

The Triangle

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#### On the cover . . .

What could be more colourful and more appropriate for this month's cover!

It's a magical time of year, when the leaves bow to the bite of frost and, in a final bid for power, burst into flaming golds and yellows.

Hope you took time for a drive down your favourite country road to take in the annual spectacle.

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### **Bob's first**



The highlight of Bob Simmons' visit to Copper Cliff was a trip underground — his first. Bob, (centre), president of Inco Inc.'s Huntington Alloy Products Division in Huntington, West Virginia, visited the Copper Cliff North mine with Tom Parris, (left), executive assistant to the vice-president, and Grant Bertrim, superintendent of the North mine. The American visitor was full of compliments for the operation and was extremely impressed by the "good housekeeping" underground.

### Appointments

David Anson, supervisor, staff recruiting. Jim Ashcroft, mine engineer, Stobie mine. Jim Black, cost analyst.

Ralph Buntin, mine engineer, Kirkwood mine.

Bob Corrigan, mine engineer, Garson mine.

Rolly Grenier, cost analyst. Frank Jay, superintendent, Garson mine.

### Club's first

The Wise Owl Club of Canada is active within Inco again.

The use of safety glasses by two employees, George Grenier and Yvon Dumais, recently saved their eyes from injury or blindness, and they've become the first active members since the club's original charter expired in November of 1950.

Club members have saved the sight of at least one eye by wearing the proper protection at the time of an on-the-job accident. A member receives a certificate, a gold lapel pin, and a shop badge identifying the wearer as a Wise Owl.

Bill King, senior salary administrator. Geoff Lawson, supervisor, general ledger and sales invoicing. Albert Magee, superintendent, converter department, Copper Cliff smelter. Don McLeod, area engineer, Creighton complex.

Buck Wercinski, superintendent of operations, Copper Cliff smelter.



General safety foreman Harold Waller (centre) with Wise Owls George Grenier and Yvon Dumais.



Albert and Therese Chartrand at their Val Caron home. In front are Lorraine, 20, Nicole, 19, and Louise, 17, while Norman, 11, and Francine, 13, stand beside their mom and dad.

### **Family Album**



From Port Colborne — the Egon Lange family. Egon is a shift foreman at the nickel refinery and has been with Inco since 1950. Sitting between Egon and his wife, Margret, are Norman, 9, and Helga who is 21. Egon raises purebred Holsteins on his 68-acre farm.

Ross Priddle, his wile, Carole Ann, and their three children; David, 4, George, 7, and Cathy Ann, 9. Ross is a sandfill boss at Levack. Active in sports, he's an umpire for the Dowling baseball league. From the staft payroll office at Copper Cliff, we have Garry Briscoe, his wife, Marie, and their family. Jason, 2, sits on mom's knee, Kevin, 4, tries dad's, and Christine, 5, looks on from the middle. Garry is a camera buff.







Bill and Clarene Young and their youngsters; Saily, 15, Cameron, 11, and Nancy, 6. The last log fire before they close their summer camp till next spring.



The Bill Young family of Lively doesn't look forward to the abominable snowman rearing his frosty head each year. It's not that they don't like the cold and snow of winter. It's just that — well, they have this summer camp, and after all, summer camps are for summer. And, when a camp is like the Young camp treasured as a family retreat for "hanging loose" — it's hard to lock it up just because old man winter is stepping on your heels.

Just the same, every year when the leaves turn and there's a chilly nlp in the air, Bill and his family tuck their camp in for the long, cold winter and bid it farewell until next summer.

Bill, a foreman at Creighton mine, and with Inco since 1953, boards up the windows, puts his boats, motors, and equipment in storage and packs his tools in the car.

His wife, Clarene, empties the propane refrigerator and cupboards of food supplies and strips the linen from the beds.

Sally, their 15-year-old daughter, slips off in one of the boats to say goodbye to her favorite island at the end of the bay. She spent much of her summer there, in a tree-house, just reading and enjoying nature.

Cameron, 11, nips down to the nearby swamp where he hunted all summer for builfrogs, wishing now for some sort of assurance that they'll be there next year when he returns.

And Nancy, six years old, takes one last ride on her tire swing and then shuffles through her sandbox.

A little later, when the boats are in drydock and the odds and ends which must go back into town for the winter are packed in the car, the Youngs light a fire in their Franklin fireplace and warm their hands. They munch on the last of the bread and cheese, sip hot chocolate, and, on this closing camp day of 1974, talk about this summer and summers past.

The Youngs have a warm feeling for their summer camp in the heart of bushland 14 miles east of Espanola — and no wonder. They built it themselves.

Bill bought the property, located on Hannah Lake, through the Department of Lands and Forests 10 years ago, and he and Clarene, armed with a "buck saw", cleared the land themselves. Since Bill had never even built a doghouse, he wasn't sure how things were going to turn out, so he built their outhouse first, knowing if he couldn't build that, they'd have to quit. But the outhouse was an overwhelming success and, with the help of family and friends, the Youngs soon had a summer camp. Clarene even helped put the shingles on the roof, in spite of her fear of heights. Every night when she closed her eyes, she'd see herself falling off that roof.

They'd built a homey three-bedroom cabin, measuring 20 by 30 feet. "It was as big as we could afford and wanted at the time," says Bill. They had an icebox and Coleman lanterns and, for the first year, there was no heat. Then, the Franklin fireplace was installed and it soon became the gathering place for the Young clan.

There's still no electricity at the camp, nor is there running water. Sally claims she's the running water, since she mans the bucket brigade that runs to the lake for water when needed.

There is no indoor toilet, bathtub, or shower — young Cameron especially thinks that's great.

Bill once brought a battery-operated television set to camp, but the kids considered it an intrusion. "They told us the 'boob tube' didn't belong with this camp and that was fine with us," says Bill.

The Youngs enjoy being way off in the bush, with more than 10 miles of bumpy dirt road between themselves and "civilization".

