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NUMBER 10



"Deep Freeze" at Crean Hill

STORY ON PAGE 4



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## Reminiscences Of Sudbury, 1886

As a girl of nine, Mrs. A. Hibbard of Akron, Ohio, spent the winter of 1886-87 at Sudbury, where her father, Louis H. Ashmun, was the first supt. of mines for the Canadian Copper Co. Some years ago she put down recollections of the experience, which follow:



Kate Ashmun, 9

One of the most interesting experiences of my life began in October of 1886 when I went to spend the winter months with my parents in Sudbury, Ontario.

My father, Louis H. Ashmun, an Ohio farmer, had gone in the preceding April to do work preparatory to the development of the mines on the property of the Canadian Copper Co. Without previous experience, and with a physique none too rugged, he spent a year and a half in superintending preliminary work for the company. He was born on July 18, 1837, on a small farm near Talmadge, Ohio, son of a widowed mother of four children, and early learned in the school of hard knocks. With a very limited education but with a natural love of good literature, he found in the Bible and in Shakespeare his main source of education and inspiration. He died at the age of 55.

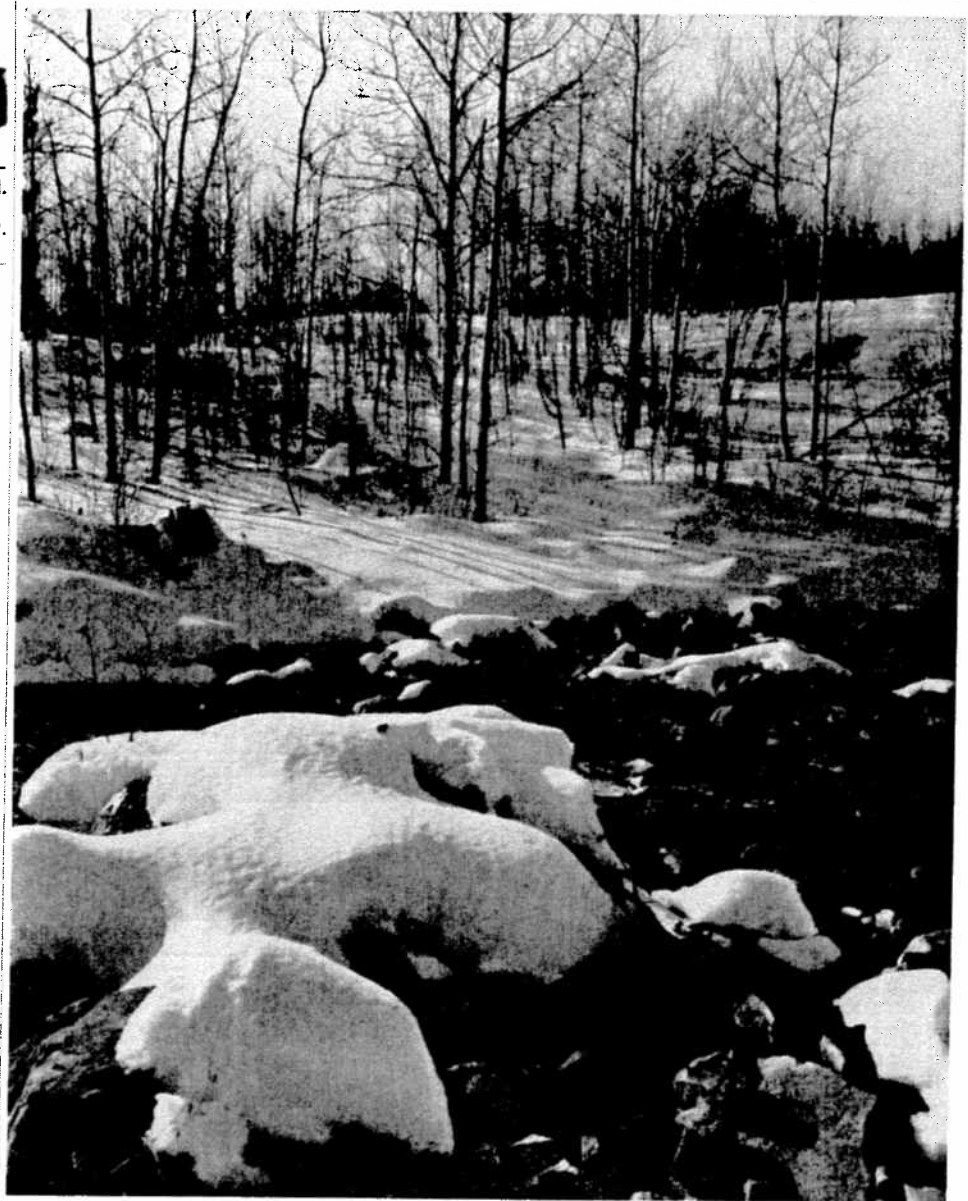
Leaving home in Talmadge in April of 1886, my father travelled first to Montreal to purchase supplies of hardware and groceries for use at Sudbury. Arriving in Sudbury on April 21, he found a room in the building built not long before by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and board in a hotel run by a genial Irishman named McCormick.

Sudbury was a new town, and primitive. Nearly all the dwellings were of log construction. Drinking water came from a spring, and for laundry purposes an amber-colored fluid from a creek was drawn, in winter, from holes in the ice and carried about town on a horse-drawn sled by Joe Veque.

In October of that year Mother and I joined Father so that he need not endure



Louis H. Ashmun



"BUT I GO ON FOREVER"

A gurgling brook, still fighting back at King Winter's icy grip, makes its way through the snow-locked bush near Crean Hill Mine. The picture was made in mid-January.

boarding house fare through the long winter. The preceding summer had been none too easy, hiring men, cutting the way through the woods in the direction of Copper Cliff and Stobie mines, fighting black flies. At one point in Father's diary I find, "It is the disciplined life that is serene." Having early learned the value of self control, he practised it always.

My memory recalls, from those early days, the names of the reeve of Sudbury, Stephen Fournier, and of Samuel Hosking, John D. Evans, an engineer and surveyor, Captain Jones, the rotund, good-natured miner, Tom Kirkwood, Frank L. Sperry, the company's chemist, and Rev. Silas Huntington, the godly minister who came for Sunday church services which were held, believe it or not, in a building on a rise of ground which housed the jail! Also familiar are the names of mines now forgotten — Butte, McKim, Eyre, McAllister, McConnell.

The following notations are from Father's diary for the summer of 1886:

"May 31: At mine all day. Terribly bitten by black flies.

"June 3: Tramped all day through the brush.

"June 12: Started for the States with samples of ore to show to Akron and Cleve-

land capitalists.

"July 5: Have 48 men on the work.

"Aug. 26: C.P.R. men began laying out line of track from Algoma branch to Copper Cliff."

I still remember the thrill of the ride up to Sudbury and of the old French names on the little stations along the C.P.R. The names on the sleepers, Yokahama, Tokio, Hong Kong, intrigued me.

We lived in part of the C.P.R. building, which was between the main line and a siding, and I think near the present site of the Nickel Range Hotel. Consequently life was not too quiet, but really full of diversion for a nine-year-old girl.

