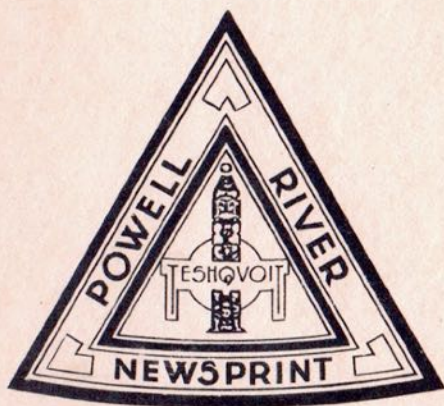
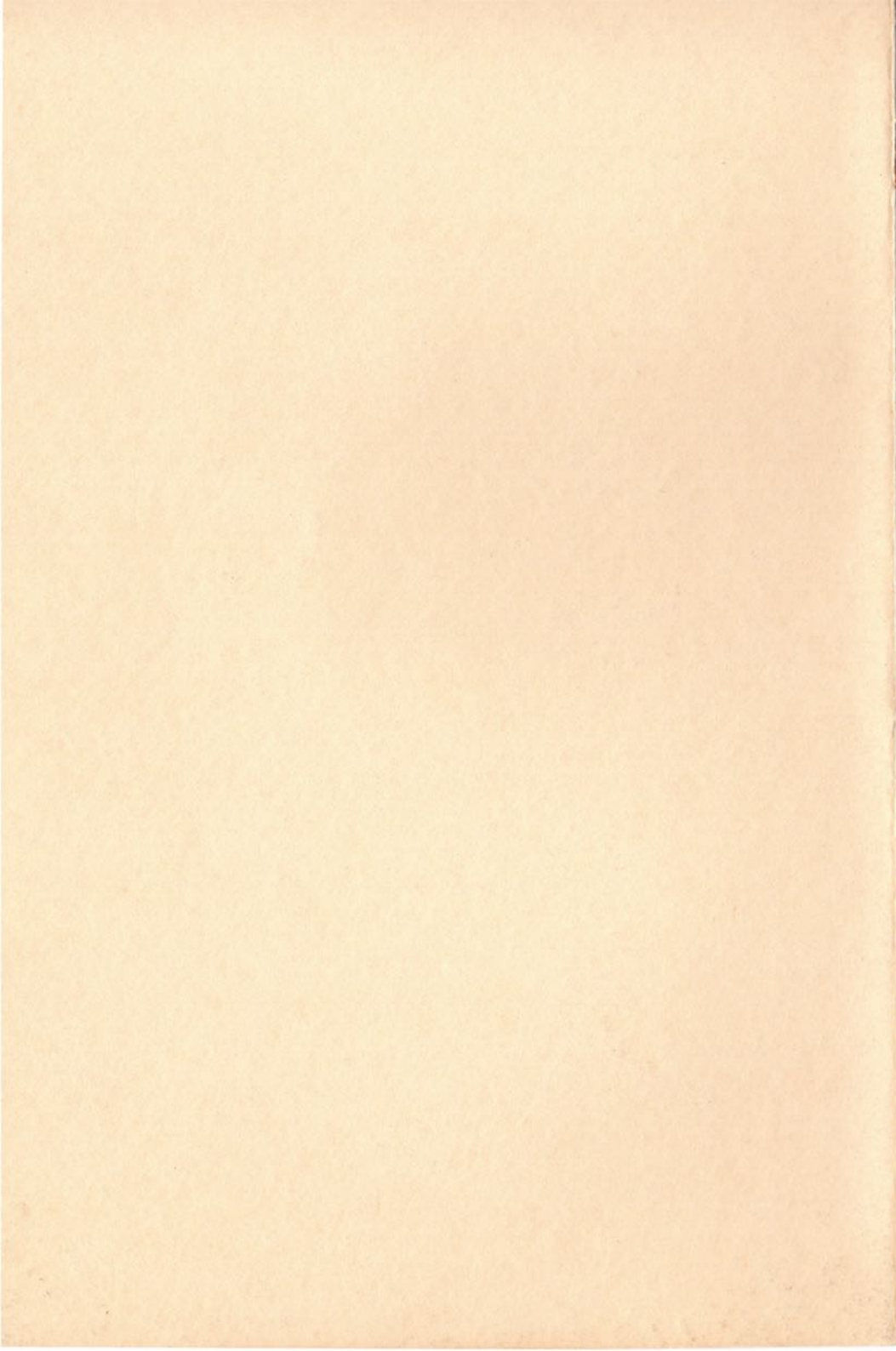
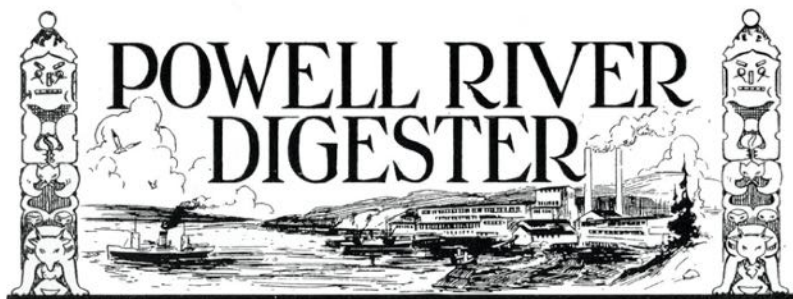


POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.16 JANUARY, 1940 NO.1





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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Manufacturers of Newsprint

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 16

JANUARY, 1940

No. 1

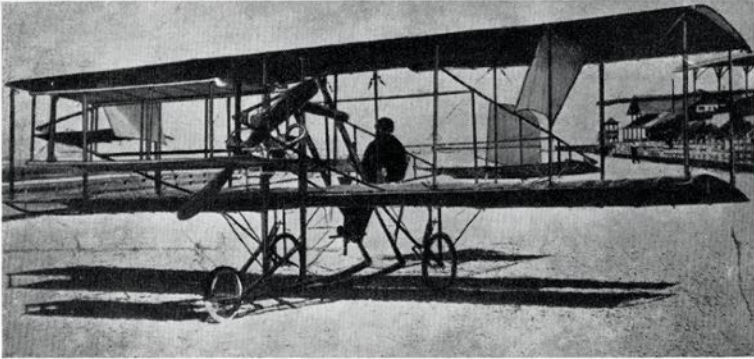
In the Melbourne "Herald-Sun" Sorting Room



The collating and stitching department. These machines operate in conjunction with the three-sided Seybold three-knife trimmer and provide a rapid modern and accurate output that enables a large publication to be handled quickly.

Powell River Man One of B.C.'s Aeroplane Pioneers

"Mike" Templeton Worked on Mainland's First "Plane"



First tractor aeroplane ever constructed in Canada. Templeton-McMullen biplane. Flown at Minoru Park, Vancouver, B. C. (Lulu Island), April-July, 1911, by Wm. Templeton, Wm. McMullen, G. W. Templeton.

AEROPLANES are very much in the news these days. Soon British Columbia will be assuming her share in the great Imperial training scheme. Scores of schools will be established; hundreds of B. C. pilots and mechanics will be trained. Fast, modern fighters and bombers will be seen in our skies.

It is a far cry from the first beginning of aeroplane construction in British Columbia—a beginning which has a special significance to Powell River residents. For, in the first aeroplane ever constructed on the mainland, and the first tractor aeroplane constructed in Canada, Winston (Mike) Templeton, Powell River Company agent at Stillwater, bore a leading share.

In the winter of 1909, Mike; his

brother William Templeton, now manager of the Vancouver airport; and William McMullen, started construction of an aeroplane in the basement of the McMullen home, in Fairview, Vancouver. These three were the designers, builders and pilots of the plane, which made its first successful hop in April, 1911, to pioneer the aeroplane industry on the British Columbia mainland.

It was the first tractor aeroplane to be built and flown in the Dominion of Canada, and it is interesting to note that nearly all present-day aircraft are of the tractor design.

The engine and air-screw (propeller) delivered in Vancouver cost \$1,200. The wooden air-screw was specially designed by the Humber Works in England as the idea was

new and only Pusher propellers had been manufactured up to that time.



*Mike Templeton,
Powell River
Company agent at
Stillwater, and
co-designer of
first tractor aero-
plane built in
Canada.*

**Details of the First Tractor
Aeroplane in Canada**

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Span | 28 feet |
| Height | 8 " |
| Length | 22 " |
| Chord | 5 " |
| Air speed | 45 m.p.h. |
| Engine | Humber-Anzani |
| Power | 35-40 H.P. |
| Cylinders | 3, air-cooled |
| Ignition | magneto |
| Air-screw | 7 feet diameter |
| Gasoline tank capacity..... | 3 gallons |

The framework was mainly of British Columbia Sitka spruce which had been very carefully picked and seasoned. The engine-bearers were of ash and the wings (which were only covered on the top sides in those days) were covered with Japanese silk. This covering was treated with a solution to waterproof it and then it was varnished, the varnish having been specially prepared with a certain amount of rubber introduced into it.

The front wheel of the tricycle landing gear was fitted with a brake which acted on the tire, and this also

prevented mud from being thrown up into the area of the revolving air-screw.

The two "curtains" fixed between the upper and lower wings were supposed to prevent side-slip or side-drift, a complaint to which the machines of that time were susceptible, owing to the straight, non-dihedral design of the wings.

The total cost of the machine and the experiments at Minoru Park was \$5,000.

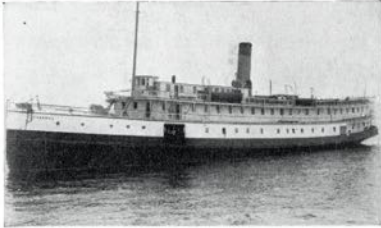
Mike points out an interesting feature in connection with the original Templeton-McMullen plane. It was one of the first machines in the world to install the engine in front of the plane. They had noticed that most of the fatalities in these early planes had resulted from the pilot becoming entangled with the engine. Consequently, they adopted the above method of construction, which has since been successfully followed by their successors.

It is interesting to note that Sitka spruce was the principal wood used in the Templeton-McMullen plane. During the World War of 1914-1918, the principal source of aeroplane spruce supply was from the Pacific Coast. Large quantities were shipped overseas from British Columbia.

And today, thirty years after Mike and his brother riveted on the Sitka spruce wing of their plane, about 60 per cent of all the aeroplane spruce cut in Canada is sawn in the Powell River Company's mill by the Kelley Spruce Company, whose product is world famous.

Ships of the Old Brigade

POWELL RIVER is today a recognized port of call for the coastal steamers of all British Columbia's regular shipping lanes. Boats from the Canadian Pacific, Union Steamships, the Canadian National and numerous small lines make regular stops with passengers, with produce for the seven thousand citizens of the district, or with machinery for the plant.



The old queen of the C. P. R. coasters, the S.S. Charmer, whose vitality the encroachment of age has finally shattered. For many years the Charmer maintained a regular schedule to and from our port.

In the past thirty years, since Powell River appeared on the industrial map of British Columbia, our residents have seen many famous coasters come and go. The old-timers of recent years have, with few exceptions, been scrapped or taken from service. A race of new steamers has replaced the old contingent on the Powell River run.

During the hectic, busy days of 1912-1914, when machinery, men and merchandise were proceeding in a steady stream to feed our construction needs, the old-timers of the coastal fleet were seen in all their

pristine glory. There was the old *Cassiar*, now in the "boneyard"—of whose decks and of whose cabins many a red-blooded tale could be told. The *Cassiar* carried most of the original freight and paper machinery for the first days of plant construction.

Several years ago she was sold to a Seattle concern, stripped of all hardware, etc., and so far as can be ascertained her hull still lies in Lake Washington.

"Selma," "Santa Maria," "Chasina"

Two other noted steamers of the early days were the *Selma* and *Santa Maria*, of the Union Steamship Company. The *Selma* was originally the property of the Marquis of Anglesey, the Mad Marquis, whom she carried on many a trip to his villa in the Mediterranean. She was brought to British Columbia waters by Captain Pilkington for the All Red Line (subsequently bought out by Union Steamships), and her graceful clipper lines will be recalled by old-timers in the district. Upon being taken into the Union S.S. line she was renamed *Chasina*. She was retired from service some years ago and became one of the famous "rum-runners." A few years ago, after changing hands again, she disappeared in the China Sea and has not been heard of to this day. Her crew, several of whom were from Vancouver, disappeared also. The *Santa Maria* was Lord Hardinge's yacht when he was Viceroy of India. Union

Steamships renamed her the *Chilco*, under which name she plied B. C. waters for many years. She has now been remodelled and named *Lady Pam*, and still plies between Vancouver and Howe Sound.

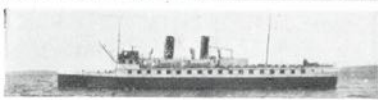
And there was the old *Cheslakee*, lumbering and slithering precariously



S.S. Princess Royal.

about the coves and byways with her cargo of freight for Powell River, and her passenger complement of loggers returning broke to the wilds after a few weeks in Vancouver. At a later date, the *Cheslakee* was cut in two, a new section added to her centre, and she reappeared as the *Cheakamus*; she is being kept in reserve as an emergency vessel by the Union Steamship Company.

Remember the old *Cowichan*, which, on December 27, 1925, collided with her sister ship *Lady Cynthia* in a dense fog about thirty miles north of Vancouver, where she lies to this day in about three hundred fathoms of water. And the *Coquitlam* and the first *Capilano*. Remember them in the heyday of their splendor, prancing daintily into Powell River with enough explosives aboard to blow up the Siegfried Line.



Ships still on the Powell River run. Above: S.S. Prince Rupert, Canadian National Steamships; below, S.S. Lady Cynthia, Union Steamship Company.

The old *Capilano* lies in Davy Jones' locker near Powell River—the *Coquitlam*, later being sold and converted into a freight boat, still plies the waters of this coast under her new name *Bervin*.

The saucy C. P. R. *Charmer*, built in San Francisco in 1887 as the *Premier*, is perhaps the most famous of all the craft which, in their lifetime, have called at Powell River. She was retired from the Powell River run about 1930, after 43 years' service. For a couple of years the *Charmer* served as a floating hotel at the C. P. R. coast resort, "Newcastle Island." Two years ago she was dismantled, but her memory will live on for years to come. *Princess Royal* replaced the *Charmer*, but somehow never seemed to take on the color and background of her aggressive predecessor. She in turn gave way to the present *Princess Mary*, after which she was dismantled and sold as scrap.

(Continued on Page 16)

The Discovery and Use of Wood Pulp

Wood Stock Backbone of Modern Newsprint Industry

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

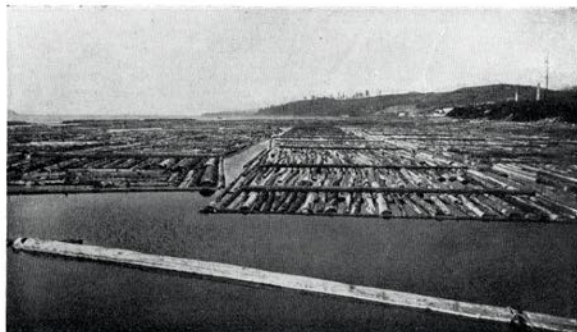
It is a strange and almost unbelievable circumstance that, through all these centuries, the ingenuity and the scientific curiosity of man failed to discover that paper could be manufactured from wood stock. The Egyptians and others used the bark of the mulberry tree, and our own North American Indians made use of cottonwood and birch bark for sign writing. But until the dawn of the nineteenth century, the secret remained "in the woods," figuratively and literally.

Wasp the First Paper Maker

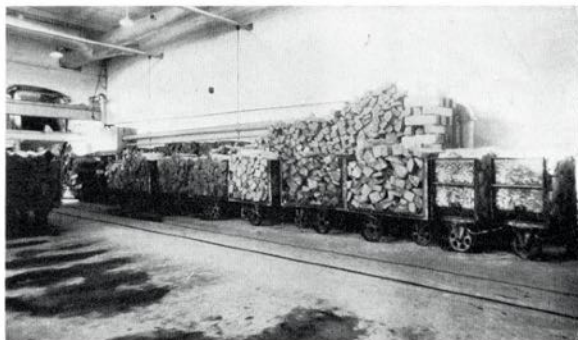
The possibilities of using wood as a paper-making material were not exploited until the 18th century. The honor of first suggesting this is assigned by paper historians to Rene Reamur, the celebrated French physicist and naturalist. It was Reamur who introduced the wasp to paper makers. He had been a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

One particular feature of interest to Canadian readers is Reamur's observation on the Canadian wasp. "But of all the wasps of the kingdom that I know," he said, "none makes

Sea of modern pulp wood in reserve, in the Powell River Company's log pond at Powell River. Reserves of pulp wood, ensuring many months of uninterrupted operation, are on hand in the Company's various storage sheds.



Modern pulp wood on cars ready for conversion into pulp at the Powell River mills. Ample reserves of the great soft-woods in B. C. ensure continuity of Powell River newsprint supply.



anything as singular as a species of wasp that lives in Canada.”

Different Plants Used

Out of the scientific investigation of Reamur grew the definite conviction that materials other than rags might be used in paper making. In 1765 Jacob Schaeffe, of Regensburg, Germany, published a treatise upon various plants, which, he said, could be transformed into paper without the use of rags. These included tree moss, hop tendrils, grape-vine bark, hemp, mulberry, stinging nettle, bulrush, cabbage stalk, potato skin and a host of miscellaneous plants. In 1786 the first book printed on material other than cotton or linen rags was published. The bark of the lime tree was used for the first edition.

First Editions on Straw

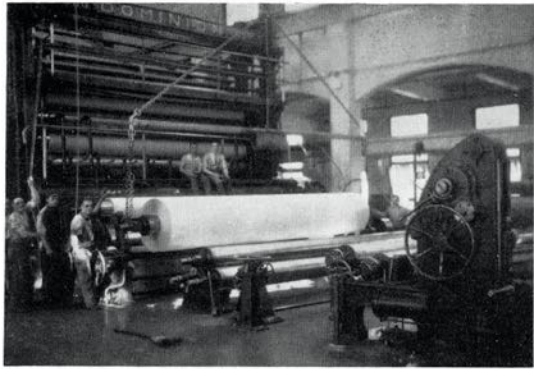
In 1800 Matthias Koops published his first book on paper-making materials. The early edition of this work was printed on paper successfully manufactured from straw. An appendix of six pages affixed to this work claims to have been manufactured from wood alone.

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

First Discovery

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

The dry end of No. 7 machine, showing stacks and winder. The boys are just transferring the reel to the winder with the air hoist.



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

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

Wood Stock Comes Into Use

It was not, however, until the latter half of the nineteenth century that

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

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

The Cruiser Breakwater



The U.S.S. Charleston, as she appeared in the heyday of her splendor as a member of the United States cruiser squadron. What remains of her rests today in the log pond at Powell River.

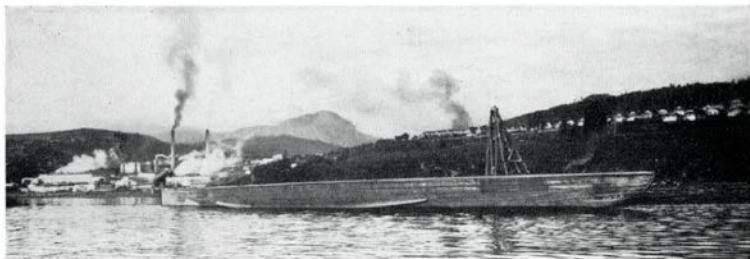
Last week we were asked about the history of the two steel "hulks" that, for the past ten years, have stood as efficient breakwaters at our log pond in Powell River. For the benefit of our inquirers we reproduce two pictures of one of our "breakwaters," in its original state, and as we know it in Powell River.

In 1930 the first of the two steel hulks was purchased from the U. S. Government. The above photo shows

the U. S. Charleston as she appeared during the World War of 1914-1919. Below, all that remains of the once famous cruiser, is now doing effective peace time duty as a guardian of our log pond, where the big spruce and hemlock sticks await conversion into newsprint.

During the World War the U. S. Charleston was attached to the Third Group Convoy, and convoyed many thousands of U. S. soldiers in safety

(Continued on Page 16)



U.S.S. Charleston at her last resting place as a breakwater in the mill pond of Powell River.

Personalities in the Community Limelight

In our jaunt around the circle of local celebrities for the month, we invade the social service atmosphere with pen sketches of some of the personalities in this important feature of our community life.

For personality No. 1 we present Emil Alfred Hansen, vice-president of, and employees' representative on, the Powell River Employees' Sick Benefit Society. Al has been a



Al Hansen, well-known local paper maker, athlete and community worker, now vice-president of the Powell River Company Employees' Sick Benefit Society.

leader in the community life of the district for nearly a quarter of a century. Started to work in the paper machine room in 1913. Left for overseas in 1915, where he served with the 24th Battalion, picking up a well-earned decoration on the way. Worked in the machine room after the war. Was with the Forestry Service from 1922-1926, and rejoined his old pals in the machine room in the latter year. Al is now a boss machine tender.

For years Al was a leader in the local athletic firmament. Has played senior lacrosse and baseball, was a speedy man on the track—and he

tried golf—once! Has taken an active role in the athletic and social life of the youngsters of the community.



Mrs. J. A. Clapp, newly-elected president of the Powell River Branch of the Red Cross Society. The society is looking for busy days ahead.

He was the first president of Local 142, International Brotherhood of Papermakers. Took a leading role in the organization of the Westview Power and Light District—and has been actively associated with every worthwhile community project in his district.

For many years a member of the Sick Benefit Society, Al was chosen last year as vice-president, representing all employees, a post which is his by right of experience, knowledge and long years of faithful service to the community

* * *

Mrs. James Clapp is personality No. 2 on our current list. The Clapp family share honors in this year's community lists. Husband James was elected president of the Ex-Servicemen's Association, and now Mrs. Clapp presides as president of the newly formed Powell River

Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Mrs. Clapp served during the World War with the Women's Royal Air Force. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp were married in Armstrong, B. C., in 1921, in which year she set up housekeeping with James in Powell River. She has been prominently identified with women's social and church work over the years. With another war on, Mrs. Clapp, as chairman of the local Red Cross Branch, faces a year of real activity and service.

Gilbert Remison, chairman of the Powell River Branch, St. John Ambulance Association, who succeeds K. G. Slade.



Among the leading social service activities of Powell River is the local branch of the St. John Ambulance Association. This organization has grown steadily in recent years, and its activities are expanding. First aid for women in Powell River and Westview, supervision of Home Nursing classes and a very active and energetic membership in the regular men's classes. Local representatives have competed and made good showings at Provincial First Aid competitions.

Heading the society this year is Gilbert Remison of the Sulphite De-

partment. Gilbert entered the company employ in September, 1930, and has taken a keen interest in welfare and community life. He is an active member of Local Union No. 76 and a member of the Community Chest executive.

Gilbert succeeds Ken Slade as president of the Powell River branch of the St. John Ambulance Association.

Another Milestone for Frank

Frank J. Burd, president of *The Vancouver Daily Province*, has just received congratulations of the *Province* staff on his seventieth birthday. The congratulations took the form of a basket with seventy roses, one for each year. Frank's smile, as one of the boys remarked, is still as fresh as the "blooming roses."

Frank is well known in Powell River, where he has a host of friends, as he has in every corner of the province. His long service in the ranks of the Fourth Estate and his leading role in the community and welfare life of British Columbia have won him a host of friends in every rank and every profession in our province. He is today probably one of the best known and most popular of our "elder community statesmen."

Happy birthday, Frank! and may you take the next ten in as easy a stride as you took this one.

First golfer: "The traps on this course are very annoying."

Second golfer (trying to putt): "Yes, will you please shut yours."

Our First Snowfall



Snow scenes taken on the hills after our one-day fall of snow on January 9. Top (left), a trail off Wildwood; (right), the plant from Valentine Mountain. Bottom (left), Powell Lake with mountains in background; (right), Valentine Mountain with a glimpse of the plant in the distance.

We hope the snow pictures on this page will not mislead our Southern friends, or cause our Eastern pals to chuckle malevolently. The pictures are taken high up in the hills behind Powell River, where the snow remained. In the actual townsite we have had about an even eighth of an inch—which lasted exactly one day.

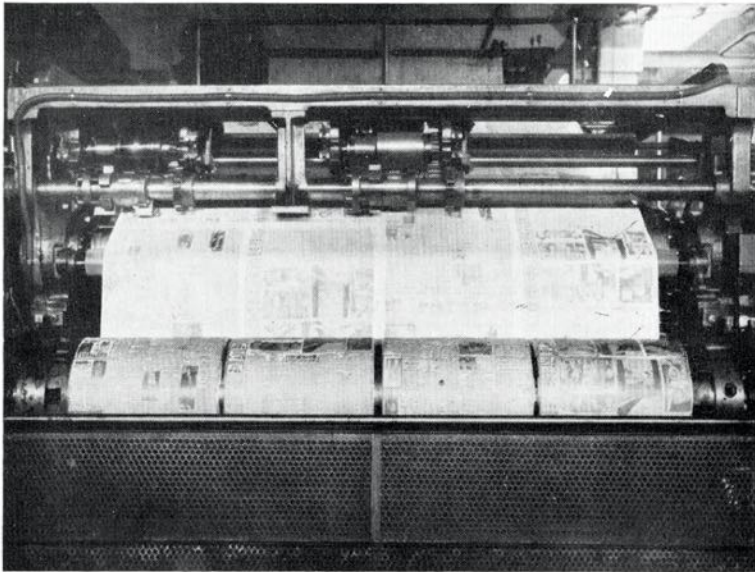
So, thus far, we can still do a little quiet boasting about our mild weather. At the end of January the thermometer had only touched the freezing mark twice, and only remained there for two days—which isn't bad, even

though the kids all want to throw snowballs and try out their skates.

In our last issue, we suggested the worst snowfall of years was in the late thirties. Since then we have been deluged with protests from old timers, who insist the winter of 1914 was the worst in history. Another said 1916, and half a dozen suggested almost every second year in the twenties.

We would be glad to hear from any of the lads who remember the worst winter in Powell River's history, and will be glad to print their opinions.

Nice weather we're having, boys!



The "Herald-Sun" high-speed four-page wide unit showing the red-seal and stop-press cylinders. This unit has a speed of 50,000 an hour.

"Herald-Sun" Service Groups Active

The above picture of one of the big presses in the *Herald-Sun* Building was recently received along with the last copy of the *House News*, the staff publication of the *Australian Journal*.

With the Empire at war, National Service of one kind or another, as in Canada, dominates the social and industrial life of our Australian cousins.

The *Herald-Sun* Pageant Players, like many similar organizations in the Dominions, are now engaged in National Service Work. The players are arranging tours of military camps, and assisting in the drive to provide

comforts for members of the Australian military forces.

Among the plays presented by the *Herald-Sun* artists were "The Trial of Mary Duggan," and "The Slipping Beauty."

An interesting competition sponsored by the *Herald-Sun* was a motor-car trial, conducted by the Light Car Club. The purpose was to disclose whether private car drivers could find their way quickly over unfamiliar ground by using maps, with the idea of such a test being of practical use in an emergency transport of troops or for evacuation purposes.

Representatives of the Defence Department watched the trials.

Around the Plant

Still Blooming!

With the new year well around the corner, and the East bowing low to the inroads of snowstorms and blizzards, we chalk these little memoranda up for Powell River.

John Starts It

On New Year's Day, John McIntyre plucked a perfectly formed, blooming rose bud from the Dwight Hall bush.

Sam Carries On

On January 12th, Sam Marshall picked a bunch of foxgloves, 'mums, wallflowers in profusion, and a poppy—all doing well—from his garden in front of the watchman's office.

Stanley Calls Them

As late as January 4th, roses still bloomed on the bushes in Townsite Superintendent Stanley Macfarlane's garden.

And Harry Trumps

Not to be outdone, two bushes of full-blown yellow roses were in evidence in Control Superintendent Harry Andrews' front yard, alongside his white camellia bush, both of which were bearing flowers in profusion as late as January 15th.

Violets were being picked all about the townsite in January.

But after all, why mention these normal happenings in Sunny Powell River!!

Norm Keeps Fit

Norm Hill writes from England that he is keeping fit and settling down to active training. In describing his trip across the Atlantic, Norm says:

"I can't tell you what boat we were on—but it was a big liner and we were all comfortable. We were escorted by British warships—I can't say much about this either—but it certainly brought home to all of us, for the first time, just what the British navy meant, and why the Royal Navy has command of the seas."

Norm says, as far as he knows, the other Powell River boys in the Seaforths, Dave Jack and Bob Harris, are keeping well.

Norm doubtless now appreciates what many local ex-service men learned to appreciate on their first trip across the sea under war conditions—that the most comforting and inspiring sight in the world is to see a British cruiser or destroyer slide beside your transport and take up its protecting position.

It's a grand and glorious feeling, Norm!

A Note from Bob

An interesting note from Bob Scanlon, in San Francisco, last week, informs us he is still as interested as ever in the old home town. So interested, in fact, Bob enclosed a clipping from the San Francisco *News*, telling

how an old ferry boat, formerly on the Southern Pacific lines, was purchased by Uruguay for service across the mouth of the River Plate.

Bob sends his best regards to all his old friends and wants them to know he is still doing business at the old stand on Montgomery Street.

"I had no shoes and complained—until I met a man who had no feet."

Powell River Shares in War Loan

Powell River's quota of the first Canadian Government War Loan was fully subscribed within a few days of issue. The \$200,000,000 issue, which was heavily over-subscribed throughout Canada, was popular locally, and many residents and business houses participated. Many small investors, who intended purchasing \$50 or \$100 denomination bonds, delayed in some cases too long, and were unable to "buy in."

However, no one who missed the first loan has any cause to worry. We can safely say they will have other opportunities in the near future.

"Visit The Chronicle"

For the past few weeks a very enlightening 15-minute programme has been broadcast over station KPO, San Francisco, each night, in which members of the San Francisco *Chronicle* staff are interviewed. We didn't know until we heard some of these programmes just how many colorful and notable writers were employed in making up this big San

Francisco daily. These programmes were climaxed on Friday, January 26th, when the *Chronicle* celebrated its Diamond Jubilee with a big jamboree at the Civic Auditorium. This celebration was broadcast over KPO and other stations and was heard and enjoyed by many local residents.

"Did Frances blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

"Bob, this beautiful young girl is fresh from the farm and it's up to us to teach her the difference between right from wrong."

"O.K., George, you teach her what's right."

Two Kansas censors visited the show manager for the third time, so when the manager saw them he snarled: "Well, what-d-yuh want to take out now—the bedroom scene?"

"No, the two blondes that were in it."

"Dad, tell me, what does bankruptcy mean?"

"Bankruptcy, my boy, is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo, when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor, phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good hivns!" exclaimed Pat, "and me sister married one o' thim!"

The "Herald-Sun" Counting House



Like the production departments, the Counting House has progressed until today it is one of the most highly mechanized and systematic accounting offices in the State; an opinion held by noted accountancy authorities. The main staff consists of 104 trained employees, with separate sections for the Pay Office and Cashier. Electric book-keeping machines handle all manual work of the department. The budgetary system of the "Herald-Sun" Counting House has proved that it is possible to forecast, within a very small margin of error, the trading result from month to month. And so a vital nerve centre of the organization operates.

Ships of the Old Brigade

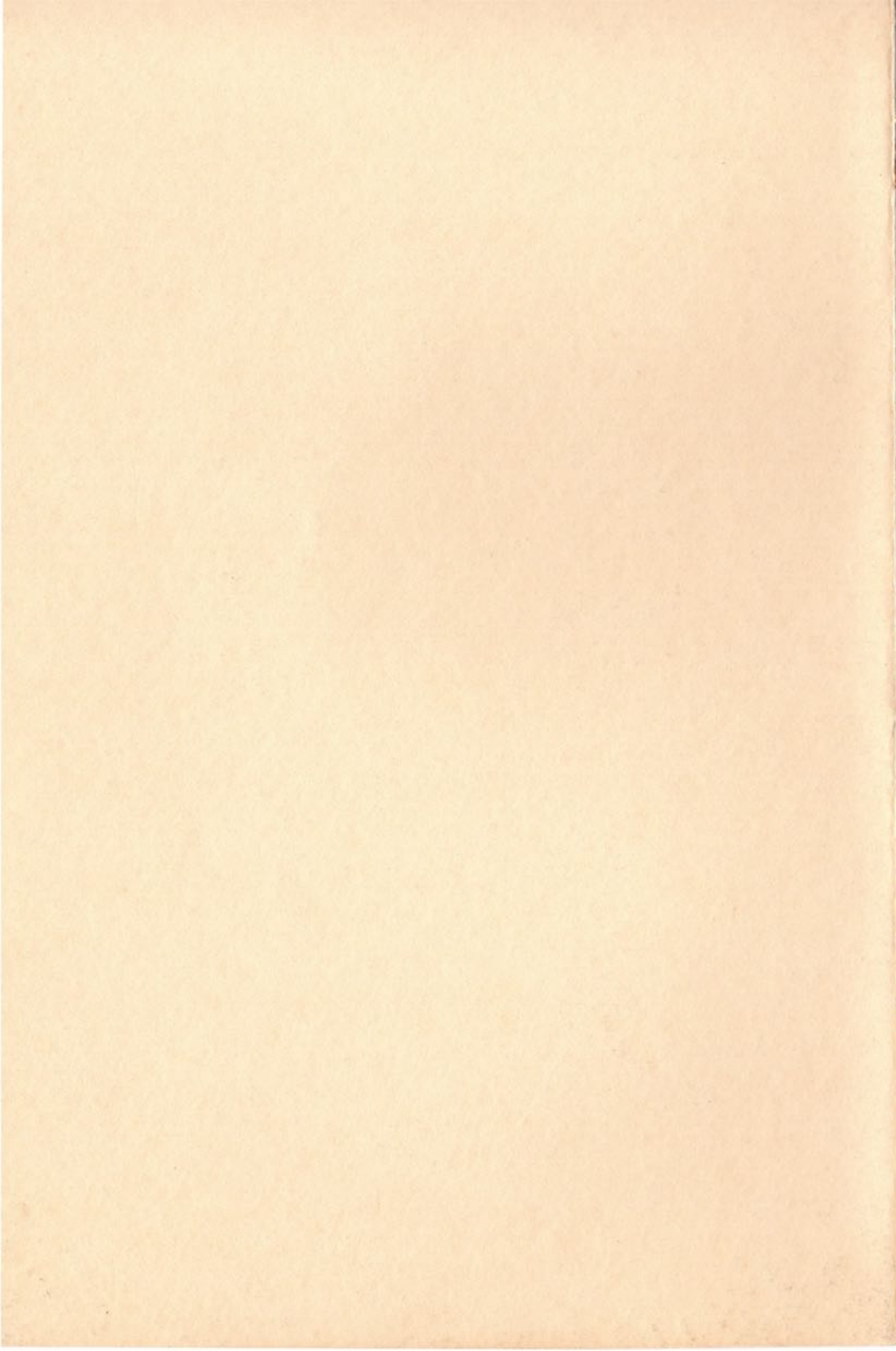
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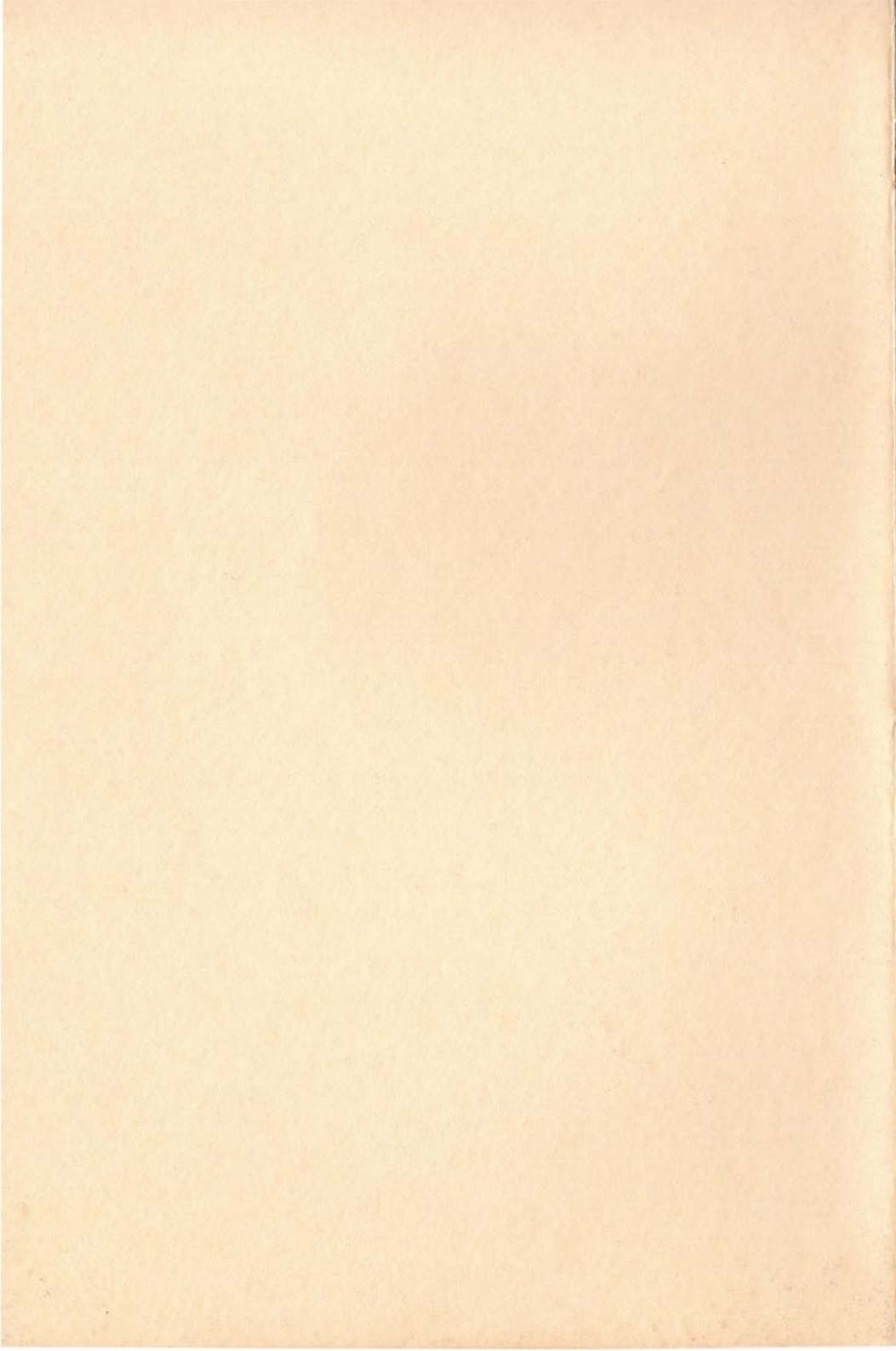
The stately *Prince George* and *Prince Rupert*, of the Canadian National Steamships, known to all old-timers as the "Grand Trunk boats," came to this coast in 1910, and although they had to be remodelled to keep up with the younger generation, they, too, still make regular calls at Powell River, and waken many a light sleeper with a short whistle blast and long siren scream—their fleet signal.

The Cruiser Breakwater

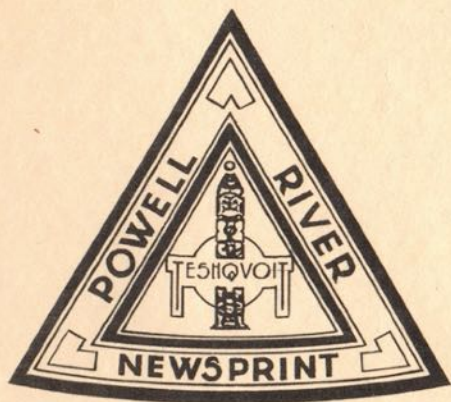
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through the war zone. After the war she was assigned to troop transport duty and carried home over 7,000 of Uncle Sam's fighting men. She was withdrawn from service in 1923, scrapped and dismantled. In 1930, the steel hull of the old *Charleston* was purchased by the Powell River Company, and for ten years the old cruiser, still in her native element, the sea, has done yeoman service protecting our log convoys.

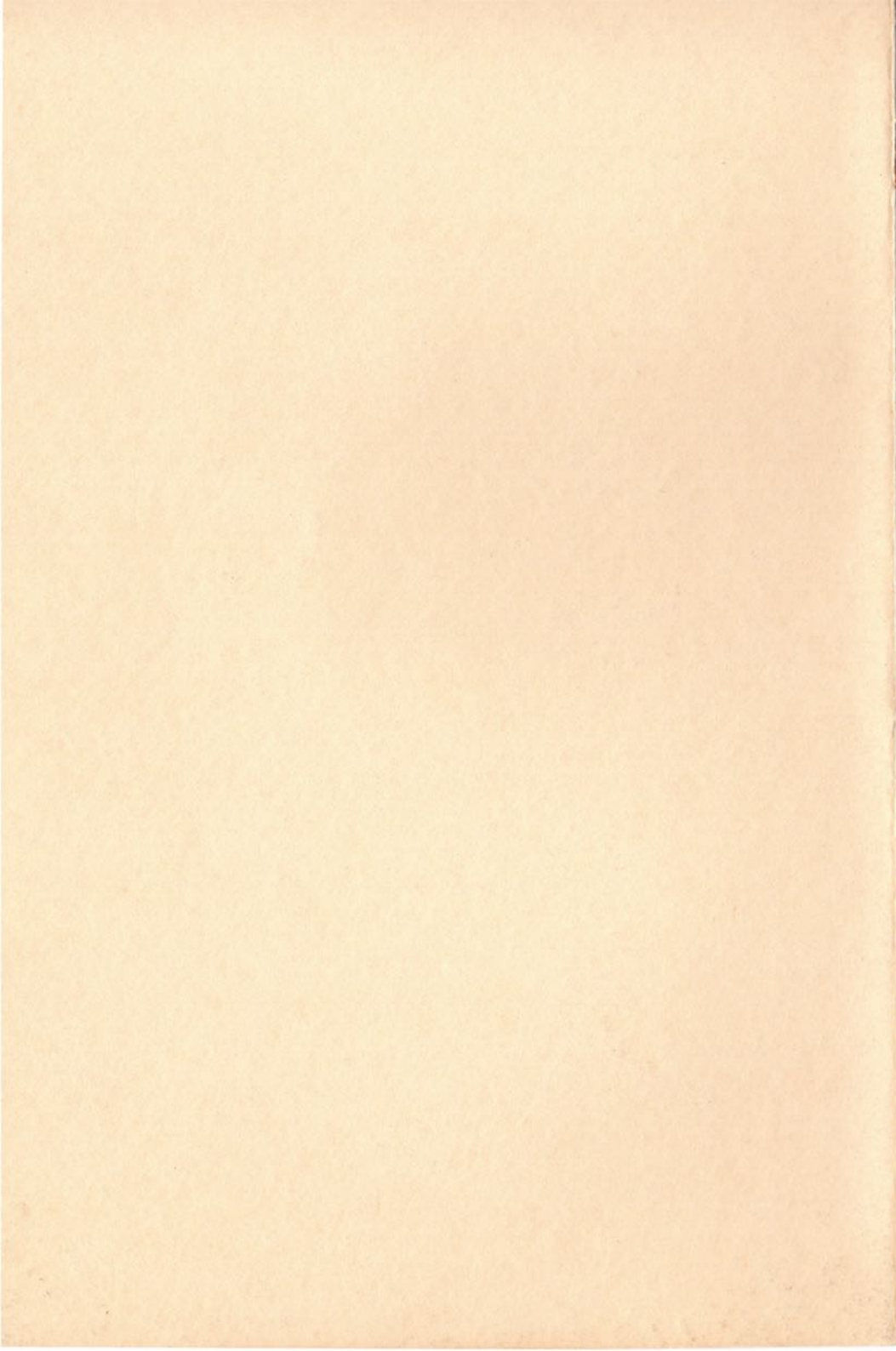


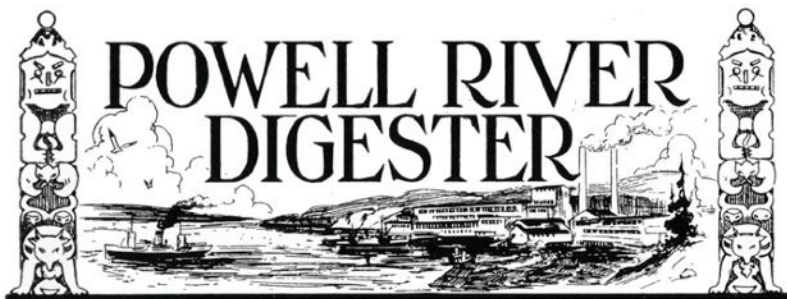


POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



VOL.16 FEBRUARY, 1940 NO.2





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

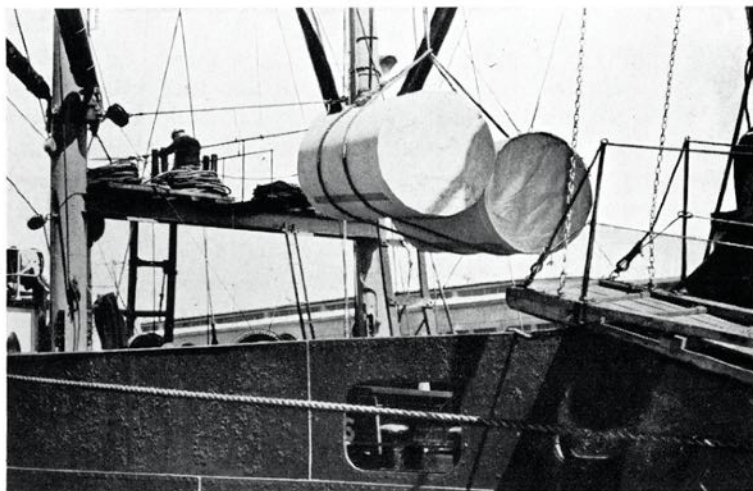
Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED
Manufacturers of Newsprint Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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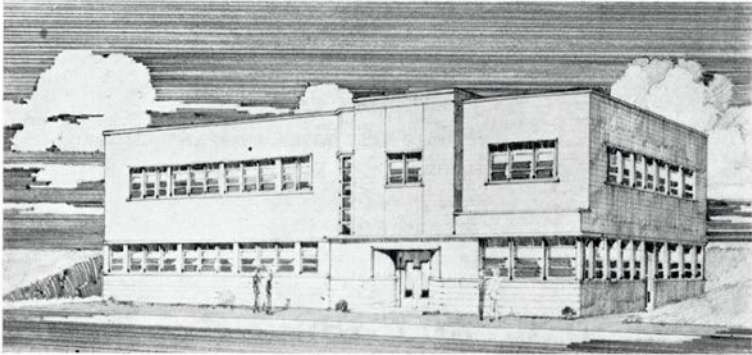
Our Rolls Come Out On Top



Powell River newsprint arrives at its destination. Paper from Powell River is lifted off the freighter in Oakland harbor after direct shipment from the plant. The rolls, stoutly packed, are undamaged.

New Construction Under Way

Central Laboratory Building and Sheet Pulp Plant Being Built



The architect's conception of the new Central Laboratory Building which will be ready for occupancy on May 1st.

WITH spring scarcely around the corner (we hope), the busy hum of new construction and plant extension projects is already under way. Just behind the office building, on the site occupied for a quarter of a century by the old Post Office and Customs quarters, excavation and laying of foundations for the new Central Laboratory Building has commenced. At the other extreme of the plant premises, extension work on the Kamyrr Sheet Pulp Plant is proceeding quickly.

The Central Laboratory Building, the architects' design of which appears with this article, will be a useful and strictly modern addition to existing plant equipment. The wide expansion in recent years of our

research department, the installation of more exact and technical equipment in our testing laboratories, the extension of facilities for our control and chemical staffs, have crowded existing equipment and floor space to capacity.

The basic idea behind the construction of the building is the desire to centralize every possible facility and convenience for investigation, research and testing of our product, to provide our staff with every modern technical installation tending to assist the constant improvement in all products bearing the Powell River Company label.

The new Lab. is the answer. The equipment and design will be thoroughly modern throughout. The building is approximately 50 feet by



85 feet, and will have two floors, which will house the testing, experimental and research staffs with all their scientific equipment.

An efficient air-conditioning and heating system will be installed, and the staffs will have the benefit of modern indirect lighting in every room. Constant temperature water and constant humidity equipment will meet all the routine testing and experimental work. Stainless steel will

be used freely in the finish of all benches and accessory equipment.

Comfort, utility and design are all incorporated in the Central Laboratory Building, which will be a harmonious addition to the general mill architecture. The architects, McCarter and Nairne, have designed the building from plans and specifications prepared by the Powell River Company Engineering Staff.

THE SHEET PULP PLANT

The Sheet Pulp Plant extension work has been under way for the past month.

The present building, which was erected in 1938, is an extension to our No. 4 paper warehouse. It measures 235 feet long by 50 feet wide, and was built to house the Kamyr machine installed at that time, which had a nominal capacity of about 100 tons of sheet sulphite per day at about 55 per cent air dry. The balance of the space available in the

building is used for sheet sulphite pulp storage, where the bales are handled by an electric lift truck with skips.

The original building was planned for an ultimate extension to the warehouse portion which would permit the addition of a dryer to carry the sheet from the Kamyr and deliver it at about 90 per cent air dry. This later project has now materialized, and a modern Swedish Flakt Dryer and Cutter is being manufactured, and

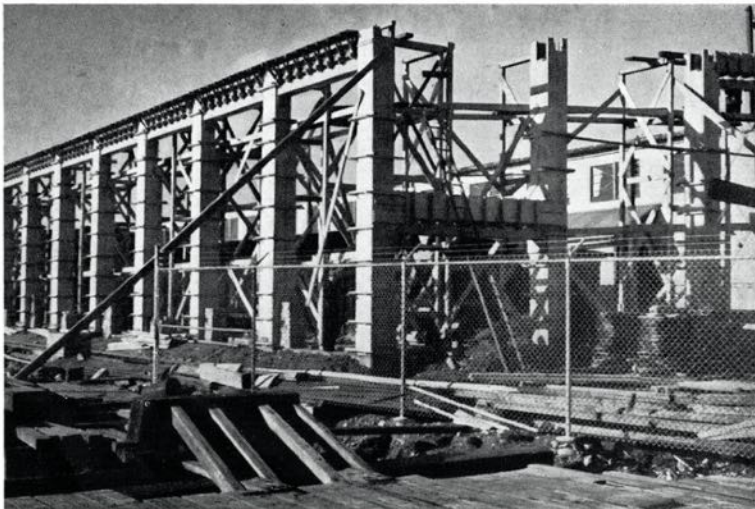
will be shortly installed. A 600-ton automatic hydraulic press of the latest type for pressing the bales to minimum measurements has already been delivered. The building extension is now in the course of construction.

The extension will complete the wing formed by the previous extension, measuring 230 feet by 73 feet. There will be two tracks along one side which can be used for either loaded car storage or for train loading. The balance of the floor will be used for bale storage, thus compensating for the space taken up by the dryer, cutter and press installations in the other building. The building extension will be a duplicate as to general design of the existing extension, having concrete columns and eaves with hollow concrete tile non-bearing walls. Roof and trusses will be of wood and a concrete floor will be laid over the storage area. There

will be 17 feet 6 inches of head room from the floor to the underside of the trusses, the bales being stacked to this height when in storage. This building will form a handsome addition to the mill group and is designed to tone in with the general architectural effects of the other buildings.

The new building will accommodate approximately 1500 tons of bales stacked on skips in batches of 24 ready for transferring by means of the electric lift truck to cars which will move it to ship side.

While the plant will have nominal capacity for 100 tons of unbleached sulphite pulp per day, we expect to start operation under the new conditions with approximately 50 tons per day, working up gradually to the full 100 tons. The project is scheduled to be completed and in production early in July of this year.





Rolling back the years. The above cut shows members of the famous Princess Pats cheering Princess Patricia during her inspection of the regiment in 1919. This month the Princess, now Lady Ramsay, inspected the new Princess Pats at Aldershot.

The Princess Pats March Again

Early this month the famous Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (The Princess Pats) were reviewed at Aldershot by their Honorary Colonel, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the beloved "Princess Pat" of the Great War.

It was the first time since 1919 that the Princess Pat had seen her regiment. When they came to England, after the Armistice, they cheered their Honorary Colonel to the skies as she marched down the ranks, and presented the battle colors to her regiment. A few weeks later, the Princess became Lady Ramsay. She was married to Commander, now Rear-Admiral, Ramsay, and the guard of

honor on that momentous day was furnished by Canadian Princess Pats.

On this page we are enabled, through the courtesy of Charlie McLean of the Wharf Crew, to reproduce the scene of twenty years ago when the Princess inspected her boys at Bramshott, after the World War. And we have little doubts that the youngsters of the present P.P.C.L.I. were as lusty in their cheers as the lads of 1919, whom we see above as they raise the roof for the Princess.

Charles McLean was an original member of the Princess Pats, and holds the honor of being the first Powell River man to reach French soil with the Canadians in 1914.



Mr. D. A. Evans, Resident Manager (right centre) presents a cheque to Arthur Kingsmill, winner of January's safety sweep. The group (left to right): John McIntyre, safety inspector; Wallace MacDonald, chairman, Workmen's Section of the Safety Committee; Arthur Kingsmill; D. A. Evans; Jim Cook, Safety Committee; Grant Fowler, General Superintendent.

For "Safety" Winner

John McIntyre, our Safety Inspector, has taken a leaf from radio's pots of gold and share the wealth programmes for his monthly "Safety Sweepstake."

The Powell River Company place \$25.00 in the "pot" each month, and at the end of the month, as shown above, the lucky winner is drawn from the hat.

Eligibility in the monthly sweep is confined to employees of departments that have suffered no lost-time accidents during the month. Departments which have had one or more lost-time accidents charged against them are automatically eliminated from participation in the prize money.

A department in which employees have suffered only minor or no lost-

time accidents may be eligible. The employees with minor injuries are however, barred from the draw.

Premiums and penalties add to the interest and keenness of the campaign for the steady reduction of accidents. A definite basic figure is taken as standard. For every accident below this figure the company offers a premium of \$5.00. For every accident above, a penalty of \$1.00 is exacted from the \$25.00 pot.

At the end of the month, the names of employees in the no-accident departments are placed in a hat, and a number corresponding with the employee's Office number is drawn.

Last month the lucky employee was Arthur Kingsmill of the Barker Mill.

Personalities of Indoor Sport

THIS month's personality page flutters around the moguls of Powell River indoor winter sport pastimes.

For No. 1 we present Bert Carey of the Shipping Department, main office. For years Bert has been a leader in the local badminton world, and his energy and leadership has much to do with the club's present favorite position. Bert's ability has



Bert Carey, Powell River badminton star, and recently elected President of the Upper Island Badminton Association.

now been recognized beyond the confines of the townsite. At a meeting held in Nanaimo recently he was elected President of the newly-formed Upper Island Badminton Association, an organization which embraces Powell River on the mainland, and all clubs north of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. Bert has been singles champion of the division for the past two years, and has been pressing for a more compact organization, affiliated with the British Columbia Association.

No. 2 on our list is Battleman MacIntyre, proprietor of the Hotel Rodmay and President of Powell River's most recent indoor sport—table tennis. This organization has



Battleman MacIntyre, President of the Powell River Table Tennis Club, one of the fast-growing winter sports in the district.

enjoyed a steady and fast-growing popularity in the past two years. Being President is nothing new to Batt, who has been President of nearly every athletic body in the community since his schoolboy days. He has tried his hand at nearly every sport, with the exception of soccer football. He thought there were too many Scotsmen in the field.

A leader in every branch of community work, Batt is one of the most active and popular of Powell River's younger executives. He is a member of the Board of Trade, prominent in the local War Chest drives, a past president of the basketball and baseball leagues, a member of the Lacrosse Commission—but we could keep this up all night and still find Batt a member of something or other.

He's that kind of a guy.

Ernest Ketchum, Greenwood Superintendent Retires

Bill McGillivray Succeeds His Former Chief



Left: Ernest Ketchum, who retires as Greenwood Superintendent after 28 years of service with the Powell River Company. On the right is Bill McGillivray, appointed superintendent to succeed his old chief.



ON February 1st, 1940, the Powell River Company announced the retirement of Ernest P. Ketchum, Greenwood Superintendent at Powell River for the past twenty-eight years.

Ernie Ketchum, Greenwood Superintendent at Powell River since November, 1912, is known to every resident of the district. For well over a quarter of a century he has been in the forefront of the industrial and community life of Powell River; and is a familiar figure in pulp and paper circles of the Pacific Coast.

Born in Iowa, Ernie started in life as a farmer on the Ketchum manor.

But the call of "Go west, young man, go west" was in the Iowa air in the seventies and eighties, and Ernie found the restless blood of his pioneering forefathers playing havoc with the gentle lowing of the kine. He dropped his farming tools and headed west over the old Oregon Trail.

After sampling Oregon industrial hospitality in various miscellaneous jobs, Ernie finally settled down in the Wheeler Lumber Company, where he worked as mechanic from 1890 to 1896. In 1896 he transferred his skill to the Willamette Paper Company at Oregon City. He

worked as an oiler in the beater room, a millwright in the sawmill, and finally as a jiggerman in the ground-wood department.

From the Willamette mills, Ernie went to the Crown Columbia plant, where he was boss millwright for four years. He recalls how they stepped the paper machines up to 260 feet a minute, and later to 400 feet, at which speed every pulley and lever in the place was working overtime.

In the spring of 1912, the Ocean Falls plant was in the construction stage, and Ernie was made a very attractive offer by Lester David and his associates, original promoters of the northern mill. He came north to B. C., looked over the prospect, decided against it, and started back for Oregon City to his old job.

