



INCO TRIANGLE

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NUMBER 10



CUTTING THE YULE TREE



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Don M. Dunbar, Editor

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A Picture Salute To "The Inco Family"

There's a glistening white blanket of snow spread softly over the rock-ribbed nickel range, the warm fire of friendship somehow burns brighter, and people turn eagerly from the uncertainties of a trouble-sick world to embrace the sweet happiness of the Christmas Festival.

Christmas time is family time. The supreme joy of Yuletide is found not in the hilarity of celebration, nor in the exchange of gifts, nor in the abundance of good things loading down the groaning festive board, but in the blessed communion and shelter of the family circle. The wonderful message of the Christ child's birth is told anew in the gladness which overflows young hearts, in the contentment and gratitude of their parents, and in the atmosphere of gentleness and kindness which fills the home.

Triangle's Christmas greeting this year takes the form of a picture salute to "The Inco Family." We venture to suggest that nowhere in Canada on the average is there a finer type of Canadian, a greater measure of security, a better standard of living, a broader program of worthwhile interests and activities—in short, a more satisfying abundance of the things which go to make the full and good life, than in the Inco home.

We went into 50 Inco homes and made photographs of the families there, and it was one of the most pleasant assignments we've ever undertaken. From each visit we came away thinking, "Darned nice people." We met first-class fathers and mothers, and bright, attractive kiddies, and we saw every evidence of pride and comfort and well-being.

To these families whose pictures appear on the next seven pages, and to all Inco families everywhere, we offer sincere congratulations on the contribution they are making to the building of a great Canada through the most enduring of all institutions, their home life. May the blessings of Christmas fall around and about their firesides, and remain with them throughout the New Year.

"The Least of These"

Among the many fine Christmas stories there are few that are finer than the legend of the French shoemaker. According to one version of the tale, there lived in the city of Marseilles, a hundred years and more ago, an old shoemaker, loved and honoured by all his neighbours, who affectionately called him "Father Martin."

One Christmas eve as he sat alone in his little shop, reading of the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself: "If tomorrow were the first Christmas, and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him!"

He arose and took from a shelf two little shoes of softest white leather with bright silver buckles.

"I would give Him these, my finest work.

Season's Greetings To Inco Employees and Their Families



O. Beattie

How pleased His mother would be! But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling. "The Master has no need of my poor gifts."

Replacing the shoes, he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a Voice call his name.

"Martin, you have longed to see me," the Voice continued. "Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see me and bid me enter, I shall be your guest and sit at your table."

The old shoemaker was so happy that he could sleep no more. Before dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. Fresh sand he spread upon the floor, and green boughs of fir he placed among the rafters. On the table he set a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk, and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

When all was in readiness he took up his viçil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in love and reverence at His image above the great altar in the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street, he thought of the joy that would be his when he should sit and break bread with his Guest.

Presently he saw an old streetsweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called out to him: "Come in, my friend, and warm yourself." The man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a poor, miserably clothed woman, carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door.

"Come in and get warm while you rest," he told her.

"I am going to the hospital," she said, "I hope they will take me in, and my baby. My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a sou."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. But you have put no shoes on him!"

The mother sighed: "I have no shoes for him."

Martin took down the soft little white shoes he had looked at the evening before, and slipped them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by, and other needy souls shared the meagre hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected Guest did not appear.

At last when night had fallen, the shoemaker retired to his cot with a heavy heart.

"It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly the room was flooded with a glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor streetsweeper, the sick mother and her baby, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each one smiled at him.

Then softly out of the silence he heard again the gentle Voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"Whosoever shall receive one of these little ones, receiveth Me. I was hungry and ye gave me meat. I was a stranger and ye took me in. Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

THE TIMID MAN'S LAMENT

The books I read and the life I lead are sensible, sane, and mild.

I like calm hats and I don't wear spats, but I want my neckties wild!

Give me a wild tie, brother, one with a cosmic urge!

A tie that will swear and rip and tear When it sees my old blue serge.

Oh, some will say that a gent's cravat should only be seen, not heard;

But I want a tie that'll make men cry and render their vision blurred.

Give me a wild tie, brother One with a lot of sins!

A tie that will blaze In a hectic gaze.

Down where the vest begins.

Seven Happy Inco Families

(1). Mr. and Mrs. Mirko Pluvian, Garson, are justly proud of their two daughters, Raquel, 12, and Madeline, 9, both of whom take piano lessons; Raquel won a shield in the 1947 Music Festival. In No. (2) are Mr. and Mrs. Stan Graham, Frood, with Gaye, 5, and Ronald, 12, at their home at 589 Kingsway, Sudbury. (3). Here it's a bedtime story for Frank Junior, 6, and Johnny, 3, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Scott, Copper Refinery. (4). Paul Moreau is rock-house foreman at Garson and also the head of a fine family: Richard is 12, Lance is 9, Timmy is 6, Gladys is 4, and Mrs. Moreau doesn't look a day over 18. (5). There's always a "full house" at the home of Councillor and Mrs. Leo Gauthier, Coniston; the children are: standing, Leo Junior, 11, Colombe, 20, Victor, 14; seated, Jeanette, 10, Louise, 8, Michele, eight months, Gertrude, 16, and Diane, 7; another daughter, Annette, 17, is at school in Ottawa. (6). Mr. and Mrs. Toby Armitage (Copper Cliff First Aid) with: front row, Cora-Lorraine, 8, Ina-Rae, 3, Lynne, 2, Stuart, 13; back row, Lyle, 6, No. (7) shows Mr. and Mrs. Art Vaillacourt, Smelter, with Richard, 5, Gloria, 7, Art Junior, 11.



May Joy Overflow Their Homes!

