



INTERIOR OF ROTARY SUB-STATION

the biggest poles we could get, set up in the ground in the form of a square, with iron beams across the top. There was a wooden roof on it, and the sides were covered with Potroom canvas. It was a freakish looking affair, more like a Chinese pagoda than anything I can think of. We wished it was in China before we were done with it. The job was started early in the morning, and it took us almost all day to get the transformer lifted to the top. The lifting was done with five small chain hoists, all working together, and an equal strain had to be kept on each one because it was a good load for all five. Then the chains were too short to make the whole lift, and the lengthening links

had to be taken out very carefully one at a time. It was slow careful work pulling it up, but even then our trouble hadn't started.

Just about the time we started pushing the tank underneath it commenced to rain—and blow. I don't remember ever having seen such rain and wind together. The front had been left out of 19 to get the machines in, and the wind, coming from that direction, blew sheets of water clear through the building up against the back wall. There was some scramble to get the Rotaries covered up. Every piece of canvas that was put on had to be tied fast, or it was whisked off in a second. Just in front of the building was a tank car

full of oil to go into the transformer. The wind blew the iron cover off the car and the rain poured in. I got blown off the top of that car three times before I got a piece of canvas tied over the manhole; it was worse than riding a greasy log in the lake. While all this was going on men were swarming all over that "Transformer Tower" like bees over a hive, trying to hold the canvas sides from being blown off. Hammers and nails were in plenty, but no one had a spare hand to use them. It was just hang on to pole and canvas for dear life, and you did well to do that. For a couple of hours it looked as if we'd never keep it together. Men were continuously climbing up to relieve others, and coming down for a moment's rest before they fell down—that's the way the boys were sticking to it. Everybody was soaked, and seemed to be having a chill, for that wind was like ice on a wet back, even if it was July. Scotty brought his "River Gang" down to help out, and some fresh blood surely did help. Then the rain and wind slacked up, and you can bet we got busy patching up the "Tower" and pushing that tank. The tank was heavy and hard to push at best, but with six inches of water on the ground, and nothing under foot but mushy mud that you couldn't even build a foothold for a jack on, it was pretty rough sledding—everyone still soaking wet, covered with mud, and afraid to stop a minute for fear it would start raining hard again. Well, we got it finished by about eight o'clock the next morning, with everything in fine shape; but the men who did that job will remember it for a good while.

It seemed as though we had a hard time all around getting old 19 ready to run. In addition to the bad weather, someone had to turn the locomotive crane over and break the boom, when we had only three rotaries installed; so we had to build a trolley and put the fourth one in with chain hoists. Then there was the night we filled the lightning arresters. That was another twenty-four hour rush job, for when you start filling those things you have to finish as soon as possible, and "charge" them, or they won't work right. An aluminum lightning arrester is built up like a stack of pie pans, just separated from each other by a little space which has to be filled with "electrolyte." This electrolyte is a colorless liquid, and ours was contained in some fifteen gallon glass bottles, each packed in a crate with straw around it, just the neck of the bottle