

INCO TRIANGLE

VOLUME 12

COPPER CLIFF, ONTARIO, JULY, 1952

NUMBER 4



The Good Old Summer Time



Published for all employees of The International Nickel Company of Canada, Limited.
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EDITORIAL OFFICE: COPPER CLIFF, ONT.

Canada's Forests Not for Burning

Every year Canada pays a price for forest fires representing the timber supply for 85,000 five-room bungalows. Of the 5,000 conflagrations breaking forth between Spring and Fall, at least four-fifths are the product of human negligence. Most of them are the work of campers, smokers, motorists, sportsmen, and the land-clearing operations of new settlers. Last summer, lightning struck the woodlands 940 times, but human hands struck far more dangerously, causing 4,400 outbreaks.

With 500,000 Canadians dependent upon the raw material of forests for their wages and the life of thousands of communities at stake, every burned timberland is a threat to steady employment. No industry can survive an annual subtraction of two-million acres of its harvest-field of wood material, especially when one considers that every acre, turned into a barrens, requires from 75 to 100 years to restore its only useful crop. Nor can such devastated areas ever be used for agriculture, except in minor instances.

What complicates the forest fire problem is the disastrous effect upon the watersheds that safeguard hydro-electric development and, not less, upon the flow of tourist trade Canadawards. Directly in the path of the forest-burning menace stands Canada's pulp and paper industry with its annual distribution of nearly a billion-and-a-half dollars through all channels of Canadian commerce. Such productive activities deserve better of Canadians than to turn their fields of raw material into a bonfire. After all, the annual holocaust of the forest is the work of only 4,400 persons, few of whom had malevolent intentions, although all were guilty of reckless conduct. Nothing but incessant vigilance in handling any form of fire within a forest region will keep our timber inheritance as a national bulwark.

GITTIN' AHEAD

They struck oil on the old geezer's place and the royalty payments came in so fast he opened a checking account at the bank. He couldn't read or write, so the banker arranged that his signature should be two X's: "XX." One day a check came in, signed: XXX. The banker called up the old geezer to ask "how come?"

"Well," came the reply, "my woman's kinda gittin' into society, and she's done give me a middle name."

OR ELECTRIC OIL

A young woman driver pulled up at a service station. "I want a quart of red oil," she said.

"Red oil?" gasped the attendant.

"Yes," she replied, "the tail-light has gone out."

Coniston Girls Win Coveted Title



For the first time in five years of competition the Dorsett trophy for the highest aggregate score by a girls' track and field team in the annual Nickel District secondary schools meet wasn't won by Sudbury Tech. The lineup of lassies who copped the coveted cup this year came from Miss M. Ferguson's gym class at Coniston Continuation School. Led by Martha Barbe, who tied for senior aggregate individual honors, and Marie Davies, who was highest scorer among the junior girls in the meet, the Coniston team swept to a sweet triumph at Queen's Athletic Field on May 28. Picture shows some of the class, names of the girls on the victorious team being marked by asterisks: left to right, front row, *Stella Kiersta, Joan Aggis, Ina Blake, *Linda Argentin, Nora Bloeman, Anne Yewchyn, *Edith Squires; second row, Judy Comacchio, Josephine Yewchyn, Matilda DeMarchi, *Marie Davies, Glen Patterson, Shirley Jeffrey, Eleanor Storozuk; third row, *Mary Venturi, Jean Baldisera, Janet Martinello, Merle Orendorf, Irena Trembley, *Jacqueline Dumont, Katherine McKerral, *Audrey Cresswell.



Won Valuable Trophy at Quebec City

Rightfully beaming with pride here are the men who went to the big annual bonspiel at Quebec City last winter and won the International Gold Cup. Left to right are Red Pianosi, Mac Canapini (skip), Basil O'Brien, and Mac Forsythe (new president of the Copper Cliff Curling Club). The handsome trophy, valued at \$1,500, was donated to the International Bonspiel by Francois John of Quebec City.

INCO FAMILY ALBUM

Hot weather or cold, rain or shine, Inco families are the best-looking families in Canada. For example: (1) Mr. and Mrs. Don Leduc (Murray Mine) with Robert, 8, Marcelle, 9, and Diane, 6. (2) Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Prete (Copper Refinery) with Ed., 17, and Dorothy, 11. (3) Mr. and Mrs. Marco Boni (Coniston) with Mary and, standing, John, Helen (Mrs. A. Ciccone), Josie (Mrs. E. Antonioni), and Elsie (Mrs. V. Antonioni). (4) Mr. and Mrs. L. Maley (Open Pit) with Barbara, 16. (5) Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scanlon (Copper Cliff Smelter) with Anne, 5, and Tommy, 9. (6) Mr. and Mrs. Archie Saville (Port Colborne) with Leanne, 8, and Virginia, 5. (7) Mr. and Mrs. Leo McLaughlin (Creighton) with, seated, Douglas, 10, Donald, 21, Barbara (Mrs. George Stutt), and standing, Leo Jr., Dick and Bob, 19, Bill, 16, Larry, 14, and Dennis, 12.





Creighton Drivers Prominent in Sudbury's Latest Thriller-Diller

Something new and exciting has been added to the Nickel Belt entertainment scene. It's stock car racing, the rip-roaring slam-bang biff-boom sport that was introduced into Canada about five years ago. Two nights a week, at the imposing track layout near the Hydro changer station off the old Garson Road, anywhere from 15 to 20 specially equipped racing cars are put through a gruelling grind that is steadily building a big following of fans.

They may be jolted from the 440-yd. track as they jockey with the other cars for position, they may go out of control on the sharp curves and pile up on the barriers, they may roll over, or they may just conk out and have to be towed ignominiously to the pit.

There's a prevalent opinion that stock car drivers, like people who dive from a high tower into a wet sponge, don't have to be crazy—but it helps. That's a mistaken impression. Certainly it's no "after-you-Alphonse" pastime. The boys don't give hand signals when they want to turn, and they don't blow horns when they want to pass. Sometimes fenders fly, and occasionally somebody gets hurt, but that's unavoidable when the competition is hot and the fellow behind is anxious about the right of way. But the drivers are no zanies, they're cool, keen young men, pitting skill and strategy in a thrilling game. That the general public also finds it thrilling is evidenced by the big crowds that turn out to watch.

