AN INTERVIEW WITH LOUIS WIENER, JR.

An Oral History Conducted by Eleanor Johnson

The Southern Nevada Jewish Community
Digital Heritage Project

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

University of Nevada Las Vegas, 2014

Produced by: The Oral History Research Center at UNLV – University Libraries
Director: Claytee D. White
Project Manager: Barbara Tabach
Transcriber: Kristin Hicks
Interviewers: Barbara Tabach, Claytee D. White
Editors and Project Assistants: Maggie Lopes, Stefani Evans

The recorded interview and transcript have been made possible through the generosity of a Library Services and Technology Act (LSTA) Grant. The Oral History Research Center enables students and staff to work together with community members to generate this selection of first-person narratives. The participants in this project thank University of Nevada Las Vegas for the support given that allowed an idea the opportunity to flourish.

The transcript received minimal editing that includes the elimination of fragments, false starts, and repetitions in order to enhance the reader's understanding of the material. All measures have been taken to preserve the style and language of the narrator. In several cases photographic sources accompany the individual interviews with permission of the narrator.

The following interview is part of a series of interviews conducted under the auspices of the *Southern Nevada Jewish Community Digital Heritage Project*.

Claytee D. White
Director, Oral History Research Center
University Libraries
University of Nevada Las Vegas

This is an oral history with Louis Wiener on the 24th of January 1990 in his office on Foremaster Lane in Las Vegas, Nevada. This is Eleanor Johnson doing the interviewing. I'm really glad to be here, by the way. And I was so delighted to meet your daughter, Valerie.

She's something.

Isn't she darling? I just thought she was wonderful. Okay. The first question I want to ask you—and I want you to just use as much detail as you'd like—and it's to start back in your early memories as far as back as you can remember of your childhood, of your parents, your grandparents perhaps, what you remember about your growing up years, what happened, how they treated you, some of the experiences, the stories that you remember them telling you, any of those things, and just in as much detail as you'd like.

Okay. I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, March 28th, 1915. My first recollection of anything is when we lived on a street called Jancey Street, J-A-N-C-E-Y in Pittsburgh. The first time I can ever remember getting really reprimanded was when I attempted to pour cherry juice in a toy automobile as the, quote, gasoline to run the automobile. My mother punished me in some way; I can't remember exactly how she did it. Our family was moderately well to do. We were, I would say, in the upper middle class at that time. My father was a merchant tailor in Pittsburgh until we moved to Las Vegas in 1946. When my father married my mother, he was approximately fourteen years older than my mother and he would not marry her until she got out of her teens. So on the day she was twenty, they got married.

My father was quite successful as a tailor, probably the outstanding tailor in Pittsburgh at that time and up until the market crashed. Dad was not a tailor in the ordinary sense of the word in that he would make the clothes; he was a designer tailor. He would take the measurements,

draft the pattern, cut the material. It would then be made up by coat makers or pants makers. He would then fit the people, decide what alterations had to be made, and then it would be delivered. He built up a very substantial business and was very successful until right around 1929 when the market crash came. And unfortunately, Stanley Warner Clark Theater Company bought my dad's location, which was on a main intersection in Pittsburgh, and built their very large theater where they had their stage shows and movies that they used to have in those times. Dad then couldn't find a downtown location. He had to move to a second floor location in downtown Pittsburgh. But the crash had come and my father's customers were people that used to buy ten, twelve, fifteen suits a year. They were all pretty wealthy people. The last thing they were going to do after they lost their money in the stock market was buy clothes. So it became very, very difficult for the folks to survive.

My mother, after the crash, went down to my dad's business every day and maybe even a little bit before that she went down every day and she was there. My mother was the businesswoman in the family. My father was a mild man that...he just knew his profession, but he wasn't nearly as astute as my mother.

We moved to Las Vegas in 1931; arrived here November 10th, 1931. My dad established a little tailor shop on the second floor over what was then Umba's Jewelry Store in the three hundred block on Fremont, later became Christensen's Jewelry Store. He took a couple of offices up there and started his little tailoring business. The first year, he one time told me, he netted about twenty dollars a week because nobody in Las Vegas wore suits except the pimps and the owners of the clubs. My mother was a very good seamstress and she sewed. Most of her work was with the girls that worked on the line. They were the only ones who spent any kind of money to have nice things made and Mother made their clothes.

My sister, who was a very accomplished pianist and studied in Pittsburgh Musical Institute for years, taught piano in Las Vegas and taught most of the children of the executives or big men in Boulder City. I worked in a grocery store. Between all of us I think we made, the first year we were here, maybe fifty dollars a week.

We lived in a one-bedroom cabin, which is still standing between First and Second on Clark. It was a frame house then; it's now stucco. My mother and father slept on the coal porch. I slept on a couch in the living room with the springs sticking up my back. My sister and grandmother slept in the only bed in the house and it had a hole in it about a foot in circumference—in diameter I should say that somebody had dropped a cigarette in. I remember it distinctly. At that time we paid fifty-five dollars a month for that old one-bedroom cabin, which was very high for 1931. In any event, that's how we came to Las Vegas.

Intervening, in Pittsburgh from the time I really remember things was when I was about six years old and I had an accident; I fell down the steps of our home. In those days everybody lived in two-story homes. They didn't have one-story homes; there weren't many of them. I injured my left arm. The ulna separated from the radius or vice versa and it impeded my ability to rotate my left arm. My mother noticed it when I was eating because I ate with my left hand and I had to kind of hold the fork backwards in my hand and she noticed that.

They started to take me from one doctor to the other. In those days orthopedic surgery was so much at an infancy it was difficult to get a doctor. They finally got a doctor. He was really a nice man, Dr. Fisk. He operated on my arm. The procedure was to separate the bones—they had overgrown—and to separate them. The first time they closed my arm up, the bones went right back. So they then operated on my leg; took some fascia out of my leg, put it between the bones, and that's the way they held them apart. That's how rudimentary orthopedic surgery

was. Instead of winding up with an arm that was just lacking the ability to rotate, I wound up with an arm that's five inches shorter than my right arm now that I can't rotate my hand at all that the wrist is frozen so that it doesn't go backwards, it doesn't go from side to side, merely my fingers will go forward. I wound up with what they call an ankylosed elbow; it's a bent elbow. But it never impeded me. I competed in sports much to my parents' chagrin. They were always afraid I was going to hurt my arm again. So it has never been an impediment to me except that I can't grasp things too well with my left hand and I can't lift as much as I could if I hadn't been injured.

There wasn't anything untoward in my life, my early life. I, like all kids, went to Sunday school, to the temple. In those days we didn't have what they call bar mitzvahs in our temple; we had what they call a confirmation. So instead of being bar mitzvahed at thirteen, we were confirmed at sixteen; that's when we were supposed to be a man and woman. I can remember one incident in my temple that—I wasn't really religious. I went to Sunday school and I went to services when we had to. I observed high holidays and I guess on occasions broke the fast on Yom Kippur with a ham sandwich.

The only thing I can really remember about Sunday school is that on one occasion we had a test where we had to write out the Ten Commandments long form. They were about a paragraph long. They were quite long. And I don't think anybody took the time to learn them in that long form; it was quite a task. I sat in the front row of my Sunday school class and I had a Sunday school teacher that had really thick-lens glasses. Some of the other kids and I cooked up a deal that we were going to cheat on the examination. We were going to copy the Ten Commandments from the paper, book or card we had with them. So the only way we could do that with the teacher being right at the desk in front of us, is we blew pepper toward the teacher

and it affected her. She had to take her glasses off and she was sneezing and she wasn't paying any attention. I can't remember whether she left the room or not, but it really disturbed her. And we copied the Ten Commandments while the teacher was in the condition of being pepperized so to speak. I can remember that and I can remember the day of my confirmation. That's about all I remember of my religious training.

My dad and mother were not really religious in the sense of attending temple all the time. In fact, my father after the crash and my mother attended Christian Science Church for two or three or four years because they felt psychologically they could get a lift there that they weren't getting at the temple. My father became, I think, disenchanted on one of the high holidays when he went to temple and he heard somebody talking business in the lobby of the temple. And he came home and he says, "I'm not going back because if they talk business they're not religious and I don't have to go there to be religious." And he always lived by the religious motto *if you treat others as you want them to treat you, you're religious*. So they weren't really religious. They did attend, I believe, after he came here some Christian Science services for a while here.

And then the Jewish population in Las Vegas was quite limited when we came here; I think maybe thirty, thirty-five, forty people. On the high holidays we would all attend the services. At that time they were in the Elks Hall over Adcock and Rono's Department Store on Fremont Street.

When we came to Las Vegas that's about as much—I had several close friends in Pittsburgh, two of them particular that I still communicate with and I still see at least once every year either going back to Pittsburgh or they come out here. They were kids that I knew. One of them from the time I was six years old on, he was my friend. He's still alive. The other one has now become a multi-multimillionaire. We became friends, I guess, when we were ten, eleven or

twelve and we're still friends. He became a steel tycoon, a wonderful guy, one of the few Jewish kids who played football in those days. They called him "Dynamite" because he was a dynamite football player, "Dynamite Levenson." The other friend was Bobby Fleishman. But my years in Pittsburgh were uneventful. I was a pretty good student in school, an average student I'd say. I had to study. My folks were pretty demanding on the studying part.

When we moved out here I was in my last year of high school. I went to Las Vegas High School at Seventh and Bridger, graduated from there when Ms. Frazier was the superintendent of schools and the principal. I wasn't able to participate in organized sports. So in order to become involved I became a yell leader. I was a head yell leader at my high school in Pittsburgh, which had about forty-five hundred students, and then became the yell leader in Las Vegas High School and later went on to University of Nevada and became the head cheerleader at University of Nevada, which was a lot of fun.

I graduated from Vegas High School in '32 and my folks weren't able to send me to college. So it wasn't until 1933 that I entered University of Nevada in Reno and was only able to do that because they had a system in Nevada at that time they called a Vocational Rehabilitation. I don't know whether the department still exists. The head of it was a Margaret Bauer, who was the mother of Grant Bauer who was later a judge in Reno. When you had a crippling defect, which I guess I did, they paid my tuition, fees, books and paper and pencil and things like that, and I had to pay room and board and spending money. But they paid fees, books, tuition and supplies, which was the difference between going to school and not going to school because my folks didn't have anything to send me.

I was an average student in the university. I guess I probably would make what they'd call a three-point-two or three-point-three or maybe a three-point-five average. When I graduated

from University of Nevada, I had wanted to go to law school, but my folks didn't have any money and I didn't feel I could work while I was going to law school. So I laid out of school a year. During the early part of the first year I laid out, I was going to go back to school and become a schoolteacher. One of my close friends in the university had become a schoolteacher and he taught school in Deeth, D-E-E-T-H, Nevada. And when he told me what it was like—and I think he made twelve or thirteen hundred dollars a year or something ridiculous and he got snowed in for four months during the winter and ate nothing but lamb for four months—when he told me what he was going through and what he was getting paid, I decided I didn't want to be a schoolteacher. So I worked around Reno, did some bookkeeping work, and I officiated basketball and was able to make a pretty good living.

During about the first six months I was out of school before the basketball season started, I didn't have any money. I think I was making twelve dollars a week or something like that. So I slept on the floor of the dormitory in one of the student's rooms. I put a pillow and a blanket underneath his bed and I would pull it out at night and I'd sleep on the hard floor with a blanket underneath me and a blanket on top and a pillow because I didn't have twelve and a half dollars a month or fifteen dollars a month to pay for a room someplace. I thought that I was fooling the master of the dormitory. At the end of the first semester, he came up to me. He was a very firm professor, Horowitz. He said, "Was it tough sleeping on the floor?" He had known all the time, but he didn't say anything. When I was school I had lived in the dormitory because at that time Jewish students could not get into any of the fraternities at University of Nevada except one and it was one that I didn't like. My senior year I could have gotten into the Sigma Nu Fraternity because one of my closest friends was the president and he had gotten the national that summer, when he was not in Reno, to agree to take in Jewish students. Up to that time all but the one

fraternity didn't take in Jewish students.

Another thing. When I was in Las Vegas High School, I was the only Jewish boy in the high school. When I entered University of Nevada, I was the only Jewish boy in University of Nevada and there was one Jewish girl by the name of Rita Winer, W-I-N-E-R. I think in my junior year Bert Goldwater, who's an attorney in Reno, he came to school. And I believe that David Goldwater, who was later one of my partners here, came to school either when I was a junior or a senior. And then Rita Winer brother, Herb Winer, he came to school. But there was no problem; there was no prejudice except that the national fraternities wouldn't let you join. But that didn't keep me from going to dinners at their houses and going to their dances. Nobody knew the difference. There was no prejudice, blackwise or religiouswise. There just wasn't anything, in Nevada. I don't know whether there was in other parts of the country. But in Reno and Las Vegas, they didn't pay any attention. If there was prejudice, nobody knew about it. At that time I think there was quite a relatively small Jewish population in Reno.

When I was in university I participated in the student politics. I was a senator for the dormitory for years. Then when I got out of school, as I say, I laid out a year. And then Harold Tabor, who later was a district judge in Reno and a district attorney in Reno, I became friendly with him. I went to court with him while he tried cases both in federal court in Carson City and Reno. He encouraged me to become an attorney. I had wanted to be an attorney, but he encouraged me. I didn't think I had the means to do that.

So I made an application to Boalt Hall School of Law at Berkeley, University of California, which was where Harold had gone in which he was a graduate. Out of four hundred applicants, which we thought was a lot, they accepted a hundred and two and I was one of them.

In order to go to school at Berkeley because my folks still didn't have any money to

amount to anything, I moved to Compton, California, and lived with the parents of a very close friend of mine, Pat Eaton. I lived with his folks in Compton for three months. And since I was over twenty-one, I then could declare California to be my residence. My tuition was then seventy-five dollars a semester instead of being a hundred and fifty for an out-of-state student, which I couldn't have made. My folks had to scrape the best they could to get the seventy-five and the twenty-five or thirty dollars that I needed for books and things. When I was at law school they sent me thirty-five dollars a month for room and board and then my dad would sent me a five-dollar check every two weeks and he'd say, "Hold the check as long as you can." And that would be for my paper, pencil, my Sunday meals—we only got one meal at the boarding house—my cleaning, drying, whatever, any shavings, haircuts. So I had a dollar a month to spend and I spent that on a milk shake once a week and I got a Coca-Cola once a week. If I didn't have the milk shake, then I could have two or three Coca-Colas. And I went two years like that.

The third year in law school, we started a twenty-one game. I always had an extra five or ten dollars when I went back to school. We started a twenty-one game the Friday or Saturday before school started and agreed that at one o'clock on Monday when the Campanile bell rang to go to class that would be the end. No matter where you were you had to quit. There would be no more gambling the rest of the year. So at that time one of the boys that lived in our rooming house was a very wealthy kid. We still correspond. He owed me a quarter when the bell rang and he doubled his bet and he doubled his bet and finally his last bet was thirty-two dollars. And he lost it and he owed me sixty-four dollars, which he could have paid me. But instead of that he bought my student activity card, which was twelve or fifteen dollars, and then gave me four dollars a month for the whole year of school. So therefore, I had five dollars a month to spend,

which, boy, I was really rich. We could go spend seventy-five cents for dinner on Sunday instead of forty cents for dinner. In those days if you didn't get a beverage or didn't get desert, you could get a dinner for forty or forty-five cents. And if we went to the Italian restaurant that was near the campus on Sunday, it was sixty-five cents. So I then could graduate to the sixty-five cent meal.

I was just an average student in law school. As a matter of fact, my first semester I thought I flunked out of school because I took one course, what they call Common Law Pleading, which you never use. It was a historical background course. About a month or so before the end of the semester I lost my book some way; it was stolen or something. And I didn't have a book for the rest of the semester, so I had to try to use somebody else's book. When I took the exam in, I was just pathetic. I wouldn't have deserved an E-minus. But the rest of my grades were A's and B's. I came home and I told my folks that I had flunked out of school. Well, in those days at Boalt Hall if you flunked a course, you had to remain out of school a year, come back and take that examination the next year, and if you passed it you could get into school the following year. But you could have all A's and flunk one course and you couldn't stay in school. Instead of flunking out, my professor, Mr. McBayne, who later became a very close friend of mine who was an older man, he gave me a D-minus, which kept me in school. When I went back to school that spring, I went to see him. I said, "That's probably the worst paper you ever read." He said, "Well, it might not be the worst, but I can't remember any that were worse." He said, "What happened?" And I told him I lost my book and didn't have any money to buy a new book. And he said, "Well, why didn't you come to me and I would have bought a book for you?" This professor made me call him Butch, Butch McBayne. He was an outstanding professor at the university. And I said, "Well, that would have been pretty presumptuous to come to the

professor and ask him to buy me a book."

Well anyway, from then on his course was the primary course for me. He taught us evidence. He taught us practice and pleading. I was always in the top five or six kids in his class because I just studied harder for him and I wanted to prove to him that he did the right thing.

In any event, I went on to graduate and I moved back to Las Vegas after I took the state bar in Reno. I started practice November the 8th, '41, which is almost ten years to the day that we'd come to Las Vegas. My first case I got at five minutes after seven the first morning. The kid was living with me, sharing my bedroom because you couldn't find a place to stay in Las Vegas. And I was living at my folks'. He was working at a drugstore at First and Fremont, the old Las Vegas Drugstore. And some girl got off the train. I remember her first name, Minyon. She came down and she stepped in the drugstore to get a cup of coffee and she told him he was here for a divorce. And he told her, "I've got just the attorney for you." He sent her across the street. And I made a hundred-and-fifty-dollar fee about five minutes after I opened my office; it wasn't my office.

My first office I shared with Paul Rawl. He was then the city attorney. In return for doing all of his work, he agreed to let me use his consultation room if he wasn't there or the reception room if he was there. The office was about twelve feet wide and about twenty-five feet deep, very small, and it had a plywood partition between the reception room and the office. That lasted for about three weeks because Paul, he didn't do much other than divorces. He was a city attorney, great guy, but he just wasn't much of an attorney. But he was a great guy, not dumb, but he just hadn't had real good training. But he kind of got the idea that because I was getting cases that he should get part of my fee even though, like the first case I got at five after seven, ten after seven the first morning, he didn't even come to the office until ten or ten thirty. I never

went to the office later than seven o'clock this the morning from the day I started. Even now I come down at five thirty, five o'clock. But I've always been and early riser. For years and years and years I went to the office at five o'clock. I used to stay until five at night and now I leave by one or two o'clock or three o'clock in the afternoon.

I didn't think that it was a good idea being with Paul because he resented the fact I was getting some divorce cases, but he never would have got them because he wasn't there. And people in those days used to come off the train and walk down the street. Our office was in the Beckley Building at First and Fremont; that was the first law office on the right-hand side of the street as you came down the depot. They'd just walk upstairs. We used to get what we call walk-ins; I'd get two, three or four a week.

Anyway, I went next door to Paul's office and there was a little old German draftsman. Fritz was his first name; I can't remember his last name. And he had an office, but he didn't use the front reception room because he just had the back part for drafting. But in his office, the same size as Paul's, the door was in the middle of the office and the door through the partition was in the middle to get into the back room where he had his drafting board. So he rented that to me for like twenty-five dollars a month, which I then had. When I went with Paul, I didn't have five dollars, so I couldn't rent an office. And I put the desk on one side of the door and a two-seat chrome Naugahyde couch on the other side. If I was in the room with a client and somebody wanted to see Fritz, they'd walk in the door and between the client and me and they'd walk into Fritz' office. And I was busy. Oh, I was busy because there were sixteen lawyers, I believe, when I started practice; I was number seventeen and there was so much work. The older fellows, who were all great attorneys, they didn't want to handle it. So I was working twelve hours a day. I couldn't believe how much money I was making the first year. I didn't know there

was that much money in the whole world.

Anyway, after about a month I went into Fritz one day and I said to him, "Fritz, it doesn't really make any difference where you do your drafting, does it?" So any event, Fritz moved out. So then I had my own office for the first time and I got a secretary. At that time secretaries didn't earn very much money. I remember my first secretary, I paid her a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, which was about as much as anybody in town was making, I believe, except maybe Leo McNamee's secretary and she had been with him from the time at memorial and she was a great secretary. I think she made a hundred and thirty-five or forty. But I paid the girl that much because I needed somebody that had some talent, too, to help me.

I started out and at that time we had one judge, Judge Marshall.

Is that George?

George Marshall. The way I got admitted is an interesting story. Judge William Orr, who was then Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, was a pinochle playing partner of my father when he was in Las Vegas. They used to play pinochle at the Elks Club all the time. He called my dad on a Thursday, I believe, and he told my dad I had passed the bar.

So the next morning I went over to the clerk's office and Lloyd Payne was the clerk. And I said, "I've been admitted to the bar. Would you swear me in?" He said, "I don't know anything about it." And I said, "Well, Judge Orr called my dad and told him I was admitted. So would you swear me in?" I don't remember whether he did or not. But I said, "Why don't you call Judge Orr and find out if I've been admitted?" So whether he did or he didn't, he swore me in as an attorney.

Then he said, "Why don't you go down and see Judge Marshall and tell him you've been admitted?" So I did. Judge Marshall appointed me right there to defend a criminal case. The

trial was supposed to start a week from the next Monday. I'll never forget. The case involved lewd and lascivious conduct on the person of an eight-year-old girl; that happened in Boulder City. I really wasn't equipped to defend anybody like that. In those days, of course, you had no probation. So if you didn't go to trial and pled guilty, you went to the penitentiary. If you tried the case and you got convicted, you went to the penitentiary. So everybody tried the cases. There wasn't any reason not to.

In those days they paid us fifty dollars to defend a felony case and a hundred dollars to defend a murder case. George Marshall appointed me six times in the first six months I was admitted. So I had six jury trials in the first six months, which was the greatest thing in the world for me. It wasn't very good for the guys I defended because they didn't get a real good defense, but most of them probably were guilty, anyway. The one I defended on the lewd conduct, I don't think he was guilty, but he had previously been tried on the same charge and Art Ham, Sr., had represented him and had gotten him acquitted. But Art Ham, Sr., was really an outstanding lawyer. He was much, much, much better than I was.

But in any event, the best thing that happened me was those six jury trials. And the best thing during the trials was that Margaret Hinson was the court reporter. Her brother, Vic Brauer, was later a court reporter, too. But in those days, as you see it on television, the objection—it's irrelevant; incompetent and immaterial—you see them object. But that's not a good objection if for any reason the testimony is admissible. That's what they call a general objection, so the court can overrule it. You have to say it's irrelevant in that it happened too long ago or whatever; you have to give a reason. Well, I was so young that I knew better, but sometimes I wouldn't give a reason. Margaret Hinson, who was the court reporter and took great shorthand like a demon, she'd say, “I didn't hear what your reason was, Mr. Wiener. Could you repeat it?” So she

gradually educated me. She was my friend and she gradually educated. After six jury trials I was pretty good. But I attribute most of it to Margaret because she was all over me like a wet blanket. If I didn't do it correctly, she'd say, "I didn't hear it. Could you repeat it?" Well, she heard everything. She was brilliant. But she would tell me; she would help me. The district attorney didn't care. Those days they always had the best of it, anyway. That was my original experience. And George Marshall was exceptionally good to me. He would help me.

I was at that time the youngest attorney in years to practice in town. We had such people as Leo McNamee, who was absolutely the greatest, Frank McNamee. We had Art Ham, Sr., Ryland Taylor, Judge Foley, Sr., the father of the present Judge Foley. Louie Cohen, who was probably the greatest criminal lawyer they ever had here including Claiborne and Oscar Goodman. Louie Cohen was just outstanding. Harry Austin, who was city attorney. They were all tough, tough, tough. We used to fight over three hundred and fifty dollar cases like they fight over three and a half million now. They were the toughest taskmasters. I mean I got an education every time I went up against one of them.

I practiced by myself for about a year and then Cliff Jones had gone into service and his partner was a great lawyer, but I don't know what happened; he didn't come to the office half the time. So Cliff came back to town one time and asked if I'd move into his office in the same Beckley Building, but he had a whole suite on the corner. And I moved in and tried to salvage what of his practice I could and my own practice. I practiced that way, individually, until 1946.

And then January first, '46, I took Bob Jones in as my partner. Bob had formerly been an FBI agent and had been in Morris and Grave's office. And then in April of that year, Cliff came in resigned from the bench; he in the meantime had become a judge. He came in the office. So instead of having the firm Wiener, Jones and Jones, to make it sound good we named it Jones,

Wiener and Jones. I'll never forget Bob. I think the most he ever made in his life was maybe seventy-five hundred dollars, maybe. And the first week he was in the office we took in thirty-two new divorce cases and the second week we took in nineteen. I'll never forget we had fifty-one new divorce cases that first week. Bob didn't know that there was that much money in the whole world. And I took him in as a forty percent partner on everything. It didn't make any difference whether the case was in the office or they came in the office. He got forty percent of everything that was netted. Well, he was just completely overwhelmed because at Morris and Graves—they did primarily personal injury work and Harold Morris, who I forgot was an excellent attorney, present Bill Morris' father and he did a lot of criminal work or quite a bit of criminal work. Any event, Bob made...I would have to say in the first weeks probably made half as much as he made in a whole year. Of course, Bob was a good lawyer. Then later Bob became district attorney. Cliff became lieutenant governor. They were both my partners at the same time, which meant that I was doing all the work and they were doing all the politicking. Bob would come over to the office on Saturday. Those days we were open Saturday. He'd pick up his check. But the rest of the time—we were allowed to have partners in political office—the rest of the time he just spent his time as the district attorney. So he had a good thing going for him. But we had encouraged him to run, so there was no blame on him because he didn't work. And I became a special prosecutor for his office prosecuting only homicide cases, for which I received no salary, but I did it to help Bob out.

That partnership continued on for, I guess, four or five years, maybe a little less than that. Then Bob went for himself, as I remember. But Herb Jones in the meantime came in the office. So we kept the name of Jones, Wiener and Jones and Herb became the partner. Cliff and Herb and I were partners for twenty-four years before I left to go with Neil Galatz and Dave

Goldwater. Then the firm was Wiener, Goldwater and Galatz and then it became Wiener, Goldwater, Galatz and Waldman. And then Neil left to form his own firm and it was Wiener, Goldwater and Waldman. Then we took some others in. I retired from that office in July first of 1988. And I came down here to practice and I've been a sole practitioner, which I enjoy because I don't have to account to anybody. I do a lot of pro bono work and it's not fair to your partner. I mean I just can't turn people down that don't have money.

It's because you're a good guy.

And you can't do that when you have partners—or you shouldn't. It's not fair to your partners. Fortunately, I have been a gambler in business ventures; and, therefore, I had my own independent income and I wasn't looking to my law practice as the means of supporting. I had interest in like the Davis Mortuaries now and I had the airport souvenirs and slot machines for sixteen or seventeen years. And I'm in the Alpine Village; I own probably half that and part of the Omelet Houses. And I own half of the jewelers up until about a year and a half ago and part of the Best Sausage Company. And I own 30 percent of four television stations. I own some interest in some radio stations here and some apartment houses and things. So I was independent. Even in my last several years with the firm, I took about half salary. Whatever they took I didn't care and I took about a half salary. So it wasn't very good for the firm for me to be doing a lot of—and if people didn't pay even if they were a paying client, I would never go after them for their fee and that didn't sit well with my partners. I always told my clients, "Well, pay me a hundred dollars on the back bill a month and pay cash for anything from now on." Well, some of them couldn't do it, so I just kept on doing their work anyway. My partners didn't like that and I can't blame them. But that was me. I've always been...I think because I...I guess I was compassionate or something. I was never able to turn anybody down because they didn't

have any money whether it was a civil case or criminal case. I'd say, "Well, don't worry about the fee; we'll take care of that later." And I would help them.

Where do you think you got that trait?

What's that?

Where do you think you got that trait?

My dad. My mother was a pretty strict businesswoman, but not my dad. My dad was a terrible person; I mean he would trust everybody, like I do. I think if my mother hadn't been in the store with my dad here in Vegas—she worked side by side with him—I don't think my dad could have paid his bills because he would have trusted everybody. I'm not so sure it didn't work out okay. But we probably wouldn't have been able to eat if Mom hadn't been in the store. Like if somebody wanted to come in and if they didn't pay, she wouldn't deliver them their clothes. The only person that ever got credit, I think, was George Marshall and Fred Alworth, who was an attorney here years ago and used to be lieutenant governor. I think they were the only two people that ever got credit from my mom. And they were good people, so it was never a problem.

I guess I'm a born gambler. I'm not a table gambler; I haven't done that for thirty years or anything. I love to bet on sports. I can't watch a game really well without having a bet on it. But I'm a gambler in business. Every business I've had but one or two, I have been the one who arranged for the finance or put up the money and have taken a minority position. Most all of my businesses that I've been in, almost every one, have been with young fellows, like Gary Davis in the Davis [Mortuary], the McGowan boys in the Omelet House. Other than Herschel Leverton in the Alpine, who is only about twelve years younger than I am, but he was relatively younger, I guess, when I started him—when I helped him. He had started the restaurant, but then when he moved he didn't have enough money to move when we moved way out on the Strip with the

Lucerne Hotel. So I put up the wherewithal and I became his partner, the greatest partner I think I ever had. Then he sold out to me about three or four years ago, moved away and then moved back, and I sold it back so he could come back in because he wanted to come back in. And I sold it back to him for just what he had sold it to me for. But the rest of the people that I've put in have been younger. Morty Kai of the jewelers, I put him in. But I've always had that kind of faith in young guys. Other than once or twice, I've been pretty well repaid. A couple of them, I think, have taken advantage of me and done some things to me that I'm not happy about, but I'm forgiving. Matter of fact, the girl I go with, Judy, she just doesn't understand it because somebody can spit at me and I say, "Well, what's the difference?" And I forgive them. I maybe don't get as close to them after that; you're not going to spit on me a second time. But I can't really hold a grudge.

I learned that back in 1948. Along with Mahlon Brown, Jimmy Sill and Carl Amante, I bought one of our partners out of the Biltmore Hotel, which was then located at Bonanza and Las Vegas Boulevard North—no, Main Street where there's a furniture store there now. That was one of the early hotels and we bought it from Horace Heidt, Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights. Anyway, we bought it from him and we took another fellow in to run the casino. Then we had to buy him out because he wasn't qualified. So I gave them a mortgage on a piece of my property and we were all supposed to pay equally, but nobody ever paid but me. We were down from twenty thousand that I originally owed him to sixteen thousand.

In those days if you were one day late on a mortgage, there was no thirty-fives days; it all became due in one day. So I wrote to the attorney for the fellow. It was in the summertime. I said, "Can I pay you five hundred in June, July and August, and fifteen hundred in September, October and November?" Anybody would take that. I wasn't asking him to forgive anything.

Because in those days June, July and August, nobody came to town; it was too hot and there was no air-conditioning. So people when they drove to Las Vegas, they'd come here during the night and then leave real early in the morning so they could get out before they burned up. And I wrote him in May and the second of June—I never even gave it a second thought—the second of June he called me and said, "Your mortgage of sixteen thousand is due." And had I known he wasn't going to do it, some way I would have gotten the other five hundred, if I would have borrowed a hundred from my mother and from this and that because I couldn't have gotten it. So he foreclosed on the mortgage and that was a real bitter disappointment to me. Every time I saw the attorney that had done this to me, I would get seething. I'd want to kill him. Because all he had to do was call me on the phone and say, "We won't do it." Some way I would have gotten the money and I'd have paid it. It would have been a struggle in the summer months, but I would have paid him.

I'll never forget in 1948, I think that's when it happened, I saw him walking down the street one day and I got seething. And then I said to myself, you know, you've got to be stupid. This isn't bothering him one bit and you're getting all exasperated. Don't hate anybody anymore. You don't have to like them. You don't have to go out with them socially. You could be civil to them. But don't eat yourself up with hate because you're not hurting them a bit. From that time on I've never carried what I would call a hatred. Maybe I've had a dislike for somebody. Maybe I don't want to sit down in the same booth with them and have a hamburger or sandwich. I won't invite them to my house. But I'm never going to hate anybody. And I've had some guys do some pretty bad things to me that I helped that have stood me up and not taken care of obligations.

I figured someday it would come around. Well, it did. About ten or twelve years ago he

slipped up in a lawsuit; he forget to pursue it for five years and I moved to dismiss it. And I'm sure it cost him twenty times more than what I owed him. I'm sure he had to pay off a big malpractice thing because it was a three- or four-hundred-thousand-dollar lawsuit and there was no defense to the motion. The law says after five years the court must dismiss on their own. So I figured he got it back, whatever; whatever he did to me he got back, as I say, in spades.

What goes around comes around, right?

That's right. And I never did it intentionally. I didn't even realize at the time the statute had run. But I got another lawsuit with him on the same family and I was checking to see about filing. So I just said, well, here it is. He couldn't believe that I would do it. When he called me, he said, "How could you do this to me?" And I said, "Do you remember in 1948?" He didn't remember it, but I told him about it.

But I'm not a vindictive guy. I forgive all the time. Sometimes I get it done to me a second time. But anyway, that's my way of living, so I'm happy with it. But as I say, Judy can't understand it. She can't understand how I can turn the other cheek. But anyway, I do it. And I think the kids in my family—I've got Val and Paul and then Doc—I don't know about Paul because I don't see him enough—but Val and Doc are that way. They're pretty forgiving.

I tried to retire in June of last year; I did for fifteen days. It didn't work. So I've really started all over again. I had two or three matters, some state matters I was finishing up, but I had kind of quit taking anything. So I've started again. Now I wouldn't want to have any more of a practice than I have because I've got more really than I want to have, but I'm enjoying it. And I still come down to the office at five thirty, six o'clock, but I leave maybe one thirty, two, or two thirty. If I'm in court, I stay until five or four o'clock. But I'm happy here. I've got a great partner in the television station—well, two partners. My principle partner is Jan and Jim Rogers.

They're great. So it makes it pretty peaceful and nice when you're with nice people.

Your daughter is right down the hall.

Yeah, Valerie is right down the hall. She's in most every day and I see her. Val lives in one of my houses over in Spanish Oaks, so we're only a couple of blocks away.

My boy Doc, he's now doing pretty well. He's managing Mission Linen at their big plant up the street. For a long time he couldn't find himself. He worked for me at the airport and he worked for me at the Granada Casino. But he just didn't find himself. Now he's found a niche after a woeful failure in operating his own laundry business, which we lost much, much, much money—I did; he didn't. But I figured it was his college education. We lost well over a million dollars on it, about a million and a quarter, a million and a half. But I figured, well, if something happens to me, the government's going to get fifty-five percent estate tax on it and I can take part of it as a write-off against some sales if I ever make any and I figure the rest was Doc's college education. And he's married. He's doing very well. So as far as I'm concerned that's gone and we're not going to worry about it. We made a mistake, but that's why they have red things on yellow pencils because everybody makes mistakes. He's close to me and Val is close to me.

I'm not very close with my oldest boy. He lives over in San Jose. When I got a divorce from Tuwey—that was my first wife—she, I guess, indoctrinated Paul against me and she changed his name to her maiden name. But in later years Tuwey and I became very friendly. In fact, I'm the co-executor of her estate. She's died. I used to give her financial advice and things of that nature. Made a couple of good deals for her, so she never had to worry. I took good care of her. I mean she had a nice income all her life. We were divorced twenty-nine years before she died and she never wanted for anything. So I took care of her.

I've been married three times, divorced three times. So there's no more marriages on the

horizon for me. But everybody I've divorced, we're good friends because I've always taken good care of them and I figure what's the difference? We were married. So I took care of them for years and took care of them after our divorce.

Is that Valerie's mother, Tuwey?

Tuwey was Valerie's mother. She was the mother of Paul and Valerie. Gail, who was the mother of Doc whom I adopted. Then I was married to Ruth and we didn't have any children or adopt anybody and we've been divorced about sixteen or seventeen years. As I say, we're all friends. She calls me and Gail calls me. Every once in a while it disturbs the girl I go with, Judy, but I don't tell her. If you don't tell her, she doesn't get upset. But she calls me and she says—she calls Ruth the town crier—she says, "Have you talked to the town crier lately?" If I have, sometimes I tell her and sometimes I don't tell her because what she doesn't know isn't going to hurt her and there's nothing between Ruth and I. Ruth has got a fellow she's been going with for eight or ten years. But she calls me and wants to find out something. We get along well.

I'm going to go back for a minute. Tell me more about when you met Tuwey, how you met Tuwey, and what your first impression of her was.

When I was a city attorney in Vegas, they just started the city manager form of government. We had a city manager that they brought out here from, I think, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Charlie McCall. Tuwey was Charlie McCall's secretary. At that time there was no funds for secretary for city attorney. The planning director had none. The electrical inspector had none. Tuwey was an outstanding secretary and she was a beautiful girl. She was secretary for me, for Charlie, for Pete Rittenhouse's father who was the city engineer, for Petri and those guys that were with city planning. She was everybody secretary's then. Our City Hall at that time was the one down

at Fifth and Stewart, the old yellow Veterans of Foreign Wars Building. We had one side of that building for my office, Charlie's office and everything. I started to go with Tuwey and we got married in 1945. Our problem was not—she wasn't a bad girl or anything. Tuwey was born in either New Zealand or Australia. Emotionally Tuwey was quite detached. She was kind of cool. She never got really emotional about anything. We were just different and we kind of drifted apart. Mostly my fault. But she was very intelligent, an outstanding worker, good mother, good housekeeper, always looked like she just stepped out of a dress shop. But emotionally we were just North and South Pole.

What was her background like?

What was what?

What was her background?

She'd been a secretary in Los Angeles before she came here at Music Corporation of America for one of the very, very top officers, MCA. I don't know why she came to Las Vegas. But I met her when she became Charlie McCall's secretary as city manager.

What was your first impression of her?

Oh, she was striking. She was prematurely gray. As I say, she always looked like she just stepped out of a designer's dress shop. I guess we went together, oh, I guess over a year before we got married.

Her family...her father was really cold. We didn't get along. We did at first. But one time he loaned me some money, which I gave him a mortgage on his house—I didn't give him a mortgage; I just gave him a note. I'll never forget he sent the note back. I made the note from Tuwey and me to him. And he sent it back and he said, "Make it out to my wife and you sign it alone." I never gave a thought about it. I'll never forget it was supposed to be paid like the first

of December. He was getting me a loan through his insurance company, Sun Life that he represented, on my house so I could pay it back. This was after we had had the debacle over the Biltmore Hotel and I needed the money to put in there. So on the first of the month when the note was due, I sent him the interest. My family, we never charge interest, brother, sister, mother. We never do that. You just help your family. But I was paying him interest, which was fine. It was—I can't remember—thirty-five hundred dollars I think. It was thirty-five. So I sent him the interest and said, "As soon as the loan comes through from your insurance company, I'll pay you." I said, "I'm not avoiding the payment; I just don't have it until the loan comes in." Our home was all paid for, so there wasn't any question about—

This is tape two with Louis Wiener.

He wrote me a letter and he said, "If you don't pay it, I'm going to file suit against you"—or his wife; I can't remember her name. Then I realize why he had me sign the note alone and why he had me sign it to his wife. I was so hot I wanted to kill him. Oh, in the meantime, he had been to Las Vegas. He was a great insurance salesman. I had given him leads to Bill Moore, Cliff Jones, Bob Griffose. He sold them millions of dollars' worth of insurance with his estate planning technique. Tuwey had worked for him, typed everything up. He had eaten dinner at my house every night while he was here. I had put him up in a hotel. We then owned the Boulder Dam Hotel. I had lent him a car for a month or two when he was here. And I think he gave Tuwey two hundred dollars for all the work she did. Anyway, he said, "If you don't, I'm going to be forced to sue you." Well, I hadn't refused to pay him. I just told him that as soon as he got me the loan, he could get the money.

