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In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 105 The Famous Oddfellows Picnics of Long Ago

One of the big events in the Porcupine in the early days was the Oddfellows Picnic. Not to have attended this event was not only to have missed a delightful outing but it was also close to a confession of being out of line with the times.

The early picnics featured a baseball tournament, a tug-of-war, a wheelbarrow race, tilting the bucket, and foot races for young and old and middle-aged, with special prizes for the children.

The Oddfellows Picnic at Wilson's Farm at Golden City on August 7th, 1918, was typical of the pleasant early successes. Over five hundred people enjoyed the happy occasion. In view of the small population of the district at that time, this was a notable attendance.

In addition to the field sports, and the pleasure of simply being on Wilson's Farm for the day, boating and bathing were popular items on the day's programme.

The first Oddfellows Picnic in the Porcupine area was held in 1915. It was under the auspices of District No. 59, I. O. O. F., which district included Timmins, South Porcupine and Cochrane lodges.

The third annual I. O. O. F. picnic in 1917 was still under the auspices of the I. O. O. F. District. The first date set was Thursday, August 16th, but the weather was so bad in the days previous that the event was postponed to Tuesday, August 21st.

August 21st, 1917, proved a delightful day, and the picnic proved a success in every way. Several hundred attended, and all had a very happy, healthy time at Barber's Bay, Timmins, Schumacher, South Porcupine, and all the other communities along the Porcupine Branch of the T. & N. O. Railway were well represented while Cochrane also sent a good delegation.

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The following were the officers installed: Junior Past Grand - W. G. Smith; Noble Grand - A. G. Carson; Vice-Grand - A. H. Cooke; Recording Secretary - J. Morrison; Treasurer - A. Booker; Warden - James Brough; Conductor - Geo. Dewar; R. S. N. G. - W. H. Pritchard; L. S. N. G. - S. Buckovskiy; R. S. V. G. Chas. Staaf; L. S. V. G. E. Sheppard; R. S. S. - J. Goodman; L. S. S. - J. Halperin; Chaplain - J. E. Gurnell; Inside Guardian - H. McQuarrie; Outside Guardian - R. Eddy.

To complete the happy day there was a dance at South Porcupine in the evening and it was surprising how many stayed for this delightful feature. Some of the prize winners at that 1918 picnic may be mentioned:

Boys' race, under 10 - A. Levinson; J. Roberts; R. Rayerca.

Boys under 14 - Percy Bennett; E. Perron; E. Kari; Girls under 10 - E. Carson; H. Burton; M. Tsubault; Girls under 14 - N. Studer; M. Boyle; L. Lillie; Married ladies' race - Mrs. A. Thomkinson; Mrs. H. Boyle; Mrs. H. M. Wilson; Single ladies' race - L. McCarthy; Neva Davis; Irene Wilson; 100 yard dash (open) - Geo. Lake; W. G. Smith; R. Lillie; 100 yard dash (I. O. O. F.) - Geo. Lake; W. G. Smith; J. Spencely; Putting the shot - H. Miller; H. Kaufman; G. Foster; 100 yrd. swimming - J. Ord; W. H. Wilson; M. Smith; Canoe race, mixed couples - H. M. Wilson and Mrs. Arms; J. Gilbert and Miss I. Starling; Martin Myles and Miss O. Orr; Mens doubles J. Gilbert and H. Wilson; W. Woods and Carr. Men's singles - H. M. Wilson; R. Lillie.

In later years, the Oddfellows picnic sponsored by the Timmins and South Porcupine Lodges, continued to hold and increase its popularity. Attendance kept up and increased, despite the fact that Cochrane and Ironquills Falls sponsored events of their own. When Ironquills Falls and Cochrane failed to send numbers to the picnic in the Porcupine, the attendance here was kept up by the increased popularity of the event in this area.

For a great many years the Oddfellows Picnic was noted as one of the most pleasing and popular events in the Porcupine district.

It may be of interest to recall the officers of the Timmins Lodge of the I. O. O. F. in 1918. At that time the Oddfellows were particularly strong in this part of the North. It is doubtful if any other fraternal society had a report of the normal installation of Timmins Lodge No. 450, I. O. O. F. District Deputy Grand Master Martin Myles (of Timmins) was the installing officer, and he was assisted by Bros. Hugh Boyle, J. E. Boyle, W. H. Wilson and W. G. Skinner (of South Porcupine) and W. H. Pritchard (of Timmins) and E. C. Ward (of Cochrane).

