

King City, Ontario,  
January 7, 1989.

Dear Les:

Surprised to get a letter from Dad. It certainly not a regular affair. I am nearly finished the book you gave me for Christmas and I thought of the enclosed note. I never really thought about a book about me but I must admit that I have thought about doing one about my Dad, probably using his columns as a starting point. After reading Harron's book one does not really need to be a great writer.

The idea may not be uninteresting because I have had the privilege of living over a period when knowledge exploded and we got blown all over the country with the force of the explosion. Therefore during the holidays I made a start. This first effort covers the years before Queen's. The next one, if done will cover Queen's and so on. I enclose a draft for your comments and suggestions if I go ahead.

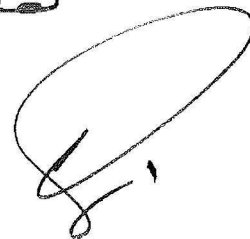
When I started I found that putting seventy-two years on paper was not that easy because one can ramble on, on and on. Should this be where I was if so I can send you a copy of my c-v. I think it should have a little colour of the times. Cobalt and Timmins with their social life. Dad with his love of english that he learned in the Uddingston Grammer School. The little copy of the Rubyat he carried in his vest pocket for something to read when court cases got dull. The book is in my desk drawer. Which?

Things are not quite as busy with Augmitto in a hiatus. As I get time and the urge I will continue so let me have your suggestions.

Love,

Dad

As they say at the end of reports.  
If you have any questions please  
contact the undersigned



**DRAFT**

## 1. COBALT

### 1.1 Town itself.

Cobalt was a mining town, but a mining town with a difference from the stereotype. The reason was the railroad. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad got to Cobalt before a mine was found. The Ontario government of the day decided to push a railroad north from North Bay to the farming areas of northern Ontario. This farm area in the great clay belt had been opened by pioneers coming up the Ottawa Valley to Lake Temiskaming and then by scows to New Liskeard. In so doing they passed Haileybury which had been founded in the last century as a Hudson's Bay trading post. On the east side of the lake were early Quebec settlements including the location of Canada's first lead mine.

Whether one believes the story of Fred LaRose, a blacksmith throwing his hammer at a fox or the story of McKinley and Darragh finding the first silver, it was the railroad that brought both of them to the area.

Cobalt was a silver camp and an incredibly rich one. The mines around the town itself were shallow and had obvious surface showings. This meant that a prospector with little or no capital could stake a claim and sell it at a profit within days. It was not the case of a prospector having to travel by canoe through unmapped country in search of wealth, it was simply a matter of getting on the night train out of Toronto, sleeping in a berth and getting off at the Cobalt station the next morning, right in the middle of the action.

### 1.2 Families.

It was into this hive of activity that Robert Boyle decided to try his luck in 1906. Robert had been born in the Ottawa Valley about 1847 a son to Henry Boyle who had migrated from County Cork to Canada in 1823 as a Robinson Settler. Robert may have been the first white child born in Eganville, certainly he was one of the earliest. Robert had married Margaret McAuley of Shady Nook near Pembroke, the youngest daughter of a bootmaker who migrated to Canada from Northern Ireland during the potato famine.

In the first years of their marriage Margaret and Robert lived with or near Robert's parents in Wilberforce Township. Like others they farmed with Robert supplementing their income by spending his winters in the lumber camps up the Kipawa on the east side of Lake Temiskaming. When the C.P.R. went through Robert, along with some of Margaret's brothers worked for the railroad and moved west and north. Robert drove team when the C.P.R. came into North Bay. The family followed and Margaret operated a boarding house in Copper Cliff around 1900, in the early days of INCO. They moved on ending up in Saulte Ste. Marie. It was from here that Robert went to Cobalt in 1906 and brought the family in 1907 to a house at 166 Lang Street. One of the younger girls was Ellener who married Frank Lendrum in St. James Anglican Church in

Cobalt on November 23, 1913.

Frank Lendrum was a emigrant lad from Uddingston, Scotland who came out, to Canada in 1909? to work on a farm near Belleville, Ontario. After a couple of attempts Frank found his vocation by walking into the Toronto Telegram office and asking for a job as a newspaper reporter. In 1911? he applied for and was hired as a reporter on the Cobalt Nugget, Cobalt's daily newspaper. Frank was a Scottish Episcopalian, Ellener was an Anglican, a descendent of the low Church of Ireland. They met as members of St. James Anglican church choir.

