

The Porcupine Advance

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Thursday, February 2nd, 1950

Arena Second?

Bob Crosby, manager of the McIntyre arena, said that when the American and Canadian champions come to practice in July and August, "It brightens the summer season for us."

The "Mac" has brightened the lives of hundreds throughout the fall, winter and spring. It has brought sport and health to thousands: curlers, farmers, schoolgirls. It has become a hatchery for hockey players, figure skaters, the finest in the North, which is something.

The McIntyre Arena is superior in quality and spirit to the Montreal Forum; it is superior in quality and spirit to the New York Madison Square Gardens. It is, in actual brick and facilities, far finer than that of any one such building in the land. Whether or not Timmins ever has its own arena, it is fortunate indeed to be within 15 minutes of the "Mac."

Who instigated that building? Who sparked the idea and set it going, shoved the critics out of the way, the whip-snappers who yap and yap and don't do anything; who fought for the cash and pushed the thing through till it stood, as it now stands, magnificent, a blessing to thousands, a boon to the North, bringing health and pleasure and sport and music to a great many every day—and a most enviable reflection upon the McIntyre Mine. Whoever did it, did something.

The "Mac" is now "home" to three senior hockey clubs, four mercantile teams, four juveniles, and countless kids teams, as Doug McLellan, our sports writer, attests. As it is, all those who do skate and play, cannot skate and play enough, all those who do not skate and play, would do so, and additional innumerable spectators would be forthcoming, to an arena close at hand, could it be built right here.

Is it likely that one man will cough up enough money to build a whole arena? No, it is not likely. Is it possible? Why not? One man did it down in Port Hope the other day. (Story on page one). And he didn't string his name up on it, either. He strung up the name of someone else, someone of no relation to him whatever. Nor did he stop to consider: "What am I going to get? What interest? What return?" He gave it; an outright gift. He simply said: Go ahead. Build it. I'll pay for it.

Here in Timmins, however, as an investment, a potential source of substantial return, it would, in this hockey-mad part of the country, seem to be most profitable and worthy. The money is here. Right here. No question about that. You don't have to go far around the corner to find it. People in Timmins are investing in all kinds of things every day.

What would induce them to invest? The fact that hockey is the sport of sports, the most thrilling of games; and here in the Porcupine its amateur quality and spirit are the finest in the world and that local crowds and enthusiasm are all but guaranteed.

A committee, bent upon securing the cash, has been formed. All power to it.

With regard to spending money for the benefit of the town however, there is another matter which might be mentioned—even now.

Around town there are enough drugstore muckers and poolroom pussies to comprise a regiment or two. Maybe three. At present there is nothing to stop them from a healthy hike, joining the ski club, the reserve army, the G. of A.A., music lessons, enjoying something good in spare time.

It is not altogether their fault. They need to be shown, induced, attracted in gangs, taught the value of it, now and later. The Town Council has shown admirable initiative in this respect, to the extent of thirty-odd thousand dollars, in incepting the TCAC, which is well up in the province.

But what would, it seems, complement the T.C.A.C., breed young boxers, swimmers, gymnasts, hard-stomached handball playing business men, athletes all would be a proper YMCA. In Brantford, for instance, the TCAC and YMCA are established flourishing and—most important—complementary.

Gower Markle, Porcupine YMCA secretary, has had to plug along here on a shoestring in a glorified shack with two ping-pong tables. Oh, yes, it had a campaign. Many worked hard. Good publicity. But donations were so small that amounts would not be released. The "Y" struggled on with a radio auction or two.

And yet the answer to this community centre business lies partly in a "Y," where Joe could meet Charlie for a game and a quick dip at noon hour; where brokers and doctors could hit a ball, have a shower, a sandwich, a drink; where youth would be led over wooden horses and parallel bars, teams and recreation of all kinds—and all complementary to the TCAC—as elsewhere in Ontario. That is the function of the "Y." It knows how to lure and interest youth well. It does not advocate "spectators." It advocates "doing." It is all action.

Hence it seems to this paper that if money can be found for the benefit of the town, a proper YMCA would be equally if not more beneficial.

Offending Little Ones

The Advance has been authoritatively informed by two sources that there have been a number of assaults upon children around town. There is no doubt that these individuals are impelled by what is a most powerful human instinct—misdirected.