Considering its size the little village of Creighton Mine has made the outstanding contribution to the ranks of stock car enthusiasts. No less than five of the 21 cars

so far registered with the Sudbury Stock Car Racing Club are from Creighton, and the community is becoming a hotbed of racing interest.

In the first picture of the layout on the opposite page four stock cars, one crowded almost into the barrier, are rounding a turn in the asphalt oval. On the inside and roaring toward another triumph is No. 11, already famous locally for having won the feature race of the program on three evenings. This juggernaut, called "The Flying Finns", is piloted by a crafty driver named Elmer Tuuri, who is employed at Creighton No. 3 Shaft. His partners in building and operating the entry are two more Creighton men, "Haywire" Anderson and Carl Malenberg. Tuuri, who has netted close to \$300 in purses in one evening's racing, is certainly the man to watch in local competition to date. He's seen at the wheel of No. 11 in the second picture.

Three other Creighton cars are shown in the layout. In the third picture Bill Heppner of No. 3 Shaft machine shop makes an adjustment to the motor of No. 4; beside him is his partner, Johnny Giroux of McKim Mine, and the third man is Bill's father, A. E. Heppner of No. 5 Shaft. In the fourth photo is Edwin Young with No. 66, which Lionel Cormier helped him to build, and in the fifth picture Bill Gagnon is seen at the wheel of No. 3, in which his partners are Johnny Petryko and Bob McCann. Not shown is the fifth Creighton car, No. 45, driven by Billy Holmes. The sixth picture is of the pit as the cars line up for the start of an evening's racing; in the background is the judges' stand.

A stock car driver is, in effect, bolted to the chassis of his car by a safety belt. All cars must have steel tops reinforced by tubular steel bracing. All doors must be tied shut for a race.

It's hard for a driver to assess the value of his machine, which he may estimate at from \$1,000 to \$3,000, depending on how much of his own and his sponsor's money he has poured into its power plant. And it's impossible for him to figure the worth of the labour he and his partners have put into it because some of these boys have spent months ironing out kinks and investigating racing gimmicks. They machine down the heads to boost compression, they drill out the carburetors to feed more gas, they install lighter flywheels for faster pickup, and they experiment with other adaptations which they lie awake at night conjuring up.

It's in the addition of these extras that half the joy of stock car racing seems to lie. A driver who finishes in the can one night will take fiendish delight in the addition of one gimmick, the secret of which he jealously guards, that will give him the push to be in front of the pack the next racing night. But for all the competitive spirit and the air of top secrecy about what's under the hood, there's a friendly air in the pit and a driver is often seen working hard to help find the bug in somebody else's motor which may then turn around and beat him.

The starter at the races uses six different flags, green for go, red for stop, blue for half the race, yellow for caution, checker for race is over, and black for disqualified. There are six races to an evening's program, following the time trials—three elimination events of five laps each, one consolation of 10 laps, a semi-final of 15 laps, and a feature event of 20 laps. Record time for the track is held by Whitey Edwards, pilot of No. 77, who negotiated the quarter-mile in 23½ seconds.



Reached Finals of Kingston Basketball Tourney

Copper Cliff High School's senior basketball team made a great showing in the annual Easter Invitation tournament at Queen's University, Kingston. Smartly coached by John Faulkner, the squad travelled right to the finals in the C class (schools with less than 150 boys) before losing to Albert College of Belleville by an 8-point margin. Seated, left to right, are John Faulkner (coach), Bob McAndrew, Ross Prince, Jim Smith, Bill McClay (who was judged the most valuable player to his team in the tourney), Doug Wainman, Scotty Ferguson (manager); standing, Bob Runciman, Bud Meaden, Ken Frost, Melbourne Fielding, Gene Bryan, Dave Innes, Mike Gaetz.

BLIND!

One day last month Johnny Abbott of the Copper Refinery had an experience he says he'll never forget. At the Triangle's request he decided to find out just how handicapped a blind person is. He painted a pair of safety goggles black and, putting them on, tried to go through some of the acts of everyday living. The camera followed him.

First an accident was staged in the plant, an accident which could happen if a man were careless and defied strict safety rules. In No. 1 of the picture layout Johnny is seen at the instant of the supposed accident. He neglected to replace the guard after changing the stone in the roughing out machine which is used in the first stage of sharpening stellited saws, and he also neglected to wear his goggles. A splinter of steel is supposed to have driven into his right eye, severing the optic nerve.

The scene changes to Johnny's cosy home on Griffith St. in Sudbury. Johnny is now blind as a result of carelessness. In No. 2 picture he sprawls on the floor after tripping over a piece of furniture. In No. 3 he gropes awkwardly in trying to light a cigaret while his little daughter Christena, aged 3, gazes at him in wonderment. In No. 4 his wife has to tie the knot in his tie for him. In No. 5, Sandy, aged 5, tries to explain a joke about Orlando, the Marmalade Cat, but Johnny can't see the picture and the joke falls flat. In No. 6 Tommy, 9, realizes that the pal who played catch with him almost every day after work is lost to him and most of their times together.

Johnny tried to put on his shoes, his shirt, comb his hair, eat his supper. But the everyday things aren't so easy when you can't see. And he began to fully understand, perhaps for the first time in his life, just how important eyes are to normal living.

If there was ever any doubt in Johnny's mind about the value of wearing safety goggles, you can bet your bottom dollar there's no doubt there now.





MR. AND MRS. T. D. PRICE

Des Price Had Busy Career as Survey Chief

Winding up an article for Engineering and Mining Journal in 1930 describing the construction of Inco's huge new smelter at Copper Cliff, Chief Engineer Leslie M. Sheridan wrote:

"In conclusion I would like to pay tribute to the work done by my aids in the field and in the drafting office. T. D. Price was in charge of all field survey work and S. A. Crandall was chief draftsman."

The smelter project was followed closely with interest and admiration by technical men throughout the world. To have played a leading part in it, as well as in the many outstanding developments which have taken place at Inco in the succeeding years, has been a distinction indeed. Stepping into retirement last month after about 36 years of service with the Company, Thomas Desmond Price could look back on a full and interesting career.

The number 13 has bobbed up frequently in Des Price's life but only in connection with good fortune. He was born on April 13, 1885; his wife, whom he met in 1913 on the 13th day of a month, was born on August 13. They might have carried the coincidence to its logical conclusion and had 13 children, but they didn't.

