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TANKS! AND HOWE!

Last week there was a notable celebration at Montreal when the first Canadian tank rolled out of the Angus works—a symbol of the hundreds that shortly are to pour from the plant. Not only is the Canadian tank said to be the finest of the type made by any nation, but the claim is made that every part of it is from Canadian material and Canadian labour with the exception of part of the engine. This building of the first Canadian tank was certainly an occasion for celebration, even if it is twenty months after the opening of the war. Canadian industry is not to be blamed for this. Proof of that fact may easily be deduced from the truth that last year, after only a few months of war had passed over 50,000 trucks and other vehicles for war purposes were made in Canadian factories and stood the hardest tests in the campaign in Africa.

There was one circumstance that marred the pleasure of loyal Canadians who possess the gift of any sort of memory. That was the fact that Hon. Mr. Howe figured prominently in the celebration at Montreal, and a number of other people were not even mentioned. The war was in progress several months when Hon. Mr. Howe furiously denied the possibility of tanks being made in Canada. It couldn't just be done, he told Dr. Bruce, M.P., Miss Judith Robinson, Premier Hepburn, Col. Geo. A. Drew, and any others who dared to hint that the work was possible here. These good Canadians, however, knew the resourcefulness of the people of this country, knew that industry and labour had the talent and ability to do anything that could be done elsewhere. This was proven in the last war, proven in scores of ways in the history of this country, where on all sides are evidences of the resourcefulness of Canadians. The very railways that span the country—the highways—the development of the mines—tell the story of Canadian talent and resourcefulness. But Hon. Mr. Howe knew that tanks were something beyond the capabilities of the genius of this country. How he knew, deponeth saith not, but he knew, or at least he said so. It does not require much memory to recall the fact that Dr. Bruce was howled down by partisans in the House of Commons because he dared to affirm his belief that Canada would make tanks or anything else that the occasion demanded. Miss Judith Robinson was set to place as a pestiferous woman for having the audacity to suggest that Canada could make tanks no matter how much the task might be beyond the powers of a part of a party. All the vicious superciliousness that could be mustered by some people was gathered together to shower on Hon. Mitchell Hepburn in the case, but if it has taken many months to prove that Canada can make tanks it did not take that long to show that a part of a party can not squelch Premier Hepburn.

Instead of Hon. Mr. Howe and a few other favoured ones being in the limelight when that first Canadian tank rolled down the line, there should have been a prominent place for Dr. Bruce, Miss Judith Robinson, Premier Hepburn, Col. Drew, who were British Canadians first and with political leanings forgotten in the faith that Canada could do its part even to the making of tanks. It was the campaign that these people and others carried on to compel the government to use the resources of Canada and Canadians that eventually brought out the fact that Canada can make tanks—superior tanks—just as the fervent work of Col. Geo. A. Drew in regard to the Bren gun resulted in changes in the contract defended to the very death by the part of a party government.

To bring up the matter of the making of tanks in Canada or the question of the Bren gun is not with any purpose of ordinary political criticism, but rather with the idea of emphasizing the fact that Canada can make tanks, guns, supply men, money and munitions, if all its resources are called upon. From the beginning of the war Canada's effort has been handicapped because the government has never issued a sincere call to all the people, but has on the contrary adopted the outrageous attitude, "Just stay back and watch the part of a party run the works." Canada is able, ready, anxious to do everything to help win the war. What is needed is an honest marshalling of all the forces and resources of this country and its people.

"THE SLOW BRITISH"

There was a time when there was a tendency in many parts of the world, including some sections of this hemisphere, to refer to the people of Britain as the "slow British." Despite the record open for the world to read, John Bull and his partners were patronizingly described as somewhat lacking in enterprise and initiative. It appeared to be forgotten that British industry and commerce and business encircled the world, and that in science, art, literature and social progress

the Empire was a world leader. Occasionally a visitor to Britain expressed amazement at the speed of trains there or of the immensity of factories or businesses on the island. There was astonishment that the "slow British" were so swift in some things. Then came the war with calls that crushed most nations from the very beginning. Britain has shown such a speed, such a resourcefulness, such a capability that the world has to look upon it all as a miracle. For very shame's sake, those who take the superior position of onlookers, have to admit that the "slow British" is far from a truthfully descriptive phrase.