Well, anyway, I went by my mother's house. We were just going down, Tuwey and I and the children, to see the Harbor Bowl football game New Year's Day [1949] in San Diego,

University of Nevada, Reno was one of the teams. This came the day before we were going. Gee, it just disheartened me terrible. I went over and my mother said, "What's upsetting you?" And I told her what was upsetting me. She said, "Yeah, Tuwey told me about that." So I said, "Well, I sent him a check. I don't know how I'm going to pay it when he gets back here." Mother said, "Don't worry. When he gets back if you don't have the money, I'll give you the money." And then she said, "Did you send him his interest of the date?" It was only about fifteen, twenty days interest. I said, "You bet I did." And I said, "And I always told him I never wanted to see him in my house again. That if he wanted to see his grandchildren and his daughter, he'd have to see them out of my presence." Because I thought this was all preplanned; he was premeditated he was going to go in.

So he came to the door like maybe six months or a year later. And I said, "You can stand out there and Tuwey will come out and see you, but you're not coming in my house." And I never, never spoke to him after that again.

Now, Tuwey's sister, whom still we're very close, her name was Valerie. That's who Val is named after. While I was so angry I guess at my father-in-law, I went to visit Valerie one time; we all did, Tuwey and the kids and myself. Television had just come in, maybe two or three years. We call her Big Val because she's a tall girl just the greatest thing in the world. And I said, "How come you don't have a television set?" A television was in its infancy. We didn't have it in Vegas. In fact, we always went down to Los Angeles at those times and stayed at the Statler Hotel so the kids could watch television. We'd get a suite. They'd have the bedroom and Tuwey and I would sleep in the living room and the kids could watch television. Then they never got out of bed hardly, just to go to eat. She said, "Well, I don't have the money to get one." And I said, "Well, what's the matter with your dad? Why don't you have him get you

one?" She said, "Oh, he wouldn't buy me one."

So I'll never forget. We were waiting for dinner and I went down the street. And I didn't have great money at that time. We were comfortable. And I bought her a TV set and brought it home.

How much?

I would think at that time it probably cost me three or four hundred dollars, which in those days it wasn't a ton of money, but it was a substantial thing. In those days television sets cost three or four hundred dollars. So I bought her maybe a nineteen-inch set or something like that. It was one I could carry; it wasn't a console. Of course, she almost went crazy that I would buy it for her when her father wouldn't. And her father was very well to do; it wasn't that he didn't have it. But he was very—later I could see where Tuwey got her—because he was cold.

When he was here in Las Vegas selling insurance, he must have made twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars in his share of premiums because he sold Bob Griffose like a million- or two-million-dollar policy and Cliff a million or two million. So he made really substantial money because insurance agents, as you know, get all their money off that first year; they get fifty, fifty-five percent of the premium, whatever it is. So I felt that if I never paid him, he didn't lose anything on me because I was the one that got the people to see him. He didn't know any of them. I'll never forget he gave Tuwey two hundred dollars for typing all these big long estate plans and everything and Tuwey used my office to do it and my paper to do it, which I didn't care about it. And he ate at my home every night. I gave him I remember a Ford Coupe to drive back and forth to Boulder City and to run around town, which I didn't care about. I thought that was great that I could help my father-in-law. But we never did—when we'd go to Los Angeles and he had moved to Los Angeles in the meantime and Tuwey wanted to go see him and take the

kids with her. I didn't want to deprive the kids of their grandfather.

But he didn't do anything like I do as a grandfather. Like Doc has two stepchildren and five of his own, two by one marriage and two by the other. I treat the stepdaughters just like they were grandchildren. At Christmastime everybody gets the same amount of money as a gift, and birthdays they get the same. They have breakfast with me every Sunday morning. If I want to give them money to buy things, everybody gets equally. I never felt that you don't take care of your grandchildren or my step-grandchildren, if you want to call them that. I mean that should be the best part of your life is doing things for your children and your grandchildren. I have an Italian friend; he's got the greatest slogan in the world. His slogan is, "Do it with a warm hand instead of a cold one." Don't leave it to them when you're gone because you can't see them accept it, which is a great expression, "Do it with a warm hand instead of a cold hand."

Tuwey died about, oh, I guess twelve or thirteen months ago. She had a terrible ending. She died of cancer and she had a real bad ending and it scarred Valerie really badly. When Tuwey and I got divorced, Tuwey got the children, which was no problem about. And I did something very bad; I agreed in my property settlement agreement to leave each of my children twenty-five percent of my estate; that was one of the things, the worst mistake I ever made, not with Valerie because she wouldn't care about twenty-five percent or a hundred percent. In the meantime, Valerie gets whatever she wants or needs. But my son, as a result of knowing he was going to get twenty [twenty-five percent], didn't speak to me for either twelve or fourteen years. He didn't care. He knew he was going to get twenty-five percent of my estate. And even now I only hear from him for something he wants or needs and we're co-executors of his mom's estate. But it was the worst thing I ever did because when you're married you don't have to leave your children anything. Why should you guarantee them something when you're not married? I mean

Paul doesn't care—he knows he's going to wind up with three, four, five, six hundred thousand, whatever he's going to wind up with—whether he ever speaks to me or not.

So after that it maybe came up a half a dozen times. I would never let my client agree to it. I said, "Let's go to court because a court can't make you do it and I will not let you agree to leave your children anything because it will destroy your relationship with your children if there's a breach."

As I say, my son didn't talk with me for twelve or fourteen years. Then when he got married Judy and I went to the wedding. Tuwey was there with her sister, Val. And Judy is the girl I go with. They got along wonderfully well. At that time I agreed to give Paul the money to buy a new home. When he got married that day after he called, I sent him the money to buy a new one, a down payment, which was very substantial to buy a new home in San Jose because prices up there are ridiculous. It's like I never did anything for him.

What's the reason do you think is behind all this? You said that you think he was poisoned.

She did. This was an amazing story. My son became anti-Semitic and I think he got some of that from his mom or maybe his grandpa. And the reason I know it is because one time we were sitting at dinner when he was still here as a kid and something came up about Hitler and he said, "Well, Hitler was right in what he did to the Jews." Well, jeez, if my mother when she was alive would have heard that she would have killed him. And so I believe from that that somewhere in his background from Tuwey he had gotten that.

Tuwey or maybe the father.

Or her father. That was such an unwarranted breach that I never could really get back close to Paul. To say something like that to me; that was a terrible thing to say. And then Paul is very

brilliant, brilliant, brilliant. He's probably in the top two percent of all the employees of Hewlett-Packard as far as being brilliant. He teaches in France for them. He's just brilliant. But he's a very self-possessed—he's cold like his mother. He's very, very cold. At least my later years with Tuwey association, we got along quite well. I attribute a lot of it to Judy because she hadn't gotten along with Tuwey well, we couldn't have gotten along.

What would you like to see happen with you and Paul?

Huh?

What would you like to see happen between you and Paul?

Right now I don't have any feelings because I've been hurt so badly that—and I tried to do it. As I say, we went to the wedding. We hadn't been close at all. I thought, well, if I helped him to buy a home and get his first home that he owns...but he doesn't correspond with me until he was going through a divorce. He was calling me about every three nights at eleven o'clock at night or something because he was all upset and I helped him and everything. Then he and his wife got back together. Maybe she's a part of it now that she doesn't like me. But Christmastime I get a ham for a Christmas present and maybe a Christmas card. I don't hear from them at all unless he calls on his mother's estate, which is about once every three or four months.

And I've got Val and I've got Doc. And I have a stepson, really not my stepson. He was Gail's, my second wife's old boy. He goes by the name of Mike Wiener. I never adopted him, but he thought I had adopted him. And when I told him that I hadn't, here four or five years ago, I thought he was going to drop dead. He went into the service under the name of Mike Wiener. How he ever got in without his birth certificate? But he went in the service thinking he was my boy. But I treat him like my son. He wanted to become a barber. I paid for his education. I bought him a barbershop in California. I gave him the money to buy his wife out of the house

when he got a divorce. I gave him the money to buy a house up here. I gave him to money to go open his own barbershop up here. And he has breakfast with me every Sunday, he and his wife. We get along exceptionally well and he's a good boy. He's probably more down to earth than almost anybody in the family. Boy, for a long time when he got in the house he didn't have a lot of money to furniture, so he took a couple of orange boxes and nailed them together and put a cover over them and used that as an end table in the house. He's pretty conservative, much more conservative than Doc. Doc spends it and then worries if he's going to be able to pay for it. Doc's not very good fiscally. Of course, he knows that whatever he needs—and Mike's the same way, but he doesn't do it. If my kids need anything, they know they can come to Dad. And I use the expression, "My kids are lucky their dad was born first." But it's fine. I want to. I don't do it because I don't want to do it and I don't do it because I want them to owe me something.

But Paul, I really don't—as you say, what would I like to happen? Really nothing because it's been so long. See, it's been thirty years and I've seen him maybe six, eight times in thirty years. Even when I've seen him he's been—well, he did come and stay at the house, he and his wife for about a week before they had their estrangement, but now they're back together. Really wasn't any feeling. I think when he stabbed me that day and made that remark, I think it got of took the heart out of me. I don't think he really has any feeling for me except what I'm sure in his mind he knows that he'll never have to work too hard after something happens to me. And if I could divert from him, I would, but I can't. So the only way I'd do it is by giving the kids things now so I don't have it when something happens to me. Like Valerie, whatever she wants or anything, if she needs a new computer, or Doc needs a car. I built a home for Doc, better home than I've got. So I try to do things now for the kids. But the rest of the kids, we get along great. And I don't have any falling out; I say I don't have any antipathy toward Paul; I just

don't have a feeling for him. Maybe if he lived here, close, or if I saw him two weeks every year or something, it would be different, but he doesn't make any effort. If he's not going to make an effort, I'm...and I think probably part of it now is due to his present wife, for some reason why. And she's brilliant, too. She works right in Hewlett-Packard as a computer expert, too. Maybe they're mechanically motivated and they're not emotionally motivated. So I can't help it.

Do you know anything about when Tuwey came to the United States or what the circumstances were surrounding her immigrating?

No, I don't. Except her father was a brilliant, brilliant man and I guess there weren't the opportunities in Australia and New Zealand that there were in the United States. They came. Tuwey always took care of herself. She worked hard. Big Val, she never married, big Val. She lives by herself. Tuwey was very good to big Val. We sold, Tuwey and I, this piece of property where the Blue Angel Motel is and I sold it several years ago. Tuwey had half of it. I gave her that during the divorce. So we each get twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars a month out of it over a period of twenty-five years or something like that. Tuwey provided that her sister get all that income, as long as she [Val] was alive, in her will and with the consent of the kids, Val and Paul. So Tuwey took good care of her sister. So whatever Social Security she's going to get and this will always take care of Big Val, which makes it nice. Then the kids offered to let her live in Tuwey's home in Arizona. She wanted to retire there. She can live there for free the rest of her life as long as she paid the utilities or something. So we're all pretty close to Big Val. I see her every once in a while or talk to her on the phone and things like that. And Judy gets along real well with Big Val, which makes it nice.

I want to go back for a minute to your parents. Do you remember any stories they told about Russia or (inaudible)?

The only thing I remember about my dad and Russia was my dad came to the United States when he was nine years old.

Into New York?

In New York with a brother named Al or Alex, Al Wiener, Uncle Al, and he had a brother Joe, Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe was about this big. My dad was very small. That's a picture of my dad right there, the little one.

Right here? In the middle.

Yeah, that one in the middle. That was my sister's father-in-law, Herb Waldman's dad. My grandmother lived in—well, my dad had a sister, Aunt Annie. My grandmother lived with Aunt Annie in New York and Uncle Joe lived in New York. My Uncle Al and my dad—brothers married two sisters, my mom and her sister, Aunt Julie. So there were two brothers married to two sisters.

What were their maiden names, the sisters' names?

Well, Aunt Julie was Julie Dineston and my Uncle Al was Al Wiener. Then Uncle Al died from what was then called indigestion, but now is called a coronary because you know when you have a coronary you throw up, and everybody used to think that was indigestion. What happens is when your blood is squeezed like this, you throw up. My dad died from the same thing. Everybody used to call it indigestion and now we know it's a coronary because when your heart grabs it tends to cause you to throw up.

Tell me about your dad's dad.

He was a very mild, mild guy. I guess my mother was a domineering person in the family. My mother was very dominant. Dad was mild, greatly interested in sports, as I am. I got it legitimately from my dad. Matter of fact, in the early days here when Las Vegas High School

was a football power and for state championship games and things, my dad used to close his store. He just close it and go to the football game. Then we went to basketball games and the football games together all the time. Dad was a very good provider until we moved to Las Vegas and then his craft in Las Vegas...he did fairly well the last two or three years of his life. But he was just starting to do well and he had a heart attack in 1946. But at that time I was doing pretty well. But prior to that time, excuse me, I had done pretty well. So I did things for Mother and Dad that they couldn't do for themselves like I bought them new furniture.

I'll tell you a story. We lived here eleven years, from '31 to '42, without air-conditioning. Nothing. I mean nothing. In February or March or something like that in '42 right after I started practice, I went out and bought—I'll never forget—a thirty-five cubic foot air-conditioning unit. We had a window in our living room that was up about four or five feet and we put the air-conditioning unit in that window and it almost blew the house apart. The house at that time...we were living in the two hundred block on South Fifth, Las Vegas Boulevard. And the house we lived in was one that had formerly been owned by Mr. Bailey, who was a railroad engineer who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, huge guy. And the reason he sold to my mom for sixteen hundred and fifty dollars was that when he walked the wallpaper shook because the house wasn't too well constructed. The wallpaper shook and Mr. Bailey thought the house was going to fall down. So my mother paid sixteen hundred and fifty dollars for a thirty-seven and a half foot lot with the house on the two hundred block of Fifth and then later bought the fifty foot with two houses on it next door to us. So that's still in the family. It's now leased out for a long time. The income goes to Kitt and me as long as we're alive and then it goes to the grandchildren after that. When Mom passed away I made her give everything we had other than that interest to Kitt.

We owned that office building at Fifth and Bridger. It was the first legal office building in town, where the patio floor is still, yeah, with the upstairs were all built for lawyers for our firm, first time anybody ever built an office building for themselves. I made money. I had a third, my mom had a third, and Cliff Jones had a third. And then I made mom give her third to Kitt. Mother always wanted to divide everything; that was her doing, divide everything fifty-fifty. And I told her that wasn't right because if I needed anything I could go to Kitt. But I didn't want to have it in case anything happened to me it would go through my estate. So she gave that to Kitt and she gave her home to Kitt and everything she had. The only thing I got from Mom other than love was when she passed away I got six glasses because she had given me six cut glasses, real good water glasses, and the other six she had. So I got those. And the rest of it, everything went to Kitt other than what the grandchildren picked out of the house. But otherwise, everything went to Kitt, which was right because Kitt doesn't have any worries now because she's got it. But I wanted Kitt to have enough that if something happened to her she had enough to take care of her. If she didn't I would always take care of her. But my sister is pretty independent. She still works for the old firm. She's worked for the old firm now...I guess she was with us, twenty, twenty-five years. She's still there. Because I don't have anything for her to do or otherwise I'd have her down here, but I don't have enough work for her.

How did your father's passing affect you?

Affect me?

Uh-huh.

I guess...let me put it [this way]. It affected me quite a bit because of the fact that it affected my mother so much. They were married about thirty-five years when Dad died. As a matter of fact, it was a very peculiar thing. I blamed the doctor for my dad's death, maybe unjust, Dr.

Woodbury. You remember Dr. Woodbury?

Yes, I do.

Remember the old Vegas Hospital?

Yes.

When you walked up the stairs...my mother had been operated on for a gallbladder and she was the first room as you walked up the steps to the left. My dad had the heart attack on the 23th of January '46. He had it down at the store and one of the men down at the store called me. Dr. Hardy came over right away. He knew he had a heart attack because he had thrown up. Put him in the hospital. When they put him in the hospital, they put him as you walked up the second floor and you walked straight ahead, put him in that room. For some reason they had to take my mom down to the operating room or surgery room downstairs. And that dumb Dr. Woodbury—and I told him, too—he told my mother that my dad was in the hospital of a heart attack. Of course, I had gone down to the hospital and seen my dad immediately. He was in an oxygen tent and everything. Of course, they couldn't take care of them in those days like they can now.

Did he speak to you?

Yeah, he talked to me. He was fine. Doctor Woodbury told my mother. My mother then insisted upon seeing my dad.

In all the time that I can remember my mother and dad only had two arguments. One was because my dad took me out one night to my uncle's house while he was playing pinochle and didn't bring me home until about one or two o'clock and we only lived four blocks away and my mother got angry.

And the other time was the first Thanksgiving we were here. Judge Roger Foley took my dad down to the whorehouses to introduce him to all the pimps because he figured they would

buy clothes and my dad had a few drinks. And my dad couldn't drink. He never drank. He didn't drink fifty drinks in his whole life. But he had two or three drinks down there and he came home Thanksgiving Day and he was feeling pretty good. He wasn't drunk. But Roger Foley, Sr.—you probably remember him—he used to be a real drinker. He was a two-fisted drinker. My mother was so mad because my dad got home late for Thanksgiving. Only time I ever heard my mother and dad have harsh words, only time.

But my mother, as I say, was (inaudible) and she insisted, when Dr. Woodbury told her my dad was there, that she go in the room. Well, I don't know what it does to you. But when I see people on a gurney it upsets me. I mean anybody. You just see them wheel a gurney, you kind of...They wheeled my mother in on a gurney. Well, my dad went like that; she never even got to say something to him.

Oh, no.

And I never forgave gave doctor—well, I say I never forgave. But I always felt that he was the immediate cause of my dad's death. My dad might have died five minutes later. But you don't do something like that. And I said to him, "How could you let...?" "Well, your mother insisted." I said, "Well in the first place, why did you tell her he was in that hospital? If you had to tell her, you could have told her he was overnight"—in those days we called it the county hospital, if you remember, over on Charleston—"You could have told her he was over there." And, boy, my dad just went and my mother never even got to say anything. She almost committed suicide. They were extremely, extremely...My mother was fifty-five when my dad died. She never went out with a person from that time until she died twelve years ago, last November thirtieth. Never went out with anybody. I mean she would go out with friends of the family, but I mean she never dated anybody, never, nothing from that time on.

Totally dedicated.

Oh, she was dedicated. She talked about my dad during all these years like he was still alive. She just had an obsession.

Did she ever say anything about spiritual experiences or feeling that he was close to her?

I don't think she ever expressed it that way. But she talked about him just like he was there. Of course, we talked about him that way because we thought that would ease her. We'd say Dad wouldn't do this or Dad wouldn't do that. But she was completely obsessed with Dad's death. As I say, she never went out and she was only fifty-five when my dad died, which is young. She used to go out with—we had another Dineston in the family called Ike Dineston, named after my grandfather. He and his wife, Margarite, they were from Detroit. They'd come out and visit. So she'd go out with Uncle Ike some places. Who else? There was somebody else that she used to once in a while go out with when they visited. But that was it. And other than playing poker with some women friends and going out with us for dinner or going to Kitt's house or my house, she stayed home and did needlepoint. She was some needlepoint doer.

Do you still have some of her things?

Oh, do I; I have a house full. Pictures. Chairs in the dining room. Stools. She used to do these things they call bell—where they had long things and they hang bells on them, like if you're ringing a bell in a big house. She made those. Oh, I've got...I must have...I've got one big picture that big that's of a rabbi in his study with all of his books. I bought it for her to do for me for Christmas. Anyway, I said, "Have it for me for Christmas." Other than the faces, which were done petit point, and the hands, which were done petit point, this thing...it's unbelievable. It would take anybody else two years to do it. She had it done by my birthday at the end of March. She worked like sixteen hours a day. And she did that; she just loved to do needlepoint. She did

needlepoint for everybody in town that would have it. What she'd do is I'd go out and I'd buy things for her and bring them home and then she'd say, "Get me something new or something different." I've got that picture at home. Then she's got pictures of hands and Jewish symbols that she made needlepoint and chair covers. She can do a chair cover in—a seat, a chair seat, she could do it a week. I'm sure anybody else it would take them a month or two months.

I've done needlepoint. It's difficult.

Have you? Well, she was excellent. And like on this rabbi picture, it's got books with colors on the bindings and the shawl is colored. The thread came made; the colors came made, but you had to put them. She did that—mother died...let's see. She's dead twelve years, so she died in '77. She did needlepoint up to the time she when to the hospital. And she actually got killed by a doctor.

What happened? Tell me about that.

She had a hiatal hernia and Ed Hoffman was our family doctor. She was complaining of pain. She had trouble eating and all things and she was complaining of some pain. Ed thought she had cancer, or maybe. So they were going to put a tube down and get something out of her stomach. Dr. Garmen here did it and what he got out wasn't satisfactory. So Ed wanted to have it done again, but Dr. Garmen wouldn't do it. He said it was too tough. Dr. Fichus, who was supposed to be the best and, I guess, is, he did it and when he did it he ruptured her esophagus.

So they called us about four o'clock in the morning. I'll never forget this. Ed called us and he said, "You better get to the hospital." We get over there and I walked in the room. They were getting ready to do surgery. Kitt was downstairs signing consent; I was upstairs seeing Mother. Dr. Fichus walked in the room and he said, "You'll have to get out now." So I said, "Fine." So he came out in the hall and he said, after he got through—they were getting ready to

take her down to surgery—"You know," he said, "this isn't anybody's fault; this is something that could happen." I got so hot because he thought I was going to sue him for malpractice. I said, "Doctor, I don't care whose fault. Get my mother downstairs to surgery." Because it was emergency surgery. Evidently acid spills out into your stomach. I said, "Get her down there and take care of her."

Well, Kitt and Herb and Judy and I were at the hospital. It took about three and a half, four hours to operate. Had I have known she could stand it, she would have had her hernia fixed ten years before that. But they didn't think she could stand it when she...she was seventy-five years old. They were afraid at that time she was—Mother when she died was eighty-four or so. She was about seventy-five when they discovered it. And the doctors in Santa Barbara didn't want to operate on her; they thought she was too old. Had I known she could stand it like that, boy, she would have had her hernia fixed. She'd probably still been living.

Fichus came out and he saw us in the waiting room. And he said, "Well, your mother came through pretty good," blah, blah, blah, and he walked off. I was so goddamn made at him because it was his fault that she was in the condition. You would think he would have stayed and talked to us and said, boy, what a great thing and this and that and the other thing.

Well, they were feeding her intravenously and she didn't knit; it didn't hold. So I guess the quality of the solution doesn't make for a—they started feeding her through the stomach with a stomach tube. And she had things in her nose and things in her arm. And when I went to the hospital she said, "I don't want to live." She said, "I'm losing my dignity." She was sharp. She was sharp as a tack. So I said, "Ah, forget it." She said, "When are you going to take me home?" I said, "We're going to take you home as soon as we can."

We couldn't get nurses. You couldn't get nurses around the clock. You couldn't get three

nurses. So we had to leave her stay a little longer. Just that we had two licensed practical nurses who were willing to work twelve out of fourteen days. We had to get the third nurse to work the other four days. We were going to back to back the days off. I'll never forget Kitt saying to me, "We've got to get the third nurse to get her home."

It was going to cost us about five thousand dollars a month for nurses to take her home. Kitt says, "Jeez." Because Medicare wouldn't pay for that. So Kitt says, "What are we going to do?" And I said, "Well, I'll sell a piece of property and we'll take care of her. That's no problem. If we have less, we'll have less." Kitt didn't have it, but I had it. So I said, "We'll sell a piece of property and that'll be no problem." Mother had maybe twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank, but that was going to be gone like that [snapping].

So they called us one morning and said that her lungs were filling up with fluid, at about four o'clock in the morning. So Kitt and I went over. Just as we got there they had a code ninety-nine and they rush everybody down the hall to Mother, and nurses and oxygen and doctor. You think—well, it was desperate.

So Ed came and talked to us. And I said, Ed, "Is this going to happen all the time?" He said, "You bet." He said, "There's nothing we can do." Because she wasn't able to get around and the fluid just kept backing on her all the time. And I said, "Well, then don't do anything." Or he said, "Do you want us to do it?" And I said, "Do it now to make her comfortable, but don't do anything more because I don't want her to be losing her dignity completely." And I'll never forget. He said, "She won't make it past noon."

I had to go to San Francisco. I had a client who was going to lose a quarter of a million dollars if I didn't get up there and do something. I couldn't make him lose a quarter of a million dollars. Ed says, "There's nothing you can do, nothing you can do." So I flew to San Francisco

and I flew back and I guess Mother passed away about thirty minutes before I got back because I went to the hospital to see her and the nurse told me they had already taken her out.

But she was a real scrapper. But she didn't want to live and I didn't want her to live.

Not like that. Not like that.

So that's about it. I called my sister and I told her what decision I made but that she could counter. So she didn't.

Where do you think your mom is now?

[Very emotional] I don't know. I see her every day because I go by the cemetery.

I believe she's not there, just her body.

Yeah. But I go by every day. My sister can't, though. She's never been.

Her spirit still lives.

Sorry.

Oh, listen. I know how much you loved your mother.

We were pretty close. My sister was even closer than I. My sister used to go by twice a day to see my mom and I'd go by I'd say six days a week. But she'd go by in the morning and she'd go by in the afternoon and I'd go by six days a week. If I didn't talk to her once or twice a day...my mother had a couple of favorite expressions. Her expression when you tell her a story. I used to be able to tell her dirty stories, not real dirty. And her favorite expression was, "Oh, my ass," when you tell her, or, "Bullshit." Those were her favorites if you tell her a story or something like that.

She was a real character and everybody liked Mom. She was very frank, very honest. She was a good businesswoman, great businesswoman. If I had let my mother continue from the time when she was fifty-five, which I wouldn't let her do, buying and selling—because I said,

"Mom, I don't want you building an estate; I want you to spend your money on yourself"—if I had let her continue, she'd own ten percent of Las Vegas. Oh, she was smarter than anything. Like the houses on Fifth Street, she bought them at twenty-five dollars. She'd put twenty-five dollars down and then hope that she could borrow on an insurance policy or borrow from my uncle or borrow from my…somebody and pay for it. But she was a great [businesswoman]. I got my gambling businesswise from her because she would gamble; my dad wouldn't. He was extremely conservative. My mother was a gambler and that's how she built up. She owned the property on Fifth Street and we owned a corner building on Fifth Street. She owned some property on Charleston and she owned some property on First Street. She did it all with nothing.

I don't think my dad, in all the time he was in business here, I don't think he earned over four thousand dollars a year. The town just wasn't ready for a tailor. When he died was about the time the town started—they were going out to the Frontier and El Rancho and the guys were starting to dress up, but he died just about that time. But they got along.

Then when I got to practice in '41, then they were able to have whatever they wanted. If they wanted to take a trip out here..."Here's your tickets"...and go and arrange a hotel. If Mother wanted something in the house, if she wanted a new TV set or all new furniture or things like that—no, they didn't have TV when Dad was alive—but I'd go buy them a living room set and put air-conditioning in their house or get them whatever they wanted and send them on trips because I had it and I was single until '45. So I would get it for them.

Mother was always a saver. She used to complain in her later years that her income tax kept getting bigger every year and she couldn't understand it. She could understand it, but she didn't want to understand it. She'd say, "How come my income tax keeps getting bigger?" I said, "Mother, because you're putting all your money in the bank." She never owed a nickel in

her last few years. Her house was paid for. And she kept five or six or ten thousand dollars a year in the bank from what her income was. So the interest kept getting bigger, so her income tax kept getting bigger. She couldn't understand why her income tax—she knew, but she wouldn't...And we used to say, "Mom, take a trip, spend your money." She was always afraid that she'd go through what she went through in '29 and '30.

What did she go through?

Well, that was the Depression when my dad lost everything.

Tell me about it.

Well, Dad lost his location at Seventh and Liberty in Pittsburgh because the Sandy Warner Clark Theater Building came in.

Oh, yeah, I remember you saying that.

They bought the property. Then when he moved out of that the crash came. And his customers were very affluent people that had probably forty suits in their closets. That was the last thing they were going to buy was suits.

I can remember one time we went to Sally Gordon's wedding. It was at the temple and I was in Sunday school that Wednesday. My mother and dad came out. They didn't have fifty cents to buy six streetcar tokens to go from downtown to the temple from the temple home and then from the house back to the office. And they met their attorney on the street. And they always tell this story. His name was Dave Kiley. He lent them fifty cents that was the last fifty cents he had. So Mother said, "How are you going to get home?" He says, "I'll borrow a quarter from somebody else." They didn't have fifty cents to take the streetcar, so that's how tough things were.

When we came here my grandma sent us two hundred dollars. She paid the first month's

rent on a cabin. She had income from my uncle who was very good to her. He was a very wealthy guy and he was very good to Grandma. We arrived in Las Vegas with eighty dollars, the four of us.

Tell me about your leaving Pittsburgh and coming.

I can tell you how we left Pittsburgh. I don't know how much rent we owed the landlord. I just don't know how much. We lived in a beautiful apartment, six- or seven-room apartment. We left under the cover of darkness, so to speak. I was not allowed to tell anybody we were leaving until just before we got ready to leave. And I went to a football game that afternoon; it was a Saturday afternoon. My mother took one lamp and one table that were kind of antiques out of the house and left them with my aunt and the dishes and stuff like that and silverware, and the rest of everything we left for the landlord so he would have something to get some of his rent out of because the furniture was beautiful furniture. As I say, my folks had been middle class, upper middle class.

We took an excursion train from Pittsburgh to Chicago. In those days you could take a round-trip for about six dollars. My dad went outside the depot and sold the return ticket for maybe a buck apiece. Then we rode kind of steerage to Vegas. In those days the seats in a coach were like we were in the old western things, one solid seat, nothing leaning back. Remember, you've seen those old things. So you sat up straight. Mother took a big basket full of food. I think we ate one meal on the train and the rest of it we ate out of the...she had fried chicken or whatever it was—I can't remember—and we ate that all the way out. Took us like about, I think, three days or three and a half days to get here from Pittsburgh.

When we came here we arrived with eighty dollars and that was it. We lived in this cabin and then moved to the corner of Second and Clark and then lived there until Mother bought this

little house over on Fifth Street. We rented rooms out. We moved in one of the old company houses and I think there was an extra bedroom. I slept on the couch and we rented my bedroom out to somebody to get a little revenue in because then the rent was eighty-five dollars, I remember, on the house. They had a schoolteacher and a man that was a bookkeeper for the gas company; they rented rooms. Mother and Dad had a room and Kitt had a room and I slept on the couch. Mother and Dad slept on kind of a screened-in porch; they slept there. So it had three bedrooms in it. They maybe got thirty, forty dollars a month out of the renters and that paid the rent. So our rent was probably less than it was in the cabin. But we got along. We didn't have anything, but we got along. In those days people didn't care and people in Vegas didn't care whether you had money or you didn't have money.

Why did they come to Vegas?

Because I had an aunt and uncle here and the business was so bad in Pittsburgh. Gambling had just started earlier in the year, in '31. And my uncle was an attorney and he said, "Come out here and starve to death." Boulder Dam is being built. Gambling had just come in. But the town was not ready for my dad because nobody wore nice clothes. My dad had been, as I say, a designer tailor. In those days he was selling suits for a hundred and fifty, two hundred dollars in Pittsburgh. You can sell a suit here for fifty dollars. If he sold a fifty-five- or sixty-dollar suit, he thought he made a big score. But there was nothing in Pittsburgh for us. They couldn't pay rent. As I say, we left under...I went to the ball game with Bobby, to the football game. And after the game was over we started to walk out and he said, "Well, we're going home." I said, "No, I'm leaving town." I never told him until then. It was really a tough time.

And so people tell me now...people will say to me, "Oh, you don't know what tough times are." I say, "Don't give me that; I know all about tough times." And like kids going to

school tell me that. I say, "Look, I went to law school with a dollar a month spending money. I went to Reno Nevada and I worked five jobs."

What were they?

I was a janitor cleaning bathrooms in the dormitory. I massaged the basketball and the track team. I worked in the off-school restaurant at campus for my meals. I worked downtown at a shoe store on Saturdays. And I gave blood transfusions. And I had a laundry route in the dormitory. So I worked all those jobs just to stay in school. In those days we got thirty-seven and a half cents an hour.

Oh, man.

Thirty-seven and a half cents an hour. I got three meals for working three hours in the off-school restaurant. I got fifteen dollars for cleaning out a bathroom with two showers, two toilets, a couple of urinals and then next to it was a washroom with about fifteen wash basins and mirrors, white little things with tile. I had to mop that thing and soap and mop it and clean the mirrors. It used to take me about two hours a day, maybe an hour to two hours, and I got fifteen dollars a month. And then massaging the basketball and track team, the basketball coach put me...I was on the NRA program for students. He was pretty good to me because when I didn't have to work, I'd just have to show up so I could sign a paper that I was there and he'd say, "Well, you worked your hour." Unless the basketball team was playing or the track team, then I had to work pretty hard because I had to massage all the guys all the time.

How did you get into that? How did they know you could do that?

I just went over to Doc Marty and told him I could do it. I used to get my arm massaged all the time when I was young and I kind of watched the guys do it. But I couldn't do it as good as some others because I didn't have the strength in my hand. But all the guys liked me because I

would work long and hard on them and I'd make up for not having two good hands or working one hand overtime. So Doc Marty, the basketball coach, was real nice to me.

Then the laundry route, I think I gave one of the kids in the hall—there were three laundry agencies in the hall and I gave some kid two dollars to buy his. Then I cut the prices and I drove the other two out, so I had the whole thing to myself. And the reason I did that was because you could get the bed sheets and pillowcases if you were the only laundry there. So we used to get twenty percent of what we collected, but we had to make good. In other words, if somebody sent two dollars of laundry out, if we didn't collect the two dollars of which we got forty cents, we had to pay the laundry. The kids would leave the laundry in our room and they'd pick it up in our room. But it wasn't making enough; it was making like three or four dollars a month. So I figured if I had it all by myself, I would make ten or twelve dollars a month and then maybe two or three dollars a month on the sheets and stuff. So I cut the prices to where I didn't make any commission. I gave it to them for just what I paid the laundry. So everybody came to me. So the other guys went out of business. The minute they went out of business, then I was the only one there. So I got the laundry from the dormitory and that made like six, seven eight dollars a month. So then I raised the price to ten percent. I never did go back up to the original because I felt that wouldn't be fair to the kids. As long as I was getting the sheets that I didn't have to handle or anything, I figured I could give the kids for ten percent. So they still made better than they would have through three laundries because they saved ten percent, which ten percent could be sixty, eighty cents a month, which might have been the difference between being able to go to the movie or not, because everybody was poor when I went to school in Reno. Well, '33 was still really in the Depression.

How we went to school in those days...this is an interesting story. To go to Reno I had to

go by way of L.A., San Francisco and Reno and I went by bus. I got held up in San Francisco. I had beautiful clothes because my dad was a tailor. Right in front of the Mint, which is directly across the street from the Greyhound Bus depot. And I was walking around while I was the waiting for the bus and some guy held me up and I had twenty dollars and he took my twenty dollars from me. He didn't take it from me. My dad had put it on an inside pocket inside my belt in between my belt and...so that I wouldn't lose it. Well, when this guy stuck a gun, I was scared not to give it to him. I don't know whether he stuck a gun, but he put something in my back and I didn't know whether it was a gun or not. So I gave him. I reached in my pocket. I said, "I'll reach into my pocket and get it." He could've never found it because it had belts and it was on the belt. He would have never found it. But I was scared to death.

I'll never forget then I went back over and I rode to Reno. We got to Baxter Pass and everybody got off the bus to go get something to eat or go to the bathroom. And I sat there and the bus driver said, "Well, why aren't you getting off?" I said, "I don't have any money." And I told him the story. And he said, "Well, come on and I'll buy you a doughnut and a cup of coffee or something."

When I got to Reno I went to the Golden Hotel and the Golden Hotel at that time was in receivership. And Harry Manetti—you remember Harry—was at the First National Bank. He was the manager for years. Well, Harry Manetti was running it for them and I went in and told him my story. I said, "I don't have enough money to pay for a room, but I think I can get money from my folks." I got a room without a bath. It was like the old Wild West things you see on TV where you had to go down the hall to a bathroom. But I got a room and I think I paid a dollar or a dollar and a quarter for it. The other rooms were like three dollars or two and a half. I didn't have that much money. So I called my folks and told them and they sent me another five

dollars or something like that. So that was my introduction.

And then from then on, the only way to get to Reno if you didn't go that way was to take the Las Vegas/Tonopah/Reno bus line; that consisted of one seven-passenger car. And on the back they had this big wooden box and they used to take the mail and the newspapers to Goldfield, Tonopah, every little stop, Gabbs, between here and Reno, Indian Springs. But it was only a seven-passenger car. So if you didn't make a reservations, there wasn't any way to go up there except if somebody from here was going up there.

There were a couple of kids—Lee Ward, whose father owned Ward's Grocery Store and the Mesquite Market. Lee was going to school and he had a Ford pickup truck. A couple of times several of us would ride up. We would lie on the bed of the truck. Now, if it was the summertime it wasn't bad. But in wintertime one would have his head here, one would have his head here, and the four of us would lie. We'd lie there going ten, twelve hours to Reno. We'd stop three or four times. One occasion coming back from Reno one of the kids caught pneumonia and died before we went back to school. His name was James, Jeanne James' brother. What we'd do is split gas if Lee would let us ride in the back of the truck. Sometimes a couple of girls would come with us and they'd ride up in the cab with him.

Then one time I remember riding back with a kid by the name of Morgan Mills from Boulder City, and three of us rode in a rumble seat. Well, by the time I got back I think my ribs from the left side were on the right side. But three of us were riding in a rumble seat in the cold, going through Goldfield and going through all that snow and everything. We were just riding out in the middle of a rumble seat in a car.

And the roads probably weren't that good.

Oh, the roads were about as wide as this desk. Snow would drift across the highway. Between

Goldfield and Tonopah, you know how those roads are. The wind whips and everything. But that's the only way we could go to school.

How long did it take you to get from Las Vegas to Reno?

Oh, it took ten, twelve hours. And you were riding on that cold and wind and everything. We tried putting blankets over our heads, but one guy wouldn't want a blanket and the other guy would want a blanket. It was really a...

What about gas stations along the way, were there any?

Well, they had them at Indian Springs and then at Beatty and then at Goldfield and Tonopah and Coaldale Junction and Hawthorne and Fallon. So there wasn't any real problem in getting gas.

Let me tell you an interesting story. When my folks wanted to buy all their meat from a butcher in Goldfield by the name of Dr. Lobb—I don't know if you remember when Dick was here.

Lobb. That name sounds familiar.

Lobb, big guy. His father had a butcher shop. He had been there since Goldfield was founded, the best butcher in the whole state of Nevada. So my folks wanted to get their meat from Mr. Lobb. Dick and I were close friends in school; he went to the university. At that time Las Vegas/Tonopah/Reno station had one freight thing going up and the guy that drove it was named Smilineck, George Smilineck. He would stop in Goldfield on the way up and tell Mr. Lobb what we wanted. On the way back he'd stop in the store and get it. He'd bring it down here. He'd take it to our house on Fifth Street. The door was never locked. You never locked your doors in those days. He'd put it in the icebox. And then he'd go up to the store and get the money for it. We didn't pay him anything; he just did it because he wanted to be a nice guy. And the people were like that in those days. Imagine stopping in Goldfield and going to see Mr. Lobb and

telling him what we wanted. And he was off about a half block off the side you had to go. Tell him what we wanted. Stop there to pick it up. Take it to the house. Put it in the icebox. Go up to the store and get the cash. And I guess maybe my dad made him a pair of pants every year or something like that. But that's the way people were. That's the way people were.

You didn't lock your house. I didn't have a key. The reason I didn't have a key was because my mother couldn't afford to pay ten cents because I was always losing the key and it cost ten cents or something like that to get a new one. She couldn't afford ten cents. So I just didn't have a key to the house. We never locked the front door.

