

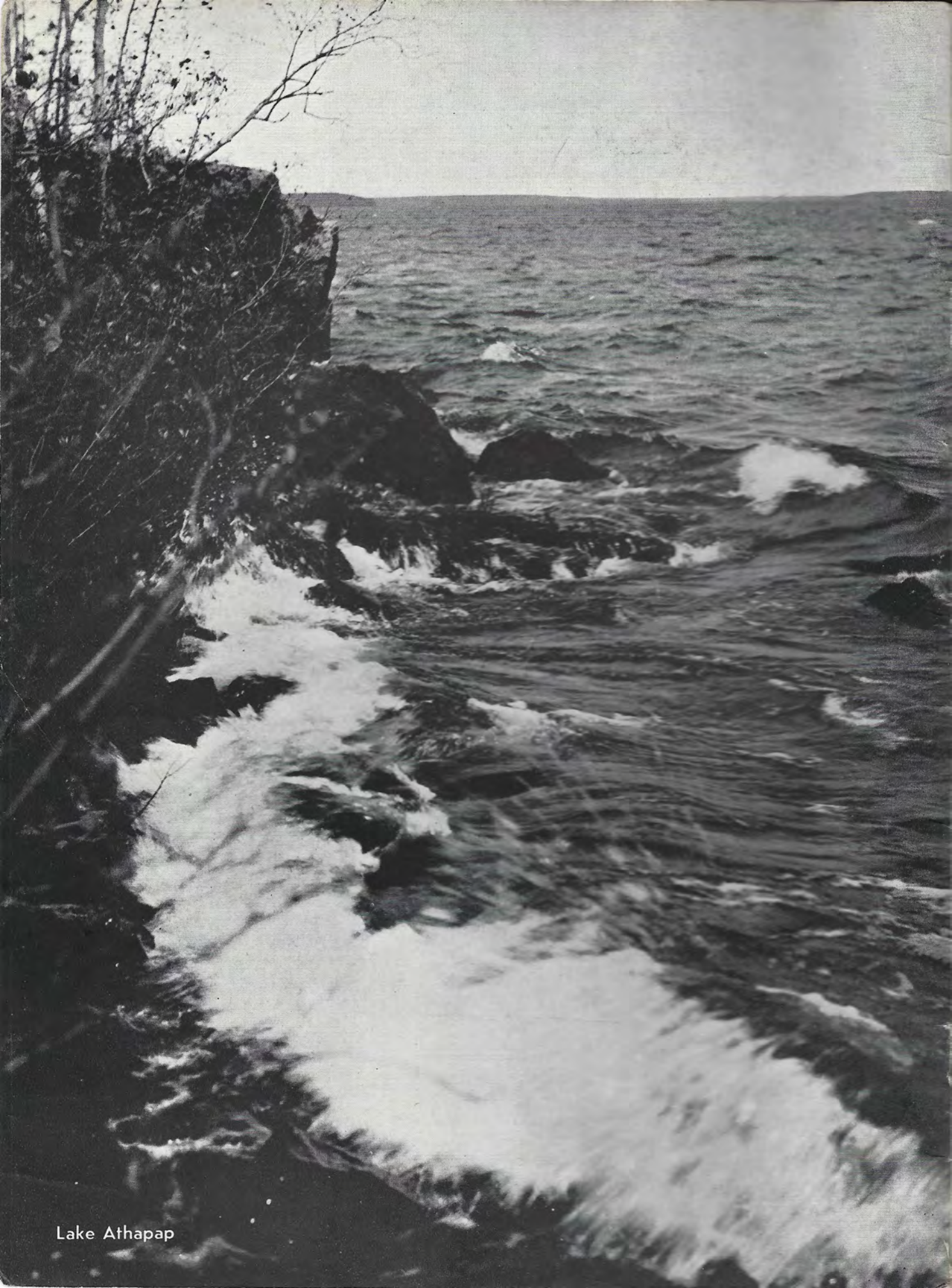
Northern Lights

PUBLISHED FOR THE EMPLOYEES OF THE

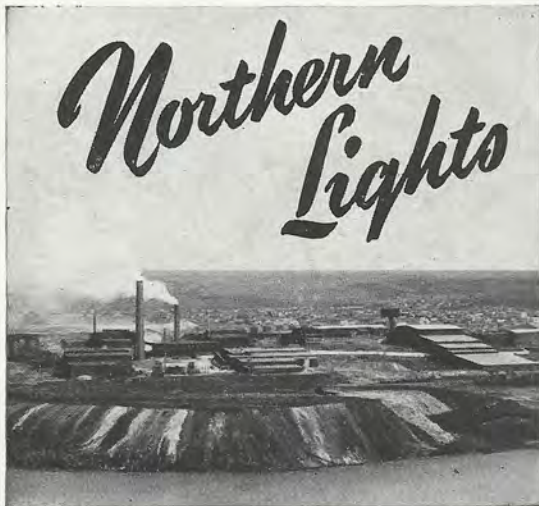
**HUDSON BAY
MINING AND
SMELTING CO.**

**L I M I T E D
NOVEMBER - 1943
VOL. 2 NO. 6**





Lake Athapap



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Flin Flon, Manitoba.

L. F. McDONALD, Editor

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VOL. 2 NOVEMBER, 1943 No. 6

EDITORIAL

★

War May Have Its Uses

DIFFICULT as it may be to believe that some good may come out of the evils of war, isn't it obvious that once we emerge from this muddle, we're all going to find life a bit less complicated? Men and women whose life histories consisted of one episode after another of thoughtless self-seeking, are cutting down on social pleasures as expressed in terms of driving an hour each way in order to spend more time and money than we can really afford for food and drinks we don't really need, and are finding it pays large dividends in sleep and rest and resultant good health. Many of the recreations which in some fashion or other, our fathers lived without, but which later generations have used to "pass the time away" seem somehow foolish and futile in these days when we're beginning to realize how very precious a day or an hour in a human life may be.

Nothing ever mattered to some people except the assurance that they would "enjoy life" even if that enjoyment cost hours of labor and other hours of anguish to the persons associated with them. Not necessarily evil, but usually selfish in the sense of blandly ignoring such old fashioned virtues as industry, thrift, and generosity, they stumbled through life with never a care for the morrow and achieved a certain distinction because they never allowed anything to worry them. These were men and women to whom dissipation, if only in the matter of pleasure-seeking, was the sum total of existence.

Even the youngsters, who should be permitted a few more years in which to grow up, are learning that no amount of restless, selfish fun-seeking will drive away the scepter of war.

It has always been true that the destiny of a nation was determined by the way of life followed by its citizens. We have turned away from much that was senseless and selfish, and it will be a very great pity if we ever return to the way of living that sought only pleasure and easy living.

War may have its uses!

NOTICE!

Employees wishing to have back copies of "Northern Lights" bound in black with gold leaf lettering, and who have their back copies can bring them in to the Publication Office. Volume 1 has issues 1 to 7, and Vol. 2 issues 1 to 6. The cost will depend on the number who desire this service. The quotation from the publishers is: 10 copies bound—\$2.00 each; 25—\$1.70 each, and 50—\$1.55 each, plus 8% sales tax.

There are no extra copies of Vol. 1 on hand but if employees are short any copies in Vol. 2 there are some issues on hand at the Publication Office. The deadline for bringing in copies is December 1st.

COMMUNITY CLUB

BILL DUNCAN



THE election of officers for the coming year resulted in the election of Buddy Simpson, Jack Allen, and Dave Lowe. Buddy Simpson, heading the poll, is elected for the two-year term and automatically becomes president next year. The H. B. M. & S. appointees to the board of directors are Howard McIntosh and Bill Kirkwood, and these with President Fraser Cowie complete the directorate. The retiring directors are Phil Row, Eric Austin, Bill Duncan, and Bert Pelletier.

Hockey is still in the problematic stage at the time of going to press with the possibility of a four team league comprising Regina Army, Saskatoon Navy, Yorkton Air Force and Flin Flon Bombers.

The Golf Club had its wind-up with the club championship going to Chuck Foster, who repeated last year's success by defeating Tommy Heyland in the finals. The handicap champion was George Sandford with Phil Row as runner-up.

Softball playoffs resulted in the surface team taking the trophy by defeating the Zinc Plant, who had in turn eliminated the Lab. team.

At a bang-up wind-up party, presentations were made from C.F.A.R. to the winners of the most valuable player awards for last year and this year. Jimmie Skinner was the recipient for 1942, and Gordon Smith for 1943.

★

DON'T HOLD OUT ON US, FOLKS!

If you have died, moved, eloped, married, sold out, been shot, been born, caught cold, been robbed, had a baby, been gyped, gone bugs, bought a car, been visiting, had company, stolen anything, gone to church, cut a new tooth, been snake bitten, bobbed your hair, learned to smoke, been horse-whipped, or done anything at all, tell us about it. We want news!

THE EDITOR.

★

"How are you going to get her back on an allowance," asked the voice on the bus, "after she's been on a payroll at 70 bucks a week?"

★

Visitor (in war plant): "Look at that youngster, the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette and trousers on. It's hard to tell whether it's a boy or a girl."

War Worker: "She's a girl and she's my daughter."

Visitor: "My dear sir, do forgive me. I would never have been so outspoken if I had known you were her father."

War Worker: "I'm not her father, I'm her mother."



Captain J. D. McNichol, well known to Flin Floners, with his four-year-old son. The two were reunited recently after Captain McNichol spending over three years overseas.

