March 4, 1950

Jack Cortez

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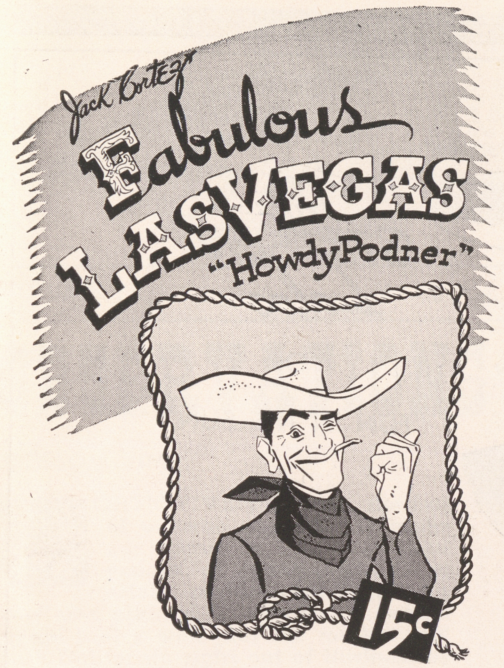

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NORTH VEGAS, BY JOHNNY UHLMAN

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VOLUME 1 MARCH 4, 1950 NUMBER 47

OBSERVATIONS

. . by CHARLES P. "POP" SQUIRES

BLOSSOM TIME

FORTY-FIVE years ago, the few of us who expected to make our homes in Las Vegas had visions of great pastures of alfalfa and contented cows; a vast area planted to cantaloupes which would pretty well glut the market and push California right out of business as a melon raiser, and great orchards of peaches, apricots and all manner of deciduous fruits with raisin and wine grapes taking up what land there was left over.

Soon after I came to Las Vegas, in 1905 or 1906, I wrote an article for "The Arrowhead," magazine of the railroad, in which I showed conclusively (I thought) that Southern Nevada would soon become the leading agricultural area of the Southwest.

A lot of people started ranches and made strenuous efforts to make good. About 1908 or 1910 Charlie Kaiser, prominent sheep raiser of Utah and Southern Nevada, secured the range rights to a large area of the Spring Mountain range, west of Las Vegas, and sent some 3000 sheep here to feed on "the luxurious growth" of wild grass, etc. E. G. McGriff, horticulturist from Ogden, bought 160 acres of land (now the Roy Rogers Ranch) and by about 1915 had 65 acres of peach orchard in bearing, and beautiful peaches on the market every summer. Various vegetable gardens were established to supply the local stores.

But we just could not compete in fruit and vegetables with the California growers who could ship their products to Las Vegas and sell them cheaper than local farmers could raise them. Most of our cattle and dairy ranches finally centered in Moapa Valley. Charlie Kaiser, after seeing his flocks starving to death for a year or two, shipped what were left of his sheep back to the north.

Mr. McGriff, after several years of hard work during which he established a market for his very beautiful peaches with leading hotels of New York which contracted for his entire crop, was forced to give up. The Imperial Valley, Salt River Valley, San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys just forced Las Vegas agriculture, horticulture and stock raising out of the market, except for local consumption.

Nevertheless, I still think McGriff's early Elbertas the finest peaches ever grown, but when I remember how McGriff had to get up before daybreak to pick a few crates of peaches, then haul them to town with a horse and buggy over eight miles of stony, dust-bedded wagon tracks (the round trip taking all day) I can't blame him for quitting.

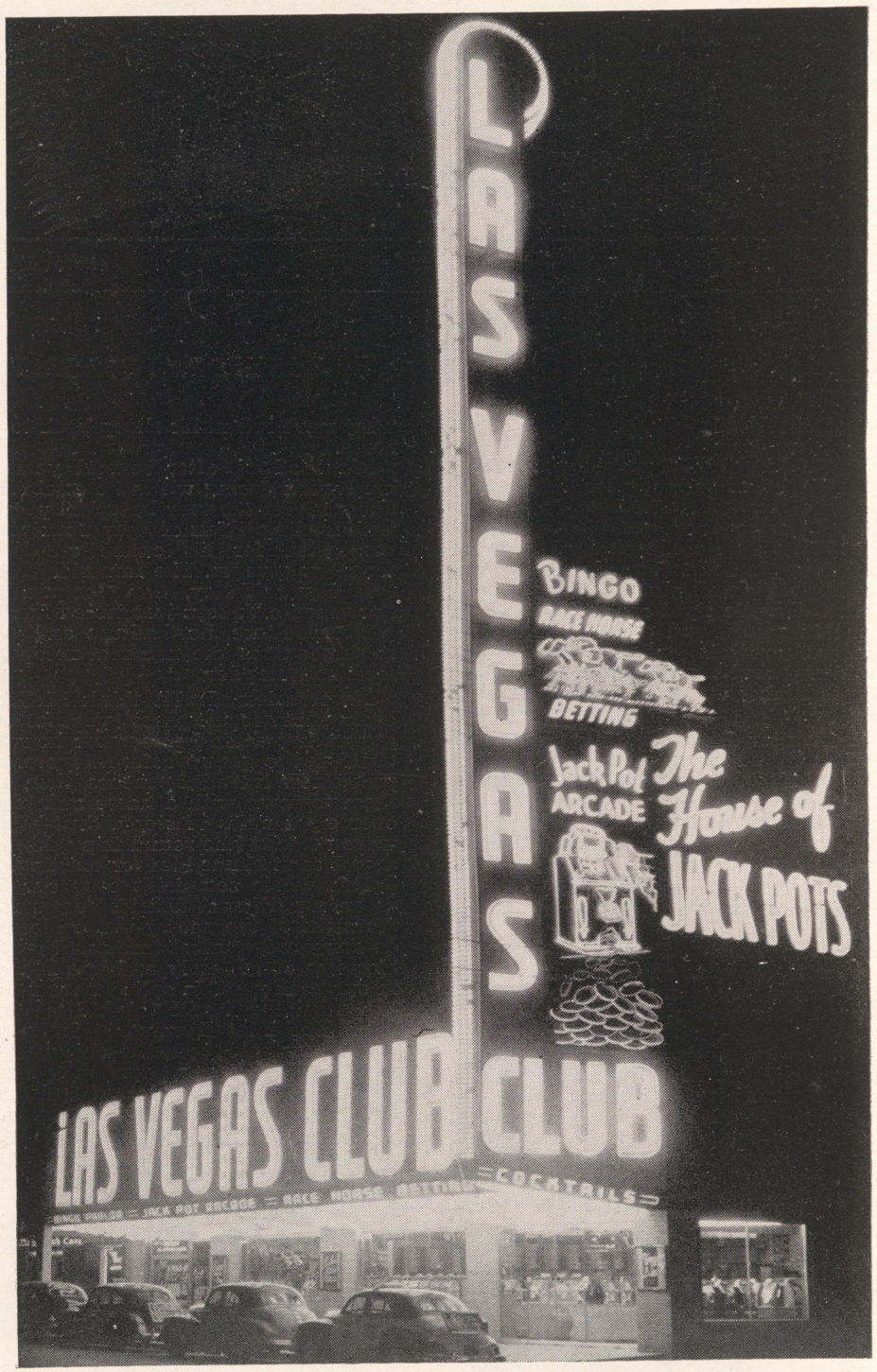
This whole complaint over our fate as an agricultural district comes from the sight of the snowy-white blossoms on our young apricot tree and the pink blossoms of the early and late Elbertas in our back yard. In spite of our failure commercially, I still think Las Vegas raises the most flavorsome fruits and vegetables I ever tasted. And if we can't all be successful farmers, we can at least enjoy the pleasure of fruits and flowers in our backyard gardens.

Our rose bushes are just now sending out beautiful dark red, young foliage and soon will be covered with the most gorgeous roses grown anywhere.

Like a horse, I can accommodate but one idea at a time, so I am now asking if you knew that grapes from the old Kyle Ranch were given an award as being highest in sugar content of any grapes exhibited at the Chicago Exposition in 1893?

And that reminds me again that most of my readers (if any) never heard of

(Continued on Page 31)



VERSE . . .

. . . by TUTOR SCHERER
POET LAUREATE OF LAS VEGAS

NATIONS, UNITED!

I strive to be an architect of the times,
To build a structure with modern rhymes.
I plan a house of unity for the masses,
A domicile for all creeds and classes.

In this verse I draw blueprints
Of life, love and little hints
Which will not be hard to read
And not be difficult to heed.

To me this is a new vocation
Yet, I have great aspiration,
To build a house on inspiration
To shelter the best of inclination.

Accept my plans and specifications.
Please use them throughout the nations.
Erect a house in simple fashion
Of brotherly love and sincere passion.

