

**THAT "GENERAL FEELING" AGAIN**

If you are inclined to wonder why a "general feeling" of uncertainty and worry as to the future is constantly spreading among business men and investors—with the result that employment is declining, commercial expansion is virtually nonexistent, and the new security market is dead—a recent statement by Robertson Griswold, Vice-President of the Maryland Trust company, will help clear your thinking.

Mr. Griswold said: "Shall those of us who have the final say in trust investments buy railroad bonds, in spite of the threat of wholesale reorganizations and the scaling-down of fixed charges? Shall we buy utility bonds when the government is free to lend money to municipalities to compete with local operating companies on a red-ink basis with the taxpayer holding the bag? Shall we purchase industrial bonds and take a chance on the obligor corporation being legislated out of business by hour-and-wage regulations or by drastic methods of taxation? Shall we buy stocks and face possible litigation if

we don't get out at the right time? Or shall we confine ourselves to government bonds and pray for a cessation of budget deficits?"

How would you answer these questions, if you were charged with the responsibility of safely and profitably investing the funds of others—funds that in many cases represent lifetime savings or insurance money left to loved ones? The chances are that you'd be in the same predicament as Mr. Griswold and thousands of other business and persons—fearful and uncertain.

The big thing in the industrial picture today isn't the industrial indices and supply and demand. It is politics—and a highly unstable and disturbing form of politics that makes it impossible for any man to know what is going to happen next. This is the cause of that "general feeling" which has inevitably produced depression.

**GIVING SILVER TEA**

The Unaliyi Camp Fire Girls are entertaining with a silver tea Friday afternoon from 3 to 5 at the Mesquite Club house.

**Death Valley Ramblings Told**

(By Death Valley Rambler)

Mr. H. P. Gower, of Death Valley Junction, has been notified by the management of the Desert Magazine, published at El Centro, that he had been awarded first prize for a photograph of Temple Bar, on Lake Mead, which he recently shot. The picture will be reproduced in the Desert Magazine this month.

Mr. W. H. Brown, (Brownie), chief clerk in the office of Supt. Cahill of the T. & T., made a business trip to Los Angeles last week.

Doc Wells and Fred Williams visited Las Vegas last Tuesday returning Wednesday . . . Doc operates the station wagon between Death Valley Junction and Stovepipe Wells, daily except Sunday. This is a star government mail route during the six months' tourist season. Stops are made at Furnace Creek Inn, Furnace Creek Camp, Funeral Range C.C.C. Camp, Park Village and Stovepipe Wells. Fred Williams is one of the bellhops at Furnace Creek Inn.

Everett Ridings, who was drowned late last Wednesday evening, in the swollen Amargosa river, one mile south of Beatty while volunteering aid in rescuing a submerged auto was a miner employed in the Chloride Cliff district and frequently visited Death Valley Junction. Hailing originally from Arkansas, he bore the sobriquet of "Arky". The other youth, whose name was given as Bob Wells (not confirmed), who was also sucked out into the swirling, muddy torrent and went down stream, was fortunate enough to reach shore safely.

A peculiar quirk in the story, coming from the river bank, following the fatal accident Wednesday night was that while the rescuers were paying attention to Oscar Oram, preparing a make-shift litter for transporting him to the hospital, and paying little attention to Mr. Koontz, who was thought less seriously injured, he suddenly leaped into the raging torrent of the river with all of his clothing, including overcoat, on and swam safely to the opposite side. The stunned onlookers on the bank could do nothing but stand, transfixed, and pray that he might land safely on the opposite bank, which he did. They could not explain his actions, except that it was due to his dazed, excited conditions—perhaps due to temporary bewilderment—concussion of the brain. Last reports from the hospital were that while Koontz was not considered seriously injured it would take time to tell the exact condition and ultimate outcome of Oram's injuries.

This has been the heaviest flood and the highest water in the Amargosa basin for many years.

In 1916, Soda Lake, Baker and Silver Lake were inundated in a similar manner, but it is said that the water did not reach as high a level then as it did in the recent flood. Many of the old-timers say there has been nothing like it since 1884, but whether the waters reached a higher level and did more damage then than recently cannot be

**Desire Removal Of County Seat**

A Battle Mountain special to the Humboldt Star says:

Confronted with the abandonment of the Nevada Central rail line between Austin and Battle Mountain loss of direct mail service, telegraph and telephone between this town and the county seat, with a 90-mile country road as the only connection, Battle Mountain businessmen are circulating petitions seeking the removal of the county seat from Austin to Battle Mountain.

Faced with the absolute demand for suitable jail quarters to replace the inadequate and unsanitary building in present use, those who have been giving the matter consideration, believed that sounder economy would be served by the building of a new court house and jail in Battle Mountain.

A local committee has sought the advice of the district attorney of Lander county and of the attorney general in the matter of the legal requirements involved and have circulated a petition to test the sentiment of the community on the question.

definitely decided.

Locally, at Death Valley Junction, there occurred a cloudburst in the Amargosa mountains, immediately west of the town, in 1929, which sent a wall of water down that inundated this spot, including all buildings, hotel and all to a height of around 18 inches to two feet. The high water marks were, until recently, plainly visible on the walls of some of the rooms and buildings hereabout. However, the highwater and floods were not as general that year as they have been this time.

Poor Mickey DeVine, and Bill Trenkle, the engineer and conductor who took out the gasoline car on Tuesday, and who are now marooned at Crucero, 100 miles south of us, one of the most desolate desert districts that could be imagined, unable to get back home and a sea of water separating them from the bright-lights of Yermo, Barstow and Los Angeles—Poor souls. Contrarily, the crew which brought in the mixed steam train Tuesday are cavorting around like a lot of old worn-out horses turned out on a pasture.

**ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?**

**MEN**, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell cat the rest of the time.

No matter how your back aches—how your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

**NOT A LEMON IN A CARLOAD**



Geraine Grear is hand picking beauties among the oranges to be packed by Pauline Prior in the real packing plant that will be in daily operation at the 29th annual National Orange Show in San Bernardino March 17th to 27th.