

THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF CARBON RODS

A striking example of what the Carbon Plant thinks of the usefulness of the Machine Shop—apparently it is believed to make a good storehouse!

chanical Engineer, and took over the shop in the fall of that same year. Mr. Allen's administration brings us down to the present time. The principal jobs the machine shop has handled during this year in the carbon plant have been the re-location of the Elmes Press between the Jumbo presses and its necessary conveyor, the installation of a pan grinder for research work, and the installation of a battery of tumbling barrels in building 50-A in place of the present cleaning equipment. Potroom 38 was built during the month of April and May, 1920.

Beaver Dam Ferry of fame and story was completed after severe mental and physical effort on the part of the department, and installed in the latter part of March, somewhere up on Beaver Dam Creek, above Nash's sheep pasture.

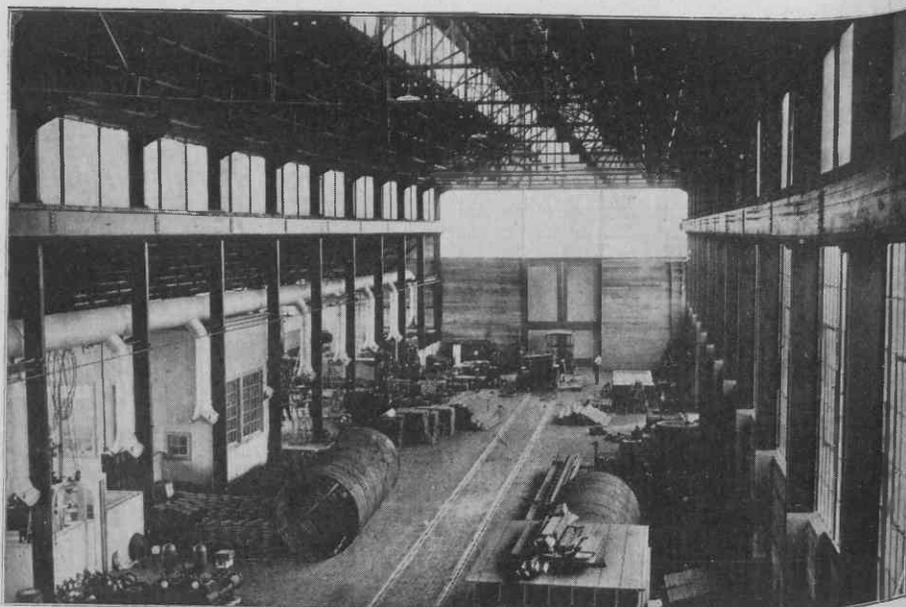
Experimental pots have provided busy work for idle fingers off and on throughout the year, and they have also caused the temporary opening of the Temporary Rotary Station. The sudden demands for help at Potroom 19 are apt to come hard and heavy 'most any time of the day or night. And 'most any time of the day or night you go there you will find potmen and Pittsburghers, plumbers and pencil-pushers grouped around the pot like women around the Fuller baby cab when the twins are out for an airing. And both groups, have the same whispering comments—"How are they going?"

—"Just fine!" "Got a good color?"—"Yes" "How hot was the bath?" "Ought to have a little more juice."—"How about weighing this little pig?"—and so on ad. lib., ad. infinitum.

The machine shop has been hard hit twice in the present year—once in front with the budget, and once in the back with 2,000,000 pounds of carbon which were stored right in the living-room. The budget could be seen coming though its force was unsuspected—but that

2,000,000 pounds of carbon! It was stalled off once, but somehow managed, Daniel like, to escape from the lion's den of busted hunches. The first thing the shop knows it didn't know nuthin', and there was this pile of carbon in its midst. Now that it's done, and you can see it and cuss it every day, you don't mind it so badly. But with the budget, it's different—it has a way of sneaking up on you once a month and suffocating you with figures. And the Cost Department and the budgeteers do such dizzy things with those same figures! You learned when young that figures do not lie. The shop learned still more recently, with the help of the budget, that it costs them more to operate a boiler when it was shut down than when it was operating. Used more coal and everything! When this phase of the budget was discussed, the budgeteers straightened it out to their satisfaction. Now maybe those figures didn't lie, but we bet they were shimmying; and no telling what they'll do ten years from now.

The shop force at present is composed of about sixty-five men. Mr. Allen is in charge, with Mr. E. M. Evans as master mechanic, John Cashatt as shop foreman, Tom Chambers in charge of the pipe work, and M. S. Ragsdale in charge of the rigging gang. They try to keep everybody happy, and the wheels going—Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling—"Hello—yes—this is the shop, Ed—whasat?—The four roll crusher is on the fritz! Aw h—!"



INTERIOR OF MACHINE SHOP