

The Porcupine Advance

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The Balance of Power

Signing of the Atlantic Pact, by which Britain, United States, Canada, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, France and Norway pledge assistance to one another in the event of attack by an aggressor, will provide the first effective check to the Soviet plan for conquering the world. The pact will do much to revive confidence and to re-establish faith—since the end of the war so close to extinction.

Once again there is a balance of power. The democratic nations can show a population and an armed strength almost equal to the known resources of the Russian war bloc. So long as this balance can be retained there will be peace in the world.

The maintenance of strong military forces will be a drain upon our democratic economies, but the costs of peace are never so high as the terrible costs of modern war. Behind the protection of the Atlantic Pact the democratic nations can set their minds and productive strengths to furthering the progress of mankind.

In the hysterical attacks of native and Russian Communists upon the Pact is an all-too-easily recognized reflection of the black days of 1938 and 1939 when Hitler and his crew of would-be world conquerors launched their "peace offensives" and flung their wild-eyed charges of "war monger" and "capitalist" against men like Winston Churchill who saw so clearly the deadly ambush into which the peace of the world was heading.

Recently in Toronto's Massey Hall, which has provided a rostrum for many great and patriotic Canadians, Canadian Communist Tim Buck termed the Atlantic Pact a "Suicide Pact" which "is a barrel of dynamite under the United Nations". The meeting which was chaired by Toronto Alderman Norman Freed, subscribed \$745 to the "fight for peace", unanimously endorsed a resolution condemning the North Atlantic Pact as a "War Pact", and demanded that the agreement not be signed. The Federal government was to urge the formation of a "Peace Pact" through the United Nations instead.

In an open letter to the government of Canada, Tim Buck has the effrontery to say: "We Communists do not have to answer for our patriotism. We warned the world in the 30's of the consequences of appeasing Hitler." This from the leader of the party whose Toronto committee passed out sheets, printed surreptitiously in wartime (but prior to the German attack on Russia) to urge Canadian soldiers to mutiny against their government in the interests of a Communist revolution. (A copy of one of these sheets is reproduced on page 36 of "The Communist Threat to Canada".) President Truman recently referred to native U.S. Communists as "traitors". This is the only suitable word. Their creed is international treason, and they are dangerous. The Atlantic Pact must not become another Maginot Line, behind which the democracies will forget the calibre of the foe which menaces them. The Pact offers a way to establish a balance of power, but a very precarious balance.

The Snap Back of Democracy

"Dictatorship is brutal because it is brittle. It cannot bend; it can only break or be broken. It cannot lead its people, it can only drive them."

"Democracy on the other hand, is resilient. It bends with breaking. It sways to the left or to the right, and returns to the point of normal balance. It calls for leaders, not drivers. A free people can be led a greater distance and to greater heights than a slave people can be driven."

International Treachery

Recent statements by Communist leaders Thorez, Togliatti and others erase any lingering doubts as to their stand in the event of a war between their countries and Russia. Their statements are loaded, with the usual content of Marxist weasel-wording. A much less widely publicized statement by Bulgarian Communist leader Dimitrov before the fifth Bulgarian Communist Congress in Sofia, states the official Kremlin view on international revolution much more clearly. The authoritative London Economist reports the statement this way.

"All Communists should realize the importance of the full coordination of the activities of all Communist parties in the world under the leadership of the Soviet Communist party. All Communist parties have one common policy and acknowledge the great Soviet Communist party as the leading and guiding party of the international labour movement."

Or, as Divitrov has put it better still in a leading article of December 18th last year. "It should not be forgotten that—in spite of the fact that the Communist International does not exist—all Communist parties in the world form one single Communist front under the direction of the most powerful and most experienced Communist party, the party of Lenin and Stalin; that all Communist parties have one common scientific theory as a guide to their actions—Marxist-Leninism; and that all Communist parties have one leader and teacher recognized by all—Comrade Stalin."