(1). Ben Degan of Copper Cliff Concentrator relaxes at home with his wife and two children. Nives, 12, and young Freddie, 7. In No. (2) an archery lesson is in progress at the Spencer home in Levack, with Jimmy, 4, heeding closely the advice of his dad, Fred, while Mrs. S. carries on with her knitting. (3). Here's a happy family at 80 Simcoe St., Sudbury; Mr. and Mrs. E. Boyd (Open Pit) with: front row, Patrick, 3, Teddy, 7, Tommy, 4, Betty, 6; on chesterfield, Maureen, 9, and Danny, 11. In No. (4) are Mr. and Mrs. Murray Cook (Garson) with their son Darryl, 19 months. (5). It's supper time at the Slimmon home in Coniston, and here are Don and his wife with their two daughters, Lesley, 5, and Christine, 19 months. (6). Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schooley (Port Colborne) give the "comics" a once-over with son Howard Nils, 5; Douglas Lloyd, aged 6 weeks, had retired for the night. (7). Mr. and Mrs. Matti Asunmaa, Levack, listen while Arlene, 13, matches her saxophone with Benny Goodman's clarinet, and Benny had to step lively to stay in there, believe us.



And 1948 Abound in Success!

(1). "The Night Before Christmas" is the centre of interest for all hands in this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cupp, Port Colborne. Betty Anne, 7, and John, 3½. (2). Jim Ready works at Garson and lives on Huron St., Sudbury with his wife and family; back row, Kathleen, 6, Francis, 8; front, Marie, 4, and the twins, Therese and Jackie, 3 each; the dog is Pepper. (3). Mr. and Mrs. Doug Brown of Creighton with their sons, Frank, 11, and Donald, 7; honors are about even at "Snakes and Ladders". (4). Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Johnson "Copper Refinery" with Ronald, 12, and Gordie, 4; family champ at Chinese checkers that night was Gordie. (5). Here's a cozy scene at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mahon, Port Colborne; at the piano are Elaine, 7, and Jean, 18; at the card table are Margaret, 9, Roger, 16, Neal, 14, Phoebe, 11; another son, Desmond, 20, is at Iroquois Falls with the Abitibi. (6). Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Metroff, Creighton, with Stephanie, seven weeks, Danny, 6½, Carolyn, 1½, and Veronica, 3½. (7). Mr. and Mrs. D. Sauve "Copper Refinery" with their family: Richard, 8, Jacqueline, 3, Gerald, 15, Norman, 14, Robert, 11, Ronald, 9.



They'll Have a Merry Xmas!

(1). An attractive family group at Copper Cliff: Mr. and Mrs. Alex Godfrey (Accounting Dept.) with Carolyn, 8, Susan, 3, Dinne, 7, and Alex Junior, 9. (2). Mr. and Mrs. Doug Thom, Sudbury, with Frank, 16, and Alen, 12, matching card with their dad, who is in the Engineering Dept. at Copper Cliff. (3). Mrs. Doherty was busy looking after the new twins, Karen and Susan, and Shirley was off to a show, but here are Tom Doherty (Copper Cliff Shops) with Wayne, 22 months, Brian, 8, Diane, 9, Richard, 10, Morley, 12, and Billy, 13. (4). In the front row with Mr. and Mrs. Steve Smith (Open Pit), are Kenneth, 12, Carol-Anne, 3, Bobby, 5, and Marilyn, 10; back row, Don, 19, Jack, 18, Billy, 17, and Jerry, 15. (5). Len Hayes of the Mill at Copper Cliff with his wife and two daughters, Lorraine, 4, and Sandra Jane, 2. (6). Mr. and Mrs. Vaino Minkkila, Tedman Ave., son Wayne, and Elna, 9; Vaino works at Frood. (7). George Hamilton, Copper Cliff Smelter man, with Mrs. Hamilton and their family: Mageline, 16, at the piano; Blanche, 18, Lillian, 13, George, 14, Rene, 12, and in front, Margaret, 11, and Annette, 9.



Important Dates For St. Nick

(1). There's always a quorum in this Port Colborne home: with Mr. and Mrs. Willie John Huneault in the front row are Jeanine, Arthur, and Lise, 5; in the back row are Madonna, Jacqueline, Jean, Evelyn, Laure, and Anita; absent are Allan, Paul, Lionel and Aldege. (2). Mr. and Mrs. Nick Loupelle, Creighton, with their charming family: Wayne, 4, Audrey, 8½, Nickey, 5, Phyllis, eight months, Carol, 7½. (3). Mr. and Mrs. Jack Latreslle «Copper Refinery» and, in front, Jimmie, 3, Gail, 7, Ted, 15; back, Dorothy, 5. (4). Mr. and Mrs. Olivo Piagno, Port Colborne, with Rose, 10, and Florino, 13. (5). Kathleen, 2, Lawrence, 8, Pat, 3, and Gerald, 7, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank O'Connor, Creighton. (6). Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gauthier «Frood» at their Minnow Lake home with Jeanette, 8, Leonard, 3, Claire, 2, Anita, 6, and Ronald, six months. (7). It's Imperial Oil hockey broadcast time, and gathered around the radio are Mr. and Mrs. Matti Hreljac, Creighton, Johnny, 16, Victor, 10, Frank, 11, Edward, 8, Mary, 13, and Lillian, 6; another son, Emil, is in the Navy at Halifax.



Looking Forward to Yuletide

(1). Here's a happy tribe: Mr. and Mrs. Mike Opaleychuk of Shaughnessy St. with Clyde, 5, Michael, 3, and Judith-Ann, nine months; Mike is on the staff of the Engineering Dept. at Froot-Stobie Open Pit. (2). Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Hickey (Froot) of Eva St. with their two sons, Terrance, 18 months, and Michael, 3; baby Sharon, nine weeks, had gone dancing. (3). With Mr. and Mrs. H. Pharan (Murray) are Donald, 3, Horbie, 5, and Richard, 7; they live on Xavier St., Sudbury. (4). Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Moreau (Stobie) are pictured here at their Regent St. home with Wilmer, 3, Reggie, 6, and Edgar, 8. (5). Frank Silc of Murray with his wife and their children: Frankie, 5, Garry, 7, and Linda, 20 months; their home is on St. Nicholas St. (6). At 498 Tedman Ave. are Mr. and Mrs. Nillo Maki (Stobie) and their family; Elvi, 10, Mauno, 12, Martti, 4. (7). Mr. and Mrs. George Kyttonen (Open Pit), at their home on Eva St. with Elsie, 10, Allan, 12, and Irene Elizabeth, 3.



