

# LAS VEGAS AGE

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 BY CHARLES P. SQUIRES, Editor and Publisher, at the AGE  
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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1931.

## WHERE WILL IT END?

THE NEWS reports of railroad operations in the United States show a decrease of 2.8 per cent for the month of March; and the first fifty railroads to report results of April operations disclosed a decrease of 35.3 per cent compared to the corresponding month of 1930. It is evident that the net earnings of American railroads are steadily declining, and this is principally due to the effects of other forms of transportations, although the general business depression has served to darken the picture, as it is revealed by the above disturbing figures.

Unless there is a change in conditions it will not be many years before railroad tracks will be taken up in all sections of the country. Such a situation would present a national calamity.

Motor transportation grows in volume and organized commercial lines continue to take over a large part of the freight and travel business, and the airways are also cutting in. Even now they are putting on hourly service between large cities, and "flying" adds to the falling off of railway revenues.

In the face of this situation the railroads are only asking for their rights when the demand that the competition that is ruining the great railway industry be regulated upon a basis of greater equality than at present.

The railroads, more than any other national industry, have been responsible for the development of the immense areas that comprise the United States. The high character of railroad management and operation is shown in the fact that only seven passengers lost their lives in train accidents last year. Compare this with 27,000 deaths from automobile accidents.

The railroads not only operate upon their own road beds and their own rails but they are among the nation's greatest taxpayers. The Secretary of Agriculture has recently reported in the work of the relief of the drought-stricken areas that the railroads voluntarily reduced rates on the movements of hay, feed and water to the drought sufferers during most of the latter half of the year 1930 and that 1,017 counties in twenty-one states received these rate reductions. The report of the agricultural secretary also shows that the railroads further aided the situation by making immense purchases of ties, timber and stove bolts from farmers owning wood lots in the drought area. That is the way the railroads always "do their bit" when there is an opportunity to help great public causes.

# BOULDER AREA IN SPRING, PAINTED

BY WELL KNOWN PACIFIC COAST WRITER AFTER VISIT  
 Republished by Special Permission of Sunset Magazine, San Francisco

BY MILDRED BURTON

Would you like to have lunch in a house which will in a few years be at the bottom of a lake? Would you like to see the graves of a prehistoric Lost City, the stone metates where its inhabitants ground their corn, or the turquoise mines where they dug for their ornaments? Or the gypsum cavern where the bones of the giant sloth were found, and the ashes of a campfire far older than any other traces of man on this continent? Would you be interested in seeing the wild, rugged basin of the Boulder dam project before construction is begun? Then go to Las Vegas, Nevada, for a week.

For Las Vegas is the headquarters of construction on that great Boulder dam, now known as Hoover dam, of which we have heard so much and know so little. Do you, for instance, realize that there will be formed the greatest artificial lake in the world? Bystanders tell us that it will be one of the largest bodies of water in the United States, with an approximate length of 110 miles and width of 40, containing enough water to cover the entire state of Connecticut 10 feet deep. The dam itself will be the tallest in the world, 750 feet high, and will be 950 feet along its crest, with an installed power development equal to twice that of Niagara Falls. The cost? Around 46 million dollars.

By going there, this spring we were able to see this mighty project in the very first stages of preliminary activity. Roads were being built, railroad track laid down, construction camps getting under way, and a whole new city being surveyed and planned out on a site as mountainous and rugged as a city could occupy. Engineers' tents, steamshovels, trucks, boats, all manned by roughly dressed, hard-working huskies, made it a scene of thrilling action.

Were it only for a site of the Colorado basin in its pristine state, the trip to Las Vegas would be well worth while. But the Hoover dam is only one of the reasons for spending a week thereabout. Such fascinating explorations as the Valley of Fire, the Petrified Forest, the Lost City and the Gyp Cave afford short trips out from Las Vegas, so far off the beaten track as to be in the nature of adventures.

Our first afternoon in Las Vegas (which by the way, means "the meadows") we spent on a trip to Nob Hill, 45 miles from Las Vegas, the road branching off from the Boulder canyon road. After an hour's driving across the desert on a good highway, during which we saw only two other cars, we turned toward one of the mountainous spines that are strewn at intervals on the desert floor. As we got into the mountains the road became more strenuous, leading us a dizzy chase among cliffs and peaks of wierdest formation and color, past a group of cabins where we saw our first human beings in an hour of driving, and on up by way of narrow canyon roads past several mining sites. Once we drove around a mountain side on a narrow track literally chiseled from the beautiful shell-pink rock, the while I held my breath partly from the perils of the road and partly from the beauty of the panorama stretching away beneath us. Nearly an hour of this brought us at last up a steep grade to the Nigger Mine.

At the sound of our motor, a white-bearded old desert character emerged from the doorway of an unpainted board cabin, and we pulled up to gossip with him a bit. He was there as a watchman for the mine whose mouth yawned darkly against the mountainside across the road, a gorbled mass of wooden structure and rusty metal. We hadn't expected to run across such a lonely soul away up here and apologized because we couldn't offer him any papers of tobacco—but all he wanted was the right time, which we were able to furnish him. Another few minutes of hard driving took us to the very top of the mountain, named Nob Hill at-

ter that famous spot in San Francisco. Certainly there are few views in the world to compare with it. Standing, it seemed, on the very brink of creation, we could see for a hundred miles over a sea of multi-colored mountain peaks. Twenty miles away the Colorado wound bluely along, a pale silver blue among colors inconceivable to those who have not seen the desert blues and reds.