It cannot be too often repeated that the Communists do not think in terms of countries or continents or even hemispheres. It is the world which concerns them. They see their movement spreading like growing organisms—or rot—to cover the whole globe. Here is Lenin himself on this subject, "the victorious proletariat of one country—after organizing its own socialist production, should stand up against the remaining capitalist world, attracting to itself the oppressed classes of other countries, raising revolts in those countries against the capitalists, in the event of necessity coming out even with armed force against the exploiting classes and their governments."

And Stalin, who was supposed to believe that Communism was not for export. "The goal is to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat in one country, using it as a base for the overthrow of imperialism in other countries."

PLEASE SAY "TAX-PAID" INSTEAD OF "FREE"

The most popular governmental policies are those which lead large sections of voters to believe that they will be given something "free." There is no vote-getting appeal half so potent as the offer of "free" government gifts which come in the form of government cheques.

It is almost impossible for the average voter to realize that he pays to the government, in direct and indirect taxes, what the government sends him in the form of personal remittances. If all "free" government schemes were to be called "tax-paid," voters might eventually come to realize that they are out the considerable bookkeeping cost involved in taking their money away and giving it back to them in order to give governments the appearance of rich and generous parents.

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 96. When Porcupine Had a Coal Famine.

In the early days of the Porcupine, coal shortages were more frequent than those who might picture this land as a wood-burning area would suppose. The fact is that there was much coal burned here from the earliest days. Some of the larger buildings were equipped only to burn coal, and most of the householders here had brought along their coal-burning stoves and ranges, and depended on coal for most of their heating needs. The coal dealers here, however, were an able and enterprising lot, and usually Porcupine managed to have enough coal to meet the needs.

But in 1918 there was a genuine coal famine in the Porcupine.

Due to war conditions the Dominion Government found it necessary to establish what was in effect the rationing of anthracite coal. In such cases the practice in general use during the first world war was to appoint a Dominion controller, with the provinces each having their own controllers, and the municipalities appointing commissioners to carry out the plan of rationing.

Usually, this scheme worked well, for it provided for peculiar local conditions, leaving the important local needs.

But, though the local fuel commissioner, Fire Chief Borland, was an ideal man for the work, conditions here were very bad, because the higher authorities neglected to follow the well-considered advice of the local commissioner.

Under the fuel control plan, local commissioners were required to send the Provincial Fuel Controller figures and facts to show the minimum amount of hard coal that would be essential in each locality. In every case where equipment could be changed over, without prohibitive cost, so that anthracite coal could be displaced by bituminous coal, or wood, this change should be made. As usual, Fire Chief Borland did an able and patriotic piece of work. If Timmins and district had received the amount of coal estimated by Fire Chief Borland all would have been well here, and, if all other localities had been similarly accurate in their estimates, the situation all over Canada would have been satisfactory.

The Provincial Fuel Controller, however, wanted to cut down the limited amount of anthracite called for in this area. Fuel Commissioner Borland, the Timmins Board of Trade, Timmins Town Council and other bodies made strenuous efforts to convince the Provincial Fuel Controller. As a matter of fact, they were able to do this, but the locality still was no further ahead in the matter of coal, as no shipments of coal came through here.

Other communities in the North Land suffered similarly. Cochrane, for example, was allotted only 540 tons, though the town's electric light plant needed over 800 tons to carry on. Later on, however, Cochrane did receive 1140 tons of anthracite. Timmins and district were allowed to keep on suffering in the matter until

the war's end.

Anyone who may think that Timmins and the Porcupine took the discrimination without objection does not know the old-timers. A steady barrage was maintained against the Fuel Controller. The Porcupine Advance used everything from sarcasm to sarcasap to get the coal cars coming towards Porcupine. When one of the telegraph wires to the South was hit by lightning and put out of commission for a short time, the local theory was that a telegram from the local Commissioner to the Fuel Controller at Toronto had simply burned up the wire. Town council and Board of Trade also kept up the heat. Perhaps, all this may have kept up the temperature enough to prevent the people from freezing to death in the coal famine in this cold country.

Of course, there were some lighter touches to the heat against discrimination to this supposedly "wood-burning" country. Right at the height of the local famine, Marshall-Eccleston's store window showed a most provoking display of coal scuttles, coal shovels, and fire irons. When it was suggested to one of the firm that this display might seem to be "rubbing it in," the answer was: "Why, no!"

