



VOLUME 5

COPPER CLIFF, ONTARIO, SEPTEMBER, 1945

NUMBER 6



The People Give Thanks

On Tuesday, August 14, after agonizing days and nights of the most devastating war mankind has ever known, the enemy had finally been beaten to his knees in both Europe and Asia. Crushed by the atomic bomb and cowed by Russia's declaration of war, the Jap joined the Nazi in surrender. Final victory was ours.

At Sudbury, Copper Cliff, and Port Colborne, INCO people joined their fellow citizens in services of heartfelt thanksgiving on V-J Day, August 15. Addressing an audience of 5,000 in Sudbury, Mayor W. S. Beaton struck the keynote of the momentous occasion when he said: "There are too many broken hearts, too many vacant chairs, to warrant abandoned jubilation. In this final victory we must pay acknowledgment to Almighty God, that He has sustained the Canadian nation and our Allies through almost six years of warfare and brought our cause to a victorious conclusion."

Mayor Beaton urged the gathering to remember the service and sacrifice of all Sudbury citizens, with the sincere hope and prayer that the final victory now consummated would mean that all peoples, and all nations, large and small, might live in freedom, peace and security in the future.

At Copper Cliff Mayor E. A. Collins was chairman of the thanksgiving service, speaking from the steps of Memorial Community Hall to an audience which stood under the trees in Nickel Park. Rev. J. Hinchcliffe, Rev. Fr. Dwyer, and Rev. F. J. Baine took part, and brief addresses were given by Copper Cliff men who have returned from service in World War II. Vocal solos by Fonce McCue and selections by the Coniston Band under D. Totino completed the program.

At Port Colborne a big parade mustered at Snider School, Humberstone, proceeded to the cenotaph for a brief service, and then passed through principal streets to the cenotaph in Lakeview Park, where a second service was held in tribute to those who gave their lives in the second world war.

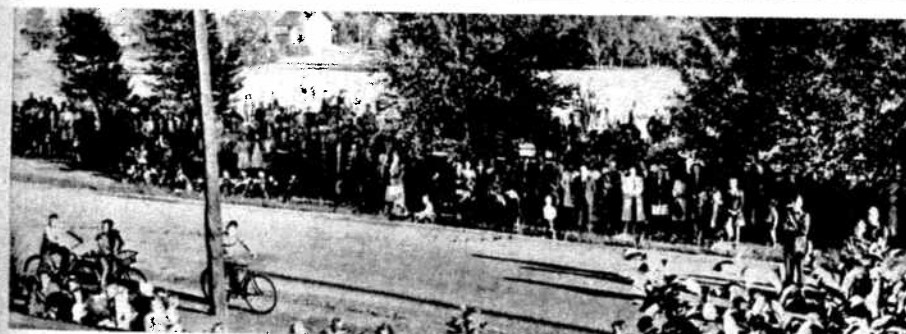
The people took part with grateful hearts and reverent thoughts.

THE PICTURES

Scenes at V-J Day ceremonies are pictured in the accompanying layout. In the top photo is a section of the crowd which jammed the intersection in front of the Sudbury postoffice on August 15 to take part in a memorial service.

In the second picture are some of the citizens who assembled for a similar service in front of Memorial Community Hall, Copper Cliff, the same evening.

At Port Colborne during the afternoon there was a parade and a service of thanksgiving at the cenotaph in Lakeview Park. Third picture of the layout shows veterans of this war who were in attendance, and in the fourth picture are Air Cadets, Boy Scouts, and Frontiersmen who also took part in the parade.





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Don M. Dunbar, Editor
EDITORIAL OFFICE: COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

VOLUME 5 SEPTEMBER, 1945 NUMBER 6

The Ninth Loan

Scheduled for this Fall, Canada's Ninth Victory Loan will set its sights at the highest figure yet. It has been decided by War Finance Committee officials in Ottawa to hold one Victory Loan Drive annually instead of the semi-annual drives which have been the rule in the past.

Because of the decision to hold but one drive a year, the quota everywhere will have to be raised although not to the extent of doubling the eighth loan total. Loan officials are confident of the Loan's success for two very important reasons. One of them is that in all probability the term for instalment purchases of bonds will be extended from six to twelve months, enabling you to purchase a bond of twice the denomination of your Eighth Loan bond without any increase in your payments during the year.

Right now in Canada there is \$1.00 of disposable income for every 70c worth of items on the market at current prices. There is no early relief in sight for our major shortages and even during the first half of 1946 only a fraction of our demand for goods can be met. It is in the interest of all of us and in the interest of national stabilization that we turn our excess purchasing power into Victory Bonds.

Meat Rationing

If something costs two bits and your purse or pocket is filled with change, but there just doesn't happen to be a quarter there, you don't throw your hands in the air in despair. You use two dimes and a nickel, or two dimes and five copper cents, or one dime and three nickels, or five nickels or twenty-five copper cents.

If meat is short, you don't throw your hands in the air either. You look around for something of equal value to your body. Apart from that certain something in the way of taste which nobody can deny, the chief value of meat to your system is the fine quality of body-building proteins it contains.

If you can't purchase a quarter-pound serving of meat for love or money, drink a pint of milk; or scramble yourself some eggs; or take a serving of fish; or a peanut butter sandwich; or a generous serving of baked beans, along with a glass of milk. You'll be getting exactly the same quantity of body-building protein.

Meat rationing! So what! Use your ingenuity and resources and you'll get by.

ROLL OF HONOR

THESE HAVE DIED TO PRESERVE OUR WAY OF LIFE

AUBREY A. RODGERS Frood Mine	ALBERT S. BLANCHARD Copper Cliff Mechanical	C. J. FISHER Copper Cliff
CLAUDE R. MOORE Creighton Mine—Mechanical	FRED GREEN Frood Mine	EURWEDD OWEN Copper Refinery
CHAS. M. COMPLIN Frood Mine—Mechanical	THOS. B. FORESTELL Coniston Electrical	LLOYD KIRSTINE Frood Mine
DOUGLAS C. FLESHER Frood Mine—Mechanical	WILLIAM GORDON Port Colborne	EARL DAUBNEY Port Colborne
JOHN D. DOUGLAS Frood Mine	ALEX STALKER Coniston Electrical	ROBERT L. ANDREWS Frood Mine
THOS. D. FOLEY Frood Mine	F. CAMPBELL BUSHFIELD Frood Mine	ARTHUR F. HOOD Creighton Mine
GEO. E. POSTLETHWAITE Frood Mine	PHILIP SOULLIERE Levack Mine	RONALD H. FOX Frood Mine
HUBERT LAFRANCE Police	JOHN L. F. LOWN Coniston Electrical	RICHARD C. DAOUST Garson Mine
WALLACE IBBOTSON Copper Cliff Stores	FREDERICK KONIG Port Colborne	EDWARD F. KLEMMER Creighton Mine
DOUGLAS A. MAY Frood Mine	MORLEY P. LOYST Police	LEO BERNARD WALKER Frood Mine
GEORGE N. MOORE Frood Mine	HARRY MAKI Copper Cliff Electrical	ARMAND ETHIER Creighton Mine
CHARLES E. BROWN Port Colborne	DAN BERNARD Copper Cliff Smelter	KENNETH A. GREIVE Copper Cliff Smelter
CLARENCE NICKEL Copper Cliff—Mechanical	CLARENCE J. BAIN Copper Cliff Concentrator	LEONARD SMITH Copper Cliff Smelter
LESLIE R. SCOURFIELD Copper Cliff—Research	JOHN STEPHEN KITTS Open Pit Mechanical	MAURICE WILSON Creighton Mine
CLIFFORD G. GRAHAM Copper Refinery	CLARENCE L. STEVENS Frood Mine	CLIFFORD DONAHUE Frood Mine
LAWRENCE J. McHUGHEN Frood Mine	HARRY S. McINTYRE Frood Mine	THOMAS EASTON Frood Mine
WILLIAM T. LANE Copper Cliff—Electrical	GEORGE D. LEES Murray Mine Electrical	WALTER DAVID COOPER Copper Cliff Smelter
LESLIE BUTLER Port Colborne	DAVID SCOTT Port Colborne	JOSEPH P. HALL Coniston Smelter
THOS. F. HYNDMAN Copper Cliff Smelter	WM. BRODIE ANDERSON Creighton Survey	ELMER NEUMANN Levack Mine
BEATTY CAMPBELL Frood Mine	WILLIAM E. A. McMITCHELL Copper Cliff Smelter	HARRY FARR Copper Cliff Smelter
WILLIAM F. JORDAN Copper Cliff—Mechanical	GERALD ANDREWS Copper Refinery	WILLIAM MUNRO Copper Cliff Smelter
FRANK E. ANDERSON Garson Mine	ARCHIE FERGUSON Port Colborne	ERNEST TO-RVILLE Frood Mine
JOSEPH H. EVELINE Copper Cliff Smelter	WILBERT A. HEALEY Open Pit	LEO WALKER Frood Open Pit
GRAHAM CHABOT Coniston Mechanical	EDISON MENZIES Levack Mine	HECTOR DESAYEUX Creighton Mine
JAMES ANDERSON Port Colborne	FRANK VID Creighton Mine	WILLARD DESJARDINS Garson Mine
MAURICE ONUSKI Copper Cliff Smelter	VICTOR RANGER Creighton Mine	HUGH D. PAWSON Copper Refinery
RUSSEL DAVID MATHERS Copper Refinery	LEN ROGERS Port Colborne	EDGAR GUTHRIE Copper Cliff
JOSEPH P. SULLIVAN Copper Cliff Smelter	ALBERT BRANKLEY Garson Mine	CARL WALTER STROM Frood Mine
FRED BUCK Copper Cliff—Mechanical	GEORGE A. MITCHELL Port Colborne	ANTHONY SMRKE Open Pit
ALEX ROY Port Colborne	C. A. McKINNON Copper Refinery	RONALD P. HUDSON Frood Mine
JOHN MARSH Garson Mine	PATRICK CRAWFORD Open Pit	ALFRED J. GALLOWAY Frood Mine
STANLEY J. DUBOWSKI Copper Cliff Smelter	DONALD A. AUGUSTINE Port Colborne	LEONARD H. SAVILLE Port Colborne
RODGER BRUNELLE Creighton Mine	JAMES SMITH Copper Cliff	ALFRED BALCOMBE Port Colborne
MICHAEL OWENS Copper Cliff Smelter	J. E. SOULIERE Copper Cliff	VICTOR A. HUFFMAN Port Colborne
HENRY GIPSON Copper Cliff Mechanical	J. A. MYRE Frood Mine	CHARLES LEWIS WEATHERBY Coniston
DUNCAN MacKINNON Copper Cliff Mechanical	REGINALD GREENTREE Levack Mine	BRUCE S. CORBETT Copper Cliff
JOSEPH C. KANE Frood Mine	DAVID H. JONASSON Coniston	IVAN PAGE Port Colborne
LEE NASH Frood Mine	ARTHUR DIWELL Port Colborne	MURDOCK J. McLEOD Copper Cliff
ALEX. PHILLIPS Port Colborne	JOHN BECKETT Port Colborne	DONALD D. MacKERACHER Creighton Mine
ERIC TIPLADY Copper Cliff	EMMETT J. DILLON Copper Cliff	JAMES STANLEY HOWARD Frood Mine
WILLIAM POHO Levack Mine	WILLIAM S. LOGUE Copper Cliff	ALBERT E. CLARKE Levack Mine
HOWARD PETERSEN Levack Mine	CECIL GOODREAU Copper Cliff	WM. COLIN SOULE Copper Cliff
JOSEPH E. BOULET Copper Cliff	JAMES L. MORTIMER Copper Cliff	STEVEN MOLARCHUK Creighton Mine
FRED RANGER Frood Mine	JOE ANDREWS Port Colborne	PHILIP McINTOSH Open Pit
WALTER HUGH SCOTT Frood Mine	HENRY EDWARD LACELLE Copper Cliff	GORDON W. FERGUSON Copper Cliff
SIDNEY PHILIPCHUK Copper Refinery	DENNIS ARTHUR DAVEY Copper Cliff	ELDON THOMAS MAGILL Garson Mine
LAWRENCE FREDERICK KING Copper Cliff	RAY EDWIN PATTERSON Copper Refinery	BERT McFEETORS Copper Cliff
HECTOR J. LECLAIR Copper Cliff	ELDON T. MAGILL Garson Mine	ROBERT K. JACK Garson Mine
SYDNEY C. AISTROP Creighton Mine	F. GORMAN TILT Frood Mine	PETE OBBEMA Garson Mine