It was into this marriage that I was born December 23, 1916 in a four room house, to which a kitchen had been added at 164 Lang Street next door to Grandma and Grandpa Boyle. The house as I remember it had running water but there was a remembrance of an earlier time in the form of an outhouse out the back. The house was small. It sat on a 25 foot by 75 foot lot, had a front yard and a woodshed at the back, next the unused outhouse. It was frame construction with cedar featheredged siding, unpainted with a flat roof but it had electricity and it was home.

My first memories were of a vacant lot where we played, our house and then grandma's. On the other side of grandma's was another vacant lot which grandpa shared with Jim Price to make a small vegetable garden. Then came Price's house a two story house with tin siding. This was Garfield's home. Garfield was an only child and a cripple having been born with spinabifia.

### 1.3 Garfield Price.

Garfield was my second cousin. His mother Ethel Boyle and my mother Ellener Boyle were first cousins. Garfield's handicap never seemed a tragedy in my younger years. Garfield's father built him a flat platform on casters which he used to get around the house. If he was taken out by his father and mother they pulled him along on a wagon or sleigh depending on the season.

Garfield did not attend school with the rest of us, rather Miss Atwell who taught senior fourth came two or three times a week to teach him the usual public school subjects. Later when he became a teen-ager he was given a wheel chair which he could propel himself by means of a steering bar that he pumped back and forth. Th wheel chair had a handle on the back for a pusher who helped Garfield up the hills. With my teen-age help Garfield and I travelled miles over unpaved roads as he and I explored the country around Cobalt. His parents would have had fits if they had known where we had been.

One thing Garfield and I did was hone our skills at crokinole. We would practice hours on Prices's veranda. We generally had to play by ourselves because our folks were no match and the other kids thought it was a sissy game which we always won.

Garfield's father Jim Price worked in the mill at the Mining

Corporation mine in Cobalt. When that mine closed in the '20s Jim worked at the Ashley Mine in Elk Lake, coming home only on week-ends. The Ashley closed and the Prices moved to Timmins where they operated a boarding house at 3 Elm St. South. Later when I went to Timmins in January 1938 to rustle a job I stayed at the Price boarding house. Garfield died in Timmins in 1939.

#### 1.4 Haileybury fire.

The only pre-school school remembrances I have are about the Haileybury fire in October 1922. I would not quite been been six years old but I can remember playing in Grandma's vegetable garden with Garfield. The vegetables had all been dug and this was the one time in the year we were allowed to play in the garden. The smoke of bush fires must have been in the air for days that hot dry autumn but I only remember that afternoon when th smoke became thick and my mother seemed concerned. There may have been rumours and mother knew Dad was in Haileybury attending the court sessions. I remember mother and Grandma getting things together and Hennie Boyle, another cousin who lived across the street putting his family, the Prices and us in his Ford touring car and driving us downtown to the Bilsky Block, a "fireproof" building which housed the post office, various professional offices and some private apartments. We spent the night in Marguerite Campbell's apartment. Dad had come home on the last car out of Haileybeury, with Dick Pearce his boss. Having checked on us he returned to grandma's house so that he could be near a telephone to send stories to the Toronto Globe, Ottawa Journal and Canadian Press. As a safety measure the authorities backed a train into the Cobalt station from the south so there would be a method of escape should the fire reach Cobalt. The great concern was the oil storage tanks at the north end of town right in the fire's path. The volunteer fire brigade wet down the houses in the north end of town to kill sparks and in the process ruined the varnish on our front door.

The all clear came at about six in the morning. The elders roused their children and we walked up Lang Street to our homes.

#### 1.5 Public School

I started public school late. Dad believed that children learned more at home than at kindergarden and therefore I did not start school until the term before my eighth birthday in 1924. I remember spending the first year in primer in the annex building because the school was over crowded. The school was a large building, three stories, covered with sheet metal siding and located at the corner of Cobalt Street and Grandview Avenue. It was about a mile from home and I walked the distance four times a day because I came home for lunch.

