
The Triangle
DECEMBER 1974

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On the cover . . .

Santa puts in a little practice in preparation for his big night coming up on the 24th. After going through all his letters, organizing his workshop, and searching out the good little boys and girls, he managed to take the time to sign this month's cover.

Meet Lillian Phillips. She's the author of "Starlight", a story about Christmas. It's in this issue. She's the wife of Rube, a first aid man at the Copper Cliff smelter.

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The 14th annual dinner of the Toronto chapter of the Inco Quarter Century Club was held at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto. With Inco chairman L. Edward Grubb, following the dinner and presentation of pins, are the two new members, Paul Wegrich (left) with the comptroller's office, and senior vice-president, John McCreedy (centre).

Appointments

John Clark, product costing clerk.
Don Danko, supervising systems analyst.
Andy Fraser, programmer.
Cec Fleming, senior timekeeper, Creighton mine.
Harvey Jarrett, assistant to the chief mines engineer.
John Koski, senior timekeeper, Copper Cliff copper refinery.
Jim Kuzniar, senior electrical maintenance engineer.
Ron Orasi, records administrator.
Gord Pearce, administrative assistant to the manager, Iron Ore Plant.
Bob Reeves, supervising systems analyst.
Darwin Renaud, systems analyst.
Jim Scott, area engineer, Levack complex.
John Starkey, mine engineer, Levack mine.
Percy Tugwood, programmer analyst.
George Tyroler, superintendent, process technology, Iron Ore Recovery Plant.
Harvey Wickenden, senior timekeeper, Copper Cliff North mine.

Representing Inco, Bob Browne, (left), manager of the Port Colborne nickel refinery, recently presented an original "R.D." Wilson (right) ink drawing to the City of Port Colborne. On behalf of the city, Mayor John Buscarino accepted the work of art during a luncheon held at the Port Colborne Club.
Capturing a view of the Welland Canal and the Port's West Street, the drawing is one of 33 originals that "R.D." was commissioned to create for Inco.

Tom Antonioni, superintendent of the Copper Cliff smelter furnace department, with (front, from left), Steve Oreskovich, David Balsley, Athanase Richer, Bill Peever, Ezio Bertulli, and Pete Lata. Back row: Henry Lavole, Bruno Martelli, Jack Newell, Basil Jennings and Ron Poulton. A representative group.

Employees in the cottrell and steady day shift section of the Copper Cliff smelter reverb building have worked more than a year without a compensible injury — an impressive achievement matched only once in the past 20 years.

The 75 men involved are responsible for the operation and maintenance of the department's eight reverberatory furnaces plus one flash furnace. They also look after the five dust-removing cottrell units which operate on 45,000 to 60,000 volts of electricity for electrostatic reclamation. Their achievement is even more significant when consideration is given to the type of activity involved.

Tom Antonioni, superintendent of the furnace department, presented all the men in his department with a special razor set.

Wow!

and

How?

The Port Colborne nickel refinery was paid a visit recently by a representative of the Canadian Cancer Society.

Patricia Threlfall, from the Industrial Education Service of the Cancer Society, presented a programme to employees that included a film dealing with cancer, a demonstration of "Smokin' Sam" illustrating the hazards of smoking, and a short commentary followed by a question and answer period. All employees at the refinery were invited to attend.

It was pointed out that cancer is second among diseases which kill Canadians, but is also a curable disease if treated early and adequately. More so with cancer than any other major disease, responsibility for life-saving action rests with the patient. If in doubt, have a check up — it may save your life.

Patricia Threlfall, with the Industrial Education Service of the Canadian Cancer Society, presented a comprehensive program to employees at the Port Colborne nickel refinery. She sought to make everyone more aware of cancer prevention by early detection. Catch it soon enough — and "cancer can be cured".

Proud moments

Cords

Barbara Ross and Sharon Levesque were recently awarded the highest attainable honor in the Girl Guide movement — the Canada cord.

Barbara is the daughter of Bill Ross, a plate worker at Creighton mine, while Sharon is the daughter of Art Levesque, a maintenance mechanic at the Copper Cliff smelter. The girls are both grade 10 students at Lively District Secondary School and worked for more than two years to obtain their award.

Marion Prior, guide commissioner of the Wildwood district, presented the girls with their cords at Christ Anglican Church in Lively. Marion's husband, Tom, is superintendent of maintenance at the Copper Cliff smelter.

Barbara Ross (right), and Sharon Levesque were presented their Canada cord by Marion Prior, guide commissioner of their district.

Bursaries

Nine Cambrian College students were awarded Inco Engineering Technology bursaries valued at $150 each.

The bursaries were presented to students chosen by the Council of Regents, which is the governing body of all community colleges in Ontario.

The bursaries help qualified and deserving students to continue their education, and encourage students to enter engineering technology courses so that a continuing supply of qualified technologists will be available for the future.

The bursaries were presented to the students by Ken Kay, superintendent of Inco's training and development centre, during a luncheon at the Notre Dame campus of Cambrian College.

Bursary winners, (front, from left), Dale Sheppard and John Grant; (back, from left), Bruce Donald, Keith Taylor, Keith Hopewell, Robert Paquette, Douglas Beaudry, David Korpela and Danny Cooper.

Mark now — cut later. On the Christmas tree farm, Inco pensioner and farmer, Eino Maki, with Vi Taylor, Sylvia Maki and Ontario Division president, Ron Taylor with daughter, Cathy.

a tree grows in Beaver Valley

Times change. At one time it was a certainty that the gaily decorated and light-festooned Christmas tree that stood in the home would shed needles, smell like a pine forest, have a bad side (turned to the wall) and would end up sadly, dropping a few stray pieces of tattered tinsel as it finally headed for a land-fill site.

Not so now. More and more, perfectly symmetrical and odor-free plastic "trees" are finding their way into the Christmas scene.

However, we know for a fact that there will be a genuine tree presiding over the Christmas festivities at 29 Park Street in Copper Cliff, the home of Inco's Ontario Division president Ron Taylor, his wife Vi and their family of six.

Ron and Vi and their youngest, six-year-old Cathy, were observed recently when they made a trip to a Christmas tree farm in Beaver Valley, three miles east of Nairn Centre on highway 17 East, where customers can select and mark a tree early in the season, and then return for the ceremonial cutting at an appropriate time closer to the 25th of December.

The occasion was an Inco "thing" because the tree farmer they visited was Eino Maki, a company pensioner who retired from the Copper Cliff South mine in 1973.

Eino and his wife Sylvia have planted over 50,000 spruce and 10,000 scotch pine trees on their 150-acre property since they moved there in 1945. Sales last year topped the 500 mark.

In this final "triangle" of 1974, the Taylor family wish that a very merry Christmas and a happy 1975 will be enjoyed by all.

At sunset of July 1, 1883, a lumber wagon carrying two people and their household furnishings joggled over the bumpy stretches of the corduroy tote road leading from the end of rail at Markstay, some 20 miles east to Sudbury. When the tired horse finally came to a stop, the bruised and shaken passengers alighting were Dr. Howey, the first C.P.R. Company doctor to be stationed in the three-month-old settlement, and his wife, Florence R. Howey.

Six months later, Dr. and Mrs. Howey spent their first Christmas in Sudbury and, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ross and family at the Hudson Bay Company Post on Whitefish Lake, attended a dance at the nearby Indian Village on New Year's Eve. Readers of "the triangle" should enjoy Mrs. Howey's description of the occasion, taken, in part, from her book, "Pioneering on the C.P.R." It follows:

Christmas, Sudbury

December now, and Christmas in the offing. The track had reached here in November and more luxuries were available, at least what seemed luxuries after our long subsistence on absolute necessities, therefore we decided to give a party. Then the question arose, whom shall we invite. The engineers whose homes were in Canada had gone to spend Christmas with their families. Mr. Wiley (of the cold baths) and Mr. Shaw, whose homes were across the sea had left, but there were several nice fellows who could not leave and were looking kind of homesick, so our list was made up: Gough and Harry Fairman, bookkeeper and clerk in the Company's store, Francis Fulford, draftsman Pierre, Mueller, commissariat for the boarding cars, Mr. Thompson who was in charge of the supply store and his little boy. We must ask Miss Horrigan, the only girl available.

