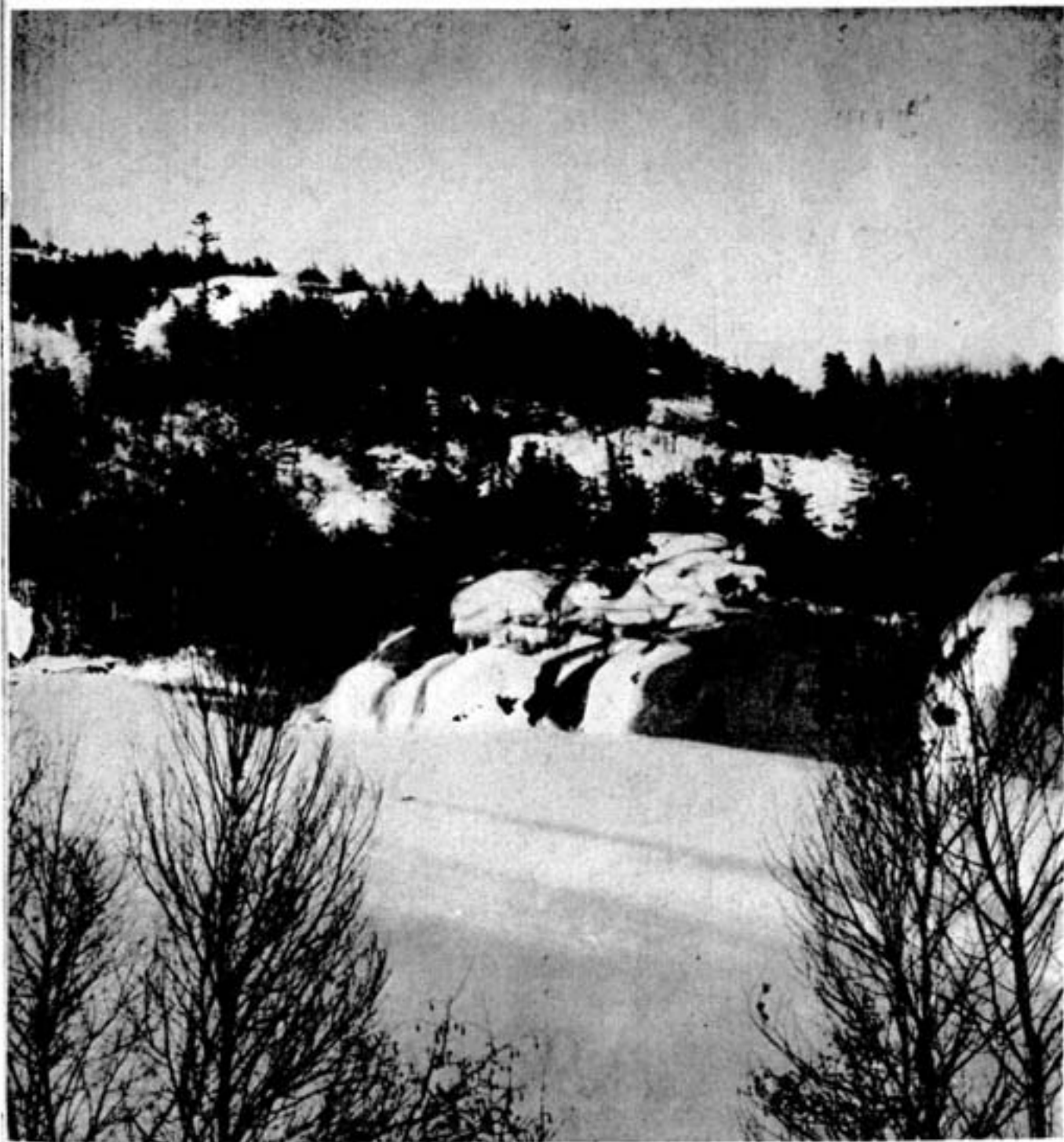




VOLUME 7

COPPER CLIFF, ONTARIO, MARCH, 1948

NUMBER 12



WINTER'S GRIP ON THE ONAPING, NEAR LEVACK



Published for all employees of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited.

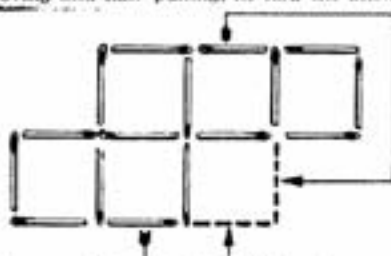
Don M. Dunlop, Editor

EDITORIAL OFFICE COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

VOLUME 7 MARCH, 1948 NUMBER 12

HOW IS YOUR BRAIN-POWER?

Myros Kemeta of Frood says he took a quick look at the problem when he got off shift at midnight, and then hopped into bed. But the matches haunted him, and he couldn't sleep. He tried counting sheep, but soon realized they were jumping over a fence made of matches. Then he got to worrying about how one of the sheep might accidentally strike one of the matches and start a fire. If all the sheep caught fire it would be a sad waste of wool and mutton. So Myros got up out of bed and put his wits to work on how to make four squares by moving only two matches. After one hour of match-moving and hair-pulling, he had the answer:



So much for Toughie. When it came to Tamie, though, Myros was stumped. He finally went back to bed to dream fretfully of a one-legged butcher. The answer, of course, is that when the jolly 212-lb. butcher is standing on both feet, he weighs meat. (Bert White of Port Colborne said that these days about all a butcher weighs is hamburger, liver, and thumb).

We were glad to get the right answer to Toughie from, among many, E. H. Capstick of the Mill, F. H. Cook of the Copper Refinery, Alf Mallette of Levack, M. Kobaleko of the Smelter, Bert White, Ralph Brown of Frood, Nora Bargnesi of Cliff Purchasing, R. Pageau of the Orford (who signs himself "The Brain Untwister"), Phil Flewelling of Cliff Police, Tom Scanlon of Safety (whose first thought was to burn the leftover matches), Mildred Fram of Mines, Harry Pentney of Creighton, E. Romaniuk, whose dad works at Copper Refinery, Mrs. Mable Robb of Copper Cliff, Al Edwards of Creighton, Howard Houser of Port Colborne, the Cliff Stenographers (they said Tamie was too tame), Clem Smith of Frood, John Henderson, the Gatchell poet-laureate, and Ken Robb of Research.

A hard man to deal with is Gordon C. Vanderburg of Frood, who turns the tables on us by demanding that we answer his riddle. Which came first, the chicken or the egg, asks Gord, making our humiliation complete by adding that he doesn't promise to believe our solution, if any. Well, Gord, it must have been the chicken, because the yoke is on us.

Now here are the puzzles for March:

Tamie

This interesting little item is sent in by Ken Robb of Research. Take the word

Stobie Program Strong on Safety



Safety-consciousness is keeping pace with the general increase in activity at Stobie Mine, both in the pit and in development work underground. As at all Inco plants, Safety is a major feature of the Stobie program. Picture shows a group of the Stobie workers in their lunchroom on surface.

"International". If the edge of a dime is placed over the first "I", guess which letter in the word the other edge of the dime will touch. Then measure with a dime and see how wrong you were. (In testing this problem we found that the chief difficulty is in borrowing a dime to measure with).

Toughie

Five men are engaged in a poker game; Brown, Perkins, Turner, Jones and Reilly. Their brands of cigarettes are Luckies, Camels, Kools, Old Golds and Chesterfields, but not respectively.

At the start of the game the number of cigarettes each player had was 20, 15, 8, 6 and 3, but not respectively.

Later, at a given time, when no one was smoking, the following condition existed:

1. Perkins asked for three cards.
2. Reilly had smoked half of his original supply or one less than Turner smoked.
3. The Chesterfield man originally had as many more, plus $\frac{1}{2}$, as many more, plus $2\frac{1}{2}$, more cigarettes than he has now.
4. The man who draws to an inside straight absentmindedly lit the tipped end of his fifth cigarette, the last he smoked.
5. The man who smokes Luckies had smoked two more than anyone else, including Perkins.
6. Brown drew as many aces as he originally had cigarettes.
7. No one has smoked all of his cigarettes.
8. The Camel man asks Jones to pass Brown's matches.

How many cigarettes and of which brand did each player possess at the beginning?

PUTTING IT NICELY

An elderly lady hired an historian to write up the genealogy of her family. In no time, he came across the skeleton in her family, Uncle Benjamin, who had been put to death at Sing Sing for certain indiscretions. The final story read:—

"Uncle Benjamin, after a short business career, occupied the chair of Applied Electricity at one of our great state institutions. He died in harness."

REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR

First Passenger: "I'm quite a literary man, you know. I've contributed to the Atlantic Monthly."

Second Passenger (leaning over the rail): "Know what? I've contributed to the Atlantic daily."

PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE



Like many Nickel Belt sportsmen, Earl Wilson and Fred Langlade of Copper Cliff make fishing a year-round recreation. They're seen here looking pardonably pleased with a Great Northern Pike they caught through the ice on their private lake (name and location top secret). Publication of this picture should forever silence the doubting Thomases among their pals in the plant.

