

The Porcupine Advance

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Reckless Spending by TCAC

How to hang oneself in the favor of the general public is seldom better illustrated than by the manner in which the Timmins Communities Activities Committee has handled the promotion of boxing in town.

The TCAC, undoubtedly with the best of intentions but with a remarkable disregard for the taxpayers' dollar, is paying the astounding sum of \$440 a month for two gyms to promote boxing and weight lifting. For two instructors at these gyms it pays a combined salary of \$410 a month, to which light and heat for both premises is added.

This means that, to teach the boys of Timmins to box, a sum between \$800 and \$900 a month has been authorized by the 12 members of the TCAC, a fantastic figure which is scarcely credible.

Moreover, at the same meeting in which these expenditures were authorized and which were not attended by the press, the committee raised the salary of R. E. "Bim" Sturgeon from \$3000 a year to \$3600. The Advance is not acquainted with the salaries paid to recreation directors in other communities of like size to Timmins, but it appears that \$3,000 a year is sufficiently handsome a remuneration for work of this type, particularly when efforts of every type must be made to hold down taxes at the present.

Another factor which astounded the Advance concerning this situation was the fact that no members of council other than the TCAC representatives, Urban Aubry and Leo Del Villano, were aware of the TCAC's action in renting gyms and hiring instructors at these tremendous sums, nor were they aware of the increase in Mr. Sturgeon's salary.

It is the job of town council to crack down on the TCAC at once. If council does not, it will find one of these days that this organization has authorized the expenditure of \$500 a month to foster the raising of canaries or some other outlandish proposal.

Furthermore, members of council who are posted to organizations such as the TCAC — the planning board for example should formally report to council after the meetings of such organizations as to how much of the taxpayers' dollar has been spent and where and why it has been spent.

A Spade is a Spade

The Advance uses blunt language in its front-page editorial this week concerning Communism. In dealing with this subject, one has to be blunt. Parlor language cannot be used to deal with a subject which represents an acute menace to this country in view of current world affairs.

Hence the Advance cannot apologize to its more genteel readers for offending their sensibilities. In this case a spade is a spade, not an agricultural instrument.

Indian! Indian!

The Advance dislikes to take the Timmins Daily Press to task again but in view of the manner in which the St. Cyr case was handled by the local daily, it must do so.

The Advance's criticism is based on the manner in which the Press came to publish the false report that Mrs. St. Cyr is an Indian. And a full-blooded Iroquois Indian who lived at a reservation at Gogama, in the bargain.

There is no reservation at Gogama, of course. When questioned by the Advance, local police officials said that one officer made a remark to the effect "He was killed by an axe . . . She must be an Indian".

It is from this flimsy comment that the local daily built up its entire story — an idle remark which was never meant to be quoted nor which had any foundation in fact.

The utterly ridiculous manner in which this remark was treated by the Press is evident for all to see. And in trying to cover up such a stupid blunder, the Press later produced a story blaming the police for the mistake. In a two column heading it said the police supplied this information.

Of course the police did not. The story was "dreamed-up" by a writer with an over-active imagination. The blunder in itself was bad enough, but to attempt to foist the responsibility for the mistake on the shoulders of police can only be described as rather contemptible.

Mr. Eyre

Mayor Carl Eyre has been feeling his way since he took office in January. He has been careful not to become involved in controversies and has sat at the mayor's rostrum with the attitude of a man willing to hear every side of a story.

As a result the mayor seemed to lack the color which surrounded every action made by his predecessor, J. Emile Brunette. He seemed to be dilatory, willing to evade issues.

But Mayor Eyre came to life at this week's meeting of council and showed he is made of the stuff which the mayor of this town needs. When accused by R. A. Lachance, international union representative, with stalling on the bus issue, the mayor rebuked the unionist firmly and forthrightly and in a manner to which he is entitled as chief magistrate of Timmins.

The Advance is inclined to believe that the way in which the mayor dealt with Mr. Lachance is an indication of the manner in which he is going to act in the future, now that he "knows the ropes". As the mayor of this town he is the boss man of the municipality and when he acts that way the Advance is behind him 100 percent.

SOMEDAY

Spring will come with sunshine
Bringing the grass again.
Green buttons of leaves to the trees
And robins to sing in the rain.
It will come with life giving showers,
Sunsets, stars and moon,
Lowering skies and shadows drifting
O'er a blue lagoon.

