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Northern Lights
JUNE 1950 VOL. 9 NO. 2





Northern Lights



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GEORGE MAINWARING, Editor

VOL. 9

JULY, 1950

No. 2

Play The Game

NOT so long ago we read something to the effect that there was really nothing new to write about, that whatever the idea, it had already been expressed somewhere in different words. This seems particularly true of articles on the hazards of careless driving, which we find in front of us every day in newspapers, periodicals, and only too often, the police court news.

But with all this constant reference to the dangers of careless handling of cars and the tragic and terrible results of neglect we find no lessening of the heart-breaking occurrences which inevitably follow some thoughtless act which could have been so easily avoided.

It might be that unfamiliar terrain and new drivers create a hazard not to be found where roads are wide, straight and level. We refuse to believe that in the North Country where highways are a new means of going from one place to another that we are less mindful of our responsibilities. It is beginning to look as if our daily record of accidents is increasing, not only in pure accidents but in the number which could have been avoided by exercising care. And worse, there are too many which end up in the courts, civil and criminal.

The sad part of all this is that most accidents are avoidable. Structural deficiencies rarely cause accidents; the human element is responsible for most. Speeding, selfish disregard for the other fellow's rights, and the abuse of liquor take too great a toll.

We may be better or worse than drivers elsewhere but the least we can do, for our own peace of mind, is to be eternally vigilant. Not all accidents are fatal, but how would we feel if we killed a child through our own neglect or disregard of the rules? Even more how would we feel if it was our child that was killed through some unnecessary, foolish action, which could have been avoided by playing the game according to the rules.

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Old Words - New Meanings

EVERY once in a while, words which are common to our language take on a new significance. Lately, the word "security" seems to have changed from "freedom from danger" to "freedom from care."

Let's take a look at the kind of security we are interested in most.

When an honest, able-bodied man says he wants security does he not mean that he wants a steady job, with wages that will meet his current requirements and enough left over so that he can provide for his wife and children in the event of death, and not have to feel that he would have to accept public or private aid when his earning days are done?

After all, the people who are entitled to security without working for it are the children and others who, because of physical or mental infirmity, are incapable of contributing to production.

Security must be paid for one way or another. It certainly can't be paid for by issuing cheques on a bank. Somebody, somewhere, must produce useful goods, and back of all this usable wealth is the work of individuals.



Blast-hole Diamond Drilling Crew.



Phil Toner and Bob Marich at No. 17 P.S.P. Scram.

MINE DEPARTMENT

BOB ASH

ONE of the most interesting of the many operations now going on underground is the development and stoping project in the open pit sill pillar.

This pillar is approximately 900 feet long, 100 feet wide and 60 feet thick. It remained after surface mining down to the 300 ft. level and underground mining up to the 390 ft. level in the same block of ore, thus leaving this huge slab, estimated to be about 700,000 tons, in between the two methods of mining.

Numerous ways and means of recovering this valuable ore were gone over before the present system of using timbered scrams and long-hole diamond drilling was decided upon as the most logical way of getting the most ore out at the cheapest cost per ton.

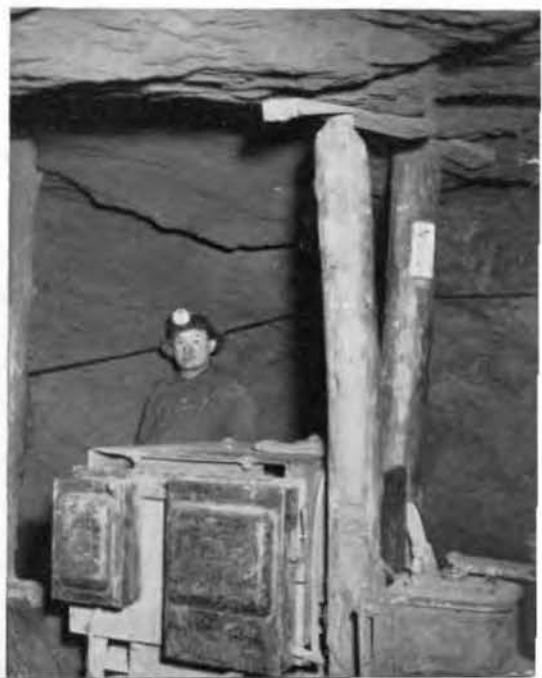
Work here has been going on steadily for the past two years with an average of about 25 men per shift. It will be at least another two years before the job is finished.

Recently we had the opportunity of spending a couple of hours looking over the complete workings of this project and will tell you briefly what we saw.

We boarded the upper deck of the North

Main cage, along with Leonard LaPointe, the diamond driller layout man for this job, and after a short ride of 390 feet, we were let off by Gene Gagne, the cage-tender. After a short walk down the level we came to the now backfilled "E" stope and looked over the cribbing which helps to make conditions safer. From here we stopped and watched Bob Marich and Phil Toner who were constructing a wooden No. 17 scram. These scrams are sturdily built from 12" x 12" timbers for posts, 12" x 20" for top timbers with an extra layer of 10" x 10" 's and then a complete covering of both sides and tops with

Vic Alguire, electric hoist operator.





Bob Blair and John Mymka, scraper operators.



Leonard Lapointe checks cribbing between E Stope and Pillar.

sprags. Railway rails are used for additional strength, and rails are laid along the bottom of the scam for easier scraping of the muck. These scrams, of which there are 22 at present, have an inside measurement of 5 ft. in width, 6 ft. in height and average 100 feet in length.

We then walked down a short incline to about the 400 ft. level and came to the drift which services all the scrams, (one every 30 feet) and from where scraping of muck is done. Each scam is equipped with a 30 H.P. electric tugger hoist and scraper. Here it is the job of slushermen

and bulldozers to get muck down the grizzly. We talked to Robert Blair and John Mymka who were working on No. 12 scam.

Curious to find out what happens to the muck after it leaves the scam grizzly, we crawled down ladders to the 420 main haulage level, and found three different systems in use for getting rid of the ore — a conveyor belt system, a scam system and a chute-and-pull car system — the latter two being in full operation.

The scraper system is almost a duplicate of all our ordinary large stope layouts. A 10' x 10' scam has been driven directly under the pillar scam grizzlies whereby one scam takes all the muck from the south end of the pillar as it is scraped by the 30 H.P. tuggers situated overhead, and pulls it into a raise where it is trammed on the 650 level. Working here were Freddie Therrien, Ron Toner, and John Bond.

The pull-car system is somewhat different. The ore as scraped from the scrams in the north end of the pillar drops into chutes. A 10-ton Granby ore car is pulled back and forth by an electric hoist, filled by pulling the chutes and dumped down the raise. Tommy Manning and Vic Alguire were the two men working on this job when we were there.

(Continued on Page 7)

Kelly Peever and Chester Bongfeldt, bulldozers.





COMMUNITY CLUB

R. G. ASH



SEVERAL outstanding events took place in Community Club activities this spring, these being the staging of H.M.S. Pinafore by the Glee Club, the display by the Physical Fitness group, the Badminton

Tournament, the Basketball finals, greater interest around the Hobby Shop and increased boxing instruction.

The four-night performance by the Glee Club in the staging of H.M.S. Pinafore was something to be proud of. The former successes of this club had put the support of the people well behind them and it was no trouble to fill the hall with loyal supporters for all shows. A production like this takes a great deal of planning but thanks to a well organized executive and close harmony amongst the club members everything ran off smoothly. Long to be remembered by the members of the cast was the trip to Sherridon, where they put on two performances. The new executive for the 1950-51 season are: N. J. Calverly, president; Beth Maxwell, vice-president; Sheila Sturley, secretary; Edith Seamer, treasurer; business manager, Sid Yeo; cast representative, Earl Watson.

The spring display of Ballet and Physical Fitness group which was staged for two nights also drew full houses. Jack Eden, the winter





recreational director for the Community Club, has done a wonderful job with the youth of the community. Lena O'Neal, assisted by Nora Homenuik, drew a lot of praise for the great progress that has been made in Ballet here during the past several years, and Ruby Arndt's folk dancing group from the Birchview school were outstanding. All told it was a swell display with all the performers under 15 years of age, and it wouldn't have been possible without the help of the many instructors, pianists, Mr. Seaby and his Elk's Youth Band, Art Thompson, stage directors and the mothers who helped with the costumes.

The basketball season ended in fine style with the girls' High School team winning the Manitoba High School championship. Practically the same team beat out the Dominion Knit team from Winnipeg in two straight games to win the Manitoba junior girls' championship. The coach of this team was Bill McVicar and manager Hec McCaig. It is generally agreed that we have some of the best basketball players in the country playing on our floor.

A petition was circulated last April and signed by a majority of the members of the Community Club authorizing us to raise the dues from 50c to \$1.00 a month. The additional revenue will be used to provide more curling ice, artificial ice in the Main Arena and many other improvements and additions to the club. We believe a new era in community activities has been started by this decision.



The Canadian Legion OF THE British Empire Service League

C. C. SETTERINGTON

CRIBBAGE TOURNAMENT — Cde. Jim Dunbar won the recent Crib tournament and thereby proved his mastery over all the other "fifteen two," "fifteen four" exponents of the popular game. It was a very successful tournament and a lot of so-called "good" players went down to defeat all along the line — in fact the alibis are still floating around. However, Jim is the winner and the enthusiasts are hoping that another one will be started soon.

* * *

E. J. CASEY SHOW AND CARNIVAL—

It seems that Foster Park is not available this year for the locale of the Casey Shows. It is now expected that the site will be the old C.N.R. grounds at Willowvale. The show is dated for August 9th to 12th inclusive and Cde. Casey is bringing up two units this year. Ed says that it will be bigger and better than usual and no less than eight Rides will be available to thrill young and old. Promised are several new side shows containing a Live Octopus, a real FAT LADY and many other attractions to liven up the carnival.

The Legionettes won the Manitoba Junior Ladies' Championship for the third year in succession.

Back Row—Signe Jacobson, Velda Chisholm, Joan Barr, Erla Dahlgren, Yvonne Horkoff, Lois Miles, Enid Ransom.

Front Row—Bill McVicar, Joanne Miles, Jean Hoey, Doris Beveridge, Hector McCaig.



LEGIONETTES BASKETBALL CHAMPS

—Well, the girls did it again. For the third consecutive year our Legionette Basketball Team has won the Manitoba Junior Ladies' Basketball Championship. The series was the best of three games against Dominion Knits of Winnipeg and were played in the local Community Club hall on April 16th. Our girls had little trouble in knocking over the "Knits" in two straight games by impressive scores of 52-25 and 64-35 to win the honors. Well done, girls, the Legion is proud of you and extends heartiest congratulations to you all.