RESTLESS

Humanity is a moving tide
Restlessly refusing to abide.

SACRED TREASURE

Strange things love shall do unto you,
Secrets unbelievable, but true
Born pure from a passionate heart
Sacred treasures, though love depart.

PASSING HOURS

All our hours are wings that fly
On beyond, to purify.



MILADY

He thought of the waxen petal of the rose,
as lovely womanhood:
With respect and love, beyond all depths,
which she always understood.

HIGH TIDE

The ocean's last receding wave,
leaves lines of froth
Like the steel mills' dangerline in its molten thought.

LOST

When you've lost the feeling of romance
Your soul is dead, moving in a trance.

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Round the Clock with the Rounders

. . . by ALEX HENIG

TO Pappy Walsh, manager of the Flamingo Hotel: It seems that you must have millions of friends instead of thousands as we wrote last week. Everyone we met or spoke to this past week agreed our choice for "Man of the Week" was in good taste. The combined feelings added up to one thing, "you're tops, Pappy."

If you want to see action, it can be found nearly every night after 1:30 a.m., at the Bowling Alley, Downtown. The fur really flies when George "Red" Kavanaugh and "Little" Dave Pearl vs. "Never Get Excited" Wayne Stewart and Bernie "Blackie" Resnik bowl. The other night Dave and George whitewashed Wayne and Bernie four straight games, then Wayne and Bernie won the next four out five games. The radio announcer never mentioned the four straight games that Dave and George won. Someone wants to know who paid for the radio time? WHO COULD IT BE? By the way, it was George that was high man for that night, not the one announced on the air! . . . Two brothers who do a good job all the time, are Jimmy and Joe Mosca. Jimmy is at the Shamrock Hotel and Joe works at Hotel El Rancho Vegas. Both come from Palm Springs and are here to stay. Good luck, fellows . . . This is for you dealers and waitresses, etc., who work downtown. At Second and Ogden you can park your car at a cheap monthly rate. It used to be the Golden Nugget parking lot. Just ask for John or Clarence and you will see what we mean. No more parking worries . . . Always happy to see Bill Curland (Pioneer Club), looking good. Bill was talking to Chuck Addison when we were at the Club. Both looked happy . . . Into the Golden Nugget where floormen Red Muldoon and Joe Schull can be found "high up," seeing that all is okay on the western front. Down below is that famous dealer, Cracker, at the hazard game, alias the bird cage . . . Two newcomers from Chicago, Illinois, are blonde Juanita and Bert De Francesca, both are working for the great P. O. Silvani (Apache Hotel) . . . Harry and Dorothy Soref with lovely daughter, Clarice, at the Flamingo Hotel. Visiting the Sorefs from Palestine, Aunt Esther, who just can't believe her eyes. This town can make anyone wonder what's going on . . . JUST THOUGHT OF COURT SHEPPARD AND HIS THREE DUPLICATES. HIS THREE BOYS LOOK JUST LIKE THEIR POP. HOPING YOU'RE A HIT, SHEPP—LOTS OF SUCCESS IN THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY. YOU'RE ONE GUY THAT HAS WHAT IT TAKES . . . A dealer that has what it takes is Pancho, "21" dealer at the Pioneer Club. At this same spot cocktail waitresses Joan Newman and Bobbie Damm are solid favorites with the out-of-towners and the Las Vegans that patronize this popular club . . . Working at the Eldorado Club is the former world's bantamweight champ, young Joe Cohen. Joe looks swell and tells this reporter he can still go a round or two if he had too . . . Belated birthday greetings to Katherine and Bernard (February 21). You two know who we mean . . . Jack Fisher, of the Denver, Phoenix and Portland Dog Racing Association, was here to look over our town. He is the oldest dog racing official in the country. Jack's host while he was here was bartender Danny Basaric (Thunderbird Hotel) . . . That was beautiful blonde Joan Orlando having a good time at our many clubs and hotels this past week. Joan is the up and coming TV star . . . A COMBINATION HARD TO BEAT IS FATHER AND SON HARRY AND DOUG



(Continued on page 34)

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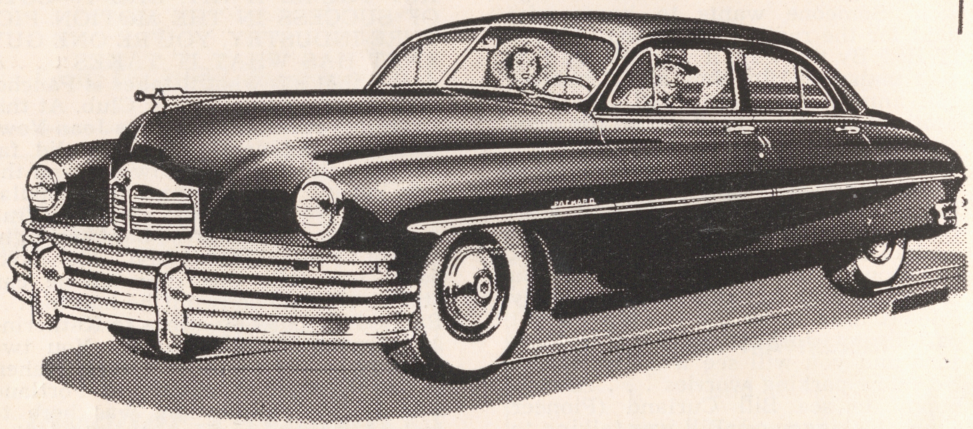

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THAT'S FOR SURE . . .

. . . by JACK CORTEZ

ASIDE to TOMMY MEEHAN, business agent for the Culinary Workers' Union . . . last week we had a conversation with JACK STAFFORD, a good friend of ours. He told me about a meeting that was held last week in your union hall. I understand that you said from the rostrum in addressing the members that I had made a statement over the air to the effect that I am against labor unions and, to phrase it in your words, "blasted Tom Hanley and Ralph Alsup, our two labor leaders." All of this was supposed to have happened a couple of months ago. You then went on to say that you telephoned me and that I spoke to you in a way not befitting a gentleman and that since then we are not on speaking terms.

I would like to give my story at this time .I NEVER MADE such a statement on the air or at any other time. I am for organized labor and what it stands for and, to top it all, I don't remember ever meeting you in person and certainly I know I have never spoken to you on the phone at any time whatsoever. Could it be a misunderstanding on your part, Mr. Meehan? We are certain you have us confused with someone else. Therefore, may I suggest that before making accusations you should be sure you have the right party. I know most of the members in your union and consider them my friends. Under no circumstances would I want them to think me other than their friend. I sincerely hope at your next meeting you will straighten out this misconception on your part . . . JOHN LOCHHEAD, manager of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, tendered his resignation and left for his new beautiful home in Palos Verdes Estates in California. John asked us to bid goodbye to all his friends. He hopes to be a frequent visitor in our town . . . GLEN LINDBERG, super-salesman for CHRISTENSEN'S MEN'S WEAR, was admitted to the Clark County Hospital last Sunday for observation. It was found he is sufferng from yellow jaundice. We hope it won't be too long before he will be out and well again . . . LEE HAYES, who works as the light man at the FLAMINGO HOTEL, is also business manager for The Local Theatrical Stage Employees Union and one of its most ardent members. Lee has been at the Flamingo since the hotel opened and has met each and every star appearing there. Some of the stories he can relate about temperament and good fellowship are very interesting . . . ART MOONEY recorded a tune for MGM records that we believe would be an ideal theme song for our state. It's called "SILVER DOLLAR" and very appropriate . . . In our news story last week concerning BENNY BINION we stated that it was the Sheriff and the District Attorney who are causing all this fracas. We were wrong. It's not the Sheriff but the Chief of Police, whose name is Carl Hanson and seeking reappointment. The Sheriff happens to be a very dear friend of Mr. Binion and is doing all he can to help in clearing Benny Binion's name. By the way, the D. A., Wilson, is now under fire from the better businessmen of that state for his malicious attacks upon this wonderful man. We're certain all of this will come out in the wash when they start investigating some of the doings of said Mr. Wilson . . . We believe BILL LEIBERT knows more about Packard cars than any four expertly trained men coming direct from the factory. Bill knows every part, every mechanical detail to perfection and when asked any question answers them without hesitation . . . BILL WILLIAMS, the tenor and leader of THE CHARIOTEERS, will leave this famous singing aggregation at the end of their present engagement at the Flamingo Hotel. Bill is starting his own group, which will be known as the BILL WILLIAMS QUARTETTE. The Charioteers have lined up another tenor to take his place . . . FRANKIE LAINE arrived in town last week just to spend a few days with NAN GREY, who is staying at the Hotel El Rancho Vegas for the "cure." Nan has another week to go to get her "diploma" and then — wedding bells! . . . ABE "BRITTLETOP" SCHILLER, press agent for the Flamingo Hotel, was very instrumental in closing the deal whereby HAL WALLIS and a company of sixty people from PARAMOUNT will come to Las Vegas. The reason for the trip is to

(Continued on page 32)

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KITTY KALLEN



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SHOW BIZ . . .