Spring will come in glory
To the sound of rippling rills
And the beauty of celestial dawns
O'er low enchanted hills
There will be laughter and gladness
Borne on the wings of day
And out of the future tomorrow,
Pain will have passed away.

Spring will come with sunshine
O'er the earthy aisles of God,
But I shall be peacefully sleeping
In the heart of the fragrant sod.

Lillian O'Donnell.

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 43. Timmins Honoured Its First Mayor

Any earnest study of the early history of the town of Timmins, or the Porcupine Camp, will arouse high esteem for the pioneers, not only for their energy and ability, but also for their keen insight and their extended vision. It may be said that not only did they accomplish much, but they knew what they were doing. In wartime, towns have been built in a few months, but it was accomplished only by organized importation of workers and materials. The town of Timmins, like the other communities of the Porcupine, has been built by individual effort, the only organization being the co-operation of the pioneers.

It should be admitted that the Hollinger was a vital factor in the building of Timmins. At the very start, the Hollinger built a large and modern hotel for the new community, provided a big skating rink and a sports field, and gave valuable help, not always recognized, but Timmins was never a "company town," and its growth and development were the result of the effort and the spirit of the people themselves.

Starting with a mere clearing in the bush by 1917, Timmins had grown to a comfortable town of three thousand, with the essential facilities of modern life either available or on the way. This was a creditable achievement, but it was still more to the credit of the pioneers that they realized what had been accomplished, and how much they owed to those who had taken a leading part.

There was general appreciation of the mayor and councils of the first five years of the town who had done so much, despite the lack of money, and all the other difficulties and handicaps naturally encountered.

In the early part of 1917, special evidence of this appreciation showed itself in a banquet and presentation to the town's first mayor, elected five years in succession by acclamation to head the municipality.

This banquet is worth recalling, not only because it showed deserved appreciation of the first mayor, W. H. Wilson, but also because it indicated the faith and hopes of the people of the town held in Timmins. Some of the addresses sounded over-optimistic at the time, but time has justified the vision of men like Dr. McInnis, J. P. Mc

Laughlin, A. R. Globe, C. M. Auer, T. P. King, Dayton Ostrasser and many others. More than once at that banquet, faith in the town was expressed so strongly as to create an occasional good-humoured smile, but the fact is that what might seem at the time to be over-enthusiastic promises for the future have been proven by time itself to be understandings.

The banquet was held in the Goldfields hotel, then owned by the Hollinger and conducted at a loss as a service to the town. The manager of the hotel was Hugh Mulheron, a pioneer of Porcupine, and a long-time friend of the first mayor, W. H. Wilson. The banquet was a full course one, with all the "trimmings," and was so enjoyable that a special vote of thanks was passed to "Mae Host Mulheron and Mrs. Mulheron."

Dayton Ostrasser, president of the Timmins Board of Trade, presided at the banquet. In welcoming the forty-odd guests, the first president of the Timmins Board of Trade, noted that all sections of the community were represented at the event.

President Ostrasser and the various other speakers paid due tribute to the generous services to the town of its first mayor. The difficulties he and his councils had to surmount were appreciated. Regret was expressed at his retirement after five years of able work. Mayor Wilson, who was a contractor, had been the ideal man for mayor, his knowledge of contract work and his wide experience in handling men and affairs making his services particularly effective.

Ex-Mayor Wilson, who was a "bonnie smoker," was presented with a handsome and valuable set of pipes. The gift itself, and the spirit behind it all, touched him so much that he had some difficulty in expressing himself, but eventually he made appropriate remarks, adding some words of high hope and faith in the town and its great future. He paid high tribute to the councillors who had worked with him, striving to leave the impression that it was the councillors, rather than the mayor, who achieved notable results.

Tribute was paid to the retiring mayor by Mayor-elect J. P. McLaughlin, P. A. Robbins (general manager of the Hollinger), A. R. Globe (as-

ant general manager of the Hollinger), C. G. Williams, Dr. J. A. McInnis, Chas. Pierce, H. J. Peters (first Timmins postmaster). All these, with the exception of Mr. Robbins, had served on the council during some of the years Mr. Wilson was mayor.

Before the evening closed, practically everyone present was called on for a word or two, and all had good words for the first mayor of Timmins, and high hopes for the future of the town.

Some of the addresses are worth recalling for the prophecies they held. Councillor Chas. Pierce, for example, insisted that he would live to see Timmins a regular city. He did live to see the town a real city in all but name.

