

# The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26  
TIMMINS, ONTARIO

Members Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association; Ontario-Quebec  
Newspaper Association

Published every Thursday by Merton W. Lake

Subscription Rates:

Canada \$2.00 Per Year United States: \$3.00 Per Year

Authorized as second class matter by the Post Office Department, Ottawa

Timmins, Ontario, Thursday July 22nd, 1948

## The Sidewalk Situation

Much of the present bitterness and tears over the sidewalk situation could have been eliminated if the council, which was taking over by-laws and the whole idea from a previous council, had had letters of notice mailed to each individual property owner who was to have his fence dismantled or his lawn shortened.

Some of the instances are hard to take without shouting and the citizens have been shouting but the council has been inclined to believe they were the ravings of a few who wanted something to shout about. The letter would have placed the onus on the home owner instead of on the council. On one spot on Bannerman Ave. the sidewalk has been built so high that one man can't get his car in and out of his driveway.

Across the way another man wasn't notified that the sidewalk would be built so high and the result is that his property value has dropped. His barbary bushes were covered with gravel and the level of the sidewalk is two feet above the lawn. Others in the town are complaining of like instances of what appears to them to be high-handed bureaucracy. In building sidewalks or roads or anything which may interfere with the privacy or the property of the private citizen the town council should not just make a public announcement and commence to begin. It may be legal but it isn't good public relations.

## Service Clubs Serve The Community

While basking in the sunshine alongside the Schumacher Lions Club Pool yesterday we began to go over the large number of services provided by the numerous service clubs in the Porcupine Area. The Lions Club, perhaps the most active Lions club in the country, spends thousands of dollars and thousands of hours of so-called spare time in doing good around the town every year. The list of activities and social interests of the club is so long that we haven't the space this week to list them.

The Kinsmen specialize in children's welfare work and many other worthy causes which don't always get headline publicity for they seem so obvious, yet they are overlooked by the general public and the energetic Kinsmen keep on helping where they know they are needed. This year another project of theirs was the fine set of docks at Gillies Beach where they have made the beach safe for the youngsters and older non-swimmers. The docks enclose two large areas of water on the shallow beach enabling the instructors to teach large classes of tiny tots as well as grown-ups how to swim and the rudiments of lifesaving. But for the work of the Kinsmen these docks wouldn't have been built.

Another fine community spirited group is the Kiwanis Club which meets every Monday for luncheon at the Empire Hotel and which does a great deal of welfare work. These clubs along with the Y's Men's club the Club Richelieu, Knights of Columbus, Phalanx Club, Loyal Order of Moose, and the Junior Chamber of Commerce, are part and parcel of the modern scene and a town without a live service club today is as rare as the Dodo. In olden days it was up to unorganized groups to do the tasks of looking after welfare and other things which are today done as a matter of course by the highly organized service clubs of the towns and cities.

With these few thoughts in mind we dangled our feet in the clean filtered water of the Lions pool with kind thoughts for some Lions who had rushed home for a hasty supper so that they could be at the organization meeting just to see that the pool was built. And for the lonesome wives who put up with the shenanigans of the club men when they have a bee in their bonnet, and for the ulcers which the clubmen mistreat with hasty meals. Service Club men we salute you!

## Peace In Palestine

An interesting sidelight on the recent peace in Palestine has been the joining of forces of the Irgun or rebel groups of Jews and the Haganah. The Haganah or conservative Jewish group, which believes that half of Palestine is better than no Palestine, and is headed by Dr. Weizman, are in control of the local government. The Irgun, composed of the radical or younger group of Jews which believed that they should have all of Palestine returned from the Arabs, has now joined with the Haganah in a united state.

This development of the strife in Palestine is most encouraging to those who hoped for a Jewish state but didn't wish to see differences of opinion fomenting civil strife. Canadian and American Jews are overjoyed at the settlement although many still have strong feelings on the matter of the amount of land forming their state of Israel.

The Irgun was formed around a small group of Polish Jews who had fought in the last war and were bitter foes of Britain and the United Nations. Outcroppings of rebels were the Stern gang and others who were interested in some small part in the forming of a Jewish state.

Abdullah has now agreed to negotiate with the Jews and the United Nations. A point which has perhaps escaped notice is that the Arabs were not taking Jewish territory when they fought in the city of Jerusalem but were on United Nations mandate ground. Perhaps that is the reason why the United Nations acted as soon as they did.

