

LAS VEGAS AGE

SOUTHERN NEVADA'S LEADING NEWSPAPER
Established in 1905
CHARLES P. SQUIRES, Editor and Publisher
CHARLES S. DOHERTY, Business Manager

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday for general circulation, in Las Vegas, Nevada, at The Age Building, 411 Fremont Street, and entered in the Postoffice as second-class matter.
Subscription Rates—\$2.50 Per Year

OUR CITY GOVERNMENT

Las Vegas has good men in charge of its city government and it is almost intolerable that such dissentation as is shown by the published statement of Mayor Russell should exist. The Mayor states, "As Mayor of Las Vegas I have performed my duty as I have seen it, for the best interests of Las Vegas."

We must assume that he has so intended. Nevertheless, ever since he took the office of Mayor he has been continually at odds with the four commissioners, all of whom it is admitted are straightforward, honorable, conscientious, business men who also are striving to perform their duties for the best interest of the city.

The Mayor in his advertisement cites several criticisms of the commissioners, all of which appear more like carping criticism than constructive in nature. Is it not possible that the Mayor is assuming for himself the power to operate the board of city commissioners as well as the office of Mayor? It appears so to the casual observer.

The Mayor surely assumes authority he does not possess when the demands the recall of the whole city government, including himself, the four city commissioners, the city attorney, the city clerk and the municipal judge. Possibly the recall may be the only remedy for the series of petty quarrels between the Mayor and the commissioners, but why the city clerk, the city attorney and the municipal judge should be dragged into the mess is beyond comprehension.

The whole thing savors of a jealous and temperamental attitude which stresses the personal rather than the business side of city government. The Mayor declares that he has tried to cooperate with the commissioners. On the other hand the commissioners declare that they desire to cooperate with the Mayor in carrying on a sane city government.

One thing is certain. No person has the right to assume that he is always right and the other fellow always wrong. In the city government as in other affairs a little compromise and consideration of the other fellow is desirable. And petty criticism is destructive of everything we would like our city government to be.

So far as the merits of the matters in controversy are concerned, the differences are not so great but what the spirit of cooperation instead of the bitterness of criticism could have resulted in harmony and efficiency instead of petty jealousy.

Nothing in the many matters so severely criticized by the Mayor appears to the casual observer half so damaging to the city as the mess in which the city government now is.

The recall is always harmful to the community and results only in bitterness between individuals and in no added efficiency in government. People generally would deplore a recall campaign with all its ill felling to say nothing of the considerable expense it would occasion. Nevertheless, if that is the only method by which some spirit of harmony can be secured in our city government the sooner it is undertaken the better.

Moreover, it seems to be the general opinion that the "Town Meeting" suggestion is what may properly be called "a screwy idea," and could result in nothing more than an aggravation of a situation which already is approaching the intolerable.

We have known all the members of the city board, Joe Ronnow, C. V. T. Gilbert, Herb Krause and Al Corradetti, for many years and have full confidence in them as honorable and conscientious business men. All of them, we believe, have the same devotion to duty as has the Mayor. It is regrettable that with so much good talent the Mayor cannot function harmoniously with the city commissioners.

So far as we can ascertain there is no valid reason for any friction between the Mayor and the other city officers, the city clerk, city attorney and municipal judge. Why subject them to the ordeal of attempted recall?

SHRINERS COMING AGAIN

The news that about sixteen hundred Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are preparing to come to Las Vegas, Boulder City and the dam to spend Sunday, April 7, is pleasing to Las Vegas.

The several occasions when the Shriners came in force to this section proved the jolliest parties these sister communities have ever enjoyed. The latch string will be out and we will do whatever is possible to make this just what The Shrine claims to be — The Playground of Masonry.

PICK-UPS

By JOHN H. LIGHTFOOT

One of the most brutal murders it was my duty to write up happened in San Bernardino several years ago—approximately about 1902.

A Mexican came from Redlands by the name of Fuen. On H street lived a Mexican girl with whom he was enamored—but she had probably tired of him and refused to see him anymore when he called she refused to let him in. True to the old saying, "Love laughs at locks, ect." he managed to get into the house as she rushed through the front door with him in pursuit. Her neighbors were an old couple by the name of Goldkoffer. She was calling for help when he caught up with her and drawing a stiletto he drew it across her throat, nearly severing the head from the body.

In the meantime old man Goldkoffer was hurrying to her aid. The blood crazed Mexican met the old man and before lust for blood was satisfied he had stabbed the old man eleven times with the stiletto—any of the wounds would have been fatal—Goldkoffer being partially paralyzed. Fuen ran a short distance then slashed his own throat—but being careful not to cut too deep.