He never reached Oregon City again—except as a visitor.

En route, he dropped into Powell River, met many old friends, including the late Norman Lang, then Managing Director of the Powell River Company. Mr. Lang offered him the position of Groundwood Superintendent. Ernie accepted. And this month, twenty-eight years later, Ernest P. Ketchum, superintendent of a greatly expanded groundwood plant retires for a well-earned rest.

In the life of the community, particularly in the athletic field, his active presence will be missed. In his own department, he has sponsored every phase of athletic competition. He has placed "Grinder teams" in football, baseball and track. He has

presented numerous cups and trophies to athletic organizations of the district. But his first love has always been his own Grinder room.

Ernie's retirement from active industrial service will not, we are glad to say, be the community's loss. For he will still maintain his headquarters at Powell River, and is already talking of sponsoring a girl's softball team for the coming season.

"May take the odd trip now and then," he told us, "but I'll be back with the boys when the athletic season starts."

On that note, we close, wishing Ernie all success and continued happiness among his great family of friends in Powell River.

Bill McGillivray

WHEN we congratulated Bill McGillivray, who took over the duties of Groundwood Superintendent on February 1st, he said:

"Well, I am starting off right. I've had nearly twenty years steady coaching from Dad Ketchum." This is Bill's sincere tribute to his old chief and mentor.

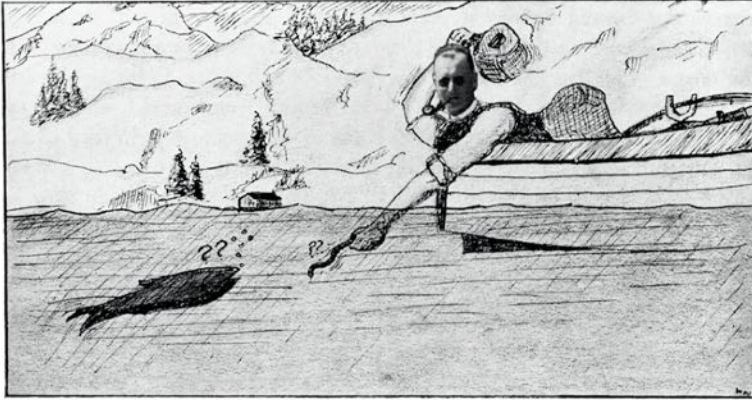
Bill came to Powell River in 1920, immediately after the war. His presence in Powell River at that time was a direct result of his war-time friendship with two other well-known company employees. Born at Monckton, New Brunswick, Bill had migrated to Boston—but the call of the drums lured him to his native heath. He joined the Royal Air

(Continued on Page 16)

The One That Got Away

Powell Lake Prepares for Spring—and Fishermen

By VINCENT FORBES



How one of the well-known officials of the Powell River Sales Company handles the "big one that got away." This is what is known as the "Barclay Touch," and is undoubtedly familiar to many of our friends in Texas and other southern points who have lost the odd big one up Powell Lake.

IT was that big. I tell you, it was the biggest one I ever hooked into in my life. Took all my tackle, too."

Thus, invariably and inevitably, goes the trend of conversation whenever two or more enthusiasts of the hook-worm-gutted line fraternity get together. Some time ago someone suggested that, seeing that there was a Speaker's Club in Powell River, perhaps there should be a Liar's Club, too, but the idea was abandoned when it was realized that there were so many fishermen and would-be fishermen in the district. The results would probably be disastrous.

Powell Lake has, for years past, been the Mecca for the man who thrills to the song of the reel and the

flash of the silvery scales in the setting sun. Boats of every description and size are present in abundance, and during the week-ends a regular procession takes place up and down the lake. Some of these boat-owners are proud of the fact that they can whistle up to the head of the lake in next to nothing flat, and others are just content to putt-putt along and enjoy the scenery. Strange as it may seem, Powell Lake never looks the same twice. Through ever-changing light, wind and reflection, the hills surrounding the lake always appear in a different hue; the water may be multi-colored and placid as the proverbial mill pond, or a dull dirty grey and as rough as any of the seven seas.

"Here's one for Ripley. We see Bill Price palling up with a wild owl that flew into his Westview bus one day this month. The owl bopped in, dropped chummily alongside Bill, and rode around for the rest of the morning on the regular bus trips."



Each and every enthusiast who ever threw a line with a hook on it into Powell Lake has his own favorite haunt. Some say you can't beat Chip-pewa Bay; some state unequivocally that the Second Narrows reigns supreme; others claim Bear Tooth is tops; still others will hie themselves up to Goat Lake or Siwash where the "real big ones" come from—or so they would have you believe.

To those who have never enjoyed the experience, we believe that there is nothing that quite equals the thrill of hearing the sudden joyous outburst of the rapidly unwinding reel, the battle to bring the finny citizen of the deep to heel, and the feeling of exultation that comes over one when one looks at the catch lying in the bottom of the boat—after bopping him on the head several times—and you say to yourself, "B'gosh, we're not skunked anyway." Conversely, there is the experience of losing one that you were sure was the biggest you ever had.

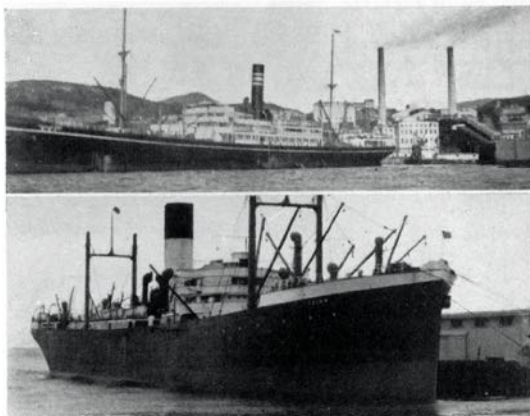
Perhaps you are a fly fisherman. Perhaps you would rather get up early in the morning and whip the waters of some quiet bay to a frenzy, or perhaps you would rather wait until the evening and get the late fishing. Perhaps you get a big thrill out of seeing the fly drifting lazily down stream, a sudden swirl on the surface, the scream of the reel, and the joy of pitting your nine feet of slender rod, a silken thread and your own wits against the mighty (you hope) finny denizens of the fresh water areas.

Spoon, worm, fly, float, plug—anyway you look at it, it is still a great sport. You get gobs of fresh air, you get sunburned, you get awfully wet sometimes, you sleep on rocks and boulders, you fall in the lake, get out and fall in again—and yet you always go back. Why? Well, of course, to get that "big" one that got away from you the last time—you know, the one that was the granddaddy of them all.

Marine Transportation at Powell River

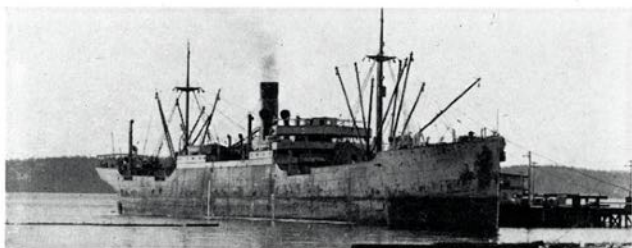
EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first of a series of two articles dealing with Marine Transportation at Powell River. The first deals with our shipments of newsprint and some of the deep-sea freighters which have entered our ports. The second will deal with our log hauls and general business of the port of Powell River.

Two big deep-sea freighters, of the type which frequently dock at Powell River wharf. Above, one of the big Japanese Maru boats; below, the S.S. Ixion, of the famous Blue Funnel Line.



MARINE transportation is the backbone of Powell River's industrial economic and social life. Every roll of the 700 tons of newsprint produced daily starts its journey to the publisher via the sea route; practically every ounce of food, machinery, merchandise and equipment purchased for subsistence of residents and maintenance of operations must enter by the sea route; every log rushing through the sawmill on its passage to the paper machines must be towed from the widely scattered booming grounds along the coast to the log pond in Powell River; every resident, vacationing in Vancouver or other favoured spots, must first step aboard one or the other of the numerous coastal vessels which call regularly at the Company docks.

To readers the spotlight of marine operations at Powell River naturally focuses on the shipment of newsprint. Each year approximately 200,000 tons of Powell River newsprint are loaded on passenger, freight, and other carriers for transport down the Gulf of Georgia. Powell River today is ranked as the fifth seaport in British Columbia. The harbor is sheltered from the storms of the Pacific; the largest ocean-going freighters may dock with safety at the wharves; ice congestion is unknown, and the port open for a continuous twelve months—a guarantee of uninterrupted service to customers. Direct trade routes lead to all parts of the world—to Australia, the Orient, United Kingdom, South America, and the Southern and Gulf seaports of the United States. The volume of shipping mov-



An interesting relic of past days. The old Waikama of the Canadian-Australasian Line. In 1914 she was the S.S. Schlesien of the North German Lloyd. She was the first British capture of the World War, taken in the English Channel on August 10, 1914. She was renamed the Waikama and later the S.S. Maritime.

ing in and out of Powell River assumes for a district of 7,000 people, tremendous proportions. In one year, for example, 1638 vessels of all classes, representing over two million tons of shipping, passed through the port.

A considerable percentage of Powell River's tonnage is billed to interior points in the Southern States. These orders, shipped via rail from Vancouver, must traverse the initial lap of their journey from Powell River by sea. All such shipments are handled through the medium of the Kingcome Navigation Company. The latter is a regular chartered transportation company, handling both incoming and outgoing freight.

Paper Shipments

The tug *Progressive* maintains a regular tri-weekly service between Powell River and Vancouver, carrying newsprint on the outgoing voyage and general freight and merchandise on the return trip. The newsprint is carried in large, water-

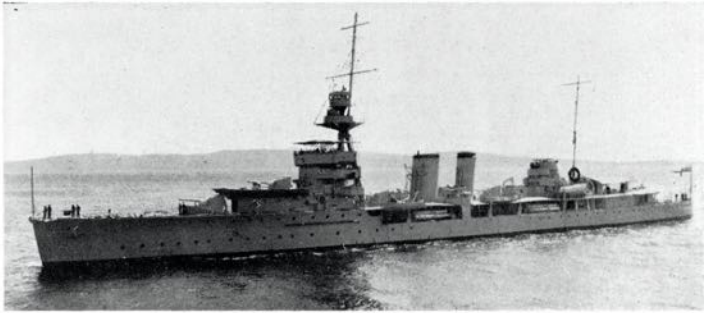
tight, covered house barges, built to company specifications.

Approximately 65,000 tons of newsprint are towed by Kingcome tugs down the Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver each year, and it is a source of no little satisfaction to officials that the careful consideration afforded to the design and construction of their covered barges has, during the past three years, practically eliminated insurance losses.

Deep-sea Carriers

Nearly two-thirds of the output of Powell River is carried to numerous and widely extended portions of the western hemisphere by ocean freighters. Practically all the well-known and recognized freight carrying companies on the Pacific send their deep-sea representatives to the docks at Powell River, where wharfing facilities are available throughout the year.

Included in the vessels of these big transportation companies which have in their lifetime carried newsprint direct to our customers, are some of



Another type of deep-sea carrier that has found frequent anchorage at Powell River. Above is H.M.S. Dragon of the West Indies Squadron, in Powell River in 1930. A sister ship, the Dauntless, recently captured the German liner Dusseldorf, off Chile.

the "crack" freighters of the Pacific—the Blue Funnel Line with the 10,000-tonners *Ixion* and *Protesilaus*; the Australian motorship *Hauraki*; and the big 10,000-ton *Limerick*; the rakish 10,000-ton "Maru" boats from Japan; the 5,000-ton "West" freighters; and in recent years the big ships of the Canadian Gulf Line, which have carried large consignments of newsprint to our customers on the United States seaboard. The S.S. *Nordnes*, *Minerva*, *Asbjorn*, *Elg*, *Edwin Christiansen*, *Stanley Griffiths*, are a few of the deep-sea carriers well known around the Powell River docks; and last, but by no means least, in the hearts and affections of Powell River residents, are those two stout, year in and year out coastal freighters, the *Kingsley* and the *Rosebank*, carrying newsprint to southern Pacific Coast ports, and the *Border King*, Puget Sound carrier of Powell River's product. Loading operations are carried on from the "top," with winches lowering the newsprint into the ship's

hold. All equipment used in handling paper on the deep-sea freighters has been designed and tested by the Powell River Company; the loading is accomplished by stout, specially constructed slings, which guarantee maximum protection to the rolls.

During a noon hour conference, an inspired quizzer asked Sam Chambers "who wrote 'Short'nin' Bread?'"

Before Sam could answer, twenty voices yelled, "My God, not that! Not that!"

* * *

And from reports trickling back from overseas there is little doubt that the Armentieres family is carrying on in the time-honored style—and that the daughter of Mademoiselle is still doing business at the old stand.

* * *

Heaven protect the working girl, and Heaven help the man she's working.

Around the Plant

The arrival of the Australians and New Zealanders in Suez was an interesting topic of conversation among local ex-servicemen, who know and appreciate the fighting qualities of the Anzacs.

Charlie Garrett dropped in last week, with this sage remark:

"The shepherds will have to watch their flocks by night (and by day) now!!!"

* * *

With the fishing season, like spring, just around the corner, Bill Barclay's special trap for unwary trout (shown elsewhere on these pages) promises to panic the lads whose luck hasn't been any too good in recent years. When we told Frank Nello about it, he took a new lease on life and started a special worm ranch at his West-view villa.

The method has great advantages to the hit and run fisherman like Pete Hunter or Dick Woodruff!!!

* * *

John McIntyre's "Pot of Gold" Safety Campaign paid good dividends to Arthur Kingsmill of the Barker Mill, who picked up a not-to-be-sneezed-at \$15.00 on last month's draw. If this keeps up the only accidents to take place will be when one of the boys crowns his sidekick for losing the department's chance of participation in the monthly prize.

* * *

"March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." We hope the

slogan runs true to form, but the first twenty-six days of March look like anything but a lamb to us, with the Federal politicians going into action about March 1st.

Looks like a windy month to us.

* * *

If these soul-shattering, vanity-destroying radio quizz programmes keep on at their present pace, a lot of hitherto peaceful citizens will be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. Somebody asked "What great baseballer gave 27 consecutive bases on balls?" and Watson McKnight lost two nights' sleep trying to figure it out. Joe Small, in disgust, finally yelled:

"Hell, the answer is Earl Dore! How about balancing up that column?"

* * *

Another bright lad in the Grinder Room asked Jimmy Jacobs if he knew the specific gravity of water, and Jimmy replied water was a grave issue at any time, but specifically so when they started putting it into beer.

"And I suspect they have been doing that for a long while," Jimmy muttered darkly, as he moved in the direction of the flume.

* * *

And then some bright quizzer asked Kenny McDonald what the term "Dissolution of Parliament" meant?

"The answer," said Kenny, "is in the bag."

Bill McGillivray

(Continued from Page 9)

Force, and was considered, even at that early date, a highly skilled mechanic. In the Air Force, he met Jim Macindoe, of our Insurance Department, and Walter Anderson, skipper of the Company tug *Progressive*.

The weather was cold at the Air Force camp in Toronto. It was cold in Boston. And it was cold in Bill's homeland, New Brunswick. The fascinating tales told by Air Craftsmen Macindoe and Anderson of sunny winter skies, chill-less winters and warm springs, started Bill westward.

Immediately after receiving his military discharge, Bill took up his belongings and headed west. He arrived in Powell River on February 22, 1919, to start work on the construction gang. He took a turn on the broke beaters, and in 1921 was transferred to the millwright's crew. In 1923 he was a regular Grinder room millwright, and in 1926 was promoted to head millwright of that department. In August, 1929, Bill's industry and energy earned him his second major promotion to Assistant Greenwood Superintendent. His big award came on February 1st of this year, when he was selected to succeed Ernest Ketchum as Superintendent.

Bill brings to his new post twenty years of steady experience and attentive study of both the mechanical and operating phases of the groundwood mill.

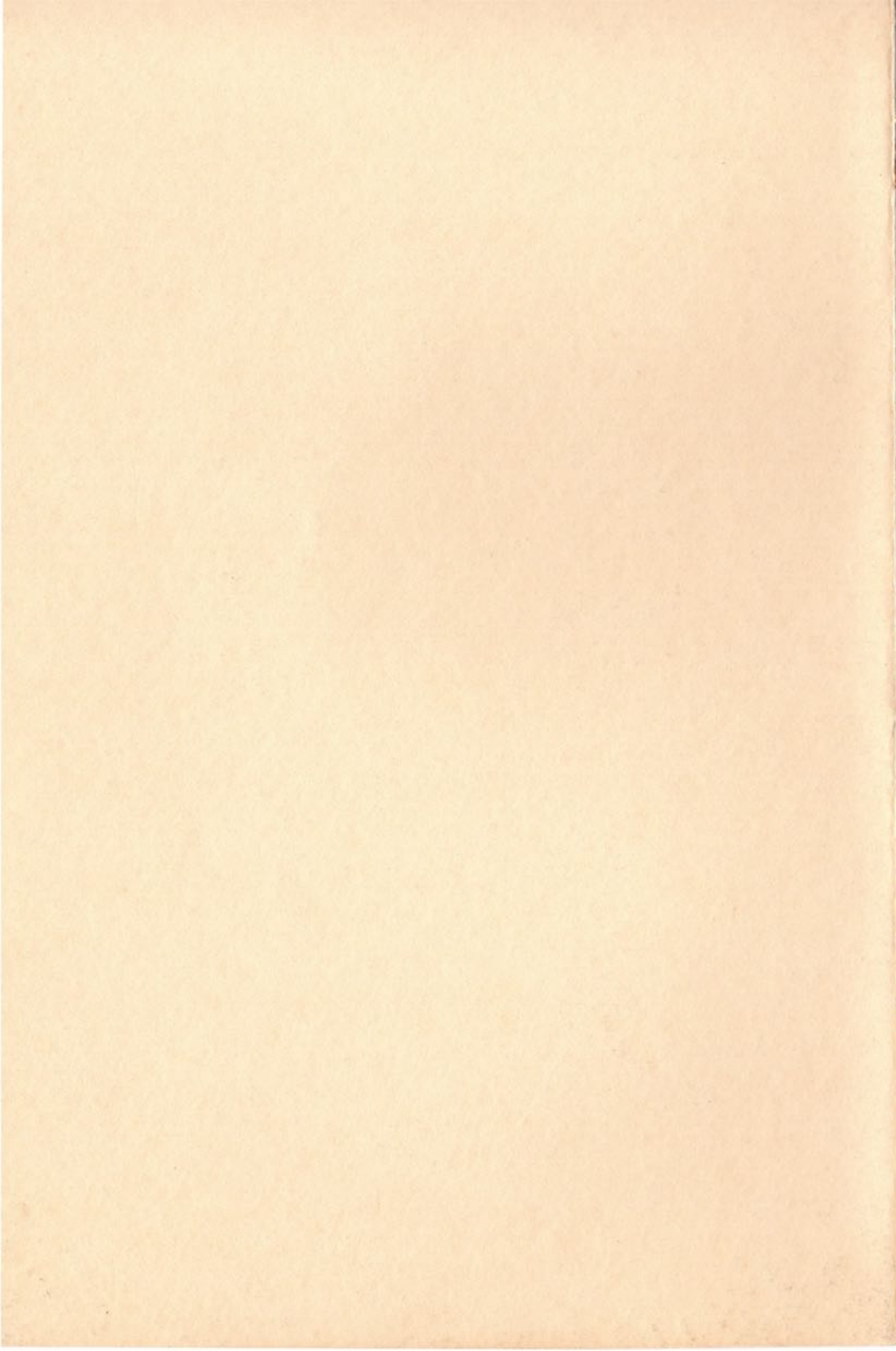
Charleston Searchlights

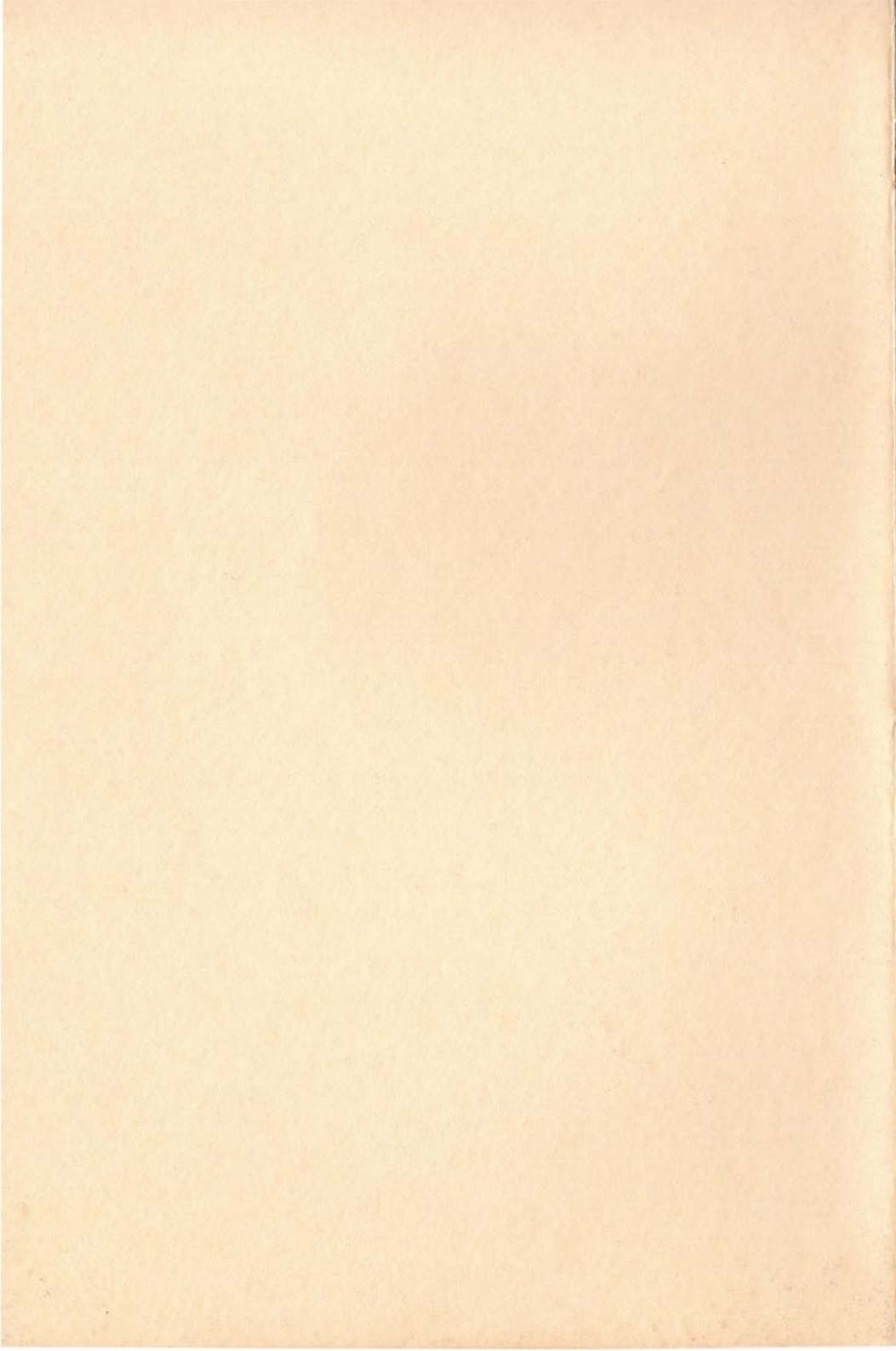
Our note in last month's issue about the old U. S. cruiser *Charleston*, now used as a breakwater in the Powell River Company log pond, brought the following interesting dispatch from Jack Graham, prominent Vancouver office clubman:

"I was quite interested in the article in the January issue of the DIGESTER respecting the U. S. S. *Charleston*. In her heyday she was a fine-looking ship, but she has certainly suffered a come-down. In this respect you might be interested to know that when I was in Calgary some four years ago attending the famous Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, the Royal American Shows were playing the Midway. One of their attractions was a battery of powerful searchlights mounted on a tower, and each night these searchlights would play across the sky and they could of course be seen for miles and miles. Anyway, at the base of the tower, on which the searchlights were erected, was a plaque to the effect that these searchlights were once part of the equipment of the U. S. S. *Charleston*."

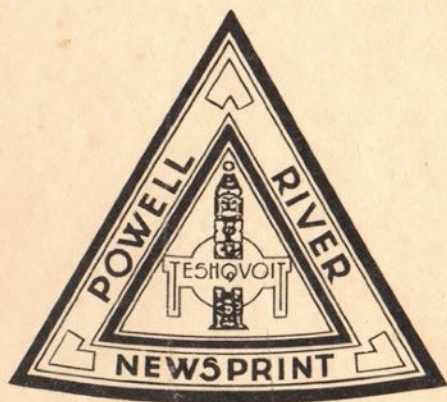
We wonder how many more souvenirs of the old *Charleston* are to be found in many and widely extended corners of the United States. Who has the ship's bell; where is the inevitable picture of the ship under full speed ahead that hung in the Captain's cabin; and the ship's compass; etc.?

Any further information, Jack!

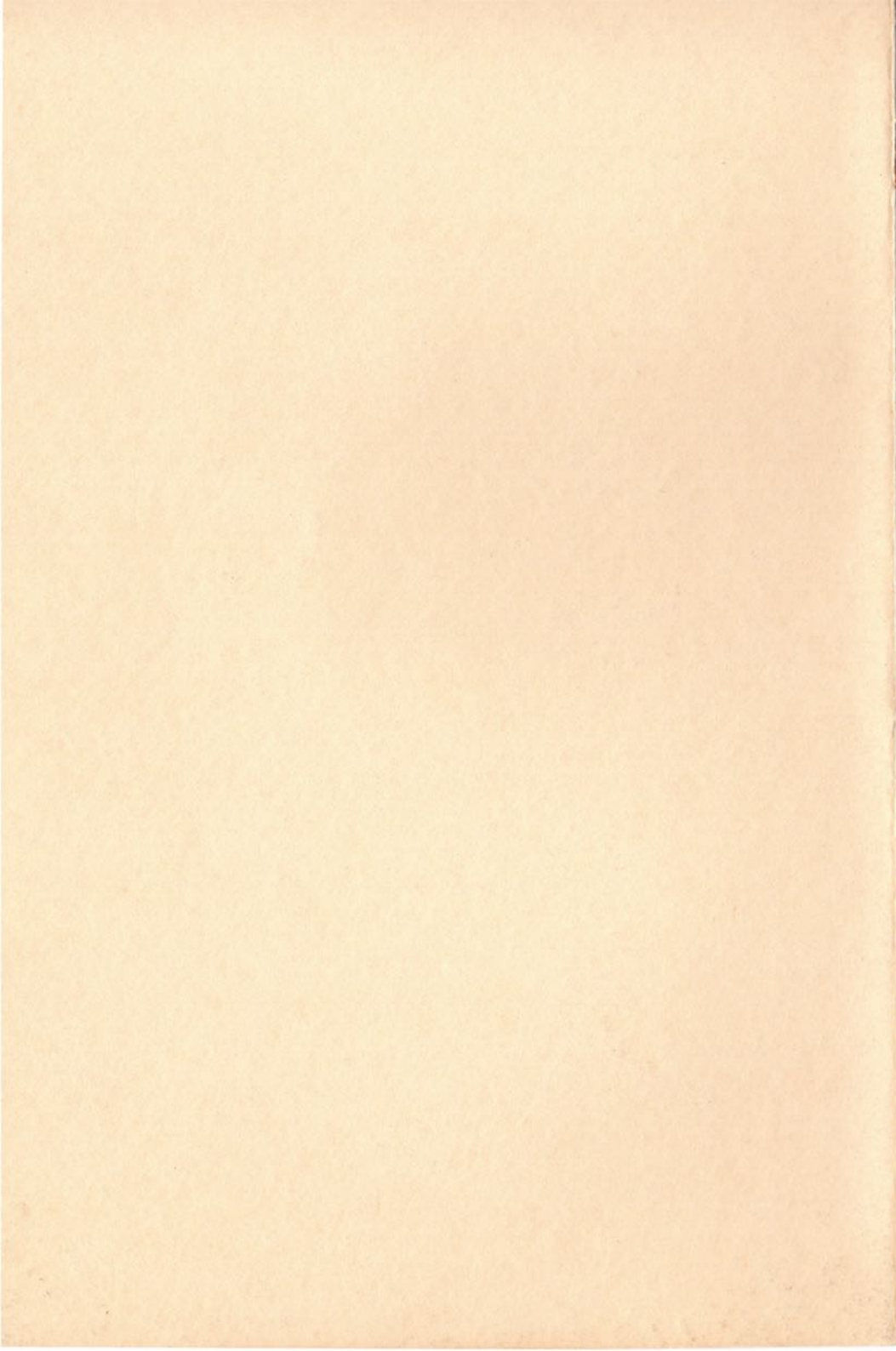


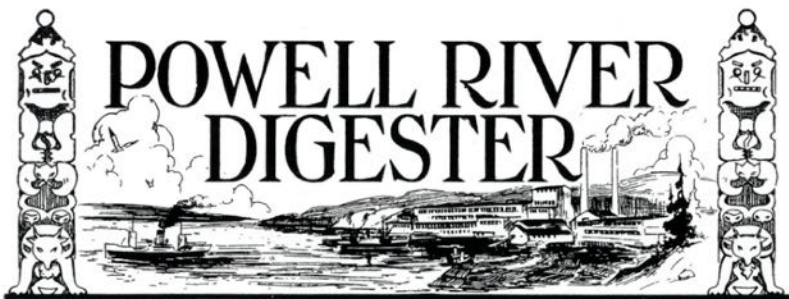


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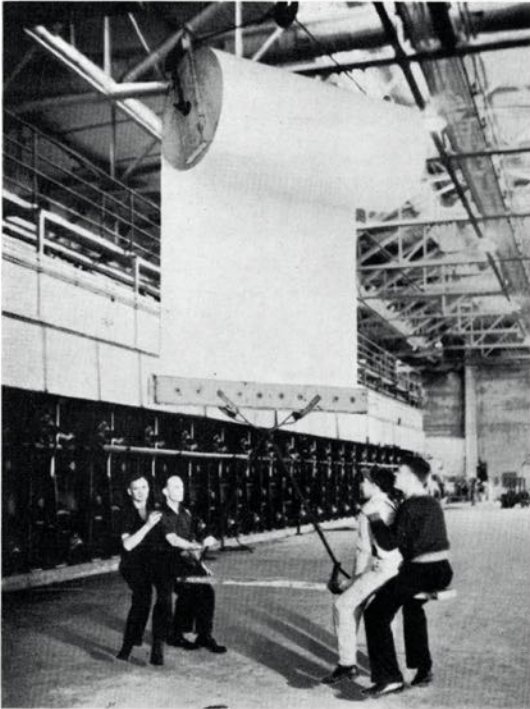
No. 3

The Big One!



The boys at Powell River are boasting of record catches these days. Here is the largest salmon, so far as records show, to be caught in Powell River. The steamer Tabiti makes a background for a 45-pounder, caught off the company wharf by the late George Knight in 1919.

About Complaints — Tensile Strength — Press Breaks



Interesting test, illustrating uniformity of tensile strength in a sheet of Powell River newsprint. The four company employees, weighing a total of 600 pounds, are supported by a 72-inch sheet of newsprint. This was an average roll, picked at random. It is not a set-up picture, but one reason why Powell River newsprint enjoys a wide reputation for the strength and stability of its newsprint.

PRACTICALLY every modern industrial firm today maintains a department where complaints are analyzed, studied, answered and where possible, rectified.

This is as true of the newsprint as of other businesses. And it is as true of Powell River as of other firms producing a similar product.

We have complaints about our product. So have the Gillette Razor Co., the Fuller Brush Co., Bethlehem

Steel, Sears-Roebuck—and every organization, large or small, doing business in the modern world. But withal, the Gillette still makes good blades, Fuller brushes have a world reputation, Bethlehem Steel is internationally famous—and we think in Powell River that our newsprint is well and favorably known in the markets of the Western Hemisphere.

Our Research and Control Department welcomes legitimate complaints, which, in many cases, result in further

improvements in our product. In many instances, complaints from customers have enabled us to make such improvement, and at the same time to make useful suggestions which have enabled publishers to improve their own technique. No firm worthy of the name has ever progressed without receiving and studying to rectify the just complaints of customers.

In one department of our newsprint, however, complaints are negligible—in fact, they are practically non-existent. The tensile strength of Powell River newsprint, the uniformity of its draw, has been highly satisfactory to our customers. Breaks on the presses are uncommon, and the strength of our newsprint, under active conditions, is a characteristic of which our operating and research departments are justly proud.

Strength in a newsprint sheet means not only tensile strength, but a strength derived from freedom from flaws and other imperfections which are responsible for tears, and which may cause interruptions and loss of time on the presses.

The science of newsprint manufacturing has not yet reached the stage where one hundred per cent perfection is possible. This will be apparent when one realizes that this science is based on the use of natural products which, in themselves, vary in characteristic and consequently may not react to a general formula. Each tree taken from the forest may have developed under varying conditions of moisture, light or soil—and over these things the research chemist in the

newsprint laboratory has no immediate control. All this renders uniformity of treatment difficult and compels constant adjustment to particular, rather than general, characteristics.

In the accompanying interesting photograph, something of the strength and resistance power of a Powell River roll of newsprint is shown. The total weight of the four men is approximately 600 pounds. An additional weight of 100 pounds is absorbed in the superstructure, slings, planks, etc., necessary. A total weight of about 700 pounds is therefore supported by a single sheet of newsprint, 72 inches wide.

Here again it is not only that the sheet supports the weight of the four men, but also that the tensile strength throughout the width of the sheet stood the uneven strain to which it was subjected. In actual practice, it is impossible to place four men of identical weights on the plank. The strain was not even or uniform. Yet the sheet stood the test without tearing or breaking.

This is one of the reasons why our operating staffs say "Use Powell River newsprint and minimize press breaks."

Under New Management

The wife of the proprietor of the "George and Dragon" had eloped.

"What be 'ee goin' to do, Garge, now the missus 'ave left 'ec?" asked one of his friends.

"Nowt," replied the publican. "I be just goin' to change t' old sign to 'The George'."

A Pioneer of B.C.'s Newsprint Industry



Norman Russell Lang

FOURTEEN years ago, on April 6th next, Mr. Norman Lang, one of the leading figures in the history and development of the Powell River Company, passed away. There are still hundreds of residents and employees who recall the late Norman Lang on his frequent visits to the plant.

Born in Vermont in 1863, Mr. Lang was associated for the greater part of his life with the paper industry. He was a leading figure in the industry during the early days of the century and the late nineties, when the industry on the Pacific Coast still wore its swaddling clothes.

In 1911 he was appointed Managing Director of the Powell River Company, and for 15 years he devoted his entire energy to the construction and development of the plant which today owes merit to his inspiration and leadership.

Around the plant today, among the old-timers, you still hear stories of Mr. Lang's trips to the plant; of his interest in every department; the personal unconduted tours, when he used to sit around for hours in the various departments, picking up his knowledge at first hand.

He had a deep interest in Townsite and welfare activities of Powell River, and it was his aim to establish a townsite that would be a credit to the company and a model in British Columbia industrial life.

Mr. Lang guided the destiny of the company through its most difficult period; through the anxious construction days, and through the years following, when our product was sent to the markets of the world.

Only last week Bert Honea, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, was in Powell River. He recalled the day when Mr. Lang, accompanied by Mr. G. F. Steele, came to Texas, sat on a dock all of one day watching the first Powell River newsprint to the Lone Star State being unloaded from a ship. It was during the period of 1911-1926, when Mr. Lang was Managing Director, that many of the enduring friendships with present

(Continued on Page 13)



In March the above group of press and ink experts dropped in for a quick inspection of the plant. Left: Jack Thorne, of the Winnipeg Free Press; Mike Lotbian, press superintendent of the Vancouver Province, and "Doc" Rutherford, of Ault, Wiborg Co., Vancouver. (If any of the old east-end gang see Mike with that hat—it's hats off to you, Mike!)

"Mike" Drops In

Above we show (centre) a well-known visitor to Powell River, Mike Lotbian, Press Superintendent of *The Vancouver Daily Province*, and C. K. (Doc) Rutherford, manager of Ault & Wiborg Co. of Vancouver, and Jack Thorne of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. Mike was on a busman's holiday, spending the day looking over the paper machines, examining samples from the rolls and arguing with the boys on the machines over the respective troubles of the paper maker and the pressman. In between times, he illustrated his side of the argument with a few representative stories, which Mike alone can tell.

Mike, like his old chief, Mr. Burd, President of *The Province*, figures that over a 30-year period he has, by his use of Powell River newsprint, acquired a part interest in the company. And Mike further presses his claim in proudly informing our paper makers that he worked for nearly a

year on Number 3 machine in the early days of Powell River.

A native son of Vancouver, Mike has grown up with the newspaper industry of that city. He sold papers around the streets in the early days of the century and started his career with the old *Vancouver Advertiser*, the famous morning journal of the city's pioneer days.

From the *Advertiser* Mike went over to *The Province*, where he worked his way up the pressroom ramp to his present position of superintendent. He is prominent in printing circles of the Pacific Coast, both as a leader in his trade and as a raconteur *par excellence*.

No less a raconteur than our own John McIntyre takes a back seat when Mike, who looks like an Irishman, but is really of Scots descent, starts in with "And, boys, that reminds me——"

Good printing, Mike!

The Pipe Band Starts Spring Skirling

Texas Visitors Receive Real Highland Initiation



Powell River's pipe band, new uniforms and all, are photographed in the top picture with Bert Honea (left centre), of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, and Vic Coudert, Vice-President, G. F. Steele & Co., New York. Below: Mrs. and Mr. Myer Donosky, of Dallas, Texas, occupy the post of honor.

POWELL RIVER'S Pipe Band has had its first official work-out since the kilts arrived. Early in March, our old friend Bert Honea, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, and Mr. and Mrs. Myer Donosky, *Dallas News*, Texas, dropped in for a short stay—and Harold Foley, bursting with local pride, asked Major John MacGregor to put the band through their paces.

Under the direction of Pipe-Major Bill Whyte, and clad in the glory of

the MacGregor tartan, the lads shook the rafters of Dwight Hall and frightened the life out of nearby inhabitants, who thought the big putsch had begun at last. It was our visitors' first introduction to a real Scottish band—a real one, Bert—and Myer and Mrs. Donosky were doing the Highland Fling before the evening was over. Mr. Donosky took a whirl at the sword dance—but said he'd sooner wrestle with a Texas longhorn than try to keep up with the pipes. And



Texas visitors and our own Major John MacGregor (right), snapped during an informal moment. The pipe band is in action "somewhere in the ball," judging by the visitors' smiles. Left to right: Bert Honea, Mrs. Donosky, Vic Coudert, Myer Donosky, Major John MacGregor.

we know how he felt—and so does every local resident who has ever tried to stop the boys once they get going.

Bert Honea managed a few "dinna kens" and "hoot mons," which Bill Whyte pronounced passable. Mrs. Donosky, mistress of psychology, complimented the boys on their smart uniforms, and Jock Menzies on his knees—all of which brought another barrage of "Bonnie Dundees" about their heads. And Bert Honea seemed to like it, for we have it on unimpeachable authority that his final remark was:

"I wouldn't have missed that for all the fish in the Yucultas."

And, lads, yon's high praise from a Texas longhorn!

Generous

Dora: "Have you contributed anything to the Old Folks' Home?"

Della: "Sure, a bank president and three brokers."

Guns—and Guns

Bill Roberts of the wharf, ex-machine gunner, explained why he preferred the Vickers to the Lewis gun.

"In that Lewis," Bill said, "the barrel gets hot after firing a couple of pans."

Lucky you weren't on the Bren gun, Bill. That's hot, now, and they haven't even fired it yet!

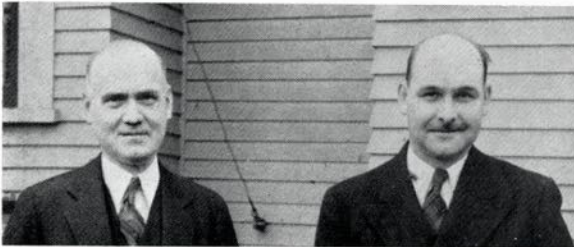
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Visitors

Another regular visitor during March was Harold Cove, of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., and Mrs. Cove. Harold, after spending the day discussing shipping with Angus Armour, took his inevitable look around the plant and townsite and found time to give us a few interesting sidelights on ships and shipping in war time—which we are saving for our next argument with Arthur Dunn, wharf shipping encyclopædia.

Minister Opens New Gymnasium

Hon. George Weir Officiates at Opening Ceremonies



Hon. George Weir, Provincial Minister of Education (left), photographed with John Waugh, supervising principal, Powell River and district schools, before the opening of the new gym.

ON Wednesday, March 6th, the new High School Gymnasium was officially opened by the Hon. George Weir, Provincial Minister of Education. The minister made a special trip from Victoria to officiate at the ceremony.

The gym will be a valuable addition to the recreative and welfare life of the district. It is a spacious up-to-the-minute building and one of which Powell River may be proud. The building is 60 feet by 100 feet, with a playing area 60 feet by 83 feet, and a basketball area 44 feet by 80 feet. Accommodation for three badminton courts, a volley-ball and handball court is provided.

Visitors Like It

Visiting athletic squads who were privileged to appear in the basketball finals this month declare the gym one of the finest they have played in. The lighting arrangements, which drew many enthusiastic comments, are in accordance with the most modern practice.

The building will be used as a com-

bined gymnasium and school auditorium, and a 11-foot by 40-foot stage is an important part of the installation. As an auditorium the building will accommodate approximately 600 people. When gym displays or basketball games are in progress, seating accommodation for two hundred and fifty spectators is available.

Physical Education

The new gymnasium building brings Powell River and District's educational facilities to a plane comparable with that enjoyed by students in the metropolitan areas. Physical education, today as important a subject on the school curriculum as history, arithmetic or geography, has now every indoor and outdoor facility at its disposal—and at its front door.

Teaching Standard High

The standard of public and high school education in Powell River has been admittedly on a plane equal to the best in the province. Teachers and supervisors have been possessed of first-class qualifications and essen-

tial academic standings. School equipment, educational and athletic, is superior to that of many schools in the province and equal to the best.



Stanley B. Macfarlane, townsite superintendent, who supervised the construction of the High School gymnasium. "Mac" was construction engineer when No. 7 machine room was built. He has some sound ideas on the type of construction he would place outside of Hitler, Goebbels & Co., and will guarantee the work.

The gymnasium brings the district into line with the larger centres of the province.

Dr. Weir, in his address to students at the official opening, emphasized these points and commended the Powell River Company for their in-

terest in and their material assistance to the course of education in this district.

Present with Dr. Weir on the platform were Mr. J. Waugh, Supervising Principal of the District schools; Mr. E. G. Daniels, Inspector of Schools; Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Vice-President of the Powell River Company, and Mr. D. A. Evans, Resident Manager; Mr. Myron McLeod, President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Joe Nixon, contractor, and Stanley B. Macfarlane, Townsite Superintendent, and supervisor of construction for the gymnasium.

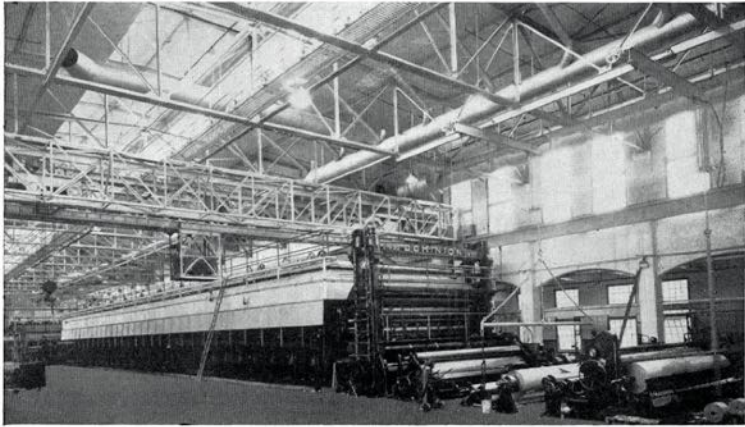
Abroad at Home

Carved on the tombstone of a citizen of Prague who died recently is the following epitaph:

"Here rests Josef Schmidt, who was born in Austria, lived in Czechoslovakia, and died in Germany, yet never left his native city, Prague."



Typical daily scene on the floor of the new High School gymnasium as the physical education classes go through their daily routine.



Powell River's No. 7 newsprint machine, running well in excess of 1250 feet a minute, is a modern example of the big newsprint machines of today.

The Newsprint Machine—Its History and Development

THE modern newsprint machine owes its development largely to three historical events in the history of the industry:

The invention of the first paper machine by Louis Robert in 1799.

The first Fourdrinier machine in 1804.

The discovery of the utility of wood pulp by Fenerty and Keller in 1840, with the consequent opening up of unlimited resources of pulp-wood on this continent.

Most paper makers are familiar with the model of the original Robert machine. Primitive, simply constructed, this progenitor of the modern paper machine would appear like the smallest tin toy beside our modern iron and steel giants. Yet in its essential principles the modern machine is

the Robert model, dressed, adorned and improved. An endless wire cloth carried stock then as now; primitive rolls, corresponding to our presses, squeezed out the water; the de-watered roll passed on to a receiving roll, which wound it up, after which it passed on to a few press rolls. The roll was then taken off and the sheet hung up to dry. Briefly, this was the principle on which the father of modern paper machinery worked. Hand drying has yielded to huge steam dryers; the old hand roll has been replaced by automatic rolls. Drying, winding and cutting are now all one operation, but the original design of Louis Robert still forms the foundation of the modern machine. With Robert's invention, the possibility of machine-made paper began



Machine room buildings at Powell River, where three of the big machines are housed. These buildings illustrate the exterior architecture of the modern machine room building.

to be realized. Leger Didot, also a Frenchman, purchased Robert's rights in his machine and, with his brother-in-law, John Gamble, brought the invention to England in 1800. The two partners improved Robert's design, and in 1803, at Frogmore, England, saw their efforts rewarded when the first machine actually built and successfully operated went into production.

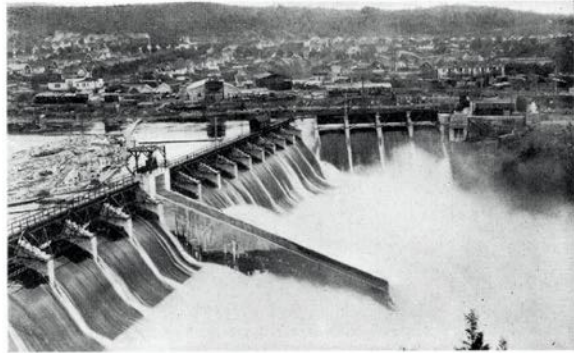
In 1804, the name of Fourdrinier, a name known to every paper maker, first made its appearance. Henry and Sealy Fourdrinier purchased patent rights from Gamble, and the original Robert invention became known as the Fourdrinier machine—a trademark which has been inseparably linked up with paper history for a century and a quarter.

It is a far cry from the crude machine of the 19th century to the mammoth creation of the present age. Each succeeding generation has contributed its brain and money to the perfection of our modern machines. Suction pumps were introduced in

1826; and later came the cone-drive steam dryers, and other technical advancements. There are paper makers yet living who can recollect the days when paper dryers were headless cylinders, with a wood fibre burning away in each dryer.

Speed, stability and increased capacities came with the twentieth century. The first Fourdrinier machine on the continent was brought from England in 1826. It was 60 inches wide. Not until the second half of the century were the first machines set up in Canada. In 1858 a mill in Upper Canada installed a machine running at 100 feet a minute, an almost incredible speed. In 1867 one of the Riorden mills placed a new machine in operation, which was considered one of the wonders of the continent. Early writers described it as "a mammoth plant, turning out 10 tons of news and wrapping paper a day." The late Mr. George F. Steele, eastern representative of the Powell River Company, one of the builders of the industry on this continent, once told,

And behind the modern newsprint machine are the necessary reserves of waterpower. Here is the dam at Powell River where the motive force, supplying our 700-ton plant, is stored.



on a trip west, how as late as 1880 and 1890 machines manufacturing 30 tons of newsprint daily attracted curious and astounded visitors from all corners of the States.

How the old hand paper maker of a century ago would stare at the gargantuan mass of machinery now installed in the modern paper mill. The primitive machine of the middle nineteenth century, 60 inches wide and running at 100 feet a minute, has been replaced by the modern giants, over 200 inches in width and running in excess of 1200 feet every sixty seconds.

Today, in our Powell River plant, we have the last word in newsprint machine construction—the culmination of the improvements which modern skill has added to Robert's first design. The modern No. 7 is designed for speeds up to 1400 feet a minute. Where the "mammoth" mill in 1867 turned out 10 tons of newsprint a day, our No. 7 alone produces daily 15 times that amount.

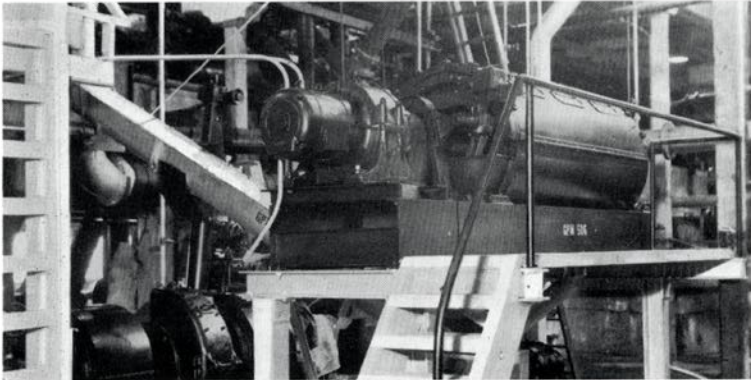
Powell River's seven newsprint machines tell the story of paper machine development in 30 years. In

1911, two machines, 145 inches and 155 inches in width respectively, running at 660 feet a minute, were in operation. Two years later, two additional machines, 184 inches wide, increased the machine complement to four. The years 1925-1927 witnessed a great forward step. Two machines, their width increased to 234 inches and their running speeds to 1000 feet a minute, showed the trend of the modern industry. And three years later, in 1930, came the seventh machine, which is designed for a speed of 1400 feet a minute. This single machine, running to capacity, has a daily output considerably in excess of the two machines installed in 1911.

What size and what speeds will newsprint machines eventually attain? This question only the future may determine. Generally speaking, the tendency today is against constructing larger machines until the other links in the chain—new methods of drying, calendaring, etc.—have been perfected. It is unlikely that the next decade will witness any radical alteration in the size of the present ma-

(Continued on Page 16)

New Refiner Installed



The new Bauer refiner, installed in March, which will assist in reclaiming pulp fibres formerly rejected.

ANOTHER interesting addition to the present plant installations is seen in the above photograph of the new Bauer Refiner, designed to further increase efficiency and promote economy of production.

Inevitably, in the ordinary course of operations, a small percentage of the many cords of wood passing daily into the grinding machines will escape complete mastication. During the day's operations, coarse bundles of fibres, not fully refined, escape the grinding process. These fibres are naturally rejected as too coarse for our newsprint.

Under the Bauer process, the more suitable of these bundles of coarse fibres may be refined and broken up, and so rendered useful for further production.

Hitherto these rejected fibres have been lost to the newsprint process;

through the new refiner, several tons may be reclaimed daily.

A Pioneer of B. C.'s Newsprint Industry

(Continued from Page 4)

users of Powell River newsprint were made.

Today, Mr. Lang's family is prominent in the industrial and social life of British Columbia. His wife still resides in Vancouver. A daughter, Sally, is married to Colonel Harry Letson, one of B. C.'s leading active military officers, in charge of Military District No. 11. A son, Norman McKee Lang, is well known in the business life of Vancouver.

"I think Salome's dance before Herod lacked originality."

"Why?"

"It was just a take-off from start to finish."

The 2700-foot wood stave pipe line crawls snake-like along the banks of Lois between the temporary and permanent dam sills.



Around the Plant

Pamphlets Ahoy!

CHARLIE GARRETT tells the latest pamphlet story from England. A young aviator, returning from a leaflet raid over Germany, arrived back at his base two hours ahead of schedule, much to the astonishment of the C. O. The following dialogue ensued:

C. O.: "Did you drop all those pamphlets over Berlin?"

Aviator: "Yes, sir, as soon as I got over the city I dumped them over-side."

C. O.: "Do you mean to say you dumped the bundles out without untying them?"

Aviator: "Yes, sir."

C. O.: "Good heavens, man! You might have hurt somebody."

* * *

Harold Foley states that the climate of the Western Canadian coast grows on a fellow.

"Take the Christmas holidays, for example," Harold enthused. "I even passed up a trip to Florida in favor of this mild, bracing climate. In fact, I like it so much I haven't crossed over to the States for nearly a year. Great climate, British Columbia."

* * *

Our visitor from Bend, Oregon, last month—Paul Hosmer, editor of the *Brooks-Scanlon Pine Echoes*, thinks this is God's country. Paul dropped into the Government liquor store for a little light refreshment in the shape of a \$1.60 bottle of rye. He handed Bill Tompkinson a twenty-dollar American bill. Bill smiled genially, passed back the bottle of rye, a twenty-dollar Canadian bill, and 40 cents change.

"It's the first place I ever struck," said Paul, still a bit groggy, "where they pay you for drinking good liquor. Wait till I tell Harry Brooks about that one!"

Election Day

There is a decided suspicion in certain local households that husbands and wives didn't carry out their pre-election vows to each other. One of the lads in the mill tells us his wife and himself couldn't see eye to eye on the respective candidates. So they both agreed to stay home and not vote—at least the husband suggested this. Why walk all the way to the polls when we only cancel our votes, was the idea.

Hubby smiled to himself. On election day he bid his wife a fond farewell, went to work—and at noon dropped up to cast HIS ballot.

He met his wife coming out of the polling booth!

* * *

Election day was a real holiday for many overworked housewives.

"Why, yes, Mrs. X, we will send a car for you. . . . Oh, you can't get away on account of the baby. . . . Ha, ha, Mrs. X, think nothing of it, we'll have a girl up there in five minutes to look after your sweet child."

One Powell River lady tried to work it again on Wednesday morning—the phone was disconnected!

* * *

Frank Missed It!

Frank Flett is back after a month's circuit of the eastern townships and way points. Visited several eastern mills, missed seeing the Leafs playing hockey—but has a lot of inside dope on the World Series (1940) for the boys. We can't give the stuff away for Frank has promised to write his

eastern experiences in our next issue. He will explain to Babe Gahan and Gord Thorburn just why he missed the big game in Toronto. An explanation is needed, Frank.

* * *

Dan Studies Diesel

Word comes from naval headquarters that Dan Wallace, former steam plant engineer, is studying Diesel and other special engineering work. Dan is in the artificer's branch and finds his new instruction interesting. Asks to be remembered to all the boys. Says the navy is on its toes, as always.

* * *

We're With You, Sam!

Someone asked Sam Rees the day after the Altmark incident who he was voting for in the coming election.

Sam, still picturing the Cossacks' boarding party and his own Q-boat days of the last war, promptly replied: "Winston Churchill!"

He's a cinch, Sam, even in Calgary!

* * *

And up in the office, Harry Grant, one-time scion of the local bachelor club, returns for several months, but alas, no longer in good club standing.

Girls, it is now Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grant—and with a mutual sigh for the days of yore, we welcome them both to Powell River.

* * *

Well, it's the end of March—and not a frozen tap in the townsite, the fuel bill low, no frost, six hours of snow in fifteen months—bring on your Californias. No wonder Harold Foley likes our climate.



Powell River's Lower Mainland Intermediate "A" basketball champs. Top row, left to right: Norman Birt, "Cy" Rennie, Ben Birt (manager and coach), Bob Craig, Jim Hunter. Bottom: Bert Grundle, Alton Anderson, Harry Hunter.

Play-down in New Gymnasium

Powell River basketballers are again in provincial headlines, as the B. C. play-downs get under way. The local Hotel Rodmay squad defeated Vancouver Comets to gain the Lower Mainland Intermediate "A" title. The lads are now shooting for the provincial championship.

The Rodmay team of Powell River home-brews have been playing together for the past four years. As intermediate "B" the same squad won the B. C. title. They have stuck together, taken their game seriously, and developed a cohesion and aggressiveness hitherto lacking in most locally sponsored clubs. They were full quota for their win over the flashy Vancouver Comets, against whom they presented one of the best defences seen in the district for many years.

