

The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26

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Mr. Kennedy

According to John Clark, dummy president of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers who is a falseface stooge for Reid Robinson who actually controls the union, William Kennedy, international organizer, is now the "administrator" of local 241.

Clark, who is not noted for his intelligence, couldn't have made a better choice of "administrator". By naming Kennedy to the post he made the best possible selection of a man who will continue to discredit the international executive.

As a union organizer Kennedy is a flop. He is the gent who organized the waiters strike last Fall which ended in an abortive failure. If Kennedy couldn't successfully handle less than 100 waiters, what chance has he in handling the union affairs of 6,500 miners! If from the union point of view he could not successfully lead a strike of waiters, what likelihood has he of leading a successful strike of miners? The answer is that he is incapable, as well as mistrusted.

Kennedy managed to discredit the mine union thoroughly when the waiters strike was on. Said he: The waiters can stay on strike for two years if necessary. The entire mine union is behind them. Their families will not suffer one iota. What happened?

The mine union did nothing for the waiters except provide a few sandwiches. No provision of any kind was made to support the waiters or their families. This, after Kennedy had said that the entire resources of the mine union were behind them! A better way to discredit the mine union would be hard to devise.

So Mr. Kennedy is now the "administrator". Heaven help the workman!

Mine Mill Is Through

Union events of the past week, with the walkout of delegates at the Sudbury convention, the alleged suspension of the executive of Local 241 by a Communist-stooge, president John Clark of the international executive, and the removal of records and cash from the union hall here, emphasizes the fact that it is time local unionists washed their hands of the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. Yes, in the opinion of the Advance it is about time that Local 241 deodorized itself from the stench which surrounds the machinations of this international gang of high-binders, Muscovites and to all intents and purposes, plain, unadulterated crooks and racketeers.

The events of the past week have discredited the IUMMSW to such an extent that for local unionists to continue under its banner would be the height of folly. No unorganized miner in the camp in his right mind would attach himself to such an organization which has made a travesty of all that the principles of honest trade unionism stand for. Any further "organizational campaigns" here would be even more colossal flops than the one which is supposed to have taken place here recently. Under the banner of Mine, Mill the miner would get exactly nowhere.

The International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers is through. And not only here but in the rest of the province. At Sudbury conference of last week, the delegation from Port Colborne walked out in a body. Nine of the 15 delegates from Timmins walked out. A large minority of Sudbury delegates joined the parade. All from Calumet left. The New Toronto local did not even bother to send delegates.

All these locals have formed a provisional committee which will decide what the next step will be. It should be a step right out the door of Mine, Mill into a 100% Canadian union which is devoted to the interests of the working man, not the interests of Communism.

ONR Can Do It

Instead of being swept away as the months pass, the cost of living bogey appears to be becoming more inflated. Latest development to hoist living costs here is the news that the freight rates on the ONR will be increased 21 percent along with the rates of every other Canadian railroad.

While the Advance does not maintain that it costs less to operate the ONR than it does any other railroad—in fact, in view of the climatic conditions under which the road operates, it appears that it should cost more—yet it should be pointed out that the year 1947 was the most prosperous one ever enjoyed by the government-owned railway which supplies this section of the country. Profits were impressive due to a combination of peak loads and good management. The railway made money at present rates.

The Advance believes that the ONR should hesitate before boosting its rates to coincide with those of other roads. The ONR was built to assist in the development of this section of the province and the lower it keeps its rates the better it will continue to assist. While profits are fine things to look upon at the end of a fiscal year, the primary purpose of the road is to serve the North and to pay its own way without emphasis on earnings.

The ONR will be doing a genuine service to the people here and to the North as a whole if it can hold its rates down and still keep its operations within the bounds of sound business management. According to its report for 1947, it can do so.

A New Industry

The local board of Trade has been seeking for years past a suitable type of industry for the town of Timmins. It has had little success, chiefly due to the fact that Timmins is not suitable geographically as a point of distribution. Manufacturing concerns have been loathe to set up factories here for the obvious reason that raw materials must be brought in a long distance by rail and the finished product shipped out the same long distance.