* * *

Cde. Charlie Baird, of Sherridon, District Representative, paid a visit to the Branch at the general meeting of April 24th. One of the highlights of the meeting was his presentation to Cde. W. S. B. Lockhart of the Legion's Meritorius Medal for the latter's services on the Command Council.

* * *

Recently our hall caretaker, Jack Fairman, hurt his back and a couple of Branch V.I.P.'s (President Win Lowry and Secretary-Manager "Duke" Errington) turned to and swabbed the decks for a few days. So if anyone wants the services of a charwoman, give Duke a ring — he should be able to qualify.

* * *

The Membership Campaign, under the chairmanship of Cde. Miles Anderson, is still in progress and several new members have been signed up recently.

* * *

Speaking of new members, one of them learned the rules of the Canteen the hard

way a short time ago. Cde. D. Stryjak, for instance, walked in the Canteen with his hat on and, of course, you all know the answer. A round for the house and the score was paid. Ah, well, I guess it's happened to most of us at some time or another.

* * *

Cde. J. J. Kelly, President of the Provincial Command and lately elevated to Justice of Manitoba King's Bench Court, was tendered a complimentary banquet by The Pas Branch of the Legion on April 25th.

Guests from the Flin Flon Branch were Cdes. Win Lowry and W. S. B. Lockhart.

We understand there is a possibility of Cde. Kelly visiting Flin Flon. It would be a privilege and a pleasure to have him here as our guest speaker for Remembrance Day.

* * *

5TH BOY SCOUT GROUP—As you know the Branch sponsors this Boy Scout Group and a Father and Son Banquet was held May 13th in the hall. The Branch played host to the boys for this "Dad and his Lad" get-together.

* * *

VIMY CELEBRATION—Wing Commander Dufferin Roblin, member of the Manitoba Legislature, was guest speaker at the Branch Vimy Banquet on April 8th and gave a very interesting address. In this connection many favorable comments were heard regarding the quality and toothsome-ness of the banquet which the Ladies' Auxiliary prepared for this occasion.

* * *

VITAL STATISTICS — Among those noticed recently passing around cigars celebrating additions to the family were Cdes. Bill Pickett and Herb Pierce. Ex-Wren Cde. Mrs. Fred Sattelberger has presented her husband with a little sailor.

WAR MEMORIAL — At last it looks as though we are going to get some action on our War Memorial. A new committee has been set up by the Branch, under the

chairmanship of Cde. W. S. B. Lockhart, to find ways and means of securing a suitable Plaque inscribed with the names of our local fallen. This should definitely be brought about by the united effort of the members and the Branch. At any future time it could fittingly be placed on any type of Memorial built in town.

* * *

LAST POST

CDE. GEORGE HANKINSON
ALBERTA LIGHT HORSE, WW I
15th Btn. C. E. F.
March 26th, 1950.

* * *

CDE. J. A. DEMPSTER
ROYAL WINNIPEG RIFLES, WW II
April 6th, 1950

MINE DEPARTMENT (Continued from Page 3)

We then went up to see the drilling of the ore, something we probably should have done at the beginning of the trip. Six diamond drill machines running three shifts are doing the drilling. The system used such as we saw in E-7 hanging wall south is a vertical ring 360° layout, the spacing between rings being 3½ feet and the maximum burden at bottom of hole 5 feet, holes ranging in length from 10 to 40 feet. The reason for so much drilling is to procure better fragmentation and to be able to spread the powder more evenly through the rock being blasted.

As the drifts here run out into the old open pit it is quite cold, and the water has to be heated and holes steamed out for powder loading. The only feasible way to work here last winter was by forcing air down to the 169° level through the 60 stopes. It was then forced up to the centre of the pillar and dispersed through all the pillar sublevels.

A portion of the ore body closest to the wooden scrams is blasted first; this falls on the scrams and acts as a cushion for the big shot of around 20,000 tons which follows. The accompanying pictures will give some idea of the things we saw.



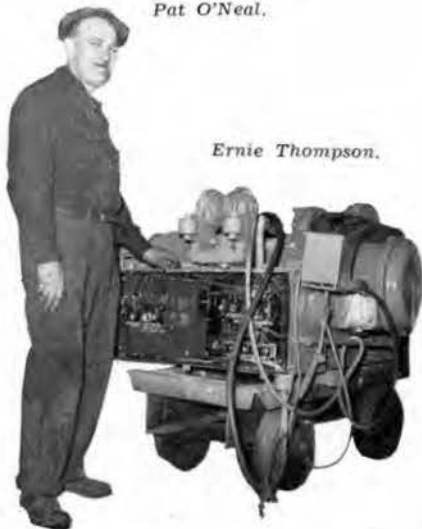
Pat O'Neal.



Gordon Gadd, Carl Birston



Kadas, Watt and McRae.



Ernie Thompson.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

D. M. McRAE

AT the moment of writing it is supposed to be Spring. At least according to the calendar. So before we get out the old golf clubs, we'll bring you up to date on the activities of our department.

The ladies finished off a very successful Bowling League. Mrs. Wally Warnick along with Alice Kitchen, Alma McDougall, Kay King and May Sizer were the winners of the silverware. Some of our members were successful in winning jewelry in the Bonspiel, and while on the subject of curling we note that the Wallace-Goodmanson combination have an "import" that in a few years will be showing them how it should be done. Namely Tommy Wallace. The full name of this protege is Thomas William Wallace, who arrived on March 24th and weighed in at eight pounds.

If you should be visiting our Electric Shop you will see "The Dept. 60 Curling Shield" back in its old home grounds. This shield is like the Stanley Cup; it is getting more valuable as the years roll by. It is custom built. Everything connected with it has been made by hand. There are 43 shields on it at present and these shields show a lot of ingenuity and are works of art. The shield originally was made by Fraser Cowie back in February, 1935. Fraser, as you know, holds the fort in the Welding Dept. The first game was played between the Machine Shop and the Electrical Dept. and, you guessed it, the Electrical Dept. won it on March 3, 1935. Since then we have let the other departments have it now and then, but it eventually comes back home and here it is. Drop in and see it any time.

At present our mixed Bowling League is in full swing. We have several aspirants for high honors. Our genial superintendent, G. F. Cross, expects to top the list, but I wouldn't care to wager much hay on the probability, but time will tell. We finish bowling about June 8th and then it will be golf.

Now, perhaps some of you other departments would like to play us a few rounds of golf, say a five-man team. We don't like to keep defeating you people all the time, so maybe you might beat us at golf.

We have several new employees in our department whom we hope will enjoy their stay amongst us.

Roy Kennedy has taken over the patrol duties at Mile 13.

Rumor has it that we have several possible starters for the Matrimonial Handicap. However, it is a little early to make up the weights for the Futurity stakes but by the next issue of this magazine we will no doubt have some authentic data.



Line gang.

Dave Reed, Wally Warnick, Harold Furber.





Alex Oliphant, Joe Huft, Henry Budlong,
Eddy Tailor.



Gunnar Hammerstad.



Len Dowler and daughter.

SURFACE AND TRANSPORTATION

ROGER FORD

WE should all have a motoring good time, come vacation season this year, judging by the new cars appearing in our midst. Andy McKague, Al Warrington and Reg. Radford are each sporting a new Chevrolet. Ray Kinsley and Ozzie Beauchamp are to be seen in flashing new Studebakers, while Bert Plante has a new custom De Soto, radio and all.

May 1st this year sees the retirement, on pension, of another old-timer from this department in the person of Earl Ford, who for the past number of years has been one of the caretakers in the Surface Change House. Mr. and Mrs. Ford came to this country from the United States in 1913. They farmed for a number of years in the Kelvington district of Saskatchewan, from where they came to Flin Flon in 1932. Mr. Ford has worked for the H.B.M. & S. since then, part of the time in the steel shop, prior to coming to the surface. With them go our very best wishes in whatever new venture they decide to pursue.

We extend wishes for a rapid recovery to Jack Cane, at present in hospital as a result of a collision in the plant involving two electric locomotives. Bert West received a beautiful shiner, plus other minor bruises, as a result of the same crash, while the third member of the injured crew leaped from the foot-board and came through uninjured.

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The Ford family travelled this way in 1911.



Earl Ford's 3 Star Livery, 1908.

Earl Ford retired on pension, 1950.





Home of Jock Davies, Willowvale.



Dahlias made a good showing last year.

'Round About

Indian school children at Lac du Brochet.



U. S. Army basketball team from Churchill were cheerful losers.



Flin Flon Kopper Kings won the best of a two-game basketball series over Churchill.



Ammie Sabo and Gail Lockhart were trophy winners in Figure Skating.

Art Leadbeater (centre) retired May 1st.



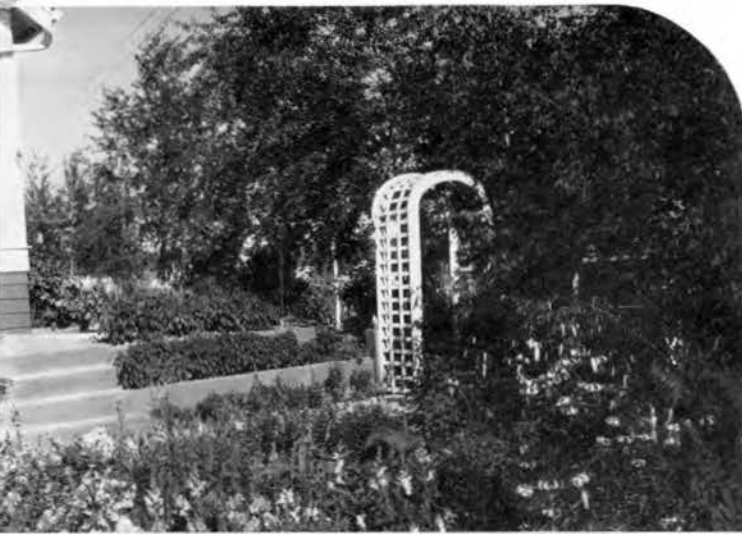
Geo. Whittaker, Willard Copeland and Peter McSheffrey, T.L.C.



Gladioli will feature the Horticultural Exhibition in August.

Town

One of many beautiful gardens in Birchview.



Our Pipe Band loses none of its popularity.



There are many new houses in Birchview this year.



Hugh Doran's rink took the cordwood Bonspiel honours at Willowvale.



Kenneth Spencer, celebrated baritone, thrilled our Collegiate students.

36 University students chartered a bus and paid their parents a surprise visit in March.



The Welfare Board of 1935.



Foundations for electric furnace.

SMELTER DEPT.

FORREST E. GREEN

SOME of the following news may seem out of season, but we cannot pass up the chance of telling about the very successful square draws the Smelter boys had this past winter at the Ross Lake Curling Club.

