

THE DAM PARTY

Now the folks at the Dam are a
swinging group--
Who decided their party should
have much ooph.
So they called a meeting to
start the fun,
And here is how they got the
job done.

When Tommy came to my booth,
with a great big smile
And buttered me up with his
usual guile.
Then asked me to write him a
poem for today,
I just couldn't say "NO", in
my weak-kneed way.

So I started to write, with a
frown on my face.
And wondered what I could turn
out, in this case.
Then I thought of the gang and
the work they do---
And so my old pencil just got
up and flew.

When Christmas magic comes to
Hoover Dam,
Each individual starts to plan
How to help the Yuletide Spirit
along
With fancy decor, fun and song.

Dean Pulsipher who is a talented
man,
Had for Christmas an excellent
plan.
By decorating the Powerhouse up
He'd runneth over his Xmas Cup.

He wired in lights and wired up
cords
Trimmed presses and lathes with
yards and yards
Of flashing bulbs and colored
lights
To make the workers hearts feel
right.

Grant Leavitt had ordered a great
big tree.
And the girls in the Powerhouse
clapped with glee
When they saw the fellows trimming
and fixing
And spied the concoctions they
were also mixing.

The machine shop crew gathered
from everywhere
To make this tree a most
memorial affair.
They trimmed the tree up and then
trimmed it down
It might well have been the talk
of the town.

But Curly Francis fell off a
ladder
And his descent made such a
clatter
It startled Stracken, who rose
with a cry
Caught his toe in the lightcords
and boy did he fly
Right into the tree; and what
a mess!!!!!!
Deveda cried; I must confess.

There were puffs and flashes and
lots of smoke
Bruce Smith thought it all a
great big joke.
I'll fix this mess up fast he
thought
And straightaway an extinguisher
got.

He aimed it at the cloud of smoke
When out of the billows Kivette
broke,
And yelled, Shut that darn thing
of Magee,
This isn't Alaska or Tennessee.

Doc Jensen rushed in with his
bag of supplies
On hearing confusion and very
loud cries.
He drew medicine forth that made
their eyes bug.
I'll swear he had vodka in that
jug.
Jack took a big swallow and cried
for more.
Said the pain was as bad or worse
than before.

Curly begged them remember that
he fell too
But the answers he got just made
him feel blue.

Art Dennison started to sweep up
the place
And the words he was using were
not love and grace.

But eventually the finale was
reached,
Cause all had worked at a
feaverish peak.

The gifts--bought and wrapped
with loving care
Were piled up high, on a nearby
chair.

There were practical gifts for
the boys with low wages
Like a warm cap for Fred Hill
who got scalped in Las Vegas.

For Paul Steel, a wheelin an
dealin man
Who teases the girls and tries
to plan
How to get the best of these
feminine fluffs
There's a bottle of lotion and
two powder puffs.
With this ammunition we hope he
can lure
A couple of them through his
spider webb door.
So he can get even for times
that he bled
When they put salt in his
coffee
And sugared his bread.

Alice Neville asked Santa to
bring a new beau
Who could dance like a dream on
his own big toe.
To show Shirley Miller it aint
just the chicks
Who have up their sleeve, a big
bag of tricks.

There's a mini skirt for Gracie
And a racing car for Sam.
A geetar for Stew Wagner---
May he practice in Siam.

With this many things to spread
good cheer
They were sure of the partys
success this year.
So they all sang a carol, and as
music filled the air
Bruce whispered to Grant Leavitt--
--Boy!---Are we a tired pair.

So everyone sat down for a few
minutes rest.
To admire their handwork and put
to the test,
The lighting system--and all such
stuff,
To avoid confusion, and last
minute rush.

Twas then Shirley Sculley, with
dream filled eyes,
Wondered if Santa was really
alive.

Dee Towne stood up with his
famous grin
Cleared his throat and wagged his
chin.
And the words poured out----both
hot and fast
But he got to the moral----at
long last.
YES SHIRLEY---THERE IS A SANTA
CLAUS.