

The Porcupine Advance

TIMMINS, ONTARIO
 Members Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association; Ontario-Quebec Newspaper Association; Class "A" Weekly Group
 TWO PHONES—26 and 2020
 Published Every Monday and Thursday by:
 GEO. LAKE, Owner and Publisher
 Subscription Rates:
 Canada—\$3.00 Per Year. United States—\$3.50 Per Year

Timmins, Ont., Thursday, March 14th, 1940

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Discussing the progress of the war the other day a local gentleman attempted to explain that he wanted to do something individual, something personal along the line of war efforts. "I would like to enlist for active service," he said, "but I am not physically fit, though I think I could out-march, outwork, outfight most of those who are passed as physically perfect." He added that while he was ready and willing enough to pay his share of the taxes necessary, it didn't satisfy him to have the government look after everything. "I want to have a personal part in the war. I want to do something myself," he said. "Do you know I have even thought about learning to knit socks? The good women who are doing that have the satisfaction of feeling that they have a special personal part in the winning of the war."

The idea that this local gentleman had in his mind is perhaps more generally held than is commonly recognized. The gentleman in question was not considering public applause. He had no thought of publicity. What he was after was no more than the feeling that he, himself, was doing something worth while. Fortunately, it was easy to point him to the way where his personal help would have the individual touch in his own mind. "How would you like to provide a group of men coming out of the line, tired and at loose ends, with a cheerful smile, a cup of coffee, a place to rest and the means of writing that letter back home?" he was asked. "Now, that's just the sort of thing that I want," he exclaimed, adding, however, in some doubt, "if such a thing could be arranged." It is all arranged already, he was told. All you have to do is to contribute to the Salvation Army Red Shield campaign now in progress, and you can rest assured that you have done something individual for the soldiers, and, through them, to the winning of the war. "Even the socks you have not learned to knit will be there ready for the soldiers," he was told, "as truly your personal gift as if you had made them, for your contribution made that possible. And some war-worn soldier overseas, or some raw recruit in Canada finding the friend he needed will thank you personally in his thoughts, though he does not know your name."

It might be well for all to remember that every donation to such causes as the Canadian Red Cross, the Canadian Legion War Services, the Finnish Red Cross, the Polish Red Cross, the Salvation Army Red Shield is more than a contribution to a worthy cause. It is a personal, an individual gift to individual soldiers and through its effect on the morale of the fighting forces it is a material factor in the bringing of final victory.

"POLITICS AM FUNNY!"

There was an old Irish gentleman in Lindsay who listened to two younger men in an argument as to whether the singular or the plural verb should be used along with politics. One of the gentlemen had used the expression "Politics are funny!" and the other held that the correct words were "Politics is funny!" "Well, anyway," the old man said, "you'll both admit that politics am funny!"

"Politics am funny" these days, surely. The Government is appealing to the people as the "Liberal Party," while the opposition calls itself the "National Government." The "Liberal" party has set up a censorship on the political addresses of its opponents and while calling for a united nation will not allow anybody but a Liberal to even look at any parliamentary documents about the war. There are King Liberals, Hepburn Liberals, Lapointe Liberals, and they appear to be taking up a lot of election time making faces at each other.

It was thought by some that the height of the ridiculous was reached when the Liberal Ontario Legislature passed a resolution condemning the lack of proper action of the Dominion Liberal Government. But it was soon shown that this was a mere nothing in this funny political time. The Liberals in the Legislature who voted for this resolution have been busy on the political platform begging the electors to re-elect the King Government. The one day they said: "The King Government is no good," with polite adjectives. The next day they were saying: "The King Government is necessary to the very life of Canada." Even that, however, was not the limit. This week Hon. H. C. Nixon, who voted for the resolution of censure on the King Government and the same day telegraphed the Liberal Party executive at Brant that he would support the Federal Liberal candidate when that gentleman was selected, has resigned from the Hepburn Government because he could not follow his leader with a clear conscience. Hon. Mr. Nixon has been a member of the United Farmers of Ontario Party, a Progressive Party man, a pioneer in the Liberal-Progressive Party, a Liberal Party stalwart, a Hepburn

Liberal Party devotee, a King Liberal Party worshipper. To climax this touch of the ridiculous everything between Hon. Mr. Nixon and the Premier has been smoothed out and Hon. Mr. Nixon is back in the fold and portfolios, loving both Mr. Hepburn and Mr. King as in days of yore.