It is good that the United Nations stepped in when they did, as the Jews who had been hampered in getting munitions were beginning to get them in large amounts from the United States. Heavy equipment was beginning to arrive and the Jewish forces which had been unable to train because of the restrictions imposed were now able to train troops. The fierce determination of the Jewish forces willed the armies of the mighty Abdullah and given an even break the Jews would have probably beaten Abdullah's army very badly. The sudden switch of the United Nations shows that they have been watching the situation far more closely than one would suspect previously.

It is heartening to Christians as well as Jews to know that peace once more reigns in Palestine and that an amicable agreement may be worked out to suit all nations. The agreement between the rival Jewish factions is perhaps the most heartening — a house divided will not stand.

## Service Clubs Discuss Community Chest

The Porcupine Council of Service Clubs held a special meeting Monday evening to discuss a Porcupine Community Chest. The members present decided to recommend to various welfare agencies that they combine their efforts in this community in the raising of funds for charitable work. This, they believe would enable them to have one large campaign rather than possibly 8 or 10 separate campaigns. It would also require a smaller number of canvassers than under the present system of overlapping campaigns.

Gower Markle, YMCA Secretary, gave a brief outline of his experiences with Community Chests and how one might be organized in Timmins and district. The secretary was instructed to invite a number of welfare organizations to a meeting to be held in the council chamber August 3rd, at 8:00 p.m. This meeting is being called to acquaint the organizations with the Community Chest idea and to get the opinions of the welfare organizations. The organizations to be contacted were: The Navv League of Canada, Children's Aid Society, Canadian Institute for the Blind, Canadian Red Cross, Victorian Order of Nurses, Canadian Cancer Society, YMCA and the Salvation Army.

# In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

## No. 61. Big Bill's Mud Bath.

The land between the T. & N. O. tracks and the Hollinger Mine buildings is certainly a piece of beauty today. Anyone who would deny beauty to the Hollinger Park would have to confess all back of appreciation for beauty.

Twenty-odd years ago the same area was also a beauty spot, but not of the same type as today. In the terms of this century man of what is now the Hollinger park was a beautiful little lake — Miller Lake, it was called. In the centre of Miller Lake the water was quite deep, but clear and sparkling. You could look down through the water and see the sand-covered rock bottom. Some of the pioneers of Timmins used to enjoy fishing on that charming little lake, delighting still more in describing the fish caught in that lake. Some of the fish reported caught in that lake were so large that it was a matter of wonder for the uninitiated to understand how so small a lake could hold so many fish of such size.

But in between these two eras of beauty, there was a time when there wasn't much beauty about that spot. Those were the days when that lake was being filled up with "tailings" from the mine. These "tailings" consisted of finely crushed rock, together with cyanide and water. The water kept evaporating, leaving a mass of what might be termed "cyanide mud."

People quit calling the spot "Miller Lake." The vulgar name for it was "The Slimes" while the more fastidious referred to the spot as "The Cyanide." In later days, when all the water seemed to evaporate, and the wind in summer whirled dust like a desert storm, the names that place were called might be "evidence of good faith," but certainly "not for publication."

At the time when the area was a mushy cyanide swamp, it was the scene of an uproarious comedy that brightened drab days.

The cyanide was too soft to walk upon, but it offered a short cut to the mine that most workers could not resist. Accordingly, planks were laid down across the cyanide, and miners used these planks to navigate the voyage across the ex-lake. There is no record of any miner encountering difficulty in this journey, but at least one outsider created a sensation one summer evening when he strayed onto this plank walk, and then strayed off it.

This outsider was a well-known character of the early days, and may be identified as "Big Bill." Big Bill had been a bush worker, a part-time prospector, a clerk, a merchant, and a follower of a number of other callings. He usually made a point of following any calling so far behind that he escaped any work.

At the time of his adventure on the cyanide, he was reputed to be following two busy callings. He superintended a busy blind-pig business and supervised a money-making tin-horn gambling industry. It took all the proceeds from the card industry to keep the liquor from swamping the ship of state. In the blind-pig business, Big Bill's best customer never

paid for his drinks. Didn't I buy the liquor in the first place?" Big Bill would ask himself.

On the particular summer evening in question, Big Bill had been patronizing his one business so much that he felt that he was not in position to supervise the other industry, so he decided to take a little walk. He stumbled across the T. & N. O. tracks, cursing the town council for permitting its streets and walks to be so difficult to navigate.