With the new gym now in opera-

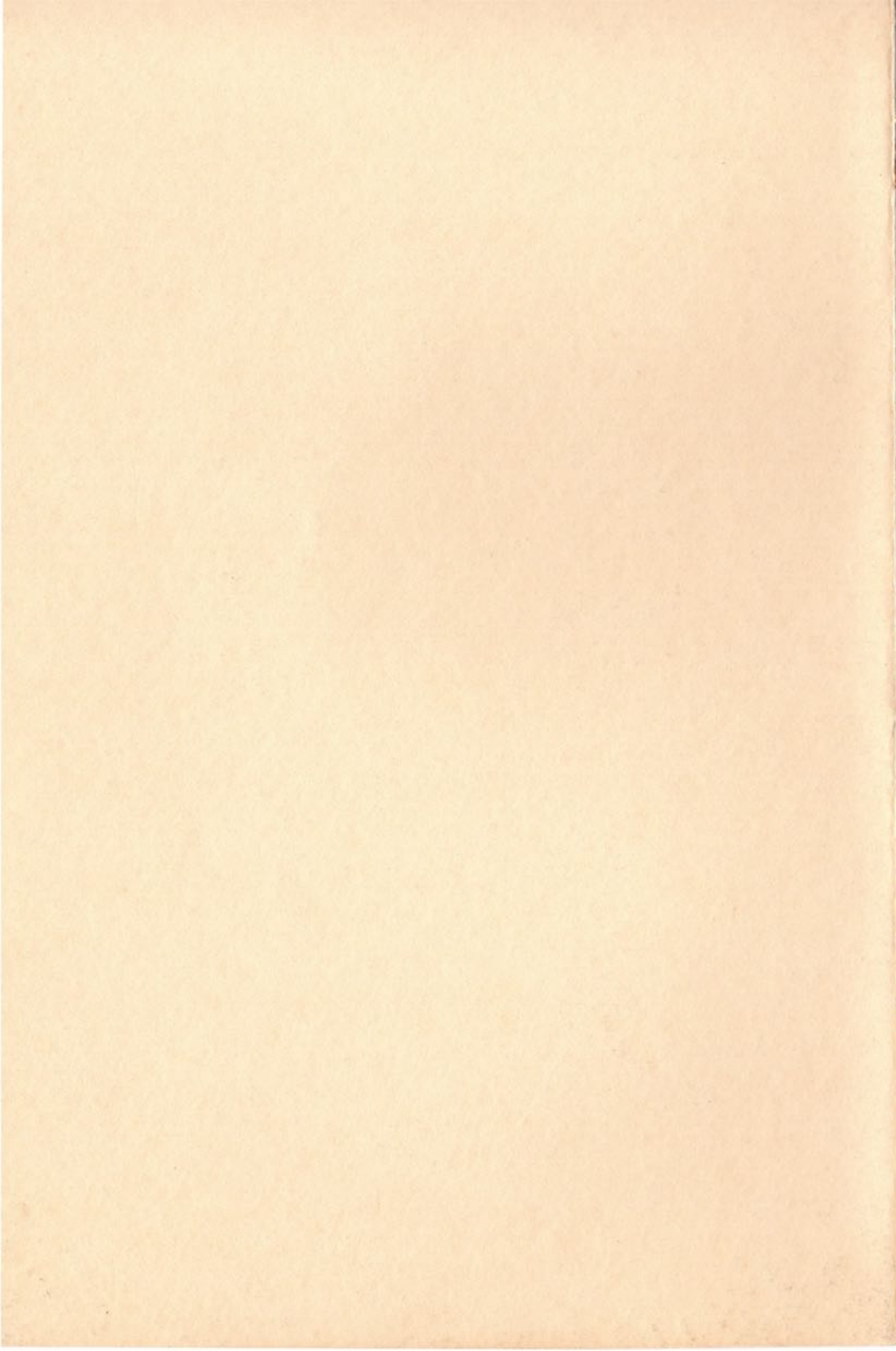
tion, the calibre of local basketball is likely to improve. With a regulation floor and ceiling, the flat trajectory shooting and the narrow floor which has detracted from local victories in large outside gyms, will disappear. The boys will meet their opponents under equal conditions.

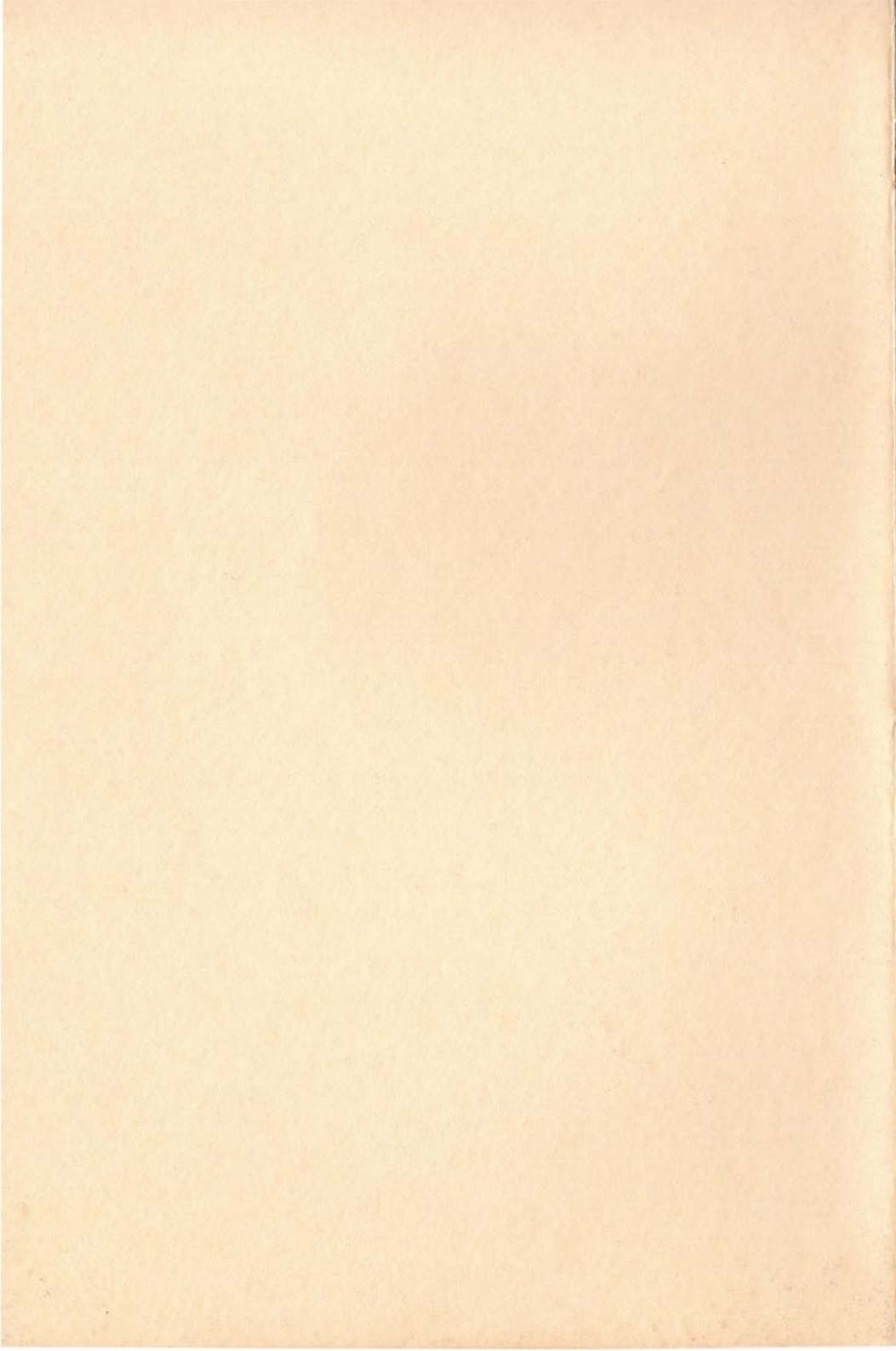
Benny Birt, of the Office, is coaching the Rodmay boys, and his conscientious, experienced help has been a major factor in the team's success this year.

The Newsprint Machine—Its History and Development

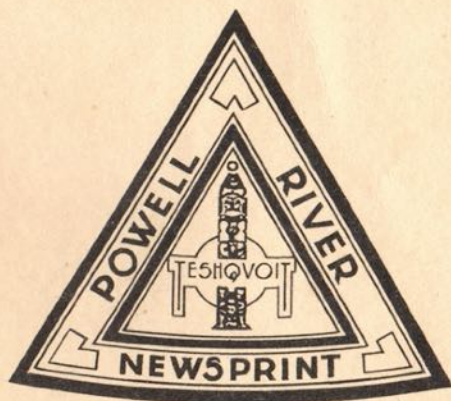
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chine. The principal changes will come in improved drying methods, in new modes of calendering, in the hundred and one smaller improvements, which will increase the quality of the paper and the efficiency of the present machine.

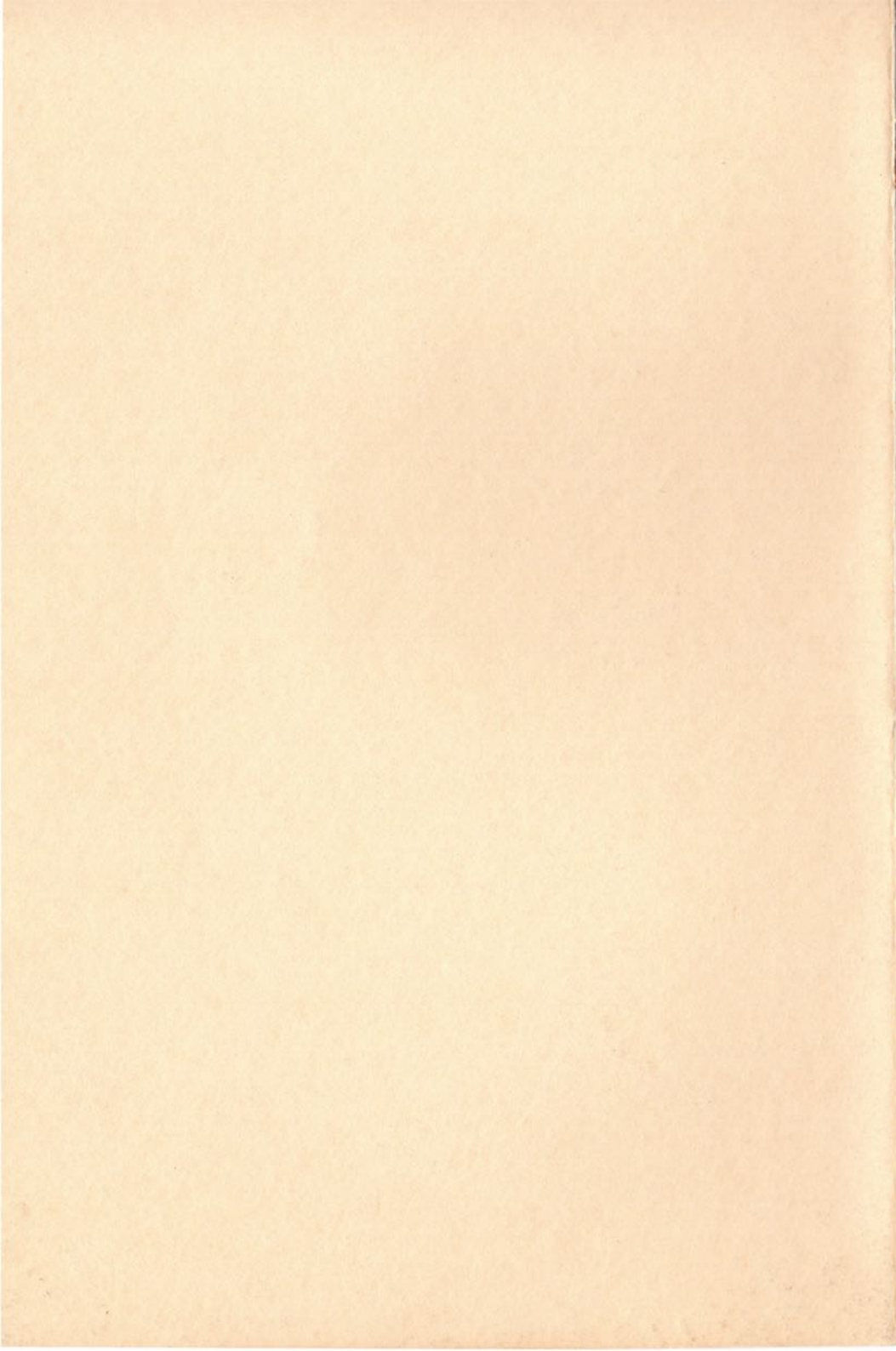




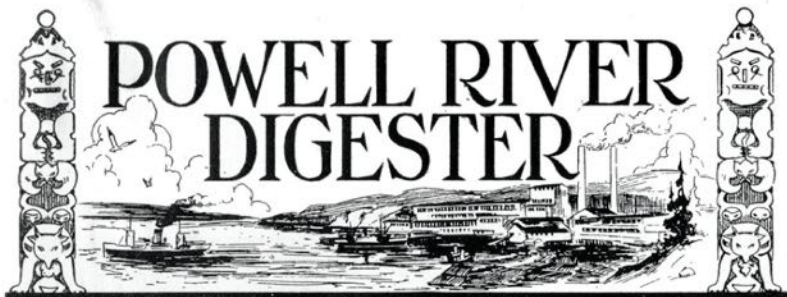
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POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



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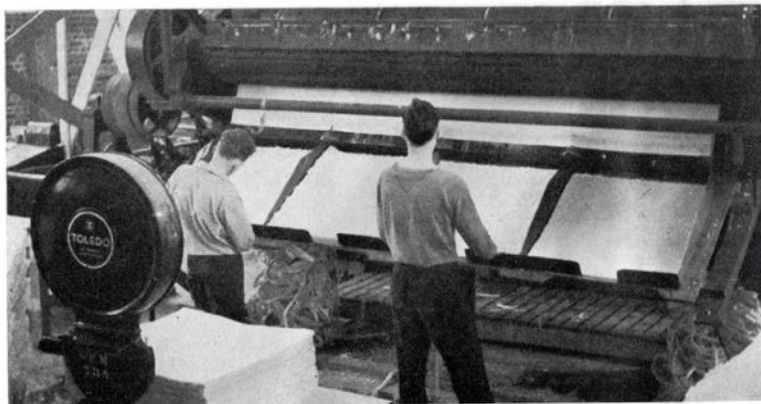
APRIL, 1940*

No. 4



Transportation methods vary in various countries. The above shows how newsprint is handled in certain Oriental ports where manpower is still more important than machinery. This method is, however, not likely to commend itself to local paper makers.

About Sulphite Pulp — Present and Future



"Bowser" Morris Wright and Paddy Price handle the sheets of sulphite pulp as they come from the Kamyrr machine.

Last month we talked a lot about our newsprint, about tensile strength and other qualities. We ventured the modest belief that Powell River newsprint was a pretty reliable, all-round friend in the pressroom of many well-known journals.

In this issue we modestly draw our readers' attention to another manufactured product of our plant—sulphite pulp. The sulphite field is a comparatively new pasture for Powell River. It is only within the past few years that we have produced a specially manufactured sulphite pulp for export.

Our chemists and operating staffs have felt their way gradually in the new process. Many experiments were made, many initial mistakes overcome before satisfactory results were ob-

tained. Finally, about a year ago, our first Kamyrr pulp machine was installed. Today the machine is working steadily and an excellent grade of sulphite pulp is being produced. The present output is about 30 tons a day of 55 per cent air-dry sulphite pulp. Into this particular grade our operating and chemical staffs have put the same study, research and care as they have into the study of their specialty, newsprint.

This was the first stage of a careful approach to the question of a satisfactory export pulp. We are about to enter the second phase, with the addition, within the next few weeks, of a modern drying section to our existing Kamyrr equipment—and the consequent production of 100 per cent air-dried sulphite pulp.

We believe our sulphite pulp will be a pretty good pulp. We believe it will compare in quality and all-round usefulness with our newsprint. It will be subjected to the same constant research and study for improvement. If we can offer these guarantees, and we are certain we can, we hope that Powell River sulphite pulp and Powell River newsprint will be synonymous terms for reliability, quality and service.

Purchasers of newsprint, pulp and similar products, must endeavor to assure that their requirements will be available when and where needed. Producers manufacturing on the Pacific Coast of British Columbia probably afford this protection to a greater degree, year in and year out, than producers located elsewhere.

The Powell River Company, since 1912, has furnished to customers in many countries regular and steady supplies of high-grade newsprint, and

looks forward with confidence to the future with old friends using our newsprint and new ones our sulphite pulp.

Origin of "Foolscap"

The name "foolscap" given to paper came from the story of a half-witted boy who while playing on a big rock near his home one day dropped his linen cap into a depression in the rock which was filled with water from a passing shower, and for amusement took a stone in his hand, pounded his cap until it was beaten into a pulp and went away and left it. The sun dried off the water and the pulp spread evenly over the surface of the depression became a sheet of paper, and a man coming along sometime later found it, and picking it up exclaimed, "Hello, here's the fool's cap." Hence, paper made from pure linen from then on was called "foolscap."



Wrapping up sulphite pulp. The pulp is carried along the rollers seen in the picture, wrapped and picked up by the boist seen in the upper left and transferred to waiting flat cars.

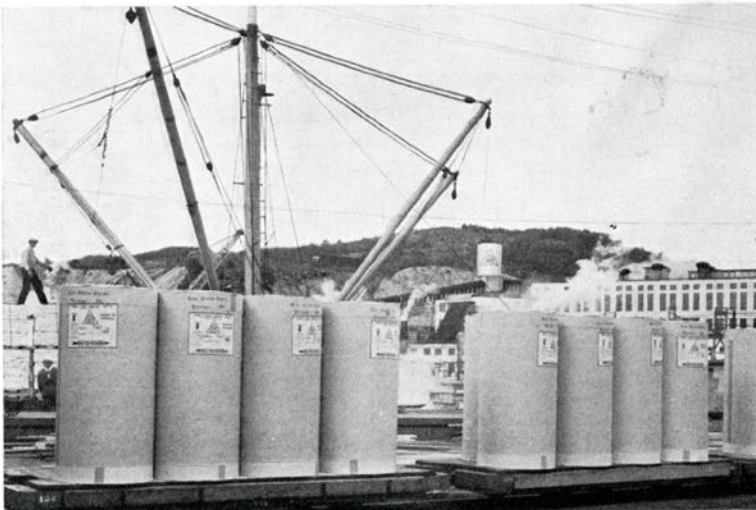


Shipments of Powell River pulp on the wharf in the process of transference to the coastal steamer "Bervis."

Two Kindred Shipments

On this page we show shipments of finished newsprint and sulphite pulp, baled and ready for shipment. We caught an order of newsprint for the San Diego *Union Tribune* as it left the machines on its way to the

waiting freighter. At the other wharf the little coastal steamer *Bervis*, her spars protruding cheekily above the wharf, takes on a load of sulphite pulp. Both shipments are stoutly packed to withstand all handling and scuffing *en route*.



Rolls of newsprint for the San Diego Union Tribune on the wharf at Powell River. The rolls have just left the mill and are ready for shipment.

The Sliamon Braves

Canada's Only Organized Indian Soccer Eleven

By DAWSON PIRIE



Pat McGuinness (left) posed with his famous all-Indian Sliamon soccer eleven. The Indians are nippy footballers, and this year have made a very strong showing in the competitions.

Powell River's soccer fraternity lay claim to the unique distinction of having the only known all-Indian soccer team in Canada playing in any organized league, and the honor for organizing and coaching of this team goes to P. J. A. "Pat" McGuinness, day school teacher at the nearby Sliamon Indian reserve.

For years several of the braves have been playing with our other teams locally, but it was not until "Pat" took over his duties last year that they were ever organized into a unit strong enough to compete in the district league, but in this, their first year, they have been in all cup finals of the four Powell River trophies, winning the coveted Falconer Shield.

To dyed-in-the-wool soccer fans this may seem like a come-down for the Old Country's national game, but the enthusiasm shown the braves by local experts leaves nothing to be desired in the way of sportsmanship.

Pat Plans Tour

As a means of encouraging his charges to carry on, Mr. McGuinness is already laying plans for a tour of several B. C. cities and towns next year, which no doubt will meet with instant response from outside clubs.

"Pat" plans to have a junior team ready by next season, and if the other clubs are not careful the redmen will be scalping them of all local soccer honors.

Looking Around Our Suburbs

Suburban Powell River Enjoys Wide Expansion in Past Ten Years

WHEN statistics are compiled relating to the Powell River area the term "Powell River and District" is commonly used. Seven athletic organizations have the "and District" affixed to their title. We have the Powell River and District Football Association, the Powell River and District Basketball Association, etc.

The addition of the words "and District" to the Powell River area has been the result of fifteen years' steady expansion of the industrial, civic and social life of the old Powell River area. In 1920, immediately following the first World War, practically the entire population of the Powell River area was confined within the limits of the Powell River Company townsite. Outside of this area a few hardy souls had built homes, accessible only to Powell River by trail or bridle path. Roads were few, and, save for old logging grades, non-existent.

It was in this period between 1920 and 1923 that the Dominion War Settlement Board threw open land in the outlying areas to ex-servicemen. A large acreage was thus made available. The allocation of the land was made on the lottery system. Ex-servicemen applied to the government under the War Settlement scheme and drew their lots from the hat.

In this fashion we may trace the real beginning of the present Powell

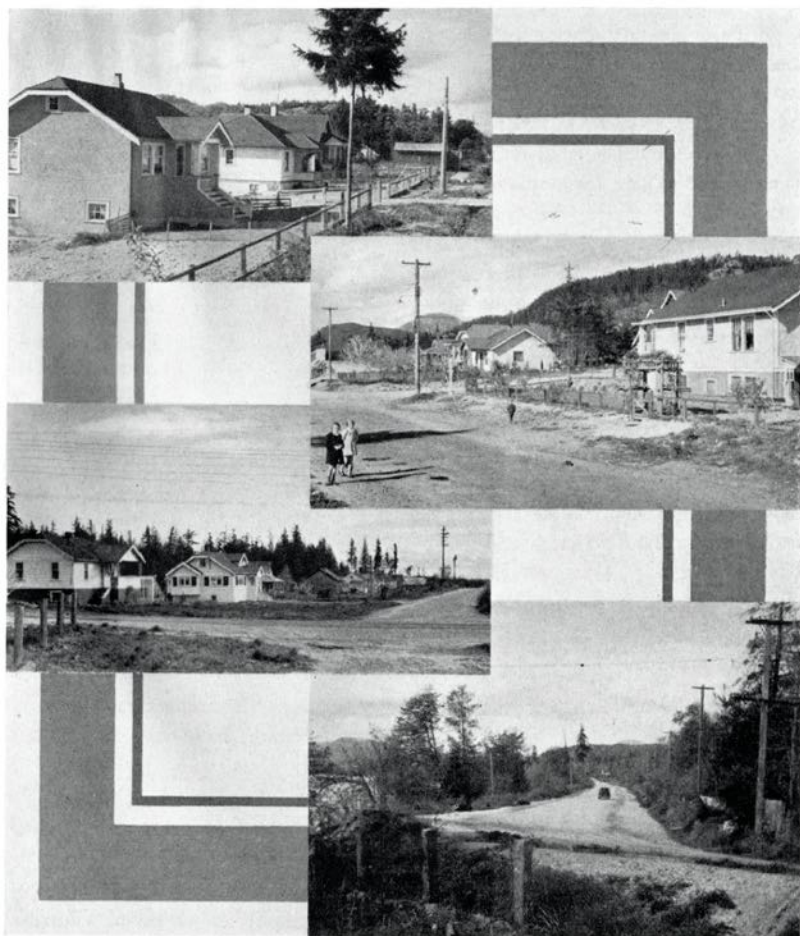
River metropolitan area. Many company employees, fortunate enough to draw choice selections of land, moved out, went to work with horse, plow and elbow grease, and started a small house building boom in the surrounding areas. Clearing operations completed, the lucky land owner, in many cases, sub-divided his property and sold one and two-acre lots to ambitious fellow workers. The process of moving to the suburbs slowly increased until 1925. By this time three small communities, Westview, Cranberry, and Wildwood, had sprung up. Homes were still scarce and widely scattered, but the beginning of a suburban area was definitely under way.

In 1925 the Powell River Company started an extensive expansion project which increased output from 250 to 500 tons of newsprint daily. A corresponding increase in plant personnel followed, along with the addition of many hundreds of temporary construction workers. Despite an expanded building program within the townsite, the housing accommodation was insufficient for the big influx of temporary and permanent workers during the following three years.

Something in the nature of a boom developed in suburban home building. The population of these areas increased three and four fold. Business houses sprung up on all sides; the corner grocer, the butcher, the baker

(Continued on Page 8)

The Big Outside Spaces



Various glimpses of the Powell River suburbs showing some of the homes that have been recently erected in the area. Upper left are some of the newer homes in Westview. At right centre we have a glimpse of the Edgehill road in Cranberry. Lower centre shows one of the cross-roads at Westview with newly completed homes in the foreground. Lower right is a view along the main Powell River-Grief Point bigway. All the main thoroughfares linking up Powell River with its suburbs are now hard-surfaced, a process which has been extended to some of the secondary roads. The expansion of road facilities in recent years has opened up many scenic trips for Powell River motorists.

Looking Around Our Suburbs

(Continued from Page 6)

all sold their wares to a steadily increasing population.

In 1930 the installation of No. 7 machine room started another construction era in Powell River, and the suburbs of Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry enjoyed further popularity as a residential area for employees and business men. Since that period a steady increase in building has taken place. Many employees preferring rural to urban life, have built new residences for their families in one or other of the three districts. Many fine and improved homes are now seen in areas that fifteen years ago were nothing but the gaunt stumps of logged out areas. Roads have been built and improved. Wide thoroughfares link up the districts with Powell River. Regular transportation by modern diesel driven buses bring employees to and from the plant in less than ten minutes.

The various districts have their own community control and organization. Electric light, water, and all modern facilities are available to the householder. The community spirit is high, and Powell River suburban areas have passed the pioneer stage.

The suburbs have arrived.

The combined population of the three main suburbs of Powell River is in excess of 4000. Several score of small business houses have been securely established, bringing employment, directly and indirectly, to several hundred people.

Behind this story of the growth and

expansion of Powell River and District are the mills at Powell River, around which the basic prosperity of the entire district and the growth of suburban industrial business and social life has been built.

Thirty years ago it was the old logging camp of Powell River. Today it is Powell River and District.

In Training.



Leonard Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor of Powell River, has recently enlisted with the famous Vancouver Seafortbs and is now training somewhere in the east.

Customer (having a rough shave):
"I say, barber, have you got another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

Customer: "I want to defend myself."

A distinguished visitor at a lunatic asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator:

"Look here, girl, do you know who I am?"

"No," came back the calm reply, "but I know where you are."

Visitors



Robert Southam (left), of Ottawa, and Gordon Southam, of The Vancouver Daily Province, pose for our photographer at the Powell Lake boathouses.

Among our visitors during the month were two well-known representatives of Canadian journalism, Gordon Southam, of the *Vancouver Daily Province*, and Robert Southam of Ottawa. It was the latter's first trip to Powell River. The party, which included Mr. and Mrs. Bill Barclay and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Herb, spent a couple of days up Powell Lake, and from ringside reports did quite well in their contest with our lake trout.

Bill Barclay, of the Powell River Sales Company, was again tail man in the fishing competition. Bill hasn't done so well the last couple of years with the rod and line. He has been taken over the fishing bumps by at least two Texas publishers, three Seattle pressmen and half a dozen California editors and journalists—and now an inexperienced citizen of Ottawa shows him the way to cast.

Vancouver Office

Down in the Vancouver office the boys and girls have finished up another bowling season, which was

topped off by their annual banquet on April 29.

Ken Kington, the *de luxe* pin spiller of the Standard Bank Building, piloted his team, the Brownes, to a victory over Dave Johnston's Powcoes.

Dot Brown walked off with high honors in the ladies' section, and Dot, among her other accomplishments, now adds bowling to her list. A yearly average of 146.5—which is better than Roy Foote can do when he's on. Ella Williams won the high three with a total of 587 and tied with Vera Marlatt for high single score, 271.

Ken Kington won out in the men's division with a mere 197.81 for the year. Woody Woodhead won the high single with 318.

These are a few of the highlights compiled by chief reporter Dave Johnston, who has also listed the averages of the entire office league, perhaps hoping we had three or four extra pages to spare. Major MacKenzie is listed with the boys, and after nine games compiled a 147 average, which left him pretty well at the bottom of the heap. And while on the subject, our little playmate Peggy Darby didn't do much better in the girls' division. We understand there is a reasonably good explanation for Peggy's laxity in bowling, and it helps explain why Grace Cooper is in the bottom half of the girls' averages.

What they need down there is a good psychologist. Perhaps Clare Cunningham will fill the bill.

Two Highlights in B. C. Pulp and Paper History

First Mill at Alberni—First Newsprint from Powell River



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

IN recent historical sketches we have provided our readers with some general historical facts relating to the newsprint industry. Here we tell briefly something of the history of the industry in our own province of British Columbia, and something of the influence of our company in shaping the growth and development of newsprint in British Columbia.

While the real history of the industry in B. C. starts with the development of newsprint production in 1912, the background has its roots in the late days of the 19th century, with the installation of the first paper mill ever erected in the province of British Columbia at the Vancouver

Island centre of Port Alberni. This plant has no influence in the subsequent history of the industry. It is important only as the first attempt of its kind, and as a beacon light to guide future paper prospectors.

The original Alberni enterprise was an ill-timed and ill-starred venture. The equipment was old, second-hand rag machinery imported from England. In the midst of the finest wood pulp stands in the world—rags, ferns and other miscellaneous materials were used for stock. A Port Alberni man who worked on the original plant states: "Rags were difficult to obtain. They had to be imported from England, and the supply was uncertain.



The dam of the British Columbia Paper Manufacturing Company as it appeared when the mill was in operation in 1894.

We pressed into service every kind of rag we could find, from ships' sails to construction overalls, and when these were finished we dumped in manila rope, ferns, and even tarred hemp imported from the Esquimalt naval docks."

The machines in the Alberni plant had five dryers, two suction boxes, one set of couch rolls and one press roll. The width of the sheet was 56 inches.

The chief product was wrapping paper, and small quantities of toilet paper, blotting paper and building paper were manufactured. The plant employed a staff of twelve, allocated as follows:

- Two men for the paper machines
- Two white men and two Chinamen on the beaters

- One man on the boilers
- One fireman and handy man
- Two Indian girls on the cutting machine
- One man and one girl in the finishing room
- The twelfth man was mechanic, blacksmith and millwright combined.

The Alberni enterprise, after two years of fitful operation, shut down in 1896 to end B. C.'s first venture in the paper making field, and it was not until 14 years later that another ton of manufactured paper was produced in British Columbia.

In 1908 and 1909 various pulp enterprises went into spasmodic production, but the history of the industry as a major British Columbia industry



How the newsprint rolls were carried to the storage sheds in 1911 and 1912—and indeed for many years afterwards. Horse power was the recognized mode of paper transport along the wharf in the early days.

starts with the development of the Powell River leases by the Powell River Company in 1910. In this year the late Dr. Brooks and Michael J. Scanlon saw the potentialities of the present site. Construction was started in 1911, and by March, 1912, the first newsprint mill in the history of British Columbia was in operation at Powell River.

The subsequent history of the industry is on the record books of B. C.'s industrial history. Powell River has steadily expanded its plant and output, and our newsprint production today represents about 70 per cent of all newsprint produced in British Columbia.

In Bad Shape

"Hurry over to our fraternity house, Doctor, a fellow here has something the matter with his eyes."

"It must be serious if you wake me up at this time of the night. What's the trouble? Does he see elephants and snakes and things?"

"No, sir, that's why we called. The

room is full of them and he can't see any."

Vic Was There, Too!

We didn't say much about Vic Coudert—because on his own testimony the blood of the Highlands runs deep in his veins—and, anyway, it was a long time ago, and Jock Menzies said: "Aye, the lad has the look of a hielandmon, and probably his ancestors and Jock Whyte's raided the MacGregors' sheep pens."

But what we want to bring out is the modern wiliness of the Coudert clan. Notice how this crafty descendant of a Highland warrior always has someone in front of that famous Coudert figure. Above, Vic has sneaked in behind Meyer Donosky—not far, mind you—but far enough to preserve the illusion of the girlish Coudert silhouette.

Rastus: "What all did the doctor say's de matter wid you?"

Liza: "He says I's sufferin' from acute indiscretion."

Badminton Forges Ahead

Below are two of Powell River's badminton stars, Dom Simonetta (left) and Gord Thorburn. In the recent Island Championships, held at Powell River, these two lads carved their first niche in competitive badminton. "Dom" came through as junior singles champion, and, paired with Gordon, annexed the doubles title.



Two of Powell River's most prominent junior badminton players, winners at the Upper Island Junior Badminton Tournament held at Powell River this month. Domonic Simonetta (left) and Gordon Thorburn.

The tournament was the first of its kind held locally, and 31 junior stars, boys and girls from all Island points from Nanaimo to Comox, were present. Gord Thorburn and Trudy Hayes of Powell River won the mixed junior championship, under 18 years. Peggy Ann Fullerton romped off with the ladies' singles in the same class, while Steve Gorbatuk, in the under 16 class, was a whole team in himself, winning the title in this class and sharing honors in the men's and mixed doubles.

The tournament will be an annual event. The badminton district has now been divided into three areas:

Powell River, Comox and Valley, and Nanaimo districts. Winners of each district will compete next year at Cumberland.

Pete MacKenzie Heads Tennis Club

At the annual meeting of the Powell River Tennis Club, Pete MacKenzie was elected as president for the 1940 season. John Bardsley takes the office of vice-president and George Wood was chosen as the new secretary. The following executive members were elected: Mrs. E. Davis, Sid. Southcott, Mrs. R. Foote and Lewis Cunningham.

The club is looking forward to a good season and are anxious that all applicants for membership apply as early as possible, so that schedule, playing hours, etc., may be set immediately.

Suntanned Youth



Grey Benner, advocate of the Great Outdoors, snapped, suntan and all, near the head of Powell Lake.

The Fair Sex in Powell River's Athletic Life

Women Prominent in All Branches of Local Sport

At Amsterdam, in 1928, women athletes, for the first time in history, participated in the Olympic Games. Since that period the fair sex's role in sport has steadily expanded, and today they are co-leaders with men in the sport headlines of the world.

In Powell River, participation of our girls in sport has increased a hundred fold in recent years. In track



Margaret Purves, of the Powell River and District school staff, one of the leaders in the local women's physical instruction classes and a chief mentor of women's athletics in Powell River.

and field, in badminton, golf, tennis, softball, basketball, table tennis, etc., Powell River women are entering provincial competitions and widening the scope of competitive sport in the district. Only a few years back athletic activity of the fair sex in Powell River was desultory and spasmodic. Today probably all the major athletic clubs of Powell River owe much of their strength to the women members.

In our next issue we will tell something of our leaders in the world of female sport.

Here we start our series with one of the best known and popular figures in Powell River athletic and education life, Margaret Purves, of the Powell River and District school staff.

There are few branches of sport or few phases of women's athletics in which Margaret is not interested, directly or indirectly. In her school duties she has charge of a part of the girls' physical education training.

She assists the youngsters in their track and field training and is present as an official at every track meet and workout.

In the past two years Margaret, along with Mrs. Gateskell, has acted as instructor for ladies' classes in physical training. It is a job that requires a lot of hard work and a lot of time, but Margaret appears to take it in her stride. There is scarcely an evening when she is not tied up with school gymnasium classes, physical instruction groups, badminton, or something of the kind.

Her work among the children of the district has been highly commendable, and her influence in many other organizations in which physical fitness is the keynote has earned Margaret a large following of boosters in Powell River. And so, introducing our coming series of athletes in women's sports in Powell River, we feel we can do no better than ask Margaret to take the opening bow.

Norm Writes from Aldershot

Norman Hill, former company employe and all-round athlete, now serving with the Vancouver Seaforths at Aldershot, England, writes to say he is enjoying life across the pond and looking forward to the time when his division heads into action.

Rumors, according to Norm, about the destination of the Canadians, were flying about, as rumors do in any army. One rumor had the Canadians in Egypt, another that they were on the way to the Dardanelles, and another that they might go to the east as garrison troops. The odd rumor suggested they might eventually go to France, but nobody took that one seriously, said Norm!

The troops are drilling steadily, and Norm reports he has had extensive instruction in musketry, Bren gun and anti-tank rifles—along with a good amount of squad drill, P. T. and bayonet fighting, with the odd fatigue thrown in.

In his concluding paragraph Norm expresses the feeling of the boys of the Seaforths when he says:

"Believe me, I am proud to be both a Canadian and to be here trying to do my share, however small it may be."

Eggscellent!

Stirring events are taking place at machine tender Al Hatch's ranch—events that threaten to turn the poultry and agricultural conventions lop-sided. Two weeks ago one of Al's pet leghorns let out a lusty cackle—lustier than the usual Hatch leghorn.

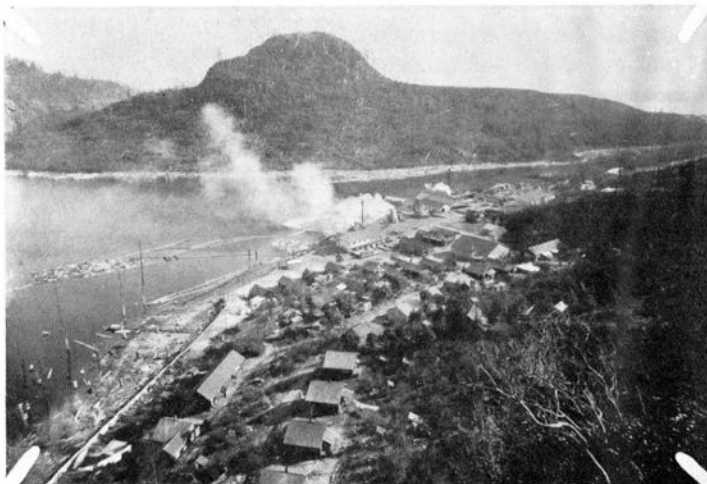
Al and Mrs. Al dashed wildly to the coop. Out strutted a young leghorn, swaggered jauntily past.

Al looked into the egg box, threw a startled look at Mrs. Al, and came out with something resembling a duck's egg. Anyway, it was no ordinary egg, for next day one of the family friends, who was the lucky recipient, reported it contained three yolks, something of a local record.

But the end was not yet. The following week the little leghorn cackled even louder, and left behind an egg weighing a quarter of a pound and measuring $8\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches, something for both the little leghorn and Al to crow about. The egg looked like a good average-sized duck egg, and Al believes he has one for the record books—and we are inclined to agree.

Summer Sports Away

More about this later. But the beginning of May saw our summer sports season start off with its usual bang. Doug Johnston and his softball boys and girls kicked off on April 28 with appropriate opening ceremonies. Doug has 11 teams in his league this year, with three ladies' squads included. Lawn bowling started its peregrinations at the same time—and later in the month the box lacrosse boys will start their annual love-feast. The swimmers are appearing at the beach, the track teams are out in force and the boys are talking picnics and summer holidays—with the tennis crowd looking forward to a bumper season.



The home of the Yellow Cypress Lumber Company on Powell Lake, showing mill in the background and employees' houses in the foreground. Many of the finest shingles in the west are cut from the cedar stands on Powell Lake and shipped to far and near parts of the western hemisphere.

Suits and Dresses to Hand

The suggestion that a \$30 suit of clothes will be the prize for the male all-round championship on July 1st has a lot of our old-timers looking around for their track spikes again. Warren Gayton thinks he can still grab off points in the shot-put and broad jump. Archie McFee has an idea he can do the same in the odd track event, and may be in a couple of field entries. The prize will probably send Bob's redhead scurrying back into training—and maybe Harry Donkersley, Harry Hunter, Geno Bortolussi and the younger lads are in for trouble.

A similar prize in the married ladies' section promises to bring a lot of new and old talent back into com-

petition. For after all a \$25 order on the dressmaker is not to be sneezed at.

What the single lassies will do with their prize of \$25 is their own business, but it looks like lots of competition among the femmes this year.

Nothing Left

He: "Come on, honey, let's play tennis."

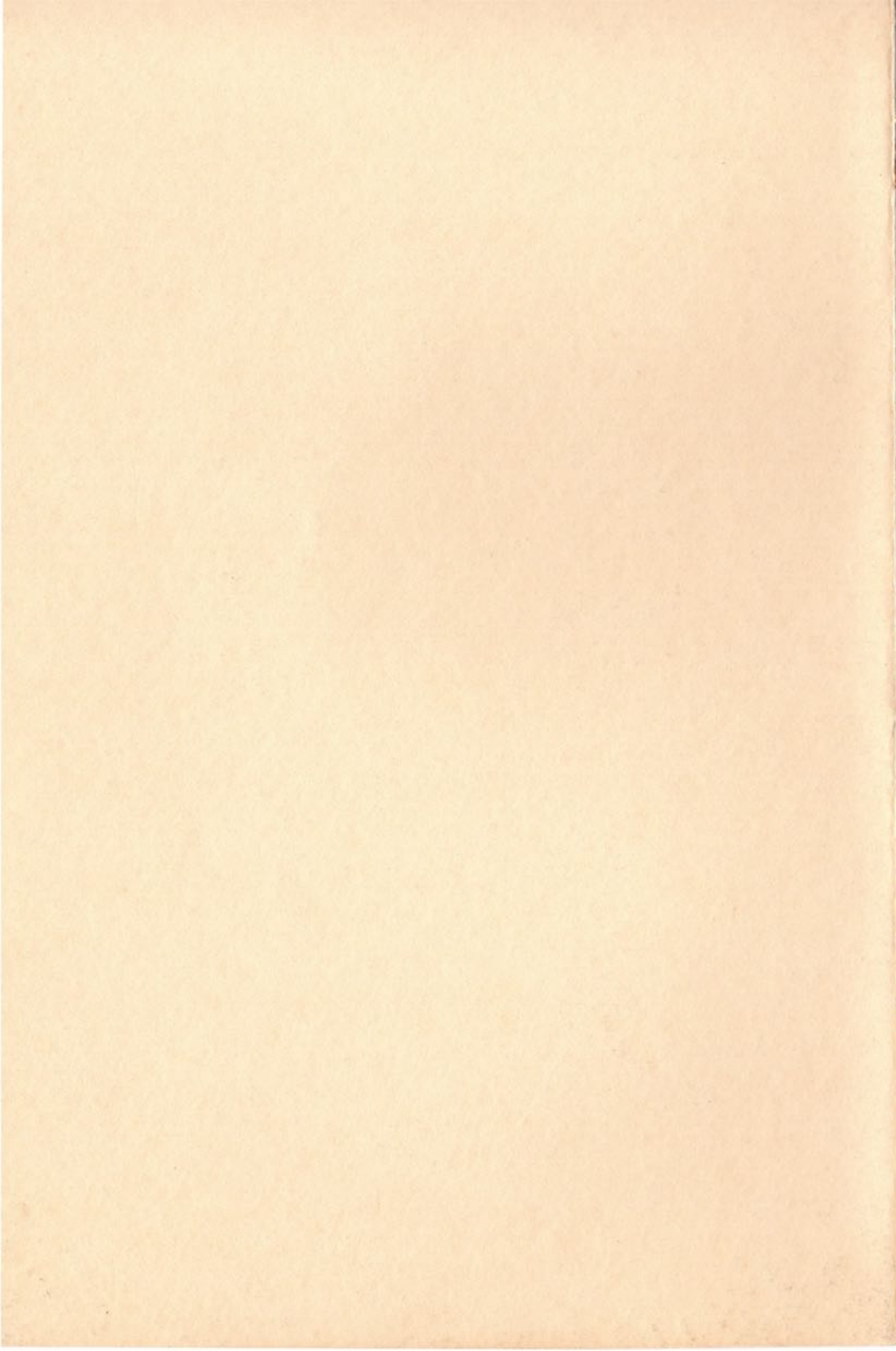
She: "Can't. I played tennis yesterday and there's a blister on my hands."

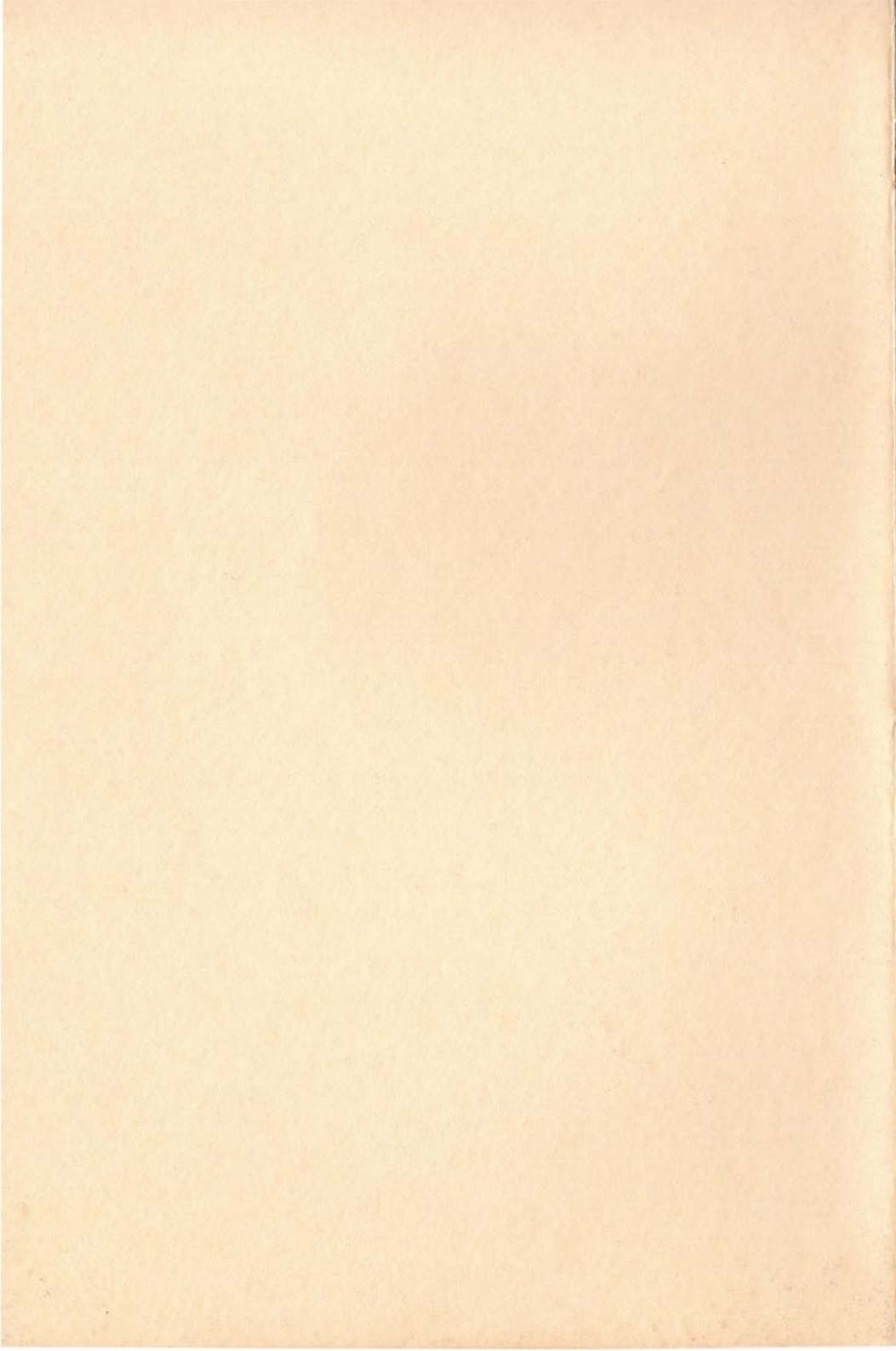
He: "Then let's take a hike."

She: "Can't. Took a hike yesterday and my heel is blistered."

He: "Well, for gosh sake, let's go horseback riding."

She: "Can't. Er, I was horseback riding yesterday."





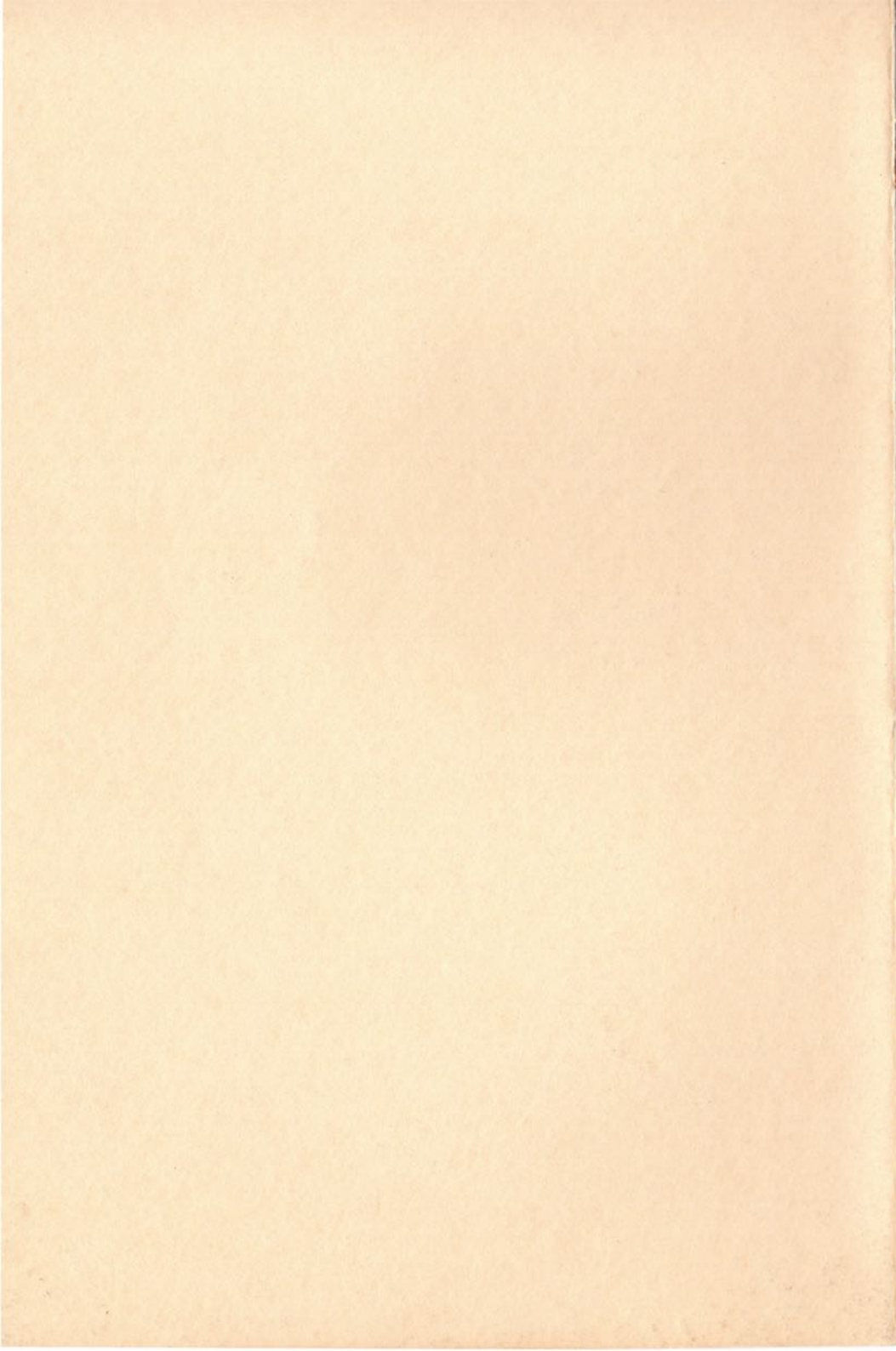
POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

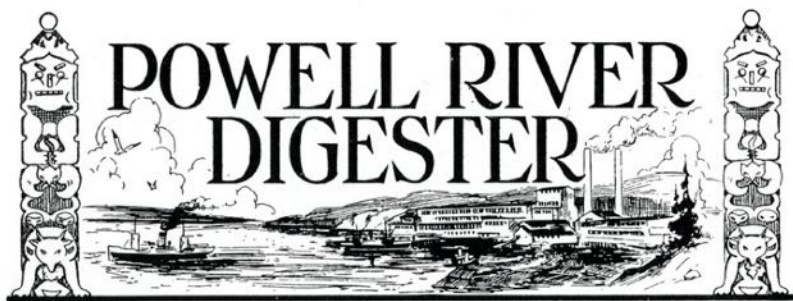
Vol. 16

MAY, 1940

No. 5







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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The Cover Picture

Camera Club Holds Monthly "Digester" Contest

With this issue we present a new type of cover to our readers. The hitherto standard design used will be replaced by monthly pictorial illustrations showing scenic photographs and various phases of our industrial and townsite activities.

In this connection THE DIGESTER wishes to express its appreciation to the officers and members of the Powell River Camera Club, whose generous co-operation makes our monthly cover photograph possible. The club is now holding a special contest each month and one photograph will be selected from the many submitted. This photograph will be used for the following month's DIGESTER cover.

The current issue shows a loading scene at the Powell River docks, taken by "photographer" Fred Armbruster, assistant sulphite superintendent. Fred has been a leading spirit in the formation and development of the local club whose exhibitions have brought high praise from outside critics.

An Appeal to Newsprint and Pulp Users

Co-operation Asked to Ensure Adequate Supplies

THE recent happenings in Europe, particularly with respect to the Scandinavian countries, which virtually eliminate these countries as a source of supply for pulp and paper, has thrown the world demand for these two items almost entirely on the North American Continent. The United States newsprint producers have been working to capacity for some time. The additional demand means that Canada and Newfoundland must provide this additional tonnage, not only for the North American consumers, but rather generally for the world markets and especially for the British Empire and Allied needs. We feel that this demand may tax the entire capacity of the Canadian industry to the limit.

To make this capacity most effective, co-operation between the user of newsprint and pulp and the producer is more essential than ever.

Plans for the increased production required of Canada must be made in an orderly manner by the producing units to avoid run-away prices for all supplies going into the manufacture of newsprint and pulp. Ocean shipping space is not as easily obtained as in the past.

With these two factors in mind we make this appeal to all consumers of newsprint and pulp, whether they use our product or not.

“Start now and take your requirements in equal monthly instalments.

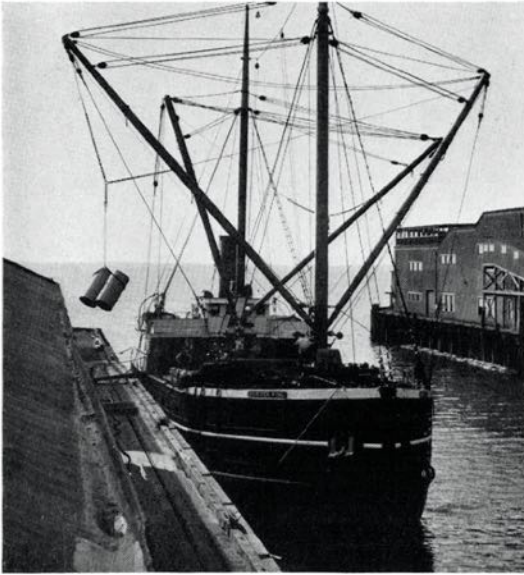
“Order from the mills at least 30 days in advance of required shipping time.

“Allow, if possible, the producing units sufficient leeway to increase or decrease the order to fit extraordinary requirements, available shipping space, or to meet other conditions that may arise.”


Co-operation in these matters will assist in assuring the maximum production possible by the mills. It will contribute more than anything else to guard against shortage and prevent prices of newsprint and pulp from skyrocketing.

We particularly urge publications who normally experience a decrease in their consumption during the summer months to balance out by ordering a little more than they use and hold it for the peak load of November and December.

The "Border King" Carries On



S.S. "Border King" is here shown unloading Powell River newsprint at the port of Seattle, Wash. The photograph was taken by Fred Armbruster of the Sulphite Department during a visit to Seattle. The "Border King" is one of the most famous of the coastal steamers carrying newsprint from Powell River.

 SINCE the Powell River plant shipped its first roll of newsprint in 1912, many well-known transportation companies and many famous ships have carried our newsprint to the door of the publishing house.

Among Powell River's oldest friends in the newsprint-carrying boats is the Border Line Transportation Company of Seattle. And among the many ships that have warped away from our docks, none is more respected or better known than the old *Border King*, shown above.

The *Border King* has been a regular weekly caller at Powell River for the past 15 years. Every Tuesday with almost mechanical precision the

King shoves her squat nose against the pilings—and officers and crew step ashore to meet friends of many years standing.

Everyone in Powell River knows the *Border King*. Every resident can spot her chugging steadily up the Gulf in the morning or swinging out in the half twilight on her way south. She has long since ceased to be a stranger. She is as much a resident of Powell River as she is of Seattle—and the present Captain Ammerman and his predecessor Capt. Clive Woodley have a host of friends throughout the district.

Capt. Woodley has been coming to Powell River since 1916 when the Border Line's famous old coasters, the

Fulton and *Despatch*, were on the run. The *Fulton* was taken off the run several years ago, sold and fitted out as a floating cannery.

Today the *Border King* carries on the newsprint-carrying business of the company. She observes a weekly schedule between Powell River and the centres of Puget Sound. She carries Powell River newsprint direct to the dealers of Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Everett and other areas. Every Tuesday, week in, week out, fair or foul weather, the *King* is on the job. It is quick and cheap transportation—by water to the front door of the publishing house.

Another of the Border Line boats, the *Norco*, is run at frequent intervals to Powell River. She is in charge of Capt. Woodley, who released the *King* to his old friend and first mate, Capt. Ammerman.

The long established friendship between the *Border King's* crew and Powell River wharf employees has enabled newsprint to be handled efficiently and packed safely at all times. The officers of the *King* are in close touch with local employees and appreciate to a greater degree, perhaps than many, the peculiar problems of paper handling. Like our own employees, paper handling, loading and stowing is a major part of the business of the men of the *Border King*.

When Powell River newsprint leaves in the hold of the *Border King* we feel we are entrusting it to an old friend, as indeed she is.

Good sailing, the *King*!



Harry Sandifer, office cashier, poses beside his lilac bush at the staff house. The lilac tree is one of "Sandy's" proudest gardening possessions.

Sandy's Lilacs Are Blooming

Roses bloom in Picardy—and Portland and tulips are favored in Bellingham. In Powell River in May it's lilac time—and it is the proud boast of our local horticulturists that few, if any, centres in the northwest can equal, let alone surpass, in quality and size the lilacs of our townsite.

