

F
849
L35
H85
2010

An Interview with Paul Huffey
(& Michael Mack)

An Oral History Conducted by Claytee D. White

Voices of the Historic John S. Park Neighborhood

Oral History Research Center at UNLV
University Libraries
University of Nevada Las Vegas

© Voices of the Historic John S. Park Neighborhood
University of Nevada Las Vegas Libraries 2010

Produced by:

The Oral History Research Center at UNLV Libraries, Director: Claytee D. White

Project Creators: Patrick Jackson and Dr. Deborah Boehm

Transcriber and Editor: Laurie Boetcher

Editor and Production Manager: Barbara Tabach

Interviewers: Suzanne Becker, Barbara Tabach, Claytee D. White

Recorded interviews, transcripts, bound copies and a website comprising the *Voices of the Historic John S. Park Neighborhood Oral History Project* have been made possible through a grant from the City of Las Vegas Centennial Committee. Special Collections in Lied Library, home of the Oral History Research Center, provided a wide variety of administrative services, support and archival expertise. We are so grateful.

This project was the brainchild of Deborah Boehm, Ph.D. and Patrick Jackson who taught at UNLV and resided in the John S. Park Neighborhood. As they walked their community, they realized it was a special place that intersected themes of gender, class, race/ethnicity, religion, sexuality and gentrification. Patrick and Deborah learned that John S. Park had been listed on the National Registry of Historic Places and that original homeowners, local politicians, members of the gay community, Latino immigrants, artists and gallery owners and an enclave of UNLV staff all lived in the neighborhood. Therefore, they decided that the history of this special place had to be preserved, joined with the Oral History Research Center at UNLV Libraries and wrote a grant that was funded by the Centennial Committee.

The transcripts received minimal editing that included the elimination of fragments, false starts and repetitions in order to enhance the reader's understanding of the narrative. These interviews have been catalogued and can be found as non-circulating documents in Special Collections at UNLV's Lied Library.

Deborah A. Boehm, Ph.D.
Fulbright-García Robles Scholar 2009-2010
Assistant Professor, Anthropology & Women's Studies

Patrick Jackson, Professor
John S. Park Oral History Project Manager

Claytee D. White, Director
Oral History Research Center at UNLV Libraries

Interview with Paul Huffey and Michael Mack

February 2, 2010 in Las Vegas, Nevada
Conducted by Claytee White

Table of Contents

Introduction: early life: born in Las Vegas, NV (1938). Mother was an R.N., retired when Paul was born. Father Bob Huffey was a master carpenter. Parents moved to Las Vegas in 1930. Father worked on Boulder Dam project (1930-35), then for State Highway Department. Built Normandie Court, first motel in Las Vegas (1937).	1
Attended Las Vegas Grammar School (ca. 1943-46). Parents sold the Normandie Court and built an apartment house on Fourth Street. Purchased property on Park Paseo and built family home (1947).	3
Stories: Bob Huffey's work at Boulder Dam, hierarchy of citizens in early Las Vegas, building of Boulder City, Henderson, and Boulder Highway, Four Mile.	4
Memories of friends and teachers in John S. Park Neighborhood.	6
Move to home on Bracken Avenue. Paul and Michael talk about their first cars.	10
High-school stories. After-school job at Ronzone's clothing store. Cars, dating, and social events. Memories of Harry Mack.	12
Memories of father Bob Huffey and friend Bill Waldman.	15
Social-cultural activity in the John S. Park Neighborhood: Boy Scouts, church-based activities, service, fraternal, and community organizations.	16
Women's roles in family life. Influence of the LDS church in the community.	17
Participation in annual Helldorado.	19
Businesses and wedding chapels in the John S. Park Neighborhood area.	21
John S. Park Neighborhood as a political community.	21
African-Americans in school.	23
Building the Chemistry Club float for the Las Vegas High School homecoming parade.	24
Life after high school: Paul joined U.S. Army Reserve (1956) and served six months at Fort Ord, CA. Attended UNR (1957-61). Taught history at Basic High School in Henderson, NV for nine years.	25
Why so many people from John S. Park Neighborhood became so successful: southeast Las Vegas was middle-upper middle class; many educated professionals lived in the area and encouraged their children to study and to attend college. Upper class lived on the west side of Las Vegas. Development of Westside as an African-American enclave. Segregation of Strip hotels due to Mafia influence.	27
Connection between John S. Park Neighborhood and the hotel industry: some residents worked in the hotels, but not as owners or high management. The railroad, construction of Hoover Dam, gaming, World War II, tourism, and the NTS as strong influences on the growth of Las Vegas. Japanese in Las Vegas.	28
Why so many people out of John S. Park Neighborhood did so well: mothers at home; teachers as disciplinarians.	30

Changes in the John S. Park Neighborhood through high school years.	32
What they disliked about John S. Park Neighborhood: nothing. No changes in the neighborhood while growing up. Very little crime. Advent of Howard Hughes and corporatization changed Las Vegas. Discovering girls. Recollections of "a very magical time in history, in a magical town."	33
What the John S. Park Neighborhood means to Paul Huffey: growing up in middle-class, white-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant Americana, as portrayed in 1950s television. To Michael Mack: growing up Jewish, there was no anti-Semitism in Las Vegas. Memories of neighborhood as it was and comments on current deterioration.	39
Recollections of other neighbors who lived in the John S. Park community.	41
Boyhood stories: pranks played on neighbors in the John S. Park community; fireworks.	43
Important life juncture: acquisition of motor scooters at age fourteen gave them mobility.	45
Memories of childhood friends who might be interviewed.	48
Concluding remarks.	51

Preface

Whenever Paul Huffey drives through John S. Park Neighborhood he visualizes his youth and the times he spent with his childhood friend Michael Mack, who joined in this interview. Together they reminisced about their teen years in the 1950s and living in John S. Park Neighborhood.

Paul's first home was Normandie Court, the first authentic motel in Las Vegas. In 1947, Paul's father purchased a lot on Paseo Park and built a home for his wife and only child. He describes life in that home as idyllic: no war or unemployment issues, a time when the Strip was "meaningless" unless you had a parent working there. An era when mothers, at least in his neighborhood, were stay-at-home moms and children freely roamed on their bicycles.

Of their teen years, Paul and Michael recall their hi-jinks, discovering beer, and admiring pretty girls. In 1956, he graduated from Las Vegas High School, enlisted in the U. S. Army Reserve and enrolled in University of Nevada Reno. He taught history at Basic High School in Henderson for nine years.

ORAL HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER AT UNLV

Voices of the Historic John S. Park Neighborhood



Use Agreement

Name of Narrator: PAUL HUFFEY

Name of Interviewer: CLAYTEE D. WHITE

We, the above named, give to the Oral History Research Center of UNLV, the recorded interview(s) initiated on 2/2/2010 as an unrestricted gift, to be used for such scholarly and educational purposes as shall be determined, and transfer to the University of Nevada Las Vegas, legal title and all literary property rights including copyright. This gift does not preclude the right of the interviewer, as a representative of UNLV, to use the recordings and related materials for scholarly pursuits. There will be no compensation for any interviews.

Paul Huffy
Signature of Narrator

2-2-10
Date

Claytee D. White
Signature of Interviewer

2/2/2010
Date

ORAL HISTORY RESEARCH CENTER AT UNLV

Voices of the Historic John S. Park Neighborhood



Use Agreement

Name of Narrator:

MICHAEL S. MACK

Name of Interviewer:

CLAYTEE D. WHITE

We, the above named, give to the Oral History Research Center of UNLV, the recorded interview(s) initiated on 2/2/2010 as an unrestricted gift, to be used for such scholarly and educational purposes as shall be determined, and transfer to the University of Nevada Las Vegas, legal title and all literary property rights including copyright. This gift does not preclude the right of the interviewer, as a representative of UNLV, to use the recordings and related materials for scholarly pursuits. There will be no compensation for any interviews.

Michael S. Mack 2-2-10

Signature of Narrator

Date

Claytee D. White 2/2/2010

Signature of Interviewer

Date

Interview with Paul Huffey and Michael Mack

February 2, 2010 in Las Vegas, Nevada
Conducted by Claytee White

This is Claytee White. I'm in the home of Paul Huffey, and I'm with Mr. Huffey and with Michael Mack as well. So how are the two of you today?

Michael: Great. Terrific.

Wonderful.

Good to see you again.

Well, nice to see you again, too. This is great.

Paul: I don't recall our first meeting. Where was our first meeting?

At Mary Hausch's house. So, you want to start at the beginning?

OK. Now you have already interviewed Michael once but I'm having Michael here as my backup to my memory which is fading just rapidly.

Well, would you start by telling me a little about your early life, before we get to John S. Park?

Oh, my early life. Well, born here in Las Vegas, 1938. A little wide spot in the road, about eight thousand people. And I was born in the only hospital in town, at Las Vegas Hospital. My mother [Julene] was an R.N. who actually had to practice there, and then when I came along she retired from nursing. And my father [Bob Huffey] was a carpenter. My parents moved to Las Vegas in 1930, because it was the only bright spot in the nation as far as jobs, and my father went to work immediately on the Hoover Dam project, which we called Boulder Dam in those days.

Tell me what he did.

He was a carpenter. He was a master carpenter. He could build you anything. He worked there until he mouthed off once too often to the wrong boss and got fired in '35. Then he worked for the State Highway Department.

My mother had a sister, my Aunt Florence (Michael knew Florence) who lived in Southern California, Beverly Hills, and my mother would take the train, the Union Pacific, down to Los Angeles at least twice a year, sometimes three times a year, to visit her sister Florence. And this one time in '36-'37, she came back and she said to my father, Bob, I saw something new they're doing down in California. They're doing this on boulevards, on major boulevards. They're building these apartment-type units—they're either one-bedroom or studios—and they rent them out overnight, and they call them motels. And you could park your car right next to them in these little garages they have at these motels.

So the next week, my father put his camera in his Packard and he drove to L.A. and he went through about five or six rolls of film, driving all around L.A., taking photographs of the different motels he saw. He came back to Las Vegas and he bought a piece of property in the 700-block of Las Vegas Boulevard South, which we called Fifth Street then, and he built Las Vegas's first real motel. Now prior to that, there were cabins. People had gone in and built individual cabins that they rented out. But Dad's was a regular motel in that it was two-story and all the units were linked together, with a garage in between.