Each shift had a square of their own, and the winner of the squares had a play-off for the prizes. The personnel of the winners of the three squares were as follows: A. Chisholm, skip; Roy Balfour, 3rd; Marmie Kemp, 2nd; and Don Beaman, lead; Johnny Masson, skip; Don Hoga-borm, 3rd; Bob Renas, 2nd; Jas. McDonald, lead; and Joe McDonald, skip; Cecil Walton, 3rd; Maurice Blackmon, 2nd; and Ab. Schellenberg, lead. In the play-off Johnny Masson defeated Joe McDonald and Alex Chisholm won from Johnny Masson. We might add that the Smelter Recreation Club provided a very fine prize list for this square.

Two of the rinks in one of these squares had a play-off of their own, when Ken Dutton and Josh Van Laarhoven met in a battle royal for the "White Cup." Ken

emerged the winner of this hectic game and from all reports there was a good time had by all.

In our Departmental 'Spiel, Earl Bulow and his men won the Main Event and Albert Feldman won the Consolation. Earl had Fred Raven as 3rd, Nick Homeniuk 2nd and Alex Hornyak, lead. Albert had Johnny McLean 3rd, Bert Young 2nd and Ab Schellenberg lead. Again the Smelter Recreation Club and Mr. Ambrose provided some very excellent prizes.

This win gave Earl and his boys the opportunity of playing off for the Green Trophy, and they certainly gave a good account of themselves by going into the finals against Island Falls. However, the boys from the Falls were just a little too good for them.

Now, to get down to more seasonable sports. The Smelter Soft Ball team will be operating again this year with Les Benson as manager, with power to appoint his own coaches. The boys had a very successful season last year, and were presented with very fine windbreakers and crests by the Recreation Club. Most of the members of last year's team are with us again this year, so watch out for the Smelter this season.

There have been some changes in personnel since our last report. Noble Kingdon, who has been with us since 1941, has gone farming, as well as Howard Yousie, and Ab. Schellenberg transferred to the Mine. Our new employees are Paul Kibsey, Richard Jentzch, Roy Eberg, P. Malek and H. R. Meabry. Russ Milton is also on our payroll now, and we are glad to see him back to work after several weeks' illness.

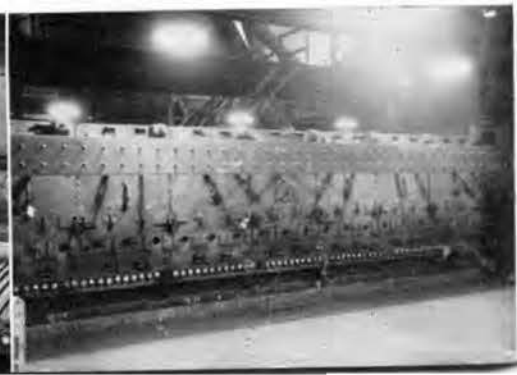
Gerry Nomeland and Darrell Johnson took on some extra responsibilities last month when they marched to the altar.

We have heard rumors that Mike Magnusson is going to spend his vacation fishing. Best of luck, Mike, and bear in mind there is a brand new Studebaker for the guy who catches the biggest fish this season.

Boiler installation is nearing completion in Fuming Plant.

Fuming Plant furnace before enclosure.

Fuming Plant furnace showing tuyeres.



WAREHOUSE

EVELYN BETTERIDGE

WAY back in March Cal Berry started the holiday season by spending a week in Winnipeg, having himself a time, attending the I.O.O.F. Convention.

Peggy Huckstep spent Easter week with her future "in-laws" and reports a wonderful time.

We welcome three new members into our midst: W. Whale from the Boilershop; Mildred Jacobson, who traded the outdoor life and pack-sack for a typewriter; and Sybil Lowe, who left her cash register at the Cafeteria to keep track of reels, cylinders, etc., in the Warehouse Rear Office.

The Harvey Stevens have a new addition to the family—a new car equipped with no less than two mufflers—or was it two steering wheels? We wonder why! Carl Berg put a slight dent in his bankroll when he purchased himself a new house. The Forsythes are also sporting a new car.

* * *

Congratulations to Bill Lockhart, who recently received the Canadian Legion's Meretorious Medal for his outstanding work on the Command Council.

Joe Putney, Ina McLeod,
Walt Cunningham.



Front — Mildred Jacobson,
Beverley Forsythe; rear—
Evelyne Betteridge, Lila
Stevens, Peggy Huckstep.



McInnes & Dadson.

P. G. Bishop has
over 30 years ex-
perience as store-
keeper.



Mildred Jacobson.

Jack Greenberg, Foss Ralston, Ray McInnes.



Back-end crew, except Beverley.





"Children will remember if we find time to play a game with them when they're lonely."

To the Ladies

NORA HENDERSON

"Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves."

BARRIE.

"RELAX, SISTER!"



"HOME is a place that my father likes to work to support, that my mother likes to work to keep comfortable, and where we all like to be."

Such is one young boy's definition of "home" — can you think of a better one?

Yet in the modern straining for efficiency, I wonder if a lot of us don't fail to make that definition a reality.

Just let me read one more magazine article on how to do 16 hours of work in the home-maker's usual twelve-hour day. . . . ! The supper dishes are washed, the children finally bedded down, all the odds and ends picked up, and I relax with a sigh of contentment with a favorite magazine. I'm soon immersed in advertisements of beautifully illustrated food that looks too good to eat and electric gadgets that sound too wonderful to really work. Then I start in on the reading matter. At once I am entranced to learn how Mrs. Busybee with six children does twice as much work as any other woman in her community. I pant along right beside her and finally find myself worn out and breathless at the end of her very busy, long day. . . .

Has the organizing genius of modern woman turned so much to the home that her life is run on timetable efficiency? Our women's magazines carry plenty of well-written articles offering tried and true suggestions on how to budget one's time down to the last split second. Well and good — but where are those odds and ends of time left for reading a new book, or for knitting an extra scarf, or for patching up junior's newly-skinned elbow?

"Relax, sister, relax!" is what I feel like advising many of the Mrs. Busybees of the magazine articles on how to run our homes.

I want to do eight hours work in eight hours and enjoy doing it. Housekeeping is a science and an art — granted. It is also just plain, honest-to-goodness hard work. But over-organization can and does take the pleasant personality out of our everyday living.

If there is any more work to do in a day than can be done comfortably, just don't do all of it that day. Sheets and towels don't have to be ironed. Floors and window sills don't have to be mopped and scrubbed continually. And those dishes can be washed "en masse" and left to

drip dry. Remember that housekeeping is merely an adjunct to homemaking.

It is my firm conviction that 20 years from now our children aren't going to remember if they had a fancy dessert for dinner every evening. I do not think they'll remember either whether or not the silver was always polished, their clothes were always pressed, or if it was absolutely dustless under the sofa. But I do think that they will remember if I had time to sit down and listen to their confidences when they rushed home from school . . . if their father and I had time to read to them at bedtime, or play a game with them when they were lonesome, and if we took them on picnics and outings often.

To quote a wise young mother, "One small grimy boy — grinning at me with 'Gee, we sure do like to play in your yard,' makes me forget that I haven't swept off the front porch today. And when my cordial young son casually announces to his friends, 'Sure, you can stay for supper . . . Mom always has lots to eat' — it makes me remember that hospitality is not what is cooking on the stove, but how it is served."

So let's relax and *enjoy* our homes and our children. We'll only have the opportunity once.

* * *

One of the most serene of women says, "I do not care for things too saccharine; I want my men to smoke, my poems not to rhyme, my children to have a good battle now and then."

* * *

TIMES HAVE CHANGED

The following rules were in force at Mt. Holyoke College for girls in 1837:

"No young lady shall become a member of Mt. Holyoke Seminary who cannot kindle a fire, wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table and at least two-thirds of the shorter catechism.

"Every member of the school shall walk a mile a day unless a freshet, earthquake, or some other calamity prevents.

"No young lady shall devote more than an hour a day to miscellaneous reading.

"No young lady is expected to have gentlemen acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies."—*School Activities*.

* * *

A MATTER OF JUDGMENT

Since both men and women are good judges of their own sex and bad judges of the other, I would say to a young man who is thinking of marriage, "Choose a girl who has nice women for her friends, and pay no attention to what other men think or say of her." And to a girl, "Have nothing to say to a man who is not liked and trusted by other men."—*Dean Inge*.

* * *

THE KITCHEN KORNER

A couple of warm weather tips first off — When heat waves wilt you, salt is one of the things you want. Put the pep back in your personality with peanuts — salted . . . And when you picnic, before cooking food over an open fire, rub the bottom of the cooking utensils with soap. When you wash the pans the soot comes off easily.

Here's a hot weather "glamor" desert I think you'll like — it's cool, delicious, and simple to make:

COCONUT PINEAPPLE PUFFS

- 16 marshmallows, quartered.
- ½ cup spoon-size cubes pineapple, drained
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- ¼ cup chopped walnuts
- ¼ cup sliced maraschino cherries
- 1 cup shredded coconut

Combine marshmallow and pineapple; chill 30 minutes. Fold into whipped cream. Add nuts and cherries. Chill in refrigerator 1 or 2 hours. Drop marshmallow mixture by spoonfuls onto coconut and roll until ball is covered with coconut. Chill. Top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Add a pinch of cinnamon to your chocolate recipes. The cinnamon brings out the rich chocolate flavor.

LEACHING PLANT

LEN VAN DER WAL

"Your Reporter Went 'Home' for Christmas"



HERE are some of the highlights of the trip taken to Holland by my two daughters and me.

On our way to Winnipeg by C.N.R. we ran into difficulty at Hudson Bay Junction when the engine of our train jumped the track. This delay made our arrival in Winnipeg two hours late; but, thanks to our friend Ozzie Buchanan we were just able to catch the bus leaving for Montreal.

A bus trip through the United States at Christmas offers many colorful sights as most of the cities were busy decorating their main drives with evergreen and colored lights.

In Minneapolis the bus developed engine trouble. However, we were soon transferred to another and on our way again. The roads were all ice as it had just rained on the frozen ground and numerous cars were seen in the ditches. Nevertheless our bus managed to reach its destination with no similar mishap.

We passed through Oliver during the evening. The fluorescent street lighting here made the streets as bright as day. So far as I could learn this was the first city in United States to have this system of lighting. We arrived in Montreal on time, with a day to spare to complete our business.

Early the next morning we went to the airport. It was not long before all formalities were dealt with and we were ready to take off. The K.L.M. or "Royal

Sjaane and Kathleen visit St. Nicholas.



This windmill operates a sawmill.



Hospital at The Hague.

Dutch Airlines" was going to take us to Amsterdam, Holland. The type of plane used for this purpose is a Lockheed Constellation, a four-motor plane with a seating capacity of 43 persons, a crew of 10, a cruising range of 300 M.P.H., and a take-off load of 93,000 pounds. It can climb to a height of 19,800 feet on three engines. The cabin is pressurized to enable the plane to fly over the weather if necessary.