INCO FAMILY ALBUM

Into another seven happy homes went the Triangle camera during February to get these pictures for posterity: (1) Mr. and Mrs. Bert Meredith (Prood) with their two clever young daughters, Joyce, 7, and Diane, 8. (2) Mr. and Mrs. Jim Forrestel (Coniston) snug at home with Maureen, 14 months, Terry, 3, and Danny, 5. (3) Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Lubich (Port Colborne) and their musical young fry, Wilma, 10, and Christina, 12. (4) Mike Wawryszyn (Levack) faced the lens with stern and unyielding mien, but not so his wife and their family: Stella, 7, Olga, 21, Sophie, 14, and Walter, 8. (5) In the cosy new home they're building on McParlane Lake Road are Mr. and Mrs. Vic Morbin (Concentrator) with Ruth, 7, Ann, 10, Jean, 8, and George, 5. (6) It's a "full house" at Creighton for Mr. and Mrs. Larry Jones and their happy brood: front, Tommy, 16, Frances, 5, Richard, 3, Raymond, 12, Ruth, 7, Doris, 14, and, back, Leo, 20, Lawrence, 22, and Kenneth, 10. (7) There's a flock of fine curling trophies in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Morrison (Smelter) but the prizes in which Jesse really takes pride are: Claire, 10, Ian, 12, Fleurette, 8, Diane, 6, and Bert, 15.



Butterflies His Hobby for More Than 35 Years

Every once in a while we hear an estimable gentleman about the office remark, in a doleful voice, that his stomach is full of butterflies. We have noted that this curious statement is almost invariably made in the morning, and we have also noted that a few tactful questions will usually bring out the admission that the gentleman was making hi-de-ho the night before.

Knowing little or nowt about butterflies, but intrigued by what seemed to us a mild social phenomenon, we went over to Coniston one night and put the matter to Jack Rogerson. That worthy, who has been studying butterflies for 35 years and can reel off their pedigrees as they flit by him on the wing, confessed himself baffled by our friend's problem. He knows, he said, that butterflies make mass migrations, and he has even heard tell of them flying the Atlantic, but this was the first time he had ever learned of their staging an invasion of a human stomach, and he couldn't for the life of him see what they would be doing in such a dark and unpleasant place, or even how they would get there.

Many other things, however, Jack was able to tell us for sure about butterflies, and we spent a most enjoyable evening before his fireplace listening to his lore.

His First a Red Admiral

Jack caught his first butterfly when he was a boy in England. He spied a big Red Admiral in the park near his home, watched his chance when the park-keeper's back was turned, hopped the fence and grabbed it. Next thing he read an article in the Boy's Own Paper by Rev. J. O. Wood, the famous English naturalist. That settled it for young Jack, and butterflies have been his hobby ever since. He often wonders if he caught the Red Admiral, or it caught him.

Almost every summer week-end since he started with Inco 19 years ago, he has spent roaming the district searching for elusive specimens, and his vacations are always a happy combination of life in the great outdoors and butterfly hunting. "Most people think you chase wildly after them with a net," he says. "You couldn't catch the swift ones that way even if you were riding a double-jointed motorcycle. What you actually do is stalk them. Sometimes you spend hours trying to get one, and then you fail."

There are about 90 different species of butterflies common to the Sudbury District, Jack told us, and of these he has taken almost 80. "The rarest one about these parts is the Checkered White, and I'd certainly like to hear from someone who has seen it," he added. Between the U. S. border and the Arctic there are some 175 different species; in North America north of Mexico the total is about 700. The farther north you go the less color the butterflies have. Although they are mostly creatures of sunshine, many species live in arctic regions and on the cold and windswept summits of mountain ranges. Others regularly migrate amazing distances across deserts and oceans.

Among his hundreds of specimens Jack has a Black-Veined White which he took in England; this species has not been reported there in the past 20 years, and it's just about the prize of his collection.

Lure Lasses With Perfume

The most vividly colored specimens, he related, are found near the Equator. One of these has a wingspread of about nine inches. Many butterflies have not only beautiful colors but distinctive odors as well. One of the most fragrant butterfly perfumes is that



At Coniston J. L. Rogerson's butterfly collection is a sort of community affair. During the summer all his friends are on the lookout for unusual specimens to turn over to Jack. He's seen in the top picture with some of the hundreds he has gathered in 35 years; in the box on the left are Red Admirals and Sulphur butterflies; on the right are Swallowtails. In the second picture Jack and his son Jackie plan the excursion they'll make next summer with daughter Janet to Stouffer Lake, flying in and coming out by canoe. Jackie is 9, Janet almost 16, and they're both real hobby pals of their dad.

produced by the male of the Western Tiger Swallowtail, which rivals that of costly Parisian perfumes. Others attract the ladies with the fragrance of sandalwood, crushed violet stems, sweet hay, heliotrope, magnonette and sweet briar.

If you've ever wondered what you look like to a butterfly (which, to be brutally frank, we hadn't), Jack revealed that insect eyes, unlike human eyes, are sensitive to ultraviolet light, and the ability to see light of such short wave length suggests that butterflies may see entirely different designs and colors on objects about them. Little is known about hearing in butterflies, although caterpillars of the Mourning Cloak, and no doubt other hairy larvae, seem able to detect sound through the hairs of the body surface. Jack says also that butterflies have a sense of smell, and can taste with their front tarsi, or "feet". "When the feet of a butterfly touch the sugar in the throat of a flower," he points out, "the tongue automatically unrolls." Another interesting fact he told us is that small butterflies don't grow into larger

ones; if they're born small they stay small, so to speak, and the large ones are always large.

Short Life But Gay One

The life span of butterflies varies greatly. The adults of some species such as the Baltimore and the Little Wood Satyr may not survive longer than a month, but others live for six or eight months and some even for a year.

Next summer, for his vacation, Jack is planning to fly into Stouffer Lake with his daughter Janet and son Jackie. They'll paddle leisurely back the 50 miles through the chain of lakes to Wahnapitae, making camp frequently to loaf and catch butterflies. He expects to pick up about 100 specimens in the two weeks, perhaps some he hasn't taken before. Maybe even a Checkered White. They'll be carefully put away so as not to disturb the almost unbelievably fragile scales of their wings, and next winter he'll tackle the delicate and painstaking chore of spreading them and mounting them in his collection.

FIVE BROTHERS HAVE 100 YEARS OF INCO SERVICE AT CONISTON



The five men grouped around the piano in this picture hold a unique record in Canadian industry. They are all of the same family, and they all work in the same plant.

They're the Cresswell boys, and between them they have more than 100 years of service at Coniston Smelter.

From left to right are: Leslie, better known as Sam, 36, works in the plate shop, and will complete 21 years with Inco in July; Jack, 39, works in the plate shop, and completes 24 years in June; Fred, 45, electrical shop, completed 32 years in January; Dave, 31, welder, will complete 14 years in April; Harry, 34, locomotive engineer, completes 15 years in July. They have one sister, Mrs. J. P. Wilson of Ottawa, who was the second child born in the family.

Fred was born in England, Jack and Les at Victoria mine, and Harry and Dave at Coniston. Their father, Jim Cresswell, who died in 1923, was a blacksmith at the Coniston plant; he came out from England to Victoria Mine in 1907. Their mother lives at Harry's home. All the boys are married except Sam, who must have a shy streak in him some place. Fred and Jack each have seven children, and Dave has one.

All the Cresswell boys have been prominent in Coniston sports. Their previous experience as vocalists, however, had been limited almost entirely to some very close harmony on New Year's Eve, but they agreed to pose as the Cresswell Quintet just for a picture, as long as we promised to leave out the sound effects. That's Mrs. Dave at the piano.

LEVACK KIDS SMART SKIERS

Levack Athletic Association's annual ski meet for the kids was a decided success. Thirty entries took part and staged a great display in cross-country, downhill, and slalom contests. Dar Storey, president of the Association, is enthusiastic about the style and skill of the young skiers, and says they'd more than hold their own anywhere.

Champions of the meet were: R. Richer, juvenile; C. Storey, junior; A. Selski, intermediate; H. Kauppinen, senior.

DOUBLY PREPARED

"Whatcha got there, chum?"
"Gallon of whiskey."
"How come?"
"Going in the woods. Might get bit by a rattlesnake."
"Whatcha got in the box?"
"Rattlesnakes."

Doings of Early Days In Ancient Copy of Copper Cliff Courier

According to the Copper Cliff Courier of April 29, 1905, Mr. Fred Collins was successful in passing his examination as mining engineer at Queen's University. Mr. Robert Kirkwood has moved his family from Sudbury to Copper Cliff, occupying the residence known as the Presbyterian Manse, on Goringe Square. Mr. John Anderson has installed a soda fountain in his store. You can buy a snappy new cap from Jason H. Fields for 25 cents.

The yellowed and crumbling copy of the Courier containing these and many other interesting items was thoughtfully turned over to the Triangle recently by Newton Morrison of Sudbury, an Inco pensioner.

Musicians Were Passed Around

Easter Sunday was fittingly observed in the churches, the Courier reported, and was a busy day indeed for Miss Ballantyne, who sang "Kyrie and Regina Coeli" at St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic in the morning, and "He is Risen" at the Methodist Church in the evening. Mr. John Gribble presided at the Methodist Church organ in his usual able manner, the Courier said. "There was 'free trade' among the churches in those days as far as musical talent was concerned. Mr. Gribble told us the other night over the phone from his home in Sudbury after we read this item to him; one evening in 1898 at a party in the Hambley House at the Evans Mine, where he was staying, the churches all got together and presented him with a watch in appreciation of his services as a free-lance musician."

