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ANDREW MELLON

The death of Andrew Mellon brings a pang of sorrow to any person who ever had the privilege of meeting him.

With gigantic wealth placed upon him as a result of fortunate investments at a propitious time, Mellon became the outstanding financier of the nation. As Secretary of the Treasury at one of the critical periods in the country's finances, he became an outstanding world figure.

With all his great wealth and power, Andrew Mellon was one of the most kindly, pleasant, retiring individuals that could be imagined. His friends and close acquaintances worshipped him for his kindly ways and the inconspicuous help he gave to a thousand worthy causes. Yet, because of his wealth, Andrew Mellon was misunderstood and hated by thousands of his countrymen.

Nevertheless, the benefactions of Andrew Mellon will prove a monument to his memory for ages to come.

MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

Las Vegas should again apply herself vigorously to the important task of securing funds to improve its municipal airport.

This is one of the few cities of the country which will be served by two competing transcontinental lines. And, with its near neighbor, Boulder City, this region will become the center of other feeder airlines such as the Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Airlines, and the proposed service from Phoenix to Las Vegas.

The investment of private enterprise in the existing airport is of small importance compared with the desirability of providing a convenient and quickly reached municipal airport. The land in an excellent location adjoining the city on the east and close to the Boulder Dam highway, comprises 440 acres, and seems well adapted to the purpose. The government has allocated something like \$165,000 for its improvement, but it is found that there is not sufficient "relief labor" in this section to make it possible to secure this money.

Now that T.W.A. company has finally secured its permit and air mail contract to operate its Albuquerque-Las Vegas-San Francisco route, it would seem reasonable for the two competing airlines to forget their business jealousies and join in the effort to improve the municipal field.

KITCHEN COSTS

Pork chops that were sold on an average of 26.2 cents three years ago are now on a high average of 41.8 cents per pound. Round steak has jumped from 29.9 cents to 43.4

cents. Bread goes up more than a cent and a half a loaf, and milk, eggs and butter show large gains. The increased cost of living is reflected in a lighter way in the costs of furniture, clothing and rents.

OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

BOATING TO GRAND CANYON

Tributary to Las Vegas and Boulder City is a region which combines all the elements of interest, mystery, historic lore, beauty and majesty. Nowhere in America is there another such lure to travelers seeking the thrills of the unusual as is found in the Lake Mead-Grand Canyon combination.

I have had, in an indefinite sort of way, the knowledge that the region being opened to human vision by the men who are operating Grand Canyon-Boulder Dam Tours and the Grand Canyon Air Lines, would one day be a favorite with tourists. Until I took the boat trip through eighty miles of Lake Mead to Pierce Ferry camp and from there still further up the gigantic cleft which forms the lower portion of Grand Canyon, I had but a feeble idea of the great possibilities.

Most of us have visited Grand Canyon and looked down into its depths in an effort to see the slim silvery stream of the Colorado. But very few have as yet ever been privileged to ride the waters between the mile-high cliffs and experience the overwhelming majesty of God's most wonderful work at close range.

I have had some familiarity during the past thirty years with the Colorado river region. I have seen its sullen, brown, muddy stream when in angry flood and in the feeble flow of low water. I have looked into its depths from the sublime heights of North Rim and from the edge of the 2,600 foot perpendicular cliff Torowap, where one may hurl a rock into the abyss and never hear the crash of its impact a half mile straight down below.

But nowhere have I experienced the sense of being a part of the vast picture, enjoyed the intimate touch with grandeur, which I enjoyed on my recent trip from the Pierce Ferry camp into the lower gorge of Grand Canyon.

I had somehow imagined that this would be an unimpressive imitation of the Grand Canyon I had known. That one could really not be seeing the Grand Canyon at all. But I found that I was mistaken.

For quiet beauty and charm, there is nothing I have known in the region of the Colorado river to compare with Emery Falls, discovered and named after Murl Emery, veteran Colorado river boatman. The boat turns mysteriously out of the main gorge and nose sit sway into a side canyon. There, before one's eyes a wonderful and beautiful picture unfolds. The narrow canyon becomes a green frame of lush vegetation and in its center we see as we come about the bend a silvery stream of clear water dropping from a perpendicular height of several hundred feet, bathing the canyon in its spray.

Only those who know exactly where to look for this wonder can find it. Alone it is worth the time, trouble and expense of making the trip.

A few miles farther up the lake, we come to where the Colorado has cut its way through the lofty Shivwitz plateau, leaving its cliffs carved into a hundred striking forms, towering thousands of feet above us, glowing with all the vivid

shades of pink and green and brown.

Mile after mile the cruiser cuts its way through the green waters of the narrow canyon, revealing new scenes of majesty every minute. It is perfectly useless to attempt to describe it. The best writers with all their God-given genius have never been able to paint the picture of Grand Canyon. It would be futile for me to make the attempt.

I can only advise that every person who enjoys the majesty of nature in its most gigantic setting should make this trip up Lake Mead and through the gorge of lower Grand Canyon. It is an experience never to be forgotten; one which, in years to come, will draw thousands to this Lake Mead-Boulder Dam area for rest and recreation.

Daylight Travel Safer Says Webb

Paul Webb, of Boulder City, guest at Tuesday's meeting of Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, gave those present a new slant on the "night driving" craze which has seized upon tourists.

"We find that garage employees and residents of this section generally advise automobile tourists to drive at night. As a consequence many tourists sit around the hotel lobbies or in their cars in the shade most of the day and start out to drive several hundred miles after dark.

"In a meeting with the safety committee of the Automobile Club of Southern California last week, the question of the great number of night accidents on the desert was discussed. Following an investigation, it was revealed that a majority of the accidents result from drivers falling asleep at the wheel. After tourists have sat around hotels or auto camps all day, if the drivers are inexperienced, they are too fatigued to make a long drive and fall asleep, causing serious accidents," Webb said.

"Through the filling stations, hotels and auto camps, the advice for night driving has been dispensed. Through these same sources, for the protection of the tourists, they should be warned of the hazards of night driving," he concluded.

IN THE END

Eventually the government will have to stop wasting the people's money and credit because there will be no money nor credit left to waste. There will be only a barbare waste.—Detroit Free Press.

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