

# The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 25

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## Guest Editorial

No part of the world's surface is safer for childhood than the radius of a couple of hundred miles or so from an old, red brick, tangled sort of building with some stained glass windows in front, in down town Toronto. It is an institution known to the nursing profession as "the Sick Kids."

The Hospital for Sick Children is not merely world-famous for its research work in children's diseases; it has reached its glorious tentacles to all parts of the earth in the physical presence—in China, Africa, all over Europe and Asia—of doctors and nurses trained right within its crowded old wards. They come—and they have come for years past—from all over the world to train in the techniques and skills developed right there in the heart of that two hundred mile circle of Ontario which, for childhood, is possibly the safest zone in the whole of creation.

Since the hospital's training school for nurses was organized in 1886—eleven years after the hospital was founded—1,258 nurses have been graduated from "the Sick Kids" (that is strictly nurses' language). Twelve hundred women have been graduated and fed back into the population of Canada with all the knowledge and skills of the famous hospital. Some of them continued nursing for years. Others married and have families of their own. But every one of them has been a mighty factor in the spread of child health in this country. Yet 1,258 nurses graduated in 63 years seemed to me, when I got the figures, to be not so many as I expected. When you consider that 75% of all doctors specializing in children's diseases in Canada were trained in the Hospital for Sick Children, the number of nurses graduated might be expected to be greater. But at this moment, the nursing staff of the hospital, with its 320 beds (the new Hospital will have 632 beds!) consists as follows: 96 full time graduate nurses; 17 part time graduates; 109 nurses in training; and 110 affiliate nurses in training.

Do you see that little word affiliate? From fifteen affiliated hospitals and nurses' training schools in Ontario, from Lindsay, Barrie, Stratford, fifteen cities and towns all over the province, 110 nurses are taking their training in children's diseases and surgery, as against the 109 in training as prospective graduates of "the Sick Kids." In addition, the nursing staff includes post-graduate students of nursing from Europe, Asia and South America. Ladies and gentlemen, it is not a Toronto hospital; it is not an Ontario hospital; it is a world hospital. Not your children, not our children, but just children are its eternal vigilant care.

When the new hospital is opened (and paid for! Come all ye!) its bed capacity will be doubled, its training capacity will be more than doubled, its product of young physicians and surgeons dedicated to childhood will be many times increased; its research labs, its travelling clinics—everything will be expanded. This little 200-mile zone around Toronto, already the safest for childhood in all the world, will be that much safer still. But the zone will expand, too, and the quality of mercy that has been emanating from that old red brick building on College street will warm farther and wider, wider and farther.

## Is Overhaul Needed

Is our secondary school curriculum adequate to equip students with a sense of responsibility and an appreciation of the high standards of performance desired by their prospective employers, or is it due for an overhaul?

Progressive thinkers have argued for some years that our high schools should not be merely college preparatory institutions and they have good reason to think this way. Very few high school graduates ever get to college. In fact, taking Canada as a whole, only 22 out of every 100 attending high school ever finish, and only three ever end up with a college degree.

Obviously, since the big majority of young Canadians have only a partial high school education when they enter the wage earning world, the main objective of the proper authorities would seem to be to persuade young people to remain longer in high school, if at all possible.

The next step would be reorientation of the curriculum to give them fewer courses which are of value only to those students whose objective is university. This curriculum would aim at instilling in them a sense of responsibility, a strength of character and a willingness to honestly learn their job when they do start work. It would also aim at sharpening their abilities to think clearly and independently.

Some employers think that these essentials might result from improving the standard of general education fundamentals. The development of manual and mechanical skill is important, but there is a danger of confusing training with education.

This is a subject which cannot possibly be disposed of in a few hundred, or even a few thousand, words. It is also a problem which will not be solved in a short time. But it is something that we must all think about. It is a problem for not just the odd scattered community but one that affects the whole of Canada.

## Passing Attics

Husbands may well mourn the passing of attics as modern architecture tends towards low roofs and the use of every available inch of space.

