

The Porcupine Advance

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Romeo In The Open

Sunday was glorious. A number of older folk got their skates out and on. Children on bob skates; a flapper in a real leopard skin coat; a glossy-haired Romeo arm in arm with a girl friend; this way and that, right in step; a bright green ensemble of Grenville cloth, pants and parka apparently made to order—all relished one rink on Sunday afternoon.

Drawing hard breath in the open is more exhilarating than any whe. One half hour in the open is worth one hour in any arena. Timmins is fortunate to have so many well kept open rinks.

Snappy Snow Removal

Mr. J. A. Kelman, town engineer, reports a record haul in snow: 857 truck loads in one week. The men operating the loaders and ractors and trucks do the job well, fast, waste no time. A tractor driver ploughs the snow neatly into a narrow line within the scope of the loader, and the spiral which churns the snow inward from both sides, and whips it up to a conveying belt. Meanwhile the loader disgorge the snow into a truck, which is filled in a matter of seconds, and away she goes, to be immediately replaced with another. Thus, with only one loader, over 5,000 tons a week have been hauled ever since January 1. Nice going.

There is only one apparent impediment to loader efficiency. The chains are dry. The conveyor chain and the roller chains which drive the conveyor require oil. Dry chains become slac, wear out quicker and waste motive power. Grease is good for large axles on bearings; but it is of no avail to chains. Both conveyor and roller chain should be lubricated with oil, viscosity 30 or so; and even the oil is wasted unless it is inserted between the ends of the rollers and the sideplates of the chain.

Bedside Service

Concerning bedside service at home, there are two which might well be mentioned at present. One of them is not very well known.

The Schumacher Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society operates a Home Makers Service, women who, for a small charge attend to children and generally look after the home where a mother is confined to bed. They operate on an eight-hour day and a five-and-a-half day week. The supervisor is Mrs. Mabel Wilkinson, 52 Fourth Avenue, Schumacher, (telephone: 46R).

And of course there is the V.O.N., trained nursing service, on call 24 hours a day, every day, which never turns down a case. (Town Hall, Timmins, telephone: 2300).

Patients Die Unnecessarily

Patients of St. Mary's hospital die unnecessarily. It is not a matter of medical skill, or of efficient hospital operation. It is a question of incapacity and lack of facilities.

Porcupine patients die prematurely because they have been compelled to leave the hospital in weak condition, not having been treated thoroughly — to make room for more pressing cases. Some die. To others, maladies linger indefinitely.

Every full-time practicing doctor in the district has signed the following statement: "We, the practicing doctors of the Timmins area of the Porcupine District Medical Society, are of the opinion that there is a serious shortage of hospital beds in this area, and that every effort should be made to improve the situation at once."

The Hon Russell T. Kelley, provincial minister of health, when visiting Timmins last year, said: "The Porcupine area requires 100 additional beds."

Sister Grmaine Therese, Sister Superior of St. Mary's hospital is at present in Montreal with a direct appeal from the Porcupine District Medical Society (statement from president on page one) for enlarging capacity.

If the appeal is turned down a new hospital will have to be built, attests Dr. Jessel, the cost being about \$5,000 per bed. This would be paid for, he added, per \$1,000 from the provincial government, \$1,000 from the federal government, and \$2,000 or \$3,000 from public subscription.

Those who suffer warrant every facility. They have not got them. And there are at the moment forty-eight (48) listed patients waiting to enter St. Mary's hospital. Every doctor in the district needs more beds.

There is further consideration.

There are advantages in one hospital, rather than two. One hospital requires but one manager, one set of X-Ray experts, and so on. But in our opinion there is no advantage compared with the advantage of the inevitable competition which would be stimulated by the advent of a second hospital.

The 48 listed at St. Mary's is conservative. According to district doctors (approximately 35) they could, today—yes, this evening—use 150 more beds. And the Porcupine is not stagnant. It is growing like a child.

