

The Porcupine Advance

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Timmins, Ontario, Thursday, March 10th, 1949

Our Eastern Editorial

... is do occur. As a matter of fact, it's not so long ago a gentleman in an Ontario industrial centre received the pleasant news that he had won the tidy sum of \$34,000.00 simply because he held a sweepstakes ticket on the winner of the Manchester Handicap. But the best brains of this or any age still persist that there is no substitute for hard work in the task of getting on in the world, while practically every father has at some time or another come up with the none-too-original pronouncement to his children that money doesn't grow on trees.

Unfortunately, there is more than a fair share of the globe's population suffering from the delusion that money does grow on trees. Witness the state of Oregon, which held an autumn referendum on a scheme to pay a pension of \$50 a month to all men of 65 and over, even without the "means" test. The Oregonians not only approved the plan with a whacking majority, but on the same ballot plumped for higher income tax exemptions.

Came the dawn and a study of practical details. Somebody with a flair for mathematics discovered, to his and the state government's horror, that in 1949 there would be more than 175,000 male and female Oregonians eligible for the pension and that the cost to the state would be in excess of \$100,000,000 a year!

This astronomical figure turned out to be three times the state's budget for all purposes. Not only had the get-rich-quick voters ignored the fact that the sum could not materialize except through ruinous taxes, but they had voted for a tax reduction. All in all, the Oregon legislature is in a pretty fair pickle. Whether or not the facts were pointed out to the voters before the referendum is beside the point. The obvious moral is that the glitter of money growing on trees was far brighter than any glow cast by common sense.

(Granby, Quebec, Leader-Mail)

Children's Aid Society A Community Responsibility

At the present time there is a controversy as to where the financial responsibility for Children's Aid Work should lie. We all recognize that the Children's Aid Societies must be adequately supported and the problem is to assess the responsibility at the different levels of Government, as well as that of the individual citizen. Experience has shown all of us that support for all social obligations through whatever channel the money is received, comes from the pocket of the citizen.

The point as issue is, where it hurts the least: Out of the Municipal tax pocket, the Provincial tax pocket, or the private spending pocket of the citizen, and in what proportion from each.

There is considerable weight to the argument that the municipal tax pocket cannot be expected to hold the funds for all the increasing social services, because it is too small in any case, and was designed when social services, as we know them now, did not exist. This argument points out that municipal tax monies are increasing social services, because it is too small in any case, and say that the Municipal Government must first provide for those services that directly pertain to property, and the property owner has a right to expect that local taxes should be restricted to this function.

If a Municipality must, because of Provincial statute, allow from 1 to 2 mills to the Children's Aid Society, and cannot do a good job of mending roads and sidewalks without further raising the already onerous tax rate by that same amount, then there is justification for the plea that the municipal revenues be left as far as possible for physical services.

It follows therefore that the provincial Government should share a considerable proportion of the now statutory obligations of the Municipal Government for children committed as wards to the local children's aid societies. The provincial Government's share of these obligations should be based on the type of public im-

... all these arguments, let us keep in mind always that the new municipalities in Ontario, urban or rural, where the Children's Aid Society bill imposes much more than the cost of a couple of tanks full of gas for your car. Let us remember this important fact so that we do not from ignorance, become possessed of the erroneous idea that the Children's Aid Society is begging us even under the present arrangements.

The Association of Children's Aid Societies of Ontario believes the municipalities are justified in asking for some Provincial government assistance for ward costs. When one considers that Provincial expenditures for jails and reformatories and courts of justice unquestionably are lessened as a result of the effort of the Children's Aid program, it is unarguable that the municipality financed Child Welfare services are of advantage to the Provincial treasury.

But there is a very strong feeling in all our communities - among municipal administrators as well as citizens concerned directly with the needs of the Children's Aid Societies - that we must not lose control of our Societies as community inspired and operated child welfare agencies, for the sake of taking the money out of another pocket of the citizen! This particular system of child welfare is our heritage in Ontario.