Perhaps, if Hon. Mr. King had devoted as much attention to preaching unity in his own party as he has in threatening to split Canadian unity by setting one section against another, politics at the moment might not be so funny.

Seriously, however, there is nothing funny about the political situation, though it might well be termed "ridiculous." At a time when the whole people of Canada are united, as they never were before, in desire to centre all efforts on one noble purpose—the winning of the war—it is deplorable that the cheapest forms of political chicanery and nonsense should be given so large a measure of the limelight. So far as the people in general are concerned, it is likely to be shown that they are less concerned about petty politics than might have been the case in years gone by. The real issue seems to be the winning of the war. The Government claims that it has done its best to follow the wishes of Canada in war effort. The opposition holds that not half enough has been done or planned. Why not fight the issue out on these lines? This isn't an ordinary election where the matters at stake are of more apparent than actual importance. It is not a time for political smartness or party trickery. Let the Premier make available to all the facts and information necessary for intelligent discussion. This should have been done by free discussion in parliament, but one mistake should not be followed up in these serious times by continued error. Canada, Britain, the defence of freedom and the right are greater than any political party, than all political parties.

THE ONE ISSUE

Many people confess to being confused and muddled by the present election campaign and at a loss as to how to vote. Party ties are not as strong as they were in some past years. There is a very widespread belief that the main issue—the one vital issue—in this election is the matter of war effort. If Canada secured a government that will prosecute the war with undivided devotion, then little else matters. The election in such an event will be eminently successful. With such a main issue it might be thought that the campaign would be conducted on a high plane with an absence of the usual cheap political trickery and hokum. Unfortunately, this is not the case, and it is little wonder that people are confused. The solution appears to be for all to weigh the questions of the day with as great care as possible, but keeping first in mind the matter of the record and the personality of the candidate. While the personal standing of the candidate should be a deciding factor, care needs to be taken to avoid the mistake of expressing disgust at both the leading parties and in disgust voting for a partisan of some group or ism. With the main issue the successful prosecution of Canada's part in the war it is no time for isms or side issues. There should be no thought or consideration for any candidate who is not openly, wholeheartedly, unequivocally, unreservedly for Canada, the Empire, the defence of the world against aggression and gangsterism. It might, indeed, be well to ask a pledge from every candidate to the effect that no matter the party returned to power his party affiliations for the duration of the war would be subordinated to the good of the constituency and the success of Canada's part in the war.

A commercial traveller the other day commented on the fact that in one constituency there was a National Government Conservative, an Independent Conservative, a King Liberal and a Hepburn Liberal in the battle. "What is an honest man to do in a case like that?" he asked. The same confusion appears in many ridings. To illustrate the matter, a local gentleman when asked how he was going to vote made the reply:—"Oh, I'm a Hepburn Liberal and a Bradette Conservative in this election! So what?" As a matter of fact the voters in the riding of Cochrane are in happier position than in some places. The candidates are men of character and worth. Whether the present member is returned or the National Government candidate is elected the record of the men is proof that the riding will be ably represented and the representative for this district will give wholehearted and loyal support to any government that endeavours to have Canada play its full share in the present battle in the world for freedom and decency.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

Either some people are childishly credulous or they have the effrontery to believe that other folks have neither memory nor reason. There were people—even in Timmins—who affected to think that the brutal murder of the Czar and his family turned Russia into a paradise for peasants. When the murder and plunder of the rich was followed by the purging of the poor, they turned their belief to the idea that this was all necessary for final good. As the truth became too apparent for denial, the credulous changed their story to suggest that at least Soviet Russia was against the curse of militarism. When the fact could not be disputed that the Soviet had the largest army in the world, the response of the credulous was that it was all for defence and not for offence. There were those who maintained the credulous attitude after Poland was stabbed in the back by

Some Adventures in No Man's Land on Western Front

Telling of Patrol Duty Between the Maginot and Siegfried Lines.

