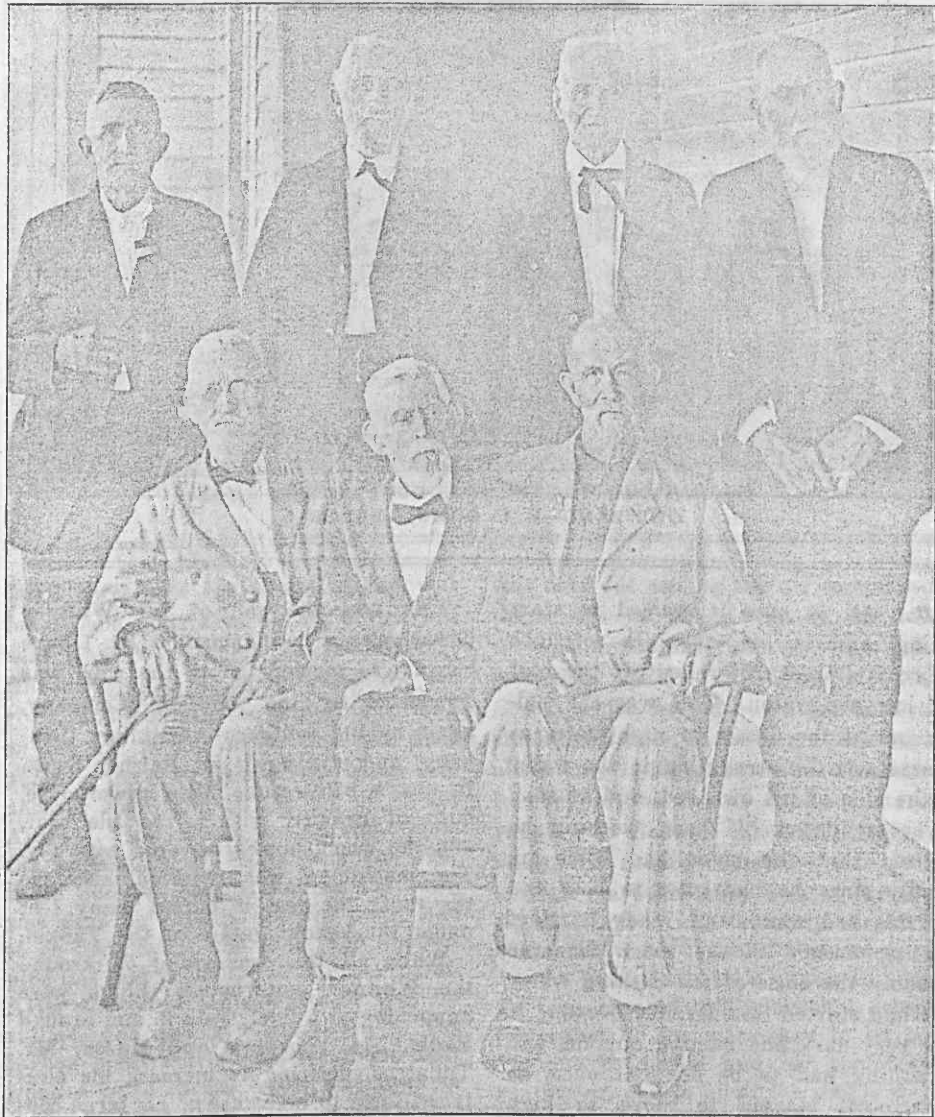


each, and decided that they must be brought to the plant immediately; so he started back to Badin for his gang. It was about 7.30 in the evening before he had them all rounded up, and ropes and tackle made ready. They had to move these transformers on skids for something over one hundred feet to the railroad siding, and made such good progress that by about four the next morning Ed Robinson, one of the gang, and an ex-railroad engineer, suggested that they get the engine and a flat car from the plant and load these transformers. They had already been under these trees for about ten years, and it would not do to allow them to stay there a minute longer. The Farmer thought this a good idea, so Ed and another man were sent after the engine and a flat car. (Fortunately they found a good one.) The engine and car arrived near the transformers in about an hour, and loading was started. Luckily these transformers were quite high, and not very big around, so all ten were loaded on the one car in about three hours. (A load of about 120 tons on a forty- or fifty-ton car.) Everyone was pretty tired after this strenuous night's work, and were glad to clamber aboard the train, and start for home.

Here we come to another part of our story. It had been the custom for the engine crew to get up steam at about 6.30 a. m., and be ready for work at seven, when the whistle blew. The crew went for the locomotive all right, but something had happened—the dinkey was gone! It had left no tracks, so it could not be trailed that way. In about an hour there was great excitement in and around the plant; all sorts of impossible suggestions were made as to what might have become of the dinkey. Some even thought that Villa had made rather an extensive raid across the Mexican border, and wanted to add to his rolling stock. Others thought that some yeggs had broken into the strong box in the office, and had used the dinkey to make a quick get-away. About this time someone happened to look up the track toward Whitney, and saw a most peculiar looking outfit moving along the track toward them. Soon quite a crowd collected, and watched the slow-moving object. When it came nearer, they recognized the lost dinkey, and in a short time Farmer Scott and his crew. Some of the construction men were so angry that they didn't know whether to laugh, cuss, or cry. The Farmer directed his outfit into the machine shop, left the



OUR "OLD VETS" WHO TOOK PART IN THE INDEPENDENCE DAY PARADE

Standing: W. D. Rhinehardt, C. W. Scarborough, W. S. Spencer, G. M. Misenheimer.  
Sitting: John Jenkins, D. H. Coggins, J. H. Hearne.

loaded car there, and turned the dinkey over to the anxious engine crew. The Farmer and his gang then started home for breakfast and bed, satisfied that they had seen a night well spent. Farmer Scott begged Mrs. Gerrish, then in charge of the Club, to let him have some breakfast in the Club dining-room. So he started in on boiled eggs and toast. In about an hour, Mrs. Gerrish becoming alarmed at his staying in the dining-room so long, and being so quiet, looked in. There was the Farmer, knife in one hand, fork in the other, head hanging back over the chair, mouth open, with a good portion of his breakfast egg outside. The Farmer, rather tired after his night's experience, decided that it was a waste of time to go to bed, and

so went to sleep in his chair at the breakfast table.

Affairs went along very well at the Whitney powerhouse until the great flood in July, 1916. Mr. Rhinehardt and Mr. Coggins were operating the station, making gardens, and raising chickens, and seemed well established for the summer. After two or three days of heavy rains about the middle of July, the Yadkin River began to rise rapidly. Coggins was on the night shift, and Rhinehardt went calmly to bed, thinking that on the next day he would see the river begin to fall. During the night, Rhinehardt had a bad dream about floating down a river on the roof of a house with the children, the chickens, and cat trying to share his rather uncertain