# The Triangle

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On the cover . . .

Inco copper refinery pensioner Jack Costron can't help but have a rosy outlook! His home on Frood Rd. in Sudbury is literally covered with bloomin' buds that blossom each year into such an attractive and abundant display that passersby stop to admire, and then to enquire — "How do you do it?" Jack's only too pleased, and admits that his hobby is indeed, a bed of roses! More about Jack later in the book.

Festival
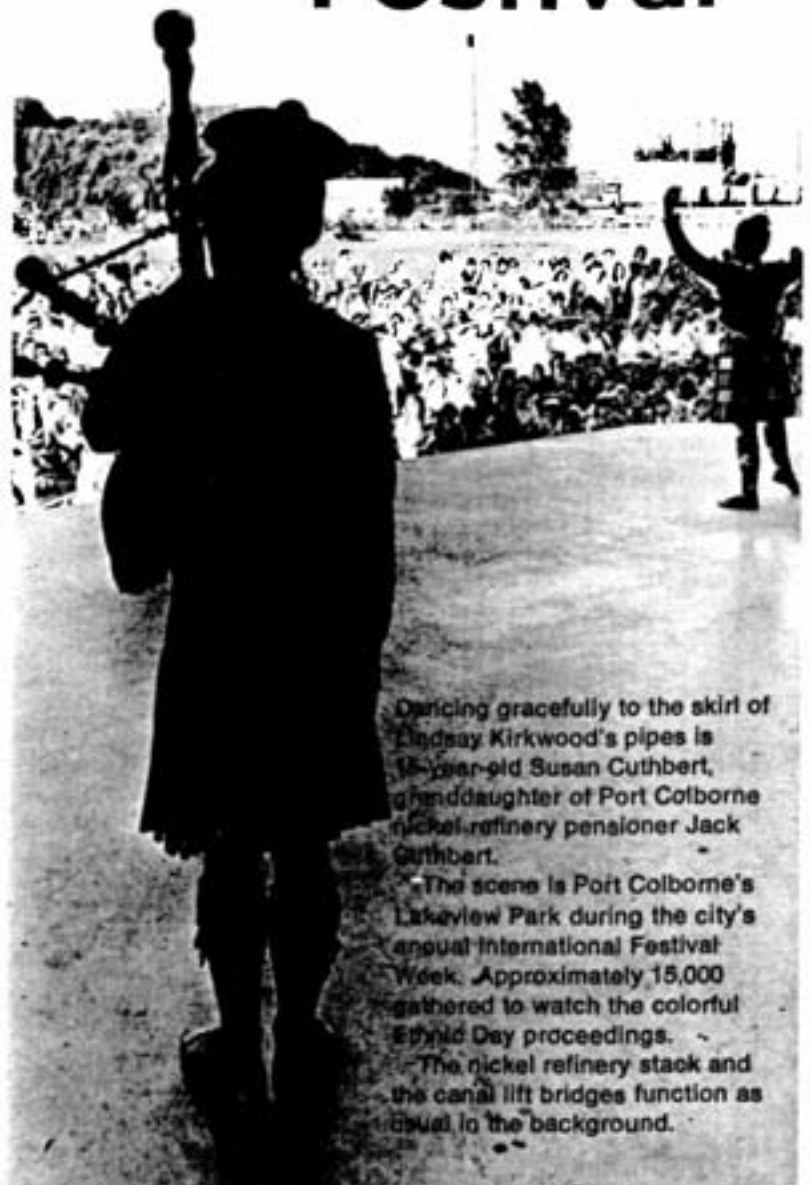
Dancing gracefully to the skirl of Lindsay Kirkwood's pipes is 15-year-old Susan Cuthbert, granddaughter of Port Colborne nickel refinery pensioner Jack Cuthbert.

The scene is Port Colborne's Lakeview Park during the city's annual International Festival Week. Approximately 15,000 gathered to watch the colorful Ethnic Day proceedings.

The nickel refinery stack and the canal lift bridges function as usual in the background.

10,000th

Mrs. Neilane Thomas, from Vernon, B.C., became regular tour visitor number 10,000 when she viewed Inco facilities in Copper Cliff recently. She was presented with a 1974 Canadian mint set of nickel coins. Neilane and husband Bob, along with their two children Heather and Bonnie, are on a year's tour of North America. Copper Cliff was their first stop on the eastern leg of their trip.

A real charmer is
7-month-old Dominique
Lanouette, pictured here
turning on the charm for
the photographer. Her
dad is Victor Lanouette,
her mum, Lise, and her
brother is 8-year-old
Charles. Vic is a crane
follower at the copper
refinery. He collects
antiques in his spare
time.

From Val Caron — the Arnold Serviss family. With Arnold
and his wife, Doris, are their offspring; Kevin, 18, Karen, 19,
Eric, 15, and Lori Lea, 9. Arnold is a longhole driller at
Stobie mine. The younger set enjoy all sports; Arnold and
Doris are very active in all aspects of church life.

FAMILY ALBUM

Fred Davis and his wife, Hazel, with their family of two
sons, Marty, 13, and Jim, 18. They live close to Sudbury's
Nepahwin Lake and enjoy water sports. Fred is an
electrician at the iron ore recovery plant. He likes to play
the fiddle and is always ready for a good game of checkers.

Our Port Colborne family
this month is all smiles.
Tommasco Scozzafava
works in the shearing
department. He and his
wife Lucia are very
proud of their five
children. Dominic, 10,
and Rita, 12, in front
Silvana, 15, and
Sera, 17, are behind
while 5-year-old Sandra
sits on Lucia's lap.

hands OFF!

My, how times have changed! Used to be, an electric train was a plaything for the kiddies. And, more often than not, you'd see dad join in, if not just downright take over. Remember?

Well, how'd you like to get your hands on the remote control unit that activates a 23-ton locomotive, sporting two 122-hp direct current motors that pull 12 cars, each of which weighs eight tons and has a load capacity of 20 tons? Quick calculation . . . 359 tons, at your finger-tips! Tends to stagger the imagination,

Levack motorman Bert Mallette and the thumb that moves under-ground mountains. The compact remote control transmitter in his hands activates an underground 12-car ore train that shuttles between Levack West and Levack mines.

doesn't it, but that's our Levack West mine train, and it's sure no toy. Even dad would have second thoughts. The remote-control locomotive and its following of 12 cars is ideally suited to its chores in the main haulage drift between Levack and Levack West mines.

Travelling the graded 1600 level drift, the cars are loaded with ore at Levack West, then trammed some 8,000 feet to Levack mine for unloading at a Grangesburg ore dump, directly into a crusher-feeder bin. But the real test comes at the Levack West loading area, where the compact remote control transmitter really shows off to best advantage. The operator is able to manipulate the loading while controlling the train's motion. He's completely away from the train, and, thanks to the remote control unit, can handle both operations simultaneously. Quite a feat!

A single press of a "go" button starts the train, then speed is maintained, and increased or decreased according to pressure on the button. The radio signal received by the locomotive is converted to electrical impulses which control the train's electric motors. Brake, horn, and emergency stop buttons are also incorporated into the remote control transmitter.