What was the name of it?

The Normandie Court, 708 Las Vegas Boulevard South.

Then the next year I was born, in '38, so birth through age five: at age five I was enrolled in kindergarten at the nearest school, which was the Las Vegas Grammar School. And it was not only the biggest school; it was [one of] probably three, maybe four schools in the whole valley at that time. So that was kindergarten, first, second, and third grade.

In the meantime, my folks sold the motel and my father built some apartments directly behind on Fourth Street. He built a house with a giant garage next to it, and then he built about a six-plex apartment, and so we had a seven-car garage next to our house and people would park their cars in that garage. That was second and third grade.

At the end of third grade, my folks bought a piece of property on Park Paseo, which was on the other side of the world for me. It was a long bicycle ride between South Fourth and Park Paseo. My father bought two lots there and he built the biggest house in the whole area. Oh, it was jumbo.

How big was it?

It was a full basement and two floors, so it was three levels. He never finished out the top level. It was framed in but it was [unfinished]. So we lived—my mother and my father and myself (I was an only child)—on that first ground-level [of the house].

About the second or third day I moved in there, I met this young fellow by the name of Michael Mack. Mike, you were on South Tenth [Street] then, weren't you?

Michael: Yeah, Well, what year was that?

Paul: OK, this would've been 1947.

Michael: Yeah, I was still on Tenth Street.

Did your father ever tell you any stories about Boulder Dam?

Paul: Oh, yeah, sure.

Tell me some of those stories.

Well, again my memory is so bad. It was a jumbo, giant project. It was a consortium of six different construction companies and it was called the Six Companies, among them Henry Kaiser and Morrison Knudsen and a number of other giant construction firms. My father built lumber-wood frames that they would pour the concrete in. So he was up and down on the elevators and the guide ropes, the car that goes over the canyon and then drops down. Every day, two trips: one trip down and a trip back up. This is where he met everybody that he ever knew in Las Vegas, because they all worked at the dam.

There were three classes of citizens in Las Vegas at the time. There was the upper crust: there were about fourteen or fifteen men in the upper crust. Then there was the middle class: that was about six, seven thousand men. And then there was the unemployed poor bums around the railroad track, and that was about a thousand.

Most of that giant [Boulder Dam] crew lived in Las Vegas or Boulder City. They built Henderson at the beginning of World War II. They built the little city of Boulder City, and it was quite exclusive. This was the dam. But most of the men lived in Las Vegas, and they would truck back and forth. They build the Boulder Highway. The Boulder Highway when it was built from Las Vegas to Boulder City was at that time the longest divided four-lane superhighway in the Western Hemisphere, and there was generally a lot of traffic every day, cars and buses back and forth to the dam.

As I said, my father mouthed off once too often and got fired, and then he worked for the State Highway Department.

Do you remember a place called Four Mile?

Sure! Sure. Four Mile was a house of ill-repute.

Did people actually live there as well?

Yes. It was a slum.

Michael: It was an area, actually. It was like a subdivision, and it had some homes around there, a little mobile [home] park thing, and then of course the business that was there that it was known for.

Paul: Yeah. Everybody knew it. The sheriff was part-owner of the house [of ill-repute].

Michael: Yeah. Well, we didn't find that out in the very beginning but I guess a lot of the people knew, but I didn't know that at the time. Otherwise I wouldn't have paid any attention to the cops.

[Laughing] Well, from what I remember, you didn't pay a whole lot of attention anyway.

Well, you know, they didn't pay that much attention to me.

Paul: Four Mile was a slummy area. It was the house of ill-repute and shacks, and about two hundred cottonwood trees.

Michael: Yeah, there was a lot of trees around there. And you got to admit, Paul, we all drove around there.

Paul: Oh sure we did.

Michael: We were always driving down there just to check it out.

Paul: We'd cruise around there, looking.

Michael: We even had some friends who went in there.

Paul: Yeah, yeah, the older guys.

Michael: I know for sure, Paul and I were never lucky enough to get in there.

Paul: But we always thought we saw somebody behind a curtain. We never knew for sure. We thought we saw some harlot behind a curtain, and our imaginations ran wild.

[Laughter]

Then, as I say, when we moved into the John S. Park attendance area in 1947, when my dad completed the house at 818 Park Paseo, I met Michael Mack and met the other kids in the neighborhood.

Who were some of the other kids in the neighborhood?

Oh, across the street was Gary Holler and Dan Porter. Both of them were a year younger than me.

A short distance down the street were the Goths and the Visigoths [laughing], the three Waldman brothers, Phil, Bill, and Herb. Phil was Michael's age, Bill was a year younger and my age, and Herb was a year younger than myself. They were the neighborhood characters, they sure were, all of them.

And then moving on down, Richard Sutton, who turned in to be the neighborhood intellectual, and now he's Doctor Richard Sutton. He's dead now. He was killed in a car accident a few years back. He was a cardiovascular surgeon.

Then on down the street, John Gibson. I went to John Gibson's retirement party about two weeks ago. John's an engineer.

And Tyler Compton lived in the area. Dewey Jones.

Those are the boys I remember. We didn't care about the girls. The only girl we cared about was Richard Sutton's older sister, Sherry.

Why was that?

Why? Sherry was well-endowed, so every adolescent boy, as soon as the hormones started to kick in, they started to pay attention to Sherry. OK.

Michael: She was older.

Paul: She was older. She was older. That's right. For sure.

Let's see, at John S. Park [Elementary School]: I'm trying to recall my teachers' names. The fourth-grade teacher, Mrs. [Mary Louise] Carmody, she took me under her wing. My fifth-grade teacher [was] Mrs. Chandler, and she had a brother who was a priest. She was a nice lady, a grand lady. She picked up on my interest in the social studies, geography and history, and she really encouraged me along those lines, reading and different school projects. As far as my elementary school teachers, she was by far the most influential on me. Sixth grade, Mrs. McKay, who we later ran into at Las Vegas High School. She was the librarian at Las Vegas High. Seventh grade, Mrs. Strand. And then the infamous Mrs. Schultz. We could tell you Mrs. Schultz stories all afternoon.

Michael: I told her some.

Paul: Mrs. Schultz was probably about six foot three or four, weighed about a hundred and four pounds, and drove the most immaculate, beautiful Model-A Ford coupe. And one of the favorite tricks was we would pound a potato up her exhaust pipe. She'd come out after school and all the guys would be in the bushes, waiting around, waiting around. She'd get in the car and start it up and it'd go *boop, boop, boop, boop, boop, boop, boop, BANG!* [Laughter] Oh, it scared her to death, and we just roared.

[Laughing] Not a lot to do, huh?

[Laughing] I remember that somebody, I don't know who picked up on this, and really at the time I had no idea what it meant, but we called her a frustrated old maid. We didn't know what a frustrated old maid was. But her patience was about that long, and one of her favorite things, if somebody, some kid or some boy would act up (always the boys), if one would act up, she would start pounding her fist on her desk and then she would bury her face in her hands and say, That boy! That boy! What am I going to do with that boy?

[Laughter] And she's pounding the desk with her face in her hands.

Michael: She had a cot in the back, in the cloakroom, and she would go back and lay down on that cot, and she knew where everybody was. If you got out of your desk she'd say, you know, like, Shipley, sit down. [Laughter]

Paul: Cloakrooms. Now this is something. Every classroom had a cloakroom. You put your cloak in there. I never had a cloak. [Laughter] I had a sweater. Schools don't have cloakrooms anymore.

Michael: But she would go down in the middle of class, she'd go give an assignment out and then go in there and lay [down] and go, Oh, I've got such a headache.

How was that permitted?

Oh, well, first of all, the principal was very strict. She was really strict, but everybody liked her. I mean even if you got paddled by her, you still liked her. I mean it was like, because she was just very fair, and you knew the thing she was doing was right. And I guess they put up with Mrs. Schultz. She'd been around town, I guess, a while. We don't know her real history. I never did know it. But she was quite the talk, and no one wanted [her]. When I was going there, I was a year older than him. At some point, we had two classrooms of each class. In the beginning we only had one classroom, and then I think it

was fifth grade, they divided us into two classes, so there were two eighth-grade teachers, two seventh-grade, two sixth, [and so on], and nobody wanted Schultz. We were kind of hoping, the year before, like when you were in seventh grade, you just wouldn't get Schultz, you know. I ended up with her. [Laughing]

Paul: Oh my God, that woman was skinny. Oh lord.

Michael: She had a mean streak, and you rarely ever saw her laugh.

Paul: I don't remember her laughing.

Well, you did enough to try to make her laugh, though, didn't you?

Michael: I think she was a good instructor overall.

Paul: Wait a minute, there was another teacher somewhere in here. Miss [Faustine] Leach.

Michael: Right, and she was another seventh-grade teacher. She was the only seventh-grade teacher.

Paul: That's right, that's right, Leach and Strand. I had one semester with Leach, the other semester with Strand.

Michael: I had Strand for the whole year.

Paul: Miss Leach was a nice woman. She was very kind, a very happy woman.

Michael: Billy Waldman and I mowed her lawn with that monster mower of his, that rotary mower that he rebuilt, that he hopped up. I think I told you this. His dad [Herb Waldman Sr.] had the Hudson dealership. Of the three boys, Billy was the one boy that was mechanically inclined, and he spent a lot of time at the car dealership with the mechanics. He learned their language, he learned how to fix things, he was good, and he helped build his car, a little hot rod car.

Paul: In fact, Bill's greatest single Christmas present, when he was about nine or ten years of age, his father gave him a crescent wrench. That was the beginning.

So how long did you actually live in John S. Park?

OK, four, five, six, seven, eight. Five years in the John S. Park attendance area, and five years at John S. Park [Elementary School] and then, at the end of my eighth grade, we moved again.

Did you leave John S. Park or did you move [to another house there]?

Well, OK, yes, he [my father] built a house on South Seventh Street, about a block north of Oakey [Boulevard], corner of Seventh and Bracken [Avenue], and that was the beginning of my freshman year of high school, ninth grade, Las Vegas High.