. . . by PEGGY LEE

DID you ever wonder what happens when a performer gets—how you say—the giggles—or you might say—breaks up on the stage? Because one experience is fresh in my mind, I think I can speak with authority . . . It could happen for any number of reasons—from a misplaced note in the music to some most unfamiliar ad libbing by someone else in the show.

People in our business love to occasionally break someone up. It's kind of a challenge. For instance, last evening, because of the number of times we've done "Manana," I thought I had already sung it and started singing a little tag verse that must come after the full version of "Manana" to make any sense. So Dave and his quartet are giving me stage whispers of "the faucet" which are the first two words of the song. So, their anxious expression, coupled with the ridiculous situation of getting mixed up on a song which Dave and I wrote, and have done who knows how many times, struck me so funny that gales of laughter followed. There you are, you see—with egg on your face so to speak—you're not a comedienne, so it's even more ridiculous. You can't even think about getting the next note out without doubling over. You say to yourself, "You fool . . . these people didn't come to hear you laugh. Stop it now!" But you won't listen. Some muscle is conspiring to keep you giggling. Just when you think you have it leveled off, you turn to ask the orchestra to play again, and Egad, Mabel! now they are hysterical. So what do you do? Mmmhmm, you do. I think maybe down deep Barney Rawlings was responsible for my Las Vegas experience because he broke up on the opening production number and somehow it's most contagious. I think he left the germ of a chuckle out on the stage.

Then (fiends that we all are)—I was, I must confess, hoping that Copsey and



Ayres just **might** break just a teensy bit in one of their wonderful Hindu numbers (A bit of the old slapstick in all of us, I guess.) Copsey told me what had happened one time in a most serious Hindu dance. He was laughing so hard that it was impossible to move in any direction—even off the stage.

I've seen radio people fight with their emotions and try to get back to the mike with their next line. A little note added here—Groucho Marx had me fighting a duel to the death with a break once upon a Crosby show, but I think he could break up the Sphinx. Once on a Durante show, Victor Moore accidently stuck his foot in a tin can that the sound effect man had used for a crash. No matter what he did, he couldn't shake it off, and by the time he got to the mike he had the misfortune to drop his script—like snowflakes, (and a dash of Wildroot won't cut that).

The only thing that saves us is the fact that people are nice and people like to laugh. Viva la people!

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HOLLYWOOD HEADLINES

by MARTIN LEWIS

ARLEEN WHELAN PUTS MARRIAGE FIRST, CAREER SECOND

GORGEOUS ARLEEN WHELAN, the red-haired beauty, evokes more whistles than a baker's dozen of blonde belles, is a Hollywood rarity. She's the successful young actress who shoved her own career far in the background in favor of matrimony. And considering the circumstances, it wasn't an easy decision to make . . . About 10 years ago Miss Whelan was signed by a major film studio and quickly shoved into a leading role long before she was prepared to assume a top part.

"The studio made me a star before the public did," the titian-tressed player explained between scenes of her new comedy, "Dear Wife." "I think the fans should discover their own stars and I knew I was in over my head."

Although Arleen steadily improved as an actress, that false start proved too much of a handicap. Shortly after the start of the war, she found her career at low ebb. Sure, she was a much better actress than she had been in those early, untrained days—but Hollywood just looked the other way. So Arleen joined the Hollywood Victory Caravan, toured the nation and attracted the attention of a New York showman. This gent handed her a top spot in the Broadway hit, "Doughgirls," and Miss W. soon became the toast of New York town.

As always happens, Hollywood renewed its interest in the actress and waved fat contracts before her blue-green eyes. But so did a handsome chap named Hugh Owen, Paramount sales executive. His contract, however, was a life-time proposition—and the star and the studio exec were married in 1944. Arleen stayed with the "Doughgirls" for another 20 months, then decided she'd like to continue her career **but** only if it didn't interfere with her marriage. Seems her husband's work compels him to make an extensive tour of eastern cities about twice a year. Thus, during that time Arleen heads for Hollywood, appears in a film, then hurries back to her husband and home.

There have been scores of times when movie producers have wanted Arleen to stay in Hollywood longer and appear in more pictures. But the gal merely turns a deaf ear to all offers. What's more, she rejects Broadway offers for the same reason.

"I wish my husband's work were in Hollywood," Arleen said recently. "I like the town and my parents still live there. But as long as Hugh's stationed in New York, I intend to spend most of the time there—that is, except when he's traveling and I'd be alone anyway."

According to Miss Whelan, the stage idea doesn't work out either. Owen gets up early and spends his days at the office. If Arleen were on the stage, she'd be working behind the footlights until late every night. And on Saturdays, Hugh's day off, she'd be playing both a matinee and evening performance. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Owen would have absolutely no time together—not even a few hours for a weekend golf game.

"I realize that my career has suffered through my marriage, but I have no regrets," says Arleen Whelan. "If I had it to do over again, I'd follow the same pattern."

Ironically, this damsel who puts marriage first and career second is constantly cast as a would-be marriage wrecker in Hollywood films. In "DEAR WIFE," she almost rocks the marriage of WILLIAM HOLDEN and JOAN CAULFIELD, antagonizes MONA FREEMAN and BILLY DE WOLFE, and gets in what is left of EDDIE ARNOLD'S hair . . . She tried to break up the Paulette Goddard-Fred MacMurray twosome in "Suddenly It's Spring" —and ditto with the Gene Tierney-Tyrone Power duo in "That Wonderful Urge."

"I'm really not that kind of a person at all," confessed Arleen rather wistfully . . . As if her real-life record didn't prove that assertion.

And although she's again the "other woman," her new movie is much more appropriately titled. Her off-screen portrayal proves that Arleen Whelan is, indeed, a "Dear Wife."

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at the BOULDER CLUB
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We Almost HAVE. So We MAY.

PERRY FRANKS

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FREMONT AND SECOND STREET

Weekly Beauty Letter

from WALLY WESTMORE

MAKEUP DIRECTOR, PARAMOUNT STUDIOS

These are migratory times for Hollywood's leading ladies of the celluloid. Many film femmes are taking to the "open road" to exploit their upcoming movie ventures, while others are heading for smart desert resorts to enjoy much-needed vacations.

However, whether a damsel travels north, south, east or west—she must do everything in her power to see that her beauty is not lost in transit . . . Before lovely LIZABETH SCOTT completed plans for her proposed cross-country junket to tell movie-goers about her new Hal Wallis drama, "Paid in Full," she consulted makeup expert Wally Westmore. Liz, it seems, wanted a few beauty tips which would keep her blonde beauty intact throughout the jaunt. To comply with her request, Westmore offered these words of wisdom:

"Some women who believe in the cleansing properties of soap and water fail to take into consideration that the character of water changes with the locality," said the beauty ace. "If your skin is normal and suddenly becomes dry after a change of locale, your first thought should concern the water with which you are washing. It probably is hard water—water containing minerals which act with the soap to form insoluble materials."

The first step to correct this situation, claims Westmore, is to change to softened, distilled or fresh rain water. Toilet soap should be the type that releases very little free alkali . . . A change to superfatted soap should be made and this special routine should be followed: Rinse the skin no less than seven times with fresh, soft water after each application with soap and each night before retiring. This is vital in the procedure of bringing the skin back to normal in the shortest possible time. As a final reminder, Wally Westmore cautioned Miss Scott to use a good overnight cream during her sojourn in hard-water locales.

Weekly Fashion Letter

from EDITH HEAD

PARAMOUNT FASHION DESIGNER

A damsel can't feel blue when she's "in the red" . . . Ask any medico and he'll tell you: The best way to doff those midwinter blues is to don bold, bright colors. Well, certainly the gayest of all colors is red—warm as a fireplace, gay as a 16-year-old's laughter. A red dress or just a flash of a red 'kerchief playing peek-a-boo from a suit pocket will do the trick . . . Naturally, there are more than a baker's dozen of ways to put your wardrobe "in the red." But here's how the Hollywood stars are turning the trick.

To a trim navy linen dress, LIZABETH SCOTT has added a Dutch-boy collar of crisp-as-lettuce-leaf white organdy splashed with mammoth red coin dots. Her cuffs are matching red-on-white organdy and feature a trio of tiers which extend to the elbows of her long sleeves . . . Newcomer NANCY OLSON, who co-stars with GLORIA SWANSON and WILLIAM HOLDEN in "Sunset Boulevard," wears a snug-fitting weskit and pair of sport shoes of cherry-red corduroy with a black, cherry and white tweed suit.