"It's simply another hint to the Fuel Controller," the answer continued. "We'll supply everything else, if he'll simply let the coal come in here."

Postmaster H. Peters took serious risks to have his joke about the coal situation. In the window of the post office he placed a piece of furnace coal, tempting bold robbers to smash the window to secure the most coveted mineral then in this land of gold. Alongside this "practically extinct" mineral, there was a card with the words:

"A specimen of real, genuine coal - very rare - worth fabulous prices - was actually burned in stoves and furnaces before the Great World War - now almost unknown."

The Governments, both Dominion and Provincial, came in for severe criticism in regard to the inconvenience and actual suffering in the North through the lack of coal. It was pointed out that private enterprise had been much more far-sighted in the matter of avoiding a fuel shortage in Canada. There had been urgent demands as early as 1916 and 1917 for the development of the known peat fields north of Cochrane. The T.N.O. Railway did evidence a little enterprise by sending A. A. Cole, the commission's mining engineer, to investigate. His report was favourable, but nothing was done.

So far as the Governments were concerned nothing was done, either in regard to the reported finding of hard coal not a great distance from Hallsbyrny. The Government attitude seemed to be that if there was really a coal field in the North, the Government would be likely to take it over. No better idea could have been suggested to stop the procedure that would have made it plain where

ther or not there was anthracite coal present in commercial quantities. Private enterprise was virtually notified that if there were coal they would lose their money by the Government taking over, while, of course, they would lose if they failed to find the coal in commercial quantities.

The fuel situation in the winter of 1918 would have been a very serious matter, had the people here failed to show more enterprise and practical effort than evidenced by the Governments. The Board of Trade of Timmins, together with the town council, arranged a plan whereby citizens were assured of good work. The fuel merchants were doing a good job, but the situation called for something more than the ordinary. So many people, who had been using coal had to depend on wood for fuel that it was difficult to supply the demand without some special arrangements.

The following notice appearing for several weeks in The Porcupine Advance explains one of the special arrangements made:

"WOOD"

"Through arrangements made by the Timmins Board of Trade, citizens of the Town who wish to cut their own wood for this winter may be able to secure a few acres of good standing timber in the fire area around the town.

"As in this area all timber must be cleared off before May 1st, in accordance with the regulations regarding the protection of the North Land towns from the forest fire menace, the owners will be willing to allow the cutting of the wood at a low figure per acre.

"The Government has also agreed to refund all timber dues when the slash is cleared away, etc.

"Further particulars may be obtained from Mr. Fred Hamilton, Montreal, Chief Fire Ranger, or this district, or from Dr. J. A. McInnis, President of the Timmins Board of Trade."

"Kilocycling with Mike"

To the present time, radio stations in Newfoundland have been identified by calls starting with the letters "VO". Thus, two of the island stations are VOOM and VONF. It seems probable that at some future meeting of the international group which controls such matters, the Newfoundland stations will likely be included in the same group of call letters as those reserved or Canadian broadcasters. In this country the allotted letters are those between CFAA and CKZZ. In addition, by special arrangement, stations owned and operated by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation are allowed to use the letters "CB" as the first two in their various identifications. In the United States, where the first letters in all calls are "K" or "W", it will be found, as a general rule, that most of the "W" stations are located in the East, and most of the "K" stations west of the Mississippi. Bermuda stations are identifiable by the prefix "Z"; Trinidad broadcasters use the letter "T" as the first in their identifying calls.

Mayors of some Canadian communities are using the radio to make regular weekly reports to the citizens of their home towns. Members of Parliament, too, are broadcasting reports from Ottawa to their home constituencies. The latter are recorded in a special studio in the Capital City and are sent by transcription to stations across the country. Quite a number of members of the Dominion House also keep their constituents advised on Ottawa topics by a regular news letter printed in the local weekly papers published within their ridings.