Then my mother for years raised in our backyard...maybe she'd get a hundred chickens from Elmer Hughes in Mesquite. Did you know Elmer when he was alive? Well, Elmer was a farmer up there and he used to raise chickens. And he'd bring my mother forty, fifty chicks. I would go to Market Town and Mr. McMichael owned it. I got all the scraps of lettuce and all that stuff. In those days if it was brown they'd take it off; now they sell it to you. And then they put it all in a big bag and then I'd go get a burlap sack and I'd drag that sack home with all this cauliflower leaves and lettuce leaves and cabbage leaves and all that and then the chickens would eat that. Then if we could afford meal, we'd go to Clark County Wholesale and get a sack of meal, twenty-five pounds or something like that, and I could carry that home—it wasn't too far—or take it on a little wagon or something. Then we'd give them some meal once in a while. We had ducks and chickens and turkeys.

My mother every Sunday...we ate nothing but chicken. It was very cheap. My mother could fix it when she came home from the store. We had fried chicken five nights a week. Sunday once in a while we'd have something else. Because that was the only thing mother could fix when she came home. Mother would kill about ten chickens every Sunday and she'd pick

them and clean them.

Did you help her?

No. Oh, no, I couldn't do that. Neither did my dad. My mother used to call my dad—her favorite expression—she called him "Lets" because he'd say, "Let's do this," and, "Let's do that." So she always called him "Lets." My dad was like that. I can put a light bulb in a socket or open the door or something like that. I'm very mechanically inept and my dad was, too. So Mother could do all these things.

[End Session I]

This is an oral history interview with Louis Wiener on the first of February 1990 in his office on Foremaster Lane. This is tape number three, side one.

Now, the last time we were talking we had talked quite a bit about your father and your mother and about her dominance. I don't think we got too much into the grandparents. You talked about coming from Pittsburgh and you talked about brothers and sisters and family relationships and those kinds of things. Now, if you want to pick up where you left off, if there's anything else you want to say about the family...?

Well, I'll just say my sister is presently residing in Las Vegas. She became the office manager for my law firm when I was with Cliff Jones and Herb Jones. She remained as such through all my years with Dave Goldwater, Neil Galatz and Jerry Gordon and my nephew Herb Waldman. And she's still working for my former law office and she takes care of all the books and the accounts. Although she doesn't do all the work as the office manager now, she's a very important cog in their office. She's now seventy-eight years old. So she's still working. Wouldn't give it up because she doesn't want to have to try to find something to do every day. So she's still working. I guess she'll work until she drops dead. She won't quit.

How old did you say she was?

Well, she'll be seventy-eight July the second. In July she's three years older than I am and then the following March she's two years older than me, numerically. She's had three sons; they were all born here. One is living in California, one is flying fire bomb airplanes and the other is an attorney in Las Vegas.

Would you like me to go into some of the cases or something?

Yes, I was going to ask you that because that's really important to your daughter and to you.

I've already told you when I started there were sixteen lawyers in Las Vegas and I was the seventeenth lawyer. So my first few years in practice were almost all general practice. A lot of it was domestic relations because the town was the first six-week divorce area, or the state was, and we got a lot of divorce litigation. But because there was so few attorneys in Las Vegas and because the town grew so rapidly in the early forties because of the presence of the air base and the presence of Basic Magnesium, there was just a lot of general work for attorneys to do. So I practiced in a general way. I did a lot of criminal work and a lot of court-appointed criminal work, for which we got fifty dollars a case if it was a felony and a hundred if it was a homicide case. George Marshall was the judge who found he had a young fellow and he appointed me to six cases, which I tried jury trials my six months in practice.

In those days in Nevada there was no probation. So if you were convicted whether you pled guilty or you were found guilty, you went to the penitentiary. The judge had no choice. So naturally, everybody pled not guilty and you tried the cases. Once in a while, even with somebody who was maybe from a practical standpoint guilty, technically they wouldn't be guilty and you would get them off. But everybody tried cases. So I had a lot of criminal experience.

And then in my early years because I was young I became fairly well known as one who was knowledgeable about writs of habeas corpus on extradition cases. There was an attorney in Las Vegas at that time by the name of Julian Thurston whose office was primarily in Pioche who had been a former deputy attorney general, and he and I did most all of the writs of habeas corpus on extradition cases, trying to block extradition. At that time Gray Gubler was the district attorney, or during a portion of that time. Julian and I were very successful on avoiding extraditions from technical defects in the requisition papers from the requiring state. After a year or two with Grey being the district attorney, he must have cataloged every deficiency that we raised in every case. And when they sought extradition, I would assume he would advise the requisitioning state of what the defects were in their papers and it got tougher and tougher and tougher and it finally got to where it was almost impossible to beat a request for extradition because Grey had plugged all the loopholes.

So then I kind of went on to doing a lot of criminal defense work including the defense of quite a few capital cases. I never lost anybody to the gas house although I lost some first degree murder cases. When it became apparent that they were going to push for the gas house or now the injection system to put somebody to death, I started to back away because the pressure was so great on homicide cases that I decided I didn't want to subject myself to the real stress because when you're worrying about somebody being executed whether it's rightful or not, you worry. If you're a conscientious attorney, you live the case. When they die, a little piece of you, I assume, would die because you'd just know you lost a man.

I've never been in favor of capital punishment, but I'm sure that if it affected my family directly, I'm sure that at least for that case I would be a proponent for it. If somebody ever raped my daughter or something like that I'm sure I'd be a proponent for execution if they raped and

murdered my daughter. But really from a moral standpoint, I don't think that anybody has the right to take anybody's life whether it's under color of law or unlawfully. I just don't believe in it. Frequent occasions it's proved that it was the wrong person.

I'll give you an example of a fellow whose brother was convicted of first degree murder in New York, served twenty-two years. He got a commutation of sentence just because he was to be executed. He served twenty-two years and after twenty-two years they found out it was a wrongful conviction. He got out of the penitentiary. They permitted him to sue the State of New York by an act of legislation. He recovered—I don't remember—a couple or three hundred thousand dollars and before he got his money he died. But in the meantime, he had served the best part of his life in the penitentiary for something that he wasn't the party who was responsible.

So with just that one chance that it might be the wrong person that's the reason I'm against capital punishment. As I say, if it were against some member of my family, I'm sure I would be for it.

Going along in my career, in the mid-forties I started to represent hotels and casinos in their gaming applications. At one time our office represented nine of the ten or eleven hotels that were in town. We represented them as their attorneys and we were pretty knowledgeable about gambling because I have been raised, let's say, as a gamer. I've known gambling; since I was nine years I've gambled. So I'm knowledgeable. I'm knowledgeable about sports gambling. I'm knowledgeable about the inside gambling in hotels and casinos because I've been involved in it. So I was able to assist them not only in their applications but in problems that they had because I was knowledgeable. I was taught by...I guess you'd call some of the best cheaters in the business. They taught me and showed me how people cheat. So therefore, I was able to observe and

watch, which there aren't too many attorneys could pick up somebody cheating. I think I can. I don't know that I could pick them up on a real sophisticated cheating, but I think I can pick them up cheating at the tables. I know things that they do. I know how they make their moves. So I was valuable in that respect.

I was also knowledgeable where the sports were involved because I owned what I considered the first sportsbook in Las Vegas. There was one operated for two weeks before I took over and then from then on I operated it and that was the first sportsbook in Las Vegas at the old Las Vegas Club. So I was knowledgeable about that. I'm knowledgeable about sports as such. So I did have that background.

I guess the most famous case I was involved in representing all the hotels was Greenspun's antitrust suit against all the hotels. Due to the alleged pressures of Pat McCarran against Greenspun, all the hotels, without my knowledge or anybody's knowledge, withdrew all of their advertising from the Las Vegas Morning Sun on one day, which this was back in, I guess, the mid-fifties, early fifties. They withdrew all the advertising in one day. Greenspun hired George Marshall, who was then off the bench, and an attorney by the name of Roberts from Washington, D.C. to sue all the hotels and casinos, alleging that they did it at the request of Senator McCarran, because Greenspun and McCarran were on the outs. They brought the antitrust suit in front of Judge Foley, Sr. He directed after a couple days' hearing or maybe a meeting then—I can't remember—he directed all the hotels and casinos to reinstitute their advertising in the Sun and that actually kept Greenspun from going bankrupt. I mean he didn't have too good of a finance at that time.

What we later discovered, and I won't name him, was one of the hotel owners was feeding Greenspun what we were doing in the way of our plans. We would have a meeting after

court at night with all the clients and the attorneys who were involved, and there were several out of city attorneys. And the next morning we'd go to court, we'd be met almost at the outset with complete defense or complete opposition with complete knowledge of what had happened the night before. One of the owners, who's now not alive, but I wouldn't mention his name anyway, he was feeding Greenspun or his attorneys all the information that he had been sitting in the room currying his favor, I guess. In any event that was the turn for Greenspun because had the boycott continued, I guess, for thirty days he'd have been out of business.

Later, that didn't endear me to Hank. Later George Franklin, who is an attorney in Las Vegas, sued Greenspun in five separate suits for libel, for five separate libel Greenspun just maligned George something terrible. The first suit that was tried was the allegation that George was a black market baby operator. I was hired to represent George in a jury trial Friday night before the trial began Monday. I had absolutely no knowledge of libel. I had never been involved in it. At that time you had a young attorney in the office who is now retired, Municipal Judge Francis Horsey, and Francis and George Franklin worked with me over the whole weekend to get me ready to start a trial Monday morning in which I had no knowledge of the principles. And during the first couple of days George sat on one side and Francis sat on the other and they would feed me these legal theories. And I'm trying to run a trial and listen to them. I just really knew nothing about libel.

In any event, we went on to win the lawsuit and get a judgment for a hundred and ninety thousand dollars; that was in '54, which at that time was the largest libel judgment in the history of the world. The largest prior to that had been against Westbrook Pegler for calling somebody a communist or something of that nature. So we had the largest judgment in the history of the world at that time. The largest before that had had a hundred and seventy-five thousand and one

dollars. Quentin Reynolds was the one who got the judgment, a hundred and seventy-five thousand punitive and one dollar compensatory damages.

What had happened was a girl had called George Franklin to the hospital. She was having an illegitimate child, as I recollect, and she wanted to give the child up for adoption. George Franklin went to the hospital, went to the labor room where the girl was, but he didn't have any papers or anything with him. He tried to talk the girl out of giving up her child. This was going to be a direct adoption, which now has some real safeguards on it. There were two other people in the room. She didn't sign any papers; George didn't have any.

Two weeks later after the child was born, she and her mother came to George's office and George prepared the papers for the direct adoption, not putting in the names of the perspective adopting parents, but had the girl and her mother to leave his office and go someplace else to notarize the papers. He would not notarize them. So the girl had an opportunity if she wanted to not do it to not do it.

But in any event, the girl later changed her mind about it and she wanted to get the adoption set aside. George didn't feel he could. So she went to Hank Greenspun. Well, Greenspun just tore—he hated Franklin, anyway, for some reason and he tore him apart.

When we went to trial, the man that wrote the article was the one that later wrote the—Ed Reid, who wrote The Gree*n Felt Jungle*. He was the key witness. He's the one I spoke to who had done the investigative reporting. We found out that he never talked to the two people that had been in the labor room. I think their name was Carr, if I can remember. In any event, they testified in favor of George that he didn't come in with papers; that he tried to talk her out of the adoption and everything. I'll never forget. During the course of the trial, Ed Reid had been very vicious against George. He really had been vicious against George.

He claimed that he was a Pulitzer Prize winner when he was on the Brooklyn Eagle newspaper. During the course of the trial, for some reason I went into Sammy's Newsstand and got a world almanac and I looked to see if he'd ever been a Pulitzer Prize winner. Well, it turned out that the Brooklyn paper had gotten a Pulitzer Prize that year but for community service, but it had been awarded to somebody else. I don't remember his name; Smith or Jones, whatever it was. So when I went back to court that afternoon, I asked Reid if he had won the prize and so on and I led him to make...and he was puffing up, ah, like a peacock. I got the almanac in evidence and I showed it to him and I said, "Is that your name?" Of course, then he had to admit that he wasn't, but he was working for the Brooklyn Eagle when they got the Pulitzer Prize. All this time he had held himself out. Well, from that day on I was dead as far as the Morning Sun was concerned; they took out after me every chance they ever got; I mean every chance, and viciously, too.

When Hank got on the stand, I asked him if he didn't like George Franklin and he gave a real evasive answer. After about two or three minutes, I said, "I don't think you heard the question." And I had the reporter read it back to him. And he went on with the same thing again. And I did it a third time. And the third time he says, "No, I don't like George Franklin or anything he stands for." And I can remember vividly my description of it. I said, when I argued to the jury, "His eyes popped out and you could see the venom spewing from him." That's what got us the big judgment for punitive damages.

But after that I was, quote, a dead man as far as Greenspun was concerned. Every chance he ever got to take a shot at me, he did. And he really tried to set me up on a deal I guess to get me disbarred. It backfired. The bar association never even had a hearing on it. I mean that's how...He put me in a room at the El Rancho suite with a DA hidden in the clothes closet and a

guy trying to set me up on a deal. I was back in West Virginia at the time it happened and I came home immediately and went to the bar. So I wrote to the bar association or called them to say I want a hearing right now. They never even had a hearing. It was so bad, but it was an attempt—he hid a deputy DA in a closet and everything to try to get something on me. I don't say I never forgave him because I don't hold that kind of a trait. But I would speak to him and say hello, but that was all.

But why was he so much against Franklin, too?

I have no idea. But George was a very aggressive sort of a guy.

I remember him.

He was a tough guy. Like the rest of us, he had his faults, too. But for some reason Hank...maybe it was something that George had done to him when he was a city attorney of North Las Vegas or district attorney. One of the suits that he refiled he stated that Franklin would have been indicted by the grand jury if the statute of limitations hadn't run. Well, there was no way to prove what the grand jury would have done and we took him to trial on that and we won. But we didn't win very much of a judgment because of the fact that Judge Henderson—at the end of the case I made a motion for a directed verdict on liability. Judge granted it and then didn't let me finish my case, just excused the alternate juror and submitted the case to the jury with one instruction. Didn't even tell the jury what libel was. Didn't let me argue to the jury. Didn't let me give instructions. And the jury came back with a twenty-five hundred or twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollar verdict because they didn't even let me argue. And I had Greenspun—when they granted the motion for directed verdict and liability, I had him against the wall. I could have pummeled him to death if I could argue to jury. But anyway, Judge Henderson was a great guy.

As a result of that trial—this is a very interesting story—as I walked out of the courtroom, I threw my briefcase down the hall because Judge Henderson didn't let me argue and he didn't let me submit rebuttal evidence. And I said, "That dumb son of a bitch judge." Bert was an older man, great guy. But I said it. I went back to the office while the jury was out and Herb Jones came out and he said, "Boy, you are in trouble. Ray Linedecker, who is a reporter for the Sun, is going to put a big story in the paper tomorrow that you called Judge Henderson a dumb son of a bitch." I said, "Well, boy, I better go talk to Bert." That was his name, Bert Henderson. "I better go tell him what I said so that he doesn't read it in the newspaper."

So I walked over to the courthouse and as I was going into the courthouse, I saw Ed Morgan, who was Hank Greenspun's attorney from Washington, D.C., who was really an outstanding man and attorney. And I was so mad you could have—it was terrible. And he said, "What's the matter, Louie?" And I said, "Well, that guy's going to put in the paper that I called Judge Henderson a dumb son a bitch, which I did in anger." And Ed Morgan said, "Well, let me take care of it." So he called Ray Linedecker and he said, "I want to tell you something. If you put in that Louie Wiener called him a dumb son of a ditch, you've got to put in the defense attorney agrees with him because," he said, "that was unbelievable what he did to Louie, not letting him argue to the jury or give instructions." So he says, "You put in I agreed with him." Well, that ended that; it never went in.

But I did go up and see Judge Henderson right away. I walked in and I said, "I've got to tell you this story and what I said." He said, "Well, you didn't say anything that I didn't say probably a hundred times in my years of practice that I would say about a judge." He said, "That wouldn't have bothered me." I said, "Well, it would have bothered you, Judge, if it would have been put out as a headline in a newspaper." He said, "It wouldn't have bothered me as far as

you're concerned. You people might not have understood. But I've said it a hundred times when I was practicing law." And we were pretty good friends. We weren't social friends, but we liked each other and I liked him. So that blew over.

But that was the extent to which the paper would have gone to get me. They would have tried to do a lot of things. But anyway, I overcame it. I think one of the reasons—I was representing the Review during that period of time, too; I was their attorney. Maybe that's one of the reasons he didn't like me.

But some of the things I guess I said about Hank maybe proved to be true later years. Hank was pretty vindictive. And for many, many, many years he controlled the politics of the city. If Hank said that Joe Doke shouldn't be elected, my God, he couldn't get elected. The Review for some reason had no influence on the politics and Hank had—he was a fighter. He went after people and the people paid a lot of attention to him. I think that influenced waned in his later years; I don't think he was ever as powerful or persuasive with people. Hank would do a lot of things and they were okay, but if somebody else did them they were no good.

And then I guess I tried the Azbill case in which Sylvester Azbill was charged with pouring lighter fluid on his wife's body in bed and then lighting a match and then burning her to death. We lost it on the first trial and I worked ten years on it and got it reversed. We tried it again and he got convicted again although he had a chance to walk away with time served, but he wouldn't do it. He wanted to go to trial again. Our defense was that his wife died as a result of phenobarbital and alcohol, the synergistic effect because there was no carbon monoxide in her blood or soot in her lungs. But because it was such a horrendous crime, the jury just didn't pay any attention to it and we lost it. He's still in the penitentiary. He's been in there now I guess twelve, thirteen, fourteen years since I reversed it in the federal courts and it went to the Supreme

Court of the United States and we were upheld. And he can't get out. He's still not out. In fact, he just got turned down about a month or two ago for parole. So he's been in twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five years when he could have walked at the end of ten years and wouldn't do it. But that was one of the cases.

Then I defended Tom Hanley and his son for murdering Al Bramlet. That was an interesting case in that the key witness against Hanleys, the two of them, was one of the fellows that participated in it. In fact, he and Tom Hanley actually shot Bramlet to death. Gramby Hanley, who was Tom's son, wouldn't do it and walked away and went and sat in the front of the truck and they convicted him of first degree murder. A guy by the name of [Eugene] Vaughn, who actually along with Tom Hanley did kill Al Bramlet, became a state's witness. And he not only didn't get a traffic ticket for it, but he got half of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reward for participating and showing them where the body was. And he was one of the guys that killed him and he got twelve thousand five hundred in reward, which I thought was the greatest injustice in the world. But it happened and then Tom died in prison. I don't know whether Gramby is still in prison or isn't in prison.

But that was a trial in which I, in the middle of the trial, discovered that Tom and Granby had tried to bomb my restaurant, which I had an interest in, the Alpine Village, in the middle of a trial. And I laid that aside and I defended them right to...we finally pled guilty in the middle of the trial or toward the end because I thought I could save Granby from going off to the penitentiary for life and I argued in front of Carl Christensen. I believe it was Carl. But Carl still sentenced him in life. I always thought it was kind of an injustice to make him go to prison for life because he did walk away. But I guess he didn't walk away far enough. Even the man that was the informer admitted that Granby didn't participate in the actual murder.

They had arranged for Sid Wyman to pay ten thousand dollars that Bramlet owed him for bombing David's restaurant and apparently hadn't paid it. They arranged for Sid Wyman to pay him and Granby Hanley wanted to go get the ten thousand and Tom Hanley and his mom were drinking and they said, "Well, Granby will squeal." And Granby says, "You're not going to squeal and tell us he paid ten thousand dollars for us to bomb a restaurant." So that's why Granby wanted to get out of it. But he didn't walk away far enough, I guess. They never got the ten thousand and Vaughn got twelve thousand five hundred for helping to kidnap and murder Bramlet. But those were some of the outstanding cases.

I think the most memorable case I ever had was defending an indigent who was a handyman at the Westward Ho Hotel charged with murdering a maintenance man at the Mint Motel in North Las Vegas. And this poor old guy couldn't read or write, which I never discovered. The man he was alleged to have murdered lived next to him on the second floor of the Mint Motel on North Main Street and he was discovered with thirty-something stab wounds and his throat cut from here to here three or four times. The man I defended, Manual Harden, lived in the room next door to him. His fingerprints were on a Coke bottle in the decedent's room. The police claimed that when they went in the room, Manual's room, which they opened up without a warrant, that they found him with two or three pair of pants on, the dead man's wallet, and his pants and shirt had been attempted to clean it, and they found two knives under his bed, and they claimed that he had washed them off and everything. The peculiar thing was just as you entered the room there was a white washcloth on the foot of his bed with the key to the next-door room on it. Well, if you're going to take the trouble to clean yourself all up and do everything they said he did to hide, you're not going to put the key on a white washrag at the foot of your bed, the key to the man's room next door. Manual had had fifteen hundred dollars

stuffed in a hole in his mattress under his bed; that was gone. So I argued to the jury that somebody had set Manual up.

When the case was over, the first trial, we got a hung jury, six and six. I never put Manual on the stand because I thought that I could win it without, technically. I didn't. So they retried it and I suppressed the evidence because of the technical thing and Manual walked. But in the meantime, he'd been in jail about eighteen months to two years and he came out. He was a man about sixty-five years old and the jail had so debilitated him that he was just a shell.

That was a case in which his daughter came to me to defend him and I told her what my fee would be. She said, "Well, I'll pay you twenty-five dollars a month." Her name was Willie George. I said, "Willie, if that's all you can pay me, why don't you go to the public defender?" She said, "Because he's my dad and I want you to defend him." So I defended him for nothing. She paid my expenses for a trip to Carson City one time to go to the Supreme Court, like a hundred and two or three dollars, and I spent approximately two hundred and fifty hours on the case.

But I think it was the best case from my standpoint satisfactionwise that I ever did because I got him off and I don't think he was guilty. And I don't know; I don't say nobody else would have gotten him off, but I did get him off. It was a peculiar thing. I didn't think I had a chance to get him off on the facts of the case, but I thought I could get him off on the search being illegal. So I didn't spend a lot of time with him getting his version of what happened. I didn't think I could beat it on that with everything being found on him and so on and so forth.

So when I went to the jail to see him, I never had a contact meeting with him; I had talked to him through the screen. In those days they had two little areas where you could talk to them. And I talked to him and he would answer me, but he wasn't very smart.

When we went to trial, the first or second day of trial we selected the jury and we challenged for cause. When the challenges for cause were completed, we have our peremptory challenge. So I had Jerry Gordon who was helping me. I said, "Move over, Jerry, and let Manual set next to me so I can ask him whether he likes or dislikes any of the jurors and we can get them excused." I think at that time we had either eight or ten peremptory challenges. And if he didn't like the color of his hair or whatever, you can get them excused. Manual moved next to me and I said, "Manual, is there anybody you don't like?" And he didn't answer me. He kept looking straight ahead. Finally after two or three times, the jailer who brought him into court every day came over and said, "Louie, he's deaf." I almost collapsed. Here I've been representing a man and he was deaf. So he didn't hear what I said. But because I always talked to him face to face, he read my lips. But I was really concerned because he wasn't really giving me an adequate defense and he couldn't hear what was going on.

So I approached the bench and Paul Goldman was the judge. And I said, "Paul, my man can't hear and I just discovered it." He almost fell off the bench. But then I told him why, because I just talked to him direct on. So I said, "I want a hearing aid." I'll never forget the District Attorney Bill Coot said, "Well, go buy him one." I said, "Buy him one? I'm doing the case for nothing as it is." So Paul ordered him to have a hearing aid and the next day he came into court, he was like an entirely different man. And the jailer told me the night before he had watched television and listened to it. He was like in a new world.

Then during the course of the trial I had ask the bailiff that took him out, the jailer, how he's getting along. I'll never forget this. He said, "He's having a real problem urinating because his kidneys are bothering him or something like that." So I said, "Well, I'll take care of it back in court." So I went back in court and I raised my hand and I said, "Judge, if I raise my hand,

would you please stop the trial so Mr. Harden can leave the room?" So we approached the bench and Bill Coot said, "You're just trying to get sympathy." I said, "No, I don't want him to urinate on himself in the courtroom."

Well, during the course of the argument to the jury, I came back after I completed my argument and I noticed that Manual was just soaking wet. I said, "What's the matter? Why didn't you say something?" He said, "I didn't want to miss your argument." He didn't realize that if he was excused we would have to stop. But he didn't want to miss the argument. That poor guy.

When the trial was over I got him back his job, but he couldn't do it. He was just completely debilitated. He later moved back to, I guess, Louisiana to live with one of his children. But it was probably the most satisfying trial I ever had because I worked—well, it took us a couple of years and we won it. And it was completely for nothing; I wasn't even paid by the state. I never asked for it. I just did it and I was real happy about it. So that was probably the most satisfying verdict I ever had.

It kind of developed a famous story, as far as I'm concerned, with the Supreme Court judges. Originally, I made a motion to suppress the evidence because they hadn't taken the proper precaution to go get a judge to sign a search warrant. The state took an appeal to the Supreme Court and the Supreme Court reversed; Judge Gunderson did, saying that even though three hours elapsed between the time they got to the motel and the time they went into his room without a search warrant, under the emergency doctrine they'd have the right to do it. They quoted a law review article, Buffalo University Law Review, and absolutely misquoted it, just misinterpreted it.

So I called up for some reason to the Supreme Court for another case. I got ahold of

Gordon Thompson, who was then on the bench and Gordon and I had been friends. I said, "Gordon, when did the fire occur in the Supreme Court building?" He said, "What are you talking about?" I said, "Well, I understand all the law books burned up in the Supreme Court and you guys are just doing all these decisions from the seat of your pants; you're not even looking at the books." He said, "What are you talking about?" And I told him. I said, "I don't know how you could arrive at this decision." P.S., that was a standard thing between Gordon and all the judges. I would say, "Well, I guess you never got the books replaced."

When we retried this case, Manual's case, Judge Babcock finally agreed to suppress the evidence because of another...they had gone in the room twice, but they never told us about the first entry until in the middle of the first trial. Well, that was after the Supreme Court had reversed, so they didn't have that evidence in front of them. When I got that evidence in front of Judge Babcock at the retrial, he told the DA he was going to throw the case out of court. So they immediately called the Supreme Court trying to get a stay order and Judge Hatcher that they got ahold of said, "Who's trying that case?" I believe it was Ray Jeffers who called and said, "Louie Wiener did." Hatcher said, "Don't ask me to stay that thing." He said, "Every time I see him he's all over me like a wet blanket because of the first decision." And we were good friends because we ate lunch together every time I went up to the Supreme Court. He said, "Don't ask me to sign it." He said, "I don't want to listen to Louie for the rest of my life."

So they didn't get it and Judge Babcock ultimately dismissed the case and Manual walked out free, but a real beaten man. Matter of fact, when I told him he was free, he didn't really understand. He started to walk back to go to jail again. But it was a real satisfying case, satisfying because I won it and satisfying because I won it without being paid for it. But that was real satisfying thing for me.

But for the most part my practice has been very satisfactory. I've been successful I guess as an attorney. But contrary to probably what a lot of people think, I never really made any money practicing law to amount to anything. Whatever I did I made in business ventures. I think the reason was because I never was concerned about being paid. If somebody could pay me that was fine; if they couldn't pay me that was fine, too. Well, and it didn't work out in my last partnership either because they didn't understand that. And I can understand it. I ran up a lot of accounts that never were collected and never would be collected as far as I was concerned because if somebody couldn't pay, they couldn't pay. I never in forty-seven years ever sued anybody for a fee. If they couldn't pay it, I'd say, "Well, give me a hundred dollars a month and then pay me from now on pay me when we submit a bill." If they did it was fine; if they didn't, why...I never got rid of a client because he didn't pay. I maybe got rid of clients because I didn't like them or I didn't like their case, but I never turned anybody down because they couldn't pay. I never charged fees like—I mean I just never—I mean I made a real good living, but I just never made what probably I could have made if I had demanded fees up front. But I didn't. So that was my...And maybe it worked out best for me because I was very successful businesswise. I mean I don't have any qualms about where I wound up. I do have qualms about some of the local attorneys and how they charge. And my biggest qualm I think is that I don't think that the very successful attorneys, most of them in town, are giving back to the community.

Did I tell you about the Boys Town deal? I'm on the Boys Town committee for raising funds. We only had to raise two million dollars to establish a six-cottage Boys Town with the facilities and so on and so forth. And Boys Town has agreed to operate it for fifty years at no cost if we'll raise two million. It's hard to believe we've only raised a million dollars. I wrote to several of the law firms. I personally pledged fifty thousand, which you're allowed to pay ten

thousand a year, which is a fairly good donation.

It's wonderful.

And if I sold my motel and casino, I promised them I was going to give them two fifty, which would name a bungalow after my parents. But I didn't get it through the sale; I didn't have that much available. So I wouldn't make a commitment that I didn't think I could keep and I didn't think I could keep giving them fifty thousand dollars a year.

I wrote to four of the largest law firms in Las Vegas asking them to contribute fifty thousand dollars payable ten thousand a year, which means thirty dollars a day. Would you believe I have not even had the courtesy of a phone call to say no? Some of our biggest gaming operators have turned us down cold. We raised a million dollars. We hope to raise the other two fifty by...I think it's either the sixth or sixteenth of this month when we're going to have our dedication. We're going to get it through, anyway. I will myself arrange to give at least another fifty thousand dollars toward it so that I will give them a hundred thousand dollars if we need it and we can't get it.

But my biggest regret is that I don't think, outside of the newcomers in the community in the gaming business—except for Marjorie Barrick whose husband was an old-timer. She's very liberal. Bill Boyd, Frank Fertitta, Margaret Elardi; those are about it, and Mrs. Barrick. There may be somebody else. They have been very liberal. Mrs. Elardi gives about a quarter of a million a year towards scholarships. She gives a ten-thousand-dollar scholarship to every valedictorian in the state of Nevada who attends UNLV, and this year there were forty something. So she gives them twenty-five hundred a year for each of the four years. She's a relative newcomer. Frank Fertitta gave a million dollars to the university and just fixed the president's house up at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars.

Now, which hotel is he with?

He has the Palace Station. Margaret Elardi now has the Frontier. Bill Boyd, of course, with the Boyd Group. Now, Bill gave fifty thousand dollars towards Boys Town. I'm trying to get some money from Frank and I haven't gotten it yet, but I think I will. I haven't asked Margaret Elardi because she's giving a quarter of a million a year now to the university. But the people who have helped like the university, the big donors at the university, except for Frank Fertitta whose big, and Harrah's Club has given us five million dollars to our foundation. Tom Beam has been very, very good. Grey Gubler's family has given a substantial contribution away of land that they've donated, which will be sold. But the big gaming institutions who have made millions and millions and millions in Las Vegas outside of—well, the Hilton has given some. But the real people who came here in my opinion as, quote, outlaws—they weren't outlaws, but as outlaws—the only place they could ever be successful because of gaming was here are not giving back to the community.

Why not?

I don't know. Maybe they think they can take it with them. One of the very prominent guys, he put in the paper that he's worth two hundred million dollars. We haven't been able to get five cents out of him for Boys Town. That's regrettable because, in the first place, if you're worth over three or four million dollars, when you die everything above that is going to be taxed at the rate of fifty-five percent for estate tax. If you don't have liquidity, your family is going to have to liquidate part of your estate in order to get the money to pay the government. They're going to have to make a sacrifice there. So I figure anything that I give really...the government is giving fifty-five percent to start with. Plus my family has to liquidate to get the money to pay the tax. That's also being given because they don't have to raise the money for that portion I'm giving.

I just resent the people who don't give back to the community that has given them so much. I wouldn't be in anywhere near the position I'm in if I were living anyplace else because I wouldn't have the opportunity. As I say, I started out with about five dollars in my pocket and I'm very comfortable. My kids are going to be comfortable. They won't get what they think they're going to get because of the tax and they're probably going to have to liquidate my estate because I'm not liquid at all. But I've talked to them. I have an insurance salesman wanted me to take out insurance for my estate tax and I talked to my kids about that and told them that I didn't feel I wanted to sacrifice at the high rates I would have to pay now in order to leave them the money to pay the estate tax. Valerie and Doc and Mike—I never talked to Paul about it—said, "Dad, don't spend anything for insurance because you're paying a penalty so we can have more and whatever we get we're not entitled to, anyway." So I've had to problem with that.

But I begrudge the—well, I say I begrudge. I'm hot because people don't give back to the community. I mean a man worth a hundred million dollars that won't give ten million dollars back to the community...and he's not giving ten million dollars. He's giving at the most four and a half million dollars because the government's going to get fifty-five percent of it, anyway. I think it's terrible particularly when they won't come up with fifty thousand dollars. And they say, "Well, we give to charities." When you have two hundred million dollars or a hundred million dollars, unless you give away twenty, twenty-five percent of what you're worth to charity, you're not giving because nobody can spend the income or spend or use seventy-five million or fifty million. They can't do it. How much can you spend? If I had ten times more than I have or one-tenth of what I've got, I wouldn't live any differently. So what's the sense of acquiring it? There's a certain satisfaction in acquiring it, but there's a greater satisfaction in giving. And I resent people that don't give.

It seems like that you're from the old school and the new school is a little different, isn't it?

That's right.

They play different rules, don't they?

That's right. But peculiarly, the newest people that have emerged in the gambling are giving. It's some of the older people that are not giving.

It should be.

Like the Binion family, they've got to be worth a half a billion dollars. You don't see them giving. Well, I think there awhile back they donated two trucks to the EOC or something. But with what their income is they've got to have an income of fifty million dollars a year. Suppose they gave away two million dollars a year or five million dollars a year, what would it mean? They're not going to be able to wear more clothes or eat better food or have a better place to live because they've got fifty million than if they had forty-five million.

That's right.

It's just not right. I mean everybody, Jackie and all these people, Benny—and I'm sure that he helped anybody. But they're not helping, at least substantially. They give to United Fund. I give to United Fund. But I mean that isn't the answer. And I would think that people would want to have a monument in the way of graciousness or gratitude; that they'd want to have a monument to their memory. But apparently, it doesn't mean anything to them.

Just last week I wrote five letters to five different people asking them to give ten thousand a year. I haven't had one answer. And I'm not hurt; I'm disappointed because they're the ones that are losers by not giving. Like some of the bigger law firms, if they gave thirty dollars a day, which is nothing, thirty dollars a day would pay fifty thousand dollars over a period of five years. And they get to deduct it to start with. So if they're in the thirty percent

bracket, it would cost them roughly cost them twenty dollars a day net. You can't tell me that these big firms can't spend twenty dollars a day. They spend that extra for lost postage or something. But they don't do it. And I think they're losing—they're losing my respect that they don't give—but I think they're losing a great joy in not giving.

That's right.

I get nice letters from Father Peters in Omaha and he's coming out. Oh, we get along well. For giving. I think they're losing that. But there's nothing you can do. I can't go put a gun at their head, although I'm going to call some of them on the telephone and tell them what I think of them. Whether they like it or not, I'm going to tell them what I think of them when they tell me they can't give a net twenty dollars a day for five years. But anyway, that's it.

Now, is there any other things you'd like to talk about?

Yes. I wanted to get back to some of these interesting clients you've had. Why don't you tell me a little bit about like Bugsy Siegel and—

Well, I'll tell you about him.

—Frankie Sinatra, Nancy Sinatra, Melvin Belli, Eddie Fisher.

Well, Siegel hired me because I beat him in a lawsuit. He came to me and he hired me and told me that the suit in which I defeated him he thought he had, quote, the juice. It wasn't the juice probably; this is with the judge. But the attorney he hired was a good friend of the judge. But as far as I'm concerned, this judge there was no juice with him; he just was a great guy. And I beat Siegel in the lawsuit.

So one day he came to the office and the girl told me Mr. Siegel there. Well, Mr. Siegel didn't mean any more to me than a Jewish name being Levitt would mean to Mormon people. There's six jillion Levitts and six jillion Siegels, so it didn't mean anything. He came and

introduced himself to me. Handsome, oh. And his stomach was as straight as a...you never saw he anything—he was in great physical condition and really a handsome guy, nice. He said, "I just bought the Flamingo Hotel and I want to hire you to represent me." So I said, well, I'll have to talk to my partners. At that time Bob Jones and Cliff Jones were my partners. He said, "I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars a year retainer." Well, that was 1944 or '45. Twenty-five thousand was like five hundred thousand. I thought to myself, my partners better agree to this. Anyway, I was representing the hotel, so I did become his attorney.

He was always very protective of me. I mean this; if he was doing anything wrong—while I represented him that I knew of—he didn't let me know about it. I guess if he was going to talk to anybody, he'd tell me to get out of the room, so I can get away from it, if he did do anything wrong like I said.

I think he was the man responsible for Las Vegas being what it is today because he is the man that had the dream of building a resort hotel. Up to that time the El Rancho and the Frontier were really oversized motels, little casinos, little showroom. He built a real beautiful place, the Flamingo. He was meticulous about the way he did things. He carried a pocket diary or notebook and he would ask me eight, ten, five, six questions every day, and I had to write him a separate answer for every question on my letterhead. And the next day I'd give them to him, or maybe the following day. And the reason he did that...he said, "I don't ever want any question being raised about you being right or wrong. If you're wrong it's going to be in writing, and if you're right it's going to be in writing. Nobody's going to be able to say you gave me the right advice or the wrong advice when you gave me the right advice, vice versa." And I think—I mean he never said this, but I think he was trying to protect me against criticism from, quote, his associates back east. He didn't want me to ever be put in the spot for ever being blamed for

something if I was right. And every day I'd give him four, five, six, eight, ten letters. And he had great details.

Had Siegel lived he would have had the first three or four room [star] hotel in the country. He had dreams. He had visions. Unfortunately, they didn't permit him to live. Had they permitted him to go another sixty or ninety days, the Flamingo would have been a financial success; it was on its way when he got killed.

He was very generous. When I took a trip with him, I always had the best accommodations. He had one eccentricity; your expense bill had to be exact. He didn't care what you charged him to go someplace or do something, but your expenses had to be exact. If you spent two dollars and seventy-six cents for something, he didn't want you to charge him two eighty or two seventy-five; he wanted it to be two seventy-six. Now, he didn't care if the item for which you spent two seventy-six, if you went out and spent twelve dollars and seventy-six cents to get that because you went to a better hotel or better restaurant; that didn't bother him. As a matter of fact, he used to get upset with me because I wouldn't go to better places, to better hotels, take taxicabs, do this, do this. He would get upset. "Why don't you do it?" Like, for instance, we were in San Francisco on a couple of cases. He didn't like me walking; he wanted me to take taxicabs. And I said, "It's only six or seven blocks." He said, "Take a taxicab." But I wouldn't do it, anyway, because I wanted to get the exercise. We were up there once for about a week or ten days and they were staying at the St. Francis and I was with him and he'd always want to eat in their big dining room. And I said, man, I'm going down the street to Bernstein's Fish Grotto or someplace like that. And he'd say, "Well, why don't you eat with us?" I said, "No sense of me going in; it's very expensive." That didn't bother him. But if I went to Bernstein's and I paid two dollars and seventy-six cents for something and it was really two dollars and

forty-six cents, he would have probably raised hell with me. And I could have charged him five hundred dollars a day for going to San Francisco and it wouldn't have meant a thing, because that was what I thought I was worth.

I remember on one occasion when I won a drawing at the Flamingo Hotel. I walked over to him and asked him if he'd prefer if I didn't take the gift, which was a radio-phonograph. And he said, "Yes, I would." I wasn't an employee, but I asked him. He said, "Yes, I would." The next day I got a radio-phonograph that he sent to me that was three times as good as the one I turned down. He sent it to me.