ANGELA LANSBURY, the blonde beauty who plays HEDY LAMARR'S rival in Cecil M. DeMille's "Samson and Delilah," gives second life to a deep green wool dress by lacing it from waist to neck—from wrist to elbow in scarlet velvet . . . JOAN FONTAINE inserts lush American beauty roses of soft velvet into the plunging necklines of her dark-toned cocktail gown . . . MONA FREEMAN tops a black organdy tea dress with a stiff faille bolero and matching shortie gloves in watermelon-red.

There are a peck of ways to spark your wardrobe with red—red shoes, a grosgrain ribbon 'tied pertly beneath a turned-back collar, a fresh red carnation pinned to a cuff, a cluster of red berries clipped to the waist, a "Joseph" coat in not one but several shades of red . . . Why not let the color "red" help you to doff those January blues?

There Must Be a Reason
Why Everyone Meets at
the LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

Review of the Shows . . . and a View of Personalities

. . . by JACK CORTEZ



★ El Rancho Vegas

(Show presented March 1 to March 15)

Hey, Ma! That man's here again! America's most original entertainer, the one and only (there could only be one!) ZERO MOSTEL, is the star of the new show at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. This refugee from an insane asylum is about the funniest and most hilarious comic we ever saw on any stage. His various imitations such as that of Jimmy Durante, a mad jitterbug, and the electric percolator are side-splitting routines. We suggest all come for an early dinner because when Zero is on that stage it is practically impossible to eat your meal while laughing so heartily. Mr. Mostel's impression of a lost airplane is something you'll always remember! We could go on and on trying to describe this sensational comedian but what's the use? You just have to see "One Tooth" Zero for yourself and you'll know what we mean when we say, "refugee from a nuthouse"—and that's for sure! . . . On the same bill, very lovely and gifted Anita Martell, a song and dance gal from England, does a fine juggling routine. Her personable ways and hearty laughter win the audience from the time she walks on that stage till she exits. Anita does precision juggling with a half a dozen balls and if you can take your eyes off those gams, her hat routine is very good, too. . . . The GEORGE MORO DANCERS present two very beautifully costumed numbers. In one, each girl is introduced with a short parody and the other is an Irish jig, in honor to the coming St. Patrick's Day. Both are done to perfection . . . CARLTON HAYES and ORCHESTRA cut a terrific show and present the kind of music that makes you want to dance.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Hotel Last Frontier

(Show presented February 24 to March 10)

Glamorous KITTY KALLEN, captivating singing star, is the headliner at the Hotel Last Frontier. This lovely songstress opened last Friday in the RAMONA ROOM and held the audience in the palm of her hand during her entire presentation. Miss Kallen, a dazzling personality, sings a few numbers from "Finian's Rainbow" in which she starred on Broadway and does remarkable impersonations of Ethel Merman, Lena Horne and Ella Logan to the tune "Show Business," adding her own lyrics. For her encore Kitty sings a comical tune she wrote called "Gee, I Wish I Had a Daddy in the White House." This song practically brings the house down, causing Miss Kallen to beg off and the audience to keep calling for more . . . On the same bill, PERRY FRANKS and JANYCE, brought back by popular demand, are a wonderful balletap dance team. Their unique style is excellent, each step a movement done in perfect unison. This handsome couple can be described one way—first rate and brilliant . . . The AL WHITE DANCERS present two dance routines dressed in lovely costumes and their choreography

is what we believe the best since they opened at this hotel. With RUSS BYRD, the singing m.c., doing the vocals, these charming dancers do a South American number and a rumba boogie in which JEANNIE JONES and JOY WALKER are featured . . . LOUISE is the lovely vocalist with the band . . . DON BAKER, King of the Pipe Organ, plays requestfully yours during intermission.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Flamingo Hotel

(Show presented February 23 to March 9)

THE CHARIOTEERS, exclusive Columbia recording artists, are the stars on this show at the Flamingo Hotel. This famous group is one of the country's best loved singing combinations, blending excellent voices and the best of musical talent. Their renditions of "Stardust," "Mumbles," "Just a Kiss and a Rose," plus many more, are truly magnificent. Each man possesses a beautiful voice and as a quartet The Charioteers rank among the very best. . . . On the same bill, TED DE WAYNE and COMPANY, a sextet of flying acrobats, do double and triple somersaults in midair from a springboard. They reach uncanny heights, landing on each other's shoulders and keeping the audience in continual suspense. The deWaynes fly through the air with the greatest of ease . . . THE KINGS and their LADIES have two dance routines that are supreme. The first is a cute tap dance and the other a Calypso Joe production. The highlight of this routine is when lovely CANDYCE comes out smoking that big black cigar, adding much flavor and authenticity . . . BILL CLIFFORD and his ORCHESTRA, as always, cut a superlative show and present slick music for your dancing pleasure. MARY MARSHALL is the gal with the betwitching voice who sings with the band.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Thunderbird Hotel

(Show presented March 2 to March 10)
(Not a review)

Brought back by popular demand, those ever-famous MILLS BROTHERS are the stars of the show at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. This quartet, consisting of three brothers and their father singing the bass, definitely need no introduction to our readers. We're certain that everyone, young and old alike, at one time or another has heard this exceptional singing group of international fame. Their renditions of "Paper Doll," "Someday You'll Want Me to Want You," "Maybe," plus many, many more are sensational . . . The DANSATIONS will present a miniature musical review in their usual fine manner . . . CHUCK GOULD'S ORCHESTRA in the background cuts a good show and plays for your dancing pleasure . . . JACK MARTIN'S group of musicians alternate during intermissions, as well as the NORMANDIE BOYS.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Club Bingo

(Show presented March 4 to March 18)
(Not a review)

This new show in the BONANZA ROOM at the CLUB BINGO presents two newcomers to our town. They are BROTHER BONES and TEDDYE PETERS. Both are new to your reviewer but according to what we have read of them they should be very good. Brother Bones plays the spoons, sticks, bones and does everything with them but make them talk . . . Teddye Peters, who will m.c. this show, is known as the "Harlem Sophie Tucker." She's as hot as a firecracker and sings with a bang. . . . MIKE WERNER and his ORCHESTRA seem to have made the Club Bingo their home because of their excellent show cutting and dance music . . . ALEX CLIPPER on the Hammond organ plays requestfully yours during intermission and for dancing until 4:30 a.m.

FABULOUS LAS VEGAS

★ Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

CURTAIN! OVERTURE!

AT LAST!

A SPOT FOR ROUNDERS TO 'ROOST'

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"FROM DUSK TO DAWN"

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"FOR ALLURE THAT CAPTIVATES"

JACK NAUGHTON'S

"Salon of Beauty"

IN THE

HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS

THE MOST GLAMOROUS SALON IN THE WEST

CALL 1300 FOR AN APPOINTMENT

THE OLD-TIMER

. . . by CHUBBY

NOTES FROM AN INEXPERIENCED TRAVELER

THE fellow who said, "You never miss the water until the well has gone dry," sure knew what he was talking about. Now you take me. Here I am in Hollywood getting the roof of my mouth sunburned looking at the tall buildings, sunburned? I should have said "Smogbound."

Anyway, what I started out to say was, every time I go into a store or a restaurant, pay my bill, and stand there with the change in my left hand and putting one coin in my right hand, then I turn around just like I do at home, and what do you think? There ain't any place to put your change. No, sir. There ain't a slot machine IN SIGHT. Those last two words "in sight" were put there for a purpose, and I'll explain it to you.

Being a friendly person, I get to talking to people down here, and whenever I happen to mention anything that we have in Las Vegas, and the person I'm talking to is a native Californian, brother, I haven't got a chance. They always top me. If I say that on the Nevada desert there are places where the barrel cactus grows and in the case of an emergency could be used to procure enough moisture to quench your thirst, the Californian will immediately explain that on the California desert they have cross-bred their cacti to the point where they not only have enough moisture to quench your thirst but also have a natural spigot whereby you can fill your radiator.

So you see, I used the words "not a slot machine in sight" as a matter of self protection. If I didn't say it that way, some native son would probably take me to a certain back room in some secluded spot and show me rows and rows of coin machines. Now, as I said, there ain't any place to put your change except, of course, into your pocket, but habit is a bad thing and sometimes have proved embarrassing. Like I said before, I have one coin in my right hand, and my hand reaches a spot parallel to my shoulder, and I turn around. No coin slot to put it in. Several times it has caused people to laugh at me, and if you think it ain't hard to cover up a "fore paw" like that, you've got another think coming. Now, in case you sneeze, you can always say "Pardon me," or if you walk in front of someone, you can say "Excuse me," or if you wink at a pretty girl, and the fellow who was standing alongside of



her looks at you at the same time, you can always take your neckerchief and get something out of your eye.