Wives who have lived in attic-equipped houses, and suffered the agonies of house-cleaning, shed not a tear. The fishing gear, discarded golf equipment, broken furniture and old trunks find their way into the basement of the modern house.

Yet attics have had their place in the sun, whether they were reached by narrow stairs or a ladder through a small opening in the ceiling. Many adults have childish recollections of rain beating on the roof, impromptu "treasure hunts" and a hide away from parental wrath.

We suspect that heating engineers whispered words of advice into the ears of modern architecture to abolish the attic, because of the loss of heat through a non-insulated roof.

Not so many years ago there was a flush of enthusiasm for "rumpus rooms" or "recreation rooms" in the basement, fostered no doubt by the lack of other space. However, the older houses have not been overlooked in the fad for rumpus and recreation, and under the roof finds a place in plans for this type of home renovation.

Long-forgotten treasures have not discovered in attics and a place found in literature for them. No such recognition is given to basements of houses.

It is a changing world in construction and the attics seem doomed to disappear with the verandahs.

## Goose Re Caught

Kingsville, Ontario—(Special)—Today the Sons of the late Jack Miner while making a catch of Wild Canada Geese at the Jack Miner Sanctuary in band them and study their route of migration, caught a Canada Goose which the late Jack Miner had banded in the fall of 1932.

This means the bird had carried the band nineteen years and had made thirty-eight flights north and south across the continent. It is not uncommon to make recatches of birds that have carried the famous Mine bands six, eight or ten years but it is only about once a year that they make a catch of a goose banded nineteen years previous.

# In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

## No. 123. When There Was Money in Money Belts

When Mervyn Silly was Acting Chief of Police in Timmins during the first world war, as many as our hundred men on an average of those classed as alien enemies reported each month at the police station here, as required by the easy law of the times. So long as an alien behaved himself, he had no restriction placed upon him other than the duty of reporting regularly. He was allowed to stay at his job, make any money he could legally, and save it, as he wished, or even so long as he wasn't caught in any illegality. In the first world war, no man was interned except for special and serious reason.

Chief of Police John Clark in 1918 kept up the record set by Acting Chief Silly, and he also followed the same plan of having penalties imposed on those who evaded the duty of reporting. The latter plan, of course, meant money for the Town, and the Town needed money those days, so the police were not displeased about that, but at the same time the chief thought in the minds of these two police officers was that while alien enemies were treated with the greatest leniency, they should at least be careful to observe the new rule imposed upon them. So long as the alien enemies reported regularly, fairly close watch could be kept on them. Accordingly, the police here centred on enforcing the law regarding reporting.

W. S. Macpherson, who was assessor and tax collector for the town, believed that the duty of paying poll tax to the town was as important as the duty of reporting each month. Indeed, he would not have worried any about men reporting if they paid that poll tax. Naturally, he recognized the advantage of reporting, as it afforded a good way to collect poll tax. Tax Collector Macpherson sought, and obtained, the co-operation of the police in seeing that the aliens paid their poll tax. When the four hundred-odd aliens went to the police station in January, 1918, to report, they found the tax collector seated behind a table near the entrance of the hall. Pounding the table, he would call out in a loud voice, "Pay here! Pay here!" This was a new thing for the aliens, but they soon understood, and the tax collector that day gathered in some \$180,000 in poll taxes for that year, while he also collected another \$160,000 from some who had failed to pay their 1917 poll tax. Some forty of the aliens escaped the tax collector for the moment, as they owned property in town, and accordingly were used the same as other property owners who were not subject to poll tax. "But I'll get you later!" the tax collector told these men.

