



Ready to Begin Her Reno Education, the New-comer Establishes Residence Under the Eyes of the Howling Wolves in Town.

Out of This World—in Reno

By INEZ ROBB
CHAPTER VII

RENO, Nev.,
"EVERYONE wants to raise hell once. When women go off the reservation here, it's like freshmen raising hell in college. Nine times out of ten, it's the first time that a woman has ever been away from her home or from the authority and discipline imposed by a home, whether parental or marital.

"No one knows 'em in Reno. Home's a thousand miles away. So they kick up their heels. They may never have another chance. Anything goes when they hit town. They make fools of themselves; sometimes in six weeks they even manage to ruin their lives. But who cares?"

This is a wry diagnosis of the goings-on of the women who are Reno's problem children while in residence here. But it is also the distilled wisdom of one of Reno's most experienced and mellow attorneys.

No matter what their age, or their social and financial background, these are the women who drink too much, gamble more than they can afford, and who pick up any man in sight. A handful are out for a defiant, angry fling because, after years of faithfulness, they have been asked to divorce husbands who wish to remarry, or because they have finally caught up with their spouses' infidelities. "If women were only taught that most men cheat a little, we Reno lawyers would have a lot less work!" this same attorney continued.

Then there is the largest percentage of women who come to Reno for a divorce and a fling between marriages.

"It's a funny thing," my friend added, "but I've seen hundreds of what you and I would call technically 'nice' women come out here for a divorce in order to marry some other man to whom they're already engaged back home.

"But in a week or ten days they'll pick up with some local saloon bum and become involved here. And it never occurs to them that they're cheating on the husbands they haven't divorced yet," continued this man who, like every other lawyer in town, is the father confessor of his talkative clients.

"The only thing that worries them in the least is that they're cheating on their fiancés. Women do have the most curious ethical concepts!"

From the purely feminine point of view, it occurred to me that it could be pointed out in rebuttal that some men have equally odd ethical concepts. Particularly the man from Hollywood whose experiences this attorney had just told me.



"He was really deeply in love with his wife, but he was the howlingest wolf in Hollywood. He was never faithful to her in any given 48 hours on the calendar.

"But when she came to Reno and sued for divorce, he came up here and in my office begged her on his knees not to leave him. He fought the divorce tooth and nail. When he came up from Hollywood, he'd sit in my office and cry like a baby, and they weren't crocodile tears either.

"Then he'd take the night plane back to Hollywood, and be in some other woman's apartment before my office had dried out from his tears!"

THEN there are the worst pests of all: The women who are true neurotics and psychopaths and who specialize in dipsomania. These are the girls who support Reno's reputation as not only woolly but wild. They run wild in Reno, but the reason they run wild here is that they have had so much experience in running wild elsewhere.

It was preordained that they should make a hash of matrimony, just as they have made hash of their lives.

These are the dangerous ones, just as the angry, defiant one-fling women are the pitiful ones, and the fling-between-marriages wenches are the contemptible ones.

It is not at all unusual for the first category to be accompanied to Reno by a heart-broken parent who tries to ride herd on his offspring.

But too often they come out accompanied only by a checking account, and then the trouble begins, as it did with an eastern heiress who took her brandy neat and her fun where she found it. At 3 o'clock one morning, while she was entertaining one of the town's more repugnant rounders in her hotel suite, her husband called from their Long Island home to report that their little boy had just

Freed, Often for the First Time, From All Responsibilities and Restraints, the Temporary Renoite May Proceed to Kick Up Her Heels As Much As She Pleases, in Any or All of the Places Especially Prepared for Her Amusement.

been taken to a hospital for a mastoid operation.

Tootsie was not too coherent, nor was she hearing too well. So she tossed the phone over to her companion, explaining to her husband that it was Mr. X, her Reno attorney. Now poor Mr. X was the most mousy, hen-pecked member of the Reno bar. But there was no way for the angry husband to know this. All the husband knew was that a 3 a. m. consultation with his wife in her apartment was a hell of a note, even if legal.

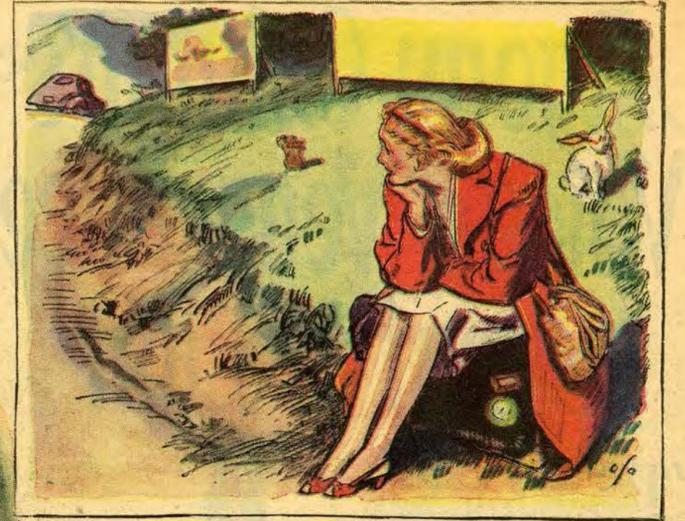
The rounder was equally angry. Even a cad, egad, in Reno, has his code.