Coroner Thompson and I were standing away from him—when thinking he was alone he raised his head to take in the surroundings. It was then that the coroner placed him under arrest and in a few minutes we had him in the county jail.

Goldkoffer was a citizen respected by all who knew him and early in the afternoon groups of angry

men commenced to hang about the jail—but no effort was made to get in. By night the number began increasing and Deputy Sheriff Newton Brown came over to the "Court" office where I was preparing the story. "John lock these keys in your safe so if they demand the keys I will not have them," he said. The mob kept growing and it was self evident that a lynching was under way. Demanding the keys from Deputy Brown he told them that he did not have them. Not to be balked they got a steel girder from the Hall of Records then under construction and stormed the jail door. Men were as thick as flies on the girder. The door did not last long and the mob swarmed into the jail. The deputy seeing that resistance was useless opened the cell door and it was off with Fuen—no time lost. He was hurried to the bridge over which the motor train went over to Redlands. There were two or three ropes in that crowd but only one was put in use—it was slipped over Fuen's neck. At that time he asked for a cigarette but he was not given a chance to enjoy the smoke as he was pushed from the bridge into eternity. A fitting end for the crime he had committed that day.

When just a kid about eight years old I saw a man cut his throat and for weeks I could not sleep without a light in the room. He was a soldier from Camp Cady located near Dagdet. He was taken to the table to eat but refused to partake. I was seated on one side of the large fire-place—he sat on the other side. Leaping suddenly to his feet he drew the knife from his clothing and cut his throat—falling forward into the fire. Had the notion taken him he could have

Riley Grannan's Funeral Oration

C. B. Glasscock, accomplished writer of Nevada lore, in his book, "Gold in Them Hills," relates much of the romantic history of Tonopah, Goldfield, Rawhide and others of the great gold camps of Nevada of 35 or 40 years ago. He tells of that famous gambler, Riley Grannan, who sold his Northern Club in Tonopah and came to Rawhide where he secured the backing of Nat Goodwin and George Graham Rice.

Grannan soon succumbed to the rigors of that winter climate. Charlie Vanina, a well known pioneer of Las Vegas, was well acquainted with Grannan and also W. H. Knickerbocker, a former preacher, who had abandoned the church and taken up prospecting. When Knickerbocker first reached Tonopah he built a hall and started giving Shakespearean plays, but followed the rush to Rawhide in the winter and spring of 1908, Charlie says. Knickerbocker, who preached Grannan's funeral oration, died only last year in Texas.

Glasscock in his book describes Riley Grannan's funeral in Rawhide in a fashion which preserves the sentiment of the time and place as nothing else could and he gives the Knickerbocker oration as it has been handed down to us. Although The Age reprinted the touching eulogy several times during the past years, it seems timely now to do so again.

"The florid oratory and impassioned periods of the preacher's eulogy at the tier of the gambler whom he had hardly known were in perfect keeping with the time and place. To the crowd of sweat stained miners, tawdry women from the dance-halls and bagnios, promoters, gamblers and floaters gathered in the shabby little vaudeville theater where the services were held, the words of the speaker were golden words of sympathy and understanding. The speech was tuned to the spirit of the camp. That, doubtless, accounts for the fact that it has continued to live in the hearts of the desert dwellers. For the moment the unfringed preacher was touched with inspiration.

He was the spirit of the mining camp, and the periods of his oratory touched, and by touching revealed, the heart of its people. If, for the ashes of Riley Grannan we could substitute the ashes of Rawhide, we would have the perfect benediction to be pronounced upon all the great dead mining camps. For that reason it has lived, and is here available:

"I feel that it is incumbent upon me to state that in standing here I occupy no ministerial or prelate position. I am simply a prospector. I make no claims whatever to moral taken my life also. Soldiers sprang from the table and pulled him from the flames—but he did not feel the burns as he was dead before he fell.

merit or religion except the religion of humanity, the brotherhood of man. I stand among you today simply as a man among men, feeling that I can shake hands and say 'brother' to the vilest man or woman that ever lived. If there should come to you anything of moral admonition through what I say, it comes not from any sense of moral superiority, but from the depth of my experience.

"Riley Grannan was born in Paris, Kentucky, about forty years ago. I suppose he dreamed all the dreams of boyhood. They blossomed into phenomenal success along financial lines at times during his life. I am told that from the position of bell-boy in a hotel he rose rapidly to be a celebrity of world-wide fame. He was one of the greatest plungers, probably, that the continent has ever produced.

