

something—movement is an auto camp operator on south fifth street. The Los Angeles dust is still on his shoes—and HIS NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON THE TAX LIST OF THIS COUNTY.

Another ardent speaker for the movement Wednesday evening was a former city police traffic officer. He is for recall, first, last and always — BUT HIS NAME ALSO IS ABSENT ON THE LAS VEGAS ROLL OF THE COUNTY TAX LIST.

One of the attorneys — who is on his feet every few minutes at every meeting, urging that something be done to aid the poor taxpayer — just a few weeks ago paid his only tax — his poll tax — (it's \$3.00 a year).

Shall these people, even in the face of the request of the president of the taxpayer's association not to do so, force an added \$3,000.00 burden on those who are REALLY TAXPAYERS?

Take the political smell out of your association and some good CAN be accomplished — and I might add, with the cooperation of the Mayor and members of the city commission.

THE SCHOOL TAX

The people of the State of Nevada told the school boards of the state last Tuesday that they, as taxpayers, still had something to say about school spending.

The taxpayers of the state aren't as dumb as they may look to the school boards. We might suggest — if we may do so without stepping upon the toes of our high and mighty school czars—(of course we are only taxpayers) that we be taken into the confidence of the board and be allowed to see where our money goes.

In any event, we taxpayers are somewhat interested, if we might be humble enough to suggest such a matter as a little light upon the school question.

OBSERVATIONS

By CHAS. F. SQUIRES

ELOQUENT PROFANITY

At the meeting of Los Angeles Rotary Club last week, San Diego Rotary was present in force, making their annual neighborly visitation to their neighbor.

The San Diegans brought with them the speaker of the day, "the name is O'Hay," whom they introduced as the leading exponent of "eloquent profanity."

The speaker proved to be one of the most interesting personalities I ever heard. His profanity was not of the offensive kind although at proper time in the discourse it was both eloquent, forceful and explosive.

The speaker, "the name is O'Hay," was one of the two men whose lives and adventures furnished the basis for Richard Harding Davis' famous story, "Soldiers of Fortune," and his talk was a rambling account of the many incidents of his earlier life when, with his companion, "Ernie," he served as a soldier of fortune in the Spanish-American war.

If this apostle of eloquent profanity (the name is O'Hay) ever visits Las Vegas I hope you may hear and enjoy him as much as I did.

HOME FIRES BURNING

I dropped into one of the Reno night clubs at a late hour recently, just in time to hear the phone answered by one of the employees:

"Is Mr. Blank there?" said the voice over the phone.

"No," was the answer.

"Is the place empty?"

"No!"

"It must be if — isn't there."

OH, YEAH?

Dr. Sheldon Shepard of the First Universalist Church in Los Angeles, preaching a sermon recently, had this to say on the subject, "Oh, Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah?" is the blurb of neuroasthenic itchiness which regards itself as superior sophistication. It is characteristic of our time. From disrespectful youth, with nothing but its disregard of custom, to the powerful dictator with little reason, but lots of power, "Oh, yeah?" is the prevalent answer to suggestion, reason, argument and fact.

"This answer to life has its minor values. A safety valve for pent up expression, and a substitute answer for him who has no better, it undoubtedly serves some good purposes. But it prevents one's looking sincerely at the situation involved. More and more it causes one to trust bluff, bluster and bullying. Its next step is not reason, but force. Bullies and brutes are the natural product of such procedure."

Mrs. Sprague Entertains Daughters of Utah Pioneers

The Daughters of the Utah Pioneers were guests of Mrs. Bertha Sprague at her home at 621 South Second street Wednesday evening.

McCarran Addresses Mesquite Club

The members of the Mesquite club had the pleasure of hearing Pat McCarran, democratic nominee for the U. S. Senate, speak on "Citizenship" Friday afternoon.

SUGGESTED PEACE MOVE

To make its peace with the Department of Justice the American Medical Association might join the CIO — Chicago News.

