

The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26

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Color In Butter vs Margarine

Recently I visited one of the new hospitals to call on a sick friend. I was very much impressed with the modern furniture.

It was excellent in design and color of wood. When I took a closer look, however, the furniture was all steel finished to look like wood. If the lumber people were on their toes, they should now appeal to the government (anyone will do) to "pass a law" to prevent such obvious deception. Why should the butter makers get special treatment?

Do you remember "way back when" the substitutes for silk first came on the market? They were just substitutes, but when they carried new terms, for themselves—"rayon," "celanese," etc., they found their own place in the market.

If margarine is a good food product, as it now appears, all the laws in the land will not stop its progress. They may delay the process and hold up the new product for a time in this country. If the fight is going to be in the realm of color, and color is good for the sale of butter, as it is, why shouldn't the same color be OK in margarine for the same buyers?

If "Color Makes the World Go Buy"—then the lack of good color lets the sale go by. Canada Ink

Children Traffic Victims Emphasize Need For Care

Between the opening of school last September and the closing for the Easter holidays, 149 children were victims of traffic accidents in Toronto. In 95 of these accidents, children of from 5 to 9 years of age were involved; in 39 the children were between the ages of 9 and 12. In 71 of the cases, the children were on their way to or from school. More than a quarter of the accidents were due to children running out from between parked cars.

These figures emphasize once more the absolute necessity of all traffic, whether motor, cyclist or horse-drawn, exercising constant diligence to avert danger, especially when school is going in or coming out, when children are at play along the streets and where parked cars hide the view. They illustrate, too, the necessity for training little children to awareness of the dangers of the streets.

"Elmer" the Safety Elephant, introduced into the schools in November, 1947, by The Telegram in conjunction with the Toronto Traffic Safety Council, has helped to make school children safety-conscious. Each school which experiences an accident-free month is awarded a six-foot green pennant bearing "Elmer" and the inscription, "An Elephant Never Forgets." If a single accident mars the record of any school flying the flag, it is taken down by a police officer and a short talk is given to the assembled pupils. The flag is not returned until the school has maintained an accident-free record for another month. School spirit has made the loss of the flag a major incident in the school life. During the first year of operation the green pennant program reduced child accidents by 44 per cent. Although 195 children were injured in 1947-48, 35 schools were able to keep their flag flying all year without a single accident.

Seven Point Clean-Up Program Recommended For Fire Safety

Fire Chief William Stanley, defining the Spring Clean-Up drive as "an all-round job of spring cleaning with emphasis on removing fire hazards," today recommended a seven-point Spring Clean-Up program.

"If these seven recommendations were adopted by every person in Timmins, we would have only a small percentage of our present number of fires. Records of the National Fire Prevention Association show that about 90 percent of all fires can be blamed on common fire hazards," the chief said.

He asked that Spring Clean-Up not be confined to homes but be extended to garages, sheds, stores and industrial buildings. All yards and grounds should be cleaned up, he said. He warned that rubbish, leaves, and dried vegetation should be burned in an incinerator and only on wind-free days. In the spring, conditions are ideal for conflagrations, he explained, because roofs are dry and winds are fresh. Wind can quickly whip sparks from a "harmless" trash fire to flammable roof tops or to tinder-dry fields and woodlands.

Chief Stanley outlined this seven-point program of the National Fire Protection Association, Spring Clean-Up sponsor:

1. Get rid of combustible debris—old magazines, old newspapers, discarded furniture, boxes, and similar material. Rubbish can catch fire from a stray spark and can ignite spontaneously.
2. Heating plants and chimneys are dirty after months of continuous use during the winter. They should be cleaned and repaired if necessary.
3. Inspect other parts of the house which might have been harmed by winter weather. Pay special attention to roofs, replacing old wooden shingle roofing with fire-resistant asphalt shingles, asbestos, slate or metal roofing.
4. Check all electrical equipment. Repair defective equipment. Replace frayed cords.
5. Don't use flammable cleaning fluids. Non-explosive cleaners are available.
6. Keep oily rags in covered metal containers to forestall spontaneous ignition.
7. Never smoke in bed. Keep matches away from small children. Have plenty of ash trays available and always see that a cigarette or match is extinguished before discarding.