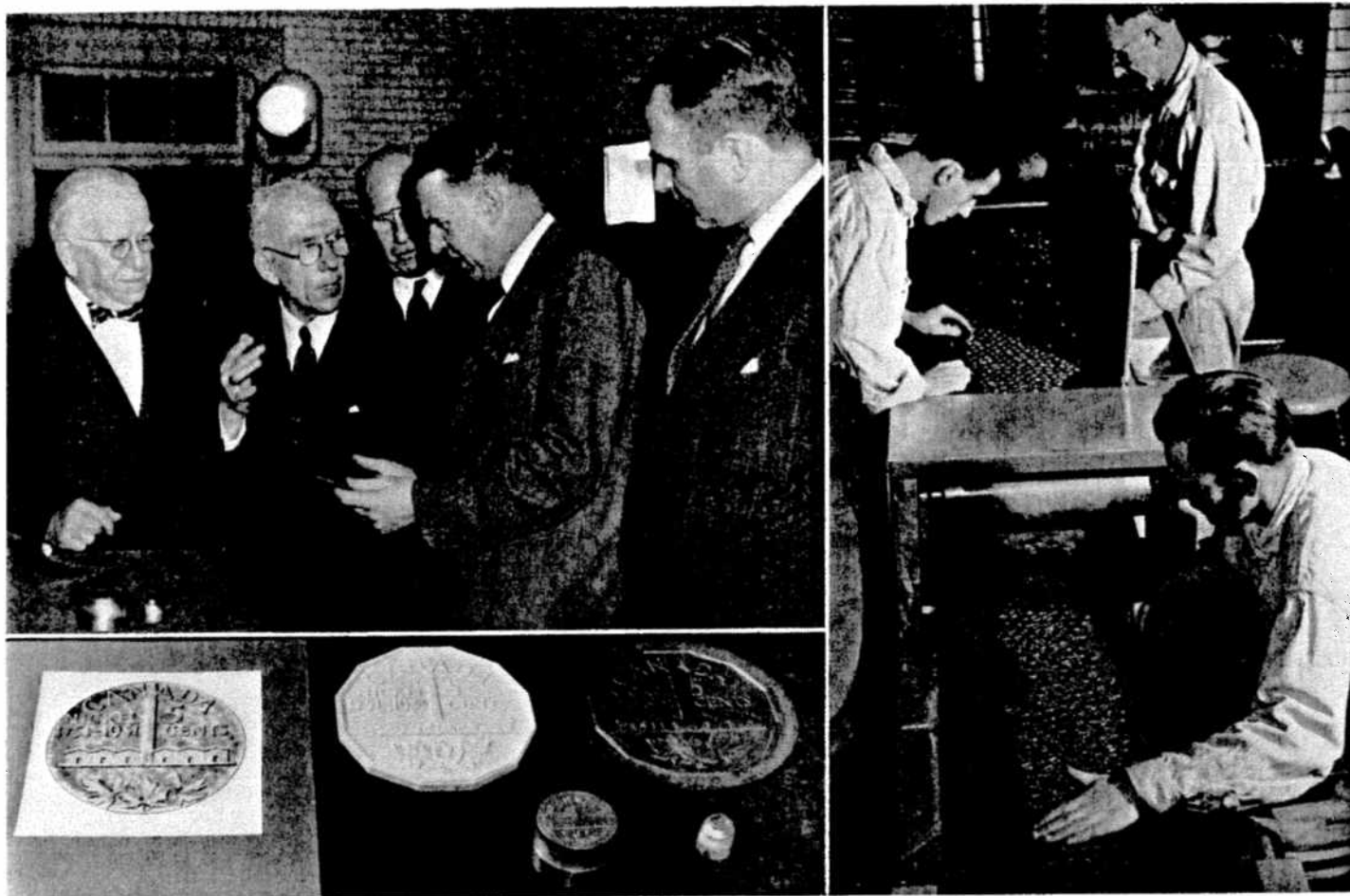
After the snow came, the giant snow plows were attached to the engines. One day, to my distress, a little pig ventured on the track and was snatched up by the plow.

Cows wandered hungrily over the town. It was my responsibility to go to the post office daily. Once, sliding on my toboggan down a small hill, a stray cow slowly crossed my path, a bit late for my toboggan, which soundly whacked her heels. I reached the post office a sadder and wiser child.

The only public school in Sudbury at that time was in a small log cabin, and was taught by a Catholic priest.

The temperature records of that winter

# New Coin Commemorates Discovery of Nickel



were interesting: Dec. 27, 32 below zero at 8:30; Jan. 2, 33 below; March 5, 5 below. Later reports from F. L. Sperry showed 56 below on Jan. 26, 1888.

Father bought a handsome black horse, and cutter, at Pembroke. We floundered through the drifts on the road to Copper Cliff, and the struggles of Prince in the deep snow resulted in serious lameness. A beautifully matched pair of iron grays, Bob and Mag, driven by Joe Pigol, did the teaming between Sudbury and the mines.

I recall a trip to the first small excavation at Stobie mine. The burned-off stumps and the rocks in the trail made driving almost impossible, but Joe got us there. Mother had an attack of gallstones on the way so we built a fire and heated stones to apply to the sufferer, thus improvising an emergency hospital.

Housekeeping was difficult when water froze on the kitchen stove during the day, but we were a united and happy family. It was a great life! — riding the front edge of a handcar, watching the Indians from Whitefish Bay come in with their dog teams, Sunday hymn sings with mother playing Mrs. Dr. Howie's little organ, the glimpses of beautiful Ramsey Lake and, to climax it while on a trip to Montreal, a glorious view of the St. Lawrence from the top of Notre Dame.

Come what may, there will ever be in my heart a great thankfulness for this experience and a lasting love for the great Dominion of Canada.

To attain happiness in another world we need only to believe something, while to secure it in this world we must do something.—C. P. Gillman.

To commemorate the 200th anniversary of the discovery of nickel as an element by the Swedish scientist, Cronstedt, a new Canadian 5-cent coin was struck at the Royal Canadian Mint in Ottawa on Dec. 18. The design was selected from 10,000 submitted by citizens of Canada, and the winner was awarded a prize of \$1,000. The coin went into circulation in Canadian banks on Jan. 3, and by Jan. 15 1,000,000 had been delivered to the Bank of Canada. One hundred of these pure nickel Canadian 5-cent pieces weigh one pound.

Top left in the above layout shows a group at the Mint during the striking of the new coin: left to right, Ed. Feely of Inco's New York offices; T. Shingles, chief engraver of the Mint; C. E. Macdonald, Canadian sales manager of Inco; Hon. Douglas Abbott, minister of finance; F. M. Noblet, Inco.

In the picture immediately below are: top left, the original artist's drawing; top centre, a molded plaster cast supplied by the sculptor; top right, a nickel electro-plated impression made from the plaster cast; lower right, a second, but reduced, electro-plate made from the large electro-plate; lower left, the final die, cut by pantograph from the smaller electroplate.

The photo on the right shows Mint employees inspecting the new coins as they come from the stamping machine.

## LITTLE TOMMY

Little Tommy had spent his first day at school. Mother was anxious to know how he had got on.

Mother — What did you learn, dear?

Tommy — Didn't learn nothin'.

Mother — Well, then, what did you do?

Tommy — Didn't do nothin'. A woman wanted to know how to spell dog, and I told her. That's all.



## BECOMES KING'S SCOUT

This fine-looking lad is Garry Noel Price of 1st Coniston Boy Scout troop, who was invested as a King's Scout in a ceremony at All Saints Anglican Church. Picture shows him receiving his straps and cords from Scoutmaster P. L. Petersen. He is eligible to attend the world jamboree of Boy Scouts in Austria next August; two representatives will be chosen from Northern Ontario, 50 from all of Canada.



# Old Crean Hill Workings Teem With Romance

The development programs underway at Inco's operating mines, to provide replacements for the tonnage from the Open Pits where operations will be completed in 1953 and also to increase production from the higher grade areas, are spectacular in size and scope and in the equipment being installed. For mining romance and historical interest, though, the exploration of the old "ghost mine," Crean Hill, to see what's left there in the way of ore, is in a class by itself.

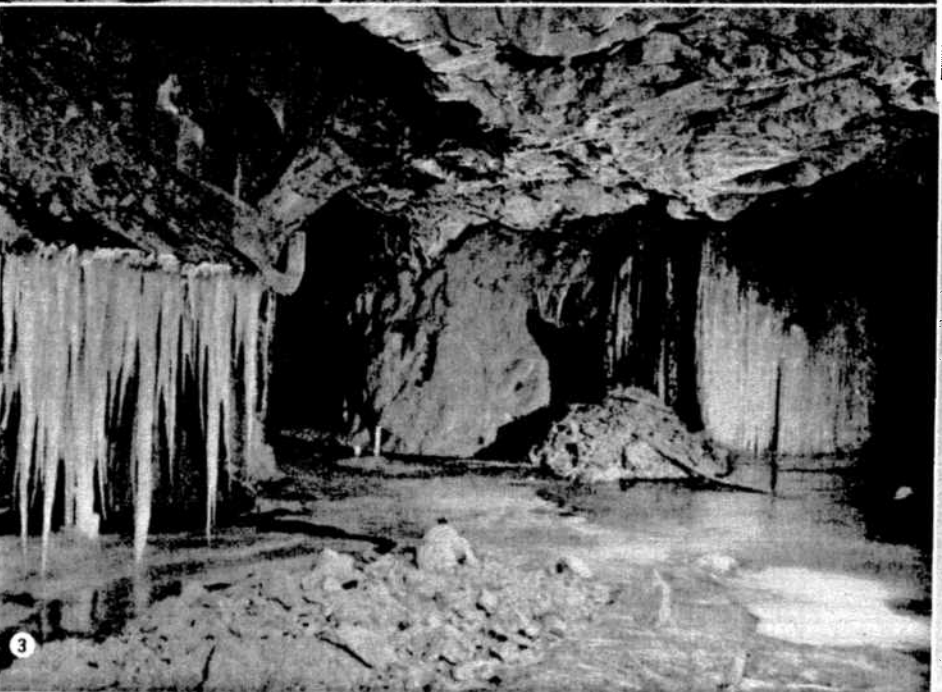
Back in the bush off the Soo highway, 22 miles west of Copper Cliff, the old Crean Hill workings are again echoing to the tread of miners' feet after more than 30 years of tomb-like silence. On the 7th and 9th levels things are just about ready for driving exploration drifts in which diamond drills will be set up; diamond drilling is also being carried on from surface.

