

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

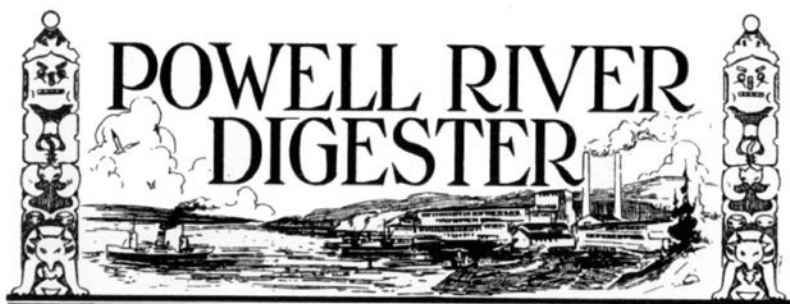


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JANUARY, 1942

No. 1





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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VOL. 18

JANUARY, 1942

No. 1

TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

Have you ever walked into a store to buy a hat or a pair of shoes, and found the salesman—or maybe the saleslady—in a grouchy mood? Consequently you failed to receive satisfaction, and felt you had been denied the attention and courtesy you had every right to expect. If this experience has been yours you will probably well remember walking out of that store with a feeling of resentment that you had been pretty poorly treated. But isn't it true that your resentment was not so much against the individual as against the organization whom that particular employee represented?

Isn't it also true that this picture is the same in our company or in any company for that matter? All of us, no matter what our position, make up the Powell River Company. People, when doing business with our company, do it with you and me; and the treatment which we accord them, whether fair and courteous, or indifferent and discourteous, determines the impression they form, not only of us but of our company.

And so in the last analysis, the impression people have of the Powell River Company is to a large extent in the hands of each and every one of us.

President.



Top row: Pte. Norm Hill, Seaforths; LAC Nels Extrand; Corp. Neil McLean, R.C.A.F.; Corp. Jack Young, R.C.A.F.; Sgt. Ray Ingram, R.C.A.F. Left: Pte. Bill Moore. Right: Corp. Sandy Strachan.



On Active Service

Local Boys Make Splendid Showing— Many Commissioned and Non-Commissioned Ranks

CHRISTMAS mail from the boys overseas and in Canada is coming in floods—and there is no lack of material for this month's Active Service page. Many interesting and fascinating stories of Powell River boys, now scattered widely about the seven seas, have arrived; and scores of lads turned up in the old home town, on holiday furlough, to supplement in uncensored style, the adventures of the troops in the Active Service Forces.

Much of this material will be dealt with in future issues. Here, for the month of January, we take advantage of an editor's privilege to review a few facts and figures dealing with Powell River's contribution to the armed forces of the Empire.

By the first week in January, a total of 406 men from Powell River and district were on the nominal roll

of the armed forces. At the time of writing, 105 of these are serving overseas, and someone from Powell River is represented on each of the four Canadian divisions in England, in the R. C. A. F., the R. A. F., and in various corps units.

In the First Division six Powell River men are in the crack Seaforth Highlanders; in the Second Division Sergeant Harry Long is our sole representative; in the Third Division is the 1st Canadian Scottish Regiment with 22 Powell River representatives. Other regiments in the 5th (Armoured) Division have a fair sprinkling of lads who two years ago were scampering about the townsite, the New Westminster's with 12, and the 9th Armoured Regiment with seven. At least 26 Powell River boys are serving overseas with the R.C.A.F. or the Royal Air Force. Many of



Three well-known local lads now completing training in the Air Force. The picture was taken at a Western Training centre. Right-left, Bert Carey, of the Sales and Production of Nick Stusiack, and Dick Hopkins.

these are in England, and a few are already in or on their way to the Middle or Far East.

Our representatives have made a highly creditable showing in all branches of the service. At the moment 27 Powell River boys hold commissions in the Active Service Forces, and at least another 65 hold non-commissioned rank. In the latter group are one sergeant-major, 25 sergeants, 28 corporals, and three lance-corporals. In the Navy, eight of our boys are petty officers. And this list is not necessarily complete as promotions to corporal's rank in the army, and to sergeant-pilot in the Air Force, are constantly being made. All of which means that today 22 per cent of the men who enlisted from Powell River hold commissioned or non-commissioned rank. The percentage will be steadily increased in the months to come.

In the commissioned group, 16 are in the Air Force, eight in the Army, and three in the Navy. In the non-commissioned group, in addition to the eight Naval Petty Officers, 31 are in the Air Force and 26 in the Army.

The distribution of Powell River men in the Armed Forces is as follows:

Royal Canadian Navy.....	46
Military Forces	209
Royal Canadian Air Force.....	151

The Military Forces include all branches of the service: Infantry and Armoured Units, Artillery, Ordnance and Army Service Corps, Dental Corps, Army Medical Corps, etc. In future issues we may tell more about the distribution of local boys in the various units of the army.

Troops in Canada

In the Fourth Canadian Division, still in training in Canada, 13 Powell Riverites are on the nominal roll of the D.C.O.R.'s, at present in Debert, Nova Scotia. Captain and Adjutant Eric Barlow, formerly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Company Sergeant-Major Harry Hassell of the Wharf, head our contingent of the "Dukes". Other regiments preparing for overseas and now on coast defence duty are the Irish Fusiliers, with nine, and the 2nd Battalion Canadian Scottish with four Powell River men. Major John MacGregor, V.C., of Powell River is now second in command of the Scottish. Lieutenant Colonel A. C. Sutton, former Government Agent, is on the staff at Ottawa. He expects to go overseas in the near future.

And that is how our boys in the Forces are doing at the moment. Not bad going, we add—and a record of which citizens of Powell River have every right to be proud.



On one of the floats at Soderman's Camp, three old-timers with Mrs. Soderman. Left-right, Nate Rooney, who has worked in company wood crews for many years, Oscar Soderman, Mrs. Soderman and John McLeod, Powell River Company log scaler.

T EACH day, half a million feet of raw timber is rushed through the Powell River sawmill for conversion into pulp. Big ten-footers, small one and two-footers, hemlock logs, spruce logs, balsam logs—they are all part of the daily



Archie Deland, manager of the Powell River Company Logging Department. Archie knows logs and loggers—and he is probably one of the most experienced log buyers on this coast.

grind, and part of the spectacular business of newsprint and paper manufacturing.

Behind this spectacular and fascinating business of reducing a forest giant to pulp is another story—often

equally spectacular, often as fascinating, even though it seldom crashes the headlines.

This is the story of the men who supply the logs, whose energy and vigor, distributed about a score of small and large logging concessions along the British Columbia coast, keep the wheels of a 720-ton newsprint mill in ceaseless day and night operation.

Much of the timber used in our newsprint operation is garnered by small operators. Here and there along the coast you find these operators with their own outfits, their own crews, and their own concessions. Outside the trade they are comparatively unknown—but to most loggers and logging men, their names are legend. Most of them have been in the game all their lives. Most of them have come up the hard way. They have worked as loggers themselves, have learned the game from practical hard won experience. They have



General view of Oscar Soderman's Camp at Call Creek, about 90 miles north of Powell River. Oscar, who owns one of the best logging outfits up north, has been cutting timber for many years for Powell River.

saved their money—and when opportunity knocked, were ready. They started their own small outfits, often on a shoestring, and armed only with a wide background of experience and a sublime faith in themselves. They have carried on—these small loggers

has cut lumber for our Logging Department. Oscar's camp, which is one of the best maintained outfits in the area, is located on Call Creek, on the B. C. mainland, about 90 miles north of Powell River. Oscar has been logging in British Columbia for over

Up North With Our Logging Operators

Numerous Small Operators Help Maintain Regular Log Deliveries

—through prosperity and adversity. To them, the logging industry of British Columbia owes much.

— Such, in part, are the sources from which our Logging Manager Archie Deland obtains his supply of "raw gold" for the Powell River mills, and such are the men, and camps, to whom we hope in this and succeeding issues, to introduce to our readers.

Among the best known of the small logging operators along the coast is Oscar Soderman, who for many years

40 years, and is considered one of the most experienced operators along the coast. He started in as an ordinary laborer, worked his way up to hook tender, and over the years tried every job the B. C. logging camp had to offer.

Thirty-five years ago, Oscar was working as a logger on a timber concession near Port Harvey. Today, this same tract, and several others, is registered in Oscar's name. Ten years ago, he began logging in the Port Harvey

district, and is still sending logs to Powell River from this area.

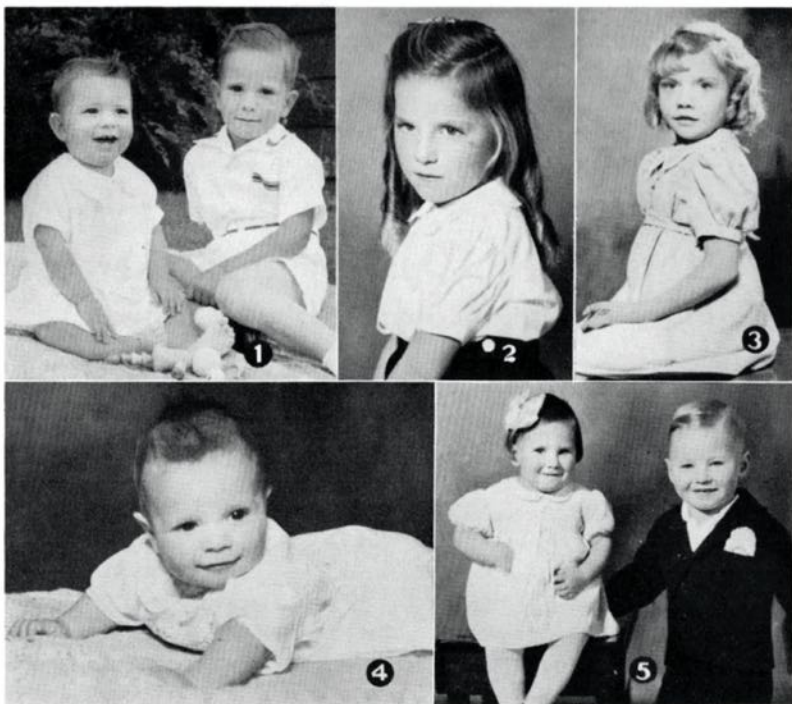
In the early days, logging companies worked on a very selective basis, picking only the highest grade fir and cedar. For the past few years, Oscar has conducted very successful operations on ground logged thirty-five years ago on this selective basis.

Almost as well known as Oscar is his wife, known to everyone up north as "Sid." Mrs. Soderman moves with the camp, is intimately acquainted

with detail of management, finance, etc. She is a very active partner to a very active operator, and the success of the firm of "Soderman and Soderman" owes much to her energy and experience. Both are old friends of Powell River, and of our logging department, by whom they are held in high respect and esteem.

Next month we will continue the story of our logging operators, with a brief sketch of other well-known loggers and their outfits.

POWELL RIVER CHILDREN

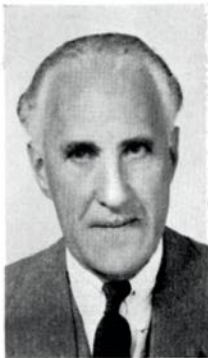


1. John and Michael Hill. 2. Roberta Calder. 3. Carol Larsen. 4. Wayne Langdale. 5. Bonnie and Glen Olsen.

Safety Campaign Gets Under Way

Sustained Drive for Reduction of Accidents and Safe Workmanship, Through Wide and Representative Plant Organizations

STARTING this month," Safety Inspector John McIntyre states, "we are organizing an intensive and sustained campaign of accident reduction and safety education in our Plant. We have built up," Mr. McIntyre went on to say, "a representative committee of employees and management and the drive will be carried to every corner of the Mill."



John McIntyre, Safety Inspector in this preliminary article, opens up the big Safety Campaign now under way.

"In the past year," the Safety Inspector continued, "accidents have steadily increased. This condition is understandable, but it can and must be eliminated. Due to the very considerable number of new employees engaged since the outbreak of war, the accident hazard has increased. In addition, the strain of international events, the focusing of attention on new and sometimes upsetting phases of the war, tend often to reduce caution and cause negligence in in-

dustry. It is the hope of many plant committees now functioning, that, with the co-operation of all ranks, these hazards may be considerably reduced, if not entirely eliminated."

In the forthcoming issue of THE DIGESTER, details, plans and personnel of the reorganized Safety program will be outlined.

Pictures of various committees will be reproduced, so that employees may familiarize themselves with committee members in their department. The drive has the full support of the management and all superintendents and foremen will be key figures in the set-up; and arrangements for special articles by leading Safety authorities are being considered.

Co-operation of all ranks is essential if we are to reduce accidents and cut down injuries to our friends and fellow workers.

"You know, Mandy, a man what uses de kinda talk dat preachah of ouahs uses ain't got no right to be wearin' de cloth o' Gawd."

"Why, what did de preachah say?" Mandy inquired.

"Well, when dat firecrackah went off, dat preachah runned right ovah me and sevrul othah ladies, an' as he went thu' Ah heard him say:

"Dam a chu'ch wid only one do'."



Looking along Ocean View Avenue after our first snowfall on January 7. Not heavy snow, but there were possibilities.

THINGS will be different this year." It's an old story, but this time it is true. Things were a bit different this year.

For the first time in three years, the lakes of the district froze over solidly enough to permit skating. In all, residents enjoyed a solid week at a much neglected sport.

graphs on these pages taken within a space of 48 hours.

This little "now-you-see and now-you-don't" act is an annual feature of our so-called winter season. As Ernie Campbell, of the office staff aptly remarks, "It's for the benefit of our eastern visitors—to show them what we do with snow in the West.

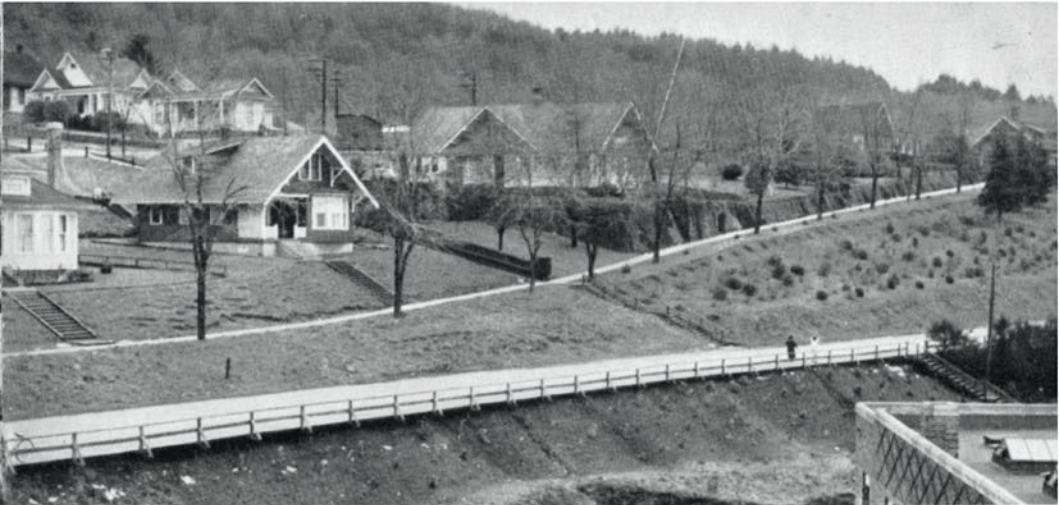
The skating—what there was of

January Brings Our First Snowfall

Some Skating, a Few Spills, and a Couple of Days of Snow

And, for the first time in several years we had a promising fall of snow on January 7th—promising, that is, to the youngsters, ski fiends and sleigh riders. A few skis were dragged out, tentatively tried out, a few bob runners were shined up—but, 48 hours later it was all over. Our real western climate—that climate with which our boys Overseas mesmerize their Eastern pals on cold evenings, reasserted itself. For proof of this common west coast phenomena, we refer our readers to the two photo-

it, was good. The boys amused R. C. MacKenzie of the Sales Company, in their hockey clashes. A few of the old puck chasers, Hughie McPhalen, Bill McAndrews, and Bob Smith first managed to get into action. By the time they dug up their well rusted skates, boiled them in oil, and fitted them on shaking limbs and creaking ankles, there wasn't much ice. But the liniment and arnica manufacturers did a rushing business for a few days.



Looking along Ocean View Avenue 48 hours after the first snow picture was taken. And that's how we treat snowfalls in British Columbia.

Our first snowfall of the year looked promising. Frank Flett polished up an old pair of skis. "Bolo" Gordon went to work on that famous bob sleigh he started three years ago—and preparations were made to con-

vert the golf course into a local St. Moritz. The grinder and barker mill 4-12 shifts had even arranged a snow fight—but, by the time preliminary negotiations had been completed there was no snow.




Above is our cartoonist Con Standal's reaction to that famous hooded parka coat which General Superintendent Russ Cooper flaunted before the boys during the recent cold snap.



The First Aid Services of the local A.R.P. are welding and perfecting organization plans against any emergency. District First Aid Chief Douglas Goudie is photographed above with two prominent members of the A.R.P., Nursing volunteers Mrs. T. Green and Mrs. W. Brown. Both are qualified and experienced nurses. Mrs. Green served overseas in the last war.

With Powell River A.R.P. Forces The First Aid Section

 SINCE Pearl Harbour and the emergence of the Pacific as an actual theatre of war, the organization of Defence and Auxiliary Services has become more systematic and co-ordinated. The Air Raid Precautions Division of the Auxiliary Services, which in itself comprehends a wide variety of groups, is receiving much needed official and public assistance; and the membership, its interest quickened by the possibility of danger, is responding to training calls.

Probably every city on the Pacific Coast has, over the past year, found the same problem as our local A.R.P. committees. Public apathy, incessant arguments — and the real business of organization, against a scoffed-at emergency, left to a devoted few.

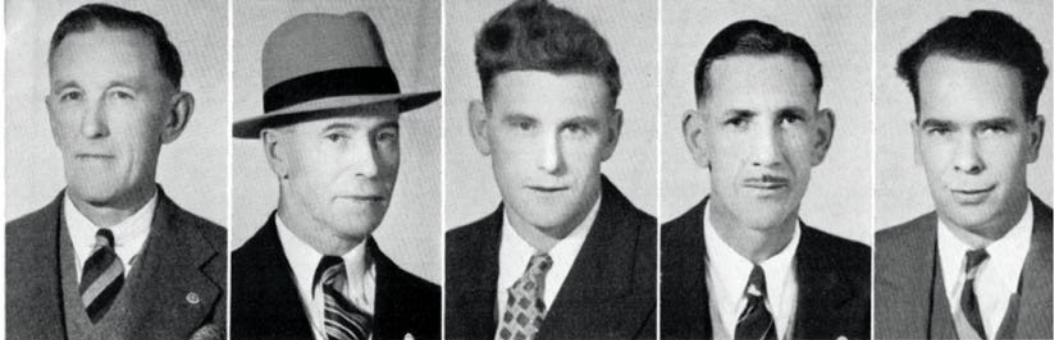
And now that the emergency threatens—the foundation work, well and truly laid over a twelve month period, has turned out to be a very workmanlike structure. The extent and ramifications of the local A.R.P. are even yet scarcely understood or appreciated by the public at large.

Prior to the attack on Pearl Harbour, the Powell River District, under Chief Warden Jack Harper, was quietly organized. Wardens were appointed; sub-committees selected; the many divisions of the central body were closely knit and general plans for their harmonious co-operation initiated. This co-ordination had existed last spring, but mass response was slow.

Today these plans are being en-

Some of Powell River's responsible A.R.P. chiefs of the First Aid Services. Left-right: Arthur Rea, Tommy Evans, Art Farnden, Dick Hopkins, Stuart Slade.





Left to right: Jack Philips, Westview District Chief; Jim Rankin, District Chief, Cranberry; Fred Wright, District Chief, Wildwood; Bert Mitten, Cranberry Deputy District Chief; Geo. J. Black, Deputy District Chief, Westview.

larged and perfected. The various divisions, the Engineering Services, First Aid Section, Red Cross Division, Police Services, etc. are being welded together: and there is today in Powell River a sound organization, well trained and prepared to shoulder their particular responsibility at the first warning signal.

And, here for the benefit of readers, we tell something of the set-up, training and plans of the First Aid Section of Powell River and Districts A.R.P. organization.

The organization of the First Aid group has been entrusted to the local St. John Ambulance Association and the St. John Brigade. The entire section is headed by Douglas M. Goudie of the Steam Plant, Supervisor of First Aid Services, and Chairman of the Powell River Branch, St. John Ambulance Association.

The duties of the First Aid Services include manning of all First Aid Posts, manning of ambulances, and clearing of casualties. The organization of this work is already well advanced—and is being steadily improved and extended.

First Aid Posts have been established in the basements of every school in the district. As these schools are all on Government property and

located at central, strategic points, they are ideal stations. They have the further advantage of being fully equipped with essential plumbing and sanitary services.

Arrangements are in hand, in some cases completed, for the installation of beds in all First Aid Stations. Provisions for a nest of stretchers, each equipped with first aid haversacks, are under way, or completed. Decontamination clothing will be provided and practice suits have already been issued.

Powell River is fortunate in having a large number of trained First Aid men to man all key posts and to instruct recruits. Over the years, hundreds of employees have obtained St. John Industrial First Aid certificates. These men contribute a powerful basic background of training and experience.

Since May last, new personnel has been trained. Special classes for both men and women have been held and per capita Powell River's quota of trained First Aid residents is probably among the highest in B. C.

These classes include special Home Nursing courses and many women in the district stand ready to take part in an emergency. New classes are now in training and additional courses

being offered Wardens and other key men and women.

This is something of the work being done by one section of our A.R.P. services—work that may be of vital importance to us all in the months, or years ahead. The First Aid Services are preparing and preparing well for any emergency.

Chief Officials of the First Aid Services

Supervisor, First Aid Services,
Douglas M. Goudie
Wildwood Deputy.....Fred Wright
Cranberry Deputy.....Jim Rankin
Westview Deputy.....Jack Philips
Powell River Deputies,
Arthur Rea, Tommy Evans

Archie Robertson New Plant Engineer

EFFECTIVE January 1, 1942, the Powell River Company announce the appointment of Archie Robertson as Plant Engineer.

Archie is well known in Powell River, where he has resided since March, 1934. In that year he entered the company as Chief Draughtsman. In 1940 he was posted as



Plant Engineer Archie Robertson, whose appointment has just been announced. Archie has been eight years in the engineering department.

Assistant Engineer—and received his latest promotion following the resignation of Ned Beaton last summer.

The new Plant Engineer was born in Scotland. He was born on the famous battlefield of Bannockburn,

“a spot,” says Archie, “well known to all Englishmen!” He went to school in Alloa, and served his apprenticeship with the British Electric Plant Company there. He later worked with the Lochnelly Iron & Coal Company, and the Wallsend Slipway & Engineering Company on the Tyne. While in this latter place, Archie witnessed the engining of two of Britain’s famous ships of the line, the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Malaya*, sisters of the *Warspite*, and both in service today.

Mr. Robertson came to Canada in 1913, working with various engineering firms in Canada and the United States. He went overseas in 1916, returning with two wound stripes and the Military Medal.

He tried farming after the war, but discovered the rule and squares couldn’t untangle the harness of a six-horse team, so he moved west in 1923 to join the Vancouver Engineering Works. By 1934 he was in charge of their engineering department.

In 1934, Archie came to Powell River with his wife and four girls.



Pilot Officer J. A. "Jock" Kyles, Powell River Company Executive Officer, looks over a recent issue of "The Digester" with brother-in-law Lieutenant Kent Goldsmith, R.C.N.V.R., formerly Accountant in the offices at Powell River. Shortly after this picture was taken, Pilot Officer Kyles left for Overseas.

Pilot Officer Jock Kyles Overseas

THE excellent photograph on this page was posed specially for THE DIGESTER, and shows Pilot Officer J. A. "Jock" Kyles discussing a recent issue of THE DIGESTER with brother-in-law Lieutenant Kent Goldsmith, R.C.N.V.R.

The picture was taken in Vancouver during Pilot Officer Kyles' embarkation leave. A few days later he was on his way to an Eastern Canadian port; and word has just been received of his safe arrival in England.

Lieutenant Goldsmith joined the Navy in the Fall of 1940, and has been serving as Paymaster-Lieutenant. He had been an employee of the Powell River Company since 1923. For

several years he was Paymaster at Powell River, and latterly was transferred to a responsible post in the Accountancy Department.

Pilot Officer "Jock" Kyles has been with the Company for 17 years. At the time of his enlistment, as Mill Secretary he was an executive officer of the Company at Powell River.

Jock enlisted in the recently formed Radio-location branch of the R.C.A.F. He was immediately transferred to an Eastern school where he took an intensive specialized training course.

Along with his many friends in Powell River, THE DIGESTER joins in wishing Jock "Good Luck and Good Locating!"

The Two Arts

With a combined service record of over fifty years, the two Arthurs, Art Dunn and Art Richards, are firmly established among the old-timers of Powell River. Both arrived in Powell River in the summer of 1915—and after a few months rustling around, both settled down on the wharf where they have remained over a quarter of a century. To-day Arthur Dunn is Head Checker, and Art Richards is Assistant Wharf Superintendent.



Arthur Dunn, the "Sheffield Kid," another of our quarter century employees, and unofficial townsite historian.

Art Dunn was one of Sheffield's early gifts to Powell River. Fresh from the famous steel centre, with a reputation as one of the country's leading catch-as-catch-can experts, Arthur threw himself at once into the athletic, social and fraternal life of the District. He played on one of Powell River's first soccer squads and more than one prominent citizen still carries the marks of Arthur's robust tackling on his shins. Art was a leading figure in early sports promoting, and over the years has maintained his interest in every branch of athletic endeavour.

He is easily the best informed man in Powell River on early townsite history. His phenomenal memory for dates, and past happenings is positively frightening. There is not a ship that has visited this port in twenty-six years that Arthur cannot recall. He can tell you their subsequent histories, what happened to them during the first world war, and their ultimate fate on the peace time scrap heap. He is a walking encyclopedia of Powell River history.

To-day Art still retains his interest in townsite happenings—but most of his spare time is now spent in the open spaces of his Westview estate, where he tosses stones and obstacles out of his path as easily as he tossed opponents around Sheffield mats in his youth.



Arthur Richards, pride of Tyneside and points nearby. Another quarter century employee — and famous in B. C. soccer circles.

Arthur Richards, Assistant Wharf Superintendent, has been engaged in stevedoring work practically all his life, and is one of the most experienced ship loading foremen along the Coast.

In the sports world, particularly on the soccer field, Arthur was a name to conjure with. Before his arrival in

Powell River, he played on several all-star Provincial squads. In his hey-day, Arthur had few peers as an outside left. He was one of the trickiest forwards in the province, and a master at deception. Old timers in Powell River still recall with delight his uncanny skill in manipulation, and his ability to slip past opposing forwards.

To-day Arthur leaves the round ball game to the younger generation, but he seldom misses a soccer match or a sporting event. He does a fair amount of work around the garden but will drop a spade any time for a soccer argument. His son, Stan, who was an all round athlete in his own right, is now playing a bigger game in the skies with the Royal Canadian Air Force in an Eastern Canadian Camp.

Both the Arts are still "in the pink" and doing business at the old wharf stand—and both are talking of turning out with the next Old-timers' Soccer Team.

Postal Clerk: "Is this package for you? The name seems to be obliterated."

Man: "Nope, it can't be mine—my name's O'Brien."

Notice in Scotch church: "Those in the habit of putting buttons instead of coins in the collection plate will please put in their own buttons, and not buttons ripped from the cushions in the pews."

Visitors



Among first time visitors to Powell River this month was Mr. Milton "Bill" Bailey (left), of Bulkley Dunton, Michigan. He faces the birdie with R. C. Mackenzie, of the Sales Company, and John McIntyre, safety inspector.

A first time visitor to Powell River was Mr. Milton "Bill" Bailey, manager of the Kalamazoo office of Bulkley Dunton Pulp Company, Inc. Bulkley Dunton re-sell all Powell River pulp consumed in United States territories east of the Rockies.

Mr. Bailey spent several days in Powell River inspecting our plant and sulphite equipment. He was accompanied by Mr. R. C. Mackenzie of the Powell River Sales Company.

Another thing that comes out of the mouths of babes is sleepless nights.



The illustrations on this page are a combination of historical quizz and a

Guess Who — Them Were The Days

glimpse into the robust days of yore. We won't say how many days of yore, because all characters are still alive and capable of quick and effective retaliation.

Hundreds of residents will recognize these lusty portraits of male architecture, and will speedily identify the principals. More recent arrivals may have some difficulty in recognizing these dapper lads of yesterday in the equally dapper middle-aged papas of today. And further, some of our innocent youngsters may well reflect, on looking over these staunch pillars of other days, just what a trip to the woodshed meant with these pioneers on the dishing-out end.

Picture number one will be recognized by many. The moustache has long since been removed—but wasn't it a dandy? The curly-headed lassie—well, her own son may want this issue as a souvenir. With greetings

The Boys of the Old Brigade. How many of them do you know, and who is the natty chap on the left of the front row? Answers will be published in next issue of "The Digester."

it in print. Save a kennel for us. But, isn't that moustache a darb!

to New Zealand, Fifeshire, and way points, our younger generation can start their guessing contest.

And that picture of Powell River's old Fire Hall, with the staff, moustaches, peg-top trousers and all in the foreground, may raise a few interesting speculations. How many can you pick out of these stout fighters who still scamper about the district today?

We have purposely made this first series fairly easy—and identification shouldn't be difficult. For future issues, we have some real prize specimens—you know the kind, prominent

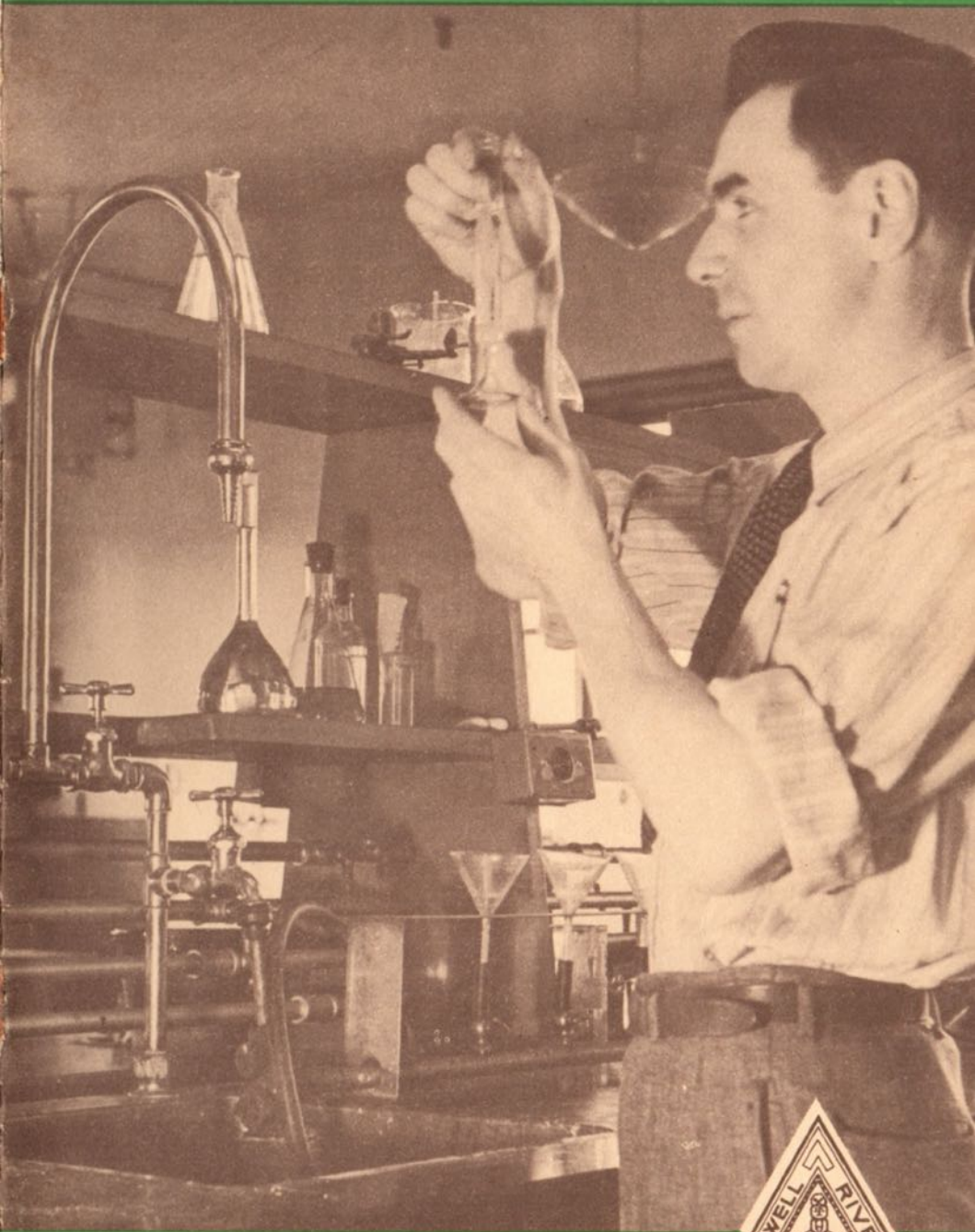
citizens at the age of four downwards and upwards.

The Cover Picture

Pete Newvold of the Log Pond starts off the New Year right. Pete, who has been with the Company for the past seventeen years, is a fisherman as well as a boom man. The cover picture shows him proudly displaying his 8 lb. trout, caught in the Gordon Pashas—the trout that was big enough to win the Rod and Gun Club's Annual Prize for the largest lake trout caught in the district during the past year.



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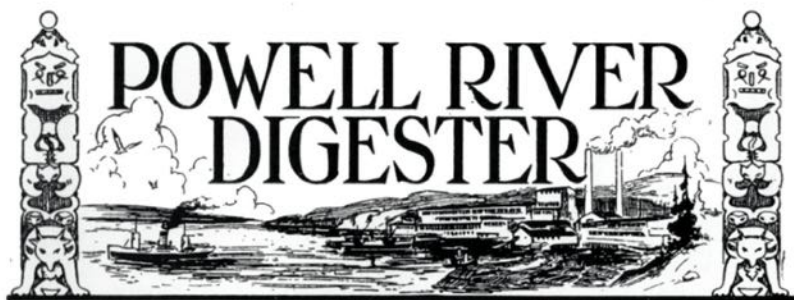


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J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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The Victory Loan

Powell River's Victory Loan Committee raised its second Victory Loan flag on Monday, February 16, with Dr. S. P. Marlatt, president of the Canadian Legion, hauling up the Victory Flag.

Our objective is \$200,000, approximately the amount raised by this community in the first Victory Loan!

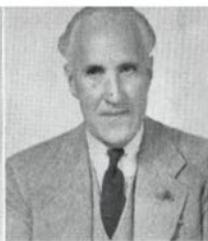
There seems little need to ask our residents to contribute to this second loan, let alone advance reasons why they should subscribe or why the loan is advantageous from a purely economic point of view.

There is no time to argue. The terrible urgency of the situation has been brought home forcibly to us in the past month.

Hong Kong has gone. Singapore has gone. The enemy is at our throats. It is no time for academic arguments over past mistakes or present failures.

The Empire is in grave danger. Canada is in grave danger. The whole democratic world is in grave danger. We are facing survival or extinction. That is the basis on which we are asked to contribute our dollars, while millions contribute their lives.

It is inconceivable that Powell River will be satisfied with anything short of their objective in Canada's Second War Loan.



The Control Committee, composed of representatives of management and employees. Top: Russell Cooper, general superintendent (left); H. Hansen, president Local No. 76; D. A. Evans, resident manager; Bert Hill, president Local No. 142; John McIntyre, safety inspector. Left: Ross Black, mechanical superintendent; Wally Wilsbire, maintenance superintendent. Right: Archie Robertson, plant engineer; Frank Flett, employment superintendent.



Accident Prevention Drive In Full Swing

Plant Goes All Out for Safety



IAST December, President Harold Foley told employees that the company would shortly embark on a systematized campaign of accident prevention in our plant. At that time, Mr. Foley pointed out that a special survey had been made of plant accidents by Mr. Anderson, an expert in industrial safety.



As a result of this survey, coupled with recommendations from Safety Inspector John McIntyre, and his committee, a special drive to drastically reduce industrial accidents in our plant was planned, to start early in 1942.

The drive is now under way. New and widely representative committees have been appointed. Definite plans have been initiated.

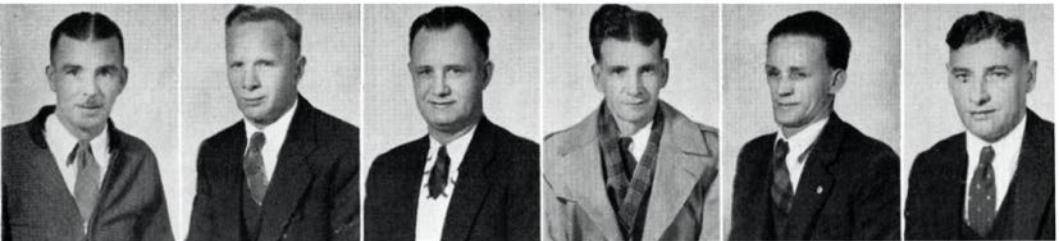
In this issue we give extensive coverage to this important phase of our industrial operation, to emphasize its significance, and to familiarize employees with the new set-up and with the industrial members of committees.

The basic principle behind the revitalized set-up is the simple knowledge that the vast majority of industrial accidents in Powell River

centre around the human factor. Therefore, they are humanly preventable.

Mechanical protection has been developed to a high degree in the Powell River plant. This is not a company boast. It is a plain statement of fact made by Mr. E. H. S. Winn, chairman of the B. C. Workmen's Compensation Board, in a recent talk to employees.

"The Powell River plant," Mr. Winn declared, "is among the best protected in British Columbia."



No. 1 REGIONAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: JAMES COOK

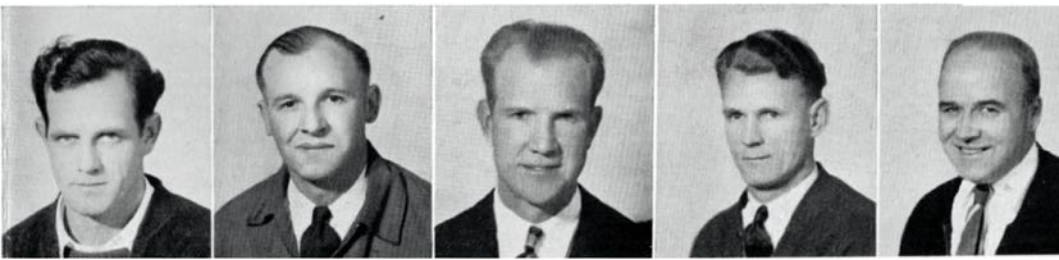
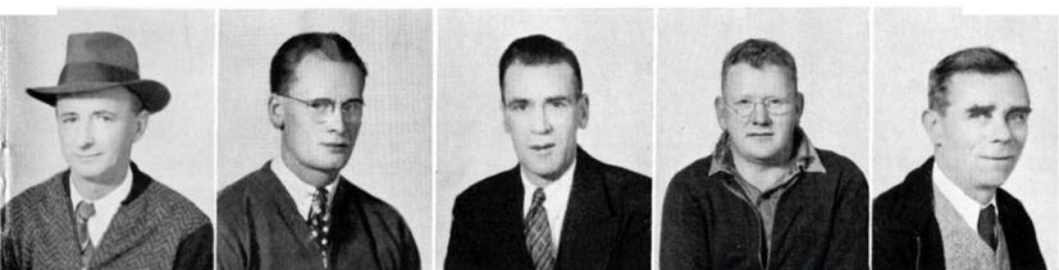
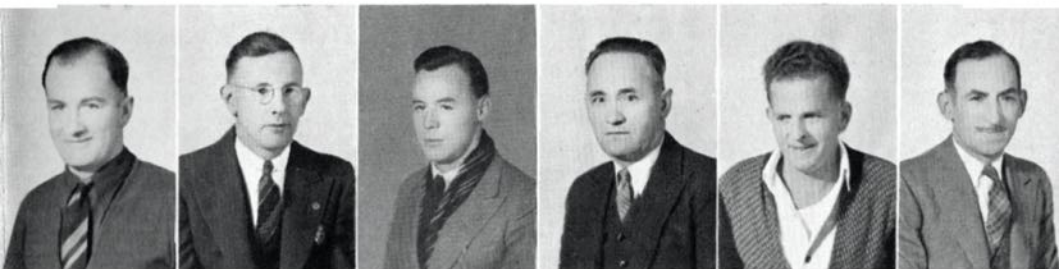
Row 1: F. Oldale, G. Olsen, N. Richardson, J. Stephens, A. E. Christiansen, J. Galloway.

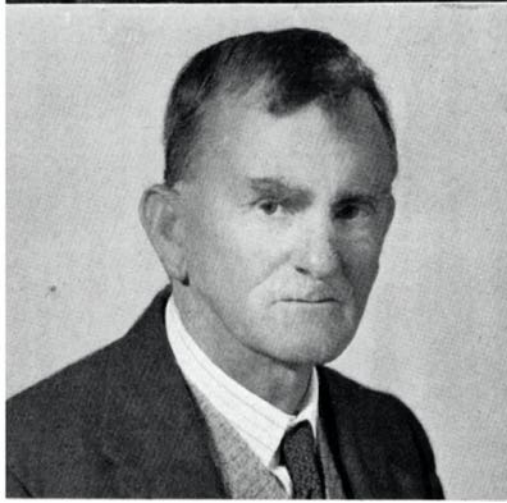
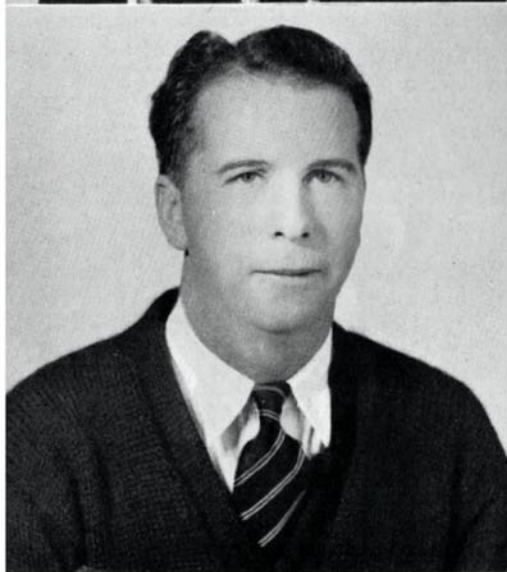
Row 2: H. Jamieson, R. Gritten, H. Knott, F. J. Cowley, W. Clough, L. Thomson.

Row 3: A. Grabam, B. Watson, R. Southcott, S. Gorbatuck, H. Price, L. Zuccato.

Row 4: R. Allsop, E. Lewis, A. Dunlop, A. E. Kennedy, F. Parsons.

Row 5: E. Pirie, J. Lee, R. Morrow, Al. Christiansen, W. Cruickshanks.





Chairmen of three Regional Plant Committees who have a major role in directing the Accident Prevention Campaign. Top to bottom: Jim Cook, Bill Cramb, Bob McGuffie.

Yet, in the past year, accidents have increased, and the answer must be found in more widespread safety education and instruction among employees.

The present campaign has for its objective complete and close co-operation between all employees, management, superintendents and operating staffs. The key is the active participation of management and employees on all committees.

With this in mind, a Central Control Body, representative of the entire plant is set up. This board consists of Resident Manager D. A. Evans, General Superintendent Russell Cooper, Plant Engineer Archie Robertson, Henry Hansen, president of the Pulp and Sulphite Local; Bert Hill, president of the Paper Makers' Local; Frank Flett, employment superintendent; Ross Black, mechanical superintendent; Wally Wilshire, maintenance superintendent, and John McIntyre, safety inspector.

The plant committees, which include several employees from every department, are divided into three regional groups, with a chairman for each group. The chairmen are James Cook, Barker mill; Bill Cramb, of the Beater room, and Bob McGuffie, of the Building division.

Each group comprises about 30 men, which means that 90 employees in all corners of the mill are daily preaching safety to their departments, and instilling accident prevention into



one of their many trips to Kingcome in the early days. Mrs. Brooks seldom missed a trip, accompanying Mr. Brooks on almost every visit to cam

LAST month, in introducing a new series of articles on our logging operations, we described one of the modern log supply bases from which our pulp wood is towed.

In this issue we turn back the clock—and talk briefly of our first logging operation—and of some of its operators.

The first timber ever cut for Powell River was logged on the now famous concession at Kingcome River. Kingcome is the father of all Powell River logging operations. Almost two years before the paper machines went into production, logging operations began at Kingcome Inlet. This operation started in 1910, and terminated in 1925. For most of this period, Kingcome Inlet was the backbone, and for many years the sole source of our pulpwood supply. At the height of operations, the main logging line was

over 15 miles long, with from 30-40 miles of branch line.

The first locomotive ever used in a Powell River Company logging operation was imported into Kingcome and was one of the show sights for the small band of settlers and loggers in the area.

The personalities who operated and maintained the old Kingcome tract are as famous and well known in company circles as Kingcome was, and still is, in British Columbia logging history.

A regular visitor in the early days was Mr. S. D. Brooks, now chairman of the Board of Directors of the Powell River Company Limited, still known to every logger on the coast as Sam. Mr. Brooks was manager of our Logging Department—the position now held by Archie Deland. The original superintendent was Jack O'Brien, son of Mr. O'Brien of the original Brooks, Scanlon, O'Brien Logging Company. Archie Deland, a slim-wasted, 150-pound youth, was timekeeper and camp engineer. Other Kingcome old-timers, still with the company include Tom Rees, Kingcome Navigation superintendent; John McIntyre, our Safety Inspector; Oscar Smith of the

Two views of "S. D.'s" famous Packard, which rode the rails at Kingcome. Left: Mrs. Archie Deland takes the wheel, and, right, Oscar Smith (left), now in the Purchasing office, does a repair job with Archie Deland. This was the last word in limousines in 1907.

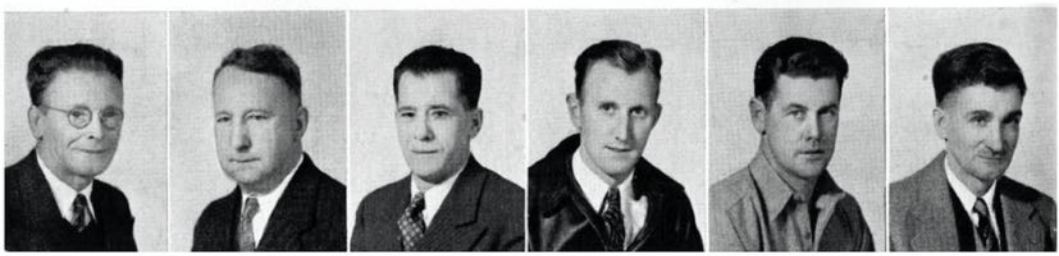




No. 3 REGIONAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: BOB McGUFFIE

- Row 1: J. Hunter, H. Dunn, G. McBurnie, E. Daly, C. Rusbant, S. O. Marshall.
Row 2: A. Gardiner, F. Woram, T. Cavan, A. Knudsen, R. Fletcher, T. Cbiarcossi.
Row 3: E. Peacock, B. Mitten, T. Fleury, H. Arneson, F. W. Barrass, E. Cecconi.
Row 4: H. Hague, T. Peck, R. McDonald, R. Button, R. McNair, T. Hammond.
Row 5: S. Dice, W. Burgess, E. Aquilin, E. Norman, D. McDonald, W. Taylor.*





Scene, early in February, when Exalted Ruler Tom Peck of the Local Elk Lodge presented a cheque for \$1000 to Al Hansen, vice-president of our Sick Benefit Society, for new hospital equipment. A cheque for \$6000 for the Hospital Building Fund was presented from the Elks by Bill Hutchison.

MAINTEINING a well-earned reputation of community service, Powell River Elks have just turned over a total of \$7000 to the new Powell River Hospital. Of this total, \$6000 was donated to the hospital building fund. The remaining \$1000 was an initial payment on the new X-ray equipment, for the total cost of which

struction on the new hospital commenced a few months ago, subscriptions touched the \$7000 mark.

Throughout their existence, which extends back to the early "twenties," Powell River Elks have played a leading role in the community life of the district. For years they sponsored the Labor Day program, with its famous Paper Queen Contest and

Elks Assist Hospital Fund

\$7000 Turned Over to Sick Benefit Society

the Elks organization has pledged itself. The X-ray installations will cost approximately \$5000.

The presentation was made at a special ceremony early in February, when cheques for \$6000 and \$1000 were handed over to Alfred Hansen, vice-president of the Powell River Employees' Sick Benefit Society, by Bill Hutchison, chairman of the Elks Hospital Committee, and Tom Peck, Exalted Ruler of the lodge, respectively.

The Hospital Fund Membership Drive was started two and a half years ago by the Elks, and when con-

struction on the new hospital commenced a few months ago, subscriptions touched the \$7000 mark. They were the first organization to inaugurate the monthly shipments of cigarettes to Powell River boys in the overseas forces.

Their recent substantial contribution to the welfare of the community is yet another page in their long list of public service in the Powell River District.

"We won't always be able to keep our girlish figures."

"No, there's a destiny which ends our shapes."



A.C.1 Tom Nutcby.

Pte. Jack Harper.

Pte. Dick Belyk.

Pte. Tommy Tearle.

S CORES of letters have poured in from employees in the forces, expressing thanks for the gift of cigarettes sent by the company at Christmas.

the troops—and recent hard tidings from the Far East have only the effect of putting a keener edge on the boys' appetite to come to grips with the Jap and the Hun.

On Active Service

Fifteen Local "Brother Combinations" in the Forces

A typical letter comes from Hank Carruthers, who with the entrance of Japan into the war, was suddenly dragged from his training school in Vancouver and sent out to assist in rounding up the Jap fishing fleet.

Hank writes: "Thanks very much on behalf of myself and the many moochers which are always hanging around. When the Japs came in, a bunch of us dry land sailors were suddenly sent to sea to grab Jap fishing vessels. I left my cigarettes ashore, because if that crowd of moochers ever got me alone on a fishing boat, I'd be rolling my own again in two days."

Overseas, too, are Max and Bill Price, the former with the 1st Seaforth's, First Canadian Division, and Bill with the R.C.A.S.C., attached to Third Division.

All the letters are typical service men's letters, robust and full of confidence. There is no pessimism among

In a recent issue we told something of the Powell River father and son combinations serving in the forces. In this same statistical mood we find from our record that 15 combinations of Powell River brothers are today in the Active Service forces of Canada.

Heading the list are the three husky Matheson boys, all well known in the plant and around town. Overseas, with the 16th Light Anti-Aircraft Battery is Rod Matheson; and somewhere in England in the 9th Armored Regiment is brother C. D. Matheson. The third of the trio, N. P. Matheson, is with the Air Force in an eastern Canadian camp.

Another local trio are the three Dalzell boys, all in England with the 9th Armored Regiment. These boys arrived in England just before Christmas.

In the R.C.A.F. are leading Aircraftsmen Bert and Jack Grundle, prominent in local athletic circles, and

both on duty in the British Isles. Another R.C.A.F. brother duet is Dave (Cy) and George Rennie, of basketball fame.

The R.C.A.F. also claims Sergeant-Pilot Bill Daubner, now flying Spitfires and Hurricanes in England, and brother "Bud" training for the same job in an eastern Canadian centre.

The Navy called another two well-known brothers—Hank and Jack Caruthers, both at sea somewhere off the Pacific Coast.

And Papa Lloyd Roberts is justly proud of the two scions of the House of Roberts, Frank with the Air Force, and Allan with the Navy; as is also Board of Trade Secretary Bill Baum, with son Rex in an eastern camp, training for a pilot; and Cave, back east at a naval training establishment.

One of the best known brother set-ups is Bob and Jack Redhead, both leaders in Powell River's athletic life.

Bob, now a first-class Petty Officer, is on regular sea duty off the Pacific Coast—while brother Jack is at a permanent Air Force station on the Atlantic Coast.

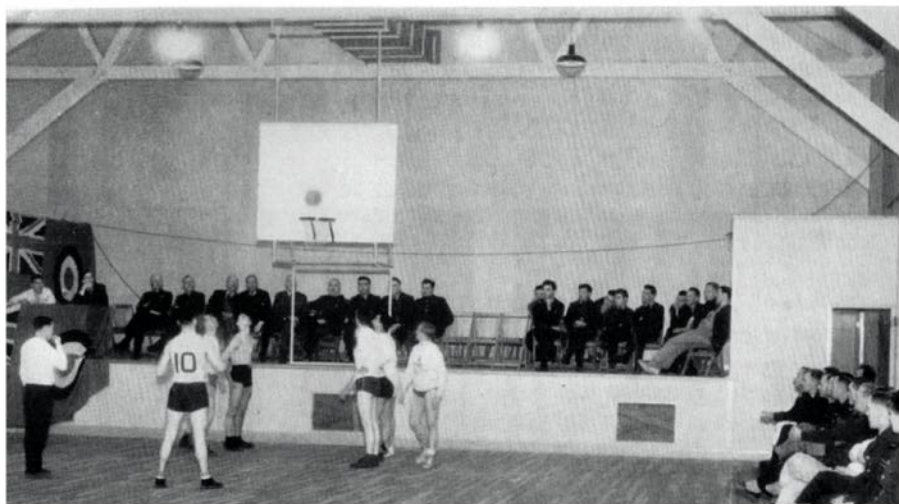
Robin and Dick Leese, popular members of our younger community and athletic life are both overseas. Corporal Dick Leese is with the R.A.F. in West Africa, and Sergeant Dick Leese is learning new things about British geography.

