

The Porcupine Advance

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22nd 1949

"Houle, Kremyr and Krawchuck, Ltd."

In view of the shocking behaviour in the Ukrainian Workers' hall last week, and the consequent Labor Defense Committee advertisement in the Daily Press, perhaps a few remarks on this communist business would be in order.

What are the broken bones about? Why so much heat churned in Timmins about communism, and so little said about its weaknesses, if any. What are they, anyway? What's the matter with it.

The worker struggles for existence. He gets nowhere. He struggles. He dreams a dream of security, of a society in which he will marry, have children and enough to eat—without struggle.

Where is the catch? In the struggle for existence, the strong tend to survive, and the weak tend to perish. And so long as the struggle obtains, the strength of each generation increases. That is development.

On the other hand, in a society where the weak have as much as the strong, the strength of each generation will inevitably decrease. Such a society will weaken and go to pieces as the life which composes it weakens and goes to pieces.

No such society can endure because it annuls the law of development upon which its strength depends. That is a basic weakness of communism which the steely-eyed and tight-lipped Peter Krawchuck apparently cannot grasp.

Hockey and Hookey

In a news story concerning S. C. Kean, Timmins International Correspondence School representative, printed elsewhere in The Advance, one sub-heading proof read, "Play Hookey," and went on to explain that "One student had played hookey on I.C.S. by mailing an empty envelope."

In both cases, the linotype operator—he or she?—set "hookey" instead of "hookey."

What else could be expected in the hockeyman North, where the spirit of our national game is the finest in the world, as mentioned by Dr. J. B. McCClinton in the best story in the recent Ontario Unlimited edition of the Daily Press.

T.C.A.C. and Cherries

A new industry, fruit basket bottom making, is being established in the district. Good. Creativity on the spot. There are about 1,000 unemployed in the Porcupine this Christmas. All power to what may reduce that figure.

Local business men have invested. Contracts from the South have been offered to the new firm, the Porcupine Wood Products Company. Noble McQuatt, the manager, is experienced in the business. And it all means new money flowing up from the south which is old and soft, to the North, which is young and hard.

Speaking of creativity on the spot, it might be added that here on Algonquin boulevard, the new TCAC Guild of All Arts store is similarly creating local employment and making money for the district.

Making money for the district, you may say. It is not. It is competing with local merchants.

Just a moment, please. Hold on.

Local merchants, selling similar goods, might, at first glance feel that competition was being imposed upon them by the Guild's store. That is true—partly.

What is much more important, however, is that, say, Peter Doe, Guild member, makes a couple of breakfast trays. He makes them with his own hands in his own basement right here in town. He takes them to the Guild's store and they sell for \$4.00, say.

Now what does Doe do with that dough? Take a train to Kirkland Lake to buy his winter undies? Come on, now. What does he spend it? And that is money he would not otherwise have had.

One plant, then, impending at Big Water lake and scores of little plants booming on looms and lathes in basements hereabouts. Nice going, boys, nice going.

The Difficulty

On Sunday the Porcupine will celebrate the 1949th anniversary of Christ's birth, the meaning of which has been almost completely forgotten.

Yet in its meaning lies, as it has always lain, the solution to all problems vexing miners and muckers and insurance agents (96) and newspapermen, all.

There is not an argument or a fear, from that of a labor dispute to that of a jealous woman, which would not be immediately dissolved, if we all suddenly became as Christ bade us to be and, if we so chose, we might be.

For the message of Christ can be summed up in one line: caring for one's neighbour and fellows. That is the duty of a Christian. He has but to achieve that and the iron gates which bar him from paradise will slide back.

And if he has no inclination to care—and how many of us in the young, gawky, pushing Porcupine have any inclination toward neighbours, let alone enemies?—the message still remains clear.

It was Christ's percept, iterated and reiterated, that solution lies in trying to care, in acting as though we did, for in so doing our wellsprings are tapped, as well as those of neighbours and enemies to whom kindness is shown. The district would be a haven of happiness if we did; it is not a haven of happiness because we do not.

