

# FROM WHERE I SIT

By A. E. CAHLAN

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Just finished persuing the manuscript of "Liberty's Last Stand," sensational story depicting the inside of the last federal prohibition raid in Las Vegas. It is the story of one Mr. Kelly, founder of the speakeasy from which the book is named, and thru which special agent Kain of the prohibition bureau managed to get the complete low-down on the liquor traffic in this city. After aiding the government to make its case, the "only man who ever operated a bootlegging establishment with the full and complete backing of the United States government" became nauseated at the farce of the whole thing and decided to tell his story to the American public in order that they might see and understand the motives actuating the prohibition forces which are in no way connected with an honest effort to enforce the law.

When the book is off the press, as it should be in a short time, and gains general circulation in Las Vegas, there will be several local citizens who will wish they were somewhere else for a time, although there is little evidence of the conspiracy the government has always been attempting to prove here, with one or two exceptions.

In the main, it is a frank, straight-forward statement of the actual circumstances of the raid and the long weeks of preparation that preceded it. There is plenty of inside information as to just who the liquor barons of Las Vegas are, who was supposed to be "getting the grease," and how the whole thing was definitely ascertained by the federal agents.

You will be interested in the plot which one of the federal agents was supposed to have hatched which would have given him possession of the sporty Cadillac coupe belonging to one of the group sought in connection with the raid. You will be interested to hear from the lips of the agent of the dries that the whole thing was a publicity stunt calculated to make the front page of every newspaper in the country at a time when congress was deliberating on appropriations to continue dry enforcement work. Las Vegas was chosen because of Boulder Dam and the attendant interest therein, and money was spent with reckless abandon for the big build-up.

well-known liquor dealers before the dictaphone as well as the ease with which they were taken in by the dry agents. If your memory is good and you recall the details of the raid, participated in by fifty five dry agents, you will undoubtedly wonder how it happened that every one of those enmeshed in the net spun prior to the raid was hauled into court except the proprietors of one well-know resort. There are many other things you'll wonder about, as you read on, and realize that the same old liquor dealers are doing business in the same old stand, and that the same old names still feature the traffic in the same old way.

The answer, of course, is that the whole thing is a mess and a farce. The book itself should be read by all who would see thru this prohibition business to a solution which will restore some semblance of respect for law and order, and shatter forever all the graft and corruption with which the whole system is riddled. It doesn't take a wise man to analyze the situation and discover that there is no intention of enforcing the prohibition law in Nevada or anywhere else—and that extends from the top of the heap, thru federal judges, United States attorney's offices, prohibition department heads and all the rest. The idea is simply to keep up a front which will make the ardent dries think an effort is actually being made to enforce the law, while not interfering materially with the liquor traffic itself. That might not be so bad were it not for the fact that in order to maintain this situation liquor barons must take control of the government, which they have in several important branches, as we all have been convinced for several years, and as Mr. Kelly's tale rather convincingly discloses.

There are several individuals and officials dragged into the story needlessly, but entirely innocently, and it is my guess that when the whole thing is over, except for one or two prominent officials, the ones really exposed are those responsible for the farce—the ones who led the sensational raid that made three or four prohibition agents quite famous. It establishes quite definitely that Las Vegas is neither worse nor better than any other city in the country, and in my humble estimation is rather a fair presentation of the entire situa-