"This one-man radio control operation is the result of five years of testing", says Len Kitchener, Inco mines equipment engineer. "A similar system was in operation as early as 1970, in the form of an experimental diesel locomotive on the 1500 level of Crean Hill mine. Direct
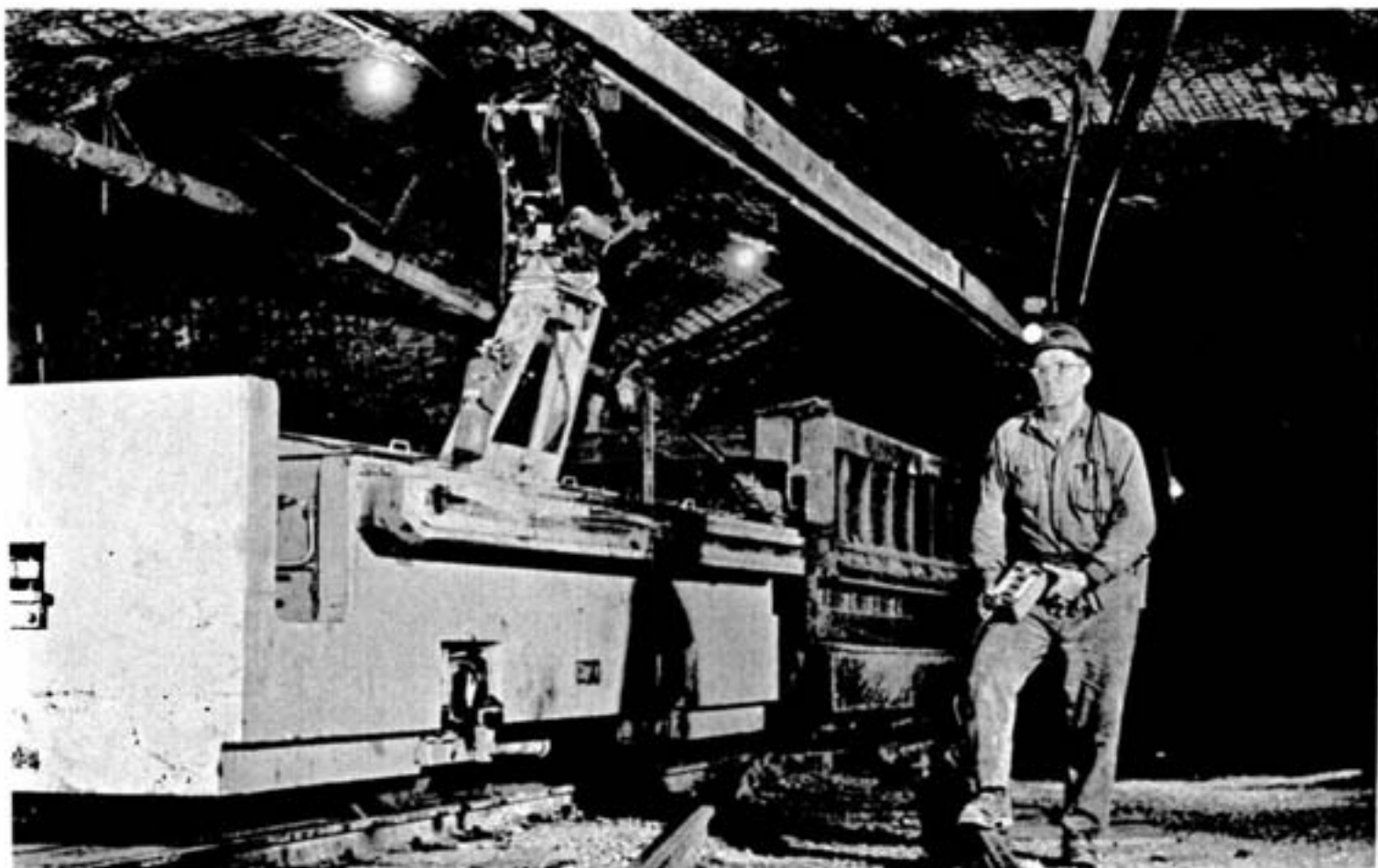
After manually driving the loaded ore train over its journey of nearly a mile and a half from Levack West mine, Jack gently eases his 359-ton charge into the Grangesburg ore dump at Levack mine, where the cars will empty automatically.

radio control is effective over the entire length of the train, plus an extra 50 feet. The limited range acts as a safety measure to ensure the train's inability to function inadvertently from an unsafe distance."

By the way, the remote control locomotive is expected to be introduced to the company's Creighton, Frood, and Shebandowan mines, as well as the Copper Cliff North and South mines.

Adapting the remote control locomotive presented knotty problems. Pantograph trouble was eliminated by Levack maintenance foreman George Lockhart (centre). Levack electrical foreman Tom Callaghan (left) and Copper Cliff instrumentman George Ammattil successfully tackled the job of making the remote control system work properly.

The scene at the Levack West loading bin. With excellent visibility of the whole train during the loading operation, Bert Mallette positions the ore cars using the remote control transmitter at his right hand, and controls the flow of ore from the loading chute with his left. Spillage is eliminated between cars by an overlapping deflector plate.
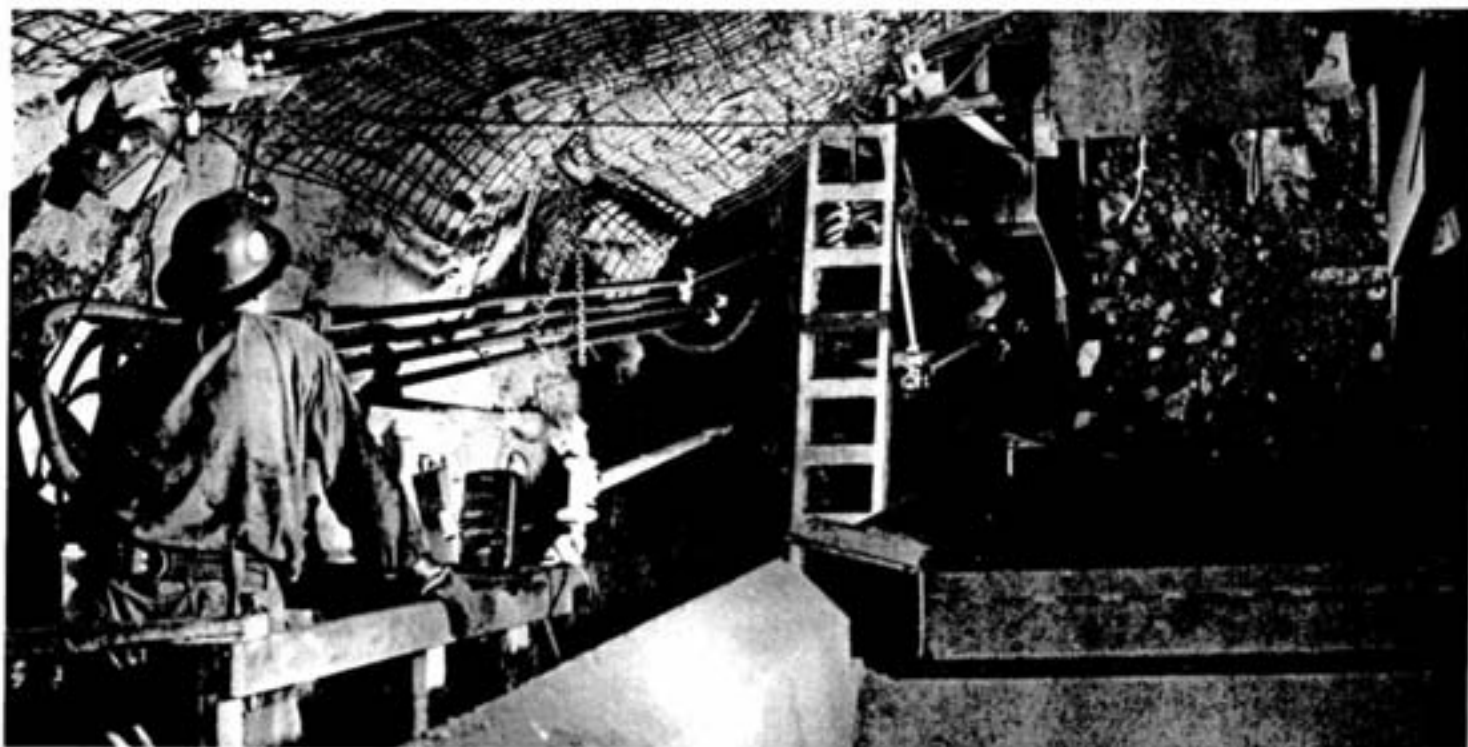
eight feet down