These and ourselves made ten, our table accommodated eight comfortably, but we thought that by distributing the fat and the lean guests judiciously, and by sitting very close together on the benches, we might manage.

So they were all invited and all came. There was not room on the table for the turkey, so Pierre volunteered to carve it in the kitchen, but after we were seated, he brought it in carrying the platter high and marched solemnly around the table, proclaiming about St. Nicholas and a turkey, until the company protested that they would rather eat it than hear about it.

Despite the many makeshifts, which we did not mind at all, it was a real Christmas dinner with most of the eatments and drinkments which custom and tradition have made almost necessities. Before our guests departed, we sang Auld Lang Syne. I think everyone, as we sang, visioned a different group of old acquaintances, and it seemed to cast just a little shade of sadness, which soon passed and as they said "good night" everyone agreed that we'd had a very Merry Christmas.

For New Year's, about the same party was invited to the Hudson Bay Company Post and a dance at the Indian village New Year's eve. As the Branch was abandoned, there was no traffic on the tote road, so Mr. Ross came for me with a dog team and the men snowshoed.

The flag was flying when we arrived, and the children rushed out, each trying to be the first to say a "Happy New Year". Supper was ready for us and we were ready for it. Then a smoke and a rest for the men, as they were tired after the twelve-mile snow shoe, and did not feel just like starting out at once for another two-mile tramp down the lake to the Indian village.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross and family. Mr. Ross was the trader in charge at the Hudson Bay Company Post on Whitefish Lake.

1883

Florence Howey

However, the Indians do not wait until the night is half gone before they begin to dance, and we were expected to be on hand at "early candlelight". I suppose the time was given that way because of the scarcity of clocks and watches among them.

While we were getting into our wraps and bundling up the children, for all hands were going, I heard Mrs. Ross say "Simon, tackle the ox". I did not know what she meant, but found that a young ox which was used to draw wood, was to draw us too, at least the women and children. So the ox was "tackled" to the wood sleigh with rope harness and lines, blankets and cushions were in demand again, and we all piled on. Mrs. Ross and the baby, Simon the driver, George, Robert, Arthur (Art Ross of the Boston Bruins, I am his godmother), Charlie, Alexander, Roderick, Colin, Donald and Sybil (the only daughter), Miss Horrigan and myself.

On our arrival, Mr. Ross insisted on the usual New Year's ceremony being observed. On that special date, every man was expected to kiss every woman in the Company. Our boys were a little dubious about the old women, and their kisses were like a touch of a butterfly's wing, but when it came to the young girls' turn, they did their duty manfully. After that the orchestra began tuning up its fiddle, it consisted of one man by the name of Martin, and soon the strains of the Fisher's Hornpipe were floating on the air.

The girls were squatted on the floor around the walls with small bright scotch plaid shawls over their heads, the braves stood in a group about the door, as I have sometimes seen more civilized braves do at parties. As the evening wore on they got more confidence and the older people, feeling the urge, joined in and the dancing became fast and furious. Mr. and Mrs. Ross danced with them, but our boys would not enter. About ten o'clock a large basket of sweet biscuits, which Mrs. Ross had provided, was passed around and greatly appreciated. It was the only refreshment served. Then the ox was "tackled" again, and we went back to watch for 1884. When it arrived, greetings were exchanged, and "so to bed".

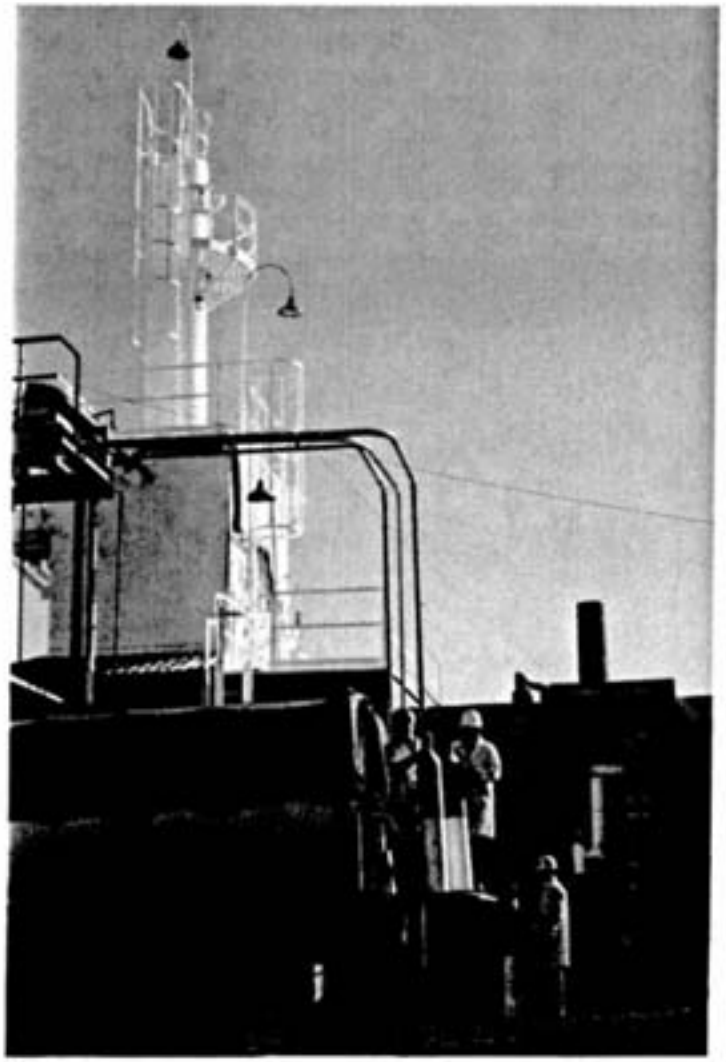
Next day, being New Year's day, Mrs. Ross gave us a typical Hudson Bay Post dinner. Minue Mouffle soup, made from dried moose nose, venison and beaver tail, the latter considered a great delicacy and very good, if you like that sort of thing, potatoes, and plum pudding, even a wee bit o' scotch to toast the New Year, and then the return, as we had come, having enjoyed it all beyond words.

Indian Chief Mongowin and his family. They lived in the Indian Village on the Whitefish Lake Indian reserve.

If you know the one good word that makes sense out of all the following, then you're well on your way to the "bright lights"!

...very rare .....
...known as "kr".....
...lights last longer.....
...colourless liquid .....
...one in a million .....
...inert gas .....
...identified in 1898 .....
...Inco one of few suppliers.....

what's the "Good word"?



Full cylinders of krypton leave krypton plant. Helping with the loading are, (from left), Inco's Art Poulin, Canadian Liquid Air's Eddie Welsh and Harvey Paradis.

If you guessed "krypton", you're not only right, you deserve a pat on the back for being remarkably well-informed!

A little-known fraction of the very air we breathe, krypton was discovered and identified in 1898; it's a Greek name meaning "hidden". And hidden it surely is, with only one part in a million to be found in the atmosphere.

As one of the two krypton suppliers in North America, and the only one in Canada, Inco's krypton plant has a design capacity of 105 cubic feet of gaseous krypton daily. And just how is this extremely valuable — $300 per cubic foot in a gaseous state — element extracted from the air? Well, without getting technical, nor into too much detail, here's an outline of the process involved:

At the company's main oxygen plant, atmospheric air is compressed, scrubbed, and cooled to liquid form at temperatures of about minus 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Fractional distillation — the boiling off of gases — results in specifically obtaining the two main elements of air; namely, gaseous oxygen and nitrogen. Our main interest is primarily the oxygen.

This separation process ultimately gives us two by-products: high-purity liquid oxygen, and krypton. But hold on — it's not quite that simple!

A portion of the super-cool liquid oxygen is diverted, via insulated pipeline, to the nearby process building for final extraction of the elusive krypton.

This particular plant houses two distinct operations: "separation" and "filling".