Persons of evil intent got short shrift in Copper Cliff in the days of the Courier, which reported the fate of Charlie and Mary Morchelow, "two benighted foreigners who struck town on Monday with the expressed intention of dealing in a nefarious traffic." Brought before Magistrate Oliver, Charlie and Mary were fined \$7.50 and costs and "given 15 minutes to shake the slag of Copper Cliff from off their feet."

"Serious bush fires have been raging around Sudbury and Copper Cliff since Sunday," the

Courier announced in its leading paragraph under the heading of Town Topics. "The grass on the Protestant burying ground at Sudbury was completely burnt, leaving God's acre a weird and desolate looking place." The fire engine was brought out to protect the homes of Messrs. Kennedy and Shillington, and Mr. Thos. Johnston had considerable trouble in saving his large pile of cordwood.

Smelter Town Jottings

Other sundry information gleaned by the Courier: Capt. Cressey has commenced recruiting for the 97th Regiment in preparation for camp at Ottawa. The I.O.D.E. in militant mood, petitioned the Dominion Government to present a new battleship to the Imperial Navy once every five years in the future. Signor Sent, an Italian of more than ordinary musical ability, is now making Copper Cliff his home. Mr. Stephen Fournier was appointed secretary of Neelon Township at a salary of \$80 per year. Mr. Alex Brunet, the French stage man, has a new rig on the road, built by Mr. Ben Griffith. A movement is on foot among Sudbury merchants to close their stores every evening at six o'clock, Saturday excepted. There was just one poor lone male at the tennis organization meeting Saturday night in the Goringe Club. Miss Nellie McFeeters has accepted a position with McDonald and Doan, as bookkeeper.

R. A. Waite advertised that he was on deck with new Top Buggies and Concoras, and the old buggies painted up. His horses, he said, were "good lookers and quiet". W. J. Hoover announced that he has opened a first-class restaurant in the Pisk homestead on Granite St.

The Chelmsford correspondent of the Courier wrote indignantly that a number of "blind pigs" were infesting his town, and called upon the authorities for stern action.

The editor acknowledged with cordial thanks the gift of a beautiful bouquet of trailing arbutus from Mr. John Holland.

One For Ripley in Billiard Tournament



One of those believe-it-or-not coincidences popped up in the semi-finals of the Russian Billiards tournament which was concluded last month at Inco Employees Club in Sudbury.

In one half of the bracket Wes Eby of Frood (left, above) defeated Earl Nolan by a score of 300 to 294. In the other half Doug Dickson of Open Pit (right, above) trimmed Vern Tupling by the very same score. Ripley should be told.

The final match to decide the title was a ding-dong battle in which Wes took Doug over the jumps, 300 to 246. Doug made one run of 77 which was second-highest of the tournament. The high-run laurels went to Jim Tonto of Copper Refinery with a 78.

There were 32 entries in the popular tourney, which got underway last November.



Spirit of Huck Finn Captured In Winning Contest Snapshot

There's a captivating air of Huck Finn happiness to the picture which wins the \$10.00 prize in the Triangle's contest for February. The boy, whistling softly to himself as he fishes the swift-flowing stream in the bright sunshine, senses complete contentment. Thirty years from now he'll think back longingly to the joy of those carefree hours.

The boy is Ernie Marcotte, 10, son of J. P. Marcotte of Copper Cliff. The picture was taken by his chum, Bobbie Butler, son of J. A. Butler, also of the Cliff. The scene is Cameron Creek, near Armstrong Lake, and the camera was a No. 2 Brownie at 1 25th. Both the boys and their dads are fishing pals. Along with his ten dollar prize Bobbie gets an extra pat on the back for a very fine snap with a human quality which has universal appeal.

Coniston's Mayor a Winner

Roy Smith of Coniston came up with the second-best picture of the month. "Keep your distance, Whiskers" is the title he gives his amusing snap of a very dignified old spaniel putting a brassy young cat in its

place. Roy doesn't say whether the snub was sufficient or whether the old boy had to resort to rougher tactics to assert his position. An excellent bit of photography, the picture gets honorable mention and a \$1.00 award.

"Everybody sing!" That's the message of husky Briane Thomas Birney, better known as "Butch", as he climbs on a stool and tries to whip up a little enthusiasm in the family circle on Christmas Day. "Butch", 17 months old, is the son of Bill Birney, formerly of Inco, and the grandson of Tom Birney of the Real Estate Dept. and the Curling Club. The snap was taken by Mrs. Birney with a 35 mm. Kodak, using floodlight. It earns honorable mention and a \$1.00 prize.

There was a most interesting crop of entries for the February contest, and we wished we had more prizes to spread around. Don Elliott of the Concentrator submitted a sparkling snap taken from the roof-top of St. Joseph's Oratory when he was in Montreal last summer. Mike Kuchera of the Carpenter Shop at Copper Cliff sent in a cute picture of his infant daughter Rosalind, busily investigating the rhubarb patch in the

back yard. Another Melvin Ave. Incoite, A. Stanley, entered a fine exposure of the ferry coming into Centre Island with the Toronto skyline in the background.

Nick Loupelle of Creighton had some wonderful material for his entry but pouring rain played havoc with his exposures. His snaps were taken on the bank of the Sauble River 50 miles north of Massey, and show Jim Mitroff, E. Zanier, and E. Farnell, who had pulled off their trousers to wring out the water they soaked up when their boat was almost filled by the downpour. You should see the profile of Mitroff in his "longies"!

Double Exposure Tricks

Myros Kemeta of Frood took a snap of a dog, then moved his camera over and made a second exposure; the result was a pair of remarkably similar canine twins, and had he used an absolutely plain background the trick would have been difficult to detect. Edna Clayton of Port Colborne sent along a dandy shot of the family dog, Vicky, begging for a biscuit. Ray Evans of the Cliff boiler shop submitted attractive snaps of a Lake Nipissing sunset, Bigwood lumber camp near Wolsely Bay, and a section of the Temagami highway. Alf Mallette of Levack sent two good pictures, one of the Onaping River and the other of his brother launching his boat in very rough water on Windy Lake.

Other worthwhile entries were received from Walter Fortin, Copper Cliff police; Mrs. Stanley LaBerge, whose hubby works at

Frood; Wess Aikenbrack of Copper Cliff smelter; H. Turkington of the Concentrator; and Marcel Demico of Port Colborne, who submitted a very good snap of his little sister, surrounded by her gifts on Christmas morning.

Five or six entries are already on hand for the March contest, and we don't mind saying they're good ones. But they're not so good that you can't beat them, partner, so get out your trusty Brownie and start a-shootin'.

Thanks for your interest, film fans, and also for the kind words about the Triangle. That sort of comment bores us—we DON'T think!



Wilfred Leck Was Telephone Operator At Age of Twelve

Fifty years ago George Leck brought his little family to Copper Cliff from Westlock-bridge, Mass., and took a job as shift boss in the mine. His son Wilfred, who retired on pension January 1 last, was 12 years old when he first worked for the Company. Roy, the third generation Leck in Inco service, is foreman of the diamond drill bit shop in the Research Lab. at Copper Cliff.

Wilfred Leck, who was born on the stroke of midnight December 31, 1888, got his baptism in the nickel industry as telephone operator at Copper Cliff. There were 15 lines hooked up to the switchboard, which was located in the old warehouse, and even in 1900 some of the conversations made good eavesdropping, he recalls. He alternated between school and the plant, working as office boy and also in the machine shop. In 1908 he moved to Cobalt, returned to Creighton in 1915 as machinist, switched to British American for five months, worked in the locomotive shop at Copper Cliff from 1918 to 1923, shifted briefly to Hollinger, and finally settled down permanently with Inco in 1925, at Creighton. His favorite sport was lacrosse, and he played centre for Copper Cliff in two Dominion finals against Orillia.

Hoist and Compressor Expert

In 1942 he transferred to Frood as an expert on the installation and inspection of hoists and compressors, and this work has taken him to all the Company's mines. His retirement on disability pension came after six months of sick leave, but all his old pals will be glad to hear his general health is now good as long as he takes things easy.

He was married in 1912 at New Liskeard, and appears in the above photo with his three sons, Roy, Les, and Harold (standing). He and Mrs. Leck have taken up residence with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dollar of Gatchell.

The Frood Mechanical Dept. gave a big retirement party for Wilfred Leck, and many fine things were said about him by the speakers who reviewed his career of steady and conscientious workmanship. On behalf of the gathering he was presented with a handsome wrist watch by J. C. Ferguson, master mechanic of mines. The large attendance was evidence of the high esteem in which this veteran is held. The affair was spark-plugged by Reg Edmunds.

WITH NEW TOW LEVACK TOPS AS SKI MECCA

Levack's bid for the title of "The Lucerne of Northern Ontario" was strengthened last month when a ski tow was put into operation by an enterprising group of Sudbury sportsmen.

Now you can at least get to the top of the hill in comfort, even if the manner of your descent is something else again.

As yet operated just during week-ends, the tow is already attracting busloads of skiers from all over the district, and undoubtedly will be responsible for a big boost in the popularity of the sport as well as the calibre of performance.