At the scene of the near tragedy. Freddy Lefebvre, with his rescuer Noel Leblanc, beside the Lefebvre backyard pool.

Noel Leblanc had just rounded the corner of the house when he saw it. There, at the bottom of the backyard pool, a strange, still, form. It didn't take him long to realize that the form was a body.

"I threw off my glasses and dove in fully clothed," said the Copper Cliff smelter employee, who works with the maintenance field force. "I had trouble getting to the bottom because the pool is over eight feet deep, but I finally got there, grabbed the boy, pulled him to the surface, and heaved him out of the pool. I immediately remembered the artificial respiration method that I had learned during lunch hour safety talks." He applied the revised Sylvester method.

The boy in the pool was Freddy Lefebvre, 13. He had been swimming with his younger brother Patrick, 12, and his friend Kenny Lalonde, 16. Patrick and Kenny had just left the pool and thought that Freddy was right behind them. It was at this point that Noel Leblanc arrived on the scene.

Noel was there to check the Lefebvre's pool, which he'd installed. "It was just a matter of chance that I happened by when I did," Noel stated.

Fred Staffen, a neighbour, assisted in applying artificial respiration until an ambulance arrived.

Young Freddy doesn't remember a thing from when he went under, at 12:30 p.m., to the time that he came to in the Sudbury General Hospital, at 6:30 that evening. "I owe my life to Mr. Leblanc," Freddy said.

When Noel Leblanc was asked what he thought about all of this, he said, "I don't understand why everyone is making such a fuss, any one in the same situation would have done the same thing."

A young boy is alive and well today. He might not be, but for the safety training and the quick action of Noel Leblanc, a hitherto unsung hero.

...and

rows of roses arose...

...for Jack

Bloomin' great — for Jack Costron.

Round about the mid-forties, Jack Costron, Copper Cliff copper refinery, thought he'd try his hand at climber roses; his green thumb took over and today, after some 30 years, he's tending the same roses, only now they're over 10 feet high and still growing!

Now an Inco pensioner, Jack devotes even more time to the care of his climbers; however, he's often interrupted by passing strangers unable to contain their curiosity and fascination. Jack's home is literally covered with roses, and is quite a showplace. He attributes his success to proper care and protection, and a whole lot of luck.

Here's his formula: Before heavy frosts set in, prepare the plants for winter; bend them down gently, place heavy boards or planks on top, cover with straw (not hay) then secure with a tarpaulin. Try to avoid plastic coverings which will sweat and cause mold. In the spring, gradually remove the coverings; straw first, then a few days later, the planks, then finally off comes the tarp.

Jack uses no special soil, but once in a while adds a mixture of water and rose fertilizer. He noticed that this year his flowers and hedges seem to be much improved, and attributes it to the effectiveness of Inco's new superstack.

Jack prefers not to cut his roses . . . and why cut, when he's got his own personal king-size bouquet every time he steps outside!

computer caper

Sophisticated computers are being programmed to speak. But a speaking computer will never replace the people at the Inco employment office. Suppose a man applying for a job was being interviewed by a computer . . .

Man: I'm here for the job.

Computer: Bleep.

Man: Excuse me, I'm here for the job.

Computer: Avoidance of the variable factor in the human equation now predicates a program of electronic interrogation commencing with your last name.

Man: What?

Computer: Thank you. Last name What. And your first name.

Man: It's not what!

Computer: Not what — Notwhat?

Man: No, that's not my name, it's —

Computer: Color of eyes:

Man: Green.

Computer: Eyes green.

Man: No, not my eyes, my name! My last name is Green and my first name is Harry.

Computer: Complexion hairy green. All right, Mr. Notwhat, color of hair?

Man: The last time I checked, it was brown.

Computer: Brown checked hair. All right, Mr. Notwhat, your mother's name?

Man: Hannah.

Computer: And sex?

Man: Female, of course.

Computer: All right, Mrs. Notwhat.

Man: No, not me, my mother Hannah, she's the female.

Computer: I understand. What do you do in your spare time, Mrs. Notwhat?

Man: How many time do I have to tell you, I'm a man.

Computer: In your spare time you are a man?

Man: Now wait a minute. You've still got my name wrong.

Computer: Spelling is wrong: Please give correction.

Man: I —

Computer: Correction note, correct letter, I. Change name from Notwhat to Nitwit! All right, Nitwit, have you any previous skills.

Man: I used to be a computer programmer and —

Computer: No previous skills.

Man: Why can't I be interviewed by a human being instead of a computer?