But this week, in an interview with the Advance, a local businessman suggested an industry which appears to be naturally adapted to this country and which would appear to have every prospect of flourishing if undertaken. He suggested that a kraft paper mill be built to absorb the waste which presently accrues from the district's lumbering operations.

Even with the best management and the most careful cutting, waste in the lumbering industry is of tremendous proportions. Little more than one third of a tree ultimately reaches the market in the form of finished boards. The balance is irretrievably lost.

When kraft paper is manufactured every type of wood waste can be utilized. Moreover, every type of tree, including poplar, can be used, a considerably different state of affairs than that which exists in the newsprint industry.

This businessman's suggestion is worthy of serious consideration by the Board of Trade. The Board should take every step to investigate the possibility of establishing a kraft pa-

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 46. Humour Often Saved the Situation

Old-time councils of the town of Timmins did not waste time in useless bickerings or abuse. If they had, they could not have accomplished the genuine wonders they did in the way of progress and development. Of course, there were naturally times when there were very decided differences of opinion, and there would be emphatic expression of opinion on the two or more sides of the question, but the members of council all being clever, honest, and good fellows, the differences of opinion never reached dangerous positions. The few times when it did seem as if a serious quarrel could not be avoided, someone would bring in the touch of humour that clears up ugliness.

Early in 1917, there was one threatening situation. Some of the councillors felt that the safety of the town was being endangered by the situation in regard to fire protection. Late in 1916, Councillor Dr. McInnis had secured the services of the North's famous fire chief, A. Borland, then of Cobalt, after the town had had a small procession of fire chiefs. But when Chief Borland returned to Cobalt, the town fathers there simply refused to release him, and Timmins had to look elsewhere. Shortly before Christmas, Fire Chief Dey, of Collingwood, was engaged and seemed to be well-posted in his business. It looked as if the new chief was the answer to the problem.

Chief Dey, however, went home for Christmas, and instead of returning, he wrote a letter of resignation to the council. The 1917 council appointed the driver of the town fire team, who was an experienced fireman, as fire chief for the time. The fire underwriters protested the appointment, and there was an exciting time in council over the matter. Some of the members of council suggested that not only was the mix-up a bad thing from the fire protection standpoint, but that the position was making the town council a laughing stock.

Some harsh words were said, but eventually Dr. McInnis presented the other side of the case with so much humour that he had the council laughing and all danger of a real quarrel was avoided. He was in no way responsible for the trouble, but he explained matters as if he might be, while at the same time, as chairman of the fire and light committee, he explained the plans for the future. Those who knew Dr. McInnis knew how persistent he was, and that he would not quit until he achieved the good end he sought. At the same time, it was his genial humour that relieved the tension, and brought the council to the receptive mood for hearing his plans in full.

It was undoubtedly the humorous touch that the chairman of the fire and light committee gave to the letter of resignation by the previous fire chief that reduced the blood pressure of the other councillors. This letter had been read by the clerk, but had raised nothing but deep curses. There was no reason given for the resigna-

tion. Apparently, all the ex-fire chief wanted was to be paid some balance on his salary for the short time he was on the job, and on holiday. Dr. McInnis pointed out that only a single fire ticket had been bought, and the ex-chief had taken all his goods and baggage with him when he left, so he had no intention of returning at all. "But," said Dr. McInnis, "he did wish to treat us with all courtesy, for you will note that he concludes his letter with the words, 'Wishing your honourable body all the compliments of the season!'"

The attitude of Dr. McInnis was proven to be the right one within a few weeks, for in March, 1917, Fire Chief Borland left Cobalt, and came to Timmins as fire chief, and from that date Timmins has never had cause to be abashed or even doubtful about its efficient fire department.

That letter of resignation, with its compliments to the honourable council was not the only epistle that created some amusement in council in 1917. There was another letter that year that raised a laugh at the time, but the idea behind it was later accepted as a principle by the town.

