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AUTUMN AFTERNOON IN THE BUSH, DOWN NOELVILLE WAY



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Don M. Dunbar, Editor

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VOLUME 7 SEPTEMBER, 1947 NUMBER 6

HOW IS YOUR BRAIN-POWER?

A fascinating problem in human relations arose from last month's attempt to garble the grey matter of our alert readers.

The problem is:

"How far can you trust a cannibal?"

The missionary quite obviously couldn't leave his luscious daughter alone with one cannibal while he rowed the other across the stream, knowing how indiscreet a cannibal can become where his calories are concerned. Everybody who sent in an answer to the riddle freely acknowledged that. But can a cannibal row a boat and, if so, could he be trusted to bring it back if the missionary blithely wished the two man-munchers bon voyage and sent them across the stream together? Our personal opinion is that the spreader of the gospel would need a very firm grip on a cannibal's soul to be safe in such a daring experiment.

Two Sets of Answers

Answers to the brain-twister fell sharply into the two classes: those who would trust the cannibal to bring back the boat, in which the fording of the stream was accomplished in five trips, and those who would trust a cannibal only as far as they could throw him against a stiff wind, in which case seven trips were required. Those submitting the latter solution place first in the official awards, because here's the answer we got right from the horse's mouth: The missionary takes his daughter across the stream and returns alone for the first cannibal; crosses with first cannibal, brings daughter back, leaves daughter, crosses with second cannibal, returns for daughter and rows her across. Even at that you have to assume that one cannibal won't eat his brother while the mish is enroute, but misgosh you have to have some faith in human nature!

Sharply at 2:45 p.m. of publication day a panting messenger staggered over the threshold of our editorial sanctum with the first reply to the puzzle. It came from those hard-working gals in the stenographers' office, and tears as big as roc's eggs gathered in our eyes as we read that they were on the outside track: First the missionary would send the two cannibals across; then one of the cannibals would row back and the missionary would row him across, bringing the boat back for his daughter. But at that it was heart-warming to know that somebody would trust a cannibal with a boat.

Jack Wulff wrote: "Knowing that a missionary's daughter is a very toothsome morsel, I suggest as follows:" and he went on to give the official answer. This interesting insight into Jack Wulff's experiences has us trembling with anticipation, and we are looking him up pronto for an exclusive interview. What a story that will make!

"Wulff Confesses Gobbling Gospelite's Daughter!"

Herb Had Tough Session

Herb Shoveller of Copper Refinery gave us a blow-by-blow account of how he beat his



Up at Lawson Quarry, where the quartz comes from, you walk about 30 yards from Jack McAndrew's house, look to the left, and this is what you see. Then, if you're half a fisherman, you rustle up some tackle and a boat, and you go out there on those peaceful waters and catch yourself a mess of fat fish. Jack personally guarantees the results (he keeps telling you).

brains to reach the 7-trip solution, and then his young son Bob (11) shattered his paternal aplomb by rattling off the 5-trip answer. You never can tell about these kids, Herb, but you'll be relieved to learn that you were officially right, at least. And we're pleased to know that your copy of the Triangle moves on each month to your brother and his family at Niagara Falls.

Submitting the 7-trip answer, Mrs. Russell Thompson of Garson said, "I hope it's right because I spent long hours at it." Mrs. Thompson, your labors were not in vain.

We were glad to get a nice letter from Walter J. Regan, who lives in Brooklyn and works in the Company's New York Office. It's the first time he has tossed his sombrero into the Triangle's puzzle ring.

Among the others who sent in solutions: Tom Crowther of Safety (who also submitted a good problem we'll be using one issue), E. J. Berton of Minnow Lake, Pete Napron of Froed Mine, Gordon Hubbard of Copper Refinery, H. S. Lewis of New York Office, H. W. Tyers of General Purchasing, Pensioner Art Huxson of Creighton, Mrs. Wm. Gibson of Open Pit, Ed Neva of Cliff Smelter, E. H. Capstick of Concentrator, Ethel Walmsley of General Office, Alvin Nickel of Smelter Efficiency, Gordon Harry of Engineering, Mrs. Don Fraser of Accounting. That unfeeling fellow from Mines Efficiency, Ron Silver, led the caustic contingent who claimed they kicked the sides out of their cribs the first time they heard that corny old missionary riddle. It takes all kinds of people, we always say.

It's Nice to Get Mail

But let us also say what a pleasure it is to hear from everybody. Like Ted Dauchy of New York Office, we are of the tribe which likes to wait for next month's issue and then work back from the answer. We take off our hat to all you wise guys and gals who promptly drag out the old ouija board, go into a trance, and give with the ectoplasm.

So try your teeth on this one:

Four men were married four times, to the same four women, so that each man in turn

was married to the other fellow's wife!

"I was Rex Solomon's first wife", said Mrs. Bluebeard to Mrs. Joyce.

"Dear Rex", purred Mrs. Joyce, who was Mr. Young's first wife. "I married him a week after he divorced you. Mrs. Young was my husband's first wife. He divorced her and married the present Mrs. Solomon."

"Now you've let the cat out of the bag", exclaimed Mrs. Bluebeard. "I always wanted to know to whom my husband was married before he married me. Now you've told me."

After working your brain through the meshes of this marital mix-up you should be able to know to whom Mr. Bluebeard was married before he married the present Mrs. Bluebeard and further you should know who was Mr. Young's second wife. Do you?

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

An engineer walked into a fur emporium with a gorgeous blonde on his arm and demanded something expensive to hang on the curvaceous creature.

They yanked out something for about \$300 and he rejected it with a snarl. "What alley cat did that come from? Bring me something nice."

Next came a \$5,000 number, then a \$10,000, but with each offering his demands grew louder for something better, much better. So finally they dug up the key to the vault and brought forth a coat worth about \$2 less than a king's ransom.

"Now that's fine," said the engineer, as his companion stared goggle-eyed at the creation. "Here's my check. You investigate at my bank to make sure it is good and I will be back Monday for the coat."

But Monday when he returned, he found the store manager in a purple passion. "You fraud! You cheat! The bank never heard of you! If you want that coat you'll have to pay for it in cold cash."

"Oh, but I didn't come after the coat," said our hero. "I came to thank you for a wonderful week-end."

IN THE DEPTHS OF A NICKEL MINE

An article by NORMAN F. GOTRO, reprinted from the OTTAWA CITIZEN

LOOKING for a job? Go North, young man, go North! The Sudbury district of Northern Ontario, location of the world's greatest deposits of nickel, has emerged as the best all-round area for the average worker and a bright spot on Canada's industrial horizon in the post-war period.

Men are flocking to the "Nickel City" from all parts of Canada. Five hundred mine beginners are wanted. Whether you hail from the prairie farm or have lived near Sparks Street in the capital all your life, merely by applying to the National Employment Service and proving that you are between the ages of 17 and 45, you can be at work in the Sudbury area in very short order, if you are physically fit.

The mining companies are not interested in what you have done previously, or where you have come from. You may have been a newspaperman or a bank clerk. You must only be in good health and willing to work.

Upon arrival at Sudbury, the applicant is registered at the employment office and the following morning is required to run the gauntlet of a small army of expert physicians. If he passes, the next day he is handed his health certificate with his picture attached; his "passport" to the strange foreign land that is the vast subterranean workings of a nickel mine. Immediately, the company assigns the applicant to any one of six mines, or either of two smelters.

Two of these mines, Frood and Creighton, are two of the largest in the world. Creighton the world's greatest producer of nickel. One of the smelters, Copper Cliff, has the two largest smokestacks in the British Commonwealth. Present extension plans which will cost about \$12,000,000, will make it the greatest smelter town in the world.

PRESUMING the new man has been sent to Creighton, he reports to the chief timekeeper who issues him with a numbered badge and instructs the warehouse to supply him with hard hat, safety belt, safety boots, gloves and safety "spats". The boots are specially built with steel toes and heels and heavy hob nails. The "spats" are made of very thick rubber and are shaped and worn in such a way as to protect the upper part of the feet from injury by falling ore.

Having been assigned his work number and his equipment, he is placed on the payroll for underground at 96¢ cents per hour and is told to report to the mine captain (foreman) the following morning at 8 o'clock.

Arriving at work, the new miner is presented with a time card on which his work time is punched in an electric clock. He then reports to the shift lampman, who assigns to him a numbered electric Edison miner's lamp. The mine captain places him in the charge of a shift boss, who in turn assigns to him a stope (place of work).

