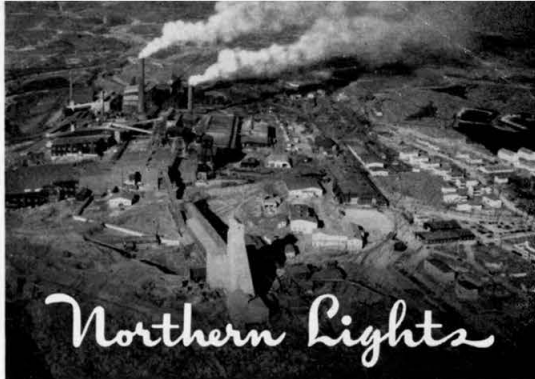




*Northern
Lights*

VOL. 20 NO. 4
CHRISTMAS
1960





Editorial

Merry Christmas ! !

"WE aren't going to have much of a Christmas this year," the man was saying to his friend on the bus. "We went in the hole this summer and haven't been able to catch up."

Not much of a Christmas this year!

He must have been thinking of the "Christmas" you see in the magazine advertisements — the Christmas made up of the "Happy Family Standing by the Tree and Showing Off Their Presents," with a pop-eyed look of wild enthusiasm on everyone's face. Without being too cynical we shouldn't confuse that sort of Christmas with the real one, which is so much richer in the things that really count.

The real Christmas has to do with the sweet sounds of a choir singing carols; and with

a spirit of warmth and affection amongst people; and with the sight of candles lighted in a window.

It has to do with the fragrance of something baking in the oven — whether its home-made mince pies or a 20-pound turkey.

It has to do with a cold night, when the snow lies clean upon the ground outside and the stars shine and twinkle in a dark blue heaven; and with recollections of other Christmases in the days gone by, and with feelings of tenderness, humility and joy.

Not much of a Christmas? Of course there'll be much of a Christmas just as there has been for almost two thousand years. Christmas isn't under the tree, it's all around, and there's as much of it as the heart can hold. And that is the real spirit of the holiday we are thinking of as we send you our 1960 Wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Thoughts For The New Year

LET me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the shore of a quiet river.

Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not; may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the stars. Forbid that I should judge others, lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever before me the kindly light of

(Continued on page 11)

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Mine

Bob Ash

SCHIST Lake is one of our small satellite mines where a person can, on a morning's tour, visit every working place in the mine and have a talk with all the employees working at the time. We took a tour like this on October 18th and found out the following:

Taking the Main Cage to the 1100 foot level in company with Shift Boss Eddie Saddlemeier we walked across the level, talking enroute to Russ Allan and Vic Dojack who were trammig ore to the Main Shaft, until we came to the No. 3111 Shaft Station.

The No. 3111 is an internal shaft operating between the 1100 and 2150 foot levels and is about as busy a place as you can find in any of our mines, due to the fact that ore, waste, supplies, men, etc., all have to be handled in a single compartment shaft. In our travels down this shaft and into the various shrinkage and high grade Zinc and Copper Cut and Fill Stopes we talked to John Nozor, the hoistman, Adam Kaminski, the cagetender, John Jensen and Pete Schmidt, mine engineers, Ernie Davidson, Don Whitmore, Ed Schultz, Bob McGregor, John Dayton, Lionel Hanson, John Senyk and Stewart Mitchell who were jeep loading and trammig ore, Herb Pierce, Arnold Graham, Ted McKonka, Bob Bottrell, Ed Ferster and Roger Adolphe, who were backfilling a cut and fill stope, Jerry Ernest and Stan Davidson, who were trammig the fill, Horst Bergmann, who was sharpening steel and Tom Mann, who was repairing the electrical parts of a Mancha Trammer.

It was on the 2150 level that we came across the development work that we were most interested in seeing, that is the work going on above and on the 2150 level in preparation for the sinking and installation of a three compartment shaft that will eventually take us another 1,000 feet deep-



Murray Smith, Arnold Graham, Eddie Saddlemeier and Herb Pierce checking ore on 2141 stope.



Pete Schmidt, Horst Bergmann, Bob Sorenson, Tom Kirkpatrick, Bert Graves and Frank Walker in 3321 Hoist Station.



Joe Dolenko, Eddie Forster, Roger Adolphe, Bob Ash and Eddie Saddlemeier with slusher at south end of 2150 cut and fill stope.



Bert Graves loading muck with a jeep.

3321 raise looking up.





er into the mine. Here we found Frank Walker and Doug Sorensen, jeep mucking development muck from the floor of the large hoistroom which will eventually house the largest 2 drum hoist set up underground in any of our mines. Up the rope raise about 110 feet we talked to Jim Hill and Elmer Pockett and in the muck raise up about 40 feet we met up with Bert Graves and Tom Kirkpatrick. The Pilot Raise for the shaft was already completed up to about 89 feet and the bearing set installed and bulkheaded on the main level.

The Transformer Station across the level from the Hoisthouse was a busy place as the next day the pouring of the cement floor, bedding in of the conduit pipes and transformer racks, etc., was to take place. Len Wiebe and Vic Garinger were busy drilling holes for pipe hangers and Hans Van Benthem, Len Carter and George Lazar were making sure all the necessary embedded electrical fittings were in place.

At the Main Shaft, 2150 Station we found Lorence Pepler and Paul Isaksen repairing a chute and John Dzubinski checking over a broken down loader. Harry Wennerlund, the Mine Foreman soon appeared and we rode to the surface with Chris Baumgartner, the cagetender. On surface we found Horace Mardis unloading a truckload of sprags and Fred Billy repairing drills. Gordon Grindle was at the controls of the main hoist.

There haven't been many old timers leaving us in the past few months but we do note amongst the missing, Bud Miller who has quit to go farming, Wayne Sproton who left to play hockey in the States, and Arlo Musselman who has gone back to school.

We would like to take this opportunity of wishing all our fellow employees and their families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

Father (looking over son's report card):
 "There's one thing in your favor; with these marks you couldn't possibly be cheating."



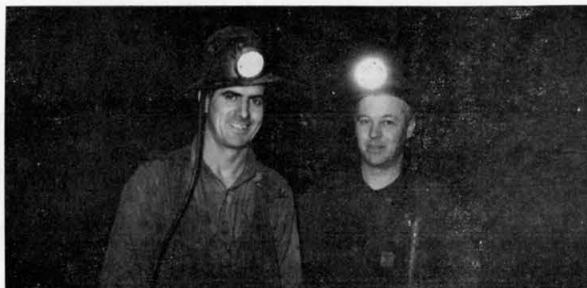
Stan Davidson and Jerry Ernest scaling 2150 level.



Johnny Dayton and Lionel Hanson tramping on 2150 level.



Harry Wennerlund and Chris Baumgartner at 2150 loading pocket, main stope.



McGregor and Schultz mucking on 1850 level.

Ted MacKonka, Eddie Saddlemeier, Murray Smith and Bob Bottrell in the north end of 2041 cut and fill stope.



Community Club

J. Pelletier

AFTER a wonderful holiday enjoying world series, football games, hockey games, etc., it was kind of nice to come home for the grand opening of "Whitney Forum." For yours truly it was a dream being realized. We think the people of Flin Flon and surrounding communities should feel very proud of the new structure. Most readers will have seen our ice palace by the time of reading this so we would imagine all agree to a splendid job done in so short a time. October 15th, 1960 will always be a red letter day in the mind of your correspondent.

With such hockey greats as Al Ritchie, Frank Boucher, Jack Humphreys, Vince Leah and so many of our own "old" (young) Bombers, "Bud" Simpson, Walt Cunningham, Wally Warnick, Mike Nowasad, Frank Stewart, Cy Gilmore, and Manager Gordie Martin and trainer Bert Pelletier plus many more from way back to 1930 with L. G. Johnson, Blake Hume and other old timers it sure was some reunion as well as a gala affair.

When Mr. Eric Austin handed the keys to President "Bud" Jobin we for one were thinking of the past and reliving some of the great games played here.

With these up-to-date buildings, your hall and your Forum we feel sure we are envied by all who visit our town.

Another project which has taken shape, while all attention was focused on the Forum, and of which few of our members and other citizens are aware is the Ski Clubhouse. The work done by a group known to your executive as Flin Flon Ski Club is amazing. We suggest you good people take a stroll down by the old Ross Lake Cemetery and see for yourselves what initiative and hard work can accomplish. When the ski boys tackle a project they really go all-out. We feel sure in this instance too we shall be the envy of every

other Ski Club in the province. Combining the new clubhouse or Chalet as we like to call it with the natural facilities of the surrounding terrain suitable for skiing we feel sure we are second to none in this venture. Congratulations to all who helped to make it a success and good skiing to all.

