

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, Sept. 12th, 1940

TESTING DAYS

These are testing days for Britain and for all the world. The ferocious attacks upon London and other British centres by the Nazi air bombers is testing the spirit of the people of the Old Land. As expected, they are rising to the occasion with the magnificent spirit that has made the Empire great. Death and destruction have visited Britain, but these devils are greeted with the same high spirit that has conquered fire and flood and famine and pestilence in the last thousand years. An ordinary woman, of London, whose home was in ruins and whose family and friends were separated from her—perhaps for ever on this earth, so far as she knew, stood on street with a suitcase in her hand—all that life had left to her. "They cannot break our spirit for all their hellishness," was her comment. London is going about its daily duty, so far as is humanly possible, as if the air raids were but a side issue in the great matter. The dead are being mourned, the damage regretted, but the time is given to more pressing things. The people carry on! Correspondents in London from neutral countries, speak with heartfelt admiration for the morale of the whole British people from the King and Queen down to the humblest of their subjects. The spirit is one of helpfulness to each other, gallant deeds on every hand, heroes and heroines beyond the count, and beneath it all the stern determination to carry on, to make all sacrifices, to persevere to the end in the firm resolve that the gangster nations shall be defeated and destroyed. London newspapers maintain their sense of proportion. There are headlines, of course, for the death and damage wrought by the Huns, but there are banners, too, of equal size, for the terrific hammering by the Royal Air Force of military objectives in Nazi-held territory.

It is a testing time in Canada, too. There are countless people in this Dominion who have near relatives and dear friends in the peril zones overseas. In some cases, it has been impossible to learn whether these relatives and friends are safe or not. Thus is anxiety quickened. It is a testing time. It is not a time to be given over to mourning or to anxiety, however. There is the noble example of the Old Land to follow. There are duties to do and life to live. There are the noble words of the King for inspiration:—"Put into your task whatever it may be, all the courage and purpose of which you are capable. Keep your hearts proud and your resolve unshaken. Let us go forward to that task as one man, a smile on our lips, and our heads held high, and with God's help we shall not fail."

Months ago The Advance ventured the belief that one of the greatest services the people of Canada could give in this war was the maintaining of a high morale. This seems to be a time to repeat that suggestion. There is the duty to press forward "grimly but gaily," as Premier Churchill phrased it. The war will be won by morale. It is a duty to maintain it. Were fire or pestilence threatening Old London, people here would not stop to weep—they would help all they could first. The brave heart always helps to victory. To speak otherwise is to do the dirty work of the gangster nations. There should be no exaggeration of the damage done by the Huns. Britain is standing up gallantly under the vicious assaults and ready to bear even greater—certain in the final victory that comes nearer each day.

FAIR USAGE OF SOLDIERS

On more than one occasion the weekly and semi-weekly newspapers have combined almost as a body to secure some worthy reform or to right some wrong. There has been no formal organization in these cases, but the move has been in the form of a spontaneous effort, one newspaper after another taking up the cause, until victory was assured in the battle waged. There are two matters at the present moment in which it would appear that the community newspapers of Canada could do decided patriotic service if they would bend their voluntary efforts to the work. The one is the matter of inducing Great Britain to drop its green umbrella tactics in reference to the bombing of Germany. Fighting a war with one side making it a "total" war and the other side featuring the idealistic notions of high class private schools in this public world of sin is like a barefooted boxer entering the ring with one hand tied behind his back to face an opponent wearing knuckle-dusters and lumbermen's boots. If the voice of Canada was roused to demand that the lives of British women and children should be set at a hundred times that of the Huns, there might be some results.

The other matter in which the community newspapers could give notable assistance is an apparently minor question much nearer home. It is, however, much more vital than if it is sometimes

made to appear. It involves the very honour of Canada. It is the treatment given Canadian soldiers on active service on their leaves. The depression has left these young men and their families in poor financial position in most cases. In addition the methods used in the enlisting and training of these men have left them at considerable distances from their homes. This is particularly true of the North Land, which has given thousands upon thousands of men to the service. When these men are granted leave, many of them are not in position to pay the costs of transportation to and from their homes. They have been reduced to the expedient of hitch-hiking, or foregoing the visit to home and friends. The newspapers should make it plain that the people consider the situation a shame and a disgrace—a sample of the contemptible red tape that curses this country on occasion. Most of the railways in this country are owned by the people. The people would not have their soldiers begging rides on the highway or stealing rides on trains. If the simple method of government-owned railways being instructed to honour leave passes for transportation the same way that passes of members of parliament and civil servants and friends of those in power are honoured is too sensible a procedure, then the people would be quite ready to have the tickets purchased in the ordinary way and charged to the people's account. In October the newspapers are planning to have a "Newspaper Week" to celebrate the 500th anniversary of printing. They ought to hold a "Soldiers' Leave Week" in September to force the authorities to quit using the soldiers of the King no better than tramps.