"He died day before yesterday in Rawhide. "This is a very brief statement. You have the birth and the period of the grave. Who can fill in the interim? Who can speak of his hopes and fears? Who can solve the mystery of his quiet hours that only himself knew? I can not...

"He was born in the Sunny Southland—where brooks and rivers run musically through the luxuriant soil; where the magnolia grandiflora like white stars grow in a firmament of green; where crystal lakes dot the greensward and the softest summer breezes dimple the wave-lips into kisses for the lilies on the shore; where the air is resonant with the warbled melody of a thousand sweet-voiced birds and redolent of the perfume of many flowers. This was the beginning. He dies in Rawhide, where in winter the shoulders of the mountains are wrapped in garments of ice and in summer the blistering rays of the sun beat down upon the skeleton ribs of the desert...

"When I see the ambitions of man defeated; when I see him struggling with mind and body in the only legitimate prayer he can make to accomplish some end; when I see his aim and purpose frustrated by fortuitous combination of circumstances over which he has no control; when I see the outstretched hand, just about to grasp the flag of victory, take instead the emblem of defeat, I ask: What is Life? Dreams, awakening and death; a pendulum twist a smile and a tear; a momentary halt within the waste and then a nothing we set out from; a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more; a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; a child-blown bubble that but reflects the light and shadow of its environment and is gone; a mockery, a lie, a fool's vision; its happiness but Dead Sea apples; its pain the crunching of a tyrant's heel...

"He was a man whose exterior was as placid and gentle as I have ever known, and yet when we look back over his meteoric past we can readily understand... that he was absolutely invincible in spirit. If

you will allow me I will use a phrase most of you are acquainted with. He was a dead game sport. I say it not irreverently, but fill the phrase as full of practical human philosophy as it will hold, and I believe that when you say one is 'a dead game sport' you have reached the climax of human philosophy...

"I know there are those who will condemn him. There are those who believe today that he is reaping the reward of a misspent life. There are those who are dominated by medieval creeds. To those I have no words to say in regard to him. They are ruled by the skeleton hand of the past and fail to see the moral beauty of a character lived outside their own puritanical ideas. His goodness was not of the type that reached its highest manifestations in any ceremonial piety. His goodness, I say, was not of that type, but of the type that finds expression in a word of cheer to a discouraged brother; the type that finds expression in friendship, the sweetest flower that grows along the dusty highway of life; the type that finds expression in manhood.

"He lived in a world of sport. I do not mean my words. I am telling what I believe to be true. In the world of sport—hilarity sometimes, and maybe worse—he left the impress of his character on this world, and through the medium of his financial power he was able with his money to brighten the lives of his inhabitants. He wasted it, so the world says.

"But did it ever occur to you that the most sinful men and women who live in this world are still men and women? A little happiness brought into their lives means as much to them as happiness brought into the lives of the straight and good. If you can take one ray of sunlight into their night-life and thereby bring them one single hour of happiness, I believe you are a benefactor.

"Riley Grannan may have 'wasted' some of his money in this way. "Did you ever stop and think how God does not put all His sunbeams into corn, potatoes, and flour? Did you ever notice the prodigality with which He scatters these sunbeams over the universe? Contemplate: God flings the auroral beauties around the cold shoulders of the North; hangs the quivering picture of the mirage above the palpitating heart of the desert; scatters the sunbeams like lamellated gold upon the bosoms of myriad lakes that gem the verdant robe of Nature; spangles the canopy of night with star-jewels and silvers the world with the reflected beams from Cynthia's mellow face; hangs the gorgeous crimson curtain of the Occident across the sleeping-room of the sun; wakes the coy maid of dawn to step timidly from her boudoir to climb the steps of the Orient and fling wide-open the gates of the morning. Then, tripping o'er the landscape, kissing the flowers in her flight, she wakes the