The first couple of times I did it, I held my arm up there until I got clear out of the store figuring maybe people would think I had met with an accident and couldn't get it down. Then Jerry Herdan gave me an idea. The first time he saw me do it, he wanted to know who I was waving at, him knowing I didn't know anybody down there. So from then on I turned the gesture into a wave, and people are funny, you know. There is usually somebody who will wave back, undoubtedly in their mind trying to figure out where they had seen me before. This waving thing worked good for about three days here in Hollywood but I had to give it up after yesterday's experience. Lew Sherrell and I were in one of the restaurants out on what they call "The Strip" and my habit got the best of me and, of course, I waved. Then it happened. A couple of fellows waved back. And the kidding I got from Lew started me looking around for some other way of covering. Tomorrow I'm going to wear a hat, even if it isn't Californiaesque. And when I get in this embarrassing posi-

(Continued on page 34)

BINGO!

There Must Be a Reason!
at the LUCKY

LAS VEGAS CLUB

Downtown Las Vegas



Howdy Podner!

WATCH FOR OPENING OF

Benny Binion's

WESTERNER

CLUB

(DOWNTOWN)

FRONT ROW CENTER

. . by JOHN RYKEN

MANY a winter has gone by that equalled the present one for mildness and for all around enjoyable days. Other parts of the country have gone through severe attacks of Old Man Winter some so severe that hardship and suffering were the result for the vast majority. But locally Las Vegas can boast with understandable pride about the almost summerish days. The publicity men of Florida and Arizona have pulled the stops in describing the beautiful vacation days that they are experiencing, but they would have to go some to beat the current wave of spring in February in Las Vegas.

Hollywood is laughing up its sleeve at the outcome of the opening of "Stromboli." RKO wisely used a saturation opening with 300 theaters booking it simultaneously. The critics were unkind and it was thought that even with the record publicity campaign preceding the opening that RKO would have trouble recouping its initial investment. However, the antics of its principal star and the director paid off in one of the greatest examples of free publicity on a world wide scale that the movie industry has ever enjoyed. The result of all this was spectacular and RKO paid off the cost in the first week. Reason for the full redemption was the low budget the picture was completed on. For your information it still is a mediocre picture that would have been more enjoyable as a travelogue.

Some of the stories out of Hollywood could never be made into movies for the simple reason that they would be called "utterly fantastic."

For example the seeming blindness on the part of major studios to utilize the talent of stage stars who are brought West, paid a nice salary and yet are either sloughed off or are cast poorly. Then the actor or actress goes back to Broadway, appears in a hit play and the studio can't understand why he or she was such a dud. Once again they contact the party in question, result the asking price has gone up and there are clauses to the effect that the actor or actress can select a role of their choosing.



Another example of apparent stupidity had a happier ending for all concerned. The long run hit on Broadway "Born Yesterday," was bought by Columbia Studios for a record sum that came near the million mark. That was almost three years ago. In the Broadway production Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday played the principal roles. However, the role portrayed by Judy Holiday, that of a supposedly dumb blonde who changed into an intelligent human being at the end of the play, was mentioned for Rita Hayworth. When she married the Aly Kahn then Evelyn Keyes was considered for the part. Meanwhile Miss Holliday had come to Hollywood to act in the MGM production of "Adam's Rib" which starred Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. Her role in the picture was that of a dumb blonde. So successfully did she portray the role the critics raved and Columbia Pictures signed her for the part she originally did on Broadway. A roundabout process that finally resolved itself to everybody's satisfaction.

Radio Shorts:

Gary Moore drew a record mail re-

(Continued on page 34)

DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

It's the LUCKY

LAS VEGAS CLUB

North Vegas

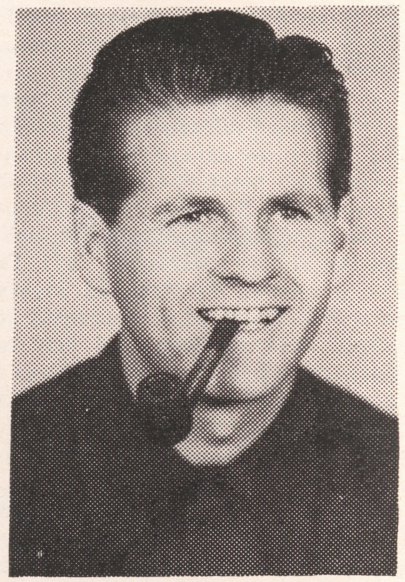
. . . by JOHNNY UHLMAN

THE RED CROSS drive is on! We of North Las Vegas have been assigned a quota of $500. This amount, in view of the fact that the Red Cross spent $585 in our vicinity within the last year, seems MORE than reasonable! The organization was justly wise in its appointment of Kenneth Reynolds to head the drive in our town. Kenny has a world of determination, and that determination backed by the enthusiasm he possesses, leads yours truly to believe that the Red Cross can rely on North Las Vegas to fulfill their quota and, more likely, to DOUBLE it!! Do you realize that if each person in our town donated TWENTY-FIVE CENTS to the Red Cross, with the population as it is now estimated, we could DOUBLE the quota asked of us? So, give as much as you will to make up for that portion of the public that always goes along for the FREE RIDE! If you'd like to help Kenny Reynolds bring this drive to a successful conclusion, you can find him at 101 Owen Avenue, N. L. V. or phone 3635M!

As you may well realize by now, this magazine, its staff and especially your writer is greatly interested in anything that will build and add to the worth of our town. As of NOW, we are asking for a few volunteers to act as a committee in the drive for funds toward the raising of a church for FATHER VAN SKEE in our town. There is no need in my relating to you the story of Father Van Skee and the obstacles confronting him, as you all know him to be a tireless worker and, eventually, he would overcome those obstacles. However, the time between "now" and "eventually" is time that should be put to use by you who live by the Golden Rule, and exercise your belief. NOW is the time—Father Van Skee needs help! Contact him, this magazine or myself as your assistance will be MORE than appreciated.

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

On the spot is right!! However, that



spot sometimes turns out to be a BALL! And a ball is what I had the other evening at the TOWER CLUB. We were making our regular call at this Club and had no sooner gotten out of the way of the swinging door, when we were swarmed over by femininity. By we, I mean—ME. Well, it was fairly early in the evening and it seemed that the male of the species was scarce, or "out-numbered" may be a better word, and five determined matrons were dead set on dancing, so—I was elected! The ball was on! Each girl was a FINE dancer. We even indulged in a bit of close harmony with the NEVADA RIDERS! CLOSE did I say? As a matter of fact, I believe it "inter-locked" at times! These fine ladies make a semi-annual journey to our town from Santa Ana, California, and tell us the TOWER is one of their favorite meccas! I, for one, am looking forward to the next visit to our town by LOTTIE, LINNIE, NEVA, NELL and FAYE! . . . Did you know that we have

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GRAY'S

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one of the finest dentists that ever drilled a denture, right here in our town? His name is Dr. William Dubovik and he does his dental duties at 1736 No. 5th St. Personally, my bicuspids bear a striking resemblance to the Carlsbad Caverns and I don't have to tell you who's gonna DO what's gonna be DONE. Here's the thing that sold me on Doc Dubovik, he isn't "yank happy"! He'll only PULL a tooth as a last resort! . . . Someone once said, "Never apologize—it's a sign of weakness," but, in this case, I think it is justified. The S/Sgt.'s name wasn't Maryland C. Scott; it was Merlyn S. Scott! Hm-m, it is a bit better than Maryland at that! Sorry, Scotty! . . . DON FITZGERALD (Zanzibar) complained mournfully that the customers were too inconsiderate of him on the day shift, in that they wouldn't give him enough time to take on a little "whistle-wettin's" himself! . . . Was talking with GEORGE CROSBY during an intermission at the HACIENDA CLUB the other night and found that he had just recently completed work in a couple of pictures. One of them, to be released soon, was Ida Lupino in "NEVER FEAR," a picture dealing with polio. GEORGE told us that a complete square dance routine is done by polio victims in WHEEL CHAIRS! "NEVER FEAR" is a picture we WON'T MISS! . . . It never fails to amaze us, the TALENT and experienced professional men we're finding in our town! CLIFF GRAY, who opened GRAY'S STUDIO just recently, has been in the business for fifteen years. During that time he has done all types of work in his line from criminal photography on down to developing a snapshot! You should see the equipment this guy has to accomplish the effects he wants, too! . . . You may have heard the racket the other day—it turned out that LUCKY'S little ragged dog "Henry" came out second best with a pit bulldog . . . Glad to report the Chamber of Commerce dinner last Monday night was a complete success. Don't know who cooked the piece of ham, but, man, it was the BEST(!) HAM and APPLESAUCE, uh, wipe your chin, kid, you're droolin'! . . . Just happened to think—wonder what part of the country BILL RICH is in at the moment . . . Happened on to a formula for combating the H-bomb, composed of just THREE parts! Combine as follows, and you have it—to one part RUBY WILLIAMS add one OMER EVANS and mix, but good, on one SCOOTER! . . . If you're in need of a good belly-laff in the near future, just drop in on WES PURCELL at the EMBASSY CLUB BINGO and have him tell about the prowling pussy cat

(Continued on Page 26)

EMBASSY CLUB BINGO

$100.00 CRISS-CROSS GAME 10:00 P. M. Each Nite

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FREE GARDENIAS TO THE LADIES EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

CRAPS - "21" - DANCING

★

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THE HACIENDA CLUB

NORTH LAS VEGAS' NEWEST and FINEST

THE SUNDOWN TRIO FOR YOUR DANCING PLEASURE

NORTH VEGAS

(Continued from Page 25)

that fell through the ceiling one night and practically wrecked the club in its panic to escape—I'm tempted to relate a tarnished twist on an old gag right here, but my better judgment says—"No, John!" And at this point, my editor says, "Who, John!", so, don't go away. I'll be back next week.