Minor hockey league got away to a good start for this season. With Don Hogaboam as President and hard working Clare Marshall as secretary plus the usual executive which every year do such a splendid job we feel sure southern clubs will have to work hard to keep up to the standard of hockey offered here. Six Midget teams and four Juveniles are away after respective laurels for this season. One new sponsor this year in the Juvenile League, Ford Motors have graciously taken over the former Dog House team and we feel sure it will be appreciated by boys coming up.

Our biggest, and to us our best league is the "wee ones." Both Pee-Wee and Tom Thumb came out 408 strong to register, 35 to 40 more than the previous high. This will mean that play will start at 8:00 a.m. Saturday till 4:00 p.m. and still leave teams with personnel of 18 or more.

Basketball have some trouble with more kids than ever coming out to play and Messrs. Dowd, Rheume and fellow coaches will arrange league schedules to suit one and all.

Senior Badminton got away to a good start and a big project is in hand for this coming season. They hope to have the Manitoba Championship matches played here which would really be something for local fans to see. Junior badminton classes are in process of organization.

Junior Bombers have had their first road trip at time of writing and gave creditable account of themselves taking 4 out of 7 games which is very good in our estimation. We are not letting our boys out on short price as yet.

We ask all resident of Flin Flon, Creighton, Island Falls, Snow Lake and all surrounding districts to accept our Club's Best Wishes for a Happy Yuletide and Prosperous and Healthy New Year.



*"Flin Flon
Figure Skating
promises a
successful
season for
1960-61"*





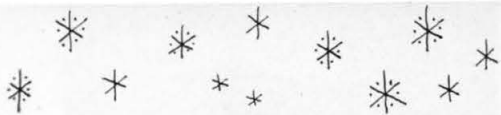
Comrades:

At this time of the year when the phrase "Peace On Earth, Goodwill To All Men," is in everyone's thoughts, I can do no more than echo this great wish of mankind.

May the coming year be a happy and prosperous one for all of us.

Fraternally yours,

A. M. LEDIEU,
President,
Flin Flon Branch No. 73



Snow Lake Mines

Russ Young

WITH winter fast approaching, the winter activities have begun in the Community Hall. To name a few we have basketball, badminton, rifle club (both Junior and Senior). Speaking of the rifle club, this year we sent a Junior team to the rifle shoot in Neepawa. We were very proud and pleased with their eighth place showing for a first time out. This winter again we expect to have considerable interest in hockey. With the number of children we now have, four to six teams should be no obstacle.

The town is still growing with the addition of another 20 houses. Once again we extend a sincere welcome to the families that have moved here since the last issue.

For a quick resume of the Mines — Stall Lake is still in sinking operations with the 2550 level being reached the end of October. Chisel Lake, now in production is operating smoothly under the guidance of Foreman Bob Sadler. At the present time approximately 1500 tons per day is being shipped to Flin Flon for processing. The Osborne Lake road is now under construction with completion expected sometime next summer.

The big excitement around here is the completion of the Simon House Road expected this winter. Now there will be no excuse for you people from Flin Flon as well as other points not dropping in for a visit.

Once again to our Maternity Department, congratulations to the Ernie Sutcliffes on the birth of a girl, August 9th; the Less Huttons a girl on August 17th; the Tom Hawleys a boy on October 13th and last but not least the Richard Stomps on the birth of a boy October 18th. Production is down in the department, fellas.

With this issue come our most sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and Prosperous and Happy New Year.



The "Town," Snow Lake.



Mine employees' homes. Dormitories in background.



Housewarming in Snow Lake.



7

Doug Sorenson and Lois Foreman were married in Winnipeg last summer.





Mill

D. Berthiaume

AT the Mill Recreation Club's annual meeting in October a new executive was elected. Marv Fieber is the new President with Norm Wooley Secretary-Treasurer and George Brice, Vice-President. Directors are Nick Galant, Don Roberts, George Nomeland, Mort Meiers and Ed Andrusiak. This looks like a fine executive fellows so let's all get behind them this coming year and get a little more life in the club.

Prizes for the Fish Derby were presented at this meeting with Ernie Dion picking up a trophy for his 31 lb. 12 oz. trout. Ron Thompson's 16 lb. 2 oz. Jack, Albert Walker's 5 lb. 12 oz. Pickerel, and Ken Chartrand's 1 lb. perch also won awards.

The inter-departmental challenge golf games proved very interesting with about five departments playing for the shield. The first match was between the research and mill, with the mill squeezing out a close victory. In the next match against the mine, the mill had very little trouble; however, in a return match with the mill using their third string the mine won a close match. And as the season closed the shield hangs in the mine changehouse. Oh well! That's golf for you.

All of us in the mill felt very deeply about the passing of Don Lockhart. Don was a highly respected gentleman and fine fellow to work with.

Ernie Jebson was seen passing out cigars during the month of October. Congratulations Ernie.

And last but not least, I happened to read the letter that Hughie Fisher sent to Santa Claus and all he wants for Christmas is a crash helmet, a safety belt and a strongly re-inforced stock car.



Dick Pettapiece, roaster operator.

Zinc Plant

Leonard Lahonen

AT the outset, I wish to apologize to those who, upon reading this column, find their newsworthy happenings unrecorded. I am injured at present, and well, sort of "looking in." Others looking in with me are: Marvin Eagle, A. Glover, W. Kittle, Sigurdson, and Bill Hamblin; with various maladies.

The S. & R. Club, prompted by a successful season, are planning a social for all Zinc plant workers. They are also anticipating a successful year for the Zinc Plant hockey team (I won't boast of their record).

Jim Holdaway and McDonald are "O.P.R." and Charron has transferred to Snow Lake. Good luck to you fellows in your new environs. Russ McKersie has transferred to Research, and by the way, Russ returns to work after a lengthy illness.

Nuptials were exchanged between Wilhelm Neufeld and Gladys Coward on August 23rd at Lashburn, Sask., and to them go all the good old fashion blessings.

It is good to see a healthy roster of babies, or should it be a roster of healthy babies? In any case, bon jour to infants

(Continued on page 11)

Change of shift for Julien Leblanc, Alf Lange, Jim Kiss, Len Bolton.



Smelter

Wm. Fletcher

WE now have our ladle tipping device for casting copper in operation. Most of the bugs have been taken out and it is now operating quite efficiently.

Bill Kvern has had an extension put on to his machine shop and has had some renovating done making quite a lot more room. Harry Lofendale spent a weekend with oldtimer Hans Nordby at his cabin on Athapap. Jerry Lowes and Albert Feldmann also visited with Hans and report Hans feeling fine.

We have Bill Marshall back from England and he reports a very enjoyable trip.

Cullen, Munro, Haggarty, McLaren, and Longmore went out to watch the world series on TV. All report that it was a very exciting series to watch.

Our many nimrods report a very good season. Some brought back proof and some . . . ? ?

Congratulations to Alex Clark on becoming Creighton's second Mayor. Congratulations to Roy Balfour for a very gallant effort in the Flin Flon election.

The Smelter Recreation Club are hoping for a good winter of curling. Don't forget folks, sign up and get in on the prizes. Hockey is once again the order of the day and Nels McGrath and Hammy Benson have their midget champs in great shape and trying once again for the midget crown.

We hear that Mrs. Al Ostby is getting along fine and hopes to be home for Christmas. We hope so too.

We extend our sympathy to Tom Lyons and family on their recent bereavement.

We are glad to see Keith McIntosh and Harley McPherson back at work but sorry to have to report J. Peeters and E. Laberg still off at time of writing.

That is all for 1960 except to wish you one and all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year.



Nellie Cutt hard at it in the Smelter Office.



Not so with Harry Lofendale who has a machine to do the work.



Four generations in the Earl Bulow family.



Harvey Wotton and Richard Jentzson got one apiece





Christmas Party Decorating

A LITTLE ingenuity on your part . . . and your Christmas party will be delightfully remembered by guests for *years*.

The wise hostess knows that party atmosphere must be *created*. It's a happy combination of smiling faces, good food, and sparkling, warm decorations.

Let's concentrate on the latter. The youngsters' bubbling energy and excitement about the special occasion shouldn't be wasted. Arm them with colored paper, crayons, water colors, aluminum foil and glue. Give them the responsibility of making Santa Claus table place cards. Instructions are easy to follow.

First, roll a piece of red construction paper into a cone. Stand the cone on its base and glue a 2-inch diameter cotton ball on the point. Another cone, slightly smaller, is then glued to the top of the ball, forming Santa's stocking cap. Hang tinsel on the top of the cone-hat. A holly berry nose and a beard of cotton put the finishing touches on each jolly figure.