The aliens had not been noticed about every single man in the group either had the necessary five dollars with him, or could borrow it from his nearest fellow countryman. Before the day for reporting some one had suggested that the aliens be notified that they would be sure to have the money with them. Officer Silly replied to that suggestion by saying that if notice were given the aliens might be tempted to hide their money. "They all have money," he said. He knew it was a common practice for the aliens to carry even large sums of money in money-belts, strapped around their waists. It was a common thing for the police to find only a few dollars in the pockets of a prisoner being searched, but literally hundreds of dollars in the money-belt around his waist. The record find by the police was the money-belt of an alien arrested for breach of the Ontario Temperance Act. That gentleman had nearly \$1500.00 in that belt.

Previous to the war most of these aliens had been earning good money, and some of them were thrifty and saving. The war itself indirectly increased their money on hand. Many of them had been regularly sending money to their relatives in their native land. In the case of the alien enemies no more was allowed to go to enemy lands during the war, so they had that much more on hand. Furthermore, the police believed that some of the aliens made extra money by ways that were not open to the light of day. In any case, there is no doubt but that there was money in the money-belts.

It seemed easier, however, for the aliens to make money than it was for them to keep it. A few of them were really clever and invented all they could spare in town property or in Victory Bonds. Some of these men are to-day loyal and respected citizens of Canada, a they should be. The majority, however, faced many difficulties. Many of them were afraid of banks fearing confiscation. They knew what would happen in their own country, and they did not know enough about Canada to realize the British way. They hid their savings in jars, trunks, beds, closets, attics, cellars, out-houses and what-not, with disastrous result. The police had many calls about hidden money stolen, and there is reason to believe that not half of these thefts were reported.

Had the aliens here only realized it, the police were their best friends those days. The police always urged the aliens to use the banks to protect their money. In that way the money would be safe from fire, theft, or other loss. If any alien sought investment for his spare money, the police pointed out that Victory bonds were safe, sure and profitable. It was made plain that money in the bank was always there when wanted and always accessible. To the suggestion that banks might not be safe, the police replied was that this was not the case in this country. Here the banks were safe as the rock of Gibraltar, or more so. Finally, it was shown conclusively that in the most desperate event the banks were better than keeping the cash on hand, for if the bank did prove unstable the bills also would be equally valueless. Despite the good advice given so persistently and patiently by the police, however, there were many here who continued to depend on the money-belts, and these fellows found themselves the losers before the war was over. As soon as it was known that there was money in "them" than money-belts, there were smart folks of different nationalities

who found ways and means to seek out the money. While the majority of those registered as "alien enemies" were popularly classed as Austrian the fact was that the greater part of them were of Polish, Ukrainian, Roumanian or Balkan descent, who would to-day be roughly classed as Russian. That fact tempted high pressure salesmen to raid the money-belts to dispose of Russian bonds. A number here bought these bonds, only to find they had worthless paper when Russia collapsed. Even before that, though, authorities here felt the bonds were worthless, even if they were genuine, and there was a suspicion that some of them at least did not originate in Russia. One Russian man who had spent his good Canadian money for the discredited Russian bonds brought his troubles, and his philosophy, to The Porcupine Advance. He said: "If I had spent my money for Canada Victory Bonds, I could say, 'Well, there it is!' But now all I can say is, 'Where the heck is it?'"

But it was, perhaps, in the purchase of Russian roubles that the money-belts here lost the most. A typical case was that of a Russian who had been a particularly thrifty and industrious citizen of Timmins or several years. He had managed to scrape together the nest-egg of four thousand dollars. To do this he had, as he said himself, "to work like a horse, and live like a dog." All he found in his way of life here was hard work and very economical living. Tempted by profit, he was high-pressure into putting all his savings into Russian roubles. The order went through New York, but before he received the New York acknowledgement of the transfer, it was evident that he had not fully half his money through the depreciation of the Russian currency following the Bolshevik troubles in Russia. Each succeeding day saw further drops in the price of the rouble until in a week or so it was evident that the currency was worthless. There were Russians here who bought roubles with the plan of going back to Russia after the war, and being rich men there. If they bought enough of the roubles, they found out they couldn't go.