Computer: It is as I told you. Avoidance of the human error . . . human error . . . human error. . . .

tricky test

1. If you went to bed at eight o'clock at night and set the alarm to get up at nine o'clock in the morning, how many hours of sleep would this permit you to have?———

2. Do they have a 4th of July in England?———

3. How many birthdays does the average man have?———

4. If you had one match, and entered a room in which there was a kerosene lamp, an oil heater, and a woodburning stove, which would you light first?———

5. Why can't a man living in Sudbury be buried in North Bay?———

6. Some months have thirty days, some have thirty-one. How many have twenty-eight?———

7. If a doctor gave you three pills and told you to take one every half hour, how long would they last?———

8. A man builds a house with four sides to it, and it is rectangular in shape. Each side has a southern exposure. A large bear wanders by. What color is the bear and why?———

9. In baseball or softball, how many outs in an inning?———

10. I have in my hand two Canadian coins which total 55¢ in value, one is not a nickel. Please bear this in mind. What are the two coins?———

11. A farmer had 17 sheep. All but nine died. How many did he have left?———

12. Divide 30 by ½ and add 10. What is the answer?———

13. Two men play checkers. They play five games and each man wins the same number of games. There were no ties. How can this be?———

14. Take two apples from three apples and what do you have?———

15. An archeologist claimed he found some gold coins dated 46 B.C. Do you think he did? Why?———

16. A woman gave a beggar 50¢. The woman is the beggar's sister, but the beggar is not the woman's brother. How can this be?———

17. How many animals of each species did Moses take into the arc with him?———

18. What word is spelled wrong on this test?———

ANSWERS TO TEST

1. One. 2. Yes. 3. One. 4. Match. 5. He's still living! 6. All of them! 7. One hour. 8. White, polar bear. 9. Six. 10. Fifty-cent piece and nickel. One is not a nickel, but the other is! 11. Nine. 12. 70. 13. They were not playing together 14. Two apples. 15. No, didn't know when Christ would be born. 16. The beggar is a woman. 17. Moses didn't take animals, Noah did. 18. Ark.

STOP ...gets

In the first aid room at the Port Colborne nickel refinery, safety supervisor Joe Rossi (right) and nurse Mary Grace examine the first shipment of the "STOP" programme. Adding more to the pile is assistant safety supervisor Jim Babirad.

After a long search for a new training-education technique to aid supervisors who are responsible for the safety of the men around them, the safety department at the Port Colborne nickel refinery has developed a new safety course entitled the Safety Training Observation Programme — "STOP".

As the name suggests, the object of the course is observation; the observation of unsafe practices. The course consists of eight programmed self-instruction booklets designed to train supervisors on all levels to detect potential hazards, putting them in a position to say "STOP" before the injury occurs.

The first booklet is an introduction to the course, followed by seven pertinent subjects; personal productive equipment,

started

positions of people, actions of people, tools, equipment, procedures, and last but not least, orderliness.

Programmed instruction is relatively new, and establishes a tutor-student relationship without the necessity for lecture sessions. The material being taught is presented in small steps which require the learner to actively respond at his own speed, in a positive manner, at the conclusion of each step.

The course will develop supervisory safety practices by fostering the conclusion that safety is a 100 per cent line organization job, stressing that you must pay equal attention, provide equal effort, and give equal importance to safety, quality, morale, cost and production.

"STOP" has started!

STOP

CAUTION

GO!

There's a rare species inhabiting the Sudbury area — perhaps you've noticed. Ranking high in the order is John Nicholson; first and foremost an IORP maintenance mechanic, John is also a full-fledged bird-watcher (ornithologist) and, as a result, a published author. It all came about quite naturally; his dad was a biologist and acquainted him well with nature study in England. At an early age, John focused his attention on birds; the interest never faltered.

In '63, while stationed with the Royal Air Force in Cyprus, John involved himself in an update of the existing "Birds of Cyprus", which resulted in a published work. Later, back in England in civvies, he joined the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and was subsequently sent to Devon when the oil tanker Torrey Canyon went down, spilling its cargo on the coastal waters. Truckloads of grounded murres (small seabirds) were brought in to a cleaning centre, and their rehabilitation accounted for John again taking up the "quill".

In '67, John "migrated" to Canada and, in June of '68, joined Inco at the Copper Cliff smelter. After familiarizing himself with Sudbury area birds, John ventured to Manitoulin Island; three years of enjoyable study brought about his "Birds of Manitoulin", published in '72.

Needless to say, John was quite enthusiastic when he discovered Inco's tailings disposal area last year. "The reclaimed and rejuvenated sections are excellent for the study of water and shore birds; a great many varieties have been spotted, and the birds are definitely thriving."

Approached and encouraged by Ken Morrison who, at the time, was the district biologist for the Ministry of Natural Resources, John started his most recent book in November of '73 and finished in February of this year.

"Birds of the Sudbury District" is now available at a cost of $1.50 plus 25¢ postage. It's a limited printing . . . the

. . . for

John Nicholson. Author and birdwatcher.

early bird and all that . . . direct your requests to John at 118 Eyre Street in Sudbury. Complete with illustrations and maps, it's a 64-page species accounts summary; full credit to Chris Bell, engineering department, Coleman Mine, for his proof-reading, and to Chris Blomme, animal care technician at Laurentian University, for his drawings.

As regional editor of "American Birds", John receives and compiles information from local birdwatchers for inclusion in the magazine. He also feathers his nest with membership in the Canadian Nature Federation; the Cyprus Ornithological Society; the Audubon Society; he's on the Reserves Committee of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists, and is a patron of the International Council for Bird Preservation.

If it all sounds like a full-time part-time hobby, it is! Next time you feel the urge to get away from it all for a while, do it John's way and join the others who "flew the coop". All you need is the time, the inclination, and a pair of binoculars.

Osprey. Summer resident and birdwatcher watcher.

the Birds

John Nicholson, maintenance mechanic, at the iron ore recovery plant.

Chris Bell (left) proof-reader, and John Nicholson author, look on as artist Chris Bloome, makes a preliminary sketch of an uncommon summer resident, an osprey.

Alike?

Can you see this similarity between hefty Copper Cliff South mine road-haul-dump machine operator John Motychka and featherweight mines department secretary Carol St. Laurent? It's certainly not their belt and boot sizes. The secret's in their veins and arteries — and in their hearts.

What does a big, burly 285-pound diesel loaderman have in common with a petite, pretty 89-pound secretary? The difference of course is pretty obvious — about 200 pounds, plus the gender.

But a similarity is also there, and it's a blessing as well as a sort of miracle — both can give blood — and each donation is of equal value. Size, strength or sex just doesn't matter, neither does race, creed or colour. Every donation is equal in value, and each can save a life.

So the next time you're despairing of this mixed-up old world, and questioning what one person can do to change things, remember the equality of blood donations. One donation does matter! Every donation matters!

You don't have to be wealthy — but you must be healthy; you don't have to be a Tarzan — but you should be between 18 and 65 years of age; you don't have to be beautiful — but you do need a pretty nice hemoglobin count; you don't need to devote a lot of your time — you need only give a half hour every three months or so.

Being a blood donor is neither difficult, painful nor costly — you get a nap, (if you need it), coffee, cookies and the thanks of all concerned plus that inner glow you experience from knowing you're doing something that matters.

In Sudbury, the Red Cross blood donor clinic is located at Drinkwater and Cedar Streets, and donor hours are Mondays, 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m., and Thursdays, 4 p.m. to 7:30 p.m.

Coniston rye

harvest time...

On location at one of Inco's revegetated areas in Coniston. Harvested rye kernels have been separated from their husks, and pour from the combine's side-mounted chute. Fred Burnham, Inco agricultural department reclamation technician, assists as Ed Belanger, harvesting contractor, controls the flow.

