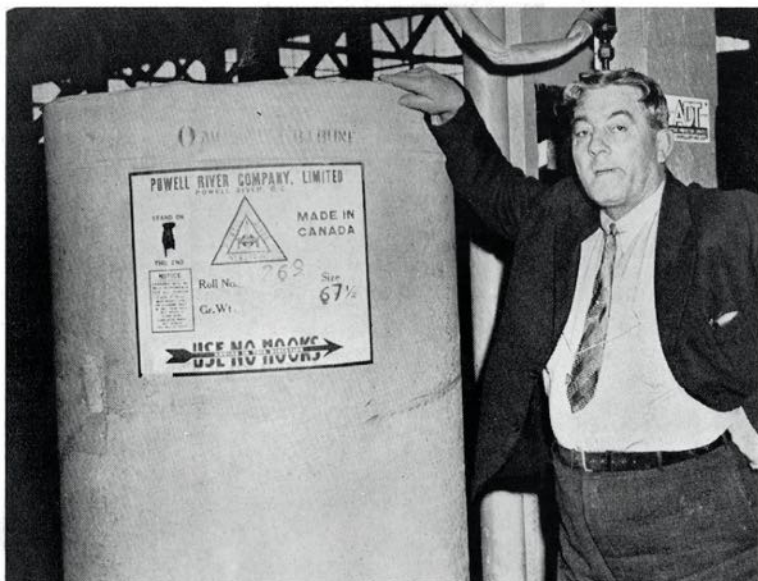


*Tribune Tower, Oakland, California, home of the Oakland Tribune, and one of the landmarks along the east side of the Bay Region.*



*Outer Harbor Terminal, Oakland, California. Shipping activity in the harbor may be clearly seen on the left.*





*Bill Gulart, Receiving Agent, stands beside Powell River newsprint for Oakland Tribune.*

his activity in civic fields. He has been president of the California State Chamber of Commerce, president of the Native Sons of the Golden West, president of the Oakland Health Centre, a member of the Alameda County Institutions Committee, an officer and leader in more than a dozen other organizations, including bank and other business firms.

The newspaper that Mr. Knowland has built, in recent years with the assistance of his sons, J. R. Knowland Jr. and William F. Knowland, is one for which progress is the ever-remembered motto.

#### **Bay Region Leader**

The paper is a leader in a great area which many say is destined to be the

leading industrial and residential centre of the west, and it gives its daily support towards the region's growth. As the community grows so grows the *Tribune*.

Six homes the newspaper has had since its founding. Its present home, dominating the downtown skyline of Oakland, has been the scene of publication since 1918.

#### **Steady Progress**

Progress in the community and in the *Tribune* has been notable in the past half dozen years. Millions were spent on the Bay's two great bridges and the exposition, and more millions are assured in two great Federal projects, the navy's air base and the navy's supply depot. In the paper itself, there

has been constant advance and development.

### First Wirephoto

The *Tribune* was the first to give the Bay region the marvel of modern newspapering, Wirephoto, and it was the first to change its typography to conform with the most modern principles of Twentieth Century journalism.

### Enterprising Newsmen

Through the years the *Tribune* has provided its readers with the news of the minute, with edition after edition rolling off the presses when developments warrant. The hundreds in its news, advertising and circulation departments are on the alert 24 hours a day to serve the readers.

The Associated Press, of which Publisher Knowland is a director, furnishes the *Tribune* with more than

100,000 words of news daily. In addition, the paper receives the complete report of the United Press and financial tabulations of stock, curb and bond transactions.

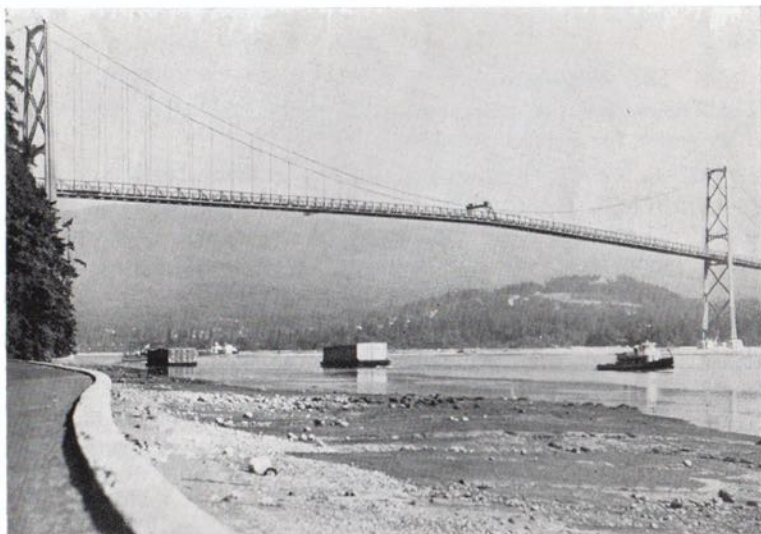
### Many Features

The *Tribune* gives its readers a wealth of features. There are special sections devoted to clubs, society, Boy and Girl Scouts, radio, theatre and book reviews, and a weekly art page. National and internationally known columnists write their views in the paper; entertainment features from comics to crossword puzzles are a regular part of the *Tribune* service to customers.

Such, in brief, is the paper that 65 years ago was written and edited by one man in four three-column pages—the paper that today plays a leading role in the industrial, civic and community life of the great Bay Region.



Unloading Powell River paper ex Kingsley boat in Oakland harbor for Oakland Tribune.



*Tug "Progressive", with barge carrying Powell River newsprint, passes under Lions Gate Bridge just before entering Vancouver harbor.*

## The "Progressive" Passes Under the Bridge

**L**AST month, our logging superintendent, Archie DeLand, took himself and photographer Leonard Frank for a stroll through Vancouver's famous Stanley Park.

### "Progressive" Passes

They arrived beneath the equally famous Lions Gate Bridge, friendly rival of the San Francisco Bay Golden Gate structure. Beneath the bridge was the tug *Progressive* with her big covered barge of Powell River newsprint, entering Vancouver harbor. Leonard took a quick sight seaward, and presented us with the excellent picture shown above.

### Regular Trips

Passing under the bridge is nothing new for the tug *Progressive*, or for Powell River newsprint. Three times weekly the barge leaves the plant with approximately 450 tons of newsprint resting securely in her specially designed interior. The paper is transferred at Vancouver for roll shipments to numerous centres in Canada and the United States.

### Special Barges

The Powell River Company, through the Kingcome Navigation Company, uses these covered barges for transportation of paper to Van-

(Continued on page 7)



## Captain Landheim Joins Pilots



**C**APTAIN Ernie Landheim, for over seventeen years a familiar figure in and around Powell River, has joined the B. C. Pilot Service. From 1922 until 1926 Captain Landheim was on the tug *Ivanhoe* of the Kingcome Navigation Company, towing logs from all parts of the B. C. coast into Powell River to be made into newsprint and shipped to the various parts of the globe. In 1926 Ernie was appointed master of the *St. Faith*, flagship of the Kingcome fleet, and one of the most powerful tugs on the B. C. coast. For the past thirteen years the *St. Faith*, skippered by Captain Landheim, has operated between Powell River and the Queen Charlotte Islands, towing large quantities of spruce in Davis rafts over a most hazardous route.

Ernie's record during that period has been one of steady and faithful service, and everyone at Powell River and the Queen Charlotte logging camps knows when Ernie started with a raft he could bring that raft and the *St. Faith* through every nook and cranny of these waters, through storm and calm. His record as a navigator is enviable.

THE DIGESTER joins his many friends in Powell River and the Queen Charlotte Islands in wishing Captain Landheim success in his new vocation.

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### "Progressive" Passes Under Bridge

(Continued from page 6)

cover. These have capacities averaging 450 tons. The barges were specially designed and constructed for handling Powell River newsprint. They are absolutely waterproof, and permit minimum handling in loading operations. No slings are used and the paper is placed in the barge by a short truck haul to the Barlow elevator.

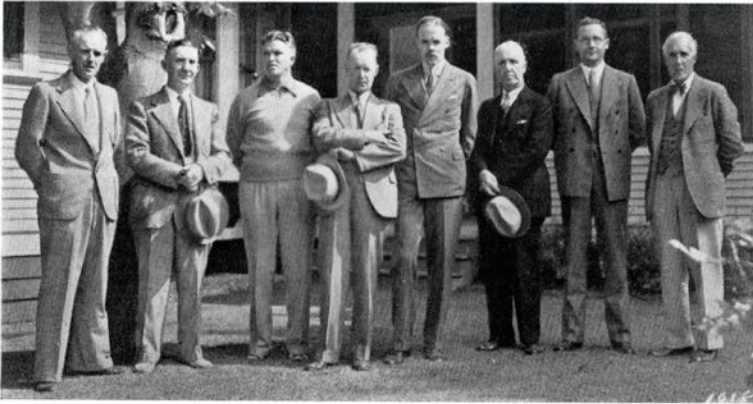
A considerable proportion of the Powell River newsprint output is handled by means of these covered barges.

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### Broadminded

She knows her etchings,  
 She knows her onions,  
 If a man is wealthy,  
 She ignores his bunions.





*Group of visiting journalists and friends who tried their fishing luck last month: R. C. MacKenzie (left), Powell River; J. A. Young, Vancouver; Elmer Herb, New Westminster; W. Barclay, Powell River Sales Co.; Hamilton Southam, Ottawa; Jack Wright, Vancouver; Peter Southam, Vancouver Province; John McIntyre, Powell River.*

## Many Visitors Look Us Up

**OUR** visitors' list for July shows several prominent and widely travelled representatives of industry paying brief calls.

### Sheffield Visitor

Early in the month Major Coombs of Spear and Jackson, Sheffield, England, dropped in for a brief visit. Major Coombs was returning to England after a three-weeks' visit. He stated that at Sheffield, as in other places, all employers are compelled to have anti-aircraft for employees. Most of these are underground and located on the mill premises. In the event of European hostilities, Major Coombs went on to say that in Sheffield they could expect only seven minutes warning of an air raid. The figure

for London is six minutes. Key men in the industry are not eligible under the Conscription Act—nor are they encouraged to join the Territorials.

### Bombay and Way Points

Another visitor from foreign parts was Mr. Austin of Bombay, India, who was visiting Clarence Fraser of Kelley Spruce. Mr. Austin presented an interesting picture of the new mechanization now under way in the Indian army. The entire Indian army is rapidly being supplied with light and heavy tanks, armored cars, etc., he stated, and, insofar as local conditions permitted, would soon be completely mechanized.

Mr. Austin is employed with the Ford Motor Company of India, and a major part of the company business is

supplying equipment, cars, light and armored tanks to the military forces.

### Waziri Guile

One of the prize stories in Mr. Austin's extensive background of frontier life concerns a group of Waziri tribesmen. British bombers had been consistently breaking up assemblies of the tribesmen by sudden appearances overhead. The wily Waziri decided this had gone far enough. They collected a couple of hundred wild goats, placed white robes on them, and returned to their caves to watch results.

Over flew the British planes. Compelled by order to keep above rifle shot, the bombers spotted what seemed like a luscious assembly of Waziri. They dropped their bombs, returned to headquarters, and reported the scattering of a dangerous movement.

Back in their caves the Waziri laughed loud and gustily. It's a friendly affair really.

### Seattle Visitors

Among our visitors from across the border during July, were representatives of the Scripps League of Newspapers, Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Newell, Mr. Frank Powell and Misses Lynn and Agnes Mingo. The party spent several days in the area looking over the plant and sampling the hook and worm resistance of Powell River fish.

While at the Powell Lake Fishing Lodge, the party set what is believed to be a visitor's mountain climbing record. They climbed Bear Tooth peak in seven hours and caught a glimpse of the magnificent panorama

(Continued on page 10)



*Scripps League of Newspapers' representatives visited Powell River last month. Left to right: Frank Powell, Miss L. Mingo, Mrs. Powell, Ralph Newell, Mrs. Newell.*



Capt. A. J. Steele

### The Hoperange Arrives

"I went ashore at Tientsin with a sick member of the crew. And that's the last I saw of my ship for five days."

Capt. A. J. Steele, master of the M.S. *Hoperange*, new luxurious British freighter, thus succinctly summed up his experience of the Tientsin blockade, as the ship docked in Powell River on July 13th.

The captain of the British freighter was not too optimistic over the Eastern situation. He mentioned several incidents at the Tientsin barriers that had caused friction between British and Japanese authorities. His own ship had loaded cargo at Taku Bar, roughly 50 miles from the blockaded city. Capt. Steele, after taking a sick member of the crew to the British hospital in the concession, was refused permission to leave and was kept, in his own

words, "cooling my b— heels there for five days."

The *Hoperange* is a rivet-fitted ship, with splendid appointments both for officers and crew. She is 418 feet long, with a 58-foot beam, and can log up to 15 knots. Significant of the plans now developed by Lord Chatfield, in co-ordinating British defences, is the fitting of the *Hoperange* for two guns, a 4.8-inch "bowchaser," and a 3-inch anti-aircraft weapon.

Capt. Steele spoke enthusiastically of British defence preparations. "We're turning destroyers and light craft out like sausages," he stated, "and our aircraft production is way above newspaper estimates."

All officers on the ship have had special instruction in gunnery, anti-aircraft, convoy and anti-submarine training.

The *Hoperange* loaded 2200 tons of Powell River newsprint, destined for Australia.

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### Seattle Visitors

(Continued from page 9)

of sea and mountains stretching in the distance.

Miss Lynn Mingo, who spark-plugged the more sluggish footsteps of Frank and Ralph, stated she will be back when any visitors (all local experts excepted) beats her time of seven hours flat to the top of Bear Tooth!

---

Mike: Cut out the baby talk.

Pat: I said "Damn!"

Mike: Well, that's baby talk in this neighborhood.

## Our Navy Drops Anchor

H.M.C.S. "Restigouche" Pays a Two-day Call to Powell River

**T**HE Navy's in town! There's something irresistible in the grey hull of a ship of the line, to say nothing of the blue and white jackets of those aboard a ship of the line.

So it was in Powell River from July 24 to 26. H.M.C.S. *Restigouche*, one of the recently acquired destroyers of the Royal Canadian Navy, paid its first visit to Powell River; and the town took the officers and ratings to its heart.

Several functions were arranged for the officers and crew, and on Tuesday night the Ex-Servicemen's Association were hosts at a well-attended smoker. The town Pipe Band, out in practically full strength,

pipied all hands to the ship at midnight to give the navy lads a roaring send-off.

At the banquet, Lieutenant Commander Holmes spoke briefly on Canadian defences on the West Coast. The Canadian Navy was growing, and with four destroyers already on the coast and a flotilla leader on the way, he considered the defence situation had vastly improved during the past four years. He stated that, although small in number, Canadian ships were recognized for their efficiency; and that those responsible were leaving no stone unturned to see that, if the test should come, the officers and men of the Canadian Navy would justify the

(Continued on page 14)



# Around the Plant

Club Champion

Summer Complaint

This lazy, drowsy summer day

Youthful John McDonald, son of Wallace McDonald, is again crowned as Powell River golf champion for 1939. He defeated the veteran Ed Peacock in the 36-hole final.

John and brother Frank are two of the best golfers ever developed locally. Both have appeared in major B. C. tournaments and both are among the ranking golfers of the province. Johnny is also a star at the diamond pastime, as is also brother Frank. The friendly rivalry between the two brothers continues, and if you want to bet which of the two will be first to win the B. C. title, well, it's just that close.

## H.M.C.S. "Restigouche"

The visit of H.M.C.S. *Restigouche* highlighted the social atmosphere for July. Every youngster in town was aboard, pulling levers, jumping on gun platforms, examining compasses and asking awkward questions.

Favourite question: "What are them there things Mista?"

Honors for pure heroism go to the handsome sailor explaining the intricate mechanism of loading and firing a gun to a group of admiring girls.

"You see," explained the handsome sailor, "on the command load, I open the breech and . . ."

"Yes, yes," breathed the young ladies, none of whom were looking at the gun.

returned from a two week trip  
Frisco. We asked Ben what he  
thought of the Industrial Crafts  
Exhibit:

"Eh?" he inquired blankly.

We asked Jack Tunstall what he  
thought of the Fine Arts Building.

"Eh?" he also blankly inquired.

We asked both what they thought  
of California from an agricultural  
viewpoint.

Looks of keenest intelligence and  
concentrated interest rushed into the  
sun-tanned features of both tourists.

Those California ranches are mag-  
nificent spectacles both declared. The  
exhibits on Sally Rand's ranch are  
among the most striking memories of  
an interesting and educational tour of  
Treasure Island!

Joe Sweeny's comment: "I nude  
they'd say that."

\* \* \*

### Scouts Have Annual Outing

Powell River Boy Scouts, under the  
guidance of Ben Watson of the Sul-

put on a Rose Festival that would  
challenge the Rose City's coastal  
supremacy.

\* \* \*

### The Right Tartan

Uniforms for the Powell River Pipe  
Band are on the way. The boys hope  
to be out resplendent in all the glory  
of semi-military tunics and a kilt of  
the MacGregor tartan for Labor Day.  
After considerable friendly discussion  
between the Menzies, McLeans, Mc-  
Laughlins, Robertsons, etc., the boys  
settled on the MacGregor tartan. This  
was a compliment to manager John  
MacGregor.

Mac's response is: "Compliment be  
darned; it's the finest tartan in Scot-  
land."

\* \* \*

Curly Woodward, the office  
inventor, has purchased Bert  
Grundle's boat. Curly is out for speed  
honors on Powell Lake. Estimates an  
easy 18 knots (with 22 under forced

draft) despite the less hopeful forecasts of the boys who have other ideas on automobile engines in motor boats.

\* \* \*

The proposed special fat man's race for Labor Day is already arousing hectic excitement in office circles. Rumour persists that Bill Parkin will uphold the honor of the white collar brigade against Gordon Jones of the millwrights. Both object to the term "fat" men—but both are willing to lay odds on their respective girths. We suggest the committee go into the diplomatic business and bill this special feature as "The Plump Man's Race."

\* \* \*

#### **They're Still O.K.**

Several of our younger female generation are sporting hats with H.M.C.S. *Restigouche* on the rim. This definitely gives the lie to croakers who think the navy is slipping, or the modern generation is growing decadent.

#### **Navy Drops Anchor**

(Continued from page 11)

expenditure made on naval defence preparations.

H.M.C.S. *Restigouche* was open for inspection Tuesday afternoon and hundreds of local residents flocked aboard during visiting hours. The courtesy with which they were received, and shown about the ship, and the efficiency of the men in charge drew highly favorable comment from visitors.

The *Restigouche*, launched for the Royal Navy in 1932, was originally named the *Comet*. She was transferred to the Royal Canadian Navy in 1937. The destroyer displaces 1375 tons, carries four 4.7-inch guns, eight 21-inch torpedo tubes, and a number of pom-pom and machine guns. Her rated speed is 35.5 knots.

## The July Round Up

### Industry, Culture and Romance Feature July "Shots"

**F**OR our general round up tour of the month we combine Industry, Culture and Romance. Here is no stereotyped department hint, but a careful selection of



*Joe Sweeney, multigraph operator, tests out a new camera and gets by without a break.*

leading figures in their respective spheres; a classical collection, calculated to cater to every taste and every mood.

Look at the finely chiselled features representing Industry. We caught it in a flurry of July sunshine, stepping smartly from the multigraph office, a Chinese stamp in one hand, a pot of paste in the other. As he bowed a gracious assent to our request for a picture, "Industry" stated he was just about to declare an economic boycott on Frank Flett and his Time Office staff.

First shot: Industry, in the person of Joe Sweeney, multigraph operator, and his boycotting expression.

Twenty yards away, ignoring the

lackadaisical downpour of July sun, a lithe, cool, Stokowski-looking figure pranced quickly along. He gave us a quick side look—and Culture, with a quick side look, gives us No. 2 exhibit in our monthly round.

And here it is, Bill Holden, man about town, orchestral maestro, the Ronald Coleman of soccer, the Beau Brummel of cricket, and the Paul Whiteman of the Machine Room (other papers please copy). Bill at the moment was laying plans to bring the B. C. Musical Festival to Powell River in 1944.

Our final sprint swung us around past the sawmill into Kelley Spruce territory, where we knew Romance



*Bill Holden, full of future musical plans, pauses for a quick snap in the July sunshine.*

could be had for the asking. We passed up several possible candidates, including Don McGillvray and Norm Carey. We hesitated a brief second on Tommy Band—and almost stopped in our tracks as Clarence Fraser



minced colorfully around a corner. Almost but not quite—and among the lumber piles we reached our objective. We caught Tommy Foyston, blonde curls and all—and moved fast



*Tommy Foyston looks cool on Powell River's hottest July day.*

as he started a few suggestive motions with a piece of two by six.

And for a final round up of July Romance, Tommy Foyston in person, of Kelley Spruce. Confidentially, we had a bit of trouble photographing Tommy, but when he heard Joe Sweeney was in the film, he shrugged his shoulders, murmured a resigned "Oh, well . . ."

We agree, Tommy—and that's thirty for July.

### The Logging Fool

We are not advertising any articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but for rather an interesting picture of the logging conditions connected with a British Columbia paper mill we would suggest anyone interested read the article "Logging Fool" by Robert E. Pinkerton, starting with the July 15th issue of the *Post*.

### Marion Goes East

Thanks to the generosity and public spirit of Powell River residents, the drive for funds to send Marion Borden, Powell River's sprint champion, to the Canadian championships at Hamilton has been successful.

Marion will leave Vancouver Saturday, August 5, and will compete in Hamilton, Ontario, Saturday, August 12. Local experts who have watched her form this year are confident Marion is capable of meeting the best the Dominion may offer on even terms. She will compete in both the 60 and 100-metre races. Opposition from Ontario and the Maritimes is expected to be strong.

British Columbia, and especially Powell River, will be pulling for Marion as Western Canada's chief threat for Eastern tracksters.

To date this year, Marion's times, official and unofficial, compare favorably with the best Eastern records.

Her record of 8.5 seconds in the 75-yard dash, made on Dominion Day, and for which application has been made, has not yet been beaten.

### A Bit Hazy!

Prize story of the H.M.C.S. *Restigouche* banquet has come to hand. Batt McIntyre, energetic Rodmay Hotel owner, was showing his colored films to the sailors.

