



THE BOY SCOUT SHACK, AND PART OF TROOP NO. 2

## Electric Power

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plant built on what was then thought to be a large scale was started at Niagara Falls, N. Y. This was a little over twenty-five years ago.

The Niagara Falls Power Company had then built a large power plant on the Niagara River and was about the only power company then in position to furnish electric power in the necessary quantity at a moderate price. As all of the Power Company's machinery generated alternating current it was necessary to use rotary converters. The Aluminum plant was built about a quarter of a mile from the power plant and the rotary converter station built in as a part of the aluminum plant with only a wall between the pots and the rotaries.

The rotaries were the largest ever built up to that time. They were very large, slow speed machines known as two phase, twenty-five cycle, one hundred and seventy-five volts, one hundred eighty-eight R. P. M. rotaries. There were six of them with the necessary transformers in a small room at one end of the aluminum plant. The rotaries were supposed to deliver 3500 amperes at one hundred seventy-five volts, or six hundred K. D. each. They were operated in parallel, that is after they could be made to run in parallel. These rotaries were as high and would weigh as much as a present day machine having five times the output. This plant was in continuous operation up until about one year ago, and is at present being dismantled. In later years the machines were considerably overloaded and hot joints were quite troublesome on the primary transformer terminals (2200 volts). The practice was to fasten a match to the end of a stick and stick the brimstone end of the match on the suspicious joint or terminal, if the match immediately lighted, the joint or terminal was thought dangerously hot, if not it was O. K.

In a very short time the demand for Aluminum grew beyond the capacity of this plant and arrangements were made with another Power Company for more power and ground obtained for another aluminum plant. Here direct current generators coupled directly to water wheels were used and the aluminum plant built over the forebay for the power plant. The first direct current generators were rated 560 K. W., 250 volts. Soon six more direct current generators rated at 750 K. W., 300 volts

tilizer in the furrows under the beds. One gets more rounded potatoes in shallow ridges than in high, as in high ridges the potato is apt to grow long and slim. Sow seeds of tomatoes for a crop to follow the early ones, which are apt to fail by July, and by the last of the month still sow more seeds for the latest plants to ripen in September and October. I consider the last planting very essential, for if you have a lot of nice green tomatoes when frost comes, they can be wrapped in paper and stored in a cool place, and you can ripen a few at a time as you need them.

I noticed last year a bacterial wilt in some of the gardens. This wilt manifests itself by a sudden collapse of the plant when full of green fruit. I have been unable to find any remedy for this wilt, and all that can be done is to plant on uninfected soil. That is, do not plant two years in the same ground.

Don't neglect spraying your Irish potatoes and keep a dust mulch on all growing crops.

—G. S. ARTHUR

### The Weed

Here's to the weed!  
Bully for him, his forebears and his seed!

I sing his own innateness  
Of qualities of greatness.  
Choose any little spot  
Of all your garden plot,

Dig it and pulverize and plant the seed  
Of any flower you please. *Up comes the weed.*

Sit down beside it with your hoe  
And watch it grow.

Chop off its top, dig up its seed,  
Tomorrow you behold—the weed.

It is the first thing  
Above ground in the spring.

It is the last to go  
Before the winter snow.

Spurn it and smite it,  
Burn it and blight it,

You cannot spite it.

Still with humility complete,  
It casts itself beneath your feet.

Chop it and crop it; if you nod,  
Its head peeps through the sod.

Curse it full seventy times and seven,  
And still it meekly points its green toward heaven.

So I say, here's to it!

For undiscouraged grit,

For pure git-up-and-git,

For unalloyed, persistent,

Consistent and insistent

Stick-to-it and hang-by-it,

Keep-at-it and re-try it,

The weed, unarmed, unloved, unaided,

Has all the garden faded!

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Moore of the Mountain Club were visitors in Blacksburg, S. C.