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LAS VEGAS AGE

Friday, May 7, 1937

OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

FUZZY FACES AND BLUEBEARDS

This Helldorado is a creator of cares, for mere men, hard to be have a clean shave without being borne, but funny enough from the feminine outlook.

Male Las Vegas is hairy as to face, rough in dress and tough in its swaggger. We are raising, or trying to raise, beards. So we have a peculiar looking lot of citizens, some with gentle fuzzy faces and some with blue - black visages frightful to contemplate.

Tourists edge off toward the curb when we meet, and the tough looking natives are embarassed and self conscious, often blushing.

It's a tough life, masculinely speaking. Insults are swallowed down without comment. We are martyrs to the cause of Helldorado.

We try bravado. A fuzzy fellow tells how he had an architect to plan his front elevation; a surveyor to stake it out; and a landscape gardner to trim up the shrubbery, and brags how he will, in due time. have the most striking and handsome whiskers in all Las Vegas.

Then some sneery !individual speaks out: "It seems to me that your landscape gardner did not put on enough fertilizer. By the way, what kind of fertilizer do you use?"

shrubbery is whitened by the frosts of many autumns. "Is that face- British Columbia, the drive taking

powder or flour you have on your face." And I answer as though I did not care: "No, that is just cotton from the cottonwood trees tangled in my beard."

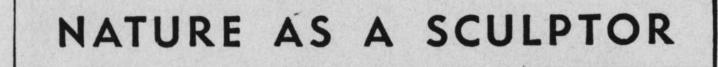
So we sneak meekly away, dreaming hopefully of the day we can charged with disloyalty to the community.

TAPPING MYSTERY

Viitors came to the McWilliams home the other day, just in the edge of the evening. They were old friends, Dr. L. E. Benson, who operates the Charleston Springs or Cactus Springs service station about three miles beyond Indian Springs on the Las Vegas-Tonopah highway. and C. E. Dimmick, formerly United States Commissioner for Alaska.

Both the visitors were pioneers of the Alaska gold rush in the late '90s. There they had met Key Pittman, and a few years later, about 1905, Dr. Benson was associated with Pittman and H. H. Clark in constructing the water system and pipe line which supplied water to the then thriving and thrilling camps of Beatty and Rhyolite.

Then about ten years ago, the call of the wild again took Dr. Benson to Alaska where he was one of the hardy band who engaged in the historic reindeer drive when thousands of the animals, sold to the Canadian government by the United It's tough on us old fellows whose States, were driven hundreds of miles across the tundra wastes into







est engineers. It spans a chasm along one of the trails that lead through Jasper National Park, Alberta, to the Columbia Ice Fields



in which the Columbia, Athabaska and Saskatchewan Rivers, flowing to three different oceans, find their source. The bridge isn't pretty but it is much used by alpinists and trail riders going to and from the Ice Fields section of the Canadian Rockies. In the smaller picture, nature appears as a cartoonist. Here is depicted an almost perfect caricature of a man in a toque. It is one of numerous figures wrought by the effects of erosion in the soft sand-stone formation of the Red Deer River Valley in southwestern Alberta, a region that is known as "The Bad Lands" and in which many excellent specimens of dinosaur skeletons have been found.



several years to complete. Dr. Benson returned to Nevada broken in health and took up his residence in the health-giving desert. But all It was equipped with one of those that is another story.

Well, to return from our Alaska ramblings and get back to this mystery stuff, as the friends sat there in the dusk talking of the adventures of days long gone, a peculiar sound came faintly from the ceiling like the crackling of flames. The smell of smoke was in the air. Mr. and Mrs. McWilliams had visions of the home they have so long lived in and loved and beautified, wrapped in destroying flames. Fearful that a short circuit in the electric wires might be the cause of the trouble, Mr. McWilliams hastily removed the fuses. The noise continued, growing louder and louder.

Sure by this time that their home was threatened with destruction, Mrs. McWilliams rushed to the phone-and turned in a fire alarm while Mr. McWilliams explored the attic.

Within a minute or two, police cars came roaring in, followed] closely by the fire engine with sirens screaming. Fifty cars, or more, came and blocked the streets, while inside the house the msteryious sound became a sharp tap-tapap, more terrifying than ever. Police and firemen rushed through he house, here and there seeking the fire. In the kitchen the noise became louder than ever. Then the mystery was cleared.

Sitting cozily over the lighted burner of the gas range, and being

used for the first time, was a cute, new, little copper teakettle to which Mrs. McWilliams had taken a fancy. clever little alarms to tell when it is boiling, but instead of the usual whistle, it croaked in the spout' and tapped out the alarm which aroused and disturbed the whole city.

Then, in disappointment, the automobiles began to disperse. The fire boys reeled up their hose, and the McWilliams home was saved for another thirty years, I hope, of comfort and contentment.

CITY ELECTION RESULTS

Tuesday's municipal election resulted in the election of Joe Ronnow over James H. Down for com missioner second class Herb Krause over James Powers for commissioner fourth class; the retention of the anti-picketing ordinance and the approval of the \$250,000 municipal power bond issue.

The unofficial tabulation of the votes shows:

Commissioner, Seco	nd Class
Down	
Ronnow	
Commissioner, Fou	rth Class
Krause	
Powers	
Anti-Picketing Or	
For Repail	
Against Repeal	
For Power Bonds, Prop	
For the Bonds	
Against Bonds	
Non-Property ()	
For Bonds	
Against Bonds	