Take a peak above at Cashier Harry Sandifer and his lilac bush at the staff quarters. This is one of the townsite's prize lilac trees, and "Sandy" is not reticent in expressing the conviction that if bigger and better lilacs are grown anywhere, they are the synthetic variety produced under an ersatz fertilizer.

The above photograph was taken on the 15th of May when the tree was at its full bloom.

Marine Transportation at Powell River



Most typical and representative of the many views of Powell River is the above, showing in the foreground the huge rafts of spruce logs ready for the grinder machines. In the background the two great smokestacks, landmark for many miles out to sea, loom above the white outlines of the plant.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the second and concluding article dealing with marine transportation in Powell River. The first discussed newsprint shipments and other freight cargoes.

PARALLEL in importance with the shipment of newsprint is the maintenance of the pulpwood supply, approximately half a million feet (800 cords) of which is consumed daily at Powell River. Western transportation and type of pulpwood afford a radical contrast to eastern operations. All the great stands of pulpwood lumber in B. C. are logged from concessions on or near seaboard. Here picturesque river drivers of the east are prac-

tically unknown. Logs are hauled from the limits to scene of consumption by the staunch ships of B. C.'s Bulldog Flotilla—the tugboats.

To ensure regular deliveries of pulpwood, the Powell River Company maintains two tugs constantly in operation. The flagship of the fleet, the *St. Faith*, built to British Admiralty specifications, has a gross tonnage of 420 tons, is 135 feet long and has a 30-foot beam. Her 1200-horsepower oil-burning engines are among the most powerful on the Pacific Coast.

The *St. Faith* is used in towing the big spruce and hemlock booms from the Queen Charlotte Islands to Powell River, a distance of approximately 450 miles. The logs are cut at

distances averaging from two to twelve miles inland, and hauled to tidewater by means of trucks, trailers, etc. Here they are assembled in huge booms—the well-known Davis raft—stoutly built to withstand passage through rough water. Bound with heavy inch and a quarter wire cable, the rafts are built to a height of 35 feet, over 20 feet of which is submerged when towing. Each boom will contain within itself approximately a million and a half feet of logs. These, after an “assemblage inspection,” are hauled direct to the log pond at Powell River.

The tug *Ivanhoe* of the Company fleet is on the steady “flat boom trade,” towing logs from various points on Vancouver Island and the mainland of B. C. The course is through the comparatively sheltered waters of Georgia Straits, where flat boom towing is extensively used, and where the more expensive and elaborately constructed Davis raft is not essential.

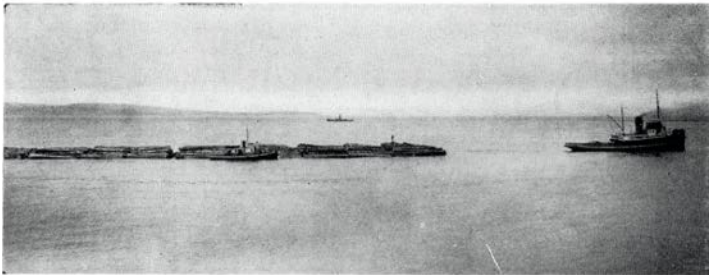
All the machinery, merchandise and equipment used in the Powell River plant or by Powell River residents must travel up the Gulf of

Georgia, and the townsite is a profitable source of call for all the standard coastal shipping lines. The Canadian Pacific ship *Princess Mary* maintains a tri-weekly service direct between Powell River and Vancouver, carrying passengers and freight. The S.S. *Prince Rupert* and *Prince George* of the Canadian National Line call twice weekly for paper and passengers. The Union Steamship boats sail thrice weekly to Powell River.

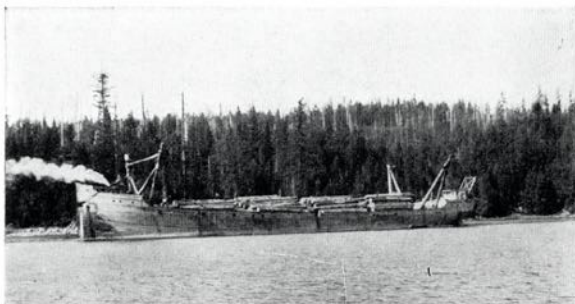
Interesting, too, are the weekly importations of “Hog Fuel”—fuel for the boilers of the steam plant. The material is largely used by the Powell River Company, and has been of direct benefit to certain sawmills in B. C., who have discovered a profitable market for what was formerly a hazard as well as a waste. The hog fuel is towed up the coast in huge open scows.

For the purpose of local log pond work, the company have their small tug the *Teeshoe*. This boat is also used for towing lime rock from the company's nearby quarry at Marble Bay, four miles distant on Texada Island.

There is a steady, and in the summer, a flourishing passenger traffic be-



Tug St. Faith, with a record tow of over 3,000,000 feet of lumber off Powell River.



One way of transporting logs across the storm-tossed waters of Hecate Straits is by log carrier. The carrier is towed by tugs at an average speed of about three knots per hour. About 800,000 feet is the usual cargo taken by the carriers.

tween Powell River and Vancouver. The various steamship lines run special summer excursions, and last summer thousands of residents from Vancouver came up to see the paper mills at Powell River. In a year probably an average of 10,000 people travel from Powell River to Vancouver. Incoming traffic will undoubtedly exceed 20,000 during the same period.

Aerial Transportation Now!

Just as we concluded the article on marine transportation, announcement was made of a second and more modern form of transportation for Powell River.

On Monday, June 3, the Canadian Airways will inaugurate a semi-weekly air service between Sea Island Airport, Vancouver, and Powell River. Planes will leave Vancouver Airport at 9 a.m., to arrive at Powell River at 9.45.

Several years ago a trial air service was started between Vancouver and coastal points, including Powell River. Unsuitability of planes for the coast run and comparative lack of air-mindedness at the time caused cessation of the schedule.

The Canadian Airways have assigned one of their newest twin-motored De Haviland Rapide seaplanes for the Powell River run. Express will also be carried, and passengers are allowed 40 pounds of baggage with their ticket.

It is expected the new service will prove popular both to local residents and the many representatives of business houses who call here regularly. We wish the Canadian Airways every success in this further expansion of their service in Western Canada.

Had Enough

It was during the early days of the Great War, and the Sergeant-Major had just been giving a particularly gory lesson on the use of the bayonet. The practice sack had been slashed and re-slashed, and by the close of the lesson it was hanging in suggestive strips. Then the voice of the instructor barked out, "Anyone here want to ask any question?"

"Yes, sir," a tremulous voice quavered. "How do you transfer to the R.A.M.C.?"



The softball league opens the playing season. Above: The entire league, which comprises about one of the largest number of active members of all the athletic organizations in the district.

Powell River Goes Outdoors

Play Time Starts in May

With the month of May, the full rush of Powell River's summer life swings boisterously into action. Our varied outdoor activities start in their annual blaze of glory. Our speedsters take to the cinder tracks; our softballers, baseballers and box lacrosse experts start their yearly battles, friendly or otherwise. The more staid lawn bowlers fill up their pipes, draw ecstatic breaths of pure Pacific ozone, and with the decorous enthusiasm of early season skittishness, dog-trot behind the eager bowls. The majestic golf clan swarm across the links with the latest fashions in men's and women's golfing togs reflected in Powell River's own brand of sunshine. Fresh and salt water sailors overhaul their boats and plan their summer cruises on Powell Lake or on the more open waters of Georgia Gulf. Archers bend a wicked long bow and cricketers

oil their bats. The beaches teem with activity and the non-athletic citizen drives along the tree shaded highways for Sunday picnics.

For May is here. Winter and spring are behind. Summer is before us and all Powell River goes outdoors. May is the most enthusiastic month of the year. Habit and repetition dull something of the original joy so noticeable in the first spontaneous outbursts of our fifth calendar month—but in May our summer starts with all its freshness and boisterous spontaneity.

So, in this issue we bring something of the spirit of Powell River in May. We leave the wheels of un-sleeping industry for a brief spell—and show our citizens at play.

It's May—and play time has its innings.



hundred and twenty-five active players, are shown on the Rodmay Hotel grounds. Softball today has strict. The development has taken place practically within the past three years.

The Softball League

Softball is a comparatively new game in Powell River. We don't like to admit it, but in Powell River we are probably now more conservatively sport-minded than any city in B. C. We like our established sports—and the enthusiastic mentor of innovations faces hard sledding in his initial attempts to introduce a new sport into the district.

So it was in the beginning with softball. Baseball—the old hard-ball game was firmly established—and would we have these sissies decorating our fields with a rag ball and a toothpick for a bat! We would not. Emphatically we would not! At least not without a fight.

So we put up a fight! But it was a losing fight. The insidious softballers fifth-columned their war into every corner of our life, sapping our vitality, distributing their cunning propaganda into every home.

The home front collapsed—and the

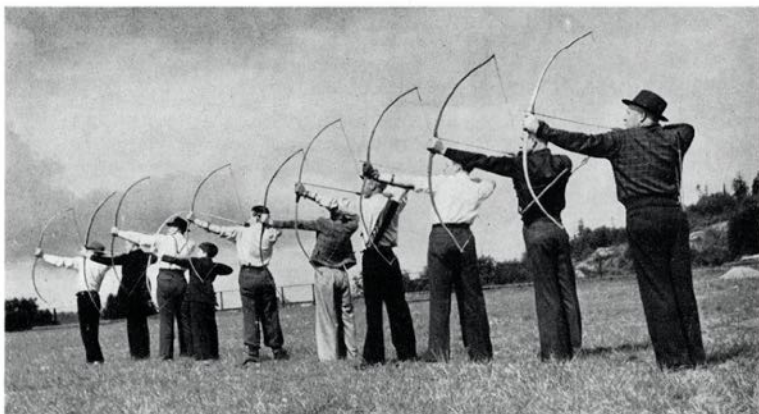
softballers won the day. There are now 11 softball teams in the local league, with close to 125 boys and girls actively participating. The league has the largest active personnel of any athletic organization in Powell River. There are eight men's teams, senior and intermediate, and four girls' teams.

Softball has opened up a much-needed outlet for the girls of our district, and the game is being enthusiastically taken up by both single and married women.

Powell River is today softball headquarters for the Upper Mainland and Vancouver Island. Three Powell River softballers are leaders of the Upper Island Executive Council, and the league is affiliated with the British Columbia Softball Association.

Softball has gone a long way in its three years of existence, and is one of the leading forces in the local athletic firmament.

The Archery Club



The Archery Club goes into action. Members of the bow and arrow brigade take their initial stance as they start the season's activities. The sport is increasing in popularity.

The ancient sport of archery is another of those long-resisted "innovations" that have slid, almost unnoticed, into our midst. Under the aegis of Bill Stewart of the Wharf and Art Rehfeld of the Machine Room, the club is gradually attracting an increasing amount of local adherents.

This year the archers are getting organized, and already approximately 20 members are considering drawing the long bow during the current season. While the sport is flourishing in many of the larger centres of Canada and the United States, it is only now being recognized locally.

The lads who snap the twine tell us that this is the best of all sports—it has fishing backed to the wall—and target or deer shooting is tame in comparison.

Art Rehfeld, local archery states-

man, tells us that a complete archery outfit costs in the neighborhood of \$20 or \$25. The bow runs anywhere from ten to twenty smackers, and arrows cost around \$10 a dozen. But as Art points out, once you have them you have them for a long time.

At present members confine themselves to shooting at from 20 to a 100-yard range—and we have on good authority that Art and Bill can drop an arrow in a six-inch clout at 60 yards without a quiver of an eyelash.

And as one of the lads remarked last week "Why worry about those Bren guns—we still have the bow and arrow to fall back on."

The guy who is always passing the buck rarely passes back the one he owes you.

The Lawn Bowling Club



Mrs. Bob Fletcher stands between Joe Loukes, Vice-President of the Bowling Club (left) and her husband President Bob. Mrs. Fletcher tossed the opening jack and was presented with a flower basket by members as the season opened last month.

The adherents of the biased ball is one of the long-standing organizations in Powell River. Its origin dates back nearly 20 years. Undoubtedly, the presence in our midst then and now of enthusiastic inhabitants of the "tight little isle" was largely responsible for the beginnings of the club. Many Old Country bowlers who had learned to toss a jack on the exacting swards of Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow or Aberdeen, formed the nucleus of Powell River's first bowling club.

And despite the encroachments of numerous upstart Canadians in the intervening years—the Geordies and the Jocks still control the lobbies and the bowling commons.

Membership in the club has remained around a steady mark of 70 for an average season. Members pay an annual fee and all competitions are financed by necessary additional assessments.

The green, considered one of the finest in the province, was built and is largely maintained by the company. Many world-famous bowlers have appeared on the Powell River greens—and Powell River bowlers have gained a high standing among the major clubs of British Columbia.

Two years ago the club, after years of steady resistance, followed the lead of other B. C. bowling clubs by admitting women members. Today approximately 20 ladies are inside the sacred precincts, and despite mutterings of dire forebodings by the old die-hards, the club is still functioning—and—probably functioning better than ever.

Good bowling, gentlemen—and ladies!

Judge: "Do you challenge any of the jury?"

Defendant: "Well, I think I can lick that little guy on the end."

In Our Feminine Sports World

Golf

Mrs. Eddy Tapp has ruled the ladies' golfing roast for the past several years. She is the present women's club champion, and perhaps one of the steadiest players to ever hold that title. Mrs. Tapp shoots consistently close to par, and on occasions when she is "on" will crack that mark. She is a two handicap player and is as dangerous in handicap matches as in



Mrs. E. Tapp, Powell River Women's open golf champion. Mrs. Tapp's reign as Queen of the local links has been seriously contended but never overthrown during the past several years.

open championships. Steadiness under fire, and consistent all round play has kept her at the top of the heap for many years. And just to keep in the swim she is a member of the hole-in-one-club, having grabbed off that honor several years ago—and on more than one occasion has missed repeating by the slimmest margin.

Mrs. Tapp is the goal that all aspiring women titlists are shooting for. At the present moment she is an elusive target—and it looks as if the only solution is plain brutal murder at 10 paces.

And so for our number one leader of the local feminine golfing brigade we give you Mrs. Eddy Tapp.

Badminton

The indoor net game is highly popular with Powell River feminine athletes—and many first-class players are numbered in the ranks of the local clubs.



Mrs. W. Draper, Women's badminton champion and formerly one of the leading women's exponents of the game in B.C. Locally, Mrs. Draper is unbeatable in the singles.

The present number one of Powell River badminton stars is Mrs. Helen Draper, who is Upper Island Singles Champion, and easily the most finished and experienced player on the ladies' courts. Mrs. Draper was the former Miss Underhill of Vancouver, and recognized as one of the finest indoor racquet wielders in British Columbia. She is a former B. C. champion and winner of many tournaments throughout the province.

Since coming to Powell River five years ago, Mrs. Draper has been an active member of the local club and has taken a leading share in its development. She has assisted many juniors and taught novices, both men and women, many of the tricks of the badminton trade.

Small of stature, Helen is a flash on the courts, where her brilliant

strokes and polished play are a source of delight to all badminton lovers.

In the future undoubtedly one or other of the young and up-coming girls may topple Queen Helen from her position as ranking ruler of the court. But that day is not yet—and the aspirant will have a thorny path to tread unless Helen decides to retire from active competition—or, like Mrs. Tapp, it is the question of a diabolical murder plot on the part of younger members.

Tennis

Among champions and near champions in the local athletic firmament is Mrs. Gordon Thorburn, who stands in the top rank in both badminton and tennis. Mrs. Thorburn has been the local tennis singles cham-



Mrs. Gordon Thorburn who stars in both the Badminton and Tennis clubs. Mrs. Thorburn has been a steady winner in many local tournaments.

pion, has been at the top of the badminton throne, and runs Helen Draper a close battle for club champion. Mrs. Thorburn has been an active participant in both these branches of sport, and has worked hard both as a player and as an executive. Almost as sport-minded as her husband Gordon, of baseball fame, she suffers hockey broadcasts in silence,

listens in to world series baseball with friend husband—and is always to the fore in helping entertain visiting athletic teams.

She hasn't taken up lawn bowling yet, on the theory that she will re-

Pete MacKenzie beads Powell River Tennis Club for 1940. Pete has been prominent in club activities for several years.



serve that pleasure for future years. She was almost wangled into playing softball—but after listening in on some of the baseball arguments around her own home decided to stick to tennis and badminton.

With the tennis season now under way, she has her racquet oiled and is out gunning for another club championship. And you won't find our odds on betting against her chances.

A Scotchman rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation. "Come at once," he cried, "my baby has swallowed a dime!"

"How old is it?" asked the doctor. "1894."

Recently the following testimony was received by a patent medicine concern:

"For nine years I was totally deaf, and after using your ear salve for only ten days I heard from my brother in Nebraska."

Around the Plant

The Pipe Goes, Too!

Our well rounded magistrate, William Parkin, has finally gone native. Bill and his pipe have removed themselves and family to Westview, where Bill will grow his own tobacco and other minor products used in the Parkin household. The big joke in the migration is Bill's purchase of a new car. He can't drive, but son Bob can, and Bob thought the idea of a Westview villa was a brilliant brain stroke.

* * *

Other Migrations

A drive along the Westview highway brings home the number of old-timers who find vegetable raising and dahlia growing soothing to the soul. Along this picturesque road the imposing homes of many true and tried gladiators of ancient townsites look lazily across the gulf. There is the Nello Mansion, the Beecroft Bungalow, the Hatch Hacienda, the Ketchum Kottage, the Fleury Fireside, the Dunn Rancho, and many others who have moved out in the last year or so.

* * *

The Gardening Brigade Fall In!

And with an early spring behind them, the gardeners are out in full force, and tales surpassing the wildest fish stories are circulated across the front lawns as the lads foregather in the evenings. "Dahlias as big as sunflowers," lilacs the size of footballs, peas rivalling golf balls, roses with

nectars undreamed of in Grecian mythology, are tossed gaily from neighbor to neighbor.

* * *

Up in the 1000 block Ocean View those perennial rivals, Messrs Davis and Semple, have the old glint in their eyes, and the "prize" protuberance of respective gardening jaws. These two hardy warriors, victors in many a stoutly waged gardening battle, will make any judge who passes their way stop, look and listen.

* * *

Jack Smith, another battle-scarred veteran, concentrates again on the "vegetable phase," and one look at his back yard is enough to send shivers up the spine of any babbler in the art. Jack has plenty of stuff on the gardening ball.

* * *

We haven't heard much of Charlie Godfrey's prize potato crop this year. Last year one of the youngsters booted a football over Charlie's back fence as the evening mists were approaching. He picked up one of Charlie's spuds and tossed it back to the lads outside. A pardonable mistake, according to Charles.

* * *

Errol Slevin's first reaction to the news that the Germans had swung around the old Arras sector was a startled "Wonder if Marie has been safely evacuated from Doullens?" Ask Charlie Garrett, Errol, he still writes to her!

The lighter touch is not prominent in our "Around the Plant" activities in the present critical days. Everyone's thoughts naturally are focused on the decisive struggles on the Western Front. They are with the lads of the Allies, with our own British and Canadian forces who are fighting our battles across the seas.

* * *

The present is no time for faint hearts or uneasy thoughts. His Majesty the King in his address last week voiced the keynote for our actions during these days of trial. "Let us all go forward, with a smile on our lips and our heads erect."

The old cry of the athletic field is still our motto:

"Heads up, gang!"

* * *

The scenes of the present struggle in Flanders and Picardy will bring back many memories to local ex-servicemen. Valenciennes, Arras, Cambrai, Amiens, Bethune—and a host of other names are familiar landmarks to veterans of the last World War.

* * *

Ewart Craigen, our electrical superintendent, along with the newly appointed town major of Mons, tried to enter the city of Mons on November 10, 1918. The major was conscientious and insisted on entering the Belgian city as the 43rd Canadians were making the final attack. Ewart wasn't insisting, he was persuading the major that it was not good form to enter a city until it had been captured.

It took a couple of bursts of machine gun fire to persuade the major that Ewart had the right idea.

* * *

Harry Steals the Show

Harry Anchor, of the steam plant, steals the social limelight for May. Harry took a quick trip to Vancouver to see his old battery commander, Raymond Massey, who was playing "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" at the Empress Theatre, Vancouver. When Mr. Massey heard his old pal Gunner Anchor was in town he practically cancelled all social engagements for the day, took Harry behind the scenes, drove him from the theatre in his own limousine, and after signing a few autographs, shot up to his room, hung out the "Do Not Disturb" sign, and Gunner Anchor and Lieut. Massey proceeded to make up for twenty years of separation.

"I shall die," throbbed the suitor, "unless you consent to marry me."

"I'm sorry," said the maiden, kindly but firmly, "but I will not marry you."

So the fellow went out west, and, after 62 years, three months and a day, became suddenly ill and died.

"Just insert this advertisement," said a weary-looking man to the clerk, "\$100 reward to any person who will return black Persian cat to Mrs. . . ." etc.

"Isn't that a big sum for a cat?"

"It was my wife's pet cat."

"Still——"

"Oh, that's all right, I drowned the bally thing."

The High School House Meet

Difficulties of transportation and lack of adequate competition have been deterrents in the full development of Powell River athletic life. The business of importing competition and bringing in teams from outside centres is a very expensive one and unavoidably lowers the standard of competition.

The local high schools have endeavored to replace wide open inter-school competition in two ways. First, the present house system into which the school is divided has brought a new spirit into school sports. An annual field day is now held by the local high school between the different houses—and the result has been a quickening of school spirit and healthy rivalry on the athletic field.

The house system has increased the participation of high school students in athletic and healthy outdoor life.

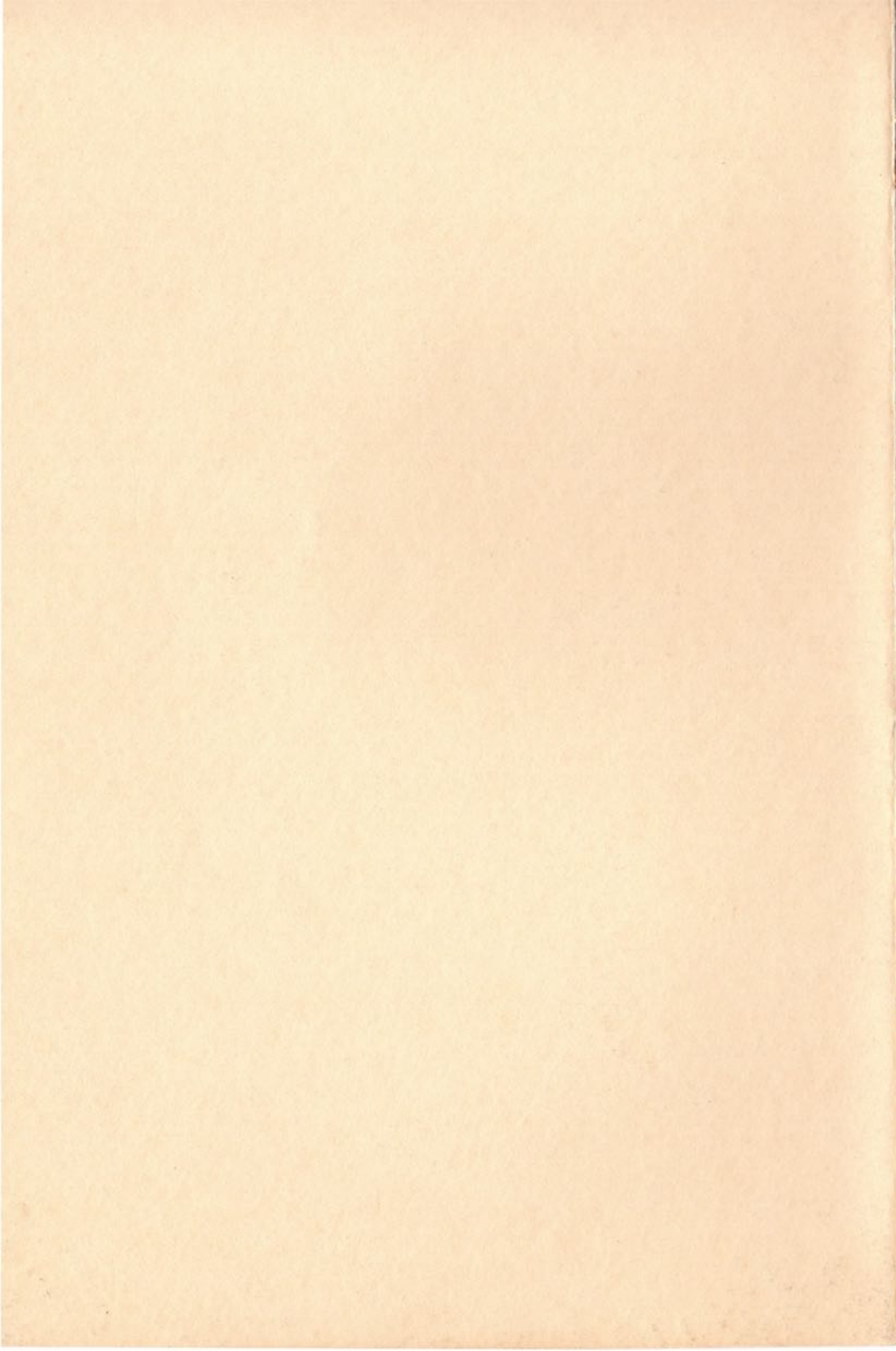
The system is not intended to produce super-athletes. It is intended, by increase of inter-house rivalry, to encourage the greatest possible number of students to participate in the outdoor exercises which build up both physical and mental alertness.

In addition to their annual house meet the Powell River high schools have in the past three years held an annual field day in competition with athletes from the high schools of Courtenay, Cumberland, Comox and Salem—just across the Gulf from Powell River. These are gradually growing in popularity, and it is hoped that as the years advance these sports will attain the popularity and attention of the famous high school meet in Vancouver.

Meanwhile Powell River High School carries on and does its share in moulding the minds and bodies of our younger generation.



In the limelight once more, Brigadier-General Clark of Vancouver is shown here as the Canadians entered Mons in 1918. Today the cobble stones of this historic town resound to the clash of battle as Allies and Germans fight over its ruins.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

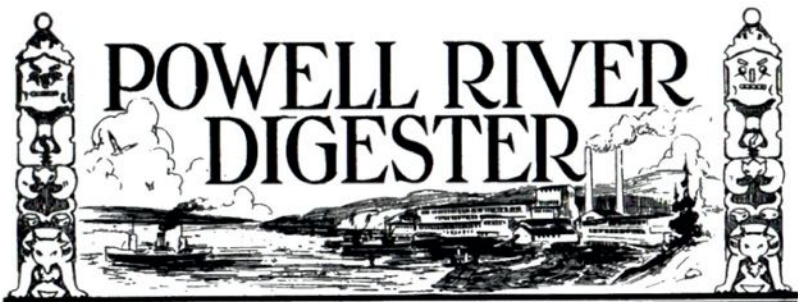


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No. 6





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Send In Your Pictures



In the next and succeeding issues it is the intention of the DIGESTER to publish short thumb-nail briefs, with photographs of employees who are in His Majesty's forces. Already several of our local boys are in one or other branches of the service—and many more have signed up within recent weeks. They are in the navy, in the air force, in infantry and machine gun units.

We are appealing to parents, relatives or friends, to send us in any pictures of local employees in the forces, preferably in uniform—along with any stories or experiences of camp or overseas life.

Our boys in the fighting forces will be a regular feature from now on, and we are counting on you to help us keep in touch through these pages.

New Construction at Lois River

Permanent Dam to Replace Present Temporary Structure

JUST ten years ago the Powell River Company, to keep pace with the exigencies of plant extension, commenced development of power in the Lois River area. At that time a permanent power house, with one 18,000 k.v.a. generator, was installed at Stillwater, 13 miles southeast of Powell River. From this point the power was transmitted over 66,000-volt high tension wires to the plant.

The original plans called for the erection of a temporary log crib dam, a temporary wood stave pipe line of 2700 ft. at the end, which was the site selected for the permanent dam of the future; a 5800-foot tunnel, a 12-foot 6-inch by 11-foot steel penstock, 2500 feet in length, and the Stillwater power house—all permanent structures.

The 10-foot wood stave pipe line and the log crib dam, part of the original structure, have now outlived their usefulness. The decision has

accordingly been taken to proceed immediately on construction of the permanent dam. This will involve the



Ned Beaton, Powell River Company Resident Engineer, who will be in charge of the new Lois River construction. Ned worked through the last construction of 1929-1930, and is thoroughly familiar with all engineering details of the project.

eventual elimination of the Lois log crib dam and the wood stave pipe line.

The new dam is officially designated as a constant angle arched dam. It will be at elevation 507 feet, with a thickness of eight feet at the top, widening to a 37 to 50-foot width at the bottom. The dam will connect directly with the present 12-foot 6-inch concrete pipe line, which will necessitate the construction of ap-

Present temporary log crib dam at Lois River, constructed 1929-30. On completion of the new construction program this dam will be eliminated. A new permanent dam half a mile closer to the power house is now under process of construction.



proximately 200 additional feet of steel encased pipe line.

To the hunters, fishermen and week-end pleasure seekers the construction of the permanent dam at Lois River will prove of interest. The lake will be raised approximately 40 feet, which means that the old logging trail between the second and third Gordon Pasha lakes will be available only when the lake is down.



B. C. Condit, consulting engineer, well known for his work on past plant extension plans, will again act as Consulting Engineer in the present Lois River construction.

Many of the present logging roads and trails will be flooded by the raising of the lake. The old logging railroad, running from Stillwater, will probably be transferred to the other side of the river and the present road now leading to the dam will likely be eliminated.

In charge of the important construction work at Lois River is Ned Beaton, Powell River Company Resident Engineer with B. C. Condit as Consulting Engineer. Mr. Condit, well-known western consulting engineer, supervised the extension of the Powell River dam in 1926 and the original Lois River construction in 1929 and 1930.

Stuart Cameron Company of Vancouver are contractors for the dam,

as they were for the original construction of 1929-1930.

The Lois River area is an old stamping ground of the Brooks-Scanlon interests. Over three decades ago, in 1908, they opened up their famous "Stillwater Tract" and commenced logging operations in the Lois River watershed.

This tract composed what was undoubtedly one of the finest stands of Douglas fir ever logged in B. C. From this area came the famous 214-foot Kew Gardens flagpole, the Vancouver Court House pole—and many other big sticks.

Over three-quarters of a billion feet of lumber were cut by Brooks-Scanlon and O'Brien during their tenure of the Stillwater area, and there are yet many millions of feet of virgin timber awaiting the fallers and buckers in the upper reaches of the Pashas. In recent years the McNair Logging Company at Stillwater has been engaged in extensive shingle bolt operations in the area.

It is expected that completion of the present Lois River program will extend over 18 months, with about 200 men steadily employed when construction is in full swing.

"I can't see what keeps you women from freezing."

"You aren't supposed to, Big Boy."

He: "Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands?"

She: "Yes, why?"

He: "I just wondered who in heck lifted them off the stove for you."

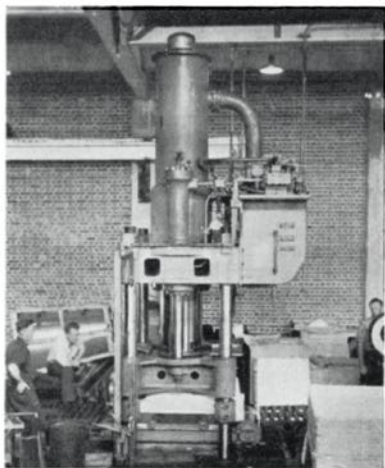
New Baling Press Installed

Special Hydraulic Press Facilitates Pulp Shipments

WITH the Powell River plant now permanently engaged in the manufacture and export of high-grade sulphite pulp, no effort is being spared to put this phase of our industrial activity on a strictly modern basis. Trained crews are on the job and modern machinery installed or in the process of installation.

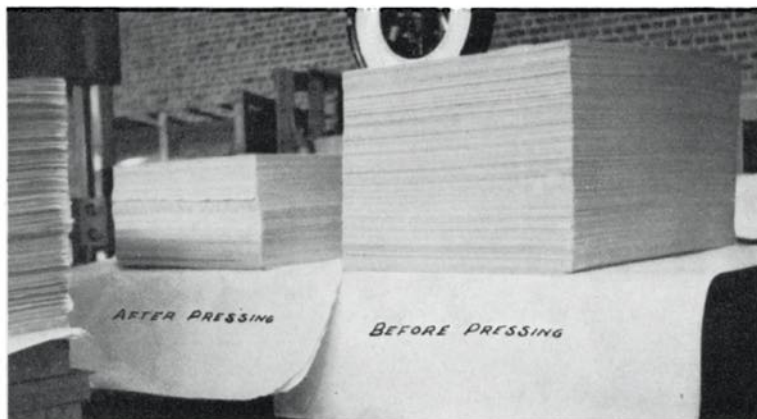
The latest addition to our sulphite producing equipment is the new, up-to-date Flakt Dryer, now being installed on the Kamyrr machine; and the Southwark Hydraulic Baling Press already in use.

With the Flakt Dryer in operation the entire production of sulphite will be confined to the Kamyrr machine, where high-grade air-dried sulphite pulp will be produced. Our No. 1



The new Southwark Company 600-ton hydraulic press, now an important adjunct to our Kamyrr machine.

machine, which is at present turning out air-dried sulphite, will be trans-



Before and after pressing. A clear picture of the bulk saved and the cargo space made available as a result of pressing. The original bale was 23 inches high. After pressing it was reduced to 14 inches.

ferred to a new product of combined sulphite and groundwood pulp.

The new hydraulic press, used in conjunction with the Kamyrr machine, involves greater efficiency in packing and storing. The illustrations accompanying this article show clearly the work of the press.

The ordinary sulphite bale of 450 lbs. and approximately 23 inches in thickness is reduced by the press to a compact 14 inches, a saving of 9 inches of cargo space on each bale. In addition, the bales are more easily stored, more tightly packed, and less liable to destruction in loading and transit.

Eye, Eye, Sir!

She looks at me with misty eyes,
That lass I love so well,
And with a voice of anguish cries,
"Say, ain't these grapefruits hell?"

The Cover Picture

Alan Todd, of the Finishing Room, supplies the winning cover picture for this issue of the DIGESTER. In all, the Camera Club submitted about a dozen different photographs showing operations in our log pond, and the board of critics had no easy task selecting the most suitable from among the many excellent photographs submitted.

The picture shows a portion of the millions of feet of logs stored in the log pond at Powell River ready for instant conversion into pulp. At other nearby points along the coast, within easy towing distance of Powell River, are additional reserve log storages, guaranteeing uninterrupted delivery of newsprint.

Nearly half a million feet of logs are required every twenty-four hours for the daily output of newsprint.



Interesting view of the new "collapsible" sulphite pulp bales being loaded overboard on the Powell River Company dock. High-grade sulphite pulp is now shipped regularly from the plant.

The Gardens Are Blooming

Townsite Dons Its Summer Garb



View of homes and gardens in the 900 block, Ocean View, a typical view of a Powell River block during the summer months. Powell River's lawns and gardens are always admired by visitors.

GARDENING, weed pulling, lawn cutting, are things that one either takes or leaves. A lot of us prefer to leave them. The nice exactness of floral borders, the meticulous extraction of stray weeds, the careful culture of scented roses, the planting of tiny mysterious bulbs in chemically treated soil, the equally painstaking search for the diabolical cut-worm — these are nightmares that torture many an otherwise serene Powell River disposition in summer months.

But forget we can't. Leave it we can't, for the quota of gardening enthusiasm in Powell River per square yard of frontage, is high. Around us on all sides we hear the click of the lawn-mower, the snip of shears. We see the smirk of smug satisfaction on

neighbors' faces as they energetically pull the weed and plant the spud. In sheer self-defence the tortured minority falls in line.

Powell River residents, as a group, have a definite pride in their lawns and gardens. We are not guilty of self-praise in saying that the generally attractive appearance of the average Powell River home is almost as well known and remembered as the quality of our newsprint.

The natural setting of our townsite, if not unique, is not common in those areas known as industrial centres, and enables residents to enjoy the happy combination of beauty and industry at one spot and at one time. Our location on the terraced slope of Malaspina shores is itself a natural scenic background. The absence of climatic

Above photo, covering some conception of what the Druids who packed those huge boulders to Stonehenge must have suffered. Kent Goldsmith stands with just pride beside his famous rock garden — every rock in which was transported from — only Kent knows where — and by himself!



extremes enables the gardener to maintain a freshness and restful coloring impossible under conditions of severe heat or bleak cold.

The ample supply of fresh water, available at all times to Powell River householders, is the envy of visitors. There are no special sprinkling hours, no curtailed or rationed water supplies. Sprinklers whirr whenever necessary, and no regulations beyond the reasonable discretion of the householder are imposed. Under such conditions there is a vitality and freshness lacking in metropolitan centres where strict economy of water supply is necessary. In some industrial districts water has to be pumped many miles. In Powell River the source of supply, Powell Lake, is a few hundred feet from the heart of the city.

Such are the natural advantages which we may modestly claim are as good as the best and better than less fortunately situated industrial areas. The scenic gardens, temperate climate and cool freshness — a playground in the midst of heavy industry is a happy combination not often found where industry must seek raw

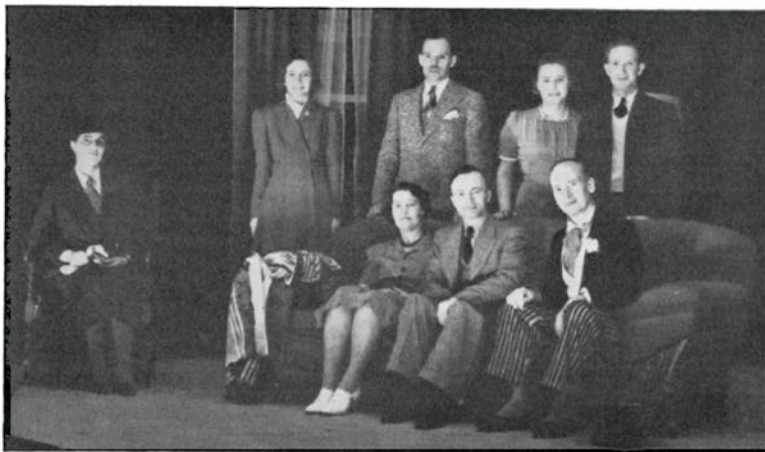
materials first and scenery as it comes.

There is a definite *esprit de corps* in our gardening brigade, who provide the polish to this natural setting. Most of them like gardening, they take a pride in the appearance of their lawns and gardens and flowers. Practically every flower and vegetable known in the temperate zone is cultivated by Powell River enthusiasts.

Harold Rose of the Customs Bureau, for example, lives up to his name by specializing in roses. Jack Semple and Art Davies, perennial rivals, are the despair and emulation of neighbors in what a front lawn should be. Sid Burn and Jack Carnelly have made their back yards, facing the Ocean View highway, miniature Kew Gardens. Kent Goldsmith, of the Kingcome Navigation, imported about 30 truckloads of earth to build his famous rock garden. Walter Snyder, machine-room foreman, sifted every ounce of earth in his front lawn. Let a weed show its nefarious head and Walter and neighbor Bill Alexander are on its tail like a flash. Some of us, unable to maintain the pace set

(Continued on Page 16)

The "Bandbox Players"



The "Bandbox Players," local dramatic group, are shown above in their recent successful production, "Mr. Pim Passes By." Seated: Mrs. D. LePage, Mrs. J. Staniforth, G. Wood, D. Critoph. Standing: Mrs. Waugh, N. Spackman, Miss Zella Stede, Norman Hastings.

THE month of June marked the second anniversary of "Bandbox Players," a local group of some two dozen enthusiasts devoted to the study and practice of the dramatic art.

Just over two years ago Bob Leese hastily got together a few friends to rehearse and present "The Bishop's Candlesticks" in Powell River's first annual dramatic festival. Much to its own amazement this little group won the local trophy and, shortly after, returned from the Provincial Drama Festival at Victoria with another one.

After such encouragement no group of enthusiastic amateurs could be expected to disband, so a permanent organization to read and produce plays, and defend the honors won,

was formed. Memories stored in the minds of some of its members of happy matinees and evenings in "bandbox" theatres in some of the larger centres of civilization suggested the name "Bandbox Players."

The society is affiliated with the Provincial Drama Association and also the Dramatic Division of the U. B. C. Extension Department. The latter has so many books of plays constantly circulating among its affiliated groups that the Bandbox committee sometimes wonders where all the plays come from—and why!

During the past two years five one-act plays have been produced: "Red Carnations," "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," "Maker of Dreams," "The Language of Love" and "The Rector."

Recently a three-act comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne, was produced, the first of what the society hopes will be many annual three-act presentations.

Few amateur organizations attract members of such widely diverse talents as a dramatic club. Not only the abilities of director and actor, but carpenter, scene-painter, electrician, costume designer, business organizer,



Dennis Critoph, of the engineering staff, president of the "Bandbox Players," and a keen student of drama and the theatre.

scene shifter, prompter and playwright, are all needed for the successful presentation of a play. Each of these hobbies has one or more devotees among the members of "Bandbox Players," and the resources of ingenuity and energy called upon in the production of a period play such as "The Language of Love," or even a modern comedy such as "Mr. Pim" have to be seen to be believed.

The "aims and objects" of the society are: To promote avenues of artistic expression for its members, and to give its audiences pleasure and inspiration, laughter and thought, an escape from anxiety along the roads of the imagination.

The War Chest

Powell River and District War Chest, under the chairmanship of T. N. Nuttal, prominent member of



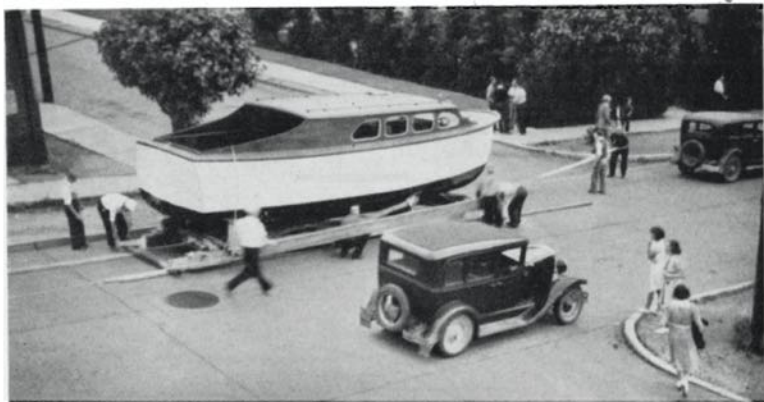
T. N. Nuttal, chairman, Powell River War Chest Committee. The Chest is appealing for your regular donation to assist the lads of our fighting forces.

the local High School staff, is increasing the intensity of its drive. With the war definitely in the realistic stage—and with the Canadian Government calling up greater reserves of men and materials, the need for funds is greater than before.

The recent drive, including house-to-house canvass, was reasonably successful. But the definite objective of the fund has not yet been reached—and the Chest appeals for your regular donations to provide comforts to the lads in camp and overseas.

The sacrifice of giving our money is small compensation for the protection accorded us by the men and women of the fighting forces. That sacrifice, few of us at home can ever hope to equal. But we can do something, make some sacrifice, to help make things easier for these men. You can help by supporting the War Chest and other war auxiliary funds regularly.

Build-Your-Own Fraternity Expands



A busy scene as the boys help Bert Helland, of the millwright staff, block and tackle his new 28-foot cruiser down the steep Second Street hill.

THE Build-Your-Own boat fraternity in Powell River is a steadily growing group. Many employees and residents, during recent years, lured by the great open waters, the gulfs, bays and islands of our coast, have gone into the boat-building business. It is a work that required time and patience, and in the case of the larger cabin cruisers, much of both. With most of the lads it is spare time work, done on days off, between shifts or in the long summer evenings. It's a labor of love—and some of the craft turned out by local employees and residents under difficult conditions have been highly praised by visiting experts.

During the month another cabin cruiser was added to the local fleet, when Bert Helland launched his new 28-footer. Bert built and designed the boat himself.

Last year Norval Prushaw's 32-foot cruiser was launched, and is considered among the crack ships of the local fleet. Eddie Aquilin, of the electrical department, started work on another about three years ago. When about three-quarters completed, Eddie sold the craft to Courtenay Powell. Courtenay expects to put his ship in the water this summer. Ernie Campbell and Bert Southcott are still working on their cruiser, which on their own testimony, will outspeed and outshine the best local efforts to date.

Another cabin cruiser builder is Fred Wild, whose sturdy craft is well known along the waterfront. And Jack Wilson, pioneer boat builder, still drives his powerful cruiser up and down Powell Lake. Jack's was one of the first sizable

(Continued on Page 16)

The Bicycle Returns to Our Highways

Favorite Chariot of Mother and Grandfather Back Again

HERE is nothing new under the sun. History repeats itself. Platitudes—but like all platitudes, founded on an original basis of truth and experience.

And that brings us to bicycles! In the early days of the present century, before the luxurious incursions of the automobile imparted a dizzy momentum to our civilization, the smash hit song of the era was:

"It won't be a stylish marriage,
We can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet upon a seat
Of a bicycle built for two."

Bicycles, one, two and even four-seaters, were the chariots of all but the upper crust of the 400 in those days. Courting couples mounted their two-seated bikes for decorous Sunday drives to the country. Father and mother went shopping or visited the neighbors on their two-seater. Speed demons went for four-seaters with high gears—and these flashing phantoms whizzed exultantly along our highways—arousing the just indignation of more sedate pedallers—and the ire of newspaper correspondents. The peak of every youngster's ambition was to own a bike—no mean achievement in days when money, like machines, operated in low gear.

The girls of that period were as bicycle-minded as their fathers and brothers. But these were also the days before Mrs. Pankhurst and her bomb-tossing gals had destroyed the exclusiveness of the ballot—days when

mother and sister gloried or acquiesced in the male superiority of father and son. So the girls rode their own specially built "bikes for ladies." Remember that high-seated monstrosity with the decorous handlebars and minus the top frame bar? Any brother who rode his sister's bike was a sissy—and liable to the heavier penalties the name implied in a male-dominated world. Any sister who rode her brother's bike was a hussy—subject to all the penalties implied in that horrible name.

The bike was the warp and woof of our social and industrial life. Remember how spinster aunts Jane and Maggie pedalled sedately down the front road with the full blaze of social approval following them from every modestly-curtained window?

Bicycle picnics were "posh" social events. The main streets of our cities were safe for democracy and bicycles, dodging easily around a horse-drawn milk cart or a heavier cartage dray.

Special bicycle paths were built by indulgent city fathers, along which father and son, lunch pail tied to the handlebars, trundled off to the factory. Proletariat and bourgeoisie met on a common level behind the handlebars. Many a resident manager in bowler hat, bicycle clips around trouser bottoms, whirled majestically up to the office on his nickel-handled steed. Even presidents did their own chauffeuring in the bicycle age.

View of a section of the 125 bicycles which are parked daily in this specially constructed storage. Approximately the above number of bicycles carry employees to work between Powell River and suburbs.



Came the automobile. Exit the bicycle, apparently to complete oblivion.

For thirty years or more, from 1910-1930 it was almost a "bicycleless" age. Motor cars, buses, expanding street car services replaced the old chariot. Save for a few youngsters, the bicycle became as rare a specimen on our roads as the horse-drawn carriage. The automobile age ruled almost unchallenged our roads and highways.

Came the depression, 1929-1933, and the following years of slow recovery. Automobiles joined stocks and other luxuries in the downward plunge. Workers, on short time, found bus fares an expensive necessity. Twenty cents a day for carfare was a big item in the family budget.

The bicycle returned. Three months of carfare paid for a bike. It was improvised, but in the long run cheaper transportation — and better than walking.

In a few years the one-man horseless chariot appeared on our streets, in front of our factory doors and in

our schools. The depression has slowly disappeared, but strangely enough the "bike" remains and the army of bicycle owners grows daily. From an economic makeshift it has become, with many, a popular and healthy medium of travel and exercise. Youngsters, aroused to emulation by the example of father and big brother Bill riding to work, besieged parents to buy them a bicycle.

The old favorite is now back on its feet. Industrial firms have had to build special parking spaces for the scores and hundreds of these vehicles owned by employees. Every school in the country has its own bicycle lot. Week-ends our roads again see bicycle cavalcades travelling along to favored picnic resorts.

What is true of the nation and the continent at large is true of Powell River. Fifteen years ago, a bicycle was a freak on our roads. Today there are probably close to 500 bicycles in the district. The Powell River Company has built bicycle parking lots for employees, and approximately 125 boys from the plant

reach work by this means. Along Maple Street during the noon hour and after school the street is thick with the bikes of youngsters.

Thus far the old bicycle age of the early century has not returned in the full splendor of its pristine glory. The old chariot "for ladies only" has not yet penetrated the modernistic conceptions of female equality. Our resident manager hasn't bought a nickel-handled steed, father and mother are still too modern to try an afternoon's shopping on a bicycle built for two. Our sensation speed seeking youth still prefer the automobile to the four-seater. Aunt Jane hasn't yet scraped up the nerve to return to our front streets behind the stream-lined handlebars of the modern bicycle—and courting couples haven't revived the old two-seater of their mothers and maiden aunts.

But the bicycle is back with us and enjoys a new period of resusc-

tated fame—until the family aeroplane again sends it back into temporary seclusion.

Visitors

Representatives of wholesale paper houses were among our visitors in June. Roy Foote, assistant manager, Powell River Sales Company, came along from Vancouver in the role of guide. The party included A. H. McLachlan, president of Coast Paper Company; K. Smeed, vice-president, and H. Miller, general manager, Columbia Paper Company; Fred Smith, president, Smith, Davidson & Wright; and Jack Wright, Vancouver Province. Art McLachlan caught the biggest trout during the trip up Powell Lake under John McIntyre's supervision. Incidentally, John was up to his usual tricks, taking the second \$8.00 pool for the largest fish caught on the second day. It's an old family custom with John.



Group of friends and visitors who spent a few days looking over our plant and townsite during the month. Left to right: John McIntyre, Powell River; Jack Wright, K. Smeed, A. McLachlan, Roy Foote, Fred Smith and Harry Miller.

Joe Dallas and Bill Stewart are pressing for the installation of a Coca-Cola machine on the wharf during the summer months. Some minor support is forthcoming, but from the stalwarts of the gang, from the Ted Burns, the Charlie McLeans and the Bill Castles come definite pronouncements that if any machines are installed in their bailiwick it's got to bring out something with more foam on the top than Coca-Cola.

"Picture me," Calen McLauchlin mutters, "going out for a Coca-Cola on a warm afternoon. I'd never live it down."

"Well," chirps back Joe, "if executive vice-presidents can drink Coca-Cola out of machines, who are you to talk about beer?"

Sally: Why did you suddenly give that comedian the air?

Betty: Why? Because every time I was out with him, he tried to get funny.

Jimmy Jacob took a week's holiday during the month, spent most of it negotiating on behalf of the local softball league for the appearance of the Salem Girls team in Powell River. Jimmy says it wasn't much fun, the mental strain was terrific, etc. After looking over the lassies from Salem it looks like Jimmy is just covering up, for local and domestic reasons. If that Salem gal shortstop was hard on Jimmy's eyes he might just as well give himself up and call it a wasted lifetime right now.

The old-time woodsman made his way up the creek and ran across a pilgrim from California.

"You'll never catch any fish there," he said, "you'll have to go further up-stream to find a good place."

"How will I know when I come to a good place?"

"Look for the empty bottles," said the woodsman.



Bicycles are not of course the only transportation used by mill employees. Here are a few of the cars owned by the boys in the lower part of the plant. Several hundred cars are parked in the various plant spaces daily.

New Pool Champ

Ned Sweeney's pool emporium in the basement of the Sweeney Villa at Westview has been a popular gathering place for the indoor experts in recent months. The degrading influence of this pernicious sport has seeped so far into the soul of local society that we have it on good authority that our Control Superintendent, Harry Andrews, is now slicker No. 1. Harry has adopted the game with a scientific gusto that has sent experts like Frank Flett, and even Ned himself, back to the beginner's corner. "Slicker Andrews they call me these days."

Al Hansen, boss machine tender, who has tried every form of sport, outdoor and indoor, has joined the "salt chuck" crew with the purchase of a 40-foot cruiser. Al has sailed gas boats into every corner of Powell Lake, has visited every cove along the neighboring coast, and climbed every goat-held mountain in the district.

But the 40-footer is Al's first incursion into the salt water boat owners, and while he intends to do a bit of hunting, the object, says Al, is to supply lazy and frequent pleasure trips with the family.

The old hunting and fishing gang shake a doleful shoulder.

Capitalist Doug Goudie of the steam plant braved the forbidding terms of the discount rate, crossed the border and spent a reckless week throwing dollars in wild profusion around the State of Washington.

With the speeding up of recruiting, local lads are joining the colors in an increasing number. During the month, "Scotty" Abbot, grinder-room pulp tester, joined the Royal Canadian Navy with the rank of Chief Stoker. Charlie Murray, popular member of the Fire Hall Staff, was accepted by the R. C. A. F. Several other lads have reported for medical examination in the various branches.

A New Record

In looking over our files for June, 1929, we discover that Arthur Dunn, of the wharf, was the first gardener to produce a full-grown ripe strawberry. Arthur has made this claim each year, and no one has entered a counter-suit. This year, John Dunlop, the "Walnut Street de luxe gardener," claims prior rights in the strawberry patch. Claims the first strawberry on May 22, a day before Arthur Dunn's 1929 record.

If true, it is the reward of long years of painstaking toil by gardener Dunlop.

"Hey, what are you doing?" yelled the foreman.

"Just sharpening my pencil," replied the bricklayer.

"Well, don't let anybody see you—that's a carpenter's job."

Father: "Who broke that chair in the parlor last evening?"

Daughter: "It just collapsed all of a sudden, father, but neither of us was hurt."

The Build-Your-Own Fraternity Expands

(Continued from Page 10)

ships to be built by a local resident. Bert Grundle, of the Construction Store, built a 22-foot light craft and sold it to Curly Woodward, of the Shipping Department, and the *Kent Goldsmith* — Ross Black's 30-foot cruiser, is now a two-year veteran around the coves of Malasпина Straits.

Backtender Claude McDonald turned his basement into a private shipyard, and last summer launched his snappy runabout on the "Salt Chuck." Alf Byfield and Chris Nord have put their own outboard in the water.

The "Build-Your-Own" brigade is growing—and each year swells the number of private motor craft, now numbering around a hundred, owned by Powell River residents.

Oh, Mama!

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"

"Alas, my darling daughter,

A girl with such a lovely limb

Will soon be in deep water!"

Roses are Powell River specialties—and it is the boast of local gardeners that even the famed Rose City of Portland might pick up a few wrinkles here. Above, prize rose in one of the townsite public gardens.



The Gardens Are Blooming

(Continued from Page 7)

by the experts, puddle despairingly about and manage to keep the grass cut and the edges trimmed. If we don't we hear about it—and if the lawn shows any sign of flagging, one of our pals next door has just the right brand of fertilizer.

And so it goes down the line. It's summer in Powell River and the gardens are in bloom and the gardeners, volunteer and conscripts, are on the job.

"There's only one thing wrong with me, blondie, I'm color-blind."

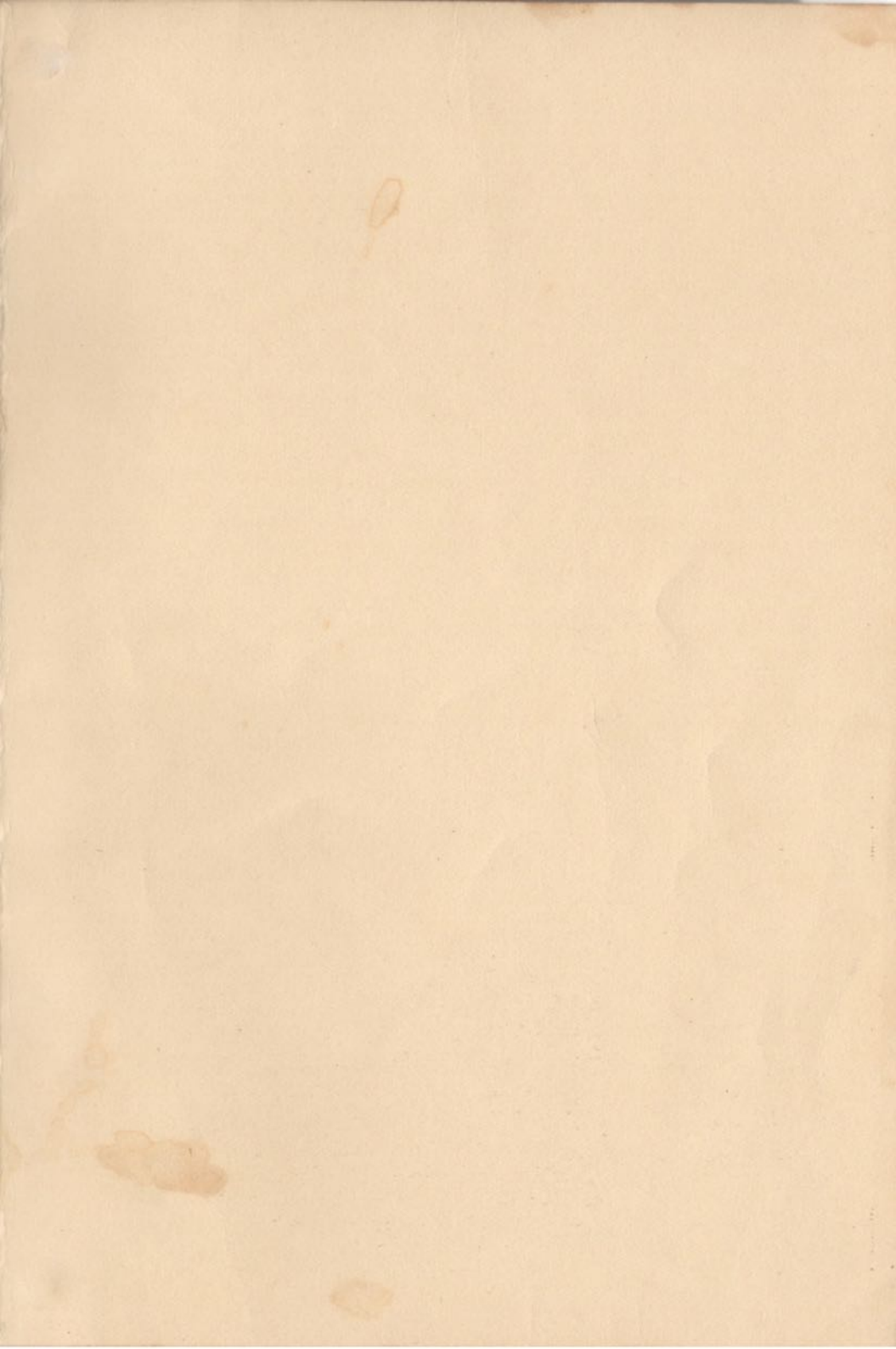
"Yo' all sho' must be, mistah!"