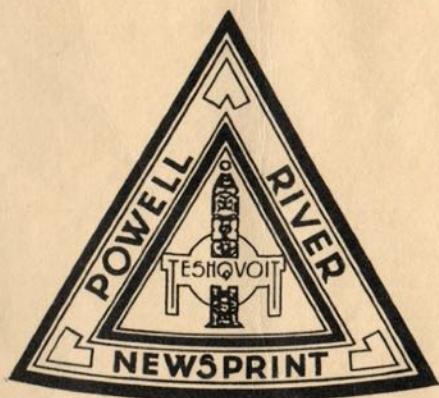
"Now this picture," Batt was explaining, "is a bit hazy. It was taken at six o'clock in the morning."

A sailor from the back of the audience yelled out, "Who shook you, Mister?"





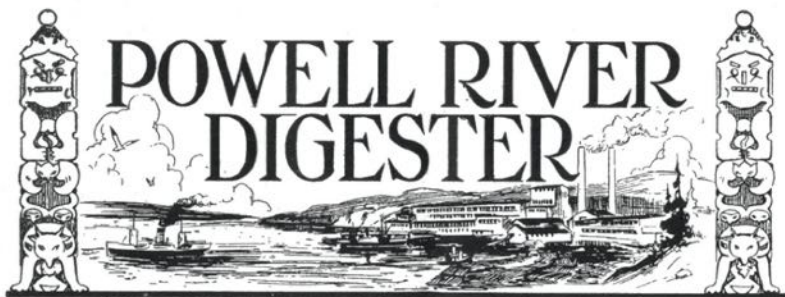
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 AUGUST, 1939 NO.8







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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VOL. 15

AUGUST, 1939

No. 8

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*Above are the original offices of the San Francisco "News" in 1903, built before the Great Fire. On Page 3, the modern office of this big daily will illustrate the development and expansion of "The News" over the past thirty-five years.*

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## The Story of the S. F. "News"

Big San Francisco Daily's Record One of Steady and Progressive Achievement



Left to right: W. N. Burkhardt, vice-president and editor, San Francisco "News"; T. L. Cauthorn, president and general business manager, San Francisco "News"; and J. Tormey, business manager, San Francisco "News".

By NEGLEY COCHRAN MONETT

**S**HORTLY following the turn of the twentieth century, there appeared on a few dozen thresholds and counters in San Francisco, California, a four-page six-column newspaper containing on its surface the pledge that its voice would be ever raised in behalf of the citizens of the community in which it was to serve.

### Without Fanfare

The small daily made its advent without fanfare—merely the quiet delivery by two men and a boy of the bundle of papers and the invitation

to readers to become regular subscribers.

Such was the modest birth of the San Francisco News on March 21, 1903, in humble quarters on Fourth Street in San Francisco. But the founder, Edward Wyllis Scripps, was full of confidence and ambition, justified by the rapid popularity that the little one-cent publication won for itself.

### Early Struggles

For the first two weeks no effort to get subscriptions was made other than to deliver the few dozen copies on a must-be-satisfied-or-no-pay basis. Those first days of publication were



*Present plant of San Francisco "News," 812-818 Mission Street, San Francisco, is in decided contrast to the original plant shown on page one.*

trying, but a few subscriptions straggled in.

#### **"South of the Slot"**

During the first week in April a systematic effort, though on a small scale, was made for new subscribers. Delivery routes were laid out "south of the slot"—south of the cable-car slot that ran along Market Street and divided the city into north and south, into blue jeans and frock-coats.

Circulation outgrew the equipment and housing facilities; nine months after the first issue it was necessary to find larger quarters as well as to replace the cheap machinery with a more modern plant.

When *The News* began publication its mechanical equipment consisted of an old-fashioned flat-bed press, one linotype, and an improvised casting box to make illustrations. The quarters were a small store with living facilities and a narrow yard in the rear. In the store section were the editorial, business and circulation desks; in the former dining-room, the press, linotype and casting box were installed; and in the kitchen were the stenographer, rewriting local news received by telephone, and a telegraph operator. In the yard the newspapers, which came off the press a single flat sheet, were folded.

The staff—consisting of an editor, business manager, circulation manager, pressman-stereotyper, linotype operator, advertising solicitor, stenographer, two reporters and composing room foreman—now was moved into new quarters in a one-storey frame building. The flat-bed press gave way to a perfecting press; more printers were hired.

#### **City Routes Start**

During this time *The News* still confined its activities to south of the slot, actually refusing voluntary subscriptions from other districts for many weeks, but when the 3500-mark had been reached, routes were started throughout the city.

With this expansion, circulation of the "little paper," as it was affectionately called, mounted rapidly. Within a short time quarters and equipment were again inadequate. Another press and another linotype



were necessary, and a location for a photo-engraving plant, which in the past had been taken care of in the rear of *The News* office, had to be found.

Still with the idea of confining their activities to their original territory, a larger lot was bought in 1905, and a one-storey frame building constructed. It was thought that this would be a home adequate for the needs of years.

At the age of three years *The News* had 35,000 regular readers — unprecedented growth and far more than Scripps had dared hope for.

#### Graphic Story of Great Fire

The next goal was 40,000, and it seemed in sight until early one morning the sleeping city was crumpled up as in a giant's hand. It was the earthquake of April 18, 1906, followed by the destroying fire.

Although the youngest journal in the city at the time, *The News* was the only San Francisco newspaper published on the morning of the disaster.

*The News* plant was still intact, but there was no electric service, so

the editor decided to rush out an extra on a little hand press in a nearby printing shop.

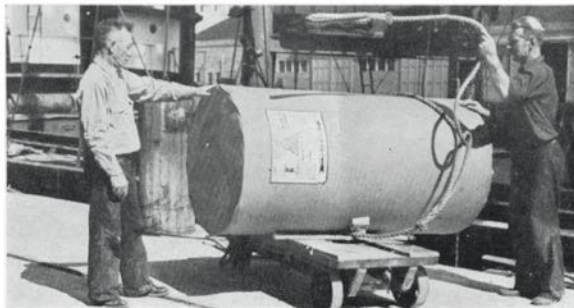
He gathered up a staff of ten men, hurried typewriters, galleys and other equipment to the printing shop, and buckled down. The first extra was thrown together and went to press at eight in the morning while the earth still quivered and the great clouds of black smoke began to rise from the ruins.

As the great fire advanced, printers and editors hauled the two linotype machines out of *The News* building and buried them in an adjoining sand lot. During the night the fire destroyed the building.

Arrangements were quickly made with *The Enquirer* across the bay in Oakland for the use of its printing plant, and on the third day after the fire *The News* appeared again.

#### "The News" Comes Through

When distributors arrived at the refugee camps which had sprung up over the city, they were fairly mobbed. The "little paper" had come through, bringing with it the hope that San Francisco would still be very much



*Unloading Powell River paper from the steamer "Rosebank," in San Francisco, for the San Francisco "News."*



*Air view of part of San Francisco Harbor, showing Bay Bridge and Treasure Island (extreme left).*

alive. For days *The News* was delivered regularly to the camps without charge—its carriers were looked for as eagerly as were the provision wagons.

Eighteen days after the quake *The News* resumed publication on its old site, with a circus tent as its temporary home.

In May construction of a new building was started, and with it the problem of rounding up the old subscribers. Those who were neighbors before the fire were quickly found in large groups; others came in, or with the restoration of telephone service, called in to renew their subscriptions.

Before a year had elapsed *The News* circulation was close to the high mark of March, 1906.

Then came the time when enlargement became necessary to take care of the constantly growing demand for advertising space. Two pages were added, which sufficed for only a time; then two more. As an eight-page paper *The News* continued publication until 1913.

From 1913 to the present date the growth, both in circulation and advertising, increased with almost unbelievable rapidity. *The News* plant was changed from time to time to larger quarters—until today it occupies two modern buildings, which, in addition, house the Pacific Coast headquarters of the Newspaper Enterprise Association, Acme Photo, United Press and United Features, all affiliated

(Continued on Page 9)

## Provincial Building Opened

Hon. Frank McPherson Officiates



*New Provincial Building at Powell River, recently opened by Hon. Frank McPherson, Minister of Public Works.*

On Monday, August 4, the latest addition to Powell River's public architecture was officially opened when Honorable Frank McPherson, Minister of Public Works for British Columbia, officially dedicated the new Provincial Building.

Officials of the Powell River Company, the Board of Trade, and other local organizations greeted the Minister on his arrival. Mr. McPherson, in his address, stated the Powell River Provincial Building was a new type that would be standardized throughout the province.

The building is of picturesque Tudor design, and will house all the various departments of provincial administration in Powell River, including public works, government agent, police, etc.

The Powell River Board of Trade has been the leading force in advocating the construction of provincial and federal buildings in Powell River, and the DIGESTER wishes to congratulate



*Typical snap of Hon. Frank McPherson, Minister of Public Works, British Columbia, as he spoke at the opening of the new Provincial Building in Powell River on August 4.*

President Harry Davies and his associates for their continued untiring efforts in adding vigor and dignity to the community life of the district.

The Board, working from not too encouraging beginnings has established itself as a force in the community.

## Marion Runner-Up In Canadian Championships



*Marion Borden, Powell River sprint star, photographed with Coach Martin Naylor, following their return from the Canadian Championships last month.*

On Saturday, August 12th, the cream of Canadian women athletes gathered for the Annual Canadian Championships at Hamilton. The blue ribbon events of the meet were the sixty and one hundred metre dashes, which had attracted a star-studded entry list.

Powell River, for the first time in history, was represented in a Dominion Championship, with Marion Borden carrying the colors of Powell River and of British Columbia.

In both races it developed into a struggle of Toronto vs. Powell River, with Miss Jeanette Dolson defeating Marion by narrow margins in both races. In Powell River, there is naturally some disappointment that Marion did not bring back the Canadian Championship to Powell River. There is, however, real satisfaction in learning that Marion is in the top flight of Canadian sprinters, capable of holding her own against the best.

Eastern papers were all struck with Marion's smooth and effortless style, and generally agree that she is almost a certainty for Canada's Olympic squad next year.

The trip to Hamilton was the Powell River girl's first train trip, and Coach Martin Naylor is confident Marion will defeat Miss Dolson at their next meeting. It is interesting that in the one hundred metre heat, Marion came through in an easy breeze, in the same time as Miss Dolson won the finals all out. In the sixty metre event, Marion lost out by a foot, and was four feet behind in the longer dash.

Powell River has every reason to congratulate Miss Borden on her splendid showing, and it is the general feeling that, with the additional confidence gained in the Canadian Championships, she will be Canada's No. 1 sprinter when the Olympic Trials roll round next July.



## Visitors from Down Under

Many Old and New Friends Drop in During August



*Sir Cecil Leys (centre) chats with Mrs. Edward Brooks and Mr. R. Bell-Irving in Vancouver.*

Friends from "down under"—from New Zealand, Australia and Tasmania—were prominent on our visitors' list during the past month.

Recently Sir Cecil Leys, general manager of Brett Printing and Publishing Company of Auckland, New Zealand, paid a flying visit to the Pacific Coast. Sir Cecil, one of New Zealand's most prominent publishers, came over on the Union Steamship Company's vessel *Monowai*, returning to New Zealand on the same ship. In Vancouver he paused long enough to look up old friends, and our inquiring cameraman caught him in a moment of relaxation enjoying a chat with our vice-president, Robin Bell-Irving, and Mrs. Edward Brooks.

Early in August, Mr. George A. Caro, managing director of Gollin & Company Pty. Limited, of Melbourne, Australia, stopped over in Vancouver for a few days. Gollin & Company, of which Mr. Caro is a partner, are the sole distributing agents of Powell River products in Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Caro, accompanied by Mrs. Caro and their daughter Anne and son David, were en route back to Melbourne after spending several months in England and on the continent. During his stay on the coast Mr. Caro made a thorough in-



*Geo. A. Caro*

spection of the Powell River plant and properties.

Completing the Antipodean peaceful penetration of the Pacific Coast in



*Among the interesting visitors to Powell River in August were Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Benjamin, of Hobart, Tasmania, and Mr. E. Davies, of Melbourne. Mr. Benjamin is resident manager of the Australian Newsprint Mills Pty. Ltd., Hobart, Tasmania. The group, from left to right: Jobu McIntyre, Powell River; L. R. Benjamin; Mrs. W. Barclay; Mr. E. Davies; Mrs. Benjamin; W. Barclay, Powell River Sales Company.*

August were Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Benjamin of Hobart, Tasmania, and Mrs. E. Davies of Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Benjamin, resident manager of the Australian Newsprint Mills Pty. Limited at Hobart, spent several days in Powell River.

### The Story of S. F. "News"

(Continued from Page 5)

links in the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

Thirty-seven years ago *The News* issued from small, humble quarters, a newspaper with a sincere objective that never has been altered; to tell the news and to tell it accurately and impartially.

*The News* is proud of all this. But its editor, W. N. Burkhardt, finds

greater satisfaction in the fundamental reasons why *The News* won such popularity.

It is a story of achievement; the eager desire to go beyond the routine obligations of a newspaper and contribute something tangible to the progress and welfare of its community.

Numerous are the civic tasks proposed and sponsored by *The News*. Prominent among them in recent years are the Golden Gate International Exposition now in progress, first suggested by *The News* on March 1, 1933, and the long, relentless fight for San Francisco's wonder bridges, known the world over.

A good government city charter—safer highways and streets—better

(Continued on Page 10)



*Mr. and Mrs. James Garrett, of San Francisco, snapped during a recent fishing trip on Powell Lake.*

### U. S. Visitors

Several friends from the Southern and Eastern United States added to Powell River's visiting list in August. From San Francisco came Mr. Garrett of the *Shopping News*, and Mrs. Garrett, who spent a few enjoyable days fishing on Powell Lake.

Dropping in for a few hours' stay during their visit to Vancouver were Mr. Pollock of the *Los Angeles Evening News*, and Mrs. Pollock. In the latter half of the month our old friends Rene Deneau and Mrs. Deneau, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ward of New York, paid us a flying visit on their way to the Yucultas. Elmer Lee, of Virginia Dock & Trading Co., with Mrs. Lee, completed the party that sailed off with high hopes for a bout with the big salmon of the Yucultas. As we go to press, no reports have come to hand. We are inclined to think the salmon are still doing well.

However, if the snap on this page is any criterion, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett are taking their fishing seriously—and latest despatches indicate the trout in Powell Lake were forced to sacrifice part of their reserves. Both Mr. and Mrs. Garrett professed a liking for our townsite and surrounding scenery.

Mr. and Mrs. Pollock's visit was in the nature of a flying trip. They took the excursion boat from Vancouver and were enabled to taste only briefly our hospitality. It may be just as well, for some of the Sales Staff would probably have enticed Mr. Pollock out on the golf links, made the usual bets and demanded the usual strokes.



*Mr. A. J. Pollock, business manager, Los Angeles "Evening News," snapped with Mrs. Pollock during a brief stopover last month.*

### The Story of S. F. "News"

(Continued from Page 9)

parks and schools—a nationally famous "safety or else" campaign—these are other projects through which *The News* has gained reader confidence—the most valuable asset a newspaper can possess.

A good newspaper and a good citizen—that is the story behind the *San Francisco News*, "The White Newspaper."



### Purchasing Agent

Effective September 1st, Mr. R. A. Baker was appointed Purchasing Agent of the Powell River Company, succeeding Mr. W. A. McLeod.

Christened Reginald Armstrong by fond parents, "Reg.", as he is known to all and sundry, joined the Powell River Company in July, 1922. For



*Reginald A. Baker took over duties of purchasing agent on September 1.*

several years he was employed in the Engineering Office as Secretary to Mr. R. Bell-Irving in the latter's term as Resident Engineer at Powell River. During this period he gained extensive experience in the requisition and purchase of supplies for plant extension. On the completion of the construction programme, Reg. was transferred to the Purchasing Department. Since 1932, he has occupied the post of Secretary to the Resident Manager at Powell River.

His seventeen years' experience in these various posts has afforded Reg. a wide background of knowledge and experience essential in his new appointment.

Mr. Baker served overseas with the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders (Van-

couver) of Canada. For two years after the war he was engaged in the purchasing branch of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-Establishment.

The DIGESTER adds its congratulations to those of his many friends throughout the district, and wishes Reg. every success in the future.

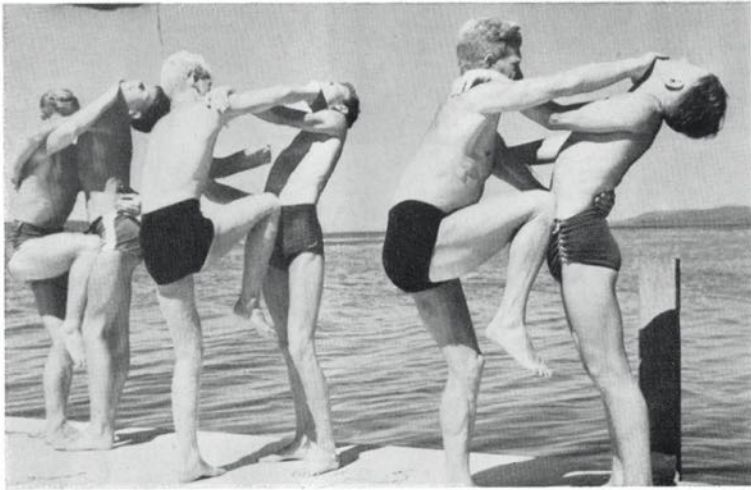
### Brigadier Stewart

Another prominent visitor during the month was Brigadier J. Stewart, O. C. Military District No. 11 (British Columbia). Brigadier Stewart was accompanied by members of his family. The Brigadier was endeavoring to snatch a few days' holiday, cruising along the coast. Between crisis news, which threatened every minute to order a right-about-face, the Brigadier's holiday was not as smooth sailing as the waters of the gulf seemed to permit. He stated Canadian defence units were prepared for any emergency that would arise. On the subject of an overseas expeditionary force, Brigadier Stewart considered a volunteer force would be quickly raised on the outbreak of war. It would not necessarily be sent overseas, however, but would be used where it would have the greatest value to Canada.

A girl may wear a golf outfit when she can't play golf, a bathing suit when she can't swim, and a riding habit when she goes hiking, but when she puts on a wedding gown, she means business.



## Successful Season at Willingdon Beach



*A group of local boys practise for their life-saving medallions under physical instructor Bill Brown. Left to right: Roger Taylor and Ivan Hansen; Robin Leese and Billy Leese; William Brown, instructor, and Crawford Vogler.*

A visitor from the Southern States recently remarked: "I am impressed with the number of healthy, bronzed children I have seen during my visit to Powell River."

The impression has been repeated many times by visitors, and it is the belief of most Powell River residents that the per capita health of our youngsters will compare favorably with any similar group anywhere on this continent.

This happy situation is brought about by a combination of material advantages and opportunity for active participation in outdoor activities. The climate in the area is temperate; violent seasonal weather extremes are unknown, allowing extended partici-

pation in all forms of recreative activity. Every branch of sport has its adherents; hunting and fishing are available at our back door, and during the summer numerous beaches within a stone's throw of home attract hundreds of our younger generation. The waters, warmed by the Japanese current, permit swimming under more comfortable circumstances than any Pacific Coast resort north of Santa Cruz.

Willingdon Beach, where the Powell River Company maintains a swimming instructor and life-guard during the summer months, is a popular swimming rendezvous for families. Hundreds of youngsters crowd the beach daily; swimming classes are

crowded to capacity, and there are few who at an early age are not expert swimmers and divers. The beach is handy and within easy reach by

life-saving and large numbers have qualified for special medallion awards. Swimming and diving instruction is popular.



*Roger Taylor, one of Powell River's outstanding high and fancy diving experts, takes position for a header from the Willingdon Beach raft.*

Each year a Swimming Gala features the beach season, a show that always brings out at least a thousand residents. Novelty races, log tilting and greasy pole exhibitions are included in the regular gala events.

Yes, we have a lot of healthy children in Powell River, due in no small measure to our numerous handy beaches where the kiddies can absorb sunshine and splash to their hearts' content under ideal conditions.

foot through cool tree-protected paths.

Children are given every opportunity to learn the important art of

She: Do you know what happened in 1492?

He: Gosh, no! I can't even remember what happened last night.



*Local girls don old-fashioned costumes for swimming gala in Powell River on August 13. Left to right: Joan Hill, Margaret Manwood, Mary Brown, Mavis Van Vleet, and Joan McLean.*

## Around the Plant

### Something, at Least

One of our local lads who has recently had his teeth extracted and is already counting the cost of his new set, brightly remarked: "Gad, if I join up, I should wangle a free set out of the business."

\* \* \*

### This Is News!

A group of ex-service men were seriously discussing the implications of the situation while questions as to movement of units, dispersal of fire concentrations at decisive points were flying about. Tommy Chalmers, nodding his head vigorously, remarked sagely, "I hear there is a new barmaid at the 'Pig and Whistle!'"

\* \* \*

### Jock Returns

Jock Kyles, our Mill Secretary and Mrs. Kyles have just returned from a short vacation to the British Isles. They travelled across on the *Queen Mary* and spent about a month in the old lapd, Jock reviewing the old stamping grounds of his youth and Mrs. Kyles seeing for the first time the scenes of her husband's earlier exploits. They motored through England and Scotland and spent a portion of the time with Jock's family in Glasgow.

Outstanding memories of the tour:

Mrs. Kyles: The London theatres.

Mr. Kyles: The Scottish War Memorial in Edinburgh.

Both: The British people are carrying on as usual.

### He Wants a Vickers

Bill Castel, between typical Yorkshire grunts, sipped his Coca-Cola thoughtfully as he scornfully rejected praise of the Bren, Lewis and other modern light machine guns.

"I'll stay right here," Bill stubbornly asserted, "unless they give me a Vickers. Now out in India," he continued, "I was a divisional sharpshooter and at Peshawar, I . . ."

"And what's more," Bill wound up, "I won't drink any of that blasted French beer. It's responsible for what I am today."

\* \* \*

These are straws in a great tempest—but the wind of "the war of nerves" is not a very powerful one in this section of the Empire.

\* \* \*

It is difficult—almost impossible, as this issue goes to press, to ignore the realities of the tense international situation. It is nevertheless true that at moments like this, the resiliency of the Anglo-Saxon character shows at its best. The same saving grace of a sense of humor, a factor that had a distinct bearing on the final result of the last war, again bobs up in all around-the-plant discussions to ease the underlying anxiety naturally prevalent.

\* \* \*

### Frank Leaves

We are sorry to learn that Frank Hunter of the machine room will be leaving us soon. Frank is going to Tasmania and will probably be em-

ployed in the newspaper mill there. Frank has been a popular member of our community for the past five years. He took a leading part in our athletic life—and is one of the best soccer players in the area. He has been active on the Employees' Sick Benefit Association Committee and other community projects.

