

LAS VEGAS AGE

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ABOUT TIME

It is certainly time that the civilized nations of Europe got down to business and put a stop to the antics of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. We cannot believe that France and England are cowards—but their "watchful waiting" policy can only lead the world to believe that such is the case.

Senator Key Pittman spoke the thoughts of the American people: "We do not like the governments of Germany and Italy." WE DO NOT.

What America needs is more senators like Pittman—and then cross Germany, Italy and Spain off our trade list.

UNCALLED FOR

The continued effort by our so-called juvenile officer to blacken the reputation of every liquor establishment in Las Vegas is without the least bit of foundation—except to find some place to duck his head and get out of the hot spot he finds himself in at the present time.

Have we a police department? Have we a juvenile officer or—what have we?

Mayor Marble and the city commissioners have asked only one thing from those making charges of selling liquor to minors—and that is that they at least substantiate one charge. If such charge could be proven, any and all liquor licenses would be revoked.

A month has passed and we still have nothing to go upon but the same old "fairy tales." It seems that it is about time to stamp out this vicious practice of subjecting business people to these unfounded rumors.

OBSERVATIONS

By CHARLES P. SQUIRES

Christmas in Ely

For three successive years we have had the pleasure of spending the Christmas holiday in the great copper camp of Ely. Of course each time it has meant a "white Christmas" because Ely is more than three hundred miles directly north of Las Vegas and at an altitude of approximately six thousand feet, both of which differences mean decisive changes in climate.

From Las Vegas, traveling north over Highway No. 93, one sees a gradual change in climate within the five or six hours required for the trip. The storms of a week ago did not hit that more northerly region as strongly as Las Vegas and southern California, and snow was but a few inches deep in those places where it still remained on the ground. In the high country about Pioche there is a thin film of snow on the pavement and a little more on the ten-mile curving road through Connor's Pass, but the streets are clear in Ely, although slippery where the snow has melted and frozen again.

In the matter of climate, we found a temperature of five degrees below zero the first night we were

in Ely, yet suffered no inconvenience for the reason that every house has provision for heating and is kept warm night and day. Cars are all equipped with heaters so that when we went here and there we were reasonably comfortable. And people generally wear warmer clothing than we do in Vegas.

Ski Tournament

In Ely we found much enthusiasm among young people over skiing. There are several places near the city where there are suitable places for the sport and one of the runs is to be equipped with means for drawing the skiers to the top of the hill.

I was told that the group of Ely ski enthusiasts is anxious that Las Vegas stage a ski tournament in the Charleston mountains this winter and that they plan to come here to compete if such an event is held. I am sure it would be well worth while as a matter of community enterprise to hold a ski tournament here if there is sufficient snow to make it feasible. Las Vegas has a vast resource in its mountain areas and should promote knowledge of it vigorously.

Congenial People

The people of Ely have in a large degree the characteristics found in all great mining centers of the West. They are friendly, generous and public-spirited. Personally I have never known people quite so

Arrowhead Trail Garage Retires

The Arrowhead Trail garage, for more than a quarter of a century one of the prominent automobile centers of Las Vegas, is a thing of the past. The building has been leased by Mrs. Robert Schaeffer, the owner, to the Coronet five and ten cent store, and will be entirely remodeled and furnished to accommodate the growing business of that organization.

The Arrowhead Trail garage until recently was operated by M. E. Sullivan, one of the pioneer automobile men of Las Vegas.

Author Chooses Favorite Books

What are the "10 best" fiction and nonfiction books of 1938? It is impossible to announce a list of "10 best books" of any year, says William Lyon Phelps, author and long-time professor of literature at Yale university. "But," he continues, "it is not difficult to make a brief catalogue of favorites." He presents his selections in the January issue of the Rotarian magazine, in which he conducts a regular book-review section.

"Billy" Phelps, as he is widely known, especially at Yale, has read 10,000 different books and still averages 250 a year though he has "retired." According to a biographer in a recent issue of Life magazine, "he has probably done more than any living figure to inculcate the American mind with a reverence for the written and spoken word."