Is there not something very healthy in having your Children's Aid Society a local service set down in the midst of your community, managed by a group of your fellow citizens, who are democratically elected at a public annual meeting, and who do this work without monetary recompense simply because they feel responsible for the children?

At the same time, is it not a wise provision that because the Society has accepted and been empowered with the administration of the Provincial Acts protecting children, there is inspection of it by the Provincial Government? So that we have here two forces joined for the children - the Public Authority, responsible for seeing that its Acts are properly administered, and a body of local citizens, socially concerned not only in their Society's statutory obligations.

Do you think you could infuse in the citizens of your community the same interest and concern in this work for neglected children, by means of a Department of Government, sometimes as far as a thousand miles away and to which a local office would be solely responsible?

Of course in the last analysis all departments of government are responsible to the people. But when one remembers that usually less than 50 per cent of the people take the trouble to vote and of those voting only a small average clearly, keenly and consistently inspect Government policy and operations, one wonders whether the child might not be lost sight of!

How many citizens paying their Provincial taxes by way of motor and liquor licenses etc., would pause to ask themselves what proportion of this was going to highways, what to a forest conservation program, and what for the children in need?

Finally, is there not some spiritual factor involved in the organization of a community of people for the protection and happiness and future usefulness of their own neglected children within their own boundaries?

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 90. Feints, Fights, Faints, Fiascoes.

Few mining camps have been as peaceful and free from brawling, rowdyism and brutality as the Porcupine Gold Mining Camp. Yet it is the fact that men here dearly loved a fight, and the pioneer women were not without interest in battle. The crowds of men and women who listened eagerly to the radio reports of the last Joe Louis fights suggest that conditions in this respect have not changed as much as in others.

The pioneers were a hearty, friendly, reasonable lot, who had no use for fighting unless there was sense to it. The bully was always discouraged. Normal noses here turned up in disdain at his threats, and if he didn't have sense enough to take the hint, his nose would be turned up, or down, or sideways, or all over his face.

But a fight for a worthy cause or a fight to exhibit skill and stamina, found ready welcome in this mining camp. One half of this is proved by the fact that more men volunteered for the Porcupine in the first World War than from any other section of Canada with similar population.

It was the love for pugilistic skill however, that led to the series of feints, fights, faints, and fiascoes, some thirty odd years ago.

It all started when a gentleman calling himself "Finch, the Northern Ontario Greyhound" came to town with his two remarkable dogs. He issued challenges right and left to take on any fighter from 125 to 140 pounds. He made widely known his remarkable prowess as a fighter. He believed in this so much that eventually he convinced himself, and some others, it was reported at the time that the other men at the hotel where the Northern Ontario Greyhound boarded had such awe of him that when he roared, "Pass the salt!" they passed the salt, and nervously passed out themselves. Had he ever called for the pepper, they would no doubt have fainted.

It wasn't long, however, before there was a reply to the Greyhound's challenges. Professor Morrow, a boxer of some skill and standing, offered to take on the challenge. The month went by, however, without final arrangements being made for the match. When application was made to Timmins town council for permission to hold the boxing bout, Councillor Globe, a veteran of the South African War, voiced the opinion of the whole council when he said: "If anybody these days wants to get into a fight, Flanders is the place for them to go." So, nothing came of that application, except that Chief of Police John Clark checked up on the challenger to see why he wasn't in military uniform. The Chief found that the bold prize fighter wasn't physically fit for service in the armed forces.

But if Prof. Morrow and the redoubtable Greyhound could not fight each other, they had opportunity for other fights. About that time who should come to the camp but a Syrian gentleman calling himself "Young Sampson." This Young Sampson gave a strong man exhibition, with a side offer of \$250.00 to anyone who could take two falls out of him in wrestling, or say two rounds with him with the gloves on. It was impressed on the northern Ontario crowd that here was the chance of his life.

He had no recourse but to accept the Young Sampson challenge. By this time Chief Clark was taking interest in the affair. He made it very clear to Sampson that the event could be nothing more than a boxing exhibition. On the side, he told Young Sampson that he would arrest him if he hit the Greyhound very hard. After the Chief saw the Greyhound stripped for action, he told Young Sampson, "Say, if you hit that fellow at all, I believe I'll arrest you anyway!"