Have the teenagers hang sleigh bells on the front door for guests to ring — announcing every arrival. When that's done, they can suspend evergreen balls from light fixtures with fine wire.

Everybody, including mom and pop, will enjoy presenting their gifts in unique, ornamental packages. A variety of Christmas cut-outs on a background of aluminum foil will do the trick.

The crowning glory — the best part as far as the kids are concerned — is the Christmas tree and all its trimmings. You'll want a tree that will mean the least mess to clean up on "the morning after," and that is, above all, safe from fire hazards.

Your Christmas ambassadors of good will — cards from those near and far — add an interesting touch to your party decor. Mount them on a bulletin board, wood plank or heavy cardboard and display their prettiest faces.

Do you have a Christmas stocking for every guest? They needn't be expensively filled. A few nuts and candies will do the trick, delight the kids especially. You can hang them from the mantle and place them among the branches of your plastic tree . . . or hide them around the house and make a game of seeking them.

Over the dining table, suspend a ball of chicken wire painted white. Tuck in enough mistletoe to cover it completely. Tie top and bottom with soft green ribbon and have some mistletoe berries peeking out from the base. And while you're at it, don't forget to hang that mistletoe strategically about the house!

Wassail, the universal Christmas bever-

age, is usually served in a huge punch bowl, which itself can add to the party decor. The larger the bowl, the better. Placed centrally, with greens hanging from the sides, your wassail bowl will emanate centuries of merry Christmas tradition.

Ingredients of wassail vary from place to place but it usually consists of ale, roasted apples, eggs, sugar, nutmeg, cloves and ginger — drunk while hot.

If you've a fireplace, add another touch of old Christmas tradition . . . the blazing yule log. At dinner time, and later in the evening, the only illumination should be tree lights, the fire in the hearth and window candles.

Although your plastic tree is fire-safe, Christmas lights should have built-in safety features. Also — safety plug, outdoor lights for outdoor use.

Now you're almost ready for the first guest. Don't forget music, an essential part of your atmosphere. Recorded carols provide the background for the festivities.

A cup of wassail to your party success and a merry, merry, Christmas.

JAMS AND JELLIES

Down in the basement, high on a shelf,
Are jams and jellies I have made myself.
Red and black and golden yellow,
Enough to share with the other fellow.

Chokecherries bitter that pucker your
mouth,
They don't grow in Flin Flon but far to the
south.

Crabapples red with a tangy taste,
Boil them whole, let none go to waste.
Used together make a jelly divine,
Eaten with toast, it is really fine.
Highbush cranberries, picked when they're
amber,

The colour of maple leaves in late
September

Make a lovely jelly to eat with turkey,
When the days are dark and the sky is
murky.

The crabapple jelly, I love to hold
Up to the light, it shines like gold.
Pin cherries are a beautiful red,
Mine stay on the trees, for birds must be
fed.

But one of my friends sent me some,
And the jelly is the colour of a deep red
plum.

Moss-berries grow on the rocks out around,
Yellow and red, they cover the ground.

They are easy to jell, and a real tasty food,
With turkey or fowl are especially good.
How fortunate we are to have things to
share,

Homey things with colours so fair.
Jams and jellies of red and gold
Bring a thoughtful message in words not
told.

—MARY L. SORENSON,
Flin Flon.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 1)

hope. And though age and infirmity over-
take me, and I come not within sight of the
castle of my dreams, teach me still to be
thankful for life, and for time's golden
memories that are good and sweet; and
may the evening twilight find me gentle
still.

ZINC PLANT

(Continued from page 8)

Staples, Brophy, Calder, Kinley, Johnson
Chevaldeff, and Rogers. Oh yes, and to
their parents too!

And now, with a sore left index finger, I
irrevocably and irrepressibly say Merry
Christmas and a Happy New Year to all
regardless of creed, religious belief, ideo-
logical convictions et al.





Ex-patriate Howard McIntosh paid us a visit recently.



Assistant gardener Herb Peterson.



Linemen Bill Jonasson and Paul Dubeski.



Back from a trip down river — Francis Waldbillig, Orval Gilmore, Jim Wandrasek and Paul Hendricks.

The "happy gang" from Sandy Bay.



Island Falls

W. Southworth

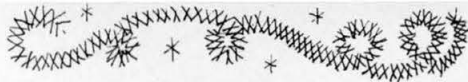
AFTER one of the finest summers on record and beautiful fall weather until the end of October we find ourselves in a good frame of mind to meet the rigors of winter.

Our enthusiastic hunters were kept busy this year. Moose were plentiful in these parts with eleven being sighted in three days by one party of hunters. Caribou and mink are also more plentiful than for some years.

Winter activities are well underway with badminton, bowling and curling going at a fast clip. The skating rink is a busy spot, especially for the "young fry."

In the vital statistics department we are pleased to report there has been a desertion from the dwindling ranks of eligible bachelors. On October 8th Eugene Kostuchuk was married to Geraldine Hody in Dauphin, Man. We wish this young couple many years of happiness and extend a warm welcome as they make their home in our community.

Francis Waldbillig and Hank Marcuk who were employed here for the past year left in September to resume their studies at the University of Saskatchewan. Larry Kirby moved back to Flin Flon after being employed with the electricians. Bob



Henry, taking a year off from school has joined the operating staff as has Bruce Christensen.

Marian Strindlund of the office staff left the company's employ at the end of September and from rumors we hear is contemplating a change of occupation. Rose-Marie Doll has taken over Marian's job at the office.

With the opening of school in September we welcomed two new teachers, Miss Ilsa Dafoe in charge of the senior room and Miss Donna Shore in the junior department.

September also meant the usual exodus of students going to school in many different places. Bill Jeffrey is attending school in Jamestown, North Dakota.

The school at Sandy Bay opened the Fall term with Mr. and Mrs. Stasiuk again in charge with Miss Cunningham and Miss Karnation taking care of the other two rooms.

The Stan Ferg home was blessed with the arrival of a daughter Anita Margaret, on October 6th.

Bill Hessing is vitally interested in ice conditions this winter hoping the winter road will be ready early and in good shape for his new 1961 Chevrolet.

We extend to all our sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TAKE 12 fine, full-grown months—see that these are thoroughly free from old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate, and jealousy. Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness—in short, see that these months are fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time.

Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. This batch will keep for just one



Plaque in Davis Park honoring Rees Davis, former superintendent.

year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many people spoil the entire lot this way). But prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day put 12 parts of faith, 11 of patience, 10 of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and spoil the flavor of the rest), eight parts of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three parts of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution.

Then put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a jigger of laughter, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat, garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy, then serve with quietness, unselfishness, and cheerfulness, and a Happy Year is a certainty!

* * *

Father—"Now, children, tell me who has been the most obedient during the last month and done everything mother asked them to do?"

Children (in unison)—"You, Pop."

* * *

An understanding wife is one who has the pork chops ready when you come in from fishing.



Electrical

Ken Reader

THE annual wire twisters ball was once again an overwhelming success. The evening commenced with turkey supper served by the ladies of the Legion; this was followed by a half hour program of all star entertainment which featured the debut of Norm Crerar as a stage performer, and several hit tunes sung by the Stevenson family. A few games of Bingo were enjoyed as the gang relaxed in preparation for a fine evening of dancing. Many were the house parties that followed and the one we know about was the fine spread put on by Muriel and Don Burnett in their new and spacious living room.

Would like to congratulate Max Grant for his fine bid for a seat on the town council. Nice try Max and better luck next time.

And who hasn't seen the McInnes' with their new car. Some of us hear a lot about it and those who haven't seen can arrange with Reg for what he calls the thrill of a life time.

Our department stenographer, Nadia Prokop and Marvin Panasiuk were married on August 6th and on August 27th, Ila Musselman and George Konik took the pledge. We wish you four much happiness and prosperity in the future.

The stork has made two visits recently and brought baby boys to the homes of Ross Hogaboam and Percy Nowlin.

Foreman Henry Budlong and his crew played a very large and important part in the building of Whitney Forum. The electrical layout was engineered through the combined efforts of Superintendent Hammerstad, Stu Evans and Herb Kitchen. Four men started dismantling in the spring and salvaged what could be used again such as conduit, conduit fittings, and lamp shades. At the height of construction in August, Henry had a total of eleven men working on this project: John Sokoluk,



Popular George Konik, who was with the line gang this summer, also found time to get married, in August, to Ila Musselman.