Of course, Dr. McInnis has his usual genial, optimistic self. "In the next ten years," he said, "Timmins is going to grow to a prosperous and happy town of 10,000." As Timmins was then only about three thousand, with conditions from the first world war handicapping it in many ways, the truth of the Doctor's forecast was not apparent. But anyone who will look up the assessment figures of the town will find that in 1926, the population of the town was given as 11,652.

At that banquet, the address of C. M. Auer, introduced as the "Mayor of Mattagami Heights," was considered as outstanding for its timely wit and humour. Some, however, took for wit and humour what has proven to be solid truth. For instance, Mr. Auer suggested that the day was not too far distant when "Mattagami Heights" would be as large as the town of Timmins of that day.

That looked like a large order, when Mattagami Heights comprised only a few scattered houses, chiefly on Wilson avenue then popularly known as "The River Road." In 1917, "Mattagami Heights," was not a part of Timmins. It was simply a townsite owned by Mr. Auer. It comprised most of the land between what is now the Hollinger townsite and Commercial avenue, and from Mountjoy St. to the River.

That part of the present town of Timmins certainly has a population equal to the town of Timmins as it was in 1917; before Moneta and Rochester and other townsites were annexed.

A wonderful difference. Did you and I know at the beginning the crosses that we must bear as take our journey through life, I, a mafain we could not stand up to them. I am afraid, we should faint and fall by the way, even before the cross is laid upon us. And isn't it one of the great benefits of providence that the future is hidden from us? We know not the way nor the leading, but well do we know our guide.

If we knew beforehand the disappointments and misfortunes in life; if we knew the dark way which sometimes we must tread and think we tread it alone; if we knew not and believed not that every cloud has its silver lining, I'm afraid that many of us would be deterred from going on.

But thank God, yes, thank God, we can see our Saviour going before and where He leads we should not be afraid to follow. And I have no doubt but that it was the fact that Jesus was going on before that enabled Simon to bend his back that morning and take upon it that shameful load.

It is quite possible for us to imagine that Jesus may have spoken, to Simon. We remember how graciously He rewarded Mary for her gift of ointment. Would He be likely to let such a service as Simon's pass unacknowledged? The Lord had but a few more minutes of liberty left before the bitterness of death and anguish unimaginable closed in on Him. Would it not have been like Him to give these last minutes to Simon as they walked together protected from intrusions by a frowning line of Roman steel. What Jesus said to Simon in that last sacred fellowship I do not know and it is too sacred for us to even conjecture.

But this we do know that when Simon came into the city that morning the name of Jesus meant little or nothing to him. And when he left it again for his home in far off Cyrene it was with a memory deep in his heart of three crosses set on a hill against a darkened sky. Three crosses on the midmost of which Jesus had died. And in that sight the revelation came to him that Jesus died not for himself — But for him and the whole world.

Does the cross mean that to you and me? Does it? Then if so, then we may patiently bear our appointed crosses after Jesus.

Then the last thing I want you to notice is this.

III That the bearing of this cross brought Simon great honor. He didn't know it when that morning he was pressed into service. He simply took up the shameful load, knowing not what he did. He did not know that he was stepping into the very heart of the greatest scene in the history of the world. Afterwards he did know and gave God thanks. But his moment came to him on silent foot and was gone before he knew it as the greatest moment in all his life.

It is thus that our great moments and spiritual opportunities come to us. Let us pray to be always tried and ready to help. Even though nine times out of ten it may seem to be pity or kindness thrown away, the truth

History Is Made By Flying Moose

Last week we left Wilbur, Allhours Murphy, the Phantom Prospector and ourself down a trapdoor, which most citizens here will agree is a good place for the bunch of to be. We had crawled under said trapdoor in order to witness what occurred when Hatrack, the amorous moose which McTavern claimed was pestering him several times a day, entered the cabin at Bottletworks Consolidated Gold Mines Limited. (From now on we must tack on "Limited" on the title of Bottletworks. The number of mines which produce liquid gold in this district is that way — limited).

Well, there we were, peeking out from under the floorboards when Hatrack knocked on the door. Whether he used his splendid antlers or a forefoot in doing so, we could not determine, for the very good reason he was on the outside of the door and we were on the inside. To date none of us have acquired the ability of penetrating a solid inch of wood with our gaze, though we admit that some of the talent displayed by our group borders on the miraculous.

