

FULTON BAG & COTTON MILLS.

Wednesday, August 5th, 1914. Report of Opr. #470.

On my way to work this morning I saw a small boy crawl beneath the closed gate on Tennelle Street. By the looks of the ground under the gate, somebody has been doing this for sometime. This was at 6:10 A.M.

While collecting waste in Mill No. 2 card room, I noticed that several of the drawing hands had evidently disposed of part of their waste in some manner, either by putting into another operatives can or in some other way. Susie Angline, about 14 years of age, Drawer, appeared to be the worst offender. I called the attention of Mr. Maddox, Second Hand to this, and he told me he had felt sure that they were doing this, but he had been unable to catch them. He requested my co-operation in the matter.

In Mill No. 2 spooling and slashing, I found considerable sky-larking, amongst the spoolers etc. I talked with two of the girls in this department for 20 minutes, without a word being said to me. The head of this room, Mr. Barker, was standing there part of the time. If Mr. Barker is hauled over the "carpet" it will no doubt help matters in this department.

I found that in Mill No. 1 spooling, the discipline was very good. I commenced to talk to a young lady, but was promptly notified by one of the assistants or second hands, that it was strictly against the rules to speak to a girl during working hours. In collecting the waste in this room, I found everything all ready, and finished in about 5 minutes. The opposite was the case in Mill No. 2 spooling, there I waited for 20 minutes to locate the boy who looked after the drawing-in waste, also the man who looked after the spooling waste.

In card room on 4th floor, Mill No. 1, I found matters improved, the hands were making less waste, and Mr. Hardy, Second Hand, was keeping his eyes open more. In fact, as I went into this room during my spare time, pushing my scales box, He watched me for awhile, then sent one of the strippers to follow me while I was in the room. I did not see Mr. McCuen in this room until after lunch, and one of the strippers told me that he was never in the room except at starting time, morning and noon. About 4:30 in the afternoon I made an excuse to go through this room again, and saw Mr. McCuen, the Second Hand, and three other men, who appeared to be overseers, having a long talk in a quiet corner. Mr. McCuen has his eye on me, several times, when he thought I was not looking, he was "sizing" me up out of the corners of his eyes.

The elevators are the locations of considerable lounging. Part of this is caused by not being able to get the elevator man when wanted. Some sort of signaling device is badly needed, together with the automatic stop. Although it might be improved

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somewhat by insisting on regular trips.

From 11:00 to 12:00 I spent in Mill No. 1 weave room, 2nd floor, I talked to Mary Bradley, who runs 24 looms. Mary is a nice girl, but was somewhat discouraged, as she said her looms were badly in need of proper attention. She said the fixer now on this section appeared to be all right, but that he had not had time to give the looms his proper attention. She had 6 or 7 of her looms stopped. I looked into the matter, and found that she had one or two warps badly crossed up, and the drop wires on the warp stop motions had become displaced on several more. I remedied these faults, and then stayed with her for sometime, and found the looms went much better. There were several of them, however, that were troubled with "banging off," which should have attention.

During the lunch hour there was much cautioned conversation going on. I walked near several groups, but in all cases it was stopped before I had a chance to hear anything. This was mostly among the weavers of Mill No. 2. I did not succeed in locating anyone circulating from group to group. I did my best to memorize the faces of some I saw in the groups, and if anybody is moving about talking to various hands, I should be able to place them in a few days.

I think something is brewing as the strikers are entirely too quiet and they seem to have lots of friends, as my landlady informs me, the strikers are getting much more stuff than they can possibly need from the commissary department. They are wasting as much as they use, so they must be getting help.