

### Students in the Air Training Plan Write of the Work

#### Series of Stories to Tell of Experience from Guard Duty to Wings.

This series of articles should be of special interest in Timmins and district where so many have joined the Air Force. The series is written by students in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan who were formerly in the newspaper business. Arranged by the Director of Public Information, the first and second articles are by Leading Aircraftman Tommy Lee, formerly aviation editor of The Toronto Star.

(By Leading Aircraftman T. R. Lee) Rookie to veteran overnight — that was us at Manning Pool. The first day bewildered, shy and somewhat awed by the "veterans" as they strutted by in uniforms they probably got the day before, the next day we were the strutting "veterans" who glanced askance at the innocent newcomers in civilian clothes as they looked upon us in awe and envy.

Getting my uniform—"Want yours too big or too small, sir?"—was the first thrill of a career destined to be one exciting moment after another. Nobody was more proud than we as we went on our first route march in uniform, then went home to let the family—and the neighbours—stare in silent admiration at that manly figure in uniform.

When enthusiastic admirers asked "How soon will you be going overseas?" we coughed to hide our embarrassment did our best to get out of confessing we got our uniforms only the day before. With becoming modesty we condescended still to speak to our civilian friends, and would even give our autograph if coaxed.

Strangely enough, the transition from civilian to military life didn't seem to be so hard, though being up and doing physical jerks by shortly after 7 a.m. was quite a change for some whose only previous exercise was walking daily 200 feet to the bus. Being in uniform was a great help, too, for one didn't have to worry about picking shirts to match a suit, and ties to match the shirt, or whether people realized most of your "broad shoulders" was padding.

At Manning Pool, the Royal Winter Fair coliseum which formerly housed roosters, blue-blood bulls and assorted vegetables, was never sure what was going to happen next, and that made life all the more interesting. One day we'd get an unexpected lecture, the next we'd be "promoted" to the security guard training course, and later we'd get excited all over again when it was announced we were "on draft" to do guard duty.

I found Manning Pool as interesting as a world cruise, for it was a metropolitan "city" within a city, and we could get information on any part of the world without moving more than 100 yards from our double-decker bunk. We chatted with Australians, gave pointers to Englishmen, played baseball with Americans, ate with lads from South Africa and listened to tales told by lads who drove ambulances during the Nazi invasion of France.

None had to be a wallflower at Manning Pool. No point on the earth's surface was too far away to be neglected by Toronto hospitality. On the Y.M.C.A. canteen bulletin board were always notices to the effect: "Wanted—two boys from Brisbane, Australia, for dinner"; "Five boys from the Argentine are invited to tea, etc."; "Twenty-five boys wanted for dance at such and such a school, good eats, nice girls, transportation there and back."

Our second phase of training was guard duty, 30 of us going to Rockcliffe, near Ottawa. Our hours were as irregular as those of a country doctor, and we feared we'd be nervous and physical wrecks by the time we finished. Actually most of us were in better physical condition than we started. In addition, we got to the stage where we could become wide awake at a touch at any hour of the night and morning.

During our two-hour stint in the middle of a blizzard, 20-below night by our tiny sentry box, we spent most of the time thinking of where we'd rather be—for instance, in a nice warm room, with books, a radio, our dogs and perhaps a midnight snack of grapes. Or perhaps we'd think of some sunny isle in the South Pacific, sandy beaches, rolling blue combers, and dusky maidens.

If we were really cold we built snow huts (strictly on the Q.T. of course), or practised bayonet fighting in preparation for saboteurs we might meet. Actually, the only excitement on the station was caused by the guards themselves. One night, for instance, one of the lads slipped on ice, and his rifle went through a hangar window, breaking 12 panes. Another lad tripped walking around some aircraft, and his bayonet ripped one wing.

Now the guard story to end all guard duty stories. The orderly officer, checking sentry beats one night last summer, couldn't find any trace of three guards. He hunted high and low, and as a last resort went down to the river's edge. He found them all right—sitting on the dock, fishing lines tied to their bayonets and having a grand time.

#### TOLD OFF

Pompous in manner and difficult to please, the customer had given the waitress a lot of needless trouble. At last, however, he finished his meal and beckoned her to the table.

"How much do I owe?" he snapped. "I'm sure I don't know," said the girl, "but your bill here is 75 cents."—Sudbury Star.

