

The Porcupine Advance

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Guns In Gillies Lake

The Aloguin Regiment—A & D Companies—is 60 strong, highest ever in peacetime. And now Major Bob Buell, C.C., wants more men.

Why?

Because they have plenty of wireless and grenades? Why not take the wireless and grenades up to Gillies Lake, cut a hole in the ice and drop the junk down?

Fill a garbage truck with the anti-tank guns and 3" mortars, drive it down Algonquin, and toss them in from the bridge? Use army trucks. Fill them with shells, every one of them, every Bren and Sten in the armories, load after load, till there wasn't a scrap of metal in the place.

And when they had emptied the armories (clean out the cadet corps, all of them, take the guns away from all boys' reach and chuck them into the Mattagami. Strew them well around the bend past the mill, right to the bottom, all of them.

Why not?

Any veteran in Timmins knows the most stupendous experience of his days—too well. That he went in young and green, witnessed the agonies of masses of men, blinded, crack-potted, shorn of limb and entrails; starvation concaved bellies, corpses frozen in mind, children utterly neglected; homes, hospital ships, cities obliterated. They know all about it.

And yet Major Charlie Brown, Capt. Fred Evans, Capt. Lucien Marien, Lieut. Harold Ferguson, Lieut. Bill Jamieson, Sgt. Major Henry Ostrosser, Sgt. Major Jack Wilson, Sgt. Major Lionel King, Sgt. Gene Thornton, Cpl. Harry Atkinson, Reg. Peters, Remi Laviolette, Maurice Savard, Wally Mayhew, and others—have given time and effort to instruct recruits and potential officers.

Why?

Last week Joe was 70. Eighty-one railway cars hauled gifts alone. It is not absolutely unlikely that local henchmen sent him a gift from local stores. Millions sent gifts. Plenty of them from Canada.

Joe didn't build up the Red Army. Trotsky did. Joe didn't save the revolution. Trotsky did. And when Lenin, the real leader of the whole bunch of them, was dying, he wrote in his last will and testament that Joe Stalin was not to be trusted.

It was not published. Joe tried to suppress it—by means of his own devious cunning. He who relished conspiracy, "got" Trotsky, exiled him and took charge.

And this morning in January, 1950, he stands as one of the mightiest and most mysterious figures, perhaps, in centuries, and of as much concern to the Porcupine as anywhere else.

It is a great thing to refrain even from telling an enemy to go and jump into the Mattagami; it is a greater thing to know that—if needs be—you can knock the tar out of him.

That is why 3" mortars are good things to have around, why Timmins vets are active, and why Major Buell wants more men.

She Would Not Marry Him

On Sunday morning in the MacKay Presbyterian church—although all denominations sing it from time to time—one of the hymn selections happens to be, "O, Love that wilt not let me go," which is of particular interest for several reasons.

In the first place it is considered one of the finest and most beautiful of all hymns. And in the second place the author, Rev. George Matheson, wrote the entire four verses in a little over four minutes. And he was blind at the time.

But perhaps the most interesting fact is that Mr. Matheson was a bachelor, not by choice, but because he had been turned down, thrown over, given the cold shoulder by his girl. She, refusing—it is believed, though not known—on account of his then impending blindness.

Some years later, on the eve of his sister's wedding, (that is, the evening before his sister was going to do what he had for so long wanted to do, and now could not do, for his girl had since married someone else;) he sat down and wrote these lines—often sung in Timmins—to enrich all hymn books for generations to come.

O love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary self in thee,
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray
That in thy sunshine blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain;
And feel its promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust, life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

How is it that such a gem could have been conceived in so short a time? Any good writer will affirm that his best work stems from intense concentration over long periods of time, endless revising and rewriting.

And Mr. Matheson himself averred that the four verses were written in a few minutes, "Certainly not more than five minutes," he later said.

The only answer would seem to be that these lines present, distilled, his deepest convictions, suddenly brought to a head on the eve of his sister's wedding.

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 129 When The G. W. V. A. Organized In Timmins.