I graduated from entrance in 1929 because there was an accelerated program for those with good grades. I started my second year in senior first and my next year in junior third. The next year I spent in junior fourth and the fifth year in senior

fourth or entrance. Classmates were Ernie Dixon, and Jack Koza (known then as Jackie Cohen). The first teacher was a Miss. Bell and the last Mr. Elliot who taught entrance and was the principal.

Other memories of those years were St. James Anglican Church where I went to Sunday school and became a member of the 1st. Cobalt Wolf Cub pack with Ernie Hicks as Akela or Cubmaster. The 1st. Cobalt was one of the very early Boy Scout Groups in Canada first organized by the late Canon Sims the church rector about 1911. Church had a special place in our lives Dad and I sang in choir and went to church twice on Sunday. Mother went to evensong with us and of course I attended Sunday school. Sunday school was important because if you had a perfect attendance for the year you were given a copy of "Chums" that big, thick book of things to make, adventure stories and other good things.

Graduation into high school has been the traditional time among my cousins to be given a two wheel bike and my expectations were high. I graduated in 1929 the year of the crash and there was no money. I had to wait for my bike until I could earn it later.

### 1.6 High School

In 1929 Cobalt got its own high school. Prior to that those attending high school had to go to Haileybury on the street car, an electrified railroad that ran between Kerr Lake, Cobalt, Haileybury and New Liskeard. It had been built in Cobalt's hey day and made a round trip every hour. The Kerr Lake branch was abandoned with the advent of motor cars and better roads which coincided with the decline of the silver mines at Kerr Lake.

High school was different instead of one teacher you had a different teacher for each subject, though this was not literally true because some teachers taught more than one subject. Mathematics were a case in point.

High school was the time of decisions or maybe likes and dislikes. As the years passed it was obvious that I preferred maths and science to languages. The exception was English which I enjoyed, probably because at home Dad would quote poetry or guide my choice of reading. He also taught me to enjoy music and to be broad minded about it. Though we were a good protestant family and went to church regularly until the time a new rector decided our church should become high church Anglican complete with candles. Dad fought the change as a Scottish Episcopalian and mother as a low church Church of Ireland and when the congregation lost we left St. James. This however did not distract Dad from straining to hear the old Philco radio bring in monks from a monastery in the Black Forest in Germany singing Christmas midnight mass to the Gregorian chant.

The problem with languages cumulated in failing both French and Latin in third form and having to repeat them pass my junior

matriculation. To do this one had to go back to third form classroom and take these languages with them. Since they had permanent seats I had to sit in a rear seat which was normally occupied by upper school students who were elsewhere for those two periods. However they left their chemistry texts behind and that was the year the chemistry teacher had each student buy a different text. During that year I read five chemistry texts. I again flunked french and latin but a couple of years later I passed, with honours upper school chemistry without taking the course. The flunking of those languages was the best thing that ever happened to me.

### 1. Haileybury Mining School

Without those two languages I could not go to university, not that there was much hope because money was short and became shorter when the depression settled in. There was however an alternate route to university, if I transferred to Haileybury Mining School and successfully passed the course I could go to Queen's. It took a lot of talking to convince mother and dad that I should forgo a classical course for a technical school certificate but I prevailed and enrolled at Haileybury in the fall of 1933. There were two of us Len Dixon and myself and we convinced William Tuke the principal of the Haileybury High and Mining Schools that because we had all our junior matric except languages we really did not need the academic subjects of the three year mining course, all we needed was the technical courses, surveying, chemistry, ore-dressing, assaying mineralogy and geology.

This led to an anomaly. Because we were taking subjects in three different years it was rarely we would be at the same class two days in a row. We had not been there yesterday to know what homework we were supposed to have done and we would not be back tomorrow so why do to-nights. While we may not have done homework we certainly read the texts and at the end of the year we had straight A's. In addition this was the year I decided to write the departmental examination in upper school chemistry a subject Mr. Tuke taught. He discouraged me from trying the paper but for a buck I could try the Ontario Department of Education's Departmental exam. I did and I was the only person in Haileybury High School who wrote a first class honour,

The next year Dixon and I wrote our upper school at Haileybury, without languages but we took mining the remaining subject for graduation from the mining school. That year I was fortunate to have a Miss Smith as a math teacher. What had been an interesting but difficult group of subjects suddenly became easy and enjoyable, working problems for relaxation rather than necessity. Dixon and I graduated. The next thing was to find employment.