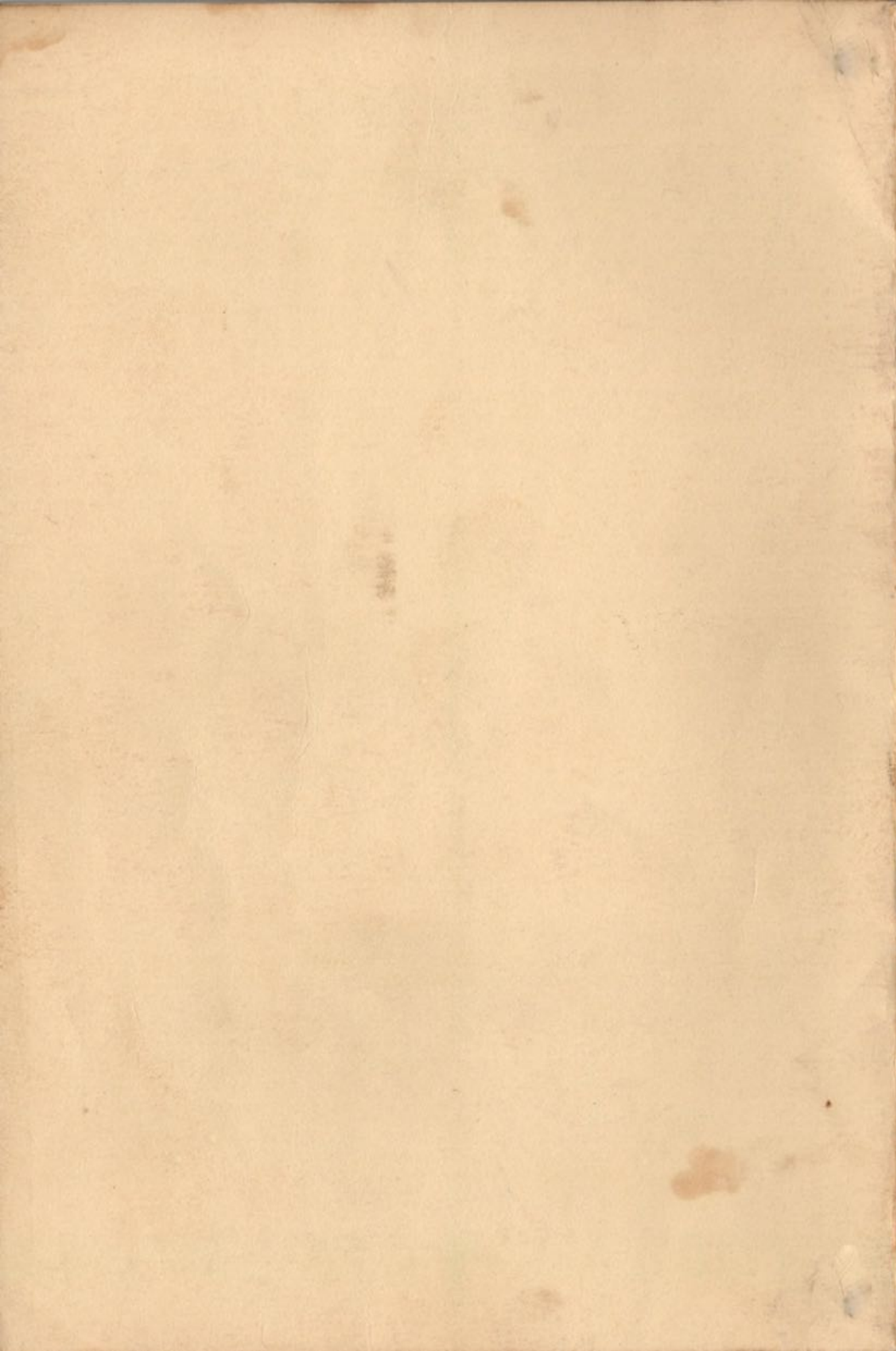
Entering a tavern with his wife and six-year-old son, Oscar ordered two straight whiskies.

"Hey, Pz," the boy said, "ain't Ma drinkin'?"

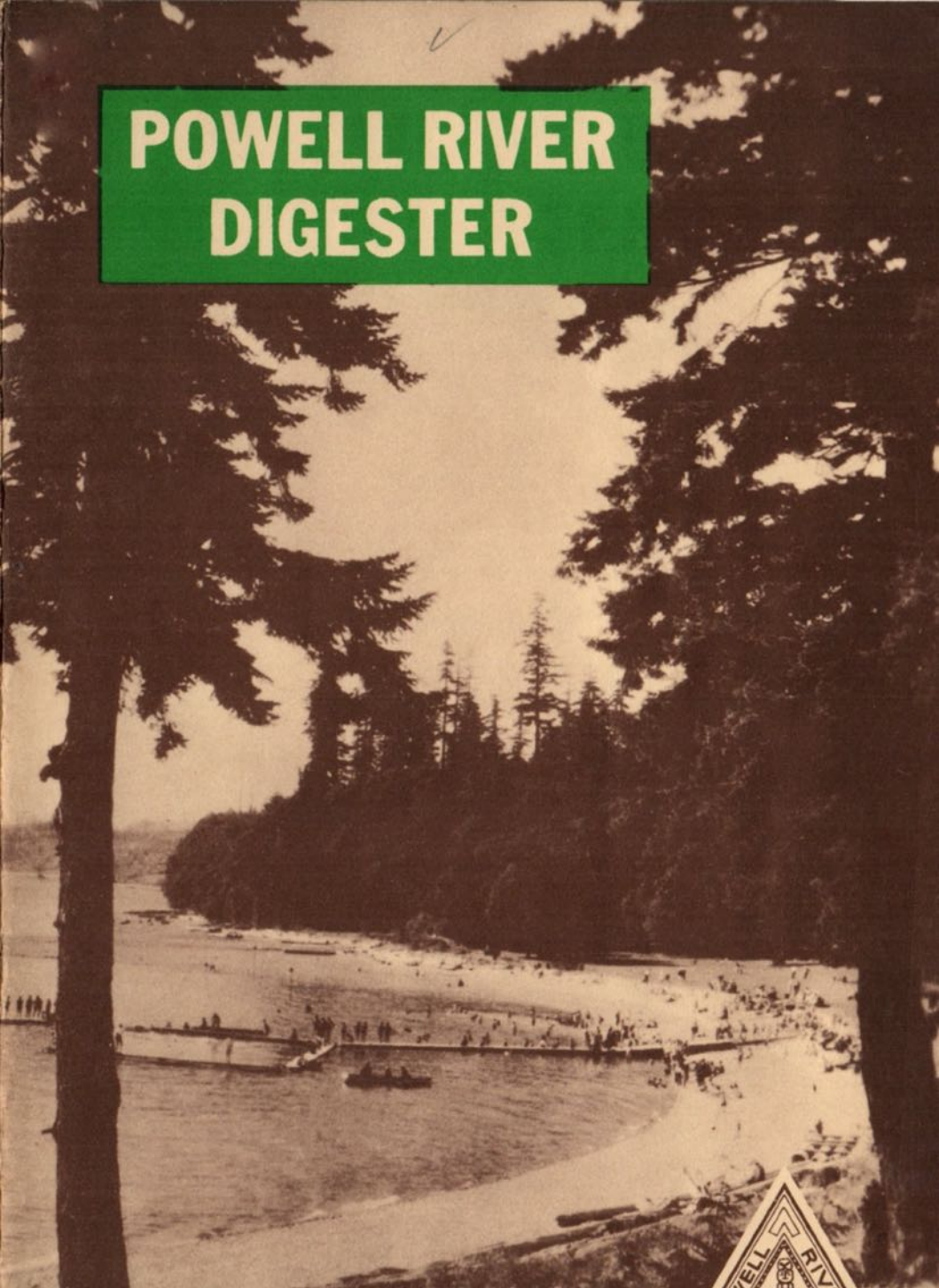
"Are the fish biting?"

"I don't know," replied the wary angler. "If they are, they're biting each other."





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

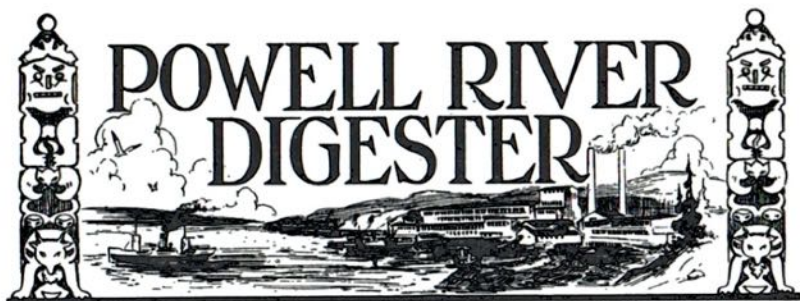


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No. 7





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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Powell River Citizens Drive For Trainer Plane

In Vancouver and environs the highlight of citizens' private war effort has been the campaign to purchase trainer planes for the Empire Training Scheme.

In Vancouver residents responded quickly. An objective of \$80,000 was reached and surpassed and contributions are still pouring in. The Powell River Company was one of the first industrial firms to come forward with a donation of \$8000 to purchase one plane.

The people of Powell River voluntarily threw their efforts into the trainer plane campaign. A committee of representative citizens was formed, and an intensive one-month drive for \$8000—a plane from Powell River—was started.

Response has been generous. The slogan of the committee, "One day's pay or more" has caught the public imagination, and by the middle of the month the half-way mark was exceeded.

Powell River, like the rest of Canada, is calling on our reserves as the old days of a stalemate war are over. We have sent our sons to the colors; our citizens have contributed generously to war bonds and to war savings stamps. Funds have been raised for the Red Cross and for the United War Services.

And our most single, ambitious effort to date is the \$8000 drive for a Trainer Plane From Powell River.

IT WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

On Active Service

Powell River Employees and Residents in All Branches of Service



No depression or defeatism in the smiling faces of the three Powell River lads shown above, Tommy Chalmers (left) 15th Brigade Artillery, formerly of the watchman's staff; Scotty Abbot, Chief Stoker in the Royal Canadian Navy, one time grinderman and Lawrence ("Slick") Hembroff, one time electrician, now in the B. C. Searchlight Battery.

AS the Canadian Government opens recruiting on a wide basis, employees of the company and residents of the district are flocking to the colors in increasing numbers. By the middle of July enlistments in the district approached the 150 mark. About eighty employees are already in the ranks of the Active Service Force while others are awaiting calls from their units.

Mac with Scottish

Leading the Powell River contingent of men who enlisted during June and July was Major John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., who rejoins as major in the Second Battalion, Canadian Scottish, at Victoria. Another dozen Powell River lads are also with the Canadian Scottish.

Our boys are represented in every branch of the service. The Royal

Canadian Air Force continues to be the popular medium of enlistment for our youngsters, and already fifteen employees are in the ranks of the flying squadrons. Others are in the infantry, in the Royal Canadian Navy, in the artillery. There are few, if any, branches of the service that have not a lad from our townsite in its squads.

Father and Sons Join Up

Outstanding in recent local enlistments is the example of Jimmy Jacobs and his sons. Jimmy, a member of the mechanical staff in the grinder room, joined the Canadian Scottish, and his three sons accompanied him. Jim served in the last war, and has been with the company for the past 18 years.

Another father and son combination is that of Harry Hassell, of the



Three more of the lads. Howard Rowe (left) now in England with the Artillery; Battleman (Bat) McIntyre, popular Rodmay Hotel owner, now with the Anti-aircraft battery; and Chief Petty Officer Danny Wallace of the Steam Plant, afloat somewhere at sea with the Royal Canadian Navy.

wharf crew, and his son Ewart. Both were accepted in the D.C.O.R., Vancouver's famous infantry unit.

Harry served during the World War, 1914-1918 with the Imperial forces.

As enlistments increase, our mail bag from the boys in the forces grows fatter, and letters continue to arrive from overseas and from camps throughout Canada. We can't answer them all in these columns, but intend each month to quote brief extracts from some of our correspondents.

Norm Disappointed

From Norm Hill, former grinder room employee, comes word from England that he was much disappointed in just missing the big show in France. His unit was embarked and ready to go when the order was countermanded.

Howard Likes England

A note from Howard Rowe, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Rowe, has some interesting observations on his English experiences. Howard is serving "some-

where in England" with the Canadian artillery.

Howard says to tell all his friends he has been "all around the Tower of London, but hasn't been in yet." As a Canadian-born youngster, Howard finds the charm of England irresistible. He says:

"Remember when I was in Canada, I never wanted to see England? I wanted to stay in Canada. I loved its natural beauty, islands and mountains. Well, I'm glad I came over here and will always have the happiest memories of England. I love their old customs, their grand old buildings; and the people are so friendly. They're topping!"

And Howard closes as all the boys who are close to realities close:

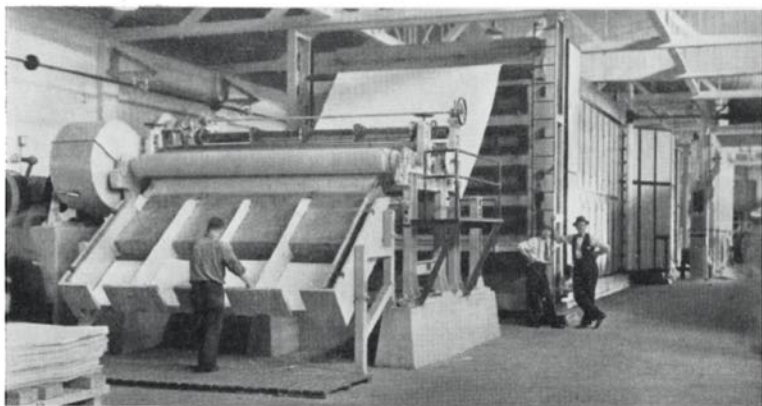
"We will win through."

That's how the troops feel, and it's the spirit of Canada and the Empire today.

More pictures and more news of the boys next month. Good luck, gang!

Sulphite Plant in Full Operation

Installation of Flakt Dryer Completed



The dry end of the Kamyrr machine, showing, in the foreground the cutting machine. In the centre, Al Watson (right) sulphite superintendent, and Mr. J. MacDonald of the Paper Machinery Company, Montreal, stand beside the Flakt Dryer, from which the sheet may be seen issuing.

Towards the end of May facilities for the production of high grade sulphite pulp were completed when the new Flakt dryer swung into action without a hitch, after several months of planning and preparation.

This machine, which is of Swedish design, is one of the first of its kind to be manufactured in Canada, having been made almost entirely in Three Rivers, Quebec.

The dryer is located in the sheet pulp plant building, which was recently doubled in size, and it is continuous with the Kamyrr wet machine. Nearly one half of the building is taken up with the Kamyrr machine, Flakt dryer, baling press and handling equipment, the remainder being available for storage and tracks.

The function of the dryer is to

take the sheet pulp from the Kamyrr machine at about 50 per cent air dry and dry it further to an air dryness of 90 per cent or over.

This apparently simple operation requires a machine over 90 feet in length, about 16 feet in width, and some 17 feet in height, and has necessitated the running of a new line from the steam plant about 1500 feet long.

From the outside the machine has the appearance of a gigantic steel box with glass windows at each end. Inside, it is packed with steam radiators between which pass chain conveyors joined together with light steel tubes. Floors of sheet steel divide the machine into 11 sections. The drying process is as follows:

The damp sheet of pressed, high grade sulphite pulp from the Kamyrr

machine enters the Flakt dryer at the bottom. It is then carried along the entire length of the machine, doubling backwards and forwards eleven times, and finally emerges from the top of the far end, a hot, dry sheet ten feet in width ready for the slitting, cutting and baling processes.

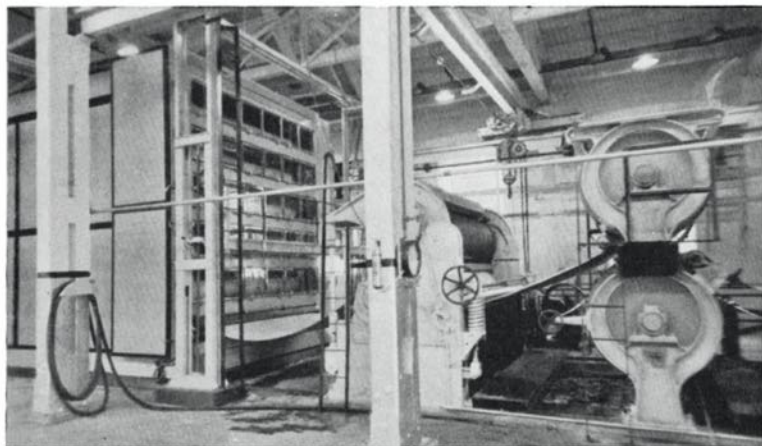
The Flakt dryer is very economical of steam. One reason for this is that the walls of the machine are heavily insulated, another is to be found in that important part of the equipment, the economizer. The economizer works like the radiator of a car, but in reverse, its object being to warm the incoming air by means of the waste heat from the machine. The warm, moist, outgoing air is conducted through a mass of narrow ducts made of a special alloy, and into the atmosphere. The incoming fresh air is sucked between these ducts, gathering up heat from them, and into the dryer, where it is further heated by means

of the steam radiators. The cycle is completed by the air passing back to the economizer with its burden of moisture from the drying pulp. The circulation of the air in the dryer is accomplished by six fans rotating at a speed of 3000 revolutions every minute. These fans are beautiful examples of high grade engineering; light and perfectly balanced, a touch will rotate them.

Visitors to the plant are immediately impressed by its airiness and cleanliness, and by the attractive appearance of the machinery. In fact, the somewhat dainty blue in which the latter is finished drew many humorous comments from those who are accustomed to somewhat more sombre effects in such utilitarian equipment.

"I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

"How about fortnight?"



The "wet" end of the Flakt Dryer, showing the sheet entering the Dryer on its way through the long maze of drying processes described in this article.

The New "Lab" Opens for Business

Research and Experimental Facilities Enlarged and Provision Made for Future Requirements



Testing the "Tear" strength of Powell River newsprint. Left is shown the special testing machine, which registers the resistance to tear of our paper. On the right, Frank Flett, our grim faced paymaster tries unsuccessfully to emulate the machine by trying to tear Powell River newsprint in the form of the B. C. Telephone Directory. Frank finds the "tear" resistance "too hot to handle."

POWELL RIVER'S modern chemistry laboratory is now running smoothly and geared to the machinery of our newsprint and pulp production. Work was commenced on February 1 of this year, and the building officially turned over to the laboratory staff on June 1. In the past month equipment representing the latest scientific developments in testing and experimental apparatus has been installed. Staffs have settled down in their new quarters. The laboratory carries on its work.

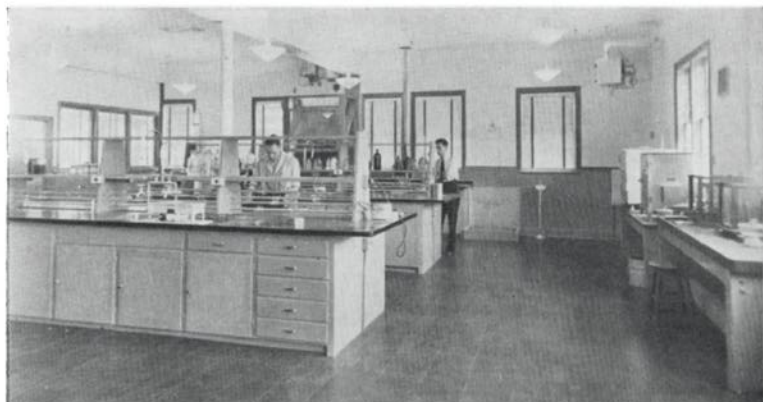
Modern conveniences, making for utility and comfort, are installed throughout the building. All offices have indirect lighting; a constant

temperature hot water supply, the importance of which is well appreciated by the chemist, is a special feature of the Powell River laboratory. The top floor offices are air-conditioned.

The floors are laid in asphalt tile with blending colors; the benches and sinks of the pulp room are spic and span in their stainless steel dressing.

Every reasonable provision for the comfort of employees and the increased efficiency of operating staffs has been included in the general construction of the building.

On the main floor of the new laboratory are located the pulp testing, statistical, work and store rooms. Here



The commodious paper-testing room of the new laboratory, where all tests of strength, smoothness, etc. are carried out.

is located the larger part of the mechanical testing and experimental equipment, and here many of the important tests and elaborate experiments, making for steady improvements in all branches of our newsprint production, are carried out.

The Pulp-testing Room

This room, 40 feet by 33 feet, is the general nerve centre for all routine pulp tests and standard laboratory operations. Through this department there are poured daily, samples of groundwood or sulphite pulp for routine or special testing. There is the ingenious fibre classification equipment, the special apparatus for pulp freeness tests. Samples are sent at regular intervals during the day from various places in our paper plant.

The machinery of the pulp-testing room is elaborate, highly sensitive and represents the latest in modern chemical equipment. There is the cunning "tear machine" which registers the resistance to tear of every roll of

Powell River newsprint. Any defects, any lapse from the rigid strength standards are promptly noted and immediately reported.

Here, too, is the ingeniously operated miniature beater machine, where the effects on "beating" pulp and newsprint stock is carefully studied and noted. This tiny machine, operating under identical circumstances as its big brothers in the plant, provides valuable statistics both for our local staff and for the purchaser of our newsprint and pulp products.

The Work Room

This is a concrete floored, 27-foot by 18-foot room used exclusively for heavy testing equipment and work. In this department a miniature grinder is already set up and in operation. Space is provided for other similar testing equipment, paper machines, etc. Extensive and elaborate experiments are and will be conducted in this department, experiments which



The pulp testing room, described in this article is a well equipped and modern laboratory. Scores of routine and special tests are made daily. In the foreground are pails and buckets full of pulp, ready for testing.

can be introduced and carefully checked without distinction from mill operations. This is the "Experimental Room"—the place where important and decisive technical innovations or improvements will be initiated.

The Statistical Office

The sound-proof statistical room, where the hard-working staff prepare facts and figures on every conceivable phase of newsprint production, is also on the ground floor.

To the layman, the mass of daily statistics, compiled in this department, are amazing and forbidding. To the technical operator they are vital and essential and play an important role in the steady maintenance of high-grade quality pulp and paper products.

On the top floor are the offices and library; the main laboratory room, the paper-testing room with its subsidiary dark room for special tests, and two large rooms, earmarked for future additions to our research de-

partment. In the main laboratory and paper-testing rooms, the general routine work and the important testing and examination of our newsprint is carried out. Special microscopic instruments are included, and all the searching, rigid scrutiny to which each roll of newsprint is subjected, takes place in this laboratory. The tensile strength of our newsprint, its resistance to strain, moisture content, careful study for formation flaws, texture, color and quality—these are part of the routine operations of an active laboratory staff.

The new laboratory is a guarantee that every possible convenience will be provided to maintain and constantly improve, by study, research and experiment, the quality of pulp and paper products bearing the Powell River label. This is the objective of Control Superintendent Harry Andrews, Chief Chemist Dick Bledsoe and the highly trained personnel of the Powell River laboratory staff.

Texas Publication Wins Many Awards

From Temple, Texas, comes the interesting collection of trophies shown below. These are some of the awards won by the *Temple Daily Telegram*



Trophies won by Temple Daily Telegram, Texas.

over the past two years in various state newspaper contests. They are:

FIRST ROW:

- (1) 1st Prize—General Excellence—Best daily in cities over 10,000. First all Southwestern Newspaper contest. Awarded at Texas State Fair, 1938.
- (2) 1st Prize—General Excellence—Best daily in cities over 10,000. Second annual all Southwestern Newspaper contest. Awarded at Texas State Fair, 1939.
- (3) 1st Prize—Best daily in city over 10,000. Awarded by North and East Texas Press Association, 1939.

BACK ROW—Left to right:

- (1) Awarded outstanding newspaper — state-wide division — North and East Texas Press Association, 1938.
- (2) 1st Place—General Excellence—State Fair of Texas, 1934.
- (3) Best Local Column—Daily or Weekly newspaper. North and East Texas Press Association, 1940.
- (4) 1st Place—General Excellence—State Fair of Texas, 1933.
- (5) Best Set Advertisements—Daily or Weekly—awarded at North and East Texas Press Association, 1940.

The *Temple Daily Telegram*, which has been in operation since 1907, has a record of steady service on behalf of its city and state. The enterprising and forward looking nature of Publisher Frank Mayborn and his associates is well illustrated in the recognition for all round excellence so tangibly displayed above.

The *Daily Telegram* has for many years been a user of Powell River newsprint and hope they continue to set the pace with Powell River products.

New Departure

Sweet Young Thing: "Now what are we stopping for?"

Operator: "I've lost my bearings."

Sweet Young Thing: "Well, at least you're original, most fellows run out of gas."



The trainer plane presented to the Vancouver Air Supremacy Drive by the Powell River Company. The plane costs approximately \$8,000.00 and the Company's donation was among the first contributions to the fund which brought in over \$120,000.

Cadets Rounding into Shape

The formation of the volunteer cadet corps, sponsored by local ex-servicemen, has proved very popular among our youngsters. Upwards of thirty lads are turning out twice a week for physical training, elementary drill and general training.

Local volunteer instructors are in charge of the boys. Bob Leese, of the Accounting Department, looks over the company when Major MacGregor left for active service. Charlie MacIntosh, of the Barker room, was physical instructor. Both these instructors have now left for service with the forces, alternate instructors are available.

A feature of the drill evenings has been the informal lectures given by ex-servicemen to the lads. Sam Rees, of the Steam plant, kept the boys on their toes with a vivid outline of the work of the famous "Q" boats during the World War. Eric Baldwin, of

the Machine room, told the boys something of the various work of naval convoys under war conditions. Several other veterans of the last war have prepared talks taken from all branches of naval, military and air history.

The boys are rounding into first-class shape. Their smart bearing has drawn favorable comment, and their first public parade will be held in the near future.



Above is the plaque attached to the trainer donated to the Air Supremacy Drive. The words "Donated by The Powell River Company Limited" appear on its surface.

Visitors

Well-known visitors during July were Mr. J. H. Bloedel, head of the well-known logging and contracting firm, Bloedel, Stewart & Welch, and his son Prentice Bloedel.



Mr. J. H. Bloedel (left) and Mr. Prentice Bloedel.

Mr. Bloedel, whose firm has a long record of achievement in the logging history of British Columbia and the Pacific Coast, paid his first visit to Powell River in 1910. His firm was

engaged in logging operations at Myrtle Point, five miles south of the townsite. He recalled that in 1910 there was no wharf at the "construction camp of Powell River." He and a few friends were dumped unceremoniously on to a float, which swayed precariously on rough nights. Logging operations were then being conducted within the present limits of the townsite. Mr. Bloedel's firm wound up their Myrtle Point logging operations in 1928.

Recent visitors from London, England include Dr. J. S. Bates and Mr. H. Randall, of Price, Pierce & Company, London. Mr. Randall left Edinburgh about two months ago and asked us to assure all local Scots that despite scurrilous reports to the contrary there is no truth in the rumor that war-time measures have included dilution of Scotland's national beverage.



The wood stave pipe line at Lois River winding snake-like along the banks. This line will be eliminated when the new permanent dam is erected.

Around Our Beaches

Local Resorts Ideal Children's Playgrounds

Happy youngsters congregate on Willingdon Beach eager for their coming swimming lesson from Powell River Company instructor.



A few weeks ago an American visitor from Seattle made this significant remark:

"I have just enjoyed a swim at your Willingdon Beach. I was pleasantly surprised to discover that the water was many degrees warmer than in my home city. This seems rather strange, since you in Powell River are over two hundred miles north of Seattle."

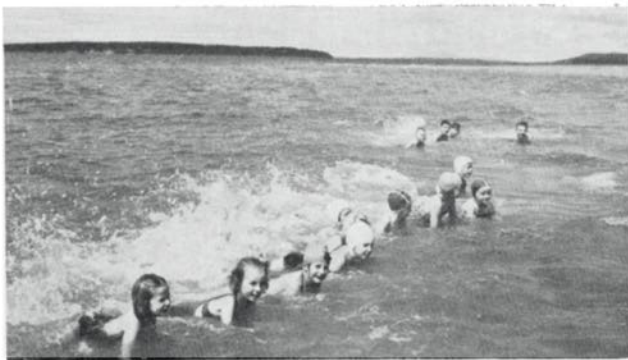
Our friend's statement illustrates a fact not always appreciated, even by Western Canadian residents—that the sheltered waters of the lower mainland of British Columbia provide probably the best natural salt water bathing facilities north of Santa Cruz, California.

Warmed by the waters of the Japanese current and sheltered from the boisterous storms of the Pacific by Vancouver Island, the B. C. coast is a summer paradise for the aquatic-minded youngster or adult. South of

Vancouver the Washington and Oregon beaches, scenically beautiful, face the full sweep of the Pacific rollers. Few, if any, spots on this coastline enjoy the advantages common to residents of Powell River and district.

We can't quote statistics in proof, but we venture that, per capita of population, Powell River's swimming population more than holds its own with any city, town or village on the Pacific Coast. From Powell River southwards fifteen miles are a succession of beaches, within easy driving and within walking distance from most parts of the district.

Youngsters learn to swim in Powell River soon after they have mastered the art of crawling. Any afternoon during the summer months these youngsters, male or female, from six to twelve, are sporting like cels in the water, diving, crawl stroking, floating, to arouse the hopeless emulation of us despairing oldsters.



The "young" ladies line up for their first lesson and seem to be enjoying the experience. There are no under tides or dangerous currents in the area.

Willingdon Beach is probably the focal point for most youngsters and parents. There the Powell River Company maintains a qualified swimming and diving instructor, and lessons and classes are provided free. Scores of kiddies pass through these courses each summer, and the older boys and girls carry on with special life-saving classes. The beach is provided with a modern diving raft and float, a regulation swimming pool, and boat for the life guard.

At Willingdon there are cool, shady trees where perspiring parents can cool off while exuberant offspring ply the swings, the chutes and other equip-

ment in the children's playground section. Tables are provided for picnics and family gatherings, and these, too, are located well within the welcome shade of the big firs and cedars.

Along the entire coast from Powell River to Stillwater are other splendid beaches, with miles of white, clear sand and oceans of ideal swimming water. And any day during the summer you'll find the lion's quota of Powell River's future citizens preparing themselves for their adult responsibilities on our health-giving beaches.

These beaches are on our doorstep. They are within a maximum of fifteen

(Continued on Page 16)

And the boys go boisterously into action, both feet kicking and the tang of salt spray all around. It's fun—and the water is swell.



Around the Plant

Steady the Buffs!

The necessary tightening up on mill passes and increased vigilance over plant properties in recent months has resulted in several "incidents" which have enlivened greatly the morale of boys around the railings during the lunch hour. For instance:

Around the middle of the month an energetic groundwood superintendent strode briskly along towards the waterfront gate. Bill's mind was far away on grandiose schemes for bigger and better grinders.

Suddenly a stern voice commanded "Halt! Where do you think you're going?"

It was the new guard at the gate. Groundwood superintendents and commercial travellers all looked alike to him.

Bill, after twenty years of wandering unhampered about the highways and catwalks of the plant area, was nonplussed for a second. He stutted, mumbled a few indistinct words.

In a trice the guard had him fast by the arm, commanded "Just take a walk with me, young fellow; you look suspicious."

So Bill, escorted by the powerful arm of the law, was hauled, amid the grins from the lads along the route, to the Kelley Spruce office for identification.

Ed Williams, in the office, keeping a straight face, remarked:

"I agree, officer, he is a suspicious looking character, but I'll be respon-

sible for him this time. Thanks, officer."

Every time Bill walks through the grinder room on an inspection tour somebody yells "Halt! Who goes there?"

* * *

"Mac" Has Trouble, Too!

Something of a similar fate fell to the lot of Major John MacGregor, formerly of our mechanical staff, as he was being measured for his uniform last month.

The measurer was a dour Scottish tailor. The ensuing dialogue is reported by Danny Green, former steam plant employee, who now holds a commissioned rank with the Canadian Scottish at Victoria.

Tailor to Mac: "Eh, lad! How about ribbons? I'll hae to have them sewn on at the same time."

Mac to Tailor: "Well, I have a few, my two service ribbons and one or two others."

Tailor (showing first sign of suspicion): "And what others hae ye, my boy?"

Mac: "Well, there's a Coronation ribbon and two or three others."

Tailor (looking more suspicious): "Eh, eh, lad; but what others?"

Mac: "Well, there's the M.C., a D.C.M. and a V.C."

Tailor (suspicion turning to indulgence): "Look, laddie; d'ye no think ye'd better run away hame and sleep it off? Come back tomorrow when ye feel better and I'll fix you up."

The Budget Comes Down

A few days before Col. Ralston's war budget became public property, Al Hatch, of the Machine room, and Gray Benner, of the Office were discussing the latest newspaper reports.

"Say, Al," said Gray anxiously, "what's this budget business all about? What do they mean by bringing down the budget?"

"Dunno, Gray," Al replied, "but I think it has something to do with gravity—you know, what's up must come down or something."

The day after the budget came down Gray met Al at the foot of the office steps.

"Gravity" sneered Gray, "gravity! That fellow Ralston never heard of it. He shot that budget out of a Big Bertha."

* * *

A Financial Crash!

The same morning one of our well-known millwrights was sleeping the just sleep of a millwright. Next door Bill Donnenworth was starting his morning depredations against peace and quiet, with shingling operations on the neighbor's house. A heavy shingle slipped off the roof and dropped with a resounding crash on the walk beneath.

Our millwright's wife woke up, shook our millwright violently. "Bill, Bill" (name entirely fictitious and has no reference to any living millwright), "What's that? Did you hear the crash?"

Bill rolled sleepily over on his side, "The budget has just come down," he muttered.

The Welsh Festival

A second of the locally constructed boats eased down the ways early in July, when Courtenay Powell, boss machine tender, with the assistance and moral support of Powell River's Welsh colony, launched his new 32-foot cabin cruiser on Powell Lake. The Powell flyer will be the queen of the Powell Lake squadron. It will easily handle fifteen guests on an afternoon's cruise. Looks like "Men of Harlech" will be the most popular chanty on the lake for the rest of the summer.

The Cover Picture

The warm—darn hot to be correct—days of July have sent most of Powell River's population scurrying to one or other of the neighborhood beaches.

The cover picture was taken by O. J. Stevenson, of Lanes Studio, and presents a picturesque view of Willingdon Beach about 2 miles from the heart of Powell River.

A man, evidently drunk, sagged down in a seat in the lobby beside a clergyman. "Fine (hic) day," he began.

"Yes, it is," from the clergyman.

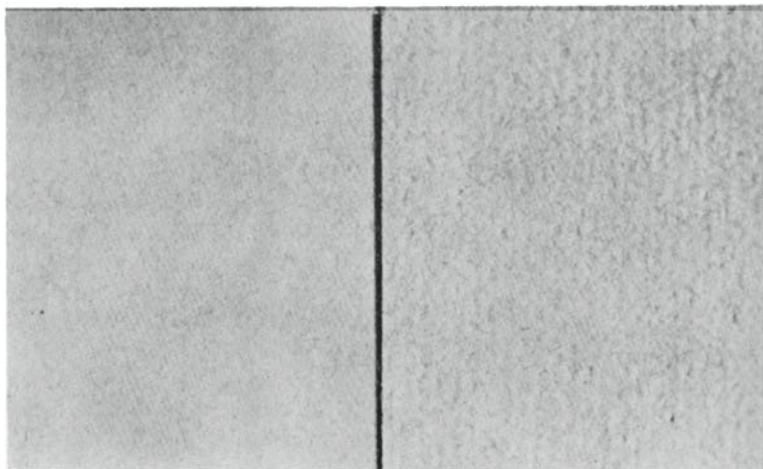
"Thish's fine hotel."

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Wontcha have a drink?" the man asked, encouraged by the courteous replies of his chance acquaintance.

The pastor's face set severely. "No thank you," he said, "I never indulge."

"Shay, whatcha givin' me? You gotcha collar on backwards now."



One of the regular and standard laboratory tests on Powell River newsprint is for smoothness. This test is made on each reel—and uniform and consistent smoothness is of great importance to the pressman and the printer. Above shows the newsprint sheet (right) before it enters the calender stack and its smooth appearance after calendering. The effect of calendering is thus clearly shown, although it is invisible to the naked eye.

Balances Off

"How's your wife's mental condition since the psychiatrist has been treating her?"

"She's better, but the psychiatrist went nuts."

"All right back there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on!" came a feminine voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The entire carful turned and craned their necks expectantly. A girl got on with a basket of laundry.

"Say, I hear you lost your job. Why did the foreman fire you?"

"You know what a foreman is—he's the one who stands around and watches his men work."

"What's that got to do with it?"

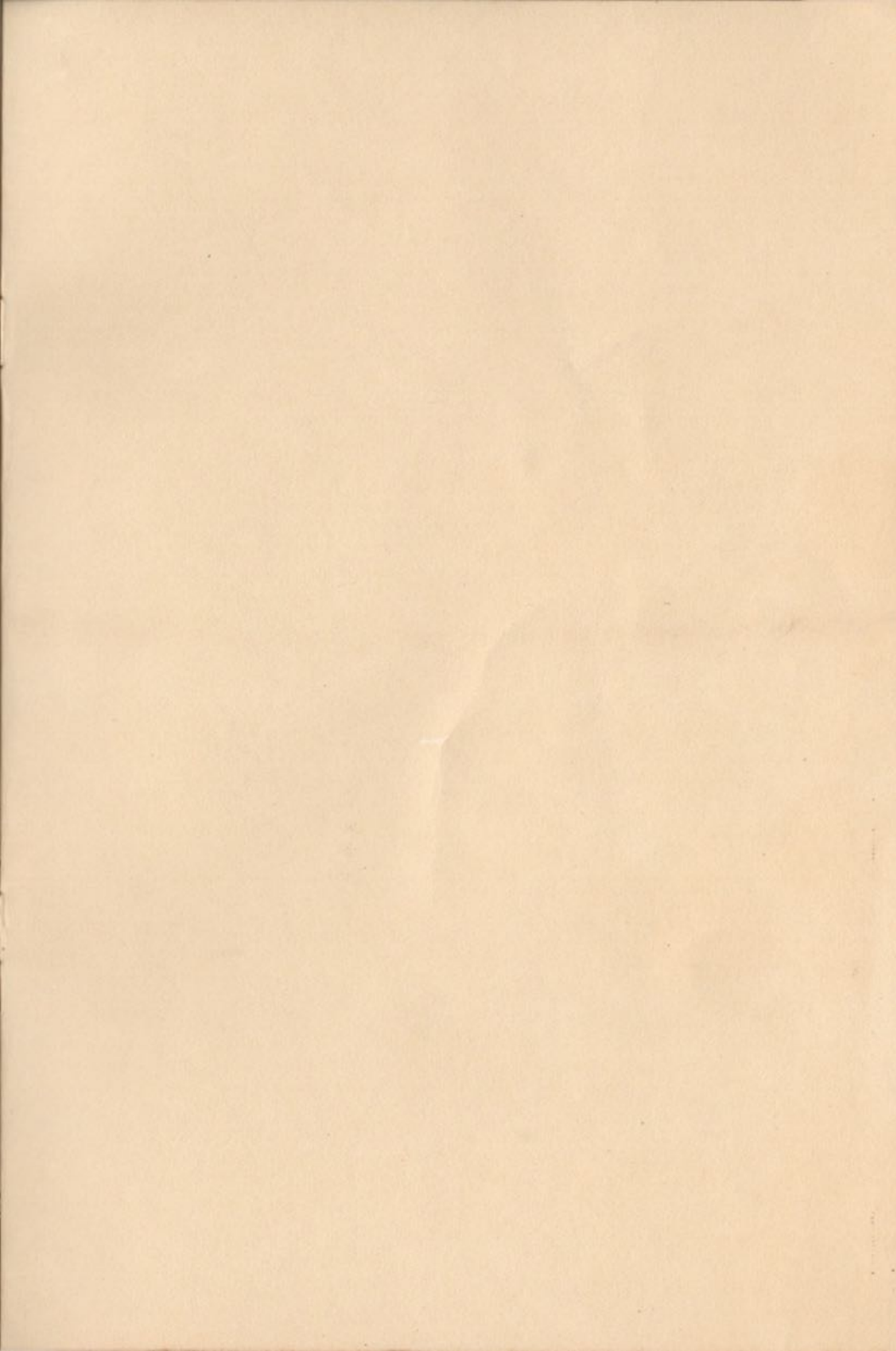
"Why, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the foreman."

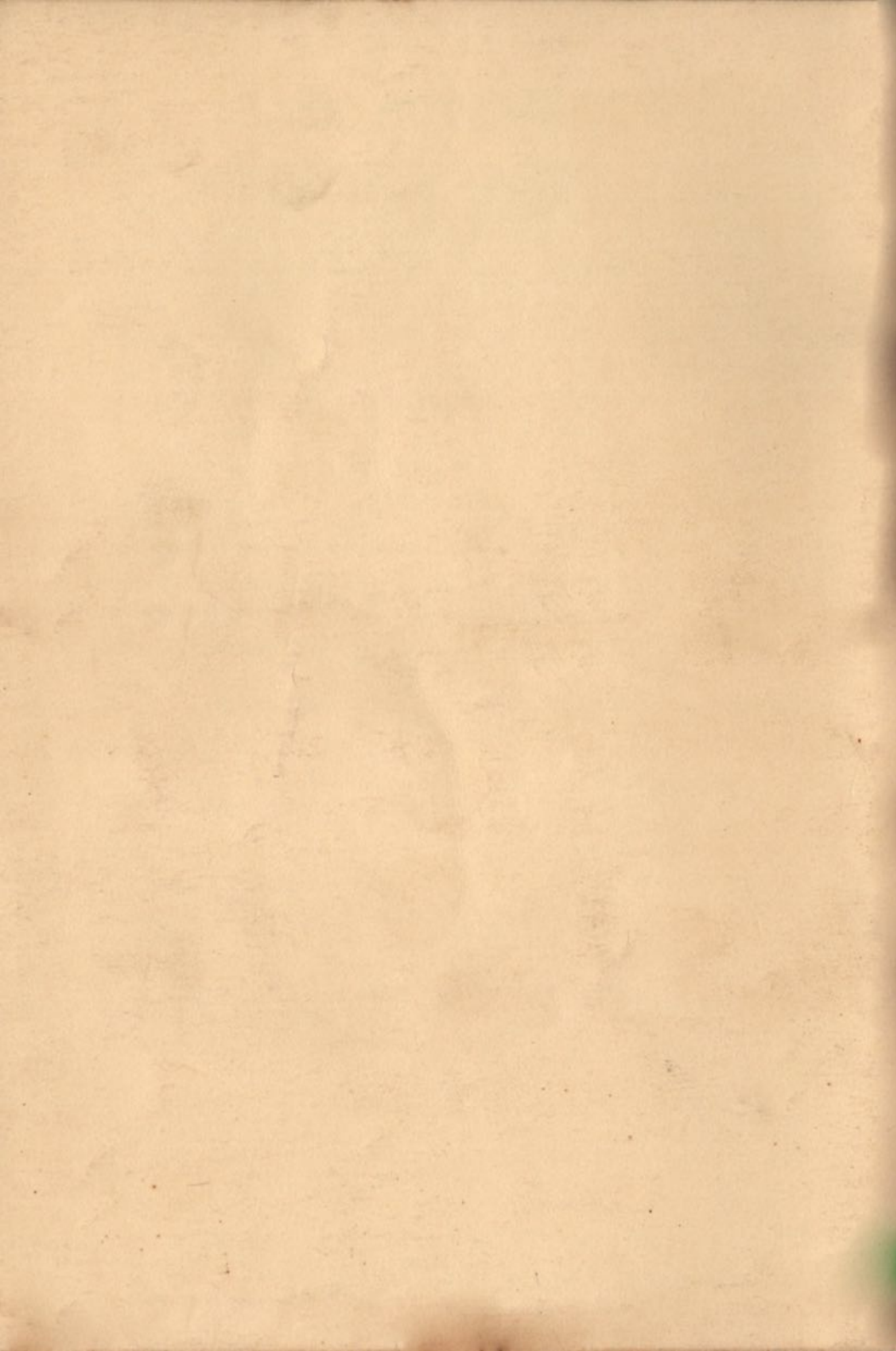
Around Our Beaches

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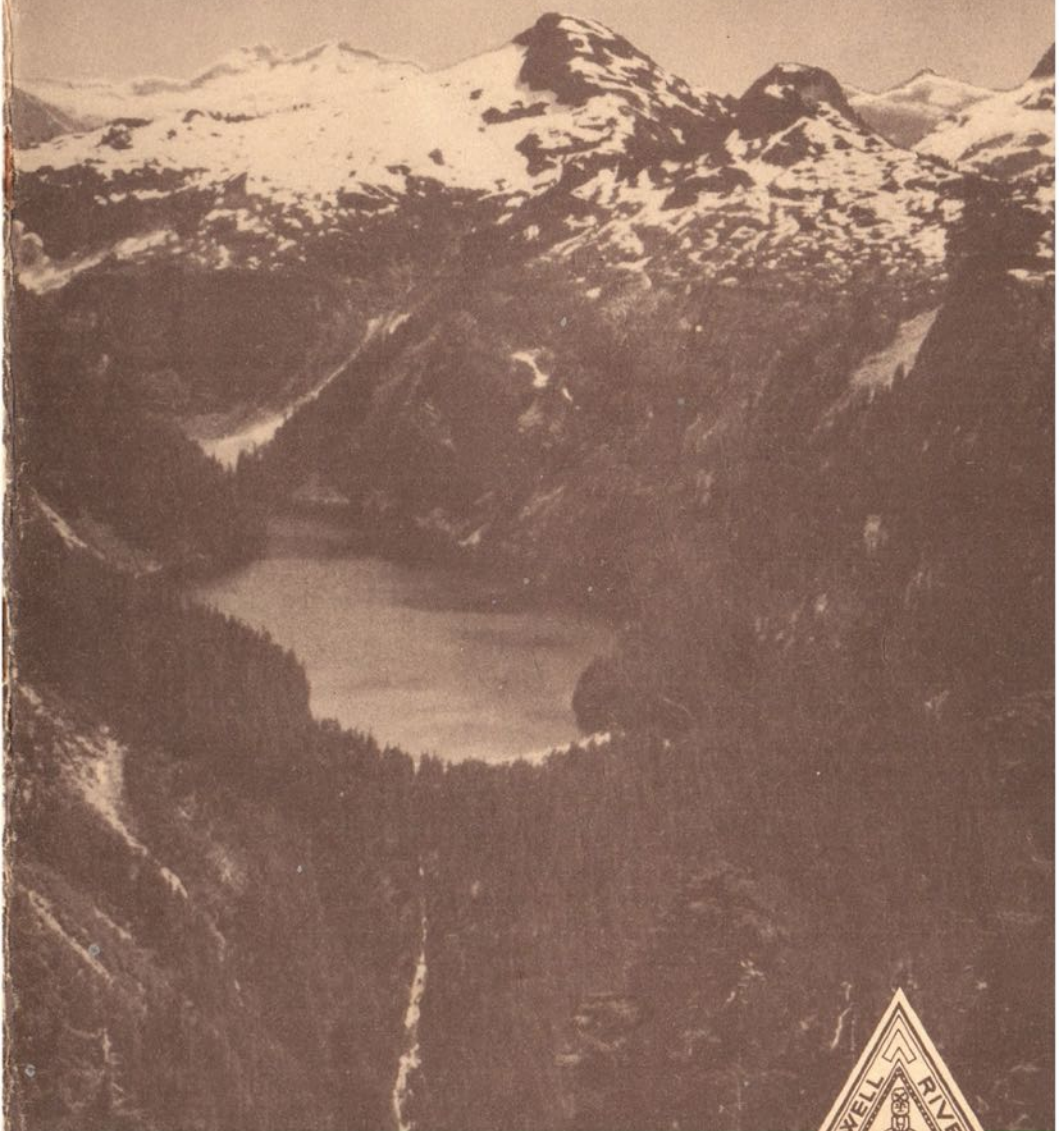
minutes' walking distance from the heart of the Powell River townsite. There are no long rides on street cars to reach them; no long, perspiring walks through crowded, dusty city streets. Our Willingdon Beach, for three quarters of its distance from Powell River, may be reached through cool, shady paths.

To the average Powell River citizen there is nothing novel about all this. We take it as part of our normal environment. But it is another reason why we think Powell River a good place to live in and why our youngsters are considered among the healthiest in British Columbia.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

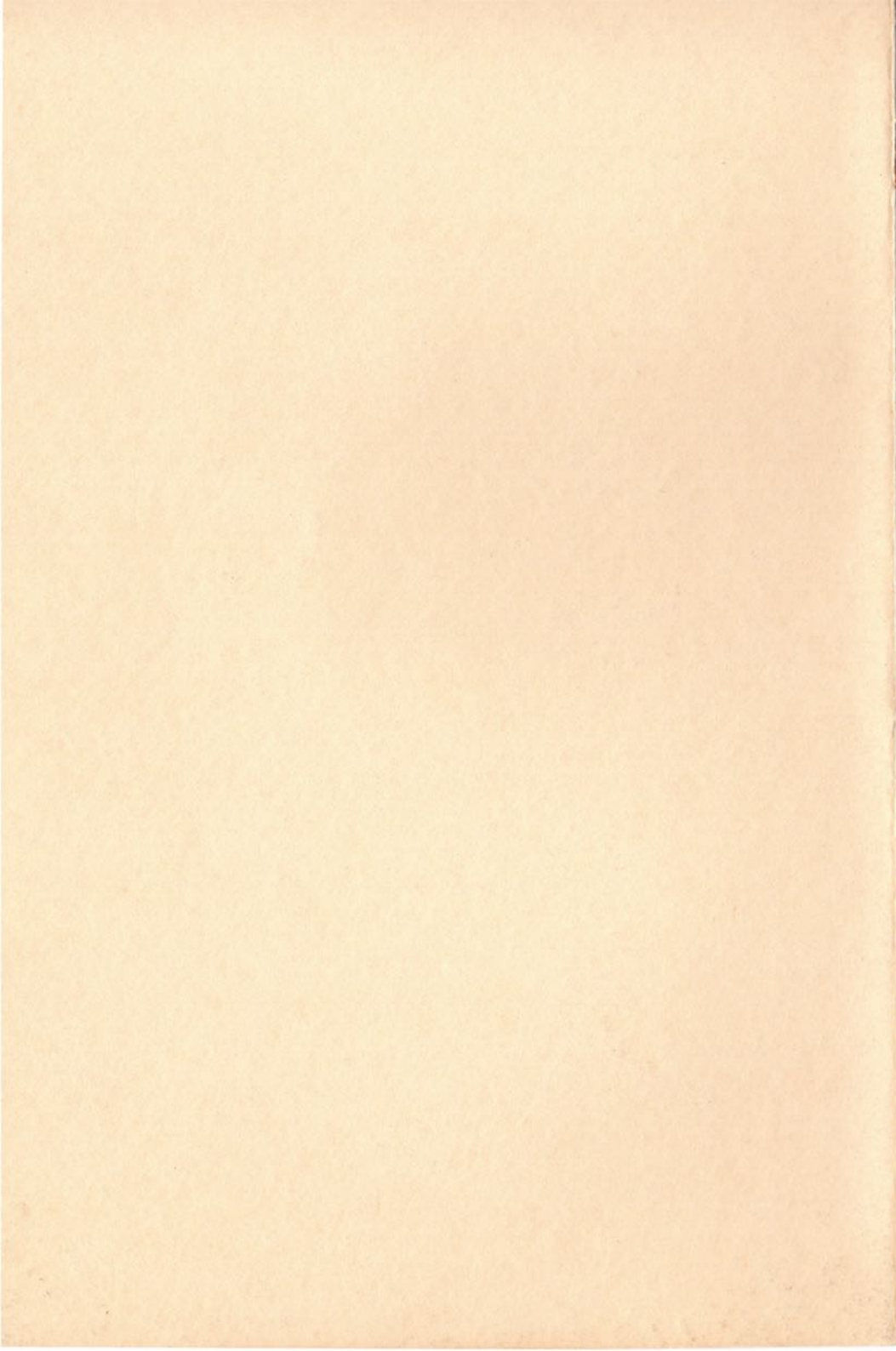


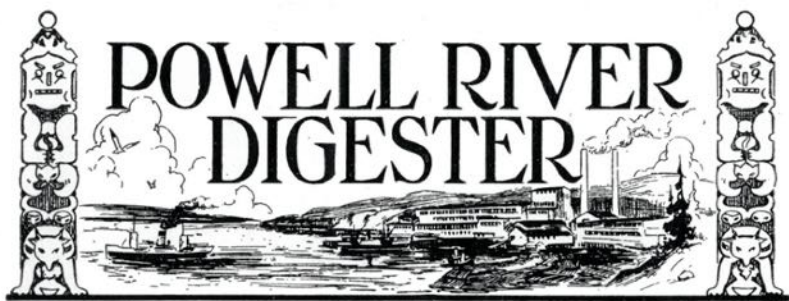
Vol. 16

AUGUST, 1940

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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Trainer Plane Fund "Over the Top"

\$8,000 Objective Reached After Successful Drive

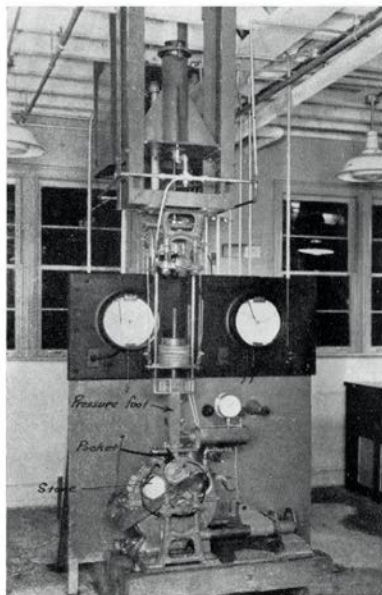
As prophesied in our last issue, the \$8,000 Trainer Plane Campaign has gone over the top. Powell River and District residents have come through with flying colors, and the objective has been reached and passed. Within a few months we hope to see the plane "Donated by Residents of Powell River and District" in the air, training our British Columbia pilots to battle the Hun.

This major united effort on the part of Powell River citizens is a highly commendable one. "A Day's Pay or More" was the slogan, and Powell River met the challenge.

Considering our size and population and the general response of citizens to the numerous war demands, residents, committee, and all those responsible for the success of the campaign deserve the highest commendation.

CARRY ON, CANADA!

Experimental Grinder Widens Research Scope



Experimental grinder installed in the new Laboratory Building. Wood is fed into the machine through a small pocket, and the grinding can be conducted under circumstances similar to mill conditions.

THE standard newsprint sheet, as every schoolboy knows, is formed by the mixture in specified quantities of groundwood or mechanical and sulphite or chemical pulp.

Roughly, eighty per cent of every newsprint sheet is composed of groundwood pulp, that thick, porridge-like substances which our numerous visitors have seen slithering out from the big howitzer-like grinding machines. The chemical pulp by its very name sug-

gests a special process, which may be dealt with in a later article. But here we discuss the majority vote — the groundwood pulp—which is pulped in its natural state and which is so important in the composition of the finished sheet.

Regular Testing on the Job

It is in the study of and experimentation with groundwood pulp that the quality of the finished product is largely determined. This phase of newsprint production, perhaps more than any other, is the subject of constant daily study, research and test by our operating and laboratory staffs.

There is, due to the use of the natural wood, no common denominator for a grinding machine. Wood in its natural setting may, through variations of soil, climate, growth, etc., react differently to treatment. There is no possibility of assuming uniformity at the source, that is, in the woods. Consequently close, constant and accurate tests must be made.

From each of the sixty-odd grinders operating in the Powell River plant samples of pulp are taken at hourly intervals and subjected to accurate tests which guarantee the quality of the finished sheet. The pulp may be of a freeness that ensures a fine sheet formation, but the required strength, essential in the fast-moving presses of the modern newspaper, may not be present. The perfect combination of formation and strength is aimed at,

and only steady testing may bring this result.