We join his numerous local friends in wishing Frank every success and good fortune "down under."

\* \* \*

### We Have the Story

Experts, attempting to unravel the implications of, and the reasons for, the Russo-German non-aggression pact, seem a bit bewildered about it all. We can't understand why. Any noon hour along the railings in front of the company store the whole story is available and rather clearly stated.

\* \* \*

### V.C. Drops In

An old friend of Powell River ex-service men, "Corp." Charlie Train, V.C., dropped in on the excursion boat a few weeks back. He immediately contacted Powell River's John MacGregor and the two V.C. holders enjoyed a brief reunion.

\* \* \*

### To Jasper Park

Major R. C. Mackenzie, O. C. of the shipping department, and Boss Machine Tender Gus Schuler are taking part in the annual Golf Week at Jasper Park. Both these lads were so busy making essential and vital purchases for the Jasper tournament that they almost forgot their golf clubs. Both looked rather blank when respec-

tive wives handed out the clubs. Mac finally guessed they would find some use for them.

### Fair Visitors

The World's Fair at San Francisco continues to attract Powell River vacationists. Jim Cook and Bob Allsopp and family have just returned from two weeks in the Bay area—and report that previous estimates of local visitors have not been exaggerated.

\* \* \*

And Claude McDonald of the machine room (again with his family) took a through bus trip to the fair. It's been "Fair" weather all 'round this summer, and a good percentage of local residents have negotiated the 1000-mile jaunt to Frisco to see the sights.

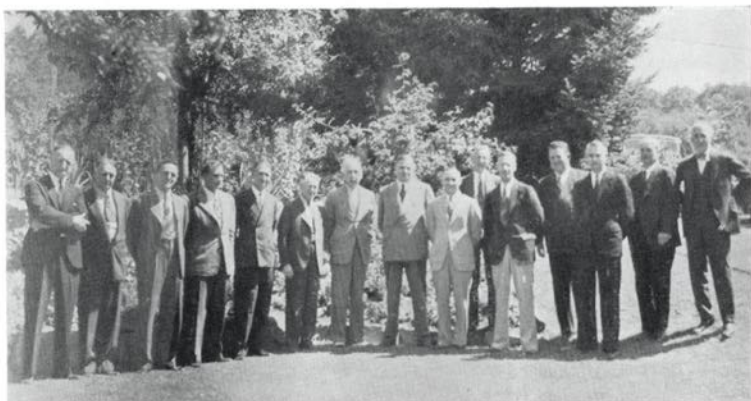
\* \* \*

Reg. Baker, our new Purchasing Agent, along with Ed. Profitt of the electrical department (and families), also journeyed south to lend their prestige to the fair.

### Tommy in Hamilton

Martin Naylor, who accompanied Marion Borden to Hamilton as Coach, brings back word that Tommy Porter, formerly of the Steam Plant, and well-known local athlete, is working in Hamilton. Tommy, after completing a special course in refrigeration and air conditioning, was offered a position in the eastern city. He is doing well, but misses the coast, especially Powell River, and sends his regards to his many local friends.





*Local business men, Company officials and Directors greet Hon. Frank McPherson (centre) during his visit here early in August. Left to right: J. P. Scarlett, Government Agent, Powell River; Jack Dykes; L. R. Benjamin, Hobart, Tasmania; Tom Brooks, Bend, Oregon; G. N. Douglas, Powell River; D. A. Evans, Resident Manager, Powell River; Harold Foley, Executive Vice-President, Powell River Company Ltd.; Hon. Frank McPherson, B. C. Minister of Public Works; Harry Davies, President, Powell River Board of Trade; Norman Walters, road foreman, Powell River; S. B. Macfarlane, Townsite Superintendent; Glen Sample, Chicago, Director, Powell River Company Ltd.; Eric Baldwin, Vice-President, Powell River Liberal Association; Mel Bryan, M.L.A., MacKenzie District; John McIntyre, Powell River.*

### The Seal Hunters

The four-star story of the month comes from Ernie Campbell of the office. Accompanied by Jim Macindo of the insurance department and Bert Southcott, Ernie went for a few days' cruise in the Yucultas and surrounding waters. One afternoon he chased a hair seal into shallow water and finally dragged it into the boat.

After about an hour's mutual sizing up of each other, Ernie and the seal became quite pally. Jim and Bert were on shore, so Ernie took friend seal aboard the launch and left him in the cockpit while he returned to his fishing.

A short while afterwards, Jim and Bert, fatigued with their "long" tramp,

came aboard, dropped into the cockpit to find four feet of British Columbia blubber snarling, spitting and flopping a dangerous fin in their direction. They both leaped for the gangway, headed shoreward, convinced the crisis was at hand, and that every effort at compromise had failed.

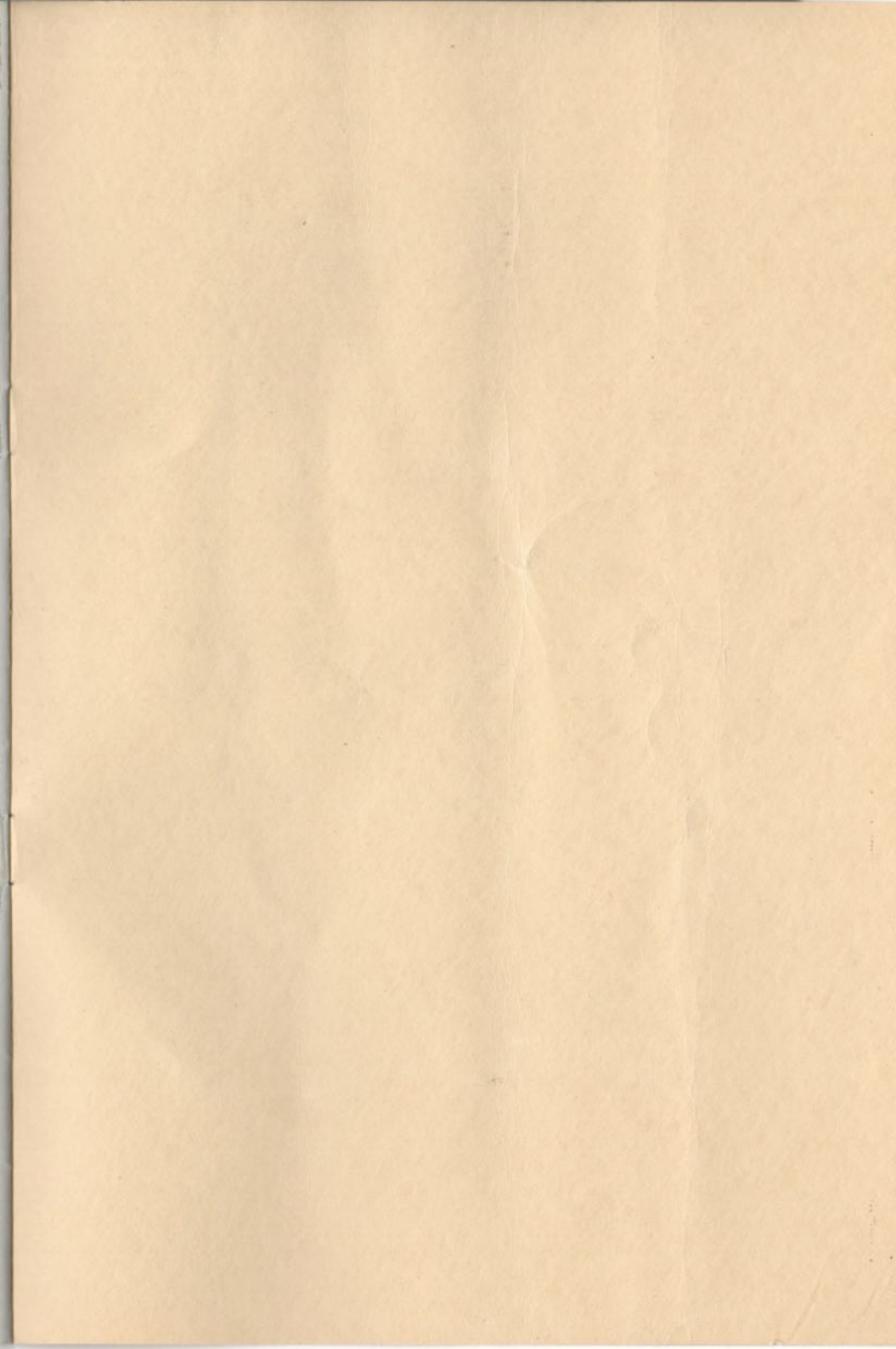
Last-minute intervention by Ernie brought the situation back to normal.

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Harold Hayseed had taken his car to a garage for minor repairs.

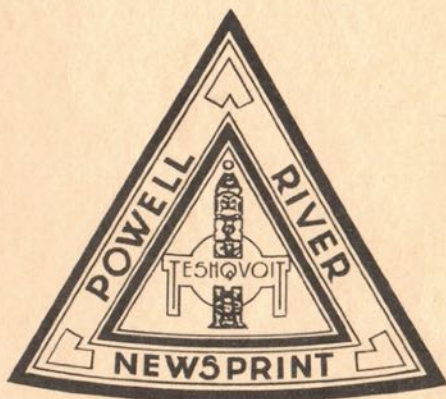
"You wouldn't think it was a second-hand car, would you?" Harold said to the mechanic.

"Great Scot, no!" said the mechanic. "I thought you'd made it yourself."





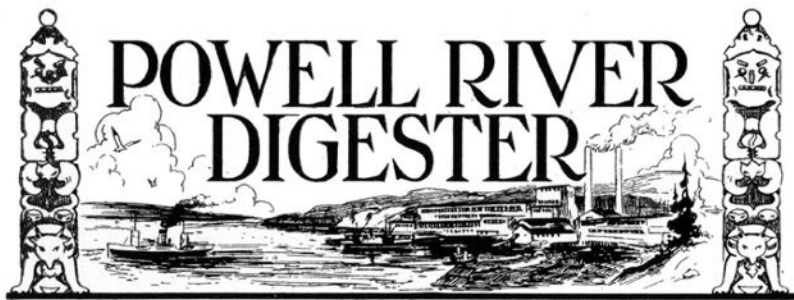
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 SEPTEMBER, 1939 NO.9







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by **THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED**

*Manufacturers of Newsprint*

*Mills at Powell River, B. C.*

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VOL. 15

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## The Port of Powell River

**P**OWELL RIVER is one of British Columbia's major industrial centres, and has a large sea-borne commerce during the year. The port is sheltered and open to shipping without interruption, and most of the large freighters of the Pacific have, at one time or another, discharged or loaded cargo at our wharves.

The port is among the five major shipping centres of the province. In an average year 175 ships, with a registered tonnage of approximately 200,000 tons, dock at our wharves. These include about 75 deep-sea vessels.

In the neighborhood of 2,000 coastwise ships, with a total registered tonnage in excess of one million tons, come and go from the Port of Powell River annually.

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## The Los Angeles Daily News



*Left, Manchester Boddy, owner and publisher of the Los Angeles Daily News, and right, Robert L. Smith, vice-president and general manager.*

ONE day thirteen years ago a tall, amiable young man of 35 came into the *Daily News* editorial room, sat down at one of the reporter's desks and began talking to the "staff." He was Manchester Boddy taking his first look at the "newspaper" he had just acquired.

The managing editor, he learned, was also news editor, telegraph editor, make-up editor and copy-reader. The city editor was also re-write man and police reporter. The whole staff was huddled together in a space no larger than a living-room.

"Boys," he said pleasantly—he didn't know how pleasantly—"how would you like a pay cheque for a change?" Everybody agreed the idea was excellent. They hadn't had one for more than a month, ever since a federal receivership had taken over from the former publisher. A skeleton

staff had grimly kept the wheels running without pay. The *Daily News* had not missed an issue.

The bad news extended beyond the editorial department. Circulation was down around 75,000. Advertising was a matter for furtive whispers. Disorganization, due to the uncertainty of the past two years, was increasing. Whoever took over faced a tremendous task.

This was the job the present publisher, Manchester Boddy, inherited when he took over the *Daily News*—and the history of the well-known Los Angeles journal since that day has been largely the story of his inspiration and driving force. The letters to the editor received by the *Daily News* have always reflected the note that their authors consider Mr. Boddy a man who does something more than publish a newspaper.

Mr. Boddy sets the tone of the *Daily News* in his front page column, "Views of the News," the only column written by the publisher of a metropolitan daily in the United States.



*A. F. Stanley, mechanical superintendent of Los Angeles Daily News and Evening News.*

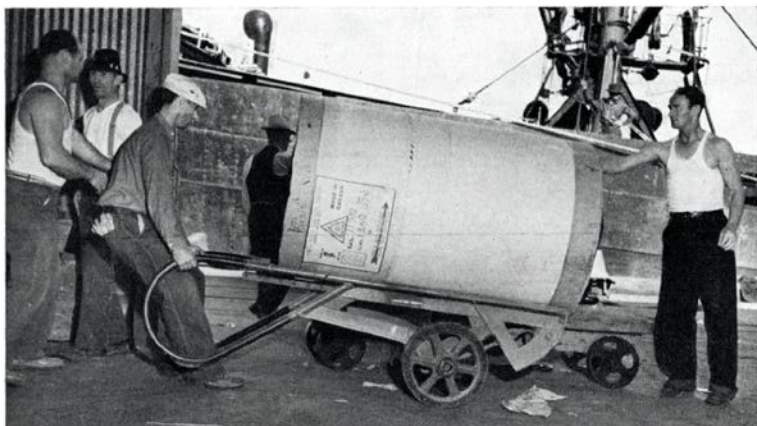
Mr. Boddy enlisted in the U. S. overseas force in April, 1917, and was awarded five major battle citations on the field. He was a lieutenant in the U. S. infantry. He was gassed in the Argonne in April, 1918.

After the war he was associated with *Current History* magazine, but

ill health forced him to come West. He entered into the book business in Los Angeles, and in 1924 bought the *Daily News*, then in receivership. He threw himself whole-heartedly into his new venture, and for seven years, almost single handed, carried on the executive and chief editorial duties of the *News*. Stability was restored, pay cheques came regularly, and the *Daily News* was now an established institution with the California journalistic world.

In 1933 Robert L. Smith, now Vice-President and General Manager, joined the *News* executive staff. The Boddy-Smith combination became well known in Los Angeles; the paper fought off the depression, extended its advertising and continued the independent vigor that had characterized its pages.

In 1935 Manchester Boddy took over the ailing *Post-Record*, an afternoon paper that had suffered heavy reverses during and since the depres-



*Powell River newsprint at Los Angeles, ready for cartage to the pressroom of the Los Angeles Daily News. Note special type of truck employed.*



sion. The *Post* was renamed the *Evening News*, and brought under the same roof as its sister paper. Today the *Evening News* is a factor in the Los Angeles afternoon field. In 1935 its circulation was 35,000; in its four years under the Boddy administration, circulation has increased to 100,000 daily. The combined circulation of the *Daily* and *Evening News* is now over 200,000.

Drastic changes in the type and make-up of the two papers were introduced in recent years. The *Daily News* was first of any paper in Los Angeles to use the flush left headline style, since adopted generally. One of the unique distinguishing features of the *Evening News* is its use of lower case in headlines, a departure from routine, but also imitated now.

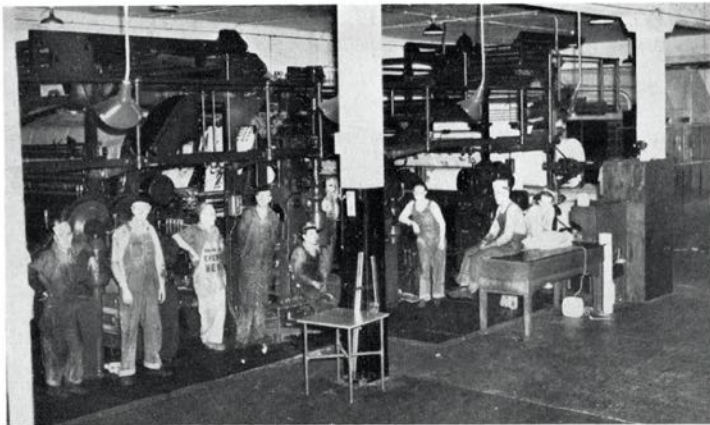
The *Daily* and *Evening News* have never gone in for flashy and inevitably short-lived campaigns to build either circulation or advertising. As a result,

growth has been solid and permanent, a fact which is reflected in the two papers' reputation in the community for intelligence and fairness.

*Harry Reynolds, foreman of press-rooms of Los Angeles Daily News and Evening News.*

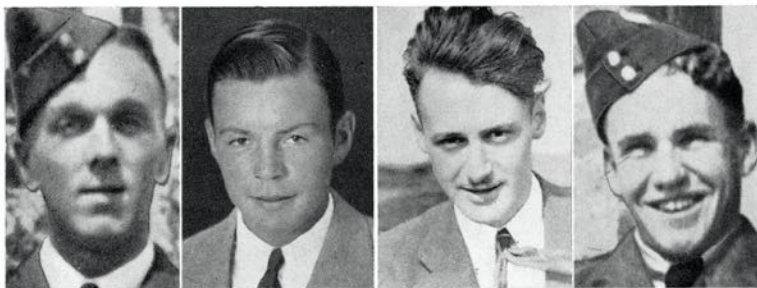


This reads like story-book success, but it was accomplished mainly by Mr. Boddy's foresight and Mr. Smith's aggressiveness and versatility. The two form a brilliant young team in American journalism, one that many observers say "has just started to go places."



*The 4-unit Scott press, Los Angeles Daily News and Evening News. At 56 pages it will produce three colors and black.*

## Local Lads in Empire's Military Forces



*A few former Powell River boys, who at the outbreak of war, were already serving with His Majesty's forces. Left to right: Albert Niven, R.C.A.F.; Mickey Dunn, R.A.F.; Bill Edwards, Life Guards; Robin Leese, R.A.F.*

### Overseas

The outbreak of war finds several former local boys already serving at home or overseas with the permanent forces of the Empire. In the Royal Air Force in England are Robin V. Leese, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Leese, and Mickey Dunn, son of Mrs. Maurice Dunn. Both boys have been in the Air Force for the past eighteen months.

Another former Powell River boy, George Warren, son of Harry Warren, one time customs officer in Powell River, is on duty also with the Royal Air Force. Albert Niven is ready for active service with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

The Canadian Navy claims Jimmy Maple, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Maple. Jimmy was taken on the strength several months ago, and is at present on duty somewhere off the Pacific Coast.

With the crack Life Guards is Bill Edwards, well-known local youngster, now on duty at Windsor Castle.

### On War Service

Although, to date, recruiting in Canada has been on a limited scale, several company employees have already been accepted by or called to the colors.

Eric Barlow of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was called up shortly after the outbreak of war. Eric, holding a commission in the militia, is now on staff duty in Vancouver.

Inspector Sutherland, in charge of the Powell River detachment, Provincial Police, has left Powell River, and will probably return to England shortly, to rejoin his old regiment, the "Lincolns." Inspector Sutherland won the D.S.O. and D.C.M. during the World War.

Roy Lund, of the Townsite Department, left for Victoria, where he will enter the Government service.

New Zealand holds the record for the highest average span of life; sixty-five years for men, and sixty-eight for women.

## Tyee, Ahoy!



*Jack Young, Barker mill, shown with 25-lb. Tyee salmon caught in Gulf recently.*

In the above, Jack Young, of the Barker mill, displays one of the famous Tyee salmon, caught in the Gulf recently. To Jack, a holiday or a day off means just another fishing trip. After catching everything worth while in local waters, started out after the big Tyees off Campbell River.

The fellow in the picture weighs about 35 pounds—not big as Tyees go, but a Tyee nevertheless. Jack claims a terrific struggle before he landed the catch, but Alan Tomlinson, Jim Currie and other local Waltonians claim the Tyee had just heard about the war and gave himself up for the duration. Jack claims it is the first Tyee caught by a local Nimrod this year.

## Stack Painting Goes Ahead



*Smoke stacks at Powell River.*

Work on repainting and refurbishing the two big 250-foot steam plant stacks is progressing. Inset are workmen putting on the first primary coat around the 200-foot level. It is just one of those jobs that everyone is content to leave to those "as wants to do it." Very few, if any, of our young bloods, usually willing to try anything once, have shown any enthusiasm towards the steeple-painting profession. There was a rumor that Jim Currie, townsite painter, might take a trip up to inspect the work.

"The rumor is groundless," Jim informed us.

"Did they gain any business after they added those three cannibals to the sideshow?"

"Yes, they gained some business, but they lost the fat lady."



## Gollin & Company Proprietary Limited

Since the first roll of newsprint was shipped from Powell River on May, 1912, a portion of our output has been sent to the sister Dominions of Australia and New Zealand. Today, the export of Powell River newsprint to the Antipodes goes steadily on, and its distribution is in the hands of the well-known firm of Gollin & Company Proprietary Limited, who are the Powell River Company's agents in Australia and New Zealand.

Gollin & Co. originated from a business started in Adelaide in the 70's. In 1889 a formal partnership deed was drawn up and a branch opened in Melbourne, followed by further branches in Sydney, Wellington, London, Perth and Brisbane, at short intervals. In 1901 the partnership was converted into a proprietary company, having its head office in Melbourne.

Today, with its wide ramifications, Gollin & Co. Pty. Ltd. is one of the largest importing and merchandising businesses in Australia and New Zealand, catering as it does for the importation of all descriptions of merchandise, as well as having established a large export business in Australian primary products and manufactured articles. In addition, the Company holds interests in several well established Australian and New Zealand manufacturing companies, for which it also acts as distributor, as well as having other representations for the distribution of locally manufactured goods.

The first Chairman of the Company was Mr. Alfred Gollin, and when he transferred to London in 1906, Mr. Alfred Braund occupied the position of Chairman until his death in 1929, since which date Mr. W. S. Reid has been Chairman. The present active Managing Directors are: Melbourne—W. S. Reid and G. A. Caro; Sydney—W. J. Blyth and A. J. Swirles; Wellington—J. Halligan; London—P. Nesbitt, whilst the control of the other branches is in the hands of the following: Brisbane—R. C. Stephens; Adelaide—H. G. Anells; Perth—F. G. Nash; Auckland—J. G. Hirst; Christchurch—A. R. Larcomb; Dunedin—L. D. Hudson.

The total office and sales staff of the organization is between 600 and 700 persons.

## Them Campbells!

This story is a true one vouched for by Pipe Major Bill Whyte. It concerns only those of ancient MacDonald or Campbell lineage. Bill was present.

