

The Porcupine Advance

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Most Important In America

In an editorial in this paper last week it was pointed out that this section of Canada would be the most strategically important sector of the continent in event of war. That editorial was not written with the intention of creating fear or unrest. But it is time all of us looked the salient geographic facts in the face.

Easy access to the industrial hubs of America at Detroit and Chicago, to the link between East and West at the Sault canal and to the atomic energy plant at Chalk River can be obtained by an enemy who attacks at James Bay. An effective attack directed at these four points would at least partially paralyze America's shrews of war. It would probably be engineered by carrier-based planes from James Bay, supplemented by as large a land force as could be carried in troop ships. Under present conditions, with not even one of the radar stations which spanned the North during the past war still in operation, such a surprise blow from a resolute and well-equipped enemy would probably be successful.

While there is probably a multitude of human ostriches here who would bury their heads in Northern muskies at such a suggestion, the seriousness of such a threat is evident to any person who studies the map and is at the same time aware of world conditions. The Eastern world and the Western world are rapidly moving to a showdown of ideologies. As a result of the intractable lack of willingness to compromise of totalitarianism, it appears that the present "cold war" will presently become one of armed force.

And it is vital that measures be taken at once adequately to defend the area of which we are residents.

What defences have we today? How well prepared is Canada, and this section of the country in particular, to repel a sneak attack from the Arctic Sea?

The fact of the matter is that our defences are almost nil and that we are not prepared at all. Last week in a news despatch from Ottawa it became apparent how trivial our defence would be. It was stated that Canada would toss in three airborne infantry regiments to halt an aggressor from the North. In other words, one tiny brigade, unsupported by tanks or artillery.

At the present time could we—or the U.S.—rush tank support to these troops? We could not. There are two rail lines which supply this district—the ONR from North Bay and the CNR from Quebec. Further west, there is the Algoma Central running from the Sault to Hearst. Under the impact of a violent air assault which struck without warning, these lines could be shattered in a dozen places in a matter of hours. They could be kept that way by sustained attacks.

If such occurred, there would be left one road over which tanks and artillery could be brought—the Trans-Canada highway extending from North Bay on the South and Port Arthur on the West.

This road is in such condition today that in many places it would be unable to support the passage of even two armoured divisions without disintegrating into mire. Any one of the thousands of veterans in this district who witnessed troop movements during the past war will substantiate this fact. They know how much of a quagmire a road can become after the passage of just one regiment of tanks. While the Trans-Canada between Hearst and Port Arthur is an excellent military road, that section of the Highway between Hearst and North Bay was built largely over muskies, without first excavating deep enough to get to rock or solid soil. A modern army moving over it in wet weather would reduce it to uselessness almost at once.

The Alaska highway received wide publicity as a military road during the past war. Actually, under present conditions, the Alaska highway plays a minor role in the over-all strategy of Canada's defence. An enemy who attacks along it has thousands of miles to fight before he gets anywhere. Even if he crossed the U.S. border he would mop up nothing resembling the industrial power which lies directly south of this district in which we live. The most important road on the American continent today is the Trans-Canada highway between North Bay and Port Arthur.

The government is neglecting its obligation to Canada if it does not take steps to place this road in the category of a first-class military road.

Exit Mr. Robinson

The removal of Reid Robinson from the local scene through the intervention of the Immigration Department should not obscure the fact that Robinson would have been ejected in any case from the labor movement here. What happened at last week's meeting of the union, when hundreds of angry miners turned out to repudiate Robinson, was the handwriting on the wall for the suave, dapper, red-dyed gentleman from across the border.

Through a coup at the previous meeting Robinson had managed to have Ralph Carlin, business agent of local 241, removed from his post. Carlin had assailed Robinson continually as a Communist and the high potentate of the Reds didn't care for it at all. No sir, a mere honest, loyal Canadian couldn't do that to the great man of Moscow. So the meeting was packed with Commies and party-liners and Mr. Carlin got the gate.

But it only lasted a week. The miners of the camp came to life and attended last Sunday's union meeting. In a vote which clearly demonstrated what they thought of the great poopah of Mine Mill and his cheap little plot, they placed Mr. Carlin back in office.

It was planned for the meeting of this coming Sunday that Robinson would be requested to leave this area, accompanied by his loyal henchmen, Henry Horowitz and William Kennedy. It is regrettable that the Immigration Department acted when it did. It would have been much better if Local 241 had been the agent which removed Robinson. Then the entire country would know that the miners of this camp will not allow themselves to be led by Communists.

