

tion in the electrical department of the Lancaster Light and Power Company, and the Lancaster Cotton Mill Company.

Mr. Rogers, late of the United States Army has accepted a position as operator here. He will help Mr. Barnett cook and eat "Ham and—"

Mrs. Charles Williams has returned from a visit to Great Falls, South Carolina.

Miss Mamie Barnett of Fort Mill, S. C., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. L. B. Shoemaker is visiting friends in Hickory, N. C.

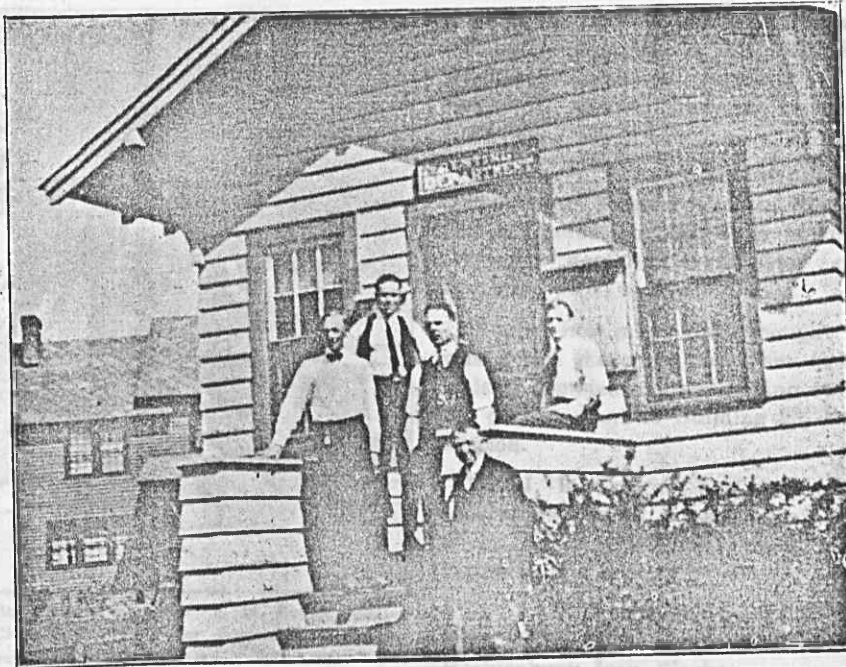
Mr. Tom Jackson is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams.

Rotary Station Equipment No. 3—Hook

A man takes the first step toward knowledge when he recognizes that he knows nothing.—*Levi Schmidt.*

These lessons were intended to cover only Rotary Station Equipment, as Hook is here and for the benefit of those who don't know what it is, its causes and effects, we will try to explain it. Hook is not an electrical apparatus, neither is it wanted, but like the poor, "We have it with us always." Nearly all rotary stations run continuously, that is they run 24 hours a day, and would run 26 hours a day if only someone would design a 26 hour day. To be sure the rotaries would stop if the current from the power house was cut off, but about the only way to stop the power house is for a fish to get in the water wheel of one of the generators thereby contaminating the water and causing it to be useless to run a water wheel. To offset this difficulty the engineers that designed the water wheels put fish strainers over the intake to the water wheels. These effectively catch all the fish and throw them up on top of the dam. Anyone wanting a nice mess of fish can get by going over to the dam where they will be supplied gratis—This is one way to help the fight on old man H. C. L.

Now as the rotaries run all the time it is necessary that operators, floormen, water boys, and other attendants be on duty at all times, but the night, or "Graveyard" shift are the only ones that are affected by Hook. It starts about 2.00 o'clock a. m., sometimes earlier, that all depends. (Hook only affects live beings not rotaries.) It starts somewhere between the cerebrum and pedal extremities, that is from the top



PART OF THE TOWNSITE RENTING FORCE: MESSRS. BIZZELL, JACKSON, SMITH, SHEPPARD AND WHITE

of your head to the bottom of your feet, and gradually affects all parts of the body, especially the eyes. (Hook is not an electrical disease.) It is no respecter of persons and lasts only a few hours, but it makes you feel like the coming of a hard winter while it lasts.

When first affected you feel tired and sleepy, so you walk around a little bit to keep awake, but Hook goes with you and gets a little tighter hold. After a little while you think you are sick (you just think so), and wish you were in bed. After a little more walking you get mad and want to fight and wish someone would come around and start something. About 3.00 o'clock a. m. you feel worse—about like you had been chewed up and spit out. You try to think a little bit but under these circumstances your mind won't work properly, and all you can think about is fighting. How cruel the world is! And what a hard time you have! So you go and drink the dope you have, or the coffee whichever you happen to have. (If you haven't these two supposed remedies you wonder why your wife didn't think to tell you to get them, and you get sore at the wife and decide to get a divorce, and alimony if she can pay it.) Oh! but you are sure going to organize the wife in the morning. If you have no wife you are going to straighten out the Landlady. You will show her how to fix you bum lunches and chow chow sandwiches, and

not have your bed made up when you get there at 7.00 a. m. Take it from you, you are some whistling engine of destruction (Hook's getting worse), and would just as soon peddle peanuts in a graveyard as monkey around this way. So you go and wash your face in cold water thinking it will help some, may be it will but old man Hook has decided to stay a while with you and collect because you didn't sleep enough yesterday. Gee! but you wish you could get some sleep, but you can't you've got to pay old man Hook, so you walk around some more and feel worse and think who you could get a fight out of. Oh, yes it was those kids next door that kept you awake yesterday. Just wait till those kids make any more noise and see if you don't go down and whip the whole family, including the old man and mother-in-law. Dad blame! but you feel bad. That man that relieves you had better be here on time or it will be all off with him.

The clock has stopped now. No, it's running backwards and you can see little Devils jumping up and down in front of you and you feel about like you had been beat out of H— with a bag of soot for stealing chickens, and you don't care whether you sink or swim, stand up or fall down. Nothing matters now. (Old man. Hook has got you right now.) Wouldn't you like to see a bed? Yes, it's breaking day. You feel some better. (Old man Hook's leaving you now.) You