

The Porcupine Advance

TIMMINS, ONTARIO

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SHOULD CHANGE ITINERARY

In his address in reply to the Speech from the Throne at Ottawa last week, Mr. Joseph A. Bradette, member for this riding, again called attention to the fact that this whole rich and interesting Northland had been completely ignored in the matter of the itinerary of the tour of the King and Queen. It is pleasing to see that Mr. Bradette is not dropping the matter, just because some officials said in solemn voice: "The itinerary cannot be changed." As a matter of fact, it has been changed in one or two particulars since the issuing of that solemn declaration about the itinerary being like the laws of the Medes and Persians. The Advance repeats that it is simply silly to declare in a voice like doom, "The itinerary cannot be changed." There are many reasons why it may have to be changed on a moment's notice. With months to prepare for the event, it would be the part of fairness and wisdom to change the itinerary so that the North is not completely ignored.

Mr. Bradette pointed out to the Government that the itinerary could be changed with no material change in time or convenience and without depriving any other part of the country of the opportunity to see the King and Queen. The one change necessary would be the routing of the royal party to avoid visiting one section of Ontario in double way. The solution is to take the royal party west by C.P.R., and then use the Transcontinental line and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways on the return trip through Northern Ontario. Or the plan might be reversed to use the T. & N. O. and the C.N.R. on the western route, returning through Ontario wholly by C.P.R. This is the plan that has been used with practically every other tour of Canada of any importance. Why is it impractical this time? Why are the two government-owned railways—the C.N.R. and the T. & N. O.—being as studiously ignored as this North Land.

Judging from his remarks in the House Mr. Bradette's idea in pressing for a change in the itinerary is chiefly to assure the 400,000 people in this North an opportunity to see their King and Queen. In this land of great distances, the present itinerary deprives the great majority of the people of any chance to see the royal party. It is all very well to compliment Sault Ste. Marie and Kapuskasing on suggesting excursions to the nearest point at which the royal itinerary will touch. For the great majority of the people of the North such excursions will be valueless. Only a very few would be able to spend the time and the money to travel to Sudbury or Long Lac or some other point hundreds of miles away—and inconvenient in every way to reach. If the great majority of the hundreds of thousands of loyal people in this North are going to have any real chance to catch even a glimpse of their King and Queen, the route must touch some point or another of this part of the North. It would no doubt be interesting and pleasant for the King and Queen to have the opportunity to see the agricultural, the mining, the forest and the scenic sections of this North—to stop at Hearst, Kapuskasing, Cochrane, Iroquois Falls, Timmins, Kirkland Lake, Cobalt, New Liskeard, Halleybury, Temagami and other places. It is recognized by all, however, that this would involve too much time—if Ottawa, Toronto and other cities of ordinary attractions and interest are to have special allotment of time. What the North asks is that the route of the royal tour be changed, either on the east or the west trip, to take in this section of the country, and that a stop be made at two or three central points. The royal train need not stop at every station—need not, indeed, even hesitate. If there were one or two visits at central points the people would find ways and means to reach these favoured places. The people of the North would put up with much inconvenience and give as much time and trouble as possible to see their King and Queen. It does appear hard, though, to be deprived of all chance, and to have this North completely ignored.

Windsor is reported as almost in revolt because London is on the itinerary and the Border City is not. Windsor is less than 120 miles from London, with perfect highway service and several lines of railway connecting the two cities, not to mention the use of buses and other methods of easy transportation. Centres in this North, however, are several hundred miles from the nearest point of call on the present itinerary, and the roads are much different to the paved highways in the South. Railway connections are also far from as perfect as in the South. In a word to leave the itinerary as it is, means that literally hundreds of thousands of loyal people in this part of the North will be deprived of all chance of seeing the King and Queen.

In other matters Mr. Bradette has shown a notable persistence and courage in sticking to any battle in the interests of the North. It is to be hoped that he will continue the fight for a change

in the proposed itinerary, and that, as in several other cases, his patience and insistence and sincerity will win out.

MAY HAVE TO MOVE NORTH

"Blizzard Isolates Villages, Halts Traffic!"
"Thirty Held Prisoners by Snowdrifts!"
"Terrific Storm Disrupts Transportation!"
"Twenty-five Cars and Trucks Stalled by Storm!"
"Mourners at Funeral Injured in Accident Caused by Snowdrifts!"
"Many Suffer from Cold and Exposure."
"One of the Worst Storms in History of Country!"

These are newspaper headings collected from Toronto dailies this week.

Of course, they refer to the cold and desolate North?

Of course, they do not!