The trouble is always the same. Power. The thrill of it. The cheap, despicable—ah, but so sweet—thrill of it. Purse power. Office power. Mental power. The tight fist. It is so easy—and human—to rise and let fly, disregard the feeling of others. We'll show the guy; we'll give it to him. Oh, that woman, if only I could outshine her and expose her to ridicule.

There is not one of us, certainly not this writer, who is repented to blame for ignoring this and, by doing so, created resentment in someone else and, ultimately, in himself.

If, one might ask, I do try, I will not, for instance, banish jealousy, but will merely put myself at the mercy of those who refrain from doing so, and are thus able to take advantage of me?

This is true and yet, the future welfare of the Porcupine depends, with mathematical certainty, on the degree to which the aggregate of those composing it follow Christ's words. All effort and any effort yields some light and warmth for the future. Similarly, the converse applies.

Christ's life is the supreme example. Had he chosen to pursue power, he could, despite poverty and abject hatred, have made himself a rich and powerful man, for he was charming, an arrest-talker, and extremely popular, too.

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 128. Christmas in Timmins in 1919

Thirty years ago, a Southern prophet made the formal announcement that the end of the world would occur on December 24th of that year. It is said that the prophecy caused much uneasiness and excitement in some of the larger and less intelligent cities of the South, but few here took the prophecy under serious consideration. It is true that the matter was discussed in Timmins, but chiefly in humorous way. Even when the fatal date passed, one local wit insisted that it might yet be on the way. He pointed out that the T. & N.O. Railway was notorious for being behind time, especially at Christmas time, and he argued that if the end of the world was coming by rail it might arrive at that time. "Well, what about it? Up here, aren't we at the end of the world anyway?"

Certainly, there was no evidence around Timmins at Christmas in 1919 that people were thinking of preparing for the end of the world. Instead, they were busy as nailers preparing for Christmas. Commercial travellers, visiting mining men, and others coming here that season commented on the large number of artistic and attractive Christmas window displays in this comparatively small town.

The showings in the stores fully sustained the promise of the windows. Some of the window displays that year would compare favorably with those in the town in later years when Timmins was much larger in population and area. At the time, The Porcupine Advance, in its news columns, proudly called attention to some of the original, artistic, and cleverly designed windows, in such stores as Marshall-Ecclestone's, the Hollinger Stores, the Northern Canada Supply Co., the Taylor Hardware, F. M. Burke's, Stock's Jewelry Store, the Curtis Drug Store, J. K. Moore's, Halperin's Jewelry Store, S. Bucovsky & Co., The Ostrander Men's Wear Store, J. K. Moore's Horwitz Jewelry, Armstrong & Ellis, and John Watt's.

The Chinese restaurants of the town were all brightly and gaudily decorated for Christmas, 1919, this work being done early in December. It was a local joke that these decorations were not taken down until the following November, when they would be brushed up, repaired, rearranged, and then put up again. The fact was that each year the decorations were put up early in December and allowed to remain in place until late in the following January. One year (it was either 1919, or the year before, or the year after), the Chinaman in one cafe had a large

"Merry Christmas" banner made by a young artist who was employed at other work in one of the mines. The finished banner was an artistic triumph, a riot of gorgeous colors, with silver bells and golden stars, and other emblems and designs. The young artist, however, was the victim of an odd sense of humor, and rendered the words, "Merry Christmas" in what may be styled Chinese phonetic spelling. The sign read: "Melly Clistmas!" For a day or two, all the customers at that cafe solemnly complimented the Chinaman on that sign. "That's something special," they said. It took another local Chinaman to notice that phonetic spelling. He spoke perfect English. "Trust an Englishman to put 'I' into things!" he said. That phonetic sign was at once replaced by a more orthodox one. Then the custom of Christmas in Timmins was not as large, nor as artistic, nor as original and sincere as the first one.

In 1919 all the schools and all the churches had pre-Christmas events that were particularly pleasing and helped to make the season a memorable one. Christmas services in the several churches were impressive and inspiring. Old-timers will remember the crowds that flocked in those days to St. Anthony's church for the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. Many of other faiths considered it a privilege to attend, finding the service impressive and inspiring.