After graduating from high school Des remained in his home town of Arnprior, Ont., until 1907. Then, 22 and attracted by railway construction work, he went to Sioux Lookout as topographer on the National Transcontinental Railroad, now part of the CNR lines. He was on location for two years, mapping the route of the new road, and then spent another two years keeping the construction gangs on the beam. In 1911 he moved to Sudbury as resident engineer for the Algoma Eastern, and started construction of the line from Crean Hill to the Spanish River Crossing. The road had been built from Sudbury to Crean Hill about 1898 by the Manitoulin and North Shore Railroad to haul ore from Crean Hill and Creighton

to Copper Cliff, and this section was later purchased by Algoma Eastern before extending the line through to Little Current.

The next jump for Des was to Hawk Lake Junction to organize construction of Algoma Central's branch line to Michipicoten Harbor and the Helen Mine. Then he went to Hearst to start another section of the company's lines, finishing up his work there at Christmas of 1912. The boy from Arnprior was certainly getting around; more than that, and of keen satisfaction to him, he was having a busy hand in opening up new frontiers of development in the north country.

After a spell at Heron Bay, building double track for the CPR, in September of 1913 he hooked up with a group of Dutch capitalists who wanted to build their Lake Huron and Northern Ontario Railroad from Bruce Mines up to Woman River on the CPR main line. Their enthusiasm was spurred by reports of nickel discoveries in the Mississauga Valley. Locating engineer on the job with a party of 40, Des had picked a route through the virgin forest as far as Aubrey Falls by September of 1914 when a trapper brought in word that the 1st World War had broken out in August. It wasn't long until the Dutch capital was urgently required elsewhere, and the entire railroad project was permanently cancelled.

After spending the winter in Bruce Mines Des hopped over to Little Current in the spring to superintend construction of an addition to the coal dock. It was there in December of 1915 that he heard the Canadian Copper Co. was looking for a railroader to build the new O'Donnell roast yard and put it in operation the following May. A challenge like that was right down his alley, and Des was soon on the spot. A gang of 1500 men worked 'round the clock to install the tracks and the travelling unloading bridge which dumped cars of green ore on the piles of cordwood for roasting. The yard was about a mile long and 200 feet wide.

The O'Donnell contract completed, Des moved over to Copper Cliff to take charge of all field survey work for the engineering department. Accurate in his calculations, fair with his men, and possessed of a quiet sense of humour that was at its best when the going was roughest, he soon won the respect and esteem of his associates. He was tireless in the field and can still set a

pace on snowshoes that would kill off most men half his age.

Des was married on June 11, 1913, to Berna Clement of Turbine, a music teacher who had pupils at Crean Hill, Worthington, Nairn, Victoria Mines, Webbwood. She had come originally from Eganville and Ottawa. Their honeymoon was the return trip to Heron Bay, and for the first month of their marriage, until a house was built for them, they lived in a tent on the Indian Reserve. When it came time to furnish their home the grizzled old foreman of the construction crew was a great help — whenever they needed a new gadget or a piece of furniture he would manage to spirit it out of a pullman car on one of the transcontinental trains which paused at Heron Bay.

Members of their family are: Merwin, employed by Crawley-McCracken; Rita (Mrs. Murray Dennis of Sudbury), Shirley (Mrs. Art Graham of Malartic), Charles of Creighton, and Barry, attending school. There are six grandchildren.

At his attractive permanent home on Trout Lake Des can sit on the verandah and watch the smoke pouring from the big stacks and the fiery slag cascading down the side of the dump at Copper Cliff four miles away. That's about the right distance for him from now on, he thinks—not too near and not too far.

In the old days in the bush he fished and hunted for food too often to think of rod and gun as playthings. There's plenty of exercise in tending the terraced lawns that step down from his home to the waterfront. He enjoys an hour's outing with canoe and paddle (he hates outboard motors), or, in winter, a hike on snowshoes across the lake or through the woods. And for just plain taking it easy he can stretch out on the fine sun cot the members of the Engineering Department presented to him during a farewell banquet at Cassio's.

Everybody who knows him hopes Des Price's retirement will be a long and happy one—he's earned it.

HOPE

So live as if this day would be the last
To see the sun go down on yonder shore;
As if the present, future and the past
Had all combined to still the ocean's roar,
Had all decided, "There shall be no more!"

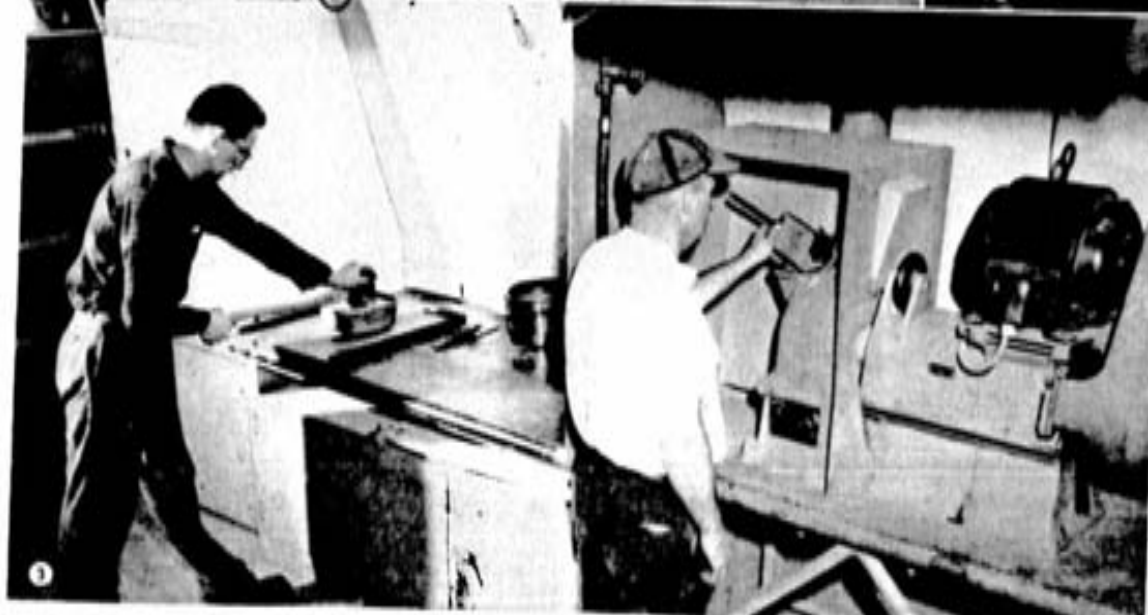
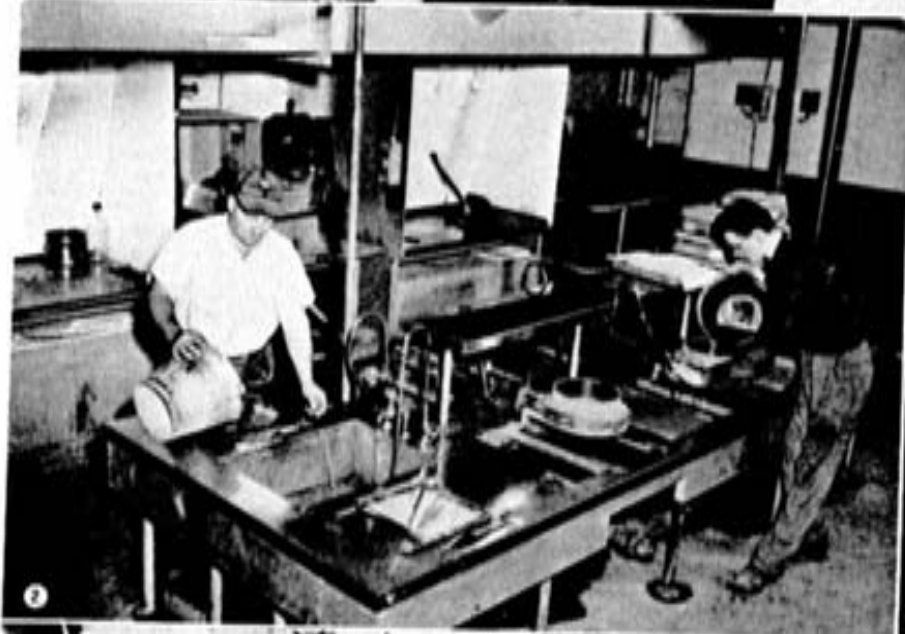
No more of pain or sorrow, laughter, joy;
No more of daytime and no more of night;
No more of man or woman, girl or boy;
No more of sacrifice, no more of blight.
If you can live this way you'll be all right.