The Concert

The manner in which a number of respectable and loyal residents of this town were duped into celebrating International Women's Day, a 100 percent Communist institution, should be a lesson to all. Unwittingly and for a cause which merits full support—the Canadian Appeal for Children—these persons contributed to a concert which was Red in origin and basically Red in purpose, using the "united front" technique.

One afternoon this week the Advance was visited by a delegation of angry ladies who had a part in arranging the concert. Evidently upset at the Advance's statement that they had been duped, they accused the editor of undermining democracy and causing ill-will by printing the story of the concert. They argued that in any case the funds obtained

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 44. There Were "Kickers" in the Early Days

Despite the fact that the pioneers of Timmins and the Porcupine worked together with unusual amiability, it must be admitted that there was considerable "kicking" in this area in the early days. There had to be to accomplish what was done here. There were so many things demanding remedy that "kicking" was essential. Governments and other outside concerns had to be kicked around considerably to get a fair deal for the land.

There was an unwritten law, however, that no kicking should be wasted. This idea was made clear in an editorial in The Advance over thirty-one years ago. That editorial may still have interest and value. Here it is:

"The Gentle Art of Kicking"

"The new dictionaries should include proper definitions of the words, 'kicking' and 'kickers,' as popularly used. To-day the world is full of kickers. And so is Timmins. Nearly everybody is kicking about something — about the war, or the weather, or the government, or the council, or the board of trade, or the police, or the newspapers.

"Indeed, kicking threatens to become the national pastime. Some people appear to think that it is a mark of superiority simply to kick. It is not. The most noted kicker on earth, or in the Porcupine — with one un-named exception — is the silly son of the jackass.

"The mule is a great kicker. The trouble is that he kicks backwards. He doesn't get anywhere with all his kicking. In fact he has to stop all progress, to stand and kick. He never accomplishes anything, but to smash things to smithereens, and sometimes to fill his own heels with splinters.

"A mule is useless when he is kicking, but, fortunately, the four-legged mule doesn't kick all the time.

"The other day a local man was kicking about the board of trade, and about the Advance, because the Advance didn't kick the smithereens out of the board of trade.

"Upon investigation, it was found that the man did not attend board of trade meetings — that he refused to show how things should be done (let alone, do them himself). He simply stood still and kicked backwards, like the mule.

"Kickers are a necessity for progress, but they must kick to some purpose. They must kick forward, like the race-horse, if they want to go places.

"It is worse than useless to stand in front of the board of trade, or the council, or the newspaper, or the town or whatnot, and kick, kick, kick — kick backwards. The right way is to get behind these good forces, and kick forward — and then everybody will get places.

"Let everybody kick to the very heart's content, and there will be progress made all right.

"But before he starts kicking every kicker should be sure he is not simply a mule."

Putting a Price on Kicking

The attitude of the pioneers towards kicking was also graphically expressed by an incident at Fat's Cafe, in 1917, when Fat's was the leading restaurant in the town.

A jolly group of young fellows — of all ages, and all stages — wandered into Fat's Cafe one night.

"Let's kick the place to pieces!" suggested one simple young fellow, old enough to know better. The old prospector eating his lunch in the cafe recognized the suggestion as a dangerous one. His pack-sack was lying nearby, and it might be a tempting target for lads tempted to kick.

One of the lads looked at the pack-sack with the probable thought of kicking in his mind, but he also stole a glance at the old prospector, and changed his mind about booting that particular pack-sack. Instead, he said, "Well, let's start by kicking over the stove!"

So far, it was just fun — and talk

— but anyone who knows young fellows of all ages and all stages, can guess what might follow.

The old prospector knew. He had been places, and seen young fellows of all ages, and all stages.

So, he spoke up: "That reminds me of the days when they did such things — in Cobalt. I'll be right with you if you follow the right rules in this kicking business."

"There was a young fellow in Cobalt," the old-timer continued, "who had been running a blind pig for quite a time. He was a cripple, and the police never bothered him, except for the odd free drink. Then, one day a friend tipped off the cripple to the fact that the police intended to raid his shack the next day, and put him out of business, and into jail.

"When the boys gathered at his shack that night, the crippled man explained the situation to them. 'I haven't much booze on hand,' he told them, 'and I know you boys will help me dispose of what evidence I have, so the drinks are free. But I want some money to get out of town, as it's no use me staying if the police are after me. So, what I want you lads to do is to kick the stove down, and kick the furniture around — at one dollar a kick.'

"That's just what the boys did for that cripple," the old prospector said, "and that handicapped blind pig collected such a nice little stake that night that he was able to leave the camp, and he lived happy ever after."

The old prospector rose to his feet. He was a sturdy fellow with a wicked look in his left eye that suggested he also had a wicked right.