Jim and Dick Stapleton have chosen the Infantry and Navy. Jim, now Corporal Stapleton, is with the D.C.O.R.'s in Nova Scotia—and Dick, second-class stoker, is in the R.C.N. on the west coast.

Two golfing brothers, Ernie Tate, our golf pro, and brother Alf are now with the colors. Alf is a Pilot Officer at an eastern base. Ernie has joined up with the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps.

(Continued on Page 14)

Corp. Charlie MacIntosh, of Powell River, handles the referee's whistle in the first game to open new R.C.A.F. recreation centre somewhere along the West Coast.





Arthur Woodward (left) and Jimmy Tate photo grabbed outside the Car Shop, where all Powell River's rolling stock is built and repaired.

IT doesn't look very imposing. It lies off the beaten path of mill inspection tours. It is manned only by two men—and is taken pretty much for granted by most of the 1400 plant employees—many of whom do not know it exists—or just where it is.

All of these 600 pieces of rolling stock, which include about 340 flat cars for paper hauling, 40 dump and freight cars, and about 175 two and three-wheeled paper trucks were all built in our own Car Shop by Arthur and Jimmy.

That's quite a bit of rolling stock. It must be repaired and reconditioned constantly. Each day, repairs or extensions to existing equipment are necessary—and this responsibility rests on the shoulders of the two Car Shop veterans.

It is an inconspicuous place, this Car Shop. But its importance in the newsprint production gear is not in-

The Car Shop Rolls Them Out

All Rolling Stock Built and Repaired Locally

In the past few years, full-time operations and plant extension have necessitated considerable additions to the rolling stock of the company. Freight cars, dump cars, paper trucks, flat cars, have all been built. And these were not built in a big factory in Vancouver and shipped north to Powell River via steamship!

They were built to special Powell River design by Arthur Woodward and assistant Jimmy Tate of the Car Shop.

There are, in our plant, nearly 600 pieces of rolling stock in continuous service, carrying our paper from the plant to the wharf, transporting merchandise to various parts of the mill, and trucking rolls from dock to ship.

conspicuous. It is a real cog in the operation of the plant.

Arthur Woodward and Jimmy Tate are veteran, experienced employees. Arthur has been with us for 21 years, and has worked as a carpenter in all corners of the plant. Jimmy has passed his thirteenth year of service.

And so, in telling your friends how the wheels of industry turn in Powell River, don't forget the boys down in the Car Shop, who keep the rolling stock rolling.

"Did you hear about the skunk who committed suicide?"

"No—why?"

"He had halitosis."

The Cover Picture

The excellent study on this month's cover is another of Harold Vandervoort's inside photographs. It shows Head Pulp Tester Steve Joyce carefully preparing one of the many quality tests that are carried on ceaselessly in our new Chemistry Lab.

The careful examination of pulp and paper samples, the recording of all tests and subsequent further experiments directed towards improvements in our product, goes on without pause. Despite many difficulties brought on by war conditions, our research and testing laboratories are carrying on quietly and efficiently, determined that so far as humanly possible, there will be no let-down in the quality of Powell River products.

Dr. Paul Marlatt Heads Canadian Legion

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Legion, held on February 8, Dr. Paul Marlatt was elected president for 1942, succeeding Harold Rose. Bill Oakes and Fred Morrow were chosen as first and second vice-presidents. Charles Garrett was elected secretary, and R. B. Linzey, treasurer. Other members of the committee are Harold Rose, Harvey Coomber, Fred Dawson and Bill Lewis.

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired, "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."



Above is Con Standal's conception of Rigger Crew Foreman Alec. Knudsen's reaction to the rumor that women might be employed in paper mills.



No. 2 REGIONAL COMMITTEE

Chairman: BILL CRAMB

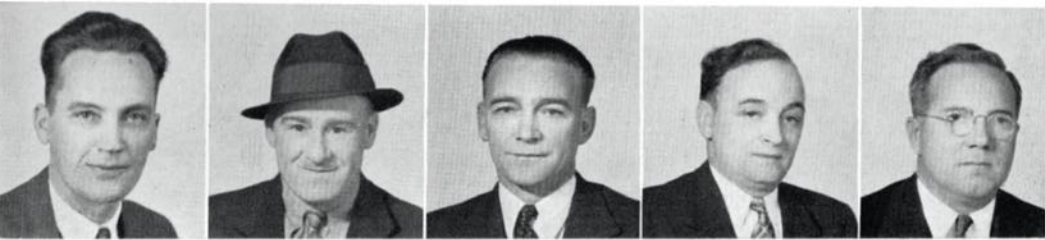
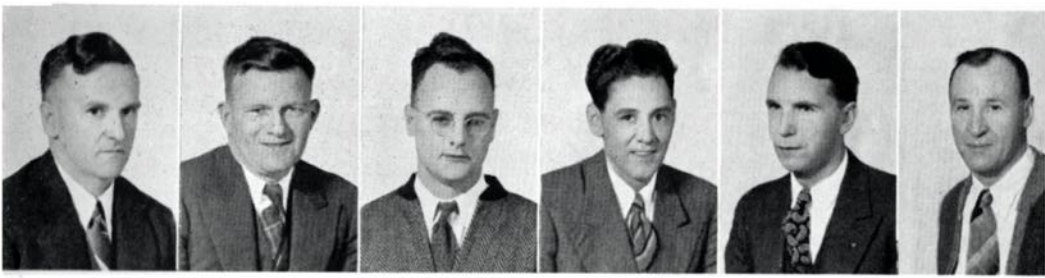
Row 1: P. Hunter, W. Roberts, T. Lucas, A. Collinson, W. Checkland, W. Stewart.

Row 2: L. Griffiths, A. Allen, G. Schuler, W. McDonald, N. Shaw, E. Bertram.

Row 3: V. Sadler, J. Ford, R. Beecroft, R. Harper, A. Cramb, E. Heward.

Row 4: J. Couley, F. W. Norman, A. Dodsworth, G. Crooks, J. Standal, A. Rea.

Row 5: A. E. Hansen, Tom Hamilton, W. Tapp, C. Powell, T. Scott.



Original No. 1 Powell River logging "locie" snapped at Kingcome, with a bunch of the boys, back in the early days.



Purchasing Office, Charlie McLean and Nate Rooney.

There were some boisterous times on the old Kingcome homestead. One of the most boisterous perhaps was the day a coastal boat puffed cockily

has ever seen in his life was "S. D." behind the Packard wheel, clanking along the street car tracks of Vancouver, in the days when any kind of a motor vehicle was a rarity. When the Packard was finally taken to King-

North With Our Logging Operators

First Powell River Timber Cut at Kingcome

up the inlet and deposited Mr. Brooks' famous 1907 Packard model on the wharf. Before leaving Vancouver the luxurious limousine (see inset) was refitted with locomotive wheels and used for passenger trips up and down the logging railroad. Oscar Smith, a bit of a carpenter in those days, built a new top for the Packard and a turntable at the end of the road. When Logging Manager S. D. Brooks reached Kingcome on his frequent inspection trips, the old Packard eagerly awaited him. An old logging jingle of Kingcome days is still extant. It ran like this:

"The loggers knew by the Packard's looks

That the man at the wheel was S. D. Brooks."

Even today, Archie Deland swears that the most spectacular picture he

come, it was delivered to the freight sheds via the old street car rails.

Today, with the growth and extension of the Powell River plant, logging operations extend over many widely separated areas. But, to Powell River, and to the old-timers of our logging department, Kingcome will always be first in their hearts and memories.

"How much will you charge to get me a divorce?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Don't be ridiculous. I can get him shot for fifty."

Woman (telephoning to desk clerk):
"There's a rat in my room."

Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

—Kitty Kat.



This shouldn't be difficult. The pose is the same today.

OUR last month's "Guess Who" pictorial gallery has aroused considerable discussion and provoked many arguments. In this issue identification may be fairly easy for some of our old-timers—but should provide a fascinating puzzle for more youthful members of the mill and office staffs.

But to go back to the last issue. The spruce fellow with the heavy, luxuriant moustache is Bill Hutchison, our Beater room superintendent. Beside him is his daughter Edna, now Mrs. Frank Sutton, who has already presented Bill with his third grandchild. We had a lot of guesses on that one—guesses varying all the way from Ewart Craigen, through Dick Woodruff and down to Wally Wilshire. One fellow even guessed Bill

Guess Who —

We Feature Dapper Youth in All Its Glory

Roberts of the wharf, with another plumping for Reg Baker, photographed with the neighbor's child.

The Fire Hall picture fared better. Most employees called Dave Gardiner as the central figure—but identification of Art Richards (top left) and Tommy Lambert in the front row on Dave's right drew a lot of blanks.

This month's picture shouldn't be difficult. The lad is well known and don't let the pipe and straw hat fool you.

Jack Hill and Curly Woodward will recognize it at a glance and have agreed to keep the secret. One further clue—he's Irish—with an Irish name—and more than a touch of Irish chit-chat.

Good guessing, folks!

On Active Service

(Continued from Page 9)

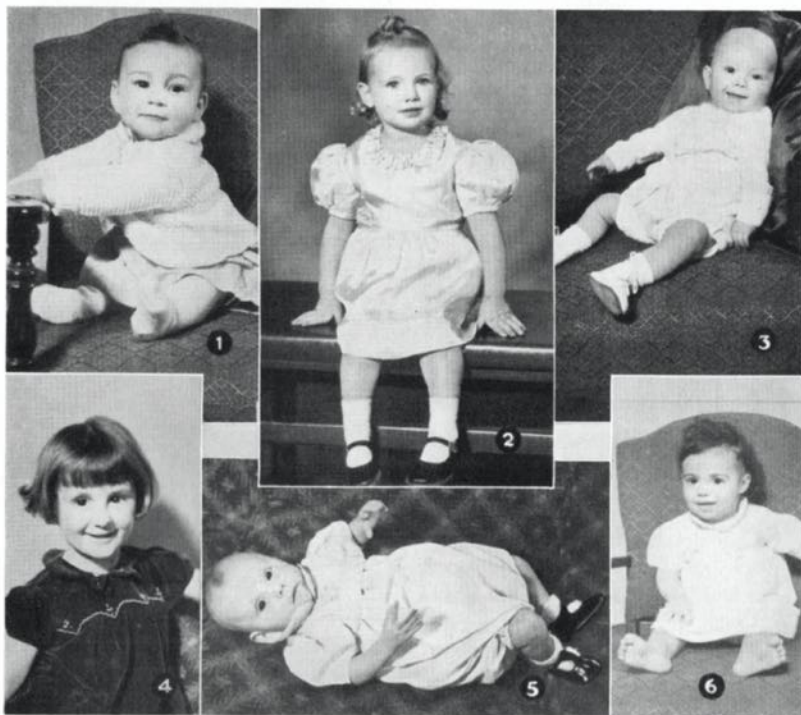
Paul and George Razzo wind up the service brothers act. Paul is in England with the Canadian Forestry Corps, with brother George serving in the Royal Canadian Engineers.

The Guy: "I dreamed of you last night."

The Gal (coldly): "Really!"

The Guy: "Yes, then I woke up, shut the window, and put an extra blanket on the bed."

Powell River Children



1. Melvin Hitchens. 2. Rosalin Hennigar. 3. Tommy Vanichuk. 4. Anna May Ellerby.
5. Ray Allan Ellerby. 6. Vicky Lynn Mattick.

Accident Prevention

(Continued from Page 4)

each new employee. Practically every foreman is represented on one or other of the committees, a factor which ensures close and effective co-operation and support to the Accident Prevention campaign.

In outline, this is the new Safety Committee line-up. The object is to make each and every employee in Powell River "safety conscious." It is a battle that may be won only by the co-operation of each and every employee. It is a battle in which all

are engaged, employee and management alike. It is a battle in which Victory is for the mutual benefit of all.

Prof: "What is a skeleton?"

Stude: "A stack of bones with all the people scraped off."

—Princeton Tiger.

Young Man: "Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

Father: "And I, sir, am not willing to trade."
—Lyre.

Around the Plant and Townsite

A preview of the unusual galaxy of fine looking westerners appearing in this issue has already been responsible for a few advanced laughs.

Frank Flett, for example, took one look at his picture, blushed a bit, then looked hopefully at us. "Look a bit like Donald Nelson, don't I?"

And then, John McIntyre, whose sense in seeing local resemblances to living celebrities is highly developed, modestly considered he was a good double for Lewis Stone of Judge Hardy fame.

By this time, John's particular powers were working at full pressure. He picked Wally Taylor out to double for Anthony Eden; George Crook for George Raft; Ed. Aquilin for Clarke Gable. But, when John began to see a brotherly resemblance between Russ Cooper and Gary Cooper—and between Sam Dice and Sir Stafford Cripps, the row started. And when he finally called Lew Griffiths "banjo eyes," that finished it.

And special mention to three of our busiest residents during February.

Doug. Goudie, as Chief First Aid Section, A.R.P., and president of the St. John Ambulance Association responsible for training and organization of several hundred ambitious "First Aiders" and "Home Nurses."

John McIntyre, as secretary of the Victory Loan Committee, and super-

visor of the new Accident Prevention Campaign.

Stan. McFarlane, as chairman of the "Defence" Committee and an executive of A.R.P.—and Townsite Superintendent!!

If you don't believe these lads are busy, ask the woman who owns one!

Most universal local ambition! A trip over Tokyo, in charge of the bomb rack release of a Sterling or Fortress.

And between A.R.P., First Aid, Defence Units, Red Cross, and other auxiliary work, it looks like a lot of feminine labor will be used up on Powell River lawns and gardens this summer. However, the utilization of female labor for this work is not exactly a precedent—and no doubt our lawns and gardens will continue to bloom.

Kangaroo: "Annabelle, where is the baby?"

Better Half: "My goodness, I've had my pocket picked."

Iceman (entering kitchen with cake of ice): "Hello, sonny!"

Little Boy: "Hey; when you call me that, smile."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my ice cream!"

"Let him freeze, and teach him a lesson! The little rascal was in the soup last night."

—Mercury.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

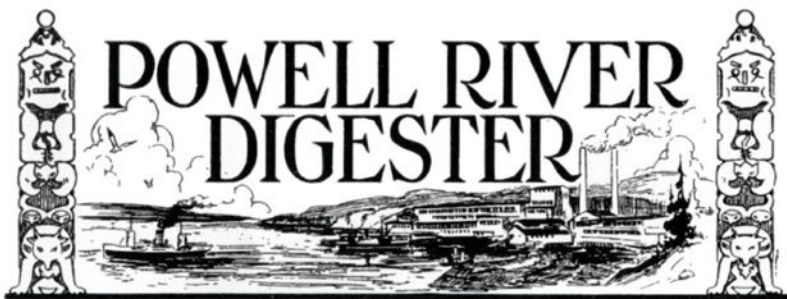


Vol. 18

MARCH, 1942

No. 3





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 18

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No. 3

TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

Canada has been at war for two and one-half years. During this period a large number of our employees have joined the Empire's fighting forces. These men and their families have left Powell River. They all have our very best wishes, and we hope they will be back with us again at some future time.

Meanwhile, however, the operation of our plant must go on. We must continue to turn out high-grade products and provide in many ways material and revenue which is so vital to our country at this time.

To enable us to carry on our essential plant operation we have had to engage many new employees, and they and their families have moved into our community. In the majority of cases these men and their families had no friends in the district. They came as complete strangers to fill a vacancy caused by the conditions of war.

It is the sincere hope of our company that these new families will be contented in Powell River, and to accomplish this end I ask each one of you to extend to our new employees and their families the courtesy and friendly spirit for which our community is so well known. Help them to become adjusted quickly, so they may be happy in their new surroundings.

President.



Top row: Rex Baum, R.C.A.F.; Frank Roberts, R.C.A.F.; Allan Roberts, R.C.N.V.R.; Robbie Johnston, Infantry; Corp. Vic Thorpe, R.C.A.F. Below, left, is Pilot Officer Alf Tate, and on the right Sergeant-Observer Andrew Rose.

On Active Service

Powell River Boys in Combat Zones

WITH the war now well in its third year, Powell River boys in all branches of the service are bobbing up on all the far fronts of Empire. The veil of censorship is raised for a brief moment to disclose one or other of our boys on the high seas, defending vital convoy lines, flying bombers and fighters in the Middle and Far East—or raiding the French coast with the Coastal Command. The veil drops again—and behind its impenetrable surface more boys move across the checkerboard of war.

A recent article in *McLean's Magazine* told the thrilling story of H. M. C. S. *Skeena's* three-day battle with wolf packs of Hun submarines. It was one of the mighty sea dramas being enacted daily on blue water by the lads of the United Nations. Aboard the *Skeena* in that great fight

was Leading Seaman Jimmy Maple, of Powell River. Jimmy has been in numerous sea engagements. He was in the evacuation of Brest; his ship escorted the *Illustrious* to Gibraltar for her great battle in the Sicilian Straits; he has escorted hundreds of merchant ships and thousands of troops to the battle zones.

With the R. A. F. in the Middle East is Sergeant-Pilot Lucien (Shadow) Brooks, all-round local athlete. Somewhere in the East, possibly India or Burma, is Pilot-Officer Tommy Gardiner, flying the latest thing in bombers.

Working out of eastern ports, guarding convoys, hunting submarines or sweeping up mines, are lads who were born here, or who spent most of their lives in our midst. Bobby Dunn, Scotty Abbot, Doug Ingram, Tommy

What's New In the Vancouver Office

By "Three Men and a Girl"

BOWLING—The current bowling schedule has just another month to run. The Sparkplugs won the first half of the schedule, and by the way they're hitting 'em now they seem headed for the leadership of the second half, which would automatically give them possession of the Harold S. Foley trophy, without the necessity of a play-off. However, it's not a "cinch" by any means, and Sparkplugs have some hard fights ahead of them yet.

ARMED FORCES—Ken Barton, who left the office in December to take the Officers' Training Course at Victoria, dropped in to see us the other day. He is looking grand and only has another month to go. The Army has certainly made a mere shadow of him. Ken usually tipped the beam at 210 pounds, and the poor guy is now down to a mere 185.

ABOUT THIS AND THAT—Mary Leckie, who has been with our company for many years, has retired, and she has informed one and all that she is going to take things easy from now on. Mary has issued a hearty invitation to all her friends to visit her at her home in West Vancouver.

Greetings are extended to several new staff members—Stenos. Florence Renix, Marion Schofield and Barbara Smith (phone numbers on request), and of course we must not overlook our new office boy, Harry (Red) Chambers.

Everyone is very pleased to see Archie DeLand back at the office. Archie was under the weather for a time, but he's fit as a fiddle again.

There's nothing new to report on Floyd Kurtz since he became a grandpa!

Margaret Cowan, our switchboard operator *de luxe*, gave us the best laugh we've had for a long time. Seems that Margaret's young man, Dick, owns a milk distributing business. New Year's morning, when it came time for the trucks to leave, some of the drivers had been rendered *hors de combat* by the previous evening's festivities, so there was nothing for Dick to do but pitch in, and he frantically asked Margaret to help. Many Vancouver people must have blinked their eyes that New Year's morning as they saw this trim fur-coated figure dashing up with the milk. Maggie told us later that New Year's Eve a "quart" didn't seem so much, but New Year's morning she saw too many.

Old Lady to Librarian: "I'd like a nice book."

Librarian: "Here's one about the cardinal."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in religion."

Librarian: "But this is a bird."

Old Lady: "I'm not interested in his private life either."



Powell River's Bull Gang in action during an average day. Here, the boys are guiding a new compression chamber for the Sulphite plant through the gates on Second Street.

All In The Day's Work

Rigging Crew Move New Sulphite Chamber

The picture on this page was snapped during an average afternoon in the life of Alec Knudsen's rigger crew. Just one of those little trips that make the time pass quickly for the boys.

The cameraman caught Alec and the crew guiding the truck, on which rested the new combustion chamber for the sulphite plant, through the gates. They had less than a foot of clearance but made it without scraping a fender or fence.

The combustion chamber, which is now being installed in our new sul-

phite plant, is approximately 12 feet by 17 feet, and is an unusually large chamber. When finally installed it will take care of the sulphur-burning requirements of the entire plant. At present our burning equipment consists of four chambers, three of which are in use—and one for a stand-by.

While the term Rigger Crew is now used in the best circles to designate Alec's crew, this little job conveys a faint hint why they were once called the Bull Gang—and why even yet, in the darker passageways of the mill—a few hardy and sacrilegious souls refer in whispers to the "Bull Gang."

News of the Northern Logging Camps

By JOHN McLEOD, *Powell River Company Log Scaler*

THE boys in the camps are thawing out and preparing for another season's operations. Camp moving is now the order of the day. Sometimes they move their camps to a virgin tract, and they change post offices so often the tax collector has a hard time catching up with them. The collector's best opportunity is on a Saturday night, when there is a dance in the district. At such times the whole gang, from bull cook to superintendent, along with mothers and daughters, are out in force.

On such gala occasions, the camps usually quit work Saturday noon to allow the boys a shave and general clean up before they travel as far as 30 or 40 miles in gas boats to attend the dance. There are two very nice dance halls in this area, one at Minstrel Island and the other at Echo Bay.

The last dance at Echo Bay was in honor of a very popular resident of that district, a man who was loved by all, and who loved all the young girls, and some not so young. But when it came time for him to settle down he just took a plane East and "planned" back with the girl of his choice. And so we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cyr, and wish them "good logging."

The Bendickson Brothers have moved their camp from Bogey Bay to Village Island in Knight Inlet. The *Sea Spray*, owned by another brother, did this moving. Oscar Soderman

moved from Dull Creek to Open Cove, and the Cliff ocean-going tugs *Moresby*, Capt. Gray in command, and *Maagan*, with Commodore Goodwin in command, did this work without a mishap.

The *Maagan* also moved the Wilson Camp from Double Island to Lagoon Cove. The water is very shallow in places around the cove, so the Wilson boys sent "Pop" to the city to save weight on the floats. They are now busy putting the logs in the water. We expect Mr. and Mrs. Wilson home soon, and hope Mrs. Wilson has recovered from her attack of rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hood of Minstrel Island have gone on a two months' trip to visit friends and relatives in Alberta, Manitoba and Ontario. Neil thought it was too warm here, and figured a little of the bracing prairie air would put him in shape for spring operations. I think Neil took a "logging jack" with him for fear he would get lonesome.

Movie Actress: "I'll endorse your cigarettes for no less than \$50,000."

Cigarette Magnate: "I'll see you inhale first."

Broker: "I'm having a triple Scotch and soda at the bar. What will you have?"

Brunette: "A husband, if it affects you the way I think it will."



Powell River Air Force Cadets on parade. Flying Officer Myron C. McLeod, Chief Officer Commanding, stands in front with P.O. Dr. Marlatt on left flank, and V. D. Brown on the right. Pilot Officer James Currie, drill instructor, stands behind Myron McLeod.

AN announcement in last week's press stated: "The Government of Canada has taken over the control and direction of all Canadian Air Force Cadets." This statement of government policy was received with satisfaction by local cadet officials and with enthusiasm by the cadets themselves.

It was not an official government project—although looked on with favor by the authorities.

The sponsors of the plan had two principal features in mind.

1. To provide a further pool of partially trained cadets, who, on reaching the age of 19, would be available for enlistment in the R. C. A. F.

Powell River's Air Cadets On Parade

Our Future Flyers a Smart, Well Disciplined Company

Powell River's Air Force Cadets have been mobilized and training for the past two months. They are a smart, well disciplined and eager crowd of youngsters, looking forward to the day when they will ride the skies with their older brothers of the R. C. A. F.

A word of explanation about the Air Force Cadets may be of interest to many of our readers outside Canada, particularly in the United States.

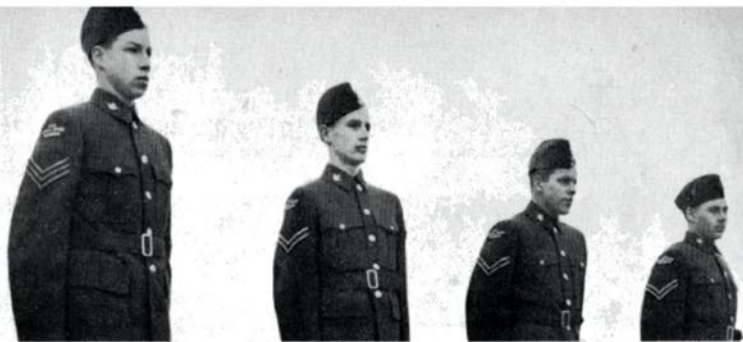
Several months ago interested groups across Canada conceived the idea of forming an Air Force Cadet Group.

2. To provide such a general training in aeronautics, aeroplane mechanics, etc., as would prepare thousands of youngsters for the mighty expansion in aero activity that would follow the conclusion of hostilities.

Officials gave freely and voluntarily of their time. Cadet corps were started in all the larger high schools in the nation and open to youngsters between the ages of 15 and 19.

The movement caught on, and spread like wildfire. Today nearly 15,000 cadets are training in the High Schools of Canada. Each year, hundreds of them graduate, and in most

Cadet N.C.O.'s stand for inspection by their O. C. They are Sergt. Gallicano, Corp. David Hughes, Corp. Gordie Fullerton and Corp. Grant Dallas. All boys attended the Powell River High School.



cases are immediately absorbed into the R. C. A. F.

Cost of uniforms was raised by public subscription or by private donations from interested individuals.

Powell River's present Air Force Cadet unit has 35 names on its roster—and the lads are a hand-picked lot of volunteers. Already their training is varied and extensive. They have settled down to steady drill, and after less than two months, have astonished many local veterans with their precision marching and drill smartness.

First Aid instruction is given by Gilbert Rennison and Dick Hopkins; Wireless instruction is in the hands of Hal Gwyther, in charge of High School Technical training; Aero Engine classes are taken by "Ken" Kennedy, of Kelley Spruce Company. Pilot Cadet Officer Brown, of the High School staff, provides instruction in Air Framing. Pilot Cadet Officer James Currie handles the drill.

All classes are thus in charge of specialists, and local cadet training is probably further advanced than in the majority of Canadian centres.

In the Wireless class, for example, there is equipment for 18 cadets at the one time; a special Ford engine motor has been imported for instructional purposes, special head sets have been donated—and equipment generally is first class.

The health of the unit is in the hands of Pilot Cadet Officer Dr. Charles Marlatt, who broods over the health of his boys like the proverbial clucking hen. Regular medical inspection and weekly lectures are part of the prescription for a healthy corps.

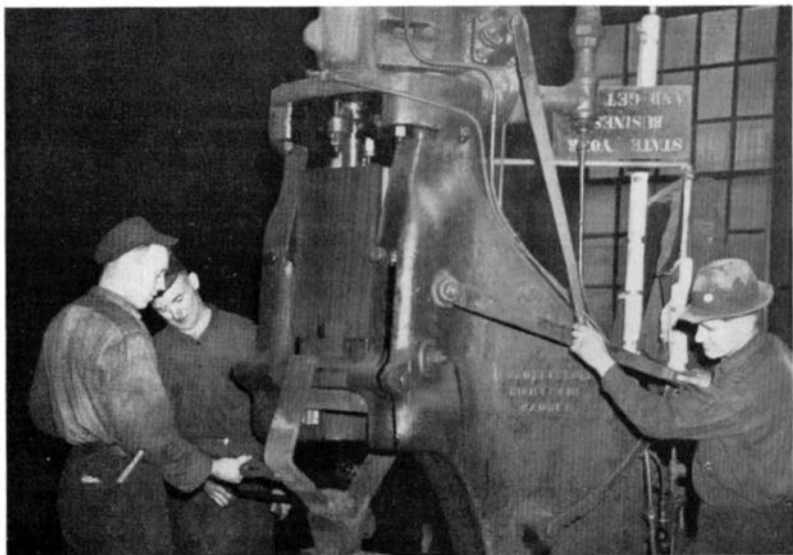
In charge of the local corps is Flying Cadet Officer Myron McLeod, a bird-man of the last war, and heart and soul behind the boys of his unit. The officer personnel is Flying Cadet Officer M. C. McLeod, O. C., Dr. Marlatt, Medical Officer, Pilot Cadet Officer W. Brown, Adjutant, and Pilot Cadet Officer J. Currie.

The backbone of any military unit is the N. C. O. personnel, and Commanding Officer Myron McLeod states his sergeants and corporals will stand up against the best. These N. C. O.'s were selected from the ranks, and are Sergeant Bernarr Gallicano, and Corporals David Hughes, Grant Dallas and Gordon Fullerton.

If any of our citizens want a real tonic we advise a visit to Cadet Air Force headquarters on a dull night. It's good for what ails most of us these days!

"I like mathematics when it isn't over my head."

"That's the way I feel about pigeons."



The blacksmith crew. Foreman Bob Fleming (left), Hec. Davis, assistant, and Frank Scott.

“Our Biggest Competitor,” a machinery salesman once informed us, “is your own Powell River repair and machine shops.”

acres that contain the equipment and plant of the Powell River Company.

These are the departments that keep the plant running smoothly; these are

The Blacksmith Shop

Many Tools to Finish the Job Forged

This salesman went on to say that owing to our comparative isolation from the larger metropolitan areas, we had built up an exclusive repair and replacement organization enabling Powell River to forge or shape, locally, many machine parts that might otherwise be imported.

Blacksmith, welder, moulding and pattern shops, machine shops, car repair shops, numerous small replacement units—these are all part of buildings housed on the approximate 60

the departments that help make possible record runs. Their work encompasses the entire field of newsprint operation—which is no small territory.

A blacksmith shop, at first glance, doesn't appear as a very vital cog in a newsprint plant. Many of our friends probably don't even know we have a blacksmith shop.

Well, we have, and the three strong-armed hammer wielders, Foreman Bob Fleming, Assistant Hec Davis, and

Helper Frank Scott, have one of the busiest jobs in the plant.

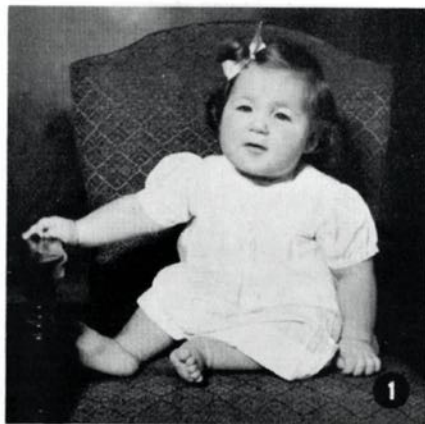
The Blacksmith Shop is a busy spot. The crew has just finished the important job of forging nearly 500 iron hangers, for handling the thousands of feet of pipe used in mill operations. Another task of the shop is the forging of the scores of different tools used in concrete and rock work about the plant and townsite; the precise and vitally important tools used in the Machine Shop; and special construction tools—drills, crowbars, etc.

Here, too, are forged the piston heads which keep our big grinding machines running; levers for the saw-mill carriages, links for the giant conveyor chains which keep our logs and hog fuel moving, are all handled by Bob Fleming and his assistants. If contractors want steel bent to shape they call around at the Blacksmith Shop.

These are just some of the particular tasks these forgers of metal encounter in their daily routine. "We forge any-

(Continued on Page 11)

Powell River Children



1. Margaret Ann Toll. 2. David Harris. 3. William Harry Chapman.
4. Roderick Johnston.



Some quick snaps of our A.R.P. fire fighting group in action. Above: Assistant Chief Alec McLea followed by Tommy Lucas carrying the fire hose into action. The boys have the fire truck on a double and dash to the scene of action. On the opposite page, the boys pose for an informal picture around the fire truck—and on the extreme right, Fire Chief Dave Gardiner watched the boys setting up their hose.

WHEN Colonel A. W. Sparling, O. C. of British Columbia Reserve Units, visited Powell River recently, he said, "You have one of the best organized and compact A. R. P. organizations in the province here. Keep it intact."

Colonel Sparling's comment has

well-organized Red Cross unit. The facilities of the Powell River Company mechanical and scientific staffs are available for instant use.

There is a closer fellowship here than in larger metropolitan centres—and contact between officials and assistants and between subdivisions is

Around Town With Our A. R. P.

Fire Fighting Division Maintains Steady Practice Drills

been re-echoed by many visitors from Vancouver, Seattle and other points.

Some of our local "far away fields look green" critics, may ponder these observations from competent authorities. For it is an indisputable, yet a logical fact that in Powell River we have an A. R. P. organization second to none on this continent.

This is not surprising or unusual. Our community is always a compact and well-organized unit. We have specialists in every branch of civic and industrial effort. We have a closely knit, highly trained reserve of qualified First Aid students.

We have industrial engineers. We have expert chemists. We have a

far more personal. And above all, the distracting and retarding influence of red tape and officialdom, often unavoidable in metropolitan organizations, is reduced to a point where it is practically non-existent. And behind all is a definite community spirit, based on a background of past community co-operation and of mutual industrial and civic interest.

The Fire Fighting Branch of Powell River's A. R. P. organization fits smoothly into the general set-up. All members are volunteers, and most have had considerable fire fighting experience as part of Powell River's regular reserve firemen. The group is headed by Fire Chief Dave Gardiner, with



assistants Alec McLaren and Joe McCrossan helping in instructional duties.

There are several score members in the Fire Fighting Division. They receive regular lectures, in which are embodied all the lessons learned during the great blitzes on London. Practical training predominates. Every Sunday the "Fire Fighters" are out in force, dragging hose, going into action on the "double", familiarizing themselves with equipment, testing out new ideas. There will be no "Too Late" as far as our A. R. P. and its Fire Fighting Services are concerned.

The illustrations accompanying this article are better proof than any words of what these boys are doing and how well they are doing it. It is a pleasure to record that all practices are well attended. There is no sloughing off or letting George do it. The boys are conscious of their responsibility and of the confidence reposed in them by the public of Powell River.

Frank McMullin

(Continued from Page 3)

rejected as a pilot, but persisted in his attempts to enter his country's service. He was finally enrolled in the observers school, from which he graduated in the fall of 1941. He went overseas in

the closing month of the year as Sergeant-Observer.

Prior to enlistment Frank was prominent in our community life. He was Past Exalted Ruler of the Local B. P. O. E., and a participant in many and widely extended phases of community and athletic life. He was a first class citizen and a valued employee, and hundreds of his friends in Powell River mourn the passing of a friend.

His mother and father are both resident in Vancouver. His father is Col. J. H. McMullin, former Commissioner of B. C. Police. To his parents and to all relatives who mourn his loss, the Powell River Company extends deepest sympathy.

Blacksmith Shop

(Continued from Page 9)

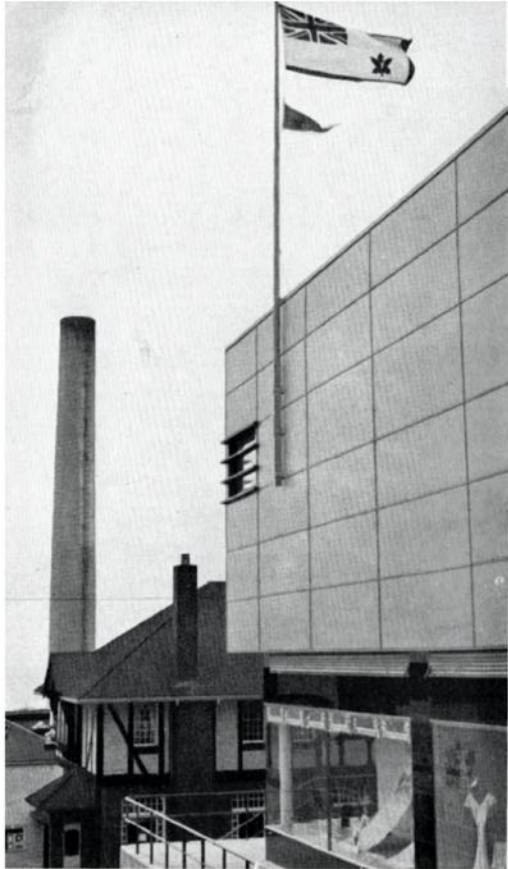
thing forgeable, and repair anything repairable," says Foreman Bob Fleming, who has been doing just that around Powell River for almost 19 years. Assistant Hec Davis has been with the company for 13 years, and Helper Frank Scott, seven years.

Good forging, gang!

Somebody throw an axe at yu?

Nope, got a haircut.

Well, sit higher in the chair next time.



The Victory Loan flag, with the Victory pennant, flies over Powell River, denoting this district had exceeded its quota in the recent Dominion Victory Loan Campaign.

IN this page, Powell River's Victory pennant, telling that our citizens had reached, and surpassed, their objective in Canada's Second Victory Loan, flies on the Victory Loan flagstaff.

Canada has just successfully completed the greatest and most successful loan in her history. With an original objective of \$600,000,000 set as the goal, the nation rallied to the Government's appeal and raised nearly one billion dollars.

Powell River's quota in the Victory Loan was \$200,000, an unusually high

Our War Loan Goes Over the Top

Objective Exceeded as Residents Rally to Nation's Call

quota. But when the last returns had been counted, residents saw, with quiet pride, that our district had exceeded its original quota by slightly over \$30,000.

It is a privilege to congratulate the hard working salesmen who worked long hours to bring about this result. It is a source of satisfaction that, as Powell River citizens, we held up our end, and joined the rest of Canada in a united home front.

Powell River in this campaign raised \$230,000 exclusive of the Powell River Company donation of \$1,000,000. Seven months ago the community placed an equal sum in the coffers of the Dominion Government.

Contributions to Government loans are only one of the many ways in which this community is standing behind the boys on the battlefronts. Here is a general summary of some of the more important contributions made by the public and by the Powell River Company towards our war effort:

1. Powell River has sent 432 of her young men to serve in the armed forces of the Empire. They are in every branch of the service and on every battlefront.

2. Powell River citizens have contributed a total of \$460,000 in Victory Bonds over a seven-month period.

3. Powell River citizens are purchasing \$8,800 worth of War Savings



Mr. Mercer, chairman, Victory Loan Sales Committee, shows Victory pennant to members of Powell River Committee. Left to right: John McIntyre, chairman; Gladys MacIntyre, secretary; Dr. Paul Marlatt, president, Canadian Legion branch; Resident Manager D. A. Evans; Russell Cooper, general superintendent; Henry Hansen, president, Local No. 76; Jack Hill, assistant secretary, Powell River Company; Harold Vandervoort, chairman, Local No. 142 Loan Committee.

Certificates monthly—or over \$100,000 annually.

4. In the last Auxiliary War Services campaign, Powell River exceeded its \$5,000 quota by nearly \$2,000.

5. Powell River residents raised \$8,000 to purchase the trainer plane, *Spirit of Powell River*. Hundreds of Empire Training School pilots took their preliminary flying on this ship.

6. Powell River branches of the Red Cross, I. O. D. E., and other auxiliary services have sent overseas hundreds of garments of all kinds for our fighting forces. Practically every woman in the district is engaged in war work of one kind or another.

7. A total of over 18 per cent of the community's gross income now goes directly into the war effort.

8. Thousands of dollars have been raised for the Queen's Canadian Fund, Polish Relief, the Lord Mayor's Fund, Fund for Merchant Seamen, and other organizations.

9. The Powell River Company has in addition purchased \$2,000,000 in Victory Bonds and donated \$8,000 for a trainer plane.

In addition to the above general contribution, hundreds of our citizens are sending private parcels to the boys in the army and to friends and relatives in Britain. The Powell River Company at Christmas mailed gifts of cigarettes to every employee, serving in the armed forces at home and abroad.

The above facts are a story of sound achievements and steady intensity of purpose. It is a story that will be expanded and enlarged as new and heavier sacrifices are demanded of us in the months ahead.

It is a challenge that will be met. Powell River is pulling and will continue to pull its weight, along with the rest of Canada, until final and absolute victory has been won.

Mathews, Eddie Riley, Dan Wallace, Fred Parrott and others.

On duty in Pacific waters, guarding the approaches to our western seaboard, are lads like Bob Redhead, Tommy Richardson, Gray Levy, Reg Lewis, and many others who have been recently posted to sea stations.

Nearly 100 of our boys are at battle stations with the Canadian corps in Britain, ready and eager for a Hun attack, or for an all-out invasion of the Continent. Many of these lads were through the blitz in Britain last year; some of them were in the spearhead of the British defence system. Their anti-aircraft batteries helped

—all well-known and popular youngsters around town.

On February 10th of this year, 432 Powell River residents were serving in the armed forces. One-third of this number are overseas or on ships at sea in the active fighting zones. Another 50 are in the Active Defence force of the Pacific Coast, at sea in Coastal Defence Artillery units, or in regular military units posted at strategic points. Another 150 are in training as Air Force crews, or in naval and military establishments preparatory to overseas service. The remainder are on instructional or permanent duties with the armed forces in Canada.



Three Powell River boys in training at an eastern Air Force camp: Jimmie Hunter (left), Eric Peck and Don Clark pose for a special shot.

shoot the Hun out of the sky in September, 1940.

The Commonwealth Air Training schools are turning out more and more pilots, observers and gunners. Recent graduates include Sergeant-Pilots Nick Stusiak and Jack Woodruff and Pilot Officers Johnny Morris and Bert Carey

Frank McMullin Killed Overseas



Sergt.-Observer Frank McMullin.

As we go to press, word has just been received that Frank McMullin, former Head Paper Tester, and an employee of the Powell River Company for the past 12 years, has been killed in combat overseas.

Frank left his position as Head Paper Tester in the plant early in 1941 to join the R. C. A. F. He was

(Continued on Page 11)

The Cover Picture

This month's cover picture was not posed. The photograph, taken by Lane's Studio, caught Bugler Frankie McIsaacs blowing the "Fall in" for the newly formed Air Force Cadet Company. Frankie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe McIsaacs, was born in Powell River. His father is the Group Leader on the pipe-fitting crew, and has been with the company for the past 19 years.

The Air Force Cadets, potential reserve for the R. C. A. F., are training steadily. The old days of soccer, baseball have yielded to drill squads and technical instruction. "Be Prepared" succeeds *laissez-faire*.

What to Do!

Two young sailors home on leave were driving along a narrow street when a policeman stopped them.

"You can't come down here," he snapped. "One-way street."

The driver began to turn into a side street.

"Not there, either!" barked the cop, "no left-hand turn."

The driver was completely baffled. "But which way can we go?" he asked. The policeman turned his back.

"What'll I do?" he asked his sailor friend.

"Scuttle her!" came the prompt reply.



This is Con Standal's version of the results of the recent use of oatmeal by employees of the Moulding Shop. Carpenter Dan Colquhoun leads his compatriots in the first rush for the backbone of Scotland's greatness.



Where is my wandering boy tonight? This lad was quite a wanderer himself when this snap was taken. Gus Schuler will back us up on this.

Our last month's guessing contest was a bigger surprise than we had anticipated. Many residents, including old-timers, failed to recognize Multigraph operator Joe Sweeney, fashion-plate of the early twenties, snapped in the lane behind the Staff Quarters, (in the days before the present nurses' quarters were established). In those days Joe knew all the bachelor establishments, male and female.

We are rather pleased with the photograph of this month's "Guess Who" contest. We hasten to assure readers that this is not a scene filched from "Tobacco Road" or snatched from a preview of "Grapes of Wrath."

The portrait is that of a well-known and prominent local resident. Maybe

Guess Who —

This One Presents an Interesting Pathological Study

he doesn't remember the picture himself. But we will say he isn't caught asleep very often these days. That's clue No. 1. Clue No. 2 is the comparative space allotted for foot room. These should be sufficient for the observant amateur to unravel the rest of the plot.

Somehow, we think this one will be a real test for our sleuths—and in the April issue we will print a list of the suspects suggested by our readers.

Keep the pedal extremities in mind when looking for clues—it's your best bet! And again, good guessing, folks.

She: "Do you think you're Santa Claus?"

He: "No; why?"

She: "Then leave my stockings alone."

—Columbia Jester.

A young lady went into a drug store.

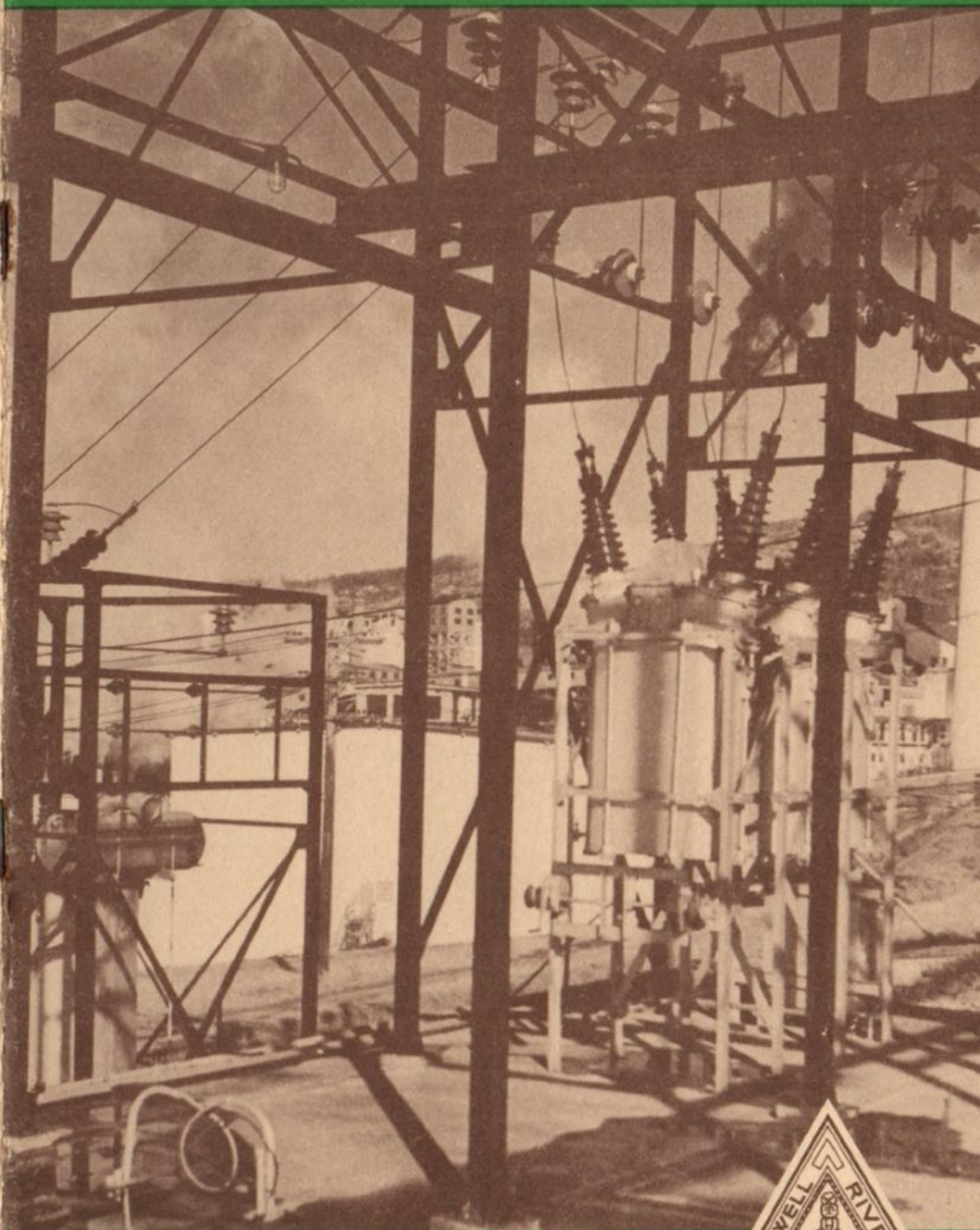
"Have you any Lifebuoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug clerk. "Set the pace."

"Dear, I saw the sweetest, cleverest little hat downtown today."

"Put it on, let's see how you look in it."

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

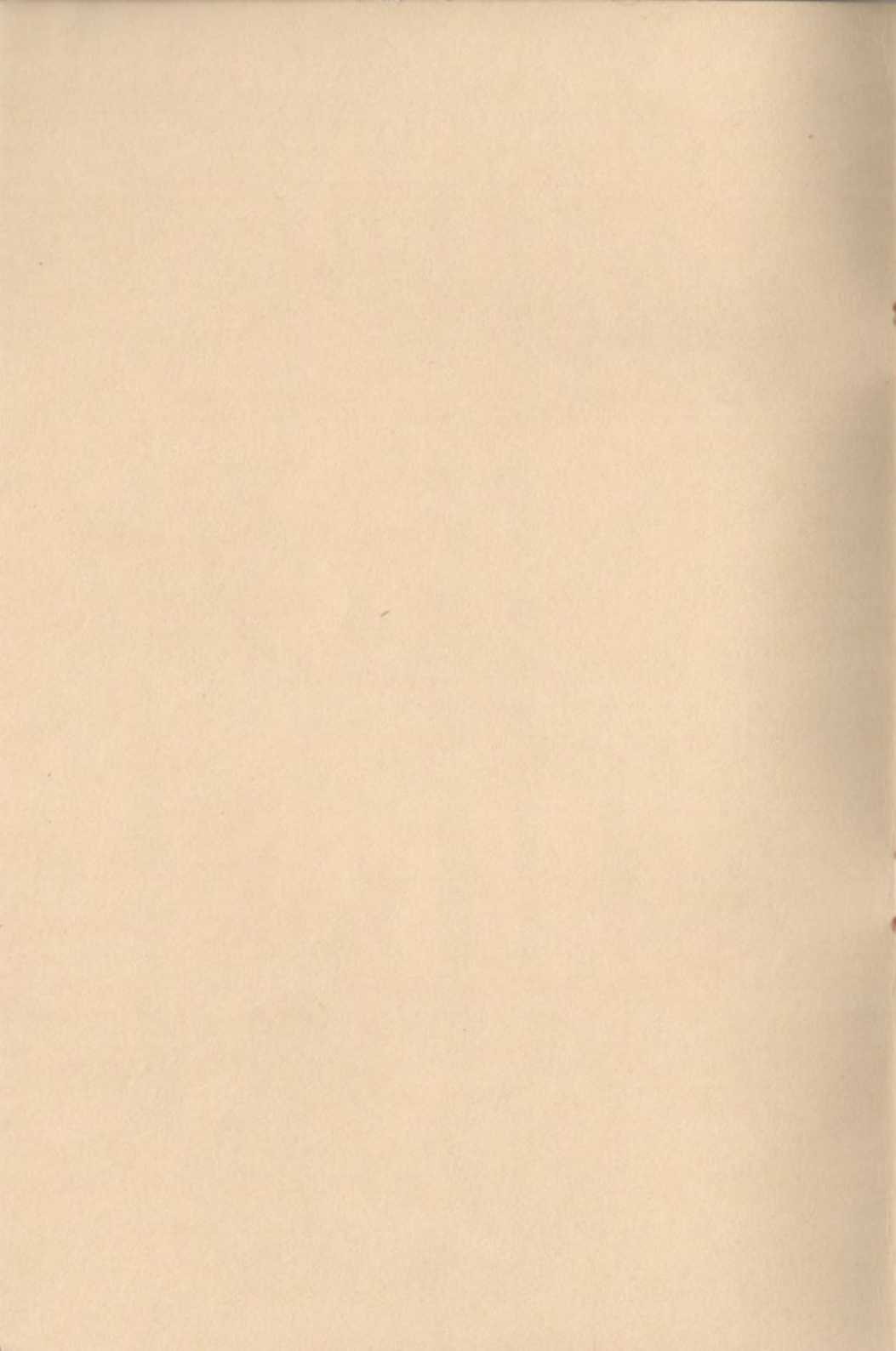


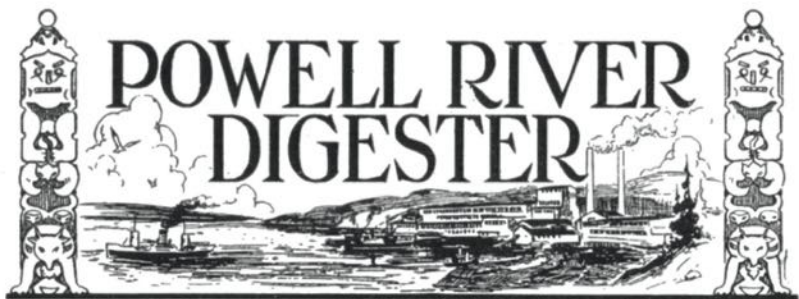
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No. 4







J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

In this issue of the DIGESTER is a picture of a piece of plant machinery being reconditioned in our machine shop.