Cleanliness is carefully watched in this regular testing, for cleanliness is highly important to the printer and to the advertiser.

Thus, here in the big grinding machines the operating crews work to keep the core of our newsprint sound, to build up the quality and reputation of their product as it starts on its way to the finished roll of newsprint.

This is the job of the operating staff. Behind them are the technical staff and laboratory, where the important experimentation work is carried out.

Quality Improvement by Modern Research

In the new Powell River laboratory one of the chief installations is the new miniature grinder machine. This machine operates under conditions similar to its big brothers in the plant. By its valuable research is undertaken, the results of which are transmitted to the operating staff, and which blend in with the aim of steadily improved quality.

Tests are made with different types of grinding stones, tests which enable

the operator to install stones which grind with maximum efficiency. Tests are made to determine the best method of grinding—for example, may the best results be obtained by grinding along the curve of the grain or across the grain? To what pressure should the wood be subjected? Under what combination of circumstances will the best pulp be produced? What is the ideal temperature for grinding?

And so it goes. The lab's technicians and the operating staff dovetail their work, with the one object in mind—Quality and the reputation of their product.

The installation of special experimentation machinery in our new laboratory is a further step along Quality Street. Gradually uncertainties are removed. Gradually the errors of natural growth are decreased, and steadily the march of newsprint progress carries on.

There is nothing easy or miraculous about this march. It is a march of study and research; a slow, hard path, but one which our operators and technicians are inexorably clearing.

Patent Applied for

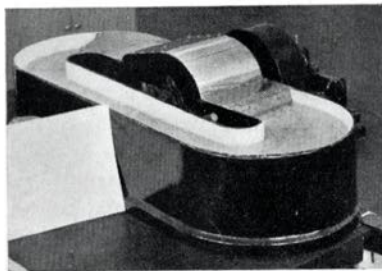
Harold: "I've got a new idea. There is a fortune in it."

Gerald: "What now?"

Harold: "It's an alarm clock that emits the delicious odor of frying bacon and fragrant coffee."

He: "I must apologize for my dancing. I'm a little stiff from tobogganing."

She: "My dear man—I don't care where you came from."



Another ingenious installation in the Laboratory is a miniature "beater", where mixing experiments and tests of stock are made regularly.

On Active Service

Powell River Lads in Various Camps Settle Down to Intensive Training



A group of former Powell River Company employees now serving with His Majesty's Forces. Left to right: Nick Husar, Bill Jobus, Ron Cottingham, Reg. Lewis.

As the tempo of the world conflict whirs into high gear, and as we await with certain confidence the outcome of the Battle of Britain, many lads from Powell River are already in the heart of the battle. Others are on the way.

Letters continue to arrive from local employees and residents. In them the same spirit animating the people of the British Isles is everywhere prevalent. They are enjoying army life. They await with eagerness the call to the Empire's battle fronts. They are cheerful and confident.

From England comes word that Mickey Dunn, son of the late Maurice Dunn, well-known employee, finally emerged safely from the great Dunkirk evacuation. Mickey had been reported missing but turned up slightly wounded. He is now, according to recent word, recovering from minor

wounds in an English hospital. Mickey is in the Air Force.

Many local lads, including Norm Hill, Robin Leese, Bill Edwards, Tommy McKissock, and others, are in the heart of the battle area in England.

From Reg Lewis, son of Bill Lewis of the Grinder Room, comes word he is still at sea on the H.M.C.S. *Skeena*. His boat participated in the stirring actions off the French coast during the Brest evacuation, and Reg writes that the navy is on the job day and night.

From the training camps in Canada, where the boys are undergoing high tension training, letters keep coming in.

Geno Wins Sprints

Back in Dundurn, Saskatchewan, where the New Westminster Machine Gun Regiment sweats under a prairie sun, Powell River makes the front pages. Our former popular member of the Shipping Office, Geno Bortolussi,



Three more of the boys: "Brick" Harper (left), Andy Crawford and Dick Johnston. Dick is with the newly-formed motorcycle corps.

was to the fore in a recent sports meet. Over ten thousand troops are in the camp, and at the big sports meet held recently Geno romped home a winner in the 440-yard, took second in the 220 and was a member of the winning relay team.

Just Give Me a Gun

From an Air Training camp in the east, Jack Carr, of the Machine Room, goes through the paces as a future R.C.A.F. pilot. In this camp are pilots, gunners and observers from every corner of the Dominion, and from outside the Dominion. Jack, in a recent letter, tells of his first meeting with a few of the lads from across the border who came north to get into the scrap. He says: "There are a fine bunch of fellows here. They come from all over the country, and from the States too. There are several Americans here, and they sho' talk it. One fellow from West Virginia is going as a gunner. We asked him why he wasn't going to try for pilot. He said, 'Boy, when Ah'm up theya and the Germans stawt aftu' me, I doan' want

to be bothud with no joystick, just give me a gun.' I get a kick out of listening to them. Met another in a restaurant yesterday, and caught myself talking like him. They are a swell bunch, though, and very witty and sharp with any comments."

And from Gunner Ernest Campbell, formerly of the office staff, comes several letters written in Ernie's own inimitable style. He tells us:

"Well, here I am, a blasted soldier. We have been marching all day over the parade ground, being taught how and who to salute, etc. I really am enjoying it."

Army life must be pretty much the same from generation to generation. The old soldiers will appreciate this.

"Here I am again confined to barracks with a sore arm. Got vaccinated and inoculated today, so no drill or P.T." And Ernie concludes: "We had quite a reunion here. Five Powell River boys all got together—Jack Carr, Charlie MacIntosh, Chuck Couvelier, Sandy Strachan and myself. About all

(Continued on Page 16)

National Registration In Powell River

Busy Scenes at Recording Offices as Local Citizens Fill in Their Forms



As Powell River employees filled in their National Registration cards August 9 to 21. Over 1500 employees passed through the Registrars' hands. Deputy Registrars Ken Slade and Jim Macindoe are seen in the foreground.

"GOOD morning, Bill, have you registered yet?"

From August 19 to 21 this was the daily salutation of local residents as they passed along our streets. In common with sister committees throughout the Dominion, Powell River went to the registration polls and filled in all those catchy little answers required by His Majesty's Government in Canada.

Company Registers Employees

National registration was held between August 19 and 21 for the general public. Here the Powell River Company undertook registration of its own employees, a provision which

greatly facilitated general registration in the district. Over 1500 employees were registered between August 12 and 21.

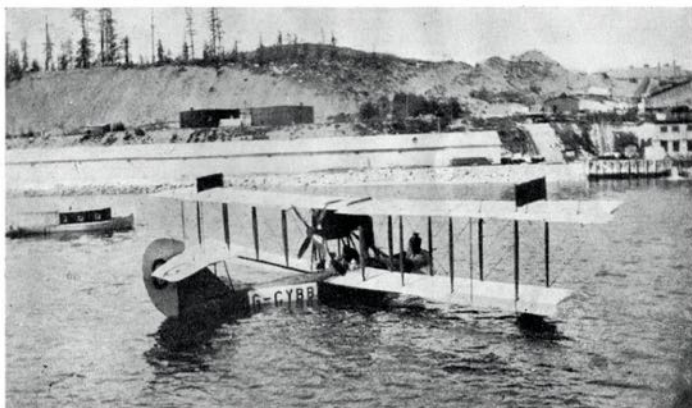
Official Deputy Registrar Ken Slade and Jim Macindoe and their six assistants had some busy days—but the whole company registration was carried out with good humor and co-operation by both registrars and registrees.

August 19-21 saw Registrar Jim Fullerton and his assistants in Powell River, Westview and Cranberry struggling valiantly with the swarms of citizens who crowded the various polling stations. Registrars worked feverishly from 8 a.m. to 10 o'clock

in the evening, with a few minutes out for lunch—and then back on the job again. It was tiring work—but the complete and harmonious co-operation of the public was something that would have been deemed impossible in these war days. It is estimated that approxi-

mately 5000 residents were eligible for registration.

Canada — and Powell River — accepted National Registration without a complaint and in a spirit of co-operation that made the hard-pressed volunteers feel their efforts had been worthwhile.



Arthur Dunn rescued this picture from his scrap album. It shows the first plane ever to land in Powell River, about the year 1917. One look at the planes of those days and we wonder how they ever kept in one piece. "Crates" is the word," says Aircraftsman Bill Johns, home on leave.

Our First Plane

The remarkable picture on this page was presented by Arthur Dunn of the Wharf, and shows the first plane that ever landed in Powell River.

The plane dropped on the waters of our harbor one day in 1918, and for many—in fact, most of Powell River residents at that time—was the first glimpse of an aeroplane. However, it is not the aeroplane alone that renders the picture unusual.

The photograph in itself is almost a history of transportation, ancient and modern. On one side may be seen an old Indian dug-out canoe, once the

chief transportation medium along our coast. In the background is a gas boat belonging to George Clapp, and on the waters the latest space annihilator, the aeroplane.

Arthur states that the arrival of this first plane provided a bad case of "wind up" in many quarters. Some thought the Huns had landed. The youngsters thought some prehistoric monster had come back to haunt them.

All told, it was an exciting and historic day; and this is the first time this valuable photograph of Powell River's history has appeared in print.

Thanks, Arthur!

Among The Gulf Islands

Famous Scenic Resorts of Coast Within Easy Reach



Scenic views near Powell River. Above, looking out from Valdez Island; below, one of the many fishermen's coves among the islands.

RECENTLY in these pages we discussed that growing group of local artisans, the "Build-Your-Own-Boat Fraternity," and told something of the numerous pleasure craft owned by local employees and residents.

All of which suggests that if our people build boats they must have some place to sail them.

We have.

From the point of view of the yachtsman, small or large, there are few finer cruising spots on the Pacific Coast than in the vicinity of Powell River.

The B. C. coast is one of the great yachting paradises of the world. From the 49th parallel north to Alaska our coast line is studded with large and

small islands, and pierced by hundreds of picturesque fjords and inlets. In and around these sheltered inlets and bays, striking in their natural beauty and rich in historical lore, have anchored some of the world's most famous yachts. Never a month passes but residents of Powell River, from their vantage point overlooking Malaspina Straits, watch yachts, great and small, anchoring off their wharf or cruising slowly past among the tree-studded islands of Georgia Gulf.

Famous ocean-going craft like the *Southern Cross*, *Walter Guinness' Fantome*, the *Roussalka*, another ocean "liner" of the Guinness family, have anchored off our shores. Practically every Pacific Coast yachtsman worthy of the name has found pleasure and relaxation in the waters of the Gulf of Georgia. In recent years many of Hollywood's celebrities, John Barrymore, Ronald Colman, Lewis Stone, Clive Brook and others have spent their "between pictures" holiday cruising off our shores.

The number of local salt-water boat owners increases year by year. Each week-end during the summer months you see our local yachtsmen, singly or in pairs, heading out to sea, cooking appliances on board and fishing lines at the alert. Others leave the fishing lines at home, take along magazines, bathing suits, and chug off to one or other of the innumerable back waters for a lazy week-end. Some seek the



Upper left: Mrs. Murison (left), Dr. Murison and Mrs. D. A. Evans feed tame deer on Hardy Island. Upper right: Entrance to Hardy Island. Lower left: A tug with its boom steams slowly through Ragged Islands Channel. Lower right: The entrance to celebrated Gorge Harbor.

favorite island where the only sounds heard are the lapping of waves on the shore, the occasional hoot of an owl or the scream of the eagle. The mining-minded swing off to an island where some geological or mineral possibilities have attracted them.

Whatever they seek in the way of sheltered waters, picturesque scenery, historical background, they can find it in the islands of the Gulf—within a few hours' run of their doorstep.

Texada Island, five miles across the Straits from Powell River, is a popular day and week-end trip. Here are cool inlets, sandy beaches and quiet back waters. Here, too, is industry, past and present. At Blubber Bay, on the northern tip of the island, are the famous lime rock deposits of B. C.

Here the Pacific Lime Company has its mill and from here its products are shipped far and wide. A few miles southward is the lime rock quarry of Marble Bay, the source of lime rock supply for the Powell River Company.

Along the island are the ghost towns of former years—the "Virginia Cities" of B. C., once flourishing mine centres but now for the most part covered over with the grime of the past. Here was the great Marble Bay Mine, the former Copper Queen, the Little Belle, the Nutcracker, and other names to conjure with in the early mining days of British Columbia.

A few miles further up the Gulf, about an hour's run from Powell River, is Savary Island, well-known summer resort. Campers and vacationists come

from many and widely extended districts to enjoy its miles of white sand and refreshing waters. It is a favorite gathering place for many Powell River residents on Saturday afternoons and Sundays.

Another hour's travelling and the yachtsman enters into the numerous large and small islands that dot the Gulf. Their fir-clad coolness and the green carpeted arcades between the groups are beautiful in the extreme. Across on Vancouver Island the snow-tipped peaks stand as silent sentinels guarding their paradise.

Here are the islands whose names bear the origin of early Spanish explorers. Valdez, Cortez, Hernando, suggest the galleons of ancient Spain, and many a deep, quiet cove first came to light with the visits of captains of Spain. This group of islands is probably among the most interesting and favored stopping-off place for visiting yachtsmen. Well-known writers like Stewart Edward White, Upton Sinclair, Negley Farson and others have found a rich background for their novels in these islands of the Gulf.

Across the Straits, a few hours' run from the heart of Powell River, is Campbell River, home of the famous Tyee salmon, where fishermen from all corners of the world collect. To most Powell River residents a Tyee is just another salmon, and Campbell River just another of the many attractive spots to visit in their 20 or 30-footers over the week-end.

If he wants foaming waters and rushing currents, with some good fishing tossed in, our Powell River yachts-

man will run up to the Yucultas, those celebrated rapids that are the awe and delight of visitors.

These are only a few of the many known spots accessible to the Powell River boat owners. Southward is the



The swift-flowing Yuculta rapids, with a school of blackfish coming through.

beautiful Jervis Inlet with its many fjords and waterfalls and white capped mountains; the quiet splendor of Pender Harbour; the fascinating Hardy Island, where deer roam at will and are almost a nuisance with their inquisitive tameness.

These and hundreds of similar haunts call the Powell River yachtsmen out to sea for vacations, for week-ends or for evening runs.

Disarmament

Phil: "Was her father surprised when you said you wanted to marry her?"

Dill: "Was he surprised? Why, the gun almost fell out of his hands."

In the spring, a young man's fancy—you bet he is!

"I'm a self-made man."

"You're lucky. I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters."



Group of directors, company officials and wives, snapped during the directors' visit last month. Back, left to right: G. Fowler, Joe Sample, J. A. Kyles, Mrs. D. A. Evans, E. Brooks, H. K. Brooks, Mrs. Sample, Mrs. G. Fowler, G. F. Laing, Mrs. J. A. Kyles, D. A. Evans, J. G. Sample. Seated, left to right: C. Buckingham, R. Bell-Irving, H. S. Foley, L. Weber.

Directors Visit Powell River

Following the annual meeting of the directors of the Powell River Company in July a group of directors, wives and friends dropped in for a few days' visit. Included in the group were Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Foley, Mr. E. Brooks, Mr. H. K. Brooks, Mr. G. F. Laing, Mr. R. Bell-Irving, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Sample and Joe Sample, L. Weber, C. Buckingham.

The party spent their time looking over the plant and renewing old acquaintanceships. Glen Sample had his usual fund of stories, although he hasn't done any bear hunting recently. "D. A." Evans, our resident manager, tried to entice Mr. Laing into a golf game which would have been a good bet at a cent a hole. Harry Brooks, as usual, stole a march on the boys by wandering around the plant *tout a seule*. Last year Harry tried the same stunt, but forgot to get a pass. This year he had one.

And Mrs. Sample asked us to give Bob Scanlon's regards to all his old friends. Bob was unable to make the trip this year.

August Visitors

A first time visitor during August was Ralph Erlandson of Blake Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles. Ralph has been a distributor of our newsprint in the south for several years and dropped in for a week to pick up some first-hand knowledge of the manufacturing end.

As John Dunlop said, "The man is a dynamo." He ran John McIntyre ragged trying to keep up with him, and after John left off we tried our hand. Something of the stuff this tough Californian is made of may be realized when we state he walked up Second Street hill, with Bill Barclay and ourselves panting ten feet behind, reached the top, looked around and



Left is Ralph Erlandson, of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Los Angeles, who made his first trip to Powell River last month, accompanied by Bill Barclay, manager, Powell River Sales Company.

said: "What do you fellows do for exercise up here?"

Ralph picked up a few fish up the lake in between speeches from John Dunlop and Angus Armour, who explained what the Canadian Corps would do to Fritz if he ever tried invading England. Incidentally, Ralph found the Canadian viewpoint on the current fracas "inspiring and refreshing."

Other visitors in August were Mr. and Mrs. Leo Chapman of Blake Moffitt & Towne, Seattle; Miss Helen Huff and Mr. Jack Campbell of the *Seattle Times*; Mrs. P. J. Maw, wife of P. J. Maw, general manager of the Kingsley Navigation Company; Mr. E. Small, Kingsley Navigation Company, San Francisco, and Mrs. Small; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. McGill and son Bob; and Miss K. Nolan. Mr. McGill is auditor for the *Tulsa Tribune*, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

And, Oh Yes! Our Finance Minis-

ter, the Hon. John Hart, dropped in for a day during the month. The debonair minister was on a political mission that day so we didn't see much of him. But he's good company even at a political meeting.

Kept Him Awake

"On her eighteenth birthday I gave my daughter her first front door key."

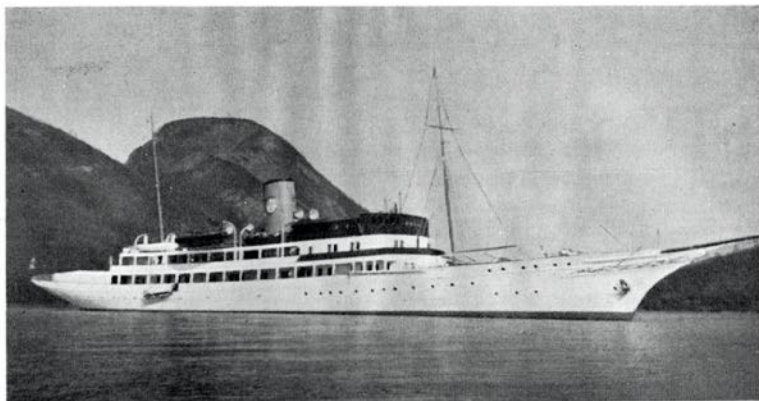
"That was the proper modern spirit, old man."

"Not necessarily. I just got tired of having her knock off the milk bottles crawling through the pantry window."

Something Due

Grace: "Oh, Mr. Noyne, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses. How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them still!"

Noyne: "W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it tomorrow!"



An excellent snap of the world-famous yacht "Southern Cross" taken by Bernard Gaudet, in local waters during the month.

The Southern Cross Swings By

The big 3,000-ton yacht *Southern Cross*, which leaped into war-time fame by her rescue of several hundred passengers from the ill-fated *Athenia*, was in Powell River waters recently.

The *Southern Cross* didn't drop anchor here, much to the disappointment of hundreds of small boys who sorrowfully saw her graceful outlines slip past and disappear around a nearby headland.

Several local photographers succeeded in snapping the palatial ship as she swung by. Our photographer caught her passing the Indian hamlet of Sliammon, three miles north. But we are reprinting the prize shot of the local collection, taken by Bernard Gaudet, son of Carl Gaudet, machine tender.

Bernard was spending a few days cruising around the gulf islands and caught the *Southern Cross* at anchor near Stewart Island, north of Powell River.

The Cover Picture

This month's cover picture is another of Ossie Stevenson's famous views, "Back of Beyond." It shows the mountains from which the power to drive the machines of our plant is originally derived and in the foreground the still outlines of McMillan Lake nestle amid the hills.

Arthur Woodward of the Car Shop is a proud uncle these days. In August he received word that his nephew had been awarded the Military Cross for outstanding work in the Dunkirk evacuation.

* * *

And latest advice from Victoria tells us that Jock Campbell, former Finishing Room employee, and now serving with the Canadian Scottish, has gained twenty pounds since enlisting. Jock was doing pretty well before he left, and the gang are looking forward to his first leave.

Around the Plant

Registration Highlights

HIGHLIGHTS of the month centered around National Registration in the district. Of one thing we are certain—no herd of stampeded cows would have a dog's chance if let loose around these here parts. They'd all be milked before they got off the mark. Surprising how many of our well-known citizens got their start via the milking route.

* * *

On the other hand, we heard of one lad who came down to the farm group of questions. Could he milk a cow? No! Could he handle horses? No! Could he drive a tractor? No! Had he ever worked a farm? The answer was again in the negative.

As he walked out he muttered, "I was brought up on a farm, and the answer is still no."

* * *

And the Registrar had some interesting moments on the question of racial origin. One lad walked in and told them that he and his whole family were born in Canada. The same went for his grandfather and grandmother. He even insisted his great grandparents were born in Canada. "Well," persisted the perspiring Registrar, "Where were your great-grandparents' father and mother born?" This was too much for the registree. He flung down his pen and yelled, "I'm no b——y prophet!"

* * *

There was a few mild, and some less mild, retorts from a few of the

lads when they were told "There ain't no such thing as a Canadian, lad."

* * *

An almost equal riot ensued when another chap gave his racial origin as American. "Sorry, me lad, there ain't no such thing as an American, either."

* * *

And, of course, the usual argument arose from the indignant signer who sarcastically wanted to know, "If my mother and father were born in China, does that make me a Chinese?" "Answer me that one, fellow, answer me that."

* * *

And have you heard the one about the fellow whose mother and father were born in Holland, but became naturalized citizens in America, and then came to Canada after he was born in the United States?

* * *

And there was the man who staggered out of the registration booth to be met by a waggish fellow-worker, who smirked, "To what country do you owe allegiance?" "I went in there," gasped his pal, "a good hundred per cent Canadian. I came out a quarter Dutch, a quarter English, a quarter Indian and a quarter Dane."

* * *

Doug. Johnston, chief mogul of the girls' softball league, admitted he could handle horses, but, after two years of trying to keep the lassies in

order, he wasn't prepared to go further than horses.

* * *

And, of course, you've heard the one about the lady registrar who sweetly asked one of her neighbors, "And what is your age, my dear?"

From England

The following poem was sent to us by Miss Clunes, our hospital matron. She received it in a recent letter from her sister in England, who states it is the work of a young girl of 16. It is heartening stuff, the stuff that keeps our Island Fortress firm against the threat of dangers of invasion.

War Effort

Britain stood as a fortress, when in
at her gates there came
A Band of beautiful strangers with
shields and helms of flame—
The Ghosts of all the heroes who ever
for Britain stood,
King Arthur and Guy of Warwick,
brave Richard and Robin Hood.
They said "We have come to ask you,
in the name of our Great St. George,

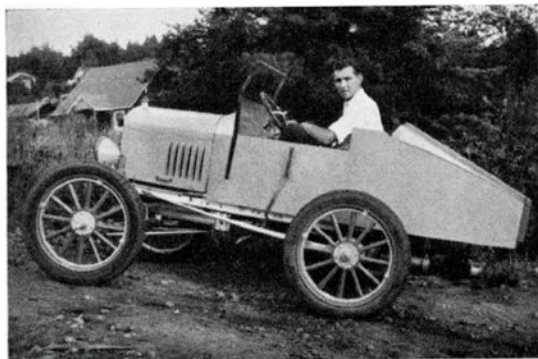
Could you do with extra swordsmen,
or a few spare hands at the forge?"
As they spoke they stared around them
—awe took the place of doubt—
They saw the tanks move forward and
the dawn patrols go out.

They saw the searchlights hidden in
every summer glade,
How the six-inch guns were mounted
and how the shells were made.
Then the Phantoms smiled together,
they said "We might have known
Sons of our battle brothers can handle
this thing alone.

"They only need our blessing, they
share the faith we hold;
Their hands are just as steady and their
hearts are just as bold.
We can go home to Heaven with a
wonderful tale to tell
How latter-day sons and daughters are
guarding the Kingdom well!"

Overheard at the meeting of newly
elected officials of the City Council:
"Let us," said one of the aldermen,
"put our heads together and make a
concrete road."

Ken Parish, of the rail-road division, snapped in his homemade "bug." Ken stripped down his old Model T Ford, and with some junk and baywire turned out this snappy model.



On Active Service

(Continued from Page 5)

we could do was have our pictures taken." (There's something wrong if that's all that five did!)

"It's hotter than Hades here in the east. I'm as black as a nigger."

Famine on Vancouver Island

A serious situation confronts Vancouver Island. Unless something drastic is done the Island faces stark famine in certain essential commodities. At least according to Joe Graham, former Beater Room engineer, the shortage of spuds and carrots is something the authorities should seriously consider.

"I know what I'm talking about," Joe writes from the headquarters of the 1st Canadian Scottish Regiment. "I was on kitchen fatigue last week and I peeled every spud and carrot on the Island. There isn't one I missed."

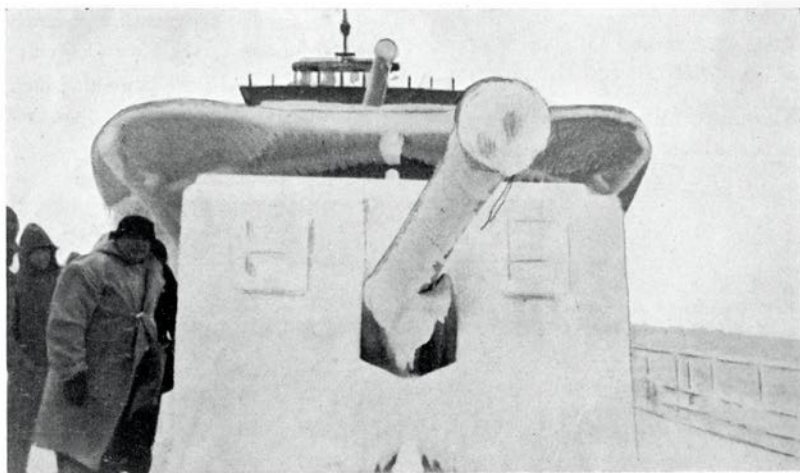
As the Air Training scheme progresses the lads on call are gradually

slipping away. In recent weeks Tommy Gardiner, of the office, popular all round athlete, headed east to commence training as a pilot. Bert Southcott, of the Sulphite Department, finally received his call as an air gunner and departed eastward, all smiles, to join his pal Ernie Campbell.

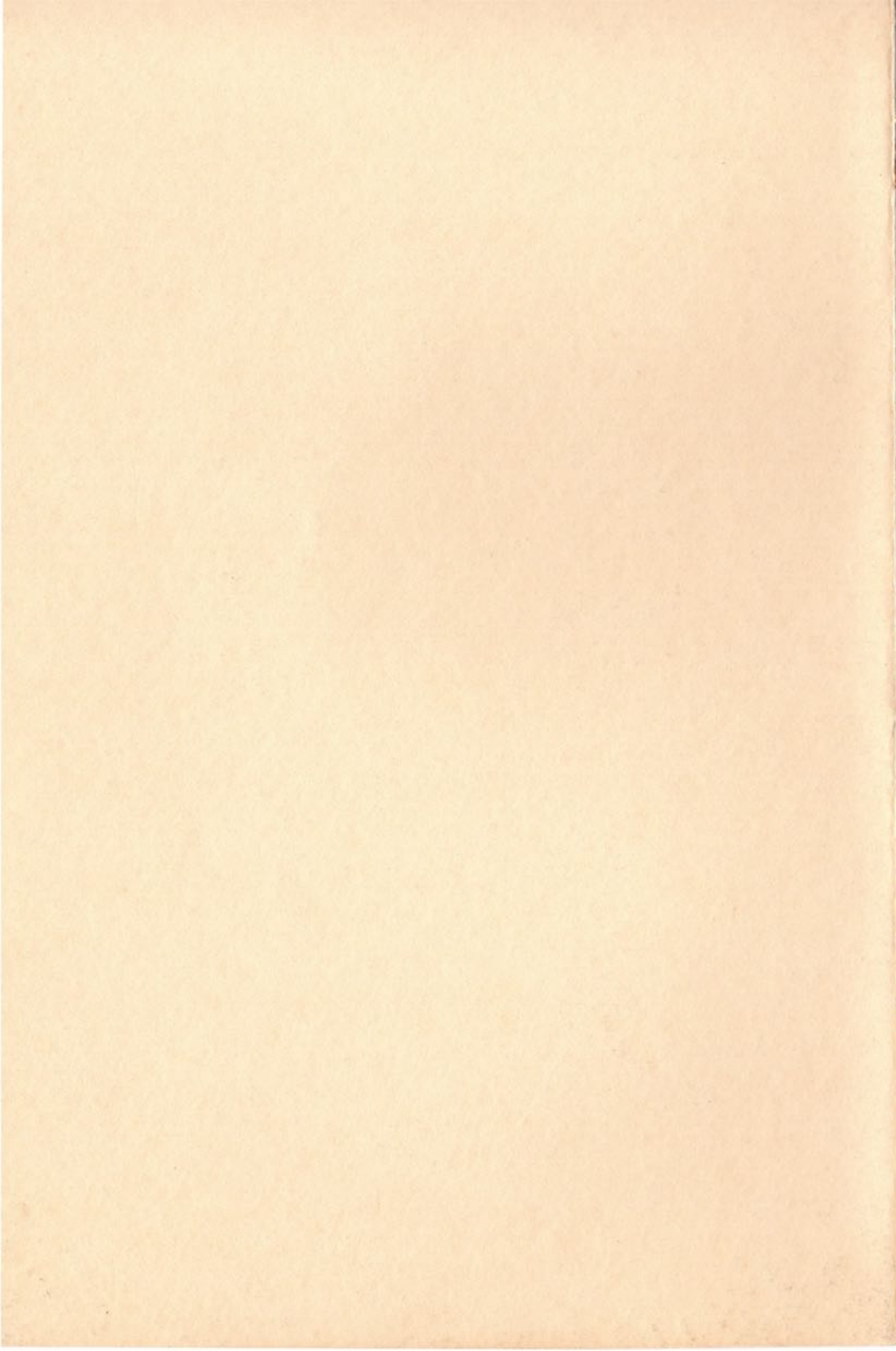
And to the Westminster Machine Gun Regiment went four of our most popular and athletic employees, Al Anderson, Jack Gebbie, "Baldy" Haddock and Jimmy Hall.

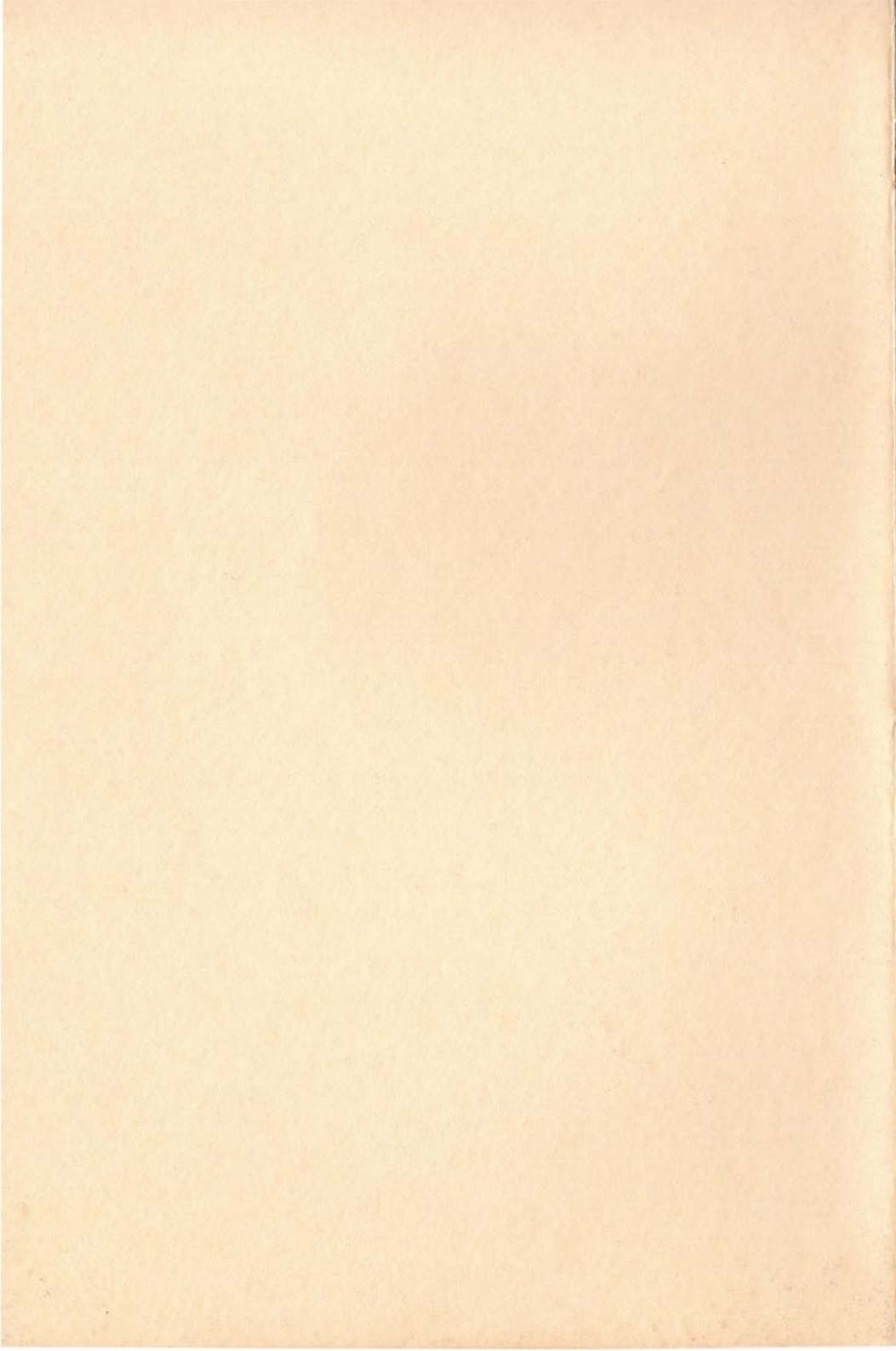
Our mail bag from the boys on active service continues to grow. They are finding their feet, getting acclimatized to army life, and all say: "Tell the people at home not to worry, we are all right and doing fine."

It is well to remember that you can never get ahead of anyone as long as you are trying to get even with him.



One of our prize pictures of the month. This is what one of His Majesty's Canadian destroyers looked like when home from a patrol in the North Sea. This photo shows the navy lads have to be hot stuff to take it.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

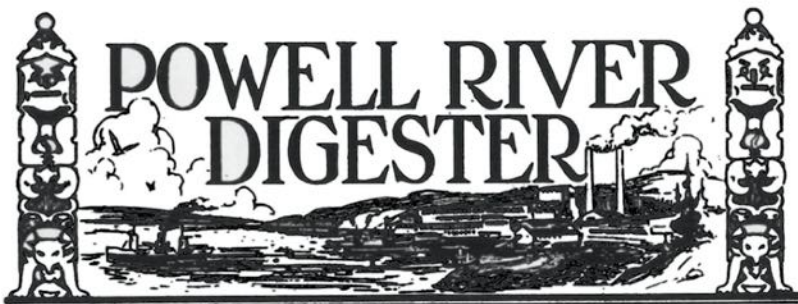


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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Telephone Installations Go Up

ROY GREGG, district repairman of the Powell River Exchange, states that there are now 1100 telephones in Powell River and district—the highest on record. In the past year nearly 150 new phones have been installed; and it is likely the 1100 mark will be largely exceeded before the year's end.

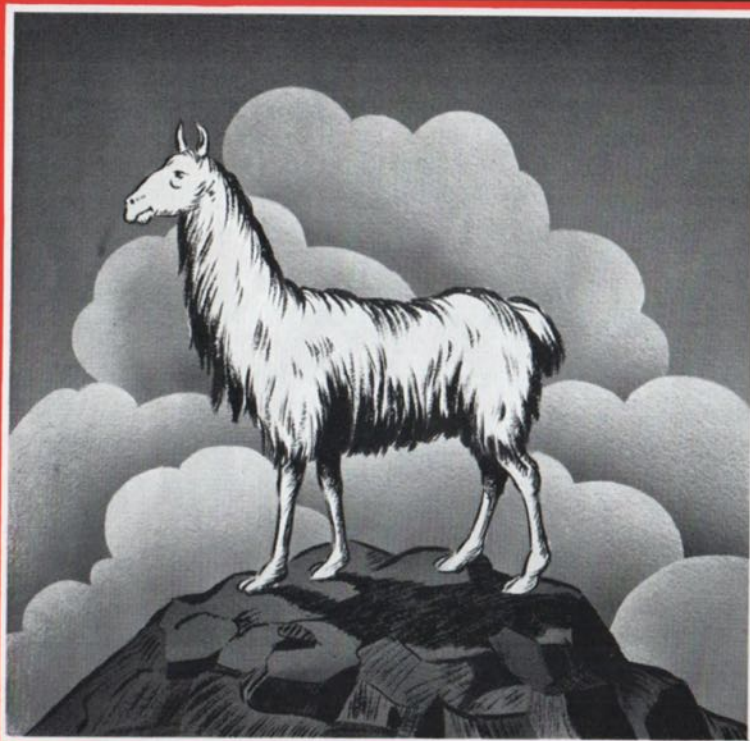
The North West Telephone Company took over the Powell River Exchange in March, 1930. At that time there were 200 radio telephones on their list. On March 17, 1931, the direct land cable was laid to Vancouver Island.

Since that date the Powell River Exchange has steadily expanded. On April 28, 1931, the Westview exchange was cut in, Cranberry and Wildwood followed on December 17, 1932, and November, 1933, respectively.

Today the entire Powell River and district is covered by telephone, and the per capita installation is one of the highest in North America.

There are about 700 telephones in Powell River centre; about 240 in Westview and about 100 in Cranberry, and the remainder in Wildwood.

LAMABRAND



A LAMINATED PRODUCT

MADE IN CANADA BY
POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED
POWELL RIVER, B. C.

The new label which will appear on all Llamabrand Products manufactured by the Powell River Company, and which we hope and believe will enjoy equal popularity and favor with the long-established newsprint triangle of Powell River.

New Building Papers To Be Manufactured

Powell River Company Expands Output of Paper Products



VER a year ago the Powell River Company installed a laminating machine, on which to manufacture the special laminated sheet so effectively used as a protection to our newsprint for some years.

Today the function of the machine has been expanded, and a high-grade line of building products is now in regular production. The new product will be known as Llamabrand Building Papers, and is being manufactured in the following five grades:

1. Llamabrand Kraft Building Paper—Extra strong. Heavy kraft construction combined with uniform film of asphalt renders this ideal as a vapour barrier in cold storage work and building where an effective moisture barrier is necessary.
2. Llamabrand Sulphite-Kraft Building Paper—Medium strength. A medium strength light-weight vapour-proof sheathing.
3. Llamabrand Sulphite Building Paper—Standard strength. A standard strength vapour-proof sheathing which can be used for practically all inside applications.
4. Llamabrand Buff-Tone Inside Sheathing. A ready colored vapour-proof sheathing for pasting direct to shiplap and other foundations. A pleasing buff color ideal for wall finish.
5. Llamabrand Heavy Board Sheathing—An economy weight vapour-proof board sheathing made from four sheets of heavy paper board cemented together with three layers of asphalt.

Llamabrand Building Papers are manufactured by cementing two sheets of paper together with a waterproof insulated asphalt that is out of sight and touch. The asphalt film forms a perfect vapour barrier—the protection that is so essential in modern insulating construction.

The Llamabrand Building Papers are manufactured to meet all building requirements—and their production and improvement is under constant study by our technical and research staffs—now housed in the well-equipped, spacious new laboratory building. Here are some of the qualities that our staffs believe will make the new product popular.

They are especially strong for sheathing. They are damp and moisture-proof and form an absolute vapour barrier. Clean, odorless and easily handled they combine the qualities of dry building paper and tar paper in one sheathing.

(Continued on Page 16)

On Active Service

Army Life "Great Stuff," the Boys Tell Us, as
Summer Training Ends



The candid camera snaps Major John MacGregor, V.C., of Powell River, now in command of "A" Company, Second Battalion, Canadian Scottish, walking along a Vancouver street with Johnny Williams, local employee.

AS September draws to a close our Powell River lads in the Active Service Forces have long since passed the "shake down" stage. Intensive training is the slogan on all fronts.

Many of the last are still training at coastal points; others have been moved to various camps and training centres throughout the Dominion. Some of the Air Force boys are into advanced training and are looking for-

ward to not far distant days when they battle the Hun over the skies of Britain or Germany.

Our First Casualty

The first "casualty" in the ranks of Powell River's fighting forces is reported from England. Norm Hill, well-known local athlete with Canadian First Division in England, writes that he recently took time off to get married. His bride is an English girl—and along with all his many local friends we wish Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill good luck and happiness.

Norm states the troops have all experienced numerous air raids. "I had," he writes, "the good fortune to see the R. A. F. in action against the Hun recently, and these boys are sure on the job. I wouldn't have missed the show for anything. We saw several Huns plummet out of the skies, and it was a grand sight. Put your money on the R. A. F., and put it on the nose."

Our next note came from the Navy, from Dan Wallace, former steam plant engineer. Dan was among the first local employees to join the colors. He was called up by the Navy early this year, and has spent six months in special training at Esquimalt. He says: "We had a real Powell River gathering in Victoria recently, Harry Dunn, Sandy Allen, Sam Rees, Bill Gandy, Charlie , 'Scotty'



Powell River employees, now regulars of the First Battalion, Canadian Scottish of the Canadian Active Service Force. Left to right: Jock Campbell, Jack Pelly, "Rusty" Taylor, Joe Grabam.

Abbott and myself, so figure it out for yourself."

Dan goes on to say: "I had about four months in barracks, working on Diesel engine repairs, auxiliary craft and lathes. Attended night school on machine shop and Diesel engines. These courses are provided gratis by the government. Also had six weeks on the *Prince Robert* (former Canadian National ship—now an auxiliary cruiser), and went to sea with her on steam trials. It was a fine experience." Dan concludes with the remark that he expects to be posted shortly to one of the newly built vessels of the fleet.

Tommy Still in Good Form

Back in Brandon, Manitoba, Tommy Gardiner, ex-office staff and all-round athlete, now training as a pilot, is still his old vigorous self. In a recent letter Tommy tells something of his impressions of life in the Air Force barracks.

"The barracks are very spacious.

There are over 1200 stationed here. Just try to picture the scene as the mess bell rings and 2400 legs drive 'all out' for the grub pile. You have to drive—or you are liable to go without. The grub is good considering the quantity they dish out to this hungry mob."

"We can make our own amusement here," continues Tommy. "We are fortunate in having dozens of accomplished musicians, also ping-pong, billiards, pool, darts, cards, piano, radio and numerous other forms of diversion." (Shades of 1914-1918—what kind of an army is this?)

Tommy closes on a more ominous but typical note:

"The R. C. A. F. boys are a swell gang on the whole, but there are one or two of the usual smart guys who think they are much too good to drill, etc. I have my eye on a couple of birds I'm going to take apart some night, just for a little recreation."

Good tearing apart, Tommy.



The Crockett brothers, George (left) and Bill, of the Canadian Scottish and Joe Robson, of the Searchlight Battery.

Quite a number of troops still stationed at the coastal training centres have dropped back to the old town for a few days' leave. Certainly army life seems to agree with them.

Our Democratic Army

From Signalman Arthur Button, in training with the Corps Signallers at Seaforth Camp, Vancouver, comes an interesting note.

"This army life is great stuff," enthuses Arthur. "I came down here with the idea there were many things I was not going to like. I am still looking for the first thing to dislike."

And here is a further extract from Arthur's letter that will make the hair (or what's left of it) of the privates in the old C. E. F. turn snowy white. "We have a swell bunch of officers," Arthur goes on. "The Sunday before Labor Day a couple of us decided we wanted to go to Victoria for the day. Victoria is out of our area and neither of us had late passes. After considerable talking we got the orderly to

phone the O. C. and he came down to camp, made out passes for us and sent a dispatch rider down to get tickets for us."

Whew! Where are the boys of the old brigade?

Jock Campbell, finishing room and veteran of the last war, popped into town last week with 20 pounds extra weight and looking fitter than fiddles. He delivered impromptu lectures on the Bren and Lewis guns, and took the new drill in his stride. Jock is with the Canadian Scottish in Victoria, along with a large crowd of Powell River boys, including Jimmy Jacobs, Rusty Taylor, Joe Hugh Carney, Joe Tash, Hock Pelley, George and Bill Crockett, Colin McLaughlan and many others.

During the last war the London *Times* wrote: "There is no such thing as a gloomy Canadian." And in the current struggle the same spirit prevails. Our Powell River boys are a cheerful lot. They are taking their

training seriously and enjoying life as they go along. They have no doubt of the outcome of this struggle.

They echo Prime Minister Winston Churchill's terse statement:

"THE END IS VICTORY."

Visitors

Leading the visitors' parade during the month was the Honorable T. D. Pattullo, Premier of British Columbia. Mr. Pattullo arrived by plane on September 16th, leaving the following day. The premier was his usual dapper self as he moved about the district meeting old friends.

On September 6th Mr. W. Barclay, Powell River Sales Company manager, arrived in town with a group of old and new friends. Included in the party were Bob Cromie, vice-president, Vancouver Sun; Mr. McCance of Lendrum (Japan) Limited, Harry Pim of Export Sales Company, H. J. MacKenzie of Export Sales Company, and Fred Foote, New Westminster Paper Mills. The party spent a day fishing at Powell Lake.

Other visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Prentice Bloedel, who dropped in for a day's visit on September 15th.



Visitors during the month included Mr. McCance (left) of Lendrum & Company (Japan) Limited, and Robert Cromie, vice-president of The Vancouver Sun.

Golden Anniversary



Above we print with sincere pleasure and heartiest congratulations this photo of Mr. and Mrs. William Donkersley, taken on September 3rd of this year, on their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

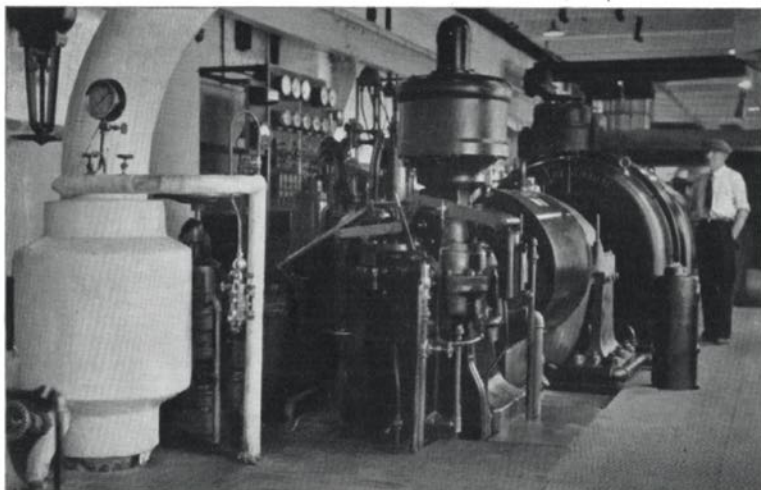
Mr. Donkersley came to Powell River 22 years ago as senior blacksmith. He retired in 1934.

They have four sons and two daughters, all of whom are well known in the district. Roy is a machine tender in the paper mill and Alan is a back-tender. Harry is head welder and Len is a member of the pipefitter's crew. Their youngest daughter, Olive, now Mrs. Jack Gebbie, was 15 years cashier at the Patricia Theatre. Mrs. Ernie Hammerton is another daughter. Mrs. Donkersley's younger sister, Miss Sparling, was on the nursing staff of the Powell River Hospital for 11 years.

THE DIGESTER extends to Mr. and Mrs. Donkersley best wishes for many more years of health and happiness.

Steam Plant Is Paper Mill Stoker

Millions of Pounds of Steam Used Daily in Newsprint Production



Jim Hunter, steam plant foreman, shows the turbo-electric generator, used in the steam plant for emergencies.

THE great landmark of Powell River to visitors and to seamen plying our coastal waters are the two great 240-foot smokestacks that tower high above the townsite and whose silhouetted outlines appear on the cover of this issue.

Beneath the shadow of the stacks is Powell River's steam plant — the stoker of the modern paper mill.

The work of the steam plant, like that of the stoker, is often inconspicuous. The spotlight of newspaper notoriety centres around the whirring machine giants turning out their ceaseless rolls of paper; about the rushing, roaring wood room where huge, cumbersome logs are tamed and reduced

to submission; about the groundwood and sulphite departments, where the vast masses of slithering pulp pour lava-like from the machines and digesters. Less picturesque, less appealing, perhaps, but vitally important in the harmony of paper making is the steam plant. Yet from the moment the raw newsprint in the four of the famous B. C. softwood logs enters the sawmill until it emerges, chastened and refined as finished newsprint, the steam plant has exercised a vital influence in the manufacturing process.

In the initial start in the sawmill, the steam plant is the commander-in-chief. The rushing carriage, the antics of the picturesque "nigger" turning

and tossing giant logs like matchsticks, the log loaders and log turners are all steam driven.

What are the most important cares of the paper maker in forming his sheet? Admittedly one of them is in the drying process. And how is the paper dried? By steam chiefly.

The steam plant then is vitally concerned in the actual formation of the finished sheet. Without steam the paper maker, however skilful, however resourceful, could do nothing. The white, billowy clouds which the visitor always notes rising from the paper machine room is a sign that all is well on Powell River newsprint front, that the machines are running and that the steam plant is "on the job."

The manufacture of sulphite pulp is one of the key points of modern paper making. It is the specially heated sulphite pulp that forms the base and strength of a newspaper. The chips, fed into the mammoth bins, undergo a cooking process varying from 10 to 12 hours. And here again the steam plant is the man behind the trigger, supplying the steam for the process.

In all, over six million pounds of steam each day is generated in the 17 boilers of Powell River's steam plant. The bulk of this is consumed by the dryers in the seven newsprint machines, nearly a million pounds feed the digesters and the balance is distributed to the sawmill for the "niggers" and other subsidiary equipment, to the grinder room and to the townsite for heating purposes. In other words, all the vital steps in the manufacture of newsprint are dependent

in no small measure on the maintenance, by the steam plant staff, of a regular and uninterrupted supply of steam.

The operating crew of eight men to a shift must be constantly on the alert. They must be prepared for sudden and, at times, unexpected changes of "loads." A machine may shut down at a second's warning; another may start up in similar fashion; wide variation in steam requirements may be demanded in the cooking process. All this in the day's work for the men in the steam plant.

Seventeen boilers compose the working kit of the Powell River steam plant, the largest on the Pacific Coast. A total of over 8000 boiler horsepower can be generated.

Another vital duty of the steam plant is its provision against low water periods and a consequent shortage of electrical power. Two turbo-generators, each 3000 K.W. capacity, constitute an integral part of the equipment and ensure the continued operation of the plant in unusually dry seasons.

Briefly, this outlines the function of the steam plant in the modern paper-making process. To the lay mind it lacks the bold fascination of the machine, grinder and wood rooms. Like the stoker on a giant liner, much of its work is unseen, and often unrecognized.

Plumber's Helper: "I guess I'm just a little pebble in your life."

Sweetie: "Well, why not be a little boulder?"



Powell River's first motor vehicle, owned by "Jerry" Hogan. It arrived here in 1916—and usually ended up under somebody else's "horse" power. Arthur Dunn, wharf checker, is on the left.

Last month from the catacombs of Arthur Dunn's pictorial album, we rescued a photograph of the first aeroplane ever seen locally.

Above, from the dusty depths of the same collection, we pull out of the hat a photograph of Powell River's first automobile.

The photograph is typical of the early motor-driven vehicle. It is being towed off the wharf by one of the old paper train horses.

This was the common fate of the old bus, owned by Jerry Hogan, local transfer mogul of the 1915-1920 days. The usual end of a business trip was a hurried call to the wharf—and up the street would clatter the hooves of old "Dalt" or "Nigger," to tow Jerry and his automobile out of a ditch or back to the stables.

Jerry brought his truck to Powell River early in 1916—and it was one of the sights of the town. Most of

the time it was in tow—but on those rare occasions when it negotiated the Second street hill under its own power drinks were handed out all around.

The photograph above is another historical blend of ancient and modern transportation—the horse and the auto, with the horse on the winning end.

Between 1920 and 1925 there were few automobiles in the district. Roads were scarce, a radius of about three miles comprehended the entire available road surface. In 1925 came the growth of the suburbs of Westview, Wildwood and Cranberry. Road development expanded, the automobile began to appear in increasing numbers. Today, with an approximate population of 7000 in Powell River and district, there are about 800 registered motor vehicles. This is a high per capita ownership, more particularly when the still cramped available road space is considered.



Director Glen Sample (left) and President Harold Foley snapped during a recent trip to Powell River.

In the above photo Director Glen Sample and President Harold Foley show what the well-dressed man wears when Powell River's liquid sunshine takes over. Glen has a Churchillian flair for hats; and a Churchillian taste in cigars. Harold is more cosmopolitan in his tobacco taste. He doesn't care much about cigars, but will smoke any brand of cigarette—whatever brand you happen to be smoking.

After watching the local pipe band in action Glen has felt the historic stirrings of Highland ancestors in his blood. One of his ancestors was named Glen—and the modern Glen, after poring through clan history, discovers the Glens are a branch of the MacKintoshes—and entitled to wear the MacKintosh tartan.

Latest report is that Glen's Chicago tailor is working overtime on a consignment of MacKintosh Glengaries and ties.

Work Proceeds at Lois River

As September comes to an end construction work on the new permanent dam at Lois River is proceeding on schedule. To take advantage of the favorable weather conditions, the men are on a three-shift basis. Excavation of the abutments is well under way and sections of the foundation excavation on either side of the river-bed are in progress. To date about 7000 cubic yards of rock and other material have been excavated.

The concrete plant with mixers, sand and gravel bunkers, etc., is now complete and pouring of the thrust block and wing wall on the west side of the dam will be in progress before the end of September.

Approximately two hundred men, including staff, are on the contractor's payroll at this time.

War Savings Certificates

Company Co-operates with Government in Payroll Deductions



John Douglas Armour, son of Angus Armour, head of the production staff, proudly displays his first War Savings Certificate, paid out of funds taken from his own savings bank. Many local parents are purchasing Certificates for their children.

THE whole of the warring nations are involved — not only soldiers — but the entire populations, men, women and children. The fronts are everywhere.

What of our local front? Are we organized for the battle in our own home sector. What can we do to further the Empire's war effort?

Powell River citizens have, in the main, contributed generously to the Auxiliary Services, the War Chest, Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.

Many of our residents have loaned their money to Canada through the medium of the Dominion War Loans.

Our war effort as a community has been commendable. But let us in all honesty search our hearts and ask, "What sacrifice have I really made?"

Have any of us who are still on the home battle front and working steadily, suffered anything beyond mildest inconvenience thus far, despite our several contributions to various phases of war effort?

We still hear people say: "I can't afford to donate to this or that—because I have to buy new furniture, or because the house needs painting.

Many of our kin folk in London, Liverpool, in Scotland and in Wales, haven't any furniture left to worry about. They won't paint their houses this year.

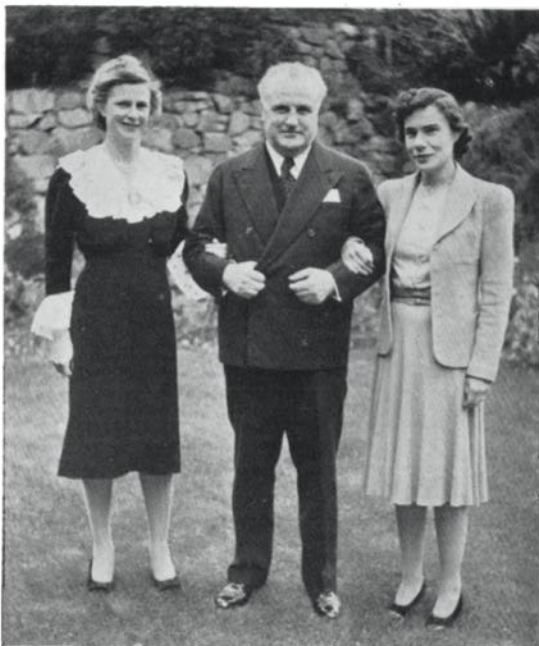
We can't all buy Dominion Government War Bonds. But we can do our share to help buy "more guns, more planes, more tanks." One method is through the regular purchase of WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.

The purchase of WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES is patriotic and profitable. It provides the government with funds. It provides the individual with a gilt-edged investment.

To assist employees in purchasing such certificates the Powell River

(Continued on Page 16)

Around the Plant and Townsite



And this is how the first gentleman of our land acts when visiting Powell River. Premier T. D. Pattullo of British Columbia is snapped with Mrs. Harold Foley (left) and Mrs. Prentice Bloedel.

Some of the old soldiers around the plant view the destruction of Boulogne by the R. A. F. with mixed feelings. Anxious enquiries have been made concerning the fate of certain well-known thoroughfares. One of the troops suggested as an epitaph for one famous street — "Gone, but not forgotten."

* * *

With the World Series now only a whisper away exponents of the rival camps are putting themselves out on the old limb—and putting their chips on the dotted line.

* * *

Gordie Thorburn, of the Sawmill, is still confident of a Yankee victory.

His story all year has been that the Yanks have just been kidding the opposition—and at this stage who are we to say he's wrong?

* * *

Watson McKnight, the office baseball encyclopedia, states the Yanks are a shoo-in, and Joe Small, his side partner, echoes the sentiment. (Wonder how all this will look by the end of September?)

