

at his aforesaid trainer, when he (his trainer) stepped out of his way, and let him just knock a great chunk of atmosphere out of place, also his wrist. Science says that we can't move our hands but what we upset the atmospheric conditions of the whole universe. This certainly must have been an awful jar. "Bill" is about all O. K. now, only he is running on one cylinder.

Claud Tipton is minus a costly "Meresham" cigar holder, which he is anxious to find, not because of its value, but just because he wants to know where it is. He plucked a cigar out of Capt. Dave Swagerty's pocket, and proceeded to place it in his nice cigar holder, and was smoking to his heart's content, when bang went the darned thing, and he hasn't seen his holder since. He says he is not just sure, but he doesn't think he swallowed it.

Mr. H. C. Huggins, of the Control Department, left for New York on February 14, to spend a few days. From his spasmodic manner on the eve of his departure, we guess that on his return he will join the heavenly band of Badin newly-weds. Huggins is a good scout, and we all hope for him the greatest amount of happiness.

We have missed our old friend Uncle John McGregor for the last few days, and on inquiring his whereabouts we find he is attending some kind of political convention somewhere. That is about all we can find out about him at present, but guess he will tell us who they nominated for President when we see him.

Pot Room No. 22 has been started, after being closed down since 1916. This is the room where we took our first lessons in potology. For awhile we thought there was but one place that was hotter than this, but that place was not accessible to us in our present state.

The political pot is beginning to simmer, and there is some good timber in the Pot Room for office holders; but we think it is useless to go to the trouble of nominating any of them, for who would want to give up a good soft snap just to hold down some office.

Mr. L. V. Leach has returned, after being called to his home in Rowland about six weeks ago by the sickness and death of his mother from flu. His wife has also been very sick with the same malady, but we are glad to know she is improving.

Head Potman Price is confined to his room with the flu. We hope it will not

prove serious, and that "Dock" will soon be back on the job. Mr. Otis Sullivan is holding down No. 24 in his absence.

A very welcome raise has come, and the boys are all happy. You can hear them all arguing as the best make of cars, and what kind they intend buying with their surplus.

Mr. Ed Harrison, who has been out for a few days on account of a very badly inflamed eye, is able to be on the job again.

We are sorry to report Mr. Jim Council confined to his home with that very popular disease generally called the flu.

Falls Power House Notes

Well, Folks; we have found that to get or secure anything these days, we have to "holler." We yelled, and the roads from here to Badin magically improved.

The mighty man of magic was Mr. Beers. He usually rides a horse down here, but for some reason not known he came down in his car. Results: The roads were placed in fairly good condition. We sincerely hope that Mr. Beers will continue to drive his car on his tours of inspection, and then we will have good roads.

Spring is almost here, and the long, long promises of the Renting Office in regard to painting the houses, general repair, etc., have not been fulfilled yet. They stick pretty little yellow slips on our rent cards, with the information that all repair work will be charged for, and still they don't start anything. They do not take into consideration that the houses were used during construction days, and that they have not had one bit of repairs since that time.

The Tallassee Power Company is one of the best Companies anywhere. They have given us one of the best equipped hospitals you can find in the State of North Carolina. We have the very best schools in the South (white and colored). In other words, the Company is all the time trying to better the living conditions of their employees in every way—in the plant, power houses, construction department, etc. But—that Rent Office!

We are glad to learn that Mr. Thorpe is going to see that we have a ball team this year. With the Company at the back of us, we will do wonders. Get busy, Fellows! We have some good players down here—the married, settled-down type—universally recognized as the very highest type of players.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams were called to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the funeral of Mrs. Williams' brother-in-law. While returning, Mr. Williams was taken ill, and is now with his mother, in Charlotte.

Some time ago there was some talk of a man from Badin to represent us on the road question. Are nominations in order? We have found our man.

Mrs. B. L. Shoemaker has gone to Great Falls, S. C., to nurse her parents, who are ill with influenza.

Carbon Plant Notes

During the installation of the Taylor stokers, at Building 30, the calciner boiler is furnishing steam to the Machine Shop. Howell says he needs the money to offset some repairs that the machine shop recently made for him.

Since it has been agreed that a space twenty by sixty feet in the machine shop will be allotted the Carbon Plant for storing baked carbons, Messrs. Allen and Taylor have found a surprising number of uses for this particular space.

For the first time in the history of the Badin Plant, the Plant is operating at full capacity. In the Aluminum Plant, seven pot rooms are in operation, while in the Carbon Plant four carbon baking furnaces are being operated.

We now have all motors between Calciner and Bunkers interlocked. We should be able to cut out a man whose duties heretofore consisted of watching these motors. It was a neat job, thanks to the Electrical Department.

Mr. Earl Evans, machine shop foreman, recently built a new gas castover for us. So far it is working very nicely, and if it continues to stand up will no doubt reduce R & M in this department considerably.

The plastering gang and their equipment have been moved inside the plant. The corner where they used to splash around has been cleaned up, which greatly improves the appearance of that side of the plant.

Pitch has begun to arrive, and now Biddix will have an opportunity to make use of that peculiar faculty of his, that is, to look at a man, and tell whether he can unload pitch or not.

It is hard to tell who is having the most trouble, Bob Lee or A. D. Howell. At any rate, Howell says he would like to swap departments with Lee for awhile.