Under the war emergency conditions now existing a great deal of reconditioning and servicing of old equipment will be necessary if the output of newsprint, pulp, board and wrapping paper is to be maintained without injury to our war effort.

Due to urgent priority requirements for guns, planes, tanks, etc., many industries are faced with unavoidable curtailment of material and equipment. This curtailment can only be made up by substitution, by reconditioning and maintaining the life of existing machinery and equipment.

We are thus facing a situation where co-operation of each of us is absolutely essential. It is the business of our technical and scientific staffs to canvass and study every possible effective substitute. It is the business of employees to exercise every care and vigilance in the use of equipment. It is the business of superintendents and foremen to be alert to every suggestion and recommendation made by employees.

Help us by making suggestions. It is a game now, where team play is essential.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "Dawson".

President.



Officers of H.M.S. "Rocket," with Lieutenant-Commander Bernard Orlebar, R.N., seated in centre of front row. At back of group in bowler hat is Mr. A. C. Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries. Standing on extreme left is Lieutenant Scott Gray, son of Judge Hamilton Gray, one of the Fathers of Confederation, and on extreme right is Dr. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

THE coast line of British Columbia is rich in historical lore. From the United States border to Alaska are cities, towns or hamlets, rivers, lakes or mountains whose names recall the voyages of

Galiano and Valdez, in 1792, after Captain Alexandro Malaspina, an Italian seaman in the service of Spain; there is our justly famous Straits of Georgia, named after George III by Captain Vancouver, in the late eight-

How and After Whom Powell River Was Named

Dr. Israel Powell's Memory Recorded in Our Townsite

early British or Spanish explorers, who discovered or subsequently mapped and charted our coast line.

In the immediate vicinity of Powell River are scores of islands and waterways reminiscent of the eighteenth and nineteenth century explorers. There is Malaspina Strait, on which Powell River is situated and which was named by the Spanish explorers

centh century; there is Texada Island just across Malaspina Straits, so named by Jose Maria Navarez, commanding the Spanish vessel *Santa Saturnina*, who explored these waters in 1791.

Welcome Pass, several miles north of Powell River and well known to skippers of B. C.'s sturdy tug boat fleet, has an interesting origin. Wel-

Dr. Israel Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, 1873, in honor of whom Powell River was named.

come Pass runs through Thormanby Islands. In 1860 Captain Richards and officers of H. M. S. *Plumper*, patrolling the coast, received word that the horse Thormanby had won the Derby. Captain and crew had wagered everything but the ship on Thormanby, so they called this pass "Welcome" to celebrate the welcome news that their horse had come through.

Lying athwart the Gulf of Georgia, a few miles north of our townsite, are the islands of Valdez, Cortez and Hernando, all dating back to the Spanish exploration days. Valdez commemorates the memory of the leader of the expedition, who conferred the name of Cortez and Hernando on the other islands in honor of the great Spanish warrior Hernando Cortez.

Such a list of place names and their origin could be multiplied indefinitely. But we have only touched on names in the immediate vicinity of Powell River, which brings us to our central theme.

What of Powell River itself? After whom was it named? Who named it?

These questions have often been asked by visitors and frankly, many of us have evaded the answer. We take refuge in more or less incoherent explanations, revolving around some old Indian legend, or in a vague visit of the British navy anywhere from sixty to a hundred years ago or more.

The *Daily Colonist* of Victoria in its issue of July 10th, 1872, carried this item: "The question of settlement of Indian troubles was the subject of telegraphic correspondence between



Lieutenant-Governor Trutch and the Governor-General at Ottawa. Steps are about to be taken to ensure its satisfactory solution."

The "solution" came on October 6th of the same year, when the *Colonist* announced the appointment of Dr. Israel W. Powell of Victoria, to the position of Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

And it is in honor of Dr. Israel Powell, first superintendent of Indian Affairs in British Columbia, a name that stands high on the roll of those pioneer public servants who helped mould and guide the early destinies of a new Canadian province that our townsite is called Powell River.

Dr. Powell was born in Simcoe, Ontario. The family was of United Em-

pire Loyalist stock. He graduated in medicine from McGill in 1860, arrived in Victoria in 1862 after a journey by ship to Panama, overland across the isthmus, then by water up the Pacific coast to Vancouver Island.

These were the days when British Columbia was a Crown Colony, when law and order in the remote parts of the Colony was a rough and ready business, and feuds between Indians and whites often assumed the proportion of civil war and massacres.

In 1873, Dr. Powell, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, started out aboard H. M. S. *Boxer* on a voyage along the northwest coast of British Columbia. The *Boxer* weighed anchor at Esquimalt on May 25th, 1873, and the log of her subsequent ports of call is of more than casual interest to local residents familiar with our British Columbia coast line.

On March 28th, the *Boxer* under a full spread of canvas reached Nanaimo: on the 30th she arrived at Comox. Evidently running before one of the Gulf's famous sou'easters, the *Boxer* stormed out of Comox at 11 knots to reach Blinkinsop Bay the same evening. On May 31st, Knight Inlet was reached.

At Knight Inlet, ringleaders among the Indians who had participated in the "Sullivan incident" some time before, were taken aboard the *Boxer*, while Dr. Powell addressed Indian chiefs and their followers. His visit had a salutary effect and his sincerity and eloquence had much to do with maintaining future peace among the Indians of the area.

The voyage of the *Boxer* terminated on June 17th when the gunboat returned to Esquimalt. During the trip, Dr. Powell met, and satisfactorily settled many claims, and inspected scores of Indian reservations, including those at Alert Bay, Quathiaski Cove and Comox.

Dr. Powell made many subsequent trips along the coast. His recommendations to the government laid the foundations for the future course of Indian affairs in the province. His personality, his knowledge of medicine, his conception of justice and fair treatment caused Dr. Powell to be received with open arms everywhere. He was the "Great White Chief" and welcomed as such in all the lodges from Esquimalt to Bella Bella.

Several of Dr. Powell's later voyages were made in H. M. S. *Rocket*, under command of Captain Orlebar. In 1880, Captain Orlebar was cruising along Malaspina in the old *Rocket*. He saw the old river tumbling over the rocky ravine. He consulted the chart, found the river had not been named and promptly called it Powell River after his old friend and associate, Dr. Powell.

A daughter of Dr. Powell, Mrs. Doig, lives in Victoria. In expressing our thanks to Mrs. Doig and Mrs. Lee Burpee Robinson for the pictures of Dr. Powell, we express the hope that the modern Powell River will occupy as high and honorable place in the industrial life of the province as that of Dr. Powell in service and achievement to his fellow men and to British Columbia.

Members of the winning First Aid team in recent class competitions, in which nine full teams were entered. Top row: J. Rogers, B. Bergland, R. Lyons. Bottom row: Bert Southcott (captain), S. Slade (coach), H. Price.

IN the recent St. John Ambulance Branch First Aid Class competitions, nine Powell River teams competed for honors. Seven years ago, when the Branch was in its infancy, it was a Herculean task to unearth two teams for demonstration purposes.

Today, First Aid is highly developed in the district. During the current year over 300 residents have enrolled in the various classes. There are over 400 employees in possession of First Aid certificates—and the standing of Powell River pupils in



aiders of long standing, who are largely responsible for the growth and development of First Aid in Powell River. Each of them has his hands full, instructing classes, organizing A. R. P. divisions, or coaching teams for competition. It is a full spare

First Aid Highly Developed in Powell River

St. John Ambulance Branch Trains Hundreds of Residents

the annual examinations has been praised by Compensation Board examiners.

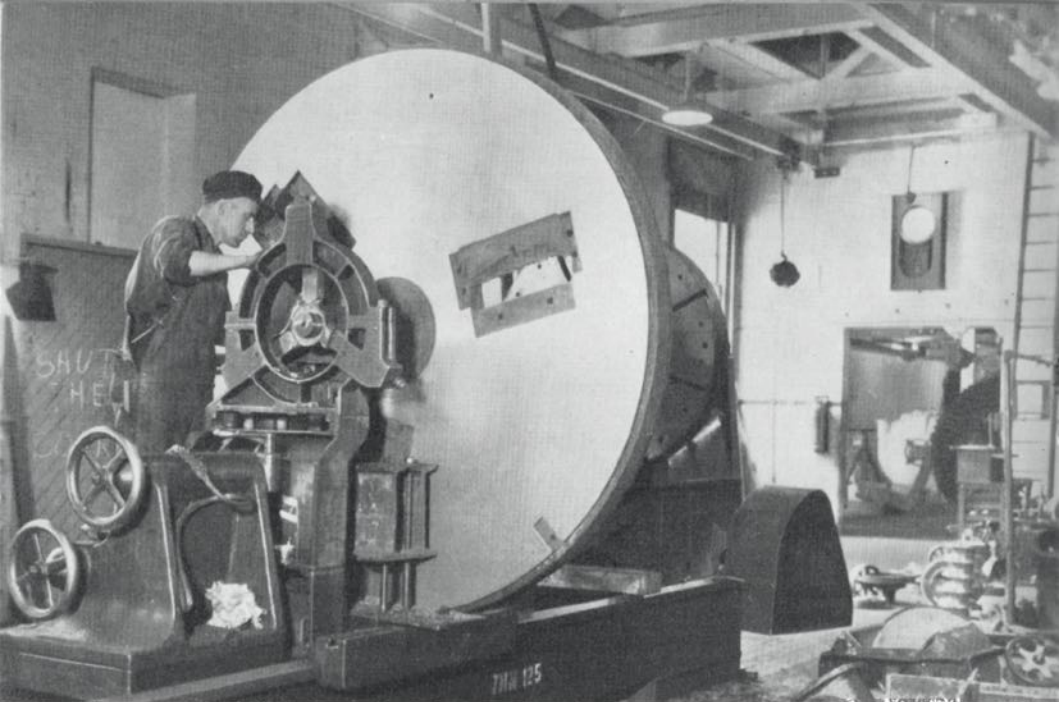
Twenty-five employees are in possession of Industrial tickets—certificates awarded by the Workmen's Compensation Board, which authorize holders to take charge of First Aid in any industrial plant. Ten of these certificate holders are in possession of Class A tickets, the highest industrial award.

At present five members of the local branch have instructor's tickets. These are Doug Goudie, Stuart Slade, Gilbert Rennison, Jim Rankin and Jack Philips. All of these men are First-

time job—and anyone intending to ask these lads out for a social evening should put in their request at least three weeks ahead of time.

When the Jap struck at Pearl Harbor and sent the West Coast residents into a flurry of protective panic, Powell River's St. John Ambulance brigade, with its several hundreds of trained personnel, was ready.

They were organized for action and simplified the A. R. P. problem in this area. If it does happen here, Powell River has a corps of keen, highly trained and experienced First Aid men and women ready for any emergency.



A big 84-inch chipper disc being reconditioned in our machine shop for further service. Note the broken surface. Under normal conditions, the disc would have been replaced.

Machinery Reconditioned For Further Service

War Emergency Prolongs Life of Old Equipment

DOWN in the machine shop one day this month a big, 84-inch-diameter chipper disc was rolled on to the "assembly" line. This particular disc had given yeoman service in its lifetime; and finally, weakened by usage and frayed at the joints, had been retired from service with several action wounds.

Ordinarily the disc would have stayed on the retirement list, to eventually find its way into the channels of Red Cross war-time salvage collections. And under ordinary circumstances, this permanent pensioning of the old disc would have been

justified. The standards of high industrial efficiency would have demanded replacement by a new and shining successor.

These are not ordinary times. From Alaska to Florida, industry has to face conditions it has never, even in the last world war, before experienced. Makeshift methods, substitutions and new and hitherto undreamed of repairs must be attempted—must be accomplished.

This may not be an entirely optimistic future to anticipate. But neither is it entirely dark. Under the spur of necessity what one writer called "the

inventive genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, exasperated to fertility," has come to the fore. Today industrial plants are discovering with no little bewilderment, that quite a lot can be done with machinery and equipment—if it has to be done.

Already in Powell River our mechanical departments are working with hand and brain to effect repairs, formerly deemed impossible, to recondition and service equipment, which strangely enough, more often

than not, keeps the wheels running as well as a new installation. Several score of mechanical installations have already been reconditioned, and our mechanics, under this challenge to their initiative are responding nobly.

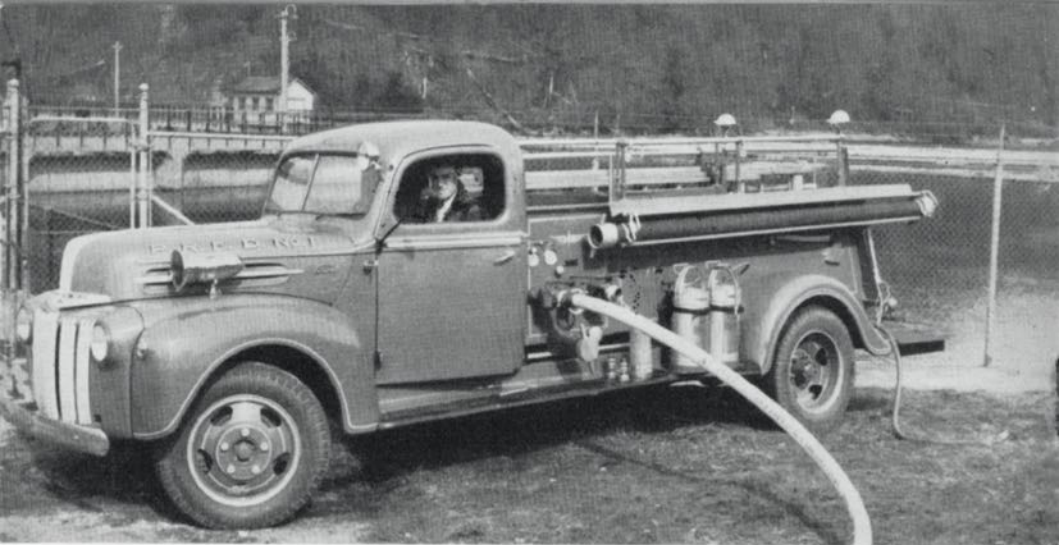
Many of these reconditioning and repair jobs do not necessarily represent the most efficient way of doing things—that is, efficiency as measured by pre-war standards. Efficiency today is measured almost wholly in terms of

(Continued on Page 9)

Powell River Children



1. Betty Joan Taylor. 2. Stuart McBurmie. 3. Molly Allan. 4. Katherine Elaine Harris.
5. Dale Joan and Ellen Rose Hancock.



Powell River's modern fire truck which was added to the department in March and will replace the truck at the bottom of page. The latter will be used for special emergency work.

The New Fire Truck Arrives

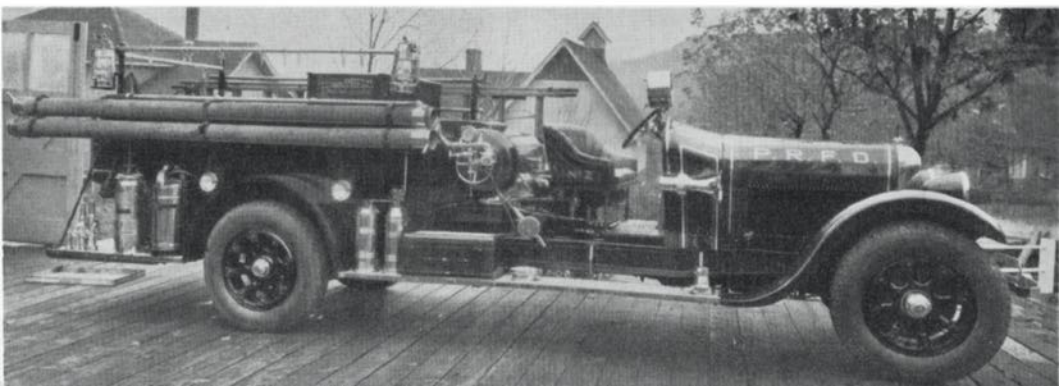
WITH the possibility of enemy action off our coasts and with the extension of A. R. P. fire fighting training, the new triple combustion pumper, which arrived this month, is a welcome addition to Powell River's wartime fire equipment.

The new fire truck is a highly modern affair and will greatly increase the efficiency of local fire protective equipment for general and possible emergency requirements.

A well appointed and modern fire department has always been main-

tained by the Powell River Company. As a result, mill and townsite insurance rates are among the lowest on the continent. Serious conflagrations are unknown and for the past twenty-five years not a single home in the Powell River townsite has been destroyed by fire. Our experience of fires has been confined to the odd chimney affair, for which we have been severely chastised by Chief Dave Gardiner.

Property loss or damage to mill installations have been negligible. A major fire is unknown and fire under-



writers have generally praised the fire-consciousness of our residents and the efficiency of fire fighting protection.

Strict instructions are included in the lease of all Powell River houses, and strict periodic inspections of basements, stoves, etc., are made.

The Fire Department permanent staff consists of Chief Dave Gardiner and his two assistants Alec McLaren and Joe McCrossan. The staff is supplemented by a large volunteer crew, who undergo regular training and who, for the most part live in the fire hall quarters. These men are paid for drills and fire calls and living quarters are provided free by the company.

The volunteers are picked men, mostly single, and competition for "fire hall quarters" is keen. They are efficient, eager and vitally important, are familiar with all parts of the plant and townsite.

If the new truck maintains the record of its predecessors in office, Powell River will be satisfied.

Fan Dancer: "Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where the scar won't show."

Doctor: "Okay. Stick out your tongue."

"I see where a Virginia man has succeeded in crossing a cabbage with an onion."

"I wonder what they'll name the cigar?"

Buy War Savings Certificates



Powell River's first fire truck, a horseless and motorless carriage. It was a sight, in the old days, to see Arthur Richards between the shafts on his way to the nearest fire.


Machinery Reconditioned for Further Service

(Continued from Page 7)

ability to do a job in the best possible manner under prevailing conditions. Operating costs of these war emergency operations are of course far beyond the normal costs of replacing the material now reconditioned. These costs will probably continue to mount—but operations are being maintained—and our operating staffs, the men on the machines, our millwrights and mechanics are determined to keep on maintaining them. The "inventive genius" is hard at work in Powell River, as it is in the industrial halls of the British Empire and the United States.



Look who's here! Our former golf pro, Ernie Tate, shows the boys just what "on guard" means in our modern army. The picture was taken at Vernon, where Ernie had his preliminary training.

 CORES of letters have poured in from our boys overseas in the past month, acknowledging receipt of the Company's gift of 2000 cigarettes. Needless to say the

George Ewing, also of the Scottish, and a former beater-room pal of Joe's, tells of spending a week-end in Brighton to see his battalion win the Divisional Soccer Championship. Rusty Taylor tells us the Powell River boys are taking turns guarding the cigarettes which have inflamed the predatory instincts of several non-Powell River troops in "B" Company.

Along with the acknowledgment of the Company's gift, is word from Geno Bortolussi, our ex-track star, that he is sharpening up his spikes, ready for the Canadian Corps sports this summer.

On Active Service

Cigarettes Welcomed by the Boys Overseas; "Shadow" Brooks in Africa

cigarettes were more than welcome in a country where smokes are at a premium.

Jock Campbell of the Canadian Scottish, received his parcel just as he was boarding the train for seven days' leave. Corporal Joe Graham, of the same regiment, has left the battalion to take a special N. C. O.'s course, and hadn't received his cigarettes, but was told they were awaiting him at battalion headquarters. Incidentally, they are putting Joe through the well known hoops at this instruction school; have night marches by companies, and map reading by flashlight; and mock attacks against some of the best water-filled ditches in England.

And the Royal Canadian Engineers are doing quite well. Jack Challis and Bob Lye report running into Joe Graham—and the boys staged another of those famous Powell River reunions that are coming to constitute a "major operation" in the Canadian Army overseas.

Bruce Patterson is at an Air Force camp in the south of England. There are 10,000 Air Force men at this location, and Bruce tells us there are several well laid out athletic fields, gymnasiums and recreation huts. Incidentally, Bruce goes on to say the grub is quite good, surprisingly good, and "while there are no luxuries around we are getting by fairly well."



Some more of our boys in the Active Service Forces. Cave Baum, R.C.N.; Cpl. Harry Anchor, R.C.A.F.; Pte. George Ewing, 1st Canadian Scottish, Overseas; Aircraftman Stuart Brown.

Sergeant-Observer Bill Bell, of the Shipping Office, has been to Aberdeen on leave; and as a consequence, much to his own bewilderment and to the delight of his former boss, John Dunlop, has revised his ideas of Scottish hospitality.

Jack Grundle is at an Air Force camp in the north of Scotland, and Hap Parker is on duty somewhere in the Hebrides. The boys do get around.

Judging from the tone of letters received, the lads are going through the stiffest kind of training, under conditions which closely resemble active service operations.

And, for the benefit of old soldiers, we can state that much of the same ground that was tramped over in the last war, and perhaps the same turnip fields, are being used in manoeuvres. Reference to such delectable and well tried institutions as the "Blue Anchor" and "Rose and Crown" and "Seven Thorns" bring back memories.

From Lucien "Shadow" Brooks comes word that he is somewhere on the African desert, and that the fellow who talked about the "bald-headed prairie" would revise his ideas if he even tried tramping Africa's desert sands.

All told, our boys are in good health, in high spirits and stout of heart. They are ready and eager to face whatever is ahead, and meantime remind the home folks to keep the parcels and letters coming.

Dinner guest: "Will you pass the nuts, Professor?"

Professor, absent-mindedly: "Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

The wife of a sporting fellow prohibited her husband from backing horses. But he continued secretly.

One evening an old friend, unaware of the prohibition, dropped in and said to the punter: "Well, did you have any luck with Jeanette yesterday?"

Instantly the wife shot her husband an ugly look and went out of the room.

"You've torn it," groaned the husband. "My wife thinks I don't bet now. You'll have to square this with her."

In a few moments, when the wife returned, the friend said breezily: "I say, Mrs. Smith, I'm awfully sorry if I misled you just now. Jeanette isn't a horse, you know. She's a barmaid."



The horse again makes his appearance on our streets. Above is "Sid," pulling his cargo of bread and buns along First Street, with the inevitable crowd of youngsters looking on.

A Twenty-five Year Cycle

The Old Order Changeth, Then "Changeth" Back Again

SCENE 1

Time: Midsummer, 1916.

Place: Powell River Company wharf.

THE old Union boat has just docked. Ashore a crowd of excited workmen, residents and children are watching a strange four-wheeled contraption being slung from hold to wharf. Among the spectators are Arthur Dunn, Art Richards, the late Tommy Lambert—and last, but not least, Jerry Hogan, proprietor of Powell River's livery and cartage services.

On the dock nearby, watching the scene with sad and anxious eyes are "Nigger" and "Dolly," those two famous horses, who for nearly five years had hauled Powell River newspaper from the mill to the sheds. Something of the tragedy of progress was in the eyes of these two stout old warriors as they watched this new four-wheeled monster, the first automobile ever seen in Powell River, drop on the wharf, to be surrounded by a throng of admiring oldsters and chil-

dren. Scores of children in Powell River were seeing their first automobile.

This was the beginning of Powell River's horseless age. Jerry Hogan drove his new truck home, and in the months and years ahead other Jerry Hogans brought in new trucks. The old horse, with all his human and picturesque background, disappeared from our streets—forever, we thought.

SCENE 2

Time: Spring, 1942.

Place: Any street in Powell River.

Throng of thrilled and excited children running beside the baker's wagon of Canadian Bakeries Limited. Others rushing out of doors and gates with a lump of sugar or luscious handfuls of grass. Cries of "Hello, Sid!" "Hello, Sid!" on all sides.

Majestic, dignified, conscious of his place in the scheme of things, strides "Sid," drawing easily the aromatic weight of trays of cakes, cookies, buns and other delectable morsels always found in the baker's van.

Yes, "Sid" is a horse—and the

The first automobile in Powell River, owned by Jerry Hogan, photographed on the company dock in 1916.



shades of old "Nigger" and "Dolly" can rest easier in Valhalla. The soon-to-be-realized rubber shortage had brought old Dobbin back to fashion—and "Sid" may only be the forerunner of a new and mighty line of equine splendor which will parade our streets in the future.

Certainly no single event since Jerry Hogan first dropped his old car on the wharf in 1916 has caused such excitement as the arrival of "Sid" into our midst. But 'twas a sad day for all dogs, cats and other various pets in Powell River and district! "Sid" has usurped the affections of their youthful owners, temporarily at least. Trying not to show their displeasure too openly, the dogs snarl, snap and sniff at a safe distance from his heels, and the cats show their contempt by complete indifference, and remain sedately indoors as he "clomps" slowly past.

"Sid" is the town's current fashion at the moment.

Buy War Savings Certificates

Charles McLean Passes On

The death of Charles McLean on Sunday, April 19, removed another well-known citizen and early resident from our midst.

Charlie came to Powell River in 1920, and for over twenty years has been prominently identified with the social community and industrial life of Powell River.



Charles McLean, old-timer of Powell River, who passed away in April.

He was a moving spirit in Powell River's pipe band, and was well known in piping circles of Western Canada. He accompanied the pipe band on their tour of the southwest states in

(Continued on Page 14)

A Perfect Safety Record

Twenty-seven Years of Safe Working Is Proud Achievement of Harry Dicker

THREE months ago, the Powell River Company launched a special Accident Prevention campaign. In view of the large number of new employees taken on since the start of the war, the accident hazard has naturally and unavoidably



Harry Dicker, one of our oldest employees, who has worked the safe way for over twenty-five years.

Harry's formula for avoiding accidents contains no mystic chemicals. "I have perhaps been lucky," he informed your reporter, "but I have tried to remember that on my job an accident to me may mean an accident to someone else; and that I am more use to myself and family on the company payroll than on compensation. Otherwise the only advice I can offer is to realize that safety is something for every one of us to practise. It is not something to learn one day and forget the next." "No pilot," Harry finished, "goes up without his safety belt."

Thanks, Harry. That's sound advice, and we pass it along to employees, old and new.

Look to your safety belts!

increased. The committee, composed of representatives of management, foremen and employees is constantly on the alert to prevent accidents and to educate the new employee.

And as an example of the safety-minded and safety practising employee, we give you Harry Dicker, wharf locie driver. Harry is serving his 27th year with the company—27 years in which he has never lost a day's work through accidents.

As a locie driver, Harry has been exposed to many hazards during his better than a quarter of a century of service.

Charles McLean Passes On

(Continued from Page 13)

1937. He was one of the few if not the only Canadian in Powell River who was in France in 1914 in the last war. He was an original of the famous Princess Pat's Regiment.

Charlie had a wide circle of friends throughout the district who will mourn his passing. He is survived by his wife and daughter. To them and to all relations and friends the DIGESTER extends deepest sympathy.

Guess Who?

And Them Were the Good Old Days

Last month's Guess Who contest was the most puzzling to date. At least a score of confident residents have rung up this office or have dropped in to register their guess.

Out of this number, only one person, Charlie Garrett, of the Machine Room, registered a correct guess. And Charlie confessed that our clue, which directed a close scrutiny of those elongated oxfords, had put him on the right track.



But we received some interesting and fascinating guesses. A sweet young lady in her late 'teens was sure our exhibit was Employment Superintendent Frank Flett. Another one even guessed Bill Hutchison, though we confess we can't see the resemblance. A member of the store staff suggested Campbell Forbes. A well-known back tender came in to plump for Al Hansen—but Al, in his best

mountain climbing days, never had feet like that. Strangely enough, Reg Baker was given two affirmative votes. Bolo Gordon was accorded honorable mention, principally on our clue "to watch the feet."

And so it went with each guess, just about as far away from realities as possible. To let down the suspense, our leading mystery man of last month was none other than Emil Gordon, owner of Gordon's Limited and dealer in anything you want to deal in. In the old days Emil was manager of the Company Store—and in recent years has managed and owned almost every kind of business our modern civilization has to offer.

This month's picture is not exactly a Guess Who contest, but it is a glimpse of Powell River life—in 1908, two full years before the first surveyor appeared to clear the way for the plant and townsite of Powell River. The photo shows Jim Springer, who is well known to old-timers, and who logged in this area as far back as 1905. The deer is one of the many that haunted the camps for tid-bits in the early days. The picture was taken close to the present Post Office site on Second Street.

Sign in a book store in Scotland in July:

"Buy your gift books now, so you may finish reading them by Christmas."



Officers of Powell River Air Cadets, snapped with Lieut.-Colonel John MacGregor, V.C., officer commanding Second Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment. Left to right: Flight Lieutenant Myros C. McLeod, Lieut.-Colonel MacGregor, Pilot Cadet Officer Brown, Medical Officer Dr. C. R. Marlatt.

Lieut.-Col. MacGregor Inspects Cadets

Powell River's Air Force Cadets enjoyed an unexpected thrill when they were inspected by Lieut.-Col. John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., on April 19.

Colonel MacGregor, who left Powell River to re-enlist early in 1940, was home on 10 days' leave, and local Cadet officers received his consent to inspect the corps. The boys put on a smart exhibition of drill, after which they were subjected to a real military inspection by the Colonel. After inspection, Mac addressed the boys, complimenting them on their discipline and smart appearance, and emphasiz-

ing the important part they were playing in the nation's war effort.

Colonel MacGregor was formerly second in command of the Second Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment. He was officially gazetted Lieut.-Col. in command of the battalion on January 26th of this year. He was employed in the mechanical division of the plant before answering his country's call for the second time.

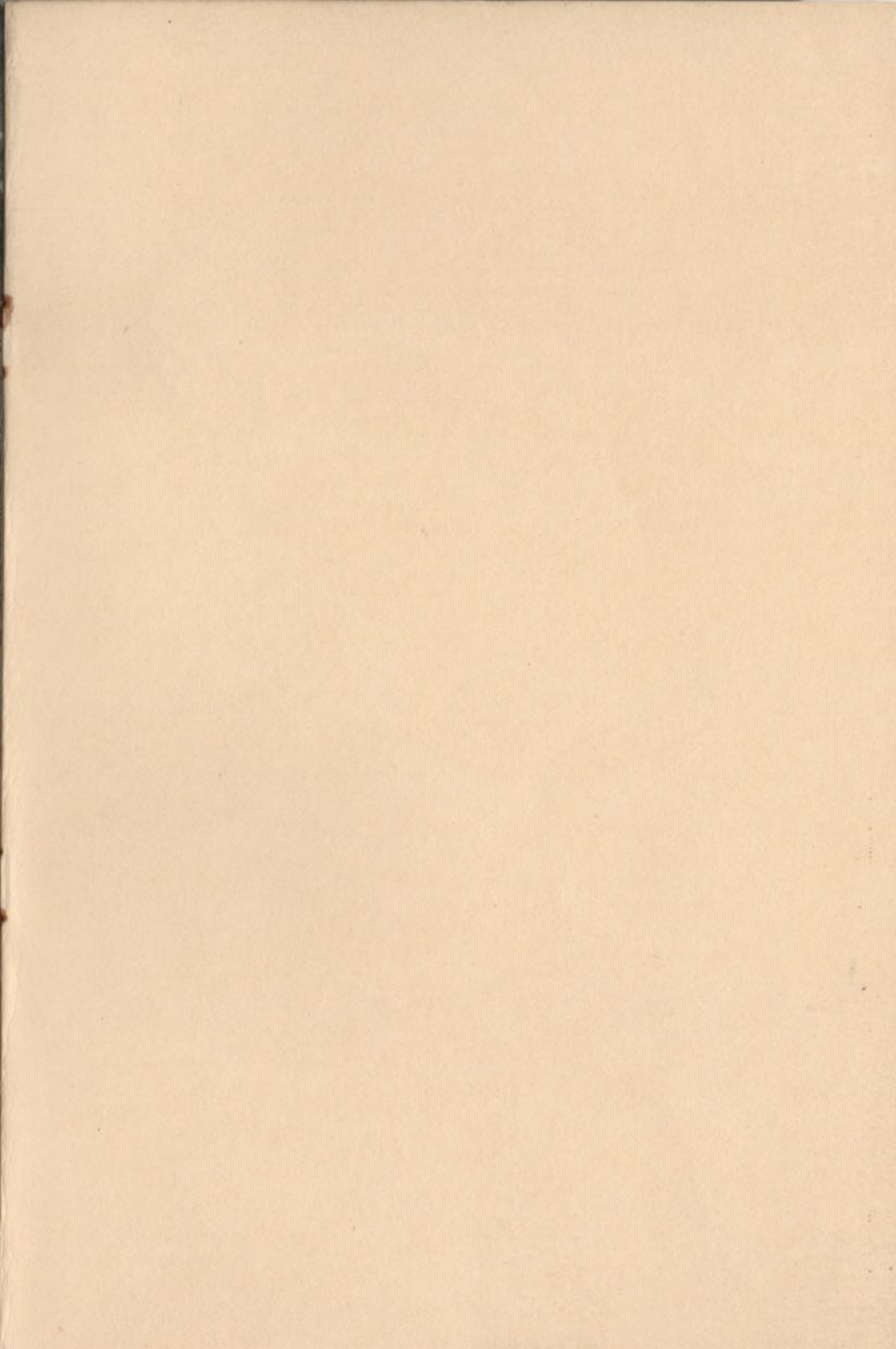
The Cover Picture

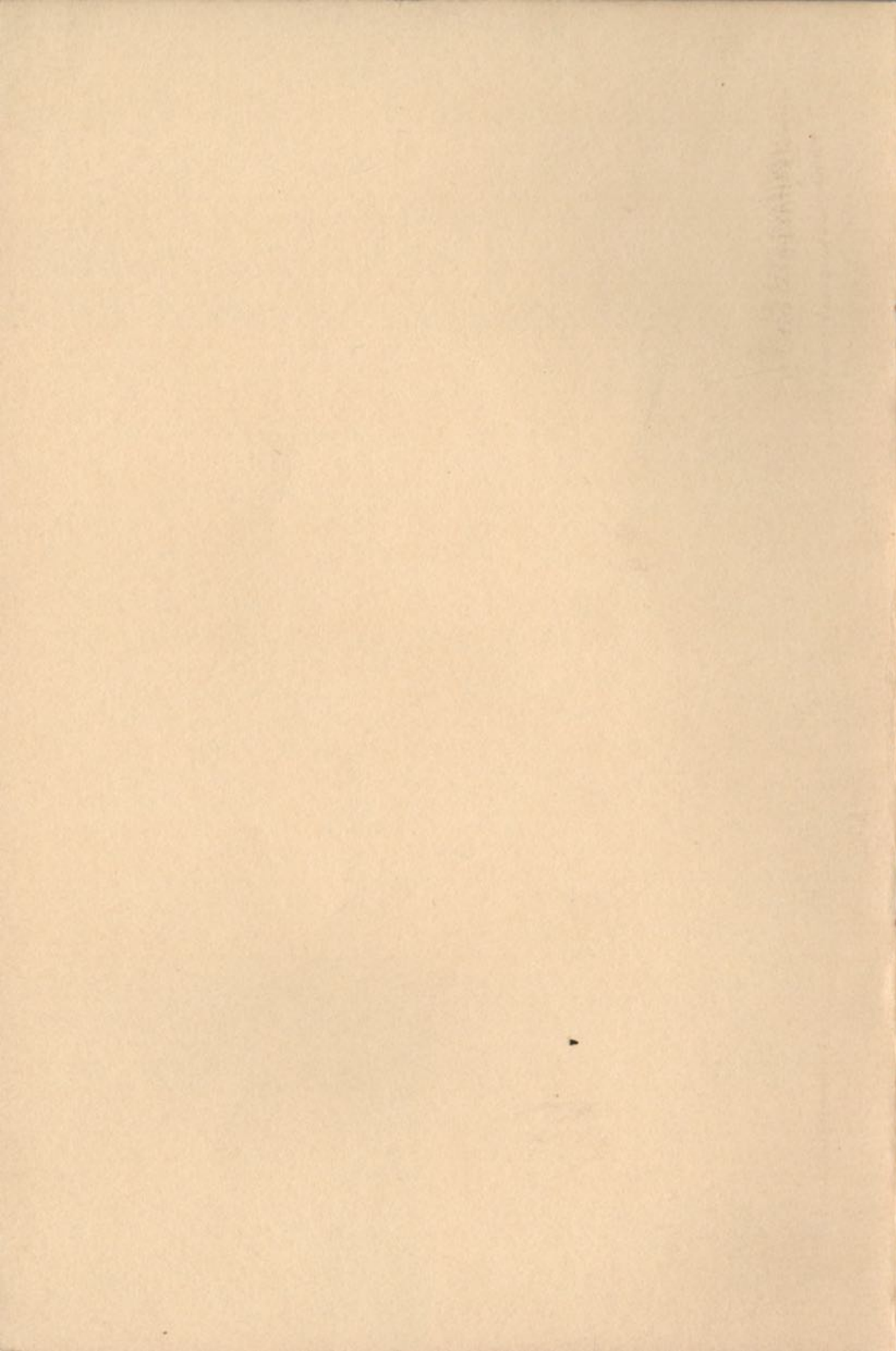
This month's cover picture by Harold Vandervoort is a picture of Power. It shows the end of the power line running from Lois River to Powell River as it enters the transformers. The power sings over the high tension wires at 66,000 volts. Outside the new grinder room are the transformers which step this huge voltage down to 6600 volts for use by the various mill units.

Looking through the power line, Harold has caught the picture of industry in the background—the industry that uses the power on which the operation of our plant depends.

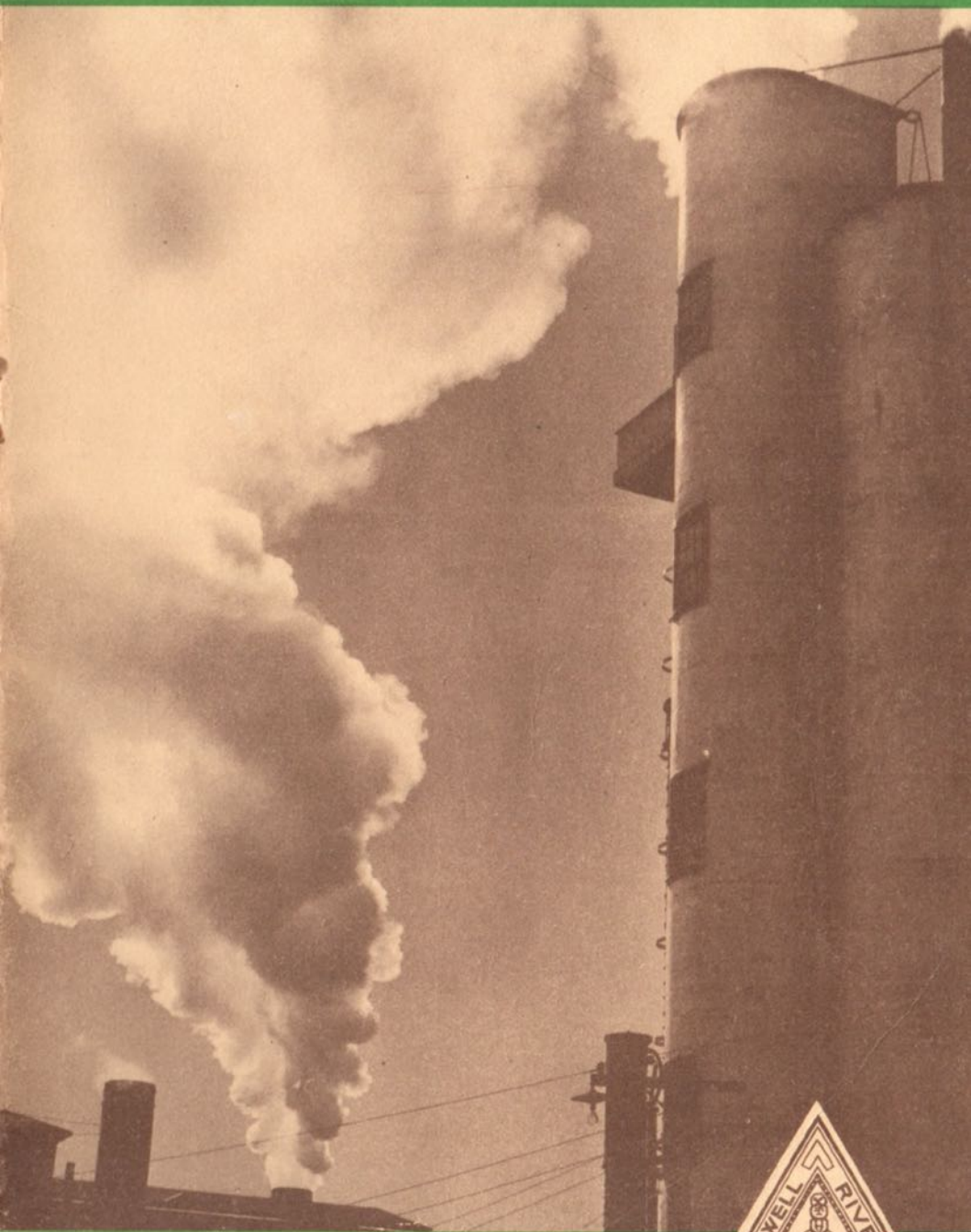
Colonel MacGregor chats with Bugler Frank McIsaacs during inspection of the Cadet Corps.







POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

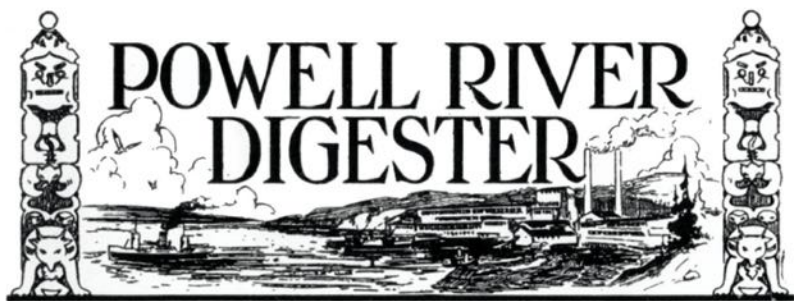


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No. 5





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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They Carry On



They all carry on in the Old Land. Above pictures show two generations of the family of Mrs. Harry Merilees, Westview. Her father, "Old Bill", aged 75, is in the Home Guards. Her two young nephews, one the proud possessor of a Proficiency Medal for air raid work, are air raid wardens. They are already veterans of many air attacks. (Note shelters in background.) Our anxieties over possible tea, coffee or sugar shortage do not bulk very large against this background of personal and all-out sacrifice.



IN THE past two years many new employees and their families have moved to Powell River. Many of these employees are seeing Powell River for the first time, and the background and development of their new home is, for the most part, an unknown story. In this article, along with some general information and identical pictures, taken many years apart, our new employees may find something of interest, something that may help them to understand Powell River and its development over the years. This is not a record of statistics, but merely a few random comparisons that may strike the newcomer as interesting or informative.

Look at our first picture on these pages. Identical locations, taken just a quarter of a century apart. Our main street in 1915 and 1942. In 1915 no post office, no company store, no Patricia Theatre, no automobiles. The old horse has just reached the top of the hill, and most of you chaps

who have walked up that hill for the first time, know just how that horse felt.

Maybe some of you fellows have done a spot of bowling since coming to Powell River, at the Westview alleys. Take a look at that picture on the next page. That's the bowling alley where the boys used to roll strikes and spares between 1921 and 1923. Where was it? Every time you walk in for a quart of Seagram's, a dash of Scotch, or a small mickey of rum, you are treading on Powell River's first and only bowling alley. The town wasn't so big in those days, prohibition was in force, and the ladies, God bless 'em, weren't allowed in such sinful pastures. So it didn't do so good—but it was a good alley!

Anybody feel like a game of soccer? Back in 1923, just after the First World War, a lot of budding soccer players came into town. Most of them, like you, came to look around,



ene on the left shows a busy day at Powell River dock in 1911. Above, a typical modern view of Powell River docks. On left is the barque "British Yeoman," with sails furled. A far cry from modern freighters on this page.

found they rather liked it after getting acquainted, and stayed around. Their first demand was a soccer field,

their Powell River training. From all accounts, any good cow pasture would have done as well. Arthur Dunn

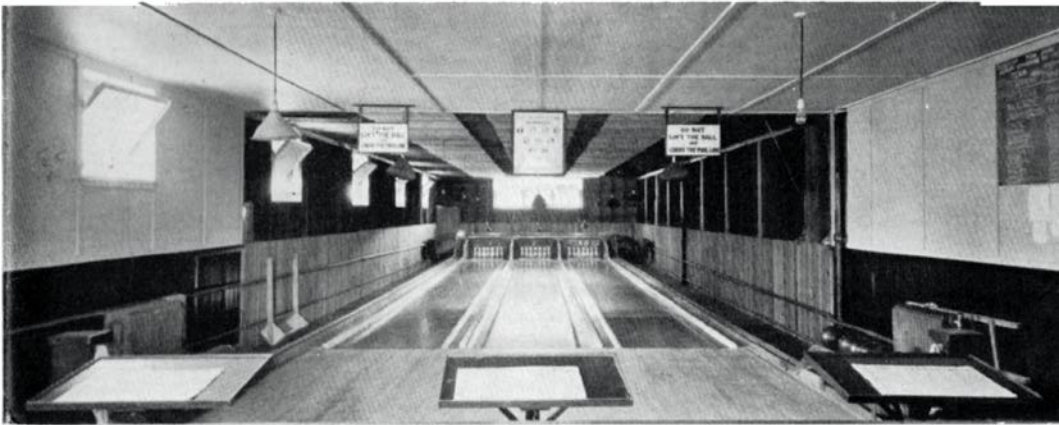
The Old Homestead—Yesterday and Today

Steady and Stable Growth Over Thirty Years of Operation

so in the picture overleaf is a view of the goal posts of Powell River's first real all-soccer field. Today, Number 7 Machine Room occupies the space where our early soccer stars started

(that plump fellow inside the Wharf window) disappeared in a cavity in the centre of the field. The game was stopped till they found the ball. They found Arthur afterwards.

ead softly, all ye who enter here. Powell River's first bowling alley in the early twenties. location, see article.





Modern view of Number 7 Machine Room buildings, with old engineering office in foreground.

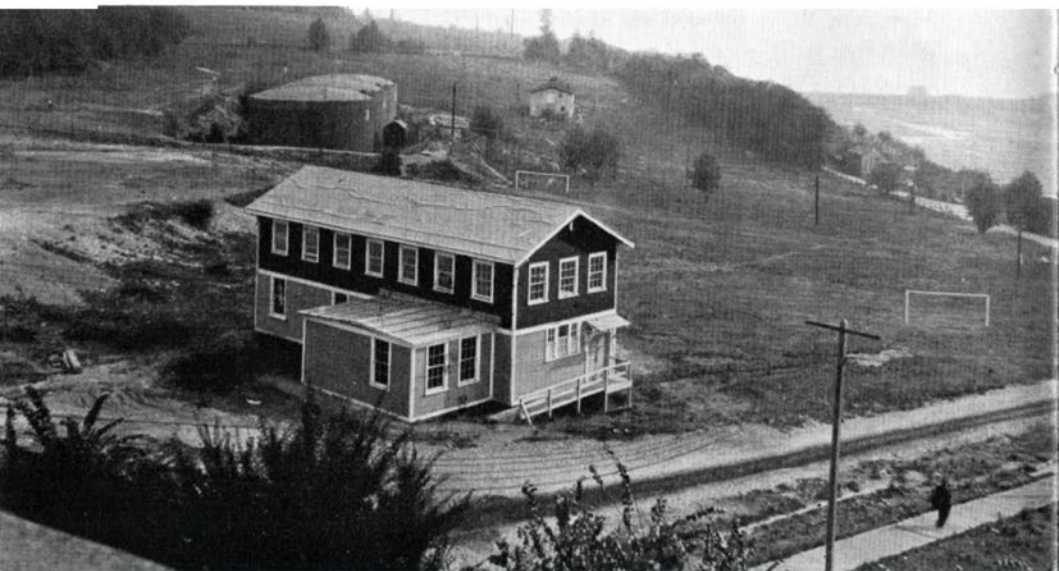
While shipping is not so plentiful today as it was a few years ago, most of you have seen a few modern freighters docking at the company wharves. With this in mind, turn the page over carefully and look at the graceful lines of a full-rigged sailing barque unloading machinery at the dock—quite a different dock, too!

Around about the time these pic-

tures were taken, Powell River's population was not about 1000. There was no Westview, no Wildwood, no Cranberry, and not too much of Powell River. There were about 250 tons of newsprint being manufactured in the plant, against over 700 today.

Perhaps these few glimpses of Now and Then will interest you. Perhaps you will feel Powell River is a pretty

Same view twenty years ago, showing Powell River's first soccer field, now used to house Number 7 Paper Machine.





Home of Powell River's first customer on this continent, the "Vancouver Daily Province," Vancouver, B. C.

years later that staunch Puget Sound daily, the *Bellingham News*, joined the ranks, followed in 1923 by the well-known paper and publishing house, Carter, Rice & Company Corporation. The *Seattle Buyers' Guide*, customers since 1929, completes the list of Washington customers who, for ten or more consecutive years, have used Powell River newsprint.

Texas and the Southwest

The Lone Star State of Texas has long enjoyed close ties with Powell River, officially and unofficially. Over the years, many Texas editors, publishers and pressmen have visited Powell River, have liked our townsites, liked our climate, and found both our fishing and newsprint good. Several Powell River executives have enjoyed Texan and Southwestern state hospitality, and the recent visit of our pipe band to this area, forged closer the bonds of friendship that have existed for so many years.

In the past twenty years many famous Texas dailies have used and are still using Powell River products. For eighteen years those powerful Hous-

ton journals, the *Houston Chronicle* and *Houston Post* have turned out their news on our paper; so, too, have the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, the *Amarillo Globe-News*, the *El Paso Post*, the *San Antonio Express* and the *Wichita Falls Times*—all strong, influential city and state journals. Other old friends are the *Temple Telegram* (1927), the *Lubbock Avalanche Journal* (1928), and the *El Paso Times* (1931).

In other Southwest states leading state journals are numbered among our steady and long-term customers. These include the *Phoenix Republic and Gazette* (1930), the *Colorado Springs Gazette and Telegraph* (1927), the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* (1927), *Okmulgee Times*, *Okmulgee, Oklahoma* (1928), the *Tulsa World*, *Tulsa, Oklahoma* (1931).

California, which in recent years has taken increasing shipments of Powell River paper, has one of our very old and close friends, the *San Francisco News*, who have used our newsprint for 22 years. We have watched the *News* grow in power and



Two of Powell River's famous paper-carrying covered barges approach the wharf for another cargo of newsprint.

IN SILHOUETTE, their gray-white outlines clearly visible offshore, the picture on this page shows two of Powell River's famous covered barges entering port.

As newsprint carriers, Powell River's newsprint-carrying barges are well known to shipping men and newsprint publishers.

Since the war and the unavoidable curtailment of shipping space, new and more intensive demands have been made on these newsprint carriers. Fortunately, construction of additional barges, before and shortly after the start of the war, had anticipated later restrictions, and today the Powell River Company is able to make daily

Our Covered Barges Are On The Job

Newsprint Deliveries to Rail Centres Regular and Assured

For many years, as subsidiary carriers, they have transported a considerable portion of our newsprint over the eighty-mile stretch of water between Powell River and Vancouver. Regular deliveries of newsprint were made thrice weekly, and the stout and special construction of these barges assured safe and undamaged delivery of newsprint at Vancouver rail or ship-loading points.

Shipments of newsprint via covered barge.

Such shipments, with the disappearance of most of the regular Pacific Coast shipping fleet, are now sent by rail from Vancouver to many points in the United States—a more expensive method, but offering a guarantee of steady and uninterrupted deliveries. These barges are now able, if necessary, to carry practically the

entire output of the plant to strategic rail centres.

The safety and stout qualities of Powell River carriers are well known, and the question of damaged rolls or spoiled paper seldom, if ever, enters the picture.

Shipping by far the major portion of our output to Vancouver via covered barge, for trans-shipment by rail, is not the best or the most economical way of handling our entire tonnage.

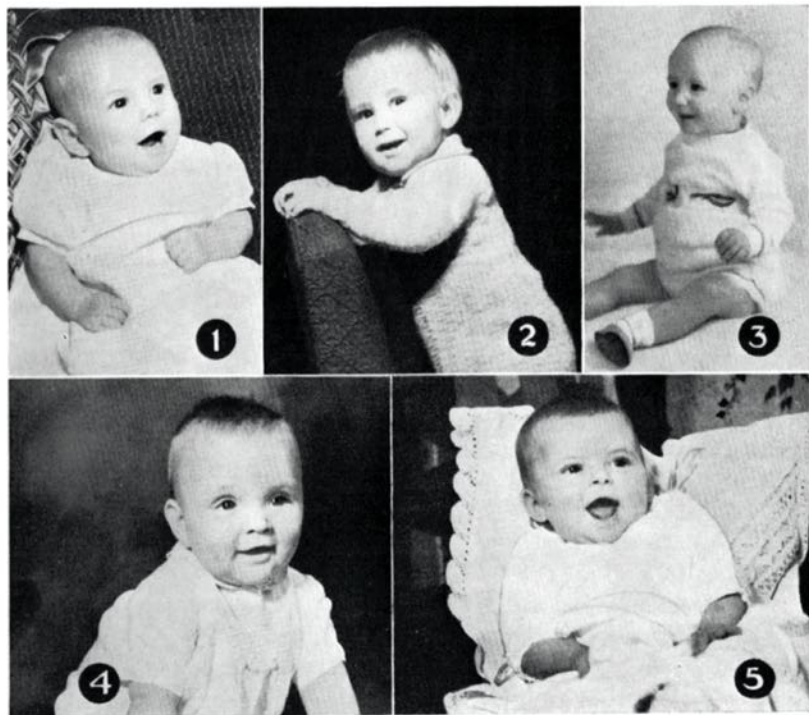
But war and orthodox economy do not go together. Delivery of goods is the important thing today.