The exhibition (and "exhibition" is the only right word) was held in the New Empire theatre, with a capacity crowd. The lovers of boxing were sadly disappointed, but the lovers of burlesque had the time of their lives. Young Sampson weighed at least twice as much as his slier opponent. When the two appeared together on the stage they remembered the mis-

Greyhound's promise to them: "I guarantee that I'll not seriously hurt Young Sampson." At the very start, Young Sampson slapped the Greyhound with an open glove, and the latter spun half across the stage. The rest of the bout, Sampson had to chase the Greyhound to get near him. After proving that the Greyhound could not hit him, he did not want to be hit. Young Sampson taunted the other man to hit him as hard as he could. Two or three times desperate bows were aimed at Young Sampson, and he deliberately stepped in front of them, apparently not feeling them, no matter where they happened to fall. The Greyhound kept his promise not to hurt Young Sampson, and Young Sampson kept his implied promise to put on a good show.

The Northern Ontario Greyhound disappeared from public notice after that notorious bout. He did not leave town, however, without some respect for his talent, for it was learned that he was paid \$25.00 for his part in the show. Young Sampson also left town at once, but he was back again at the New Empire in a few weeks giving another exhibition of his strong man stunts. He had a bumper crowd for one of his performances. Professor Morrow being advertised to give a boxing bout with the strong man. But again the crowd was sadly disappointed. Morrow showed himself a much more skillful boxer than Young Sampson, but he had no chance with his bigger and burlier opponent. The ten-round card advertised was stopped at the end of the third round by Chief Jack Wilson who felt that Morrow had received all the punishment that he could conveniently carry. In should come to the camp but a Syrian gentleman calling himself "Young

Morrow carried away a black eye and a badly bruised face.

The unequal bout was refereed by J. W. Faithful, who also refereed the real bout of the evening. C. O'Connor, a slightly-built returned soldier, here as a member of the Dominion police, had acted as second for Morrow. At the end of the Morrow affair, the returned man offered to go a few rounds with Sampson, so that the people attending might get some worth for their money. These present cheered O'Connor to the echo, and before he was through they were banging the roof down. Though unaccompanied by the fact that he was not in ring togs, and also that he was fighting with a man a hundred or more pounds over his weight, O'Connor gave the Syrian a lively time, and had it not been for the difference in weight he would have had the big fellow down and out. As it was, he had it all over Sampson on points, and Sampson could not hit him to do much damage. When O'Connor landed on Sampson, as he did with provoking frequency, the strong man knew quite well that he was not playing with Greyhounds. He fought his showmanship in his need to protect himself. He was quite pleased when at the end of the second round, O'Connor suggested that he was getting winded on account of being out of practice, and from the handicap of his ordinary clothes, and that it might be well to quit for the time, being "The decision goes to O'Connor," said the referee, and the audience thundered its approval.

There were many present at that boxing bout who would have liked to see O'Connor in the ring with Young Sampson under more even and favourable circumstances. O'Connor was ready to listen to the proposal, but that line, but Young Sampson did not appear so much interested. "I am a strong man, more than a prize fighter," he said, adding that he had to make his living by his exhibitions and entertainment.

Immediately after the show, the police visited Young Sampson to interview him as to his standing under the order-in-council requiring every man in Canada at that time to be engaged in honest and useful occupation.

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Letters to the Editor

Christian Science Society,
Timmins, Ont.,
Feb. 25th, 1949.

Mr. M. Lake,
Timmins.

Dear Mr. Lake:
The members of the Christian Science Society, Timmins, held their Annual meeting last week and by a unanimous vote it was agreed that a letter be written to thank you for your kindness in co-operating with the Asst. committee for Ont., and for publishing in your paper editorials and poems from the Christian Science Monitor.