The years in high school and mining school were in the heart of the depression. Dad had lost his position as editor of the Northern News as the result of local politics. He kept the family together by acting as northern correspondence for the Toronto

Globe and Ottawa Journal the two morning papers that came into Cobalt on No.47, the morning train from Toronto. Times were tough but by making and selling beaded necklaces in the summer and Christmas cards at Christmas along with odd jobs such as printing price tags for my aunt's store we managed quite well.

A boon came in 1935 the year I graduated. The Hon. Wesley Gordon was the local member of the Bennett government in Ottawa and the Minister of Mines. In 1935 the Bennett government decided it was time that the country should be geologically mapped to aid and encourage prospectors in their search for minerals and hopefully develop mines. To do this they allotted the unheard of sum of one million dollars to begin the program. To do this they had to hire every technical student and Gordon arranged for nine Haileybury students to be part of the grand scheme. I was one of the lucky ones who went to Ottawa as map compilers for the awesome salary of ninety dollars a month

## 2. PRE-UNIVERSITY UNIVERSITY EMPLOYMENT

### 2.1 Beatty Gold Mines, Duparquet, Quebec.

The job with the government was not available for a couple of weeks and I really was more interested in chemistry and milling than drawing maps. I wrote a number of letters to various mines seeking employment in a mill. To the family's amazement I received a reply from the Beatty Gold Mines, Duparquet, Quebec. Nobody was quite sure where Beatty was but a map showed it to be north of Noranda. I do not remember how I got to Duparquet but it must have been to train to Noranda and bus to Duparquet. I remember I got a room at the local hotel and went to find the mine office. I was hired on and sent to the mill where I found that I was to work in the metallurgical laboratory preparing samples and doing the chores such as cleaning up, etc.

The mill staff consisted of W.G. (Bill) Hubler, the superintendent, Pete Martin his assistant who later went to Rhodesia, Archie Archibald the metallurgist who later became the senior metallurgist for Falconbridge and "Dutch" Turney a Queen's student who was later to become works manager for Alcan at Arvida, Quebec and Kitimat B.C.

The salary was \$65/month out of which you paid for everything. This meant that within a couple of days I had to find a boarding house and found a place at Mrs. Molyeneaux's sharing a room with Ivan Thrasher. Thrasher came from Windsor and had been hired at the rate of 45 cents/hour to work in the mill and pitch for the fastball team. The latter was his real job. Ivan lost his first game and was making 40 cents/hour, Ivan lost his second game and was down to 35 cents/hour. I had gone up to the ball field one evening and joined in a scrub game. By luck I fielded a ball behind second base and threw the runner out at home. Immediately Mr. Hubler called me over to be out for practice the next evening. Thrasher told me he had just had an appendix operation and was recovering but he needed practice, so every spare moment

we had Ivan and I went out behind Mrs. Molyeneaux's and I caught for Ivan. Next game Ivan won and the wage rate was back to 40 cents/hour. I never knew how Ivan made out because shortly after that the lab had a visitor who told us this where he was going to work. Since Dutch and I were the the only ones present at the time we figured one of us were leaving and sure enough it was me. The visitor was the General Manager's nephew. I was fired with no notice and no ceremony but by insisting that I was entitled to two weeks notice as a salaried employee I did get my extra thirty bucks. Bill Hubler was good about it and told me to stick around for a couple of days and he would get me something else. I phoned home and was told if I could make Ottawa by the weekend the job with the government was still available. I was off to Ottawa. Thrasher went on to become a M.P.P. in the Ontario house.

## 2.2 Department of Mines in Ottawa

I caught up with the other eight on Monday morning in the YMCA on Metcalfe Street in Ottawa in time to go to the Victoria Museum and present ourselves to the Topographic Branch of the Department of Mines, The senior people were Mr. Boyd, his assistant Mr. Chipman and Mr. Sheppard who ran the map compiling division. The offices were on the fourth (top) floor of the museum. Boyd, Chipman and Sheppard had small offices and the rest of this section was one large pasture filled with draughting tables. We were almost the only people in the office. The topographers were all in the field and would not be back until fall. We were assigned desks at the back and given something to do. Because Bennett's scheme was new the staff was unaccustomed to the largess and huge expansion. All their energies had been put into getting crews into the field, this meant finding extra help at a time when experienced help was not plentiful. They had managed to hire students and put their experienced men like the Spence brothers and Mr. Tuttle in charge of more than one crew. One of the biggest jobs undertaken was a ground water study of southern Saskatchewan in the hope of alleviating some of the hardship caused by the drought on the prairies.

