



The Arc Engineers

Do you remember Jakey Mott
Who pulled the cathode sheath
To change the carbon while 'twas hot
And fell heir to a wreath?
The power house backed up a rod,
The chief op, Luke, went on a prod -
The rest of us turned up some sod
And put poor Jake beneath.

Then there was little Mickey Flynn
With lighted cigarette
The open chamber peeped within
To see if it was wet.
We took the matter very hard
For Mickey was our little pard.
We found his left hand in the yard -
The rest is traveling yet.

The time that Sheehan cleaned the arc
And didn't dog the door;
The darned thing blew up after dark,
Removing half the floor.
The yoke was draped on Sheehan's neck
When we arrived to view the wreck.
I can't see how in heck
It didn't hurt him more.

He only had three fractured ribs
A broken skull and such,
A badly mashed left leg - his nibs
Will always wear a crutch.
The doc said, "Well, he'll lose both eyes,
Right ear and nose and I surmise
We'll chop that left leg off; otherwise
He isn't bunged up - much."

Most any man can run a spark
Or tube, and chuck a bluff,
But when you manicure an arc
You've got to know your stuff!

Author Unknown

Submitted by Marlo G. Abernathy 1610-SGP