I went out one time and he told me to bid on a fur for my wife. It was a silver fox fur. He said, "You can probably get it for five hundred dollars." It was the first auction they ever had for cancer. Eddie Cantor was here and they had this big auction and that was the first time they'd ever had one. So I bid five hundred and somebody bid five fifty. Finally I got it for a thousand dollars. I didn't have a thousand dollars with me; I had five hundred dollars with me. A thousand dollars was a lot of money to spend. This was back in, I guess, late '46 and that was a lot of money. It's still a lot of money, but it was much more then. And I walked back to the back of the dining, because Ben always had a table back there, and I wanted to get permission to go to the cage and get a thousand dollars. And he said, "What happened?" And I said, "Well, somebody bid me up to a thousand dollars and I didn't bring that much money with me." And he started to laugh. And I said, "Well, what are you laughing at?" And he said, "Do you know who bid you up?" And I said, "No." He said, "Me." I said, "Well, listen, you told me it was worth, so what difference does it make?" Because it went to charity, anyway. It did make a difference, but I wasn't going to let him know it made a difference. So I said, "I've got to go to the cage and get some money." He says, "Go ahead."

I went to the cage and everybody knew me. And I said, "Ben said it's all right to get a thousand dollars on a marker." And he said, "Yeah, he called me." So he gave me the thousand dollars and I said—

This is tape two on the first of February.

Then I had another incident with him that we went to San Francisco for a trial and he took the famous Virginia Hill with him. I assume you've heard of her. That was his girlfriend at the time he got killed. When we got to San Francisco, we got up there quite late. There was only a sample room left and a suite left. So I said, "I'll take the sample room." Because I never sleep the night before a trial, anyway; I'm always worried I didn't do something or I did something wrong. I'm sure it goes through every attorney's mind. I do that today and I've been practicing forty-eight years; I still worry the night before. And I said, "I'll take the sample room because I'm not going to sleep well, anyway."

"Oh, no," he said, "You're trying the case; you take the suite." Well, I argued with him and it didn't work out. So I took the suite. Well, Virginia Hill never liked me after that. She thought that I took her away from the suite and I didn't really want the suite. And they slept in a sample room with rollaway beds. She wasn't used to that, I guess.

But that was the kind of a guy. He was great as far as I was concerned. I'm sure before he came here...But had he lived...he was a visionary and he was a great guy. I represented him. **Frank Sinatra, I represented Frank on his divorce from Nancy. At that time Frank must have been in a financial doldrum because when I sent him in his bill—it was twenty-five hundred dollars, I think—his manager called me and said, "Can he pay it in four payments?" And I said, "Sure." I had never even gotten a retainer from him. And he paid it. But he didn't have enough money to pay twenty-five hundred dollars. I can't remember when that was, but it must have

been around the early fifties or late forties. So he wasn't very well to do then. And he was a nice guy. I got along very well. I never saw any of his temper tantrums or anything.

You never saw him?

Oh, yeah, sure. Well, I never saw him after that. I don't even know whether he'd remember who I am. Because later when he came up and I guess had some licensing problems, I think Harry Claiborne represented him because Harry was the attorney for the Sands and he represented him. But he was very nice to me. I have no complaints about him. It was fun representing him.

At one time I represented a lot of entertainers' wives and things when it came to divorces. And I got those cases not because I knew them but because I was representing a lot of the hotels and the owners would send them down to me. I guess the most famous athlete I ever represented was Johnny Unitas, a famous football player for the Colts. I got Johnny his divorce and we became very, very good friends. When I got back to Washington I usually call him. He lives in Baltimore—or was living until a couple of years ago. But he was a great, great guy, very, very quiet, very subdued even though at that time he was really an outstanding sports celebrity, really a quiet guy. And I find that most of the people that I represented who were important people were that way. The bigger they got, for the most part the more humble they got at least publicly. And I think that's true of a majority of people who are up in the world so to speak; they're humble. The ones that are nouveau riche, they're not too humble. But the ones that earned their own money, they're pretty humble and they're nice to other people. The ones that are nouveau riche are rude to other people. They take advantage of people who aren't in their layer of society so to speak. They'll holler at a waitress when a waitress can't defend herself; she has to take it. She can't argue back and lose her job. She has to take it. And I find that—don't you find that that's true? I think the more important—if you've acquired it yourself, the nicer you are to

people. Do you have anybody else?

Yeah. Valerie mentioned Howard Hughes. Did you have any dealings with him?

Who?

Howard Hughes.

Yes, I had one—

Tell me about your meeting him and your stories.

This is Howard Hughes before he bought anything in Las Vegas. On one occasion I got a call from a jeweler in Beverly Hills and he said Howard Hughes had taken thirty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry on a memo. I don't remember when he promised to pay for it, like in thirty days or something. Time came for him to pay for it and he wanted a discount. So this jeweler asked me to sue him.

I did file a suit against him. But he was a very elusive man, but I heard he was staying at the Flamingo. So I went out with two process servers. Oh, and I made arrangements to meet him to talk to him about it. But I took two process servers with me and I filed the case before I went out. One I put at each end of the hall where his room was. And I went in to talk to him. And I told the process servers, "If I come out and I haven't settled, just stay there at the end of the hall until you serve him because we want to serve him."

So I'm in; I talk to him. I'll never forget he had tennis shoes and sweat socks on and a pair of blue like sailor's pants with a white rope that tied. He was clean. He was neat. He didn't have beards or anything like that. But he was just dressed—

Casual.

It must have cost him nine dollars for all his clothes he had on. And he wouldn't settle with me. So when I walked out in the hall, I told the guys to serve him. Apparently, he walked out of the

room later and they served him.

His attorney in Los Angeles was an attorney by a name of Art Groman, whose father was my tailor after my dad died. His father was an outstanding tailor. Anyway, Art called me on the phone. He said, "Louie, you've got to set this thing. This guy is driving me crazy." Some way he found out—maybe Art had told him—that we were friends. So he figured that if Art called me—and Art was really a top attorney, one of the biggest firms in Los Angeles—that if Art called me that I'd make it. He said, "He wants a ten percent discount." I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do just to get you off this and get you settled. I will waive my fee and I'll donate it to charity, but he's got to pay the whole amount due. But to show you that I'm not looking to make a fee, whatever my fee is I'll donate it to charity. And, Art, you can name the charity so you'll know..." I mean he would believe me, anyway, because we were friends. I debated against him in college. I said, "You name the charity and whatever my fee is I'll give the fee to your charity to show you that I'm not in it for the money. But my client will not give him five cents' discount."

Well, period, we collected. We collected and I never had anything to do with Howard Hughes after that. I might have represented him because at that time—or, later I was representing the hotels and I might have represented him then. But I'm sure that when he heard my name he probably just flared up because I wouldn't discount the bill ten cents and we collected it plus interest.

What year was that?

I don't remember when. That had to be...well, it was after the Flamingo was built. It probably was in the late fifties. But he was very pleasant to talk to. There was no acrimony in our conversation. But he just felt that he should get ten percent discount. Oh, I think—now I remember. I think what it was, was if he paid within thirty days, he did get a discount, ten

percent. But he didn't pay within the thirty days, so they wouldn't give him the discount. And I said, "Mr. Hughes, you're a businessman. You handle huge sums of money. If you can give somebody ten off in thirty and they don't pay in thirty, if they pay in sixty or ninety, you don't give them the ten off, do you?" I don't remember what he answered, but I'm sure he answered *of course not*. I said, "Well, that's the same story." He said, "Well, they make a big profit on jewelry." I said, "That has nothing to do with it. That wasn't your agreement." I said, "You probably make a big profit on things you do."

Anyway, but he was very nice. He certainly wasn't anything like they later portrayed him. He was a very intelligent man and not acrimonious because I sued him or anything. But that was the only contact. Then I later represented a couple of men in a suit against the Hughes industry here, but it wasn't against him personally. That was fun.

Backing up for a minute, how did you feel when Mr. Siegel—Bugsy Siegel, was that how he was named?

Yeah. Oh, we called him Ben because if you called him Bugsy, he went crazy.

Oh, did he?

He got his name from the fact that when he did get upset he flew off the handle. That's how they called him Bugsy. He just...*sphew*. If he got upset about something, he'd fly off the handle terribly. But how did I feel when he got killed?

Uh-huh.

I felt I lost a good friend. He had been very...he had wanted me to make a lot of money. Matter of fact, he was going to arrange for me, at the time of his death, really, to build a hundred and twenty apartment units just west of the wash by the Flamingo Hotel because at that time the hotels could not build more rooms. I was going to build a hundred and twenty apartments and he

was going to rent them from me and rent them out for the hotel as suites. He agreed if I put up ten percent of the cost of building, he would get the rest of the money for me and lend it to me or have somebody lend it to me. It was going to cost about five hundred thousand and I had to raise fifty thousand, which, boy, was a lot of money. He said, "If you raise fifty thousand, I'll arrange for a loan for the rest of it. And what I'll do," he said, "I'll give you a ten-percent return a year on the whole five hundred thousand; that's what you'll get, ten percent. And at the end of so many years"—I can't remember—"I'll buy the property from you for fifty percent more than it costs, so you'll make yourself three or four hundred thousand dollars." And we had the plans all done by an architect in Reno by the name of Frank Green. Everything was all ready and then he got killed and the whole thing fell apart.

He was a good friend of mine. I saw him, I would say, nine out of ten days when he was in town, for different things on business. We never went out socially except when we were in San Francisco together. He almost insisted I have dinner with him almost every night not because I don't think he enjoyed my company that much but because he just thought that I should have the best. And he always ate in the best places and I didn't. I mean I was very conscious of my expense account and still am with a client's money. In fact, when I go to Los Angeles I take a limo downtown instead of a taxicab if it's my client's money. If it's my money I might take a taxicab; if it's my client's money, I don't. That's one of my idiosyncrasies, I guess; I don't spend clients' money. I mean I may have had dinner with him here several times because we talked business. But I was deeply upset when I found out he had been shot.

How did you find out?

Francis Horsey, who was in our office, heard it on the radio from Los Angeles and he called me about midnight and he said, "Ben has been shot." I didn't know that he'd been killed. So I

immediately got dressed, went down to the hotel and I found out then that he had been killed.

I later probated his estate. He had two wonderful daughters. He had a brother who was an outstanding physician in Los Angeles. I don't know. His name was Maurice and I don't know whether he's still alive or not. But he had two lovely daughters that I met later. I had never met them before.

As I say, had he lived he would have had the first three- or four-thousand-room hotel in Vegas. He was outstanding, very smart. If he'd have been legitimate in his background, which all I know is what I read, he'd have been the tops because he was great. I was a great admirer of his, not for what he did if he did do it, but for what he did here.

How was he accepted in the community?

Well, I'll tell you. This is an amazing story. When he was killed there was a chief of police in Beverly Hills by the name of Anderson, I believe. He and a couple of detectives came out. I'll never forget they came to my office to talk to me. I said, "I'm telling you, you're going to find a completely different atmosphere in Las Vegas about Siegel than the general atmosphere is." And they said, "What do you mean?" And I said, "You're not going to find anybody in Las Vegas that didn't like him."

Anderson talked to me the next day or I can't remember. He came back to the office. He said, "I can't believe it." I mean the people that you think would be the most offended and this and that by Siegel...everybody liked him. He was nice to everybody. As long as he was here, to my knowledge, he never did anything wrong. Now, he may have that I didn't know about. I don't know of anything he did wrong and I was probably as close to him as anybody. I don't think he did anything wrong.

Did he ever talk about the mob?

No, never. If he talked to anybody about it, if he did, I was excluded from the room if he was going to talk to somebody about something he didn't want me to know about. I don't think he ever wanted me to know about anything so I could ever be put to the test of revealing or not revealing or being put in a position of being embarrassed. I don't think he ever wanted to do that to me. I think Ben was only forty or forty-two when he got killed.

Do you think he feared for his life?

No. Oh, no. When Anderson came up, he said, "Well, we have rumors of the fact that he had a bodyguard all the time who walked around the hotel grounds with him." And I said, "Really?" He said, "Yeah." I said, "You know who that was? That was me." I said, "I was with him two or three hours a day walking. We were always walking around looking at what's this and what's that on the job." I said, "That was probably me." I said, "He didn't have any bodyguards." And he didn't carry a gun or anything around with him. I don't think he had the slightest fear about his life.

I'll tell you one little anecdote about him, very funny. When they built the Flamingo Hotel rooms—I don't know whether you remember; they were the ones in the back that faced the casino; it was a hundred rooms—they built a suite up on the top for him. And the architect as I remember was Dick Staddleman, a local guy, really a nice guy. Ben called me out one day. He said, "Get out here." Oh, my god. When I got out there he was really...he was so furious you couldn't believe it. He took me upstairs to the suite.

Some way they had a beam in the middle of the room to hold the...the beam was only five foot eight inches from the floor. He was about five ten or five eleven. So when he went to go from one side of the room to the other, he had to duck. Now, it didn't bother me because I was only five six. So I could walk under it. But as I remember it was five foot eight inches from the

floor to the ceiling, to the bottom of the beam. Well, they had to rebuild the whole...they had to take the roof and everything. He was so hot he could have...

Then another incident happened at the hotel. The boiler room was supposed to be down in the basement. I bet the concrete walls at the Flamingo must have been fourteen inches thick, eighteen inches thick. When they went to put the boilers in, they couldn't get them in because the rooms were too small and the hall was too...so they had to put the boiler room about two hundred feet away, build another structure about two hundred feet away from the hotel around pipelines. And they later turned the area that was supposed to be the boiler room over to Lenny Schaeffer for the health club.

But Siegel was just...he wanted to kill Dick Staddleman. He was so mad he couldn't see. Well, it cost him, I don't know, maybe a hundred thousand dollars extra. But the rooms up above the suite was something. You couldn't walk from one side of the suite to the other because the ceiling—or, the beam was too low, not the ceiling.

Did he ever tell you where he got his financing?

No, but I knew where he got his financing. I say I knew. I knew he got it from Back East. I should say I didn't know; I assumed where it came from. I didn't know the men that it came from, but I knew that it came from Back East. I think I told you about the fact that I paid for the first license on—did I tell you about that?

Huh-uh.

Well, in those days there was no state gaming board. You just went to the county commissioners for your license in the county. The county commissioners held their meetings in the library behind the JP court. It was a little room about, oh, fifteen by twelve or something like that. We had to get a license. So about the Monday or Tuesday before the Flamingo was going to open

up, we went to get our license. There was no investigation. There was no nothing. So we got the license. I believe the total license at that time was eight thousand dollars. That's my recollection. So I said to Ben—that was for slot machines and the tables and everything. In that day slot machines weren't that popular; maybe you only had a hundred slot machines or something.

I said, "Ben, we better go upstairs and pay for your license." This is like three or four days before they're going to open. He said, "I haven't got any money. You go pay for it." And I believe the license was eight thousand dollars. I always wish I had saved that check; I didn't. I paid for the first license for the Flamingo Hotel. He gave it back to me a couple of days later when they sent the money out for the opening and then he paid me back. But he didn't have the money—they didn't have the money to pay for the first license and I gave them my check. I don't know how I happened to have eight thousand dollars because I never had money around. And then he paid me back a couple of days later. But that was really funny.

But the meeting to get the license didn't take five minutes. They didn't investigate his background. There wasn't any investigation. In those days there wasn't a gaming board. But the county did an investigation. If you came up for license, you got the license, just like that. It was nothing to it. I think John Cahlin was present at that meeting if I recollect it. But there was nothing big about it. You just got it.

One of my most famous clients I ever got was Eddie Clippinger. I don't know if you ever heard about him.

No.

But you've heard of Roxie's Motel, which was the whorehouse?

I've heard of that.

Well, Eddie Clippinger was a client of mine.

Did he run that hotel?

He ran the Roxie's Motel, oh, yeah. That was the most famous whorehouse probably in the country, right beside Sally Stanford or whatever her name was up around San Francisco.

Was it here, right here in town?

Well, it was a place called Formyle on Boulder Highway; it was four miles out of town off to the left. They had big barracks that they brought in from Boulder City where the girls lived and then they had another barrack where the girls did their business.

I represented Eddie. He came to me to represent him when my partner, Bob Jones, became DA and he wanted to give me—I'll never forget—a thousand dollars a month retainer. And I said, "I'll represent you, but I won't take any fee because Bob's going to be the DA and I won't take any fee." So for all the years Bob was in office, I never took any fee. Afterwards, I represented him and he paid me. When he was arrested, charged with a Mann Act for transporting a girl across the state line for immoral purposes, I represented him in Los Angeles and he got convicted. An absolute frame because he was turning down fifteen girls a week to go to work there. He didn't have to have anybody bring anybody. They were coming in droves because they didn't have to pay their pimp anything. They didn't have to do anything. They just lived there and they worked there and they were fed well and they had nice accommodations. It was a frame. Eddie got caught in the web and Roxie got caught in the web and their manager Dick Kellogg got caught in the web.

But he was good to me, too. After he got convicted—at that time I was partners with Cliff and Herb Jones—he wanted to give me a bonus. But the only condition he could give me a bonus was if Cliff and Herb didn't get any part of it. So I said, "I can't do that." And he said,

"Well, then I'm not going to give you the bonus." He said, "Call your partner." And he was a grump. Oh, he was a grump. "Call your partner and see." So I called Cliff and Cliff said, "Well, if he doesn't want to pay us a fee, let him give you that bonus; I don't care."

So he decided rather than start an argument he would buy my wife a new Cadillac car. He sent me down a Santa Ana Cadillac. I had the money. I had about seventy-five thousand dollars of his money I was carrying around for him. I was literally carrying it around. I went down and I found out the car was going to cost six thousand dollars or seven thousand dollars. I came back to the jail the next day. And he said, "Did you get the car?" I said, "Six or seven thousand dollars? You've got to be crazy. I'm not paying it." He said, "I didn't ask you how much the car costs. Go back and buy it." And I went back and bought it. It was the first cars where they had plastic to take the air-conditioning and they had in the back of the cars and they had plastic. I'll never forget. I bought a big gray Cadillac for Tuwey. But he was great to me.

I'll tell you a little story, a little principle story about him. I went to borrow some money from him one time because C.D. Baker—do you remember C.D. Baker was the mayor here?—C.D. Baker and another fellow had invested; they bought a piece of property for nine thousand dollars and they had put two thousand dollars down on it. And they were going to lose it because they couldn't put the other seven thousand down. And they already had a sale for it for eighteen thousand. So they came to me and said, if I'd put up the seven, I would get seven-ninths of the profit and they would get two-ninths of the profit and they would save their money they were going to lose.

I didn't have the seven thousand dollars. So I went to Eddie and I wanted to borrow it. I went right out to the joint during the daytime. He would not let me come out at night. But daytime I could go out and walk around the back. They had a big apartment back there. I told

him what I wanted for it and I said, "Would you lend me the seven thousand?" I said, "I need it for thirty days." Because the escrow was going to close in thirty days. He said, "Okay." I said, "What part of it do you want?" He said, "Nothing. I want to see you make some money." I said, "What interest do you want?" He said, "None." So he gave me that. And I said, "Well, don't you want a note or something?" He said, "Just postdate a check for thirty days." So I did.

The escrow closed in thirty days and I got fourteen thousand dollars back. But it didn't close until about four thirty in the afternoon. So I didn't go out. But the next morning at eight o'clock I was out there with his seven thousand dollars. I walked in the door and he jumped on me like I had just murdered his mother or something. He was all over me, screaming. "You were supposed to be here yesterday with that money." Blah, blah, blah. And I said, "You told me you don't want me coming out at night." And I said, "I didn't get it until four thirty or five." He said, "That doesn't make any difference. Suppose I needed that money." Oh, he went on and he just went into a tirade something terrible. It wasn't on the square, but I mean...he said, "When you promise to do something and somebody gives you a loan"—what we call a principle loan where there's no interest—"You make sure they get their money the day they're supposed to give it to them. Suppose I needed that money by midnight last night." I said, "But you didn't need it." He said, "That has nothing to do with it." I know he didn't because he always had a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash around the place. He said, "That doesn't make any difference. That's none of your business. Maybe I did need it. Maybe I needed that extra seven thousand dollars." Boy, he screamed at me.

Now, about two or three months later I needed, for almost a similar deal, fifteen thousand. So I went out to him and I told him what the deal was. "You want a piece of it?" *No, I want you to make the money.* And no interest. He said, "Just sign a check." He said, "How

long do you want the money?" I said, "Ninety days." He gave it to me. It didn't bother him. He didn't care. Gave it to me. At the end of the thirty or thirty-first day or whatever it was, I went back by. He says, "Now that's the way you do business."

See, he wanted to teach me a lesson that if you made a principle loan, you had to keep your principle no matter what you had to do. If you had to go borrow it from fifteen other people to pay it back, you paid it back on the day you said you were going to pay it back. I learned a lesson from that. Most all the old-timers adhered to that. If you made what we call a principle loan, boy, you made sure it got paid back. If you were paying a guy interest and everything, then he wasn't losing because he got an extra day's interest or something, unless he needed to have it. So he taught me a real good lesson on that.

Were you afraid to go back out to him the second time?

Oh, no. Oh, no. Five minutes after he balled me out we were friends. He treated me; he paid me very well. When Bob was district attorney, I wouldn't take a fee because I didn't want any question about theoretically Bob being involved and so on and so forth. So I wouldn't take it. But after that he always paid me very well.

When I went down to try the case in Los Angeles for him—I was associated with an attorney down there on it—I had to go down like three weeks early to prepare for it and I didn't want to go. I didn't want to try the case down there. And I said, "I don't want to leave my family for three weeks before and two or three weeks for the trial." He said, "Bring the family with you." I said, "What am I going to do with them?" He said, "Go rent an apartment." I went out on, I remember, to Wilshire Boulevard to a nice big motel—I can't remember the name of it—and rented a suite. I had Tuwey and the two kids with me up until they got tired of it. About two or three nights before the jury went out, they came home. He paid the whole thing. He wanted

me to be there, so he paid for the family to come down. He was like that and he was good. I'll never forget he gave me in those days what I thought was a big fee; he paid me fifteen thousand dollars and then bought the car for Tuwey. So that was a big fee. That was thirty-five years ago. Five hundred dollars a day for an attorney plus expenses was a pretty good fee.

Everybody in town kind of liked Eddie, too. He was a gruff guy, but, boy, he was a high—I say high principled. He was a pimp. But aside from that he lived on principle. He helped a lot of people here, too. He was very generous. If we had had like father—funding Boys Town, if I would have gone to him when he was alive, gone to him for fifty thousand dollars, he wouldn't have been able to get it out fast enough. He would have been able to give.

I'll never forget one time. One of our policemen who was an officer, not just a paid officer, but had a rank.

[Pause in recording]

In order to protect him they dressed him, drove his car out to the highway, which was about like a quarter of a mile—the thing was set back in. A bunch of trees and everything where you couldn't see it from the highway. He took the guy, then put him behind the wheel of a car and pulled the car like he had had a heart attack in his car. Called a doctor that he knew who was also a friend of mine. And the doctor signed a death certificate for Eddie so this guy wouldn't be having died in a whorehouse. So they just did little things like that.

To protect the family and so forth.

To protect the family. He was an officer who had a rank in the police department and it would have been a bad thing. So they dressed him, took him out on the highway, parked his car beside the highway and said he dropped dead. The doctor that examined these girls every week signed a death certificate. So nobody ever knew about it or anything, which was nice. He didn't have to

do it. He wasn't ashamed of the fact he was running a whorehouse, but he didn't want...

And I'll tell you when he ran the place he had a larger police department. He had thirteen people on his police force out there. You couldn't get in if you were drunk. You couldn't get in if you were a minor. You couldn't get in if you were a soldier. There was no hustling of guys like you hear about for drinks and stuff like that. None of that. It was run just like a grocery store.

He had a cook and a baker out there that fixed the meals for the girls. He had the best baker; I can't remember the cook so much. But the baker had to be the best baker there ever was in Las Vegas because I used to go out there once in a while during the day and I'd go back in the kitchen and have a piece of pie or a glass of milk or something like that. They had a great big, huge icebox in the kitchen; it was like they used to have in the old meat markets with big double doors, full of food so that the girls at night if they got hungry they could go out and have anything they wanted to eat. And the chef that they had was fantastic. I never remember eating a meal there, but I did eat a glass of milk and some pie or something like that. But I'm sure he had the best cook that you could get because he just wanted the girls to be satisfied.

His girl were not permitted to roam the streets in Las Vegas on their off days. If he caught them they were gone [clapping] like that. If they wanted a drink, they had to go to Los Angeles and drink. They didn't want them around town.

I'll never forget when they raided the place. He was arrested in San Bernardino, then they raided the place up here when they charged him. I went out and all the girls were taken downtown and booked. And then I put up their bail for them because I took all the money out of the safe, which was like seventy-five or a hundred thousand dollars. Because we knew this was coming. The girls all had to go back and they were charged with disorderly conduct or

something. So there were about like forty girls. Well, I couldn't handle all of them, of course, at one time. So I had Herb Jones handle some of them.

These girls were absolutely beautiful. They were all—maybe; I say all of them. Maybe ninety-five percent of them were like twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three-year-old girls. If you had seen them behind a drug counter, a perfume counter or a jewelry counter, you would have said, "Oh, my god, look at that gorgeous girl."

Herb couldn't understand it. I remember one of them who got arrested, too, but she had come in about a month or so before that for a divorce. We were talking and I didn't know who she was. And I said, "What's your address?" And she gave me the box number where they sent the mail out there. I almost fell out of my chair. This girl was the most gorgeous girl you ever saw, polite. She was married, had a child. And she was doing this in order to make a lot of money in a hurry to put away for her child. She was divorcing at that time. I'll never forget her name was Pat. I can't remember her last name. But when it came time to take her to court on divorce, it was an uncontested matter, I turned her over to Herb Jones, which we used to do because Herb was the youngest in the office. And my office was right next to Herb's; there was a door between us. And he came to in the office and he said, "Do you know who that girl is?" He couldn't believe it. This girl came in...white gloves, little white hat, black suit. She looked like typical San Francisco, white collar. Gorgeous girl. She looked like she was about five three or something like that, five two. Herb came in and said, "Do you know who that girl is? Do you know what she does?" I said, "Sure." He says, "My god, I can't believe it. She's the most beautiful girl I ever saw." She was.

And most all the girls...I don't think they were as beautiful as Pat, but they were all pretty girls. Most of them were only there to work a couple of years to make a lot of money. Eddie

would not hire anybody if he knew that they were supporting a pimp. Whatever they wanted to do with the money, if they spent it on themselves, he was happy. But if they had a guy, then he wouldn't hire them. I mean that was one of the principle of a pimp about not hiring somebody that has a pimp. But everybody has their eccentricities. But he treated the girls wonderfully well. They were loyal as can be to him. He took care of them. If they got sick, they were taken care of and he had a regular doctor that examined them every week and things of that nature.

Whatever happened to Eddie?

Eddie, he went to the penitentiary. He served about three or four years, two and a half. Roxie served about four months and I got her out. She was in Aumsville, West Virginia. When I went to see her the first time down there, she said, "This is more depraved in here than a house of prostitution." She said, "The guards are all lesbians and they've got girlfriends. And if you happen to talk to one of their girlfriends, they want to beat you up."

But Eddie when he got out they lived in San Bernardino if a nice home down there. And then they lived in Fallbrook later. He had an accident on a freeway; some way he had a heart attack or something, crossed the median and killed a couple of people and killed himself. He got killed in an automobile accident. Roxie is still alive. I talked to her, oh, three or four months ago. I just called to find out how she was. She's got emphysema really bad. She smoked like a chimney and she's got emphysema. So she's not long. Maybe she's gone down the hill. But she lives in Redlands, California.

But for many, many years Roxie wouldn't do anything without calling me, I mean as far as investing or doing something. After Eddie got killed she married a state highway patrolman who was on disability, been in an accident and was on disability. Very good to her. I can't remember his name. It's Richard or Robert, but I can't remember his last name.

So was Roxie married to Eddie?

Yeah. Oh, yeah. That's how they named it Roxie's, after her; her name was Roxie. I believe that she had been a madam before she married Eddie. But she ran the place. I mean she took care of the girls. She was smoother than Eddie. But Eddie, he was kind of a rough guy with a heart bigger than his body, very generous. He was very generous, tough businesswise, but generous. I mean fair, tough and fair. But to somebody who didn't have anything, he was generous. He took care of them. He took care of a lot of people.

I'll tell you a little incident about him. At one time he had the only place in town and he was paying somebody off to have it. I won't say who because...Somebody opened another place out across the street on Tropicana where that apartment or motel used to be. They opened another place. So Eddie came to me and he said, "I want you to go"—the man he was giving; he was giving him a thousand dollars a month—"I want you to go and tell him that I'm supposed to have the exclusive." I said, "I'm not going to tell anybody you're supposed to have the exclusive that you're telling me you're giving money to. I don't want to be any part of that." So Eddie didn't do anything for a while.

About a week or two later after this place opened up out there, he had pickets out there picketing the driveway. They had a circular driveway. And they were sitting there taking the license number of every car that went in. Well, they went busted [clapping] just like that. Nobody was going to go in and have them take their license plate number. And then it burned down about three weeks after it was closed. Eddie, he didn't want any competition. He didn't do anything; he just sent pickets out and they sat there and took the car numbers of everybody that went in.

We've got a few more minutes. Are you getting tired?

No, it's fine.

Okay. I have down Jimmy Hoffa and Melvin Belli.

Well, I never represented Mel, but he and I became good friends. I did advise him on some business deals a couple of times. He's an outstanding man. Unfortunately, I think he takes cases he shouldn't take. He should take cases that are synch cases and maybe the damages are in question because he's brilliant. He is responsible for...When they say he's the king of torts, he is. There's attorneys now I think are better than Mel. But he was the one that really originated the position of tort law, negligence law. He's great.

But Jimmy Hoffa, I'll tell you a story about Jimmy Hoffa. I represented the Westward Ho, Petersen, and they wanted to build a motel in Palm Springs and they couldn't get financing in Palm Springs. It must have been in the early sixties because the savings and loans were all in trouble and they couldn't get financing. So somebody suggested that they go to the Southwest Teamsters Union and get some money.

I had a friend back in Washington who knew one of Hoffa's attorneys who represented him civilly, not criminally but civilly, and he got me in touch with him. I can't remember the attorney's name. And I said, "Could you get me an appointment with Jimmy Hoffa?" Because he had to approve all the loans. And this wasn't for a gambling casino. It was for about a two hundred-unit motel and restaurant. He said, "Sure." I said, "If we owe you a fee, we'll pay you." I think we paid him five thousand dollars or something like that.

I went back to Washington and this attorney took me over to the Teamsters building and introduced me to Jimmy Hoffa. This was at noontime. So Jimmy Hoffa was going to have his lunch and he said, "I'll see you at one o'clock in my office." So I finished lunch and I went up to him. We discussed the deal and he said, "Well, I will see that you get the money providing

there's no secondary financing," which meant that you couldn't mortgage the furniture. I said, "There's no sense in opening a motel with no furniture. They've got to have it." He said, "No, not going to go through with it." He said, "I told you my terms and conditions." He was very nice. I said, "Jake Gottlieb told me you were a pretty nice guy to deal with." But Jake was later one of the owners of the Dunes Hotel. He wasn't the owner, but he built the high-rise tower and everything. He financed it. Jake owned a big trucking company in Chicago and Jake and Hoffa were like that. So I said, "That isn't what Jake Gottlieb told me about you. He said you're very understanding and so on." He said, "You know Jake Gottlieb?" I said, "Sure, I'm his attorney in Vegas." And I said, "I'll tell you where to get him if you want to get him." I gave him the number of Western Trucking. I said, "He isn't there because he leaves at eleven o'clock every day to go to the racetrack." Hoffa says, "You really know him." I said, "Sure, I wouldn't tell you..."

So he said, "Okay." He called somebody who represented management on the other end of the Teamsters Fund. He said, "I've decided we're going to let him secondarily finance for their furniture. They can't put a second mortgage, but they can get all their furniture on financing." So I got the loan just like that. Went back and Dean and Faye couldn't get the loan anyplace else, but I got the loan for them. They paid it off and everything.

But as far as I was concerned, Hoffa was a very smart guy. He was very businesslike with me and very nice. He didn't scream or yell or anything at me. That was the only deal I had that I closed with him. I went back once more—was going to go back, I should say, on another deal and he got killed. He got killed. I'm sure we would have worked out a deal because it wasn't a gaming casino.

By the way, Hoffa never asked me for anything. And everybody always said you had to

give him something to get your deal through. He never even asked me to pick up his lunch check. He just did it...nothing. We paid the regular loan points that anybody else would pay if they went to the bank, two points or one point or whatever it was. He never asked for anything. I thought he was going to say give me ten thousand under the table or something like that for my pocket. He never asked me to take him to dinner. So any other stories that they tell about him, they may be true, but they weren't true as far as my dealings with him because I'm sure my people would have given him anything within reason he wanted. They couldn't get the money anyplace else. They shopped every savings and loan in California. And you couldn't get anybody here to lend money down there. So my dealings with him were good.

Is there anybody else you want to talk about today?

I don't think so. Talk about Jim Rogers was a good partner I got.

We can pick up on that next time, huh?

Yeah.

Jim Rogers.

Talk maybe about Hershel Leverton.

Hershel?

Yeah, and the Alpine.

What's his last name?

Leverton, L-E-V-E-R-T-O-N. He's about as good a partner as Jim. They're both pretty good.

Well, I think you've had a pretty good session today. We'll call it quits today.

[End Session II]

This is an oral history with Mr. Wiener on February ninth, 1990, on Foremaster Lane. Did you see this in the newspaper?

I was there.

I thought your name should be on there.

Well, you know I had even did something more than that. They were short some money. So I gave them a commitment or a pledge of another fifty thousand dollars. But I told them I have to pay it in the fifth year because I don't—I made my ten thousand for the next—well, I've given them three years—four years. Then my last year I told them, "I'll give you the sixty, but I can't give it to you until then," because I'm paying off Doc's debts and everything. So Father Peter, he is a great guy. So I saw him down at the station down here and he came down. He gave a little thing on the TV. I said, "I've got a criticism to make, Father." And he says, "What's that?" I said, "Whenever you guys finish all your prayers, you say in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, amen." I said, "How about me? I'm Jewish." He thought I was serious. And I said, "Well, I'm just pulling your leg."

But we had a minister by the name of Tudor, T-U-D-O-R. He was a Methodist or a Baptist—I think he was a Baptist minister and he belonged to the Lions Club. This was fifteen years ago or so. Mike Gordon was—

Can I hold you for a minute?

[Pause in recording]

—and myself. There were three or four other—about five or six Jewish people in the thing. This Reverend Tudor used to give the invocation before everything. Every time he'd end it and he'd say, In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, or our Savior. I can't remember the exact, but it was something like that. And he'd always end his prayer on that. So he used to sit at my table sometimes in the mess room. So one day I said to him, "I don't think that's right." And I told him why. He said, "What are you talking about?" And I told him, I said, "You've got five or six

Jewish members here." He said, "I never gave it..." I said, "I'm kidding." He thought I was serious. Oh, he thought I was really serious. "Oh," he says, "You're right." He says, "I hope I haven't offended you." I says, "Oh, forget it; I'm just kidding." But he never did it after that. When he finished a prayer, he'd say, "In the name of our Lord, amen." And then now we started to kid him about now he was giving up his convictions. We had him so confused he didn't even know what he was doing. But he was a great guy. He thought we were offended. Nobody else ever said anything. I just happened to say it kidding him.

But I said the same thing to Father Peter the other day. He looked at me like I was serious. I said, "Oh, I'm just pulling your leg." And then I said to him, "I don't understand why you didn't have a rabbi there at the same time." They had three or four priests there, one from Reno and one from North Las Vegas and I think one from the air base or something like that. I said, "I don't understand why you didn't have a rabbi there." He said, "Louie, if I had thought about it, I would have had one." He said, "I never even gave it a thought." I said, "Well, next time you have a groundbreaking for the next five units, you can have a rabbi there." I was kidding.

But I'm very up on the Boys Town. I mean I really think it's necessary. But we're not getting the support from the community. The attorneys, I think, other than myself and Jim—

Jim who?

I think Mort DeLane has given and I don't think—of course, I haven't made a general plea to the attorneys. But I went to the big ones. I went to Lionel. I went to Delanois. I went to Oscar Goodman. Wrote them letters. I never even got a response. So I'm going to tackle them face to face because I don't think they can turn me down. When I say I gave a hundred...You know Lionel Sawyer with their office if they gave me thirty dollars a day, would be fifty thousand

dollars over five years. And thirty dollars a day, their office, they spend that for paperclips. Anyway, I'm going to do that.

Valerie told me you wanted me to tell you maybe about the businesses I've been in.

Yes. She's got a list of things she wants to know.

Well, let me tell you ever since I practiced law, whatever money I made I can assure you I didn't make it practicing law. As a matter of fact, last year when I was semiretired I made more money practicing law than I ever made in any one year in all my practice. I guess I did too much work for free and if people owed me money I never pressed them for it. I didn't make a bad living. Don't get me wrong. But for as good a lawyer as I think I am and maybe as I'm perceived, I didn't charge for it.

Let me give you a list of some of the businesses that I was in. I've owned a lot of property here, real estate. But I was in the taxicab business at one time. I owned half the lease on the Blue Cab Company when Vic Whittlesea had to give the lease up because he couldn't buy new taxi cabs. I own an interest in Alpine Village, an interest in the Omelet Houses. I have an interest in the jewelry stores. I own an interest in Pioneer Jewelry and Loan when it was a hot shop. I own an interest in Best Sausage Company. I own an interest in Davis Mortuaries. I own an interest in Montego Perfume Company, which I wish I never heard of.

Why is that?

Well, we were undercapitalized and it was a national thing and it just didn't work. Good product and everything. And we're selling out to another company now and they'll probably make a killing on it. But that was one of the things that happened. And I own an interest in KFM in Las Vegas and I own an interest in four radio stations in Texas and Albuquerque and the TV stations here and Reno, Yuma and Albuquerque—or Santa Fe. Let's see. Some apartment houses, a

hundred-and-twenty-unit apartment complex. The Granada Inn and Casino. That's about all of the just active businesses that I own.

I've never really run the businesses. I've always put in young people and backed them. Probably did different than most people. Oh, also at the airport I had slot machines and gift shops out there for about nineteen years. But other than the airport, which I own a hundred percent, I've always, even though I have financially backed the businesses, had a minority interest with the exception of the jewelers and then I owned fifty percent of that. I started out owning a third and then finally I went up to fifty when we bought one of the guys out.

But even though I would supply either the money or sign notes to get them the money, I always let the person that I backed have the say. Most of the people I'd say that I back were young people, thirty years old, twenty years old, thirty-two years old; Something like that. In isolated cases it didn't work out. You always run into a person that doesn't appreciate what you did for them and then tries to take advantage of you. But by far and large, every one of my partners I would have to say with the exception of two of them have been very honorable and upstanding and have treated me like I would like to be treated. So really other than a couple of them I've never had any complaint about the treatment even though I had nothing to say technically about the business except if they needed more capital or more money they would come to me.

I'm probably different than most businessmen because most businessmen when they put up the money they want control. But I always felt if I couldn't operate the business either because of lack of ability or lack of time or whatever that I should permit the man that runs the business to have the control of the business.

As I say, it's worked out wonderfully well. So I can't regret what I've done and the ones

I've helped. And it's come back to me, I'm sure. People say, well, you got this and you got that. And I say, "Well, I'm just lucky. I was here at the right time and I picked the right people to help." So I guess I was lucky. I don't think...I wasn't any smarter than anybody else, but I was just luckier than a lot of other people and took big gambles. I gambled my life in effect on a couple of things. I gambled everything I had and exposed myself for everything I had on a particular business and it turned out all right. It could have turned the other way and I would be starting to practice law all over again full time to try and make a living.

And I don't think today that I could make enough to do the things I want to do in the practice of law. I don't think it would be possible. Because now I'm really devoting myself to various projects, like the Boys Town and the Law School Foundation and UNLV Foundation and doing things of that nature. I wouldn't be able to do it with my practice, not due to lack of time; I just don't think I could make it.