Says Clarene: "They're talking about bringing electricity in, but we don't want it." They don't want a telephone either.

Nope — the Youngs like everything just the way it is. They spend nearly every summer weekend and the greater part of their summer vacation at the camp where there's peace and communication.

"We can talk to the children out here," says Clarene, "whereas communication is more difficult in town where the kids are always busy with school and other activities."

On rainy days, the family plays games — cards, chess, or just about any group game.

Everyone drives the two boats, though Nancy needs a bit of help from daddy with the steering; they all water-ski, with Nancy riding shotgun most of the time.

The kids learned to swim at the camp; there's a good beach and a dock for diving.

As they watch the fire burn down in their fireplace on this closing camp day, they remember the toasted marshmallows, the bonfires, feeding the chipmunks, watching the animals and picking berries together. Nancy thinks of swinging on her tire. Cameron thinks of hunting partridge and ducks in the early fall with his dad. Sally thinks reading always seems a lot better at camp somehow. Dad thinks with pride of the sleep camp and steam bath he built this summer, and mom — she thinks of the close talks and sitting for hours gazing into the fire.

Yes, the Youngs hate to close the doors of their camp when winter approaches. But they know they'll be back again — next summer!

Nancy's nostalgic final swing.





Attached to the man-cage, another load of steel band sections is hoisted to the top of the 637-foot high Iron Ore Plant stack.



The husky gas-powered hoist used to lift men and materials to the top of the stack. At the controls is Vince Chisnell.



Adrien Gregoire has scaled over 1,200 industrial stacks from Newfoundland to British Columbia. The 5-foot 10-inch, 220-pound former paratrooper with the "Van Doos" recently worked on the highest stack of his career — the Iron Ore Recovery Plant stack, which looms 637 feet above the plant.

Adrien and his crew of four men work for Custodis Canadian Chimney Limited, recently contracted to band and carry out some preventative maintenance on the twenty-three-year-old stack.

"It's a good job," says Adrien, as he gulps down a can of beans while sitting out a spell of bad weather in the company construction trailer. "It's clean work, and I'm my own boss on the job. I say don't climb, like today, then nobody climbs; can't work in weather like this, too dangerous."

It's better to take a little longer on the job than to take chances working in bad weather, according to Adrien. The weather and the wind are his only enemies on the job. "We're not allowed to make any mistakes. One slip and you don't climb back up again," he says. "I've got to watch everything, all the time; the men on the scatfold working with me, the men on the ground, the wind, the materials and the cage, everything at the same time. It keeps me on my toes."

Required to hoist scaffold parts to the top of the stack, the first step of the repair job was the stringing of a %-inch 300pound steel cable from ground level to the top of the stack, through a pulley fastened to the stack's cap, and back to ground level.

To do this, one of the crew anchored the cable to his safety belt and started the long climb to the top of the stack via a permanent steel ladder secured to the outside of the stack. By the time he had climbed to the 200-foot level, he was supporting 100 pounds of cable, and at this point a second man hooked onto the cable at ground level and started climbing. After man number two was 200 feet aloft, man number three hooked onto the cable at the base of the stack and so, by team work, a 300-pound cable reached the top of the stack, with each man carrying a third of the load.

Looped through the pulley then returned to ground level, the cable end was fastened to a man-cage, and with the help of a gas-powered hoist, scaffold hoisting began.

Adrien and his crew worked from a mobile circular scaffold which consisted of 18 steel brackets, equally spaced around the stack, individually supported by a cable anchored to the stack's cap. Sturdy planks spanned the gaps between brackets, and jacks located on each bracket raised or lowered the circular scaffold, which, for the sake of safety, was completely enclosed by wire mesh.

Starting from the top, the stack was banded with forty steel bands weighing between 150 and 200 pounds each. The bands got longer thus heavier, as they receded down the stack. The seven bands closest to the top of the stack are 316 nickel stainless steel, while the rest are mild steel. Each band was bolted with 16 bolts at eight different connections. The bands were installed on an average of one every two hours when weather and working conditions were favourable. Cracks in the concrete stack were caulked with a silicone caulking compound which remains flexible in the center and hardens on the outside, allowing the concrete to expand and contract with changes in temperature.

At the 300-foot level of the stack, use of the mobile scatfold was discontinued and a bosun's chair employed to finish the caulking job and the joining of the lightning grounds which had split in many places. "It would take too long to jack down the scaffold just to do that work," said Adrien.

"I keep two regular men with me all the time," he explains, slapping Bryan Winters, a seven-year veteran stack worker, on the back. Rejean Gregoire, Adrien's brother, worked on several small stacks in Montreal before working at the I.O.R.P. with his brother. Gaston Levesque was hired locally and Vince Chisnell, also from Sudbury, mans the hoist for the crew.

"I've got four brothers on stacks," says Adrien proudly. "Bryan and I also capped the three sister stacks at the Copper Cliff smelter, back in '72. Bryan worked on the Inco super stack for the Kellogg Company before he came with me."

Where after this? "It could be anywhere — Alaska maybe. But I think Toronto, probably." Aloft, and tightening band connection bolts, project boss Adrien Gregoire (foreground) and Bryan Winters.



At the base of the stack, Rejean Gregoire attaches a reinforcing band section to the man cage.



WANTED

#### good home for

# Maria Bell

Meet Maria. She's 72 years old now, and still going strong. In another 72 years, she'll probably look just as good; in fact, with proper care, she should go on and on indefinitely.

Cast and christened in 1902, Maria is the 400-pound bronze bell that graced the tower of the old Victoria Mines' church (no longer in existence) some five miles from Crean Hill. Victoria Mines is the name of the settlement that was situated near the Mond Nickel Company's smelter . . . Mond merged with Inco in 1929.