The newcomer's next experience is rarely ever forgotten. It is the descent

down the shaft at a mile-a-minute clip. He enters a "cage" (elevator) with 53 other men and drops 4,000 ft. to the "level" where he is to work. The hoist which lowers and surfaces the cages at the No. 5 Shaft of the Creighton Mine is the largest of its kind in the entire world. The cable is nearly a mile long.

The young beginner from Ottawa or Toronto is given no opportunity to forget safety precautions. Last year these mines won five safety awards. Old hardrock miners swear — between well-directed streams of tobacco-juice — that they are "the safest mines in the world."

THE beginner is placed in a stope or underground work chamber, which is in the charge of a stope boss and his "machine-runner" (driller). He is assigned to "mucking" and various forms of "timbering" with another learner. While their pay is \$7.72 daily, it is quite usual for the four members of the stope working party to make a \$10 bonus daily which is split four ways and is paid once monthly. If the foursome is working a rich stope and loose ore "breaks" properly after each blast, the young miner finds his work reduced considerably. If the "break" is a poor one, the work is increased, since nickel ore, commonly

called "muck", is five times as heavy as any other mineral.

In due course, the young learner gains enough experience to be classified as a miner. This usually takes about three months after which he may qualify for the regular wage of \$1.04½ hourly for the day shift and \$1.07½ per hour or afternoon shift.

To top it all off, the city boy, thin perhaps and not too well off, after a few months in nickel mining finds he has hard muscles, extra weight in a great many cases, and money in his pockets. He finds among the hardy northerners a solid camaraderie and a great friendship. And when he comes back to visit his family they will discover that he has become a man!

OFFICE TEAM WINS

Offices emerged triumphant in the Frood Mine softball league, which wound up the season with a round-robin series. Sometimes the calibre of play wasn't so hot but the boys had a lot of fun as usual, and no bones were broken. Four teams took part in the round-robin, Offices winning 3, Shops 2, Branning 1, and Kritz 0.

* What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearer only that gives everything its value.—Thomas Paine.

Lunch Time at the Open Pit



If Mrs. Elio Tomasini has entertained any doubts about the success of the sandwiches she packs in her husband's lunch box, let them vanish right now. The only change she might consider is doubling the quantity. That's Elio in the centre of the above picture, the scene is the blasting shelter at the Open Pit, and the time is noon. On the left

is Alex Farquharson, a blockhole driller at the Pit, who first started with the Company at Frood in 1937. On the right is Dan Pravica, a Pit wagon driller; when he was at Frood, where he started in 1934, he was known as "Boxhole Dan." Also a blockhole driller, Elio signed on with the Company in 1936 at Frood.



Picture Contest to End Unless More Entries Received

A tree, a swan, and a cat came home with the money in last month's shutter-snapper contest.

The tree, a highly photogenic one growing atop the Big Hill on McFarlane Lake Road, was the subject of the picture which took the \$10.00 prize. It was snapped by Ronald Brillinger of Lockerby, whose dad is a mechanic in the Crushing Plant at Copper Cliff. Ronald says he used Super-XX film at 1/25th of a second with a yellow filter, although he neglects to mention the diaphragm opening. It's a very fine picture indeed, and we imagine that an enlargement, nicely framed, would fit into anybody's home.

Taken at Niagara Falls

Harry Sharp, of the Levack Mine engineering department, is responsible for the picture which took the Judge's eye for first honorable mention and a \$1.00 prize. Using his Thornton Pickard reflex camera, he made



the snap of a Swan in the Oakes Garden at Niagara Falls.

To Joyce Prince, daughter of Art Prince of the Electrical Dept. at Copper Cliff, goes a \$1.00 prize for second honorable mention. Nicodemus, the Prince family cat, was on his way up a tree to play tag with the birds when Joyce surprised him in the act with her box camera. This is a good photographic

effort on Joyce's part, and we hope we'll hear from her again.

This May be Curtains

Once again we must pick up that big stick and brandish it threateningly. After taking a gratifying spurt following the announcement three or four months ago that the picture contest would be discontinued unless the number of entries increased, we regret to say that interest appears to have fallen off again almost to the vanishing point. This month's entries were excellent, but there were far too few to warrant a contest. So, unless business picks up sharply, next month's competition will be the last.

Say it isn't so, camera fans! There must be hundreds of good snaps taken during the past few months which would make first-class contest material and also be of real interest to Triangle readers. Send 'em in!

Who Am I?

You were about eighteen or twenty when you first met me. You probably needed me badly at the time and did everything in your power to be sure that you would win me.

When you learned definitely that I was yours — and yours alone — you were tremendously happy. You rushed home and told mother and dad about it and they were happy too.

As we first became acquainted, you were very attentive. You did everything to know me better. When we were together I had all your attention. You thought about me and talked about me when you were away from me.

Perhaps, after a while, your feelings cooled a bit. Sometimes you seemed to begrudge time you spent with me. Don't misunderstand me; for the most part you did fairly well, but it did seem that you had lost interest and apparently did little or nothing to improve either yourself or me.

You really owed me a lot and I'm taking this opportunity to remind you of it. Without me you would be discontented. Because of me, you have pleasures and conveniences that would not otherwise be yours.

Knowing me thoroughly and caring for me zealously will keep you happy and will likely prepare you for better things to come.

Attend to me — make me better for having known you — and there is no limit to what you might do or what you might become. Ignore me, belittle me, and both of us will become small and of little consequence to others.

Take care of me — I'm worth it.

WHO AM I?

I am Your Job.

FOR AN OLD FISHERMAN

When he goes home, dear Lord, may he be met

By some tanned crony of his fishing days.
His creel snugged on his back, his line still wet,

And thoughts of secret trout streams in his gaze.

There must be quiet woods for men like these.
What would they do upon a golden street

Who still hear April whispering through the trees.

And feel the ground thaw under eager feet?

Give him a casting rod like that he lost—
He never found one like it, so he said:

A swirling pool of promise to be crossed,
And Thy eternal summers on his head.

And, sometimes, margin for the truth, to say
How long the other one, that got away.

Eleanor Alberta Chaffee.



General Mines Takes Decision In Golf Event

Revenge for last year's defeat came sweetly to the General Mines foursome on August 9 when by a margin of three strokes they defeated Port Colborne for the R. L. Beattie Trophy, emblematic of the Inco inter-plant golf championship.

The sleek fairways of Idylwyld Golf and Country Club swarmed with Inco mashie-wielders in the second renewal of the Beattie event since the end of the war. More than 50 golfers of all shades of ability took part in the popular contest, which wound up in the evening with a dinner and presentation of prizes.

Scoring for the day was not impressive. The course was in lightning-fast condition, particularly the greens, and even the ace shotmakers found a full share of woe before getting their putts down.

Paced by Ron Silver with an 83, General Mines played steady golf for an aggregate of 349. Other members of the team were Art Silver, H. J. Mutz, and R. McAndrew. The Port Colborne lads ran into plenty of grief but played well and lost like true sportsmen. Their best card was scored by Merl Noyes, who turned in an 84; the other three players were J. Jamieson, L. Lewis, and G. Burns, and the team's aggregate was 352.

Premising to come back next year and regain the trophy, the Port Colborne boys were warm in their praise of the Idylwyld layout, which they regard as a real golfing test.

Lambert Donates Trophy

Third place went to General Office No. 1, composed of Dewey, Fraser, Finlayson and Lambert, which picked up the marbles for second money in the new handicap team event, for which a trophy has been donated by E. C. Lambert.

Smelter No. 2, which finished fourth on gross aggregates, stood first in the handicap team event. Members of this lineup were Dennis Beattie, Don Beattie, Eddie LeBlanc, and Jack Turnbull.

Dennis Beattie, a young golfer of real promise, bagged medallist honors for the day with an 82, closely chased by Ron Silver and Al Flanagan with 83's. The prizes for low net went to Al Flanagan and Lou Prete.



A lot of good-natured kidding sparked the presentation of prizes at the dinner party. In the first of the accompanying pictures R. L. Beattie is seen presenting his trophy to Captain Bob McAndrew of General Mines. From the left the other players are H. J. Mutz, Art Silver, and Ron Silver.