—JOHNNY.

MAIL BAG . . .

(Continued from Page 28)

the big juke box which really was the pride and joy of the place . . . and of course he had records, pics, and miniature pianos for the whole gang, and more entertainment for the kids . . . A party that (from time to time), entertained 300 members and recordings from Hollywood . . . also a message . . . and always encouraging everyone interested in the "entertainment field" which brought results as the time went by . . . Now, you know as to how the club got its name.

We hope to hear more news about Liberace in your book for we enjoyed reading the last article about him.

So long to a swell guy,
The Liberace Talented Fans

Marriage based on infatuation alone is an admirable attempt to make a short story long.

From the Newport, N. H., Argus-Champion: "Mr. and Mrs. Evan Hill had Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sarles for Thanksgiving dinner. They were delicious."

It was Aunt Matilda's first visit to Ohio, and one Sunday we took her to see Louis Bromfield's Malabar Farm at Mansfield. Some 500 people from all parts of the state were there that day, inspecting the model buildings and dairy herds, listening to the young business manager talk of soil erosion, Indian heads and Mansfield history. Mr. Bromfield, wearing a pair of ancient trousers, worn jacket and banged-down hat, addressed his visitors on the subject of reclaimed farm land. Later, he invited us to climb Mount Jeez to enjoy the unforgettable view of Pleasant Valley and the dam.

"Well, Aunt Matilda," I said on our way home "what impressed you most?"

Aunt Matilda leaned toward me. "That hole in Mr. Bromfield's pants."

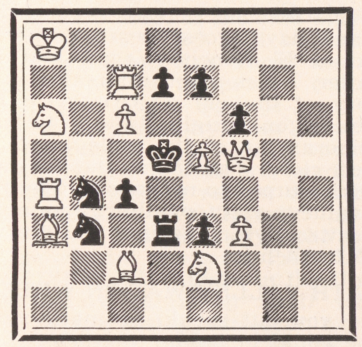
OVERTURE,
CURTAIN!
(IT'S SOONER THAN YOU THINK)
Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN

CHESS » » »

. . . by FRED SOLY
PRESIDENT, LAS VEGAS CHESS CLUB

PROBLEM NO. 41

Black 9



White 11
White mates in two.

Solution to problem No. 40: Q-R7.

KING'S PAWN OPENING

Nickerson (White)	Chase (Black)
1—P-K4	P-K4
2—P-Q3	N-KB3
3—N-QB3	B-N5
4—BN-5	P-Q3
5—B-K2	N-B3
6—N-B3	B-K3
7—O-O	BxN
8—PxB	P-Q4
9—Q-N	R-QN
10—Q-Q-N5	O-O
11—PxP	BxP
12—P-B4	BxN
13—BxB	N-Q5
14—Q-Q5?	NxQ
15—BxQ	NxBch
16—K-R	QRxB
17—BPxN	N-N4
18—P-QB4	P-KB4
19—P-B4	PxP
20—RxP	QR-K
21—QR-KB	R-K6
22—R-Q4	P-B5
23—K-N	P-B6
24—P-KR4	P-B7ch
25—K-R	R-K8
26—RxR	PxR(Q)
27—K-R2	QxK4ch

Resigns

K-N,N-R6ch; PxN,Q-N6ch; K-R,R-B8 mate.

GIUOCO PIANO

Leitner (White)	Chase (Black)
1—P-K4	P-K4
2—N-KB3	N-QB3
3—B-B4	N-B3
4—P-Q3	B-B4
5—P-B3	P-Q3
6—B-K3	B-N3
7—QN-Q2	O-O
8—O-O	B-N5
9—Q-B2	N-KR4
10—BxB	RPxB
11—P-QN4	N-B5
12—QR-K	Q-B3
13—P-N5	N-QR4
14—P-Q4?	NxB
15—NxN	BxN
16—R-K3	Q-N4
17—P-N3	N-R6mate

A pretty final picture!

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Fabulous
Las Vegas
Howdy, Podner,
Dear Jack Cortez:

We all want you to know that we enjoy reading your "Howdy Podner book," and that we look forward to everything that is newsy.

I suppose you are surprised to hear from us, but since our club members save all the clippings and every bit of information about "Liberace" for we all have a scrapbook of his pics and articles and every thing we can get about him, well, we would like to ask you to do a favor for us . . . I can very well imagine how busy you are, but: We will be very grateful and will appreciate it a lot if you could forward pics and clippings you have of him.

The Liberace Fan Club was born in the vicinity of the Westside in Chicago. We have members in galore for it is an international club . . . To the kids of the Westside it is known as the "Liberace Off-the-Street-Club." The members come from all parts of Chicago and the suburbs.

THE NAME OF THE CLUB
IS A STORY IN ITSELF

Three years ago a once used garage became an off-the-street club with the help of many a teen ager . . . who with the help of paint and brush helped make the place look like an inn for teen agers . . . It was known then as the "Juke Box Inn" . . . until Liberace came along . . . Anyway, I think I am getting ahead of my story about the club, although it was a teen agers' hang out . . . there wasn't much excitement as there was when the kids heard of Liberace and his "Boogie" playing . . . When they finally got him down to see the gang, they were surprised to find the good time they had with his many records that he brought down to be played in

(Continued on Page 30)

You Should Play Bingo
at the LUCKY
LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

Mr. Jack Cortez
Editor, Fabulous Las Vegas

Dear Mr. Cortez:

A few days ago at Death Valley and again at El Rancho Vegas, and Last Frontier, I was much interested in the history of the old discarded high wheel wagons, originally used to transport borax out of the valley, and as I looked closely at them, the following words occurred to me, and if they have any value to you for publication in your very attractive magazine, you are welcome to them.

DEATH VALLEY WAGON WHEELS

Could you but speak, dramatic stories would be told
Of man's Death Valley conquest, with spirit brave and bold.
Of Hope, Anticipation, Tragedy and Sorrow,
Disappointment, and the awesome fear, of dangers of the morrow.

Through burning sands you ground your weary way,
To rest but briefly, ere you began another day.
Crunching, onward rolling, you bore your heavy load
Of precious, useful borax, along that lonely road.

With great enduring strength, encased in iron bands,
You formed a sturdy implement, in man's ingenious hands.
Unfailingly you served him, for countless years gone by,
Across that scorching wilderness, so waterless and dry.

You pioneered man's efforts, to transport the borax ore,
To the people of the nation, tho' oft-times bruised and sore.
And tho' you're now retired, and others take your place,
To furnish this commodity, at a modern faster pace.

You have earned a Soul Immortal, in the history of the West.
So we've made of you a monument, to commemorate your rest.
In gratitude, and reverence, we hold your memory dear,
Mid'st the elegance and splendor of El Rancho and Frontier.

W. Bert Robinson
Salt Lake City, Utah

'JEST WRITING'

. . . by STAN IRWIN

HOWDY, Podner! See ya' soon. By the time this article is printed for you to read (or skip over, as the case may be) the IRWINS will be headin' West. When I left Las Vegas last November, I had a temporary commitment to play Palm Springs . . . that which was temporary, has now become permanent. Your truly opens at the Palm House on March 8, headlining a new show. I don't reckon we'll have much chance to say "Howdy" on the way West . . . but you can betcha' boots we'll be visitin' the most FABULOUS and FRIENDLIEST place in the United States before returning East! (Right now, I'm composing different excuses to tell different people I promised to . . . but didn't.) After all, if you say, "I was busy." They answer, "What . . . to even drop me a postcard. Didn't even have to be with a picture on it . . . just a plain lousy, penny postal card."