The McShane Bell Foundry in Baltimore, Maryland, was responsible for the birth of Maria; now her care . . . and destiny . . . is in the hands of Don Pierce, general foreman of safety for mines and mills. He's been looking after Maria since he found her 10 years ago, abandoned in an old barn in Whitefish. He was actually doing some work for the fellow who owned the barn; when Maria was discovered, it didn't take Don long to strike up a bargain . . . bells have always appealed to him.

Maria's beauty, however, was completely marred by a solid layer of dirt, accumulated over many years of inactivity and neglect. Don immediately decided that his camp on Frenchman Lake would be an ideal rehabilitation centre; after two full summers of steel wool, acid, polish, and determination, Maria's original charm was successfully restored, and she could be heard ringing for miles around.

She stayed at the camp until this past Christmas, when Don sold the summer place. But no way would he part with Maria! He dismantled her and brought her to his home in Whitefish. Complete with stands and yoke, Maria is certainly quite a conversation-plece.

By the way . . . that little "thing" that hangs inside a bell is called a clapper. There's one outside, too, used when the bell is "tolled".

A Copper Cliff smelter pensioner, Sandy Butler, added an interesting bit of history when he saw Maria; in 1910, as a 12-year-old altar boy, he rang the bell at the christening of Bernadette Hamilton, who was later to become his wife!

Don has now made it known that he is willing to relinquish his Maria; he feels she should be shown off to best advantage, in a place where people can look at her... and remember.

Remember? ...



Maria's lived in the Sudbury area since her birth 72 years ago. Currently, she's staying with Don Pierce, who thinks she should remain here in the north. She's available, and she's free. Museums-good homes-take note, and let's hear from you.

2



Maria's original home, the Roman Catholic church that stood from 1898 to 1958 at Victoria Mines townsite, near Crean Hill. The church and settlement are gone, but Maria remains as a gentle reminder of days gone by.



Sandy Butler, Maria, and her owner, Don Pierce. Fond memories for Sandy: in 1910, as a 12-year-old altar boy, he rang the bell for the christening of the baby girl who was later to become his wife. Don has been providing a home for Maria for the past 10 years, but admits he's now interested in donating her for local historical purposes.



A glum looking Leo Menard has his bandages checked by safety instructor Miles Zettler. Normand Charbonneau and Brian Burton have put a sling on Leo's "broken arm" to immobilize it. They seem to have things well in hand — or is that arm?

### "This will certify that...

A new concept in safety instruction an interesting way to spend a Saturday — or how to learn something and enjoy yourself doing it. All this and more could describe an experimental safety programme underway at Coleman and Little Stoble mines.

The new method, put simply, is this; a work crew and their foreman are invited to voluntarily attend safety lectures and

Mass demonstrations give everyone a chance to get into the act. The men are judged on the practical as well as the written aspects of first aid, and since they are all part of the same work gang, manage to enjoy themselves at the same time.





Miles Zettler, salety instructor at Little Stobie mine, demonstrates artilicial respiration to part of his class. They are (from left), Rheal Prevost, James Davies, Gilles Lamontagne, Brian Burton, and Normand Charbonneau. Leo Menard is the "victim".

demonstrations for the St. John Ambulance course in first-aid. The course runs from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. on two consecutive Saturdays. The significant thing is that the men, with their foreman, remain intact as a unit, attending the course as a team.

The idea is the brain child of Frank Kelly, superintendent of Coleman mine and Jeffrey Beland, safety foreman at Coleman. It was tried as an experiment and has proved to be so successful that the safety department at Little Stoble mine has implemented it as well.

The established method of safety instruction, which has been in use for a number of years, teaches the same course, but in a different manner. The men voluntarily attend night classes, two hours a week for eight weeks. The groups are usually large, numbering over 100 at times, and are made up of personnel from many different areas of Inco. Because of this, the men don't know each other and don't receive as much individual attention as they do with the new method. The spontaneity and camaraderie that is evident at Coleman and Little Stobie seems to be missing.

A recent survey conducted at Coleman mine indicates that the number of accidents has been reduced since the new course started. Another significant statistic is that the men at Coleman have scored 10 to 15 per cent higher on exams than the traditional group, with no failures recorded since the course started in April of this year.

It also seems that the longer the

course runs the better it gets. This is due in part to the fact that each man fills out a questionnaire upon completion of the programme, and notes anything that he feels will improve the course.

One suggestion was for more slides, illustrating casualties. This involves applying make-up to "casualties" for the purpose of simulating real injuries, and then taking a picture for use as instructional material. It's not as easy as it sounds; it requires a special course in casualty simulation in order to apply the make-up realistically.

A result of our safety department's relentless and untiring search for methods to make the working area a safer place to be, the new safety training programme is another feather in an already wellfeathered thinking cap.

Perhaps the most difficult part of the St. John Ambulance first-aid course at Coleman mine was writing the final exam. The course, held on two consecutive Saturdays, is designed to give the participants a working knowledge of first-aid.



1914. A world gone mad. The emotions were shock — then fear — finally despair. Confusion reigned supreme, as men and young men prepared to do battle.

Then, on the morning of November 11, 1918, there was cause for celebration, for at eleven o'clock, eastern standard time, news flashed to every corner that an armistice had been signed — the order given to cease fire along the western front in Europe — and the First World War was over.

It was a time when cities went wild — there was shouting and rejoicing; streets were filled from curb to curb with people marching, embracing, crying, and laughing — and the churches were full.

Veterans remembering the battlefields of France and Flanders also remember the sudden springtime blooming of the common corn poppy which spread a scarlet carpet over every waste space and every grain field — surely a natural tribute to those who would never return — and before long, the crimson blossom became the emblem of our annual Poppy Day.

Today, disabled war veterans make the poppies for Canada and, through this light industry, the Royal Canadian Legion while giving help and encouragement to many men and women who might otherwise be unemployed, also offers comfort and support to dependents of such veterans.

Thus, although the poppy is a symbol of remembrance, it is even more a symbol of life today, and of bright hope for the future.