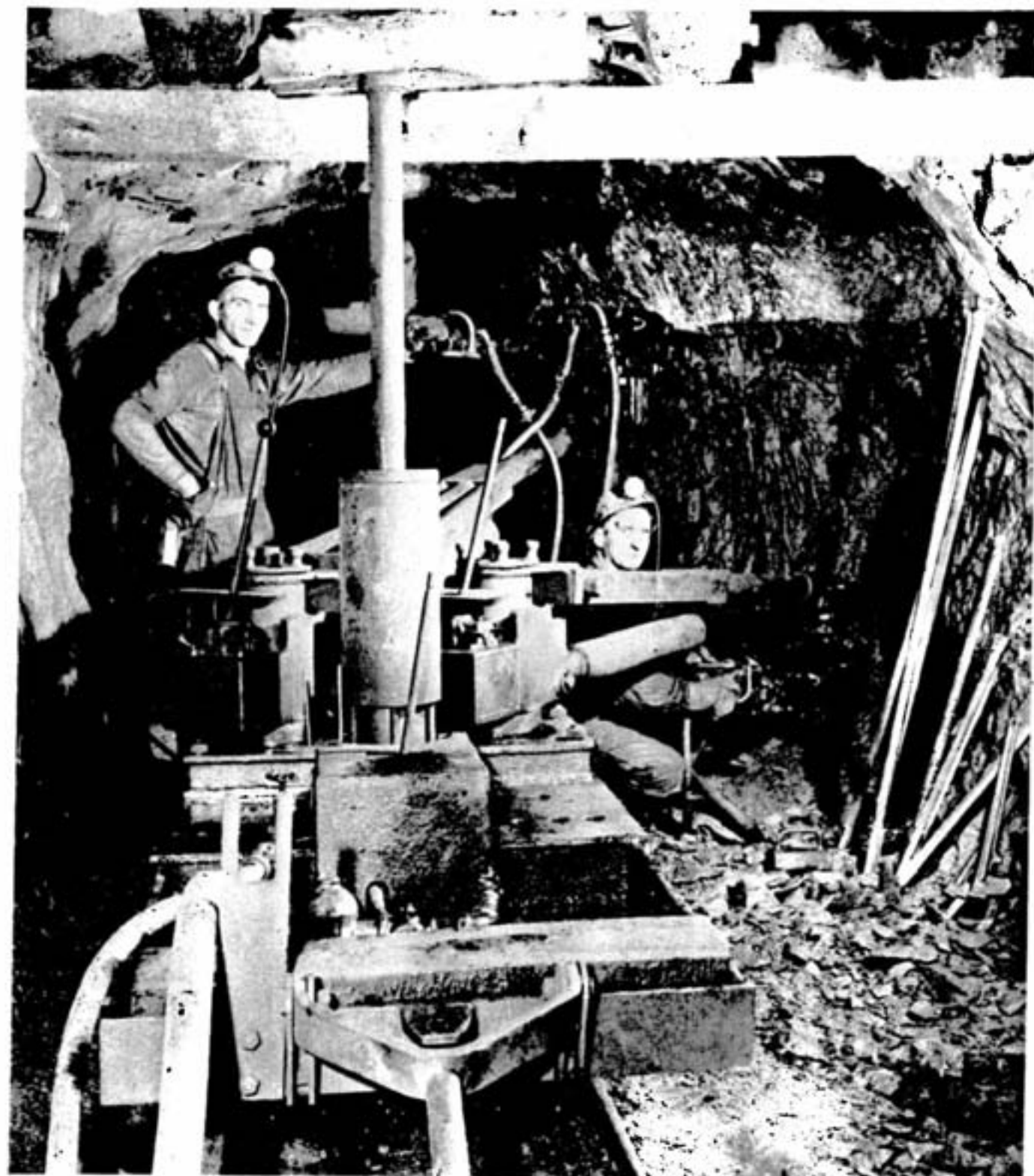
"Needles" for Mines Dept.

In the second picture prizes are turned over to the runner-up Port Colborne team by R. H. Waddington. Left to right the players are Merl Noyes, George Burns, Johnny Jamieson, and Captain Les Lewis. Just to keep the record straight as far as the Mines Dept. was concerned, Mr. Waddington put forth the gentle reminder that the Beattie Trophy had been won more than once by a refinery foursome.

(Continued on Page 10)



Takes "Bull Work" Out of Drift Development



A machine which takes the "bull work" out of drift development is on the job at Creighton Mine, and similar units will soon be put in operation at other Inco underground operations.

This boon to the backs of drift men is described in the reports as a "hydro drill jib" but in the parlance of the miner it's known

as a jumbo, or drill carriage.

Above is pictured a jumbo all set to start a new drift off a main exploration crosscut on 60 level at Creighton. The heading is 6x7 feet. The operators are Nick Yanchuk, on the left, and Cliff Briggs.

Drift men may well make the welkin ring with glad noises at the advent of the jumbo.

With it they can do a slicker and more satisfying day's work, at less than half the effort.

Pushed along the tracks to drilling position by a battery locomotive, the ton-and-a-half jumbo carries two drills mounted on booms which can be moved in either vertical or horizontal plane. The roof jack which holds the carriage firmly in place is hydraulically

operated. With a few quick strokes of a lever the operator can jump the jack to a pressure of 1,000 lbs. per square inch.

Set Up In 10 Minutes

It takes the average drift man the best part of an hour to wrestle one 235-lb. drill into position by hand. In comparison, the two-drill jumbo can be set up ready for action 10 minutes after reaching the face, and without any of the heavy lifting which makes drift work tough going for lighter weight miners. A 150-lb. man who has had trouble standing the gaff of this type of employment is going to find it a cinch with the jumbo at his side to do the "bulging" for him.

Several months of experiment and study preceded the placing of the jumbo in operation at Creighton. Inco's Mine Research section is now working out details of a bigger machine to carry three and four drills for drifting in larger headings.

ANOTHER BACK-SAVER



An old-timer would hardly recognize the working place in a development heading of an Inco mine today, what with the jumbo to move the drills around and the loader to shovel the muck. Pictured above, with Cliff Briggs as operator, the hydraulically-operated loader scoops up 350 lbs. of muck in each lift, hoists it, and dumps it back "over its shoulder" into an ore car. Loaders have eliminated 95% of the shovelling in development headings of the Company's mines.

TOOK BASEBALL TITLE

In competition with teams representing Sault Ste. Marie, North Bay, Timmins, Kirkland Lake, and Pembroke, the Sudbury Corps of Sea Cadets won first place in the baseball tournament held during the two-week training course at Camp Ewing on the Ottawa River.

A day-long cruise on a Fairmile, and a course in actual sea warfare tactics, were highlights of the camp for the 40 Sudbury boys, who were under command of Lieuts. L. M. Ramsey and J. B. Scanton. The command officer of Sudbury's Admiral Mountbatten, Lieut. R. Tweedie, R.C.S.C., was unable to attend the camp.

Wherever you see persecution, there is more than a probability that truth is on the persecuted side.—Hugh Latimer.

Many Build Permanent Lakeside Homes



ANNUAL LOSS TO FIRE DEMON IS STUPENDOUS

In glancing over some preliminary publicity releases from the National Fire Protection Association in connection with the annual Fire Prevention Week campaign to take place from October 5 to 11, we were appalled at some of the figures released in the United States.

This year alone over 11,000 Americans will be killed by the 1,700,000 fires which will take place in the U.S. Every day in the United States 760 homes catch fire and every two minutes a fire occurs in some dwelling. Once during every 50 minutes of every day of the year one American will be burned to death. And in every case fire is caused by carelessness. In the States 800,000,000 matches are used daily and 250,000,000 cigarettes are smoked annually. Every match and every cigarette is a potential fire hazard.

Some fires result in no injury and very little damage. Others, like the Atlanta Hotel fire in 1946, kill 122 persons or, like the Boston night club fire in 1942, 492 persons.

In addition to the loss of life every year the financial loss and loss of natural products, especially timber, is enormous. In the States there are over 172,000 forest fires every year at an average loss of \$32,694,000. Staggering figures indeed and most of the loss caused by careless cigarette smokers.

Ways To Reduce Loss

The National Fire Protection Association suggests the following ways of cutting down on fires. They should be read, understood and followed. If your carelessness starts a fire you may not only lose your home, your savings—but your life.

1. A clean house, store or factory seldom burns. Remove combustible rubbish regularly. Provide covered metal containers to hold necessary collections of rubbish.