It is just a little over thirty-one years ago since Timmins had its first organization of ex-servicemen. The men returning from the first world war felt the desirability and the need for some form of association that would help protect their interests, assist in their return to civilian life, and allow them to continue friendships formed on active service and make new friends among those who had the mutual tie of having served in the battle lines overseas.

Six in Canada

In Canada, there were perhaps half a dozen of these organizations, with the Great War Veterans Association and the Canadian Legion of British Empire Service League the two most important, both in point of influence and strength of membership. It was soon apparent that there was loss of prestige and strength from there being too many organizations. The Great War Veterans and the Canadian Legion B. E. S. L. were far in the lead in membership and enterprise and in their attitude to the public as well as to the soldiers, and so it was only natural that these two associations should be the most enthusiastic in seeking unity and combined, not divided, effort in working for the returned men. These two organizations did eventually unite under the name of the Canadian Legion of British Empire Service League, a number of other smaller organizations joining in the amalgamation. Neither the G. W. V. A. nor the Legion had to forego principles or purposes, for both organizations seemed to have the same aims and much the same plans. This was proven in Timmins where the G. W. V. A. had practically no adjustment to make to fit smoothly into the Canadian Legion after the amalgamation.

In the meantime, however, the Great War Veterans Association was the first to organize a branch in Timmins. In the early part of 1919, returned men here felt the need of an association to assist in any settlement of the problems of the returned soldiers. As time went on more and more ex-servicemen came to the camp, and the need for organization interesting to note that the men who were prominent in organizing the G. W. V. A. were the same men who, later, were the leaders who helped make the Canadian Legion a power in the land.

Cobalt and Timmins

Capt. Tom Magladery, M.P.P. of New Liskeard, a member of the Provincial Command of the G.W.V.A., travelled all over the North organizing branches of the association. In Timmins he found an able and enthusiastic lieutenant in Geo. A. Smith, then of Timmins, but more recently a resident of Cochrane. Largely through the united efforts of these two men who have seen active service overseas, the Goldfields Branch of the Great War Veterans' Association was established at Timmins on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18th, 1919. At the time, Capt. Magladery commented on the difference between the cases at Cobalt and Timmins. A Cobalt, only six returned men turned out to the first meeting called to organize, while at Timmins there were thirty-five present. Not only that, but every one of the thirty-five promptly joined the branch, most of them emphasizing the fact that a hundred others would be ready to join as soon as they knew of the existence of the new branch. It was also pointed out that more and more men were coming back from over-

seas service as time went by, and all these would be potential members of the new organization.

The organization meeting here was no cut-and-dried affair. Instead, there was general discussion, and evidence of the freedom of thought and expression that makes democracy possible, and beyond value. After each question was discussed from all angles, the usual result was that an agreement was reached between differing viewpoints, and votes were as close to being unanimous as possible in a healthy state of affairs. The following were the first officers elected for the new branch: President, Geo. A. Smith, Timmins; vice-president, D. Briden, Schumacher; secretary-treasurer, Digby Salkeld, Timmins; executive committee, David G. Kerr, Schumacher, M. Staples, Timmins, and Mr. Jupp, Schumacher.

"Advance" Support

Of course, the new association had the hearty support of The Porcupine Advance, and through the column of The Advance, the G.W.V.A. asked the sympathy and co-operation of the public. This was a striking feature of the attitude of the G.W.V.A. It always sought to merit public support. In this respect, the Canadian Legion has always followed along the same lines. In addition to general publicity extending over weeks, The Advance gave a full-page advertisement to announce the organization meeting, and a public meeting to follow in the evening. This advertisement was signed by "Geo. A. Smith, organizing secretary." One sentence in that announcement is well worth repeating for its expression of the attitude in which the returned men were organizing. It said: "We require and desire public support and confidence, and believe it only necessary to make known the aims of the Association to obtain full support."