You'll do all right if, as you walk the earth,
You help your fellow man enjoy the view
And prove to him his own intrinsic worth,
Nor make him feel that life is like the dew
That sparkles for a while and then is through.

And then is through? It was not meant
that way;
For life and death are mystical, a blend
That only the Creator can assay
Who gave us hope that each departing
friend
Would find this the beginning, not the end.
—John Jay Daly

NOT SO GOOFY, MAYBE

A farmer was delivering vegetables to a public sanatorium for the mentally unbalanced. A patient saluted him.
Patient—You're a farmer, ain't yuh?
The farmer said he was.
Patient—I used to be a farmer once.
Farmer—Did yuh?
Patient—Yes. Say, stranger, did you ever try bein' crazy?
The farmer never had, and started to move on.
Patient—Well, you oughta try it. It beats farmin' all hollow.



How Lab Keeps Mill Men Posted On Efficiency at Creighton

Fully modern as it is with all its streamlined operating efficiency, the new Inco concentrator at Creighton would be no less vulnerable to the whims and vagaries of the complex nickel ores than its older and bigger Copper Cliff counterpart—if as at Copper Cliff it weren't for the vigilance of the laboratory.

During every shift at the Creighton mill, samples of tailing are prepared and assayed 10 times, samples of concentrates are prepared and assayed eight times. In addition mill feed pulp samples are assayed once a shift and crushed ore samples are done once a day. Results are reported immediately to the mill operators, who are thus enabled to maintain close control of the grade of their products.

The lab in the Creighton mill is well laid out and equipped to handle its assignments swiftly and thoroughly. The men who work in it take pride in keeping it clean and orderly.

The accompanying photographs show some of the steps in handling the sampling work at Creighton:

1. Tom Gibbs, chemist in charge, is checking the operation of one of the mill's automatic devices for collecting samples of the

pulp feed from the classifiers to the flotation machines. At regular intervals a cutter passes through the stream of pulp, diverting a sample which will be picked up and taken to the lab.

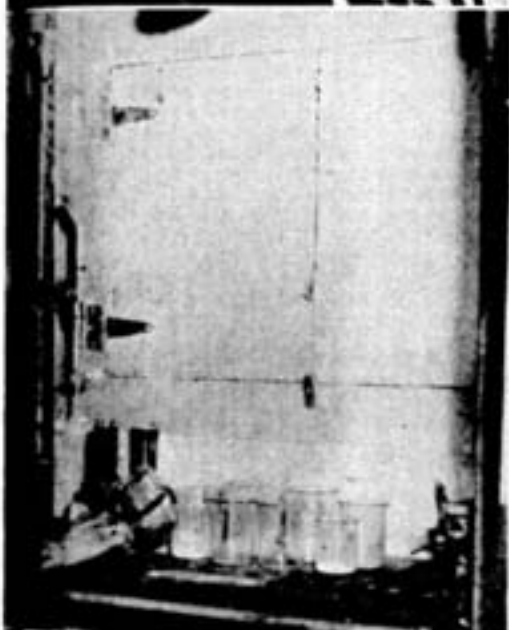
2. Preparation of the samples, often slow and painstaking work, is highly important. Cleanliness and accuracy are absolutely essential if the final assay is to give a true picture. Jack Blue (left) and Bill Cronick are busy here at the stainless steel filter table. Jack is splitting down, or reducing, the size of a sample with a riffle; Bill is pouring a riffled sample into a vacuum filter which will remove most of the water.

3. After being dried in an oven the samples must be ground to the fineness of dust. Jack Blue is feeding a sample into the pulverizer; then it is screened and the oversize is bucked down on the buckboard with a heavy cast iron muller, the chore being performed by Bill Cronick on the left.

4. In the balance room Royce Taylor is weighing in samples. The scales have a sensitivity of 1/20th of a milligram.

5. In the next stage of assaying Royce Taylor is examining a sample in a beaker after adding acid to decompose it. The

(Continued on Page 11)



Parker-Flynn Baseball Battles Were Classics of Earlier Days



At the presentation to Frank Parker, retired master mechanic of Coniston Smelter, are seen, left to right, John W. Garrow, retired master mechanic of Inco smelters; Fred Murphy, superintendent of Coniston Smelter; Andy Walker, toastmaster, a Coniston pensioner; Frank Parker, E. T. Austin, retired Coniston superintendent.