No Place For "Softies"

The North is no place for "softies" who come into the country with eyes filled with glamor in anticipation of work in the mines or the bush.

The logging drives are just getting under way in the rivers in the Timmins district but there is no room for the inexperienced youngsters, whose only knowledge of river driving has been gleaned from romantic novels of the northern hinterlands.

At the present time the driving is confined to the rivers, as most of the lakes are still ice-locked. Experienced bushmen are filling the positions as rapidly as they become open. These men, who recognize hemlock from pine, are mostly men who have completed a winter's operation in the bush and are taking a brief respite in the city between the end of the cutting period and the time of river driving.

It is unfortunate that the spring urge to travel gets into the veins of the youth and young men in Southern Ontario and turns their steps to the North.

Employment office reports show the usual turnover of transient callers looking for work. They are disappointed when they cannot find work and too often are compelled to "ride the rods" when their funds are exhausted.

Northern hospitality does not like to see men in search of work going hungry but there is a limit to the extent to which hospitality can be strained. It becomes an imposition to expect municipal and other agencies to hand out free meals and lodging.

To those obsessed with the "northern itch" we can give only this word of advice. Stop, look and listen before starting the long trek from the home town. Sudbury Star

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 97. Some Anecdotes of the Early Days

A teacher in a Timmins school thirty odd years ago had some difficulty in explaining to her pupils the exact meaning of the word, "anecdote."

However, she felt that she had the matter all clear when she said: "An anecdote is a short tale with an odd twist at the end." The pupils generally seemed to grasp the idea from that way of phrasing it.

But when she asked each young one to write a sentence, using the word "anecdote" correctly, little Phil wrote: "My old dog has a queer anecdote."

Teachers in Timmins in the early days were not easily discouraged. It is doubtful if they have changed much in this particular up to the present time.

In any event the teacher of 1918 continued to teach "anecdotes" until she had patiently pounded the right ideas into the children's minds. It is not many weeks ago that one of her pupils quoted with relish one of her remarks in reference to anecdotes.

This pupil, now with school-age children of his own, says that the teacher's idea has stayed in his mind through the years, and that he has always had a fancy for anecdotes.

The gentleman recalls that the teacher emphasized the thought that an anecdote is a little story that gives a better idea of characters and life than many more pretentious and extended narratives.

Of course, Timmins in the early days had its anecdotes - scores of them - grave and gay - though chiefly gay.

Sometimes the police were the heroes, or the villains, of the anecdotes. Usually, a reflection on the police would be more or less popular. This, however, was more the fault of the necessary enforcement of such measures as the Ontario Temperance Act, and not because of any particular failing of the police.

The story of the day when the police "saw snakes" was a popular old-time anecdote.

When the Chief of Police Saw Snakes It is a common enough event in an ordinary town for the police to pick up a man for being intoxicated, and then for the drunken man to begin to "see snakes," after he is locked up. But Timmins is no ordinary town! People and events here are different.

In Timmins in 1918, it was the police who saw snakes after a drunken man had been locked up. And the snakes were in a bottle at that.

On a Friday, Officer Norman Burke picked up a drunken man on the street and had the inebriated fellow safely locked up. It appeared that the spiffed gentleman had been drinking a patent medicine that was patently bad medicine for a white man.

A bottle of this medicine was found in one of his outside pockets and it was suspected that he had several

other bottles stored away, inside - without the bottles.

On the Saturday, Chief Wilson allowed the offender to go, but the "medicine man" got drunk again that he had to be picked up once more.

In searching the drunken man on this second arrest, the Chief found a bottle, and in this bottle the Chief saw snakes. The Chief could scarcely believe his own eyes. He said to himself, no doubt, that if he wasn't seeing snakes, then he must be "seeing snakes."

The Chief tried the bottle on the Tax Collector, and the Tax Collector turned white.

Then Fire Chief Borland was called in. "They're snakes all right," he said. Next ex-Chief Sailey was shown the snakes. Then Town Foreman Jack MacLennan was consulted. "I wouldn't know what kind o' snakes they are," Jack said.

Everybody saw the snakes, and there was some alarm in some quarters. Men who should come along, but Gib McInnis. Gib was hailed as an expert and he soon calmed all fears.