Steady progress has been made since the Crean Hill program got underway last September. First item on the agenda was to pump out the mine, which was flooded from its bottom at 700 feet to within 14 feet of surface. More than two million gallons of water has been pumped out.

## Temporary Plant Completed

A neat temporary surface plant has been put up, several of the buildings on the original foundations built away back about 1906. **Picture No. 1** gives a general view of the layout: collarhouse, headframe and hoisthouse on the right, combined offices and changehouse, steam plant and staff house on the left. In the immediate foreground is a small blacksmith shop. A remarkably self-contained little camp, it operates smoothly and efficiently. The surrounding country has always been noted for moose.

**Picture No. 2** shows an intersection on 6 level, which was a main tramming level when the mine was shut down in 1919. The haulage way was built under huge open stopes, some of them up to 100 feet in height. The big native pine timbers were supported by dry wall, building of which is almost a forgotten art and certainly consigned to the limbo of the past where modern mining methods are concerned. Crean Hill, as far



as is known, was the only mine in the district where dry wall was used extensively; some has been found on the upper levels of Creighton. Skilled Italian miners were probably responsible for Crean Hill's expert stone work which, like almost all the timbers it supports, is still as solid as the day it was built. Only the narrow-gauge track shows the effect of long immersion.

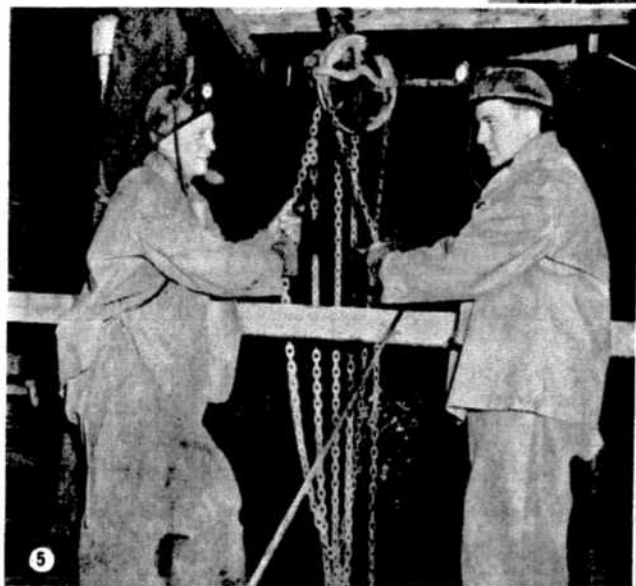
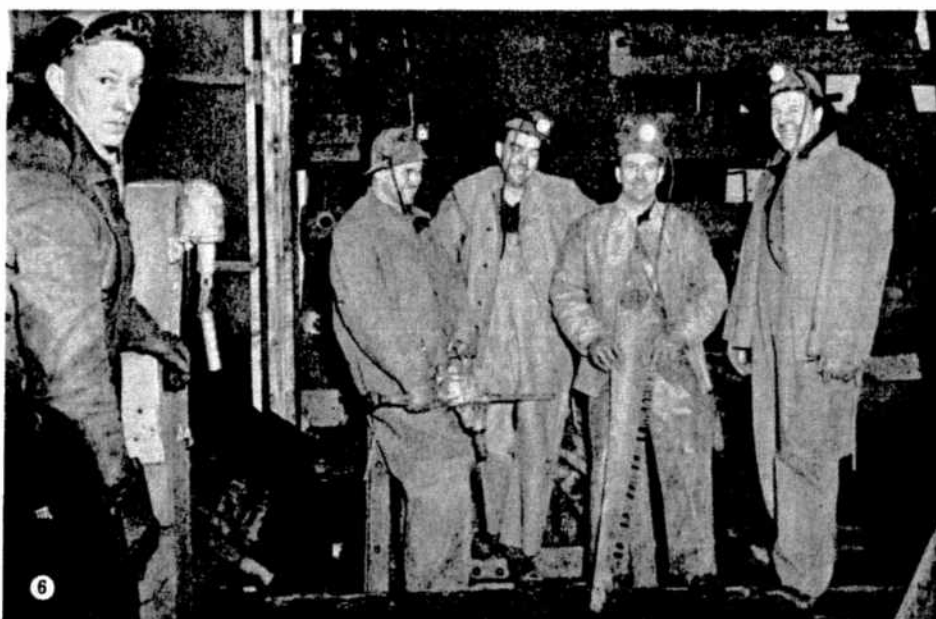
Water dripping back into the mine during pumping operations and freezing in the sub-zero air coming down through the stopes from the open pit has transformed sections of the old workings into something like the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico with their stalactites and stalagmites. Triangle's front cover illustration for this issue shows Mine Supt. Bill Vannanen making his way through a maze of monster icicles in a tramping drift on 6 level, a "deep freeze" 400 feet below ground. Immediately in front of him is an old hand-tramming car, sitting just where it was abandoned at the end of the last shift 32 years ago. Visible is the hand latch which had to be unlocked before the car could be raised and dumped. Two men pushed these cars between chutes and ore pass; the car held about two tons of ore, compared with the 10-ton car of today.

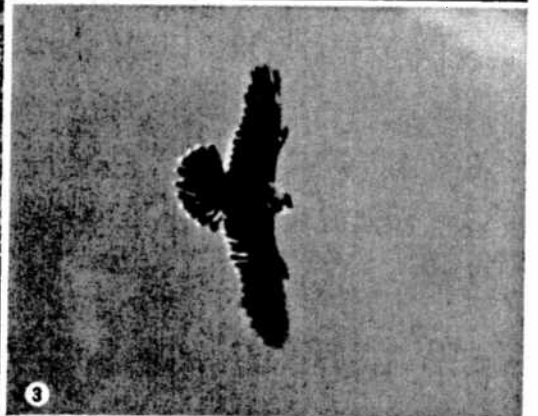
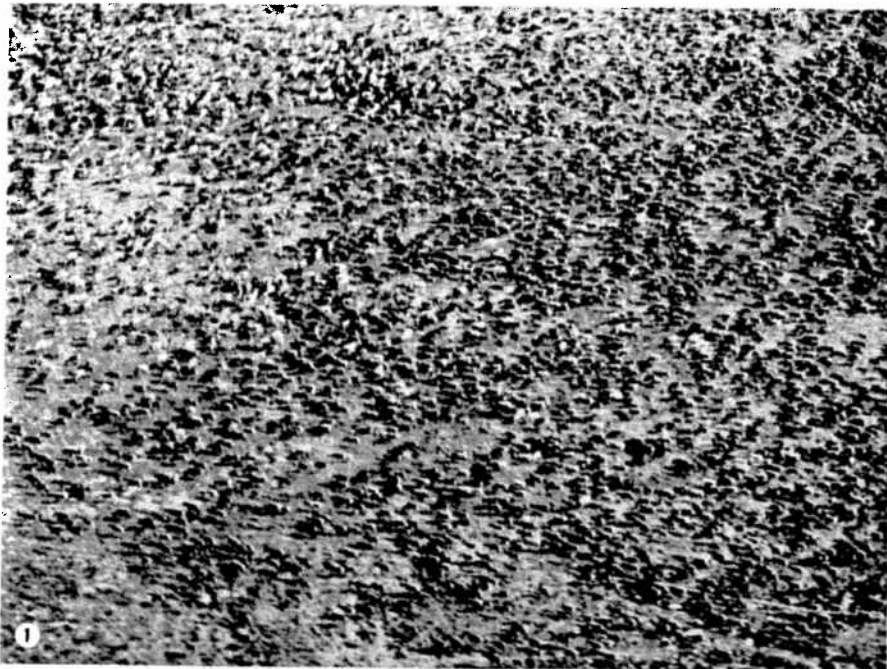
#### An Eerie Atmosphere

Picture No. 3 shows the intersection of several drifts on 6 level, where the ends of the ore chutes, two of which can be seen, are all heavily festooned with icicles. A modern mining ventilation system, creating an updraft of air, would do away with this ice problem. On the chute at the left is the iron device used to hold the stop log which stemmed the ore as it came thundering down the chute from the stopes to be loaded into the hand-trammed cars. Sepulchral echoes of voice and steps, intensified in the frigid air so that they boom and bounce off the walls until they lose themselves in the black silence of forgotten drifts, create an atmosphere in this place worthy of any radio chiller-diller.

