

By MORRY ZENOFF

A MAN visited Boulder yesterday named B. Woody Williams. He had Mrs. Williams with him and they toured the dam, the city, and visited many of their old friends.

There's a story that spins around this man Williams. For he was the rough and tough man of action around these parts when the dam was being built. Actually, **HE BUILT THE DAM.**

Builder of the Dam

He was the assistant superintendent of construction. He was the man who molded 4500 men into a hustling, driving, determined crew. He was the one who mixed among them, joked, cajoled, demanded, nursed them. He was the one who watched the program by the hours, shifted hundreds over to this spot to finish that job, shifted back to meet another contingency.

He was the one who one day performed one of the most heroic pieces of work in the history of the Colorado. The day when one of the stripping forms in a spillway tunnel turned loose, fell into the diversion tunnel and started racing down the river, which was at minor flood stage.

On that form were four carpenters, who had fallen the 60 odd feet when the form broke