### Twenty Years Ago

From the Porcupine Advance Files

Twenty years ago at a meeting of the Timmins town council it was decided to lay 7600 linear feet of cement walk during the year. The walks were to be on Hemlock st., Sixth ave., Second avenue, Pine street, Fourth avenue, Fifth avenue, Second avenue, Birch, Balsam, Maple and Elm streets. The total cost was estimated at \$15,000.00. At the same meeting of the town council a by-law was duly passed for the more stringent regulation of traffic in town. Commenting on this by-law, one good citizen said:—"According to this by-law a man won't be able to run a wheelbarrow without parking it on the right side of the road and wearing harness approved by the town inspectors and police while the said wheelbarrow may be in motion." This by-law, however, proved very valuable in safeguarding life and property in Timmins and good people soon recognized that its restrictions were not particularly onerous, especially in view of the protection given the public.

At a meeting of the Timmins Odd-fellows lodge twenty years ago the following officers were duly installed for the ensuing year:—I.P.G., J.S. Brough; N.G., A. R. Eddy; treasurer, A. Urquhart; warden, R. M. Moore; Com., D. McInnis; R.S.N.G., Geo. S. Drew; L.S.N.G., C. Swanson; R.S.S.O., O. Haggust; L.S.S., J. Christie; I.G., M. Dahar; O.G., J. Riley; Chap., Alex. Brewer, Jr. D.D.G.M. Forbes, of Matheson, was the installing officer.

At the regular meeting of the town council twenty years ago, Dr. McInnis, the mayor, referred to the fact that only one appeal had been made to the judge that year against the assessment roll, the appeal being that of a couple of Finlanders who were in partnership in a property. Councillor King, chairman of the public works committee, reported that the matter of the condition of the McIntyre hill had been taken up with the McIntyre and Hollinger, and the committee had come to the conclusion that the best way would be for the town to secure the old right-of-way back. This went through the McIntyre property. It was shorter and avoided the present bends and bad grade. Dr. McInnis said that no injustice should be done to the McIntyres, but that the interests of the town should be protected. After some discussion it was decided to have the clerk write the provincial government in the matter and see what could be done. The town engineer, Mr. Henderson, told about the extra work in his department. He could not handle it alone and asked for an assistant for a couple of months. This was granted, and the engineer's salary was raised to \$300.00 per month in accordance with previous agreement. The question of annexing to the town the forty acres used for sites for the 150 new Hollinger houses was presented to the council by A. F. Brigham, general manager, and J. B. Holden, solicitor for the Hollinger. Mr. Holden showed the desirability of such annexation, and the steps necessary to accomplish it. Mr. Brigham said that all plans had been approved by the provincial board of health, and the idea was to present Timmins with a fine townsite all complete and fully equipped. The council voted unanimously for the annexation of the townsite.

Wide circles of friends and acquaintances were deeply grieved twenty years ago at the news from Iroquois Falls that Hiram Alexander, for many years a popular resident of Timmins, had been drowned in the river at the Falls. He was crossing the river in a canoe when a violent gale sprang up. The canoe upset and Mr. Alexander met death by drowning. In referring to the death, The Advance at the time said:—"He was one of those quiet, steady, fine character men who win the respect and esteem of all. For several years he was foreman at Timmins for the Northern Canada Power Co. Some months ago he left here to accept a position in the electrical department of the Abitibi Power & Paper Company at Iroquois Falls."

An article in The Advance twenty years ago dealt with the great importance to the North of the forest industries. Protection of the forests from fire was urged, as well as better regulation by the government to prevent exploitation by a few of the forest wealth that should be viewed as the property of all.

In referring to an Old Boy's Reunion at Goderich, Ont., The Advance called attention to the fact that there were many Goderich people in this district. "There is somebody from nearly everywhere in the Porcupine camp," said The Advance. Among those in this district from Goderich, the following were noted:—Provincial Officer Moore, R. Richardson, Sheriff Caldwell, T. & N. O. Commissioner McLaren, and the Youngs, of Cochrane.

Twenty years ago survey work was being carried on by the T. & N. O. Commission north of Cochrane. The survey was being made in preparation for an extension of the T. & N. O. Railway some seventy miles north of Cochrane. Some suggested the railway extension was not nearly as pressing as the necessity for roads for settlers in the North and the repair and maintenance of existing roads in this country. The Advance urged that both the railway extension and the road work be carried on, but that if finances were such that one or the other had to be dropped then certainly it was the railway extension rather than the roads that should be deferred. There was no use opening further country if the government could not look after the immense area already opened.

There swang the men on, a swing stage in the afternoon downpour, but never noticing the rain because of the dazzling loveliness of the ladies, and because of a cornice that projected over their heads.