THE LEGION

G. F. CROSS



OUR members who are in the services again will recall that it was in 1939 that the Canadian Legion War Services Inc., was incorporated as a war-time subsidiary of the Canadian Legion and authorized by the Dominion Government to carry out educational, recreational, and personal services to Canadian forces on active service anywhere.

That we, who remain at home, may also be acquainted with what War Services is doing, the following summary will show clearly the vastness and extent of their activities:

Services from Oct., 1939, to Dec. 1939

Educational Services—Total registrations for courses of all kinds in Canada and overseas since the start of the plan.....	136,958
Personal Service Cases	322,791
Recreation huts, built, leased and operated	88
Recreation huts' attendance.....	20,735,437
Town recreation centres.....	12
Hostels owned and operated.....	7
Hostel beds occupied	117,267
Legion clubhouses used by service men	326
Attendance at Legion clubhouses	1,444,554
Canteens operated	88
Canteens' attendance	13,895,177
Libraries operated	1,187
Books in circulation	999,704
Magazines distributed	1,739,531
Notepaper distributed	36,162,048
Envelopes distributed	15 759,339
Concerts, dances and smokers held	17,681
Attendance at concerts, etc.....	4,037,225
Moving picture sound projectors operated	123
Moving picture performances.....	33,113
Attendance at moving pictures....	9,103,564
Religious services in Legion Huts	7,151

Attendance at religious services	1,059,845
Cigarettes distributed	39,503,100
Parcels, comforts, etc.	31,212
Mobile Canteens	20
Library Vans	2
Staff	575



A TRIBUTE

"There is something about death on active service which makes it different from common or ordinary death in the normal course of nature. It is accepted without question by the fighting men. Those they leave behind them are also conscious of a light of sacrifice and honor which plays around the grave or the tomb of the warrior. They are, for the time being, uplifted. This adds to their fortitude, but it does not in any way lessen their pain. Nothing can fill the awful gap, nothing can assuage or comfort the loneliness and deprivation which fall on the wife and children when the prop and centre of their home is suddenly snatched away. Only faith in a life after death, in a brighter world where dear ones will meet again—only that, and the measured tramp of time, can give consolation."

The occasion on which these words were spoken was that of the official tributes to the Duke of Kent. The speaker was Mr. Winston Churchill.



An employee in a war plant who had been putting in seven days a week until a recent change, had occasion one Sunday to punish his five year old son.

"What has happened?" asked the little fellow's mother as he came crying into the kitchen.

"Oh, that man who hangs around here on Sundays spanked me," sobbed the youngster.



What Every H.B.M. & S. Employee Should Know



"ZINC and copper . . . essential metals," ". . . production necessary for war effort," ". . . essential industry"—such are the stock phrases we hear on every hand these days in connection with base metal mining. What does all this mean when translated into concrete terms? Just how is the zinc and copper and cadmium we are turning out daily utilized in the implements of war? How are our seemingly small efforts helping the lads flying the planes over Europe's stormy skies, the sailors sweeping the seas of the Nazi sub menace, the soldiers driving back the deadly enemy step by step with tanks and guns of every variety? Important questions these—questions to which every employee should know the answer.

During the autumn, winter and spring of 1940-41 when the Germans were raining bombs on us night after night, we waited patiently for the time when we would be able to repay the debt—with interest.

We didn't know then, that all this time giant four-engined bombers were being built for the R.A.F. Nor did we know that zinc, copper and cadmium were playing an indispensable part in their construction. But so it was, and early in 1941, the Stirling went into action to be followed soon after by the Halifax and the Lancaster.

Each of these great machines is made of about 150,000 separate parts (not counting such things as rivets) and amongst them are many which contain or can't be made without the products of mines like the H.B.M. & S. For example, zinc is used for: Moulds on which are made scores of metal pressings for wing and tail panels, engine cowlings, fairings, exhaust manifolds, etc.; radio and telephone batteries; making brass for innumerable pipes, nuts, caps, unions, instruments, electrical and radio equipment, Browning gun feeder mechanism, gun buttons, ammunition, fire extinguishers, etc.

Cadmium is used for: Bearings in aircraft engines, giving them long life and staying power. Protecting the slides in

cockpit doors of the planes, keeping these doors in fast working condition to save lives of pilots in combat.

As for copper, do you realize that "in a single minute of combat, a flight of 50 fighter planes shoots away seven tons of copper"? This means hundreds of tons of ore! A ton of copper goes into every Flying Fortress, and when you consider that our giant bombers carry up to eight tons of bombs per trip and often include in their loads the huge 8,000 pounders which our American friends call "cookies" or "block busters" you begin to see why increased zinc and copper production is so urgent.

Now let's turn our thoughts for a few moments to the "high seas." Without zinc there would be no warships. In a 35,000 ton battleship there are only about 500 tons of zinc—1½% of the total weight—but the ship wouldn't be much good without it. Zinc and copper are both essential ingredients in the brass and bronze which is used to make some of the most important parts of any warship. For instance, these metals figure prominently in the main propelling machinery and propellers; in valves of all descriptions; in electrical and radio equipment; in gun mountings and gun mechanisms; in shaft glands; in small castings; in compass platforms and instruments and in many more things without which a battleship could not go to sea.

Zinc is used too to protect the steel hull against corrosion and for the same reason steel ropes are coated with zinc.

Zinc alloy die castings are used for radio and electrical parts.

Then there is the ammunition for the guns, which involves both copper and zinc. All naval guns up to and including the 5.25 inch gun use brass cartridge cases containing 30% of zinc.

Cadmium enters the picture again for it is an essential element in special brazing solders needed by the Navy in building its ships.



If you take a look at the picture of the interior of a submarine on these pages, you will get some idea of the intricate maze of machinery, instruments and equipment to be found in the hull. To describe it all is impossible in less than a 1000 pages, but amongst the masses of machinery there are innumerable brass and bronze parts which can't be made without zinc and copper. The periscopes, for instance, and the wireless mast and its hoist—the eyes and ears of a submarine—have many important parts containing these metals. So have the conning tower—and the hull ventilation valves—and the main tank valves—and the bow caps—and compasses and other instruments—and electrical gear—and many more important parts.

Last, but most certainly not least, comes the army. Believe it or not "An army



What Every H. B. M. & S. Employee Should Know

(Continued)

without copper would not last a day in battle!" Do you find that hard to swallow? Well, when you realize that a 37 mm. anti-aircraft gun uses up a ton of copper every twenty minutes it is in operation, that 600 pounds of copper go into every medium tank, that the Signal Corps alone needs 5,000 tons of copper every month for radio and telegraphic and telephonic equipment, you can see why an army without copper would be an army without speed, manoeuvrability or firepower. Zinc too is important—in these all important tanks it is used for:

Making zinc base alloys for drive gears, fuel pump bodies, radio and electrical parts, carburetors, fan pulleys, periscope parts, gearbox parts, camshaft bearings, fuse parts for shells, etc.

Making brass for petrol and water tanks, oil coolers, bearings, tubing, gaskets, radi-

ator tubes, electrical equipment, gun and machine gun cartridge cases, etc.

Protecting exposed metal parts against rust.

Cells in dry batteries.

In addition zinc dust is used for making filling for smoke screen cartridges. Cadmium protects small springs and other vital working parts of engines and other Army equipment. It keeps the fuse parts in hair-trigger working order in shells and bombs and cadmium pigments sensitize gas detection paper to warn our forces and prevent surprise.

Yes, anyone working in a base metal industry can feel justifiably proud of the part he or she is playing in the fight for freedom. No tanks, no warships, no planes without zinc, copper and cadmium—no victory without tanks, warships and planes!



MEANING OF OFFICIAL PHRASES

Under consideration: Never heard of it.

Under active consideration: Will have a shot at finding the file.

Has received careful consideration: A period of inactivity covering a time lag.

Have you any remarks? Give me some idea of what it's all about.

That project is in the air: Am completely ignorant of the subject.

You will remember: You have forgotten or never knew, because I don't.

Transmitted to you: You hold the bag a while—I'm tired of it.

Concur generally: Haven't read the docu-

ment and don't want to be bound by anything I say.

In conference: Gone out—I don't know where he is.

Kindly expedite reply: For Pete's sake try and find the papers.

Passed to higher authority: Pigeon-holed in more sumptuous office.

In abeyance: A state of grace for a disgraceful state.

Appropriate action: Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

Giving him the picture: Long, confusing and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.

ISLAND FALLS

BILL SOUTHWORTH



ABOUT the middle of August Ernest Tyler, formerly of the Mandy Mine gang, came up to take over duties in our commissary. Cece Finch and C. Boyd also arrived here about August 15th to make some alterations to our recreation hall. Frank Brazier is another Flin Flon employee who spent most of this summer with us; incidentally we understand Frank feels he has now completely mastered the Cree language. Miss Jean McKay of Canora, Sask., is our new school teacher. Early in August Wilfred Guymer was transferred here from Flin Flon. Wilf took over the transportation and store room job from Frank Ryan who went to the R.C.A.F. and at time of writing is stationed at Lachine, Quebec. Dorrie Thacker and family also left us about this time for Winnipeg. Other departures include Bill Lloyd from our staff kitchen back to Mandy Mine and Kirby Wathen of our guard staff to the guard staff in Flin Flon. It's good to see Gus Henning back on the job at the staff kitchen after undergoing an operation in the company hospital. Our good friend Albert Condon is still in the company hospital and has been for the past five months. We hope he will soon be back on the job.