We could see into four states: California to the west, Arizona across the river, Utah to the east, and Nevada reaching into the north. The old desert rat back at the mine had told us that on clear days he had been able to see even across the state of Utah and catch sight of a snow covered peak in Colorado. We realized with a surging thrill that we were standing at sunset on a hilltop which will one day be famous throughout the world as one of the earth's magnificent spots—and we had been among the first to see it.

Another day we went out to the scene of action at the dam site, and had lunch at one of the construction camps. The camp had been under way for only two weeks, engaged in road building in the roughest part of the territory. We got there just as they were coming out from lunch, and nowhere short of the Northwest logging camps have I seen so many great big powerful-looking men. We passed in to such a meal as is served only in camps of hardworking men—soup as rich it would have flowed an egg-weiners and sauerkraut, beans, potatoes, coffee in huge pots, pumpkin pie—the long tables groaned under the profusion of it.

Having survived all this, we started off with Dave Holland and Pat Sullivan, two old timers from Las Vegas who were to show us the features of interest around the dam site. Following the rough draft, as it were, of the road being built over mountain and down canyon (for only the initial strokes had been started on it when we were there), we came to the bottom of a large ravine and got out to look at a deposit of alum. We climbed up in the alum, dug into a mountain-side of it, tasted it, picked up crystals of it, saw millions of tons of it, and marveled that nature had seen fit to dump so much surplus chemical right convenient to the dam. The surprise is that an explosive plant will one day work the huge deposit.

Up the other side of the canyon at a grade that had our car almost standing on end, we came within walking distance of the turquoise diggings that fired our imaginations. In the side of a rocky hill spotted with sagebrush and greasewood were several small pits dug into the earth and rock. The broken rock and fragments of turquoise still to be found there told the story. We picked up a broken stone hammer—used by some Indian hand who knows how long ago—and were told that many such had been found there before. We heard also that a good deal of this turquoise had been found in the houses and graves of the Lost City, 80 miles away.

Awe-stricken we looked about us, felt the cool breeze biting our faces, the sharp rock under foot, the sagebrush and greasewood and cactus covering mountain on mountain as far as the eye could reach. Did it look the same when the last Indian miner dropped his stone hammer here and started homeward in the twilight? Assuredly it will not look quite the same when the next exploring traveler comes this way, for men are rapidly changing the face of the earth.

Presently we found ourselves about a mile farther down the river upon another outcropping of the alum deposit, this time in a location where the railroad is to pass right over it. Walking up a gully with a bottom as level as if a road bed had been built there, Epsom salts had been leached out of the rock by action of the rain,

and lay in white, bitter powder around the base and sides. At the head of the ravine we saw copper ore glistening in the broken rock, and were shown into a low tunnel carved into the mountain-side, where it was being mined; direct from the earth's bosom were broken off and given to us.

Again we marveled and learned that there are more minerals in this southern county of Nevada than in any other state. Still farther down we saw more turquoise mines, but in this case the digging had been done almost entirely by one of the men who was showing us around. The veins of blue jewels were plainly visible in the rock, and we were able to pick up fragments of it everywhere. At this point we were only a few hundred yards from the shoreline of the lake that is to be formed by the dam.

Next day with the same two companions, we started out early on a trip which was to occupy the entire day. About 30 miles down the Salt Lake City highway, which by the way, is a first rate thoroughfare, we turned off down a dirt road through the desert, bound for the Valley of Fire. At several points we impinged upon the old Mormon Trail, as our friends told us, and they were reminded of the Mountain Meadow Massacre, which took place not far away. As they were relating that tragedy, and the capture of the last culprit at Lee's Ferry, we were nearing the Valley of Fire. It could not be better named for we spent nearly an hour driving through a valley which blazes with all tones of red, from delicate shell pink rocks to from mountain of brilliant henna color stood in strong contrast to a blue, snowy peak in the distance.

We tried to picture this valley in the heat of summer, with its blazing hues. One of the old prospectors, described a trip he had made through here years ago under these circumstances—it had been a veritable inferno. But at this time of the year it was delightfully cool and sunny, and so replete with bizarre coloring that it would have been a real loss not to have seen it.

As we approached the Mormon settlement of St. Thomas we saw that it was a patch of dazzling green in the fertile valley of the Muddy river, a tributary of the Colorado. Most of its inhabitants had been born right here in the valley and lived along contentedly winter vegetables, until the Boulder dam project broke upon their quiet lives. Now their land was being appraised, and they were faced with the necessity of moving out, for when the dam is completed their little valley will lie 85 feet under water, at the bottom of the artificial lake.