The portly McTavern rose from the chair he was occupying and went to the door. He opened it and our specimen of cattle in the raw was standing there.

Hatrack, we saw, had a very unusual physiognomy. There was something decidedly human about him. For example, never before had any one of us seen a moose with an aquiline nose, for generally they don't come thataway. Then too, Hatrack had finely-etched ears of a delicate pink, something never observed before in a member of his tribe. His eye was that of a cynic, mental state which moose do not ordinarily acquire.

"Come in," said McTavern, "Welcome! Enter our humble abode. A gentleman of your distinction is more welcome here than a citizens' bus committee to a meeting of Timmins council."

He salaamed from the waist. (With McTavern the waist is an unidentifiable area somewhere between the chin and the knees. McTavern is not only fat; he is rolly-polly as an over-stuffed sausage.)

Hatrack simulated the bow made by the former brightest light in the firmament of Timmins municipal affairs. He entered the cabin. He wound his neck over McTavern's shoulder.

McTavern turned around. "See what I mean," he said to us, "This animal is not the usual run of moose one finds in the bush. The darn fool is tame. You can come out now."

We emerged from our hole beneath the floor and gained a closer inspection of this unusual animal. The beast did not appear even slightly surprised by our appearance. He kno-wed in succession to each of us and we bowed gravely in return.

"Howjade," said Wilbur, "How are you? How are things in the forest these days?"

The beast grunted in a refined sort of way, as though to say everything was 100 percent or more with him and that he wished us the same.

"Scram, you oversized goat," said Allhours indignantly. "Get out of here. You are a freak, you freak, you. Be off. Get out."

The aviator's words were received by Hatrack with an expression of stern anger. He lowered his head and pawed a hole half a foot long in the boards of the floor. He sported.

"Now, now," said McTavern, "Whoa, boy. Relax. Take it easy. This oaf means no wrong. He is the type of character who is always putting his foot in it."

This seemed to appease Hatrack, who quickly smiled a smile of broad humor. He looked at Allhours with an air of condescension.

"Well, I've seen everything now," said Allhours, "Let's get out of here. I'm flying back to South End at once."

He walked to the door and across the lake toward the plane. We followed him. In the meantime Hatrack accompanied us, gamboling about in the snow somewhat after the fashion of a spring lamb.

"That animal is nuts," said Allhours emphatically, "He is loco. Look at the blasted fool!"

He opened the door of the plane and climbed in. McTavern moved to follow him. But good old Booby was shouldered aside by Hatrack, who stuck his head through the door and looked about the interior of the craft.

"Get out of here," screamed Allhours, "Go back to your pasture, you long-gear'd camel. Beat it!"

But Hatrack apparently liked the look of the plane's interior. He hoisted his haunches a little and jumped into the aircraft beside Allhours.

The pilot, whose nervous disposition by this time was approaching a maniacal frenzy grabbed the fire extinguisher near his dashboard and began to thump Hatrack over the skull with it—a dangerous enterprise at the best of times. Strangely enough Hatrack did not make a belligerent response. He looked at the pilot with large, round, accusing eyes as though to say "Take it easy, Mac, can't you see I want a plane ride."

"This is the end," exclaimed Allhours, "I have had enough. Either you guys remove this moose from my aircraft at once or I am leaving you here."

At this, Wilbur, McTavern and ourself grasped hold of Hatrack's tail and pulled with all our might. It was useless. The brute would not budge.

Wilbur threw up his hands. "We can't do anything about it," he exclaimed, "You had better figure out a way to get rid of him yourself."

Allhours continued to smite the beast over the head with the fire extinguisher, but his efforts made no dint in the thick skull of the animal.

"I guess I've had it," he declared, "I will have to take him to South End. I'll come back and get you guys later."

We stood back and he took off. Hatrack was gazing out the window of the plane with a proud smile on his face. Why shouldn't he have smiled? He was the first moose in history to fly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

of it may be we shall be found to have entertained an angel unawares. Devotion loves to linger on this incident and weave webs of fantasy around it. But it is a solid fact that before long this man Simon was occupying a prominent position in the early church and his sons Rufus and Alexander were following in his steps.

It was under the cross that Simon first met his Lord and Master. It is under the cross that you and I may meet Him.

Let us not therefore shrink back from bearing our appointed burden. For the lessons which we refuse to learn in the sunlight will be taught us in the shadow.

And the cross, your cross, my cross, may be to each one of us the God appointed way of our Salvation. Amen.