SIR DAVID OWEN EVANS

An Appreciation

by Robert C. Stanley

CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

SIR DAVID OWEN EVANS was a man of outstanding accomplishments in the industrial and political life of the British Empire, and in his sudden death in London, England, on June 11, employees and his associates of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited and The Mond Nickel Company, Limited have sustained a great loss. Through the years in which he has served the organization, his personal qualities of integrity, charm and character greatly inspired the admiration of all who knew him.

Born of yeoman stock in Cardiganshire, North Wales, in 1876, David Owen Evans was the Liberal Member of Parliament for Cardiganshire since 1932. Only four days before his untimely death, it was announced that King George had approved the conferment upon him of the Honour of Knighthood. That he was highly popular among his townsfolk at Cardiganshire was evidenced by the presence of over a thousand persons at his funeral in the local church.

Sir David was educated at Llandovery College and at the Imperial College of Science, London. In 1896 he entered the British Civil Service, and was for some years an assistant analyst in the Government Chemical Laboratory. Later he read for the Bar and was called by Gray's Inn in 1909. For seven years he practiced as a Barrister at Law, and became Secretary of The Mond Nickel Company, Limited in 1916. He soon was elected a director and in 1928 chief administrative director. When Mond Nickel was merged with The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited at the end of 1928, Sir David was elected to the Board of Directors of the Canadian Company and appointed Delegate Director of the Mond Nickel Company, subsequently becoming Chairman of Mond. He was elect-



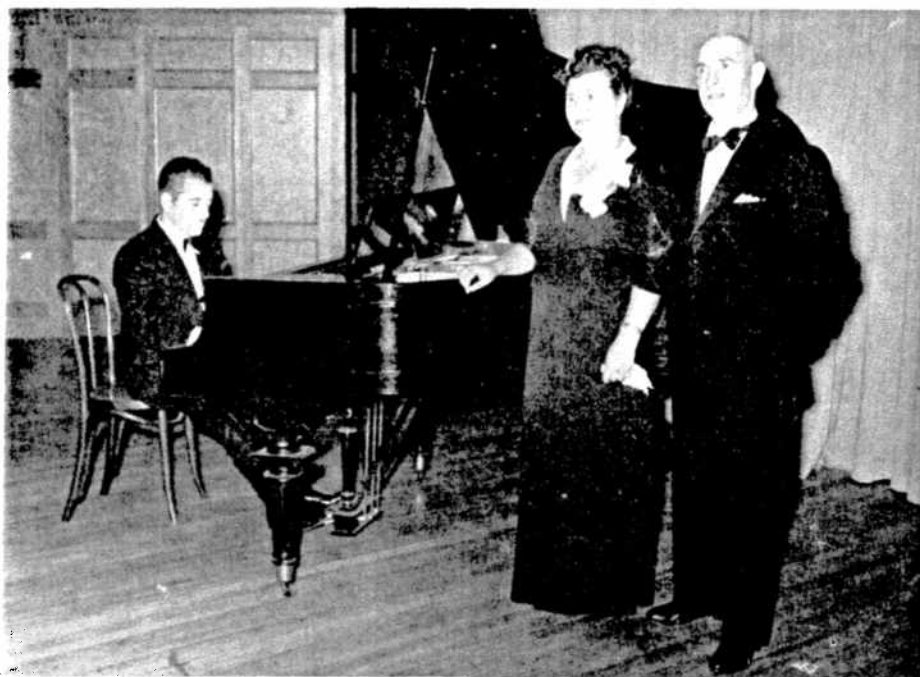
ed a Vice President of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited in March, 1936. Sir David was a director in the following companies: Henry Gardner & Co., Limited, The Tareni Colliery Company, Limited, Birmingham Electric Furnaces, Limited, The Clydach Estates, Limited, and Henry Wiggin & Company, Limited.

His public services were many and varied. Besides being Chairman of The Council of The Copper Development Association, he was Honorary Secretary of the Land Enquiry instituted by his friend the late Earl of Dwyfor (David Lloyd George) and was responsible for the drafting of the reports relating to Wales both rural and urban. He was a member of the Statutory Rules and Orders Committee and the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons, a member of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee and Treasurer of the Welsh Parliamentary Party, Treasurer of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth and President of London Free Church Federation from 1940 to 1944.

An enthusiastic and progressive farmer, he was President of the Young Farmers' Clubs of Cardiganshire. He listed his recreations as including music and country rambles. As a token of the high esteem in which he was held among his American friends and associates, an American Red Cross Ambulance was specially presented to Cardiganshire during the war.

The many associates of Sir David in Canada and the United States last saw him when he visited here in the Autumn of 1944. All in the International Nickel Company organization and the Mond Nickel Company, its British affiliate, who knew him have lost an intimate friend and our company a wise and experienced counsellor.

MR. AND MRS. VAL VARPIO AND HUGO CHATELAIN



SPREAD GOSPEL OF BETTER CANADIANISM DURING CONCERTS

At concerts during the past few months in Montreal, Toronto, Kirkland Lake, Timmins and South Porcupine, Mr. and Mrs. Varpio, well-known Sudbury vocalists, have delighted large audiences with their outstanding programs. Assisting them at the piano was another distinguished musician who needs no introduction to the Nickel Belt, Hugo Chatelain.

It was the Finnish people of Northern and Eastern Canada that Val Varpio primarily wanted to reach on these trips, for two reasons: one, to bring them the music of their homeland; two, to talk to them about better citizenship in the land of their adoption, a subject in which he has been intensely interested since he became a naturalized Canadian in 1936.

So, at each concert, the couple won the hearts of the audience with their musical numbers, Mrs. Varpio with her rich lyric soprano and Val with his deep baritone, and for good measure Hugo tossed in a couple of brilliant piano solos. Then, with the conviction of a man who knows whereof he speaks, Val talked for an hour in both Finnish and English about Canadian citizenship, what it means, what it offers. He made a deep impression.

Mr. and Mrs. Varpio came from Kotka, Finland, where he was an inspector of police, because they had "the natural curiosity of the people in a small country to see the world." They arrived in Montreal in 1930, and ran smack into the depression. The next six years were lean ones—one job in a garage paid Val \$4.50 a week. But he and his charming wife determined to stick it out.

Val could speak Finnish, Russian, Swedish, and some German, but no English. So for 18 months he spent three hours a day at home learning English words and grammar, and for three years he sat twice a week in the front pew at Montreal's St. James United Church, learning pronunciation by listening carefully to every syllable of the services. Now he speaks English fluently and with scarcely any accent.

Arriving in Sudbury in 1936, Mr. and Mrs. Varpio, who first met through membership in a concert party in Finland, were quickly in demand. They made their debut on a program at the Loyal Finn hall and since that time have sung on hundreds of different occasions,

always giving generously of their talent. One of their happiest memories is taking part in the INCO Amateur Nights contest at Copper Cliff in 1937, where they won a trip to the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Val started with INCO in the timber yard at Frood in 1936, then transferred to the rock-house, where he became foreman. Three years ago he moved to the salvage department at Frood Open Pit, an "all-days" post which left him more time for his music.

His pride in his Canadian citizenship springs from a practical as well as patriotic source. When he landed in Sudbury he owed \$600 in debts contracted during the lean years in Montreal. He has paid this off, he owns a cozy home at 30 Dell St., Sudbury, he drives his own car, he recently bought a lot at Long Lake on which he hopes some day to build a summer camp, he has a little bank account, and, in the meantime, he has provided well for Mrs. V. and their young son John Peter. He thinks that's something to be proud of. So do we.

THE HORRIBLE EXAMPLE

Junior (9:00 a.m. Sunday): "Dad, did you go to Sunday School when you were a little boy?"

Father (smugly): "I sure did! Never missed a Sunday!"

Junior: "There, mother, don't you see? It won't do me any good either."

FOOLISH QUESTION

An attendant in a mental home was making his evening rounds when he came upon one of his patients fishing in a wash basin with rod and line. Wishing to humor the man, the attendant asked if he had caught anything.

"What!" said the patient. "In a wash basin? Are you crazy?"



WHAT IS MORE ELOQUENT THAN A BABY'S SHOE?