2. Never discard a lighted match or

When you get up in an airplane over Sudbury District you wonder if there isn't more water than there is land. Honeycombed by lakes, the district is a natural summer playground of which full advantage is taken by Inco workers and their families. Few fail to spend at least part of the summer in a camp or cabin, and there is a steadily growing number who have established permanent homes on the shores of Ramsay, Trout, McFarlane, or other of the numerous lakes within easy distance of work. One of these is Tommy Pogue of the Crushing Plant, who has a very cosy little place on Trout Lake. In the above picture Mr. and Mrs. Pogue and their family are enjoying an August evening's weiner roast beside the water, which is within 30 feet of their year-round home. The baby's name is Donald, and the little girl is Anita.

cigarette. Never smoke in bed. Use safety matches and keep matches where small children cannot reach them.

3. Keep chimneys and furnaces clean and in good repair and protect all nearby combustible surfaces.

4. Never use wooden shingles as roof covering. Use a fire retardant roofing material.

5. Have your electrical equipment and wiring properly installed and checked. Replace worn cords. Use electricity safely.

6. Use care with gasoline, kerosene, and similar flammable liquids at all times. Never bring gasoline into the home.

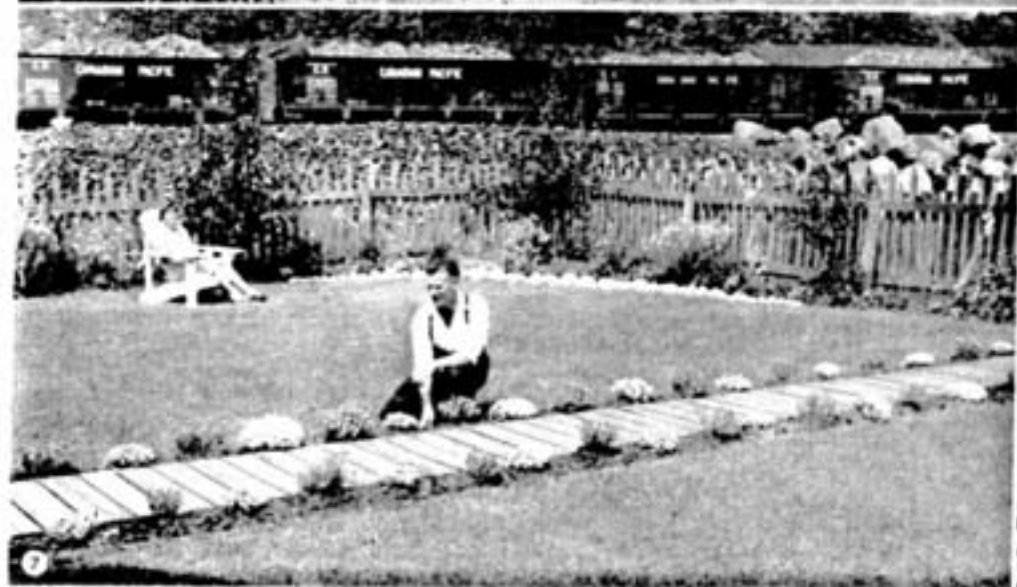
7. Put hot ashes in covered metal cans.

8. Keep oily rags in closed metal containers or destroy them.

9. Never use candles on or near a Christmas tree and keep the tree standing in a pail of water while it is in the house.

10. Know how to call the fire department and the location of the nearest fire alarm box.

* Everything that exceeds the bounds of moderation has an unstable foundation.—Seneca.



Despite Season's Late Start, Inco Horticulturists Made Fine Show

Despite a late start due to cold wet weather, gardens in Inco towns made a splendid showing which was a credit to their owners when J. H. Hanlan, superintendent of parks in Sault Ste Marie, made the rounds to judge them for the cash awards offered annually by Inco to foster pride in home surroundings.

Lawns were naturally luxurious under the unusual growing conditions but flower and vegetable gardens found the season's early weather not so much to their liking, and it was a tribute to the skill and efforts of the amateur horticulturists that an impressive display greeted Mr. Hanlan wherever he went.

Following are the results of the judging, the top three winners only being listed in each class:

COPPER CLIFF

Class I, chiefly lawn and flowers: 1, W. Acheson, 15 Power St., \$20.00; 2, E. McKerron, 13 Power St., \$15.00; 3, Ed Sutherland, 57 Power St., \$10.00.

Class II, perennials and flowers, shrubbery and lawn: 1, W. W. Chapman, 6 Kent St., \$20.00; 2, H. Steadman, 5 Cliff St., \$15.00; 3, A. Poulton, 19 Poplar St., \$10.00.

LEVACK

Best home surroundings: 1, Ernie Hilton, 14B 6th Ave., \$20.00; 2, E.W. Gilchrist, house No. 818, \$15.00; 3, J. Austin, house No. 796, \$10.00.

CONISTON

Best home surroundings: 1, Percy Johnson, 76 Edward, \$15.00; P. M. Aggis, 43 Second, \$10.00; W. Paterson, 46 Third, \$7.00.

CREIGHTON

Class I, lawns and flowers: 1, John Wazno, 34 Wavell, \$20.00; 2, Chas. Drennan, 24 Wavell, \$15.00; 3, Wm. Oja, A2 George, \$10.00.

Class II, perennials, annual flowers, shrubbery and lawn: 1, L. Tuddenham, 19 Wavell, \$20.00; 2, Bruce King, 15 McNaughton, \$15.00; 3, J. Dingwall, 33 Wavell, \$10.00.

With the splendid example set for them by company parks and plant grounds, maintained by the Agricultural Department, citizens of Inco towns seemed to put a special effort into their gardening this year. Mr. Hanlan confessed that he had never wrestled with a more difficult judging assignment, and said he was surprised that in the heart of an industrial centre such as the Nickel Belt lawns and gardens did so well and received so much attention. He asked that his congratulations be extended to Inco homeowners for their efforts.

Roving in the wake of the horticultural judge, the Triangle camera singled out a few of the dozens of home grounds worthy of special mention, and these are seen in the accompanying picture layout.

Kiddies Steal Spotlight

1. A group of happy youngsters stole the show when the camera attempted to get a picture of Johnny Wazno's flower beds at his home at Creighton, but that's the way he'd like to have it anyway. A great man with the youngsters is John. Seen in the snap are: front, Teddy and Paul Bugg; back, Ross Blum, Beverly and Jimmy Wazno.

2. Carpenter foreman at No. 5 Shaft, Creighton, Albert Lapointe gave his natural talent full play when he laid out the attractive formal garden in front of his home. Big flower boxes and smart wooden cutouts adorn the place. Adding "local color" to the scene when the camera clicked were Laura and Pauline Lapointe.

3. Beside the home of Lloyd Walford, of the Creighton police force, the camera found evidence of one of his hobbies. A cleverly constructed model of a mine's surface plant,

presumably Creighton No. 5 Shaft, had the centre of attention. Behind it was a canal, complete with ships and coal dock, and a rock garden. Lloyd is also a camera fan, and has submitted outstanding entries in Triangle's picture contest.

4. In the foreground is part of the lovely garden grown by Mrs. W. Acheson of Copper Cliff. After winning first prize in Class I of the Inco contest, Mrs. Acheson went on to greater triumphs when she was awarded the Hodge Trophy for the best home garden lot in the entire Nickel District at the 26th annual exhibition of the Sudbury Horticultural Society. In addition to a number of other prizes she also received the J. A. Labarge silver cup for the best flower garden and lawn of 50 foot frontage and over.

Grounds Much Admired

Many tourists passing through Copper Cliff have stopped during the past month to admire the beautiful floral display at the home of Mrs. Acheson and also at that of her next-door neighbor, Mrs. E. McKerron, whose similarly designed grounds took second place in the Inco contest. These two ladies have earned for themselves permanent niches of fame in Nickel Belt horticultural circles as year after year they produce within the shadow of the smelter stacks gorgeous profusions of bloom.

5. Here's the home of L. Tuddenham, Creighton, showing some of the carefully planned and tended formal garden which won him first prize in Class II. The young lady with the collie is Shirley Connors.

6. By far the best home surroundings at Levack, as far as the Triangle camera was concerned, were those produced this year by Ernie Hilton in the new section of the town. A black and white picture does much less than justice to the fine display of blooms in his grounds. Mr. Hanlan had no hesitation in awarding Ernie first money in the Inco contest for Levack.

