

# NUGGETS OF BOULDER COLOR

By Elton Garrett

## THIS HIGH SCALER "GOT HOT"

"Holy smoke! There IS a fire somewhere in this dormitory!" The bullcook of dormitory six, sleepy-eyed and clad in his pink pajamas, had been rudely aroused by frantic knocks at his door.

That was yesterday morning.

With a quick glance at his alarm clock, which was dialing 5:10 a.m., the bullcook rushed out into the hallway with the excited spreader of the alarm. The two rushed down the corridor.

The pungent odor of smoke sent quivering little devils tagging up and down his spine.

Through the wash room the pair sped—to find more smoke, clinging to the ceiling of the corridor on the other side of the big H-shaped building.

Up and down the hallway the two men rushed, stooping and looking in through the screened low panel of each door. No, not here! Mi-gosh, the fire'll be uncontrollable before we find it! No, not here! What the devil—where is it!!!

Down the stairway rushes Johnny, the night watchman. He's hunting for the source of the smoke

too.

The three men continue combing the hallway—stepping, stooping and squinting—stepping, stooping and squinting—stepping, stooping and squinting.

At room fifteen one of them squawks, in a hoarse whisper:

"Here it is! Come on!"

He pushes open the door and bolts into the fume-filled room, the other two on his heels.

"Wake up, Glen!" as he seizes by the shoulders the prone form of the man lying on the single bed.

Glen arouses with a start, sits bolt upright and stares in bewilderment at the smouldering corner of the mattress, where bedding and mattress are smouldering and gushing smoke—not flaming but ready to burst into flame . . .

The roused man jumps up and looks in surprise at the slightly browned sleeve of his sweat-shirt, where the slow fire has barely reached him but had not yet warmed his arm enough to bring him to consciousness.

The men smother the "fire," putting it out quickly. And what a relief to the bullcook, guardian of the safety of 176 sleeping oc-

cupants of this big Boulder City home!

"What did you do—go to bed with a cigaret burning?" Johnny asked the bewildered Glen.

"Why no, I wasn't smoking. Golly, that's sure a shame—burning the bed clothes that way. No I didn't have a cigaret. I don't want to burn up the dormitory."

"Well, what do you think caused the fire, if you weren't smoking?"

"Oh, it must've been a . . . well . . . a . . . I guess a spark. Must've been caused by SOMETHING, all right. Don't you think so?"

"But if it was caused by a spark, where could the spark have come from?"

"Cigaret, I guess."

"But WHOSE cigaret—if you weren't smoking?"

"Well, I MIGHT have smoked a cigaret BEFORE I went to bed. I don't know."

Further conversation brought out the fact that Glen was a high scaler, and that he'd been at the now famous high-scalers' hi-jinx . . .

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John D. Rockfeller's grandson lost a \$5 wage and \$1.40 mileage allotment for failing to attend a county health board meeting. He'll hear from his grandpappy about that.