

## Pioneer Teacher Writes of Home

The Age has received a letter from Ella H. Palmer, pioneer Las Vegas teacher, telling of her life since she left here and enclosing an interesting account of "Fredricka Home" where she now lives.

A few of the older residents of Las Vegas will remember when The Age printed on Saturday, September 29, 1906, the following:

"Las Vegas schools will open for the fall term at 9 o'clock Monday.

"The teachers, Mrs. Ella H. Palmer and Mrs. Elsie Chandler Bartlett arrived yesterday morning. The teachers come highly recommended from progressive Southern California towns, and Clerk Noland of the school board is confident of their ability and general qualifications for the position."

Mrs. Palmer taught in Las Vegas for several years, leaving here about 1910 much to the regret of parents and pupils alike. Her letter is dated from the Fredricka Home, 620 Electric Building, San Diego, California.

The article follows:

### LIFE BEGINS AT SEVENTY

Prior to the age of seventy, I was employed for more than forty years as both teacher and principal of the Public schools of Oregon, Nevada and California. I kept in excellent health and enjoyed my work.

At the age of seventy, January, 1936, I resigned from the City Schools in Los Angeles, California.

Then the question—What Now? which had given me much thought, required an immediate answer. I was determined not to intrude upon the home life of my relatives. I wanted first of all, a continuance of my independence. I wanted to live among my contemporaries, whose culture and progressive aspirations still made life worth while. I wanted pleasing surroundings, with a garden spot to cultivate flowers which I love, and in my busy life had no time for. I wanted a home without an institutional atmosphere or restrictions. I wanted physical care and comfort and financial security for the sacrifice I made for paying for the benefits and privileges I asked for. I wanted to live in Southern California—in its most equable climate.

I investigated all homes operated under church auspices, under fraternal and privately owned management. My search ended at Chula Vista, a suburb of San Diego, Calif. Here I found my quest had fortunately led me to all I had hoped for and more. Because I am so happy and contented, I want to send a message to other elderly people.

Life does not end at seventy. It just begins another phase of existence; and with luck and forethought the years can be extended and lived as one has always wished to, in interested leisure, without worry, in perfect harmony with continued self respect and contentment.

Let all those who do not want to burden relatives, or live in a Boarding house, investigate as I have done all possibilities relative to their permanent care and financial security (endowed homes which have set aside a goodly sum for protection of members investments in entrance fees) and by all means extend their investigation to the home of my adoption, where they will find a community of cultured

## AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE



NEVADA COLORADO RIVER COMMISSION AT ITS RECENT MEETING

Seated, left to right, Senator Key Pittman, Governor Richard Kirman and Senator P. A. McCarran. Standing, Alfred M. Smith, A. J. Caton, Ed W. Clark, C. F. DeArmond and Lieut.-Gov. Fred S. Alward.

### THINGS ONE REMEMBERS

By R. M. HOFER

A free, uncensored and unlicensed press is the greatest safeguard of the rights and liberties of American citizens.

Never was proof of this more apparent than today, when the editors in every part of the nation are discussing the acts and policies of public servants, from the President down. In the majority of cases they are doing this from a non-partisan angle and purely for what they believe to be the best interests of the nation.

An example of this is an editorial by Roy H. Johnson, editor of the Fayetteville, West Virginia Tribune. In a column and a half he comments on the general smear campaign that has been underway against so-called big business to try to divert public attention from underlying causes of the present business depression. He takes for his text the inflammatory statement that sixty families control the nation.

He then points out that his section of Virginia has become highly industrialized and that its industries are backed by some of the big business depression. He takes for his text the inflammatory statement that sixty families control the nation.

men and women drawn from every state of the Union, and like myself are grateful for what the gods have abundantly provided.

Ella H. Palmer.

industrial conditions in his territory, as to working conditions, living conditions and general treatment accorded to employees.

He asks why the defamers of big business don't name the industries to which they refer, instead of trying to inflame the public against all big business. He says he cannot get the viewpoint of the politician who makes blanket accusations against industries whose investments and activities have brought progress, made it possible to build paved roads, improve and broaden the educational system, first through direct taxes and second through wages and the taxes that flow from wages. He points out that following such progressive modern industries, have come medical and social services previously unknown to many of the people in his section of the country.

In concluding his editorial, he says, as to these stabbing-in-the-back attacks on business: "If there is a financial leader or a corporation in this nation who is exploiting any human being, that individual or that corporation should be forever held up to scorn. . . . But what we want to know is—who are these people; what are these businesses?"

"Let's be done with all generalities which frighten all business men in big business and in little business. Let's get down to specific names, and lift the stigma of public attack from those who are innocent."

### THE MODERN JUGGERNAUT

Suppose that, on a given day, we

rounded up nearly forty thousand American men, women and children, herded them into a field, and there proceeded to slaughter them. Suppose that, at the same time, we wounded, blinded, crippled and otherwise harmed several hundred thousand more.

Horrible? Impossible? More barbaric than the barbarians? of course it is—but in effect, that is what happens on American highways every day. The slaughter doesn't occur on a single day, but over 365 days. And instead of killing the victims with shells and rifle fire, and gas and grenades, we use that well-known servant of mankind, which can also be a monster of destruction—the automobile.

If an airplane falls and kills ten people the fact is headlined throughout the country and millions feel a sense of horror. If a ship sinks and 50 men die, the entire world knows it in a few minutes, and world-wide sympathy is extended to the victims and their survivors. But when automobiles crash and people die horribly as a result, we note the fact absently and turn the page to the comic strips.

Our people are criminally negligent in driving automobiles. And America is criminally complacent in its attitude of more or less bored indifference toward the accident toll.

Juggernauts no more—but the automobile more than fulfills its gory role.