

Copper content	Production	Carbon consumption
Room 36	Room 32	Room 34
Room 34	Room 36	Room 28
Room 28	Room 28	Room 32

Sections four in room 36, three in room 32, and three in room 26 all have an average below the red line, and stand in the order named.

The above statistics may be dry, but there are a few little daily incidents that go toward making up the total results, such as the habit they have in section four in room 36 of taking any man who looses a rod, turning him down over a valve box cover (against his will), and making him pay for it out of his hide. Also, like Roscoe's lamentation as to what was going to become of section four in 26 when he was taken off to join the tappers. Then some tappers leave a little metal in the pots one day so as to get a large run next time, and fool themselves into thinking they are beating the other fellow.

Mr. Adams, of Maryville, was with us a few days ago, looking things over; but he failed to see one thing that was posted for his especial benefit. We have a chart outside of Mr. Swagerty's office on which is posted the percentage of number one metal made by the different plants. And as it happened this week Maryville fell so low (owing to a misfortune over which they had no control) that we couldn't get it on the chart, and someone marked it on the cement walk in large letters.

We had a little target practice in Room 36 a few days ago; one gentleman of color by the name of Geach had a little difference with one Blue, and proceeded to settle it with something that barked like a gun. But as the military critics would say, the visibility was low, or something else was wrong, for even at close range he not only failed to hit the enemy, but didn't even touch the usual innocent bystander.

Spring fever has evidently broken out in our midst the last few warm days, and as the best known cure for it is to spend as many hours as possible with a hook and line in a shady spot, quite a number have had to resort to this treatment. One of the best known men in the pot rooms is reported to have caught enough black bass to feed several families. The others couldn't get by with their tales.

Uncle John McGregor said all the folks around here were getting an office, and he might as well have one, too. So he finds himself a piece of chalk, and draws

a square on the rod room floor about the size of one of Big Will's feet, and calls it his office. Mr. Arthur hated to see him working so hard all by himself, so volunteered to help him partition off a private office.

Johnson, head-potman in room 32, says Stepp may be a high stepper, and Sapp Price a tapping tapper, but he was going to see that 32 beat 34 tapping one day, anyhow. So according to reports he had an extra crew helping tap, and took some men from the other side of the house to birdhead all pots ahead of the tappers; and then let 34 beat him, anyhow.

The Pot Rooms have finally accepted prohibition, and we have Mr. H. R. Wake to thank for it. Don't know what argument he used, unless he claimed his hot weather substitute for beer wouldn't even hurt a baby. But anyhow the milk they have been furnishing us three times a day is gaining rapidly in popularity, and no bad effects have been noticed.

Mr. H. C. Hightower returned the first of the month from Maryville, and took up his old job of tapping in room 28; but unfortunately was again called home on account of his father's bad health.

This may not be the proper place to announce it, but lest some of the other departments overlook it, we want to

make known the fact that Mr. Dave Swagerty has a new Pot Puncher up at his house. Of course, we are not wishing the young man any hard luck; that is just what the boys named him.

Mr. A. L. Culveyhouse was an interesting visitor a few days ago. He was in the signal corps of the Thirtieth Division, and had some exciting experiences to relate. He will be remembered here as flock-walker on the three o'clock shift.

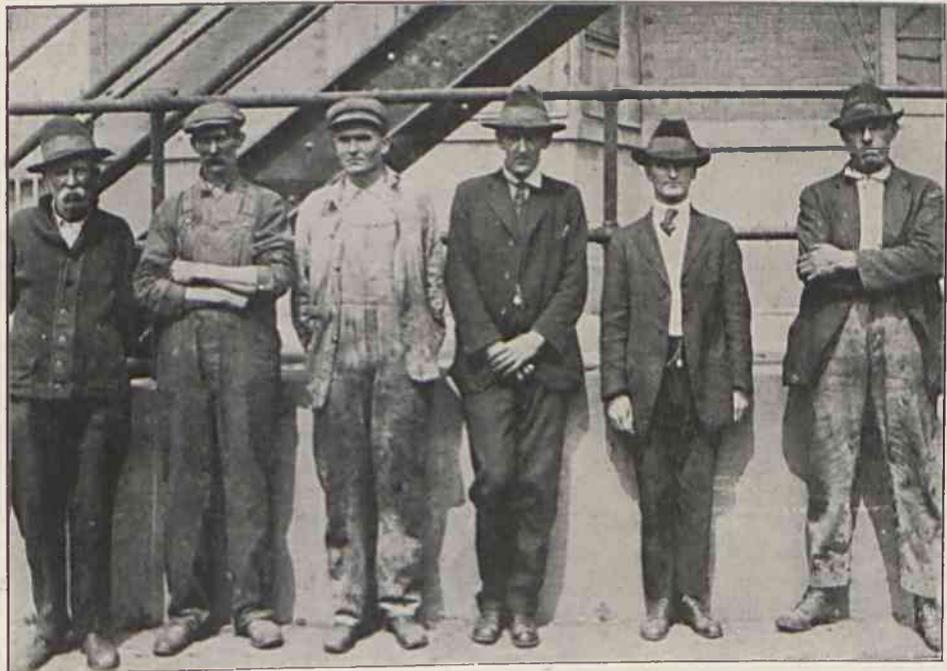
According to advance dope, the Pot Rooms are going to give a good account of themselves in baseball on both sides of the color line.

Somebody ask Ralph Sturkey what he was looking for on the coke pile, April 1.

### Electrical Notes

The electrical work at the Falls powerhouse is nearly completed, and the wheels will probably begin to turn on May 1. The finishing preparations are under way, and those thousand and one little "finishing touches" are being put.

Mr. Lockman, who installed the water wheels, is thru with his part of the "game," and just looks on at the others still working, with a why-don't-you-finish-too expression on his face. Then he goes to Mr. Seabrook, the General Electric Company erector in charge of the erection of the big generators, and asks, "Well, when are you going to be ready



MACHINE SHOP DEPARTMENT HEADS

Left to right: J. Smith, Blacksmith Foreman; J. N. Ragsdale, Rigger Foreman; F. M. Goodnight, Assistant Pipe Fitter Foreman; E. N. Evins, Machine Shop Foreman; F. R. Hunicutt, Master Mechanic; Z. V. McNulty, Pipe Fitter Foreman.