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Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

This is a guest column written especially for Victor Riesel while Mr. Riesel is on vacation.

By Al Hayes

President-Elect, International Association of Machinists. On July 1, a new president took over the reins of the world's largest independent union, the International Association of Machinists, with a membership of 670,000 skilled machinists and mechanics. Although it doesn't often make headlines, the Machinists Union has more locals in more communities over the U.S.A. and Canada, and more contracts with employers than any other union.

Washington—When an officer of a trade union that seldom makes newspaper headlines is invited to write a column for Vic Riesel, who seeks a notoriety and needs no publicity, the motive cannot be questioned.

Writing this column, I am tempted to express my opinions about some other newspaper columnists who are so free with their opinions about labor unions. I am particularly tempted to write about that small band of columnists whose outpourings are based upon their own prejudice or whatever is most profitable. If I could color or slant any column like some of the professionalists, I might also influence some readers to believe that all newspaper columnists are either prejudiced or highly mercenary.

For me to write such a column would contribute nothing either to the public, to those fair minded and honest columnists, or to labor's welfare. I suppose my idea that newspaper columnists, as well as labor leaders, have a greater obligation to the public and to our country than merely making money might be considered old fashioned by some in both camps.

Be that as it may, I will take advantage of Vic Riesel's invitation by writing (in non professional way) in the hope of bringing about a better understanding of the facts about labor unions and industrial relations.

Naturally, I feel that I am better qualified to write about unions and employee-employer relationships than I am about newspaper columnists. On the basis of my experience, I am expected to know something about my business. Perhaps some "sock the unions" columnists might better write about newspapers and newspaper columnists instead of about labor unions.

Now let us see how bad unions really are. I believe my union, the International Association of Machinists, is a typical American trade union. Let's bring out a few of the deep dark secrets, so often implied, about it.

I mentioned that the Machinists Union doesn't make the headlines as often as some other labor unions. I think you should know why. Our business requires that we do everything possible to get best possible results for our membership consistent with what is fair and economically sound. To do this, we must exert every possible effort to improve relations between unions and employees.

The usual labor news which makes headlines is not the kind of publicity which helps to improve union and management relationships. We believe we are doing a better job when we do not get it.

Let's see now the record supports our policy. The Machinists Union has contractual relations with 11,237 employers in the United States and Canada. Without the handicap of publicity, our organization last year was able to negotiate and sign 99 out of every 100 of these contracts without any interruption of work.

That's not a perfect record, but considering the encouragement which the Taft-Hartley Act gives employers to resist legitimate union demands, we believe our membership has achieved the maximum results at a minimum cost.

Through our contracts, members have been able to raise their own wages, to establish workable grievance procedures, to secure regular hours, pay for holiday, paid vacations, premium pay for night shifts, health insurance plans and other benefits which have helped make their lives healthier and pleasanter.

At the same time, our members have won for themselves a greater sense of the value and dignity of their own work. That's a factor in employer-employee relations which these sock-the-union columnists never will understand.

Our members thought enough of the results this year to vote in secret ballot referendum to raise their own dues from \$2 a month to \$2.50 a month (a few locals charge more). Half of this amount goes to the Grand Lodge, the other half stays with the local. This was our first dues increase since 1921.

Now let's look at those "high salaries" of our officers. We are one of the biggest unions in the country. Our International President is paid \$12,000 a year. He is allowed \$3 a day expenses when he is in Washington and \$15 a day when he is travelling.

Trade unions, like the Machinists, are no more perfect than any other organizations of human beings. But I challenge any columnist to find any other organization of human beings that does a better or cleaner job.

Vic Riesel isn't one of those columnists who make their living turning down labor unions. That's why I appreciate the invitation to substitute for him while he is on vacation.

By Father Charles Owen Rice, Pittsburgh's Fighting Labor Priest

You asked me to do a piece on how I feel about a Catholic priest's being active in the field of labor. No doubt you have in mind the strong criticism that attends every foray of the clergy into mundane matters.

