

The Porcupine Advance

PHONE 26

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Timmins, Ontario, Thursday, November 24th, 1949

Disturbing Swim

A disturbing dispatch came out of London, Ont., the other day. That city's kids had made 18th place in an international swimming contest.

This wasn't an ordinary, run-of-the-mill contest in which one country's best sought in honorable battle to overcome another's. This was the annual "Down-the-Mississippi" competition. No doubt many an ultra-nationalist will take it as a direct blow.

For, they may ask, why should Canadian schoolboys take part in a contest bound to further the spread of the Mississippi's fame, already great? They have a ready-to-hand, first-class river of their own to publicize and, if necessary, to swim in, to wit: the mighty St. Lawrence, which stretches to the heart of a continent.

The aforesaid ultra-nationalists grant that the Mississippi is indeed a great river. But can it compare with the St. Lawrence? Certainly not, they'll say.

The "Down-the-Mississippi" meet, strange as it may seem, is held in Y.M.C.A. pools. Merged teams from 74 cities entered this year, swimming in their own pools with the results sent to Chicago for compilation. London led the Canadian entries. The team covering the greatest distance wins the event and London's swimmers covered 1,940 miles in the 12-day contest.

But the Canada boosters won't like the title. They'll advocate, no doubt, that Canadian schoolboys should compete in a "Down-the-St. Lawrence" contest. Why, this could produce a Canadian champion! As the contest is run at present what real Canadian boy, they'll ask, would not want to be pointed out as the champion swimmer of the Mississippi?

But there's a compromise river immediately at hand which could produce a truly international champion. Why not a "Down-the-Red" contest? That 660-mile stream is in both the United States and Canada.

Further solace for the u.n. advocates: If the swimmers go "down" the Red, they'll wind up in Winnipeg.

Inventions Unlimited

A few weeks ago, in the ancient Italian city of Florence, a crew of Communist pitchmen were going broke selling a wishy-washy soft drink at a big Marxist hoedown. Even the reddest of the reds wanted a capitalistic beverage called Coca-Cola. In desperation, the pop salesmen erected a big sign announcing that "Coke" was invented by some Russian in 1912. This was small consolation for the crowd, but the statement certainly hit the jackpot for queer claims made by the Russians in the past few years.

Practically everything of value was invented by the Russians—so say the Russians—long before some decadent westerner snatched the idea and patented it as his own.

Come now, isn't it about time we gave the Russians full credit for a few more things they invented before the Cominformers are forced to remind us of them? Let's be fair and admit that:

Insulin was invented by Professor Ivan Diabetovich in 1903, but the news was kept from the world until now by the Politburo because the discovery was made during the Czarist regime and could not be considered a product of true communism;

Television was invented by an obscure Sebastopol scientist in 1919, but the first transmission—a folk dance by a bunch of elderly mujiks—scared Lenin out of his wits and he ordered the equipment temporarily purged and the scientist permanently purged;

The atom bomb was the discovery of a Stalingrad druggist named Igor Popoff in 1937. Popoff was busy trying to improve on another Russian-invented fissionable product, Eno's Fruit Salts, when he turned up plutonium. The We-Want-Peace-At-Our-Price Society appealed to the Russian Humane Society, known in Moscow as the NKVD, and the warmongering Popoff was purged;

The Spitfire was built in a shadow factory in the Urals in 1923 by two engineers, named Rollsky and Royceky. The plans were given to the decadent British in 1940 because Stalin knew all along that reactionary Germany was planning to attack Russia in 1941 and he wanted the stupid Englishmen to take the sting out of the Nazi air force. Rollsky was made a Hero of the Soviet Union, Third Class, last year. Royceky was caught listening to a bourgeois named Frankie Sinatra on the capitalist Voice of Wall Street programme in August and was purged;

"Forever Amber" was practically finished by a Smolensk school teacher, under the title "Continuously Katrinka" but a certain Western power spy working for a fascist novelist by the name of Kathleen Winsor stole the script while the teacher was trying to figure out whether to liquidate Katrinka in Upper Siberia or lower Slobbovia;

Marxism was invented by—oops! Sorry! Marxism was invented in the smoggy city of London by a carbuncled Hun whose chief hate against life was the fact that he hadn't been born a Yankee tycoon. He should have been purged!