Plan To Erect a Chalet

It takes 2,100 feet of rope to transport the skiers to the top of the 300-ft. mountain about a mile and a half from Levack. The rope is driven by a truck engine housed in a shack at the base of the hill. Directors of the Onaping Ski Lodge chiefly responsible for this ambitious development are Stan James, Howard Moyer, Norm Carscallen, and Al Pace of Sudbury, and Kel Sproule of Copper Cliff. Shares in the undertaking have been bought by many district ski enthusiasts. Construction of a chalet, and further improvement of the runs by a bulldozer, are slated for next summer.

The Engineers' Run, beside which the ski tow is operated, is a 1,200-ft. "slope" which abounds in precipitous drops and tricky dips, and is a real test of downhill skiing. Unfortunately we were unable to savor its thrills for our readers because the fellow who rents the parachutes had sprained his géländesprung and had gone in to Levack to have Doc Cowan tape it up.

Skiers have their choice of three other runs down the same mountain. The Clearwater winds through the bush and is recommended for those who like to get close to nature. The Sudbury is about half a mile long and is more popular with the tyro because its slopes are gentler and you get a chance to draw your breath every so often. The Onaping is the daddy of the four; it was the scene of the Ontario downhill championships last year, and in our humble opinion should be discreetly avoided by all but absconding bankers, jilted lovers, or people who never want to fill out any more income tax forms.

The Snow Lasts Longer

Besides its wealth of downhill runs, pretty bush trails, and brand new tow, Levack has another notable advantage as a skier's paradise. Norm Carscallen tells us that the "Little Lucerne" is some 600 feet higher above sea level than the rest of the district, and the slight difference in temperature keeps the snow good for skiing for about three weeks longer than elsewhere herabouts. If you like to go skiing in your shirtsleeves and pick up a real Switzerland winter tan, Levack is your spot from now until the spring breakup, he says.

THRICE-CROWNED QUEEN



All Canada thrilled with pride at the triumphs of Barbara Ann Scott of Ottawa, who reaped the fruits of countless hours of training when she won the European, World, and Olympic figure-skating championships. Prime Minister King cabled the graceful and charming young queen of the ice: "From one end of Canada to the other there is great rejoicing . . . All are delighted beyond words."

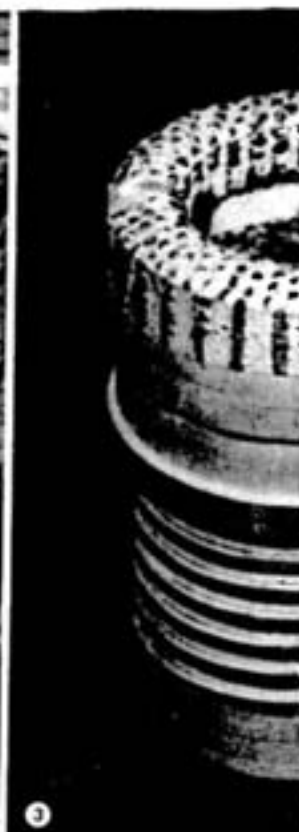
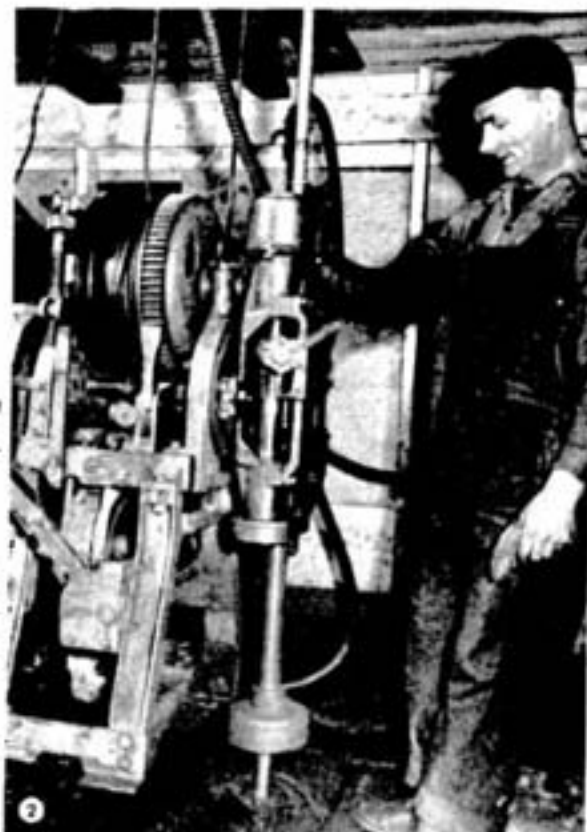
Canada finished ninth among the 28 countries competing in the Olympics at St. Moritz. The R.C.A.F. Flyers regained the hockey championship lost at Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, 12 years ago. Suzanne Morrow of Toronto and Wally Diestelmayer of Kitchener were third in the mixed pairs figure-skating, and Frank Stack of Winnipeg, ex-Sudbury, placed in the speed-skating. Thirteen countries failed to score a point.

JUST CAN'T WIN

A golfing parson was badly beaten by a parishioner some thirty years his senior. The parson, as they returned to the clubhouse, was decidedly depressed.

"Cheer up," said the opponent. "Remember, you will eventually. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the parson despondently, "it'll be your hole."



Diamond "Eye" Reads Future of Mining in Mother Earth's Diary

The sharp eye that looks far ahead of the mining schedule, scouting for more ore, is the diamond drill bit. Probing relentlessly into Mother Earth's diary of the ages, its diamond-encrusted perimeter more than a match for the toughest barriers she has thrown up to protect her secrets, it charts the course of mining operations months and often years in advance.

Diamond drilling is done to find ore, or to find structures in the earth which will tell the geologists they are on the track of ore.

When gossan showings on surface hint at the prospect of copper-nickel ore locked in the rocks below, the diamond drill bit goes down to find out what's what. When variations in magnetic readings indicate the presence of ore but there are no surface showings on account of overburden, the diamond drill bit is the eye that reads the story behind those anomalies. And when an extension to a known orebody has to be proved and sampled ahead of mining, the diamond drill bit does the job.

In the early days of the Sudbury Basin diamond drillers sought only high-grade massive sulphide, but more recently, with increased efficiency in all phases of the nickel industry from mining to marketing, the diamond drill is reworking areas where the old-timers considered the ore of no commercial value.

Inco's exploration drilling is done under contract by companies having specialized equipment to meet the great variety of conditions encountered in this work. The Company averages about 300,000 feet a year of exploration drilling, in holes ranging to 3,000 feet in depth.

Near Original Discovery Site

In the first picture of the accompanying layout is a typical diamond drill setup over the Creighton orebody, with No. 5 Shaft sur-

face plant in the background. The drill tripod is located within a stone's throw of the historic spot where a government surveyor, A. P. Salter, in 1856 noted sharp deviations in his compass readings which he thought were due to iron deposits. This was the original discovery of the copper-nickel field, although it was not until 1883 that workmen constructing the C.P.R. right-of-way disclosed the exciting Murray Mine outcrop which led directly to the development of the area.

The tripod holds the pulley by which rods are raised and lowered in the drill hole. It straddles the little shack in which is housed the drilling equipment, seen in Picture No. 2. Set on a solid foundation the gasoline-driven machine is geared to keep its drill bit revolving at the rate of 1500 revolutions per minute, producing a high-pitched whine which makes polite conversation impossible.

In Photo No. 3 is seen a diamond drill bit, the little gadget that does the trick. It's a circular blank of soft low-carbon seamless tubing, its face mechanically set with between 200 and 300 tiny "white" diamonds which, because they are imperfectly crystallized, are the ugly ducklings of the jewel trade but, on account of their great hardness, are the darlings of industry. Drilling in hard rock, a bit lasts for about 25 feet, but in softer rock its life averages about 50 feet.