What is so expressive as a baby's shoe? Its wrinkles and scuffs and turned-up toes are eloquent of the wee one's personality, or his first attempts to creep, and of those first toddling steps. To a mother, the little well-worn shoe carries the whole tender story of her child's babyhood, and a host of memories because, somehow, the baby's individuality is expressed in that little bit of leather which he can so quickly change from the standardized article sold in the store to a permanent mould of his foot. Never again does that shoe lose its own particular character . . .

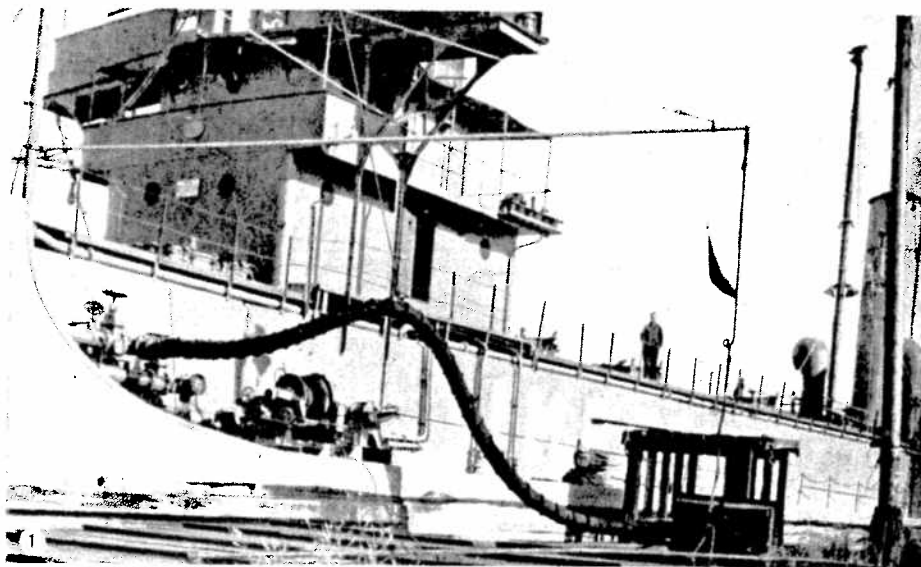
Whenever, as I go about my chores, I catch sight of my wee one's shoe, a host of visions comes rushing to mind, and I live again all the sweet moments of his life, forgetting the other—more prevalent—moments when I feel as though he could easily be given to the lowest bidder. Young mothers think how glad they will be when their young imps grow up and tie their own shoes, and wash their own insatiably curious faces, and look after themselves completely, or even just a little. And then when they do grow up, perverse creatures that we are, we sit and look at one wee baby shoe, re-living in memory the moments that we did not have time to enjoy during the harassing, never-ending chore of tending to children's needs!

There in the folds and creases of my baby's shoe is the imprint of my baby's foot . . . even the imprint of his personality . . . The left shoe is a little more worn where he pushed himself along with that foot, the right one a little turned over at the heel where he is learning to walk, and scuffs and dirt are liberally clouding the white leather . . . I think that I shall always know which shoe belongs to each baby, because traits are moulded there so indelibly.

I wonder if this scrap of leather is as expressive to all Daddys in the world? And I wonder what sort of a story those little shoes are going to tell the Daddys who are coming home to see their offspring for the first time. It always seems to be a bit of a disappointment, getting acquainted with your own child, instead of beginning with a tiny, and not very shapely, newborn. A lot of Daddys, and a lot of the Mothers, too, don't seem to think this is even what it is "cracked up to be" (but then, there is also plenty of disappointment when the newly arrived young one squawls his first greetings). Most of the parents seem disappointed in the whole homecoming from overseas. The Daddys aren't used to cries, nor to mischief, nor to movement—into trouble of course—quicker than a wink. They think that mothers haven't been strict enough (like the Captain was) and, desiring peace and quiet, they aren't as keen on the young tyrant of the house as they thought, during the long months of dreams and letters, they were going to be. And the poor mothers! Here they are, showing off their heart's delight, to someone they think should love them as much as they do themselves, and instead finding two strangers eyeing each other askance.

Oh, well, even those Daddys will find themselves some day looking at a well-worn discarded shoe and, running true to Daddy form, declaiming at great length all the incidents and forgotten episodes of the child's life! No, there may be lots of things as expressive of the baby's personality, but none more eloquent than that wee bit of leather that once was the standardized product of an unsentimental factory machine.

My Grandmother treasures a baby's shoe. When I ask her about it, she falls silent and gazes far away over the horizon.



Port Colborne Big Consumer Of Fuel Oil

There are many examples to illustrate how intimately the operations of a large company like International Nickel are woven into the economic life of the nation, providing employment and security to thousands of people who have never even seen the smoke billowing from the big stacks. One such example is fuel oil. In 1944 INCO bought more than a million dollars' worth of fuel oil. That, as Oscar the Office Pup would say, is a lot of oil, and no fueling!

Chief consumer of fuel oil among International plants is the Nickel Refinery at Port Colborne, which last year used more than 13 million gallons. Even in 1938, before operations were stepped up to meet the Allied war demands, the Nickel Refinery burned almost 10 million gallons.

Fuel oil for the Port Colborne plant arrives in tankers at the Welland Canal dock which the Company has leased from the Department of Transport, and is pumped directly into an 8-inch pipe line through which it flows 3,100 feet to the plant. First of the accompanying photos, taken by W. J. Freeman, shows a tanker unloading a shipment of fuel oil for the Nickel Refinery. The larger boats carry between 650,000 and 700,000 gallons, and it takes about 12 hours to unload them.

At the Refinery the oil is pumped into four huge storage tanks (Photo No. 2) which have a total capacity of 7,100,000 Imperial gallons. Each tank is equipped with a steam coil to help keep the oil warm enough for easy flowing.

Commencing its trip to the plant the oil flows by gravity to the pumps, first passing through a heater which is located just outside each storage tank. The pumps send it through an oil mill which, like a giant egg beater, whips it up and cuts up all small lumps to increase its burning efficiency. From the mill it goes through another heater which brings it to a temperature of 140 degrees, and it is held at that point by two auxiliary heaters in the plant. In continuous flow through the pipe circuit in the plant, it thus is maintained at constant temperature at all points of consumption.

Photo No. 3 shows the pump room, with Jack Rickard in charge.

Most of the oil supplied to the Nickel Refinery is burned in the six anode furnaces in No. 4 Building, each of which uses about 230 gallons an hour to maintain a temperature of some 3,000 degrees F. Fourth picture in the layout shows the burner end of one of the anode furnaces.

The fuel oil is also fed to the ignition furnaces on the plant's seven sinter machines, at the rate of some 18 gallons per hour per furnace, and to the seven calciners at the rate of about 50 gallons per hour.

APOLOGY ACCEPTED

The following correction appeared in a small town paper

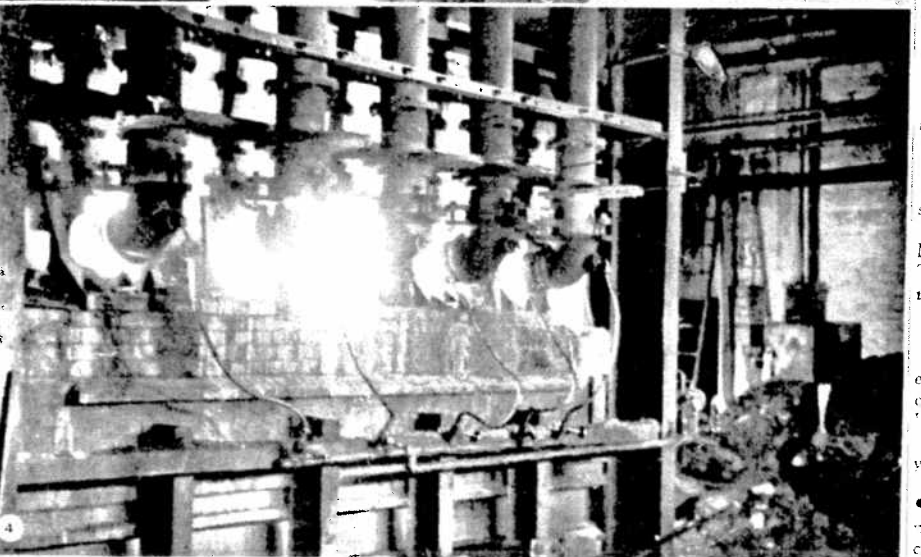
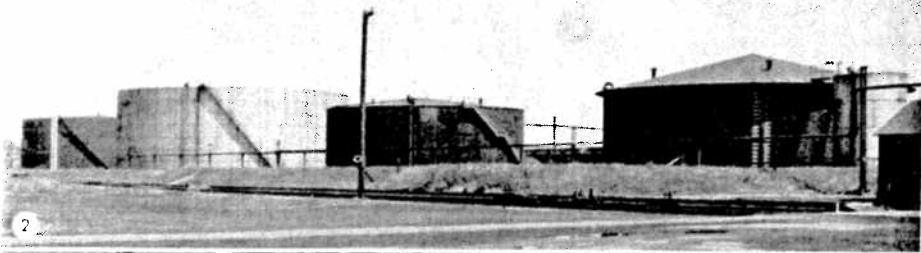
"Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error, Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police farce."

WHAT'S THE HURRY, STRANGER?

Maybe you have heard the tale of the traveler in the Blue Ridge Mountains who saw an old man sitting in a cabin door, and asked: "Have you lived here all your life?"

To which the old gent calmly replied, "Not yet."

• Words should be employed as the means, not as the end. Language is the instrument, conviction is the work. Sir Joshua Reynolds





INTO PLAYDOWNS

Nickel Belt senior baseball is into the play-down stage once again. Frood is pitted against Copper Cliff in one semi-final, while Creighton meets Coniston in the other bracket. Each series is best three out of five. In the finals it will be four out of seven. Big crowds are turning out to the games, and are seeing some smart heads-up baseball.

In Copper Cliff softball league's finals the champion Orford team is playing a four-out-of-seven series with the Engineers.

LEADS CONCERT TROUPE

Addie Spina, former Open Pit blaster and well known as the operator of a hot alto sax in Gibby Gibson's orchestra, is reported to be leaving this month for England, France and

Germany with an orchestra and concert troupe which will entertain Canadian occupation troops.