When he struck the planking across the cyanide, he was still critical of the town works department. "Surely, there should be something better than two-plank walk on a main street so near the centre of the town!" he muttered.

When Big Bill had travelled on the planks some thirty feet or so from solid ground, one foot of that big fellow came down and missed the planking. He had great difficulty in freeing that foot from the mud. When he succeeded, there was about a tenth of a ton of mud sticking to that foot. In his frantic efforts to shake off that clump of mud, Big Bill managed to cast himself completely into that mud pack. Soon, poor Big Bill was far from solid land, in a sea of mud, friendless and alone. He could not see the planking, and there seemed nothing to bear him up, except the spirits within him.

An ordinary man would have been alarmed at the situation, but Big Bill was no ordinary man — when he was drinking! (Or was he?) In any event, he had all the insight and talent of a well-fortified human soul. He knew himself as the master of the situation — any situation.

When he found that the more he struggled, the more he embedded himself in the disgraceful mire, his boozebrightened brain gave him full confidence. "I can't drown! If I turn over on my back, and float!" he told himself.

Perhaps, the cold cyanide drew the liquor from his blood, or it may be that it was his time for another little drink. Anyway, Big Bill began to sober up, and his confidence and ability to handle the case appeared to ooze out along with the liquor.

No matter how quietly he laid on his back, he realized that he was not floating at all, but that he was slowly but surely sinking down, he knew not where. Big Bill remembered in a hazy way that he weighed 235 pounds with his clothes on, and with his clothes on, and all that mud on his clothes, he must weigh over 300, and he was in a place where there was no foundation for a weight like this.

The more Big Bill tried to float, the more he sank. The more he sank, the more he sobered. The more he sobered, the more he thought, and the more he thought, the more he sobered.

Soon, soon, indeed, Big Bill was stark, staring, raving, roaring sober. Particularly, roaring.

His roars of "Help! Help! Help!" could be heard at the river a mile away. In fact they were heard by special police officer, Mervyn Salley who lived not far from the river. Of course,

Mervyn promptly came up town to locate the new road speaker.

In the meantime, however, Constable M. Greer had noted those riotous roars, and reached the scene, in his brand new uniform. He recognized Big Bill at a glance, and took in the general situation in another glimpse. "Save me, save me, save me!" roared, with a strong accent of pleading in his tone.

Constable Greer was always ready to save anybody, but he was also anxious always to save town property. His first thought was of that town property — his new uniform.

"You'll be all right for quite a while yet; but assured Big Bill in his quiet but authoritative voice. "Jude, Jude, I get a drink, or a weakener?"

Mervyn had arrived by this time, and the two John Laws went into a huddle, and soon had effective plans for the rescue. Spectators, who had been attracted by Big Bill's roars were conscripted for active service in the work of rescue. In less time than it takes to tell, they had long planks that they snatched out to Big Bill, and they also threw ropes to him to give him added confidence. Indeed, they threw him nearly everything, but the drink he craved to bolster his morale.

Eventually, Big Bill managed to roll his 235 pounds of humanity, and his 100 pounds of cyanide mud, onto the proffered planks. He was yanked, gradually to solid ground — without a flick of mud on that new uniform.

Big Bill lay panting and exhausted on the ground for a few minutes. Then he attempted to stagger to his feet. Very carefully, Mervyn reached over to assist the big fellow, but unfortunately Big Bill chose that moment to faint.

The big, mud-covered fellow fell smash in Mervyn's arms. Officer Salley was a much bigger man than he looked to be, but with all the mud on him, he looked to be much bigger man than he was.

Constable Greer could not help but laugh when he saw all the mud on his pal, Mervyn.

But as Mervyn gently eased the big fellow to the ground, the body suddenly twisted in his grip, and slewed full tilt into the man with the new uniform.

Then Constable Greer could not help but stop laughing.

After that Big Bill could be handled without difficulty. There was no call for care in getting too close to his mud-soaked carcass. The work had already happened. The big fellow was picked up bodily, and dumped on one of Dale's drays for conveyance to the police station.

At the police station, Big Bill was dumped on the lawn, while Mose and Mervyn, with knives and sticks, scraped as much mud as they could off each other. They left the mud on Big Bill to dry, so they could break it off in chunks.

No charge was laid against Big Bill. By the time he was rescued, he was so startlingly sober that the officers of the law would have hesitated to swear to his identity even.