Something to do was to learn to trace other maps accurately and adjust all scales to that of a new series of defense maps planned which would also serve as base maps for the geological information being gathered. For the first time the army would have a complete set of maps of the country. I doubt if any of us thought a war would break out in a few years. The maps took hours of work, first by the topographers plotting their summers work and then hours by the compilers putting their plots on special paper and adding other bits of information from provincial and municipal sources. These maps were to be as complete and accurate as humanly possible. There was no aerial surveying, that began in the winter of 1935 under Gordon Spence, I think.

The time consumed in producing a topographic map of the mountains in British Columbia was enormous. The topographer had to lead his party to the top of a prominent peak and with extreme care shoot in his position using the sun and polaris. He would then set up a



permanent monument using material the party had brought with them on their pack train. Having got their station set they would mount a special camera in place of the transit and shoot a complete circle (360 degrees) of pictures. They would then make sketches of the prominent peaks they could see and shoot them in using the data from their polaris shots. When they came back in the autumn they took their data and plotted the stations with extreme accuracy and using their pictures and a crude elevation calculator plotted the contours. As we gained experience we were assigned to a topographer and were allowed to plot these points of snow and calculate their elevations.

In 1987 we were cruising on the new Sitmar ship the Fairsky, on the bridge the captain could tell instantaneously, within a few feet exactly where he was on the earth's surface by satellite. A long way from those early days in 1935.

I worked for the Department until the end of the 1936 fiscal year which was March 31, 1937. We were not permanent civil servants and had to have our contracts renewed each year. Even though the depression was on and work was very scarce in southern Ontario, gold mining was active. The US had increased the price of gold from \$20.80 per troy ounce to \$35.00 and a boom in gold mining had resulted. My interest in milling had not diminished and I had taken a correspondence course from International Correspondence Schools (ICS) in analytical chemistry plus a night school course in analytical chemistry from the Hull technical school given by Dr. Elzear N. Gougeon a terrific teacher. In March 1937 I resigned from the civil service and headed back home to northern Ontario.

Ottawa in those years did not really see the depression. The civil servant got his monthly paycheck and there was little chance of losing one's job, if one was a permanent civil servant. In summer there was the tennis club, the parks along the Rideau, the Gatineau hills. On Saturday afternoon there was the Protestant Girls tea dance both summer and winter and there was skiing up the Gatineau or on the canal to Dow's Lake in winter.

Shortly after I came to Ottawa I moved from the YMCA to Mrs. MacLean's boarding house on Gilmour Street and lived there until I left Ottawa at the end on March 1937 and returned to Cobalt and I hoped the mining industry.

### 2.3 J.W.N.Bell's Assay Office

Jobs were not quite as plentiful as I had hoped. I wrote letters looking for work in a mill but with no immediate results. However my luck held. Arnie Belanger who had been at Mining School when I graduated had on his graduation found employment with J.W.N. Bell's assay office in Hailybury. Shortly after I came back Arnie came down with appendicitis and Bell had to find a replacement in a hurry. I had no actual experience as an assayer but I had taken the subject at School and I had my night course in analytical chemistry. I got the job which lasted a

month until Arnie returned. Fran Buchanan who later married Glenn Killins was the secretary in the office.

Again the job search was on. Again my luck came at someone else's expense. Bill MacFarlane and his brother Charlie were prospectors for the Cyril Knight Prospecting Syndicate. In May Charlie had taken sick on Onaman Lake north-east of Lake Nipigon. Bill had brought Charlie out to the hospital in Hailyebury, where he died. Bill had to find a new partner and someone told him I was available. Again I had no real experience in the bush but I had studied geology and mineralogy at mining school and the fact that Cyril Knight and his family had attended St. James church in Cobalt probably helped Bill get the okay to hire me on.