I remember how bitterly the late and very great Monsignor John A. Ryan was criticized when he entered the lists as a champion of the New Deal. He was told to stick to his pulpit. The conservatives and reactionaries went berserk over the sturdy fight which this grand man put on for Social Justice and Political Decency.

His right to engage in controversy over matters economic and social was challenged. He paid no attention to those who would deny him this right. He pointed out that everyday problems are moral problems. He pointed out that a priest is not deprived of his rights as a citizen merely because of his priesthood; and he pointed out that the Church would be indeed sterile and dry and useless if it did not cry out against wrong and injustice.

So far as we Catholics are concerned we have no doubts on the matter because we know that we have an obligation to our people to help them fight their battles and to help enlighten them.

But that does not satisfy some of the members of our own Church and very many members of other Churches.

One thing is standard in this whole controversy. Nobody ever challenges your right to speak out if you are on their side, but if you disagree with them right away you ought to stick to the pulpit and keep your mouth shut on secular matters.

Every time I get into a fight on the part of a labor union by helping a strike or by publicly supporting some labor measure I get letters of disagreement which always tell me to get back to my priestly duties and to keep my infernal trap closed.

On the other hand I get whacked by the Communists and their friends when I speak out against Red domination of certain unions.

Some of the very people who welcomed my aid when we were building the unions, now deny me the right to say or do anything to safeguard the unions I helped (in however small a way) to build.

Also, of course, there are always plenty of timid Catholics who are embarrassed by a priest's getting into a controversy.

They want their religion to be a nice, safe harmless thing that will never get them into trouble. Many Catholics of the open shop variety who are not living up to their faith very well will get particularly vocal against a priest who bothers with practical matters.

Of course, in going down the list, I must be ever mindful of the extreme "Liberals" who hate Catholics and who hate the Church.

You are liable to run into one of these anywhere. They cannot be reasoned with, because they do not try to analyze whether a priest is right or wrong; they mistrust him because he is a priest and they want to shunt him to one side. These characters specialize in trying to make out a case that when a priest or any Catholic as such, is trying to strengthen unions by cleaning out a Communist net, he is trying to control the union in the same manner that the Communists are.

Logic and arguments mean nothing to these people. Thank heaven that most of them are sort of doctrinaire and impotent, without much popular influence.

But regardless of what any of these assorted specimens may say, think or do, priests are going to continue helping unions, fighting for justice and aiding the battle to strengthen the unions by delousing them of whatever Communists are in them!

Fr. Charles O. Rice

A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

At sweet sixteen, I first began To ask you Dear Lord, for a man. At seventeen, you will recall I asked for someone, strong and tall.

The Christmas when I reached eighteen I fancied someone hard and lean. And then, at nineteen I was sure I'd fall for someone more mature.

At twenty, I still thought I'd find Romance in someone with a mind. I retrogressed at twenty-one And found the College boys most fun.

My viewpoint changed at twenty-two I longed for someone who'd be true. I broke my heart at twenty-three And asked for someone kind to me.

Then longed, at base twenty-four For anyone who wouldn't bore. Now Dear Lord, that I am twenty-five Just send me someone who is alive.

Selected

Prehistoric times must have been rough. Imagine getting caught between a bibulous baboon and a giddy gorilla.

This is a big year for curves in baseball—and now Mae West is opening a show on Broadway, too.

Proving that love is finding a way out—divorces are equalling the number of marriages in an Ohio town.

The Bright Side

LATEST ESTIMATE

"Pop, what does it take to be a millionaire?" asked the youngest questioner of the family.

"Prices and inflation considered, son," replied papa, "it would take about three million dollars."

PROLOGUE

"Are you listening to the radio?" asked the smooth voice on the phone.

"No," gasped the householder, "I am not listening to the radio!"

"Fine," chuckled the voice. "I am next door and will be right over to show you the world's best buy in the 'History of Birds and Beasts' in 22 volumes."

RUNAWAY BOY

"Whatever made you come out to the ball game?" asked a surprised neighbor. "You don't know a bunt from a foul fly."

"I can learn," sighed the newest fan. "My wife just bought a set of marimbas and an electric guitar."

EXTEMPORE!

