

LAS VEGAS AGE

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A GOOD CHOICE

In endorsing Dr. J. D. Smith by unanimous vote for appointment to the office of United States Marshal for the Nevada District, the local Democracy has earned the commendation of the public generally without regard to party.

Dr. Smith, during his residence in Las Vegas, has earned the respect and high regard of all. If he shall receive the appointment, there will be no excuse or apologies for the Democratic organization to make in the future.

UNIVERSITY GYMNASIUM

A movement is under way to secure the building of a new and modern gymnasium for the state university, to replace the inadequate and long outgrown building which has been in use for many years.

Athletic activities are today considered as necessary to a modern university as any other course of study or training. The gymnasium is the gauge by which the university is measured in the eyes of hundreds who come from other schools to play on its courts and, as well, as the only real contact which many of our own people have with the institution.

The present gymnasium was good enough, possibly, twenty or thirty years ago. It is to be hoped that the legislature will now provide the means to build a gym which will not be a discredit to the fine university which President Clark and the faculty have built through long years of effort.

STORM OF PROTEST

A veritable deluge of protest against the attempt to place the Supreme Court of the United States under political control of the administration, is pouring into Washington from all parts of the country.

The fact is beginning to be generally understood that this is not a question of being for or against the "New Deal," but whether or not the people of the United States desire to make their highest tribunal a tool of any President or of Congress.

Presidents are right — part of the time. Congress is right — part of the time. But it by no means follows that any one branch of the government should be made dominant over the other.

It is certainly right for the people to amend the constitution in the orderly way provided. But it is not right to give to any individual the supreme control of the government.

IN A NUTSHELL

It has remained for Representative Pettengill, Democrat, of Indiana, to put most concisely the argument against the grant of power to remake the Supreme Court which the President has asked.

"It is more power than a good man should want or a bad man should have," says Pettengill. And he continues:

"If we ever take this step for

President Roosevelt we can never retrace it for any other president. The power that a good man once wields will certainly be claimed by his bad successor. The Supreme Court once packed with six more judges will be again packed with six or a dozen more, and become nothing but a political weapon in the hands of transient majorities or future dictators.

"Tyranny begins where law ends."
—L. A. Times.

OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

In a good car, on a sunny morning with a congenial companion who is also a good driver, there is no more delightful drive than that north from Los Angeles along the Coast highway. I found it so when I rode with my friend James Maxwell from Los Angeles to Auburn Thursday of last week in his Chrysler.

North of Santa Monica the beach is pretty well lined with summer cottages, many of them quite imposing houses of movie stars. Further on we pass through the pleasant little city of Oxnard, where my old friend, Senator Henry T. Oxnard, built a sugar refinery nearly forty years ago. The plant still functions, I am told. I visited it once in company with the Senator and found it quite a wonderful place.

Ventura has grown to be a regular city. My old friend, Bert Gates, has been owner of the Title Insurance Company there for more than 35 years, but I was unable to call on him this time. Last time I saw him was at the Ventura Rotary Club of which he is one of the most active members.

OCEAN OIL WELLS

At Summerland oil wells drilled out in the ocean hundreds of feet from shore, are still producing, I am told. The fever of sea shore drilling in this region was at its height about the first of the century, as I remember it. I believe our Las Vegas friend, John F. Miller of the Sal Sage hotel, was at one time heavily interested in the Summerland oil fields.

SANTA BARBARA

Santa Barbara is as lovely as ever in spite of the convulsions of nature which threatened to destroy her. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bracken and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Boyer were in the Carlillo hotel that terrible morning when it was nearly destroyed by the earthquake. They were extremely fortunate to escape injury and that their car, which happened to have been placed in one of the few garages whose roofs did not collapse, was not damaged, so they managed to flee the distressed city. That terrible morning was June 30, 1925. The time 6:45 a. m.

PISMO BEACH

A short distance south of San Luis Obispo, is the delightful resort, Pismo Beach. And there the famous Pismo Beach clams have their habitat. Whether the resort was started because of the famous clams, or the clams became famous because of the delightful beach, I do not know. The fame of the particular clams found there and nowhere else spreads afar. Of course, we stopped there to make our lunch on clams and ate clam chowder and clams baked in the shell. They were good, of course, but I am not sufficiently expert on clams to know whether they are any better than other clams. To me a clam is just a poor imitation of an oyster and clam chowder is good or bad according to the amount of salt, pepper and onions put in it.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE

We reached San Francisco at 10:30 that evening and, having no particular business there, and Max-

field being anxious to reach Auburn to meet Jerry and the party coming in over the snow from the Herman mine on a tractor, we did not stop in the city.

Reaching Mission street in the southern outskirts of the city we found a practically open road and went sailing down the street at about fifty miles an hour. At Seventh street we turned south and entered the approach to the great San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge.

It was ten-thirty in the evening when we entered the bridge and there was little travel. Although I have read much about the structure and had seen the great towers which support it across the bay, I was awed by its greatness. There are six lanes of traffic, three each way. And, there being nothing in the way we went sailing across at somewhere between sixty and seventy miles per hour.

The feature most noticeable at night is the lighting—great yellow-flaring sodium vapor lamps on each side. It happened to be fairly clear weather when we crossed, so we had no way of testing the efficiency of the lamps. I am told, however, that the yellow glow of these sodium vapor lamps will penetrate even the densest fogs San Francisco can dish up, so that driving conditions are reasonably safe at all times.

A bridge is generally built straight across the water, but this bridge spans the three and one-half miles of the bay on the San Francisco side by two great suspension spans, then scoots through a tunnel on Yerba Buena Island, changes its course and crosses several miles of the shallow bay between the island and the Oakland-Berkeley shore by means of cantilever spans.

The entire length of the bridge with its approaches is eight and one-quarter miles and its cost was about seventy-seven millions of dollars, a little more than the cost of the Boulder Dam main structure.

Traffic on the bridge has been much greater than was estimated and it was found possible to reduce the toll for an automobile with five passengers from 65 cents to 50 cents and still earn sufficient money to retire the bonds issued to cover its cost.

Although the bridge is carrying an amazingly heavy traffic, the ferry lines continue to operate and are carrying thousands of trans-bay passengers daily. There is still a vast population in the east bay district which finds it quicker, cheaper and more convenient to use the ferries. Personally, I hope the day will never come when the busy traffic of the many ferry lines is driven from the bay. Since I first came into San Francisco Bay through the Golden Gate almost fifty years ago, the swiftly-moving ferry boats crossing in every direction, have had a fascination for me.

The Soviet government, it is said, will finance a new defense program from its profits on food. There is no question here about who will pay for the communists' brotherly military program.

France and England want the Spanish to take a vote to settle the issues of the war. The main trouble is that the side which loses probably will demand a machine-gun recount.