In the "separation" room, the liquid oxygen is filtered, and the concentration of krypton increased. The oxygen is then boiled off — fractional distillation again — and returned to the main plant, where it's reliquefied and recovered for use in operations at Copper Cliff's smelter and copper and nickel refineries.

Krypton, now in liquid form, is vaporized, compressed, and heated; it's treated in a catalytic converter, then is cooled and dried. The resulting krypton, a gaseous product, is then piped to the "filling" portion of the plant, where it is liquefied and stored in high-pressure steel cylinders that each hold approximately 60 pounds of krypton. This product is then sold exclusively to Canadian Liquid Air, who have it further refined elsewhere, for future sale to the lamp and electronic industries.

By now, you're probably wondering where you'd find krypton in actual use. Next time you're shopping, check the light bulb section of your local department store. You'll find special bulbs marked "longer lasting". More than likely, they contain krypton! Due to its particular characteristics, krypton provides longer light output for two reasons: filament losses are reduced by the low thermal conductivity of krypton and, at the same time, filament deterioration is reduced by the high density of the gas.

Krypton also gives longer life to miners' lamp bulbs and is further used in high-efficiency incandescent lamps and research lasers. It's also proving valuable in the atomic field because of its density and ability to absorb gamma rays.

Mind you, krypton-filled bulbs are definitely more expensive but, of course, they do last longer. And at this time of year, it kind of makes you wish — and wonder why — manufacturers haven't found a practical way to produce krypton-filled Christmas bulbs for tree and window decorations!

Gary Bradley, Inco oxygen plant operator, monitors flow of krypton from main control panel at oxygen plant. All phases of Inco's oxygen plant can be controlled from this area.

A full cylinder of krypton hoisted from its liquid nitrogen bath. Inco's Leo Gilbert, (left), and Robert Bois (right), lend a hand to Gerry Antoine from Canadian Liquid Air.

Starlight

By Lillian Phillips

The old gentleman walked slowly, trudging through the drifts, occasionally brushing at the whirling snow, then stopping to adjust his scarf and huddle deeper into the upturned collar of his coat.

At the door of the Village Orphanage, he listened for a moment before knocking; inside, the young, off-key voices of singing children warmed and welcomed him on this stormy eve of Christmas.

"Poor little tykes," he thought, gently rapping, and at that instant, the door swung wide and a young fellow, no more than four, cried out, "Father Jacob! Father Jacob's here!"

"Hello, Michael — Merry Christmas!"

Immediately, the other children of the orphanage came swarming 'round the Father, all chattering at once and pulling him inside.

"Now, children, mind your manners — give Father Jacob a chance to take off his coat," admonished Mary, the head matron, as she joined the group in the hall.

"A very Merry Christmas, Father. How are you this evening?"

"Merry Christmas to you, Mary, and I'm quite well, thank you. It's a wee bit stormy outside, but it's the time of year for it."

The insistent tugging of the children couldn't be put off any longer, and Father Jacob found himself pulled towards the warmth of the livingroom, where, busily reading by the fire, sat Katie, the tiniest of all the girls. Looking up, she shyly asked, "Father, are you going to tell us a story tonight, a story for Christmas eve?"

"Of course, Katie. Let's all just sit down and . . ."

"Would you like a cup of tea and some cookies Father?" Mary rose from her chair and turned toward the kitchen. "Perhaps you could tell the children their story while I'm getting it ready."

"That'll be fine, Mary." Turning to the children, he beckoned them to gather closer. "All right, now let me see, which one will it be?"

"Tell us the story of Scrooge," young David urged.

"No, no," cried another, "we've heard that one before."

Young Katie, sitting at his feet, tugged at his trouser leg. "Tell us a different story, Father, a new one. Please?"

The look in her eye made Father Jacob decide to tell a story he'd told the night before. Smiling down at her, he settled back in the big, comfortable chair and, lighting his pipe, began:

"Long, long ago, on the night before Christmas, all the angels had gathered in great excitement; it was another Christmas eve, and they wanted everything to be perfect. As they set about their work, the littlest angel stood aside and asked, in a timid voice, "Is there nothing for me to do?"

One of the elders turned from her chores. "Well, let me see. The clouds all need to be polished up bright and shiny, the stars, the moon, the whole universe must shine tonight. Run along, Starlight, that'll be enough to keep you busy."

So off went the little angel and soon she was hard at work, polishing furiously at a little cloud. But Starlight was such a tiny angel, and in so much of a hurry, that she slipped and tripped on the hem of her robe and tumbled off the cloud, down and down, until she landed on a soft fluffy snowbank on earth.

Looking up towards the sky, she saw her little cloud sparkling bright, and she sat back and smiled for a moment. But in the stillness, Starlight heard a small muffled sound, and, looking 'round, saw a little girl shivering in meager sweater and scarf, softly crying.

Starlight made her way through the snow and stood in front of the unhappy child.

"Why are you crying?"

The little girl looked up, startled, then stared in bewildered astonishment.

"Why are you crying?" Starlight repeated.

"But who are you? Why are you dressed like that? You look like — like an angel!"

"I am. My name is Starlight, what's yours?"

"Myra. I live in the valley. Down there," and she pointed.

"But why are you crying?"

And Myra's tears started again. "This is Christmas eve, and my father's still sick, and mom's worried, and we have nothing for Christmas. Tonight, we'll hang my little brother's stocking, but there's nothing to put in it."

"Don't cry, Myra. I'll help."

"But how?"

"Well, let's think. Do the people in the village know of your trouble?"

"Oh, yes," replied Myra, wiping her tear-stained face with her sleeve.

"Aren't they helping you?"

"It's not their trouble."

"Are they not Christians?" Starlight was puzzled.

"Of course they are."

"Well, they can't be good Christians if they don't help their neighbours."

"But they are good. They're my friends. You can't blame them for my family's problems."

"Well, Myra, I'd like to see your good townspeople and judge for myself. Come, let's go." And, taking Myra's hand, Starlight led the way down the hill.

As they entered the village, people stared curiously at the pair — one in long flowing robes, the other almost in tatters. It wasn't long before the two little ones had gathered a small following.

On the main street, Myra stopped at a store window and pointed — "There's my friend, Peggy. Hello, Peggy."

"Peggy? Where is she? I don't see anyone," and Starlight peered into the window.

"Over there — the ballerina doll in the corner. If you listen closely, and if you really want to hear her, you will."

Then Starlight understood. "Myra, don't you see? You believe your townspeople are good and kind, because you want to believe it."

"Oh, no," Myra cried, "they really are good people. Come, I'll show you."

And she took Starlight by the hand and led her into the village church, up to the altar. "Look, Starlight — the baby Jesus in the manger, with Mary and Joseph and all the angels. If the people weren't, they wouldn't bother doing this."

But Starlight was unconvinced. "You've defended your people with all your heart, Myra. You're a good girl, and you'll be rewarded. Now I must go back and finish my work. Goodbye, Myra."

And Starlight was gone.

Myra knelt again to pray, not realizing that the church was full of people who had listened and had learned a great lesson. They left quietly, heads bowed.

On her way home, Myra noticed that all the lights at her house were on, blazing brightly. Fearing that her father might be worse, she ran the rest of the way, raced up the steps, and flung open the door. Bursting into the livingroom, she immediately stopped and looked around in complete amazement. Before her stood a tall, graceful pine, exquisitely decorated and, beneath the bottom branches — gifts! Piles of gifts, all brightly wrapped, with ribbons and bows! Her mother and father — oh, how well he looked! — were standing together, arm in arm, smiling, and little John ran to her to be picked up.

"Look, Myra, look at our beautiful tree! And look at the presents 'n' candies 'n' everything! Mr. O'Rourke and some other people brought it all, and there's even a big turkey, and we're all gonna help mom make the stuffing!"

Myra put little John down and walked to the window. Looking up, she saw a single star shining brighter than all the rest, and knew it was Starlight. Smiling, she waved for a moment, then whispered, "Thank you."

"And that, my children," finished Father Jacob, "is the end of our Christmas story."

"How beautiful," sighed Katie. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to see an angel!"

Matron Mary, pouring the tea, turned aside to Father Jacob and, with a twinkle in her eye, quietly whispered, "Now I understand why all those presents came this afternoon, Father. You told that story at the banquet last night, didn't you?"