#### 2.4 Prospecting for Cyril Knight with Bill MacFarlane.

The prospecting syndicate paid well. I was paid \$90 per month found plus a ten percent interest in anything that we staked. The only things that you had to pay for yourself were clothing and tobacco. We left for Onaman Lake traveling by train to Beardmore, Ontario and then by bush plane to Bill's campsite.

You got your instructions early. That axe was Bill's and this axe is yours. Look after your own axe and don't touch mine. The axe is your best friend in the bush and you keep it sharp. I had some bush clothes I had worn to mining school including a pair of "prospector's" boots and a pair of cord riding britches. I soon found that these were meant for show, not the bush. When we came out to Macdiarmid on the railway line at the south-east corner of Lake Nipigon Bill introduced me real bush boots and bush pants. About a third of a month's salary went right there.

That summer we traveled Lake Nipigon by nineteen foot semi freighter canoe with about twelve hundred pounds of gear. This included a three horsepower outboard motor, grub for three weeks, gas for the motor, grubhoes, axes, shovels, eiderdowns and tent. It was wonderful while you were on the lake but a real chore over a portage. The worse item was the canoe a semi-freighter is too heavy for one man man and nearly an impossible load for two on a bush trail. The ideal crew would be a midget in front and a guy six foot six at the back.

That week we left Onaman Lake and went down the Onaman river to the big lake. There was only one portage and since I was a real novice in a canoe Bill put me in the bow and I nearly put us both over the rapids. You learn fast in the bush. On the Lake we headed for Macdiarmid our base camp for more supplies and my new bush boots. Macdiarmid was a fishing village from where commercial fishermen fished Lake Nipigon for lake trout and whitefish. There was a processing plant for the fish which were packed in ice and sent by special express cars to Chicago and New York. When in town and if there were no other prospecting parties around we stayed at Angus McLeod's boarding house. Angus had fished the lake for years and now his sons had taken over. Angus and his Finnish wife ran the boarding house/hotel. The

memorable thing about McLeod's boarding house was Angus would meet the fishing boats on their return and get his pick of fish for the dining room. Mrs. McLeod would cook it to perfection and there was always a big platter of fish at every meal. Our next trip was up the Northwind River to Northwind Lake.

On the portage into Northwind we met two other parties, one led by George Byles and the other by Ross Barnam, who claimed to be a relative of the Barnam of the Barnam and Bailey Circus. He could well have been. Old Ross was a superb axeman who would rather cut out a deadfall in a creek than portage. He carried half a keg of six inch spikes in the bow of his canoe. The spikes were to nail the cross piece over the camp fire to put pot hooks on, pot hooks six feet long with a spike at each end. It appeared Ross had had a partner who kept tripping over the usual three foot high crossbar so Ross solved the problem by putting the cross bar up out of reach.

It was interesting to learn from Bill how to tell who had been over the portage ahead of you by the fireplaces left behind. Barnum's by the height of the crossbar and the likelihood of a picnic table made from poles and axed level on top. Bill was a master stonemason, by trade and before I had the canoe unloaded and the packs stored Bill would have built a stone fireplace. Every prospector has his own idiosyncrasies and Bill knew them all. These little things told you who else was or had been in the area.

On the trip into Northwind we had left our excess supplies in a cache on the portage. When we came back we found a bear and her cubs had cleaned out the place. This reduced our food supply but Bill still believed we could cross Lake Nipigon to English Bay and get some supplies from the forest ranger who looked after the fire tower on the west side of the lake. Crossing a big lake in a nineteen foot semi-freighter loaded to the gunnals takes skill and experience. Usually in the early morning the lake is calm so we were up before dawn and were off. We traveled until the wind came up and then headed for an island, where we sat out the rest of the day. Next morning it was the same thing. Sitting out the weather allowed you to catch up with your laundry, mending your clothes, update your notes and write letters.

I do not remember now why Bill wanted to go to English Bay but it was probably to look at a belt of greenstones shown on a government map. Anyway we found nothing of interest and went to the fire rangers tower only to find he too was short of food. There was a bush fire to the south and the supply plane had been delayed. We camped near the tower and played poker with the rangers. I managed to supplement my income. The next morning we left what extra supplies we had with the rangers and headed for Macdairmid some seventy miles down the lake. We told the rangers we hoped to make town by nightfall but if he spotted smoke coming from an island to call for help because we had literally no grub left. That was was a long day and seemed to be uphill the last half. Mrs. McLeod's fish tasted wonderful the next morning.

