

LAS VEGAS AGE

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THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 19, 1929

WHY WORRY?

WE HAVE noticed an inclination to worry about the progress of the Boulder Dam project. Fantastic fears sometimes seize one who wakes in the middle of the night, but next morning the sun shines brightly just the same. The Age admits that "the watched pot never boils," at least after we have followed for years the sure progress of the great Boulder Dam project as it crept on from point to point, we feel that, now the bill has passed, dirt ought to fly quickly.

The Age sees nothing disquieting in the situation. We would be gratified to know that the power allocation was settled, the contracts signed and actual work ready to start. But in contracts in which every phrase, word or syllable may mean millions to somebody twenty, forty or fifty years from now, there can be no "quick on the trigger" action. Each clause must be studied and approved by the best minds of the country before there is any signing on the dotted line, and that study has been going on for some months.

There is good reason to believe that Secretary Wilbur has definite and detailed plans for the allocation and sale of the power and ample proposals to cover the cost of the dam. As soon as practicable the details will be made public and the contracts closed.

But, admitting that the delay has tested our patience to some extent, why not be philosophical about it?

The Boulder Dam will be built just as quickly as human ingenuity can bring it about. The greatest power on Earth—the Government of the United States—has so decreed.

Both houses of Congress have passed the bill providing for its construction. President Coolidge signed the bill. President Hoover has the high ambition to see the project built under his administration. The members of his cabinet are working to that end. An overwhelming public opinion approves the Boulder Dam project.

So, it seems, when one thinks sensibly about it, rather silly to let every little rumor, every little note of disgruntled opposition, disquiet one. It may annoy us to sit on the sidelines and wait for the big game to start, but the players are set; the field is in shape; the audience is ready—and the game is on.

And in the thrill of the game we will soon forget that we ever had to sit in the chilly breeze and wait.

THE PRICE OF GLORY.

THE TWO famous British flyers who recently achieved fame by their non-stop flight from England to India, yesterday paid with their lives the price of glory when they crashed into a mountain side in Africa on an attempted non-stop flight of 6,000 miles from London to Cape Town. The two flyers who hoped to fly from Seville, Spain, to Montevideo, Uruguay, also met with disaster, but escaped with their lives when their supply of gasoline was exhausted and they were forced to land in a dense fog in a Brazilian wilderness.

The price of glory is high, but fortunately, there are many who think it is not too high.

GOOD BUSINESS.

THE LARGEST advertisers, whether in Las Vegas or elsewhere, invariably do the most business and make the most money. That has become an almost universally recognized truism.

There are several good examples in Las Vegas which readily come to the readers mind.

We have heard it said, "Oh, that firm is so strong that it can afford to advertise," as if advertising were a luxury.

Business enterprises do not advertise because they are great; they are great because they advertise. Take the advertisers in the national magazines. Is it a supposable case that they find advertising unprofitable? Sane business men do not spend millions each year unless they know they are getting commensurate results.

The big business, possibly, could get by for a time without advertising. The little business cannot afford not to advertise if it would survive and flourish.

Advertising is the greatest power in business and it is more necessary in dull times than when everything is on the boom.

And the small-town newspapers are the great power in the advertising world because they are close to the people, the ultimate consumers.

The home town papers are read by the home people and they carry your message, what ever it may be, to the fireplaces of the country.

Gets Life Twice; May Hang Yet

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 18 (AP)—Tom Vernon, self confessed train wrecker, escaped death on the gallows in the superior court today for wrecking and robbing a Southern Pacific train near Saugus November 10, when he was sentenced to Robison penitentiary for two life terms as a habitual criminal. District Attorney Byron Fitts asked for the death penalty, but the court sentenced Vernon to life on the charge of train wrecking. In view of his previous criminal record, the sentence for robbery brought him under the California habitual criminal laws, resulting in a second life sentence. The sentences are to run concurrently, but Vernon is never to be eligible for parole. Vernon, who received the verdict calmly, will be held here for ten days. Fitts asked a stay of execution pending the investigation of the Cheyenne, Wyo., train wrecking, in which Fitts believes Vernon was implicated.



WASHINGTON BYSTANDER

WASHINGTON—There was drama, and a touch of the tragedy of disappointed hopes, about the scene in the senate when William Scott Vare and William Bauchop Wilson, both of Pennsylvania, were turned away from membership in that body by overwhelming votes.

Both are old men as politicians go. Vare 62, Wilson 67. Both are political veterans, both of humble birth. And to each, doubtless, the thought of rounding out his career in the senate has been alluring.

Had party lines held fast on each side of the senate chamber, either man might have been seated. They were that close to attaining their dream.

Yet each heard the muffled toll of votes, that excluded him from the senate, then turned to leave sadly.

Vare sat in stoical quiet on the front row center seat of the Republican side of the chamber, flanked by his attending physician, as the voting began.

Wilson, round and chubby of face and with a tousled mass of curly hair now almost white, glowered over a public gallery rail on his Democratic colleagues below.

And just as the last vote had been recorded on the resolution slamming the door of the senate in Vare's face, as Vice President Curtis reached for the slip that bore the result, an announcement that terminated the Pennsylvania's brief and stormy session with the senate. Vare thrust himself to his feet.