The Lost City is in this valley. We stood on a hill above the reconstructed houses, looking at the graves, and wondered why the ancient people had died or left, as they are believed to have done, very suddenly. Was it a drought, a famine, an epidemic or what? Doubtless they, too, settled in this valley because of its water and fertility, for there seems to have been quite a large village of them. It was here that quantities of the turquoise from the mines we saw yesterday had been found. And we saw the stone metates and hammers they must have used to grind their corn—implements identical with those used in Mexico today. This ancient city, buried for centuries, will again be lost, but this time at the bottom of a lake. Will archaeologists of the future ever uncover it, and its neighbor, St. Thomas?

Our last morning in Las Vegas we went out to the Gyp cave, where the discoveries were recently made by the Southwest Museum expedition. It is less than a three-hour trip there and back from Las Vegas, and though not a scenic one,

# EVERYDAY MOVIES



"He's very good to her—he gives her everything she can get out of him."

It is replete with interest. It is in country so wild that we saw droppings of mountain sheep on a ledge outside the cave. Because of its gypsum formation it is called Gyp cave, this material being found in large white crystals all about. We had brought candles to aid in penetrating the cave, but I must confess you stopped to look twice before venturing in. Contrary to my idea of caves, it does not lead directly back into the hills, but is rather a huge mouth with successive recesses reaching down and inward. When one looks at that great dim, rocky, dusty cavern and thinks of the giant sloth whose remains were found there, the effect is quite terrifying. Evidently the group of wandering hunters who built their campfire there untold ages ago felt the same about it for they did not go any farther in than necessary. Just inside the cave the roof of it is all smoked up and the excavations marked off. The campfire traces found there were considered far older than any other known evidences of man on this continent.

The cave is easily accessible from Las Vegas, as are most of the trips I have described. Las Vegas itself is only eight hour's drive from Los Angeles by way of San Bernardino and Cajon Pass, all over the best of highways. It is a city of 6,500, lying at an altitude of 2,033 feet, rather a picturesque town. A good railway serves it, as do auto stage lines and two airports; there are many good auto camps and hotels, and good accommodations are available in every way. The second largest artesian well in the world is located here, supplying water to the city at the rate of 3,500,000 gallons a day. If you want to get the most out of your stay in Las Vegas, look up

Dave Holland and Pat Sullivan. They are old timers and can tell you about the country.

## COUNTY HEALTH POST ABOLISHED

Miss Lucille Withers, county health nurse, has been granted a vacation with pay until June 15, after which the position will be abolished because of lack of county funds.

## APPLICATIONS TO BE FILED, RULING

The board of county commissioners has announced that all applications for gambling licenses outside the city limits of Las Vegas, must be kept on file in the sheriff's office for thirty days before they are filed for forty days before they will even be considered for acceptance.

ADVERTISE IN THE AGE

# BAPTIST CHURCH

Seventh and Fremont

10:00 a. m. Bible School  
 11:00 a. m. Morning Worship  
 With Sermon by the Pastor

The time of the evening service has been changed from 7:30 to 8:00 p. m.

Wednesday evening at 8:00 p. m. will be regular Bible Study.

## LAS VEGAS CHURCHES

- CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY**  
 Economy Hall  
 Sunday services 11:00 a. m.  
 Lesson sermon, "God the Only Cause and Creator."  
 Wednesday evening 7:30 p. m.  
 Sunday school 9:30 a. m.
- CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS**  
 134 South Sixth Street  
 Sunday school 10:00 a. m.  
 Sacrament services 7:30 p. m.  
 Quarterly conference at Overton.  
 Sunday school convention  
 Morning session 10:00 a. m.  
 Afternoon session 2:00 p. m.
- CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
 Corner Carson and Second Streets  
 Rev. Arthur S. Kean  
 Holy Communion 8 a. m.  
 Church school and kindergarten 10:00 a. m.  
 Services during the week—  
 Thursday Holy Communion 9:30 a. m.  
 Friday Holy Communion 7:00 a. m.  
 Children's meeting 4:00 p. m.
- BAPTIST CHURCH**  
 Seventh and Fremont  
 Rev. Charles H. Sloan
- CATHOLIC CHURCH**  
 Second and Bridger Streets  
 Reverend J. J. O'Grady  
 Masses 7 and 9 on Sundays  
 Mass 7:15 on week days  
 Summer school 9 to 10 during week.
- FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**  
 Corner Third and Bridger Streets  
 Rev. Sumner Reynolds  
 Bible school 9:45 a. m.  
 Morning worship 11:00 a. m.  
 Sermon, "A New Triumph"  
 Epworth League 7:00 p. m.  
 Evening worship 8:00 p. m.  
 Subject, "The Challenge of Bigness"
- CHURCH of the NAZARENE**  
 Corner Garces and South First Sts.  
 Rev. Charles H. Hall  
 Church school 9:45 a. m.  
 Morning worship 11:00 a. m.  
 Sunday school at Good Springs 3 p. m.  
 Evangelistic meeting 7:00 p. m.  
 "Whoever will may come."
- GOES TO RENO**  
 Walter Joplin and nephew, Alvin, will leave Monday morning for Reno. They will be gone throughout the week.



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# Marjorie Elizabeth Gowns

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Smart gowns for Milady's morning, afternoon and evening wear.  
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