We have always been grateful for the friendly relations we have had with the "Advance" for many years and look forward to future ones. With all good wishes,
Sincerely yours,
Board of Directors,
D. Kemsley, Clerk

U.S. Steel Millions Enter Lake Superior Uranium Area

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.—In conjunction with such well heeled Canadian mining companies as Noranda, Conwest, Bearw and Gemray Mines, the giant Jones and Laughlin Steel Company of Pittsburgh, through its Canadian subsidiary, Jalore Mining Company, has staked large acreage some miles north of the Campbell discovery at Altona Bay.

When the Camray discovery was made last fall on the shores of Lake Superior, the Jalore field staff were investigating iron occurrences in the Michipicoten. During the summer's work their engineers had noticed that the area was favourable for radioactive substances. Hence when Bob Campbell's dramatic find was broadcast to the world, these engineers knew just where to go.

Some twenty miles north of Altona Bay near the Agawa Canyon, on their second day in the bush, the Geiger counter started to hum and samples ran as high as 15.7 uranium oxide. Last year the net earnings of Jones and Laughlin amounted to \$31 million had since they have expressed their intention of spending all the money necessary to thoroughly develop their uranium find, the area is certain to be subjected to an exhaustive testing. The Directors of Jones and Laughlin believe that the development of uranium is an obligation imposed on mining companies with field organizations both as a potential source of large profits and also as a National service.

Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

Philadelphia -- want to know why we're rolling into the open season for "labor troubles"? Want to know why responsible union leaders are harried? They're on the spot. They don't want to squeeze businessmen. They know their disempowered followers are earning the highest wages since paper dollars were invented.

But the union chiefs have discovered that even top-priced working guys have had to cut down on shoes and clothes for their kids; and that many have had to buy less of the eggs, fresh fruit, vegetables and meat their families once ate regularly.

The national AFL leaders learned all this here after they sent their painstaking investigators into a big unionized Philadelphia metal fabricating plant. The probers picked some 100 high income families of skilled metal workers who would flough you down if they heard you call them "poor."

Since the war their wages have been raised 38 1/2 cents an hour--and that's about \$2 a week more than the average factory Joe has gotten anywhere else. Good plant. Good jobs. Reasonable employer.

Yet here's what the investigators found among these well-paid AFL unionists. Prices were still so high that more than three-quarters of the working men's families had had to cut at least one important living necessity since the war. In fact, most of them had been forced to sacrifice three or more such items.

There had been definite slashes in living standards because of trims in many of the "principal foods necessary to maintain physical strength and supply vitamins."

The report charged that more than half the workers cut meat and butter; one-third bought less eggs and milk. The actual figures were: 64 percent cut meat; 54 per cent cut butter; 35 per cent cut eggs; 32 per cent cut fresh fruits and vegetables.

It wasn't just food that went. About half the adults in the metal workers' families eased off considerably in their purchases of clothing and shoes while a quarter of the group had stop buying as much youngsters' clothing and shoes as they did during the war.

Comforts went, too. And that explains why many a businessman is mourning low these days. Almost half the families went to the movies less frequently. Less and less savings were used for other comforts. The AFL national officials found that money was kept in the bank instead of being drawn for furniture.

Only about a quarter of the families had bought refrigerators and radios. About 7 percent were using savings and bonds to purchase homes and only 2 percent drew for autos.

Significantly about three quarters of the families had to draw on their savings for ordinary living expenses -- and many dropped medical and dental care (20 percent). The parents did tap the bank for their children's education. And that's the story in one plant of high-priced workers, most of whom are continually cashing in their war bonds these days.

That's what leaves the responsible labor chiefs on the spot. The wage pay has almost been reached. They can't press for much more. And they're actually warning their people to follow wage policies "that will improve their members' real buying power AND WILL NOT FORCE PRICE INCREASES."

The coming months are the big wage drive season. The reason there's no real patterned fourth round this season is that the labor chiefs are on the spot and are dealing separately with each industry. Most union officials don't want to put the squeeze on business again.

And yet they're harried by this Philadelphia story. Washington--Tough-talking Harry Truman sounded off privately against the labor leaders the other night. And he didn't use initials. He was so blunt that the union chiefs who finally heard what Mr. T. had said in the dinner sanctum now wonder if they'll love the little chap as they did in December.