Did your father actually finish the house on Park Paseo?

No, no, he never finished the second level. He never finished it. It was all framed in. All it needed was sheetrock on the walls to finish it, but he never finished it. There wasn't a need to finish it.

Is that house still there?

Sure it is! My father's construction philosophy was, If a two-by-four is good, then a two-by-six is better. And he built everything hell for stout. He was a master carpenter. He really was. He could build anything!

So tell me about the next house, the one on Bracken.

Oh, it was a nice little house. It was actually two bedrooms, my bedroom and my folks' bedroom, and we had a den, which my father eventually took over as his bedroom, after I went off to college, and just a nice little living room, the dining room, and a little kitchen,

and he had his garage and a big shop in the back of the garage, two-car garage. It was a nice little house.

Why did he decide to downsize?

Well, my mother said, Please, cleaning this house is making an old woman out of me in a hurry, and it was so silly, you know, three people in a four-thousand-square-foot house. Enormous. The little house on Seventh Street was about fifteen hundred square feet, a third of the size [of the Park Paseo house]. This was my high school house, and the one I remember most often because it was when I got my first car. My car and Michael's car were the same year. They were almost identical.

What were they?

Fifty-three Chevys.

Michael: His was blue; mine was mustard. His was a hardtop; mine was a two-door sedan. His had a stick shift; mine had an automatic. Thank goodness mine had an automatic because I never had any transmission problems or clutch problems.

Paul: I think I bummed out my transmission two or three times. [Laughing]

Michael: I can believe it.

Paul: Our high-school days, oh my lord. We could've written *Catcher in the Rye*.

So give me one of those stories.

Oh no, you don't want to hear those!

Michael: Oh, you can tell her any of the stories. You should, because I told her a whole bunch of stories, and you might even be telling her some of the stories I told her, too.

Paul: I probably will because our lives were so closely entwined. Mike and I lived across the street from each other on Park Paseo. Mike, you moved into the Park Paseo house in '47-'48.

Michael: I moved into the Park Paseo house in probably '51.

Paul: OK. And so he's across the street and I'm at 818 and you're about 823. So we were across-the-street neighbors. Where did your folks live when we were in high school?

Michael: Let me just think. We moved in in '42, and then one year on Sweeney [Avenue], and then moved over to Park Paseo, yeah. So they were there through almost my whole college life. Well, two years. So they were there for about seven years in that house.

Paul: OK, good. So now we're on South Seventh Street, which in blocks it was probably about six blocks away, eight blocks by car. Our friendship was very close in high school. Michael was a year ahead of me in school. Notwithstanding, we were good buddies, especially after he turned sixteen and I soon followed. Our junior and senior years of high school were the greatest, when we had cars and fake IDs [laughter] and places where we'd stash our beer.

So did you work in high school?

I had an after-school job, yeah. One job I had for a long time, I worked at Ronzone's department store.

Oh, tell me about Ronzone's. Tell me about the clothes.

I was a stock boy. Well, it was a clothing store, men and women's clothing. It was the biggest one in town, owned by the Ronzone family, Mom Ronzone (Bertha) and then her

son Dick and his wife. All the Ronzones were big people. They were big. You'd get three Ronzones in a room and you'd have about seven hundred pounds of people in there. Dick was a great fellow. He really was a great fellow. He put up with my nonsense. I didn't do a hell of a lot. Logged a lot of time hiding behind the shirt racks in the warehouse, catching up on a nap. It was a nice store, nice people. It was the only locally-owned clothing store, men and women's clothing. There were ladies' clothing stores, men's clothing stores, but it was the only [store that sold both men's and women's clothing]. They had Sears [department store] and [J.C.] Penney's [department store].

Michael: They [Ronzone's] had shoes for men and women, too, and then they had the colognes and all the accessory stuff, you know.

Paul: They had quality merchandise, too.

Michael: It was like a department store. No dishes. It didn't have the dishes thing, you know, things like that.

Paul: It was all clothing. And it was quality.

Did most boys have cars in high school?

Well, yes, they did. Yes, most of the boys did, because cars were so, you know, [cool].

At that point, Las Vegas was so small. Where did you go with your cars? Where did you take your dates?

To the nearest hiding place. [Laughter]

Michael: Actually, there was a lot of things to do. There were the drive-ins. We actually had two drive-ins, so it was pretty cool. We had Mount Charleston, which was a great getaway. Some of the kids' parents owned little cabins up there. They were really little cabins, but they were fun to go to. And then also we had Fremont Street to cruise,

which was fun. And Boulder City. There were Boulder City girls. And even go out to the dam sometimes and drink beer, you know, up on the spillway parking lots or something like that. And there was Lake Mead, you know. I mean that was pretty much it. And then the big adventures were the out-of-town football and basketball games that we could go to, you know, we could drive to. Southern California. Oh, you bet. See, basically, if you have a football team and a basketball team, and you have Basic High School [in Henderson] and Boulder City [High School] and Vegas, that's it. That was like all during our growing-up years, those were the rivals, so you had to go to Reno [Nevada] to get the other one, and then we had White Pine [County], Ely [Nevada], and then outside of that, soon we outgrew that. When our school got so big, we couldn't even play Boulder City and White Pine any longer, so we'd go to Southern California and Arizona to pick up high schools.

Did you drive to those games?

We would, sure, you bet. Oh yeah, yeah, you bet.

Paul: Mike had two great uncles; they were fabulous. His Uncle Harry [Mack] was a bachelor who didn't have any children, and he virtually adopted Michael and his brother Charlie [Mack]. He was very kind and generous to us. He sure was.

Michael: Boy, was he. Yeah. I went to a lot of places where people thought he was my dad, you know.

Paul: They were very close with Uncle Harry.

Michael: Well, my dad [Louis Mack] was always working and Harry seemed to have a lot of time off.

You told me a lot about the social things in John S. Park for young men. Tell me about your parents. What did they do for social, cultural type things?

Paul: Well, my parents were considerably older. They were old enough to be my grandparents. When I was born in 1938, my mother was forty-three and my father was fifty-two. I was an only child. So, by the time I got into seventh and eighth grade, my father was sixty years of age. My father was an outdoorsman, lived all of his early youth in the outdoors in Montana, and so he was a great fisherman. He loved to fish. He probably took Michael and I on about fourteen dozen fishing trips when we were boys, up to the little streams and creeks in Nye County and Lincoln County and White Pine County. We'd make about three or four or five trips each summer. Fishing trips, camping out, fishing, camping, camping, fishing. My father loved that. That's the greatest memory I have of my father. [Also] him in his shop pounding on something. He always had a cigar stuck in his mouth at all times. Pounding something in his shop.

Michael: He could gather a crowd of kids in there watching him do stuff. He was really good. He could make anything. And he could fix anything. I mean he was really good. He just made stuff out of like copper and different metals. He always had a project or two or three.

Paul: Going at all times, that's right. The kids would be hanging around there and every time he couldn't find a tool he'd say, Damn thieving Waldman brothers have been in here again. [Laughing]

Michael: I know. They never took anything.

Paul: The only reason he did that is because Bill Waldman was hanging around all the time.

Michael: Yeah, because he was a mechanical kid and he loved it.

Paul: Bill's a nuclear engineer now. Well, yes, he's an engineer but he retired from his actual vocation. His last position of thirty years was as a fire bomber, flying four-engine planes that would fly over forest fires and drop the fire retardant. That's what Bill did for thirty years. Oh, he's a fabulous character. Bill Waldman. He lives in New Mexico.

Tell me about the mothers in the neighborhood. Did the women get together and form any clubs or do anything like that?

Well, my mother was a den mother in Cub Scouts for a short period of time. Michael's mother was a den mother for a short period of time. We didn't spend a lot of time in Cub Scouts. Boy Scouts were big, and I belonged to a really great troop, the [Benevolent and Protective Order of] Elks Lodge troop. Our scoutmaster was Jim Roberts, one of the greatest men I've ever known in my life. We had a big troop.

Michael: I'll tell you what it was. It was really church-based back in those days. Everyone went to their own churches [and had] their own beliefs. That was where they spent a lot of their time, especially the women. The men had private men's clubs, like Elks and things like that, and the Masons and God knows whatever else that was out there. Yeah, service clubs like Lions and so on and so forth.

Paul: And the ladies' service clubs, the Mesquite Club and all those.

Michael: Yeah, like Mesquite, that was a real old service organization in town. They did a lot of charity work. And the [American] Red Cross. I remember during World War II, Red Cross was really huge in Vegas. Women were sewing stuff and doing things that were sent overseas, a lot of that stuff.

Paul: Kay [Katherine] Waldman, she worked at the Hudson dealership. Did your mother work?

Michael: No.

Paul: My mother didn't either. After I was born, she didn't work. She was a housekeeper and mother. My father was a developer, so she took care of all the books. She was the business end of the family.

Michael: My mom [Lucille Mack] did a lot of knitting, a lot of sewing. A lot of women sewed. A lot of the shirts and stuff that I wore, a lot of my clothes that I wore when I was kid were homemade.

Paul: Oh, my mother used to make shirts all the time.

Michael: It was really neat because she'd just come home with a little piece of material and say, Do you like this? Yeah. OK. I didn't care. She made my pajamas. She made everything.

Woman's Voice: No name brands. No Louis Vuitton or anything.

Paul: Louis Vuitton? Who's that?

Michael: I could tell you Buster Brown. [Laughter] I mean that was about the only thing I remember as a name brand.

So the church had a lot of influence?

Paul: Well, yes. In fact, I even have some numbers here. John S. Park. There was the "them" and the "us." The "us" were the Catholic kids, the Jewish kids, and the Protestant kids. The "them" were the Mormon kids. Very clannish, and a very large group. Correct me if I'm wrong on this, but I'm guessing 35, 40 percent.

Michael: I'd say half. Half would be Mormon, and then the other half was everybody else.

Paul: The rest: Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish kids. And it was "us" and "them."

But didn't you play and go to basketball games and everything on their church property?