Mining is hardly a game to be classed as souvenir hunting, but the men who are going into the old Crean Hill workings are picking up some interesting relics. One found a stem-winding watch (it won't work). Another found the candle which little Gail Turpinen is holding in Picture No. 4. When her mother lit a match to it, it sputtered and burned — after 30 years under water. Hard to realize is the fact that men mined ore by candlelight in the early days of the district.

Picture 5 shows two of the 25-man crew at present on the job. On 6 level George Ballantyne and Orin Yack are lowering the  
(Continued on Page 7)







# Vuori's Camera Caught Some Fine Pictures

Hank Vuori of the Geological Dept. came back from a trip to the North with some remarkable pictures of wild life on his film. A keen amateur (?) photographer who has mastered many of the trickiest tricks in the book, he made the most of his opportunities while flying over the hinterland and bagged a very fine batch of exposures.

Most of Hank's shots were made with a telephoto lens in his Leica camera. He used Kodachrome film throughout the trip, usually exposed at 4.5 at 100th of a second. Often the chance for a picture came up so fast he had no time to focus, but there are few fuzzy shots in the lot. On the opposite page are reproduced a few of his photos, and although they lose a lot of their effectiveness when reduced to black and white, they still have plenty of oomph, especially when it's remembered that they were made from a plane.

1. This shot of caribou was taken at about 2,000 feet, and shows only a portion of an immense herd. Hank says the great depletion of caribou which occurred this century seems ended. Hunters and fur traders report the herds are bigger and more calves are travelling with the bulls and cows. Caribou herds are one of the main food and clothing supplies of the Eskimo and barren-land Chipewyan Indians. When a migration misses a native settlement, starvation and great hardship can result. The Eskimo prefers caribou to venison, and so does Hank.

2. Here's a polar bear out for a stroll. The roar of the plane bothered him not at all.

3. A peregrine falcon came into Hank's lens as it gracefully veered out of the path of the airship. It nests in the cliffs, will attack in a vicious power dive if a human ventures near its home.

4. This small school of white whales, cruising under water, was remarkably visible from the air. Usually travelling in groups of a dozen, white whales average about 15 feet in length.

5. This Arctic wolf was thoroughly scared by the sound of the plane's motor and its shadow on the ground, took off in a mad race for nowhere. About the same size as



In this rare picture photograph taken by Hank Vuori on his Northern trip is seen a herd of muskox, which are becoming very scarce. Stalking them for his picture, Hank was still 100 yards away when they took fright; a second after he made a snap shot with his Leica, they bolted. Hunted for their hides, which make excellent robes, muskox are reported to be more plentiful on islands in the Arctic ocean.

a timber wolf, the Arctic wolf hunts in packs which get larger in the winter months.

6, 7, 8. These are pictures of kindly Eskimo people whom Hank met on his trip. When winter really sets in the family in No. 7 will build an igloo and fold up their tent.

## MEDICALLY SPEAKING

(By the Inco Medical Staff)

We saw a full-blown case of scurvy the other day. To most of us scurvy is a disease which occurred in our early Canadian history among settlers who were deprived of fresh foods. It took a dreadful toll of lives but in this enlightened age we know scurvy is caused by lack of vitamin C or ascorbic acid, and no one gets it now.

But scurvy does exist today. We see three or four typical cases every year, and there are many cases with just a few symptoms which are never diagnosed.

With the swing away from breast feeding today, many cases of latent scurvy do occur. Breast-fed babies do not get scurvy because breast milk contains sufficient vitamin C to prevent the disease. Cow's milk does contain some vitamin C but it is all destroyed by evaporation and pasteurization, so that unless infants receive supplementary feedings containing the vitamin, they will develop symptoms of deficiency of vitamin C.

Scurvy is an insidious disease. It sneaks up on us gradually, taking about six months to develop. Sometimes the only symptoms are irritability, fretfulness, and vague aches and pains. It is commonest in infants from 8 to 16 months, before very much solid food is taken. Often these children look surprisingly well and that is where we doctors are sometimes led astray.

Scurvy will not develop if each infant is given two full ounces of fresh orange juice, or four ounces of tomato juice, per day. Very often we ask a mother if she is giving orange juice, only to find that the child is getting one teaspoonful daily. It might as well not be getting any. We have found some mothers warming the juice before giving it to the baby; this destroys the vitamin.

Many mothers claim their infants just will not take orange juice, but spit it out. A little persistence is usually all that is necessary. At other times tomato juice can be

substituted, but always remember to give twice as much.

Rarely, for children who are allergic to fruit, the pure ascorbic acid can be given in the form of a solution or a tablet. It is slightly more expensive than the juice but will do the same job of protecting your infant.

## Crean Hill

(Continued from Page 5)

"Mary Ann" on which pumps are operating to pull the water from the bottom levels of the mine.

In Picture No. 6 are more of the Crean Hill explorers, just up from underground at the end of a shift: left to right, Eino Maki, Don Sutherland, Charlie Turpinen, and Onni Ristimaki; the deck man at the left is Bill Johnson. They had made their first trip in the mine's new cage; in the previous months all travel was by ladder. Incidentally, the cage ride down the inclined shaft is a unique experience — as far as the fifth level the incline is at 57 degrees, then the cage goes over a hump and the remainder of the trip is at an incline of 71 degrees.

### Solid Comfort in the Bush

Life in the staff house at Crean Hill is cosy and comfortable. The men seldom "go out" to Sudbury except at week-ends. A game of cards is in progress in Picture No. 7; left to right the players are Vern Marttila, Supt. Bill Vannanen, Charlie Turpinen, and Vic Tuomi.