We wear the poppy with pride, to honour our heroic dead, and to emphasize Canada's devotion to peace and goodwill. Perhaps, in time, we shall see the ultimate armistice — worldwide peace . . . forever.



#### **Bob Brown**

Bob Brown, now 80, enlisted in 1914 and was assigned to the 7th Battery, 2nd Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery under General (at the time, Major) Andy McNaughton. Bob's a member of the Red Chevrons, the original first division to go overseas.

In 1942, Bob again enlisted, but this time joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and, when discharged in 1945, had attained his corporalship.

Born in Berkshire, England, Bob was an Inco employee from 1928 til his retirement from Stoble in 1959. He's a life-time member of the Copper Cliff Royal Canadian Legion, branch 224.



Then



Now

#### Alf Pinaud

Alf Pinaud is 75 years old, and a veteran of both World Wars. Born and raised on Canada's east coast, it was no surprise to his family when, in 1917, Alf enlisted in the RCNVR (Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve). Discharged in 1919 as a qualified signalman, he joined the GWVA (Great War Veterans Association) in 1920, and is a lifetime member of the Copper Cliff Royal Canadian Legion, branch 224.

Alf joined Inco in 1936, enlisted in the RCNR during the second World War, was discharged in 1945 as chief petty officer, and retired from Inco's mechanical department in 1964.







#### Norm Miles

It was the call of the wild blue yonder for Norm Miles; he enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in 1942 and, with aircraft maintenance, was directly involved in duties off the east coast. In November of '45, he was discharged with the rank of corporal.

Norm's a firm believer in the Legion a member of Sudbury branch 76 — and feels it provides an excellent service for veterans. Norm's been with Inco since 1938, and is maintenance superintendent at Creighton mine.



Now



Using a separatory funnel, cementationman Stan Dickout measures copper concentration in an electrolyte sample.

At Inco's Port Colborne refinery, the key to success in producing electrolytic nickel of high purity is an efficient electrolyte purification system. This highly complex series of chemical reactions removes impurities from the stream of nickel solution flowing to the electro-refining tanks at the rate of about 17,000 cubic feet per hour, so that only nickel at 99.9 per cent purity is plated onto production cathodes.

In the electrolytic plating tanks, impure anodes are positioned alternately with cathodes contained in wooden frames, over which are stretched canvas diaphragms creating compartments which separate the cathodes from their environment. These cathode boxes are fed with purified electrolyte at such a rate that the

From mine to refinery, countless processes each play an important role resulting in Inco's nickel and copper products. Many "old faithful" processes are seldom written about in these pages, so from time to time we'll zero in on them — here's the first.

the key...



Electrolyte purification starts after the liquid overflows at the end of each plating tank. Plating tankman Ralph Smit takes an outflow temperature.

flow is always through the diaphragms and away from the cathode, thus impurities which are dissolved from the anode along with nickel are prevented from being plated out onto the cathode sheet.

The impure anodes, and hence the solution surrounding the anodes, contain copper, cobalt, iron and other minor impurities which must be removed from the solution. This impure solution, known as anolyte, overflows from the plating tunks and is pumped to a central purification area.

In the first step, copper is removed in a series of 30-foot deep purification tanks by a cementation process in which copper is coated onto particles of ground nickel powder. This powder is known as Sinter-95 and is a product of the fluid bed roasters at Copper Cliff.

After removal of the copper-nickel solids by filtration on plate and frame filter presses, the solution passes on to another series of tanks called oxidizers, where the cobalt and iron are removed. The acidity of the solution is adjusted with alkaline nickel carbonate, after which, chlorine gas is added to oxidize the impurities. Under these conditions, the cobalt and iron precipitate together forming a black slime which is filtered off by vacuum tube filters.

The filtrate, after passing through polishing filter presses, is now freed of impurities and returned to the plating tanks after addition of small quantities of acid and organic additives to enhance the physical properties of the electrodeposit, thus completing the cycle.

What does not appear evident in this greatly simplified summary is the care required by the operating personnel in making these reactions happen when and how they are supposed to. Careful attention must be paid to details such as temperature, acidity and potential. To aid in monitoring and controlling these variables, extensive use is made of pneumatic and electronic instrumentation as well as spot analyses of the electrolyte streams. Thus a constant flow of purified nickel solution is ensured for the plating tanks where the silent magic of electrolysis completes the process to form ultrapure electrolytic nickel.

# ... ELECTROLYTE



Mike Farkas samples purified electrolyte as it flows from a filter press. From here, the liquid is pumped to head tanks and recirculated to plating tanks.









How much we take for granted! But a solitary stroll through an autumn day can really bring us back — to something so ordinary, yet so essential, as the "lowly" leaf.

It's just a matter of taking a few moments to ponder; that little leaf does more than decorate a tree. Much more. Green and growing through the spring and summer months of its youth, the leaf, approaching the final days of its short life, will turn a burnished gold and, perhaps in a final burst of defiance, hope to awaken us to a sense of urgency and immediacy. For are we all not similar to the leaf — so familiar, yet so casually ignored?

For who hasn't shuffled through the tumbling leaves of fall, yet never been touched by the amazing crimsons and







golds? Who hasn't picked a leaf from the windshield of a car, yet never stopped to wonder? Who hasn't spent time in the backyard with rake in hand, thinking only of a tedious job to be done? Or collected leaves for school projects, or been witness to a final blazing bonfire, without really seeing?

Just to contemplate for a moment on the miracle of "photosynthesis" — such a harsh word for so gentle a process then to thankfully bow to the presence of all plant life — and, of course, the leaf — for without it, the balance of nature would be greatly upset: after hundreds of millions of years of breathing in lifegiving oxygen from the air, we must admit that we have only plant life to thank for replacing it — and there are few plants without leaves! And who hasn't admired potted plants, or boasted about them. More often than not, it's the leaf that creates the aura of beauty . . . big or small, soft or spindly, flexible, glossy, intricate, broad, twining, two-tone, three-tone . . .