May Their Fires Glow Brightly!



(1). Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Laberge, Levack, await the riot call as a parlor game gets underway between Claudette, 8, Jim, 5, and Larry, 12. In No. (2) are Mr. and Mrs. John Boyuk, 653 Whittaker St., and John Junior; Mr. Boyuk works on the converters in the Smelter. (3). Tuning in on the Album of Familiar Music at Coniston are Mr. and Mrs. Sylvio Floreani and Enso, 11, Fabio, 18, and Leana, 3. (4). A fine album of recordings is a family favorite at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Matejvich, Frood, who live on Montague St.; the children are John, 7, Rose, 12, and Mary, 2. (5). Here are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Zeroback, Levack, with Vera, 2, and Victor, 7. (6). In their cosy home at Coniston are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wasylenko and their children, all of whom were born in the month of February; Eugene, 9, Orysia, 7, Raymond, 16, and Stanley, 4. (7). Just about the youngest subject ever to face the Triangle camera was Gaston Forest, Port Colborne, who was one month old when he posed with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Forest, and his brothers and sisters, Francoise, 5, Robert, 2, and the twins, Claudia and Claude, 4.





Matt Bell and Fred Cote Are Honor Guests

An evening of good fellowship, during which the famous Copper Refinery "family spirit" was in ample evidence, was highlighted by presentations to two retiring veterans at the annual dinner of the Mechanical Dept. held in the Ryan Community Hall on Nov. 29.

Matt Bell and Fred Cote were the old-timers to whom tribute was paid by a record turnout of their fellow workers from the shops. "In appreciation of their skill, co-operation, and good counsel" was the way Mechanical Supt. Al Weiblund neatly prefaced presentation of a handsome pocket watch to each of the guests of honor.

In the first of the accompanying pictures are seen, left to right, Matt Bell; R. H. Waddington, general superintendent of refineries; William Otley, blacksmith foreman, who was master of ceremonies; Al Weiblund, mechanical supt.; Fred Cote. Other photos show sections of the big gathering, which thoroughly enjoyed a delicious chicken dinner and the interesting program which followed.

R. H. Waddington presented the plant First Aid trophy to the captain of the winning team, Frank Scott, and also the plant softball trophy to Paul Colombe, skipper of the victors, who also accepted the F. Benard trophy for the plant softball finals from Warren Koth. The best bowling team, the millwrights captained by Joe Lupjais, received the championship trophy from Alex Kerr.

Natural Leadership Gift

Coming to Canada in 1906 at the age of 24 from Scotland, where he learned his trade in the shipyards, Matt Bell saw employment with both the Canadian Copper Company and the Mond Nickel Co. His skill and his natural gift for leadership brought him quickly to the fore, and he was a machine shop foreman within three months of joining the nickel industry. He was foreman of the Copper Refinery mechanical department from its inception. An accomplished violinist, he has

The more you wait for something to turn up, the more liable you are to get turned down.
 —The Expositor.

Hope is the fortune's promise to open the portal of fulfillment for men endowed with fortitude.
 —G. V. Kenyon-Ashenden.

long been in demand in Nickel Belt musical circles.

He was married in 1907 at Copper Cliff to Jessie Lawson, who died in 1941. His daughter Jean is a member of the General Office staff at Copper Cliff, his son Jimmy is a pilot for Nickel Belt Airways, and his son William is a pilot with Trans-Canada Airlines, Montreal.

Was Plate Shop Foreman

Very capable foreman of the plate shop at the Copper Refinery for the past 10 years, Fred Cote was born in Michigan but came to Canada at the age of nine, spending his early years in the lumber mills in Ontario and Quebec, where he picked up the blacksmithing trade. He retired about three months ago on disability pension. He was married in 1919 to Alice Lacombe of Blezard Valley; they reside in Sudbury and they have seven children: Annette, a nurse at Ottawa; Mrs. Gaston Boyer (Rita), Montreal; Cecile, nursing in Montreal; Gilbert, member of the Copper Refinery force; Aline, of Sudbury; Claudette and Raymond, who are still attending school.

Three ringing cheers and a tiger, and the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," followed the presentation to each of the popular veterans, and left no doubt of the high esteem in which they are held. For them it was a very proud moment in their lives.

Mr. Bell is succeeded at the Refinery by Dave Duncan, and Mr. Cote by Russell Bryce.

HOW IS YOUR BRAIN-POWER?

"You'll have to get 'em harder than this," writes R. M. Coleman, white-thatched dean of the metallurgists, sending in his answer to the puzzle in our December issue:

PORT COLBORNE INCO
6498 34014927 5234

This may have been duck-soup for digit-diggers like Richard the Coleman, but apparently it was a different sort of a brew for many of this column's "regulars." Of course, Christmas shopping, pressure of work, etc., etc., could have been the reason, but we looked in vain for communications from such characters as Ronald the Silver, Lionel the Roy, and Clarence the Harrison.

First brain-truster to come up with the right answer was Dave Duncan of Mechanical Engineering, who whipped the solution in so quickly we suspect him of using an Ouija board.

"Potatoes are burning, baby's crying, telephone's ringing, shopping's waiting... So what? Can one work when there's a 'brain-power' heart-breaker to be solved?" Thus wrote Mrs. George Schillemore, whose hubby works at the Copper Refinery. "God made time and lots of it... so here at long last is the answer to your problem." And right on the nose she was, too.