It just happened that the painters arrived outside that window at the "tea-and-chat-and-scandal" hour so the girls, with the true hospitality for which they are noted (and that's no joke) handed out dainty tea cups—and, save the mark, serviettes.

The big painters must have looked just a bit coy with serviettes tucked under their chins protecting their white paint-bespattered suits from tea stains.

Meantime down came the rain—but nobody noticed.

Since the chatter couldn't be like it is when the girls get together without the painters being embarrassed (we found out about that from seeing "Charley's Aunt") small talk filled in the time between tea gulps.

### Toronto Goes to Extremes in Rain

#### Street Railway "Misses the Bus." History Repeats Itself. And Other Items.

In variety be the spice of life, as the old saw has it, then Thomas Richard Henry's column in The Toronto Telegram is a spicy one. One day last week the topics dealt with included:—Toronto's tendency to extremes even in things like rain; how the Toronto Street Railway "missed the bus" when gasoline was threatened; the way history repeats itself; that the government is a better talker than a doer; regarding the fact that the Victory Loan canvassers have had a check to their victory because they haven't had a cheque for their canvass; questioning whether Germany will welcome the British into Berlin shortly the way the tourist pamphlets promised some years ago; and concluding, "with tea on a saffron." If anyone wants more variety than that, they ought to buy a spice factory or a spice farm or do whatever else is necessary to get too much spice all at the one time.

Here is the spicy column as it appeared:—

**It Rains When It Rains**  
It really rained yesterday. Bowling green keepers, last night, had difficulty stopping the girls going in bathing and the men fishing and boating on the greens.

**T. T. C.**  
With the present discouragement of car driving in full swing, the T.T.C. should benefit.

Yesterday they put on a display of the best way not to secure goodwill. There was a 20-minute wait in the pouring rain between a couple of the red chariots going west on King street.

**Always the Same**  
We have been sort of revelling in old documents.

Last night we were looking over some copies of Punch for 1920. It showed David L. G. looking out of the window and asking a Russian deputation to "go around to the tradesmen's entrance — just for the look of things."

It also showed Turkey in great pain. Asked what the trouble could be, Turkey replied, "Oh! Oh! I've got to make up my mind," then fainted.

**Conservation**  
A lady is very much perturbed about the government doing a lot of preaching—yet precious little practising.

She says they ask the people to conserve and save scrap and what-not. But she gets an advertisement from them to use the air mails every week that is all fixed up nice enough to frame.

She wonders why the government doesn't set the example.

Well, for one thing, it is much easier to give advice than to follow it.

For instance, we know one man who is quite enthusiastic to conserve gasoline—but he drives one of those yachts that soaks up gasoline as fast as a sergeant-major can drink beer.

**Height of Something**  
A Detroit man has been given some advice from Canada that is the height of something or other.

It read:

"The Canadian Government has passed a bill forcing all mining companies to open all mines. The Government will advance all necessary cash where they have not enough to open the mines."

Wouldn't that be something?

Last time we counted there were about 3500 dormant mines in Canada. Imagine the government opening them all—especially when a lot of them haven't got enough gold to fill a hen's tooth.

But it's too bad that efforts are made to gold-brick the Americans from this side of the border.

**No Cheque**  
They tell us that the Victory Loan canvassers were expecting to go out and get a good meal yesterday—but their cheques failed to arrive from the government.

There was considerable disappointment among them—all except those who came from brokerage houses.

It has been so long since brokers have seen any money that they would have been really surprised if the cheques had come along.

**Welcome to Germany**  
Somebody sent us in a very pretty folder carrying the message on the cover "Welcome to Germany."

The headings to the paragraphs in this appeal to tourists are interesting in the light of the events that have taken place in the last three years.

Here are some of them, all referring to Germany:

"One vast sportsman's paradise"; "The land of healing"; "The land of surprises"; "From Berlin into a broad peaceful valley."

The folder ends on the same note that it begins:

### Article of Quarter Century Ago Applies to Germans To-day

#### Local Citizen Has Clipping of Interest To-day.

The other day in going through some old papers, Mr. W. H. Pritchard came across a newspaper clipping that he thought at the time of the last war was well worth keeping because of its able presentation of the situation then. Glancing at it, he was impressed with the way it applies to the present conflict, a quarter of a century later.