7. Although he still has a way to go before his place can compete with longer established home grounds, Bill Oja of Creighton deserves a special bouquet for the splendid job he has done at his place. Where now you see smooth lawn, shrubs, and flower borders, not so long ago was nothing but swamp. Bill moved a house on to the property, filled in the swamp, and started to work. At the rear of his home is a cleverly arranged rock garden, and in front is the layout pictured here, with Mr. and Mrs. Oja basking in the glow of sunshine and good citizenship.

8. A pleasure to behold are the grounds at the home of A. Poulton, on Poplar St. in Copper Cliff. In the picture Helen O'Neill sits beside the little lily pond; behind it stands a lighthouse electrically connected so it lights up at night, but this is only one of the features of Mr. Poulton's garden. There's an outdoor dining room with brightly painted furniture, a rock garden, a Dutch windmill, and a water wheel which actually operates, as well as other unusual works of art.

These are only a very few of the outstanding displays to be seen in a tour of Inco towns. In originality, ambition, and pure horticultural skill the home-builders as a whole have once again made a very creditable showing.

This survey, brief as it is, would not be complete without special mention of the distinction won by Bob Origer, head Inco gardener, who, like the taxi driver taking his family for a ride on his day off, makes a hobby at home of growing flowers. At the Sudbury Horticultural Society exhibition Bob carried off the City of Sudbury Cup for the best horticultural exhibit in the show.



They Hold the Copper Cliff Plant Leadership



Undisputed leadership in safe shifts for the entire Copper Cliff plant is held at present by Charlie Byers' shift in the roaster department. Their record as of August 31 stands at 94,829 shifts without a lost-time accident, a truly great accomplishment.

The roaster department was incorporated as a separate unit in January of 1942. Since that time, five and a half years ago, Byers' men have had nothing but safe shifts. There's a record to be proud of—and to maintain!

Most of the Byers' shift appear in the above photo. We missed a few, but that's unavoidable. Here they are:

Back row, left to right: D. Bennett, A. Ethier, G. Nelles, R. Favretto, O. Martin, R. Lafontaine, E. Lapointe, M. Kavanagh, G. Bouillon, G. Laforge, K. Hubert, F. Thomson, L. Jennings, W. Hrynovich.

Centre row: G. Gravelle, E. Campagna, N. Thompson, R. Harris, N. Marcotte, R. Dussoume, A. Prieur, J. Bouillon, P. E. Jarvis, D. Malette, A. Hamilton, L. McLean, S. Roy.

Front row: P. J. Fitzgerald, M. LeBlanc, G. Latour, J. Letourneau, C. Divitt, D. Chabot, E. Joudouin, C. Byers (shift boss), J. Pachota, T. Dixon, L. Bennett, A. Roy, W. Hnatejko, A. Lavalie, A. Charron.

General Mines

(Continued from Page 5)

H. J. Mutz, in the third picture, presents prizes to General Office No. 1, which finished third on gross and second on handicap. From the left the players are E. C. Lambert, J. Fraser, D. Finlayson, and J. Dewey.

Only two of the Smelter No. 2 foursome were present to receive that team's booty for being best in the handicap event. In the fourth picture Dennis and Don Beattie get their prizes, the former also collecting his medalist award. Eddie LeBlanc and Jack Turnbull were the other members of the team.

Individual Championships

Playoffs for individual Inco championships

for the Nickel Belt are now in progress, the eight low scores in both the gross and net divisions on August 9 qualifying. In the gross division Jim Dewey has reached the finals after defeating Dennis Beattie and Al Flanagan, the latter having taken the measure of Art Silver. Dewey is now matched

against Ron Silver, who defeated Bob Duncan and Alan Beattie. The latter's first-round victory was over Bill Lake of Creighton.

The net division has also reached the finals, with Don Beattie meeting Robinson for the title.



Community Pride at High Falls

Big trees, carefully tended lawns and gardens, and a general atmosphere of neatness, add much to the charm of the little settlement at Inco's High Falls power plant on the Spanish River. In the above scene a visitor, strolling about to admire the picturesque community, pauses to chat with a little girl on her bike.

Finds \$87.00 Windfall Waiting After 7000-Mile Holiday Trip

When Howard Schraeder came back from his holidays last month, he found an \$87.00 windfall waiting for him. That, in the opinion of this humble scribe, is a very nice situation to discover at the end of your holidays, or any other time, for that matter.

The \$7 fat dollars awaiting Howard represented his award for an idea he had submitted under the Employees Suggestion Plan. Some months ago he advocated placing contact plates on the controller drums of the roasters. The suggestion was given a tryout and finally accepted.

A shift electrician in the reveries at Copper Cliff Smelter, Howard had almost forgotten

the gypsy tour of the Park. Divided into packs of about 100, which was probably all the noise the guides could stand in one place, they saw the famous tourist mecca from end to end, stopping while the bears lumbered off the road, rubbernecking at Old Faithful, and getting their fill of the gorgeous scenery.

A Reminder of Home

Leaving Yellowstone by the West Entrance, they travelled south, pausing in Salt Lake City to admire the graceful structure of the Mormon Temple. Then they struck across the Mojave Desert, where the temperature was 115 in the shade and Howard thought of the slag chutes back home. Going through the mountains and down into California they sometimes coasted four miles at a stretch.

After visiting Howard's relatives, and making extensive raids on the orange crop which his uncle was readying for market, the trio headed back to Kansas City where they got a great welcome from Boyd's people. Then Howard and Vince started homeward, topping for a day in Detroit.

A dyed-in-the-wool motorbike enthusiast, Howard says the trip was all that could be desired. His back was tired the first couple of days, but after that it was easy going and he never felt the need of one of those six-inch belts which some bike-riders wear, mostly, he thinks, for show. Farthest they travelled in one day was 631 miles.

They cruised at between 60 and 70 miles an hour, although in the desert they had to slow down to 55 on account of the heat. On a straight stretch of highway, just outside the desert, Howard says he took on a Buick in a race. He put his bike almost to the 100-mark and easily outdistanced the high-powered car.

The boys had no engine trouble. At Salt Lake City they stopped to change wheels; the back tire of a motorbike wears evenly but the front tire wears to a peak on account of the drag when turning corners, so the wheels are changed periodically.

No T-Bones For Them!

Expenses? Gas and oil for each bike for the 7,000 miles totalled \$56.00. Total expenses were \$150.00 each, and the boys didn't go thirsty, either. They slept in the high-class "motels" catering to U.S. tourist traffic, at a top price of \$2.00 each including a "frig" and an ankle-deep carpet on the bedroom floor. Only thing they found more expensive than in Canada was food; they saw T-bone steaks going at \$2.75 each — and ordered hamburgers.

Howard says motorbiking is steadily gaining in popularity in Sudbury District. There are now about 250 machines. His big Harley-Davidson, the best he could buy, stood him about \$1,000 with all the extras, but you can get a good bike for as little as \$600. One nice thing is the license fee, one dollar.

Residing on the Copper Cliff Road with his mother and sister, Howard has a small but well-equipped workshop in which he puts things around when he's not out on his bike.

He has given a good deal of thought to going into business for himself but has decided to stick with his Inco job. "The pay is good and I'm treated well," he says, "and it's nice to be free at the end of your shift. What's more, I like my work."

Also, Howard says, he likes those \$87.00 cheques, and intends to chase after another. It would fit in nicely with his plans for a trip to Florida when next year's vacation rolls around.



HOWARD SCHRAEDER

about his suggestion. He was just back at work after a 7,000-mile motorbike vacation to Los Angeles. When Alvin Nickle of the Efficiency Dept. dropped in and extended the cheque for \$87.00, Howard accepted it as in a dream. After all, vacations do cost money—or should we bring that up.

Passed Through 19 States

Single, 22 years old, and an Inco man since 1942, Howard Schraeder had the time of his life on that motorbike trip. He and his chum, Vince Wesley, pointed their bikes southward with Yellowstone Park as their goal. Before they landed back in Sudbury they had travelled 7,006 miles and had been in 19 states of the United States.

Their first stopover was Milwaukee, where they went through the Harley-Davidson motorcycle factory. Each was riding a machine of this make, and needless to say they had the run of the plant.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, they hooked up with another bike-rider named Boyd Aeyers, of Kansas City, whom they chanced to meet at a highway lunch-counter. All three were slated to take part in the motorcycle gypsy tour of Yellowstone Park to which cyclists had been invited from all over North America. They stuck together for the rest of the tour, which took them on to California for a visit with Howard's aunt and uncle near Los Angeles.