THE TOTAL WAR

It would appear as if the Germans made a special attempt to damage Red Cross buildings, hospitals, schools, tenement houses and other places with absolutely no military value. In the recent air raids over London this Nazi tendency has been very apparent. It would almost appear as if the Germans prefer to injure a hundred civilians, rather than take a chance against a thousand soldiers. Of course, a chief reason for this may be the brutal—and hence, cowardly—disposition of the German. Red Cross buildings, schools, hospitals, churches, tenement buildings are never equipped for defence and so they are comparatively safe for attack from the air or otherwise. To degenerate sadists there may be a special satisfaction in inflicting injury and death on defenceless people. It may well be that the Italian son of Hitler's bootlicker may have expressed the German temperament when he referred to the bombing of the poor Ethiopian civilians as "great sport." It may be taken for granted that in selecting targets for their bombs and aerial torpedoes the Germans also have the idea of terrorizing the civilian population and thus weakening the national morale. In other countries than Britain, it must be admitted that the Nazi form of bombing did have this effect. It is apparent, however, that this form of terrorization is proving a complete dud so far as British people are concerned. The slaughter of women and children, the destruction of hospitals and schools will but strengthen the British determination to rid the world of the degenerate Hun and all his works.

It might be well, however, for the British to consider another possible reason for German attacks upon hospitals and schools and tenements. The more clearly the innocent and non-military form of the building is marked the more determined the Huns appear to bomb it. There may be much more than brutality behind all this. In the last war there were proven cases where the Germans used hospitals, schools and Red Cross buildings for storing munitions, for housing troops and for other military purposes. In the present war Red Cross planes were used by the Germans for scouting purposes, and even for carrying bombs. In their many and successful raids on German-held territory the Royal Air Force has confined its activities to strictly military objectives. Without doubt they have done immense damage in this war. But it is equally certain that they have not located the chief places of storage of German munitions and supplies. Last week a British airman, on his own initiative, dropped a bomb on a spot in an apparently harmless stretch of German forest. The result was an eye-opener. There was such a tremendous explosion in that forest that the presence of immense quantities of munitions there could not be doubted. The Royal Air Force gave more attention to that forest with the result that last week the Germans lost large quantities of munitions and supplies hidden beneath the camouflage of the trees. There is every reason to believe that the Germans who have consistently shown an utter contempt for all considerations of humanity and decency, as well as of all the requirements of international law, are using hospitals, schools, residential sections, for strictly military uses. It is just the sort of thing that their perverted minds would consider clever and worthy of the superior German mind. It appears to be about time that the Royal Air Force used a few bombs to investigate some of the hauntingly innocent appearing structures in Germany that howl to the world that they are non-military. The very fact that the Huns centre so much on this form of target certainly gives a hint to the thoughtful as to what is in the guilty conscience of the Nazis.

Ever since the war began the Frenzed Fuehrer has been screaming that this is a "total" war. He has certainly made it so. Few people have any

Destroyer Flotilla Keeps Watch in Night's Dark Hour

(By "Bartimes")
The summer dusk deepened slowly over the North Sea as the destroyer flotilla reached its patrol area. In an overcast sky a bar of smoky orange light held out for a while against the darkness, and faded at last. The long low shapes of the destroyers glided through the night like grey wolves whose hour for hunting had come, and presently merged into the darkness. In the half light the destroyers had gone to action stations. Their crews had done it all so often that they gave the impression of an almost mechanical efficiency. The orders, conveyed in peace time by pipe and shouting, were given in undertones, almost superfluously, and the reports when they reached the bridge—such and such a gun ready and closed up—searchlights and torpedo tubes crews at their stations—were made and acknowledged in undertones pitched just loud enough to overcome the drone of the fan exhaust and the sound of the sea. "Very good," came the low answer to each report.