Michael: A little bit. A little bit. You know, let me tell you. Oh, that was another thing people did. Las Vegas High School, all the sports activities, like for basketball, football, track and field, and baseball, attracted local crowds, and so everybody from all the neighborhoods in Vegas would go to the high school football games. I mean that was like a thing to do. And basketball didn't have as much seating, but it was full. The gyms were full. And what you were just saying: some of the churches had gyms. There was one downtown. There was a little indoor basketball gym there off of Bridger [Avenue] and Las Vegas Boulevard, right across from the Grammar School. The Mormon church right next to John S. Park [Elementary] School, they had outdoor basketball, a lot of courts over there, and we used to play there all the time.

Paul: Yes, we did. We'd sneak in. Well, when the gate was open, we'd go over there and play basketball, and we did. We logged a lot of hours there.

Michael: And I might say this. The Mormon Church is who brought in the Boy Scout movement into Southern Nevada.

Paul: They did, big time. Oh yes.

Michael: Absolutely. The First Ward also had a Boy Scout troop.

Paul: It was a clannish situation, especially in elementary school, grade school sports. If one or two of the better athletes were Mormons, they were the captains of the team and they would choose their Mormon buddies to the team. So it turned out to be an “us” and “them” proposition most of the time.

Michael: Yeah. Now we had a lot of Mormon kid friends, but our neighborhood wasn't loaded with them particularly, where we lived, because they tended to be over near the church areas.

Paul: When we got to high school, they stole our beer when we got in high school. [Laughter]

Michael: Yeah, it was never like you could go to bar and they were just crowding in. [Laughter]

Was John S. Park connected in any way to the Helldorado parades?

Paul: Well, the Helldorado was sponsored by the local Elks Lodge. Mike and I belonged to that Elks Lodge later on when we were young men in our twenties and thirties. But that was sponsored by the Elks Club, and it was strictly the Elks Club that ran the whole thing, but it was the entire community, and the second weekend in May of every year was it. We looked forward to Helldorado just about as equally as we looked forward to Christmas.

Michael: No kidding. It was just exciting. We'd count the days. Because not only did they have the parades, but they had the Children's Parade. At John S. Park School, I remember we used to put the playing cards on the bicycles to make them sound like motorcycles, and then we also put crepe paper around the spokes, and then the girls carried the flag. All the schools participated in that. I remember that.

Paul: Oh, and then at night we had the carnival. The carnival would come to town, all the carnival attractions, and the Ferris wheel and what have you. That was wonderful.

Michael: And the skating. There was roller-skating.

So did you walk back and forth to the Helldorado events?

Paul: Well, by this time we had bicycles.

Michael: As a kid, I saw every Helldorado parade, up until I was probably sixteen. Maybe at sixteen it tailed off a little bit. Once you were grown up a little bit, it wasn't as [exciting]. A lot of the girls in the high school were on the floats, so you'd go to see them.

What about the Beauty Parade?

Paul: That was the Sunday parade. And the hotels would go all out, and they would build floats that would rival what you'd see in the Rose Parade. They were fabulous! They were not made out of flowers, but they were beautiful things.

Michael: Yeah, they spent a lot of money on them.

Paul: In fact, it became competitive among the hotels who could spend the most and build the most elaborate floats. And naturally all of the high school girls who owned a bathing suit, they would get to ride on the floats. It was the whole town. And then every man in Clark County who owned a horse, he had horse and himself in the parades. The Old-Timers' Parade, they called it. That was the Western parade. The Kiddies' Parade, the Old-Timers' Parade, and the Beauty Parade.

Did you have any businesses right around John S. Park at the time? Now we have Luv's and there was Myers Supermarket. No little businesses like that?

Michael: No. Actually the closest thing was the Huntridge Theater. You'd have to go up to Fifth Street, Las Vegas Boulevard, in order to find businesses, or anything to buy.

Paul: There was a few things on Charleston [Boulevard].

Michael: What's on Tenth and Charleston now, that goes from Tenth and Charleston down to Maryland Parkway, those stores were not there. None of that stuff was there.

Paul: You had to get in your car and drive to go shopping for groceries.

What about the wedding chapels? Were there any in the area at that time?

Michael: It would have to be on Las Vegas Boulevard, if there were any, or out on the Strip they had one.

Paul: Wee Kirk o' the Heather Wedding Chapel.

Michael: And the old frontier one that they had.

Paul: Yes, yes, oh yes, that was a landmark, the Frontier [Little Church of the West] Wedding Chapel.

Tell me about the political thoughts in the community. I know that you have a lot of Mormons and they are sometimes more conservative, but what was John S. Park like as a political community? For instance, now, people will get up in arms and they'll protect the community against infringements from the Stratosphere [Hotel and Casino] and things like that. Do you remember any political movements?

Michael: No, we had none. I can tell you, this is how it usually worked. Out at the Last Frontier Village, which was by the way another place that was fun to go to when we were kids, and the actual hotels themselves because, Paul, remember, we used to go

swimming at the hotels, at the different pools and stuff. But politically, actually some of us would work on some campaigns. We didn't know who the people were [that] we were working for. We had no idea. Someone down the street would say, We're getting out the vote for So-and-so. OK, you want to help? And it was fun. They'd take the kids to lunch or take them out to the Frontier Village and give them tickets to go on the stuff, and we just helped. We'd take signs and put them in the ground, or post them up on different things all over town, and we did that for fun. We didn't know who these people were at the time, no. And my parents weren't politically active in any way. [Former Governor and U.S. Senator] Richard Bryan, that's a different story because Richard was involved in politics from about eighth grade, because he was the eighth-grade class president, and then he was freshman class president, and so he got kind of into the politics through high school, and then college. I mean but most of us really didn't know what was going on in Nevada politics really. The only thing we ever had contact with was in high school we had a government class that was required that we had to take, and we had to go sit in the courts and check it out and spend so much time in the courtrooms, and then we had our own little courts, our own school courts, too.

Paul: You were fortunate. You had a great government teacher, Mrs. Jones.

Michael: Oh, she had left when you were there? Her husband was killed.

Paul: Yes. I was stuck with Ray Johns. Ray was a slow-talking, slow-thinking man.

Michael: And slow at catching cheaters, too. He had no idea how many people were cheating. I mean people opened their books during class because he was snoozing. I mean it was like during tests. [Laughter] He never caught anybody, didn't care.

But you know, we learned history from the beginning. That was the other thing. We had *Weekly Readers* in school, and we got *Reader's Digest* in school. You would take so much money to school and you'd get your *Reader's Digest*. And so we read *Reader's Digest*. We were good readers. That's how we developed as readers. And we had the *Weekly Reader*, so we knew politics. We knew who the presidents were. We knew all about that. We knew what was going on during the war. We saw the newsreels in the movie theaters, so we knew stuff. We knew stuff. Today kids don't know anything. They don't teach back that far. I don't even know if they teach World War II in schools. They probably tell you a little bit about it, maybe World War I a little bit, but they really can't get the mental picture that we have, growing up in those years, and how tough it was. They had no idea.

By the way, the other thing is, talking about that, you and I had talked about the Westside of Vegas where black people lived.

Paul: We did not have one black kid at John S. Park [Elementary School].

Michael: No, never had one black child at John S. Park that I can remember.

Paul: Maybe one or two Orientals. I don't even remember that.

Michael: I don't either. But high school was a different story. We didn't have an integrated high school or anything. I should say we were integrated. The whole school was integrated and so we developed friendships in high school. We didn't have any animosities and stuff like that in high school that I can remember.

Paul: No. If you wanted to have a good football team, you had to have black kids on there, black players.

Michael: Yeah. But it was like in your classrooms, I mean I remember some of the kids hung out with us and were drinking with us at different times, and it was like, if they wanted to risk it from a standpoint of getting caught, you know. But it was fun. I mean we were in a different world.

So you didn't see any different treatment in the black kids.

Paul: We had no contact with racial minorities until we got to high school, and then it was a single high school. You're sitting next to a black kid here and an Oriental kid here. What the hell. What's the difference? And the black kid, he's a state champion running back. Or he's the center on the basketball team. So he's a hero.

Michael: Yeah, but not all the black kids were like that. A lot of them that I remember were really funny. Some of them were in the acting classes. They were taking part in all the different clubs and stuff.

Paul: But tell her about our own floats, getting back to parades, our high school, every year we had our homecoming.

Paul: Yes, the different school clubs of Las Vegas High School would build a float for the homecoming parade. Michael and I were in the Chemistry Club. The Chemistry Club built a float. We got some old jalopy car—Herb Waldman probably gave us a car or something—a four-dollar car, and we built this float around it. The parade went downtown first and then it came to Las Vegas High.

Michael: It went around the track. But the construction of it was the important part. It had wood frames. It was overbuilt with wood. We had two-by-fours here, there, and everywhere, being held together by nothing much. And then we had a lot of chicken wire, covered it with chicken wire, and then we stuffed every-colored napkins in the chicken

wire. That was what made the float look really neat. So that's what the Chemistry Club float was anyway. I mean everybody had their own floats. To tell you the truth, I can't remember any of the other ones, really. I have pictures of them in my yearbook. But the Chemistry Club one is the famous one.

So did someone ride on it?

Paul: We made it through Fremont Street and got back over to Las Vegas High School, got into the football stadium, Butcher Field, and all the floats would make the curve around the field. We got halfway through and our float caught on fire. [Laughter] Fire! And I'm right in the middle and I say, Hey, we're evacuating. There were three or four kids on the inside and finally we work our way out and we're cutting through chicken wire. We all got out; nobody was hurt. The damn thing caught on fire.

Tell me what the two of you did for your careers after high school.

Paul: Well, Mike went to college at USC. You take it from there, Mike.

OK, you told me about USC and what that was like, so I have that. So what did you do, Mr. Huffey?

Well, first, this was in the era of universal military training. Every young man, if he had two arms, two legs, and a head, he was eligible for the draft at age eighteen, and some got drafted and some didn't. You could get college deferments, but you always had that military hanging over you, the cloud, the sword of Damocles hanging over you. You had to do something military. So just about half of the boys—maybe that's an exaggeration, a third or maybe 40 percent of the boys at Las Vegas High—made some sort of a movement toward something to satisfy this ultimate responsibility for the military, and I did. In those days, you could join the [United States] Army Reserve at age eighteen, and I

did. I joined the Army Reserve. This was an eight-year obligation, six months' active duty followed by seven-and-a-half years of reserve. So right out of high school—I graduated from Vegas High [on] May 30th [1956]—I was at Fort Ord [California] ten days later, June 10th, and spent six months there at Fort Ord, California and got out.