His dad was a machinery salesman, and from his early boyhood Frank Parker had a hankering for tinkering with machines. Last month he retired as master mechanic at Coniston Smelter, his boyhood ambition fully realized and a long and fruitful career of Inco service behind him.

Born at Guelph on May 12, 1887, Frank Robertson Parker went straight from school to a job in a machine shop at the age of 15. When he was 20 he was experienced enough to land a place with Dominion Bridge Co. in Montreal, where many a young machinist has had his education broadened before moving on to more specialized work. From there he went to the Canadian Ingersoll-Rand shops at Sherbrooke, another well-known training ground for many outstanding men in the mining industry.

His ability on the job wasn't the only virtue that made Frank an attractive prospect—he was a sharp baseball player too. In 1914 he and his brother Alex came up to Coniston to work in the machine shop and also to put new life into Mond's entry in the Nickel Belt Baseball League.

It wasn't long until the battle was joined between Frank and Bert Flynn of Copper Cliff. Many an otherwise routine ball game was enlivened into a first-class attraction by the sizzling arguments staged between these two diehards. They'd go to it, verbal hammer-and-tongs, Frank the spokesman for Coniston and Bert the unyielding defender of Copper Cliff, and Leo Durocher could have taken lessons. Then Umpire Joe Rothschild would step in: "Shut up, or cut you both go." And that would be the end of it—until the next disputable play came up.

Says Frank now, of Bert, "By gosh, he was a hot little cuss. But he was the best ball player that ever came into this country."

Says Bert now, of Frank, "He was an awful man to argue if he thought Coniston wasn't getting the best of it. But he sure could play ball, infield or outfield."

So we can take it that the famous feud is a thing of the past.

Prior to the merger of Mond with Inco in 1929, all heavy machining work from the

three operating Mond mines and the Naim and Wabageshik power plants on the Spanish was sent to the Coniston shops, and Frank picked up a thorough knowledge of the maintenance end of the nickel industry. He stayed right on top of his job, won steady promotion, and eventually succeeded John Gregg as master mechanic of the Coniston plant. He earned a reputation for thorough, dependable workmanship. His men regarded him as a straight shooter — they always knew where they stood with him.

Frank's popularity was demonstrated by the capacity crowd which turned out to his retirement banquet at the Club Allegri in Coniston. There must have been at least 200 in the gathering to congratulate him on his 38 years of credited service and to wish him a long life of leisure. W. T. Waterbury, asst. to the vice president of Inco and mayor of Copper Cliff, expressed the Company's appreciation of his splendid record, and remarks in similar vein were made by several other speakers, including W. J. Ripley, master mechanic of smelters. Fred Murphy, Coniston superintendent, presented Frank with a handsome travelling case on behalf of the assembly. In his reply the guest of honor spoke of the wonderful co-operation he had always received from men and supervision all along the line, and took off his hat to "the finest Company a man could work for".

His plans for the future still somewhat indefinite, Frank intends to stick around Coniston for the time being, keeping close tab on the baseball situation and renewing acquaintance with some of his old fishing haunts on Lake Wabapitae. A bachelor, he resides in the clubhouse.

All his friends wish him the best of everything in the years of pensioned leisure which lie ahead for him.

IT'S A GYP

Young Butch, 7 years old, was taken to see his new baby brother.

Young Butch—Ma! the kid ain't got no hair. It ain't even got no teeth. Ma—somebody has gyped us! It's an old baby!



In one of the bright cheerful sunrooms at Copper Cliff Hospital two long-time pensioners of the Company are seen here enjoying all the comforts of convalescence. James Langdon (left) who retired on disability pension in 1931 after almost 30 years service and is now 79, was recovering from a fractured hip. Frank Simms (right) was in for a medical check-up; he is also a disability pensioner, retiring in 1929 with just over 29 years service, and is now 81. Both were originally Mond Nickel Co. employees. The charming nurse attending them is Margaret Sauve. Of Mr. Langdon's family of nine children, three reside in the Nickel District; George of Copper Cliff is a fitter foreman in the sinter plant, Gladys is employed in Sudbury, and Peter lives at Fairbank Lake. Mr. Simms has a family of six children, three of whom reside locally; Tommy is electrical foreman in the converter building at Copper Cliff, and Mrs. Jack Vickers and Mrs. Wm. Duncan both live in Sudbury. A speedy return to full health is the wish for these two veterans!

Inco's Display at the International Trade Fair



Centre of great interest and admiration at the Canadian International Trade Fair in Toronto was the International Nickel Company exhibit, styled to the theme "In Thousands of Alloys Nickel Serves the World." Dominating the display were two eight-foot figures, one a miner and the other a smelterman, modelled in clay by Bill Clements, Toronto sculptor. Pedestal units and color slides depicted various uses of nickel by world industry, there was a brilliant exhibit of the six precious metals of the platinum group, and the strength and versatility of Inco-developed ductile cast iron was given special prominence. Large attendances of visitors satisfied officials of Inco's Toronto office that the effort was well worthwhile.

How Lab Keeps Mill Men Posted

(Continued from Page 9)

copper and nickel in the sample go into solution, which is filtered off.

6. Samples of tailing are taken to make certain that the profits are not sneaking down the drainpipe. The picture shows Tom Gibbs placing a small glass tube, called a cuvette, in the electrophotometer. The cuvette is filled with a nickel solution taken from a tailing sample. The electrophotometer will determine the concentration of nickel in the sample by measuring the amount of light transmitted through the solution. This provides an analysis of tailing to 1/1000th of 1%.

7. The filtered sample of pulp feed or concentrate, produced in the operation shown in Picture No. 5, next goes to the plating machine, on which every bit of the copper is plated out on cathodes of fine platinum screen. Tom Gibbs is removing a beaker from the machine and at the same time washing the cathode with a wash bottle before drying, after which it goes to the balance room to be weighed. Plating requires one hour. From an 80% sample about 1/7th of an ounce of copper would be deposited on the cathode.

8. After removal of the copper the sample solution, containing nickel and the rest of the ore components except the silica which was removed by filtering in No. 5, moves on to have its nickel content determined. First, some six different chemicals are added so that elements such as iron will not interfere with the determination of nickel. The solution now has a cloudy appearance. Then as Royce Taylor is doing, cyanide is added until this cloudiness disappears. From the quantity of cyanide added, the amount of nickel in the sample can be computed—the more cyanide, the more nickel.