Fred and Ed are obviously pleased with the harvest.

You can feel it in the air now; that slight chill that warns of cooler days to come. Look around! There's one sure sign that the days of summer are indeed numbered . . . fields are being harvested, and Inco's "farm" is no exception. Of course, there's one subtle difference: Inco's agricultural department is harvesting grain from grounds that were previously barren.

The department has spared no effort over the years to return these lands to a fertile, productive state. Well, perseverance has paid off, and there's probably no one more proud than Tom Peters, Inco agriculturist. He estimates that some 2,300 acres have been reclaimed in the Sudbury, Shebandowan, and Port Colborne areas. Of course, this total expands annually. Consider the wildlife management area coming to the Copper Cliff tailings disposal area; this alone will be a development of over 7,000 acres.

But enough! On to the harvesting, Inco-style! There are two distinctly different phases to be considered: the harvesting of rye, and the baling of hay. The "triangle" went to Coniston for the former, and to the Copper Cliff tailings disposal area for the latter. By the way, rye is a companion crop for the brome grass; the quicker-growing rye acts as a protective shield by preventing wind and rain erosion, and by reflecting heat that might adversely affect

Baling hay at one of the rejuvenated sections of the Copper Cliff tailings disposal area. The raker on the right, forming wind rows, is driven by Daniel Belanger, while his dad, Ed, is at the wheel of the baler, packing some 250 bales per hour. Inco summer students, Pat Dopson, in the truck, and Ellen Heale, load the bales.

the developing brome grass.

Although Inco's agricultural department has its own farm machinery, there are certain pieces that it just isn't practical yet to buy. That's when Ed Belanger, Azilda, comes in, along with his harvesting equipment.

With Ed at the wheel of his combine, Inco's acres of rye are cut, then gathered inside the combine, where the separation of the seed from the husk takes place. Then the seeds are conveyed to a top-mounted tank and eventually into a truck. They are stored for use as future nurse crops. Left-over straw is dispersed back to the ground to act as a mulch.

As the brome grass matures, it becomes ready for baling. The hay is cut by either rotary or sickle mowers, then raked into windrows by a piece of machinery appropriately called a raker. Once those rows are in place, Ed's baler gobbles up the hay, packs and ties it, then ejects the bales at an average of 250 per hour. (40 bales make up a ton.) This baled hay will then be used as mulch or as cattle feed.

So in actual fact, the harvesting isn't really a last step at all; quite the opposite . . . the harvested rye will act as a nurse crop for future reclamation projects . . . it's a process that just keeps repeating itself, as part of the agriculture department's continuous long-range programming.

And that's the way is grows!

Leonard Belanger (centre) gives a hand to Ellen and Pat — the bales average 50 pounds apiece and require joint effort.

. . . Inco style

Errington House Group Home — known better to many as the "kid farm," hosted by Girald Daigle, a fitter at the iron ore recovery plant, and his wife, Ione.

Errington House

life on the "kid" farm

Girald Daigle is a fitter at Inco's iron ore recovery plant. He's also "dad" to more than 50 boys and girls.

For the record . . . Girald is not spiking his Kelloggs . . . actually, he and his wife Ione have had only one child, Robert, now 23. The Daigles are, however, "group parents" of Errington House Group Home, a home for children without families, a home for unwed mothers, private boarders, some elderly people, and generally, anyone needing a helping hand.

During the past 11 years, mama and papa Daigle have provided a home for 58 people, on their own time and, to a large extent, at their own expense.

It all started years ago when Girald and Ione took two girls from the Sudbury Children's Aid Society into their private home. Once they pushed the start button, their kind-hearted natures wouldn't let them push the stop button. Their family grew and they were forced to look for more spacious living quarters.

Seven years ago, the Daigles found a deserted mine office building just north of Chelmsford, at the end of Nickel Basin Rd. Ione first saw it while looking for some second-hand office furniture, but thought little of it until she dreamed one night that her family was living there. The next day she rented the building from Giant Yellowknife Mines (Toronto) at a generously low rent, and Girald and she set out to convert it into a house.

Now, Errington House is just about the most perfect place in the world for a kid to grow up, a fact reflected in the

When the lunch gong is sounded at Errington House, Girald is first in line for his wife's home cooking.

beaming faces of the present Daigle family — numbering a "meagre" six this summer and ranging in ages from 11 to 23 years. With no family but Ione and Girald, they have all adopted "Daigle" as their family name.

A continuous epidemic of imagination in Errington House makes it a fun place to be. Outside, two old washing machine tubs bolted together create a barbeque, and an upended refrigerator serves as a wood box.

Once inside, "peacock alley" welcomes you . . . hallway walls papered with ribbons, certificates, awards and artwork mirroring the accomplishments of the Daigle children from the time they joined the family. And, at the end of this showcase is "police headquarters", the bedroom of chief referees Ione and Girald.

Each of the children has his or her own retreat. The private rooms reflect the individual personalities of their interior decorators — the kids.

Wall-to-wall books, scrounged by Ione at auctions, rummage sales, and service clubs, grace a separate library and reading room. A collection of records which would be the envy of any disc jockey lines one wall of an upper room in the enormous house. Another room has been set aside for the Errington House Band, with a variety of musical instruments for the toe-tapping members of the family. Then, for Ione, and anyone

After a few of those "Me Tarzan" swings, papa Daigle relaxes in the no-longer-shipshape "Li'l Red Arc".

...more life on the "kid" farm

else in the family who digs photography, there's a dark room.

A recreation room boasts a pool table and a pinball machine, and there's a special crafts-and-hobby room for rainy days. There are three dogs, a rock collection, an aquarium, boats in the summer, snowmobiles in the winter and even an old truck to drive around.

None of the furniture or recreation facilities are spanking new, and the records and books aren't the current best-sellers; — in fact, everything in the house is second-hand, except for a color television which was a Christmas gift to the kids from dad, replacing seven "spruced-up" black and white sets collected over the years.

Girald's pride and joy is the kitchen he built for lone and his ever-growing family. Good home cooking finds its way to a very long dining table with the help of many eager hands; it's this working together which is the secret of the success of Errington House Group Home.

Says lone: "We're not too uptight about housecleaning around here"; yet, everything is in its place. The children do their household chores according to what they do best.

When a quarter of beef arrives around Christmastime, the entire family gathers round the table, some cutting, some wrapping, and others packing it in the deep-freeze.

The Daigles see it this way: "We provide the food, shelter, entertainment, and love, but the key to this place is the kids — they really help each other."

The parents haven't taken a holiday alone for 10 years — they always take kids along.

Girald laughs when the fellows at work call Errington House the "kid farm" and expects that he and mama Daigle will be in the "kid farm" business a lot longer.

After all, their lease at the "farm" doesn't expire until December 31, 1990.

Believe it or not, this truck actually runs. A very regular event, a mechanical fitness check by John (left) and his father is a family affair with the Daigles.

It's hootenanny time in the Daigle home. There's Girald on the harmonica, Mary Lou in the rhythm section, Bert on drums, John on guitar, Arthur on the bongos and Randy as soloist.