Atomic Propaganda

It is high time that the public understood that the debates over international control of atomic energy are 99 per cent diplomatic shadowboxing. Russia and the United Nations as a sounding board from which to put upon the other, the blame for non-control.

Three years ago the United States put forward a bold, imaginative plan which would in effect have internationalized the atom. It went far beyond what any country was willing to do in the control of other weapons and set up something like world government in this one sector of international relations. It abrogated sovereignty in a vital spot, and would, have put a great strain on nationalism in any country.

If there was ever a chance that Russia would accept it, that chance vanished quickly as the abyss of distrust between East and West yawned wider and wider and wider. Not only did the Baruch Plan break down Russian nationalism; it would necessarily have smashed the barriers of secrecy and isolation from the free world which are essential to totalitarian tyranny. Russia may also have been convinced that its enemies would have dominated the control commission and stifled its atomic development.

Russia offered its own plan—equally unacceptable to the United States—outlawing the bomb before controls were established. Then for months the experts labored in the Atomic Energy Commission of UN to reconcile the two positions. Effective inspection is the key to real controls, and Mr. Vishinsky is making much of Soviet willingness to have inspection. But Russia would limit inspection to such plants as it designated and it comes announced in advance—which means it would be practically worthless. Quiet negotiations seeking agreement must be respected. But no really new proposal has been offered in months and, given the distrust between the East and West, no likelihood of agreement can be seen.

So talk of controls—particularly public debate—has not been designed to win agreement but to win some diplomatic advantage in the cold war. In essence, this debate has been atomic propaganda. The pretense is wearing very thin. It is not helping the

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 124. When the Kiwanis Came to Timmins.

IN THE DAYS WHEN

Today there are no less than ten service clubs in the town of Timmins alone, but until about this time of year in 1923, there wasn't a single service club in this part of the North from North Bay to the North Pole. Of course, Timmins was first among the towns up here to establish a service club. Today there are about twenty of these organizations in the towns of the North.

The chief credit for the organization of a service club in Timmins goes to Louis G. Neville, who energetically and enthusiastically advocated and organized the Kiwanis Club of Timmins in the fall of 1923. Louis G. Neville should be remembered in Timmins for three particular reasons: he directed several excellent dramatic entertainments here; he was the unconscious cause of another Scottish story going into circulation; and he was the man responsible for bringing the Kiwanis to Timmins.

On more than one occasion Mr. Neville came to Timmins to organize and direct amateur shows that proved interesting and successful. All old-timers will recall with pleasure the presentation here of "The Girl in Red," with Louis G. Neville directing. It is true that he found much outlandish musical and dramatic talent here, but his skilled training and talented direction had their due part in the outstanding success of the event.

As for the Scottish story referred to, it unconsciously developed from another activity undertaken by Mr. Neville. After directing one show here for the Daughters of the Empire, Mr. Neville decided to remain in Timmins and publish a newspaper. Here he named his newspaper "The Free Press," and previous to the first issue, the new venture was very widely advertised by large posters. Every window in town seemed to sport one of these posters. The name of the new newspaper, and the address on Spruce street, were very prominently displayed on the placards, the two lines being plainly read from across the street. "FREE PRESS" in large letters were the words that none could miss in passing. According to the story current at this time, Scotty Wilson saw these words, "Free Press," and rushed home to pick up any creased clothes he had, and rush them to that address on Spruce Street. The joker who first started this Scottish story insisted that he did not mean Scotty Wilson, musician and Justice of the Peace, who today has the distinction of having been a member of the Timmins Kiwanis Club for almost a quarter of a century, nineteen of those years being spent as secretary of the club. The joker always said: "It wasn't that Scotty Wilson. It was three other fellows—Scotty Wilson the barber, Scotty Wilson of the post office staff, and Scotty Wilson of the Dominion Bank staff."

If Louis Neville's connection with that Scottish story were merely incidental and accidental, his work to establish a Kiwanis Club in Timmins was deliberate and determined. He roused the interest of large numbers of business and professional men in town, and "sold them" on the idea of the Kiwanis. It was not long before he had all the preliminaries arranged. Pembroke, some four hundred miles away, was the nearest town with a Kiwanis Club, and ready to sponsor the new club at Timmins. Members of the Pembroke club visited here, assisting in the organization, and helping the first officers get away to a good start, with everything running smoothly. Members of Pembroke Kiwanis visited here when the charter was granted by Kiwanis International, and again at the time of the formal presentation of the charter on January 30th, 1924. Since then the sponsor club has continued its interest, as evidenced by the several visits paid the club here by representatives of the Pembroke club.