In view of the immediate, desperate needs, the guaranteed growth, and the inevitable competition to be derived from a second hospital—that would seem to be the wiser undertaking.

Meanwhile some patients die unnecessarily; others cry in vain.

Pete And Quirk And Us

Mrs. D. could not speak. She could not hear voices or music, however loud. She had two boys, Pete and Quirk, aged five and three. She was unmarried. She lived in a shack in the bush. Pete and Quirk had never seen a car, a store, a bottle of coke or running water. They wore flour bags. Each bag had three holes in the bottom, one for the neck and two for their arms, a sort of smock hitched up with a belt. Whenever Pete and Quirk were in a room, when they came to Timmins each covered in a corner. Quirk is now on adoption-

In The Days When The Porcupine Was Young

By G. A. Macdonald

NO. 135—Same Old-Time Stories of Porcupine

Looking back, it must be admitted that the people of the old-time Porcupine were a cheerful lot. They took everything in their stride. The war did not daunt them; the snow did not bury them; the weather did not worry them; forest fires did not frighten them away; and discomforts, difficulties and dangers did not faze them. But if there had been a law against wit and humour and the apt story, they certainly would have suffered—and rebelled.

They Spread Good Humour

In the old days many a trying situation was relieved by an apt story or some happy humour. Many an adverse condition was improved by the inspiration that so often lies in humour. Experts in this line included: Dr. McInnis, C. V. Gallagher, Vesty Kennedy, Milton Carr, Father Theriault, F. C. H. Simms, Cecil Lloyd, Hec, McQuarrie, Charlie Hall, Dan O'Connor, Charlie Harrington, Joe Theriault, Neh Faulkerham, Geo. Dewar, and many others. Later there was Charlie Grills, the jeweller, who tossed around gems of jokes and jewels of jocularity. The mere mention of these names will, no doubt, tempt old-timers to recall scores of others who used ready humour to make life more liveable.

Humour is a deadly foe to intolerance and hate, and, perhaps, it was because of this that the old-timers coming from over thirty different lands and being of many different creeds, lived and worked together here in amity and goodwill.

Everybody Laughed

The fact that the good fellows mentioned were among the most popular in town and district suggests the fact that the pioneers in general love humour. Certainly they had plenty of opportunity to enjoy themselves that way. It would take volumes to record half the wit and humour of the early days. Here and now there is room only for a few that may be old enough to be new again. In two of the favourites, Charlie the Barber was the hero.

From Fear of Sudden Death

Some months before the United States entered the first world war, a Buffalo young man who had been zealously guarded at home from the rough ways of life, decided to risk the life in the wild North rather than take the chance of being conscripted for military service.

He was much alarmed at the perils he might have to face here from wild Indians, wild beasts, wild miners and wild lumberjacks, but on his arrival here, Mine Host Hughie Mulheron of the Hotel Goldfields calmed all these fears, though he may have instilled other fears undreamed of before.

A Sinister Scene

On his second day in town, the Buffalo young man ventured up street about eight o'clock in the morning. Even at that early hour he saw an open barber shop and decided to have a shave. The minute he entered that shop, he wished he hadn't. It was exactly like a picture he had seen of a barber's den in a tough Colorado mining camp. The place was in the greatest disorder, and the long and crooked steveping that ran the length of the shop gave the place a singularly sinister appearance.

The big barber had a rough pair of pants on, with long boots. Uniform? Horrors! He hadn't even have on his shirt. He had taken that off to wash up after his hard night at the Bank Saloon. That barber needed a shave himself. His hair was all tousled, and he did have the appearance of a wild and ferocious fellow.

A Close Shave

The young fellow would have escaped, but the big barber almost threw him into the chair, roaring, "Shave?" in a voice that brooked no blood be on your head."

that young fellow would not have needed any shave. Clenching his hands and gritting his teeth, the gentle young lad managed to retain consciousness while a towel was forced around his neck, and lather slapped over his face with no particularly gentle hand.