Some of the 14,000 who attended "Music in the Park" — employees' editions.

park party

On two consecutive Wednesday evenings earlier this month, Copper Cliff's treed and landscaped Nickel Park was filled with Inco employees and their families.

They were there to listen to the 25-member Sudbury Silver Band. Appearing through the co-operation of the American Federation of Musicians. Of course, the fact that there was free "eats" and bus tours probably didn't hurt the attendance any.

The weatherman was very kind, and came through with two letter perfect summer evenings. With gentle breezes, warm sunshine, and music from the band, is it any wonder that more than one person was seen taking a quiet siesta.

One of the most popular attractions was the bus tours to Inco's nearby surface operations. Approximately 3,000 people donned hard hats to take the tours. In fact so many people were attracted that an extra evening was set aside to accommodate the overflow.

Both young and old enjoyed themselves, and judging by comments from those present, it was hoped that Inco's "Music in the Park" programme — employees' edition, could turn into an annual affair.

Listening to the Band. Some sit; others line up for plant bus tours.
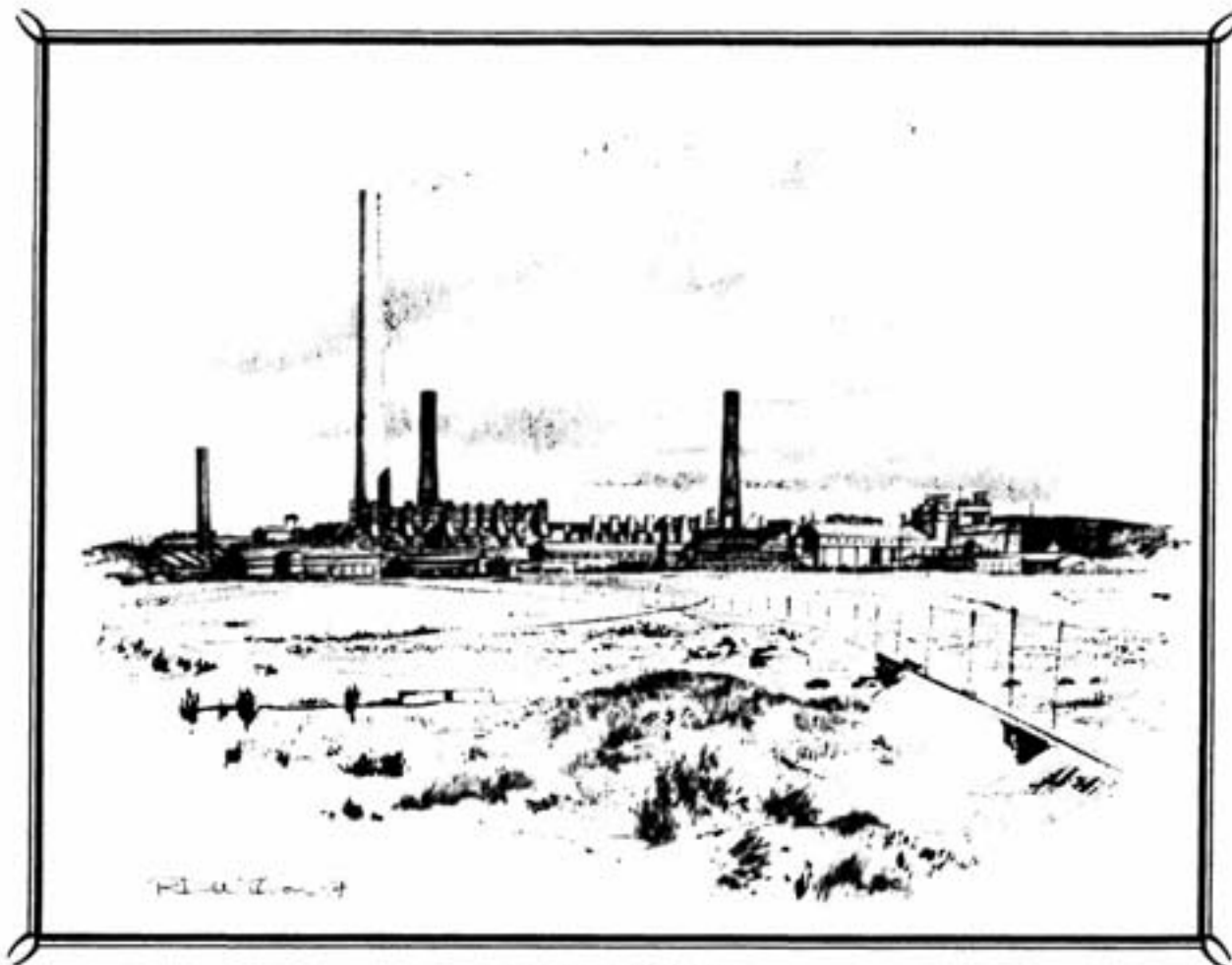
The Copper Cliff smelter.

"R.D." Wilson

The man with the cigar is an artist. Surrounded by the sights and sounds of a Copper Cliff North mine production stope, the skilled, sure hand of an internationally-acclaimed artist captures the excitement of the underground operation. The artist pauses for a moment and relights a brown, wrinkled cigar which has gone out between his lips.

Two drillers, who have just been sketched, leave the face and join the artist at his portable drawing board. Smiles spread across their faces as he leafs through his sketches. Miniaturized in back ink and grey pastel is the drilling operation at the face; the smelter complex, with the enormous superstack looming in the background, its column

Sudbury's Pearl Street water tank.

illuminated in the hot mid-afternoon sun; a refreshing look at a lunchtime musical concert in Copper Cliff's beautiful Nickel Park, and a detailed view of the computerized Clarabelle mill control room with its many complicated panels, dials, and television screens.

The man beneath the cloud of cigar smoke is Richard D. Wilson, better known as "R.D.", a Montreal born and raised artist, who produced a series of thirty sketches of Inco's Sudbury and Port Colborne area operations, along with several Sudbury City scenes.

Donning hard hat, muckers, and work boots, his drawing board in one hand, a satchel containing brushes and ink in the other, "R.D." speeds from one location to another. He is affable and enthusiastic, talking to everyone who has time to listen, telling stories of his many varied experiences around the world and constantly chewing away on his "stogie".

"Every picture has a story behind it, some of them great happenings — fantastic!"

All of his drawings are done on location. "No studios for me", he says. "Contact is the big thing; getting involved; getting your hands dirty."

"R.D." has little time for artists who work "only when inspired", then paint "what they think you should see". To him, a good drawing combines technical accuracy with artistic appeal.

The drawing medium employed by "R.D." allows him to be completely mobile, and is so simple that it's "complicated" to many. He works quickly using a single brush and India ink on quality paper of various tones and surfaces, then shades his sketches with grey pastels and water colours.

"R.D." has painted in many places around the world — the Middle East, Europe, and the ten Canadian provinces, to name a few.

"R.D." is the peoples' artist, and his sketches, suitable for framing, will be carried in future "triangles" for readers who enjoy collecting Canadiana.