It would be unfair to be scornful of those who bought Russian roubles. There were a number who invested in German marks in 1918, and they were all in many-belt fellows either. A few Australians here tried that game, finding in the end that they had made as serious a miscalculation as their Russian brothers. Most of the few buyers here of German marks were old-time Canadians who should have known better. Indeed, they were so named of their purchases that they accepted the loss without a public word. They found they couldn't even buy a Russian rouble with a German mark.

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## A Bit O' This and That

A BIT O' THIS 'N THAT  
People don't mind politician's hand-shaking and back-slapping as much as his leg-pulling.

Success and failure are just the difference between turning up your sleeves at work and turning up your nose.

Headaches are now blamed on the condition of the feet, which seems to be going to extremes.

"Running a business without advertising is like making love to a girl in the dark," says an advertising agency official. There's a man who is talking himself out of a job.

The horse, it seems, unlike so many other creatures we could name, started with the bow-wow instead of going to them.

In the long view, spring is just five months away.

These are the days when life is a rush in the narrowing gap between dawn and dusk.

A square deal can break the most vicious circle.

We will fail in changing human affairs until we succeed in changing human beings.

You can't give out to the nation what you haven't lived out at home.

Some men know what is right to do. Others do what they know is right.

Research reveals that Indians prized corn for its color rather than taste. The white man seems to favor the kick.

## STEALING THE BALL



Crawford, in the Newark News

# Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

Washington—It's cold outside—and a lot of President Truman's political lieutenants across country burned up the long distance wires to tell him they might as well not campaign for election if he didn't crack down on John Lewis. They said bluntly there might be less Democratic votes than there were chunks of coal around if the White House didn't promise some move to end the fuel crisis—which has been stalling a steel peace.

The President has an exceptional understanding of political leaders struggling out in the field around ballot box time, and although he was set to wait another two weeks for John L. to begin a strategic retreat, Mr. Truman soon had his White House people on two missions. Objective number one—get out word through the regular pipe lines that the White House would not permit Lewis to keep his coal-diggers idle more than another week.

But meanwhile—objective number two—put all the heat you can whip up on Lewis and the coal operators to speed that peace they both want to make so the President doesn't have to step in and use the Taft-Hartley law.

So the really unsung hero of these crises, Cy Ching, rushed back to Washington from New York, squeezed himself into one of Union Depot's comfortable, swivel chair phone booths and called John Lewis. Late last week Ching offered to come over, but John said: Let's keep it secret and meet over at the Statler—and the camera kicking episode you all know, except for this: While Lewis was playing cloak and dagger with the newsmen, Ching sat alone in an empty hotel room, like a bride waiting a tardy groom. Finally, in slid an emissary from John L., muttering—Let's sneak over to another room where the chief sits.

After all this E. Phillips Oppenheim maneuvering, Lewis sat there majestically affable—and refused to tell Ching exactly what he wants for the coal-diggers, although Ching indicated that the operators were willing to make a reasonable deal to get their pits open. Lewis then reportedly said—Wait until I meet the boys in Chicago. Meanwhile Ching had been delayed so long Mr. Ching and his aides fearfully began phoning around town, not knowing that the ace conciliator had promised to stay in that empty room while the newsmen silently followed Lewis out of the Statler lobby.

Then Ching began making the rounds of the mine operators just as he did with the steel companies. They are saying, in effect, that John Lewis can't split them wide open as Phil Murray so adroitly did to steel.

They claim they're willing to grant another dime on the welfare tax, making it 30 cents a ton—if John Lewis agrees to some check on the millions he has been spending without satisfactory explanation to anyone. Furthermore, they say they know that Lewis wants to increase the benefits paid by the welfare fund.

And in some circles, the mine owners point to a letter sent by ex-welfare trustee Ezra Van Horn, which asked John Lewis for an accounting of the names, addresses and employers of the miners to whom these millions of dollars are going. This note was sent to the massively silent Brokers on Oct. 17. Van Horn's bid for information was ignored—just like that.

