

# LAS VEGAS AGE

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TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10, 1929.

## VEGAS TRIUMPHS IN DEFEAT.

LAS VEGAS Post American Legion and the Legion drum corps were triumphant at the Elko State Convention even though Carl Farrar, their candidate, was defeated for state commander.

Elko and the cities of the northern portion of the state, including Reno, had it impressed upon them that Las Vegas is a real, live, increasingly powerful factor in the State of Nevada, which must be reckoned with in the future.

Las Vegas, since its birth, has had to sit back like a good boy while its elders arranged the things of state to their own satisfaction, tossing a bit of sweet meat to the youth once in a while to keep him quiet.

Just now, perhaps, Las Vegas has advanced to the status of the headstrong, unruly boy, clamoring for recognition. Our elders recognize our strength and possibilities, but are not yet ready to consider us an adult member of the family.

But soon Las Vegas will have attained the status of adult maturity and will assume full part in the affairs of Nevada with neither apology nor hesitation. Perhaps, as often happens with young fellows in early manhood, the young man will assume much of the burden of affairs while the old folks sit around and take it easy. Youth is always strong and vigorous. Las Vegas, it is hoped, will be considerate of the needs of the rest of the state, more so perhaps than they were of the growing boy during the past 24 years.

But, as the Elko convention hints, not for long will Las Vegas be content to sit in the kitchen and eat at the second table.

In fact we are pretty well convinced that we are about as big and strong and are entitled to about as many privileges as anybody.

So, defeated this time, Las Vegas looks with confidence to the future with assurance that our strength will be sufficient to compel respect and secure for us a fair share of the emoluments and honors, including the election of our favorite son as state commander of the Legion at the Hawthorne convention next year.

## TRAGEDY OF THE AIR.

THE DESTRUCTION of the T. A. T. air liner "City of San Francisco" with the deaths of the eight persons on board was a ghastly and appalling disaster. The sense of horror was intensified by the days of suspense during which alternate hope and despair for the doomed craft was roused with passing events.

The thought of height attaches a sense of uncanny mystery to disasters of the air which we do not feel in connection with others. The loss of the great air transport with eight lives occupied the most of the front page space of the newspapers of the country since the ship was first reported missing. But we notice that a crash between a motor bus and a truck with the loss of about the same number of lives with many other injured, gets but a paragraph in papers over the country. And the loss of the steamer San Juan at sea off the California coast recently, when more than 70 persons perished miserably, caused apparently less horror than the air plane disaster.

We are too familiar with death and disaster by rail and motor and on the sea. But death in the air still fills us with an uncanny horror.

## RECORD OF SAFETY.

THE FACT that the remains of the air liner "City of San Francisco" were first discovered by George Rice, a pilot of the Western Air Express brings to mind again the wonderful record of safe flying made by that company.

The company began operations through Las Vegas about three and one-half years ago. Its ships have flown several millions of miles, carrying thousands of passengers and vast quantities of mail and express.

Although the pioneer in the field of air transportation, the Western Air Express has not yet suffered the loss of the life of pilot or passenger. The record stands as a model for other air transport companies to strive for. Also it serves to reassure those who are momentarily shocked by the "City of San Francisco" disaster.

One point of weakness in air transportation is, perhaps, the difficulty of securing enough experienced pilots to man the increasingly large number of ships being put in commission. The older companies like the Western Air had the first choice of the experienced pilots. Other pilots are in training and becoming competent to pilot passenger carrying air liners, but naturally the increase in air transportation keeps ahead of the supply of experienced pilots. This situation is one which is adjusting itself by the great number of those entering the air service.

The time will never come when there are not accidents and loss of life on all manner of transportation lines on land, sea and in the air. Human dependability cannot reach the point of absolute perfection.

But we will find that as time goes on the newspapers will consider a death by an air disaster is no more horrible than death by automobile or railroad or at sea.