By this time, half of my class who did go on to college had completed their first semester of college, so I started college in January of '57 at the University of Nevada, Reno [UNR] I spent my four-and-a-half years of college in Reno. I had a glorious time there, too. High school and college, those eight years, I mean that was what life was all about. That was it. That was it! Life was great! Then you became an adult, and then you had to get a job and work, and then you got a wife, then you got kids, and then you got responsibility and all the fun ended. [Laughter]

[Laughing] I don't think the fun ever ended for you.

The fun never ended, no.

Michael: Paul became a history teacher.

Paul: Yeah, I was a history teacher. I taught school at Basic High in Henderson for nine years. I was a great teacher. I really was. Payday was the only reason I quit.

Michael: I remember, I used to go places with Paul, we'd go out, and we'd be in a bar, and here's the kids coming in with fake IDs: Hi, Mr. Huffey. Don't tell anybody I'm in a bar. Hi, Mr. Huffey. [Laughter] I mean they all liked him.

Paul: Years ago, I was trying to get in the same bar.

[Laughing] And you remember that.

Sure. Heck, yes.

What was it about John S. Park that so many kids came out of there and became so successful?

I don't know if it was in the water or what. Yes. Well, you see, certainly socio-economically the southeast area of Las Vegas was the middle-upper middle class, and there was quite a number of professional people who lived in the area, so naturally being in the professions they had college educations, and they encouraged their kids to go on to school and they encouraged their kids to study in school.

Michael: I think a lot of them were actual business owners. There was an upper class in Vegas, but it was on the west side.

Paul: A pocket in the west.

Michael: A pocket of the west there, and that's where the bigger homes were and stuff.

Paul: Rancho Circle. That's where the mansions were.

Michael: Oh yeah, Rancho Circle, but even off of West Charleston and Bonanza Road. There were a lot of big homes in the Bonanza area, and the west side. For example, when you go under the underpass on Bonanza, the first, I would say, mile, or half-mile, three-quarters of the mile, that was the old Las Vegas. Many original homes were there. That was like the original town site over there, and that was the oldest part, and that was the tendency where people who had less money would live. And so, when the black people were in town, that was the place they chose to live. They could live anywhere they wanted. I never remember an incident where any black person would move into a neighborhood and there was all these people trying to chase him out, you know. And we didn't have anything like block-busting or the things that they had in the South and

everywhere else in the country. It was just a natural flow of integration. Unfortunately, the hotels were really on the wrong side of those rules, which we hated. I mean let's face it, who was running that was the Mafia. In those days, most of the hotels had Mafia connections, and that's what they wanted, and that's what they got. I mean that was really the problem.

Did you see any connection between the hotel industry and John S. Park, any connection whatsoever?

Paul: No.

Michael: Not really.

Not a lot of people there worked in the hotels?

Paul: OK, yes, I mean certainly some of the dads worked in the [hotels].

Michael: They may have worked in there, but [they were] not owners. No owners, or even high management positions at that time.

Paul: The railroad was a big influence in the town.

Michael: Oh yeah, that's a good point, Paul.

Well, tell me about the railroad.

Paul: Well, it was the reason Las Vegas was here, because [the city] was built by the railroad company.

Michael: It was a water stop because they were running steam engines. The deal with the railroads was that we had a lot of families connected to the railroads, and they lived in a portion of the downtown, right downtown, across from Main Street to Fifth Street, and from Fremont to Charleston. Lots of railroad families lived there.

So those were those little houses and a few of them are still there?

Yes. Yes. They had a lot of those. In fact, George Yamamoto, a really good friend of mine after high school (played against him in basketball in high school, but didn't know him; he was really a good little basketball player), and his family, they didn't put the Japanese in internment camps. Vegas was out of the coastal area, so the Japanese families in Las Vegas were so-called "lucky," you know, to be in Vegas, and so they integrated very well in the community. Many of them were businessmen and some of them grew crops. Outside of town they had these little farms.

But the railroad families themselves were an economic factor because they bought things and, you know, they were workers. And once they started passenger trains, the railroad was a big factor for Las Vegas.

Paul: Actually, it was a railroad town really until the building of Hoover Dam. And there was the gambling halls. Gambling was legalized in 1931 and there were the gambling clubs on Fremont Street. The first clubs on what is now the Strip were the old-timers, the El Rancho [Vegas Hotel and Casino] and the Last Frontier [Hotel and Casino]. Then it grew from there. But Las Vegas was first and foremost a railroad town. And then there was the construction of the dam and this was a big influence on the town. World War II and the airbase was out here. Basic Magnesium [Incorporated, or BMI] and the workers there. Then after the war is when gaming and tourism kicked in. You could probably say 1945-46 was the beginning of the beginning for Las Vegas as a tourist attraction, a place to go.

Was there an influence from the Nevada Test Site [NTS] as well?

Michael: Yeah, that was in the Fifties. They had high-paying jobs out there, so a lot of Las Vegas people went to work out there. But most employees had to have a degree.

Paul: Oh yes, you had to have an engineering degree [to work] out there.

Michael: They had a lot of construction workers who just did various things because they built a lot of stuff out there.

Getting back to John S. Park, I have a theory on why so many people did good out of there, because it was mostly mothers at home. Mothers at home. There were so few women that worked in Las Vegas, period. I mean, yes, there were cocktail waitresses and food waitresses and managers and female store owners and female workers in the stores and all that, but usually most of them were not young mothers. In our neighborhood, I know of two mothers that worked—there might have been more—right on our street: Richard Sutton's mother helped her husband who was a cashier at the Pioneer Club. They had this cigarette vending machine route, and so the mother helped prepare the cigarettes and stamped them and all the kids helped. The other thing was, Mrs. Waldman taught piano, and curiously enough, none of her kids had any talent. Herb tried to play the trombone, and that's as close as they got. I think I blew it as much as he did. I'd go over there every time and blow it and they'd say, Shut up! or, Stop that noise! So no one liked his trombone. Even his parents I don't think liked it.

Paul: Herb Senior was the Hudson dealer, and Kitty, his wife (Katherine), she ran the business end of the dealership and Herb sold the cars and supervised the mechanics. So yes, she worked. My mother never worked. You got to understand, there was a cultural thing that it was a mom-and-pop life; it was an Ozzie-and-Harriet life. Dad would get up and he'd go to work in the morning, and Mom, she had the one or two or three kids, and she was a housewife. Her first job was wife and her second job was mother or vice versa, and raising those kids, and she was in the home. The only women

who worked were women who did not have children, or whose children were grown and gone. But a working woman, unless she was a professional, this was kind of a stratification thing. You're on half-a-level below.

Michael: You know, there was something else. If you remember the parents and the disciplinary things that they did with their kids, except for the Waldman family, most kids had a pretty long leash. The Waldman family kids had a very short leash.

Paul: They had to.

Michael: Yeah. But the teachers were another factor, and I'm going to tell you why. They were all disciplinarians. Every teacher. There was no easygoing, OK-get-away-with-it. Even the teachers that he loved, his favorite teachers, they didn't put up with any kind of stuff with the kids. Not like today or anything. And that had a lot to [do with it]. And the kids learned their lessons or they did not get advanced.

Paul: Corporal punishment! We had corporal punishment!

Michael: Absolutely. Absolutely. That paddle at the office—

Paul: Got a workout.

Michael: Or you stayed after class, or you cleaned erasers for hours, I mean all the kinds of things that you had to do that no one wanted to do. And the parents got notified. And that was the difference. I mean there was a definite [relationship]. And they had PTA [Parent-Teacher Association]. Very strong.

And the mothers were part of that?

Michael: Oh yes. You bet they were.

Paul: Oh absolutely. They were.

Michael: You bet they were. And you'd have conferences. The teacher would call my mom over [and] tell her how I was doing in class. You'd have the regular meetings with parents and the teachers. They had it. So that was another thing that [contributed to our success]. I think there's a lot of reasons. Now I don't know. They probably did that at Fifth Street School, I'm guessing, you know, maybe North Ninth [Street] too. I have no idea. Mayfair, you know, there was that [school]. There was only about a half-a-dozen grade schools feeding into Vegas High.

What are some of the changes that you noticed over the years in John S. Park? You guys were there awfully early. So, by the time you left to go to college, what kind of changes had you noticed in the neighborhood?

Paul: Not much in the neighborhood.

Michael: No, no, it didn't change at all. They were just newer homes when we were there. The homes on Park Paseo where Paul lived, generally, were older than some of the Huntridge homes were, because they had been there maybe in the late Thirties, some of those homes built then.

Paul: The Huntridge development, wasn't it 1940?

Michael: Forty-two was the first house. That's when we moved in.

Paul: Then everything kind of blossomed out from there. I don't think that there was a house in Park Paseo that was prior to World War II, '45-'46.

Michael: No, I don't think so. Probably not. Well, there might've been, maybe.

Paul: Mrs. [Mary] Dutton's farm.

Michael: But, gee whiz, Paul, the lots sure filled in fast.

Paul: Sure, they did.

Michael: There were a couple of lots, well, you know, down on Eighth Street, on Eighth Place, I guess it was.

Paul: Yeah, there were a couple of vacant lots there.

Michael: We knew a lot of kids on that street, too.

Paul: There were big lots across the street on Park Paseo. And then Grandma Wiener built there.

Michael: Yeah. That's right.

So, you've told me a lot of things that you loved about this neighborhood. What did you dislike about the early John S. Park Neighborhood?

Paul: Nothing.

Michael: Nothing. Nothing. I can tell you, we were all in a habit. There was like ten years there, or fifteen years, during our growing-up period there where nothing changed. There was no crime. The only crime happened around Halloween, the real bad things. I mean those were the pranks, yes. Actually Vegas didn't have a lot of crime when we were growing up. Even in later years, even after I came back from college and I was living here, there wasn't a whole lot of crime in town. Once Howard Hughes came in, things changed. Everything seemed to change when it went corporate.