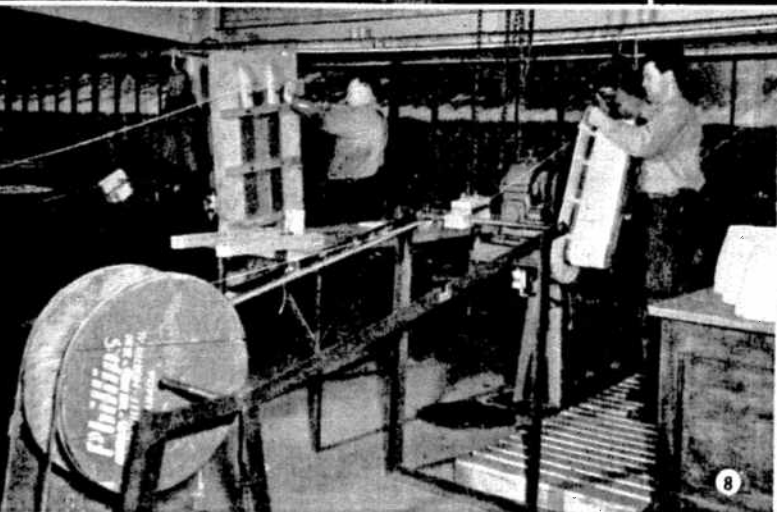
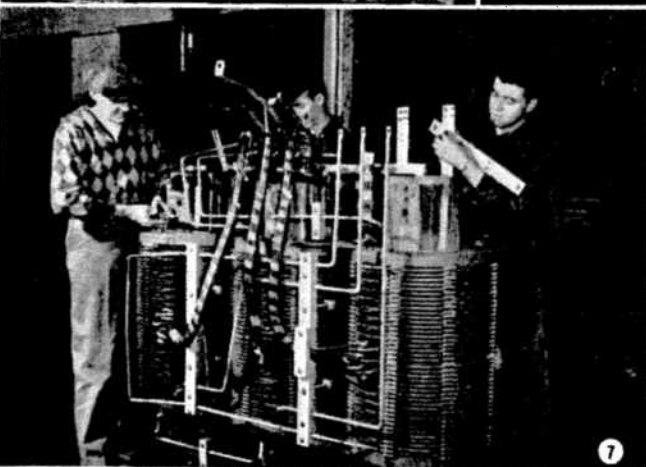
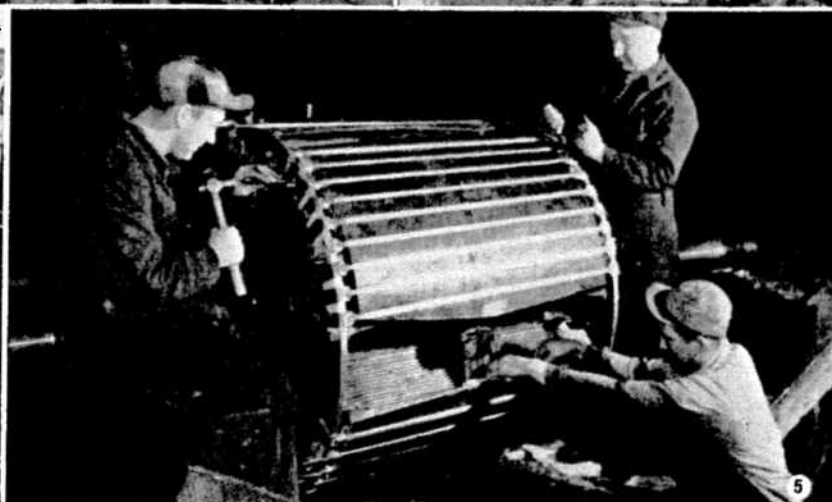
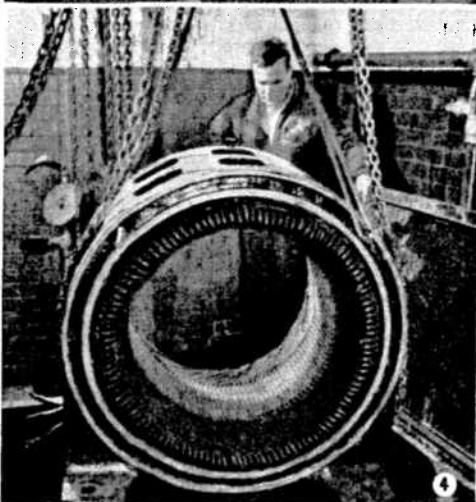
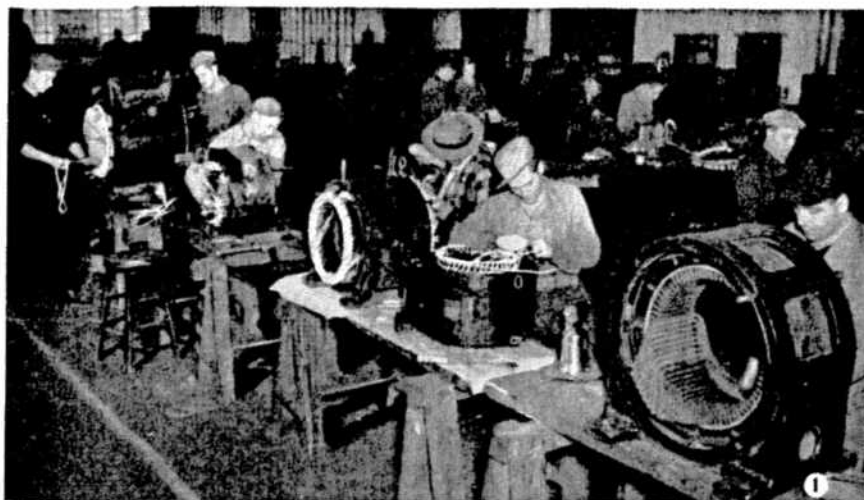
"The food," said Joe Serpel (facing camera at first table) "is tops and there's lots of it." "You can say that again," added Frank Ressel (opposite camera at second table). To which the Triangle must chime in with a hearty Amen. Picture 8 shows some of the boys engaged in their favorite diversion. Waiting on table is Mrs. Marttila, assistant chef.

One reason why no second call to dinner need be sounded is the delicious bread baked by the chef, Mrs. Turpinen, who is shown in Picture 9 with her daughter Gail, 5. That batch of crispy loaves was made from local whole wheat flour, milled the day before it was used. City guys would swoon over it. This is Mrs. Turpinen's fifth year as a camp cook; compared with other assignments where she has had as many as 100 lumberjacks to keep gastronomically happy, the Crean Hill job is duck soup to her.

Crean Hill these days is a happy, interesting place.



Hank Vuori of the Geological Dept. and the Leica camera which is his favorite travelling companion.





# The Trend of "Current" Events In the Electrical Shop at Cliff

Visitors to the Company's mines and plants, and indeed many in our own ranks, impressed by the spectacular size and scope of Inco operations, are often inclined to overlook the extensive organization and equipment necessary in the shops for service and maintenance.

Costly delays are avoided because major repair jobs can be handled in Inco's own shops instead of having to be shipped to the factory. A typical example of this was when a 3400-h.p. motor from one of the substation blowers supplying converter air to the smelter at Copper Cliff burned out. Rather than wait a year or more for parts from Switzerland, the Company's Electrical Dept. undertook to repair and rewind the huge 14-ton motor. It was the biggest job of its kind they had ever tackled, but they completed it in three months.

This sort of achievement, usually carried out with speed and ingenuity astonishing even to the equipment manufacturer himself, has earned Inco's shops an enviable reputation which has spread far afield. In routine service and maintenance as well as on special assignments, the various shop departments maintain a high standard of craftsmanship.

Last week the Triangle took a trip through the Electrical Dept.'s shop at Copper Cliff to get an idea of the variety of work in hand there on an average day. While electrical equipment repairs are done by individual shops at each mine and plant, the central shop at the Cliff handles the major jobs in addition to the regular flow of work from the smelter. It is equipped to take care of the most extensive repairs and the rebuilding and rewinding of any equipment.

Since there are more than 6,700 electric motors in use in Inco's Mining and Smelting Divisions alone, a large section of the Copper Cliff shop is devoted to motor repairs. 1. The first picture of the accompanying layout was made in the main winding shop and shows, from right to left, Howie Thompson winding a 50-h.p. sump motor from the concentrator; Don Phillips, Albert Langlade, and Dick McCourt winding motors from the sinter plant; H. Pardu and Stan Racicot working on a 125-h.p. stator from a mine slusher hoist.

2. In this second picture in the main shop, in the foreground, Albert Langlade helps Bill Becket Jr. wind a 50-ton locomotive armature; to the left behind them Art Brace and Bud Germa are working on a 275-h.p. rotor from the Open Pit. In the background F. Floriani and E. Falcioni are repairing a

300-h.p. sinter plant fan motor, and at the right Herk Flynn is winding a Westinghouse locomotive armature.

3. Smaller motors, ranging from the size of a thimble up to 5 h.p., are serviced in another section of the winding shop, part of which is shown here. At the far end of the bench is Derrio Biondi, winding a reagent rotor from the mill; next is Walter Fowler, in charge of the section, checking the motor from the trunk ventilating fan of one of the converter aisle cranes; next is George Tincombe, winding a fractional h.p. motor from a unit heater, and in front of the camera is L. Kattari, winding a 3-h.p. mill motor.

4. All motors are processed after they are cleaned and rewound. Heated in ovens to a temperature of 200 degrees, they are then immersed in insulating varnish which has a high di-electric and heat resistance. Between a series of dips in the varnish they are returned to the ovens for 12 hours of baking. Art Brace is seen manoeuvring a motor into position for dipping.

5. An unusual job underway when the Triangle made the rounds was applying a new type of winding, being used in the shop for the first time, to a 2300-k.w. rotor from No. 3 Brown-Boveri blower in the substation. Busy on the assignment were Hec Steele, Jack Kent, and Lloyd Watson.