After a complete fade-out last issue, the vital statistics department has staged quite a come back. On August 11th, Gertrude Johnson and Sgt. Joe Kuzienski, of the U.S. Army, were married here by the Rev. R. B. Horsefield. Mr. and Mrs. Victor N. Myrvold became the proud parents of a baby daughter, Joanne Louise, on August 1st, and on August 9th, the stork paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. Gordon Parker and left a lovely little daughter, Beverley Gaye. On September 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Spencer were blessed by the arrival of a fine brand new baby whom they have named William Hugh.

Over the week-end of August 28th we had the pleasure of the annual visit of 16 members of the Welfare Board and on the first week-end in September we enjoyed a visit from eleven members of the Flin Flon Board of Trade.

★

Dad to Small Son—
'Tis none of your business how I met your mother. But I can tell you one thing, it certainly cured me of whistling!

★

Horse sense is that quality in a horse that keeps him from betting on a man.

★

Zeke says his idea of an understanding wife is one who has the pork chops grilled ready when a man comes in from fishing.

★

"Hey," cried Satan to a new arrival, "you act as if you owned this place."

"I do," said the new arrival, "my wife gave it to me before I came."

★

When an article is priced at \$4.98 it sounds less than \$5.00 to every member of the family except the poor old fellow who has to pay for it.



Stewart Russell poses with his nephew, Dall, while home on leave recently.



Newlyweds Sgt. and Mrs. Joe Kuzienski



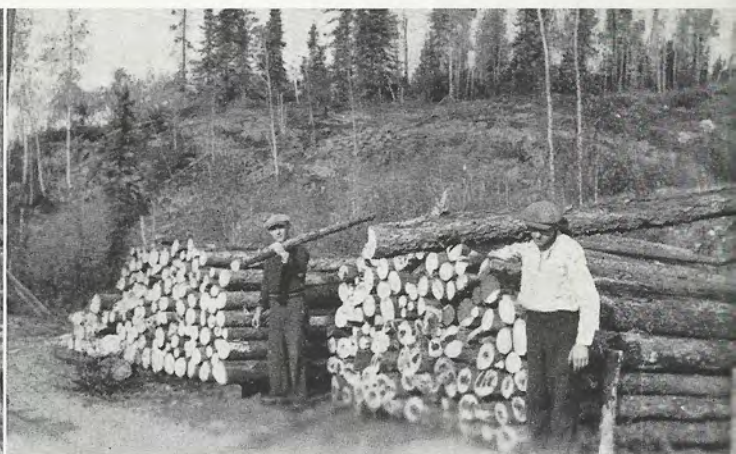
Ready to go.



On the way.



Men at work.



Piling the wood.



Riding the logs.



Unloading the wood into trucks.



A good day's work.



Almost there.



Scene of action.



The Browning at work.



Homeward bound.

WOOD CUTTERS

OWING to the national fuel shortage, and the difficulty there always is in Flin Flon to obtain wood until the lakes and muskegs are frozen over, the Employees' Welfare Board interviewed the Company officials regarding the possibility of employees cutting wood along the flux line. The Company gave its sanction to the proposal and agreed to load the wood with the Browning crane and haul it to Flin Flon. The employees then took out permits with the Saskatchewan Department of Natural Resources, the limit being seven cords per employee.

There was so much talk around the plant about the woodcutting that the editor and Bob Ash, armed with cameras, journeyed out to the scene of action on Sunday, October 3rd, and were astounded to see about

150 men armed with Swede saws, buck saws, hand-made saw frames and axes of every description ready for the fray. We have tried with these pictures to give you an idea of the way the boys are helping out the national fuel conservation program, as well as supplying themselves with much needed fuel for the coming winter at a very low cost.



"See if you can laugh that one off!" as the fat man's wife said, wiring a button onto his vest!



The young lady saluting so snappily on the inside back cover is Penny, daughter of Lieut. and Mrs. Allan Harder.

SAFETY DEPARTMENT

LES CROUCH

WANTED—MORE FIRST AIDERS!



DOES anybody here know something about First Aid?" Practically every person reading these words has heard that question. It may have been at the scene of an automobile accident, or at a camp at the lake, or at our next door neighbor's, or it might have been on some job. How helpless we felt if we could do nothing.

But what a feeling of satisfaction came if we were able to help in case of emergency, particularly if a life was saved or permanent injury was averted. Perhaps we arrived at the scene of the accident as other would-be helpers were trying to lift an injured person into another car, or get him to his feet, without first seeing what might be wrong with him. Very many people who know nothing of First Aid seem to think that if an injured person can be helped to sit up and then get to his feet, there is nothing serious wrong. What crimes are committed because of this idea: simple injuries are converted to serious ones, and serious accidents are often converted to fatalities by such mishandling.

First Aid is not hard to learn; there is nothing involved about it. We learn simply how to look after an injured person and make him comfortable until a doctor comes, or how to fix him up so that injuries will not be aggravated while we take him to a doctor. And sometimes it may be that instead of helping somebody else, we may have to tell others what to do for us. Even if we do not remember it all, at least we would remember what not to do, and thus prevent further damage.

It is good to see that, through the efforts of the St. John Ambulance Association, the Red Cross, and the U.S. Bureau of Mines,

First Aid is being more widely taught each year. Boy Scouts learn it too, and it is being taught to some extent in the upper grades of many schools as part of the subject "Physiology." As their number has increased, and First Aiders have shown what they can do, the number of jokes about them has suffered a serious decline.

Because a knowledge of First Aid is so valuable to every person, whether it be at home, on the job, or on vacation, we would like to see more men and women attending First Aid classes.



The Great Menace

I've eliminated more men than all the wars, though frightful they have been; I've ruined more lives, and wrecked more homes, than drink or plague has seen. I've spared no one—the rich, the poor, they're all alike to me; the young, the old, the weak, the strong—whatever they may be.

I cast my shadow everywhere—in city, town or farm. You'll always find me lurking around where I can do most harm. Even the little tots at school, so innocent and gay, I've stricken by my power, because they crossed my way.

Yet, strange to say, my strength is known, they've printed signs, "Beware," "Look out" for me, and other things, but no one seems to care, so I go on my merry way, whilst others pay the cost and every day, and every hour, through me some lives are lost.

A prince of robbers too, I am; in fact I have no peer—I steal more than three hundred million dollars every year. I give to none, I take from all; I crush, I maim, I kill, and do my work relentlessly and also with much skill. Millions of cripples have I made, to all I bring distress; this is my daily work in life—my name is Carelessness.—"Stanreco News."



Miss Mary Clarke, of the Winnipeg Office was an attractive visitor at Island Falls this summer.



Vi Weir.



Shirley Pattie on vacation.

WINNIPEG OFFICE

ROY ENMAN



SUMMER vacations for the majority of our staff are now but pleasant memories for another twelve months and will no doubt provide some solace during the sub-zero weather, particularly if the holiday was spent lolling on some pleasant beach with the temperature hovering around ninety degrees.

Shirley Pattie spent her vacation on Lake Winnipeg, dividing her time between Grand Beach and Sandy Hook, and reports an enjoyable time, pleasant and interesting company and excellent weather, except possibly for a certain lake crossing in a fairly light boat.

Betty Smith of the Accounting Department visited Clear Lake for her holiday, and judging by her healthy outdoor appearance on her return, managed to get the most out of her vacation.

Mary Clarke decided to travel northward and see for herself some of the beauty spots in and around Flin Flon and Island Falls, pictures of which we have had the pleasure of seeing in various issues of "Northern Lights." Mary is quite convinced that this scenery is very real and that pictures do not do its justice. She was the guest of the Bill Southworths at Island Falls and says she had an excellent holiday.

Regina, Saskatchewan, was the object of Anne Frederickson's travelling, where she visited friends for about a week. Some of

these western cities sure seem to have attractions.

Reg. Blake had a Cook's tour of southwestern Manitoba, reporting a trip with his wife and family to Waskada and Kenora. Possibly this trip could also be described as an "AA Gas Ration" tour. In any event, Reg. says they enjoyed the trip and holiday very much.

There was a rumor to the effect that portions of the Lake of the Woods were completely fished out during August, and we were quite ready to believe the story, knowing that A. V. Gibbons and family were holidaying in the Minaki district. Apparently though it was only a rumor, as Mr. Gibbons admitted that while he had done some fishing, he was sure that he had left a few of the bigger ones. The Gibbons family then visited Victoria Beach on Lake Winnipeg for a few days during which time several games of golf were enjoyed.

Since publication of the last issue of the magazine, we have had the pleasure of welcoming Miss Vi Weir as a member of our staff. Vi is no stranger to our fellow employees at Flin Flon, she having worked for the Company there for approximately eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ayre and son Donald also spent their vacation at Victoria Beach, where golf is apparently an institution, and at Granite Lake in the Lake of the Woods district.

TO THE LADIES

By N. H.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

I CAME across a very interesting article the other day in the Magazine Digest on how to pick wives by the point system (by a man, needless to say!). The author, Mr. Woodhead, reduces what he terms the great lottery of marriage to scientific accuracy. Here are some of the main points you have to measure up to ladies to be the perfect wife! The most important consideration is companionship. Of the 500 points required for a perfect score, 105 are allotted to this. This resolves itself into two main items—are you considerate and are you fun, each of which qualities rates 20 points. Still under the companionship heading comes generosity, which rates 10 points only as it is partially included under “consideration.” Loyalty gets 10 points too, then agreeableness, forgiveness and tolerance come next, getting 8 points each. Justice gets 7, willingness to compromise and cheerfulness each 5 points, initiative 4. (Initiative requires that you do not always sit and let him make the suggestions.) Evidently if you have all these qualities you're one in a thousand. But Mr. Woodhead advises his male readers to wait. They are trying to find the girl in a million!