I'll tell you one of the reasons is I can't charge people like other people do. I just don't have the ability to do it. Some poor guy comes in and he's got a problem and he hasn't got anything. I can't say, well, go down the street; you don't have any money. Fortunately, I can take that approach. Everybody isn't in that position. I mean I can handle someone that never pays me. I had a fellow that was in real deep trouble come here and then he's got two other attorneys. One of them is a very young guy and one of them is an out-of-state lawyer and he's in a big suit; it's his whole life. Some way the attorney out of town got ahold of me through another attorney I knew down there in Memphis and the man asked me to assist him. I said, "I'd be happy to." And he said, "How much will you charge me?" And I told him a fee. He said, "Will you take it in three turns or you have to have it all at one time by your bill?" I said, "Well, why don't you wait until we finish the litigation? And it won't be a contingent fee; it will be a flat fee. And

see if we win and if you have enough money to pay me." He said, "Wait till the end?" I said, "That's all right with me. I don't care." He said, "Well, why don't you let me pay you fifty percent as we go along and let fifty percent ride?" He said, "Then I won't owe you too much." He could have waited till the end and if he didn't pay me...he wouldn't have paid me. Because I know he was honorable about it and he wanted to pay me. And if he can't pay me, so I'll just figure I donated some time. But now he worked out an arrangement and he said, "I'll pay you fifty percent every two months and then we'll put the other fifty percent till the end of the lawsuit."

So I figured I'll get my—the worst I'll do is get all my cost and everything out of it. And if he doesn't win the lawsuit, which I think he is...so I'll just say, "Well, he was a nice guy and I tried to help him." And I enjoy that. As I told you the before the greatest satisfaction I ever got out of any case is a case in which I got a hundred and three dollars towards my expenses and that was the greatest satisfaction that I was able to help somebody and I got a guy acquitted of a murder case. So everybody has a different philosophy.

Valerie told me the other day—Dan Newberry told me that there's a chance that they'll name a grammar school after me this next week.

Isn't that neat?

So I'm going to set up a fund at the grammar school. It won't be a huge fund. It will probably be somewhere between ten and twenty-five thousand dollars. You can't give scholarships to grammar school students, but I'm going to set it up so that they can buy a movie camera if they—let them use just the income because I want it to be there in perpetuity. And if I do get lucky, maybe I'll add to it. I want them to use the income to maybe buy a movie camera they need or maybe buy whatever, the principal needs something for the kids, I want everything to benefit the

kids. But spend the income. And if it's twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars, it will be a couple of thousand dollars a year to spend. Probably in ten years that won't buy them a stick of chewing gum, but at least now it might buy them a projection machine or it might buy them a camera that they wanted to take pictures of the kids. I think I'm going to do that if they do name the school, which Dan Newberry says it will be done. But I said, "If you do it's fine; if you don't there's no hard feelings. I mean you did the best you could." But I think I want to do things like that.

That's nice.

(Fermatulism) partially and partially I want to defeat the government's claim to part of my estate. I want to give it away. As I tell Val, fifty-five percent of what I leave them is going to go to the government for estate taxes and they're going to have to raise the money to pay it, which means they're going to have to sacrifice twenty or twenty-five percent to raise it. So for twenty-five cents on the dollar I can give away something that they might get so that they can be part of it. For twenty-five cents on the dollar we're giving away to good causes. Of course, Valerie says that's great. I haven't talked to Paul, but I've talked to Doc and talked to Mike, who is really not my stepson, but he is my stepson. I'm divorced from his mother and I never completed an adoption, but I treat him like one of the kids. And he said, "Fine, go ahead." Somebody was trying to sell me insurance here awhile back to pay my estate tax and I told the kids what it was going to cost to do it and they all said, "Forget about it; don't spend it now; we'll spend it later." So they're that way. So we'll do that and we'll keep the name alive.

I want to go back for a minute. How did you ever get into the mortuary business?

Well, let me tell you first how I got into it. A friend of mine had a mortuary over in Arizona, a kid by the name of George Losee from Reno. George was an attorney, but he was just

moderately successful. He was the first person I met when I went to school in Reno. He was a janitor at the dormitory and he let me in the dormitory on the Saturday morning when I arrived in Reno and we became fast friends.

I was successful from the start of my practice in investing. I started investing almost from the day I got admitted. And I think George...he wasn't jealous because he never had a jealous—but I think he kind of wanted to emulate the things I had been doing.

So some way he got in the mortuary business in Phoenix and he was going busted. It wasn't a question that it wasn't going to be good, but the mortuary business is tough. As I told you before, it ordinarily takes five years to break even. Here it took us, because of Gary Davis being such a great guy, it took us six months. We broke even at the end of six months; started making money the seventh month.

But George didn't have the staying power. And the mortuary was a nice mortuary and it was well located. And he came to me. He said, "Louie, you've got to help me." He had another partner, but the other partner was an airline pilot; he didn't have any money. He was the guy that ran it and he was a good operator. He said, "You've got to help me." And so I agreed to go in with him and I helped him.

I should say there were four partners before I got in. So there were five people. I was in for a little while and it seemed that two of them were on one side and two of them were on the other and we all had twenty percent. So that whatever I said determined what happened. Well, I didn't like that because that meant if we went against George and the fellow that was with him, he might be upset. If I went against the other two people, they might be upset. Well, every time there was a decision in which everybody didn't agree or four out of five didn't agree, I felt that I was the guy on the spot because two would dislike me or whatever.

So I finally said to them, "You buy ten percent and you buy ten percent and you guys fight it out. I don't want to be involved in this. I'm not making that much out of it and I don't want to be involved. So they did; they bought me out ten percent and ten percent. So then they fought out and they wound up in all kinds of battles. One of the fellows, one of George's friend, is a doctor from Winnemucca. I think he half was the cause of George having a heart attack.

And then one of the fellows sold out that mortuary in Phoenix and we built another one in Phoenix, a big one down there. And then we sold that.

And then I was out of it until then George came over here to Vegas, my friend George Losee, and he took on what was then the Sunset Mortuary on Foremaster Lane and he wanted me to get in with him. So I got in with him. And then that wound up with another partner. The other partner we had was...well, not a bad guy, but he was bad as far as I was concerned. I didn't want the aggravation. So I sold out in that to George. That case I did give George mine so he would have control because I didn't want him to be batted around. And then I was out of the mortuary.

Gary came to me about ten years ago, nine years ago on a real estate deal. He was in the real estate business. I knew him. But he came up to sell me kind of in a combine, a twenty percent interest in a piece of property. And while we were sitting there talking, he told me that he was a mortician and he was working at Palm Mortuary, but he'd like to own his own mortuary. I didn't know he was in the mortuary business. Well, morticians traditionally don't make real good money. They go to school, but they don't get really compensated. So just offhand I said, "Well, if you ever decide you want to do anything, let me know and I'll help you." Open my mouth when I should have had a gag in it. Gary—do you know Gary?

I know him just (inaudible).

Well, he is the hardest working guy and the nicest guy you've ever met in your whole life. Oh, god, he's...

About thirty days later he comes up to me and he says, "I've got the whole deal put together." Me, I'm just talking. I said, "What do you mean?" Well, he said, "You know where David's Restaurant was?" You remember when David's was bombed over there and then they rebuilt it on Charleston Boulevard?

No, I don't. I want to know more about—

It was right across from UMC and that was a restaurant, David's Restaurant. He said, "David's Restaurant, it's closed. Dean Wilson has a mortgage on it. There's an SBA mortgage on it. I think we could convert that into not a mortuary, but a funeral home like the old-time funeral." And that's what it's like; it's like the old-time funeral home. And he said, "I got it all put together."

So I thought, jeez, I'd like to get out of this. So I said, "Well, how much does Dean Wilson want on the third mortgage?" He had the third mortgage because through that Imperial Mortgage that later folded he had financed this. He said he wants X number of dollars and I can't even remember what he said. And I said, "Well, go back and offer him fifty thousand dollars less." I figured that would queer the deal. And it was a good deal before that, but the terms were—so I said, "Go back and offer him fifty thousand dollars less." And Gary came back and said, "He accepted." So I said, "Okay."

So I went to the bank and Gary signed and his dad signed. But I was the one that really got the money. They went ahead and they remodeled and set it up and fixed it. As I say in six months he had it making a little bit of money. And when I went in, the reason I went in is because it usually takes five years and our payments were seven thousand a month. You have to

look at the math. And so I'm looking at seven thousand dollars a month for five years. I'm looking at another four hundred thousand dollars. I figure it would decrease as it got towards the five years, but maximum it was another...well, I wasn't real happy about that.

So about a year or so later or maybe two years later Jim Wenzel, who owned the mortuary on Paradise Valley Road—I forget what they called it at that time, Paradise Mortuary or something, he was dying of cancer and he got a hold of Gary and he wanted to sell the mortuary and the cemetery and a mausoleum. And I said, "Gary, I'm not interested in going any further, really." So we dropped it. And Gary wasn't particularly hot about it.

About three or four months later Jim Wenzel called again and he said, "I don't want to sell to Bunker. I don't want to sell to Palm. I'd like you to have it." So Gary goes out to see him. Gets back with the figures. And I said, "Offer him fifty"—and it was a fair figure. I said, "Go offer him fifty thousand dollars less." I figured that would stop that, too.

But by this time Gary was kind of warming up to it because then it would give us a cemetery and a mausoleum and a crematorium, which you have to have now, and we were farming out the crematorium work before.

So he went out and Jim Wenzel said to him, "Well, who are your partners?" So Gary said, "My dad and Louie Wiener." "Oh," he says, "Louie Wiener's involved. You can have any terms you want because if it weren't for him I wouldn't have had this to start with. He probably doesn't even remember."

Then I recalled twenty years ago I helped him out—or twenty-five years ago I helped him out and kept some other guy from pushing him out on the street, some automobile dealer from Chicago and everything that had helped him. I forgotten all about it because I had never represented Jim after that. So he said, "Whatever Louie wants to do is fine with me." He said,

"You can get the fifty thousand dollars off." And blah, blah, blah. And he said, "You just name the deal." He said, "I have to have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars because I've got to pay off..." Whatever it was he had to pay off. "But the rest of it, I don't care how long you spread it." He said, "I'd like to get it within ten or twelve years if I can, but whatever you want."

So we made him a deal. And it was a good deal for Jim because his wife couldn't run it. I think he passed away three or four months later. And it got him away from a partner he didn't particularly want to do business with. And it was a good deal for us. So that's how we bought that one. It was a big thing because it then gave us a full service instead of having to bury in somebody else's cemetery.

Then the bank called Gary on the one on Foremaster Lane. They had a second mortgage and they were going to get wiped out. So they said if we did this, this, this, they'd lend us all the money to buy it and it would save them from having a bad loan booked; but if we didn't want to buy it, they were going to take the loss. So they lent us some of the money at no interest for two or three years just so they wouldn't have to show a bad loan. So we bought that one. So now we have the three of them. Gary owns them all.

About the only thing I do is—we kid about it. I was out there about a month ago or two months ago. I went in the casket room and I said, "Gary, this is the one I want for me." Gary says, "It's the most popular model we've got." But that's about it. I don't really have anything. We have a meeting—well, I do put some intake like now we're going to start an advertising program; things like that.

But for the most part, Gary runs it. Now Gary's brother—Dick, who is the father, gave his interest to Gary and to his brother. And I made a deal with the brother that if something happens to me, he has first whack on mine so that he can be even with Gary because Gary is the

biggest stockholder. But my interest with CK's interest will make them both even partners and that's fine with Gary. And then if CK doesn't want it, Gary will take it. Like give my estate five percent down and fifteen years to pay for it. So really they're not buying it; they're just giving me back what money I'd have out of it anyway because I'm sure the profits will pay, which is find because it's been good to me. Every year it gets worth more. And I like Gary. He's a great guy. And CK is a great guy, too. And Dick's not in it anymore. So that's how I got in it and it's been kind of fun.

You kind of like to see something progress, don't you?

Oh, yeah. Yeah.

To see it start from scratch.

We did start from scratch. That one we started from scratch. It was nothing. But I attribute ninety-eight percent of it to Gary. Oh, my friends may use the facility or something like that or I'll put people in using the facilities. But ninety-eight percent was Gary. It wasn't me. Maybe ninety-nine percent. But as Gary said, "If it weren't for you, I couldn't have had it to start with. So you're halfway responsible for it being there." But I don't look at it that way. I'm responsible for it being there originally, but he's responsible for it still being there.

There's a good feeling over there; I mean when you go in there.

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Well, it's still a family operation. And the other things are cold. But over there it's still Gary and CK and then we have a kid, Tom Hausman over there who used to be a pitcher of the New York Mets who was Gary's closest friend when they were young. He's out there in Paradise Valley and he's like one of the family. He's got the same interest in that thing as though he were an owner. When we have coroner's month, he's up and at them four or five times a night or whatever it takes. So it's a good feeling.

We were over there for Wilensky's.

Oh, yeah. We've been very lucky and it's doing very well.

Great.

I don't get anything out of it. I get five hundred dollars a month out of it and Gary gets seventy-five hundred, but I don't care about that. I'm not on the hook for anything anymore. So I don't care about that. It's really fun to see that it's a success from scratch.

And most of the businesses that I've started, like the jeweler's when I started that and I put that up, we started with a store not as big as this.

How big would you say this is, about?

Oh, twenty by twenty-five or something like that. And it wasn't any bigger than this. We went up where we had six stores, two in the hotels and four others. Then I finally sold out because my partner wanted to take his brothers in with him and they're younger. So I gave him what I felt was a fair price and gave him twenty years to pay me with nothing down. So he didn't really buy me out; he just give me what my share of the profits. But I don't care. Morty is a nice guy and he's worked twelve hours a day three hundred and sixty-five days a year. And then when I come over he's real nice to me. I went over at Christmastime and wanted to pick out a watch for Judy's boy. And he picked out a nice watch. I said, "How much is it?" He said, "Forget about it." He said, "What do you think, I'm going to charge you?" It was a nice watch. He just said, "Take it." So it's nice to have a feeling like that.

Yeah. You were good to him.

I still do his legal work for him and advise him on—not on the jewelry business because he knows that back—but on different things I advise him. So it's kind of fun.

My sausage factory, all I get out of it is I get some money every month and then I get my

ham and hot dogs for nothing. That's a story that...Bob started with nothing and I put up the money for him to buy it. He's taken it from nothing to a real—and we almost went broke before it became successful because in the sausage business you have to pay for your merchandise, at least when you start, every week, but your accounts in the hotels, they don't pay for ninety days. So the more business we kept doing, the more money I had to arrange for or put in because we had to keep paying our bills, but we weren't getting...our accounts receivable weren't paying us. And then when we got to the end of three months, they started to pay, but their account at the end of three months was much bigger than it was at the start. So it took us about three years before we finally got as much money coming in as we were putting on the books every month. We almost blew the business before we really got it started because we had to keep going to the bank and borrowing. Bob didn't have any credit. I kept going to the bank and borrowing and borrowing and borrowing. Finally we got up to where there was enough money coming in with profits that we could increase the amount of—

[Pause in recording]

Would do that not on a month-to-month but on a three-month basis.

If you realized how much interest-free money they get by doing that as working capital, you would absolutely faint. When you think that their meat bill must run maybe a million dollars or more a month and they could get to use that for ninety days, you're talking about two or three million dollars interest-free loan. And they won't do business with you unless you give them extended credit. So if you want to build up your volume, you almost have to—now, we never had that kind of business in the sausage business. We maybe had them running up to where they were seventy-five to a hundred thousand dollars. Well, that's a hundred thousand dollars and it keeps it that thing all along because they pay you for one month; and if your business keeps

going up, it keeps creeping up. And a small business like us, a hundred thousand dollars, say, so that's like finding an extra ten or twelve thousand dollars a year that they don't have to borrow it from the bank. Hotels must owe, oh, millions that they're getting interest free.

Were you ever intrigued by the thought of ever getting into the hotel business?

I was at one time.

Which one was it?

I was in the Fremont.

Oh, yeah. Tell me about that.

And then I got the Granada—well, it's not a hotel; it's a three-hundred-unit motel and the casino out on Tropicana right next to San Remo.

You want to talk about that?

No.

You don't want to talk about hotels.

No. Well, I bought it and then I gave my partner who runs it for me a chance to buy in for...it was a five-million- dollar transaction and I let him buy in for fifty thousand dollar for twenty-five percent. And he's run it. Sometimes he's one run it well; sometimes he hasn't. But it was a very, very big bummer for me for a long time, the motel end of it, not the front and casino or the slot arcade. And we finally leased the motel to Motel 6 on a fixed rate against a percentage of what it would take in. Now it's a cakewalk. It's beautiful because they're paying us enough to take care of the mortgage and whatever we make on the front end is kind of a gift.

So you're still in on that?

Oh, yeah. I own seventy-five percent of that. That's one I kept control of because I wanted to pass it on possibly to Doc if something happens with me. Now we're just buying a new place.

We bought the little Switzerland restaurant on Flamingo. The fellow used to have the Swiss Cafe.

Down there on Charleston?

No. He used to own that one on Charleston. Then he opened this little Swiss—it's behind Ethan Allen Furniture. It's a little place, about thirty-five hundred square feet. My partners in the Omelet House want to get in the bar business and slot business. So we got into a pretty good deal. And they're going to fix it up and Mike Magaun's going to run it and he's going to give them real good food at real good prices and drinks at real cheap prices; get them in for the slot play. And he's always wanted to be...

The investment isn't that big and what I'm doing is I'm not taking any part of it. I'm giving Mike fifty. Fred, who's one of the partners in the Omelet House, I'm giving him twenty-five. And Doc's going to have twenty-five. I'm not going to have anything. I'm going to put the money up, but I want Doc to have something in addition to his interest in the job with Mission Linen. I just want him to have a little and maybe he'll make three or four hundred dollars, five hundred dollar a month out of it. That will be the difference between coming to Dad every month to get some and having it. He can have a few extra things that he wants.

You're a nice guy, Louie Wiener.

Yeah, well, Doc's a good boy. He hasn't got good sense because he's...he was just too young. He didn't have responsibility. Now he's got the responsibility of seven kids. So that takes—you know. Today it's even a little worse than it was when your kids were younger because today to send your kid to school, you're talking about—unless he goes out here—you're talking about fifteen, eighteen thousand dollars a year. I don't know what it is. What is the BYU program? About ten thousand a year, isn't it?

I don't even know.

It must be ten, twelve even as low is their tuition. Going to SC, for instance, is eighteen thousand a year without transportation or spending money.

Isn't that amazing?

That's room and board, books, fees and tuition. Well, my law school for an out-of-state student is now seventy-one hundred a year tuition; when I when it was three hundred. Doc's got unfortunately his two girls and Marcia's two girls by her previous marriage are all within like eighteen to twenty-four months. They're all going to be going to school at the same time. So I told Doc the other day, "Just pray that your dad lives long enough for the kids to get an education." Because he can't provide that. Four kids going to school? How can you provide four kids going to school at the same time? That's pretty tough.

Somebody would have to work.

I mean if you're doing well, it's tough to provide for four kids. I don't think you can send a kid to school today for less than ten thousand a year. I don't think you can. I mean transportation...Of course, I told Doc, I said, "I want to tell you something. Your kids should go to school like I went to school. I didn't know from nothing about an automobile." And in that respect I think Notre Dame is great. I know the first year in school you're not even allowed to have a car in town. And I don't know whether it's changed. But you cannot have a car in South Bend for the first year of school. I think it's great. I don't think kids really need cars to go to school. They really don't. To me I never had a car until I was twenty-three years old. Well, we did. My buddy and I had a twenty-five-dollar junker, but I mean a car. I think you go by Valley High School—I think that's the one over on Eastern Avenue—they've got a parking lot that looks like a car manufacturer's lot. Every kid going to school has got an automobile. It's not like twenty

years ago kids would get a twenty-five- or fifty-dollar car and work on it and tinker and put it together and jazz it up. Oh, no. They've got (inaudible/T5/38:20) and they've got Datsuns and they've got all these, twelve-, fifteen-, eighteen-thousand-dollar automobiles. I don't think it's right. I don't think kids should.

I let Doc have a car when he was in high school, but he had to earn half of it. He had to earn fifty percent of the purchase price of the car and I put the other fifty. And then he had to get a job and he had to pay everything. He had to pay insurance. He had to pay gas. He had to pay repairs. If he didn't have money for gas, he didn't drive it. I said, "If you don't want to work and you pay your gas, you just don't drive it." Other than the jalopy that Pat and I had when I went to school, I never had a car until I had been practicing law two years. We walked. We took buses. We took streetcars. It wasn't the worst thing to happen. Today, huh. You know how these kids go to these dances now at these high schools? Did you see the article, by the way, the other day in the paper that there's a big fuss because the hotels don't want to let the high schools have their senior ball? Did you see that?

In the hotels?

You know what I think? I don't think the kids should have a senior ball in a hotel. I think that's ridiculous to go out and spend twelve, fourteen, fifteen hundred dollars or whatever they spend. I think the kids should do like I did when I went to Las Vegas High School. The greatest fun of having a dance was decorating the gym.

Right.

That was fun. Well, all the girls were there and you got to walk them home, whatever. That was great fun, the junior prom and the senior ball. You put the crepe paper up and you put the balloons up and whatever. You made flowers out of crepe paper. And you work like for a

month or so; three weeks before the dance came up you were working after school and the nights with stepladders and tacking things up. It was fun. I think it's wrong. These kids—you've had the experience—they go to a senior ball and it cost three or four hundred dollars for the kids to go to senior ball.

I think that's wrong, too.

The girls go out and get dresses for a hundred and fifty, two hundred, two hundred fifty dollars to go to a senior ball. That's ridiculous. I think it is. I think it destroys their values before they ever get a chance. And the kids go out. They get a tuxedo. They rent a limousine. They go out to dinner and they go to a show. They stay at the dance about thirty-five minutes. They really do. They go out to dinner first, go to the dance and then go to a show. And they rent these big limousines with drivers and rent tuxedos and everything and it cost three or four hundred dollars. I don't think that's right. The reason it isn't right...it's not right for the kids that don't have it.

That's right.

They can't enjoy it. The minority kids and people from moderate families, they can't really—they've got to go in some kind of a street suit or maybe they don't have nothing but a sports coat and they feel like an outcast. I don't think it's right. I think that the school should say no tuxedos and no hotel. That means that everybody can go to the dance. Maybe a kid has to wear a T-shirt to the dance or just a regular shirt because he can't afford a sport coat. Maybe he doesn't have one. That shouldn't prevent him from going to the dance. But he's not going to go out to a hotel where everybody's wearing tuxedos. He'll really feel conspicuous. And I don't think it's right. You agree with me on that?

I agree. I agree. I think it's gotten way out of hand.

I mean I can't believe it when Kevin, Judy's boy...he went to Gorman. And when he went

to...*sphew*, it was terrible. I did it because he wanted to go with everybody and I could afford it. But I thought it was terrible. We didn't let him have a limousine. He was able to use one of our family cars. Yeah, they pay twenty, twenty-five dollars an hour for a car and the guys park and take them around to different places all night long. A couple of kids pitch in. But it's terrible. I really don't think that kids learn to appreciate the value of a dollar when you do that to them and I think it's a great tragedy when you don't make kids work for whatever they get.

That's right. I'm glad you're talking about this because I wanted to talk about what your philosophy was about raising children.

Well, let me tell you. I got a rude awakening from Doc. As I said, Doc was adopted. When I adopted him he was about two years old. But he taught me a lesson. When Doc had his first kid—it was Jasmine—something came up and he was very young. I think he and Sandy couldn't have been over twenty when they had Jasmine, or about that. And I asked him, "Well, what about raising Jasmine?" At that time Doc was working for me, I guess, at the airport and Sandy was a court reporter. We talked about discipline. The first thing he said to me about discipline, he said, "Dad, you didn't discipline me enough." He says, "I'm going to be tougher on the kids than you are." And he is. They have to say please whenever they want, please, thank you, may I, and things like that. He's done that. I take all the kids to breakfast every Sunday morning when I'm here. And, boy, they are good. I have had the six kids and they are less trouble than somebody with one kid who doesn't have a disciplined child.

But I made a little mistake. I didn't make a mistake with Valerie because I didn't have to. I didn't make a mistake with Paul because I didn't have to. They were the kids that came home from school with this many books and they were both top students. Valerie is brilliant, but Paul is smarter. I think he was the top in everything he ever went in. I think he graduated

baccalaureate or something, the head of the class when he graduated from high school and college. But I don't think kids respect their parents if they don't discipline them. I don't mean you have to beat them. But if you don't tell them, "No, you can't do it," I don't think they appreciate you. I don't think they think you care. If you let them do anything they want, they don't think you care about them. You might say, "I'm not going to let you go out to tonight"—if it's a girl—"with Joe because I don't like him." They may resent it right then. But maybe next week or next month or something, they're going to say, "Well, my dad and mom, boy, they really looked out for me." I just feel that way. Maybe they don't feel that way when they're fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. But when they're eighteen or nineteen, they say, "Boy, my mom and dad, they were really interested in me."

I always tell this story. I went with a lovely girl here for five years. And when I went away to school, she came up to see me in Reno. She didn't stay in a hotel. She stayed with a Unites States Marshal Harry Gravel, with his family. My mother heard about it and she called me on the phone. She heard about it from Jeanie's mother by accident. I never told her. She called me and she said, "I wish you'd quit going with Jean." I said, "Why?" She came over. And I said, "Yeah, Mom, she stayed with Mr. Harry Gravel and his wife and family and wasn't anything happened." She said, "It isn't that." She said, "If you don't quit going with her, you're going to get married." Jean was a lovely girl. Mother loved her. She was a good girl. "You're going to get married and you're not going to be able to finish your education because we can't support two people." They couldn't even send me—they barely could get me to school. She said, "I wish you would quit going with her." [Snapping] like that because I knew that's what they wanted.

Now, we wouldn't have gotten married. I wouldn't marry her because I couldn't support

her. She always really regretted. Her mother wanted to kill me after I started to practice law because she married a very nice guy, but he never got anyplace. And I used to see Jimmie and Jimmie would say to me—she swore like a trooper and she'd cuss bad—"Why didn't you marry my Jeanie? She always loved you and she only got married to George because she was on the rebound from you." And this and that and the other thing. But we always got along. I finally got Jeanie her divorce five or six years ago.

But I did it because I respected my parents. That's the thing that I think is the real lacking quality in kids today; I don't think they respect their parents. Of course, I think society has done a lot. For instance, at University of Nevada in Reno, they have co-ed dormitories. I think it's ridiculous. I think it's terrible. I think it's terrible. Girls and boys in the same dorm? When kids are eighteen, nineteen years old, they have the same passion as people have when they're twenty-two or twenty-three. And you throw kids together, you're going to have extra relationships and sexual relationships. It's just going to happen. I mean don't you agree with me?

Sure.

It's just going to be there. Girls are on the third floor and guys are on the second floor and they go back and forth. When I went to school you couldn't get by the parlor in a dormitory with a girl. You could not leave the front parlor with a girl. I think it's terrible. I think they just throw them in to—that's what happened to my Doc. He married Sandy, who is a great girl, but it never would have happened if they hadn't been in a co-ed dormitory. I mean they didn't have to get married or anything. If they had just been going together, they would have waited until they finished school, which I regretted. Doc never got his education. Sandy never finished college, but she did become a court reporter, which was fine. She went to school two years. She's doing better than if she finished college. But I think it's terrible.

And unfortunately, I think the reason that our society is having a problem is because mother and father both have to work to make a living and nobody's home to take care of the store. And when they do get home, they're so tired. They have to cook and clean and everything. Like, for instance, in Doc's present marriage, the two girls, they have chores and, boy, they have to do them. They dress the two little boys every morning or see that they're dressed. They do dishes. They do cleaning. They take care of the baby. And they're great girls for it. They're great girls. They're polite and nice. They're great. Because they have responsibility. And I think when you let kids be without responsibility, you don't do them a favor. You think that they like it because you don't...bologna.

That's true.

I always tell the story of my mother. My dad wasn't much of a disciplinarian. He didn't let us get away with anything. But my mother, she was the matriarch of the family, boy. Like I told you, she had the fastest left hand in the business. Boy, if you didn't do something that left hand would come out and she'd knock your head right off your shoulder. And I respected her. Oh, she whacked me. Getting hit in the head didn't bother her. She'd whack you right across the head like nothing with her hand. All you had to do if you did something wrong and you'd say to Mom—if she said, "Why did you do it?" And you said, "I don't know." Ooh, bam. If you told her that you did it and you shouldn't have, but you just did it because you thought you could get away with it, then you got punished, but only once. But if she said *why did you do it?* and you said *I don't know*, you got punished twice. Once you got whacked across the head for not knowing and the second time you got punished for doing it. But if you told her, "I did it because I thought I could get away with it," okay, upstairs or whatever you had to do and no dinner; whatever it was, but you didn't get whacked. My mother, one of her favorite punishments was

putting pepper on your tongue. Ooh. She'd put pepper on your tongue and send you upstairs without dinner or something like that. I mean I learned after a while not to do things that I thought my mother was going to not like.

What did she put pepper on your tongue for? I mean what did you do?

I can remember one time—we wore suits to school in those days. We had a field outside of our grammar school that kind of was on a slant and we used to play football on it. And we came out one day and it was raining and that didn't bother me. I took my coat and vest off. We played football in the rain. When you tackled you slid down the...because it was going downhill. And I came home. And I had a cousin living with me at the time and she told my mother she saw me playing football. When I came home I tried to get in the back door to get upstairs. My clothes were just muddy. I don't know how I thought I was going to get them cleaned without my mom knowing. But my mother caught me coming in the back door. And, boy, I was full of mud and everything on my pants, on my suit. Oh, boy.

Whack.

Did she belt me a couple of times and sent me upstairs and put pepper on my tongue and everything. Boy, she punished me. I never played football with my good clothes on after that. I played football and we had old clothes or a helmet. We didn't have uniforms. But I never played with a school suit on after that. That's the thing that I remembered it. The big thing was if you lied to her. And all kids lie to their parents. Oh, if she caught you in a lie, oh, my god, that was like the cardinal sin of all times.

As I say, my dad wasn't—he would reprimand me verbally and maybe send me to my room or take a privilege away, but he didn't do much physically. But mother did. I mean, now, I think my sister and I were pretty good kids. We weren't bad children. We did little things we

thought we could get away with, but we didn't do bad things. But we did if we thought we could get away with something, mischievous things. Mother, that wasn't part of her story. Her story was you do the right thing. And we did for the most part.

My sister, she was the greatest there ever was. She's still alive. She's the office manager over at my former office. She's seventy-eight years old and still working every day, eight hours a day, maybe nine hours. But she didn't do too much. She was really outstanding. And she was my mentor. She was the one that corrected my grammar. She was the one that made me—like her favorite thing was...I'd say, "Can I do this?" She'd say, "I don't know; I don't notice that your legs are broken." And I'd say, "Well, may I do this?" Saying thanks and please and everything, if I didn't say thanks after everything that I got or please for anything I wanted, "What do you say?" And I do the same thing now with grandkids. What do you say? Please or thank you. I do that with my secretaries. I write notes to my girls. I don't ask them to do one thing where I write them a note that I don't put on the bottom "thanks." Or ask them to do something and I say, "Please would you do this?" Or, "Thank you," after she does it. It's just—

Gratitude.

Well, it's gratitude and it's happened to be engrained in me. One of my favorite things—and I notice it so much today—people don't keep their arm off the table when they're eating. They wrap themselves around it or they lean on it. My sister had a favorite expression. "Are you tired? Why don't you go get a pillow?" Unless you have a fork or knife in it, if you put your hand or arm on the table that didn't have a fork or knife in it or had a roll or something, "Are you tired? If you're tired, go get a pillow." And I go out and I see that they surround their food or eat like this. And I say, "Oh, boy, they should have had my sister." My sister was more on that than Mother and Dad. She was a terror on that. But I learned and I after a while I never did it. Even

now I go out and I see these people surrounding their food and I say, "Oh, my god, I can't believe." And kids do have terrible eating manners.

They're just not taught.

They're not taught. Another thing that our family always—nobody could get up from the table until your parents were finished or unless you asked, "May I be excused?" Not, "Can I be excused?" May I be excused? Because Kitt would get—that may look okay to me. May I be excused? If the folks wanted to talk about something, it was fine. But if they didn't have anything to talk about, everybody sat there until everybody was finished. That was part of, I guess, the familial relationship that my folks wanted to build. They wanted us to be part of the family. We never—I don't say we never. It was rare that we didn't eat together as a family. I had a close buddy that I ate at his house maybe one night every week and he ate with us. And he's still my buddy since we were six years old. That would be different. But otherwise, we all ate together. So I didn't grab a sandwich and my folks eat by themselves or my sister. We ate together if we were home. We waited until you got home unless it was some excuse or something, like legitimate excuse. So we were raised pretty much as a tight family. Even my grandparents, although I didn't know my grandpa on my dad's side and my grandmother on my dad's side lived in New York, so we weren't close, but my grandma by my mother on her side and my grandfather until he died, we were very close.

When my mother moved here, her sister and brother-in-law were here. Then another sister moved here and my cousin Sally Gordon and Mike Gordon moved here. So we had a lot of our family all moved to Las Vegas. And everybody helped everybody. And in his later years my Uncle Jack moved here. So we had the two sisters—three sisters and one brother all migrated. They were close, which was probably a result of my grandpa and grandma on my

mother's side of them being great family people.

Did you talk about them already? I can't remember.

As I say, I didn't know my grandfather on my dad's side. I think he was dead before my dad came—I don't remember—came over to the United States.

But my grandfather on my mother's side never was a man of great means. He was a clothing salesman. But he had so much principle you can't believe and he always provided well. He dabbled in the stock market a little bit. But he was big, tall, about six foot tall, very stately looking. Grandpa Ike we used to call him. He was very, very intelligent, good businessman, well respected in the community. He wasn't religious in the sense of going to temple. But I remember when he died the rabbi said he was one of the most religious men he ever knew because he always did what he thought was right. He did the right thing. So my grandmother and grandpa, they never had a lot, but they had a good living. So I don't know how many Grandma—let's see. There was Aunt Pauline and Rachel, Mother, Aunt Julie and three—my grandma had seven, three boys and four girls. That was tough raising that many on a clothing salesman's salary but they did and they all worked out well.

Grandma was kind of like Mother. Grandma was kind of the dominating factor in the family. She reared the kids pretty well. Great cook. Great baker. We used to call her the Duesenberry. That was a big bakery in Pittsburgh. Because grandma was always baking, but she was always baking to give to everybody in town. When we came here and were starving to death, she was baking for half the town. And I can Mother said to her one time, she says, "Grandma, what do you do with all the flour I bring home?" Grandma says, "I bake." And Mother says, "But you don't bake all that for us. We couldn't eat that much." Well, I'm baking for Aunt Pauline and I'm baking for Rachel—not Aunt Pauline—and Rachel and Sally and this

neighbor and that neighbor. Mother said, "We can't afford to buy the flour, Mother." That didn't stop Grandma from baking. Oh, she was some kind of a baker. In fact, all my aunts and my mother were great cooks and great bakers, which today girls aren't because they don't take the trouble to learn how to cook. A lot of them are lucky if they can boil water.

That's another thing that mothers don't teach their girls. I mean how many fellows are married now and the best thing the wife can do is go to Jack-in-the-Box and get them a hamburger? That's the closest they can come to cooking. I think it's another lack of discipline. I was taught to cook. I'm not a great cook, but I can cook because my mother taught me how to cook, and my sister, too. My sister is a great cook. Oh, she's great.

What are the things you cook?

Huh?

What are the things they taught you to cook?

Well, chicken, baking chicken. One of the first things I learned was cooking a pork roast because the first one I cooked you couldn't have cut it with a saw it was so tough. Then I learned to cook. And learned to cook roasts. I like making French toast and baking potatoes and getting the little new potatoes and fixing them and putting them in with a pot roast and getting them brown and things like that. I didn't learn a lot, everything. My favorite thing I fix, which is good, is French toast. I'm a master at that. Whenever I have the kids come over, they want Dad to cook French toast because I put two eggs for three slices of bread, which really makes it French toast because you've got these layers, kind of like a layer of egg on each side of the bread. Then I soak the bread. I get the Jewish twists, the white bread.

The challah? Is it challah, shallah [pronouncing]?

No. They call it twist. It's the bread that you see it twisted on top. Then I cut it real trick and

then I soak it real—and the eggs in the milk and I soak it until it's soaked through. Then when you cook it—and I fry it in Mazola or something like that and you let it brown real good. But then you get an egg on the outside and egg throughout. It's good. And the kids come over and I fix it for them. And when Kevin comes home, Judy's boy from San Francisco, he always has me fix it because he likes it.

Does you put any vanilla or anything like that in it?

Huh?

Do you put vanilla or...?

No, no. Just egg and milk. Each slice is about an inch thick. If you eat two slices, you don't eat for the rest of the day. But I was well trained.

This is tape two on the ninth of February.

I think the only trait I didn't inherit from my folks was frugality. I'm the worst in the world; I'm really not frugal at all. I mean I do have so that I don't have to be frugal. But with myself I'm really frugal. I mean I wear nice clothes and things, but I'm not a clothes horse. I have a lot of nice clothes. But with others that are around me, I want them to have everything now. Like Judy, she's got two Mercedes. She's got her own house. She could fill this room with clothes and then probably have some she couldn't get in. And I just want her to have it. And Val, I want her to have it. Paul—not Paul so much, but Doc, Mike. If they may need a new house, Dad will help them with a new house and get it for them. If they need a new car, Dad will always get it for them. So with them I'm not frugal.

Now, with myself...my pet thing—and this is terrible—I resent being overcharged for food when we go out to restaurants. And Judy goes crazy. I mean I pay it. But I'll say, "I can't believe how they could charge this," because I know what the food costs because I'm in the

restaurant business. A dinner will cost two and a half dollars and they'll charge you seventeen fifty or something like that. I'll say, "Jeez, how can they get away with that?" And yet, if Judy wants an extra five hundred dollars or something to go buy something that she wants that we really don't need that doesn't bother me. That's what she wants. But if I think I'm getting robbed, I'm terrible. And really bad. I mean even if I don't pay for it. If I go out as a guest with somebody and the host got robbed, I'll say something to Judy afterwards. She'll say, "But you didn't even pay for it." I'll say, "No, but how can they rob Joe for it?" Or something like that. Which is, I guess, a quirk in my character. Or we'll go out someplace and they'll charge us forty or fifty dollars for a dinner and it should have cost about sixteen fifty or something like that. I'll say, "Huh, how can they do that?" If I go out, then it doesn't bother me if I'm doing it for somebody else.

And I have...one of my traits is if I'm a guest of somebody and I go out to dinner with them, I will usually or the least expensive item on the menu even though I'm not paying for it. Of course, I like the least expensive item, which is chicken. I could eat chicken eight days a week. So I usually order it. Judy...it drives her crazy. But that's one of the things she just has to endure.

Tell me about Judy, how you feel about Judy.

Well, Judy is a great girl, but we'll never get married. We've been together fifteen, going on sixteen years now. It's not that I don't love her, but I don't want to have to ask Judy what I can do. I've been through three marriages and I don't ever want to have to ask anybody again what I can do. In other words, can I sell a piece of property? Can I buy a piece of property? Can I go to the bank and borrow money? Whatever. I don't want to have to ask anybody. And secondly, because I am a gambler in business, what I give Judy and put away for her, which is hers—I'm

trying to build up so she never has to worry if something happens to me aside from taking care of her in the will—I don't ever want her to be exposed if anything should happen to me and I should lose what I've got. I don't ever want to be able to go and take what she's got away from her. And if we were married they could do it because it would be community property. So we get along very well and she's—well, you can see she's a beautiful girl.

She really is.

I think if we were married we'd probably be divorced because she drives me crazy lots of times with buying things that she doesn't need. This room isn't big enough and she doesn't even know what she's got. But she wants it, so that's fine. If I was married I would probably say you can't do it. Just like the other day she bought a whole new set of dishes for sixteen people. We won't feed sixteen people at one time but maybe, maybe twice a year, at Thanksgiving and Christmas. We have about four or five, six sets of dishes. Why did she buy them? Because they'll look nice on the table at Christmastime with all the red and the green because these dishes have a green whatever design to them. So she bought them so they'll look nice for Christmas. I said, "Where are you going to put them?" What do you think we had to do? We had to take a set of dishes out of the house and take them over to Val's house because we didn't have any place to put the other set of dishes. But I think if I were married it would just make me insane. We're not married so it doesn't bother me.