6. Ray Condie and Al Prete are seen winding a 275-h.p. motor from one of the big electric shovels at the Open Pit.

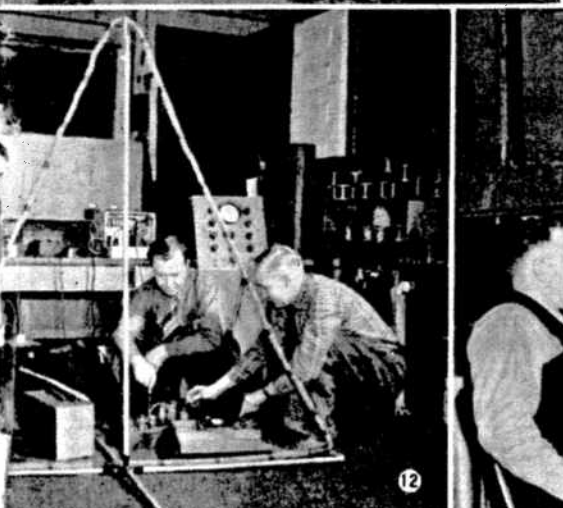
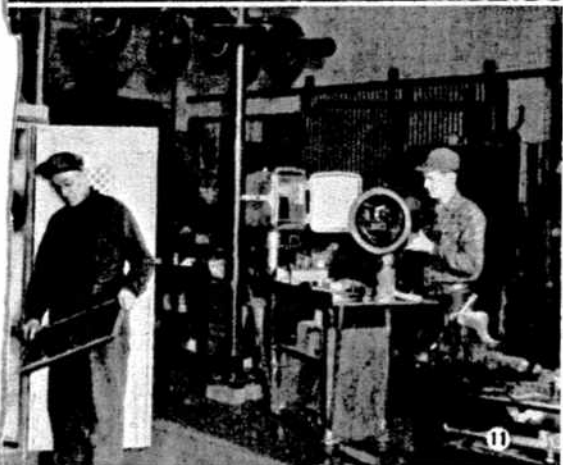
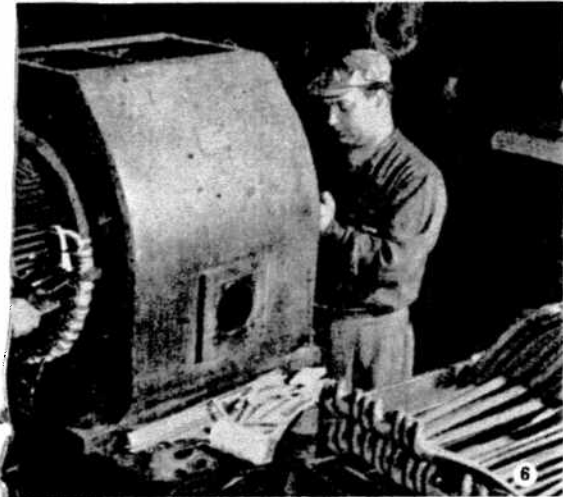
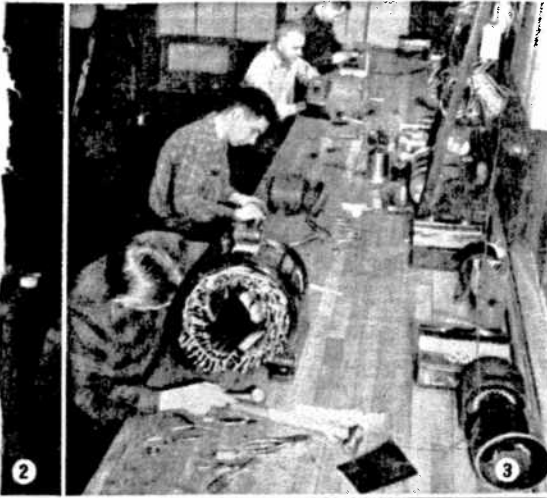
7. A 300-k.w. mercury arc rectifier transformer, manufactured in England and installed last year at Murray Mine, developed a defect which necessitated removing of one leg and rewinding for low tension coils. A great deal of tearing down and reassembling was involved. This job, new to the shop, was in the hands of W. Becket Sr. (left) assisted by Mike Narduzzi and Dick Canapini.

8. Coils for all motors repaired in the shop are wound and shaped in a section partly shown here. In the foreground Lloyd Watson is winding 36-in. magnet coils for use in the separation building; on the left Jack Tincombe is making adjustments to a form for winding large 1785-k.v.a. transformer coils for Garson Mine.

9. A small but highly useful gadget is the taping machine for wrapping insulating tape around diamond-shaped coils. Bill Fex is the operator in action.

10. When Art Flowers took over as foreman of the main winding shop in 1937 it had a force of 17 men; today it employs 45. He's shown in his office but you seldom find him

(Continued on Page 10)



# Teen-Agers Have Fun at Levack Employees Club



Activities at Levack Employees Club have been stepped up to beehive pitch since the organization of a Teen-Agers Club under the direction of Lloyd Davis, personnel supervisor. Badminton, bowling, basketball, table tennis and Saturday Night dancing are all included in the recreation program for the young people's group, and they're making the most of the generous time allotted to them in the clubhouse schedule.

Mrs. Jack Stevenson has been coaching the bowling, and Misses Fay Young and Dolores Charbonneau the badminton and basketball; keen appreciation is felt by the Teen-Agers of the time and effort these ladies are giving toward their entertainment.

Pictured above are some of the happy group: front row, left to right, Ronnie McNamara, Edwin Riutta, Winston Bushnell, Frank Delorme; centre row, Glenna Moir, Shirley Matson, Bev Armstrong, Noella Lefleur, Lorna Weslake, Claire Shank, Janice Stevenson; back row, Michael Delorme, Dawn

McCoy, Beth Lejambe, Sheryl McGowan, Doris Demers, Arlene Asunmaa, Ramond McNamara, Terry Armstrong, Gene Lefebvre, and Stan Picard.

In the picture below Shirley Matson has just played a backhand return to Gene Lefebvre in a table tennis match which has drawn quite a gallery.

Next month, if things proceed according to plan, the Triangle will take a look at the thriving Teen-Ager goings-on at Creighton Employees Club.

## FIGURES DO LIE

A woman stepped off the penny scales and turned to her husband. He eyed her appraisingly and asked: "Well, what's the verdict? A little overweight, eh?"

"Oh, no," replied the little woman, "but according to that height table printed on the front, I should be about six inches taller."

## "Current" Events

(Continued from Page 9)

there—most of his day is spent on the floor, moving from one job to another on inspection.

11. A section of the electrical shop is set aside for repairs to motor starters, resistors, and other switchgear, as well as special construction jobs like the one being completed in this picture—the electrical hook-ups for a railroad crossing signal. Seen at work are Don Grannary, Bill Sylvestri, and Don Issard.

12. The section assigned to the maintenance of meter and relay equipment at all properties also builds and installs apparatus for experimental purposes, including electronic equipment. Installation of two-way radio on the slag train engines, and an electric smoke detection unit in the change-house, are examples of the type of work undertaken by this sub-department. Seen checking a piece of exploration apparatus built for the Geological Dept. are Vic Kanerva, Nick Mandzuk, and Leo Kilpinen.

13. In this view of the electrical shop office, planning part of the day's activities, are Barney Hamilton, smelter electrical foreman; Cliff Duncan, clerk; Bob Bell, asst. chief electrician (phoning) and, on the right, Alex McIntyre, chief electrician, and George Robb, line foreman.

## AN OLD COMPLAINT

A Scotchman leaned against the bar holding his stomach and moaning piteously. "Sick?" asked a sympathetic stranger who stood next to him.

"Verra, verri sick," said the Scotchman. "I am afraid I've got yoores."

"What's 'yoores'?" asked the stranger.

The Scotchman brightened immediately. "Make it a scotch and soda."





## First Aid Boys Can Play Rough Tom Newman Says

Take it from a man who knows, being the "patient" in Inco First Aid demonstrations, particularly the Parker Shield event, can be a pretty rugged pastime. Tommy Newman, who has volunteered for the job uncounted times in the past 10 years, says the First Aiders sometimes get so wrapped up in their work they forget that their "victim" isn't really unconscious, and poke and twist him in a very vigorous manner. After one Parker Shield semi-final Tom says he was black and blue.

No matter how tightly they trussed him up with their splints and bandages, Tom will always have a warm spot in his heart for the First Aid boys. St. John's Ambulance work has been his hobby for many years. During World War 2 he helped coach First Aid classes of High School boys, and one day even pretended to fall and break a leg in front of the post office in Sudbury so some



**TOM AND MRS. NEWMAN**

of his pupils, strategically located, could rush to his assistance, treat him on the spot, and thus publicize First Aid training.

Born at Newport, in Monmouthshire, England, on Dec. 15, 1885, Tommy came to Canada in 1905 after working in the coal pits

## First Family Moves In

Thursday, Jan. 18, was an historic day as far as the new townsite of Lively was concerned — the first family to occupy one of the 125 smart, fully modern new homes, Mr. and Mrs. Don Wright and daughter Doris, moved in from Copper Cliff. Picture shows Lively's first householder (centre) helping carry in his furniture. Other families have since been moving in as construction of the new houses is completed. Don Wright is one of the men transferred from Copper Cliff Concentrator to the new 12,000-ton mill at Creighton.