But those who release it upon children warrant no mercy whatever. "Whoever offends one of these little ones, it would be better for him that a millstone were hung around his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

Hollinger Offers Prevention

"We have found that many blasting caps have been brought home from various mines, either purposely or inad-

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

No. 133 — A Typical Old-Time Council Meeting

Whether a town be large or small, young or old, the municipal council has no easy task. The early town councils in Timmins, however, had a particularly difficult situation to face. In addition to attempting to provide services for the comfort and convenience of the people, there was the more difficult task of financing. More than once has it been said with truth that the first town councils of Timmins had to start at scratch, and keep on scratching."

During the first world war, it was close to impossible to sell the municipal debentures of any Northern mining community, while at the same time there was a decided limit to the taxation the ratepayers could bear. There was no limit to the pressing needs of the new town. Old-timers will recall how often the Hollinger Mines proved a life-saver for the town by advancing money for urgent needs and patiently waiting until other arrangements might be made.

The Timmins Luck
The early days Timmins was more fortunate than most towns in the calibre of the men around the council tables. The first three mayors of Timmins—W. H. Wilson, J. P. McLaughlin and Dr. J. A. McInnis—seemed to be the ideal men for the job and the time.
The town was equally fortunate in its early councillors, all of whom had fine public spirit, as well as outstanding ability. It is interesting to recall that all the early councillors had some men who were experienced experts in business and finance and in engineering, while all of them had more than the average share of kind-ly common sense.

They Often Agreed to Differ
One of the chief characteristics of the early days was the way all the members of the municipal board worked harmoniously together. Of course, they often differed in plans and policy, but as they were all concerned only about the interests of the town, there was always opportunity to reach a compromise or an understanding, at least.
A case in point was that of fire

protection. Dr. McInnis had extended plans to ensure safety from fire. Others in the council did not dispute the theories of Mayor Dr. McInnis, but they did question the expense entailed.
Another example was that of Dr. H. H. Moore's efforts for the public health. Fortunately, for the town, the two public-spirited doctors were able in large measure to persuade the others that money spent for health and fire protection was really money saved to the town and its people. The years have proved the doctors to have been fully right.
Busy, But Happy Council Meetings
It was a pleasure to attend the old-time council meetings. There was enough formality to keep the meetings business-like and dignified, yet rules and regulations were never allowed to interfere with free discussion and a friendly spirit.
Mayor Dr. McInnis was a happy expert at the quick witticism that relieved a tense situation.
The attitude of the early councils to the public and the country at large is well worthy of mention, and a review of a typical old-time council meeting should be of more than passing interest.

Many Pressing Problems
At one of the early council meetings in 1919 there was a large attendance of ratepayers, not to present grievances, but simply from a proper interest in their own affairs. The first action of the mayor, Dr. J. A. McInnis, was to give welcome to the large number of ratepayers present. "Well, I'd do a lot better, if we're all interested in our own business," he said.
The business then taken up included: discussion of the scavenger service; more lights and sidewalks for the town; some improvement in the roads; more effective snow-ploughing; extension of the water-works system; either fees, or a bigger bonus to the volunteer firemen for fires attended; measures to prevent short measure in fuel wood sold in town; better sanitary conditions in regard to the sale and distribution

vertently," says H. M. Ferguson, superintendent of Hollinger. In view of the potential blighting effects of these caps, it is certainly to be hoped that Mr. Ferguson's discovery and warning will be heeded.

Hollinger is conducting an educational program on this matter. Nearly 5,000 children have seen the film entitled: "Blasting Caps." This program is a most worthy undertaking on the part of Hollinger Mines.

Why No Soap?

