

REES WINNING THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP

structed at the Alcoa Works, Maryville, Tenn.

We were assisted through all of this work by Mr. Earl Morgan, who acted as material-man, looking after our supplies and shipments for over four years; Mr. B. E. McElhaney, who carried on much of the line construction under Mr. Scott; and Mr. C. E. Graham, who looked after a great deal of wiring and motor installation in the plant and Falls powerhouse. Mr. W. H. Davis assisted materially in the erection of machinery in the rotary stations, and later took charge of the motor maintenance and the repair shop. Mr. L. B. Ward also did a large part of the electrical work in the Falls powerhouse, theater, hospital, business block, etc., in town. Mr. G. N. Trexler has looked after much of the house wiring and telephone work; and Mr. F. J. Mitchem, who took up the erection of the steel towers on the Falls line, when the steel workers left for vacation, later completed the line, and assisted in erecting machinery in the Falls powerhouse.

—H. S. B.

### "Temporary Rotary Station"

Rotary Station 19! We used to call it the "Temporary Rotary Station." Just to see it sitting there—a kind of a blot on the landscape—you wouldn't think what a history it has had in its four short years of life. There's nothing exciting about the looks of it now, but, believe me, the time was when folks pulled their hats down over their ears as they passed by it, and some of them took care not to pass by it at all.

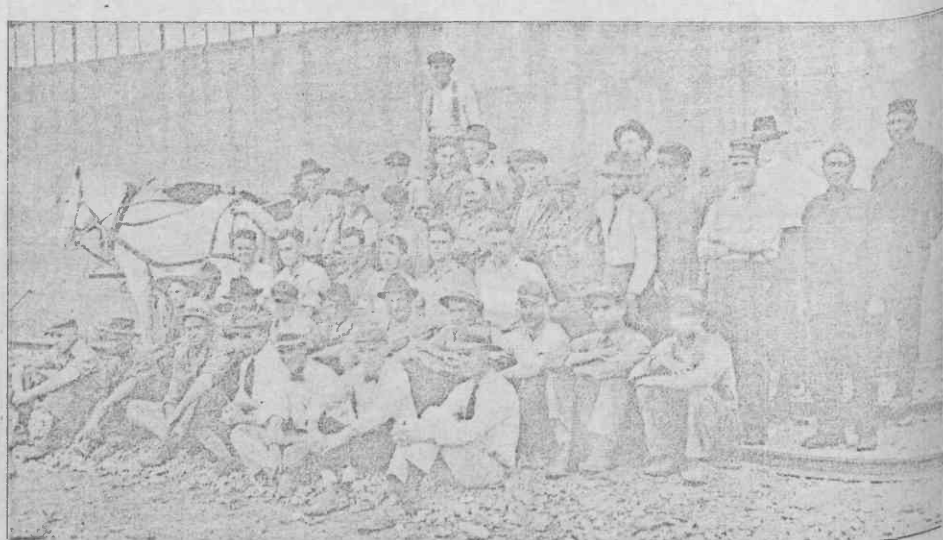
The first sight I had of the old shack was back in April, 1916. There wasn't

much to it then; some big square concrete pits in the ground, and a bunch of tapering concrete posts (we put the disconnecting switches on them afterwards) that looked like little monuments in a cemetery. Right on top of it all, Floyd Culp and a gang of carpenters were building the roof trusses. They looked big enough for an armory—but we didn't know then how much artillery work was to go on under them.

I remember standing on a high bank right behind where the lightning arresters are now—that's all been graded away; in fact, the landscape around there has been changed considerably from what it was in those days—and having my first chat with "Farmer" Scott. He wasn't "Farmer" Scott then; just Scotty, the Bad Man—everybody on the job was after his blood, but somehow didn't seem to get it. He had just found "Florida" asleep in the crane at

the "Skeleton Building," which used to be on the hill where the coal pile is now, and was vigorously regretting the fact that he and "Florida" were not in the war, where a man could be stood up against a wall and shot full of holes when all other means of correction failed. Somehow or other that idea of war stuck around old 19 for a long time. I guess most of the fellows who made a shift there felt like they were going into a battle when they walked in the door, and I might mention that "Florida" stuck through it all until he finally did join the Navy, and went to war sure enough.

It wasn't much of a job to get the framework of old 19 put up, nor to put the sides and the first roof on. I say first roof, for I guess the old bird has about six roof coatings on. It seems to me that after every storm for six months we'd give that roof a coat of cheesecloth and tar, then we'd take down all the buckets and pails we had hanging around on the rafters—until the next rain—then we'd put them up again. The roof wasn't the only place it leaked either. The pit under the floor, where all the cables run, leaked like a torpedoed ship, except that instead of coming in one hole it came in all over—the cement floor was like a sieve. We got some fun out of that, though, for when we got to looking for a barrel of Truscon Waterproofing Cement that Biddix had left over from waterproofing some pits in the Carbon Plant, the Storeroom told us that it had been mistaken for a barrel of lime and sent up to the Filter Plant for use in the drinking water! Windy Bill said it was drinking that stuff that waterproofed him. We finally got some cement, however, and plastered up the



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