Neil McDonald of Glencoe, Scotland, was being married to a sweet Scottish lassie. The day before the wedding he was introduced to the parson who was to perform the ceremony.

"Meet the Rev. William Campbell," said his friend.

Neil dropped his hand, turned testily around and said to his best man, "In 'a the length and breadth 'o Scotland can ye find no one but a Campbell to marry me?"





*Group of Tacoma pressmen and their wives who spent a few days with us during the month. Left to right: John McIntyre, Powell River; Francis Cady, Mrs. H. Lemagie, Mrs. Jack Brown, Harry Lemagie, Mrs. Cady and Mr. Jack Brown.*

### Visitors

Our visitors' list during the past month again saw many old friends and new dropping in for brief or extended stop-overs.

#### Bob and Mrs. Scanlon Look In

On August 30, Bob and Mrs. Scanlon dropped in from San Francisco to look over the old stamping grounds and renew old acquaintances. Both appeared in the pink. Bob was his usual vigorous self, and was a great booster for the San Francisco World's Fair. Claimed, with a touch of belligerence, he was now going around the links in the late 90's. He didn't say how late—and he looked so healthy we didn't have the heart to ask him.

We think Bob enjoyed his visit to the old site that he first saw in 1910 as much as we enjoyed seeing him again.

#### Pressmen Try our Fishing

In the late days of August, a group of pressmen, representing Washington, Montana and Chicago news-

papers, spent a week trying out our Rainbows and Cut-throats. From all accounts the boys gave the fish a terrific battle, and John McIntyre was running around with a worried expression throughout the whole week lest the finny population would suffer extermination. Walter Levitas, of the *Chicago Examiner*, one time sparring partner for Jack Dempsey, was casting with his right, and most of the Powell Lake fish are suckers for a right. The group included:

Joe E. Buck, *Seattle Star*; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dietz, *Seattle Star*; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kramer, *Chicago Examiner*; Neil McKenna, *Helena Independent*, Montana; Ted Mann, *Tacoma News-Tribune*; Joe E. Frear, *Seattle Star*; Walter Levitas, *Chicago Examiner*; G. G. Peterson, *Seattle Star*; Howard N. J. Smith, *Metropolitan Buyers' Guide*, Seattle; Miss Kramer, Chicago; Joe Mainella, *Seattle Times*.

The ladies, probably having heard of other fishing trips, accompanied the party as far as the lake's edge, waved



*Another group of enthusiastic fishermen-pressmen who were recent visitors to Powell River. Left to right: Joe E. Buck, Neil McKenna, Ted Manu, Joe Frear, Roy Dietz, G. G. Peterson, Howard Smith, Miss Kramer, Mrs. Roy Dietz, Walter Levitas, Joe Mainella, Arthur Kramer.*

a cheerful good-bye and went back to look over the beauties of the townsite.

Early in September another group of Tacoma pressmen and their wives were with us for several days. They also found our fishing excellent and came down with full quotas. The visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Cady, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lemagie and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Brown. Francis Cady and Harry Lemagie are with the Tacoma *News-Tribune*, and Jack Brown with the Tacoma *Times*.

### Fred Stoare Drops In

And an old friend from the South, in the person of Fred Stoare, office manager of the San Francisco *News*, took time out to pay us a short visit during the month. Fred was accompanied by Mrs. Stoare and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pitts and their son, Don. Mr. Pitts is mechanical superintendent of the *News*, and was making his first trip to Powell River. Both were enthusiastic about our climate and fishing. Fred had an idea of moving

the Lake fishing lodge down to Treasure Island, but local opposition was too strong.

A Western Canadian visitor during the last month was Miss S. M. Wilson of Barber Ellis, Alberta Ltd., Edmonton. Miss Wilson was accompanied by her brother Gerry, and both enjoyed their initial trip through the plant and around the townsite.

From Vancouver, accompanied by William Barclay of the Sales Company, came a group of old friends. Mike Lothian, press foreman of *The Vancouver Daily Province*, called with the party aboard the lugger the *Mike L*, bringing Jack Wright and H. J. Mackenzie along as deckhands.

---

“Now, Jimmy, I want the truth about this homework of yours. Did your father get any help from you?”

---

Have you heard about the cross-eyed teacher who couldn't control her pupils?

## Impressive Labor Day Celebration



*Labor Day celebration leaders pose for the candid camera. Left: Jim Cook, president, Local No. 76, speaks over the "mike," with announcer Dawson Pirie standing by. Centre: "Big Chief" Murray Mout, director of ceremonies, caught in a moment of relaxation, while Ernest Murray, president of Local No. 142, on the right, seems to be enjoying the show.*

Powell River's Labor Day Celebration, under the joint auspices of Locals 76 and 142, was held this year under less cheerful circumstances than in other years. The shadows of Europe's marching armies had already appeared, and unavoidably checked the usual spontaneous enthusiasm of the day.

Despite this, an energetic committee went ahead with previous arrangements. The float parade was extensive and impressive. The sports in the afternoon, favoured by a shifting of rain clouds, which threatened all morning, were successful, and watched by a large crowd.

Resident Manager D. A. Evans spoke over the "mike" to start the afternoon show. Jim Cook, president of the Pulp & Sulphite Local 76, and Ernest Murray, president of the Paper Makers Local 142, both addressed the large audience.

Much credit is due Bandmaster Jimmy Innes and his stalwarts for the fine showing made in the Labor Day

march. The boys looked neat and trim in their new uniforms, and are to be highly commended for the manner in which they have remained together at regular practices throughout the summer.

Another feature of notice was Major John MacGregor's reappearance in the weight tossing. Mac tossed the 28-lb. weight for a winning heave of 28 feet.

### Mac's Miniature Railway

Ambrose McKinnon's miniature railway hung up something of a local record for the day. The railway was in action for five and a half hours, and over one hundred and fifty local youngsters enjoyed the thrill of what was to many their first ride on a miniature road. Mac employed over 180 feet of track and the whole system was installed and operated by himself. He was the kiddies' friend for the day.





*First all air mail letter, which arrived in Powell River in slightly under four days direct from London, England.*

### First Air Mail Letter

London to Powell River in four days! That is what the new air mail service means in letter transportation. Recently, Clarence Fraser of the Kelley Spruce Company received the letter photographed above. It left London Friday and Clarence received it Tuesday morning.

This was the first all air mail to reach Powell River and affords some conception of the strides made in transportation in the past century. Fourteen days was formerly good average time for mail from the Old Country. Within the memory of many, letters took from three weeks to a month to reach the West coast. Before the transcontinental railroad lines were built mail was two to three months on the way.

And the experts tell us the end is not in sight—that in a few years London to Powell River will see a thirty-hour service.

### High School Gym

Work on the new high school gymnasium is progressing, and officials hope the gym will be open for student activities by the turn of the year. A full-sized basketball floor, 44 by 75 feet, and three regulation badminton courts are provided. And best of all, from the basketballers' viewpoint, is the 29-foot ceiling, which should eliminate the flat trajectory shots unavoidable in the old gym. Separate dressing rooms for boys and girls are being constructed, and additional lockers for students are installed in the basement of the senior high school. Seating capacity at games can be so arranged to accommodate from 300 to 350 spectators. Auditorium will seat approximately 800.

Construction of the new gym, which will be attached to the south end of the senior high school, is under the supervision of Townsite Superintendent Stanley B. MacFarlane.



## Around the Plant



Rex Pagett (left) and Don Carter (right).

HERE was more than mild conjecture in local official circles when this snap of Rex Pagett and Don Carter was sent before the Censor Board. A few of the wags informed Reg Baker and Bain Calder that it was the new war-time dress of the Seaforths. William Jamieson, of the Engineering staff, thought the Zulu war had come to life. Jean Cocola said they looked like a couple of foreign legionnaires after a night on the tiles. Other less warlike terms were applied. In the end, however, general agreement was reached on Rex and Don as a couple of darn good sports doing their bit for the boys during the Labor Day show.

\* \* \*

### World Series

World Series talk dominated the local spotlight in the past couple of weeks. Those perennial National League optimists, Frank Flett and

Harry Zacarelli, are backing the Reds, and dashed if they aren't scaring a few of the boys off. To the tune of "It's a Long Road," Frank and Harry have piled up an impressive list of home-made statistics, showing that the Reds can't lose . . .

\* \* \*

That Monte Carlo of the plant, the Sawmill, is a Yankee headquarters. The old war horses, "Babe" Gahan, Gordon Thorburn and Lockie Campbell, are scenting blood again. Hard lads, these, though Lockie has been pleasantly softened down in recent months.

\* \* \*

Up in the office, Watson McKnight and Joe Small have never heard of the Reds. Benny Birt cautiously suggests the Yanks have some weaknesses—and Willy Gilmour says, "Yes, taking advantage of the other fellow."

\* \* \*

### Hitler and Soccer

The Old Country soccer fraternity here feel this latest outrage of Hitler's—the stopping of regular Saturday football fixtures in Great Britain is the last strain in the war of nerves. Arthur Dunn, Sheffield's Canadian propagandist, says, "This here Hitler needs a welt in't lug 'oil."

Geordie Gilmour, the Glasgow galloper, says, "I'd like to hae him doon the Gorbals for a night."

Jimmy Court is almost speechless. Sez Jim: "This Hitler, bah! He knows nowt abaht football!"

Joe Elliot and Tommy Lucas have some special scheme for an economic embargo — something after a weekly “sweep” idea — only direct hits to count in the money.

\* \* \*

### The Bremen

The whereabouts of the *Bremen*, here as elsewhere, has kept local tactical experts working overtime on their theories. We are glad to be able to announce we know exactly where the *Bremen* is. Certainly the ship has covered a lot of ground in the tactical ocean of theory that has swallowed her up since she left New York. One local strategist has her somewhere in Patagonia—another in Dutch Guiana—and yet another somewhere off Iceland. A fourth optimist was certain she was doubling on her tracks and was heading for the Pacific Coast. Our fifth informant tried different tactics. He looked us full in the eye, winked prodigiously, and with a leer of wisdom said, “Now what do you think — the old Navy knows what it’s abaht?”

So that’s where the *Bremen* is, if anybody asks—“Somewhere abaht.”

\* \* \*

### Dave Jack Joins Up

Among the recent enlistments from company employees is Dave Jack of the machine room. Dave is well known in local soccer ranks, and for many years was the district’s star right half-back. Dave has joined the Vancouver Seaforths, who are booked for overseas with the first Canadian division.

Good luck, Dave!

### Good Work, Boys!

This month’s athletic honors go to Tommy Gardiner of the office staff and young Fred Mowbray, local high school student. The play of these two youngsters in the provincial lacrosse series was outstanding. They were the sparkplugs that brought Powell River from behind to win a slashing 9-7 victory over the Pitt Meadows team.

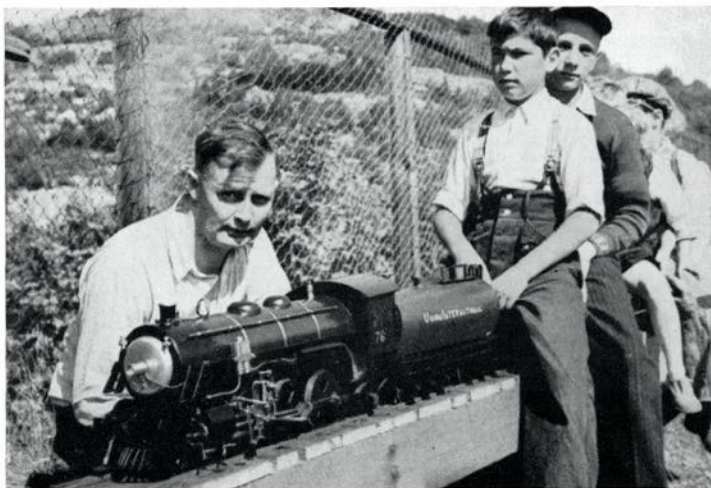
The two lads played the game of their lives, Tommy on defence, Fred in goal. They neither asked for nor gave quarter. They tore in like a couple of doughty Trojans; they brought the crowd to their feet—and their opponents to their knees. The intermediate lacrosse championship of British Columbia rests today in Powell River. Beside it are the shadows of a hard-working Powell River team, with Tommy Gardiner and Fred Mowbray standing shoulder to shoulder in front.

Congratulations, boys!

\* \* \*

### Hunters Away

The all too brief deer season is under way, and to date the boys have had only a fair measure of success. Hank Morris was among the first to come in with a buck, shot out Haslam Lake way. Joe Graham has yet to report, and there is a horrid suspicion around that Joe is either slowing up or the bucks are putting on an extra dash of speed. We can usually depend on Joe for a picture, but we’re getting a bit nervous the past week.



*Ambrose McKinnon stages a World's Fair of his own at the Labor Day celebrations. The train was built by Mac in his spare time, and was utilized as a miniature railroad to give youngsters a free trip at the Labor Day sports.*

### The Scuttling o' the Kilts

The torpedoing of the *Athenia* in the first days of the war had its direct repercussions on Powell River. Several months ago the Powell River Pipe Band, after weeks of laborious and careful selection ordered a complete new outfit of kilts from the well-known Glasgow firm of Lawrie & Company.

The order was made up. Word was received that the kilts would be shipped shortly. Pipers and all the Scottish clan were in a daze of ecstasy. Plans were made for parades. The waggle o' the kilt dominated conversation and thought among local Celts.

On September 3, came Britain's declaration of war. The *Athenia* sailed from Glasgow and within a few hours the world was shocked by the news that the vessel had been tor-

pedoed, the first victim of a German U-boat.

And then came word that Lawrie & Son regretted the kilts would have to be remade—that the long and eagerly expected order had been despatched to Powell River via the torpedoed *Athenia*.

Hitler may have many things to answer for—but to Pipe-Major Bill Whyte and his associates all these are parlor games compared to the scuttling o' the kilts.

"Wait till the Black Watch hear about those kilts going down," Pipe-Major Bill wrathfully declared, "it's a fight to the finish now!"

Magistrate: "Now tell me, why did you steal that purse?"

Prisoner: "Your honor, I was not feeling well, and I thought the change might do me some good."



# The Winter Season Is Under Way

Powell River's Fall and Winter Sportsmen and Sportswomen Are Carrying on "Business as Usual" at the Old Stand

## Badminton

The badminton club, with a capacity membership of 85, opened its doors on October 2. Interest is keen and a healthy waiting list is on the books. The club will probably send representatives to the Upper Island championships at Nanaimo during the season. Powell River's Bert Carey is the Upper Island singles champion.

\* \* \*

## Table Tennis

Club membership this year is approximately 40, and interest as well as quality of tennis is growing each year. It is possible Powell River may be in a position to challenge in the Vancouver championships this year.

\* \* \*

## Old-time Dance

Membership this year is over 240, and the club starts its reels, quadrilles and lancers on October 9. Only the so-called old-time dances are on the programme, and the club enjoys one of the largest memberships in the district, with a substantial portion of young folks in the line-up.

\* \* \*

## Soccer

The soccer season will get under way during the month. Locals again figure on competing in the Provincial and Dominion championship series. The quality of local soccer is now on a plane with the best in the province.

## Basketball

The basketballer will be out in force before the month-end. We understand the girls are going after things in a big way and may compete in the provincial playdown this year—all of which is nice work.

\* \* \*

And that's the sport news, and maybe we can get just as much good out of playing or watching as spending the days around the radio.

## Provincial Championships

Another provincial athletic championship rests in Powell River. For the first time in history, Powell River box lacrosse representatives won the provincial intermediate championship against the powerful Pitt Meadows squad. The final score, in one of the wildest and most exciting matches ever seen on local grounds, was 9-7. The locals came from behind with a rush to win the final frame.

This good showing speaks highly for the brand of lacrosse developed locally, and for the untiring efforts of the lacrosse commission, the league executive, players and club managers to keep the game going. The introduction of electric lights, financed by the executive and players, has been a great forward step this year.

Congratulations to the league and players for the real spirit of co-operation shown this year.





*Rolls of Powell River newsprint being slung aboard the new freighter "Kookaburra," as truckers stand by with the next load.*

### Walter Albert McLean

The tragic death by drowning of Albert McLean on Saturday, September 30, has removed from our midst a popular and, from a service standpoint, one of the oldest company employees.

The tragedy occurred on Saturday at Haslam Lake, one of the fresh water lakes in the district. The small outboard craft, containing Albert and his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Schuler, overturned. The deceased, a non-swimmer, at the exhaustion point after hours of clinging to the boat, disappeared, and efforts at rescue on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Schuler were unavailing.

"Al," as he is known throughout the plant, was employed as a machine tender. He had twenty-five years' uninterrupted service with the Powell River Company, where he started at the age of twenty-one in April, 1915. Quiet, unassuming, he was universally popular with fellow employees.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. C. McLean of Powell River, two brothers, Hugh and Charles, and a sister, Gertrude, all of Powell River.

To his family, relatives and friends THE DIGESTER expresses deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

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### Interesting Facts

About six million pairs of men's and boys' pants are made in a year in Canadian factories.

Writing ink production in Canada is valued at a quarter of a million dollars.

There are 1,100 newspapers printed in Canada.

The constitution of British South Africa was modelled upon that of Canada.

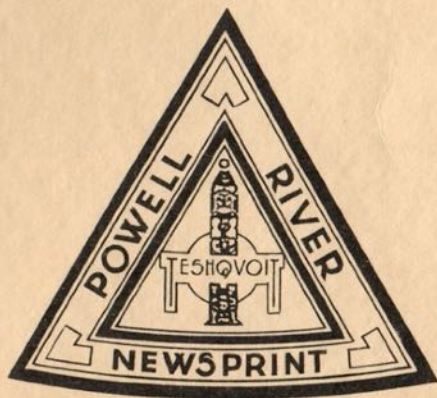
Women in industry lose less time through sickness than men.

The Customs Department uses X-ray in searching for articles intended to be smuggled.





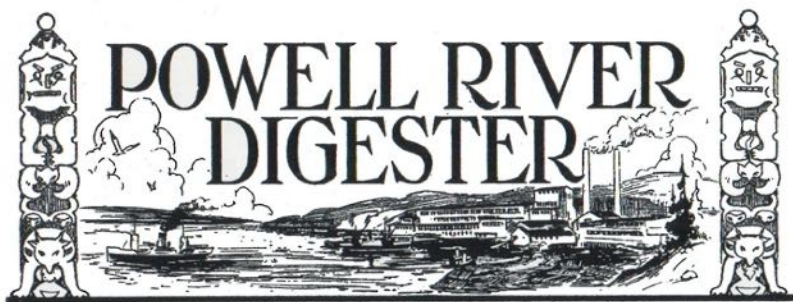
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 OCTOBER, 1939 NO.10







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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## Mountaineering Feature

Our chief article this month is by Mr. O. J. Stevenson, local photographer, and one of the district's leading mountain climbers. He takes us back into the "beyond" behind Powell River, and with pen and illustration affords us a first-hand picture of the ranges forming the water storage that keeps the wheels of our plant turning.

Mr. Stevenson's photographs are specially copyrighted pictures, and his album contains some of the finest mountaineering views in British Columbia. Several are reproduced in the article on the following pages.

Mr. R. H. Simmonds, who appears in the photograph on page 3, is a member of the B. C. Mountaineering Club, and one of the leaders of the Powell River mountain-climbing brigade.

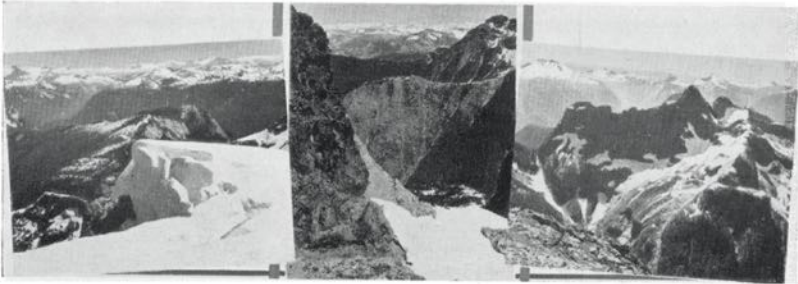
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# Mountains and Mountaineering

Local Mountaineer Describes the Thrills of Life in the Big Hills Behind Powell River

By O. J. STEVENSON



*Glimpses of the mountain ranges beyond Powell River: (1) Bear Tooth Mountain, 6,100 feet; (2) Goat River and Jervis Inlet trenches with Mount Alfred at the head of Princess Louise reach in upper left-hand corner; (3) McMillan Creek and the mountains at the head of upper Powell River, with ranges extending to Mount Waddington at the head of Bute Inlet, approximately 90 miles from Powell River.*

OME barnyard philosopher, watching one of his biddies flirting with death on the public highway, propounded the question "Why does a chicken cross the road?" He was in the same mental fog as many an armchair enthusiast who flays his brain for an answer to "Why does a man climb a mountain?" Cold logic will not apply in either case. More than anything else, the underlying urge to explore new country is probably responsible, and the mountains stand, patient in their majesty, with countless untrod slopes hanging in the blue haze; enticing, inviting, and daring him to venture.

Tourists, who reach the peaks by rail or car must not be termed mountaineers. They arrive and gasp, either at the scenery or because of the thin air. They exclaim at the panorama

spread before them, shiver at the snow in midsummer, and are deliciously thrilled by the precipice below the handrail of the rubberneck trail. They go home and tell of their trip even unto the second and third generation, but they seldom return. On the other hand, the dyed-in-the-wool rock-rat can take his highways or leave 'em, and the sooner he leaves them the happier he is.

At four thousand feet he begins to reap his reward. Through the ever-present halo of mosquitoes he views that which he came to see, a different vista from every vantage point. The country here is parkland. Clumps of trees, trimmed to perfect shape by the wind dot the grassy valleys. Black streams, breaking occasionally into white waterfalls slip past the patches of hard snow. It's a world in minia-



ture. Little lakes with their diminutive islands and cloud reflections are fringed by forests of dwarf balsam. Bluebells swing above the damp rocks, and the scarlet of Indian paintbrush flames against the green floor. At this elevation the climber acquires a certain spiritual exaltation crudely called mountain fever. A mild intoxication possesses him and abstract worries cease to trouble. Decreased pressure, or an increase in the ozone content of the air, may account for the feeling, but it also is a part of the reward.

