

and expects to return to his old home, near Morganton, N. C. Mr. Wainwright is succeeded by O. G. Nelson, from Charlotte. We also have with us, as day man in Machine Shop, C. E. Miller, Mr. Miller being a brother to our old standby, B. A. Miller, in the Machine Shop Office, and Mr. Nelson, a brother of W. G. Nelson, also in that department.

We are not expecting to have any trouble there unless they start a family row of some kind.

B. H. Wallace, only a short time ago, was complaining of being sick, and it was not at all surprising, as his brother Wade had just been home, killed some hogs, and came back loaded with pork, pork sausage, "and the like." Wallace need not think that after eating Badin grub as long as he has that he could feast on pork, pork sausage, and honest-to-goodness country grub, and not feel the effect of it.

M. G. Waller and J. H. Cowles, in the distribution office, seem kinder carefree just at present, and we would suppose it is because Mrs. Cowles and Mrs. Waller are out of town. The first thing these two gents do when they come in in the morning is turn the steam on and back up to the radiator for awhile, as though they had been receiving cold comfort.

You may not believe it, but Joe Leonard is making arrangements to be away next week-end. Last fall Joe would go to Lexington anyway as often as every two weeks, but for some time he has not mentioned going, and it is really surprising that he would go now. Oh, well, who blames him?

A. B. Capel, eleven to seven man at Clock House No. 29, who some time ago cut a finger so badly it did not get well, went to the Hospital last week, and had a part of it taken off, and hopes soon to be well. Capel has had quite a bit of trouble with this finger, and may get lonesome without it, but it is hoped he will live over it.

Mr. W. F. Gambrell, who has been in the Hospital for two weeks or more, suffering with rheumatism, is improving, and is expecting to be back in the Machine Shop soon. Don't remember what kind of rheumatism Gambrell says he has, but it was a new brand.

W. R. Matheson came in this morning limping, and when asked what caused the flat wheel "Mat" said he had an awful sore corn, which sounds plausible; but we wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't sent home from Albemarle last night by Ankle express.

J. W. Tilley spent Tuesday, January 20, out of town, but didn't tell anyone where he went, or what for, but wore about the same expression on his return that he wore away; so it is evident that he never got married or even engaged.

Mechanical Department

A boxing stunt, which provided much amusement, was pulled off in Machine Shop Wednesday noon. The contestants were C. P. Johnson, of Statesville, who is thirty-five years of age, and weighs 180 pounds, Champion of Western North Carolina, opposed by W. L. Russell, a twenty-year-old Badin lad, who weighs 156 pounds.

The bout was to have gone three rounds, but lasted only sixteen seconds from start to finish. In the first round, W. L. Russell gave his heavyweight opponent a swift right to jaw, which landed him a knockout blow which would have floored him easily but for a workbench which caught his falling body, after which Mr. Johnson could not get out of the way of this youth fast enough to secure his hide.

A bit of radium in the person of Miss Lucille Everett has entered the heretofore dull and drear existence in the drafting-room. There has been much honing and applying of razors, and more or less dressing up around the neck by the boys—particularly one Heath Agle. There is some talk of putting curtains on the windows, and bows of pretty ribbon on all the drafting stools. Oh me! Would that we were young again, and could buy us a duvetyn vest and some passementerie pants—maybe.

Mr. A. P. Allen, the mechanical engineer, is teaching the shop forces Monday and Friday nights of each week, in School Building. The efforts of Mr. Allen will no doubt improve the efficiency of all who attend these instructions, and by so doing benefit the Company as well as themselves.

Mr. Robert Vann has joined the Mechanical Department, in the capacity of blueprint boy, taking the position of Mr. Albert Carmichael, who resigned to enter a new field of business, said business being unknown and of a secretive nature at this date. Albert is a fine lad, and we hated to lose him.

Mr. J. A. Moore has just returned from South Carolina with his newly acquired wife. The best wishes of the Mechanical forces are that they may be happy and prosperous throughout their future career.

Our shining white walk through the center of shop, in behalf of Safety First, should impress the men to be careful where they place material.

Perhaps some of the ladies might be able to explain why Mr. W. G. Nelson wears a sleepy expression each morning as he arrives at the office.

The installation of the new pan grinder for experimental work in the Carbon Plant will soon be completed.

The Blueprint Department is expecting to have to make an efficiency chart on how to raise twins.

The four-roll crusher has been operated almost a week without a breakdown, for a change.

For the protection of the men, we have installed goggles at each grinding machine.

Thomas Ham has spent the last month in Asheville, checking up ore cars.

Mr. F. R. Hunnicutt and family have moved to Atlanta, Ga.

W. H. Russell is all smiles this time—it is a girl.

Pot Room Notes

Mr. Hyatt, janitor in the wash-room, died on January 19, of pneumonia. The boys in the plant, learning that he had left an invalid wife and four small children, went down in their jeans and made up a purse for them, which amounted to \$92.50. We feel safe in saying that you won't find a more liberal set of men on earth than you will find in the Aluminum plant when it comes to helping those in need.

You don't need to advertise for men in any profession. When wanted, just get a pass to the Pot Rooms, where you will find lawyers, doctors, preachers, and in fact men of any profession; but for a good class of detectives you need not look farther, as we have some who have already proven their ability, and their sense of taste and smell is perfect. They can tell the goods in the dark as well as in the light.

Mr. F. M. Herndon, who had one of his hands injured in the Maryville plant some years ago, leaving him a stub finger, had it amputated a few days ago at the Badin hospital. He only lost one or two shifts on account of the operation. You just can't keep Jersey off the job.

Uncle John McGregor decided he would have some fun out of his friend Jersey, so he loaded a cigar for him;