The article is by Col. Henry Watterson, the famous editor of The Louisville Courier-Journal in Kentucky. In the last war he added to his fame as a forthright thinker and a pungent writer by his frank denunciation of the German scheme for world conquest. In one issue he replied to some critics by running a banner line on the editorial page, "To Hell With the Hohenzollerns!" Before the entry of the United States into the war he argued that all liberty loving nations should line up with the democracies in the battle for freedom. In the article referred to here he was discussing the overtures for peace being made by the Germans, and as there have been recent "feelers" in regard to peace from the Nazis, the article has particular timeliness. Here is the article as given in 1917 or 1918. There is no date on the yellowed clipping so the date can only be guessed at.

**Von Hindenburg's Peace Talk**  
LOUISVILLE, Ky., Wednesday. Under the caption "Terms of Peace" Colonel Henry Watterson will say in the Courier-Journal to-morrow:

And now the peace-word comes direct from the camp of the Hohenzollern— from the Bloody Lips of the Prussian Militarist—the devil quoting Scripture, the while in condemnation of war.

"At present," says Von Hindenburg, "the enemy won't make peace. They are not weakened enough. We must therefore keep it up further."

The rat, Aesop's fable tells us, having possessed himself for the moment of the cheese, made philosophic discourse upon the virtues and the graces of life, including his own magnanimity. Equally complacent is the Field Marshal. He was never a lover of strife. He would emulate Cincinnatus and "Return to the plough." But, the war "having been thrust upon Germany," she "cannot sheath her sword," notwithstanding the fact that "Every German would rejoice if an end were put to the terrible blood-letting."

**Feeling the Pressure**  
We may read between the lines that there has arrived at the front a pressure from the rear. For the first time the German people must be considered. In truth, small heed was paid to them at the outset. They had been "prepared" by half a century of "kultur." Kruppism sat in the saddle. Militarism rode at will. All that was wanted were a pretext and the signal. The murders at Sarajevo furnished the one, the War Lord of Berlin gave the other. To catch England unready, if not unawares, to swoop across Belgium and on to Paris; possessed of France, to turn upon Russia. 'Twas to the Kaiser-mind as easy as falling off a log.

Now as ever, here as elsewhere—"The best-laid plans o' mine and men gang aft a-gley."

There stood Belgium—little David with his sling !!!

Who so believed it possible? And, the French !!!

The Lord had not deserted France, and the French people—may heaven continue to bless France and the French people !!!

A little late and a little lame, rich old old lubberly John Bull ambled up, but "Got there," the battles of the Marne were fought. Slowly the encircling lines widened—the over confident hordes drew back—and Paris was saved.

There and then the cause of the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them !!!—was lost. It was lost and they knew it. It was lost and they proclaimed it lost by the last ditch campaigns of murder which followed on land and sea. Terror might piece out the shortage of "kultur"—the deficiencies of Kruppism might perchance be made good by frightfulness. Fatal mistake !!!

dead at his feet; regardless of Belgium slain in her sanctuaries; yet betraying the spirit of his dream of blood and conquest when he said, "If the French want Alsace-Lorraine let them come and get it." Please God they will, not the war end until they do.

The loyal, the true American hates no land and no people, but he loves only his own; and loving his own, he says to the rest, the United States would stand friendly and just in his combat of nations, demanding that each shall respect the law of nations; expecting each to obey the laws of God, but requiring of all the homage due alike to our dignity and prowess; due alike to our rights and our standing; our rights on land and sea; our marine, commercial, industrial and territorial rights.

**"Our Turn Next"**  
We may take nothing for granted, however; we must prepare to defend our rights. If Germany win our turn will come; nothing is surer than that. In that event the Kaiser would snap his finger in our face and exclaim, "A fig for your Monroe Doctrine !!!"

We have no quarrel—could have no quarrel—with France. Our quarrel with England is but skin deep. Putting the blathering Englishman and the spread-eagle American aside, John and Jonathan can always reach some kind of common ground. Touching the issues of this war, John is wholly right—he is indeed fighting the battle of Liberty—and Jonathan asks only that he have a care and not monkey too freely with the buzz-saw of Yankee sensibilities. But, apart from our obvious interest in a European balance, with the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—not the German people—we have a score to settle which will down at no man's bidding; the organized movement to involve us in civil war by a pro-Teutonic propaganda which was none the less an invasion than it was contemptible and absurd; the murders in the Irish Sea, yet unatoned for and unavenged; the criminal activities directed from Berlin at once against our neutrality and our industries, and the impudent support given these first by the Hapsburg through Dumba, then by the Hohenzollern through Bernstorff, Boy-Ed and Von Papen yet lingering on the forbidden threshold.

