

# OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

## AROUND THE CIRCLE

Since I first made the swing around the circle, Las Vegas, Beatty, Goldfield, Tonopah, Reno, Tahoe, San Francisco, Los Angeles and home again, about fifteen hundred miles of automobile travel, with Dr. Martin twenty years or more ago, that trip has had a charm for me too strong to resist. Not that I ever did resist its call—quite the contrary.

So when Jim Maxfield the other day invited me to ride with him on the swing around the circle in his air-flow Chrysler, I was only too glad to accept.

To drive to Reno and then back over the same road is, of course, an interesting trip. But this swing from the barren desert, rough mining camps and unclothed mountains of Nevada, to the rushing torrents of the Truckee river; the turquoise blue of the Donner akes and Tahoe; the vast pine forests of the Mother Lode country; the limitless green expanse of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; the majestic Pacific and the coastal mountains; cities and country homes in endless profusion, to say nothing of an occasional cosy lodge or hotel where there is good food and music and a little something to give a kick to the inner man—that is a real trip and a delightful pleasure which more Las Vegas people should enjoy.

That first automobile trip over this route with Dr. Martin was not so easy as now. It took us almost ten hours to drag through the silts and sands of the old road to Beatty via the Fairbanks ranch in Ash Meadows. Then, arriving at Beatty about midnight, we could find no one about the hotel to assign us to rooms. So finally we went up stairs and pushed open the doors, one after another, until we found beds unoccupied, in which we parked our tired bodies. However, our old friend and host, George Greenwood, was on hand the next morning to collect the rent.

We drove this time straight through over finely paved highways to Reno, a distance of 446 miles, without distress. The shortest and best route is via Schurz and Fallon.

## BRIGHTER RENO

Someone has had told me that Reno was a little bit in the dumps. I did not find it so. On the contrary, the "Biggest Little City in the World" is a little busier and brighter than I have ever seen it. Some of this activity is due possibly to the impending three-day Rodeo scheduled for July 3, 4 and 5, for which elaborate preparations are made.

## THE GAY RESORTS

In Reno I found the gambling palaces crowded as usual, and there is one very gorgeous and beautiful new place to dine, dance, drink, and gamble to your heart's desire (provided your money holds out)—Club Fortune it is called. As an example of elaborate lighting and decoration and lavish expenditure there are few equals in the west, especially since the famous Reno Country Club built by one of the Luckenbach brothers of shipping fame, was burned.

Two other Reno night clubs have been lavishly remodeled. One is the Colombo, formerly a common sort of joint where they had good food, but not much else in the form

of attractions. It is rumored that something like \$50,000 has been spent on the Colombo, and it looks it, although what anyone who had fifty thousand dollars would want with a night club I can't imagine.

The Tavern, just on the western outskirts of Reno, a favorite old place with Nevadans, has also been remodeled and redecorated until it is as gorgeous as the rest. Food and music are both enticing, and the liquor, I am told, as good as the average. One feature I missed at The Tavern, was George Hart, who used to sit in the little nook with his piano and sing songs interminably in a clever style which nobody as yet been able successfully to imitate. However, George is not lost to the world—I found him in the cocktail lounge of the Riverside Hotel singing away for dear life to the throng of divorcees and natives who crowded around.

Yes, I am convinced that Reno is bigger and brighter than ever before, and I used to visit there in the days when the millions from the great mines of Goldfield and Tonopah were pouring through her channels of business.

A lot of fellows who back in 1929 said the sky was the limit are now finding it difficult to get above the cellar ceiling.

If some men spoke the truth and nothing but the truth they would have to keep silent most of the time.

An orator swung his arms and shouted, "Let's get rid of anarchy, Hitlerism, fascism, socialism, bolshevism, communism!" And an old man in a back seat said, "Let's throw in rheumatism!" — Jewell County, Kansas, Republican

## WHAT NEXT?



That pipe smoking is not on the wane is evidenced by the numerous pipe accessories now being made. The sketch at the top illustrates a new pipe holder and tray, with a horse shoe base for ashes, a saddle to hold the bowl and a cowboy statuette to support the pipe stem. The sketch below it depicts a tobacco pouch, with a spring device set in the bottom of it which when pressed releases tobacco directly into the pipe.

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