Ever since the French outposts were withdrawn from German soil, infantry operations have been limited to patrol activity, writes a special correspondent of the London Times.

The words "patrol activity," which appear so frequently in the laconic communiqués, cover a wide variety of individual experience. No party starting out from the shelter of the lines in the gathering twilight can know what lies in store for it.

Men may scour No Man's Land from end to end without starting so much as a rabbit. In another area on the same night, or on another night in the same area, other men may be met by the burst of grenades and the rattle of machine guns.

Of all the stories of patrol duty which your correspondent has heard on the western front, none is more stirring than that of a patrol which set out one bitter winter night after Christmas, and struggled back safely to British lines only after an extraordinary combination of luck, good management and conspicuous gallantry had averted loss of life.

The patrol was ordered to penetrate as far as possible into No Man's Land and, if possible, bring back a prisoner which the higher command wanted for purposes of identification.

Shortly after nightfall it slipped out of advanced positions and groped its way forward. It was a bitterly cold night. Forty degrees of frost were shown by the thermometer, and the snow carpeting the ground threw off a faint radiance so that the raiding party, as soon as their eyes became accustomed to the half-light, were able to see over a distance of about 50 yards.

After they had advanced several kilometers without making contact with the enemy, the patrol leader took a bold resolve. He decided to move forward and reconnoitre a village lying on the frontier which, as previous patrols had established, was permanently occupied by the Germans.

Moving like shadows across the snow, the patrol reached the first house of the village. Its leader ordered his men into a ditch by the roadside and placed them in good firing positions. Nothing stirred as he dived across the road towards the house and listened intently at the door.

There was neither movement nor breathing. He signalled to an N.C.O. to follow him and posted a junior officer, his second in command, at the corner of the house on guard. The two men entered the house without a sound. Housebreaking is a perilous business when the inmates are armed with hand-grenades.

A thorough search of the house revealed little. In the garden there was a small shed, which also betrayed signs of recent occupation. Further still, the road curved and was blocked by thick wire.

After a close examination the commanding officer saw that it would be useless to attempt to force it, especially as the dim outlines of a machine gun emplacement could be seen through the gloom some yards away. The sleeveless leather jacket which he wore was rent in several places by the barbs.

The two men decided that it was time to return to their party. On their

way back the N.C.O. noticed a strange object lying by the door. As they bent forward to examine it, a hand-grenade burst at close range.

Secrecy was at an end, battle joined. Within a few seconds the small area between the house and the ridge was alive with exploding grenades, while the machine gun from the emplacement above the road began spraying the ground before them.

The housebreakers doubled back to the ditch, where the rest of the party lay sheltered. A new enemy, stationed on an embankment above the road, began shooting from a range of ten yards. At this point it was discovered that the second in command, who had been left guarding the house, was missing.

The hall of fire was so intense that search was impossible. The patrol decided that he must have fallen, and that its only course was to make its way back to the British lines.

Running the gauntlet of fire, which was then coming from both sides of the road, they succeeded in making their escape without loss, owing partly to a sudden diversion in their rear which at the time they were unable to explain.