"I did, Mary. Thought it was time to remind them again." And he turned back to the children. "Now, while Mary and I have our tea, I want you all to sing 'Silent Night'."

The gentle voices could be heard up and down the street and, perhaps if one were to have looked closely towards the heavens, one would have seen a tiny angel perched on a small fluffy cloud, busily polishing. She stopped to listen, and so enchanted was she, that she almost, but not quite, tumbled off!

The moment of truth — Ernie Lamore pulls a winning draw ticket, watched by Keith Rogerson, Fred O'Hagen, George Inkster, and Arne Langille are official observers.

those Christmas tree parties

Grace Dickie, Arne Langille, and Eldred Dickie on a toy-buying mission for the Frood-Stobie Christmas tree. Diane Sait displays one of the newer offerings.

The biggest of the many Christmas tree parties held for Inco youngsters is the annual Frood-Stobie Christmas tree. It's been a regular function since 1936 and this year's event will again take place at the Inco Club, in Sudbury, as it has since the club opened in 1938. Because it's the biggest and the oldest, we've singled it out — to see how it comes about.

To most of those attending — the party just happens.

The tall and glittering tree is there with a sweating Santa surrounded and being sat on by a horde of wide-eyed young tads.

The candy's there — and a mountain of carefully-wrapped gifts.

It didn't just happen — it required lots of planning, lots of hard work, and above all, required the dedication of a fine group of volunteers who, somehow, always seem to be available — no matter what.

At most Inco locations, the official sponsor of kiddies' Christmas parties is the plant or mine athletic association, and that's the case at Frood-Stobie. Of course, that area has been fortunate in having a human dynamo like Eldred Dickie in charge all these years, and again this year, even in retirement, Dickie is the sparkplug and co-ordinator for the Christmas party.

A necessary ingredient for any successful venture is good organization, and Frood-Stobie has it. Over the years, despite many mine personnel changes, the continuity of commitment has been maintained.

Christmas parties cost money — a lot of money. At the Frood-Stobie affair, for instance, the normal practice is for each employee's child up to the age of 10, to receive a gift or toy — average value two dollars — while the parents are provided with cake and coffee. The kiddies also receive candy and fruit.

How is the money raised? The token Athletic Association membership fee could not underwrite such an expense, so prize draws for cash and/or merchandise are the answer. Frood usually holds two to finance the Christmas tree. In the final draw, a wide variety of merchandise, all donated by local merchants and obtained through the efforts of one Eldred Dickie, is displayed at Frood for some time before the actual draw. Tickets are usually in great demand.

The Frood-Stobie complex embraces Frood, Stobie, Little Stobie, and the Frood-Stobie mill, and better than 3,000 children will be taken care of at the party.

At Frood, Arne Langille is the man responsible for keeping things running smoothly. Fred O'Hagen also has a big hand in the mechanics of things. At Stobie, George Inkster serves in a similar role, and at Little Stobie, it's Pat Gallagher.

For many years now, Eldred Dickie's wife, Grace, has organized the distribution of toys at the Christmas party, and many miners and their wives gladly help out with the job.

Senior staff members are also on hand to welcome everyone, and several retired members of supervision show up each year to help out with that pleasant chore.

Date for the Frood-Stobie Christmas tree this year is Sunday, December 15, at the Inco Club in Sudbury, and with the experienced organization available, there is no way it can be anything but a great success.

Fred O'Hagen, centre, issuing tickets for the Frood-Stobie Christmas tree party. From the left, Joe Saliemink, Lucien Bourque, O'Hagen, Ned Schryer, and John Huggins.

Eugene Wischkowski's back yard becomes an ideal training area, as he and his "little brother", Peter Anger, enjoy the sport of trying to teach "Yukon" a few new tricks.

Big Brothers

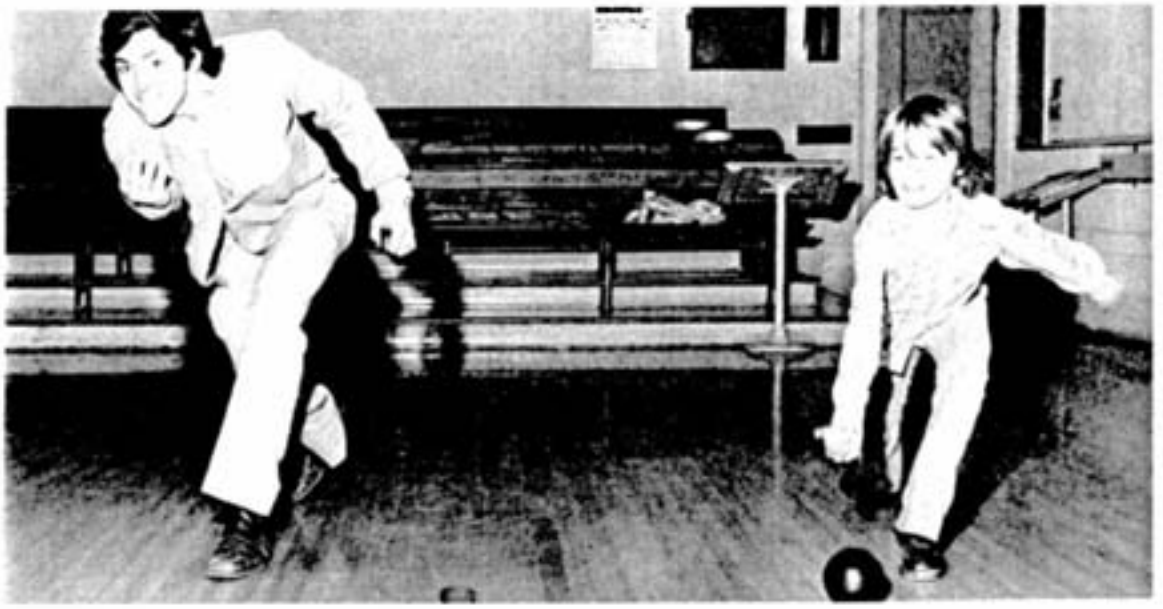
Sometimes challenging, often rewarding, and always satisfying, it's a sharing experience for all concerned — particularly for some of our own Port people.

The Welland and District Big Brothers and Big Sisters Associations, serving Port Colborne, were established by a group of concerned members of the community, in order to provide boys, ages six to 16, and girls, eight to 18, with certain advantages that might be otherwise denied them — friendship, a family atmosphere, careful guidance, genuine concern and interest.

Arthur Brown, a filterman at the Port Colborne nickel refinery, has been with Inco since 1965, and a "big brother" for four years. Young Don McCord's been "under his wing" for about a year now. Togetherness is the key, and they both enjoy movies, camping, and hockey. Married, with no children yet, Arthur is Scoutmaster of the 12th Port Colborne scout troop, of which Don is a member, thus giving them yet another activity in which they can both participate.

Mary Peyton, wife of ENR divisional foreman, Cal Peyton, has three sons, ages 9 to 13, and a "little sister", Beverly Butler, who visits Mary regularly to learn household chores and take part in family activities that are all part of growing up. Bev's been with Mary for two-and-a-half of

Mary Peyton demonstrates baking techniques to "little sister", Beverly Butler. Regular visits to the Peyton household give Bev an opportunity to learn the many secrets of the kitchen.



Brian Crawford and his "little brother", Paul Watson, take in a game at the Inco Recreation Club. Brian's a director of the Welland and District Big Brothers Association.

Mary's three years as a "big sister". Mutual interests abound, but centre on the arts of the kitchen.

Brian Crawford, statistician at the Port's number two research station, has been with Inco since 1970 and, in addition to being a "big brother" for the past three years, is also a director of the Welland and District Big Brothers Association. Married, with two children, Brian's "little brother" for the past year has been Paul Watson; their "together" activities include bowling, building plastic models, woodworking, and now they're getting started in rocketry.

A plant fitter in the mechanical department, Eugene Wischkowski has been at the Port Colborne refinery since 1964 and has enjoyed three years of "big brotherhood". He and his "little brother", Peter Anger, have been a family affair for a year, and together enjoy camping, fishing, and scouting.