They entered Yellowstone Park at the south end, and the breath-taking colors of the sandstone hills amazed them. As a matter of fact, Howard says, so vivid was this first impression that the beautiful yellow tones of the Yellowstone Canyon, when they reached it, were almost disappointing.

Almost 3,000 motorcyclists from all over the United States and Canada took part in,

Burning Leaves Is Fun But Expensive

The pungent odour of burning leaves is part of the fall pageant in most parts of Canada, writes Lyn Harrington in the C.I.L. "Oval". Burning fallen leaves is a favorite project on Saturday afternoons in the fall, the acrid aroma awakening memories of childhood pleasures and, to some, seeming the very spirit of autumn. But it's a highly wasteful procedure.

Continued gathering and destruction of plant wastes robs the earth and exhausts its fertility. In the course of nature these food elements would be returned to the soil. Important as it is, chemical fertilizer alone cannot replace lost organic matter in the soil.

Leaf-Mould Is Valuable

Toronto collects more than 8,000 truckloads of leaves from its streets each autumn. They are dumped in the ravines, but city gardeners and commercial nurserymen hasten to remove them in the spring in half-rotted condition. They prize the leaf-mould.

A corner of your back yard, or an old crate, is the place for the leaves you rake up each fall. Pile them in layers, wetting each layer down thoroughly with the garden hose. On top of each layer sprinkle some chemical fertilizer to speed up decay of the materials. A topping of soil will check evaporation of moisture, absorb ammonia and other gases formed during fermentation, and help compact the mass.

In the spring you'll have a heap of friable black humus which can be dug into the garden just like animal manure, with the advantage of being odorless and free from weed seeds. The finer parts can be used as top dressing for the lawn. It's rich in soil nutrients—the finest plant food there is.

WONDERS NEVER CEASE

A mountaineer was astounded one day to see one of these new-fangled automobiles go by. His eyes bulged even larger when a motorcycle followed and disappeared after it. "Holy Moses," he said, turning to his son, "Who'd 'a' s'posed that thing had a colt."



The big thrill of the summer holidays for the three young sons of Theo Lachance, Open Pit, was a trip to their grandpa's farm. When Grandpa decided to dig a ditch, they were Johnny-on-the-spot to help, even though it took all three to handle a shovel. Snapshot shows them marching off for the day's work: Lucien, Danny, and Robert. They reside with their parents at 288 Hazel Lane.

Had Great Time at Cliff Legion's Picnic



A fun-full program of races and games, and a great abundance of good things to eat, made Copper Cliff Canadian Legion's picnic at Morrison's Farm a highly enjoyable event for everyone present.

Some of the people who had themselves a good time at the picnic are seen in the above two snaps. In the first are, left to right, front row, Mrs. W. Beckett Jr., Mrs. W. Neary, Mrs. R. McCabe, Mrs. W. McNeice Jr.; back row, Mrs. T. Smith, Mrs. A. Merrifield, Mrs. W. McNeice Sr., Mrs. G. Ferguson, and Mrs. L. Wulff.

In the bright looking array of Young Canada in the second picture are: front row, Paul Merrifield, Don Finlayson, Alton Bennett, and Ed Cavanaugh; second row, Dennis Leclair, Terry McCabe, Brydon McGee; back row, Raymond Merrifield, Arthur Ferguson, Lawrence Cavanaugh, Billy James, and Wynan Merrifield.

WON QUEEN'S SCHOLARSHIP

There's ample reason for the paternal pride which beams these days upon the countenance of John Quance of the Engineering Dept. at Copper Cliff. His 18-year-old son John has been awarded the Queen's University scholarship for Ontario, one of nine given annually in Canada by the university. The award has a value of \$396, spread over three years.

John enters Queen's the middle of this month and will take a science course, major-

ing in mathematics and physics. He has had a brilliant scholastic career to date; last year, for example, in his senior matriculation examinations, he scored eight firsts and a second. The scholarship test would have made your head swim, but he is reported to have made an outstanding mark.

It looks very much as if John Sr. has a genius on his hands. And John Sr. doesn't mind that one little bit, either, his smile says.

Frood and Garson Fighting It Out In Soccer Showdown

Sudbury District Football Association's 1947 show has resolved itself into a ding-dong struggle between Garson and Frood for the lion's share of the four trophies up for annual competition.

As we go to press Garson has won the Anderson Cup, emblematic of the league championship, repeating last year's triumph, but that's the only clear-cut decision to date.

For the McCrea Cup Garson and Frood are matched in a two-game series, total goals to count. One game has been played, the decision going to Frood, 3-1.

For the Evans Cup it's Garson vs. Frood

again, two games, total goals. One match has been played in this series also, the teams fighting to a 1-1 tie.

For the Star Cup the picture is slightly different. Canadian Legion, having defeated Falconbridge, is locked with Garson in a two-game struggle, the Garsonites having taken the first decision, 2-0. Frood was eliminated by Garson in this series 2-1, in a hotly contested match which saw a penalty goal scored by Bill Gaylor disallowed by Referee Perch Grassam. Frood filed a protest but the league moguls threw it out.

Frood's excursion to the northland over the Labor Day week-end proved a most enjoyable outing for the boys. Playing exhibition matches against Porcupine All-Stars, they dropped the first decision 3-1 at McIntyre but came back strong next day to win 3-0 in the rain on the Dome field. Lineups were:

Frood—S. Kemp; Gaylor and Douze; Nemis, Matson and Elliott; M. Young, W. Young, Houle, Goodward and B. Kemp; Karl, Parker, Killah.

Porcupine — Bannerman; McAdam and Campbell; Lone, Mair and Rogers; Dragoski, Whyte, Chambers, Hancock and Jay; Gibb, Wills, Richmond.

SOMETHING NEW

A Negro applied to an employment agency for a job.

"There's a job open at the Eagle Laundry," he was told, "do you want that?"

"I dunno, boss, if I could do it," the Negro replied, "I ain't never washed an Eagle."

JOE BAGS AN EXHIBIT



Joe LaFlamme, Gogama's famous "moose man," was featured at the Canadian National Exhibition with a wild life show. Joe and his moose have appeared at conventions in New York, Chicago and Cleveland during the past few years. People who wonder how he gets his animals should have been with Joffre Perras, Cliff first aid man, one afternoon in July.

On a fishing trip near Gogama, Joffre saw the one and only Joe emerge from the bush with a baby moose in his arms. Someone had spotted it in the bush and had tipped off Joe, who promptly went in and caught it. He planned to take it home and commence schooling it for future triumphs when it may parade down Broadway or even cavort on Yonge St.

Joffre unlimbered his trusty camera and got the above interesting snap.

Played Big Part In Metallurgical Nickel Development

Robert Lee Peek never went to public school, but he became one of the world's leading authorities on the metallurgical antics of nickel. Now retired on Company pension and residing at Grimby Beach, he still maintains close contact with the industry and not infrequently tosses in his share toward the conquering of some new problem.

Born in South Orange, New Jersey, in 1871, he was christened Robert Lee because his father had served in the army of General Lee in the Civil War. His father died when "R.L." was a small child, and his mother shouldered the duties of tutor to the family of five. In 1885 R.L. was shipped off to boarding school at Clinton, near Utica, N.Y., but the educational system in that institution apparently disagreed with him because by 1887 he had taken his first job. He went to work in a factory where they made electric batteries. His stipend was \$3.00 per week, of which he had to lay out \$1.20 for carfare. His work was to pack glass battery cells in barrels, and when his natural generosity led him to put too many cells in the barrels, he was fired.

Joins Chemical Laboratory

His next venture was the one which aroused his interest in things metallurgical and set him on the road to becoming a savant of nickel. He started in as a laboratory boy for the Ledoux Company, a commercial chemical laboratory. Nineteen years later he was third in the hierarchy of the firm, and in the meantime he had been incurably bitten by the bug of scientific curiosity.

Investigation of metallurgical processes to detect frauds in promotion was one of the functions of the Ledoux Company, and R. L. recalls the sad case of one ambitious shyster who created a mild panic by announcing that sands in the region of the Adirondacks were rich in platinum. What's more, he had the recipe to prove it to the unbelieving. The Ledoux people had to step in finally and unmask the promoter as a sleight-of-hand artist who knew how to salt an assay.