Paul: I should've dug into one of my old storybooks and pulled out my eighth-grade graduation picture. I could've then cued myself in on those individual kids and remembered something about each kid.

The hormones didn't start to really kick in until we got to be twelve, thirteen, just like all the rest of the world. Then we discovered girls. Girls are good, yeah. Girls were nice. Girls were different. I had about two or three girls that I dated, had more than two

dates with, in high school. Mike did, too. Then we started to bring the girls into the groups.

Michael: Oh yeah. A lot of them were no longer like wishes. Like, you know, you'd say, Oh God, who knows where this is going to go? But then all of a sudden, it became a friendship. So we ended up with lots of girls as friends.

Paul: Sandra D'Amato, Evelyn Bruce. Those two, they were buddies, we all knew them, they knew us, we were at their houses, they were at our houses, and we grew up together.

Michael: There was a bunch. I mean, geez, even going down Tenth Street, which I thought was a prolific street for girls, I mean that was a great street. [Laughing]

Paul: It was a great street. Pat [Patty Ann] Tenney. Barbara Deer. Oh, Barbara Deer! Your heart would race when she walked by. She was drop-dead gorgeous. She was.

Michael: Oh my gosh, yeah. It was just amazing. There were some decent gals living around. The Jolleys lived over by us.

Paul: The Jolleys, yes, Denise Jolley. Richard's sister Sherry [Sutton]. Yeah, yeah, Big Sherry.

Michael: You know, it was funny, though. John Gibson had sisters, but I was never interested in any of them.

Paul: They were kind of a team of Clydesdales, as I recall. It's a coincidence, though, that Michael mentioned John Gibson. John was in Michael's class and John had his second or third retirement from the engineering outfit he worked for, about two or three weeks ago, so all the living Gibsons were there. John's younger sister Linda was the best-looking one. In fact, she was master of ceremonies for the whole thing. One of our

teachers in high school, Jenny Gibson, was really a nice lady in high school, very nice lady. The poor thing was in a wheelchair, weighed about four hundred pounds.

Michael: I got to blow your mind. I went on a ski trip to Bryan Head, and there was three of us, and we went to pick up the last guy, the fourth guy, and they said, Michael, he's about your age, because these other guys were about ten years younger than me, and he said, He's about your age, and I think he went to high school in Henderson, and I said, Oh, really. OK. So anyway, I met him and we got to know each other and he says, Your name is familiar to me, and I said, Yeah, yours is, too.

How long have you lived in Henderson?

All my life.

I said, Really!

He says, Yeah, pretty much. Father was a dam worker.

I said, Wow, and what year did you graduate Basic?

He says, Fifty-five.

I said, Wow, that's when I graduated Vegas High. That's interesting. Did you know Norm Craft?

He says, Norm Craft is one of my best friends. He married Nancy Craft, who was in my class at Vegas High.

I said, Holy mackerel, what about Rod Blue?

He said, Oh yeah, I was a real good of Rod Blue's.

And I said, Whoa! This is getting very interesting.

So on that whole trip, all we did was talk about the old days and who we knew and what we knew. It was so fun! We had a great time, and we talked about what it was

like then. As George Bergen said at my high school class's fortieth-year reunion, it was a very magical time in history, in a magical town.

Paul: It was. Those were the good years, the really, really good years. America was not fighting any wars, there was prosperity everywhere, and there was employment everywhere. There was no such thing as unemployment. Vegas was good. We had the Strip. We didn't pay any attention to it. If your father was not in gaming, we didn't pay any attention to it. The absolute best thing about the Las Vegas Strip was Michael Mack's uncles [Harry and Nate Mack]. They had credit cards at the hotels, which allowed us to go and swim at the hotel pools. Oh my God, we logged a thousand hours in those hotel pools.

Michael: I had told Claytee about some of our experiences at the Flamingo [Hotel and Casino] pool.

Paul: Yes, oh yes. We'd hide cigars in the fire extinguishers, so we knew where they were and maybe go get a cigar, have a smoke. [Laughter] Did you tell Claytee about Steits?

Michael: Yes, I did.

Paul: That was a junction incident in our lives.

Michael: Yes, it was. It was definitely a life-changing incident.

Paul: Don Fennell and Mike Bell said to Joe Bare, Joe, what is that Steit's stuff over in the corner there in the warehouse, those little tiny cans?

He said, Aw, that's some crap that some salesman sold me. I got about ten thousand cans of that stuff over in the corner. Couldn't sell any of it.

Well, Joe, you mind if we take a can or two?

No, I don't care. Just don't get caught.

Joe would leave work, the secretary would leave work, and Don and Mike would lock up and we'd open up the back door and we'd drive our cars up, inside, load the trunks of our cars with this gut-stein. It was a malt beverage. Tasted terrible! You'd pour it in a glass and it was a shade of chartreuse, a chartreuse green. But, it had one thing that Coca-Cola didn't have: alcohol. About 5 or 6 percent alcohol, and free. Free beer. What more could a high-school boy ever ask for than a free beer? And we took it out to the sand dunes near Sierra Vista, near what is now just south of the Las Vegas Convention Center, and we'd bury our stash in the sand dunes. We'd go out there on Friday night, pick up a couple of cases, cool it down, and drink our beer. Saturday afternoon, we were driving out there to go get some. What the hell is this? Whoa, what's going on here? Big tractor-trailer, a Caterpillar tractor is [there].

Michael: This is when we were in college. And we said, Hey, let's go over and check out [the sand dunes]. Let's see if we can dig up something. Let's see if there's any of that left. So we went out there, and we had to call everybody up. You can't believe what they're doing! They're building something.

Paul: A Caterpillar tractor is there. They are tearing the whole thing up and they buried our buried beer. That was the end of it. [Laughter]

Michael: Oh my God. That was so funny.

Paul: It was made by a little brewery in the Midwest, St. Louis [Missouri] or someplace in there, and it was just terrible. Joe Bare said, I couldn't sell any of it.

Michael: How about when we found the bottles? Remember, they were worse, the bottles.

Paul: I don't remember the bottles. All I can remember is those little cans.

Michael: Well, you know why you don't remember the bottles, is because we went and got a case of bottles, and we iced them up, and we took them out, and we started drinking them, and I had two of them, and I got sick, and I never, ever, ever got sick, and I never really got super-drunk either, because I could always drive. And I was extremely cautious driving, and I'll tell you this: to this day, if I've had something to drink and there's a cop somewhere around, I'm sober instantly. I mean it's just instant. I have gone through checkpoints, absolute checkpoints, and got through them because I just talk just normal. I can act sober anytime I want to. But I don't drink like I used to. Hey, when I went to college, I was rushing a fraternity and going from one fraternity to another and I'm seeing all these high-school kids coming out drinking beer, getting stupid drunk and everything, and I'm thinking, Oh God, my heavy drinking days are over, they're in the past, and it's true. It was like that. I think we did more drinking in high school than ever after that.

Paul: There was very little drinking in my house. My father would buy a six-pack of beer and it would last him about a month. My mother never touched anything. She kept bottles poured around and when somebody would come over and she thought that she should pour something in a wineglass for dinner, that was it. So we didn't have anything to drink in my house. And then at age sixteen, seventeen, when we got glutsteidt, that was the right-angle turn of our lives. And this stuff was terrible. It was bad! It was bad! But it was alcohol! And it was free! Free beer! That was the answer to a teenage boy's prayer! That was almost as good as sex. We didn't know about sex. We just knew about beer. [Laughter]

So, to end this (I love this; this has been wonderful), when you think about it now, when you think about John S. Park, what does that community mean to you?

To me, it was growing up in middle-class, white-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant Americana. I wasn't a Protestant, I was Catholic, but it was just the middle of the middle of the middle. And it was life as it's portrayed on television today of the 1950s. It was an Ozzie-and-Harriet life. It was middle-class Americana. That's what it meant to me.

Michael: The thing about it, too, is like for example, being Jewish, there was no anti-Semitism. There just wasn't any in town. Nothing that I ever knew or my folks knew. Just wasn't. I mean it was amazing. By the way, when I drive through the John S. Park Neighborhood today, and I look back and I can visualize, actually, the grapevines that were there when I first saw it, when I was living on Tenth Street and used to walk through the Waldmans' to get there.

Paul: That's right. Mrs. Dutton's farm.

Michael: It's amazing how it's deteriorated now, especially where we used to live.

Paul: Yes, oh yes, it has.

Michael: The pride of ownership [is not there]. There are some homes that have it but most don't.

Paul: Junk! Junk.

Michael: Paul's old house, I'm just so surprised. I drove by there just to check out the concrete fence with our initials in it, and I looked at that. The fence is still there, but boy, it's a mess, that yard.

Paul: Dilapidated.

Michael: And where I used to live, the house isn't too bad, the one I lived in, but next door, the Porters' house, you can't even see the house.

Paul: No, you can't. It's a jungle, a veritable jungle.

Michael: You should drive by Park Paseo and go to 823, or like the 800-block, and you look at this house. It's the third house from the corner of Eighth Street when you first pull in off of Charleston, and it backs up to Charleston. The corner house was Robert Gordon's house. Robert Gordon owned that house. That was one of the newer homes built there, a beautiful home, the guy had a lot of money, took down our favorite walnut tree. There was a big old walnut tree there. We used to like to climb it. They built that house, and then next to it was the Hollers'. What did Mr. Holler do? I know Mrs. Holler was a golfer.

Paul: He was a dealer.

Michael: He was a dealer. And next to him, the Porters [Burdell and Ina Porter]; we had a Greyhound bus driver, and his wife didn't work. The Porters were Mormon. We shared a yard with them, I mean our fence, and we had these grapevines and they had the grapevines, so we shared those equally. The Porters were very nice people. In fact, the mom [Ina] taught my youngest son Kevin one year in grade school.

Paul: Ina Porter. Nice lady.

Michael: Yes. A very nice family. Excellent family. The kids were very well-mannered.

Paul: They really were.

Michael: But the house today obviously isn't in the Porters' hands. But you drive there and you can't see that house for all of that growth. It's like a jungle. I mean you

look at it and you go, My God, what is that? You go down Ninth Street and, oh my God, there are so many of them [that] just look bad, and they used to look so good. Everyone used to be out doing things to their homes. The Edwardses. Remember how nice they kept the house?