The actual peak generally proves to be an anticlimax. A few mountains have a column of rock on their crown that requires a final effort or is unscalable. But in most cases the elements have carved a dome at the apex, or have capped it with ice. Here the alpinist may sit, wind permitting, and let his ego swell while his heart ceases to pound and his lungs cease their laboring. Reward enough for the moment. Also there is much smug satisfaction to be had from seeing the world spread out below. The country of ordinary men stretching away to other countries of other ordinary men, he realizes that all those puppets



*Getting up in the morning. R. H. Simmonds on a stiff slope on Mount Baldy, one of the Bear Tooth group on Powell Lake.*

are going about their various affairs regardless of the king who sits above, contemptuous of their runways and warrens, their wars and petty bickerings.

At sight of the alien figure against the skyline, a marmot sends his whistle shrilling across the ridges to warn his brethren that the enemy is at hand. The whistler is a very fortunate individual, in that he sleeps a full nine months of the year and as much of the other three as is not blessed with brilliant sunshine. Even when a grizzly digs him out and dines upon him he has not lost much; ap-



proximately six hundred hours a year, so there does not seem much point in his having existed at all. Alongside the marmot's earsplitting effort the rock rabbit's timid squeak is hardly noticeable, but at least he lives a much fuller life than his large neighbor. He cuts, cures and stows away a supply of hay for winter food; the inference being that he enjoys some congenial family life at home throughout the long winter evenings, as did the human race before the days of crooners and jitterbugs.

Mountain climbing, like many other natural energy outlets has been organized by our efficiency-loving civilization into a sport, with certain do's and don't's in the regulations and some highly specialized tools in the rucksack. It also favors a semi-official more or less distinctive garb, the outstanding points of which are evidenced on the extremities, namely, much metal on the boots and a feather in the hat. As in all other pastimes this regimentation may be disregarded by anyone with decided views or wishing to preserve his own individuality at all costs, and the trip may be made in swimming trunks and a derby. The mountains are completely indifferent in the matter. Mountaineering clubs must of course be formed in the larger centres of population, and operate principally in areas most quickly accessible to those centres. This makes for familiarity with the terrain, and consequently, less chance of accidents for the members. Exuberant tyros are prone to coast down the steep snowfields without first having ascertained

what reception awaits them in the void below the edge. Such practices are frowned upon by officials of the better clubs. The rope is used on the more dangerous portions of the climb, all members being linked together and acting as brakes or adding impetus as the occasion may demand. The uninitiated layman realizes that a party must function on a purely socialistic plane "one for all and all for one," but that does not prevent him from wondering whether, when the test comes, it will be the stout hero who takes the strain, or the fellow with a yellow streak up his back and a knife in his pocket.

Those carefree people, with no *penchant* for joining clubs must of necessity give more odds to the mountain. While some isolationists prefer to travel alone, pairs are much more common. These wot not of rules and the fact that their instinctive precautions have been codified in official guide books is of no moment to them. They just go up the mountain; the cautious man by the easiest route, the bull-headed by the straightest regardless of difficulties. And if one breaks a leg they must decide whether it is better for the able-bodied partner to go for help, leaving the injured to the mercy of the elements, or whether they should crawl down together and trust to the arrival of help.

Much consolation has been given to golf widows by sympathetic friends, but the wife of a mountaineer is much more deserving. She not only has the sense of neglect to combat but also faces the prospect of having her

husband brought home in a packsack. She may go along on several trips, but soon arrives at the conclusion that she can worry just as well under her own roof-tree as under a timberline balsam and in much greater comfort. Mosquitoes, black flies, searing sunshine and dessicating winds may also have a deterring influence.

The sport of climbing does draw a great number of enthusiastic followers from among the fair sex. When necessary, they can scratch rock with all four members to good advantage, while their love for and affinity with Mother Earth is at times a wonderful thing to see. A cynic once said that women had but one reason for doing anything, but this libellous assertion is well refuted by the accomplishments of one Annie S. Peck, a New York school teacher. Miss Peck not only held the record for altitude in all the western hemisphere, but did much of her South American climbing alone. Undoubtedly a very superior woman.

While British Columbia has no mountains more than fourteen thousand feet in height, their variegated formation and vast extent leave little to be desired from a mountaineer's viewpoint. Elevations occasionally reach thirteen thousand feet, with the horizon average standing at about six thousand. Goat and sheep pasture above timberline over most of the province. Caribou, moose and grizzly bear range the high plateaus. The forests and streams of the lower slopes of course shelter a much

## Jack Gets One

Jack Young crashes the outdoor hall of fame for the second consecutive month. In September Jack



*Jack Young, snapped with a nice buck shot just after the start of the hunting season.*

grabbed off a picture of himself and a big Tye salmon, caught off Campbell River. Above Jack again comes through with one of the bucks shot during the present hunting season. Jack has one of the best local collections of outdoor snaps in the district.

He always carries the old camera along and the Young hunting and fishing record is open to any of the doubting public.

greater quantity and variety of game, but the true mountain climber passes these by with the scorn which they deserve. He is bound for the haunts of the snow ptarmigan and the curly-horned ram.

The chicken that crosses a road to get to the other side and the man who struggles up a mountain in order to get to the top may not be logical, but they obey a universal impulse, and in the latter case the lonely spaces and far horizons are very, very satisfying.

## Leaders in Community Activities

**I**N this issue we commence the first of a series of thumb-nail sketches of various leaders in the community life of our district. Community *esprit de corps* and co-operation between all organizations in the district have been developed to a degree in Powell River impossible in a metropolitan centre. With our country at war, a further impulse has been given to widespread, united community effort in war work, and an



*Miller McGill, of the Powell River High School staff, newly elected chief of Powell River's basketball clan.*

equally strong determination on the part of all organizations — athletic, social and fraternal — to maintain and keep together the normal community life of Powell River and district.

Powell River's winter athletic season started ahead under full steam during October, with basketball, soccer, badminton and table tennis enthusiasts out in full force.

Basketball elected Miller (Huggins) McGill of the Powell River High School staff to guide their des-

tinies during the year. Already Miller has lined up one of the strongest leagues in recent years. He has five girls' teams in the field, and hopes to



*Bill (Bairnsfather) Oakes, new soccer chief, and all-round community worker.*

challenge for the B. C. Women's title in one of the divisions. An all-round athlete, Miller played on the local representative soccer eleven; is a big factor in the athletic life of the school and district. A good mixer, he is a popular and valuable acquisition to the community life of the district. We leave the basketball boys and girls in safe hands.

Soccer, perennial winter favorite, selected Bill Oakes to keep the round ball flag at full mast. Bill has a hard task. He follows Bill Parkin, who resigned the presidency after nearly a decade in office, during which soccer has hit many high spots in the provincial field. The new president takes the soccer leadership in his stride. It is only one of his varied community activities. Bill is an executive of the Speakers Club, and his debates on the



Munich crisis are now local classics. He is on the executive of the Ex-Servicemen's Association and an official without portfolio on half a dozen other community bodies. Bill is a whole-hearted community worker.

Carry on, soccer—and Bill!



*Bill Parkin, soccer, track and golf mogul, with bisinevitable pipe. You can almost smell it.*

And for number three in our current list of celebrities we offer William (Pipe) Parkin. He is secretary of the Bowling Club, and a past president. Is past president and president for eight years of the Soccer Club; treasurer of the Track and Field Association; secretary of the Golf Club, and prominent in fraternal circles.

Bill has been in the forefront of athletic activities in the district for sixteen years. He used to referee soccer games—but we won't discuss that. He smokes his own brand of tobacco—and we will discuss that—with a club. As Stipendiary Magistrate, he graces the local bench with the requisite modicum of dignity. Hasn't the slightest trouble keeping his weight down—it's slipping farther below his chest every day. And as his pal, Joe Elliot, says, "Taking Bill

all round—quite a trip by the way—he isn't a bad guy."

### Ewart G. Craigen

For our number four choice we give you Ewart Gladstone Craigen. Ewart, in ordinary life, is electrical superintendent of the Powell River Company. The shocks he has absorbed in the business field haven't apparently affected him. He comes back for more, and is a glutton for punishment.

He is president of the Powell River Community Chest. After a busy and harmonious year, his committee recently reported a balance of over \$4,000 on hand. Ewart is worried about the Chest. The central committee reported no outstanding complaints during a difficult year of operation, and congratulated him on his leadership.

He was so worried he turned around and accepted the presidency of the Old Time Dance Club, one of the most active social clubs in the district. Membership is over 250, and executive meetings are held regularly.

Ewart's worries increased so much that on Saturday last he went out and accepted the presidency of the new War Chest Fund Committee, which will likely be one of the most active community bodies in the district.

Ewart is a leading light in the local Oddfellows and a recognized authority on biblical history. He will deliver the Cenotaph address on November 11th.

However, with a name like Ewart Gladstone to start off with, we suppose it's inevitable, and nothing can be done about it.



## On War Service

### Local Lads Continue to Enter Fighting Services

**W**HILE, to date, no real appeal for volunteers for the service forces has been made, several Powell River lads have been accepted in different branches of the fighting forces. Last month we listed the names of boys serving in the regular forces and others called up for service through the militia.



*Jimmy Maple, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Maple of Powell River, is serving in the Canadian Navy. He was accepted some time prior to the outbreak of war.*

This month's list includes additional members of the Powell River contingent. Down in Vancouver, drilling daily with the Canadian Seaforths, is Norman Hill, former all-round athlete. Norm was one of the first to enlist from Powell River, and his regiment has been definitely selected to proceed overseas with the first Canadian division. He writes he is enjoying the life and sends his regards to all his friends in Powell River. Norm was employed in the Grinder Room.

Another member of the Grinder Room crew, Johnny "Red" Heaton, has joined the Irish Fusiliers in Van-

couver. "Red" says the Irish are a great bunch and that army life is not nearly as tough as some of the old soldiers in Powell River had painted it. "Red" is doing fine and says "hello" to all the gang.

The Electrical Department lost the services of Bill Johns, well-known and popular lineman. Bill passed the rigid Air Force test and will probably be in the radio and wireless testing division. His fifteen years' experience in many branches of electrical work made the technical test a breeze. Physically — well, we all know Bill, and that test was just as easy. Bill's many friends in the district will wish him good luck and happy landings.

Sid Patrick, one of the best known of our younger fraternity, is awaiting a call for the special motor boat division. Sid passed the necessary trade and physical tests and has his eye on one of those fifty-five knotters being turned out by the British Government. Sid has been in the Electrical Department for the past several years. He was born in Powell River and is the son of Walter Patrick, former Town-site painting foreman. Sid is a popular member of the younger group and has a wide circle of friends throughout the district.

Several other members of our community have presented themselves for enlistment, but have been turned down for minor physical defects or because practically all overseas units are at full strength.

## Ewart Craigen Heads War Chest Fund

R. C. MacKenzie and B. M. MacIntyre, Vice-Presidents

**I**WART G. CRAIGEN, Powell River Electrical Superintendent, was selected to head Powell River's newly formed War Chest Fund at a public meeting held Saturday, October 28th.

The War Chest Committee is probably one of the largest public co-operative efforts in Powell River history. The objectives of the committee will be an endeavor to combine all war charities work under a single executive; to arrange for a single contribution monthly from every individual in Powell River and district; and to disburse funds proportionately to the numerous approved war charities—Red Cross, Patriotic Fund, Salvation Army, Catholic Red Cross, Church Army, Y. M. C. A., etc.

The executive have assumed as a first and essential obligation the responsibility for contacting local enlisted men and their dependents and rendering such assistance as may be necessary.

It is the hope and intention of the Powell River War Chest to eliminate numerous and often overlapping contributions to various organizations, to curtail holding of tag days by such organizations, and to make Powell River's war effort a co-ordinated community-wide responsibility.

In brief, a single contribution from a single person to cover all legitimate phases of auxiliary war effort.

The scheme as proposed at the general meeting on October 28th is, we believe, one of the few of its kind in the Dominion. Each individual is expected to contribute voluntarily what he or she considers they can afford, each month, or at regular periods. In other words, to contribute one single amount equal to the sum of the amounts which they might reasonably expect to give to the various recognized war charities through tag days, contributions, etc.

The committee has a difficult task ahead. It is a task which is only possible through the co-operation of all local organizations and individuals.

No humanitarian appeal has ever found Powell River shirking its responsibilities. The War Chest Fund will be no exception.

Other members of the committee are: 1st vice-president, R. C. MacKenzie; 2nd vice-president, B.M. MacIntyre; recording secretary, Vincent Forbes; financial secretary, John MacIntyre; treasurer, G. N. Douglas. Committee: Murray Mouat (Local No. 76); Al Hatch (Local No. 142); Arthur Woodward (Ex-Servicemen's Association); Mrs. R. V. Leese (I. O. D. E.); J. K. Simpson (Board of Trade); J. A. Kyles (Powell River Company); Mrs. N. Beaton, Mrs. P. Carroll and Mrs. P. Jack.

The local War Chest Fund will be registered under the Government War Charities Act.

## The Hinterland Dailies

### Thirteen Daily Newspapers Now Established in British Columbia

**B**RITISH COLUMBIA has today thirteen daily newspapers. The daily field naturally flourishes along the coastal area in Vancouver and vicinity, including New Westminster and Victoria. There the big journals of national reputations are printed—*The Vancouver Province*, *Sun* and *News-Herald* in Vancouver, the *Colonist* and *Times* in Victoria and the *Columbian* in New Westminster.

With the slow but steady growth of population the daily newspaper is gradually spreading to the hinterland of the province. Today, exclusive of the six big journals mentioned, there are five well-known and sturdy dailies at coastal and interior points.

#### Nanaimo Free Press

Over at the historic town of Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island, is the *Free Press*, an institution of the coal city. Daily circulation is over 3,000, and the *Free Press* occupies a unique place in B. C. newspaper history. It was established in 1874, one of the oldest newspapers in the province, its lifespan being exceeded only by *The Victoria Colonist* and *The New Westminster Columbian*. It is one of the pioneer sheets of the west, and has a tradition of service and authority gained over sixty-five years of publication. The modern *Free Press* is an amalgamation of the *Free Press*, an evening journal, and the *Nanaimo*

*Herald*, formerly a morning paper.

#### Trail Times

*The Trail Times* has been established since 1895, and its daily circulation today is approximately 2,000. It is in the centre of the famous Trail industrial area, where the big smelting plant of the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company is located. The *Times* is a vigorous and sparkling sheet, and under the editorship of Bill Curran has been a potent force in the public service of the Kootenay and southeast interior of British Columbia.

#### Nelson News

Another of B. C.'s famous hinterland dailies is *The Nelson News*, which serves the city of Nelson and a wide fruit and agricultural district. The *News* has a daily circulation of 4,000, and has long been one of the public voices of the Kootenay district. It is widely distributed in the interior and enjoys a national reputation for the quality and authority of its editorials on British Columbia. Under the leadership of Mr. F. F. Payne, the *News* has been a leader in the civic and community life of the West Kootenays. It is an independent and vigorous force in moulding public opinion, and was established in 1902.

#### Prince Rupert

The important key town of Prince Rupert, terminus of the Canadian National Railway line from Prince



George, is one of the few provincial towns with two dailies. The *Empire*, an evening journal, has a circulation of approximately 1,400. Its editor is Mr. W. J. Raymond. The *News*, also an evening journal, has a circulation of approximately 1,600. Its editor is H. F. Pullen. The *Empire* was established in 1907, and the *News* in 1910. Both papers are well known in the north as well as along the coast of the province, and serve wide areas.

### Weeklies

Throughout the province there are fifty-three weekly papers, and two semi-weekly publications. Many of these weeklies enjoy national reputation and some of the ablest men in the B. C. publishing field are in their

ranks. It is from the weeklies that the big dailies of the province have recruited much of their strength. British Columbia's fifty-three weeklies have a rich history of service to their communities and to the province. Their labors—often against heavy odds—have been responsible for the *esprit de corps* of many and widely scattered communities in our vast province; from them alone has often come the inspiration and the leadership that has maintained community morale and community vigor. Their story is a saga of faithful service and unselfish effort—and in future issues we hope to tell something of the personalities who direct our weeklies and the history and development of this field in British Columbia.



*The Powell River Kamyr machine in action. The machine has a capacity for 100 tons of high-grade air-dried sulphite pulp daily. The Kamyr converts pulp to sheet form, cut to sizes ready for shipment. In the above, Al Watson, Sulphite Superintendent (right foreground) inspects the "run."*



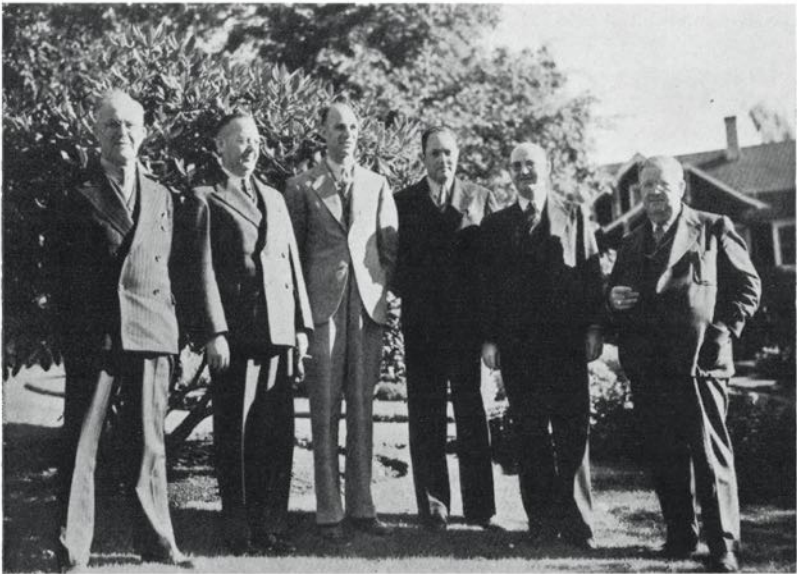
### Visitors

Our visitors' list for October showed considerable shrinkage from the summer peak, but, as Bill Barclay of Powell River Sales Company remarked, "The quality, gentlemen, the quality still continues at the accustomed high level."

And that brings up the interesting information that Bill and Gentleman Ed Ronan, of the Traffic Department, were both in town during the month. Ed got himself photographed with a group of Seattle visitors, George Hanley of the *Metropolitan News*, Leo Chapman of Blake Moffitt & Towne, and H. Jacobson of the *Shopping News*.

Bill sneaked in with Fred Ward, Virginia Dock and Trading Company representative in California. Fred, in his usual exuberant vein, fell over himself offering a dozen golf balls for a private golf grudge fight between Bill and R. C. MacKenzie, Jack Hill and Jock Kyles. The boys, however, refused Fred's generous offer and settled for a couple of fifty-cent balls.

A few of the boys from *The Vancouver Sun* pressroom dropped in for a few days during the month. Ernie Edwards, Jimmie Hughan and Ernie Demer took John McIntyre fishing up Powell Lake and caught a bunch of cut-throats. They also caught John regularly at the evening poker games.



Group of local officials and visitors. Left to right: George Hanley, *Metropolitan Press*, Seattle, Wash.; E. I. Ronan, Traffic Manager, Powell River Sales Company; I. H. Andrews, Control Superintendent, Powell River Company; Leo Chapman, Blake Moffitt and Towne, Seattle, Wash.; R. A. Baker, Purchasing Agent, Powell River Company, and H. Jacobson, of the *Seattle Shopping News*, Seattle, Wash.



*A splendid catch made recently by Ernie Edwards, Ernie Demer and Jim Hugban.*

Another well-known visitor in October was Major Mitchell of Ayers Limited, who was paying his periodic visit to the west coast.

### Community Chest

At the last regular meeting of the Central Committee, Ewart Craigen, chairman of the Powell River Community Chest, reported a balance of \$4,461.41 on hand, following the first year of operation. Approximately \$4,100 had been spent during the last twelve months.

It is unlikely that calls on the chest will attain last year's proportions, and no further collections are deemed necessary for a year at least. The fund is sufficient to meet all demands for some time.

### Map of Pulp and Paper Industries

Canada has ninety-nine pulp and paper mills, according to a new map of the pulp and paper industries of Canada and Newfoundland, prepared by the Dominion Forest Service, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa. This new map meets a long-felt need and should be a valuable source of ready reference to all interested in the pulp and paper industries, as it not only shows the locations of the various mills and the addresses of their head offices, but it also lists the various products manufactured at each plant.

Canada leads the world in the production of newsprint paper, and exports more newsprint than all other countries combined. Newsprint competes with wheat for first place among the commodities exported from the Dominion. The pulp and paper industry is Canada's most important manufacturing industry, and its phenomenal development during the present century has been due primarily to a fortunate combination of readily accessible resources of wood of superior quality for the manufacture of both paper and rayon and an abundance of well-distributed water-powers, as well as dependable supplies of fresh water.

—*Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada.*

In a quiz given at U. B. C. recently, one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports." A freshman wrote: "Anthony and Cleopatra."

## Around the Plant

### "Strong Fortifications"

The first batch of jokes and near jokes on the much discussed Siegfried and Maginot lines has been filtering through the local front steadily in recent weeks.

At the ex-servicemen's smoker on November 18th, Jock Campbell and his concert group will sing the new British army song, "We'll Hang Out Our Washing on the Siegfried Line"—with variations.

The Maginot line story concerns two local ex-servicemen (names withheld by request) who were poring over a map of the famous fortifications. They looked carefully at every gun emplacement, scanned carefully every cupola, viewed with keenest interest its various underground entrances. Fingers carefully traced each detail.

Finally one of the boys gave a happy sigh; he placed a finger over an entrance to one of the underground passages:

"Here it is, pal," pointing to the entrance, "you go down two steps, turn right, knock at the first door on the left and ask for Fifi."

Enemy patrols staged several surprise attacks along the entire front.

Gal (in magician's apartment): "Come, come, pull a rabbit or something of the sort out of a hat!"

Magician: "Oh, are you dying to see a trick?"

Gal: "No, I'm dying for something to eat."

### A Bomb in Time

Joe McCrossan is highly indignant over the attempts to bomb the Forth Bridge.

"Now," says Joe, "if yon lads wanted to bomb something, why did they no' go over Glesca' and drop a whole load on Ibrox Park. Nobody would hae missed it anyway."

"It's no' a military objective," Joe admitted, "but it's been an eyesore for twenty years."

The big game hunters haven't made any local records to date. Joe and Walt Graham have been away for two weeks up the coast, and both promise three apiece—but we await the evidence.

### The Old Brigade Drops Out

Al Hansen, member of the old game brigade, spent a couple of weeks up in the interior of British Columbia. He took the old gun and twenty shells along. He returned with the old gun and twenty shells. Al even tried duck hunting, which, when you come to think of it, is coming down the mountainside for Al. The ducks are still in the Okanagan. Al reports heavy snows—and tough hunting.