Later, in the evening, Big Bill walked home, every step making a sound like the breaking of a rock.

especially in vicinity of badspot. One hangnail. And one wife in just about the same state of despair. Lord only knows about the state of my heart, innards, and nervous system, but all unvaried menu of barbecue, martinis and kindred picnic grub is scarcely the diet for a growing boy, let alone an old slob.

I do not know what is it about the country that leads the host to load the drinks, invent boobytraps for the guest and inflict upon him medieval tortures such as tennis and hikes through the woods at midnight. It could be that my own particular host is a kind of fiend, who receives intense satisfaction from the sound of snapping collarbones.

All I know is that no sight is so pretty to our host, as a young lady lying over a horse's head, or a fat man being thrown emphatically into a swimming pool. He regards it all as high fun. And you know something I'd have sworn it was fun, too, at the time.

## IN OUR TIME

By Howie Hunt



"And at the end of six months you can go on strike for an extra five dollars a week."

# Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

(Allan L. "Pete" Swim, who was born on a farm in Illinois and served as a reporter, editor, editorial writer and publisher before becoming CIO publicity director last July, was asked to write a guest column about himself and his work. — V.R.)

By ALLAN L. SWIM  
CIO Publicity Director

Washington — It's just like walking a tight-wire blindfolded in a high wind while juggling a half dozen eggs.

You've got six million bosses, a small staff, a limited budget and a constant threat of occupational ulcers.

You're supposed to know a little of everything about 41 international unions, be able to "read the minds" of at least 100 union officials and be capable of explaining in detail — without hesitation — the CIO set-up at Laurel, Mississippi, or Omaha, Nebraska.

It's a wonderful, simple task — this job of directing publicity for the Congress of Industrial Organizations.

You show up for work Monday morning full of vim-vigor and new ideas for blasting the NAM and the Taft-Hartley Act. Late Friday night you drag yourself home so closely resembling a limp dishrag that your own daughter hardly recognizes you.

We publish 10 newspapers — the national CIO News and nine special editions for international unions and state CIO groups. We usually have one network radio show on the air — sometimes two.

We put out an average of 10 news releases a week, set-up frequent press conferences for CIO officials, write radio scripts, design pamphlets and handle bushels of mail.

(My secretary calls me a Simon Legree — both privately and publicly — because I dictate about a thousand letters a month to persons who inquire about different phases of CIO activity. This is in addition to the "routine" correspondence.)

Our staff consists of 12 persons — seven women and five men, seven single and five married.

Riesel said I should get "personal" and forget about that perpendicular pronoun which 20 years of newspapering turned me against — so here goes.

From a birdseye view I look like a billiard ball adorned by a blond fringe. I have one wife, one daughter and a hankering for fattening food.

I'll make a speech at the drop of a hat — particular on the radio — and generally prefer some subject I know something about.

My first job was separating rotten potatoes from the good ones in the storage bin of a small grocery. I jerked soda, painted smokestacks, served as an electrician's helper. Around newspaper shops I worked as printer, linotype operator, ad solicitor, circulation collector, headline writer, reporter, editor, janitor and publisher.

The trade union bug bit me a dozen years ago, when I joined the Newspaper Guild — and it's been gnawing away ever since. I put in a few terms as president of the Memphis Guild, president of the Memphis CIO Council and as vice president of the Tennessee CIO Council.

I got a postgraduate course in brutality and civil rights violations while serving as public relations director for CIO's "Operation Dixie." Two friends were brutally beaten 20 others "worked over lightly" and several dozen were arrested on such phony charges as "distributing handbills."

The Communies say I'm a damn reactionary. The damn reactionaries say I'm a Commie. Actually, if I can measure it accurately, I'm just about 10 degrees left of center.

I think that the most dangerous enemies of the "American system" are the industrial and business leaders who abuse its privileges. Too many of them talk about "freedom of enterprise" when what they actually mean is "freedom to exploit."

(Whoa! I'm getting editorial and I promised Riesel I wouldn't.)

Our department operates on a simple theory: If it's news, the labor reporter should get it as quickly as possible, as easily as possible — and straight. We try to label our packages accurately.

We try to sell one product — trade unionism.

All we ask for in the battle for public opinion is an opportunity to let the facts speak for themselves.

It's a wonderful life. You drag yourself home Friday night after putting five editions of the paper to bed. You relax and pick up a magazine. The phone starts ringing. A reporter with a hot tip asks:

"Is there any truth to the rumor that Phil Murray is...?"

