

FROM WHERE I SIT

By A. E. CAHLAN

Congratulations, Boulder City. You're quite a husky young chap for being just a scant year old. In fact one would hardly believe you could have blossomed forth as such an adult community as you have in the short space of twelve months. We like you, up here in Las Vegas, Boulder, and don't think we don't. And it isn't all because of that payroll you have down there, either, although perhaps you might have gotten that idea from somewhere. We like you most because you are a symbol of industry, of the opportunity we all have to build a real metropolis down here in southern Nevada.

You've moved in here and made good as a city. Not only that but you've awakened us Las Vegans to what really can be accomplished in the way of city building, even with nothing more than a desert background to work on. You've kind of startled us out of our lethargic way of taking community affairs up here, and while it's kind of a painful process, in many ways, you have put us on our mettle and made us get in and dig.

We've had things too much our own way up here all these years, and you've made us look at our hole card. You've given us a lot of new ideas, and a lot of new ambition. Of course we've cried and crabbled and yelled and hollered, attempting to convince ourselves that we could sit in our office and by that crying and crabbing, induce the great God Boulder dam to walk in and dump a fortune in our lap without any effort on our part, but since we've found out that won't work, we're setting seriously about the proposition of keeping up with the pace you've set.

Of course we haven't the unlimited resources of the United States government behind us, and when we pave our streets and plant our trees, the money has to be dug up from our own pockets, but we've got a gang here that's ready to go, and we're going to build just as fine a city here as you have

started to build there. Finer—if possible. It'll be a good race, Boulder, and one in which the competition promises to be exceptionally keen. But it should be a friendly competition and one that will result in the final analysis in building a new industrial capital of the great southwest.

Right now, the dam's the thing. Boulder City and Las Vegas are incidents in the construction of the greatest engineering project in all these United States. In another four or five years, when the great power plants start pouring out their great store of electrical energy this entire southern part of Nevada will be vitalized with a spark that will set the whole district off on an era of building and prosperity that will make us look back with a smile at the days when Las Vegas and Boulder City were keen competitors as municipalities.

The real growth of this area will come after the dam is completed, and with the advent of cheap power, the two already established communities will expand until they are joined and become one great city. There are unlimited possibilities wrapped up in the 110,000 horsepower allocated to the state of Nevada—certainly plenty to build great industries which will advance the entire area into a new metropolis, and carry Las Vegas and Boulder City to heights neither have yet dreamed of. If this is not enough, the vast lake created will alone be a sufficient attraction to build the district into a new existence.

So while you hear stories of jealousies existing between us, Boulder, don't take them seriously. They're growing pains—nobody means them—just have to pop off a bit at times—you know how it is, And when Las Vegas says "Happy Birthday, Boulder," she says it sincerely, and with an outstretched hand of friendship, which should cement us into the common ideal of building here a great and enduring community. What do you say, Boulder? Shake!