



TOWN SITE VIEW, SEPTEMBER, 1918—GENERAL OFFICES WITH STORES BENEATH

dancer; and if there is no one else to do it, he will kindly play the piano while another fellow dances with his girl.

Mr. H. M. Linn, tool keeper for the last several months, left Monday, the sixteenth, to enter Roanoke College, at Salem, Va., until he is called for military service.

Mr. Richard Howell decided to go to school, but it seems he finished in one day. "Going Some!"

The Carbon Plant

Mr. J. M. King, of Maryville, Tenn., is still with us. Mr. King is to be connected with the Maryville Plant as soon as it is completed. He is still endeavoring to "get in the know" of things pertaining to the manufacture of electrodes. Mr. King was formerly Chief Chemist at the Maryville Plant.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Mueser have moved into their bungalow on Henderson Avenue.

Mr. B. S. Liles is at present engaged on research work in the plant.

Mr. J. C. Howell, one of the operators on the Gas-Producer, has been confined to his bed for the past ten days. However, his many friends will be glad to learn that he is rapidly recovering.

Ladies whose husbands work in the Carbon Plant, take a tip. When your husband comes home black and tired, and his face burning like a spanked baby

from gas or pitch fumes, agree with him. Whether right or wrong, agree with him.

Things we hate—Slackers, I. W. W.'s, and Huns.

The world owes every man a living. And it is up to every man to take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, and collect it.

—LUKE MCLUKE

A Furnace Room is made up of kilns, gas mains, degrees centigrade, and trouble.

Mr. O. Chrisco, foreman in charge of Cleaning Department, is responsible for the cleaning of carbons. That his work is being performed in a satisfactory manner is indicated by the fact that no complaints are forthcoming from farther down the line.

Some of these days, when his elevator gets broken down, Mr. R. E. Lee is going to have a pitch carrying contest. The man who mashes up with a hammer four hundred and twenty-five pounds of pitch the size of a pea, and carries up one hundred feet to the bin, gets the prize.

Mr. G. E. Gist, operator on furnaces, spent three days at his home near Florence, S. C., being called there by the illness of his wife's mother.

Mr. J. C. Wilkerson, who formerly lived here, has returned. Mr. Wilkerson is employed in the Extrusion Department. He says he hasn't been to any place he likes better than Badin.

Mr. F. S. Floyd, foreman over the plastering gang, or "mud dobbers," has gone to Fairmont, N. C., on a business trip.

Mr. G. C. Scott, after a short vacation, will take up new duties at the Falls, where our Company is constructing its new Dam. Mr. Scott, until recently, was night foreman in the Carbon Plant.

Mr. L. S. Wagner, who is cost keeper for the Carbon Plant, doesn't say much; but as we said before he keeps the cost.

There were several newly made colored soldiers standing around discussing things pertaining to their new occupation, when the subject of insurance came up. One soldier asked another how much insurance he had. He replied he had one thousand dollars. He then asked one after the other how much insurance he carried; they all replied one thousand dollars—the minimum. He looked at the crowd with apparent disgust, and said: "I is got ten thousand dollars' worth of insurance. You niggers is crazy; you ain't got no intelligence er tall. When yer gits over there in France on de battle front, and Uncle Sam is got a dangerous job to perform, does you think he's gwine pick out a ten-thousand-dollar nigger to do it?"

Mr. George Holt, who remedies our mechanical troubles, has been placed back on the day shift. Since our new fans started, George looks twenty years younger.