But when Charlie started to strop his razor on the stovepipe, the young fellow screamed and bolted. Charlie called after him, but that only accelerated his pace. He made a record run to the safety of the Hotel Goldfields. Staggering into the manager's office, he slammed the door shut, and fell into a chair. In a few minutes he recovered enough to gasp out to Mine Host, "Heavens! But that was a close shave for me."

Just "Fur" That!

Charlie had a number of sidelines, one of them being the buying of furs. He was a good barber and a capable poker player, but he never boasted about either of these accomplishments. But he was quite boastful about his prowess as a fur-buyer. So, the inevitable happened. One day Joe Theriault dropped into the barber shop carrying a canvas bag.

"I've got a perfect skin here," he told Charlie.

Charlie took the bag, but he scorned to open it. He simply thrust his hand inside.

"I always judge a fur by the feel of it," he said. "I don't need to even see it."

"That's a fine specimen of beaver," he said. He offered \$20.00, but Joe held out for \$25.00.

After Joe left with the money, every customer who entered that barber shop meowed like a cat, and Charlie began to smell a rat. Eventually, he discovered that Joe had sold him a "perfect skin" all right, but it was the fur of a big cat that had been a pet at Fat's Cafe for years. On the board of the local stock-brokers' office "cat fur" was boldly quoted at \$25.00 for several days. Of course, all this was not pleasant for Charlie, even after Joe had returned the \$25.00 as the end of the joke.

"Well, I got my \$25.00 back," Charlie told Joe, "and you got your cat back in that chicken soup at the Canadian Club."

A Cow-ardly Story

Another old-time favourite was the one about the cow. This cow was owned by George, at the Vipond North Thompson Mine. Old-timers will recognize George by that name alone, and others would not know him anyway. For some time George had been thinking about slaughtering that cow, but had been held back by his affection for the animal and the brutality of the usual methods of cow-killing.

After a party at his house one evening, George persuaded himself that the time had come for that cow to go the way of all cows, and that he had invented the right way to send that cow on its way. All he asked was the help, or at least, the presence of his friend at the ceremony.

"It is brutal and despicable to knock a poor defenceless creature on the head, and then to hang up the poor senseless body to drain away its life blood. Also, it's a waste of time," George told his friend, as they stood before that innocent cow, who looked at them with mournful eyes. George had a murderous breadknife in his hand.

"Now," George explained, "with one swift, sure stroke of this dagger, I'll put the cow out of its misery, and its blood will drain away itself."

"Her blood be upon your head!" The friend departed hurriedly, chattering over his shoulder, "Well, her 'Shave?' in a voice that brooked no blood be on your head."

Question. It was. It was also upon his coat.

probation and will be admitted within the next year. Pete has been tried out in two homes. Being older and more afflicted by the crudities of the bush, he did not work out very well. He has been to a psychiatrist. He has been placed in a third home whose founders are particularly patient and kind to him. He is being watched closely. Mrs. D., deaf and dumb, has been sent to a hospital for incurables.

The District Children's Aid Society deals with such and similar cases every week. The Society is comprised of three social workers, three in the office and three in the Shelter. We have no doubt that they all do their best to cope with these most unfortunate creatures in the community.

Most of us never see them, never know about them, never even hear about them unless, perhaps, a case is called to court. This paper has published brief stories of a few—the Neediest. They are stories of misery and suffering. There are also stories of courage and fortitude in adversity. They remind us of the number who are in great distress, anxious, lonely, unemployed, and ignorant in so many ways.

It is easy to shrug them off, to say that they never touch us, that they are no business of ours. But what has happened to them might have—and might as yet—happen to us. It is only sheer fate that separated any one of us from the fate of others. And they are right here, not even in Cochrane, right in Timmins district.