By Rep. FRED J. HARTLEY, Jr.  
Chairman, House Labor Committee

Washington — I am glad to have the opportunity to do a guest column for you. I would like to call his column "Labor After One Year of Taft-Hartley."

First, I would like to make the unequivocal statement that organized labor is better off today than at any time in its history.

It is axiomatic that this would not be true if the Taft-Hartley Law rated any of the labels which certain of the labor leaders have tried to tack on to it. Remember Bill Green called it a "slave labor law" and Phil Murray called it a "diabolical monstrosity."

The fact of the matter is that the workers of this nation are being kidded by their own officials, their own so-called leaders. The labor leadership is crying to high heaven because the Taft-Hartley Law abuses of power by those leaders, and because they, the labor leaders, don't like the law they are trying to tell the workers of this nation that the law isn't good for them.

The Taft-Hartley Law, as a matter of fact, retains every protection the American worker ever has had under the Wagner Act and in addition gives them additional protection against abuses by their own labor bosses. That is why the labor bosses don't like the law.

Conditions between labor and management today are infinitely better than they have been for years prior to the passage of the Taft-Hartley Law.

In those industries where there has been some unrest or where difficulty is threatened, the adverse situation is not the result of the Taft-Hartley Law's being too tough. On the contrary, it is the result of the Taft-Hartley Law in some its particulars not being tough enough.

I have been asked many times: "Will those Members of Congress who voted for the Taft-Hartley Law be purged from Congress and will the law be repealed or emasculated?" My answer to both inquiries is an emphatic "No!"

The 331 Members of the House of Representatives who voted to override the Presidential veto constituted an overwhelming majority of both political parties and incidentally that vote was the largest ever to override a Presidential veto.

But even should the complexion of the Congress revert to that of the 79th, the 78th, or even the 77th Congress, there would still be enough Members in the House to protect the integrity of the Taft-Hartley Law.

I would like to point out something that is not generally understood and that is that 60% of the present law passed the House of Representatives as far back as 1940 and by a two to one majority.

This campaign of leaders of organized labor to purge Members of Congress who voted for the Taft-Hartley Law is hardly the way to win friends and influence people in or out of Congress.

On the other hand, if there is any part of the new law which proves to be punitive, drastic, or unworkable, those of us who sponsored this measure will be the first to want to correct any defects.

In fact, I have a couple of amendments in mind myself. The strong arm and muscle men methods some unions have used in the course of a strike.

I would not deny to any worker his fundamental right to strike. But there is an equally fundamental right, one that has been overlooked far too long, and that is the right of a worker to work if he wants to work free from any harm or threat of harm to himself or any member of his family.

I propose to make it a Federal offense to interfere with the civil rights of any worker to go to his job, not only to protect his right to work but to restore respect for law and order even in the conduct of an industrial dispute.

I also question whether the Taft-Hartley Law is strong enough to deal with strikes that interfere with the nation's public health and safety. Please keep in mind that I am speaking in terms of the national public health and safety.

I would apply the Sherman and Clayton Acts and the anti-trust laws to a labor monopoly in restraint of trade when the national public health and safety are threatened.

I would amend the provision dealing with anti-Communist affidavits to require that both management as well as labor sign such affidavits.

While I deny that it was our intention to interfere with the political rights of labor, should that section of the law dealing with political contributions be interpreted as interfering with the labor leaders' right to oppose or endorse a candidate for office, or if it interferes with the freedom of the labor press, I would want to see the Act amended to remove such interference.

If any of the provisions of the law result in administrative difficulties, I would most certainly want those difficulties removed. I would first insist, however, that it be proved that the difficulty was the result of the law and not unnecessary red tape resulting from policies laid down by a not too sympathetic administering agency.

I am not too disturbed by the attitude taken by the labor leadership. Management took the same attitude when the Wagner Act was passed. The Taft-Hartley Labor Law is a good law for labor, for management and for the American people.

I want to make it perfectly clear, however, that I don't believe legislation itself is the complete answer to industrial peace. That day will come only when labor and management honestly try to understand each other's problems.

I don't think that the Taft-Hartley Law is perfect. I merely say it is a step in the right direction by making the rules of the game as fair to both sides as is possible and by keeping in mind the public interest.

It is the law of the land and it is going to remain the law of the land.