* * *

Paymaster Frank Flett and Harry Zaccarelli, of the Sulphite Department, have enjoyed many a throaty chuckle over the early and mid-season slump of the Yankees. Both have

(Continued on Page 15)

The Pipe Band Goes South

Powell River Kilties Will Tour Texas and Southern Points



Powell River's Pipe Band in full dress parade before their departure southward. Back row (left to right): Pipe-Major W. Whyte, C. Robertson, C. McLean, J. Menzies, Jr., D. Smith, V. Poole, G. Gairns, J. Menzies, Sr. Front row: C. Poole, J. Brand, J. Monteth, C. Bryson, S. Burn, A. Anderson.

THE Campbell's Are Coming—and so are the McLean's, the Robertson's, the Menzies' and fourteen members of Powell River's Pipe Band.

Wearing the picturesque MacGregor tartan with pipes atune, sporrans waving and kilts swirling, our pipers will board a specially chartered plane for Texas and way points on September 28th from Vancouver.

This will make their first public appearance Saturday night the 28th at the Oakland, California, championship baseball tournament sponsored by the Oakland Tribune, and on Sunday arrangements are being completed for

the band to play at the San Francisco World's Fair. Leaving on Monday they will continue south to Los Angeles, El Paso and Dallas, where they will be one of the opening attractions at the Texas State Fair, Dallas, on October 5th and 6th. The opening day of this great fair will be press day, where 1500 newspapermen, representing over 400 newspapers, will congregate.

The Dallas News states that "this crack band of kilted pipers from Powell River, British Columbia, will be the feature of the Fair's opening day." Continuing, the News says, "The Powell River Kilties will bring

an added touch of realism to the close relationships now being maintained by Canada and the United States," and the Dallas daily goes on to say "Dallas is certainly fortunate in obtaining the services of this fine band."

From Dallas the pipers will continue their tour by air, fulfilling engagements at other points, including Houston, Corpus Christi, San Antonio, Tulsa, Fort Worth, Amarillo, Seattle, and return to Vancouver Monday, October 21st.

Elmer Lee, formerly of Powell River Company, but now president of Virginia Dock and Trading Company, has agreed to get back into his kilts and go with the band. This is a break for the band because the "knock, knock" of Elmer's boney knees should synchronize with the patter of the tenor and bass drums.

Polish to Spare

Jones: "Very polished woman, Mrs. Brown, don't you think?"

Smith: "Yes, very polished indeed. Everything she says casts a reflection on someone."

Teacher: "What is it that binds us together, sustains us, and makes us even better than nature intended?"

Tommy: "Girdles."

The class was studying magnetism. "Robert," asked the professor, "how many natural magnets are there?"

"Two, sir," was the surprising answer.

"And will you please name them?"

"Blondes and brunettes, sir."

Around the Plant and Townsite

(Continued from Page 13)

instructed us to make the flat-footed declaration, now and before the event, that it doesn't matter who wins the American League -- Cincinnati will take the series in a walk.

* * *

Benny Birt, who with Frank Flett, has stuck to the National League, is smiling broadly for the first time in five years, and expects to take a holiday when the Reds run through the American League four straight.

* * *

And here's a tip to timid investors in World Series stock. The Sales and Production office, usually considered the pre-series barometer by the wise ones, are favoring the National League.

* * *

It is reported in the press that 200,000 of Signor Mussolini's shock troops will form the spearhead of the attack on Britain. "God," moaned Hughie McPhalen, as he gave the felt a lightening wheel, "won't that make the Canadian corps in England shiver. Bet they're just quaking in their shoes!"

Fanny was thoroughly angry at her swimming teacher.

"That fresh thing!" she exclaimed. "After I won the race, he came to me and said, 'My dear, you kept your end up magnificently!'"

"No, sah," explained the colored lady to the doctor. "Ah ain't nevah been X-rayed, but Ah has lately been ultraviolated."

War Savings Certificates

(Continued from Page 12)

Company will, on instructions from the employee, deduct regular amounts from his cheque each pay day; these amounts may be large or small—but must not exceed a maximum of \$500.00 per year for a single individual.

Similarly, an employee who feels unable to purchase a \$5.00 certificate may authorize monthly or semi-monthly deductions of 25 cents, 50 cents, a dollar, or whatever he feels able to pay. When the full amount of \$4.00 had been deducted the Powell River Company will send a cheque for the amount to the government—and the certificate will be mailed direct to the individual.

The same procedure follows when the employee applies for a full certificate monthly. He simply authorizes the deduction—and all he has to do is wait for the certificate to arrive.

Industrial firms throughout B. C. report enthusiastic response from em-

ployees. In one large firm 85 per cent of the employees are buying War Savings Stamps. Another reports 75 per cent of employees making regular purchases.

Regular purchase of WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES is one of the ways we can help defeat the Huns. It is a way for the small investor, unable to purchase larger denomination War Bonds to do his share. It is a way to provide a useful nest egg for yourself or for your children. And, finally, it is one of the easiest ways we know to save money. What we haven't got we can't spend.

This is total war. The fronts are everywhere. WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES hold a big section of the Home Front.

Two Scotsmen entered a train and sat behind a very pretty girl.

Blaike: "That's a bonnie lassie in front. Shall we speak to her?"

Hutchison: "Nay, mon. Wait till she pays her fare."

New Building Papers To Be Manufactured

(Continued from Page 3)

Against rust, dust, vermin and odors, Llamabrand Products are ideal protection. They are specially constructed to act as an insulator for refrigerators, cold storage plants and ice boxes, where protection against moisture, dampness and mildew is important.

Laminated paper from which has evolved Llamabrand Building Papers has been used as a vapour-proof barrier on 1,000,000 tons of newsprint shipped to all parts of the world by the Powell River Company. This paper was especially developed to protect newsprint shipments from changes in atmospheric conditions and has been wholly effective.

In recommending Llamabrand Products to our many friends in the paper and building trades we do so in the certain assurance that the same quality and expert supervision characteristic of our newsprint and pulp will be maintained in the production of Llamabrand Building Products.



POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

Beaver, feature in this issue

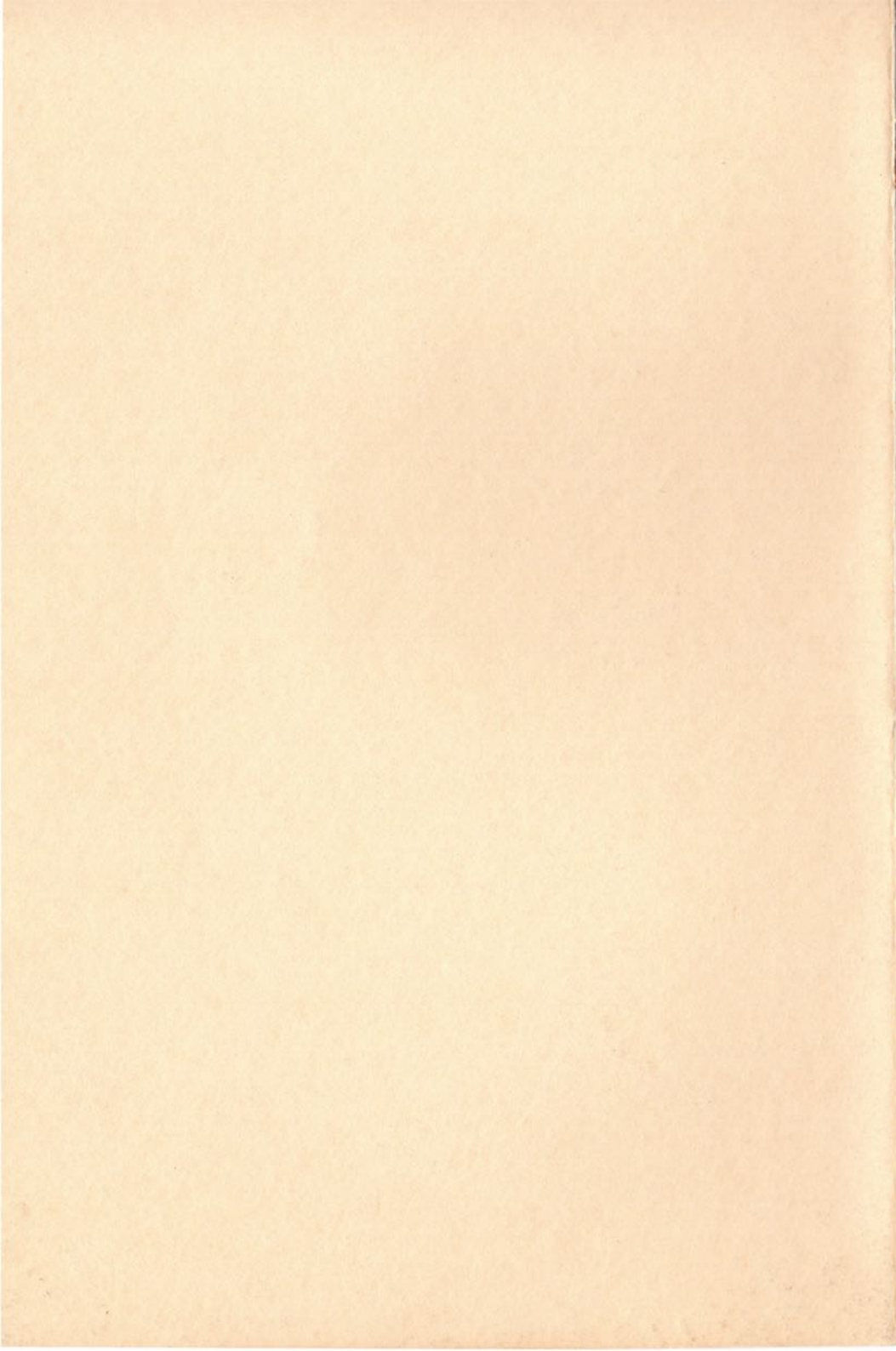


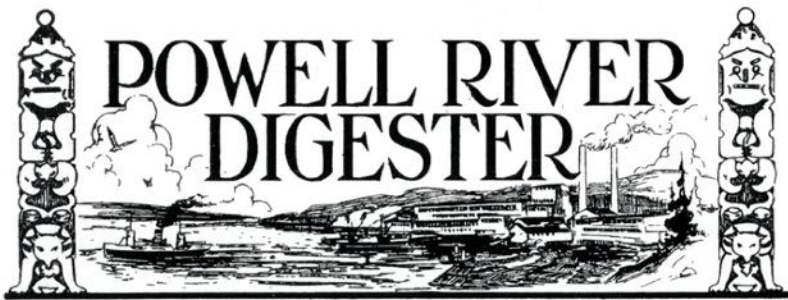
Vol. 16

OCTOBER, 1940

No. 10







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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The Pipe Band Comes Home

FOR the past five weeks the Powell River's Pipe Band of fourteen pipers and drummers have been touring various cities and districts of Texas, Oklahoma and other southern points.

The newspaper reports indicate that our American cousins have been very generous in their praise of the Powell River pipers. They have, we hear from all sources, been a credit to Powell River and to the Powell River Company; they have proved genuine ambassadors of good will. They have delighted thousands of Texans with their inspiring skirls; and have brought tears to the eyes of Scottish residents in the south who haven't heard their beloved pipes for many years.

In our next issue we will have more intimate accounts of the band's tour. Here we would like to express on behalf of the residents of Powell River and district our sincere thanks to those many friends, publishers and societies who so enthusiastically received and so warmly entertained our pipers on their southern tour.

The Beverly Hills Citizen

Bill Rogers, Son of Will Rogers, Runs Fast-growing California Weekly



"Bill" Rogers, son of the late Will Rogers, publisher of the Beverly Hills "Citizen."

EDITING a "country weekly" in a city completely surrounded by metropolitan Los Angeles has its problems. Yet, in spite of this lack of *liebestrum*, the Beverly Hills Citizen is, as far as it knows, the largest weekly newspaper in the west.

Every Friday it prints from 20 to 32 pages—of Powell River newsprint—and on two other days it prints its own free publications. The combined circulation is over 70,000.

Most people have heard of Beverly

Hills only through the movie magazines, and they think of it simply as a place where movie stars lounge around swimming pools, pat Great Danes on the head and give out interviews.

In reality, Beverly Hills is an inland, island city, encircled by the city limits of Los Angeles. It has a population of 32,000; its own police force; its own courts; its own city government and city hall; its own jail; its own fire department; its own water system; its own school system. It has a large and diversified business section, and a parking problem about which much is said but little done. It has a "Chamber of Commerce," whose annual banquets, attended by the greatest names in screen and radio, are nationally famous. It even has an industrial section employing hundreds of workers—odd as that may sound to the popular conception of Beverly Hills.

Beverly Hills was incorporated in 1915, with a population of 500. Its history, however, runs much further back. In digging the pit for the Citizen press, the excavators unearthed a pre-historic Indian metate, or corn grinder. It is the only metate ever found in what is now the business section, and it was probably washed down from the hills above the city, where there was an early Indian settlement.



The modern front of the Beverly Hills "Citizen," one of the west's leading weekly newspapers.

From its incorporation to around 1922, the town grew slowly, then, with the movie industry growing by leaps and bounds, Beverly Hills became *the* residential section for the new stars. First to come was Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford; after them in rapid succession, came Charlie Chaplin, Will Rogers, Rudolph Valentino, Harold Lloyd and many others.

The *Citizen* was founded in 1923 by Kenneth Miles, who sold it a few months later to George Barker. It was first started as a weekly magazine, but Mr. Barker made it into a newspaper, tabloid in size and printed on magazine stock.

The first fight of the *Citizen* was to keep Beverly Hills from being swal-

lowed up by the "octopus" of Los Angeles. The *Citizen* won this "annexation fight," and ever since Beverly Hills has remained a separate city—proving itself stronger than its rival, Hollywood, which succumbed to the lures of Los Angeles, and is now just a district name in that sprawling metropolis.

From 1920 to 1930, Beverly Hills' growth was rapid, the most rapid of any city in the United States. In the 1930 census, Beverly Hills lead the nation with a 2486 per cent increase.

The *Citizen* was growing, too. Mr. George Barker had to move it to larger quarters, and in 1928 and 1929 it was running 36-40 pages tabloid. At this time its present publisher, Bill

Rogers, got his first journalism job, doing the High School column on the *Citizen*.

In 1935, the *Citizen* became a standard-size paper, and with much trepidation left slick magazine stock for regular newsprint. It is a move the *Citizen* has never regretted.

A few months after this change-over, Bill Rogers, eldest son of the late Will Rogers, purchased the paper from George Barker. It was sort

of a "in the family" deal, and the *Citizen* continued following the successful policies inaugurated by Mr. Barker.

Since 1935, the *Citizen* has continued to expand. It built its own building with a three-fold increase in floor space, it has enlarged in size and scope, it has increased its mechanical facilities, until it believes it is, as stated at the beginning, the largest weekly in the west.

Our Trainer Plane Takes Wings



The "Spirit of Powell River"—Trainer Plane raised by an \$8,000 donation from the residents of Powell River and district. It is now in service.

The snappy little plane on this page is Powell River's pet. It is named "Spirit of Powell River" — and was made possible by the patriotic spirit of Powell River and district. Residents contributed \$8000 to the fund — sufficient to purchase the plane.

The "Spirit of Powell River" is now a regular unit in Canada's Air Training scheme; and is carrying aloft our youngsters who in a few months will

be manning the Spitfires and Hurricanes in the Empire's first line.

There is already a large contingent of local lads in the R. C. A. F., and more are being called up each month; and from these boys have come expressions of satisfaction that friends at home are backing up their efforts in the air.

Meanwhile, carry on "Spirit of Powell River!"

Pulp Shipments Sturdily Packed



Bales of sulphite pulp in storage at Powell River, showing sturdy, neat compactness of the protecting wrapper.

The pictorial illustration above shows something of the strong, safe and compact wrapping used to protect shipments of sulphite pulp from Powell River.

The individual bundles of pulp weighing approximately 400 pounds are encased in a thick sulphite wrapper bound with tightly drawn strands of special steel wire. The bundles are neat and strong; no hazards of shipping or normal handling will cause destruction to the wrapper. The whole packing process is designed to insure that the purchaser receives the contents intact without loss or damage.

Long experience over the years of water, land and train transport of Powell River products enabled our

operating staffs to adopt a suitable protection for our recently expanded export of paper products.

Packing has been as important as research to operating and technical staffs. It was and is not a casual business. Before selecting a standard packing design, all possible information covering handling, storage facilities conditions encountered *en route* and at final destination are studied carefully. When these have been analyzed, the protective wrapper is designed.

When shipments leave the plant, they do so with the guarantee of operating staffs, that they will "stand up to the job."

On Active Service

Local Service Boys Settle Down for Winter Training



More Powell River boys in uniform: Roland Simard (left), Jimmy Stapelton, Ted Le Claire, Harold Gribble, Tom Bentham.

IN the various war fronts the nearly 200 Powell River lads are settling down to their wartime duties—and as the Air Training scheme intensifies, the boys on call are gradually slipping away.

This week "Shadow" Brooks, formerly of the office staff, and well-known athlete, headed east to begin his training as a pilot—along with Wilf Davis of the Laboratory staff.

A Snappy Salute

The keenness of many of our lads in the early training stages has led to a few mistakes, fortunately not of a tragic nature.

For instance, there is the story of Geno Bortolussi and Ken MacDonald, training with the machine gunners at Dundurn, Saskatchewan. The boys saw a blue apparelled figure approaching, buttons shined, and cap at a rakish angle.

"Hist, Kenny," warned Geno, "here comes an Air Force officer. Get ready to salute." So when the boys

reached the "officer" they threw out a snappy salute and passed on well satisfied. Their only disappointment was the failure of the "officer" to return the courtesy.

A few minutes later a sergeant of the battalion approached.

"What the ruddy, blasted blank are you two fellows trying to pull off? That was a bus driver you just saluted."

And of more than passing interest to Powell River was the capture of the German freighter *Weser* by the *Prince Robert* off Mexico. The *Robert* is no stranger to Powell River, being a frequent visitor here on summer excursion trips. Dan Wallace, former steam plant engineer, was attached to the *Robert*, but was transferred to a new ship just before she sailed south.

The First Battalion Canadian Scottish, which has over 20 Powell River lads in its ranks, left for the east some time ago. The battalion, as a unit of the Third Division, will be attached to the newly formed Eastern Command.



Three more well-known local athletes now in uniform: Geno Bortolussi (left), with the Machine Gunners; Hank Cairney, now in England with the New Zealand infantry; and Tommy Gardiner, with the R. C. A. F.

Jimmy Maple, son of Ernie Maple of the barker mill, has seen plenty of active service with the Canadian navy. Jimmy has been on convoy, anti-submarine work, took part in the evacuation at Brest, and has had several thrilling experiences with the navy in European waters.

And the Westminster (M. G.) Regiment is back in Vancouver for an indefinite period of training after their three months at Dundurn, Saskatchewan. They are quartered at the old Hotel Vancouver, and all the lads are looking forward to a spot of leave to Powell River during the winter months.

Jack Redhead and Walter Patrick are with the Air Force at St. Thomas, Ontario. Jack, after a month of foot slogging and rifle drill will take a four months' course in aeroplane mechanics before being posted to a squadron or depot.

Ken MacDonald, ex-machine tender, is now a number one machine gunner

—and finds the delicate mechanism of the Vickers almost as fascinating as



Another two popular employees in the forces: Jack Gebbie and Charlie Murray. Jack is a machine gunner; Charlie an aircraftsman.

Number 7 on a Monday start up. His Number 2 gunner is Geno Bortolussi of the shipping office.

We are all proud of Powell River's contribution to the fighting services, which includes as fine a group of representative citizens as could be found anywhere on this or any other continent.

The Hunting Season Is On!



Albert Adams shows a good example of the Rocky Mountain goat, native to Powell Lake area.

SINCE the inception of our townsite in 1911, the hunting season—that brief six weeks when the black-tailed deer, the black bear and the mountain goat are fair game, has always been a red square on the local calendar year.

The hunters haunt the old haunts. Despite the passage of years, Powell River is still one of the most convenient and close-to-hand hunting districts of the province.

The deer, the goat and the bear are not far away. Most of the hunting is still done within a 15-mile radius of the heart of the townsite.

The hills and valleys fronting the borders of Powell Lake have for a quarter of a century been treasure trove for the Powell River sportsman.

Up on the rocky cliffs, stumbling sure-footed on precarious crags, the goat still waits the arduous climb of the hunter. Down on the slopes, and near the water holes, the elusive, black-tailed deer pits his wits against veteran and his speed against the novice.

Across Malaspina Straits five miles away is the Island of Texada, with deer scampering (if you can find 'em) in the valleys and willow grouse tooting shrill defiance from the bracken.

And in the low-lying area between Powell River and Stillwater, accessible by auto or trail, deer, blue grouse and a not infrequent bear may be found.

And if these at-your-back-door spots fail to please, the myriads of small islands in the Gulf of Georgia, from 10 to 30 miles north, are teeming with deer in their heavily wooded confines. Further up on the mainland, from Toba Inlet north, the grizzly country starts—but if you want to make sure, it's at least a hundred miles up and some tough climbing inland.

Hovering around in the immediate background, and always a menace to game, is the heartily disliked cougar or mountain lion. Several years ago, when the country had been first logged off, so great was the devastation of the cougar among deer and goat, the government placed a bounty of \$60 on each cat shot.

That was the year Rex Pagett, of



A fine natural snap of a typical coast deer snapped near Powell River by Ossie Stevenson on one of his camera shooting expeditions in the district. Camera hunting is becoming a popular sport locally.

the machine room, and his father shot 14 in one season. Now with the appearance of second growth timber again covering the country with a refreshing green mantle, nature's balance is restored. Deer have steadily increased due to this, and the wise provision of the government in establishing game sanctuaries throughout the province.

Few cougars have been shot in recent years. The deer are more plentiful; the big cats eat regularly and few are seen on the fringes of the district. Most local hunters have no love for this slinking beast—and count it a good afternoon's work if they can bring one down.

Each cougar, experts tell us, accounts for at least one deer and one goat a week.

Two special incidents are on the local huntsman's cougar calendar. A

few years ago Martin Alsgard and son Al ran into a big cat swimming across the narrow waters of Powell Lake. The cougar, apparently frightened, attacked the boat, and a lively bout with oar and pike pole ensued. The animal, half-stunned, was finally driven ashore. Martin's boat had several boards ripped from the gunwale. It was an exciting afternoon.

On another occasion, Rex Pagett was riding on horseback along the old Myrtle Point road. A cougar leaped at the horse's head in the half dusk of evening, missed and went crashing into the bush on the other side of the road.

These are rare episodes. Deer, bear and goat—and if you want (nobody does) to climb the mountains at the head of Powell Lake—an odd wolf are still the staple food of the Powell River hunter.

Pipe Band Skirls

The Powell River Pipe Band is swinging a wicked kilt through Texas and way points, according to personal and public accounts received of their progress. In our next issue, following the band's return, we hope to have some first-hand accounts and pictures.

* * *

We know that a picture of Elmer Lee, president of the Virginia Dock & Trading Company, with his ten-gallon hat and his Deputy Sheriff's badge, will be much in demand locally. Nobody is surprised at Elmer being appointed a Deputy Sheriff. The boys here figure he has slowed down. They all expected Elmer would land at least a Governorship.

* * *

One of the highlights of the tour was the appearance of the Pipe Band on the dock of a Texas port playing Highland airs to the crew of a British freighter leaving for the war zone. The lads aboard ship, Elmer tells us, cheered themselves hoarse as they cast off the lines with the skirl of the "Road to the Isles" following them across the waters and out to sea.

* * *

Most of the boys in the band are saying "Why did I leave a nice, soft, eight-hour-a-day job for this?" The band has been kept on the jump from morning till night—but, as Jock Menzies puts it, "the people receive us so enthusiastically that we just have to deliver the goods."

* * *

There is a report that Bert Honea, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, had

a special Scottish interpreter on hand to interview Pipe-Major Bill Whyte and Jock Menzies. But then Bert had a big edge on many of his compatriots. He had visited Powell River and exchanged verbal thrusts with our pipers.

* * *

Local repercussions of the trip are already to hand: Herbert Pool, of the Stores Division, states letters are already arriving in Powell River for sons Cecil and Vic, from Texas girls—and the boys are not home yet. There was even a rumor that a perfumed letter had arrived, addressed to Pipe-Major William Whyte—but we haven't been able to trace the rumor down.

Memorial Service

The Memorial Service will be held in Dwight Hall at 2 p.m. on Sunday, November 10. Ex-Servicemen, Scouts and Girl Guides will participate in the parade to the service.

On Friday, November 8, the Joint Veterans' Committee will hold their annual Poppy Day.

Nice Work, Joe!

Another last-minute news item has just been flashed over the wires. We have received the first and exclusive news that Joe Graham, former Beater Room Engineer, now with the Canadian Scottish in the east, has started his climb upward. Joe has received his first stripe and is now Lance-Corporal Graham.

Nice going, Joe—and the boys are pulling for the other two to go with it.

Frank Was Right!

It's a Grand and Glorious Feeling

WHEN, year after year, your fondest hopes turn to ashes, when the glittering lure of anticipated victory eludes you, when the skies are downcast—and optimism yields to blackest pessimism—and then you suddenly call the turn and the skies are blue and you walk around town basking in the reflected glory of your favorite's victory so long denied.

"Boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!"

And that is why we make no apology in dedicating this note to Frank Flett and using up a whole page in doing it.

For many a year Frank, the faithful, maintained his faith in the National League. Year after year the family cupboard was bare as Frank bravely paid his World Series bets. Year after year he told awe-stricken youngsters how the National League would win the World Series. Year after year, despite the crude jeers of American Leaguers and the rousing cheers of Yankee supporters, Frank, head up, waited for Armageddon.

During those sombre days, through which the tiny light of faith still glimmered, the Flett prestige waned, but never entirely diminished. True, the family struggled along valiantly on short rations, and at times the gaunt spectre of despair knocked on the Flett menage.

But the tiny spark still glowed.

And on the eighth day of October, 1940, the almost indistinguishable spark suddenly burst into a mighty flame—a flame that sent the Flett prestige soaring skyward, restored prosperity to the Flett household—and raised the Flett spirits to a pitch seldom if ever witnessed in the history of our townsite.

The National League won the World Series. It was "Frank's Finest Hour."

The Cover Picture

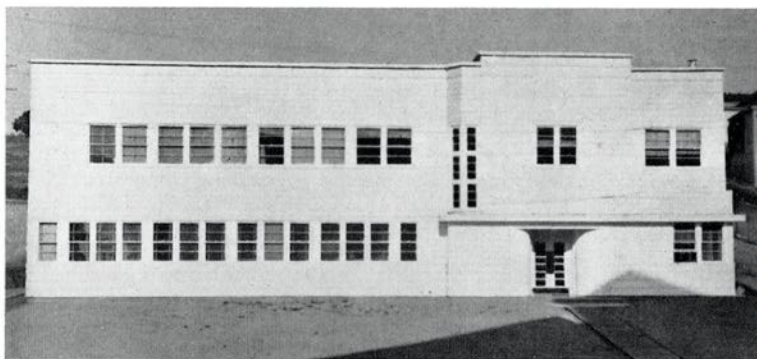
The picture on this month's cover was taken by Albert Adams, of the Cutter Room, showing a goat on the hills near Powell Lake. Albert, in recent years, has learned a lesson that many hunters have learned—that it is more fun to leave your gun behind and do your shooting with a camera.

Albert is a local specialist on goat hunting. He knows their haunts, their habits and their philosophy. He has chased them from hill to hill for nearly 20 years; and now says he wishes he had started camera hunting in the beginning.

* * *

We regret the omission of special mention for last month's cover showing the stacks of our Steam Plant. This excellent photograph was another of Allan Todd's portraits. Allan has supplied other covers for the DIGESTER, and is an energetic member of the local Camera Club.

Around the Plant and Townsite



Exterior view of Powell River's new Central Laboratory Building. The building is of modern design and equipped with latest research and mechanical equipment.

Joe Small, of the office staff, has now attained the full dignity of mature manhood. After being in the local soccer ranks for the past 10 years, Joe was appointed to the executive of the football association. It's going to be fun when Joe has to help discipline the townsite team for ganging up on the referee.

* * *

Somebody told Watson McKnight, perennial dyed-in-the-wool American League supporter, that the "Reds would probably invade Romania next week."

Sneered Watson, "Looking for set-ups, eh! I hope they start Paul Thompson in the first game."

* * *

An enterprising undertaker recently advertised that he had in his employ a young lady embalmer, and 'tis said that the young fellows are just dying to get to know her.

Wife: "John, dear, a man glared at me this afternoon just as if he thought he could pick me up."

Husband: "What did you do?"

Wife: "I glared right back at him."

* * *

Latest reports from the Channel front indicate that despite repeated bombings, the famous "Bull Ring" at Etaples, near Boulogne, is still intact. And then they tell us the R. A. F. is bombing military objectives.

* * *

"I don't think much of these new Italian race horses," Machine Tender Carl Gaudet told Roy Donkersley. "That big two-year-old mare they call Nostrum seems to have faded out of the picture recently."

"Sure, Carl," responded Roy, "Ajax ran all over it. Nice little filly, Ajax. Put your money on her when the chips are down, Carl."



A fast camera shot, showing Grey Benner of the Engineering Department feeding his special pet squirrel at his Powell Lake hacienda. The little fellow has finally yielded to Grey's charm and consented to be photographed.

Another report from the Libyan headquarters tells how the British are giving up all idea of an offensive action. According to Italian communiques "the British have 40,000 'Diggers' in their army, which clearly demonstrates their intention of digging in for the duration."

Somebody's due for an interesting afternoon when the Diggers start digging.

More Stripes

The Powell River boys are on the way up. Harry Hassell of the Wharf crew is now a sergeant and Bat MacIntyre is a full-fledged corporal. Several others are "sweating" on stripes, and by next issue we hope to announce new additions.

A Scotchman took a girl for a taxi ride. And she was so beautiful he could hardly keep his eye on the meter.

A young man who wished to get married wrote to his father asking his advice. He received the following reply:

"My Dear Son: Your mother and I would like to see you happily married. She tells me to point out the many advantages — cozy fireplace, chair, slippers, pipe, and so on, with your darling wife sitting beside you. I am proud to know, my boy, that you have decided to settle down at last."

"P.S.—Your mother has just left the room. Keep single, you darned idiot. Father."

* * *

Keep the Kid Informed

"But, darling, if I marry you, I'll lose my job."

"Can't we keep our marriage a secret?"

"But suppose we have a baby?"

"Oh, we'll tell the baby, of course."

* * *

"How can you talk to me like that," she wailed, "after I've given you the best years of my life?"

"Yeah?" returned the husband, unimpressed by her emotion. "And who made 'em the best years of your life?"

* * *

She: "Is there much graft in the army, soldier?"

He: "Oh, sure. Even the bayonets are fixed."

* * *

This business of thinking up jokes

Has got us a little bit daunted.

The ones you want we can't print,

And the ones we print aren't wanted.

—Or are they?

Armistice Week Program

The most important announcement in connection with the usual Armistice program comes from headquarters of the Joint Veterans' Committee—and states that the Annual Ex-Servicemen's Smoker will not be held this year.

In place of the time-honored event the committee are arranging for a big public concert and variety show on Saturday, November 16, in Dwight Hall. All proceeds will be given to War Charities. The ex-servicemen considered that the sacrifice of the popular smoker would be in keeping with the general community war effort, and that in this manner they would maintain their motto of service to their country and an example to their community.

The show is under the able control of Maestros Campbell Forbes and Stewart Blonden. Artists will be brought in for the occasion—and efforts are being made to line up one of Canada's foremost speakers for the evening.

A Real Dilemma

And Herbert Poole, in charge of our Mill Store Division, is divided between pride and insulted insularity. He is proud of his two boys, Vic and Cecil, who went south with the Pipe Band. But when Herbert himself received a letter last week addressed to "PIPER Herbert Poole, Powell River"—well, not all his accumulated pride in the feats of the Poole offspring could overlook that.

How about a blow, Herbert?

Misunderstood

An elderly English spinster on the Blue Train found herself sharing a compartment with a Scotsman, who, like a perfect gentleman, allowed the lady to take the lower bunk. To the lady's indignation, however, no sooner had they settled down for the night than from the top bunk came resounding snores. Unable to stand the strain, she picked up a shoe and rapped smartly on the side of the upper bunk. The snoring continued. She rapped again. More snores. She rapped again, harder.

The snores ceased abruptly. A tousled head appeared over the side of the bunk. Said a voice: "All richt! I heard ye the first time, but I'm no' coomin' doon!"

* * *

We Can Take It!

One of the best British war stories of the past year concerns a certain old British Jew, who is a close friend of the King, and in whose solid good sense the King has much confidence.

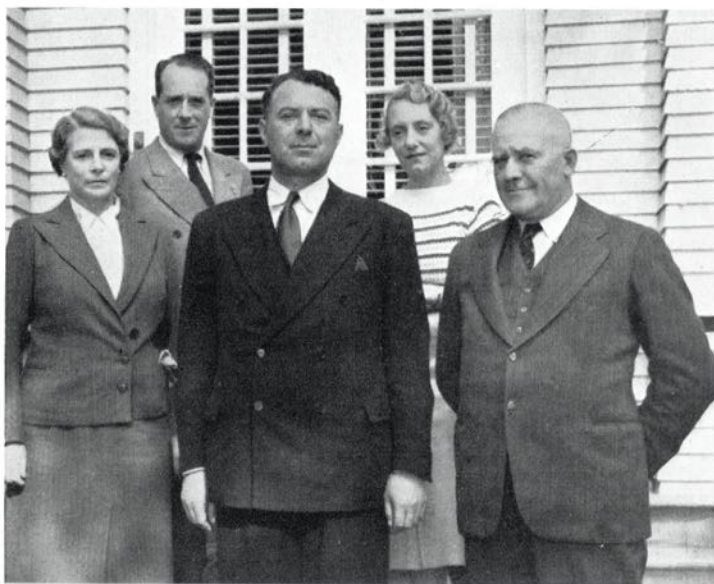
The story is that the King went to this old gentleman and said to him:

"I have great faith in your common sense, and in your good judgment. I come to you for advice. Tell me, what would be the first and most important thing you would do today, if you were in my place?"

And the Jew replied:

"Your Mechisty, if I vus in you place righdt now, de first ting I would positifly do would be to put Cenada in my vife's name."

Timber Board Official Visits Powell River



Visitors during the month were Mrs. Brian Gattie (left), Mr. Gattie, Mr. Gluckten, Mrs. Gluckten, Mr. Tom Kelly.

Among interesting visitors during October were Mr. and Mrs. Gluckten of London, England. Mr. Gluckten is an official of the British Timber Control Board, and was making his first trip to Western Canada. Mr. and Mrs. Gluckten were accompanied by two old friends of Powell River, Mr. and Mrs. Brian Gattie.

Mr. Gluckten left London in August for a business trip to Canada and the United States. His short trip to Powell River was one of a series he has made during an intensive tour of the continent.

Mr. Gluckten, like all British trav-

ellers at this time, is quietly confident, as we all are, of Empire victory.

Pipe Band Returns

As we go to press, the Powell River Pipe Band has returned from their 12,000-mile tour of the Southern States. (More of this in next issue.) Their description of the famous southern hospitality can be expressed only in glittering superlatives.

"My, yon's a grand country, and full o' grand folks," is Pipe-Major Whyte's summing up—and that is the highest superlative any Highlander can pay.

The Camera Club

The display of photographs by the Powell River Camera Club in the recent Art Gallery Week at Vancouver was highly praised by experts. "Distinctly above the average exhibit" was the comment of judges, who expressed their appreciation of the efforts of this "out-of-town" centre. "The display by the Powell River

Camera Club is distinctly encouraging," the judges went on to say, "and should set an example to other centres in British Columbia."

The exhibit will be on public display in Powell River shortly, and it is hoped local friends and boosters will bring their friends to see the high-class photographic display by local artists.

Obituary

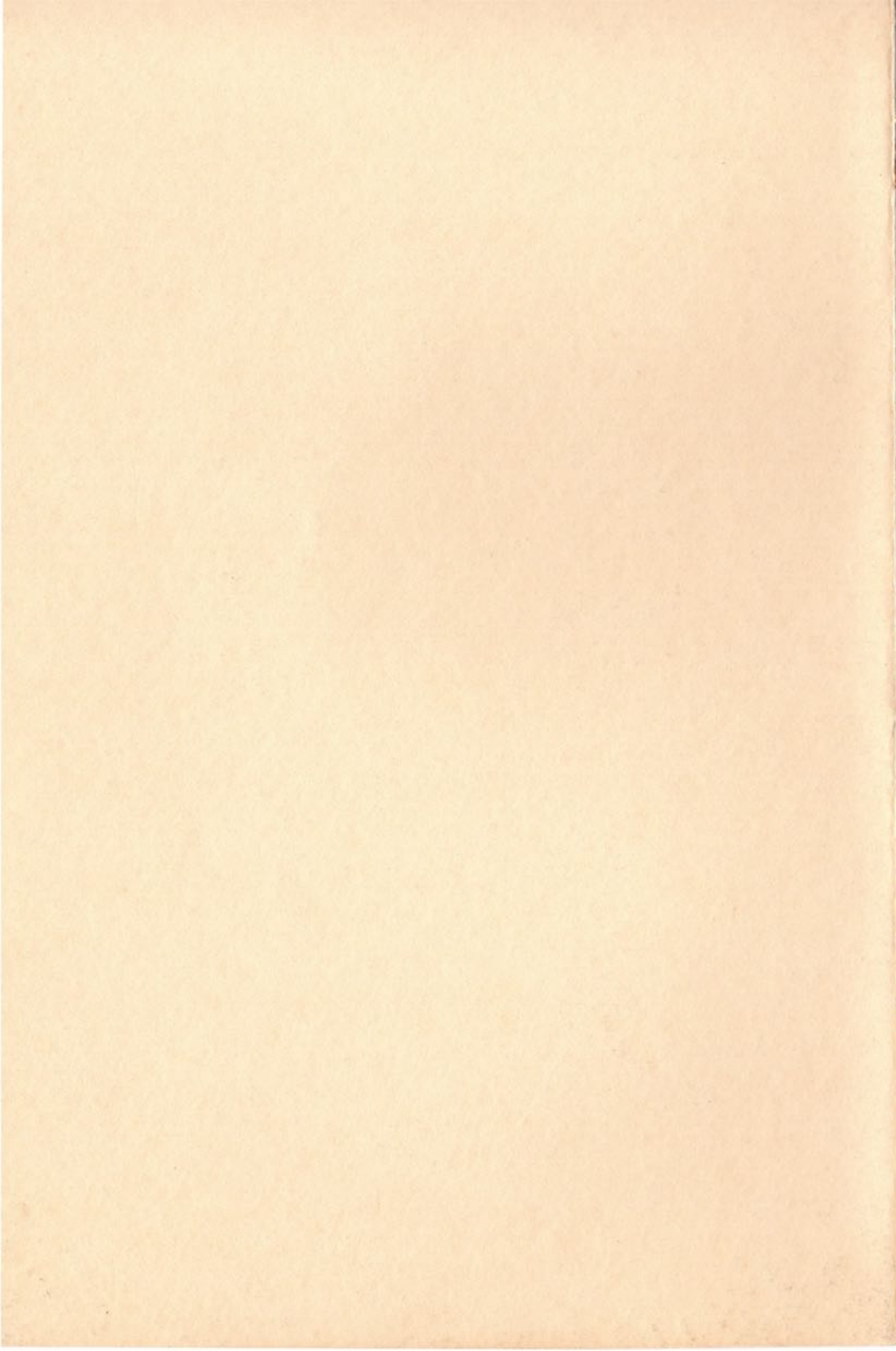


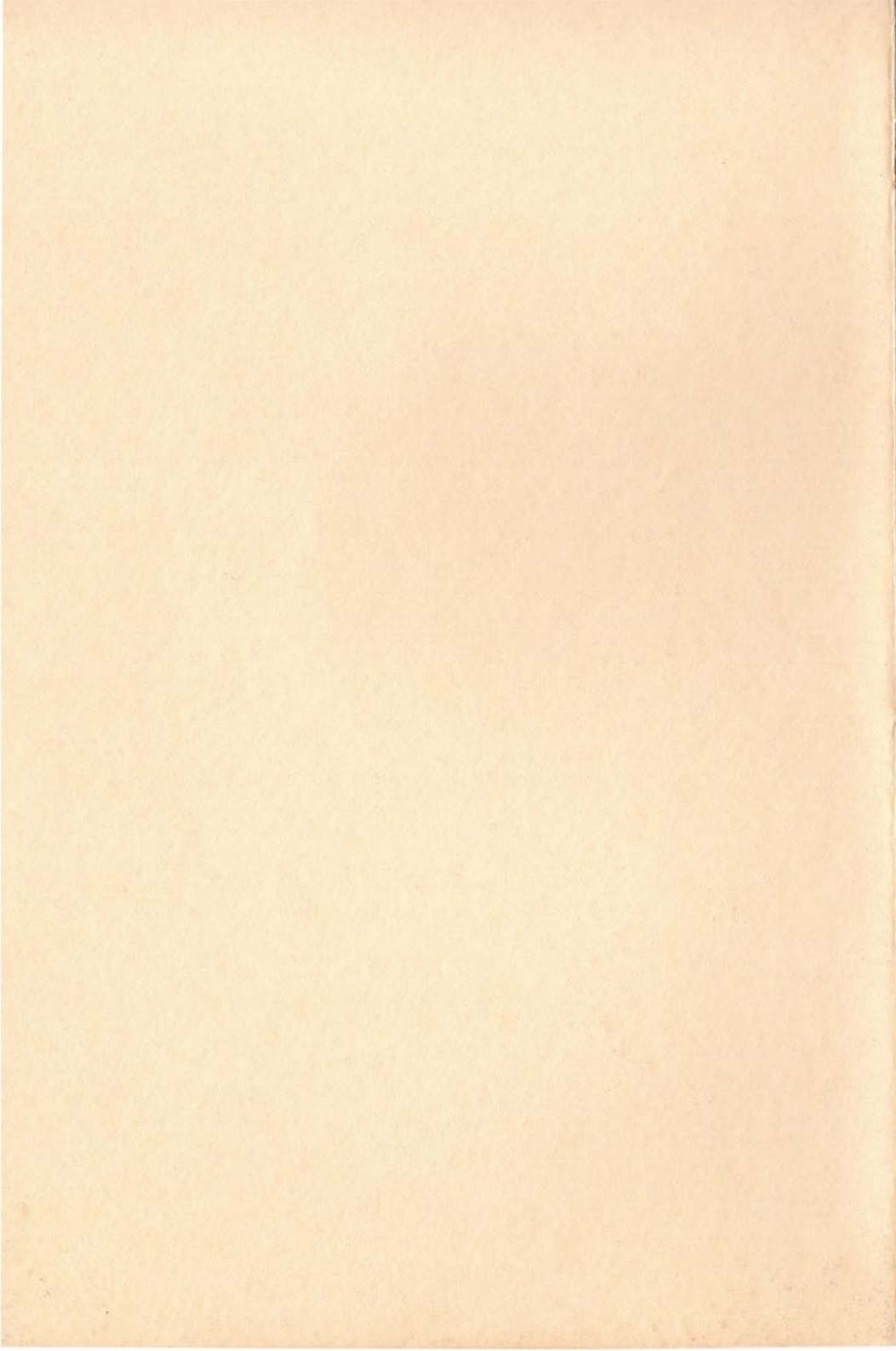
GRANT McALLISTER FOWLER

On Friday, October 11th, residents of the district heard with widespread regret news of the death in Vancouver of Grant Fowler, General Superintendent of the Powell River Company. Mr. Fowler's death came as a distinct shock to the community. The deceased was appointed General Superintendent on April 14th, 1939. He had gained, even in this short period, the wide esteem of employees and residents alike, and he will be sadly missed both as an executive and a citizen.

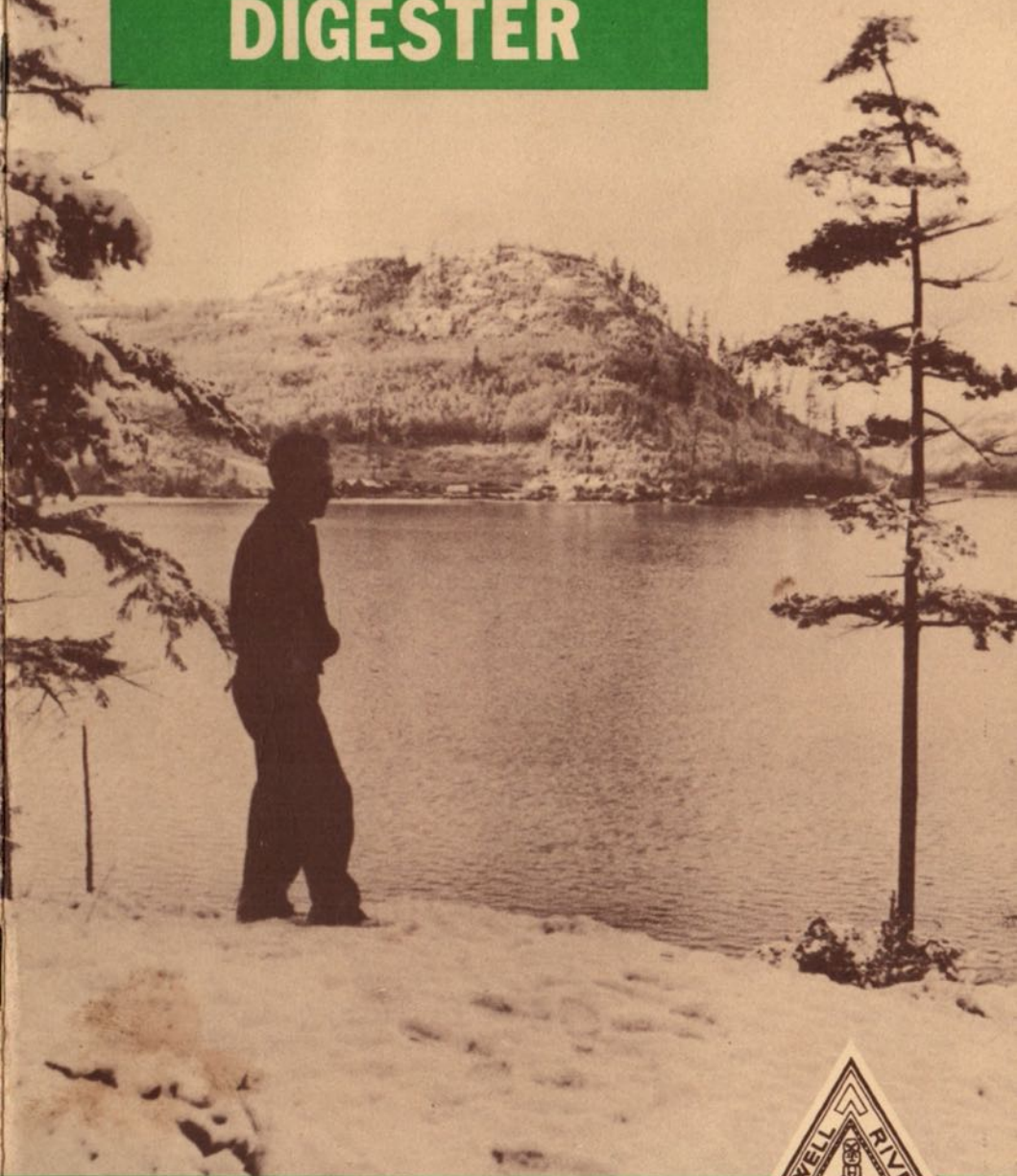
Mr. Fowler was born in Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, on July 23rd, 1897. He was a graduate of McGill University, and had wide experience in the technical and operating branches of paper manufacturing. He served overseas with the Seventh Canadian Siege Battery in the first Great War.

He leaves to mourn his loss his wife, a mother and three sisters. To these and all friends and relatives, THE DIGESTER expresses deepest sympathy.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

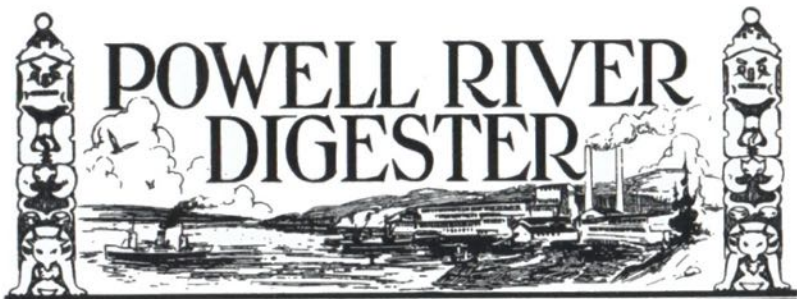


Vol. 16

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No. 11





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Local Employee Married in England



Exclusive to the DIGESTER is this recent portrait of Private Norman Hill, First Seaforths, well-known employee and all-round athlete, with the charming bride he has taken to himself in England. We take this opportunity of wishing Mr. and Mrs. Hill all good luck and future happiness.

Around Our Railway Yard

Dock Railroad Strategic Link in Our Industrial Life



A Diesel Locomotive, with a "drag" of large newsprint rolls, passes along the grinder room front from storage shed to wharfside.

LAST night the Royal Air Force bombed the railway yards at Hamm . . . railways and docks at Hamburg . . . Stetlin railway station at Berlin . . . the railway junction at Frankfurt was again a target for our bombers."

So, with monotonous daily routine runs the official communiques of Britain's attacking Squadrons of the Skies.

Railways and freight yards! These are among the most vital veins in the life blood of nations. Ammunition, oil supplies, guns, tanks — all must move along the transportation ways — and railroads stand pre-eminent in the transportation ways of the great nations.

Across Canada our large transcon-

tinental railways gather the products of forest, factory, mine and stream to supply the gallant defenders of Empire with food, shells and equipment.

And in Powell River our "railways and freight yards" contribute in their own way to Canada's war effort and to the uninterrupted shipments of newsprint. The wharf railway, with its tiny sidings, its switches and its approximate 12 miles of track is an important cog in the newsprint manufacturing at Powell River.

The newsprint industry today figures largely in the Canadian Government's war calculations. Sometimes employees themselves, fail to realize that their work is a war industry almost as much as the munition plant,

the aeroplane factory and the motor assembly line. Every ton of newsprint sold outside of Canada brings to the Government vital American dollars, which in turn purchase from our friendly neighbour more vital machinery, tanks and guns.



Tommy Lucas, in charge of the Wharf Railway, poses for our photographer. Tommy is one of the district's leading soccer moguls.

The foreign exchange balance contributed by the newsprint industry is helping "Smash Hitler." It is an impressive—even a vital factor in our War Effort.

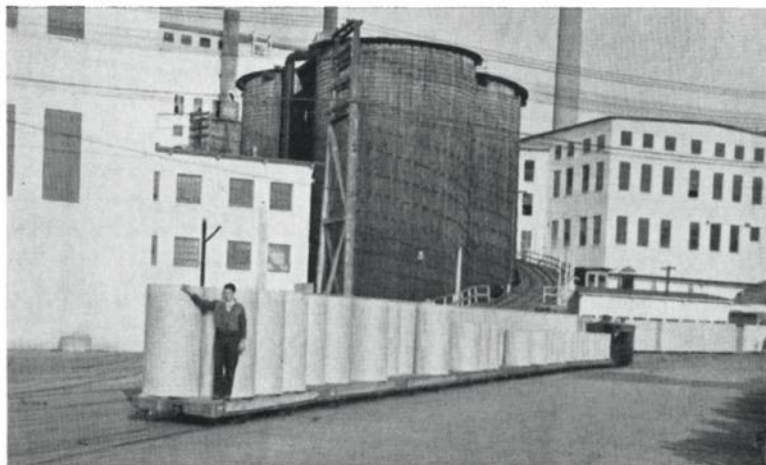
And that brings us back to railways and railway cars. Each day on the twelve miles of track covering every section of our waterfront and leading directly from the plant to the storage sheds or to the waiting freighter, are carried an average of 900 tons of newsprint—of which the major portion is shipped to the United States.

Six paper trains are busy from morning to night, carrying paper, supplies, food and merchandise over the tiny network of narrow rails that flank the plant waterfrontage. The daily production of approximately 700 tons must be moved from the plant to ship or storage shed; hundreds of additional tons must be carried from storage to docks.

In addition, materials for plant use—lime rock for the acid tower—sulphur for the big Digesters—equipment for the paper machines—all this goes over our paper railroad to the elevators or mill entrances.



Another of Powell River Company's big Diesel Locs bauling carloads of pulp to shipboard. From the inside track pulp is being slung by crane aboard a waiting barge.



One of our electric storage battery trains with a load of large and small newsprint rolls swings along in its daily routine of keeping Powell River newsprint moving to world markets.

Freight for the department store—the shoes we wear—the food we eat is loaded on flat cars at the dock and carried over and up the tracks to the warehouse. Mill refuse is transported to the dump; old machinery and scrap iron passes over the company network.

Six operating trains are in daily use along the waterfront railroad. Two of these are Diesel driven, capable of hauling 120 and 70 tons of paper respectively. Four others have electric battery installations and haul loads up to 30 tons. These have proven remarkably efficient in practice.

And so, in our own small way we appreciate something of the background in the Royal Air Force communiques telling us that "last night we bombed railway yards at Hamm."

In Powell River, the entire output of our plant passes over the narrow-

gauge tracks that swing along our waterfront. On them is carried every ton of newsprint, which helps create the foreign exchange on which the Government of Canada depends for vital war purchases in the United States.

The six "locies" and the twelve miles of track which make up Powell River's "Railway System and Yards" are as important in the transportation of our newsprint as the railroad yards at Hamm are to passage of supplies through the Ruhr bottleneck.

They serve the community. They serve the plant, and in these days they serve their country.

"Which tooth troubles you, Sam?" asked Doc Rohrer of his colored patron, and the latter promptly replied, "Lower five, sah."



Powell River War Auxiliary Services at work. Above shows women of the Lukin Johnston Chapter, I.O.D.E., at their work rooms preparing shipments for overseas. The group includes: Mrs. J. K. Simpson, Regent, on the extreme left; Mrs. R. Woodruff, Mrs. W. Draper, Mrs. J. Murison, Mrs. A. MacBride, Mrs. H. Gwyther. Mrs. A. M. Gordon appears in the background.

Women's War Work

Powell River Women Busy on War Services

WAR work in Powell River, as elsewhere in the Dominion, is now the chief pre-occupation of local community and welfare bodies. Particularly is this true of the women of Powell River, who have thrown themselves vigorously into the various Auxiliary Services supplying comfort and inspiration to the troops in the field.

Last week we paid a brief visit to I. O. D. E. headquarters, where Mrs. J. K. Simpson, Regent of the Lukin Johnston Chapter, was busy with her aides. It was "shipping day," and the big packages of sweaters, socks,

helmets, etc., were being packed for shipment to Great Britain.

Something of the work done by these ladies in the past year was given in a few statistics by Mrs. Simpson.

They have used 550 bundles of wool in this period, have made and shipped 428 pairs of socks, 195 sweaters, 89 hospital gowns, 135 pneumonia jackets—besides scores of woollen helmets, scarves, wristlets and handkerchiefs. They have sent clothes to refugee children; blankets and quilts to authorities in England—to naval missions and various regimental auxiliaries.

The I. O. D. E. Chapter also maintains a special magazine department under direction of Mrs. S. B. Macfarlane. Magazines are collected throughout the district, assembled, sorted and mailed to military camps throughout the province. To date, 5500 magazines have passed out of the local centre to the boys in the training camps along the lonely stretches of the B. C. coast.

During the recent Dominion canvass by the national I. O. D. E. for a Bomber Fund the local group contributed \$228, exceeding their quota.

The work done by the I. O. D. E. is only a part of the voluntary contribution of Powell River's women to our war effort. The great Red Cross organization has its energetic Powell River branch, who are carrying on the principles and work of that society in our midst. In our next issue we will tell something of the contribution the local Red Cross Chapter is making.

All over the district the ladies are carrying on—energetically and efficiently as always—along with their sisters throughout the Dominion.

The Grinder Room Entertains



In dark silhouette are the outlines of the famous "mixed" party held by one of the grinder room shifts to welcome new employees. The female impersonators stole the show.

The flash picture accompanying this little story is not too clear. But, then, neither were the later hours of the scene under dissection. For the Grinder Room lads were entertaining.

They were throwing a series of shift parties for newcomers in their ranks. The idea was to bring the boys together and to have the later

employees meet the old-timers.

Led by Chief Entertainment Marshal Jack Ellis, the new employees were welcomed with the inimitable *elan* characteristic of all grinder parties.

There were female impersonators (see cut), musical turns, lusty recitations, song, dance and high wassail.

Pipers Score Success in South

International Good Will Fostered

CANADA is interlaced and bound to the United States with air lines, steamship lines, railroads, bridges and highways, and the same waters of the same oceans wash our shores.

However, these are merely physical ties. There are stronger ties—blood ties. It has often been repeated that blood is thicker than water, and certainly this seems obvious when we listen to the stories of enthusiastic receptions accorded the Powell River Pipe Band in the United States, recently returned from a good will tour of the Western and Southern States.

Judging from the voluminous press reports of the band's jaunt to "the other side of the line," no better medium than a pipe band could have been used to warm the Scotch, Welsh and Irish blood that flows in the veins of both Americans and Canadians.

Apparently our pipe band on its 11,000-mile aeroplane trip wiggle-waggled its MacGregor clan kilts and piped its way right into the hearts of our good neighbors to the south.