One of the rumors being heard in the larger American cities these days suggests that magazine publishers may be worried by the competition they may have to face from television. Television, it is claimed, has the advantage of showing products in actual use, which is said to be more effective than the almost-life-like illustrations in full colour, which are the feature of present-day magazines. The fear is likely not too well founded, for millions of people read magazines, while only a few thousand see television. Similar rumors were prevalent in the early days of radio; they have not materialized, even after 25 years.

The annual re-shuffling of radio programs is not far distant. It will come when daylight saving time goes into effect in most of the larger centres across the North American continent.

There was a time when it was generally acknowledged that people pretty well quit listening to the radio when the "summer season" arrived. More recently, it has been proven that such is not the case, for car radios and portable sets have kept listeners provided with radio entertainment even though they have not remained in their homes.

Nevertheless, there is still a considerable amount of confusion every year when radio goes on "fast time". For several days folks wonder whether a program they regularly listen to will be heard an hour earlier, or an hour later than usual. Some of their shows are missing from the air; other programs are switched to divergent times to fill out the day's schedule.

Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

A kid's love for a wide-eyed doll and the yearning of the devout for comforting prayer, even in moments other than these holy days, should be immune from the international shenanigans of Communist operators.

But neither the young nor the worshipping are exempt from left-I well-politik. They are exploited to make a buck for the "cause," as today's unholy tale will quickly prove.

Let me pick this story up for as a letter is laid on Secretary of State Acheson's desk (a week ago). A letter, oddly enough, from the CIO Playthings, Jewelry and Novelty Workers whose leaders had a weird story to tell. For a year they had been counting imports from Czechoslovakia forced-labor factories and now were able to report that the Communists had been flooding America with millions of articles of religious devotion.

Of these imports, over 1,250,000 were rosaries, skillfully and anonymously poured into the U.S. Religious buyers have had no idea they were subsidizing the regime set up a year ago by the first successful revolt of specially-trained and secretly-armed Stalinist Action Committees. At a strategic moment in February, 1948, these committees streamed out of the very factories which today produce these objects.

The travelling Action Committees not only seized Czechoslovakia, but later were shifted into Austria, where they now await the signal for similar assaults. They also slipped into Hungary. There they helped "keep order" during Cardinal Mindszenty's "trial".

Now the iron-ucertain Reds need U.S. dollars for food and machinery, so they set aside huge plants for the manufacture of articles of devotion for sale to unsuspecting American Catholics.

Czech Communist industrial Commissars ordered also the construction of large new jewelry factories, to flood us with bracelets, brooches, clips and other such items, on which profit in American currency is large.

And from Hyman Powell's AFL International Jewelry Workers, which unionizes U.S. toy manufacturers, it is learned that these special Czech plants turning out dolls which they hope you'll buy for your youngsters next Christmas.

If you do, there may well be the tears of many a Czech worker on the doll's garments—for there no longer is free labor in Czechoslovakia.

Union: there have been reduced to registration headquarters. The five and six-day week have been wiped out and with them went the eight-hour day. In their place are slave camps, officially and publicly established some 10 months ago by the Communist regime.

To these camps are sent "work shirkers" and "disrupters". Our own U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics reports the meaning of these terms. "So ill-defined and so sweeping it appears they may be applied to anyone whose political and economic character is not acceptable to the (Communist) government."

That means Czech factories producing rosaries or dolls, religious articles, or brooches for the show-off who loves to boast of "imported jewelry", are manned by forced labor at peons' wages.

Because the U.S. has not torn up the 1948 treaties we had with the chasteless democratic Czech regime of the beloved Benes, the Communist trading chiefs can still flood the U.S. with cheap slave-made products.

Aside from the sacrilegious aspect of these gruesome goods, there's the serious problem of the American jewelry workers—now hit by mass layoffs.

In his letter to Acheson, the CIO union chief, Tony Esposito, said: "The jewelry trade has been one of the first to feel the effects of the growing recession and unemployment which is now general. Large-scale layoffs, a phenomenon not seen since before the war, have again become commonplace."

The Czechoslovakia of today is not the government with which trade agreements were originally negotiated. I believe there must be some administrative remedy.