There are a few people, however, who having dropped that false idea of the "slow British" have adopted a somewhat similar attitude in an oblique way. "You have to hand it to the Germans, though," they say, and then they add some reference to some alleged German cleverness or thoroughness. It would be well for all to face the truth—that only in one way have the Nazis any advantage over the British, and that is in the way of brutal and ruthless lack of any decency or conscience. There are things that Britain will not do, even in war. There is nothing that impedes the Germans. Man to man the Nazi has been proven no match for the British. The British can use less mechanical devices with greater effectiveness, and in resourcefulness and initiative have the Nazis backed off the map. Even in the line of what may be termed trickery in an enemy or strategy in a friend, the British surpass the foe in every way. The Manchester Guardian tells of one of the tricks of the British Navy that proves the point. This trick completely deceived the Italians—so much, indeed, that the Italian Navy simply fled without attempt to test the trick. This device is the use of dummy ships. On several occasions, it is said, the Germans have wasted torpedoes (and that is a very expensive form of waste) on formidable-looking dummies that posed as capital ships. They soon found, however, that they dare not wait to investigate too closely, for the "slow British" would be sure to have a war vessel not far away that was in no sense a dummy in a naval engagement. All the official German stories for home consumption about this or that British ship being sunk by a well-placed shot from a distance were not altogether made up out of whole cloth. In some cases it was the British ship that was made out of whole cloth in more than one instance. Nazi seamen, who have had experience in duck shooting, might explain more than one case by saying that they shot the decoys but the birds were not far away.

DEFENCE OF THE NORTH

It is well worth noting that now every branch of the Canadian Legion in all this North has gone on record as urging the government to see to the proper defence of the North. Cochrane branch of the Legion led the campaign in the matter of the urgent need for defence measures to protect this part of the North. Iroquois Falls, Matheson and other branches after careful consideration added their endorsement. Two branches—Kapusking and Timmins—deferred action for a week or two on the Cochrane resolution. In some quarters in Kapuskasing there appeared to be a disposition to sneer at the need for precautions, but the majority, after hearing the case presented by Magistrate Tucker and others, added their approval to the Cochrane resolution. On Monday night, Timmins branch made the appeal unanimous among the branches in this zone of the Legion. It is interesting to read the report of the meeting of the Timmins branch when the Cochrane resolution was approved. The meeting was addressed by men who had studied the matter and knew the facts. The speaker who carried the greatest weight was a veteran of the last war who had served in both the navy and the merchant marine. He knew the practicability of navigating the Hudson Straits and Bay and establishing a base for air raids from the far North. He knew also that the Nazis have as complete maps, photographs, soundings, data, etc., in regard to the Hudson's Bay waters and land as are in the possession of official Canada. The danger from the North is not so remote as to be unworthy of consideration, but the fact is that the greater attention that is given to the need for defence of the North the less probability there is of danger from that source.

GRAVEL AND SAND—AND PLACER

What remarkable days these are! A news item casually recounts the fact that Quisling and Hitler are soon to meet in conference. Imagine a conference between Judas Iscariot and Nebuchadnezzar!

An interesting example of the way newspapers can give the effect of exaggeration by telling the truth in different ways was given last week in despatches about the bush fires in the North. A bush fire near Sudbury was described as covering an area of 600 square miles. That would appear like a mighty fire to most people, so that was all right that way, even for sensational newspapers. But a fire near Timmins had to be described immediately after the Sudbury one. To say that this fire spread over twenty-three square miles would make it sound like a little bit of a blaze after the 600 square miles of the Sudbury conflagration. That would be a belittling of the newspaper and of Timmins! What to do! Why, all that is needed is to say that the fire near Timmins covers 15,000 acres. That was the way it was done. 15,000 any-

thing is not to be sneezed at, and the mere 600 at Sudbury is not so many after all. The only danger about the plan is that some Sudbury enthusiasts may do some figuring and send out the story that while the Timmins bush fire covered only some 15,000 acres, the Sudbury conflagration covered 384,000 acres in any man's figures.

There was great regret here this week at the news that H.M.S. Hood had been sunk off the coast of Greenland through an unlucky hit from the Nazi battleship Bismark. There was a little comfort in the fact that the hit was apparently an accidental one—one that struck the powder magazine of the Hood, the world's largest battleship. There was further comfort in the official report that other British ships were pursuing the German vessels for revenge. Later there was the added comfort that the British ships had sunk the Bismarck and were seeking to deal similar fate to other German vessels.