It was not long after we were in the air that a steward came around with half a dozen crocks and asked what we would like to drink. This was a surprise and a welcome one. All we did was drink and eat, and eat and drink. Service was, in Zinc Plant terms, four nines plus.

Before we realized it the sign went on "Fasten Seat Belts—No Smoking." Looking out of the window we saw lights and presto here we were in Prestwick, Scotland. After spending about three and one-half hours there were took off on the last stretch of our journey and arrived in Amsterdam three hours ahead of time. The whole trip across the ocean being less than thirteen hours. By boat it would have taken nine days. Quite a difference.

My sister and brother-in-law were at the airport to welcome us into Holland. At 7 a.m. we arrived home in The Hague. Our welcome was overwhelming and I had more questions asked in five minutes than I could answer in an hour. The first thing I did was to send the kids to bed, and after a while went to the hospital see my mother. Upon reaching the hospital, thanks to the doctors and nurses, all was done to make this moment unforgettable.

The city where I was born was strange to me, and the price of war was much in evidence. Most of the bombed areas were levelled to the ground, but they are still



The purpose of our visit — my mother.

busy digging our cellars and finding parts of what used to be human beings.

The stores now carry a fairly good supply of merchandise with coal and coffee the only products still rationed. Prices are high: 20 cents for one egg, 70 cents a package of Players, a good cigar 30 cents, a coke 25 cents (this includes the bottle), a cup of tea or coffee 20 cents. The earning power of a guilder (Dutch money) is equal to a dollar our money. To encourage business the stores were holding a store week. With every purchase you received a coupon and draws were made daily for prizes. The storekeepers themselves had a competition for the best window displays in various parts of the city. The judges took in every detail before awarding the best one with a prize.

While in Holland we did quite a bit of traveling and would say the look of the land in general is good. In Rotterdam we saw a nice bit of engineering, a tunnel under the river Meuse. You could call this the 3-in-1 tunnel. One section is for motor cars, another for bikes and the third for pedestrians.

Snow is seldom seen there but it was raining a lot at this time of year, so we felt rather chilly. They were starting to dig their gardens already.

We visit Canadian Graves at Nymegen.



A pleasant family re-union.





Frank Pearson



Agnes Raven, "ashing" samples.



Sid Rowe operates alutriator.



Bill Duncan, lunch hour.

RESEARCH

KEN BRADLEY



SPRING was in the air when this was written, which made it a little difficult to get the lowdown on everybody, as their minds conventionally were on other matters. But in and out and hereabout here's what happened:

In: Charlie Munro came into the Mill Lab from the Mill. I'll corner Charlie for a picture one of these days. J. N. Kirkbride returned from his eastern visit and reports all well. New to the library is Betty Fisher, blushing bride of a few months, who is wielding one of the typewriters upstairs.

Out: Wilf's appendix. J. D. Carr was the first out on holidays, taking them in April. Burton Lyle left to take a position in Salt Lake City with Minerec. We couldn't give Burt a gold watch for going away as he won his second in the bonspiel with Bert McAree. However, Research and Mill got together to present him with a farewell gift. Mary Olsen departed from the library and is now secretary to Mr. Caulfield.

Hereabout: Research's first baby of 1950 came through the courtesy of Eldon Isherwood (with a small wifely assist) and it's a boy. Paul Kawulka obtained one new Studebaker and on a week-end jaunt to Winnipeg found the ditches as frequent as the roads. Bobby Lau's car is still in dreaming stage, but I have assurance this won't be long. I was up in the library and met a couple of Mill labbers, Dick Down and Percy Dixon, hunched over a mass of steaming metal balance books, with Fred Matthews right in the thick of it. Schellenberg and Morrison were building conversational houses, so I guess I'll have to wait for a later issue to report on the real thing.



Forest fire near Cranberry Portage.

Same spot, ten minutes later.

*You can rebuild a city, but
you can't rebuild a forest!*

*Watch matches and cigarette
embers. Stamp out campfires
rake them and douse with
water.*



SUGGESTION PLAN

W. A. COPELAND

MANY of our cities have snarled traffic jams today because we are following crooked paths made by cows years ago.

Our inclination is to follow precedent, to do what has been done before. As a result of too much precedent-worship, staleness sets in. Repetition produces a gradual lowering of our appreciation. Life becomes dull. Our spirit of adventure dies. We are willing to hear only what we have always heard, so our thinking process withers. We bring old age upon ourselves prematurely.

There remains — fortunately for the human race — a small minority that refuses to turn aside from the task of building usefully. They are not particularly popular, because they disturb the slumbers of the great mass of people.

There is no intention to suggest in this article that we should cut ourselves off from the past. Precedent following can be a snare and a handicap but precedents are not to be ignored. Use them only as stepping stones not as mill-stones to hang around your neck.

We all desire to express ourselves. There is no self-expression in using hand-me-

down procedures just because they conform to precedent. Instead, we need imaginative thinking, and that often starts as "an unshaped kind of something" that just appears.

Hats off to Alf Highfield and Russ Eagle. Alf received a cheque for \$200.00 for an improvement on the Longyear Diamond Drill machines. Russ Eagle had \$75.00 dropped in his mitt for improving the feed control on the Gardner-Denver Leyners.

These men did not let precedent stand in their way, but used their experience and imagination to create and improve working conditions for themselves and their fellow workers.

You may have had an idea tucked away in your mind for some time and are not quite sure of how best to express yourself. Consult your representative on the Labor-Management Production Committee, or drop in and have a talk with the secretary of the Suggestion System. We will do all we can to help you get your ideas across and remember, they will remain **YOUR IDEAS.**

THE CANADIAN BUSH PILOT



Fokker Universal at Rice Lake, 1928.

The true North of our great country is largely unexplored and undeveloped. It is a challenge to the youth of Canada. Who will break these new trails? And will they be peace-ways or the paths of war?

IN all the world today it is doubtful if there is any land which offers so much to the intrepid spirit of youth as the vast expanse of the Canadian North. The lure of untold wealth beyond its gaping frontiers, and the spell of the vast unknown, has bred a legion of fearless men no less adventurous than the explorers of old who crossed this continent by lake and portage a century ago.

Today the airplane has all but supplanted the traditional means of transportation in the north. Freight by the millions of pounds is moving in and out of these far-flung territories at a speed almost unbelievable and yet so commonplace as to make the present-day bush pilot's task look like a routine job.

This is not a story of the highly organized airway systems of today, with their weather stations and services, radio beams and maps. It tells of the exploits and the dramatic adventures of the old-time bush pilot, operating from an isolated lake in summer and the wind-swept ice in winter,

with no other aid than his good judgment, resourcefulness and initiative. The ships they flew, the Fokker and the Fairchild, carried no two-way radio and practically none of the present-day aids to navigation. Maps such as were available carried few place names and more often than not a prospector passenger was the only guide.

After the first great war there was little left for a war pilot who wanted to continue flying except to purchase his own ship and to barnstorm from one end of the country to the other with the hope of an occasional charter trip.

With the advent of mineral exploration in the far north the bush pilot came into being. Aircraft were fitted for flights from the lake-studded areas by replacing wheels with pontoons in summer and skis in winter. Across the thousands of miles of unmapped Arctic waste these planes performed such amazing feats that many an exploit takes on the quality of an epic achievement. Behind the matter-of-fact entries in the log book of many a pilot lies

a story of ingenuity unmatched for resolute determination.

Their planes were ordinary commercial pay load carrying ships with an average cruising range of 500 miles at the most. With these limitations in mind and the knowledge that the pilots operated in extremes of climate unequalled anywhere except in Russia, the fact that some of the most outstanding flights in the north have traversed more than 9,000 miles of unknown, uncharted land makes their feats all the more remarkable.

While the full and complete story of bush flying may never be fully told, the adventures and experiences of a few typical bush pilots more than serves to show the problems which had to be faced in the early years. The chronicle of Roy Brown serves well as an illustration of the war veteran turned bush pilot. His experiences are all the more close to us since, apart from such major exploits as the McAlpine search, much of his pioneering was done locally and is within the recollection of many old-timers of Flin Flon.

To begin with, Roy was born in Southern Manitoba of United Empire Loyalist stock in 1896. In his early years he enjoyed the average youngster's love of sport, hated school, did the 100-yard dash in ten flat and won, of all things, three out of four Western Canada Cycling Championships. At the outbreak of the first great war it was only natural that he should join the Cycle Corps, and reaching France early in 1915 was attached to every branch of the service at some time or other.

Tiring of the trenches, he envied the boys in the air, transferred to the Royal Flying Corps at Boulogne and was sent to England for training. A few months later, flying a Bentley Camel on a reconnaissance and bombing mission, he was wounded and sent to England.

It was in 1927, a year of much importance to Flin Flon old-timers, that Roy, having joined Western Canada Airways, made his first flight into The Pas, and for two years operated from Cranberry Portage. These two years, Roy says, were the brightest in his life. Apart from the fascination of flying into virgin territory the friendships which he made in that frontier settlement are still maintained some 23 years later. There is hardly a native, a prospector, a trapper or a business executive in the whole north country to whom the name Roy Brown does not bring back memories of days when life in this north country



Hudson, Ont., 1927. Left to right: C. Wilson, Bernt Balchen, Fred Stevenson, Jim McDougall, Al Cheeseman, Rod Ross.

was rough and everybody lived of necessity close to nature.

It was Western Canada Airways that first entered the field of bush flying in 1926. At that time commercial flying was still in its infancy and public support anything but encouraging. Aircraft and equipment were costly and maintenance expensive. These early years were lean and unprofitable but the spirit behind the enterprise was strong.

Then came the break. Interest in minerals was keen in post-war years, especially in Northern Manitoba. Prospecting, which had hitherto been handicapped by the difficulty of reaching remote areas, was given renewed vigour. Apart from the facility which this new form of transportation provided, planes could be used to locate rock exposures, and on occasion mineral deposits were detected from the air by their surface indications.

By 1928 capital for mining ventures was abundant and aerial mineral exploration was pursued on a large scale. In spite of the seeming highly speculative nature of exploring from the air, there was sound reason to develop it, since so much territory otherwise inaccessible could be eliminated on account of obvious discouraging formations. It is said that aerial observation is at best superficial, but it opens the way to investigation whenever the indications appear promising.

In the early days the chief drawback to aerial prospecting was its dependability on machines and men in an area where pilots were forced to pioneer under entirely new conditions in air and weather. Among the many problems to contend with was the compass. Near the Magnetic Pole it was useless and even 500 miles away could not be depended upon. Navigation by the sun or landmarks was about the only means.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that the early years of bush flying were marked by struggles with nature as



Lac du Bonnet, Good Friday, 1936. Motor tore away from fuselage and made parabola over and behind burning aircraft.