Paul: Sure. Oh yes.

Michael: We knew a lot of the homes that had kids that were older than us. The Edwardses, they had kids. Actually Moe Sedway, his brother lived there, and he had two sons, and they both became professionals. The Matuses were there next to the Waldmans, and they had two boys who both played football. They were older than us, quite a bit. (There were a lot of kids we didn't mention. He's just mentioning some kids that we hung out with in our neighborhood.) One of them became a lawyer, and one of the Waldman boys became a lawyer. I mean, yeah, there was a lot of professionals [that] came out of John S. Park.

Paul: Mike was fortunate, very, very fortunate. He lived next door to the most beautiful girl in the neighborhood. She was Miss Nevada. Earlene Whitt. Oh God, was she drop-dead gorgeous. Six feet tall.

Michael: Oh, I thought you were talking about another one. How about living on Tenth Street next to Tudor Share's house and his little lady friend there. She was also a striking beauty. Didn't wear clothes when she sunbathed. [Laughing]

Paul: The Porters had about five or six kids: the two boys, David and Dan, then they had a couple [or] three girls. Mrs. Porter came over and knocked on our door, walked in, and Ina Porter said to my mother, Mrs. Huffey, I know that you have this nice little spinet piano here, and I know that you gave Paul piano lessons, and that he went

from bad to worse and worse to nonexistent. The only thing he ever learned how to play was the phonograph and the radio. And you have this nice piano here.

My mother had purchased it from my Aunt Florence. And so we had that piano sitting in the house there at 818 Park Paseo. My mother didn't play the piano, my father didn't play the piano, and I sure the hell didn't play the piano. So it just sat there gathering dust, and Mrs. Porter said, Mrs. Huffey, would you sell me that piano? I'd really like my daughter Joan [to learn to play]. I think she has some musical talent, and I'd like her to learn the piano, and we don't have a piano. Would you sell me that piano? And my mother said, Absolutely! At the time, it was worth probably about four hundred dollars.

Mrs. Porter said, How much do you want for it?

My mother said, Well, let me call around and see what it's worth, and she did, and she got back to her and she said, I'm told it's about a four-hundred-dollar piece of equipment.

Mrs. Porter said, Well, I can't afford to pay four hundred cash. I can pay you a hundred now, and it'll probably be about fifteen weeks until I get it paid off.

My mother said, Sure! And so they shook hands, and the Porters came over and got the piano and took it across the street, and Joan learned how to play. Boy, did Joan learn how to play. She ended up at BYU [Brigham Young University] on a music scholarship, and the last time I heard, she was a concert pianist with the Vienna Philharmonic. Yes.

Mrs. Porter didn't tell me that. I interviewed Ina Porter.

Michael: You did! What did she say about me? [Laughter]

I'm not going to tell.

Did she ever say anything about the Christmas tree lights where I took out a bulb and the whole house went dark? I was the only one who knew where the bulb was, where it went. And Mr. Porter came over and said, Please, Michael, can you find the bulb for me? I've been looking all day for it. And I said, Sure. So I put it in for him. [Laughter] It took about twenty-four hours for that thing to end. And then I blew their mailbox lid off, outside their house. Remember that?

Paul: Michael was into demolition.

Matthew: I had a two-inch pipe, which was really a piece of dynamite in a way. We didn't know that. I dropped it down their mailbox one morning, and it blew out. They hadn't taken their mail out of the box, and it blew papers and stuff out into their living room. Scared the crap out of everybody.

Paul: Did you tell Claytee about your time in detonation and the dynamite? In those days, the Boy Scout magazine was called *Boys' Life*, and every fireworks manufacturer in North America advertised in *Boys' Life*.

Mike's Uncle Harry was generous to a fault with Michael. All Mike had to say to Harry was, Hey Uncle Harry, could you advance me a few dollars to buy this? Oh yes, yes, here's the money.

So Michael would order these fireworks, and they would come in, and the railway express would call and [say], Your case of dynamite is here. It was a giant big wooden case. Herb Waldman probably donated a Hudson pickup, and Mike would go down and pick up [the case].

Michael: We went down one year to get them, and the guy put them in the trunk of the car and I had to use rope to hold it in because it was sticking out the back.

Paul: Then Mike got home and he unpacked it, and he'd set up shop in his garage. He had a display of all of these fireworks, and then he sent the word out: The store is open. [Laughter] Every kid within ten miles was over there buying fireworks from Mike. He was the local distributor. There were no laws against it in those days. Hell no! Anybody could [sell them]. And oh, Mike was Mr. Demolition, Mr. Dynamite.

Michael: Billy Waldman and I made these rifles with those pipes. It was pretty interesting. And your dad didn't know why he was drilling holes in those caps. He didn't have any idea why he was [doing that]. Mr. Huffey, can we use your drill press? No, I'll do it. What do you need done? A little hole about so big. That big? Yeah, OK. No, a little bit bigger. OK. And he drilled like four of those for us. Two we made into rifles and two we made into pistols.

Paul: What we did, it was threaded, so we'd put a cap on that, and then there was the hole for the fuse, loaded with our homemade gunpowder (we knew how to make gunpowder).

Michael: Oh no, but we just used those two-inchers. Gunpowder was another whole story. We made gunpowder, yeah.

Paul: We'd take a piece of wood and carve it into a stock, and we taped that onto the [pipe]. These were our homemade rifles. You name it. If a boy could have done it, we did it!

Michael: That was fun. We had a lot of fun with that stuff, God, yes.

Paul: Also, there was another life juncture for Michael and myself both. Every boy over six, seven years of age knew how to ride a bicycle [and] had a bicycle. Nevada passed a law that you could get a driver's license for a motor scooter at age fourteen. You know what a motor scooter is. Well, in those days there was a company called the Cushman [Motor Works] of Lincoln, Nebraska. They were the largest manufacturer of motor scooters in the country, in the world for that matter, until Vespas and the Italians came in. But anyway, prior to World War II, Cushman was it.

And then Cushman made a little scooter for Sears and Roebuck and they called it an All-State. Well, the day Michael turned fourteen, Uncle Harry bought Michael an All-State motor scooter. Michael instantaneously became the most popular kid in the whole block. I wanted a motor scooter so bad, oh, I mean I cried. I dreamt of a motor scooter. And there's Mike across the street: Hi Paul, zzzzzzz. [Laughter] I'm a year younger, mind you, so I couldn't get a license and I didn't have a scooter, and I was so envious. Oh, I was just green with envy!

Well finally I matured a year and I'm fourteen, and I borrowed somebody's motor scooter to go get a license and I got the license, and I said, Mom, Dad, I want a motor scooter. OK. My father answered me the way he always answered me: No. [Laughter] And my mother answered me the way she always answered me: Yes.

I could tell this story from now until Thursday night. There was a brand called a Powell, and it was hard to get Powells, and I finally located a Powell. There was a kid who lived about twenty blocks away. He had a Powell. It was really a neat machine. But it got burned up and sent away. And then finally there was a fellow in town who had kind of the Powell agency. He could get one. So he got a Powell and called me up and said,

Here it is. It's fifty, seventy, eighty bucks, whatever it was. I came out and got it, and had a hell of a time getting it started, and finally got it started and got it home. It was an ugly-looking thing. The kid who had had a Powell came over and took a look at it and he says, There are fourteen little holes underneath this particular slide here. I'll bet there are fourteen little holes there.

I said, How do you know that?

He said, This is my old one that burnt up.

Sure enough it was. Oh, it was a piece of crap! And that lasted about two months because it wouldn't run. I couldn't get it started. I almost put my leg in a cast just from kicking on it: kick-start, kick-start, kick-start, kick-start, kick-start. And I finally I said, I can't do it anymore. Mom said, OK, what else is new?

There was another brand of motor scooter called Mustang. This was the Rolls-Royce, this was the Cadillac of motor scooters. So I ended up on a Mustang. So Mike had his All-State and I had my Mustang, and this gave us mobility, and this was really an important juncture in our lives, giving us mobility. I mean you could ride six, seven, eight, ten blocks on a bicycle, but you could ride fifty, sixty miles on a motor scooter! We would go out in the desert, we'd go out to the lake, we'd go up to Mount Charleston, we go all over on these motor scooters.

You guys went to Mount Charleston?

Not often.

Michael: No. That was fun. We'd go to Mount Charleston all right. Paul could go all the way up with his. He had a big motor on that thing, and he had way more horsepower than we had.

Paul: Mike had five horsepower; I had ten horsepower.

Michael: And I could get about halfway up there. And it would be no big deal, because it was just an adventure. In those days we were just kids, fooling around. But you could go all the way out to Henderson and back. Coming back was uphill, so you wouldn't go as fast, and I had to stop and let mine cool off for a while because you'd get overheated. But you could tell it when it would, and so you'd just stop, you know, let it cool off.

Paul: It started to make unusual noises.

Michael: But anyway, we had fun. We had a kick in the butt.

Paul: For those two years, we drove the motor scooters, ages fourteen and fifteen.

Michael: I already told her the story of your Powell at the Flamingo Hotel.

Paul: [Laughing] Denise Darcell. Oh boy, yes indeed, OK. We had [a] great adolescence: great elementary, great high school. It really was. Those were the glorious years.

Michael: I got rid of my motor scooter. One of my real good buddies had an accident. Jimmy Pickerell, a freshman in high school, hit a Model-A head-on on Main Street and died. And I immediately put my motor scooter up for sale. I just didn't want to ride it anymore. I couldn't do it. It was fun up until then.

Paul: In the motorcycle days, then I hear you started to pal around heavily with Butch Pebble. Butch was really into motorcycles.

Michael: Oh, he was big-time into them, yeah.

Paul: Butch and Delores were in town about three or four days ago. We went out to supper.

Michael: Oh. He's doing OK?

Paul: Yeah, he's doing great.

Michael: Wonderful.

So do you think John Gibson is a person that I should interview?

Paul: You know, it would be interesting.

Michael: I would sure like to know what his take is.

Paul: I don't know about the girls that were there.