McInnis Presides

There was a large gathering of the public at that public meeting in the New Empire Theatre. Dr. J. A. McInnis, mayor of Timmins, occupied the chair. It was the first public meeting at which he presided as mayor of the town, but it certainly was not the last by several scores. The mayor's first thought was to call for a mark of honour and respect for the gallant men who had given their lives in the battle for liberty and the right, the large audience rising at once and standing in silence for two minutes.

Geo. A. Smith, president of the newly-organized branch, referred to the number of returned men in the Porcupine Camp and the way they had taken up civilian life. This he pointed out, showed that they would make the best of citizens, and he felt they should have the encouragement of public support and understanding. While leaving to Capt. Magladery the full explanation of the aims and objects of the G. W. V. A., Mr. Smith put the whole thought in a phrase: "To help the returned men, and to help the public."

Soldiers' War & Peace

Capt. Magladery, after a humorous introduction, reminded the audience that after all previous wars, the soldiers had always been neglected and forgotten, despite the rich promises made to them when war's dangers were threatened. He thought this poor business, as well as rank ingratitude. The Great War Veterans' Association believed that the soldier could be as helpful a factor in civil life as he had been in the service of his country in the time of war. The G. W. V. A., the speaker continued, was strictly non-political and non-sectarian. It was for the benefit of all the soldiers, and of the community. It had as one of its chief aims the purpose that no soldier, nor any of the dependants of a soldier, should be the objects of common charity. To join the association it was only necessary that a man should be of good character and had seen service in any of the allied forces during the war.

The Needy Nourished

"These, too, are aims and hopes of the G. W. V. A.," said Capt. Magladery: "To keep alive the ties and comradeships of those who had served side by side in a great cause, to perpetuate the memory of the brave who had died for humanity's sake, to care for the sick and wounded and the needy among the returned soldiers, to establish clubs, libraries, hospitals, etc. for the returned men, and to cherish the spirit of loyalty and service to the British Empire and to Canada."

Other speakers at the meeting included Mr. Rutland, of the Pensions Board of Canada, who thought the organization would be of value to soldiers and public alike, and who suggested the formation of a Ladies' Auxiliary as a valuable community factor. In this suggestion, he has been proven a good prophet. Rev. Fr. Theriault caught the crowd with his inimitable humor and wit, and held them with his thought that the soldiers who had fought for freedom and the rights of minorities would be valiant citizens who would help people in general to get away from religious strife. Rev. J. D. Parks, minister of the Byrnes Presbyterian

Inside Labour

by Victor Riesel

Philadelphia—the nine-piece jazz band played "Putting on the Ritz" and the dim-lit grand ballroom with its holiday-spirited occupants seated at banquet tables seemed more like a smoke-filled nightclub than a convention hall launching both a new union and literally a Holy Crusade.

It was the first morning of the first convention of the new CIO International Union of Electrical Radio and Machine Workers here. And for over an hour Phil Murray had flashed fire as few of the 425 delegates of the press corps had seen him do in the nine years he has led the CIO.

At the start he had charged that the officers of the old United Electrical Workers (UE) were to his "best knowledge and belief nothing but common trade-union parasites (who) sought to inflict the judgment and policies of the (Soviet) Politburo on CIO . . . and create in the framework of the old UE and American Cominform designed to give aid and comfort, not only to the course of Communism in America, but also to the expansionist policies of the Soviet government abroad."

Then, with that reversion to religious fervor which marks Murray in anger and battle, the CIO chief cried out:

"I swear to you here this morning that I will fight them every ounce of the energy and wisdom that the Infinite Being has bestowed on me. The old UE was a Communist Inferno."

If ever there was torment and fury on a man's face it was on Phil's. It became clear that the Communists had dominated a \$9-billion-dollar electrical industry, with a payroll of close to \$3 billion, only because in the past they had not stung this man to such bitterness. Now, as they always do, they had gone too far—they had captured themselves.

What happens here no longer is the story. What happened until this point should be etched on the brains of the "decent stupid" as an Austrian newspaper dubbed those liberals tolerant of the extreme left. And Murray knew well what happened. Step by step, the union had been used for the CIO (Communist International) and not for the CIO.