Big brothers — big sisters; as well as being a lot of fun, being a volunteer is helping someone who really needs your help. Responsibilities are neither legal nor financial; however, volunteers are requested to have weekly contact with their "little brother" or "little sister", in order to share interests and experiences. It's a terrific thing to get into, especially for pensioners with time on their hands.

and Sisters

Arthur Brown and his "little brother", Don McCord. In addition to their mutual interest in movies, camping, and hockey, both are members of the 12th Port Colborne scout troop.

FAMILY

THEN

May 1955 - Beatrice and Gord Smith, with Debra, 21 months - Gord's at Levack mine.

August 1974 - Gord and Beatrice with their three daughters - Louise, 16, Susan, 18, and Debra (centre). Gord is a stope leader, still at Levack.

April 1951 - Louis Brema, Port Colborne nickel refinery, with wife, Rose, and sons John, 5, and Dante, 2.

October 1974 - the Bremas - Louis is head masticman, Dante's with the mechanical department, and John's at the number one research station.

January 1953 - Ross Butterworth, Levack mine, and wife, Georgette, with Grant, 4, and Jane, 5.

September 1974 - Ross, Levack shaft boss, with Georgette and grown-up Grant and Jane.

July 1951 - Ed O'Hearn, Frood-Stobie, and wife, Lucille, with (from left), Jackie, 8, Jane, 6, Ron, 2, Ann, 7, and Rose Marie, 9.

September 1974 - Seated are Ed and Lucille, with Ann and Rose Marie in front. Back row, from left, additions Pat, 20, and Georgina, with Jack, Jane, and Ron. Ed's operating shaft boss at Stobie mine.

September 1954 - Maurice and Connie Beauchamp, with Monica, 3, Susan, 6, Raymond, 5, and Lois, 2 - Maurice at Creighton mill.

September 1974 - the Beauchamps with two additions to 1954 family - Susan beside mom, with Lois and Collin, 14, between parents. Behind are Mark, 17, Ray, and Monica. Maurice is with safety and plant protection at Copper Cliff.

September 1955 - Creighton's Hurlie Hreljac and wife, Arletta, with Bob, 5, Alan, 4 months, and Eddie, 2.

August 1974 - Hurlie and Arletta with "today family" - Bob, behind mom, Danny, 13, between mom and dad - Eddie, Chris, 16, and Alan, 19. Hurlie's a hoistman at Creighton mine.

June 1954 - Oruille Cull, wife Madeleine, with Judy, 3, and Kenneth, 7 months. Oruille working at Garson mine.

October 1974 - Oruille, Madeleine, Judy and Ken. Oruille now senior time keeper at the Copper Cliff South mine. Ken's with Inco plant protection at Creighton number three shaft.

September 1957 - Fern Dionne, Frood mine, and wife, Betty. Seated are Dennis, 8, Doreen, 10, Kathy, 6. Standing are Peggy, 18, and Gerald, 14.

November 1974 - Fern and Betty, with Doreen and Kathy in front, Peggy, Gerald and Dennis in back. Fern is zone planner at Garson mine, where Gerald's a surveyor.

ALBUM NOW

preparations

It's certainly not new news to read of a heavy snow storm stranding thousands of cars and thrusting many motorists into a situation they were totally unprepared for.

It'll probably happen again this winter, and it could happen to you!

With this in mind, let's reflect on some "preparations in advance" that will help minimize the anguish of such an experience.

Your car should, of course, be completely winterized, with particular attention paid to the ignition system. Make sure battery and cables are clean and secure; less than 100 per cent performance will give you trouble even without a snow storm!

Check the anti-freeze, radiator hoses, radiator cap, and the fan and power belts. After you've readied your car for winter and have put on snow tires, check the spare for air.

Another worthwhile "preparation in advance" would be the assembly of a survival kit which would include warm clothing such as heavy socks, mitts, a good pair of snow boots, possibly a snowmobile suit and, if you have the space, a heavy-duty sleeping bag. It could also contain two or three blankets, matches sealed in a water-tight container, a few candy bars, a candle or two to help warm the inside of your car, and a bundle of old newspapers. Why the newspapers? If you're stranded, newspapers stuffed inside your clothing can provide welcome insulation; they'll also come in handy for starting a fire.

To be further prepared for winter driving, it's an excellent idea to carry a tool kit consisting of some of the very basics: spare fuses for your automobile, a nylon tow rope or chain, a small container for gasoline with a length of rubber tubing to siphon gas in the event that you need a fire, a small container of sand, and a shovel that you can easily handle.

Bear in mind that shoveling snow may well be an exercise you don't normally do a lot of, so don't overdo it — take your time.

in advance

Now for some pointers — eight of them, in fact:

1. Check highway reports and weather conditions before leaving on an auto trip.
2. As you're travelling, and the day is creating the kind of storm that could strand you, make a mental note of buildings that could serve as landmarks and provide shelter.
3. If you do get stranded, siphon a little gasoline off into a container, then stay in your car until it runs out of gas. Beware of carbon monoxide — make sure the tailpipe is clear of snow, and idle the car just long enough to take the chill off.
4. When you run out of fuel and candles, get out of the car — frost build-up can seal the car and cause suffocation.
5. With that gas you siphoned off, light a fire. If wood is not available, use the car seats, floor mats, spare tire, and, if necessary, the tires on your wheels. Be sure to let the air out before burning the tires.
6. If buildings that can afford protection are distant, stay put. Aimless wandering could cause you to lose your sense of direction and, if lost, freezing is almost inevitable. Keep active and mobile by replenishing your fire while waiting for help to arrive. If you're well off the beaten path, wait until the weather settles down before setting out for help.
7. Build a shelter using branches and/or blankets. You could use the car as part of your windbreak.
8. Eating snow or ice can cause dehydration; melt over fire, then drink.

If you're unavoidably caught in a snow-bound situation, the most important thing you can do is — pardon the pun — "stay cool!"

the power of suggestion

Sudbury area

What a Christmas present! ... That was the first reaction of **Adelmo Marchioni** when he found out he had won the maximum [illegible] suggestion plan award ... $5,000.

Adelmo, who works in the [illegible] department at the Copper Cliff smelter, suggested replacing the table feeder on the [illegible] furnace with a rotary feeder. [illegible] repairing the feeder regularly, and thought that there should be a better way ... and Adelmo [illegible] thinking and came up with the idea of a rotary feeder.

When the family found out about Adelmo's windfall, they had plenty of suggestions on what to do with it. However, Adelmo and his wife [illegible] have decided to use part of the money to remodel their house and [illegible] maybe take a vacation next year. Their [illegible] children are Peter, 17, David, 15, Doug, 13, and Johnny, [illegible].

[illegible] spending ... "I want to [illegible] about this first," he said. [illegible] and wife Linda [illegible] hope [illegible].

Ed Nowak, a [illegible] building [illegible] at the Copper Cliff smelter, picked up $[illegible] for designing a new [illegible] for baghouse [illegible].

Edger Jeanveau suggested removing [illegible] in the converter building. For his idea he received $240. Edger [illegible] in the converter building, also [illegible] two other awards [illegible] these ideas [illegible].

Pat Rilley had two awards this month. His idea to put a different type of valve [illegible] netted him $[illegible] [illegible] way to make an [illegible] earned him an additional $35. Pat is with the maintenance department in the [illegible] building.

Marcel Lafontaine suggested [illegible] to [illegible] at the smelter. Marcel is now $120 richer.

Aime Sabourin, at the smelter, received $[illegible] for his thought [illegible] replacing [illegible] valves with [illegible].

Vernon Roy has an extra $[illegible] to spend this month for suggesting a hopper for [illegible] washers at central shops.

Frank Vellow added $55 to his pocket with his idea to [illegible] panels with [illegible]. Frank works at the smelter.

Bohumil Kopp and **Leo Leblanc**, both from the [illegible] department at the Copper Cliff [illegible] teamed up to suggest that a [illegible] ladder and platform be installed. For their effort they [illegible] $50.

There were four $25 awards. **Wayne Chabot** [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible] at the smelter.

