

# LAS VEGAS AGE

SOUTHERN NEVADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

The Age Building, 411 Fremont Street, Las Vegas, Nevada

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Entered in the Postoffice at Las Vegas as Second Class Matter  
Subscription Rates — \$3.50 per year

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EASTERN REPRESENTATIVES

William H. Stockwell, People's Gas Building, Chicago, Ill.  
Thos. F. Clark Co., Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City

PACIFIC COAST REPRESENTATIVE

Williams & Co., 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif.

## THE NATION'S LOSS

In the death of Senator Joseph Taylor Robinson, leader of the Democratic majority of the United States senate, the nation as a whole suffers an irreparable loss.

Leaving out of consideration just now the personal loss which those who have been so fortunate as to know "Joe" Robinson have suffered, the death of this fine, level-headed, safe and sane thinking statesman removes an anchor upon which many of both political parties have depended to keep the ship of state from drifting into dangerous shoals or from being crushed upon the hidden rocks of radicalism by which our government is threatened.

So long as the clear-sighted, cool-headed Joe Robinson had a controlling hand upon the helm, most of us felt that the nation could not go far wrong. Now that his steadying hand is gone there is, we fear, no tried and true pilot to take his place.

## WAR THREATENS

Adding to the uncertainty into which the Spanish revolution has plunged the world, we now have a still greater peril to the peace of the world in the armies which Japan is throwing against the China government in northern China and the Russian Soviets on the frontiers of Siberia.

In Spain we have the radical government forces supported by France and Russia, while the conservative rebels are backed by Germany and Italy. In eastern Asia the radical governments of Russia and China are opposed by powerful and conservative Japan.

It will require but one unfortunate incident to plunge England into the conflict and start the "Second World War" compared with which the World War of twenty years ago will seem like child's play.

In the issue of Las Vegas Age August 8, 1914, this writer, looking into the troubled future, wrote editorially:

"The awful spectre of warfare which Europe has been frantically pushing away from herself for nearly half a century, at last has fastened its hideous talons upon the nations. Famine, suffering and death are now common sisters of evil and the world, we fear, will drip with blood before the hosts have had their fill of fighting."

Who can tell what horrors will engulf the world with the advance of this new tide of war now rolling toward us?

## RUSSIA SENDS GREETINGS

When three Russian aviators landed in a field near San Jacinto, Cal., Wednesday morning they did more to bring

the United States to a sympathetic interest in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics than anything else since the days of Czar Nicholas.

To soar over the top of the world nearly 7,000 miles from Moscow to the Mexican border is an achievement which appeals strongly to the imagination of the whole world.

Russia seems intent on forcing the civilized world to notice her and seems to have broken the ice of distrust with which she has been generally surrounded.

## OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

### FAREWELL, AMELIA

More than ten years ago Amelia Earheart used to stop occasionally at the Las Vegas airfield when it was south of town.

I used to meet her occasionally and enjoyed exchanging a bit of gossip of this or that with her. A year or two later I happened to have luncheon at the same table with her in the restaurant of the U. S. senate in the capitol at Washington, and renewed the acquaintanceship.

Miss Earheart was a pleasant, unassuming, kindly dispositioned young woman, who was tremendously interested in flying. Since those years she has achieved many notable exploits in aviation and earned the admiration of the whole world.

Now, I fear, her brilliant career is ended. I bid goodbye in sadness to Amelia and her intrepid navigator.

### DONNER PASS

We left Reno at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, June 27, driving westward up the Truckee river canyon, through the picturesque little city of Truckee near which the highway to Lake Tahoe takes off.

A few miles beyond Truckee we came to Donner Lake and thence up a paved highway to Donner Summit, at an elevation of 7,135 feet.

Each time I pass this way I am newly reminded of the terrors of that winter when the Donner party of emigrants were trapped near the lake by the winter storms, and of the heroism some of them displayed in the face of incredible hardships and suffering.

The history of that terrible winter will, perhaps, never be completely told. But I would recommend to my readers a little volume entitled "Ordeal by Hunger," which comes nearer to painting the real picture of that terrible winter than anything else. It is to be found in the Las Vegas public library and is well worth reading by those seeking history or romance.

### MOTHER LODE COUNTRY

From Donner Summit it is a beautiful drive of sixty miles through the Mother Lode country to Auburn. Situated in the rolling foothills of the great Sierra Nevada range, Auburn is a charming little city and the center of one of the most thrilling historic regions of the west.

Here was the very heart of the placer mining regions from which countless millions of dollars worth of gold dust and nuggets were washed by the pioneers. Adjacent to Auburn were the great camps of Michi-

gan Bluff, Yankee Jim's and others of the most colorful of the gold camps.

As one drives through the region we see where great mountains have been cut in half by the placer working and many square miles of country covered by the tailings from the mines.

Placer mining would still be a great and profitable industry were it not for the legislation which stopped it because the tailings were being washed down into the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers.

### HERMAN MINE

Maxfield was on his way to his Herman mine, which is located directly on the Mother Lode, about 42 miles from Auburn. We did not go to the mine, but remained that night at the Baker Divide Lodge, located on a 1,900-acre placer mining and timber property recently taken over by Maxfield and associates.

The lodge is a delightful place in a forest about half and half great pines, and immense, towering oaks, to me an unusual combination. The altitude is only about 4,500 feet there and the climate, night and day, one of the most pleasant I have known.

At the Lodge I met Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Jones and little daughter, Pat, whom I found to be delightful and interesting people. They live in Bel Air, West Los Angeles, and were making a week-end vacation trip.

The Lodge, I found, is cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Kremer, who fed us abundantly and showered us with every courtesy and comfort of a first class hotel.

## Hansen Guilty Declares Jury

Chris Hansen, formerly one of the U. S. narcotic agents stationed at Reno, was convicted in U. S. district court by a jury last Monday on the charge of violating the Harrison narcotics act.

Hansen was an agent of the government in Reno, Los Angeles, Sacramento and the Pacific Northwest for nine years and for eleven years prior to that was drug inspector for the California board of pharmacy.

He was convicted largely on the testimony of Joyce McAllister, known in and about Reno as "the girl in red."

Judge Norcross set July 30 as date of passing sentence, Hansen in the meantime being at liberty on the \$5,000 bail posted by a Los Angeles bonding company. He may be sentenced to from one year to life in a federal prison.

A. V. McAvoy, who pleaded guilty to the same charge as the asserted partner of Hansen, will be sentenced at the same time.