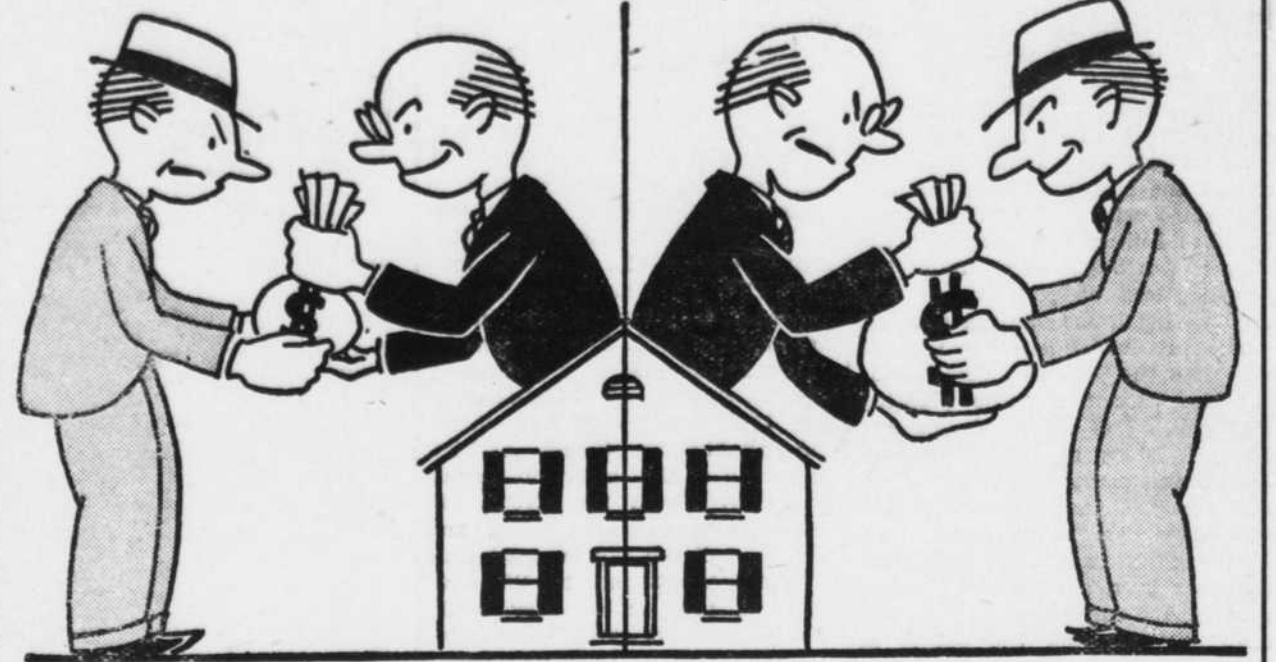
birds to herald with their music the coming of her King, who floods the world with refulgent gold. "Wasted sunbeams, these? I say to you that the man who by the use of his money, is able to smooth one wrinkle from the brow of care, is able to change one moan or sob into a song, is able to wipe away one tear and in its place put a jewel of joy—that man is a public benefactor. I believe that some of Riley Grannan's money was 'wasted' in this way...

"As we stand in the presence of death, we have no knowledge, but always, no matter how dark the gloomy clouds hang before me, there gleams the star of hope. Let us hope, then, that it may be the morning star of eternal day. It is dawning somewhere all the time. Did you ever pause to think that this old world of ours is constantly swinging into the dawn? Down the grooves of time, flung by the hand of God, with every revolution it is dawning somewhere all the time. Let this be an illustration of our hope. Let us believe, then, that in the development of the human soul, as it swings forward toward its destiny, it is constantly swinging nearer and nearer to the sun.

"And now the time has come to say good-by. The word 'farewell' is the saddest in our language. And yet there are sentiments sometimes that refuse to be confined in that word. I will say 'Good-by, old man'.

CROWES VISIT IN LAS VEGAS

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crowe former residents of Boulder City but now making their home in Redding, California were visitors in Las Vegas this week greeting their many friends.



Renting is O.K. in a Buyer's Market, but what's it like on the other side of the fence?

THE real estate market runs in cycles. For the last few years there have been plenty of homes to rent at competitive rates.

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Phone 20
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S. L. Hardy, M. D. J. R. McDaniel, M. D.
EIGHTH AND OGDEN STREETS
Morse Little, M. D., Boulder City, Nevada

Attorneys

C. D. BREEZE

ATTORNEY AT LAW 120 South Second Street Phone 8

FRED S. ALWARD

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Clark Building Telephone 855

CHARLES LEE HORSEY

Attorney at Law
Suite 1-2, Clark Building Phone 164

JOE HUFFORD

Attorney at Law
15 Boggs Bldg. Phone 978

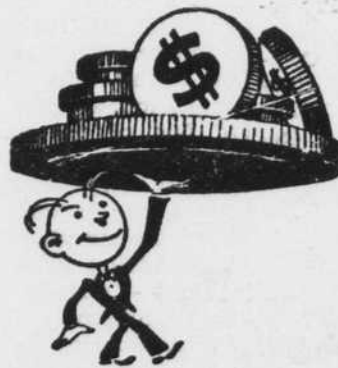
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Attorney at Law
Boggs Building

McNAMEE & McNAMEE

Attorneys at Law
El Portal Bldg. Las Vegas

Advertisement for Angelus de Anza Hotel in Los Angeles, featuring 'Two in a Room for the Price of One' and 'Double Room \$1.25'.



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