Kiwanis International granted the first president of the new club 22nd, 1923. Louis G. Neville was charter to the Timmins Club on Nov. 22nd, 1923. There were fifty charter members—

which he had done so much to form, about double the number required under the rules. The official list does not give the names of the charter members in order of precedence, so, for convenience, the fifty names are given here in alphabetical order: P. M. Bardessone, Alex. Borland, Billie Brown, Frank M. Burke, Mark A. Bowie, Dr. C. A. Briscoe, W. F. B. Cadman, A. H. Cooke, E. G. Dickson, Pat Dougall, R. J. Ennis, John W. Fogg, Gordon H. Gauthier, James Geils, Dr. S. Lee Honey, John Kennedy, A. F. Kenning, M.P.P., Ernest H. King, Thos. F. King, H. G. Laidlaw, G. Norman Laing, H. J. Marshall, B. E. Martin, E. J. Meyer, Dr. J. A. McInnis, Dr. G. F. Mitchell, J. K. Moore, C. R. Murdoch, Geo. A. D. Murray.

Louis G. Neville, J. E. Newton, Wm. Nicholson, Dayton Ostrosser, D. W. O'Sullivan, Rev. J. D. Parks, Alfred E. Phillips, I. K. Pierce, Dr. A. S. Porter, H. A. Proctor, W. Rinn, Oscar Robertson, James Shewan, I. E. Stafford, J. E. Sullivan, W. R. Sullivan, Donald Sutherland, Rev. Fr. Theriault, J. P. Tallon, John Watt, Bert G. Wilson.

In the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the granting of that charter, there have been many changes. No less than twenty of the men whose names were connected with that charter have been called by death, while seventeen others have moved away from Timmins, some to distant places.

W. Rinn is the only charter member who has held continuous membership in the Timmins Kiwanis since its establishment in 1923, but three other members—E. H. King, H. among the present-day membership, G. Laidlaw and J. E. Sullivan—are with a long record of enrolment, though due to illness and pressing business reasons they were forced for a short time to drop their membership.

United Nations, and ought to be stopped. Mr. Vishinsky rather gave the game away when he admitted that his big talk about Russia's peaceful use of atomic energy was based on no personal knowledge but wholly on a wild news dispatch from Tass. Repeated American pounding of Russia for blocking controls also begins to sound like a cracked record. The public might well ask Washington for less atomic propaganda and more cooperation with Britain and Canada to speed atomic progress, particularly in industry.—The Christian Science Monitor.

A Bit O' This and That

Jack Frost is about to commence his annual Cold War.

Dar O'Brien, "King of the Hoboes," who never worked in his life, now lies in a six-foot cemetery plot. That is as much as any of us can expect.

