

OBSERVATIONS

By C. P. S.

CHRISTMAS ROSE

A few days before Christmas, the almost leafless, old rose bush of the LaFrance variety, which for many years has been in front of our home, had the urge to Christmas ambition. It has become rather feeble the past year or so, with the passing of many seasons of blooming.

But, apparently, sensing the approach of the Christmas season, our old friend sent forth a glowing red bud which, encouraged by the springlike sunshine, opened into a beautiful, fragrant, pink rose to add its bit of happiness and hope and Christmas cheer to a suffering world.

Our Christmas rose was quite brave and proud beneath our little, lighted, outdoor Christmas tree. But, Christmas over, it has crumpled into a little shapeless mass of color, only a few faded petals remaining on the bare stem to remind us of the glorious Resurrection which it helped us to happily commemorate.

SPRING WEATHER

The days before Christmas in Las Vegas were the most beautiful spring days I can remember. Just barely cold enough for frost at night, the day temperatures were close to the seventy mark and the sky bright and fair.

One who has ever experienced the cold and ice, the snow and slush and discomfort of a winter in the east or middle west will never cease to marvel at this glorious winter climate which, I think, can be found nowhere else than in this inland region of the far west.

Some day, it may not be so far in the future the way things are moving on in these speedy times, the re-

gion of which Las Vegas is the center, will be filled with beautiful hotels and resorts with all the comforts and pleasures which appeal to those with money who wish to live for a few months each year amid the glories of the "desert" region. It may require the added stimulus of Lake Mead, the Hoover Dam reservoir, to attract the necessary enterprise and capital to bring those things to us, but they will surely come.

CHRISTMAS CALLING

"Open House" on Christmas and New Years days has become a rather well established custom in Las Vegas. There was, of course, a period when the town was just in process of formation when there were not many homes in which to hold festivities and when people were not so well acquainted as now. In these

days, however, we find many circles of friends calling on each other and receiving Christmas hospitality in beautiful Las Vegas homes.

Of course this Observer and his family had to participate in this pleasant holiday festivity to a limited extent. We called at the Joe Stevens, the Boyer, the Pembroke and Lightfoot, the Art & Alta Ham, the Clint Boggs, the Hunt and the McWilliams homes and found in each a gay group exchanging Christmas greetings and partaking of light refreshments and, possibly, a little sip (should I say "Nip") of Christmas cheer. And each home was delightful and beautiful and friendly.

A WESTSIDE HOME

I cannot refrain from mentioning one of our most pleasant calls—that to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McWilliams, Westside.

Of course they are old and well tried and true friends, which adds always the spice of delight to a call. But what I started to say is that their unpretentious home set among

the trees and vines is one of the happiest and most delightful and interesting in Las Vegas.

Year after year, Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams have added a room here and a room there to their home, filling the whole with many interesting things of the desert which they have collected in their years of travel over the mountains and through the broad valleys of Southern Nevada. And on every side we find wide windows opening to the outdoors, so that the view of desert beauty is never absent.

The pleasant lawns about the home are also filled with things of interest and beauty. You old friends of Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams, who have not called there for a long time, are missing much of the charm of this region. And you are missing also the priceless friendship of those kindly people who, for more than forty years have wandered this land of wonder and delight together.

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