Crushed ore samples are taken as the ore enters the fine ore bins and are assayed daily to determine the average metal input to the mill. They are first dry-ground in a small

mill and then go through the same process as pulp or concentrate samples.

And that, briefly, is how the lab technicians at Creighton keep the mill operators continuously posted on how much metal they receive from the mine and how efficiently they are concentrating it for further treatment in the reduction plants at Copper Cliff.

By the time a man can afford to lose a golf ball he can't hit it that far.

GENTLE HINT

Peter was playing at Jimmy Brown's house. When it was time to go home it started to rain. Mrs. Brown offered to lend him Jimmy's raincoat.

"Don't take so much trouble, Mrs. Brown," said Peter, politely.

"I'm sure your mother would do as much for Jimmy," she replied.

"My mother would do more," said Peter. "She'd ask Jimmy to stay for supper."



Mike Horrick Retires on Pension

Mike Horrick, who came to Canada from Central Europe in 1910 to join a cousin on the job at Copper Cliff Smelter, retired on disability pension last month. He'll be missed in the slag dump crew where for the past 15 years he was a faithful and conscientious worker. He is seen above with Mrs. Horrick. Both were married previously and their families total 12 children; they have 17 grandchildren. Mike recently underwent surgical treatment from which he is making a good recovery; his workmates hope he will soon be in A1 shape again to enjoy his new-found leisure. He was born in 1892.



\$1,200,000 for Levack Housing

Decision to add 85 new dwelling units at Levack was announced at Copper Cliff by R. L. Beattie, vice-president and general manager of Inco. Total cost of the project, including sewer and water connections, streets, school extension, etc., is estimated at about \$1,200,000.

Part of the huge program involved in the company's transition to all-underground mining, the Levack addition will bring to a total of more than \$10,000,000 the amount spent by Inco during the past five years on living facilities for its employees in the Sudbury District.

This will be the third housing addition to the picturesque community of Levack within four years. Sixty-five new dwelling units were built there in 1948, and 66 in 1949. The school was doubled in size to 12 rooms in 1950, and a further extension will now be necessary.

A few days previously Mr. Beattie had announced that Inco will build a \$55,000 curling rink at Levack.

The new rink will have three sheets of curling ice. It will be of concrete block and stucco construction and will have a viewing room at the entrance end of the building for the "arm chair curlers". Operation of the rink will be turned over by the Company to a committee of members.

Work on the big housing project commenced the morning after the announcement was made. In the first of the accompanying pictures a power shovel and a loader are busy on the excavations, surveyors are setting corner stakes, and a concrete mixing machine has been moved on the scene. In the second picture Harry Wolk and Ben Falconi of Inco's field survey crew study the plan of the big 85-dwelling addition, much of which will be beautifully located among evergreens. In the third picture Mayor Earl Gilchrist (right) and Alfred Cecchetti, of the firm which will build the foundations, watch as Henry Oulmette takes the first "bite" of the new excavations with his caterpillar loader.



Nickel Belt to Have Fine New Sports Grounds



An ambitious group of Finnish Canadians, the majority of them Inco men, have launched a project of top-flight importance to the development of athletics in the Nickel Belt. They are building a sports field on the old Morrison Farm, west of Copper Cliff on the Soo Highway.

Complying with all regulations for official championship sports meets, the field will have a 400-metre oval cinder track and in the enclosed area there will be jumping pits and accommodation for other events. A

soccer field and a softball diamond will also be laid out. Plans for further development include steam baths on the shore of Lake McCharles, which borders the property. The field, with its large picnic and parking areas adjoining, will be available for the use of any organization in the Nickel Belt.

Through the generosity of J. N. Pitts Construction Co., a bulldozer has done the preliminary work on the layout; the balance will be done by volunteer labor.

Some of the group of 50 are seen in the

above picture; they are members of the Sudbury Branch of the Loyal Finns of Canada, or are Finnish Lutheran Church members in Copper Cliff or Creighton. The committee in charge of the project is composed of Bill Kallio (driving tractor at left), Lauri Tuisku (chairman), Emil Hard, Emil Kallio, Arvo Hakala, Don Pakkala (driving tractor at right), and a representative of Copper Cliff Athletic Association not yet named. The sports grounds will be called Monel Athletic Field.

Veteran Tapper Bill Rivers Is Now on Pension

A veteran smelterman who never had a lost-time accident in more than 36 years of credited service, William Patrick Rivers has laid aside the tapping bar and exchanged his spats for slippers. "From here in," he says, "I'm just going to take it easy."

The only thing that ever happened to Bill in the way of an accident at the plant was to put his thumb out of joint. "Once I was pretty lucky, though," he recalls. "It was years ago. Bill Darrach (now of Racicot-Darrach) and I were sitting on a bench near one of the old settlers having our lunch. We had our cups of tea on the bench between us. Suddenly the side cooler on the settler blew out. The flying matte knocked our cups of tea off the bench but didn't touch either of us."

Bill remembers other hectic experiences with the settlers, those terrible-tempered assistants of the blast furnaces, which blew up whenever the water jackets leaked, and scattered molten matte all over the place. But like the rest of the furnacemen in those days Bill was quick on the jump and an expert dodger of flying matte.

Born on June 5, 1887, on a farm near Massey, Bill attended the little country school, did his share of the chores around home, and fished happily for bass, pickerel and pike in the broad waters of the Spanish River, with a pole cut from the bush and grasshoppers for bait. Them was the days!

At 16 Bill started work in the lumber camps of the district. He liked that life

and it wasn't until 1915 that he sought a change of scene and moved to Copper Cliff to go to work on the blast furnaces; the late Pete McDonald was foreman and Alex Montgomery was shift boss. He graduated to the



MR. AND MRS. WM. RIVERS

sinter plant and was picked to accompany Dunc Finlayson to Port Colborne to start the sinter plant there. On his return six months later he was posted to the reverberatory furnaces and they were his specialty until retirement. He was one of the most reliable tappers on the job.

Bill was married at Massey in 1908 to

Elizabeth Martell; one of their sons, Raymond, is a traveller out of Oshawa; Gerald and Clyde are both employed at Copper Cliff. Two daughters, Elizabeth and Theresa, have died.

Bowling was Bill's favorite sport in earlier days. He still has the Copper Cliff Club's inter-departmental trophy which he won with a team composed of Charlie Tuttle, Alex Montgomery, Bill Acheson, and Jim Harkins. The night of that victory was a quiet one — the boys were so busy testing the trophy for leaks that they didn't have time to go out and celebrate.

