

DEATH VALLEY DOIN'S

DEATH VALLEY JUNCTION, Cal. A theatre party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Paddy Miles, escorts, Mrs. Charles Green and son Bobbie, with Bill and Patricia O'Connell, journeyed to Las Vegas last Saturday, returning Saturday night.

Mrs. Loren Williams of Tecopa, accompanied her daughter, Mrs. George Sawyer, of the same place, to the Junction, last Tuesday, on a business trip.

Mrs. Julia Corona, came last Sunday, for a visit in the family of her daughter, Mrs. William Huston, at Death Valley Junction. Although well-preserved and apparently not old, Mrs. Grotzinger has a granddaughter, Mrs. Leonard Noxon, living in Death Valley Junction, whose four children are her great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Simon Bacon was admitted to the emergency hospital last Friday night, following severe, prolonged hemorrhage from the nose. While Mrs. Bacon was considerably depleted and weakened from the hemorrhage, which was effectually checked, before arrival, she is now resting and recuperating — being built up from her weakness. She is accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edith Bacon, who is caring for her.

The Bacons are from the old Pioneer camp, 10 or 12 miles north of Beatty, Nevada, where the family have resided for the past several months. Mr. Bacon is engaged in operating a cyanide plant, working over the old Pioneer and Mayflower tallings.

Harry Linde made a business trip to Los Angeles last week.

Fred Williams, bell hop at Furnace Creek Inn for the past few years, arrived in Death Valley Junction Sunday evening, having driven on Sunday from Prescott, Arizona, where he has been passing several days with his friends, Senator and Mrs. Henry F. Ashurst.

For several weeks past, George Ishmael, freighter, and his crew of workmen have been junking the old Bradford mill, six or eight miles north of Death Valley Junction. This old mill was originally built, twelve of fifteen years ago, by the Coen Company, Inc., for treating the clay obtained from their pits, a few miles northeast of the mill, in Nevada. Considerable difficulty and a series of breakdowns of the machinery of the plant were encountered shortly after beginning operations, and it was abandoned. At about that time, the big mill of the Borax Co., here at Death Valley Junction was rendered idle by development of a large borax deposit near Kramer, between Barstow and Mojave, and construction by the Borax Company of a large mill there. Arrangements were then made between the two companies for treatment of the Coep Co. clay in the Borax Co. mill, and that arrangement has prevailed up to the present.

The local school boys did a good job on Saturday, September 17th. Directed by the local health offi-

cial, a group of the boys made a raid on tin cans, old papers, and other garbage littering the vacant spaces and lining the open ditches and gutters of the town. They cleaned up the town from one end to the other and carted the accumulated litter to the garbage dump. They then sprinkled crude oil over the water of every open pool, where grass or trees were not growing. This was done with the hope of abating (not eradicating), the many pestiferous mosquitoes which have recently invaded the heretofore quiet, pert-free spaces about the village. We Death Valleyites thought Utopia had been about reached after installation in most homes and hotels of desert coolers, to mitigate the heat, and make living here comfortable. However, these instruments of higher civilization have brought their penalties — first, the mosquitoes, then higher water rates, and cost of electricity, for the big fans necessary.

THREE HOME RUNS IN ONE GAME!

Charlie Brown of Shoshone, our newly elected state senator from the 25th district, composed of Inyo and Mono counties wnek when he started to run, that he was on two party tickets in the primary, because he had his name put on both tickets. And while he was not sure of it in the beginning, he felt pretty confident that he might get the nomination on one of them—the democratic ticket. However, since the smoke of battle has cleared away, he finds that he was nominated on three tickets, that is, on the democratic and republican tickets, and also was nominated on the prohibition ticket!! Charlie, while being strictly a temperate individual, did not claim to be a teetotaler, nor a prohibitionist, so did not place his name on the prohibition prohibition bent, wrote in his name, ticket, but sufficient voters with a so as to make him the nominee of the prohibition party, at the coming fall election.

Stewart Wagon, of Death Valley and Gean Hartwell of Crucero, who are attending high school at Lone Pine, came in to spend the week-end with home folks. Gene's mother, and sister, Mrs. Bob Icholtz, of Bishop, accompanied them, Mrs. Hartwell having returned from a visit to Gene at Lone Pine and Mrs. Icholtz at Bishop.

SCHOOL IMPROVEMENTS FOR VALLEY SCHOOLS

Elmer Bowman of Logandale, president of the board of education of educational district number one, has announced that bids will soon be called for the school building projects in his district. The project which is being financed through a \$200,000 P. W. A. grant calls for a new gymnasium and repairs on school buildings in Overton, the bids for the school improvements at Logandale and Mesquite will be published later. The contract for the gymnasium at Bunkerville has already been granted. These improvements for the schools in the Moapa and Virgin valleys will do away with the necessity of transporting the children by bus a thing the parents have long objected to.

The result in California seems to indicate that a lot of folks out there would prefer a \$30 a week pension to a monthly relief check.

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PERSONALITIES IN MUSIC

EDGAR LESLIE, A. S. C. A. P.

Songwriters Have No Textbooks



By Daniel I. McNamara

THE songwriter uses no textbooks except the unwritten volumes of experience. He doesn't dash off his lyrics in inspired moments. Struggle and sweat with meter and rhyme . . . perspiration, not inspiration . . . make for successful songwriting. Believe this on the authority of no less a personage than Edgar Leslie, for thirty years one of the most successful of his profession, and for many years a leading member of the Board of Directors of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

Leslie had written many popular song parodies for dialect comedians, thirty years ago, when he created his original smash hit, "I'm a Yiddisher Cowboy." He followed this quickly by a collaboration with Irving Berlin—"Sadie Salome, Go Home." These two numbers definitely established him as an up-and-coming author of popular song.

Hits multiplied. "Get Out and Get Under," "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies," "America, I Love You," "California and You," "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary" and "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face" followed in quick succession.

Harry Warren and he wrote "By the River St. Marie," and left it, forgotten, in manuscript form, for eight years. It emerged from oblivion to become one of the great hits of recent years. "Among My Souvenirs" was written in London to the music of "Horatio Nichols," the composer being in reality a leading English music publisher, Lawrence Wright. Leslie has written songs with Walter Donaldson, Jimmy Monaco and many others.

Recently he teamed with an old



friend, Joseph Burke, popular song composer. Six times in two years their creations have led the country in popularity. "In a Little Gypsy Tea Room," "On Treasure Island," "A Little Bit Independent," "Moon Over Miami," "Robins and Roses" and "It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane" reveal the magic touch of this gifted pair. "At a Perfume Counter" is one of their latest.

Songs For Youth

Leslie has evolved a practical philosophy of songwriting. He believes the songwriter must address himself to youth, that the song must carry a simple and direct message. It should be easy to sing, and he points out that popular songs must compete with the movies . . . that they must paint an attractive word picture.

Leslie is a thoroughgoing New Yorker. His grandparents lived in Seventy-first Street when it was known as Bloomingdale Road, and they used to spend their summers at a cottage in Chelsea (Twenty-third Street). Happily married twenty-one years, he now lives in a midtown hotel; usually retires early.

He follows deep-sea fishing and golf, and enjoys sea voyages. His favorite outdoor sport—as a spectator—is polo. In the writing of songs he goes into the more mundane memories and experiences of his life, into things more in touch with America as it is to the great mass. And he writes to please them.

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