

# FROM WHERE I SIT

By A. E. CAHLAN

Frank T. Crowe, builder of dams. Walker R. Young, builder of dams. Together they've built scores of projects in years gone by, and together they'll build this greatest of all dams—the \$165,000,000 Boulder canyon project, one of the most gigantic engineering feats of all times.

Fate plays some peculiar pranks on mere human beings, shaping some for great achievements and some for disaster. Way back in 1911 she started shaping the career of these two men for the greatest job ever to be tackled by any engineers, and slowly but surely, she has guided them over the intervening years until today, they stand on the threshold of their greatest achievement—once more together as they were back in the beginning of this period of engineering achievement when they started as engineers for the bureau of reclamation.

Perhaps you can imagine the feeling down deep in the hearts of these two men, each preeminent in his own field, as witness their choice for the big job they're facing—when the clasped hands yesterday morning in the offices of the bureau of reclamation and realized that fate had teamed them together for the greatest effort of their career. What a coincidence it was that of all the companies bidding on the job, the one whose success was placed in the hands of Frank T. Crowe should be the successful one, bringing him here to southern Nevada to work in close cooperation with his old friend Walker Young.

And what a team they'll make, with that bond of friendship already established, with a thorough understanding of the problems of each other, eliminating virtually all the friction that often exists in construction of projects of such great magnitude, and greatly ironing out the way for a successful conclusion of this giant reclamation and flood control project. And how much enjoyment these two men will get, as the project grows apace, looking back to the day when fate chose them twenty years ago, to be masters of the very job they're tackling today.

Las Vegas has grown to know and like Walker Young thru nearly a year of close contact during this preparation period. And Las Vegas is quite familiar with the man he is. Frank Crowe, however, is new to most of us. But not for long—for he's come to stay, and southern Nevada will be his home for the next eight years, as he drives this project thru for the company's representing as construction superintendent.

His attitude on the eve of undertaking his momentous job is typical of the truly great engineer. "There's been a lot of publicity about this project all over the

country—hardly a village or hamlet that isn't thrilled thru and thru with the romance and glory of the thing. But after all that romance they're talking about is nothing but a lot of good hard work. As far as the glory is concerned—we'll see about that after the project is completed. To talk much about what we're going to do, is pretty much like a prize-fighter blowing off the day before a championship bout. It's what he does in the ring that counts!" Which was the way he expressed his sentiments on the subject.

Crowe is shy of publicity. He doesn't like to talk for publication. He would much rather be out on the job tearing out canyon walls to make way for the dam. He's the true engineer, and the true builder. Newspaper experience teaches you that men of his experience have long since learned to say it with action rather than words, and that they rarely ever talk for publication except in cases of extreme necessity.

Tall, slender, and extremely pleasant, Crowe gives you the impression of being a human dynamo when unloosed, and his head is a veritable storehouse of facts and figures about this project of which he's dreamed, with plans galore for carrying it into execution. It takes you but a few moments to get the idea that he has mastered every detail of this construction problem, and that where it is a jumbled mess of plans and rivers and dirt and rock to the vast majority of individuals, including scores of eminent engineers who have examined it in detail, to him it is a composite and orderly picture, just waiting to unfold down there in that canyon, without the slightest hitch or difficulty. Every detail of that vast project seems stored away in that active brain of his, and he can answer any intelligent question without hesitation. Giant as it is, this Boulder canyon project to him is just another dam, and he's tackling it just as he has scores of others.

Of course there will be unforeseen problems develop, but you know, after talking to Frank T. Crowe, that they'll be met promptly and solved without delay, as they arise—for he's that kind of a man. And there are but few individuals in the United States—we doubt if there are any outside of the government service—so well trained and exactly suited for the project he now faces as Frank T. Crowe. Every angle, every problem to be met by him, he knows and understands thoroughly, even to the national aspect of statements he might make in connection with his work.

How fortunate then, that his company was the successful bidder on this great project. And we repeat—what a wonderful team that of Walker R. Young and Frank T. Crowe, dam builders.