"Ladies! Why clutter up your lives with cooking, housekeeping, baby-minding, and other annoyances? Why be a weary, dreary drudge? Just settle down in a cosy corner with one of our brain-teasers, and be content!"

Others who were on the right wave-length were Frank Southern of Frood (who said thanks to Steve Cuthbert of Port Colborne for sending in an interesting riddle), J. J. Grassy of the Efficiency Dept. at Garson, Andy Johnstone of Mines Engineering, E. J. Orendorff, principal of Coniston Continuation School, Doug Thom of Mechanical Engineering, Ivan Fraser of Personnel, Sudbury, Bill Beckett of Electrical, Harry Van Dyke of Tabulating, Ken Robb of the Research Library, E. H. Capstick of Concentrator, Arch Frame of Research, and those delectable damsels in the Stenography Dept. downstairs. Yuletide usually being a trying time for

the average citizen, we've dug up a very gentle problem which Carl Wilson turned in some months ago and we've kept on file for just such an emergency. It's guaranteed to be mild and refreshing, and may even be tried on a stomach filled to groaning with turkey, stuffing, plum pudding, etc.

You have seven billiard balls, all the same size and color. Six are of equal weight, but one is a trifle lighter than the others. By using a balance scale twice, and only twice, how would you pick out the light ball?



THE ONCE-OVER

When Gloria Pearson moved over to the First Aid station at Port Colborne plant as secretary, the nurses gave her "the once-over" in no half-hearted manner. Picture shows Nurse Jeanette Ott (left) and Nurse Lucy Iseler giving their pretty victim the old one-two. Nurses Iseler and Ott both graduated from Kitchener General Hospital, the former in 1942 and the later in 1947.

Present Trends in Nickel Alloys

(Continued from Last Issue)

Copper Nickel Alloys

Cupro-nickel tubing alloys are firmly established in the marine industry. During the war practically the entire production of 70-30 cupro-nickel was consumed by the U.S. Navy in the heat exchangers and salt water lines of naval vessels. With the cessation of hostilities, these alloys became available to industry and steadily increasing applications are being made in the petroleum and power fields in addition to their continued use in the marine industry.

Nickel Plating

The record high rate of nickel anode pro-

duction during 1946 included some refilling of tanks which had been depleted by war demands. The fact that the 1947 production will be higher than the 1946 record is a truer indication of the increase in the actual use of nickel for plating.

The automotive industry is still the leader in the use of nickel for plating purposes and is outstanding among a host of diversified fields. Almost all fields are showing either an increase or a favourable resumption of pre-war use. Preliminary examination of large-scale exposure tests by technical societies and specific tests by interested companies have reaffirmed the value of heavy nickel layers under chromium in atmospheric corrosion resistance. Partially as a result of this, heavier nickel plates are being used by the automotive industry on areas exposed to the atmospheric elements.

Nickel plating on aluminum is increasing in popularity as it becomes apparent that reliable adhesion and thorough coverage with heavy deposits can be obtained. Chromium on nickel plating of plastics is being done in considerable amounts.

Applications other than decorative work have shown increasing activity, namely the electro forming of specific articles, building-up of worn parts, and particularly the use of heavy nickel deposits on processing equipment in the chemical, engineering and food industries. Much interest has been aroused by the availability of steel pipe and tubing lined with electro deposited nickel.

Nickel plated steel wire suitable for redrawing and fabricating has become available in limited quantities. Electro formed screen has been employed in amounts comparable to the best pre-war years, and electro deposited foil is progressing from development work to the commercial stage. Research by various technical societies and cooperating organizations is adding to the knowledge of such properties of nickel deposits as strength, corrosion-resistance and internal stresses and of practical means of obtaining the most desirable properties.

Nickel and Nickel Alloy Coinage

The consumption of nickel for coinage purposes from about 1880, when the first pure nickel coins were struck, to 1946, inclusive was about 90,000,000 pounds, of which 52% was used for pure nickel coins by 39 countries, and 48% for cupro-nickel coins of a 25% nickel content by 101 countries. The use of nickel for coinage, whether in its pure state or as an alloy with other metals had to be discontinued because of the demand for other purposes during the war years and it was not until 1945 that it began to come into regular use again for that purpose.

In spite of the problems presented by the relatively low exchange values of the monetary units of many former nickel coinage countries, some of which are obliged by the depreciation of their currencies to continue using the emergency alloys introduced during the war, the general trend is again toward nickel and nickel alloys for minor coins. In two notable instances, India and the United Kingdom, pure nickel and cupro-nickel, respectively, have recently replaced silver as the standard coinage metal of those countries.

In addition to its advantages because of whiteness, lustre, and resistance to wear and corrosion, nickel possesses certain properties which present almost insuperable obstacles to the counterfeiter, and it is these features which have made it an indispensable element in modern coinage systems, whether used in its pure state or as an alloy with other metals.

KNOTTY PROBLEMS

Building contractors have their problems nowadays, not the least of which is the bad quality of lumber offered them. A despairing contractor recently dispatched this telegram to the mill that recently had sent him a carload of lumber:

"Knot holes received. Please send the knots."



Gerry Smith's Camera and Son Combine to Cop the \$10 Prize

Ken was three years old at the time, and as photogenic a young rascal as ever donned a pair of sleepers. One evening, well in advance of the Sandman's arrival, his dad, Gerry Smith of Frood Mine Engineering, opened his camera diaphragm to 3.5, set the shutter speed at a 50th., manoeuvred a couple of No. 2 floods into position, turned his young son loose on the front room rug, and bided his time. The right second wasn't long coming, and Ken was caught in the happy picture which wins the \$10.00 prize in Triangle's contest for this issue.

A camera enthusiast from away back, Gerry Smith has made some very fine pictures, and we were more than pleased when this one turned up in the contest entries.