This terrific storm, this desperate blizzard, this fearsome cold, this terrible suffering, these piled-up snowdrifts, these sickening accidents, and all this horrible storm stuff actually occurred in Southern Ontario—in that part of Southern Ontario known as Western Ontario, because Toronto lies to the East.

While all this horror is gripping poor old Southern Ontario, the North Land is going along as usual, thank you! Roads here are open to the other towns, to the mines, to the lumber camps, and so on. The bus service between Timmins and South Porcupine has been running hourly without a single interruption. Men working at mines in the district haven't missed a shift because of any storm. It is true that there has been a little cold weather in the North this year—and last year. But in this great country people know how to stand a little cold. It is true that there has been some snow here—and some here now. But folks in this North know what to do with snow. What isn't snowploughed, just has to be shovelled. It is as easy as that.

There has been discussion recently of the idea that the people of the Old Country may have to move to Canada to escape the danger of the military weather in Europe. The talk has included proposal for changing the seat of government of the Empire, moving industries and business, hols bolus, to Canada, for safety and comfort. Well, it's an idea. In it also there is a hint for the suffering people of Southern Ontario. Why not move North where the winter weather is simply salubrious and brightly bracing? Why have stalled trucks and cars, when the roads are open in the North? Why have factories on short time because of storms, when there's always business as usual in this North Land?

Several years ago The Advance advised the storm-stricken sufferers of the South to escape harm by spending their winters in the North. The advice was not taken seriously then. More recently some attention seems to have been paid to it in a Corrigan sort of way. The South has sent enough of its unemployed North to spend the winter. There isn't much sense in that. Already there are thousands of men out of work here, and no new work in the offing. Even this wonderful climate is none too kindly to a man thinly clad and thinly rationed. He would have just as good a chance facing the blizzards in the South. The Advance idea was that Southern Ontario men, with lots of money and lots of clothes, might profitably use the North as a winter resort to escape the storms and blockades of the South. If the workless only are to be sent here, then the South should ship some work this way as well. The British idea of moving the Old Land to Canada for safety did not contemplate the shipping here of the people only. The British are too good sports for that, and too sensible. They were going to transplant factories, industries, business, everything. That's the spirit! It may take a lot of blizzards, however, to put the idea fully over in respect of the people of the storm-cursed South.

Probably the most irritating part of the whole matter to the North is the fact that one of these days there will be a few feet of harmless snow fall in this North, or a thermometer may go out of repair so that the mercury falls down the shaft to the bottom,—and then all those Toronto newspapers will have double-barrelled banners across their front pages telling of the fearful storm raging in the North—the articles illustrated with buried houses, stalled cars, and whatnot, the present pictures of their own storm scenes doing excellent second service to picture the desolation.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

Believe it or not, there was great excitement in Windsor, Ontario, on Monday of this week. Some people noticed that the Detroit river appeared to be flowing backwards. They slipped in to the nearest beverage parlour and had another drink, but when they came out again that pesky river was still playing Corrigan. "What would you expect after electing Hon. David Croll mayor?" was the gruff comment of one good citizen when his attention was called to the fact that the river was flowing the wrong way. After another couple of drinks, it was decided to notify the police. Why couldn't the police do something? What are the police paid for? If the police can arrest a man for driving a car when somebody is under the influence of liquor, why can't they arrest a river for running backwards before everybody get under the influence of liquor? After still another

NEW CABINET MINISTERS



Significance of two appointments to the federal cabinet by Premier Mackenzie King were being discussed in political circles, Jan. 24. J. A. MacKinnon (LEFT), of Edmonton, has been made minister without portfolio, and Norman A. McLarty, M.P. for Essex West, who has been ill for over a year.

About the Developing of Films and Printing

Some Remarks on Mass Production Developing and Printing. Advice from Skilled Amateur Photographer With Long Experience in Thoughtful Work in Photography.

Timmins, Jan. 31st, 1939
To the Editor of The Advance, Timmins.

Dear Sir:—During the past week or so, there has been much discussion between the more advanced amateur photographers about the quality of some of the printing and developing done by out-of-town firms who are working on a mass production basis; and I feel out of fairness to the amateurs who send their work out, and to the professional photographer, that it is time their attention was drawn to exactly what is taking place; so that the amateur may get the best out of his pictures.

Developing and printing being a matter of very great importance, especially at the beginning, it seems to me to be the wisest thing for the beginner to give all his attention to learning how to use the camera, how to select good subjects, and how to make exposures that come within the margin of reasonable correctness, and leave the developing and printing to the professional photographer. The result will show that he has made some errors with the camera; that some subjects were badly chosen; that many of his exposures were wide of the mark. When he has got over this, if he feels inclined to delve into the developing and printing, let him by all means do so. He will get more fun out of his camera.