Here we get beyond a labor dispute. Just look at what's beginning to smell bad. Van Horn has charged that "There are large sums of money being paid out of this fund to persons not entitled thereto, persons not in need of financial assistance and persons not otherwise qualified to receive the same." And Mr. Van Horn, now in Cleveland where he can be reached for specifics, was one of three trustees of the fund—which Lewis iron-curtained.

This is a blunt charge that honest and deserving coal-diggers, entitled to relief under the fund, found their "welfare" going to outsiders. "The result is that persons who are entitled to the benefits of said fund and are qualified to receive them and are in need of financial aid are not receiving payment."

So the mine operators want to know before they sign again, exactly what will happen to the additional \$50,000,000 a year they're ready to give Lewis' fund. Why shouldn't John L. be willing to explain?

The coal-diggers themselves cannot see why they should be kept just this side of hunger because of their leader's passion for playing statesman and effort to save face. Certainly they want a better welfare fund.

But more than that they want to go back to work and a full dinner table, now. And that's what Ching counts on to fulfill his half of the White House missions.

For some reason the FBI is obsessed with the idea that it isn't police members of John L. Lewis' miners union to blow up railroad bridges, tie 100-stick dynamite bombs to coal car brake-beams, and blast windows of the homes of the Great Man's critics.

So the other day, when an explosion wrecked a 14-foot span of the Illinois Central's lines in Kentucky, J. Edgar Hoover's local agents moved in to learn just who was interfering with interstate commerce on a coal-carrying railroad.

Guess who they picked up? Two tough dues-payers in John L.'s organization.

These "miners," who ordinarily found themselves so physically uncomfortable and ill while at work that they haven't dug coal in about a year, soon discovered that living on the United Mine Workers' welfare fund checks was just the thing for a couple of Kentucky sports. One of these lads appears to have made a hobby of dropping dynamite, but more about that later.

Both men are now in Davies County jail over in Cwensboro, looking hearty enough for "ailing" miners charged with "dynamiting a railroad bridge," Deputy Warden Taylor tells me.

Apparently they lived well off the money they collected from John Lewis' welfare fund. One of the jailbirds is a fellow by name of Evan "Pup" Riley, a real handy chap with dynamite I discovered, especially when they're on airplanes. Undoubtedly he should find a niche in the history of aerial precision bombing, as you'll soon see. Well, "Pup" told GBI men operating under Fred Halford, agent in charge of Kentucky, that the controversial welfare fund paid him \$80 a month "relief" money. And his colleague in arms, Howard Dortch of Dalton, picked up \$100 every thirty days from Brother Lewis' multi-million dollar gadget.

Wonder how a couple of dollar-starved striking miners feel about that? Upon arrest by the Bureau men, called in after a series of sabotage incidents were reported, "Pup" Riley confessed that he had done a stretch of 14 months in a Federal pen, back in the early thirties, for a mere bagatelle—seems that "Pup" went up in an airplane with an armful of home-grown dynamite bombs and made air history by unleashing the explosive near the Diamond and Luton coal properties, close by Providence, Kentucky, during what's emphatically called a "labor dispute" sometimes on this beat.

There was no Federal law covering much bizzarre picketing in the days before Lewis became the Bountiful for the oddest characters, but Riley and his pilot had confessed and had to be sent somewhere on some charge—so they went up for only 14 months for violating a statute that said you can't transport explosives across a state line without a federal permit. There were some other miners, but I for one am not dragging their names up at this late date—although it was a fascinating era then of ambushes, dynamiting of homes, dynamiting of utility lines, firing upon miners—and the tiny airforce, of course.

And all through those 1930 records runs "Pup's" name. He made the mistake of forgetting that we've come out of the jungle. Now he gets picked up by the FBI on charges of blasting the Illinois Central bridge on the main Providence to Blackford (Ky.) line—and delaying traffic for hours jams up the line. There had been other explosions and the 100-stick dynamite bomb was tied to a coal-car bottom so that it would go off in a half hour and destroy mine tipples. What if that bomb went off near a road crossing and some farmer and his gurgling, laughing kids were waiting patiently for fast freight to clear out?