The council had just about as many troubles handling the scavenging department in the early days as it had with the first fire department. It was difficult to secure good men to handle the scavenger work necessary. The council was aiming at an up-to-date sewage disposal system, but in the meantime, because of financial reasons, the scavenging had to be carried on in part at least on an unworkable system—a system under which the scavenger had to work to make his own collections "twice," as one councillor phrased it, "once in collecting the garbage, and then, again, in collecting his fees for his collecting."

It could hardly be expected that this system would work smoothly. Then, one day the council received this letter (only the name being changed, the rest being exactly as written):

Timmins, April the 9, year 1917 to the town Clarke

Joe Dewsoe, I will do the cleaning of town for ten thousand a year including the closets the whole thing together for that amount you want to let me no vat I will have to do (signed) Joe Dewsoe.

The council referred the letter to the Contingencies committee for thoughtful consideration. The committee gave the letter consideration, and, while the town could not at that time pay as much as ten thousand dollars a year for the service, it was recognized that the best plan was to have the work done by tender with the town paying the charges and collecting from the people.

Today, of course, any work along this line is done by the town public works department, the sewerage system relieving the scavenger service of a great part of the work necessary in the early days of the town. Another instance of where humour

relieved an otherwise tense situation occurred in 1917. Councillor A. Brazeau at one meeting, as chairman of the public works committee, had made some recommendations for works necessary, but these had been disallowed by the council on the plea that if they were made, the committee would over-run its estimates for the year. At once, Councillor Brazeau began to trim other expenditures, so that the most necessary might not be left undone.

The works he had in mind appeared much more important to public health than street cleaning, for example. As a consequence, the cleaning of the streets was dropped for a week or two. The merchants made strenuous objection to this, but Chairman Brazeau was not easily turned from his course. Councillor Pearce was among those who came in for special criticism from his fellow merchants. He thought that the street cleaning should not be passed up, but he admitted that it was not in his department, and so he could not order it done.

However, he tried to get in touch with Councillor Brazeau, and falling this, he appealed to the mayor in the matter. To shorten the story, it may be said that between them Mayor McLaughlin and Councillor Pearce had the town men do the usual street cleaning.

Of course that is only the beginning of the story. At the next meeting of council Chairman Brazeau of the public works committee, brought up the matter, and made it very plain that if the council did not approve of his work as chairman of the public works committee he would gladly resign.

Naturally, the council did not wish any such resignation, as Councillor Brazeau was doing unusually effective work. He was told this, and it was explained that no discourtesy was meant to him in ordering this work. Councillor Pearce was particularly apologetic for his part in the matter, and in his appreciation of the good work of the chairman of the public works committee. "We couldn't get in touch with you," Councillor Pearce told Councillor Brazeau, "and as the street cleaning meant only a cost of \$4 or \$5, we thought it should be done."

After emphasizing the attitude adopted by council to the effect that the chairman of each committee was directly responsible for keeping within the estimates of his department Councillor Brazeau was ready to drop the matter with the remark, "Well, I just want you to understand my position on the question."

"Well I don't understand you yet!" Councillor Pearce said laughingly.

"All right!" retorted the chairman of the public works committee. "Hereafter, I want you and the mayor to mind your own damn business! Do you understand that?"

Councillor Pearce admitted that he understood that, and everybody laughed.

the first time. And when they told him about what had happened, he was amazed. He just could not comprehend what had happened. It was so contrary to all that had come within the boundaries of his experience. Surely, they were mistaken! His inquiry about the "way", had been an eager one, but he would not walk where he could not see. Now, to have them tell him that the Master had talked with them in the Upper Room—it couldn't be true. His last picture of Him was of a lifeless form hanging upon a Roman cross. Dead men just didn't return to life, even in fiction! Therefore, he breaks forth into an exclamation both vehement and explicit. "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe". It was a dramatic moment when, a few days later, the Master came into the room with Thomas present, uttering the familiar salutation "Peace be unto you". At once, He turns to Thomas with words of tender reproof and condemnation. "Reach hither thy finger . . . and reach hither thy hand . . . and be not faithless, but believing."

Thomas' doubts melt away at that moment, and the response he makes is an indication that he has risen to a higher scale of understanding of the Master's divine nature than any testimony previously given by the disciples would indicate, for his reply is "My Lord, and my God."