Observing the women primping in restaurants and theatres, on buses and streetcars and on the street, a farmer visiting the city after a long absence remarked to his wife: "I don't like these impromptu complexions the ladies affect!"

"Impromptu complexions?" rejoined

the little woman.

"Yes," explained the farmer, "the kind they make up as they go along."

Wall Street Journal DEUX SANDWICHES

What with so many people going to France this summer, and the linguistic gender of in-animate objects problem that that country presents to most of them, the following episode may be proven instructive.

A Vassar graduate, having refreshed herself with tea and a sandwich at a certain Paris cafe run on the honor system, sustained, on approaching the cashier, a terrible feeling of gender-engendered decision.

The sandwich - was he masculine or was she feminine? Its consumer went back to the table, ordered another sandwich, ate it, and marched up to the cashier with a confident "Le the et deux sandwiches."

The New Yorker THANKLESS TRIBUTE

"Oh, I just love chocolate cake!" little Annie remarked as she gathered up the last crumbs in her plate.

"It's awfully nice!"

"Dear," mother remonstrated, "it is wrong to say that you 'love' cake, and you should not say 'just' or 'awfully'! It would be much better to say 'very New let me hear you speak correctly.'"

"I like chocolate cake," the child obediently exclaimed: "It is very good."

"Now isn't that better?" mother wanted to know.

"Yes, Mother, I suppose it is," Annie replied. "But it sounds just like I was talking about bread!"

THRIFTY PRECEDENT

"Grandmother," inquired the favorite daughter of the house, "I'm going with a young man that's well—a bit on the parsimonious side. What shall I do, drop him?"

"By no means, child," replied the dear old lady. "Your grandfather proposed on a penny post card."

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The nightingale sings day or night.

The Otomacian Indians of South America mix clay with their bread.

The average under-water endurance of pearl divers from 50 to 80 seconds.

Vanilla is made from dried and fermented pods of orchids.

Boston began instituting regulations for putting wires underground more than 50 years ago.

Miss Pat Clarke a teacher of the Schumacher High School staff, left for her home in Bowmanville.

Some of our gloomy forecasters seem to be returning to the old theory that the world is flat.

Comic books don't make killers; they merely suggest it's fun to kill.

People who roll up their sleeves, seldom lose their shirt.

The demand is for better homes to spend less time in than ever before.

Of course peanuts are fattening. Look at the elephants.

Chasing after a woman never hurt a man. The trouble comes when he catches her.

In Toronto a fisherman announced that he had caught a near record fish and his friends believed him. You see, he was a clergyman.

According to statistics, golf is the third most dangerous sport. Step over the broken bottles at the 19th hole, man.

Happiness consists in not being too particular.

The axes you see in glass cases in railroad cars are not for opening the windows.

A Montanan has invented a machine that picks up stones. Rather an odd sort of hobby, we'd say.

The rabbit, according to a naturalist, has more enemies than any other living creature. A mamma rabbit must find rearing a family of little bunnies a hare-raising ordeal.

A retiring police chief says that in his 53 years on the force he never once fired his revolver. What, no target practice?

Television commercials have proven that even a plate of ham and eggs can be photogenic.

It's Betty!



BETTY GARRETT is our favorite lady wolf in "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" for M-G-M, but outdoes her wolfing with Red Skelton in "Neptune's Daughter."

Moderation On Vacation

This is the time of year when vacation folders, road maps, classified advertisements for cottages and cabins, suntan lotions, insect repellents and dark glasses come into prominence. Summer holiday thoughts are in the minds of all—the office worker, the laborer, the housewife, the children, the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker. Some are already at the lake or in the hills, some are looking forward to a week or two away from it all during July and August, others prefer the cooler days of September. But nearly everyone is at least thinking about it.

No one wants to be a spoilsport and burden holidayers with a list of "don'ts" after all its probably healthier to suffer a dose of sunburn in a carefree manner than to remain physically well and worry away the time.

But we are spoilsport enough to utter a word of caution; take it easy. Too many return from their holidays in need of rest instead of full of vim. The man or woman who sits behind a desk or a typewriter fifty weeks of the year can't expect to spend a high-speed vacation engaging in vigorous sports to which he or she is unaccustomed and emerge refreshed.