Leaves that tell your fortune — leaves that are the very basis of some of our modern-day medicines — leaves that are rolled up and smoked, providing industry, enjoyment and relaxation — leaves that can make us scratch and itch ....

Leaves for eating . . . luscious watercress, lettuce, cabbage, kale, even spinach . . . unusual salads created from unusual leaves: rose, dandelion and evening primrose . . . leaves that give us unique teas, just steep in hot water, add honey or sugar, for a refreshing beverage made from birch or plantain, rose or strawberry leaves. There are leaves that give us pepper, leaves that have been put to good use as inner soles for shoes, leaves that Indian children have used to wrap their dolls in ...

Leaves for protecting food, and even for providing a roof over our heads ... palm fronds that are thatched to give shelter, woven to make hats, hammocks and fans ...

Leaves of local wild plants can be used for making paints or dyes and, in some cases, one single leaf can, with proper care, regenerate an entire plant.

Eat them, drink them, smoke them, be healed and protected by them, but don't take them for granted!

Leaves. They're a pretty big part of our lives — even if, on a cool fall day, we just stop to look at them, and admire. And maybe turn over a new one.





## A taste of the sweet life ...

Whatever it takes to be a beekeeper, Walter Hughes has it. And how! Born in Dublin, Ireland, Walter inherits the trait from his family. In 1953, he arrived in Canada, joined Inco, forgot about the bees, is now with plant protection at Creighton mine, and just last year was stung by the urge to resume the sweet art of apiculture.

He started off by purchasing his bees — by the pound, no less — from Cook's of Aurora; the two three-pound "packages" each contained one fertile Italian queen bee and about 15,000 worker and/ or drone bees. He bought his two original colonies (hives) from Inco pensioner, Dan Thomas, former town clerk of Copper Cliff and himself an apiarist. Walter now has five colonies, each with an average of 80,000 to 100,000 bees — he produces about 75 pounds of extracted honey per hive per season, a season in our area being June to October.

The apiary is located at the Riverview Golf and Country Club on Penage Road; it's a par 36 nine-hole course owned and operated by the Smorhay family — Walter, with the mechanical department at Creighton mine, wife, Doreen, and son, Greg, at the Iron Ore Recovery Plant.

Besides enjoying his own carefullynurtured honey, Walter's had his fair share of stings — as many as ten during a working session with the bees causing a hand to swell up to almost double its normal size. Take heed — says Walter, "when it stings, a bee leaves its stinger as well as a sack of venom; scrape off the sack, then remove the barbed stinger ... don't swat the bee off, that'll only push the venom and stinger further in".

Oh, by the way, inflation hits bees too! Those three-pound "packages" of bees last year cost \$11, this year, \$23, and next year's price, probably \$30. So maybe think twice before making a beeline for your nearest "order office".

And how 'bout these for a few interesting facts . . . the queen bee lays 1,500 to 2,000 eggs a day (more than her weight) . . . towards fall, the worker bees



Walter decides to don his special face and neck protection before checking one of his more active hives. Essentials of the trade include the hat, a smoker, and a knite-like beekeeper's tool that pries open the covers of the hives.

kick out the drones (drones eat too much during the cold semi-hibernation period)

a worker bee may visit 800 blossoms in one hour, searching for nectar ... half a teaspoon of honey is one worker bee's entire lifetime production . . . hives are now being rented out for pollination purposes, especially for berry crops . . . honey is one of the very few bacteria-free foods, and has been used as a main course, as a sweetening agent, an antiseptic, cough syrup, and as a mask for vile-tasting medicines .... Canada is now the biggest honey exporter in the western world . . . and if you've got arthritis - well, Walter did, but he doesn't anymore; not since he's surrounded himself with the "sweet life".

A quick check of the "smoker" used to drive the guard bees away from the hive openings. This helps Walter to work without gloves, although he's had as many as 10 stings during a working session with the bees.





One of the frames that will eventually be covered with honey combs ready for extraction and processing to Walter's own brand of honey. One bee's entire lifetime production is about half a teaspoon of honey. Notice Walter's bare hands!









Bob Browne, Gord Machum, Ross Butler and new refinery member Carmine Saltarelli.

### AN EVEN DOZEN

Bob Browne, Charlie O'Neill, Peter Ryan with new research members Joe Cizmar and Ben Brandt.



Welcomed on October 24th as new members of the Port Colborne chapter of Inco's Quarter Century Club, 10 Port nickel refinery employees and two research station personnel upped the membership of that chapter to a total of 759.

Ontario Division vice-president, smelting and refining, Gord Machum, made presentations to the 10 new club members from the refinery, while corporate vice-president Charlie O'Neill did the honours with the two from the research stations.

Attended by most of the chapter's members, the gala night at the Inco Recreation Hall in the Port kicked off with a banquet followed by the debut of a newly formed quartet — "Reg and Friends"; Port Colborne company pensioners Reg Steeves, Bob Duke, Jack Nash and Art Royon.

A magician, "Captain" Bill James emceed the following rip-roaring programme of entertainment that included specialty dancer Cathie Campbell, the daring "Trampchamps", and, topping the bill, T.V. and radio songstress Vanda King.

Guest speaker at the club's 25th annual celebration was corporate vicepresident Frank Burnet.

"My particular area of responsibility with Inco concerns employee relations", he said. "How you feel about the company, your working conditions, hours, wages, salaries, pensions and benefits, safety training and the health and welfare of your families, are areas both of interest and concern to me.

"It won't surprise you, therefore," he continued, "when I say that I believe the kind and quality of people in its employ is a key ingredient in the success of any company — and Inco is a very successful company because we have the best people in the business."

"Long before I joined Inco, I was told by people in other companies such as ours, that when it comes to hard-rock mining, smelting, and refining, Inco leads the world. When your competition acknowledges that you're number one, you'd better believe it," he said.

"You, in particular, are the backbone of our business, representing — as each of you does — 25 or more years of skill, experience, know-how, and accomplishment at Inco. So such a get-together as tonight is a natural time for personal satisfaction and for reminiscing, and I hope this will be the occasion for both."