Yes, Thomas was a doubter, but an honest doubter is nearer the Kingdom than many an uncritical believer whose faith may be undermined by the first contrary wind of doctrine. More than that, he was eager to learn what Jesus could teach concerning His mission and His preparations in the unseen world. Above all, he was a man with a gallant spirit, and Jesus must have loved him for it. Eager, courageous, critical, all these are traits of character that the Master can use when the disciple comes to the place where he can say "My Lord, and my God." Every century has had its Thomases, and has been blessed thereby.

The World Is Flat Our Hatrack States

The more education our super moose, Hatrack, absorbed the more apparent it became that his was an unconventional soul. He did not react at all in the normal manner, nor in a manner which would be approved by the school boards of Timmins. He refused to fall complacently into the dull, unthinking mold into which educators generally forms those who are subjected to it. He didn't believe that of what he read and the other half he made the subject of argument.

The primary purpose of education as propounded today is, of course, to subdue thought, not to stimulate it, in spite of what Premier George Drew, Minister of Education, claims. Your textbooks in today's schools are designed simply to provide nice, safe, comfortable answers to questions which if explored from an independent viewpoint would be wont to disrupt society. These palliatives (ha, we manufactured a word) answers are supposed to close the subject and indeed they do for the average student who is too lazy to think, in any case and who fills the holes in his head by stuffing in convenient formulas which he has learned by rote.

For instance, what normal student would say that the world was flat after his school master told him it was round? Your normal student says it is round not because he has thought about the matter but simply because his master says so and because it says so in his geography book and because the globe on the master's desk is shaped like an orange.

Not so with Hatrack. When he first read that the world was round he snorted with derision.

"You may be able to convince human infants that such is the case but you cannot convince me," he stated. "It is plain as the nose on McTavern's face that the earth is as flat as a keg of beer with the bung-hole left open."

"What about the proverbial arguments that the world is round? What about the ship at sea which disappears while its smoke remains visible? What about tall objects on the horizon? What about plane fights around the world? You are stumped, my friend," said Wilbur.

"Gnats!" Hatrack replied, pawing the floor of the woodshed angrily. "The one about tall objects on the horizon is simply an optical illusion and it demonstrates that light doesn't travel in straight lines, as your scientists claim it does. In regard to the ship at sea, have you ever heard of surface tension on water? Place a drop of water on the floor and see if it doesn't form a hump instead of spreading out evenly. The same thing happens with a big body of water like the ocean. Surface tension creates a hump on a large scale and consequently the ship appears after its smoke does, or disappears before its smoke does. It's very simple, you tradition-bound oaf!"

"Well, what about the planes? How do you explain them?"

Hatrack swung one ear reflectively over his eye.

"That looks like a tough one at first," he admitted. "However the solution is relatively simple. You see, the earth is like a flat shingle rotating in the air. When you come to one end of the shingle it flops over suddenly and there you are on the other side. You don't fall off due to pressure from the outside atmosphere. So swift is the shingle rotating that you don't even notice the changeover from one side to the other. 'Presposterous!' exclaimed Wilbur.

"What's preposterous?" demanded the moose. "Your own science is much wilder and woolier. According to your beliefs a man standing at the equator is travelling at the speed of 1,000 per hour as the earth rotates. Why doesn't he fly off in to space? It is definitely proven that such a centrifugal force is stronger than the force of gravity. Why doesn't he go shooting off into the unknown, then, I ask you?"

Wilbur scratched his head. "You got me," he replied. "I don't know why he doesn't."

"See what I mean," said Hatrack with ill-concealed triumph. "What right have you got to say that the world is round? I insist that it is flat."

That's the kind of a moose he was. Always making trouble. Always digging up nasty questions people couldn't answer. Why couldn't he be a nice respectable moose and leave well-enough alone?

Then one day he started talking about religion. Said he: (CENSORED BY THE EDITOR).

In the meantime, Hatrack had been making great friends with Tree Year McCafferty, offspring of the plump matriarch of the boarding house and scion of the proud McCafferty line. Tree year, you may recall, is called Tree Year for the good reason that when you ask him how old he is he replies "Tree". Although a human, he wasn't in the same league with Hatrack when it came to conversation.