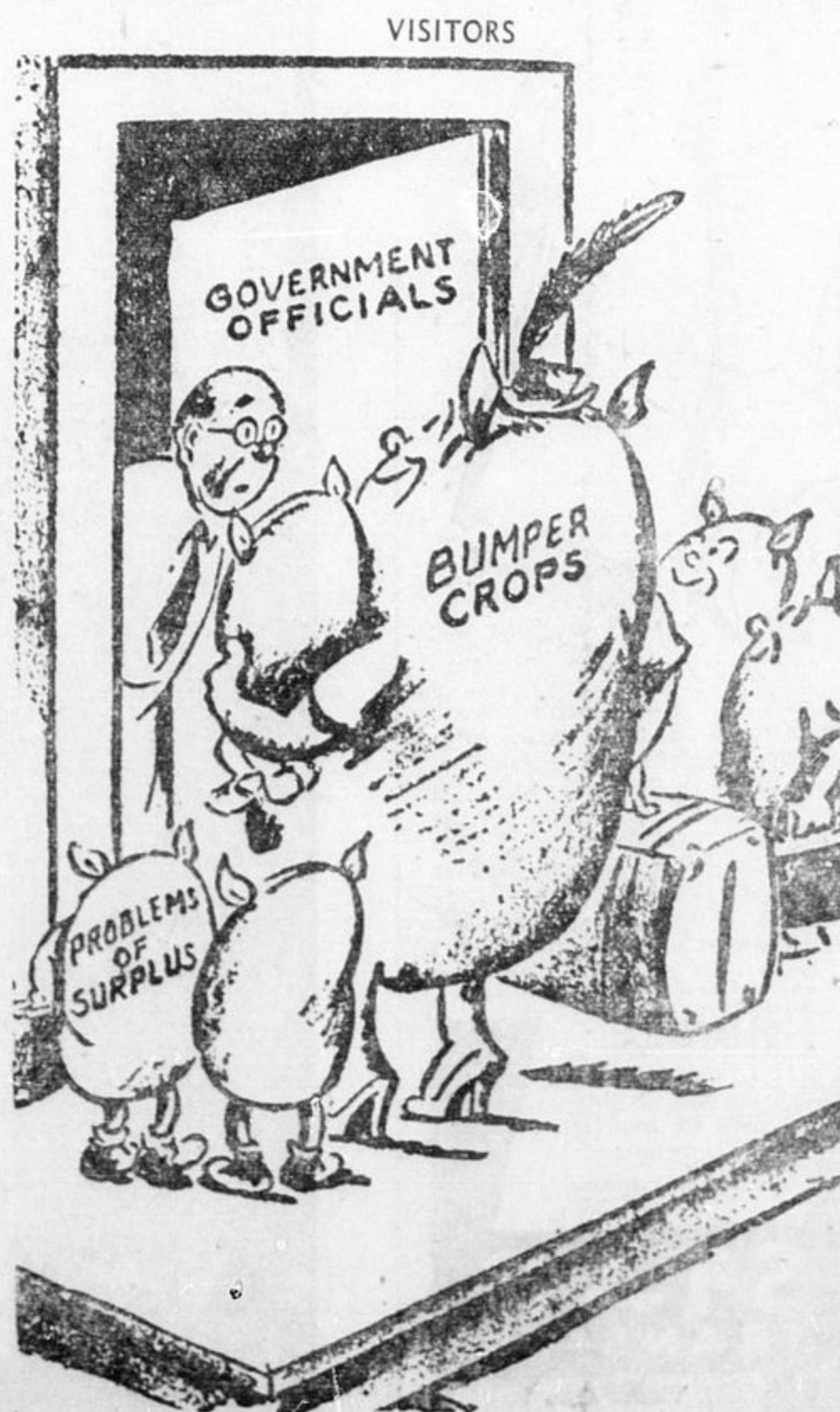
Timmins restaurants are good and clean, and offer, in general, palatable meals at reasonable prices, much more reasonable than down South.

One salient characteristic is that many of their wash rooms contain no soap. Employees can of course use kitchens in which to clean their hands. Customers cannot.

Even hot water is of little avail without soap. Hence the possible spread of bacteria to and from customers goes somewhat unimpeded.

Suppose the restaurant proprietor puts soap in the wash-room at nine in the morning? What happens? It is gone at noon. He puts in another cake or two. Gone by tea time. Sneak thieving is perpetual. The proprietor gets pretty tired of putting soap in his wash room—for other people's homes.

Suppose he installs a liquid squirter? Before long it will vanish. Many have. Ripped clean off the wall. That's the way it is. After all, this is Northern Ontario, not Southern Surrey.



Senior Citizens

The party for the Timmins Senior Citizens was postponed to a later date owing to insufficient registration. We had planned to get the senior folk together so they could extend their interests to each other. But we must have more registrations if we are to carry on our programme. Please come along and register at R. E. Skirrow's office at the Town Hall, phone 2300.

For Contributors Only

"Nobody ready my story," remarks a contributor to the Advance.

Dear Madam, almost every reader reads it. What you write is more important and worthwhile to them than any Shanghai suicide or Montreal murder, however gory. They read it. Never doubt it.