Roy Brown and four passengers escaped serious injury when engineless craft burned.

well as with equipment. There is hardly one of this noble band of adventurers who cannot tell of calamity and misfortune enough to try the soul of the hardiest of men.

Take the crash which happened to Roy Brown at Lac du Bonnet on Good Friday in 1936. At that time Roy was president and operations manager of Wings Limited. Yes, even the president of the company was an active flier in this early organization. By 10 o'clock that morning Roy had already completed one short trip to Maskwa Lake, about 35 miles north, and was all set for another flight which included four passengers. Within a few seconds after take-off, trouble developed in the propeller, and at fifty feet, both prop and engine separated from the fuselage and performed a parabola over and behind the body of the aircraft. The passengers escaped death but all suffered cracked vertebrae.

Roy managed to crawl free of the wreckage which was now on fire. With cuts, bruises and two lovely black eyes, he walked from the scene of the crash, up the hill to the office building, concerned only with the safety of his passengers. Their wants having been attended to he went to bed for a rest—he had been flying since 5 a.m. that morning—but insisted on answering personally the many telephone calls which besieged the station during the day.

It was indeed a trying week for Wings Limited. Only the day before, Al Edwards, one of Wings' pilots, had wiped out a

machine in a taxiing mishap, and on the day after, Jack Moar disposed of another. Of a fleet of four aircraft, three went in as many days, all at Lac du Bonnet. Their only remaining ship, a Waco, flew in late from Red Lake, and the pilot, Herb Segrim, reporting to the bed-ridden Brown, shouted "Hi, boss, the fleets in!" Dismayed? Well! One of the proposals submitted at the next directors' meeting was that the name of the company be changed to "Wing" Limited. Of such stuff are bush pilots made.

It wasn't long before all Canada knew of Roy Brown and it was to be expected that he should be called upon to spearhead one of the greatest air searches of all times.

The search and rescue of the lost McAlpine expedition is a thrilling tale. In September, 1929, Col. C. H. D. McAlpine and a party of six set out from Baker Lake, 700 miles north of Flin Flon, to fly to Aklavik. Members of the party were experienced in the Northland and well equipped to face the rigors of the Barrens. Leaving Baker Lake on schedule it had been agreed that in the event of their being reported overdue, no search would be commenced until 10 days later. Their two ships were pontoon-equipped and when no further news was received by September 23rd anxiety developed on the outside since ice was forming on the smaller lakes.

From search headquarters set up in Winnipeg, at least fifteen of Canada's best known fliers took part in the search which

1929—Damaged rescue plane three months after Roy Brown abandoned it in the Barren Lands.



1929—Don Goodwin of the ill-fated McAlpine party is carried from plane at Cranberry Portage by Doctor Bruce.





1929 McAlpine rescue party mishap at Bathurst Inlet. Bill Spence, pilot.



1929—Another McAlpine rescue party mishap. Andy Cruickshank's plane through the ice.

lasted over two months and covered nearly 30,000 square miles. Roy Brown and Hollick-Kenyon were the first to leave, in Fokkers chartered from Western Canada Airways. Others were Bill Spence, Charlie Sutton, Vance, Pat Reid and Andy Cruickshanks, the three last-named being in charge of the material and supplies for the first four.

It was believed that the lost party was down on some frozen lake and unable to take off, and on this assumption Brownie and Spence made an epic long-distance flight of 500 miles from Stony Rapids to Baker Lake. On October 1st they flew to Lake Pelly after it was known that the missing men had removed the gas cache at Beverley Lake. Finding no trace on Lake Pelly the gravest apprehensions were held for their safety. True they had emergency rations, ammunition, and fishing tackle, but the freeze-up was on and ice was forming even on the deep water. It was still impossible for rescue planes to take off on skis, so, from October 9th until the 25th no more trips could be made.

There were by now five rescue planes waiting at Baker Lake, Cruickshank, Vance and Hollick-Kenyon having also reached there on pontoons from Stony Rapids.

On November 4th Col. McAlpine and the missing party reached Cambridge Bay across the ice from Dease Point and the news was flashed to an anxious world from an isolated radio station on King William Island. Brown, Spence, Hollick-Kenyon and Blanchet took off from Baker Lake on November 6th after waiting for weather,

picked up the entire party and were at Bathurst in the early evening after a trip of 400 miles.

It was a great day for The Pas on December 3rd when Roy Brown touched down on Halcrow Lake with all the party in fair shape except Donald Goodwin, who had frozen his feet and had to be carried from the plane and taken to hospital.

Then came the task of collecting rescue equipment. Two planes were abandoned in the Barrens on a trip in which four had started from Bathurst Inlet to Fort Reliance. Bill Spence was forced down on Musk Ox Lake the first day and his ship damaged. Brownie, who went back to get him, had come down on Aylmer Lake, sixteen miles away, and on the take-off a main wing strut broke. Spence's party was short of food and all suffered from the intense cold. Dog teams rescued them after two weeks and brought them into Fort Reliance, from where Andy Cruickshank flew to Fort Resolution for repair parts for the damaged aircraft. Of all the machines taking part in the rescue six were out of commission, including one sunk in Hudson Bay at Churchill and one left at Dease Point with the Eskimos.

As to credit for these remarkable feats of endurance Roy Brown said afterwards: "We had it easy compared to the 'black gang'." In every story of the north dealing with Arctic flying, credit is invariably given by the pilots to their mechanics. These men, with no better place to work than a fly-infested bay in summer, or the windswept waste in winter, perform feats on seemingly hopeless aircraft that an or-

1929—Overnight stop on Barrens. McAlpine party search.



1927—Norway House. Al Cheeseman, Capt. Ross, Bernt Balchen, Capt. Stevenson.





1929—Cranberry Portage. Walter Gilbert, Arctic Pilot.

dinary mechanic would hesitate to tackle even in a well-equipped shop. At Bathurst Inlet during sub-zero weather, without the slightest shelter or protection, the mechanics repaired a broken undercarriage by fashioning a bolt from the handle of a wrench with no other tools than a file and a hammer. On another occasion the handle of a humble fry-pan replaced a strut and withstood the shocks and bumps of landing on rough ice. Aircraft have broken through the ice, been salvaged and flown out to civilization through the efforts of these "black men."

To Brownie, Arctic flying is essentially a two-man job. If it were not, the mech-

anic—or air engineer to give him a more dignified title—would not be taken along, for every pound counts in air transportation. In winter his bare fingers ache with the cold, for anything in the nature of a flame cannot, with safety, be brought near a plane. In summer he may have to stand waist deep in ice-cold water to repair a pontoon while black flies and mosquitoes torture him.

And in all this hazardous flying where weight is such an important factor, emergency kit must be kept at a minimum. At the most it is confined to sleeping bags, concentrated food, rifle, ammunition, fishing tackle, first aid kit, axe, shovel, and, in winter, pails to hold oil drained from aircraft at night. Not much, but at least 250 pounds, which raises havoc with the payload.

Many interesting flights were made during these early years and so many pilots took part in them that it is difficult to single out individuals when so many deserve mention. There are some whose names are outstanding, whose feats were of particular importance to aviation as a whole, and there are those modest, self-effacing pilots whom we know personally and whose experiences cover our own locality.

There was Fred Stevenson—"Stevie" to all who knew him, who freighted into Sherritt Gordon in 1927, for Western Canada Airways. While there was nothing spectacular about this particular operation it is nevertheless entitled to rank well to the fore in the history of aviation. It marked the beginning of an era in which Canada's northern pilots established the airplane in an altogether unique sphere of usefulness, the movement of heavy freight into inaccessible areas. In 1934, for

Cranberry Portage, 1929—Leigh Brintnell, Jimmy McAuley, Hon. John Bracken, "Tommy" Thompson.



Capt. Fred Stevenson, killed at The Pas, 1928.





1927—Ted Stull in Curtiss Flying Boat. Rice Lake, Manitoba. Roy Brown and mechanic fixing broken shock-leg in 35° below zero.

instance, a bare seven years later, we find that 14,500,000 pounds of freight were moved into the north country, a figure in ton miles not exceeded by all other countries in the world combined.

One of Stevie's outstanding experiences provides a typical example of grit and determination. On a winter landing at Churchill the oil scavenger pipe on his aircraft was broken. After making temporary repairs he took off to return to his base but had to make a forced landing 90 miles from his destination. In a country absolutely devoid of human habitation, with no shelter from blizzards and a temperature of 25 degrees below zero, he travelled 60 miles on foot before he was picked up by an Indian. He had been five days on the trail and suffered from intense cold and privation.

Like most of his contemporaries, Stevie was intensely popular in the north country and there was a deep sense of loss when, in 1928, he lost his life in a crash at The Pas. Stevenson Field at Winnipeg is named after him.

For long and continued flying in northern Manitoba Jeff Home-Hay holds something of a record. With over 16,000 flying hours in this territory, Jeff is still on the job at Cold Lake as Airport Station Manager for Central Northern Airways. Many are the tales he has to tell of his 23 years of bush flying.

War pilot in the first great war, he is perhaps the oldest flier in the north still actively engaged in operations.

Originally a first war pilot who transferred from the 2nd Battalion Canadian Infantry to the Royal Flying Corps in 1916, his first solo flight came one month later. Tiring of instructional work and eager for action he went to France in April, 1917, as Senior Flight Lieutenant. In a flight over Mannheim, Germany, he was shot down and held prisoner-of-war until the Armistice.

Returning to Canada in 1919, aviation being at a standstill, he went farming, only to be called to Ottawa in 1920 to take part in the first Trans-Canada airleg from Halifax to Vancouver. The Winnipeg to Moose Jaw leg for this flight was assigned to Jeff. This historical venture started from Halifax on October 7th, 1920, and ended in Vancouver on October 21st and makes a complete story in itself.

Jeff Home-Hay is a part of the north country and one of its outstanding characters. His amusing way of describing tragic incidents is well known, and his trip from



Jeff Home-Hay, veteran of R.F.C., 1917. P.O.W. Germany, till Nov. 1919. 16,000 hours logged and still going strong at Cold Lake, Man.



The Pas, 1928—"Buck" Buchanan, left, was with Lawrence of Arabia in W.W. I.

Pelican Narrows to Flin Flon with an insane native is a good example. Called to the Narrows to bring out this unfortunate Indian he disdained assistance and started back alone with his passenger, believing that his man was not violent. At this end he was met by a party quite capable of meeting any eventuality. However, on arrival, Jeff discovered to his amazement that his passenger was missing, and asserted, quite nonchalantly that he had better go back and look for him! Somewhere along the route, in one of the lakes or deep in the muskeg lies the Indian today, for his body was never recovered although a thorough search was made.

Of another sort was an experience while freighting from Wabowden to God's Lake when he ran into a blizzard at the west end of Oxford Lake. Engine trouble developed and on turning back he was forced down. Organized searches were rare in those days and it was 14 days before he was located. In the meantime Jeff had built himself a shelter of spruce boughs packed with snow and subsisted on rabbits, and fish caught through a hole in ice three feet thick!

