

Ruark the Hunter Red Dean Shows Lack Of Clear Political View

It is a healthy thing for the soul of a city-dweller occasionally to return to the deep sticks, if only to rediscover his own practical stupidity.

Me, I am a Cajun, sure, me. But I would starve to death, me, if I had to be a self-sufficient dweller among the bayous and marshlands of Louisiana. You see I don't know how to do most of the things that these hunters and trappers consider necessary to existence. My shooting partner, a quiet Cajun named Purvis Theal, could not possibly find me worth \$60 a month in a trapping camp. I can shoot, all right, but shooting and walking are skills acquired simultaneously down here. No significance attaches to either. I can wash dishes. I can pluck a duck, and am really superbly deft at viscerating a duck with one wrench on the innards.

"You gut a duck bien, you," says M. Theal. "You gut a duck good as anybody I know. But, Robair, not enough. Need more things to do."

I cannot, for instance, manage a pirogue without drowning myself. A pirogue is a soapdish of a boat which is chopped from a single section of log, pointed at both ends, and can be poled in an inch of water. It is balanced like the mechanism of a watch, and will capsize if you shave too closely on one side of your face.

I do not know how to trap a muskrat. I cannot talk to the ducks, or call a goose down out of the high sky. Yet I have seen Ted O'Neill, a biologist who lives in the woods, stretch his neck and give a yelp that fetched a goose practically into the blind, from a thousand feet. All I could see is a speck up there in the blue, but Ted identified it as a young goose who was lost from his mama.

"I will make a noise like his mama," says Ted, emitting a dulcet yodel. The lonesome goose dropped his flaps and came down in a power dive. You could have killed him with the broom.

In the past few years I have girdled the globe a few times, and I have more friends in Africa than in New York. But I cannot walk the "prairie," here, even in hip boots. The prairie is the vast oozy marshland, where the rats and the ducks dwell. I sink to my neck and struggle helplessly, while M. Bibi Humblue, aged 18, strides along as if on a sidewalk. When I get hopelessly mired, I bleat pathetically, like the lost goose looking for its mama, and Bibi or Theal come and derrick me out.

I can eat an oyster, and I can even open one, now, without cutting off my hand, but I cannot look at a stretch of water and say positively that there is a bed of oysters in it. I can't squirt at a section of marsh and announce authoritatively that it is eaten out by the rats, hence worthless. I cannot make orange wine, or whittle a decent pushpole for the pirogue. I can't even cook.

When my friend Theal goes back home to Abbeville, he will have to be placed aboard the bus, and his ticket pinned to his coat. But out here, in a boundless land he never saw before he moves as confidently as a New Yorker walking from 42nd to 43rd St.

I don't know a poule d'eau from a roseau, a das gris from a bateau, and it is all highly embarrassing. A poule d'eau is a coot. A das gris is a blue-billed duck. A roseau is a reed, and a bateau is a flat-bottomed boat. I am worth less than \$60 a month on talent, and all I can do real good is dambowel a duck.

But I have invited my Cajun friends to visit me in MY marshes, the limitless prairies of New York. Before I pass final judgement on my stupidity, I am anxious to see how they make out in the subway. I may not be able to call a goose, but I am death on high-flying headwaiters, and once I even intimidated a cab driver. These are skills, too. Me or my own bayous, maybe I am pretty good Cajun, after all. Sure me.

BIG ISLAND

Largest of the British Channel islands is Jersey.

Informal Beauty



THE CANDID CAMERAMAN catches Elizabeth Taylor in a few informal moments on the set of "A Date With Judy." M-G-M Technicolor musical of youth, music and fun. The beautiful Elizabeth who is currently playing a grown-up role in "Julia Misbehaves," really comes of age in her next, "The Conspirator."

By R. J. Deachman

We have had a distinguished visitor among us. The Very Reverend Dr. Hewlett Johnson, Dean of Canterbury. He goes normally under the title of the "Red Dean." He feels that Communism, as they have it in Russia, is a lovely thing and that earth might be nearer Heaven if only other lands had a touch of it.

