

SCENES OF BOULDER COLOR

By Elton Garrett

SPRING OF GOOZALUM

"Goozalum" is not the name of a Biblical character.

"Goozalum" is a mere word which should have been coined for use on the dam project more than half a year ago. Read on . . .

Light-hearted Len tripped happily along the Nevada construction adit—the original adit driven in from the canyon for the starting of the diversion tunnels at their middle sector.

Len was happy—chiefly because he had just collected a dollar from Scotty This-or-That on a bet he had made that some of the springs in the bottom of Black canyon issued forth warm water.

Yes, there are springs among the water-seepings in the Hoover dam basin. In fact, springs were uppermost in Light-hearted Len's mind as he tripped lightly along the ancient adit tunnel with a fifty-pound drill steel poised blithely upon his shoulder. It was nearly the spring of the year, and certainly there was spring in Len's step.

Wup! What was this Len was

approaching! A sea of goozalum! Right there in the bottom of the adit—ankle deep or more. No, not water, but muddy dark substance like thick soup of unpalatable appearance. No, it was thicker than soup. Blithely Len skirted the sea of goozalum, and went about his business.

An hour later Len returned, via the route he had come. Wup! the sea of goozalum had grown. He couldn't skirt it now. It filled the entire floor ankle deep from wall to wall now. That was strange! Where had the extra soup come from during his hour's absence?

Examining the pool, Len saw a spot at the edge, on one of the walls, where the stuff was trickling down the rock. The source was a small hole or crack in the side of the wall.

Uh-oh! Here was a NEW kind of spring—one he could win another dollar on! Len was not interested in what manner of material this was, nor whence it originated. He saw visions of a spring from somewhere down in the bow-

els of the earth. Yes, here was where he'd win another dollar on another kind of spring!

Wading through the thick goozalum, Len went cheerily on down the electric lighted passageway. Scotty was not working this shift. Couldn't see him until tomorrow. He wouldn't bet again anyway, now. Len could not wait until tomorrow to cook up this bet. He'd find someone right now—preferably someone who had ready money in his pocket.

A few minutes' walk took him out into the big diversion tunnel, where men worked high up on scaffolds with hoses attached to a pump mounted on a truck. Ha, the shifter here was a man he knew. To the staccato of the grout pump's noise Len struck up a conversation with the shifter, and soon came to the point and offered to bet a dollar he'd discovered a new kind of soup spring in "one of the tunnels"—with an air of mystery . . .

Three minutes later the two men were standing on the marge of the goozalum lake. "So THAT'S

where all the grout we've been pumping so long has been going!" exclaimed the concrete shifter. "Wondered what kind of a cavern the stuff was going into, we've been pumping there so long. That's about the longest trip I've seen grout make on this job."

Len collected no dollar bet. His reward was a shifter's thanks.