His longest winter trip was going to the rescue of a Norseman which was down on Cochrane River. Leaving Cold Lake before daylight and landing at Channing, where he loaded and refuelled in 45° below zero he flew to Brochet and got the location of the stranded aircraft. On arrival at Cochrane River he landed, unloaded grub and bedding, went up river for additional supplies which he took to the

Norseman. It was after dark when he returned that night to Channing Airport.

Jeff's recollection of his longest day in the air was during a search for Roy Brown and Milt Ashton when the distance travelled reached the extraordinary figure of 1,250 miles.

The old western Canada Airways, with which company so many pilots made their first acquaintance with bush-flying, is rich with names, including, in addition to Roy Brown, Ted Stull, Jack Moar and Milt Ashton. Ted Stull is now Operations Manager for Trans-Canada Airways Western Region with headquarters at Vancouver, B.C. Although Ted had his share of misfortune in the old days, the experience which is most outstanding in his memory is one of a humorous rather than tragic character. In the spring of 1934 during the development of God's Lake Mines it fell to Ted's lot to fly an engineering party to a proposed power site in that area. Bob Drybrough, who is now at Sherridon, was to conduct a survey at the site. Drybrough and his assistants were landed without mishap and were to be picked up 3 days later.

Upon Ted's return at the prescribed time he found that not only had his party disappeared, but that their camp had not been used for the last two days, judging from the frost on the tent. Parking his ship in front of the deserted camp Ted donned snowshoes and munched over lake and portage to the power site about a mile and a half away. Imagine his surprise on locating the boys to find them stranded on a small rocky island in the middle of a raging river fresh with the waters of early spring! They had been in this unhappy predicament for two days and were really suffering from exposure. They had been thrown into the icy waters from a raft and had reached a state of comparative safety by climbing on to the rocky island which was composed entirely of boulders with no vegetation whatever.

Ted's problem, of course, was how to get them to the mainland. Here is where the resourcefulness of the bush pilot came into play. As a man accustomed to the North, Ted carried an axe with him and was able to cut down a fairly large jack pine in a favourable position to the island, felling it so that the bushy top just reached the marooned party. Unfortunately the current was so strong that the boys were unable to hang on to the tree and it was swept down the river. Realizing that he would not be able to repeat the perform-



"Black Gang" at The Pas, 1929. Back row: Fred Hodgins, killed on test flight in crash at Edmonton, 1932. Chuck Eagles, drowned north of Lac la Ronge when Fokker turned over in storm, 1931. Roy Brown, pilot. Bob Hodgins, Chief Air Engineer, The Pas. Paul Calder, pilot, killed in McKenzie River district, 1933. Front row: "Tubby" Wright, radio operator. Walter Gilbert, pilot.



Jeff Home-Hay, 1929, establishing base at Otter Lake, N.W.T.



Geo. McKee, pilot (killed at Lake Manitoba, 1929) Paul Calder (killed at McKenzie River, 1933), "Tommy" Thompson.

Most of the places mentioned in this article are located on this map.



Last trip out on skis from Mandy Mine, April 1928. Note dog team in background hauling canoe on toboggan for use on smaller lakes which break up early. Pilot, Roy Brown. Big man is Ed Elliott, old-timer.

Pukatawagan, 1928. Difficult conditions were common in those days. Roy Brown.





Stewie McRorie, Western Canada Airways, 1928. Canadian Pacific Airlines Senior Skipper, 1950.

ance for lack of another tree in a suitable location, Ted went deeper into the bush and felled some poplars, the longest being about 40 feet. With much difficulty he dragged three of these through snow which in places was waist high. Lashing these together with haywire which he found nearby he tossed a line to the men on the island who pulled the poles across forming a small bridge. Then by holding a line on

each of the men and using the sagging bridge, which by that time was well down in the water, he managed precariously to drag them one at a time to safety.

This incident may not seem a story of the hazards of bush flying, but to the bush pilot it is as much a part of his work as handling the controls. Ted is well known locally and will be remembered for his operations flying equipment to the south end of Reindeer Lake during the construction of Rocky Falls dam.

Jack Moar, another W. C. A. pioneer is a farmer's son from Saskatchewan who studied Mechanical Engineering at McGill University. After four years with the R.C.A.F. he joined W.C.A. in December 1929, shortly after the McAlpine rescue. In 1939 his air craft went out of control near Norway House and it is probable that the severe injuries he suffered in the ensuing crash account for his being no longer engaged in flying on an active basis. He now holds an executive position with an oil company in Edmonton.

It would be unfair to say that the old time bush pilot gave no thought to the

future. The experience of Milt Ashton shows that when he did he encountered risks every bit as unpredictable as the weather. We have been told of Milt Ashton's venture into stock-farming where all that seemed necessary was to get so many cattle, prize shorthorns preferred, leave them to themselves and they would increase naturally with much profit to the investors. Roy Brown was his partner, though the scheme was actually engineered by Milt with Roy standing aside watching hopefully. This flight into the unknown was a dismal failure but nobody was seriously hurt and the pair stuck with their flying feeling the risks were not so great. Milt Ashton, like Roy Brown, was a pilot with the R.F.C. in the First Great War and is credited with more hours over enemy lines than any other flyer. He was general manager of Wings Limited and with C.P.A. during world war two and is now general manager of Central Northern Airways. He is known in Winnipeg as having been a heckling partner of Roy Brown for more than 16 years.

The term bush pilot is somewhat misleading as a term to describe the early flyers who covered the northern part of this hemisphere, for the Barren Lands are the lower edge of the Arctic and many historical flights took them to the north coast and beyond. Walter Gilbert, Matt Berry, Guy Blanchet, "Punch" Dickins, Bernt Balchen, Hollick-Kenyon and Wop May, although bush pilots with whom the development of the Central North must always be associated are famous more for their Arctic exploits. These men did more than anybody to dispel the mythical barrier of the far north.

Walter Gilbert, First War pilot, was later with the R.C.A.F. on forestry work in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. He joined Western Canada Airways in 1929 and was stationed at The Pas. After working on Fisheries Patrol on the British Columbia coast, and on explorations and freighting to a gold-bearing property in the mountains of Alaska he was ordered to Fort McMurray, the "Gateway to the Arctic."

Collapsed undercarriage due to rough snowdrifts.



In June 1930 Gilbert got his first glimpse of the Arctic Coast after a flight along the McKenzie River to Aklavik. This long and arduous trip was made without mishap, but his observations have been recorded and preserved, making interesting reading. The tar sands, rich in bitumen, the delta of the Slave River, the sighting of buffalo, the many water falls and Great Slave Lake, 300 miles long and 100 miles wide, thrilled the pilot on his first flight into the far north.

"Buck" Buchanan is another veteran pilot of the First Great War. Flying for Lawrence of Arabia during the Mesopotamia campaign he was captured by the Turks and escaped. He is noted for his early pioneer flights on the Prairie Air Mail service and was one of the old Western Canada Airways school. His work in attempting to salvage the CASK, which had been abandoned by the McAlpine rescue party at Dease River, is interesting. After a year of exposure on the Arctic Coast with control cables rusted and the whole showing signs of exposure to the salt air, it is remarkable that the engine coughed and roared at the first cranking of the starter! It was on this occasion that "Buck" startled the Eskimos by taking his daily bath. Full of interest, the natives had covertly watched the proceeding, mystified no doubt at the incomprehensible ways of the white man.

It is a far cry from bush flying in the North to Antarctic exploration in the southern polar regions, yet what better experience could qualify a pilot for work where the bitter cold and ice create a problem for both men and equipment. In 1928 Bernt Balchen, another of the old Western Canada group from Hudson, Ontario, and The Pas, together with Floyd Bennett, flew one of the first Ford tri-motored planes into The Pas on a test flight. The purpose was to ascertain how such a craft would stand up under extreme weather conditions. Exhaustive tests were made with this huge aircraft on skis which proved



The actual pick-up of the McAlpine party at Cambridge Bay, 1929. Ship frozen in ice is the "Bay Maud."

its adaptability for the important role it was to perform. In November 1929 Bernt Balchen flew this same plane across the South Pole with Admiral Byrd.

Bernt Balchen started flying in October 1920 with the Norwegian Naval Airforce. Six years later he was flying Fokkers for Western Canada Airways based at Hudson, Ontario. "Doc" Oakes was operations manager, Fred Stevenson was the other pilot, with Al Cheeseman and Sammy Tomlinson mechanics. They operated on skis into the gold-rush areas of Red Lake and Birch Lake, later moving to Kettle Rapids, from where they flew survey parties to the Port of Churchill. The spring of 1928 brought him to Flin Flon.

Bernt Balchen is today Commanding Officer of the 10th Rescue Squadron, Alaskan Command, U. S. Airforce, with the rank of Colonel. He has not forgotten the friends he made in his bush flying days. "The experience I gained living and flying up there has been, through the years, and is today, of great value to me. The time I spent flying in the Canadian bush, and the friends I made there belong to a period of my life that I look back upon with pleasure and affection."

Fokker Universals and Fairchilds are still to be found flying in the Arctic. Roy Brown brought this one down on Flin Flon Lake on what is now the Open Pit in 1928.

Bernt Balchen brings tri-motored Ford on test flight to the North prior to leaving with the Byrd South Pole Expedition in 1929.





Freeze-up at Baker Lake, 1929.



Musk Ox Lake, 1929. Bill Nadin, engineer; Stan McMillan, pilot; and Alex Milne, engineer.



Bush pilot of 1950. Max War, 25, typifies the spirit of the New North.

Breaking camp in the Barren Lands, 1929.



Old habits seem to stay with the bush pilot, no matter how dignified the position he may hold in later years with the big airlines. Take Stewie McRorie, for instance. Until recently huge Canso's were on the Flin Flon to The Pas run. Here we would see a senior skipper of a trans-world airline actively assisting in docking his air craft and carrying passengers' baggage to the airport office!

Stewart McRorie of the Western Canada Airways "Class of '28" has a log of aircraft hours to be envied and is piling up more at the rate of at least six a day with Canadian Pacific Airlines Pilot McRorie is no stranger to rescue flights, but one experience is particularly worth mention even though it did not occur during bush flying days.

During the early part of World War II five airmen from a Manitoba training school were forced down, in the darkness, on Lake Manitoba, twenty-five miles from shore. They clung to the wreckage of their Anson trainer for eight hours. Six foot waves and a sixteen foot swell made impossible any hope of rescue by boat.

Flying through a thick fog McRorie and his engineer, Stew Kopp, located the crewmen and succeeded in landing their Junkers plane on the raging waters. By superb control they kept their machine from being swamped and managed to pull the airmen out of the water, taxiing the heavily-loaded plane through twenty-five miles of wind and waves to shore. Every strut on the undercarriage was broken.