One thing they're now certain of -- the President may make crisp after-dinner speeches and he may even hit the whistletops again, but he doesn't intend to be his union brothers' keeper for the rest of his administration. To put it brutally, the union lads are beginning to recognize the old brush-off.

This is what they heard -- and they have reason to believe it. The labor chiefs had been protesting to everybody in the White House -- except Lanky, toothy-grinning confidential aide John Steelman, whom they loathe--that they'd been getting the run around ever since their friends took over Congress. Mr. Truman, who hates being needed, was alone with some of his lieutenants, discussing labor's gripe. Finally, he lost his temper and snapped:

"I'm tired of all the pressure by the unions. After all the farmers were there too. They elected me, or helped elect me too."

However, the union chiefs don't brush easily. They've gotten nothing but a lot of fancy footwork by Mr. Truman in two months and they were threatening to sound off. So Mr. Truman sent word to the labor people to wait and see what happened at the Jefferson Day dinner. Some of the top AFL leaders were informed by one of their colleagues, who in some fashion had seen or been told what was going into the speech, to hold their fire. They did, and Mr. Truman sounded off.

But almost 24 hours later, just when the little fellow had another chance to deliver more than that emphatic, hand-slicing speech-making technique Brother Truman snubbed the labor people again. And real cold-like. Here's how this one happened:

There's been a vacant job in the Labor Dept.--the spot of Under-Secretary of Labor. Important post, too. Whoever got it would sit in as a cabinet member every once in a while.

The CIO wanted the spot for its own tall and lean Johnny Gibson, now assistant Secretary of the Dept. The AFL sought it for Robert Wagner, Jr. It is a big political build-up spot. Good for many national speeches. Also the Under-Secretary generally runs the Dept.

So who got it? An unknown! Chap by the name of Mike Galvin of Boston. No one in labor circles knew Galvin was getting it until they saw it in the papers. Believe that. Even National Democratic Chairman McGrath was ignored.

The feeling is that this juicy patronage, the first which Mr. Truman could have handed the labor chiefs, went strictly as a payoff for the campaign barnstorming of the fiery Labor Secretary Maurice Tobin who went a bit far, friend, Mike Galvin, in

Mr. Truman said "okay. Never asked anyone else. But he's come in here from the labor constituents. Some of the nation's most powerful union chiefs man who spent almost \$1,000,000 on pre-election Truman propaganda are set to tell the President what they think of this snub.

The labor men are understandably worried. They got up their money and manpower for Truman and have gotten little in return. Now privately they are eye-peened even over the eventual junkie of the Taft-Hartley law: That's the one thing they paid for in energy and campaign funds.

While I was with the labor chiefs at their Miami mid-winter strategy party they carefully counted Senatorial noses to see what support they would get. Several reports revealed that only 38 US Senators will vote for outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley law. That, brother is 11 votes short of what's needed to junk the law and get a new one. And that 10-vote margin can't be thinned down no matter how you slice the Senate.

So the AFL has been thinking of some sort of national high-level campaign to put the heat on their Democratic friends--and needs the President into delivering to them.

Of course, they'd rather have HIM make the whistle-stop rounds. In fact, they'd like to see him do something beside being a genial White House host to their committees.

They feel strongly that they can't live on promises. The bill is \$10,000,000 a year. They'd like to see the Communist Party's propaganda, strike-breaking, and "information-gathering" machinery operating underground and in the open throughout the country at this moment while its leaders are on trial for conspiracy.

That's the estimate of experts who have had accountants examine the financial records--and bank statements--of the Comities and their fronts. Although only a handful of men in and out of the Party know who the Commie boys men are it is known that much of the Comrade's folding money comes in big sums from a few mysterious sources.

However--despite the fact that the American Communist's sucker lists aren't paying off as they were -- the Party still has enough innocent fronts going to bring in several million dollars a year. And new outfits are being set up each week.

Today there are at least 40 Communist fronts operating nationally--and about 300 other little committees--working local areas for the Communist Party.