Nor was it only those of Celtic blood who turned out to greet, listen and applaud our laddies. To be sure, there was many a mon and lass and laddie, with faces as Scotch as heather and haggis, who pushed their way through the crowds to shake the hand of Pipe Major Bill Whyte and his pipers.

The press reports praising the band would fill a book, indeed they are filling a book, but certainly there is space here to quote some of the hearty headlines hailing the band.

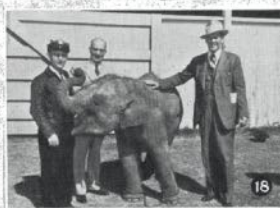
The *Oakland Tribune* says: "Bagpipes Will Woo Fairgoers—Lilting Scottish Airs to Echo on Treasure Island Sunday," and "Powell River Pipe Band Takes San Francisco Crowds by Storm."

The Blue Pencil, official publication of the Los Angeles Advertising Club, "extras" "The Powell River Pipe Band"—guests of the *News*.

The Los Angeles *News* headline reads: "Bagpipers Blow Town En Route to Texas State Fair," and "Piping Hot and Sweet Is Their Music."

There were trips to Hollywood, radio interviews and broadcasts along the route. As guests of the *El Paso Times* and *El Paso Herald-Post*, the publicity reads: "Powell River Pipe Band Pipes for El Pasoans," and "All Are Confident That Britain in Time Will Win the Current Conflict with Nazis."

There were scores of parades featuring the band, and the lads were swamped with requests to play at civic clubs and various organizations, far too numerous to detail.



PICTORIAL RECORD OF PIPE BAND TRIP

- 1—Combined Oakland and Powell River Pipe Bands outside Veterans' Building at San Francisco.
- 2—At Hollywood, with Cesar Romero and Chris Pin Martin of the Fox Studios.
- 3—World's Champion Piper Bill Barric being interviewed over the radio at El Paso.
- 4—Hugo Schoellkopf (left), Vice-president of Texas State Fair at Dallas, and Ted Dealey, President of the Dallas News, welcome Band Manager Elmer C. Lee.
- 5—Lunch at the Baker Hotel, Friday, October 4. G. B. Dealey, Chairman of the Board of the Dallas News, and Elmer Lee in earnest converse, while Vic Coudert, of G. F. Steele & Co., Inc., at extreme right, looks on with mournful eyes.
- 6—Dinner in the Mural Room at the Baker Hotel. Left to right: Mrs. M. M. Donosky, John Kettle, of the First National Bank in Dallas; Ted Dealey, Elmer Lee, Mrs. James M. Moroney, Vic Coudert, Mrs. John Kettle, with the head of Harold Hough of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram showing up in the foreground.
- 7—Austin Senior High School Drill Team meets band at Houston Airport.
- 8—Press room staff of the Houston Chronicle photographed with the band.
- 9—Huge throngs greet pipers in front of the historic Alamo at San Antonio.
- 10—San Antonio Express parade, showing Powell River newsprint and Powell River pipers.
- 11—Mrs. A. Robinson, mother of Roy Foote, Assistant Manager, Powell River Sales Co., welcomes Elmer Lee, manager of the band, to Corpus Christi, Texas.
- 12—Pipe Major Whyte looks very serious after being finger printed by the sheriff of Nueces County.
- 13—Col. Betty Jean Pearson, Chief of Staff of the Scottish Brigade, Austin Senior High School, greets Pipe Major William Whyte of the Powell River Pipe Band at Houston, Texas.
- 14—Deputy Sheriff Elmer C. Lee, with his ten gallon hat, presented by Ted Dealey, President of the Dallas News, showing original cartoon by the famous John Knott depicting "Old Man Texas greets Elmer and his band, October 4, 1940."
- 15—Drum Major Chas. McLean photographed with Drum Majorette of Hot Wells High School Scottish Lassic Patrol of San Antonio.
- 16—Drummer Jack Monteith at the alert.
- 17—Juvenile editions of the British Lion greet Piper George Cairns and Drummer Jack Monteith (left) at Fort Worth.
- 18—Bert Honea of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram quiets elephant "Penny" while Elmer looks on.
- 19—Jim Moroney (left) and Myer Donosky (right), of the Dallas News, came over to Fort Worth and joined Harold Hough (centre) at Amon Carter's barbecue to the band.
- 20—At Fort Worth Airport Drum Major Chas. McLean and Pipe Major Bill Whyte being greeted by Jessie Ledingham and her father.
- 21—Band photographed in the press room of the Tulsa Tribune, while F. O. Larson looks on approvingly.
- 22—Elmer C. Lee, President of the Virginia Dock & Trading Co., Seattle, manager of the band's tour, being presented with honorary membership in the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union of North America during a banquet at Seattle.
- 23—Band photographed in front of Blake Moffitt & Towne, Seattle distributors of Powell River newsprint.
- 24—In the press room of the Seattle Times, Seattle.
- 25—At civic reception, Mayor Lyle Telford of Vancouver greets returning band.
- 26—Powell River Pipe Band leaves City Hall, Vancouver, for its last parade.

(Continued from Page 7)

The Dallas Morning News headlines, "Garbed in Their Swishing Kilts, Powell River Scottish Bagpipe Band Arrives by Plane for Dallas Fair Visit."

Aye, the band had travelled many hundreds of miles to officially open the State Fair of Texas at Dallas, and one paper boldly prophesied: "Opening Day Crowd Saturday Expected to Set Mark: Street Parade at Noon." Then Sunday morning the Dallas Morning News announced, "Attendance Records Broken on State Fair's Opening Day—111,300."

But perhaps proudest of all are we of these headlines, "Kilted Pipers Skirl Greeting as Old Glory and Union Jack United in Parade Prelude to the Fair."

In another bit of heart-warming pageantry, the bandsmen of three nations—United States, Mexico and Canada were heard.

Fifteen hundred newspapermen, representing 400 newspapers, were present on Press Day at the luncheon opening the Fair, and the executives of the Powell River Company, who sanctioned the trip, not merely as a promotion

plan for Powell River, but as a contribution to the building of international friendship, were highly complimented.

Imagine the members of the band's delight when they were greeted at the Houston, Texas, airport by a Scottish brigade of 145 girls attired in kilts. In due and ancient Highland form, sporrans were a-flutter and pipes a-skirling. These bonnie lassies were students of the Stephen F. Austin Senior High School.

Pipe Major Whyte was thrilled no end when some of the girls timidly asked for expert advice on the pipes. They got the advice. Aye! Some of the less timid asked Bill for private Highland dancing lessons.

With the compliments of the *Houston Chronicle* and the *Houston Post*, over 10,000 people attended the band's concert in the City Auditorium.

The folks at home may have been disturbed by the headlines in the *Corpus Christi Times*: "Members of Powell River Bagpipe Band Almost Land in Jail: Have New Slant on Texas Hospitality." But it was all in fun.

At San Antonio, Texas, among many other places, the pipers played martial airs in front of the historic Alamo. It was here that another Scots aggregation welcomed the Powell River pipers—the Hot Wells High School Scottish Lassie Patrol. The band also played for the Trail Riders Convention and at a football game in the famous Cotton Bowl.

The Rotary Club of San Antonio in its weekly publication, *The Wheel of Fortune*, acknowledges "We are grateful for the co-operation of Frank Huntress, publisher of the *San Antonio Express*, and the management of the Powell River Company in bringing us this unusually attractive part of our program."

And the *Tulsa Tribune*, Tulsa, Oklahoma, headlined, "Canadian Kilties and Their Bagpipes Thrill Tulsans Today," while the *Tulsa Daily World* said, "Eight Appearances in Tulsa for Scottish Bagpipers Today."

At Fort Worth, the band was greeted with youthful versions of the British Lion—two lion cubs being carried by the reception committee. On arrival, each member was handed a copy of the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*, which had boxed on the front page, "Powell River and Canadian News for the Benefit of the Powell River Contingent Visiting Fort Worth Today."

Every place the band went, members met old World War comrades, but at Fort Worth they paid homage at a special memorial ceremony at the graves of 11 of the 39 Canadian fliers who died or were killed in training there during the World War. This is the only spot of British soil in the United States except at the embassy in Washington.

At Amarillo, the band was sponsored by the *Amarillo Globe-News* and presented a concert to a capacity audience in the Municipal Auditorium as well as playing for several schools.

Returning directly to Seattle, the band played at the *Seattle Times* and *Star*,

and were given a banquet by the Pressmen's Union, at which Elmer C. Lee, president of the Virginia Dock & Trading Company, Seattle, who managed the band on its historic tour, was made an honorary member of the Printing Pressmen's Union of North America.

Now the band is home. It was welcomed back to Canada with a Civic Reception headed by Mayor Lyle Telford of Vancouver. As guests also of the Vancouver Rotary Club, Elmer Lee, in replying to an address of welcome by Hon. W. J. Asselstine on behalf of Premier Duff Pattullo of British Columbia, spoke proudly of the aggregation. "They did a splendid job of promoting good will—one that will redound to the credit of themselves and honor to Canada and the Powell River Company Limited for a long time to come."

Proof of this is the scores of congratulatory telegrams and letters that have been received from the mayors of both Canadian and United States cities.

Perhaps the greatest highlight of the tour was the wire from Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada, in which he thanked the band on behalf of Canada for "cementing closer the ties of friendship already existing between Canada and the United States," and the personal thanks and congratulations of Vice-Presidential Candidate Henry A. Wallace and Governor Culbert Olson of California extended to Elmer Lee at San Francisco.



Members of the cast of the thrilling "Britannia" scene at the Patriotic Concert on November 16. This year's concert was held in place of the usual Armistice Smoker, and proceeds donated to the Seamen's Mission, London. In the above picture each member represented one of the services. Back row, left to right: Myron McLeod (Air Force), Sam Rees (Navy), Miss Porter (nurses), Col. Powell (Army), Miss Katherine Daubner (Britannia), Pipe Major Whyte (Army), Miss Wells (nurses), Tom Prentice (Navy), Eric Baldwin, M.C. Front row are representatives of the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides.

St. Faith on the Job

Kingcome Tug Assists S.S. "Alaskan"



S.S. "Alaskan," well-known coast passenger vessel, ashore at Francis Point, near the Queen Charlotte Islands.

IN Monday, October 28, the tug *St. Faith*, flagship of the Kingcome Navigation fleet, and a favorite with every Powell River school boy, was at sea "somewhere in the Queen Charlotte Islands."

Suddenly the wireless operator on the *St. Faith* came to the alert. Through the ether came the message, "S.S. *Alaskan* ashore at Francis Point. Tugs in vicinity proceed to scene."

The *Faith* weighed anchor, her 1200-horsepower engines churning the choppy waters of the Sound, and proceeded all out to Francis Point, just south of Prince Rupert—roughly sixty miles distant.

Approximately five hours later the *Faith* reached Point Francis. She found the big 8000-ton *Alaskan* fast ashore—but luckily undamaged. The tug *J. R. Morgan* had also arrived, and was standing by.

The initial pull failed to dislodge

the liner—but after further preparation, the powerful engines of the *St. Faith*, assisted by the *J. R. Morgan*, finally pulled the *Alaskan* back into deep water. She was able to proceed under her own steam.

There was nothing spectacular or even unusual in this episode. It was much in a day's work for Capt. Jimmy McKay of the *Faith*.

The Inland Passage along the British Columbia coast is among the most difficult stretches of water in the world—and the comparative scarcity of serious shipping accidents is high tribute to the pilots and mariners of the coastal service. But in such waters, groundings and minor incidents are unavoidable—and on more than one occasion our tug *St. Faith* has filled the role of rescuer to vessels in difficulty.

Built to British Admiralty specifications, the *St. Faith* is one of the most powerful tugs on the coast.

On Active Service

Commissions, Building Camps All Part of Army Life



Representative of several branches of the service are the Powell River lads shown above. Left to right: Charlie MacIntosh, R.C.A.F.; Sergeant Harry Hassell, Infantry; Ted. Dolan, Seaforths; Corporal Harry Davies, Petrol Division; Cliff Walker, Artillery. The two Harrys, Sergeant and Corporal, are back for their second whirl at the Hun.

AS the fifteenth month of the second World War fades into the past, Powell River's steadily expanding representation in the forces prepare themselves for the "Campaign of 1941." Most of the boys have completed general preliminary training and are now receiving extensive instruction in their chosen specialty — Gunner, Observer, Pilot, Field Artillery, Machine Gun, etc.

Within the next several months, Powell River's contribution to the commissioned and non-commissioned ranks will be swelled by graduates from the Air Training Schools.

Powell River's growing Air Force contingent is scattered at training and instructional centres throughout Canada. At St. Thomas, Ontario, concentration point for ground crew mechanics, repairmen, etc., are Jack Redhead and "Chuck" Couvelier, former employees and all-star local

athletes. Jack finds his training interesting, likes army life, and says "the grub is swell and the quarters top hole" (a lot of "cheerios," "top holes," "rightos," etc., are beginning to creep into the letters from the lads).

From Goderich, Ontario, comes word that Jack Carr of the machine room is now doing solo flying and is well on the road to receiving the coveted R. C. A. F. "Wings." And back on the lone prairie, at Brandon, where mosquitoes resemble horse flies and where in winter those gusty blasts from the Arctic ice block make rising a real pastime, Shadow Brooks, Don Woodruff and Robin Leese are going through the preliminary motions of forming threes, squad drill and rifle practice. All three boys hope to take to the air shortly.

And, incidentally, Robin Leese is the third member of the house of Leese to join the active service forces.



More of our dapper boys ready for action. Left to right: Gordon MacKenzie, R.C.A.F.; Tommy Richardson, R.C.N.V.R.; "Chuck" Couvelier, R.C.A.F.; Jack Challis, Engineers.

His father, Bob Leese, former Department Store Accountant, is now Lieutenant R. Leese of the 2nd Battalion Canadian Scottish at Victoria. Another son, Dick, is with the Royal Air Force in Great Britain.

Four Commissions

Including Bob Leese, four former employees hold commissions. In the Canadian Scottish, Major MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., formerly on the millwright staff, commands "A" Company. Denny Green, steam plant engineer, is now Lieutenant Green, M.C., Transport Officer, Canadian Scottish. And at Esquimalt, Kent Goldsmith of the Kingcome office, takes the salute of many old friends as Lieutenant K. Goldsmith, R.C.N.

Many of the boys are slipping into the non-commissioned ranks. Last week Earl Slevin of the Shipping Department and Cliff Walker turned up on week-end leave as Lance-Corporals. Bat McIntyre, Rodmay Hotel proprietor, now holds the rank of Corporal — as does Harry Davis, former City Motors Agent. Harry Hassell of the wharf is now "Sergeant

Harry," and spends his time training awkward squads.

Bert Southcott, one-time Kamyrr expert, is now at Toronto studying the intricacies of aerial gunnery and quartered in the once "posh" Toronto Hunt Club. Sandy Strachan and Charlie MacIntosh are stationed, for the time being, at R. C. A. F. headquarters in Vancouver.

The boys of the first battalion, Canadian Scottish, about twenty in number, are digging in for the winter at Truro, Nova Scotia, where they form part of the Eastern Command. New and large camps are being built to quarter the C. A. S. F., and according to dispatches received from our correspondent, the Canadian Scottish have done all the "bull" work in constructing them.

Latest departure eastward is Andrew Rose of the Company Store Staff, who left the middle of November to join the R. C. A. F. at Brandon, Manitoba.

And that's all for the current note — and hoping the Christmas leave will come through.

Bill Goes East



Bill Brooks (left) says au revoir to his father, Mr. S. D. Brooks, Chairman of the Board of Directors, Powell River Company, before his departure eastward to a R.C.A.F. training centre.

William Sheldon Brooks, son of Mr. S. D. Brooks, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Powell River Company, leaves for the east to take up training with the R. C. A. F. Bill has a private pilot's licence and has done considerable flying around Vancouver.

He lived in Powell River as a boy, and within the past year returned to Powell River with his wife and worked in the mill for several months.

His wife will reside in Winnipeg with her family while Bill is in training.

The entire Powell River organization wish him good luck.

The Cover Picture

This month's cover picture, the work of Cliff Lennox of the Sawmill, was taken on Monday, November 11, following the first snow-fall of the year, the day previous. The picture is taken along the lower edge of Powell Lake, looking across at the Anderson mill on the opposite bank.

The silhouetted figure standing gracefully at ease is Grey ("Beaver") Benner of the Engineering Office Staff. Grey lost a button from his sweater, and considers that the only flaw in the picture. Well, we leave this to the Engineering Staff.

Twenty-four hours later the snow had disappeared, and as the month closes has not reappeared, much to the disgust of our youngsters and to the undisguised delight of the rest of us.

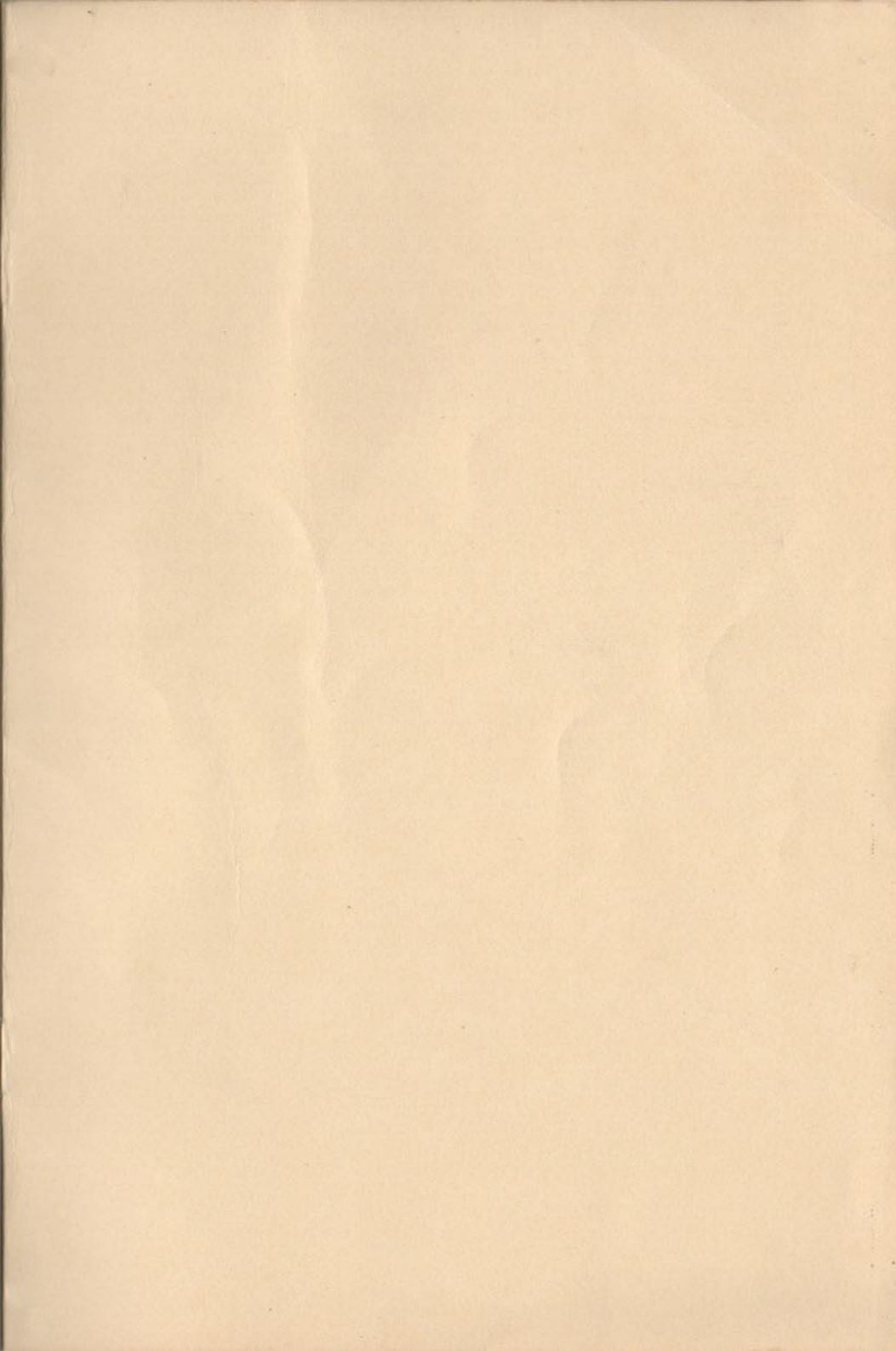
Meanwhile, we congratulate Cliff on joining our Front Cover producers. Allan Todd of the Finishing Room has made the front cover twice, and Albert Adams of the same department, once.

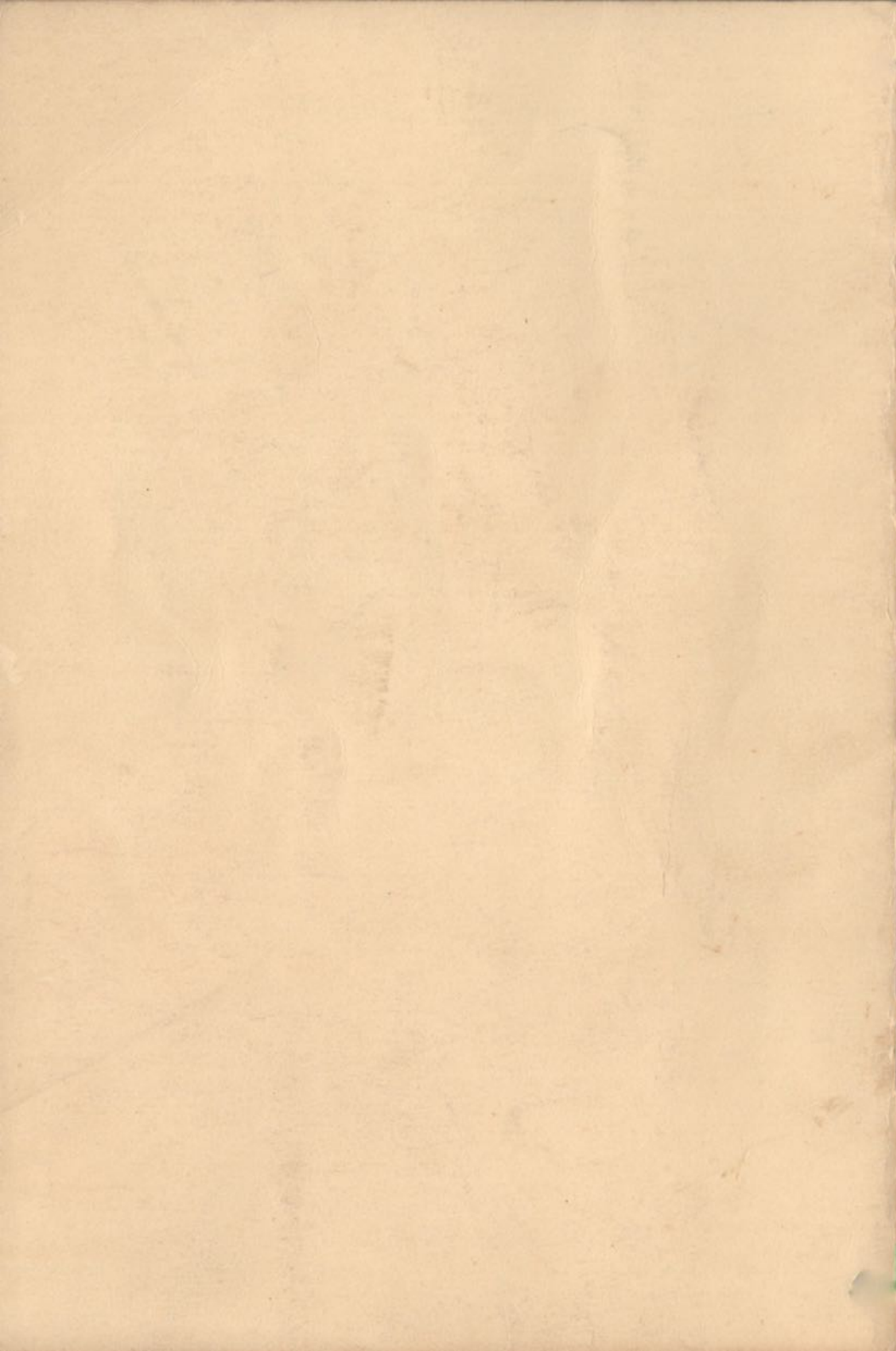
The Senior Service

Incidentally, the ex-navy lads about the plant just about burst a blood vessel every time they read an announcement in the press which tells of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

"When the h—I," they howl wrathfully, and justly, "will these people learn that the navy as the senior service always comes first."

We pass this along to local newspapers—and to careless speaking fellows around the noon hour.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

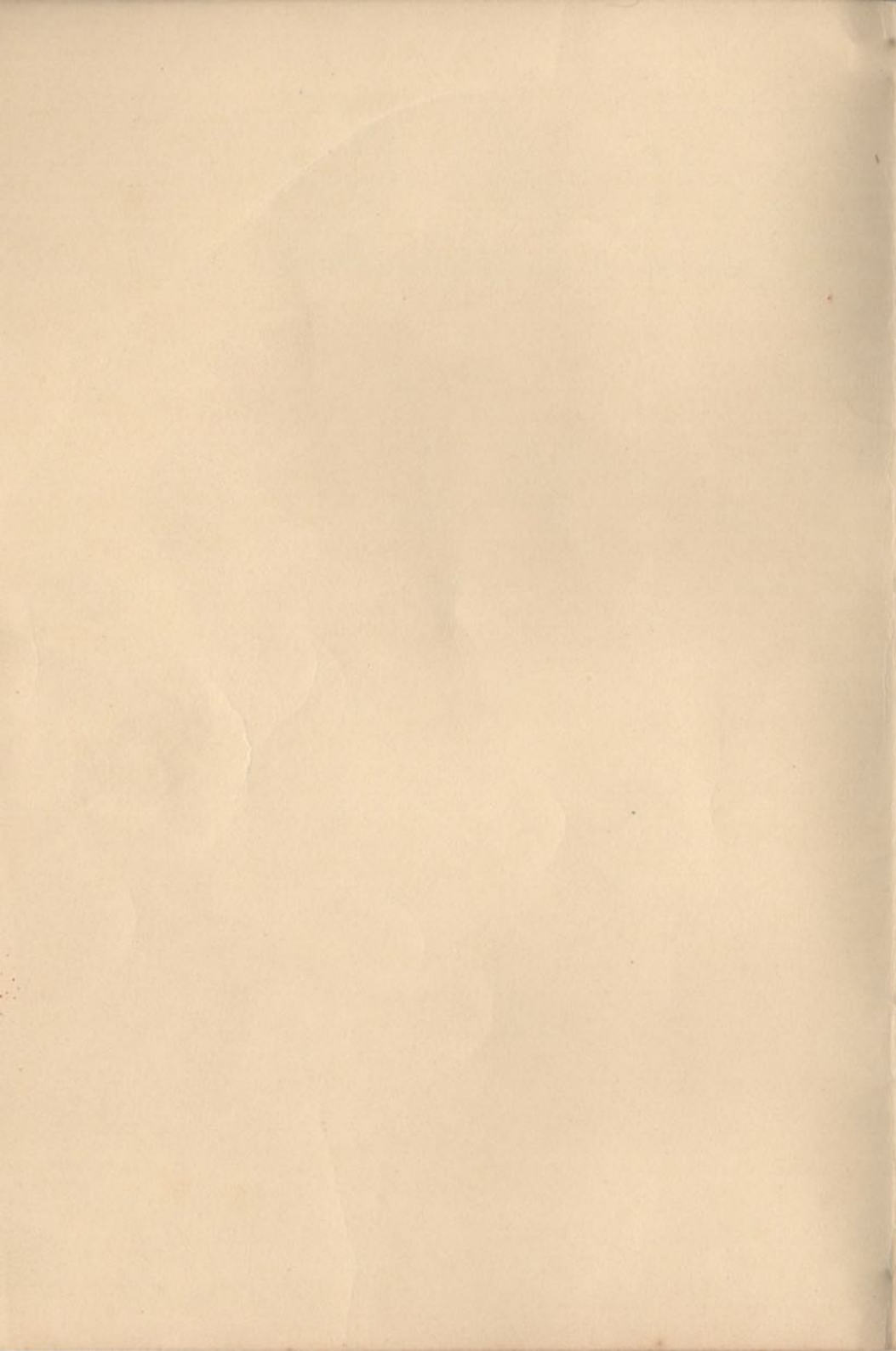
"Newsprint Carrier"

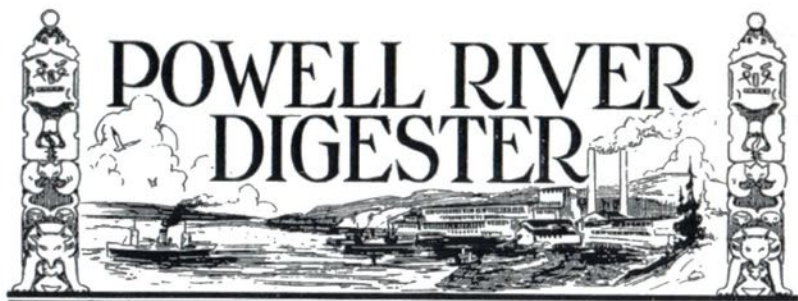
Vol. 16

DECEMBER, 1940

No. 12







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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Season's Greetings

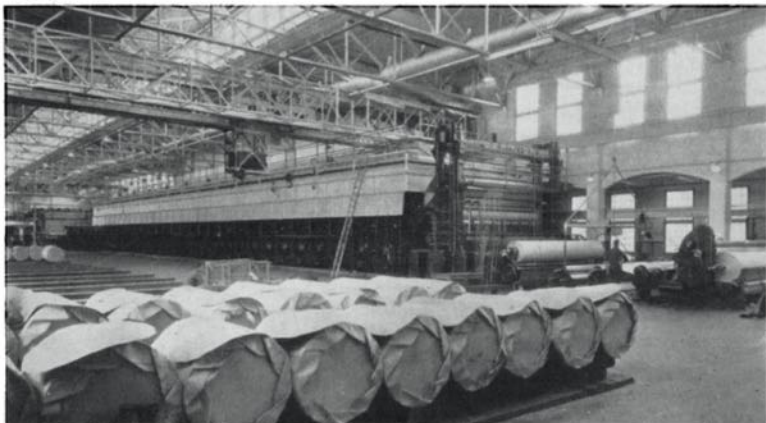


To all residents of Powell River and district, THE DIGESTER extends the compliments of the season, with the hope that 1941 may bring increasing happiness to you and your families, and peace and continued prosperity to our country.

To all our friends on this continent and abroad, and to all Powell River members of His Majesty's Forces, we again extend the hand of friendship and wish you

A Happy New Year

Our Newsprint Rolls Unravel Themselves and Take a 24-hour Journey Around the Country



General view of No. 7 machine, showing long row of dryers and the paper being rewound and cut into roll lengths. In the foreground crimped rolls ready for final wrapping, are seen.

BRITISH troops, pursuing the retreating forces of Field Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, travelled along a new highway. The highway had just been completed for the projected Italian assault on the Suez. It is a fine highway, and was laboriously constructed by Italian and native labor over a three-month period. The highway from Tobruck to Sidi Barrani is about 150 miles long.

It's too bad these military desert roads can't be constructed out of newsprint—and some of our paper makers think their sheet would stand up under the present type of Italian traffic. Instead of a laborious three months' work in building the Tobruck-Sidi Barrani highway, newsprint from our Number 7 machine could have done the job in about twelve hours.

For that's how long it takes this one big machine to run off a paper road of Powell River newsprint 150 miles long and nearly 20 feet wide; and that allows the boys on the machine plenty of time for traffic jams or unexpected hold-ups. That's how much paper this machine, running close to 1300 feet a minute, reels out in its daily routine. Why, the Italians could have built an entire road from Bengasi (300 miles) to the Egyptian frontier in a single day's output from Number 7.

Of course, if they wanted to do the thing right by going into massed production and using the whole seven machines, they could start at Tripoli, finish up on the Egyptian border and then go back over the same route and have about 200 miles to spare.



The Calender Stack on No. 7 machine, through which newsprint is being wound on to the reel at close to 1300 feet each minute.

All of which means that in one 24-hour day the output of Powell River newsprint would lay a nice paper road from Vancouver, B. C., to Los Angeles—a white, 1400-mile highway, roughly fifteen feet wide.

And for the special benefit of our Powell River Pipe Band, who have just returned from an official visit to the State of Texas, we can translate the simile in familiar terms. We start out from Amarillo, in the north, as the first shift goes on the machines at 8 o'clock Monday morning, and begin laying our newsprint road through the Lone Star State. We run down the paper highway to Dallas, swinging southwestward, taking Austin in our stride, to San Antonio. At San Antonio we cut straight eastward to the Port of Houston, famous for its great turning basin, still travelling

our paper highway. Here we make an about turn and follow the paper trail straight northward to the Texas border—and yes, we can make it—clear into Oklahoma. We find ourselves, before 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning—mopping up hot cakes and syrup in the corner restaurant with the boys of the *Tulsa Tribune*.

This is real blitz road-laying. Repair stops reduced to a minimum, an even, smooth surface with guaranteed and tested strength.

We wonder Graziani never thought of this idea before. But Graziani is a busy man and can't think of everything.

But we hope it may afford our readers, to whom tonnage figures are a bit of a mystery—a picture of what a single day's production of newsprint by the seven paper machines in the Powell River plant means.

Little Willie rushed into the house and showed his father a new penknife he said he'd found in the street.

"But are you sure it was lost?" asked the father.

"Of course it was lost," said Willie. "I saw the man looking for it."

"Why does a clock run?"

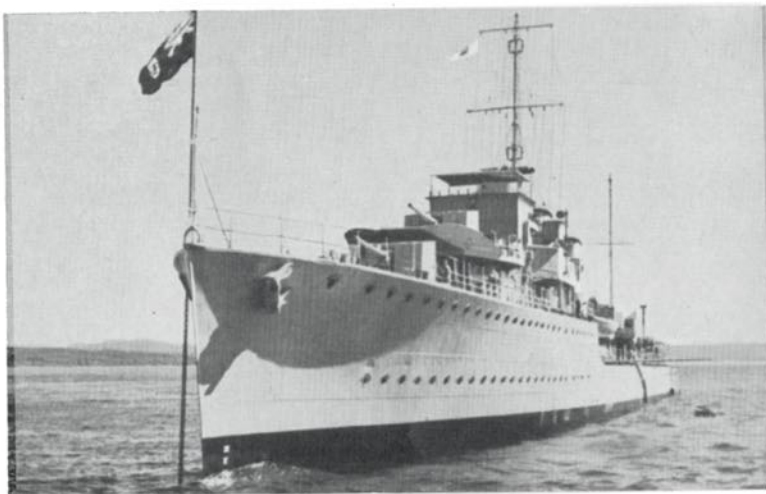
"You would, too, if you had ticks."
—*Penn State Frosh.*

Nervous Suitor: "Sir, er—that is, I would like to—er—that is, I have been going with your daughter for five years—"

Father: "Well, whaddya want, a pension?"—*Penn Punch Frosh.*

Old Friends In Action

Canadian Destroyers Well Known Here



H.M.C.S. "Restigouche," which has played a prominent role in the activities of the Canadian navy since the outbreak of the war, is shown on her last trip to Powell River. The "Restigouche" received special mention in dispatches for her fine work during the evacuation of Brest.

Above is H.M.C.S. *Restigouche*, as she appeared during her last visit to Powell River shortly before the outbreak of war. The lads of the *Restigouche* made many friends here, and her movements are of more than passing interest to local residents. The *Restigouche* has had many a thrilling adventure since she cast anchor in our harbor in that long-ago period. The ship received special mention for its brilliant work during the evacuation of Brest. She has been doing regular duty with other units of the Royal Navy in the North Sea—on submarine, patrol and convoy duty.

The *Skeena*, another Canadian destroyer, which has been in the thick of the battle, is an old friend of Powell

River. In the Powell River library is a large portrait presented by the officers and ratings of the *Skeena* to the ex-servicemen of Powell River, who on numerous occasions entertained the crew during their short visits to the townsite.

Other ships of the Royal Canadian Navy, the old *Vancouver*, the *Patrician*, and others now on the scrap heap, have entertained and been entertained in Powell River.

In our harbor, too, have anchored ships of the West India squadron. During the ill-starred negotiations with Russia in 1939, Powell River residents read with interest that the head of the British delegation was Admiral Drax. Several years ago

Admiral Drax, carrying his flag on H.M.S. *Delhi*, was entertained locally. The *Delhi's* sister ships, *Dragon* and *Dannae*, were here on summer cruises.

And so, we in Powell River have a special and personal interest in the movements of the naval forces of the Empire, and amidst all our expressions of good will at this season we reserve a special wish for the navy—to the boys of the *Skæna* and *Restigouche*—to the *Dannae*, *Delhi* and *Dragon*, and their gallant complement of tars.

Good luck, good sailing and good hunting!

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday School one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said:

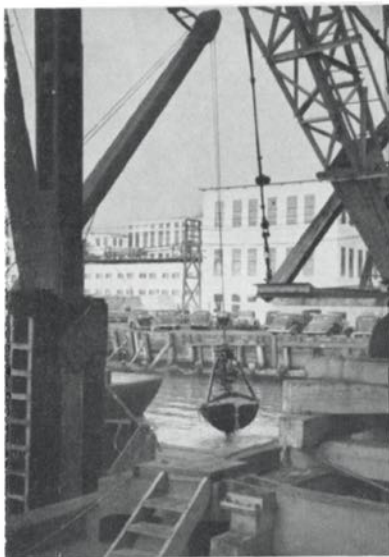
"Don't cry, Bertie; some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back."

"And, believe me, you lop-sided, muttoned-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come!"

Wall Street, New York's financial centre, got its name from a wall of cedar palisades built one hundred years ago during a scare caused by an expected Indian attack.

Bottoms Up!!

The photo below, showing the dredge in action in the Powell River log pond, is another glimpse of the scores of routine duties necessary around a pulp and newsprint mill.



One of the routine tasks in newsprint and pulp production at the seaport of Powell River—dredge at work in the log pond.

Dredging of the log pond and waterfront is essential at definite intervals to maintain freedom of movement for tugs, scows and other small craft.

In the background are the white outlines of the plant—with piles of pulp stacked for shipment along the tracks. A portion of the wharf parking space reserved for employees' cars also appears in the middle foreground.

If you must kick, be sure to kick toward the goal.



On Active Service

Christmas Leave in Forefront of Activities



Here are the boys of the Canadian Scottish, soap in hand, at one of the little washing parties always a delightful part of army life. The temperature is 15 degrees of frost. Good washing, boys.

CHIEF news from the military front this month finds most of the Powell River lads scattered about the Dominion wondering whether Christmas leave will be forthcoming.

Latest dispatches indicate quite a number of the boys will make the trip home. Most of the troops in Vancouver and vicinity will probably drop in here for Christmas or the New Year; and from Truro, Nova Scotia, where over twenty Powell Riverites are doing duty with the Third Division, word is flashed that some, at least, of the lads may be able to make it.

Meantime, in all branches, the steady grind of training persists. And as training progresses the boys exercise the inalienable right of British soldiers through the ages to do the odd

bit of healthy grousing, and like their forerunners of the old C. E. F., they are asking "Why did we join this blankety blank army? Thought we were going to fight—and all we get is squad and rifle drill, machine-gun exercise—and mulligan."

And the news that the Australians are in action in Egypt arouses the old competitive spirit, and the troops want to get going.

In other words, what we are trying to say is that the boys are now pretty well trained and ready for action.

In this article we show some special photographs of the troops and their home in an Eastern Canadian camp. Lance-Corporal Joe Graham, former beater-room engineer, sends them along with the remark that he can't understand why anyone wanted



And here is what it looks like in the East in the newly constructed camp of the Canadian Scottish in Nova Scotia. We see Joe Graham (right) and Don Lee at lunch in the spacious outdoors of the hospitable East. Behind George Ewing, another Powell River ex-employee, enjoys his meal in the great outdoors.

to take over that country from the Indians. Among Joe's portraits is one showing the boys of the Canadian Scottish washing their feet in a nice, cool eastern stream—15 degrees of frost. And the camp, like all newly constructed military camps from time immemorial, leaves much to the imagination and to the mud. The Canadian Scottish have had their first and second snowfalls. The Powell River boys don't think much of it, and look enviously at the Anzacs attacking the Italians in 90° F. weather.

Route marches, strenuous drills, lectures are keeping the Canadian Scottish boys fit. Down in Vancouver in their posh quarters at the old Hotel Vancouver over a dozen Powell Riverites in the New Westminster Regiment go through much the same routine. But—and it's a big but—

when drill is over they return to steam-heated quarters, private baths. Ken MacDonald, former machine tender, is now a number one machine gunner, with Geno Bortolussi of the Office Staff as his number two. Jack Gebbie, assistant beater-room foreman, is learning how to assemble and dismantle a Vickers gun; while Lance-Corporal Earl Slevin, of the Shipping Department, types out daily parade states in the orderly room. Al Anderson, of the beater room, and still holder of the Dominion welterweight wrestling title, and bosom pal "Baldy" Haddock are having oodles of fun tossing room-mates around after "lights out."

And Lieutenant Denny Green, Steam Plant Engineer, 2nd Battalion Canadian Scottish, has been away on

(Continued on Page 16)

Around The 1940 Calendar

Events Large and Small as Chalked Up on the Local Calendar

January—The war starts in its fifth month. Local residents and societies put War Effort at the head of their activities for the year. The Red Cross Society, under presidency of Mrs. James Clapp, begins an active campaign for public support. The first snowfall of the winter season came on January 9th and disappeared next day. On New Year's Day John McIntyre plucked a still blooming rose from the Dwight Hall bush. Powell River residents made substantial contributions to Canada's first War Loan.

February—Work on the new Laboratory building was under way. Construction of Sheet Pulp Plant started late in January, now progressing favorably. Arthur Kingsmill presented with \$25 cheque by Resident Manager D. A. Evans as first winner of the new Safety Contest. Bert Carey of the Shipping Department was elected president of the newly formed Upper Island Badminton Association. Superintendent Ernest Ketchum of the Greenwood Mill retires after 28 years' service. Bill MacGillivray takes over as the new Greenwood Superintendent. Red Cross and War Chest, I. O. D. E. and other auxiliary War Services active. Powell River Pipe Band finally receives long-awaited uniforms.

March—On March 6, Hon. George Weir, Minister of Education, officially opened the new Powell River gymnasium. During the month Bert Honea of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* and Mr. and Mrs. Myer Donosky of Dallas, saw the Pipe Band in their first public appearance, new uniforms and all. The new Bauer refiner, for reclaiming pulp fibres, was installed. At the end of March no further snow reported—not a freezing tap to date.

April—Pete MacKenzie elected president of the Tennis Club. Visitors during the month included Bob and Gordon Southam, the former of Ottawa, and making his first visit to Powell River. Local war organizations carry on energetically.

May—The German attack hit France. Many old landmarks well known to Powell River ex-servicemen disappeared beneath the Hun onslaught. Winston Churchill became Prime Minister and the Empire rallied behind his "no surrender defiance." Quickening of war responsibilities noticeable everywhere—and intensified activities in every branch of War Services.

The sport season opened with the Bowling Club, Softball, Tennis and Archery Associations starting their seasonal activities. An early summer with an unusually mild winter finds gardeners already boasting about their vegetable and floral produce. New Flakt Dryer for sulphite pulp process starts operation.

June—Anxious days here, as elsewhere in the Dominion. France collapses—and the British army successfully accomplishes the miracle of Dunkirk. The tension of the war permeated the entire district.

Recruiting office opened for a week in Powell River. Response from local residents above expectations—scores of well-known employees and residents enlisted. Total enlistments for the month ran close to 150. Powell River Company presents \$8000 trainer plane to government. Mr. T. N. Nuttal was

elected chairman of the War Chest Committee. New Chemistry Laboratory, one of the most modern and best equipped in the industry opened and ready for occupancy.

July—Powell River citizens open \$8000 drive for a trainer plane. Local cadets rounding into shape and learning the rudiments of military drill.

Visitors in July include Mr. J. H. Bloedel of Bloedel, Stewart & Welsh and Prentice Bloedel. Various War Services intensify drives for public support. More local lads join colors.

August—National Registration in the district took place between August 12 and 21. Powell River Company registered all employees, cutting down materially the work of government registrars. Powell River Company directors pay a visit to townsite. Among numerous visitors was Ralph Erlandson of Blake Moffit & Towne of Los Angeles. The internationally famous yacht *Southern Cross* passed through Powell River on a cruise of B. C. coastal waters. Trainer Plane Fund drive reaches its \$8000 objective in one month of canvassing.

September—Telephone installations in the district were the highest in history, with over 1100 phones now in operation. Powell River Company commences manufacture of Llamabrand Paper Products. Visitors for the month include: Bob Cromie, Vice-President of *The Vancouver Sun*, and Mr. McCance of Lendrum & Company (Japan) Limited. Mr. and Mrs. William Donkersley celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary. Premier Pattullo of British Columbia drops in for a day's visit. The Powell River Pipe Band started out on its tour of Southern States.

October—Residents and employees alike learned with regret of the death of Grant Fowler, General Superintendent of the Powell River Company, on October 11th. The Powell River Pipe Band arrives home after highly successful tour of Southern States. Band receives personal wire from Prime Minister Mackenzie King. The *Spirit of Powell River*, Trainer Plane purchased by citizens of Powell River, is already in action and training Canadian pilots. Mr. Gluckten, official of the British Timber Control Board, was an October visitor. War auxiliaries sending increased shipments to the boys overseas. And Frank Flett, our paymaster, realized a long cherished dream when the Reds won the World Series. Kingcome Navigation tug *St. Faith* assists in salvage operations of S.S. *Alaskan* off Frances Point.

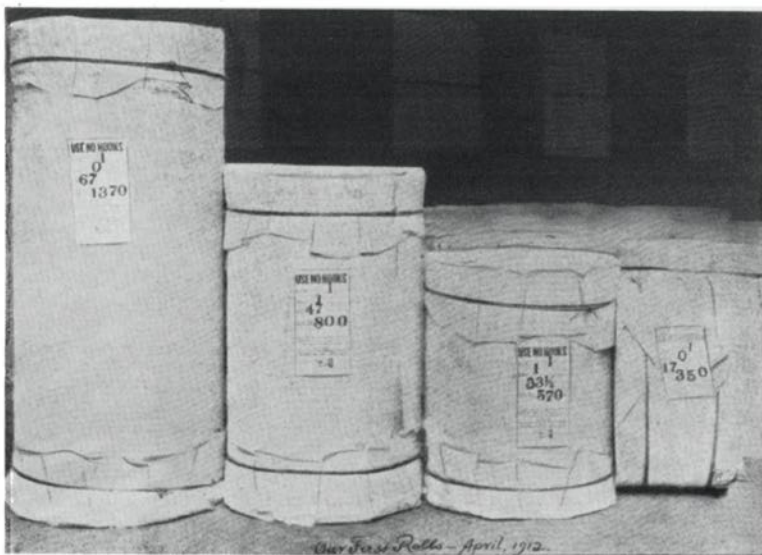
November—The first flurry of snow fell on November 10—but immediately disappeared—and a week away from Christmas had not reappeared.

Armistice Memorial Service was held on November 10, the Patriotic Concert under the auspices of the Joint Veterans' Committee raised over \$100. Proceeds went to the Seaman's Mission, London. Red Cross held a successful dance on November 22. Ewart Craigen again heads the Community Chest for 1940-41.

December—Our second War Christmas finds our thoughts going out to friends and relations in the "tight little isle," whose gallantry and determination makes our own undisturbed Christmas possible. Hugh McPhalen is chosen president of the Ex-Servicemen's Association for 1940-41. Residents and War Auxiliaries pack hundreds of parcels for Powell River boys in the services. Many men in the forces home for Christmas and many happy reunions in the district. The British drive in Africa has been our best Christmas present of the year.

Off With The Old—On With The New

Newsprint Dress Styles Change in Twenty-eight Years



Above photograph is a historic one. It shows the first group of rolls as they came off the paper machines in April, 1912—also the first rolls of newsprint manufactured in British Columbia. Contrast their general appearance with the modern, streamlined rolls on the opposite page.

IN April, 1912, nearly twenty-nine years ago, the Powell River Company shipped the first ton of newsprint ever manufactured within the boundaries of British Columbia. For several years previous, from 1908 onwards, spasmodic and hesitating attempts had been made to introduce a pulp and paper industry into the province. But the coherent history of the industry in British Columbia begins with the shipment in 1912 of finished rolls of newsprint from our own plant in Powell River.

There have been many changes in

the paper-making process in the intervening twenty years. Illustrations accompanying this article show something of the alteration in packing technique through these years of research, study and experimentation.

Packing newsprint in 1912 was not the streamlined business it now is. A comparative picture of the 1912 roll and its 1940 brother looks like a studio portrait of Diamond Jim Brady and Anthony Eden. The newsprint industry was still in its infancy, particularly in the west. Problems of transportation were imperfectly understood and machine craft had not



Average rolls of modern Powell River newsprint as they appear after twenty-eight years of evolution.

displaced hand craft. Streamlined utility was still in the future.

In 1912 and for several years following, newsprint packing was done by hand. The neat, tight-fitting and packing, so vital in modern roll protection, was not possible with existing equipment. Capping on the ends had a tendency to bulge out. This involved a difficult problem of stowage. Sometimes one roll would be placed over the end bulges, and if the wrong roll were moved the entire end wrap might be torn off. Problems of air bursts, now met with the new cushioned packing and mechanical method of capping, were more frequent. The streamlined roll of today takes these difficulties in its stride and is at once a thing of beauty and utility compared to its more primitive brother of 1912.

In the early days, wrappings were placed on the rolls by a flour-mixed

paste, instead of the special glue used today. And this raised many problems and many unauthorized makeshift solutions.

The particular brand of flour paste was ideal rat food—and on many occasions, when rolls were removed from storage, evidence of rodent depredations necessitated re-wrapping.

Many improvisations were tried. Rat poisoning was attempted, with only moderate success. Finally the old-fashioned remedy of employing cats was adopted—and this proved the most effective of ready-made treatments. Old-timers on the wharf still speak lovingly of the famous cats who did sentry go among the rolls of Powell River newsprint.

One cat, they tell us, was so good she was placed on the company payroll. Every day her lunch was sent down from the Avenue Lodge with

the lunch bags of the regular crew. Her lifetime rat record looks like Don Bradman's all-time cricket score.

This particular cat wouldn't talk to strangers, and she disliked dogs. One of the prize stories of the period centres around the day the late Dr. Henderson brought his two dogs down to the wharf. Pussy was on sentry duty atop a newsprint roll. The two dogs passed beneath. This insolent intrusion was too much. The cat dropped like a panther on the back of the nearest dog, dug in her claws, and went to work.

Startled spectators, a few moments later, saw one of the most impressive sights of their lives. Along the dock lickity-split went the doctor's

prize hound, with the cat on its back.

Dogs were scarce on the wharf for many months afterwards. On the death of this famous Maltese, her offspring carried on the good work.

The introduction of a special glue mixture eliminated the rat menace; and the uncertainties of roll protection under hand-done finishing has long since been replaced by the modern air press, by the assembly line principle and by knowledge gained through years of close study and research.

Today the finished newsprint roll is the Anthony Eden of our production effort, streamlined and dapper, but capable of effectively meeting any emergency that may conceivably arise.

Walt Bags a Bruin



Just to show we're still a bit wild and woolly in these here parts and that the good old days have not gone forever, Walt Grabau, Grinderroom sharpshooter, picked off a 350-pound black bear early this month. Walt and his trusty rifle were on the prowl for deer when the dark shadow crossed his path. Walt is superstitious, and no dark shadow is going to cross his path if he sees it first. And this time he saw it first, and when Walt sees them first—they don't see again.

Work Proceeds At Lois River



Unloading cement at Stillwater for the Lois River permanent dam. Cement is shipped direct from Vancouver and carried by logging train from Stillwater to the dam site, about two miles away.

IN the closing days of 1929, the Powell River Company started construction of their first power project at Stillwater, thirteen miles south of the present Powell River plant. This installation, necessitated by the plans of plant extension, was completed in 1931.

At that time a temporary log crib dam was erected and a site cleared and prepared for a permanent location. For nearly a decade the original log crib dam has served, and served well, the 22,000-H.P. generator at the big Stillwater power house.

Construction work has progressed steadily and on schedule. Excavation for the foundation of the dam has been carried down to a depth of approximately 50 feet on each side of the riverbed, and in the west side excavation concrete has been poured

almost to riverbed level. Placing of concrete in the east side section was commenced. The wing wall, thrust block and two adjacent sections on the west side of the dam are practically complete at this time. Up to date, about two-thirds of the total excavation has been taken out and about one-twelfth of the total amount of concrete has been placed.

Weather conditions have, throughout, been extremely favorable, and, so far, it has not been necessary to pass any floodwaters down the riverbed.

And so once again the famous Stillwater logging tract, where Brooks and Scanlon cut some of its finest limits, hears the deep rasp of the excavator's drill and the rushing whirr of the concrete mixer. The whole area was well known to the old B. C. logger, and some of the tallest and straightest



The new dam at Lois River, showing the concrete mixer in action on the dam foundations.

timbers in this hemisphere were logged near the present scene of activities. Almost on the identical spot where the big concrete dam will arch across the waters of Lois River is the notorious Copenhagen Canyon, across which hundreds of Brooks Scanlon loggers used to ride daily. The canyon was so named from the number of discarded snuff boxes tossed into its rocky depths by loggers on their way up and down the line.

But today horsepower and not donkey power holds the centre of the stage. Newsprint, not logging, is the story of Lois River for the next year.

The Cover Picture

The impressive and unusual "shot" of a newsprint carrier on this month's cover is just another picture of Canada carrying on. Today there is scarcely a business, large or small, that directly or indirectly does not

contribute to Canada's war effort.

And so business carries on. In Powell River, where most of our newsprint is shipped to the United States, our contribution to the supply of foreign exchange in the hands of the government is not negligible. And each freighter, large or small, that warps into our wharfs is another rivet in our expanding war machine.

Since the war, many ships have swung in and out of our harbor, carrying newsprint to many and widely extended parts of the Western hemisphere. Most are well known, but for the time being must be nameless.

Their records will be read on the post-war honor rolls of the sea.

Meantime, the great freighters come and go, and the mighty purr of the big paper machines continues without interruption or without cessation. Powell River carries on.

Around the Plant and Townsite

THE usual flock of New Year resolutions are in the wind around the plant these days—and all assembled with the usual sincerity and fixity of purpose. As a start, we suggest a general New Year resolution for 1941—"That any spare cash in the old vault, the old sock or the old pitcher on the mantelpiece be used to buy War Savings Certificates."

And, of course, there are the usual resolutions from all parts of the plant along these lines:

SAM CHAMBERS—By request, I resolve to sing "Shortnin' Bread" as an encore at any or all concerts during 1941.

JOHN MCINTYRE—I think I'll take up fishing during 1941. I hear it's great sport.

BILL PARKIN—(And this is the worst of all) I resolve in 1941 to smoke my old pipe—and to use the same tested brand of tobacco as in the past.

ARTHUR DUNN—My 1941 thought is one that I have decided upon only after many heart-searching talks with myself. It's "Scotland is a fine country, and Scotsmen, if they continue along the path of civilization, may yet attain the intellectual level of Yorkshiremen."

FRANK FLETT—The keynote for 1941 is Victory—victory on all fronts, victory against Italy, victory against Germany—and I hardly need say,

victory against the American League.

D. A. EVANS—Harold Foley has almost persuaded me to buy a new hat for 1941—but, well, boys, what do you think?

JACK HILL—My best wishes to Frank Flett for a Happy New Year. Drop up and see me sometime, Frank. The names are Michael and Wayne.

* * *

Simple Solution

Wally Tapp, boss machine tender, ex-47th Battalion, C. E. F., and native of Australia, has a simple and effective solution for capturing every Italian port on the African coast. The solution will, we have little doubt, meet with general approval.

"Just place these ports 'out of bounds' to the Australians," says Wally, "and General Wavell can retire to his Cairo villa for a well-earned rest."

* * *

And the Brooks Scanlon *News*, Foley, Florida, contains a routine news item in a recent issue. The *News* says:

"Harold Foley dropped in the office last week and asked us for a cigarette."

At that the *News* doesn't know how lucky they are. They haven't had Bill Barclay, the Powell River Sales Company manager, drop in on them yet. The last time he was in Powell River he stayed for two days, and frantic wives were sent out for new shipments of cigars.



Doug Ingram. Al Anderson. Bill Price and Gray Levy, Powell River lads, who are all in the advanced training stage and ready for whatever lies ahead in the battle against the Hun on land, sea or air.

On Active Service

(Continued from Page 7)

special duty in recent months learning, we understand, something of B. C.'s great hinterland.

And Tommy Gardiner, ex-office man, and all-round athletic star, is going through intensive process of his final examination, which he hopes will turn out Pilot Officer T. Gardiner. Tommy says the maths he learned at school are child's play to the stuff he takes now—trigonometry,

algebra, aeronautics, navigation, with a bunch of side slips and barrel rolls thrown in. Tommy has his eye on the Fleet Air Arm—but that matter will be reserved for a later decision.

Jimmy Maple is still somewhere at sea with the Royal Canadian navy, and he has had many fascinating experiences in the course of his regular duties.

We hoist the first round of the Christmas and New Year season to the lads of our fighting forces.



This is what it looked like in the West when the Canadian Scottish, which includes over a score of Powell River boys, left for the east. The picture was taken at camp in Victoria, B. C.