FRIDAY THE 13TH

Dominic Castanza, welder, Copper Cliff copper refinery, shrugs off any suggestion of superstitions and simply believes that "when you're hot, you're hot, and when you're not, you're not". But he does have a lucky number, seven, and about luck running in series of three's, he laughingly adds that "if the wife dings the car three times, I know I can then relax".

September has always been a special time, but this year the month holds an added bonus (?) that's sure to send certain individuals scurrying for their good luck charms and "security blankets". Forewarned is forearmed, so beware! The 13th of this month falls on a Friday!

The belief that Friday 13 is a bad luck day is said to have originated with the Christians, as Christ was crucified on a Friday, and there were 13 present at the Last Supper. But even earlier, ancient Romans regarded the date as a symbol of death, destruction, and misfortune . . . witch covens have always consisted of 13 . . .

Laura Mitchell, stenographer, industrial engineering, standards department. Her pet aversion is black cats, although she hesitates to check the mirror if she drops her compact. She feels that most people blame any and all bad luck or misfortune on its happening on Friday 13, and figures that the only good thing about that particular day is when it falls on a pay-day.

Stefan Woloszczuk, loaderman, Frood Mine, and double 13 years with the company, claims he's not at all superstitious, but he does put a lot of faith in certain of the Ukranian beliefs. For example, a woman crossing your path carrying empty pails is said to be an omen of imminent lack of fulfillment, signified by the emptiness . . . possibly a substitute for our black cat theory?

With Inco 13 years, 13 letters in his name, Ralph Toivonen, electrical maintenance supervisor, Clarabelle mill, admits to only one belief, but it's a very special one: with a "vesi-suonen etsija" (divining rod) he's had notable success in bringing in water, particularly his own well. By the way, he's been "divining" for approximately thirteen years!

Superstitions! If you believe in them, all the four-leaf clovers in the world won't help you. Best to resign yourself to the inevitable, cross your fingers, and . . . be on the look-out for black cats and ladders, stay away from mirrors, don't make any bets, consider a salt-free diet, avoid the 13th floor, don't open your umbrella in the house, make sure you hang up the horseshoe, don't change the beds, do carry your lucky rabbit's foot and maybe, just maybe, you'll get through the day . . . touch wood!

If you know of more superstitions (we've given you 13) drop a line to your editor.

John Campbell, cementationman at the Port Colborne nickel refinery, attributes his lack of superstitious nature to being raised in a small village where "people are more realistic". But the fallacy (?) of the Loch Ness monster was an important part of his youth; cans of candy in the supposed shape of the monster were given out at Christmas. Now you can get an ounce of Scotch in the same shape!

The only thing that's superstitious about Jean Marie Bidal, converter skimmer, Copper Cliff smelter, is his wife, Elvina! Jean declares that "there's no way I'm superstitious; I was raised on a farm and there was no time for that". From a family of 13, Jean for many years ran number 13 converter. "The only lucky number I'd like is the one that would win that million dollars". Lots of luck, Jean!

don't hoard Ideas... suggest 'em!

Thirty-one inventive employees shared a total of $1,305 to become the most recent winners in the company's employee suggestion program.

Top money winner of the month was **Major Godin,** an eighteen-year veteran of the company and a garage mechanic at the Frood central repair depot. Major was awarded $235 for suggesting that the worn differential case from teletrams be converted for use in ST-4 and ST-5 load-haul-dump machines.

Frank Chirka of the Frood-Stobie mill pocketed $145 when he came up with the idea of using half-screen sections at the discharge of trommel mills. Frank also earned an additional $25 for suggesting rubber gaskets for process water pumps.

At the Levack mill, **Henry Eden** earned $100 for his thoughts on diverting dilution water.

Awarded $75 this month were: **George Prusila,** of Frood mine, for suggesting that a plate be put over the valve assembly on Wilden pumps; **Alexander O'Handley,** of Garson mine, made revisions to a hoistman's depth indicator, while Stobie's **Iwan Lew** invented a jig to permit the welding of eyes on dump and lift cylinders.

Donald Drummond, of Coleman mine, netted $60 for submitting circuit changes in order to eliminate the overflowing of ore and rock bins.

The installation of limit switches on cranes and hoists earned **Edward Baily** $50, while **Joseph Grandmaison,** of Garson mine, changed the location of an oil filter on a wagon drill, to earn $50.

There were eleven $25 rewards, with five of them going to Levack employees; **Tom Power** for suggesting a handrail be installed on the stairway leading to the ramp on number five thickener; **David Parker,** for seeing the need for a level indicator in the copper storage tank; **Charles Gibbon,** for suggesting that a screen be placed on top of waste oil barrels; **Richard Labrosse** and **Eugene MacDonald** for their combined idea of putting a light on the number two railroad tracks, while **Ronald Rafuse** suggested signing a logbook after blocking and immobilizing locomotives.

Another $25 winner was **Roger Champagne** of Garson mine, who recommended relocating anchors for safety lines. The idea of a guard for the number one skip hoist drum gave **Gerald Wagner** of Creighton mine the same

amount. Gerald also thought that a spotlight should shine on the oil level glass on the skip hoist brake pressure tank; with this idea, he added $15 to his winnings.

Four Clarabelle mill men were among the $25 winners. **John Trites** for suggesting an inspection plate be placed on the number 15 conveyor drive; **Rodolphe Sabourin** for his thought that permanent ladders be fixed at the process weighing scales; **Rodney Thompson** for proposing a hole cover at secondary screens, while the teamwork of **Robert Henry** and **Anthony Carey** created the idea of using a tray under reagent piping.

Three $20 awards went to Levack; **Marcel McLennan** suggested using a "Y" in filter lines; **Ronald Papineau** thought

that there should be a danger sign at the locomotive shed door, and **Peter Bortuska** devised an improvement to a 61-R raise borer transmission.

The idea of numbering parking lot plugs was thought up by **Tom Kennedy** of Creighton mine, and his effort was worth $15.

Achiele Richer of Stobie mine was given two separate $10 cheques for different revisions to sewer screens, while **Victor Collin** of the Copper Cliff South mine received a similar amount for suggesting a hole cover in the number one shaft dry. **Lloyd Perry,** also of Copper Cliff South mine, picked up $10 for suggesting rubber mats be put out over curbs in showers. A suggested switch for a sample room fan netted **Rolland Aumont,** of Levack, $10.

Canoeing, held on Sudbury's Lake Ramsey, was a
races to watch were in the war canoe class.

Joe Derochie, a well known
Sudbury athlete, lit the torch
to officially open the Ontario
Summer Games '74. Donated
by International Nickel, the
gleaming stainless steel
torch was created through
the combined efforts of
personnel at Copper Cliff's
plate shop, machine shop,
and combustion department.

Summer Games

Held in Sudbury, this year's Ontario
Summer Games program is now history
and the city will never again be quite the
same — the games have left an indelible
mark on both the people and the area.

Competing at Sudbury's Laurentian
University, about 1,200 athletes, ranging
in age from 11 to 67, attended this second
edition of the games. Most of the
athletes, however, were in an 11 to 19
age group.