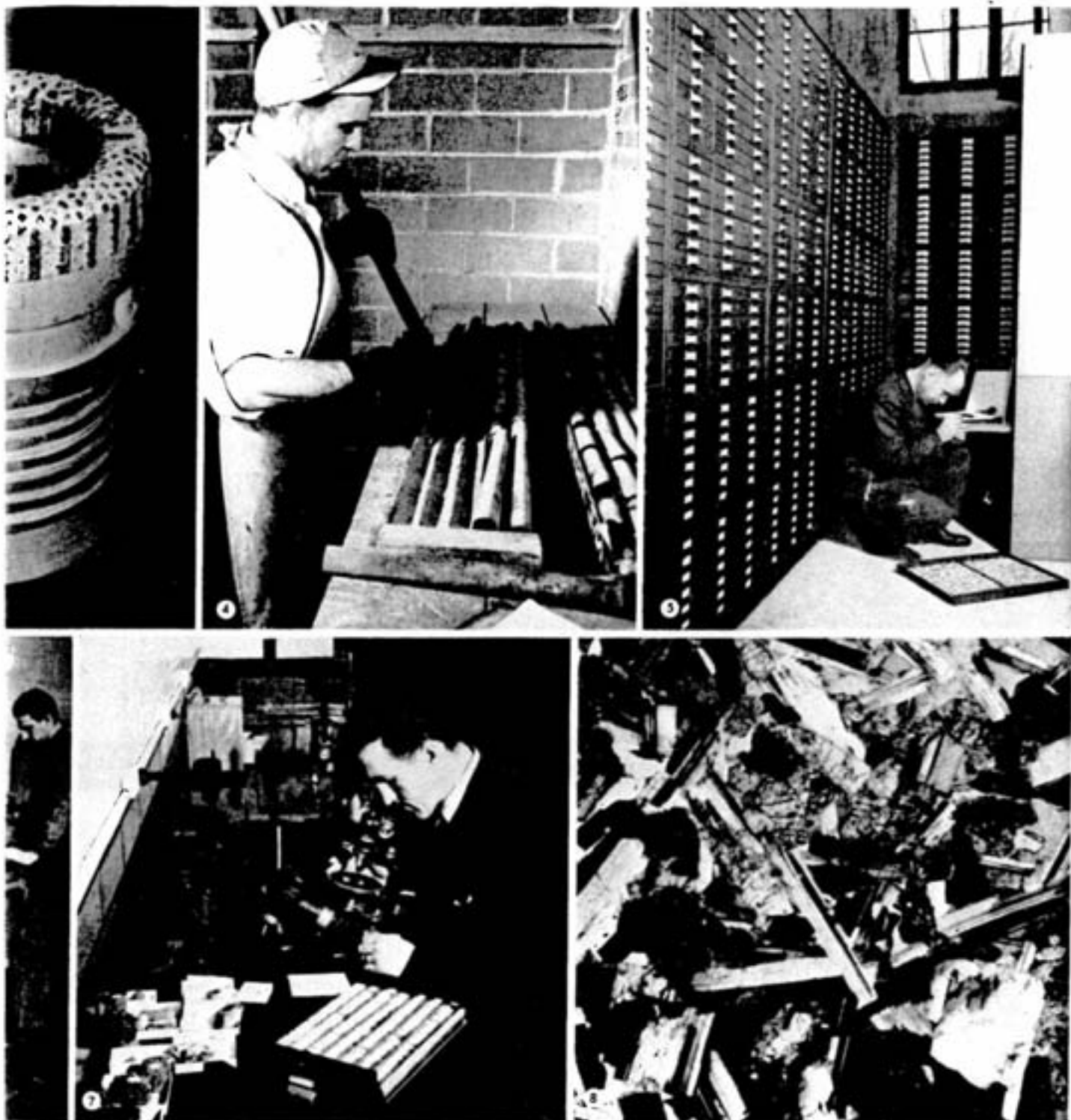
Reaming Shell Maintains Gauge

The bit is attached to a diamond-set reaming shell which maintains the gauge of the drill hole, and this in turn is connected to a core barrel, which is composed of an outer casing and an inner tube, and is usually 10 feet long. The core barrel is attached to a series of hollow rods, more rods being added as the hole progresses. The top rod of the series is clamped in the rotating head of the drilling machine.



The working face of the bit is lubricated and cooled by water which is pumped at 300 lbs. pressure down through the rods and between the two sections of the core barrel. Returning to surface outside the rods, the water carries off the cuttings or sludge from the hole. The inner tube of the barrel receives the core of rock or ore cut out by the revolving bit. When a drill hole has reached a depth of 3,000 feet, the series of rods in use piles up a dead weight of about seven tons on the bit; it takes about five hours to withdraw the rods and remove the core from a hole of that depth.

In certain types of formation a diamond drill hole likes to take the bit in its teeth and wander off on its own. There's a story



about a hole in the early days of the Dome which was started at an angle of 45 degrees and eventually popped out like a dew worm on surface half a mile away. So all holes are surveyed at regular intervals during drilling. A glass test tube is lowered to the bottom of the hole. It contains hydrofluoric acid. Left to rest for 20 minutes, the surface of the acid, on contact with the air, etches a horizontal ring around the inside of the glass tube. When the tube is withdrawn the etched ring shows the level mark at the bottom of the hole. If it is 1° or more degrees off dip, the hole may be corrected by lowering a wedge which, when properly oriented, forces the bit back on the desired course.

Either at the drill or in the core room at

the mine, the core from the drill hole is dumped from its tube into core boxes, care being taken to keep it in the sequence in which it emerges. Paul Bugg of the Creighton geological staff is seen performing this operation in Photo No. 4. His next step is to log the drill hole. He closely examines the core to determine the type of rock and ore through which the drill has passed, and also for geological structures. He sets aside a one-inch specimen of each type of ore and rock, noting the number of the hole and the depth at which the specimen was taken. The balance of the core from the mineralized zones he bags and sends to Copper Cliff where it is ground up for assay. The assays are later entered with the log in the final

record of the drill hole.

The one-inch specimens are sent to the Geological Department at Copper Cliff where they are filed in special cabinets, and are used for reference as the geological picture of the area unfolds. In Photo No. 5 Bert Souch, assistant chief mines geologist, examines a specimen, checking it with the original log of the core. There's a carefully filed specimen of every change of rock and ore type encountered in every diamond drill hole drilled by Inco anywhere, each clearly marked with the number of the hole and the footage at which the specimen was taken. Needless to say, the number of specimens runs into the hundreds of thousands.

(Continued on Page 10)

COMPETITION IS HOT AS FIRST AIDERS HIT THE TROPHY TRAIL



Right from the drop of the hat it was plain that the new setup and sweetened kitty had injected a lot of pep into the Inco Inter-plant First Aid competitions. A total of 161 five-man teams, 30 more than expected, hopped to it in the first round of the annual contest, and interest is at concert pitch as the second round gets underway.

The winning team at each plant receives white sweaters and crests, and enters a semi-final event. Teams from the underground mines will compete in one semi-final for the H. J. Muttz Shield and individual prizes; teams from surface plants will compete for the D. Pinlayson Shield and prizes. The winner in each case will advance to the final event for the R. D. Parker Shield and the Inco Inter-plant First Aid title. For the 1948 final contest Mr. Parker has offered a \$50.00 cash prize to each of the winning team members and their coach, to cover the team's expenses on a trip to see a pro hockey match at Toronto if they so wish.

Inter-Shift Rivalry Keen

Tom Crowther, under whose direction the eliminations are being conducted, says that the First Aid efficiency of the teams examined in the first round exceeded all expectations. Inter-shift rivalry is keen at all plants, he reports, and many teams have held extra practices on their own time in addition to those provided by the competition rules while on the job. He gives the shift bosses credit for some nice organization work, and can't say too much about the interest and enthusiasm of the team members.

The number of teams entered in the first round at each plant, and the number to be selected for the plant final, follows: Creighton 23 (4), Frood 28 (4), Open Pit 9 (4), Garson 15 (4), Levack 10 (4), Murray 8 (3), Stobie 3 (2), Copper Cliff 44 (7), Coniston 6 (3), Copper Refinery 15 (4).

Final Event on April 1

During the week of March 7-13 the champion team at each plant will be determined. The semi-finals will be held during the week commencing March 22, at Inco Employees' Club in Sudbury, where the final will also be staged the evening of Thursday, April 1.

First plant to complete the initial round of eliminations was Open Pit, where the following four teams emerged from a field of nine: Passi Shift, E. Somers (capt.), C. Gattie, F. Beauchamp, J. McPadden, E. Wilcott; Turton Shift, F. Boscarol (capt.), E. Sharp, S. Roy, A. Joubert, J. James; Fleming Shift, C. Crofton (capt.), K. Calford, K. Withers, E. O'Brien, O. Charbonneau; St. Pierre Shift, R. St. Pierre (capt.), J. Eies, O. Daley, J.

Crane, R. Morman. The word on the Open Pit first round tests was that the men displayed some smart ingenuity in coping with their problems.

Garson Team Photographed

In the Main West drift on 400 Level at Garson the Triangle camera got an action shot of Harry Schofield's team from Don Ramsay's shift. In the picture above, the team has given First Aid treatment to the "victim" and is about to place him in a basket stretcher for removal to surface. Russ O'Neil, spare man on the team, was the "patient". Presumably he had been pushing a mine truck loaded with water pipe, but had neglected to put the sides on the truck. A heavy piece of pipe rolled off, knocking him down and pinning him there. Summoned by a passing miner, the team made it snappy in diagnosing O'Neil's injuries as a cut on the inside of his right leg with arterial bleeding, and a fracture of his right forearm. Then, showing plenty of hustle and know-how, they gave him the proper treatment. Members of the team were Harry Schofield, Cyril Leclair, Ed Weber, and Pat Turner. Judging was done by George Quilty, Garson safety engineer, seen in the background, and O. Matson, First Aid man, standing at the right.

Diamond "Eye"

(Continued from Page 9)

When the geologists want to make a microscopic examination of the textures, structures, and mineralogical composition of a certain specimen of rock or ore, a thin section is prepared. Using a diamond saw, a slice about a sixteenth of an inch thick is cut from the specimen, cemented on a glass slide, and ground on a rotating disk with abrasive powder until it is brought to the required thickness, three one-thousandths of an inch. The sixth picture of the layout shows Jim Smith and Nick Mitchell working at this exacting grinding and polishing process.

Brilliant Display of Colors

The thin section is protected with a cover glass which is cemented over it, and then it's ready for examination. Jake MacNeill, of the geological exploration and research department, mans a microscope in Photo No. 7 to study the thin section, and in Photo No. 8 is an idea in black and white of what he sees. The specimen is of norite, in which the outstanding features are the long grayish crystals of feldspar. Also, in a beautiful display of colors covering the full range of the

spectrum are seen hornblende, pyroxenes, mica, quartz, and alteration products of all these minerals resulting from changes in their physical and chemical environment down through the ages. From his examination Jake knows whether or not copper-nickel ore is likely to be found in association with this type of rock.

