



STOREHOUSE AND REPAIR SHOP

The Machine Shop

(Continued from Page 3)

over the job until called to the Narrows cement testing laboratory. His most famous epigram was, "If you m-m-monkey w-w-with w-women you'll g-g-get into t-t-trouble every t-t-time."

The anchor bolt business began to get beyond Uncle Jesse, and the repairs, pipe work, etc., attendant on a construction job increased rapidly, so the force had to grow, too. A string of new men came in shortly—Cleve Fultz and his dad, Bob Morton, Earl Evans, Ragsdale, Spraker, Billy Napier, Sr. and Jr., Hi Forrest, and Johnny Hearne, and they formed the nucleus of our present force. Then along in January, 1914, the corner and other stones of the present machine shop and blacksmith shop were poured by Patsy Ramard's gang, with some of Uncle Jesse's anchor bolts inserted therein. The steel work was erected in due time, and April saw much of the equipment installed.

Elmer Hagadone was the Master Mechanic during this period. Besides the machine shop, he had charge of the garage, the dinkies, the "one spot" and "two spot," the crane and other rolling stock of the French Company; looked after the installation of equipment in the Carbon Plant, and was chief of the Fire Department. He was kept tolerably busy! Later he was relieved of his duties as chief of the Fire Department, when "Pussyfoot" Muckean came

to town to take charge of the Police and Fire Department.

While Officer Muckean was not of the machine shop, the machine shop and the police department were often mixed, particularly after payday, hence a note or two regarding the officer should not be amiss in this history. Also please note that this period was in the good old days of the four-quart law. Officer Muckean was the hot cat, from Chicago, a city-broke cop who had never been south of the Southworks Steel Mills. He put helmets on his hired help, and provided them with a billy apiece. He then got a map of the town—Badin only existed on paper—and assigned a beat to each and every member of his trusty force. His office was in the laboratory, and its principal item of equipment was an enlarged crayon portrait of the officer in uniform, with a marvelous billy draped with blue cord hanging from it. Said billy had been a gift, and on second look one could easily ascertain why it had been given away. Officer Muckean's squad would meet in formation in front of the laboratory daily. Chief Muckean would read them a bulletin regarding wearing collars, shining their shoes, or something, whereupon they would salute and depart for their respective beats, and could be seen patrolling back and forth over the cornfields from sun up to sun down, waiting for the town to grow up and give them something to do.

Erection of the electrode plant was started after the machine shop was well under way. It is a curious thing to

note that the French people called it the "repair shop" and not the "machine shop," and they got it well started before they trifled much with the electrode plant. This single axiom of theirs, "Build your repair shop before you build your carbon plant," would indicate that they knew considerably more about making carbon than some folks are willing to give them credit for knowing.

With the roof on the electrode plant, the equipment came along, and was inserted by the trusty rigging gang. The pan grinders, pumps, presses, cranes, in fact everything discussed in the article last month on the "Badin Carbon Plant," had long before been previously cussed and recussed by the machine shop in the erection thereof. Yea—it is ever thus—from the beginning to the ending, from the cab of the mogul to the hind hoof of the mule, will you find the humble mechanic. This is a mechanical age. The world spins, we speak of the mechanics of writing, machinery of the law, the accountant compounds interest and the sawbones compounds fractures, politics are oiled, the pulpit puts the skids under Satan, and down at the bottom of the combined kinetic cosmos is the mechanic with his oil can and a busted Stillson—he can't get a Wescott from the tool room because the Electrical Department cleaned them out months ago.

And so Uncle Jesse and Hagadone and the rest of the boys worried along, putting in a gas producer here, a pump there, a pan grinder over yonder, endless gas mains, hydraulic lines, steam lines, a vile mess of buck stays, cast-iron floor plates, reversing valves, water cool spouts, and peepholes, which was all bricked in together and called a calciner, crushers, elevators, tar kettles, and all the rest of the stuff indicated on the blueprint. The firebrick work in the producers, flues, baking oven, and calciner was done by a force of Italians, under the direction of Louis Martinoni and an old fat Frenchman named Lemasson whose conversation was limited at all times to "Bon jour—dam hot—oui, oui." Yes, the old boy was some talker. Reserved, maybe, some folks would think from what he said. But it wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it. He used garlic to punctuate with!

The Italians lived in Little Italy, a settlement back of the carbon plant. They brought with them lots of Chianti, Dago Red, Barreled Beer and other delicacies that made Little Italy a Quartier Latin, a Bohemia, a Greenwich Village, and a Mecca for the tired lads in the