It is needless to say that there were many Christmas Week dances Thursday evening before Christmas. The Timmins Citizens' Band gave a delightful programme at the New Empire Theatre. On Christmas Eve, the Empire Theatre orchestra presented a dance in the basement of the theatre. That basement saw frequent dances, and was popularly known then as "The Underworld." The name originated from the fact that the hall was "underground," but all events were conducted in the most circumspect manner, with the clientele being the best in town and district. The Goldfields-Branch, Timmins, of the Great War Veterans Association held a happy dance in "The Underworld," on the evening of Christmas Day, 1919.

Many other public and semi-public events featured Christmas, 1919, in Timmins, but it was the Homes of the people where the spirit of Christmas reigned the brightest and best. Lighted Christmas trees on porches and on lawns brightened the town, while few homes, indeed, lacked a happy Christmas tree. Literally hundreds of young men and young women of today will remember that

He chuckled the idea of becoming a "bigshot," however; and devoted himself to service he commended to others. Result? Hatred, apparent defeat and early death on a cross. Yes, and a new hope for unborn millions, and inestimable comfort in a cruel, heedless world.

John Dalton: Pride of the Porcupine

John Dalton drove the first horses over the trail into the Porcupine; rode in the first wagon to meet the first train ever to puff into the Porcupine (1911); and became the first local car agent (McLaughlin, before amalgamation with Buick).

He established a business here, survived two fires, stuck with it; and this Christmas marks his 40th year in that business which employs 60 and serves throughout the district. Congratulations.

One photograph in the Third Avenue terminus shows him holding two horses, with burned backs, his sole assets after the 1911 fire; others show Porcupine trails, tents instead of houses, "Boy Scout" hats rather than bowlers, and high-collared ladies riding horseback.

The point, however, is that Mr. Dalton stuck. He did not wander, searching, waiting for something to happen. He did not go mothlike to the bright lights at night, thinking "This is the night. It is going to happen to me tonight." "The Thing" I have been waiting for all my life is going to happen to me tonight." Not Mr. Dalton. He worked. And he stuck.

Nor did he come with the idea of digging up a bit of heavy sugar to wallow in down South. In 40 years so many come and go, so many fortunes lost and won, so many characters broken and wrecked, and so very, very few who endure and give the Porcupine what little stability it has. Of such few—the pride of the Porcupine—is he. Congratulations.

Sends Cocker To Console Child



Ace, a jet-black cocker spaniel, started a 3,000-mile trip by air. She's going to Vancouver to try to console four-year-old Dianne Drummond, Butler St., Vancouver, whose dog was killed by burglars. Ace was a member of a North York, Ont., kennel, owned by Mrs. M. H. Page. Mrs. Page was touched when she read story of Dianne's loss. Herbert Spence, four, is shown saying good-bye to Ace.

Christmas of 1919, and the happiness of the home circles. There are no joys like home joys, and even Christmas has added charm in the home circle of those near and dear.

There is no doubt but that the spirit of Christmas was abroad in Timmins in 1919. Perhaps, it spread from the homes. At the time, The Porcupine Advance described Christmas in Timmins as the sort of Christmas that would have given joy to the heart of Charles Dickens, who immortalized himself by writing the classic of Christmas lore, "A Christmas Carol." Charles Dickens believed in Christmas at home. He believed in a jolly, friendly Christmas—so precious.

If the council were satisfied with the police force and the fire brigade, and the firemen and the police respected and appreciated the mayor and council, it would appear that the mayor and council of 1919, and the police and the firemen, all of them, held the regard of the people in general. That this was the fact was proven by the result of the municipal elections that year. The elections took place on December 29th, and there was an acclamation for both mayor and councillors. Only one of the 1919 councillors was missing on the 1920 board. This was A. Brazeau, who retired voluntarily that year from the municipal arena on account of the fact that the rapid growth of his own business demanded so much of his time that he could not spare the hours he had given so generously to the town in other years for town affairs.