The seat on which a sixteenth century Persian judge sat was covered with the nicely tanned skin of his unjust predecessor, inscribed: "REMEMBER WHEREON THOU SITTEST."

## The Ex-Service Men's Smoker

The troops are already wondering what is in store this year when our Vice-President Robin Bell-Irving again mounts the roster at the Annual Smoker on November 18th. Robin has established a wide local reputation as a raconteur—and his annual story, told in his own inimitable style and invariably smacking of boots, saddles, spurs and army decorations, has become classic among ex-service-men. What will it be this year—this is the pleasant anticipatory thrill that ripples around the ranks as November 18th draws near.

## Harold Gets One

Harold Fleury, we hear, has picked up a small buck after several tries, and this seems to be something of a record for the machine room this year—unless we hear differently in the next mail.

Curly Woodward launched his boat on the lake this month, and if advance

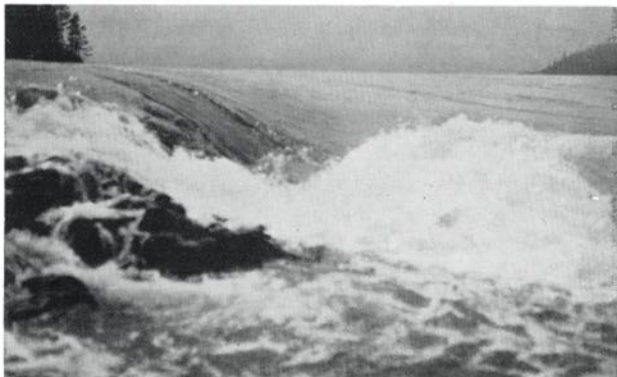
reports are correct, the *Katy I* will hold all speed and endurance records for the next four years. Errol Slevin has a story about this, but it's confined to the shipping department—if you know what we mean.

Tom Carney, whose only kick used to be the meagre limit set by a heartless government, hasn't been near the office this year. Al Hatch hasn't even seen a rabbit, and Alec Morris, whom we used to depend on for at least one snap, is playing golf.

## Halt the Guards

Last week we received a note from Clary Reaper of the Ingersoll Rand Company, who has been a frequent visitor to Powell River. Clary is now filling the role of adjutant in the Grenadier Guards of Montreal, and wishes to be remembered to his many friends in the plant and office. The Grenadier Guards are serving as a depot battalion, training recruits and transferring them to the service battalion.

*Some of our Texas friends may recall the swirling waters in the above snap, which shows a glimpse of the famous Yuculta Rapids, home of the big salmon and one of the picturesque spots along the B. C. coast.*







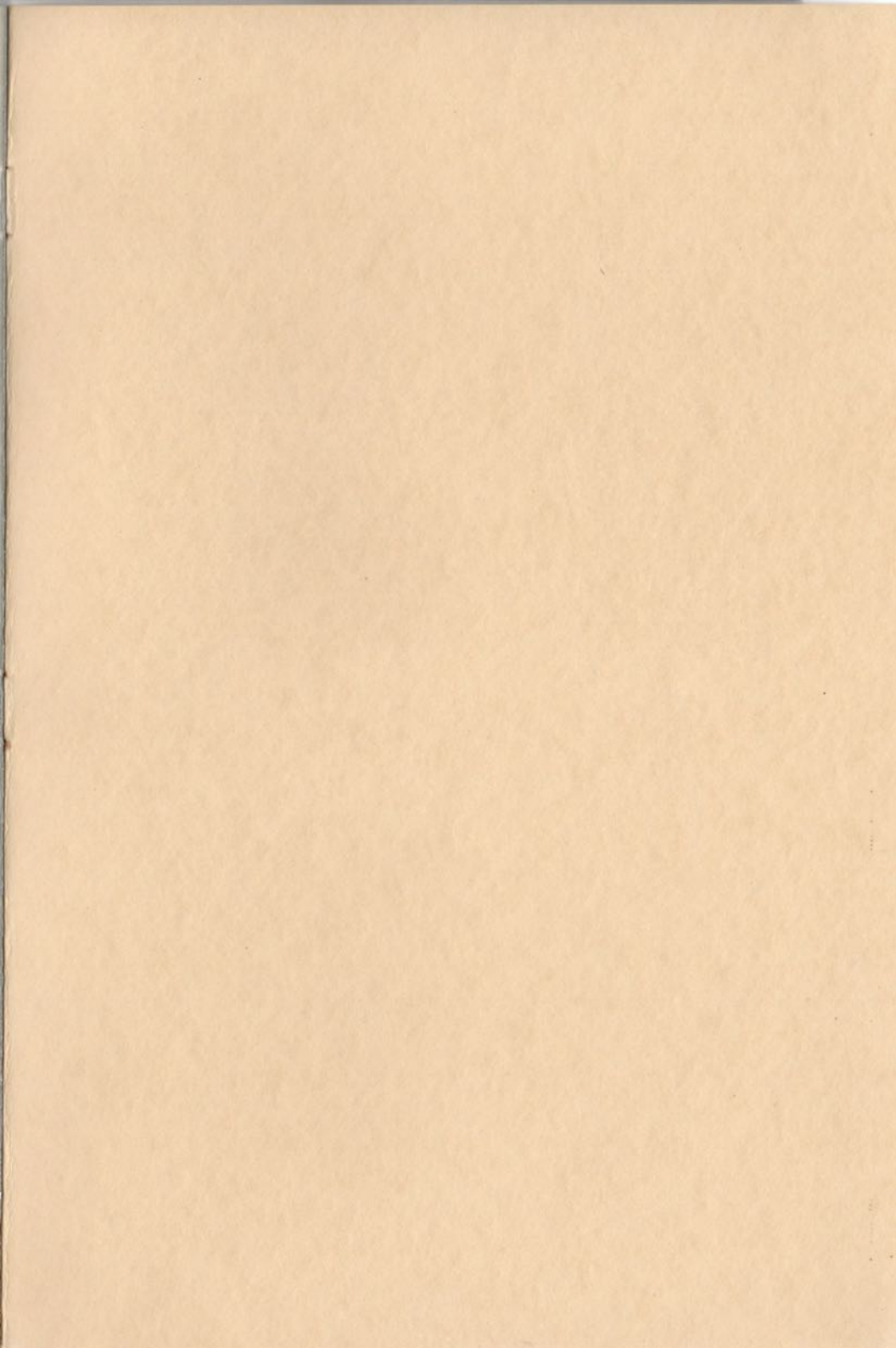
*The youthful Home Gas squad who sprung the big surprise of the Boxla season by winning the McLeod Cup. The Homes started out poorly but finished as one of the season's strongest yet most youthful clubs. Standing: Harry Davies (sponsor), "Spud" Raimondo, Bob Craig, F. Brooks (assistant trainer), K. Macken (sponsor), Fred Mowbray, John Elly, Sam Rees (trainer). Centre: "Swede" Mantoani, Ted Leclair, Eric Evans (coach), Bill Hatch, Dominic Simonetta, "Shadow" Brooks. Front: Aldo Bortolussi, "Dint" Hunter, "Primo" Hunter, Gino Bortolussi.*

### New Gym to Open in January

Stanley McFarlane, Townsite Superintendent, announces that the new High School Gym will open early in January. All activities of the present gymnasium on Second Street will be transferred to the new building, and the schedule now in force will be maintained under P. R. Lockie, present Company Physical Instructor. The basketball floor, which will comply with all regulations laid down by the B. C. Association, is expected to bring more play-off games here and permit locals to play under conditions similar to other parts of the province.

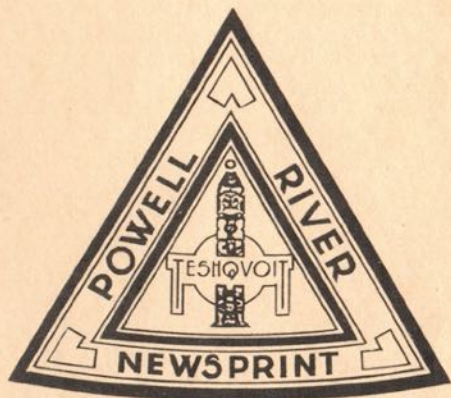
### Old-time Dances Maintain Popularity

Old-time dance clubs in Powell River and district are steadily growing in popularity. The Powell River Club, with a membership of over 250, has a long waiting list of eager applicants. Out in Cranberry old-time dances are held regularly and enjoyed by young and old alike. The popularity of quadrilles, lancers, polkas, minuets, etc., with the young people of the district has been a feature in the development of these clubs in recent years.





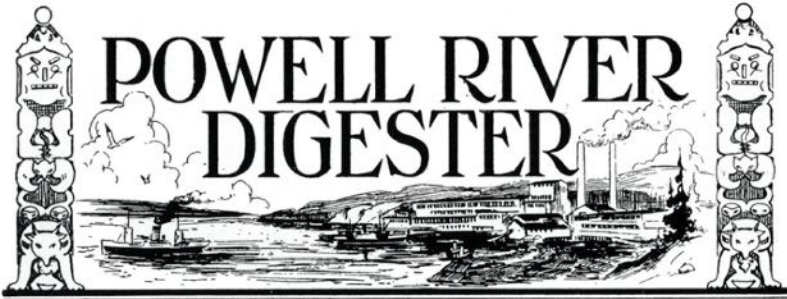
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 NOVEMBER, 1939 NO.11







J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 15

NOVEMBER, 1939

No. 11

## When the "Sun" Goes to "Bed"



*An early morning shot of the "Herald-Sun" building, while the city sleeps and the morning "Sun News-Pictorial" is published. The neon signs blaze out toward the main entrance to the city and the southern suburbs, whilst the building front and columns are floodlit from below.*



*Aerial view of the "Herald-Sun" building, showing the two masts of the Herald broadcasting stations, 3 DB and 3 LK. The ventilation system can be seen in the centre of the roof. On the ground level, left hand side, is the entrance for the paper store, and the despatch dock is on the right.*

## The Herald and Sun of Melbourne

**J**OURNALISM in Australia is on a high standard. The great Australian dailies, Melbourne *Herald*, *Sun News Pictorial*, *Argus*, the *Morning Herald*; the *Sun and Mail* in Sydney, stand in the forefront of the world's newspapers. In Brisbane, in Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle, and other Australian cities, large dailies—the *Telegraph Courier*, *Adelaide News*, *Adelaide Advertiser*, *Newcastle News*, etc., provide Australian readers with last-minute news from the four corners of the globe. Some of the Australian dailies have circulations around the quarter of a million

mark, and Australian equipment, enterprise and news service facilities stand second to none.

A glance at the *per capita* consumption of newsprint among the nations is a good criterion of the "intelligence level" of the Australian people and the enterprise of Australian journalism. Australia uses more newsprint *per capita* than any country or nation—except the United States—more than Great Britain, or Canada and far more than any European nation. In the British Commonwealth, Australia leads in *per capita* newsprint consumption.



*A section of the presses, showing the paper conveyors to the publishing department.*

On this and the following pages we are enabled to present, through the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Pacine, manager of the Pictorial Newspapers, Melbourne, some excellent photographs of the *Herald-Sun Pictorial* properties. The Melbourne *Herald*, the *Sun News Pictorial* and their associated newspapers, including in Melbourne the *Weekly Times*, the *Sporting Globe*, *Table Talk*, and many highly authoritative, special publications, *Wild Life*, *Home Beautiful*, etc., are among the leading publications of Australia.

In future issues we hope to have the privilege of presenting to our readers brief articles on and pictorial views of several of the large Australian members of the Fourth Estate.

In January, 1940, the Melbourne

*Herald* will celebrate its centenary. The paper first appeared on the streets of Melbourne in January, 1840, when the population of the city was only 6,000. The *Herald*, like many journals of colonial days, passed through many vicissitudes in its climb to the top. It successfully emerged from the wool-clipper and pre-cable days, with their attendant heartaches and struggles against what, at times, appeared almost hopeless odds. Those days are long since behind, and the *Herald*, with its many and widely extended group of newspapers, can look back with just pride on a long and uninterrupted record of public service, since George Cavenagh edited its first sheet, nearly a century ago.

The *Herald* news-gathering staff is a large and efficient one. In addition



to the Editor, Associate Editor, News Editor and the department editors, sports, financial, social, photographic, cable, etc., a staff of over 100 trained reporters cover the news for the *Herald*. The *Herald* has a direct tie-up to all the Australian capitals and to Darwin, cable services to all parts of the globe, world-wide photo service, and correspondents in many of the world's capitals.

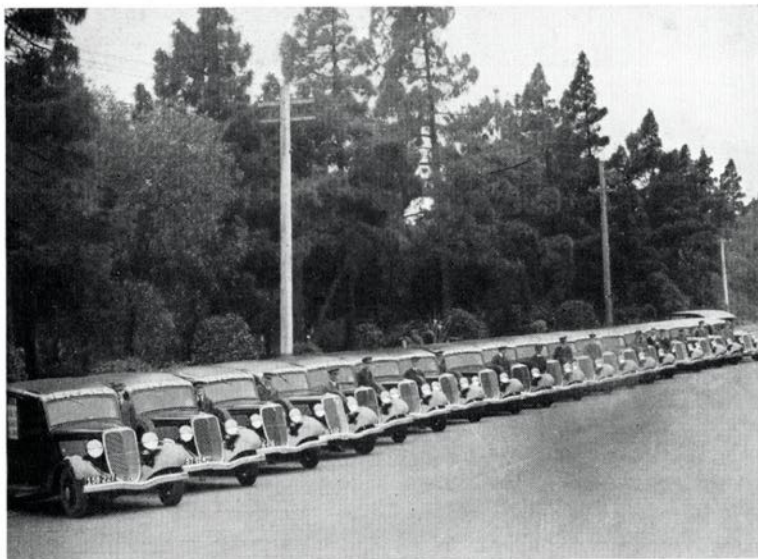
#### Handling the Copy

The *Herald*, *Sun*, and allied publications in the big *Herald-Sun* building, operate a battery of 44 linotype

machines. They include two Model 27 Display and four Model 31. There are 20 Mohr saws in operation, together with quadder and centering devices—the first to be installed in Australia. The machines have a daily average output of about 650,000 lines per week for the 72 operators. A staff of 19 mechanics is employed to keep the machines in repair and running operation.

#### Camera and Engraving

"Pictorial Journalism" is highly developed in Australia, and the *Sun News Pictorial* is one of the recog-



*The entire fleet which operates for the delivery of papers numbers 42. This fleet covers more than 700,000 miles per annum at a running cost of over £30,000. A combined circulation exceeding three millions is transported by the "Herald-Sun" fleet. For the Saturday "Herald" 12 additional carriers are engaged and 40 motorcycles co-operate in the circulation of the Saturday "Sporting Globe." The cost of this additional hired transport runs to £3,500 yearly. Apart from this direct circulation control, there is the rail freight costing £10,000 per annum; and again, for inland centres the carriage, railhead to towns, of over £7,000. The vast circulation schedule covers steamer freight and even extends to the evergrowing air traffic.*



*From the "bulk" an average of 1500 columns (22-inch) for the "Herald" and 1500 columns (15-inch) for the "Sun" are passed on to the "stone men" and "collaters" shown here. In all, there are more than 100 compositors in the "comps" room. There are 63 readers and assistants employed to check the work from the "bulk" to the "stone".*

nized leaders in this field. The Camera Room of the *Herald-Sun* Engraving Department operates on a 24-hour-a-day basis, and employs a staff of 61. Over 1,200 blocks are produced weekly, having a total square-inch area of approximately 30,000. This affords some conception of the pictorial side of things in the daily grind in the *Herald-Sun* offices. The complete process is one of the largest in Australia, and two, three and four-color high-class magazine work jobs may be produced.

#### Foundry

Practically every class of magazine and picture work is handled by the

*Herald-Sun*, and wide and extensive variety of equipment has been installed. The stereo foundry, for example, runs the entire length of the building, and has five autoplates (three of seven tons and two of five tons), one automatic autoplate, three autoshavers and one complete double-spread stereo outfit. The foundry is connected to the moulding room by lifts for material and stop-press plates. A loud-speaker system is operated on both floors, which permits conversation and instructions to be heard above the roar of the presses. The stop-press stereo equipment in the *Herald-Sun* offices, operating at nine plates

(Continued on Page 7)

## Getting Their Yearly Goats

Albert Adams and Bill Doty Stalk the Billies in Their Lair



*Albert Adams*

The snaps on this page show Goat Hunters Albert Adams and Bill Doty with one of their recent bags. Albert for many years has been the district's leading goat slayer. The Billies are high up in the hills, and Albert is one of those peculiarly constituted mortals who loves leaping across awe-inspiring crevices or hanging on by his nails to a nice, comfortable cleft of rock.

And Bill is just about as bad!

Never a hunting season in the past 15 years that Al hasn't climbed those familiar crags back of Powell Lake; never a hunting season but one or more of the wily Billies, resting in apparent security high on the rocky bluffs, have fallen victim to the Adams' stalking.

There are still plenty of wild goat in the hills, but goat hunting requires a constitution and a patience all its own. You can shoot a deer—if you

can find him—within a reasonable reach of sea level, but if you want the whiskered Billie for a gun-room trophy, you have to climb—and after you've climbed—start climbing again. Which may account for the comparatively few goat that come down the lake each year. But, if you like climbing—if you enjoy the exhilarating sensation of slinging a 200-pound goat on your back and leaping cliffs all the way down to the boat—then Powell Lake is still a good place to hunt. The goat are there. They are, so we have been told, easy to get—all you have to do is climb the few thousand feet to their stamping ground.

Good stalking, Albert and Bill!

"Hello, girlie, I'm a coin collector."

"Well, well, let's get together to-night and talk over old dimes."



*Bill Doty*



## Clarence Returns from Blighty

Inset we show Clarence Fraser, Kelley Spruce official, looking spruce and dapper following his recent visit to the British Isles. At the annual Ex-Servicemen's Smoker, Clarence delivered an interesting lecture, touching on the highlights of his trip.



*Clarence Fraser, Kelley Spruce official, who was in England on the outbreak of war.*

Mr. Fraser was in England when war was declared, and for several weeks afterwards. He was impressed with the general calmness of the people, their quiet acceptance of what the future might hold, and their determination "to get on with the job."

"Anti-aircraft defences," Mr. Fraser said, "were vastly improved over those remembered by ex-servicemen. Increased accuracy, greater ranges, scientific sighting, quick-firing weapons—all these had revolutionized the modern anti-aircraft unit." The speaker gave an interesting impression of the famous balloon barrage now used in all the big metropolitan centres. The balloons can be suspended at heights of from 10,000 to 20,000 feet. The principle is to keep the balloons just below

the cloud level, and to trip outcoming planes in the maze of wire cables beneath the balloons. Another principle of the barrage system is to keep enemy raiders up and eliminate hedge hopping over vulnerable points.

Air raid shelters are built everywhere in London, and an elaborate system of signs informs the public of their whereabouts.

Mr. Fraser's general impression was that the British Isles are prepared for any emergency. The defences are strong, the people facing with absolute calm whatever may develop, and with complete confidence of ultimate victory.

## Melbourne Herald and Sun

(Continued from Page 5)

per minute, allows the stop-press the last word in news.

The *Herald-Sun* building houses every type of equipment necessary to print every and all kinds of publications, dailies, weeklies, pictorial news, magazine and the scores of smaller job printing orders received daily. Hydraulic stereo moulding presses, operating on the basis of 1,000 to 1,500 pounds per square inch, flat-bed presses for allied publications, collating and stitching departments, nickel baths, capable of facing more than 120 plates weekly, special phone rooms, Ludlow machines — all the equipment for a modern, up-to-the-minute great city daily.

Brunette: "I'm Mr. Jones' wife."

Blonde: "I'm Mr. Jones' secretary."

Brunette (icily): "Oh, were you?"



## Our Community Personalities

This Month We Talk About Music—and Musicians

**M**USIC hath charms. Some prefer it in the popular note. Some like it swung. Others confess a taste for the wilder mountain airs and notes with a tang of the heather. But it's all music to the individual—if not the mass—ear, and the boys who supply it are among the most willing and unselfish of our community workers.



*Bandmaster Jimmy Innes, maestro of Powell River brass blowers. His band is always on tap to help community work.*

In striking the popular note, the music of the band—the old favorite marches and airs, we give you Jimmy Innes and his band. Reorganized and now in possession of swanky blue and white uniforms, supplied through Local No. 76, Jimmy Innes is a proud father to his band. For over 15 years Jim has been a leader in local musical circles. He has led many bands. He has collected his few faithfuls for community concerts and choral society programmes. He has faced the inevitable ups and downs of the *maestro*, trying to keep a band together. But ups or downs, Jimmy has always been able to collect a few

willing stalwarts whenever the community called. With the War Chest drive now in its opening rush, the band is expecting many calls on its time—and, says Jimmy, “The boys will be there as often as they need us.”

“But,” say some of our young, full-of-beans bucks, “I like mountain music.” And that is where Jack Ellis, the Rajah of local yodellers, and Czar of Powell River mountain musickers, slips into the picture. Jack and his Hill Billies have gained a prominent place for themselves on the local musical stage. Masters of the old-time airs, swingers *de luxe*, and talented followers of the Bob Burns cult, the Hill Billies under Jack's forceful leadership are in heavy demand at smokers and other gatherings where the boys want to loosen their lungs or stretch their feet.



*Pipe Major Bill Whyte, with his Gaelic smile. Perhaps Bill is thinking of those kilts that are on the way.*

Jack is a versatile entertainer himself. The piano and banjo have no mysteries for him. His ability as a yodeller and orchestra song leader

has enlivened many a local gathering. His Hill Billies have a definite place in Powell River's musical pattern.

"Aye, aye lad, I know all about yon popular airs and young hill billy swings, but what's a' that compared wi' the skirl o' the bagpipes?"



*Jack Ellis, with his swinging, yodelling Hill Billies, is in great demand at social gatherings.*

A good criticism, sir, and we cater to all tastes here in Powell River. Bagpipes, you say. Yes, sir, we have them, and for the Scottish clan and their large following we offer you Pipe Major Bill Whyte and his 10 pipers and four drummers.

What tune would ye like, lads? Skirl 'em up and here's the "Road to the Isles," "The Blue Bonnets Over the Border," "Bonny Dundee," all played with the proper Scottish lilt by 10 of the best pipers in British Columbia.

For the Powell River Pipe Band takes no second place in the musical set-up of the community. Pipe Major Whyte and his experts are known in piping circles throughout the province. A brand new set of kilts has been ordered from Scotland, and when

the boys step forth in their new uniforms it will be a proud day for the local Scots.