**The Traitors Here**  
Except for these, public opinion in the United States might be divided. It is substantially united. As matters stand the American who sides with the Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them—is disloyal to America. Whoever he is, wherever he be found, he is a traitor to his country; the man

Ford, whether he is a self-exploding advertiser, or a poor wretch made insane by the onrush of gold; the man Bryan, whether he be the crazy visionary he has always seemed, or a sleek hunchback out for gate money and the Nobel Prize—in short, the man behind the alleged peace societies, whether a crank or an emissary.

Von Hindenburg sounds the first official note of despair. The Prussian staff begins to realize that there is a people, if not a God. The popular shoe is pinching at home. There is a German winter ahead—yes, there is a Russian winter ahead. Peace were a boon indeed. Nor will the government of the United States stand idly by and see the slaughter go on in its very Teuton power definitely to treat with on the basis of the only settlement which the world can permit or tolerate, the dismemberment of the German Empire and the relegation of the four kingdoms embracing it back to their original sovereignties; the recession of Alsace-Lorraine to France and the return of the money wrung from France in 1870; complete indemnity to Belgium; and finally, universal disarmament.

Our little billion account of the Lustrania, the Arabic and other matters appertaining to the massacre of women and children, not to mention pay for each factory destroyed by German agents, can wait awhile. The Hohenzollern and the Hapsburg—to hell with them !!!

Being down and out, we shall not be too pressing. But Belgium first !!!

Come, Hind, old sport, since you are such a lover of peace, how do you like the way out?

**Clean Rooms**  
BY  
**Day or Week**  
Very Reasonable Rates  
Quiet Atmosphere  
**The King Edward Hotel**  
Cor. Spruce St. & Third Ave.  
PHONE 324 TIMMINS

**CORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF TIMMINS**  
**Notice of Intention to Open and Construct Lanes**  
TAKE NOTICE THAT—

- The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Timmins intends to open and construct as a local improvement the following lanes:  
(a) A LANE between Maple Street and Birch Street north of Fourth Avenue being composed of the North 12 feet of Lots 223-224-225-226-227 and 276 according to Plan M-30 Subdry and of the North ten feet of Lots 277 and 278 according to Plan M-30 Subdry.  
(b) A LANE between Maple Street and Birch Street and South of Fifth Avenue being composed of the South 12 feet of Lots 215-216-217-218-223-224-225 and 226 according to Plan M-30 Subdry.  
(c) A LANE fifteen feet in width to join the lanes described in (a) and (b) and composed of the East 7½ feet of Lots 219-220-221 and 222 according to Plan M-30 Subdry and the West 7½ feet of Lots 279-280-281 and 282 according to Plan M-30 Subdry.
- The estimated cost of the work is \$5,500.00, of which \$157.25 is to be paid by the Corporation. The estimated cost per foot frontage is \$5.24. The special assessment is to be paid in ten equal annual instalments and the estimated annual rate per foot frontage is \$0.646.
- Application will be made by the Corporation to the Ontario Municipal Board for its approval of the undertaking of the said work and any owner may within twenty-one days after the first publication of this notice file with the Board his objection to the said work being undertaken.
- The said Board may approve of the said work being undertaken, but before doing so it may appoint a time and place when any objections to the said work will be considered.

Dated at Timmins, Ontario, July 14th, 1941.  
A. L. SHAW, Clerk

**BARGAIN COACH EXCURSION**  
FROM  
T. & N. O. and N. C. R. Stations, via North Bay and Canadian National Railways  
TO  
**TORONTO**  
CORNWALL, HAMILTON, LONDON, PETERBORO, (Via Toronto), WINDSOR and Intermediate points.  
**FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1941**  
Bargain Excursion tickets NOT GOOD on Pool Trains Nos. 6 and 15, between Toronto and points East thereof.  
Bargain excursion tickets to Peterboro good only on C. N. R. exclusive trains between Toronto and Peterboro.  
Bargain excursion tickets NOT GOOD on "The Northland"—Trains 49 and 50.  
**RETURNING**  
Leave destination up to and including Monday, July 28, EXCEPT as follows: From Stations North of Toronto, tickets will be honoured on Train 47, ex. Toronto, 11.15 p.m., Monday, July 28; from Windsor up to 12.30 a.m., Tuesday, July 29; from Jellico, Geraldton, Beardmore, Nakina, Tashota and Longlac up to Wednesday, July 30, 1941.  
Children 5 years of age, and under 12, when accompanied by guardian.  
HALF FARE  
Tickets Good in Coaches ONLY No Baggage Checked  
For Fares, Departure Times and Further Information Apply to Local Agent.  
**Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway**  
**The Nipissing Central Railway Company**