Here's his 1938 list of favorites in The Rotarian:

Fiction — "Testament," by R. C. Hutchinson (Farrar & Rinehart); "Dawn in Lyonesse," by Mary Ellen Chase (Macmillan); "The Door of Life," by Enid Bagnold (William Morrow); "Images in a Mirror," by Sigrid Undset (Knopf); "The Yearling," by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings (Scribner's); "Old Home Week," by Minnie Hite Moody (Julian Messner); "Kindling," by Nevil Shute (William Morrow); "The Kents," by LeGrand Cannon, Jr. (Farrar & Rinehart); "War in Heaven," by Philip Barry (Coward McCann); "The Buccaneers," by Edith Wharton (Appleton-Century).

Nonfiction — "Benjamin Franklin," by Carl Van Doren (Viking); "Listen! The Wind," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt Brace); "Alone," by Richard E. Byrd (Putnam's); "My Husband, Gabrilo-witsch," by Clara Clemens (Harper's); "The Greenwood Hat," by J. M. Barrie (Scribner's); "My Mind a Kingdom," by George Thomas (Dutton); "The Rediscovery of Man," by Henry C. Link (Macmillan); "I'm a Stranger Here Myself," by Ogden Nash (Little, Brown); "Down the Mississippi," by Major R. Raven-Hart (Houghton Mifflin); "Dana and the Sun," by Candace Stone (Dodd-Mead).

hospitable and congenial in every way as I meet in Ely every time I am fortunate enough to go there. It is a community asset which every city should seek to develop to the utmost.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Charlie:

Las Vegas is different—haven't I been trying to put that over to you ever since I've been here? The Spirit of the Old West simply won't give up and limp out. Listen to this: Maybe it isn't etiquette to take a horse into a cocktail room anywhere on earth, but it's all right here. The other night a friend of mine loaned me a little mare for a couple of hours. We hoofed it up Main street (the little mare and me), taking in the moonlight and having a swell time, and then I felt thirsty and stopped at the Apache bar. I tied the gal to a telephone pole and went in for my drink. While I was imbibing, and attending to my own business, Bob Russell, the manager of the Apache hotel, brought my mount right into the place. Guess he didn't have much trouble getting her in, but I was fairly knocked off my stool, 'cause I was the only one there that knew that when Gypsy Girl finds herself in tight places she starts throwing out her hind legs and doing a wing-dog and she doesn't care what happens.

Well, anyway, Bob decided to show that horse something that she hadn't seen before, and to show the guests something that they hadn't seen before, and I held my breath.

You should have seen the looks on the faces of the people sitting in the cocktail room, as he led her right in among them. Was she a lady? Nothing like it. Everybody stared but the old-timers. They didn't even look up. Then he took her into the casino; but as some guy was cleaning up on roulette, she didn't get much attention from that direction. Gypsy was more interested in the crap table. I could tell by looking at her ears, laying back kind of flat, that she wanted to scam out of there. She was getting jittery. We started to take her out to the kitchen but she balked at that, as the door was too little. Then she stood just long enough to run the colonel in debt to the cleaners. I guess everyone got a kick out of the horse-play but the porter. I can still see the expression on his face, called upon to do something out of "line of duty."

Everyone wants to do something wild and crazy and silly at sometime in their life. Maybe the colonel always wanted to take a horse into a cocktail room. Maybe he does it regularly, I don't know, but when I got home I started some thinking of my own, and wished I wasn't so conventional. I'd like to satisfy some of the urges that come to me sometime; like kicking a porter in the seat of the pants as he's leaning out saying "All aboard," or shoving my feet up on the seat in front of me at the picture show, or telling a lot of hot-shots what I think of them to their faces, without being disfigured for life. But being a timid soul, I think I had better stick to the straight and narrow, and let fellows like Colonel Russell do the clowning. I'm leaving Las Vegas tonight, and I'll write you from the next stop; but, believe me, I hate to leave, for if ever one wants originality and a kick, this is the place to find it.

Be good.

Dinny Devro.

P. S.: Now don't try taking any horses into cocktail rooms down there or they'll throw you in the bastille.