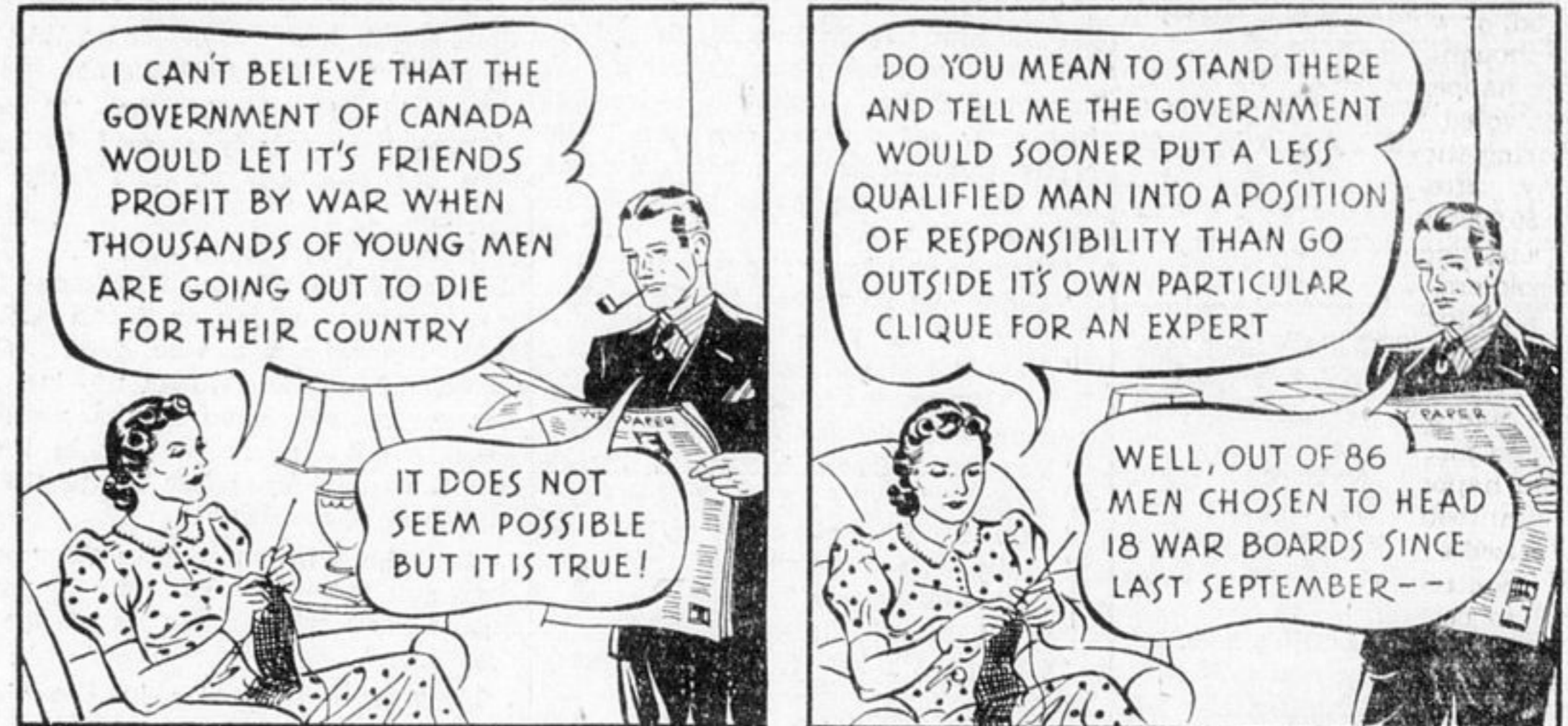
Soon after dawn next day, the second in command struggled back to the British lines, having spent the long hours previous dusk wandering through the

snows of No Man's Land. While at his post guarding the house he had seen two figures emerge from the front door and disappear into the night. He had assumed that they were his two companions who had searched the house, but neither had in fact come out. They were Germans, who had been surprised while sleeping in the cellar, and it was they who had given the alarm.

Creates Confusion
 In the confusion following the first grenade bursts the second in command had moved towards the enemy. He took pot shots at two Germans sitting on the embankment, and located the machine gun emplacement. Into it he threw his last bomb, and by doing so diverted the attention of the enemy from the main body, which was then moving across open country. Afterwards he succeeded in slipping into the darkness once more, and reached the British lines cold and hungry after a long detour.

The patrol estimated that the village which it had entered was held by an enemy platoon. The odds, therefore, were at least six to one against it. The Germans appeared to be completely surprised by the audacity of the attackers. They had no idea of the size of the raiding force, and, as they were dispersed, they probably mistook their own grenades bursting for British ones.