All his mates in the plant hope that Bill will enjoy every minute of the retirement he has so richly earned.

HOW TRUE, HOW TRUE!

The following item, published in the Looking Backward column of the Canadian Mining Journal, was taken from the Canadian Mining Review of June, 1893:

"Nickel steel for an experimental 8-inch breech loading rifle has arrived at the naval gun foundry, Washington, and the manufacture of the gun will begin at once. Great interest will attend the construction and subsequent experiments with this gun. Nickel steel has never been used in the manufacture of guns, and it is thought that the non-corrodible quality of the alloy, coupled with other physical characteristics such as increased elasticity and extra-ordinary elongation, render it specially adapted for guns subjected to high pressures with nitropowders."

DELAYED ACTION

Pegram — A fellow out our way got a black eye for kissing a bride after the ceremony.

Friend — But surely her husband shouldn't object to that ancient custom.

Pegram — No. But it was two years after the ceremony.

Frood-Stobie A. A. Organizes Eight Teams in Softball League



Two of the squads in the Frood-Stobie A.A. softball race this season are seen here. ABOVE, the Courte team from Murray Mine, front row, Cecil Jacquelin, L. Charette, K. Farmer, D. Rodgers (sub), A. St. Onge; back row, F. Smith, E. Belanger (sub), J. Scraba, R. Bouchard, A. Courte, S. Dobson. BELOW, the Paterson lineup from Frood-Stobie with a few of their ardent supporters, front row, E. Tobin, C. Comptois, T. Ragout, V. Grenon, M. Stelmack, D. Mitchell; back row, B. Jodoin, E. Couvineau, W. Wisniewski, G. Kutcha, H. Edwards, L. Kavanaugh (captain), L. Peterson, L. Langen.



An eight-team inter-mine softball league organized by Frood-Stobie Athletic Association and including players from Murray, is away to a flying start. Charlie Cranston and Wally McIntosh, the Frood-Stobie personnel men, are the committee in charge of arrangements. Wally Woolacott and Henry Vendette have taken their lives in their hands by volunteering to handle the umpiring chores.

Here are the lineups of the teams entered: No. 3 Shaft Surface: Dunn (captain), Flake, Nadon, Watkins, Turcotte, Killah, Portier, Burns, Day, Smrke, Bue, Mannisto, Thomson Woltawich, Romanuk. Mercurys: Haggie (captain), Lalonde, R. and E. Marsolais, LeSarge, Aykroyd, Domonsky, Dines, Werbski, Malbeuf, Barnes, Fors, Larone Bredeau, and Motorcycle Mike. Murray-Kruger: Kruger (captain), Arbour,

Shea, Beech, Hodgins, Leduc, Martin, Scott, Gibbons, Joliat, Leduc, Peacock, Morin, Harrower, Yarkovich.

Murray-Courte: Courte (captain), Dobson, Bradley, Bouchard, McCorshen, Scraba, St. Onge, Bastien, P. and N. Vaillancourt, Charette, Farmer, Smith, Jacquelin.

Murray-Fenkow: Fenkow (captain), Larocque, Rush, Ethier, Cutushank, Passi, Harley, Hewitt, Desult, Kenwell, Gilpin, Grenon, McCorshen, Ouellette.

Peterson: Kavanaugh (captain), Tobin, Edwards, Stelmak, Grenon, Mitchell, Shawera, Wiager, Kuotcha.

McAfee: Skwarek (captain), Cayen, Anderson, Jolicoeur, Beaudry, Cook, Leblanc, Clarke, Uhryne.

Young: Glagalloff (captain), Toner, Menard, O'Brien, Sloan, Sturby, St. Marseille, Walli, St. Germain, Thompson.

ONE FOR CLARENCE BUCK

An old Texan, attending an angler's banquet in California, was slightly irked as speaker after speaker told tall tales of West coast fish. Finally, the visitor from the Lone Star state was asked for a few remarks: "Well, we don't have any fish in Texas worth bragging about," he began humbly, then, holding his hands about 12 inches apart: "I never saw any bigger than that."

He stopped briefly, surveyed the gathering blandly, and concluded: "Of course you have to remember that we always measure our fish between the eyes."

STARK TRAGEDY

A man, obviously distressed, rushed into the bar of his club and ordered and drained two double whiskies. Asked what troubled him, he said, "My wife's just eloped in my car with my best friend."

"Good heavens!" said a fellow member, sympathetically, "not your new car?"



CAN YOU MATCH IT?

Bob Bell (Electrical Dept.) was snapped with a mammoth cabbage he grew in his garden at Copper Cliff last year. It weighed 14 lbs. The ruler used to indicate the size was 15 in. long.

Wonder how much corned beef is needed to go with a cabbage like that.

Louis Marois Recalls Cave-in of Mond's Worthington Mine in 1927



MR. AND MRS. LOUIS MAROIS, SUDBURY

The standout experience in Louis Marois' splendid record of 37 years and five months of credited service in the nickel industry was the cave-in on October 4, 1927, of the Worthington Mine, on the Soo Highway 18 miles west of Copper Cliff.

In operation by Mond Nickel Company since 1892, the Worthington was scheduled for retirement from the active mining list, but none suspected its withdrawal from production would be quite as sudden.

The first hint of disaster came about 7:00 o'clock on the Monday evening, October 3, Louis recalls, when rumblings were heard in the depths of the mine. As the hours passed these became more ominous and by 11:00 o'clock that night Supt. Bill Mumford had decided to take no chances with the lives of the 46 men underground. He instructed Dave Ballantyne to bring his shift to surface immediately. As a result, no lives were lost.

"My brother Joseph came up in the last cage load," Louis recounts. "He said that at one place they heard the inclined shaft close in behind them."

At 6:00 o'clock the next morning Supt. Mumford knew his judgment had been sound, when his mine collapsed before his eyes.

The threatening sounds had continued intermittently during the night, gaining gradually in intensity. Then, in the early morn, with a tremendous deafening roar, the Worthington caved in, leaving a gulf about 800 feet in diameter. The powerhouse, containing the hoisting equipment, went down along with other surface buildings around the shaft.

The Marois family, rudely awakened, rushed to a window of their home and saw a sheer drop of 150 feet where their front yard had been.