INFALLIBLE SIGNS

Life begins at 40, and so do failen arches, lumbago, bad-eyesight, and the tendency to tell a story to the same person three or four times.

MORE FAMILIAR FACES SEEN BACK ON OLD JOBS

Another group of familiar faces is pictured in the layout on the opposite page—former regular employees of INCO, among those who have returned to their old jobs during the past few months after service in the armed forces. In Photo No. 1 the INCO Veterans' Personnel Officer, Ed McGill, is seen extending a welcome to Jack Webster, who has swapped his cap badge for a miner's lamp and is once again prowling around his former haunts on 1600 Level at Frood.

Jack started at Frood in 1929, when it was still a Mond property, and stayed on with INCO after the merger that year. He enlisted in the Engineers in August of 1942 and in July of last year transferred to the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, seeing plenty of action overseas. He was married in 1938 to Miss Emma Saunders of Sudbury and they have one son, Bob. His father, Horace Webster, retired last March after long service with the Company. "It's sure good to be back again," says Jack's grin in accents louder than mere words.

Ed. McGill, who is attached to the Personnel Department at the INCO Centre in Sudbury, as Veterans' Personnel Officer, well knows the returned man's viewpoint. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in July of 1940 and was discharged in January of 1945, winding up a distinguished career of service as a squadron leader flying Mosquito bombers overseas. He graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1933 with a Commerce degree and joined INCO's accounting department at Copper Cliff in 1934. He is married, and has a young daughter called Mickey who has already served notice on Hollywood.

Up at Copper Cliff Concentrator the Triangle found Stan Simmons (Photo No. 2) who has doffed his flying officer's uniform. Stan joined the R.C.A.F. in April, 1942, was posted to Bomber Command in England. You'll remember reading in the papers how, one night over France, his ship was badly shot up but he managed to bring it back to a base in the south of England despite a missing engine and sundry other little items. He got the D.F.C. for that. He was wed in May to Miss Fay Dixon, and is living in Sudbury.

Joe Maltby (No. 3) had been with INCO 18 months when he enlisted in January of 1942 in the Essex Scottish. He was taken prisoner at Caen just before the big push and spent 10 months behind the barbed wire in Germany. When the Yanks finally arrived and opened the gate he had lost 25 lbs. Now he's on the job again in the Copper Reverbs. He's married, lives in Sudbury, has a young daughter Karen. He's seen here (left) chatting with Norm Gegear.

In the electrical department at Port Colborne Refinery John Huffman (No. 4) once again plies his trade, glad that it's all over and the old job was waiting for him. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in April, 1940, was posted overseas in January, 1944, and was discharged recently. At the end of last month he received word that he had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal by His Majesty the King. He was married just prior to going overseas.

Bug, husky Henry Offert, seen here (No. 5) punching out in the clock alley at Creighton's No. 5 Shaft, was wounded three times during action in Belgium, France, Holland and Germany. He enlisted in the Army in January, 1942, finished up as a corporal. Army life wasn't bad, he says, but he'd much sooner tote a lunch pail than a rifle.

Charlie Young (No. 6) who started with INCO in June 1937, enlisted in October 1941, in the R.C.A.F. and was an instructor at Chatham, N.B., from August 1942, to April 1945. Now he's back on his former beat in Copper Cliff Smelter as a research man, and was photographed wielding a pyrometer, the gadget used to

measure the temperature of matte and slag from the converters.

Charlie Bryce of Coniston (No. 7) enlisted in the Army in May 1941, later switched to the R.C.A.F. and was a flying officer when he got his discharge after serving as a fighter pilot overseas. He came back to work last March, having been with the Company for more than five years prior to enlisting. He was born in Copper Cliff but Coniston has been his home for some 21 years. He was wed overseas to Miss Janet Craig of Glasgow.

Could Turn His Hand to Anything When Need Arose

Back in 1910 Art Husson found himself in Globe, Arizona, very much without a job. Complicating the situation was the fact that about 700 other men were in the same predicament. While the 700 aimlessly walked the streets and bemoaned their luck, Art rustled around until he came across an Indian who



was looking for a trapping partner. Art knew nothing about trapping but that was a mere detail. The two struck out into the wilds and went to work. The quarry was that pretty little animal with the white streak down its back and the poison gas in its perfume atomizer. Once Art became accustomed to the atmosphere (he claims you really can get used to it) he was clearing \$5.00 a day while the 700 were still walking the streets of Globe, and in a couple of months he had saved a grubstake with which to move on to greener and sweeter smelling fields.

The happy faculty of being able to turn his hand to almost anything, if circumstances demanded it, has remained with Art since boyhood. When he retired recently on INCO pension, after more than 30 years of service, he had an enviable reputation for general "know how" around the surface operations at Creighton

Mine, as well as a host of pals who treasure his friendship.

Born at Miner's Mills, Pennsylvania, in 1887, Art left school at the age of 12 to take a job as a mule-skinner in the coal pits for the Delaware & Hudson and later for the Lehigh Valley. In 1900 he left for Northern Michigan, spent another session in school, and then went to work in the Quincy Copper Mine, operating an underground hoist on a shaft-sinking contract. By 1907 he had become a machine runner with the Mohawk Copper Mine. In 1909 he went back to Pennsylvania and took a contract to drive a tunnel connecting two seams of coal in one of the big mines. Just as the tunnel was finished it blew up from a gas explosion. There didn't seem to be much future in that sort of thing so Art packed his kit and said goodbye to the coal pits forever.

In the next couple of years he travelled far and wide, taking that fling at trapping, managing a prize fighter and then a wrestler, and eventually landing back in Northern Michigan. Then one day he got a letter from his brother-in-law, Albert Fredette, who was a hoistman at Creighton Mine, suggesting that he come to Canada.

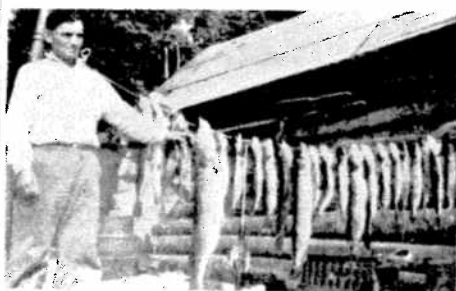
Art arrived in 1914 and first worked for Mond Nickel on the shaft-sinking operation at the Frood Extension. When it was shut down at the outbreak of war he moved to Creighton, became a machine runner under "Cap" Miller. When motors were installed in the mine in 1915, he helped lay track for them. In the following years he served as timber boss, pipe-fitting boss, stope boss, supply foreman on surface, construction foreman at No. 5 Shaft, and, from 1935 until his retirement, general yard foreman. They couldn't stump him, whatever the job.

He took an active part in arranging activities within the camp, encouraging boxing and wrestling, organizing celebrations, and managing the lacrosse team which brought the La Forest Cup to Creighton from Sudbury in 1932.

Married in 1912 to Miss Florence LeBeau at Hancock, Mich., Art has a family of five. One daughter, Florence, is secretary to the mine superintendent at Creighton. Others are Mrs. Tony Celestini of Creighton and Mrs. Lee Breen of Toronto. A son Bill has been in the Navy for five years, is at present a Stoker Petty Officer stationed at Halifax. The other son Henry is in the Army and is at the special training camp set up in Virginia to prepare men for the Eastern Theatre.

In the accompanying picture, Art stands in the doorway of the fine home he is building opposite the Frank Anderson farm about half a mile along the new Creighton cutoff. There he and Mrs. Husson will spend their years of retirement in comfort and security, with the latchstring always out to their old friends.

LONG LAKE CATCH



The waters of Long Lake got a real going-over one week-end in August when Aldo and Mario Desanti and Theodore Taus of Copper Cliff, who were staying at Bert LeBlanc's camp, unlimbered their fishing rods and went to work. Picture shows Mario Desanti with the catch. The big fish was a pike, 44 inches long (the man said) and weighing 20 lbs.



ARSON OVER THE TOP!

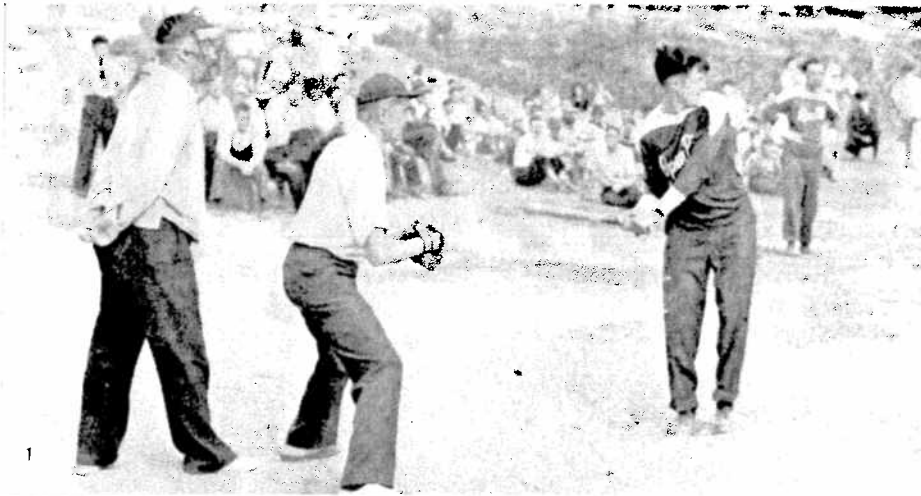
Employees at Garson Mine take the spotlight this month. They have qualified for INCO's coveted safety award, the 100,000 Safe Shifts Pin.

Since February 14, 1945, Garson Mine has operated without a lost-time accident. As we go to press it has a grand total of 111,100 consecutive safe shifts to its credit. The previous record for the mine was 38,796 safe shifts in a run which ended last October.

To everybody at Garson, wherever they work, go the hearty congratulations of the INCO family on this splendid achievement, and on the hand-in-glove co-operation which made it possible.

In pictures on these pages Garson people "take a bow". We're going there, all you guys and gals!





Open Pit Finally Took Measure of Levack Softballers

At Levack, where softball ranks almost ahead of supper in many a family's diet, they've had a great series of die-hard battles this season with teams representing Frood Open Pit.