What they need more than anything else is friendliness. Beyond the skilled efforts of Mr. Van Camp and his staff, they need the assurance that they have unseen friends who do not blame them for their misfortunes, and who want to help them:

Next week the Society will open its campaign. It is financed chiefly by public contribution. Its objective is eight thousand dollars. Please remember The Neediest (P.O. Box. 3).

his shirt, his tie, his collar, his pants, his ears, and his hair. It was all over the barn as well.

But, as George said, the cow was very dead, and it hadn't suffered. But he felt he had to perfect his plan before it could be used by others. To butchers, his message was: "Hang up the cow, but tie the bull outside."

He Expressed Himself

One of the local express office staff of thirty years ago was hurrying to work along the track, when a woman jumped out at him and smacked him a couple over the head with a club. As he wouldn't hit a woman, he simply ran for the office. He telephoned the police who soon brought in a woman. "I awfully sorry," she said. "I thought it was my husband." The expressman refused to lay a charge against the woman. "I know her husband," he said, "and I'm only sorry she got the wrong man."

Footcase

A Porcupine soldier overseas sent home this one: A soldier in the trenches, who had been unable to change his socks for several days, felt that a bad blister was developing on one of his toes. At the first opportunity he got that sock off and discovered that a piece of paper rolled up had caused the trouble. It was a note from the dear old lady who had knitted the socks. She had written: "God bless your poor, tired feet."

All Grades 7 & 8 To Attend Central "Pinecrest" Named

The regular monthly meeting of the Timmins Public School Board was held in Central Public School Thursday evening. The following members were present: Messrs: R. W. Hardy, chairman; E. B. Weir, W. Alexander, J. D. Elliott, Mrs. W. E. Brewer and Mrs. J. Douglas.

On recommendation of the Inspector, Mr. J. C. McClelland, it was decided that all grades 7 and 8 pupils enrolled in the four public schools will attend Central School, as of September, 1950. The necessary reallocation of pupils in the lower grades will be made. Reasons for the change are as follows:

1. To accommodate present and anticipated increased enrollment of beginners at the Moneta and Matagamis Schools.

2. In view of the proposed changes by the Department it would seem an ideal time to begin the formation of primary, junior and intermediate schools.

3. It will bridge the gap between Public and High School by introducing pupils to the rotary system and departmentalized teaching.

4. The desirability of separating grades 7 and 8 from the younger children.

5. There would be some economy in equipment costs such as scientific equipment etc.

"PINECREST"

The name "Pinecrest" was given the new school now under construction at the end of Toke Street.

Mrs. Olive McElroy of the Moneta staff was granted leave of absence, on account of illness, for the balance of the teaching year.

Mr. Ross Beattie, Principal of the Birch Street School, and Mr. Bruce Clark, who has been appointed principal of "Pinecrest," will be sent to the O. E. A. Convention during the Easter holidays at the expense of the Board.

Mr. Eastman, principal of Central School, has been given leave of absence for the week prior to Easter in order that he may observe the rotary system in force in Hamilton and Guelph, before attending the O.E.A.

Salaries

It was agreed that the Board would join the "Ontario School Trustees Association" an Urban Elementary member; also join the Northern Ontario Public and Secondary Trustees Association.

Approval was given to salaries paid in the month of January amounting to \$12,498.82.

Total bills passed amounted to \$2,772.74.

Fleetfooters Club Receives A Charter

The official charter which signifies affiliation and membership in the International Hi-Y Fellowship and the membership cards of all of the members in the club, were presented to the girls of the Fleetfooters Club by Gower Markie, General Secretary of the Porcupine Community Y.M.C.A., at the Club's weekly meeting which was held at the Timmins High and Vocational School.

Mr. Markie addressed the club briefly to congratulate them on their progress and made the presentation to Dorothy MacLeod the president of the club.

Miss Lyla Pirak, the Club's advisor, was present at the meeting, and assisted the girls in making plans for a Baking Sale and Tea to be held at the YMCA on March 18.

Junior Red Cross members have sent nearly \$20,000 worth of clothing to children in British War Nurseries alone.