The chances of successfully performing such a feat were a thousand to one. McRorie's experience as a bush pilot told him that he was risking his own life to set his plane down in the storm. Nevertheless he accepted the challenge, landed safely and saved five lives.

Another name familiar to the old-timers of Flin Flon and The Pas is that of Leigh Brintnell who, with Fred Stevenson, was one of the old Western Canada Airways school. In 1927 Brintnell and Stevenson operated the first two W.C.A. planes, covering the north country from Manitoba to Quebec at the rate of 150 flying hours per month, servicing their own equipment. Average sleeping time would be five hours a night, a tremendous feat of endurance. In 1929 Brintnell flew down the Mackenzie to Fort Norman and around Great Bear Lake with Gilbert Labine, the discoverer of the famous Eldorado Radium property.

He made the first flight from Aklavik to Dawson City on the return trip, returning to Winnipeg by way of Whitehorse, Skagway and Prince Rupert. Later in the same year he flew the first multi-engined aircraft, a Fokker tri-motor, from Winnipeg to Vancouver and return. At present Leigh Brintnell's association with flying is indirect, being chiefly engaged in aerial photographic surveys, and operating out of Edmonton with six planes.

* * * *

The decade from 1927 to 1937 saw the pioneering of Canada's air trails from the railheads to the vast mineral areas of the Precambrian Shield. Now there are scheduled routes whose regularity of service and record of safety is second to none. Even with the intensive development of new air routes in the sub-Arctic, the true North of this great country of ours is largely unexplored and undeveloped. Its exploration remains a challenge to the youth of Canada to take up and to further the task which our pioneer bush fliers commenced.

Dr. Stefansson, noted explorer, remarked in Flin Flon recently, "The Canadian Arctic certainly lies at the crossroads of the world."

Who will break these new trails? Will they be peace-ways or the paths of war? Only time can tell.

PICTURE CREDITS

Our coloured cover is a publication photo of Jeff Home-Hay, old-time bush pilot with over 16,000 flying hours behind him. Inside front cover is another famous bush flier, Roy Brown, taken at Cranberry Portage in 1929. Inside back cover is a N.F.B. shot of an old Fokker Universal still in operation in 1950.

First Flight Halifax to Vancouver in 1920 took 15 days. Jeff Home-Hay handled the Winnipeg-Moose Jaw leg.

Geo. Johnson
R.D. Macdonald
W. Home-Hay Capt.
W. Brown
S.A. Thompson
Cythere Tyler
W. Brown
Mayor's Office
Halifax, N.S.

W. Home-Hay
 Mayor
 Oct 18, 1920

His Worship the Mayor
 Vancouver



Bill Spence's Fairchild in trouble at Bathurst Inlet, 1929. Bill was killed in 1933 at Cedar Lake.



Veteran bushflier. 34 years' flying.



Roy Brown's Fokker at Aylmer Lake, N.W.T. Paul Davis, Guy Blanchet and Roy lived in this plane for 14 days.

Roy Brown flew First Air Mail Flight into Flin Flon in 1927.





Strong healthy bodies are the rule.

Last year the cadets went to the R.C.A.F. station at Gimli.



Even bedmaking becomes an art.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR CADETS

JOE VAN NES

THE Flin Flon Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Cadets was re-formed in October, 1948, at the request of a group of local teen-age boys. To get the ball rolling, a civilian Sponsoring Committee was elected and they, in turn, recommended personnel as Office and Instructor Staff.

The Air Cadet movement is a nationwide organization, not only in Canada, but in the United States and Britain as well. Each year, deserving Cadets from the three countries are awarded exchange visits. These visits are awarded to the fifty Cadets who have been the most outstanding in Air Cadet work. Last year Flin Flon's Joe Sattleberger spent a very instructive and enjoyable three weeks touring the Western United States, from Texas to Hollywood.

Other scholarships which are awarded each year are the University Scholarships at Kingston and Royal Roads. Last, but certainly not least, are the Flying Training Scholarships which are granted to about two hundred Cadets each year. These boys are given flying training at a civilian school and are given a big boost toward a flying career. The Flin Flon Squadron boys have just won scholarships for proficiency in Air Cadet work. They are Sgt. Don Bucher, son of Ernie Bucher; Sgt. Bill



Sports are many and varied.

Their spiritual needs are considered.

Route marches — with music — keep the lads in shape





Instructional classes are intensely interesting.

Reader, son of Mrs. Margaret Reader, and F/Sgt. Walter Dragaloski.

Another phase of Air Cadet work is the summer camp. If he wishes, a Cadet may attend a two-week summer camp at an R.C.A.F. Station. The Flin Flon boys go to Gimli, Manitoba. Here they are taught first aid, drill, participate in a number of sports and are given a complete medical. The boys are well looked after as can be seen from the pictures on these pages.

The Cadets' weekly parades are made up of lectures, a little drill, educational films and practical work. They are taught airmanship, navigation, wireless and a number of other subjects pertaining to flying. They are also taught to handle rifles safely and do a certain amount of shooting on the indoor range.

The Local Sponsoring Committee is made up of the following men:

Chairman, Mr. Frank Doran.

Secretary, Mr. Don Creed.

Executive, Mr. Howard Black, Mr. Robert Milton, Mr. Bill Venables.

The Squadron is administered by Joe van Nes and Bill Hurd. Jim Rheaume, an ex-cadet, is in charge of equipment.

The bulk of instruction is given by Cy Gilmore, who teaches navigation, and Bob Pollock, who instructs in wireless. Howard Black and Bob Milton also give instruction in airmanship and radio.

The present strength of the Flin Flon Squadron is about thirty Cadets and it is hoped that a great many more boys from 14 to 18 turn out to take advantage of this training.

Medical examinations are thorough.



The bodily needs of the boys are well looked after.

A little drill must be taken along with more interesting features.

The airfield makes an ideal parade ground.





Some of the girls at Pauline's party.



Machine shop crew at work on Fuming Plant Boilers.

MAIN OFFICE

FIRST to take holidays this summer was Jean Simons who flew to Winnipeg on the way to Los Angeles. Kay Smith of the Pay Office left for the West Coast in April. Bernice "Bunny" Martin of Winnipeg has come to work in the Personnel Department, while Annette Lavergne has replaced Mildred Jacobson as the messenger. Mildred is now in the Warehouse Office. Bud Jobin, M.L.A., is back in the Pay Office after a somewhat strenuous session in the Manitoba Legislature. Earl McDonald of the Stewards Department is now in full charge of the Cafeteria.

"Bunny" Martin, of Winnipeg, newcomer to Personnel Dept.

Pauline Law receives gift at office party. Wedding picture in next issue!



Olive Hinde on vacation at Jasper.

MECHANICAL AND CONSTRUCTION

PAT DELGATTY

THIS has been a very busy spring in these departments and the tempo will be maintained throughout the summer. All crews are pushing to completion the fuming plant, residue dryer, casting and leaching plant, and tankhouse extensions. A walk through the new fuming plant under construction demonstrates the amount of work and equipment needed in a project of this size. Up-to-date furnaces, boilers, cranes, and general layout, make it a plant of which we and the rest of Canada can be justly proud.

The rigging crew has new faces: A. D. McKeen from surface, Bert Wardle from the Leaching Plant, and Albert Law from the Mine. Ed Hagen, long a stalwart on surface, is now with the pipefitters. Tom Sproat is with the carpenters, coming up from the mine.

Oliver Walker, of the carpenters, has passed the cigars on the arrival of a new son.

Even on these hot days we hear talk of curling. Overheard Jim Cook say to Guy Hume, "We have more club champions in mechanical than any other department."

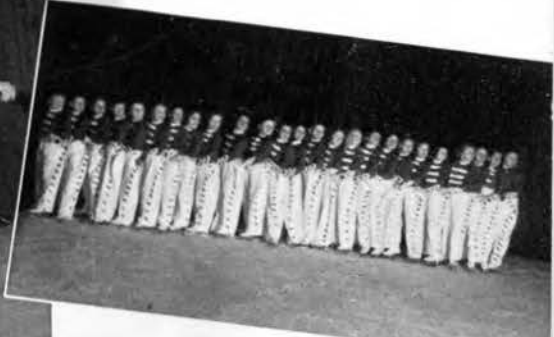
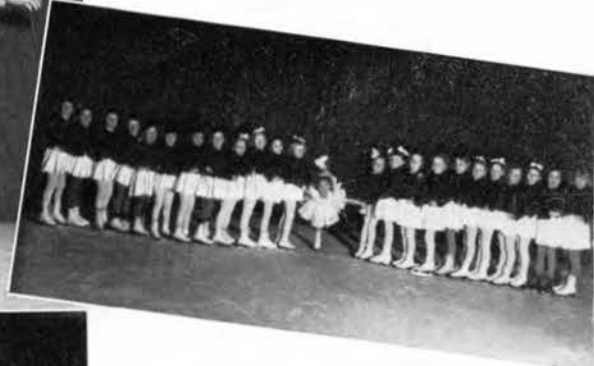
Harold Hall has finished his machinist apprenticeship and is now a full-fledged journeyman.

We regret the passing of Jim Potter, machinist and ardent golfer.



"STYLE ON STEEL"

The Annual Presentation of the Flin Flon Figure Skating Club was a tremendous success, with more than 200 skaters taking part.





Geo. Wyatt—that's a big chain for a little dog.

MILL

J. S. McDONALD



AT the time of writing (mid-April) we find ourselves at one of the quietest times of the year as far as news is concerned. This period, better known as in-between-season, finds winter sports almost ancient history, and summer activities still in the rumor stage. However, we see Hamilton, Frechette, and Busch keeping in shape on Jimmie Perks' gang after a very successful year, and the Mill and Crusher curlers did a bit of all-right this past season. From all reports it appears the Miller softball team will be a good bet to take top honors in the local league.

About the only busy sports-minded fellows in this department are Hec. McCaig, Manager of the Champion Kopper Kings and Kweens (who won their laurels in Dauphin and Winnipeg) and Mill badminton champion Andy Goodwin batting the birdie around the Community Hall.

The fishermen are bestirring themselves out of their winter lethargy and are priming up to go all out to win the new Studebaker. Bob Burns says he doesn't care a hoot if his wife catches a bigger fish than he does, as long as its big enough to cop the car. Boating enthusiast, Dick Hopkinson, anxiously scans the ice for signs of breakup. Road maps and blueprints of summer cabins are very much in evidence and the odd optimist is even talking about gardening.

Joe Howat, Harvey Scott and George Darroch of the Recreational Club report a very successful winter, financially and otherwise, from smokers, and various means of raising funds to carry on for another year.