Selecting Your Developing and Printing Firm
I am not inclined to agree with those who send their work out of town to be developed to save a few cents. Believe me, they get exactly what they pay for. Taking this kind of work on the whole, I find it runs from fair to hopelessly bad.

Being one of the old amateurs who have been through enough of the game to know good work when I see it, let me try to explain to the beginners why they cannot get good work from a firm who tries to process two or three hundred rolls of film at a time to enable them to work down to a price that

couple of drinks, it was decided that the police were no good anyway, so why not try the newspapers? Soon a couple of newspapermen were on the scene of the wrong way river. Henceforth, of course, liquor had no effect. There wasn't any doubt about it—"the Detroit river was actually flowing backwards and against the wind just as it usually travels the other way,"—those were the very words of the newspapermen, allowing a few odd words off for wear and tear.

And all this time—even between drinks—that pestiferous river kept right on flowing backwards. Eventually appeal was made to United States lake survey officials. These gentlemen took everything quite calmly. That is the right way to take anything from backward rivers to forward beers. The officials explained that the river was really running backwards, had done the same trick before some years ago, and might do it again sometime. They explained that Hitler's speech that day had nothing to do with it. The Fehrer couldn't turn a river back; all he could do was to turn civilization that way. Then came the scientific explanation of the odd actions of the Detroit river in this case. The wind, they said, had been blowing steadily in one direction for four days, piling up water in Lake Erie so that the water in that lake was higher than the H2O in Lake St. Clair. Following the scientific axiom that what goes up must come down, the water in the higher lake was flowing into the lower lake. Lake St. Clair is usually 4 feet higher than Lake Erie, but this week Lake Erie being higher than Lake St. Clair—on account of the puffing-up referred to,—the Detroit river naturally "went into reverse," to use Detroit language. Anyway, after a couple more drinks, everybody went back to the beer parlours and Windsor returned to normalcy.

In this North, where the rivers flow North as a normal thing, it may be hard to sympathize with the excitement of the Windsor folk. After another couple of drinks, however, everybody will agree that the Scotsman was right—vera richt!
"Backward, turn backward! O time in thy flight!
"Mak' me a child again just for tonight!
"I'm ganging tae London, and a' that I care—

at the end of the season; yet this is just what some companies are doing.

I have been using a developer that gives three distinct developing times between 15 and 20 minutes at 65° F. to obtain the same degree of contrast, the difference being in the developing speed of the various kinds of films. Very well, to go back to that mountain of film spools, does anyone sort them out in according with their developing speed? Does anyone time them to a split minute? Does anyone know how long they should be developed in a tank containing a developer of doubtful activity?

Can you wonder that the results are of inferior quality? I say that it is impossible to expect good work under such conditions with a staff who are forced to work at such a speed, most of these being semi-skilled or unskilled.

You ask then, where are we to send our films? (Here I wish to make a statement, that is, I am not writing this article to obtain work or any form of gain from the writing. I do no developing for anyone else, and my work is for my own amusement.) But I strongly advise you to pick a local photographer who, if you make errors with your camera, can put you right. Who does good work, who, while charging reasonable prices, employs a staff the year around, so that they become experts at their work. I have had special and difficult work done for me by a well-known local professional photographer, and the results have far transcended anything that I could have achieved myself. Mind, I have not rushed the experts for time, nor have I restricted them as to price. I wanted quality and got it. Most of the unsatisfactory results of developing and printing today are due to dealers pandering to the impatience of ignoramuses, and having cut prices to an extent quite incompatible with honest and skilful workmanship.

If the task of developing that mountain of film were spread over three or four days, or even a week, with a reasonable price charged, you could expect something better, and from my own experience, you get it. Previous to writing this, an amateur showed me a picture which had been returned through the mail from one of the 25 cents per spool type of companies. "There," he said, "is a good picture; but could you tell me what happened to these?" On examination, I find the other negatives to be Panchromatic film turned into foggy positives through being developed in a red light with ortho film; or through working in an unsafe dark room, that is, light being allowed to leak through to the films before going into the fixing bath.

In another case, the young amateur was quite pleased with the result sent back to him. "What's wrong with these at 15 cents a roll and one free enlargement?" he said. To some people they might have seemed good, but here was the point: they were the kind of prints I used to turn out when I first started doing my own work. Right away it was obvious that this was no professional work. Here was a picture well composed, correctly exposed, but the finished print was dull, and lacked that snap and little something that makes a keen amateur say: "That's dandy!"—that something that makes the rotogravure editor sit back and say—"That's got something; we'll print that." That little trick which intrigues the Photographic Magazine into printing it as an example of good amateur photography. That elusive thing that makes the judges in the Photographic Competitions take a sec-

ond look, and finally place it among the winners.