He went lettering to the door, but over his case, amid utter silence, until the barrier swung behind him and his doctor did Mr. Curtis announce the vote.

From his gallery seat, Wilson looked down upon the scene. His moment had come. The man who had seated him at the polls was swept off the stage.

If the Democrats below rallied to his support, Wilson might have seen junior senator, from Pennsylvania in another moment, for a few of the irregular Republicans from the west were for him.

Another Hope Gone

But only a handful of Democratic stalwarts took that course. By a vote even more overwhelming than that which banished Vare, Wilson's contest for the seat was rejected. And then Wilson, stooped of shoulder, fought his way up the stairs out of the gallery against a tide of newsmen rushing in to hear the drift debate resumed.

Two things about the Vare and Wilson votes impressed themselves upon the Bystander particularly.

One was the largely non-partisan finding in each case. The other was the size of the vote against Vare and that fact that many a usually regular Republican found it expedient to oppose his claim to his seat.

With the Newberry and Smith cases still echoing it seems clear that the senate is moved by some great force to go beyond specific

Will Pungent's Nitwitutorials

(Down With the Pun, Gents)

SHE WANTED A PERMANENT SHAVE!

She entered a Las Vegas Barber's den; She went to the boss with a frown: "I got me a neck-shave from one of your men; He's the punkest shaver in town!"

"Now I want you to give me a neck shave free." (With unquestioned conviction she speaks) "—cause I'm as swindled as I can be!"

The shave hasn't lasted three weeks!" —E. G.

MUST WE NAME OUR OWN ALL-STATE TEAM?

"All-Update Football Team of Saebrush."

That's what they SHOULD have called the University of Nevada sports "experts" selection, published recently in the college paper, instead of "All State Football Team."

Out of 39 high school gridder's honored by mention by the sports writer, the runners-up for the state title received mention for 0.

Reckon we won't exhibit the temerity to select an all-state team. Reckon if we did so, and followed the upstater's precedent, Fallon is the only upstate team which would be cited. The rest stayed too far away from us.

YOU didn't mean all-STATE team, big boy! You tried to take in too big a territory. Draw in a bit, next time. —E. G.

How to Buy Your Lake, Mr. Johnson?

Northeast Johnson bought a lake, off somewhere in the Sierras, last summer. We saw a picture of it in his studio the other day. He says it freezes over in winter and they can skate on it.

He didn't offer to sell it to us but we'll buy it just the same, if he'll deliver it here to us! —E. G.

Hokus, Pokus, Tin Cans Near the Highway.

The world do move—and Las Vegas with her.

This community now has an organized garbage disposal system. Time was, however, when they hauled their cans out on the desert and deserted 'em there.

And now, when we start toward the Black Canyon dam site, we needs must pass first the Boulder Dam Can Site—credit Lawrence Mazzanovich.—E. G.

For He Might Have Dropped Bride on the Floor.

Newport News, Virginia, paper, published by and for colored folks, carried a wedding story recently called to our attention in which it was stated that the bride, who had been instructor in a college for colored folks, "came in on the arms of her father."

Original, to say the least. Good thing her father wasn't one-armed. In that case, the'd have had to rehearse muchly their part in the drama.

constitutional provisions in judging qualifications of its members. Is it the voice of public opinion to which the senators harken?

YOUR BRAIN and YOUR HEALTH

ANCIENT SAILORS

By DR. LELAND B. ALFORD Ethnologists who study the manners and customs of races of people ancient and modern have been confronted with puzzling observations.

Primitive peoples (many of which are now extinct), of different types and scattered widely over the globe, have had many customs and ceremonies of an identical or similar nature. These were often peculiar and in no way of practical use in daily life.

Among customs that may be mentioned are: The making of monuments with large stones; nummifying the dead; tattooing; deforming the heads of children with tight bandages; sending the father to bed when a child was born; making terraces for cultivation when there was no need of them; the use of the swastika for good luck, which still persists.

Scientists were hard pressed to account for the existence of these habits over wide areas, as in primitive days travel was a matter of extreme difficulty and danger.

The ethnologists concluded that the minds of peoples that would do the same peculiar things quite independently of influence from one another. But an Englishman, Dr. G. Elliot Smith, came along and affirmed that such a combination of queer practices could never be fabricated twice over by the laws of mathematics. He believed that several years, B. C., a sailor people, probably the Phoenicians, traveled widely to France, Spain, all around the Mediterranean, to India, China, Madagascar, the South Pacific islands, and even to Peru and Mexico.

Such voyages in the small boats available at the time seemed highly improbable, and Dr. Smith met with much opposition.

But Dr. Smith is probably correct. He decided that these bold ancient travelers by water because in all cases the customs named were found at or near sea coasts. The motive was the search for precious metals and stones. Once planted in a place, the customs enumerated were retained with the tenacity and irrationality that are characteristic of mankind.

Slang is just sport-model language stripped to get more speed with less horsepower. — Buffalo News.