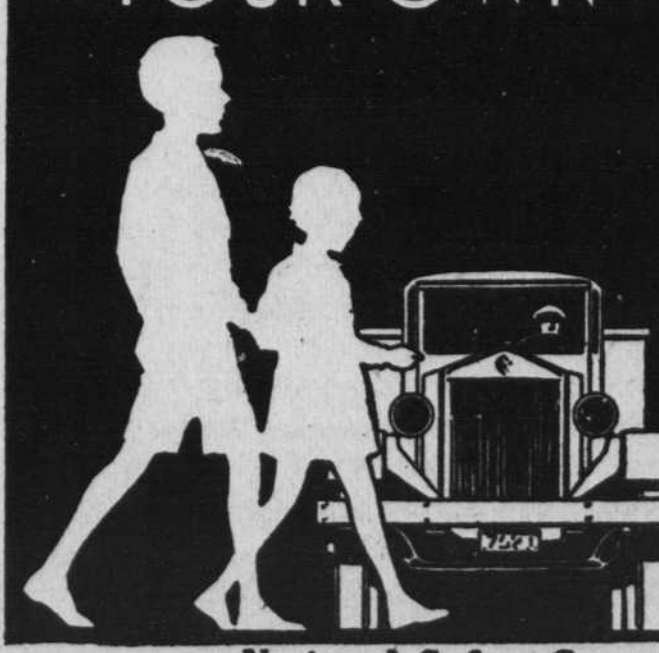
A Letter From Dinny Devro

Dear Charlie:

Well, here I am in Las Vegas, a big little city in this world. SHHHH! I musn't let Reno hear me! But its on that plan—you get what I mean. Honestly, this country is worth writing home about. Every other person you see on the main street is a character. Their just know. Gamblers, writers, lawyers, gad! there's lots of lawyers, and after about two years of practicing here, they all run for something, politics you know. I sure like these people. Kinda big and kind hearted like the atmosphere they breathe. And do they know humanity. Haven't they got the biggest dam in the world, just thirty miles out on the high-way, which people have been visiting for eight years? What a passing parade! Hundreds come and go in a day, and I guess they always will. I can't tell you much about the dam—you've read about it, but I've seen it. Being a bit too big for one like me to comprehend, I'll just say its the biggest piece of cement and cable I or any one else has ever seen. Savvy? And the water that is backed up behind it is one one grand splotch of indigo. Wheel! Miles wide and miles and miles long, with boats all over it. I had a swell ride in a forty-eight foot sail boat, with a sixty-five foot mast. The wind came up and we travelled about eight knots an hour. Some trip! Say Charlie, if you want to feel like a peanut, come out and look up at Boulder Dam, and Lake Mead. The lake covers a lot of territory, and our Skipper told us that we were passing over Fort Callville. "Where?" I asked, innocently. "Five hundred feet under you," he said. Can you beat that, Old Fort Callville at the bottom of the lake! The way those winds cut through the mountain passes and around the hills off of the desert, I'll bet those skippers out there will have to set up a new set of navigating rules. Gee! This country is easy on the eyes! I can't figure out whether its beautiful or just rugged and modern! Say! they've got everything!

They say that marriage broadens, and I've met a lot of folks lately who have come up here for an education. The two and three timers have a most liberal education. Golly! you can get a divorce

DRIVE AS IF THEY WERE YOUR OWN



National Safety Council

Order Your Christmas Cards Now

Painter Can Assist In Color Styling

WHILE you're planning the redecoration of your home, call in your painting contractor and let him aid you, advises Henry Afman, president of the Painting and Decorating Contractors of America. "By devoting a little advance time and thought to your particular wishes and requirements," Mr. Afman points out, "you can insure your satisfaction with the completed job."



"Your painting contractor, for instance, can tell you of the latest style trends in painting—both for interiors and exteriors. He can show you painted panels of various tints and shades that will be helpful in making your selection. It is, naturally, easier to get a color effect from a large size sample than from a color chip. Having color panels in your possession over night enables you to make various tests that will be advantageous. Colors are likely to look different to you under artificial light than they do in the daytime. It's wise to hold your sample panels next to the rugs, furniture and draperies that you will use after your rooms are repainted—both by daylight and electric light.

"In making your choice, incidentally, remember that four walls, reflecting each other, intensify a color. Therefore, it's wise to okay a lighter tint than you actually desire.

"Now that the Property Improvement Plan of the Federal Housing Administration is again in operation, you can, of course, have your home painted—inside and out—and pay for it monthly out of your income. The FHA plan is an aid to your pocketbook, just as your painter's advice is an aid to your color scheming."

in six weeks, and it takes. No argument, (like down below the border).

A lot of movie people find it the most convenient spot on earth. Vegas is only three hundred miles from Hollywood, and some of those speed hounds can make it up here in four or five hours. But what's the hurry—they have to stick around six weeks anyway; but if they're smart, they can run out over the week-end and still get back in time to protect their residency.

Here's lunch, Charlie. I'm just taking a drink of the best Jersey milk I've ever drunk, and I like

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