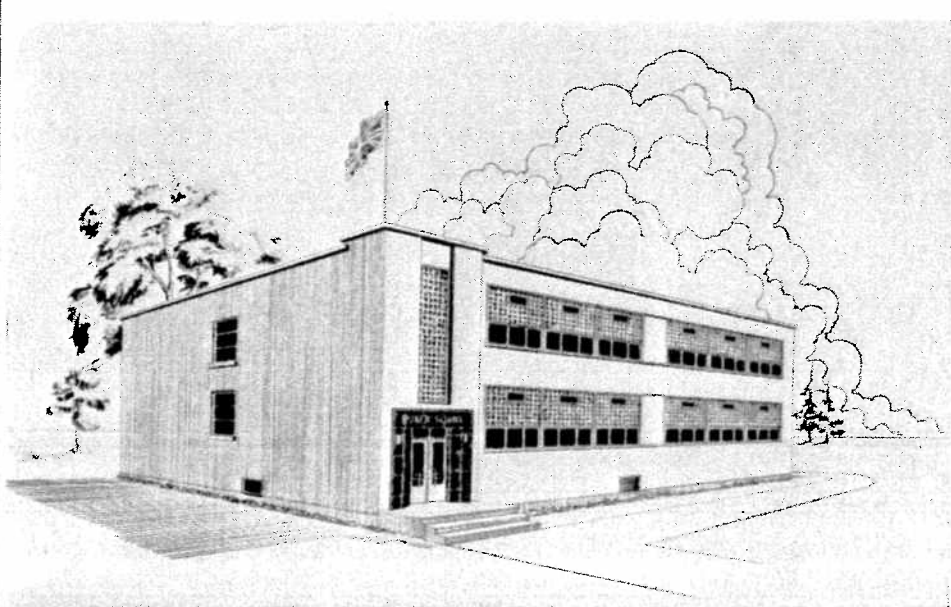
and steel mills at home. Until he enlisted in the Fourth Battalion at Sudbury in 1914, he roamed this country from Quebec to the Fraser Valley, working on the railroad, sinking wells, farming, sailing the Great Lakes — turning his hand to any old thing at all to make a grubstake so he could move on to a new adventure.

Back from the Great War in 1918 he came to Sudbury to join his father, who was a painter. Tom did odd jobs around the city until he signed on with Mond Nickel Co., working at the old Frood Extension. After the Mond-Inco merger he continued with the Company, and in his long career at Frood

worked at almost every job underground except running the machines. When he retired recently on pension he was a fire guard.

Tom was married in June of 1922 to Mabel Pritchard of Sudbury, who came from the same town in England as he did. They have one daughter, Margaret, and one son, George, both at home.

Well known for his cheery disposition and his ready wit, Tom will be greatly missed by the boys at Frood. He's now casting around for a lively hobby to occupy his leisure days, because he expects to be retired for a long time; after all, his father was 99 when he died.



**LIVELY'S PUBLIC SCHOOL**

Here's an architect's sketch of the seven-room school now under construction at the new townsite of Lively. Accommodations have been designed to the latest educational standards, and will be similar to those in the recent addition to Levack Public School. Plans for other fully modern community facilities are in the hands of the contractors.



# INCO FAMILY ALBUM

The Triangle camera in the past month has had the pleasure of winking its shutter at these happy families: (1) Mr. and Mrs. August Pintur (Frood-Stoble Mine) with Mary, 9, and Joseph, 14. (2) Mr. and Mrs. Albert Blackwell (Creighton Mine) with Donald, 2, John Martin, 2 mos., Connie, 3½, and Marcella, 5. (3) Mr. and Mrs. John Chalmers (Garson Mine) with Judy, 8, and Johnny, 6. (4) Mr. and Mrs. Ken Fryer (Murray Mine) with Brian, 5, and Billy, 9. (5) Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McPhail (Copper Refinery) with Patricia, 12, and Betty Lou and Mary Lou, 8. (6) Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sheridan (Copper Cliff Concentrator) with Billy, 12, and Pamela, 4. (7) Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kozar (Port Colborne) with Walter Jr., 12, and Wayne, 8.



# Legion Ladies' Night Was a Brilliant Success



## Was Skimmer at Coniston 25 Years

Presentation of a purse of money was made to Joe Revals by members of his Coniston Smelter shift at a retirement party staged in his honor. He had been a skimmer at the



Copper Cliff branch of the Canadian Legion staged its first Ladies' Night on Jan. 25, and it was such a thorough success that it has been adopted as an annual event. Artistic decoration of the cabaret tables, a delicious dinner of Italian dishes served by the ladies of the Italian Club, clever comedy by two Oshawa lads, Barry and Howard, who were brought from New York where they are just off to a flying start on television, were highlights of the smoothly arranged entertainment. The boys certainly did it up in style for their gal friends. Almost 300 attended. The committee in charge, headed by hustling Red Pianosi, who also m.c.'d the program, was composed of Omer Racicot, Bill MacKay, Specs Telford, Unk Longfellow, Harry Stephenson, Waverly Tyers, and President Arn Boyd.

smelter for some 25 years. The farewell was organized by Pete Davis and Willard Conlon; presentation was made by Gerald Geoffrey.

Born in Quebec on New Year's Eve of 1892, Joe Revals started at Coniston Smelter in May of 1923, the year after he was married to Alice Brannonniar, who died two years ago. Members of their family are Della (Mrs. Pat Cunningham) of Coniston, Jeanine (Mrs. Joe Cesneck) of Virginiatown, Grace (Mrs. F. Leblanc) of Coniston, Florence of Gravenhurst, and Ronald, still attending school.

A heart ailment forced Joe to retire on disability pension. His pals hope that after

Some of the happy guests are seen in the above photographs:

**Top left:** clockwise around the table, Mrs. E. A. Collins (back to camera), D. Finlayson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Waterbury, Mrs. R. L. Beattie, E. A. Collins, Mrs. D. Finlayson, and R. L. Beattie.

**Top right:** clockwise from lower right, Reno Canapini, Mr. and Mrs. Bob McAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. D. Valentini, and Mrs. R. Canapini.

**Lower left:** clockwise, Waverly Tyers, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pigott, Mr. and Mrs. Len Turner, Mrs. W. Tyers.

**Lower right:** clockwise, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Canapini, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tunney, Mr. and Mrs. John Weir, Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds Dixon.

a good rest he will be fit as a fiddle again and ready to enjoy many years of leisure.

### SELLING POINT

The children had all been photographed and the teacher was trying to persuade them each to buy a copy of the group picture.

"Just think how nice it will be to look at it when you are all grown up and say, 'There's Rose; she's married;' or 'That's Billy; he's a sailor.'"

A small voice at the back of the room piped up, "And there's teacher; she's dead."



## Ryan Team Receives Evans Cup and Nifty New Jackets

Presentation of the Evans Cup and leather jackets to the Ryan football team highlighted a rousing soccer roundup and banquet at the Ryan Club on Jan. 24. Captain Jim Wallace received the trophy from President Harry Andrews of Sudbury District Football Association. The jackets, gift of Ryan team supporters, were presented to the players by Jim Nemis and Jim Harrower. Picture shows them in their nifty new raiment: back row, left to right, Bill Rowarth, Ralph Adsett, Garnet Smith, Steve Taylor, Bob Elliot, Dave Hamilton, Karl Kravosky, Mac MacDonald, Danny Parker, John Duzoulias; front row, George Joyce, Rob Ellen (trainer), Stan Brown, Jim Harrower (manager), Harry Harrower, Jim Wallace (captain), Jim Nemis, Colin Young, Russ Johnson. The new Barlow most-valuable-player award, for which five candidates were nominated, was presented by the donor to Alex Psuik of the White Eagles, Dancing completed the most enjoyable evening.

## High Award for Clarence Buck

The highest award in Northern Ontario for conservation work has been conferred on Clarence Buck of the General Engineering Dept. at Copper Cliff. The Algonquin Zone of the Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters unanimously chose him as winner of the Morse Conservation Trophy, awarded

well-filled creel, was awarded the trophy for his work in compiling a Sudbury District fishing map which was distributed to sportsmen last summer. Done in five colors, the remarkably detailed map shows where the various species of fish have been planted in district waters during the past 10 years. Sale of the maps has assisted greatly in putting Algonquin Zone on a sound financial basis. Some 2,500 maps, all paid for, are on hand for sale this year and are certain to be snapped up, especially by tourists.

Presentation of the trophy was made at the

annual dinner of the Sudbury Fish and Game Club, largest and most successful event in the history of the organization.

### A TONGUE TWISTER

If a Hottentot tot taught a Hottentot tot to talk e'er the tot could totter, ought the Hottentot tot be taught to say aught, or naught, or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot be taught by a Hottentot tutor, should the tutor get hot if the Hottentot tot hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor?



annually to the person doing the most in the past year to further the cause of conservation in the zone.