If there isn't, we might as well package our folding money and send it to Moscow direct. We'll save them the trouble and ourselves the embarrassment of the stupid.

Fifteen millions dollars worth of unsold refrigerators can make a lot of ice cubes—every one of which could be used to soothe the headaches of the huge Detroit firm stuck with the mechanical ice boys.

So desperate is this company that the other day its executive passed word on to the union leader with whom they deal, that if they hadn't been promised virtually immediate large military orders their plant would shut down and fire thousands of employees.

This unpleasant tale of the company with \$15,000,000 worth of refrigerators growing unholy in warehouses unfortunately reflects the deep freeze in which many big firms find themselves.

And only the prospect of a spring thaw in the way of billions in Army, Navy and Air Force orders, already secretly promised in off-the-record conversations between the Secretary of Defense's office and leading industrialists, keeps many a plant open and hundreds of thousands of AFL and CIO people working.

Without the cold war orders, firms such as the refrigerator outfit would simply shut down, dismantle machinery and sell their heavy backlogs as they can over the next two years.

Instead they have stayed in business awaiting the next 60 days of heavy war orders—and so the cold war has been responsible for a remarkable unobserved phenomenon:

There's been an almost unnoticed fourth round of wage increases. Because millions have not been thrown out of work this spring by the biggest of companies, all business looks for an upturn, figuring there'll be plenty of cash around. Also—because the dread climate of wide unemployment has disappeared in the past 30 days or so—unions have been encouraged to ask for wage increases.

And they've gotten them, without a fight, without much management resistance. The fact is that in 38 per cent of the union contracts signed in the past six weeks, the working guy has won an average raise of from \$3.20 to \$4.80 cents a week depending on the area and industry.

Private and unpublished government surveys disclose that the contracts fall into three groups—those with eight, ten and twelve cents an hour increase.

In other words, the only difference between 1948 and 1949 is that the raises are lower this year than in the third round. Where the average raise last year for all industry was about \$4.50 a week, this year it's closer to \$3.35 a week. But one thing is certain: hourly wage rates have continued to go up—and without too much bickering on either side.

And they'll continue to rise, at least throughout the spring and summer as war contracts are poured into the big industrial cities by Washington.

Within three weeks the steel union's national bargaining conference will meet in Pittsburgh, probably the first week in May. At that time Steel Workers' chief Phil Murray will ask big and little steel for substantial increase in addition to welfare benefits.

And it is flatly predicted here that he'll get much of what he wants before the Summer's heat settles on this big, belching Pittsburgh smokestack. Without a strike, at that.

So serious is Murray about getting more money from the pulsating steel industry in the next 90 days, he told President Truman in a recent visit that he planned to demand pay raises for his million followers and so set a fourth round pattern for the entire country regardless of the threat of unemployment.

Phil Murray will succeed. And there won't be much slugging in this fourth round. The cold war will help all of us take the hot weather a little more comfortably.

HEARD ON THIS BEAT: Out of last week-end's quiet unreported Chicago conference of labor chiefs, who once were Franklin Roosevelt's personal powerhouses has come a plan for political invasion of the South to smash the old Dixie political leaders by welding a block of 2,000,000 new Negro voters.

This will require energetic district-by-district organizing in Southern cities. But the labor leaders, a coalition of powerful AFL and CIO men including Bill Green, David Dubinsky, Walter Reuther and national CIO secretary Jim Carey are ready to lay it on the Mason-Dixon line in an effort to get the Negroes' and low income white folk's poll taxes paid up and votes for New Deal or Fair Deal candidates lined up for 1950's Congressional poll.

The Army's old walkie-talkie gadget is going into politics. Now that the Federal Communication Commission has set June 1 as the date after which civilians can buy and use these small portable broadcasting and receiving sets, the CIO's political action committee this week alerted its field men to examine possible use of the walkie talkie for instructions to doorbell ringers on registration and election days, when the big squads are out.