The next main point is intelligence, to which are allotted 90 points. First on this list is tact, rating 15 points, then talent with 10 points, knowledge of books 10 points, critical ability from an artistic standpoint 10 points. (That means that you don't necessarily like the same things, but you must be able to support your views.) Taste and logic get 8 points each, education is worth 7. (Too much education in comparison with the man's is as much a drawback as too little.) The trio of music, art and games score 5 each.

After intelligence comes disposition, rating 80. Kindliness gets a good 20 of this, affection 15, domesticity 10 (knack of

homemaking and contentment with home life). Equability, sympathy and friendliness are worth 8, humility 7, demonstrativeness 4. Breeding can be left out or if considered important put at 45, religion 5, and beauty if not discounted may be worth 45. Under this heading taste scores 10, figure 8, face, legs and height 5 each, make-up 6, hair 3 if exceptional, 1 if slightly mousey. You may get 3 points if exceptionally striking-looking.

Health is worth 45, dancing 20. If he can dance, it is important that you should dance well, if he can't it is equally important that you don't. Conversation rates 30 with subtlety counting 10, ability to keep something to yourself 8, a talent for silence 7, and wit 5. If your amusement tastes are the same as his, you get 20 points. But hold on, gals. You're only half way through your test—there are a number of points which disqualify you from being a perfect wife. If you are selfish or nagging you get 50 points deducted for each; if you whine over minor things 50 off, and ditto for giving excessive advice. If you are very lazy you get 30 knocked off; excessive vanity deprives you of 25 points, untidiness 15, jealousy and cattiness 10 each. Being too neat and always putting things away where a man can't find them loses you 10 points.

According to Mr. Woodhead 400 points is a passing score. Between 300 and 350 (he says most girls will be in this group) you are definitely out; between 350 and 400 you are worth investigating for a time. Above 400 is definitely the marriage line; between 470 and 485 he is to marry you right away. If your score is over 485, Mr. Woodhead advises the men to forget you—you're married already!

Well, how did you make out? Yes, that was my thought too—I wish somebody would make up a point system for husbands. I bet they wouldn't pass either!

5 WAYS TO SAVE YOUR WARDROBE

1. To keep all-leather heels from getting dingy put a coating of clear nail polish over the heels and leather toes. It does a fine job of protecting the finish.

2. To keep an accordeon-pleated skirt in press, draw over it the leg of an old stocking from which the foot has been cut. Hold the skirt tightly in one hand and draw the stocking down over it.

3. To save making holes or pulling threads in cloth when you wear a heavy pin or clip, fold a small piece of cloth under the spot where you pin the ornament.

4. Dry clothes with hooks and eyes as quickly as possible. The new hooks and eyes don't rust easily, but they aren't completely rustproof like the pre-war variety.

5. For frayed tips of shoelaces: cut off the threads, dip the end into clear or light nail polish and let dry. Remember, metal tips will be scarce!



SIROCCO

Where the careless winds blow dry and hot

There waits a woman by God forgot.
Her eyes are glazed, her lips are sere;
Mark how a single, patient tear
Comes all unbidden to her eyes,
Falls slowly—and as slowly dries!
Ah, why must the woman pay the price,
And where is the end of her sacrifice?
Certainly not in this trial by fire
Under the beauty-parlor drier.

—Telephone Echo.



TASTY TIDBITS

You know, I'll wager there isn't a person that doesn't enjoy a delicious ham, and I've found it isn't extravagant either, because the left-over portions lend themselves to such an infinite variety of interesting dishes. For instance I bought a small picnic ham last week and here's what I did with it:

Sunday: Baked the major portion of it in the oven after covering it with a tasty paste made with 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tps. dry mustard and 3 tps. vinegar, and sticking in whole cloves here and there. The result was drool-icious.

Monday: I put the unbaked ham slice I had saved in a casserole, covered with thinly sliced onion and potato, seasoned it and added milk and baked one hour in a moderate oven.

Tuesday: I diced some of Sunday's baked ham, and cooked it in a casserole with macaroni (pre-cooked), grated cheese and tomato sauce (canned tomato soup does nicely), the whole topped with buttered crumbs. This is my favorite.

Wednesday: I made patties with the diminishing remains, by grinding the ham fine, adding creamy mashed potatoes, shaping into little cakes, dipping in beaten egg and rolling in corn flake crumbs. Then I fried them in butter and onions. To make these especially tasty try adding bits of green or red pepper to the ham and potato mixture. If your hubbie is like mine, he'll really go for this.

After all this, I still had enough ham left to make sandwiches (with home-made mustard) when some friends dropped in to call on Thursday night. And believe it or not, we still weren't sick of ham!



Some boys in Kansas City were showing a Texas rancher the town.

"What do you think of our stockyards?" they asked him.

"Oh, they're all right, but we have branding corrals in Texas that are bigger," he said.

That night they put some snapping turtles in his bed. When he had turned back the cover, he asked what they were.

"Missouri bed bugs," they replied.

"He peered at them a moment. "So they are," he agreed, "Young uns, aren't they?"

An Assayer's Dream

BILL LEWTHWAITE



AN ASSAYER sat in the balance-room. After a late night he was feeling somewhat dull, and in a dreamy contemplative mood. As the minutes passed by and "tempus" continued to "fugit," the glare of the huge electric light globe overhead became fainter and still fainter. Casting his eyes in front of his balance, the assayer could see a map, and in his imagination he pictured himself travelling among the Islands of the Pacific.

Here was a green verdure clad gently sloping country coming down almost to the water's edge but ending abruptly in a stretch of glistening white sand upon which the surf rumbled with a regular monotonous roar.

The tropical winds gently parted the jungle trees and a scantily clad figure came into view stepping stealthily, almost like a jungle creature stalking its prey. Upon closer examination the figure was seen to be that of a woman, and a very Diana of the forest she seemed as she stood there with a sun-bronzed skin, large black eyes and long dark hair.

A sudden shrill yell rent the tropic air, and racing along the coral beach came a wild-looking apparition which turned out to be that of Dick Mainwaring, pursued by Don Fryer and George Lachance, clad in what had once been spotless white ducks.

Stepping out from the trees, the girl suddenly confronted the wildly dashing figures, who upon perceiving her, immediately took a jump of 4,375 feet (approximately) into the air and fell down onto the sand in a dead faint. Undecided for a moment or two, she pondered as to the best course to follow. Just then a tribe of assayers came around a bend of the shore, headed by Roy Sanders. They were all black with soot and were holding in their midst an enormous stewing pot. In

this cauldron there was bound the figure of Frank Schnieder.

As the group came closer another figure stepped from the jungle and Phil D'Ab-laing came up to the boys, asking in a thundering voice what they intended doing with their victim. To this query he was told that they were going to hang Frank for giving an after-lunch speech on Whip-pets which had lasted 16.9 minutes, this time being just two minutes longer than the allotted time for such speeches.

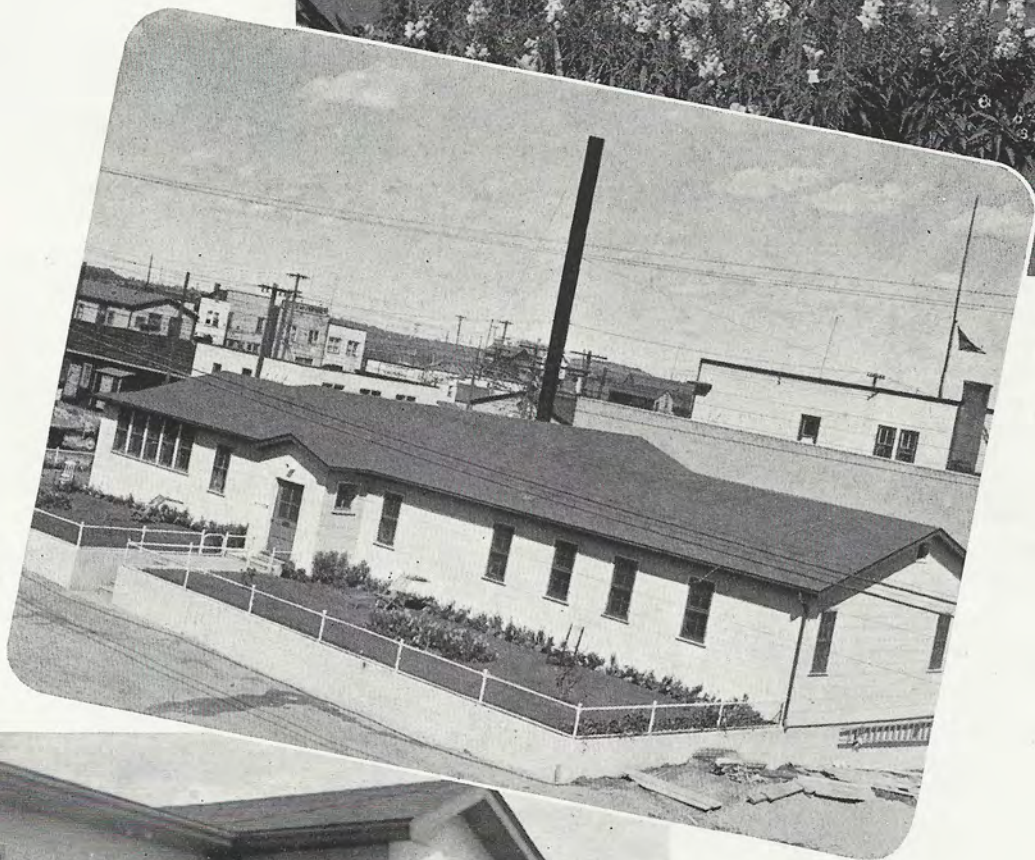
Taking a pocket lighter (prices on application) Gordon Williams essayed to set fire to a few sticks of driftwood lying on the shore. When the fire was burning well, Gord toppled over onto the sand—his lighter had worked!