It was in truth very good. The flotilla, the ships themselves, every bit of machinery, every weapon, every officer and man, the whole co-ordination of discipline and efficiency and experience seemed to lock together like a breach-block slammed home. On the bridge the flotilla leader the captain levered himself on to a high wooden seat abaft the compass, turned up the collar of his coat and stuck an empty pipe into his mouth. All about him were the forms of men motionless in the darkness. He was conscious of them not so much as individuals but as functions, part of himself as it were. It was as if he were simultaneously staring through half-a-dozen pairs of eyes into the darkness, listening with other ears to the sounds of the sea, calculating the set of currents, reading a tiny beam of light flickering a message on the bridge of the next astern; and at the same time he was estimating his fuel requirements when he returned to harbour, wishing he could smoke, and hoping he could somehow keep at bay for the next six hours a longing for sleep.

For the first few hours nobody talked very much. The sky held a pale diffused light with patches of star alternately obscured and revealed in the shifting ceiling of thin clouds. This light sufficed to show the dark shadows of the waves as they curved and broke in gleams of grey foam. Occasionally a look-out gave tongue. Once a floating mine was reported and avoided, and the warning flashed astern to the flotilla. Once the ark outline of a convoy glided past, under guard of its escort, silent and dark as ghost ships.

At midnight families of hot cocoa arrived from the gallery. Men stirred themselves and drank, grateful for the warmth of the thick sweet brew, and lapsed into their thoughts again. The First Lieutenant unfastened the belt of his goatskin coat and pulled a biscuit and thinking about his goatskin leaning against No. 3 gun nibbling the biscuit and thinking about his goatskin coat. It was the type of garment worn by Palestine shepherds and had bought it at Alexandria. It smelt like nothing on earth when he bought it, but he hung it in the sun and the wind on board his destroyer "up the straits" and that made it all right. Shepherds had probably worn coats like that in the time of Christ, guarding their flock from wolves on the bleak hills of Palestine. He felt that there was some sort of connection between him and the

doubt as to the eventual victory of the British, even if the present unequal battle is continued. But it should be recognized that the battle will be long prolonged, and needless lives will be lost and preventable damage done, if the Germans are permitted to continue their "total" form of war, while Britain jogs along with a "half" war and a "half" sentimental drivel about ethics and morals and ideals. The very fact that the Germans hope to undermine the British morale by the slaughter of women and children and the damage of non-military places is surely suggestive of the probability that a little "total" war turned on them would soon have the cowardly brutes in a panic. In the last war, the German people escaped the horrors of war that were visited by them on the civilians of other nations. That is one of the chief causes of the present war. Are the Germans again to be allowed to escape all traces of the brutalities they visit upon others? It has been shown that the German disposition has no appreciation for kindness, or consideration or chivalry. They look upon the British as stupid fools to be held back by ideals and the ethics of private schools for aristocrats. Pleading not guilty to the charge is not enough, and proving that it is the right attitude in such a war appears an almost impossible task. With all the vital issues at stake in this war, the only thought should be whether or not the "total" annihilation of the gangster nations—men, women and children—would not save the lives of many good British peoples.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

The spirit of the people of Britain was evidenced in odd way in one town in the Old Land this week. At the town hall a number of people were gathered to fulfil their patriotic duty of paying municipal rates. "Rates" in the Old Country are the same as "taxes" in this land—only much higher. The air alarm sounded and the collector

Sees Victory in Stars



The war will end by Nov. 15 with a resounding British victory if C. Q.M.S. R. H. Horstead's reading of the stars is correct. Horstead who comes from Windsor and is now overseas with a Scottish regiment, claims to have foretold the beginning and end of the last war. He has checked his zodiac charts several times and always gets the same results, he says.

shepherds although it was a far cry from Palestine to the North Sea. Anyhow they both had much the same sort of job and they were both wearing the same sort of coat, and it was good coat for keeping watch in, once you got out of it.

