

ELKIN MILL

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hot nights. We would like know who he took swimming the other night at 10:30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Phillips spent the past week-end at Virginia Beach.

Roy Boles and Jess Powers attended the ball game in Greensboro.

Ott Boles, Justice of the Peace, is all smiles. He married a couple Saturday night. We guess he got to kiss the bride.

We would like to know why J. L. Powers was sick last week. Will someone ask him.

Now that we have cold water in the mill, the next thing to ask for is a fan for each frame.

The output now from the cheese farm is 300 lbs. a day.

Things we see as we look through the Spinning Room.

Mook looking through the jail bars.

Russ Powers milking.

Tom Golden stomping Blackberry.

Fred Neaves eating a cheese sandwich.

Rev. J. L. Powers thinking of fried chicken.

Ott Key killing a calf.

Home Spencer hunting his meat.

Jim Young blowing up a balloon.

Hugh Salmon thinking about his trip to N. Y.

Rich Draughn acting like a bull frog.

Howard Golden cleaning his suspenders.

POWER PLANT

Vacation bugs are buzzing around the Power Plant gang here of late. One bit Jack Brown last Saturday, sending him off to Morehead City to recuperate from the effects, and so on. Jack was accompanied on the trip by the family, and a few of his friends. They hope to spend a week of fishing, and other pastimes appertaining to beaches, and so forth, before they return home.

Mrs. Burt (Bristles) Chipman is spending a few days at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Sparks near Benham. That probably accounts for that lonely look on old "Bristles" pan, here of late.

Marvin Lyons of the boiler room force has been transferred to the card room. Quite a lift we would call it, eh, Marvin?

Well, you should see the boys down in the boiler room since we have the coal conveyor in operation, they even look different. The "coal suveyor," as one of our long since retired coal handlers of the same color as coal, once called it, is a real boon to the Power Plant gang, one and all. We will be able

Bride of June 12th



Mrs. Charlie Colbert, of Jonesville, who prior to her marriage on June 12th, was Miss Mary Lou Garris.

to keep a clean house, at least we had better keep it clean, the efficiency of the plant will be increased, saving both men and money.

Coal is dumped from the railroad cars right into the elevator hopper, from here it is carried to an overhead storage bunker, high above the boiler room floor. The coal flows by gravity to a screw conveyor at the bottom of the bunker, which carries it into the boiler room, dumping it into a weighing device. From there it is dumped into the stoker hoppers, and fed into the furnaces as needed, by the stokers. Heretofore coal was handled entirely by hand, and was a laborious task of no small proportion. It is a great step towards the most modern of boiler room practice, and we as a whole, thank the management of this mill for their forethought and cooperation in giving us this equipment.

We don't have to try to say

how much we appreciate our company's reminder that they appreciate us, which they so ably said on July 3rd, thanks a million times gentlemen, and we will try to merit the whole of it. And this goes for the Power Plant gang.

Alexander Smith has been assigned to our department in the capacity of chemist in general. "Zan" as we know him, is handling boiler feed water control for all our boilers, both here and in Winston, and doing general chemical research work, is an essential in a plant as large as ours. "Zan" is a promising youngster, and we are glad to have him here during his college vacation. Alexander is studying chemical engineering at N. C. State.

SHOP

The annual gettogether of the "Tall Story and Parlor Joke Club," of the Shop, which includes all members of the shop and the electrical department, was

held on the lawn at the old shoe factory last Friday.

Messrs. W. A. Neaves, J. W. L. Benson, C. C. Poindexter, Thomas Roth, and J. A. Booher were invited out as guests of honor.

Mr. Vascoe Whatley did the honors at preparing the feast which consisted of a "Chicken Stew," with all that goes with it. Everyone attested to the fact that it was a fine layout, with many compliments on Mr. Whatley's ability to cook a splendid feast.

After the "stew" had been absorbed by the many members of the shop and the guests, the "Parlor Joke" division of the "Tall Story and Parlor Joke Club," led by "Red" Johnson, went into action. Well, what happened from here on is nobody's business. It is needless to say that "Red" Johnson carried off the prize for the best "Story," alphabetically speaking, of course, if you catch what we mean.

So far there has been no serious reaction from the many pounds of chicken absorbed, except that we noticed a small feather protruding from the corner of one of the boy's mouth, next morning.

We wouldn't accuse Mr. Whatley of being negligent in his duties in preparing the chicken, but it would have been entirely possible for the fellow to dig into the feathers instead of the chicken. Well, we probably will never know the straight of it.

And speaking of jokes, that same "Red" Johnson came down to your reporter's typewriter and made a copy of one of them on said typewriter. If you note any unnecessary words or phrases in our stories for the next few weeks, just blame it on the language it has been using. We don't seem to be able to break the darn thing from using such language.

Everyone came home with a stitch in one side from laughing at Mr. Neaves, laughing at those jokes, and a stitch in the other side from eating too much chicken. Anyway everybody had a swell time, and the thing is threatened to be repeated again in the near future. The boys in the shop furnishing the "music" and Whatley at the "Console." And by the way one of the fellows reported to your reporter that one of the boys ate so much chicken and had such a fine time that he oversubscribed his share and gave 30c to the fund. Now don't blame your reporter if that is not the right figure, but as we remember, it was just 30c. It could have been \$3.00, or on the other hand it could have been .03c. No that wouldn't be correct, it must have been 30c.

That tall guy from Yadkin county in the shop, reports that in addition to all the other things we accused him of doing, in the

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