Margaret Newman, whose father, Tommy Newman, has been at Frood for 22 years and is famous as the "patient" at the First Aid tests for the Parker Shield, submitted the inviting snap which wins first honorable mention and a \$1.00 award. Her prize pic was made at Centre Island, Toronto, and is another top example of those "upside down" shots.

Mrs. Jack McAndrew of Lawson Quarry picks off the other \$1.00 award for her very clear snap of Jack himself, modestly posing in front of their home with a 10-lb. pickerel caught off Pickerel Point, Charlton Lake, just above Willisville. It's not too often that we hear from Lawson, where the quartz comes from, and the McAndrew entry was a welcome one indeed.

A Few Special Mentions

Thanks to N. Harper of the Police Force for his fine picture of two husky young sprouts, William John Harper and William Arthur Racicot, both of whose sithers hail

from Glasgow. Two horses were grazing in a pasture near Worthington; May LaPierre of Copper Cliff stalked them for half an hour and finally got the shot she wanted, and a good one it is, too. Catherine Hannaway submits a topping action shot of her dad, Bill Hannaway of the nickel converter fitters, sailing through the air with the greatest of ease from the 25-ft. diving tower at Cass Park, Trout Lake, last August. From Taisto Maki of Creighton Mine comes an attractive snap of his daughter Margretta Anne, enjoying the apple harvest while on vacation at Trout Creek, Michigan.

Mrs. E. McInnes of Minnow Lake was a leading contender with a snap of her cute daughter Betty, who is a "natural" in front of the camera although only three years old; Mr. McInnes is employed in the Mill. Oswald Beaudry, of the welding shop at the Smelter, got a good picture of his son Jean-Marc, aged 3½, proudly displaying a 7-lb. Northern pike at Nepewass Lake. Another young man photoed while fishing was Morris Raby of Espanola, who was snapped by Edna Mash of Copper Cliff while he was angling for bass off the pier at Birch Grove Tourist Camp last summer; a mighty fine picture, too. During the height of a heavy snowstorm last winter Vernon Gotro of Creighton made a series of camera exposures from the window of his home, and got some dandies.

And now it's a Merry Christmas to all Inco camera fans, and good shooting in 1948!

Any one entrusted with power will abuse it if not also animated with the love of truth and virtue, no matter whether he be a prince, or one of the people.

—La Fontaine.

Sacred Heart Leads Senior Hockey Loop

Led by "Fat" Rogers, the flying machinist, Sacred College is away to a great start in the Nickel Belt Hockey League with four wins in as many starts. The line of Jay McCarthy, Rogers and Evanshen is sparking the College team in a potent first-season bid for the senior puck title.

It begins to look as if there'll be a distinct gap between the two senior and the two junior lineups in the league by the time the season ends, but what the kids lack in experience they'll make up with jinniger, and the fans can expect every game to be close.

Copper Cliff took it on the chin when Gino Pollisel followed the birds to California to live, but the Redmen may yet have Telford and Bettio back in their lineup, and that'll help aplenty. Tag Parri, the third prodigal who drifted to distant fields without going through the necessary release formalities, will possibly go to Galt for the rest of the term.

A TIRED WOMAN'S EPITAPH

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired. For she lived in a house where help wasn't hired; Her last words on earth were: "Dear friends, I am going Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing. And everything there will be just to my wishes, For where they don't eat, there's no washing dishes; I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing, But having no voice I'll get clear of the singing. Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, For I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Canada's Mining a Nation-Builder



Some of the contributions which metal mining has made to the building up of Canada were reviewed in an interesting address before the Sudbury Branch of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy by V. C. Wansbrough of Toronto, executive director of the Canadian Metal Mining Association. He is seen in the centre of the above picture, chatting with T. M. Gaetz and Norman Kneeshaw, chairman and secretary respectively of the Sudbury Institute.

"Sudbury," Mr. Wansbrough said, "stands as a living monument and testimony to the industry's historic role of expanding our frontiers to the northland and producing a continuous stream of real wealth from what was once regarded as a barren wilderness; wealth to the extent of some 12 billion dollars to date, a sum little short of our total national debt.

"In creating new wealth, the industry has created new communities, has given a good livelihood to hundreds of thousands directly and many more hundreds of thousands indirectly. It has stimulated other industries by purchases of equipment and supplies of every type in colossal volume. Mineral output combined with mining imports make up more than one-third of our rail-freight tonnage and so have prevented our railroads from becoming too great a drain and strain on the small and scattered population of this Dominion.

"Seventeen percent of our developed power resources is used by our mines. It was mining that sparked the origin and growth of Canada's bush airlines, whose pilots formed a nucleus of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

"During the last war Canada contributed 94% of the United Nations nickel, 32% of the aluminium, 29% of the zinc, 17% of the lead, 10% of the copper and 75% of the asbestos, as well as many strategic minerals such as mercury, uranium, chromium, molybdenum and tungsten.

"No wonder Lord Tweedsmuir, addressing the C.I.M.M. in Ottawa in March, 1936, could say: 'The great Laurentian Shield, which at one time was thought to be a useless no-man's land, now proves to be the roof of a gigantic treasure-house. It is a gift from Providence which has come unexpectedly out of the void, and of which we have only just begun to scrape the edges.'

"This gigantic development, intensified by the war, has carried Canada to the very forefront of the mineral-producing countries of the world, first among the nations as a producer of nickel, asbestos, platinum, radium and uranium, second in gold and zinc, third in copper and fourth in silver and lead."

Pot of Gold at Toil's End for Inco Workers

Of lively interest to those nearing the age when its benefits will soon take the load of earning a living off their minds, but often forgotten by the younger employee to whom old age is a matter of the dim and distant future, Inco's Retirement System provides a substantial reward for service with the Company. It guarantees comfort and security in life's eventide.