Would it not have been far better to pay an expert the few cents more, and get a job that you would be proud of for years to come, that you could proudly say, "Well, I got a prize for that one."

Once again, let me advise you not to depend on some tired girl at a printing machine to do that bit of shading or dodging, or even to take time to select the right grade of paper for that particular type of negative. Why should she learn to do all this? Why should she even do it, for some minute fraction of a cent.

Not all cheap work is done on a mass production basis however; let me give you more cases.

A short time ago, I was asked by another amateur what would be the least possible equipment, and what would be the best developer to use, to start in a roll film developing and printing business. What class of work would you expect from an establishment of that description? He would have to cut prices to a ridiculous figure to obtain any business, and you would get just what you paid for. Better to place your money and film in the waste-paper basket immediately, that is where it would eventually land.

This type of work is a makeshift for the idle and indifferent who have no right to the title of Photographer.

Yours truly,
C. H. Wilkins.



"My accountant"

was making the most simple mistakes. It was so annoying I threatened to discharge him. Toward the end of the week he came in wearing glasses. He explained to me that he hadn't been able to see distinctly but that Mr. Curtis had prescribed new glasses and assured him that he would not be troubled further.

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Thanks Expressed by the Children's Aid

Appreciation for All Who Assisted in the Telephone Bridge.

The following letter has been received from the president of the Cochrane District Children's Aid Society:—
Mrs. K. A. Eyre, A. G. Carson, President, Secretary
Cochrane District Children's Aid Society To the People of the Porcupine Camp:
On behalf of the District of Cochrane Children's Aid Society I wish to extend our sincere thanks for the success of our telephone bridge held on December 6th last.

We realized the substantial sum of \$818.65 and as we were beginning to run short of funds, this amount, together with other contributions we received during the Christmas season, was a great help to us.

We wish to thank Mrs. S. Desaulniers, Mrs. I. K. Pierce and Mrs. Dean Kester who were on the Executive Committee, Mrs. E. Welt, Mrs. W. D. Robson and Mrs. R. E. Yorke who organized Schumacher, and Mrs. R. P. Smith, Mrs. F. Evans, Mrs. G. Cross and Mrs. Blakdell who took charge of South Porcupine and the surrounding mines.

We sincerely appreciate the work done by all the conveners, the hostesses who held the parties, and the people who played and made it such a success.

To The Porcupine Advance, Timmins Press and the Radio Station for all the publicity and the invaluable assistance they render as all through the year, we say a very sincere "Thank You."
We also wish to thank the F. O'Hearn Company for the use of their building and telephone service and all the merchants who so graciously donated the many valuable prizes, also Marshall-Ecclestone Limited for the use of their window for displaying the prizes.

We intend to make this Telephone Bridge an annual affair and hope that when we make it again that we will be able to make it such an outstanding event.

Our work each year becomes more extensive in its scope and requires more funds to carry it through and it is only by your continued interest and support that we can hope to look after the underprivileged and neglected children of this district.

Again thanking you for the officers and directors of this Society, I am,
Yours very truly,
Mary C. Eyre, Pres.

"If you'll only turn backward, I'll go for half fare!"

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

A group of men were gossiping in a local restaurant. Any woman who doesn't believe men gossip sometimes can learn to the contrary, if she will only listen,—and the men don't know she is there—and she doesn't mind what she hears. In this local case the talk had travelled from gossip to scandal. Then up spoke one of the company. "Boys," he said very seriously, "if you can't say anything good about a man, — let's talk about women!"

Sometimes it looks as if half the stories about empty churches these days are written by newspapermen who don't get close enough to a church on Sunday to notice the crowds.

Most people were pleased with the three outstanding addresses heard over the radio on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Premier Chamberlain's address pleased because it had more than the usual fire and iron. George McCullagh's speech pleased because it was practical and pointed. Herr Hitler's remarks pleased because he used less than the customary of blood and bluster.

The tone of Hitler's addresses has changed a little. A few short weeks ago he was roaring: "Will somebody tread on the tail of my coat!" Monday his theme was: "And the barbarians stole my trousers in 1918."

A scientific publication says that 10,000,000 Americans suffer from the now famous ailment known as "allergy." It may be explained that the medical term "allergy" is the equivalent of the popular slang phrase, "they can't take it." With 10,000,000 suffering from allergy and 25,000,000 having halitosis (one in every five)—not to mention those with B.O.—it would seem that if all these were laid end to end they should reach to the doctor's office.