### Troops—Old and New

When Norm Hill of the Seaforths dropped in for a brief visit last month, kilt and all, he looked all that a correctly dressed soldier should look—until the ex-Seaforths around town started to look him over. By the time the local ex-Scots had finished, Norm wondered why he had ever been allowed to leave camp. Boots, garter knots, apron, Light of the Kilt, etc., all came under the eagle and, we may add, slightly jealous eye of the old sweats. All agreed, in the end, that Norm looked like a Seaforth—and that is indeed high praise.

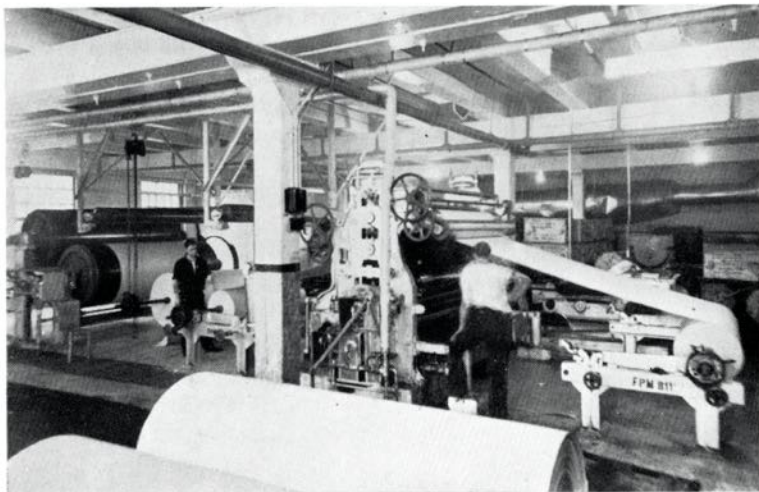
### Records for Marion

Word has just been received from the east that Marion Borden, Powell River's provincial sprint champion, has been officially credited with new Canadian records for the 75 and 100-yard dashes. Her 8.5 seconds, made at Powell River in the 75-yard dash on July 1, 1939, was approved; and her magnificent 11-second sprint at the Caledonian Games in Vancouver on August 5 was recognized by the Women's Athletic Federation.

The war in Europe has been a disappointment for Marion. She was a certain choice for the Canadian Olympic team, but with the Empire at war there will be no Olympic Games for Canada until the "cease fire" sounds.

## Protection for Our Newsprint

Special Laminating Machine Assures Protection Against Loss or Absorption of Moisture



*The new laminating machine recently installed by the Powell River Company to produce special protective covering for its newsprint rolls.*

**A** CHARACTERISTIC of newsprint paper is its ability to pick up or lose moisture, depending on the moisture content of the paper and atmospheric conditions. Under normal conditions encountered in the packing and shipment of Powell River newsprint, the tendency is towards the absorption of moisture by the roll.

This moisture-absorbing proclivity has a definite effect on the quality of the paper. The outer portion of the roll may, by taking in more moisture, expand and cause wrinkles. Under certain conditions, large welts may form on the paper, and penetrate as

much as an inch to an inch and a half inside the roll.

What wrinkles and welts mean in a roll of paper is clear to every pressman. First, a definite loss of paper, as the wrinkles or welted portion must be torn out. Secondly, the possibility of breaks due to welts in the paper means slowing down the presses, with consequent loss of time. In either case there is wastage—wastage either of paper or of time. The elimination of wrinkles and welts caused by moisture absorption has been a subject of steady experimentation by the Powell River Company control and chemical research department over the past several years.

At the outset, a waxed kraft sheet, to cover the roll beneath the regular wrapping, was devised. This proved excellent protection against moisture pick-up, but in practice it was found the smooth waxed sheet, under certain conditions of handling, caused the body wrap to slip and tear. Rolls might arrive at the publishing houses with the outside wrapper seriously damaged.

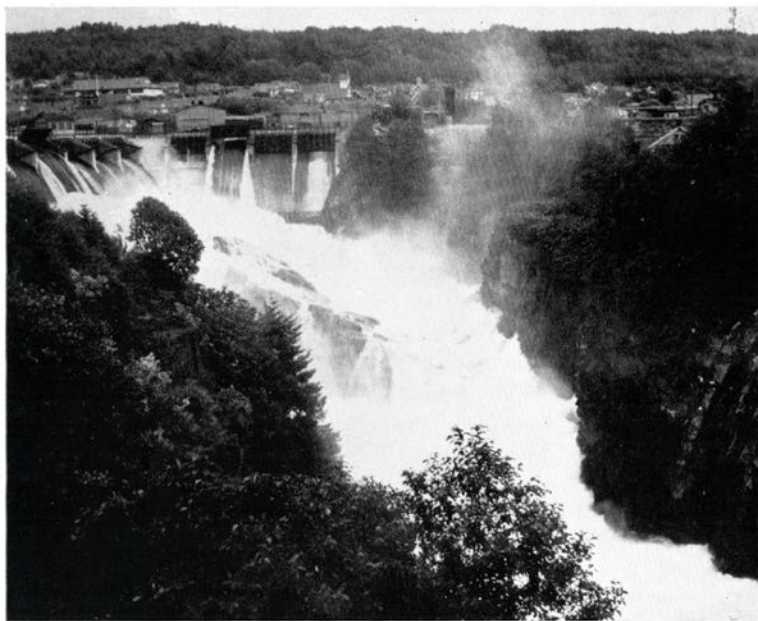
After further experimentation a laminated asphalt, non-slipping sheet, equally effective against moisture pick-up and consequent wrinkle formation, was devised. This was subjected to exhaustive and rigid tests

and finally adopted as an initial protective wrap for Powell River newsprint.

This laminated sheet now used on all rolls bearing the Powell River Company label was designed to meet the requirements of our customers. The sheet is light and provides excellent protection against wrinkles or welts due to moisture absorption.

To ensure there being available at all times sufficient quantities of this specially devised wrapping material, and in proper widths, a large modern machine for its manufacture has recently been installed in the plant at a

(Continued on Page 13)



*Unusual view of the Powell River dam with the big gates open during the recent heavy rains. When these gates are opened and the waters of Powell Lake rush tumbling over the rocks of the old river bed it is a picturesque and inspiring sight. About 50,000 h.p. of the company's total of 72,000 h.p. development comes from Powell River.*



## Jimmie Clapp Heads Ex-Servicemen



*Jimmy Clapp, honored by Powell River Veterans as their President for 1939-40.*

At the annual meeting of the Powell River Ex-Servicemen's Association, on Saturday, December 2, Jimmie Clapp, of the Mill Stores Division, was elected president for the season of 1939-40. He succeeds Arthur Woodward, who will serve on the committee as past president for the ensuing year.

Jimmie's appointment is a popular one. He was one of the original founders of the association immediately after the war. He was one of the first employees of the Powell River Company to enlist for overseas service. He joined the 29th Battalion in 1914. Jimmie has been a conscientious worker for ex-servicemen and their problems since the war, and the honor accorded him by members of the local association is the just reward of his efforts on their behalf through the years.

Hugh McPhalen of the Machine Room was elected vice-president, along with the following committee members: Herbert McSavaney, Gordon Jones, Bill Oakes, Eric Baldwin, Sam

Rees, Harold Rose. J. A. Lundie was re-elected secretary.

There are about 420 ex-servicemen now resident in Powell River and district. Approximately 350 veterans of the first World War are employed by the Powell River Company.

## Heads Boy Scouts

Among the unsung but important groups in our younger community life are the Boy Scout troops, who, despite dispersions and many discouragements over the years, have carried on the Baden Powell tradition in our midst.



*Bill Hutchison, leading community worker, who presides over Boy Scouts organization.*

Like many similar organizations, the Scouts have faced lean years, through depressions and public apathy. Yet, somehow, willing workers have been found; somehow the troops have been maintained; and the Boy Scouts in Powell River are now looking forward to increased membership and activity in the next twelve months.

During the summer the boys, under the expert care of supervisors Harold Tull and Ben Watson, spent an exciting outdoor week at their camp on Harwood Island. The two supervisors

are both keenly interested in the Scout movement and have worked hard to increase membership and interest.

These active troops in the district, a Powell River and Westview troop, with a total enrolment of approximately 60, and the district organization, is under the presidency of Bill Hutchison, Beater Room foreman, and one of the district's leading community workers. Bill is very modest about his own place in the local Scout scheme. He declares Powell River has the best potential scout timber in the country, and with Harold and Ben as his two chief lieutenants, Bill says, "I'm just a president without portfolio."

The Cubs are now well organized; and their sister organization, the Girl Guides, of which we will have more to say in a future issue, are very active.

### Protection for Our Newsprint

(Continued from Page 11)

cost exceeding \$40,000. We are now assured of ample supplies that have been manufactured under the most perfect conditions. The installation of this equipment brings to a conclusion the devising and adoption of a protective medium essential in the shipping of newsprint paper. In this work the Powell River Company has been greatly assisted by many customers in carrying out the necessary experiments. However, the technical men in the organization still believe further improvement is possible, and it is their intention to continue working towards this end.

### The War Chest

Organization meetings of the Community War Chest have been held regularly over the past few weeks. All committees are now functioning and the general district canvass for funds will start immediately.

No objective has been set by the committee. It is hoped that most residents will arrange for regular subscriptions through one or the other of the different methods suggested by the executive. It is to be emphasized that this is not an intensive drive to raise a large sum immediately. Rather do the committee wish to point out that steady subscriptions, monthly, semi-monthly, etc., are their aim.

The local War Chest Fund is Powell River's recognition that we have a responsibility as civilians, as the soldiers have as combatants. Our regular and steady donations, however small, will enable Powell River to take its place solidly behind the thousands of cities, towns and hamlets throughout the Dominion who are uniting in the vital and important work of supplying the sinews of war for those auxiliary services, the Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, and many other organizations.

A regular subscription to this worthy organization is a small price to pay for the security we enjoy, a security which the men of the fighting forces of the Empire will continue to maintain, in the sure knowledge that we on the home front are doing our share.

## Around the Plant

**I**N the forefront of Around the Plant discussions during the month has been the question, "Have you taken your driver's test yet?" The little blue books, with all the answers, have been much in evidence, and the boys—and girls—have been diligently polishing up on their driving lore.

\* \* \*

The fortunate ones who have already passed the tests are the centre of questioning from their less fortunate friends, anxiously awaiting the zero hour.

\* \* \*

"What kind of questions did they give you, Gerry," inquired Doug Goudie in the usual Steam Plant dinner test huddle.

"Well, Doug," replies Gerry, "if you were driving along the left-hand side of the road at night, with lights on full, and suddenly another car approached with its lights on full, would you pull into the curb and stop, or just keep on going?"

Doug hesitated, then flashed the answer, "I'd dim my lights"—which is as good a one as any.

\* \* \*

The driving test has made things tough for garage men. If anybody tries to sell us a seven-candlepower globe for a tail light, we'll have him up before the magistrate.

\* \* \*

The reaction test has caused some natural misunderstandings around the

plant. One bright young lady asked Scotty Gilchrist, "How is your reaction"—and Scotty is still wandering around in an ecstatic daze.

\* \* \*

One of our owners of an old reliable Model T Ford was asked what he would do in certain circumstances without an auxiliary light.

This was the first time he had ever heard of such a thing.

\* \* \*

But the test seems to work out all right. Everybody is happy, and most of us are doing a little bragging about our reactions and high percentages on the written quiz.

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### The Die 'Ards

Charlie Garrett's famous story of the Hammersmith-Kew bus has found fame in distant fields. Last week Charlie's old unit held a reunion in Toronto, and Charlie, in his letter to the boys, added this well-known local classic as a footnote. Apparently the story hadn't reached Toronto, for a wire was received from the president of Charlie's outfit informing him the Hammersmith-Kew bus yarn had brought down the house.

We might add as a footnote that no less a story-teller than Elsie Janis, well known World War entertainer, sent Charlie an autographed picture of herself "in appreciation of a good story." The story was about the 9th Middlesex—the Die 'Ards!

## Wilf Davis Finds England Calm

By FRANK O'NEIL

A saga of a sixteen thousand-mile journey into the heart of Empire during war time is the story that Wilf Davis, our genial lab. worker, is telling his friends these days. Wilf returned from England a few days ago after a four months' trip. He left via the Panama Canal route early in August.

The boat was in the Caribbean Sea when war was declared, and from then on they spent some anxious days keeping a sharp lookout for three submarines that were reported in their vicinity.

Arriving in London, he found that life was normal. Normal, that is, if you overlook the bomb barricades, the sandbags and other defenses of modern warfare that are to be seen on all the streets. He particularly noted the calm of the English people, who were relieved that their war of nerves that had lasted for years was at last over. They go gaily about their work decked out in their white accessories.

Travel at night, of course, has its difficulties. One has a hard time finding a theatre, and when its spot is located the patrons must pass through three layers of dark cloth before they enter the theatre. Walking on the streets, couples hold hands in order that they will not become separated. This mode of travel has led to many a budding romance. The main meeting spot for friends is now the subway stations, where the lights far below the streets are left on.

The world-famed London taxi and

bus drivers still treat their passengers to hair-breadth escapes as they traverse the white-curbed highways. They still cry out a string of cockney expletives to any unfortunate who dares dispute their possession of the road.

London is thronged with uniforms of all types of services. While there are still numerous A.R.P. uniforms around, many have been laid off due to the lack of action from the enemy.

Our budding chemist skipped the north of England and missed the bombing raids in that part of the country. His most uncomfortable time was travelling by rail at night with nothing but a blue light to see by. His most disappointing experience was not being able to visit Gay Paree.

Having a friend in the R.A.F. enabled Wilf to visit one of the airdromes where he was shown the unique lighting system that enabled a plane to land at night without being spotted from the air.

Finding the museums closed, Westminster Abbey barricaded up, and the National Art Gallery being used for noon-hour concerts, Wilf spent most of his week-ends in Cornwall or Devon.

One of these trips took him to Aylesford, Kent, where he spent a pleasant day looking over the huge paper mill there. Their machines are practically the same style as our own and travel about the same speed. Their pulp is imported from Finland and Sweden. Consequently, the new developments of the war may cut off this source of supply. Naturally, of course, he eventually wound up in the laboratory



having a good old shop talk with the chief research chemist.

The trip back was a trying ordeal. The danger of mines, stormy seas and overcrowded accommodation made it a hazardous trip. They landed in New York with not even a sign of danger the whole trip.

Oh, yes! Wilf also brought back a little bit of Old England in the form of a typical debonair moustache that is now gracing his upper lip.

### Take a Bow, Walter

The boys in the old Machine Room have made a special request that we hand out a bouquet to assistant superintendent Walter Snyder. Some time

ago Walter rescued one of the old hot water boilers, formerly in the Avenue Lodge, had it repaired and installed in the machine so the boys could have plenty of freshly made tea with their lunches. The new boiler is really a most aristocratic affair and the big boiler is always hot and steaming.

### Poor Miners!

Sam Chambers, the Machine Room warbler, still considers the prize story of the current war is the one about the young lady who felt so badly about all these recent mine explosions. She sympathized with the victims but couldn't help feeling sorry for all those poor miners inside the mines when they blew up!

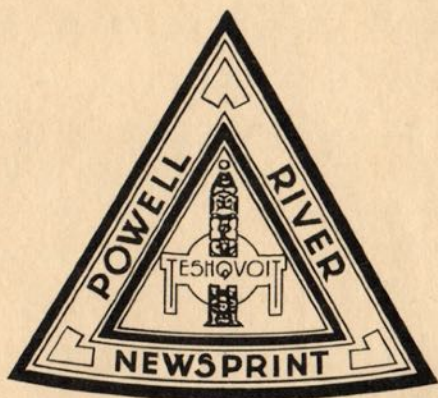


*The "Herald-Sun" library, which supplies the reporters, special writers and sub-editors with quick reference to important past events. The library contains more than 14,000 folders in 13 steel cabinets and nearly 40 transfer boxes, with an elaborate card index.*





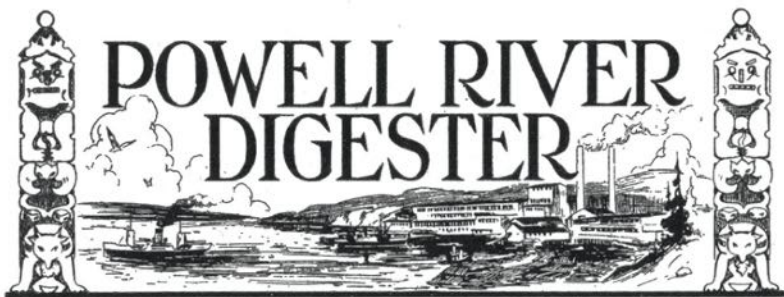
# POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.15 DECEMBER, 1939 NO.12







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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VOL. 15

DECEMBER, 1939

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 1940 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, and to all Powell River members of His Majesty's Forces, we again extend the hand of friendship and repeat the old wish

**A Happy New Year and  
Prosperity to All**

## The Daily Round — Twenty-Eight Years Ago

With the dawn of 1940, Powell River, as a newsprint centre, can now look thirty years back through the pages of time. As the new year steps across the threshold we bring to our readers a few of the subtle lights and shades that went into the making of the Powell River landscape between 1910-1914.

**I**N the story of the early days of Powell River, the little things also count. Behind the bold and prominent foreground of construction and creation of a new city, the installation of giant machinery, the harsh clang of metal, the quick movement of hundreds of men working feverishly, is the less prominent background, where occurred, day after day, the "little things" that our older residents remember with mingled feelings of pride and chagrin.

The background of 1910-1914 was by no means colorless or uneventful. When the sulphur boats arrived at the wharf, all hands turned out and shovelled the yellow powder in sacks. And sulphur, as any expert will tes-



*The barque "British Yeoman" bringing in the first load of concrete for plant construction in 1911. The old sailing craft were seldom seen at our dock after this date.*



*S.S. "Queen Alexandra" unloading the first shipment of paper machinery for Powell River in 1911.*

tify, has under certain conditions a close affinity with various forms of itching powder. When the boys began to perspire the sulphur went into action with a loud hurrah. On the testimony of more than one living witness, we are informed that a few hours after the arrival of a sulphur boat, a spectacle was witnessed besides which the "scratchiest days" in the late war were pale and wan.

And how, one is often tempted to remark, was the supply of fresh milk obtained in those days of high-pressure construction. Today the local requirements are met daily by a number of small but well-equipped milk merchants in our suburbs, who deliver their product straight from the cow to the consumer. In 1910 the fresh milk came in cans and strawberries



*Busy modern scene at the Powell River docks as freighters load Powell River newsprint for United States and Australia.*

and cream were seldom seen, except on the cover of magazines or in the imaginations of fertile-brained residents. By 1912 a partial supply of this precious liquid began to percolate about the townsite. On the present site of the bowling green Joe Errico had established his ranch, and by severe discipline and tactful advances managed to coax an inadequate supply of milk from a couple of worldly wise kine, both of whom were conscious of their superior elevation in this world of milk substitutes.

And what about the pork chops for the dinner table? Here, at least, we are on firm ground. Down in the shade of the trees, where No. 7 machine now sends her steam skyward, was Powell River's first "Piggery." Here the squealing porkers sniffed disdainful snouts at the daily refuse from the cook-house. And here they were slaughtered to make a Powell River gastronomic holiday. The popularity of this carefully-chosen location fluctuated from day to day, dependent on which corner of the townsite the wind sat. The "hog's chorus" was a well-known tune in those days and their dulcet tones penetrated to every

corner of the townsite, and in the days when radio was non-existent, the regular appearance of the evening chorus supplied many a lonely home with that soulful music for which porkers are particularly noted.

It is difficult for us of modern Powell River to realize that until 1917 those great financial institutions, the banks, were non-existent. Every month, or twice monthly, the pay roll was sent up from Vancouver and the cheques were cashed at the cashier's wicket. How many of our "old-timers" will forget the day the pay roll disappeared?

One morning there was consternation in the office. The sacks containing the lucre failed to reach the office. Here was all the color for a Jesse James background. Where did the money go? Had a gang of desperadoes suddenly descended on Powell River? Had a gigantic daylight robbery been perpetrated under our very eyes? Lads, it was a tense situation. The disappearance of the cash was kept a carefully guarded secret. Meantime cashiers and management were in the throes of despair. What to do! What to do! Nobody knew what to do.



*The townsite in 1911, showing beginnings of construction.*



However, all was well. About 2.30 in the afternoon a couple of coal heavers found a couple of bulky sacks lying on a flat car outside the tinshop. With a muttered curse they kicked them out of the way. Several other lads passed by, stepping on the sacks, condemned the company to everlasting perdition for leaving this junk hanging around. Finally the two sacks, after numerous peregrinations about the tracks, finally arrived at the office, where they were opened casually.

They contained the missing greenbacks. They had been lying about for

six hours, kicked and cuffed by every irritated employee, a trifle ruffled over the fact that they were late in getting paid.

And that is the story of the day the pay roll disappeared. It is said both the coal heavers went into a dead faint when they learned what was in those two sacks.

A fire about the village was an exciting pastime. No well equipped motor trucks, no perfect alarm system, no frequently spaced hydrants were at the beck and call of the fire department. The word "fire" sped about



*The townsite in 1939, showing plant, the two big stacks, dam, and a portion of the townsite limits.*



*Many of our old-time residents still speak of 1912 as the year of our greatest snow-fall. The above shows Powell River in its winter cloak twenty-eight years ago. This scene is now part of our golf course.*

the townsite. George Clapp on the wharf, grabbed one of the paper-hauling horses, dashed up hill with him, hooked up the reel and with a crowd of willing volunteers rushed to the fire. The only catch in the proceedings arose from the fact that by the time the horse had run up the hill he was so fatigued that he didn't care if the whole Pacific Coast had burned up.

### Christmas, 1910

Thirty Christmasses have sped by on the swiftly-revolving wheels of time — thirty chubby, red-cheeked gentlemen in flaming red coats and

great white beards have squeezed puffingly down our chimneys to pay their annual visit to our children—since construction workers notched the first tree on the site of the Powell River that was to be.

The festal season, the approach of Christmas and New Year, has always been observed in time-honored and vigorous fashion in Powell River. It has been a season of parties, of concerts, entertainments and general exuberance. It is no exaggeration to state that for its size and population, Powell River has more than a passing knowledge of how Christmas should be spent and how the New Year should be ushered in.