His appetite whetted by routine assignments in the laboratory, R. L. plunged into a self-education in metallurgy. He read insatiably, midnight oil being cheap in those days. His studies took over his life to the exclusion of all else, and he admits frankly—in fact almost gladly—that he took part in no games. His one fling at athletics was as a middle-distance runner. An acquaintance who masqueraded as a friend persuaded R. L. to train as a latter-day bearer of Paul Revere's message. With characteristic fervor R. L. embraced the cause. His friend trained him by making him run five miles every morning before breakfast, with lead weights on his legs. Each day the amount of lead was increased. R. L. responded nobly, and was probably on his way to becoming one of the greatest runners of all time, but one day his friend, after fastening on the heaviest lead load to date, ordered him to run up hill. That was the end of that. R. L. has since rebelled strenuously against any form of physical effort, and even shies away from watching others parade their prowess.

When as a young man he joined a militia battery, R. L. discovered that he didn't know enough mathematics to calculate the path of a projectile. So, with the help of one of the bosses at Ledoux, he learned how. To gain a thorough appreciation of all the principles involved, it took him about two years. Such was his scholastic determination.

Superintends Cobalt Plant

Then along came a syndicate which wanted to treat Canada's cobalt ores in



R. L. PEEK

Canada, instead of selling them untreated in the United States. R. L. Peek was their man, and in 1906 he went to Hamilton to build a small demonstration plant and work out a process. A year later he superintended construction of a smelter at Thorold, picked for its cheap power.

In 1919 the British America Nickel Company looked around for somebody to run their nickel refinery at DeChesne P.Q., and the up-and-coming R. L. was their choice. Despite the many handicaps it faced, the DeChesne plant was, in his estimation, a highly efficient organization. When the British America outfit folded up financially in 1924, DeChesne was a lost cause, but within a week John L. Agnew of International Nickel had contacted R. L., offering him a post. After presiding over the mournful business of dismembering the DeChesne plant, for which he had developed an undisguised affection, R. L. went to Port Colborne in 1925 as a metallurgical adviser. There his initiation had to do with installing a plant for sintering matte instead of roasting it in furnaces, and also with development of the electrolytic process. He remained there in a consulting capacity until 1929, when he moved to the Toronto office to sit in on the correspondence from Clydach over problems connected with the old Mond process. Then commenced a session of trans-Atlantic commuting during which R. L. made the crossing 11 times. His counsel led to highly important developments in nickel refining operations.

Transferred to Copper Cliff, R. L. soon became known for his refreshing candour, his learning, his gentlemanly demeanour, the rose in his buttonhole, and his scholarly approach to almost any subject under the sun. His associates lamented his departure on retirement in 1941.

R. L. was married in 1896 at Morristown, N. J., to Anna Lutterloh, and they have a family of two: Robert Lee of New York City who has a son with the same name, and Betty, who teaches music at the Toronto Conservatory.

Wants No Recognition

Various honors have come to R. L. but of these he prefers not to speak. Give him the anonymity which, considering his accomplishments, is really not his privilege, and he is content. The technical press comes regularly to his desk, his library teems with literary lore, his attic is crammed with voluminous notes if he wants to take the trouble to ferret them out, and occasionally somebody rings him up to ask what about what. This is what he asks, plus reasonable health, a rose for his buttonhole (boy, page Mrs. Peek!), and the pleasure now and then of talking over old times with former cronies in the metallurgical game.

A scholar and a gentleman is R. L. Peek, and also a man with a great sense of the right word in the right place.

Divot-Digging Mere Child's Play After Open Pit Mining

To men whose daily occupation is extracting ore from an open pit, the mere digging of divots on a golf course should be a lead-pipe cinch. Doubtless working on this assumption, an Open Pit golf tournament was scheduled at the Sudbury Club as the Triangle went to press, and fearful were to be the reverberations thereof.

Probably equipped with their wagon drills, churn drills, electric shovels, trucks, vulcanizing equipment, and several tons of blasting powder, the Open Pit men were prepared to make a memorable day of it. The innocent fairways and greens of the Sudbury Golf Club will long remember the invasion.

Interested from the scientific as well as the humanitarian point of view, generous friends furnished a very fine array of prizes for the event. Upon looking over the list of awards, no less than 37 Open Pit men promptly entered the contest. For many it will be their first experience at an apparently harmless pastime which nevertheless has been bruising the hearts and warping the souls of strong men for many many years.

From the draw which has been posted for the tournament, it is not quite clear whether the "players" have been matched according to their ability or their social inclinations, although after one man's name appears in brackets this warning: "Has played before."

Following was the draw: Seagram Flight, Beauchamp, C. H. Stewart, Red Stuart, R. Moss; Chocolate Milk Flight, McNeill, Waide, Dow, R. Morman; Walker Flight, Munro, Serpell, Mulloy, Stewart; Rubby-Dub-Dub Flight, Miles, McAllister, Girdwood, J. Stanley; Corby Flight, McAlpine, Bryson, Zaltz, Munn; Canned Heat Flight, Thornton, Dickout, Marcotte, Poulson; Bright's Flight, Morden, Garrett, Fitzgerald, McIntosh; Salsami Sausage Flight, Juryczak, B. Oliver, Gallagher, B. Young; Bromo Seltzer Flight, Lemieux, Parker (has played before), Campbell, Holmes, Spare, Gartley.

SHOPS TEAM CLEANS UP

Both the Waddington Trophy for first place in the regular schedule and the Benard Trophy for winning the playoffs were picked off by the Shops team in the Copper Refinery softball league. Tankhouse and Casting were other lineups in the loop, but the big competition was between Shops and Combines.

Last year Combines took the Waddington Trophy, having the edge all season on Shops, but the latter came through in the playoffs to cop the Benard award. This year they swept the board.

FIGURE SKATERS PERFORM

Although public interest in summer ice skating is still in the formative stage in the Nickel Belt, competing with countless other attractions, the value of extra months of instruction for figure skaters was clearly evident at the Ice Show staged in Stanley Stadium on August 28 and 30.

Members of Copper Cliff Skating Club who continued their lessons during July and August under the club professional, P. G. Chatte, showed substantial progress since the big Carnival last spring.

MOXIE WHITNEY COMING

En route East after a summer engagement at Hanff, Moxie Whitney and his celebrated orchestra will play for a dance at Inco Employees' Club on September 16, inaugurating the Fall season.

The Club alleys are being completely re-finished in anticipation of another capacity bowling season. They'll be ready for action about the 15th.

Reaping Their Harvest the Old-Fashioned Way



The good old hymn, "Bringing in the Sheaves", might be the title of this harvest picture, made on the road to Black Lake, off the Soo Highway. The old Finnish couple, spurning the aid of farm machinery, reap their harvest by hand. The husband cuts the grain with a small sickle while his wife gathers it up, deftly binding the sheaves with twists of straw and standing them in stook. Browned by long hours in the sun, they work steadily and methodically over their little patch of land, happy and contented in their harvest. Scenes like this are not uncommon in the district, although of course most harvesting is done with modern equipment.

Say Accidents Are 98% Preventable

Recent statistics gathered by the National Safety Council indicate that 98% of all lost time accidents are preventable; 2% are of a non-preventable origin. Management together with State Departments of Labour, have made great strides during the past decade in creating safe working conditions for employees but the human causes of accidents still remain. It is estimated that of the 98% of preventable accidents 10% can be attributed to unsafe working conditions while 88% are caused by the unsafe acts of employees. Here are nine of the leading causes of accidents. Why not check them to determine if you are inadvertently endangering your own or someone else's welfare?

- (1) Operating without proper clearance and failure to warn fellow workers.
- (2) Operating machines at an unsafe speed.
- (3) Making safety devices inoperative.
- (4) Failure to use provided safety equipment.
- (5) Unsafe loading, lifting, etc.
- (6) Unsafe position or posture.
- (7) Working on moving or dangerous equipment.
- (8) Distracting others, horse-play, practical joking.
- (9) Using equipment unsafely.

FAITHFUL TO HIS CONTRACT

"Tell me," she finally asked, "do you play any musical instrument?"

"Not away from home," the little man replied.

"How peculiar," remarked the hostess.

"What instrument do you play at home?"

"Second fiddle," the little man replied.