## PLANNING OUR FUTURE.

THE BOARD of City Commissioners is wrestling with some hard problems, the most difficult of which is try-



### Owner Will Sell \$500,000 Hotel For \$20,000

Built at a cost of close to half a million dollars in 1907 and at one time the finest hotel in the state of Nevada, the Goldfield hotel is now worth but \$20,000, according to J. E. Nelson, its present owner, who appeared before the state board of equalization in session at Carson and asked that the assessment be cut from \$32,000 to \$20,000. Nelson said the place would be put up for sale on October 1 for \$20,000. The board took the request under advisement, says the Reno Evening Gazette.

The committee named include the following:  
Land—Falstone, Hooper, Smith, Weathers, Clark, Hash, Randall.  
Livestock—Riordan, Williams, Thomas, Clawson, Miles, Randall.  
Mining—Rives, Mathews, James, Thomas, Miles.  
Town Property and business—DeVinney, Hawkins, Boerlin, Clawson, McCharles.  
Banking—Pitt, DeVinney, Mercer, Myles, Hash.  
Railroads and public utilities—Shaughnessy, Boerlin, Mercer, Myles, Hooper, Williams.  
Budget—Rives, Weathers, Smith.

### Sen. Oddie Seeks Irrigation Work For Humboldt

A bill to provide for surveying of the Humboldt watershed in central Nevada with the view to possible irrigation development was introduced in the U. S. Senate last week on the opening day of the session by Senator Tasker L. Oddie, of Nevada.

The proposed bill is as follows: That the Secretary of the Interior is authorized and directed to cause an examination and survey to be made of the lands embraced within the Humboldt River watershed in the state of Nevada to determine the feasibility of irrigation development in connection with such lands, and to report to the Congress as soon as practicable the results of such investigation, together with an estimate of the probable cost of development of an irrigation project or projects on such lands. There is hereby appropriated, from the special fund in the Treasury known as the "Reclamation fund," the sum of \$50,000 to be immediately available for the purposes of this act.

# WASHINGTON LETTER

BY RODNEY DUTCHER  
NEA Service Writer  
WASHINGTON—It may or may not be news that the soft collar industry and the stiff collar industry are engaged in a large propaganda war for the privilege of clothing the national neck.

Once upon a time nearly all males wore starched collars, and the soft collars were so wrinkly and sloppy that the well-dressed man simply wasn't having any. But soft collars or semi-soft collars were developed which looked very well and were still comfortable and these began to have a very large sale.

The people who make starched collars finally began to fight back with intensive national propaganda to the effect that the snappy, well-groomed man still wore starched collars and that soft collars were still abhorred in the best circles. Apparently the other collar interests are now launching counter-propaganda to offset all that.

The war has lately been centered on the neck of President Herbert Hoover. The President has always worn very high stiff collars and the hard collar publicists were quick to seize upon that fact and exploit it. Recently, however, the soft collar enthusiasts got busy. This one reads that Hoover has set a splendid example to all men who are slaves to fashionable customs; that he "wears a soft shirt and a soft turned down collar in preference to the boiler-plate casings dictated by hoary precedent."

Inquiry around the White House develops the fact that the President wears a shirt with soft collar attached while tossing the old medicine ball each morning, but at all

other times he sticks to starch. The starched collar industry is willing to admit that soft collars will sometimes do for sports.

Speaking of the daily session of the Hoover "medicine ball cabinet" recalls the recent widely published story to the effect that other members of that body were rather resentful of the fact that Justice Harlan Fiske Stone was throwing the ball altogether too hard. Justice Stone, the complaint was, ought to use a little more discretion.

One hears, however, that the feeling about Justice Stone's powerful heaves was not shared by President Hoover or by more than one of the other heaviers. It appears that the only complaining sufferer was a distinguished newspaperman of great prestige but very slender build. When Justice Stone, in his unrestrained and exuberant enthusiasm, hurled the big sphere at this "cabinet" member it was almost a case of an irresistible force meeting an all too movable object.