An estimated 15,000 spectators
attended the three-day event. They
cheered the winners and offered much
needed encouragment to non-winners —
there were no losers; everyone gained
something from their experience.

Throughout it all, the weather
threatened, was sometimes dominating,
sometimes delaying, but never conquer-
ing. The rain, which at times was a tor-
rential downpour, dampened everything

popular spectator sport. The most exciting
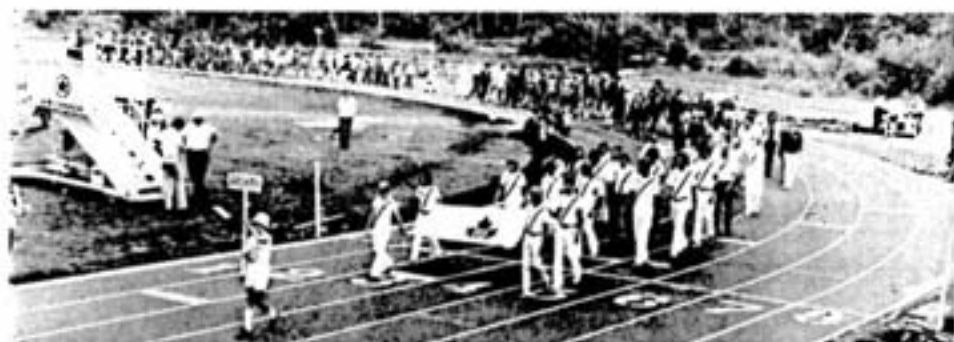
The parade of athletes is always an impressive spectacle. The competitors are grouped according to sport as they march past the grandstand during opening ceremonies.

'74

A view of the packed grandstands during a girls' 400-metre race. Mounted high on the stands, and visible to all, the games torch burned steadily during the three-day event.

except the spirits of the competitors, the spectators, and the flame atop the games torch.

The torch was presented by Ontario division president, Ron Taylor, on behalf of Inco, to the city of Sudbury, and the Government of Ontario, arrangers and financiers of the games. It stood a silent vigil on the central grandstand at Laurentian for the duration of the competition — emblematic of the enduring spirit of the games and the athletes.

In addition to the torch, a new 400-metre, eight-lane track and an improved playing field were added to the university's sports complex. These will remain, along with the torch, as permanent fixtures for all to see.

But more important than these tangible things, are the intangibles — friendship, sportsmanship and opportunity. These will remain, perhaps long after the track, the field and the torch.

Ron Taylor, (left) president of Inco's Ontario division, presented a plaque which was later attached to the base of the games torch donated to the Summer Games by Inco. Receiving the plaque is Rene Brunelle, (centre) Minister of Community and Social Services, and the Mayor of Sudbury, Joe Fabbro.

One of the many hazards every golfer must face — the sand trap. Rene St. Louis blasts his way out of this with Steve Cote adding moral support.

In mid August, 256 avid and ardent golf addicts teed off at the Idylwylde Golf and Country Club, pitting all their canny wiles and skills against the challenges of rock, lake, tree and fen.

It was the Inco annual golf tournament.

Some were jubilant; others mouthed imprecations as the turf flew and scores mounted, and when the last putt was holed, Brian Crowder was low gross winner with a fine two over par 74. Steve Cote was runner-up at 76.

The team winners are identified in the accompanying photographs. The runners-up were: low gross; Terry Lineker, Gary Foy, John Spec, Wally Gretton; low net a.m., Ray Caverson, Walter Lalonde, Leo Pevato, Walter Chornenky; low net p.m.; Robbie DiFilippo, Bill Vickman, Denis O'Brien, Curt Caverson.

Individual winners in addition to Crowder and Cote were Graham Squirell, low net, and Wayne Lucky as runner-up. Wayne shot a remarkable 43-34 round that day with eagle three's on the par five 10th and 17th holes on the back nine.

The four low gross scores determined the team for the president's trophy tournament at the Uplands Golf Club in Toronto in late August. A playoff was required to decide the last two spots on that team, Graham Squirell, Don Ripley and Wayne Lucky all shooting 77's on the Saturday. In the Sunday playoff Ripley lost out on the final hole.

George McDonald was declared the most honest golfer for recording 151 blows, and the two hidden hole winners were Greg Kuzyk and Peter Venus.

There was a morning and afternoon

draw with shotgun starts; the weather was fine, food was good, and the tournament committee of Fred Brown, Sandy Sandiford, Vern Johnston, John Spec and Bert Meredith kept the action under control.

For the second consecutive year a team from the Sudbury area won the President's trophy tournament, held this year in Toronto. On the winning team were Wayne Lucky, Graham Squirell, Brian Crowder, and Steve Cote. In second place was the Toronto entry of Bill Spence, Jack Durrell, Peter Provias, and Al Headrick. Port Colborne entry was Elmer Anger, Bob Noyes, John Bernard, and Les Lewis, a formidable foursome that finished third; and Thompson, a new entry, had Bill Comaskey, Ed Davis, Larry Poleschuk, and Cliff Dohms on its roster.

it was a

Steve Cote, Graham Squirell, Wayne Lucky and Brian Crowder earned the right to play in the President's trophy tournament in Toronto by virtue of having the four lowest individual scores. At the Uplands Golf Club, they met teams from the Toronto office, Port Colborne and Thompson. Sudbury won the coveted trophy.

Winners of the R. L. Beattie trophy for the team with lowest gross score, Dale Peloquin, Bill Buchanan, Ron Taylor, Ontario division president, who presented the trophy, Roy Maud and Don Ripley.

Winners of the E. C. Lambert trophy for the team with lowest net score in the morning round, Jack Turnbull, Vern Johnston, committee member who presented the trophy, Joe Sharpe, Henry Lewandoski and Jack Newell.

really BIG ONE

The winners of the Alex Godfrey trophy for the team with lowest net score for the afternoon round. Hurly Hreljac, Leo Hayes, Sandy Sandiford, committee member, who made the presentation, Graham Squirell and Brian Crowder.

A glass of chilled red wine, shining through sparkling crystal, and the secret recipe of generations is held high by the skilled hand of its maker — Angelo De Faveri, janitor in the main office at the Port Colborne nickel refinery and creator of the "triangle" logo on this month's cover.

Angelo, a native of the small town of Pieve Di Soligo, Italy, brought the fine art of wine-making from his homeland. According to him, the secret of making good wine is in the grapes. As much as a ton of grapes must be imported for his use, from California and the Niagara peninsula, and only grapes with the proper sugar content can be used. Careful attention must be paid to the condition of his materials and the fermentation period must be timed exactly. "Bottling and labeling are time consuming," says Angelo, "but the final product is worth every minute of devotion that it takes to make a good wine."

Angelo touched the Canadian shore for the first time in '49 with his wife Prasside, and he commenced working at the Port Colborne nickel refinery two years later. He was with the yard department till '59 and has been main office janitor since.

Logo
writer ... Angelo De Faveri