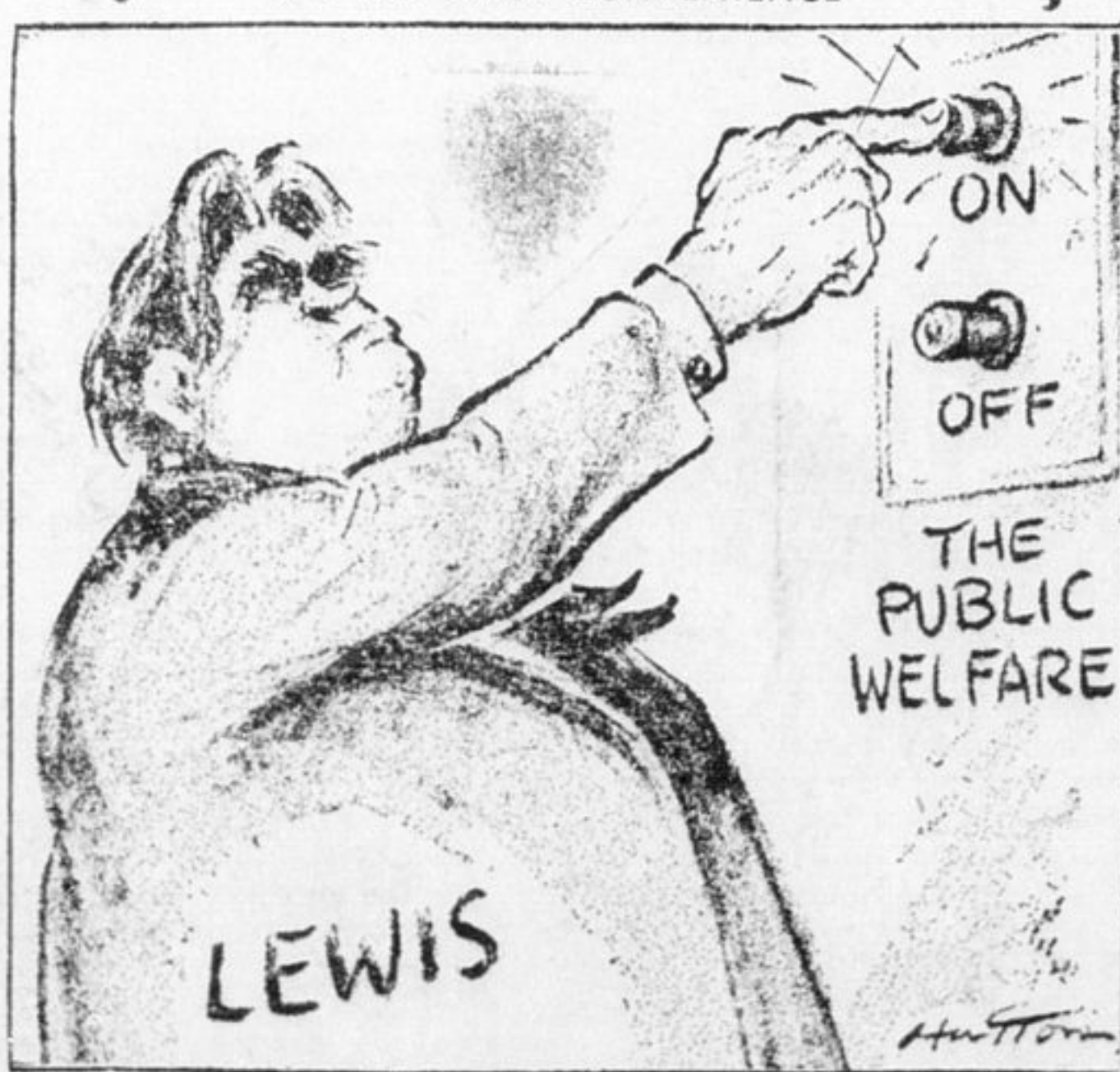
"Police shoot bull on Toronto street." Why no? The natives all do it.

The cost-of-living index dropped one-tenth of a point in September. Those new increases in rent permitted by the federal government will soon take care of that.

International peace will come when nations learn either to love each other or leave each other alone.

Senator Euler objects to the Senate being called "the other place." At least no one will be tempted to call it the hot place.

AT HIS OWN CONVENIENCE



Hutton, in The Philadelphia Inquirer

The Bright Side

SHOCKED

A tourist visited historic Kona on the island of Hawaii. Fired by romantic tales, he felt sure he had reached a land where nothing savouring of Western civilization would be permitted to disturb the tropical atmosphere.

When he reached a small village by the seashore he became interested in a tame mynah bird displayed by a picturesque Hawaiian maid. But he was due for a rude shock. "What's the bird's name?" he inquired.

—Exchange

Housework Plus Agenda

"Now that he plays in the band, I suppose your boy is quite busy," said the lady next door.

"Not as busy as I am," sighed the mother. "I have to help him find a flat, mend and press his uniform, attend the Band Mothers meetings, and beat time while he plays on his alto saxophone."

Congratulating a girl who had just swum the Channel, a Frenchman said: "Mlle Smith, eet was a great foot you have done."

"A great feat, Monsieur," she corrected him.

"Ah, then you have swum the Channel two times, Mademoiselle!" —Tid-Bits.

Wrong Brother

Many good stories are told of the famous Mayo Clinic, which has recently been in the news again with a new treatment for rheumatoid arthritis.

One characteristic anecdote is of a wealthy but boorish stranger who walked up to Dr. Will, the elder Mayo brother, in the clinic's lobby, and said: "Tell me, my good man, are you the head doctor here?"

The white-haired doctor bowed. "No, kind sir," he replied. "It must be my good brother you are seeking. I am the belly doctor."