Here is the record, as these at this convention put it together:

In the early UE days, the union rushed to bolster the Communist American League Against War and Fascism—whose first program point was "to work toward stopping the manufacture and transport of munitions and other materials essential to the conduct of war, through mass demonstrations, picketing and strikes."

When the Communist Party line was isolationist, the UE newspaper, under Julius Empack's editorship, yelled, "The Yanks aren't coming." Later it was for a second front. Then for bringing the boys back home.

When the Reds launched a Greek-American Council to agitate for the Greek Communist rebels, and it needed labor backing, UE leaders rushed into it. When the comrades set up the Committee for a Democratic Far-Eastern Policy and furnished union names to dress it up—to whomp it up for Chinese Communists—UE organizers were pasted on its front.

When the Reds wanted to thumb their noses at American national pride and spirit, they had eight New York UE officials drag an American flag through muddy streets during a May Day parade. When the Communist Party last year ran one of its few national conventions, Murray was told 16 UE officials were delegates. When the American Stalinists drummed up a committee to howl at Judge Medina during the Politburo trial, 34 UE leaders were picked by the party's labor commission for this phalanx.

When the party set up its Civil Rights Congress to "protest" the indictment and deportation of comrades, the UE used its prestige and CIO label as protective coloration by throwing in 162 of its officials of a total of 550 committee members.

Thus, for years, 400,000 electrical workers were used as a front. And it was young Jim Carey who wound it all up for the 425 delegates here in one sentence:

"Those Communists worshipped their October Revolution (Lenin's) and now we'll give them reason to fear this November counter-revolution—of ours."

So the little people, here from factories vital to this country's defense, are being briefed, inspired and sent home to fight it out.

That's all there is to this parley. And the Communists will find out, as they always will if you fight back that they have captured only themselves.

South Porcupiners Work Hard to Build Church

The Pentecostal church in South Porcupine (25 Golden Avenue) is an old store building with big windows at the front. It is not in a block with other stores. It is a self-contained building, but rather unsuited for a church, declared Rev. R. J. Hunter, the minister.

Hard Workers

So, he said, during the summer members of the congregation removed the big front windows and installed small ones at the sides, bought lumber, cut it and made it into pews, to replace old benches, the most assiduous workers being Nicholas Wachnuik, Christopher Anderson, Allan Christy and T. Hartikainen.

Eleanor Wachnuik plays the organ which is old and hard to play, and therefore also a piano, a recent gift of two families who have since moved away. Miss Wachnuik stepped in to substitute one Sunday morning some years ago when she was a girl of 12, and has been playing at the church ever since. "She is very good on church music," asserts Mr. Hunter.

Miss Wachnuik has moved to Hamilton, however, and has been replaced by Anita Kopare, a South Porcupine girl, who plays equally well, says Mrs. Hunter, even on the same old organ.

Growing School

In 1946 the average Sunday School attendance was 32, in 1949 it was 55, deduced for a 52-week year.

Mr. Hunter arrived in 1946, to succeed Rev. John Spillenaar.

THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



Church, Timmins, expressed his gratification at the emphasis placed on service by the returned men who had served overseas. This would be a happy land, he thought, if men gave their courage, their faith, their talent and their loyalty to the service of others. G. A. Macdonald, chairman of the Porcupine recruiting committee for the Royal Air Force, also spoke briefly.

Solos by Miss Hoggarth and James Geils, with H. W. Martin playing the piano accompaniments, added to the interest of the meeting.

Mrs. Leon Martin was elected president of the Timmins branch of the Federation of French Canadian Women during a meeting held last night.

The other officers elected were as follows: Mrs. T. Belanger, vice-president; Mrs. Come Laforest, 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Harry Lloyd, secretary; Mrs. R. Leclerc, treasurer; and Mrs. O. Cote, Mrs. N. Vaillancourt, Mrs. O. Magnan, Mrs. P. Fay, Mrs. Lec Dubien, and Miss D. Richer, director.