W. J. Hooper Weds Violet La Due on Friday Thirteenth

Some folks are not superstitious, and don't hesitate to show it. W. J. Hooper, Las Vegas business man, and Violet La Due were married in Los Angeles on Friday the thirteenth of December, according to word reaching this city yesterday.

Both Hooper and Mrs. La Due have been in California for almost a week, and word of their plans came in the form of a notice in Friday's Los Angeles Examiner of the issuance of a marriage license to the pair.

They are expected in Las Vegas this morning.

Flyers Forced to Land in Brazil

RIO DE JANEIRO, Dec. 18 (AP)—Having flown in 36 hours from Seville, Spain, two men yesterday emerged from the jungles of Brazil to reassure the world as to their safety.

Major Tadeo Larre-Borges, of Uruguay, reached a village which had a telegraph first, and sent out word that he and his companion, Lieut. Leon Challe, French aviator, were stunned by the crash of their plane in a forced landing, in which neither was seriously injured.

The fuel ran low due to stiff headwinds, making the forced landing necessary.

It has been a long time since the average man has been able to look the ladies he happens to meet squarely in the eye. Maybe he can do it again, now that long skirts are coming back.

Wolverton SIGN Service 119 NO. MAIN ST. With W. N. SCHUYLER

'Chain Gang' to Clean Up Alleys Soon

Police Will Put 'Vags' to Work in Few Days Temporary Shortage of Bums in City

The "chain gang" will be put to work cleaning up the city's alleys late this week or early next week, upon arrival of equipment which has been ordered, according to Chief of Police Percy Nash.

"We've had a shortage of bums for the last few days," Nash said yesterday, "but we don't expect that condition to last indefinitely, although our habit of picking them up has caused many of them to give this town the go-by."

Half a dozen forks have been ordered, among other things, and with these forks it is planned some of the city's idle and itinerant population will be put to work loading a certain truck with materials now cluttering certain alleys.

Said truck is now in use on the county barn job, but will be available by the end of the week, it is expected.

The city ordinance on vagrancy provides specifically that vagrants may be put to work.

Between the photo and finger print system recently installed by Nash and the alley work plan to be started immediately, it is expected word will spread generally through freight and highway travel circles that Las Vegas is a good place for the bum to stay away from.

Virginia Democrats say they will not accept money from outside the state, which might lead one to wonder whether they consider Mr. Ras-kob's money tainted?

TIES Solve the Gift Problem \$1.50 Values 95c TIES he will wear Not only on Christmas day, but for many days there- colors as well as pat- after. Shown in solid terns; all woven from sturdy silks and lined to hold their shape for a long time. Sam's Toggery 8 Fremont

If it's SOMETHING DIFFERENT— YOU WILL FIND IT HERE. Note These Suggestions: Hand decorated novelties in unique modernistic designs The new wooden beads—Hand painted Christmas cards—Hand made linen and crepe handkerchiefs at 50c—A large selection of dinner rings, moderately priced—And scores of gifts in pleasing variety.

Vanity Fair Silk Garments, Nothing over \$1.75 Beautiful Mesh Bags \$2.50 \$1.95 Kayser Hose \$1.65 Attractive Selection of Infant Giftware and Novelties Happy Day Shoppe 117 South Second

Las Vegas Florist TOWER MARKET Flowers artistically arranged and promptly delivered. Funeral designs a specialty. Patronize Your Home Institutions Phone 386

DANCE ELKS' HALL Saturday, December 21st, 1929 Ladies' Auxiliary to American Legion EVERYBODY WELCOME

PHONE 319 For Las Vegas' Newest Laundry Service. Our Driver Will Call THE LAS VEGAS LAUNDRY "The Laundry Does It Best"

HOLLYWOOD'S FILM SHOP HOLLYWOOD—They are handing out the kit bags, the trench helmets and the side arms at Universal studios and it appears that thousands of men will be in the trenches by Christmas working on the super-production "All Quiet on the Western Front." Louis Wolheim, who has participated in most of the leading war pictures of Hollywood, is the latest well-known player to measure for a uniform. The prominent character actor will play the part of "Katzinsky," the practical professional soldier. In the novel by Erich Remarque "Katzinsky" was the friend and advisor of the German schoolboy, who were mustered into the army from the schoolroom. The character was built into an important part of the famous book and Universal officials say it has been carried intact into the movie version. The studio has had a large staff of technical experts working out the details for the production over a period of many months and Hollywood already is speculating on the ultimate outcome of what promises to be one of the year's most ambitious ventures. The picture is being directed by Lewis Milestone, who has a number of leading successes to his credit. Hundreds of former service men are among the thousands of extras who have responded to the call for troops. When the filming is at its peak thousands of persons and untold equipment will be on the battlefields. Captain I. R. McLendon, former member of the Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, A. E. F., has joined the cast. It was announced at the studio shortly before Wolheim signed. Captain McLendon now is a member of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion and claims that his battery fired the first artillery shot for the Americans in the World war. McLendon's outfit was in the Lunenburg sector October 23, 1917, and was racing toward the front. Friends of the captain say he saw another American battery pulling

Phone 34 Johnny-on-the-Spot for Coal WE'LL SEND IT RIGHT AWAY! Las Vegas Coal & Ice Co. 42 So. Main St.