"There are snakes there all right," Gib said, "but you're not seeing snakes just the same! D'ye get me? You see those snakes are little green fellows, and they have no sky blue purple yellow horns, nor green fire scarlet eyes, nor red black golden streaks across their backs, as bottle snakes always have, believe me! These are just ordinary honest-to-goodness green snakes!"

"It would be perfectly safe to take another drink after seeing them," Gib concluded. "In fact, I think a drink would do us all good after the fright we've had. That is, of course, if you happen to have any buttermilk or cocoa-cola handy!"

The Donation was Anonymous Then, there is the anecdote of the argument in a Timmins jewelry store. Two important and respected citizens were concerned in this heated contest.

The one man blurted out something about Sir Robert Borden disfranchising part of the women of Canada.

"I'll bet you fifty dollars he did nothing of the sort!" flared the other man.

"I'll take that bet!" roared the first speaker. The jeweller was called to hold the stakes. But he insisted that the stakes should be only five dollars against five.

The argument waxed "fierce, fiercer, fiercest!" It fairly sizzled.

He couldn't take away the franchise from any women when none of them had it before!" roared the Union Government man.

"But he should have given it to all women, and so he robbed the women who were not given the franchise!"

'The Thursday Whim'

By J. L. W.

The neighborhood of Bedlam-on-the-swamp has survived Mother's day very well, thank you. Practically every male in the place spent the day digging in the back garden. The children played swat-the-can in the front street and, one of the leading statisticians on the doings of the off-sprouts, came forward with the information of there being no less than ten fights among the youngsters.

One of the mothers, and after all it was their day, spent most of the time seated beside the radio listening to a radio announcer eulogizing her station in life. In between eulogies she was treated with the respect accorded a piece of Dresden china. Most of the males continued digging in the back garden.

Monday came and things remained relatively unchanged. The kids came home from school, played swat-the-can and had ten more fights. The males came home from work and began digging in the back garden. One of the mothers, and after all it was Monday, said that radio announcers were nothing more than cotton balled tongue-tied propagandists.

This same mother, is now, by the way, being treated with the respect accorded a piece of Woolworth crockery.

From where we sit we can see all the back gardens in the neighborhood. Men are digging them up.

The enumerators of eligible voters for the forthcoming elections have brought to the members of our household a question that is causing us great uneasiness.

The male part is a naval pensioner. The enumerators debated as to whether or not he was to be listed as "gentleman" or "retired."

The Pop, since the day of the debate, has been subjected to searching stares and comments of dual interpretation.

We no longer doubt that this year men are going in for more colorful clothing.

It is reported that this week a man was seen walking down Third Avenue in the following ensemble. . . .

Maroon slacks, black and white plaid shirt, blue and yellow windbreaker, bright yellow shoes and a black bowler hat.

Oh well. . . . This department would like to know just how new New Liberty magazine is.

Last week's issue of the magazine carried a short-short story by Faith Baldwin entitled "The Heartbreaker." The story was billed as a New Liberty short-short.

For anybody's information "The Heartbreaker" was published on July 13, 1946 by the old Liberty magazine. The story was brand new then and you read it and other writings of interest for the sum of five cents.

Now, three years later, New Liberty allows you to read "The Heartbreaker" again for the sum of ten cents.

Inflation? Or is the fiction department of New Liberty in financial distress?

Reading of some of the activities of the Timmins Community Activities Committee, and supposing the cost of them, we are given to ruminations as to the possibilities of their financial outlay, to date, being comparable to the cost of erecting the Community Building turned down by the people of Timmins some years ago.

Present operations can go on for years, perhaps. But, realizing the lack of proper accommodation, we do not think that Timmins Community Activities are community activities at all.

We are apparently too easily impressed. Last week we wrote a short piece about a robin looking for a place to build a nest.

We came across another bird of the species last Saturday. She was also building a nest.

We had not watched her working for very long before she was joined by her mate who also turned out to be a most dexterous carpenter. They made alternate trips to and from their nest situated in what seemed, to a human being, a very low tree. They came to the nest with their beaks loaded with long strips of grass and wove and shaped the nest with a bobbing of the head and a movement of the body that resembled the antics of a fanatic orator.

We watched them from a distance for the better part of an hour and returned to watch again toward evening. They were still working, quickly and steadily, and the nest had assumed the shape of a flat bowl. We dearly love to watch other people work. . . .

Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

Running a small radio station is a tough enough job for one combination announcer-engineer-sound man--without his having to worry about refereeing a CIO civil war right in his own studio.

So we'll never know just how many blows were struck on the night of April 20th in Bessemer, Ala., station W.J.L.D. Our own private investigation shows that the announcer left his post in the control room just long enough to "spot" the husky CIO rival leaders swinging, call the police and dash back to the controls so the good people of Bessemer would not be suddenly plunged into radio silence.

The police rushed up just as the CIO's own little Fort Sumter had seen the blow it which will be heard round the CIO's world, if you'll permit me to mix a few wars.

Lying bleeding on the floor, one eye horribly damaged, was pro-Communist Maurice Travis, boss of the rapidly disappearing CIO Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union--an outfit through which the comrades once dreamed of controlling all strategic ore mining, including the atom bomb's uranium.

Today Travis is in a hospital bed, half blinded--the victim of the tense hysteria now sweeping certain CIO circles, an hysteria and atmosphere of violence which the leftists have deliberately and methodically developed.

Travis' union has since charged that he was struck over the head with a chair, then kicked in the face repeatedly as he lay on the radio station floor. He and several other leftists were waiting to make a late evening broadcast to some 5,000 iron ore miners. Travis' group had bought time for a speech urging the diggers not to bolt to Phil Murray's steel union.

To Travis and his pro-Communists it was a matter of desperation that the Bessemer despensaries were the final bulwark of real strength left to this agitating union anywhere in the country. Without those 5,000 the Mine, Mill crowd would be a shell of a lefty union. And now Travis was about to lose them to Phil Murray's steel outfit because they were weary over following the Party line. And the steel union was fighting to win over the miners.

In the course of this intense feuding, the lefties had called Mr. Murray's lieutenants Ku Klu Klansmen. This was the background as these lieutenants, who also bought time over the same station, walked into the studio and came across Travis and company.

There were words--enough to turn the smelters and the steel workers sulphurous. And then the two factions fused into one free-swinging mass. Travis' eye was the casualty.

In the words of one high Washington CIO official--three page telegrams from Commie CIO unions as far away as Hawaii began arriving in Phil Murray's national CIO headquarters private office even before Travis hit the floor.

The Mine, Mill officials arrogantly said they were holding Murray personally responsible -- and began waving the bloody eye in an effort to start another hysterical campaign against the CIO chief. Telegrams from leftists grew wilder and weirder -- including charges that the Travis group was threatened with murder.

Then the telegrams demanded that Mr. Murray call a special meeting of the CIO executive board "to afford this union (Mine, Mill, and other CIO affiliates who are victims of raiding attacks, an opportunity to present this case and others in an attempt to return sanity to the CIO before these suicidal raiding tactics of your organization, other CIO affiliates and now the CIO itself bring complete destruction to the CIO."

Never before has anyone in any section of American labor ever so arrogantly or brashly spoken to Phil Murray--who truly is regarded as the "great white father" even in serious conversations among honest CIO chiefs.

And then the Mine, Mill union spent thousands of dollars shooting three-page telegrams around to all CIO unions in an attempt to needle them into putting the heat on Murray for a special high command session in Washington.

And that does it. The words have been put on record--words impugning the trade union honesty of the CIO's chief. And he's not the guy to forget. Which is what the lefties will learn when they get that national CIO high command parley they've been asking for. It'll probably be held May 16 to May 18.

Obviously the fist that smashed Travis' eye fired the shot heard round CIO. Excuse the mixed metaphor. What I mean is that the CIO civil war no longer is a cold one. And it will end only with the purge of the lefties.

HEARD ON THIS BEAT: Washington--This summer may find the country paralyzed as never before--with 1,000,000 steel workers on the picket line; the coal diggers on an extended "vacation," and the Ford strike crisis running almost two months as auto union chiefs now believe it will.

The threat to silence the mile-long, flame-belching, red-hot-coke-ovened steel mills came in a sweltering Pittsburgh hotel room this week, as CIO steel chief Phil Murray angrily told his 30 key lieutenants that they may be on an unscheduled steel stoppage after all.