Broadway playwright Lillian Hellman is soliciting funds from businessmen to pay the bills for dispatching pro-Communist "peace and cultural" front organizers "to every section of the country" to "mobilize millions of Americans in a roll call for peace." This roll call will be in the form of a multi-million signature petition to Mr. Truman. The final showdown on whether CIO chief Phil Murray has the power to suspend unions which defy national CIO policy will come at the long-postponed end of May CIO executive board session. CIO's Communist unions again are ready to bolt and set up their own federation if Murray tries to discipline them for their nose-thumbing of CIO national convention decisions.

Sweet—for-the-sour-dept.—Virtually driven out of New York by collapse of the United Mine Workers' taxi strike, John Lewis' District 50 has just signed a small Pineville, Ky., candy store called Sweet Shop. Also, Lewis' lieutenants are now glad to be able to boast that they organized 21 small restaurants in Charleston, W.Va. All by way of explaining where the huge sums of miners' dues go. And while they're explaining, how about John L. himself telling us why coal union local presidents in Whiting, W.Va.; Benwood, W.Va.; Yorkville, Ohio; and Martins Ferry, O., have joined with Communist union chiefs in blasting the Atlantic Pact?

'The Thursday Whim'

By J. L. W.

Once upon a time there were two brothers; and it may be that two brothers have existed at other times, although who can be sure of anything these days?

Well then, once upon a time there were two brothers. The name of one of the brothers was Joseph, and the name of the other brother was Joe. Strangely enough, all similarity between brothers began and ended with the sameness of their names; and, after all, who isn't?

Joseph, elder of the two, decided early in life he would like to become a watchmaker and, shortly after leaving school (4.15 p.m.), he apprenticed himself to a plumber and duly learned that trade. He earned about \$20.00 a week as an apprentice and managed to set aside enough of the money to finance a correspondence course in watchmaking. (The boy was ambidextrous.) This pursuit kept him engaged in study almost every evening; and, all things considered, don't you think, didn't even bother going to school as a youth. He remained uneducated, unbiased, handsome and spoke in a strange tongue flavoured with Gaelic and the better words of poor English; yet, if all of us will be frank with our answers, most people use poor English doesn't we?

The years went by and Joseph, as a result of intense study successfully completed his correspondence course and was given, along with his diploma, a letter of introduction to a large watchmaking firm in Switzerland, a small island in the Dutch East Indies whose inhabitants are renowned for partaking of the wherewithal to finance his passage to Switzerland and so was forced to take a small shop on the outskirts of town and do his watchmaking on a private basis; and, really, doesn't it nearly always happen?

Things went differently with Joe. A fortune teller taught him to play poker. He made money playing cards and once, while following a floating game he met a man who had developed a system for beating chain letters. They developed a friendship of sorts and Joe's friend taught letters. How Joe how to write. They made all sorts of money with chain letters. Ever, it was not long before Joe met a construction engineer who introduced him to the possibilities of Pyramid clubs. Shortly after this Joe branched out for himself and inside of two years was worth in the neighborhood of \$100,000.00. But aren't some people always broke?

Joseph worked unrecognized for ten years and then, by a stroke of luck, was hired by a soft drink firm to construct for them a huge clock which was to be used for advertising purposes. Joseph worked very hard. But, he deprived himself of sleep and even his always moderate pleasures. Previous to his commission to build the clock, Joseph had been a father out with the children in the neighborhood due to his making for them dolls and toys of many descriptions. But, now he became surly. He had no time for the children and one night, when a little girl had poked her head in the door of the shop and promised doll, Joseph flew into such a rage that he pushed the little girl back from the door and slammed the door with such force that the main spring of the huge clock came loose from its position, wrapped itself around Joseph's neck and strangled him; though, aren't some children bothersome?

Joe prospered. He made money at every game he played and soon nearly every lottery on which he held a ticket. Money came to him from all the strangest money making schemes and he lived in a large duplex apartment waited on, hand and foot, by a host of servants. He became one of the most respected of men. She was having a wonderful time in one of the most respected of men. He was having a wonderful time in one of the most respected of men. She was having a wonderful time in one of the most respected of men. He was having a wonderful time in one of the most respected of men. She was having a wonderful time in one of the most respected of men.

MORAL: I sometimes wonder.