Tree Year, who like all children is by nature frightened of nothing on earth except loud noises, treated Hatrack with small ceremony when first he saw the moose. To him Hatrack was some kind of cow like his Mama pointed out in his picture books. So he kicked the moose sharply in the shank with his left foot, size three, baby-size.

"Hey, half-pint, cut it out," said Hatrack, "Are you trying to maim me for life, or what?"

Naturally, you would think that Tree Year would be astounded to hear the moose talk, but such was not the case. To the young and innocent, nothing comes as a surprise. No one had told Tree Year that Moose weren't supposed to talk. No one had told him it was against all the laws of nature for an animal to talk. Which goes to show once more that none of us would know very much unless someone told us.

"I doan like you," said Tree Year. He grabbed Hatrack's tail and began to swing back and forth on it.

"Ouch!" exclaimed Hatrack in mock pain. "Ouch, ouch, ouch. You are hurting me, little punkin-head."

Tree Year laughed and kept swinging. Hatrack winked solemnly to Wilbur and himself as if to say, he's only a little kid, he might as well have some fun. When Tree Year got tired Hatrack put down his head and told the little brat to grasp his horns. Tree Year did so and the moose hoisted him up till the youngster was able to scramble over his head onto his back.

WHAT COMES NEXT? WHO KNOWS? BUT WE HEAR THAT BIG DOINGS ARE SCHEDULED FOR THE NEXT EPISODE OF THIS WEIRD TALE. READ NEXT WEEK'S STIRRING INSTALLMENT AND YOU WILL FIND OUT SOMETHING 'OR OTHER!

Your Pastor Speaks

"DOUBTING THOMAS"

By Rev. R. J. Scott
Pastor, South Porcupine United Church

The apostle Thomas is known wherever the Christian faith is held as "doubting Thomas". In fact, so strongly has his skepticism impressed the people of the Christian world, that the phrase "doubting Thomas", has come to be a standard manner in which to characterize anyone who is slow to believe the truth. But let us not be too hard on Thomas. He may have other traits of character which are worthy of consideration. In one sense, we know very little about this particular disciple. Nothing is told of his early life or later life in the Scriptures. Tradition says that he did his missionary work in India and the Syrian Christian Church in India, a church of about a million adherents, claims to have received the faith from Thomas.

But something is told us about him because of three statements made by him, and reported by St. John. The first of these show him to be a man of courage. Jesus had just heard that his friend, Lazarus, of Bethany, had died. He decided at once that He would go to Bethany, even though in doing so, He would be taking a considerable risk. At least, so it appeared to the disciples, and "Thomas therefore, who is called Didymus, said unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him." There is no hesitation discernible here. If the Master is to endanger his life by going to the aid of his friends in their sorrow, Thomas is willing to share that danger with him; there is no touch of bravado to be discovered. It is the word of an honest and sincere man.

Thomas attended the Last Supper with the disciples and Jesus. In John's gospel, we find the record of Jesus' conversations with them there. In His discourse, He gave voice to those words of hope which have comforted untold numbers of His followers down the centuries. "In My Father's house are many mansions. . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . and whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. . ." How of-

ten in conversation, we hesitate to show our ignorance of some point referred to. We pretend to know what we do not know. It is a bit of dishonest bluffing on our part for the sake of keeping up appearances. One can imagine some at least of the disciples looking at each other with wondering glances. "What did He mean?" But Thomas cuts in with his honest question, "Lord, we know not whether thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Thomas wants to know. There is but one way to find out and we can be exceedingly grateful that he had the courage again to take that course, for he elicits from Jesus those illuminating words "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no one cometh unto the Father but by me". This is added one more striking bit of information to what we know of how Jesus regarded Himself and His relationship to His Heavenly Father.

It is the third statement by Thomas as that is so well known. And while it shows him to have a skeptical streak in his makeup, it also is another illustration of the honesty and sincerity that marked the man.

He had somehow missed being present in the Upper Room when Jesus appeared there to His disciples for



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