Three times the Pit sent all-star aggregations up the pike to the sporting hot-bed by the Onaping, and three times they came back with their tails between their legs. Finally, in a game on August 12, the Pit men raced five runs across the platter in the first two innings and then stacked up a powerful defence, holding off Levack's determined bid and winning 5-4. Fifth picture in the layout shows the Pit lineup which turned the trick at last: left to right, front row, Joe Nykoluk, M. Hambly, W. Oliver, Roy Brown, A. Singbush, and Cecil Guest; back row, A. Kirkbride, George Hazen, O. Cyr, and Nelson Raspberry.

Here and there with the Triangle camera during the game, we see:

1. Umpire Frank Crome is all set to call 'em the way he sees 'em. Levack's catcher, Nick Kuz, signals for the high hard one, and Pit's Andy Kirkbride hopes to knock the apple right out of the lot.

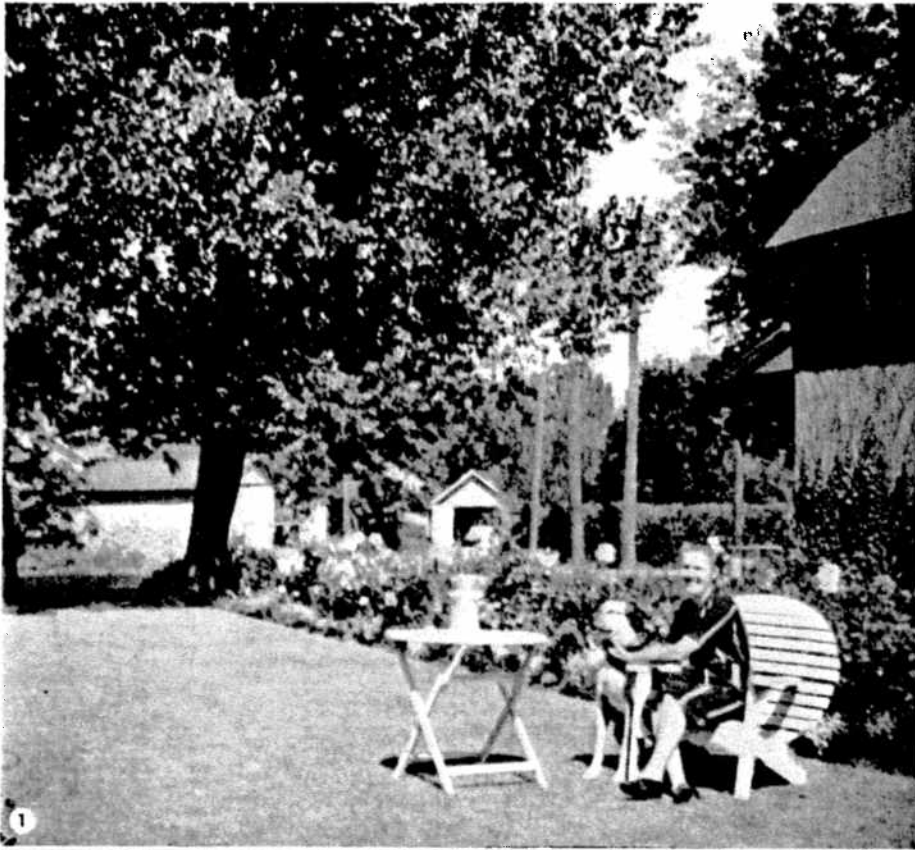
2. The long and the short of it, as Levack's big Bill Skura talks things over with little "Champ" Paiskoski.

3. A group of the boys who appreciate the high-class entertainment dished up for their benefit by the Levack Athletic Association. These bench-warmers are, left to right, Frank Michalak, Dave Simpson, John Hudak, Mike Hnarko, Urgel Demers, Bill Long, and Paul Pomarenski.

4. In this quartet of attractive young fans, intent on the game, are Shirley Jones, Joyce Hykin, Lois Taylor and Joanna MacIver.

6. Fans of all ages lined Levack's natural "sports bowl" beside the Employees Club, to watch the game. In this group were Rene Germain, Pat and Linda Koski with their mother, Mrs. Jean Koski, and Mrs. Rose Swiddle with her young daughter Mary.

Next month the big news from Levack will be the Field Day, which Personnel Director Wes Peterson and the Athletic Association Committees have lined up for Labor Day.



CLIFF LADIES CHAMPIONS IN HORTICULTURE

Two Copper Cliff ladies, famed throughout the nickel belt for their horticultural achievements, were prominent winners at the annual exhibition of the Sudbury Horticultural Society on August 24-25.

Mrs. Wm. Acheson was presented with the A. E. Hodge silver trophy for the most outstanding home garden lot in the entire Nickel District. She also won the J. A. Laberge silver cup for the best flower garden and lawn under section 4. Top photo of the layout shows Mrs. Acheson in a corner of her lovely home grounds, which excite the admiration of every passerby.

Mrs. J. E. McKerrow, a previous winner of the Hodge trophy, this year distinguished herself by carrying off the City of Sudbury trophy

and the John L. Agnew trophy for the best horticultural exhibit at the show, as well as three firsts and four seconds in other floral and vegetable events. In the second photograph Mrs. McKerrow is seen receiving the City of Sudbury trophy from Mayor W. S. Beaton; at the right is Mrs. C. Chapman, president of Sudbury Horticultural Society.

Set up in the parish hall of the Church of the Epiphany, Mrs. McKerrow's prize winning exhibit was a striking mass of color. Set in tier-fashion, the array of cut flowers which carried off this coveted award included spikes of multi-colored gladioli, six types of petunias, salpiglossis, giant-sized stocks, torenia, four types of phlox, hydrangea, cleome, labelia and verbena.

Grown for vitamins rather than beauty was John Boyuk's fine garden at his home on Whitaker St. A timberman at Frood, John's hobby is his vegetable garden, always a big producer. Picture shows him in the corn patch. His trophies take the form of shelf upon shelf of gleaming jars of preserves.

PRES. STANLEY CONFIDENT OF NICKEL FUTURE

The sudden cessation of hostilities found industry geared in anticipation of several more months of warfare, and stocks of refined nickel at an all-time high. Taking up the slack, International Nickel Co. of Canada Limited announced on August 22 that a reverberatory furnace at Copper Cliff Smelter and two electrolytic units at Port Colborne Nickel Refinery would be shut down.

Closely following this announcement was a statement by President Stanley saying that the sharp drop in the demand for nickel was probably temporary and expressing confidence in the Canadian nickel industry's long range possibilities.

Mr. Stanley's statement, issued at New York on August 25, follows:

Robert C. Stanley, chairman and president of International Nickel Company, said today consumers of nickel now are free to purchase their requirements. He was commenting on an announcement last night at Ottawa by Reconstruction Minister Howe that restrictions on the use and distribution of nickel mill products have been removed.

"With the lifting of restrictions to permit nickel to be channelled into its many peacetime applications, I wish to emphasize the fine co-operation during the war between industry and government in the distribution of nickel," said Mr. Stanley. "Because of its importance to the war effort, nickel was one of the first metals to be placed on the priority lists and now is among the last to be taken off."

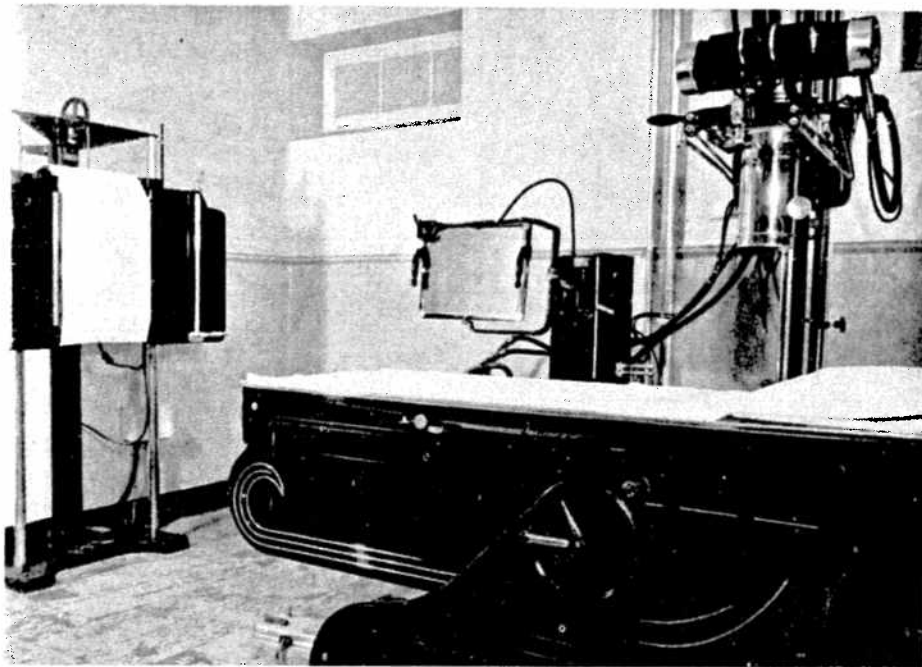
"Due to the sudden cutbacks of military requirements there has been a substantial curtailment at International Nickel's Canadian plants at Copper Cliff and Port Colborne. Stocks of refined nickel at Port Colborne are at an all-time high. The cutbacks have also been responsible for a sharp drop in the demand for nickel, which is probably temporary, and caused by the unsettled conditions now existing in reconversion."

"I am hopeful that civilian demand will soon take up some of the slack and believe this can be accomplished in shorter time if restrictions to international trade can be eliminated. I look with confidence upon the Canadian nickel industry's long-range possibilities."

CHANGED HIS NAME

"Why did you call that fellow Horo? I thought his name was Horowitz?"

"It was, but he lived in a tough neighborhood, and they scared the witz out of him."



X-RAY OUTFIT AT HOSPITAL MOST MODERN

Except for the people who work in it, a hospital, by and large, is a very good place not to be. But INCO employees have the satisfaction of knowing that when they require medical or surgical aid, the most modern and up-to-date equipment stands ready to give them service at Copper Cliff Hospital.

The X-Ray department is a good example. In the accompanying three photographs are shown rooms where doctors and technicians, working with the best equipment obtainable, give to INCOites the benefits of the marvellous discovery made by Wilhelm Konrad Rontgen (1845-1923). A Rontgen ray is a ray or radiation caused by an electric discharge in a vacuum tube, now known to be similar to a light ray but of very short wave length. It is capable of penetrating many substances ordinarily opaque, and thus is invaluable in medical diagnosis to locate fractures, malformations, and pathological conditions of tissue. It was called X-Ray by its discoverer because its nature was unknown.

