

poured since the new method of grading went into effect.

From the first to the fifteenth of January, here is the way the batting average stood by rooms:

| Metal production | Carbon consumption | Copper |
|------------------|--------------------|--------|
| 34               | 34                 | 28     |
| 36               | 28                 | 26     |
| 26               | 26                 | 34     |
| 28               | 32                 | 36     |
| 32               | 36                 | 32     |

The line-up is as follows: Dave Swagerty, chief umpire; Leland Greenlee, night umpire. Coaches—Jack West and Starkey Burns, daylight shift; Claude Tipton and Big Tate, 3 to 11; I. T. (Paw Paw) Fisher and B. D. Maulden, graveyard. Batteries (head potmen)—Room 26, L. P. Garland, Boyd Martin, and H. C. Hightower; Room 28, Odis (John L.) Sullivan, Monroe Evans, and Geo. Phife; Room 32, L. H. Stepp, T. T. Johnson, and Norman Harding; Room 34, Sam Russell, Ed. Hill, and Jesse Cross; Room 36, Walter Ellis, V. C. Howard, and Sandy Welch.

Special mention should be made of the head potmen in room 34 for taking the honors on the metal production and carbon consumption. The head potmen of rooms 26 and 28 are also to be commended for their good work in keeping the copper down. At the time of going to press, 28 is a half point lower than 26; but the fellows in 26 declare they will be the lowest by the end of the month.

Sections 3 and 4 in room 26, and sections 2 and 3 in room 28 are below the red line, and the meter readers on these sections are now declaring that in the near future their section will not even be on the copper charts. If it can be done, those fellows will do it.

A lot of fellows are afraid of catching the "Flu," and would do or take anything to prevent it; and it is to these fellows that we suggest this treatment. One of the fellows working in the pot rooms was recently taken with the Flu, and immediately sent for a doctor, who of course prescribed for him; but in some unexplainable way the fellow got the doctor's medicine mixed, and took a bottle of hair tonic instead, and it was not until after he was pronounced well and sound that he found out his mistake. He declares it did the work, but was awful to take.

Mr. Coffman, of the Reclamation Department, sure believes in doing his duty and carrying out orders. His department is to keep the place clean, picking

up all material, assorting it, and returning it back to the several departments that can make use of it. Up until recently he has been cleaning up between the pot rooms, and taking everything that was not nailed down, until Mr. Parks happened to take a look over his scrap pile on the other side of the carbon plant, and there found about everything used in a pot room except a pot puncher; and being afraid that one of these might happen to be on the outside of one of the rooms when one of Mr. Coffman's men was there cleaning up, and be taken, he issued orders that the space between the buildings be exempted from Mr. Coffman's list.

A bunch of fellows were talking about how things were when they were boys, and after Marshal Davis thought he had won by telling that their farm was on such a steep hill that one had to dig a hole in the hill before a dog could sit down to bark; Andy Mason had to make him take a back seat when he told about eating his first biscuits. Andy says he was raised in the backwoods, where the chief food was cornbread, and he had never seen any biscuits until one day his mother took him to town to see some kinfolks, and they took dinner there. On the table they had both cornbread and biscuits, and passed both to Andy, who took his cornbread, splitting it and placing a biscuit in between, making a sandwich. The bunch voted that the dog belonged to Andy.

Pender Hunter, meter reader on section 3 in room 26, took a trip to the mountains of Western North Carolina recently, and returned in a much lighter mood than when he left here. Pender is praising the qualities of the spring water up there, but has failed to mention whether the "Mountain Dew" is holding its own way back up there in the mountains.

It has been suggested that the Company build Henry Jenkins a tool room to keep his shovels in, so he will discontinue using the ore tanks for this purpose, as sometimes they won't come thru the ore valve very well, and he has to call outside help to get them out.

The fellows are beginning to get hip to the fact that Friday is ladies' day in the pot rooms, and some of their wives are wondering why they want to work in a collar and tie on that day.

We notice in the papers that the cow punchers are forming an association out West. We wonder whether a pot puncher would be eligible for membership in the association.

We would like to suggest that the men in the pot room and rod room report all marriages and births, so that we could fill another page.

### Electrical News Items

The Machine Shop has now lots of nice new lights in the roof, and nice new switches on the walls. It will really be a pretty nice place when we get our collection of motors and starters cleaned up and moved out. Speaking of motors, Mr. Smith can hardly wait for us to get the motors over to his new Store Room. He wants us to be sure and get them over there before the crane rail gets moved off the floor, so he can use that to slide them on. Someone told him the other day that the crane was being put up. He didn't stop for breath once on his way over, but when he got there he was relieved to find that the door was locked, and that it was all a mistake.

The Electrical Repair Department is almost into its new home in Building 10, "1917" Extension. It looks like business this time; but it has been a long hard pull. 1917 was spent in expectancy, and in the erection of the steel work. 1918 was spent pretty much in watchful waiting, but finished up with a roof. 1919 has produced a floor, and we hope will produce some of the results that have been going to happen "when we get into the New Shop."

At the fire the other night, it wouldn't have been so funny to see Farmer Scott down on his knees, his face about six inches from the floor, pointing an empty and unattached hose nozzle into a bank of smoke, while the hose, which had come unscrewed from the nozzle, squirted up his back, if he hadn't kept shouting up the fools that were supposed to be looking after that other hose to squirt the fire, and let up on him.

Talbot says the only reason for putting the new fire siren up on Building 25, was to get it out of Building 19. Since we are talking about the new siren (it's a subject we hate to start on), someone suggested that it would do very well to call the firemen with in case of a dance or a banquet or the like; but he didn't know about for a fire on a cold wet night, at 3.00 a. m.

It is rumored that Messrs. Scott and Gomo are rather pleased with their ability as sleuths. Recently they captured an innocent looking sparrow hawk, pecking the amperes out of the circular mill on the Falls transmission line. We don't know so much about that, but when it