Tim Foucault, also at the smelter, suggested [illegible] the [illegible] in the [illegible].

Wally Michasiw, [illegible] suggested a platform for [illegible] and **Danilo Parisotto**, central shops, [illegible] the use of [illegible].

The three $20 winners were **Frank Cinel**, for [illegible] central shops; **Guilio Lisi**, from the smelter, for his idea of [illegible] for skimmers and punchers; and **Gerard Rancourt**, [illegible] for installing a [illegible].

There were five $15 winners. **Lucien Gagnon**, [illegible] for proposing a platform for [illegible]. **Roy Ladurante**, from [illegible] with his idea of a platform for [illegible] number three and number four [illegible], while **Francisco Martins**, at the smelter, [illegible]. **Donald Marynuk** and **John McKibbon**, both from the smelter, picked up their money for two separate suggestions. Donald for seeing the need for a [illegible] over the garage door and John for proposing a warning light [illegible]. The final $15 winner was **Bruno Tramontini**, at the central shops, for proposing the use of punch bar [illegible].

Port Colborne

Port Colborne's top award this month went to **Nick Concessi** and **Bob Climenhage**, who put their thinking caps on and came up with the idea of using Aeroquip hydraulic hose on oil burners in the [illegible] department. They split $720 right down the middle.

Paul Marcantonio solved the problem of [illegible] from the [illegible] in the ENR building. He suggested a [illegible] with rubber squeegees be attached to a [illegible] and received a cheque for $[illegible].

In the shearing department, **Forle Buttigieg's** bright idea to install a [illegible] under the screen on the discharge [illegible] to collect undersize [illegible] rounds netted him a cool $190.

Not to be outdone, **Fernand St. Louis** was a $105 prize winner with his proposed modification to [illegible] in the [illegible] rounds plant.

Jim Suess came through with his improved method of [illegible] and [illegible] a cheque for $90.

Forte Buttigieg
Port Colborne
$190

Fernand St. Louis
Port Colborne
$165

Ed Jeanveau
Copper Cliff smelter
$240

Adelmo Marchioni
Copper Cliff smelter
$5,000

Pat Rilley
Copper Cliff smelter
$210

Ed Nowak
Copper Cliff smelter
$320

Bob Climenhage and Nick Concessi
Port Colborne
$720

Paul Marcantonio
Port Colborne
$660

This month's logo writer just happens to be about the oldest and best known fellow in the world — and, about now, probably one of the most popular.

That's why we were willing to travel to the North Pole, tunnel through mountains of children's letters, wend our way through workshops and elves, and track eight tiny reindeer 'round the world (during a dress rehearsal for Christmas eve) to get to him. We finally found Santa Claus in his reindeer stable — polishing Rudolph's nose!

Being the jolly sort that he is, Santa was delighted to do his bit for "the triangle", even to the point of taking time out from his hectic schedule to give us an exclusive interview.

Somehow, we expected Santa Claus to look a bit older than he did — being thousands of years old and all. But he doesn't look his age at all. In fact, Santa claims he's always looked the same — you know, with the white hair and whiskers and the belly that shakes like a bowl full of jelly. Oh, he must have been a beautiful baby!

Even when he was a boy, Santa Claus knew what he was going to be when he grew up. After all, there aren't many

Logo writer comes

choices when you've got a name like Santa Claus. Yup, the only thing Santa ever wanted to be was a good guy — the kind who would bring children presents and make them happy each year at Christmastime.

And, Santa was a natural for the job. He had an eagle eye for checking on whether kids were being naughty or nice; he had a great sense of direction for driving his team of reindeer through a sky with no street signs; he looked sensational in red; and he seemed to have a knack for climbing down chimneys while staying spotlessly clean.

to town!

So, Santa set up headquarters in the North Pole and, as we all know, he worked his way to the top in his field. He started out small — making his own toys, wrapping and delivering them himself. "Of course that was when children's Christmas lists were much shorter", he explains. With rising demands, though, Mr. Claus was forced to expand and now he has hundreds and hundreds of elves working for him in workshops all over the North Pole. Naturally, Santa oversees all of the work and each present must receive the Santa Claus stamp of approval.

Believe it or not, making children happy at Christmas is a year-round job for Santa. It takes him ages to read all of his mail, not to mention the time he spends on personal appearances at Santa Claus parades, Christmas parties, department stores and such. Even after Christmas there is a lot to do — like keeping an eye on children everywhere and crossing the bad ones off his list. And don't ever think it's easy keeping up with changes of address, new members in families and new towns on the map. No, Santa says his job is not as glamourous as we might think — there are no January trips to Acapulco, or even winter vacations in Florida for him.

Nevertheless, Santa loves his work and, considering that he makes so many children happy, he's also successful. Like all successful guys, he has a good woman behind him: Mrs. Claus puts up with a lot — like reindeer tracking through their home and Santa practising sleigh landings on the roof of the house.

Before we left the North Pole, we thanked Santa for his logo and asked him what HE would like for Christmas this year. "A copy of the December 'triangle' would be great", he said. He wants our Christmas issue for his scrapbook!

"Maybe you can get some pictures of me when I come down for Sudbury's Santa Claus parade", he added with a wink.

We did and here they are. Hope you like 'em, Santa!

A safe and merry

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas. So, "Deck the halls with boughs of holly," artificial ones — they're fireproof.

You say you used artificial boughs last year and still landed in the hospital for Christmas? Oh — you fell off your ladder!

" 'Tis the season to be jolly," but not too jolly to drive home safely.

You drove home safely from your Christmas parties last year and still spent the holidays in traction? Oh — you were so jolly after the last party, you thought you'd play Santa Claus and dove down the chimney!

Guess you could say "them's the hazards" — Christmas hazards that is — and they prove you just can't be too safe when "it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas".

Sure, it's easy to chop down a Christmas tree. It's just as easy to chop yourself too, if your hands are cold from sub-zero weather.

And, when the kids are putting the pressure on to get that tree in the house long before Christmas, it's easier to haul it inside and set it up hastily than to argue.

It's easy to forget to keep that Christmas tree stand container full of water when visions of turkey drumsticks are dancing through your head. And when the tree begins shedding needles, it's even easier to convince yourself that it'll be safe for another day or so because you're too busy watching the Rose Bowl game to take it down.

Yes, it's easy to be careless in the hustle and bustle of the Christmas season . . . and it's easy to create a "house of hazards".

Did you know that it takes only 27 seconds for an eight-foot pine tree to burn? When you realize that it could be your Christmas tree, it doesn't seem quite so tough to make that attempt to play it safe at Christmastime.

It takes only an extra few minutes to find a fresh, live tree for the house. And the kids can wait an extra couple of days to bring the tree inside, so it can stay moist in the cold outdoors.

It's not really so energy-consuming to saw the butt-end of the tree diagonally before placing it in a water-containing stand, which, when you think about it, isn't all that difficult to keep full.

Yes, your Christmas tree would probably look beautiful beside the fireplace, but forget it. It's much better off far away from any source of heat.

Strings of Christmas tree lights are pretty safe, (remember when people used candles?) but you'd better check for loose sockets and frayed wires. It's not hard to find tree ornaments that won't burn, but even then, you should take some additional precautions. For instance, "angel hair" won't burn and neither will spray-on snow, but together, they're hot stuff — read the labels.

When it comes to trimming the tree, be careful. Put out your cigar, cigarette or pipe, and take care when you place that star on the top of the tree. It can be discouraging to end up with star — and tree — on top of you instead.

Finally, when you leave the house, don't leave your tree lights burning. Don't kid yourself — the dog really doesn't appreciate it.

And when you've had your safe and merry Christmas, remember that it took only an extra bit of effort to make it so. Why, you probably exert more energy being an armchair athlete!

C... for everybody!

Christmas

Every product has a purpose and an intended use. Toys are designed to amuse and to teach, but they can cause injury if they're misused.

The Hazardous Products Act recognizes the problem of possible hazards in toys; hazards that could well be hidden from the manufacturer, the buyer and the user.