In the top photo is the Radiographic or X-Ray room at Copper Cliff Hospital. The fluoroscopic tilt table in the right foreground is a finely engineered device which may be used vertically or horizontally for fluoroscopic or X-Ray work. On the left is the chest-changer, specially designed for the making of stereoscopic pictures showing the chest in the third dimension.

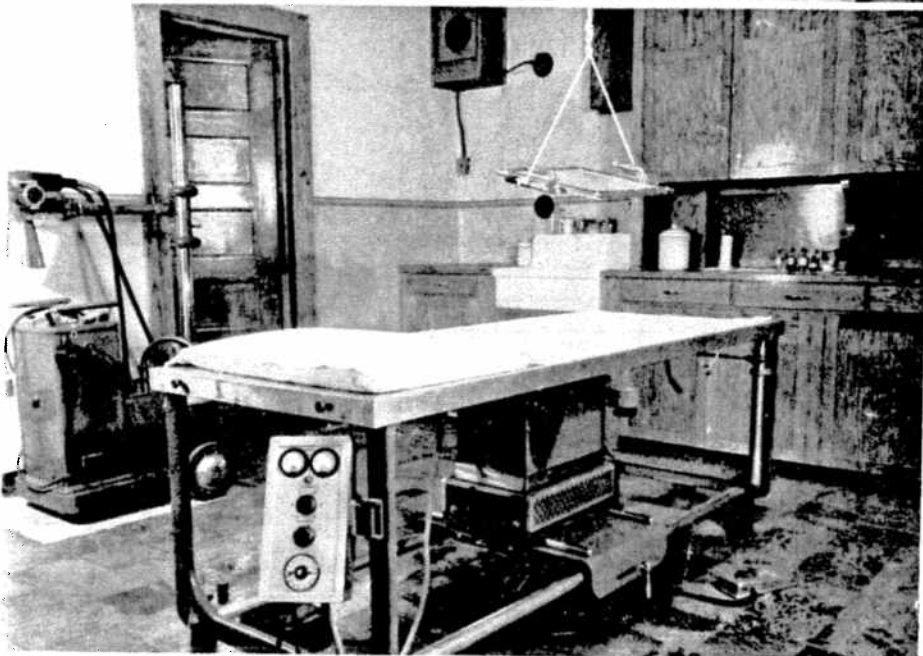
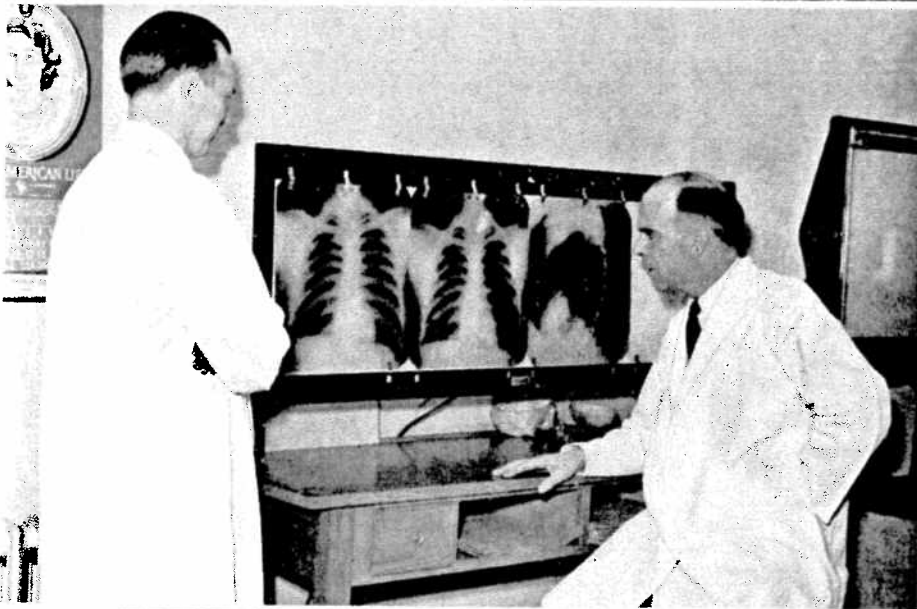
Centred above the tilt table is the lead-protected screen through which the doctor looks when making a fluoroscopic examination. The X-Ray throws the shadows of opaque portions of the body on the screen, and an irregularity is detected. There is considerable variation in opacity, not only of the different bones but also of foreign objects which may be causing trouble. For instance a piece of steel is very opaque but some types of aluminum and glass may be extremely hard to detect. Wood is generally not opaque. One patient had a sliver eight inches long in his arm, and the only reason it was seen in the fluoroscopic examination was that it had some drops of paint on it; the lead in paint is opaque.

Before making a fluoroscopic examination the operator must allow his eyes to become accustomed to darkness. Either he remains in a dark room for five or 10 minutes, or he wears a pair of dark-adaptor goggles, like those the airman donned before night flying.

When the fluoroscope shows an irregularity or a foreign object in the body, an X-Ray picture is made for study and record. At the right above the tilt table is the latest type of rotating anode X-Ray tube which retains a fine focus without sacrificing the power to penetrate heavy parts of the body like the lateral sections of the spine. The housing for the tube is constructed of sheet steel and lined with lead. It is filled with a specially processed insulating oil, which is introduced under vacuum, and is hermetically sealed. Expansion chambers take care of oil expansion. The tube is supported on an ingenious bi-rail stand which allows wide range of movement without loss of rigidity.

X-Ray film, varying in size from 14 x 17 down to 5 x 7, has about the same sensitivity to light as the Verichrome familiar to all camera fans. The film holders are placed at the back of the chest-changer, or are slid into a rack beneath the tilt table. The length of exposure varies according to what part of the body is to be photographed: a finger gets half a second, a lateral of the spine five seconds.

The dark rooms for developing the X-Ray film are especially well equipped. In the case of an emergency fracture, when speed is essen-

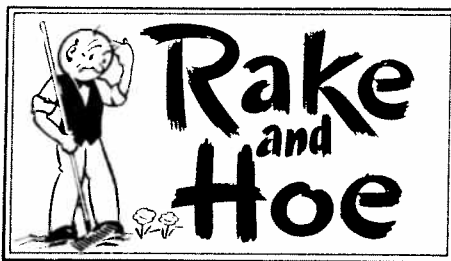


til, a wet negative can be viewed 10 minutes after the exposure.

In the second photograph Dr. C. R. Ferguson is seen in the Viewing Room, studying X-Ray negatives which have been produced by the hospital's very capable X-Ray technician, H. L. Kruger (left). These are follow-up pictures to check the progress of a patient who has had a rib-resection operation, and now shows elevation of the right diaphragm due to adhesions.

The bottom photo shows the special Fluoroscopic Room used for setting fractures or applying plaster casts. A fluoroscopic screen is suspended above the fracture table for the use of the doctor in making periodical checks as he works. The X-Ray tube and transformer are encased in a housing beneath the table and the control panel is seen in the foreground. In the left corner stands a mobile X-Ray unit for use in the fracture room or at bedside in the wards.

A visitor to the hospital's X-Ray department comes away with the impression that nothing has been left undone to provide the utmost in this type of service.



(By C. A. Y.)

Last month an editorial, "Garden Tips," appeared in Triangle and a new era in gardening was ushered in, hereafter to be known as the "Estevan touch". But, like all things, opinions vary and the gardening fraternity has been rocked no end with arguments of great heat. On the one hand we have those who agree that waxing the radishes, shaving the carrots and hepping the onions with Chanel No. 5 will take a prize any day. On the other hand there are those who vehemently claim this would be OK if the judge is a fastidious female but, since all the good judges come from Scotland, why bother with all this fiddle-daddle. Just wait until the judge comes into sight and spray a little Dewgans Dew about. That's "The Dewgans Dew of Kirkintilloch," of course. Now the whole idea is a squeeze play. Hide the jug well in the rhubarb and the judge either spends so much time looking for it that he has no time left for other aspirants, or, if he finds it, he will be rendered incapable of further judging, so you win either way. Simple eh? No comments please, Don.

I have just taken out the vines of our first planting of peas and some lettuce will fill that space for late fall use. While on the subject I question if garden peas are actually worth the space they take up, but then who is there would be denied a feed of peas fresh from the garden even if it were only one feed. If there is any garden crop with "umph" I think fresh peas take first call.

When do you top your tomatoes? I am taking for granted, of course, that most of the tomatoes are staked to conserve space in small gardens. Such being the case, one gets to the point of having to nip off the tops to force the fruit that is developing to ripen. This is more essential in this northern clime where we must have early tomatoes if we expect vine-ripened ones. It is hard to find two people to agree on how many fruit clusters to leave and I am no exception. When topping time arrives I usually finish up arguing with myself whether it will be four or six. I might say, however, that if you can vine-ripen more than five fruit clusters, your tomatoes have to be early.

I had a conversation the other day with a chap who does considerable gardening at his

summer camp. In his location it is difficult to get manure and he had been digging leaves into the garden and borders. This a good practice but should be augmented by adding limestone to counteract the acidity or sourness of the leaves, and a commercial fertilizer carrying at least 4% nitrogen e.i. 4-8-10 or 4-12-6. There are a number of functions for the fertilizer, chief among which are assisting in breaking down the organic matter of the leaves and balancing up the fertility of the soil.

Quite a few people ask each year if nursery stock can be planted in the Fall. Opinions vary and the success or failure of Fall planting depends a great deal on the weather. Our Fall and Winter season is usually preceded by wet weather so that we go into Winter with the ground well supplied with water. This is not generally good for nursery stock and for this reason we do not favor Fall planting. Our friends in Western Canada do considerable Fall planting because out there Fall weather is fairly dry and conditions in general much better for the survival of any stock planted.

Do you have trouble rooting geranium slips or other house plant cuttings? If so, try putting them in pure sand and keep them moist but not wet for 2-3 weeks. Remove them carefully and plant in good potting soil.

Just in case you have been wondering why the grass has needed so much water lately (up to mid-August). Think of this—in the period from July 12 to Aug. 14, approximately 1/4 inch of rain fell in Copper Cliff.

If you are in the habit of using soil early in the spring, now is a good time to be getting it. Hauling conditions are at their best and a load of soil is a mighty handy gadget to have around when you get the urge to do some puttering around next spring.