What a typical gangster that fellow Hitler appears to be! He even stole the name he bears, just like more modern gangsters adopt cognomens like "Dolphie the Blood," and so on. Hitler's real name is Schicklgruber. But imagine even a German saying, "Heil Schicklgruber!"

A visitor to North Bay recently commented on the few good-looking girls he saw there. "I hope

to see more of the good-looking girls there this summer," he added. The summer is the time to see more of the good-looking girls anywhere.

Still stands the motto of the King:—"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."

The Northern Tribune of Kapuskasing is in favour of taking the census in this year of war, rather than "save a comparatively trifling amount for war purposes." In other words, "What's three million dollars between friends!"

One employee of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was recently arrested for alleged subversive activities. It doesn't seem enough.

Grand Admiral Erich Raeder, commander-in-chief of the German Navy—or what's left of it, has issued fierce threats to President Roosevelt for daring to suggest that the United States intends to see that United States' goods have protection from pirates on the sea. President Roosevelt's reply Tuesday night was in effect to recommend the Grand Admiral to go jump in the lake.

At Least British Never Sink Their Own Ships Anyway

Sell-Out of France. Iran. Bright Spot. Tiresome Information. And So On.

Writing in his column in The Toronto Telegram, Thomas Richard Henry says:—

No Scuttling

There was a touch of irony in the Hood being sunk on Victoria Day. There is one thing we can tell the Germans.

No British ship will be sunk by the British. Any of our ships will go down with guns blazing at the enemy, as all British ships have done in this and every other war.

Renegade France

The leaders of France give more and more aid to their conquerors, while the people of France are voiceless but apparently acquiescent.

It is a little difficult to say what the people could do—but the leaders have bartered this precious honour of theirs that Old Pettain mouthed about, for a little contemptuous leniency from their masters.

The Nazi masters have demanded, the harlots of Paris have screamed, and France has submitted.

Weygand, who it will be remembered, was recalled to France to take charge of the great but confused French army, and immediately surrendered it, has counselled all Frenchmen to bow the knee.

Germany has been able to make many nations taste the bitterness of defeat, but France is the only nation that the Nazis have been able to force to take it, and like it.

The rest fight on in any way that they are able, while France sells her birthright, and theirs, for concessions that do not amount to a mess of pottage.

Iran

"Iran" is both descriptive of the action and the destination of the Nazi rebel ministers of Iraq.

Bright Spot?

International Telephone and Telegraph reports: "There are, however, certain bright spots. Latest reports indicate that there has been only slight damage to any of the plants of the manufacturing subsidiaries located in Europe."

Of course we realize that the company probably put "Tel and Tel" material possessions above anything else, but we would have considered it a brighter spot if all these plants had been blown to pieces.

Tire Information

With the idea of conserving rubber supplies, Goodyear divulges the following information:

"If a white side wall tire requires an additional two pounds of rubber as compared with standard black tires, and it does, then the white side wall tire might be stopped as one thing the American public can do without. If a net saving in rubber can be accomplished through the process of recapping used tires, and it can, then the process of recapping may be forced into wider use. If motorists can gain substantial additional mileage by reducing the speed at which they travel, and they can, then the public may have to

be educated to travel at a lower rate."

Plaint Of The Veteran

My country calls, I can't obey. The reason why, I'm aged and grey, Had I but youth's blood in my veins, I'd manly wield the sword again.

My country calls, I know her need. Could I but only take the lead And gird my armor like a man, To fight or die for the Motherland.

My country calls, I cannot go. Across the sea to face the foe, At home I humbly sit and pine, Because I cannot join the line.

My country calls, but not in vain. Her sons have answered o'er the main, Then Canadians pray don't forget, The battlefields need you yet.

—KNOWETAP LADDIE.

Consolation

There will only be one consolation for us if the Germans do master this hemisphere.

The war profiteer, who builds up a fortune out of his country's need, will also have to live under Hitler.

And the striker who walks out of his job of supplying the tools to defend his country for a few paltry cents an hour, will also have to live under Hitler.

The Henry Robin

The Henry robin has returned. After building a nest in our backyard, the robin seemed to have abandoned it. This morning, however, there were two eggs in the nest, but still no robin. It probably is a modern robin, chasing around night clubs and such in the evening hours. Or maybe it is doing war work and getting its homework in just a few licks in a hurry when it can.