Laws exist to eliminate dangers from toys such as poisonous, corrosive or irritating chemicals, and to remove design hazards that could lead a small child to choke on a loose part of a toy or to be exposed to sharp points or edges. They also provide standards for electrical, fire and mechanical dangers.

But laws cannot do everything. All toys aren't safe for all children — a plaything that is great for an older child can be dangerous for her baby brother. And watching out for the little guy is everybody's job.

Who gets hurt? Children between two and three years old are the main victims, and boys get hurt most.

So use special care in toy selection — especially if there are small children in the house — they're liable to do anything.

Points to remember about toys:

1) **Buy the toy that is right for the child's age and know-how.**
2) **Keep in mind who else in the house might play with the toy.**
3) **Check instructions and really look the toy over.**
4) **Show the child how the toy should be used without harm.**
5) **Watch the child very carefully while those little fingers explore.**

Play it safe

the big Decision . . .

. . . to stay or not to stay

They come from high school, college, and university — they want to earn, and learn — they're students and, in ever-increasing numbers, they're turning to Inco for summer employment. We thought it'd be interesting to find out why — and why a surprising number decide to stay on, rather than return to school.

This year, 1,265 students were brought into the company as summer employees; 132 are still with us and intend to stay on. Inco makes room for them all, asking only for an A-1 medical and good work record.

Andrew Babin
Copper Cliff South mine

Andrew Babin attended Sudbury Secondary School, general sciences, and is trying to pick up enough credits to get into university, preferably Ottawa U. The money he's earning now will go towards furthering his education, possibly in the field of social services. He's very much people-oriented and says "the big thing is being one of the boys"; he really enjoys meeting and working with the different people on his shift which, by the way, is steady night-shift — four months now — and "the greatest shift ever invented". His work, chute blasting at the 2000 level of Copper Cliff South mine, is "much different than expected", something he'd "never experienced before". Andrew's dad, the late Elie Babin, worked in the maintenance department at the Copper Cliff smelter for 18 years.

Denis Gaudette
Levack mine

Denis Gaudette, an Azilda boy, is a grade 12 graduate of Rayside Secondary School, and studied electronics this past year at the Sault College of Applied Arts and Technology. While he found high school a "piece of cake", buckling down to studies at the Sault was tough; he turned to Inco for the security of a good steady job. Now at Levack mine, he can live at home and is within easy driving distance of work. He figures he's much closer to his dad, Rene, a diamond driller at Copper Cliff North mine, now that they can speak the same job language. Denis would like to follow in his father's footsteps and become a diamond driller. He's impressed by the team spirit he finds with his fellow miners and is considering an apprenticeship with the aim of becoming a tradesman.

After that, it's just a minor transition — full-time passes are issued and the full benefits package made available.

As far as the students are concerned, high on the "why stay" list is the financial aspect. Many of the students couldn't afford continued tuition, and even a year on the job would provide them with the means to further their education. In a round about sort of way, Inco, in addition to its scholarship plans, is actually helping such students through school.

For others, it's a matter of wanting a break; after all, the average university student has been going to school for 14 or 15 years — it's said that a change is as good as a rest!

In some cases, that first year of college or university proved a bit much — students found it difficult to adjust, ready cash was a scarcity, and they finally admitted that "it just wasn't for them".

Then, too, it's possible that jobs were scarce in the field of scholastic training undergone by the student; Inco could provide a job and a goodly amount of security.

There are some who may not have made their year and, of course, there are those who, once on the job, decided they'd found their own particular niche, and preferred it to returning to school.

Whatever the reasons, both sides end up winners — the students have their jobs, and Inco has a young work force with a lot of potential!

James Wickenden is certainly no newcomer to Inco. He's had three previous contacts, all with the purpose of earning enough money to continue his schooling. This year, he joined Inco in May and is now with anode casting, Copper Cliff copper refinery. James finished a two-year course, audio-visual technology, at Cambrian College and is a spare-time photo buff. He has his application in with Inco for a position in the audio-visual field when it becomes available, and feels it'll be easier to get this kind of job by being where he is now and waiting. He's not overly fussy on the three different shifts he's working; "his boss is good and the other people are good to work with". His father, William, 37 years with Inco, is foreman, electrical maintenance, Iron Ore Recovery Plant.

Kenneth Hautamaki, slag chuteman at the Copper Cliff smelter, is a Laurentian University third year history major, and has been with International Nickel since April. He definitely wanted to "get away from school" for awhile, particularly to make some money — he's got a "hungry" little sportscar to feed! His earnings this year will help with tuition if and when he decides to continue his education. He feels that working three shifts is definitely good for saving money, and feels that "Inco's good for students". Ken enjoys physical labour, working with his hands, and has high regard for his seniors on the various shifts, who "make it" by treating the younger fellows as equals. His father, Arvi, is an electrician at Murray mine, and an Inco Quarter Century Club member.

Don Alemany has been with the company since June, after completing a four-year electronics course at Lively District Secondary School. He lives in Naughton and is pleased that he's working at Creighton number nine shaft, as it's fairly close to home and to his dad, Robert, a carpenter at Creighton number five shaft. Don's first, last, and only application was with Inco — he'd simply felt that the time had come to work. He's on two shifts and really enjoys it; surprisingly, he prefers afternoon shift. Don feels his high school background, the course itself, will benefit him no matter what field he enters, but he's especially interested in the electronics end of things and has applied for an apprenticeship as stationary engineer trainee, which would be an added incentive for a career in nickel mining.

James Wickenden
Copper Refinery

Kenneth Hautamaki
Copper Cliff smelter

Don Alemany
Creighton mine

Hear Ye!

You've heard of Christmas in July? No? Well, how 'bout Valentine's Day in December? That's right, Valentine's Day, February 14th.

If you're a budding artist, or no artist at all, and you're in grade eight and under, get your paints or crayons out and send us your best hand drawn Valentine card. The best ten selected from kindergarten through grades one to three will receive the first book of a creative arts series; the best ten in each of grades four and five will receive book two of the series, and the best ten in grades six through eight will win an advanced book dealing with the art of oil painting. The best overall card, in addition to becoming the cover of the February "triangle" will also win a high quality oil painting set.

Send all entries to "the triangle," The International Nickel Company of Canada, Ltd., Copper Cliff, Ontario, P0M 1N0. Print the words "Valentine Contest" on the outside of the envelope. Please, no entries larger than eight by ten inches, and preferably, the same size as "the triangle" front cover.

Each entry will be judged by an independent panel of judges, whose decision will be final. The entries will be marked on originality and good use of colour.

Please note! This contest is NOT restricted to children of Inco employees — it's open to all, whoever or wherever you are.

Be sure to include your name and address and home phone number, your age, the grade you're in, and the name of the school you attend.

So get those cards in — they have to be post-marked no later than January 1, 1975, to qualify.

Winners of the pumper division — Creighton mine. (On truck, from left), Bill Peacock, Bill Dumencu, "Red" Sutton, and Tom Leblanc; (front, from left), Bob LaCelle, (Lieutenant), "Spike" Mulligan, Bill Zyma (Deputy), Art Van Allen, (Chief), Don Bray, (Fire Inspector), "Red" MacDonald, Saul Sherbanuk and Jim Stefanko.

Top Two

History has repeated itself! For the third year in a row, Creighton mine has won the Inco pumper division fire brigade competition.

Best in the non-pumper class was Levack mine, not bad considering this was only the second year Levack has entered the competition.

Tests for the pumper brigades include simulated fires on the ground and on roofs, equipment operation and a theoretical problem for the senior officer of each brigade.

Non-pumper brigades carried hose up a ladder to a simulated fire, extinguished an oil fire and performed a simulated rescue as well as participating in the equipment and officers' problems. Scoring was on a penalty-time for error or omission basis.

The men in Inco's fire brigades are full-time company employees at surface plants who have volunteered for brigade duty. They attend regular training programmes and have frequent practices.

When an alarm is sent in, the men drop what they're doing and head quickly for the fire station where they, along with local town fire departments, are the first line of defense for fires at Inco plants.