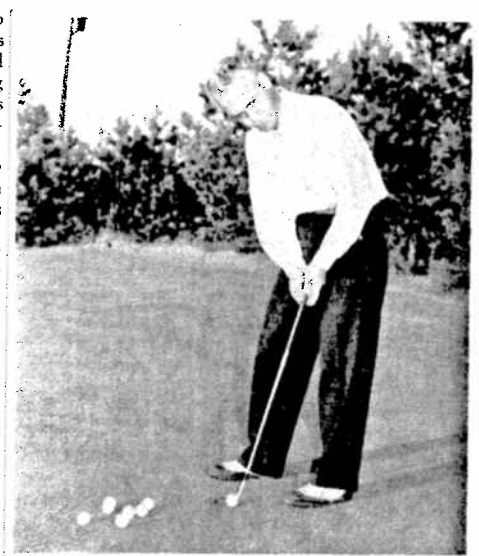
Now I just wonder what the "Estevan Touch" will do to this.

DANNY STACK HAVING HIMSELF A BIG SEASON

Danny Stack of Frood warehouse looms as the golfing personality of the season as far as Sudbury and District is concerned. In the annual Seagram tourney at Sudbury Golf Club he repeated previous triumphs by turning back a formidable field in quest of the championship, firing a blistering 69 in one 18-hole trip. At Winnipeg, later in August, he was runner-up in the Manitoba Open, which attracts some of the slickest divot-diggers in the business.

Golfing fame has been Dan's ever since, as a kid of 14, he found an old Dunlop Maxfli in a field alongside the Kildonan Municipal course out in Winnipeg and started batting it around with a tree branch. The next year, with some borrowed clubs, he played his first game, touring the Kildonan layout in 85. So badly had the little golf bug bitten him that every nickel he made during the following winter by shovelling sidewalks and selling peanuts at the hockey matches in the old Arena Rink went into his piggy bank, and the following Spring he was able to lay \$145 on the line for the best set of clubs he could get. Then came long hours of practice on the prairie back of his home in suburban Kildonan, with his dad always willing to help out as a ball retriever. The smooth pivot, the powerful swing, the sure touch around the green—all developed steadily.

Within the next season Danny's name hit Winnipeg's golfing headlines and stayed there. He won championships, was a member of the Manitoba Golf team, and hung up what is believed to be the lowest score ever recorded in Canada for tournament play, a 63 and a 68 for 18 holes—131. In the ensuing years he kept up the dizzy pace, winning the West Kootenay Open and the Nelson Golf Club champion-



ships out in B.C., and setting new records at several courses.

Coming to Sudbury district in 1937, dapper Daniel was not long emerging as a contender for Northern Ontario golfing laurels, and of these he has acquired plenty. He turned pro for a couple of seasons and ironed the kinks out of many a tyro's game. In 1941 he enlisted in the R.C.A.F. and during the next four years sandwiched a lot of hot rounds in between his military duties. Of the half-dozen prizes which he won perhaps the most outstanding was the P.Q.G.A. medal for 18 holes over the tough Mount Royal course at Montreal; he posted a 73.

Dan comes from a family of sports stars. His father, John Patrick Stack of County Cork, Ireland, was a speed-skating champ. His mother excelled at lawn bowling. His brother Frank, no stranger to the Nickel Belt, won the North American Speed Skating championship and was a member of the Canadian Olympic team; he still holds two world records, the five-mile indoor and the one-mile outdoor. Another brother, Mel, is hot at baseball, and his third brother, Jack, went in for bike-racing.

So, it's in the blood. Danny just can't help those birdies and eagles. We feel so sorry for him.

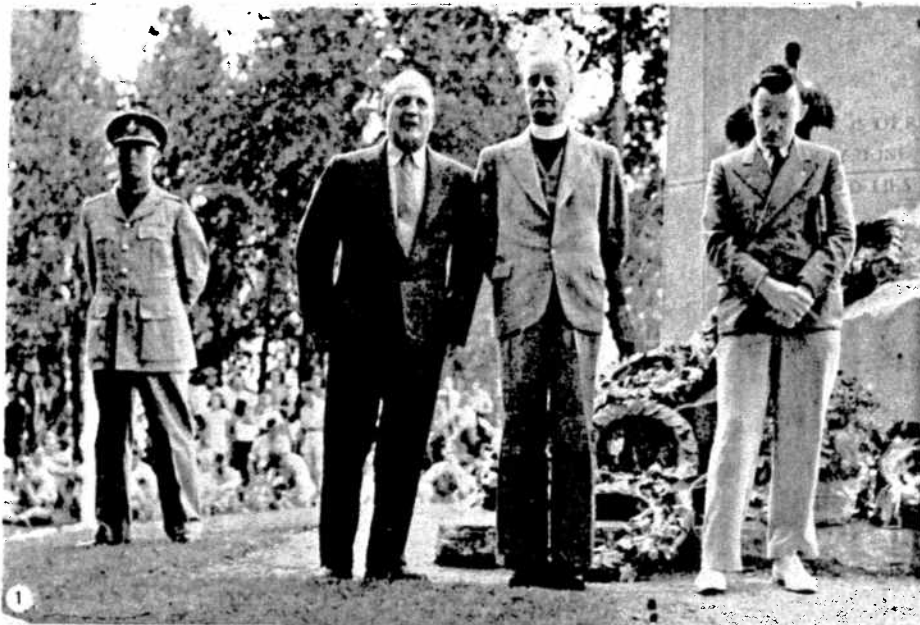
ANYBODY HUNGRY?



Pardon us, but your appetite is showing.

And you're certainly to be excused if you unconsciously reach for the frying pan after gazing dreamily at this mess of speckled trout which three INCO stalwarts landed at Emerald Lake, in the Temiskaming country. The party included Romeo Leclair of the Copper Refinery, Tony Smythe of Copper Cliff, the time clock expert, and Bill Hornby of Frood. Also along was Romeo's nephew, Jacques Leclair, who had just returned from overseas.

Faith is not trying to believe something regardless of the evidence: Faith is daring to do something regardless of the consequences.—



More Scenes at V-J Day Services

In these additional pictures of V-J Day ceremonies are seen:

1. Mayor H. H. Knoll, second from left, addresses the large audience in Lakeview Park, Port Colborne. On his right is Major H. E. Hazelwood, marshal of the V-J parade, and on his left are Rev. George H. Knighton and Rev. Ralph P. Clark.

2. Veterans of the First Great War took part in the Port Colborne parade and lined up beside the cenotaph for the memorial service. Seen in the centre of this group (wearing beret) is Ed. Rogers, president of the Canadian Legion.

3. Veterans of the Second Great War who spoke briefly during the service at Memorial Community Hall, Copper Cliff, are seen in this group: Left to right, front row, Sergeant A. Stemp, Stoker 1st Class Morley Barnes, Lieutenant D. Stemp; back row, Flight Lieutenant Cameron Shortts, Stoker Petty Officer Bill Birney, and Captain R. J. Swain.



Hugh B. Craig, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Electrical Dept.; J. Rolland Lalonde, Army to Frood; Garfield Lepage, Army to Frood; Elmer J. McVey, R.C.A.F. to Garson; Gerald Minard, Navy to Police; Hugh Mulligan, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Smelter; Basil Muncaster, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Electrical Dept.; Harold Nelson, R.C.A.F. to Copper Refinery; A. J. "Tony" Nemsovsky, Army to Open Pit; Edouard Piette, Army to Copper Cliff Smelter; "Cam" Shortts, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Concentrator; Edward Tobin, R.C.A.F. to Open Pit; Charles E. Young, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Smelter; Herbert D. Jackson, Navy to Garson; Joseph H. Jones, Army to Garson; Jack McGowan, Army to Open Pit; Chas. McMillan, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Concentrator; Stanley Sefton, R.C.A.F. to Frood; Stanley A. Simmons, R.C.A.F. to Copper Cliff Concentrator; John W. Webster, Army to Frood; Ruben Hartness, Army to Frood; Lawrence Walkom, R.C.A.F. to Frood.

PORT COLBORNE

Jack Rivers, Navy; Clarence McDowell, Air Force; Bruce Grabell, Air Force; Victor Simpson, Air Force; Stanley Taylor, Navy.

MARY HAD A LITTLE WOLF

Mary had a little wolf,
He had a name: Inflation;
And every time she bought a dress
Poor Mary's situation
Became a little worse because
A part of every dollar
Had to go to feed the wolf.
He soon outgrew his collar!
The more she spent, the more he ate,
She simply couldn't beat him—
Until she started buying Bonds
And found he couldn't eat 'em!

WRONG NUMBER

The patient had just come out of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he groaned as he felt loving hands making him comfortable. "Am I in heaven?"

"No," answered his wife, "I'm still with you, darling."



Current and Choice IN SUDBURY CINEMA

"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"

One of the most unusual stories ever told is "The Picture of Dorian Gray," stemming from Oscar Wilde's celebrated and controversial novel, now on the screen as a gripping piece of entertainment.

"Dorian Gray" is the story of a young man who traded his very soul for the opportunity to stay young forever. Jealous of a painting made of him by a famous artist and influenced by a cynical nobleman-about-town, Dorian makes the wish that he himself remain youthful and handsome while the painting itself grow older instead. He also determines to live more fully, more dangerously.

In a music hall in the deepest slums of London, Dorian hears a lovely young girl sing and falls in love with her. He decides to marry her, and tells his friends; the artist who painted his portrait and the cynical nobleman. The latter sneers, suggests that the girl's character first be thoroughly tested. Dorian agrees. The disillusionment that follows is but the first step in Dorian Gray's career of sin and crime that follow. After that, whispered stories begin to



George Sanders and Hurd Hatfield in "The Picture of Dorian Gray."

circulate about him and about his strange ability to retain his youth and good looks. Women love him and go to their death. Men despise and fear him. And all the while only Dorian knows the terrible secret of the portrait that is growing older, revealing the sin and corruption of Dorian Gray's soul.

"The Picture of Dorian Gray" is crammed with suspense. Culminating in one of the most exciting dramatic sequences ever filmed, it will keep you on the edge of your seat from beginning to end.

Casting the role of Dorian was one of Hollywood's most difficult assignments, but Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer has discovered a new potential star in Hurd Hatfield, whose only previous screen work has been in "Dragon Seed," in which he played the rebel son. Hatfield's future in motion pictures is assured by his sterling work as Dorian.

