

NUGGETS OF BOULDER COLOR

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By Elton Garrett

TRUE STORY—AND HOW!

Earl drives truck on the Hoover dam project. And HOW!

What! Some more raspberries for the truck drivers? As if they weren't getting enough worry, with at least four of 'em laid off already!

No, not raspberries this time, just a little human interest yarn about a man and a truck and a truck and a signal man and the top of a cofferdam and a couple of bosses . . .

Not a very GOOD yarn at that . . . but the space must be filled with SOMETHING or other. And this happens to be the best one available at this time . . .

Last week some time it was that Earl was worried about something or other—and how!

He drove truck all right, and he's a good driver, too. But during the rest periods his mind was far away. Was it worry, or was it spring fever? Or was it something else—and how!

Jogging his truck along behind several others, Earl stopped, and waited, as the foremost machine in the line was loaded with Hemenway rock for the downstream cofferdam.

And when that truck was loaded and moved on, the signal man signaled and the line of trucks moved up a notch. They moved up another notch—and shovel filled the truck, the signal man signaled and the line moved up . . .

At last Earl took his turn, and soon was bowling along through tunnel two at a great lick, heading for the dumping place atop the lower cofferdam.

Out through the penstock and into the bottom of the canyon again—up the temporary road to the top of the big "dirt" fill. Across the fill among the maze of other trucks he drove, and wheeled, up in front of Roy Clark, truck boss.

Earl was delivering the goods like nobody's business—and how!

He would show Clark how snappily he could manipulate that ol' truck. He backed her rapidly to the proper place to dump the load, and manipulated the control.

He noticed Clark watching his operations admiringly. Ahem, he was pleasing Clark; at least there was a smile on his face—and how!

The body of the truck slowly lifted in the air. The sound of sliding earth did NOT follow—no Hemenway rock fell to the top of the downstream cofferdam.

What, how come! He looked at Clark. And Clark was coming toward him with a grin. And, WUP! here came Clark's "boss," Edgar Kaiser! And Kaiser took in the situation, and was not satisfied with a silent grin. Both he and Clark laughed—and How!

And as Earl drove back to get a load of Hemenway lower cofferdam material he mullied over in his mind the problem of HOW he had got that signal man's signal to move out before he had loaded . . .