And I think that we get along much better because she can leave any time she wants to or I can leave any time I want to. So we're not held together because we have to be held together or go to a lawsuit and get a divorce. So we get along really well. And she does whatever she wants. She has all day that she does what she wants. And she's great with me on sports. She lets me watch the basketball or football and things like that. I made a basketball fan of her. We

go to the basketball games every time there's a game. She loves to go shopping when we go away. Fine, you go shopping; I'll stay in the hotel and watch the games on the TV or something like that.

And Judy is a great, great cook when she cooks, but we don't cook very often because it's just the two of us. We go out four or five nights a week. If we stay home, she'll say, "What do you want for dinner? You want me to bake a chicken or something?" I say, "No, fix me a couple of scrambled eggs." And we do that. But we just have fun and we enjoy each other a lot. As I say, whatever she wants to do, I don't care; go ahead and do it. And she's pretty much that way with me. I've been together with Judy longer than I was ever married to one person. We have just a good relationship.

That's neat.

She's got her own mind. She's not submission. She expresses herself when she wants to. But it's worked out wonderfully. And she'll always be taken care of. I mean even if Judy and I were not to be together, she would get taken care of. I would never leave her that she'd ever have to...the only thing that she'd have to worry about is if I should go busted and something happen to me. In fact, she was talking to me last night. She said, "You're taking care of me. You're doing everything. But what happens if you get a stroke? What happens to me with the rest...?" She worries about maybe the rest of the family would say, well. And I said, "Well, you're right. I've taken care of you in my will very well." So she has everything. "But I should have something else so in case I have a stroke that you have to get so much money to live on without anybody..."

So while I'm gone—we're going to go to Hawaii next week for four or five days that she wants to go, but I don't; I'm going with it—well, we're going with another couple—I'm going to write up some sort of a direction to Jim who would handle anything that Judy has to get taken

care of immediately. I mean whatever I'm giving her now she has to keep on getting so that I don't want her worrying about that. Because Judy's going to be...I guess fifty-three now. So it's a worry. She's not young. She can't go out and start working again. So I want her to be taken care of so she doesn't have to worry.

How did you meet her?

This is amazing. Judy worked in the office as a receptionist in the other office, but I never paid any attention to her. You'd think as pretty as she is you'd pay attention to her. I never paid any attention to her. One day I was coming out of the First National Bank Building on Third Street and Judy was standing in front of the garage, which was next door with where the old garage building next door. And she said, "Louie"—she either lost her keys or something and she didn't have a way to get home. She asked me if I would drive her home. I was not married at this time. I said, "Sure." Well, she lived out off Sahara and Del Monte. She had a little ranch house and everything that she and her deceased husband had owned. I drove her home and we sat out in front of the house on the street kind of by the curb talking. And we talked for about a half hour and she said something to me. She said, "You don't even know who I am, do you?" I said, "Nope." I didn't know who she was. She said, "Don't you remember I worked in the office?" Well, then I remembered she worked in the office. That's how we...and so I took her out to dinner a couple of nights later or something like that and we started to go together. We talked for a half hour and I didn't even know who I was talking to.

You just thought you were helping somebody.

Yeah. And she said, "You don't even know who I am." I said, "No, I don't." Now, Judy had at one time gone with one of my nephews. So she knew my family. I mean she knew any mother and Kitt and everything. But I didn't know who I was talking to. That's how we started to go

together.

Tell me about the sports. Valerie was telling me you have about three TV sets.

Well, yeah. I've always been a great sports fan. I was never able to participate in organized sports because of my arm. But for years I was a basketball official, baseball umpire and a football official. Basketball was my forte. I used to work in Reno five, six nights a week, two games a night.

But I've always been a gambler to the extent I like to bet on ball games. I'm not a gambler tablewise, but I am a bettor on sports. From the time I was nine years old, we used to bet nickels and things like that.

So I've always got two TVs and the radio going with a football game. I'm listening and watching. So one of my partners bought me what was then novel—and I haven't seen any like it—three TV sets in one case and you can watch three different games at one time. You can only have the sound on, on one game, but you could watch three different—it was a black and white set. And the sets were like, I guess, whatever, ten, twelve inches or fifteen inches. But you could watch three different games on three different channels. Well, that was my meat. But you can only have the sound on one. But if you know what you're watching, you don't really have to have the sound up.

Now, even now in my den I've got a great big set and I've got another set and then I've got a cable. And the way I've got the sets rigged up, if I get the game on the one set, the big set, I can switch it over to the little set and watch another game on the big set. I mean I get the cable game and move it over to the other. So I can watch two games at one time. We've got in our house—let's see, one, two, three, four, five, six—nine TV's because every room and every bathroom's got a TV set. So if you have to go to bathroom, we keep watching the game. Let's

see. We've got two big ones and the rest of them are fourteen-, sixteen-inch sets; whatever they are.

That's a dedicated sports fan.

Oh. I tell you, and I'll admit this, I cannot watch a game completely through unless I have a bet on it, either. I have a favorite expression. It's like eating a cold mashed potato sandwich. I don't have to have a lot of money bet, although I do; I bet substantial. I bet five hundred dollars every once in a while, five hundred dollars a game. But I can bet twenty-five dollars and be just as interested. If I just want to watch a game because I want to watch it to have something to do, then I'll bet twenty-five dollars on the game just to have something. Otherwise, if I don't have a bet on a game, I'll turn it off and on or turn to something else or switch to another game or something like that. So to that extent I'm not a degenerate because I can go without betting. I don't have to bet every game every day. But if I'm home and watching a game, if I want to be interested, I really do have to bet. And I'm a pretty good handicapper. I keep track of what I win and lose. I am about a hundred and twenty dollars ahead over the past four years because I keep track and at the end of the year I figure out. I have a friend that I bet with, but he's a small bettor. He bets like ten dollars or twenty dollars. And we were betting fifteen, twenty games every weekend and we wound up winning twenty dollars apiece for this season, which was fine. He'd come up. In fact, he comes up every Friday during the season and we'd figure what we're going to bet on. Then he's retired and he likes to run around and he makes all the bets. He calls me on the telephone fifteen times on Saturday and Sunday and goes through the different...whether we're doing bad or doing good. So today he's coming up. He's going to bring me out my three-hundred-dollar investment, but my twenty dollars profit he's going to give me. But that's really my sole enjoyment. I'm not a golfer. I'm not a hunter. I'm not a fisherman. And I really

don't like movies except the ones that are funny. If a movie isn't funny, I can't care about it.

Can you think of the movie that was your favorite?

No, but I can think of a TV that's my favorite is "M.A.S.H." is one of my favorites because it's funny. I like "Dear John." I don't know whether you ever watch that. Oh, this is a divorced guy that they have this group of divorced people. It's a funny. Have you never watched it?

Huh-uh. But "M.A.S.H." I have.

This "Dear John" is the funniest thing you ever watched in your life. It's the travails of this group of divorced people and the things they go through. They have a group therapy. I used to like...oh, what was it? The one with the soldier. (T6/16:02) I can't remember the name of it. He was funny. Sid Silver—or Phil Silver.

Oh, Phil Silver, yeah.

He was funny. I liked him. And then I have a couple of serious shows that I watch. About the only time I stay up till ten o'clock. I watch "Matlock" on Tuesday and I watch "In the Heat of the Night." And that keeps me till ten o'clock. Once in a while I'll stay up and watch "L.A. Law," which I like because it's one of the most realistic law shows. You ever watch it?

Uh-huh, I have.

It's pretty realistic. Then I watch "Cheers." I love "Cheers." Do you ever watch that?

The kids had it on once.

Oh. Oh. It is so funny. And I watch that because it comes on about seven o'clock at night in between. What I do is if I want to watch that I watch it on the big screen and put the ball game over on the little screen.

Once in a while I'll like a good picture, serious picture. I went to see this picture "Driving Daisy" or something like that.

Oh, yeah, "Driving"—

Have you seen it?

No.

"Driving Miss Daisy."

"Driving Miss Daisy." Oh, it's great. As Valerie says, it's typical of my mother. It's an old Jewish lady who I guess was a widow and she had her son. She was driving her car and she backed her car—she put it in reverse instead of forward. She backed it in and the son took the car away from her and he got her a Negro chauffer. And it is a wonderful, wonderful picture. Very typical of my mother. This woman was...she couldn't let her son do anything, very domineering. We've seen two pictures in about six, seven months, which is unusual. "Steel Magnolias" or something like that. It was a very good picture. But I really don't go to the movie to get sad. I go to the movie for fun and to laugh.

Now, Judy, she'll stay up till two, three o'clock in the morning watching some black and white picture with Clark Gable or John Wayne or Betty Davis or something because we have the satellite and she can get all these pictures that are twenty-five—she watches some of these pictures that are twenty-five, thirty years old that are black and white. She loves them. So she stays up and watches them. I go to bed at eight thirty, nine o'clock. Well, she's not going to bed at eight thirty, nine o'clock.

You get up so early, don't you?

Oh, I get up about one thirty, two o'clock and read the Morning Sun. And then I'll usually up at four thirty. Go back to bed and sleep for an hour and get up at four thirty.

Just all these years you've done that?

I didn't have a habit of getting up and reading the paper. I was able to sleep through; I'm not

now. I go to bed and I sleep three, three and a half hours now, and I'm up and then I read through and then go back. But I don't think on the average I've ever slept over six to seven hours at the most. But I have a good faculty; I can fall asleep [snapping] like that. I could go there now and sit in that chair and fall asleep for fifteen minutes, and I do that about twice a day. So when I go home in the afternoon, I usually get in my chair—I've got one of those throwback chairs—and just sleep for ten, fifteen minutes if Judy 's not home or while we're waiting to go to dinner or something like that. Boom, I'm wide awake.

And Judy, unfortunately, it takes her two hours to get awake. Oh. You can't even talk to her. She has to go drink her tea and she "futzes" around. The only time she's ever good is when we're coming home from a trip. But my biggest problem with Judy is time doesn't mean anything to her. If we're supposed to go someplace at seven o'clock, I have to tell her six thirty. She's never ready. And me, I'm always ready fifteen, twenty minutes ahead of time. I'm the same way going to court. I'm always at court ten, fifteen minutes ahead of time. In the first place, I don't like to go there and be getting ready while I'm looking at my file. I have to get into five or ten minutes before. But Judy is...I always tell her, I said, "There's one thing that you're really going to be late for." And she says, "What?" I said, "For your funeral." But I can't break her of the habit of it. Like we're going to go to the basketball game with these friends of ours. We have seats together. Ugh, she just has to do some last thing. I'm opening the door and turning the alarm on and she's doing something. I have to turn the alarm off. She grooms herself, oh, boy. I mean she's not—well, you can see she's beautiful and she grooms herself and she takes care of herself and she's so neat and clean. If she's scrubbing the floor, she looks like she's going out someplace. She's great that way. And she's a great housekeeper.

The only thing she's bad about, she's a pack rat. See, we have one room. If we ever get a

fire in that room of the house, she's got every magazine of good magazines, like the Architectural Guide, the National Geographic. She's got enough to put a bonfire to burn the City Hall down. She saves everything. She does; she saves everything. She says she's a pack rat. She just saves everything. She doesn't want to throw anything away. Our garage has got all...she saves cartons so in case she has to pack something, she's got a carton for everything she has to pack. She loves to buy little things and she loves to buy things for people.

Her real thing she does now is saving pearl and silver forks and knives and spoons. She and this couple we go with, he's a plumber and Becky works in the office . They're really down-to-earth people, with no education and everything. Tom's just (slouzy and T6/22:51), but he's a real great guy. And that's our closest friends. And they're economically five thousand stratas away from us. But that's our close friends and we go together every place. We go to basketball games. We go to dinner at least once a week and we go to their house. Becky fixes things and Judy fixes things. But they're great antique people, Becky and—well, they've got good means and Tom's done very well. They go to the antique shows. When we go away, like we go down to the beach—I get Judy a place down at the beach for the summer and I go down on Friday and she's down there all the time—and Tom and Becky come down a couple of nights. What do you think they do? They go to antique shows all day Saturday and all day Sunday or all night Friday. They know every antique store in the entire Southern California. They know. Then a lot of antique shows, I don't know whether you're aware of it, come here. They have those antique shows out at the Meadows. They go out there for hours and they go through everything. Becky likes flat silver and she likes—what's this cut glass that is expensive? Not Wedgewood. Waterford. Becky likes Waterford. So we don't have a present problem with Becky; we buy her a Waterford or we buy silver. And Judy's always looking for something.

Like yesterday she bought three little cups with blue glass in them. They have a name for it, little, wee spoon. She saw it someplace in a girl's home that was selling some of her stuff. She bought it for Becky because Becky—it's the color of your blouse.

Kind of royal blue.

Or coral, would coral be the color?

No. That's kind of a peachier.

Anyway, that's royal blue. But Becky likes it. So Judy bought these four cups that are about this big, little wood handle, and then inserts would be. She saw it in this girl's house that was selling it, so she bought it for Becky. And then they go to these antique shows. And Tom, he's the worst. He goes and I go home. We go like to Ricardo's and have dinner on Friday night. They go to the show and I go home and watch the TV. They shop for two or three or four hours. We go early at five. They shop from six until they close the mall.

Do they buy it for investments?

No.

Just because they like it.

It would be investment because they never buy anything—that's one thing Judy is, oh, boy. She'll fight some guy for thirty-eight cents on a twenty-five dollar item. And if they're not right, she won't buy them. I would have to say that whatever Judy's bought she could double her money on and Becky the same and Tom. Tom's a gun nut, too. So he buys guns and things like that. He's smart. Although a lot of it—we've got a superb list. We've got cabinets full of stuff. If Judy ever wants to liquidate, I'm sure she could get double what she's paid for it. She's very sharp on that.

Can we talk about some other of your friends through the years, like Foleys?

Well, Tom and—I really—my closest friend, of course, is the two boys in Pittsburgh. The one that I've known since I was six years old, Bobby Fleishman, he's probably my closest friend now. And a kid by the name of Aaron Levenson who's a retired steel man, he's a close friend.

In Vegas the closest friend I think I had here—of course, remember Dick Ronzone was a very close friend of mine. Harley Harmon is a close friend of mine. "Scoop" Garside—I don't know whether you knew "Scoop" or not? His father used to own the Review-Journal.

Was that the Garside School that was named after him?

Yeah. I think it was named after Frank; that was "Scoop's" father. Although "Scoop" was on the school board at one time, so it may have been named after him. But "Scoop." Dr. Lobb when he was alive, we were close friends from college, and Stanley Nair. But of all the kids—I say all the kids, all the men—but all the kids that were friends of mine either in law school, undergraduate school in Reno or here, everyone but one is dead. Harley is the one with whom I was a close friend that survived. Dick Ronzone is dead. "Scoop's" dead. Doc Lobb's dead. Stanley Nair is dead.

In Reno, Dick was my friend in college. Stan was my friend in college. Larry Duford, George Losee. They're all dead. In law school I had two close friends, Les Rory and Bob. They're both dead.

So everybody but Harley has passed away. A lot of them died quite young. Bob Reedy from law school, Bob died fifteen years ago. Of course, Les, who was my friend in law school, he got killed right after graduating. He was in the service and he was a pilot and he got killed.

Do you have any stories about them, about some of these people that you were such good friends with?

Well, I can tell you one story about George and Larry. Larry DuFour, he lived on Vallejo. He

had a girlfriend in Sacramento and she came up to see him one weekend. She left to go home. And Larry and George went downtown and had a few beers and they came back and they said, "Let's go to Sacramento." I said, "Let's go to Sacramento?" The girl's name was—we used to call her Al; I guess her name was Al—I said, "Al just left." Two hours ago. "Well, let's go down and we'll get a date in Sacramento." And this is a Sunday afternoon.

We drove down to Sacramento, the three of us in an old Ford car that Larry had. Got down there. By the time we got down there it's about time to go to bed. So the three of us went to bed. And then, believe it or not, we decided to come back home. So we get up and we sneaked out. We jumped out of the window; didn't tell Al. We drove back.

When we got to Truckee, thirty miles from Reno, the car ran out of gas and we didn't have any money. We had spent it. We had bought a doughnut and a cup of coffee or something. We had a choice of buying gas or something to eat. So we were starving, so we bought something to eat. And we stayed in that car and it was freezing outside. Some guy came along and gave us a gallon of gas and we were able to get to Reno.

I'll never forget it was Larry's—or George's—George was going through hell week in a fraternity and we got there about seven o'clock in the morning and George had to start going through hell week.

Then another time Larry and George and I decided to go to Sacramento. And you won't believe this. This is unbelievable. We hopped the train. In those days they had what they called mallet engines where the cab was in the front. It looked like they were going backwards, but they weren't; they were built that way. And the reason they had it is because they had all these snow tunnels up around Reno because it would keep the snow from getting on the track and all these big things are made of railroad ties or something. Well, the reason they had the engine cab

up front was so the smoke didn't bother the engineer. Larry and George and I got on the back of the tender and rode to Sacramento and almost got killed because we almost choked to death in the tunnel. So we put handkerchiefs over our mouths so we didn't breathe in the soot from the oil.

When we got to Sacramento, we were absolutely pitch black from the soot and our clothes were black. We went to Al's house and she had to wash all of our clothes so we could come back home. And some way, I think Al lent us some money, we took a bus; I can't remember everything. But I remember we rode on the back of the tender, this big oil thing on the back, we rode all the way to Sacramento. It was a hundred and forty miles from Reno. We were very lucky we didn't get killed because we were hanging on there and going through. We didn't even think about the smoke coming back and realize that the reason they had the cab on the front end of the train was so the engineers didn't have to worry about the smoke coming back. When we got to Sacramento, we were three—

[Pause in recording]

You said maybe you had a couple of dollars.

When we got to Sacramento so we had enough money to get home. I think it probably cost us a dollar and a half to get home on the bus or something like that. So we must have had some money because we didn't have a car because, otherwise, we couldn't have gotten back.

Next time you didn't hop the train, right?

We didn't even look at the train again. It was terrible.

They didn't know they were on there, did they?

Oh, of course not. Of course not. If they would have known we were on there, they probably would have arrested us in Roseville or something. But all the way through the mountains you

went through these tunnels. And jeez, every time the smoke would come back. It was terrible. But that was a fun thing we did and went to school. We talked about that a hundred times afterwards.

You have any more fun stories like that?

Huh?

You have any more stories or similar episodes?

Oh, I have some stories about...one of the things that happened. I was a yell leader at the university; I was the head yell leader. Our athletic teams weren't doing any good. We couldn't get any enthusiasm among the students. I was also a member of the band. I played trombone. We had a big assembly meeting one time, a pep meeting, a pep rally. The assistant band director, who was a student who lived in the dormitory—I planned to get up as the head yeller and tell what I thought about the band that it stunk and, therefore, we couldn't generate pep and so on and so forth. And this kid's name was Herb Peck and he was supposed to stand up and back me up as the student bandleader. Now, this auditorium was jammed. There could have been maybe three or four hundred kids there because the school was only eight hundred. The professor's name was Theodore Post. We used to call him Posty Toasty. So they were...what's wrong with the school spirit? You know how kids are when they're going to college. So I get up and say, "I'll tell you what's wrong with the school spirit. Our band is horrible." And I'll never forget I likened them to New York University that they used to Violets. I said they've got the greatest band in the world. And when NYU, which is now no longer an athletic proper, in those days they had the great football team, Ken Strong and all those guys. And the band, they were dressed in violet. But they were...God, you just listened to them and they made you thrilled. And I said, "Our band stinks." Oh, jeez, I get up and Herb Peck never says a word and there I

am hanging out to dry.

The master of the dormitory, Paul Harwood was there. I think he was the dean of the men or something at the time. He was a great guy, but, oh, he was stern. And he got up and he says, "The meeting is over." I got back. They were going to expel me. In those days—today—I mean they were going to expel me from school for denouncing the band director. Paul called me in his office at the dormitory. "What were you thinking about, Louie?" "Nothing, I just thought I was expressing my opinion." And then I told him, I said—we called this guy—I'll tell you what we called him—we called him Herb Peckerneck because his name was Herb Peck. "But he just turned around. He didn't back me up. He was supposed to back me." That helped me because Paul Harwood was a man of principle and he felt that the guy let me down and it wasn't all my fault. So anyway, I didn't get expelled and I didn't get put on disciplinary surveillance or whatever they called it at that time, either, but it was close. I think if Professor Harwood hadn't stuck up for me—I was a state senator for the dormitory at the time. I was a member of the student senate. I think if he hadn't stuck up for me, I think I might have been expelled. But he stuck up for all the kids.

He was the one I think I told you about. When I graduated from college, I didn't have any money. So this friend of mine from Vallejo, Ray Sanks, he let me sleep on the floor in his room for a semester, on the floor on just a blanket. I didn't have any money to get a room. At the end of the semester when kids were going home, Professor Harwood said to me, "How is it sleeping on the floor, Louie?" He knew all the time I was sleeping on the floor. I didn't think he knew. "How is it sleeping on the floor, Louie?" I slept there for more than a semester, about a semester and a half. But he knew; he told me at the end of the first semester and then he let me stay there. And I finally got a job that would pay enough to get a room. But he knew it. But

because I was one of his boys—if I hadn't been a fraternity man and everything—he let me do it. But that was something, sleeping on the floor. And it was hard. I didn't have a mat to sleep on. I slept on a blanket with a blanket over me and a pillow. I slept right on the hardwood floor for three and a half or four months, whatever a semester took, every night. Boy, that was tough. I never really got comfortable. You can get comfortable if you have a mat or something, but you can't get comfortable hitting the floor like I did.

You had to sacrifice, didn't you?

Yeah. Well, I didn't have any money, so I just did it. I wasn't going to—today I guess you'd apply for relief. I wouldn't. In those days—I've got to tell you what—in the days when I was young my folks were really poor because of the Depression. It was a disgrace to apply for relief. To ask for relief was a disgrace. I mean you just did without. Today it's a way of life. There was no unemployment compensation. There really wasn't a welfare program or anything. They used to have—I forget what they call it—it's some sort of relief thing. But, boy, it was really a disgrace to ask for welfare or something. Boy, you just didn't do it. Today I think everybody lives with, well, if I can't make it, I can go down and get food stamps and get welfare or something like that. That's one of the things I admire about your religion is that your people contribute all their life, and then if they do hit hard times, they can go draw on so-called credit at their bank or whatever you want to—get food and get help.

Even then if they're able to help.

Well, they have to try to work it out or something. I understand that. But I mean they contribute all their life so that they build up a reserve so if they do have a tough time that they couldn't help, they can always get some help and they don't go to the public institutions. I respect that. I think that's a great trait. Sometimes I think that the tithing is pretty tough when somebody gives ten

percent of their gross before taxes and Social Security and everything. That's pretty tough on some of the people. I remember Alan Earle—you know Alan, don't you?

Yeah.

He worked for us and he fell behind in his tithing. Oh. So we had to lend him the money at the office, I think, to bring his tithing up. From that time on my sister never let him get his check. She just took it off the top of his check so that he never got behind again. At least when he was in the office, he never got behind again because Kitt just took it off his check. I'm sure he agreed to it. But she just, "You're not going to fall behind again."

What did she do, write out a separate check?

Yeah.

To the church?

I don't know who she wrote it to, but she wrote out two checks. She took it off and then put it in the bank until he had to give it or whatever. But he didn't get his money. I guess after a while maybe he learned his lesson, but she wouldn't give it to him. She said, "You fell behind; you're not going to do it again." She was like a mother hen. Of course, Alan was pretty young at that time.

Among the people, among the Jewish people you rarely see them unrelieved, too. They're independent. I mean family. There's not going to the temple, but it's family takes care of family. I don't know how it is among the Mormon people today. Do they have that same trait?

Uh-huh.

Well, among the Jewish people you don't let anybody in your family suffer. You take care of your sisters, your brothers or your mother. And particularly among the Jewish people, you don't see many of them going to convalescent homes unless they don't have any family. I'll tell you

who's one among your—I'm going to tell a secret. Bill Brady—you know Bill Brady?

Uh-huh, yeah.

That's the first provision of his will that his mother and father shall not be permitted to be put in a convalescent home.

Is that right?

They get half of that estate is set aside, half of everything is set aside in a trust so that they if they are ill they shall not be put in a convalescent home; they shall be maintained at home, and this trust shall pay for whatever the expenses are. If they have to use the whole trust and the corpus and everything else, his folks—I don't think it will ever happen because Fern is pretty well providing for herself. But if it did happen—that's the first provision of Bill's will—half of his estate goes to take care of his parents.

That's prevalent among the Jewish people, too, that you take care of your folks. It isn't prevalent among a lot of people. The old saying is one mother can take care of eight kids and eight kids can't take care of one mother. But you rarely see—you'll see them—like this one charity that I donate to in Pittsburgh, the Jewish Home for the Aged, you'll see people who don't have a family. But they're taken care of like I do. I'm not even there, but I send half—see, I resent Social Security for people that don't need it. I really resent it. I get what I think is a huge—I get fourteen hundred dollars a month for Social Security. Everybody tells me, "Well, you paid for it." And I say, "Yeah, but you paid for an insurance policy, but you don't burn your house down to get the insurance. You pay for automobile insurance. You don't have an accident to get your insurance. You pay for Social Security God forbid you ever need it." So I think it's immoral for people to accept Social Security that don't need it.

So what I do, I have to pay in like seven percent or eight percent now—or I mean fifteen

percent because I have to pay on both sides. I pay that in. I pay my income tax on that part I have to pay my income tax on. And when the rest of it either goes to the hospice or the Jewish Home for the Aged.

Isn't that neat?

Someday I might need it. But as long as I don't need it, I feel immoral to take it. So I send the money back—maybe I don't divide it exactly even, but I try to make it—back there and the hospice.

The hospice here in town?

Here in town. Have you ever been out there?

I've heard wonderful things.

Ah, you've got to go out and see that. That's the most fantastic...and you don't have to have money to go in there. If they've got an empty bed and you're busted, they take care of you. And you couldn't get that kind of care if you had four around-the-clock nurses; you couldn't get the kind of care they give you out there. Because they do take people that don't have money, they need money. So I usually send them...well, what I do is I give in the name of my brother-in-law who didn't have cancer and Lenny Schaeffer who's my close friend who passed away four years ago January fourteenth with cancer. And I give half of everything I give in memory of each of them. It's not a personal donation, but I give it in their memory. And then Back East I give in memory of the family and so on and so forth.

But I think it's terrible that people accept Social Security that don't need it. I really do. I mean fourteen hundred dollars a month? And if I weren't paying tax by being an earner now, I would be able to keep eleven hundred a month, twelve hundred a month. I think that's terrible. Fifteen thousand dollars a year for me? That I could keep just because I'm not practicing law. I

mean I could earn a million dollars a year or half a million dollars a year and would be keeping fifteen thousand dollars a year. That's terrible.

That really is.

You should go—well, see, I've got to tell you a little story about that. My mother never paid Social Security because the self-employed didn't pay Social Security until about 1953 or '54. But despite that fact, you're allowed to collect a certain amount of money, basic Social Security, like a hundred dollars or forty dollars a month or something like that. In those days when Mother was alive it wasn't that much. So my mother was down at the Social Security with my aunt, who was entitled to draw Social Security because she had worked all her life and her husband had died, and she was down there with Rachel. And the woman at the office said to my mother, "Well, how about you and Social Security?" Mother says, "I never worked." She worked, but she never drew a salary because she and dad owned the little tailor shop. Oh, you're entitled to draw...what was it, fifty-seven or seventy-seven dollars or something like that? I forget. This was twenty years ago. So when I came over that night, because I used to go see Mom almost every night and Kitt saw her twice a day, she's telling me all about this. She said, "I'm going to apply for Social Security." I says, "No, you're not." She said, "I'm entitled to it." I said, "No, you're not; you don't need it." It was only like seventy-seven dollars; something like that.

But she had two friends, one of whom was really living on Social Security and was only getting like a hundred and forty dollars a month or a hundred and fifty dollars a month and she had to live with a kid, her son. And she had another friend that maybe got a hundred and sixty dollars a month who had problems, too. I said, "I'll tell you what you can do." I said, "You can take the benefits of Medicare." Because they took they off. "I have no objection to that." Because catastrophic illness...anyway, I said, "But if you'll give half the money each month"—I

can't remember the women's name—"to this one and a half to that one, then you can take your Social Security because then you're giving to somebody that really should be getting it because they're not getting enough and you don't need it."

So every month Mom would get the check for whatever it was, sixty dollars or something, and she'd make out two checks and she'd send each of those people half of what she got in Social Security, which wasn't a lot. It wasn't like sending five hundred apiece, but she sent them half. And I let her take it, then. I mean she could have taken it if she wanted to, but she knew I was opposed to it. So she sent the twenty or thirty dollars a month. That makes a difference between them being able to have a stick of chewing gum or something like that. So that made my mother happy. She realized how I felt and she did it.

So that's what I do. Sometimes I sure I give more and sometimes I might—I don't exactly split it to the dollar. But I'm sure I give even more to the hospice than what I have left over.

You've been so much help to so many people. There was something that I wanted to get into today, too, about how you've helped people like Dick Bryan and Harry Reid and those kind of people.

Well, Richard...his father got divorced from his mother and he married a real tart, Evelyn McKenzie, used to own McKenzie Furniture Store. She was a really nothing. And the only reason she married Oscar is because she thought he was going to make money. Oscar was a JP just before he died. He died about ten days after he got out of law office. And Richard saw me on the street corner by the Methodist Church at Third and Bridger. I used to go to Oscar's house every night when he was married to Lil. (48:05/NO IDEA). When Tuwey got through with the dishes, I'd be home. Anyway, Richard said he was going back to Washington to go to law

school. I said, "Washington? You'll have to be an elevator operator and you won't be able to study like you should." Because I had graduated from law school and I wasn't smart enough to work thirty minutes a day and go to law school. I said, "That's terrible. Why don't you have your dad send you to Hastings?" He couldn't get into Boalt Hall where I went to school because it was too late. But Hastings was a little easier to get into and Richard was pretty smart. He could have got into Boalt if he had applied sooner. And I said, "Why don't you go...?" He said, "I haven't got any money." I said, "Go across the street to your dad." Because his dad's office was over where Maxie's Delicatessen is now. "You go over there and ask your dad if he won't send you. And if he won't you come back to me."

Well, Oscar's wife wouldn't let him give Richard the money, who he was married to then. He was about ready to die like three or four months after, and she wanted to save everything I guess. So Richard came back and said, "Well, I can't get it out of Dad." I said, "Okay, how much?" And I wasn't really...I had it, but I didn't have that much. I wasn't like I am now. And I gave Richard, I don't know, enough to get through the first year. And then Archie Grant helped him get through, too, and somebody else helped him get through.

And when Richard graduated one of the first cases he ever got he came up and wrote me out a check. It wasn't that much. It was only eight hundred or a thousand dollars. And I said, "Richard, why don't you wait until you got some money in the bank?"

"No, I want to pay it off. If I need it," he says, "I'll come back and get it." I said, "You can come back and get it tomorrow if you want to." Because he's a really honorable guy.

So that was Richard. He was a great kid, very appreciative.

Harry I never aided financially, but he always says that I was the one that made it possible for him to acquire it because when he came out I said, "Buy land, buy land, buy land."

And he did. He always told me, he says, "If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have bought." My favorite story is go up in an airplane, throw colored rocks, and wherever they land, go buy it. It turned out I was right. I didn't buy much land. I was never a land buyer myself because I was always going in businesses. But Harry always says, "You taught me to go out and buy land." And so I did.

And Harry and I are very close. In addition to Harry's relationship with Val, we're very close. He comes and sees me or calls me and I talk to him. He calls me once in a while from Washington, "What's going on?" He talks to Val I guess about once every month or three weeks or something. She's very loyal to Harry and Harry is very loyal to her. So it's a good relationship.

But I've always felt that I guess young guys should have a chance and if you can help them, help them and then you make a good citizen out of them. And I do it. Judy says I do it too much, but it isn't going to stop. I'm going to do it. And I get burned a lot of times, but I never bear a grudge. I don't believe in grudges. I might not want to go someplace with somebody.

Did I tell you the story about the local attorney that I saved here awhile back? This is the one that absconded with some money from his client's account.

Tell it again because I...

Well, it turned out to be a sad story because the guy has turned out not to be good. But a fellow called me on the phone, an attorney that I've never had a cup of coffee with but I knew him, and he asked me if he could come down and talk to me. I thought, well, maybe he was having problems at home and he wanted to talk to somebody. He came down and he sat right here. Closed the door and admitted to me he embezzled some money. He needed some money and I said, "I don't have any." I thought he was talking about two or three thousand dollars. I figured

I'd sign a note for him. Then he tells me he embezzled sixty-five thousand dollars from a client's account. And he had to pay it by four o'clock that afternoon, that afternoon. He's coming down at ten o'clock in the morning. Well, first he didn't tell me on the front end. Then I said, "How much are you talking about?" Like I said, I thought it was two or three thousand. He said, "Sixty-five thousand dollars." I said, "My God, I don't have sixty-five." He said, "Well, I don't think I'm guilty of a crime, but I could be disbarred." I said, "Well, just disabuse yourself because you're guilty of a felony and you're going to be disbarred on top of it." He said, "Well, I've got a big case coming up in December and I've got a piece of property." He said, "I'll pay you back." I said, "Well, I don't have it. But you go over to the bank and I'll sign your note for you." This is a guy I never had a cup of coffee with. This only happened about eighteen months ago.

They wouldn't lend it to him at the bank in his name because they'd have to check his credit, but they'd lend it to me and then I could lend it to him. Then they could put it through. Three o'clock that afternoon the banker and this fellow come over to the house. I sign the note. He got his sixty-five thousand dollars and they wired it to Reno. It got there just on time, at four o'clock when it had to be there.

Now, the woman that he did this to never knew about it. Nobody knew about it. And there are only two people that know the guy's name and that's Jim and Janet. Believe it or not...He told me he was going to pay it. When it came time to pay it—he paid the interest on it as it came due—he never made the payment. So I extended it and he couldn't pay it. Then they finally wouldn't extend it again without paying fifteen thousand dollars on it. He finally paid the fifteen thousand. But I later found out he got it from another person, another attorney. He's made two payments. Then I arranged for him to pay twenty-five hundred a month for a year and

then a balloon at the end of the time, which he said, "I can make." There have been seven payments—in fact, there's one due right now—seven payments; I had to make five of them. And I wrote him the other day and I said, "I think I'll just sue you for it and let everybody in the world know because you don't appreciate what I've done for you."

If somebody kept me from getting disbarred and convicted of a felony and I was a lawyer, I'd go work in somebody else's office and make twenty-five dollars an hour doing research because this is not a dummy. He could go to work. He's in an office, a pretty good office. He could go to work someplace else and write briefs at twenty or twenty-five dollars an hour and make a hundred dollars a day if he has to work fourteen hours a day and pay that loan off.

You bet.

I am really—and he doesn't even answer my phone calls. Oh, about a month ago the bank called me and said, "Louie"—see, the loan is in my name. But they know that it didn't go to me. "Your loan is behind three payments." I had to pay them almost ten thousand dollars with interest. So I called him. He gave me five thousand. He said, "I'll have the other five thousand next week." He never did. In the meantime, three or four more payments come due that I had to pay; he made one of them up.

It's like squeezing—

Well, it's terrible. To myself I should have said, if he had embezzled money from a client's fund, he's no good and whatever happens to him should happen to him. But I said, oh, my God, he'll get convicted of a felony, lose his license. He's only about forty-five, forty-six years old. What a terrible thing. If I help him over there, maybe he'll...Lied to me. He never had a case coming and he never had a piece of property. But there's nothing I can do. I say I'm going to sue him.

I'm never going to sue him. What the hell? If I didn't do it in the first place, what am I going to do now? It's not going to do any good to do it now. I mean if I had let him fall...but I didn't. It happens.

I had another one, a dentist came to me whose mother I knew when I went to school. This is in October. He borrowed sixteen thousand dollars from me and going to give it back to me Monday morning. He was buying a piece of property with three other guys where they're going to put their offices. He's a dentist. Just started to pay me a thousand dollars a month plus interest last month.

That was how long ago?

October the sixth and he paid me the first payment in January. Lied to me; told me he had the money coming and this and that and the other. He never had any...he never bought the piece of property, either. Of course, he didn't do any good; he just lost me as a patient. I'm just in the process of spending a thousand dollars with Stevie Sill, Stephen. Do you know him? He's a dentist. I just spent a thousand dollars with him and I get a gold implant put in. So the other guy didn't benefit any. He would have gotten my work. I wouldn't send him a patient and I would never go to him again. And his mother is just absolutely distraught about it because we're good friends. She's just distraught.

Well, you know I'm going to have to terminate because I'm going to have to go...

This is the ending? Yeah, we got a little late start today, didn't we? We'll pick up.

[End Session III]

Is this our third or fourth session?

Fourth.

And probably our last, right?

Yeah, probably.

We'll probably wind it up today. You get tired of seeing me.

No.

How is my husband? Charles?

I mean Charles.

Yeah, he's fine.

That's good. I didn't see him over—usually he's over there on Friday because he's got some probate or something over there. I didn't see him.

Valerie is so perceptive.

You know they're having a birthday party for me.

Oh, yes.

She's working on it so hard. I really didn't want it. I mean I really didn't want to have it because I don't like to ask people to buy a ticket to anything. And so I said, "You've got to keep it below fifty dollars." Well, they had to get it at fifty-eight because they're going to have it at the...oh, that hotel that doesn't have any gambling in it out on Harmon Avenue.

Oh, I know which one you're talking about. Alex—

Alexis. So they charge a little more for the food. But she's so excited about it. I tell you she's working so hard on it. And what's his name? Dan Newburn has been working on it, too. He's with that After Care or We Care or one of those units. That's who the benefit—

We Care or We Can.

It's one of those. The money, whatever they say, they're going to make about ten or twelve dollars or twenty dollars or something like that a person that they can use for this After Care.

I've got to tell you a story that has nothing do with this. But Valerie ran into this—do

you follow basketball at the university?

All my kids are just avid and I'm in on what they say.

Well, this Gerald Paddio that played there a couple of years ago—

Yes, I've heard of him.

—he went and played pro and he played for a little while and then played in New York. So Valerie met him over at—Valerie is on this program where they go to grammar schools about every two or three weeks to help the kids and inspire them and whatever. I forget. They have a program; they call it Direct Program or something. Anyway, they try to take an athlete on occasions to go talk to them because the kids will look up to these athletes. They have to look up to him; he's about six eight. So he was talking to Valerie and Valerie has never met him. He was on the program with her. Four of them go to each school, I think, twice a month or something and they spend two or three hours, which is great for these kids.

Anyway, she was telling me she was talking to Gerald and she asked him what he was going to do. He's now back in school. He's carrying twelve hours and he needs one more subject next summer and then he will graduate. There are four of them back at school now taking this program to get their degrees. So she said, "What are you going to do?" He said, "Well, I want to go into juvenile work." He said, "I want to be a juvenile probation officer or something." He said, "I want to work with kids." And great big, six-eight-foot kid, basketball player. The kids will relate to him. They'll get more done than I would or you would or something. So he said, "But I don't know where to start." He said, "I don't know how to get a job and where to go."

So Valerie came up and she said, "Dad, can you help him?" And I said, "Yeah, I think I can help him." So we made an appointment for him to come out. She runs in about forty-five minutes before him and she says, "I've got to tell you something. Under the NCAA program,

because he's still in school even though he's used his eligibility"—I think it's three seasons back he used his eligibility—"because they're helping him to go to school on a scholarship," which is provided by funds that Artie Newman left—when he died he left four hundred thousand just for this purpose—"Because they're providing the money for him, if you promise him a job, Dad, we'll get an NCAA sanction because this is an extra benefit to an athlete." I said, "I can't believe this." This kid's out of school. His eligibility is gone. He wants to finish his schoolwork. So I said, "Well, I won't promise him a job then."