Then why don't they say anything?

We don't know. There is no accounting for some behaviour. But please rest assured that as long as you report Porcupine interests they will be lapped up like cream for a cat—and particularly by those who say nothing, raise not one eyelash, pretend not to have noticed your stuff at all—they can be counted upon as your most avid readers.

Should you doubt readership there is a simple means of verification. Make a mistake, not too obvious, just a casual error, and you will hear about it from the most unlikely—so you thought—reader in town.

For instance, when the Campbell Soup Company wanted to estimate advertising readership, what did they do? Write to people and ask if they had read it? Not at all. They inserted an error, deliberately mentioned "22 delicious soups for your enjoyment," and then listed only 21.

Hundreds of replies came in, all retorting, in one way or another, "You say you have 22 soups, and you list only 21." Thus they could learn how thoroughly their advertisements were read.

Well, what of it? Why should you bother to contribute anything to the paper? What do you get out of it?

You get the satisfaction of having contributed something of worth and interest to a great many others. It is a courtesy to others to report their interests. Even big papers can never approach the intimacy of the small weekly.

So take heart.

The paper is yours.

You sustain it.

Without you it could not stand.

Yesterday a girl asked the Advance to cover the meeting, please. She wanted it covered throughout.

This is easy in the case of a big paper with plenty of reporters. But that on a weekly consisting of only one, he cannot attend many affairs throughout; because if he did that, he could cover only about 14 a week, instead of about 40, which is gathered only with the assistance of many others. It would be impossible to name them all.

Last week a national magazine sought permission from The Advance to use an article by one of its contributors who prefers to remain anonymous.

The mainstay of The Advance is its corps of correspondents, regular and irregular.

Hence it is that all items are most gratefully received. And fortunate is The Advance to have so many who contribute so often and well.

Why Do They Learn English

One man has taught the English language to nearly 500 new Canadians in the Porcupine during the last several years. A most difficult task and worthy achievement. Hat in hand, we salute the accomplished linguist responsible. Rev. A. I. Heinonen, of the Free English Language School, conducted in Timmins, South Porcupine, and Pamour Mines.

Students are or have been Finnish, Ewedish, Norwegian, French, German, Lithuanian, Latvian, Ukrainian, Russian, Roumanian and Estonian.

They are now new Canadians. And to this end, for several years, in Northern Ontario, Mr. Heinonen has been a most important factor. Good work.

The Canadian ensign with the Union Jack in the upper inside corner flies over the Algonquin Regiment armories, over Timmins, over the Porcupine.

Why have men of all races mustered under that British flag? Where on the face of the globe do so many races congregate? At Oxford University in England? Yes. At M.I.T. in Boston? Yes.

But that is not a fair comparison. There is no university here. Is there a town the size of Timmins, in Brazil, for instance, that can count as many races?

Is there, in all France, say, a small town where many races congregate voluntarily and seek to learn the native language? In Turkey? Italy? It is doubtful.

Why, then, do so many gather under that British flag and seek to learn English—and do so?

Maybe the following opinions lend light upon the question:

JAPAN: "All the countries of Europe except Great Britain should be wiped off the map. Then the rest of the world would be at peace. I leave Britain because it is a great example to the rest of the world." (Mr. R. Mashjima, of Tokio, a member of the Japanese Bar.)

SPAIN: "In their civil activities, as in their sports and games, the English are clean from the negative passions which too often accompany the virtues of solidarity; free from hatred, from envy, from meanness, from all the weeds which grow in the unventilated valleys of the soul." (Salvador de Madariaga.)

GERMANY: "A cultured people and not a military state created the British Empire. It is the work of peace. That is the secret of its strength." (The Schwarz Korps, the organ of Hitler's Black Guards.)

FRANCE: "If you want to go to battle, have an Englishman at your right hand and another at your left, and two immediately in front and two close behind. There is something in the English which seems to guarantee security. Never forget that." (Voltaire.)

Talk About Timmins

Here is a weekly column of social and personal news. The columnist is (M. S.) Sky Johnson. It will be found on page three.

ARE YOU A SPORT?

Are you interested in sports around the Porcupine? Did you play yourself? Sports Corner, by Doug McClellan, devoted principally to local events, is published elsewhere in this issue.

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The friends of be pleased to be examination ent blue uniform. ping stone in he wish you every are doing fine.

Now, ladies, you have on February 2nd,

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