Craftily and probably with malice aforethought, this newspaperman tipped off correspondents covering the White House that all was not well with the "cabinet" because Justice Stone didn't appear to know his own strength. It is now understood that the judicial conscience has been more or less stricken and that the justice tempers his steam in accordance with the direction of his heave.

ARSENAL WORK PUSHED  
HAWTHORNE, Sept. 9. (Special)—Construction is progressing rapidly on the naval ammunition depot here.

ing to achieve great things with little money. Nevertheless they are moving forward constantly toward those things which must be accomplished.

Several major problems are these days claiming the attention of the City Board. Under way now are preparations for additional street paving, ornamental street lighting system and a new sewer system to cover a large area of the new Las Vegas.

We are moving along, slowly, perhaps, but we are surely moving.

# A NEW YORKER AT LARGE

BY DEMING SEYMOUR  
NEW YORK—More and more the smart restaurants of New York incline toward European fashions in food.

A restaurateur who has been catering to Gotham society since Delmonico's was in its heyday avers that the trend to continental dishes and ways of serving is the biggest development of the last generation in New York's eating habits.

Once the most popular dining rooms of the town were famous for such American dishes as well-baked beans, huckleberry pie and cornmeal and buckwheat cakes. Try to get them now!

The mode of service in elite eating places has changed greatly, too, and no veteran cuisinier will grant that the change has been for the better.

Twenty years ago waiters were English or French or Swiss, dignified and polite, slow but excellent servants. They remained from 20 to 40 years in one place. Today these have been supplanted by German, French and Italian servants who are young fellows in their twenties.

They don't know their customers, and don't particularly care whether Mr. B. likes his steaks rare or wants mushrooms in his gravy.

Three Jobs at Once  
Their ambition is to get experience quickly so they may open a place of their own. Many of these young waiters work at noon in some Wall street cafe which serves only lunch; then they hasten to a Park avenue dining room for the tea and dinner hours, and at 10 p. m. are off to a night club in the upper fifties to do another five-hour hitch.

Scores of speakies in New York are owned by just such hustling young continental.

Another reason young waiters are in the ascendancy is found in the change in arrangement of restaurants. In the nineties kitchens were spacious affairs on the same floors as the dining tables. Today spaces is so much more valuable that when tables are on the ground floor the kitchens are in the basement.

Waiters must be strong enough to climb stairs a hundred times in an evening, and swift enough so the food they are carrying won't cool in transit. The old waiters have had to drop out, and to make way for lads who only yesterday were bus boys.

Anglers' Headquarters  
Sheepshead Bay, out beyond Coney Island, is the starting place for most New Yorkers who like to go fishing.

A hundred fishing boats go out from Sheepshead Bay every day. Laden not with commercial fishermen, but with lay anglers who pay a dollar or two to the captains to spend a day at sea casting for flukes, porgies or weakfish.

A 8 o'clock in the morning there is a babel of voices along the pier: "Right on the Mimie Moyne for your day's fishing." Lunch at noon and yer bait free! "Here ye are, a boat goin' right out, the luckiest boat in the bay. Deep sea fishin' all the way to Sandy Hook!"

Sometimes the fishermen bring their hauls. Oftener they fish for the pure joy of angling, and once a fish has been pulled in it is forgotten—to be thrown back into the water a few minutes later by the captain of the smack.

NEW H. S. FOR FERNLEY  
FERNLEY, Nev. Sept. 9. (Special)—Construction of a new \$35,000 high school building has been started here.

# Screen Life in Hollywood

BY HUBBARD KEAVY  
HOLLYWOOD—Dolores Del Rio is back in Hollywood with a cleaner conception of the geography of the United States and full of wonder because people seem to regard movie actresses as fanciful beings.

And she is amazed, too, because people she met asked her about such unimportant things as the kind of perfume she uses and what she likes to eat best.