In relation to population Canada's export trade was 50 per cent greater in physical volume in 1948 than in 1938.—Quick Canadian Facts.

Peninsula literally means "almost an island."

Says 'Get Tough'



Richard Crossman, above, Labor member of British parliament, sounded a "get tough" warning to British negotiators who will be involved in Anglo-Canadian wheat contract discussions next year. He expressed a desire that the possibility be discussed of Canada accepting part payment in sterling for exports to Britain, particularly wheat.

Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

A "union cannibal," I suppose, is a labor man who eats unions. This is the story of one such labor chief, whom other labor chiefs fear so much and hate so much they've charged him with "union cannibalism." And they want to help to keep out of his boiling pot.

They've investigated him. They believe he's now ready to move immediately for wider power.

Things are all set at home for him and his family and friends. His first lieutenant inside his home union owns race horses and an island home complete with a small yacht as a commuting gadget.

His son, Junior, is a high-income-bracket executive and part owner of a carefree wholesale liquor company at the enchanting age of 28 or 29. And he, "Brother Cannibal" himself, already is a successful real estate personality in Seattle.

So there's little to distract him from moving in fast and literally trying to capture whole sections of the vast American Federation of Labor in the next few years.

The good people of labor want this story told. I'm happy to oblige. Power on the right, just as power on the left of labor politics, is nauseating and needs fresh air.

So here goes on Dave Beck, boss of the powerful million-member teamsters union—Dave Beck, the Brother "Cannibal"—even referred to by other union chiefs as leader of a "foul-hatched illegitimate offspring of a power-crazed dictator." Thus the Machinists characterized the local he created in an effort to grab from them the Boeing Aircraft plant in Seattle, largest factory of its kind, maker of four-motored transports, the newest of jet-liners and strato-cruisers.

Beck lost. But it didn't revamp his timetable for power—which also called for a swift public relations job to ballyhoo him into international prominence.

Here's what he tried—and here's how it boomeranged.

Earlier this year, Beck made some phone calls and soon it was announced that he would go to the British Trades Union Congress convention as the AFL fraternal delegate. A few days before he sailed for England, the phone rang in the carpeted, living-room-like office of Motion Picture Producers' Assn. director Eric Johnston, who knows Beck well, having been a Northwest Coast businessman for many years.

Dave Beck was on the other end of the wire. Couldn't Johnston assign a newsreel team to the Beck junkie?

"That's pretty expensive," Johnston explained. "Why don't you use a 16-millimeter camera?"

"All right," snapped Beck, "will you assign a cameraman with a 16mm outfit to cover my trip?"

"I beg your pardon," retorted Johnston, irritated by Beck's arrogance and his effort to put the bite on the motion picture producers—but what did you say your name was?"

Beck hung up.

Nor were things happier for him in the land of twilight Socialism. On arrival at the British labor parley, to tell his English brothers how wonderful they were, he noticed the walks strewn with four-page leaflets screaming: "Extra-Extra-Extra—Do You Know The Truth About Your American Visitor?" Inside the booklet was a suggestion to the British brethren that they, "Do not spend all your time listening. Instead may we suggest that you ask Dave Beck these Questions?"

Do you approve, Mr. Beck, of union officers' having elaborate yachts and race horses and other luxuries? . . . Are you aware, Mr. Beck, that your first lieutenant, Frank Brewster, secretary-treasurer of your Joint Council of Teamsters, purchased a nice horse named "Two and Twenty" for \$12,500 and a nice horse named "Little Rolla" for \$15,000 and had the horses flown by charter to a racetrack 1,400 miles from Los Angeles to Seattle for a race? . . . Are you not, Mr. Beck, chairman of the Board of a corporation building a \$3,500,000 apartment house? . . . Are you not, Mr. Beck, being referred to in many circles . . . in the labor movement as "Dave Beck, the strikebreaker?"

There were other questions, including one which might be of interest to those outside of the labor movement who have cooperated with Dave Beck. That question revealed that last March Beck told the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce: "I'm unalterably opposed to socialization." Yet he really maneuvered for the appointment as AFL fraternal delegate to the labor organization which is the very backbone of British Socialism, and gave it the impression he was solidly with them. All for the sake of the publicity of an international mission. Just as he has privately informed employers he's opposed to U.S. labor in politics, and then told a Western teamsters' parley that labor would put its friends in "Congress or in state legislatures."