And with its fleet of covered barges Powell River can deliver the goods, without interruption or delay.

Farmer Jones: "I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."

Farmer Blake: "Yes, I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night."

Powell River Children



1. Donald Alexander McLean. 2. Clarence Robert Cunningham, 3. Robin Eric Dingwall.
4. David Morris. 5. Shirley Ann Muryn.



George Ewing



Jack Carruthers



Bill Emerson



Bruce Patte



Fred Pittcross



Sergt. "Mert"

On Active Service

More Local Boys Arrive Overseas;
Others Go to Eastern Fronts,
Denny Green Married

FEARLY in May, another large contingent of Canadian fighting men reached Britain to join other Canadians training and straining for the day they will meet the Hun on the battlefields of Europe.

Powell River was well represented in this latest contingent. Among the Air Force group were Sergeants Frank Nello Jr., W.A.G. Reggie Gaudet, Pilot Officers Bruce Hopkins, Willie Gilmour, Frank Mannion and possibly several others.

In the infantry formations sent overseas to form Canada's fifth division on active service, was the Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles (D.C.O.R.) from Vancouver. At least five Powell River boys crossed the pond with the "Dukes." These include Capt. Eric Barlow, Corporal Jimmie Stapleton,

Privates Ewert Hassell, D. Monsell, Fred Mitchell, J. Ozavitsky. Other local lads, Artillerymen, Ordnance, Army Service, are disappearing and reappearing in the Old Land. To date about 140 of our boys are serving overseas.

Old soldiers look with no little degree of envy on the ground covered by these modern crusaders of ours. Tommy Gardiner, our lacrosse and basketball star, spent a glorious ten days' leave in London and way points with an officer of the Australian forces.

Several weeks later Tommy turns up in Cairo, along with Sergt.-Obs. Harry Cooper and Sergt. Robin Leese. Both boys visited Cape Town en route, and they have already travelled more than half the distance

around the globe. Cpl. Dick Leese, Robin's brother, has for a long while been stationed with the R.A.F. at a Western African port.

Scores of our boys, operating from Eastern and Western Canadian ports, are at sea in destroyers, corvettes, minesweepers and escort vessels. Scores have braved dangers of Atlantic convoy duty, have been attacked by submarines and bombed by enemy planes. Last month Jack Carruthers, son of our late general superintendent, Harry Carruthers, was home on leave after convoy duty in the Atlantic. In an Eastern Canadian port, Jack met Pilot Officer Willie Gilmore and Lieut.-Col. Arthur Sutton, former government agent in Powell River. Col. Sutton, on special duty,



Alan Todd discusses a problem with the O. C. Photographic Department.

has crossed the Atlantic at least half a dozen times with convoys. In London, Col. Sutton met Sergt. BattlemacIntyre.

In this, as in all wars, romance still flourishes. Latest Powell Riverite to join the ranks of the Benedicts is Capt. Denny Green, of the Second Canadian Scottish Regiment. Capt. Green was married in Victoria in May, and has been the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes from friends in Powell River.

Press despatches state that since the war, over 4000 Canadians have been married overseas. This, to our local girls, alarming situation, has not spread extensively to the Powell River boys—yet. Norman Hill and Len Taylor have taken English brides, and a few of the other boys are nibbling at the bait. But so far, Powell River's contribution to the overseas marriage market has been gratifyingly small.

(Continued on Page 13)

FLIGHT-SERGT. "SHADOW" BROOKS

The death in action of Flight-Sergt. Lucien "Shadow" Brooks over Malta last month cast a shadow over the entire district. One of the finest athletes in the district, a gentleman on and off the field, "Shadow's" death was widely mourned, and the hundreds of cards of sympathy received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brooks, were testimony of the esteem in which he was held.

Flight-Sergt. "Shadow" Brooks paid the supreme sacrifice while leading his flight in offensive action against the enemy. In Powell River we have seen "Shadow" leading many offensive actions against rival lacrosse squads, and somehow we feel that is the way "Shad" would have wished to go—in offensive action against the enemy.

A pre-war view of the entrance to Honolulu Harbor, home of the Honolulu "Star-Bulletin," one of Powell River's older friends and customers.



A SATISFIED customer is the best advertisement." This is an old and popular slogan, but it is still a front-line business truism.

As producers of newsprint we in Powell River may feel that over a 32-year period we have made many friends and gained many satisfied customers. Today, exclusive of our Australian, New Zealand and other far eastern customers, there are well over twoscore consumers of newsprint, who have been satisfied users of Powell River newsprint for uninterrupted periods ranging from ten to twenty years.

When construction activities were nearing a close in 1911, the question of disposal of our initial output had already been studied and solved. Up to this period, not a single ton of newsprint had been produced in British Columbia, and western publishing houses brought in supplies either from the United States or from Eastern Canada.

Powell River produced its first roll of newsprint in 1912. With the assurance of a steady and uninterrupted future supply, with easy transportation to the major coast centres, most of British Columbia's daily papers be-

came or were soon to become consumers of Powell River newsprint.

B. C. Dailies

Some time ago Mr. Frank Burd, former managing director of the *Vancouver Province*, jocularly stated that his purchases of Powell River newsprint over the years entitled him to consider himself a part owner of the Powell River Company. Mr. Burd had the historical records on his side, for the *Vancouver Province* was the first newspaper on this continent to contract for regular deliveries of our newsprint. The contract was made in 1911, and for nearly 31 years the presses of this famous British Columbia daily have hummed with Powell River newsprint.

Other large and small B. C. dailies, following expirations of their contracts, swung over to the new British Columbia industry. In 1913 the *Victoria Times* and the *New Westminster Columbian* joined the Powell River family, followed in 1914 by the *Nelson News*. In this same period those pioneer Vancouver paper houses, Smith, Davidson & Wright, the Columbia Paper Company, and Barber-Ellis Ltd., entered the fold, along with the *Victoria Colonist*. In

1920 the *Vancouver Sun*, inheritors of the business and tradition of the old *Vancouver World* and *News-Advertiser*, placed its name officially on the Powell River roll. With the *Sun* in the family, all of B. C.'s major dailies were, and have been since, regular Powell River customers. In 1926 two well-known hinterland dailies, the Kamloops *Sentinel* and the Prince Rupert *Daily News*, started

Lethbridge *Herald* and the Medicine Hat *News* rounded out the beginnings of our long association with the publishing houses of Alberta.

Washington

Immediately across the international border is British Columbia's closest American neighbor, the State of Washington. It is a state that most British Columbians know well, and in

They Like Our Newsprint

Scores of Publishers Have Used Powell River Products For Many Years

the first of a consecutive 16-year period with Powell River newsprint.

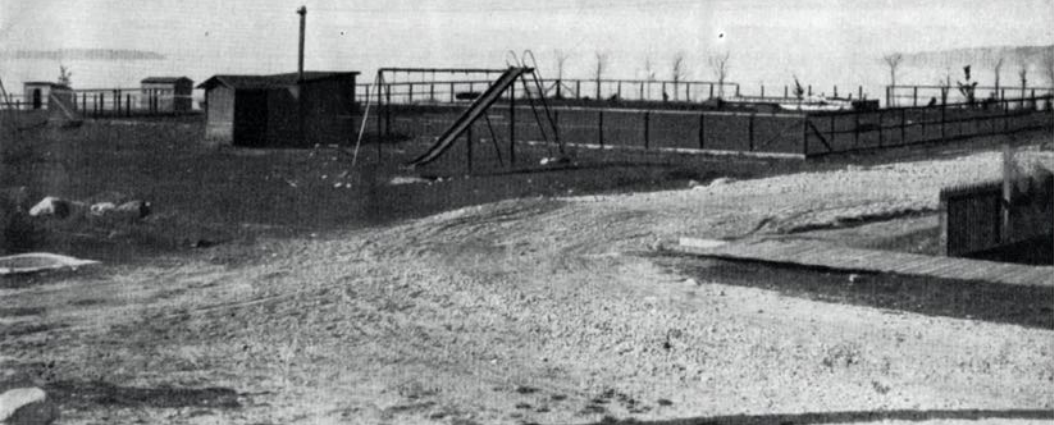
Alberta Customers

Some of Powell River's oldest and best Canadian friends are in the Province of Alberta. As early as 1913, before No. 3 and No. 4 machines were in full production, the Calgary Morning *Albertan*, the Edmonton *Journal* and the Calgary *Herald* contracted for regular deliveries of Powell River newsprint, deliveries that have continued without interruption for 29 years. In 1916 the Edmonton *Bulletin*, and in 1920, the

which they have many friends. Powell River's association with this great Northwest state carries back over a 28-year period to 1914, starting just after No. 4 machine came into production. Our first and oldest Washington customer is Seattle's great daily, the *Seattle Times*, long a potent force in the progress and development of the state. A year later the Tacoma *News Tribune*, well known Puget Sound daily, followed Seattle's lead. In 1920 the Tacoma *Times* and Seattle *Star* started on a 22-year journey with Powell River newsprint. Two

Main plant of the Seattle "Times," corner Fairview and John Streets, Seattle. The "Times" has been a steady customer of Powell River since 1914.





the Bowling Green as it appeared before the present Tennis Courts were installed and as it "lived" in the early Twenties.

stable place, and that it has enjoyed a steady and prosperous growth over the years.

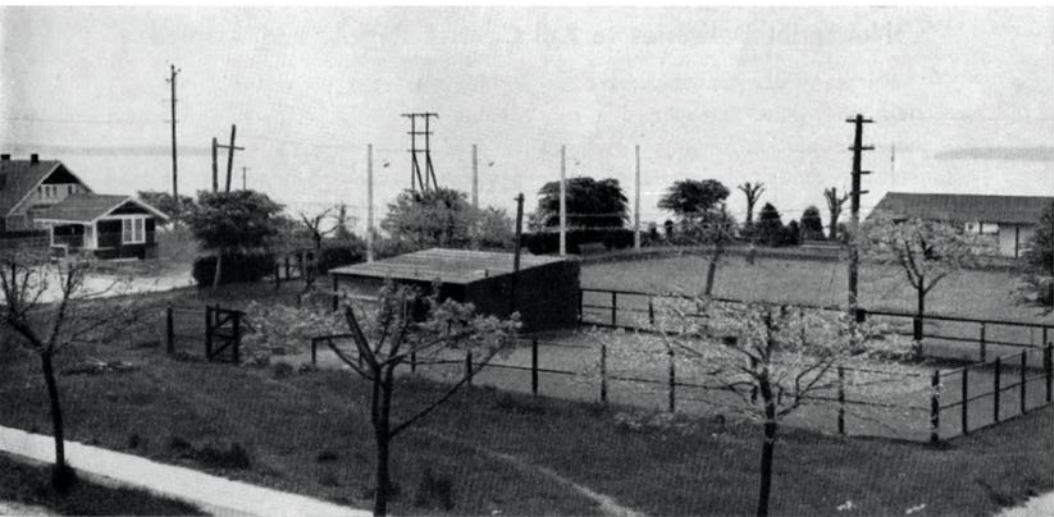
Baseball and lacrosse were the big summer games, then and now, and big crowds turned out to watch the local favorites play. Baseball and lacrosse are starting again this year, and some good games are in prospect for the summer evenings. It isn't big league stuff, but it's scrappy and competitive, as it was in the old days when these pictures were taken.

Arthur Passes

All old soldiers around town are mourning the passing of Arthur Woodward. A good, sturdy chap was Arthur. He mixed drinks by the hogshead at the annual Service Stag; he took in all the boxing and wrestling bouts; was always ready for a minor or major free-for-all.

Now he is raising chrysanthemum seeds in little pots that wouldn't hold one decent rum issue—the big sissy!

The Powell River Lawn Bowling Green as it appears today.



influence during this period of progress and development. Another old California friend is the Oakland *Tribune*, largest and most influential of the Bayshore dailies (1931).

In this brief review, which has included only customers of ten or more years, we have left, for final and honorable mention, two famous dailies—not large, as great metropolitan dailies go, but, in their respective fields, perhaps more influential and powerful than many of their larger metropolitan brothers. Both of these dailies are today within the Pacific war zone, and both have seen the Pacific war theatre from inside, or close to the inside.

One of Powell River's first customers, after our first two machines entered production in 1912, was the *Western Pacific Herald*, of Suva, Fiji. Its editor, Mr. Alport Barker, is a well-known figure on the Island and has paid several visits to Powell River. Today Suva is in the vital Pacific war zone and ships, great and small, liners and men-of-war, slide in and out of its harbor.

When the Jap struck at Pearl Harbor on December 7, one of the busiest centres in Honolulu was the news and editorial rooms of the Honolulu *Star Bulletin*. Here, under the supervision of editor and publisher Riley Allen, the *Star Bulletin* sent many of the first despatches of Jap treachery to the world. Since 1919 this powerful force in the business, industrial and community life of the islands has fed

its presses with Powell River newsprint.

To these journals especially, and to all our many friends in Australia, New Zealand and eastern points, who today carry on in the front line of the Pacific:

Good luck and good printing!

The Cover Picture

This month's cover picture, showing, in silhouette, the acid tower and the sulphite plant, after one of the big digesters had just been blown, is by O. J. Stevenson, Lanes' Studio. It is a striking piece of realistic photography.

Work on the new sulphite plant is progressing favorably, and the story will be featured in a coming issue of THE DIGESTER. Production of high-grade pulp for export will continue to be an important factor in the manufacture of pulp and paper products at Powell River.

On Active Service

(Continued from Page 9)

Our contribution to the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps is growing. Already Jeanne Banham and Doris Bailey are in the regular service forces; and in May, Misses Eileen Heavenor, Florence Hembroff and "Jerry" Doran left to take up duties in Eastern Canada.

Total enlistments for Powell River and district are now approaching the 500 mark.

Buy War Savings Certificates



Partial view of Powell River Library. The librarian, Mrs. Miller, stamps a book for a customer. The little girl in front reads one of the children's books.

Use The Library

Current Novels and Latest Periodicals Available to All Employees

Reading room, periodicals and current books available to all.

Among our new employees are many men who enjoy reading, who may like to keep up on current events, enjoy the latest mystery story, or read the newest in current fiction and biography. There are many men of this type who may wish to spend a quiet evening amid pleasant surroundings with a book, periodical or magazine for company.

If so, we recommend a browse around the Powell River Company Library. Possibly some of you may not have found the library and have

been wishing for just such a spot to spend an evening.

You are welcome to drop in the library any afternoon or evening. The library is maintained by the company, primarily for the benefit of employees, but anyone in the district is eligible to join or to take advantage of the reading facilities.

A good supply of selected, modern periodicals is maintained and are on the tables for all to use. Over 3000 volumes are on the library shelves, and a wide variety of the latest novels, fiction and non-fiction, is available.

Any employee can make use of the library facilities. To become a mem-

ber, that is, to take out books, a small initial deposit is requested. This is refunded when the depositor leaves town or decides to discontinue taking out books.

No deposit or membership card of any kind is required to read the periodicals on the table or to look over the books in stock.

The librarian, Mrs. Miller, is willing and anxious to help you in any

way in choosing a book or to outline conditions of membership.

You will find the library a cozy and pleasant spot to while away a dull hour. It is located in the lower floor of Dwight Hall, immediately behind the War Memorial.

The library is open every afternoon, except Wednesday, from 3.30 to 5.30, and every evening, Sundays excepted, from 7 to 9 o'clock.

Around The Plant

The new clothing decrees—zipperless suits, cuffless trousers—are being taken philosophically by local Beau Brummells. Some of the "sun Apollos" are rather hoping the cloth shortage will force the use of shorts by the well-dressed summer man. Here are a few comments, *pro* and *con*, from a cross section of Powell River public.

"Stubby" Hansen, president, Local No. 76: "I favor the economic principle of shorts, and maybe I wouldn't look too bad at that. I have rather nice knees."

Bert Hill, president, Local 142: "I was a bit of a dashing lad in my day, and if 'Stub' can get by on his knees, well, boys, . . ."

Joe Sweeney, multigraph department: "Anybody around here ever seen me in shorts? No doubt the spectacle would bring about a substantial boost in public morale, and probably a substantial boost from the family

foot. You can tell that 'short' stuff to Sweeney!"

Harry Andrews, control superintendent: "The economic principle is all right, but what about the physical principle? To every action there is always an equal and opposite reaction. It's not good chemistry—and my wife agrees."

Colin Johnston: "My ancestors were MacDonalds, and sported as neat a set of bare knees as ever scampered after a Campbell. I have the MacDonald knees. I favor shorts, and Murray Mouat can make anything he wants out of it."

Edith Taylor, department store: "I think shorts should be compulsory."

Eight out of ten housewives: "We are willing to work our fingers to the bone, willing to cut out cosmetics, willing to wear woolly underwear, or the reddest of red flannels, but please, Mr. Controller of Pants, don't make our husbands wear shorts!"



This is how they move logging camps along the B. C. coast. Bunk houses, offices, etc., are built on floats. When a move to a new camp is necessary the whole outfit, camp and machinery, is hitched together and towed away.

The Loggers Carry On

One of the basic and most important among the industries which have built up and maintained the prosperity of British Columbia has been the logging industry. Logs and loggers have long been identified with British Columbia history and business.

Our timber has been shipped to every corner of the globe. The citizens of war-ravaged London know in peace and war its stout building qualities; the men who fly our fighters and bombers into occupied territory or deep in the heart of Germany look to B. C. for the tough, straight-grained spruce that goes into the construction of their planes. The pulp and paper industry of Canada, whose contribution to our government's supply of needed materials is an important factor in Canada's war plan, depends on logs and loggers.

Up and down the B. C. coast, along

rivers, bays and inlets, loggers are working long hours to keep the Empire's supply of raw gold flowing to vital centres and to vital industries. The recent decision of the government to permit an increase in the price of logs was dictated by an appreciation of the logging industry's vital role in our war effort.

The next time you look at a roll of Powell River newsprint, remember the sturdy logger, and the part he plays in keeping this roll, as well as vital timber for an Empire at war, moving.

"Daddy, what are ancestors?"

"Well, I'm one of your ancestors and your granddaddy is another."

"Thanks, Daddy. But why do people brag about them?"

Buy War Savings Certificates.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

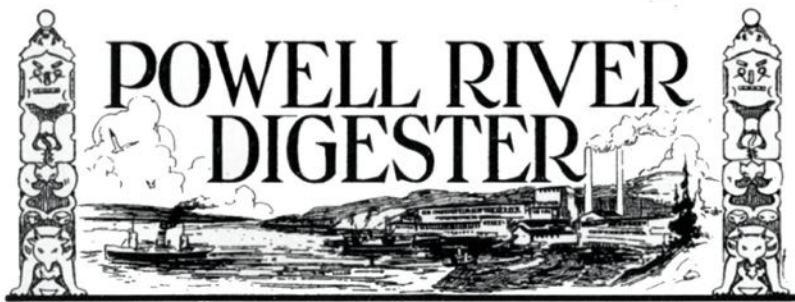


Vol. 18

JUNE, 1942

No. 6





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint, Pulp and Paper Products

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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TO ALL EMPLOYEES:

"1000 British Bombers Raid Cologne." Such was the announcement recently released by the British authorities. Many and varied were the reactions throughout the world. But no matter how a person felt, one immediate reaction must have overshadowed all others, viz., the magnitude of a raid by so many planes; the destructive force of their bomb-loads, and particularly the amount of planning and organization involved.

The announcement had a great significance for Canada. Not only were a thousand Canadians reported to be on the raid, but quite probably many of the planes were manufactured from spruce lumber cut right here in British Columbia. And going even further back, probably the greater portion of this lumber was cut in our own sawmill. Our sawmill is performing a vital service, and it is with pardonable pride we mention that Powell River Company, with Kelley Spruce Limited, are cutting more aeroplane spruce lumber than any other plant on the Pacific Coast.

When Mr. A. S. Nicholson, Timber Controller for Canada, returned from England, he brought a message that aeroplane spruce lumber was one of the most urgently needed commodities in the war effort. Mr. Nicholson recently visited British Columbia to give a word-picture of the part being played by aeroplane spruce lumber and of the urgency for increasing production.

Thus the importance of our output should be fully appreciated by everyone. However, we must go even further, for it is our duty to get the utmost out of our spruce operations. Every board counts, and I am sure no one will fall down on the job.

President.



Typical homes and streets of Powell River. Top to bottom, home of Joe Stephens, Maple Street; impressive front view of Dr. Murison's lawn and garden; houses along Ocean View; homes along Maple Street.

Due to the terraced hillsides that rise directly above the blue waters of Malaspina Straits, rockery construction is a favorite pastime with many local gardeners, particularly along parts of Ocean View and Willow streets.

Rockery construction is an elastic art or science. There are no hard and fast rules governing set-up, floral displays or contours.

There are rockeries like Eddie Tapp's masterpiece. This process demands that one project himself back into the Stone Age, assume the role of a super Alley Oop and haul or manhandle the largest boulders in the area a distance of anywhere from one to three miles. Then, after dumping them, or having someone else dump them in the backyard, the Eddie Tapp "Rockerists," by a series of movements and contortions transplanted straight from the Stone Age, set them in place. The effect is striking—so striking that staunch souls like Gordon Jones or Murray Mouat, wonder what life in a concentration camp would be like with Eddie in charge of rockery construction.

THE following pages show something of our townsite in early summer — our gardens, streets, homes and recreational facilities. Despite the off-again on-again Finnegan type of weather that has featured this June — and every other June for the past three years — our homes and gardens look rather nice, even if we do say it ourselves.

There is, for example, our rockeries.

Bob Allsopp opposes the Tapp or Stonehenge theory of rockeries. A lumberman, Bob realizes a certain minimum of cut and thrust is necessary in the business—so he cuts a series of four steps into the backyard slope, builds them up with a bunch of stout spruce timbers, tosses in a few pebbles to add realism:—and, presto,

Around The Townsite In June

We Discuss Rockeries—

you have the Allsopp or Lumberman's Rockery. "This," Bob states, "eliminates Druidism, an out-of-date cult, brings into play modern ingenuity and makes use of a staple B. C. product."

Then there is the Classical or Gaitskell Rockery, typified by High School Art Teacher Dudleigh Gaitskell. This is a tricky set-up, in which Renaissance and 18th Century history blend with the best of the moderns. No clashing of color here, no harsh over-bright or unduly subdued tones. Classical correctness, combined with modernity, is the keynote. Color shades blend insensibly—the whole harmonizing with classical precision and modern elasticity. This suggests the delicate touch, the master stroke, the power of mind over brawn—until you wonder where in heck all those boulders came from—and you are assailed with the horrible thought that perhaps Dudleigh dragged them there himself, without the aid of Renaissance history or classical background—just the same way Eddie Tapp got his.

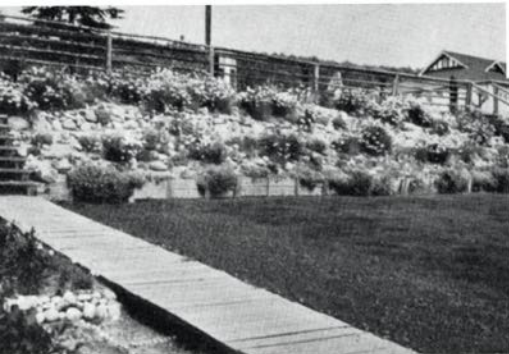
Another common Rockery is the Rabelesian or Sweeney Rockery. This is built largely under the force of neighborly example. It consists of frantically grabbing the first available piece of rock, throwing it in the backyard, dashing a few shovelfuls of dirt over top, and desperately hurling any and all kinds of seed into the hodge-podge. When in full bloom, this type



A familiar sight to all residents is Mr. Rupert D. Lyons, father of Dr. O. O. Lyons. Mr. Lyons, now aged 89 years, is one of our most enthusiastic gardeners.

combines the precision of the classical, the elasticity of the moderns, the delightful uncertainty of the unknown, the joy of the scientist, watching a new element come to light, and, finally, the d—d thing's finished, and I hope that guy next door comes down with gardener's cramp. All in all, a soul-satisfying creation, the Sweeney Rockery.

But whatever the type, the rockeries of Powell River have brought more than a touch of distinction to townsite architecture. They are sources of interest to visitors and a source of sheer pride and admiration to many husbands, whose contribution has been, for the most part, pride and admiration.



And Also Do a Little Bragging

The Townsite of Powell River seems pretty far north to many of our friends from the South. There is, among the uninitiated, a slight tendency to think in terms of "North of 53", with plenty of ice and snow heaved in for company.

This sentiment is excusable, particularly from our friends in the South. But even our friends in Vancouver, in moments of lofty self-esteem, entertain similar ideas. It is on such occasions that the Powell River home-towner grows positively belligerent, and begins to do some talking about the old home-stead—as we are about to do.

Powell River is situated in latitude $49^{\circ} 51''$ N. and longitude $124^{\circ} 33''$ W., which locates us on any school boy atlas. And when Vancouver talks climate to us, we retort by saying that our annual rainfall ($34.14''$) is far less than their yearly average. Which brings up the corollary that we also have more sunshine. The mean temperature is 51° and the mean humidity 74.7° .

That finishes our statistics for the day. We just present these figures to demonstrate that we live in a mild, equitable land, undisturbed by sharp climatic distinctions. Summer temperatures seldom run above 82° —and when it's that high up here, it's hot. For the past three years we have had practically no snow. For two consecutive years snow was non-existent. We had about ten days of it this year, along with about the same period of

Some typical Powell River Rockeries. Top to bottom: Mrs. H. Simons, 1095 Ocean View; R. H. Simmonds, 1001 Ocean View; Fred Woram, 901 Ocean View. Bob Allsopp, 991 Ocean View (under construction).



rdon Menzies Sergt.-Pilot Nick Stusiak

AS summer swings under way and the Axis war of nerves starts slipping into reverse gear, the faint rumblings of events to come are heard. The ability to hold the initiative on all fronts, to play

preparations the Canadian Army Overseas — and hundreds of Powell River boys — will be dealing out the cards.

It is doubtful if there exists in the world today a more compact, hard-hitting, better-trained, or more enthusiastic force than the Canadian Army Overseas. Letters from the boys overseas confirm these impressions. Bill Holden of the 9th Armored Regiment writes that the present training pace is worse than a week's parade drill with the Coldstream Guards. Charlie Robson, who saw action in the last war, tells us the toughest bayonet training of that era was

On Active Service

About Training and "Attractions" and Other Things

the game of war with marked cards, to nonchalantly call the next turn—these advantages no longer are exclusive property of the Hun and Jap. The United Nations are in the game now with plenty of chips behind them. Preparations to play their hands wide open are in progress—and in these

child's play to what the lads are going through today. "Hell," Charlie snorted, "they even fire live ammunition at you, explode real bombs on your tail, fire at you with planes—and then tell you to whistle "Tipperary," "It's a Lovely War!"

Dave Jack, with the posh Sea-



A.B. "Hank" Carruthers



L.A.C. Arthur McPhalen



Sergt. S. Blondin



A.B. Andy Bartfai



oberts



oclan



oberts

With Our Sport Leaders

Summer months, with their long daylight-saving hours, are a joy to our outdoor boys, girls and round-waisted older boys of sporting blood. Baseball, lacrosse, tennis, bowling, golf, swimming, etc., hope to swing into their stride as they eagerly await the exit of an unfriendly, spasmodic June.

And while the sporting clan strains at the leash, here's a quick look at a few of the lads who direct their activities.

* * *

Baseball

Powell River's oldest sport, the diamond pastime, is ruled this year by four hard-working baseball enthusiasts, Earl Dore, Bill and Sam Roberts and Bob Cochlan. If you want to play ball, if you have any ideas on how it should be played, just contact any one of these four. They are the moguls, and have put in all of their waking, and a good part of their sleeping hours into bringing the old ball game back.

* * *

Lacrosse

Scrappy Fred Pullen, with wily Lew Griffiths for secretary, and cagey Jim Dunlop as vice-president, direct the destinies of the gutted stick game. They have three smart teams lined up, Home Gas, Kelley Spruce and Westview, and the boys are now playing at the Oval, Thursdays and Sundays. Old-timers, these three, who have played all games and managed baseball, track, basketball, lacrosse and soccer teams for years.

* * *

Lawn Bowling

Debonair Ted Bertram leads the biased pellet-tossers, in what looks like a first-class season. Male membership is around 60, with a steadily increasing female clientele turning out in the Bertram pastures. Ted is an all-round athlete—and getting rounder every day, finally joined the bowling club, to swap yarns with rotund veterans Bill Parkin and Joe Loukes. (Ben Randall is heading that way, too.)



Fred



Ted Be

Tennis

Scrappy Pete MacKenzie, with the assistance of diplomatic George Wood, has the racquet game in good shape. Membership is increasing—and the club is making special efforts to increase its junior membership. Interest is reported as high, and the boys are looking ahead to a successful season. No initiation fees.

These are some of the boys who are keeping sport alive in the old homestead. It's hard work, all gratis, and it's worth a big hand. Health, gang!

Buy War Savings Certificates

Scrap rubber collected in the recent Red Cross salvage drive.

Salvage Campaign Carries On

Scrap Collections Substantial and Steady

members have been active in the districts.


The Cranberry district, with Fred Morrow, Charlie Garrett and Herb McSavaney leading the charge, were especially successful, and a huge salvage dump, including everything from baby-bottle nipples to junked automobiles, was hauled away.

In Wildwood, Ed Mannion and his co-workers did a fine job; in West-view, Harvey Coomber lead the salvage forces in a very successful raid.

The campaign for scrap goes steadily on—and Powell River, to date, has made many and important contributions to Red Cross headquarters.

So you're in business for yourself, eh?

Yes, but don't tell my boss.



Here is a small but vital part of the scrap collected in Powell River in recent months.

Collections which are under the supervision of the Red Cross have been made regularly, and much valuable material has been salvaged for our war needs. The Canadian Legion has assumed a leading role, and its

View of Powell River, taken from top of the Department Store, showing Second Street and mill buildings in background.



We Re-design and Install a "New" Band Mill Wheel

Several weeks ago Harry Todd, legal expert of our Vancouver office, heard that the Barnet Mills in Vancouver were discarding an old Band Mill Wheel. Harry also knew that our mechanical department at Powell River had such a wheel on order, and that, due to war-time difficulties, the new wheel had not arrived. Someone pointed out to him that this wheel had been originally on a Clark head rig—and that at Powell River they have a Diamond Head rig.

This didn't phase Harry—rigs were rigs and wheels were wheels, so he promptly contacted mechanical superintendent Ross Black. Ross made a trip to Barnet, found the 10-foot wheel was just our size, purchased it second-hand, and shipped it to Powell River.

At Powell River, Ross, Art Gardiner, Tony Chiarcossi and other experts immediately set about the business of adapting the old wheel on a Diamond Head rig. This involved the unusual and resourceful job of re-designing the shaft for a Timpken bearing—an operation that was successfully concluded—and which Ross Black modestly calls "a darn fine job."

The re-designing of this old Band Wheel is another instance of the resource and ingenuity that is forced on the industry by war shortages and scarcity of material. Throughout the plant many similar installations are being made: old equipment is being



Ross Black, mechanical superintendent (right), and Tony Chiarcossi, stand beside the big 10-foot band mill wheel, renovated to fit local requirements. Below is the shaft, re-designed by our machine shop crew.

re-designed and new methods and processes successfully initiated.

Mac Joins Air Force

Among the latest recruits to the R. C. A. F. is Pilot Officer R. C. MacKenzie of the Traffic Branch. As former chief of the Sales and Shipping Department, Mac is well known in Powell River.

Pilot Officer MacKenzie, who gained a majority and a D.S.O. serving with the 14th Battalion, C. E. F., is attached to the Intelligence Branch. His experience and executive ability should prove extremely valuable to the R. C. A. F. and to his country.

For our next issue we are promised a snappy picture of P.O. MacKenzie in full battle dress.

New Sulphite Burner Replaces Old Installation

Modern Equipment Improves
Working and Operating
Conditions

HARVEY COOMBER and Jack Smith are walking around with smiles more smug than usual of late. The chief reason for these satisfied leers centres around the installation recently of the new sulphite burner.

Harvey and Jack have been burning acid for quite a number of years around the old homestead—and were rather fond of their burning equipment—until the new burner and combustion chamber were tossed into their respective laps.

The burner and combustion chamber, which is part of the new sulphite plant equipment, replaces the existing equipment of four burners and chambers. The burner is 5½ feet in diameter and 14 feet long. Each of the four old burners were 3 feet by 8 feet.

The replacement of the four original burners by a single cylinder brings



The new sulphite burner and combustion chamber, which replaces the old unit of four burners seen below.

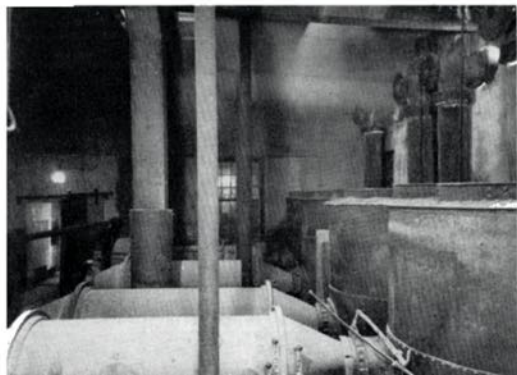
many advantages. It assures improved and increased production, provides better and more healthy working conditions for the acid burners, and is one of the most up-to-date installations on the continent.

The burner and combustion chamber room is light, well ventilated and comfortable—a vast improvement over the original installation.

Provision has been made for a new melting tank, from which the melted sulphur will be pumped direct to the burner.

It's the S. D. Brooks Now

The Kingcome Navigation tug *St. Faith*, which has been connected with Powell River Company operations since 1926, has been re-named the *S. D. Brooks*, in honor of S. D. Brooks, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Powell River Company. "S. D." was connected with logging operations of the company in the early days, and throughout the years has kept close contact with, and a personal interest in, the logging end of operations. It is eminently suitable that our largest log-towing tug should carry the name of S. D. Brooks on her prow.



The Cover Picture

In keeping with our special Town-site Home and Garden issue for June, our cover picture this month shows one of the many gardening hobbies of Powell River residents. Harold Vandervoort, wandering around on a special feature hunt, caught Joe Stephens lovingly feeding the goldfish in his backyard lily pond. The lily pond is a feature of several local horticultural experts, but few, outside of Joe, have had the temerity to feature "goldfish" with the lilies.

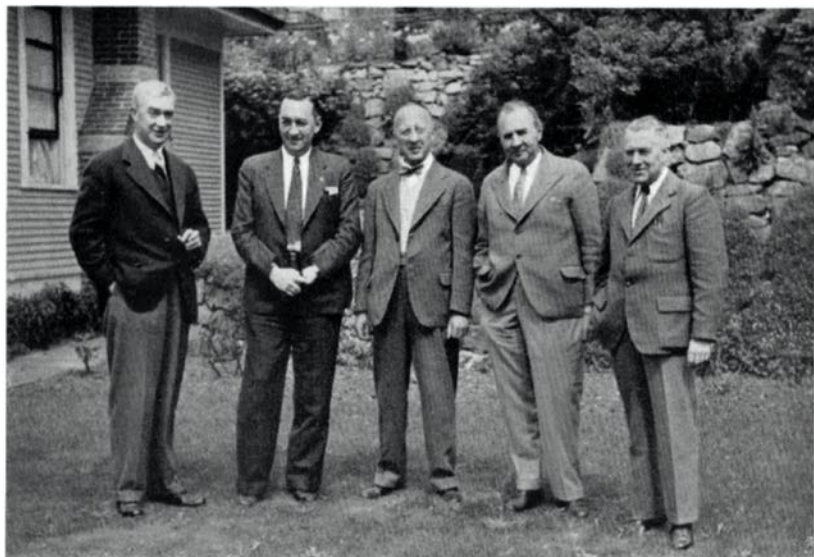
We hope the sight of these luscious beauties so close to home will not conjure up any pit-lamping visions before Dave Evans, Walter Snyder or other Rod and Gun Club enthusiasts.

The Reserve Unit

As we go to press, the local committee is pressing the military authorities for immediate action, directed towards putting the company into training. Following authorization of the unit, and the successful completion of recruiting, volunteers, as well as committee, are anxious to start training.

The Powell River Company will be attached to the D. C. O. R.'s, British Columbia's oldest military unit. It is hoped there will be no further delays and that uniform and equipment, and instructors, will be forthcoming at once.

Buy War Savings Certificates



Prominent recent visitors to Powell River were Mr. R. L. Weldon, president, and Mr. A. E. Cadman, secretary, of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. In the group above the visitors are photographed with company officials. R. Bell-Irving, vice-president (left); Russell Cooper, general superintendent; Mr. Cadman, Mr. Weldon and D. A. Evans, resident manager.

below-freezing-point weather. We went down to 15° above zero one day—and the hens stayed inside.

Under such temperate conditions, the gardener is always off to an early start. Powell River residents take a just pride in the maintenance and cultivation of their lawns and gardens, most of which overlook the picturesque islands and waters of the Gulf of Georgia.

In all modesty, we feel that there are few more modern and picturesque spots along the British Columbia coastline.

In gardening, as in other activities, we have our near professionals, our good amateurs, and our enthusiastic amateurs. In the near professional group are stalwarts like Jack Smith, who throws away any potato less than eight inches in diameter, and who can actually grow hard-heads on lettuce; chrysanthemum experts like Harry Andrews and Jim Macindoe and Harold Fleury.

There are all-round artists like Harold Rose and Les Irvine, who lean slightly to roses; Jack Semple, who has never missed a prize in a gardening contest. And you run across chaps like Walt Graham and Joe Stephens, who run to lily ponds as a hobby. Walt has red and white lilies in his pond and Joe has a school of flighty goldfish.

Along Oceanview, the rockeries and front lawns are blooming. Jack Cannelly is rapidly deserting the good amateur ranks. His garden, with its mass of color and variety, has the professional touch; so, too, has Mrs. Simons' (we mean Mrs.!) weedless and



Back, lawn of Joe Stephens, Maple Street home, showing home-made lily pond in the background.

colorful flower emporium, which is illustrative of most of the gardens in that area.

The prize Powell River exhibit—and we think we are on safe ground here—is Dr. Murison's garden display. The riot of color, trimmed lawns and variety and profusion of flowers, makes the doctor's garden a show place of the district.

If we have singled out individual names, they are merely types that illustrate the enthusiasm of hundreds of other Powell River householders. The gardens are looking lovely, ladies and gentlemen, and out goes our neck as we flatly shout that Powell River, in summer, will stand up against the best the Pacific Coast can throw at us.

forths, says the average Canadian private today has to know as much as a major in the last war, and that a sergeant (Dave is a sergeant) is equal to the 1914 brigadier.

And the boys on all fronts continue to move about the country. "Hap" Parker, formerly stationed in the Hebrides, is on his way to the East, which when you come to think of it is a real change. Bob Redhead, on the West Coast, has been transferred to the Eastern Coast for duty on the Atlantic. Martin Naylor is flying with regular R.C.A.F. fighters in Britain.

Meanwhile, at home and abroad, our boys, between training, get around the country. Bill Holden, in his last note, had just returned from a visit

to London. He saw the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace, looked over Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square, made some very pertinent remarks on British girls in general, and British redheads in particular—and on the whole had a very cosmopolitan time.

Scotland, from all accounts, seems to have found favor with the Canadians, and with our boys in particular. Even Geno Bartolussi finds that the attractions of Edinburgh, Glasgow and way points are superior to those of the south. The main attraction seems to be the bright eyes of the Scot lassies. Strange how many letters from the boys mention St. Giles Cathedral, Hollyrood Palace, Princes Street, etc.,

(Continued on Page 15)



How Con Standal views the new styles in men's dress.

Around The Plant

Fred Starts Golf

One of the most inspiring sights we have witnessed in many moons was the recent spectacle of pipe-fitter foreman Fred Woram cutting capers on the golf course. In addition to capers Fred was lustily cutting up a good portion of townsite acreage and creating an air vacuum that could be used very profitably by the Air Ministry. There is a rumor that Fred and Joe McIsaacs are going to stage a special challenge game some time this summer. Local cameramen are straining at the leash.

* * *

The Tapps Are Still Tapping

Many years ago, when those great soccer battles between Elks and Callies raised Sunday temperatures to fever pitch, boss machine tender Wally Tapp was the peer of local net minders.

Today the name of Tapp still stands at the top of our athletic world. Ex-net minder Wally, along with Son Malcolm, reached the semi-finals of the men's two-ball handicaps; Mrs. Tapp and son Malcolm won in the finals of the mixed twosomes; and son Malcolm won the finals of the men's handicap singles. He is also a leading contender for the club championship.

Tapp! Tapp!—and we hope Father Wally meets Son Malcolm in the next competition. Wouldn't Fred Mills like to see that game!

The Beach Is Open

For the benefit of many new employees, who want some real Pacific Coast sunshine and some good swimming, the Powell River Company beach at Westview is now open. Dressing quarters are available, raft and diving-board are in place—and a swimming instructor and lifeguard is in attendance. Take the bus from Powell River or walk along the old logging trail beside the golf course.

* * *

What a Game!

Earl Dore is trying to arrange an old-timers vs. the moderns baseball game soon. He wants Stub and Al Hansen, Vern Saddler, Frank Haslam, Larry Gouthro, Curly Woodward (old-timer, what!) Alec Morris, Frank Flett and lads of similar vintage to give a demonstration.

It will be a demonstration. The overflow crowd will see to that!

* * *

Tight Under the Armpits

And the tailoring business is due for a boom when the local reserve unit gets its first batch of new uniforms. If they ever mix Joe Sweeney's and Dick Linzey's uniform, it's too late for a tailor. One will be smothered and the other strangled to death.

* * *

A Timely Addition

Gordon Thorburn thinks it was very thoughtful of the Sick Benefit Society to furnish a new hospital, just as authorization for the new reserve unit

was made. It's more than thoughtful. It was an inspiration. The first parade will likely be held at Riverside or at the baseball grounds. Where the second one will be held is in the lap of the gods—but, good old hospital!

On Active Service

(Continued from Page 13)

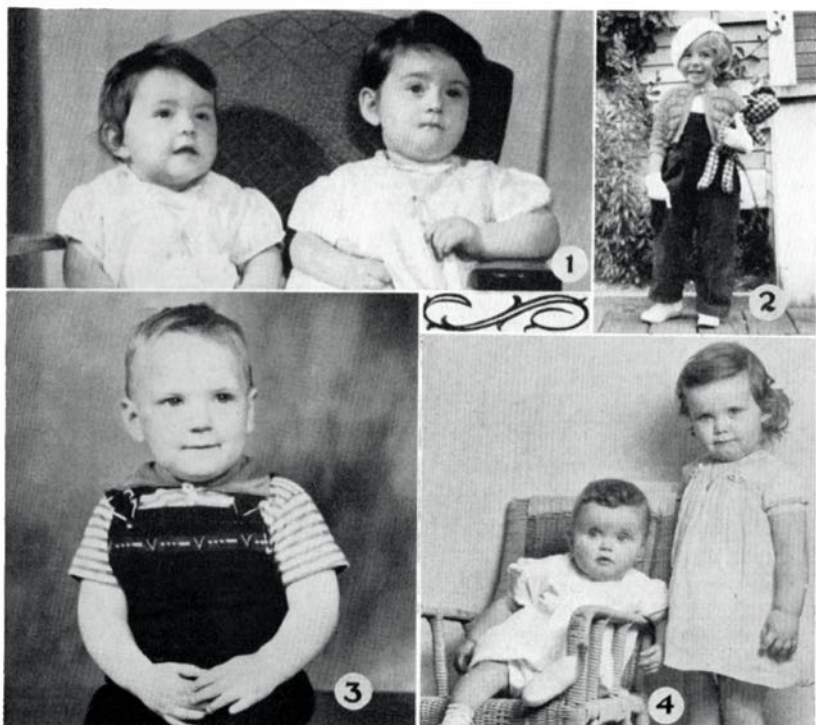
in a couple of lines. Most letters are full of "we" went to a theatre and "we" had lunch at the Scala, "we" walked into the country—a truly beautiful country!

But all armies, in all times, have gone to the theatre, walked in the country and had lunch at the Scala, so our boys are in good company. Meanwhile, they are undergoing some of the stiffest and most rigid training any army has ever been put through.

Keep this in mind, girls, and that kind of training thrives on letters and parcels from the folks back home.

Many a cute little trick gets taken in with a diamond.

Powell River Children



1. Margaret Rose Snow, Mary Elizabeth Snow. 2. Joyce Pullen. 3. James Crooks.
4. Donna McLeod (10 months), Barbara McLeod (22 months).



The Senior Matriculation Class

Thirty-nine Powell River young men and women will graduate from Brooks High School this month. To many of them it means the end of their school days, the beginning of a new era in their lives. Some of these youngsters will carry on to university and higher education; some will take business and special training to fit them for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Some will enter the armed forces of their country—and carry on the traditions and honor of Brooks School in other lands and under other teachers.

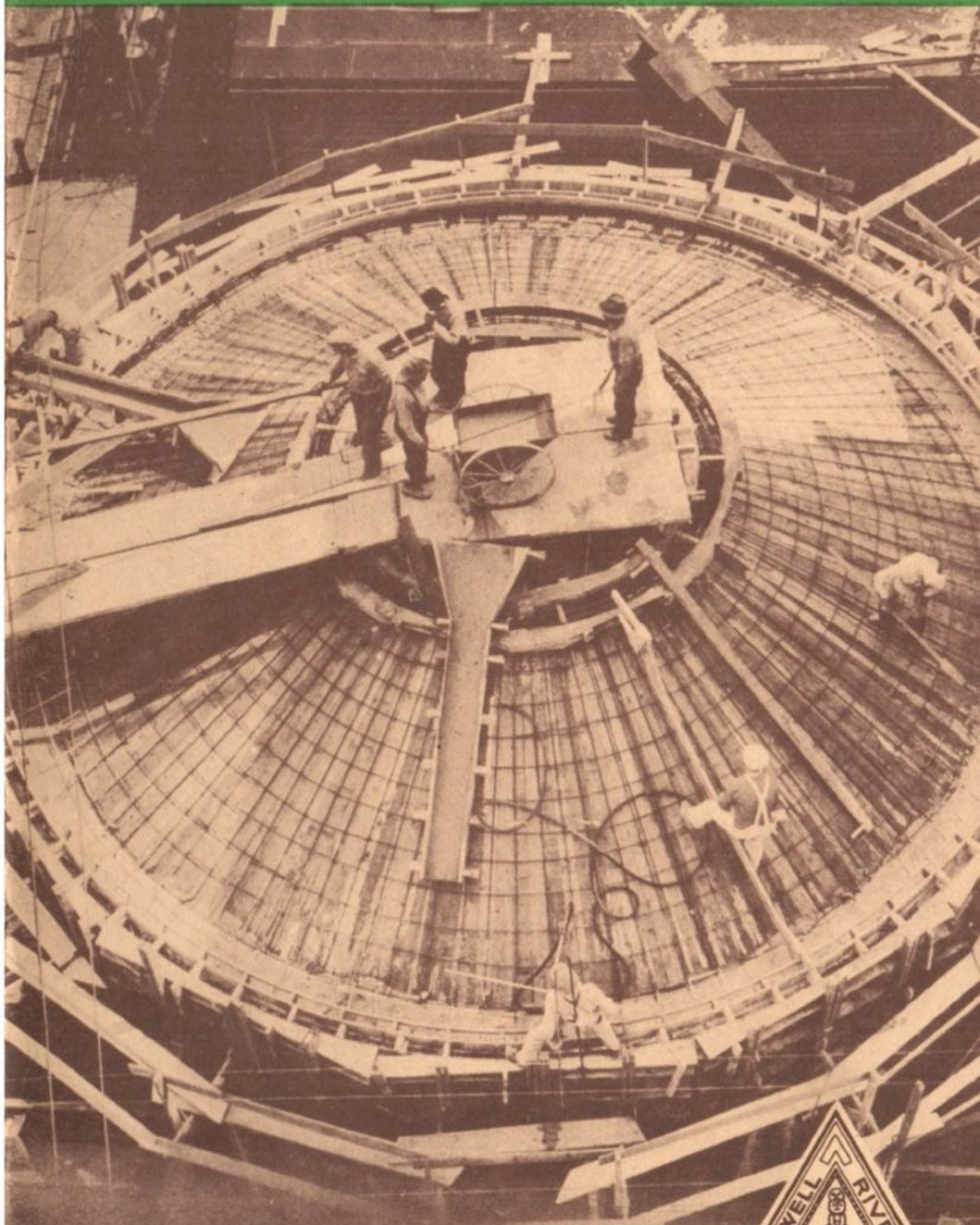
But all will look back on their years of happy association and comradeship in the old school buildings. All will carry happy memories with them. Wherever they go they will not forget the lessons and traditions of the school. They will carry the Brooks torch into their new lives.

THE DIGESTER wishes to extend heartiest congratulations to all members of the Brooks High School Graduating Class—and to wish them good luck, happiness and prosperity for the future.

The Graduating Class



POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

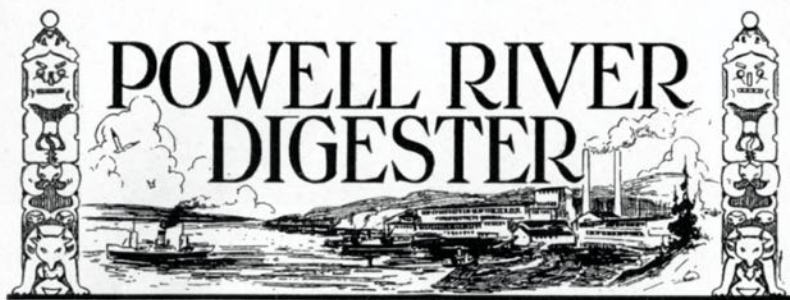


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No. 7





J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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The New Hospital



ON pages 6-9 inclusive of this issue we tell in briefest outline the story of the opening of and the equipment in the new, modern hospital that is today one of the show buildings of Powell River.

Despite the demands of war, nay, even because of them, this building, devoted to the healing of the human body, to the relief of the suffering and the sick, was a necessary piece of construction.

The new hospital, with its wealth of modern equipment, spacious rooms and ample accommodation, will be welcomed by every resident of the district. It will be welcomed in tiny coves and hamlets along a sparsely settled coastline. It will be welcomed by ships at sea, small and large, as a haven of protection for stricken or sick passengers. Its light will be seen far beyond the bounds of our own area.

The Powell River Hospital belongs to Powell River—but its healing influence belongs to all those who seek its help and comfort.



Vegetable gardening has always been rather a popular pastime with Powell River residents. Without drawing the long bow, we could probably establish statistically that our per capita investments in garden truck seeds is well above the B. C. average.

But until now it was still more or less a pastime. Many of our gardeners had the fisherman's complex. The Waltonian likes to fish, but the liking does not necessarily extend to accepting fish as a staple diet. Our gardener loves the chest-swelling exultation that comes of growing a bigger spud than his neighbor; of bragging about his lettuce, his carrots, his spinach—and then probably never eating the blasted stuff. The vegetable garden was largely a problem of horticultural vanity rather than of gastronomical necessity.

Finance Minister Ilsley changed all that. The "Victory Garden" is a very definite and important consideration in the family budget these days. Jack Smith doesn't throw out any more under-sized spuds; there is less open bragging about quality and more emphasis on quantity; less discussion over the evening back fence and more digging; less chest swelling—most gardening chests have sunk to more utilitarian levels.

The vegetable garden runs more to

Some of our Victory gardens. Top (left) Mr. M. Anderson, in one of Powell River's most impressive vegetable compounds, and, right, Mrs. Jack Smith, who is always on the top of the vegetable gardenize-winners. Second from the top is Boss Machine Tender Tom Scott hard at work; immediately low Bert Hill shows what can be done between union meetings. Above is one of the many typical vegetable gardens of Westview.

Victory Gardens Keep Pace With Mr. Ilsley

family co-operation than the lawn or floral garden. The latter is largely an affair of the mind, and most husbands can take it or leave it alone. But the vegetable garden—with the new budget just off the press—is something different. It stabs at the very vitals, wallops you square in the midriff. The delicate tint of rose petals, the delightful aroma of pinks, the miniature grandeur of the multi-colored pansy may be, and possibly are, food for the soul, but what are these when that mighty proletarian roar of "When do we eat?" comes crashing through the kitchen door.

