

the erection of the generators in the new powerhouse at Yadkin Falls. Mr. Seabrooke spent the winter with us two years ago, while working on the erection of the generators in the Yadkin Narrows Powerhouse.

The winter so far has been just right for power purposes—plenty of water, and not cold enough to freeze water pipes and make life miserable for the station men thru fear of trouble due to frozen pipes or the possibility of their freezing.

Mr. J. G. Horney, who was released on a furlough last summer to return to his work in Badin, was recalled in December to Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. We hope that he will soon be released, and again be with us.

The completion of the turbine test now seems farther away than ever. What apparatus the December floods did not carry away, the January flood did.

Pot Room Notes

Among those who we want to recommend to have their names placed in the Hall of Fame, are Geo. Phylfe, Monroe Evans, and Odie Sullivan, head potmen in room 28. This room up to time of going to press had made the most metal, and had the lowest carbon consumption, of any of the pot rooms during the month of January. These three fellows are working in the interest of each other, and are taking an interest in their work, and of course they are passing the same spirit to their men.

Another set of deserving triplets are Clarence Huggins, Slim Jessup, and Oscar Coffin, meter readers on section 4, in room 26. This section has the lowest copper record of any of the sections during the month of January. These fellows are on the watch for red rods all the time, and hum a little tune which goes like this:

Keep your copper below the line,
And your clamps all good and tight;
Keep your eyes open all the time,
And pull every red rod in sight.

We want to recommend that Mr. Hawkins, in charge of metal weighing, be elected an honorary member of the Burns Detective Agency. The other morning one of his trucks was missing, and he immediately started a search. Finding no fingerprints, and being unable to smell the thief's feet, he proceeded to look over every foot of ground behind the fence, and if he failed then, to ask Farmer Scott what he had done with it. After walking 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles, he

located his truck in the Rotary Station, and returned to his office tired, but happy with his success.

Say, do you know you can almost smell the circus sawdust in Building 30 when Doc Walker, time checker, and Frank Herndon, pot lining foreman, known as Jersey B., get together and talk over old times. Doc was in charge of the concessions of Sparks' Show, and Jersey was once connected with a show featuring "Woola Bola," the wild man from the Bald Knob Mountains of Blount County.

Mr. W. D. Kitchin, who until recently has been in charge of the Rod Room of the Maryville plant, has accepted a similar position here, and is now located with his family on Cedar Street. Bill was here last October, and after breathing Badin's ozone for two weeks decided to get back here as quickly as possible. We welcome him and his as one of us.

Starkey Burns made two speeches in presenting Christmas presents to Messrs. Parks and Swagerty during Christmas. We believe that if Starkey could get hold of a sip of cider, etc., he could make the silver-tongued W. Jennings Bryan feel badly. That boy has a future before him, either as a congressman or a spieler for a Midway show.

Those who were working in the Rod Room during the war times are now greatly relieved, since peace is in style again. It is a known fact that the Germans are noted for killing old men, women, and children, and if a German airplane should have ventured over Badin, the Rod Room would certainly have been wrecked.

Mr. D. T. Swagerty, who answers to the call of "Dave," was confined to the house for about three days during the past month on account of a very bad cold. Dave says this is the longest he has stayed at home at one time in his life. We certainly hope his good health will continue.

We would suggest that all the fellows in the Pot Rooms subscribe to THE BULLETIN, as very likely something might appear in it about them, and they not see it; and if there is anything we hate to do, it is to talk about a fellow behind his back, which would amount to the same thing.

Walter G. Nelson, late of Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., is back on his job in the Time Checking Department, after training several months for overseas service. We are always glad to welcome the boys back to Badin.

Mr. Fuller and Mr. Craig, of the Research Department, are doing great work in conducting their school. They are teaching the whys and wherefore of the pot room to the men, and it is a mighty poor man that cannot gain a great deal of good from their teaching.

Sandy Welch, head potman in 36, is still cussing the Germans, and his bad luck because he couldn't get in the army to fight them. Sandy tried the United States, Canadian, and English armies, but without luck, and was going to join the Irish; but they quit fighting.

Big Tate, floor walker on the 3 to 4 shift, was claiming a few weeks ago that he had a tooth that needed filling, but after passing by Wolf's Department Store a couple of times he "lows" he has about \$239.00 worth of work in his mouth now that needs doing.

If you know or have done anything that you want printed in THE BULLETIN or know of anything anybody else has done that they don't want printed, hand it in to Sturkey, in the Rodding Room, and he will see that it gets in THE BULLETIN.

Among the well-known men now working in the Rod Room are: Geo. Washington, Governor Marshall, King Little Jonnie Horner, Jay Gould, J. Banum and F. Bailey.

H. C. Ivey has returned to his old job in the pot room, having been discharged from Camp Greene late in December.

A lot of fellows are beginning to realize that a meter reader's head should be used for something more than a hat rack.

Who Are the Oldest Native Inhabitants?

Wouldn't it be a nice thing if we could find out just who are the oldest native inhabitants of Badin, since the town came into existence? They wouldn't be very old, to be sure, for the town is still just a baby of tender years. Anyway, we want to know who they are and we shall be glad if parents will send us the names, ages, and photographs of the children who were born here in the days of the French Company, and also in the year 1915, which was the year that the Tallassee Power Company took over the holdings of the French Company. If we can find a committee brave enough to risk a decision in such a delicate matter, we may offer a prize for the prettiest, as well as the oldest, native inhabitant.—THE BULLETIN.