ACCIDENT'LY

By Ralph Moses



JUNIOR BALL HAD BIG SEASON



With an eye to the future, Nickel Belt baseball supporters have given full backing to the encouragement of junior players, and their long-headedness has paid off this season in the form of a smart seven-team league which sparkled with promising talent.

Frood, Coniston, Garson, Silver Foams, Copper Cliff, C.Y.O., and Macabees are the lineups which played the schedule and produced first-class entertainment for a large following of fans as well as laying the foundation for better Nickel Belt senior ball in the years to come.

Top of the heap when the regular schedule ended, Frood is now battling it out with Silver Foams for one of the final playoff positions, and is favored to come through although Foams upset the dope-wagon by taking the first decision in their best-of-three series.

Eliminated Garson

Awaiting the victor in the Frood-Foam affair is Coniston, which took the measure of Garson in the other playoff bracket. Tied at one game each, Coniston and Garson went to it the night of Sept. 4 and the smelter town lads were victorious 7-2. L. Crema was the winning pitcher although Hector Barbe took over in the seventh.

Strictly a "home-grown" team, the Coniston aggregation is pictured above on the eve of the junior league finals: left to right, front row, A. Halvorson, R. Visentin, Tom Paradis (coach), Tony Zanutti (manager), A. Oliver, L. Crema, P. Chezzi (president of the Athletic Association); back row, L. Spencer, C. Caverson, J. Fantin, F. Fioreanti, G. Gervais, H. Barbe. The two mascots seated in front are Normie and Ronnie Zanutti. Secretary of the team is Dalton Kidd.

HONORED BY FRIENDS

Apart from being a right smart young man on the softball diamond, to which any of his old Copper Cliff team-mates will gladly testify, Jimmy Kuzniar also had a winning way with him in scholastics. After picking up a series of scholarships in his high school career, including a \$400 Dominion-Provincial award, he has gone on to pass with honors in both his terms to date at the University of Toronto, where he is enrolled in electrical engineering. The Polish people of Sudbury recently held a surprise party for him, just to let him know they think he's a pretty bright guy, and presented him with a wallet and a travelling bag. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Kuzniar of 120 King St.

CROUSE VS. PODEDWORNY

Copper Cliff Legion's boys' baseball league, winding up its first season, is into the playoff stage with Crouse's lineup facing Podeworny's in a best-of-five series for the new Duncan Finlayson trophy. Four teams took part in the schedule.

Nickel Belt Tennis Tournament Staged

At Inco Employees' Club on August 30, prizes donated by Sudbury and Copper Cliff merchants were presented to the winners in the highly successful Nickel District open tennis tournament held on the Copper Cliff courts with the co-operation of Copper Cliff Athletic Association.

They wanted a "name" man in tennis to run the tourney and present the prizes so they enlisted the mighty atom of yesteryear, Bert Flynn, who proved a good manager and an affable master of ceremonies. Had any of them to face him across the net when he was in his prime, perhaps he wouldn't have been so popular.

Mrs. Stella Crawford won the ladies' singles and teamed with Edna Johnston to take the ladies' doubles; the latter with Peter Kalapaga took the mixed doubles crown (as if bowling trophies by the dozen weren't enough for that girl). Gar Green, the leading local exponent of nuclear fission, won the men's singles crown and teamed with Jerry Myers to cop the men's doubles. Nothing green about Green, they do say.

MAKE INSPECTION TRIP

Robert C. Stanley, president and chairman of the board of Inco, and Dr. Paul C. Merica, vice-president, inspected the Company's plants in the Sudbury District early in August.

Returning to New York, Mr. Stanley embarked for Great Britain to spend a month visiting the Company's operations there.



Weatherman Goes Wild at Coniston

In a wanton display of fury at Coniston on the afternoon of August 7, the weatherman destroyed handiwork it had taken nature many years to fashion. Along Third Ave., within the space of five minutes, a windstorm with the force of a cyclone uprooted trees and flung them to the ground. As the trees fell on the wires, telephone poles

were bowled over too. At Temagami the same afternoon the storm wrought havoc, tearing up hundreds of trees, wrecking cottages, and smashing two aircraft. Apart from this exhibition the weatherman behaved well during August and provided the Sudbury District with the finest month of weather it has seen in years.

New Log Chute Built at High Falls



To conserve water in handling timber floating down the Spanish River to the KVP Company mill at Espanola, Inco's engineering department recently completed construction of a new concrete log chute at High Falls.

As seen in the above photograph, the 430-foot chute beside the High Falls power plant brings the logs down from above the dam and dumps them into the swirling waters of the tailrace. The drop from the dam to the tailrace is 85 feet.

The new chute replaces an old sluiceway situated at the west end of the island on which the power plant stands. The electrical department estimates that the old sluiceway would require about 1200 cubic feet of water per second to handle the KVP log traffic, whereas the new chute uses only about 220 cubic feet per second. Reckoned in terms of hydro electricity, that's a lot of water.

Improves River Driving

In addition to saving water, the new chute greatly improves river driving on the Spanish. Formerly a lot of logs were left stranded on the rocks below High Falls dam after the high water dropped in the spring.

A similar concrete chute is now being built at the Wabigoon power plant on the Vermilion River, replacing a wooden structure.

ANNUAL SWIMMING MEET

Keen competition in all classes featured the annual swimming meet at the Copper Cliff Club on Sept. 5, culmination of another summer's instruction for members' children in swimming and life-saving.

First Fall activity to get under way at the Club will be bowling. Entries are now being received for 5-pin and 10-pin tournaments which will commence about Sept. 15.

GERRY BROOKS THINKS THINGS ARE OKAY NOW

If you'd like to meet a young man who is extremely happy about the whole thing, drop in on Gerry Brooks at Levack.

Two months ago Gerry was in England,



GERRY BROOKS

facing austerity and still more austerity, as well as a very bleak outlook for a fellow with his hopes and ambitions. Today he's an Inco miner with a steady job, good pay, and lots to eat. You'd have to be a super-salesman to convince him there's anything better.

Raised on a farm in Cornwall, Gerry was 18 when the war broke. He enlisted in the Navy and spent five years on submarine duty, mostly in the Mediterranean. His father, with the R.A.F., was killed in the Battle of Britain.

With his Navy discharge in his pocket, Gerry looked around and found the prospects none too good. He wanted to make some money, learn something, get established. The situation in his homeland grew steadily worse instead of better.

It Didn't Take Long

When he heard about the opportunities in Canada, and the new scheme for flying immigrants to this country, he rushed to get in touch with Ontario House. Three weeks later he was in a big Douglas Skymaster. Twenty hours later he landed at Malton with 99 other new Canadians. Ten days later he was at work at Levack Mine. It was as quick as that.

He still can't get over his first impression of Levack. He had some idea that things would be pretty rough in a mining camp back in the bush of Ontario's northland. When he saw the attractive town and modern mine buildings nestled among the hills beside the Onaping, he could scarcely believe his eyes.

His quarters in the hotel at Levack are all he could ask for, he says. But it's the food that gets him. After war-time and post-war England, every Canadian meal is nothing but a banquet.

Now he wants to learn baseball, and fishing. And he wants to study the mining game, maybe with an eye on geology. He wants to make the utmost of this opportunity which came to him, literally, out of the blue. Somebody tells us he will.

Forestry Towers Keep Close Watch

A "silent service" which gets all too little recognition is that rendered the state by the men who spend long lonesome days on constant alert in the forestry observation towers, watching for the tell-tale columns of smoke which may spell disaster to precious timber wealth.

Two typical examples of how promptly these eagle-eyed observers flash their warning at the first sign of the unusual presence of smoke, and how swiftly it is investigated, recently came to the attention of the Triangle.

At his island summer home in Lake Penage Dr. C. R. Ferguson built a steam bath in July. The full story behind that major construction project can hardly be told here: not a man to be jostled into a rash decision, the canny medico spent at least 10 years mulling over the plans and, piece by piece, a nail here and a scantling there, gathering the materials for his temple of sanitation. In any event, at long and laborious last, it was finally reared and the first fire started beneath the boiler. Within half an hour a forestry plane was circling over the island to see where the new smoke was coming from.

A similar instance is recalled by H. E. Johnson, Copper Cliff merchant. Four years ago on Labor Day he and three fishing companions made camp for the night on a small island about 12 miles from Whitefish Falls. The trout was just beginning to sizzle nicely in the frying pan over their morning fire when a forestry plane wheeled overhead to check the smoke source.