So when he came in...he's really a nice kid. I was amazed. He's so polite and nice. So the first thing I said to him, "Gerald, I've got to tell you. I'm going to help you, but I can't promise you anything; if I do, it's an NCAA violation. So I want to make it clear I'm not promising you anything. I'm going to do the best I can for you." He says, "I understand." I said, "You've got to understand that because neither one of us"—if I wasn't a booster, I could promise him a job. But I'm a booster, so I can't. Is that really stupid?

So I called John McGroarty. Do you know John?

I've heard the name.

Well, John said, "Why didn't you call me before January first?" Because I've known John and his mother and dad for a long time. And he said, "I'd have put him to work the next day, but," he said, "I'm not the juvenile judge," which I knew. I was really calling him to find out what I should do. So he said, "Call Miriam." Judge Shearing.

I called Miriam. We must have missed three or four times each way. Finally I got her at nine o'clock in the morning yesterday morning and I told her what I wanted. I wanted him to get an interview. And she said, "Does he want a full-time job or a part-time job?" I said, "I don't know. Because he's going to school and all, I don't know whether he can work full time or not."

So she gave Bob Tuten's name. I didn't know Bob was down there. He used to be in the DA's Office and now he's the assistant director and he does the hiring.

So it took me about fifteen minutes to get back to Bob Tuten. His line was busy or I got busy or something. And I called him. I said, "Bob, I'm calling. I've got something I want you to help me with." He says, "Judge Shearing already called me." She already had called him. "In fact," he said, "She just hung up talking to me now." Because I said, "Well, I tried to get you, but your line was busy." He said, "That's who I was talking to." So I said, "Can you do any good for him?" And I said, "Be careful. I can't promise." I said, "I didn't promise him anything and I can't promise him because it's an NCAA violation."

Now, is that stupid? I can see their thinking that a guy goes to school and then you—if you go here, I'll get you a job. But it shouldn't apply after his eligibility is used up if you're making the promise then. I can understand at the beginning you say, "Well, you go here and I'll see that you get a job when you get out." Blah, blah, blah. That I can understand because that's an extra benefit.

Anyway, he said, "You send him down here." He said, "Boy, if we could get him, it would be great because the boys particularly down in juvenile hall they'll look up to him and particularly the black kids." And he said, "Jeez, it would just be great for us." And his major is criminal justice. So he's not just going into something because he couldn't get something else.

Boy, I'll tell you, the school now, the academic end of this, particularly basketball, Val was telling me that if these three boys—there are four of them going now to finish that are on this program, After Care or something like that they call it. If the three of them graduate this year, which they will, that will mean that fifty-six plus percent plus of the basketball players since 1982, whether they played one day or whatever, fifty-six percent of them have graduated.

Do you know what the average of the entire university is? Forty-six percent. So here they are screaming that these kids aren't studying and ten percent—actually, it's twenty-five percent more kids are graduating who are basketball players than the general student population. And I think it's just wonderful this program that they're doing with them. You can't do it as much with football because you have too many kids. But basketball...they have tutors that go with them on the trips.

Is that right?

Boy, and they make them study. Well, they've got one kid on the squad, this young boy Rice, he's got a four-point average. Biles, this young kid that's got the chicken pox, he's got like a three-seven average. All the screaming they've been screaming about Scurry and...last semester he made like about a three-point-two average.

And I wanted to put a program in. I talked to Brad about it and they can't do it. I wanted to get about twelve or fifteen business people, professional people and each one of them take one of the boys on the squad, like a big brother. Don't pay them or anything, but have them where they can call. I want to talk to you or make a meeting. But Brad says, "Louie, if you say, come on I want to talk to you for a couple of hours and they come down there and it's about noontime and you say, 'Look, let's go get a bite to eat,' boom, you've got an NCAA violation."

You're joking? Even if you took them to lunch?

You cannot take an athlete to lunch. You can't invite them to your house for dinner except on Thanksgiving and Christmas. And I can understand their reasoning, but they carry it so far. For instance, if I was going to the airport and I saw one of these kids that I know going up there and it was raining and he was going out to the airport, if I picked him up and took him out there that would be an NCAA violation because that's a benefit they say that's extra to an athlete that a

student wouldn't get. Well, why wouldn't I pick up a student? If their car breaks down, I couldn't even take them to class. Isn't that stupid? I mean the letter of the regulation is ruining the purpose.

That's right.

I mean I understand that you shouldn't be doing everything for them and not for...but one of the things that they fail to understand, this NCAA, is that without the athletic programs a lot of these schools nobody would even know they're there. Not that that's true...UNLV has become a good academic school now, but only because there was attention attracted to the school because of the basketball. That's why I'm on the foundation and I'll guarantee you that fifty percent of the people wouldn't be on the foundation board if it weren't for the athletic program. I mean that's what got them enthused.

But some of the regulations—I know one of the coach is a good friend of mine. We were talking about this, having kids over for dinner. He said, "Let me tell you something, Louie. I don't care about the NCAA. If one of my kids came to me and told me he was hungry, he's coming over to the house to have dinner. I'm not going to give him money to go get it, but we'll have him over to the house for dinner." And his wife, she's kind of a mother when to the kids on the team. But he says, "You don't think I'm going to tell one of my kids if he's hungry that he's not going to be able to eat dinner."

But isn't that stupid? But can you imagine a kid out of school for three years...I can't promise him a job? I can open the doors, but I can't promise him a job. So, boy, was I careful with it. I said, "Gerald, I'm not promising you anything. And I don't want to get you in trouble; I don't want to get me in trouble. All is I'm going to do is I'm going to get you an interview."

And he's got a lovely wife. I called her a couple of times to set up the appointments.

God, she thought I was the greatest thing in the world. He's a very intelligent kid, but he didn't know where to start. He didn't know anybody. All I did was call Judge Shearing and he'll get an appointment. He'll get a job because—bet in that front door. Nice-looking boy and very intelligent. I asked him, I said, "What kind of grade point average do you have?" He said, "I've got almost a B average."

I say that the black kids—and that's one of the reasons I wanted this group to talk to the black kids. I wanted to tell these black kids, or the one of them, that everybody has a bad time trying to get started. I was telling them about when I didn't have any money or anything. You have to work and you have to educate yourself and you'll get there because people are looking to hire blacks if they can qualify. People want to hire them and help them if they're qualified. And the only way they're going to get qualified is go to school. They're not going to get qualified sitting on the corner—now, they're not going to make eight hundred dollars a day peddling drugs, either. They're going to make forty or fifty dollars a day. But they're not going to be able to do like the drug peddlers do. But the kids that want to get—and I think—of course, the population of the blacks is increasing so rapidly. But I think more and more kids are knowing that they have to get an education. Like Sidney Green who played basketball out here, he makes eight hundred thousand dollars a year. He came back and got his degree last year.

What's he doing?

Well, he's playing basketball. This year he just signed a new contract for three million dollars for three years.

Oh, that's right. Who's he playing for?

He's playing for Orlando or Miami, one of those expansion teams. But last year he made eight hundred thousand a year. But I'll you about him. He's got it. Oh, boy, he is really conservative,

which is great because those kids can play for five years and never have to worry the rest of their life if they save their money.

That's right.

Okay, what do we got?

Well, I heard something. I heard that there was a school—

Yeah.

You tell me. You got it, didn't you?

Yeah. They finally got the vote. Well, I say they finally got the vote. They had the meeting and Valerie went to the meeting. I was out of town. I was over in Honolulu. So Lois wanted to nominate me and Dan wanted to nominate me. So Valerie tells me that they both nominated me.

Then the question was, what would they have for the mascot for the school? So Valerie had said something to me about it. And I said, "Well, I've got a great mascot." I said, "We'll use a Dachshund and then superimpose a little hot dog over it." You know, over the Dachshund because it's the same shape. Kravitz who's on the board, he said, "We've got a problem with a mascot." He said, "I think a hot dog would be a good mascot." And Valerie said, "Well, my dad thought a Dachshund with a hot dog superimposed on it..." Anyway, it was nice, I thought, getting a school named after you.

Well, congratulations. I'm real proud of you.

Yeah, it's pretty good.

I wanted to clear up some questions. There were quite a few that Valerie had before I got this letter that she gave me today. There was a question about whether or not we'd gotten this on the tape before and that's about your being head yell leader and installed the alma mater, which is still a school tradition, and you were given a gold megaphone at a special

assembly. I'm not sure we talked about that.

No. When I came here I had been head yell leader in Pittsburgh at the school with about four thousand kids. And I got out here and it was right at the end of football season. A young fellow by the name of Bill Cole was the yell leader, who was really a nice kid. But they had no idea of how to do things in what I say, quote, sophisticated manner. So I offered to help Bill. Because I had been in a larger school and we had had a little more sophistication, I put programs in.

And then the following basketball season they never used—they had an alma mater and they never used it. And the townspeople didn't take any part. I kind of got the townspeople involved in being part of the cheering section and then the kids involved in singing their alma mater at every game. At that time Maude Frazier was the superintendent of the schools and the principal and Doug DeSchill was the head coach of basketball and football. So at the end of the year—I guess it was the first time they had ever done it—they awarded me a gold megaphone, which was a big thing. It was like getting an award of some sort.

An Oscar.

At that time I was going with a girl at the school. She wound up with the megaphone. That was the big thing. She wanted the megaphone. So she wound up with the megaphone. I went with her for five years. Then my mother asked me not to go with her anymore because she was afraid I was going to get married to her. She was a really nice girl and she still lives here. I see her, oh, maybe every six months or a year or something. She calls me.

Does she still have the megaphone?

Yeah, she does. I asked her about it, oh, about three or four years ago. I said, "Do you still have the megaphone?" She says, "Yeah, and I'm going to keep it."

She's not going to give it back to you.

She wasn't going to give it back. But it was nice. I think it was Ms. Frazier's idea or Doug DeSchill's idea to do it, which I was very proud of. It was an award that hadn't been given before. But it wasn't because I was so good; it was just because I had ideas that they had never been exposed to; that was all. I just brought them over with me.

Then I became the yell leader at University of Nevada. That took me about—I think I became the head yell leader when I was a junior in college. But that was a very tough school because the athletic teams were not that great at that time and it's very, very difficult to get spirit when the teams aren't doing well. It's almost impossible. I think I told you about almost getting kicked out of school for charging the band professor with being the cause of no spirit.

Yes. [Laughing] That was a good one.

I don't feel we talked very much about your debating in college.

Well, I was on the debate team here in high school. Doug DeSchill was our coach. Some of my associates were Leonard Wilson who's how practicing here, Cal Corey, who was an attorney who is now deceased, Bruce Beckley. We were on the team here.

Then I went to University of Nevada and I was on the debate team. Our great coach...Bob Griffin was our coach. And I was on that for four years. I was not the top debater. I think I was third in line. We had two great, great debaters, Bill Kashell and Bryce Rose, and then Bert Goldwater who is now an attorney in Reno, Dave Goldwater's brother. So I was always like third or fourth on the team. But they were so great that it was unbelievable. They won all...anything that wasn't nailed down, they would take home in the way of trophies. They were great.

But our coach was a great coach, Bob Griffin. He just died I guess about four months ago. Interesting story about him. I was in Reno on the fiftieth anniversary of my graduating class

and we had a luncheon. I happened to see Bob at the luncheon. We were sitting in the university dining room. And I hadn't seen him for a good many years. He hadn't changed a bit. And I walked over to him and he recognized me right away. I said, "Bob, I'm Lou Wiener. You probably don't remember me." That was about like—well, it was fifty years. He remembered me. So he wasn't feeling quite well. He had retired from teaching. Margaret, his wife, who was a delightful lady, was with him. So I said to him, "Well, I've got to tell you, Bob, I attribute a lot of my success as an attorney to you because you taught me how to speak. You taught me presence and so on and so forth." And I said, "I attribute a lot of my success to you." He said, "Thanks." And I walked away.

Now, his wife comes over like fifteen, twenty minutes later. She said, "I want to tell you something, Louie. You made Bob's day." She said, "He swelled up like a peacock when you told him..." I said, "Well, it was the truth. I wasn't just blowing him up." It was the truth. He was a wonderful guy.

When we went on trips, it was like a family. He would have us over to his house and we'd work. The squad was maybe four fellows, five fellows. Margaret would fix us hot chocolate and pretzels and little sandwiches and everything. So Margaret was kind of like a mother hen to the debate team and Bob was like our father, away from home, although some of the kids were from Reno, but for me he was like a father.

So he died and I wrote a letter to Margaret and I got a letter back and she sent me some clippings about Bob. Now we're trying—Bert Goldwater is kind of heading it up—we're trying to get substantial monies together to set up a scholarship at the University of Nevada in his name. I don't know how many guys will contribute knowing how some, particularly the attorneys who graduated with me, are. But I'll do more than my part because I think he was really a great guy

and I enjoyed him.

Debating was fun. We used to go down to USC and debate and we'd go to University of San Francisco. I don't think I ever went to Stanford and debated, but I went to Berkeley and debated. The kids that were on the team were all great guys. One of them became a judge in Reno, Judge Geslin. He's now dead.

I've got to tell you an interesting story that just happened that has nothing to do with this. This close friend of mine in college, the one that got the national fraternity to agree to admit Jewish students—

What's his name?

Kenny Richards—Kenny Richard, no "S" on it. I got the alumni director at the University of Nevada about in December with a list of all the alumni that they could get a hold of and their addresses and whether they were dead or weren't dead. And I really bought it because I wanted to find out where Kenny was. I found out he was in Tucson. Well, I knew he was in Tucson about twenty years ago, but I didn't know whether he was still there.

He was the strongest morally of any kid I ever met and he was strong willwise. Like on a Friday night we'd all be going downtown to see a movie or do something and he'd say, "I've got to study." And he was brilliant. Oh, was he brilliant. He was a mining engineer and a great athlete. He was about five foot five, five foot six. He was a great track star, great football player. But just outstanding. And he came from a very, very wealthy family, but you would never know he had anything; I mean he was a gracious kid.

So he came to Vegas about twenty years ago. He called me he was coming up. And I got the dates mixed and I went out to pick him up a week early. When he came the following week, I picked him up and I said, "Jeez, I thought you got drunk and didn't show up last week." Just

talking to him. He said, "I'm an alcoholic." I almost fell out of the car. Here was a guy that was the strongest guy. He said, "I'm okay now." He said, "I've been with my son for six months and I'm all straightened out now, no problem." He said, "I don't even like liquor." But anyway, the last man in the world I would ever think would become an alcoholic. This guy, oh, he was so great.

What had happened...He was the head geologist for American Smelting and Refining. In New York they'd go out for lunch and have a drink and do this and they get home and have a drink; that was a way of life back there in those big business things.

Anyway, I wrote to Kenny and I got a letter day before yesterday, maybe Monday, and the handwriting looked like somebody was drunk writing it, terrible. I read on in the letter. He had a stroke December twenty-seventh and it paralyzed his entire left side. But the peculiar thing about it, the things he remembered—he said, "My memory has been affected"—he and I dated the same girl in my senior year in college. I started dating her in the summer before senior year and Kenny came back and then we both dated her. She was a great girl. In fact, she's out here now, I think, visiting her son.

What's her name?

The one I brought out and gave a job. So he said, "How is she?" And so on and so forth. Now, he said, "I have a recollection that I was in your office just a short time back talking about a divorce." I haven't seen him for twenty years and I haven't corresponded with him except I did call him one time about fifteen years ago. I had met Eileen in Chicago and she and I were talking and I said, "Let's call Kenny." And we called him. He remembered that we called him. Didn't remember I called him; he remembered Eileen called him. But one way he's all the way back to college. Now, here's a man that had a stroke. He remembers fifty years ago—or, what was it?—

fifty-eight years ago that he and I dated the same girl. When I dated her I took his car. That's how close we were. In some way he's hazed and he thinks he's talked to me about a divorce just recently. And this kid is—I wrote him yesterday and I said, "I want to come down and visit with you." I didn't say I wanted to come down because of your condition. "I want to come down and visit with you." So if it's okay I'm going to fly down to Tucson and see him because he was one of the—I think I told you all the kids I had gone with have died and I had forgotten about Kenny because I hadn't seen him in twenty years or talked to him except that once. But he's one of them left and he's got a stroke. So I guess I'm really fortunate.

You are.

The only one I know left is Harley Harmon and Harley isn't feeling real well. But I'm the only one that's left that's really healthy. But, of course, Kenny was healthy until December twenty-seventh.

You never know, do you?

He had a stroke [snapping] just like that. And he says, "I'm paralyzed on my left arm, my left leg." And I think it affected—well, I know it affected his brain because of the things he wrote and then his handwriting. I thought he was drunk when he wrote it. Then when he told me he had a stroke, I knew that was it. But that's a shame.

That is.

Because if you've got your good health, if you don't have any money you're in good shape. But if you've got ten million dollars and you've got bad health, you haven't got anything. All you've got is enough money to go to a hospital or something.

That's right.

For a week.

Yeah, right.

For a week.

One of the questions that Valerie wanted to know about—and I'm not—without weeding back through all these hours we've done together, I think you talked briefly. But you might want to pick up on Nancy Sinatra's divorce from Frank and he had trouble paying.

Well, when I got the divorce for Frank, it must have been in a very dull time in his life. It was before he got in that picture "From Here to Eternity," which was the start of his coming back. I think he went up to the lake maybe to perform while he was establishing a residence. When I billed him his manager called me and he asked me if he could make the bill in three payments. And I said, "Sure." Just like clockwork he paid it. It was only twenty-five hundred dollars. So it must have been really in the low part of his life financially.

But I found...at that time everybody was saying how he flew off and had tantrums and everything. I found him to be a delightful guy, at least to me he was. I could never say anything but nice things about him. I mean he and Nancy just didn't get along. Whatever she wanted, he gave her. He was very generous.

That's the only business dealings you've had with him?

I talked to him a couple of years later just casually. In fact, I did some work for a group that he was sponsoring. They called me a couple of days ago. He had sent me a check for twenty-five hundred dollars to do some work, but I haven't talked to him or seen him. That was an interesting thing that he was broke at that time.

Yeah, that is interesting. Everybody has to start out somewhere.

I think he had been successful and then gone broke and then that "From Here to Eternity" picture came on and it just put him right back. Now, I guess he gets anything he wants.

Another one of your clients that she mentioned was Frankie Laine and the "Mule Train" where he cracked the whip and hit the woman in the face.

Yeah. I don't remember too much about it. But he did it from the stage by mistake and a lawsuit rose out of it.

But I'll tell you who one of my most interesting clients was and you probably don't remember him. It was Johnny Unitas, the quarterback.

Oh, yeah, tell about him.

Well, Johnny came out for a divorce and we finally got his divorce, but during that period of time we became very good friends. One occasion I was going Back East and I wanted to see Joe Namath for the Jets play against the Baltimore Colts with Johnny. And I called back to John. And I can't remember his wife's name.

This is the second side of tape one on the twenty-third of February. I don't think we dated the other side.

Anyway, I wanted to see him. So I called back to Baltimore and told Johnny I was coming back. He said, "Okay, you've got tickets. Meet me at my restaurant in Towson called the Golden Arm." So I met him—he wasn't there; he was already gone. But his girlfriend—his wife I guess by that time, she has arranged and they used to have groups of people leave by buses. They had four or five buses go from his restaurant out to the game. We went out and went to the game and then came back after the game and had dinner in the back room. They had about ten rooms and they had dinner in the back room, a group of us. And the thing that struck me so fantastic about him, he was about forty-five minutes late. And I said, "Where have you been?" And he said, "I've been autographing pictures until my arm was about ready to fall off." What did he do? He had a whole bunch of his pictures and all these kids and their parents would come do the

restaurant and he'd stop and autograph and write them a little message. Some of these celebrities begrudge doing that even though that's what makes them famous because people look up to them. But John was just great about that. He didn't object to the fact that it took him forty-five minutes away from his dinner or anything. While we were having dinner, kids would come over to him, people would come over to him and he'd sign autographs. As a matter of fact, he was telling me that the team used to furnish the pictures, but he was signing so many that they discontinued and he was buying his own pictures.

Then I stayed over a day and he had some business propositions that he was in and he was in with a fellow that...when we went over the business propositions he told me about him. I said, "I think you've got a bad setup." He was in on a hotel in Orlando right about the time Disney World was getting ready to start, but it was outside of Disneyland (sic). And the Disney World down there, they have put a jillion hotels inside. So the only time they got business, at least at that time, was the overflow. Then he later wrote to me and told me that something happened and he blew his investment or something in the hotel. But I haven't talked to him. It's been a good many years. But he was a real kind of a country boy at heart. He was really a nice, nice guy. I liked him very much. My experience with him was very good.

There's another note I have that Sylvester Azbill—

Azbill?

—yeah, refuses to pay.

No, no, no. No, he didn't have anything. No, he never—no. Sylvester was the case—I don't know whether you remember—when he was charged with having burned his wife to death many years ago.

We didn't talk about that yet, have we?

No, I don't think so. Anyway, he got convicted. We worked ten years, got it reversed. I got him a chance to walk out a free man; if he'd take a plea to second degree murder, they'd let him go for time served. He refused to accept it. We tried the case again and he got convicted. He's now been in an additional twelve or fourteen years and they've turned him down for parole about four or five times. They just turned him down about three or four months ago.

I think we did mention that, yeah. We talked about the Wiener Scholarship at UNLV Music Department, the Athletic Department, the soccer field that was named after you?

Well, I donated our interest in the first legal office building in Las Vegas, the first one that was ever made over at Fifth and Bridger. Mother had a third, I had a third and Cliff Jones had a third. Mom gave her third to Kitt, my sister, and I donated my third to the university and they sold it. And the condition was that half of the money would go to the band for scholarships because that's the first scholarship they ever had, and then half of the income would go to minor sports, no specification. And then, oh, a couple years after it was in, Barry Barto came to me—well, first it was Lyle Rivera said, "If you'll let them use half of the money for soccer, they'll name the field after you." Well, I said, "That's really nice." Then they needed some more money. Ken Johann agreed to put some money up, but he wouldn't let anybody share the name. He wanted to name it after his son. Anyway, I said, "Fine, go ahead and use it." I think they either put the lights up with the money I gave them, which I had already given which I had let them use, or they (saw it on the) field or something like that. Through that I became very close to Barry Barto who's the soccer coach and we're very close friends, both Barry and Karen, his wife. Barry was the one that had the practice field of the soccer team—he and Valerie worked together and then they named that after me, which I never knew about, which was really nice on their part.

Then the other money goes to—it's about seventy-five thousand—I gave them a hundred

and fifty thousand. I didn't give them a hundred and fifty thousand; I gave them the building; they sold it to the Nevada National Bank for a hundred and fifty thousand. So seventy-five thousand, roughly that amount, the income goes to give scholarships at the band. That was kind of done for my mother because she was interested in music. So I figured I'd give half of it for music and a half of it what I was into, the sports. So it helps them a little bit. Some of the local kids—Terry Jones, the attorney, he saw me one day about a year or so ago and said, "You know my son gets one of your music scholarships every year."

How nice.

Yeah. He said that—I can't remember his son's name. He said, "He came home and asked me if I knew Louie Wiener, the attorney." I gave Terry his first job. He said, "Yeah, he was the first lawyer I worked for." He said, "Well, why?" He said, "Because I've got a music scholarship that he gives me."

So that's nice. I don't know how much the scholarships are. As a matter of fact, I called the band director here awhile back and asked him if he would send me a list of those to whom they gave scholarships. What I'd like to do is every year I'd like to take those kids and take them to dinner at the Alpine or something. Kind of a nice thing.

Nice.

But believe it or not, I've never had...other than Terry Jones and then somebody told me about three or four months ago that their daughter had one of the scholarships. I would just like to know for my own sake who gets the scholarships. But apparently, they're too busy or something to do it. So I'm going to call Lyle one of these days and tell him because I would really like to take the kids out and treat them to dinner or something like that.

Get to know them personally.

Yeah. But I'm really interested in the university out here. I just don't think that people in the town—there are many of them that are. Claude Howard and Ms. Elardi and J. Tiberti. I mean there are a good number—Frank Fertitta. There are some. But there aren't enough people that realize, I don't think, the value of the university to the town. I don't think it can be a really good town without a university. There has to be a place for the kids to get an education. And the good thing about Las Vegas is that they don't have to go full time. If they want to pick up a few hours in computer science or something like this, they can go and they can get it; there's a place to get it inexpensively. They can go out and take computer courses and it cost them forty dollars a credit hour or something like that. They can go out for maybe two semesters and spend a couple hundred dollars or whatever it amounts to and get a good training in basic computer science. In fact, I was going to do it. You know anything about computers, Eleanor?

Yes.

Do you?

I work on my husband's.

I can't even spell it. I don't know how to switch one on. And I feel very, very inadequate. I was going to go out to the university and take a basic course. I may do it next year, take a basic course in computer science just so I know what they're talking about when they're talking about sloppy disk or floppy disk or this and that. I don't even know what they're talking about. Particularly in this business I should know. I should have the basic elements of what's going on. So I think probably next year I'll go out and take a course just to find out the terminology if nothing else.

***Good for you.**

Well, I'm not going to be able to use one because I can't type. But I mean at least I would know

what they were talking about when they said the floppy disk and the this kind of a drive and that kind of a drive. I hear these terms and I have no idea remotely what they're talking about. It sounds like a transmission drive on an automobile or something.

[Laughing] Another question Valerie had was about—or she mentioned this that she used to place bets for you.

Oh, yeah.

You want to tell about that?

Years and years ago when Valerie was like nine or ten years old, because she couldn't call a book and make a bet, if I was out of town and I wanted to bet on a baseball game or a football game or something like that, I'd call Valerie and tell her that I wanted to bet. Well, she'd call and make bets for me. Oh, I guess that must have been thirty years ago. She'd do that for me. She learned that young. She was about ten years old, I guess, eleven years old.

Well, what did she have to do?

Well, she just called somebody that I knew and made a bet; said Dad wants to bet a hundred dollars or two hundred dollars or something like that and he wants to bet on this team. They knew her; they knew that she would be calling if I had told her. Because I didn't want to call long distance and be making a bet. So I'd call her and tell her, "Call and make me a bet," and she'd do it.

That's cute.

So she became familiar with betting. Neither one of—none of my kids—well, Doc does. Doc likes to bet football games. Mike likes to bet maybe ten dollars or twenty dollars. Doc got in the habit of betting too much, but he doesn't do it anymore, hopefully.

I think we talked about the airport. She mentioned the airport scandal. I don't know if we

talked about that that much.

Oh, that wasn't really a scandal. My comptroller, without me knowing about it, utilized assets of my corporation. He had authority to do it; it wasn't anything...and instead of paying the rent at the airport, he was using the money to operate the Granada Casino in which he had a twenty-five percent interest. But he had authority to...

One day the airport called me. Larry Larson—do you know Larry?

Larry Larson?

The crippled fellow; he has a bad leg.

Yeah.

He's assistant airport manager. He is one of the nicest guys that ever lived.

Yes, I know who you're talking about.

He called me and said, "I've got to talk to you." So I go out there. He says, "You know you're behind on your rent." I said, "Well, how much? I'll make it up." He says, "A million four hundred and something thousand dollars." Well, he later told me, he said, "I thought you were going to drop dead right there." I said, "You've got to be..." Because we would get behind like a half a week or a week because of transferring the money. I said, "You've got to be kidding me."

Well, I almost went crazy. My comptroller had used it, put it in the motel because he had a twenty-five percent interest and didn't want to lose that. If he had told me that the motel was doing so poorly, I would have said, "Let's get out of it, take our loss and walk away; forget about it." Now it's turning out to be a good investment. But a million four hundred and twenty-six thousand or something like that delinquent in rent and I almost died. I paid them off. It wasn't my obligation; it was a corporate obligation.

Within a couple of three weeks the county commissioners, some of them, in the airport

we had a meeting. I'll never forget Thalia Dondero said, "Well, what are you going to do it, Louie?" I said, "What do you mean what am I going to do about it? I'm going to personally guarantee to pay it." She says, "You mean you're going to—for the corporation you're going to...?" I said, "Look, I own all the stock in the corporation. Technically I don't have to pay it. I could tell you..." I only had about six months left to go. So I could have walked off and said forget it. I said, "That's my company. I will personally guarantee to pay it."

And I paid it off. I worked out a payment plan with them, but I paid it off like eight, ten months, nine months ahead of time. I paid it off every quarter out of my pocket and it was a million four hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars. Thalia couldn't believe it that I was going to pay it personally. Because I think at that time the assets were probably worth eight, nine hundred thousand dollars. So I picked up four, five, six hundred [thousand]; whatever it was. But there was no way I was going to let my company that I owned...so I paid it.

Were you ever able to recover any of that money?

Oh, I still have it coming from the motel. I mean it's on the books that it's a loan to the motel. So I'll get it because the motel is worth much more than they owe me and particularly now that Kirk Kerkorian is going to build a theme park right across the street from it.

Great.

Now, I had it sold about two weeks before he announced, but we had never made final agreement. The price was there and then I backed out of the deal because I think it's going to be worth at least twenty-five percent more now than it was before because it's the only motel on Tropicana between the freeway and Boulder Highway. So it's either going to be an exit or an entrance on Tropicana from the theme park. And a lot of people, no matter how many hotel rooms there are, don't want to take their kids and stay in a hotel. They want to pull that car up to

the door, unload it, and have it...

That's right.

And we've got a long-term lease with Motel 6 with a percentage lease. So it will be a good thing. I'll get my money back.

At the time that was the closest you ever came to going—

Oh, well, it was terrible for me because as I told my comptroller, "I'm not going to put the blame on you because it isn't going to do any good. I'm the guy that has to take the heat because I didn't watch it." But I said, "Why didn't you tell me?" Well, blah, blah, I thought we could make it. He didn't steal anything, but he put it into the business, which I have seventy-five percent of the business and he's got twenty-five. But I had a hundred percent of the airport and he didn't tell me. If he had told me, number one, I would have gone to the bank before it got that big and I would have gotten the money and paid it up. But when it got that big, I didn't want them to get it, so I just agreed. And I think I paid them off in six months or something like that.

To get the news when it's over a million dollars, wow.

Almost a million a half, just short. Oh, I tell you. Larry Larson, he said to me, "I thought you were going to drop dead." I thought maybe it was a couple hundred thousand dollars, one week rent or something like that behind. It was terrible. But it was taken care of. And Larry was great about it.

Do you have any colorful memories of your relationship with Oscar and Lil Bryan and the Foley family?

Oh, yeah. Did you know Oscar?

No.

Well, you know it's Richard's father.

Yes.

Oscar and I were friend from get-go, way back. Oscar graduated from school before I did, from high school. The story is that they burned the high school down to get (Ken and (T7/48:48) Oscar and Mahlon Brown out. [Laughing]

Oscar went to law school back in Washington. Oscar was the most colorful man you ever met. He used to have a little pin-striped mustache, wore Homburg hat and everything. But a terrible attorney. Oh, he couldn't find the front of the books. But he was so nice. He was just a wonderful guy. I used to go to his house almost every night after dinner while Tuwey was getting the kitchen cleaned up and I'd go over and visit Oscar and Lil. We became very good friends.

Then he was called to go into the service during the war. I'll never forget him. He had just bought a house right opposite the circle on Maryland Parkway. There's a frame shop now or something. He had just bought it. And Lil was working in the county clerk's office. Boy, the payments were about sixty dollars a month or something like that. I think the house cost five thousand dollars or something like that at that time or six thousand, one of the Huntridge houses. And Oscar was worried about how he could pay for his house if he was in the service because in those days you were getting thirty dollars. So I said, "Well, if it will make you feel any better, I'll make your house payments. Then when you get out of the service, you can pay me back." Well, then he was fine. Well, anyway, he had an eye problem or something like that and they didn't take him in the draft.

But I always said about Oscar, he used to be the master of ceremonies in all the Lion functions. I always said I wanted to come in after he gave the opening greeting and everything because I never could eat my dinner after he...he made you laugh so much you'd actually get sick

and you couldn't eat your food. He really would. I would sometimes wind up almost on the floor. He was just a funny, funny, funny guy. And he missed his calling; he should have been a stand-up comedian. He was great. He used to smoke a cigar like Groucho Marx. He was just a funny guy.

I'll tell you one story about him. We used to play poker at the Elks Club every Thursday night. Lil was quite a stayed, conservative girl from Virginia. She was very, very conservative, a lovely lady. But we played poker. And Lil got mad at Oscar because he had come home late from playing poker. She said, "If you come in after"—I forget whether it was one o'clock or whatever it was. We used to play until four or five on Friday morning and then go home and shave and go to court. "If you come after"—whatever it was, twelve or one—"I'm going to have the doors locked." At that time the song "Open the Door, Richard." Do you remember that song?

Yeah, "Open the Door, Richard."

"Open the Door, Richard; let me in?"

Yeah.

That was popular. Well, Oscar went home and Lil had everything locked. Oscar went around to Richard's bedroom, the senator, and knocked on the window. This is a funny story. He says, "Open the door, Richard; let me in." And that was just about the time the song was out. So it was really funny when Oscar would tell that story. "Open the door, Richard, and let me in." But he was such a great—and we used to go away to Los Angeles. Harvey Dickerson—did you remember Harvey? He was the attorney general and then he was—

Is that George's father?

Brother. Harvey and Virginia, Oscar and Lil, and Tuwey and I, we used to go down to Los

Angeles to football games all the time and we just would have an absolute ball. As I say, at that time I don't think Richard was older than four or five years old, maybe six years old; something like that. Maybe he was seven or eight. But Oscar and I were...I enjoyed him so much. And then he got divorced from Lil and he married a girl and he was married to her for about three weeks and then he got divorced from her and then he married the woman McKenzie who had the McKenzie Furniture Store down on Las Vegas Boulevard where that office building is, about Gass Street or something. And then he developed cancer. I'll never forget. She kept him in the hospital for the week before New Year's when it would have been the end of his term so he could work New Year's on all the marriages and make some money. He went over and he tried to do it and he couldn't do it. Herman Fisher, who was the JP in North Las Vegas, finished the weekend for him. Within a week or two he died. He died a real painful death. But she was looking to get him to work for the real busy three days of year. Oh, I was so mad at her.

Then I went over after he died. I lived just right around the corner from him. I went over to see her. I'll never forget she asked me to be a pallbearer, would I be a pallbearer. I said, "Sure." He was a close friend. I was probably his closest friend. I never heard from her again. And then Joe Julian, who had been the JP here and was kind of a friend of Oscar's, he said, "Well, she wanted all the politicians." So she had...one was Howard Cannon, whoever they were. She wanted the politicians to make it nice. So one of the pallbearers, I won't mention his name, but I said, "If Oscar knew he was carrying him to the grave..." Oscar hated him with a passion. I won't mention his name because he's still alive. I said, "If Oscar knew he was carrying him, Oscar would have gotten up and gotten out and walked." I said, "He hated him with a passion." But she wanted them because she thought that would be a big thing. It was kind of a disappointment to me, not that being a pallbearer, but the fact that we were good close friends.

I don't know whether I told you the story about Oscar when the people came in to get married. Did I tell you that story? They came in to get married when he was a JP and he asked them where they were from and they said from San Francisco. "Oh," he said, "I had a lot of people in San Francisco." He said, "Much better than the Palestinian Indians from Los Angeles." He was referring to Jewish people. I had never heard the expression.

Say that again. Palestinian...

Palestinian Indians. I had never heard the expression.

I never have, either.

Boy, here come—these people went to Hank Greenspun and here comes Greenspun out with this big article about Oscar being anti-Semitic. And I read this article. Well, I was Oscar closest friend. Probably Dave Goldwater and Dave Zenoff were his next closest friends because we're all close. So I called Oscar on the phone and I said, "What the hell is wrong with you? How would you make...?" I said, "In the first place I never heard the expression. Where did you get that?" I can't remember what he told me. I said, "How could you do something like that?" He said, "As long and as well as you know me, don't you know I've got diarrhea of the mouth?" That's the first time I ever heard that expression. That was the kind of thing. He said, "I was just talking." He said, "As close as we are you don't think that I have an anti-Semitic bone in my body." He says, "You're over at my house every single night. We take trips together. We eat dinner together." I said, "Of course, I know you're not." So I said, "I'm coming over."

At that time he had his office where Max's Delicatessen is in that building at Second and Bridger; that long building there, right next to the Catholic church.

Oh, okay.

Anyway, so I walk over. He said, "I'm getting an answer ready. My wife insists I answer this."

I said, "Answer nothing. You don't answer Hank Greenspun. He's got a newspaper. You can't answer him." *But my wife*...I said, "Just a minute."

I called the rabbi. At that time it was Rabbi Cohen. I'm not that religious. I don't go to temple. But he knew me. I said, "Rabbi..." And I told him the story. I said, "Would you tell Oscar not to answer?" He said, "Of course, I'll tell him." He said, "That's the most stupid thing in the world to answer a newspaper." So he said, "Oscar, forget about it. Everybody knows you. Everybody likes him. Nobody's going to believe all this bologna." So I said, "Oscar, there it is from the horse's mouth. There it is from the rabbi of the community. He's not giving you a bum..."

My god, his wife insists and she wrote a big long letter answering, blah, blah, blah. Well, of course, that just gave Greenspun a chance. He just came back with another big article. And Oscar called me and said, "Oh, my god, I should have listened to you." I said, "Certainly you should." You don't answer people that have a TV station or radio station or newspaper. They can talk to fifty thousand people at one time; you talk to one.

But he was absolutely the funniest man I ever knew. He was absolutely—and not being a wise guy. He was just funny. He used to be the speaker, the program chairman of every Lions' thing when he was here. As I say, he'd make you sick before you had dinner.

Do you have any of the things he said that were funny on tape?

Well, I tell you one of them. But I used to—you don't want to put this on because this is one of his expressions. His office was immediately next to me over in the building at Third and Fremont. You could hear through the wall. They had aluminum two-by-four beams. I used to say, "Well, how's business, Oscar?"

"Oh," he says, "I got the most gorgeous divorce client you ever saw in your life."

"Really?"

"Yeah," he said. "We had a discussion," he said. "I locked the door and I said, 'Let's lie down and take our clothes off and talk this thing over.'" That was one of his favorite expressions. That'll tell you what kind of a funny guy he was. "Let's lie down and take our clothes off and talk about this thing over." [Laughing] But that was the kind of stuff he would come up with.

The two windows of our rooms were like windows that rolled up and came out and they came together where the walls came together. He'd open his window and he'd holler, "Louie." And I'd open my little—the windows were about a two foot wide or a foot and a half wide. "What is it?" "What do you do on this? What do I say?"

My room was on the street, but where my reception room would be in my office was kind of a storeroom. So you could come in from the hall, go through this door and come to my office directly without going through the front office. If he got in a tough problem, he'd come in there. The door was always open and he'd come in, knock on the door and say, "God, what do I do with this?" If I knew I'd help him or if I didn't know I'd make a quick check if I could find out and tell him. But he was just the greatest guy in the world. We had so much fun together.

You were like brothers, weren't you?

Oh, yeah. We were very...but we weren't emotionally close, but we were close because we were good friends. I mean we really didn't have a lot in common like in elections. I mean he wasn't a dummy. Don't get me wrong. But we had so much fun together. Everything we did was fun.

The first I remember Oscar was when he was working for state highway department and working up in Overton. He worked for the state highway department and I worked up there; that's how I got to know him. We lived in tents with wooden floors and canvas things over them

like you see in the old Goldfield days. We ate in a boarding house. We got a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. That was the best job in the state.

How old were you? Was this just before—

I was about—this was before I went to college. I was about seventeen. He was about twenty, twenty-one. Oh, we got a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Boy, oh boy, that was a lot of money. That was the best jobs you could get. You had to know somebody to get a job. You had to know the governor or somebody like that. I was a rodman on the survey crew. He was kind of up above. I think he ran the instrument or was next to running an instrument or something. But I'd hold the rod while they survey off of it, run the tape measure and stuff like that. But he was a little above me. I think he had been working there maybe a year or a summer before. He wasn't afraid to work, I'll tell you that. He was not afraid to work.