Meanwhile, he's gone in for union cannibalism, moving in on industry after industry, definitely planning to use his power over everything on wheels to roll the 8,000,000-member AFL into line. Wait and see!

There were those of us who went quietly into the coalfields and knew that the miners had a bellyful of "shrunkened bellies."

That's why, in the first week, I reported it was only a matter of dramatic days before John L. Lewis surrendered. That's why one of Washington's shrewdest coal experts told the mine owners last Saturday that the coal-diggers would be ordered down the shafts within three days. And, in three days, John L. bid his followers do exactly that.

A railroad superintendent, wise in the ways of coal strikes, looked around him and ordered crews for 24 coal trains to report next Monday. He knew the mines would be opened—though nobody told him.

No crystal ball fraternity, this. We realized that for the first time since Lewis and his lieutenants pounded their way into the miners' leadership, quieting the opposition with the methodical and flattening effect of a giant trip hammer, the miners were revolting against old John.

They were worried by his "shrunkened belly" kind of rhetoric, as stilted and starch-collared as the acting in the ancient "opry" house he once ran. They were hungry. They wanted to work.

I checked. One little store in the Hazard (Ky.) mine fields had just about handed out all the credit it had—\$27,000 for food alone. Try that on your corner grocer. The bigger companies were forced to cut their credit by 50 per cent—which gave the dusty patches about half the food they needed, and about half of what they had last winter. Try that on your kid's stomach. See what happens to your own insides—and I don't mean from lack of vitamins.

So it was that early Tuesday some coal mining locals, in West Virginia's Precabonias fields, manned by loyal union men, all decided to dig coal, strike or no strike. Word went out that by Wednesday morning just about the time Lewis ordered the men back, some 20 local United Mine Workers' units would be defying their chief in that southern West Virginia soil.

And there is Harlan, Ky. I remember well old "Bloody Harlan," where there are men who fought and have seen their buddies die for the U.M.W. union. But in Harlan now, as in the Kanawha, and Logan (W.Va.) fields, some locals had voted quietly to dig coal no matter what Old Eyebrows did or said.

Of course, Lewis knew all this—and in a moment of weakness I'll concede it saddened him, for he lives by the myth, publicly, and unto himself, in the privacy of his favorite rehearsing mirror, that the miners revere him and would follow him forever.

By this past week-end, he had tried every maneuver in his fire-work-filled brain, so geared for swift shifting. None had worked. And now he had only one more trick to conjure. He called his U.M.W. policy committee meeting in Chicago. Immediately the coal industrialists were in a dither. They were certain he was about to pull a "Bethlehem," as Phil Murray did in steel.

But the stars weren't out for Old John. He couldn't split the industry nor find any Illinois coal operators who could be shaken into jumping on a bandwagon which wasn't there. His maneuver failed. No one came to him out of fear that he might be making a deal with another pit owner. At the same time, he got word from the White House, where he still has one good, lanky contact, that President Truman was about to hit the coal industry with an ultimatum—go back to work by Monday or face tough government action. Mr. Lewis would have had to surrender again to the little fellow I once heard him sneer at as an ignorant, incompetent mercenary to the country. That speech was made before 3,000 coal-diggers at the last Cincinnati convention.

Furthermore, Lewis knew that once the full story was dug up by some special Presidential fact finding board, the public would learn that the operators were willing to grant the miners a shorter work day and \$50,000,000 a year more in welfare—but in return wanted to know who would be put on miners' welfare relief, for how much and for how long and on what basis.

And that the operators wanted to regain control of production in their coal fields—control which Lewis now had in his pudgy mitt because under the old contract he could tell the miners when they were "willing and able" to work.

Brother Lewis knew the coal-diggers wouldn't think this was a "deal"—but that they would deeply feel it wasn't worth going hungry just to make Old Shaggy look kingsized among labor leaders by sitting it out the longest.

The specialist-in-surprises juggled another one. But peace, it's wonderful anyway.

A couple in North Carolina got married on a locomotive. Now, isn't that just chao, chao clever?

When we think that maybe the world really is making progress we read that in certain sections of Canada the "zoo" salt crabs have been revived.

It is not only elephants that never forget, there are also women, one's ill-wishers and one's creditors.

Fame is fleeting. For instance: Who was the fellow to win the national hog calling championship?