Which is why the co-operative effort is more pronounced in the back than in the front yard. Don't mistake us here. This is not to assume that every husband is out with shovel, rake and puller, nor that all wives are working side by side with hubby in the potato patch. But it does mean that the per capita of gardening effort on the part of our average husband or wife has accelerated.

There is Reg. Baker, for example. He is seriously considering installing a vegetable garden in the future, and that is a mighty forward step. And John Dunlop, despite his duties in connection with the Reserve Unit, was recently observed assisting Mrs. Dunlop in the carrot patch. This is straight revolution. It comes close to a contravention of the Defence of Canada



Renith Knudsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec Knudsen, shows our photographer the brand of potatoes father Alec has grown this year.

Act! Further along the street, Colin Johnston was almost trapped with a rake in his hand; and one keen-eyed observer actually claimed to have caught Walt Graham weeding the cabbages. This, however, is a statement from enemy sources, and is not confirmed by the War Office or Admiralty. The growing scarcity of essential foods has led to the rumor that Jack Menzies and Pete Jack have been planting empty whisky bottles in a corn patch.

These are just straws in the wind of your vegetable gardening atmosphere. Straws, yes—but if the wind catches even one of those straws it shows just what Finance Minister Ilsley has done to Powell River, and why we think our Victory Gardens will compare with the best.



Logging scenes from famous Vancouver Island camps. Above, left-right, are taken at the Pioneer Timber Company's big camp, and show clearly the modern equipment and stout logging roads used in this operation.

With Our Logging Operators

Big Vancouver Island Camps Help Maintain Log Supply

THE camps of Vancouver Island have long been famous in the history of B. C. logging operations. From the big timber tracts in the central and northern sections of this famous island, with their vast softwood reserves, have come much of the raw gold for the industrial life of our province.

Today the robust logging operators of Vancouver Island are still active and still supplying their quota of softwood for the pulp and paper and logging industries of British Columbia.

Our own plant at Powell River is dependent for a considerable portion of its logs on Vancouver Island operators. In this issue, we are able to show glimpses of two well-known

camps from whose limits much of our pulpwood is cut—the North Coast Timber Company, owned by George Milburn, and the Pioneer Timber Company. This latter company is one of the big hemlock and balsam producers.

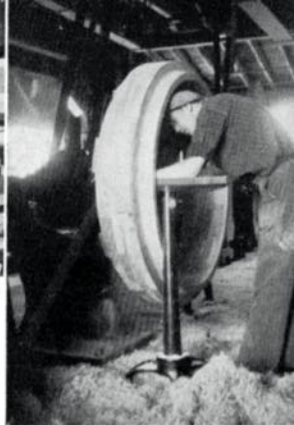
The North Coast and Pioneer Timber companies are streamlined, modern truck logging operations, and the owners have constructed a splendid system of reinforced and graded roads to their operations. Logs are hauled direct to the booming pond and assembled for the comparatively short haul to Powell River.

These two Vancouver Island operations are typical of the hundreds of

(Continued on Page 16)

Some well-known personalities look over logging operations at the Island camps. (1) Harry McQuillan, Superintendent of Pioneer Timber Company. (2) At the operations of the North Coast Timber Company. Harry Grant (left), George Milburn, Dave Stenstrom, George O'Brien and Archie Deland, are photographed on the company bridge over the Quatsi River. In Nos. 3 and 4, Harold Foley and George O'Brien show off other products of Vancouver Island.





Glimpses of the pattern shop and its personalities. On the left is Head Pattern Maker Jack North, all dressed up and somewhere to go. Centre shows Jack among his patterns. On the right is Bert Helland, assistant pattern maker, on a routine job.

The Pattern Shop

Thousands of Patterns Turned Out for Plant Operations

DOWN at the foot of the long Second Street hill, along "Waterfront Row", is an inconspicuous doorway. The millwrights and a few others know it well—but as far as the general mill personnel is concerned, we doubt if one in twenty has even been inside the doors of an important, interesting and highly specialized department of our plant—the Pattern Shop.

If you do walk inside the doors, the first person you will meet is Head Pattern Maker Jack North. Jack's reputation as a pattern maker is more than province-wide—and he is by the way of being a bit of a character in his own right. He has been making patterns for nearly fifty years, loves his trade, loves to talk about it, and loves to teach willing youngsters all the tricks he knows.

Jack has found his willing youngster in his assistant, Bert Helland. Bert is Jack's definition of a "natural". He considers him as a rare specimen to be watched, guarded and guided for twenty-four hours each day. Between

the two they live, eat and sleep pattern making.

Just as a sample of what these two boys turn out—and if Jack isn't one of the boys, our education has been along strange lines—we may mention in passing that today, over 6000 separate patterns are used in the Powell River plant—patterns which embrace every department and every phase of operations.

Just for example, the Pattern Shop has made 930 separate patterns for the old machine room; 481 for the sulphite plant, 400 for the grinder room, over 350 for 5 and 6 machines, the steam plant and barker mills. Over 180 separate pump patterns have been made and scores of others for pipefitters, millwrights and mechanics.

Next time you are around Waterfront Row, drop in and see the boys—and Jack North, with his variety of anecdotes and personal history, is worth a visit any time.

Buy War Savings Certificates.

Some of our recent visitors include Mr. and Mrs. L. Herbert of Los Angeles (top). Centre is a group of Paper Trade Council officers photographed on a visit to Powell Lake. Bottom, Mr. Jerry Shirley, Powell River Sales Co.; Mrs. McGarvey, Miss Fischer, Jack Turvey, Mr. McGarvey.

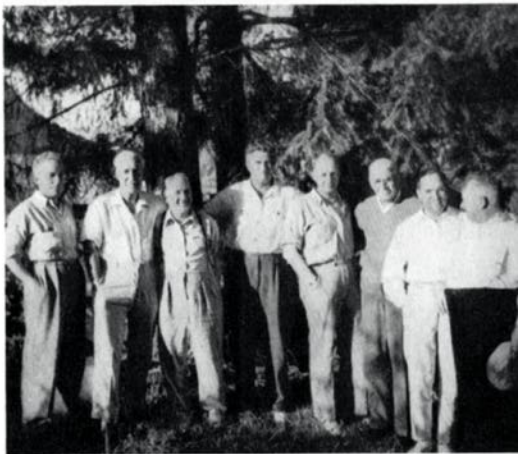
Visitors

War-time restrictions have naturally greatly curtailed the normal flow of summer visitors to Powell River. In pre-war days our visitors' list, drawn from all parts of the world, was impressive. Today our friends in Britain, in the Antipodes, in the Orient, are no longer able to make their usual summer business trips.

However, July has brought many old and new friends from across the border and from various Canadian centres. Among recent visitors were Miss Mildred Fischer, of Blake, Moffitt & Towne, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. McGarvey, of G. F. Steele & Co., New York; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert of Los Angeles, and an old friend, Mr. Milton ("Bill") Bailey, of Bulkley, Duntton & Company. Also included in the month's roll call were a number of representatives of the Paper Trade Council of Vancouver.

The Cover Picture

One could search in vain today for another "shot" of this month's cover picture. This unusual and interesting view was snapped by O. J. Stevenson of Lane's Studio during construction of the accumulator for the new Sulphite building. It is a first-class action picture of construction "up top."



tive effort which had gone into the building of the hospital, stressing the "co-operation between the trades unions, the Society and the Powell River Company."

The hospital was officially opened by Harold S. Foley, President of the Powell River Company, who received the key from Frank G. Gardiner, architect for the contracting firm, Bennett & White Construction Company. Mr. Foley congratulated members of the Society on their efforts, stating that the company was proud to have been closely associated, materially and morally, with the Society since its inception in 1920.

The building was dedicated "for the ministry of healing, to the glory of God" by the Reverend W. J. Clarke of St. Paul's Anglican Church. Father D. P. McCullough of St. Joseph's Church, and the Reverend William Graham of St. John's Union Church followed with brief addresses.

Following the opening ceremony, the building was opened for inspection by the public. Over 1200 residents passed through the doors on the first afternoon and evening. It is estimated that over 3000 people inspected the

premises over the week-end. A special tribute is due here to the registered nurses who acted as guides during two of the busiest days the hospital is ever likely to see. All these volunteers were former Powell River nurses, now married and resident in the district.

Reserve Unit Starts Training

"It ain't the 'eavy 'auling that 'urts the 'orse's 'oofs, but the 'eavy, 'eavy 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway."

The old song of the coster is very much in evidence these days as the 'eavy 'ammer of steel-shod feet shatter the stillness of quiet Powell River evenings and Powell River's reserve unit clomps, clomps its way to the Riverside Oval.

With Sergeant-Major Impett showing the boys how training is under way, and scenes, reminiscent of some of Holywood's best mob scenes are enacted. But the mob aspect is rapidly disappearing, and even the Sergeant-Major, who is not exactly a back-slapper, admits "the lads are coming along."

The Company is now over 150 strong, with Capt. Bill Checkland in command.

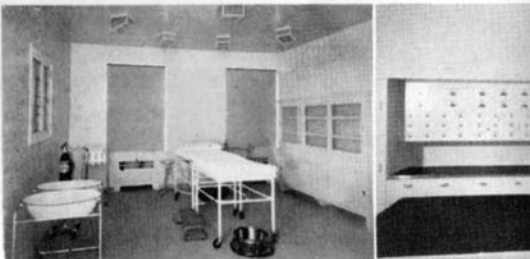
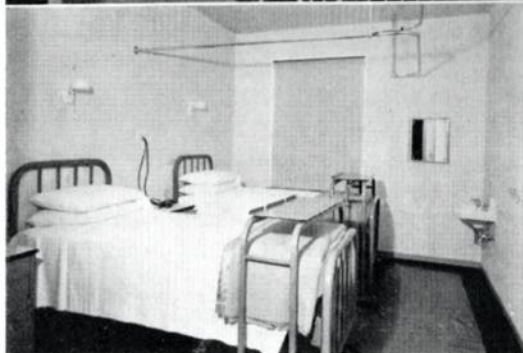
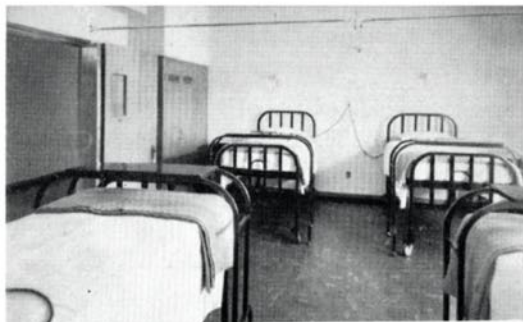
Scenes during the official opening of the new Powell River Hospital on June 17th. Left-right: Reverend W. J. Clark officially dedicates the building; Vice-President James Currie, chairman, delivers the Opening Address; Harold S. Foley, President of the Powell River Company, declares the hospital open; Dr. K. C. MacDonald, Minister of Agriculture, congratulates the Sick Benefit Society on behalf of the British Columbia Government.



The Powell River Hospital

Modern Equipment and First-class Appointments

THE new Powell River Hospital was a revelation to the thousands of visitors who thronged the corridors during the three-day visiting period. The photographs, accompanying this article, will illustrate better than words the type



Left to right above: (1) Obstetric case room; (2) Sterilizing work room; (3) Nursery.

of equipment and furnishings available in the Powell River Hospital.

It has been the aim of the committee to bring to Powell River the latest and best in medical equipment; and to provide comfortable and attractive surroundings for patients.

The hospital has a total of 65 beds. It is a four-storied structure, with a frontage of 147 feet by 44 feet. It is of "Class A" construction, fireproof throughout, with monolithic reinforced concrete floors, ceiling slates and stairways. Equipment includes a modern electric passenger elevator, capable of accommodating a hospital bed. There is an abundance of natural light, and sound-deadening treatment in all corridors eliminates outside noise.

Interior view of hospital furnishings, showing from the top: (1) a four-bed ward; (2) three-bed children's ward; (3) semi-private maternity ward; (4) waiting-room.

Equipment

The entire ground floor has been reserved for special equipment. There are the X-ray and Fluoroscopic departments, film-viewing rooms, separate Physio-Therapy rooms, with laboratory and dispensary. The kitchen, provided with two electric service elevators, direct to each diet kitchen on the three floors above, is included in the main floor installations.

All further essential equipment—nurses' dining-room, laundry and wait-



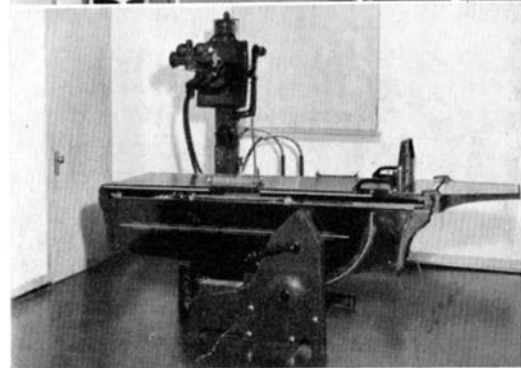
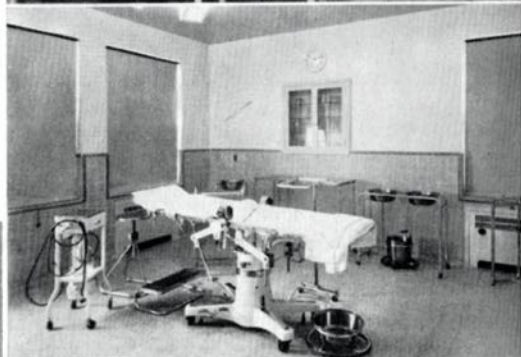
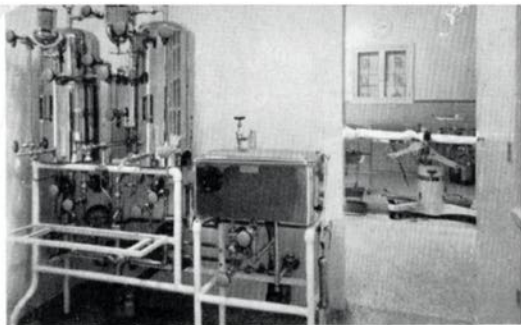
ing rooms, linen storage, etc., are modern in design.

The three top floors contain the hospital wards, with four, two and single private bed wards.

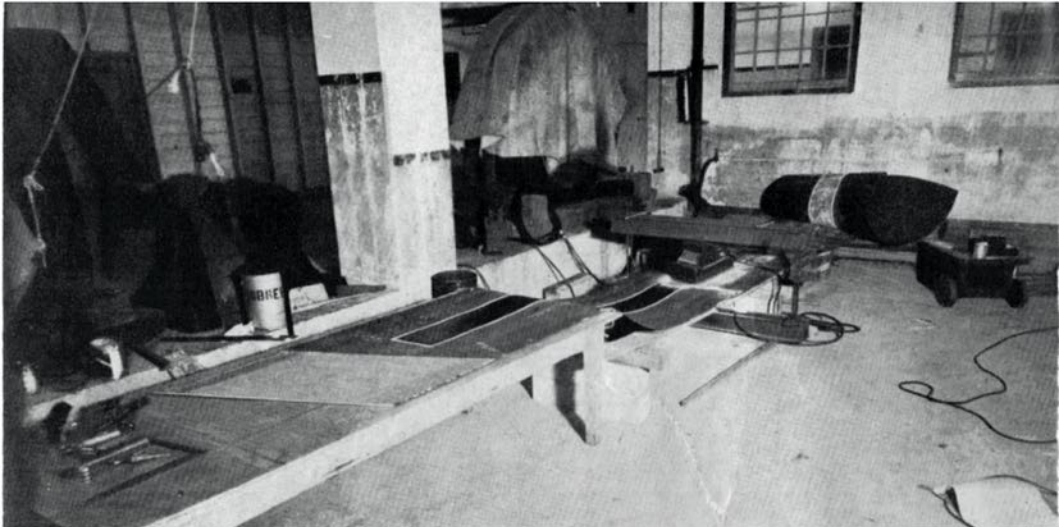
The surgical and operating department on the third floor is reached by separate corridor. The operating room equipment is of stainless steel, and has been praised by experts as one of the finest and most modern in British Columbia.

Other important departments, the maternity and isolation wards, have been specially planned to ensure the greatest possible protection and comfort for patients. The maternity ward, facing southwest, takes advantage of maximum sunlight. Acoustic and sound-deadening factors have been

(Continued on Page 16)



Glimpses of hospital equipment: (1) Sterilizer to main operating room; (2) main operating room; (3) Physio-Therapy Department; Victor X-ray equipment.



More emergency repair work. Here, our mechanical staff display their ingenuity by vulcanizing and repairing a damaged belt.

This Time We Repair a Belt

War-time Emergency Work Goes Steadily Forward

A few years ago a special belt vulcanizer was added to the equipment of our mechanical staff. The immediate objective was to replace, by vulcanization, the older method of repairing belts by lacing, tying together or other less durable and satisfactory methods.

The new equipment proved extremely useful and economical.

It was utilized fairly extensively, widely as peacetime practices went, but in the past year, with wartime shortages of equipment, replacements, the belt vulcanizer has come into its own. Scores of repairs, which normally might not have been attempted through lack of experience, or the availability of cheap replacements, have been successfully carried out.

Recently, as a further example of wartime repair operations, a hog fuel belt, damaged and ripped over a 30-

foot length, was quickly and quietly put back into immediate service. The ripped portion was cut out and a piece of fabric inserted for a length of 30 feet. By the vulcanizing method the belt was shortly in operation, its span of life unimpaired, and over 40 feet of first-class belt saved.

When the new process was first introduced it was necessary to provide special training and instruction to operators, training which today is of inestimable benefit to our mechanical staff in their job of improving old equipment, of facing tests that would have seemed fantastic three years ago.

First Bridge Player: "You're a junk dealer in business life, aren't you, Mr. Schnitzleheim?"

Second: "Det's right. How did you guess it?"

First: "By this junk you dealt me!"



View of new Powell River Hospital, showing crowd of visitors waiting their turn to inspect the premises. Nearly 3000 people were shown through the building.

New Hospital Officially Opened


Many Notables Attend

It is an achievement which was nurtured in infancy by early committees, planned and matured by succeeding officers, and brought to a happy and successful conclusion by the present Sick Benefit Society executives.

Opening Ceremonies

The dedication and opening formalities were witnessed by a huge crowd. James Currie, vice-president of the Society, presided as chairman, and introduced the various speakers. Representatives of the British Columbia Government and officials of the Powell River Company were among the principal speakers.

The Honorable K. C. MacDonald, Minister of Agriculture, spoke on behalf of the Provincial Government, declaring that the new hospital was one of the finest and most modern institutions in British Columbia. Herbert Gargreaves, M.L.A. for MacKenzie District, praised the co-opera-

 ON Friday, July 17th, the Powell River Employees' Sick Benefit Society officially opened their new Powell River Hospital. The completion of this splendid building, which brings the instruments and equipment of modern medical science to the Powell River area, represents one of the finest co-operative movements in our history.





A group of the boys and girls during a recent furlough: Pte. Dave Monsell (left), Jean Banham C.W.A.C.; Sergt. Charlie Murray; Pte. Jack Egan.

THE movements of Powell River boys to battle areas, or from one battle area to another, continues as a veil of secrecy cloaks the future plans of our higher command. In the past month several Powell River boys have landed safely overseas and have been posted to combatant units in the United Kingdom.

somewhere on the northern B. C. coast with his squadron of fighting planes. A telegram from Harold Parker, last reported in the Hebrides, announces he has landed safely at "Sansorigen," somewhere in the near, far or middle east. Somewhere in the same neighborhood are Pilot Officers Bob Lasser and Howie Sutton, Ser-

On Active Service

More Boys Across the Pond; More Commissions and Non-commissioned Graduates

Among these are Corporals Johnny Appleby, Red Heaton and Pete Bowman; Privates Gordon Menzies, Ray Cormier, Bob Christie and several others as yet unreported. More Powell River lads have moved or will move overseas with the 4th Canadian Division. To date, nearly 160 of our boys, exclusive of the Royal Canadian Navy, have left Canadian shores.

Our lads continue to appear wherever the battles of Empire are being fought. Sergeant Pilot Nick Stusiak, on leave a few weeks ago, is stationed

gent Observer Harry Cooper, and possibly several others. Behind the comings and goings of the "Silent Service" are many Powell River lads who have escorted convoys to Great Britain, Iceland or other ports; have seen U-boats make their last plunge; or fought off the onslaught of Stukas and Fokker-Wolfes. Over the skies of Britain, above the waters of the English Channel, or high above the plains of Picardy, Powell River lads maintain their watch on the enemy.

In all branches of the service the

home town continues to be well represented. Recently four more Powell River Company employees have received commissions. The R.C.A.F. officer roll roster now includes the names of Flying Officer R. C. MacKenzie, Lieutenant Ken Barton, Sea-forths, both of the Vancouver office; and Pilot Officers "Spud" Raimondo and Willy Gilmour. In the same period Billy Calder of the office and Jack Maguire, sulphite department, received their wings as sergeant pilot and sergeant W.A.G. respectively.

From our navy intelligence comes word that Henry McLauchlan, of the Powell River Sales Company, is taking a sub-lieutenant's course; Jim Plaskett, of the production office, has enlisted in the navy as a writer. In a recent examination Jim topped his class with a 93 per cent average.

And over in England the New Westminster Regiment, with a good percentage of Powell River youngsters in its lineup, "stole the show" in

recent army manoeuvres, establishing itself as one of the smartest motor battalions in the Canadian army.

Summer and embarkation leaves are bringing many of the boys back home for brief and well earned holidays. Billy Calder, "Spud" Raimondo, Jack Harper, Doug. Monsell, Ted Leclair, Jack Redhead, Alan Todd, Frank O'Neil, Frank Alsgard, Rex Baum, Tommy Nutchey, Jack Egan, Ernie Tate, Billy Milne and Bob Redhead are among the lads who have been with us in recent weeks.

On June 20 of this year the total number of Powell River residents in the armed forces was 535.

When the very, very fat young woman walked into the room, four fellows over by the punch bowl started laughing and pointing.

"There they go," she muttered angrily, "having fun at my expense again."

Powell River organizations work steadily for the country's war effort. Below is a special scow loaded with scrap iron, collected by local citizens for the Red Cross under direction of the local branch of the Canadian Legion.





The A.R.P. squad show (left) how to handle incendiary bombs. Note the fine spray. On the right, the fire-fighters are getting ready for action.

The A.R.P. Gives a Demonstration

At the recent July 1 patriotic gathering at Riverside Oval, one of the interesting features of the day was a mock air raid demonstration by the local A.R.P.

It was a very creditable show. It brought home to spectators something of what to expect when the bombs start dropping. More important at the moment, it presented evidence of the hard and conscientious work that members of the organization are doing behind the scenes. The efficient way in which the demonstration was carried out, the co-ordination of participating units, the confidence of personnel—all these are due to many

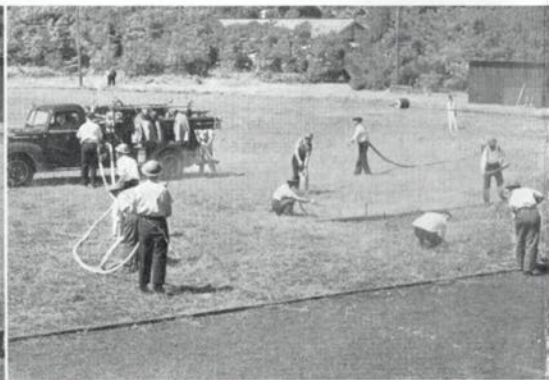
days and nights of steady plodding.

The demonstration included putting out of incendiaries, use of the valuable stirrup pump, proper use of hose and sprays. For the first time many local people may have realized something of what these men and women, who are performing purely voluntary work, and preparing doggedly, not always with public support, or even encouragement, are doing to prepare for an emergency that many of us still "shrug" off.

"I'll shake you for a kiss."

"If you dare lay one hand on me I'll scream."

The A.R.P. have just completed the destruction of another incendiary nest—and, right, the boys demonstrated the use of the stirrup pumps, made famous by blitzed London.



June News from the Vancouver Office

The pictures on this page will be immediately recognized. On the left is R. C. MacKenzie, formerly traffic manager for Powell River Sales Co., who has been commissioned as a pilot officer in the R.C.A.F. and is presently stationed at Oshawa, Ontario. On the right is Lieut. K. F. Barton, formerly of the staff of Powell River Sales Company. Ken is taking an additional course of study at Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alberta.



Flying Officer R. C. MacKenzie, head of our Traffic Branch, has joined up for his second go at the Hun.

THE DIGESTER is pleased to announce the recent marriage of switchboard operator Margaret Cowan. Margaret, let's hope you don't have too tough a ride over the long, bumpy road ahead of you. Don't let us worry you, though—the first fifty years are the toughest! When Margaret left a new girl came into the office, and we extend a warm welcome to Edith Fleming.

The office bowling league wound up recently in a blaze of glory. As predicted in a recent issue of your

"favorite plant magazine," Wilf. Moffat's "Sparkplugs" came through to take the Harold S. Foley trophy. To put the necessary finishing touch to the season a bowling banquet was staged at the Palomar Supper Club when, after a good feed of roast chicken, the season was reviewed and prizes presented. Following the presentation, everyone danced.



Lieut. Ken Barton

The office golf tournament was held May 24 at Burquitlam Country Club. The day proved to be bright, and everyone had a swell day, even the losers. At the end of the day the play had been whittled down to the finals—in this corner, Bill "Straight Down the Centre" Barclay, of the Powell River Sales Co., and Grandpa "Dark Horse" Kurtz. It's going to be a "knock-down-and-drag-out" match, but we'll let you know what happens.

Roy Foote came back to the office minus several easily acquired, but hard to lose, pounds, and with a new respect for the sergeant-major as a breaker of souls or any kind of resistance. Roy also hummed snatches of a song beginning "The Vancouver office boys are going away, and what will the ladies of Vernon say," etc.

Shall we tell you, Roy?

Harold P. Moorhead Appointed Resident Engineer

The appointment of Mr. Harold Moorhead as resident engineer at Powell River, has been announced by the local management.

Mr. Moorhead graduated as a mechanical engineer from the University of British Columbia in 1933.



Mr. Harold Moorhead, recently appointed resident engineer at Powell River. He is a graduate of the U. B. C.

Since graduation he has been closely affiliated with the pulp and paper industry. He was employed for three years on the engineering staff of the B. C. Pulp & Paper Company at Port Alice, B. C.

Since 1936 Mr. Moorhead has been in Eastern Canada. He worked on the engineering staff of the Quebec North Shore Paper Company, on construction of their plant at Baie Comeau. On completion of construction at Baie Comeau he accepted a post in the engineering department of the Ontario Paper Company's mill at Thorold. He left that position to accept his present post of resident engineer at Powell River.

The Powell River Hospital

(Continued from Page 9)

especially well considered here. The special baby isolation ward, a feature in all well appointed hospitals, is a further guard against possible infection from visitors and other sources.

Two well appointed isolation wards, with separate bath and lavatory installations, will be welcomed by the doctors and public alike.

The total cost of the new hospital was approximately \$125,000. Equipment cost was in excess of \$20,000.

The completion of the new hospital is an achievement in community effort and co-operation. The subscriptions of members, the special and monthly donations by the Powell River Company, the scores of donations from private individuals and firms, the co-operation of the Government of British Columbia, and the driving force and energy of the Powell River Employees' Sick Benefit Committee, are today behind this magnificent building of which every Powell River citizen is justly proud.

With Our Logging Operators

(Continued from Page 4)

large and small operations in British Columbia, where experienced loggers are playing a vital role in the war effort of the nation. Famed Sitka spruce for aeroplane construction; Douglas fir for construction of thousands of camps in Canada and abroad; hemlock and spruce and balsam for the world's press; and raw material for scores of vital civilian and military commodities—all come from the labors of the B. C. logger.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

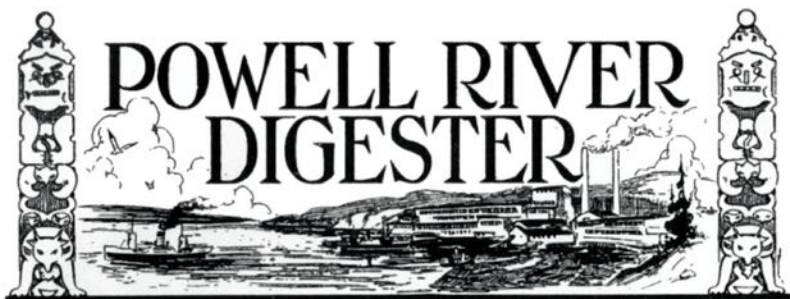


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AUGUST, 1942

No. 8





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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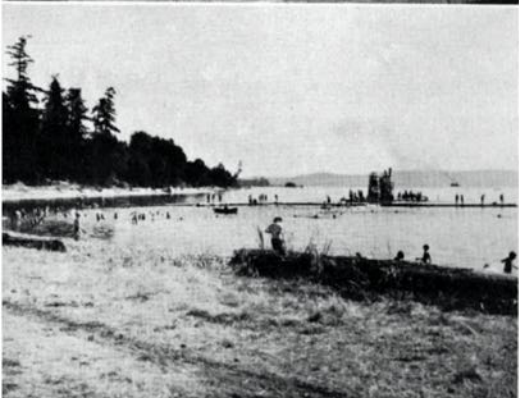
AUGUST, 1942

No. 8

Sitka Spruce for War Planes



Here is one of the big Sitka spruce rafts in the log pond at Powell River awaiting its conversion into manufactured aeroplane spruce. The largest percentage of aeroplane spruce cut on the Pacific Coast today passes through our plant. British Columbia spruce is one of our province's most valuable war commodities.



Beaches Capture August Spotlight

Warm days and warm evenings keeps residents at the seaside.

Little drops of water,
Oozing from the skin
Reminds us that the weather
Is gettin' hot agin!

In the latter half of July and throughout August, Powell River has enjoyed an uninterrupted period of real summer weather. Temperatures have touched the 90 degree mark; and that is hot for this country.

Coats and vests were discarded by perspiring office workers. Resident Manager D. A. Evans took a leaf from the office boy's book and left his tie at home. The noon hour sun gazers had a field day; both sexes left all or part of their underwear hanging on the bed post.

During this period, except for pay days, our streets were deserted day and evening, as mothers dashed off to the beach with the youngsters to be joined at the day's end by father, in the last stages of prostration.

Our beaches swallowed up most of our population—and there are few spots where populations can be more readily swallowed than in our own Powell River area. Over a fifteen mile stretch, beaches for all types, swimmers and non-swimmers, dabblers and water dogs, divers and waders abound. You take your choice and you don't pay any money.

Left, some views of Willingdon Beach, where the company maintains a lifeguard and swimming instructor. In the bottom picture, Fireman Joe McCrossan and friend wife away a summer afternoon.

Willingdon Beach, where Company instructor Roger Taylor supervises proceedings, was the largest consistent swallower of population. An all 'round beach is Willingdon. There are large areas of cool shade for afternoon siestas or for tea parties. There is a playground for children. There is a sandy beach for the wader and a raft and float for the swimmer.

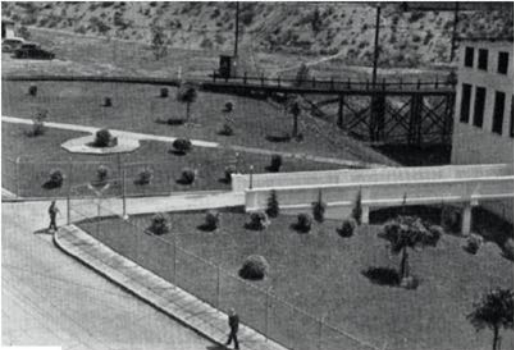
Swimmers, like gardeners are temperamental—and Willingdon Beach takes care of all classes. If you are one of these staunch, sturdy souls, who love to feel the cool waters caressing your limbs, inch by inch, then you can wade in and wallow to your heart's content.

If however, you resemble the great mass of male humanity, you will prefer to submit to the agonies of hell-fire rather than face the torture of the inch by inch method. Willingdon Beach thought of this one, too. The long float, extending from the shore line to the raft, eliminates the awful passage through the torture chamber. You spring nimbly, gaily, whistling a tune, on to the float (without wetting a toe) walk about sixty yards out to sea, reach the main raft—and from thence in one glorious leap you are in the water, wet all over and all at once. For this reason, if for no other, Willingdon Beach has a peculiar affinity for local males.

If you are a wader, if you want to dabble, and feel the excruciatingly pleasant crunch of sand under your toes and no water above your ankles, the long, sandy beds of Lang Bay and other nearby points invite you.



More summer townsite views. Top, the famous legendary Welsh bird hedge that stands in front of Charlie Powell's home. Next, a view looking along Second street; in the third picture is Eddie Tapp's celebrated Wistaria Ledge, which covers the entire front of his Ocean View home.



*Two views of industrial gardens in Powell River. Left, entrance to 5, 6 and 7 machine room buildings
Right, lawn and shrubbery surrounding the new chemistry laboratory.*

If you look upon a summer dip as a painful necessity, there are many beaches, where pebbles, rather than sand, roll under your toes. This has much the same effect on the disposition as wearing a hair shirt. You can work up quite a lather of martyrdom in these areas. These are favorite spots for the husband, who doesn't like the beach, who never intended going in the first place, but was dragged there, by force of circumstances or a picnic in which an offspring is running a three-legged race.

All of which proves we cater to every beach taste in and about Powell River. Now what about the water and its suitability for the swimmer, the non-swimmer or the dabbler?

That's an easy one also. We guarantee to the swimmer a consistent 67-68 degrees through July and August. And for a week in mid month, the daily average hit the 74 mark. An all time attendance high was registered in this period, which brought out all the once a year men.

And there you have the secret of keeping cool in summer. Come to Powell River, pick out your particular preference in beaches, bring your bathing suit, your family, yourself or your girl friend along and keep cool on Powell River's beaches.

Art and Industry Combine Around Our Main Mill Approaches

THE illustrations on this page wind up in part this season's glimpse of Powell River's homes and gardens. We touch briefly on our industrial gardens, the combining of art and industry around our plant buildings.

Industrial architecture is pretty much of a modern science. Until recent years industrial firms favored the square rigger type of architecture. An industrial building was supposed to stand 4 square to the wind, a thing of lines and angles, rigid, uncompromising and a bit harsh.

Today the streamline has entered the industrial world. The modern industrial architect sees no reason why utility and beauty cannot be combined and he has carried this principle into the construction of many plants.

Quiet sunset scene along Oak Street.



The changing tendency is seen locally in the construction of our new Laboratory Building, among the finest of its kind in the paper industry.

Industrial landscaping goes hand in hand with industrial streamlining. The picture of well planned and organized lawns and gardens fronting or surrounding industrial buildings removes much of the materialism and harshness often associated with industrial machinery. The effect is pleasant to the eye and favorable to the mind.

Our many mill entrances reflect this modern tendency. The new Laboratory building fronted by a long exposure of lawn, flanked by picturesque rockeries, and studded with well placed shrubs and flower beds is bright and refreshing to the employee entering or leaving the plant.

Something of the same picture is seen in the landscaping in front of 5, 6 and 7 Machine Rooms, which border the long Second Street Hill.

Old timers will remember the mill entrance before the present landscaping was introduced — and how much its introduction improved and brightened the whole atmosphere of the area.

And so, in our survey of Powell Rivers homes, gardens and landscaping, we modestly include our industrial gardens.

They do things quickly at the race track. We found this out the other day when we bet on a horse and they started paying off the bets before our horse stopped running.

A Business Trip



We were especially requested by one of our reliable G. F. Steele & Co. scouts to draw this photograph to the attention of Mrs. Harry Andrews. Harry, our control superintendent, recently returned from a business trip in the southwestern states, arrived home completely fagged out, told Mrs. Andrews and ourselves that he didn't have a spare moment, never took in a show, just grind, grind, grind, morning, noon and night.

All of which sounds like a lotta bull to us! Maybe the grind Harry speaks about is that Texas steer grinding his teeth.

She: "Yes, darling, you can give me jewels, but they must be individual pearls."

He: "But why not a necklace?"

Machine Shop Fills War Orders

Start Made on Special Corvette Equipment

CORVETTE construction has been one of Canada's outstanding contributions to the United Nations War Effort. Since the outbreak of hostilities, construction of these stout and well tried escort ships has proceeded steadily. Probably hundreds of these vessels have been turned out in Canadian ship yards; and their contribution to our control of the seas, maintenance of our supply lines and destruction of enemy U Boats is known to every Canadian school boy.

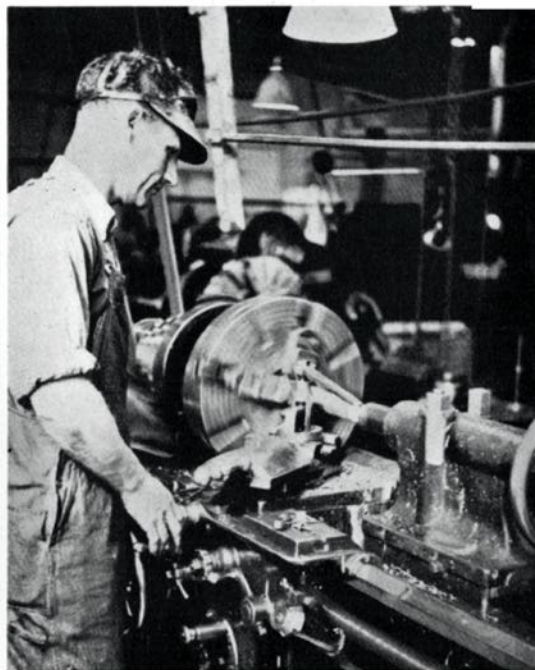
Scores of Powell River boys are today serving on corvettes in the Atlantic and the Pacific. These same

boys have helped beat off and sink under-sea raiders. They have protected millions of tons of vital produce flowing to the war zones. Three quarters of our approximately 80 lads serving with the Royal Canadian Navy are, or soon will be, on corvettes.

The corvette is therefore of more than passing interest to us in Powell River, for on its stout construction and seaworthiness, the lives of many of our own boys depend.

And the news that the Powell River Machine Shop is now fulfilling a contract for Corvette lubricators, brings these famous ships even closer.

powell River employees in the machine room are shown below working on construction of corvette lubricators. Left, Bob Bridge; right, Bernie Morgan.



In the months ahead, it is some satisfaction to know that part of the machinery that will be used by Powell River boys, was manufactured in their mill.

The present contract is a modest one. It was largely in the nature of an initial test of our equipment. The job is a rather specialized one and has called into service some of our best machinists.

Undoubtedly our machine shop facilities will be used more and more extensively in the future. An additional night shift may be operating shortly on further orders.

Recently, President Harold Foley commented on the vital role our spruce output was playing in Canada's war effort. Much of our daily output of sulphite pulp is also being used in the manufacture of essential war supplies. And the utilization of

our machine shop facilities is yet one more step in local mobilization for total war.

The Cover Picture

Ossie Stevenson of Lane's Studio supplies this month's striking cover page of nature and industry in repose.

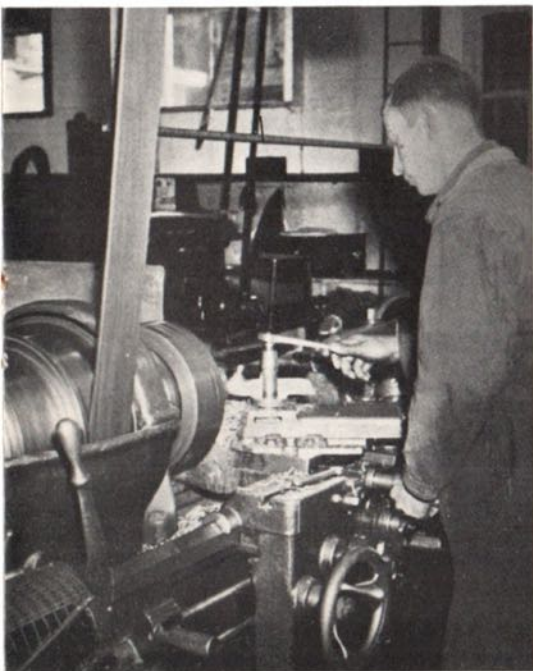
The big crane on the dock had just finished a heavy loading job. Several hundred bales of high grade sulphite had just been unloaded. The scow had departed and the crane was enjoying a brief period of relaxation.

At this moment one of our pet wharf gulls, who next to the tid-bits tossed his way by the wharf crew, just loves relaxation, flew atop the crane and the two relaxed together.

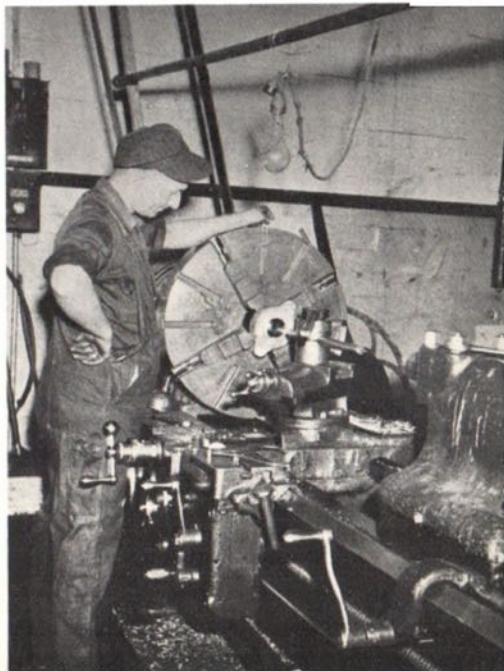
So for this month's cover picture we give you,

"Crane and Seagull Relaxing."

Apprentice George Baxter



Frank Stager





Sergeant-Pilot Bill Calder (left) and Private Jack Harper meet in Powell River on leave, as do Corporals Ted Le Clair (left) army, and Jackie Redhead, R.C.A.F.

THE month under review, as far as Powell River is concerned, has been crammed with action for our boys overseas. Events, historical and dramatic and sensational, have succeeded one another in rapid succession. Powell River boys have brought themselves and their home town into the headlines.

Heading the Powell River service parade was the London reunion of local overseas men, at the Canadian Beaver Club, on July 26th. Through the initiative of LAC "Tish" Schon, this affair brought 72 Powell River boys of all ranks and services together in London, for what all describe as an outstanding day in their lives. The boys marched through London as a disciplined body, visited Westminster Abbey and other historical spots, and returned to the Beaver Club for a special banquet, at which the Agent General for B. C., and other notables, were present. This is the first known instance of an organized get-together of men from any one district in Canada during this war. Powell River has pioneered the

home town reunion in the Canadian overseas forces. The reunion was featured in the papers and on the radio.

Our narrative now takes a quick dash back to June 23rd of this year. The entire district had just learned, with unanimous regret, that Pilot Officer Tommy Gardiner, one of our most popular youngsters, was reported missing in operations over the Ionian Sea. Tommy was last seen as his Beaufort dived to attack an Italian convoy. For a month no further word of his fate was received. Hope dwindled, save among his athlete pals, who felt the resourceful Tommy would somehow "pull it off" again, as he had in many a tight corner on the lacrosse, basketball or baseball fields.

On July 23rd, one month to the day, his father, Fire Chief Dave Gardiner, received a cable stating that "Your son, Pilot Officer Thomas Gardiner, is a prisoner of war in Italy."

Scarcely had this welcome news been received when another Powell River boy crashed the headlines. Ser-

giant Pilot Martin Naylor, in a "Beaufighter", had been shot down off the English coast, but Martin and his gunner, with five seconds to escape from their plane before it sank, dived overboard, and were picked up within a few minutes and rushed to a hospital.

Twenty-four hours later, Martin led his squadron to a victory in an R.C.A.F. track meet. Forty-eight

in its noon broadcast, came through with the "flash" that Corporal Gino Bortolussi of Powell River, British Columbia, led the 5th Armoured Division to victory by winning both the 100 and 220 yard dashes at the Canadian Army Championships overseas. Not a bad achievement, in an army of around 150,000 men! To make the day even fuller for Gino, his old partner, Martin Naylor, turned

On Active Service

Powell River Boys Steal the Overseas Headlines

hours later, he was in London to meet the Powell River boys at the Beaver Club reunion.

While all this was going on, and while we were all but breathless watching for the next move, word came through that Corporal Gino Bortolussi, one of our best track stars, had been selected to represent the Armoured Division in the Canadian Army track and field championships in England. Gino had qualified in the 100 and 220 yard dashes.

On Saturday, August 15th, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation,

up to watch his protege defeat the pick of the Canadian Army!

Powell River boys stage the first known organized home town reunion in Canadian Army history! Powell River boys show resourcefulness and initiative to escape death! Powell River boys defeat the cream of Canadian athletic talent in England!

That's what our boys did during the past month, and we know every resident will be as proud of them as we are.

The old fight, gang!

A group of the lads during recent furloughs to Powell River. Left-right, Sergeant Charlie M. R. C. A. F.; L.A.C. Frank O'Neil, R. C. A. F.; "Writer" Jim Plaskett, R. C. N. V. R.; Sergeant Owen, R. C. A.





The scene on the left resembles an eastern log drive. This and its companion photo show how Powell River Schools, in this oil-less age, are preparing for winter.

Little Red School House Days

Powell River Schools Prepare for Summer Months

MEMORIES of the Little Red School House are being revived in Powell River as war time control and curtailments enter more and more into our national and private lives.

Not that Powell River's educational institutions resemble the Little Red School House. The new, white, modern design of Brooks High School is far removed from the enchanted centre where our fathers learned their three R's. But the presence on the school grounds of huge piles of furnace wood recalls those days when grandpa used to help teacher cut wood for the winter reserve.

Government restrictions on the use of fuel oil have put back the clock, and many schools have to revert to the old original fuel stack. In Powell River this has not been a difficult operation. With the aid of the B and K Logging concern, who are cutting fir a few miles up Powell Lake, several big trees were felled, put on the logging truck and dropped off on the school grounds—only a mile away.

At this point caretaker James Hall took over. He begged, rented, borrowed or stole a drag saw from one of

our wood dealers, and with a couple of hired men, sawed, cut and piled the wood right on the school grounds. And when you next pass Brooks school and wonder what that huge pile of wood, where wood was never before seen, is doing there, give a thought to caretaker James Hall and a grunt of thanks that, if it comes to the last resort, we can always dig up enough fuel in the vicinity to keep the kitchen stove going.

And look at the fun the kids are going to have climbing over that wood pile this fall and winter. Supervising Principal, Jock Waugh, with Mephistophelian gusto, thinks that the art of wood carrying by students may be added to social studies during the coming term.

A lady of recently acquired wealth was discussing with an artist the portrait of herself which she had asked him to paint.

"Shall I paint you in evening dress?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, no," replied the lady, "don't make any fuss at all—just wear your overalls."

Powell River News Wins High Honors

Local Weekly captures First Awards for Class 2 Newspapers.

The Powell River *News*, one of the district's two weekly papers, has been highly honored by the presentation to Editor Leslie C. Way, of the Charles Clark cup, for the best weekly newspaper in Canada for class 2 papers (those with circulations below 2000). The *News* was also awarded the James trophy for the best front page in its class among Canadian weekly papers. The awards were announced at the 23rd annual convention of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers As-

sociation, held at Saskatoon, on August 13.

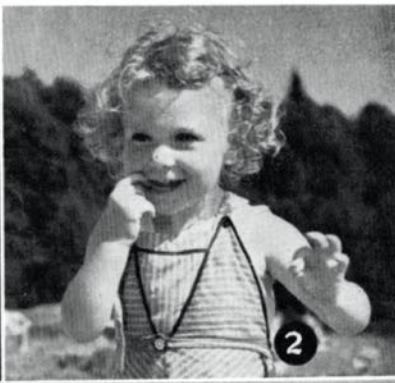
THE DIGESTER wishes to express its congratulations to Editor Leslie C. Way on receipt of this award which brings credit, both to himself and to this district.

Good work, the *News*!

Patron: "This isn't a portrait of me; it's a picture of a Westchester roadhouse. What's the idea?"

Artist: "Don't get excited. I strive for the natural—you're inside getting a drink."

Patron: "Well, I'll pay you when I come out."



1. Merle Doran. 2. Grace Ann Birt. 3. Grant Knudsen. 4. Dwight Harris.

Around the Plant

Extensive summer travelling has necessarily been curtailed this year. The approaching shadow of September 1, when Mr. Ilsley starts his budget deductions, and gas rationing have kept Powell River residents fairly close to home.

* * *

Vancouver Island has been perhaps the most popular exit for Powell River vacationists. Hugh McPhalen and Lew Griffiths travelled down the island to Victoria and found the beer surprisingly good at all spots *en route*.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Les Irvine, who usually favor the Pacific Highway route to Frisco and Los Angeles, viewed the beauties of the Malahat, and the gardens of Victoria and found them as interesting as the beer.

* * *

Acting Reserve Lieutenant John Dunlop took one week of his holidays, and stayed around home to relax. His relaxation consisted of attending parades and classes 5 nights a week—and dashing out for daily conferences in between.

* * *

Reg and Mrs. Baker started off for Vancouver—but business caught up on Reg for the first week. The second week he spent trying to recover from the rush of the first one.

* * *

Powell Lake was a popular holiday rendezvous. The boys like Bert Mar-
rion and Courtenay Powell and Jean

Coccola saved up their boat gas rations and spent the time exploring the upper reaches of these waters.

The summary of all this simply means that we all stayed within the limits of our gas ration and cash box—neither of which allowed much scope for extensive travelling or riotous living.

* * *

A new and exciting evening pastime for local citizens is a visit to the athletic oval at Riverside to watch E Company, of the 2nd Battalion, D.C.O.R.'s go through their nightly paces with Sergeant Major Impett showing the way.

These parades are growing so popular that Riflemen Thorburn and Small, in charge of entertainment, are seriously considering charging admission to these rhythmic exercises. Attendance at a recent evening parade was over 100—and it's growing!

* * *

And speaking of Joe Small, his name will never survive his enlistment in E Company. At a recent parade, during a "stand easy" the crash of a rifle on the hard floor of the lacrosse arena shattered the silence of the parade.

"Who dropped that rifle," the sergeant major demanded.

"A man by the name of Small," replied a nearby rifleman.

"Pick it oop, Sam," grinned the major—and so it looks like it's Sam from now on.

But imagine out of 160 souls a man by the name of Small dropping his rifle. It's terrifyingly historic!

* * *

And they haven't found a uniform to fit Dave Cummings or Bill Korpi yet—but the S.O.S. has been sounded and there is some hope Ottawa may be able to find the solution. Meantime Bill and Dave turn out in shirt sleeves and tennis shoes, with the rest of us panting around in battle dress and army boots. There is something in this special figure business.

Which brings up the thought of what would happen if Bill Parkin joined the unit and asked for a uniform. No, no, it's too much. Mr. Ralston has enough worries without that.

The top sergeant sang out just before the company was dismissed: "All those fond of music, step two paces forward."

With visions of a soft job in the regimental band, half a dozen men stepped out.

The sergeant growled: "Now then, you six mugs get busy and carry that piano up to the top floor of the officers' quarters."

* * *

Natives of the Carolinas are noted for their great politeness. Once, in the old days, a passenger was enjoying a smoke in the smoking car. From time to time he expectorated with great satisfaction out of the open window.

The rush of air caused by the fast-flying train must have interfered with his aim, for a tall, lean Carolinian in

the seat just back of him touched him lightly on the shoulder and remarked with great politeness: "Mistah, you done spit on me foh times an' I ain't said nothin' about it. I wouldn't say nothin' now, 'ceptin' I got on my Sunday-best suit of clothes."

* * *

A prominent business man had the bad luck to be bitten by a mad dog. He was rushed to the hospital for the Pasteur treatment.

While the anti-rabies serum was being prepared, the attending physician noticed that the patient was very busy making out a long list of names and he asked:

"Are those the names of the people you wish to be notified if your condition should become serious?"

"No," said the victim. "This is a list of the people I'm going to bite if I go mad."

* * *

"Is your married life a happy one?"

"Yes, I married the woman of my dreams. She is as beautiful to me as the day I met her. Her hands are always white and soft. Her hair is never untidy, and her dresses are always the latest."

"So you don't regret it?"

"No, but I'm getting pretty tired of eating in restaurants."

* * *

"Doesn't your wife get peeved when she sees muddy tracks on the kitchen floor?"

"Listen, the only muddy tracks my wife sees are at Saratoga, Belmont, Empire City, Churchill Downs and Hialeah!"

A Ton of Jam for Britain

Local Red Cross Society Drive for Big Objective

IN recent weeks, one of the busiest centres in Powell River has been Home Economics room of Brooks School. Here, scores of volunteer workers, under the supervision of Mrs. C. R. Marlatt, have been making and canning hundreds of tins of jam, to be distributed overseas by the Red Cross Society.

The "Jam for Britain" group has brought together many organizations and many individuals. It has been a splendid example of a co-operative and united community effort. Owners of orchards, of blackberry patches, of fruit farms, have donated their produce. Hundreds of willing workers, among whom were many enthusiastic youngsters, volunteered their services as pickers. The local I.O.D.E. societies sent their members into the fruit picking fray. Private individuals volunteered their services. Fruit picking was the fashion in Powell River this summer—and rather an attractive fashion, when figures compiled late in August showed that 1800 pounds of

miscellaneous fruit had been picked by these volunteers.