Inaugurated in 1913 as a straight pension plan, the system was later broadened to provide disability pensions and death benefits. It is financed entirely by the Company, which has set aside substantial reserves to meet its requirements. The first pensioner, incidentally, was Alexander McKenzie of Copper Cliff, who went on the retirement roll in 1913 and died in 1928.

The Retirement System provides three benefits:

1. Service pension at age 65 after 20 years' credited service.
2. Disability pension after 10 years' service.
3. Death benefits after one year of service to beneficiary named by employee.

Rates of the pensions are based on the average basic earnings of the employee for the last five years of credited service.

Service Pension

The annual service pension consists of 1% of the employee's final compensation multiplied by the number of years of his credited service, plus a sum equal to \$6 multiplied by the number of years of his credited

service. For example, a man working continuously with the Company from age 21 to 65 is eligible for a pension of about three-quarters of his annual pay. If he has 28 years of continuous service he receives a pension of about half his pay. If he has 20 years of continuous service his pension amounts to about one third of his pay.

Disability Pension

The disability pension consists of 1% of the employee's average final compensation multiplied by the number of years of his credited service, plus a sum equal to \$6 multiplied by the number of years of his credited service. A minimum of 15 years' service is used in computing the disability pension. This means that the maximum disability pension for 10 to 15 years' service is about 20% of the average basic earnings. A man commencing service with the Company at age 21 and working continuously to age 60 would receive a disability pension of about 50% of his pay.

Optional Pensions

Optional pensions, at a reduced rate, may be selected by an employee. An optional pension which will require the same amount of money provides a monthly payment to the pensioner during his life, and after his death to the beneficiary named.

Death Benefits

A death benefit of \$500 plus 10% of the average full-time basic earnings is payable on the death of an employee to the beneficiary he has named, providing he has had one year of credited service. This amount is increased by 10% of his yearly earnable compensation each year until a maximum is reached of 50% for five years' credited service. The amount of the death benefit after five years' credited service for an employee earning \$200 a month would be \$1,700.

THE FRONT COVER

Whether it's bought direct from a store or a trucker, or whether Daddy goes out into the bush and cuts it down himself, the getting of the Christmas Tree is an event of enormous importance for all members of the family. In our Christmas cover picture Frank Zurbigg of Copper Cliff gets set to let the chips fall where they may from a fine spruce, while his two children, Janet and John, gaze upon him with undisguised admiration.



THAT'S A \$101 GRIN

"Right into the old sock" to buy a heap of Christmas presents for his home and family went \$101 that Alex Moise collected when he hit the Suggestion Plan jackpot last month. Crane inspector in the Orford Dept. at Copper Cliff Smelter, Alex figured out a way to increase the braking efficiency of the cranes in D Aisle by replacing a series of shafts and levers with cables. The Suggestion Plan Committee saw eye to eye with him on the idea and shelled out accordingly. With Inco since 1930, Alex and his wife have a family of three: Lorraine, 8, Claude, 5, and Jill, 3.

How Sudbury Looked to Scribe Back in 1890

(The following article is reprinted from a collection of "Fireside Tales" published in New York about 1890. For the loan of the very interesting book, the Triangle is indebted to Herb Shoveller of the Copper Refinery, the well-known cribbage authority.)

ONLY recently the eyes, not only of the mining, but also of the commercial world have been fixed upon one little town in Canada. This town is Sudbury, a junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway, which the westward traveller but a short time ago would have passed with nothing but a sigh of boredom. It has now been discovered to be the centre of nickel and copper mines larger than the world has hitherto seen. With the uses of copper we are already familiar, but it is only within the last few years that science has revealed the possibilities that lie before the other metal. The Chinese, indeed, claim to have known the value of nickel centuries ago, but Europeans only knew of its existence in the eighteenth century. Up to as recent a date as 1889, nickel was considered useless, and no more — it is now found to be indispensable.

The history of the small hamlet of Sudbury — now a second El Dorado — reads like a romance. It started as a lumber town, although its prospects in that direction always seemed limited, as well through scarcity of timber as through difficulty of transport. Indeed, it was only by the discovery of copper in the neighbourhood that its inhabitants were rescued from distress caused by the large forest fires. Mines were opened, and large quantities of ore exported in utter ignorance of the fact that the copper ore contained a considerable percentage of nickel. It must always remain a mystery as to who first made this discovery. It is said that it was due to the action of some conscientious manager in a New York smelting company, who remitted the money for the nickel as well as the copper to the mine owners. At any rate, the metal was now known to exist, but it was uncertain in what quantities. Important experiments having revealed the value of nickel to the American Government, they sent surveyors to the spot. These more than confirmed the reports of the local mineral commission; there was visible above ground 650 millions of tons of ore. The whole area of land rich with metal covered 15,000 square miles; enough nickel was already discovered to supply the world for fifty years!

For a short time it seemed as if there would be a "boom" at Sudbury rivaling, if not surpassing, that of the days of the gold fever in California or silver in Nevada. Rich and poor flocked to the spot; the speculator, with his thousands, was there, side by side with the penniless man of fashion. There, too, collected the band of ne'er-do-weels with whom all mining districts abound, who hoped that the scanty knowledge of mines and minerals picked up in British Columbia or North Michigan would at last bring them good fortune. Land lots were bought and sold with intense rapidity. A man who buys a lot one day for \$50 is offered \$5,000 for it the next, when it is found that he has chanced upon one of the richest veins of ore. He refuses the offer, and in two months gets \$20,000 instead. Like the soldiers in Napoleon's army — each one of whom carried the field-marshal's baton in his knapsack — each man you meet at Sudbury sees before him the vision of untold wealth. Those who have read Mark Twain's account of "Flush Times in Virginia City" can easily portray the hubbub in this once stagnant village.

