

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

Electrical Shop Items

Mr. R. L. Kelly has been after some elusive "Motor Curves" lately, which is the beginning of a campaign to find out why some motors "mote" better than others, and that in turn is just a step in the quest of the Electric Shop to find out why some motors cost more to "mote" than others. Kelly says that in school, when the curves didn't come out right, it wasn't so hard to draw a nice curve and take the readings from the curve, but he can't get by with that now. At first he had about decided that it was no go, and that you'd just have to be thankful that an induction motor pulled like the dickens, and let it go at that. However, Christmas morning Santa Claus brought him some results that cheered him up quite a bit, and convinced him that maybe a fellow could find out something about machinery if he kept pestering around long enough. Now, at this New Year's time, the Kelly's second victim lies silently strapped to the test blocks, while Kelly stands around in "19," and hopes those rotaries don't buck. Guess when he gets back to that ten-horse motor on the blocks, he'll feel like giving it a pat on its little head, and doing a brake test on it with his bare hands.

Don't forget that the new class in "Industrial Motors and Control" starts pretty soon; and don't be saying, two months or two years from now, "I wish I'd started when So-and-So did." Find out something about it. It's up to you.

Shorty Baumgardner has admitted his failure to heat the Electrical Shop. He claims that the failure of the hot air system that has been installed for some time has proved that hot air won't do it; so don't blame him.

Dad Withrow is all smiles now. The Electrical Shop is installing radiators for steam heat, and Dad says he is glad we are going to do away with so much (?) hot (?) air.

Shorty Baumgardner spent the Christmas holidays with father, mother, sweethearts, and relatives in various parts of North and South Carolina.

We are glad to see Mr. F. T. White back on the job. He was recently called to his home, near Whiteville, on account of the illness of his father.



BADINITES NOW IN SOUTH AMERICA

Good morning, "Roxy," how was Christmas? "Mighty dry, mighty dry." Well, how's the bank roll? "Mighty low, mighty low."

Well, Donoghue, what big deals have you pulled off this month? More horses for the "Bone Yard" Reclamation Department.

We are glad to see Mr. Z. V. Robinson back on the job, after spending the holidays with his father, in Asheville.

Christmas was rather dull in the Electrical Shop, as so many went away to spend the holidays.

Messrs. Pete and John DuBose are spending several days with their brother, Mr. McN. DuBose.

Messrs. Lee and Morris Meyers spent the Christmas holidays with relatives, in Gold Hill, N. C.

Mr. W. H. Davis and family spent the Christmas holidays with his father, in Moore County.

Yadkin Falls Station

Well, he did it. Who did it? What did he do? I thought every one knew he did it. Who? Why, "Bob" Jones went and got married the other day. Yes, to use Bob's expression, "I'm a

gone goblin now." He left us a few nights ago quite mysteriously. When the day shift came down, Jones was missing. Barnette looked wise, but kept "mum." It seems that Mr. Shoemaker spirited Bob away in his (Shoemaker's) car; anyway he came back the other day with two suitcases, and something all wrapped up in furs, which turned out to be a pretty little lady whom Bob introduced as "My wife."

Well, Shoemaker was on the job again, and we all crawled in the car and came to the Falls.

The Jones' will occupy the little three-room house, and will take their meals with Mr. and Mrs. Beckham until they can concentrate their minds long enough to figure out what they will need to start housekeeping.

All of the young men of Badin who are thinking very seriously of getting married, had best look us up. This is a great old game, this operating. We only have one more vacant house. We have a pool table, and you can save your money, shoot pool, and still be in "holering" distance of your wife. First come, first served. Ideal, parfait, N'est-ce-pas?

We are not mentioning any names, but someone is buying wrist watches, etc., and going to town two or three times a week and twice on Sundays, and he always comes back smiling, and hangs over the 'phone until it is time to go again. Does anyone recognize the symptoms?

Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker invited Mr. Mintz and family, also Mr. and Mrs. Beckham, over for dinner Christmas day. We sure did justice to that dinner. You have got to hand it to Mrs. Shoemaker; she certainly can cook.

We have with us a new family—Mr. E. J. Sitton, of Gaffney, S. C. Mr. Sitton is one of the switchboard operators here.

The boys gave Mr. Shoemaker a nice pair of leggins for Christmas. He has a different walk now.

We have an idea that the Main Office had best scout around for a new "Hello Girl" soon.

Miss Estelle Beckham, of Pleasant Hill, S. C., visited her brother a few days ago.