The objective was a "ton of jam"—and with a bit of luck, that objective should have been reached by the time this issue appears in print.

The public entered enthusiastically



Left shows Powell River Red Cross workers and their aides busy on the "Jam for Britain" program. Top: Cans of jam labelled and packed ready for shipment. In the picture are Lois Proffit (left), Madge MacGillivray, Brenda Cooper, Vivian Malnick. Centre: Mrs. Marlatt (left) weighs jam while her assistants, Mrs. Dykes, Norma MacFarlane, Mrs. J. Foote and Mrs. H. Foster keep the pot boiling. Bottom: General view of Brooks School kitchen, showing the girls at work on more jam for Britain.

and seriously into the jam for Britain drive. Private cars, already heavily restricted by gas rationing, were loaned. Out at Stillwater, thirteen miles away, residents organized fruit picking "bees," and threw their fruit "patches" open to other volunteers.

Up in Brooks school, groups of 'teen age children and Red Cross members, with Mrs. Marlatt's expert aides, Mrs. S. Dice and Mrs. Jean Foote, directing operations, worked like beavers, stirring, testing and finally canning and labelling the hundreds of tins of jam. It was a steady grind, and we take particular pleasure in commending the Red Cross Society in general, and all those who assisted in particular, for one of the most worthy and workmanlike war auxiliary jobs that has been done in this district.

We also understand that the recipe used is a special Powell River one, in which Mrs. S. Dice has been the principal architect. The recipe used in

Powell River was found by Red Cross officers to be highly satisfactory, and has since been adopted in other parts of the province.

The Beaver Club Reunion

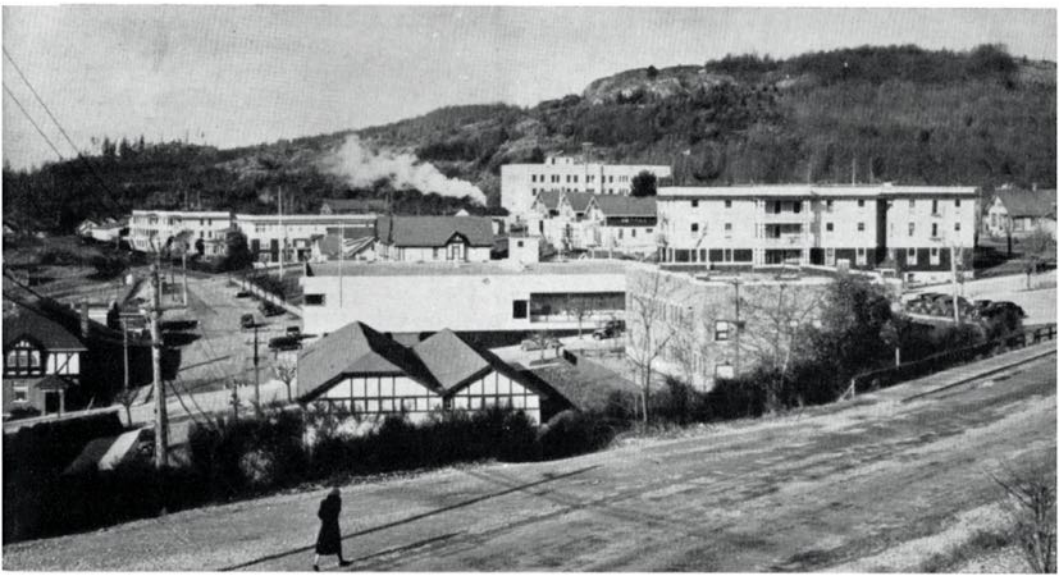
Scores of letters are now coming in from the boys overseas, telling of the wonderful time they had at this historic gathering in London on July 26. They tell the story of Corp. Joe Graham and a couple of pals walking into a London pub that night. Joe shouted out at the top of his voice, "Powell River 'Shun'"—and half the population of the pub shouted "Here!"

Professor: "This class reminds me of Kaffee Hag—99 per cent of the active element has been removed from the bean."

Guy: "When you stay after class with the professor, what do you do, study history?"

Gal: "No, make it!"

View of the modern business centre of Powell River, showing new department store, new hospital new post office buildings. For a contrasting view of the same scene taken 26 years ago turn over ↓





The business centre of Powell River in 1914. No post office, no gymnasium, half a wing of the Avenue Lodge (right centre), and the old horse pulling up the long hill from the wharf.

Notes from Vancouver Office

We were handed a picture of Harry Grant recently. With our well-known tact, we have not used this picture yet. Maybe Harry will part with a little blackmail for it.

* * *

And Tip Garvin has been away on holidays. These holidays of Tip's are usually something for the books, and we understand there are a few interesting pictures in the possession of friends that are available for publication.

* * *

And Lieutenant Ken Barton, who recently graduated from the O. T. C. at Victoria, has arrived safely overseas and is attached to the Seaforths—and that, according to Reg Baker, is good enough for any man.

* * *

And Dot "Brown"—we always forget her married name—has been back substituting during the holiday season.

Same old Dot, not a bit chastened by marriage—darn it!

PILOT OFFICER WILLIE GILMOUR

As we go to press, news that another of our most popular lads, Pilot Officer Willie Gilmour, has paid the supreme sacrifice, was received.

Willie, as he was known to us all, was brought up in Powell River. He received his education here, was a leader in our athletic life—and a highly valuable employee.

As far as we can learn, Willie was killed during the Dieppe raid. His death is a personal tragedy to hundreds in Powell River, who knew him intimately. To his wife and to his parents we extend our heartfelt and deeply personal sympathy.

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER



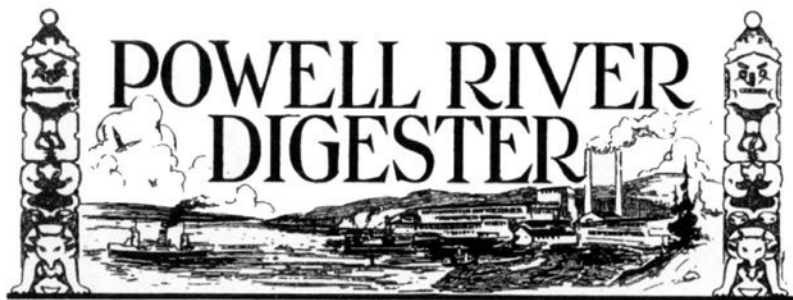
Vol. 18

SEPTEMBER, 1942

No. 9







J. A. LUNDIE, *Editor*

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VOL. 18

SEPTEMBER, 1942

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To All Employees:

For September our DIGESTER departs from its usual form. This is a special issue devoted to the 600 men who have left to serve with the Armed Forces of the British Empire. These men have left all that is dear to them and have moved off to the far-flung fighting fronts to play their part in bringing about the defeat of the Axis. Our Company and the citizens of Powell River are proud of these men and we salute them!

On the home front civilians also have an important part to play in the struggle. Those at home are pledged to furnish the "tools" required to win the war.

There is still another duty falling on those on the home front, that of helping to maintain the morale of the men in the Forces and there is no better way of doing so than by writing to our sailors, soldiers and airmen. No doubt they get lonely at times and yearn for word from their loved ones and friends back home.

Therefore we should all do our part by writing to the Powell River men in uniform. We want the boys to feel they are not forgotten and a letter or a parcel will do wonders for their spirits.

On the following pages are listed the names of those now serving in the Forces and we urge you to drop them a line.

A large, stylized handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "J. A. Lundie". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a prominent loop at the end.



Honor Roll



Powell River and District Citizens Serving in the Armed Forces

A

Abbot, John
 Adams, Albert
 Ahola, A. E.
 Alexander, John
 Allan, J. B.
 Allen, Fred
 Allman, R. P.
 Almond, A. A.
 Alsgard, Frank
 Alton, H. A.
 Amato, E. J.
 Amos, Price
 Anchor, Harry
 Anderson, A. E. L.
 Anderson, M.
 Angell, Harry
 Appleby, John
 Auline, Arthur
 Aune, L.

B

Bagley, D. J.
 Bailey, Miss Doris
 Bailey, L. W.
 Baker, John
 Baker, R.
 Banham, Miss Jean
 Barlow, Eric
 Barnes, John
 Bartfai, A. W.
 Barton, Alan
 Barton, Ken F.
 Baum, Cave
 Baum, Rex
 Baxter, George
 Beattie, W.
 Begley, W. R.
 Behan, E. T.
 Bell, William
 Belyea, H. T.
 Belyk, Richard
 Belyk, John N.
 Belyk, Mike
 Bentham, T. J.
 Berglund, W. E.
 Bethune, Angus C.
 Bird, Duncan
 Blondin, Stewart
 Bond, Joe
 Boida, Fred
 Borden, C. L.
 Bortolussi, Aldo
 Bortolussi, Gino
 Bowman, P.
 Bowers, H. J.
 Brand, George
 Branter, Bob
 Brinkman, Charles
 Brooks, W. S.
 † Brooks, Lucien
 Brown, S. T.
 Brown, Dr. W. G.
 Brown, W. J.
 Brown, William R.
 Buce, C.
 Buce, I.
 Buchanan, Harry
 Bull, W. C.
 Burke, Tommy S.
 Burgess, W. N.
 Butler, Bruce

Button, Arthur
 Bye, A. O.

C

Cadwallader, E.
 Cadwallader, J. L.
 Cairney, James
 Cairney, Hank
 Cairney, W.
 Calder, H.
 Caldicott, James
 Callegari, A.
 Campbell, A. D.
 Campbell, Doug.
 Campbell, Jock
 Carey, A. M.
 Carr, Jack
 Carrott, Bert
 Carruthers, Henry
 Carruthers, Jack
 Carter, N.
 Carter, W. D.
 Cattermole, M.
 Cattermole, N.
 Challis, Jack
 Chalmers, T. D.
 Chandler, D. W.
 Chapman, Harold
 Chase, R. D.
 Chiarocossi, G.
 Christianson, Lloyd
 Christianson, A. J.
 Christie, R. J.
 Clapp, Frank
 Clark, Don
 Clark, L. F.
 Clough, W.
 Clutterbuck, Wm.
 Coe, Stanley
 Cofield, Reg.
 Commo, K.
 Connelly, J.
 Coomber, Harvey S., Jr.
 Coomber, R. B.
 Cooper, Harry
 Cormier, Ray
 Cornwall, J.
 Couvelier, C. A.
 Cowley, Jack
 Cramb, Henry
 Crawford, A. B.
 Crilly, M.
 Crockett, Geo.
 Crockett, W.
 Cyr, R. J.

D

Daly, H. D.
 Daly, R. H.
 Dalzell, G. W.
 Dalzell, N. J.
 Dalzell, W. E.
 Daniel, F. W.
 * Davenport, Joe
 Davies, H. L.
 Davis, Wilfred
 Daubner, H. A.
 Daubner, J. W.
 Davies, F. W.
 Davies, L. B.

Dawson, Donald
 Dawson, Henry
 Deakin, A. K.
 Delisle, W.
 Della, Pria P.
 Denton, B.
 Dickson, W. R.
 Dittloff, W.
 Dolan, D.
 Dolan, T.
 Dolan, F. W.
 Donkersley, H.
 Doran, Miss Gerry
 Dore, Earl
 Draper, W. H.
 Drayton, G.
 Drayton, Henry
 Drayton, W.
 Drury, Roy
 Dunlop, Alec
 Dunn, Robert
 Dykes, Gordon S.
 Dykes, Jack
 Dykes, Ray

E

Edwards, Bill
 Egan, Jack
 Ekstrand, L.
 Ekstrand, N.
 E'ly, Walter
 Elly, John
 Emerson, W. H.
 Eno, Floyd
 Enquist, A.
 Ericson, E. J.
 Ethofer, G.
 Ethofer, T.
 Evans, Eric S.
 Ewing, G.
 Ewing, G., Jr.

F

Fairgrieve, W. C.
 Farnden, A. J.
 Farquharson, Ian
 Fee, E. L.
 Fidler, George
 Finlay, G. M.
 Fishleigh, J.
 Fitch, R. C.
 Fleming, E. R.
 Foisy, C. A.
 Forbes, Vincent
 Foster, H. A.
 Foxall, Lewis
 Foyston, F. S.
 Fraser, R. J.
 Freeman, Harry G.
 Furness, F. W.
 Furness, R.
 Furnival, W. E. R.

G

Gairns, Bob
 Gairns, G. A.
 Gallagher, B.
 Gallagher, W.
 Gallicano, B.
 Gann, H. T.

Gardner, R. W.
 * Gardiner, T.
 Gaudet, R. C.
 Gaudet, Bernard
 Gauthier, Francis
 Gebbie, Jack
 Gibson, J. W.
 Giddy, C. G.
 † Gilmour, W.
 Goddard, A. E.
 Goldsmith, J. Kent
 Golley, E. Merton
 Golley, W. S.
 Gornall, R.
 Graham, J.
 Graham, Joe
 Grain, Peter
 Gramberg, A.
 Granger, Frank D.
 Green, A.
 Green, D.
 Gribble, H. L.
 Grundle, Bert
 Grundle, J. L.
 Gustafson, Curt

H

Haddock, Geo.
 Haddon, B. W.
 Hall, C. J.
 Hammer, H. B.
 Hansen, Ivan
 Harding, F. T. R.
 Hardy, R.
 Harper, Jack
 Harper, H. L.
 Harper, Roy
 Harrett, R.
 Harris, H.
 Harris, G. W.
 Hart, T.
 Hartley, John
 Hassell, H. W.
 Hassell, Ewart
 Hastings, Norm.
 Hatch, A. E.
 Hawkins, Bert
 Hayes, R.
 Heaton, J.
 Heavenor, Elaine
 Hembroff, L.
 Hembroff, Miss M.
 Hembroff, R. W.
 Heritage, G. W.
 Henderson, Eric
 Heward, A.
 Heyes, W.
 Hill, Norman
 Hobson, Leo H.
 Hodson, C. B.
 Holborne, Pete
 Holden, Wm.
 Holyoke, V.
 Hopkins, Bruce
 Hopkins, Dan
 Hopkins, R. T.
 Howell, R. B.
 Hughes, Miss Patsy
 Humphries, Miss
 Doris
 Hunter, Gordon A.
 Hunter, J. C.
 Hutton, John Chas.

I

Ingram, D.
Ingram, Gil
Ingram, Ray
Innes, A.

J

Jack, Dave
Jackson, J. M.
Jacob, James
Jacob, Phil
Jacobs, R. A.
Jacobs, W. H.
Jamieson, L. A.
Jamieson, L. D.
Jensin, J.
Johns, Bill
Johnson, J. Richard
Johnston, Stewart
Johnston, E. E.
Johnston, H.
Johnston, Norman
Johnston, R. S.
Jones, C. A.
Jones, D. M.
Jorgensen, C.

K

Keenan, R. A.
Keith, A. C.
Kennedy, E. A.
Kennedy, G. A.
Kenny, Ralph
Kieast, R.
Killen, H. E.
King, F. G.
Kipp, Wilfred
Kipp, C. Gordon
Knowles, Ben
Kohut, Mike
Kram, W. H.
Kyles, J. A.

L

Lambert, T. R.
Lanyon, Arthur
Large, H.
Lasser, Bob
Lavalley, J. M.
Lee, Don
Lee, C. D.
Lennox, T. H.
Leclair, Ted
Leese, Dick
Leese, R. G.
Leese, Bob
Leighton, J.
Levy, Gray
Lewis, Ray
Lewis, Reg.
Libby, H.
Lightfoot, J.
Linder, T. W.
Lloyd, W.
Long, H. E.
Lorenson, R. T.
Lund, Roy
Loukes, Miss Mary
Lyons, Ormond
Lye, R. A.
Lyons, Warwick

Mc and Mac

McAuley, Alistair
McBurnie, F. M.

McCartney, John
MacDonald, Ken
MacDonald, G. A.
MacDonald, J. W.
MacDonald, R. C.
MacGregor, James
MacGregor, John
McGuffie, James
MacIntyre, B. M.
MacIntosh, Chas.
McIsaacs, E. J.
McKay, D.
McKay, E.
McKenzie, A.
McKenzie, A. T.
McKenzie, D. R.
MacKenzie, Gordon
McKenzie, Pete
Mackenzie, R. C.
McKie, Hugh
MacKinnon, J. E.
McKissock, T.
McKnight, Watson
McLachlan, Henry
MacLachlan, C.
McLean, L.
McLean, Neil
McLeod, A.
McLeod, Jack B.
McLeod, William
† McMullen, Frank
McNair, D. S.
McNair, R. C.
McPhalen, C. G.
McPhalen, A. W.
McPherson, A. C.
McRae, H.
McWhinney, John

M

Macken, D. Kenneth
Magson, Phil
Maguire, Jack
Malyea, H. E.
Mantoani, A.
Mannion, F.
Maple, J.
Marchant, A.
Marcoux, Wm.
Marlatt, S. P.
Marshall, Ronald
Marshall, W. K.
Martin, Ian
Maslin, G.
Mathews, T.
Matheson, Ken.
Matheson, N. P.
Matheson, C. D.
Mathieson, R. A.
Mawn, Art
Mayo, J.
Menzies, Gordon
Messmer, J.
Midelto, P.
Miller, Joe
Miller, W. N. F.
Milne, Billy
Mitten, J. R.
Mitchell, A.
Mitchell, Fred
Mitchell, M.
Mitchell, W.
Mitten, James R.
Moeskau, E.
Monsell, D.
Monsell, P.
Monsell, R. L.
Moore, W. A.

Morfit, W.
Morris, Andy
Morris, John
Morrissey, Joe
Moss, L. W.
Mowbray, Fred
Mowbray, George
Muir, J.
Mullen, J. J.
Mullen, R.
Mullen, W.
Murray, Charles

N

Naylor, Martin
Nello, F., Jr.
Nello, F. Sr.
Norden, Ray
Northey, Giff.
Nutchey, Tom
Nuttal, David

O

O'Byrne, E.
Oldale, T.
Oliver, Frank
Olsen, H.
Olsen, J. N.
O'Neil, Frank
Oram, Dave
Oster, Miss Alice
Owens, W.
Ozavitsky, J.

P

Palmer, Bill
Parker, Harold G.
Parkin, Jack
Parkin, Reg.
Parsons, Lyonel M.
Parrot, Fred W.
Patrick, W.
Patterson, R. B.
Patton, W. K.
Patrucco, A. J.
Peck, Eric
Peebles, W.
Pelly, Jack
Perry, Camille
Peters, Albert F.
Peterson, F. D.
Petty, Robert
Phillip, G. A.
Phillips, N.
Phillips, R. S.
Phipps, P.
Pickles, H. W.
Pickles, T. M.
Pidcock, T. C. L.
Piper, Gordon
Piper, James
Pirie, Dawson
Pittcross, F.
Pitton, T.
Plaskett, Jim
Poole, C. P. R.
Poole, Victor H.
Powell, Thomas C.
Price, Bill
Price, Max

Q

Quinn, E.

R

Raimondo, R. G.
Razzo, Paul
Razzo, George
Redhead, Jack
Redhead, Robert
Regan, B. A.
Rennie, G.
Rennie, D. W.
Reynolds, A. E. L.
Rice, Leslie
Richards, Stan.
Richardson, Stanley
Richardson, T.
Ridge, Keith
Riley, E.
Riley, Harry
Ritchie, W. R.
Robbins, Vincent
Roberts, Allen
Roberts, Frank
Roberts, O.
Robinson, A. H.
Robson, Joe
Robson, Charles
Rolandi, R.
Rolandi, Miss Violet
Rorke, Lionel
Rose, Andrew H.
Ross, Art, Jr.
Roslinsky, W.
Ross, Delbert
Rowe, H.
Royce, H.
Runnells, W.
Russell, H. B.
Russell, H. R.
Russell, Ronald

S

Salmon, R. A.
Savage, A. W.
Savage, W. A.
Savory, H. L.
Scarlett, J. H.
Schaffer, F.
Schon, L. A.
Scorey, Joe
Scott, Bob
Scott, J. M.
Scriven, G. H.
Shaw, R. W.
Simard, R. D.
Simonatta, D.
Sleigh, Dudley
Slevin, Errol
Smith, Gordon
Smith, Walter
Snihur, F.
Snihur, Jack
Somerville, Don S.
Spackman, N.
Spence, J. E.
Spratt, F.
Srigley, R. G.
Stade, Miss Zella
Stanley, Golden
Stapleton, J.
Stapleton, Dick
Strachan, Sandy
Stinson, T. S.
Stinson, W. E.
Stusiak, Nick
Stutt, R. J.

† Killed in Action.

* Prisoner of War.



In the above group, left to right, are: 1st row: Flying Officer Harold Tull, L.A.C. Peter Grain, L.A.C. M. J. Bippis, Pte. Bill Clutterbuck; 2nd row: Pte. Jock Campbell, Sergt. Dave Jack, Corp. Jack Challis, L.A.C. Bruce Patterson, Corp. Dick Johnston, Tpr. Gord Dalzell, Pte. Bill Bull, Pte. Del Ross, Pte. Joe Davidson, Corp. George Ewing, Corp. Tom McKissock; 3rd row: Pte. Art Mawn, Pte. Len Jameison, Pte. Phil Jacob, Pte. George Crockett, Tpr. Bill Holden, Pte. "Scotty" Connelly, Pte. Bill Marcoux, Pte. Hugh McKie, Tpr. Bill Price, Corp. Ken McDonald, Sergt. Jack Gebbie; 4th row: Lance-Corp. John Alexander, Corp. Joe Graham, Sergt. Don Lee, Pte. Jack Leighton, Pte. "Rusty" Taylor, Pte. John Mullen, Sergt. H. Long, Gunner Cliff Walker, Corp. Max Price.

The Historic Beaver Club Reunion

Powell River Boys Gather in Empire's Capital

THE pictures on this page are historic. They were taken at the Canadian Beaver Hut in London, and show seventy-one Powell River boys, collected on one spot and at one hour.

This reunion of Powell River boys in the overseas forces is unique in the history of this war. To our knowledge, it is the first organized reunion of any group from a special area. The boys were representative of all branches of the service, and came from widely scattered military areas.

The idea of a Powell River overseas union was originated by Corp. "Tish" Schon, R.C.A.F., former local business man. Corp. Schon contacted

Canadian officials in London, interviewed the staff at the Beaver Club, and arranged for special entertainment.

The Powell River Company was privileged to assist Corp. Schon in this historic gathering. The Company sent airmail letters to commanding officers of overseas units, asking for co-operation in arranging leave for Powell River boys in the unit. In each case this co-operation was unreservedly given, and the Company wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the officers commanding the First Seaforth's, the First Battalion, Canadian Scottish, the New Westminster Regiment, for their personal assistance in



In the above group, left to right, are: 1st row: L.A.C. Gordie MacKenzie, Pts. "Pat" Miller, Sergt. Rod Matheson, Corp. Bob Lye, Pte. Tommy Oldale, Pte. Dick Jacob; 2nd row: Flying Officer J. A. Kyles, C.S.M. Harry Davies, Pte. Bruce Butler, Pte. O. McKinnon; 3rd row: L.A.C. George Rennie, Gunner Howard Rowe, Corp. Harold Belyea, Pte. "Gerry" Tweed, Corp. Chas. Robson, Corp. Bill Moore, Corp. Charlie MacIntosh, Pte. Joe Warman, Pte. George Drayton, Pte. Norm. Hill, Pte. Len Taylor, Pte. Fred Peterson, Corp. "Tish" Schon, Tpr. Bill Dalzell, Corp. Harris; 4th row: Pte. Ralph Kenny, Corp. Frank Mannion, Corp. Gino Bortolussi, Pte. George Haddock, L.A.C. Jackie Grundle, Lance-Corp. Art Button, Pte. Fred Harding.

arranging necessary leave for Powell River boys in their battalions. Their sympathetic co-operation along with that of many squadron leaders and unit commanders, was largely responsible for the wonderful success of the London reunion.

Acting in co-operation with Corp. Schon, the company contacted every individual Powell Riverite overseas, and the response was amazing. Every local lad who could possibly leave his unit was there, and many others, tied up in operational duties or too far away to make the trip, sent in letters and telegrams of regret.

Of the Powell River men stationed in England, all but a few were present. In addition, Jack Grundle came down from Scotland, and Bruce Patterson travelled from Ireland. Sergt.-Pilot

Martin Naylor arrived late in the afternoon, apologizing because he had spent the night in hospital after being shot down over the Channel the day before.

Scores of letters from the boys telling of the reunion have poured in. One and all consider it a red letter day in their lives.

"We resumed," said Corp. Joe Graham, "the old arguments we started three years ago!"

"It was a grand day," Pilot Officer Jock Kyles writes. "It looked like Powell River had taken over London for the day—and they just about did that."

"Thanks for letting us know about the reunion," says Gunner Howard Rowe. "It was the first time since my arrival in England in 1939 that I have

met any of the old gang. It was the best thing that has happened to me over here."

And so they talked, as scores of local boys pumped each others hands, swapped gossip of the home town, and visited most of the famous spots of London, including the "pubs".

At the Beaver Club banquet, Corp. Schon received the well deserved thanks of the boys for his efforts. Later in the week, Corp. Schon was given a special seven-minute broadcast over the C. B. C., which was heard by almost everyone in Powell River. Present at the Beaver Club

banquet were Mr. McAdam, Agent-General for British Columbia, and A. C. Cummings of the Canadian Press, who wrote a special despatch on the reunion.

This Powell River get-together, as suggested, is unique in the history of this war. Powell River is the first community in Canada to arrange an organized reunion of its sons overseas. The thanks of the residents of Powell River are due to Corp. "Tish" Schon for suggesting and organizing the overseas entertainment—an undertaking in which the Powell River Community was proud to have a share.

Powell River Boys on All Fronts and in All Branches of Service

Residents of Powell River are, and have every right to be, proud of their contribution to the armed forces of Canada. The honor roll in this special issue, dedicated to the war effort of the community, contains the names of over 600 men and women, who left Powell River to serve their country.

Our sons and daughters are in every branch of the service. They are guarding the sea lanes of the Atlantic and the Pacific; they are flying the skies over Britain and the English Channel; they man the mighty Lancasters, Sterlings and Halifaxes that carry heavy loads of destruction far and wide over Hitler's Germany. Up in the skies over heroic Malta, Powell River lads have fought and died. The sands of

Libya know the drone of their planes as they take the "milk route" to Tobruk or strafe Rommell's communications from Mersa Matruh to Bengasi. From India and Ceylon, our boys patrol the shores of the Indian Ocean, and fight the Japs over Burma. And in Britain, scores of Powell River lads are in the vanguard of the fighting forces that eagerly watch the invasion ports across the channel. The following paragraphs tell only in briefest outline the story of our boys in the Empire's fighting forces.

Royal Canadian Navy

At the time of writing, nearly 100 youngsters from our townsite are at sea, or preparing to go to sea, in ships



L.S. Jim Maple

Pte. Camille Perry

Sergt. Bat MacIntyre

Tpr. Ewart Hassell

Hank Carruthers

of the Royal Canadian Navy. They are on corvettes, destroyers, mine sweepers, patrol boats; scores have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic on convoy duty and have hunted the U-Boats from Newfoundland to Iceland and down to the South Atlantic.

Leading Seaman Jimmy Maple, on H.M.C.S. *Skeena*, has been in the thick of the fight since the first day of war. He was at Brest for the evacuation; his ship escorted the *Illustrious* to Gibraltar; he was aboard the *Skeena* when that stout little ship beat off one of the heaviest wolf pack assaults of the war; he has been dive-bombed and shelled by the enemy.

Jimmy's experiences have, to a greater or lesser degree, been the experiences of many other local boys, as they carry on their duties in the Silent Service. Today, there is scarcely a convoy that leaves an eastern Canadian port but a watchful Powell

River boy is somewhere among the escorting crews. There is scarcely a patrol boat or ship-of-war on Canada's west coast that does not number a Powell Riverite on its nominal roll.

In the ranks of the bluejackets are scores of former employees, well known throughout the district. There is Lieut.-Engineer Charlie Brinckman, of the steam plant; Lieut. Kent Goldsmith, Kingcome Navigation accountant; Petty Officers Dan Wallace, Bob Redhead, Jerry Wheeler, Stewart Johnston; Chief Stoker "Scotty" Abbot, of the machine room; Seaman Bob Dunn, former boxing star and machine room employee; Jack and Hank Carruthers, the two Roberts boys, Bob Turnbull, Fred Parrot, Leading Seaman Reg. Lewis; Jim Plaskett of the production office; such well known lads as Cave Baum, Stan Richardson, Dick Stapleton, Johnny Fishleigh, Andy Bartfai, Jimmy McGuffie and many others—

L.A.C. Tom Nutchey

Sergt. Jack Young

C.S. Scotty Abbot

P.O. Bert Carey

Cave Baum



all worthy of the tradition handed down and maintained by the Royal Navy.

The Canadian Army Overseas

Every Canadian Division overseas claims Powell River as an address of the next-of-kin of its fighting men. Our boys bob up in every branch of the service—infantry, armoured units, engineers, artillery, ordnance, army service corps, medical corps, etc.

The old First Division, the Seaforth's, mighty in name and tradition, have seven Powell River boys in the ranks. There is Sergt. Dave Jack, ex-machine room and soccer star; Corp. Tommy McKissock; Corp. Harris; Pte. Norm. Hill, grinder room and leading all-round athlete, and Pte. Len Taylor.

Twenty-two Powell River representatives are numbered in the ranks of the First Canadian Battalion, Canadian Scottish, Third Canadian Division. They include such stalwarts as Sergt. Don Lee, Corp. Joe Graham, Lance-Corp. Jack Pelly, and Ptes. "Scotty" Connelly, Fred Peterson, Bill



Corp. Jim
Stapleton

Clutterbuck, Jock Campbell, George and Bill Crockett, Hugh Cairney, George Ewing, Dickie Jacob, Phil Jacobs, Jack Leighton, "Rusty" Taylor, Len Jamieson, Hugh McKie, etc.

In the Fourth Division, our boys com-



Tpr. Fred
Mitchell

prise the better part of a platoon in the First Battalion D. C. O. R.'s who have recently arrived overseas as an armoured unit. The list includes Lieut. Eric Barlow, Trps. Fred Mitchell, Ewart Hassell, Doug Monsell, Joe Ozavitsky, Camille Perry, Corp. Jim Stapleton, Howie

Russell and others.

The Fifth (Armoured) Division finds Powell River equally well represented. In the smart New Westminster Regiment are a group of well known athletes and citizens. They include Corp. Gino Bortolussi, former office employee and Canadian Army sprint champion; Corp. Ken McDonald, machine room, well known in community and athletic circles; Sergt. Jack Gebbie, one of our best all-round athletes and former assistant superintendent in the beater room. And there is Ralph Kenny, soccer star, Johnnie Mullen, Tom Oldale, Harry Royce, Joe Warman, Jimmie Hall, "Baldy" Haddock and Bruce Butler. Tough opposition for any opponent, these boys of Samson's Roughriders.

In the Ninth Armoured Regiment (B.C.D.) of the same division are the three Dalzell boys, Bill, Gordon and Norman; Corp. Dick Johnston, Bill Holden, Bob Stutt and C. D. Matheson.

At Dieppe, the Powell River casualty list was practically nil. Sergt.

Long of Stillwater was wounded, but arrived safely in England, and Pte. Joe Davenport was taken prisoner. By a fortunate coincidence for Powell River, the Dieppe raid was entirely a Second Division show, and there are no B. C. battalions in this division. Some men from the anti-aircraft batteries, including Sergt. Rod Matheson, and a few engineers and special service troops, were in the attacking force, but none of the battalions mentioned above were selected for Dieppe duty. And Powell River mercifully escaped the heavy casualties felt in many hamlets and homes in Canada.

Our boys are in the vanguard of the fighting battalions of Canada. They will be first in battle when the Canadian Army swings into action. In the preparatory stages, they have shown outstanding, all-round ability. They rate high as soldiers, as may be seen from the proportion of officers and N.C.O.'s.; they rate high as sportsmen, as the records of the Canadian Army overseas shows. And from reports received from time to time from English families, they rate high as first class citizens. The reputation of Canada's fighting forces will be maintained by our Powell River boys.

Buy War Savings Certificates.



*Lieut.-Col. John
MacGregor*

The Royal Canadian Air Force

Nearly 200 local boys are in the ranks of the R. C. A. F. in Canada and England. They are on all the chief battlefronts and fly every type of plane. Martin Naylor, who has one channel crash to his credit, flies the famous two-seated Beaufighter. Out in hard-pressed Malta are Pilot Officer Harry Donkersley and his Spitfire. Over the baked sands of Libya are Pilot Officer Howie Sutton, Sergt. Observer Harry Cooper and many others. Our lads fly the Atlantic and Pacific

patrols, bomb Germany by day and night, fight off their raiders on all fronts of the world. Some of our finest youngsters are carrying Canada's torch across the skies.

Powell River V.C. Commands Battalion

Powell River's highest ranking member of the Active Service forces thus far is Lieut.-Colonel John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., who commands the Second Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment.

Col. MacGregor enlisted in 1940, was given command of a company in the Scottish. He was later promoted to 2I/C of the same battalion, and on the retirement of Col. Baptie, took over the battalion.



Sgt.-Pilot Frank McMullen (left), killed in Britain; Flight-Sergt. Lucien "Shadow" Brooks, killed over Malta; Pilot-Officer Willie Gilmour, killed in a flying accident over England.

In Memoriam

*"They will not grow old as we who
are left grow old,
Age will not weary them, nor the
years condemn,
At the going down of the sun, and in
the morning,
We will remember them."*

In recent months the war has been brought home to Powell River's doorstep. Three of our most popular and best known youngsters have paid the Supreme Sacrifice in the fight for freedom.

In March, 1942, Sergt. Frank McMullen, former pulp tester and an employee of the Powell River Company for over ten years, was killed in action over the British Isles.

On April 15th, Flight-Sergt. Lucien "Shadow" Brooks was shot down over heroic Malta as he led a squadron of

Hurricanes in action against the enemy. "Shadow" was brought up in Powell River, was educated here and was a leading all-round athlete.

On August 21st, Pilot Officer Willie Gilmour was killed in a flying accident overseas. Willie was widely known in the district. He was one of Powell River's leading sportsmen and a popular member of the office staff. He was buried with full military honors in Kinloss Abbey, Scotland.

These were all boys we knew and loved. They gave everything they had. They enlisted as free men, fully conscious of their task and their duty. They didn't count the cost. They died for what they considered was a just cause and in defense of their country and their homes. It is up to us to see that Frank and "Shadow" and Willie were justified in their faith.

POWELL River boys in the overseas forces have brought fresh credit and fame to the old home town. In August of this year, the Canadian Army overseas held their annual track and field championships. Athletes from every unit, every brigade and every division were represented at this great sports meet. Many of the best track men in the Dominion were among the competitors.

When the meet was over, the 5th

four record-breaking performances in a single afternoon. Gino received a tremendous ovation from the thousands of spectators, and was presented with his winning trophies by Mrs. McNaughton, wife of the Canadian Army Commander.

Gino has a brother in the R.C.A.F. and a father and sister employed with the Powell River Company. Gino was employed in the Sales and Shipping Department prior to his enlist-

Local Boy Leads Overseas Army Runners

Gino "Flash" Bortolussi Crowned Sprint Champion

Armoured Division (Samson's Roughriders) were acclaimed as winners.

"The Armoured Division Victory," said the official army newspaper, "was due largely to the sprinting prowess of a dark-haired flash hailing from Powell River, British Columbia—Corp. Gino Bortolussi of the New Westminster Regiment. "Bortolussi," the article continues, "won the 100 and 200-yard dashes, creating new records in both events, despite the presence of a heavy gale. The Powell River iron man also led his division to victory in the mile relay, nipping fourteen seconds off the established record and beating the British Army record by $2 \frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Not satisfied with these achievements, Bortolussi went out and ran anchor in the 440-yard relay and again led his team to victory in record time."

That's what one Powell River boy did in the overseas sports—turned in

ment in June, 1940. So in this issue, a special salute to Corp. Gino Bortolussi, Canadian Army Sprint Champion!

Seems funny now, with Gino one of the pets of the overseas forces, to recall that two days after he joined the army he saluted a hotel porter in mistake for a major!



Corp. Gino Bortolussi, pride of Powell River's sporting brigade and the toast of the New Westminster Regiment and the 5th Armored Division.

Two Powell River Boys Are Now Prisoners of War

Tommy in the Mediterranean, Joe at Dieppe

TWO local boys, Tommy Gardener and Joe Davenport have been officially listed as prisoners of war.

Pilot Officer Tommy Gardener, son of Fire Chief Dave Gardener and former office employee, was posted as missing on May 23, following an attack on an Italian convoy in the Ionian Sea. One month later his par-



Pilot - Officer Tommy Gardener is now in a prison camp in Italy. Knowing Tommy, bets are already being placed that he will be playing goal for Italy before long.

ents were cheered and the entire district gratified to hear that Tommy had been picked up at sea and was a prisoner in Italy. This will be welcome news to Tommy's many friends in the overseas forces. The local boy was Captain of a Beaufort plane when brought down, presumably by anti-aircraft fire off Sicily.

Private Joe Davenport, of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, was taken prisoner at Dieppe. Joe left Powell

River some time before enlisting to go east. He joined the Hamiltons in 1940. His regiment in the Second Canadian Division was in the vanguard that stormed through Dieppe.

Our Youngest Soldier



Even our youngsters, watching the growing efficiency of "E" Company on its nightly parades, have caught the military spirit. Above is Brian Baldwin, four-year-old son of Eric Baldwin, machine room, in full military dress. Even if the uniform belongs to a member of "E" Company, and Brian is lost in its folds, he is still a smart looking soldier!



Doris Bailey

Our Girls in the Forces

Powell River Girls Serve in Canada's Army



Patsy Hughes

We believe that Powell River's record of residents in the Armed Forces of our country is among the best in the Dominion. To date over 600 men and women have left Powell River for the military, naval and Air Forces. Nearly 500 of these are company employees, which is more than one third of the total number of employees at the outbreak of war.

Powell River's daughters, as well as her sons are included on our local Honor Roll. To date local girls have joined the colors, and others will doubtless follow as the war goes on. The girls now serving in the forces include Doris Bailey, Jean Banham, Doris Humphries, Margaret Hembroff, "Sis" Oster, "Gerry" Doran, Patsy Hughes, Marjorie McPhalen, Mary Loukes and Elaine Heavenor.

Practically all of these girls have been transferred to eastern centres. For many it is their first time

away from home. They have undertaken duties which most of them, in their wildest dreams, never considered they would perform.

But like their brothers in the forces, they have tackled their job with enthusiasm and initiative. We expect to hear more of their achievements and successes in the coming months.

Meanwhile, a special salute "to our girls in the forces!"

The Cover Picture

This month's cover picture is contributed by Rifleman Harold Vandervoort, of "E" Company. It shows a portion of "E" Company at rifle exercises, on a morning parade. Sergt. Major Impett has just put the boys through a bit of rifle exercise, and in the picture Harold catches him correcting some of the boys during the "For inspection, Port Arms!" movement.



Jean Banham



Lieut.-Commander Glen Sample, Powell River Company Director, now with the U. S. Navy.

Last month we received word that Mr. Glen Sample, for many years a Director of the Powell River Company Limited and partner of the well-known Chicago firm of Blackett, Sample & Hummert, had enlisted in the U. S. Navy. Mr. Sample holds the rank of Lieut.-Commander, and is on active service with the naval forces of his country.

Lieut.-Commander Sample has been a regular visitor to Powell River for many years. He is well known to a large number of employees as a keen business man and raconteur of parts. His recognized administration ability and driving force will prove of undoubted value in his naval career.

Another old friend of Powell River, now in the U. S. navy, is Lieut. "j. g." John Hollern, son-in-law of the late Paul A. Brooks. John has made regular visits to Powell River with

Company Directors and Officials Enlist

Powell River Company Director Joins U. S. Navy

the directors for many years. THE DIGESTER extends congratulations and good luck.

Overseas with the R. C. A. F. and working on a rough average of about 14 hours a day is Flying Officer Jock Kyles, former mill secretary at Powell River. Jock has been overseas for nearly a year, has experienced several bombing raids, and is doing an important job with the R. C. A. F. He went to London for the Beaver Club reunion. Mr. Jamieson of the Engineering staff asks Jock to keep out of the clutches of the "F. B. I."

The Right Man

He: "Girlie, when I walk up to a piano, they don't laugh."

She: "Oh, a musical genius?"

He: "Wrong again, I'm the installment collector."



*Lieut. John Hollern,
U.S.N.*



*Flying Officer Jock
Kyles, R.C.A.F.*



Hansen

Air Cadets Have Smart Local Unit

Three Boys Now in the R. C. A. F.



Bernarr Gallicano

For eighteen months, cadet training has been compulsory in B. C. High Schools. In Powell River, the Air Force and Army cadets have been training steadily for the past year. Both groups are smart on parade, and their frequent public appearances have created a favorable impression in the area.

Already the local cadet corps have begun to send their graduates to the armed forces. From the Army group, Jimmie MacGregor, son of Lieut.-Colonel John MacGregor, V.C., M.C., D.C.M., has joined the Air Force as an observer. From the Air cadets, Sergt. Bernarr Gallicano and Ivan Hansen have gone into the R.C.A.F., and more lads will follow in their footsteps when they graduate or reach the required age for enlistment.

The Air Force cadets in particular, under Cadet Flight-Lieut. Myron C. McLeod, are considered one of the smartest in wartime Canada. In a recent display at Calgary, the Powell River boys were singled out as one of

the smartest and best disciplined groups in camp.

The Air Force cadets train two nights a week and these boys are considered the smartest outfit in town at the present moment.

The three boys who have joined up from the Cadet corps are well known in the district. Bernarr Gallicano has held the rank of Cadet Sergt. and is considered one of the smartest cadet N.C.O.'s. in British Columbia. Ex Servicemen who have watched this boy drill his company have pronounced him a natural soldier. His loss will be keenly felt by the corps.

Ivan Hansen is the son of Alf Hansen, boss machine tender in the plant, and one of our most active community workers, also a decoration holder of the last war. Ivan is an all-round athlete and one of the best swimmers and divers in the district. They will both be useful acquisitions to the R.C.A.F. As far as general duty is concerned, these lads have very little to learn.

The troops and auxiliary forces march to church. Left: The smart Air Force Cadets swing confidently down Ocean View Avenue. On the right is the recently formed women's branch of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Mrs. Howard Jamieson is leading the detachment.



Honor Roll

(Continued from Page 3)

Summers, S. J.
Sutherland, E.
Sutherland, Jack
Sutherland, Melville
Sutton, H. M. B.
Swanson, A.
Sylvester, E. A.

T

Tartaglia, Ralph
Tate, A. E.
Tate, Ernest F.
Taylor, Ken
Taylor, Jack
Taylor, Len
Taylor, P. V.

Tearle, T. E.
Templeton, W.
Thompson, E. L.
Thorpe, P. V.
Todd, Alan
Tomado, J.
Tosh, J.
Tremblay, R. J.
Tull, Harold
Turnbull, Bob
Tweed, G. B.

V

Vandervoort, W. D.
Vanichuk, Pete
Vanichuk, Fred

Vanichuk, Mike
Vincent, E.
Vizzutti, G. E.
Vogler, G. W.

W

Wallace, Dan
Waldron, A.
Walker, E. N.
Walker, Cliff
Walker, W. E.
Warman, J. E.
Warren, Victor
Wells, Gordon E.
Wheeler, J.
Whitley, E. C.

Wilcox, J. B.
Williams, R.
Wilshire, Morris
Wilson, E.
Woodruff, Jack
Worth, John
Wright, Walter

Y

Young, J. L.

Z

Zilnic, O.

Editor's Note

This is a special issue of the POWELL RIVER DIGESTER, dedicated to the Powell River men serving their country in the naval, military and air forces.

We have made no mention in this issue of the general contribution of our citizens to war loans, to war savings and to the numerous welfare and war auxiliary services. Such fine organizations as the I.O.D.E., Red Cross chapters, Fraternal Council, etc., are doing magnificent work in supplying comforts to our men in the forces, and to the people of Britain. Their work has been, and will continue to be, acknowledged in these pages.

We also ask our readers forbearance if, in the long list of names, a son, daughter or relative is missing. It has been no easy task to compile this list up-to-date. Some names, particularly recent enlistments, may have been omitted. If such is the case, we will include the names in a supplementary list in our next issue.

The present roll call on these pages shows residents of Powell River and district in the forces, a record of which the community and Company are justly proud.

It was at first intended to compile the list complete, with unit and address. This is impractical for reasons of space, and names only are printed. We will be only too pleased to furnish any of the addresses on request, and urge that every resident follow the suggestion of Mr. Foley—

Write to the boys as often as possible!

Here are five well-known Company employees, veterans of 1914-1918 and back in service again. All have been at least 15 years with the Company. Left to right: Corp. Neil McLean, Sergt. "Bus" Blondin, Corp. George Ewing, Corp. Harry Anchor, Corp. Ray Ingram.



Women Fill Many War Time Jobs in Powell River Plant

to utilize local women before accepting applicants from outside points. Already several score of Powell River women have sent in applications, and are being taken on steadily.

The question of employing women was anticipated some time ago by the company, and a thorough survey made to determine in what departments they could be employed. Necessary rest room and other facilities have been installed, and a satisfactory solution worked out with the local trade unions regarding wages and working conditions.

Many of the women being employed are wives of Powell River employees now in the overseas forces. In some cases, these women are employed in the same department as their husbands were, and possibly may even take over their husband's job for the duration. Already, our foremen, who have viewed the entrance of women into their hitherto undisputed male domain with some misgivings, are wearing smiles of pleased surprise.

"The girls are shaping up good," one foreman remarked, which, when you come to think of it, is as it should be!

The honor of being the first woman ever employed in the Powell River plant belongs to Miss Mary Cavanaugh (above) who took over a position as pulp tester.



Miss Mary Cavanaugh

WAR of necessity brings many changes. To Powell River, perhaps the most novel is the spectacle of women entering and leaving the plant, and punching time cards, side by side with male employees.

The shortage of man power, felt throughout the Continent, has brought about the utilization of female labor for the first time in the Powell River plant. Additional women are being taken on as vacancies occur, in certain departments. To date, the beater room, sulphite plant, finishing room and pulp testing departments have employed a number of women.

It is the policy of the management



E Company, led by Sergt.-Major Impett, goes on Church Parade.

Powell River Citizens Prepare for Emergency

Large Enlistment in Local Reserve Unit

IN the home front, Powell River citizens are preparing to take their share in defending the West Coast against possible invasion. Nearly three months ago, permission was received from Ottawa to recruit a company of the Reserve Army in Powell River. Applications poured in, and in a few weeks the Company had recruited 150 men. In recent months, new enlistments have brought the total to

180, almost twice the normal company complement.

The local company is shown in the military records as "E" Company, 2nd Battalion, Duke of Connaughts Own Rifles. The other four companies are stationed in Vancouver.

The unit is under the command of Capt. Leslie Checkland, of the wharf staff. Capt. L. Checkland is a veteran of the last war, serving with the famous Devonshire Regiment.



The leaders of E Company, D. C. O. R.'s, stationed at Powell River, Capt. Leslie Cbeckland (left) and Lieut. John Dunlop. Both are experienced and popular officers.



He is an old Imperial Army regular, and has been employed with the Powell River Company for the past fifteen years. He is one of the most experienced military men in the district and his choice as Commanding officer of "E" Company met with universal approval.

Second in Command is Lieut. John Dunlop, M.C., Powell River Sales Company manager at Powell River. Lieut. Dunlop served from 1914-1918 with the celebrated 16th Battalion, C.E.F. He is a popular officer and highly esteemed in the district.

Sergt.-Major Impett is in charge of training and discipline, and under his skilful direction, "E" Company is quickly rounding into shape. Basic training has been completed and rifle, instruction, patrol and field exercises are well advanced.

The Company has its complement of rifles, machine guns and other small arms and preliminary instruction in these weapons is already under way.

The company parades twice a week in addition to special Sunday parades for field exercises. A nightly guard of 4 men and an N.C.O. is maintained at the Armories. This, in every sense is a strictly military guard, two hours on and six hours off. The men sleep on the premises when off duty, have breakfast brought up—and then start on their day's work in the plant.

All the N.C.O.'s are well known local residents. They include Sergt. "Sandy" Allan, Machine room; Corp. Tom Prentice, Dwight Hall caretaker; Corp. Gordon Thorburn, Sawmill, and Corp. Harold Rose, Customs Office. Lance-Corporals are Harry Slade, Wharf; Steve Joyce, Laboratory; Curly Woodward, Office; Bill Castel, Wharf; Ben Craig; Fred Goulding, electricians; Alex Beck, Machine room; and Bert Hill, Machine room; "Bolo" Gordon, Wharf.

All ranks are taking training seriously and progress has been very satisfactory, on the authority of Sergt.-Major Impett, himself.

Women Join St. John Brigade

Another important group of the women's auxiliary war emergency army is the woman's division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. This branch, formed early in the year, has made splendid progress. All ranks are taking their training seriously, attending regular parades, and studying hard. The women are given special hospital training, and in an emergency will take over as auxiliary nurses. Mrs. Howard Jamieson heads the women's division of the brigade, and their smart appearance on recent public parades has been commended.



C.O. Mrs. J.
Staniforth



2 I/C Mrs. J. A.
Lundie



Adjutant Noreen
McSavaney

The Canadian Red Cross Corps

Local women, as well as men, are also in uniform, and attending regular parades. The local detachment of the Canadian Red Cross Corps has been in existence since March of this year, and is now a smart, disciplined unit. The detachment is affiliated as an auxiliary to the local Reserve Unit.

Commanding Officer of the unit is Mrs. J. Staniforth, well known local community worker. Mrs. Staniforth served in the last war and comes from a military family. Mrs. J. A. Lundie is second in command, and Miss Noreen McSavaney is adjutant. Total

strength of the unit is around 40, active and reserve.

The corps parades twice weekly, and in addition to regular drill, and first aid periods, special classes in Home Nursing, Motor Mechanics, Food Administration, Office Administration and A.R.P. are held. Each class is in charge of a competent instructor.

In addition, the Red Cross unit participates actively in local war auxiliary services and in general community activities.

Red Cross unit, led by O.C. Mrs. J. Staniforth, presents a smart appearance as they parade through our streets.



They All Take It Seriously

On this page are two pictures showing just how seriously local citizens are taking their Home Defence training. On the right are the long and short of E Company, looking smart and very serious. The long is Rifleman Harold Moorehead, Powell River Company resident engineer; the short is Jack Rushant, son of Charles Rushant of the townsite staff.

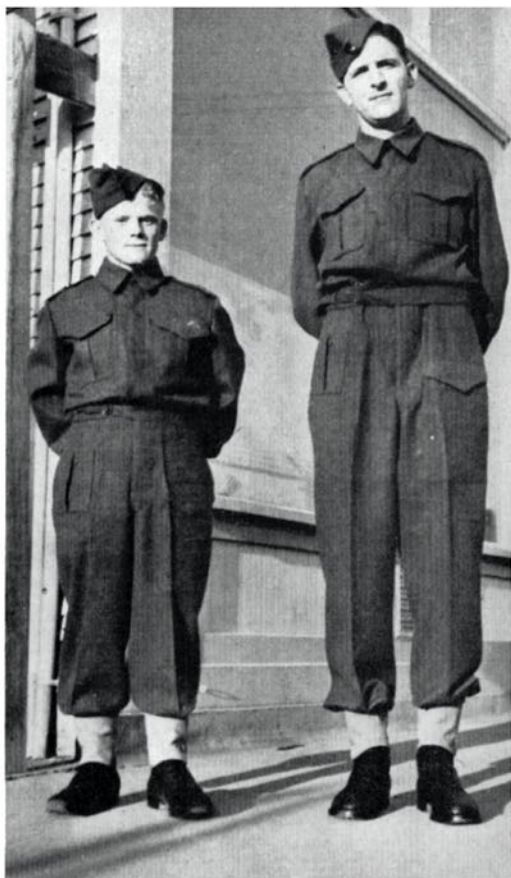
Below, two of our Cadet Air Force officers are shown at Calgary, learning the intricacies of the machine and anti-tank guns. Dr. C. R. Marlatt and James Currie are on the left of the group. They spent several weeks in camp with the boys and attended classes. This was their summer holidays.

Reserve Notes

There is a suggestion that Riflemen Stubby Hansen and Reg Baker may do the next "stalk." If there is anything in the rumor bleacher seats would be at a premium. Bit of fun to watch those two lads duck, dash and crawl for 300 yards, what?

* * *

The nearest approach to a public scandal in the Reserve unit was the



Rfm. Jack Rushant, Rfm. Harold Moorehead

day Corporal Tom Prentice almost dropped his rifle on parade. But, as an ex-private in the posh Greys, Tommy caught it in time. But it was "a close run thing," as the Duke of Wellington said after Waterloo.