But even before the people had expressed their opinion by electing mayor and council by acclamation, the decision was forecast by the Ratepayers' Association, then under President J. P. Bartleman, the original president, W. DeFeu, having resigned the chairmanship on entering council. At a meeting of the Ratepayers' Association a week before Christmas, with everybody slapping everybody else on the back and saying what a jovial, generous good fellow everybody else was, and what a merry, kind, friendly, rip-roaring good old world this may be. He believed in jolly Christmas wishes, and the giving of hearty gifts. That 1919 Christmas was right along the line laid out by Dickens. The Timmins Fire Brigade, for example, presented handsome meerschaum pipes to Mayor Dr. McInnis and the chairman of the fire and light committee, Councillor Len. S. Newton. To Fire Chief A. Borland, the boys of his brigade gave an elegant rocking chair. Firemen Morris Daher had a host of gifts from silk handkerchiefs and ties to gauntlets for his fellow firemen. Fire Chief Borland had cigars for his firemen, and Mayor Dr. McInnis had still more cigars for them. The police department presented the chairman of the police committee of council, Councillor W. DeFeu, with a handsome meerschaum. He was caught by the police when he was on his way to present a box of cigars to the chief of police and his two assistants. As Dr. McInnis said at the time: "Much as such gifts may be valued for themselves, it is the good friendship that prompts them that make them mas, a resolution was moved by D. Laprairie, and seconded by Digby Griston, to the effect that the association went on record as pleased with the good work of the town council during the year. The motion was carried unanimously, and during the meeting there were many flattering references to the interest, the time, the ability and the public spiritedness shown by the 1919 mayor and council. The chief feature of this meeting was that everybody present appeared to feel that everything else might well be shelved to emphasize the wish of one and all—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All."

Dominion Bank's Head Reports On Past Year

While business in Canada had been affected by growing international trade difficulties, the Canadian economy was in a good position to withstand any adverse influences it might have to face, said Robert Rae, president of The Dominion Bank, in his address to shareholders at the annual meeting in Toronto on Wednesday, December 14.

Referring to the buoyant factors in the, whose real effect would not be known for some time, Mr. Rae said there was no doubt these must be as a result of a removal of artificial restraints on trade, particularly by the United States, if the world's resources were to be developed efficiently.

Canada and U.S. Lead

Referring to the many factors in our domestic economy, Mr. Rae stressed the position of oil production in Western Canada as one of the first examples of free enterprise in our history and the same could be said of the mining industry in the West and the lumber industry in the North.

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"Houle, Kremyr et Krawchuck, Ltée."

En rapport avec l'incident lamentable survenu la semaine dernière à la salle "Ukrainian Workers" et le reportage du comité travailliste de la défense paru dans le "Timmins Press," peut-être que quelques remarques sur cette question communiste seraient dans l'ordre.

Pourquoi cet intérêt subit dans la cause communiste à Timmins, tandis que rien n'est mentionné des faiblesses de cette organisation, s'il y en a. Après tout, que sont-ils? Qu'est-ce qui ne va pas?

L'employer peine afin de subsister. Il n'avance à rien. Il continue à peiner. Il rêve d'une sécurité, d'une société dans laquelle il pourra se marier, élever une famille et de quoi pourvoir à leur besoin... tout cela sans peiner?

Ou est la lacune? Dans l'effort de subsister, les forts subsisteront, et les faibles périront. Tant que l'effort apporte des résultats, chaque génération grandit. C'est le simple bon sens.

D'autre part, dans une société où les faibles possèdent autant que les forts, la force de cette génération diminue inévitablement. Alors cette société faiblit et tombe en décadence en même temps que la vie qui la compose tombe en décadence.

Une telle société ne peut subsister car elle confond les lois naturelles sur lesquelles sa force dépend. Ceci est la faiblesse fondamentale du communisme qu'apparemment le froid et surnois Peter Krawchuk ne peut saisir.

T.C.A.C. et l'industrie des cerises

Une nouvelle industrie vient de prendre naissance dans cette localité. L'industrie qui sert à faire des fonds à paniers. C'est merveilleux.

Du travail chez nous. Tout prêt de 1,000 hommes sont sans emploi dans le Porcupine en cette fin d'année. Tant mieux si l'on peut réduire le nombre.