We then crossed the southern end of the lake and went over the portage to Black Sturgeon Lake and on down this beautiful lake before returning to Macdiarmid. From there it was up to King a section house on the railroad west of Beardmore and worked the area along the Sturgeon River. It was here that we found our only gold showing of the season, on ground that was already staked by railway employees. We covered it up and maybe it is still hidden. It is unlikely that it was ever found by the owners. The railroaders used to stake ground along the tracks and then go down to Port Arthur, on their passes and swear in the assessment work they were supposed to have done that year.

We moved on to Nakina then west to Johnson Creek to see if we could find a large gossan showing Bill had seen years before. The summer had been extremely dry and we tramped the bush carrying a flask of water for tea. We found the gossan and staked some claims then headed for Nakina. The next week we returned following a very heavy rain. We had to slosh through water over the same trail we had packed water the week before. Nothing came from the samples we cut and we moved on. It was now September and we were ready to pack it in for the year but when we returned to Nakina we found a message from Knight in Toronto to proceed to Lowther on the CNR rail line near Kapuskasing and look for a gold show north of the tracks. This was also a wild goose chase and late in the month we returned to Cobalt.

## 2.5 Staying home until after Christmas

I had planned on taking a holiday when I returned that fall. I went to Ottawa to see how my friends were making out in the government. It quickly became obvious that our ways of life were diverging. Ottawa even in those days was not the real world, if one defined the real world as a place you had to seek work and then earn a living.

I returned to Cobalt resolved to head north and get that job in a mill that I has always wanted. Again my luck there was to help me. Mother insisted that I stay home until the Christmas holidays were over. She reasoned that Christmas was not the time to rustle a job and it was cheaper and warmer to stay with the family. Secretly I think she realized that Christmases with the whole family home would be less likely in the future. We made a bargain I would stay home but on January 2, 1938 I would leave for Timmins. This was the luckiest event of my life.

## 2.6 Timmins and getting the job at Paymaster Consolidated Gold Mines

January 2 I left for Timmins on the T&NO and got a room at the Prices boarding house. Garfield was glad to see me and brought me up to date on a lot of old Cobalt friends. Art. Cole who had been a Boy Scout at home told me that at Paymaster the mill superintendent, Bert Robinson had just been fired and that Marston Fleming was the new Super. Fleming had been the mill

engineer in the laboratory and his job was open. The next morning I was out the backroad to the Paymaster and a chance to talk to Mr. Fleming.

Fleming saw me and we discussed my qualifications for a laboratory job. Haileybury School of Mines, night classes, ICS and yes I could run sulphur analysis. The result was he would let me know if there was a job after he had talked it over with Mr. Cook the mine manager. The job was not permanent, only until university was out because they had a graduate by the name of Brissenden from McGill lined up. I went back to Price's with some hope that at least the winter months were looked after.

That evening the telephone rang and it was Fleming offering me the job if I could start tomorrow. The salary was \$140. per month but I would have to stay in the mine staff house and eat at the cookery. Next morning I was off to the mill job I had wanted.

Fleming welcomed me and suggested we go over the flowsheet so I would understand the circuit. I remember suggesting maybe he should introduce me to the person in charge of the lab. To my amazement he said I was in charge of the lab. It was an interesting day Fleming led me through the flowsheet, showed me the mill books and how I was to keep them and also showed me my lab., such as it was, a table for a desk, a lab ball mill and a Denver test cell for flotation tests in a straight cyanide mill, a few pieces of glass ware and that was it, situated in a corner of the unused concentrator building.

