

OBSERVATIONS

By C. P. SQUIRES

SAN FRANCISCO—

San Francisco to me for half a century has had a romance and glamour that is full of interest and enjoyment. In 1889 I first went there, going in through the Golden Gate on the fine old steamer Santa Rosa.

At the pier I took a cab, a little one-horse vehicle with the driver perched high up at the back and we drove what seemed endless miles up Market street over the cobblestone pavements which then were quite the modern thing in street surfacing. The noise of the horses iron shoes and the steel tires of trucks and all other vehicles clanging on the stones was deafening, but seemed rather a matter of pride to civic-minded, patriotic San Franciscans, who considered the din an evidence of metropolitanism.

At Montgomery street the driver turned left and after driving half archway into the Palace hotel, driving around to the far side of the Palm Court and stopping the horse at the hotel desk.

PALACE HOTEL—

The Palace hotel was, in those days, one of the great hotels of the world, distinguished for its charm and beauty, its perfection of service and its aristocratic air. Those who dined in the main dining

room in the evening were expected to wear evening clothes.

The great central court of the hotel rose with a series of slender columns and arches the full ten stories height of the hotel, giving a lacey effect like pictures I had seen of the Alhambra. The rooms were large and high-ceilinged with ornamental gas chandeliers for lighting. The furnishings were rather elaborate in the style of that time, with high, stately beds. Which reminds me that, a little later when on our honeymoon I brought my bride to the Palace, she fell out of one of those high beds one night and I was much distressed and confused trying to find matches and light the gas so that I might find out what had happened.

MODERN SAN FRANCISCO—

Since the earthquake and resultant fire destroyed the great heart of Old San Francisco, a new, modern and greater city has been created which, although it lost some of the charm of the old city, has retained its high spirit, its optimism and its enterprise. The great San Francisco bay bridge and the almost incredible Golden Gate bridge are the embodiment of the San Francisco spirit. Those immense structures will be among the outstanding wonders of the world a hundred years from now.

SICK SAN FRANCISCO—

San Francisco today is like a man

just recovering from a long siege of typhoid, fever-weak, uncertain and fearful of the future. The city has passed through a terrible experience during the past two or three years with its long-drawn-out series of maritime strikes, its months of empty and idle hotels and its consequent avoidance by the traveling public.

After having partially recovered its courage San Francisco has recently suffered a serious elapse as shipping lines began taking their ships from these waters. During the last two or three months 32 fine ships, I am told, sailed out of the Golden Gate for the last time abandoning San Francisco as a port of call. Other lines are considering withdrawal and thousands of workers are out of jobs.

In all the years I have known San Francisco, even in the terrible months following the earthquake and fire, her men of business never showed such signs of disheartenment as now. Yet they still refuse to admit they are beaten and are planning how they may build themselves back to prosperity.

THE EXPOSITION—

Fortunately, San Francisco has something tangible on which to hang her hopes, that is the 1939 Golden Gate International Exposition, on which they are planning to spend more than \$50,000,000. They have created Treasure Island, 400 acres in extent, to which access will be had from the San Francisco-

Tonopah Boasts Unique Cemetery

The graveyard at the old historical camp at Reveille, 60 miles east of Tonopah in Nye county, has more than usual significance, according to C. C. Boak, state legislator and mineral curator.

According to Boak, who recently delved into a series of records concerning the camp, which he compiled in 1910, all of the occupants of the 21 graves in the burial ground located on a shelf overlooking the old camp, met violent deaths.

"In other words," said Boak, "those 21 persons died with their boots on."

Former Vegan Pleads Guilty

B. B. May, former druggist in Las Vegas but now residing in Reno, pleaded guilty in the Federal court to a charge of violating the federal narcotics act. He is to be sentenced Saturday. He recently was injured by being knocked down by a taxi and taken to the St. Mary's hospital. It was found he was suffering from bruises and shock.

GONE FOR GOOD

Reports from Moscow say that several high Soviet officials have disappeared, but it probably isn't worth while to hold their jobs open for them till they get back.—Indianapolis News.

Oakland Bay bridge, and they expect millions of visitors during the 288 days during which it will be open, from February 18, 1939, to December 2, 1939.

Remembering the 1915 exposition in San Francisco and the splendid spectacle it was, we may rest assured that the men of San Francisco in charge of the work will build and operate a still greater and more glorious show in 1939 and attract the best of the world to Treasure Island.

MINING EXHIBIT—

Nevada will be particularly interested in the mining exhibit for which an enormous structure is being built on Treasure Island. In it will be a mountain of no small proportions with all sorts of mines in full operation in tunnels, drifts, shafts, winzes, upraises and stopes underground to which people will be taken in real mine hoists. On the surface will be all sorts of mills and ore-treatment plants in operation as part of the mining exhibit, and hundreds of separate and private exhibits by makers of mining machinery.

I was happy to meet our old friend, Governor Thomas E. Campbell, former governor of Arizona, who is in charge of the mining department of the exposition and who seems to be making a good job of it. Some of our Las Vegas people may remember that Governor Campbell played an important part in the work of bringing together the seven states of the Colorado river basin in 1920-22 in the Colorado River Compact which made Boulder dam possible.



LILY PONS, Metropolitan Opera star, and member of the National Women's Council, with Keith Morgan, chairman of Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday, admires painting done by Howard Chandler Christie, at National Headquarters in New York City. Miss Pons is holding her membership certificate. The Christie painting will be used as the front cover of the 1938 President's Birthday Magazine.