Roumanian Minister Explains Their Ways

At one corner of Maple and Eighth there are seven peony bushes, several apple trees, flax, spruce, cedar and elm—all neatly pruned by one man. "I planted them all with my own hands," the Roumanian minister said. These trees surround a brown wooden church, founded on concrete. The church has a tower, which contains a bell. The front wall inside, at the altar end, is covered with biblical pictures. And two hand-painted wooden crosses, seven feet high, are mounted on either side of the front.

"These," the minister said, "came from Roumania. We use them sometimes for a procession outside."

Enormous Candles

Two tables, facing congregation, also stand at front, each of them bearing a picture of Christ. And about the table four fat candles, at least five feet high, are mounted in big aluminium candlesticks.

"I will show you how one enters the church," the minister said, whereupon he returned to the door, re-entered, crossed himself, walked up the centre aisle, turned to face one holy table, bowed, re-crossed himself, moved to centre, re-bowed, crossed to face the other holy table, bowed and crossed himself again, stepped forward, knelt down on both knees and kissed the face of Christ. Then he stood up, hands folded, head down-cast, walked back to one of the pews and sat down gently.

Huge Chandeliers

Overhead hang three brass and glass chandeliers, electrified and candle-lit, one about one foot in diameter, one three feet and one at least four feet, all sparkling in the daylight.

Would you tell me your name, please?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said, "write the church" (his name, Rev. Teofil Maxim).

Downstairs the basement is plain concrete, clean as a hospital floor. "We have just had this fixed up," he explained. "We will use it for Sunday School, sometimes, and other affairs."

The church hall at the rear contains long wooden tables, linoleum covered, a colored photograph of King George and Queen Elizabeth on the wall, a wooden shield painted with the royal standard with a tiny silver union jack affixed over the front door.

The Roumanian Orthodox church was built in Timmins in 1933. Bishop P. S. Sa Policarp, Roumanian bishop of Canada and U.S., visited Timmins in 1935. Mr. Maxim arrived here in 1937.

355 Members

The congregation now numbers 355, of all orthodox denominations in the vicinity, the registered members being the following:

George Husuley, president; Vasile Neamtu, vice-president; Vasile Irimie, treasurer; Stefan Popescu, Secretary; Vasile Moskal, Dumitru Ruscior, Vasile Rotari, Dumitru Krakana, George Varteniuk, Alex. Taylor, Alex. Consteniuk, Gavri Hancu, George Popescu, George Avram, Nicolai Stantuta, Nicolai Curic, Nicolai Krakana, Ioan Posteuca, Theodor Krakana, Alex Krakana, Alecsandru Melneuc, Emilian Onieo, Geo. Neamtu, Geo. Turcan, Simon Florea, Vasile Bellusac, Gavriil Neamtu, Constantin Neamtu, Adam Posteuco, Ilie Posteuca, Leon Opait, Ioan Bogheanu, Vasile Fucui, George Kucehrean, Grigore Sarafincean, Jean Paulenko, Jacob Grubisici, Nicolai Krusneriuk, George Stoian, Constantin Stoian, Ilie Popovici, Mihail Parohnin, Titus Krakana, Radu Ionescu, Vichenti Onieo, George Cojocor, Ioan Kroitor, Geo. Ciornei, Zaharie Pinciuk, Ioan Romancuik, Ioan Krakana, Simion Rotari, Vasile Morosan, Costica Morosan, Ioan Neamtu, Ioan Nichita, Vasile Morariu, George Oancea, Petru Guzu-Paul Kamenco, George Carauzi.

leack, George Tocari, Alex. Boliziuc, Vasile Soroceanu, Ilie Galachuck, Paul Ursachi, Grigori Varteniuk, Vasile Pricopciuk, John Ivanoff, George Siminiuk, Petru Ursuliack, Petru Krakana, Mihai Krakana, Alex. Siminick.

Saves Babies

Saskatchewan Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society maintains a Mother's Milk Service which helps save the lives of hundreds of newly-born babies.



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