## AT PORT







"Reg and Friends" - Reg Steeves, Jack Nash, Bob Duke and Art Royon.







Back to your seat/

2nd Carl Tuttle and Arnold McGowan Copper Cliff mill

\$930

**3rd** Gerard Sanche and Frank Beaudoin Garson mine

\$700

Rino Tessarolo Stobie mine

\$965 **1**st Suggestion Awards The old adage, "two heads are better than one", certainly applies to this month's list of suggestion award winners. Of the 61 awards, 13 were the result of two or more joining forces.

Prize money totalled \$5,505.

Topping the list, **RIno Tessarolo** pulled in a cool \$965 for suggesting modifications to underground bin baffles at Stobie mine.

Not far behind Rino, the team of Carl Tuttle and Arnold McGowan received \$930 for designing stainless steel steam boxes for Dorrco filters at Copper Cliff mill.

Gerard Sanche and Frank Beaudoln, Garson mine, combined for \$700 when they proposed that car stabilizers be replaced with angle plates.

From Stoble mine, Mike Campanole picked up \$500 for his idea to install an overflow line on the 2400 level.

Leonard Matson and Doug Bardell of the Iron Ore Recovery Plant instrument shop netted \$365. They suggested that thermocouple wells be bought without fit-







4th Mike Campanole Stoble mine \$500

tings; they could then be adapted with black iron fittings for longer life.

At the \$200 mark were **Ralph Carrier** and **Antti Viltassalo** from the Levack mill. They proposed that a swing beam be installed over the mechanics' bench in the tool room.

Leo Burgeols, Stobie mine, received \$120 for suggesting modifications to couplings on tire trucks.

The threesome of Bruce Kutchaw, Lauri Karl and Weldon Cecile had the idea of putting longer-lasting probes on ball mill cyclone alarms at the Clarabelle mill. They won \$110.

At the I.O.R.P., Lloyde Frith's suggestion to replace cottrell draft manometers with gauges made him \$105 richer.

Earl Pitzner, Garson mine, won \$90 for suggesting slanted sill posts.

There were three \$75 awards.: Bruce Kutchaw and Arnold Anderson split theirs for revisions to the x-ray analyzer at Clarabelle mill, while Murray Jewitt, also of Clarabelle, clicked for designing a cable reel cart. Vladimir Malec, Coleman mine, picked up his money for proposing an auxiliary power supply for the Koepe hoist.

At \$60 were **Harold Boluk** and **Nicola Rooca**, both from the copper refinery: Harold suggested an access ladder and platform to the number one wire bar casting frame, while Nicola thought of putting a cover on the sheet preparation machine.

Paul Hogan, Creighton mine, netted \$45 for designing a safer method to pull cable with a Unimog.

From the I.O.R.P., Jean Wolfe and Art Turner are \$40 winners for proposing revisions to the Farval greasing system.

Five men added an extra \$35 to their pay this month. They were Luclen Beaudry, Levack, for suggesting a filter on the water line near the sample room; Nick Beynen, copper refinery, for a safer sample handling chain, plus another \$30 for suggesting an opening for better vision for the rock car winch operator; Phillp Carrier, Levack mill, for a valve on G.I.W. pump lines; Roy Levesque, also from Levack, for a nomotion switch on the filter conveyor and BIII Todd, for proposing a screen over the hydraulic control system of number three vertical furnace at the copper refinery.

In the \$30 category, Frank Taback and Terry Labelle from the copper refinery thought it was a good idea to put kick plates on the floor at the loop machine, while Eddy Martin saw the need for steel guides on the sheet preparation machine. From the Iron Ore Recovery Plant, we have Jack Mikkola and Mike Mikkola with separate awards — Jack for ceramic thermocouple wells and Mike for recognizing the need for a stairway between the powerhouse and the cooling tower.

The largest number of awards was in the \$25 class, with 14 given out. Bruce Kutchaw and Arnold Anderson from Clarabelle mill suggested revisions to the x-ray analyzer, while the team of Rene Legault and Real Gaudet thought up a warning system for loading timber trucks. Rolland Cooney, Frood-Stobie mill, proposed an in-

# 5th

and Doug Bardell

\$365



### 6th

Ralph Carrier and Antti Viitassalo Levack mill \$200



#### more suggestions

formation board at door number six. Colin Davey picked up his \$25 for an idea to apply sealant on the speed reducers at the I.O.R.P. Fred Davis, and Patrick Davis also from the I.O.R.P. had two good ideas: Fred proposed walkie-talkies for electricians, while Patrick envisioned a heavier screen on the wall fan. From the Clarabelle mill, Joseph Doucette and Robert Henry were also \$25 winners - Joseph for a "T" and valve on the drain water line, and Robert for electrical plugs on the crusher floor. At the copper refinery, Kostas Kapatals suggested straps on the hammer used by crane followers. Ronald Larmon proposed seal holes on L.H.D. panels at the Copper Cliff North mine. At Creighton, Daniel Martin collected for seeing the need for guard rails at drum hoists. Maurice Poulin, copper refinery, fabricated a wrench for plating tanks, while Adrien Renaud, Garson mine, found money could be saved by salvaging used cable clamps. The final \$25 winner was Louis Vildaer, Copper Cliff North mine, who found a way to relocate the oil pressure light on L.H.D. machines.

In the \$20 bracket, Philippe Lussier, copper refinery, picked up twin awards; one for a warning light on a circulating pump. and one for suggesting that curtains be installed around emergency showers. Robert Mikkola and Orillo Alberton, I.O.R.P., thought of putting a welding plug in the changehouse. Edgar Dugas and Gary Dupont, also from the I.O.R.P., clicked; Edgar for a catwalk exit sign, and Gary for eliminating valve stems protruding in the walkway. Richard Schroeder, Clarabelle mill, thought of putting a barrier at wet screen chutes and Alfred Wilkle, I.O.R.P., proposed a removable front on the washing container. The last \$20 winner was Allan Wingrave who saw the need for drains at standard crushers at the Clarabelle mill.