And that, "once over lightly" as the barber says, is the routine of diamond drilling and what it accomplishes.

Diamond drilling was first developed in 1863 by Rudolph Leschot, a French engineer who, the following year, used a diamond bit to bore holes for blasting in the construction of the Mount Ceniz tunnel between France and Italy. Introduced into the United States in the late sixties, the method was used in Canada in 1871 when a bore-hole for coal was drilled at Springhill, Cumberland county, Nova Scotia.

Won Its Spurs at Frood

Despite the countless accomplishments since placed to its credit, both in and out of mining, diamond drilling has never proven its worth to better advantage than it did at Frood in 1929. A drilling campaign was launched there to explore the deeper sections of the orebody, and after men on the job had perfected the wedging system which prevented deviation in a vertical hole, the rich ore below the 1,500-foot level was probed and its size established for mining operations. Since that time deep drilling has been used extensively in this field, with a far-reaching effect on the fortunes and future of the nickel industry.

THE NEW LOOK



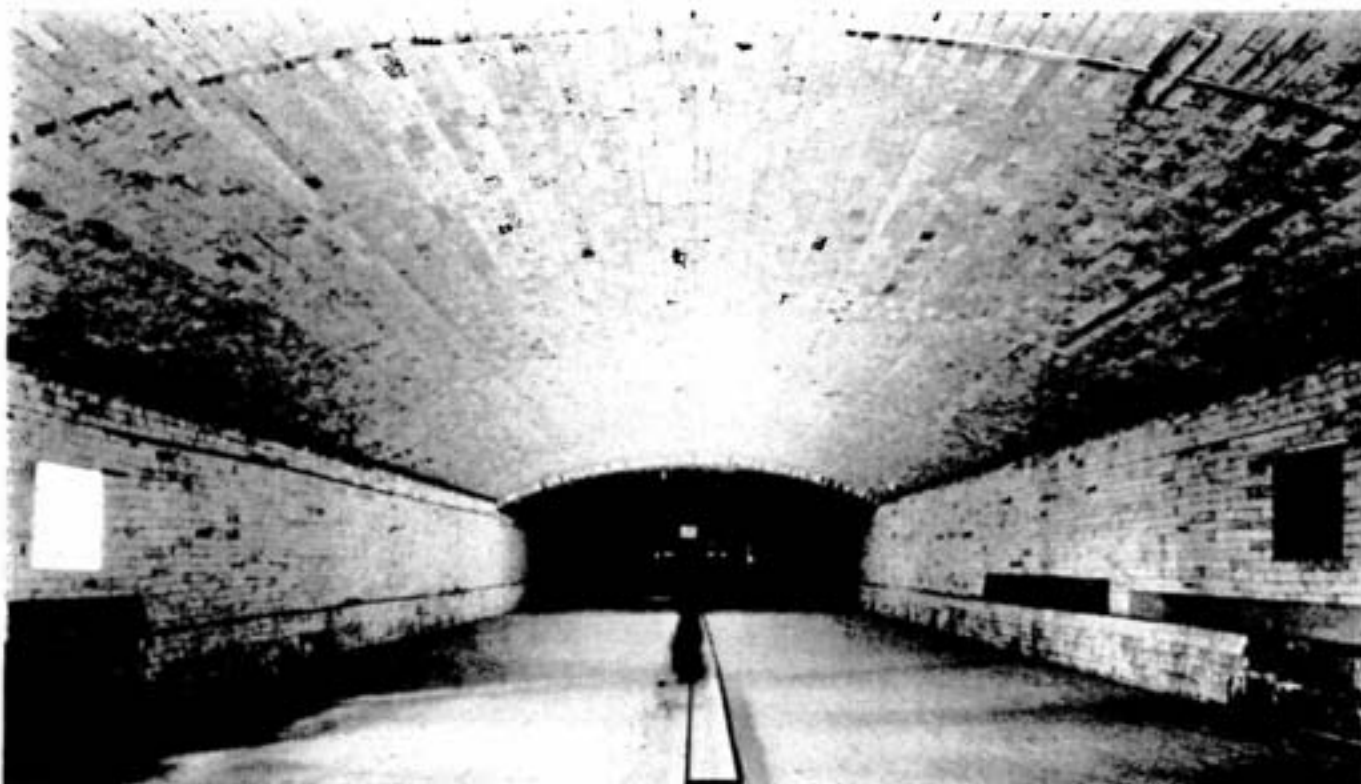
The pooch with the pensive puss, pictured above, is Skipper.

Skipper is six months old, and likes to dress up. That smart little New Look number he's wearing, featuring an uneven hemline and puff sleeves, set him back 16 barks and a couple of woofs, but it was worth it.

Skipper is the pet pup of Joan Poulton, 14, Copper Cliff, and she has taught him many other tricks besides dolling up in a dinner dress. One day she took him to school to stage a special performance for the kindergarten class, which unanimously voted him Dog of the Year.

Joan's dad, Albert Poulton, works in the Orford Department of the smelter at present, but may retire when Skipper hits Hollywood.

Inside Reverb Looks Like a Main Crosscut Underground



Here's an interesting and unusual view — the inside of one of the reverberatory furnaces at Copper Cliff smelter, where the heat is turned on the calcines in no uncertain manner. The holes through which the calcines are fettled into the furnace are seen along both sides of the roof. The photo was taken from the skimming end of the furnace.

COLLEGE TAKES LEAGUE TITLE

Injury-ridden and tired of the chase, Sudbury Wolves finally bowed out of the Nickel Belt hockey picture in favor of the younger, aggressive Sacred Heart College club.

Wolves held the College to tie decisions in the first two games of the league playoffs at Stanley Stadium, making a gallant stand against the inevitable. Then Sacred Heart turned on the steam and won the title with three straight victories. There was no doubt which was the better team.

Reminiscent of the old Allan Cup days were the fans who jammed every nook and cranny of the Stadium for the playoffs series, after staying away in droves during the season.

Jubilant over his team's triumph, Coach Nap Carriere, the pilot mill pilot, was confident the College would give a good account of itself against the highly touted Sault Greyhounds in the first round of the N.O.H.A. playdowns. Allowed 18 players, he planned to bolster his team with Warren Thompson, Zuliana, Miles, Pierce, Hashey, Gladstone, Lemieux, and possibly Chomyshyn, of the Wolves. The winner will meet the victor of the Porcupine-North Bay series.

In the junior N.O.H.A. the Copper Cliff Redmen will represent the Nickel Belt in a series against Porcupine Combines, the Gold Belt champs.

A STICKY BUSINESS

An absent-minded fellow
Is Richard T. McPife;
This morn he kissed a waffle
And poured syrup o'er his wife.

SEA CADETS COMPLIMENTED

Admiral Mountbatten Sea Cadet Corps of Sudbury, under Lt.-Cmdr. R. Tweedle, C.O., was highly complimented by Lt.-Cmdr. D. Menzies, R.C.N., of Winnipeg, following an official inspection at the I.O.O.F. Hall.

Lt.-Cmdr. Menzies remarked on the outstanding efficiency and smartness of the Corps, and warmly commended its officers for their example and leadership.

Develop New Use For Waste Smelter Gases

Research by two firms, Canadian Industries Ltd. and the International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., has resulted in production from waste smelter gases on a commercially feasible basis of liquified sulphur dioxide, used in the making of chemical pulp, it was announced in a Canadian Press dispatch from Montreal on Jan. 30.

The product replaces elemental sulphur now imported from Texas. The development was outlined by E. H. Lougheed, Fort William, at a technical session of the Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. He said that his company, the Abitibi Power and Paper, had operated one of its mills for three months on the new product.

Chemical pulp differs from mechanical pulp in that the wood is subjected to chemical processes instead of being ground, and is used to some extent in newsprint but more particularly in the making of fine paper.

Part of the background to the present development was a pilot plant built in Hamilton in 1922 which made liquified sulphur dioxide, but at too high a price to compete with imported sulphur. A pilot plant was built at Copper Cliff in 1946, and turns out five to six tons of the product daily.

OPEN PIT GETS PINS AT LAST

They're grinning all over the place at the Open Pit these days, and it's that grin of satisfaction at a job well done.

On February 9 they joined the distinguished company of Inco plants which have completed 100,000 consecutive shifts without a lost-time accident.

The 100,000-goal looked particularly sweet to the Open Pit boys because twice before they had been within grasping distance of the prize, only to have it snatched right out of their hands by a tough accident break. Once they ran their safe-shifts mark up to 97,000 before the gremlins got them; another time they had 92,000 when the bubble burst and they had to start all over again at the bottom.

Once safely past the 100,000 mark, the Open Pit men kept right on going, and at press time were still piling up those good old safe shifts. Safety Engineer Clark Phillips says he will have absolutely no objection if they keep it up forever.

Nice work there, Supt. Cliff Stewart and Gang! Your 100,000-safe-shifts pins will be presented to you as soon as they are received from the manufacturer.

POETIC INJUSTICE

A tourist was prowling around a Scottish Churchyard. His eyes caught an epitaph.

"Lord, she was thin."

"Say, sexton, what d'ye make of that?" he asked.

"That's all right, sir; the sculptor went over near the edge of the stone and didn't leave room for the 'e'."