The boys had placed the cauldron on the fire and Frank was commencing to sizzle, when Harry Grose dropped from the sky in a dazzling green-and-gold parachute. "Eureka! I have found it," quoth he. "What?" chorused the group. "A specie of ARCTOSTAPHYLOS UVA URSI (LY-TORTLYIDOS)," he cried in answer, holding aloft a beaker containing a hard-boiled egg. Whereupon the boys waxed exceedingly wroth and threw him into a nearby pit to keep Tommy Warren company, as Tommy had become very lonesome by himself studying fire-assaying.

Then after telling Gordon Martin to come down from his perch in the top of a waving palm tree, where he had been busy examining the biennial fronds of a species of PSCROPHULARIACECE, the assayers moved down the beach, and commenced to make plans for annihilating the Research Department.

Suddenly, like a clap of thunder, Arnie's voice broke in upon the assayer's day dream, and he awoke to the fact that he was being asked to run a special set of Mandy ore samples.

*The
"Company"
Hospital*



*Some shots of the
attractive grounds
of the Flin Flon
Medical Service
building.*



FLIN FLO

- (1) Bird's eye view of Ross Lake, 84, and Birchview residential districts.
- (2) Another view from Ross Lake Hill.
- (3) 11 Church St., home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe McCormick, with Fraser Cowie's house on the left.
- (4) Cor. Bracken and Danard St. Sig Ingimundson is the owner of this classy model.
- (5) 105 Tweedsmuir St. Looks as though Wilf. Camsel is going in for trees.
- (6) 51 Main St. "The Maple Leaf Apartments"—not owned by a company employee but houses a number of them, including





N HOMES

Charlie Hillman, Dave Lowe,
Josie Reinhardt, John Kuhny.

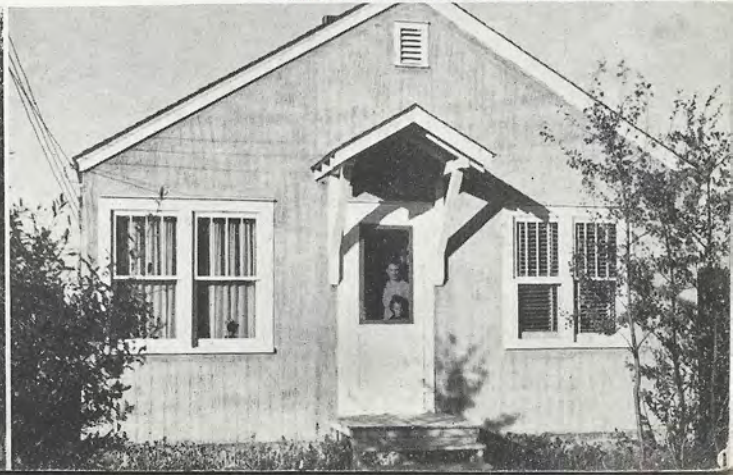
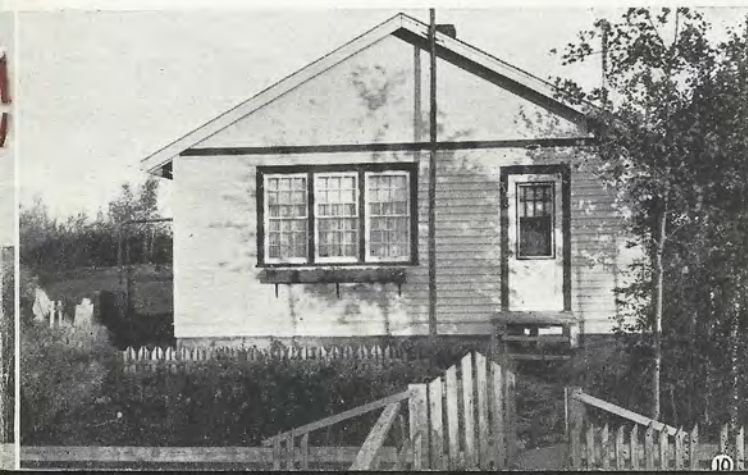
(7) Burke St. Fred Parrish is taking things easy in front of his home.

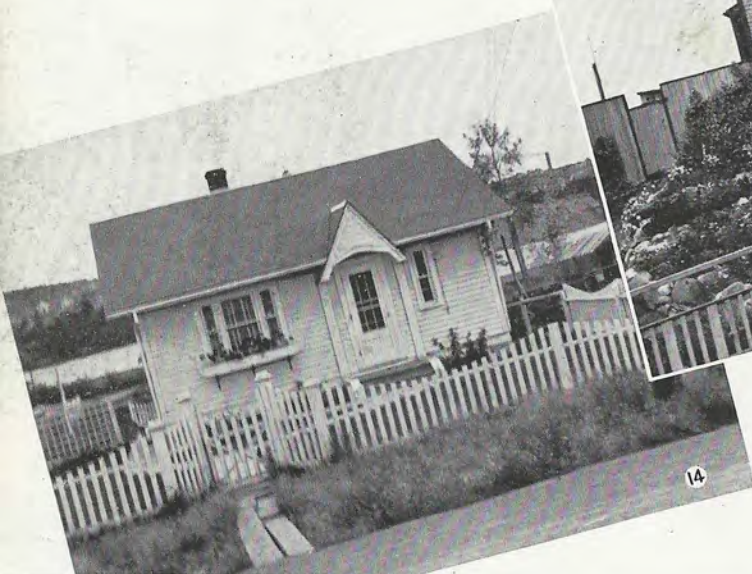
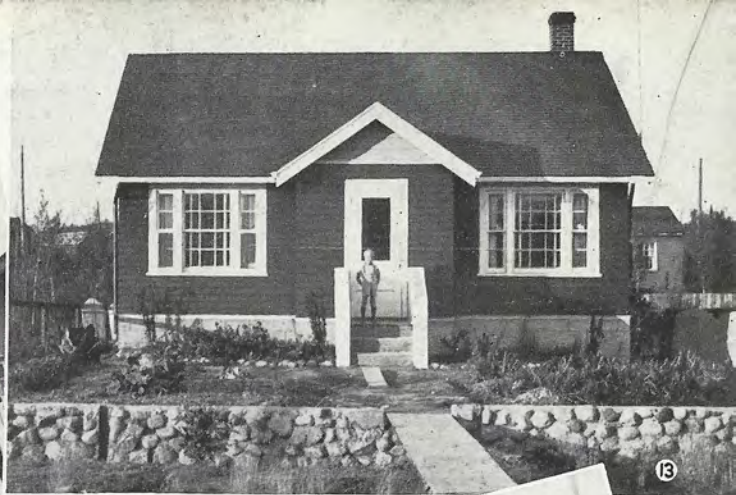
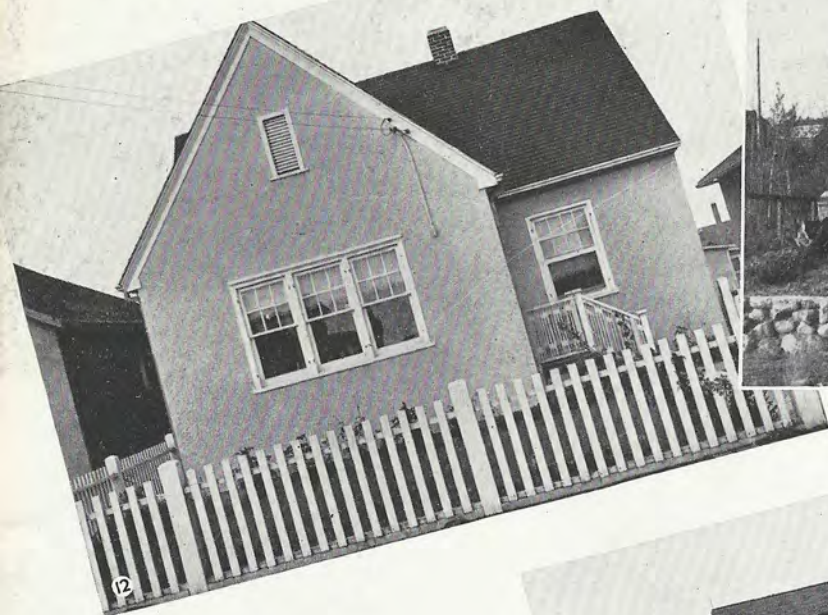
(8) Cor. Phelan and Whitney. Cam Spice's home. The picture does not do justice to the lovely flowers in his garden.

(9) 13 Bay St. It's taken Jack Stevens 7 years to make his place look like this.

(10) 211 Whitney St. Tom Hunter's winter residence; he lives at Big Island in the summer.

(11) 26 Phelan St. Mrs. Bob Ash and Arlene in the doorway of their home.





Glin Glin Homes

- (12) Hill St. Nice stucco bungalow belonging to Frank Allen.
- (13) 28 Anderson Ave. Jerry Warren standing on the front steps of his dad's home.
- (14) Tweedsmuir St. Hal Anderson's home. This place has to be seen to be appreciated.
- (15) Ross St. Alf Gloerson's rock garden is one of the town's real beauty spots. That's Art Young's home off to the right.
- (16) 74 Boam St. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Boam's home.



