

Behold Our Dam

(B—oulder Dam)

There is only one place in the whole Creation
You don't want to miss on that summer vacation.
Remember to head the 'old bus' for the west,
Come out to Nevada and you'll view the best,
Construction project, this side of ---well,
You'll tell all you've seen, for all you may tell.

To say it's stupendous, is putting it mild.
A job like this would drive Paul Bunion Wild.
If Ripley but knew, the "Believe-it-or-Not"
Possability [sic] this Boulder Project has got,
He'd throw all his freaks to the Goblins, y'see
And come out to Boulder and visit, like me.

Just to leave an idea of the slang they use,
You'll pardon convention, I seem to abuse;
But don't go to Webster, just take it from me,
You turn this page over and refer to the "Key."
To call employees and equipment by slang
Of the Boulder Dam fashion, I'll try 'er a whang.

Muckers and truckers, the high-scalers, too,
Bull-gangs and "corkers," the swampin'-up crew.
Water-jigs, Brass-hats and pushers galore,
'lectricians and square-heads, but still there are more.
Bell-pluggers, hookers and high-ballers, yes,
Skinners and vibrators, gosh what a mess.

Gandy-dancers, stew-bums, drifters and pro's;
Soldiers and sailors, con-men and bo's.
Gaffers with hard-hats, all over the place,
Moochers and floaters, with grease on their face.
They carry their chuck, in boxes or bags,
Some dressed in overalls, others in rags.

There's cat-walks, monkey-slides, scaffolds and ramps,
Welders with hoods, to protect precious lamps.
Two-by's and six-by's, to boom up a crib,
Snubbers and winches, I'm talking ad-lib,
Baffles and bulldozers, bos'n-chairs high;
Strippers on walls that seem high as the sky.

Girders and trusses, buckers and fid,
Jumbos, trepanners, no place for a kid.
High-lines, transports and hoists, abound;