

# LAS VEGAS AGE

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CHARLES P. SQUIRES, Editor and Publisher  
JAMES W. SQUIRES, Managing Editor

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## UNWISE TAXATION

Taxation is necessary for the support of government, city, county, state and national.

It has been discovered, however, that a certain tax may do much more harm than good.

It may be that the Pioche-Boulder Dam transmission line is legally a subject for taxation. The courts must decide that.

Evidence that the proposal to tax the Pioche-Boulder Dam line is not only unwise, but harmful and destructive to other enterprises is accumulating.

The Moapa Valley is rejoicing that the PWA has approved an allocation of funds to be used in constructing a transmission line from the dam. Now it appears the PWA allots funds only to tax-free enterprises and if the policy of taxing transmission lines is followed out there will be no funds from the government, and the Moapa Valley enterprise will end just where it is.

The PWA, before it advanced government funds, was assured that the Lincoln County Power District was a municipal, non-profit, tax-free organization to be operated for the sole benefit of the people it serves. Already the question of bad faith toward the government has been raised and it is entirely possible that the government may seek to recover from the district the money advanced by the PWA.

More serious than either of these threats is the situation which those who purchased the bonds of the district are facing. Especially does this apply to one of the great corporations which has for several years been intending to erect great metallurgical plants near Las Vegas, and which purchased several hundred thousand dollars worth of the Lincoln County Power District bonds to assist in building the power line, and developing the Pioche mines.

In the face of the present situation those people will be reluctant to invest their millions in plants in Nevada.

If people of southern Nevada are awake, they will register a mighty protest against the picayunish, penny-wise policy which is being followed in this matter.

The taxation policy to be established by the state may bring a few puny dollars into the state treasury, but it will surely kill that fat old goose named "Boulder Dam" power which, if let to function unhampered, will fill the state treasury with a golden flood for the next century or two.

The 450th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus comes in 1942 and some thrifty youngsters are already beginning to save their pennies for a ride on the Ferris wheel.

In addition to the usual press building, a hospitality house for the entertainment of visiting publishers and writers of note is planned for the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco.

## OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

### THE NEW PIOCHE

I was astonished at Pioche recently to observe the many evidences of a renewed prosperity there. I saw many new buildings and business houses, some fine new residences, a handsome new L. D. S. church and a spirit of general progress.

I remember well the day in November, 1905, when I first went to Pioche, the county seat of Lincoln county before Clark county had been created.

I reached Caliente on the train about five o'clock in the evening. There was no railroad to Pioche then, so I had to hire a team and driver to take me the thirty miles from Caliente to Pioche.

Charlie Culverwell was there and agreed to take me. After eating dinner we started out about 7:00 in the evening, with the cold November wind in our faces. We sat on the high, unsheltered seat of an old-fashioned buggy drawn by two tired horses with only a blanket to draw about our legs.

An hour out of Caliente it began to drizzle and soon the drizzle changed to snow. We dragged along interminable miles, wet to the skin and chilled to the bone, finally reaching Pioche about 2:30 in the morning.

We went to Hotel Cecil, and after some time managed to rouse Mr. Dickle, the proprietor. He at first said he had no rooms for us, but after some argument agreed to let me sleep in "the Judge's room," which I found out was proudly decorated and furnished for the sole use of Judge George Brown, now of Reno, but then judge of this judicial district.

Dickle also said he had nothing for us to eat except some coffee, but kindly directed me to a place about half a mile down the street where there was a lighted window in a Chinese laundry. Cold, hungry and weary, I trudged in the dark down the hill and knocked at the door where the light showed. No answer. Again, after a polite pause I knocked. No answer, although I could hear sounds of someone inside. Finally, in desperation, I opened the door and went in.

The old Chinaman standing behind the ironing board, picked up a big butcher knife, saying angrily, "I cut your damn head off. Why you come here?"

"Dick'e told me you would sell me some meat and bread," I answered.

Waving the knife, "I cut Dickle's damn head off too," the Chinaman shouted.

Reluctant to go out in the cold again and getting hungrier every minute, I just stood there soaking up the welcome warmth and once in a while making some pleasant remark, each time to be met by the stock threat "I cut your damn head off."

I had just about concluded the case was hopeless when the Chinaman looked up, quickly set his flat-iron down, picked up the knife and with a pleasant smile and a "I cut your damn head off," opened a closet door and brought out a quarter of beef.

Quite leisurely he cut off a couple of thick steaks, then went to another place and produced a loaf of bread, wrapping them up in an old

newspaper and handing them to me.

"How much," I said with a grateful smile. "I cut your damn head off," the old man replied gently. So saying thank you, I laid a dollar on the ironing board and backed cautiously out.

Dickle made coffee, cooked the steaks and fried the bread in the juice. What a meal and what a supreme pleasure, full and warm to tuck myself into the luxurious bed of Judge Brown.

And so I first saw Pioche when a cold sun came up the next morning and showed a desolated and ruined city. There had been at one time perhaps ten or twelve thousand people there, I was told. But only street after street of old houses, some with the roofs crushed in by the snow, some just heaps of sticks in an old cellar, some still standing in a tottering condition.

There were perhaps two or three hundred people in and about Pioche in 1905. I prowled about the famous old Raymond and Ely shaft, then silent and deserted. There I came upon a man, evidently a watchman, sitting on a rock. He told me he had been waiting since the mines closed in the '70's for them to open again and he was sure prosperity was coming back to Pioch.

The other day, when Pioche was putting on her proud celebration of Boulder Dam power, an old man approached me and called me by name, holding out his hand in greeting. I had a vague idea I had seen him before but was uncertain. Then he told me that I talked with him about Pioche that time in November, 1905, and he said with all the enthusiasm he could muster, "I told you Pioche would come back."

"Pioche surely has arrived," I said. And it has.

### CROCODILE DISBANDS "SUICIDE CLUB"

PERTH, Australia. — Wyndham's "Suicide Club," a band of reckless young men who swim daily in the crocodile-infested water of Cambridge Gulf at Wyndham, North Australia, was swiftly disbanded recently, following the remarkable escape from death of Con Ahern, 25.

He was attacked by an 18-foot reptile 20 yards from the Wyndham jetty, in full view of the tiny township, and won out by inches.

The "Suicide Club" declared that crocodiles would not attack human beings in the water. — Australian Press Bureau.

The 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, travel experts believe, will bring about the greatest westward surge of visitors in history.

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