But there's one link in all this which makes these arrests a national story—so don't leave yet.

Puppy-boy was sentenced back in the thirties by a Federal Judge, Charles I. Dawson—who has since retired. The Judge knows every inch of the coal country. He knows every gimmick. And he knows "Pup" Riley and his kind. The other day, ex-Judge Dawson was named a Trustee of John Lewis' welfare fund—and he's going to see that the honest workers among the miners get their just share. But he's also going to wipe the Pups off the list if he has to drag Lewis into court every hour on the hour.

So when the coal-diggers go down the shafts again in a week or so—after Mr. Truman uses Taft-Hartley or calls the boys in for a 60-day truce—John L. will no longer find his welfare fund trusteeship, shall we say, the lie of (PUP) Riley. It's about time Lewis answered to some one.

Meanwhile, from the highest CIO sources here, I can pass on this behind-the-scenes story of the cracking of the steel strike.

Last week, the government's number one conciliator, Cy Ching, after talking to both Phil Murray and Joe Larkin, Bethlehem Steel V.P., believed he could break the steel industry front. So Ching and his two swifly-aided, Pete Seitz and Bill Margolis, convinced the pessimistic Mr. Larkin to come to a room in Washington's Hotel Carlton last Tuesday. There, for five hours, they pruned at him. Finally Larkin agreed he might make some headway with the steel strike leaders and went back to New York on Thursday, where he and Phil agreed to meet secretly—and if unsuccessful, to call Ching back in.

Then Ching and Co. blew the bugles on their sessions with the U.S. Steel. While everybody was watching the big in big steel, the CIO chief went secretly by taxi to the wank Drake Hotel in New York's Murray Hill section where Joe Larkin stayed—and it was turned into Phil Murray H.I. Ching stayed away. He didn't even phone. The Larkin-Murray parley was so secret that even the steel industrialists didn't learn of it.

Previously, Ching had said to Murray—look at the fact-finding board report which you support. It says that pensions should be paid for by the companies, true. But it also says that social insurance could be shared by both sides.

And that was it. It was there all the time. Peace, it's wonderful.

Some people who set out to learn the secret of success seldom learn it. They search when they run across a few clues that hard work is something to do with it.

## The Bright Side

Fair Exchange

"Darling," cried the recent bride, "you know that list of 1,100 employees and addresses you had on your desk?" "Personnel where I work?" inquired the man, a bit apprehensive.

"That's it," cooed the happy house-keeper. "An aluminumware specialist gave me a whole kitchen outfit for it. Said he had a hobby of collecting odd names."

Dubious

The highly paid baseball player had wound up a poor season and had lost the crucial game of the series by miffing a fly in centerfield. In the locker room he approached the manager and asked permission to catch an early train. To which the manager coldly replied: "It's O.K. with me—if you think you can!"

Obliging

The factory welfare committee had decided to found a band and those wishing to join were instructed to complete a form, giving name, department, and instrument preferred, and deposit in a box in the lodge. In due course the welfare official collected the forms and, after classifying them, went to interview the blacksmith. "I see that you prefer the cornet," he said. "Have you any particular qualifications?"

"No," said the blacksmith, "but I could put in a good bit of practice."

"The funny thing is, said the official, "that I have forty names here, and you are the only one who wants to play the cornet. All the others have asked for the big drum."

"Well, don't spoil your 'and f'r me," said the blacksmith. "Give me a drum as well!" —Tid Bits.

Actual Proof

"How's business, old man?" "Picking up a little, I'm glad to say. As a matter of fact, one of our salesmen came in yesterday with a \$500 order."

"I don't believe it."

"It's true. I can show you the cancellation." —Tid Bits.

Canada in 1948 exported full-fashioned hosiery to 34 foreign markets and due to the shortage of dollars in many countries has not yet recaptured completely prewar overseas trade. Quick Canadian Facts.