There were seven \$15 winners. Doug Bardell and Larry Martin, I.O.R.P., shared an award for suggesting a key to remove valves on empty propane cylinders. Edmond Hastings and Alvin Shilkle, also from the I.O.R.P., did likewise for relocating vent fan switches. **Gilbert Prevost** netted \$15 for proposing a compressed air line to the control room at Garson mine, and a further \$10 for identifying controls in the sand plant. **Ernest Schrader**, I.O.R.P., suggested a floor drain for the barren solution, while **Dan Sweezey**, Clarabelle mill, suggested individual valves for magnetic separator sprays. At the I.O.R.P., **Ronald Wigmore** figured out a lifting method for welding machines, and **Frank Young**, Copper Cliff North mine, developed modifications to fuse boxes on Grangesburg trolleys.

Richard Kerr, Copper Cliff North mine, suggested stock braces for oilskin pants, and Raymond Leclair, Garson mine, thought a sign for better housekeeping in the changehouse would improve things. They both won \$10. The final two \$10 winners were Eric Pohjola, North mine and Art Robinson, Garson mine — Eric for proposing a guard over a pump belt pulley, and Art for suggesting an emergency shower in the electrical shop. It's becoming a family affair for the LaPensee's of St. Charles.

Art LaPensee of the Frood machine shop plowed his way to the winner's circle last year in the St. Charles Agriculture Society's 19th annual plowing match and following his example this year was his son, Danny.

Danny displayed the skills he learned from his dad by winning first place in the match and defeating more than 30 experienced contestants. "We're keeping the trophies in the family," says Art.

The plowing match was held on the St. Charles Community Grounds.

# Plowing

# <sup>and</sup> Softball

Frood 600 level upset Frood Mechanical in playoff action for the Eldred Dickie trophy. The 600 level team came from behind in the two-out-of-three game series to take an 8-7 win and wind up softball action in the Frood-Stobie league for the year.

At the end of regular play, Frood Mechanical held a firm grasp on first place in the league, followed by Little Stobie, Frood Office Staff and the Frood 600 level. Frood Mechanical took two games away from Frood Office Staff in their semi-final series, while 600 level defeated Little Stobie to gain a berth in the playoff action.

League statisticians for the Frood-Stobie Athletic Association reported a good but rough season, with no complaints other than the weather getting a little too cold, too fast.



Art LaPensee of the Frood machine shop shares the driver's seat with his son, Danny.

# CHAMPS



Frood softball champs 1974, — the 600 level team. Front, from left: Hugh McMaster, Bob Nesbitt, Larry Belanger and Dave Kasunich. Back, Larry Pharand, Bob Kerr, Lloyd Goudie, Aurele Rivet, Lloyd Thomas and Tom Dolan.

Copper Cliff's Nickel Park is undergoing changes. As part of a continuing project started two years ago by Inco's agriculture department, two acres of the park are presently being raised, regraded and sodded.

The original soil depth was minimal, since the fill used to cover the area, an abandoned roast yard, was hauled from a location on highway 17 by horse and wagon. Over the years, the soil has settled causing poor surface drainage, a situation which will be overcome by raising the level.

As much as two feet of new soil is being added to improve the surface grade and provide an adequate depth for good tree growth.

Five acres of the park have been improved since the project commenced. This two-acre plot of land is the site, where, this summer, the company held its "Music in the Park" programme. It'll be in great shape for next summer's activities.



# colour it greener

According to Inco's agriculture department, Tony Fritz, superintendent of the F.B.R. building at Copper Cliff, has the most improved lawn in Lively. He was presented with the Lorne Gagnon memorial trophy for his efforts.

The award was inaugurated in 1967 by Bill Tresize in memory of his friend Lorne Gagnon. Bill worked summers with Lorne on Inco's grounds maintenance crew and they became close friends.

In the spring of 1967, Lorne died in an automobile accident and Bill wanted to do something to honor his friend. Since the town of Lively was built on what was once Lorne Gagnon's farm, Bill could think of no better way to pay tribute to Lorne than by having an award for a Lively activity.

Tom Vickers, a former Inco employee, and Inco annual garden competition judge for more than 25 years, presented the trophy to Tony.



A group of mining engineering students from Minnesota State University in St. Paul visited Inco's Shebandowan complex, near Thunder Bay, Ontario. The students, all in their fourth year of studies, were on a mineral engineering field study trip.

They visited various mines in Ontario, Illinois, and Missouri as part of their fact-finding tour. When they return to the university, the group will submit written reports and conduct seminars on the different methods of mining technology which they observed.



Carl Smith, an instructor at the university, closely examines an ore sample in the hand of Bob Martindale, a Shebandowan geologist.

# Looking at us

Garth Wunsch (left) explains the contents of an ore sample. Collectors are: Beverly Mikell, Gene Doble, Sidney Sheridan and Maris Mikell.



The Walker Mineralogical Club visited the Copper Cliff North mine recently. The club, which is affiliated with the Royal Ontario Museum, was founded in 1938 by university professor Walker.

Approximately 30 people were on hand for the descent to the 1500 level of the mine. They collected ore samples, and now will be able to add to displays they have back at their Toronto headquarters.

Although the club was originally established as a professional group, including only professional mining and mineralogy people, it's now predominantly amateur in nature. It's not your everyday type of football player who is elected by his teammates as the most valuable player at the end of a season.

So, it has to be one super football player, or one super fellow, who is named the most valuable player — SIX years in a row.

That describes Gord Evans Jr., a super offensive halfback for the Sudbury Spartans and a first class machinist at Frood mine.

Spartan coach, Sid Forster, will testify to that and more. "I've coached for 20 years in three sports and never coached anyone better than Gord," says Sid, who claims he's never even heard of another sportsman receiving the most valuable player award for that length of time.