George Sanders steps from his "Saint" characterizations to play the world-weary nobleman and turns in his usual expert job. Angela Lansbury, the maid of "Gaslight," proves herself a real dramatic find as the music-hall singer and Dona Reed is lovely as the niece of the painter of the famous portrait who also loves Dorian. Lowell Gilmore plays the painter who created the miraculous portraits.

"THE FIFTH CHAIR"

Starting with the opening flash of title on the screen—after which he takes over to address the audience in a riotous kidding of the people named in the credit titles as they are run off—and ending with a final word of wit spoken into the camera at the close of the picture, Fred Allen and guests provide herewith the laughiest 90 minutes experienced in a long time. The picture's sure-fire for everywhere films are seen or radio is heard.

It's Allen's picture, conforming at all points to the Allen blueprint for laughter, but present and accounting for much of the merriment and a wealth of billing-power are Jack Benny, Wil-



Fred Allen and Robert Benchley in "The Fifth Chair."

liam Bendix, Robert Benchley, Don Ameche, Rudy Vallee, Victor Moore, Jerry Colonna, Binnie Barnes, John Carradine and one Minerva Pious, who is "Mrs. Nussbaum" of the Allen radio programs and even more effective on the screen than on the air—all these parties taking a round ribbing from Allen—the stars, guest stars and supporting players have the time of their lives and impart the same to the audience.

The tale, utilized as a framework for the unbroken succession of gags that proceed without letup, concerns a murder and a will and five chairs, bequeathed to Allen, one of which contains \$300,000 in currency. Allen sells the chairs before he knows about the money, then goes out to retrieve them from their respective buyers, shadowed and frequently caught up with by the actual murderers.

Allen's sequence with "Mrs. Nussbaum" who explains why she bought one of the chairs, is among the funniest footage ever filmed.

His visit to Benny's home masquerading as president of the Jack Benny Fan Club of Nutley, N.J., is better fun than the two comedians have purveyed in any of their radio meetings.

His dressing-room sequence with Ameche, Vallee and Moore, who portrayed themselves as reduced from past greatness to membership in a bar-room quartette, is a classic in the field of personalized humor.

These three are highlights—other witnesses may select others from the dozens of hit bits.

Also in the lights during September: "Christmas in Connecticut" with Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, Sidney Greenstreet; "Keep Your Powder Dry" with Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters; "The Great John L." with Linda Darnell, Greg McClure (Bing Crosby's debut as a producer); "Belle of the Yukon" with Randolph Scott and Gypsy Rose Lee; "Her Lucky Night" with the Andrews Sisters; "Without Love" with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn; "On Stage Everybody" with Jack Oakie and Peggy Ryan; "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" with Dorothy McGuire and Joan Blondell; "Mr. Emmanuel", outstanding British production with Felix Aylmer, Greta Gynt, and Walter Rilla; "The Unseen", with Joel McCrea and Gail Russell; "Bedside Manner" with Ruth Hussey and John Carroll; and a tip for early October—"Three Caballeros", a Walt Disney cartoon feature.

Corvette Captain Visitor at Cliff

To let Copper Cliff people know first hand how much the men on his ship appreciated their gifts, Lieut. Commander F. G. Hutchings, commanding officer of the Corvette "Copper Cliff," visited the smelter town one day last month and talked with Mayor E. A. Collins and other citizens.



A typical "sea dog", Lieut. Commander Hutchings was of the quiet opinion that his ship is the best in the whole Canadian fleet, and he was deeply grateful for the special comforts and recreational equipment furnished to it by Copper Cliff donors.

He was en route home to Montreal to visit his family, whom he had not seen for many months.

IN HOLLAND

A former Open Pit man who enlisted in July, 1945, and went overseas in December of that year, Signalman G. A. LaRocque, writes from Holland that he expects to be home in October and is all duck bumps at the prospect of seeing his old pals once more. He says he has been receiving the Triangle from his brother, another INCOite, and has enjoyed each issue because "it brings me so much closer to Canada and bygone days."

EARLY DAY RESIDENTS

Mrs. W. Odgers and her sister, of Detroit, were on a motor holiday in Northern Ontario last month and called at the General Office at Copper Cliff. They are daughters of Alfred James, mine captain at the Cliff in the early days who died on August 27, 1893, at his home, 4 Clarabelle Road. "Cap" James came originally from Breage, Cornwall, which was also the birthplace of John Simons, former master mechanic at Creighton who is now an INCO pensioner residing in Sudbury.

LEVACK SAMPLE



Constable Bert Conley (left) and "Chick" Cecchetto of Levack, stand proudly behind a string of beauties they pulled from Windy Lake, or was it Onaping? Whatever water it was, the boys say this is a fair sample of the sort of catch every Levacker expects when he goes fishing.

Stamp Collecting Fascinating Hobby

Shortly after he joined the Company's time office staff in 1937, Don Dixon looked around for a hobby and selected stamp collecting. He is now very glad he chose stamps, partly because they are much easier to gather and much nicer to have around the house than elephants or anything like that, and partly because he has found them a fascinating spare-time occupation.

In his apartment on Fairview Ave. the other night he showed us the several albums containing his fine collection of Dominion of Canada and British Colonies stamps, on which he has been concentrating. So far he has gathered about 5,000 different stamps, which seemed quite sufficient to us, but he says he's only just nicely started.

Some issues, which he thinks may turn out to be hot stuff from an investment point of view, he buys in whole sheets; others he buys in blocks of four, and others in single sets. The Postal Department at Ottawa co-operates with stamp collectors, (or philatelists, as they are called if you are able to pronounce it) by drawing out the best-centred stamps which come off the presses and making them available at face value through the Philatelic Bureau. The is as far as the Canadian Postal Department goes, however; there are no special stamps or other shenanigans put out with the intention of creating collectors' items, as in some other countries.

Don told us several very interesting stories connected with stamps, such as the tale about the British Guiana 1-cent issue of 1856, of which there is only one now known to be in captivity. At the end of the Great War, he said, France seized for reparations the great stamp collection of the Austrian, Count Ferrari, who was ranked as the peer of philatelists. The collection was eventually liquidated for \$2,500,000. The prize item, the 1-cent British Guiana, went to an American millionaire, Arthur Hind, for \$37,500. When he died five years ago his widow sold it to an unnamed Westerner for \$50,000.

Another of Don's stamp chats concerned the

NEW GUARD RAILS



New guard rails recently installed on the four big cutting machines in the shipping department at Port Colborne Refinery are an example of improvements which are continually being made throughout INCO plants to create safer working conditions. Contact of the rail with the back of the operator's hand warns him that his fingers are close to the hold-down. Demonstrating the guard is John Korody, who has been with the Company since March 31, 1942.



DON DIXON

Mauritius, 1847, one-penny orange.

The island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, he told us, was the first British colony to adopt postage stamps, which had originated in Great Britain in 1840. The plates for the first Mauritius issue were hurriedly engraved so that the stamps could be used as an interesting novelty, by the newly arrived governor's wife on her invitations to the inaugural ball. The local watchmaker worked far into the night engraving the plates and the next morning it was discovered that in his haste he had used the words "Post Office" instead of "Post-Paid". Obliging the postmaster ran off a few copies of the stamps—just enough for the governor's wife—before destroying the plates and ordering new ones made. Thus was created one of the greatest of postal rarities, the famed "Post-Office Mauritius." The one-penny orange unused (i.e., uncanceled), of which only two copies are known, recently sold at auction for \$20,000; while the same stamp, in used or cancelled condition, brings \$15,000. The two-penny dark blue of the same issue is valued at \$17,000 unused, with used copies selling at \$15,000.

Slips in engraving or printing don't often get by stamp inspectors these days, but when they do it means a field day for the collectors. Don said that some years ago a philatelist in the States went to the Post Office to buy a sheet of 24-cent air mail stamps. As he walked away from the wicket with his purchase he discovered that the airplane in the stamp design was printed upside down. After ascertaining that his was the only sheet which had gone through the press that way, he knew he was in clover. Today those stamps are worth \$3,500 each.

Some countries use different watermarks to distinguish separate printings of the same issue of stamp, and part of the collector's fun is checking these watermarks. If they are not easily discernible, as in the better grades of bond paper, the stamp is placed in a black glass dish and is "bathed" with a couple of drops of benzine; the watermark shows up promptly, and the benzine does not harm the stamp.

Philatelists build up their collections by swapping with each other, or by ordering new issues which they see announced in their society's magazine. And, of course, every now and then they receive selections of stamps on approval from dealers.

It's when those approval selections come in that a stamp collector really goes through an agony of mind and soul. To keep or not to keep, that is the question. The night we were at his place Don had received through the mail an approval batch which contained a 5-rupee Somaliland Protectorate. When it was issued in 1938, it was catalogued at \$3.75; today the catalogue quotes it at \$15.00. It took him no great measure of time to compute that \$11.25 on an investment of \$3.75 in seven years was no picayune rate of interest. But would it continue this increase in value if he bought it

now? That was what Mr. Dixon wanted to know. We tiptoed downstairs and out into the night, leaving him banging his head gently against the mantelpiece.

Don was born in Arnprior. He has worked in the time offices at Levack, Frood and Stobie, and since returning from two and a half years in the Army, from which he received a medical discharge, he has also put in relief stints at Garson and Murray. He was married in 1938 to Miss Marguerite Scott of Sudbury, who shares his interest in stamp collecting and also likes to pick up phonograph disks of classical and operatic music. She is the daughter of "Tip" Scott, recently retired Stobie compressorman.

And now we have to mail this stuff to the printers. Has anybody got a plain ordinary 4-cent stamp?

Bert Niosi and His Band Booked



Confirming a rumor which has had jive fans agog for several weeks, INCO Employees Club directors announce that suave Bert Niosi and his celebrated orchestra from Toronto will play a dance at the big Sudbury recreation hub on Wednesday, Sept. 19.

The Niosi band will return to the Nickel Belt for repeat performances in October, it is also announced. They will perform at Creighton Employees Club on Oct. 16 and again at the INCO Club in Sudbury on Oct. 19.

HELLO GIRL



Even the wrong numbers are all right over at the Copper Refinery with pretty Edna Thomas on the switchboard. Born in Copper Cliff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Thomas, she started with the Company as an usherette three years ago on September 11, took over the Refinery telephone exchange three months ago. A usually unimpeachable source has it that her hobbies include a keen interest in the Navy.