A neighboring two-storey frame house was less fortunate, Louis relates. The home of Frank Stos and his two sons and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Piskowski, plunged into the big hole with its sleeping inmates. Miraculously it came to rest upright on a ledge about 30 feet from surface and the five frightened humans were able to scramble back to safe ground uninjured.

"Frank Stos had two young pigs and we heard them squealing down there," Louis

remembers. "Two of the boys climbed down to rescue them and they were okay except one had a broken leg."

The mine had caved to the 34th level, a depth of 750 feet. The village, with a popula-



IN THE CREIGHTON PIT

Taken about 1911, the picture shows Louis Marois (left) and his partner, L. Fera, manning one of the old piston drills in the open pit at Creighton Mine. The machine was operated by compressed air and the steel was cranked into the drill hole by hand.

tion of 400, had to be abandoned. The 170 men at the mine had to be transferred to other Mond operations.

Louis Marois had come to Sudbury in 1906 with two of his brothers. They were born on a farm at Montmagny, near Cape St. Ignace in Quebec, and their boyhood was a busy one—up at 4:00 a.m. to milk the cows, take the milk to the cheese factory at 5:00, spend the day at school and then hustle home to do the evening chores, and so to bed at 9:00, dog-tired.

With his brothers Louis signed on at Creighton in 1906, was a mucker on his first shift and a driller's helper on his second, running one of the old hand-cranked piston machines in the open pit. He had graduated to level boss underground when, in 1914, he moved over to Mond Nickel's Kirkwood Mine as a shift boss. The Kirkwood closed down about a year later and Louis was transferred to Garson for a short time, going from there to Worthington. After the cave-in he moved to Levack, remaining there until the mine was closed in 1931. During that period he became an Inco employee, the merger with Mond having taken place in 1929.

Posted to Frood in 1931 Louis worked at a variety of underground jobs during the next few years—he says he's been just about everything except superintendent—until his heart acted up and he had to remain on surface. He worked in the yard and finally in the dry where for 12 years he was a well-known and popular figure.

Louis was married at Sudbury on July 21, 1908, to Victoria Bernier, and members of their family are: Wilfred, of the post office staff in Sudbury; Albert and Leo of Falconbridge; Alex, a trucker in Sudbury; Grace (Mrs. T. Martin), Lucienne (Mrs. L. Lauson), Alice (Mrs. E. Bertrand), Mae (Mrs. N. Hanger), Helen (Mrs. Leonard Deschenes), Bernie (Mrs. Lucien Deschenes), Irene, and Rita, all of Sudbury. Their three other children have died. They have 21 grandchildren, and what a gathering there is at Christmas, which the family always spends together.

In conversation Louis went out of his way to talk about the Inco retirement system. "When you raise a big family like mine," he said, "there's not much money to save. But here I am comfortable with a fine pension and no worries, and it didn't cost me anything. Where can you beat a company like that?"

His plans for the future do not include work of any kind except a little gardening. He went down to St. Charles to visit his brother on the farm and they inveigled him into pitching hay. After a day of it he packed his bag and quietly left for home. "That's not for me," he told his cronies over a cooling glass of ale. "I'm retired."

MIND OVER MATTER

"Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Jones, "what's the trouble? You look worried."

"Yes, yes," sighed Mrs. Smith. "My husband is always sick."

"Your husband is just a hypochondriac," said Mrs. Jones. "He isn't sick. He just thinks he's sick. Take no notice of his complaints and watch him get well."

A month later the two women met again. Mrs. Smith looked even more worried.

"Your husband no better?" asked the friend.

"Worse," said Mrs. Smith. "He thinks he's dead."

HIGH FINANCING

Two Hollywood producers decided on regular armies of extras for a war epic—five thousand men on one side and four thousand on the other.

"Colossal, Charley!" said the first producer. "Nine thousand men and when the shooting is finished they all have to be paid off. How about that?"

"A cinch," said Charley. "In the last battle scene, real bullets."



ROY PELLA IS OLYMPIC HOPE FOR CANADA

Tony Pella, thickener man at Copper Cliff Concentrator, almost bust a gusset with pride on June 28 when he got word that his son Roy had qualified in the trials at Hamilton to represent Canada in the Olympic Games at Helsinki, Finland. And so did Riccardo Pella, Roy's uncle, who is a crusherman at the concentrator.

A standout in field events throughout his secondary school years in Sudbury, Roy has continued his brilliant athletic career as a student at the University of Michigan. In the Hamilton Olympic trials he threw the discus 157 feet 3 1/4 inches to shatter the Canadian record, and even that was far short of some of his previous efforts. The old Canadian record, set by Eric Coy of Winnipeg in 1937, was 145 feet 9 1/4 inches.

Roy is a big fellow, six feet one inch and 206 lbs. Always a gentleman and a good sport, on or off the field, as well as a strong performer, he will be a worthy representative of Canada in the Olympics. The Nickel Belt is proud of him.

Roy took off by plane on July 5 from Montreal for Helsinki along with other members of the Canadian Olympic team. On the left is a photograph of him in action at Hamilton.

There's Danger In Getting a Tan

Bathing suit advertisements to the contrary, warns Health magazine, all the sun that you can get is not all the sun that's good for you. Sunburn is what it says — a real burn. And the tempting summer sun should be treated with just as much respect as a hot saucepan in the kitchen or a kettle full of scalding water.

Sunburn can be dangerous!

The latest issue of the Health League of Canada magazine urges the use of common sense, protective clothing and a dependable suntan lotion with proven sun-screening properties, for summer comfort and health.

Here are six sun-health rules for everyone:

1. Don't let a hazy day fool you. Clouds do not necessarily stop the sun's burning rays.
2. Apply suntan lotion evenly all over before exposure, and pay special attention to forehead, cheekbones, nose, chin, shoulders and behind the knees. Some suntan lotions will completely prevent burning.
3. Reapply suntan lotion after each swim; and apply it periodically if you perspire heavily.
4. Watch your timing. Don't try to get your whole summer's tan the first day out, or even during the first several days.
5. Use a lip pomade to protect your lips against fever sores, chapping and cracking.
6. Wear sun glasses. Sun not only makes your eyes red and unattractive, but it also drastically reduces night vision and so contributes to many after-dark highway accidents.

KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

"I hope you keep your cows in a pasture," said the newly wed to the milkman.

"Oh, yes ma'am, indeed we do."

"I'm so glad, I have always heard pasteurized milk was so much better."