I do not believe that the people of Russia want war. They don't. Neither do the people of Canada, the United States, Great Britain, nor any of the other democracies of the world. They have an absolute horror of war, its bloody sacrifices, the prodigious waste of it. But Russia is a despotism. If we have a war it will come from despotism, not communism. Nine-tenths of the world's war had their genesis in the minds of despots.

Is there any limit, so far as the "Red Dean" is concerned, to the freedom he is willing to lose before he would want to offer resistance to the whims of these would-be conquerors of the world? We might have gone to war if Italy had been invaded by Russian forces at the time of the last Italian election. Would the "Red Dean" have opposed it? Would he be willing for Russia to cross the Rhine, to invade Switzerland or France?

If the armies of despotism stood on the opposite side of the English Channel and attempted to cross would the "Red Dean" tell us that Communism was a Christ-like thing and these people were trying to conquer the Island Kingdom for the good of its inhabitants. Would he proclaim that this was the coming of the new era, the supreme hope of man? Strange mortal, this "Red Dean"! He is kindly, generous, gullible and, because of his abundant faith, able to see good in everything — even in despotism, as they have it in Moscow.

He tells us that in Russia he has the greatest possible freedom. He is allowed to see anything he wants to see but I imagine that rather careful guides shelter him on his little trips and that he doesn't see the things which free men would see if they had the opportunity to travel freely in Russia. Let us assume that all the "Red Dean" says is true and that Russia is a comfortable country to live in and work in and that people can be happy there, in heaven's name why doesn't Russia lift the curtain and let others see the way men live under Communism. Then why — unless the Russian rulers see danger in it, are Russian women not permitted to leave Russia to join the English husbands they married during the war?

I cannot believe that all the great papers of the world would deliberately misrepresent Russia. Editors are sometimes mistaken, reporters may misunderstand, but if the bars were down we would know the truth about Russia. Only despotism can keep out the truth — in time even it must fall. Milton put it this way:

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The simple fact is that the world does not know what goes on in Russia — nor can the average Russian understand the differences between democracy and despotism. Alas, he has never known freedom.

Will anyone deny that Yugoslavia, Rumania, Albania are trying to establish a Communist government in Greece? There is an internal conflict going on today in Italy and France aided by Communist Russia.

Czechoslovakia, was one of the most prosperous countries in Europe — it now lives under the shadow of despotism. I met, not long ago, a man

who escaped from that country. He was almost afraid to speak about it. He kept looking around to see that no one was in sight while he talked to me.

Did the people of Czechoslovakia want Russia to take over? Not a chance! The people of the world, the intelligent people want freedom. Would Russia be harmed by the movement of people and goods across her borders? We live side by side with another country. We move backwards and forwards as freely as we want to move, the Americans do the same. Close that border tomorrow — stop the movement of people, the exchange of goods and the standard of living — yes, and the standard of intelligence will be lowered in both countries.

What of the future? Arnold J. Toynbee in his magnificent "Study Of History" makes this penetrating observation on Russia:

"The present rulers of Russia are working with demonic energy to ensure the triumph in Russia of the very civilization that they are denouncing in the world at large. No doubt they dream of creating a new society which will be American in equipment but Russian in soul — though this is a strange dream to be dreamed by statesmen for whom a materialist interpretation of history is an article of faith! On Marxian principles we

New Record Newsprint Production

Canadian newsprint production in 1947, amounting to 4,447,000 tons, far exceeded that for any previous year. This was over 300,000 tons higher than in 1946, more than 1,250,000 tons higher than the average for the war years 1940-45, and nearly 1,500,000 tons higher than the average for the prewar years 1935-39. This expansion was created in response to demand, mainly from United States publishers. It is estimated that production in 1948 will amount to 4,575,000 tons, while the forecast for 1949 is 4,675,000 tons.

Since 1930, only one new mill has been built in Canada, and only one new machine has been installed, this having replaced an old one. Between 1920 and 1935, the cost of a newsprint mill was estimated at between \$20,

000 and \$35,000 per daily ton. Today, it is estimated at between \$75,000 and \$80,000 per daily ton, to which must be added woodlands expenditures on a scale unknown twenty years ago. A single newsprint machine, which could have been installed in 1930 for \$2,000, would today cost \$4,500,000.