MARY & JIM... NO POLITICAL PATRONAGE



A NATION AT WAR NEEDS
Vote for
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Authorized by National Government Headquarters, 140 Wellington Street, O.

the Russian hordes. Russia was only going to the help of the Polish people, these credulous ones said. Next was the wanton and unprovoked attack on Finland. Even credulity could not swallow that surely! But even then there were those who accepted the new Czar's suggestion that he was not making imperialistic war on Finland, but simply going to the aid of the Finnish People's Government that had been established there to free the nation. When the members of that Finnish People's Government were called to Russia and "purged," possibly to put them out of the way before they had opportunity to tell the world that they were only Czar Stalin's paid agents, the credulous were not aroused. At any rate, they asserted Czar Stalin had to continue the battle because he could not possibly recognize the capitalist government of Finland. Yet the last few days have seen the same Czar Stalin treating with the very government he said did not exist and could not be recognized. Is there no limit to the credulity of some people or their belief in the credulity of others?

Every riding in Canada is being contested in the present election. This is the first time in a great many years when there have been no acclamations. The riding of Cochrane would have had a notable distinction had it followed the suggestion of The Advance some months ago and given the sitting member re-election by acclamation. As it is, however, the riding is assured of good representation in any event.

There are some who believe that the present days are not fortunate ones for Premier Mitchell Hepburn. In the objection to some of his actions and utterances and in the resignation of his favourite minister, they see success for the conspiracy to drive the Ontario premier from public life. It may be that these people are right in their forecasts, though that is by no means a surety, for Premier Mitchell Hepburn has the happy faculty for extricating himself from uncomfortable positions. In any event, however, the premier

will remain in public regard for his frankness and courage — rather rare qualities in the political arena. He has made a regular practice of taking his political life in his hands, and there is a proverb that threatened men live long. This week, also, he has been able to justify himself on two of the main issues held against him. It has been proven beyond reasonable question that he was right in his statement regarding trouble at the air force training school at St. Thomas. The facts suggest that he told the truth while the Dominion Cabinet ministers in their bitter denials played parts that would have done credit to actors taking the role of deliberate deceivers. As for his banning of the March of Time film about Canada's part in the war, the facts again appear to uphold Premier Hepburn. The premier has published a facsimile of an advertisement published in Vancouver in behalf of Hon. Ian Mackenzie, the notice proving that the picture was used boldly for political propaganda purposes. Also it is shown that this film, No. 8, was released in advance of No. 7, the inference being that it was taken three weeks out of its turn so that it would benefit the Government fortunes in the election. Those who accused Premier Hepburn of being rash and reckless have laid themselves open to the same charge.

Premier King blames Premier Hepburn for precipitating the present Dominion election. It looks as if Premier Hepburn might soon have grounds for blaming Premier King for forcing a provincial election in Ontario.

It should be easy for the Ontario members who followed Premier Hepburn in condemning Premier King and then turned to help re-elect Mr. King to turn in to support Mr. Hepburn after Mr. King has condemned him. Or something!

One of those statistical guys has figured out that at the present moment 55 per cent of the world's total population of 1,382,874,000 people are at war. Another 5 per cent ought to make it a world war.

The separation of the second in command from the rest of the patrol had fortunate results, since it increased the confusion of the defenders. While he was wandering in the darkness, the attention of the enemy was fixed on the main body sheltering in the ditch.

The moment when they decided to withdraw across country was the moment when the second in command lobbed his grenade into the machine gun emplacement, thus creating the impression that a new force had arrived. Added to that, the outnumbered patrol was aided by the confusion of the night and the rush of shadowy figures through the half-light thrown up by the snow.



Powassan News:—It all adds up to this: Either we lick Germany and make her like it or we go to the concentration camp with a bunch of gestapos around to see that we concentrate properly. Some people are inclined to think this a "phony" war, but there is nothing phony about it on the high seas, and the phoneyess on the western front is due for a rude jolt soon.



"It might have been serious..."

"Our little girl's eyes had a tendency to cross. We thought she'd grow out of it but a friend advised taking her to Mr. Curtis. By careful correction they will be restored to normal. If we hadn't had her promptly attended to they may have become permanently crossed. How thankful we are that we had her eyes examined in time."

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