Gerry Lynn, Harold Ferguson, Joe Kadas, Andy Szocs, Bart Longmore, Henry Shkolny, Milt Laing, Norm Crerar and Gordon Gadd and Gren Scott. The central control room consists of a 550-volt switch rack and an 800 amp. 100/200 volt distribution panel for lighting in the main rink, figure skating rink and curling rink. In each corner of the arena is a large steam heater and fan driven with a 550 volt motor with low voltage Honeywell thermostatic control. Also in the main building are four exhaust fans, two at each end; and in the main waiting room are three exhaust fans and three thermostatically controlled heaters. These fans and heaters will add much comfort for the patrons which was so sadly missed in the old rink. The controls for these fans and heaters are located in the manager's office, as well as two load centres for lites, etc. There are 36-750 watt lamps over the ice surface which are remotely controlled from this office. Another load centre at the south end looks after lights, etc., for that area.

Congratulations to all who helped in this great contribution to the enjoyment of the people of Flin Flon and Creighton.

(Continued on page 38)



Ted and Glen Tindall on Hallowe'en.

Winnipeg Office

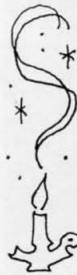
WE think that we discovered something of interest to most Flin Flonners when we noticed an advertisement in the October 24th issue of Sports Illustrated for jackets made of Flin Flon wilderness cloth. These jackets, which are made by the Greenwood Mills Inc. of New York City, come in two styles, the Flin Flon Clicker and the Flin Flon Tyrol. Not being satisfied with the conclusion of The Daid Duck Poker Club that the company must have picked the name off a map of Canada, your reporter took it upon himself to write to this company to find out exactly why they chose the name of Flin Flon over the many other colorful place names of the Canadian North. We hope to have received an answer before the next issue of The Northern Lights goes to press. By the way, before all you Flin Flonners rush to order one of these jackets, let me warn you that the only wilderness I would recommend them for would be that at Malibu.

Holidays; Who really cares what people have done on their holidays except the individuals themselves but to keep them happy, I will fill the balance of this column

(Continued on page 38)



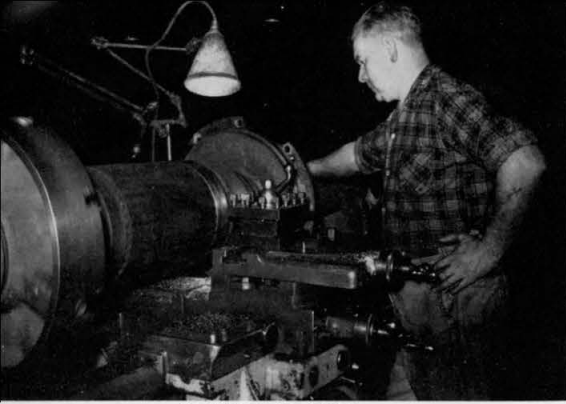
Jack Aston is talented in many fields, particularly house painting, poker playing and brewing.



Our only real outdoorsman, Horace Burgoyne.

Al Gillies has just retired from the national executive of the Kinsmen Club.





Fred Pope, machinist.

Mechanical & Construction

Bert Imrie

THE past summer and fall has been perfect weather for construction work and many large projects have been completed. These projects included the Thaw Shed in which the frozen cars of ore from Snow Lake are thawed out to make easier dumping, the Mill lead thickener building, the lead concentrate drying plant and the completion of the new Whitney Forum. Besides these projects many new buildings were erected at Snow Lake including 20 new homes for employees.

Our duck and moose hunters report a very good season and although we have heard a good many stories, Phil Dion is the only one who has shown us pictorial proof of his bag of ducks and geese. In the fishing field, we have it on good authority that our Superintendent, Mr. C. Steventon, who is presently holidaying in Florida, caught himself a shark. Perhaps for the next issue we will have pictorial proof of this.

Hockey and curling are once more the main topics of conversation. Our Bombers, although practically a new and inexperienced team are showing good promise and should make the play-offs without too much difficulty. In curling, we understand Jimmy Cook is entered in the Totem Pole Bonspiel in Vancouver and will take in the Grey Cup Football classic at the same time. Mrs. Cook will accompany Jimmy on the trip.

And now with another year drawing to a close, we wish our many readers a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Hubby: "Well, darling, I've just had my life insured for \$5,000.00."

Wifey: "That's nice. Now I won't have to keep telling you to be careful every place you go."



Carol Webb, daughter of Fred Webb, was married to John Francis Hanlon this summer.

Mac Collison meditates.



Main Office

C. C. Merrell

ON October 21st the Main Office boys and girls assembled in the Accounting Office to honor Robert "Bud" Simpson, M. P. Stewards (when Parliament isn't in session) and Nick Iannone of Safety, both having reach their 25th anniversary with our Company. Gifts were presented to the honored guests on behalf of the gang by Earl McDonald and Eric Runehjelm. The boys enjoyed a brief period of reminiscing and so forth after the presentation.

Our sincere best wishes go to Isabella Greig former teletype operator who was married in St. James Anglican Church on September 3rd to Lorne Smith, now residing in Winnipeg, Dolores (Dodie) Martin of Personnel who married Bob Smith in the First United Lutheran Church on September 19th, now residing in Fort Wayne, Indiana and Darlene Stein of Personnel who became Mrs. Bruce Reid on August 20th in St. Luke's United Church. Congratulations are also extended to Irene Mearns whose engagement to Ken Allen was announced on October 26th.

We welcome back to the Pay Office Stella Holmgren, our very capable Figure Skating Professional.

Rose Marie Doll, formerly of Safety Department has left us for the Power Plant site at Island Falls.

Enjoying vacations since our last report were Mary Evans who journeyed to New York, Ethel Block to Minneapolis, Helen Miller to Toronto, Irene Mearns and Irene Lengyel to Montreal and Sylvia Smoliga to Connecticut. Mac and Mrs. McGilvray went east this year to attend the wedding of their son Bill in Toronto. They were accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — the familiar greeting, time-old but ever new. Our sincerest good wishes are extended to every one of our readers.

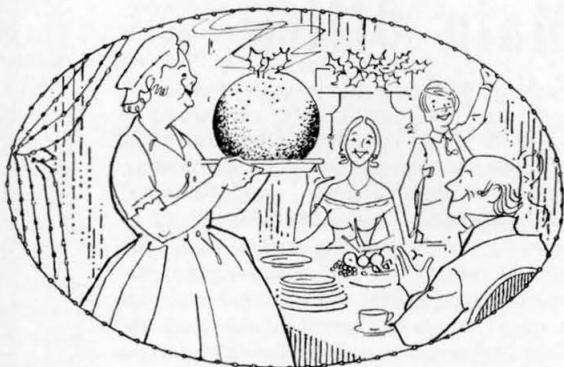


Darlene Stein became Mrs. Bruce Reid in August.

Isabella Greig was married to Lorne Smith in a pretty September wedding.



Bob Cratchit's Christmas Dinner



MRS. Cratchit made the gravy (ready before-hand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the applesauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carvingknife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by applesauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now,

the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witness — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

(Continued on page 31)



Award winners, left to right: WO2 Robert Bernard, Proficiency Shield; Cpl. Bonwick and Don Mardis, Flying Scholarships; Terry Cook, best 1st year cadet; Sgt. Ernie Kepper, Senior Leader's course.



1960 award winners: Huntley, Stickney, Zollen, MacKenzie, Warnick.

FLIN FLON AIR CADETS

"Is Your Son Here"?

The Annual Inspection Parade and Father and Son Banquet was the event of the year for our Air Cadets.



S/L Sherwood congratulates Cpl. Warnick and LAC MacKenzie on their acceptance for flying Scholarship Training.



Cpl. Huntley, Terry Cook, Mr. Harold Steele, provincial committee, Harold Stickney.

Mr. Harold Steele and S/L Sherwood, Gimli RCAF station.



Mr. Steele enjoys a joke with Mr. Steve Olench of the local committee.





The Man Who Read The Stars

THE STORY OF DAVID THOMPSON

WHEN one looks at a map, one does not as a rule realize what the making of the map has meant. One does not realize that every crooked line in its delicate tracery has meant toils and privations unspeakable; that here and there rivers and lakes and hills have been drawn at the cost of lost lives and ruined careers. Looked at rightly, there is nothing more instinct with romance and adventure than a map. But people today are not romantic; they take their maps as they find them, and do not ask any questions.

The readers of this page will all have studied, at some time or other, the map of the Canadian West. Yet it will doubtless

not have occurred to many of them to ask who the man was that drew the map, or at any rate filled in the outlines of it. And the strange thing is that if they were told the name of this man, it would probably be quite unfamiliar to them, and would convey nothing to them at all. The record of his work is to be found almost solely in the maps which he drew; and as every one knows, even great maps are allowed to pass unnoticed, while the most trivial books are published in large editions, and read with avidity.

