



THE "UMP." WAS ABOVE MR. THORPE

### The Resistance Pot

Well it's some pot. A very minute description is as follows:

A mass of iron, pot lining, water seals, air pumps, kilowatts, and gadgets mixed in just the right proportion. Whoever named it the "Resistance Pot" certainly attached a most appropriate title. Resistance is right at almost every turn. However, there were ample brains hanging 'round just waiting for the opportunity to be used. There were various resistances to be overcome in almost every scientific line—chemical, electrical, and mechanical. A considerable portion of the gray matter, we admit, was imported from Pittsburgh, and was lugged around on the shoulders of Mr. Wm. Hoopes and Dr. F. C. Frary. However, we feel that the local talent should receive honorable mention.

This pot has proved to be a periodic pot—five days being the maximum length

of time it would work without a rest. It is an awfully grumpy little thing when an effort is made to work it longer than it wants to work, and human-like it makes its feelings known by kicking, knocking, etc. However, it is interesting to note that each time a test is made, the less frequent the rest periods. The object of this pot is to make men swear, lose sleep, be late for meals, and burn up perfectly good suits of clothes. But whatever may be said about this pot, it will have to be granted that it has been the direct means of introducing several novel and valuable schemes which will be of material benefit in our regular potroom operation. For instance, tapping with an air drill and weighing all materials which go into the pots. As soon as the latter is started in the potrooms, it will mean that there will be no more ore, cryolite, or fluoride shortages, and poor Harry Swindell will have to

find himself another job. Cheer up, Harry, old boy; Jesse James is looking for men of your caliber for the Field Inventory Force.

This last was a particularly good run, and we made—an awful lot of trouble for the Electrical Department. It might prove interesting to note just what was accomplished during the last run: Ninety-three fuses were blown, an idler which didn't idle was installed, and the pot took in and expelled one million gallons of H<sub>2</sub>O. Mr. Hoopes wore a path three feet wide and four inches deep in the brick floor in building No. 20, and smoked 2,187 Turkish tinted cigarettes. The boys took a vote to determine which was more disagreeable to their sense of smell—the fumes given off from the pot or the Turkish tinted cigarettes. It was unanimously decided in favor of the fumes.

Mr. Thorpe burnt up a couple of nice suits of clothes, but "allowed" that he would be better prepared to withstand the attacks of demon fire next time, as he had just placed an order with Reiner for a suit of asbestos weave.

Mr. Parks donated a pair of glasses, which were beautifully etched, and was gently but firmly informed by his wife that he could either stop trotting in and out of her house at all hours of the night or move his bed over in building 20. After giving the matter serious consideration, he decided he wouldn't do either, whereupon he promptly fled to the Chemical Show in New York.

—L. G. D.

While Huggins was off on his vacation, Starkey Burns assisted Mr. Mack in checking up the clamp drop. Bully for you, Starkey. We all knew you would go up sooner or later.

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