That night I phoned Dad and asked him to ship my small collection of chemical texts and asked his advice on taking a job I felt I did not qualify His advice was simple do not mislead anybody but try to answer all questions honestly, if you did not know the answer say so but look it up as soon as possible. The second piece of advice was to go and talk to his old friend E. L. Longmore the mill super at Hollinger the premier mine in the Timmins area. With my luck this latter piece of advice became a God send. On the way to the Longmore house I met Carl Benner another Cobalter with a Mr. Sully Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan was a brother of Mr. Wilbur Sullivan who I knew from Mining School. Wilbur's sons were also students and Mr. Sullivan used to drive us on field trips. Sully Sullivan was known the a hard nosed mill super from the Howey mine in Red Lake. Mr. Sullivan told me there were only three things you had to know to be a mill super:

1. Never fire a man when you are angry. Cool down and look at the situation calmly. You could ruin a man's family by an impulsive decision.
2. Never hire a frenchman to make a mill man. You were only wasting his time and yours.
3. LOOK WISE, KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND THERE WAS NOT A MINE MANAGER IN THE COUNTRY THAT WOULD KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

I headed back to the boarding house to practice a wise look. I used Dad's advice to see Mr. Longmore a couple of years later.

Those first months at Paymaster were hectic. Fleming got me a room on the senior floor of the staff along with the chief engineer, draughtsman, etc. and I settled in. The book keeping was relatively easy since it was a metal balance. Lab. work consisted initially of a few sulphur analysis to determine how the jig circuit was performing. When Fleming asked a question about operations, his engineer put on the wise look, double talked and spent the evening reading his textbooks. Fleming told me later he oftended marvelled how I knew nothing one day and was a walking encyclopedia the next.

Towards spring Fleming brought the good news/bad news. Paymaster was going to hire Brissenden but he would work underground, the bad news was that management had decided they could operate successfully without a mill engineer. Fleming arranged it that I could stay until June 1 but suggested I should look for other employment. Until then my only job was to stay out of mine manager's sight. Luck was with me again.

I got a position as transit man for the Town of Timmins starting June 1 and to keep out of the way I retreated to the mill lab over in the old concentrator building, nobody ever came there. With no instructions to follow, I started to investigate the gold being lost in the mill tailing. Further cyanidation did not help but I found I could float the sulphides off and recover most of the gold in a pyrite concentrate and by regrinding the sulphide very fine extract a goodly portion into solution with cyanide. It was all very interesting until one day Fleming decended on the lab wanting to know what the hell was I doing. The old man was in arms because I was sending scads of samples in for assay and the costs were going up. I explained that with nothing else to do I had started as series of flotation tests and the results were interesting. Fleming demanded my lab notes and took off with leaving instructions to cut this out until he had read my notes.

The next morning he asked me if I had found another job and when I answered yes, asked if I really wanted it. I said no but June 1 was coming up quickly. He then suggested that I tell the town I was not leaving Paymaster and that I should carry on with what I was doing. I was happy. I got extra responsibility by being put in charge of the refinery and allowed to carry on my testwork but this time I had someone to discuss it with.

CONTINUED ON DOCUMENT FCL-aub2

## 2.7 The decision to go to Queen's

### 3. QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

#### 3.1 Frosh regulations and Prof. Lord.

#### 3.2 The Engineering Society,

- 3.3 Mrs. Hamilton's Boarding House and Marion
- 3.4 The start of Science '44 Co-op.
- 3.5 The AMS Court.
- 3.6 President of the Junior Year/MacKenzie-King and the war effort.
- 3.7 Renting Collins House with Sweet and the Co-op organization
- 3.8 Eldorado

#### 4. ELDORADO

- 4.1 Getting married and going west/ Port Hope radium.
- 4.2 Edmonton and the Royal Alex.
- 4.3 The trip to Port Radium.
- 4.4 Uranium analysis.
- 4.5 The Rod mill and Frank Lewis.
- 4.6 Designing the new gravity circuit for the mill.
- 4.7 Howard and putting in the new circuit.
- 4.8 Public ownership and Ed. Bolger.
- 4.9 Working for Botsford
- 5.0 Marion going out before break-up.
- 5.15.1 Leaving Eldorado.

#### 5 NORMETAL, QUEBEC

- 5.1 Assay Office and VE Day.
- 5.2 Metallugist.
- 5.3 Quemont metallurgy.
- 5.4 Arsenic depression.
- 5.5 Normetal Co-op.
- 5.6 Diphenylguanadine.
- 5.7 Patent.
- 5.8 Offer from Stan Malouf to go to Montauban.
- 5.9 Pat Patterson.

#### 6. ANACON