Meanwhile, the army of prospectors, whose trade it is to find and value the veins of ore, wander doggedly over the country. Never an

Open Pit Mining at the Blezard



BLEZARD MINE, SUDBURY
A TYPE OF AN OPEN PIT MINE

Illustrating the accompanying article on Sudbury in the early days, first published about 1890, was the above artist's conception of open pit mining at the Blezard Mine. (The boys at the Open Pit ought to get a kick out of this). First reported in 1885, the Blezard was opened in 1889 by the Dominion Mineral Co. about one mile north-east of Stobie Mine. Mining was chiefly done by the open pit method, although two shafts were sunk, the deeper about 150 ft. Mining ceased in 1893 but a smelter which was erected on the property continued to operate on Worthington ore until the summer of 1895.

inviting district, it now looks particularly cheerless to the passer-by, with its coating of snow and charred stumps of pines as far as the eye can reach. Nature, in revenge for the discovery of her wealth, seems to have haughtily veiled the beauty of her face. The prospector is generally a man of strong constitution. For weeks he wanders alone, feeding on food coarser than that of a labourer, yet seeking vast treasures. Every step he plants he fancies may be on a mine; a bush, a branch, may be the only thing between him and the realization of his wildest dreams. Socially, he is most entertaining; he knows a little of everything, and is veritably "not one, but all mankind's epitome." He talks freely, and no one need be afraid of trying to extract information from him, for he will say what suits him, and no more.

But apart from the prospector, who knows his business more or less, every man you meet at Sudbury has a lump of rock in his pocket. All have wonderful reliance on their own luck, and the most inexperienced will tell you, in a hushed whisper, how the great Comstock silver lode was walked over a thousand times unseen by the cleverest experts in the land.

The uses to which this newly-found wealth

of ore is to be applied may be grouped under two heads. In the first place, it has been proved by a series of experiments that nickel steel, a material made of four parts of nickel to ninety-six of steel, is superior to the plain steel used at present.

Breaking and hoisting tests have been applied to the new combination, and it is found that the strength of the metal is largely increased: two pounds weight of nickel steel will effect the purposes of four pounds of the old substance. Again, the non-corrodibility of the material is established. It is easy to see that with such qualities as these the new metal will be adopted for such things as locomotives, bridges, and rails, while it will change the character of machinery and revolutionise the present armament system. As to the part it will play in the future warfare of the world, experiments lately conducted by the American Government have given ample testimony. If introduced into the construction of heavy guns, it will reduce the chances of bursting to a minimum; if used in heavy armour-plating, it will be almost impenetrable. For further proof of its value, we have only to point to the fact that England, France, and Germany have offered ten years' contracts to one company

working the mines for all the material they can supply. The offer has been refused, and for this reason: in addition to its nickel, there have been discovered in this neighbourhood enormous iron-beds, and it is from a combination of these two that the material of the future is formed. Other lands have nickel, other lands have iron: none, it may be said, have both in such profusion. It is the aim of those owning the mines to complete the whole process of manufacture on the spot, instead of exporting the raw material to be reduced elsewhere. The American Government have already shown that they are anxious to perform the separation of the metal from its accompanying substances in their own country and in their own manufactures. Heavy duty is imposed on pure nickel, but none whatever on the "matte" — the name given to the combination of nickel and copper; therefore, until this restriction is removed, Canada will have to rely on her English and European markets if she wishes to separate the "matte" herself.

It is expected that in a short time millions of money will be added to that already invested in this country, and that nickel will thus draw capital across the water to work the hitherto untouched iron mines.

The mines in the neighbourhood of Sudbury are, indeed, rapidly absorbing the nickel supply of the world, to the detriment of the New Caledonia mines, which up till recent years monopolised the market. Nor could it be otherwise; for New Caledonia, in addition to its distance, is a French colony, tied down by the strictest protective regulations. Sudbury wants but one thing to place it first and foremost in the market, and that is an improved method for the separation of the copper from the nickel as it is extracted from the mines. To the outward eye, copper is the principal factor of any piece of rock picked up by a visitor to this district, but there is a large percentage of nickel always there, as well as a quantity of sulphur. The ore is first crushed and then laid on stacks of wood, where it is roasted for months, during which dense columns of sulphur-smoke pass off wasted into the air. Doubtless, a method for preserving this sulphur will soon be found. The ore is then smelted, and the nickel and copper sink to the bottom of the smelting-pot; this substance, called the "matte," is drawn into iron vessels, and run out on wheels to cool. The usual means employed to separate bodies thus blended here fail, for nickel and copper are of the same specific gravity. This difficulty is, however, said to be almost overcome.

At the present moment, while the mines are in their infancy and the demand for nickel has to be met, copper is at a discount, and, strange as it may seem, the ore is valued by the absence of copper. Thus 15 per cent of nickel and 10 per cent of copper is of greater value than 15 per cent of nickel and 20 per cent of copper. It is obvious that it cannot be long before science has reversed this state of things.

The second great use to which the new metal is to be put in the future is in a combination of nickel and copper, which will supplant German silver and Britannia metal; hence it will be used in the making of household utensils and fancy articles of every description. It is to these two uses that the nickel and copper just found are to be applied; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of the country that owns them, that science and legislation will join in giving her the full benefits of her wealth.

DECISION

However dark the skies, I ask no pity,
 Until I bend, so grieved, I cannot smile;
 Deny me wisdom's role, but keep me witty
 With power some other's sorrow to beguile.
 However close my heart may come to
 breaking,
 Cheated by Fate and Fortune's fickle wife,
 My hopes, like flowers, shall greet the day's
 awaking.
 The world needs sunshine, I shall try to smile.

Nice Help for a Champion Cause



Hard-pressed old Santa picks up a lot of help here and there, but none of it more attractive and efficient than at Levaek, where Dorothy Snider (left) and Beatrice Goodfellow wrapped and tied with ribbon no less than 400 classy gifts for the annual Christmas Tree in the Community Hall. Under the direction of Lloyd Davis, arrangements for the big Yuletide party were handled smoothly as usual, to the keen satisfaction of the men at the mine. Similar plans were laid at all Inco centers in anticipation of the Greatest Day In The Year.