To this type of chastisement, there is only one answer. Your face assumes the expression of a killer who alibis "I didn't know the gun was loaded" . . . then you wail (a few tears help), "You're right . . . so right, but believe me it will never happen again." (But you and I know that it will . . . don't we.) Of course, I could say, "I lost your address." The common retort to this line of excuse is, "If you really wanted to write, you would have found a way to get my address."

Then there's the old reliable, "Believe me, everytime I sat down to write to you something turned up and I never got back to writing." This excuse usually brings a sneer to the face of the disappointed one, "Why is it," they snarl, "that everytime somebody is writing to ME . . . something turns up. It never turns up when they write to anybody else . . . just ME. If people didn't start writing to me nothing would ever turn up for them."

Now you have to assume the same expression you used for the postal card excuse, but you just say one word . . . "Honestly!" The answer, nine times out of 10, to this is . . . "Honestly . . . YEAH!" Then you say, "All right . . . don't believe me." Then they say, "I DON'T." This usually ends the conversation . . . and sometimes the friendship. (That is until you go away and drop them a line . . . which they answer late, very late . . . but they answer.)

Of course, as the military men say,



"The best defense is an offense." So what I'll do is this. When I see someone I should have written to, but didn't, I'll immediately jump on them (verbally), saying, "You're a fine one, why didn't you answer my letter?"

They'll say, "What letter?"

"The one I sent from Pittsburgh," I answer.

"The letter you sent from Pittsburgh? I never received a letter from you," they meticulously spill out.

"How about that," you answer, "and it was such a long one . . . Oh, well!, at least I found out the truth . . . I thought you were mad at me. So, what's new?"

To let you in on a secret, the reason I don't write is either of the following two excuses:

1—I'm too lazy.

2—I'm too lazy.

Speaking of writing, my next column will be writen in my car somewhere en route to California . . . because when you're reading one of my articles, I am already writing the next one . . . and next Friday I'll be driving into the setting sun.

So, "Howdy, Podner," see ya' soon!

—S. I.

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POP SQUIRES:

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Kyle Brothers and how they killed each other after a bout of wine drinking on their ranch three miles north of Las Vegas. Charles Towner, then owner of the Indian Springs Ranch, was making a journey to Las Vegas at that time (along in the 1880s I think) and was one of the coroner's jury inquiring into the double murder.

Mr. Towner once told me the story which concluded with the narrative of how he returned to his home on the Indian Springs Ranch, 45 miles from Vegas, after witnessing the fatal effects of wine on the Kyle Brothers, took his shovel and uprooted every vine of the considerable vineyard he had planted there. To this day I believe there are no grapes grown at Indian Springs.

Which reminds me that Mrs. MacFarland, of whom I spoke in my last week's little story, still lives in her pleasant home on the Indian Springs Ranch. We visited her last Sunday and found her quite well and contented and planning to visit some of her Las Vegas friends in the near future.

I wonder if people notice the few trees, most of them dead, planted by the highway department as part of one of the "highways beautiful" ideas of the New Deal along about 1935. For approximately a mile along both sides of Highway 91, shade trees alternating with palms were planted at considerable expense, with the hope that some day 91 would be an avenue of shade. Like most of the New Deal fallacies it was a total waste of effort and money. But I noticed the other day that a few of the trees are still alive in spite of many years of neglect. Soon, probably they will all be uprooted to make way for widening 91 into a six-lane, modern highway.

Switching the subject a little, it seems to me that Wilbur Clark has made a noble fight to give Las Vegas another gorgeous and beautiful resort hotel in his "Desert Inn." He should have the unanimous support and encouragement of Las Vegas and should not be the victim of attacks by some petty-souled individuals such as those who sought to discredit him recently.

The Desert Inn, according to all indications, including a glimpse of the plans, will be another splendid enterprise, just as outstanding and beneficial to Las Vegas as were Hotel El Rancho Vegas, Hotel Last Frontier, The Flamingo and the Thunderbird, each of which in turn placed the entertainment and hotel features of Las Vegas on a still higher plane, and each of which will benefit by the additional prestige which Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn promises. I do not believe that any of our local hotels or resorts would be a party to any attempt to discredit this latest enterprise. On the contrary Wilbur Clark has the support and encouragement of all of them. The whole criticism I imagine came from some smart-Aleck newspaper fellow attempting to dig up a new sensation.

Which, in turn, gives rise to the hope that some day newspaper enterprise will consist of giving clearly and concisely the news of the day without so many headlines of the conundrum type (guess what this item is about) and in the abandonment of the almost universal effort by newspapers to create a cheap sensation, generally of the sex-crime variety.

One night back in the '20s, when General MacArthur was superintendent of West Point, he and a second lieutenant were motoring back from New York to the Military Academy. On a lonely stretch of road, two masked bandits stopped the car. With a flourish of pistols they opened the door, ordered hands up, Instinctively, the lieutentant upped his hands, but was amazed to see MacArthur sitting quietly, arms folded across his chest. "Up with them!" growled the thug ominously.

MacArthur didn't budge. "I'm a brigadier general in the United States Army," he drawled, "and no one can force me to put up my hands!" The bandit, his confidence obviously shattered, lowered his gun uncertainly, then, without a word, backed out and slammed the door.

One great thing about marriage is the fun of living two at a time. You get not only your own life's journey but an extra ticket through another life as well. Also, you get two points of view for your money.

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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from Page 11)

shoot a scene around the pool and our town in general for the film "MY FRIEND IRMA GOES WEST" . . . BOB BROOKS, owner of the famous Seven Seas Restaurant in Hollywood, and ex-owner of the Nevada Biltmore, is now the owner of the EL RANCHO RIO (Pete Brady's place) on the Strip. According to the information we received, NORMAN KHOURY, the original owner, traded the equity he had in this place for a small hotel Mr. Brooks owned on the coast. To Mr. Brooks we say, "Welcome back to our town and hope you'll be as successful here as you are in California" . . . SHIRLEY BLAIZE, lovely cigarette girl at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, while shopping for slacks at AL NISSELL'S sportswear shop a couple of weeks ago, lost a forty-point diamond from her ring. After hours of searching Shirley and Al gave up in despair, causing this young lady to feel mighty downhearted. Last week Mr. Nissell was using the vacuum and noticed a bright object on the floor just as the cleaner sucked it up. He took the bag off and went scrummaging through the dust and dirt — and found Shirley's stone! The kiss he received from her when he returned the "rock" was the greatest reward he could have asked for . . . TUTOR SCHERER, poet laureate of Las Vegas, is so anxious to see FARMER PAGE (his partner of many years) prosper that he talks everyone he meets into eating at least half a grapefruit a day. Tutor tells those he sees dining that this citrus fruit is good for lumbago, colds, diets, as a preventive for sunstroke, fallen arches and anything else he can think of at the time. All this because Farmer owns a huge ranch at Palm Springs Rancho in Coachello Valley, California, and due to weather conditions has had quite a bit of bad luck with the place. Mr. Scherer hopes that in his small way he can help his friend and perhaps the entire grapefruit industry. If eating grapefruit will keep one as young and spry as Tutor — who practically thrives on this fruit — we predict a sudden rise in citrus fruit sales . . . RAY SALMON, an enterprising and popular business man about town, is rebuilding and remodeling the spot opposite the PIONEER CLUB on South First Street. Ray claims that when the place is ready it will be one of the nicest drinking emporiums in town and bound to become a favorite rendezvous for the Rounders . . . To BILLIE SKOLSKY at the Flamingo Hotel, we say, "No, honey, we didn't forget how to spell your name. Isn't it spelled S-k-o-l-s-k-y? Correct?" . . . "SWEDE" HANSON is back in our midst after a brief sojourn in Florida. He ran a short racetrack and did pretty well but missed his lovely wife, June, and our town very much. June wouldn't leave Las Vegas for Florida and worked as a cocktail waitress on the graveyard at the LUCKY LAS VEGAS CLUB. Swede had to fold the track and come back so that he and June could be together. He is now selling used and abused cars for **Benny Gartman**, the Smiling Irishman . . . RUDY HOLSINGER, ex-owner of the PLAYERS CLUB, was in our town for a few days last week and having a heck of a good time. He now owns THE FLINTRIDGE, in La Canada, Calif., where DENNIS MORGAN is the Honorary Mayor . . . JIMMY WAKELEY, famous cowboy singing star, came into town for the PEGGY LEE closing night at the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL. They are very dear friends and Jimmy made this trip for the sole purpose of giving Peggy a swell sendoff. By the way, that huddle that Peggy was in with HOWARD HUGHES and JOHNNY MEYERS certainly looked "mysterious." Our guess is that it's a motion picture deal . . . If you want to eat **Pizzas** that are "out of this world" and that no one can equal, try those made by ROSIE at THE PLAYERS CLUB. The only thing she asks is that you call her and give her enough time to make them. For pizzas such as hers, we're willing to wait all the time. She is absolutely tops and the best there is with this delicacy . . . One of the finest young ladies anyone could hope to meet at any time is DONA HARSH, personal secretary to Peggy Lee. This young lady is one of the most obliging people in that capacity. No wonder she is so indispensable to this great songstress . . . DANIEL BURACK and his lovely wife, MARY, owner of the Galen Hall Hotel in Wernersville, Pa., are on a week's vacation and visiting their friends the JAKE KOZLOFFS. Mr. Kozloff also had another guest the same week — a Mr. C. E. RUNKEL, a Ford and Lincoln distributor of Lebanon, Pa. But getting back to Mr. Burack, after spending a week in our town