"Mikado" Brilliantly Staged at Port Colborne



Prolonged applause and repeated curtain calls left no doubt what the sell-out audience at the Recreation Club thought of Port Colborne Operatic Society's third annual presentation, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado". and similarly high-pitched enthusiasm greeted them in other communities of the Peninsula to which they took their show. It was a first-class effort from every angle. The score, most exacting yet tackled by this very talented group of young singers, was splendidly handled, particularly by the male

chorus. There was full appreciation of the delightful humor of the libretto, and the stage settings and makeup were excellently done.

Led by the inimitable Don Horne as Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner, the principals were without exception perfectly cast and more than adequate in their roles. Once again Port Colborne was reminded of its singular good fortune in possessing young people of remarkable talent and the initiative to make something of it. Too much cannot be said for their contribution to the cultural life of the community. What's more, they have a good time doing it.

Raymond Coughlan, who produced and conducted the operetta, and his wife Helen, who coached the dialogue, fully deserved the cascade of compliments showered upon them after the show. Another very talented team having a big part in the success of the production was that of Mrs. Alice MacIntosh and Mrs. Gwen Mewburn, whose performance at the pianos was tops.

First of the accompanying pictures shows the full cast, and in the second is a glimpse of the last-minute hustle and bustle backstage out of which emerged a mature and polished operatic effort. In No. 3 Katisha (Barbara Bell) appears with the "three little maids from school", Peep-Bo (Joy Boneberg), Yum-Yum (and we do mean yum-yum) (Dorothy Cole), and Pitti-Sing (Barbara Saxby). In No. 4 are the male principals, Pish-Tush, a noble lord (Sandy McNay); Nanki-Poo, son of the Mikado (Alex Tick-novich); Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else (Robert Kanold); Ko-Ko, Lord High Executioner (Don Horne). And in No. 5 are Mrs. Coughlan, Mrs. MacIntosh, Raymond Coughlan, and Mrs. Mewburn.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

The small town barber was more willing than expert.

After being shaved, the customer asked for a drink. "Are you thirsty, sir?" asked the barber.

"No," answered the customer, weakly. "I just want to see if my face still holds water."

No Wonder They Say Red Man Never Forgets

An aged Indian once received recognition as having the greatest memory in the world. It was claimed by those who knew him that he could remember every incident in his life from the age of two years, not only the incident but also the exact date on which it occurred.

A visitor to the town in which he made his home, or is it tepee, heard tales of this fabulous memory and decided to investigate for himself by putting the Indian to the test. One morning he approached the Indian's tepee and rapped smartly on the door of the tent. "You'll find it is possible to knock on the door of a tent if you try hard." The Indian appeared from the dark interior and said, "How!"

"How!" said the visitor. "I have heard of your great gift of memory and I wonder if you can recall what you had for breakfast on the morning of June 7th, 1922."

"Eggs," replied the Indian and withdrew into the tent.

The visitor was suitably impressed by this show of knowledge but in after years, while thinking the incident over, he decided it was a rather foolish question he had asked the Indian, because nearly everyone eats eggs for breakfast. Therefore fifteen years later, when he had the opportunity of visiting the same town, he was decided to test the Indian again. No sooner had he arrived than he went to the Indian's tepee, which was still in the same spot. He knocked on the tent flap and out came the Indian, the same as before, although a little more aged looking.

"How!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Scrambled," replied the Indian.



OPEN PIT SKEET-SHOOTERS FEARLESSLY ISSUE CHALLENGE

NOW WHAT?

"You've got an awfully big mouth, haven't you, Ma?"

"Why, no, dear, I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I heard Pa telling nurse last night that you swallowed everything."

Very Nice Feeling Says Jack O'Hara



If the Triangle were wired for sound you would be able to hear Jack O'Hara stating, for publication: "It was indeed a very pleasant experience, and one which I am quite willing to repeat at any time, any time at all."

Jack would be referring to the nice feeling a fellow gets when he clicks for an award under the Employees Suggestion Plan. Recently he received a cheque for \$21.00, payoff on his idea for making oil cans out of empty rubber-cement tins by adding spouts and handles.

Genial custodian of the fitters' tool room in the Concentrator, Jack has been with Inco 10 years. He has a family of three: Robert, 9, Judith, 6, and Charles, 4.

About one out of every five ideas submitted to the Suggestion Plan committee qualifies for a cash award, and the average payoff is more than \$13.00. If you have a hunch which might lead to a saving or increased efficiency in the operations at your plant, why not put it on paper and drop it in the Suggestion Box now? There's no entry fee, and the prizes run up to \$1,000. Know anybody around your house who could use some extra bucks these days?

The skeet-shooting sharks at the Open Pit have heard tell of some marksmen at a place called Copper Cliff, and wish to challenge these outlanders to a skeet contest for money, marbles, or whatever form of tender is in vogue within the shadow of the big stacks.

The boys at the Open Pit admit that they may have to accept handicaps to put the challenge match on some sort of an even basis, but do not think they should be asked to blindfold more than three members of their team.

Five possible members of the Open Pit team are seen above: Clark Phillips, Stan Brown, Pat Storey, George Fleming, and Wally McIntosh. Or the lineup might be picked from C. H. Stewart, Doug Reynolds, John Gartley, Jim McCue, Tom Thorpe, Doug Thompson, Eddie O'Brien, or Murray Dickson. It doesn't really matter who is chosen, it is stated by the Open Pit Publicity Dept., because they're all good.

These dead-eye devotees of the clay pigeon pastime do their stuff regularly at the Sudbury skeet course, at the Riding Club property on the Old Garson Road. Skeet shooting has had its best winter yet.

What response, if any, the Open Pit challenge will bring from Copper Cliff it will be interesting to see. The impression picked up some place by a Pit man is that there is an organization called the Copper Cliff Rod & Gun Club which might possibly raise part of a team, and the balance could be recruited from Hanmer, Naughton, or other outlying points.

Relax, Brother! Here Is Answer to Drinking Bird

If you have been sitting up nights worrying about how that little toy bird perpetually drinks from his glass, or from the bowl of flowers in the florist's window, your troubles are over, for here is the answer:

The bird is actually a hermetically sealed, balanced still. Inside of his tail is a small bulb of acetone, which is connected by a tube to another bulb in his head. It is this acetone which causes the constant operation of the bird. At room temperature the acetone in the tail bulb vaporizes and rises up through the tube to the bulb in the head. Hence, the bird balances forward and dips his bill into the water.

The water, which must be cooler than room temperature, then absorbs into the fuzzy surface on the bill and head, and causes the condensation of the acetone in the head bulb. It runs back down the tube into the tail, and balances the bird to an upright position again. If the water is not cooler than the room temperature, the bird will stop working. The colder the water, the faster the bird will drink.

Coniston Band Entertains at Its Annual Dinner



At the annual dinner of the Coniston Band the outstanding feature was a witty address by D. Desautels, member of the band executive, who used musical terminology to prophesy a future of close harmony for Mr. and Mrs. Dan Totino, who were married last summer. He and other speakers extended the best wishes of the band and the community. Members of the band and their guests attending the enjoyable dinner are seen above; seated are, left tonight, Mr. and Mrs. M. Battistuzzi, Mrs. Totino, Bandmaster Dan Totino, Supt. F. G. Murphy, president of the band; E. T. Austin, honorary president of the band; A. Desautels, J. Melinski.



Copper Refinery A. A. Has Record Membership Roll

Believed to be an all-time record is the 1948 membership in the Copper Refinery Athletic Association. Diligent organization work by the committee under President Mel Luck has brought the membership roll to 90% of the plant force.

At the Association's annual dance at Inco Employees' Club, Sudbury, Mel was roundly applauded when he announced this gratifying state of affairs.

The biggest crowd in years turned out for the annual hop, and with Guy Prattini's orchestra dispensing the melody, everybody had a bang-up time. A merry group at one of the cabaret tables is seen in the first of the above pictures, and in the second snap



Tommy Crowe of the Power Dept. is being measured by his attractive wife for the new suit of clothes he won as a door prize, with the stipulation that he wear it at the next Refinery party.

Other door-prize winners: top coat, Neri

Gautreau, Wire Bar; pair of shoes, Marg Coghill, Office; hat, Paul Dow, Shops; shirt, Ted Kaczowski; and \$2.00 clothing certificates to Norm Arbor, Drill Room; John Thomas, Tankhouse; Mike Steimakowitch, Shops; Frank Scott, Power; Mike Douthov, Tankhouse, and Alfred Berube, Casting. The winning tickets were drawn by good-looking Terry Shaw.

The departmental representatives responsible for the big membership roll this year are George Smith, Tankhouse; Harold Kolvula, Shops; Jimmie Bryson, Lab; Jerry Mahon, Stores; Frank Scott, Power; Sid McGillivray, Casting; Art Marshall, Transportation; Bill McBain, Tankhouse departments. Mel Luck says no praise is too great for the work of this hustling group.

FRIENDSHIP

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If each individual looked after himself
And the good things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you
And nobody thought about me;
If we stood all alone in the battle of life—
What a dreary old world it would be.
Life's sweeter because of the friends we have made
And the things which in common we share.
We want to live on, not because of ourselves
But because of the people who care.
It's giving and doing for somebody else—
On that all Life's splendor depends;
And the joy of the world, when it's all added up,
Is found in the making of friends.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Shoulders thrown back proudly, the old mountaineer strode from the village postoffice when the letter had been read to him.