"Now lads!" he said, in a cold and determined voice, "if any of you want to start kicking, let's see your money first — a dollar a kick. And the first man that lifts his leg before first putting up the dollar is going to get a sweet smack on the chin from me!"

P. S. — Nobody kicked any furniture around that night.

Dale Carnegie

The Futility of Worry Strikes Home

Robert Moore, 14 Highland Avenue, Maplewood, N. J., was one of 88 men aboard a submarine in the last war when a small Japanese convoy headed their way. They had picked it up by radar and as daybreak approached they submerged to avoid attack. He says that through the periscope he saw a Jap destroyer escort, a tanker and a mine layer. They fired three torpedoes at the destroyer escort but missed. The destroyer didn't even know that she had been attacked and continued on her way. By the time the submarine had swung around the second ship passed and they couldn't fire on her. They got ready to attack the last ship, the mine layer. He says they didn't know it but all that time a Jap was overhead protecting the Jap convoy. That plane spotted the submarine. Three minutes later all hell broke loose. Six depth charges exploded around them. They were terrified. For fifteen hours that Jap mine layer kept it up.

Why am I relating this, a story the like of which you have read many times? Well, read on.

Robert Moore says that he was so terrified that he could hardly breathe. "This is Death," he kept saying to himself. He was so chilled with fear that a sweater and a fur-lined jacket failed to keep him warm. He trembled with cold. During those fifteen hours he recalled all the bad things he had done, remembered all the little things he once had worried about. His long working hours, the poor pay; how he would go home at night, disgruntled and quarrel with his wife over trifles. How he worried because he couldn't buy the home he wanted, or a new car, or nice clothes for his wife. How big those worries seemed then; how infinitesimal now, when facing a threat to blow him to Kingdom Come.

It made him realize how absurd how futile it is to worry about anything while you are alive. He promised himself then that if he escaped death, he would never, never worry again.

Two years passed and Robert Moore lives, and he says he learned more about the art of living during those fifteen terrifying hours than in all the rest of his life put together. Does he worry now? No, if something arises that would seem difficult to cope with he just tackles it with all the strength he at one time would have used up in worry.

Your Pastor Speaks

THE TWO THIEVES

by Rev. E. Gilmore Smith, Mountjoy United Church.

Those who wrote the story of the Crucifixion of Christ recalled that on either side of the principal victim was a thief — men of evil life who had been enemies of society. But this position among thieves was actually not so strange. All his life Jesus had never kept aloof from sinners; often indeed He had sought them out that he might bring to them the redeeming message of the gospel of God's pardoning love. Now he was to die with a thief on either hand.

In their dying agony the two thieves taunted the Master. Doubtless they knew something of the charges brought against Him—that He had claimed to be the Son of God, and that He was engaged in founding a kingdom. But now this "King" was crucified, and soon would be dead. Before the cross the enemies of Christ stood hurling their venomous insults, and the fellow-sufferers beside Him joined their voices in bitter derision. Suddenly, however, there was a change. One of the thieves was touched by the spirit of Jesus under this storm of insults. Already he had marvelled at the words of Jesus as the soldiers drove in the cruel nails, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do." Now one of the thieves is smitten with reproach for what he and his comrad have been saying, and in humble penitence he calls on his comrade to be silent. "We indeed suffer for our sins, but this man hath done nothing amiss."

It was a sudden conversion. Perhaps this penitent thief had heard a good deal of Jesus previously, perhaps he had stood with a crowd listening to the Master teaching. But at any rate there came a great and amazing change in his attitude to Jesus. In the presence of the Son of God his own sin rose up against him, and in his dying moments he calls upon Christ, "Remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom."

How different it was with the other thief. Both men were equally near to Christ, but the other remained hard and impenitent. Men react differently when death comes near. The first world war word sometimes came to soldiers that the next night they would move up into the line in preparation for going "over the top." This meant that a third of them would die. Some men turned in prayer to God, and prepared their souls for possible death. But others went out for one last debauch. So this other thief continued his abuse of Christ as the last minutes of life slipped away.

What word should a Christian speak through the concert were devoted to a good cause.

The Advance is interested in preserving democracy, not in undermining it. And in view of existing world conditions, the best manner in which any newspaper can aid in preserving democracy is by exposing those who are attempting to undermine it. It is regrettable that the feelings of a number of sincere and respected ladies should be hurt in the process, but it is much better to have one's feelings hurt than to be associated unwittingly with a cause which is bent on destroying the way of life we know.

The International Women's group is a falseface organization of Communism, in the same way the Housewives Consumers' League is.

Traffic Is Stopped In South Porcupine By Our Noble Moose!