Des hommes d'affaires de cette ville ont investi dans ce projet. Cette nouvelle concerne la "Porcupine Wood Products Company" ayant à sa tête, Noble McQuatt, homme d'expérience dans cette matière, vient de recevoir des contrats venant du nord de la province. Tout cela veut dire de l'argent qui s'implantera dans le nord, qui est encore jeune et prometteur, venant du sud qui vieillit toujours.

En parlant de travail chez nous, il serait bon à noter que sur le Boulevard Algonquin dans la ville de Timmins, le nouveau magasin "TCAC Guild of All Arts" procure du travail local et par le fait même rapporte de l'argent à cette localité.

Ca rapporte de l'argent à cette localité. Une petite usine, disons à Big Water Lake, et des vingtaines d'autres petites usines ici et là dans les sous-sols. Très bien, les gas, très bien.

La difficulté

Dimanche, le Porcupine célébrera le 1949 anniversaire de la naissance du Christ. La signification de cet événement a été presque entièrement oubliée, quoique en cet anniversaire repousse la solution aux problèmes des mineurs des agents d'assurances (96) et des correspondants, enfin tous et chacun de nous.

Il n'y a pas de querelle ni de peur, qu'elles soient occasionnées par une dispute de travail ou une femme jalouse, qui ne seraient entièrement résolues si nous suivions les enseignements du Christ; et en choisissant ainsi, nous serions ce que voulons être.

Le message du Christ peut se résumer en une ligne. "Aime ton prochain comme toi-même." Voici le devoir d'un chrétien. Il n'a qu'à accomplir ce commandement et le paradis l'attend dans l'autre vie.

Il n'a pas le désir d'accomplir son devoir... et combien parmi nous, dans ce jeune et pétillant Porcupine, pense à ses voisins, encore mieux à ses ennemis?... malgré tout, le message est le même.

Un des enseignements du Christ.

John Dalton: l'orgueil du Porcupine

John Dalton fut le premier homme à conduire une paire de chevaux sur le sentier qui conduisait au Porcupine. Il fut le premier homme à conduire une voiture à la gare pour rencontrer la première locomotive à faire son entrée dans le Porcupine (1911); il fut aussi le premier vendeur d'automobiles (McLaughlin avant son amalgamation avec Buick).

Il y établit son commerce ici, il survécut deux conflagations par le feu; et en ce Noël fête son 40ième anniversaire dans un commerce qui emploie au-delà de 60 personnes et rend un service à toute la localité. Félicitations.

Une photographie que vous trouverez au terminus sur la Troisième avenue, vous fera voir M. Dalton tenant une paire de chevaux, brûlés au dos, sa seule possession après le feu de 1911; d'autres photographies vous feront voir les sentiers du Porcupine, des tentes au lieu de maisons, des chapeaux "Scouts" au lieu de chapeaux "durs" et des dames

à robes au haut col faisant de l'équitation.

Le fait, cependant, reste que M. Dalton y est demeuré. Il ne s'est pas mis à errer, à chercher, à attendre que quelque chose tombe du ciel. Il ne s'est pas conduit à la manière des papillons à la lumière brillante en disant: "Voici ma chance." Ce soir je crois que ce soir la fortune me sourira. Non pas M. Dalton. Il travailla. Il y est demeuré.

Aussi, M. Dalton n'est pas venu au Porcupine afin d'y amasser sa fortune pour aller ensuite vivre à l'aise dans le sud. Dans 40 ans, plusieurs sont passés, plusieurs fortunes ont été gagnées ou perdues, plusieurs n'ont pas eu le courage d'y demeurer, et un bien petit nombre y sont restés pour donner au Porcupine le peu de stabilité qu'on peut y trouver. De ces quelques uns, il est demeuré, l'orgueil du Porcupine. Félicitations.

Turkey Ranchers Set For Christmas



Peter White, whose dad has a Manitoulin, Ont., turkey ranch stands beside sack that represents required feed for one bird to prepare for Christmas. Turkey ranchers on Manitoulin are heading for biggest season.