

OBSERVATIONS

By G. P. Ulm

MINING BOOM

There is a mining boom, seemingly of major proportions, centering in the Mojave, California, area. Prospectors, speculators and some financial magnates are crowding into the desert city, and all the old familiar scenes of a gold rush are being staged.

I had hoped that the next major discovery would be in Nevada. But it appears that new developments in old camps do not bring that feverish excitement necessary to a "stampede" which a strike in a new and entirely undeveloped district creates. An example of that is the development of the phenomenal ore bodies of the "Chiquita" mine in the Yellow Pine district near Good-springs, Nevada. Because that district had, many years ago, been partially prospected and developed to some extent, there was only a local interest in the discovery of new ore bodies.

Had the "Chiquita" discoveries been in a new, unknown and desolate region guarded by hardships, we would have seen a new rush and a new mining camp of importance springing out of the desert. Because the "Chiquita" is only the result of new developments in an old district, there is but little interest in it so far as the general public is concerned, although it is now recognized as one of the outstanding properties of the west with a potential production running high into the millions.

Although the new "Silver Queen" property which is now the center of intense excitement at Mojave, is in California, we claim a large portion of the glory for Nevada. Because the leaders in the new rush, the persons who, in fact, really put the new strike on the map, are Nevadans.

Senator Key Pittman, veteran of the Alaskan gold rush of 1898, one of the immortals of Nome, and a pioneer of Tonopah, is at the center of the vortex. Former Senator Tasker L. Oddie, who amassed a fortune of \$3,000,000 in the early days of the Tonopah boom, only to invest it later in futile attempts to make mines at Lucky Boy and other places, and whose wide experience in mining operations was recognized by the government in placing him at the head of the RFC department for loans for mining purposes, is there. George Wingfield, whose nerve and business ability formed the Goldfield Consolidated, which produced a million dollars a month for its stockholders for a term of years, is also there, as is Walter Trent, another of Nevada's former mining engineers who has been in New York for the past ten years. There are other Nevada men on the ground at the new strike. And it is certain that if the Mojave district is what we are made to believe it is, a great new camp will spring up with a large proportion of Nevada men in control of most of the best properties.

REAPER TAKES TOLL

I am grieved to learn of the death in Los Angeles the other day of my very dear old friend, A. F. (Frank) Frankenstein. He was the victim of an automobile accident — that grim and inexorable reaper which takes its toll without discrimination.

For something like 35 years (or more) it was my privilege to know this talented musician who also was a kindly, congenial and lovable man.

When the Orpheum, where Frank was leader of the orchestra for nearly thirty years, was forced to close as a vaudeville house and op-

erate as a motion picture theatre, Frank found himself in the eddy of life, drifting about rather aimlessly. Yet he was not cast down nor dismayed. I met him frequently of late years and found him always the same happy and cheerful character as when the flood of prosperity and popularity bore him along so easily and pleasantly.

There are all too few of such fine characters left in this modern world and the loss of one such as Frank makes quite a vacancy in the ranks of his contemporaries. Yet Frank will continue to live through the musical productions he has given to the world, not the least important of which is the music of that stirring song, "California, Here I Come."

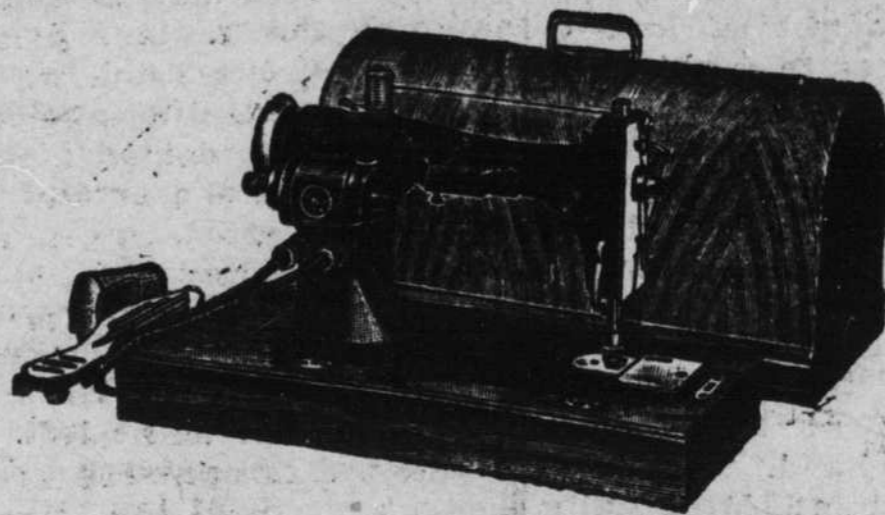
It is a long time since Frank, one of the original members of "Teddy's Terrors," sat in the cab on the engine of our special train touring Southern California for the great and original "Teddy" when he was a candidate for Vice-president on the ticket with Wm. McKinley, and patiently picked out the notes of

"A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight" on the steam siren. And a few years later, when the immortal Teddy was President of the United States, it was Frank again who filled the whole atmosphere of Southern California with the music of the steam locomotive whistle of the train on which we conveyed the President. Perhaps not such an artistic addition to the music of the Southwest, but something never to be forgotten by those who heard it.

It is with sad hearts that the remaining forty or fifty of the young fellows who comprised that unique organization 35 years ago, bid farewell to this particular shining light which has been so unhappily turned to darkness.

I am sure I speak for every soul whose privilege it was to know this kindly man when I say, "Adios, Frank, my boy! May God give you a place in the music Celestial to which you go."

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Charles P. Ulm, left, who is about to take off on a flight from Oakland, Cal., to Australia in his plane, the Star of Australia. With him is George Littlejohn, center, co-pilot, and J. L. Skilling, right, navigator.

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