In the last episode of this fearsome tale we were left tending with our mouths open on the shore of Bottleworks Lake as Allhours Murphy zoomed into the sky accompanied by Hatrack, that unusual moose with the aquiline nose and pink ears. It was the first time in history that a live moose had taken to the air and we were all properly impressed.

"It's unique!" exclaimed Wilbur. "I wonder if there is any way we can make some money out of it?"

We pondered the matter but decided there was no visible manner of accumulating a yard or two of the long green in consequence of the event. We walked to the cabin and awaited Allhours' return.

His plane appeared in an hour and a half. It glided gently down upon the lake and came to a halt near the shore. A man stepped out, but it wasn't Allhours. It was none other than Gord Mitchell, the gent who has chauffeured more air buggies about this district than there are bumps on the skin of an orange.

"Hey, where is Allhours?" asked Wilbur. "Has something gone wrong?"

"I am afraid the poor chap has gone off his rocker," Mitchell replied. "When last seen he was chasing your moose across Porcupine Lake waving a length of two by four."

We climbed aboard and were back in South End in short order. We found Hatrack chewing the branches off a small bush in front of the airport hotel. About a thousand South End school kids were watching him and police chief Charlie McGinnis and his boys in blue were on hand to control the crowd. The entire South End council was grouped nearby to discuss the phenomenon and the learned Pat Murphy, township clerk, was hastily scribbling notes as though he were an underpaid reporter of the Timmins Daily Press.

It was in the midst of this public convulse that Wilbur announced his official title to the moose. Actually, the animal belonged to McTavern if it belonged to anybody, but it was the runt who was sufficiently aggressive to claim ownership.

"Hatrack is mine," the ex-scribe announced to the throng. "I'll have him out of here in two minutes."

He ordered McTavern to call a truck and Booby did so. A ramp was made of planks and Hatrack was urged aboard by the application of a coal shovel to his rump by Chief McGinnis.

"And keep him out of this municipality," the chief declared. "We don't issue moose licences here."

We drove into Timmins ahead of the truck, proceeding directly to McAfferty's boarding house. We backed the truck into the yard and before we could erect a ramp Hatrack jumped out. We shoed him toward the woodshed and locked him therein.

"Well, what next?" enquired McTavern. "Now that you have the animal what are you going to do with him? It is out of season so you can't shoot him for meat, though personally I don't think he'd be very tender in any case. He's a little too rugged."

"You are talking sacrilege," replied Wilbur. "This is an educated moose, or will be, by the time I get through with him."

He departed in the direction of a feed store and presently returned with several bales of hay and a sack of oats. He entered the shed and found Hatrack asleep on the floor. Rousing the beast gently, he proffered food to the animal. Hatrack fell to heartily and with relish. It could be seen he was going to thrive on domesticated fare.

Well, the days passed one after the other as they have a habit of doing and the runt spent most of his time with Hatrack. We did not guess at first what he was trying to do, but it came out in the end that he was trying to teach the beast to talk. That's right, talk.

"He is learning rapidly," Wilbur declared at the end of the first week. "I am keeping his teaching very much to basic English at present and he has displayed remarkable facility in picking it up. For instance, he already knows how to say, 'When the Hell do we eat?'"

McTavern and myself scoffed and Wilbur demanded that we accompany him to the shed for a demonstration. We did so.

"Good morning," Hatrack enunciated as we entered the shed.

"Good morning," we replied. "How are you?"

"Fine. How are you?"

What happened next was a revelation to us. In a learned way, Hatrack began to discourse on his life in the forest. He said that he was an orphan and didn't really remember his right name, but among moose he was known as Speedy. He was two years old, he said, and for the length of time he had been alive he thought that he was a pretty smart young moose.

"I agree," said Wilbur. "With your natural talent you are going to go a long, long way. For example, if you continue to improve we will nominate you for town council next year. What this town needs is a moose on council. It would lend a new flavor to municipal politics."

IS THIS WILBUR'S PLAN. DOES HE INTEND TO GROOM HATRACK FOR POLITICAL LEADERSHIP? WILL HATRACK MAKE A SEAT ON TOWN COUNCIL AT THE NEXT ELECTION? DON'T SAY IT. WE KNOW WHAT YOU ARE THINKING!

Refundable Income Tax was an unusual form . . . of Saving!

THE unusual feature of refundable income tax — Compulsory Saving — must have convinced some people that regular saving is not so difficult as they had imagined. It brought a double benefit and both should be treasured — the actual money saved — the "education" in saving money. When your cheque comes in, deposit it right in your Imperial Bank savings account. And as for the future, that regular habit of monthly budget for saving should not be lost.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

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