

# The Golden Stream

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While we have been busy searching for that corner, around which lies prosperity, a golden stream has been flowing past our very front door—a stream to which we looked forward in the halcyon days of 1930 and then, when we got it, promptly forgot all about it and started on the rainbow search for prosperity. We refer now to the tourist travel, which daily brings thousands of dollars into Las Vegas and which, if nurtured properly, can be made into Las Vegas' best industry.

Years ago, when the Boulder dam was a mere dream, we took the stand that if we could only get the dam promised, our lives would be saved. Tourists would come from all sections of the country to watch the construction of that project. The dam bill was finally passed and we are now in the third year of construction. But what has happened?

We have been so intent upon warring on scrip and other minor matters, over which we apparently have no control, that we have forgotten all about the tourist possibilities and the attendant prosperity which that stream of autos will bring to Las Vegas.

We seem to have forgotten our rosy dreams of yesteryear and are centering our attention on the grey outlook of today. If those rosy dreams can be revived we will survive, otherwise the prospect is somewhat dimmed.

Charles Horrworth, the southern California All-Year Club's dynamic representative, brot our possibilities forcibly to our attention in his speech here last week and roused a great many of us from the slumber we have been having for the past two years.

We have a magnet, right at our front door, that can, if properly exploited, bring millions of people to our city in the next few years. The population of the United States is made up of millions who can't resist the lure of watching construction work. It's born in the blood, as witness the group which always gathers around the excavation of a 20 by 20 basement in the downtown district of any city in the nation. Yet, in Black canyon we have the biggest excavation of the century and we sit by awaiting the stream of traffic which that excavation might bring.

While we have not been entirely idle, we have been somewhat apathetic. We have grudgingly donated \$2,500 to the All Year club for advertising and some of us have said to ourselves that it probably won't do much good. Yet that \$2,500 has been returned to the city of Las Vegas twice or three times over and must be continued.

What we need now is to become sold on Boulder dam ourselves, for you can't sell an article in which you do not believe. Preach Boulder dam to everyone you see, advertise it for all it is worth and if every citizen of Las Vegas would see to it that he brings two outside friends to see the project, then it won't be long until everyone in the nation will be talking Boulder dam.

Southern California has built a mighty empire with little much more than advertising. The only thing that southern California has that Las Vegas has not is the ocean, yet we have the Boulder dam, a construction project which makes a mere ocean pale, so far as a tourist is concerned.

We must advertise Boulder dam to the world. We must not sit idly by, feeling sorry for ourselves because we can't have things as we want them, for half the fun in life is fighting for things we desire and if we fight for tourists our troubles will be dimmed as the golden stream pours prosperity into our laps.