Winners of the non-pumper fire brigade competition — Levack mine. They are, (front, from left), Harvey Judges, Levack mine superintendent, who presented the trophy, Don Nadorazny, (Chief), George Lockhart, (Captain), "D.D." Deschamp and Aime Tessier; (rear, from left) John Mihajic, Ray Purvis, Stan Zamojski, Guy Filiatrault and Al Cullis.

Leo ISA fellow

Leo Kilpinen, (left), and Gerry Gallager, senior design engineer, at the read-out panel in the Clarabelle mill control room.

Leo Kilpinen, supervisor of the engineering specialist group at Inco's general engineering building, has been elected a fellow of the Instrument Society of America. He received the award in New York for his work on analysis equipment and applications of instrumentation in mineral processing. This honor is bestowed on only a few members each year selected from a total society membership of about 20,000.

Leo is a pioneer in the field of instrumentation, a field which has been in existence for about 30 years. As he puts it, "I grew up at the same time as instrumentation, I learned the technological advances when they were first developed, and would find it very difficult today if I had to start from scratch."

Leo has worn many hats during his career with Inco. He started as a process laborer in the Orford building in 1939 and worked in such diverse departments as transportation, metallurgy, electrical, and geology before finally settling into the field of instrumentation in 1944.

Asked for an interpretation of instrumentation, Leo explained that as far as he was concerned, "it's process control. You're performing a simple form of process control when you adjust the water temperature for your bath," he said. "You stick your hand in to check if the water temperature is too hot or cold, and then adjust the flow from the taps to compensate for the difference." This is essentially the activity of plant process control, with the substitution of sophisticated mechanical and electrical equipment.

Leo had a hand in the development of the air-borne prospecting equipment known as the air EM "bomb." Towed below and behind an aircraft, the "bomb" is used to locate conductive zones which may contain sulphide ore bodies. He was also responsible for the design of much of the analysis equipment used in the control rooms at the Clarabelle mill and the Copper Cliff smelter.

Leo summed it all up when he said, "I get great satisfaction out of my job. I enjoy the challenge of finding solutions to different problems, and would hope that young people thinking of a career in instrumentation will be as satisfied with the field as I am."

Leo Kilpinen and the air EM "bomb" which he helped develop approximately 25 years ago.

Priecrgus Ziemassvetkus

Froehliche Weihnachten

Idah Saidan Wa Sanah Jadidah

Kellemes Karacsonyi unnepeket

Hauskaa Joulua

Buone Feste Natalizie

Roomisard Joulu Puhi

God Jul and (Och) Ett Gott Nytt Ar

Sretan Bozic or Vesele vianoce

Srozhdestvom Kristovym

Joyeux Noel

Boas Festas

Gladelig Jul

On the back cover

Hristos se rodi

Chestita Koleda

The communion table in the intimate Peace Chapel of St. Andrew's United Church, is a very unique altar, in that it consists of ore from all of Inco's Sudbury area mining operations.

Feliz Navidad

As chairman of the building committee for St. Andrew's Place, and now president of the corporate structure, Joe Boschoff, 39 years with Inco and retired superintendent of process technology at Copper Cliff's copper refinery, was largely responsible for the novel innovation.

Vesele Vianoce

Joe, in seeking industrial representation symbolic of the area, approached Carl Gourley, the company's chief mines geologist, with the idea of having Inco provide the material for the construction of an "altar of ore".

Cestitamo Bozic

Realizing that a solid piece of ore would be extremely difficult to manipulate, Carl suggested consulting Peter Eliero and Son Limited, Marble and Granite Manufacturing. The firm was then commissioned to grind and polish a conglomerate of ore samples submitted by the individual mines, which conforming to the design requested by St. Andrew's Place architects. Peter, who for years ago spent two years as a diesel loaderman at Creighton's number three shaft, undertook the project and produced the handsome mosaic of polished ore that today covers the altar's massive concrete core.

Sretan Bozic

Sarbatori vesele

The altar, weighing slightly over a ton, consists of three rectangular blocks, each about six inches thick. And is composed of two 30 inch-high pedestal legs and a 48-inch by 18-inch slab top.

Boze Narodzenie

Nadolig Llawen

Vrolyk Kerstfeest en Gelukkig Nieuw Jaar

Boas Festas e Feliz Ano Novo

Noehniz Ve Yeni Yiliniz Kutlu Olsun

Linksmu Kaledu

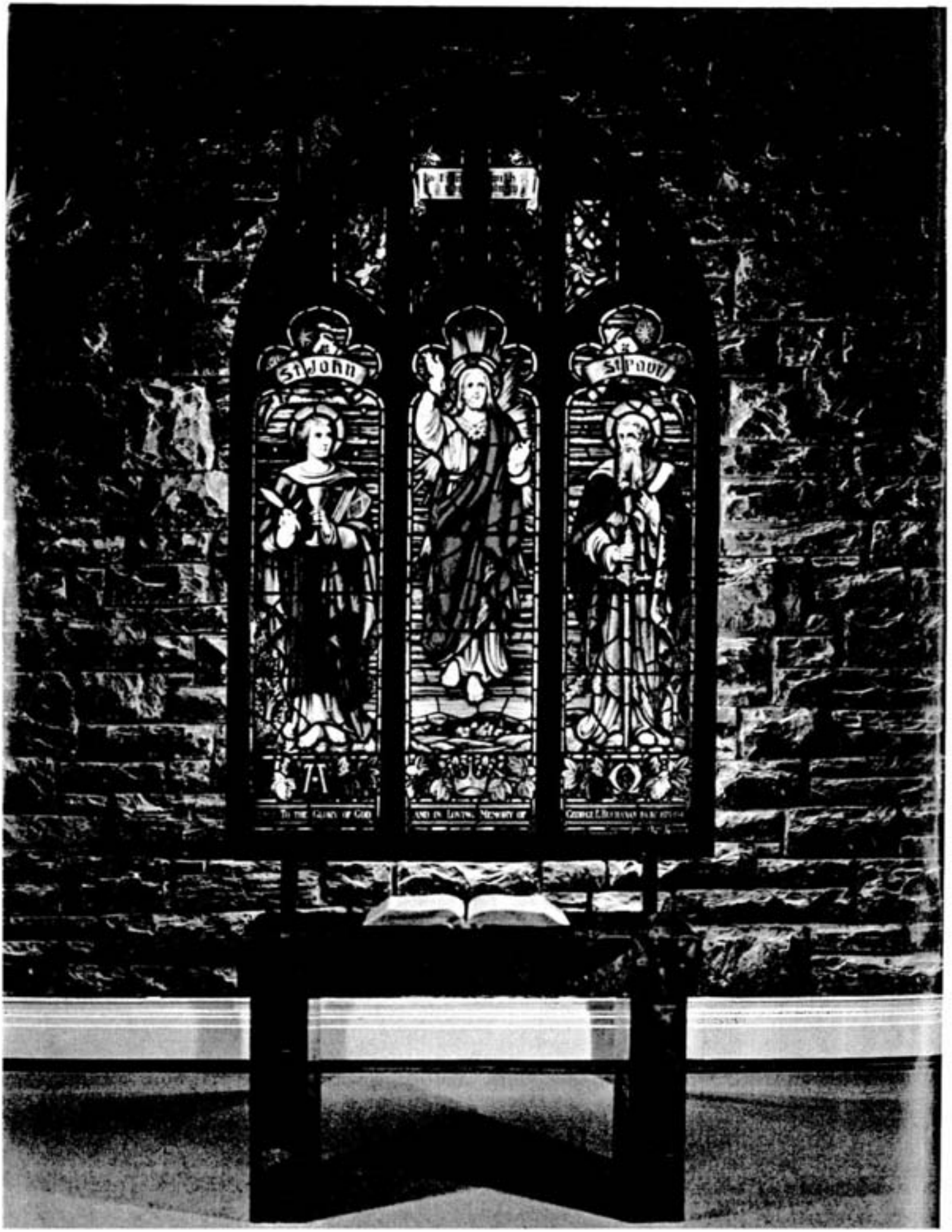
Merry Christmas

Gajan Krisnaskon

Nodlaig mhaith chugnat

God Jul Og Godt Nytt Aar

Kung Hsi Hsin Nien bing Chu Shen Tan


St John
St Paul
A
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