

THE NEWEST BUICK

\$795

[LOWEST PRICE IN BUICK HISTORY]

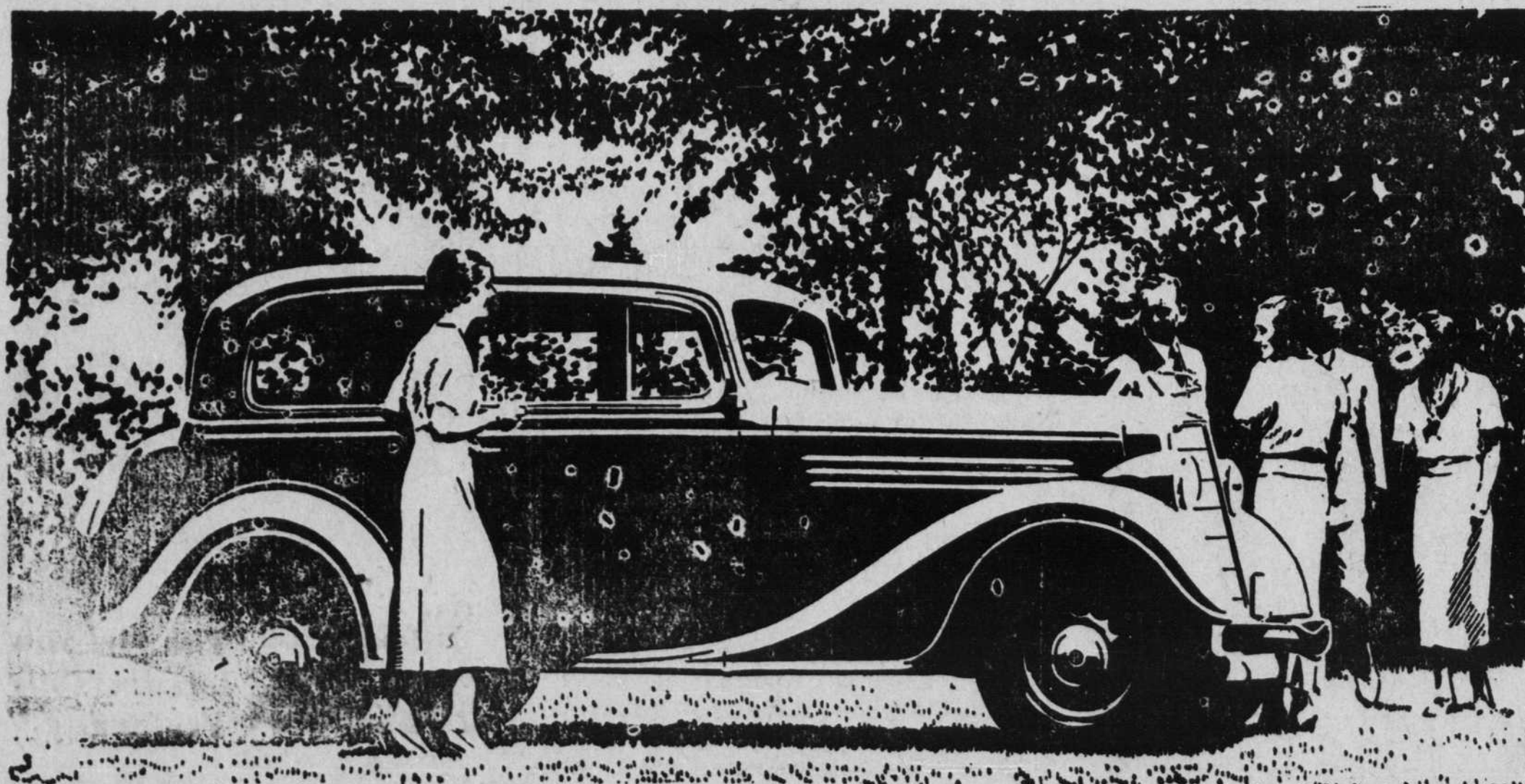
*Series 40—\$795 to \$925. Series 50—\$1110 to \$1230. Series 60—\$1375 to \$1675. Series 90—\$1875 to \$2175. List prices at Flint, Mich. All prices subject to change without notice. Illustrated below is model 48, \$865, at Flint. Special equipment extra. Duco fenders at no extra charge.

**A Straight Eight—
93 Horsepower—
85 miles per hour—
15 miles per gallon!**

New Low Price Unequalled for the Quality It Buys



First of all, the newest Buick is built to be a Buick through and through. Then, it is given a price—lowest in Buick history and unequalled today for the quality it buys—which puts its value beyond comparison. Big, beautiful, modern, it is upholstered in fabrics of exclusive smart design. Unmatched in performance by any other balanced car, its dependability is attested by Buick records of 30 years. For it has every famous Buick feature. Thousands have waited for such a car at such a price. They are buying now. They are getting deliveries now.



Body by Fisher

DEALER ADVERTISEMENT

James Cashman
107 N. Main Phone 116

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

OBSERVATIONS

LEE SHIPPLEY

Lee Shippley is the writer of a daily column in the Los Angeles Times, "The Lee Side 'o L. A." I have long considered him one of the cleverest writers on The Times, with powers of keen observation and a kindly, humorous and entirely human outlook on life.

So when, in his column in the issues of The Times of July 7, 9, 10 and 11, he comments on his visit to Las Vegas and his experiences here, it is done pleasantly, without the obviously bitter tone of criticism with which so many writers seek to display their own high morality.

COMPARING CONDITIONS

Somebody has written "Comparisons are odious." Perhaps it would have been just as well to say, "Comparisons are odorous." Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from occasionally comparing Las Vegas with other cities—Los Angeles for example, in the matter of morals.

I have known and loved Los Angeles since I first saw her as but little more than a sprawling, overgrown Mexican village in the summer of 1887, all puffed up with the inflation of a real estate boom, then in the painful process of being deflated. Being a young fellow of enterprising disposition, I soon learned where Alameda, Sepulveda and Apablasa streets were; and Macgumess' cigar store in the Downey building where the Los Angeles Federal building now stands.

My first contact with gambling came when a fellow showed me how to go out through the back door of the cigar store; around a court to a certain door; thence into a room in which you were subjected to the cold scrutiny of a guard behind a peephole; thence, if permitted, into a larger room in which faro bank, roulette, stud poker and all the favorite gambling games were catering to the business men of the city.

And so it has been that during all these years, Los Angeles, despite her angelic name, has harbored her own share of gambling and vice. In truth it is probable that there never has been a day when Los Angeles did not, on the sly, operate more gambling than the whole state of Nevada.

The chief difference is that in Nevada we do not shut our eyes to the fact that gambling exists. We recognize it by law, provide for the payment of stiff license fees and insure the operation of the games honestly and fairly for those who wish to play.

As a matter of fact, if the gambling houses of Las Vegas had to depend upon the patronage of Las Vegas people for existence, they would promptly quit business. They are supported by strangers, mostly from California, who come here looking for a little entertainment, but who do not wish to submit themselves to the certain fleecing they would experience in the "hide-out" gambling joints of Los Angeles. And, as for the other forms of vice, I am quite sure that Las Vegas would not suffer through comparison with the hundreds of dance halls, beer joints and off-color night clubs which Los Angeles hides in her ample bosom.

I once had occasion to remark to the mayor of an eastern city who was publicly expressing his holy horror of the open gambling in Las

(Continued on Page 16)