The man who did the ground-work in connection with the map of Western Canada was David Thompson. Thanks



especially to Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, the Canadian scholar and explorer, who has followed David Thompson's footsteps over a great part of the West, Thompson's work is at last beginning to emerge from the obscurity in which it has languished for over a century, and we are beginning to find out something about his life, and to understand something of the magnitude of his achievement.

David Thompson was born on April 30, 1770, in the parish of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, England. His parents were of Welsh origin, and late in life David Thompson was observed to betray, by his speech, his Welsh extraction. His parents must have been very poor, for at the age of seven years David Thompson was sent to the famous charity school in Westminster known as the Grey Coat School. In this school he remained until he was fourteen years of age, studying especially mathematics and navigation.

In 1784 the Hudson's Bay Company, being desirous of obtaining recruits for their trading-posts in America, applied to the Governors of the Grey Coat School to obtain boys who might be apprenticed to the company. They evidently desired boys who were qualified to do surveying, for the only boy sent them was David Thompson, whose training had been along mathematical lines.

Thompson arrived at Churchill, on Hudson Bay, in September 1784. Here he commenced his career in the fur-trade, which lasted without interruption for twenty-eight years. At Churchill, he was under the command of Samuel Hearne, the explorer who twelve years before had made the overland journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River, and set at rest the vexed question of the existence or non-existence of the North-West Passage. Thompson was set at work copying part of the manuscript of Hearne's Journey; and

undoubtedly his association with his superior did much to stimulate his interest in geography and discovery.

It was not, however, until 1787 that Thompson was sent on his first trip into the interior. In that year he went in with two other servants of the company to a point on the North Saskatchewan River, not far from the present town of Battleford, where the party built a fur-trading post named Manchester House. He spent a winter among the Indians; and in 1789 he was back at Cumberland House, on Pine Island Lake, the post which Samuel Hearne had built fifteen years before for the purpose of competing with the merchants from Montreal.

It was at Cumberland House that Thompson began his career as a scientific surveyor and observer of natural phenomena. He began to keep, what he never afterwards in the West failed to keep, a

journal in which were entered the readings of the thermometer, the force and direction of the wind, and general remarks on the climate. More than that, he took during the winter a series of astronomical observations, for the purpose of determining the latitude and longitude of Cumberland House. It is interesting to notice that the position on the earth's surface which he assigned to Cumberland House is precisely that which it occupies on the most modern and authoritative maps. This is the more remarkable when it is remembered that Thompson was at this time only nineteen years of age, that he had had a very slight training, and that his instruments were so small they could be held in the hand. When Samuel Hearne attempted to determine the latitude of the mouth of the Coppermine River, he placed it four degrees too far north; when David Thompson determined the latitude of Cumberland House, he determined it for all time.





From 1789 until he left the western country in 1872, David Thompson never ceased to carry on the surveying which he thus began. There was no lake or river which he traversed of which he did not make a careful survey; and there was no post at which he stopped of which he did not find the latitude and longitude. Nor was he satisfied with making one survey or taking one series of observations. If ever he came the same way again he made a new survey and took new observations with the object of checking and verifying the old. Thus he had, after his many years in the West, definite points established on the earth's surface, between which he had made the connecting surveys. All he had to do was to put these points down on paper, and then to fill in the lines between them; and so the map of Western Canada took shape.

Among the fur-traders and *voyageurs* and Indians with whom his lot was cast there were almost none who understood this scientific zeal. The French-Canadians and Indians with him always regarded his instruments with awe, and believed that, when he spent his nights gazing at the stars, he was looking into the future. They credited him with powers of divination; and nothing he could say would disabuse them of this view. Several things happened which gave colour to this belief. Thompson very early proved himself an expert woodsman. He developed a power

of reading the signs of the bush no less accurately and skilfully than the acutest of the Indians. One time when he was with the brigade of furs coming down to Lake Winnipeg, he prophesied, as a result of his observation of the camp fires they had made and of the weather they would encounter at the entrance to Lake Winnipeg, that his men would catch up with the brigade ahead of them on such and such a morning. On the morning in question, as they entered the lake, his men saw the brigade they were following only a short distance ahead of them. Their wonder and admiration was unbounded. They would not believe that Thompson had made the prophecy merely by using his eyes and common sense; nothing would persuade them that he had not learnt the truth by gazing through his telescope.

The Indians believed he had the power of raising the wind. One time when he was taking astronomical observations, an Indian hunter came to him and begged him to raise a big wind, as there had been a calm for a long time, and the hunting had been so bad that his family were on the verge of starvation. Thompson tried to reason with him, and explained that no one but the Great Manitou could raise the wind. The Indian was not satisfied. In a short time he returned again, with the same request. By this time it had become clear to Thompson, from his study of the

weather, that a windstorm was looming up. In order to get rid of the Indian, he told him to go away and make preparations for hunting, as he would get a wind that night. When the wind came, not only the Indians, but also Thompson's own men were firm in the belief the 'the man who read the stars' had raised the wind by looking through his telescope into the future.

The fur-traders showed their lack of understanding in another way. All Thompson's surveys had been carried on in conjunction with the fur-trade. The fur-trade was the main thing, and the surveying was supposed to be merely incidental to it. It is possible, however, that since Thompson's heart was in the surveying rather than in the fur-trade, the surveying sometimes took first place, and the fur-trade suffered. At any rate, after a year during which the fur-trade returns had proved especially disappointing, he received orders from Joseph Colen, the factor at York Factory, to drop his surveying for the time being, and devote himself exclusively to the acquisition of furs.

From the standpoint of trade returns these instructions of the governor of York Factory may have been wise; but they lost for the Hudson's Bay Company the services of one of the greatest men it ever had in its employ. Thompson was in no mind to drop the task which he had set himself; and so in the spring of 1795, after having been with the Hudson's Bay Company for thirteen years, he summarily left its service, and walking south seventy-five miles to the nearest post of the North-West Company of Montreal, he enlisted with that rival organization of the Hudson's Bay Company, and received permission to prosecute his surveys to his heart's content.

The leading spirits in the North-West Company at that time were men like Alexander Mackenzie, Roderick Mackenzie, and Simon Fraser, who had the interests of discovery and exploration as much at heart as David Thompson. They immediately sent him off on a surveying trip which was to prove one of the most remarkable in the

history of North American map-making. He was to be unhampered by the necessity for looking after trade returns, and was to devote himself to surveying alone. It must be confessed that he made the most of his opportunities. Starting at Grand Portage on Lake Superior, he struck north-west to Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis; thence he struck south down the Assiniboine to the Souris River, and across the plains to the Mandan villages on the Missouri; from there he returned to the Assiniboine, followed it down to the Red River, struck across to the headwaters of the Mississippi, and made his way north-west to Lake Superior, which he struck near the site of the present city of Duluth; and then he made a complete survey of the shore-line of Lake Superior, from Duluth to Sault Ste. Marie, and from Sault Ste. Marie to Grand Portage—having covered a total of four thousand miles of survey through virgin territory in a period of about ten months. This is a record that has rarely been equalled.

But David Thompson's greatest achievement, and that which most entitles him to his fame as an explorer, was his survey of the Columbia River. In the opening years of the nineteenth century, there was great rivalry as to who should first get to the Pacific coast, and seize and hold the fur-trade there. In 1805 the United States government sent out the famous Lewis and Clark expedition, which blazed a trail to the Pacific; and it was known that J. J. Astor, of New York, was planning to capture the fur-trade in that district for himself. The North-West Company, anxious to anticipate him, sent David Thompson across the Rockies in the spring of 1807 to open up trade with the Indians of what is now British Columbia. For three years Thompson passed to and fro across the Rockies, opening up new trading-posts and blazing new trails, preparatory to a descent on the coast.

He had some difficulty with the Indians, for the Indians of the plains did not care to have their enemies, the Indians of



British Columbia, supplied with fire-arms; but Thompson circumvented them by marching through one of the northern passes in the dead of winter, and in 1811 he made the difficult and dangerous descent of the Columbia River to its mouth. There he found the agents of J. J. Astor's Pacific Fur Company already entrenched in Fort Astoria; but although they had robbed him of the honour of setting up the British flag on Cape Disappointment, they could not rob him of the honour of being the first to traverse and survey that mighty river. It is an interesting fact that portions of the Columbia River have never been surveyed from that day to this; and here too Thompson's work is the basis of every map that is published.

In 1812 Thompson returned to Grand Portage, and thence to Montreal. He had put the coping-stone on his work of exploration; and never again did he visit the western country in which he had lived so long. He settled down at Williamstown, Glengarry, and afterwards at Terrebonne, near Montreal, and devoted himself to the preparation of his monumental map. His last years were sad and piteous. He lost his money, largely through the fault of his half-breed sons, and in his later years he





lost his eyesight. People forgot the greatness of his achievement, and he died in extreme poverty and neglect. In one of the last of his note-books, which are still to be seen in the Crown Lands Department at the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, there is a pathetic entry in the old man's handwriting: 'Borrowed 2s. 6d. from a friend. Thank God for this relief.'