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Feel Lucky? Visit the LUCKY LAS VEGAS CLUB
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THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 32)

he would like to sell his hotel back east and go into some business here. That's how much he likes it here . . . JOHNNY SWEENEY, a gasoline station attendant at 5th and Charleston, has a terrific tenor voice. He studied with the **Darby Carte Opera Company** and traveled with them for quite a while, singing second or third leads. The war interrupted his career but Johnny still has hopes and expectations of entering the musical field. With a voice like his it shouldn't be too difficult . . . One of the prettiest gals to come to our town and take up residence is SHIRLEY YOUNG, who hails from Long Beach, Calif. Their loss — our gain . . . People are wondering what has happened to BASEBALL LEO ROCKLAND, 21 dealer at the Flamingo Hotel. Last week Leo walked into the swimming pool with all his clothes on at 4 a. m., claiming he didn't see it. Then the other night, same person, same place, while carrying his tray back to the cashier's cage for checking in, tripped and the silver dollars and chips rolled all over the place. What a scramble! . . . JOE POCRAS, handsome pit boss at the Flamingo Hotel, has been nicknamed by his co-workers "Romeo." According to the stories we hear the name is very appropriate. Joe must be sensational! . . . If you are in the mood for reminiscing or for hearing nostalgic tunes, it's DON SWANDEE in the **Navajo Bar** at the Thunderbird Hotel. Don is the guy who wrote "Deep in the Heart of Texas," "Wanderlust," "Silly Boy," and many more outstanding numbers . . . A few guys we think an awful lot of are PETE GRANT, pit boss, and BILL DELANEY, FRENCHMAN ROBEDEAU, and EDDIE LARSON, all dealers employed at the ELDORADO CLUB and working the graveyard shift. The management of this popular club can be very proud to boast of such a crew . . . MRS. FRANK SINATRA came with KITTY KALLEN for her opening at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. She remained for a few days before going back to her children and is expected again this week. Nancy Sinatra and adorable Kitty Kallen are friends of long standing and Nancy always loves to be present, if possible, when Kitty presents her shows. They're a grand pair of girls . . . Congratulations to the AL SMITHS who are INFANTICIPATING. The little bundle of joy is expected sometime in September. Al is a wheel dealer at the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER . . . It's wonderful to see TEX COOPER, popular casino manager of the GOLDEN NUGGET, back on the job again. Tex had an unfortunate accident while horseback riding four months ago. The horse tripped, threw and broke Mr. Cooper's leg . . . MR. and MRS. BEN WHITTAKER from Dallas, Texas, visiting their good friends BEA and BALLARD BARRON for a few days. Mr. Whittaker owns the beautiful Whitmore Hotel in Dallas and all the requested horses. Too bad, "MY REQUEST" lost that BIG race last Saturday; well, maybe he'll do it next time! . . . Great celebrations, within the Wilbur Clark clan, when the license came through last week. We never doubted that it would be O. K.'d. . . . Question of the week: why is JACK BENTLEY, a dealer at the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS, called "DADDY WOLF?" . . . Three deserving men in our city who are big contributors to the "CITY OF HOPE" are GUS GREENBAUM, DAVE BERMAN, both of the FLAMINGO HOTEL and JAKE KATLEMAN, of the HOTEL EL RANCHO VEGAS. These remarkable men adopted a town in Palestine and the money they contribute goes to the people in that particular community. It's their responsibility to see that all are well clothed and fed. To date they haven't disappointed any of these unfortunate D. P.'s and we know they NEVER shall! . . . Our congratulations to VERN WILLIS, re-elected as President of the Chamber of Commerce and "SCOOP" GARSIDE, voted by the Jaycees as most outstanding young man of 1949! Both are great guys . . . We received a letter from NINO MILO asking us to say hello to all. Nino is currently appearing at the Lido Club in San Francisco. The "Admiral" of the Banjo, EDDIE PEABODY, is the star of the show there and packed houses every nite . . . The most beautiful outdoor billboard sign we ever saw is the one on Hi-Way 91, on the way in from McCarran Field. It advertises the **Flamingo Hotel** and the kind that MAKES motorists to look twice and then some! It actually has landscaping, flowers, etc., etc. Not the ordinary type of sign that obstructs the scenery. If signs such as this were used motor-

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Write Your Own Ticket at the LUCKY LAS VEGAS CLUB
Downtown Las Vegas

THE OLD TIMER

(Continued from Page 21)

tion, I'll just tilt my hat to the back part of my head.

They have a piece of money here that they call "California gold." I've seen a specimen now and then up home in Las Vegas but it's the most used coin down here that I've seen. It's made out of two metals, either copper or pewter. It has President Lincoln's picture on it and it's used as sort of a token, I believe they call it a cent. Every time you buy something, they tell you the price, then they tell you that you have to have so many of them for tax, i.e., your dinner comes to, say, a dollar. Then when you go to the cashier to pay it, it ain't only a dollar but they always add the phrase, "And three cents for the Governor." I figure that must be the way they pay his salary down here. But Lew explained that that was just a figure of speech, and that it was really a sales tax. I seem to remember something being said about a sales tax back home during the last session of the Legislature. Wonder what ever became of it?

ALEX HENIG:

(Continued from Page 9)

FARNOW OF HOTEL LAST FRONTIER . . . It seems that floorman Leo Haley of the Las Vegas Club works 24 hours a day. Every time we get to this popular club we see Leo. Just heard "They're off!" over to the race horse book where Frenchy Laudumidy was paying off a winning ticket . . . The latest report is that over 10,000 jackpots were hit again for the month of February at the Monte Carlo Club. Remember what we told you about that old nickel or dime; it may mean a jackpot, who knows? . . . Bingo at the Boulder Club these days is getting better. More money given away every day. Drop in and say hello to Wayne some evening.

THAT'S FOR SURE:

(Continued from page 33)

ing would most assuredly be a pleasure . . . The picture, "South Sea Sinner," in which Liberace is featured, did a superlative business at the PALACE THEATER. Practically the entire town went to the "the maestro" in his film debut. By the way, **Liberace** is penciled into the HOTEL LAST FRONTIER. Engagement starts October 6 . . . Please do not forget your AMERICAN RED CROSS. Our Las Vegas Chapter started their campaign last Wednesday, March 1st. Hard working representatives are going door to door, business to business, soliciting funds. Do not turn them down — give what you can. Every nickel, dime, or whatever you can afford, will be appreciated, for it is greatly needed. This call comes but once a year from an organization that works 365 days, 24 hours a day, every year . . . AND THAT'S FOR SURE!

JOHN RYKEN:

(Continued from Page 23)

sponse on his plea for same in order to show a prospective sponsor the large following he had. Yet he wasn't signed and presently loses his slot in the afternoon CBS lineup to "Strike It Rich," sponsored by Colgate . . . New times for "Escape" and "Lum and Abner" are 10:30 p. m. Tuesday nights on KLAS for the former, 8:30 p.m. Sunday nights for the latter . . . CBS reportedly wooing the successful "Telephone Hour" away from NBC . . . Last week's Time Magazine had a very long and informative article on CBS's Art Godfrey. Reported Time, "Godfrey is worth $7,000,000 to CBS and personally draws close to a million a year before taxes which in turn has been invested in annuities and other such forms of revenue to the extent he never will have to worry again. His talent is nil, yet he is radio's greatest salesman. He kids the commercial but never the product. He just recently signed a twelve year contract with CBS" . . . Some stir in Cincinnati, Ohio, last week. The Cincinnati Enquirer, the big paper there, said that one of the town's disc jockeys was an out and out communist, but mentioned no names. That started an uproar which prompted the *Enquirer's* radio editor to quip "You better not play Red Seal Records, fellas, or you might be investigated." As the North West's favorite newscaster, Jim Wyatt would say, "What a world!"

That is the news for this week from our seat front row center. —J. R.

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