The popular outdoorsman, one of those anglers who seldom comes home without a



## In Bid for Consols

annual N.O.C.A. British Consols playoff, held at Sault Ste. Marie Feb. 3 and 4. The smooth-curling quartet is shown above: Arn Boyd, vice-skip who throws the last rocks; Bill MacKay, lead; Walter Johnstone, skip, and Wally Flowers, second. Hughie Munro's rink, composed of Jesse Morrison, El Umpherson, and A. Rodin, shared runner-up honors with Bob McAndrew's lineup of Steve Kuzmaski, Bill Taylor, and M. C. Coulter.

Ten wins in 11 games of a round-robin earned Walter Johnstone's rink the honor of representing Copper Cliff Curling Club in the



## Distinguished Guide Joan Dow Earns Gold Cord Award

An important milestone was reached in Guiding in the Sudbury division, with announcement of the presentation of the Gold Cord Award to Joan Dow, of Whitefish Falls, formerly of Sudbury.

Joan is the first Girl Guide in Sudbury ever to receive this award, which represents the highest standard possible in Girl Guide test work.

To attain this coveted award a Guide must complete, before her 17th birthday her First Class test — cook, child nurse, needlewoman, laundress, home-maker and hostess. She must also be proficient in outdoor work and have earned her hiker, woodman, stalker



JOAN DOW

and astronomer badges, as well as her swimmer, handywoman's, pioneer and empire knowledge awards, plus two badges of own choice — camper and canoeist.

Joan worked hard to achieve proficiency in all these tests, and also to pass a general overall test conducted by Mrs. E. Cameron, Divisional Commissioner of the Girl Guide Association of Espanola.

The prize winning teen-ager has enjoyed many camp sessions at MacFarlane Lake, and also at the Provincial Girl Guide camp at Doe Lake. This year she also attended Camp Belwood, the Ontario Department of Education camp at Fergus, for junior councilors.

She holds her R. L. S. silver award of merit for swimming, and is continuing her Girl Guide service by assisting with the newly organized Lawson Inco Brownies, at Willisville.

Joan attended Lansdowne Public School and Sudbury High School while in Sudbury, and now attends high school at Espanola.

She has been a member of 1st Sudbury Rangers, and is to be a member of the newly organized Sudbury Sea Rangers. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Dow of Whitefish Falls.

### THE WEST END ?

The proofreader on a small middle western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety.

One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West end by a live wire."

On the following day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note, asking: "Which is the West end of a boy?"

It took only an instant to reply: "The end the son sets on, of course."

### L'ENVOI

Don't worry if your job is small,  
And your rewards are few;  
Remember that the mighty oak  
Was once a nut like you.



## Joe's Finest Hour

Whispering Joe MacDonald, self-styled "The Poor Man's Ken Watson", skipped his rink to a thrilling 10-9 win over Walter Johnstone's British Consols quartet in the main event final of the Sudbury Motors bonspiel. He's seen above receiving the trophy from Jack McVittie of Sudbury Motors, with his team, Harold Hudson, Chuck Bronson, and Roy Bue. In the Pontiac event another Cliff rink of Dave Aubin (skip), John Jones, Ron Tresize, and Ed Leblanc, were runners-up. The b'g Sudbury Motors 'spiel was popular as ever, outstanding for good fellowship, good prizes, and good curling, and a credit to its sponsors.

## INSIDE CURLING

Inside the Club Room at the rink  
Are benches in a row,  
Where fellows sit to watch the game  
While wreaths of smoke they blow.  
And if you really want to learn  
The fine points of the play,  
Don't shoot your rock, just stay inside  
And listen what they say.

So light your pipe and take a seat  
Where it is warm and nice,  
Where better games are always curled  
Than out upon the ice.  
For soon you'll hear "He's narrow sure,  
He's coming down too hard. No, no —  
Don't sweep . . . just let it go, he's  
Going to get the guard."

"Say, watch this guy, the twist he takes,  
In his delivery . . .  
He'd tie himself into a knot  
If he should draw the tee."  
"He's wide — he's slow — oh let it go!  
He never gets the broom;  
There's no excuse to miss that shot  
He sure had lots of room."

Now what's he playing that shot for  
What can he be about?  
He ought to have a running shot  
And take that rock right out.  
"He'll never get it with that ice  
Well, look at what he struck,  
He got it after all, but then  
He had a lotta luck!"

But when these men are called to play,  
These curlers skilled and wise  
They make the very same mistakes  
As those they criticize.  
They find it takes a little skill  
To dissipate advice  
And play a scientific game  
When they are off the ice.

And as we pass along life's way  
And as we hear men talk,  
We're always skilful when we throw  
The other fellow's rock.  
This disposition is not strange

Through life, it's much the same,  
We're always wisest when we play  
The other fellow's game.

BALCARROS FREE LANCE

### THE TIDE WAS OUT

The man from Sudbury was wandering on the Sahara Desert clad only in his shorts, when he met an Arab astride a camel.

"Where," asked the Arab, "might you be going?"

"For a swim," responded the Sudburian.

"A swim effendi?" was the astonished reply. "Why, the ocean is 800 miles from here."

The man from Sudbury blinked. "Eight hundred miles! Wow! Is this ever some beach!"

Experience is one thing you can't get for nothing.—The Sphinx.



### MAN OF DISTINCTION

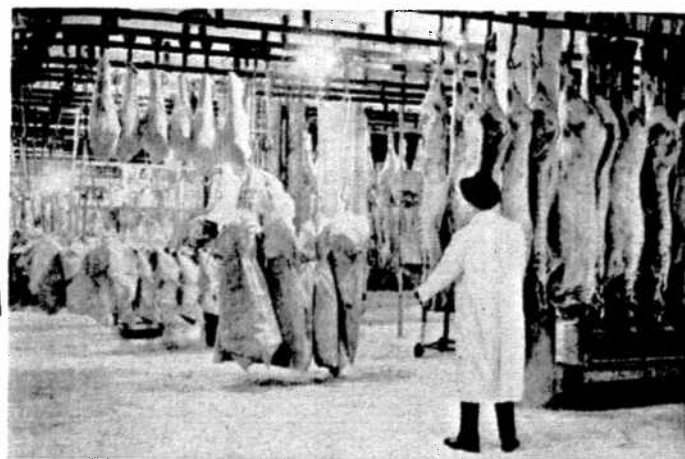
Louis Shaw of Copper Cliff Concentrator became a Man of Distinction last month when he collected a \$202 Suggestion Plan award, and Mrs. Shaw became a very happy woman indeed because, when he first heard that the idea he had submitted was going to pay off, Louis promised he'd give her everything over \$100.

# This Canada of Ours



This picturesque landing is on Big Whiteshell Lake, in the beautiful Whiteshell forest and game reserve, 1,000 square miles of vacation paradise only 2½ hours' drive from Winnipeg. Another famous Manitoba vacation land is Riding Mountain National Park.

Manitoba's largest single industry in terms of gross value of production is meat-packing, annually exceeding \$100,000,000. Manufacture of flour and feed is the second largest. The province's agricultural industry as a whole is the most stable in Western Canada.



Old St. Andrew's Church, historic landmark on the banks of the Red River at Lower Fort Garry, where it was built in 1835 by Scottish Presbyterians of stone they hauled 15 miles by ox-cart. For years it was a meeting centre for the early settlers from miles around.



Manitoba's mineral production has made great strides in the past 20 years, is on the eve of large expansion. Pictured is the Snow Lake mining settlement, 30 miles from the railroad in North-Western Manitoba. This is a gold-mining operation, handling large tonnages of low-grade ore.



## MANITOBA

By MITCHELL STAHAN, Garson Mine

I come from "the keystone province" in the heart of this Canada of ours.

Manitoba, to my way of thinking, is the most typically Canadian of all the provinces. Like our nation, it is a land of wide diversity. Both the East's Precambrian Shield and the West's grain belt have a place in its geography. Much of the province is virgin territory — cool woodlands, clear lakes and tumbling streams. Although basically agricultural, its wealth of water power resources, along with forest and mineral riches, has brought rapidly-expanding industrial development.

At "the meeting of the waters," Canada's fourth largest city now sprawls where, 75 years ago, a Hudson's Bay Co. trading post stood almost alone. Gateway to the West and distribution funnel for one of the world's most fertile regions, Winnipeg is the continent's greatest grain centre. It is a city of broad, tree-lined streets, neat homes and wide lawns. It is famous for its sport-consciousness, its interest in culture — and its wind.

Manitoba can be very cold; it can also be very hot. (And sometimes very wet.) But it has everything — forest, prairie, fruit and fur, pickerel and whales. And sprinkled liberally among auld Scot names, which have survived since the Selkirk settlers first camped beside the Red River, are representatives of every race whose blood is mingled in our nation's veins.

Manitoba is Canada in miniature.



MITCHELL STAHAN