In any event there are now two blue eggs in the nest.

Scraps of Paper

Conscientious housewives are saying scraps of paper to help along the war effort.

The other day a lady received three communications from the office of the director of public information. These three communications, which were messages from the Prime Minister, came in six envelopes and arrived all together. Each communication was from the same office to the same person and arrived in the same mail. One would have imagined that one envelope would have sufficed—but the Government used six. They not only used a separate envelope for each communication—they duplicated each communication.

Who Saves Whom?

"Once again it is the United States job to save England," says an orator in Chicago who is in favour of the States taking steps to stop the sinking of Allied ships.

It is very nice of him to be in favour of saving England, but we would like him to remember that his primary motive in saving England is probably that United States may also be saved.

We would like him to also remember that in these eighteen months that the United States has been taking slow, deliberate steps to save England (and itself) England has been fairly busy saving herself (and the United States).

Canadian Fashions

We understand that there is a movement on foot to educate Canadian women into the idea that stylish clothes can be created in Canada.

This movement is to offset the fact that Canadian women have accustomed themselves to look with greater

London Punch Still Has Its Punch, Despite the Wa

(From an editorial in The New York Times)

Some time early in 1941 an advertisement announced approaching publication of the first number of "A New Work of Wit and Whim, embellished with Cuts and Caricatures, to be called Punch; or, The London Charivari." It was a long time a-borning. The first number appeared in 1841, but our familiar friend, Mr. Punch, a finger on the side of his noble nose, and "Toby, opposite, high-seated on a throne of files, were denied to the world till 1844. This was the sixth and final cover, ever young and charming with its fantastic and hilarious friezes. Every true believer that looks at it salutes the memory of Richard Doyle.

Punch has been fortunate in a succession of great artists: Leech, Keene, Tenniel, Du Maurier, Sambourne; the roll is far too long to call. Punch has had and still has accomplished editors and contributors. In its bound volumes is the most amusing and not the least veracious history of English politics and manners for a hundred years. Its pluck and its high spirits are unflinching even in the darkest times. The only complaint of old readers is that it is a bit late in coming, owing to causes beyond its control.

The war is topical. Humor is unforced. Mr. A. P. Herbert's "A Little Talk" rollicks even more gayly than usual. A philosophic poet recounts his blessings: "We still can get milk for the baby and a morsel of fish for the cat." A black-and-white shows a house energetically afire. The unmoved householders, bird cage and goldfish bowl in hand, tell the A. F. S. man: "You will find a stirrup-pump, fire-extinguisher and sand near the bathroom door." England as usual. Punch as usual. May they flourish undimmed and undiminished for many a century yet.

SHOCKED

A motorcyclist was flying through a village when he was pulled up by the police.

"I say, man, where's your number-plate?"

"Number plate?" The motorist turned in surprise. "Number plate," he bellowed. "Where is my wife and sidecar?"—Exchange.

Toronto Telegram:—Ho, hum! It's a wise father who knows all of the answers to the questions asked by his little son.

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• SOARING PEAKS
• JEWELLED LAKES
• ALPINE SPORTS

JASPER
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
SHOWPLACE OF THE CONTINENT

Jasper Park Lodge and nature's greatest Alpine Show await you at Jasper, biggest National Park on this Continent. See all the Rockies. Come via the smart, air-conditioned Continental Limited. Low Summer Rail Fares.

Your local Agent will gladly furnish you with descriptive booklets and full information as to fares, limits, etc.

CANADIAN NATIONAL

Invite Your Friends

Now is the time to write your friends in the United States reminding them that Canada welcomes guests as usual this summer, and offers a wealth of summer attractions.

Last summer false rumours that wartime conditions in Canada were unfavourable to travelers, got into circulation. This summer let the facts be known. Spread the truth among your own friends and help Canada's tourist revenue, and Canada's power to buy American war supplies.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Manager Timmins Branch
H. C. SCARTH,

Is Your Boss Abusing You Again?

Maybe he has good reason... Self pity won't help you in a case like this! If you've been guilty of oversights and mistakes, remove the cause of your errors. See Mr. Curtis to-day and have your eyes tested—It may be your eyes that are the chief cause.



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