A teacher asked her class to submit a couplet which would impress motorists with the need for careful driving in school areas. This was one of those handed in: "Drive slowly. Please obey instructions, we love our little tax deductions!"

Katy: Exactly what is a slinky dress, ma'am?

Liz: I don't know . . . you just buy a dress three sizes too small and it is.

Katy: Is there ever any danger of it ripping?

Liz: Not unless you make unnecessary movements—like walking or sitting down!

BRINGING JUNIOR UP OR DOWN

How to Bring Down a Son

1. Provide him with plenty of free spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or direction.
3. Give him a latchkey, and allow him to return home at any hour of the night.
4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure hours.
5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morals.
6. Let him expect pay for every act of helpfulness.
7. Let him spend his Sunday hours on the street instead of in the church.
8. Be careful never to let him hear you pray.

How to Bring Up a Son

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.
2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.
2. Never punish him in anger.
4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on matters in which he is interested.
5. Let him invite his friends to your home and table.
6. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.
7. Live uprightly before him at all times; then you will be able to talk to him with power.
8. Be much in prayer for his spiritual growth.

Housework is something you do that nobody notices unless you don't do it.

GET YOUR New Year's Resolutions RIGHT

Thoughts become words, words become deeds, deeds become habits, habits become character, character becomes destiny.

YOUR personality is made up out of your habits. You are your habits, and your habits are you. And you can change your habits.

When you do, you change yourself. You literally become a "new creature," and one of modern psychology's most encouraging discoveries is that you can form new habits at any time of life. Which means that, at any time of life, you can make decisive changes and improvements in your personality.

What happens in the brain and nervous system as you learn a new habit or break an old one? Some believe that, when you have performed an act, you have set up a sort of "brain path" or "nerve path" leading to your motor centers. Thus, the next time the impulse or desire or idea of performing this act strikes you, since the path is already marked out, a weaker impulse or desire or idea will travel over this path. It will cause you to act—that is, carry out that desire, impulse, or idea. By and by, as you repeat this process, the nerve cells become so well organized and "integrated" that the resulting act or behavior becomes almost automatic.

This explanation of how we form habits is known as the "ideomotor" theory of habit. Albert Edward Wiggam points out in *Physical Culture* that it was first made famous half a century ago by Professor William James, the greatest psychologist of his time, in an address at Chautauqua Lake, N.Y.

According to his ideomotor theory, the way to form a new habit is to think about the new act or set of acts you desire to perform. You think of an act first, the thought sets an impulse traveling along your nerves to your muscles, then the act takes place.

Thus, it follows that how you are going to act, no matter what you have previously "resolved" to do, depends upon what thought reaches your muscles first. Your whole life is just a see-saw among your thoughts and desires. Each one, so to speak, is fighting to get through to your muscles and force you to carry it into action.

What then is your safeguard against doing the wrong thing when you are in a tight place, and how can you assure yourself that you are going to do the right thing? The answer is: you must keep thinking steadily about the right habit you have resolved to form. Don't wait until you get into a tight place and then trust that the right thought will strike you at just the right moment. Instead, have a goodly array of clear-cut thoughts and maxims in your mind in advance.

Picture the kind of situation in which they will likely be of most aid, such as in the case of your "special temptations" and "besetting sins." Fill your mind and heart with the desire to put them into practice, and seize every opportunity to try them out.

In forming a new habit, each lapse is like winding a ball of string—a single slip undoes a great many windings. You may forget it but your nerve cells do not. They count every thought and act and store them up either to aid or defeat you at some future crisis moment.

Notice carefully the effect on your spirits of your first victory. Tell yourself repeatedly how good you feel about it, how much better your health is, how much more peaceful and determined you feel in your mind. Even exaggerate the "surplus of agreeable feeling" and the "satisfyingness" of the new habit.

(Continued on page 39)

Safety

N. Iannone

THE date, October 26th — 8:00 a.m. I looked and I saw Bob Ash all dressed up in mining clothes, cap lamp, hard hat, etc. I said, "What's up Bob?" He answered, "I'm off for Schist Lake Mine to take some pictures for the Christmas issue of the Northern Lights." "Christmas issue" I said, "when does that have to be in?" "Why tomorrow," said Bob. So here I was, another ten months of safety work had simply flown by and I had not realized the passing of the time, Christmas, 1960 is closing in on us. How time flies! On October 15th, 1960, yours truly reached twenty-five years of service with the Company and probably by the time this article is published I will be sporting a twenty-five year watch. It's been a long winter—yes, twenty-five years ago this October a few of the boys from Winnipeg stepped off the train in Flin Flon with me in order to try out for the first Flin Flon Bomber team to be formed. Some of us are still here. "Bud" Simpson, "Slim" Holdaway, Wally Warnick, Jimmy Wardle, Ron Finnie and Bob McDowell. Yes, it's been a long winter, six months working in the bush and Open Pit, nine and one-half years in the Mine Department and sixteen years with the Safety Department. No regrets.

We hate to be repetitious but we can't help it. Eye Protection is one of our obsessions. Maybe it's because as a boy, I was unfortunate in that while playing "Robin Hood" I was struck in the left eye by an arrow and suffered a serious injury which during the years has caused an increasing loss of sight in that eye, so that today there is very little sight left to speak of. More fortunate are two of our employees who became the twelfth and thirteenth member of our Wise Owl Club — they were smart enough to heed the safety rules regarding eye protection and thus due to the protection of Safety glasses



Del Fredlund became a member of the Wise Owl Club while working here during his summer vacation.



Twelfth member of the Wise Owl Club is Joe Dolenko.

saved the sight of an eye. Pictured in this issue are:

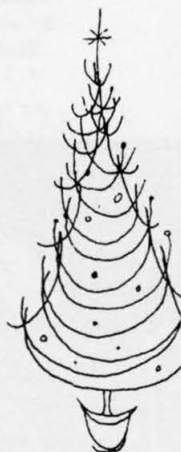
JOE DOLENKO — On July 29th, 1960, while working underground at Schist Lake Mine on the pocket grizzly at 3111 Winze, Joe was breaking an oversize rock with a sledge-hammer. A piece of rock flew up with such force that the left lens of his safety glasses was shattered.

DEL FREDLUND—One of our University students hired for the summer months can again carry on his studies without any physical handicap because he also knew and obeyed the safety rule. On August 24th, 1960, he was breaking rock on the 600-foot level grizzly at Coronation Mine, when a blast of small rocks flew upwards and struck him a sharp blow on his prescription safety glasses, shattering the lens. Enough said!

Since the last issue, we have said our farewells to our youngest member, Jerry Dempsey. Jerry left us for the bigger and we hope, greener fields of the Zinc Plant. We trust that Jerry will always feel free to return to us for the paternal and (maternal advice) that we feel assisted him along the way. Best of luck to Jerry.

Again we come to the close of the year and the beginning of a new year. During 1960 the Safety Department has enjoyed excellent co-operation from the various plant Superintendents, Foremen and Union Safety Committees. Our many thanks for this co-operation. Also many worthwhile recommendations have been received either directly or through the Suggestion Plan from many of our employees. Thanks and keep up the good work so that our wish for you for a Merry Christmas and an Accident Free New Year will achieve its meaning for each one of you.

“No investment pays better dividends than Safety.” “A careless man is just an accident going somewhere to happen.”





Opening Parade.

Whitney Forum

IT was a great night for Flin Flon on Saturday, October 15th when our new rink was opened by Mr. Eric Austin, substituting for Mr. C. V. Whitney, who was unable to attend.

In the afternoon there was open house from 3 to 5 p.m., when the general public were invited to visit the new building. Pinkie Davie and Bud McIntosh welcomed the visitors and acted as official guides.

This was followed by a Stag Reception

Mr. Eric Austin has just presented the keys to Bud Jobin, president of the Community Club.



and Dinner in the Elk's Hall at which more than sixty hockey notables were present. Among these we noted Frank Boucher, SJHA commissioner, Vince Leah of the Winnipeg Tribune, Ray Enright, former Senior Bomber hockey star. We tried hard to get Maurice (Rocket) Richard, without success.

Then in the evening came the official opening at 7.30. A colorful parade headed by the Company Pipe Band under Pipe Major Stewart circled the brilliantly lighted rink. There were mayors and officials, the Flin Flon Canadians Pee-Wee champion hockey team, the Flin Flon Junior Bombers and the Regina Pats, with their officers, executives and community club directors. And last and not by any the least, judging by the applause of 2,500 enthusiastic fans, came Flin Flon's own hockey greats who have, for the past 25 years, kept our town in the forefront of sport.