Their fifth pitch, of course, is raising funds--and hooking anti-capitalist anti-"Wall Street" propaganda around this drive for the freeing of their 12 indicted leaders. This is costing the Party -- according to the same expert sources -- here some \$10,000 a day. Most of this money is shoved out of a little lower New York suite of offices occupied by the Civil Rights Congress.

Whatever sucker money the Party and its side-shows are taking in across the board is not from the unions as it used to be but from the university intellectuals and alleged liberals, you should excuse the expression.

The labor lads are wise to the party techniques--and the college crowd still is politically sophisticated. Just look at the startlingly long list of members of the neo-Communist outfit which is trying to impact the constantly re-educating longhair composer Dmitri Shostakovich to smother the thundering crescendo to the pro-Soviet "perce drive" due to start in a few weeks.

There are some 400 of these cultural schools on this list. The new committee, whipped together a most other pro-Commie fronts were dying, has more glamor on it than anything the Party's friends ever turned out before.

'The Thursday Whim'

By J. L. W.

The ceiling lamp we referred to last week has finally been installed. The electrician came around and put it up. Peace, it was wonderful!

And, with the lamp obstacle overcome, our parents are again themselves. Father, a boisterous boy of sixty, has returned to his bragging about the night he was elected first tenor of the Orphan's Choir. Temporarily, of course. His wife, a woman who believes a social climber is a house plant has resumed a dignified vigil at the side of her favourite potted fern. The fern is about to have a new shoot.

In the midst of these repulsive goings on we are attempting to translate the complete works of Robert Burns into English. We may need some help.

"They'll be a hoch't time in the old town tonight!" Something is definitely wrong with this typewriter.

And speaking of things going wrong prompts us to inform you that recently, through Peie McGillen in the Toronto Telegram, we found out what a "Puggwuzzy" is.

A puggwuzzy is an imp of the forest. He is to the Indian what the fairy or leprechaun is to the Irishman, and is all mischief and unseen.

Reading about these puggwuzzies gave me a severe blow to our pride when, in Londonderry Ireland on a balmy April night, a leprechaun or some such thing entered her two timing little hide and used her heart for a tom-tom.

To begin at the beginning; this cat was taken as a kitten from the sordid environment of a Montreal back alley and elevated to the position of ship's mascot. We doted and drooled over her in the best traditions of sentimental clobberheads. Everyone worried over her safety and well being, watching her diet and covering up when she got into troubles that might have got her the heave-ho.

We even went so far as to get her private sleeping quarters in the canvas flat and fashioned a hammock for her with suitable feminine frills. It might be well, at this point, to explain that the word "we" now embraces some hundred and seventy odd men. Company is good when things get ridiculous.

This cat worship went on for a good ten months. And it appears now that, at that time, we seemed to hope she would drop the natural independence of the cat species and make known her appreciation for the love we were attempting to do for her. As we remember it, she merely looked bored. At times she alternated her bored routine with a lightning change of temperament; refusing to be stroked, hissing, scratching, yowling and carrying on something like our favourite sister.

Sometimes we speculated as to the condition of her mind. The cat's mind, that is. But never once did we apply the perception of common sense to the name we had christened. Her name was Eight-Ball.

Then, after ten months, came that fateful night in Londonderry. Eight-Ball was taking her evening constitutional on the quarter-deck when, softly, from the darkness of the night came the cry of a tom cat. A tom cat with a Canadian accent.

Eight-Ball loved with him for a while and then began an animated conversation. And, as the quarter master later testified before a tribunal of shaken seamen, at the exact moment it seemed that both cat had ceased on something which, he said, sounded like a muzzed version of Montreal. Eight-Ball rose up and snell off into the night.

It was later rumored that the destroyer Coffey was also missing a cat by the name of Professor Dick, late of the Montreal alley's.

Of course, nothing was ever proved. Except that once a cat always a cat. We don't know whether a leprechaun got into her, a puggwuzzy or just plain love.

All we ever got out of the experience were a few sagacious words from a chief petty officer as he was drying his eyes of the whole affair. He said: "It's like the monkey said when he caught his tail in the washing machine wringer. Never fool with a machine you don't understand."