It just isn't natural. If you're going to change your usual mode of living during those one, two or three weeks, go at it gradually.

Of course, we wish each of our readers a happy holiday and a healthy holiday. The two go well together. And one word suggests a good way to make that holiday happy and healthy is — moderation.

Asbestos --- New Thrill for North

Already rich in gold, nickel and copper, Northern Ontario has now discovered that it is wealthy in a new field — asbestos.

The announcement that a new discovery was made near Matheson recently thrilled northerners anew. It was another evidence of the still undiscovered wealth of the North.

Although exact location is not being revealed until production has been started, it will not be long before the exact spot is known.

The development of asbestos could conceivably mean a brand new town for Ontario. If the mine is not located near an already established municipality. Thousands of employees will be required, and in all likelihood a well-planned "company" town will spring into being.

One of the biggest asbestos companies in the world, the Johns-Manville Company, is behind the new development, and has already announced that it will spend \$10 million dollars in establishing the new mine and getting into production. This find is regarded in mining circles as highly important, because demands for asbestos have exceeded supply for the last five years.

Significant is the announcement that production at Asbestos Que., which has resumed activities after a strike which lasted two months will in no way affect the new mine.

The company is not wasting a moment however, in pushing the new find. It hopes to have one mill producing at the Northern Ontario location by the end of this year. By the end of 1950 it is hoped to have a full mill unit operating.

The north has only begun to find industries such as this. Its gold, its copper, its silver and its nickel, have long been major factors in world commerce. Now its uranium and asbestos are coming into the picture.

The Bitter and The Sweet

In a mood of over-optimism a song writer once went on record as declaring that "Life is just a bowl of cherries" and a lot of people took the chant up fruitfully, adopting it as gospel. While there is nothing wrong in this presumption, some people are inclined to overlook the fact that not all the cherries are ripe, red ones, but that there is the odd sour, green one in the bowl and that not all are pitted, but that a few hard centres lie in wait for the unwary. It is on a somewhat similar surmise that so many people base their newspaper desires. Not a week goes by but people ask, "Why don't you publish more court news and give the names of the people?" They are the first to disclaim any desire to see their names in print under such circumstances, should they arise.

There are others who can find error and fault with what is published, though, in full possession of the facts they took no effort to provide information or background material beforehand. Probably newspaper publishing is one of the few businesses which everyone thinks he (or she) can do better than the poor editor and there is no reluctance in telling him so.

Perhaps some day we'll be able to give them the chance and then we can have our fill of those ripe cherries which are supposed to represent life and let some other people gnaw on the green ones and strike the odd pit.

Our Worst Enemy --- Fear

The report that Quito, Ecuador, had been thrown into violent panic by a radio version of H. G. Wells' old thriller, "The War of the Worlds," was much too familiar for comfort—mobs in the streets; women and children fleeing to the hills; terror spreading like a prairie fire, and all because of a radio show that was not even deliberately pranks.

It recalled the days when Orson Welles panicked New York by the same means. It recalled the mood of Munich, when we hung around our radios in a hypnosis of fear.

It also recalled, with harsh emphasis, that human nature in the 20th century doesn't vary much from continent to continent.

Why are we so easily frightened?

What are we scared of, we humans of the 20th century? Of the atom bomb, yes. Of attack in the night, of fire from the sky, germs in the water and blight on the crops—all these threats are real enough. We do well to be concerned about them, to do all we can in reason and determination to avert them. But, as Roosevelt once said, the one thing we should fear most is fear itself.

Every generation since Adam and Eve shared the apple has had to face fear. Life is a perilous experience. All through history it's been the sick and moribund nations which have given way to the fear of it. The successful peoples have been the risk takers who have been the conquerors of their own fears.

Fear never made a nation safe; it multiplies danger. Fear is driving us even now in the direction of another war—filling us with thoughts of dropping atomic bombs on the Russians; filling the Russians with plans to spread bacteria, both physical and spiritual, among us.

When the mob in Quito found out its mistake, it took a simple vengeance—killed half a dozen of the people who'd put on the radio show, and burned their studio to the ground. But if panic again gets whole nations in its grip, it will sweep us far beyond either revenge or repair. This time there might not be much left to burn.