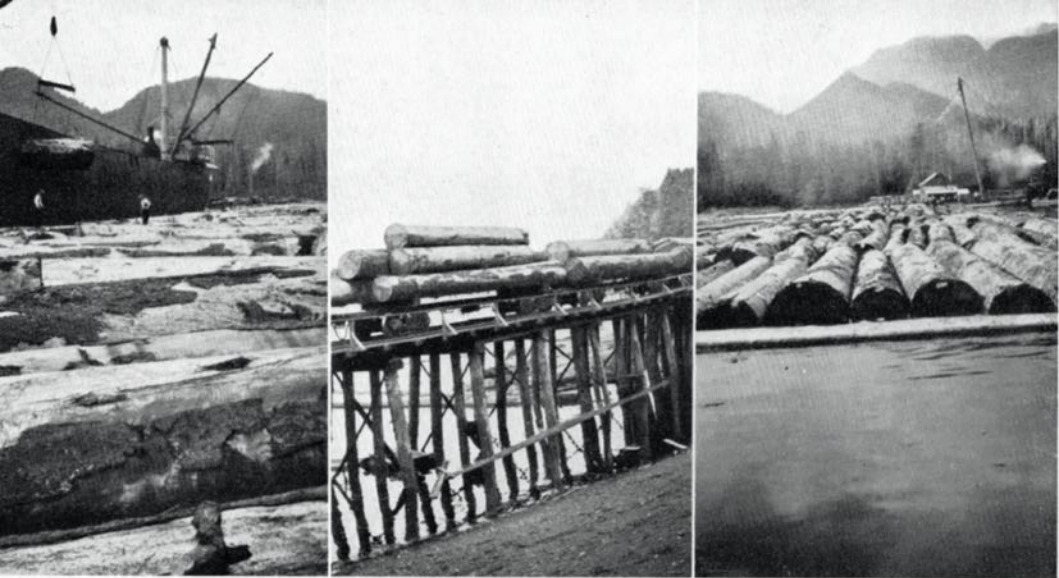
* * *

The boys are looking forward to their first trip to the rifle ranges. Deep in their hearts most of our famous civilian shots are confident they will shoot a 4-inch group.

* * *

The old soldiers in the unit are gradually becoming accustomed to rifle regiment technique—but it has been a tough job, lads.





Above views show how the giant spruce logs from A. P. Allison and Kelley Logging Company are stored and shipped in from the logging centres in northern B. C. In the first picture the logs being loaded aboard a log barge. Pictures 2 and 3 show spruce logs in transit and in the booming group

B. C. Softwoods Lead in Fighter Plane Construction

Spruce and Hemlock Both Used in Our Best Combat Planes

IN the World War, 1914-1918, British Columbia was the greatest single source of vital airplane spruce for the allied armies.

The same condition prevails today—only the demand for this tough, straight grained timber from our forests has been intensified many times. Airplane spruce is at the top of the British Government war requirements from British Columbia.

The output of spruce for overseas is steadily increasing, as our fighters soar over Germany with expanding wings and pin the enemy in his own territory.

The steady and uninterrupted cutting of spruce is one of the most

important phases of Powell River's war effort. With some 200 of our own boys enrolled in the R.C.A.F., the maintenance of this supply line has a very personal interest for all of us. It is some little satisfaction for us to know that the Powell River plant is handling more airplane spruce daily than any plant in North America.

In the pictures accompanying this article, are depicted spruce logging scenes on Powell River Company limits, in northern areas. These limits being logged by the Kelly Logging Company and Allison Logging Company, are among the largest and best known in the province, and from them comes a major part of the

high grade spruce logged in British Columbia. The areas have long been famous as among the world's greatest spruce stands.

It is from these same areas that the spruce logs, which are run through the Powell River sawmill are cut. This operation, run in conjunction with the Kelly Spruce organization has expanded in the past year. Today it is the largest spruce cutting operation in the west—and one of the most vital

Yet another famous B. C. softwood is joining his spruce brother in the service of our country. Today, Powell River, through the directive efforts of Mr. B. B. Gattie, Deputy Assistant Controller, British Ministry of Supply Timber Control Department, and Mr. Thos. Kelley of Kelley Spruce Ltd. is pioneering the use of hemlock in aircraft construction.

The Powell River Company takes special pride in the fact that they were the productive unit for aircraft lumber, at a time when Great Britain almost alone among the warring nations, maintained her trust in wood for aeroplane construction.

The continued faith of our operators in their product has been justified. The assistance of the company in pioneering the use of wood in one of our most vital war essentials, has



Caterpillar drawing giant spruce stick from the woods. Some of these timbers are 10 feet in diameter.

been a source of no little satisfaction to officials and operating staffs.

Today, wooden fighting planes, the planes that many Powell River boys are flying over Britain and the Continent, are recognized as the most successful of combat planes.

Original Emblem Used in Reunion Picture

When the Powell River boys of the Canadian Scottish left for Debart Camp, in Eastern Canada, they carried with them a Powell River emblem, made by the ladies of Powell River. This emblem was used in group pictures in the east, and when the regiment sailed for overseas the flag was taken along.

And when the boys gathered at the Beaver Hut, the Scottish lads had the forethought to take the much cherished emblem along. So in the reunion pictures, the ladies of Powell River are seeing the old emblem they sent away with the boys. This is now in the custody of Corp. Schon, and is being returned to Powell River for safe keeping.

Tug hauling a spruce boom in one of our northern logging centres.



Hank Back in New Zealand



Hank Cairney

During the anxious and perilous campaigns in Greece and Crete the New Zealanders suffered heavy casualties. Among the wounded in Greece was Hank Cairney, well known Powell River

athlete and schoolboy.

Hank left for New Zealand just before the outbreak of war. He joined up immediately with the New Zealanders, fought in Egypt and Libya, and was severely wounded in Greece. He was invalided back to New Zealand, and it is now learned he has been discharged from the forces. Latest advices indicate Hank will return to the old stamping ground when the opportunity, presents itself.

Another former Powell Riverite, Archie Prentice, electrician, is a prisoner of war in Italy. He was wounded and taken by the Italians during the evacuation from Greece.

Nice Work, Tish!



Corp. "Tish" Schon

The overseas organization of the Beaver Club reunion, which has been detailed in these pages, was handled by Corp. L. A. "Tish" Schon, R.C.A.F.

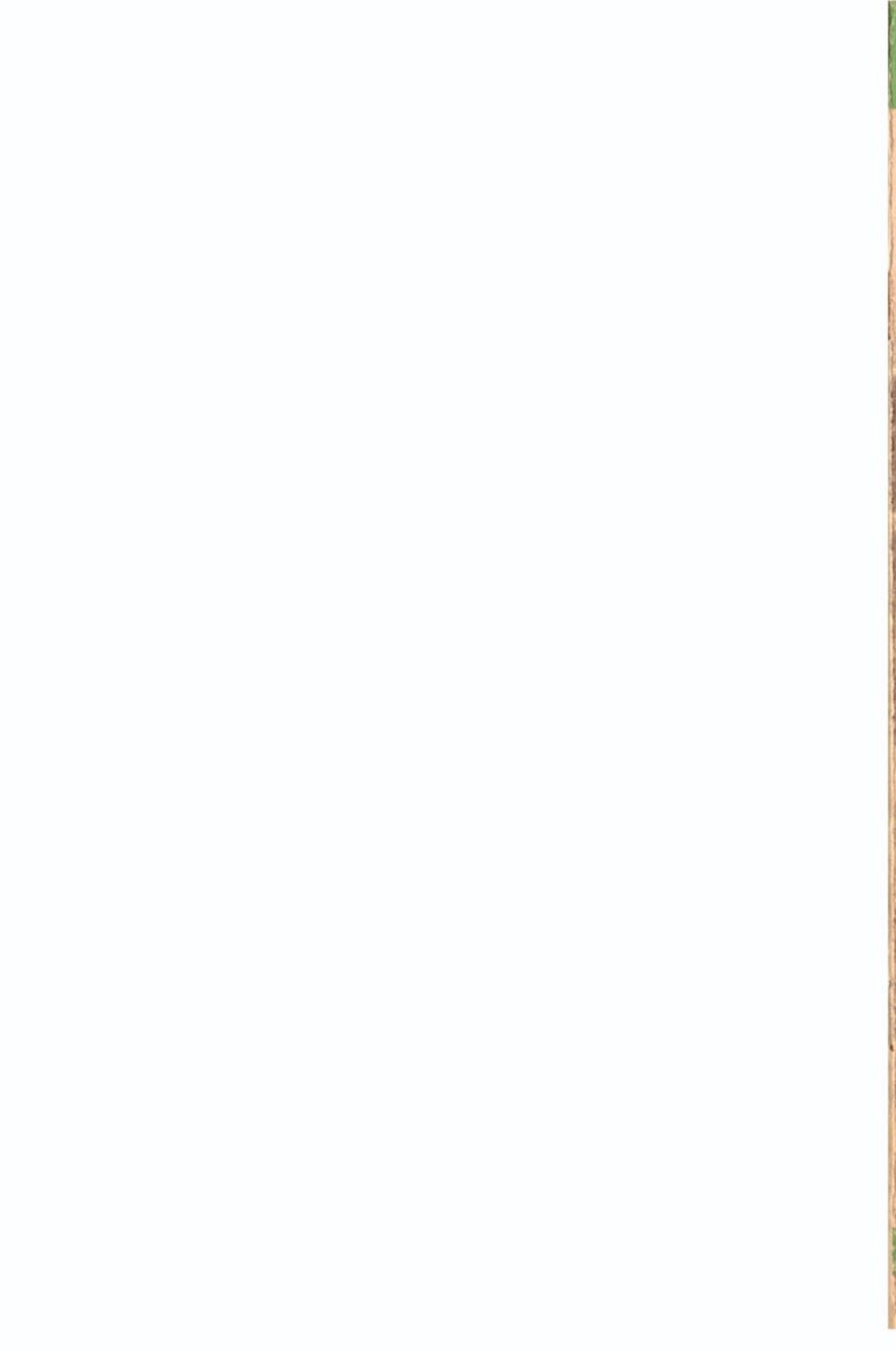
"Tish" was the originator of the idea, and has received the thanks of all the boys for the splendid manner in which he carried out all arrangements.

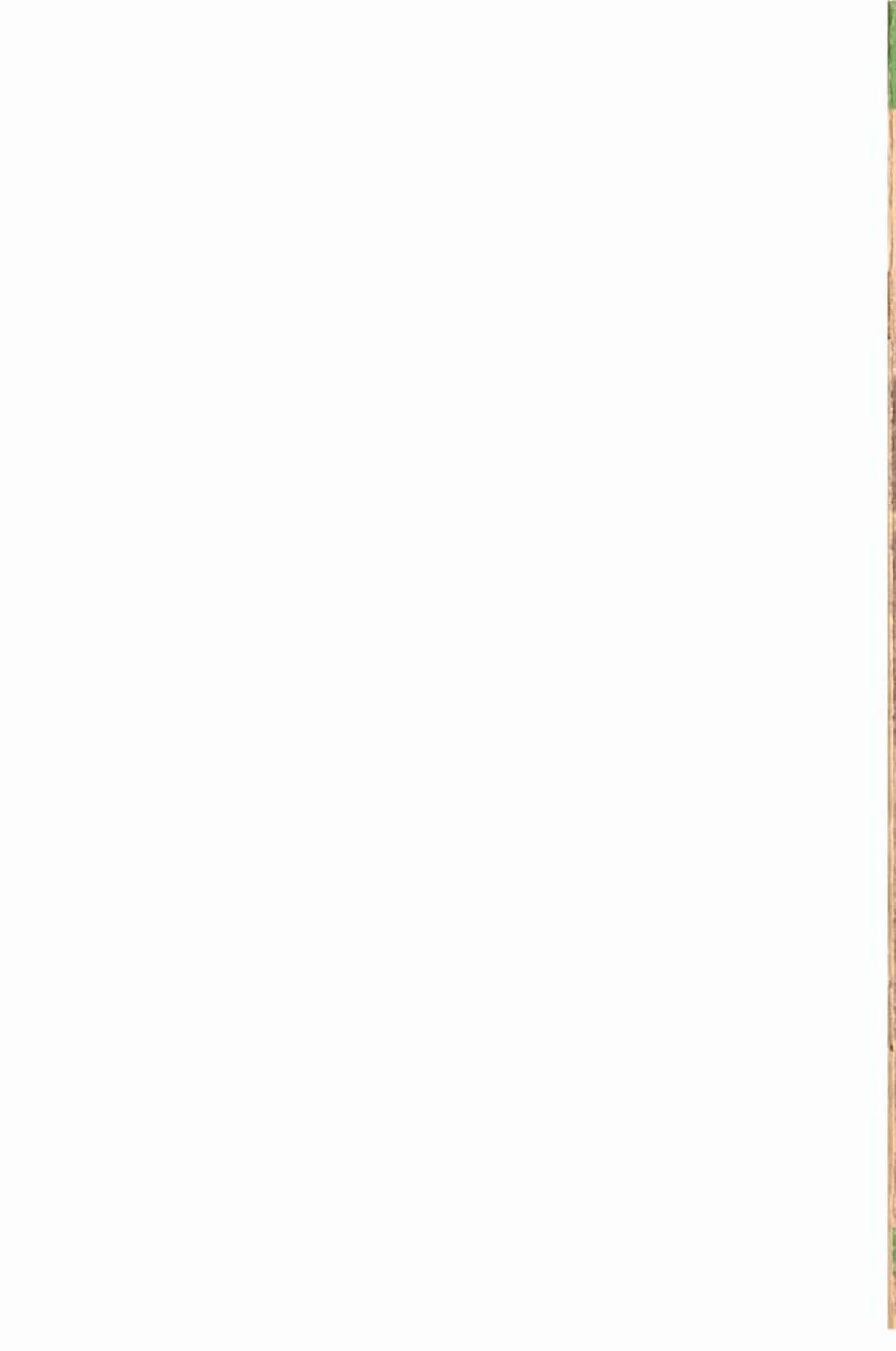
He was a busy man. He interviewed Beaver Club officials, saw the B. C. representatives in London, arranged for special entertainment, and for about two months all his spare time was spent on this one project.

"Tish" must be as we are, gratified with the outcome of his efforts—and we take this opportunity, on behalf of all the residents of Powell River and district, of publicly expressing to Corp. Schon our appreciation and thanks.

DO IT TODAY

How about writing to the boys in the Forces in Canada and Overseas? Perhaps you have been wanting to but were alibiing because you didn't know his address. All right, we have an answer to that one. The Company will shortly place a mailing box in the Time Office. Then all you have to do is write that letter, drop the sealed envelope in the box and the Company will complete the proper address and mail the letter.





POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

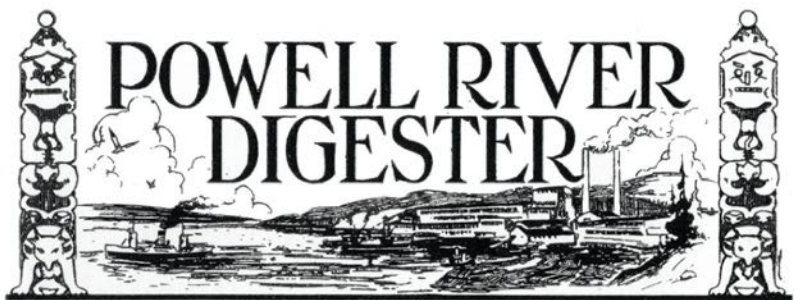


Vol. 18

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 10





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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MAIL THAT LETTER



Miss Peggy Fraser of the Time Office Staff shows the simple procedure for mailing letters to the boys in the overseas forces.

The new mail box, shown above, and now installed in front of the Time Office, will, it is hoped, encourage and assist employees to write to the boys in the Armed Forces.

The box is designed to assist residents who may wish to write, but who for one reason or other have been unable to locate the proper address. It is also a reminder to employees to write as often as they can.

All that an employee has to do is to write the letter, seal it, with the addressee's name on the envelope, and place it in the box. The company will see that the address is completed and the letter mailed.

In all letters received, the boys ask for news of the old home town, department doings, and all those little personal touches which they miss so much, and which we only can supply.

So write that letter today and drop it in the mail box (and that goes for you, too, girls!). Give the boys a boost by telling them the latest news from the Home Front.



Mrs. Margaret Moriarity, Powell River's first Woman Supervisor, looks after the personal problems of women employees.

AT the time of writing approximately 60 women are employed in the Powell River plant. They have taken over jobs in the Beater Room, Finishing Room,

The employment of women in plant operations was a radical departure from Powell River precedent. The plant has been the exclusive domain of the white male, since commencement of operations in 1911. The inclusion of women on the payroll has naturally created different conditions of supervision, training and working conditions. These are being met as quickly as possible—and the spectacle of women, entering and leaving the mill on all shifts, is a normal one.

Before hiring women to fill vacancies created by employees entering the services or other war work, a satisfactory solution in respect to wages was arrived at between com-

The Girls Are Doing All Right

Several Scores of Women Now Employed in Turning Out Powell River Products

Screen Room, Wet Machines, Pulp and Paper Testing departments—and in other sections. In the months ahead, as the services call additional men, the number of women will be considerably augmented.

pany and union representatives. The new female employee started work at a rate six cents below the established minimum rate for common labor. (Where a woman took over a definite position immediately, she received the

In the Finishing Room Office is Mrs. Bob Lye (left), and Mrs. Jessie Hay. On the right a mere male, Hudson Pirie, doesn't appear to be worrying about women's place being in the home. Mrs. Lye is the wife of a former employee, Corporal Bob Lye, overseas with the Royal Canadian Engineers.



same rate of pay as her male predecessor.)

The fifty cent an hour rate lasts only until the woman has been instructed in her job and is able to carry on without further assistance. In practice most of the women have received or will receive the standard rate after a few weeks' employment.

To meet the problem of adequate supervision and assistance for its female employees, the Powell River Company has enlisted the services of Mrs. Margaret Moriarity. Mrs. Moriarity has had wide experience in women's problems, is a trained nurse and well qualified to advise and assist women in special problems arising from industrial employment. She is ready at all times to discuss the problems of the women in the plant, to assist and advise them, to help them over difficulties.

The provision of adequate facilities for women workers is well under way. Special restrooms and other installations are being prepared. This has necessitated considerable re-allotment of space designed for other purposes, but new equipment for this department has already been or shortly will be installed.

In employing women, the Powell River Company has accorded first choice to local women, and will continue to do so. Today the supply of women available, under present conditions for employment, is limited, and it will not be possible, in the near future, to fill all vacancies from Powell River. In this event, women will be hired from outside, but local women will still be given preference, if available.



Mrs. Joe Grabam, of the Beater Room Staff, handles an oiling job with ease and skill. Mrs. Grabam is the wife of Sergt. Joe Grabam, former Beater Room engineer, now overseas with the Canadian Scottish.

Most of the women employed thus far are well known in the district. Many of them have husbands in the armed forces. Many are daughters of employees, or residents. They are carrying on and doing a fine job. Foremen report their work on the whole is excellent. They are conscientious and trustworthy, and take their jobs seriously.

The fears of many old-timers that "women would clutter up the shop" have not been realized. Rather the reverse. In most departments they have brightened up the shop.

The girls are doing all right.

First Burlesque Comic: "The critic that panned our show sat through it with his eyes shut and his fingers in his ears."

Second Burlesque Comic: "What's the sense in that?"

First Burlesque Comic: "The sense of smell."



The new electric safety sign in front of the watchman's office. The big central picture is changed regularly.

THE new electric safety sign installed in front of the old Engineering Office has caught the interest and attention of plant employees—and Safety Inspector John McIntyre is being congratulated on this effective addition to his Stop Accidents campaign.

more experienced employees entering the armed forces, the accident hazard is a major problem of industry. The progress of the war, worries over friends or relatives—all these are additional contributing factors to unsettle employees.

In Powell River, Safety Inspector

Accident Prevention Campaign Gains Momentum

Prevention of accidents in industry during war time is a problem that is being seriously tackled throughout the continent. It is almost inevitable that the frequency, if not the severity, of accidents should increase under war conditions. Today, with constant changes in personnel, with older and

John McIntyre has developed an extensive organization and introduced many innovations to keep the accident ratio down. Committees of foremen and employees are active in every branch of the mill. Weekly conferences of committees are held. Every

(Continued on Page 16)

New Bus Arrives for District Service

The picture on this page is not a snap of a transcontinental stage route; although it could be. It is a view of the Powell River Stages' latest bus, purring up Second Street.

This new acquisition to local transportation facilities is a modern stage with a legal carrying capacity of 52 passengers. It is gas operated. This brings to five the number of buses in operation between Powell River and the nearby suburbs of Westview, Cranberry and Wildwood. The company maintains regular and convenient schedules throughout the day, with special buses for shift and rush hours. Approximately 1500 passengers

are carried each day, and the daily mileage averages 300.

All drivers are highly trained—and few, if any, transportation companies operating under similar conditions may claim a finer safety record over the years.

With gas rationing now in effect, private cars are steadily disappearing from the road, with the consequent heavy increase in inter district traffic. The Transportation Company is now carrying the largest number of passengers in local history, and these numbers will multiply as private car running dries up.

The new bus operated by the Powell River Stages is caught on its first trip up our Second Street hill.





The office staff members of the Reserve Army and Red Cross snapped on Reserve Army Day. Front row: Oscar Smith, Rex Birmingham, Reg. Baker, Molly Taylor, Miss S. Sivertson, Lieut. John Dunlop, Margaret Hindle, Noreen McSavaney, Joe Sweeney, "Curly" Woodward. Back row: Ron Stewart, Al Sparrow, Harry Andrews, Joe Small, Ken Smith, Jock Lundie. Jack Hill and Frank Flett were absent when the photograph was taken.

It Was Reserve Army Day in Town And This Is What We Saw

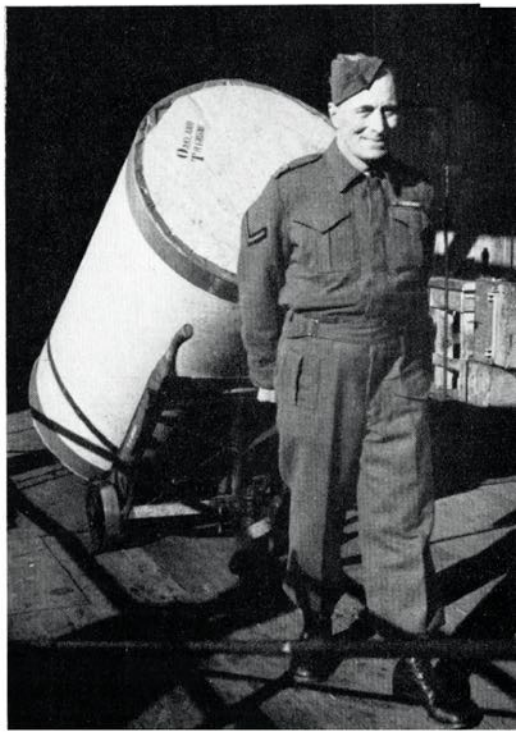
THURSDAY, October 29, was Reserve Army day throughout British Columbia. All reservists were ordered to wear uniforms for the day, on any occupation that didn't necessitate change of clothing.

As a result, uniforms were in evidence in all departments of the plant and office. Down on the wharf, Capt. Checkland took a first morning salute from about nine-tenths of the personnel. Ben Craig, Les Hughes, Bill Castel, Bill Blacklock, Bill Graham and a score of others pushed newsprint rolls around, unloaded and loaded lumber, checked scows, and in general showed the immense innate possibilities of the Reserve Army in an emergency. Les Hughes rather unkindly suggested that the wharf crowd would look fine inside a wire enclosure, armed with eight-pound hammers and plenty of rock. There was a little initial difficulty in persuading Bill Graham he didn't have to stand to attention as Corporal Ben Craig's

eyes, looking their own level, came swinging by.

A couple of U. S. visitors, in for the day, thought Powell River was a

Corp. Ben Craig of Wharf Crew finds the army uniform just right for handling newsprint rolls.





A historic picture for all Powell River ball fans and the boys overseas. Larry Guthro (left), and Frank Flett (right), flank Joe Small as he pays the penalty of betting on the Yanks.

It's a Long Lane . . .

RECENTLY, an old soldier in the local Reserve Company was congratulated by a fellow employee on his acquisition of a lance-corporal's stripe.

Said the old soldier: "It just shows what patience and ambition will do. I've waited twenty-three years for that stripe, and now I've got it."

Something of this sentiment may be discovered in the picture on this page. For the last ten or twelve years, Joe Small has been hoarding up vast sums of cash at the expense of Employment Superintendent Frank Flett and Back Tender Larry Guthro.

Joe had a simple formula. He bet on the Yanks. Frank and Larry were

inveterate National Leaguers, and with rare exceptions, their families have been on short rations a month before and several months after the World Series.

Around town, the first comment, following the annual classic, was, "How much did Frank and Larry lose?" And so it went, year after year, the Small family waxing fat and opulent, the Fletts and Guthros dropping well below the subsistence level. On several occasions well meaning citizens discussed plans for a general plant subscription in aid of the undernourished Fletts and Guthros.

Came the miracle. This year the Fletts and Gouthros smoke cigars,



P.O. Jimmie Caldicott, R.C.N.V.R. and Sgt. Frank Oliver, R.C.A.F., both steam plant employees, enjoy a reunion in Powell River.

AS this issue goes to press, the names of 625 Powell River men and women are listed in the Armed Forces of Canada. We have no exact comparable statistics on which to base a definite statement,

fun of bargaining for merchandise with the wily Indian vendors.

And there is Pilot Officer Bert Carey, formerly of the Sales and Shipping Office, and now with the Ferry Command. Bert saw Bat McIntyre in London. A few weeks later he was strolling the streets of Cairo and other African way points. A couple of days after that he was looking over Montreal's night clubs. Just a sample of how these boys get around.

And the boys are doing quite well for themselves—Jock Kyles is now a Flying Officer, as is also Hob Mar-

On Active Service

Local Lads on All Fronts and Promotions Still Come In

but from our observations, and our general knowledge, we believe that Powell River's Service record is one of the best in the Dominion, and one of which we may all be justly proud.

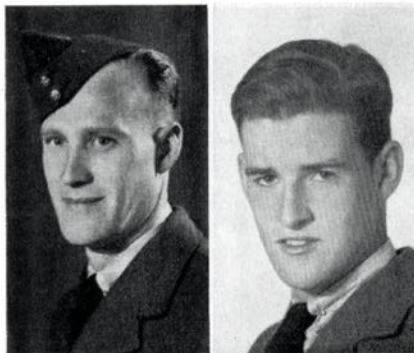
There is scarcely a week passes but one or more Powell River parents receive news that their son has arrived safely overseas. To date approximately 250 of our boys are in actual theatres of war. More are joining them every day. Wherever the guns roar, you will find Powell River represented.

Recently, a letter arrived from L.A.C. "Hap" Parker, now stationed in India. Hap tells of a trip through the bazaars, and the excitement and

lull. Andy Rose, of the department store, was promoted to Pilot Officer—and Rex Baum and Bill Gallagher both graduated as pilot officers. Sergeant Jack Gebbie, of the Westminsters, and his pal, Bat MacIntyre, are both edging close to their commissions. Joe Graham is now a lance-sergeant, and George Ewing has two stripes. In point of fact, the Powell River boys are being promoted so fast we can't keep track of them.

Another group of lads came together in Powell River: Pte. Ray Goldman; Charlie Gowdyk, R.C.N.V.R.; Pilot Officer Rex Baum; Pte. Joe Simonetta.





Left: Corp. Ron. Marshall; Right: L.A.C. Les McLean.

An interesting feature of this month's review is the reunion overseas of Jack Carruthers and his sister Margaret. Jack reached England in the course of his convoy duties, and spent a week with Margaret, who left Powell River five years ago. Jack has been on Atlantic convoy for the past 18 months.

Fire Chief Dave Gardiner has received a brief note from his son, Pilot



Telegraphist Ken Taylor, R.C.N., is Powell River's youngest member of the fighting forces. Ken is the youngest sailor in the R.C.N. to pass his final telegraphist tests.

Officer Tommy Gardiner, now a prisoner of war in Italy. Tommy reports he is unwounded and doing as well as can be expected. This will be

good news to Tommy's pals in the overseas forces.

We are now in our fourth year of war. The tragedy of war has already been brought home to us, and in the months ahead greater trials and sterner tests must be endured. These are facts which we must, unfortunately face. We can face them with stronger fortitude if we can assure ourselves we are doing everything in our power to go all the way on the home front, as our boys are going all out on the battle fronts.

B. C. Spruce Goes to War

"The mosquito plane is not only the fastest bomber in the world, it is the fastest plane!"

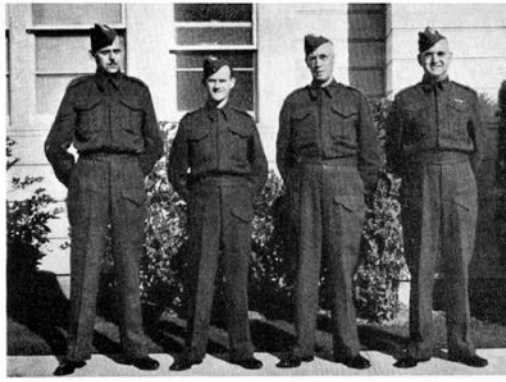
This was the terse announcement recently made by R. A. F. headquarters in describing the exploits of the latest and most talked of acquisition to the Empire's Air Force.

The distinguishing feature of the mosquito is its all-wood construction. In such construction, the British Empire has pioneered (for this war) a courageous achievement—and the all-wood "mosquito" is already a name to conjure with.

In the construction of these mosquitoes has gone millions of feet of Canadian spruce—and perhaps a major portion of this was cut in the Powell River sawmill.

Sawyers Ben Pike and Ben Bert and the carriage crews, and all the sawmill crew, are administering a sting to Hitler every time they roll one of their big Sitka spruce logs on to the carriage. Good stinging, gang!

Purchasing Agent Reg. Baker (right) snapped with his flock, Oscar Smith (left), Joe Sweeney and Rex Birmingham. Reg. is proud of his department's 100 per cent representation in the Reserve Army. Reg. served overseas in the last war with the 72nd Battalion (Seaforth Highlanders) and Oscar Smith served with the American forces.



garrison town—and a young lady admiringly exclaimed “What a man!” as Bill Korpi loped past. A while later she saw Murray Mouat stepping along at 140 paces to the hour, with Dave Cummings keeping step. And then to round out a perfect day, Resident Engineer Harold Moorhead and Control Superintendent Harry Andrews, looking down from their six feet and upwards, marched past.

The young lady sighed, turned to a member of her party, “This is the end of the road. I could settle down here.”

She hadn't even seen Joe Sweeney or Jackie Rushant.

The office crew, numbering 15 men, with four girls from the Red Cross Corps, and led by Lieut. John Dunlop of the Sales Company, took time off for a group photograph (above). Purchasing Agent Reg Baker, whose male staff has a 100 per cent representation on the reserve, also joined his crew at the photographer's. Snappy lads, ain't they.

It was a good show. So good that one wife remarked:

“God, the old man doesn't look bad at that.” And that, lads, is high praise. Carry on.

May: “So you were embarrassed when your boy friend walked in and found you doing the dishes?”

Fay: “Yes, I was caught redhanded.”

The Cover Picture

This month's cover, photo by Harold Vandervoort, shows Powell River's dedication of the Commando dagger, which started our successful Third Victory Loan Drive, in which our quota was \$175,000.

The dagger is being presented by Pilot Officer Rex Baum, R. C. A. F., to Dr. S. P. Marlatt, president of the Canadian Legion branch. Pilot Officer Baum is now overseas with the R. C. A. F.

This was Powell River's third War Loan drive, and in them the district has raised approximately \$600,000 towards the country's war effort.

The Queen Street travelling salesman died and went to Heaven. St. Peter met him at the gate, enquired who he was:

“I'm just a tired out travelling salesman, he replied.”

“Excuse me a second,” said St. Peter. Half an hour later he hurried back.

“Now you may come in,” said the Saint.

“Thanks,” said the salesman, stepping inside, “but what made you keep me waiting outside so long?”

“Oh,” replied St. Peter, “I was just locking up the women.”

wallow in luxury after years of bare existence. The Smalls cut their budget, go on short rations.

The wheel of fortune turns. The mighty Yanks are swamped. The Cards are on top, and Larry and Frank eat again.

Poppy Day Receipts

Powell River's 23rd Annual Poppy Day found the public supporting the fund with its usual generosity. Public subscriptions totalled slightly over

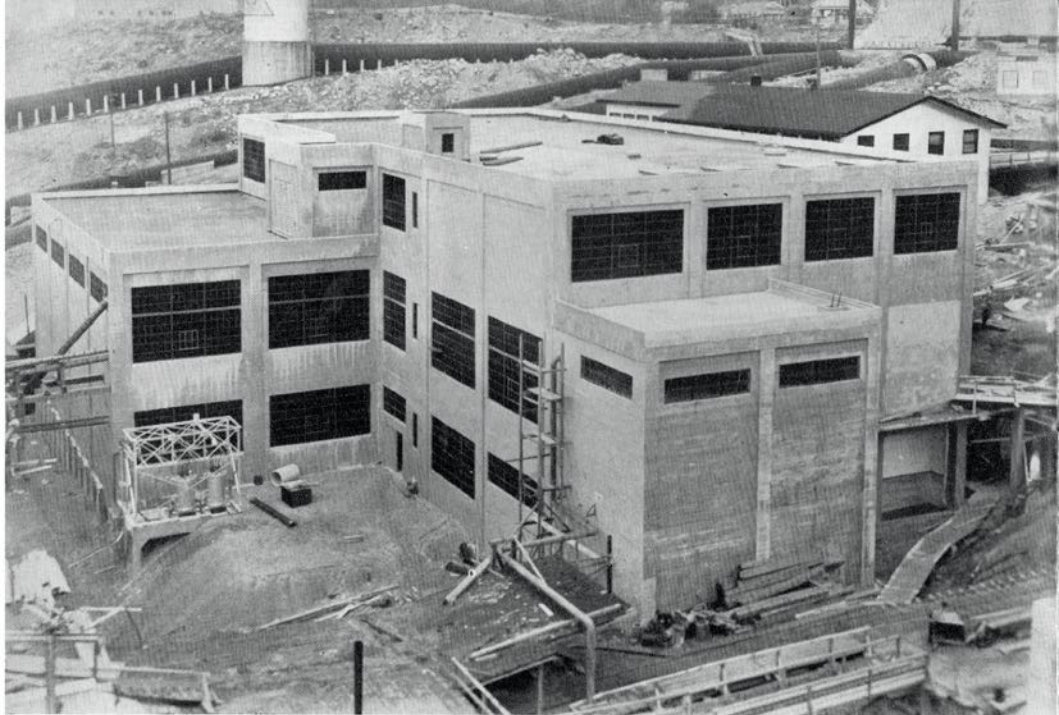
\$363.00, exclusive of donations from fraternal societies, which will bring the total close to \$400.00. The committee of the Malaspina Branch, No. 164, Canadian Legion, wish to thank the public of Powell River for their generous support, and also to express their appreciation to all poppy sellers who put in so much time and effort in making the day a success.

When a girl sneezes, it's a sign she's catching a cold. When she yawns, it's a sign she's growing cold.

Powell River Children



(1) Myrtle Gordon, (2) Harold Francis Secretan, (3) Darlene Golly
(4) Jimmy Setor, (5) John Pearson McMillan.



Exterior view of the new Sulphite Building at Powell River.

POWELL RIVER'S new sulphite plant, now completed, is one of the finest and most up-to-date installations on the continent. Construction of buildings and installation of equipment have been underway for the past sixteen months; but owing to priorities, war restrictions and reduced transportation facilities, unavoidable delays have been encountered. Construction was started under permit from the Canadian Government in July, 1941.

The high-grade unbleached sulphite pulp made at Powell River is shipped to many and widely extended localities, and used in the manufacture of a wide variety of products, including types of fine papers, school books, carton stock, boards and other essential civilian products.

The Sulphite Department was developed during the days when news-

print required considerable additional sulphite and, as the chemical pulp demand has been reduced, this left part of the plant with additional capacity available. The Company has realized for some time that the extra tonnage should be made available, and in 1937 installed a Kamyr machine for drying pulp in lap form. This was followed a year later by the installation of a flake dryer of larger capacity to make the surplus pulp into a form more easily shipped. As soon as Scandinavian pulps were blocked, and a large demand started for high grade pulps to meet the needs of paper manufacturers left without an adequate supply, the Company started an investigation to determine the type of pulp required by this market. So improvements and additions were made as needed to each department with the purpose of producing a quality pulp

New Sulphite Installation now in Operation

High-grade Pulp Now in Steady Production

for Export Sales from the additional tonnage available from the digesters.

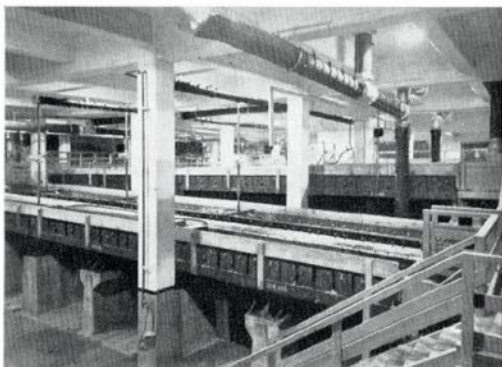
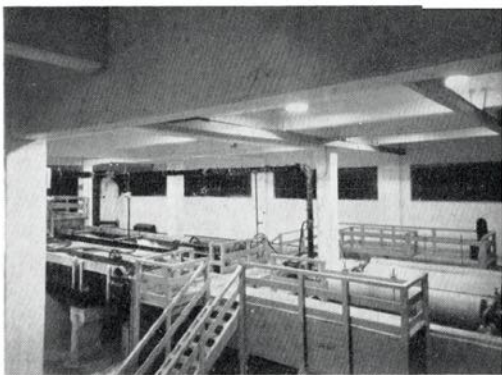
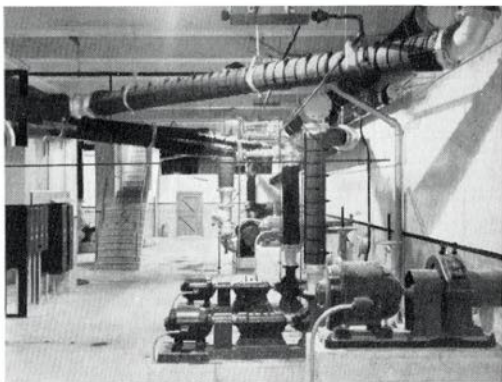
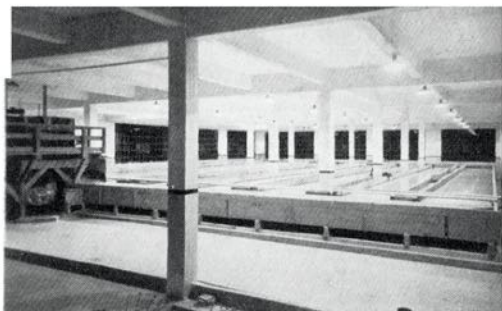
Acid Plant

A new burner and combustion chamber was added. The burner is 5 x 14 feet, refractory lined, and will burn sufficient sulphur for the total acid requirements of the mill. The burner is housed in a new building, together with the zinc hydro-sulphite plant. The molten sulphur is pumped from a new concrete melting tank adjacent to the present Sulphur Storage Building to the burner by means of a vertical motor-driven centrifugal pump. Leeds & Northrop SO₂ recorder pyrometer and other necessary instruments for proper control have been furnished and conveniently located. The gas coolers, gas fan and acid towers were of ample capacity to furnish the acid required for full operation. The initial sulphur storage had the required capacity to meet the needs of the new program.

SO₂ Recovery

As one of the larger digesters was used as an accumulator a new 32-foot spherical accumulator and Accumulator Building was added to release this digester for productive purposes. The new accumulator is

At right, top to bottom: 1, Riffles; 2, Pumps and Stock Tank Agitators; 3, Knot Screens and Deckers; 4, Flat Screens.





Left to right: Frank Hamilton, sulphite superintendent; H. Simons, consulting engineer in charge of Sulphite Plant construction; Alan Watson, assistant sulphite superintendent.

located adjacent to the Digester Building and is provided with recording instruments giving temperature, pressure, liquid level, etc., located conveniently as part of the instrument panel on the operating floor of the Digester Building. The new accumulator is of sufficient size to provide uniform conditions throughout the recovery system.

Digesters

The three large digesters, each having a capacity of approximately 17.5 tons of air-dry pulp have been segregated for sales purposes and arranged to blow directly into a common blow-chest. These digesters have been equipped with forced circulation of Standard Esco design. They have been re-piped, blow lines and blow valves rearranged and necessary instruments provided.

Blow Chest

Instead of blowing into the ordinary blow pit and washing the stock in a haphazard manner, together with the arduous labor required for hosing

the stock out of a blow pit preliminary to screening, a large agitated chest has been designed to receive the blows from all sales digesters, and eventually all digesters, at such time as all are changed to the new screen room. The blow chest is so designed as to hold over two blows at 3 per cent and arranged for water to be added in measured amount during the blowing period. A large timber tank on top of the chest receives water from the white water overflow between blows, and is arranged so as to be full at a predetermined height at the time of starting a blow. The water will automatically be shut off at the end of the blow, thereby resulting in a well mixed stock having a uniform consistency. The stock is pumped from this chest without hosing to the washers in the screen room, where it is evenly washed on a vacuum type machine. Other advantages offered by the blow chest are lower pressure blow, minimizing of knot breakage before washing and knotting, as well as giving an amount of blending.

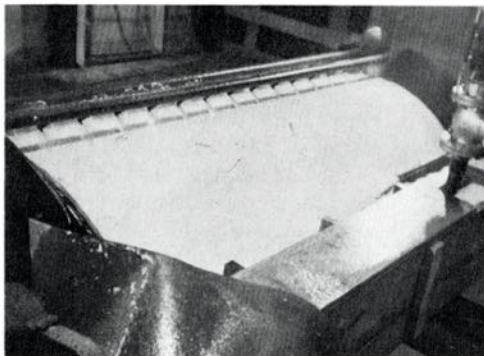
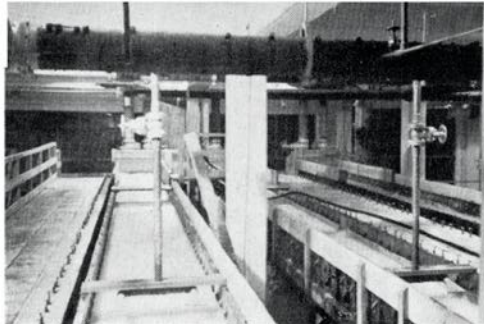
Right, top: Flat Screens; bottom: Washers.

Screen Building

All washing, knotting and screening as provided for here, and all equipment requiring constant attention are arranged on one operating floor so as to be convenient for operation and supervision. The building is also built to house a multistage bleaching operation, but equipment for this section will not be installed until after the war.

The stock is pumped from the blow chest direct to a 6 x 10 vacuum type, all rubber-lined washer, the discharge passing after dilution direct to four positive action flat screens arranged in two lines of two screens each.

Knotters are equipped with 26, 14-cut plates. The accepted stock from the knotters then passes over washer deckers to two large concrete tile-lined blending tanks holding over three blows at 3 per cent. The tailings are discharged to a tank and pumped to refiners for use in wrapper stock. From the blending tank stock is pumped to the riffler head box where it is mixed with proportioned amounts of white water and fresh water. The stock then flows over baffle type rifflers and by gravity over three rows of four each primary screen with .008 cut plates and two rows of four each secondary screens with .007 cut plates. The accepted stock is deckered to storage consisting of two concrete tile-lined chests and pumped to a large storage tank ahead of the drying machine. The overflow from the secondary screens is pumped to the news for further refining and use in news or wrapper. The white water returns to a chest where part is re-



turned and part pumped for thinning ahead of the knotters. Water from the washer deckers after the knotters is pumped for dilution ahead of the washer, the overflow providing water for the blow chest. The flat screens are bronze vat of positive action type. Each line of flat screen is separately driven by motor through V belt drives. All materials in contact with the stock or water are of non-ferrous metals or rubber-lined material. Piping is of wood stave construction and decker vats are of wood. All tanks are divided for ease in handling different grades of stock. Agitation is of the propeller type, direct driven by motor through reduction gears. Exceptionally pure fresh water is obtained from Powell Lake and screened before passing into the system and fed by gravity into the Screen Building.

Instruments are provided in the screen room to show the level of blow

chest and drying machine chest and all screen room tanks are equipped for level indicators. The deckers are 48 x 132 inches of bronze molds and bronze fitted. Vats are of wood and are double-ended for the discharge of white water.

All through the plant care has been exercised to prevent the stock coming in contact with iron or other dirt-forming material. All materials are corrosion-resistant; water lines are of wood, and fittings rubber lined. All chest equipment, flumes, etc., are easily accessible for washing and cleaning. All motors and electrical equipment were furnished by the General Electric Company; motors are splash proof, and starting equipment of enclosed push-button form.

The Screen Building is of reinforced concrete construction throughout. The stock tanks are built integral and serve as a foundation and support for the upper floors. The building will be entirely closed in and under a slight pressure to prevent infiltration of dirt and soot. The air is all filtered through an automatic type M.S. American Air Filter, the air being pulled through the filter and heating coils by three Sturtevant "Axiflo" fans. The fans provide ventilation and heating and will run the year round. The basement is heated by three-speed type unit heaters.

Supervising the installation of the new unit is Mr. Howard A. Simons, consulting engineer of the well-known firm of Simons & Company, Inc., Chicago. This company is recognized as one of the leading consulting firms in the sulphite field. Mr. Howard Simons has had a wide and varied

experience in sulphite installation on this continent, and is considered a leading expert in this type of installation.

Associated with Mr. Simons in the sulphite plant construction are Sulphite Superintendent Frank Hamilton and Assistant Superintendent Alan Watson, both of whom have been closely associated with sulphite plants for many years.

Avoid Accidents

(Continued from Page 4)

possible precaution to warn the new employee has been taken. Safety officials are working night and day.

In recent months this steady work is showing results. In general, both the severity and frequency of accidents have dropped over this period.

Safety committees and officials are encouraged by these results and are intensifying their efforts to make everyone safe. The new electric sign, which flashes the number of accidents and the departments in which those accidents occur, will, it is hoped, prove both a challenge and a spur to employees in all departments.

No Foolin'

Following a bombing in London, two storekeepers facing each other on a street found their store fronts blown out.

Next morning one of them had a large sign in front reading: "Open as usual."

Shortly afterwards the store owner opposite put up a still larger sign reading: "More open than usual."

POWELL RIVER DIGESTER

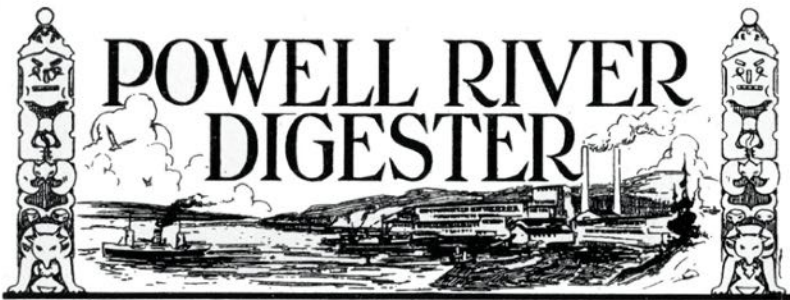


Vol. 18

NOVEMBER, 1942

No. 11





J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

Published Monthly by THE POWELL RIVER COMPANY LIMITED

Manufacturers of Newsprint, Pulp and Paper Products

Mills at Powell River, B. C.

VOL. 18

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Congratulations, Harry!



THIS month's cover page is dedicated to Pilot Officer Harry Donkersley, R.C.A.F., who has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for conspicuous gallantry in the Mediterranean (further details on page 8).

Harry is one of our best known youngsters. A leader in all phases of scholastic activity, quiet and modest in demeanor, he is a credit to his parents and to Powell River. He is in every sense a Powell River boy. He was born, raised and educated in Powell River. His father is a popular and valued employee of the Powell River Company.

So it is with a real and personal pleasure that we congratulate Pilot Officer Donkersley on the award of the D.F.C., congratulations in which we are joined by the entire population of Powell River and District.



New block loading installation. The jeeps are taking a load of blocks from the pile of skips.

THE new Block Loading system, to facilitate the movement and handling of blocks for the grinding machines, has been installed and undergoing its "trial runs" for the past two months. This new construction, designed by Mr. H. Simons, consulting engineer, has as its main objective the improvement of working conditions in our old grinder room.

The "old" grinder room, so designated to denote our original grinder installation, is run by water turbines, direct-connected by penstock to the original dam, 1600 feet away. These grinders are all water driven, and the blocks, leaving the barker mill, were carried by water-flume direct to the grinders.

Fog Eliminated

This situation, ideal for economical operation, raised special problems

affecting working conditions, most of which have been tackled and eliminated in the past decade. One early difficulty was the problem of fog in the grinder room, caused by escaping vapor from the wet blocks and water-

Block Loader Improves Grinder Flu

driven grinders. For several years company engineers worked on the fog situation, and a special vapor removal system was designed and installed. This has proved eminently satisfactory and was a big forward step towards the improvement of working conditions in this department.

A second problem, from the labor angle, arose from the fluming of the blocks by water. This flume was carried directly behind the two lines



Another illustration of new method—jeeps deliver the blocks direct to the grinder machine.

of grinders—and this necessitated the lifting of the blocks out of the flume by picaroon. It was difficult work, and was the cause of a number of minor back sprains among employees. These frequently forced layoffs from

engineering and operating departments. Actual installation was supervised by Smith Brothers & Wilson, with the advice and assistance of our mechanical and construction staffs.

This is not a technical description of the Block Loader installation. Its main purpose is to eliminate the long water flume and facilitate the handling of blocks by grinder room employees.

work, with consequent loss to both employer and employee.

The new block loader is the answer to the flume problem. The change-over was a big operation, demanding a high degree of engineering and mechanical planning and the scrapping of costly and long standing equipment.

The present system was designed and perfected by our mechanical staff with the co-operation of our

The wood runs from the barker mill by water flume a short distance. This water flume is dewatered and the wood carries on along the conveyor to the loader, where it is dropped on to an endless chain of "skips," and loaded automatically. From this point the skips are picked up by the fast moving, turn-on-a-dime "jeeps," and transported direct along side the individual grinder.

Two problems are automatically

Working Conditions

Accidents Eliminated

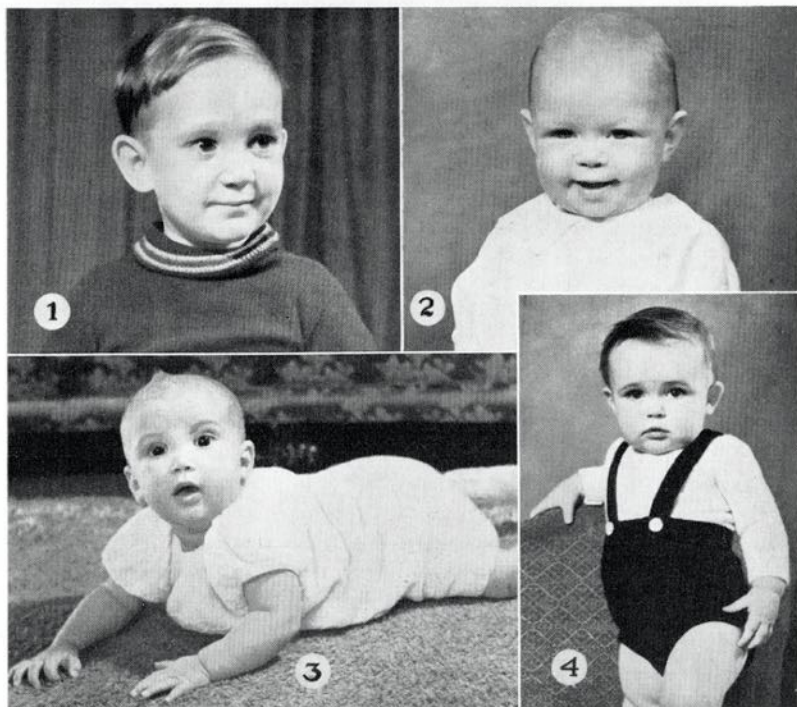
solved by this installation. In the first place, the wood is comparatively dry and much easier to handle; secondly, the heavy bending work of picking the blocks from the flume is eliminated. The grinderman feeds the blocks direct from the "skip" into the machines.

Considerable minor alterations have been necessary under practical operating conditions, and improvements have been made by our mechanical staffs. The installation is now in steady operation and has undoubtedly been a tremendous success inso-

far as improvement of working conditions is concerned.

It is worthwhile pointing out that in our "new" grinder room, installed in 1930, with the grinders driven by 3600-horsepower synchronous motors, such an installation is unnecessary. In this department the blocks can be transported by electric locie direct to the grinder—a situation impossible in the original installation. Consequently the problems of fog and flume loading were not encountered.

The new block loader has been received with satisfaction by all grinder room employees.