A terrible card player, terrible poker player. We played a couple of times a week over at the Elks Club. We used to play with Ernie Cragin, who was the mayor; Mahlon Brown; M.W. Davis, who had the Davis Jewelry Store; Oscar; Jimmy Sill at Sill's Drive-In. We played all the time together. But he wasn't a very good card player. He didn't win very often.

Can you think of any other funny incidents with him?

Huh?

With Oscar anything particular?

Well, I can tell you a funny one. I can tell you a funny one, yeah. This is really funny. We went to Los Angeles one time to see USC play Saint Mary's Pre-Flight, six of us, all men—Dr. Lobb, Charlie Sills, Harvey Dickerson—

This is the second tape on the twenty-third of February 1990 with Louie Wiener. Let's see. You were going to L.A. or something.

Anyway, we decided to go down at the last minute to the football game. So we all rode down. I can't remember whose car we went in, maybe mine. Anyway, we got down to the Biltmore Hotel and there was a manager named Andy Martin. And there were six jillion people waiting in line to get rooms because the war was still winding down—or maybe it was still going on because Dick Bluhoff was a captain in the army. He was in the medical corps and he was with us. He had come home on leave. So maybe it was still going on.

Anyway, we get there and we're standing in line and I see Andy Martin, the manager. "Oh," he said, "Mr. Wiener, your rooms are ready." We didn't have any rooms. I don't know who didn't get a room, but we got three rooms.

So now we wanted to get to the game. So I don't know how we got to the game, hitched a ride or something. But anyway, at the game we all started to drink. We got really high. During the halftime somebody went out the stadium, went half a block down the street and got some more liquor. And we were really pretty high. And Oscar had this beautiful (Vorso) hat or something, derby, oh, it was gorgeous. And he stood up and he's screaming and he's doing this, "I'll bet this and that." And he wasn't even betting on the ball game. "I'll give a hundred dollars if they score a touchdown." Or some remark like that. When he went to sit down, I put the hat under him and he sat right down on the thing, smacked this thing.

P.S., anyway, the game was over and we're trying to get back to the hotel. You couldn't get any cabs or anything. We finally got some guy and his kid to stop and we agreed to give him ten dollars or fifteen dollars to take us downtown. There were three of us in the car. I think it was Harvey and Oscar and myself. Well, Oscar got sick in the car. He did get his head out the window, but it got all on the side of the car. Oh, it was terrible. This guy just had his car washed. Anyway, so we got out. We gave the guy money to get his car washed. We were all

doing pretty well. We probably gave him an extra five or ten dollars because Oscar had messed up the car.

Now we get up to the room and Oscar's not feeling well. We decide we're going to go to Lyman's to have dinner and Oscar's not feeling well. "I don't want to go. Go, go, go." So we call Dick Lobb, Dr. Lobb. Oscar wasn't that sick, but I said, "You better come up and check Oscar out." Dick was about half gassed, too. He was a pretty good drinker. He comes up and he starts feeling Oscar, punching him in the stomach. And Oscar is going, "Ow, let me go." He's dying. Well, finally old Oscar, he escaped and got in the bathroom. He wouldn't open the door. He never went to dinner. We came back that night. And anyway, Oscar stayed.

The next morning Oscar gets up. So Oscar had bad dreams. I think he was staying with Charlie Sills. Charlie got up to go to the bathroom or something like that and Oscar thought somebody was trying to rob the room. He got up and he tussled—I think it was Charlie or something—he tussled with him. You know he was kind of half-awake and half-asleep.

Dick said, "Well, let me treat you. I'm doing the right thing for you." He's squeezing him and pushing on him. Poor old Oscar, he couldn't get away from Dick because he was about six two, weighed about two hundred pounds; Oscar was about five foot four and weighed about a hundred and forty-five pounds or something. In fact, we came back the next day, Oscar wasn't well. We drove home the next day. He still wasn't well the next day. That was one of the funny instances we had with him. That poor guy with his automobile just had it washed and Oscar got so sick he thought he was going to die and he was wishing he would.

Did that cure him?

Huh?

Did they cure him?

Oh, no. He was never much of a drinker. He was a social drinker. But that day we were all got gassed at the football game. I remember the game; it was USC versus Saint Mary's Pre-Flight. He'd have a couple of drinks. None of us were drinkers, our group. We'd maybe go out to dinner and have a drink or something like that, but none of us were—or maybe on New Year's Eve we'd get pretty high. We always had a big New Year's Eve party. We'd always go to a hotel or we'd go down to Los Angeles and all of us go out to dinner and have a big time. But we really had fun together. And our homes at that time were so small that if you got six people in the living room, there wasn't room to get a seventh. Our living rooms were about the size of this desk. You know some of those old tract houses, how small they were.

Right.

But we all had fun. Every New Year's we'd either go out or maybe have a party at somebody's house. We had fun. Didn't spend much money. The only guy that was little with his money was Harvey Dickerson—it wasn't little. If we went someplace and you couldn't get in, he'd give them a twenty-dollar tip when twenty dollars was like two hundred and fifty dollars. He was bound we were going to get in. He'd give them a twenty-dollar tip and we'd always get in. We'd say, "How much did you tip the guy?" He'd say, "Twenty." Twenty dollars? We'd all split it. Twenty dollars? Oh, sure, we wanted to get a table, didn't we? We would get a table right in the front of the floor because that was a big, big tip then. But Harvey was very good that way. Harvey was really a nice guy. He was attorney general for two terms. He wasn't brilliant, but he was a hard worker, high class. And he wasn't as smart as George. And he never acquired anything to amount to anything.

My wife at that time...They had a daughter born about three days ahead of Valerie and they named her Valerie. And my former wife, she was fit to be tied that someone...because they

knew we were going to name our Valerie Valerie after Tuwey's sister. And they named their daughter Valerie. Took Tuwey months to get over that. It really bothered her. I said, "What difference does it make?" She said, "Because they knew we were going to name Valerie Valerie. They shouldn't have done that." I said, "They like the name, too." But I don't know where their daughter is now because Harvey's dead, too.

What about the Foleys? Are there any colorful memories of the Foley family?

No, just that we were really close. I mean their dad, Judge Foley, Sr., and my dad were real close friends. I think I told you about the first Thanksgiving we lived in Las Vegas. Judge Foley took my dad and got him drunk. He was late for Thanksgiving dinner. That's only one of two times I ever saw my mother angry at my dad. Judge Foley had taken him down the line to introduce him to all the pimps down the line because they were big clothes buyers. So Judge Foley was doing my dad a favor. He took him down. He and my dad were really good friends. So that's why. And then the Foleys, we've been off and on practicing law.

You haven't talked a lot about—you did talk a little bit about Tuwey, but you haven't said too much about Gail.

Well, Tuwey was a very lovely lady and was a good mother, a very good housekeeper, exceptionally clean, very capable secretary, exceptionally good, very attractive. But Tuwey and I just grew apart. Tuwey was emotionally a cold person. She was either born in New Zealand or Australia. Temperamentally they're just a different breed. And Jewish people are very emotional. We kind of just grew apart. It was a very sad thing. And then in her later years we were very friendly. I drew her last will and I'm one of the executors of her estate. I did some financial planning for her and sold some property. We held some property jointly until I sold it about four or five years ago. She had enough income that she was very comfortable for her last

years. The first year after our divorce was kind of cold, but after that we got along very well. She became very friendly.

What about Gail and Ruth, do you want to say anything about them?

No, no. They were just incidents in my life. Ruth and I had gone together way back in 1942 or three and then we started to go together after she got divorced and about the time I was getting divorced from Gail and then we married. It was an unfortunate thing; Ruth and Val didn't get along too well. That was kind of a bad thing. But Ruth's a nice lady. She calls me every once in a while and I talk to her. We're not on the outs or anything.

Of course, Gail calls me about three times a week. I helped her set up a new business and she's very successful, a catering business. So she calls me all the time to tell me what's going on, ask me advice, and I give it to her. She's doing very well. She surprised the devil out of me. For a long time she was a dollar slot machine player and she about busted both of us. But she's doing a good job.

Ruth is very ill now, quite ill. I haven't seen her for, oh, five or six, seven years; something like that.

I see Gail once in a while. I go over to her restaurant and have a sandwich witch with my boy Doc, her son, our son. It was her son and then I adopted him. So Doc and I go every once in a while and have a sandwich or something like that.

Ruth was...we were married for just a couple of years. And I've taken very good care of her for a two-year marriage. I give her big support for all of her life. We've been divorced now sixteen or seventeen years and she's still getting very substantial alimony so she doesn't have to worry. But with all my ex-wives I took good care of them, particularly Tuwey because she was the mother of Val and Paul. And then Gail, I was married to her for—I don't know—four, five,

six years. And I took care of her for twelve years after we were divorced and put her in business.

That's unusual.

And then Ruth, it's like a sixteen or seventeen years and I give her—in fact, she's living with a man and I still give her the full alimony to take care of her. That doesn't bother me. It just doesn't bother me. As long as I'm not being deprived of anything, I don't care. Of course, I've got Judy now and she's great.

We talked about Judy last time, didn't we?

Yeah, yeah.

If you could change three things that happened to you in your life, what would they be and how would you have had these things turn out?

I would probably have had my arm operated on again when I was a young fellow if I had known—when the orthopedic science improved when I was able, I probably would have had it operated on again because I loved sports and I couldn't compete as actively as I wanted to compete. I probably would have done that.

Probably one of the other things I would have done if I had known what I know now, I probably wouldn't have been a gambler in businesses. I probably would have gone like a turtle instead of a rabbit. Maybe would have had less than I have now or maybe I would have had more, but I would have followed a more conservative line. I would have probably invested in some good public utility stocks, like I did later, and wouldn't have had the worries of being in businesses and being spread out and worrying about ten or twelve or fifteen businesses at the same time. I'm not sure that I would have done it. But in retrospect, it would have been a good thing to do.

And the third thing is I probably never would have gone into legal partnership. I always

advise everybody, young kids now—in fact, when Hank Gordon saw me doing it, he says, "I remember what you told me fifteen years ago." First he asked me what I was doing. I said, "I'm practicing again." And he said, "I remember what you told me fifteen years ago; don't ever go into a partnership." I said, "That's right."

Go in an association, share an office with somebody so if you want to go out of town they can handle things for you or if they want to go out, you can handle it, or if you need help they'll help. Don't go into a partnership because everybody has their own way of practicing or doing any business. You create real frictions because you don't do it like they do it. I probably never would go in again. Maybe in business matters I might. But if I followed what I think I would do, I would be a loner in business.

Other than I've got two great—well, three great partners now. I've got Gary Davis. He's the salt of the earth. I've got Hershel Leverton in the Alpine, and I've got Jim here. If every partnership I was ever in worked like that then I probably would like partnerships, but every partnership didn't work like that. A couple of my law partnerships just didn't work out that way.

My philosophy probably of practicing is different. I wanted to make a living practicing. But if somebody needed help and they couldn't afford it or they owed me a lot of money and they still needed help, I would never turn them away. That wasn't what happened with my last two partnerships.

Now, when I was partner with Cliff Jones, he was the same way. I mean I had no problem. I never had a beef with Cliff. In fact, Cliff and I were partners [for] twenty-four years and we never had a written agreement. When we parted, we parted on the most-friendly terms in the world. The only reason we ever parted as partners was that Cliff was away getting in gambling junkets all over the world and he wasn't helping me. That's the only reason. When I

left he said, "What do you want to do?" I took this; he took that. We never had an agreement, nothing in writing.

My next two partnerships were not that way; there were written agreements and this and you do this and you don't do this. I'll never have another legal partnership. I have an association, but no partnership. That was probably one of the main things I'd do.

My last firm, I was the founder of the firm and then I wound up with a bunch of Young Turks and they wanted to press their ideas and they'd sue my clients for fees and things. In forty-seven years I never sued a client that couldn't pay me. I couldn't play that. So that's one of those things. That's part of life.

That's right.

In fact, I've never sued anybody for money they owed me except one person that turned out to be a real fourteen-carat jerk and I finally sued him. It wasn't even that much money. But I've lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in deals. Never would sue anybody. I don't believe in it. You lost it. It's gone. Forget about it. It isn't worth it. Money isn't that important. Money is only important if you can do good things with it, as far as I am concerned.

I think the same thing.

You can help your kids, help your friends, help a school, give it away; if you can do things like that with it, it's a great thing to have. Too many people let money own them instead of them owning the money and that's a bad thing because then money is a disease. It's not a wheel, not a vehicle. I think money should only be a vehicle to better things. That's why I've always been liberal with employees of mine as far as pay. I forgive them. It irks Judy a lot of times because somebody will do something to me and I'll forgive them real quickly and say, "Eh, what's the difference?" And Judy says, "But you let them take advantage of you. You're a softy." I say,

"Well..." So I haven't been too unsuccessful being soft and maybe that's the reason that I've been successful. Maybe people give me opportunities that somebody else wouldn't get. But I think those are about the three things I would have done.

Okay. That's great. The next question Valerie wanted me to ask was, what are the three to five most significant experiences in your life, those that had the greatest influence on you?

Well, I don't think they were experiences. I think my mother and father are probably the most significant thing. Mostly, I guess, my father because he was a very honorable guy—well, so was my mother. But my father I always thought was the most honorable guy I ever knew. He wouldn't take five cents if he was starving to death if it wasn't his. If he was starving to death, he wouldn't take it. He wouldn't take a drink of water in front of somebody if it wasn't his.

My mother, because she was a driver—and I think the tendency I inherited to be a driver came from my mother. She was a go-getter and she was very smart. My dad was smart in his business, but he wasn't aggressive. He never said very much. But very well liked. At the time of his death I think he had the biggest funeral ever in Las Vegas and he was a tailor. I mean he was just a small—they had it at the Elks Club and they had microphones outside the club. They couldn't even hold the people when the Elks Club was at Third and Carson. They couldn't even hold the people in it. My dad was just a small guy, but everybody loved him because everybody knew him.

I think my law school professor probably—McBayne probably was one of the great things that happened to me when he didn't flunk me out of law school when he could have. I think that was a turning point in my life.

What was the other one?

Three to five most significant experiences in your life.

Oh, wow.

Those that had the greatest influence on you.

I don't really think other than my parents and McBayne not flunking me out of law school, I don't think there are any real turning points in—well, I think moving to Las Vegas was a turning point because being in Pittsburgh I don't think...the town never grew like this. I just happened to be here when it grew and I was a gambler. I took chances.

Well, I do think one thing. When I ran for a term, it would have been my second and a half term of city attorney, I had done a great many favors for all the black people on the Westside, particularly one. I lost that election by six votes. And I didn't find out until four o'clock in the afternoon this one black fellow that I had helped more than anybody up to that time, he was carrying people to the polls for my opponent. And I kept him from going bankrupt. The soldiers had wrecked his place and I had gotten the captain of that company out there to make them put money back to put his place back in order. It was only a couple, three thousand, but it kept him from going bankrupt. And I found out about four o'clock in the afternoon he was carrying people to the polls. In those days they were voting dead people and they were doing...on the Westside they were voting them. And I lost by six votes.

When my mother found out I lost, she said, "That's the best thing that ever happened to you; don't you ever run for an office again." And I never did. My mother said, "Don't be a politician; that's what happens. You won't play that way. Don't get mixed up in politics." And I never did. I held an office as a special prosecutor for the DA, but that was because my partner Bob Jones—you know Bob, don't you?

Uh-huh.

Well, Bob was a DA and I became a special prosecutor to help him prosecute homicide cases

until Harry Claiborne got where he could do it and then Harry took it over. But that was probably one of the most significant things that ever happened to me, keep me from being interested in politics. And my mom, oh, was she happy. You would have thought I won the election. If I would have won, she would have been unhappy, I think, other than the fact that I won. But she didn't want me in politics. I think that's about it.

You've already touched on some of this. But the three most influential people or unforgettable characters in your life.

Other than my parents, I think that Archie Grant—I don't know whether you knew Archie—the first building at the university is named after him. Archie was a Ford dealer here for years, board of regents member, ran for office, governor I think. Very bad politician because he was so honest that he'd tell you what he thought. But he was just dynamic and a wonderful man. I think he was a great influence on me.

I think Ernie Cragin was a good influence on me. I don't know whether you ever knew Ernie. He was the mayor here for four or five terms, really a wonderful guy, a real wonderful guy. He was the one that appointed me city attorney and he was a great influence on me.

How did he influence you?

Well, because he was my friend and he talked to me about things and then he did put me in the City Attorney's Office and got me started and he sent a lot of people to me when I first started. He taught me good moral values beside my father. He buttressed my father. And I always said that probably Ernie—even though Archie—that Ernie next to my father was the man I admired most because I thought he was just a great, great, great man. Highly principled and just a great guy and I really liked him.

Then I think the man that most influenced me as a lawyer probably was Leo McNamee. I

think Leo was probably the most honorable lawyer I ever met in my life. He wasn't a trial lawyer. I mean he could try technical things, but not a jury man. But he was a great paper man. Oh, was he a great office man, oh. He lived his beliefs. Leo was a very, very staunch Catholic. He went to mass every morning or whatever you go to; I don't know whether you go to mass. He went to church every morning. He used to come by our house every morning because they lived right in back of us. He lived on Fourth, we lived on Fifth, and he'd come down the alley. Every morning he went to church, but you never knew he was religious. He never told you he was religious. But he would never handle a divorce case. Frank, his brother who was later on the Supreme Court, would handle it. Leo would never handle a divorce. He was a real man of his conviction, which I admired because in those days divorce business was a big thing, quick money. It helped me to get started practicing. Leo wouldn't touch one.

Any time I had something that troubled me as a lawyer, a young lawyer, I would go to Leo and ask him, "Could you help me?" Never had too little time to help me. And I always followed that afterwards. Any young fellow that ever came to me, I would take hours that I couldn't even spare to help them. I used to say, "You have to come up at seven o'clock in the morning so I could do it before." But I would help them. I got that from Leo. Leo said, "You've got to help young fellows."

Leo and Mr. Art Ham, Sr.—I mean he wasn't that much of an influence on me—but they were the deans of the bar and I used to call them Mister. And Leo McNamee used to say, "You don't have to call me Mister." He says, "That makes me feel like I'm getting old." And I made the same remark. I was over at the courthouse sitting next to an attorney this morning. Somebody came by and said, "Mr. Wiener." And I said, "Boy, you know you're getting old when they call you Mr. Wiener."

But I think that those are the men that really at least in my later adult years have had the greatest effect on me. They were all great—I thought they were great guys. In fact, I was very disappointed here awhile back when Judge Foley asked me if I would help to get a school named after Leo. And I wrote, but it never got off the ground. And Leo McNamee was somebody that really deserved. He was a great man, just a great guy. I was never that close socially with Leo. But the things he did were great. He was a great man.

If you could relive just one moment in your life, what would that be and how would you relive it?

I don't know about one moment, but there are a couple of business deals I wouldn't have gotten into; that's about all. Whatever I did, I did and I tried to make the best of it and tried to learn from it. I didn't necessarily. But I don't think I have anything that I would want to relive. I mean I think I've had a good life.

I'd say the only thing I ever regretted was that the operation on my arm was unsuccessful because I was really...I guess due to my dad. My dad was a great sports fan although he was never a competitor because he was a very small man. But he got me interested in sports at an early age and I was a very competitive guy. I used to compete in athletics even with my bad arm. My mother used to about die because she was scared to death I'd get my arm injured again. She said, "You could permanently injure it." I said, "Mother, what is it now?" But that's about the only thing. That was something; I wished that my arm had not been injured. I probably would have competed because I had an innate ability to be a good athlete. I had good timing and things like that and I had the knowledge. Because of my arm I became interested in athletics through officiating. I did a lot of officiating for years, baseball, mostly basketball and some football. But that's about the only thing I really would have liked to have been able to...I just loved it and I still

love sports. We never miss a game. I've got my satellite and I watch the games and everything. In fact, Judy says she comes second. The sports come first. Probably true. If she wants to do something, I'll say, "I want to watch the game." And she's good about that. Sometimes she says, "Well, I want to go someplace." So we'll go. She's good about that if I want to watch a game. And that's my real relaxation; it's my outlet is sports, going to the games or watching them on TV. I love to bet on them. I'm not a gambler in table games, but I like to bet on sports and I have a pretty good opinion. I don't do too poorly. I don't win a lot, but I hold pretty even, which is like winning. But that's about it.

One thing is I don't have any regrets. I only have one thing that bothered me is I would like to be able to sleep better, but unfortunately I can't. I awaken and start thinking and I can't fall back asleep. I don't know. I guess there are a lot of people that way. I don't know whether your husband is that way or not.

He is. He's up early.

The day before a trial—I've been trying a case for forty-seven years—the day before a trial or night before a trial, I wake up in the middle of night in a cold sweat. I didn't do this or I did this wrong or I forgot to.

This is the second tape, side four—side two.

It's something that I wish I could do; I wish I could sleep more, but I don't.

You've been that way for all these years?

More so now even. I awaken at one thirty, two o'clock, get up and read the morning newspaper and go back to sleep until four thirty and get up and read another one and come to work. I wish I could sleep better, but I can't. I don't even sleep when I go away; when I have nothing on my mind, I don't. I just got in that habit. I get about five and a half, six hours of sleep a night. But I

do have a faculty of being able to go like this, fold my arms and sleep for fifteen minutes.

A cat nap.

I'm a good napper. Before we go out to dinner I sleep for ten or fifteen minutes and I'm fresh again.

Would you have been—this is something that has just come to mind—would you have been the same person without the handicap?

Well, I think I would. The handicap never bothered me in doing anything except competing. As a matter of fact, most people, if I have a suit coat on, don't even notice I have a handicap unless they happen to be looking directly at my arm or something. During the war that bothered me; the handicap bothered me because, number one, I was Jewish. I was doing well, making money. I wasn't in the service along with all the other kids that were in the service although I tried to get in and went to the draft thing three or four times.

To enlist?

But I really was embarrassed because a lot of people didn't see that I had a bad arm and I'm sure that they made remarks about, oh, that little Jew making money; my kid's in the service or something, which I wouldn't blame them for except I couldn't walk around with a sign on, "I'm 4-F." I mean I couldn't go out and tell—some guy may say to me, "Well, why aren't you in the service? I'm a 4-F. What's the matter with you? Look at my arm. I can't get in. But that bothered me. As a matter of fact, I tried to get into the Navy Limited Service Program and was all the way ready, filling out papers, and then the medical officer looked at me and said, "What are you doing here?" I said, "I'm here to go into..." He said, "Oh, you can't go into the service." He said, "Why did they even bother to...?" Well, I sat there with Mattie Graves and I filled out papers three feet long. Mattie got in and I didn't. He said, "They never should have even

bothered to let you fill out papers. You can't get in." Because everybody in the navy had to be a potential line officer. And I said, "But can't I sit here and do this kind of work?" He said, "Unfortunately, the navy won't let you in if you couldn't get on the line." But that did bother me because I could feel people talking. It wasn't the fact that they were talking; it was the fact that they were talking when they were wrong only because they didn't know.

They didn't know all the facts.

They didn't know the facts. I can hear in my own mind some mother saying, "Um, my boy...Louie Wiener, old Jew boy, is making nothing but money." And I was. And then my son's in the service getting thirty dollars a month or something. And they were right. They didn't know the facts, but they were right in looking at me when their boy was in the service. And I couldn't blame them. So that was tough for me.

That was hard for you. What's your favorite childhood experience?

I guess going to ball games. I went to ball games from the time I was—hockey games and baseball games—my dad took me from the time I was three years old. He used to take me to the hockey games. In those days they had to keep the arenas freezing and then the equipment to keep the ice...and he'd take me and bundle me up in clothes and blankets and everything. And I'd sit right there watching the hockey games. And my mother would go crazy when my dad would take me. It was freezing inside because they didn't have the facilities of keeping the ice frozen and the room halfway warm. From the time I was three or four years old I went.

Where was this?

Pittsburgh. And I went to a baseball game almost every day of the week. I'd skate from school to the baseball game. And if you got there after four and a half innings were played, they didn't have to give you a rain check. And the guys that let us in sit in the grandstands, the cop got to

know us, and he'd let us go in and watch the ball game from the fifth inning on. We got to know him. And we'd roller skate down from high school and then roller skate back home. I loved that. I used to go almost every day of the week.

When I was ill with my arm, my dad had season tickets and he used to send some employee to the store with me practically every day; somebody'd get to take me to the ball game. They loved that. They'd get the afternoon off taking me to the ball game.

My dad was a great sport enthusiast, but never competed. But he loved that sports and I inherited that from him. I didn't inherit my gambling tendency from my dad, betting. He loved to play cards, but he liked to play for fifty cents or a dollar or quarter or something like that. He was a good card player.

Your mom, too?

Oh, the best. She was a poker player. She was the best. She could have competed with all these guys. She was something, oh, boy.

Where did she learn it?

I don't know where she learned it. I was playing poker when I was eight, nine years old. My mother, boy, she played with...they used to have a group of men and women and they played big-time poker and she was winning, boy. Then later she played; when she got older she played with a lot of women just for fun. She was great. But dad was a good analytical card player. Mother just played poker. Dad could play bridge, pinochle, clobyosh, which is the only game I learned how to play.

Hand?

It's a short card game with five or six cards. And then Cribbage. My dad could play Cribbage. I never learned how to play Cribbage. I used to watch it all the time and hear them using the term

"fifteen two fifty," but I never knew what they were talking about. Our neighbor when we first moved here, the Kroll family, he was an engineer and Andy was one of my high school friends. T.B. was Mr. Kroll's name. T.B. and Andy used to play Cribbage and I used to watch them. I never could catch on to it. Mr. Kroll used to sit there in his long john underwear in his suspenders and drinking beer. It was so goddamn hot that he couldn't even really...old air conditioner or something. He'd drink that old beer and perspiration would be coming off him and he and Andy would be playing Cribbage in the living room of their old company house with a home brew that he made in the backyard. In those days, in the old days all the engineers and those guys used to make home brew in their backyard during Prohibition and sit there and drink that beer and play Cribbage and things like that.

I think Maude Frazier was an influence on me. She was tough on me and I think she was an influence.

In what way?

Well, she used to say to me, "You're not reaching your potential." And I'll tell you another person was Albert Edwards. I was a good student in his class. Did you know Albert?

Didn't he just recently die?

Yeah.

From Boulder City?

Boulder City, yeah. He taught civics. He'd never give me a good grade and I should say wouldn't give me a bad grade. He'd never give me an A. He used to say, "You're not doing as well as you can do. You're an A student, but I'm not going to give you an A." I think I finally got one in my senior year, finally my last grade or something. But he used to be tough on me. He was a big guy at that time. Albert was about, oh, six foot one or two, real dark, bushy

eyebrows. If he looked at you, he'd bore a hole through you. But he was that way and he used to push me all the time.

Oh, another one that probably was a great influence and I forgot and shouldn't have, Mr. Brinley. He was probably one of the biggest influences on my life.

Harold? Harold Brinley?

Yeah. He was probably one of the biggest influences scholastically. I thought he was the greatest teacher I ever had. He was probably—and I forgot. He was a definite for a high school student. He made me study. I was a good student, but he brought the best out of me. He was the best teacher I ever had—high school, grammar school, college, law school, postgraduate. He was it. He was a great teacher. Unfortunately, he later became an administrator, which was unfortunate because a lot of kids lost the benefit of his teaching. He was a great teacher, probably the outstanding teacher I think in the history of Las Vegas schools.

Is that right?

Oh, great. Anybody that ever had him. And our class that we had, we had brilliant kids in it. Bruce Beckley was there and Leonard Wilson; Cal Corey; Tom Carol; Dr. John William Parks, the dentist, his son. They were all brilliant students. Mr. Brinley taught us chemistry, physics, algebra and calculus; all the tough subjects. He was smaller than my dad. Did you know him? He was teeny.

I remember him just briefly because he was killed in—

He was a teeny guy. I don't think he weighed a hundred and thirty-five pounds.

He was killed in an airplane crash, wasn't he?

Yeah, he and Mr. Ellsworth, coming back from St. George. I think they both died, yeah. He was, oh, great. Yeah, he was a definite influence on me. I forgot. I should never have forgotten

him. He was probably the best teacher I ever had, by far, a great, great teacher.

What technique did he use that you think was so effective with you?

Well, he just challenged you. I mean he just challenged. He made you...you wanted to learn. I think I told you he had similar where he gave a test and everybody made ninety-five or a ninety-eight on the test because the test had been in back of the experiment book and somebody found out he was going to give it. Everybody studied. Everybody made ninety-five, ninety-eight. He came into the room and he said, "Boy, I'm the greatest teacher in the history of the world, chemistry teacher; there's nobody greater than I am." And he said, "When I can get every student in my class to get ninety and better," he says, "I've got to be the greatest chemistry teacher in the whole world." He said, "And I'm really proud of myself." And he said, "I've got to make sure that I'm that great." And he gave us another test right there. Well, the ones that were good students, we all made—I think out of maybe sixteen or eighteen kids I was one of the top four or five or something—the kids that were good students, we made good grades; the kids that were fair students made fair grades; and the guys that weren't good students didn't make good. He came back in a couple of days later and he said, "No, I'm not as good a teacher as I thought I was." But he knew what happened. He just gave us a test [snapping] just like that. The guys all fit into the proper niches. You didn't have to study if you were a good student and studying wouldn't make you too much better for your math thing. But he knew it and when he came out, he said, "I'm not as good a teacher as I thought I was." He was great.

What's your favorite experience as an adult as an attorney?

The greatest thrill I ever got in my life was in 1960. I took Gail, who was then my wife, back to the World Series in Pittsburgh. On the last game I bet enough money to get her a full-length black diamond mink coat. That's the game in which the famous home run by Mazeroski in the

ninth inning won the World Series for Pittsburgh. They had been beat twelve to two, nine to three, ten to one, and they won their games three to two, two to one. And then the last game they were like two runs behind in the seventh inning and they scored five runs. The Yankees tied up in the ninth inning and in the bottom of the ninth inning Mazeroski hit a home run. And the whole town...it was pandemonium. We finally got back to the hotel. We couldn't get out of the hotel to get to the airport. I had to pay a cab driver to get somebody—pay somebody to get out of his cab to get us to the airport. But that was probably the most exciting thing to ever happen to me. And I won enough money to buy Gail a full-length black diamond mink coat, which, boy, was something. I bet that much money, the biggest bet I ever made in my life. I think I bet over three thousand dollars or something like that. I thought it was gone and we won it in the ninth inning. I thought Gail was going to jump over the balcony down onto the first floor. But it was exciting. That was probably the most exciting one incident that I had.

Another one I think was when this young Kenny Richards became the record holder of the broad jump in the Far Western Conference in Sacramento. He jumped twenty-four feet eight and a half inches, which at that time was almost a world's record. I was there with him. I had gone out to the meet and that was exciting. But I think the World Series in '60 was the most exciting moment.

What about as an attorney?

Huh?

What about your favorite experience as a lawyer?

I think the favorite experience is winning the Harden case; when I got Emmanuel acquitted on a case that I had spent almost six or seven full-time weeks on it when he was an indigent. I overturned the Supreme Court and got him acquitted. I think that was the greatest, the most

satisfactory to me, the least compensation I ever got. I never got anything from him, not a quarter, except all my expenses to Reno for the Supreme Court argument. And I think that was my greatest satisfaction was getting Emmanuel acquitted and seeing him walk out. He had been charged with first degree murder and seeing him walk out. He wasn't guilty, but the evidence made it look like he was guilty. Somebody had planted it on him when he was drunk. So I think that was the most worthwhile thing I ever did.

Making money never was a big thing with practicing law. I never made big money. In fact, I made more money this past year doing nothing than I ever made practicing law. Whatever I made I made in investments and things like that. But I don't have anything to regret.

If you weren't an attorney, what would you be if you could physically, mentally and emotionally be or do anything you wanted?

I'd be a bookmaker. That's right. I'd be a sportsbook maker because I love the sports and I love the challenge. I mean I say that if I were living in Las Vegas that's what I would have been. If I were living someplace else, I never would have been because I would have never been exposed to that. But being in Las Vegas I would have. I wouldn't have been if I lived in Pittsburgh where it would have been an illegal activity or something. If I was living in Las Vegas, I would have had a sportsbook.

What would you have done if you lived in Pittsburgh?

Probably would have been an accountant. I love numbers. I'm very good with numbers. Jim Rogers tells me when we're talking about things that we don't use computers; he just asks me. I can get answers quicker and percentages and numbers and multiplications. He says, “Tell me. What is it, Louie?” And he thinks it a—I just have a knack. It's one of those. I don't know how I think of it.

My dad's exactly that way.

I used to go to a store when they had sales slips and the salesgirl would be adding up and I'd be looking backwards and I'd tell her what the results were. She'd have ten, twelve figures and she'd be adding them up like that. I'd tell her what the answer was before she ever got to it, just adding it backwards. I'd add hundreds and I'd add tens and I'd add ones and then I'd add the change. It's kind of a mechanism that I have and I'm good at it.

What three characteristics or qualities do you want people to remember you for?

I guess helping people when they're in trouble emotionally and financially. Being a pretty good sport and being forgiving. I don't want to be remembered for how smart I was because I'm not that smart. I would like people to remember me for being a good lawyer. But mostly for the fact I helped people because I wanted to, not because I had to, but I wanted to help particularly young people. As I think I told you before, all the people—not all the people, but the biggest majority of all the people I've ever been in with have been people twenty, thirty years younger than I am that I gave a chance. I had an economic benefit that I was looking at, but I would start them out. And I always got a great satisfaction out of somebody being successful.

That's neat. If you could have the power to solve any three national or world problems, what would they be and how would you do it?

Well, I think the only problem I'd really want to solve would be the narcotic problem. And I think the way I'd do it if I were doing it, I would be so tough on users that they wouldn't know what hit them whether they were professional men or they were bums. I would put particularly professional people and people who knew better, I would put them in the old CCC camp-type thing. Do you remember that?

Yes, I remember.

I'd put them out there and I'd make them grow plans and I'd make them do their own work. I would make them know that they shouldn't have done it to start with. Because I say if there are no users, there are no suppliers; if there's no suppliers, there's no problem.

That's right.

And you're never going to cut out the suppliers if you don't cut the users out. And I think education is important and I think one of the most important things is that you put people—attorneys? We've got lots of attorneys who use. Doctors? We've got lots of doctors. Accountants. You name any of them. They use the darn stuff. I wouldn't be light on them. I would make the user almost punished as much as the supplier because the supplier wouldn't have any place to go if he didn't have the users. I think that would be my thing.

And I think one of the other things I'd like to do, I'd like to see probably religious discrimination some way tempered down by making people understand that it doesn't make any difference what your religion is; you're all going for the same goal anyway. I don't care whether your religion is Mormon or you're Jewish or Presbyterian. You're all looking for the same goal anyway. So there shouldn't be an end tolerance. That's about the only problems I think I'd have.

What goal do you think that is?

Huh?

What goad do you think that is that everybody's looking for?

Well, I don't know. I think a lot of it is the fact that each religion tries to tell their constituents or their followers that they're better than any other religion. And I don't think it's...I mean I don't say that they teach that. But I think the effect of their teaching is that—let me put it—that our way of doing it is better in our religion than this religion. I don't think there's necessarily that they're teaching them that this religion isn't good and our religion is good, but our religion is

better and the way we go about it. And they're all going for the same goal. I mean like I think some of the religions have better things. I think the Mormon religion on teaching people to save and pay tithing and to provide for themselves, I don't think there's another religion that does it. I think that's outstanding. But that isn't the goal. That isn't a religious goal; that's a practical goal that you take care of yourself or you put into the warehouses or whatever you do when you tithe because we have to take care of each other. So to me that isn't a religion; that's a practical aspect of it.

Same as I think that in the Jewish religion a practical aspect is making donations so that they can bring people from Russia to Israel, and I don't think that's part of your religion. Maybe it's an outgrowth of the fact that you want to bring the Jewish people from Russia to Israel, but that isn't part of your religion; that's a practical aspect of your religion. You've got to help us to bring them over. Like they've got a campaign now where it takes fifty-five hundred dollars for each person to be transported from Russia to Israel and start up. So they ask you to take care of one person or you can take care of two or whatever. But they ask everybody to take care of at least one person. Well, that doesn't have nothing to do with your religion. I mean it does because you're doing it for the people of the Jewish faith, but it really isn't part of religion.

And I think that all the religions should be teaching that there's only one thing; be a good man and respect God and that. It doesn't make any difference how you get there, just get there. I think there's a void in the religions in that respect. I don't think that they're teaching that. I mean they're saying—well, the Jewish religion you go to temple and you do it. That doesn't make you religious. Or you go to your temple. That doesn't make you religious. You do what you should do to get there, but I don't care if you stand out in the middle of the desert. I think going to temple, your temple or my temple is good because it gets you in the atmosphere of thinking

about a religion, but I don't think you have to go to a temple to be religious. I mean I think maybe it's a good thing. Maybe it gets people in the spirit better. But I think you can stand out in the middle of the desert and nobody there and be religious or be irreligious. You could be thinking about, well, I'm going to get him when I get a chance. A lot of religious people are that way, too. They say they're religious, but they're not because...they got on the shirt sleeves they're religious, but they're not religious in their heart.

That's right. Their heart.

They'll be thinking about how they're going to foreclose on some guy's mortgage while they're sitting there listening to the bishop or the rabbi or the priest and they're thinking about, I'll get him tomorrow morning; I'll get the papers then. Well, that isn't religion to me. That's a hypocrite.

What's in your heart.

That's right. Of course, I'll tell you one thing I do object. I have two real red lights, I guess, in my life that I use. If somebody tells me how religious they are or tells me how honest they are, boy, I start looking. I know that they're trying to get me to drop my guard because if they're religious and they're honest, they don't have to tell me.

That's right.

And if they're telling me that they're religious or they're honest, they're trying to get me to accept them for that reason, not because of what they're going to do necessarily. And if they're honest and they're religious, they don't come out; they don't have to tell me. I don't know whether you have that feeling or not.

I do.

But they scare me. They really scare me.

Anybody that goes around bragging about it.

Oh, boy. Or tell me I go to church every day or I do this. Go to church every day. I don't care if you go to church five times a day. You don't have to tell me you go. And if you tell me, "You don't have to worry about me; I'm honest," then I start saying, "Oh, boy, I better start watching this guy."

I can tell you a little experience. One of my managers at the Granada—a fellow that was being hired for bartender and the manager asked him, "Do you steal?" Well, everybody bartender steals one way or the other. And the guy says, "Oh, no." My manager says, "You can't work for me." The guy says, "Well..." He says, "You're the biggest liar that ever went to work for me." He says, "I know you're going to do it." He says, "You're lying to me. Why don't you tell me that you take a little, leave a little, like they do?" They don't necessarily steal out of the cash register, but they'll take maybe and put in the tip jar what maybe should go in the drawer or something like that. And they all do it. So Tom—I'll will never forget it—he told the guy, "You can't work because you won't be honest with me to start with."

She had one last question. If you were interviewing Louis Wiener, Jr., what one question above all would you ask him and how would you answer that?

I'd say to him, are you satisfied with what you've accomplished? I'd say, not fully, but substantially. That's it. Were you going to do anymore? I'm going to try to. So that's about it.

We're just about to the end of that tape.

Well, that's good.

But is there anything else you want to add?

Nah. Just that I've enjoyed your company. I've enjoyed being with you.

Oh, thank you. This has been a joy for me. You're so bright and you're so right on so

many things.

Well, I think that's probably part of my parents, or substantially.

Anything you want to say about Valerie or your kids?

Well, no. She's a good girl and she's like her dad. That's about it.

Thanks, Louie.

I think she's doing a good job. She's energetic. I just hope her health keeps up. That's the only thing that worries me.

[End of recorded interview]