Of course, this strike talk flared up after sharp disappointment over what happened in Congress to labor's efforts to repeal Taft-Hartley outright. But the intent was plain. Mr. Murray feels so strongly that he'll call out 1,000, 000 steelworkers if the old labor law keeps him from getting wage increases, health benefits and insurance policies for his followers.

Running an army of 62,000 auto strikers is a massive project but the auto union leaders were ready. Signal for the stoppage was followed by the local vice-president Lee Romano, a newcomer to the national labor scene.

Romano got atop a union sound truck outside the world-famous River Rouge plant and started the walkout by shouting among other things, "To Hell with Henry Ford." As the men came out they were handed picket instructions on orange-colored paper. Overpasses leading from the street to the plant were blocked so no men could re-enter. . . . Nor was the fact overlooked that the Dodge company was rushing to put out a \$1,600 light car to compete with Ford. . . . Union strategists figured that Ford's eagerness to get its cars on the road before Dodge releases its new model, would bring a quick surrender. Incidentally, there is an AFL auto union and to win members it invites foreign correspondents to speak at its meetings.

A Bit O' This and That

The confirmed Timmins bachelor maintains a woman likes to marry a man who was born to command. . . . just to prove that he wasn't.

Rob some men of their conceit and there would be nothing left. . . . Snatched from the nursery, as it were, and dipped in the romantic tropical sea, pink shirts for men are being referred to as coral.

One young fellow, believe it or not, whistled at a girl coming out of a beauty salon and it turned out to be his own grandmother.

Perhaps. . . . people were just as bad in the old days only they did not boast about it.

One big trouble at the moment is that too many politicians are groping around in the light. . . . or could it be in the night?

One proud father was overheard to say on Third Avenue, that his family circle has increased by six pounds, seven ounces of masculinity.

Broad-minded people can't understand how narrow-minded people get that way.

Petting isn't done in England, says a Britisher. Wonder what they call it over there.

THE EMPTIED CUP

Mist silvered was the moonlight
And silver were the leaves
And silver sloped the huddled roofs
Above the village eaves.
All silver was the starlight
As out the door I crept
And hurried through the empty streets
Where wiser people slept.

For in that silvery sweet light
My true love watched for me,
And all the sleeping world was lost
Beneath a silver tree.
But dreary arched the tired sky
Above my troubled head,
And dull the lane and dark the door,
As I crept back to bed.

Arthur Stringer.
In Saturday Night

The Bright Side

Wrong Meeting

An excited man got on to the platform and began a passionate speech. The chairman made repeated efforts to stop him, but to no purpose. In the end he had to let him carry on.

The newcomer's speech was fiery and pungent. At length, after three-quarters of an hour, he came to a stop.

"Have you quite finished?" asked the chairman.

"Yes," declared the orator. "And I defy you to contradict a single word I said."

"I don't wish to do so," said the chairman. "but the engineering company of whose management you complain is holding its general meeting on the floor above. This is a meeting of the Philatelists' Society." --Montreal Star.

The Invisible Groom

"It isn't possible for a man to dress so as to be invisible," declares a camouflage expert. He must be mistaken--no one ever sees the bridegroom at a wedding. --Grit.

Institute For Blind Launches Appeal

The Timmins and district advisory board of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind held its semi-annual meeting recently, at the home of the chairman, Mrs. C. Pozzetti, 18 Toke street. Interesting reports were given by the various officers testifying to the splendid work being done by the board among the blind of the district.

The report of Mrs. Ed Robinson, welfare convener, showed that over 75 calls had been made on the blind during the last six months, attending to their needs, distributing articles of clothing, bedding, food and other requirements.

Mrs. Robinson told of how many have had eye examinations and obtained glasses, of pensions being arranged and in general that everything possible had been done to enable them to live happier, healthier and more useful lives.

Arrangements were made for the annual tag day to be held in June. Letters will be mailed out shortly for the annual appeal for donations for the C.N.I.B. to aid them in their wonderful work among over 15,000 blind persons in Canada, over 4,000 of them are in Ontario.

The ambitious program of the In-

stitute covers Canada from coast to coast and from Southern border to the Arctic where it is trying to prevent blindness among the Indians and the Eskimos. Mr. D. B. Lawly, national coun-

sellor for field services for the C.N.I.B. and well known locally, having organized the local Advisory Board, has just returned from the West Indies where he has been setting up similar institutions.