(1) Honey Bourne, (2) Carrol Diane Lewis, (3) Karen Louise Oldenberg,
(4) Douglas Thompson.



Roy Borden shows the cameraman one of the fine bucks he shot in a recent hunting trip near Powell River.

Hunters Enjoying Good Season

Many Bucks Bagged

climbed into Bill's boat, and well armed with the necessary "equipment" of all good deer hunters, headed north around Rodonda Island and way points. They brought back four deer. One day they shot three nice bucks, and the other days they didn't do so well.

And those two perennial nimrods, Walt Graham and Claude McDonald, headed across to Vancouver Island for the best part of a week and came back with a buck apiece.

Gus Obsen, Hans Johnston and Nels Hansen, who have been stalking deer most of their lives, headed a few miles up the coast to a secret rendezvous and bagged their legal limit in a comparatively short time.

The Gulf Islands seem to be the

(Continued on Page 16)

HUNTING in the Powell River area has been a shade above average this year, depending of course on where you go and how lucky you are. But some good bags have been brought in and quite a few families have been able, temporarily, to scoff at any meat shortage.

Bill MacGillvray, Frank Stager, Eddie Aquilin and Jack Fletcher

Just to keep us in our place, here is a photo sent to the editor by Art Martin, of Dayville, Oregon, showing that our cousins across the line know a thing or two about deer hunting.



New Powell Store Staff Appointments Announced

**A. H. Florence, New Manager; G. Purvis Heads
Foods Department**

MR. A. H. FLORENCE has been appointed Manager of the Powell Stores Limited, succeeding Mr. C. E. Forbes. The new store manager was born 34 years ago, in Edmonton, Alberta.

Mr. Florence has been a resident of British Columbia for 22 years. He



Mr. A. H. Florence, new manager of Powell Stores Ltd. Mr. Florence comes to us with a wide background of department store experience.

graduated from Victoria High School in 1926, and started work with the well-known Kresge retail store in Victoria. For the past 15 years Mr. Florence has learned the retail business with the Hudson's Bay Company.

He was employed as department manager in the "Bay" store at Vernon, B. C., and later as manager of their Kamloops store. From Kamloops he was transferred to the company's main Vancouver store as manager of the Foods Department. He left this

post to accept his present position of manager of the Powell Stores.

In his 16 years of department store experience, Mr. Florence has gained a comprehensive grasp of modern department store practice. He brings to Powell River a background of experience in, and intimate knowledge of, the merchandising problems of the modern department store.

"Powell River looks good to me," the new manager stated. "The equipment and appointments of the Powell River store is the equal of anything in Canada.

Mr. Florence is married and has two children, a girl of 7, and a three months' old son. He is interested in all branches of sport, with special emphasis on golf, bowling (alley) and badminton.

We take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. and Mrs. Florence to Powell River, and wish them every success in their new home.

Mr. R. G. Purvis, who takes over the position of Foods Department Manager, has had wide experience in the retail grocery trade. Born in Winnipeg 42 years ago, he has been in the retail trade since graduating from school.

For the past sixteen years, Mr. Purvis has been closely associated with chain store operations in Vancouver

and Victoria. Prior to his Powell River appointment he was manager of a Safeway store in Vancouver. He is an expert on modern food merchandising and cash and carry departments.

Mr. Purvis is not entirely a stranger to Powell River. Sixteen years ago



Mr. G. Purvis, Foods Department manager, takes over an important departmental part in Powell Stores.

when he first came to B. C., he was employed for three months in the Powell River Department Store.

Our new Foods Department Manager is married and has one daughter, aged six. At one time he golfed in the low eighties, and hopes to reach that form again in Powell River.

New Invention

Ross Black, our Mechanical Superintendent, has invented a new war gadget. It consists of a piece of strong string tied on to the trigger of an anti-aircraft gun. The idea is that the Italian gunners in Turin, Genoa, Milan, etc., can still stay in the air raid shelters and fire their pieces. Ross hasn't yet perfected a method of reloading from a shelter, but he's working on the idea.

Just Reserve Notes

Murray Mouat had just completed lesson number one on stripping the Lewis gun. The next day one of the pockets in a grinder didn't open too readily and Murray yelled over to the operator, "Pull back the cocking handle."

* * *

Harry Mitten saw a gauge in the steam plant registering a bit high. He dashed into Doug Goudie and yelled, "Take the tension off the pinion spring, the gauge is wound up too tight."

* * *

The prize army story of the week was the night a youngster of four saw Bill Cratchley walking down to the armories. The youngster turned to his mother, said:

"O, O, Mummy, look at the soldier."

Bill's face lit up. He turned, saluted smartly, said, "Thank you, lad, for those kind words."

* * *

An interesting sight in the cash and carry department was Colin Johnston, briskly and efficiently toting around his basket as a battery of feminine eyes beamed approval. Said one lady: Wonder how that chap's wife manages it. I couldn't get John to do that if we were all starving.

* * *

Take a Bow, Boys!

And hats off to Harry Andrews, Jim Macindoe and company for their organization of the 'Mum show. It was a real effort.



Jack Gebbie



AC2 B. Gallicano



G. Drayton



AC1 L. Parsons

HEADLINING the news of Powell River boys in the forces is the announcement that Pilot Officer Harry Donkersley of Powell River has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for conspicuous gallantry in action. Harry was awarded the decoration for sink-

residents. Harry, senior, says if the phone calls keep up, he will begin to believe he sank those ships himself.

So, this month, residents of Powell River, hats off to Harry Donkersley, of the R. C. A. F.!

And we may mention in passing that the Powell River boy's action in

On Active Service

Harry Wins D.F.C.; Reunion in Alaska

ing four Italian merchantmen and probably sinking a tanker during the recent heavy attacks on the Axis supply lines in the Mediterranean. The Powell River boy has been stationed on Malta for several months.

"His outstanding work," says the official citation, "denied to the enemy vital supplies in a most critical stage of operations."

Harry was born in Powell River twenty-three years ago. He was an outstanding member of our younger set, a leader in student affairs at school, and an all-round athlete.

The D.F.C. to Pilot Officer Harry Donkersley is the first decoration to come to Powell River in the present conflict. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Donkersley, have received congratulations from hundreds of local

the Mediterranean drew special comment from Bill Henry in his N. B. C. "By the Way" broadcast. It was carried on both American and Canadian networks as an outstanding feat.

And now that we've caught our breath, here are a few local by the way statistics. On November 15, 641 names of Powell River and district residents are listed in the armed forces of Canada. Of this total, 103 are in the navy, 323 in the army, and 215 in the R. C. A. F. Well over 200 of our boys are serving overseas.

Now to Italy for a brief look in on Flying Officer Tommy Gardiner, now a prisoner of war. The announcement of his promotion to Flying Officer has just come through. Tommy is doing all right. Congratulations, Tommy. The boys are all pulling for you.

And from somewhere in the Egyptian desert comes word that P.O. Howie Sutton has been boosted a notch, and it's now Flying Officer Howie Sutton, R.C.A.F.

From England we hear that L.A.C. Bruce Patterson has been promoted to corporal. In fact, the Powell River promotions are coming along so fast it is hard to keep abreast with them.

Up in Alaska a group of Powell River boys had a get-together at the home of Don Gahan, former company employee. These included L.A.C. Angus Bethune, A.C.1 Graham Wright and Gunner A. Christiansen. And also somewhere in Alaska is Flight Sergeant Nick Stusiak, whose portrait, in color, was a recent front page display on the magazine section of the Dominion-wide circulated Montreal Star. Our boys are doing very well, thank you.

A Big Spruce Goes Through

With the eyes of the aviation world centered on the thus far outstanding performance of Great Britain's new Mosquito plane, the continued production of airplane spruce becomes of even more vital importance. The output of spruce, which forms an important part of our operations, continues steadily.

Recently, in a visit to the sawmill, we saw the boys running through an eight-foot spruce (see page 11). This is a good-sized "stick," even for British Columbia. This single log scaled over 8000 feet of lumber, which represented several more potential Mosquitoes.



PILOT OFFICER JOHNNY MORRIS

The death in action last month of Pilot Officer Johnny Morris, R. C. A. F., removes from our midst yet another of our popular and well-known employees. Johnny was brought up in Powell River, played a leading role in the athletic life of the community. His brother Andy is in the Canadian Army. Another brother, Alec, is a well-known paper maker. His sister, Mrs. Barney MacDonald, was officially informed of his death by the War Office.

To all his relatives, and many close friends in the district and overseas, we, who also knew him well, express our deepest and heartfelt sympathy.



It's an Association Now!

'Mum Growers Stage First Annual Display

POWELL RIVER will soon be as well known in horticultural circles for its chrysanthemums as it is in paper circles for the quality of its newsprint.

Two years ago a small group of local enthusiasts, headed by Control Superintendent Harry Andrews, started 'Mum growing as a serious business. Last year they formed a home club, and Harry trooped around town inspecting the result of his flock's labor.

This year the club is an association affiliated with the Chrysanthemum Club of British Columbia, and is definitely on the map.

Their first annual display a few weeks ago in Brooks School gymnasium brought out over 300 entries and in excess of 1000 blooms. It was a highly creditable show and neutral judges, who came up from Vancouver for the occasion, were generous in their praise, both for the organizational work and the number and quality of the entries. "Powell River is definitely a 'Mum town," one official stated.

Chrysanthemums on display at Powell River. Top: Joe Buck's prize-winning plant is shown on right front. Second view shows a table of cut blooms in vases and baskets, backed by cascades. Third, a general view of the display. Bottom, another general view. Principal winners were: Tom Fleury, largest grower; Joe Buck, best plant; Harry Andrews, best bloom.

And there must be something in this business of growing 'Mums, something that penetrates the very warp and woof of the human frame, something that brings fever to the blood, and reduces all other things to atomical proportions.

Look at Eddie Tapp. Look at Arthur Woodward. Look at Charlie Rushant. Look at Pete Hunter. Look at the whole family of 'Mum growers and you see a living example of the famous Hindoo rope trick. It is truly the great Transformation.

Eddie Tapp is no longer interested in a 75-yard chip shot to the green. He won a rather coveted bowling prize this year, but it didn't even register. But ask Eddie how his 'Mums are and you'll be late for the next two meals.

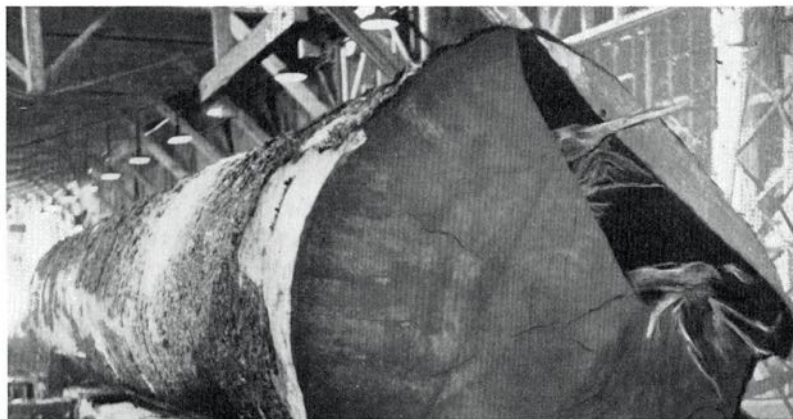
Arthur Woodward's the same. So is Harold Fleury, Ben Watson, Joe Buck, Jack Fletcher and a score of others. Time was when Jack spent

his personality on the merits of men's clothing as found in the Fletcher emporium. Now it's a case of a quick sale and a "Have you seen my 'Mums? Come on around and have a look." One and all they lovingly fondle their rows of 'Mum-laden pots, dwelling ecstatically on the glories of each petal, each flower, each bloom.

Where are the Boys of the Old Brigade? You'll find them in the 'Mum gardens of Powell River. Harry Andrews, who has nursed the 'Mum boys along from infancy, is smiling happily at the results of his first public display. And in this connection we might point out as a fitting conclusion that Harry's son, Peter, has already been well initiated into the 'Mum group. Peter has no patience with amateurs. After a year's solid training by papa he has learned to distinguish all his father's varieties by merely looking at the foliage. Along comes the old man and puts labels on

(Continued on Page 16)

A big spruce log, the type of B. C. spruce which is used so extensively in aeroplane construction, is shown on the carriage.



Give Them a Hand

Local Employees Give Time and Labor to Community Life

THE war has stepped up activity in many lines of local community endeavours. Particularly is this true of the auxiliary and welfare groups, who are busy organizing for emergencies, training pupils for possible eventualities and raising funds for war loans, war charities and auxiliary services. In these



John McIntyre, the Mr. Powell River of the district. He is Powell River's most active booster.

groups are scores of individuals whose almost every spare moment is spent in the service of the community or of their country. In this issue we start the first of a series of thumbnail sketches on these public servants to whom the community owes a debt of gratitude.

We unhesitatingly bestow the title of Number 1 Public Servant on Mr. John McIntyre, Company Safety Inspector, who for 25 years has lived and dreamed Powell River. He is in the forefront of every community project. He serves on half the com-

mittees in town. He is an honorary member of the other half. He was a chief organizer of Powell River's first Community Chest. He has been local chairman of Canada's First, Second and Third Victory Loan drives in Powell River. In between times he was the man behind the gun in Powell River's First War Auxiliary Service drive. In fact, nothing ever happens in Powell River without John McIntyre. There are only two airs worth knowing in the McIntyre calendar—Scots Wha Hae, and the Powell River air. No individual in the district is more typically Powell River than John. Powell River is his life—and Powell River loves John. A resume of his activities to put our district on the map couldn't be tabulated in the space at our disposal, or ten times the space. The best we can do is to say "Carry on, Mr. Powell River."

* * *

Douglas M. Goudie

One of the mildest mannered men that ever slit a throat or scuttled ship is Douglas M. Goudie, of the steam plant engineering staff. He is one of the fathers of First Aid in Powell River. He is chief representative for the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Powell River. He is a leader in A.R.P. activities. He lectures first aid classes; instructs various women's organizations in A.R.P. duties, and poison gas precautions. One night he



*Douglas
M. Goudie*

is at Westview, another at Cranberry, another somewhere else, but seldom, if ever, at home. He wanted to join the Reserve Army, but discovered they would have to increase the ordinary week from 7 to 10 days. Much, in fact, most, of his work has not brought him into the public eye. It has been hard, often thankless, but if a bomb ever drops on Powell River a lot of people will be glad they knew Douglas Goudie.

Good slugging, Doug!

* * *

Gordon Jones

A genial, hard-working giant is Gordon. As chief A.R.P. warden for the district, he has one of the most difficult and perhaps thankless jobs in the area. He has to struggle against indifference, apathy, and not always complete co-operation on the part of the general public.

If a blackout is ordered he is the man responsible if a resident doesn't put up his "blackouts," despite previous warnings. No easy task that of chief A.R.P. warden in a democracy.

Gordon's other activities include the chairmanship of the District Cemetery League—and active participation in the work of the Canadian Legion. He is also on other minor committees (at least, they seem minor after his A.R.P. job).



*Gordon Jones,
chief district air
raid warden,
another of our
most earnest com-
munity workers.*

But somehow Gordon, who meets his wife occasionally—about every second week-end—smiles an unruffled way through it all.

Keep smiling, Gord!

* * *

Mrs. Margaret Gwyther

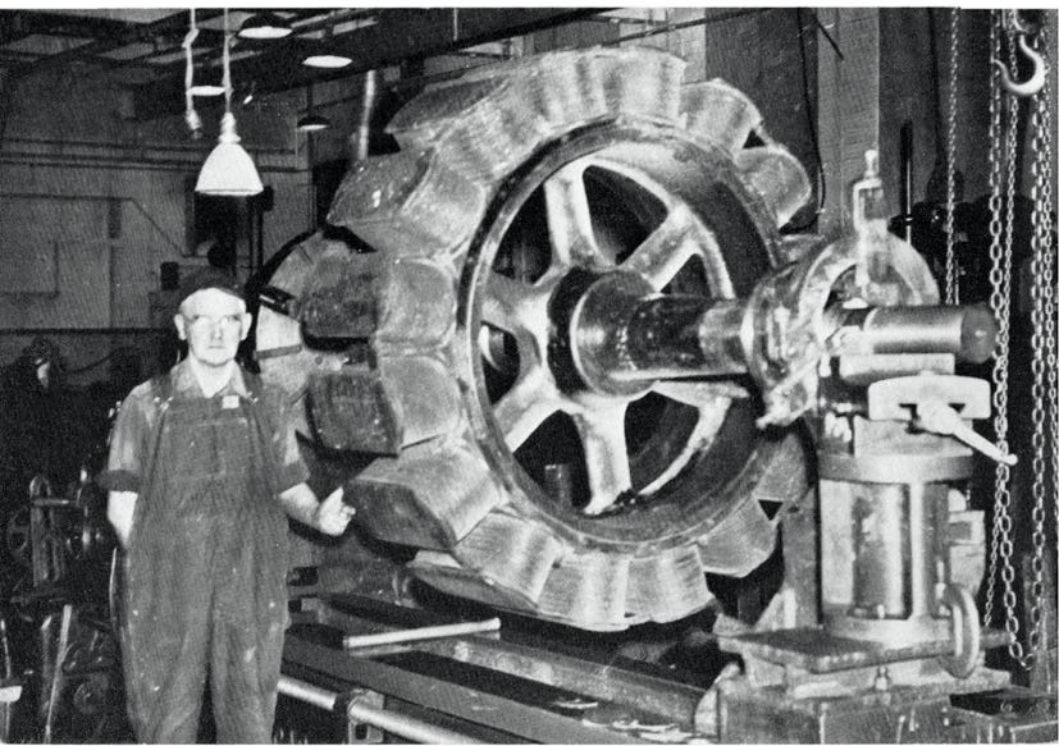
Like many public servants, Mrs. Gwyther's work is done behind the scenes. She is a leading member of the Lukin Johnston Chapter, I.O.D.E., and one of its most active workers. Since the opening of hostilities in 1939, Margaret, in company with her sister members, has packed hundreds of parcels, knit scores of sweaters, socks and scarves. (Margaret's special duty is the crocheting of the heavy mine-sweeper mitts.) When the boys overseas receive their Christmas parcels from the I.O.D.E., much of the credit for their safe arrival goes to Mrs. Gwyther. She haunts every

(Continued on Page 16)



War Orders Filled in Machine Shop

On this page we show two glimpses of war work in progress in our machine shop. These contracts were let some time ago and were the first work of this kind undertaken in Powell River. With additional experience gained over the past several months these orders are being promptly and efficiently filled. Right top picture shows millwright Chris Moore standing beside a batch of completed equipment. Below, machinist Ben Randall stands beside the machine that turns out the new orders.



Local Women's Organizations Extend Training

For the past month members of the Nursing Section of the Canadian Red Cross Corps have been supplementing their training with practical hospital experience. The women of the corps have been acting as aides to the nurses in the Powell River Hospital. Their work has included bed-making, taking and charting temperatures, and other duties that helped lighten the routine of the regular nurse.

The corps spent several hours daily at the hospital over a one-month period. Instruction was under Mrs. Les Hughes, nursing instructress for the corps.

For the next month the ladies of the St. John Ambulance Brigade will perform similar duties.

This experience in practical work, which is carried on in addition to the regular parades and duties of these ladies' organizations, will be useful, both to members and to hospital and A.R.P. officials, in the event of an emergency.

Rifle Range for E Company

E Company of the 2nd Battalion, B. C. Regiment, Powell River, will shortly have an indoor range for winter shooting. The Powell River Company has granted the military authorities use of the basement in Dwight Hall, and work will be started shortly. Members of the

Members of Powell River Cricket Club snapped during their recent exhibition match in Vancouver.

company, most of whom are employed in the plant, will provide the necessary labor. It will be a 25-yard range, and is an ideal location.

Work on the outdoor range at Wildwood is also expected to get under way before long. This will probably permit ranges up to 300 yards at least. The Wildwood site, like its indoor brother, has been passed on by Army engineers, and is considered a first-class natural range.

Cricketers Venture Afield

The snap on this page is, as far as we are aware, unique in local history. It shows members of the Powell River cricket club, photographed during a recent match in Vancouver. This is not Powell River's first cricket club, but it is the first time a local cricket club has ventured beyond the limits of the townsite to engage in active competition.

The local eleven were defeated, but only on the last over, and the game was one of the best on record. Sergeant Jack Gilchrist (bottom left) of the B. C. Regiment, stationed at Powell River, played his first match with Powell River.

Despite difficulties of organization due to war conditions, the boys turned out for cricket all summer.



Hunters Enjoy Good Season

(Continued from Page 5)

favored spot this year. Bert Forrest, ploughing around Cortez Island, picked off a couple during his holidays—and closer home Dick Miller, wandering around Texada, scored a bullseye on his first shot—or second.

Roy Borden, another of the last-ditch nimrods, maintained his unbroken yearly record by appearing in town with the specimen shown on this page.

All told, the season has been a good one—and the threatened beef shortage has sharpened the boys' eyes and stocked up several weeks' supply of appetizing provender in the family larders.

Give Them a Hand

(Continued from Page 13)

resident in the district for names and latest addresses of the boys overseas, or at sea in ships. She writes innumerable letters and ensures that insofar as is humanly possible no boy in the overseas forces misses a Christmas parcel.

One of our most modest, active and efficient war workers—Mrs. Margaret Gwyther.

Good Packing and Good Address Hunting, Margaret.

Girl: "Sure, I'll go riding with you, but when we come to the railroad crossing will you be sure and stop?"

Gob: "Absolutely! As soon as we approach the tracks, I'll drive with both hands."

It's an Association Now!

(Continued from Page 11)

the plants. Peter, like any red-blooded 'Mum grower, promptly pulls them off, throws them away, and tells his dad this is no business for amateurs.

Quite right, Peter, and good "Mumming," boys.

Bill Gets His Uniform

Picture on this page introduces Rifleman Bill Korpie, E Company's broadest soldier. Bill is caught on his job at the wharf during the recent army week. He went without a uniform for nearly a month because they couldn't find one in the Western Command to fit him. So Bill has the rather unique record of wearing a special uniform tailored to his own measure.

Bill has been employed with the company for the past fifteen years, and is one of the best known members of the wharf crew.



Powell River Digest



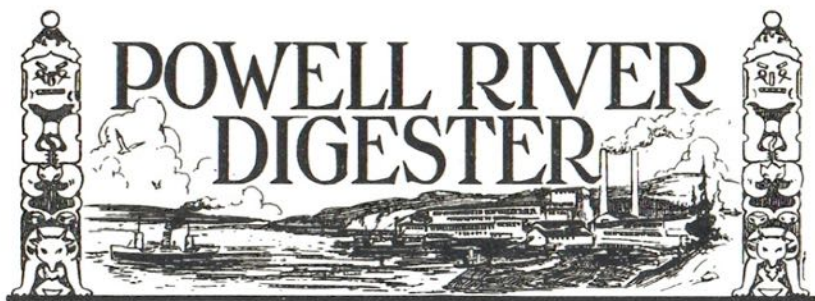
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DECEMBER, 1942

No. 12







J. A. LUNDIE, Editor

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Mills at Powell River, B. C.

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No. 12

Season's Greetings



*To all Powell River members of
His Majesty's Forces at sea, in
Canada and on the widely scat-
tered battlefronts*

*To all our friends on this contin-
ent and abroad, and*

*To all residents of Powell River
and District and their families, the
Digester extends the Compliments
of the Season and best wishes for
Christmas and the New Year.*

Seasons Greetings



Bert



"D. A."



"Stubby"

Above: Three of our prominent citizens broadcast Yuletide Greetings. Mr. D. A. Evans (centre), on behalf of the local management, and Bert Hill (left) and Henry Hansen, president of the Paper Makers and Sulphite Unions respectively, send greetings and best wishes to all Powell River men in the Armed Forces and to all local residents, employees and their families.

(And, incidentally, "D. A.", finally worn down by steady association with Powell River's Scottish Clan, has decided not to send Christmas Cards this year and, instead, took to the "Mike" for his Annual Greetings.)



Batt MacIntyre

To Powell River from Batt

Lieutenant Batt MacIntyre has asked us to include, if we have a spare inch in *The Digester*, a personal greeting from himself. We gladly spare the space, and here is the message our latest lieutenant asks us to pass along:

"I wish all at home a sincerely Happy New Year, and before it comes to an end may everyone on the Powell River Honor Roll be afforded the opportunity of taking part in a victory parade up Second Street, being led by our true friends and relatives of E Company, 2nd Battalion, B. C. Regiment."

Thanks, Batt, the best to you from Powell River.



Arlene Huxter



Mildred Dice



Ruby Entner

The Girls Carry On

Women Employees Help Keep the Wheels Turning

Women employed in the Powell River plant now number about 75. This figure has gradually increased over the past two months as men leave for military service.

Surprisingly, the transition of women taking over men's work during the war period has been accomplished without friction or dislocation. Most of the women are daughters of employees, wives of employees serving in the forces or well known in the district. As a consequence, the initial strangeness often found in larger centres is lacking. From the men's angle, the women are old friends or friends of old friends — and male employees have been highly co-operative in getting the women started at their new work. They have been able to work into their jobs smoothly and with minimum effort.

Special appointments for our female staff have been installed and two

locker rooms, roomy, well furnished and cheerful are available, one in each mill.

All women employees are members of the union which covers their respective department and the sight of women at regular union meetings is rapidly becoming commonplace.

First Aid classes for employees are starting shortly and it is hoped as many of the women as possible will take this training. First Aid knowledge is one of the most potent sources of accident prevention — and this knowledge will be especially useful to many women who are undertaking new tasks and facing many new hazards.

They: "Bet you don't know how to hold your liquor."

He: "Of course I do. I know every tumbler, decanter and bottle grip in existence."



P.O. Spud Raimondo



P.O. Bill Gallagher



*Sgt.-Obs. Jack
Maguire*



*Sgt.-Nav. Harry
Freeman*

THIS is our fourth war Christmas. It will not and cannot be a wholeheartedly Merry Christmas for Powell River, or for Canada, or for any of the United Nations. Our thoughts will inevitably go back over other Christmases and we will remember those happier days

Christmas dinners in other lands and under other skies. Hundreds of the "old gang" are missing and somehow, things aren't the same at the Yuletide season with so many of the old faces absent.

And we will toast Pilot Officer Harry Donkersley, that fine lad who

On Active Service

Powell River Boys Spend Christmas and New Year in Far-off Lands

when "Shadow" and Johnnie, Willie and Jack, Frank and Bill and Hob dropped in to say hello and to join their friends at the family or at the neighbor's party. The memory of these fine boys will temper our spirits and chasten our merrymaking.

In scores of other Powell River homes, our glasses will be raised for sons, brothers and husbands—and daughters, who are eating their

has brought credit to his parents and to Powell River; we will toast Flying Officer Tommy Gardiner and Pte. Joe Davenport, and wish them good luck and a quick release from their Italian and German prison camps. Our thoughts will go out to Sergt. Pilot Harry Cooper, Flying Officer Howie Sutton, Sergt. and Corp. Robin and Dick Rees, Pilot Officer Bobbie Lasser, L.A.C. "Hap" Parker, Sergt.

L.A.C. Ellis Reynolds



Pte. Cecil Poole



Pte. Vic Poole



Sergt. Rod Matheson





A.B. Stan Richardson



A.W.I. Eileen Heavenor



Pte. Roy Drury



L.A.C. Frank Alsgard

Mickey Dunn and others who are in the Mediterranean and North Africa and who may have little leisure in which to enjoy the Christmas trimmings we are taking as a matter of course.

We will toast our lads in ships on the high seas, fifty of them, who will have their plum duff and turkey between the rolls of a corvette or the pitching of a destroyer. Our boys in blue are carrying food and equipment to our boys in Britain, or guarding transports in the Mediterranean. Their whereabouts is concealed beneath the veil of the Silent Service, but we know they are in Africa, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean—wherever the men of blue water are needed.

And a glass to the scores of Powell River boys in the Canadian Divisions in Britain, the boys of the Seaforths, the Canadian Scottish, the Westminsters, the 9th and 28th Armored Regiments, who will be thinking of Powell River and wishing they could join us around the festal board. And another to our airmen, wherever they may be and to the scores of our boys in the Artillery, Ordnance, Army Service Corps, Medical Corps and Auxiliary Units.

One closing note. Most Powell Riverites have read the thrilling story

of Flying Officer Tommy Gardiner's narrow escape from death in the Mediterranean. His plane was brought down by "flack" during a brush with a portion of the Italian Navy. Tommy found himself on an empty petrol tank surrounded by a sea of burning oil. He dived, swam under water and cleared the danger zone. An Italian destroyer came up and rescued Tommy and his observer. The Powell River boy suffered slight burns and received light shrapnel wounds. He is in an Italian prison camp—where he will spend Christmas.

And so, as we observe our fourth war Christmas, first a toast of remembrance and a toast of best wishes to all of our boys on sea, land and air.

The best, boys!

And speaking of guards, we just received a note from Lieut. Batt MacIntyre (more of this in our next issue) in which he states he would "love to keep Corp. Tom Prentice standing rigidly at attention for five minutes and you can include all the Glasgow Rangers with him."

He: "Darling, shall I kiss you?"

She: "Yes, if you please."

He: "And if I please, then what?"



Community Center In Active Operation

A United Citizens Effort



operation. Attendance since the opening night has been steady and the center is rapidly becoming the focus of our community life.

Early this past summer, the idea of providing a recreational and study center, open day and evening, was developed. A committee composed of Mr. Rod. Glenn, Father MacDonald, Rev. J. T. Clarke and the Rev. W. Graham, asked and obtained the support of various community bodies in the project. The Powell River Company donated the premises and made themselves responsible for its renovation. Various organizations provided volunteer labor for additional renovations; and by one of the best co-ordinated community efforts in our history, the new center was ready for the official opening early in November. The Powell River Company further assisted the committee with a loan of \$800.00 used to complete the furnishings and interior appointments. Donations of furniture and equipment were made by various organizations and individuals.

The installation of this new "Center" has filled a gap in our community life and provided a base for the stimulation of community and welfare activities.

The Center is open daily from 3 to 5 p.m. and from 7.30 to 11.30 in the evenings. During these hours, vol-

Scenes at the Community Centre. Top: Henry Hansen (left) president, Pulp and Sulphite Union, Rev. W. Graham and Father McDonald watch proceedings. Centre: Visitors and guests in the lounge section. Bottom: Couples on dance floor.

The "Center" is now a reality. After several months of intensive preparatory work, the new Powell River Community Center, located on premises formerly occupied by the old department store, is now in full

Maestro James Innes and his union band give a voluntary performance at the Centre.



unteer supervisors are on duty to assist the public and to provide any information necessary. The afternoons are in charge of the women's organizations and in the evenings, supervisors are provided through the Fraternal Council, who have taken a leading part in the organization and maintenance of the premises.

Already, considerable equipment has been installed, including pool tables, table tennis, checker boards, cards, chess boards, etc. Dart boards and carpet bowling will be additional attractions within the next few weeks.

Various community bodies are using the Center to plan functions throughout the winter. The Powell River Union Band, under Bandmaster Jimmy Innes, has donated its services. Community orchestras have played voluntarily for dances. Checker, chess and cribbage tournaments are ahead.

Attendance to date has been very satisfactory. The young people of the community have crowded the building for the informal dances held once or

Dick and Jimmie Craigen enjoy a serious game of checkers

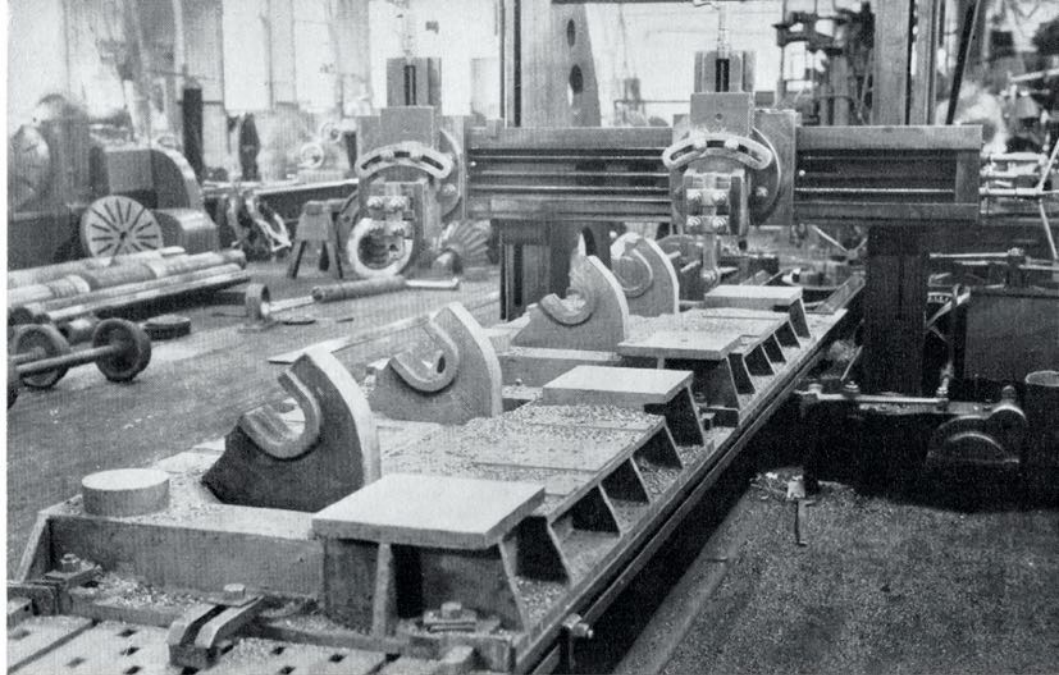
twice weekly. Many single men have used the ample reading room facilities and the recreational equipment in the evenings. A large number of paid up subscriptions for current magazines and periodicals have been donated by individuals and community bodies, and these are extensively read and are one of the attractions of the Center.

The facilities now afforded have proved a boon to shift workers and to residents waiting for suburban buses. Men coming in from Westview or Cranberry around 11 p.m. can while away a pleasant half hour in cheerful surroundings before going to work. The same applies to residents who may have to wait a half hour or so for the next bus.

Servicemen home on leave are especially welcome in the Center. Over

(Continued on Page 16)





Sub Base for steering engines being set up in our machine shop.

On this page are further illustrations of additional war contracts undertaken in the Powell River Company's machine shop. In recent months, with most of the slack taken up by existing firms, additional facilities for further contracts are being

facilities hit their full stride, it is expected that new and increased contracts will be awarded Powell River.

In the past few weeks, our machinists have been doing considerable work on steering bases for cargo ships. With western Canadian shipyards hitting

War Contract Work Expands **Machine Shop Facilities Increasingly Utilized**

sought and found. Western Canada is now beginning to fully develop its facilities as Canada's war effort is increased — and in this development, Powell River is taking its share.

Already, several essential parts for corvettes have been successfully turned out in our plant and the accumulation of new contracts, essential in the war effort of the nation, is steadily expanding. As these orders are executed and as the western Canadian productive

their peak in ship construction and turning in many record-breaking performances, machine shop facilities in British Columbia may be expected to reach capacity in the next year.

Powell River's machine shop is large and well appointed and the equipment is capable of producing many machine parts required for ships or vehicles.

The work now under way in the machine shop includes the setting up

(Continued on Page 16)

Women Enter First Aid Competition

Engineers Win Fleck Trophy

This year's Annual First Aid Competition, under the auspices of the local branch of the St. John Ambulance Society, was featured by the first women's competition in local history. The women's team, composed of Mrs. E. Scott (captain), Mrs. M. Donnelly, Mrs. N. McQuarrie, Mrs. V. Johnson and Mrs. R. Scott (patient), won the special Women's Trophy and emerged victorious against a male team in the novice competition.

There are now nearly 150 women First Aiders in the district and since the war, women have taken a keen interest in all phases of First Aid work.

At this same competition, the crack Engineering Team, Ian Kay (captain), A. L. Sutton, R. N. Simmonds, S. P. Jones and H. B. Willis (patient) carried off the major honors of the tournament by winning the coveted Fleck Trophy. The Engineers found the stiffest kind of competition and they scored a well-deserved win.

First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

"Oh boy, did Joe make a break during his after dinner speech last night."

"Why, what did he let slip?"

"His false teeth."



Top: The Women's First Aid Team in action at the Annual Competitions held recently. Lower: the crack engineering squad in action.

The Cover Picture

Christmas, 1942, may not be as cheerful to older folks this year but it is still the grandest and "excitingest" day of all for the kiddies. The government has rationed many luxuries, but one little luxury that can't be rationed in Powell River is the Christmas tree. They grow in hundreds within easy walking distance of any part of the district.

Our cover picture shows Joyce Pullen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pullen, doing her own Christmas tree shopping. And judging by the expression on Joyce's face, there is nothing casual about this Christmas tree business.

Give Them A Hand

District Personalities in the Public Limelight

Stanley B. Macfarlane

One of the busiest men and most harassed souls in the district. As Townsite Manager, he would have to be a magician to handle all the requests he receives every day from scores of residents. The sink is out of



S. B. Macfarlane, Townsite Manager, and one of the busiest of our lads about town.

order—call Mr. Macfarlane. My walk needs mending—call Mr. Macfarlane. Our bedroom door is squeaky. Just wait till I call that Townsite Manager. In between times, he is supposed to run a townsite, draw up and prepare estimates, submit designs and a hundred other important matters.

That's only a small part of his daily program. He is on the A.R.P. Executive Committee. He is on half a dozen other committees. He was on the original committee that worked out the formation of a Reserve Unit in Powell River. He is an active silent partner in most of the community organizations when they want help.

He tries to play table tennis but is usually called out to attend some meeting at the end of the first set.

"A manager's life is no cinch," a certain well known big league baseball prexy said recently. Well, try the job of Townsite Manager for a week and on top of that, try attending six committee meetings a week and having every organization in town trying to get you on the phone or waiting for your blood.

That's what Stan faces every day. And, the heck of it is, he seems to thrive on it.

Mrs. W. P. Alexander

For many years, Mrs. Alexander has been one of our most ardent community workers. Most people wonder from what sources she obtains that amazing store of energy that never seems to leave her.

In the early days of Powell River, every stray Scotsman that drifted into town found his way to the Alexander home, where scones and shortbread were always waiting. Mrs. Alexander has convened scores of dances; has organized scores of tag days.

She visits the hospital every week. She takes a prominent share in I.O.D.E. activities. She knits socks and sweaters and has adopted practically the entire Canadian Army overseas. She has a regular platoon

of soldiers, sailors and airmen who receive regular parcels from the Alexander home. She instructs youngsters and oldsters in the graceful rhythm of the Old Time Dance — Quadrilles, Lancers, etc. Half the people in Powell River have received free and highly expert instruction from Mrs.

Alexander. She is always on the lookout for any needy cases in the district. Her services are at the disposal of the community. She loves Powell River and few residents have done as much for the old home town and its people as Mrs. W. P. Alexander.

Keep up the good work, Ma!

Cigarettes For Employees In The Services

Over One-half Million Already Sent

As in the past, the Powell River Company has sent out special gifts of cigarettes to all employees in the Armed Forces. One thousand cigarettes were sent to all the men overseas and 500 to every former employee in Canada. The preparation of this task has not been easy. It involves a total of over 425 names and addresses.

For this reason, we ask relatives in the district to understand that if in this lengthy list, a son, brother, husband or friend was omitted, such an omission is an oversight and we will gladly send cigarettes to any company employee who was not on our original list.

And while on this subject, we would appreciate very much if relatives would inform us of any change of address. With nearly 650 names on our District List, we need all the cooperation we can obtain to keep track of the boys' movements. Some of the Christmas cigarettes were sent to old addresses and may take time to arrive.

If you will help us to keep track of changes of address, it will help us and help the boys.

The company mails cigarettes throughout the year to employees overseas. These are sent every three months and it will assist us greatly if we can keep informed when a boy goes overseas or if he is transferred to another front or to another unit.

As a matter of interest, the company has sent a total of nearly 550,000 cigarettes to its employees in 1941 and 1942. Nearly 300,000 of these have gone overseas.

So help us keep the cigarettes rolling by keeping us informed of the boys' whereabouts.

"I like my whiskey straight and my women just the opposite."

"You mean you like them a bit, er, unrespectable?"

"Naw, I mean I like 'em curved."

A Glance Back Over the Years

Powell River Has Seen 32 Christmas Days

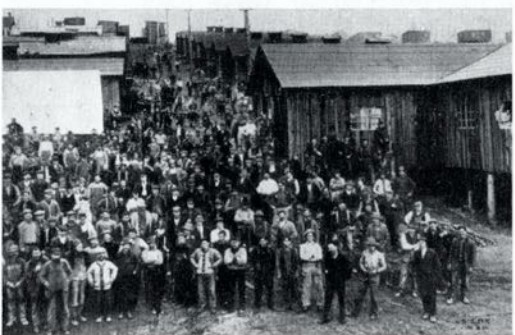
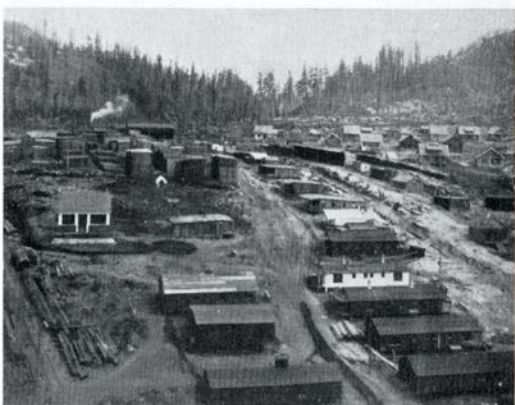
As Powell River's 32nd Christmas wings swiftly along, many of our old timers will look down the years, and remember the events—stirring, hectic, prosaic, that have gone into the making of Powell River history.

There are still scores of the originals left — George Patterson, Len Keith, Charlie Powell, Hugh Young, Ed. Peacock, Jimmie Clapp, Bill Hutchinson, Arthur Dunn, Arthur Richards, to mention only a few, who can conjure up memories of those happier and carefree days.

The pictures on these pages will assist the memory. They will bring back memories to old timers. They will afford our new employees a glimpse of what the old town looked like and how civilization's wheels have eradicated many old institutions, old landmarks and old customs.

They will remember the gay camaraderie of the old Central Hall, predecessor to the more stately and dignified Dwight Hall of today. They will tell you that democracy and free speech reached its zenith in that venerable institution, particularly on New Year's Eve. They will tell you that while some of these modern deer chasers, e.g., Harold Fleury, Bill Mac-

Scenes of early townsite days, showing life around the "Camp" in 1910-1911. Bottom picture shows a group of 1911 construction workers.





Left: One of the famous landmarks of the early days, the Patricia Theatre, where Charlie Chaplain and Mary Pickford were nightly stars. Above: A glimpse of Powell River about 1915, when initial construction of the townsite was completed.

Gillivray, Roy Borden, Walt Graham, Charlie Thompson, etc., are considered good, you should have seen Alf Hansen in his prime, or Charlie Long, or Charlie Marlatt, or Frank Maslin, or Ray Gribble—or any of those boys of the old brigade.

And when you hark of modern bands and musicians, they will openly scoff and ask, "Did you ever hear Powell River's famous 1915 band with Bob Scanlon on the trombone, Bill Stonier on the trumpet and Bill Gebbie on the big brass horn? Never did? Well, you haven't seen a band!"

So it goes. There was the old Patricia Theatre, featuring Charlie Chaplin in "Dough and Dynamite," or Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." Ah, lads, those were pictures!"

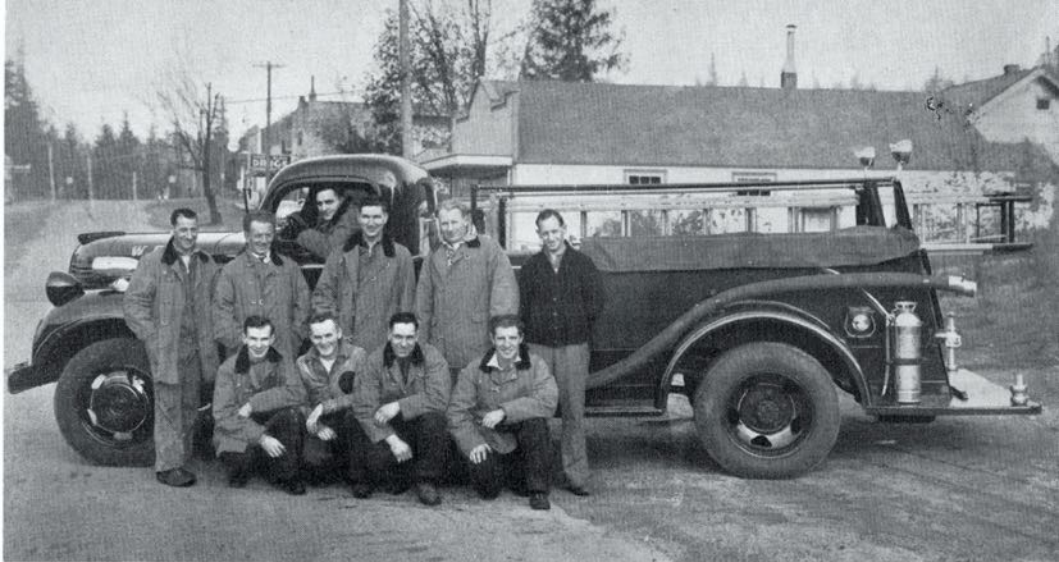
Many of the stories of Christmas Eves in the early days are better left

in the limbo of forgotten things. Sometime, if you want an entertaining evening, get Hughie Young, Charlie Powell and Arthur Dunn together. These three rascals can tell tales that will make the modern Christmas cut-up hunt up the first fox hole in sight or out of sight. These snaps are just dragged out for a brief moment to recall something of life around Powell River in the early days.

And on this, our 32nd Christmas, we salute all the old-timers of the district, who have seen most of them come and go and who have helped build the modern Powell River from out of the trees and stumps of 32 years ago.

Below: A common sight around the present location of Second Street or Ocean View Avenue.





MEMBERS OF WESTVIEW VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT

Driver Joe Dallas at the wheel. Left to right (front) Danny Wallace, Archie McFee, George Terris, Hugbie Scouse; (back) Jack Langham, J. Cant, fire chief; Albert Black, Bob Muir, Ron Burtenshaw.

Whee! There Goes the Fire Engine

Westview First Village to Install Its Own Fire Equipment

The Village of Westview, Powell River's largest suburban area, has its own fire department. About four months ago, the Westview Light, Power and Waterworks District purchased the first fire truck in the area to operate outside of Powell River.

Westview's population is not far short of the 2,000 mark and the need for modern fire fighting equipment has long been foreseen. The new truck, modern and with latest fire fighting equipment, has brought a new sense of security to the district.

Members of the fire department are all volunteers and residents of the district, living within easy hail of the fire hall. They are under the wing of Volunteer Fire Chief Jimmie Cant and are taking their duties seriously.



Pete Newvolt Grabs a Big One!

Rene Deneau Passes Away

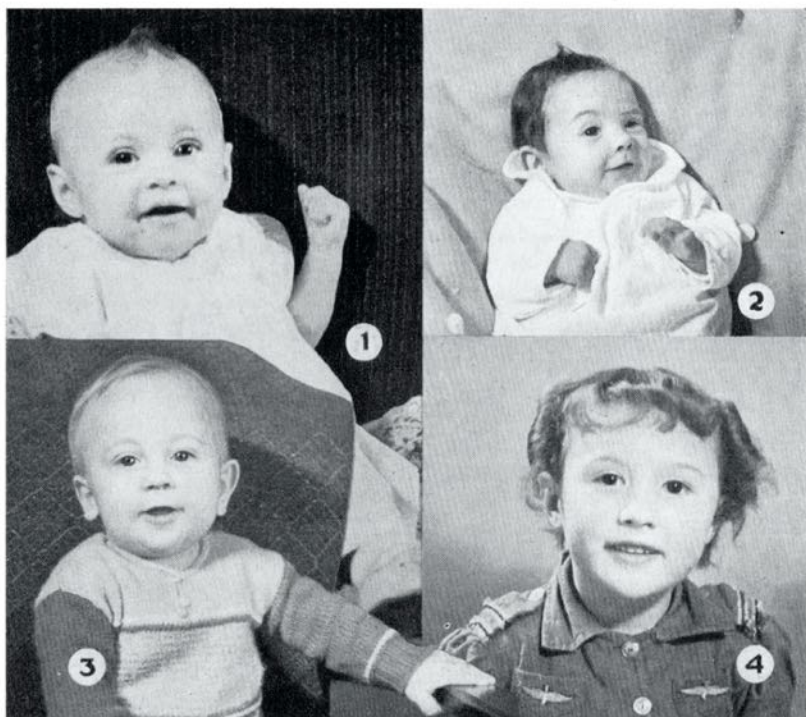
Just as we went to press with our Christmas issue, we received the sad news of the death in New York of Rene Deneau, president of G. F. Steele & Co., Inc. Rene was always a welcome visitor to Powell River. He made many trips to the mill and made a host of friends, all of whom mourn his passing and extend their heartfelt sympathy to his wife and family.

A Modern Custom

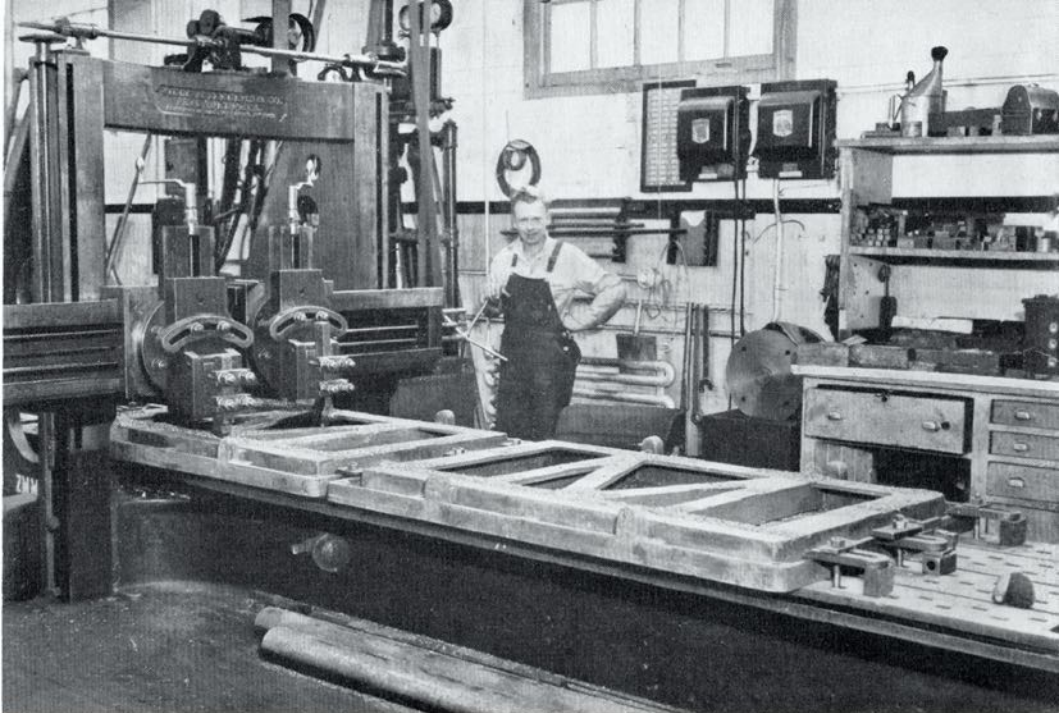
The necessity of uninterrupted guard duty by the Reserve Army has introduced the odd complication into the holiday season. Joe Sweeney drew his turn for New Year's Eve; Jack Hill, a shade luckier, climbed into his tin hat and stood to his front on New Year's night.

All the boys were pulling for Don Colquhoun to be the lucky one on New Year's Eve, but Don, much to his regret missed this particular guard but got the night of the 29th.

Powell River Children



1. Marilyn Borden. 2. Barry Reginald Young. 3. John F. Devito. 4. Marilyn Stanley.



Bernie Morgan, machine shop, is working on the base plates for steering engines. These will be used in the cargo vessels now turned out in western shipyards.

War Work Expands

(Continued from Page 8)

of base plates for steering engines in our planer; sub-bases for steering engines and hydrant caps and parts for fire protection systems at air ports and army camps. These cast iron caps are cast and machined at Powell River.

With a large portion of the vital aeroplane spruce cut in the Powell River mill and with the increasing use of the machine shop facilities for war purposes—and, above all, with 650 of our flesh and blood in the Services, Powell River has a very personal interest and show in our country's war effort.

Community Centre

(Continued from Page 7)

the Christmas season, various functions were planned for visiting men of the Armed Forces. All local men in the

Service are given a paid up membership entitling them to all privileges of the premises when home on leave.

The committee is doing a fine work and the Powell River Community Center is functioning solely in the interest of the community, backed by the willing and hearty co-operation of all organizations in the Powell River area. It is a truly co-operative effort and can only be maintained by the co-operation of each and every one of us. The warmth and hospitality which we show to those who visit the Center is the measure of our community spirit. It's "Our Center."