A faint tinkle of wedding bells can be heard whenever Eddie Martin is around, but the haunted look hasn't appeared as yet. From all reports, Gerry Lintick and Alex Cobban will have said the "I do's" by the time this appears in print. Congratulations, fellows!

Anyone looking for advice on the finer points of paper-hanging, see Sailor Jack Robertson. He'll even show you the drape method (around your ears) while doing the ceiling. The information, plus a few words for your vocabulary, is free.

We are glad to see Lyle (Big) Kelly back on the job after a couple of months' leave with a sore back, which necessitated an operation. Must have been a big operating table, because that guy really occupies a lot of space.

Hughie Fisher is also back after an extended vacation to his home in Bonnie Scotland.

Dave and Mrs. Robertson were down in Toronto for a month where Dave took in the Mining Institute Convention.

Congratulations to Murry Ferg on being elected president of the T.L.C., and best of luck to Charles Munro on his new job in the experimental laboratory.

Bill Croft has missed two bonspiels since curling started in Flin Flon in the early days, one while in the R.C.N. and the other in 1949-50 — doctor's orders. Tough luck for an ardent curler.

Bob Burns and Mrs. are planning their holiday in a brand new "Chevy." Wilbur Reader is afraid he may be forced into buying a new car. He says, "the kids" are getting big enough to handle him now. The twins, Winnie and Gwenie, celebrated their 18th birthday on April 14th.

WINNIPEG OFFICE

GLENYS MACKENZIE

GREAT happenings have taken place at Winnipeg Office since the last issue was put to bed. What with staff changes, a wedding, birth, and tournaments, we have had plenty of excitement.

One of the primary events taking place was the wedding of June (Long) Richardson. The girls held a "do" for June at the St. Regis Hotel and presented her with a blanket. March 4th June took the fatal plunge and seems to be surviving very well. Hard on her heels with his "bundle" of news was Alastair ("Poppa") Gillies. Al became the proud father of a baby boy—Ian Roderick—on April 4th. The baby came just in time to help Al bail the Red River out of his home. The Purchasing Department again presented copy for this issue with Roy Enman also taking the fatal plunge—this time to the tune of a broken ankle. But you can't keep a good man down and Roy was back on the job almost immediately. I understand he was taking cribbage lessons during his lunch hour and that a skunk trophy, emblematic of victory in the game, was ably carted back and forth by our Willie to the winner. I believe the skunk rests in the Accounting Department at the moment—small wonder! Ed appears to be the next victim.

The Purchasing Department again crowded the headlines by defeating the Accounting Department in curling. The Accounting boys swear that a "fluke" lost the game for them, but whatever the cause, the trophy now rests in Mr. Ayre's office in the Purchasing Department. They tell me that Mr. Ayre is sporting a lovely new Ford. This must be the cause of the constant glow about him these days.

A new arrival in Winnipeg Office is Ruth McFadyen. Ruth graces the front office and Ossie and Horace have a hard time concentrating as a result of it. Welcome, Ruth, and don't let those wolves frighten you.



Stu Hayward presents curling trophy to Logan Ayre, while Bill Tindall, Al Gillies and Ray Enman share in the glory of victory.



June (Long) Richardson was married March 4th.

The wives cut loose the apron strings on March 25th and the boys were allowed to have their annual outing at the home of Mr. G. H. Carr of Millar Macdonald. I was told the telephone operators were busy at all hours that night and that singing was enjoyed by those who heard it. The boys are back in harness again and behaving normally.

On looking over the badminton season we find that it has been a very enjoyable one. Most of the girls of the office entered tournaments by the great gross and some of them managed to walk away with a little loot. All played well and were a credit to the office. Now that Spring has come (the ground is still covered with snow from a recent snowfall) we can concentrate on golf, which is the order of the day now. Erma, Blondie and Joan have been acquiring tips from the famous Harold Eidsvig, while Betty, Moira and myself have been under the tutelage of Bobby Reith. Several of us have purchased new clubs and the weather and Red River permitting, we should be out showing off in the near future.



Nick Iannone, contract mucker, 1936. Note old style carbide lamp.



Duff Turcott (right) and friend, 1932.



Len Wallace, Zinc Plant, 1937.

Frank Mooney has been transferred to Mine Engineering.



SAFETY

NICK IANNONE

WITH warm weather here and the family car back on the road now is a good time to discuss a problem all drivers have . . . windshield smear.

Recently a good article on the subject appeared in *Public Safety*, written by Len Walters, Loss Prevention engineer for Hardware Mutuals Insurance Companies. His article is rather long to fit on our page, so covering the key points we find:

1. Usually when it starts to rain we refuse to get out in a downpour and clean our windshield after we realize that the wipers have made that familiar semi-circle of smear on the wet glass. The solution to this problem is to clean your windshield before the rain starts. Nature usually gives us enough warning to allow this.

2. Many motorists have believed that the smear is caused by the oil or wax in the cleaning agent used by the service station attendant. Thus many attendants use only water and a rag or chamois, because of popular demand. However, contrary to popular belief, water alone will not remove the oil causing the smear. The oil which is present is collected from the exhaust of other vehicles and must be removed. The important factor in its removal is the use of CLEAN wiping rags or paper on BOTH the windshield and the windshield wiper. Unless CLEAN wipers are used, oil is transferred to windshields and only adds to the contamination.

The service station attendants advised Mr. Walters that an apparent hazy condition of some windshields after they have been cleaned on the outside is caused by cigarette smoke on the inside of the glass. Study of this aspect showed that this smoke film greatly reduces clear vision, especially under night driving conditions. This smoke film should be removed thoroughly and frequently.

ISLAND FALLS

WM. SOUTHWORTH



WITH the completion of No. 10 highway into Flin Flon, a number of our boys have felt the desire to possess automobiles. Messrs. Westbury, Olson, McInnes and Grigg joined forces and purchased a new Meteor. Neil Rutherford sold his Piper Cub airplane and bought an Austin automobile. Lyle Reid and Pelle Hagberg purchased a 1948 Dodge and Jack Barkwell and Ernie Westbury imported a 1929 deluxe model Chevrolet sedan complete with upholstery. To hop from cars to boats for a few minutes, last winter Ches Henry shipped in from Winnipeg a fine 24-ft. cabin cruiser, Bill Grayson built an 18-ft. inboard motor cabin cruiser, Sid Foden and Scotty Boyes bought nice Peterborough runabouts and 8.1 Johnson outboard motors. Ernie Westbury and Ron Simpson each added a couple of feet to the stern of their boats. New inboard motors were installed by Harry Whiteley, Stan Ferg, Ernie Westbury and Ron Simpson.

In March, Cliff McIntyre moved from Mile 13 to Flin Flon to work on the electrical line gang. Cliff is a real old-timer on transmission line work in this northern area. He worked on the original construction of our power line between Flin Flon and Island Falls away back in 1928 and for many years patrolled the Sherritt-Gordon power line from Sherridon to Mile 13 where it taps off our power line. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Kennedy of Flin Flon moved out to Mile 13. Roy is no stranger to life in the bush. He was our patrol man stationed at Mile 38 some years ago.

Towards the end of February, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Davis and Bud left for Rochester, Minn., for medical treatment. They then journeyed on to Salt Lake City to visit with relatives and friends for a couple

of months. Miss Maizie Gray left our employ March 15th to accept a position in Dr. Wheeler's office in Winnipeg. Miss Myra Pettapiece of Toronto took over Maizie's duties in the office here.

The new six-bed Sandy Bay Hospital, across at the Indian settlement, opened for business the first of April under the supervision of Matron Mlazgar. Mrs. Mlazgar was formerly in charge of the Cumberland House Hospital.

The two new houses started last fall were completed early this spring and are now occupied by Barkwells and VerWilghens. Five new bungalows and a new staff house are to be built this summer. The Roman Catholic Mission across the river at Sandy Bay plan to build a large new church this summer and the Department of Natural Resources are building a new residence for their representative at Sandy Bay.

Harry Bailey is working up a big turnover at his fish and chip stand across at the Indian settlement. He plans to gradually add new lines such as Bailey's jumbo hot dogs, jellied ptarmigan consomme, baked sturgeon patties and toasted caviar sandwiches, etc.

Doug Russell spent a busy spring preparing his camp at Flanagan Lake for sports fishermen this summer.

One of our teachers, Miss Hazel Green, slipped down to Flin Flon over a weekend to take in the Annual Men's Bonspiel. No doubt Hazel was interested in how the stones drew, drifted, fell off, etc., but there is no doubt in our minds that her chief interest centred about the beautiful stone that landed on the third finger of her left hand. Guess we'll need a new teacher next term.

POEMS, PUNS AND PHILOSOPHY

FOR SUMMERTIME

Now the glories of the year
May be viewed at the best,
And the earth doth now appear
In her fairest garments dressed:
Sweetly smelling plants and flowers
Do perfume the garden bowers;
Hill and valley, wood and field,
Mixed with pleasure profits yield.

Much is found where nothing was,
Herds on every mountain go,
In the meadows flowery grass
Makes both milk and honey flow;
Now each orchard banquets giveth,
Every hedge with fruit relieveth;
And on every shrub and tree
Useful fruits or berries be.

GEORGE WITHER.

* * *

Man was created with two ends, one for sitting on and one for thinking with. Where he finally arrives depends a lot on which end he uses most.

* * *

The novice at fishing had hooked a very small trout from a little lake in the Canadian wilds. He wound it in excitedly until it was rammed against the end of his rod. Then he turned inquiringly to the guide and said: "What do I do now?"

The guide drawled, "Climb up the rod and stab it with your hunting knife."

* * *

CONTENT

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty;
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to
gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's
strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught—Content.

JOHN WILBEY.

* * *

There is no good looking back unless
you're pulling out from the curb.

HOME

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest
shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy
head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy
board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scattered
grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall
provide
More heart's repose than all the world
beside.

LEONIDAS.

* * *

Discussing his tennis technique, a stout, amiable bald man panted: "My brain immediately barks out a command to my body, 'Run forward, speedily,' it says, 'Start right away! Slam the ball gracefully over the net, then walk back slowly'."

"And then what happens?" he was asked.

"And then," replied the bald man, "My body says, 'Who, me?'"

* * *

In order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it .

JOHN RUSKIN.

* * *

The young lover was obviously reeling out a heavy line trying to impress the beautiful young girl at his side. "These soft lovely hands," he whispered. "Your warm lips. And those beautiful eyes! Where did you get those eyes?" The girl answered, unimpressed, "They came with my head."

* * *

A man must not swallow more beliefs
than he can digest.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.



The long road of history is lined with the ruins of those countries which bought the souls and wills of their peoples by the lure of a granted security, and then led them to ruin by that same mirage.

The world needs people who will be really secure and enduring, who will accept their responsibilities as duties and ask only that the state guard the avenues of freedom and keep them open.

—Dr. Russell J. Clinchy.