Stephanie Hough, of Winnipeg, now brightens the Time Office with her presence.



A very attractive corporal is Agnes Imrie of the R.C.A.F.-W.D. Agnes used to work in the Personnel Office.



Judging by this snap, Anna Lewis and Ann Ryan had a very satisfactory holiday at Clear Lake.

MAIN OFFICE

BUD JOBIN



IF personalities make the news, then we've got news, what with vacations, new employees and farewells.

The birth of a son is always big news, and to Millie and Bob McLachlan goes the gold medal with the birth of James Robert.

The silver medal goes to Harold Vance, who went harvesting for his vacation and returned with a bride—many years of happiness to you both.

Seen recently within the hallowed walls of the Main Office were Kris Thorsteinson and Ralph Bloomfield, both on a short leave. Recent vacationists were Vic Howell, Freda Watts, down Winnipeg way; Ann Lewis, Ann Ryan, and Kay Allin to Clear Lake; Lila Scharf to Saskatoon; Larry Johnson off on a shoot; Marty Cullen and Philomene Floch to points east, and Vera Tweedy and Jean Dow to the Coast.

No less than nine persons have left our premises since September. Catherine Roche returned to university in Winnipeg, Catherine Carr has gone to Designing School in New York, Irene McTaggart and Dorothy Simons have moved to the west Coast, Helen Satkowski departed with a job in Washington looming ahead, Ted Bird and Jack McInnes are doing a bit of college studying at Wilcox, Sask., Barbara Munro has left for points east after four years service with the Company, and last but not least, Jean Kirkbride has temporarily terminated her temporary employment.

To our ranks have come Joyce Johnson and Stephanie Hough to the Time Office, Joan Montgomery to the Personnel Office, and Jean Morrice (sister of Sand [unclear] [unclear] rate (tie and all) has moved in on us from the Mine Office.



Jean Morrice, another winsome addition to the Main Office staff.



Joyce Johnson, new Time Office asset.



Signalman Gordon Waldmo, R.C.S.C., looks pretty proud of that fine son of his, Gordon, Jr.



Vi Scobie (Mrs. Gordon Scobie), efficient Zinc Plant Office employee.



Trooper C. Rollinson with his wife, while on furlough.

ZINC PLANT

ZINC CASTING

RALPH CAMPBELL



OUTSIDE of being somewhat short of men, everything is going very smoothly in the Casting Plant.

Nick Brodach has a load of wood home. A fair number of us are sorry we do not live next to Nick these dark nights. We wonder who it was that had to get a case of "Elephant Milk" for the piano movers—or else.

We hear that Don Moffatt is still at Esquimalt. To all ex-C.P. men in the services, we send our greetings and best of luck.

ZINC LEACHING

H. L. BOOKER



THOUGH news seems to be scarce right about now, there is one bright spot—we should be eating wild goose and duck when reading this. Yes, Carl Finch is off on another shoot and past performance proves he really brings them down.

A letter from Sgt. "Dink" Wright tells of an interesting trip through war production plants in England. High spot of the trip was the sight of metals produced in Flin Flon. Dink writes: "Your metals are very badly needed here. Keep up the good work, Gang."

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bill McCullum on the arrival of a son. Everyone is doing fine.

ZINC ROASTERS

GUS GILLIES



WE welcome to our midst several new men, including O. Miller, M. Parchaluk, F. Schanoski, and G. Prosser. At time of writing Fred Sales is awaiting his Navy call, and George Taylor has left for the Army. Best luck to you both.

Our new Welfare Board representative is Bob Locker.

The Zinc Roaster crew were grieved recently by the death of George Sedlacek. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to his family.

ZINC PLANT

ZINC TANKHOUSE

ANDY MAXWELL



SOME folks say that no news is good news, but in the case of a reporter such as yours truly it is bad news, and if somebody (this includes the ladies) doesn't give out with some items and a few pictures—don't forget you get a dollar for each one—this column is going to get some severe criticism from the editor. So come on lads and lassies, let's have some of those pictures and save your reporter some embarrassing moments. Well, so much for that—now for what I have got.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jules Neilsen on the recent arrival of a bouncing baby boy.

The tankhouse stripping crew lost another of its old-timers in the person of Chuck Warren, who left to join the R.C.A.F. early in October. Our best wishes go with him and also to Lloyd Sorensen who is going to try his luck with the army.

Paul Marsollier and Olie Sorensen arrived home from a shooting and I believe a wood-cutting expedition. Paul says that they had a very successful shoot, but I didn't hear anything about the wood-cutting.

We have heard rumors that Charlie Danard is arranging another dance for the gang. If it comes off in time for the next issue, will give you the highlights of it.

As most of you know, Ed Purdy left some time ago for B. C. where he has taken up fruit farming. Last week the gang received a gift of some of Ed's apples and you can take it from me, Ed, the gang sure enjoyed biting into them!



BUILDERS, WE

"I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and the sidewall fell.
I asked the foreman, 'Are these men
skilled,
As the men you'd hire if you had to build?'
He gave me a laugh and said: 'No, indeed!
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two

What builders have taken a year to do.'
"And I thought to myself as I went my way,
Which of these roles have I tried to play?
Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule and square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well-made
plan
Patiently doing the best I can?
Or am I a wrecker, who walks the town,
Content with the labor of tearing down?"



A happy looking pair are Mrs. N. Brodach and her son, Nicholas Antony.



Earl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Art Simms.



This lovely young lady is Marjorie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hall.



Two bright young laddies are Jackie and Bernard, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Jack McLeod.



"Cook in Action" . . . Jimmy drives a beauty down the fairway.



We shall miss Alixe Lamont who is leaving us to return to her home at Brandon.

MACHINE SHOP

MARGARET McDONALD



A STATEMENT often made about the Shop once ran thus: "Well we can't lose any more men to the Forces now—there just aren't any left to go."

However, the above has been proven incorrect time and again. As usual we have representatives of the relatively "old timers" leaving, and both men are joining the Blue Jackets. Hugh Reid has been accepted by the R.C.N.V.R. along with Stan White of the Power House and to both these men who have been here for a number of years we wish the best of luck. Not to be left unheard of, the feminine roll-call will now show a negative check opposite Alixe Lamont's name. She too is leaving to journey south; however, she claims that there is something about the north that just "gets you." While you will be missed at your "wicket," Alixe, and we are sorry to see you go, our wishes for the very best of luck go along with you also.

For some time the thought ran through many minds hereabouts that our Shop Service men had just forgotten about a certain town called Flin Flon. Rather than confirm this, the Navy decided to prove we were wrong, for along came two of the Pipe Shop men home on leave. Bill Dor-

ton was home on sick leave visiting relatives and Vic Bowe's son Walt, came all the way from Halifax for two weeks leave—those sisters looked mighty proud of the Navy man in their family.

Upon looking at our Timebook, we find many names with that familiar black line through them, denoting their departure. We have lost, namely, F. Becan, A. Boro-dey, M. Beck, F. Wright, V. Rollings, N. Focht, T. Rennett, A. Shannon, C. Shannon, E. Demarski, E. Bergenstein, C. Wiest, and R. Kirkpatrick. Although all the vacancies have not been filled, we have acquired several new faces in the Shop. O. Smith has been transferred from the Mill, N. McGregor, a new employee, can be found in the Toolroom and the familiar face of Harry Elliott, who was well known around the Plant, is also present. Captain Elliott was employed here prior to enlisting in the Armed Forces.

Word has just been received of the recent marriage of one of the famous "Boiler-shop Apprentices." Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gordie Stevenson who are at present in Kingston, Ontario. Congratulations are also in order to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Goldsmith upon the arrival of a daughter, Beryl Anne.



Brothers in arms are Stoker Robert J. Moore and LAC John W. Moore. Both these boys were machine shop employees.

The two jolly tars are Gordie Stevenson and Bud Barker of the Boiler Shop, the airman is Bill Wilson.

A fine looking sailor is Norman Bredeson, now a stoker in the Navy.

Song of a Successful Secretary

I don't have to say that my grandmother
died

If I want to turn out for the Giants,
My boss won't grumble, my boss won't
chide

I've got it down to a science!
I don't have to faint, or resort to tears,
Or use any feminine wiles—
They can't fire me—for the past 2 years
I've been keeping the office files.

Yes, I have a system that's all my own,
And it can't be explained and it can't be
shown.

I file by number, I file by letter,
I file by ways that are ten times better.
I file by subject, I file by date,
I file by city, I file by state.
I shun the trite, and I scorn conventions
My filing system has four dimensions.

Oh they *can't* fire me though I'm usually
late,

And I lunch from eleven till two,
And I leave at four if I have a date;
There's nothing that they can do!

Or if I forget to come down at all
They've got to take it smiling.
I've got them backed up against the wall
For I do all the filing.

I regard "in re" at the top of a letter
As something to make it balance better,
I pay no attention to underlining
And seldom get down to the person signing.
I've got the names of the firm's officials

Neatly arranged by their middle initials;
Customers' letters I've filed instead
By the color and size of their letterhead.

If my girl friends calls to gossip a bit
When I'm taking the boss' dictation,
He folds his hands and prepares to sit
Till we finish our conversation.

If I pass his cigars when my boy friend
stops

To visit me for a while
He's got to be calm though he's mad as
hops—

I'm the only key to the file!

I've got our catalogue mailing list
Filed under "Farley"—you get the gist?
Our financial reports, for my own good
reasons,
Instead of by months, I've arranged by
seasons.