The leader of the foremost gun had toothache. He'd been a fool to drink hot cocoa because that made it worse. He wanted to bang his head against the gun shield. He wondered how anybody could be so unhappy who hadn't got toothache. The world was composed of two lots of people, those who had toothache and those who didn't. The ones who hadn't out to go dancing and bashing cymbals together like the Salvation Army and shouting "I haven't got toothache! Hurray! I haven't got toothache! Hallelujah!" Most people didn't know when they were well off, and that was a fact. He wondered what the captain would say if the ship's company started beating lam-

bourines and shouting "Hurray!" because they hadn't got toothache. He wished they would go into action and then perhaps a shell would come along and blow his head off. (That was about the only thing that would cure him.)

The second hand of the signal watch was thinking about his bed at home. His home was a farm in Hampshire. There was lavender growing in the front garden. His mother dried the flowers and put them in muslin bags in her linen cupboard. His pillow and the sheets smelt faintly of lavender. A down pillow. Your head sank into it and the scent of lavender went over you in a soft wave. He tried to stop thinking about it, nodding where he stood. He thought of waking up in the morning instead, on the first day of his leave. His mother bringing him a cup of tea, and the noises of the farm coming through the window. The clang of a milk pal. The cock crowing. Solomon, his name was... The Chief Yeoman struck him in the ribs with his elbow. "Come on—keep your eyes skinned. You're half asleep."

The light in the sky strengthened imperceptibly. The wind blew chillier. The shadowy forms on the bridge became individuals with features and identities, tired men in need of a shave. Cups of cocoa were passed round again. Eyes were raised to the sky. The captain filled and lit his pipe. "Keep a good lookout overhead," he said. "This is Heinkel time—just before the morning watch."

Exchange: Ho, Hum! Another trouble with the Christian world is that there are so few Christians in it.

A Little Too Much

Midtown Vignette: It happened at Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street Friday night... One of those birds was popping off about everything... "Down with Roosevelt!" he shouted, and nobody bothered to turn around... "Down with Wall Street!" he persisted, and passerby kept going without giving him a tumble... "Down with America!" he yelled, and nobody touched him... Finally, he said: "The Brooklyn Dodgers stink!"—and somebody slugged him.—Walter Winchell.

Geraldton Times: Florida fears typhoons, but Hitler hates hurricanes.



BACHELOR CIGARS
100% Havana Filler **10¢**

OWN YOUR HOME

Built under National Housing Act. Small Down Payment. Balance easy monthly payments.

See **SULLIVAN & NEWTON**
INSURANCE REAL ESTATE
Phone 104 21 Pine Street North
TIMMINS, ONTARIO

SECOND WAR LOAN

Subscriptions received at all Branches and loans made to assist in the purchase of these War Loan Bonds.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

It may not be out of place to repeat what The Advance suggested months ago—that the Roumanian Carol is Noell—if you pronounce it right.

Police at London, Ontario, arrested an Indian on the charge of being drunk while operating a motor car. When asked his name the Indian seemed to reply:—"King George." "Yes," responded the police officer, "and I'm Napoleon! But what's your name?" Again the Indian replied, "Keen George!" Once more the police officer made the retort that in such a case he was Napoleon, and adding:—"Now spell it!" The Indian complied in courteous way. "K-e-n G-e-o-r-g-e," he spelled. "That's different!" said the officer, "and I'm not Napoleon anymore!" The police were satisfied for the time, but the next morning the magistrate sentenced "Keen George" to fourteen days in jail and suspended his driver's license for six months. What a magnificent opportunity for the liar, Goebells. All he has to do is to take the story as it appears, leave out the humour about Napoleon, and the word Ontario from the date line, and he can make it appear that King George was convicted in Old London and will not be able to drive a car for six months. The story would be more veracious than most of the inventions the German propaganda minister feeds his flock.

Italian newspapers approve of Germany's attacks on non-military places in Britain and the slaughter of civilians, especially women and children. As the son of Mussolini said on another occasion "It's great sport."

Brampton Expositor: Now they are telling us that shaking hands is a relic of barbarism. In proof of the assertion it is claimed that it became customary in the days when everyone carried a dagger in his belt, and when one friend meeting another thought it necessary to attest the peacefulness of his intentions by extending an open palm.

They Used To Call Him "Stupid"



It was hard to understand. He seemed smart as a whip in everything but school work. One day, however, his teacher noticed that his work improved whenever he sat near the front of the room, where he was closer to the blackboard. The rest was easy: an examination revealed that all he needed was glasses!

CURTIS OPTICAL COMPANY
14 Pine St. N. Phone 835