

SCOUTS, TROOP 1, BEARING THE BIG FLAG

man in Whitney to run a planing mill. The planing mill ran during the daytime, and the lights were needed at night, so both got along pretty well.

During the winter of 1916, the population of Badin increased very rapidly, and more lights were needed, the machine shop needed power, and Mr. Broadwell had gotten the carbon plant reconstructed to a point where he needed some power, so Farmer Scott decided that something had to be done. The first thing was to get the brush and trees out of the canal, and some of the weeds and mud out of the forebay. A load of dynamite was taken up and placed at strategic points along the canal, and the way the trees and mud flew was enough to awe the natives. One of the Farmer's able assistants sneaked away and hid under some bushes at quite a distance from the canal, and was nearly caught under a flying tree. "Ha!" said the Farmer, "you will lay down on me, will you?" The man never stopped running to answer questions, and may be running yet. Soon the canal was widened from a small ditch to a real canal, but the anticipated amount of water did not get to the wheel, as there were two or three rather bad breaks in the canal banks. These were patched, and the water then obtained gave the required amount of power as long as the river was high.

A little later the carbon plant started to bake carbons, and then there were a couple of small exhaust fans which Mr. Broadwell said had to be run all the time. Mr. Hagadorn, in the machine shop, had an air compressor which needed to be run part of the time, and the

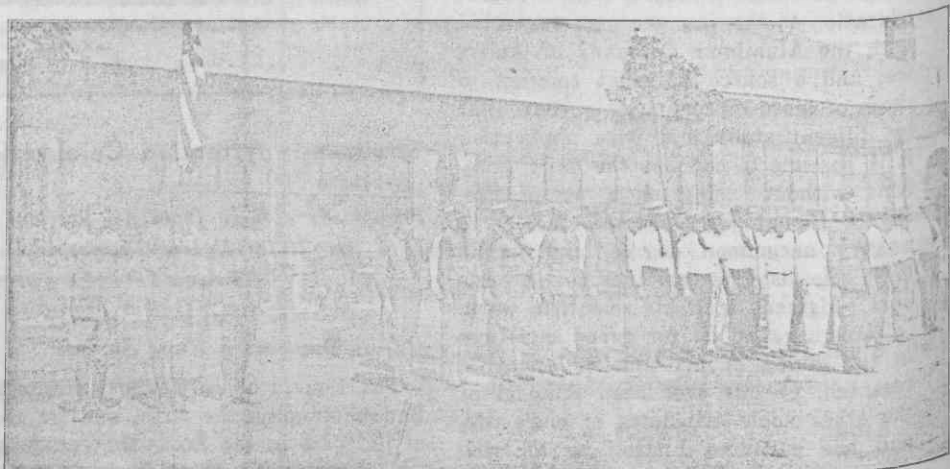
people in town needed more lights, and the water went down in the river. The result was that when the air compressor started up, the fans in the carbon plant nearly stopped, and the lights in town were just red. Mr. Broadwell kicked, the people in town kicked, and Farmer Scott got desperate. He hied away to Whitney again for another look. "Ha!" said he, "we must stop the river, and make it flow through this canal." He began cutting trees and hauling slabs and rough lumber from the planing mill to the river, and started to build a dam across the river; but the dam was not very tight, and did not help very much for a time. One day the Farmer spied a haystack. "The very thing!" said he, and to the river the stack was moved with great haste. The hay and a few sandbags were put in the largest holes, and good results were obtained. There

was water enough to generate power for lights, for the fans, and the air compressor, all at the same time.

The Farmer engaged Claude Rhinehardt and John Coggins as operators, on twelve-hour shifts. There was already one residence (shack) constructed, which Mr. Rhinehardt moved his family into, and the Farmer built another for Coggins. This house had two rooms, each about ten by twelve feet, and later Coggins added a small porch during his spare time. [Things went along pretty well for a time, until one day the lignum vitae thrust-block under the water wheel burned out. Everything stopped—the two fans, the air compressor, and the lights. The Farmer started a line of conveyances between Badin and Whitney, hauling ropes, chain hoists, pumps, boilers, coal, and in a few hours the wheel was dismantled, the old block removed, and a new one put in. During this breakdown, the Farmer managed to negotiate with a man for the loan of an old International harvester truck, which he thought would save lots of time. Unfortunately, during the first trip, when about opposite the steepest part of the bank along the old Whitney canal, something happened to the steering gear, and the truck left the road for a rapid trip down the thirty-five foot bank to the bottom of the canal.

There were three men in the truck with the Farmer, and fortunately all reached the bottom safely. The Farmer said: "Aw, that's nothing."

[After the Farmer had gotten the first adjustment to Mr. Tallasse's electrical system finished, he started exploring, and somewhere under a tree near Palmer Mountain he found ten large transformers, weighing about ten or twelve tons



THESE WERE GOOD MEN IN WAR TIMES—THEY HAVE SHOWN THEMSELVES TO BE PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS IN TIME OF PEACE