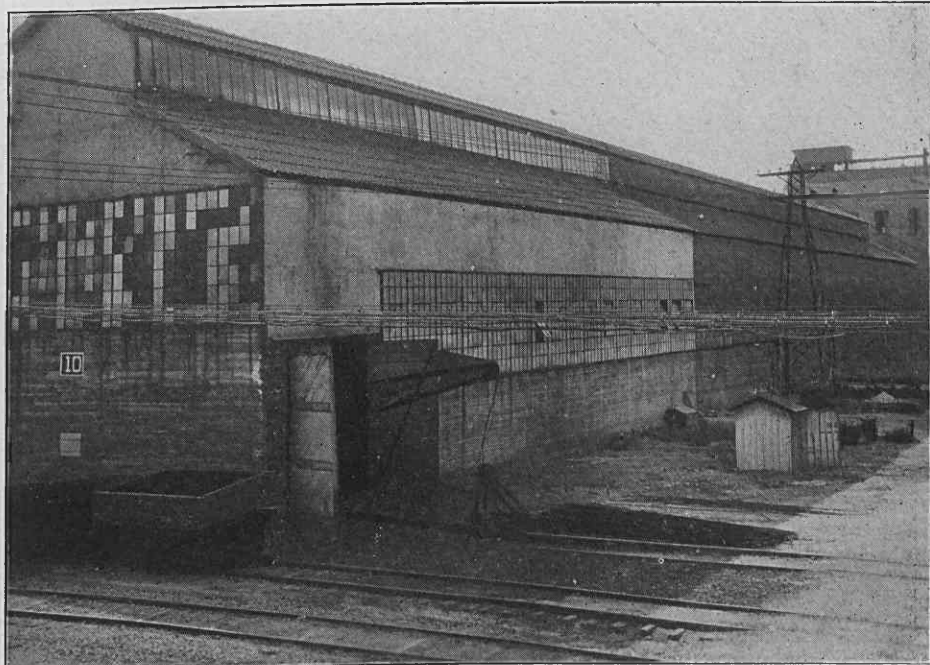


machine shop when the day's work was over. Gone is Little Italy now—vanished completely as Tyre and Sidon, not a stick, not a stone, not a wicker flask, not a pair of bones remains of Little Italy. The old east side is now North Badin. Geography is an interesting study; but not as much so as in the old days.

The late war messed up the machine shop, as it did everything else. The boys had practically finished the carbon plant, and were looking forward to the rigging, millwrighting, and so on that the big ten-acre aluminum building on the hill at the Narrows and the Alumina Plant on the present pot room site would give them. However in September, 1914, the work commenced to slacken, and by the end of October the job closed down tighter than Dick's, hatband. Not a wrench stirred in the machine shop, and the force was cut down to Mr. Hagadone alone.

The boys scattered far and wide, to work in the various munitions plants throughout the country, and the machine shop was closed. There was no work done for a period of about fourteen months, beyond occasional needed repairs to the water systems and the Company automobiles.

When the job was opened by the Tallessee Power Company in the fall of 1915, the machine shop doors opened also, and the S. O. S. was sent out for



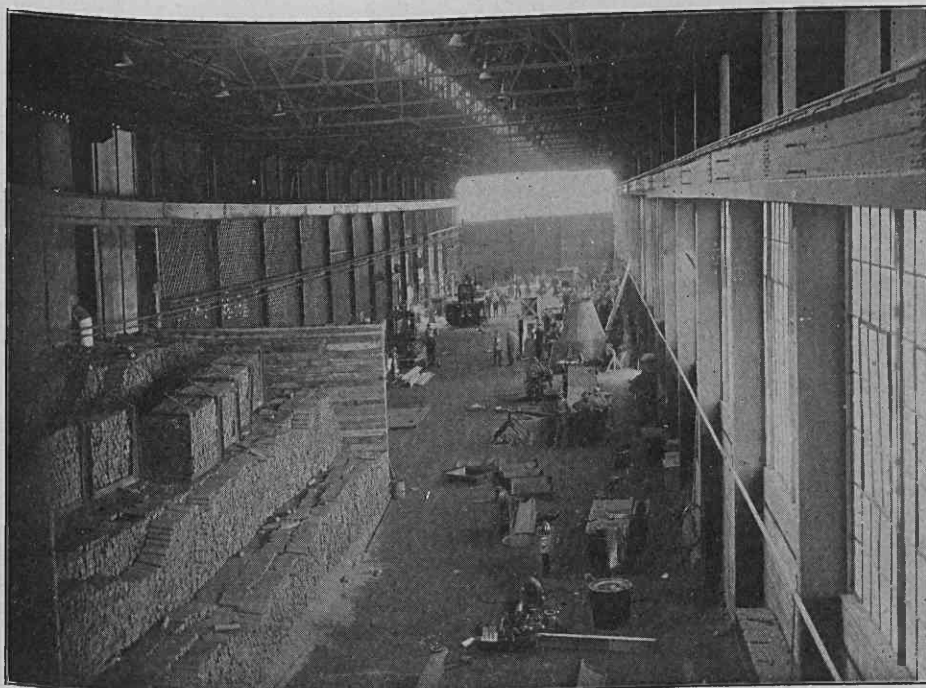
THE MACHINE SHOP TODAY

the old gang. Many of them came back. They had roamed and ranged from Hope-well, Carneys Point, Sparrows Point, to Newport News, Camden and the myriad other centers of war-time jobs, but when Badin opened up and Elmer had some work for them they came back to the old burg—which was a fine tribute to Hagadone and to Badin. And this is

the town, and these are the fellows that some of these latter-day preachers look over on their way up Falls Road and then announce in their pulpits "they care for nothing but dancing, card playing, and the movies."

So the boys came back, and they found a lot waiting for them to do. The carbon plant had to be torn up by the roots, and replaced or replanted again according to the Aluminum Company's Hoyle. It did not seem to be a time to yank out all those nice pan grinders, sixteen hundred ton presses, et cetera, that had been coaxed and patted into place with loving hands. Orders were orders, however, and they went to it. Incidentally, one of the bays of the carbon plant had to be raised fifteen feet to make a place for the mixing room. What with old French equipment, old Massena equipment, new equipment, unclassifiable equipment lying around, part of the building being jacked up, Broadwell blowing up the rest of it, you'd come mighty near being right in calling it a mess. Chaos was no name for it in 1916. It was a couple of chaoses, and they were taking orders from nobody. On top of this, shipments were cut to one quart every fifteen days, the nearest express office being Whitney, and the Electrical Department was permitted to have a corner of the machine shop.

Notwithstanding these obstacles, the boys came through smiling. They could



INTERIOR MACHINE SHOP—LOOKING WEST