"I sure surprised them in one place," Dolores told me. "I was hungry for a hamburger sandwich and a glass of milk. I guess they thought I lived on caviar and champagne."

Miss Del Rio made appearances in several large cities where "Evangeline" was being shown. It was the first time she had been on the stage, but after the first few days she didn't have to rely on her previously written speech because her stage fright left her and she "ad libbed" often longer than the specified time.

Dolores was showered with gifts everywhere and brought back a collection of things that included handmade underwear and love birds.

No Use for Diets  
Miss Del Rio says she was asked more questions about the so-called "Hollywood diet" than about anything else. And she disappointed her inquirers by telling them she thought dieting was absurd, that she had never dieted to keep at 110 pounds and never expected to have to.

But every Hollywood actress diets, doesn't she? they asked me. When I told them that actresses eat like everyone else does they could hardly believe it. People seem to think we aren't human out here in Hollywood. I'd like to know how they got such funny ideas.

Dolores apparently didn't study American geography when she went to school in Mexico. She told her manager on the way from Minneapolis to Seattle, that she was glad to be getting nearer home. She thought Seattle was near northern California.

Here and There  
Barbara Stanwyck, who came from a night club to play the lead in "Burlesque," may appear in a film opposite her husband, Frank Fay. . . . Bryant Washburn, an old film favorite, is playing on a local stage, the first time in 18 years. . . . Mary Nolan, the girl who was Imogene Wilson, wants a play taken from the sensational book, "Scarlet Sister Mary." . . . She wants to play the negro girl in it. . . . Hoot Gibson was born in Tekamah, Neb.

Marjorie White, a baby-talking blues singer, likes fights. While on the stage she never had a chance to see them, but now that she's working daytimes in the movies, she goes to matches on Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights.

## PLANE CRASH DETAILS TOLD

(Continued From Page One)  
of the air liner "City of San Francisco" into the side of Mount Taylor last Tuesday, were moved toward their final resting places.

A gruesome caravan carried the remains of the passenger and three crewmen from the scene of the liner's plunge, near the summit of Mount Taylor, over a precarious trail 20 miles to Grants. The bodies then were placed aboard ambulances and sent to Gallup and Albuquerque to be prepared for burial.

The first official investigation of the crash came late yesterday when the coroner's jury assembled at the almost inaccessible spot on Mount Taylor, around the strewn wreckage of the once proud air liner, peered at the burned bodies, the tangled mass of plane and rendered the routine verdict that the party of eight came to their deaths as a result of an airplane accident.

Examination of the scattered wreckage of the "City of San Francisco" and the bodies of the passengers and crewmen made yesterday when the searching party finally reached the remote scene of the crash, revealed in detail the last terrifying moment of the monoplane's battle with the storm.

The great ship appeared to have been racing at an altitude too low to permit of crossing and struck the mountain a side blow. First a lofty tree had been decapitated. This accident alone probably was enough to doom the sky cruiser and its occupants. The craft was thrown off its course and plunged through the tall trees, cutting off plumes as a mowing machine would have trimmed meadow grass.

The terrifying plunge ended against a rocky, timber-sprinkled ridge where the plane crashed and then exploded with a force that threw stones, branches and rocks in all directions.

The cabin of the plane was at this point, wrecked and burned. The searchers peered into the metal compartment to discover that the worst fears held by anyone during the days of suspense that followed the craft's disappearance had been realized.

It was a sight that appalled many of the strange party of searchers, 57 in all, including Indians, white guides, business men, ranchers, government employes and newspaper men.

The tense position of the bodies, all with hands firmly clinched, left more than a hint of a brief terrifying experience—the hurdling of a great plane through the trees, the explosion and death and incineration for all.

The dance hall is youth's greatest peril, says the United States Children's Bureau. Maybe the government ought to recall Mabel Walker Willebrandt to regulate it.

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