It is not improbable that the Christmas and New Year of 1910 lacked much of cheer and lustiness of succeeding years. At that time only a few shacks had been constructed, no permanent houses had been built and no permanent staff of employees was entered on the pay roll. The townsite had not yet commenced its transformation from a logging site to a permanent settlement. Few, if any, of the workers had ties which bound them here. A week before Christmas they followed the immemorial custom of all logging or construction camps. They downed their tools, closed camp, and more or less fortified with anticipatory spirits, stamped loudly aboard the first boat to Vancouver. The few men who did remain here for Christmas and New Year's Day were singing "Sweet Adeline" in their sleep for the following week.

## Taking a Chance

### A Safety Editorial for 1940



OME time ago we were discussing safety problems in the lumbering and pulp and paper industries of British Columbia with a prominent safety official. He made what to us was a rather surprising remark. He said:

"We have found that on many jobs, where there is a large percentage of foreigners employed that a lower accident ratio prevails, than in camps where the English-speaking nationalities predominate."

He then went on to say that the mixed nationalities of Europe, less literate than our own people, were also less prone to take chances with accidents than the average Britisher or American.

"Taking a chance" is, perhaps, more of a national characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon than of any other race. The British Empire was built in no small degree by men who were willing "to take a chance." The American nation of today is a tribute to the spirit of a people who were not afraid to "take a chance."

Taking a chance is however justified only by two reasons. There is the selfish reason, the immediate hope of gain to the individual concerned. The modern stunt fiends, who thrill audiences with their daring and usually foolhardy actions stand, at least, to gain something. Their work may not be of any benefit to mankind, but

it results in immediate and ample financial reward to themselves. The acrobat who rides a bicycle across a slender rope, stretched between two skyscrapers, will be duly recompensed for his foolhardiness by the bicycle manufacturer. He may sign articles extolling the nerve-building qualities of certain beverages or prepared foods and receive a fat cheque therefrom. He took a chance — and in whatever light society may view his actions or motives, a reward of a kind was forthcoming.

Alcock and Brown took a chance. Failure meant death. Success meant a definite contribution to human knowledge and human progress. Captain Scott took a chance with the whirling blizzards and bitter colds of Antarctic's frozen wastes. He failed in his objective, but he left to mankind an example of indomitable courage and heroic endeavour.

No such results accrue to the man who works around the whirring wheels of an industrial plant. Taking a chance with accidents is a suckers' game. It is played with loaded dice. "Getting away with it" carries no recompense, individually or collectively. No applause is lavished on him by admiring friends. No reward, material or abstract is accorded him. Neither society nor industry derives the slightest benefit from his useless, if successful, exploit. It is an empty as well as a foolish gesture.



*Typical logging scene  
among the timbered  
areas of the Coast and  
Vancouver Island.*



## B. C. Forests Stand Behind Pulp and Paper Industries of Province

**I**T has been estimated that one-third of the total stand of timber in Canada is comprehended within the boundaries of our own British Columbia. That this compilation is tinged with a too brilliant hue is not unlikely. Many of our stands, under present conditions of logging and transportation, are inaccessible—and of very little merchantable value. Others eke out a rough subsistence on rock and steep inclines, where danger of breakage and prohibitive logging costs will deter the operator for many years. Yet there is no disputing the undeniable fact that the great timbered acres of British Columbia, with their reserve of nearly 360 billion feet, contain probably the finest stand of softwood timber in the world. The tendency of firms engaged in the manufacture and distribution of North America's forest products has been to swing

their operations steadily, and with accelerated momentum, northward and westward.

The four most universally known and widely extended species of softwood in British Columbia are red cedar, Douglas fir, spruce and hemlock. From one giant Douglas fir over 65,000 feet of lumber has been cut; a single spruce has been known to yield in excess of 60,000. Spruces 15 feet in diameter and 300 feet high, are not unknown; among the Douglas firs, trees towering 200 feet or more are common. Many of these latter have won high renown as flag-staffs in all parts of the world. The mighty timber, to which we have before alluded in these pages, standing in Kew Gardens, London, is conceded to be one of the tallest and most perfect specimens of timber ever cut from a logging tract. Incidentally, this staff and many others were



taken out but a few miles from the heart of Powell River.

When British Columbia's proportion of softwoods is compared with the total Dominion stands, their importance is even more sharply accentuated. We hold 94 per cent of the Dominion's stand of red cedar; 100 per cent of Douglas fir; 63 per cent of spruce; 94 per cent of hemlock; 67 per cent of balsam. Practically every stick of yellow pine, yellow cypress and western larch in Canada is found only in British Columbia.

A total of 149,000 square miles of British Columbia's land surface is in forests—22 per cent of the entire landed area of the province. Of this acreage, 22,000 square miles are mature timber; 126,000 are immature. The immature stands are still largely outside the pale of logging civilization, and therefore unprofitable to operate. They constitute our timber harvests of a future generation; with the encroachment of civilization into the still thinly populated hinterland, with improvement in transportation and logging methods, and, more important, with the sharp spur of necessity, these stands may be the great commercial producers of another age. The 22,000 square miles of mature timber is confined largely to the coast regions, to Vancouver Island, Queen Charlotte Islands, and a few conveniently located stands near railheads.

Four distinct types of spruce make their home in the fertile soil of our province: Sitka, Englemann, white

and black. In Powell River, every resident is familiar with the spectacle of the company tug, *St. Faith*, dropping anchor at the log pond with huge tows of Sitka spruce, logged chiefly on, and in the vicinity of, the Queen Charlottes. These spruce logs are among the finest pulp woods in existence; soft, straight, even-grained, long-fibred, and free from any resinous taint, they are easily absorbed in the pulping process. They find an extensive use in exterior and interior finish, in the manufacture of musical instruments, sound boards and furniture. Spruce has proved invaluable as aeroplane stock; during the world war many an allied birdman was grateful for the sturdy qualities of spruce framework, cut in the forests of British Columbia.

Englemann spruce makes its home in the interior, away from the coast. It is a smaller and less imposing brother of the Sitka variety. The average diameter runs from 18 to 36 inches; the trees seldom attain a height above 125 feet. It flourishes in slightly higher altitudes than the coast species. Owing to its comparative inaccessibility, Englemann spruce is not yet a commercial leader.

Western hemlock, larch, balsam, are other woods widely used in the paper-making industry of B. C. The reserves of this class of timber are ample and along with the now awakened consciousness of provincial authorities in the matter of re-seeding and conservation, may be maintained for an indefinite period.

For many years, however, the big areas of easily accessible timber on the coast, on Vancouver Island and on the Queen Charlottes, will continue to occupy the full glare of the lumbering searchlight. In the mills of Powell River, where half a million feet of lumber is cut daily to feed the 70 grinding machines, the question of adequately safeguarding a future supply of pulp timber is of prime importance. A wise and prudent anticipation of ultimate pulpwood requirements was made many years ago by the directors of the company. Ample reserves were secured; and today, stand behind the operations of the company to guarantee a continuance of their supply for many decades to come.

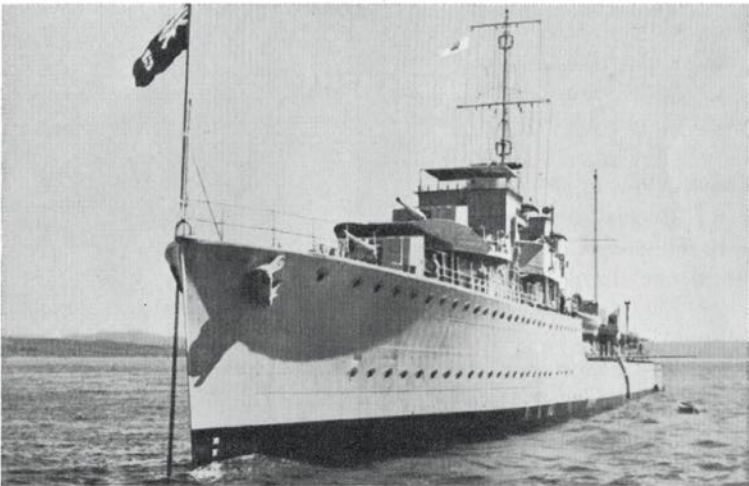
### Hand-made Paper in India

The hand-made paper industry is being revived in India, according to a newspaper item. Information is being gathered by the Indian Museum, Calcutta, about methods used in India hundreds of years ago. There is in the museum a sample of hand-made paper from Nepal said to last for 1,000 years or more.

The Kashmir paper industry has remained unchanged since its introduction in the reign of Zain-ul-Abdin (1420-1470), who imported papermakers from Samarkand. Methods, appliances and the product have been preserved unaltered because of the excellence and ingenuity of the original invention.

—*Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada.*

### Guardian of Our Coast



*Above is H.M.C.S. "Restigouche," one of Canada's coast defenders, as she appeared on her last trip to Powell River. The "Restigouche," along with her sister destroyers, is now at "battle stations" on the ceaseless patrol of Canada's coastline.*

# Here and There in Powell River During 1939

## A Few Events, Large and Small, Chalked Up On Our Local Calendar

### January

Quiet month. Everybody broke and recovering from the effects of New Year festivities. Ernie Murray and Jim Cook took time off to get themselves elected presidents of Locals 142 and 76 respectively, and work proceeded on the long-awaited Provincial Building.

### February

The new *de luxe* Avenue Store opened for business under the management of Jack Tunstall, and Bert Carey, office badminton ace, again won the Upper Island badminton championship.

### March

Local ex-servicemen co-operate in National Veterans' survey. The yacht *Fantome*, owned by Hon. E. A. Guinness, arrived in Powell River.

### April

Grant (Punch) Fowler was appointed General Superintendent of the Powell River Company. Premier Pattullo officially dedicated the new Federal Building. John and Frank McDonald, Alf Tate and Tommy Hunter were team runners-up in the B. C. Amateur Golf championship.

### May

The *Kookaburra*, spacious new 9,000-ton freighter of the Pacific Australasian Line, arrived in Powell River on her maiden voyage.

Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth visit Vancouver. Fifteen hundred local residents take part in welcome. Major John MacGregor, V.C., Powell River, presented to Their Majesties.

### June

The sports season came under full sail. There was a lot of talk about brides and vacations — with one eye cocked across the Atlantic.

### July

Marion Borden makes a new Canadian record of 8.5 seconds at the July 1st sports in the 75-yard dash.

H.M.C.S. *Restigouche*, Canadian destroyer, drops in for a two-day visit. M.S. *Hoperange*, Captain Steel, new British freighter, drops in after an exciting experience at the Tientsin blockade.

Box lacrosse boys realize their lifelong ambition; the flood lights, permitting night games, are installed in the Riverside box.

### August

Marion Borden equals Canadian record of 11 seconds flat in 100-yard dash at Caledonian Games in Vancouver, and was runner-up in both 75 and 100 yards at Canadian Championships at Hamilton, Ontario.

The new Provincial Building was officially opened by Hon. Frank Mc-

Pherson, Minister of Public Works in the Provincial Cabinet.

Visitors from many parts of the world dropped in during the month, including Sir Cecil Leys of Auckland, New Zealand, and George Caro of Gollin & Company, Melbourne, Australia. Brigadier Stewart, then O. C. Military District No. 11, and now in charge of Canada's overseas artillery, called in for a brief trip around the plant and townsite.

### September

Outbreak of war in Europe was outstanding event, here as elsewhere. Many local residents expect calls to the colors. Several local boys enlisted in the Forces.

Local Unions No. 76, Pulp and Sulphite, and No. 142, Paper Makers, held their annual Labor Day celebration on September 4th.

Clarence Fraser receives first local air mail letter from England. Time, England to Powell River, four days.

Work on the new High School gym is progressing and occupancy is expected before February 1st.

Powell River won the Provincial Intermediate Box Lacrosse championship for the first time.

### October

Ewart Craigen was elected president of the Powell River War Chest Fund, October 28th. All organizations in district combine in community war effort.

Basketball elected Miller McGill president and soccer put Bill Oakes in the chair for the 1939-1940 season.

Several local hunters bag deer on Powell Lake and vicinity.

### November

E. G. Craigen delivered address at the annual Cenotaph Service on November 11th.

Clarence and Wilf Davis return from trip to British Isles. Both report public calm and ready for any emergency.

### December

James Clapp elected president of local Ex-Servicemen's Association.

Mrs. James Clapp elected as head of local Red Cross branch in Powell River.

Several hundreds of Powell River residents spend the Christmas and New Year holiday in Vancouver, Victoria, Nanaimo and other points.

The long-awaited bag-pipes and uniforms for Powell River's Pipe Band finally arrived. The original outfits shipped on September 1st had the misfortune to repose in the trunk room of the ill-fated *Athenia*. The new uniforms, sporting the decorously flashy MacGregor tartan, are very colorful and the lads of the pipe band are the envy of all male and the joy of all female hearts in the townsite.

The pipers made their first public appearance at the annual New Year's Ball, and their presence caused a near riot.

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Mistress: "You say your baby's name is Opium? What an odd name. You know opium is a product of the wild poppy, don't you?"

Mandy: "Yassum, an' if dey evah wuz a chile had a wild poppy, she's got one."



## War Chest Campaign Gathers Momentum

As New Year drops in, the Powell River War Chest Fund continues with steadily increasing momentum. The imperative and nationally vital necessity of the last war is not yet apparent; and the executive have had ample time to prepare a stable groundwork which will bring in a steady flow of regular subscriptions.

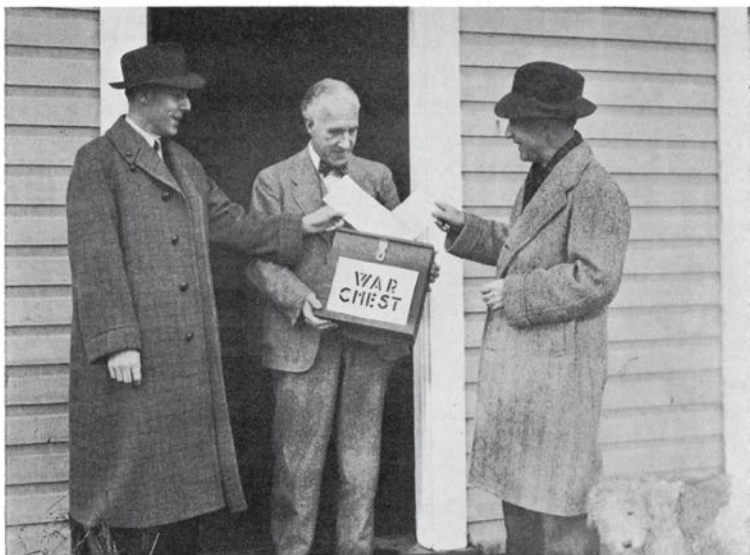
And this is the basis of the executive's appeal. Large donations are not essential at the moment. Steady, regular contributions, however small, are the present aim of Chest workers. Various methods of donating have been suggested, including cards by which the donor intimates his intention of subscribing a definite weekly,

monthly or semi-monthly amount.

Already there has been considerable demand on the Fund. Many people mistakenly consider that since no great offensive action has taken place on the Western Front, there is no need for Red Cross and other war auxiliary work as yet. There are hundreds of thousands of British troops facing the rigors of a Flanders winter; there is a full division of Canadians ready to take their place in those same fields. The men of the Royal Canadian Navy are at sea in every kind of weather, protecting our food supplies and guaranteeing the safe passage of Canada's sons to theatres of war.

There may not be the widespread demand we may too soon anticipate.

(Continued on page 13)



*The War Chest Fund gets under way. John McIntyre (centre) accepts pledge cards from local merchants brought in by Batt MacIntyre (left) and Jack Harper. Response of local merchants was very generous.*

## "S. D." Drops In



*Mr. S. D. Brooks, president of the Powell River Company Limited, dropped in to see many old friends last month.*

President S. D. Brooks dropped in for a brief visit last month, and after giving the plant a keen once-over, spent a day in his old stamping ground at Lois River. "S. D.," like his father, the late Dwight F. Brooks, always has a soft spot in his heart for the Stillwater area. And like his father, although he tries to camouflage it sometimes, S. D. is a loggers' man.

The famous Stillwater tract, logged

by Brooks-Scanlon from 1909 onwards past 1920, was one of the finest stands of timber in British Columbia, and President Brooks spent an enjoyable day along the old logging railroad leading up to and past the Stillwater dam. Joe Gela, company watchman at Stillwater and an employee of Brooks-Scanlon for over a quarter of a century, got together with our president, and they swapped loggers' yarns most of the afternoon.

Said Joe, "By gar, Sam, you still pretty damn good man in de woods!" And if the stories those two swapped are true—then Joe is right.

## War Chest

(Continued from Page 12)

But there is work—and lots of it—to be done now, and your contribution to the Chest will help that work.



*Recent view of the Lois River dam, with gates open, showing the waters of this big shed tumbling over the dam on the way to tidewater down the now trickling, but once mighty, Lois River.*

## Around the Plant

### The Festive Appearance

The general feeling around town was that this New Year's celebrations were less boisterous and more subdued than in many years within memory. We looked around for a few good snaps showing the real New Year spirit, but somehow we weren't there at the right time, or the boys wouldn't just play up.

And the comparative mildness of the weather fitted in a general way with the comparative mildness of the festive spirit.



So, when we were all but out of breath, Frank O'Neil came along with the above picture, taken the morning after the Paper Makers' Ball two years ago. It is our idea of the perfect festive appearance the morning after. Correct modicum of

rakishness, with the requisite touch of *abandon* suitable to such occasions.

Names are withheld by request—and fear of retaliation.

\* \* \*

Ned Beaton, our dashing Resident Engineer, dropped in at the Vancouver office recently.

Ned was looking for Mr. Brooks. Mr. Brooks was out for a short while.

Ned was tired. He was shown into Mr. Brooks' office and asked to wait.

He waited. He looked around. "H-m-m," he mused, feeling the softness of the leather in the office chair, "a bit of orl right, what!"

He looked around the walls. Nice, restful pictures. Nice carpet. A nice office, by Jove! He put a tentative foot on the President's desk, took another look at the restful room—the cozy window shades—ho h-m-m, he yawned.

### Twenty Minutes Later

Ned, feet on the boss's desk, snoring the "Hundred Pipers" in loud crescendo, suddenly opens a sleepy eye, squints once, opens the other eye, squints twice, as Mr. Brooks extends a genial hand to say, "Why, hello, Ned, how's tricks?"

"I was 'Beaton' that time," Ned confesses.

\* \* \*

### The Big Disappointment

A local ex-serviceman has requested that we place in this issue what, in his opinion, was 1939's One

Big Disappointment—the failure of Robin Bell-Irving to mail his annual story along for the smoker. There was a rumor that his story this year had something to do with the new army uniforms—and the boys thought they were in accord. We hope that Robin's first resolution will be to tell that story on his next visit.

\* \* \*

We won't say anything about Bill Parkin's resolutions. He still has that ten-gallon pipe and furnace on his desk.

\* \* \*

### A Straw for "D. A."

And there was a rumor that our resident manager, looking towards the summer months, would wear a straw during his trips about the plant this summer. It's not exactly a resolution—but it will take a lot to carry out the threat.

\* \* \*

The Paper Makers' Ball lived up to all previous advance notices, and the acquisition of the Pipe Band to start the ball rolling was nothing short of inspiration. Take a bow, Ernie Murray, and Scoop!

\* \* \*

Major MacGregor, watching the MacGregor tartan proudly tossed over each Highland shoulder, was beaming with the true MacGregor beam, and when the ladies, catching their breath in the first awe-inspiring glance, said, "What beautiful colors," Mac nearly swooned—or as close as the MacGregor can come to swooning—with restrained glee.

The dance was lively and enthusiastic, and as usual the big supply of paper novelty hats made the boys quite skittish. Pillars of stern reality like Harry Andrews, Colin Johnston, Tom Wyborn, Jock Kyles, Harry Anchor and President Murray were back thumping and heel clicking in styles that had many of the fancied youngsters wondering if there wasn't a wee bit of life in the lads yet.

\* \* \*

The local ex-Royal Navy lads are still fighting the Battle of Montevideo. Eric Baldwin, who swung into Jutland on the *Warspite*, and Sam Rees, Q-Boater, who saw three subs go down, started splicing the main brace as soon as the *Spee* ducked into the safety of Uruguay. Both these lads have very definite ideas on how to handle the scuttling business, too, but the Admiralty won't agree. In the meantime, Sam and Eric are still working out the tactical scheme of the *Ajax* and *Achilles*.



*Interesting snap of a group of fishing boats taken up the coast by Eric Baldwin during one of his frequent sea excursions. As an old naval man, Eric couldn't resist the naval neatness and precision of the fishing craft at anchor. The photo was taken near the Yucultas.*



## Norm Reaches England

*Norm Hill, former Powell River athlete, snapped on his last visit to town before proceeding overseas. Norm is now in England.*



Inset is Norm Hill, one of the first Powell River Company employees to reach England since the outbreak of war. Norm was the first local employee to join the colors, enlisting in the Vancouver Seaforths a few days after war was declared, and left Vancouver for the east several weeks ago. Recent press despatches announce the safe arrival of Norm and the famous Seaforths at a British port.

Along with Norm are Dave Jack, well-known Powell River soccer player, who enlisted shortly after Norman, and George Harris, formerly of the staff of the Bank of Montreal in Powell River.

All these boys have a wide circle of friends locally, and their safe arrival through the subs and mines of the North Sea will be welcome news to their many well-wishers.

Carry on, Seaforths!

He: I could go on necking like this forever.

She: Oh, go on!

## Two Ancient Landmarks Go

Probably an outstanding feature of our community life in 1940 from an architectural point of view at least, was the welcome and, to most of us, the long overdue construction of the new Federal and Provincial Buildings.

Simultaneously with their erection two ancient and venerable landscapes disappeared from public life. The old Customs House and Post Office, which, for nearly a quarter of a century, have been doing a rushing business in their respectively time-worn quarters, are no longer with us. A tinge of regret there may be in the heart at their passing; but certainly no eye will blink a tear at their removal from the visual image.

Local home-breds had a difficult time with these ancient establishments. They would show visitors around the townsite, speak glowingly of its modern architecture, show them Dwight Hall in all its glory, point with pride to the massive smokestacks, symbolic of the power and glory of local industry.

And then the inquisitive visitor would turn around, despite all efforts to keep him engaged elsewhere, and say, "And what, my boy, are *those* two places?"

So now those two places are no more, and Postmaster Bob Banham and Customs Officer Floyd North sit behind shining new desks, tread polished floors and sigh with contentment as they gaze through sunbathed windows at the curling blue waters of Malaspina Straits.