Front entrance to rink showing plaque in position.



With the presentation of the keys to Bud Jobin by Mr. Eric Austin and the dedication of the plaque naming the rink officially "The Whitney Forum," the ceremonies ended with the National Anthem and the first league game was started. We lost!

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

(Continued from page 18)

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tested, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit

called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass — two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire spluttered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one," said Tiny Tim the last of all.

—From "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens.



Unveiling of the plaque and naming the new rink "Whitney Forum."



The Music of Christmas

THE mice have been at the bellows, Father. I can't play the organ for Christmas." Franz Gruber told his pastor the sad news. Father Joseph Mohr responded by writing "Silent Night, Holy Night," which Herr Gruber set to music. They sang the new song together at Christmas services . . . to guitar accompaniment! This was the origin of one of our best-loved hymns — in Obendorf, Austria, 1818.

Church choirs still strive to recreate the first music of Christmas . . . angels singing "Glory to God in the Highest!" over Bethlehem . . . as reported in the Bible story of Christ's birth.

Early Christians never took a fancy to the solemn chants of convents and monasteries . . . but St. Francis of Assisi raised their hearts and voices when he set religious themes to merry music in the 13th century!

People went home humming his sermons . . . and carols were born.

The word "carol" means dance in a ring. At first it described group singing and dancing in any festive season. For the last few hundred years, "carol" refers specifically to Christmas music, sacred or secular.

Italy, France, Germany, England and America have carol literature and traditions of their own. Early songs weren't written down, they were carried by wandering minstrels and folk songs. They went through so many changes of word and melody . . . their creators probably wouldn't recognize them today!

Medieval carols seem to have been written as scripts for religious drama. Vivid pictures in the verses move the listener from scene to scene . . . moods change from coarse humor to reverence as the story of the Nativity progresses. In one vigorous

carol, shepherds respectfully give the Child of Bethlehem — "a bunch of cherries, a feathered songster and a tennis ball!"

Religious folk songs were often sung at holiday revels debasing the spirit of Christmas. Puritans — coming into power — frowned on such pagan excesses. They said festival music was sacriligious and dishonored God.

They outlawed Christmas.

A Puritan law of 1644 made December 25 a market day. Shops were required to remain open. Stiff fines . . . even jail sentences . . . awaited anyone caught "celebrating" Christmas. People obediently wore straight faces — and hummed merrily under their breath! Christmas music went underground.

"Broad sheets" were printed each year . . . to keep texts alive with some accuracy. The law wasn't strictly enforced, children still sang from door to door, and neighbors gathered on Christmas Eve to chorus, "Love and Joy, come to you!" Rustics caroled, "with rough accent, irregular time and tunes learned by heart and not by book."

The Restoration eventually let music back into church.

Some 18th century sophisticates found folk songs too simple for their taste. Holiday spirits — even in cities — clamored for musical expression . . . and it was at this time that some of the noblest composers fashioned "respectable" Christmas music. Bach wrote his exultant oratorio . . . Handel created the "Messiah" with its magnificent "Hallelujah Chorus."

No one is sure who wrote "Adeste Fideles" . . . credit is usually given St. Bonaventure; this hymn was a great favorite of Teddy Roosevelt. Isaac Watts

composed "Joy to the World" in 1719; the music we know for the hymn was adapted by Lowell Mason from Handel's "Messiah."

"Away in a Manger" is said to have been inspired by Martin Luther's "From Heaven Above I Come to You." Charles Wesley wrote "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" in 1737 . . . several authors presumed to alter it . . . and a section of Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" was adapted in 1855 for the musical version familiar to us.

In 1868, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" was composed by Bishop Phillips Brooks, when his Philadelphia Sunday School class asked for Christmas song. His organist, Lewis H. Redner, furnished the tune . . . and insisted the music came to him miraculously, in a Christmas Eve dream!

Late last century, church musicians and laymen tracked down carols sung throughout the world . . . and printed them for the enjoyment of future generations.

The invention of the phonograph in 1877 brought the music of Christmas into homes on recordings. But the sweetness of carolers' voices and the fresh jubilation of the masters' music was lost . . . until recent years.

Pioneering in stereo kit equipment by the Heath Company of Benton Harbor, Michigan . . . and the two-year young stereo disc, have given new life to Christmas music. Today we can listen to hymns and carols of years long past — reproduced in their ancient glory and truest tones.

The trumpet fan-fare, the sounds of the majestic pipe organ, and the thrilling voices of the choir can now be heard — not only in churches — but at home throughout the festive season.

It was people like Mrs. Cram of Boston who made caroling a rich American tradition.

The year was 1910. As Christmas preparations were completed, the lady remembered legends of medieval England . . . where "waits" — night watchmen — went caroling through the streets. She reached for her telephone (as ladies will!). Within an hour, a dozen neighbors had promised



Mrs. Cram to light candles in their windows on Christmas Eve . . . and come outdoors to sing with her. The group expanded year each . . . and Beacon Hill (where caroling had once been an offense against the state!) won fame as the home of modern American caroling!

Community singing grows more popular every year. Thousands of Americans belong to Christmas choral groups. In Santa Barbara, carolers masquerade in the flowing red capes and peaked hoods of ancient Europe . . . and go forth singing.

Others find their greatest enjoyment indoors, near family and fireside . . . with the new stereo set faithfully delivering the recorded harmonies of the organ, the piping voice of the smallest boy in the choir. Most Americans attend church services where, perhaps best of all, they can thrill to one of the most inspiring sounds — the music of Christmas!





Ted Smith, preparing samples.



Research

Sid Yeo

AT a well attended meeting of the Research Social Club held last October, a new slate of officers was elected for the coming year. The new executive is Terry Carter, President and Bill Friesen, Sec.-Treasurer (Chief Collector of dues). We welcome the new executive and thank the old for a year of good fun and entertainment.

During the past four months we have said farewell to three members of our department who have left to try their fortunes elsewhere. Garry Brown and his family have made their new home in Toronto where Garry will be working for the John Inglis Company. Howard Langdon has taken up teaching in Lloydminster, and Dennis Derry is furthering his education at the University of Saskatchewan.

We welcome four new members to our department at the expense of the Mill, Zinc Plant and Smelter in the persons of Russell MacKersie, Nick Duluski, Ted Smith and Al. McConnell. We now have two McConnells in our midst and are they ever clannish people.

The Glee Club is busy putting the finishing touches on its Xmas program under the capable leadership of Jim Goodman. We take particular interest in this group as quite a number of our fellow workers are invaluable in these productions.

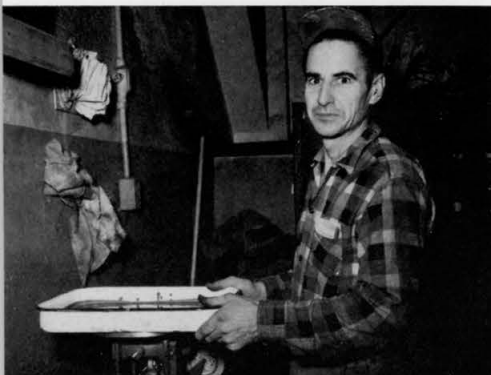
Mr. Weaver, General Superintendent of Tennessee Copper visited us last September while on a tour of the Mines in this northern area. Mr. Weaver and his wife were the guests of Jim Goodman who was employed with Tennessee Copper for several years.

The winter season and its activities have pretty well established themselves at the time of writing this report. The plans for a curling 'spiel are well under-

(Continued on page 39)



Terry Carter, President, Social Club.



Nick Dubeski weighing zinc residue samples.



Power House

John Dansereau

THE P. H. Plus Club sponsored a fish derby of their own this summer, and here are the names of those who know where to get the big ones:

Trout:

1st, Geo. Hillier 20 pounds, 5 oz.
2nd, Ron. Ford 15 pounds, 2 oz.

Northern Pike:

1st, James Beilby 14 pounds
2nd, James Beilby 13 pounds, 3 oz.

Walleye:

1st None.
2nd None.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Orwell Haga for being the proud parents of twins.

Congratulations to Bob Ash and Marie Lotoski for the fine choice they both have made when they joined in matrimony on Sept. 3.

Also to Lloyd Clarkson and Edna Peters for having done the very same thing on August 6th.

Best wishes from all of us.