Yup! There's no doubt about it. Gord is as handy with a pigskin as he is with a lathe. And one of the nicest things about him is he's the last person to tell you about it. He's modest to an extreme.

Fortunately, Sid is delighted to talk about Gord.

The coach says Gord is so adaptable that he performs well in any position on the team. Gord hesitates when he's asked what position he plays. "Well, I play offensive right now, but I've played a lot of defense too," he says. "Mostly though, in the 10 years that I've played for the Spartans, I guess I've 'run the ball'."

Indeed he has.

Gord is now the all-time career offensive leader, in terms of yards gained, in the Northern Football Conference. Mind you, Gord wouldn't volunteer that information.

Nor would he ever think to mention that he established a new league record this year in the number of times a single player carried the ball. The old record was 138; Gord carried the ball 155 times in nine of 10 games in the '74 season.

Weighing in at 185 pounds and standing close to six feet tall, Gord doesn't look big enough to have earned such awesome football credentials. He laughs off his comparatively "small" size with the remark: "I may not be big, but I'm wiry — and fast."

Seems Gord has been a fast mover for a long time. He claims he was born in Winnipeg while his mom was passing through. Actually, his dad, Gord Sr., a stationary engineer at Frood mine, and



# Gord Evans.

his mom, Dorothy, did live there for a while, moving to Sudbury shortly after Gord arrived.

So, Gord is a Sudbury boy and it was at Nickel District High School that he began playing football.

After four years of the contact sport, Gord had the football bug, so he joined the Spartans. By this time it was 1964 and Gord had started his apprenticeship in the Frood mine machine shop.

During his non-working hours, Gord threw himself into football — to him, it was, and still is, a total commitment. Says Sid: "Gord is a guy who's motivated all the time. He does everything head first. He brings honesty to all he does. He's tough and dedicated."

Gord must be dedicated. He attends two-hour practices four or five nights weekly from June to October and then there's a home or out-of-town game every weekend.

According to Sid, Gord even plays when he's hurt and has a dependability factor that is admirable.

In the decade that Gord has played for the Spartans, they've topped the Northern Football Conference five times. That's not a bad average and apparently Gord has had a good deal to do with keeping the Spartans "hanging in there", not only statistics-wise, but operationwise as well.



## . Sudbury Spartans' MVP

Says Sid: "Do you know what Gord did a couple of weeks ago? He did the team's laundry! No one had to ask him; he just knew it had to be done, so he came in and did it one afternoon before going on afternoon shift at the mine."

Just as Gord's commitment to football is great, his commitment to Inco extends beyond the machine shop and an eighthour workday.

He joined the mine rescue detail in 1969 and is a member of the Frood-Stoble mine rescue team which won the district competition championship this year and finished second in the Ontario competition.

In fact, Gord had to miss one of his

Spartan games this year in Toronto because he was involved in mine rescue work. "Gord was in touch with the team right up to the last minute on the chance that he might be able to make the game," says Sid. "He was even willing to fly down at his own expense, if he could finish soon enough."

Truth be known, Gord is as excited about being on the mine rescue team as he is about football. And, he's the type of guy who doesn't begrudge a moment of his work. He especially considers himself fortunate to have gained experience at Totten mine, Creighton number nine shaft and in Shebadowan since he started working for Inco. Gord's athletic prowess goes even further than football. A display cabinet in his Struthers Street home in Sudbury holds plaques and trophies for broomball, curling, hockey and baseball. He was a member of the Frood-Stobie Mechanical softball team which led the league in 1973.

You wouldn't think Gord would have any spare time left, but he found enough to court and marry a gal named Patricia four years ago.

Gord certainly is an all-round guy. Maybe he could be even more allround. Coach Sid says he'll vote for Gord if he ever runs for Prime Minister. What do you say, Gord? A thought-provoking and slightly surprising comment.

"The pleasure of being with the people that the action attracts by far outweighs my interest for the game." — words of Sid Forster, coach of the Sudbury Spartans Football Club, and also this month's "triangle" logo writer.

Sid's comment is not surprising to someone who's met and talked with one of the people he's referring to — namely, Gord Evans, the Sudbury Spartans' superstar featured in this month's "triangle".

A native of Ottawa, Sid came to Sudbury in the late '40's, worked for Inco at Garson in the mid '50's, and carried the ball with the newly-formed Sudbury Hardrocks from '53 to '55.

Sid left the Sudbury area in '55, and returned in '67 to coach the team he'd left behind. That year the Hardrocks became the Spartans — and they haven't looked back since.

In the following eight seasons of Northern Football Conference action, the team finished in first place five times and dropped no lower than second.

True to style, Sid recently accepted another challenge. He's now the manager of the City of Sudbury Convention and Visitors Bureau.

Coach Sid, or manager Sid — take your choice — still has Inco representation. His wife, Anne, is a key punch operator with computer systems at Copper Cliff.



## Sid Forster...

Sudbury's "Mr. Football" and November's logo writer

	<b>INCO</b> 1975 Reserved Scholarship Program for Children of Employees
	Up to twenty-one scholarships will be awarded this year for study in Canadian universities. The awards have a possible tenure of up to four academic years and annually provide tuition and associated fees and a grant of \$500 for other expenses.
ELIGIBILITY	Children of Inco employees enrolled in a program of studies required for university admission and who will graduate with a secondary school diploma in 1975.
SELECTION	An impartial scholarship committee will meet in May 1975 to select award winners on the basis of scholastic records, SACU scores and personal qualifications. The names of the winners will be announced about June 1, 1975.
APPLICATION	Application forms should be requested early in the school year. Forms, instructions and conditions governing the awards may be obtained from local schools or from:
	Educational Aid Section The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited P.O. Box 44, Toronto-Dominion Centre Toronto, Ontario - M5K 1E3
	APPLICATION DEADLINE
	Applications must be returned by March 15, 1975