After many years of pulpwood supply problems, present conditions are now generally satisfactory. Production in the 1947-48 cutting season was the largest in history, amounting to 11,100,000 cords in the Canadian area east of the Rocky Mountains for consumption by pulp and paper companies. An increase of 19 per cent over 1946-47 is attributed to more favourable weather conditions and an adequate labour supply. The total production consisted of 7,700,000 cords, cut by companies on leased Crown lands and their own forest holdings, and 3,400,000 cords purchased from independent pulpwood producers.

"Kindness"

In the garden of my soul a seed was sown,

Its tender atoms strove to cling Against the walls of that great structure

Which enshrouded it; And so it threw out all the force Of which it was composed, And drew unto itself, as by some great magnetic power The particles that were needed For its perfect growth.



Hon. W. A. GOODFELLOW
Minister of Public Welfare for Ontario

will speak on

"HUMAN PROBLEMS"

680
C. K. G. B.

Monday
DECEMBER 13th
10³⁰ p.m.

ON YOUR
RADIO DIAL

Timmins Y's Men's Club

FIRST ANNUAL

RADIO AUCTION

Articles From Leading Merchants of the Porcupine

Friday December 10th

8 Telephones Open At 6 p.m.

CKGB 680 On Your Dial

Telephone 1500 Broadcast 7.30 to 8.00 8.45 till??

Read These Instructions Carefully

1. Phone your advance bids early. Telephone service begins at 6 p.m.
2. TO BID ON AN ARTICLE
 - (a) Phone 1500
 - (b) State the article number
 - (c) Give your name, address, phone number and your highest bid
 - (d) Please be brief
3. The time of receipt of each bid is recorded and articles will be sold to the first highest bidder.
4. To obtain highest bid on any article phone 1500.
5. All articles listed are genuine new merchandise and the price given is the current retail price.
6. All successful purchasers will be notified over the radio.

You must call at:
The Y.M.C.A. Timmins
or Mac's Radio, Schumacher
or Bauman's Jeweller, South Porcupine
and pay the price you bid.

Orders on merchants unless otherwise provided must be redeemed before Dec. 31st. Unless stated, articles are not exchangeable.

Local Long Distance Charges May be Reversed During the Auction Hours

Bid As Often As You Like

Major Items

- | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|
| 1. Electrolux \$99.50 | 11. McGregor, Electrolux Salse & Service, 8 Main Avenue | 60. Made to measure Tip Top suit \$49.50 | Harry's Men's Wear, 15 Pine South, |
| 10. Goal Tender's Hockey Stick Auto-graphed Maple Leaf Hockey Team. | Toronto Maple Leafs Maple Leaf Gardens Toronto | 80. Purchase voucher on Ford Forty-niner, 6 passenger deluxe club coupe or model of your choice, new car guarantee and service, immediate delivery on club coupe. | McDowell Motors Ltd. Schumacher Highway |
| 15. Pass to all Hockey games including Playoffs up to NOHA | McIntyre Community Building, Schumacher | 90. Ladies mar/mink evening bolero, size 16, ¾ length sleeves mink brown. | Vogue Ladies Wear Third Ave. & Balsam |
| 20. CGE Model C118 Combination 6 tube radio phonograph automatic record player. | Killeens Electric 57 Third Ave. | 100. (One Semester) (six months) — International Correspondence school course \$89.00 | South Porcupine Electric 82 Main St. |
| 30. Credit voucher 1948 Chevrolet town sedan, new car guarantee and servicing, immediate delivery. | Timmins Garage Co. Ltd. 52 Spruce No. | 130. Purchase voucher, 1949 Kaiser special deluxe sedan, new car guarantee and servicing, immediate delivery. | Imperial Motor Sales 14 Balsam South |
| 40. Smith Corona Portable Typewriter, Clipper Model \$80.00 | Timmins Stationery & Office Supply, 39 Third Ave. | | |
| 50. 62 piece chest of Wm. Rogers Silver Ware Exquisite Pattern \$47.50 | Geo. Taylor Hardware Third Ave. Timmins | | |

ALL PROCEEDS IN AID OF Y.M.C.A.

Youth Work In The Porcupine Area