"That was a lousy thing to do," he snarled, as he hung up the phone after a painful impersonation of a lawyer.

Tootsie laughed, and then the battle was on. In the ensuing melee, she flung the Reno Casanova's clothes out the hotel window. They fluttered to the marquee, where a blase management finally retrieved them.

IN the meantime, the rounder, furious at loss of his habiliments, knocked our heroine so cold was necessary to send her to a hospital. This would seem enough farce and action in one night. And it was. Came the dawn, and the curtain rolled up on Act II, all tragedy.

In the action-filled hours in Reno, the husband



When an Inelastic Budget Failed to Cover the Expenses of Her Cure—and the Cost of a Fling Besides—Many a No-Longer-Gay Divorcee, Now Definitely On Her Own, Faces the Problem of Getting Home With a Waning Faith in Human Nature.

them, the outlander's hair does a hand-stand, the eyebrows gyrate like an elevator in the hands of a war-time operator and the mouth definitely gapes.

The town is hardened to such performances. It is not even surprised when the hook and ladder division of its fire department is called out, as it

was on one occasion, to rescue a lightly clad gentleman from a tall tree into which he had fortuitously jumped from a local hotel window. Most smoking-car stories either originate or come true in this city of Reno.

Well, some of the girls ask for it. But to the majority, Reno is their first encounter with a wide open town. What to do with it is certainly up to them.

When the average divorcee steps from the train into Reno, she is entering a town the like of which she has never seen before and is not apt to see again. As she stands in front of the station on dubious Commercial Row, there lies before her one of the most amazing sights in America: Two acres of gambling houses that never close, saloons that are always open, cabarets both gawdy and bawdy, and night clubs populated with girls, ostensibly waiting on table, entertaining or drinking with men customers.

If she has arrived by the night train, the divorcee is confronted by two acres of the gaudiest neon lights and signs in the nation. "The Biggest Little City in the World" compresses in two acres enough neons to earn the title of "The Biggest Little Broadway in America."

Harold's Club, the Palace and The Bank, three of the town's super gambling joints, tell the world in neons ten feet high. As our divorcee stands on the sidewalk, trying to hail a cab, the spots before her eyes are all neon and read "Bingo." It's a Reno rash.

FINALLY, when no cab appears, someone directs her to the cab stand across the street. Like myself, the divorcee is bound to think she's in the wrong place when she pushes her way through the door into a typical old-fashioned saloon.

But she has made no mistake. Her Reno education is just beginning. The taxi company has merely taken office space in the saloon. The desk and the manager are behind that bank of slot machines on the left as you enter.

If the gal sticks to the two acres of neons, its saloons, its roulette wheels and its predatory wolves during her six weeks here, she sees a town shoddy by day and tawdry by night.

But if she looks at the rest of this

small city of less than 25,000 population, she sees a beautiful community. For Reno is blessed with great scenic beauty and one of the most attractive natural locations in America.

The town, perched at an elevation of 4,500 feet, is still at the very feet of the towering, majestic Sierra Nevada mountains whose peaks lift themselves into a sky almost eternally blue and sunny.

Through the center of Reno races the swift Truckee River on its way from lovely Lake Tahoe where it has its source, to Lake Pyramid, that amazing, fascinating desert lake.

On a high, abrupt bluff, like a minor Palisades, on the south bank of the Truckee are big, handsome homes. Spread out south of the bluff are substantial residential districts whose occupants scornfully swear they never go near the neon glare except when inflicted with a visiting fireman like myself or a divorcee with a letter of introduction.

ON THE other side of town is the University of Nevada, perched on its own hills and boasting its own crystalline lake. Divorcees are not encouraged to enroll at the university, although many do.

And at the back door of Reno lie two of the wonders of the world: the enchanting Washoe Valley where the excellent dude ranches thrive, and the ghost mining town of Virginia City.

The divorcee who comes here has her choice: She can spend her time drinking, gambling and ogling in the two neon-encrusted acres; or she can live quietly in Reno, working at the Red Cross or serving in the local hospitals as a nurse's aid.

Or she can discover the simple joys of the Great Open Spaces on a dude ranch. But those joys, if they are to remain simple, do not include ogling the wrangler. Cowboys are pizen to divorcees—but that is another story.

Next week, Miss Robb will tell how many women seeking a Reno divorce fall victims of cowboy natives who mule them of their money and then kick them out.



The Thousands of Slot Machines of Reno's Never-Closed Gambling Establishments Find Plenty of Persons—Rich, Poor and In-Between—All Wearing the Jack-Pot Look and Eager to Cater to Their Voracious Appetites.