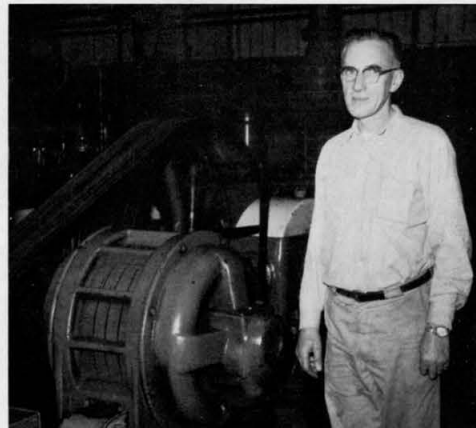
In the field of public service we must congratulate our General Foreman, Forbes Duncan for having acquired such a degree of confidence and respect from the general public of this community as it was proven in the last Municipal election.

Proud we are also of Barry Aimoe who is doing a fine job in Creighton.

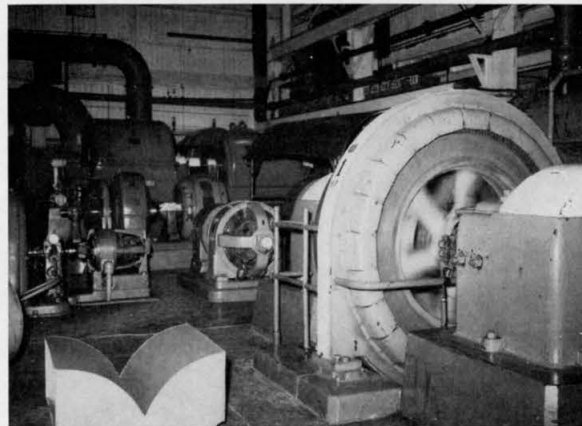
Said the judge: "I wish to commend you two drunk drivers for running into each other instead of some innocent person. If this thing can be encouraged, I think we may have hit upon the solution of a serious problem."



Shift Supervisor Jim Dalglish, Stan Curran, Ray Mulaney.



Congratulations to Forbes Duncan, re-elected to Town Council.



Turbo blowers, MG sets and compressor, Power House.



Flin Flon Mine and Town from the North West.

'ROUND ABOUT TOWN



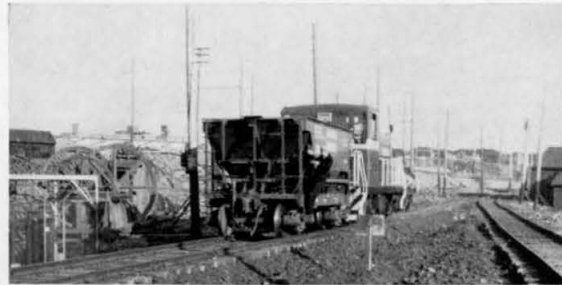
1st Tee—Phantom Lake Golf Course.



Railway and mining officials await arrival of first car of Chisel Lake ore.



Ninth fairway and Clubhouse.



First car arriving at tipple.

No. 1 Green. John Chirka, Professional, holing out.



Car in process of tipping.

Half way over.





South Main Shaft by night.



Parliamentary group visits Flin Flon.



Opening Ceremonies—Calvary Lutheran Church.



First Service—Calvary Lutheran Church.



Legion District No. 1 Champions (Dauphin and North) Bantams.



Flin Flon Juvenile Champions.

Robert Osborne and Flin Flon Schools Orchestra.



Merry Christmas—Bottoms up.



WINNIPEG OFFICE

(Continued from page 15)

with holiday news. Of course, I haven't anything else to write about. Well, to start off with the individual who is most important to me, myself, I will use a few lines to tell you about my holidays and then, if there is any room left, I will fill it with the exciting holiday notes of my fellow employees.

Deciding to fulfil one of life's ambitions, I took off for Milwaukee and Chicago to watch some major league ball games. After watching the Pittsburgh Pirates clinch the pennant in Milwaukee, I travelled into Chicago to watch the White Sox in action for a few games before heading back to Winnipeg, stopping in Madison and Minneapolis along the way.

Erma Hamilton also took a motor trip this year travelling the Trans-Canada Highway to Ottawa and Montreal to visit relatives and then returning through the U.S.A. along the shores of the Great Lakes. Al Gillies went the other direction to Kelowna, B.C. for the Kinsmen National Convention and then stopped at several western cities on the return trip.

Mr. Roche certainly visited a variety of cities on his vacation, including Salt Lake City, Oakland, Philadelphia, New York and Montreal before attending a convention in Quebec City. Irene Schwartz was our most recent vacationer, having just returned with a lovely tan from two weeks in Miami Beach.

As the issue goes to press, Marj. Robertson is cruising somewhere between New York and Bermuda while Fairlye Atkinson, we hope, is either in Jamaica or the Barbados. Future plans include a trip for Nancy Hnatychan to Los Angeles and Las Vegas (watch the one-armed bandits); while Roy Enman plans to make his annual sojourn to the Grey Cup to watch the Blue Bombers win for the third successive year.

At present our office is divided down the middle, that is, in the words of Roy Enman, you are either a cultural snob or

a cultural slob. This all came about when the office staff had a chance to purchase a Sports Sampler book for five dollars which entitled you to over ninety dollars worth of entertainment. Included in the books, along with tickets for the usual sports, are tickets for the ballet, symphony, philharmonic choir, world adventure tours, and the celebrity series. I can hardly wait for the morning when I can listen to Stu Hayward and Bill Tindall discussing the pas de deux in last night's concert. But don't worry, you cultural slob, it's not too late to learn.

In the next few issues we, as they say in television, intend to depart from our regular format to bring you something a little different which we think you will find much more interesting than the usual garble with which we fill our page. So until then . . .

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND ALL THE BEST IN THE NEW YEAR

and if the Great Pumpkin wasn't good to you, let's hope Santa will be.

—Kent Morgan.

ELECTRICAL

(Continued from page 14)

We would like to welcome our two new apprentices, Barton Longmore and Keith Hill. Barton is the son of Eddie Longmore of the Smelter and Keith's father Harry, is in the Powerhouse Department. Good luck in the trade, boys.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all.

* * *

Then there was the tearful matron who phoned the reducing salon to wail that her husband had just given her a lovely present, and she couldn't get into it.

The operator gave her an appointment, and then added soothingly: "Don't worry, Madam, we'll have you wearing that dress in no time."

"Who said anything about a dress?" she sobbed. "It's a Volkswagen!"

RESEARCH

(Continued from page 34)

way and it is hoped we may have a winner that can challenge the holders of the departmental shield and make them supply the refreshments.

The Christmas season finds us all busy preparing for, then enjoying family reunions. The coming home of our young people is always one of the big joys of Christmas and our department is no exception. We do want to wish all our fellow workers and friends a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

GET YOUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS RIGHT

(Continued from page 27)

This last is the final objective of all efforts at habit formation, character building, and personality development—the joy of a new freedom and a new sense of power.

As you conquer one bad habit after another by gaining a new habit in its place, you do find yourself literally a new creature. You are not the same person you used to be. Your attitudes change, your sense of the things you value most in life changes. The aim of life is to gain self-control, that is, freedom to do as you please, and to please to do those things which the philosophers and thinkers, and also common men, have in all ages found to be wise and right.

For we find, in making these things the ingrained and effortless habits of our lives, the only road to peace and power and happiness.

An oil prospector, dying, went to heaven and applied for admission.

"Can't let you in," St. Peter told him. "Too many oil prospectors in here now."

The oil man pondered the refusal, then said: "If I could get a few of 'em out of there, would you let me in?"

"Yes," said the venerable doorkeeper; "but how are you going to manage it?"

"Let me in there for a few days, and

I'll show you," the oil prospector replied.

"Okay," said St. Peter. "I'll give you a chance."

The oil prospector came in, and whenever he could find another prospector he would take him aside and whisper: "Have you heard about the big oil strike in Hades?"

"No," the other would reply. And then he would hasten down to see it.

When the oil prospector had cleared a dozen men out of heaven, St. Peter said: "Okay, you can stay."

For a few days the new man seemed contented, then St. Peter found him walking about nervously, chewing his fingernails, and muttering to himself.

"What's the matter?" St. Peter asked.

"I don't think I'll stay here," the oil prospector replied. "I've been thinking there might be something to that story of mine after all. Guess I'll go down and see."

* * *

Build castles in the air; then put foundations under them. —THOREAU.

* * *

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident. —CHARLES LAMB.

* * *

Women are not much, but they are the best other sex we have.

—DON HEROLD in *Lilliput*, London.

* * *

If a woman cannot make her mistakes charming she is only female.

—OSCAR WILDE.

* * *

Wife: "Is everything shut up for the night, dear?"

Husband: "Everything else, dear."

—Windsor, London.

* * *

We have all read the story of the emotional butcher who once, when his nerves were unstrung, put his wife in the chopping machine and canned her and labelled her "Tongue."

—P. G. WODEHOUSE in *American Cavalcade*, Chicago.