Michael: Because see, here's the thing. I don't think John had any fun in high school, much. He played on the baseball team. The reason I'm saying that, I'm trying to think who you could interview that was in our age group. Norman Schultz would have been a really good one. He died. Because he had a motor scooter when he was like twelve, and the reason he did is he lived out near the municipal golf course, and it was a long ways to school, so he was able to get a hardship permit for his motor scooter, to come to John S. Park School.

So do you know of any girls?

Paul: I can think of one right off the top of my head who would love to talk. She'd jump at the chance to talk to you. Ellie [Elinor] Glenn Shattuck. I'll look her up here for you.

Michael: Oh, Ellie-Be-Good? And you know, I'm telling you, who else? I'm trying to think who else. Let me just think for a minute. Hold everything. I'll be right back. I've got a picture of my graduating class.

Paul: If I knew exactly where mine was, could go to the storybook, I could dig up some names, too.

This is OK. If you can just give me one woman, about your age, that would be great.

Elinor (known as Ellie) Glenn Shattuck. I have her phone number here. You can give her a call and maybe you can set up [an interview].

This is wonderful, Mr. Huffey, and your memory is not bad.

Well, different things trip the memory, names that are mentioned. I could tell you stories from now till Friday about different kids. I can remember, every town, every neighborhood had a tough, the town tough. The town tough, he didn't live far from us but he lived far enough away that he didn't menace us. His name was Bobby Jones. Bobby Jones was big and he was tough, and he was tough and big. He cleaned my plow more than once. He was a bad apple, then he really went sour. I think he did some bad time in the pen.

Michael: Oh, let's see. Brad Boisjolie is still around. He lived in Huntridge. By the way, this is really funny. Do you remember the Norris family?

Paul: Sure!

Michael: Jim Norris and Marilyn Norris. Someone just saw her a couple of weeks ago and she said, Boy, I'd sure like to talk to Michael, and I said, OK. So I'm going to be in touch with her.

Let me think of some gals here. Barbara Horsley is still around.

Paul: Sure! Oh, Barbara is a nice lady, grand person.

Michael: God, she's got the longest name. She's been married five times. I can't even think of all the guys she was married to. Barbara Horsley would be a good one because she was very active socially.

Paul: Yes, she was. She's a good talker, too.

Michael: Yeah, she would really be good. Let me see. Ellie Sturges is around, but she's not much of a talker.

Paul: No, she isn't. She's a quiet person.

Michael: Well, I think Nancy Persages would be a good one, too. Nancy Craft.

Phil Wander is definitely not one to talk to. He ain't talking to anybody. We haven't got him to a reunion yet. [Laughing]

Paul: No, he won't talk to you. Phil is odd.

Michael: But let's see. Frank Mummy is still around. You know, that would be a duo, because you got Frank Mummy and Brad Boisjolie, you'll get an interesting thing there because they're best friends, even today, and they'd be fun to interview, the two of them. Brad lived in Huntridge area, but Frank Mummy didn't. He went to the school. I'm not sure he would be a good interview. He'd be good for high school and stuff.

What about Cheryl Hoffman? Did she go to Mayfair? She lived closer to Mayfair down there.

Paul: She might've had her eighth-grade year at Huntridge. I can't remember for certain.

Michael: Because she a great [person]. She's smart. She's really sharp.

Paul: Margaret Osler Stout, whatever her new name is, I don't know. I could find out. She was in my class. She was an It girl.

[00:15:00] This is great. If you could get Marilyn or Barbara.

I don't think you want to talk to Marilyn. I really don't. Life has had its perils with Marilyn and she's not the happiest camper.

OK, so Barbara or Nancy.

Well, Barbara Horsley would be great. Nancy, yes.

Wonderful. Well, I thank both of you so much for this.

Ellie Glenn Shattuck. Oh, she'll talk your ear off.

Michael: Oh, Joanne Stanford. That's another one.

Paul: Ellie Shattuck would be on the top of my list from my class who would talk your ear off.

Wonderful. Well, thank you both so much.

OK.

Michael: You bet. It's my pleasure to help you again, and any other time.

INDEX

B

- Boulder City, NV, 4, 14
- Boulder Dam. *See* Hoover Dam
- Businesses
 - BMI, 29
 - Cushman Motor Works (Lincoln, NE), 45
 - Hudson car dealership, 9, 30
 - J.C. Penney (department store), 13
 - Little Church of the West (wedding chapel), 21
 - Ronzone's, 12-13
 - Sears (department store), 13
 - Wee Kirk o' the Heather (wedding chapel), 21

C

- Churches
 - Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints
 - First Ward, 18
- Clark County, NV, 20
- Community Organizations
 - American Red Cross, 16
 - Boy Scouts of America, 16, 18
 - PTA, 31

E

- Ely, NV, 14
- Entertainment
 - Huntridge Theater, 21

F

- Fort Ord, CA, 26
- Fraternal Organizations
 - Masons, Free and Accepted, 16

H

- Helldorado, 19-20
- Henderson, NV, 4, 26, 47
- Hoover Dam, 1, 14, 29
 - Six Companies, 4
- Hospitals
 - Las Vegas Hospital, 1
- Hotels/Casinos
 - El Rancho Vegas, 29
 - Flamingo, 36, 47
 - Last Frontier, 21, 29
 - Normandie Court (motel), 2
 - Pioneer Club, 30
 - Stratosphere, 21

L

- Lake Mead, 14
- Lincoln County, NV, 15

M

- Mafia, 28
- Mount Charleston, NV, 13, 47

N

- Neighborhoods
 - Four Mile, 4-6
 - Huntridge, 32, 50
 - Mayfair, 32, 51
 - Rancho Circle, 27
 - Westside, 23
- NTS, 29-30
- Nye County, NV, 15

P

- People
 - African-Americans, 23-24, 27-28
 - Japanese, 29
 - Mormons, 17-19, 21, 40
- Personalities
 - Bare, Joe, 36-37
 - Bell, Mike, 36
 - Blue, Rod, 35
 - Boisjolie, Brad, 50
 - Bruce, Evelyn, 34
 - Carmody, Mary Louise, 7
 - Chandler, Mrs. (teacher), 7
 - Compton, Tyler, 6
 - Craft family
 - Craft, Nancy, 35, 50, 51
 - Craft, Norm, 35
 - D'Amato, Sandra, 34
 - Deer, Barbara, 34
 - Dutton, Mary, 32, 39
 - Edwards family, 41
 - Fennell, Don, 36
 - Gibson family
 - Gibson, Jenny, 35
 - Gibson, John, 6, 34, 48
 - Gibson, Linda, 34
 - Gordon, Robert, 40
 - Hoffman, Cheryl, 51
 - Holler, Gary, 6
 - Horsley, Barbara, 50, 51
 - Huffey, Bob (father), 1-4, 6, 15, 38, 44, 46
 - Hughes, Howard, 33
 - Johns, Ray, 22
 - Jolley, Denise, 34
 - Jones, Bobby, 49
 - Jones, Dewey, 6
 - Jones, Mrs. (teacher), 22
 - Leach, Faustine, 9
 - Mack family
 - Mack, Charlie, 14
 - Mack, Harry, 14, 36, 44, 45

Mack, Louis, 14
 Mack, Lucille, 17
 Mack, Nate, 36
 Matuse family, 41
 McKay, Mrs. (teacher), 7
 Mummy, Frank, 50
 Norris family
 Norris, Jim, 50
 Norris, Marilyn, 50, 51
 Pebble, Butch, 48
 Pickerell, Jimmy, 48
 Porter family
 Porter, Burdell, 40, 43
 Porter, Dan, 6, 42
 Porter, David, 42
 Porter, Ina, 40, 42-43
 Porter, Joan, 43
 Roberts, Jim, 16
 Ronzone family
 Ronzone, Bertha, 12
 Ronzone, Dick, 13
 Schultz, Mrs. (teacher), 7-9
 Schultz, Norman, 48-49
 Sedway, Moe, 41
 Share, Tudor, 42
 Shattuck, Elinor Glenn, 49, 51
 Stanford, Joanne, 51
 Stout, Margaret, 51
 Strand, Mrs. (teacher), 7, 9
 Sturges, Ellie, 50
 Sutton family
 Sutton, Richard, 6, 30
 Sutton, Sherry, 6-7, 34
 Tenney, Patty Ann, 34
 Waldman family
 Waldman, Billy, 6, 9-10, 15-16, 44
 Waldman, Herb Jr., 6, 30
 Waldman, Herb Sr., 9, 30
 Waldman, Katherine, 17, 30
 Waldman, Philip, 6
 Wander, Phil, 50
 Whitt, Earlene, 41
 Wiener, Grandma, 33
 Yamamoto, George, 29
 Political Personalities
 Bryan, Richard, 22

R

Reno, NV, 14

S

Schools
 Basic High School, 14, 26
 Boulder City High School, 14
 Fifth Street School, 32
 John S. Park Elementary School, 7, 10, 18, 19, 23, 49
 Las Vegas Grammar School, 3, 18
 Las Vegas High School, 7, 10, 18, 24, 25, 32
 UNR, 26
 Service Organizations
 Elks, BPO, 16, 19
 Lions Clubs International, 16
 Mesquite Club, 16
 Streets
 Bonanza Road, 27
 Boulder Highway, 4
 Bracken Avenue, 10
 Bridger Avenue, 18
 Charleston Boulevard, 21, 27, 28, 40
 Eighth Place, 33
 Eighth Street, 33, 40
 Fifth Street. *See* Las Vegas Boulevard
 Fourth Street, 3
 Fremont Street, 13, 25, 28, 29
 Las Vegas Boulevard, 2, 18, 21, 28, 29, 36
 Main Street, 28, 48
 Maryland Parkway, 21
 Ninth Street, 32, 41
 Oakey Boulevard, 10
 Park Paseo, 3, 6, 10, 12, 32, 33, 40, 42
 Seventh Street, 10, 11, 12
 Strip, The. *See* Las Vegas Boulevard
 Sweeney Avenue, 12
 Tenth Street, 3, 21, 34, 39, 42

U

Union Pacific Railroad, 2

W

White Pine County, NV, 14, 15
 World War II, 4, 16, 29