Ask Your Wife If She Knows About The Hungry Miner

By WALTER GREAVES

A newcomer to the camp got a job underground at one of the local mines and arranged for room and board at one of the local boarding houses.

At noon on the first day underground he opened his lunch tin and found one sandwich, one piece of pie and an orange. When he saw the landlady of the boarding house that evening he spoke to her.

"You know," he said, "I work pretty hard on my job, and one sandwich, with a piece of pie and an orange is not much to eat."

The next day the landlady put in two sandwiches. She asked her boarder, when he came home from work, how he enjoyed his lunch.

"Pretty good," he said. "But not enough bread. I need a lot of nourishment on my job."

Next day the landlady put in three sandwiches. Still the miner wasn't satisfied. He still wanted more bread.

The following day she put in four sandwiches and again got a complaint about not enough bread.

She thought to herself, "I'll fix this hungry guy." So she sliced a loaf of bread lengthwise and made it into one big sandwich.

That night she met her boarder at the door after he came from work. "How was your lunch today?" she asked.

"Oh pretty good," he said. "The pie was good. The orange was all right — but why did you have to go back to the one sandwich again?"

(Hollinger "Miner")

THE PAPER'S THE THING

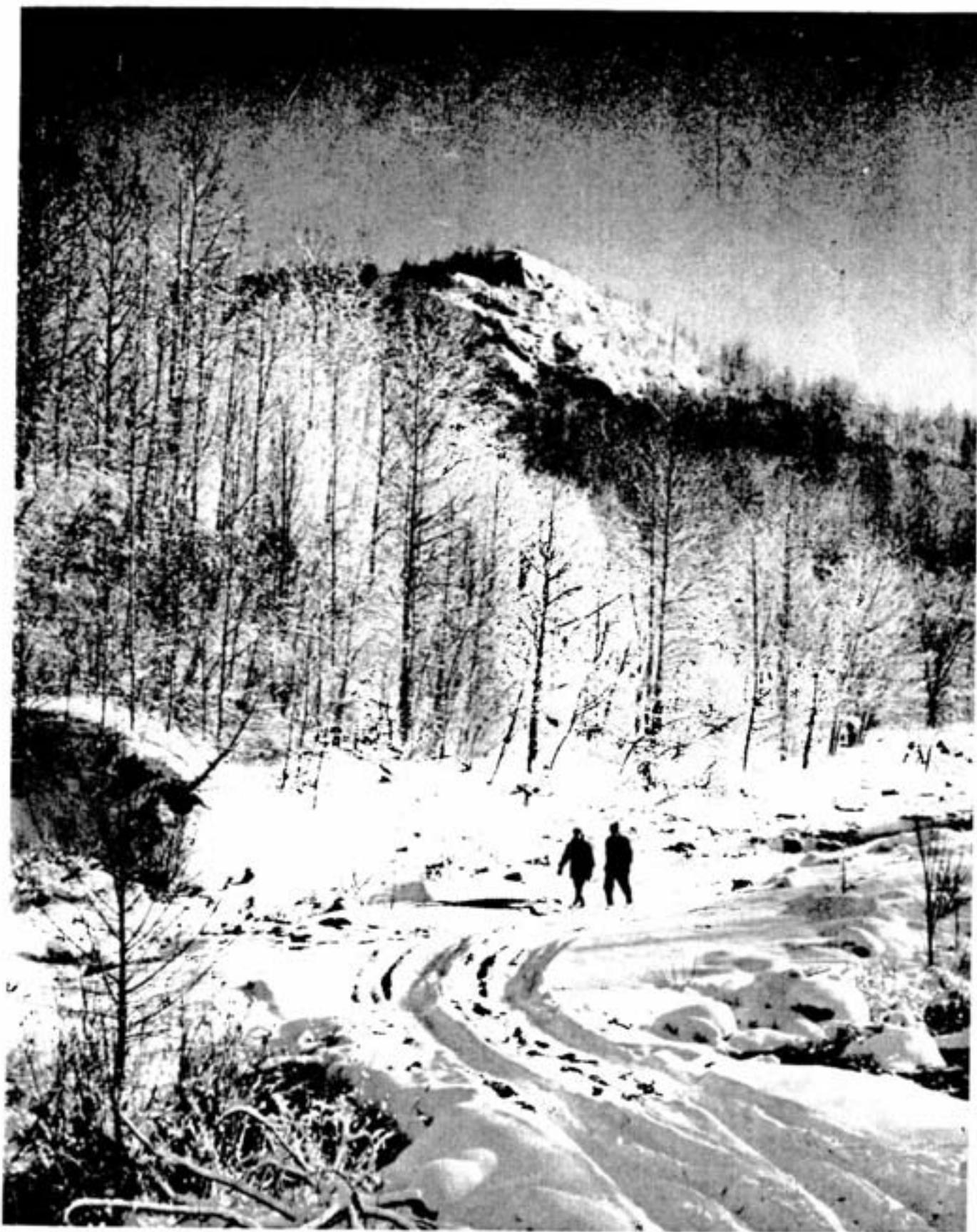
A doctor received an urgent call from an editor whose small son had swallowed a fountain pen. "I'll be over as soon as I can," he said. "What are you doing about it in the meantime?"

"Oh," said the father, "I'm using a pencil."



AND MONEY TOO!

Gals, we respectfully call your attention to the above good-looking young gent. Not only is he single and unattached, but if you move fast you can catch him with \$56 in his pocket. That, in these high-priced times, ain't hay. He's Johnny Flor, of the electrical dept. at Open Pit, and he sent in a suggestion for an improved method of attaching the ground strap to a churn drill power cable. The Suggestion Committee liked his idea to the tune of 56 simoleons. He lives with his parents on Burton Ave., and his phone number is 88070.



Winter Afternoon in The Bush