I've put Mrs. Duffy's damage suit
In a folder entitled "Big Dispute."
And for anything I consider extraneous
I've three whole drawers labelled "Mis-
cellaneous."

I'm the indispensable employee,
They can't take a step without me,
And it costs them a raise and half-day free
Every time they attempt to flout me.

So they can't fire me, not matter how cross,
No matter how mean and riling!

I'm Garbo herself—I'm the boss' boss,
For I take care of the filing.

—Elizabeth Ann Christman.



Art Skoda and his pretty bride cut the cake after the ceremony at Flin Flon.



An interesting snap of Alex. Lockwood and John Yakimow taken together somewhere in England.

MINE

BOB ASH



A BOOK that is probably gone through more thoroughly by a greater number of employees than any other record put out by the Company, is the Mine Contract Book. But we'll let the book itself give you its history:

"I'm usually started about the 2nd day of the month. Everything in regard to me is done in triplicate. The Mine Shift Bosses carry my smaller brother in their pockets with the names, numbers and working places of all their employees. These books are daily turned into the contract department, which lists all the data on my pages. If a miner works in four or five different working places in a month, he appears on that many different sheets. In most cases all men working on a contract share equally in the bonus, so at the end of the month the sheets are worked out at so much a foot and the money divided amongst the men according to the number of shifts worked. Bulldozers, tramping crews, etc., are paid at the rate

of so much per ton trammed. I'm usually finished by noon of the first day of the next month, O.K.'d by the officials that be, split into 3 books—one for North Main Shaft, one for South Main Shaft, and one for the Time Office. At approximately 3:00 P.M., I am put on the changehouse shelves for exhibit and examination of any mine employees who might like to look at me, and there's when the excitement begins — thumbing me back and forth, guys pushing and ripping and by nightfall, I'm a complete wreck. I've been praised and sworn at and look more like a book picked out of the dump than the fine clean book I was at noon. Although I hold my position on the changehouse shelf for several more weeks, I am practically disregarded and finally find myself buried in the files."

The chief "maker-uppers" of the Contract Department Book are: "Chub" Lewthwaite, Del Dingle, Fred Conconi, and Johnny Mulhall.



Bill Calvert, a former miner and town councillor, now in the Navy.



Karl Garenko's two young daughters, Shirley and Leora.



Jack Senko with a pal. Jack is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Senko.

Some real "old-timers" have left the Mine Department in the past month or so, namely: Bill McDougall, an allround man in the Mine for 13 years, went back to railroading at Edmonton. Bill, in his twenties, was as good as any athlete who makes the headlines today. Joe Rokosh and Herb McAllister are pooling their financial and physical resources and have left for Reindeer Lake to make their fortune in fishing. Eddie Carate, after 5 years of hoisting and timekeeping, has been transferred to the Personnel Department and is now ready to hear all the complaints—something new for Eddie to have to listen, instead of talk! "Scotty" (Alex) Simpson, a miner for 12 years, has gone home to his farm near Dauphin. Steve Yayechnick, Bill Cooper, Steve Popyk, Knute Fluto, and Jimmy May are in the Armed Services. Mary Alexander, the first lady employee of the Mine Department, after two years of typing, has departed for Winnipeg where she intends going to school.

The Mine-Mill soft ball team finished fourth in a four-team league, so the less said the better! Congratulations to the Surface team in winning the trophy formerly held by the Mine. By the time you read this, it'll be almost hockey time, and

we notice that George Taylor and Gus Bergstrom are still around to look after the Mine's Minor League teams.

Quite a number of weddings have taken place lately amongst the miners, but the one that drew the most publicity was the one uniting Miss Clara Rowlett and Mr. Rick Fraser. Rick is one of the drummers in the Pipe Band, and up to September 18th, its only single member, so the band decided to turn out in full force and escort the young couple from the church to the photographers, with a few marches up and down Main Street thrown in. From an onlooker's point of view it appeared to be a huge success. Another one of our mine employees who took unto himself a bride, on September 11th, was Harvey Kelly to E. Lucy Ashdown. Chester Wilson and Don Hunton have followed in his footsteps and become bridegrooms also. We wish them all much happiness and success.

In the Mine Engineering Department, we find Harold Kramer and Chub. Lewthwaite back at work after a month's threshing on the prairies. Harold has acquired a few blisters, but lost that extra waistline he'd put on lately.



Patricia Carole, the adorable young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Moore. Patricia's daddy is in the R.C.A.F., and her mummy is working in the mill.



Four girls who are doing a man's work in the Mill are, left to right, Millie Laing, Hazel Cook, Betty Strack, and K. Moffatt.



This happy young chap is Leslie, son of John Sikler.

MILL and CRUSHER

DON McEACHERN



AMONG recent visitors to the Mill from the Armed Services was Bill Phillips of Canadian Active Army stationed at Vancouver. Bill is looking exceptionally fit, and reports seeing innumerable Flin Floners at the west coast. Vernon White, of the R.C.E., stationed at Halifax, N. S., says Flin Flon looks very attractive after a few of the place he has been to, especially Halifax. P.O. Edgar Henry, stationed in the Bahamas for the past year, says Flin Flon still looks good to him, and regardless of ideal pleasure resorts he prefers Phantom Lake for a swim any time. Al Forsythe of the R.C. A.F. stationed at Dauphin also spent a short leave with us.

The following have joined the Armed Forces: H. Brook, army; M. Olinyk, navy; Glen Kramer, navy; Ruth Jarvis, airforce; Maxine Porter, army; O. Snelgrove, navy.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hollier on the birth of a son.

Bud Smith has transferred to the Machine Shop. Bud has been in the mill for thirteen years and will certainly be missed. We wish him every success in the Machine Shop.

We received a letter from L.A.C. Hector McCaig who is now in England completing his training. He says he gets lonesome for Flin Flon despite the fact that he likes it there fine. He has been receiving the company magazine regularly and asks us to extend his thanks to the editor.



GOOD-BYE TO A WORLD

So, silently, I say good-bye.
And yet, I know that men will try
To catch the 8:15 as they
Did yesterday; that friends will say
The same familiar things; that I
Will thrill again to winter's sky,
To breakfast bacon, candlelight,
A faint train whistle in the night,
And all those homely, precious things
The eager joy of living brings.
The morning papers still will say:
"Continued fair and cool today";
Lovers will kiss, and after dark
Usurp the benches in the park.
But this I know is also true:
Here ends a world I lately knew.

—Corporal LeVan Roberts, U.S.A.
("Think" Magazine.)

ELECTRICAL

ROY KENNEDY



THE Curler's Golf Tournament produced no highlights that we know of, aside from J. D. McMartin's report that, after watching the "Three Muskateers" from the Electric Shop (Frosty, Kitchen, and Cross) clubbing their way out of a sand trap, he has discontinued the use of the bulldozer for excavation purposes. At least we know now that Jap bombers were not responsible for those large craters on the golf course.

Jim Aplin, an old-timer in the community, and formerly employed in the Mill, has transferred to the Electrical Dept., and is teamed up, for the time being, with Ernie Thompson. Incidentally, Ernie, what do you think of tie-walking as a hobby, or did you cut any wood? Surely Muggie pulled the cork and oiled the squeaks out when you appeared at Mile 7.

We understand that Don McDougall, the pipe-playing Scott from Winnipeg, will soon be taking up his duties as operator at the Substation. Watch your kilties around those air-blowers, Scottie!

Archie McKillop, new arrival from Dauphin, says he gets along swell with the workers here. Judging from the sudden appearance of capillary growth on his upper lip, we suspicion that the feminine angle has much to do with Archie's appreciation of congenial associations. Len Dowler has also transferred to the Electric Dept. since last issue and is at present on the Mill gang.

Len Carter reports that the new baby daughter is thoroughly spoiled since his ten-day vacation. "Donna Lynne" is the name of the new "queen" of the Carter family.

We welcome three new apprentices to the Dept.—Bob Leadbeater at the Sub., Steve Kozaruk at the North End, and Robert Burkett, left to the mercies of the Line Gang.

Happy landings to Don Smith, who left recently to join the R.C.A.F. Jack Thomson is back again, after trying for the Army, and "Shorty" Henry, after two years in the wide, open spaces, is on maintenance at the North End. Mandy is in mourning for Tommy Manning, who is on holidays, and Bill Saul has taken over the joint.

Pictures of Dept. enlists are earnestly solicited, as we are trying for a picture album of the boys in service.



A gentleman slipped on the stairs of a subway and started to slide to the bottom. On his way down, he collided with a lady, knocked her down across his chest and the two continued their way together. After they had reached the bottom, the lady, still dazed, continued to sit on the gentleman's chest. Finally the gentleman said politely: "I'm sorry, madam, but this is as far as I go."

Page Twenty-seven



Roy Warren (right) and a fellow Petty Officer.



These gay blades are none other than Sgt. Pilot G. M. Sullivan and Co. Sgt. Major James Wardle.



Daphne, Mrs. Martin's charming young daughter.



Some of the Warehouse gang.



Charlotte Eleanor Maryann, age seven-months, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh R. Percy. Captain Percy, former rector of St. James Anglican Church, was a well known figure in Flin Flon.



Your first eyeful coming in on the train and your final one when leaving. Ina, Isabel, and Joan never miss a train.

WAREHOUSE

DAVE LOWE



DURING the past two months the Warehouse bunch has fairly well caught up on their holidays and though all report an enjoyable time, we have been unable to learn of anything startling. However, Ina McLeod did say she saw Mrs. Hugh Percy, who is well known to Flin Floners, and brought back the accompanying snap of daughter Charlotte. While Ina was away, Mrs. Harvey (Lila) Stevens was with us in the Warehouse office for a few weeks.