Outside, he made his way immediately to a gathering of his cronies in the chinaberry's shade.

"My boy, Eph," he announced so that all could hear, "has got his sentence cut down six months fer behavin' good."

There was quick interest. A grizzled hill-billy raised himself on an elbow.

"Hit's mighty nice," he commented, "to have a boy that does you sech credit."

Staged a Sensational Comeback



SLIDE CURLING ACE IN ACTION

"Go West, young man, go West," quoth Horace Greeley, and Hughie Munro and his Copper Cliff curling team thought this was very sound advice indeed, particularly in view of the fact that the Macdonald-Brier finals are being played in Calgary this year.

But the ardent schemes of Hughie's team went agley, and got wrecked on the rocks of Kenora.

The Munro quartet won the right to represent the Northern Ontario Curling Association in the British Consols eliminations for the privilege of competing for the Canadian curling championship at Calgary. In a thrilling double-round robin they played off with Kenora and Noranda.

Copper Cliff dropped its first two games, then staged a sensational come-back to force another round of matches between the three teams. Kenora had to curl in the grand manner to pull out a win in this third round robin, and the capacity crowds of spectators saw some wonderful displays of the fine points of the roarin' game.

Slight Change in Theme Song

The Cliff team is pictured above; Hughie Munro, skip; Ken Madill, vice-skip; Jim Dewey, second; Vern Johnston, lead. They've changed their theme song from "The West, a Nest, and You Dear," to "Home on the Nickel Range," but it was fun while it lasted and they made a great showing.

Cincoeur of all eyes during the Consols matches was Jimmy Guy, who threw last rocks for Kenora. He curled the same position on the Grant Watson team which won the automobiles in the big bonspiel at Nipawin, Sask., this year, but he said he got a bigger kick out of the Sudbury victory.

Undoubtedly one of the best stannemen in the world, Jimmy Guy is a devout disciple of slide curling, the style developed in the West by such famous skips as Ken and Grant Watson and Gordon Hudson.

Technique of the slide delivery as Jimmy

explains it is that no pressure whatever is exerted by the arm in getting the shot away. The arm hangs like a rod from the shoulder, and the weight of the rock is governed by the pendulum action of the backswing and the speed of the slide from the hack. The height of the backswing is the big factor in determining weight. When a curler shoves the rock with his arm as he slides from the hack, he loses the feel of the shot, Jimmy says, and his accuracy takes a beating.

Guy slides from the hack on the ball of his left foot, balancing himself with his broom, which he uses like a crutch with the handle tucked in behind his left arm. In delivering the rock his right arm follows through completely without exerting any influence on the rock other than to give it direction. As he gets his shot away his head is low so that he looks along his arm to make certain it is lined up directly on the objective. For easy sliding he prefers a felt boot with leather sole and rubber heel.

Sportsmanship Comes First

His intense concentration as he studies the behavior of every rock might give spectators the impression that he is a "sour puss" as an opponent. Actually, the Munro team say you couldn't curl against a finer fellow — quietly affable and invariably a good sportsman. No matter how hard-fought the game, if he loses he wants people to find it out from the scoreboard, never from his manner or expression as he steps off the ice.

Watching his smooth, graceful style as he sent rock after rock away from the hack with devastating accuracy, and his coolness and good humor under pressure, the fans knew they were seeing "one of the best."

HIS HANDICAP

"Those new people across the road seem very devoted," said Mrs. Jones to the newspaper which hid her husband. A rustle of the sheet was all the reply she got, but she was used to that.

"Every time he goes out he kisses her, and goes on throwing kisses all down the road. Edward, why don't you do that?"

"Me?" snorted the man behind the newspaper. "I don't even know her!"

EASE AGONY OF TAX TALLY

The Government has introduced a condensed and simplified form of income tax return which removes the need for tax calculations by many taxpayers. The new form may be used by employees whose total salary or wages in 1947 did not exceed \$3,000 and who worked for the same employer throughout the year.

The simplified return is part of the familiar T-4 slip on which employers are required to report the amount of salary or wages paid and the amount of income tax deducted at the source. The slip has been expanded to include questions to be answered by the taxpayer which will enable the Income Tax office to calculate the amount of tax owing or refund payable by the Government. The T-4 Section of the form will be completed by the employer and two copies have been delivered to Inco employees.

When the employee receives his copies of the T-4 slip he will answer the questions on the back of the form (see below). If he can answer "No" to all of these questions he will be entitled to use the forms, his tax return and will then complete items 11 to 22 on the front of the form (see below). Both copies should be completed and copy No. 1 should then be forwarded to the Income Tax department at Ottawa.

It is important to correct the name and address on the form if there has been any change. The No. 1 copy should be mailed as soon as possible—a penalty is payable if it is mailed after April 30, 1948.

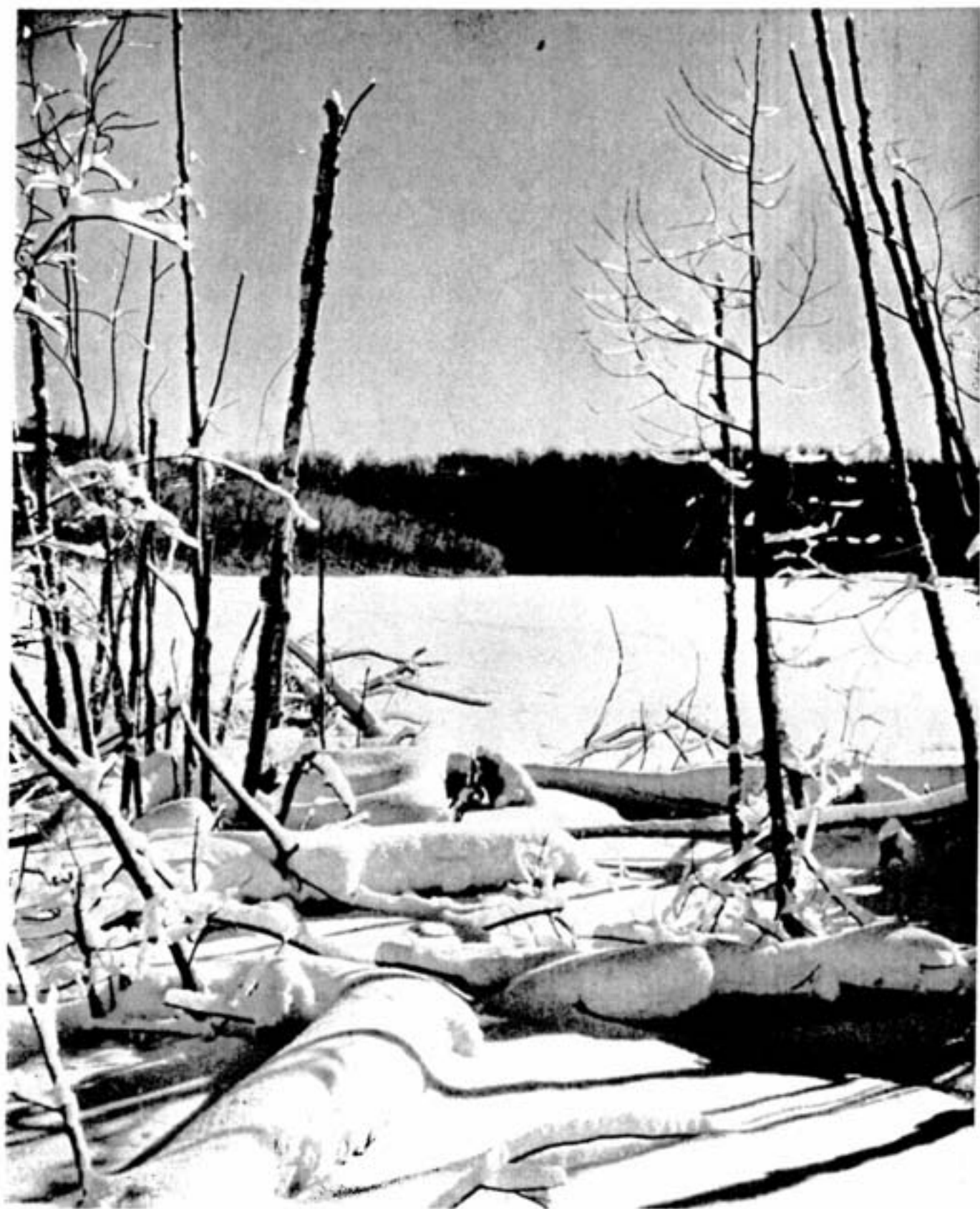
When the return is received at the Income Tax Office the information will be checked and the income tax computed. A bill for the balance of tax due will then be mailed to the taxpayer or a cheque will be forwarded for any refund payable by the Government.

Employees who answer "Yes" to any one of the questions on the back of the form are not entitled to use the simplified return. Forms T1-Special or T1-General which will be available as heretofore should be completed by these employees and forwarded to the Income Tax Office with one copy of the T-4 form, not later than April 30, 1948.

AT VALENTINE DANCE



With Alvin Nickle's Orchestra right in the groove, the Valentine Dance at Copper Cliff Club was a highly enjoyable affair. Two of the many good-looking couples having themselves a large time were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith of Coniston (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Bill DeSoto of Copper Cliff.



Symphony in Snow