An erstwhile co-worker in the person of

Bob Kirkpatrick joined up recently and we hear entered the Paratroops. Where is that snap, Bob?

We have saved this paragraph until it won't keep any longer and may we be forgiven for saying that it didn't take long for our prognostication of last issue to come to pass. Isabel McPherson will march down the aisle on the arm of P.O. Reimer early in October.

Bob Wiest did his share in coaching the Town Girls to victory in the Girls' Softball finals, but acquired a beautiful cold in the process.

WATCHMEN

H. R. HOLLETT



AT the time of preparing this item for the "Northern Lights," our Department finds itself in a dither, with a number of men still on vacation, others who have theirs to come, and still others taking to distant fields which just now appear to look green. Amongst the latter group we would like to mention three who have severed their connection with the Company and have gone to seek fortune farther afield, namely, George Keenan, Reg. C. Warner, and John Johnson. They

carry with them the best wishes from their fellow workers in this Department and all hope that they will each "strike oil."

J. Watts has been moving in a circle all his own for the past month "down on the farm." S. G. Wood is moving back into town from Phantom Lake for the winter. M. O. Goodmanson is developing quite a muscle swinging the ax, and getting to be quite a bushman. Dan Bryson is busy these days enlarging his home at Birchview. A number of the boys from this Department have been on hand to give assistance.

OPEN PIT

RAY BEAUCHAMP



BERT McKenzie, a well known old-timer in Flin Flon, has finally pulled the pin and has left for the West Coast. Good luck to you, Bert! Matt Enerson has also left for the Coast, and Cecil Hope, a Browning operator here for many years, is now in the Canadian Navy. Our deepest sympathy is extended to John Enerson and his two little daughters on the death of his wife. John, accompanied by the girls, has left for Toronto, where he will visit with his sister. John was employed as brakeman on pit surface crew.

Among the newcomers to the Pit are Tony Kolar, Herman Erickson, Doug Gourley, and Herb Whitebread.

Donats Chretien has been out to his ranch for a couple of weeks and he says that it's pretty tough leaving the saddle to come back to the rocks.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wrobel on the birth of a baby daughter, born on September 7th.



Brian is the sturdy young son of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Kingsley.



Mrs. R. Beauchamp with Leon and Yvonne.

RESEARCH

JACK KIRKBRIDE



ANOTHER of the veterans of the Research, in the person of Fred Bainbridge, has left for the Army. Freddie will be greatly missed around the lab. However, we all wish him the very best.

Ken Davis has also departed from the fold and is now in the United States Army Air Corps. Ken reports having seen our former Superintendent, Mr. Lowe, while in Salt Lake City. Best of luck, Ken, and "Keep 'em flyin'!"

With the coming of fall, the annual migration of Varsity students has taken place. Irene Carse has returned to Queens, Tommy Miller to McGill and Alf Tickner, Verne Haskill, Jim McKay, Harvey Mitten and Hal Lacey to the University of Saskatchewan.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Fellingham on the arrival of a daughter. Bernie was betting it would be a boy, but knowing his weakness for women, we imagine he's just as proud of a daughter.

The lab. softball team wound up the season in anything but a blaze of glory. After finishing the season in third place, the Surface took them apart in the semi-final series, three games to one.

Once again those two duck-hunting veterans Norm Paylor and Senator Long are in their glory. The Senator has already been out, and returned with a good bag. Norm is leaving shortly for his annual hunt.



Brothers Ted and Roy McInnis look delighted at having a reunion. Roy worked in the Research Dept. before enlisting in the R.C.A.F.





SURFACE *and* TRANSPORTATION

ANDY McKAGUE

WITH the 1943 ball season over, congratulations go to the Surface team, which finished in second place in the league games. The boys won the semi-finals, which was a five-game series, and went into the finals to win four straight games in a best of seven series. The team personnel was Don Fanning, Al Ball, Russ Milton, Gordon Smith, Jack McInnes, Colin Mann, Jim Robertson, M. Leibrecht, Ron Finnie, Bill Sauve, Mel Leslie, Pinky Davie, Bill Davie, George Able, Adam Barabash, Bob Wiest, and Bert Pelletier as coach.



Congratulations are again in order, this time to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Martin on the birth of a daughter, Eileen Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Reid on the birth of a son, Douglas Irving, and to Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Donaldson on the birth of a son, William John.

We received a letter recently from Wilf Lethbridge, former carpenter, now with the R.C.A.F. at St. Thomas, Ontario. Wilf says he greatly appreciates getting the "Northern Lights." We were pleased to see Don Clay of the R.C.A.F., who is back from overseas. We wish Don the best of luck in his new work.



Lieut. Ben Grimmelt makes a fine looking officer. This picture was taken in London, England.

Alayne Wright, charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ted Wright.

These two gay young lads keep cool on a hot summer's day at the home of their grandfather, M. O. Goodmanson. On the left is Bill Conconi, on the right Mundi Pederson, son of Karl Pederson of the Surface Dept.

This chubby cherub is Monte Blair Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ford.



Henry J. Kaiser, the ship builder, was late for an appointment and gave as his reason that he had to wait 15 minutes for a taxicab. "Fifteen minutes," exclaimed his friend, "why in the deuce didn't you build one?"



A sorrowing widow, having a monument erected in memory of her late husband, had the following inscription carved upon it:

"Good-bye, Henry; My Light Has Gone Out."

Three months later, when she was remarried, some wit added to the inscription: "But I Have Struck Another Match!"



"Pardon me, may I cut in?" asked the young surgeon as the operation began.



Miss Ethel Ferris, personable new Smelter Officer employee.



George Willis can be justifiably proud of his three sons who all wear the uniform of the R.C.A.F. Left to right, Stan, Wilfred, and Howard, who was reported missing in action, has recently been reported as prisoner of war in Germany



SMELTER

H. LOFENDALE



REG. Cowdell, who compiled all the production figures and tried to balance the incoming and outgoing metals in the Smelter every month since the commencement of operations in 1930, left the employ of the Company early in October to devote his full time to Flin Flon Motors Ltd. Reg. had the distinction of having the second longest service with the Company (dating back to 1928) of those on the Smelter payroll at the time he left. He will be missed by many of us, including the guards at the Main Gate.

The Smelter office welcomes an attractive addition in the person of Miss Ethel Ferris, whose picture appears on this page.

An interesting note was received by our amiable bricklayer, J. Allen, from his cousin in Newcastle, England. Illustrating the wide circulation of the "Northern Lights," he wrote Jack that a short time previously he had picked up a two-year-old copy of this magazine in a pub (of all places) showing Jack's picture, together with the rest of the members of the Welfare Board!

Gordon McLellan has enlisted in the Navy and Pat Logan has joined the R.C.A.F. The new matte tunnel is now in operation and it sure has helped to clear the gas away from the furnace.

Commencing with the next issue, Tommy Ward of the repair crew, will represent this department in this magazine. Please turn in all snaps and news items to Tommy or the Smelter office.

Famous Last Words: "How's your fuel supply?"



A winsome pair are Bobby Bulow & Barbara Stewart. Bobby's daddy, Earl Bulow, works in the Smelter.

POEMS PUNS and PHILOSOPHY

The following poem by Corporal John Ready, U. S. A., exemplifies something of the humor of our fighting men today:

THE PAPER BOY

In civil life, the paper boy
I bought from every day,
Said: "Thank you, sir," and "thank you,
sir"—

I liked his grateful way.
"Good morning, sir," "good evening, sir,"
And "Yessir," and "no, sir," too.
"That kid is nice," I mumbled with
A condescending view.

In army life, I met this kid—
'Twas just the other day—
But now, the situation's changed—
I am the one to say:
"Good morning, sir," and "yessir," too.
And if you think I'm screwy
This paper kid is now, you see,
A full-fledged Second Looie.

★

Here is a formula for a long peace: Germany will have a Polish police force, Norwegian lawyers, Greek judges and a Jewish court of appeals.—Windsor Star.

★

While we are on the subject of war, I simply can't pass up telling you about two hardy Gurkha soldiers, who had volunteered for service with India's sky troops. It seems they asked an N.C.O.:

"From what height are we supposed to jump?"

"Five hundred feet," was the reply.

"Nothing doing," they said, "it's too high. Can't we try from 300 feet?"

The N.C.O. explained that from such a low height there was a danger of the parachutes not opening in time, and the Gurkhas broke into smiles.

"Oh, that's different," they said. "We get parachutes, do we?"

"It's not just the work I enjoy," said the taxicab driver, "it's the people I run into."
—Rice Owl.

★

Theodore Dreiser was talking about criticism.

"I like pointed criticism," he remarked, "criticism such as I heard in the lobby of a theatre the other night at the end of a play.

"The critic was an old gentleman. His criticism, which was for his wife's ears alone, consisted of these words:

"Well, you would come!"

★

On the subject of criticism, however, I think Disraeli "had something there" when he said, "It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

★

DO YOU?

I wish I knew
Why people who
Say, "Really, I shouldn't!"
Always do.

★

That little foible is quite common isn't it? As Horace Mann once said, "Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we can not break it."

★

A Frenchman, struggling with the English language, turned to an American friend for counsel:

"What," he asked, "is a polar bear?"

"Polar bear? Why he lives 'way up north."

"But what does he do?"

"Oh, he sits on a cake of ice and eats fish."

"Zat settle! I will not accept!"

"What in the world do you mean, you won't accept?"

"Ah," explained the other, "I was invited to be a polar bear at a funeral, and I will not accept!"



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